

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM
BOYD

SEPT.
10¢
NO. 71



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE MARKS OF GUILT!

AND THE WINNERS OF THE
SECOND HOPALONG CASSIDY
CONTEST!



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President

HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
WILLIAM BOYD

and The
Case of the MYSTERIOUS
LOCKSMITH

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND
HOW YUH CAPTURED THAT
GANG OF OUTLAWS BY
YOURSELF, HOPALONG!

I WASN'T ALONE, MESQUITE--I HAD
JUSTICE AND RIGHT ON MY SIDE! ANYWAY,
NOW THAT THOSE CROOKS ARE BEHIND BARS,
I'M GOING HOME AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE
MORNING!



AN HOUR OR SO LATER...

CASSIDY SENT ME OVER TO
FIX THE LOCKS ON THE
CELLS!

HUH? FIX
THE LOCKS ON
THE CELLS?



THAT'S RIGHT! DO YUH
WANT THEM FIXED
OR NOT?

SHORE,
SHORE! IF HOPALONG
SAID SO, OF COURSE!
GO AHEAD!



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

HOPALONG CASSIDY



IT'S ALL FINISHED!
AND YUH DON'T HAVE
TO WORRY! I DID A
GOOD JOB, A REAL
GOOD JOB!

THAT'S FINE!
I OPINE
HOPALONG
WILL PAY YUH!
SEE YUH
AGAIN!



Bzzzz!
Bzzzz!
Bzzzz!

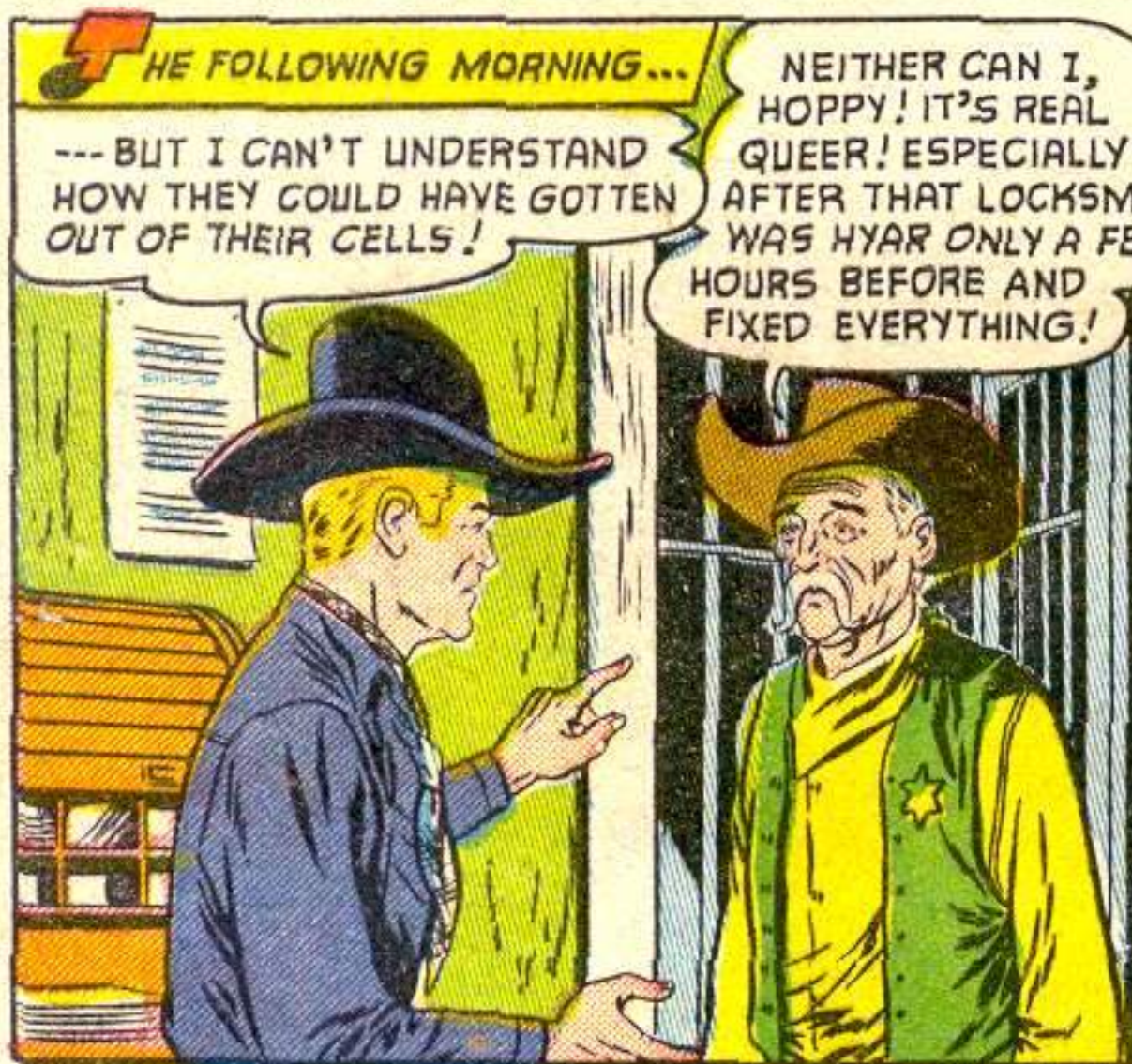
THE DEPUTY'S
FAST ASLEEP!
NOW WE CAN
GET OUT OF
HYAR!

YEAH! THE
BOSS SHORE
DID A GOOD
JOB ON THESE
LOCKS! HE
LEFT THE CELLS
OPEN FOR US
TO WALK OUT!
HA, HA!



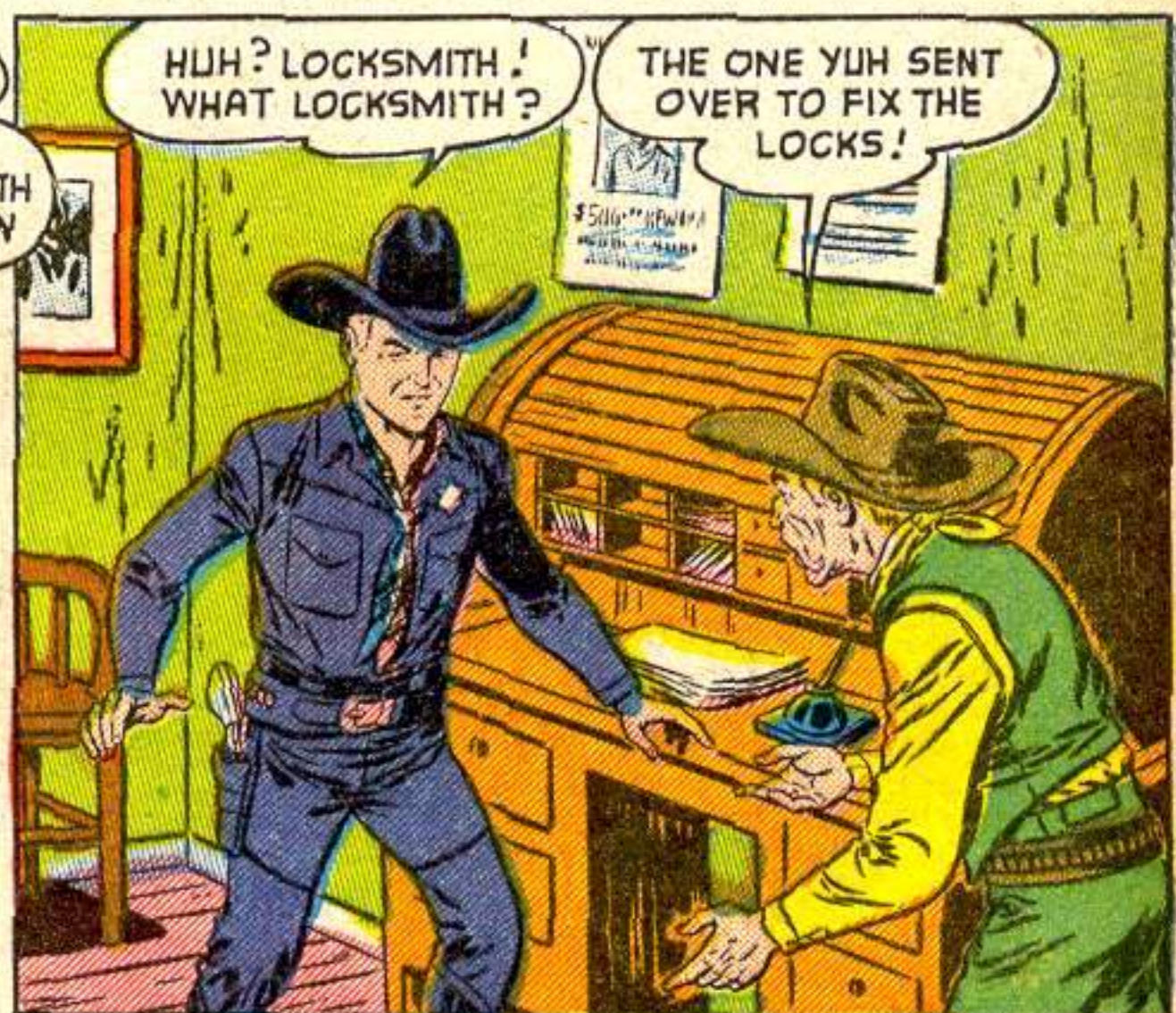
WAIT TILL CASSIDY
COMES HYAR IN THE
MORNING AND
FINDS US
ALL GONE!

HE'LL
BRAIN THAT
DIZZY
MESQUITE
FOR FALLING
FOR HOBBS'
"LOCKSMITH"
STORY!
HA, HA!



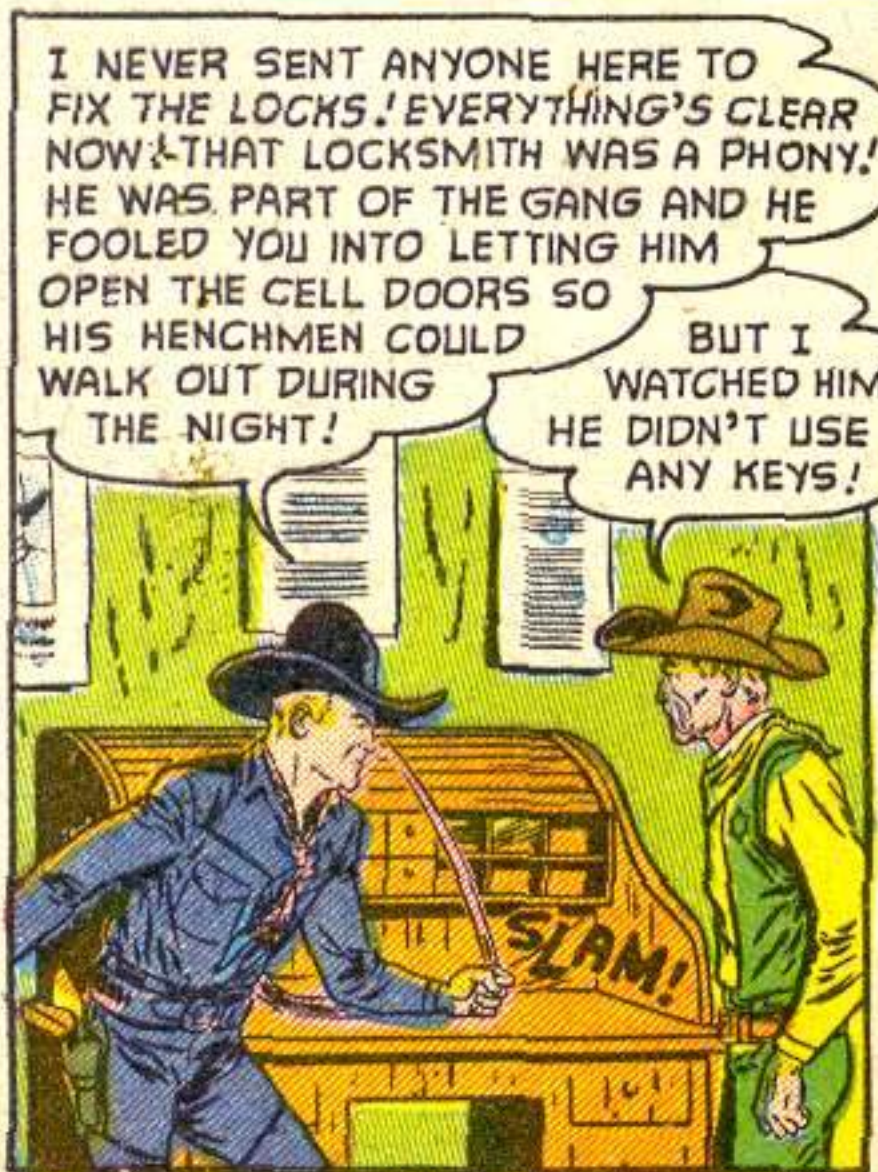
--- BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
HOW THEY COULD HAVE GOTTEN
OUT OF THEIR CELLS!

NEITHER CAN I,
HOPPY! IT'S REAL
QUEER! ESPECIALLY
AFTER THAT LOCKSMITH
WAS HYAR ONLY A FEW
HOURS BEFORE AND
FIXED EVERYTHING!



HUH? LOCKSMITH!
WHAT LOCKSMITH?

THE ONE YUH SENT
OVER TO FIX THE
LOCKS!



I NEVER SENT ANYONE HERE TO
FIX THE LOCKS! EVERYTHING'S CLEAR
NOW! THAT LOCKSMITH WAS A PHONY!
HE WAS PART OF THE GANG AND HE
FOOLED YOU INTO LETTING HIM
OPEN THE CELL DOORS SO
HIS HENCHMEN COULD
WALK OUT DURING
THE NIGHT!

BUT I
WATCHED HIM!
HE DIDN'T USE
ANY KEYS!



THAT MEANS HE MUST BE ONE
OF THOSE FELLOWS WHO IS
HANDY WITH LOCKS! BUT THE
IMPORTANT THING NOW IS TO
CAPTURE THEM AGAIN! AND
THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO
WORK FAST!



THE FIRST THING TO DO IS WIRE THE
SHERIFFS OF THE TWO ADJOINING
TOWNS TO SET UP BORDER PATROLS
AND BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR THEM! THEN I WANT
YOU TO ROUND UP A
POSSE AND GO TO
DUSTY CREEK WHILE
I LEAD ANOTHER
POSSE TO ARID
VALLEY!

I GET IT!
THEN NO
MATTER WHICH
TOWN THEY'LL
BE HEADING FOR,
THEY'LL BE CAUGHT
BETWEEN TWO
GROUPS!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

MEANWHILE, ON THE ROAD TO ARID VALLEY...

HA, HA, YUH SHORE PUT IT OVER ON CASSIDY, BOSS! YO'RE RIGHT HANDY WITH LOCKS!

HANDY! A LOCK HASN'T BEEN MADE THAT I CAN'T MASTER!

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE REACH ARID VALLEY!

THAT'S RIGHT! NOW HYAR'S MY IDEA! THE SHERIFF THAR OPINES YOU'RE ALL IN JAIL SO WE'LL PULL A FAST JOB AND BEAT IT OUT OF THE TERRITORY BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

BUT AS THEY NEAR ARID VALLEY...

THAT MUST BE THE GANG HOPALONG WIRED US 'BOUT!

(GULP) A POSSE--WAITING FOR US!

TURN AROUND! PRONTO!

THEY'RE BEATING IT BACK! LET'S GET AFTER THEM!

BUT AS THE GANG RETREATS...

(GULP) IT'S CASSIDY WITH A POSSE!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BUT INSPIRED BY HOPALONG'S SHOOTING, THE TWO POSSES TAKE CHARGE IN A HURRY!

OOOOF--MY GUN!

OOOOH, MY HAND!

YIIII!! MY ARM!

BANG! BANG!

WE GIVE UP! DON'T SHOOT ANY MORE!

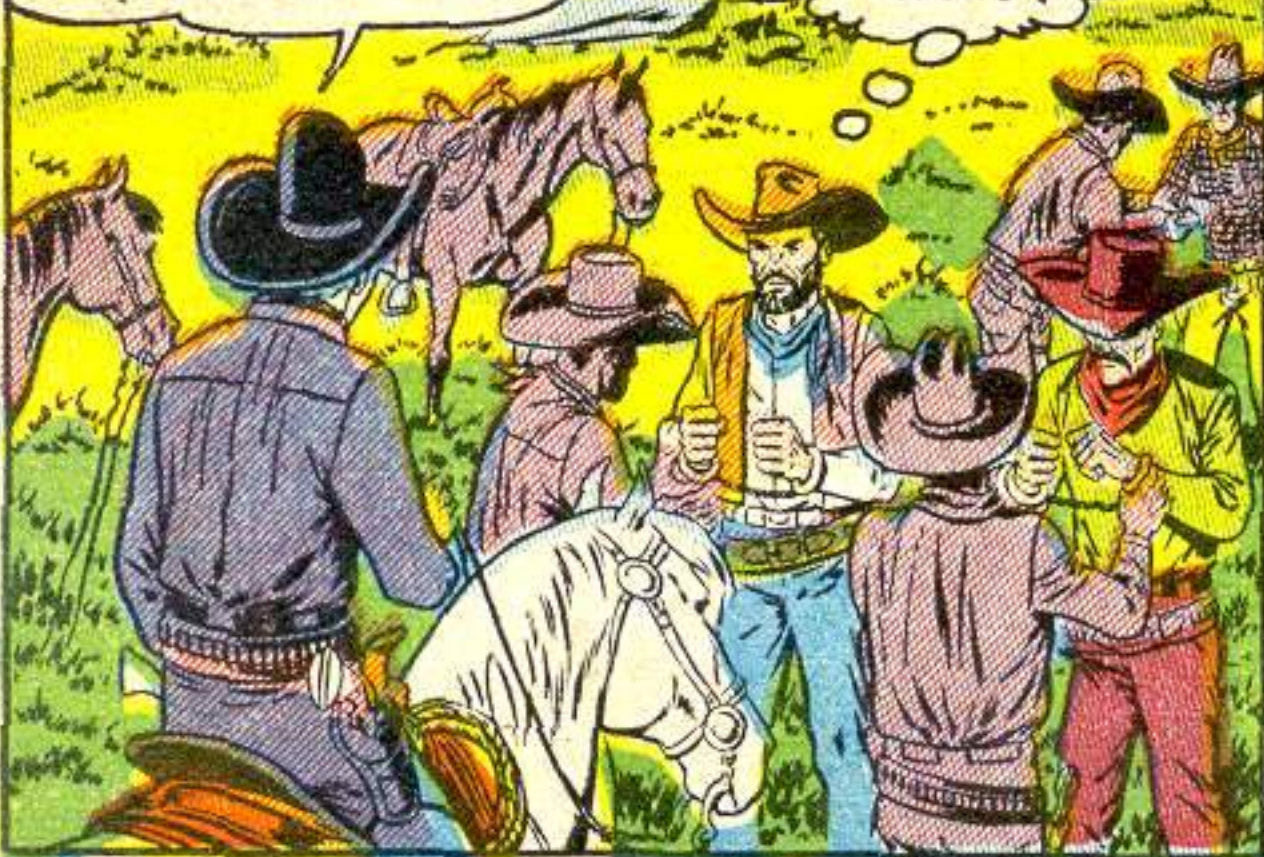
WE SURRENDER!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, HOLD YOUR FIRE!

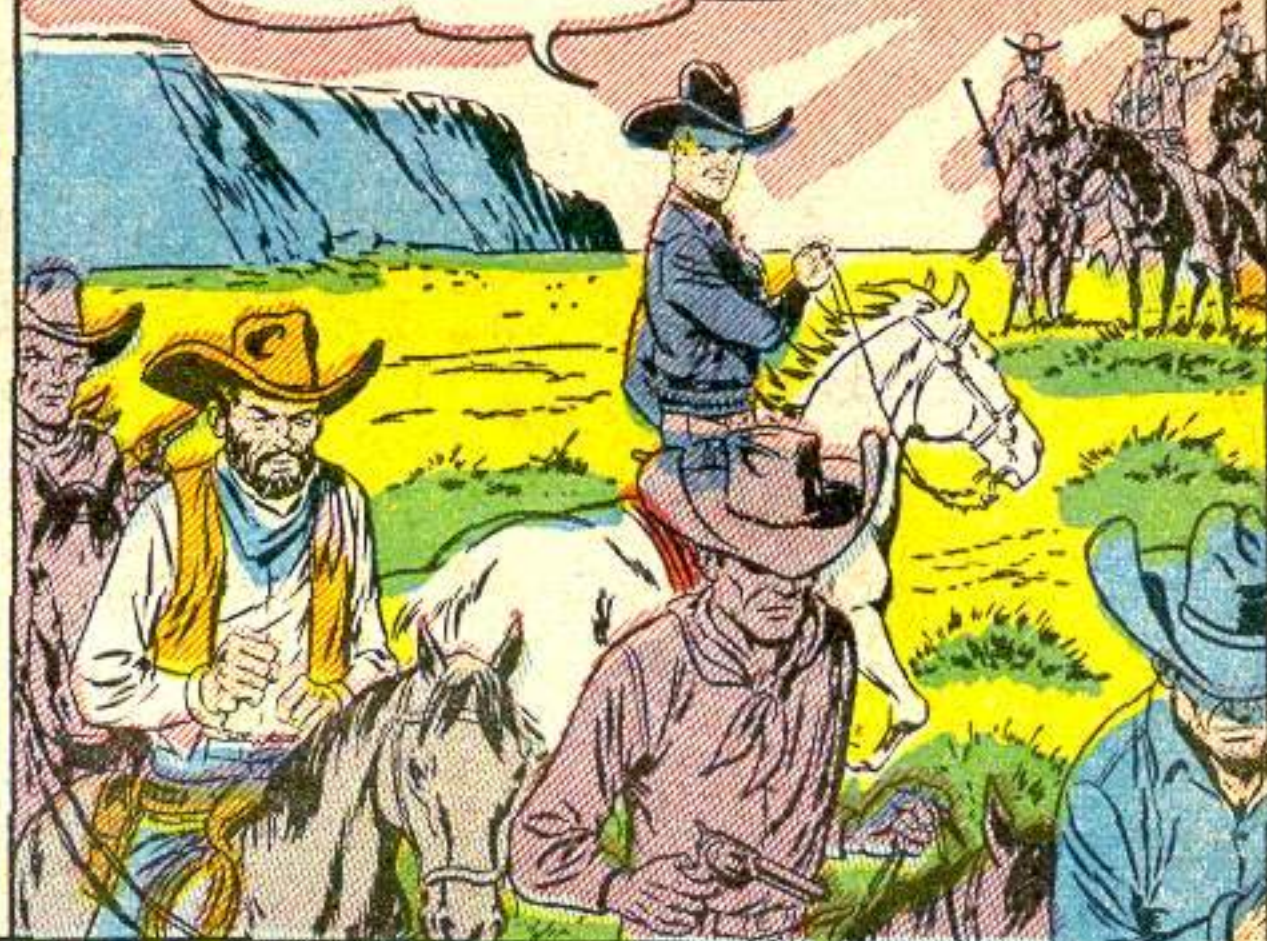
HOPALONG CASSIDY

I GUESS YOU'RE THE PHONY LOCKSMITH! WELL, FOR YOUR TROUBLES, YOU'LL GET A NICE CELL, TOO! AND THIS TIME, THERE WON'T BE ANYBODY TO HELP YOU GET OUT!

I DIDN'T THINK EVEN CASSIDY COULD WORK THIS FAST! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM, WE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!



OKAY, BOYS, START RIDING BACK WITH THEM TO TWIN RIVER! I'M GOING OVER TO THANK THE ARID VALLEY MEN FOR THEIR HELP!



THAT WAS GREAT WORK, SHERIFF! IF YOU EVER NEED MY HELP, YOU KNOW YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

I NEED YOUR HELP RIGHT NOW, HOPALONG!

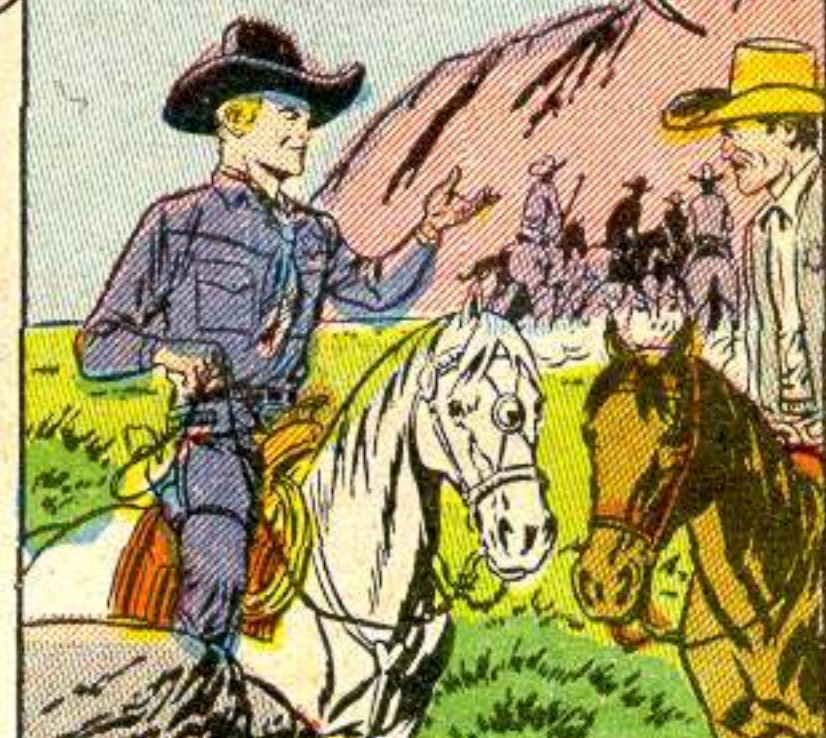


YES! MY WIFE'S KID NEPHEW IS VISITING US AND HE'S DYING TO MEET YUH! AND MY WIFE SAID IF I DIDN'T GET YUH OVER THAR BEFORE THE KID WENT HOME, SHE'D PUT ME IN THE DOGHOUSE! HOW 'BOUT COMING WITH ME NOW?



I'D LIKE TO, BUT I HAVE TO TAKE THOSE BANDITS BACK TO JAIL!

SHUCKS, YOUR POSSE CAN DO THAT! DON'T WORRY, THOSE VARMINTS CAN'T GET AWAY! THEY'RE HAND-CUFFED!

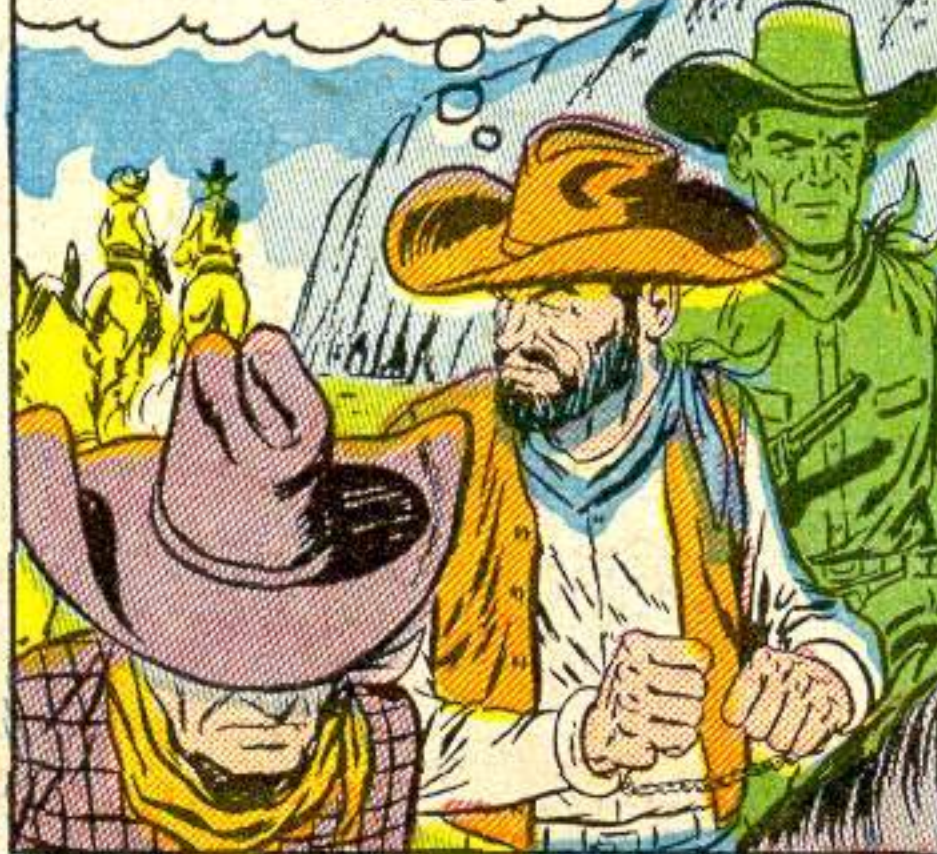


ALL RIGHT, BUT I WON'T STAY LONG!

AS LONG AS YUH SHOW UP, THAT'LL BE ENOUGH! THE KID WILL BE HAPPY!



CASSIDY ISN'T RIDING BACK WITH US! THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! I CAN GET OUT OF THESE HAND-CUFFS IN A SECOND, BUT WITH HIM AROUND IT WOULDN'T HAVE DONE ME ANY GOOD!



I'LL WAIT TILL WE'RE GOING THROUGH THE HILLS! ONCE MY HANDS ARE FREE, I KNOW JUST HOW TO GIVE THIS POSSE THE SLIP! I WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP MY HENCHMEN, BUT I'LL GET AWAY FOR SHORE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

WHEN THE POSSE PASSES THE HILLS, THE MASTER LOCKSMITH CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN TO PERFECTION, AND AFTER A FUTILE SEARCH...

NOT A SIGN OF HIM! HE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT OUT OF HIS HAND-CLIFFS!

WE'D BETTER GET THE REST OF THESE SIDEWINDERS TO JAIL BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I GOT AWAY FROM THOSE FOOLS, BUT NOW HOW WILL I---WAIT, HYAR COMES A STAGECOACH!

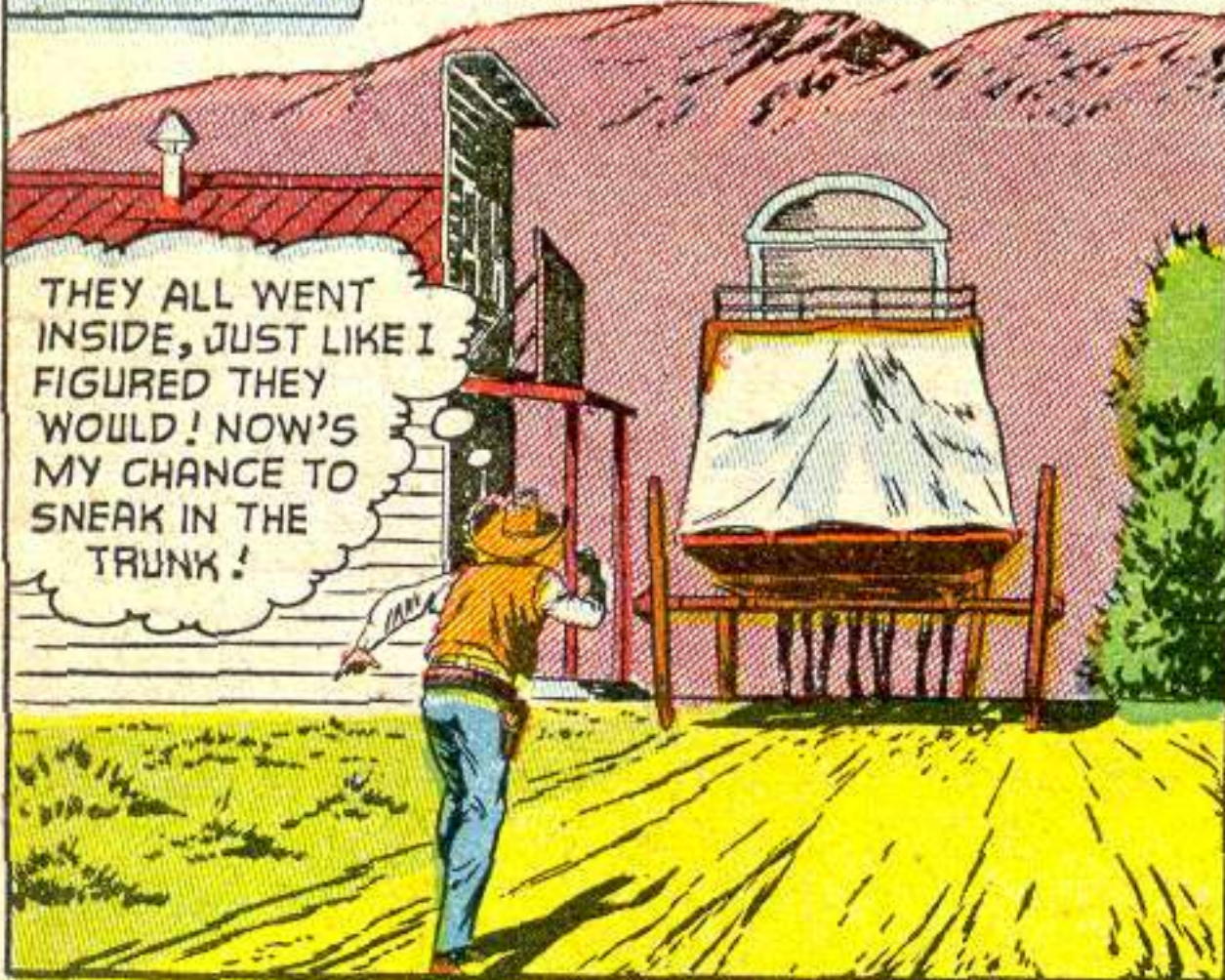


MAYBE IT'S GOING TO STOP AT THE TAVERN ABOUT A HALF MILE AWAY! I'LL FOLLOW AND SEE! IF IT DOES, MY TROUBLES WILL BE OVER--THANKS TO THAT BIG TRUNK ON TOP!

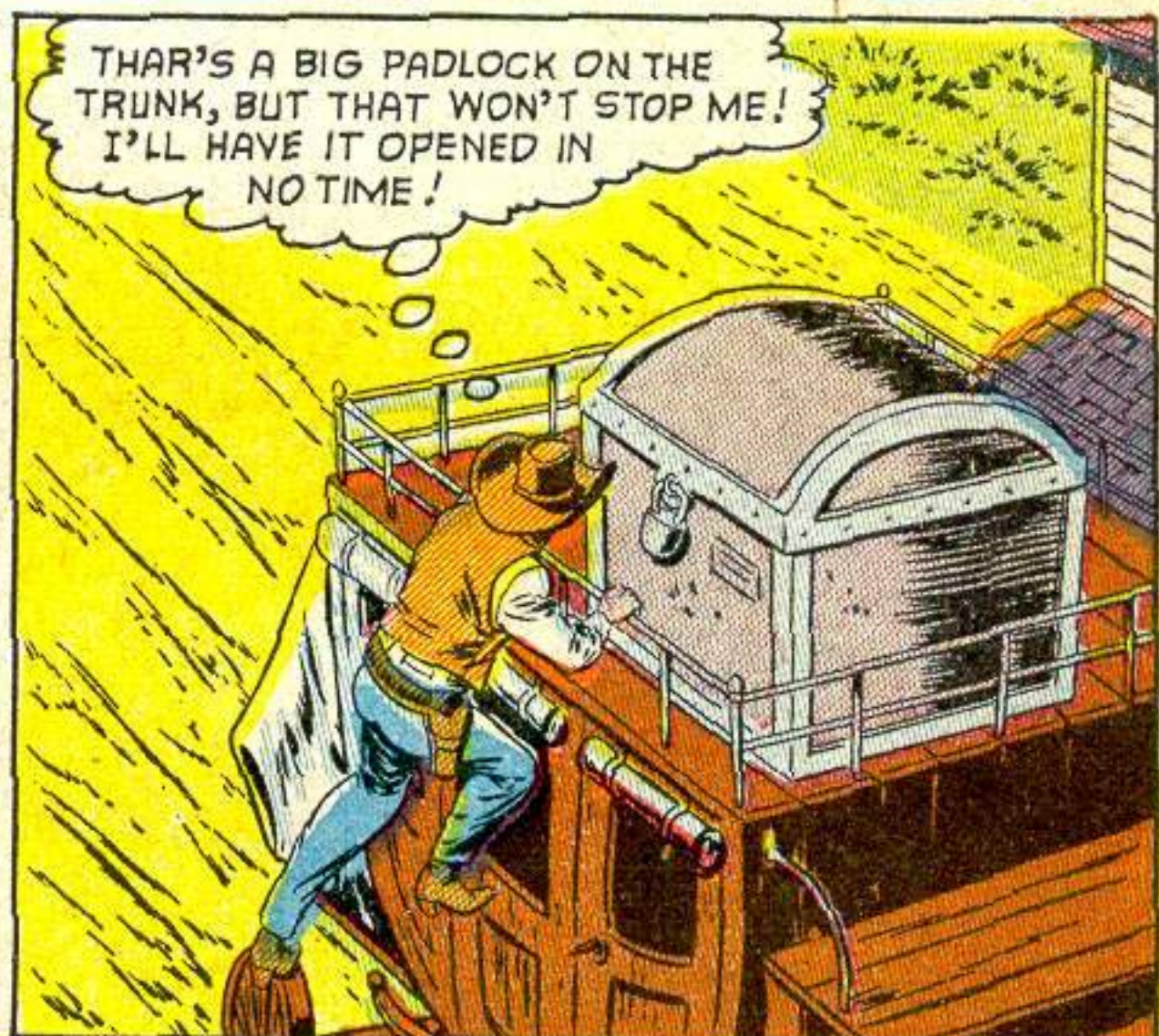


SURE ENOUGH THE STAGECOACH STOPS AT THE TAVERN!

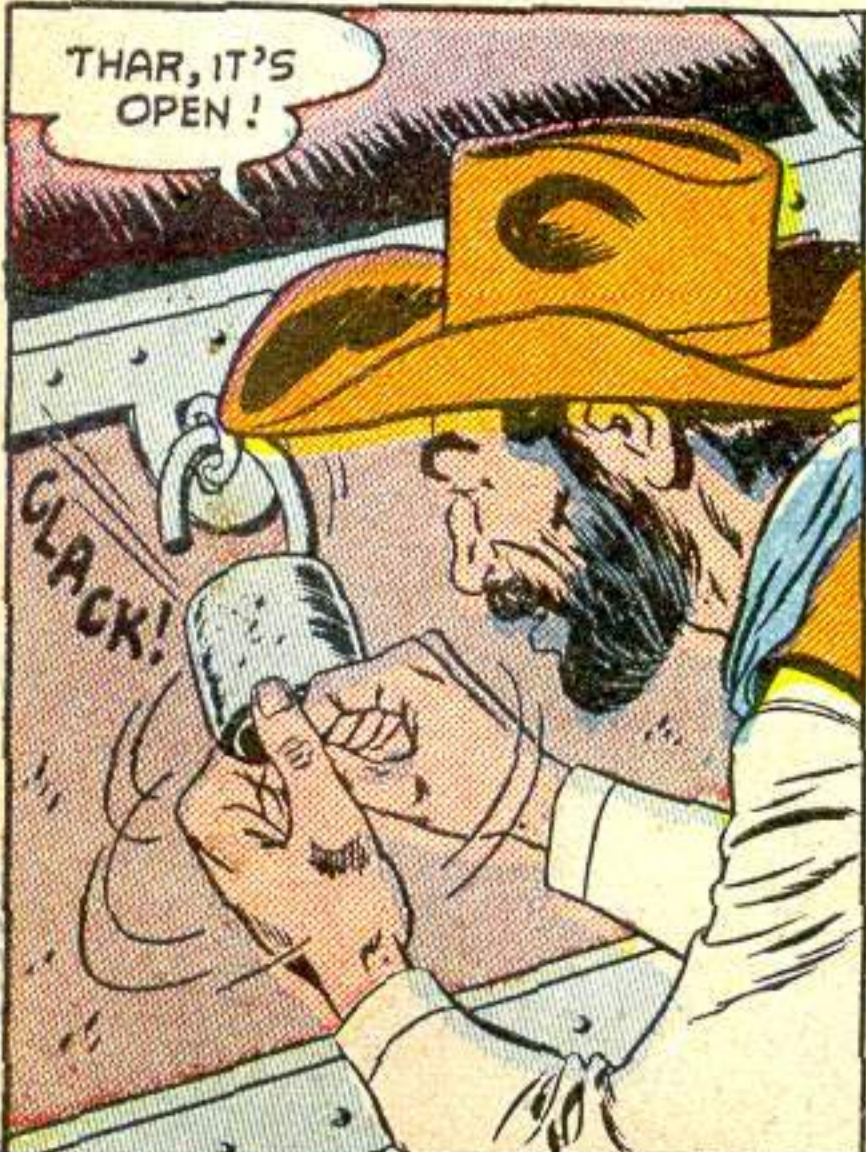
THEY ALL WENT INSIDE, JUST LIKE I FIGURED THEY WOULD! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SNEAK IN THE TRUNK!



THAR'S A BIG PADLOCK ON THE TRUNK, BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME! I'LL HAVE IT OPENED IN NO TIME!



THAR, IT'S OPEN!



I'LL HAVE TO THROW THESE DUDS AWAY TO MAKE ROOM FOR MYSELF! THEN I'LL PUNCH A FEW AIR HOLES IN THE TOP OF THE TRUNK WITH MY KNIFE AND GET IN!



HA, THIS TRUNK IS GOING CLEAR THROUGH TO COLD MOUNTAIN SPRINGS AND THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM TWIN RIVER! AFTER I GET THAR, CASSIDY WILL NEVER FIND ME!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

LATER THAT DAY, WHEN HOPALONG GETS BACK FROM ARID VALLEY...

WHAT! HE GOT AWAY! BUT HOW?

GOSH, HOPALONG, WE DON'T KNOW! SOMEHOW OR OTHER HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED OUT OF HIS HANDCUFFS AND GIVEN US THE SLIP WHILE WE WERE RIDING THROUGH THE HILLS!

IT'S REALLY MY FAULT! I KNEW HE WAS HANDY WITH LOCKS AND I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!

THE REST OF THE GANG IS BEHIND BARS AGAIN!

YES, BUT HE'S THE LEADER! I CAN'T LET HIM GET--- WAIT, HERE COMES THE STAGECOACH! IT CAME THROUGH THE HILLS! MAYBE THE DRIVER SAW HIM!

DID YOU SEE ANYONE WANDERING AROUND IN THE HILLS? OR DID ANYONE TRY TO FORCE HIS WAY ON YOUR COACH?

WHY, NO, HOPALONG, NO ONE!

YES! BUT I GUESS I WON'T FIND HIM HE---

ARE YUH LOOKING FOR SOME-ONE?

WAIT, THAT TRUNK ON TOP! IT'S LARGE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO BE HIDING IN! AND THE PADLOCK IS OPEN! MAYBE HE'S INSIDE!

DID YOU STOP AT ANY TAVERNS ON THE ROAD?

WHY, YES, WE DID! WE ALL GOT OUT AND ATE AT THE LAST STOP INN!

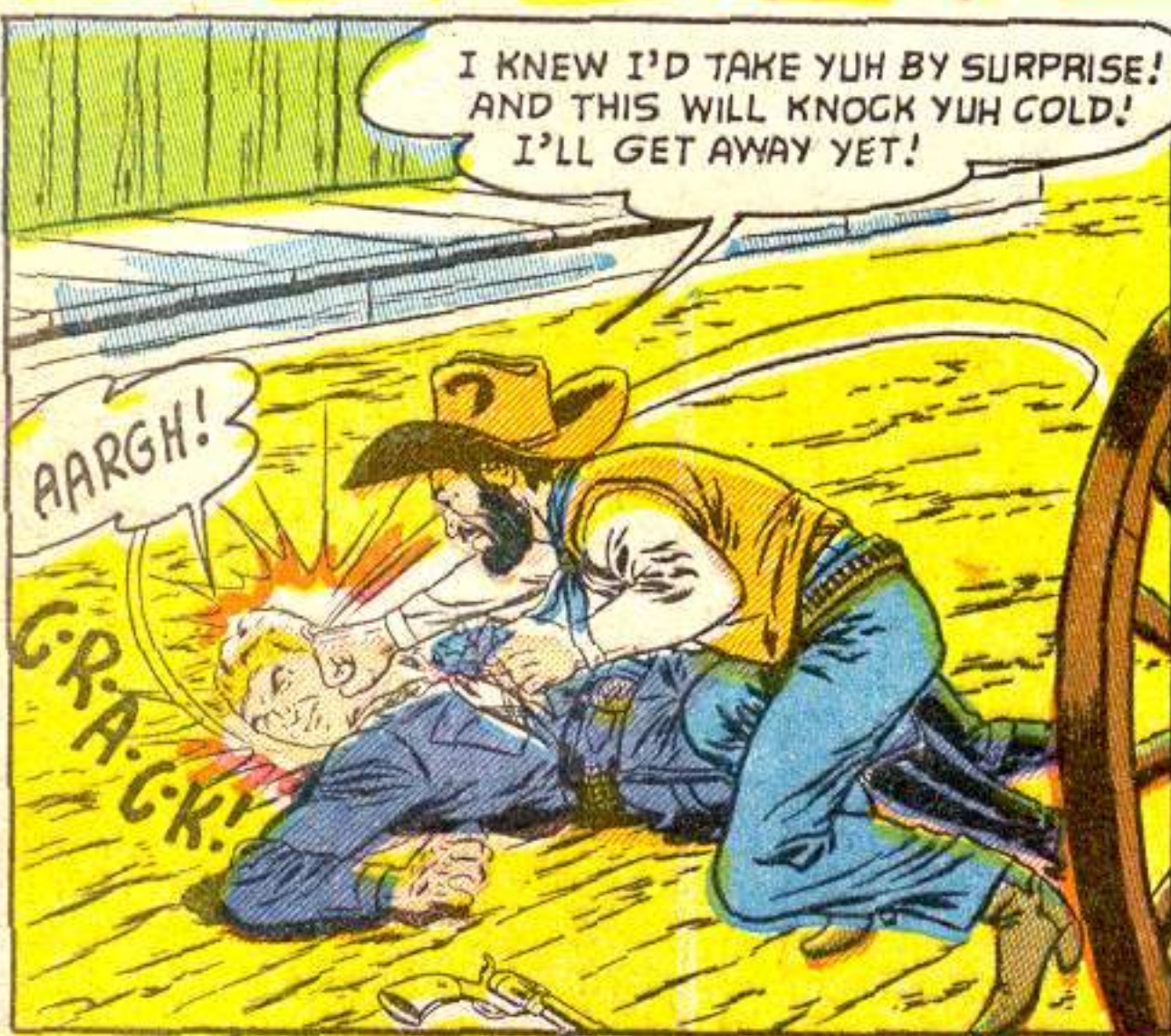
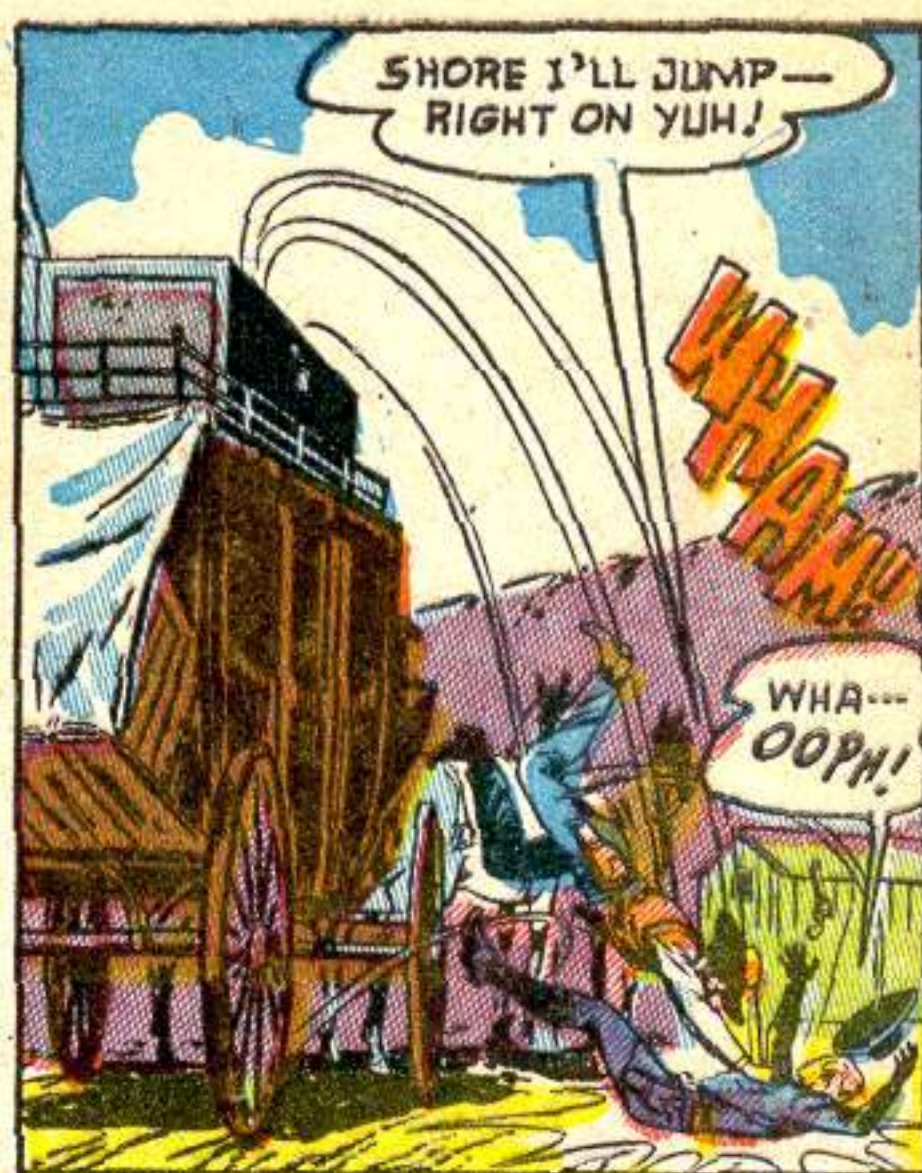
THAT'S WHEN HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN IN THAT TRUNK!

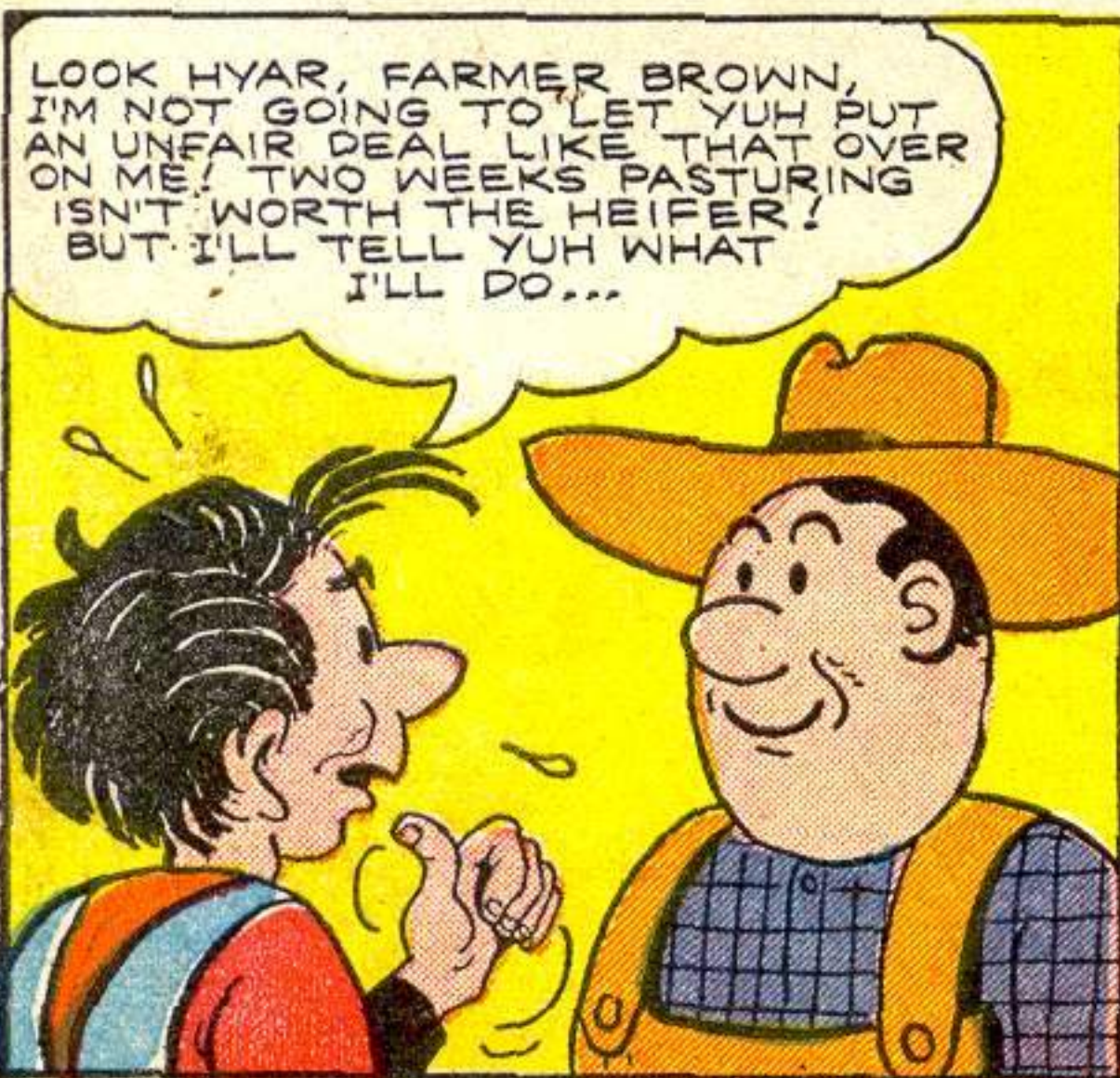
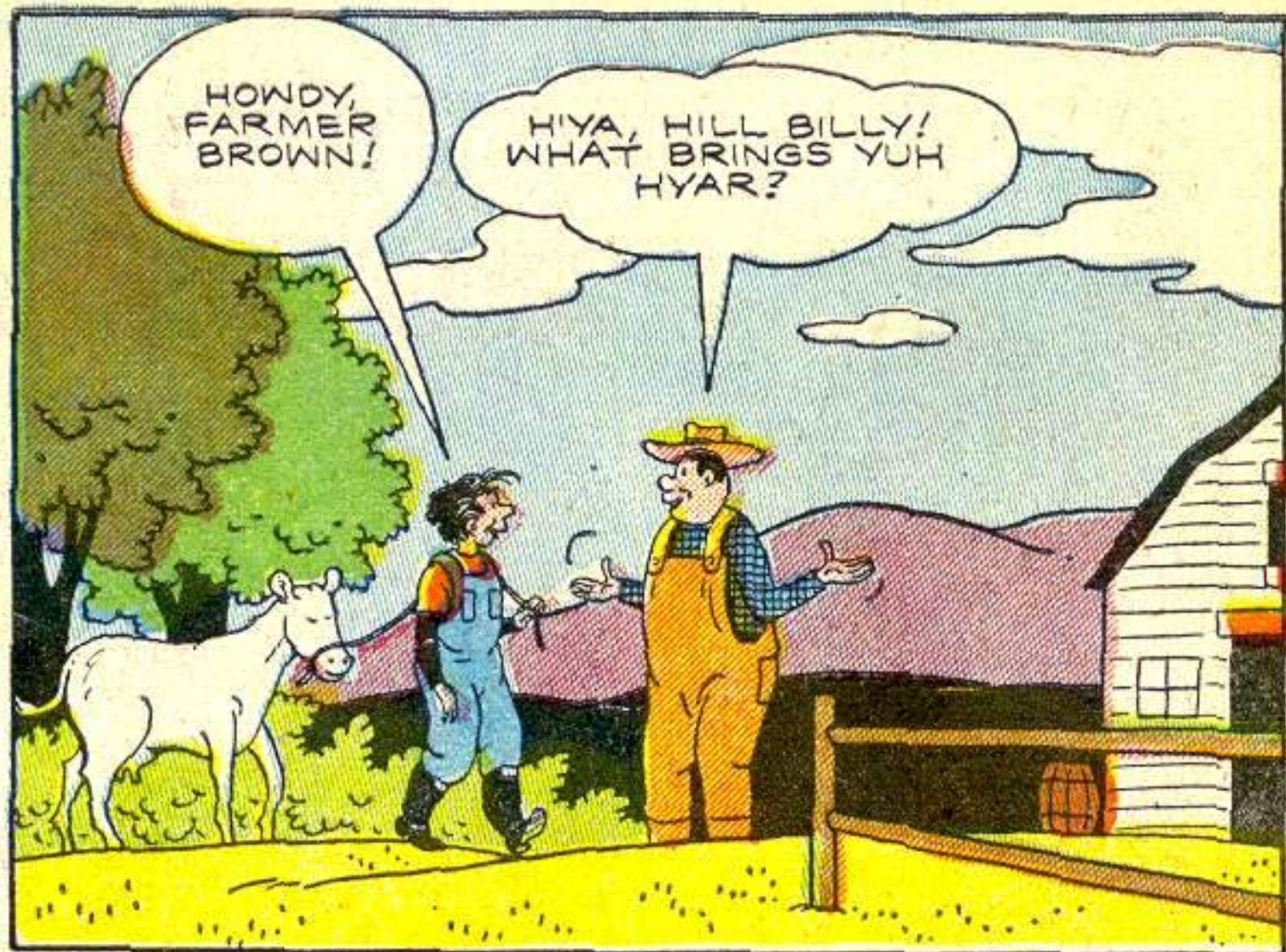
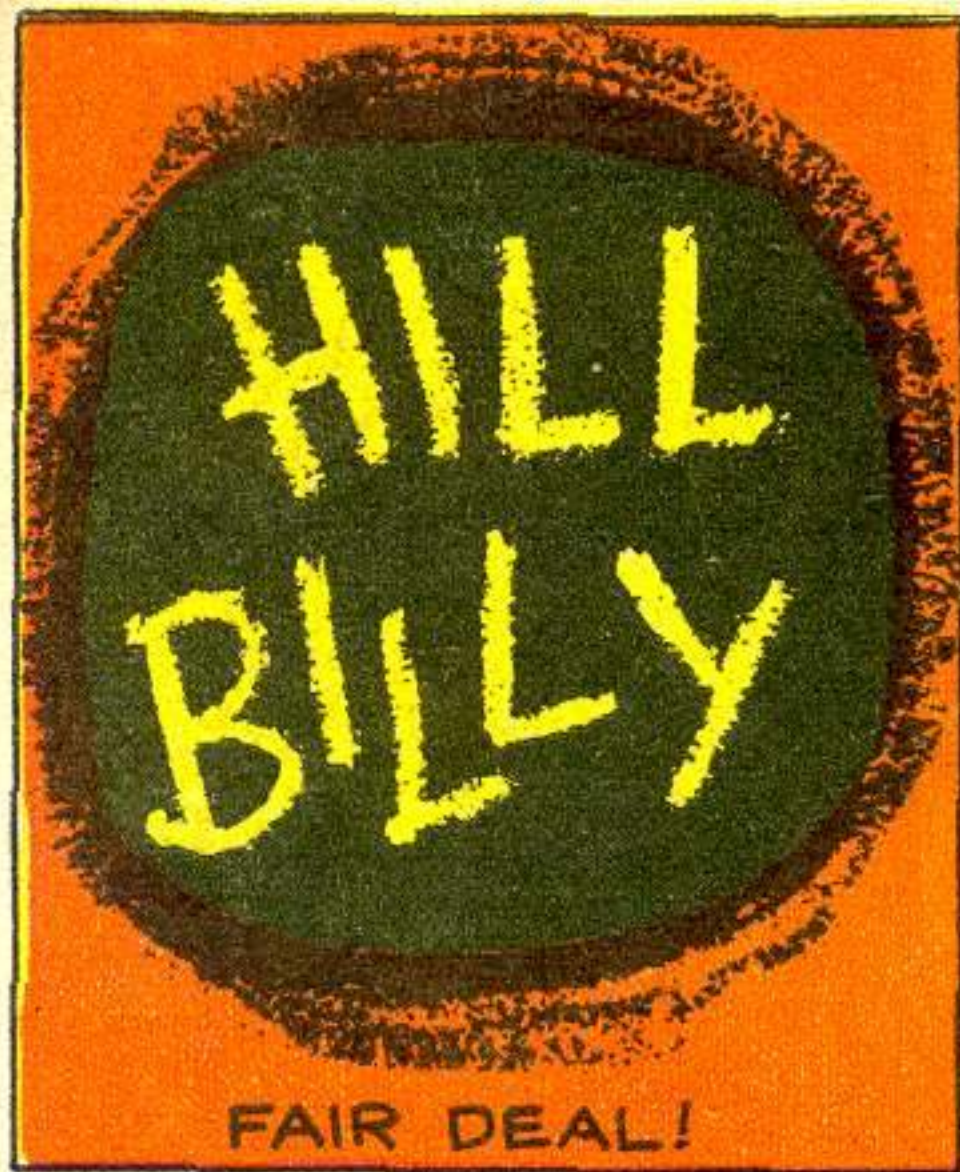
ONE MORE QUESTION! WAS THE TRUNK ON TOP OF YOUR COACH LOCKED ALL THE TIME?

OF COURSE! AND IT'S STILL LOCKED! I HAVE THE KEY IN MY POCKET!

IT ISN'T LOCKED ANY MORE! AND THAT'S BECAUSE THE BANDIT I'M LOOKING FOR OPENED IT AND GOT INSIDE! NOW GET OUT OF THE WAY! THERE MAY BE SOME FIREWORKS!

HOPALONG CASSIDY





BOY! HE'S EXCITED!

I THINK HE'S GONE WILD!

MAYBE I KNOW WHAT HE'S EXCITED ABOUT!

PERHAPS HE DOESN'T LIKE HIS PUBLIC!

HE'S ALMOST HUMAN -

HE IMITATES EVERYTHING WE DO!

I THINK I CAN CALM HIM DOWN!

ONLY PEOPLE HAVE FUN WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE!

HE CERTAINLY CAN'T CHEW, CAN HE?

WOW! HIS BUBBLE IS BIGGER'N PUDS!

GOLLY! MAYBE HE DOES LIKE PEOPLE!

HE MUST IF HE CHEWS FLEER'S!

BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES EVERY TIME!

FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!

DUBBLE BUBBLE FLAVOR LASTS AND LASTS!

AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

HERE THEY ARE, PALS! THE WINNERS OF HOPALONG CASSIDY'S TRAIL TWISTER CONTEST No. 1

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Second Prize of \$5 To... RICHARD RALSTON, Riverview Dr., ASHLAND, MASS.

Third Prize of \$3 To... OLEN McMILLIAN, CANA, VA.

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LOLA YOST
Rt. 1
HEBRON, WEST VA.

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NORTH INDUSTRY, OHIO

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New Mexico School for Deaf
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

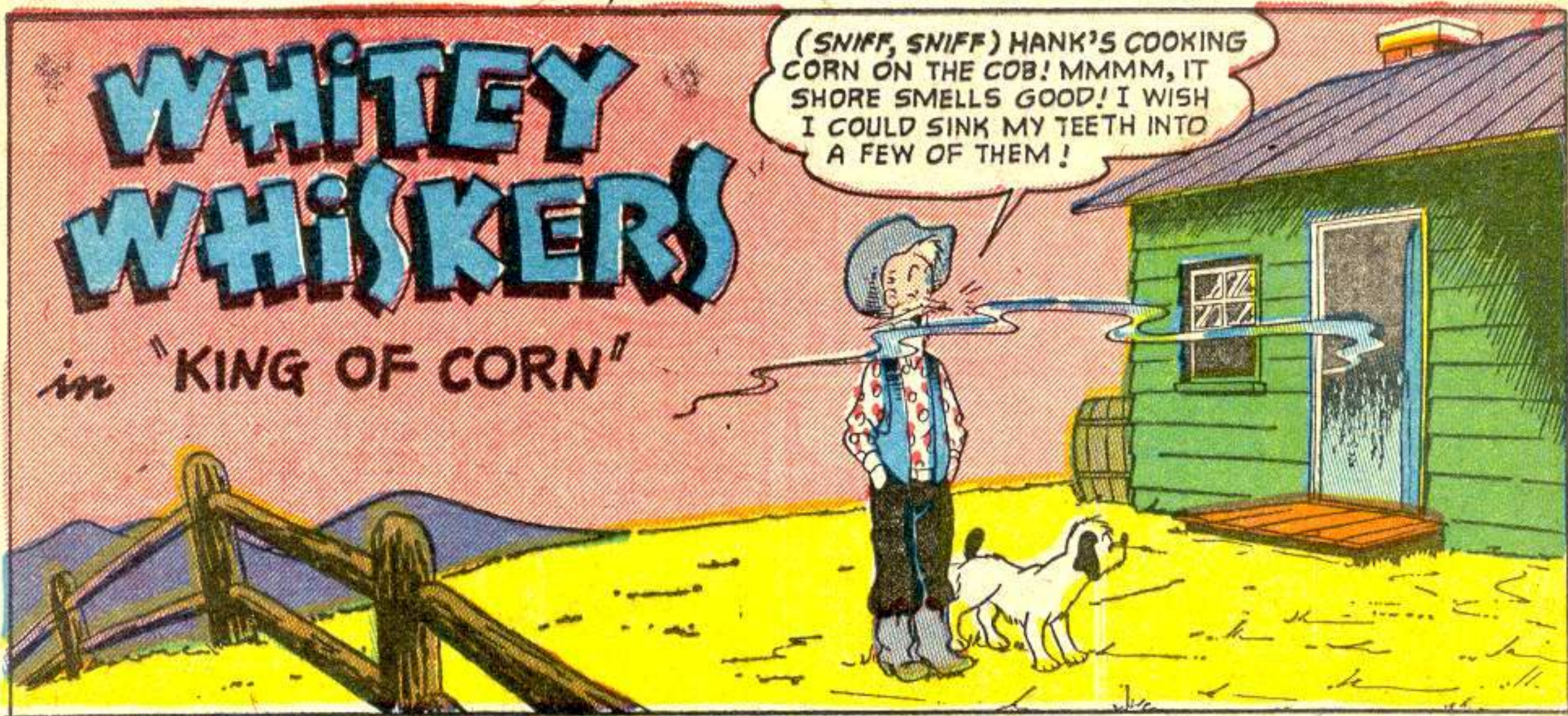
BARBARA CHANACK
725 St. John St.
GONZALES, TEXAS

KERRY CONWAY
2960 Ash St.
DENVER 7, COLO.

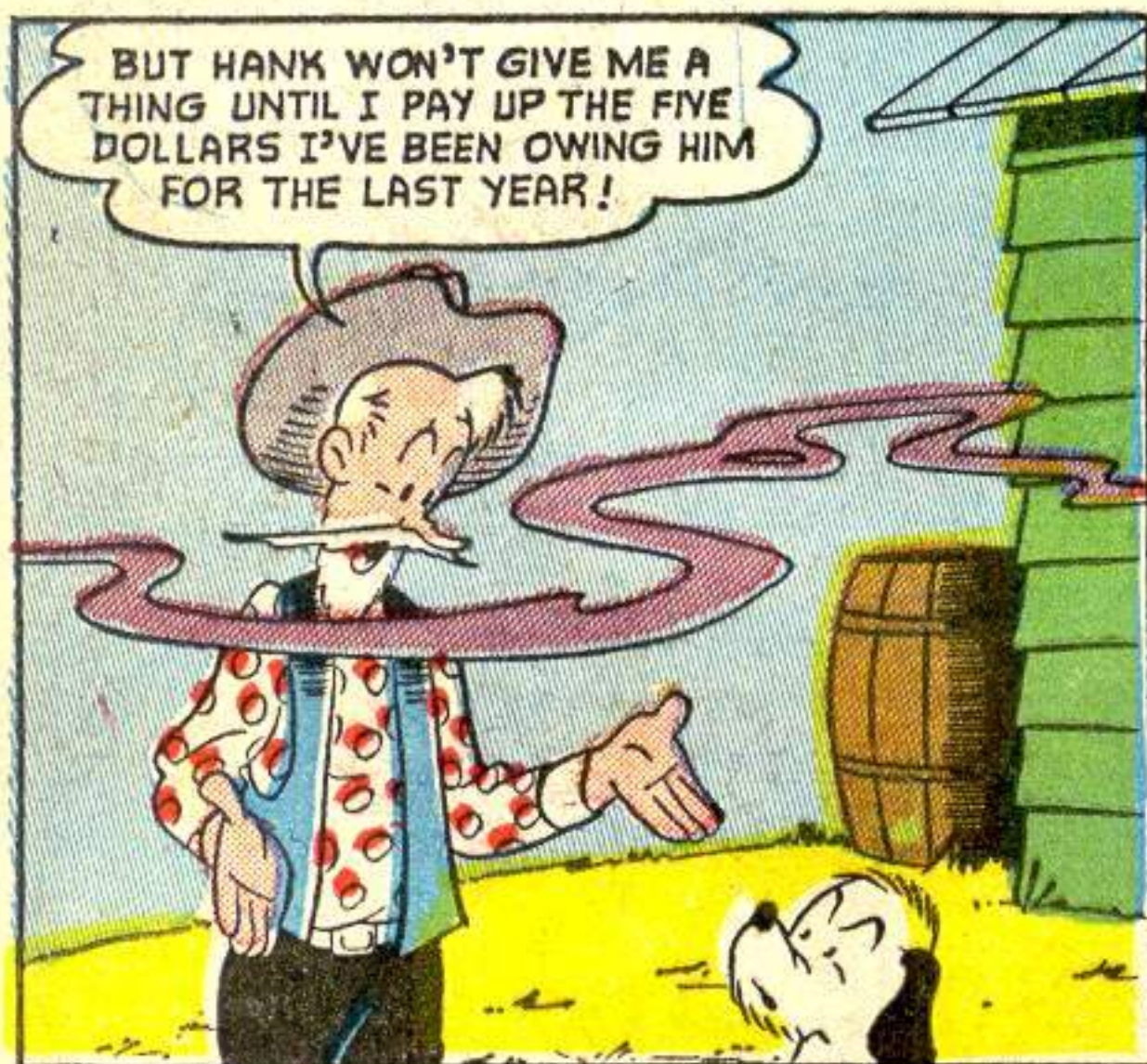
WHITEY WHISKER

in "KING OF CORN"

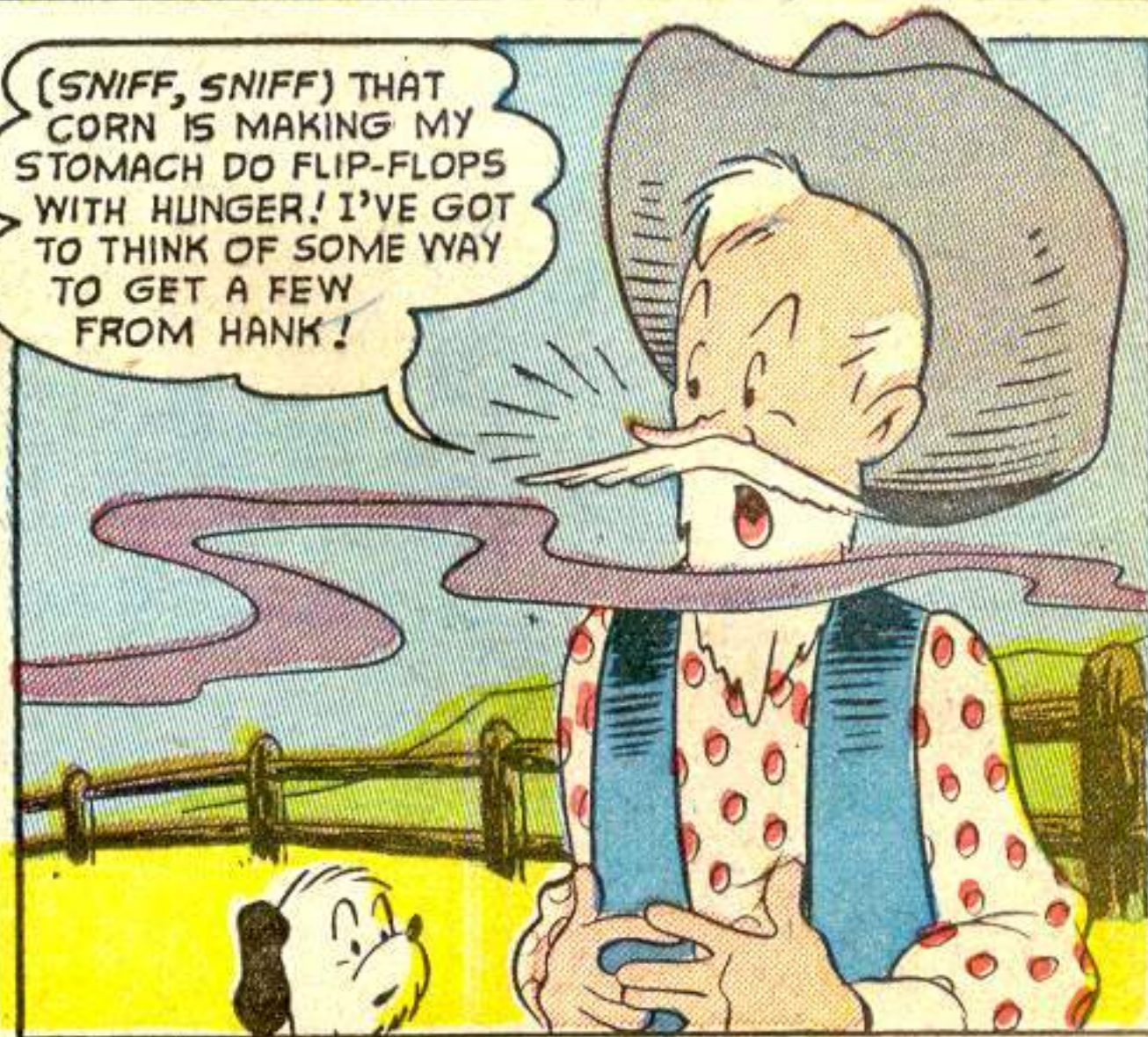
(SNIFF, SNIFF) HANK'S COOKING CORN ON THE COB! MMMM, IT SHORE SMELLS GOOD! I WISH I COULD SINK MY TEETH INTO A FEW OF THEM!



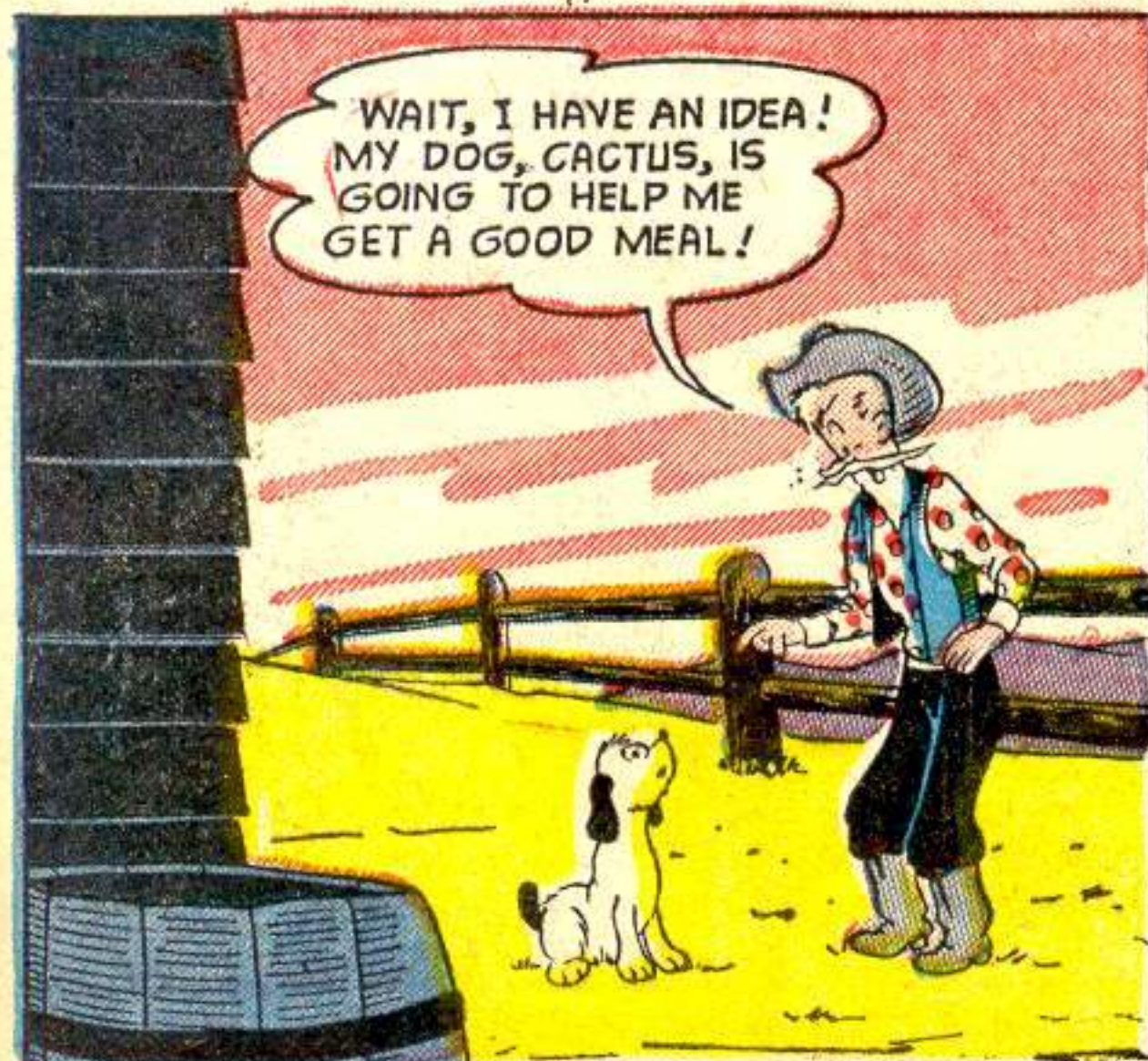
BUT HANK WON'T GIVE ME A THING UNTIL I PAY UP THE FIVE DOLLARS I'VE BEEN OWING HIM FOR THE LAST YEAR!



(SNIFF, SNIFF) THAT CORN IS MAKING MY STOMACH DO FLIP-FLOPS WITH HUNGER! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET A FEW FROM HANK!



WAIT, I HAVE AN IDEA! MY DOG, CACTUS, IS GOING TO HELP ME GET A GOOD MEAL!

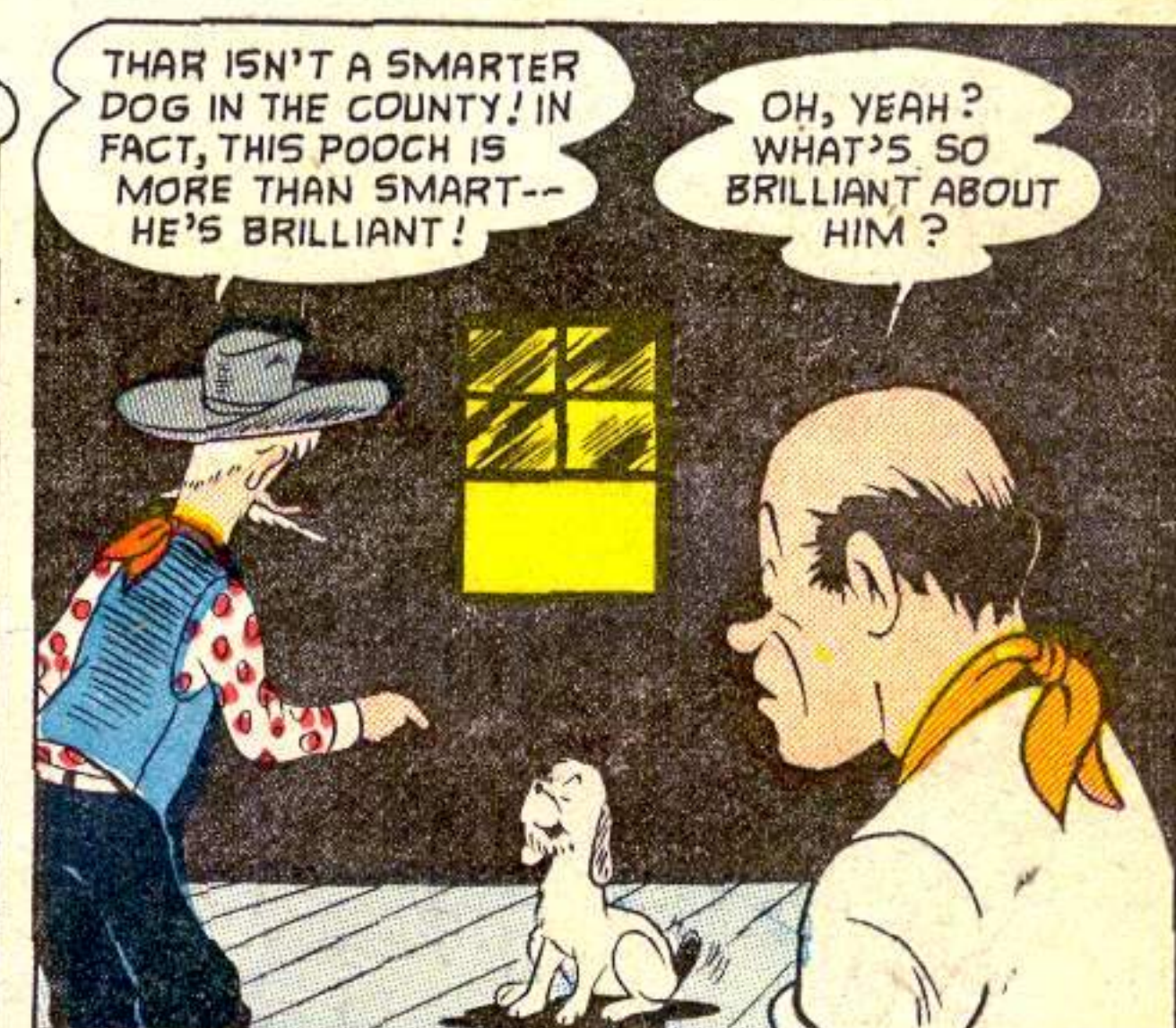
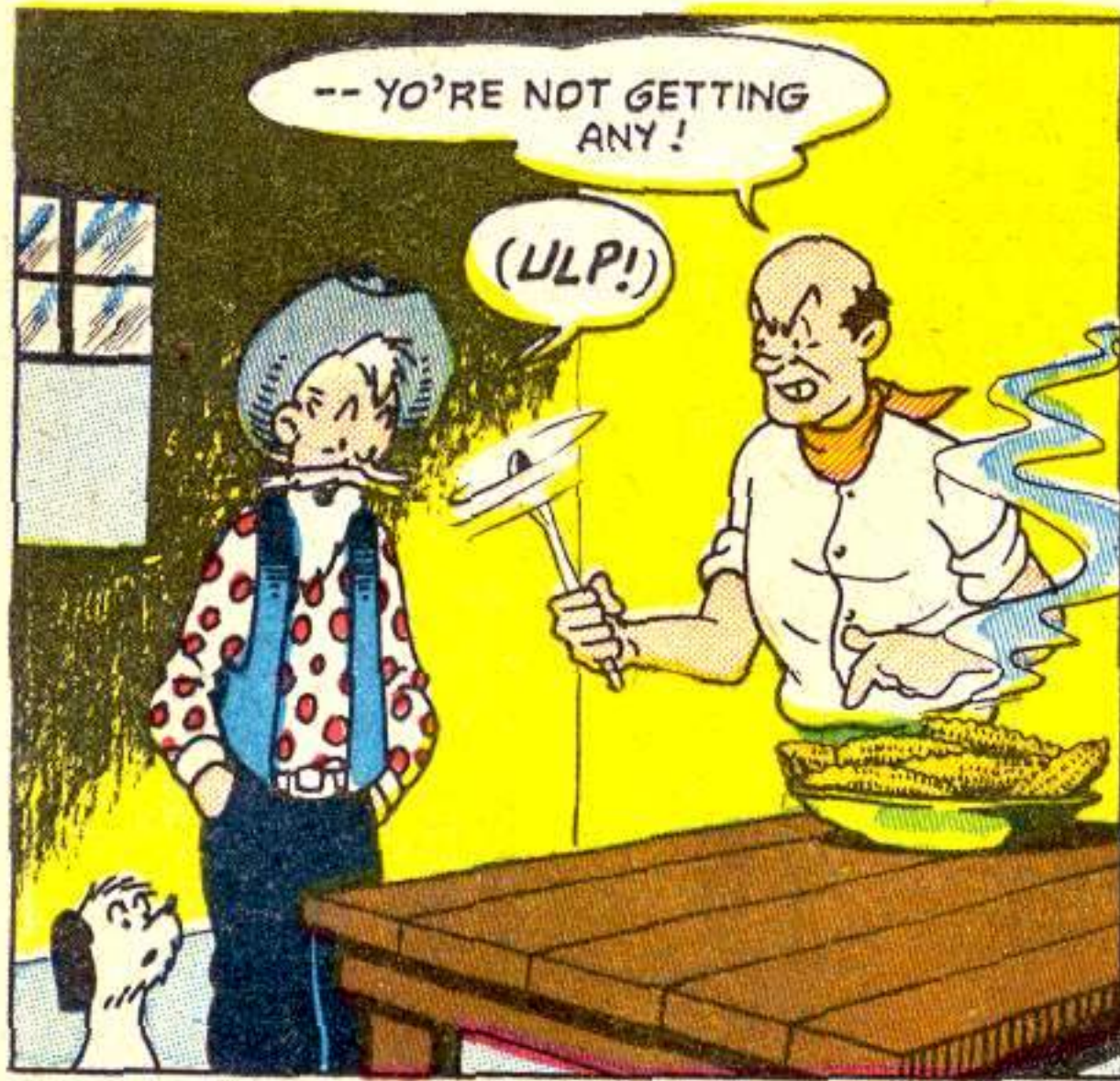


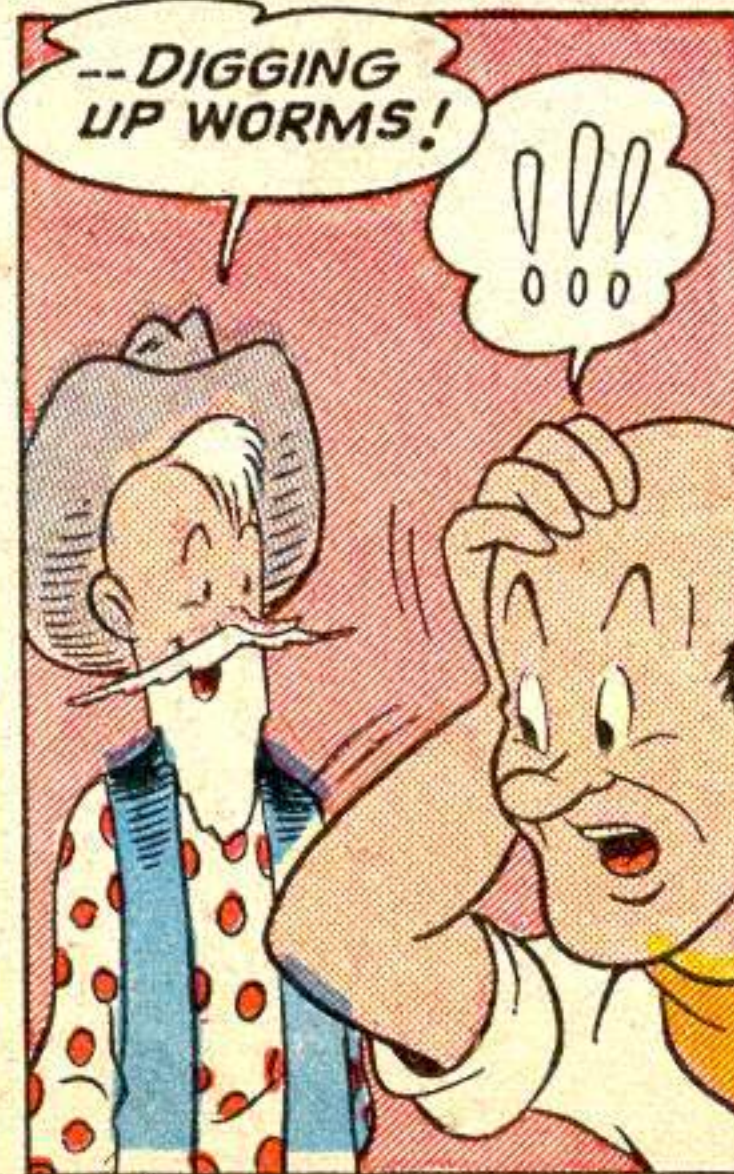
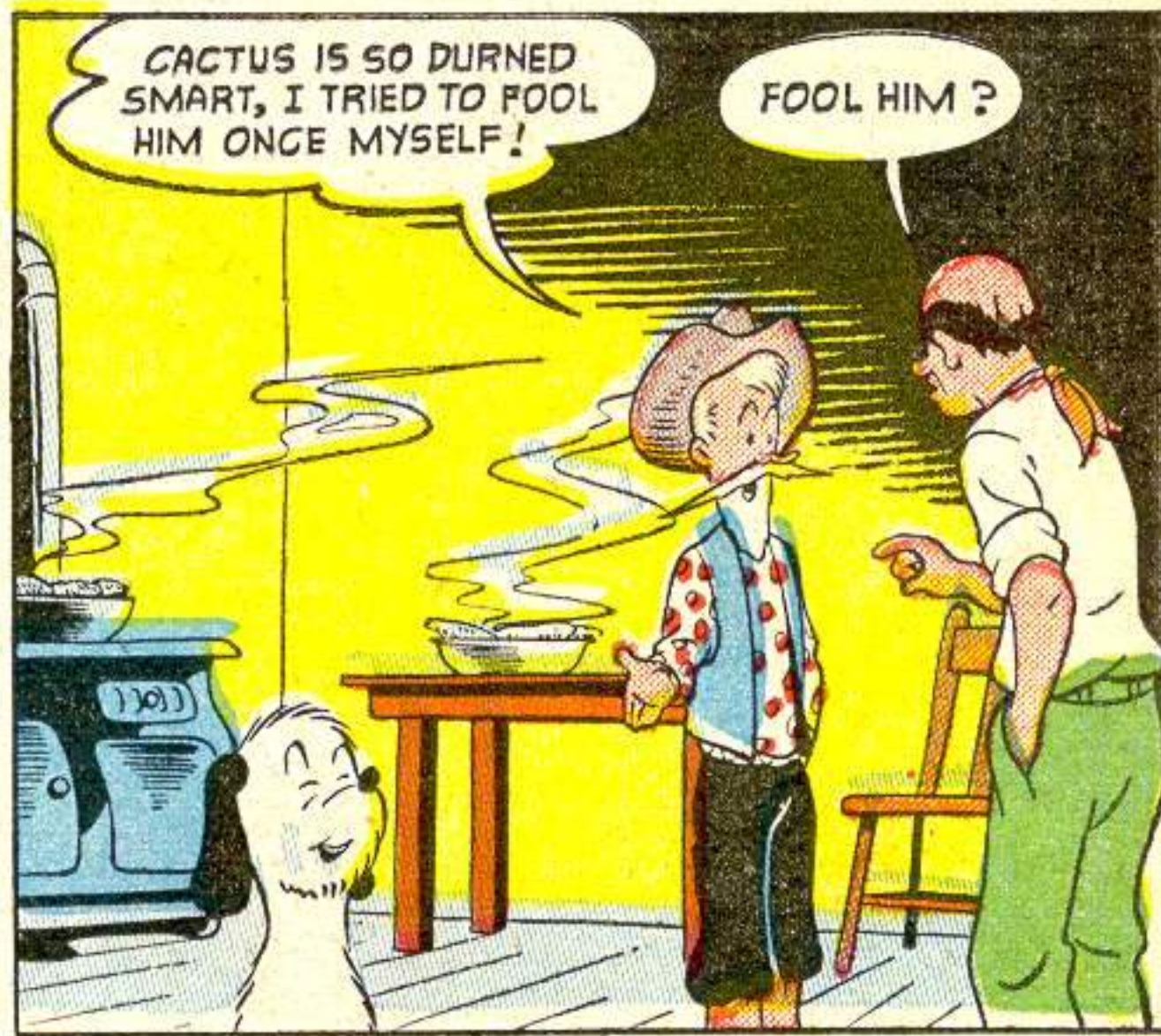
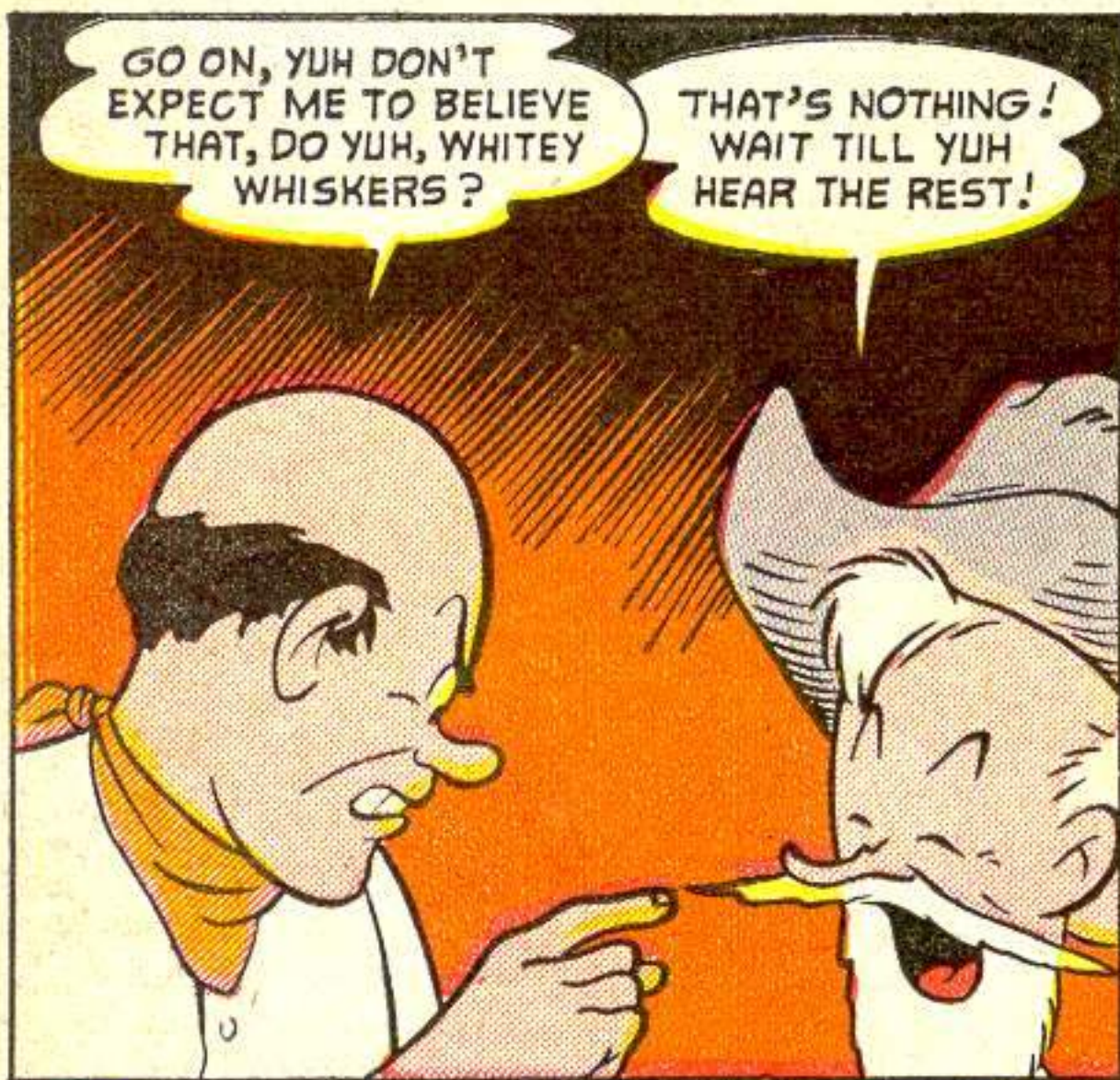
HOWDY, HANK! COOKING CORN, EH?

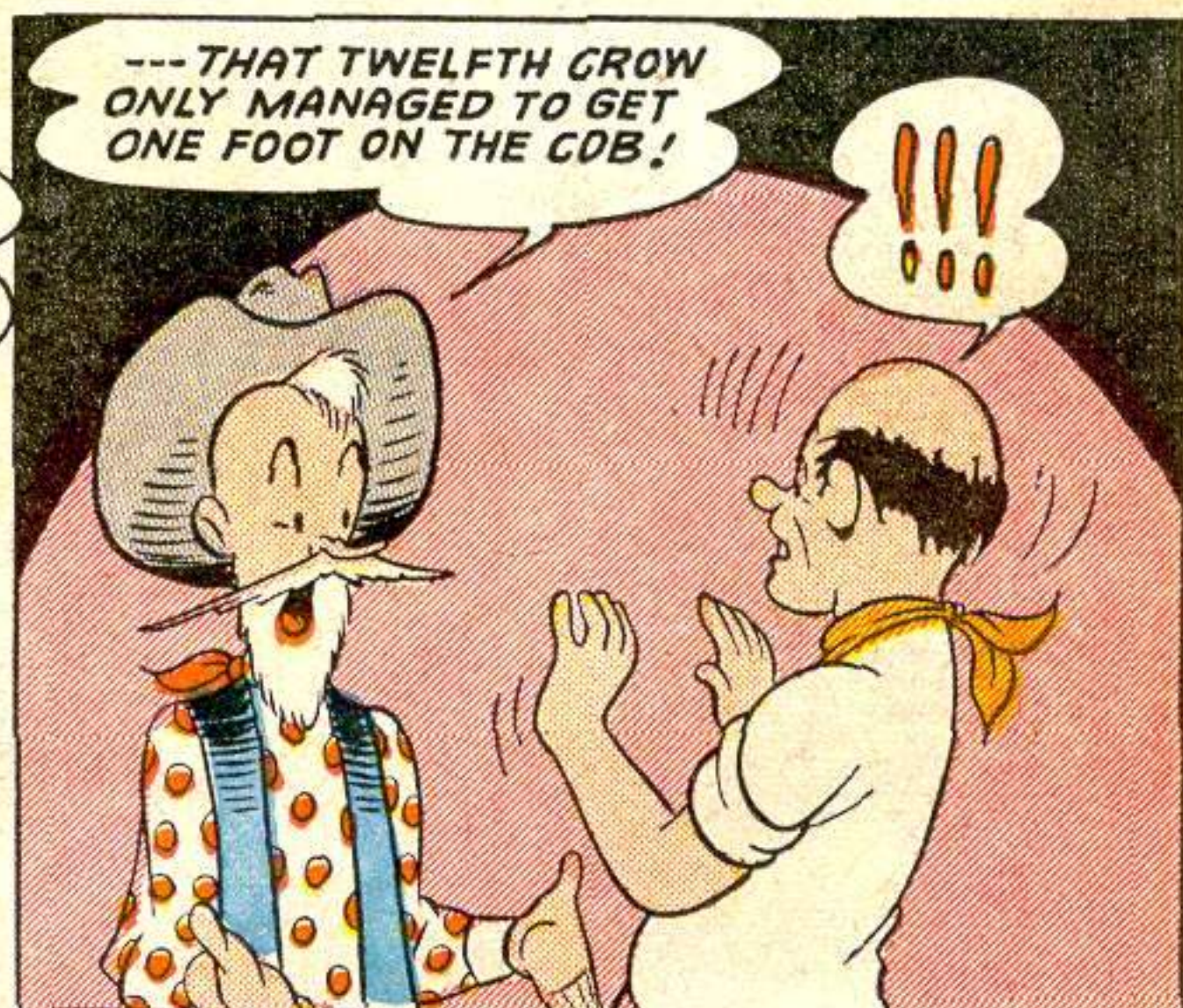
YES, AND I'LL SAVE YUH TIME AND BREATH---



HOPALONG CASSIDY







HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD *and*
**THE MARKS
OF GUILT!**

WHAT! TRYING TO KILL
YOU! BUT I'VE KNOWN FRED
BURR FOR YEARS! HE
WOULDN'T HURT A FLY!

HOPALONG, YUH'VE
GOT TO SAVE ME!
MY PARTNER BURR IS
TRYING TO KILL ME!

OH NO? HE'S
KEPT ME TIED
IN THE CELLAR
FOR THE LAST
WEEK, BEATING
AND KICKING.
AND WHIPPING
ME WITH A CAT
O'NINE TAILS
ALMOST ALL THE
TIME!

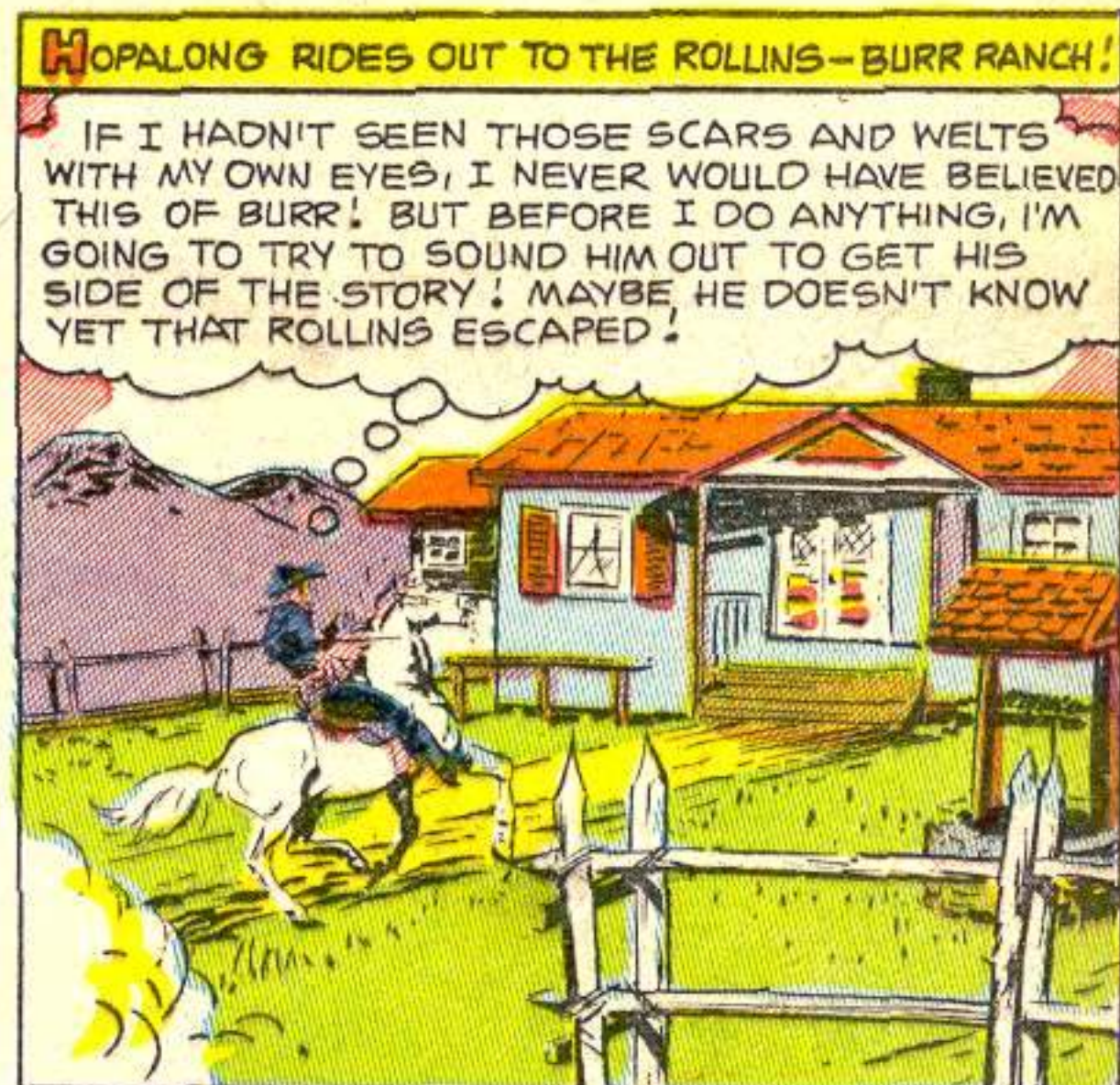
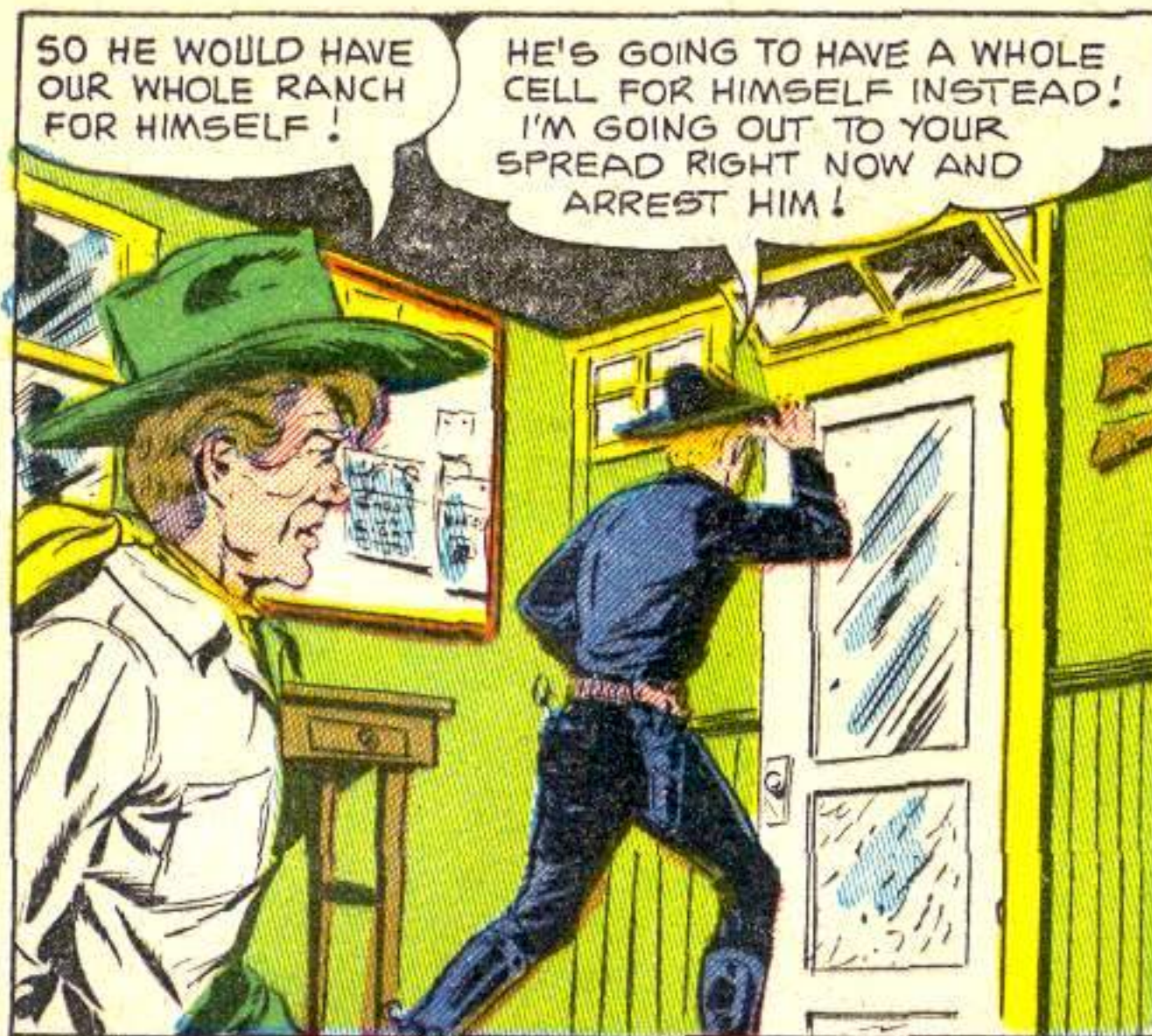
IT--IT DOESN'T
SOUND POSSIBLE!
YOU'RE VERY
EXCITED! ARE
YOU SURE YOU
AREN'T IMAGINING
THE WHOLE
THING?

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE WELTS AND
SCARS ON MY BACK! DO YUH STILL
OPINE I IMAGINED IT?

(GASP) NO!
YOU WERE
TELLING THE
TRUTH! I
CAN SEE
THAT!

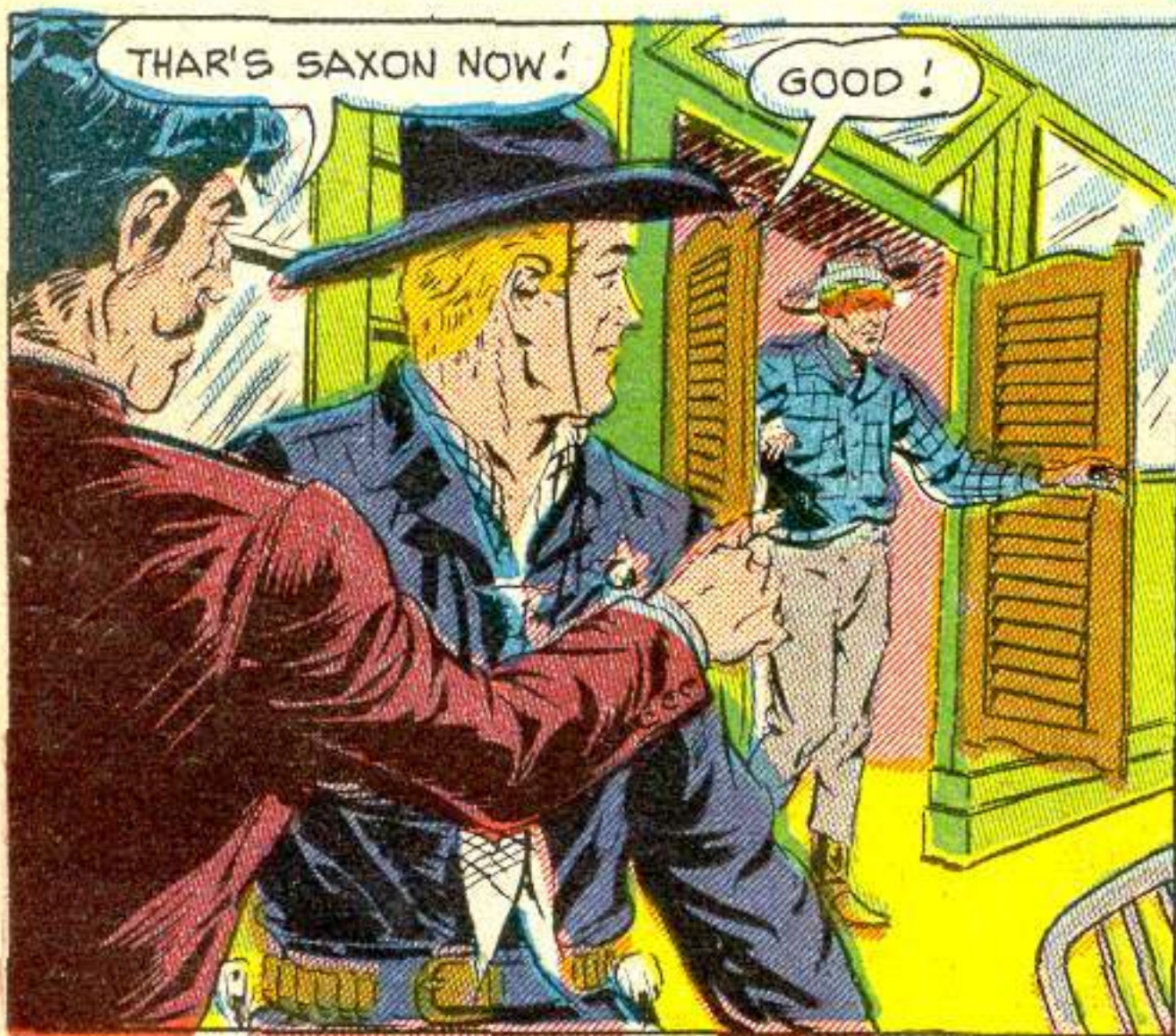
I COULDN'T HAVE LIVED THROUGH
MANY MORE WHIPPINGS LIKE THAT!
LUCKY FER ME THE ROPES GAVE WAY
AND I WAS ABLE TO BREAK THE
CELLAR WINDOW AND ESCAPE OR IT
WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!

BUT WHY WAS
BURR TRYING
TO KILL
YOU?

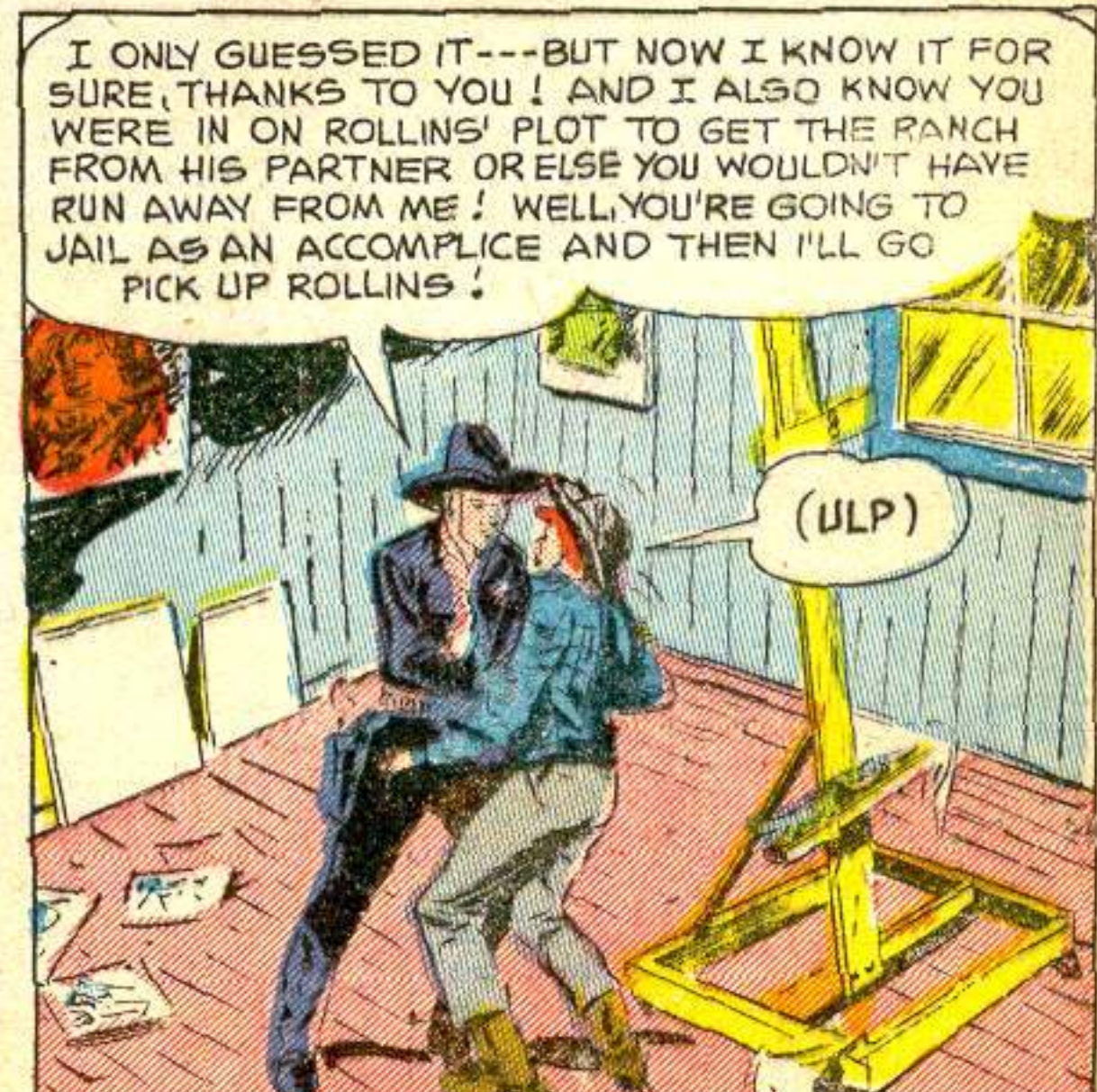




HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY





HOPALONG CASSIDY

SMART DEPUTY

By R. R. Symes



THE SETTING SUN turned the sky to pink and made the shadows long. Billy Grande and his big stallion, Hunter, made a striking picture as they moved along the ridge trail at a ground-consuming pace.

"Keep moving, Hunter," said Billy, "and we'll get to Clayton's Corners in time to have one of Ma Branner's prime steaks. Or if you'd rather, you can have a prime heaping of oats."

Billy wore faded, patched levis and his peg-heeled boots were scuffed plenty. His squat-crowned hat had once been white, but now it matched the gray dust that the horse's clattering hoofs stirred up.

Suddenly the even stride was broken and Hunter began to limp. "Blast it!" exclaimed Billy, reining up. "What'd you do, boy, throw a shoe?"

He dismounted and examined the steed's right forefoot. The shoe was still there, but it had cracked and a jagged piece had evidently flipped up to cut a gash in the fetlock. Grumbling as any cowboy does at the prospect of hiking, Billy began to lead the limping horse. "Now we probably won't get that steak before breakfast..."

The shot exploded somewhere ahead, to the north! Billy whipped out his Colt .44 and began running. A riderless horse clattered by and then he saw the man, sprawled face down on the trail, an ugly wound in the back of his head. The man's hat had fallen off and his white hair was grotesquely streaked with red. Instinctively Billy knelt down to feel for a pulse, but even before that he knew that the man was dead.

"All right, bushwhacker, reach for the sky!"

Billy saw the two men and the two revolvers. He had no choice. He reached. "Gents, you've made a mistake," said Billy. "I'm no killer. I heard a shot and came to see if I could help."

"You're the one who made the mistake, stran-

ger," said the taller of the two men. "We don't take kindly to dry gulching in these parts. You'll hang for this! Search him, Monk!"

The shorter man, the one called Monk, stepped forward, took Billy's six-gun and began feeling in his pockets. "He's got only the one gun, Gaiger," said Monk.

"Fire it once," said Gaiger. "Shoot into the air. It may bring us some help." Monk obeyed.

The sheriff, a tall, angular man with a bushy mustache, listened quietly while Gaiger and Monk told their story. "We caught this hombre dead to rights," said Gaiger. "He shot down old Pops McGee."

"We both saw him do it," agreed Monk. "Pops never had a chance. This killer plugged him right through the back of the head."

The sheriff turned to the prisoner. "What's your story, mister?"

"They're lying! This is a frameup," responded Billy.

Gaiger snorted. "Every killer claims he was framed."

"I was afraid somebody might get old Pops," said the sheriff. "When he headed out of town he was carrying a poke full of gold. He had struck it rich. Where's the gold?"

"Gold? We didn't know he had gold," said Gaiger. "This killer must have it. Better search him."

"Search ahead!" said Billy. "I've got no gold."

But the sheriff found two glittering nuggets in Billy's pocket. "Looks bad for you, son. Where's the rest of it?"

"He must have stashed it along the trail," suggested Gaiger.

Billy remained silent. He had been "caught with the goods." He knew that when Monk had pretended to search him, he had dropped the nuggets into his pocket. He knew now that

Monk had fired his gun so one cylinder would be empty, indicating that he had fired the fatal shot!

The sheriff called out, "John, come in here."

A big Indian, wearing a star on his vest, came in from the back room. The sheriff said, "John, lock up this prisoner. He's charged with murder. Guard him well and if anybody starts talking 'lynch', use your guns." John nodded.

Gaiger sneered, "Well, redskin, if you decide to scalp him, that'll be all right with me. Save me a lock of his hair."

"Shut up, Gaiger!" growled the sheriff. "Come along with me and show me where this all happened. We want to see if we can find where the killer hid that gold."

Billy was inside the cell. The Indian stood outside, with pencil and pad. "You want to make a statement?" he asked.

"I was framed," said Billy. "Not that you're likely to believe me."

"My job is not to believe you or doubt you," said the Indian, quietly. "I merely want some facts. What's your name?"

"Billy Grande. What's yours?"

"I am John Flying Bird, the chief deputy."

"Kind of unusual for an Indian to be a deputy sheriff, isn't it?"

"Any objections?"

"None whatever," said Billy. "I don't judge a man by the color of his skin. But I don't like for anybody to coop me in jail for a crime I didn't commit!"

"I don't blame you," responded John. "But the sheriff's not a fool. If you're innocent, he'll find that out, pronto. Now tell me your story."

Billy told it, sparing no detail. He even mentioned the reason he happened to be on foot when he found the murdered man—that his horse had been limping because of a faulty shoe. The Indian deputy took it all down, then asked, "You hungry? I'll get you something to eat."

Presently the sheriff returned and Billy could hear him and his deputy conversing in

low voices. A door closed. The sheriff came in and stood outside the cell. "John thinks maybe you're telling the truth, son," declared the lawman. "He's a pretty good judge of men. He's gone out with a lantern to look for proof to back up your story."

"Of course I'm telling the truth," asserted Billy. "But what proof can he find that will match those two lying 'eyewitnesses'?"

"You'd be surprised," said the sheriff. "John's got keen eyes and a good head. Lots of folks criticized me for taking on an Indian as chief deputy, but he's the best man I ever had."

"Find the gold?" asked the prisoner.

"Nope," said the sheriff. "But I will!"

It was John Flying Bird who eventually came and unlocked the cell door. "You're free and clear, Mr. Grande," he said. "We have no more business with you, unless you want to borrow a horse and join up with the posse that's going after Monk and Gaiger."

"Do I?" exclaimed Billy. "Lead me to that horse!"

The sheriff swore Billy in as a posseman. Within twenty-four hours they had overtaken the two crooks and hauled them back to the jail. The sheriff assured Billy that they would hang.

"I'm still puzzled," said Billy. "I know I'm innocent and I figured *they* must be guilty because of the way they tried to frame me. But how did *you* know I was innocent?"

THE SHERIFF drawled, "You can thank John Flying Bird. I told you he's got good eyes and a good head. He checked over your trail. He found the marks of the busted horse-shoe. He saw how you had run along on foot. And he noticed that you were *facing* old Pops McGee all the time so you couldn't possibly have shot him in the *back* of the head. Yes sir, John is the best deputy I ever had!"

"I kind of agree," said Billy.

THE END

PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE

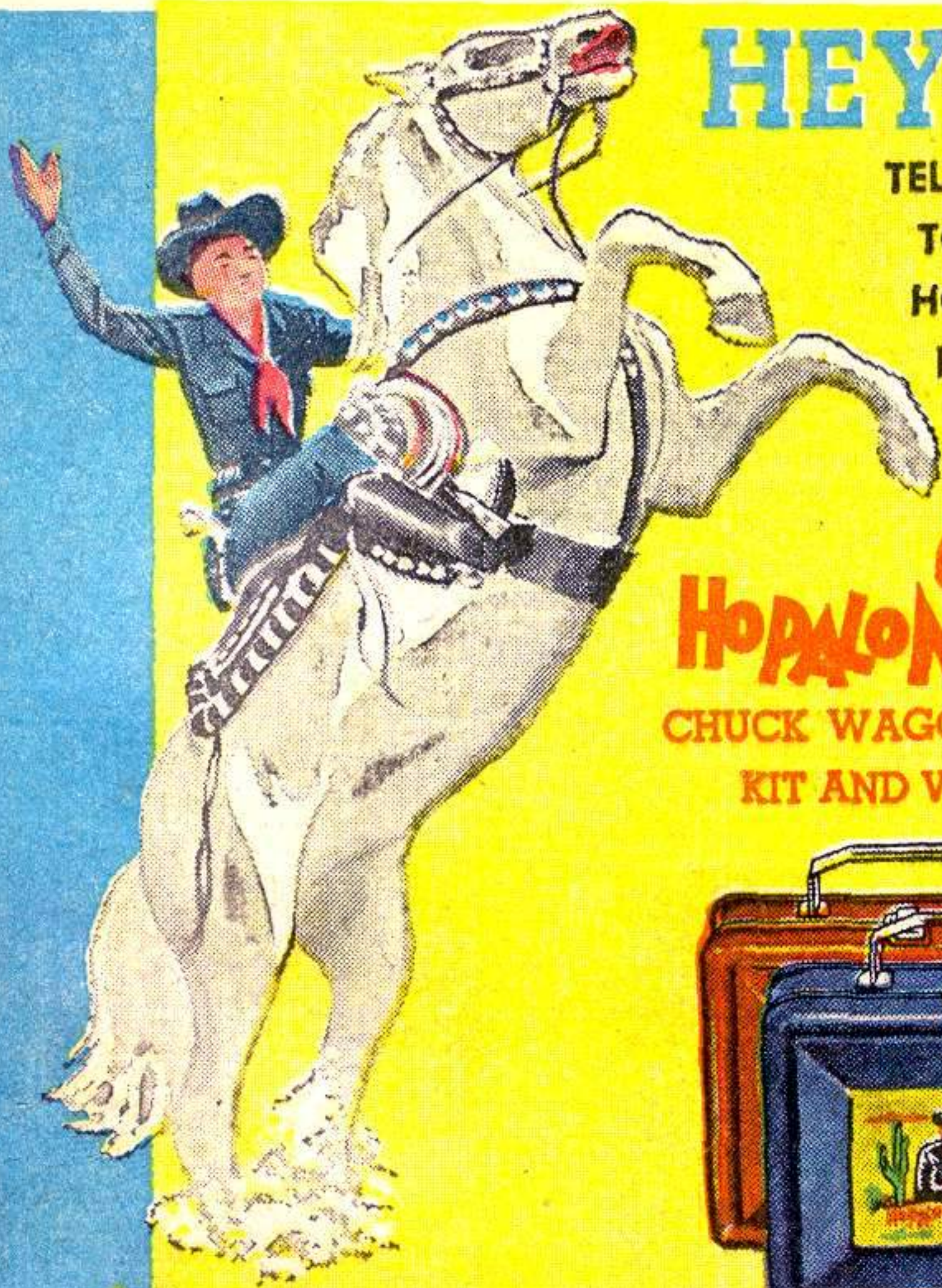


NO
HALFWAY
MEASURES!



HEY KIDS!

TELL MOM YOU WANT
TO CARRY A FRESH
HOME MADE LUNCH
IN YOUR OWN...



Aladdin **HOPALONG CASSIDY**

CHUCK WAGON SCHOOL LUNCH
KIT AND VACUUM BOTTLE



BRAND YOUR HOPPY KIT AS YOUR VERY
OWN — WITH A FREE NAME PLATE DECAL



TELL MOM THE BOTTLE HAS THE SWELL NEW
ALADDIN SWEET SEAL RUBBER STOPPER — KEEPS
CONTENTS SWEET AND FRESH. EASY FOR YOU
TO GET IN AND OUT OF THE BOTTLE.



TELL HER IT HAS BOTH THE SEALS OF APPROVAL

and best of all — tell Mom the Half-
Pint Bottle is only \$1.69 — the Kit
and Bottle together only \$2.89 . . .
For fresh lunches every day!

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, INCORPORATED
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

in
LUCKY 13

WHAT
HAPPENED,
MESQUITE?

NOBODY REALLY KNOWS,
HOPPY! I WAS THE FIRST TO GET
HYAR AND BY THAT TIME THE
TOWN HALL WAS ALREADY UP
IN FLAMES! ALL WE CAN HOPE
TO DO IS TO KEEP THE FIRE
FROM SPREADING! IT'S
TOO LATE TO SAVE THE
BUILDING!

AND TO MAKE
MATTERS WORSE,
ALL OF TWIN RIVERS
IMPORTANT
DOCUMENTS ARE
ON MY DESK IN
THE TOWN HALL!



I'LL TRY TO GET
THEM FOR YOU,
MAYOR!

HOPPY! HAVE YUH
GONE LOCO? YOU'LL
BE BURNED TO A
CINDER!

HOPALONG CASSIDY!
COME BACK BEFORE
THE BUILDING COLLAPSES
ON YOU!

THOSE PAPERS ARE
IMPORTANT TO EVERY
CITIZEN IN TWIN
RIVER, SO I'LL TAKE
THE CHANCE!



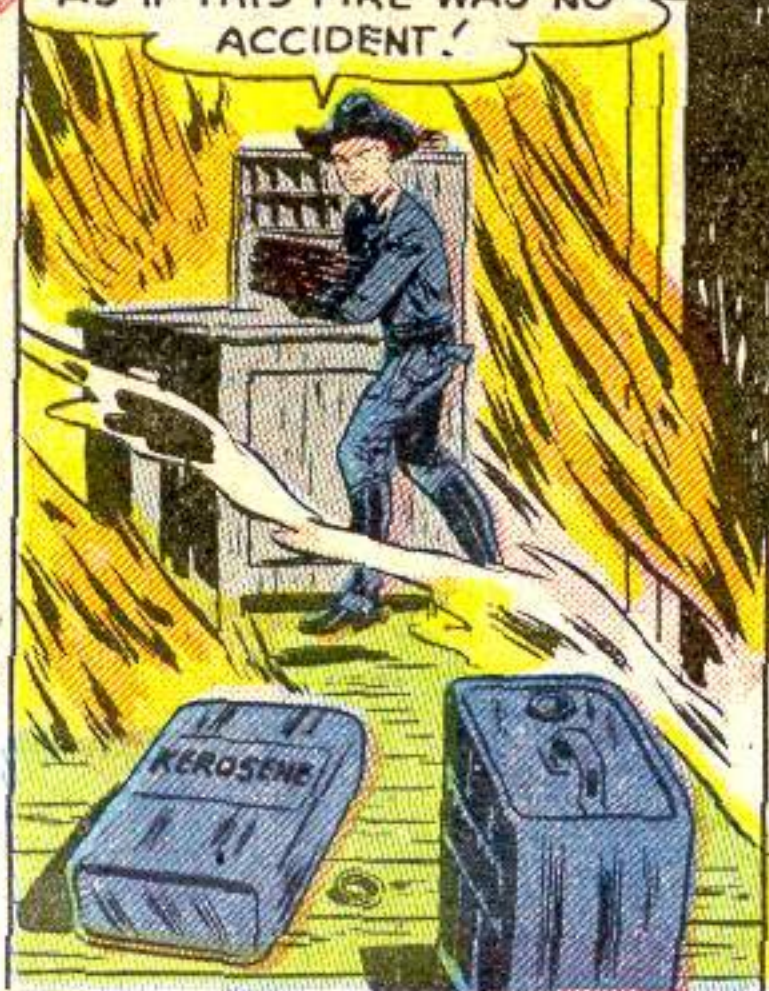
HOPALONG CASSIDY

FEARLESSLY, THE TWIN RIVER SHERIFF FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE FLAMES TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE!

HERE ARE THE DOCUMENTS, BUT --



... WHAT ARE THOSE KEROSENE CANS DOING HERE? IT LOOKS AS IF THIS FIRE WAS NO ACCIDENT!



BUT RIGHT NOW I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE OR I WON'T BE ALIVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHO'D WANT TO DESTROY THE TOWN HALL!



AND JUST AS THE VALIANT, TWO-GUN SHERIFF LEAPS OUT OF THE BLAZING INFERNO --

THANK GOODNESS YUH GOT OUT ALIVE, HOPPY! I WAS JUST GIVING YUH UP FOR LOST!

HE'S GOT THE PAPERS WITH HIM, TOO! NOT ONLY IS HOPALONG A GREAT SHERIFF, BUT HE'S A GREAT CITIZEN!



THIS WILL MAKE QUITE A STORY FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF THE TWIN RIVER GAZETTE -- **HOPALONG CASSIDY HERO AGAIN!**

I'VE GOT A BETTER STORY FOR YOU, GLYNN! SOMEONE DELIBERATELY BURNED DOWN THE TOWN HALL! I FOUND THE OVERTURNED KEROSENE CANS IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE!



GOSH O'HEMLOCK, HOPPY! IF YUH HADN'T DASHED IN THERE, EVERYONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO BURN DOWN THE TOWN HALL? WHAT COULD HE GAIN BY IT?



NOTHING, THAT'S WHY IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF A MADMAN! I'LL SAY THAT MAKES A STORY, HOPALONG!

I AIM TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT CATCHING THE GUILTY PARTY, BUT IN THE MEAN-TIME, MAYOR, WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT ERECTING A NEW TOWN HALL!



I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THERE JUST ISN'T ENOUGH MONEY IN THE TWIN RIVER TREASURY FOR THAT!

I KNOW EVERYONE IS AGAINST LOTTERIES, BUT WHAT IF WE HELD ONE TO RAISE THE MONEY TO BUILD A NEW TOWN HALL?



HOPALONG CASSIDY



SINCE IT'S FOR SUCH A GOOD CAUSE, I WOULDN'T BE AGAINST IT! I RECKON IF WE SOLD CHANCES AT ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS APIECE WE COULD RAISE ENOUGH MONEY!

I THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA! IN FACT, I'LL GIVE MUH PRIZE-WINNING BULL AS A FIRST PRIZE TO THE MAN WITH THE LUCKY TICKET SO WE DON'T HAVE TO SPEND ANY MONEY ON A PRIZE!



AND I'LL PRINT UP ALL THE TICKETS FOR NOTHING AS MY DONATION! THAT'LL SAVE A LOT OF MONEY, TOO!

WE'LL NEED A CHAIRMAN FOR THE TOWN HALL FUND RAISING SO I SUGGEST WE APPOINT HOPALONG!



COUNT ME OUT, MAYOR! I DON'T APPROVE OF LOTTERIES ON ANY SCORE AND BESIDES, I'LL BE TOO BUSY TRYING TO FIND THE PARTY WHO STARTED THE FIRE TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THE MONEY THAT'S COLLECTED!

IT WAS GLYNN'S IDEA, SO WHY DON'T WE MAKE HIM CHAIRMAN?



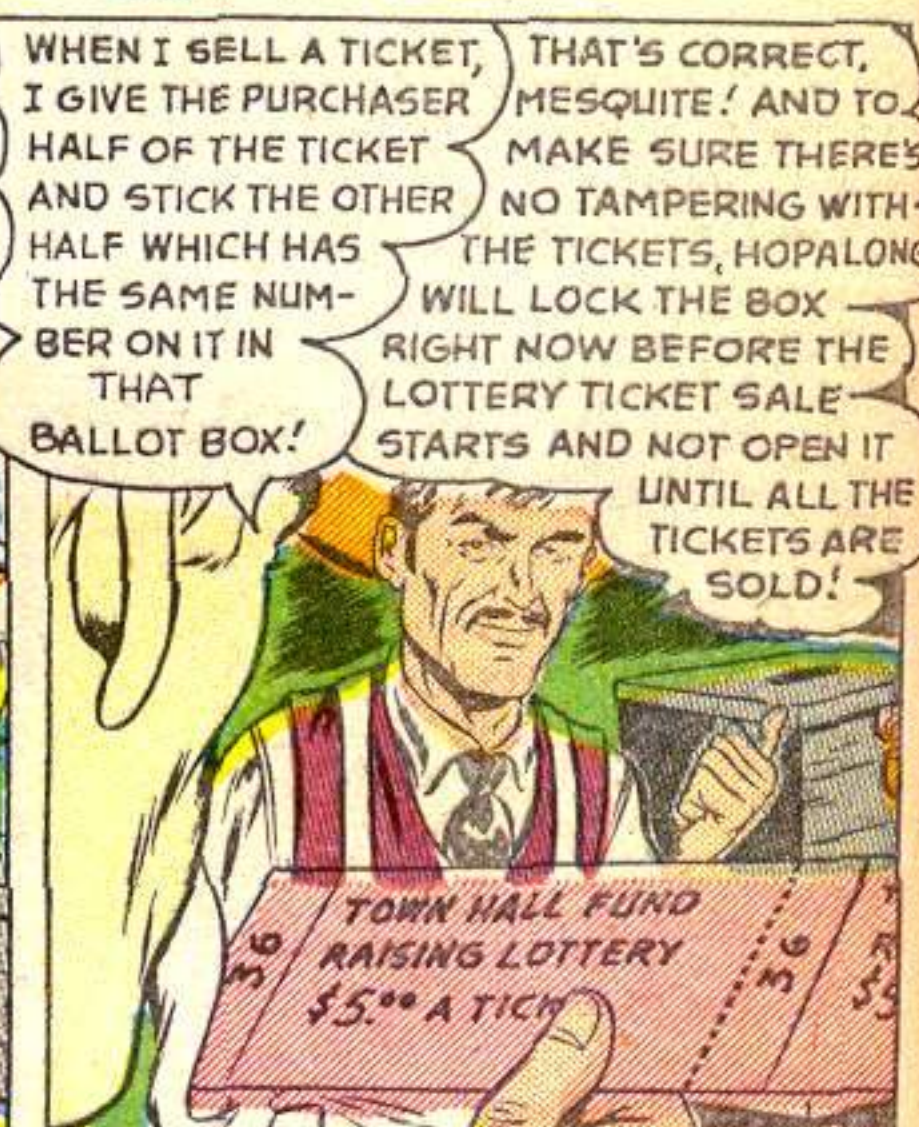
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, MESQUITE! CAN WE COUNT ON YOU, GLYNN?

I RECKON SO! SINCE IT WAS MY IDEA, I OPINE I'M STUCK WITH IT!



HYAR COMES THE LAST OF THE LOTTERY BOOKS ROLLING OFF THE PRESS! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DISTRIBUTE THEM TO MY COMMITTEE AND HAVE THEM START SELLING THEM!

I'LL SELL SOME, TOO, BUT FIRST I WANT TO MAKE SURE I KNOW WHAT TO DO!



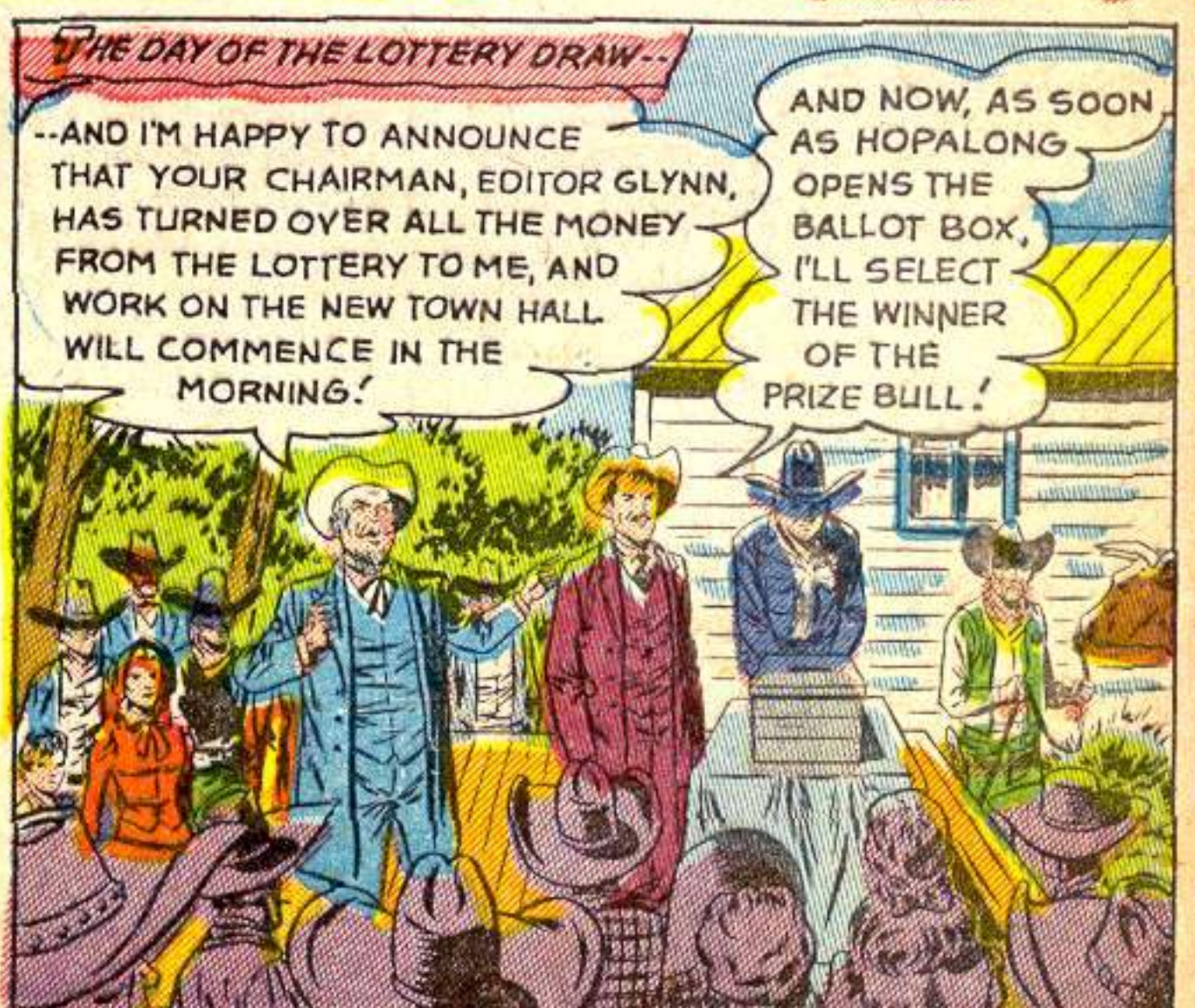
WHEN I SELL A TICKET, I GIVE THE PURCHASER HALF OF THE TICKET AND STICK THE OTHER HALF WHICH HAS THE SAME NUMBER ON IT IN THAT BALLOT BOX!

THAT'S CORRECT, MESQUITE! AND TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO TAMPERING WITH THE TICKETS, HOPALONG WILL LOCK THE BOX RIGHT NOW BEFORE THE LOTTERY TICKET SALE STARTS AND NOT OPEN IT UNTIL ALL THE TICKETS ARE SOLD!



AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, HE'LL OPEN THE BOX AND LET YUH, AS CHAIRMAN, SELECT THE WINNING NUMBER!

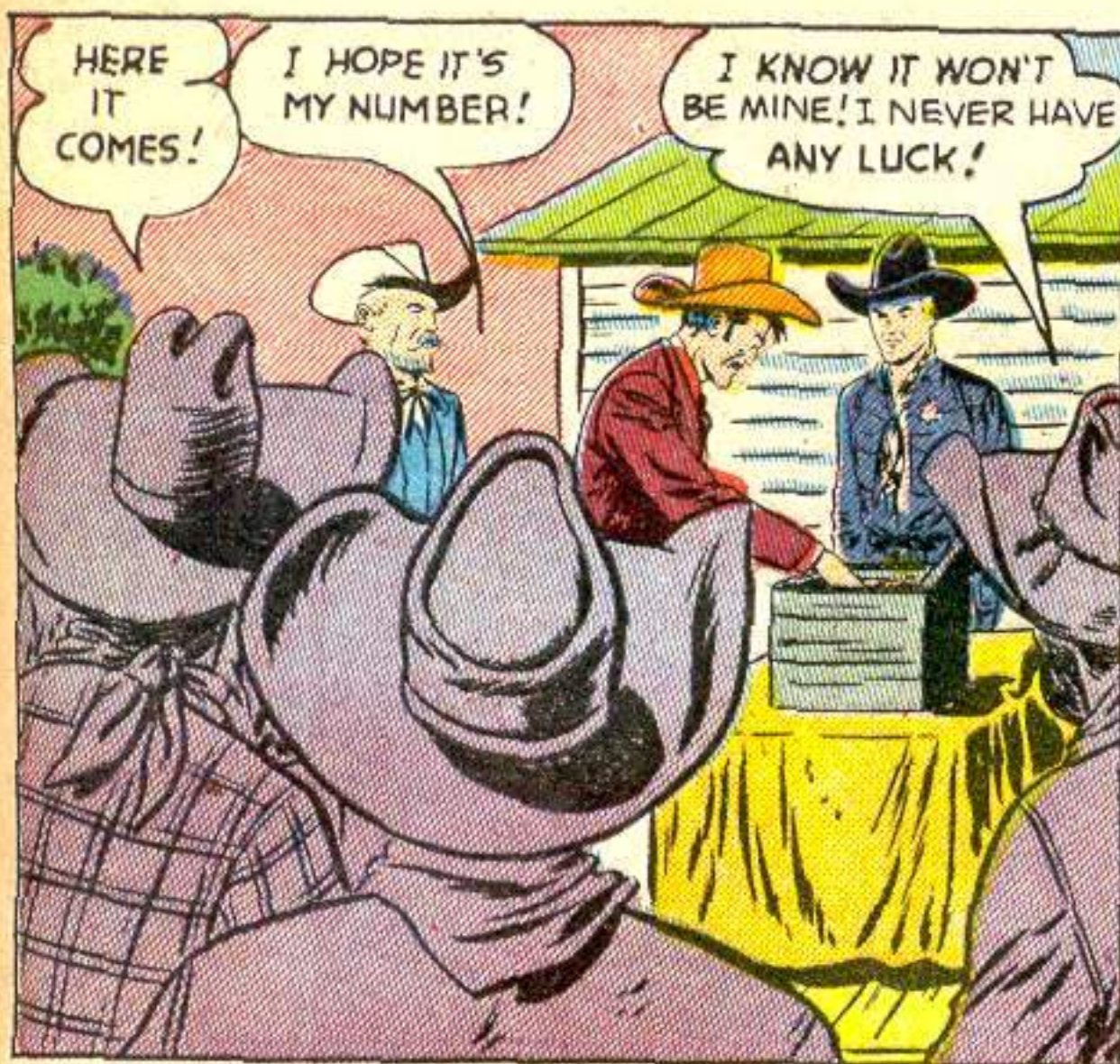
CORRECT! NOW LET'S START GETTING THE BOOKS IN CIRCULATION! THE QUICKER THE MONEY STARTS FLOWING IN, THE QUICKER WE'LL HAVE A NEW TOWN HALL!



THE DAY OF THE LOTTERY DRAW-- AND I'M HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT YOUR CHAIRMAN, EDITOR GLYNN, HAS TURNED OVER ALL THE MONEY FROM THE LOTTERY TO ME, AND WORK ON THE NEW TOWN HALL WILL COMMENCE IN THE MORNING!

AND NOW, AS SOON AS HOPALONG OPENS THE BALLOT BOX, I'LL SELECT THE WINNER OF THE PRIZE BULL!

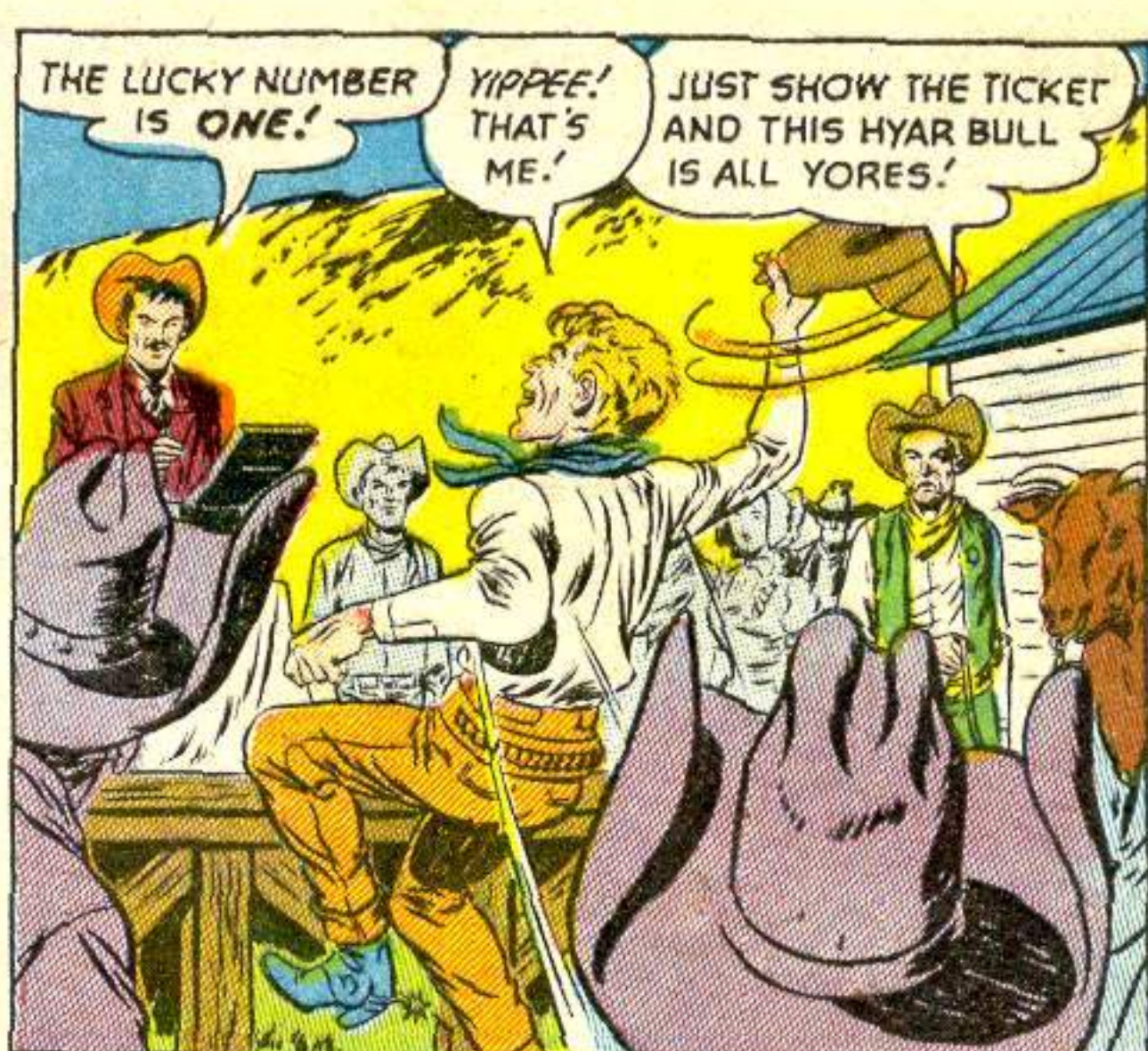
HOPALONG CASSIDY



HERE IT COMES!

I HOPE IT'S MY NUMBER!

I KNOW IT WON'T BE MINE! I NEVER HAVE ANY LUCK!



THE LUCKY NUMBER IS ONE!

YIPPEE! THAT'S ME!

JUST SHOW THE TICKET AND THIS HYAR BULL IS ALL YORES!



BUT AS THE CROWD DISPERSES AND HOPALONG HEADS BACK TOWARDS THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE--

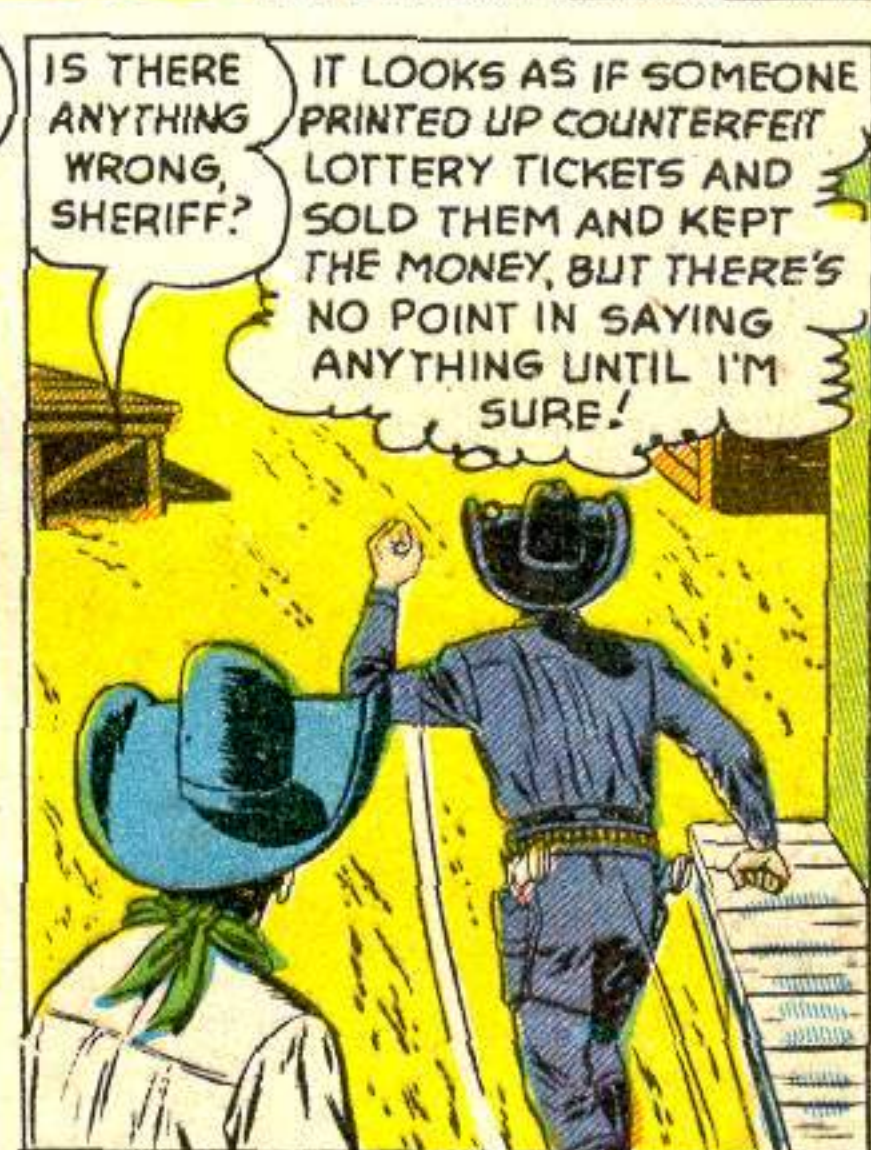
YOU KNOW, HOPALONG, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO WIN FOR SURE THIS TIME! THIRTEEN IS MY LUCKY NUMBER AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I BOUGHT IN THE LOTTERY!

THIRTEEN! ARE YOU SURE?



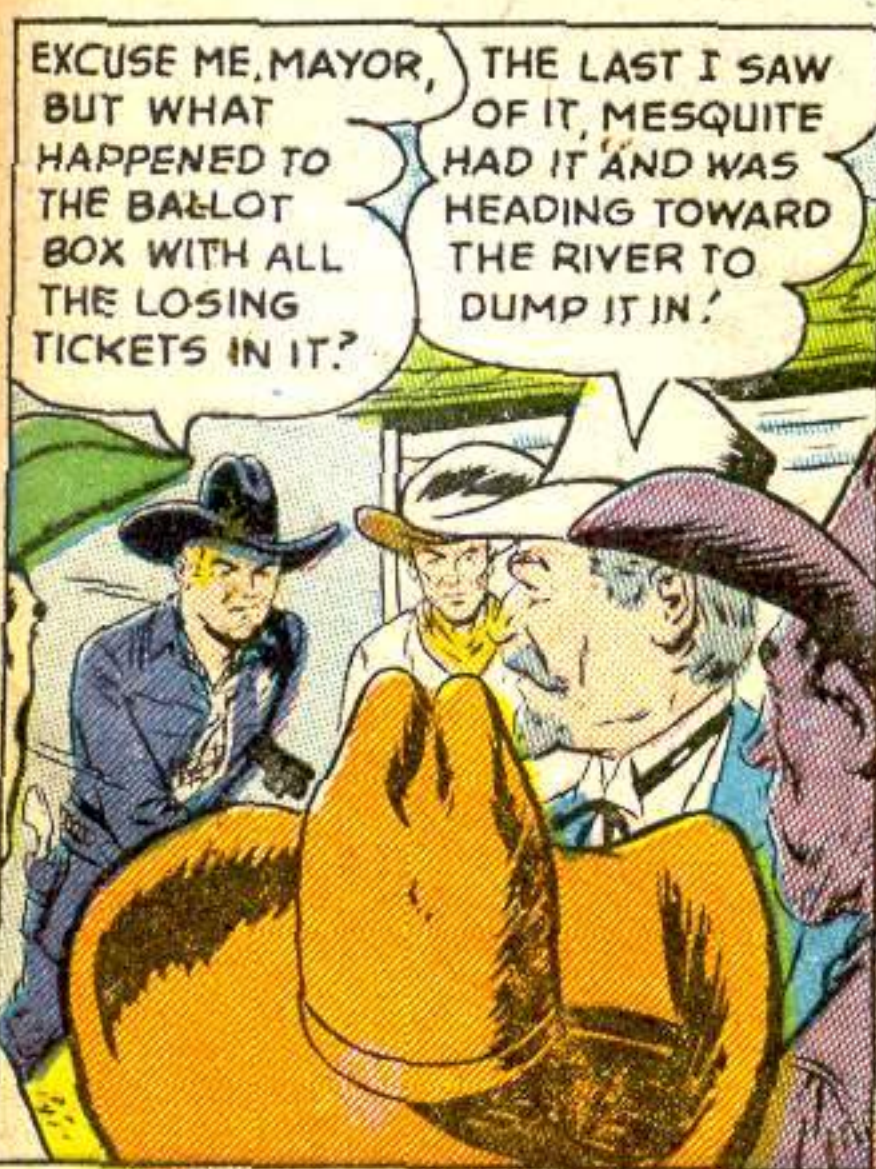
OF COURSE I'M SURE! HERE'S THE TICKET!

THAT'S ODD! THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE ONLY ONE OF EVERY NUMBER, BUT I BOUGHT NUMBER THIRTEEN, TOO!



IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG, SHERIFF?

IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE PRINTED UP COUNTERFEIT LOTTERY TICKETS AND SOLD THEM AND KEPT THE MONEY, BUT THERE'S NO POINT IN SAYING ANYTHING UNTIL I'M SURE!



EXCUSE ME, MAYOR, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BALLOT BOX WITH ALL THE LOSING TICKETS IN IT?

THE LAST I SAW OF IT, MESQUITE HAD IT AND WAS HEADING TOWARD THE RIVER TO DUMP IT IN!

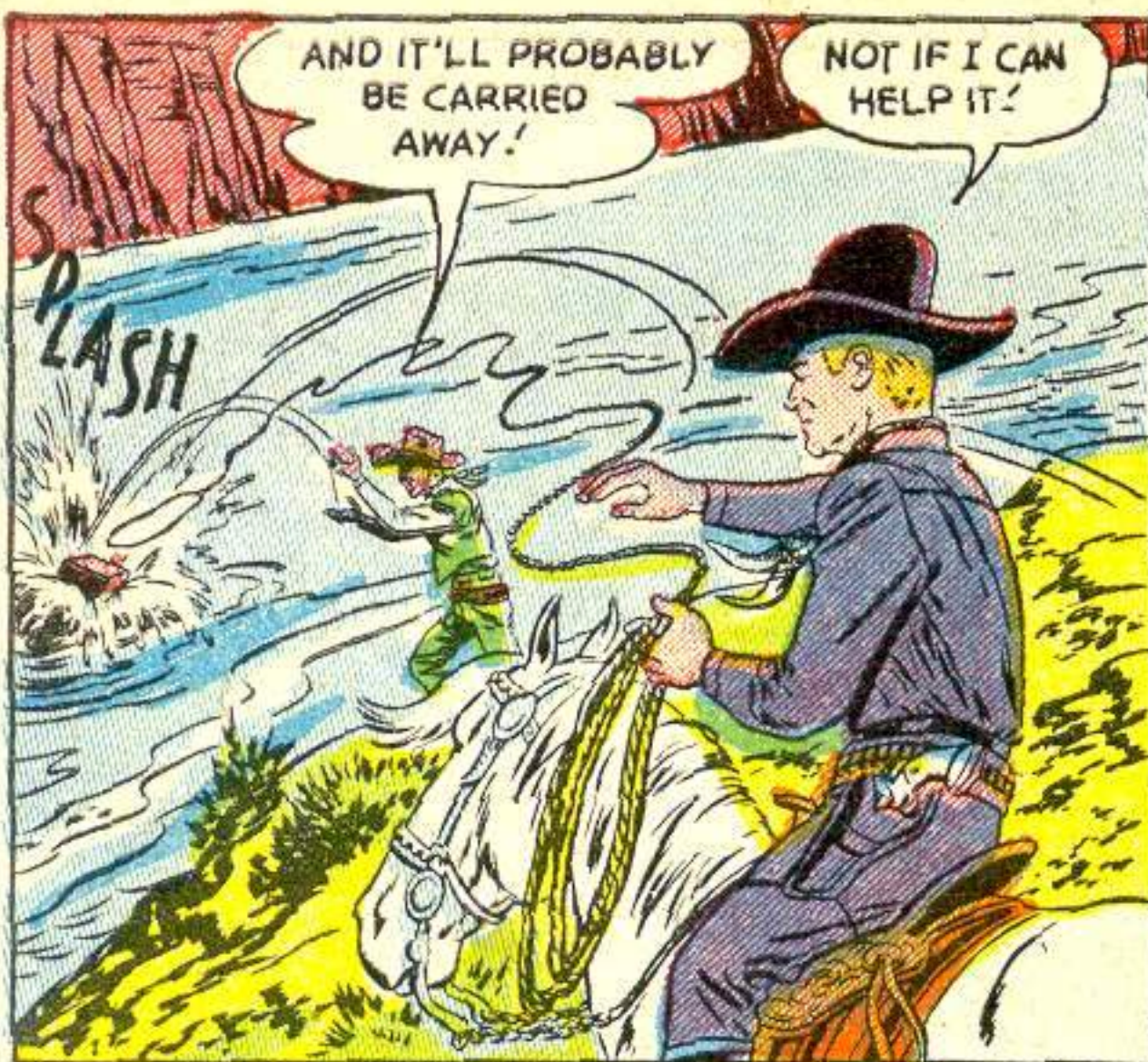


OH, OH! THIS CALLS FOR FAST ACTION! I'D BETTER GET TOPPER!



HEY, MESQUITE! HOLD ONTO THAT BOX!

(GULP) IT'S TOO LATE! I ALREADY TOSSED IT IN!



AND IT'LL PROBABLY BE CARRIED AWAY!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!



YUH GOT IT, HOPPY, BUT WHAT DO YUH WANT ALL THOSE UNLUCKY NUMBERS FOR, ANYWAY?

LET'S GET BACK TO THE JAILHOUSE AND I'LL SHOW YOU, MESQUITE!

LATER, AT THE JAILHOUSE ...



YOU'RE RIGHT, HOPPY! THERE'S A DUPLICATE OF EVERY NUMBER, BUT THE WINNING ONE! SOME COUNTERFEITER JUST GOT AWAY WITH AS MUCH MONEY AS WAS TURNED OVER TO THE MAYOR TO BUILD THE NEW TOWN HALL!

WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE MONEY SWINDED FROM THE TOWNFOLKS IS RIGHT, BUT NOT THE PART ABOUT THE COUNTERFEITER! THESE TICKETS ARE THE REAL THING!



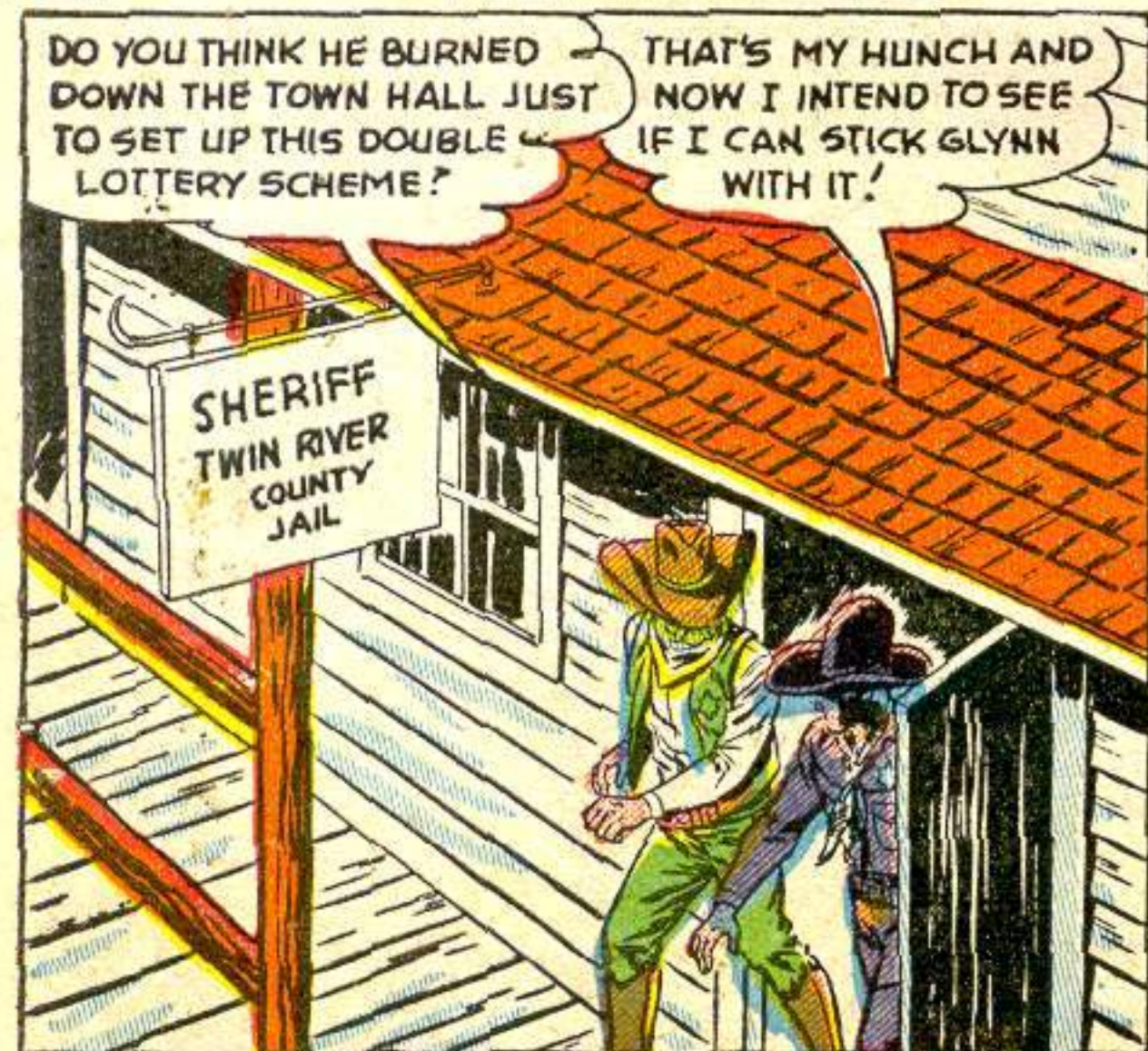
YUH MEAN GLYNN DELIBERATELY PRINTED TWO SETS OF LOTTERY TICKETS?

IT SURE TIES IN WITH THE FACT THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE NUMBER ONE SO THAT NO TWO PEOPLE WOULD CLAIM THE PRIZE AND GIVE THE FRAUD AWAY!



BUT EVEN IF THAT WERE SO, HOW COULD HE HAVE ARRANGED TO PULL THE NUMBER ONE OUT OF THE BALLOT BOX?

WHO KNOWS WHAT NUMBER HE REALLY PICKED OUT? ALL WE KNOW IS THAT HE CALLED **NUMBER ONE** OUT! IN FACT, I'D EVEN WAGER THAT IF WE CHECK GLYNN'S FINGERPRINTS WITH THOSE WE FOUND ON THE KEROSENE CANS, THEY'D MATCH!



DO YOU THINK HE BURNED DOWN THE TOWN HALL JUST TO SET UP THIS DOUBLE LOTTERY SCHEME?

THAT'S MY HUNCH AND NOW I INTEND TO SEE IF I CAN STICK GLYNN WITH IT!



WELL, YOU HAVE ENOUGH ON GLYNN RIGHT NOW TO LOCK HIM UP!

I KNOW, MESQUITE, BUT IF HE KNOWS WE SUSPECT HIM, HE'LL HIDE ALL THE MONEY HE COLLECTED! I'D LIKE TO FIND IT FOR EVIDENCE BEFORE I LOCK HIM UP!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

WHAR DO YUH EXPECT TO LOOK FER IT, HOPPY?

ONE THING'S SURE, HE DIDN'T PUT IT IN ANY BANK! A BIG DEPOSIT LIKE THAT WOULD CREATE SUSPICION SO I FIGURE IT'S HIDDEN IN HIS OFFICE! NOW IF YOU CAN GET HIM OUT OF THERE ON SOME PRETENSE--

A FEW MINUTES LATER --

..IF YOU REALLY UNCOVERED A GOLD VEIN, MESQUITE, THAT WOULD MAKE A REAL STORY FOR THE PAPER!

GET YORE HORSE AND COME WITH ME, GLYNN, AND I'LL SHOW IT TO YUH!

RIVER GAZER

BUT AS THEY RIDE OFF --

BY THE WAY, MESQUITE, HE'S PRETTY SURE IT'S THE SAME HOMBRE WHO PRINTED THE DUPLICATE SET OF LOTTERY TICKETS --

SET FIRE TO THE TOWN HALL? --ER--ER--

GULP!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY THAT!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

HA-HA! JUST A JOKE I WAS MAKING!

IT MAY BE A JOKE, BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ON ME! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT WISE, BUT I AIM TO RIDE BACK AND PICK UP ALL THE MONEY I MADE ON THOSE EXTRA TICKETS AND VAMOOSE!

CONK

SHORTLY AFTER --

I WAS ALMOST GIVING UP HOPE OF FINDING IT, BUT HERE IS THE MONEY --- HIDDEN IN THIS TYPE BOX!

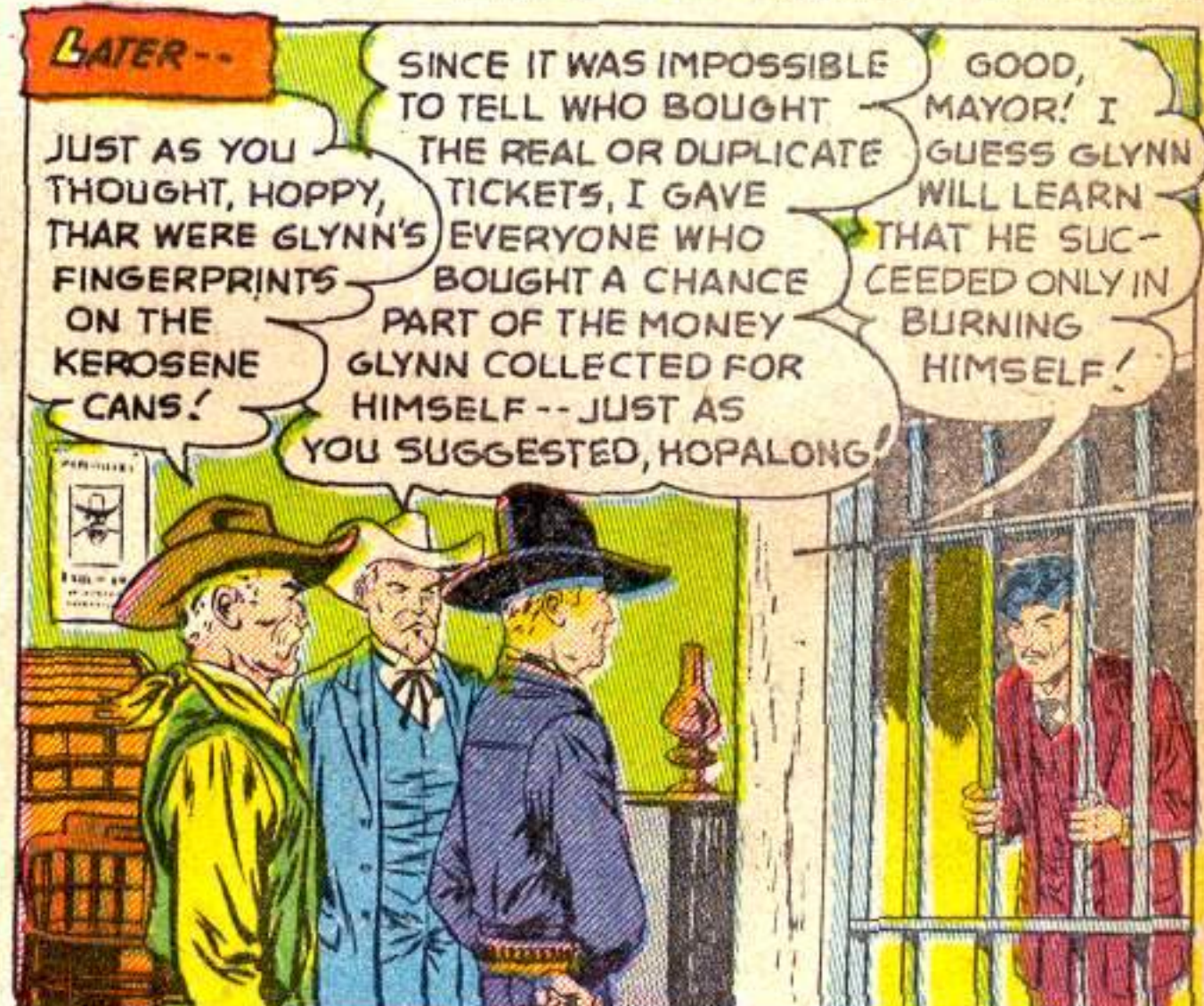
TYPE

TYPE

AS HOPALONG SORTS OUT THE MONEY, HE DOESN'T HEAR GLYNN CREEPING UP ON HIM!

I DIDN'T GET HERE A SECOND TOO SOON! NOW TO GATHER UP THE MONEY AND HEAD FOR THE BORDER!

CONK



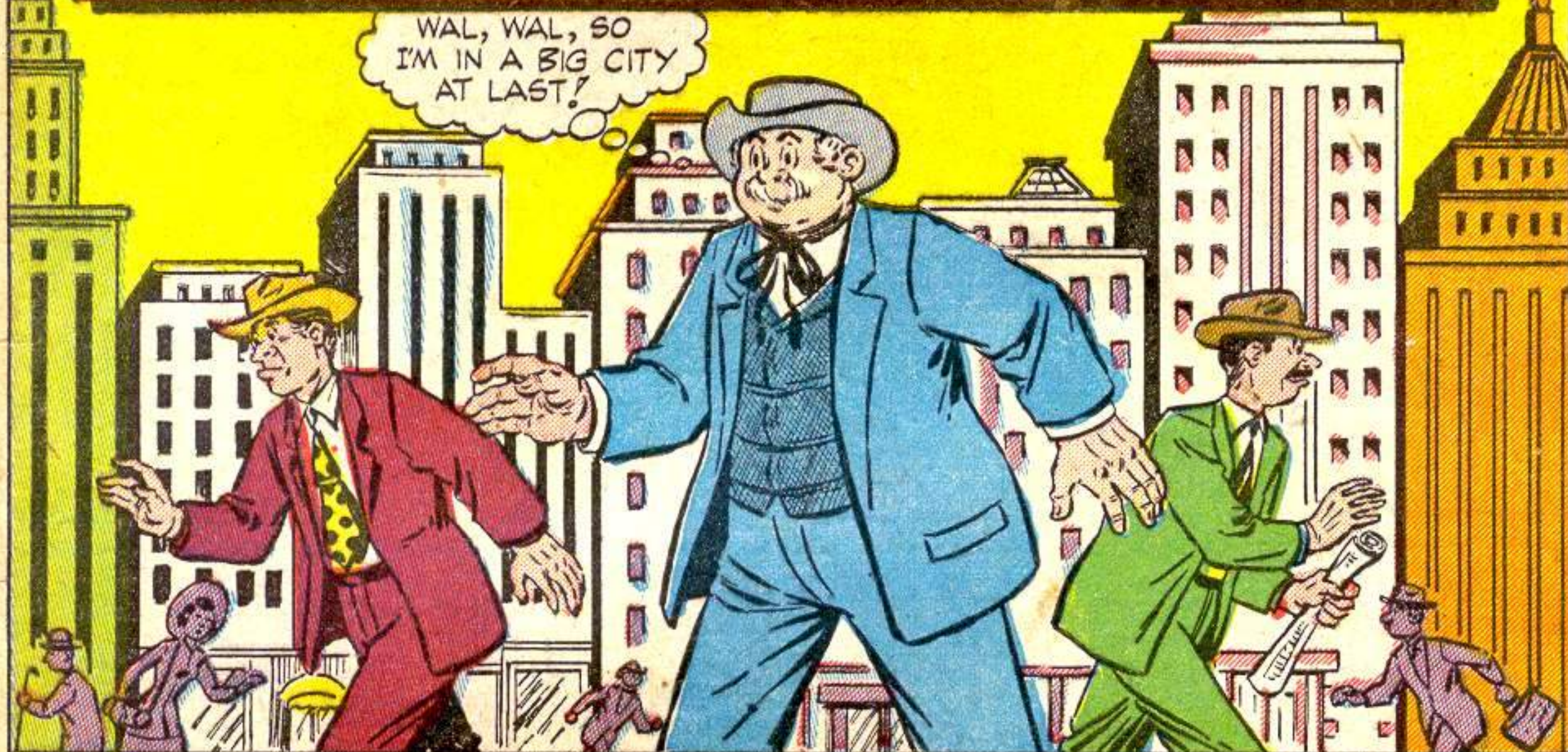
FAVORITE COWBOY IN COMICS! AND IN THE MOVIES! --

LIGHTNING WITH THE BULLWHIP!
ACTION ON THE RANGE!
SUSPENSEFUL ADVENTURE!
HARROWING ESCAPADES!
LARUE



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UNFOOLABLE FULLER



HOPALONG CASSIDY

