

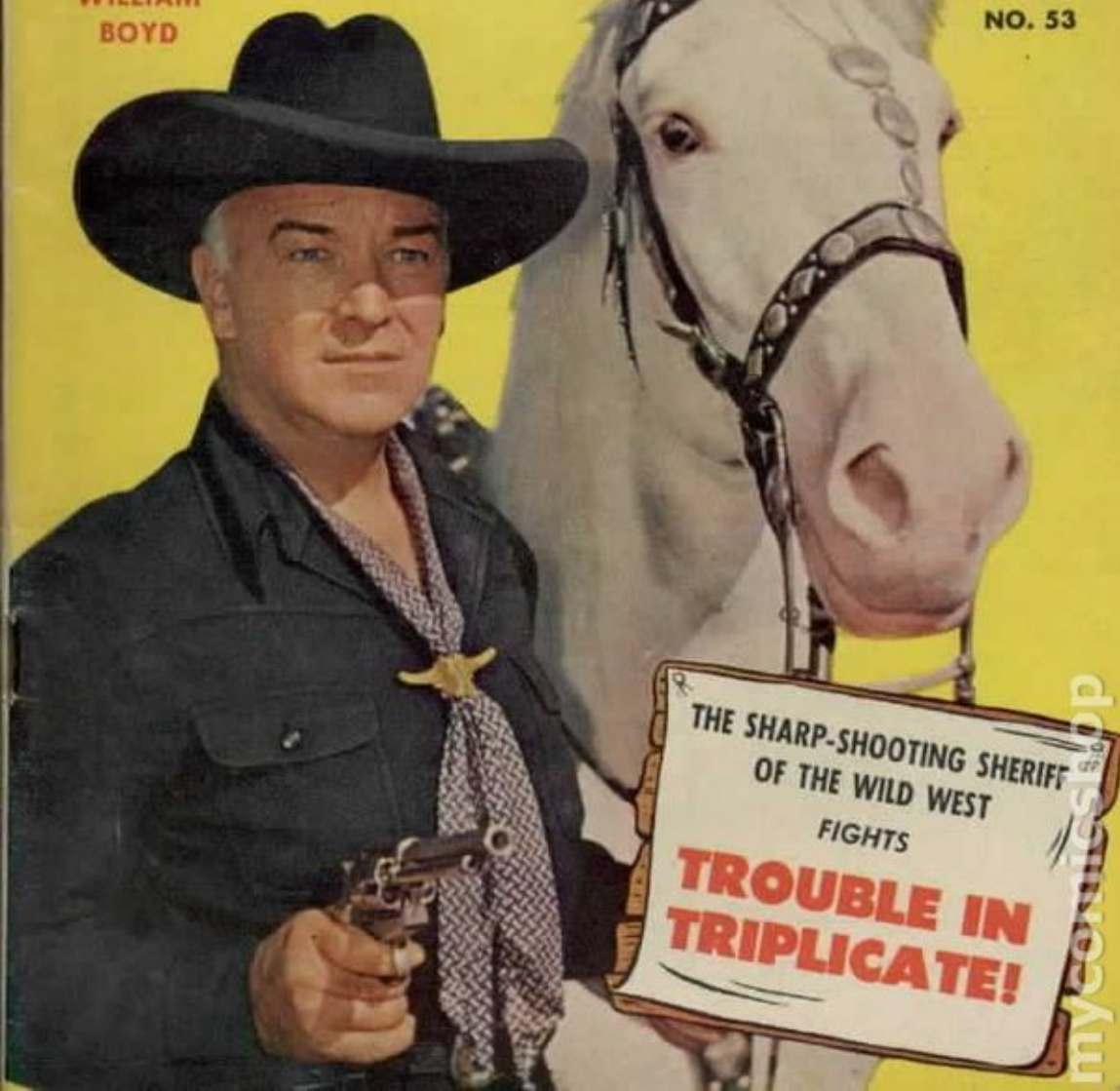
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A Fawcett Publication

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring  
WILLIAM  
BOYD

MAR.  
**10¢**  
NO. 53





# HOPALONG CASSIDY

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Editor  
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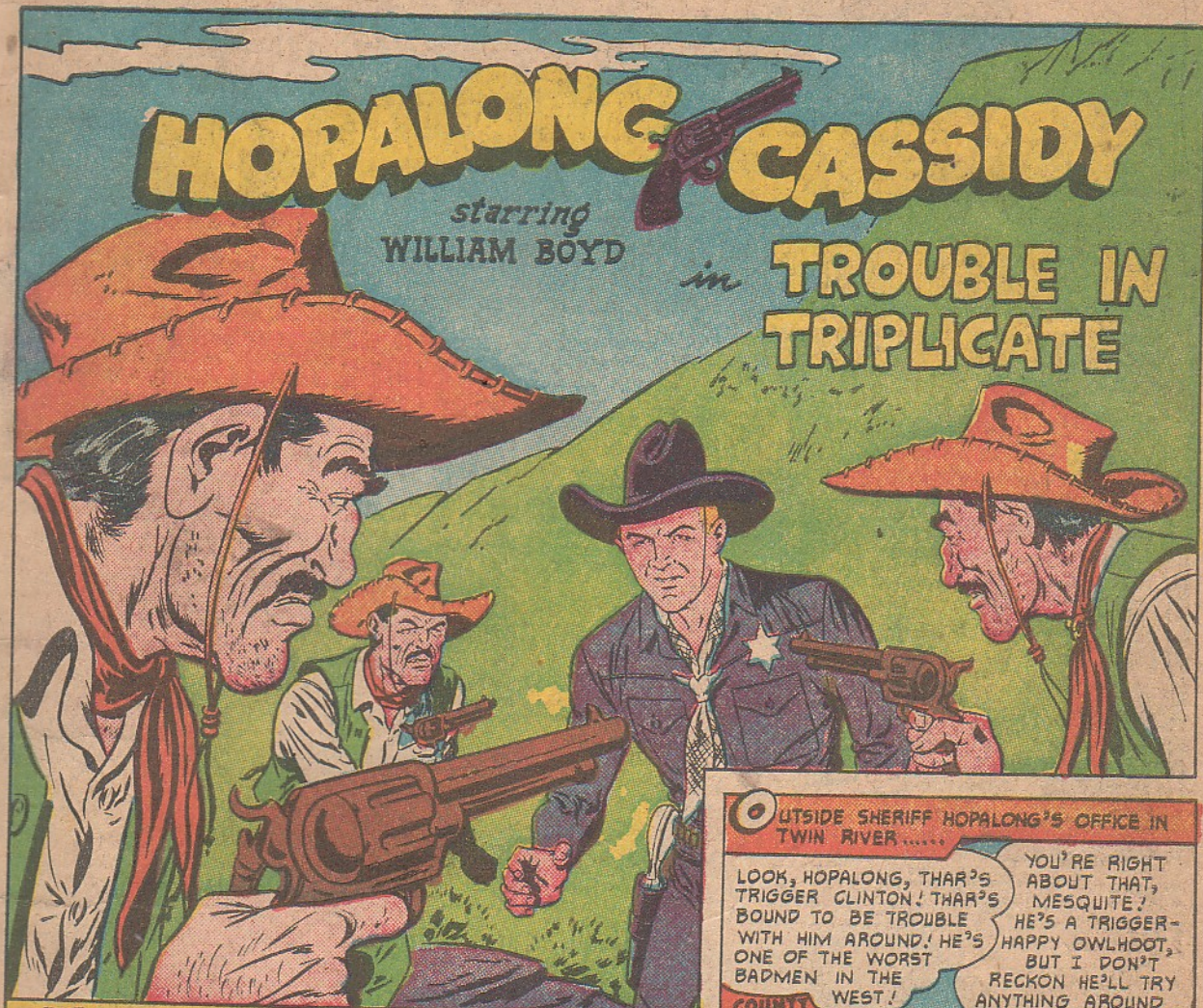
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## HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring  
WILLIAM BOYD

### in TROUBLE IN TRIPPLICATE

OUTSIDE SHERIFF HOPALONG'S OFFICE IN TWIN RIVER.....

LOOK, HOPALONG, THAR'S TRIGGER CLINTON! THAR'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE WITH HIM AROUND! HE'S ONE OF THE WORST BADMEN IN THE WEST!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, MESQUITE! HE'S A TRIGGER-HAPPY OWLHOOT, BUT I DON'T RECKON HE'LL TRY ANYTHING AROUND HERE---AGAIN!

COUNTY JAIL

HOTEL

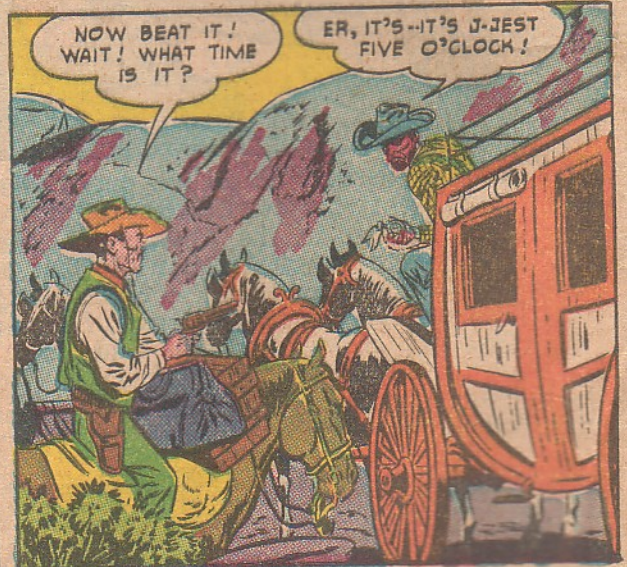
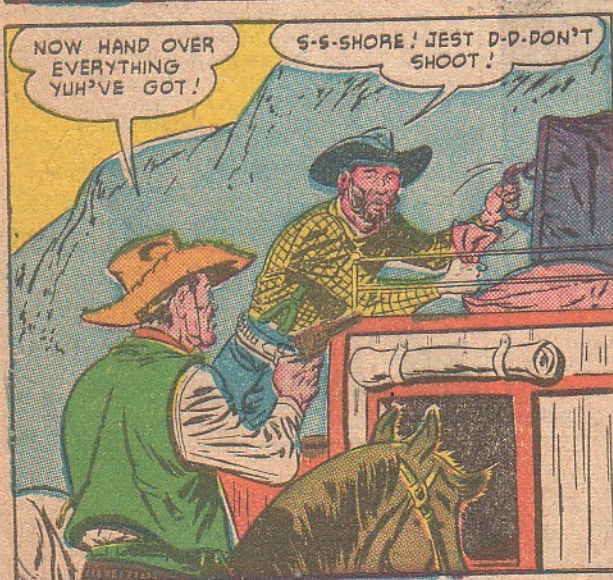
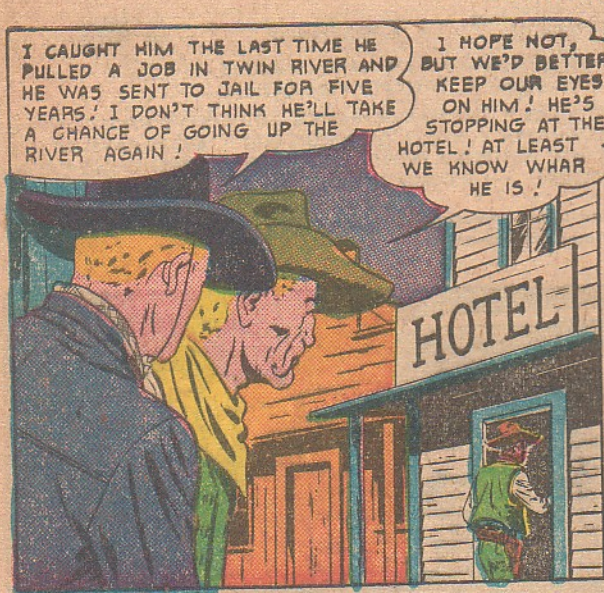
**H**opalong Cassidy is on his guard when he hears that Trigger Clinton, one of the most feared badmen in the West, is out gunning for him! But when **THREE** Trigger Clintons appear, Hopalong is in three times as much danger! Read on for one of the famed, fighting sheriff's most hazardous and baffling cases!

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

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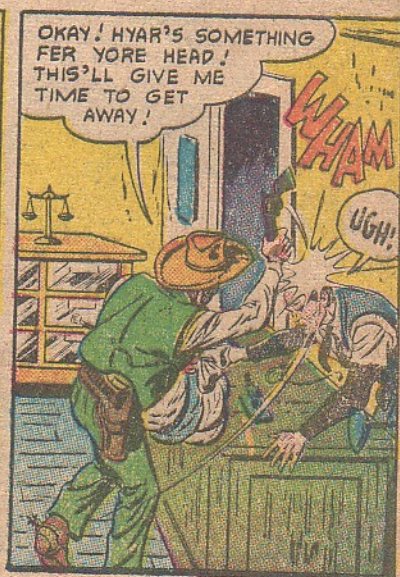


# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY

**S** SHORTLY AFTER.....

HOPALONG!  
TRIGGER CLINTON  
ROBBED MY ASSAY  
SHOP! HE CLEANED  
OUT ALL MY  
GOLD AND  
MONEY!

WHAT!  
TRIGGER  
CLINTON!  
WHEN DID  
THIS  
HAPPEN?

A SHORT  
SPELL AGO!  
AT FIVE  
O'CLOCK!

SO HE DID COME BACK  
TO MAKE TROUBLE!  
WELL, I CAUGHT HIM  
ONCE-- I'LL CATCH HIM  
AGAIN! I'LL SEE IF  
HE'S STILL AT THE  
HOTEL!

**A** FEW MOMENTS LATER.....

CLINTON HASN'T  
LEFT THE HOTEL SINCE  
HE REGISTERED A FEW  
HOURS AGO! HE'S  
STILL UP IN HIS  
ROOM AS FAR AS  
I KNOW!

THAT  
MEANS  
HE MUST  
HAVE  
SNEAKED OUT  
THE BACK WAY  
TO HOLD UP THE  
ASSAYER!

HE PROBABLY BEAT IT, BUT I'LL TAKE A  
LOOK IN HIS ROOM ANYWAY!

TRIGGER! YOU'RE  
HERE!

OF COURSE I'M HYAR! THIS IS  
MY ROOM! WHAT'S THE IDEA  
OF BUSTING IN LIKE THIS,  
CASSIDY?

DON'T ACT SO INNOCENT, CLINTON!  
THE GOLD ASSAYER RECOGNIZED  
YOU WHEN YOU HELD HIM UP  
A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

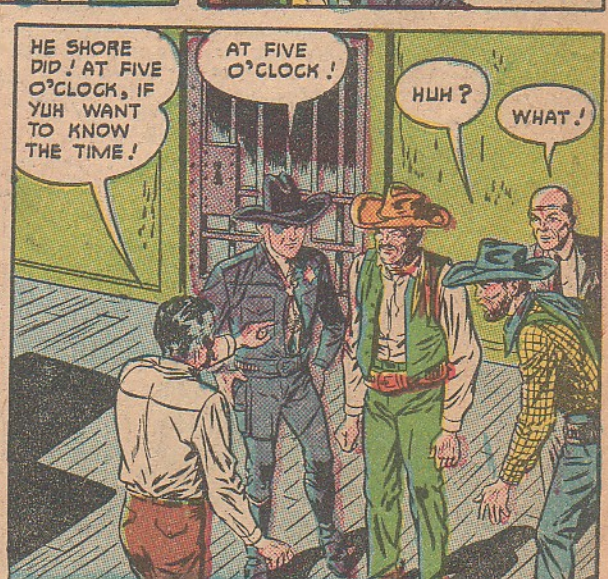
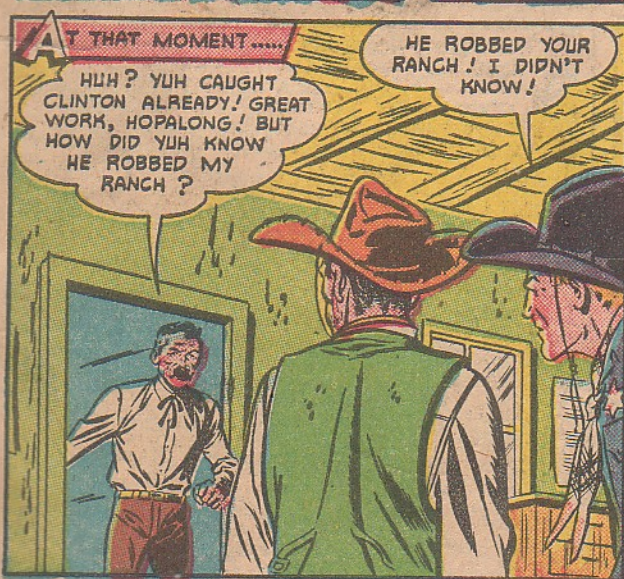
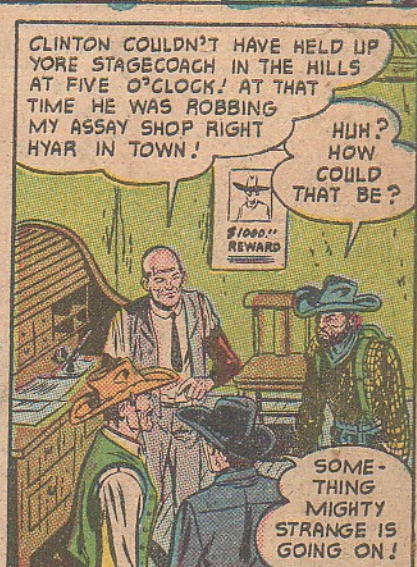
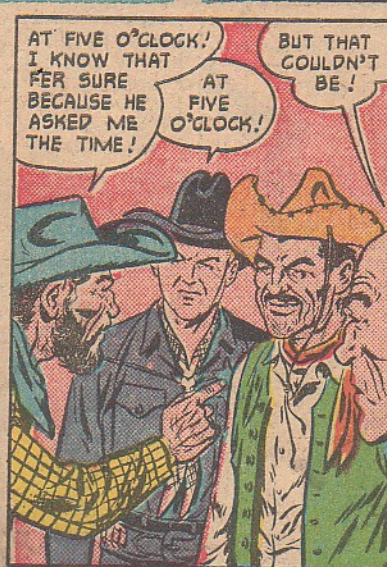
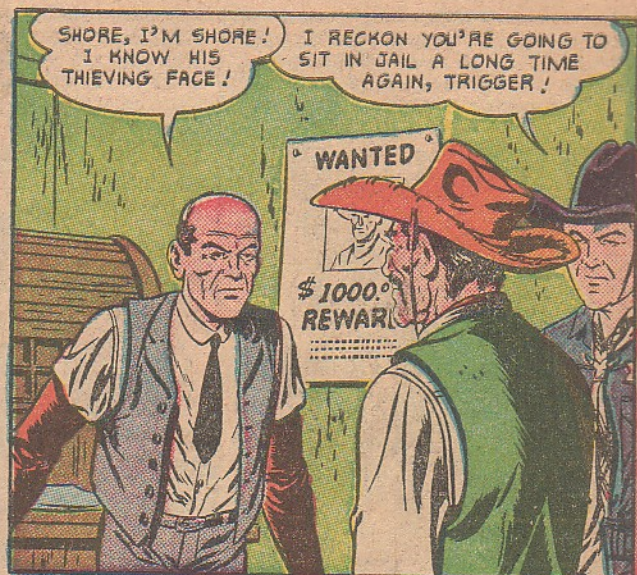
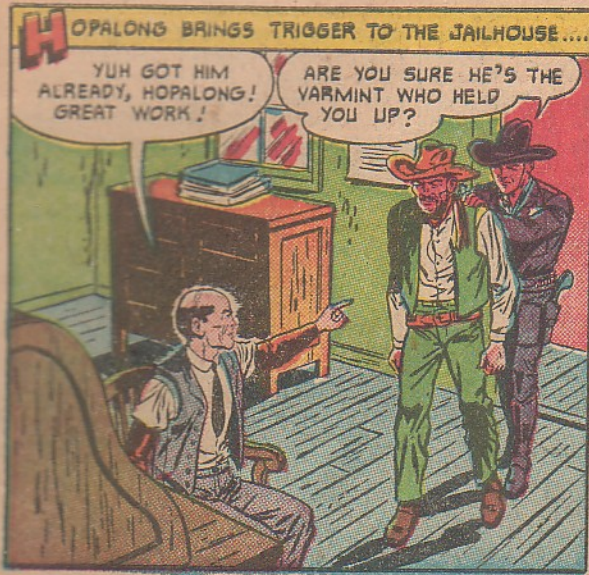
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING ABOUT!  
I'VE BEEN IN  
MY ROOM ALL  
AFTERNOON!

TELL THAT TO THE JUDGE  
WHEN YOUR CASE COMES UP!  
BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'RE  
GOING TO JAIL!

OKAY, BUT I'M  
NOT WORRIED!  
I'M INNOCENT!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY



WANT A SECOND! YOU ALL SAY TRIGGER HELD YOU UP AT FIVE O'CLOCK! BUT YOU WERE ALL MANY MILES APART! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY MISTAKE ABOUT THE TIME?



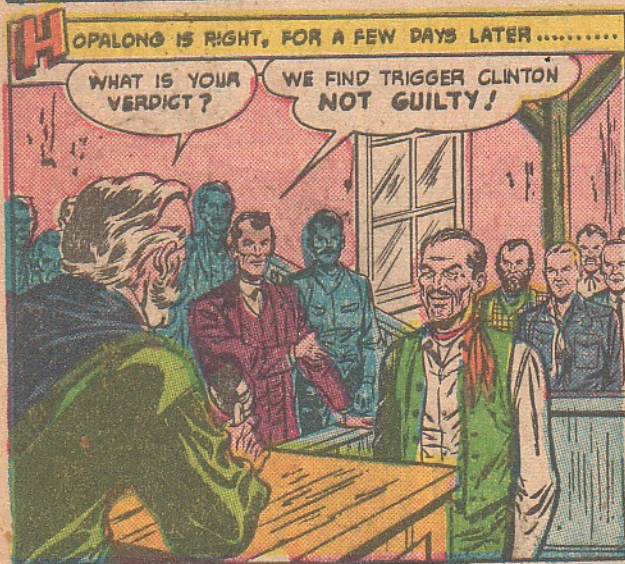
IT'S NO MISTAKE! IT WAS FIVE O'CLOCK!

I'M POSITIVE ABOUT THAT!

ME, TOO!



SOMETHING PHONY'S GOING ON! IT'S OBVIOUS TRIGGER COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THREE DIFFERENT PLACES AT EXACTLY THE SAME TIME! NO COURT WILL CONVICT HIM, I'M AFRAID!



HOPALONG IS RIGHT, FOR A FEW DAYS LATER.....

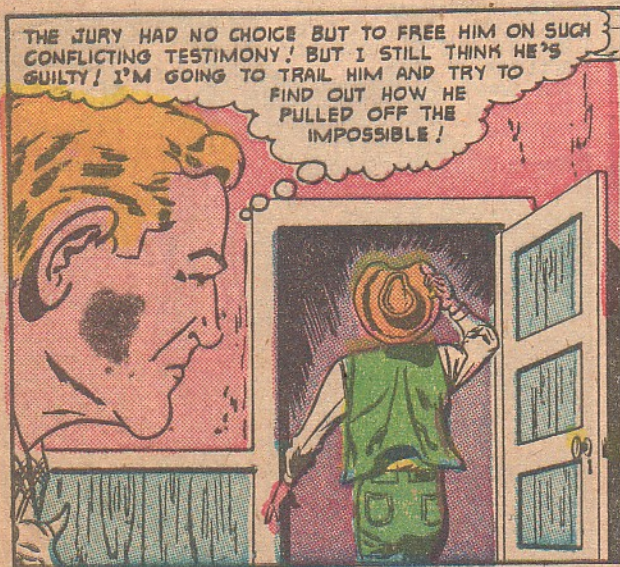
WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

WE FIND TRIGGER CLINTON NOT GUILTY!

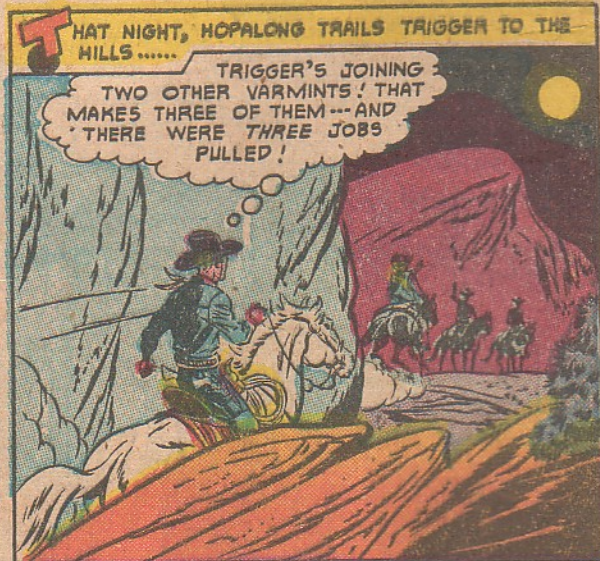


YOU'RE FREE, CLINTON! IT'S OBVIOUS YOU COULDN'T HAVE DONE ALL THE CRIMES AT THE SAME TIME!

HA, I SHORE PUT IT OVER ON CASSIDY THIS TIME!



THE JURY HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO FREE HIM ON SUCH CONFLICTING TESTIMONY! BUT I STILL THINK HE'S GUILTY! I'M GOING TO TRAIL HIM AND TRY TO FIND OUT HOW HE PULLED OFF THE IMPOSSIBLE!

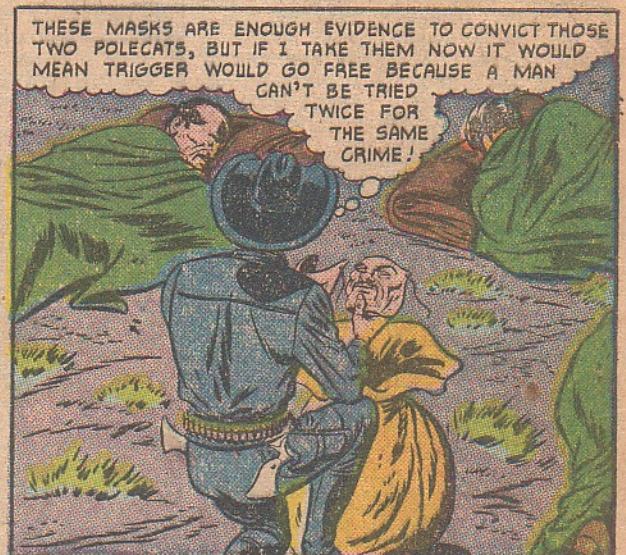
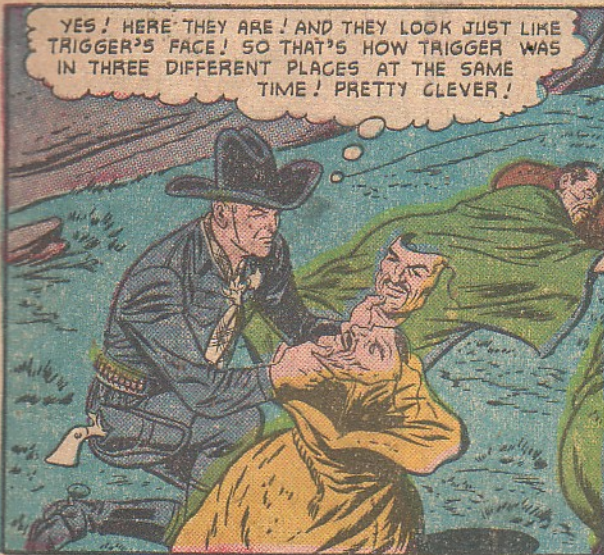
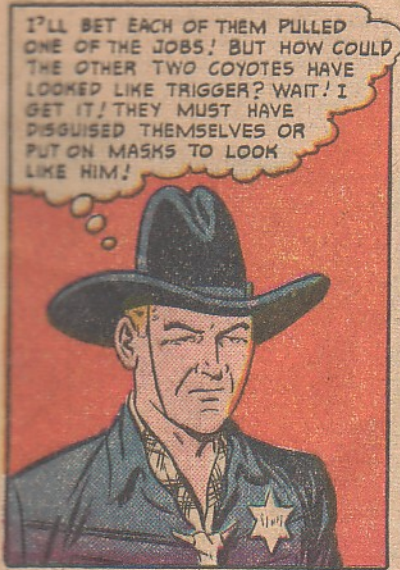


THAT NIGHT, HOPALONG TRAILS TRIGGER TO THE HILLS.....

TRIGGER'S JOINING TWO OTHER VARMINTS! THAT MAKES THREE OF THEM--AND THERE WERE THREE JOBS PULLED!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY





**H**OPALONG'S HUNCH IS RIGHT, FOR THE FOLLOWING MORNING.....

HYAR, TAKE THE MASKS! WE'LL PULL THE SAME STUNT IN BROKEN BOW CORNERS! HA, WE CAN GO AROUND CLEANING UP A FORTUNE LIKE THIS AND THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING 'BOUT IT!

I WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE GOING TO TRY IT AGAIN!

NOW HYAR'S WHAT WE'LL DO THIS TIME! AT EXACTLY TWELVE O'CLOCK, I'LL HOLD UP THE BANK IN TOWN, JESSE WILL CLEAN OUT HAWKINS' BIG RANCH AND YUH, PETE WILL ROB THAT RICH LUMBER MAGNATE, FREELY, AT THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN! AND REMEMBER, MAKE THEM TELL YUH THE TIME!

LET'S GO! WE'LL MEET BACK HYAR! BUT BEFORE YUH COME BACK, HIDE THE LOOT IN THE SAME PLACE!

I'LL WAIT TILL THEY RIDE OFF AND ARE A DISTANCE FROM EACH OTHER!

**L**ATER.... THEY ALL WENT DIFFERENT WAYS AND I THINK THEY'RE FAR ENOUGH APART NOW FOR ME TO GET AFTER ONE OF THEM!

I RECKON WE'LL TACKLE THE ONE HEADING FOR HAWKINS' RANCH FIRST! MAKE TRACKS, TOPPER, WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

**T**OPPER RACES LIKE THE WIND, AND SHORTLY AFTER.....

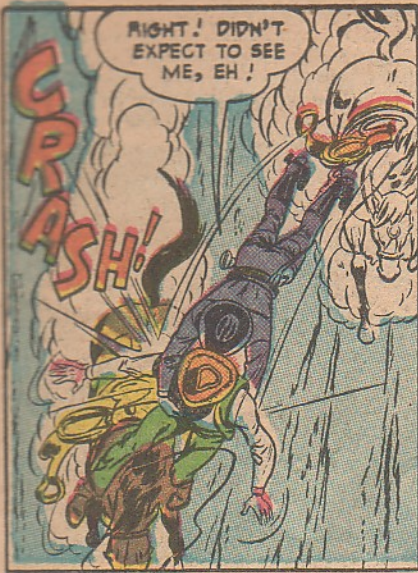
GOOD BOY, TOPPER! WE'VE CAUGHT UP TO HIM! AND HE'S WEARING THE TRIGGER MASK! GOOD, THAT'S ALL THE EVIDENCE I NEED TO LOCK HIM UP FOR THE TWIN RIVER JOB! I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT TO CATCH HIM IN THE ACT OF PULLING A NEW JOB!

**S**TOP!

HUH? (GULP) IT'S HOPALONG!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

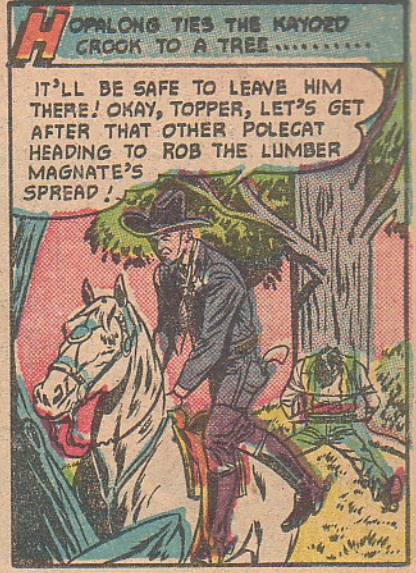


RIGHT! DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME, EH!



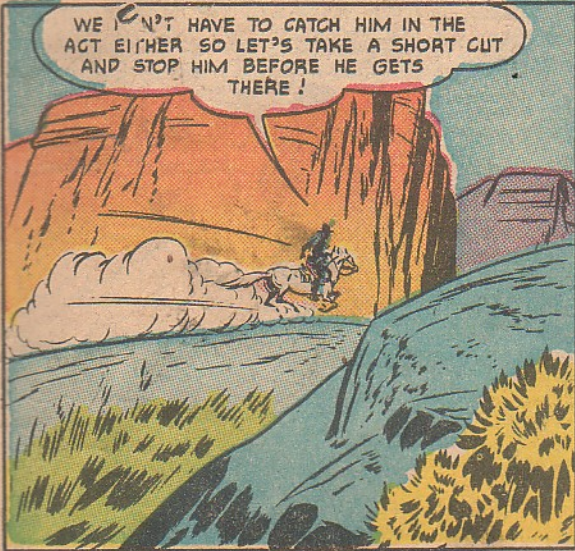
I HAVEN'T ANY TIME! ONE PUNCH WILL HAVE TO DO!

UGH!

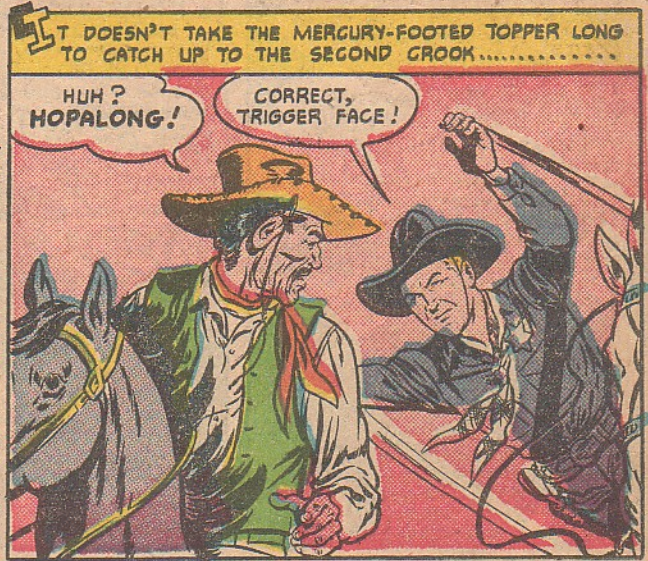


**H**OPALONG TIES THE KAYOED CROOK TO A TREE.....

IT'LL BE SAFE TO LEAVE HIM THERE! OKAY, TOPPER, LET'S GET AFTER THAT OTHER POLEGAT HEADING TO ROB THE LUMBER MAGNATE'S SPREAD!



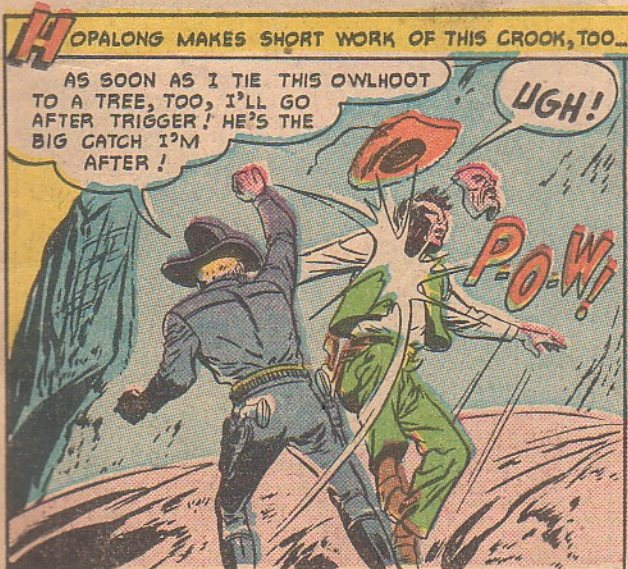
WE CAN'T HAVE TO CATCH HIM IN THE ACT EITHER SO LET'S TAKE A SHORT CUT AND STOP HIM BEFORE HE GETS THERE!



**I**T DOESN'T TAKE THE MERCURY-FOOTED TOPPER LONG TO CATCH UP TO THE SECOND CROOK.....

HUH? HOPALONG!

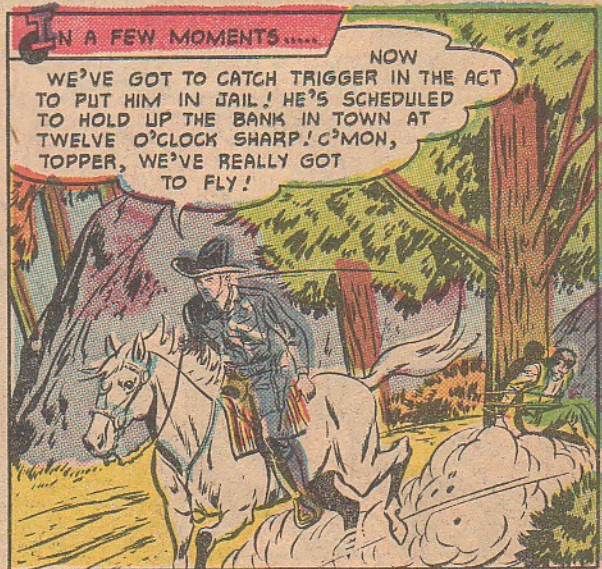
CORRECT, TRIGGER FACE!



**H**OPALONG MAKES SHORT WORK OF THIS CROOK, TOO...

AS SOON AS I TIE THIS OWLHOOT TO A TREE, TOO, I'LL GO AFTER TRIGGER! HE'S THE BIG CATCH I'M AFTER!

UGH!

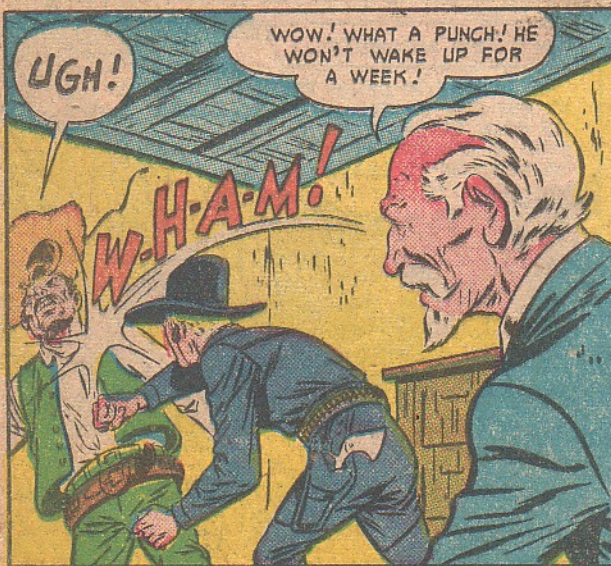
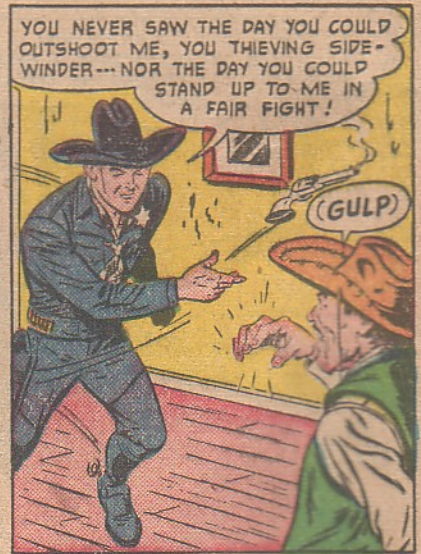
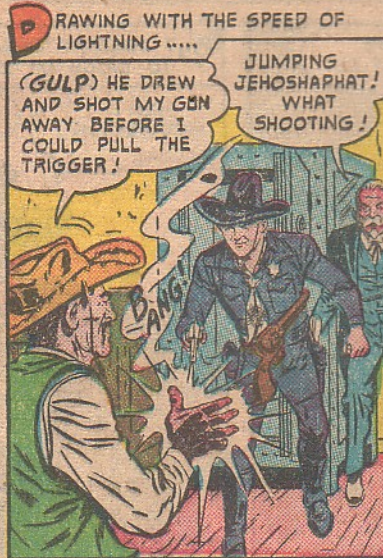
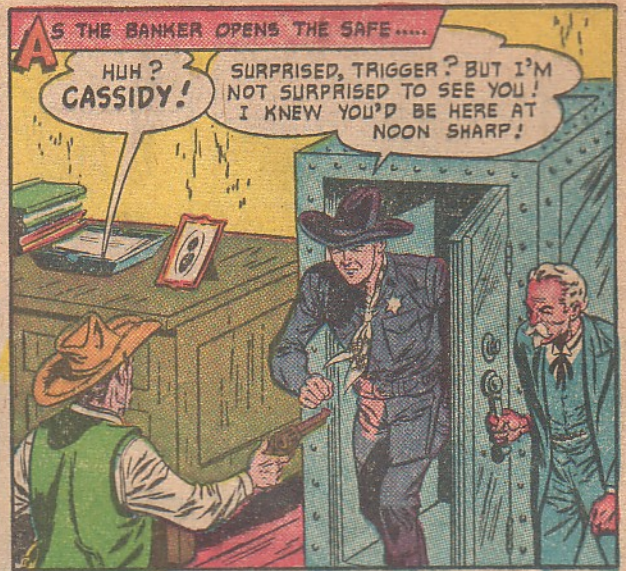
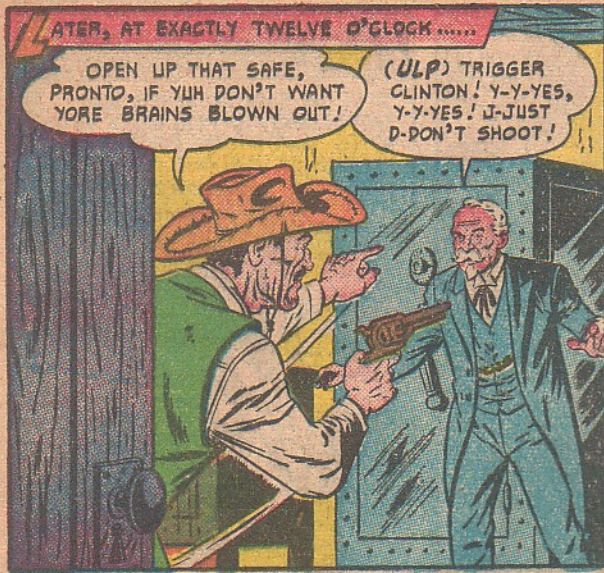


**I**N A FEW MOMENTS.....

NOW

WE'VE GOT TO CATCH TRIGGER IN THE ACT TO PUT HIM IN JAIL! HE'S SCHEDULED TO HOLD UP THE BANK IN TOWN AT TWELVE O'CLOCK SHARP! COMON, TOPPER, WE'VE REALLY GOT TO FLY!









# GUNNING FOR TROUBLE

By Al Packer

**W**INDY DALEY was the most worried camp cook in all of North Mesquite. Soon he knew that his seven year old hero worshipper Larry would find him out for the fraud he was. Oh, not that he had done anything really bad. His only wrong had been exaggerating just a mite in order to live up to the exalted opinion the boss' young son had of him. Larry was at that age when the capture of outlaws was the most fascinating subject in the world. So it was only natural that he should expect the one man he preferred to all the wranglers on his Dad's ranch to regale him with tales of facing down desperadoes. All well and good—except that Windy Daley had never fired a gun in anger in his life.

Windy was a consistent enough shot. His aim was unerring inasmuch that he *never* hit the target. Long before his friendship with Larry had begun, he had abandoned the wearing of six-guns. There just wasn't any point in it for one who used them so poorly. The only thing remotely resembling shooting irons to be found in his possession these days were the wooden models of famous sheriff's guns he whittled for Larry.

The old cook did have a talent for this last as the model currently in work attested. A copy of the hogleg made famous by Wild Bill Hickok, it looked almost as real as the one that *had* tamed many an owlhoot. But actually it was no more dangerous than Windy himself.

Windy looked fondly at the little boy who had fallen asleep in a corner chair of the cookhouse, then sighed and bent back to his work. Deftly, his knife scratched a few notches in the barrel in faithful imitation of the real and famous gun. Larry would enjoy this one! It was a good thing, too, for exposure was galloping Windy's way with all the force of a stampeding Longhorn herd.

He recalled all too vividly the day his undoing had begun. He and Larry had been alone in the cookhouse and, as usual, Larry had begged for some more accounts of Windy's daring. Windy had been only too happy to oblige—and carried away with his own enthusiasm had

taken Larry with him on a flight of fancy to the day he and his old saddle sidekick, Buffalo Bill, had faced down an entire gang of bank robbers. This had been a particularly good story—and Windy didn't hear the steps of the foreman, Sage Casey, as he came in to sneak a pre-grub sandwich.

Enthralled, Sage had listened as avidly as Larry, and broke in only when Windy had paused for breath and fresh ammunition to feed Buffalo Bill.

"Never did hear of you being such a powerful hand with a hogleg afore this," drawled Sage.

Appalled, Windy turned to face the voice that hinted doom. He didn't care for himself; he was used to ridicule. But the fleeting glimpse of disillusionment that had crept into Larry's face at the obvious sarcasm chilled Windy. He couldn't let that boy find his hero was a faker. In time, when Larry was older he'd confess himself, and they'd laugh about it together. All this raced through his frenzied mind as his eyes made mute appeal to Sage for mercy. Well, he had carried it off that time. Sage had fallen in with the game, but had passed the word to the others in the bunkhouse. From then on, Windy's nights had been made hideous by being forced to recount over and over again for the amused waddies his fictitious tales of daring. Yet for Larry's sake he gladly took the abuse, happy that the boy had not been hurt.

But today there had been the stew! Ah, yes, the stew! It hadn't been such a bad stew, Windy still thought. Yet it had resulted in inflaming the always uncertain temper of Sage Casey. An angry Casey had not hesitated to employ the one weapon he could use against Windy—exposure to Larry!

There hadn't been time this morning. Larry had still been in bed, and Sage was needed on the range. But the tortured hours of the day fled all too swiftly for Windy. Soon he and Larry would not be the only ones left on the ranch. Minutes more now and Casey and the boys would come whooping and hollering in



## HOPALONG CASSIDY

to show up Windy for what he really was—an old camp cook with a big imagination and a bigger tongue.

Windy sighed and sadly carved another notch on the model of Wild Bill's famous gun.

That dust down the lane—it must be the boys now! Seemed a little early for them to be riding home, but then they were probably anxious to get on with the fun of showing him up. Might just as well get his gear packed. Say, maybe that would be an idea! He *could* sneak off the ranch quietly without waiting for the guffaws of Casey and the tears of Larry. No, by gum! Windy Daley wouldn't slink off! He might be a braggart, but he sure wasn't a coyote. He had promised Larry the model of Wild Bill's gun, and by Kit Carson's beard, he was going to get it. Another few minutes and it would be finished . . . but the reflection was twin to the thought that Windy Daley would be finished, too, in the eyes of a disillusioned Larry.

Say, that dust was being kicked up by only one horse. And a strange one at that. Windy couldn't recall ever having seen a cayuse that odd iodine color around these parts before. Certainly not one that had obviously been ridden so hard. Shucks, that was no way for an hombre to treat a mount. Maybe Windy was only a cook, but even he knew better than that. Knew everything except to keep his mouth shut.

He watched the rider dismount and head toward the ranchhouse yard. Sure looked like that fellow had come a far piece—and in a powerful hurry, too. There was something wrong about the way he walked. Honest waddies didn't keep darting nervous glances behind them. Then Windy got it. This was an owlhoot on the run, who had chosen the deserted ranch as a likely spot to garner the water necessary to his flight.

"Larry," Windy whispered, and his anxious tone woke the boy and brought him hustling over. "Look, son, there's a wrong hombre outside. Just keep quiet and we'll be safe enough in here. Probably doesn't figure there's anyone about. Let him fill his canteen from the well and ride on."

"But, Windy," the boy protested, "Here's your chance to show me how you *really* catch an owlhoot. Why don't you get him?"

Why didn't he get him? Windy froze at the

thought. Imagine him—a lowly camp cook standing up to someone who was so evidently a desperado. Oh, no, not Windy. But then another idea shouldered aside his natural fear. Here was a graceful way out. Why not go out and face the outlaw? He was certain to fall before the blazing guns, but Larry would never know him for a braggart. Even Sage Casey would not expose a man who had died heroically.

Then, strangely, Windy found himself walking through the door. Walking to what he knew was certain doom, but yet his stride was purposeful as he approached the outlaw. Nothing betrayed the fear within him as he tapped the stranger's shoulder. To the last he stood bravely, looking into the beady eyes, and watching the grimy hard dart for a holster.

But then suddenly the tough let his gun fall to the ground, and raised his arms fearfully above his head. Startled, Windy looked at something he never expected to see . . . a man who was more frightened at the prospect of gun play than *he* was! Almost without thinking he took the rope that little Larry had thrust into his hands and tied his captive.

Sage Casey and the hands rode in on schedule, hooting in derision as they spotted the figures of Windy and Larry in the ranch house yard. But their shouts quickly turned to whistles of admiration as they also observed the other figure bound hand and foot.

**I**T was Sage Casey who found words first. "Jed Corey!" he exclaimed. "The fastest gunslinger in the Territory—captured by a cook!"

"You don't fool me none," Corey answered. "He's no cook. I rode against a lot of bad ones in my time, but I don't aim to tangle with any hombre who can wear a Wild Bill Hickok hogleg with seven notches."

Windy darted an excited glance at the wooden model gun that in the confusion he had thrust in his belt. Sage Casey looked, too, then laughed in understanding. Throwing an arm about the old cook's shoulders, he said, "Let's you, me and Larry go have some of that good stew. And don't forget we want to hear more stories of your gun fightin' days." He punctuated the sentence with a sly wink at Windy. There was no longer any danger of Larry being hurt.

THE END



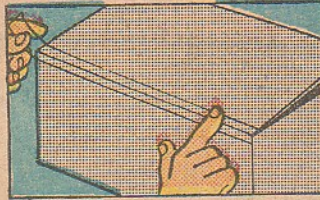


# Make a TREASURE CHEST

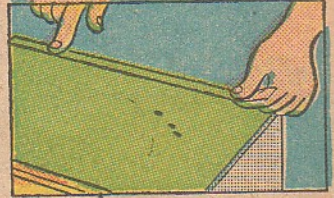
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## with SCOTCH Cellophane Tape

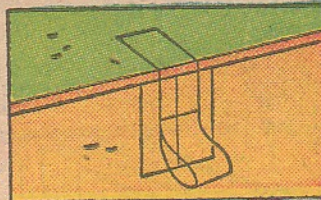
BRAND



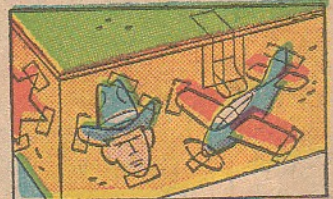
**TAKE A CARDBOARD BOX** or carton and make a hinged lid for it with "Scotch" Cellophane Tape. Run the tape the length of the lid for maximum strength.



**COVER THE BOX** with bright wrapping paper or construction paper, taping it in place with cellophane tape. Use different paper for covering lid.



**MAKE A LATCH** for the lid this way. Put two strips of tape on the box as shown, then put a strip on the lid, doubling over the end to use as a tab.



**DECORATE** your Treasure Chest with cutouts from magazines—trains, animals, cowboys, dolls. Strips of transparent cellophane tape will hold 'em in place.

**FREE!**

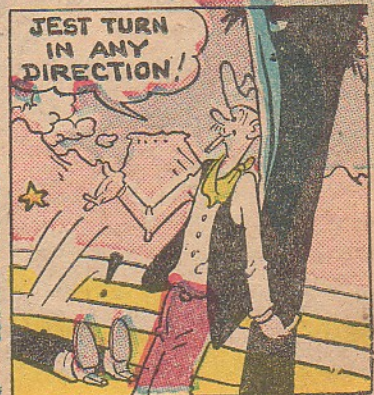
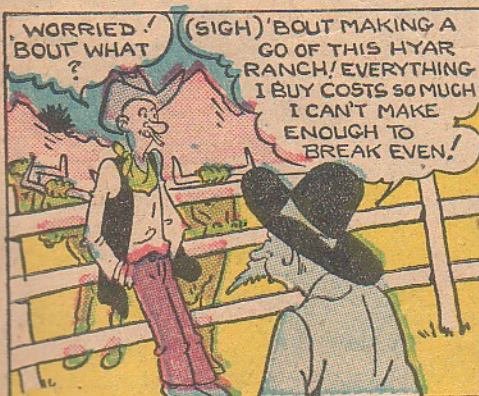
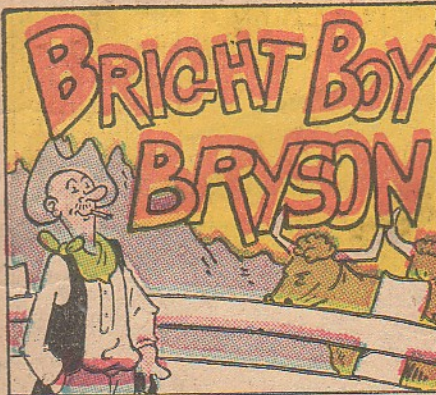
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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

*starring*  
**WILLIAM BOYD**

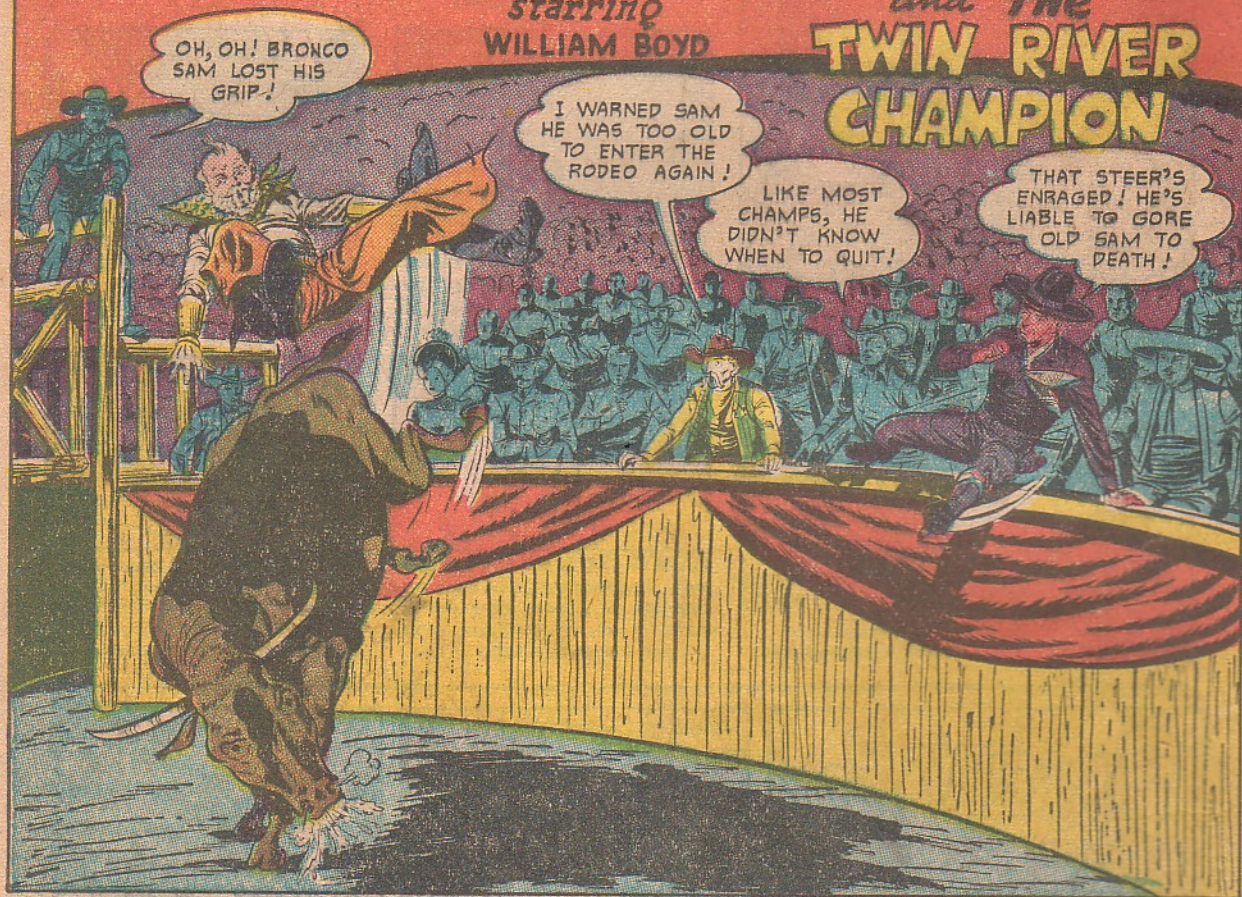
*and The*  
**TWIN RIVER  
CHAMPION**

OH, OH! BRONCO  
SAM LOST HIS  
GRIP!

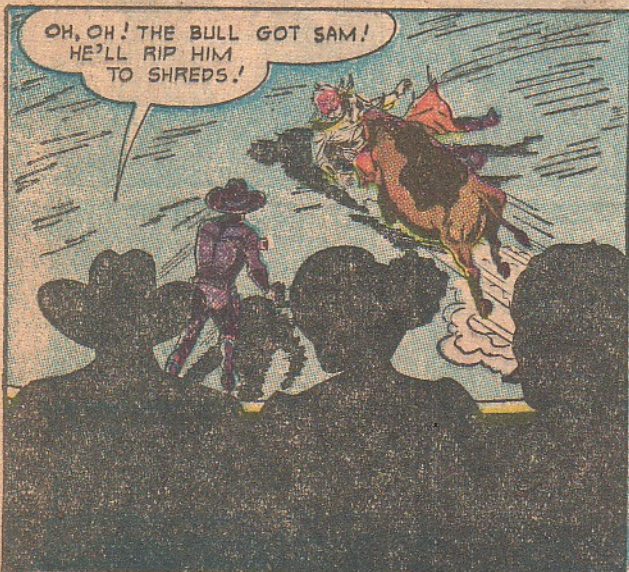
I WARNED SAM  
HE WAS TOO OLD  
TO ENTER THE  
RODEO AGAIN!

LIKE MOST  
CHAMPS, HE  
DIDN'T KNOW  
WHEN TO QUIT!

THAT STEER'S  
ENRAGED! HE'S  
LIABLE TO GORE  
OLD SAM TO  
DEATH!



OH, OH! THE BULL GOT SAM!  
HE'LL RIP HIM  
TO SHREDS!

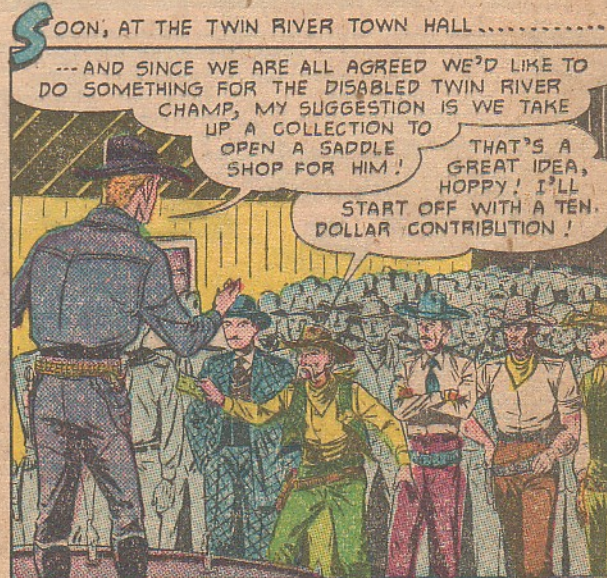
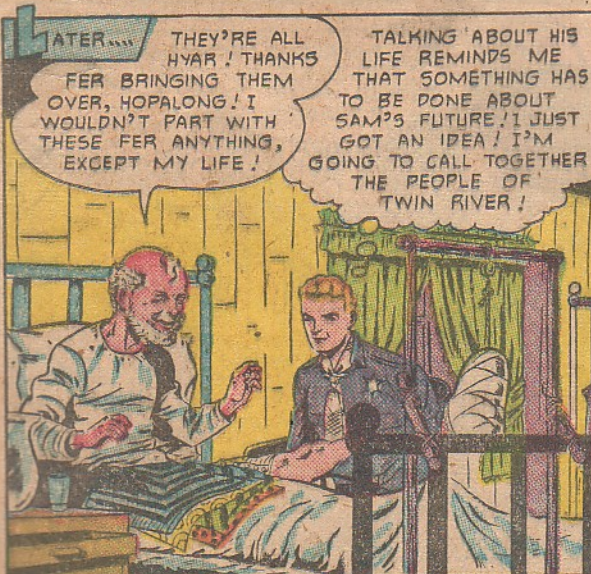
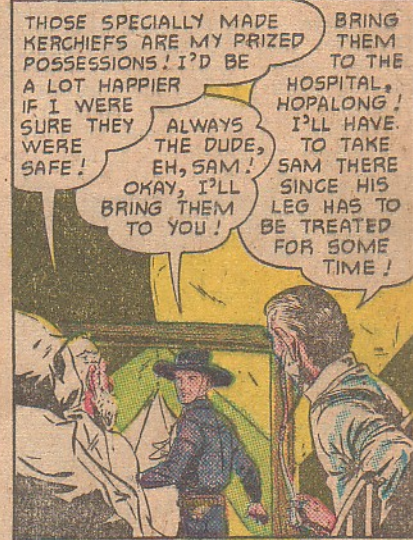
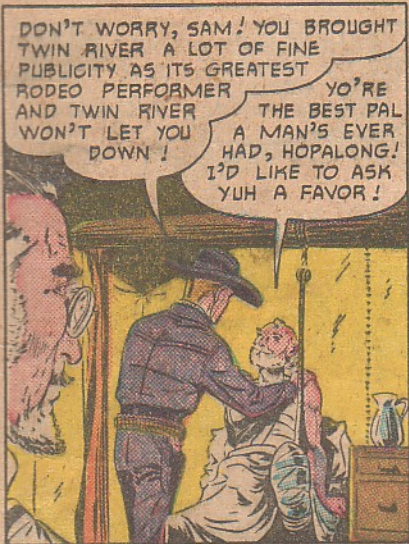
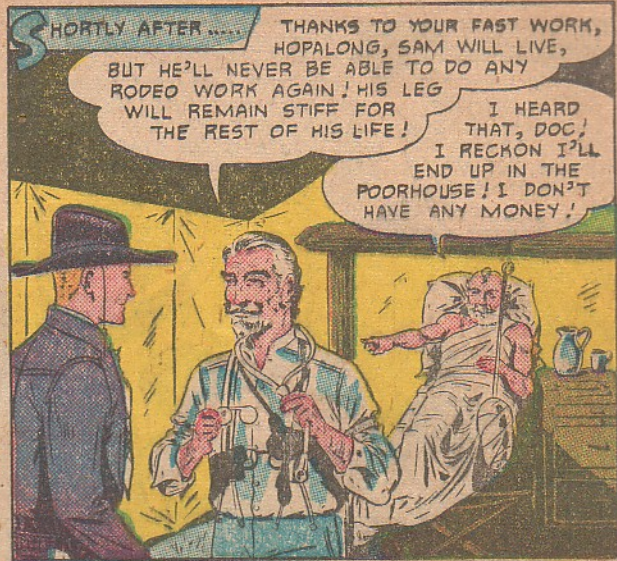
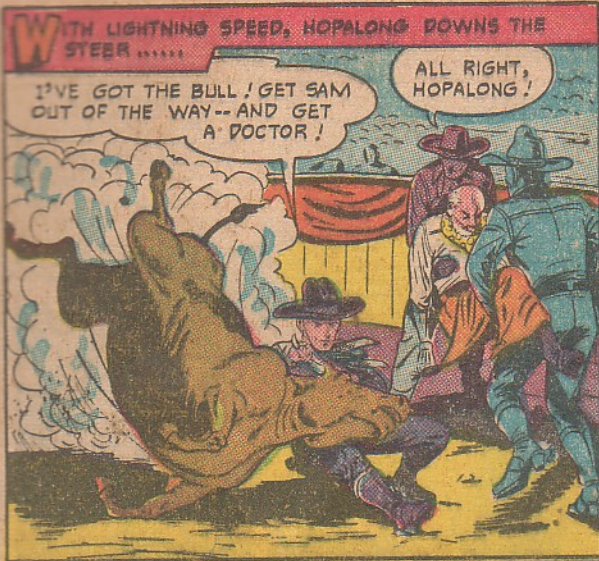


NOT IF I CAN  
HELP IT!



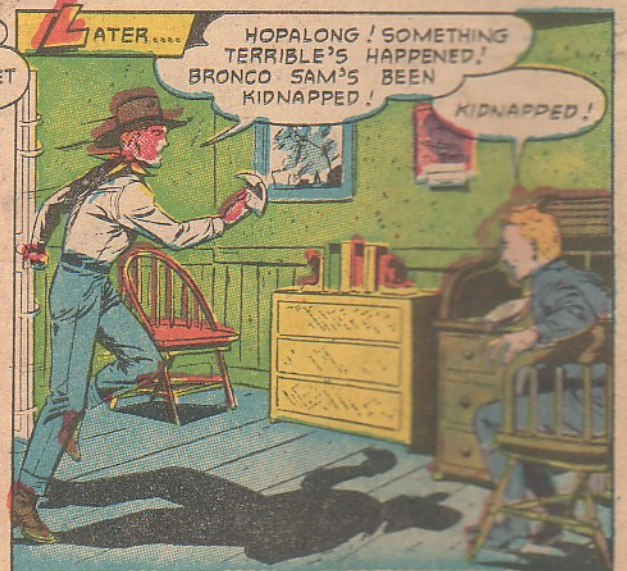
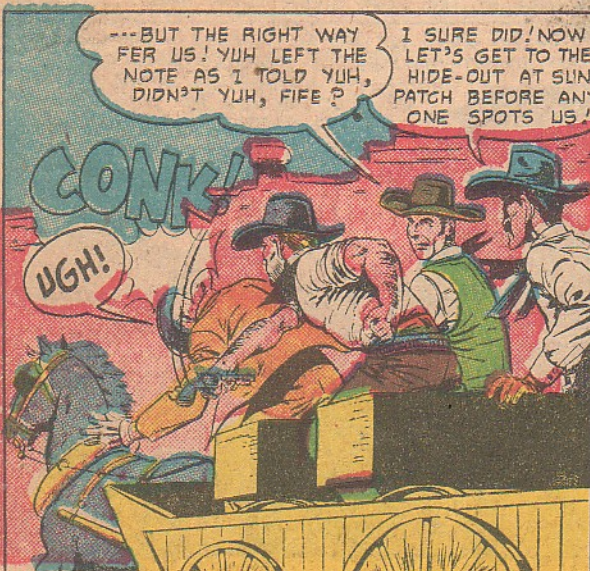
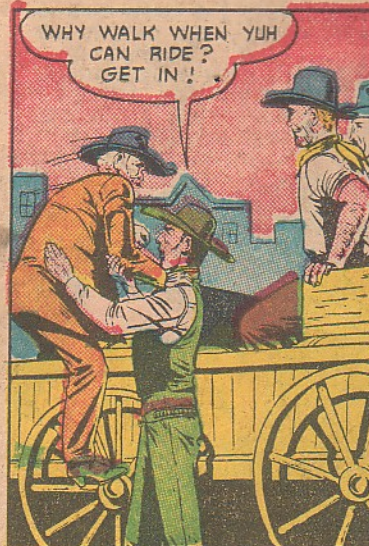
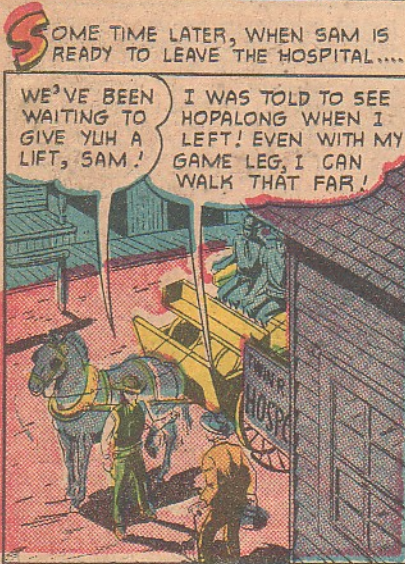
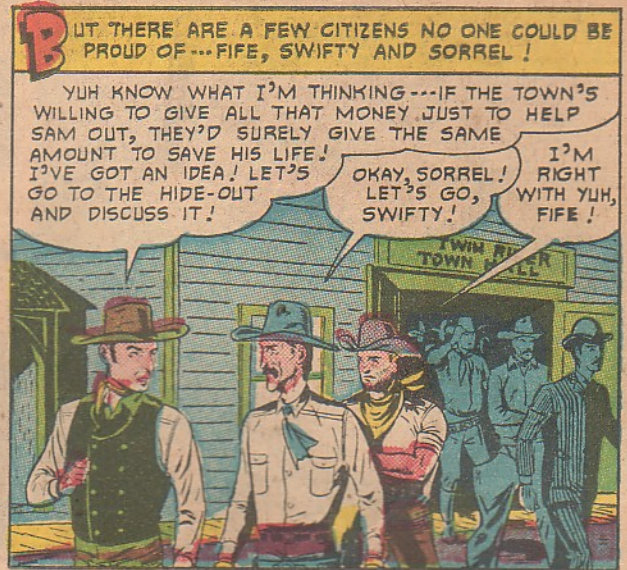
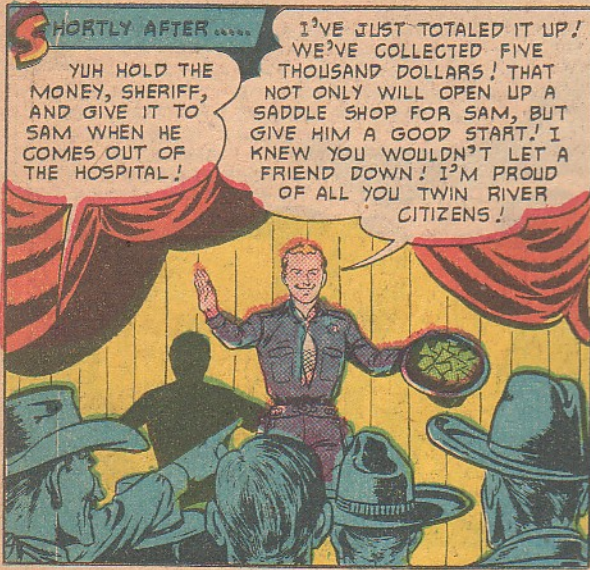


# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY





I FOUND THIS HYAR NOTE AT MY DOOR AND IT SAYS IF WE DON'T LEAVE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS NEAR THE TREE AT THE EDGE OF HOLLOW CREEK BY FIVE O'CLOCK, WE'LL NEVER SEE SAM ALIVE AGAIN! THEY'LL LET HIM GO WHEN THEY GET THE RANSOM!

YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH KIDNAPPERS! INSTEAD OF PAYING THEM OFF, WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!

I WAS AFRAID YUH'D SAY THAT, HOPALONG, BUT A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE AND WE CAN'T GAMBLE IT ON FINDING THE OUTLAWS! EVERYBODY, EXCEPT MESQUITE, WHO GAVE A DONATION SIGNED THIS PETITION DEMANDING THE MONEY WE RAISED BE LEFT AT HOLLOW CREEK!

THEN I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO ALONG! I'LL LEAVE THE MONEY, BUT I THINK IT'S WRONG!

THE NOTE SAYS NO ONE MUST FOLLOW WHOEVER PICKS UP THE MONEY AND YOU'RE TOO GOOD A LAYMAN TO DO THAT! SINCE IT MIGHT ENDANGER SAM'S LIFE, I RECKON I'D BETTER LEAVE THE MONEY!

OKAY, TERRY! HERE IT IS!

MEANWHILE, AT SUNSET PATCH.....

HEY, SWIFTY! SAM'S SETTING FIRE TO YORE KERCHIEF!

YOURS IS ON FIRE, TOO, FIFE!

AND SO'S YOURS, BORREL!

SO YUH WERE TRYING TO BURN US ALIVE, MUH! WE'LL FIX YUH!

IT WAS JUST A JOKE, BORREL! I'LL GIVE YUH OTHER KERCHIEFS!

THESE'LL DO, BUT DON'T GET ANY MORE FUNNY IDEAS!

IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK! I RECKON IT'S TIME TO GO PICK UP THE RANSOM MONEY! I'LL GO!

POW!

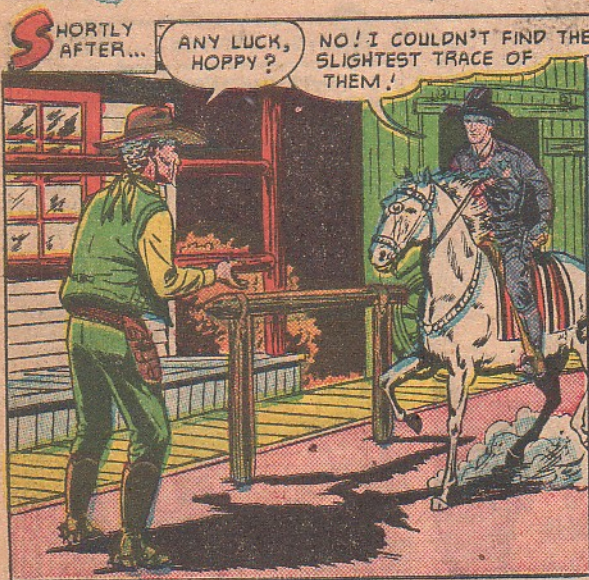
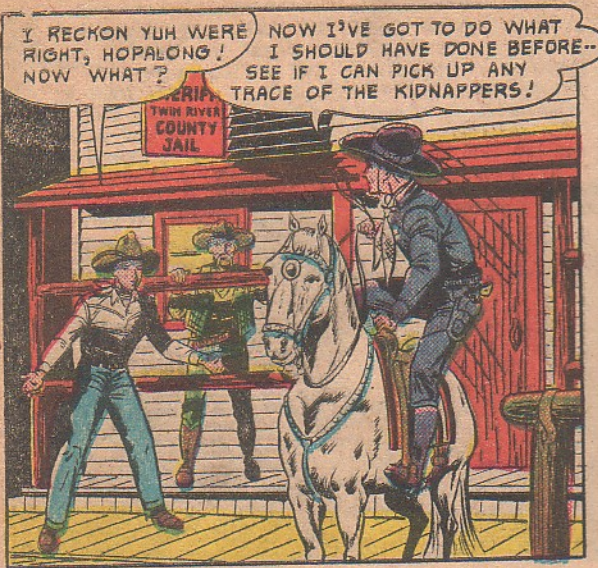
SEVEN O'CLOCK.....

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SAM HASN'T SHOWN UP! I LEFT THE RANSOM MONEY AS THEY INSTRUCTED! THEY PROMISED TO LET HIM GO WHEN THEY GOT THE MONEY!

IT'S AS HOPPY SAYS! YUH CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH OUTLAWS!

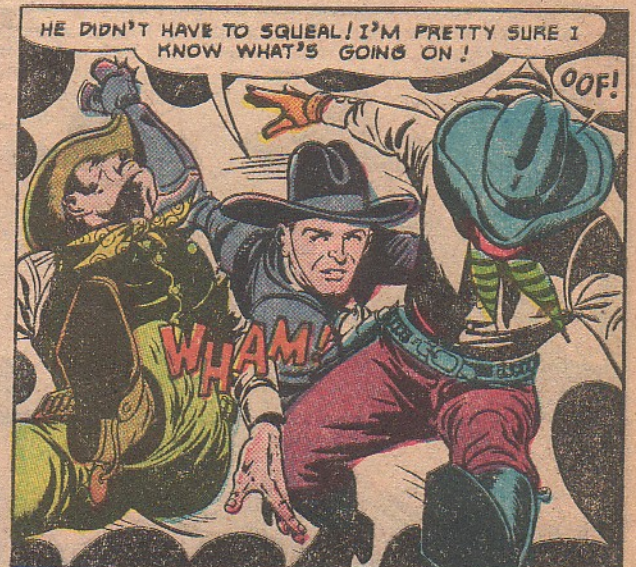
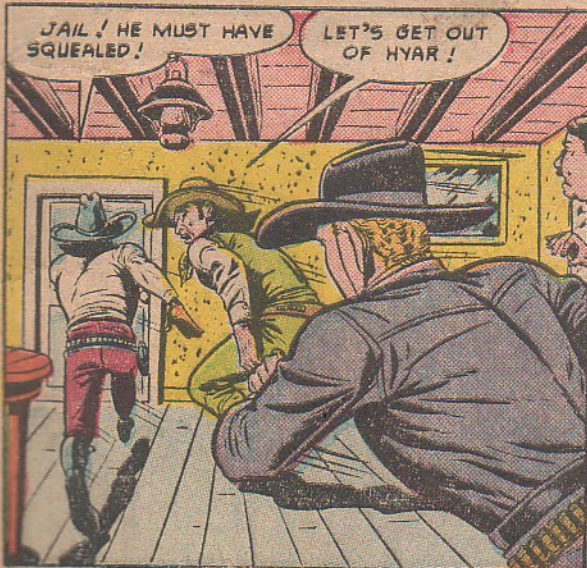
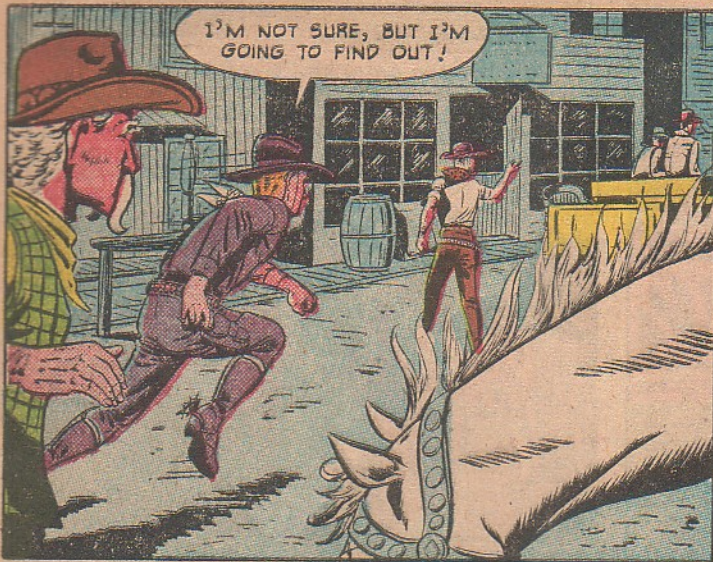


# HOPALONG CASSIDY



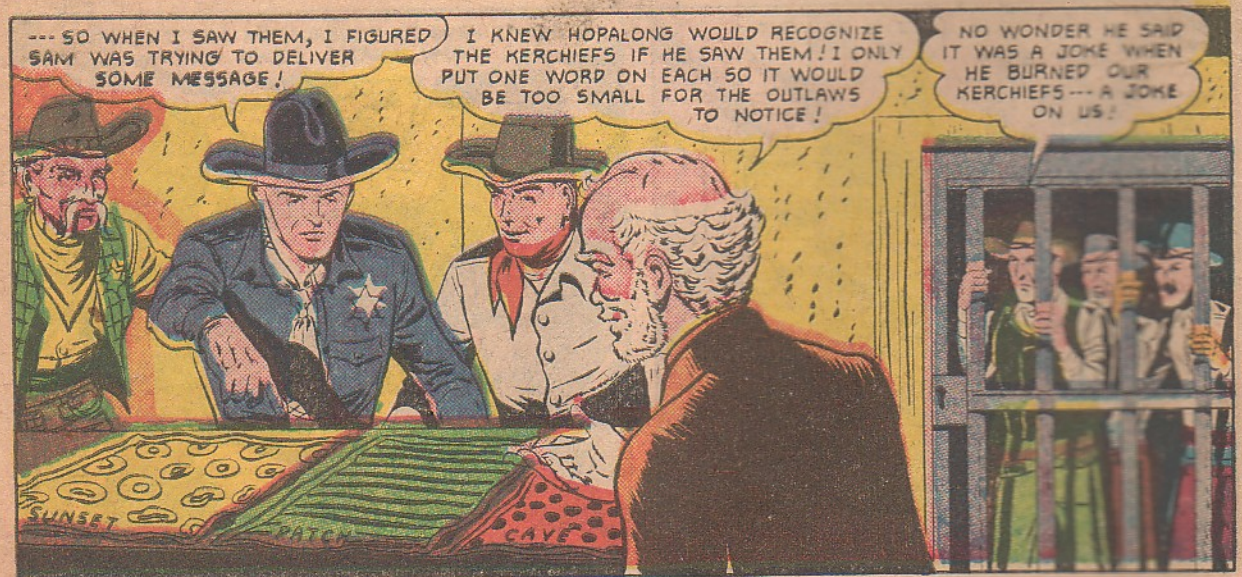
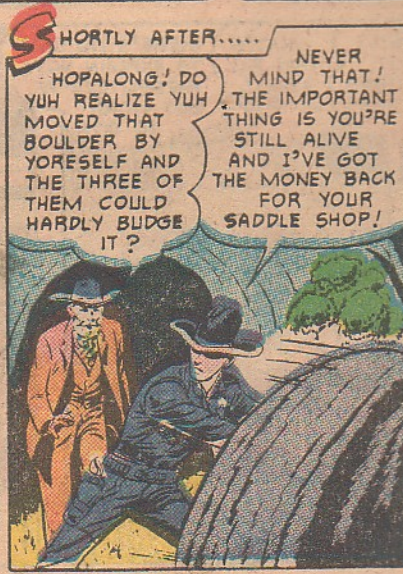
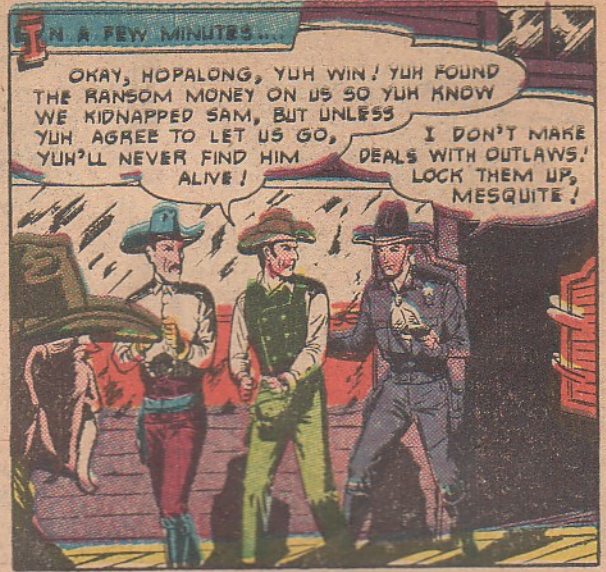


# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY





GEE, TOMMY, WHAT A NEAT SKATING SWEATER!

I KNITTED IT MYSELF FOR THIS CONTEST-

SKATING CONTEST TONITE

PEP LET GO OF THAT THREAD!

ZIP!

JUDGES

I NEVER SAW A SPIN LIKE IT!

TOMMY WINS THE CONTEST!

HERE, TOMMY, ANOTHER PRIZE! PEP WANTS TO SQUARE HIMSELF -

PEP, YOU DID ME A DOUBLE FAVOR. I'D SWAP MY SHIRT FOR THE MEDAL AND SQUARE WRAP

DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM ANY DAY!

WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

1¢

DUBBLE BUBBLE

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

# QUIZ.

THIS IS A QUIZ THAT WILL REALLY TEST YOUR BRAINWORK... LET'S GET TO IT! SCORE YOURSELF... 5 CORRECT EXCELLENT. 4-VERY GOOD. 3-GOOD. 2 FAIR AND 1 POOR.

1. "HAIL TO THE CHIEF," THE TRADITIONAL MARCH PLAYED FOR PERSONAL APPEARANCES OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S., WAS COMPOSED IN CALIFORNIA. ☐ True ☐ False

2. DEAN ACHESON IS THE 49TH SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE U.S. ☐ True ☐ False

3. THE TERM "BASEBALL FAN" WAS ACCIDENTALLY STARTED BY A SPORTS WRITER WHO ABBREVIATED "BASEBALL FANATIC" FOR A HEADLINE BACK IN 1900 ☐ True ☐ False

4. TEQUICIGALPA IS A TROPICAL PLANT. ☐ True ☐ False

5. THE EARTH IS NEAREST THE SUN ON JULY 4TH ☐ True ☐ False

MOORE GAZETTE  
BASEBALL FANS JAM STADIUM

ANSWERS: 1. FALSE IT WAS COMPOSED IN SCOTLAND 2. TRUE 3. TRUE 4. FALSE IT'S A TROPIC AL CITY 5. FALSE IT'S NEAREST ON JANUARY 1ST

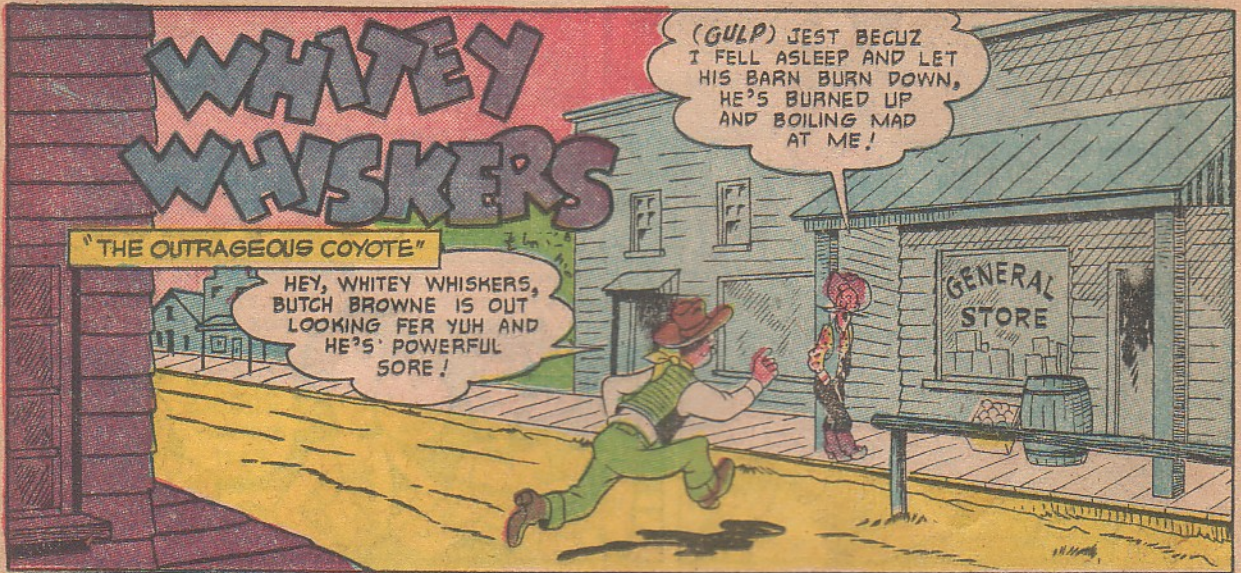


# WHITEY WHISKERS

"THE OUTRAGEOUS COYOTE"

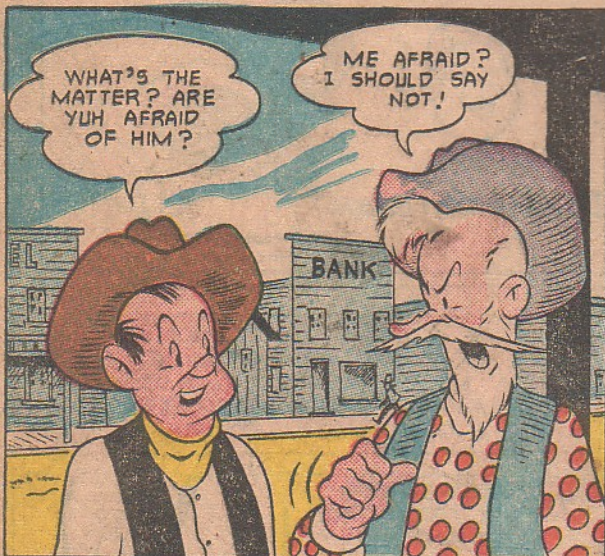
HEY, WHITEY WHISKERS, BUTCH BROWNE IS OUT LOOKING FER YUH AND HE'S POWERFUL SORE!

(GULP) JEST BECUZ I FELL ASLEEP AND LET HIS BARN BURN DOWN, HE'S BURNED UP AND BOILING MAD AT ME!



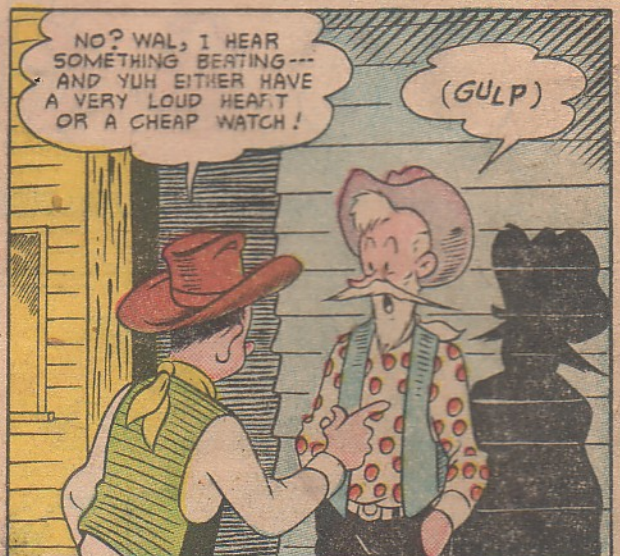
WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YUH AFRAID OF HIM?

ME AFRAID? I SHOULD SAY NOT!



NO? WAL, I HEAR SOMETHING BEATING--- AND YUH EITHER HAVE A VERY LOUD HEART OR A CHEAP WATCH!

(GULP)



LISTEN, I'M NOT AFEADED OF BUTCH BROWNE OR ANYBODY ELSE!

OH NO? THEN WHY DON'T YUH GO AND FACE BUTCH? DON'T BE SCARED---



---KEEP A STIFF UPPER PLATE!

(GULP) ER, I'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN I COME TO IT!



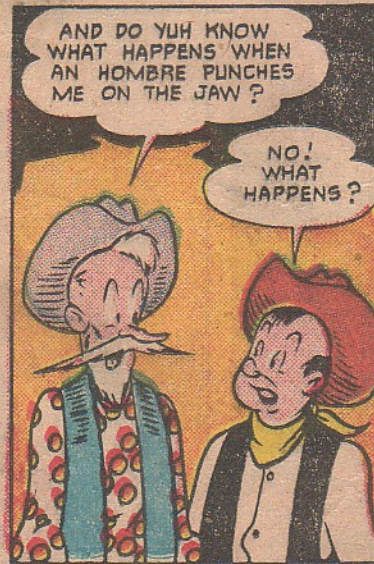
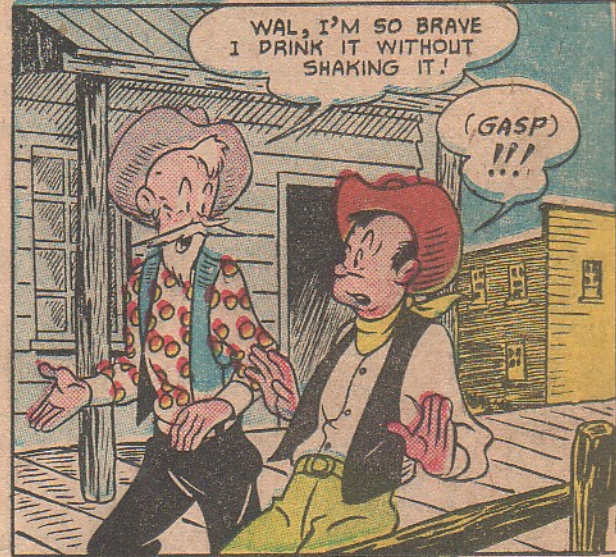
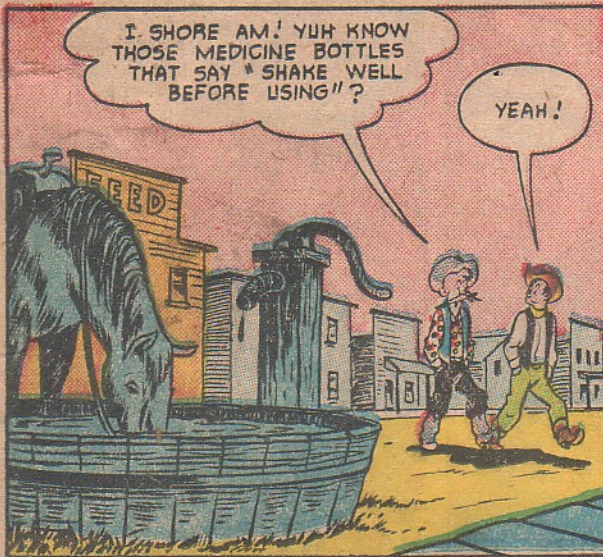
LISTEN, WHITEY, THIS IS NO JOKE! BUTCH IS POWERFUL STEAMED UP 'BOUT YUH!

THAT DOESN'T WORRY ME! I HAVE INSTESTINAL FORTITUDE--- THAT'S GUTS TO YUH!



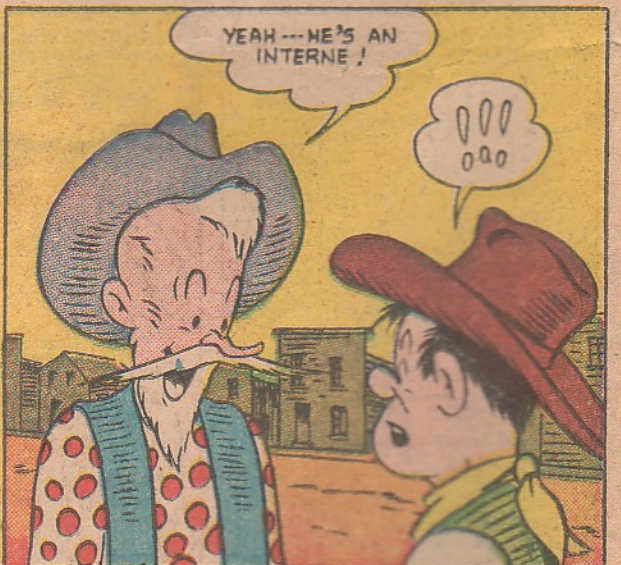
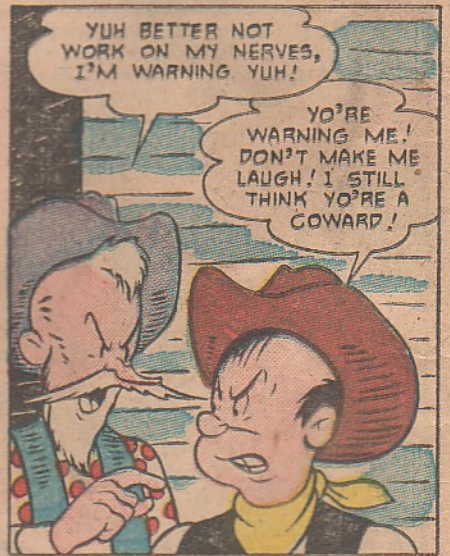
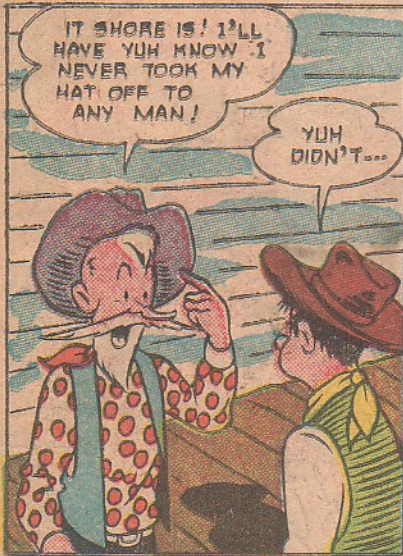
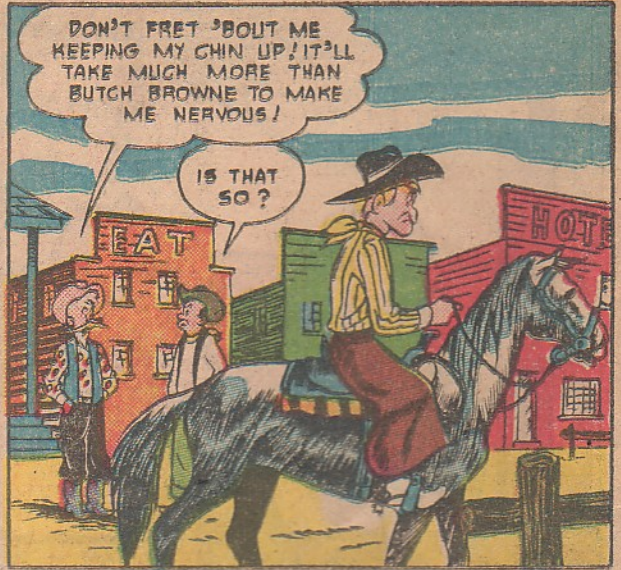
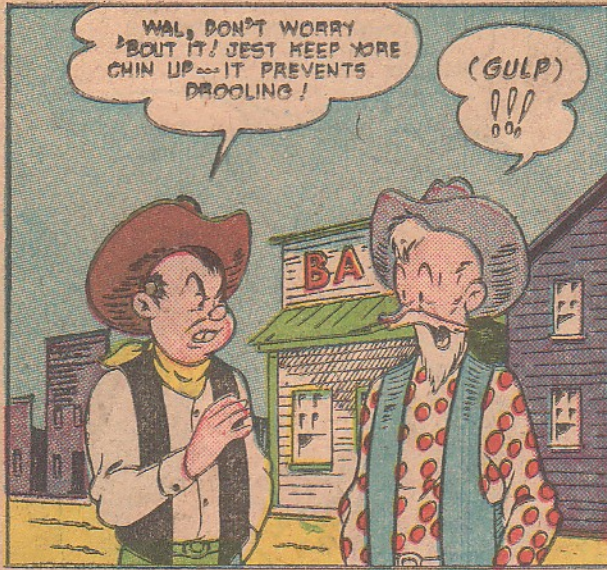


# HOPALONG CASSIDY

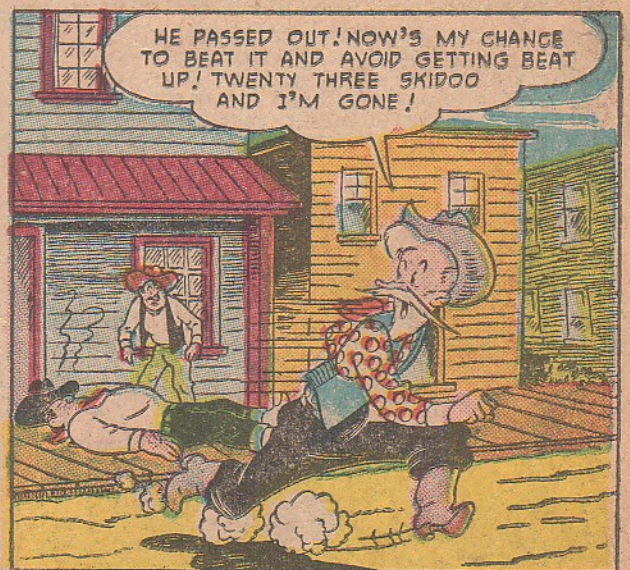
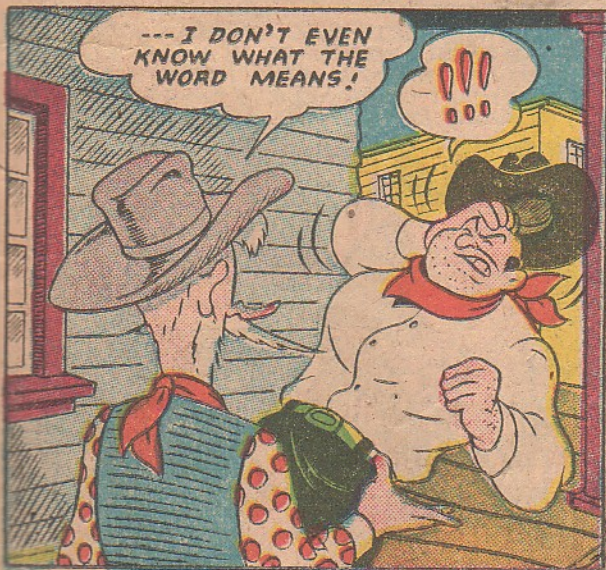
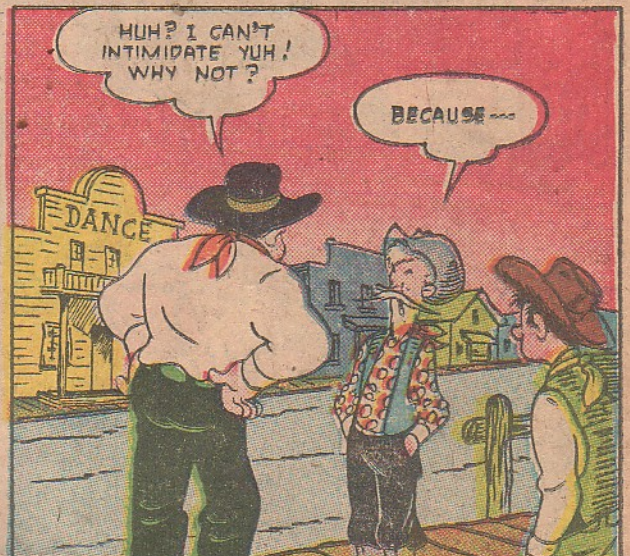
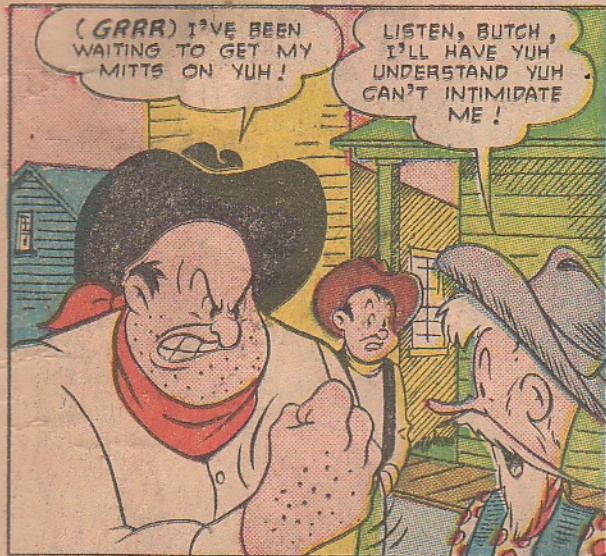
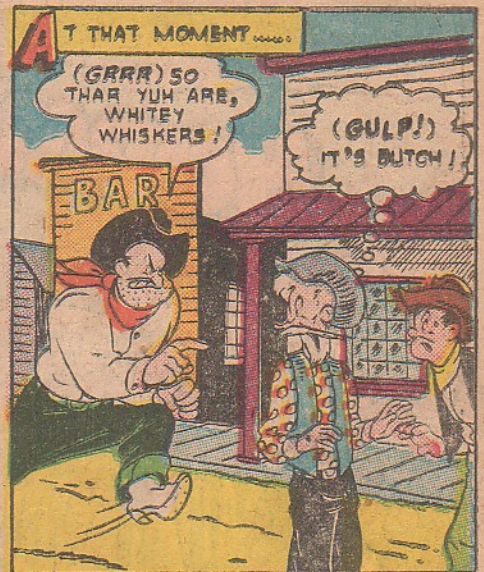
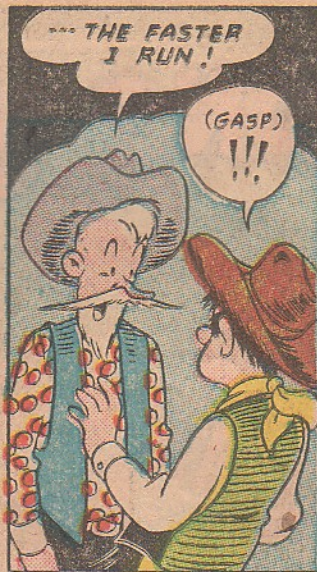
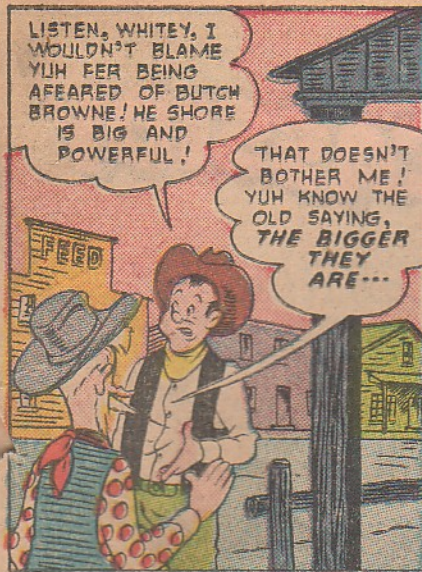




# HOPALONG CASSIDY









# HOPALONG CASSIDY

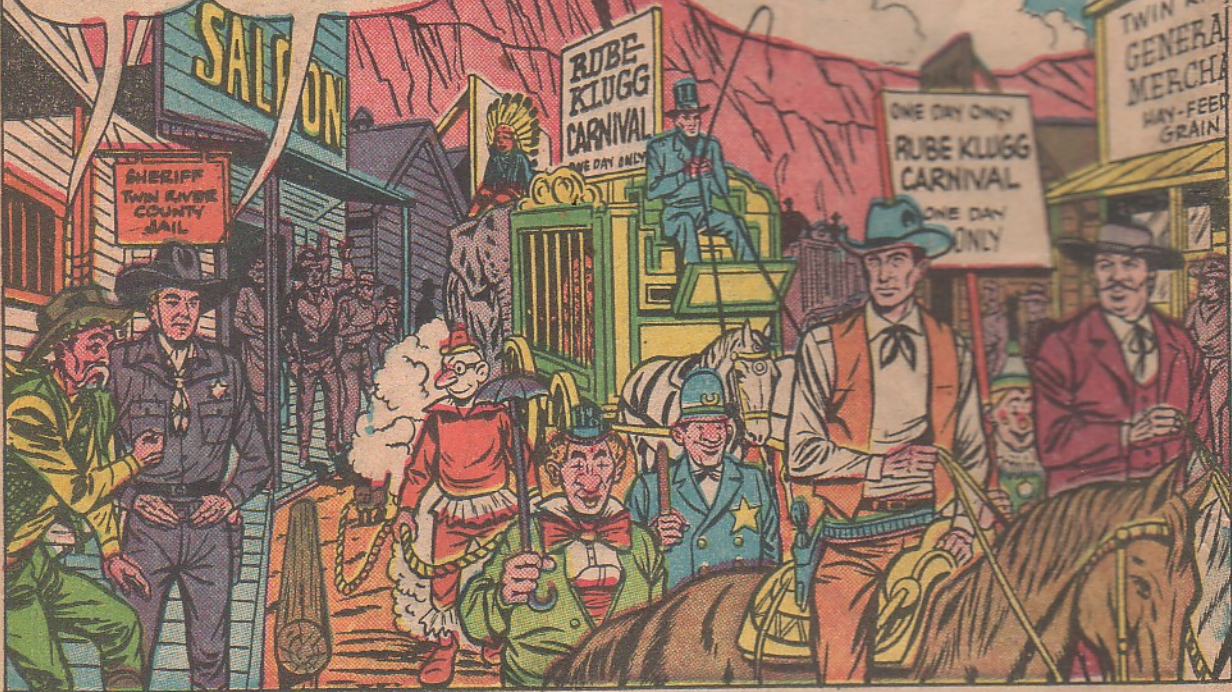
STARRING - WILLIAM BOYD

in **TERROR at the CARNIVAL**

A MESQUITE STORY!

YIPPEE !!  
A CARNIVAL !  
I'VE BEEN  
ITCHING TO  
GO TO ONE  
FER A LONG  
TIME !

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL  
STILL HAVE TO KEEP  
ITCHING, MESQUITE !  
YOU WON'T HAVE  
TIME TO GO TO  
THIS ONE !

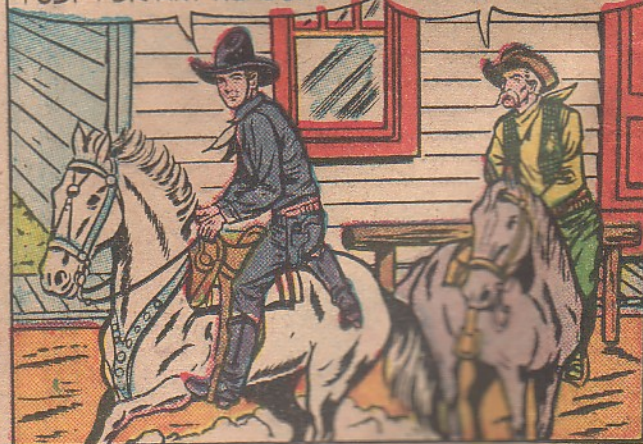
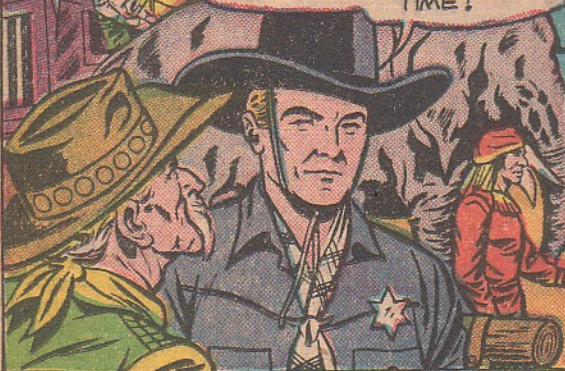


WHY  
NOT,  
HOPPY ?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, MESQUITE ?  
THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT HAS  
ASKED US TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT  
FOR ANYONE WHO MIGHT BE SMUG-  
GLING ARMS TO THE REBELS  
ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER !  
YOU CAN'T DO THAT AND GO TO  
THE CARNIVAL AT THE SAME  
TIME !

I'LL WATCH THE NORTH PASS  
INTO TWIN RIVER ! YOU GUARD  
THE SOUTH PASS AND MAKE  
SURE YOU DON'T LEAVE YOUR  
POST FOR ANY REASON !

OKAY, HOPPY,  
BUT BEING A  
DEPUTY SURE  
TAKES THE FUN  
OUT OF MY LIFE !

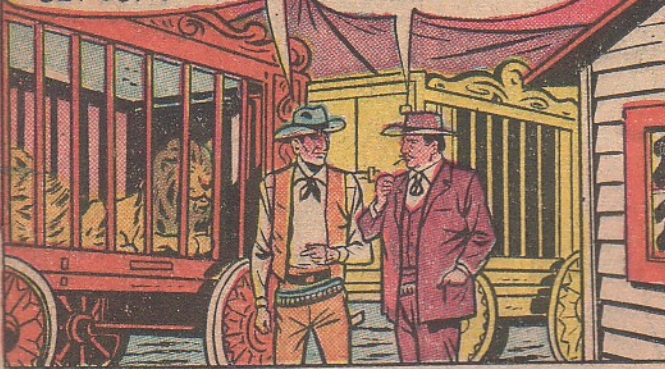




MEANWHILE, AT THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS ---

SO FAR SO GOOD, RUBE! WE GOT INTO TWIN RIVER WITH THE FIREARMS WE'RE GOING TO SMUGGLE ACROSS THE BORDER! NOW THE QUESTION IS CAN WE GET OUT?

WE'LL GET OUT, ALL RIGHT, KLUGG! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT THAT THE CARNIVAL IS JUST A FRONT FOR GUN SMUGGLERS!



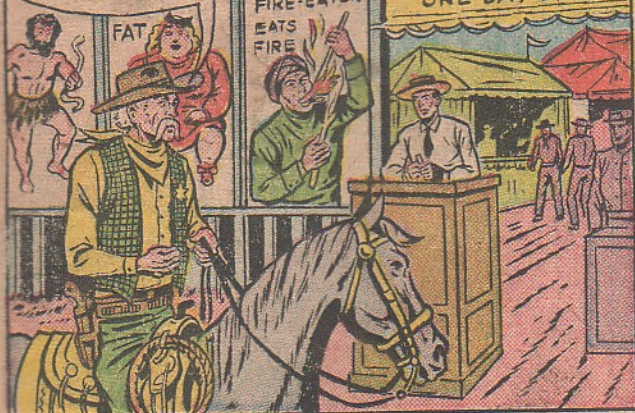
BESIDES, EVEN IF THEY DID, NO ONE WOULD THINK OF SEARCHING THE LION'S CAGE FOR THE RIFLES-- AND UNLESS THEY FIND THE ARMS, THEY CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST US!

I RECKON WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH! WE'LL RUN THE CARNIVAL ONE DAY SO NO ONE GETS SUSPICIOUS, AND THEN WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY AGAIN! ONCE WE PASS TWIN RIVER, IT'LL BE A CINCH!

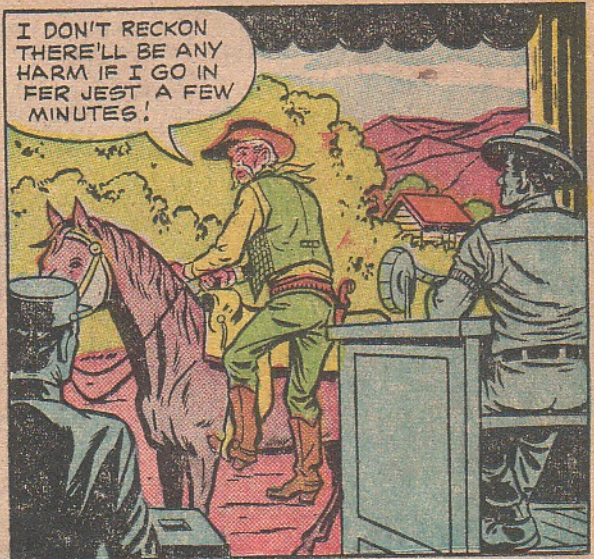


SHORTLY AFTER, AS MESQUITE HEADS FOR HIS POST--

GOSH! ONE DAY ONLY! AND I HAVEN'T BEEN AT A CARNIVAL IN YEARS!



I DON'T RECKON THERE'LL BE ANY HARM IF I GO IN FER JEST A FEW MINUTES!

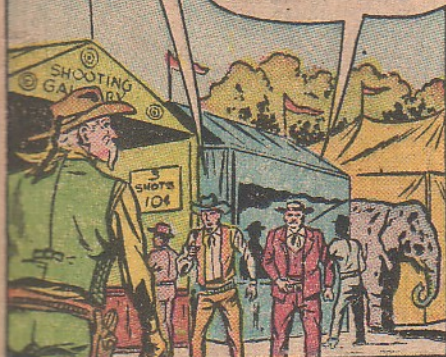


RUBE, LOOK WHO JUST CAME IN! IT'S A DEPUTY! HE MUST BE WISE TO US!

DON'T GET PANICKY, KLUGG! HE MAY JUST BE SUSPICIOUS AND CAME IN TO LOOK AROUND! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM AWAY FROM THE CROWDS SO WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM!

WELCOME TO THE CARNIVAL, DEPUTY! HOW ABOUT COMING INTO THE OFFICE SO I CAN GIVE YUH A LIST OF THE BEST ATTRACTIONS!

NO, THANKS! I DON'T HAVE THE TIME! I'LL JUST MOSEY AROUND FER A FEW MINUTES!



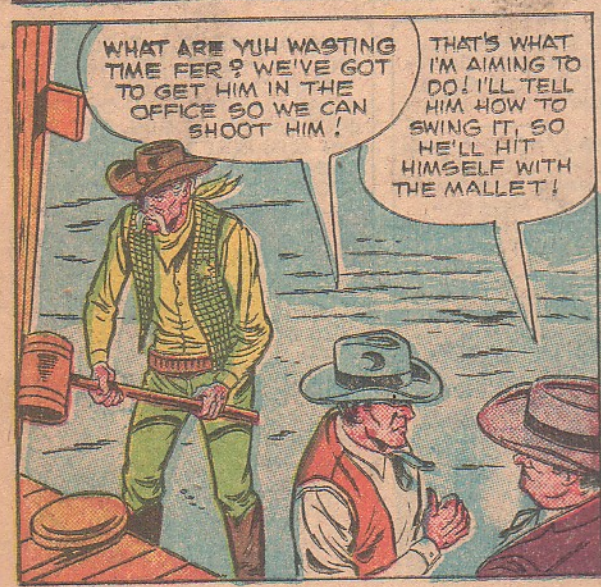
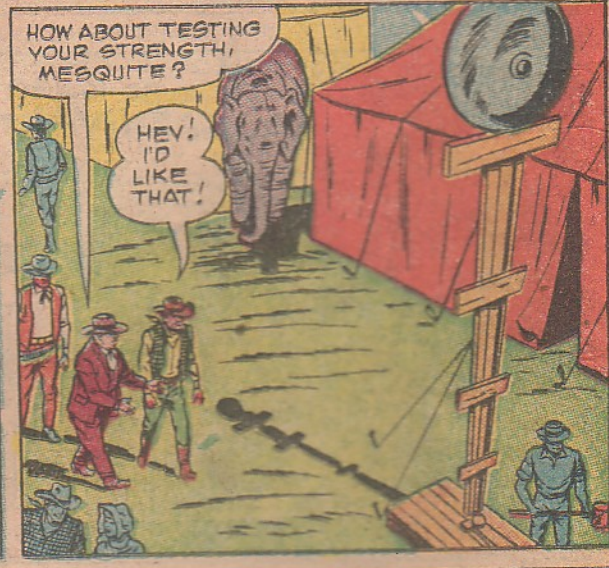
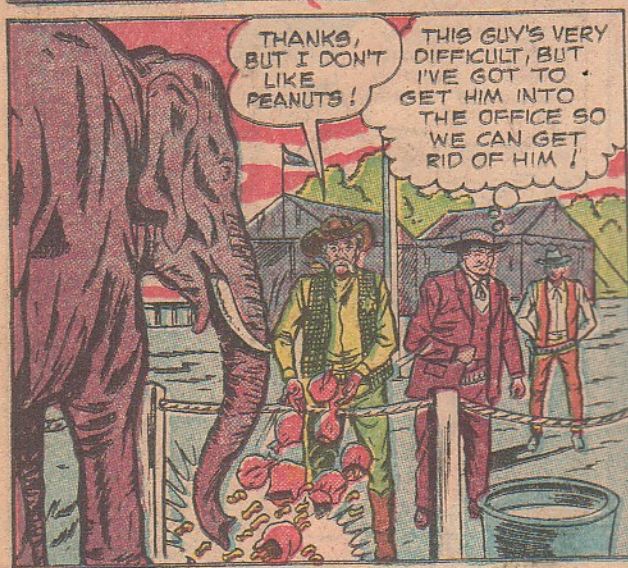
HE'S A SHREWD ONE! IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY TO GET RID OF HIS GUN IN CASE OF TROUBLE!

I DON'T THINK I CAN GET RID OF THE GUN, BUT I THINK I CAN EMPTY IT! COME WITH ME!

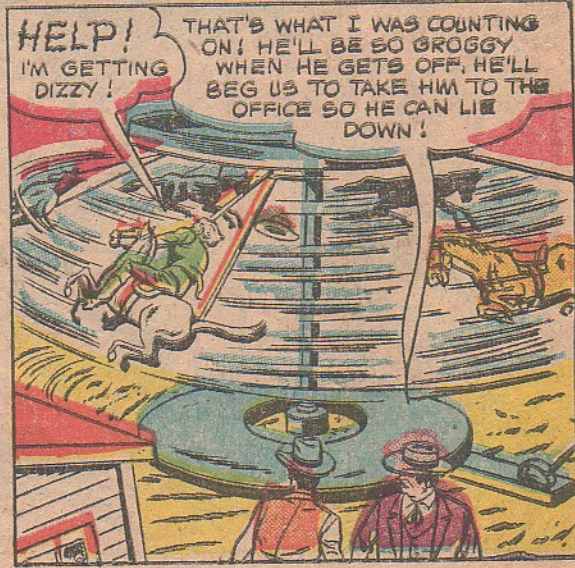
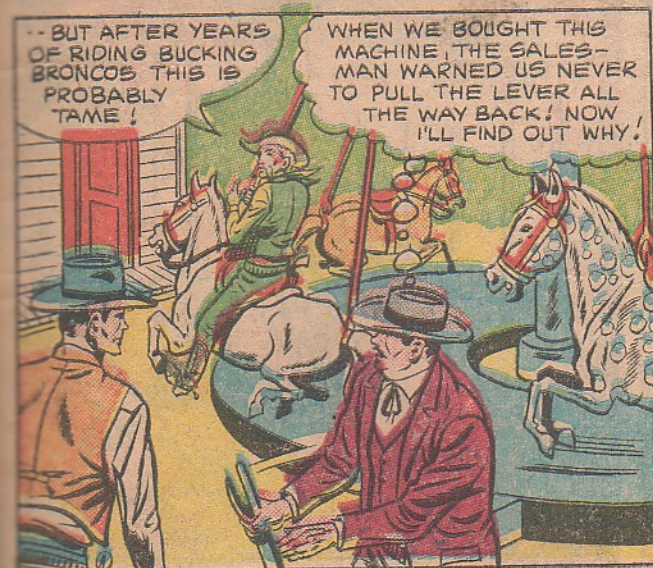
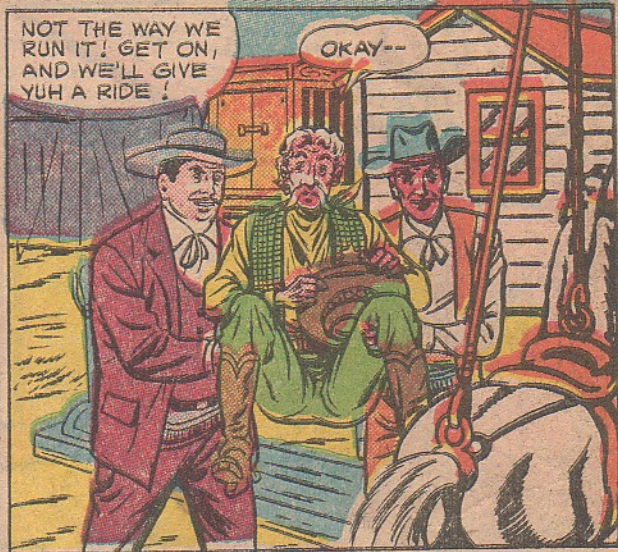
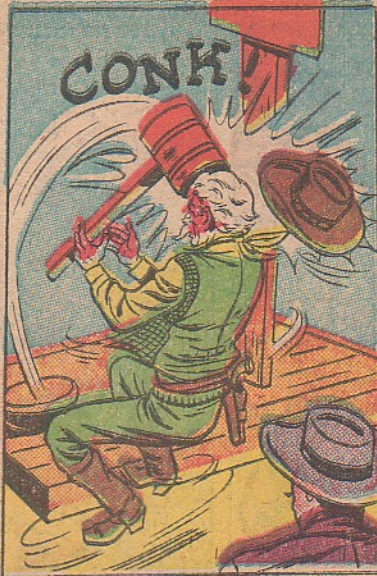




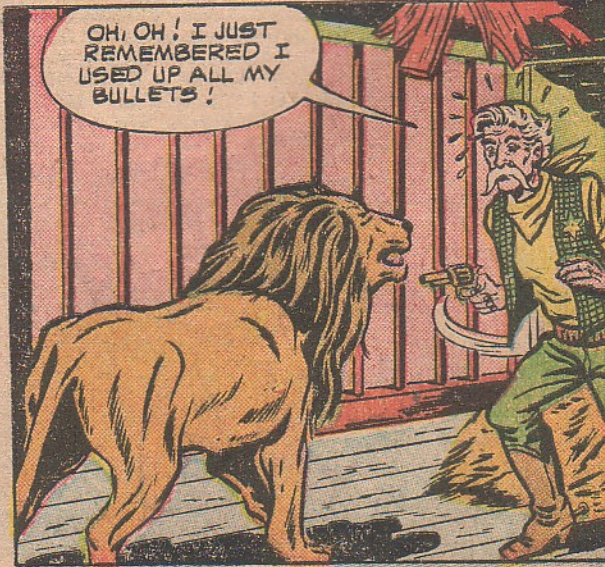
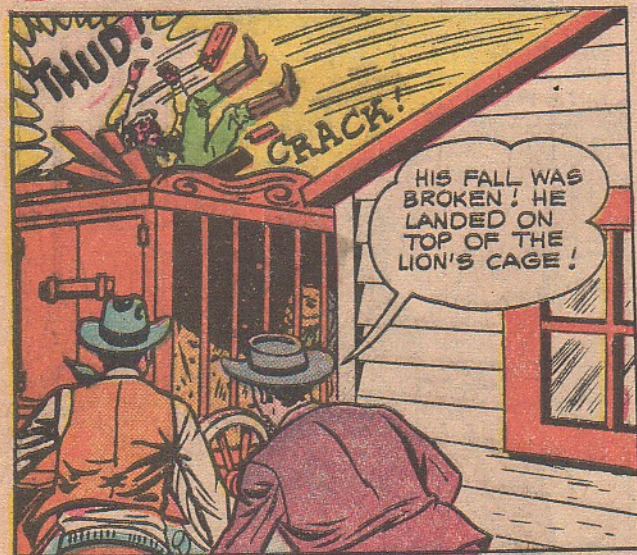
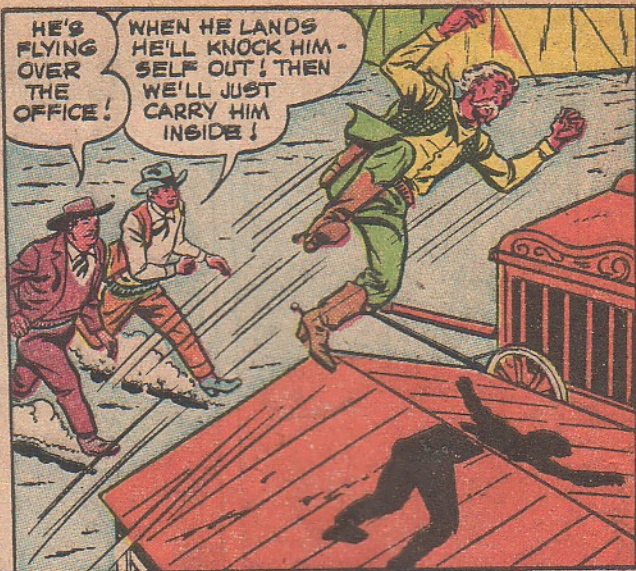
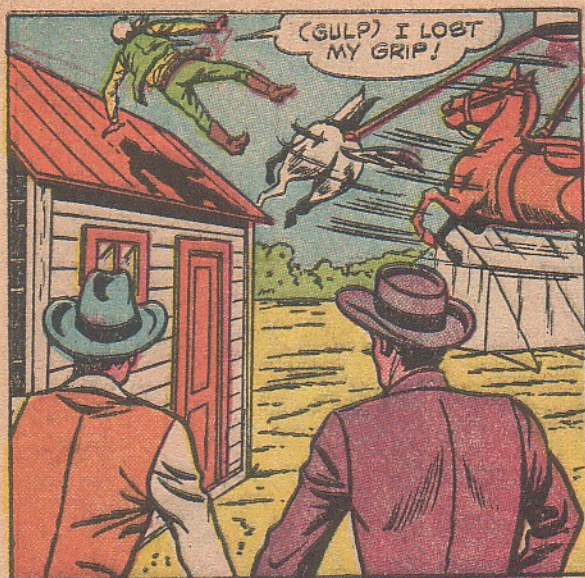
# HOPALONG CASSIDY







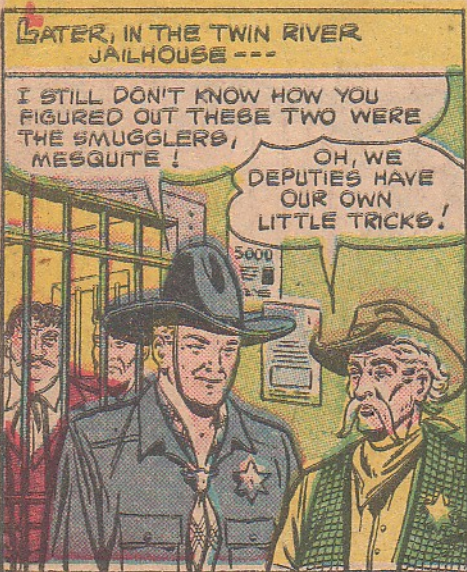
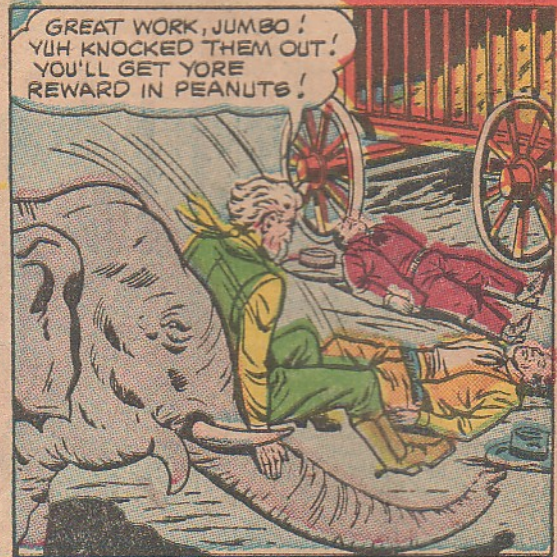
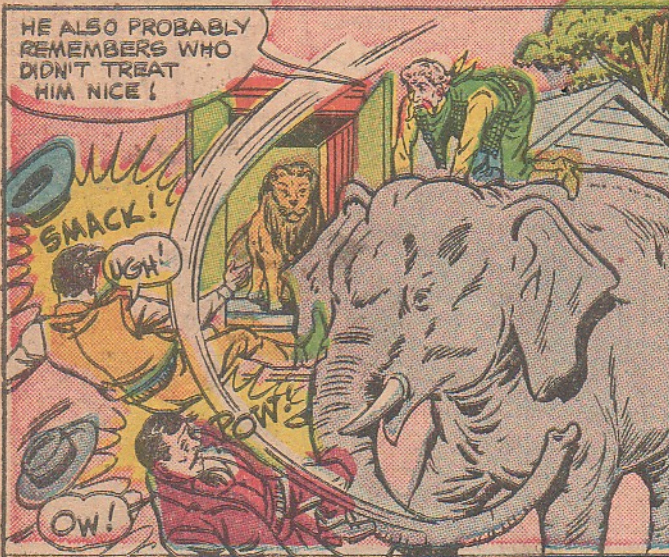




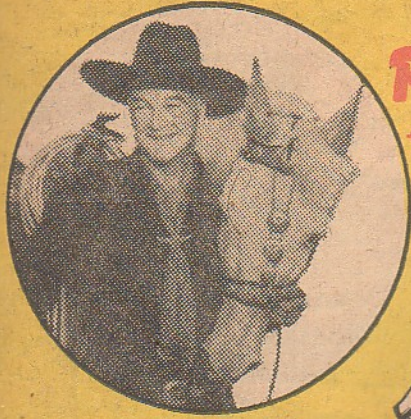












# PARDNER

HERE'S  
YOUR

SHOCKPROOF

## HOPALONG CASSIDY

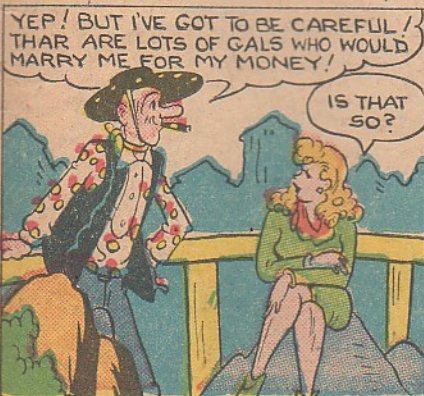
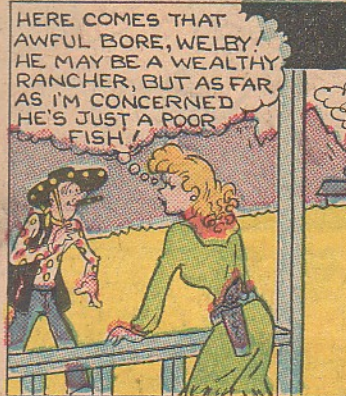
Wrist Watch



Hoppy's picture is on the clear, easy to read dial, under an unbreakable crystal. The stainless steel back is inscribed with "good luck from Hoppy." A real Western style strap. Each gift box contains a special letter from Hoppy.

Manufactured and guaranteed by  
**THE UNITED STATES TIME CORPORATION**

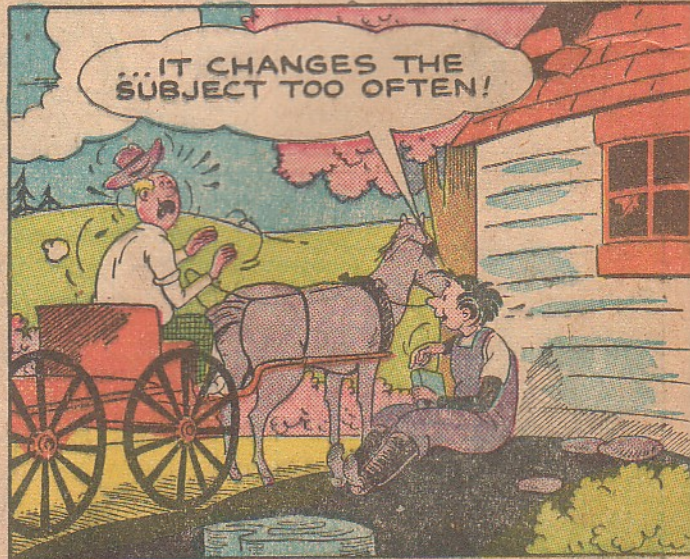
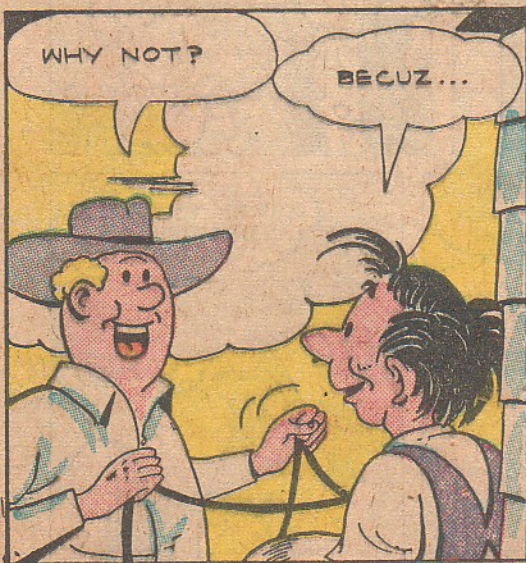
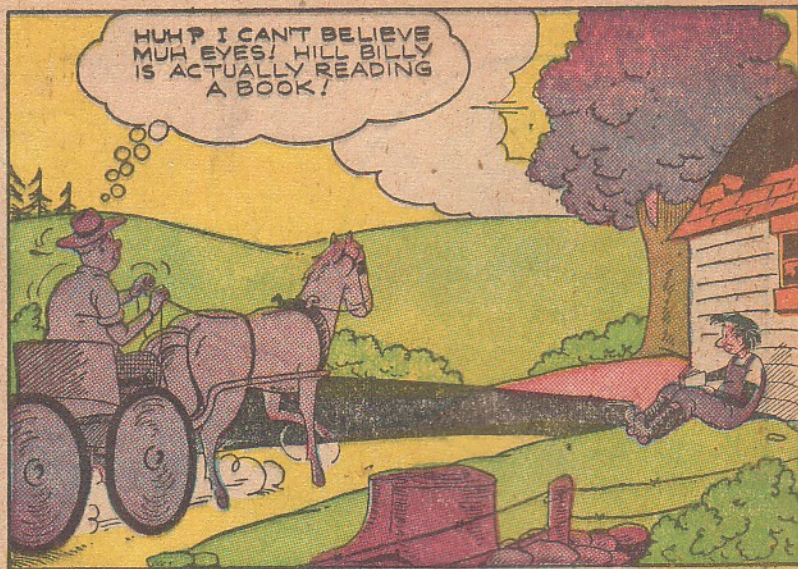
*World's largest manufacturer of wrist watches*





# HILL BILLY

BIG READER!





# On Sale Now!

## OFFICIAL

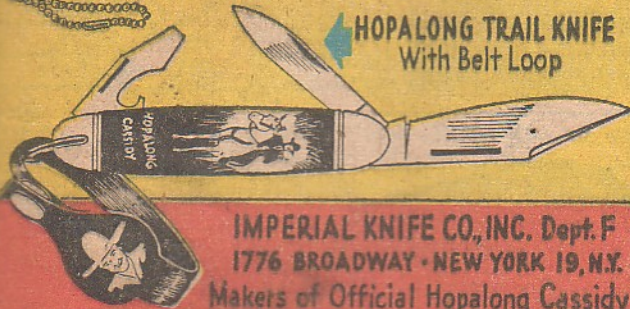
# HOPALONG CASSIDY Cutlery



**"HOPPY" MIDGET KNIFE**  
with chain-Pee Wee  
in Size, Practical  
in Service

**JUNIOR CHOW SET**  
Stainless Steel  
Never Needs Polishing

**HOPALONG TRAIL KNIFE**  
With Belt Loop



**IMPERIAL KNIFE CO., INC. Dept. F**  
1776 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

Makers of Official Hopalong Cassidy Cutlery

# QUIZ.

THIS IS A QUIZ THAT WILL REALLY TEST YOUR BRAINWORK... LET'S GET TO IT! SCORE YOURSELF... 5 CORRECT EXCELLENT, 4-VERY GOOD, 3-GOOD, 2-FAIR, 1-POOR.

1. CAESAR WAS THE FIRST EMPEROR OF ROME.

☐ True ☐ False



2. THE U.S. SUPREME COURT SUPPLIES ITS OWN CHAIRS.

☐ True ☐ False



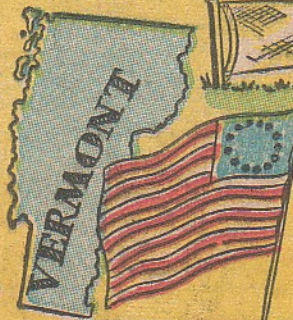
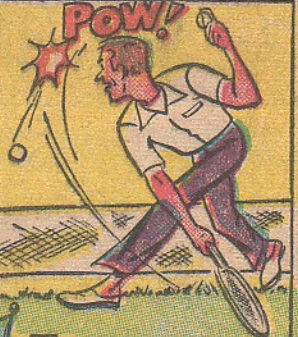
3. THE BICYCLE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN INVENTED IN 1816 BY BARON VON DRAIS IN BAVARIA.

☐ True ☐ False



4. THE HEIGHT OF A TENNIS NET AT THE CENTER IS SIX FEET.

☐ True ☐ False



5. VERMONT WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN COLONIES.

☐ True ☐ False

ANSWERS: 1 FALSE, 2 TRUE, 3 TRUE, 4 FALSE, 5 FALSE.



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

## PISTOL PACKING PATTIE DANDRUFF TROUBLE!



I HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU, COOPER! I'M NOT GOING TO THE DANCE WITH YOU!

(GULP)



AW, WHY NOT?

FOR THE SAME REASON MY NICKNAME FOR YOU IS "DANDRUFF"!



HUH? YUH CALL ME "DANDRUFF"! WHY?

BECAUSE---



-- YOU GET IN MY HAIR, YOU PEST!

(GULP)!!!



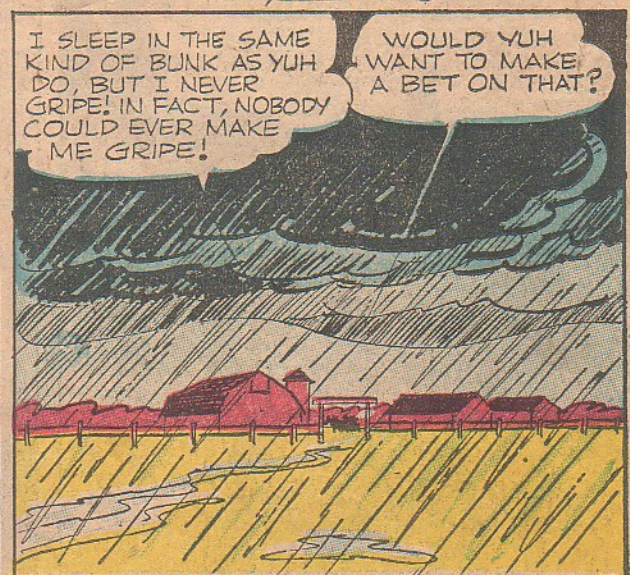
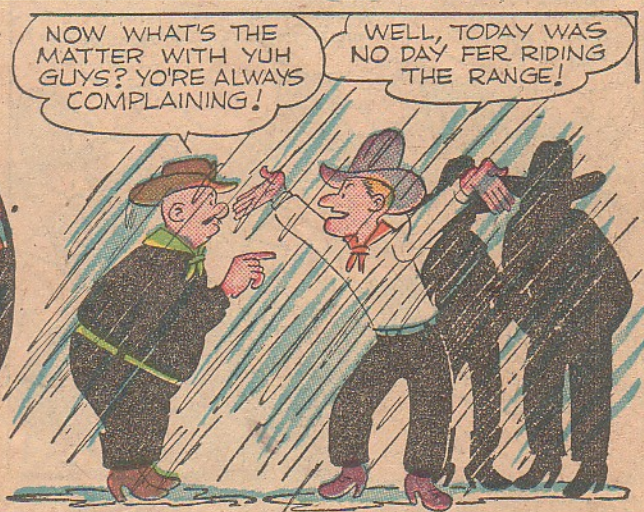
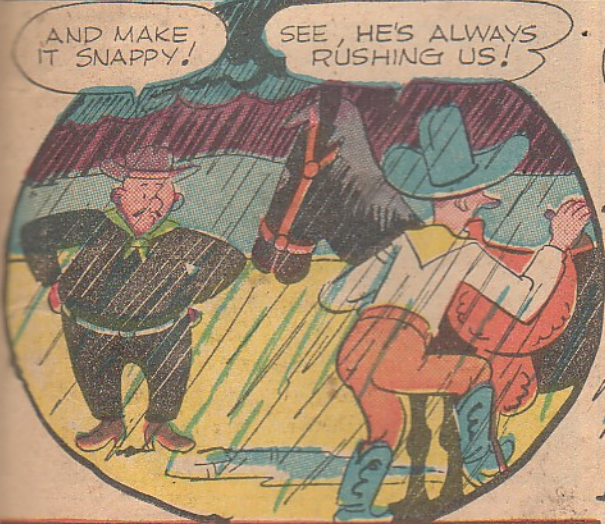
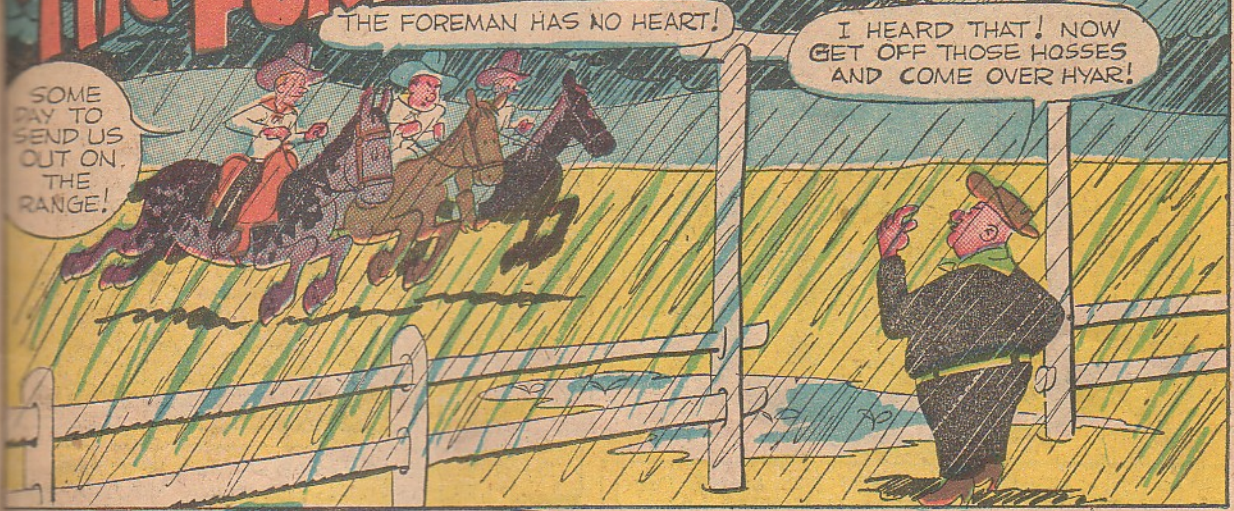
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A COMIC MAGAZINE!  
DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!

# CAPTAIN VIDEO

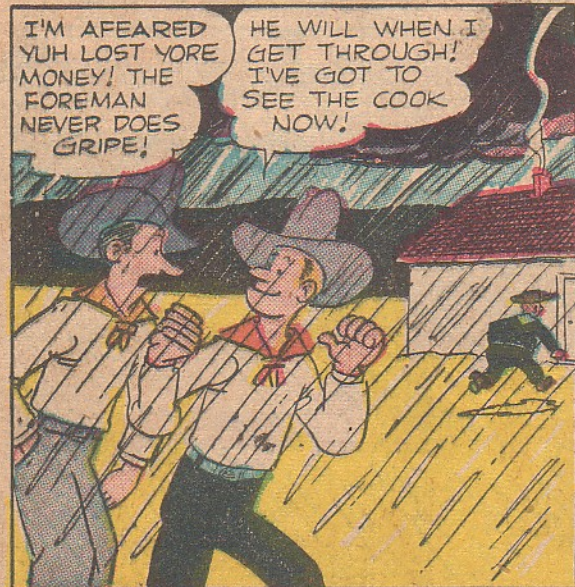
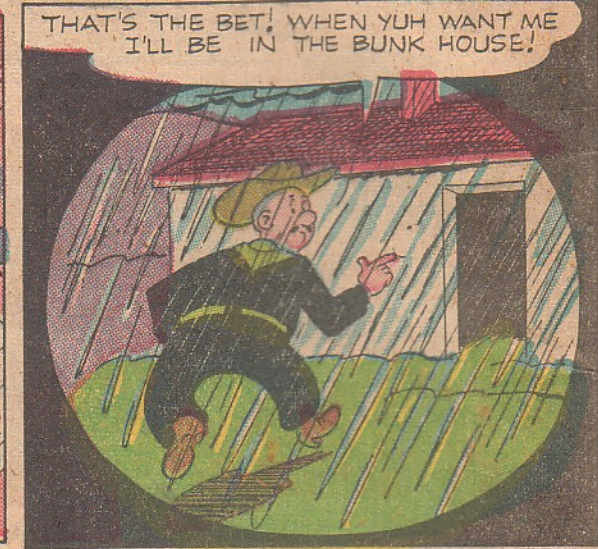
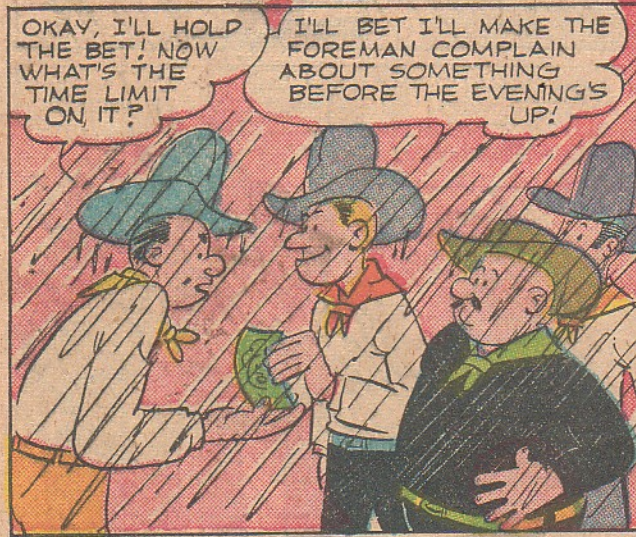
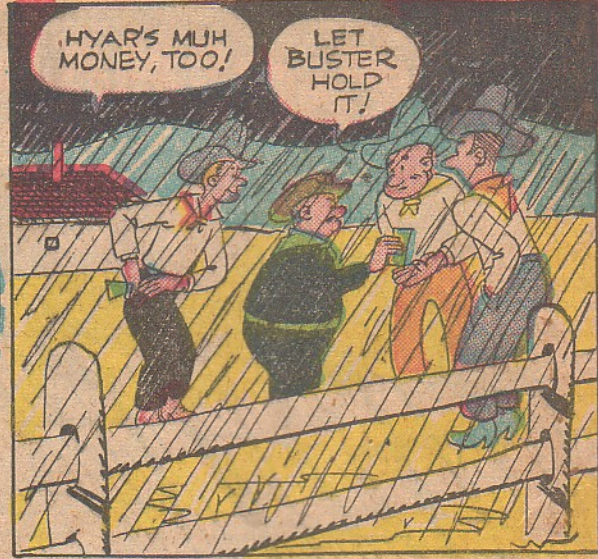
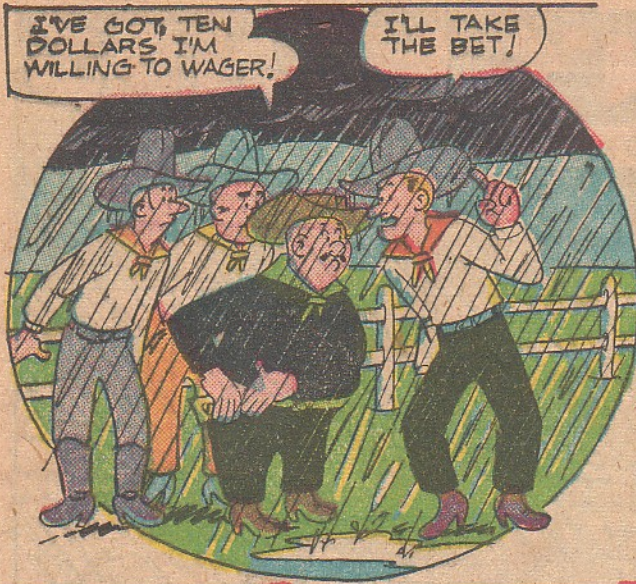
10¢ ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢



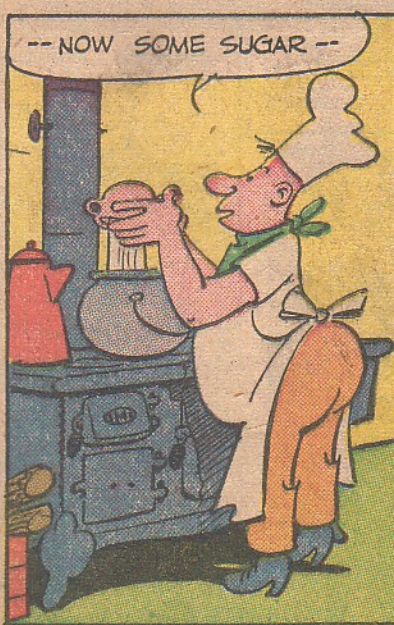
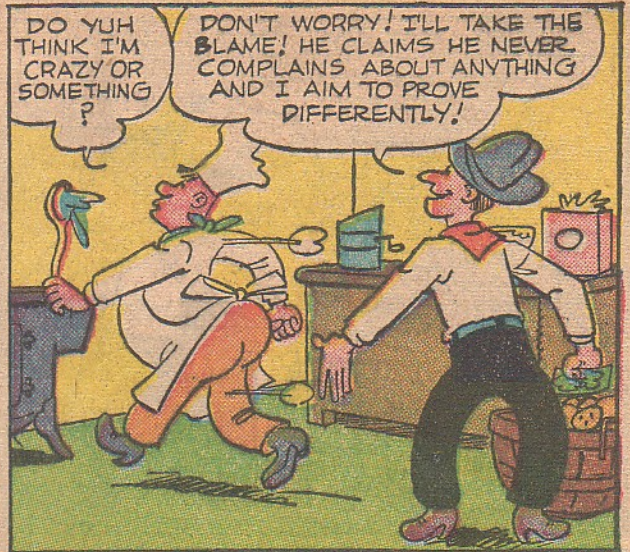
# THE FOREMAN'S HANDS



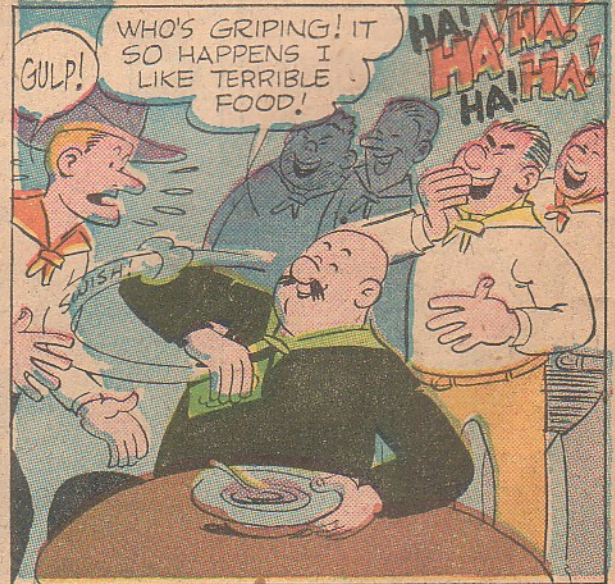
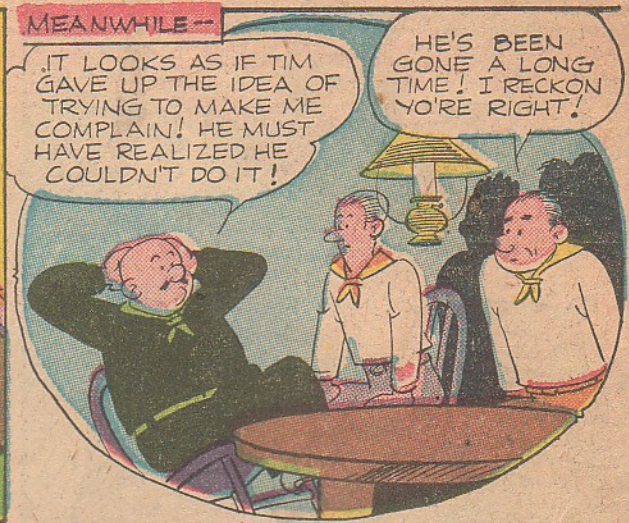














# HOPALONG CASSIDY

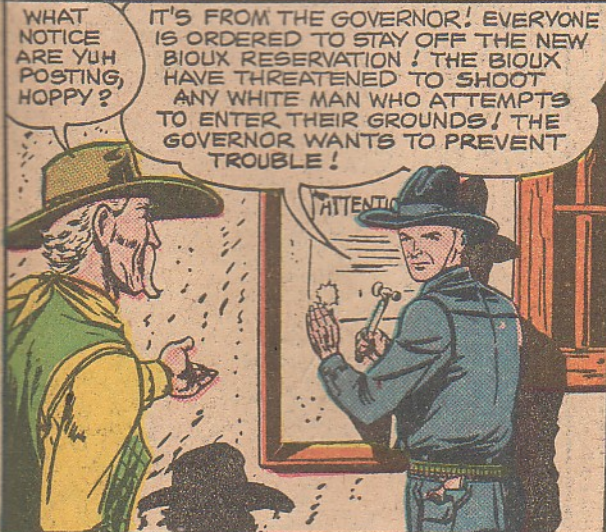
STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

and THE LAST  
OF THE BIOUX

**D**EATH RUNS RAMPANT AS THE SNEAKY AND EVIL CAST-OFF TRIBE OF SWANGEE INDIANS PLAN THE CUNNING AND COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THE BIOUX TRIBE! BUT ONE BIOUX BRAVE ESCAPES ---A BRAVE WITH A GRUDGE AGAINST THE WHITE MEN FOR HAVING TAKEN HIS LAND--WHICH MAKES IT EVEN MORE DIFFICULT FOR THE FEARLESS HOPALONG CASSIDY TO RESTORE LAW AND ORDER TO TWIN RIVER.

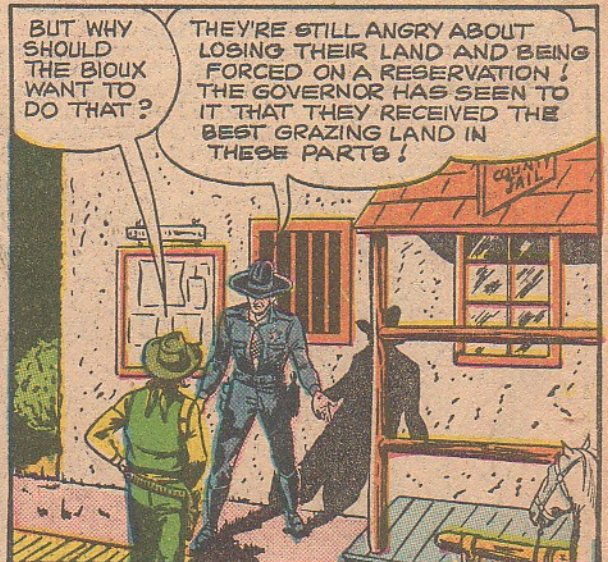


OUTSIDE THE TWIN RIVER JAILHOUSE----



WHAT NOTICE ARE YUH POSTING, HOPPY?

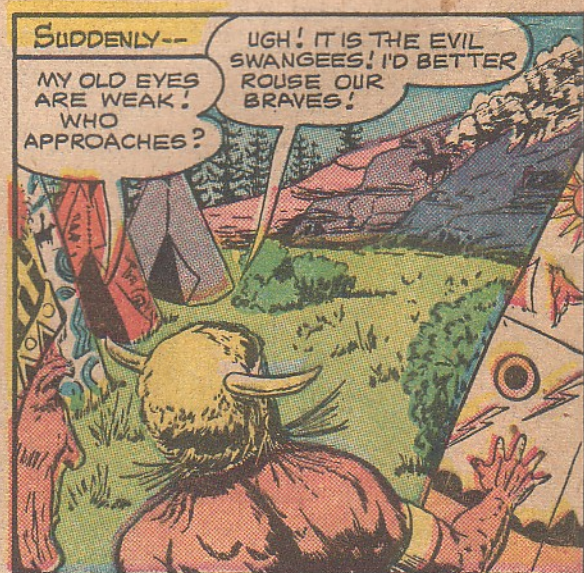
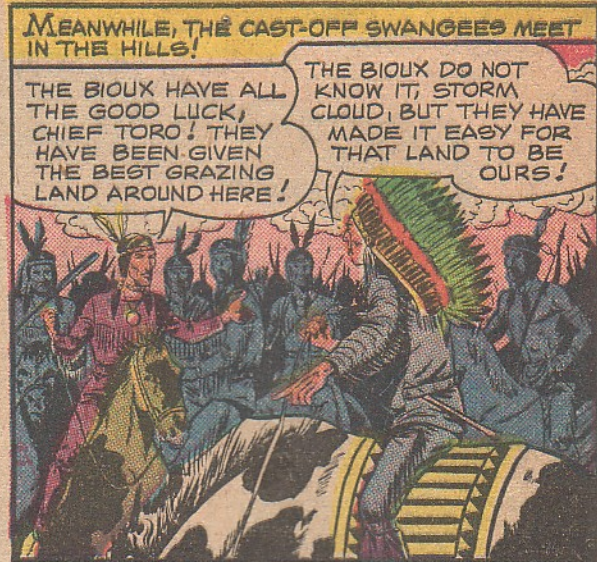
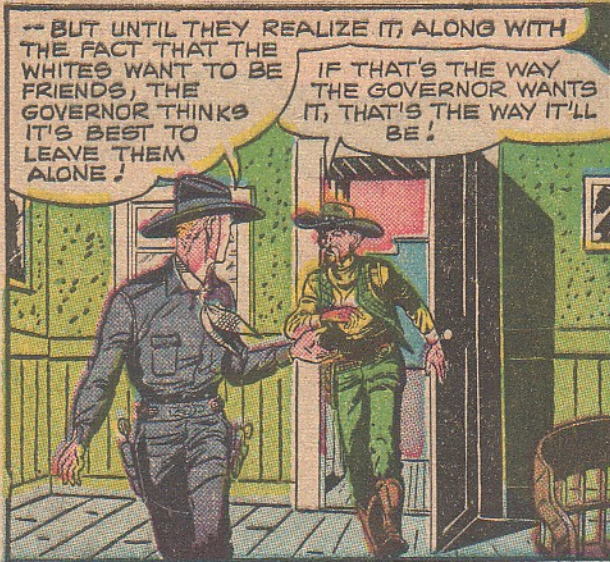
IT'S FROM THE GOVERNOR! EVERYONE IS ORDERED TO STAY OFF THE NEW BIOUX RESERVATION! THE BIOUX HAVE THREATENED TO SHOOT ANY WHITE MAN WHO ATTEMPTS TO ENTER THEIR GROUNDS! THE GOVERNOR WANTS TO PREVENT TROUBLE!



BUT WHY SHOULD THE BIOUX WANT TO DO THAT?

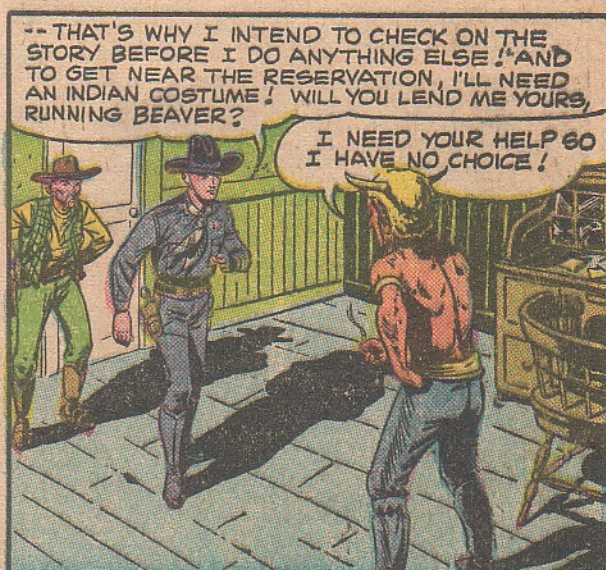
THEY'RE STILL ANGRY ABOUT LOSING THEIR LAND AND BEING FORCED ON A RESERVATION! THE GOVERNOR HAS SEEN TO IT THAT THEY RECEIVED THE BEST GRAZING LAND IN THESE PARTS!





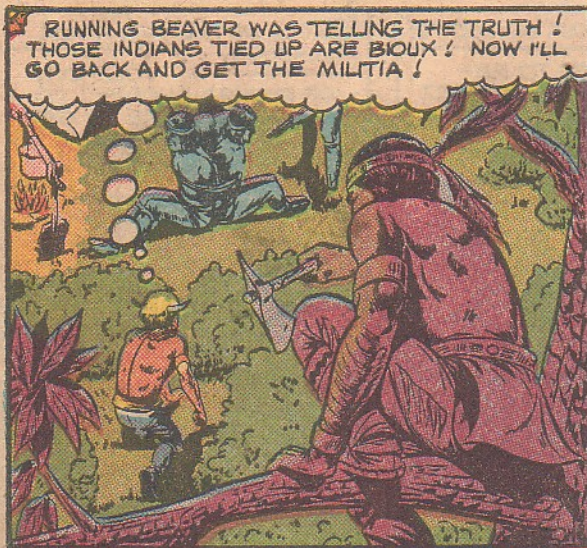
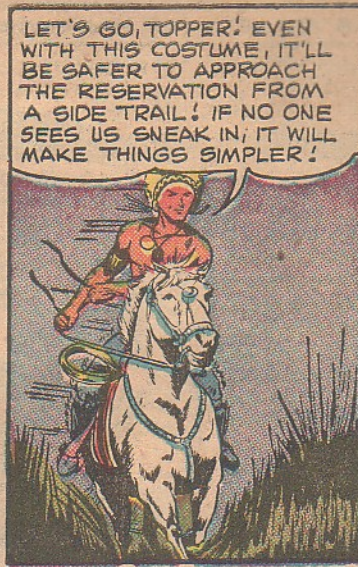


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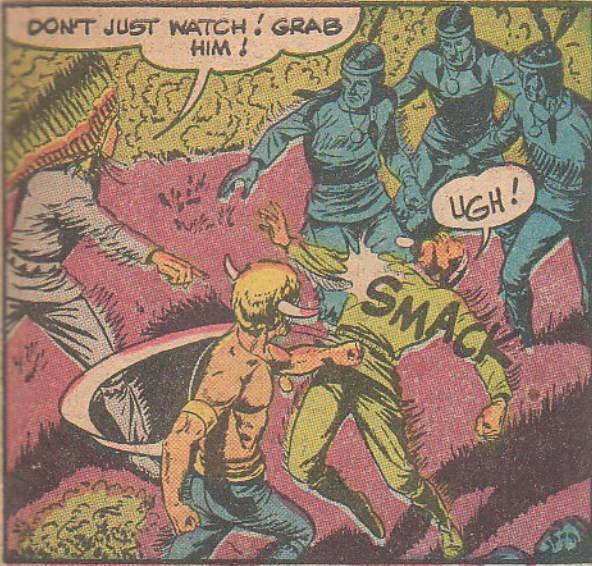


# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY



THAT IS GOOD IDEA, CHIEF TORO! OUR SECRET WILL BE SAFE THEN! IF SHERIFF FOUND DEAD, IT WILL ALSO SCARE OTHERS FROM COMING HERE!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY

