



AMERICA'S FAVORITE COWBOY

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AUTHORITY

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

JUNE
NO. 102

Starring
WILLIAM
BOYD

"The
Secret
of the
BUFFALO
HAT!"

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

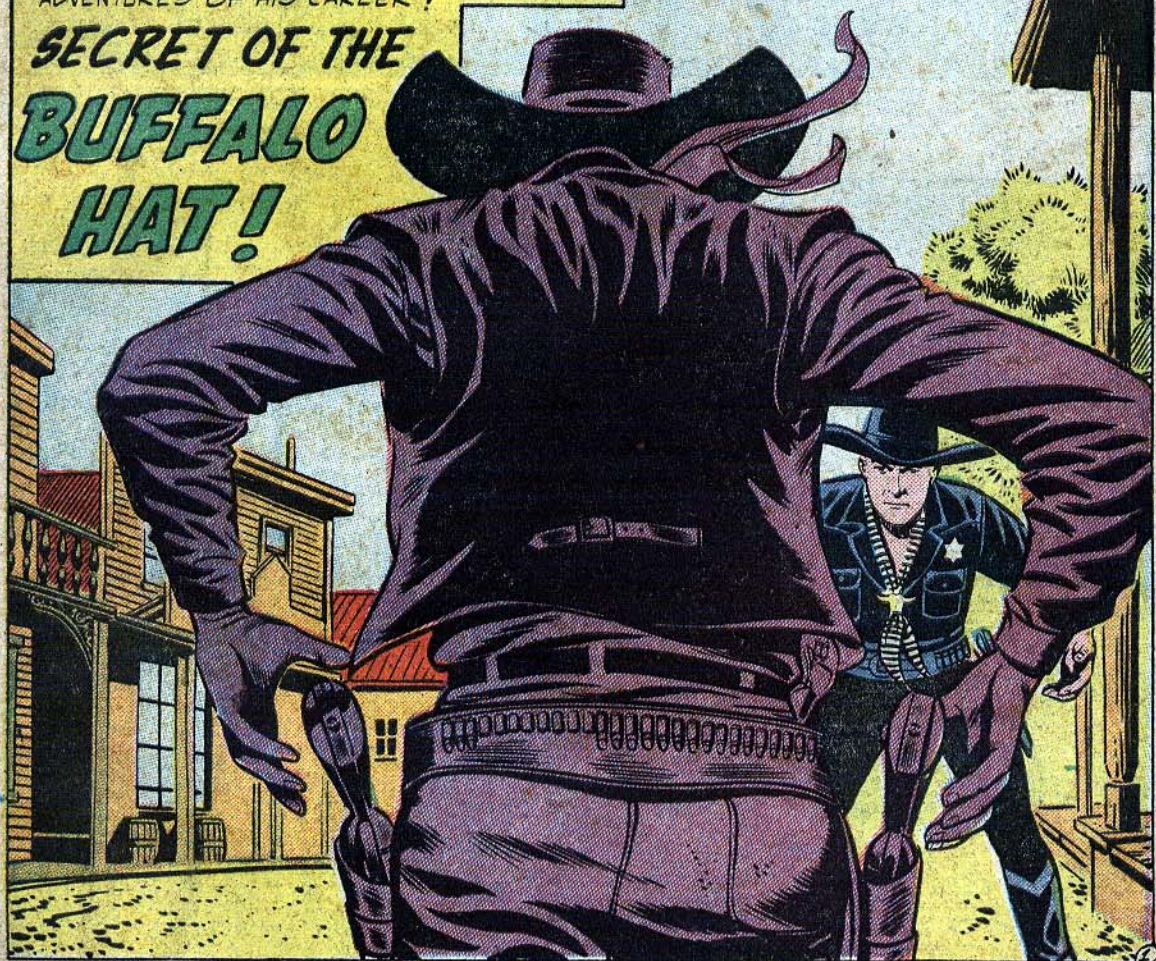
STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

THE ROBBERY WAS A STRANGE ONE--ALL THAT WAS STOLEN WAS ONE **HAT!** TRUE, IT WAS THE HAT OF A FAMOUS WESTERNER--A RENOWNED SHERIFF WHO HAD RECENTLY RETIRED! BUT STILL--WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO STEAL IT?

THE PUZZLE AROUSED THE CURIOSITY OF ANOTHER FAMOUS LAWMAN--**HOPALONG CASSIDY**, SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVERS--WHO SET OUT TO SOLVE IT AND FOUND HIMSELF IN ONE OF THE MOST STARTLING AND EXCITING ADVENTURES OF HIS CAREER!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE OF BEATING ME TO THE DRAW, CASSIDY--NOT WHILE I'M WEARING THIS BUFFALO HAT!

SECRET OF THE BUFFALO HAT!



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

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ONE DAY AS SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY SITS IN HIS OFFICE, THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN, AND...

WHIT WILKINS, THE HAT-MAKER!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAN?

I'M IN TROUBLE, HOPPY--
DEADLY TROUBLE! LISTEN--
DID YOU HEAR BAT HENDRICKS
WAS IN TOWN?

YES--
BUT
WHAT--?

LISTEN! HE
CAME INTO MY
STORE YESTER-
DAY TO GET HIS
HAT CLEANED--

"ALL MY LIFE I'D HEARD STORIES ABOUT BAT
HENDRICKS, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME
I'D LAID EYES ON HIM..."

I WANT THIS HAT CLEANED! I'LL
WAIT RIGHT HERE TILL YOU'RE
FINISHED!

"I HAD TO EXPLAIN TO HIM THAT YOU HAVE
TO SOAK A HAT TO CLEAN IT..."

I'M POWERFUL SORRY, MR.
HENDRICKS--SIR--BUT YOU'LL
HAVE TO WAIT TILL TOMORROW
BEFORE YOU CAN HAVE YOUR
HAT BACK!

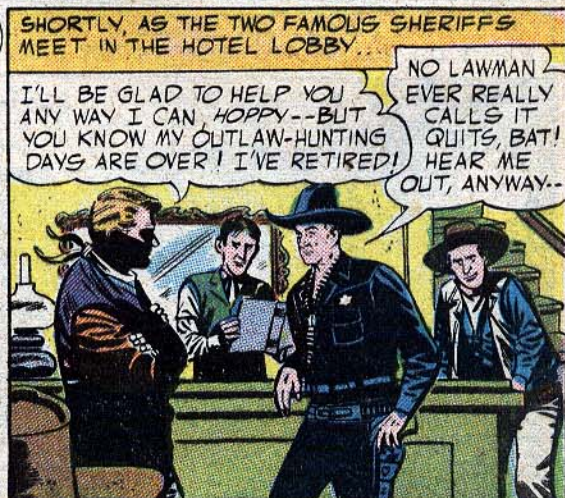
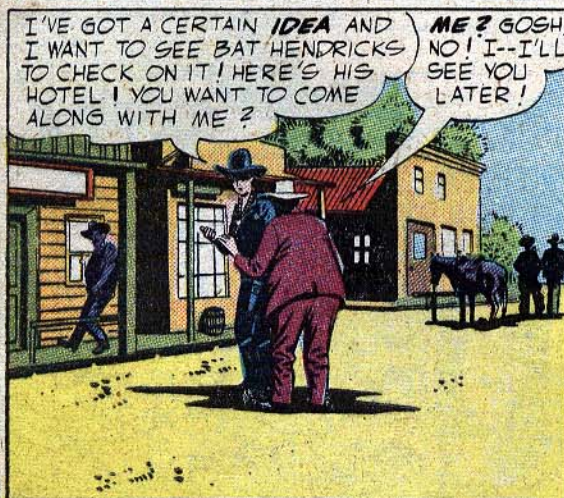
OKAY!
BUT GET
THIS--

THAT HAT AND I HAVEN'T BEEN SEPARATED IN
OVER FORTY YEARS! TAKE CARE OF IT! IF
ANYTHING HAPPENS TO IT, I'M HOLDING
YOU RESPONSIBLE, SAVVY?

Y-YES,
SIR!

"THAT WAS YESTERDAY! BUT THIS
MORNING WHEN I OPENED THE
STORE..."

!GASP! SOMEONE
BROKE IN--THROUGH THAT WINDOW--
AND STOLE BAT HENDRICKS' HAT!



"I SPENT ALL MORNING TRAILING THE BANDIT, BAT! AND YOU KNOW WHAT?"

I LOST HIS TRACKS--RIGHT IN FRONT OF THIS HOTEL!

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURE, BAT! THAT'S NOT ALL! THE BANDIT WORE A HAT EXACTLY LIKE YOURS THAT WAS STOLEN!

NOW I SEEM TO REMEMBER THERE'S A LEGEND THAT GOES WITH YOUR HAT...

IT'S SUPPOSED TO GIVE ME A CHARMED LIFE! IT WAS MADE FOR ME OUT OF BUFFALO HIDE BY AN INDIAN WHOSE LIFE I ONCE SAVED! THAT WAS FORTY YEARS AGO!

THAT'S TRUE...

"OF COURSE I WAS A LOT YOUNGER THEN, BUT I REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL OF THE INCANTATION CEREMONY..."

WHOEVER WEARS THIS BUFFALO HAT WILL BE SAFE FROM EVIL! NO BULLETS WILL EVER HARM HIM!

"WELL, THAT WAS IT, HOPPY! CHARM OR NOT, THE FACT IS THAT NO BULLETS HAVE EVER HIT ME..."

THANKS, BAT! I JUST WANT TO CHECK UP ON THAT STORY! THAT WAS THE WAY I HEARD IT!

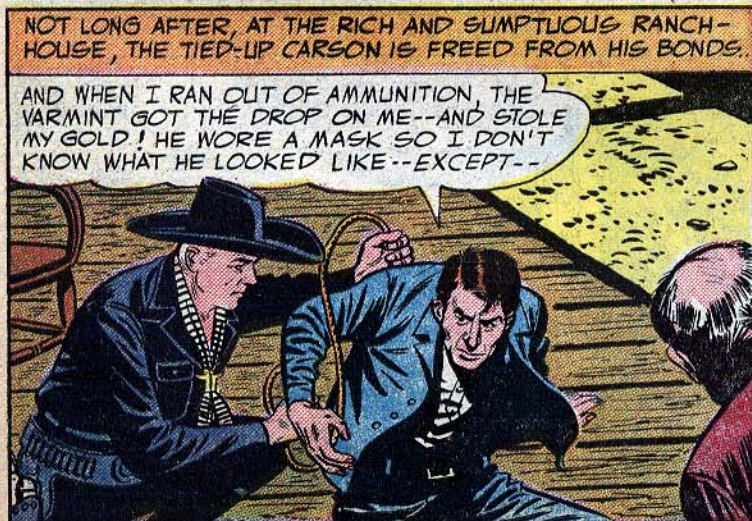
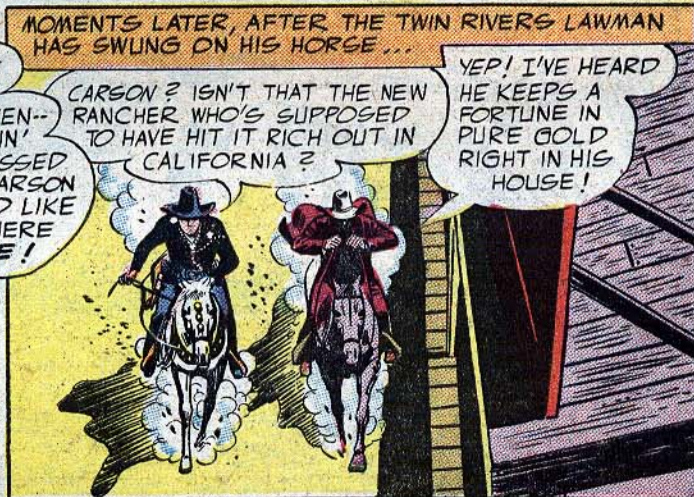
WELL, IN CASE I CAN HELP YOU ANY

OTHER WAY, HOPPY, DON'T HESITATE TO CALL ON ME!

LATER, AFTER BAT HENDRICKS HAS LEFT, THE HOTEL DESK CLERK ASKS TO SPEAK TO THE TWIN RIVERS LAWMAN...

I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING WHAT YOU SAID, SHERIFF! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT BAT HENDRICKS WAS NOT IN THE HOTEL AT THE TIME OF THE HOLD-UP THIS MORNING! HE WAS OUT!

THAT'S INTERESTING, PAYTON--



AS THE TWIN RIVERS STAR-WEARER LEAPS TO THE SADDLE AGAIN...

WHERE YOU HEADIN', HOPPY?
AFTER THE BANDIT! THERE'S HIS TRAIL--STILL FRESH!



IN THE COUNTRY JUST NORTH OF TWIN RIVERS...

LOOKS LIKE HE'S CIRCLING AROUND CROW-TOP MOUNTAIN TO GET TO THE REAR OF TOWN! BUT I CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND HIM NOW-- EH? WAIT A MOMENT!

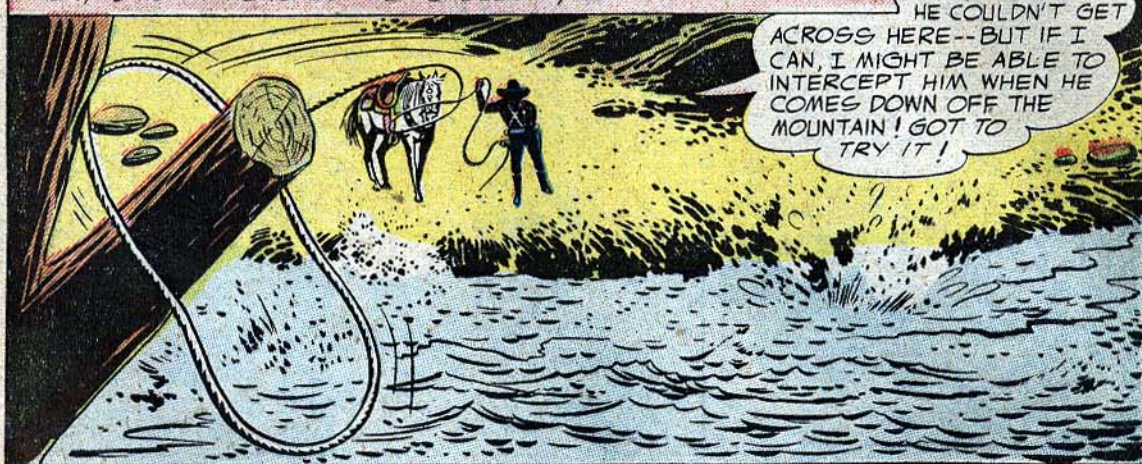


AS THE SHARP EYES OF THE ACE LAWMAN PEER UPWARD...

THERE HE IS! HE'S CROSSING CROW RIVER BY THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL--AND HE'S SPOTTED ME! THOSE SHOTS ARE COMING A LITTLE TOO CLOSE!



THEN, AS HOPPY REACHES THE TURBULENT, ROARING CROW RIVER...



HE COULDN'T GET ACROSS HERE-- BUT IF I CAN, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO INTERCEPT HIM WHEN HE COMES DOWN OFF THE MOUNTAIN! GOT TO TRY IT!

SHORTLY, WITH THE LARIAT STRUNG BETWEEN THE TWO BANKS LIKE A CABLE, THE LARRUPIN' LAWMAN GUIDES HIS STEED ACROSS...

THAT'S IT, BOY! KEEP SWIMMING!



MOMENTS AFTER, ON THE OTHER BANK...

I'VE GAINED ON HIM--BUT HE'S STILL GOING TO REACH TOWN BEFORE I CAN CATCH HIM!



THEN, IN TOWN, AT THE REAR OF THE TWIN RIVERS HOTEL...

HIS HAT FELL OFF--AND THERE HE GOES--
INTO THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THE HOTEL!
I'VE GOT HIM CORRALLED NOW!



A MOMENT LATER, AS HOPPY
DASHES INSIDE...

SHERIFF--YOU LOOKING
FOR BAT HENDRICKS?
HE JUST THIS MOMENT
CAME IN! HE WENT RIGHT
UP TO HIS ROOM! BUT
WAIT A SECOND--
LOOK!



(GULP!) IT'S BAT--AND HE'S ABOUT TO
DRAW ON YOU, SHERIFF! **PULL YOUR
GUN! PLUG
HIM!**

OKAY, PAYTON! I'M
TAKING ACTION
NOW!



BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE CRACK LAWMAN
MAKES HIS PLAY...

BUT NOT
AGAINST BAT--AGAINST **YOU**,
PAYTON! YOU WERE A MITE
CARELESS THE WAY YOU TUCKED
AWAY THIS HANDKERCHIEF YOU
USED FOR A
MASK!

WHA--
WHAT?!



WITH A DARING MOTION, THE DESK CLERK GRABS UP
A GUN...

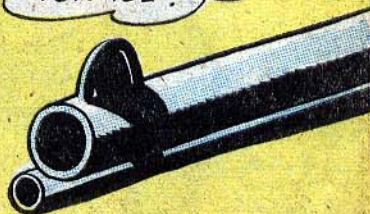
YOU PRESSED ME TOO CLOSE,
CASSIDY! I DROPPED THAT BUFFALO HAT...
MY **LUCKY** HAT...AND DIDN'T HAVE A GOOD
CHANCE TO STRAIGHTEN MYSELF OUT
BEFORE YOU CAME IN!

AND
NOW?



AS THE UNMASKED OUTLAW
LEVELS HIS PISTOL...

NOW? NOW I GUESS
IT'S **ADIOS**, SHERIFF,
FOR YOU!



WITH A LIGHTNING-FAST SNAP OF HIS WRIST, HOPPY SENDS THE BUFFALO HAT IN HIS HAND WHIRLING AT THE GUNMAN...



AND BEFORE HIS ANTAGONIST CAN RECOVER THE LAWMAN DIVES IN...



LATER IN WILKINS' HAT STORE, AFTER PAYTON HAS BEEN JAILED AND THE LOOT RECOVERED.

IT WAS PAYTON WHO STOLE BAT'S HAT FROM YOUR STORE, WHIT! HE'D HEARD THE LEGEND ABOUT IT, AND HE FIGURED IF THE HAT HAD PROTECTED BAT FROM BULLETS ALL THESE YEARS, IT SHOULD DO THE SAME FOR HIM! BUT THE CURIOUS FACT IS...



--THAT THE HAT PAYTON WENT TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO GET--WAS THE VERY THING THAT LED TO HIS DOWNFALL! IF I DIDN'T HAVE IT IN MY HANDS AT THE RIGHT MOMENT--

HE MIGHT HAVE SHOT YOU AND GOT CLEAN AWAY!



BAT, LET ME GIVE YOU BACK YOUR FAMOUS HAT NOW THAT WHIT HAS CLEANED IT--

HOPPY, I'VE--ER-- GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE! THIS IS JUST AN ORDINARY HAT I BOUGHT IN DODGE CITY FORTY YEARS AGO...



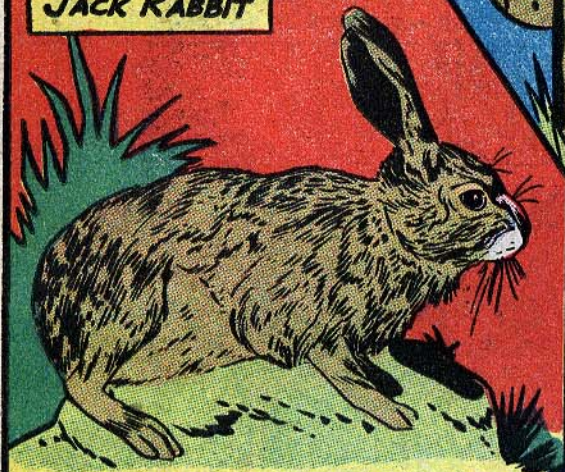
I MADE UP THAT TALE OF THE INDIAN AND THE INCANTATION TO SCARE OFF BADMEN WHO HAD A YEN TO TRADE SHOTS WITH ME! AND IT'S SURE SAVED ME A LOT OF TROUBLE DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS!

WELL, THAT'S ONE SURPRISE ENDING THAT NOT EVEN I FIGURED ON!



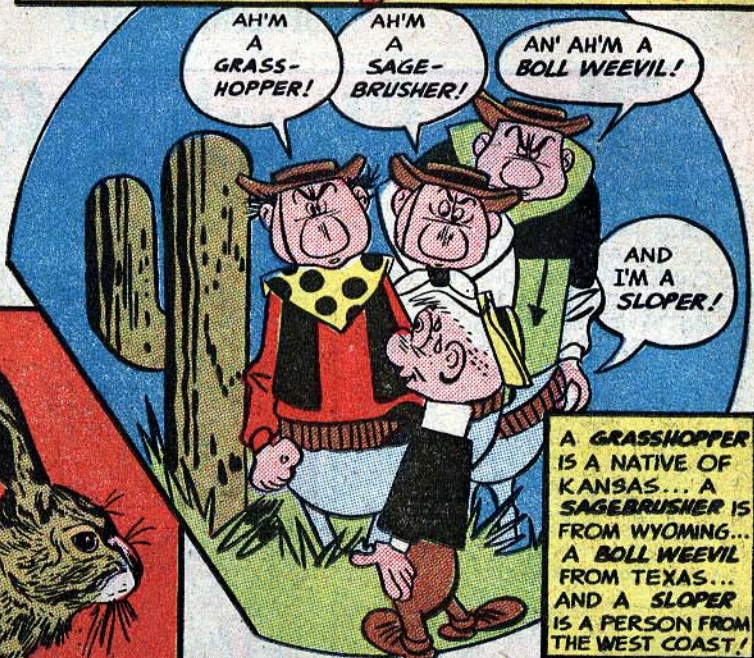
WESTERN Facts

JACK RABBIT



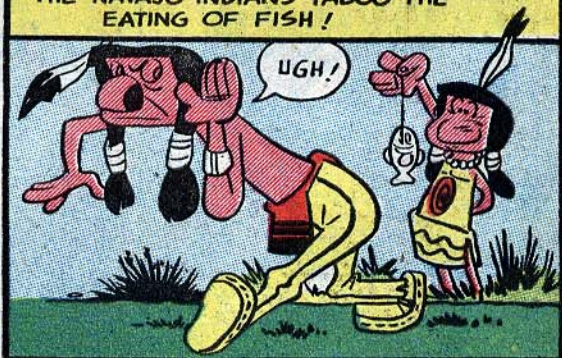
ALL THE JACK RABBITS ARE LARGE HARES — HEAVY-BODIED, WITH LONG EARS AND LONG HIND LEGS. THEY DEPEND PARTLY ON PROTECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE AND PARTLY ON THEIR RUNNING SPEED TO ESCAPE FROM ENEMIES. THEY ARE PACED SECOND ONLY TO THE ANTELOPE AMONG NORTH AMERICAN ANIMALS, AND THE GREYHOUND IS THE ONLY DOG WHICH CAN OVERTAKE THEM!

Cowboy Talk



A GRASSHOPPER IS A NATIVE OF KANSAS... A SAGEBRUSHER IS FROM WYOMING... A BOLL WEEVIL FROM TEXAS... AND A SLOPER IS A PERSON FROM THE WEST COAST!

THE NAVAJO INDIANS TABOO THE EATING OF FISH!



DERINGER PERCUSSION POCKET PISTOL—one of many guns shown in book



Illustration is about 1/2 actual size of Deringer!



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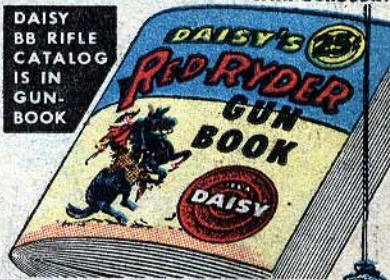
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They Struck it RICH!

LEAVING HIS MULE TIED TO A BOULDER AT THE FOOT OF AN INCLINE, PROSPECTOR "PEGLEG" SMITH CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF A BUTTE TO DIG FOR GOLD. LEFT ALONE, THE MULE BECAME RESTLESS AND STAMPED ABOUT IN THE EARTH, KICKING UP SOME HALF-BURIED OBJECTS, SO THAT WHEN HIS MASTER RETURNED...

LOOK AT THE WAY THAT MULE'S ACTING UP-HEY! THOSE ARE **BLACK-GOLD NUGGETS!** MY MULE'S KICKED UP A GOLD MINE!



THE OLD WEST WAS LINED WITH INNUMERABLE MINING TOOLS, DISCARDED MEMENTOS OF DISGRUNTLED PROSPECTORS WHO FAILED TO FIND ANY MINES WITH THEM--BUT THE PRIZE TOOL WAS A PICKAX THAT A PROSPECTOR TOSSED AWAY, ONLY TO HAVE IT STRIKE A RICH VEIN OF SILVER...

AWAY YUH GO! YUH'VE BROUGHT ME NOTHIN' BUT BAD LUCK!



JUST FOR THE SPORT OF IT, TWO PROSPECTORS DECIDED TO BUY THE LAST REMAINING UNCLAIMED LAND IN VICTOR, COLORADO. THOUGH THEIR INITIAL EFFORTS FAILED TO UNCOVER ANY GOLD IN THEIR ONE-SIXTH ACRE OF LAND, THEY CHEERFULLY KEPT ON DIGGING DESPITE THE TAUNTS OF OTHER PROSPECTORS. THE TWO PARTNERS HAD THE LAST LAUGH WHEN THEY UNCOVERED A GOLD MINE WORTH \$65,000,000...

HA, HA! WHAT'S THE SELLING PRICE OF DIRT THESE DAYS?



WHEN A NEVADA COWBOY WAS SUDDENLY THROWN FROM HIS HORSE, HIS **FIRST** THOUGHT WAS TO BEMOAN THE **BAD LUCK** THAT HAD HIM FALLING ONTO ROCKY TERRAIN, RATHER THAN SOFT SAGEBRUSH OR TUMBLEWEED. HIS **SECOND** THOUGHT WAS TO CONGRATULATE HIMSELF ON THE **GOOD LUCK** THAT HAD HIM FALL PLUMB ONTO A RICH LODGE OF GOLD...

THIS IS WHAT I CALL STRIKIN' IT RICH!





HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

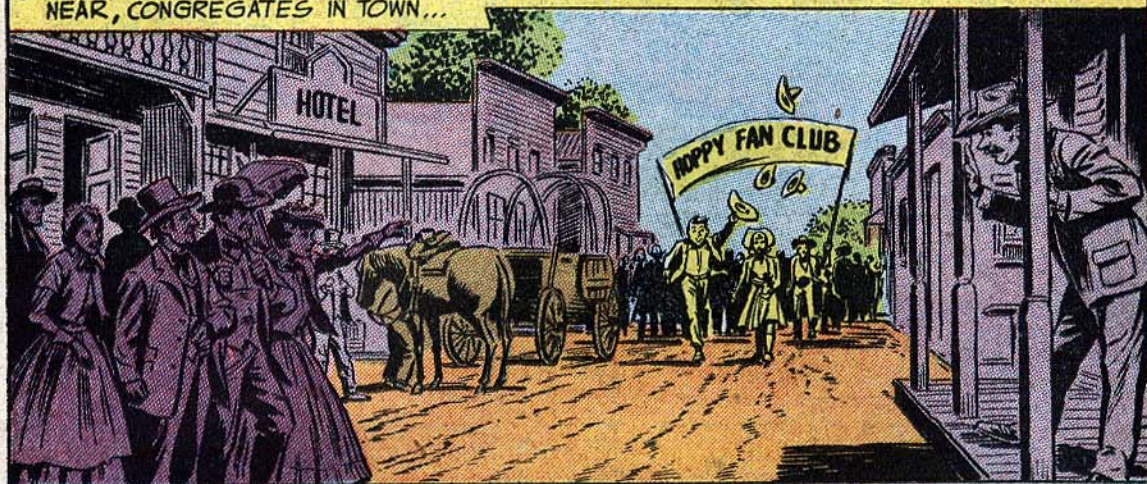
WE'LL NEVER MAKE THAT APPOINTMENT IN
TWIN RIVERS BY TAKING THE LONG WAY
AROUND THE MOUNTAINS, *TOPPER!*
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS SHORT
CUT BY WATER!



IT SEEMED A SIMPLE AND ROUTINE MATTER FOR SHERIFF
HOPALONG CASSIDY TO MAKE A SHORT, 15-MILE RIDE
INTO TWIN RIVERS TO KEEP AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT--
AND YET, ON A TRAIL FRAUGHT WITH SURPRISE AND
DANGER, THE DISTANCE GOT LONGER AND LONGER --
AND THE TIME SHORTER AND SHORTER!

The LONG RIDE TO TWIN RIVERS!

IT'S A GALA DAY IN TWIN RIVERS, AS THE **HOPALONG CASSIDY FAN CLUB**, FROM FAR AND NEAR, CONGREGATES IN TOWN...



A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN THE TOWN ARENA...

HOPPY ESCORTED THE NOONDAY COACH TO GULCH TOWN! BUT HE'S DUE BACK HERE AT 5 O'CLOCK TO PERFORM FOR US! IT'S 3 NOW!

GULCH TOWN'S ONLY 15 MILES AWAY! HOPPY WILL MAKE IT EASILY WITH **TOPPER!**



AT THAT MOMENT, RIDING OUT OF GULCH TOWN...

WE'VE GOT 2 HOURS TO GET BACK TO TWIN RIVERS TO PERFORM FOR THE FAN CLUB, **TOPPER!** WE'LL JUST JOG ALONG!



AS HOPPY CUTS DOWN THROUGH A VALLEY, NEAR THE RAILROAD TRACKS, THE SHRILL BLAST OF A TRAIN WHISTLE FRIGHTENS A GRAZING HERD OF STEERS...

IN AN INSTANT, THE HERD STAMPEDES AND THE TWIN RIVERS SHERIFF URGES **TOPPER** TO A SWIFT GALLOP, TRYING TO TURN THEM...

THOSE CATTLE ARE STARTING TO STAMPEDE!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE CLIFFS! UNLESS I CAN SWING THEM AROUND, THEY'LL TOPPLE OVER! HY-YU-YU! HYUU, THERE!



HOPPY FIRST ATTEMPTS TO TURN THE HERD WITH SHOUTS AND THE NOISE OF HIS GUNS, BUT...

I CAN'T CALM THEM DOWN!



RIDING AT A FULL GALLOP, THE STAR-MAN LASSEOS A CLUMP OF-TUMBLEWEED...

IF I THROW ANOTHER SCARE INTO THEM, THEY MIGHT SWING BACK!



THE LAWMAN SLOWS DOWN MOMENTARILY, SETTING FIRE TO THE DRY BUSH...

FIRE! THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



THEN, DRAGGING THE FLAMING TUMBLEWEED BEHIND HIM, HOPPY CUTS IN FRONT OF THE HERD...

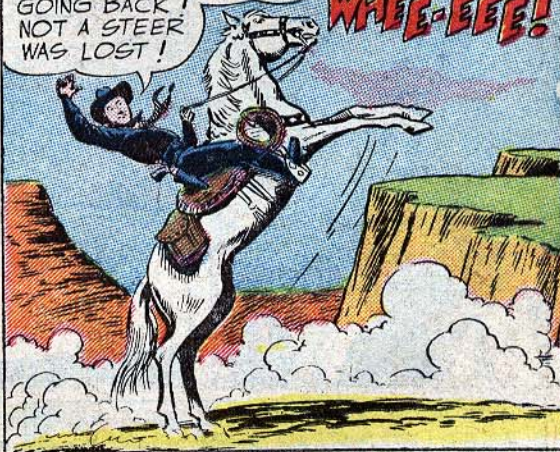
HU-YULIU! HYULI, THERE! IT'S WORKING, TOPPER! THEY'RE TURNING!



MOMENTS LATER, AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE...

THAT DID IT! THE HERD'S SWUNG AROUND AND IS GOING BACK! NOT A STEER WAS LOST!

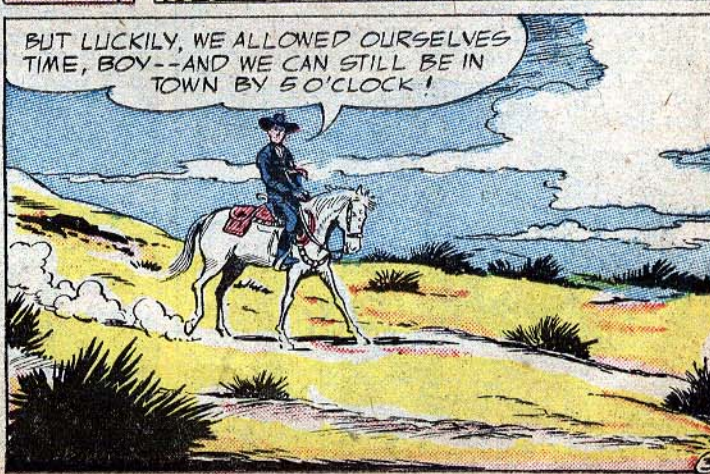
WHEE-EEE!



BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I'VE LOST GROUND! I RODE SOME 5 MILES TO STOP THE HERD-- AND NOW I'M 20 MILES FROM TWIN RIVERS!



BUT LUCKILY, WE ALLOWED OURSELVES TIME, BOY--AND WE CAN STILL BE IN TOWN BY 5 O'CLOCK!



MINUTES LATER, WHILE CROSSING A COACH TRAIL, HOPPY SEES THE RIDGEVILLE CARRIAGE, BROKEN DOWN...

H'LO, SHERIFF CASSIDY! LOOKS LIKE WE WON'T GET INTO RIDGEVILLE BEFORE DARK! BROKEN WHEEL!

I MUST GET THERE WITHIN THE HOUR! I'M A DOCTOR-- AND I'M ON AN EMERGENCY CALL TO TREAT A VERY SICK PATIENT!



I'LL GET YOU TO YOUR PATIENT, DOC! GET ON! TOPPER CAN CARRY BOTH OF US!

THANKS, SHERIFF! I SURE APPRECIATE THIS!

I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF IN TWIN RIVERS--BUT I CAN SPARE THE TIME TO GET A DOCTOR TO A SICK PATIENT!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER, IN RIDGEVILLE...

MUCH OBLIGED, SHERIFF! YOU GOT ME HERE FASTER THAN MY CARRIAGE COULD HAVE!



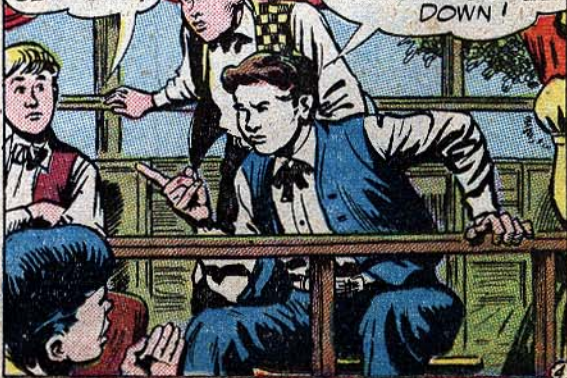
THE RIDE HERE TOOK ME BACK ANOTHER 6 MILES! SO INSTEAD OF BEING ONLY 15 MILES FROM TWIN RIVERS--WHEN I STARTED OUT--I'M 26 MILES AWAY! NOW WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOME FAST RIDING! TIME'S RUNNING OUT ON US!



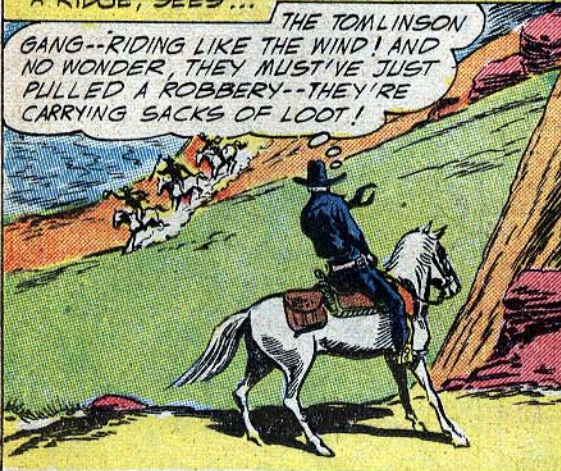
MEANWHILE, IN TWIN RIVERS...

IT'S ALMOST 4 O'CLOCK! HOPPY HAS ABOUT AN HOUR TO GET HERE!

DON'T WORRY! HOPPY WILL MAKE IT! HE KNOWS HE'S DUE HERE BY 5-- HE WON'T LET US DOWN!



MEANWHILE, THE LAWMAN, GALLOPING ALONG A RIDGE, SEES...



A MOMENT LATER, HOPPY STREAKS AFTER THE OUTLAWS--RIDING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM TWIN RIVERS...



THE GREAT WHITE HORSE GAINS RAPIDLY ON THE FLEEING GANG...

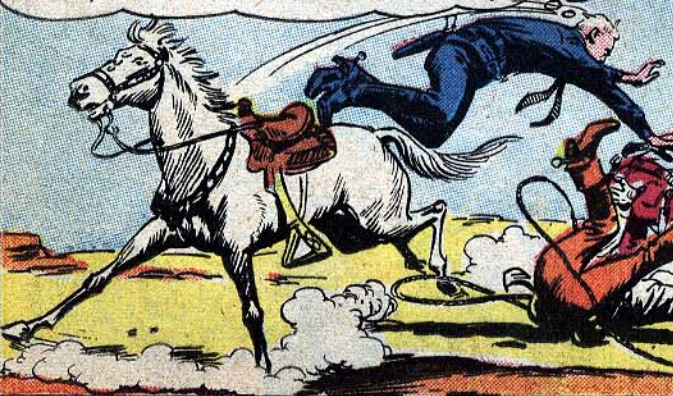


AS THE BANDITS START TO DISMOUNT, HOPPY'S LARIAT WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR, AND...



IN A SWIFT MOVE, THE LAWMAN LEAPS FROM TOPPER...

CATCHING OUTLAWS SOMETIMES IS LIKE CATCHING STEERS! AFTER YOU ROPE THEM, YOU'VE GOT TO HOG-TIE THEM!

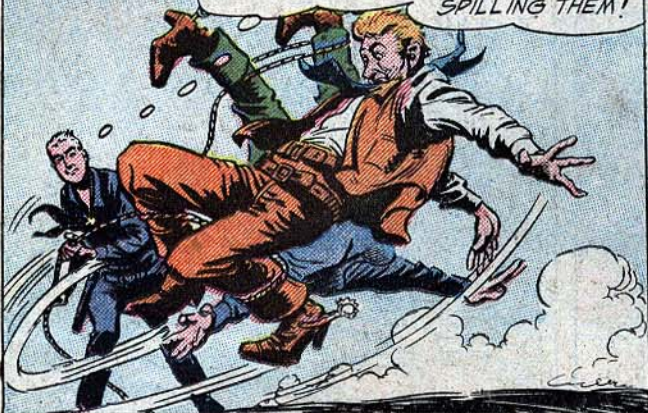


CASSIDY CAN'T HANDLE ALL THREE OF US! LET'S GET HIM!



TWO OF THE BANDITS ATTEMPT TO RISE, BUT AS THEY DO, THEIR LEGS BECOME ENTANGLED IN THE LARIAT, AND...

I'LL GIVE THE ROPE A YANK--
SPILLING THEM!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT, THE THIRD BANDIT LEAPS ON THE LAWMAN'S BACK...

YOU FORGOT
ABOUT ME,
CASSIDY!



BEFORE THE THIRD BANDIT CAN BRING HOPPY TO THE GROUND, THE LAWMAN PITCHES HIM OVER HIS HEAD...

WRONG! IT WAS
YOUR TURN NEXT!



AND THE FLYING FIGURE SPILLS THE OTHER TWO BANDITS INTO THE RIVER...

SPLASH!



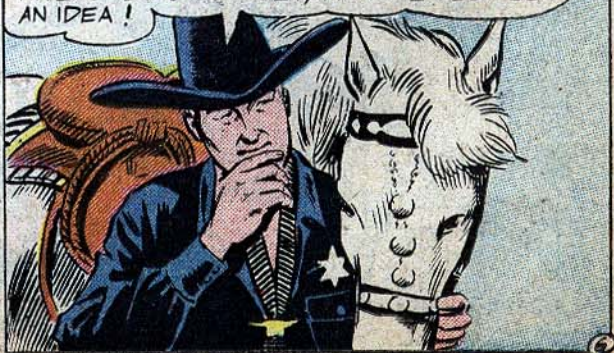
THEN, ANOTHER HORSEMAN RIDES UP--
SHERIFF HILLERY, FROM THE NEXT
COUNTY...

THANKS, HOPPY! I WAS ON
THEIR TRAIL-- BUT THEY WOULD'VE
ESCAPED IF YOU HADN'T BEEN ON
HAND! LOOKS LIKE THEIR ESCAPE-
PLANS GOT ALL
WET!



LATER, WHEN HOPPY AND TOPPER ARE ALONE...

WE'VE LOST 3 MORE MILES, TOPPER--
AND MORE VALUABLE TIME! ACCORDING TO
THE SUN'S POSITION, IT'S ABOUT 4:30! WE'LL
NEVER MAKE IT OVER THE HILLS TO TWIN
RIVERS BY 5:00-- BUT, WAIT-- I JUST GOT
AN IDEA!



THEN, WITH **TOPPER**, THE LAWMAN BOARDS THE BANDIT'S GETAWAY RAFT AND...

THIS SWIFT-MOVING STREAM WILL CARRY US RIGHT INTO TWIN RIVERS--IT PROVIDES THE BEST SHORT CUT I CAN THINK OF!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, DOWNSTREAM...

WE'VE STILL GOT MORE THAN 20 MILES TO GO, **TOPPER**, AND THE RAFT ISN'T CARRYING US FAST ENOUGH!



THEN THE LAWMAN INSERTS THE OARING POLE INTO THE CREVICES OF THE RAFT'S LOGS...

WITH THE POLE AND THE TARPULIN WE CAN IMPROVISE A SAIL! IF SO--WE'LL SAIL IN A GOOD WIND!



WHEN THE IMPROVISED SAIL IS FINISHED...

THIS IS BETTER! ONLY WE'RE NOT PICKING UP ENOUGH WIND!

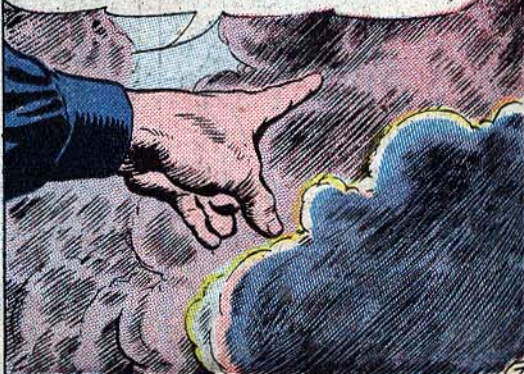


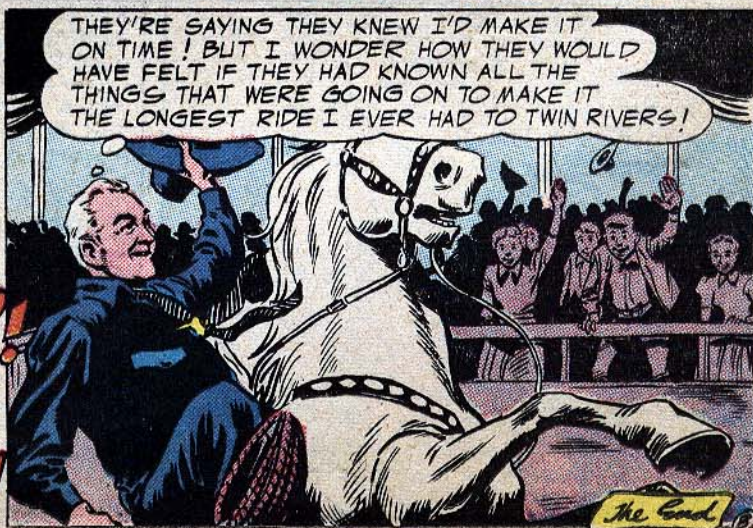
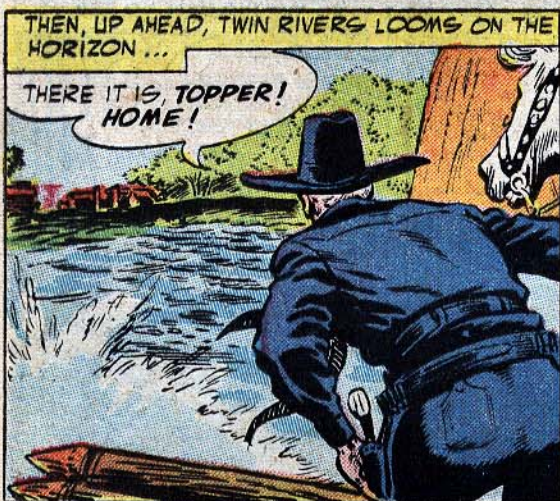
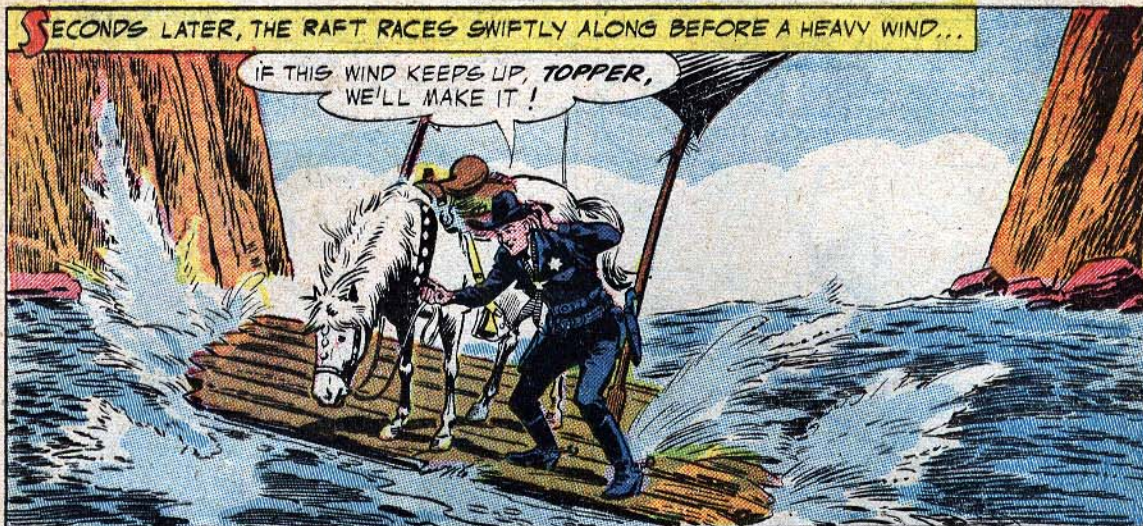
10 MORE MINUTES GONE... WITH SOME 15 MILES TO GO! IT LOOKS ROUGH, **TOPPER**! OUR RAFT JUST ISN'T PICKING UP ENOUGH WIND TO GET US THERE ON TIME!



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE SUN IS BLOTTED OUT BY AN OMINOUS, DARK CLOUD...

WAIT! **STORM CLOUDS** ARE BLOWING UP! THAT MEANS A STRONG WIND COMING UP BEHIND US!





Sam Bass

ONE OF THE
MOST FABULOUS
OF THE WESTERN
OUTLAWS...

MY MAP SHOWS THERE IS
SOME OF SAM BASS' GOLD
BURIED BY THAT TREE!

LET'S
DIG!

IT'S SAM BASS!

I FOUND
ONE OF SAM
BASS' OLD
HIDEOUTS!

THAT MAKES 137 IN THE
LAST MONTH!

FREEZE,
BOYS! THIS
IS A
STICKUP!

THE REPUTATION OF
SAM BASS WAS SO
GREAT THAT HIS
MERE ENTRY INTO
ANY PLACE THREW THE
DENIZENS INTO PANIC! HIS

DEXTERITY WITH A SIX-SHOOTER WAS SOMETHING
TO SEE! HE COULD WHIRL A GUN ON HIS
INDEX FINGER AND GET OFF ALL SIX
SHOTS IN LESS THAN TWO SECONDS...
HITTING A MAN-SIZED TARGET WITH EACH
BULLET AT TEN PACES...ABOUT 15 FEET!

BASS PULLED OFF SO MANY
ROBBERIES THAT HE BUILT UP
A SURPLUS OF GOLD! BASS
COULD NOT SPEND IT ALL AND SO
LEGEND HAS IT, BURIED IT! THESE
TREASURES HAVE BEEN SEARCHED
FOR, UNSUCCESSFULLY, FOR THE
PAST 75 YEARS!

THE MYSTERIOUS SAM BASS WAS RARELY
SEEN AND NEVER CAUGHT. CONSEQUENT-
LY, HIS PLACES OF HIDING WERE FOREVER
BEING "FOUND" BY ADVENTUROUS PEOPLE!

THE FAMOUS DC SYMBOL



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GUARANTEE OF THE **BEST**
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WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS

TRANSFER of the BLACKFOOT MEDICINE PIPE!

WHEN A BLACKFOOT INDIAN CHIEF WISHED TO RESIGN COMMAND OF HIS TRIBE, HE HAD TO FIND A SUCCESSOR AND SELL HIM HIS MEDICINE PIPE AS A TOKEN OF TRANSFER OF AUTHORITY. THE CHIEF COULD FORCE ANYONE TO ACCEPT THE PIPE, MERELY BY TOUCHING HIM WITH IT. THE PENALTY FOR REFUSING TO PURCHASE THE PIPE WAS DEATH...

THE CEREMONY OF TRANSFER BEGAN AT SUNRISE INSIDE THE MAIN INDIAN LODGE. WHILE SEVEN BRAVES SANG AND BEAT PAINTED DRUMS, THE EX-CHIEF, NEW CHIEF, AND THEIR WIVES SANG SEVEN **THUNDER CHANTS**, PLACING THEIR HANDS IN THE RISING SMOKE FROM INCENSE-BURNING COAL...

FOLLOWED NEXT, SONGS DEDICATED TO THE BUFFALO, ANTELOPE, AND ELK, WITH THE DANCERS IMITATING EACH OF THE ANIMALS IN TURN...

NOW THEY ARE DOING THE **ELK DANCE**...



AFTER THE RETIRING CHIEF HAS TRANSFERRED ALL HIS BELONGINGS TO THE NEW CHIEF, MORE ANIMAL SONGS WERE SUNG, ENDING WITH THE ENTIRE ASSEMBLAGE SINGING THE **GOOD LUCK SONG** AS THEY FACED FOUR DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS...

OVER THERE IS THE STAR - THAT-NEVER-MOVES; FROM THE NORTH WILL COME YOUR STRENGTH...

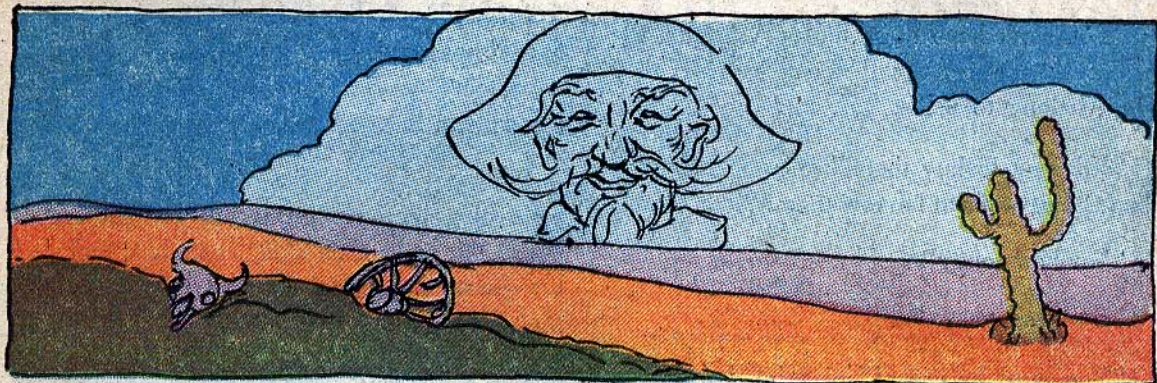
OVER THERE (WEST) ARE THE MOUNTAINS; MAY YOU GAZE UPON THEM AS LONG AS YOU LIVE...

OVER THERE (EAST) IS OLD AGE; FROM THAT DIRECTION COMES THE LIGHT OF THE SUN...

MAY WARM WINDS FROM THE SOUTH BRING YOU PLENTY OF FOOD...



WESTERN WITTICISMS



THERE must have been something about the wide-open spaces that made the old Westerners and Indians contemplative spirits. Often pictured as rough characters, with crude manners and unsmiling hardness, the citizens of the Old West, both red men and white men, displayed a keen perception of life, and a sardonic humor.

The Eastern tenderfoot took a great deal of kidding from the teasing Westerners. The story is told about the tenderfoot who entered a barbershop. No sooner was he seated than two cowboys entered *on their horses*.

The Easterner stared at the mounted cowboys who looked as if they intended to wait their turn on their horses, and then complained to the barber.

The grizzled old barber listened to the complaint, turned to look at his waiting customers on horseback, then turned back to snarl at the Easterner:

"What do *you* mean comin' in here afoot?"

And there must have been more than a glint in the eye of the old sourdough who said to the unexpected visitor from the East:

"Stranger, *you* take the wolf skin and the

chaw o' sowbelly—I'll rough it!"

The red man had the precious ability to laugh at his own misfortunes.

The story is told of the time when the fighting between the red man and the soldiers passed from the former's advantage to the latter's. This occurred with the introduction of the breech-loading rifles and cartridges. The long-range gun definitely added to the Indian's woes.

An old chief who just saw one of his braves killed from a distance of nearly a mile by one of the new rifles, shook his head with amazement and exclaimed:

"No like new white man's guns! Shoot today, kill tomorrow!"

Or, consider *Spotted Tail's* little joke. The State was planning to lease the Black Hills for mining purposes. The lease was to run for a hundred years, and the rental to be paid to the Indians was to be very small indeed.

One morning, the state senator and other dignitaries rode up to the treaty tent in a carriage drawn by six mules. It was at this point that *Spotted Tail* rode up to the delegation on a horse.

The senator smiled to *Spotted Tail* and

asked him what he wanted. *Spotted Tail* pointed to the team of mules.

"You can't have those mules," shouted the senator. "We can't sell them because they don't belong to us."

"No want to buy them," answered *Spotted Tail*. "Just want to borrow them."

"For how long?"

"Hundred years."

"You must be crazy!" ejaculated the senator. "There wouldn't be anything left of them in that time. Besides, they actually belong to the whole nation. We just can't let you have them."

Spotted Tail smiled wisely. "That's what I expect you to say, Senator. Black Hills not belong to chiefs either. They belong to all us people. So we can't loan them to you or give away."

The famous Texas sandstorms invariably caused a great deal of damage. A sandstorm could blow for several days at a time, and huge mounds of sand would often grow up alongside barns and houses.

But the Texas hands liked to exaggerate the extent of these storms, as with everything else. And the story is told of one sandstorm that raged for almost a week.

Two travelers, at the end of the storm, were riding out in the desert, and came upon a man's hat. They picked it up and discovered a man's head underneath. They began digging around the head, revealing the buried man's eyes, nose, chin. The buried man blinked up at his rescuers.

"Are you all right?" he was asked.

"Sure thing, pardner—but you'd better get a shovel—I'm on horseback!"

The Indians were unjustly accused of being inveterate thieves. This false belief is still fostered. The Indians knew of the reputation, and although they resented it, they rarely lost their tempers. Here again, their good humor stood them in good stead.

The story is told of a white man who rode up to the chief's lodge, where he intended to spend the night. The chief came out, received his guest, and asked his squaw to unsaddle the visitor's horse.

The white man glanced hesitatingly as his horse and equipment were taken away, and stared uneasily at a group of Indians looking on.

"Er, Chief—my things'll be safe, won't they?" he asked.

The chief looked briefly at his ungracious guest, and quietly remarked: "Yes, they safe—there not a white man within two days ride of here!"

The homesteader's love of the great outdoors is legendary. He is pictured as having loved the solitude of the great Western plains and mountains. Naturally, the subject just had to become the object of a joke.

The story concerns a homesteader who had settled himself about a year before. It took a friend six months to reach his remote place, but when he arrived, the homesteader was packing his belongings, about to move on farther westward.

"You plannin' on movin' again, But why? Thought you liked it here?"

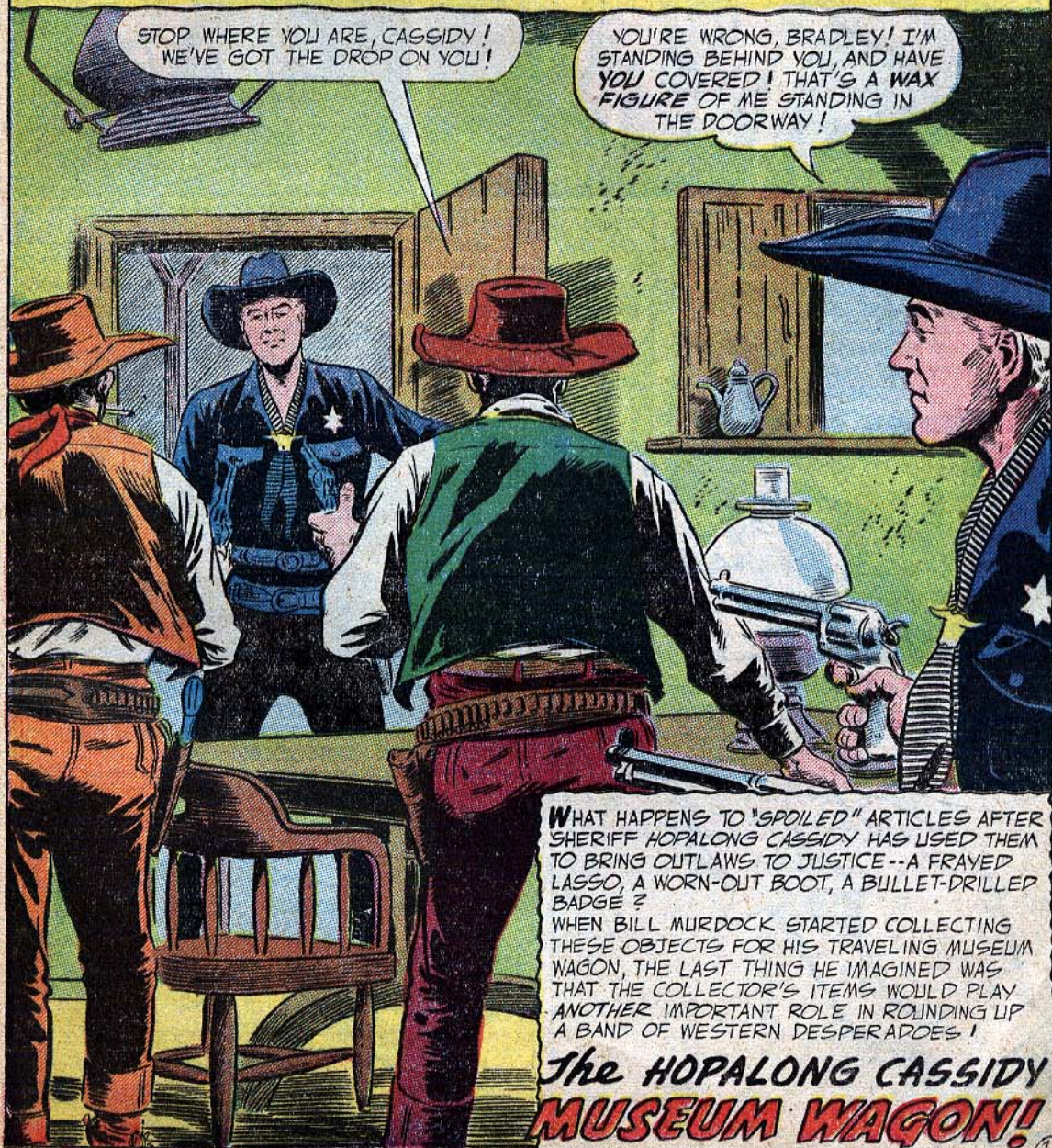
"Did," came the laconic answer. "But it's gettin' too crowded fer my taste. Spotted a land agent day before, and heard news that a whole family fixin' on settlin' down not eighty miles south of here. Can't stand crowds. Movin'."

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

STOP WHERE YOU ARE, CASSIDY!
WE'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU!

YOU'RE WRONG, BRADLEY! I'M
STANDING BEHIND YOU, AND HAVE
YOU COVERED! THAT'S A WAX
FIGURE OF ME THAT'S IN
THE DOORWAY!



WHAT HAPPENS TO "SPOILED" ARTICLES AFTER SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY HAS USED THEM TO BRING OUTLAWS TO JUSTICE -- A FRAYED LASSO, A WORN-OUT BOOT, A BULLET-DRILLED BADGE? WHEN BILL MURDOCK STARTED COLLECTING THESE OBJECTS FOR HIS TRAVELING MUSEUM WAGON, THE LAST THING HE IMAGINED WAS THAT THE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS WOULD PLAY ANOTHER IMPORTANT ROLE IN ROUNDING UP A BAND OF WESTERN DESPERADOES!

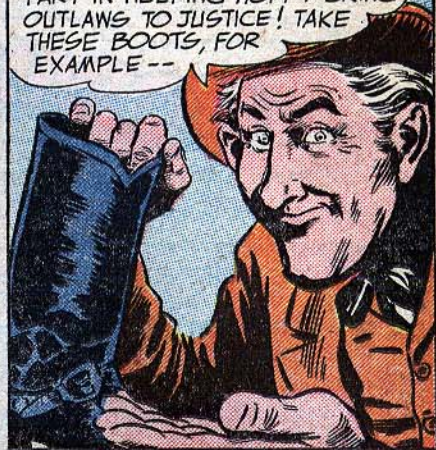
**The HOPALONG CASSIDY
MUSEUM WAGON!**

A CROWD GATHERS AROUND A COLORFUL WAGON THAT HAS JUST PULLED INTO THE WESTERN TOWN OF PRAIRIE GULCH...

GATHER CLOSER, FOLKS--AND SEE THE ONE AND ONLY HOPALONG CASSIDY MUSEUM WAGON IN THE WHOLE WEST! YESSIR--EVERY SINGLE ITEM HERE ONCE BELONGED TO SHERIFF CASSIDY!



MOREOVER, EACH OBJECT SHOWN PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN HELPING HOPPY BRING OUTLAWS TO JUSTICE! TAKE THESE BOOTS, FOR EXAMPLE--



"WHEN HOPPY WAS CLOSING IN ON THE HARPER GANG, HE KNEW HE'D HAVE TO APPROACH THE HIDEOUT CABIN IN THE WOODS WITHOUT MAKING A NOISE, SO..."

THE BOUND BANDANNAS WILL SERVE AS MAKE-SHIFT MOCCASINS...



"THEN SILENTLY STEALING UP TO THE CABIN, HE CAUGHT THE GANG OFF GUARD..."

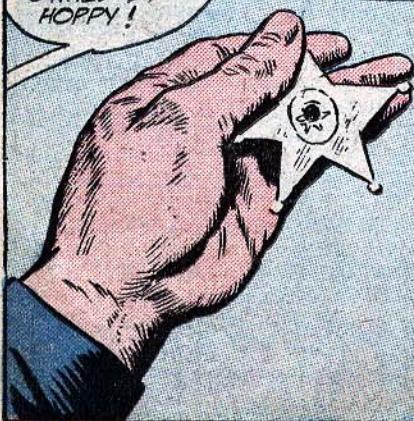
ALL OF YOU--TURN AROUND, WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

CASSIDY! HOW'D HE GET HERE?



AND HERE'S A SHERIFF'S BADGE ONCE OWNED BY HOPPY!

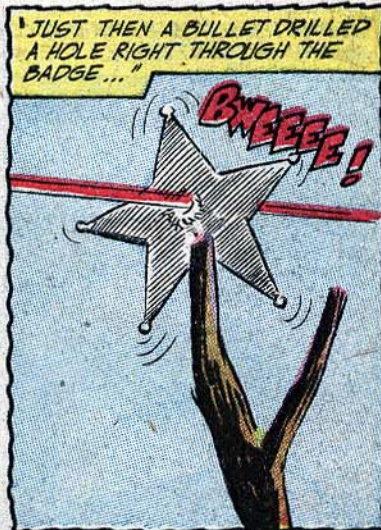
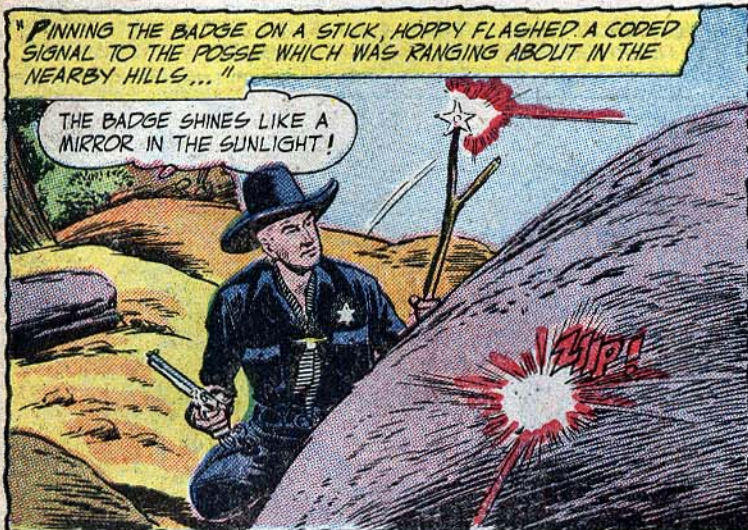
WHY--IT'S GOT A BULLET HOLE IN IT!



"OF COURSE, HOPPY DIDN'T HAVE THE BADGE ON WHEN THE BULLET DRILLED A HOLE IN IT! HE WAS IN LOST CANYON, SHOOTING IT OUT WITH SOME RUSTLERS..."

THE RUSTLERS ARE BACKING TOWARD THE CANYON'S EXIT! THEY'LL ESCAPE UNLESS I CAN SIGNAL MY POSSE!



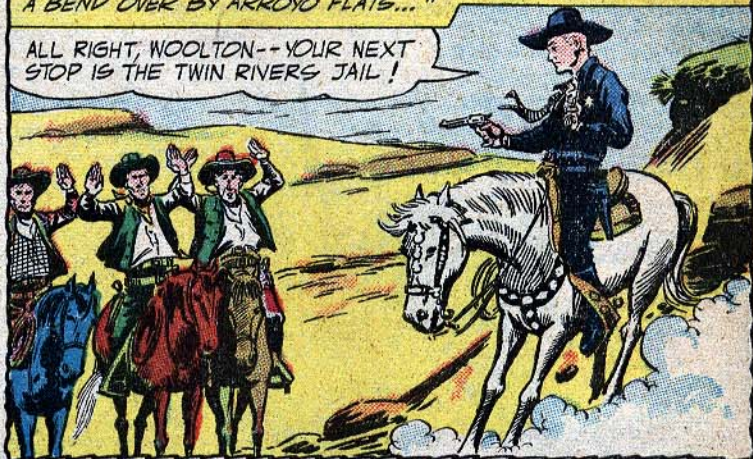


"AND IN THE HAT WAS THE NOTE HOPPY HAD WRITTEN!"



"AFTER THE DRIVER LOWERED A ROPE AND GOT HOPPY OUT, IT WAS A SURPRISED BUNCH OF TRAIN ROBBERS THAT ROLUNDED A BEND OVER BY ARROYO FLATS..."

ALL RIGHT, WOOLTON--YOUR NEXT STOP IS THE TWIN RIVERS JAIL!



YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE WHOLE WEST WHO HAS SUCH A MUSEUM, MR. MURDOCK! YOU MUST BE A PROUD MAN!

YEP! AND I'M ADDING TO IT ALL THE TIME! I HEARD HOPPY'S SCOUTIN' AROUND TWIN RIVERS FOR THE BRADLEY GANG! I'M GOIN' OVER THERE AND SEE IF I CAN GET MYSELF ANOTHER MEMENTO!



SOON AFTER, IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF TWIN RIVERS...

BRADLEY AND HIS OUTLAWS--ROBBED THE EXPRESS OFFICE! BUT THIS TIME THEY WON'T ESCAPE!



AS HOPPY ROUNDS THE BEND, HE SEES ONE OF THE OUTLAWS TAKING THE NORTH TRAIL ALONE...

THAT'S BRADLEY! I'D SPOT THAT SORREL HORSE OF HIS ANYWHERE!

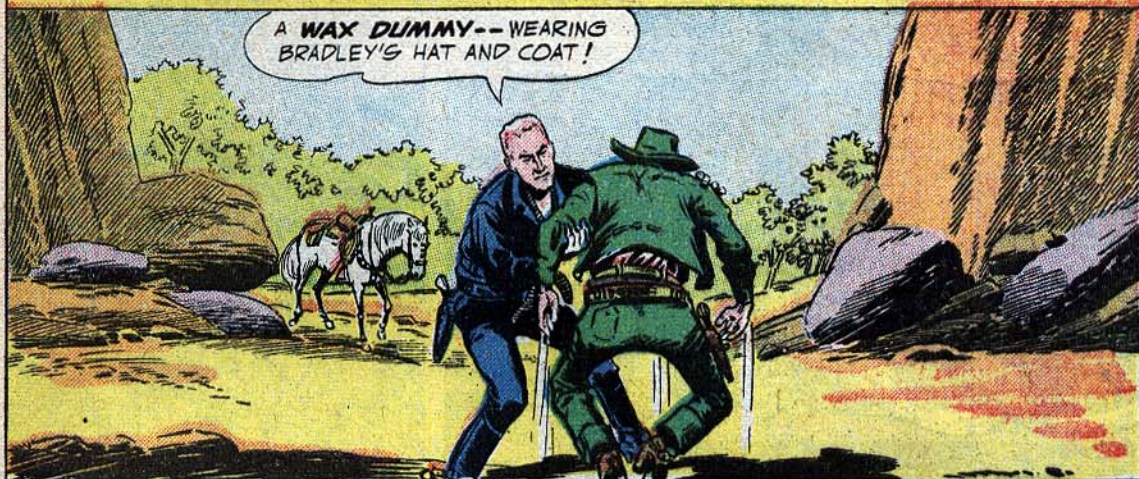


THE SWIFT-RUNNING TOPPER EASILY PULLS ALONGSIDE THE OTHER HORSE, AND...

ALL RIGHT, BRADLEY--THIS IS THE END OF YOUR OUTLAW TRAIL!



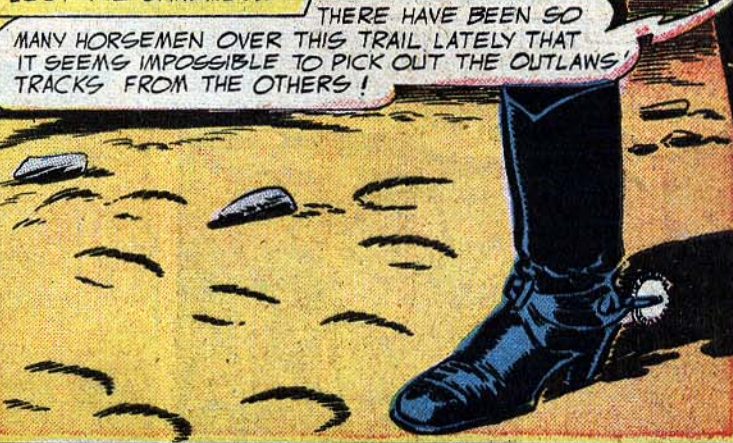
BUT, AFTER BRINGING THE BANDIT TO THE GROUND, THE SHERIFF STARES IN ASTONISHMENT AS...



WHILE MANY MILES AWAY, IN THE
OTHER DIRECTION ...



AT THAT MOMENT, BACK ON THE TRAIL WHERE THE LAWMAN
LOST THE BANDITS...



NO, WAIT! BRADLEY HAD TO
RIDE **DOUBLE** WITH ONE OF
HIS MEN, AND THE EXTRA
WEIGHT WOULD CAUSE THAT
PARTICULAR HORSE TO
LEAVE A DEEPER TRACK
THAN ANY OTHER! AND HERE
IT IS!



SOON, THE SHERIFF RACES
ACROSS RUGGED COUNTRY-
SIDE FOLLOWING THE TRAIL
OF THE DEEP HOOFPRINTS...

BRADLEY THOUGHT HE FOOLED
ME WITH THAT WAX DUMMY--BUT
HE ACTUALLY MADE IT POSSIBLE
FOR ME TO
TRAIL HIM!



AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE OUT-
LAWS DISMOUNT NEAR AN OLD,
ABANDONED MINE...

NOW THAT
WE SHOOK CASSIDY OFF OUR
TRAIL, LET'S GO INSIDE AND
SEE HOW THE PROFESSOR'S
MAKING OUT!



INSIDE THE MINING SHACK...

HOW'D THE EXPRESS JOB GO?



PERFECT! AND THANKS TO ONE OF YOUR DUMMIES, PROFESSOR, WE WERE ABLE TO LOSE CASSIDY!



IT'S GOOD TO KNOW MY WAX FIGURES CAN AGAIN SERVE A PURPOSE! EVER SINCE I WAS JAILED FOR SMUGGLING CONTRABAND IN THEM, I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO PUT THEM TO ANY USE!



AS THE OUTLAWS TALK, NONE IS AWARE OF A FIGURE THAT CROUCHES JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...

THESE DUMMIES WILL COME IN PLenty HANDY, PROFESSOR! AND YOU'LL GET A NICE CUT FROM THE JOBS WE PULL!

ONE OF THE OLD MINE BUILDINGS HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A **WAXWORKS!**



COME ON, TOPPER!--WE'LL GO AROUND BEHIND! I'LL HAVE TO SURPRISE THEM TO GET THE DROP ON THEM!



BUT, AS THE LAWMAN AND TOPPER CIRCLE THE BUILDING, ONE OF THE BANDIT'S HORSES WHINNIES LOUDLY...



THE NEXT INSTANT, ALL THREE OUTLAWS PILE OUT THE DOOR.

CASSIDY! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOLLOWED US HERE--BUT IT'S GOING TO BE TOO BAD FOR YOU THAT YOU DID!



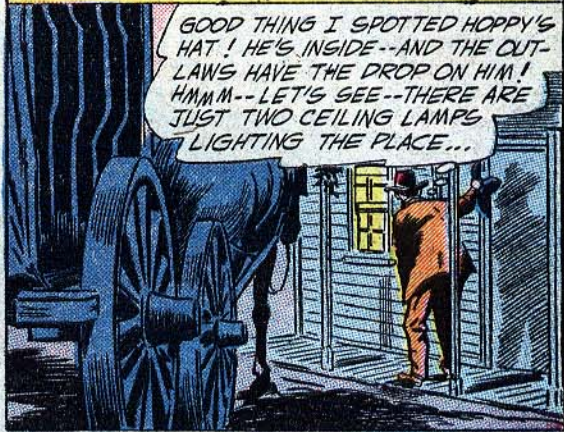
DURING THE FIGHTING, A BLOW CATCHES THE LAWMAN FROM BEHIND AND...

I GUESS IT'S JUST AS WELL YOU CAME HERE, CASSIDY--BECAUSE NOW WE CAN FINISH YOU OFF FOR GOOD! GET HIS GUNS AND TAKE HIM INSIDE!

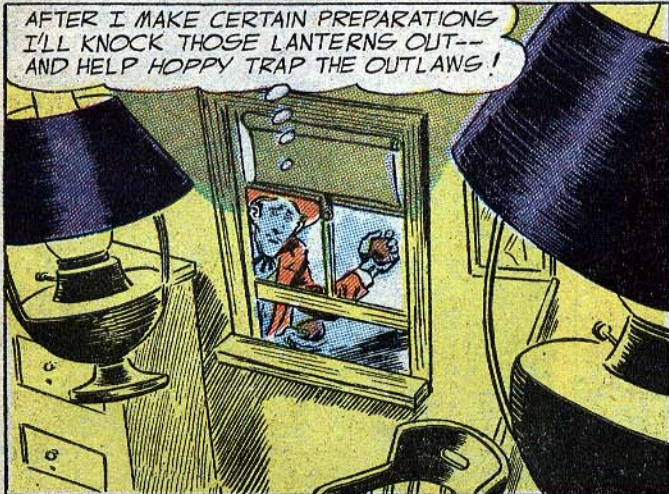


MOMENTS LATER, WHILE SCOURING THE COUNTRY-SIDE FOR HOPPY, BILL MURDOCK PASSES THE MINE IN HIS WAGON--AND DISCOVERS...

GOOD THING I SPOTTED HOPPY'S HAT! HE'S INSIDE--AND THE OUT-LAWS HAVE THE DROP ON HIM! HMM--LET'S SEE--THERE ARE JUST TWO CEILING LAMPS--LIGHTING THE PLACE...



AFTER I MAKE CERTAIN PREPARATIONS I'LL KNOCK THOSE LANTERNS OUT--AND HELP HOPPY TRAP THE OUTLAWS!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, TWO STONES FLY THROUGH THE WINDOW, SHATTERING THE LAMPS...



THE SHACK IS FLUNG INTO DARKNESS, EXCEPT FOR THE DIM LIGHT BY THE GLOWING COALS IN THE FIREPLACE...

THERE'S CASSIDY--BY THE FIRE! GET HIM!



THEN, WHEN THE FIGURE FALLS INTO THE FIREPLACE...

HEY, IT'S MELTING! THAT'S RIGHT, THAT ISN'T CASSIDY! IT'S ONE OF OUR OWN DUMMIES--BRADLEY--I'M DRESSED LIKE HIM!

BEHIND YOU, AND YOU'RE COVERED! I CAN SEE YOU--BUT YOU CAN'T SEE ME!



THEN, A SECOND VOICE SOUNDS IN THE DARKNESS, AND...

OKAY, HOPPY? WHEN I KNOCKED THE LIGHTS OUT, I CREEPT IN WITH ONE OF THEIR DUMMIES--DRESSED IN SOME OF YOUR CLOTHES I HAD IN MY MUSEUM! I PUT THE DUMMY BY THE FIREPLACE, THEN CRAWLED AWAY!

THANKS, STRANGER! YOU SURE HELPED ME OUT OF A SPOT!



WHEN THEY THOUGHT THE DUMMY WAS ME--AND OPENED FIRE ON IT-- I GOT A CHANCE TO GET MY GUNS AND COVER THEM!

BUT MY HOPPY MUSEUM PIECES! THEY'VE ALL BURNED UP!



I HAD THE ONLY HOPPY MUSEUM IN THE WEST--AND THERE IT IS--IN ASHES! EVEN THE BULLET-HOLE BADGE IS NOTHING BUT TWISTED METAL NOW!



A LIFE'S AMBITIONS--TURNED TO ASHES! HOPPY, I WAS RIGHT PROUD OF THAT COLLECTION!

MAYBE WE CAN REPLACE IT, MR. MURDOCK! BUT FIRST--LET'S GET THESE OUTLAWS TO THE JAIL!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN TWIN RIVERS...

COME ONE--COME ALL! THE ONLY HOPPY WAX MUSEUM IN THE WEST! SEE THE ACTUAL CAPTURE OF THE BRADLEY GANG--RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES!



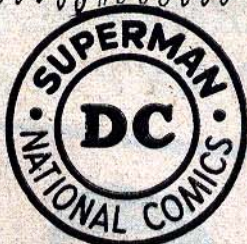
HOW IS THE SHOW GOING, MR. MURDOCK?

TERRIFIC, HOPPY! IT WAS A GREAT IDEA FOR YOU TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET THE WAX FIGURES! THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN MY OTHER MUSEUM! THANKS!



To the
Boys and Girls
of America--

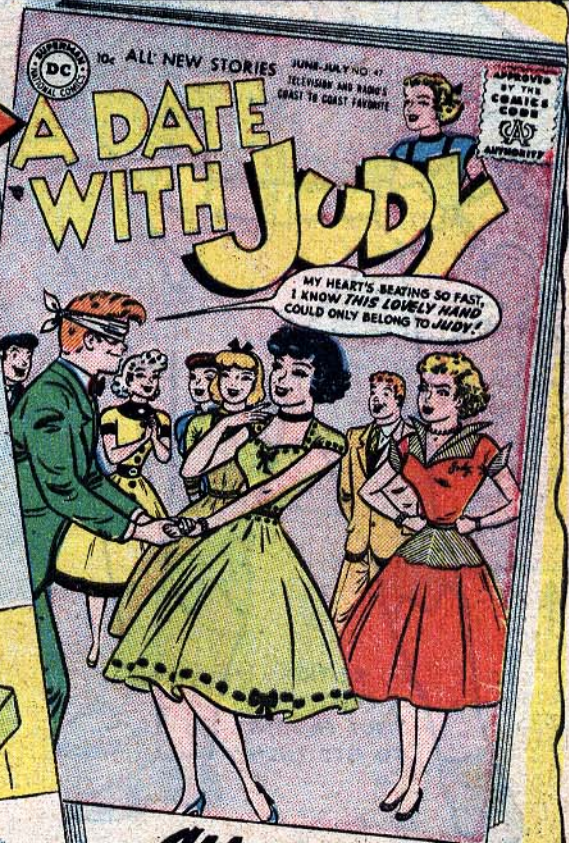
THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL
IS YOUR



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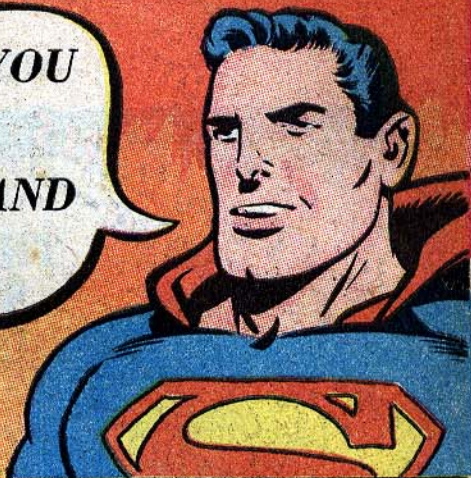
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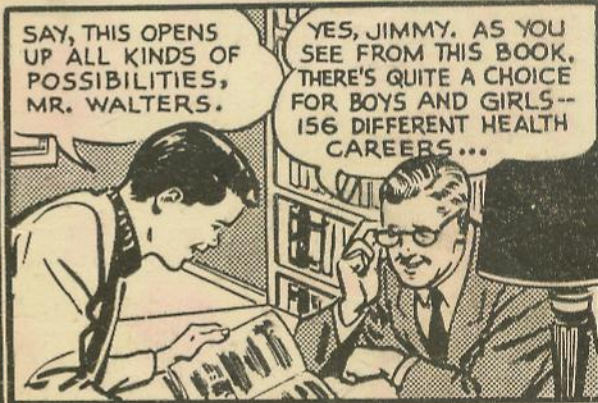
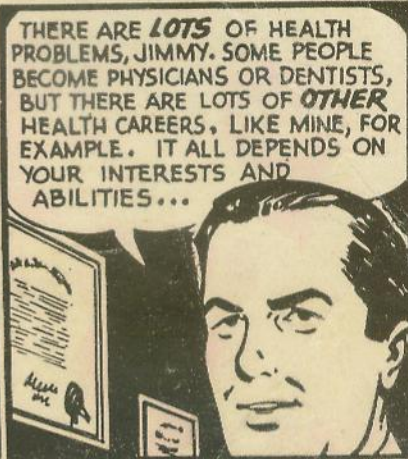
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↑
BACK
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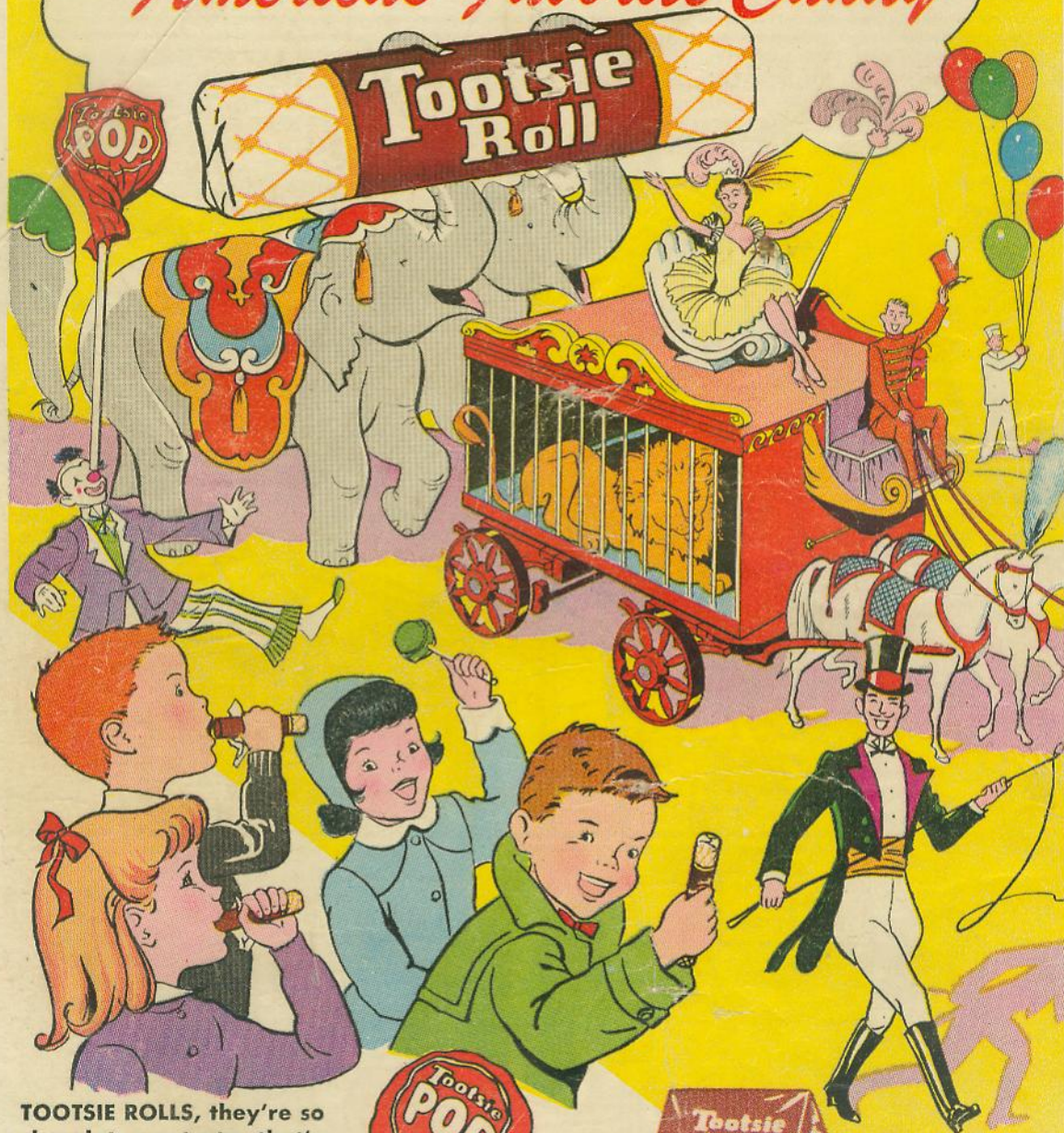
BUZZY [“]THERE MAY BE A CAREER [”] IN HEALTH *for* YOU!



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