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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

THAT SUN --  
RIGHT IN OUR  
EYES -- CAN'T  
SEE A THING!

Featuring  
"HOPALONG  
CASSIDY'S  
MYSTERY  
TELEGRAM!"





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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOND

THE OUTLAW GANG HAD WORKED OUT A DARING PLAN TO HOLD UP THE ENTIRE TOWN OF TWIN RIVERS WITH A **SINGLE GUN**--A GUN BIGGER AND MORE DEADLY THAN ANY THE WEST HAD EVER SEEN! IT WAS A SCHEME THAT COULDN'T FAIL, THEY FIGURED--EXCEPT THAT IT DIDN'T TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE SURPRISE COUNTERMOVE **SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY** WOULD MAKE TO WRECK THEIR PLAN!

## THE **BIG GUN** ON SADDLETOP MOUNTAIN!

IF TWIN RIVERS DOESN'T SURRENDER ALL THE GOLD IN TOWN WITHIN THE NEXT MINUTE--**FIRE THE CANNON!**



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

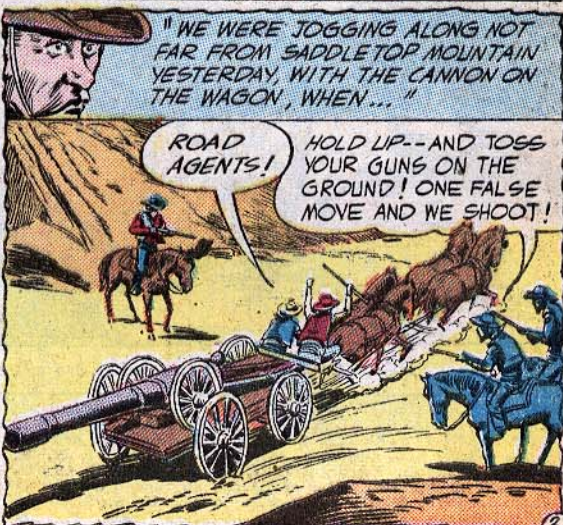
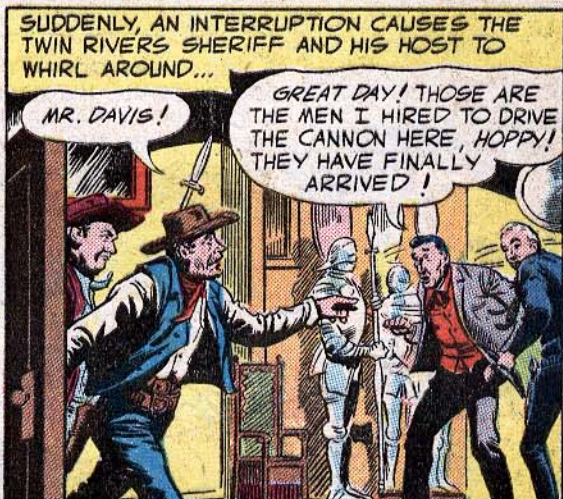
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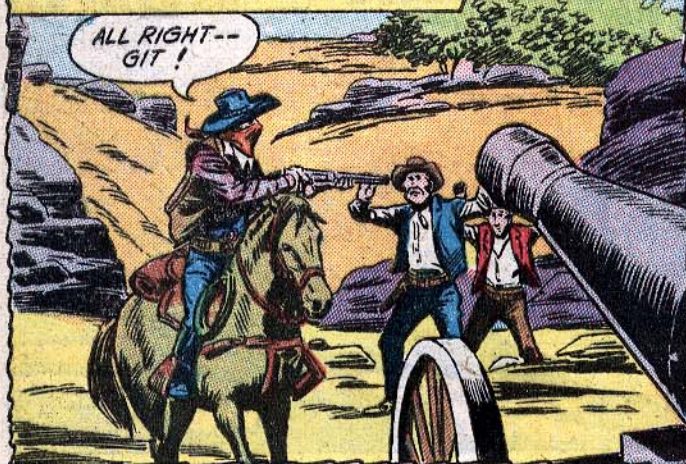
IN THE PALATIAL RANCH HOME OF WEALTHY CLARENCE DAVIS, RETIRED CATTLEMAN...





"HELPLESSLY, WE WATCHED THEM TAKE OUR GUNS AND RIDE OFF WITH THE CANNON..."

ALL RIGHT--  
GIT!



"IT TOOK US ALL THIS TIME TO WALK TO TWIN RIVERS..."

BUT WHAT IN THE  
WORLD WOULD AN  
OUTLAW GANG WANT  
WITH A CANNON?

I DON'T KNOW--  
BUT YOU CAN  
BE SURE THEY'RE  
UP TO NO GOOD!



AS THE AROUSED GUN-COLLECTOR TURNS TO HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF...

YOU'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THOSE VARMINTS,  
HOPPY, AND GET BACK MY CANNON!

SURE THING, MR. DAVIS!  
I BETTER ROUND UP A  
POSSE TO HELP US!



SHORTLY, AT THE GATE WHERE THE POSSE HAS BEEN SUMMONED...

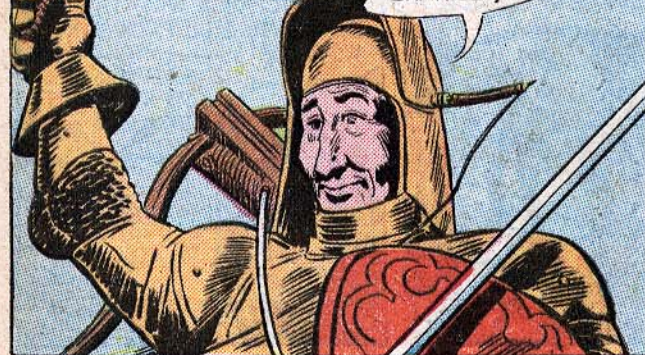
WHAT COULD BE KEEPING  
MR. DAVIS? WE'RE ALL  
HERE EXCEPT HIM!

HERE COMES  
SOMEBODY  
NOW! WHO--  
WHAT--IS THAT?



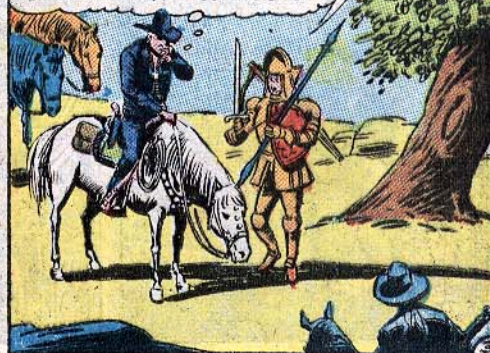
GREAT THUNDER!  
IT'S DAVIS!

I'M ALL READY, HOPPY! I'VE  
ALWAYS WANTED TO PROVE  
THAT MODERN OUTLAWS  
COULD NEVER STAND UP  
AGAINST A REAL KNIGHT-IN-  
ARMOR! AND THIS IS MY  
CHANCE!



IN THIS BULLET-PROOF ARMOR, WITH  
MY FAVORITE WEAPONS, I'LL LEAD THE  
WAY AGAINST THE BADMEN! IT WILL  
MAKE OUR VICTORY OVER THE VARMINTS  
EASY--AND SIMPLE!

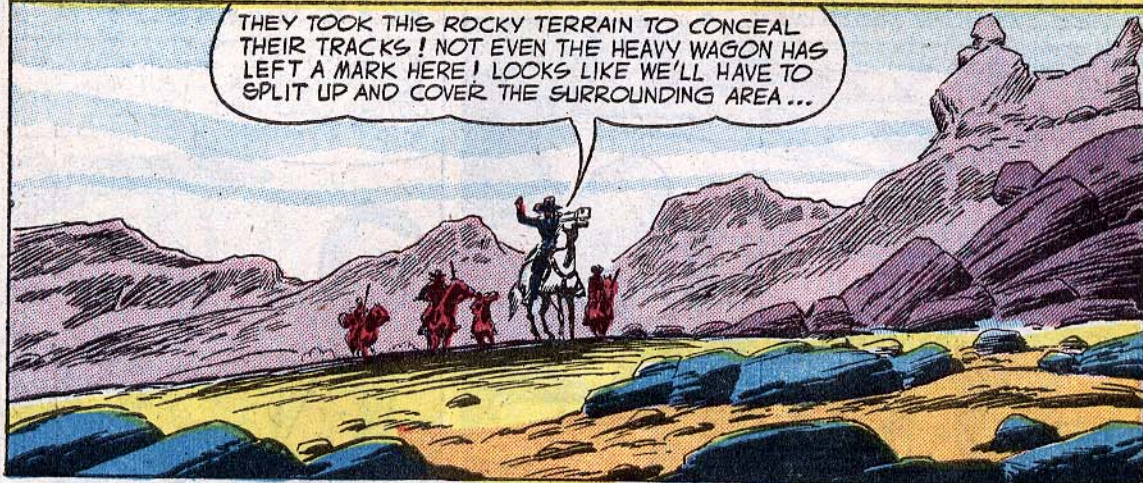
MMM! I WISH I  
COULD BE AS CONFIDENT--





LATER, AS HOPPY'S KEEN TRAILING ABILITY LEADS THE POSSE TOWARD SADDLETOP MOUNTAIN...

THEY TOOK THIS ROCKY TERRAIN TO CONCEAL THEIR TRACKS! NOT EVEN THE HEAVY WAGON HAS LEFT A MARK HERE! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO SPLIT UP AND COVER THE SURROUNDING AREA...



MR. DAVIS AND I WILL TAKE THE NORTH ROUTE AROUND SADDLETOP MOUNTAIN-- AND THE REST OF YOU TAKE THE SOUTH PATH!

SOON AFTER, AT THE FOOT OF SADDLETOP MOUNTAIN...

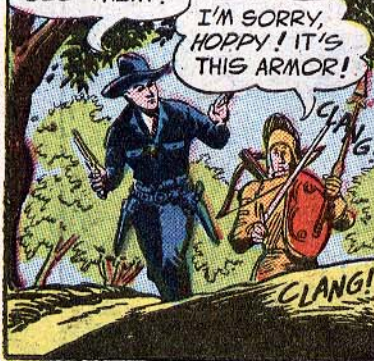
I PICKED UP THEIR TRAIL AGAIN--IT LEADS INTO THE WOODS! WE'D BETTER CONTINUE ON FOOT, MR. DAVIS-- WE MAY RUN INTO THE CRITTERS ANY MOMENT!



AS THE DUO ADVANCES CAUTIOUSLY...

YOU'RE MAKING TOO MUCH OF A RACKET, MR. DAVIS! THE OUTLAWS WILL HEAR US BEFORE WE CAN SEE THEM!

I'M SORRY, HOPPY! IT'S THIS ARMOR!



AT A STREAM CROSSING THE TRAIL...

HAD TO GO BACK AND GET MY ROPE--TO PULL DAVIS OUT OF THIS STREAM! WITH ALL THAT HEAVY ARMOR ON HIM, HE CAN'T WALK UP THE SLIGHTEST GRADE!



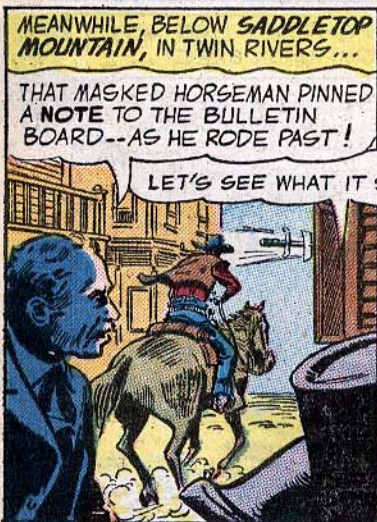
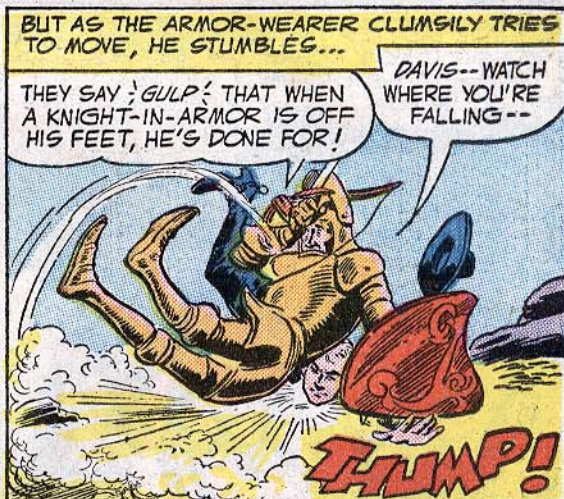
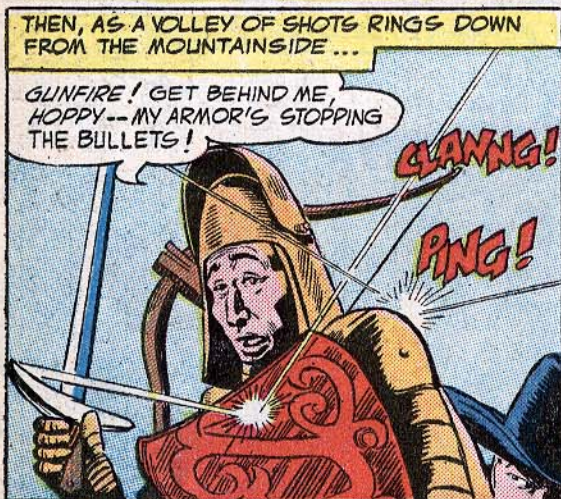
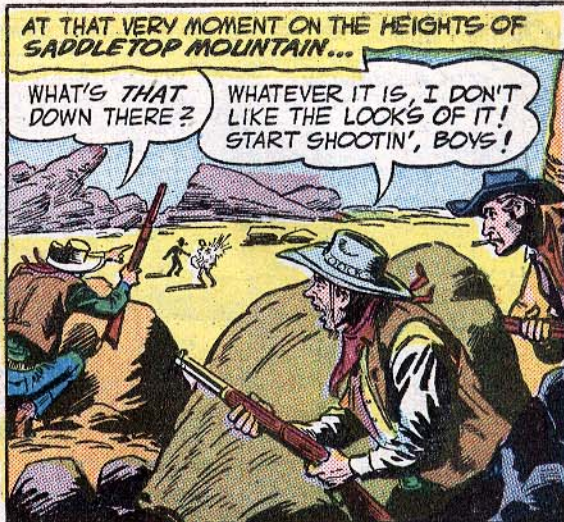
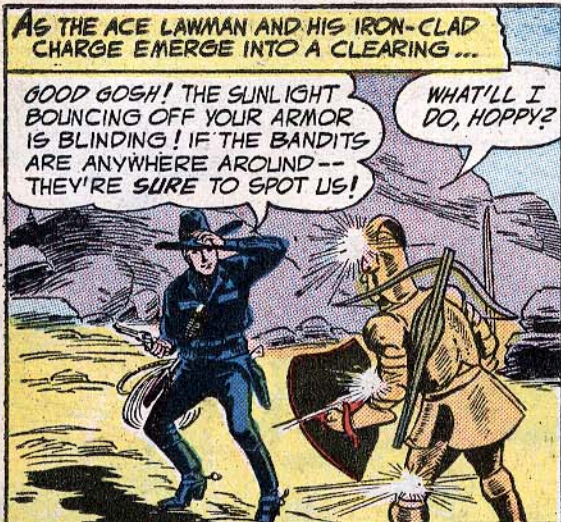
MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE SHERIFF HAS HAULED HIS COMPANION TO THE BANK...

I GUESS I'M A LOT OF TROUBLE TO YOU NOW, HOPPY, BUT ONCE WE COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE OUTLAWS, I'LL PROVE MY WORTH!

I SURE HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

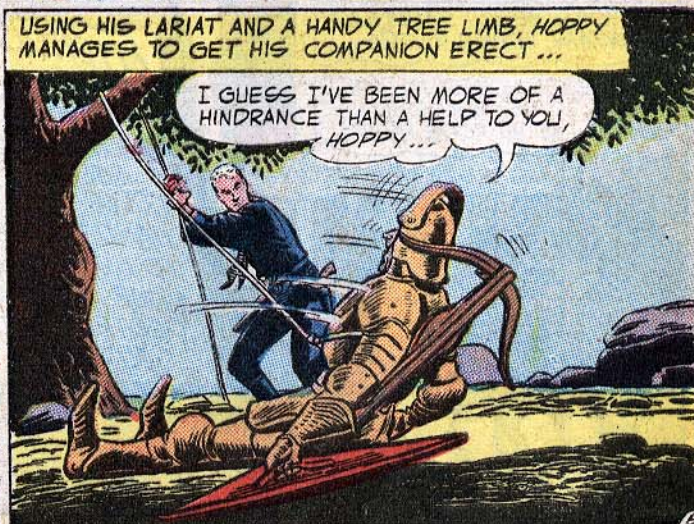
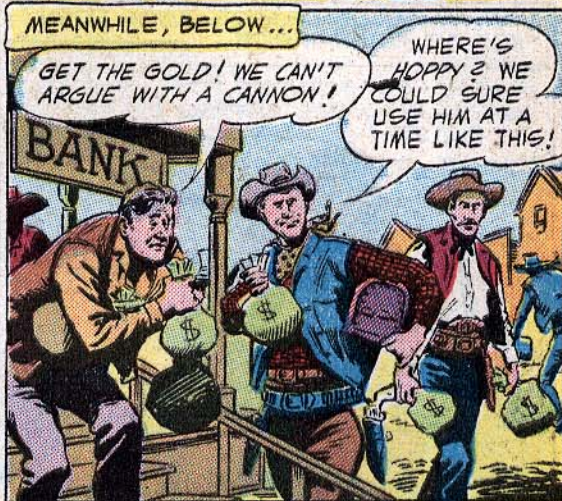
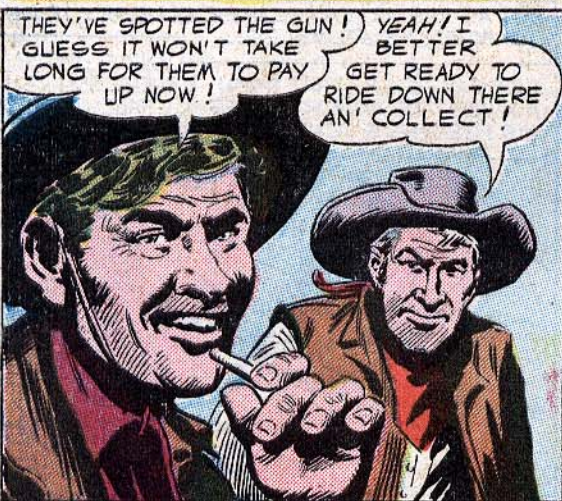
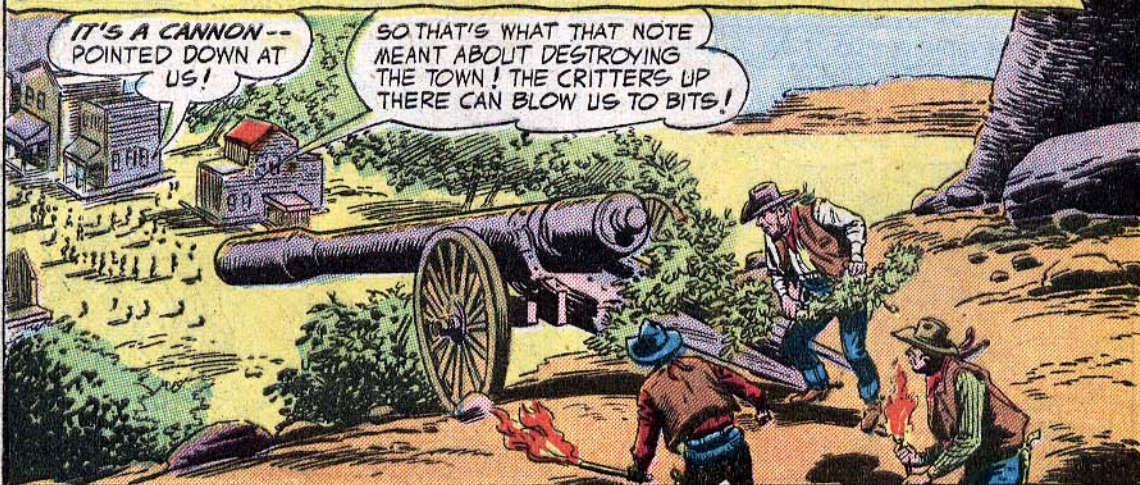




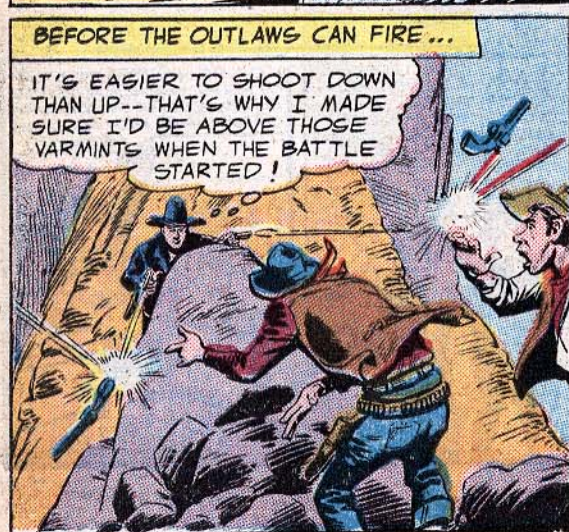
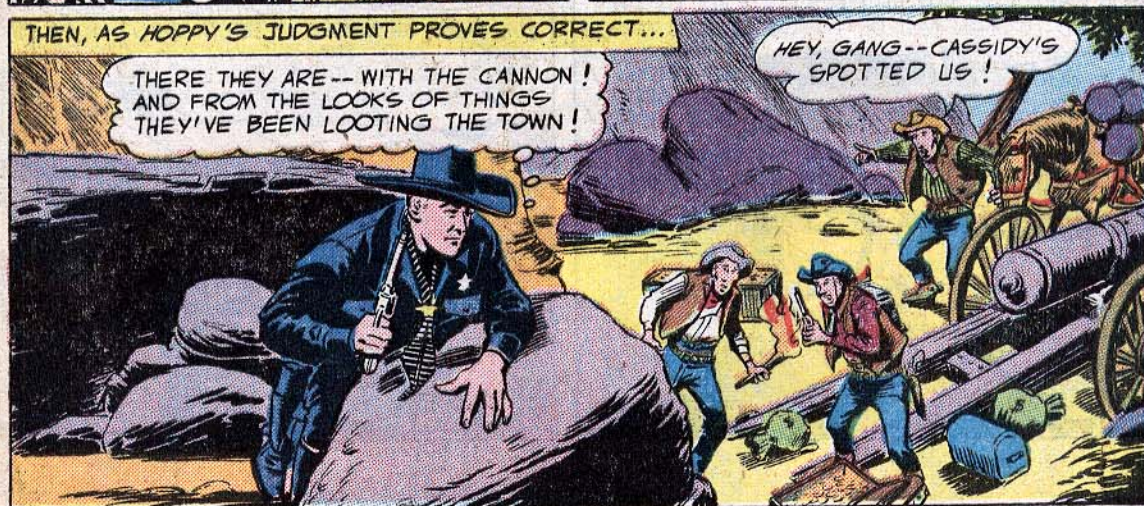
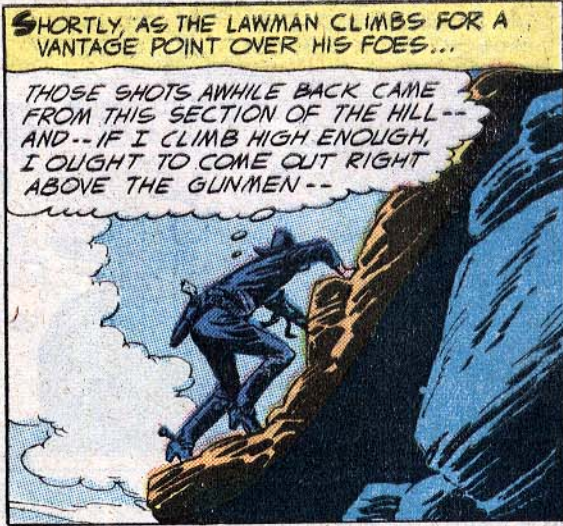
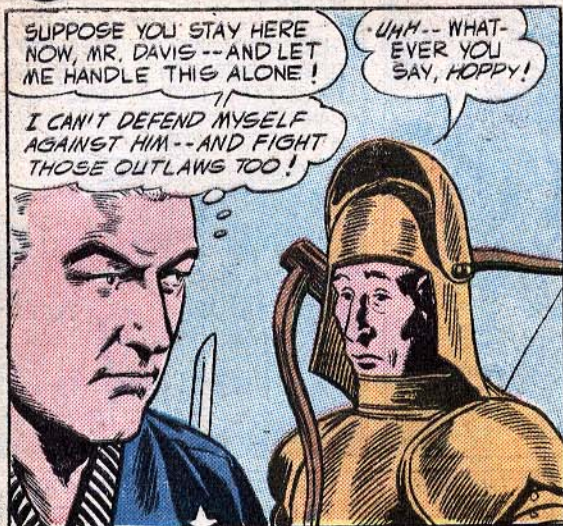




ON THE HILLSIDE ABOVE, AS BOUGHS ARE REMOVED FROM THE CAMOUFLAGED CANNON...





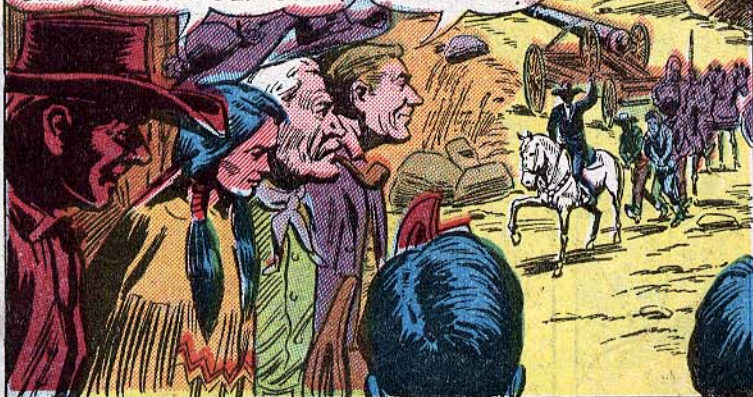




LATER, A PROCESSION MARCHES INTO TWIN RIVERS...

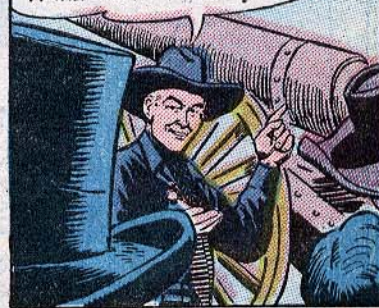
IT'S HOPPY! HE'S GOT THE BANDITS --AND HE'S BROUGHT BACK OUR GOLD!

Wahoo! Hooray for Sheriff Cassidy!



AS THE TOWNSFOLK GATHER AROUND HOPPY, THEY GET A SURPRISE...

THAT'S RIGHT--THOSE OUTLAWS BLUFFED YOU! THIS CANNON CAN'T SHOOT ANYTHING! IT'S NOT A REAL CANNON--BUT A MODEL--A MUSEUM-PIECE!



THE LESSON FOR YOU PEOPLE IS NOT TO GIVE UP HOPE AND SURRENDER SO FAST! IF YOU'D HAVE PUT UP A BOLD FRONT, THOSE HOLD-UP MEN COULDN'T HAVE DONE A THING!

WE--WE'LL REMEMBER THAT, HOPPY!



IN THE HOME OF THE WEAPONS-COLLECTOR, SHORTLY AFTER...

NOW THE BIG GUN IS WHERE IT BELONGS, HOPPY--AND--ER--MY SUIT OF ARMOR TOO! I THINK I'LL LET THEM BOTH STAY HERE FROM NOW ON!

GOOD IDEA, MR. DAVIS!



The End 8

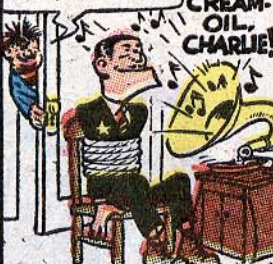
## ADVERTISEMENT

### FEARLESS FOSDICK

by AL CAPE

THAT RECORD'LL REPEAT ITSELF FOREVER!! IT'LL DRIVE FOSDICK STARK, RAVING MAD!!

GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!



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TWO DAYS LATER--

GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!

CHUCKLE--THAT'S THE 27-MILLIONTH TIME!!--OH, IT'S WORKIN' ON HIS BRAIN, ALL RIGHT!!

CRASH!!



THEY DIDN'T RESIST!! SOMETHING STUPEFIED THEM!!

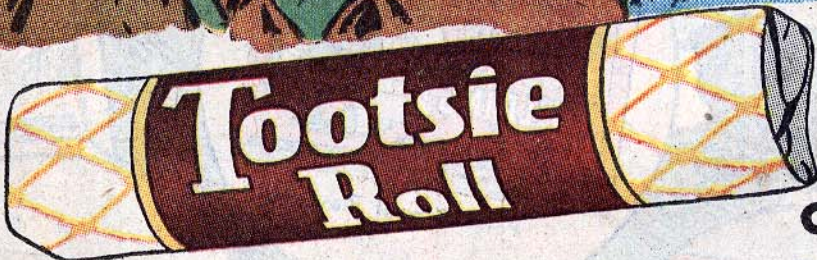
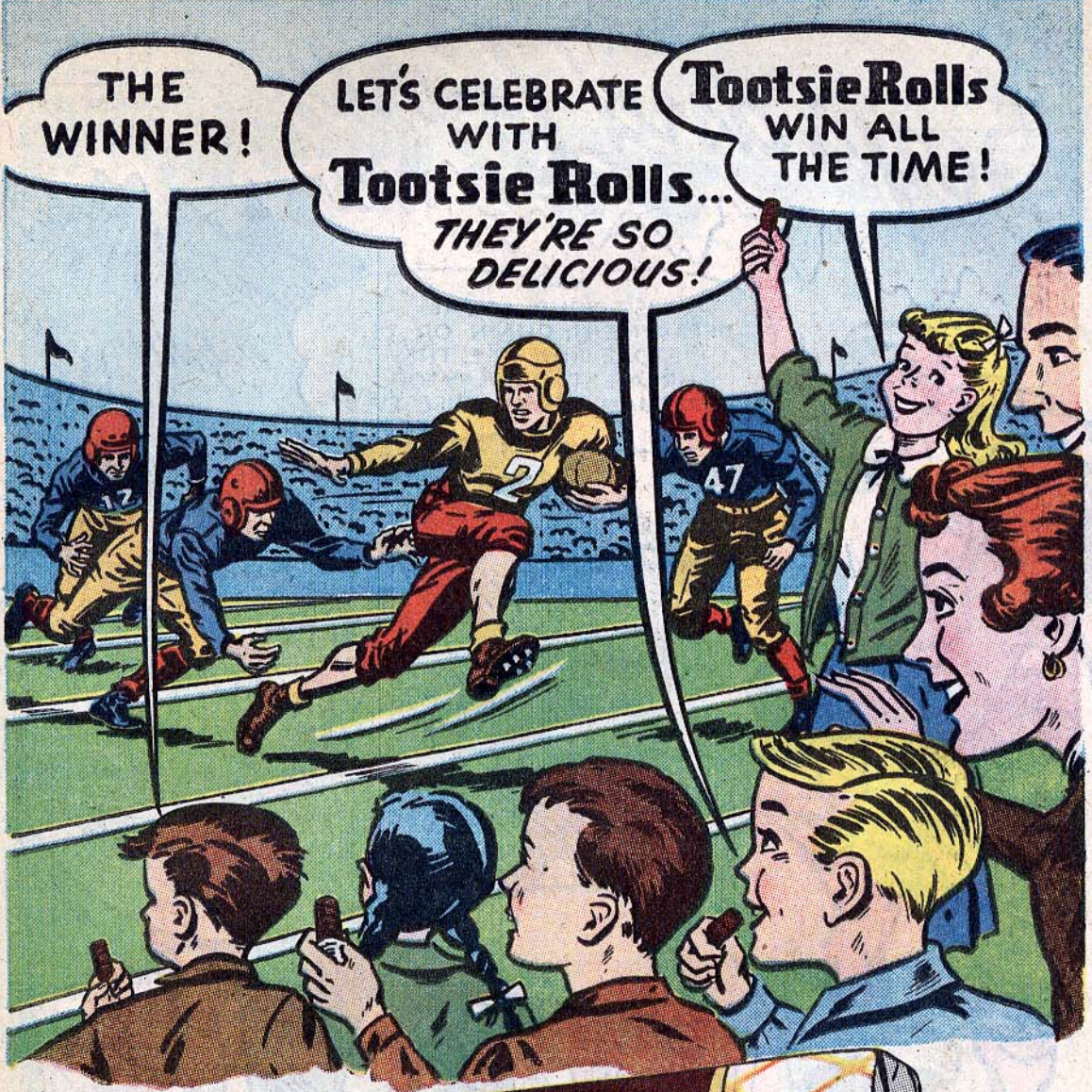
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT!! I'VE HAD A MOST ENJOYABLE TIME!!--EXCUSE ME FOR PRIMPING UP!!--I MUST ATTEND THE SYMPHONY CONCERT!!



I LOVE THE NEXT PART, WHICH GOES IT KEEPS YOUR HAIR IN TRIM--IT'S NON-ALCOHOLIC CHARLIE-TA-DUM-DEE DUM--MADE WITH SOOTHING LAMOLIN!!







Only 5c

**AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY**



Tootsie Roll Pop  
2 candies in one  
... Tootsie Roll on the  
inside ... fruit flavored  
hard candy on the  
outside ... only 2c.

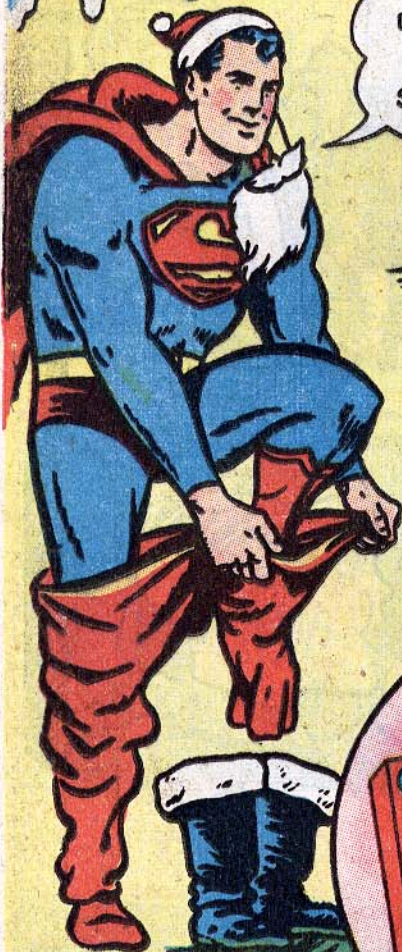
These delicious TOOTSIE ROLL Candies are only 1c each.



# Boys and Girls

MAKE  
THIS  
A....

VISIT YOUR LOCAL  
DEPARTMENT, CHAIN OR TOY  
STORE AND SEE THE  
GREATEST DISPLAY OF  
SUPERMAN MERCHANDISE EVER!



Bradley Time  
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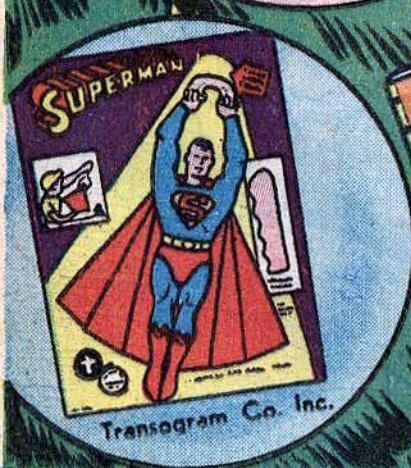
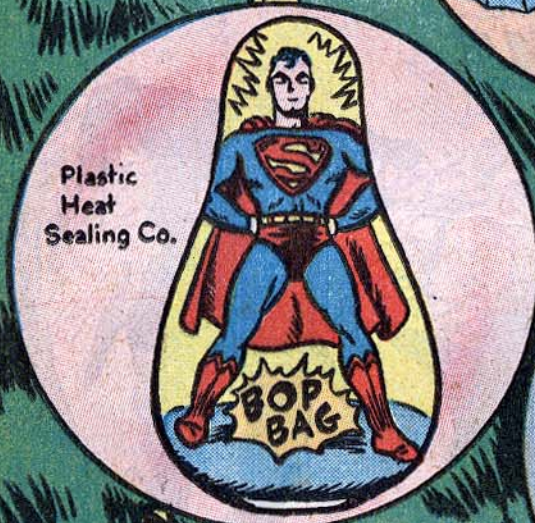
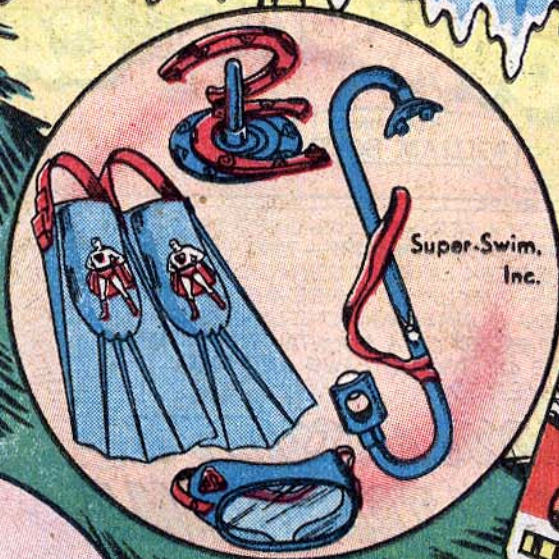
Liberty National Corp.



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# Super Christmas!



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BE SURE TO WATCH THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF

**SUPERMAN** on TELEVISION





HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

IT STARTED WITH A STRANGE, UNSIGNED TELEGRAM TO **HOPALONG CASSIDY**-- WHICH ARRIVED ONE WEEK LATE! IT CONTINUED WITH THE SHERIFF'S PURSUIT OF THREE MEN-- TWO RUTHLESS GUNMEN AND ONE UNARMED MAN! AND IT ENDED ON A MOUNTAINTOP WITH THE CAPTURE OF TWO OUTLAWS AND THE AMAZING ANSWER TO...

## HOPALONG CASSIDY'S MYSTERY TELEGRAM!

JUST AS I FIGURED!  
THIS IS MY CHANCE  
TO GRAB THESE  
OUTLAWS!

THAT SUN--RIGHT  
IN MY EYES--  
CAN'T SEE A  
THING!





IN THE OFFICE OF LEM WATKINS, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AT TWIN RIVERS...

GREAT THUNDER!  
THIS TELEGRAM FOR SHERIFF CASSIDY SHOULD HAVE BEEN DELIVERED A WEEK AGO! BUT IT SLIPPED DOWN THE DRAWER-SPACE OF MY DESK!



LET ME SEE... WHAT DOES IT SAY AGAIN?  
"SHERIFF CASSIDY, COMING TO SEE YOU TOMORROW ON VERY URGENT MATTER! NEED YOUR HELP!"  
STRANGELY ENOUGH, THERE'S NO NAME SIGNED TO THE TELEGRAM!



SHORTLY, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

I KNOW THAT FELLOW--WHOEVER HE IS--MUST'VE ALREADY COME HERE, HOPPY--BUT I FIGURED I'D BRING YOU THIS TELEGRAM IN CASE YOU WANT IT FOR YOUR FILES!

HOLD ON, LEM! THIS TELEGRAM--SENDER NEVER SHOWED UP HERE!



SOUNDS LIKE HE WAS IN TROUBLE-- AND JUDGING FROM THE FACT HE NEVER REACHED MY OFFICE, HE MIGHT **STILL** NEED MY HELP! MAYBE MORE THAN EVER! WHERE DID THIS WIRE COME FROM?

IT'S IN MY FILE, HOPPY! I CAN FIND OUT!



BACK IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE, MOMENTS LATER...

HERE IT IS! **EMIGRANT LAKE--!**

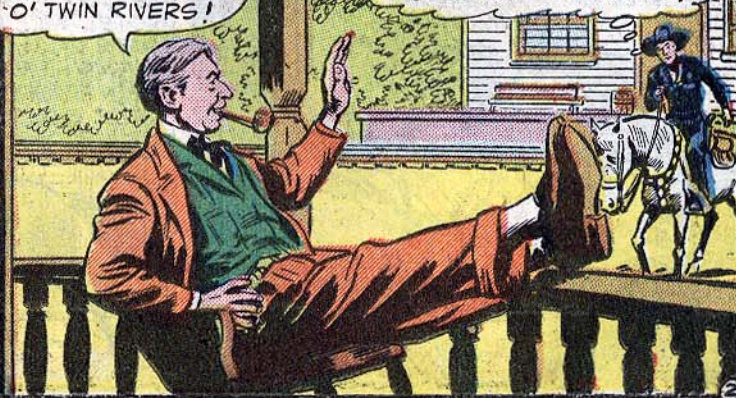
WHY--THAT'S JUST TEN MILES UP THE VALLEY! THANKS, LEM! I'LL HEAD RIGHT THERE!



IN THE SMALL VILLAGE OF **EMIGRANT LAKE**, NOT LONG AFTERWARD...

WELL, IF IT AIN'T SHERIFF CASSIDY O' TWIN RIVERS!

THERE'S JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE--WILL CLARKE, THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR!





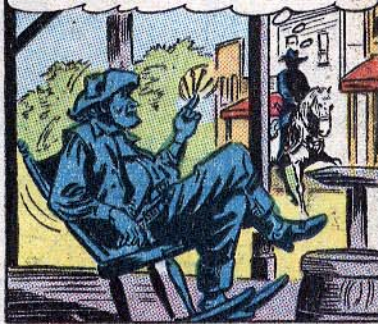
**AFTER THE VISITING LAWMAN HAS EXPLAINED HIS MISSION...**

I WISH I COULD HELP YOU MORE, HOPPY, BUT THE DAY THIS WAS SENT I WAS SO BUSY, I PLUMB FORGOT TO GET THE TELEGRAM SENDER'S NAME! I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA WHO SENT IT!

**AS HOPPY LEAVES THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE ...**

THERE'S A LONG CHANCE I CAN STILL DISCOVER WHO SENT THIS TELEGRAM! ASSUMING HE ACTUALLY STARTED OUT TO SEE ME, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO LEFT TOWN SIX DAYS AGO...

I KNOW! I'LL ASK OLD "ROCKIN' CHAIR ROSCOE" THERE--AS FOLKS HEREABOUTS CALL HIM! THEY SAY THEY DON'T NEED ANY NEWSPAPER HERE IN EMIGRANT LAKE AS LONG AS OLD ROSCOE IS AROUND--HE SEES EVERYTHING AND FORGETS NOTHING!



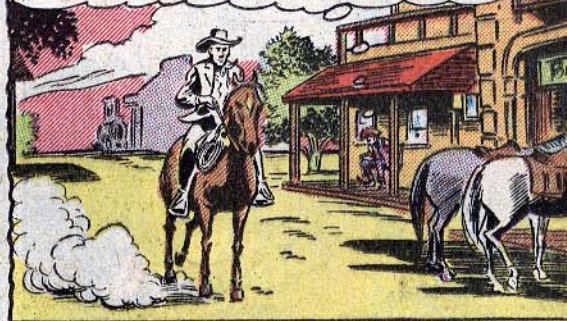
**AS THE LAWMAN QUERIES THE OLD-TIMER...**

YESSIREE, HOPPY, THREE MEN LEFT TOWN SIX DAYS AGO! BUT NOT TOGETHER! IT WAS KIND OF PECULIAR LIKE--AND I TOOK PARTICULAR NOTICE OF IT AT THE TIME! THE FIRST WAS ED WILKINS, A DRUMMER--



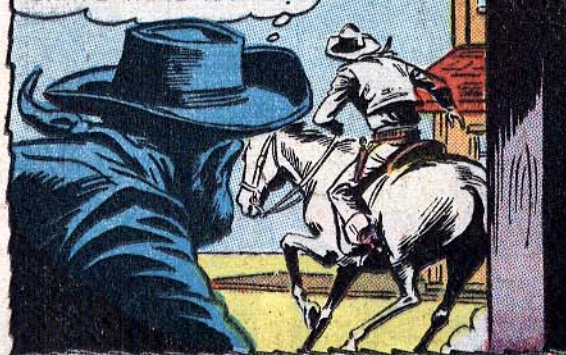
"THAT WAS AT 6:03 A.M. I WAS SITTING RIGHT WHERE I AM NOW..."

THERE GOES ED WILKINS, THE SALESMAN WHO'S BEEN STAYIN' AT FRED TODD'S HOTEL! WONDER WHY HE'S RIDIN' OFF LIKE THAT WITHOUT HIS SUITCASES--AT THIS TIME O' DAY!



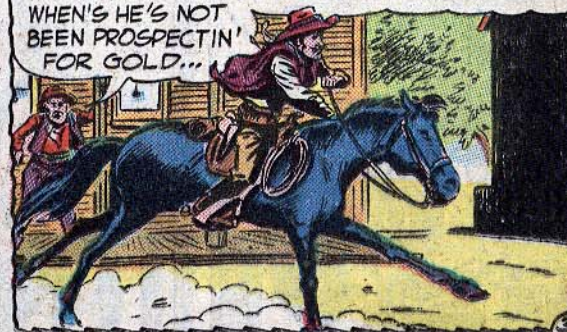
"EXACTLY FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, FRED TODD HIMSELF WAS RIDIN' BY! I'D NEVER SEEN HIM UP SO EARLY BEFORE..."

FRED TODD UP AN' GOIN' TOO? SURE IS LOTS OF MOVEMENT ON THE TRAIL TODAY!



"I KEPT MY EYES PEELED FOR THE NEXT ONE, AND SURE ENOUGH, JUST TEN MINUTES LATER, WADE HALL WENT HEADIN' IN THE SAME DIRECTION..."

LEAPIN' TUMBLEWEEDS! IF THIS KEEPS UP, FRED TODD'S HOTEL WILL BE PLUMB EMPTY! THAT GENT--WADE HALL--HAS BEEN STAYIN' THERE TOO--WHEN'S HE'S NOT BEEN PROSPECTIN' FOR GOLD...





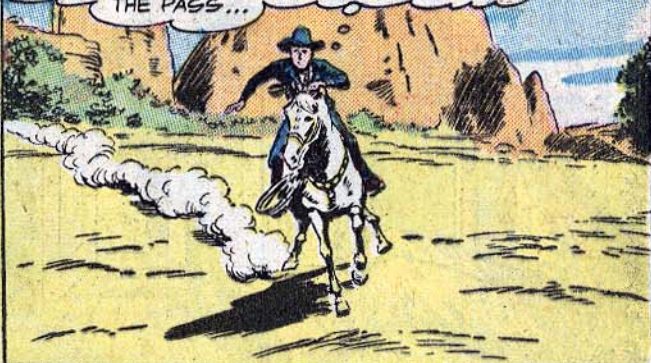
"WELL, I WATCHED 'EM RIDE OFF ONE AFTER THE OTHER, HOPPY! AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT..."

NOT ONE OF THOSE MEN HAS COME BACK TO TOWN YET! BUT WHICH ONE SENT ME THE TELEGRAM? ONLY WAY I CAN FIND OUT IS TRAIL ALL THREE OF THEM!

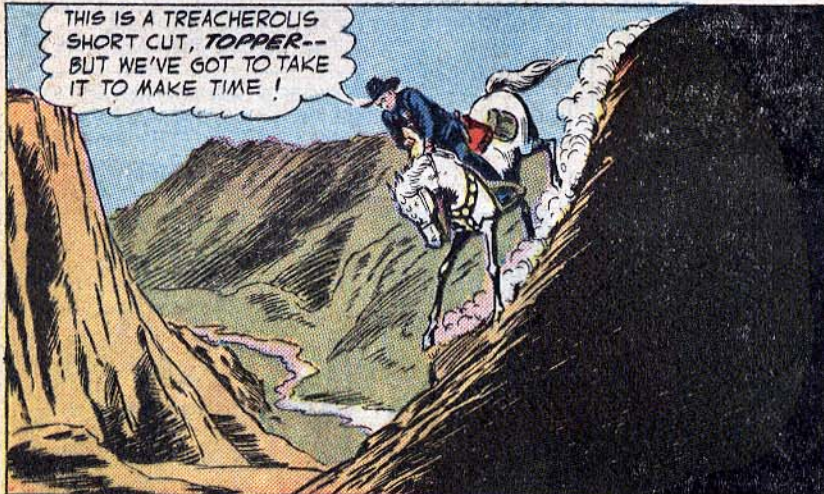


AS THE GRIM STAR-WEARER GALLOPS OFF...

HEADING THIS WAY, IT'S MORE LIKELY THAN NOT THEY WENT THROUGH SPLIT ROCK PASS! I'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT THERE AND TRY TO PICK UP THE TRAIL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PASS...



THIS IS A TREACHEROUS SHORT CUT, TOPPER-- BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT TO MAKE TIME!



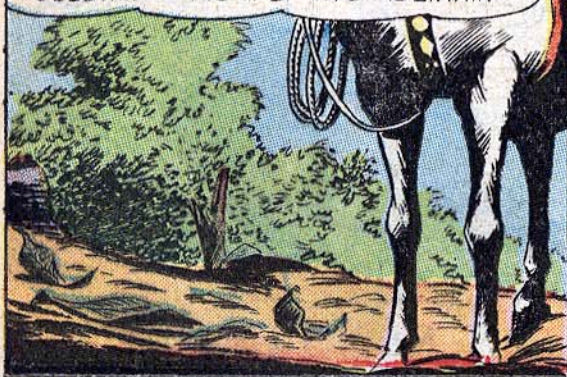
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF SPLIT ROCK PASS...

CAN'T FIND ANY HOOFPRINTS, BUT SOMEONE CAME THIS WAY--AND BY THE LOOK OF THIS CRUSHED LEAF, IT WAS QUITE A FEW DAYS AGO!



AS THE TWIN RIVERS SHERIFF MOVES UP SPLIT ROCK MOUNTAIN...

SOME MORE CRUSHED LEAVES! THIS IS AN OLD DEER PATH--AND IT LOOKS LIKE WHOEVER I'M AFTER FOLLOWED IT RIGHT UP THIS MOUNTAIN--

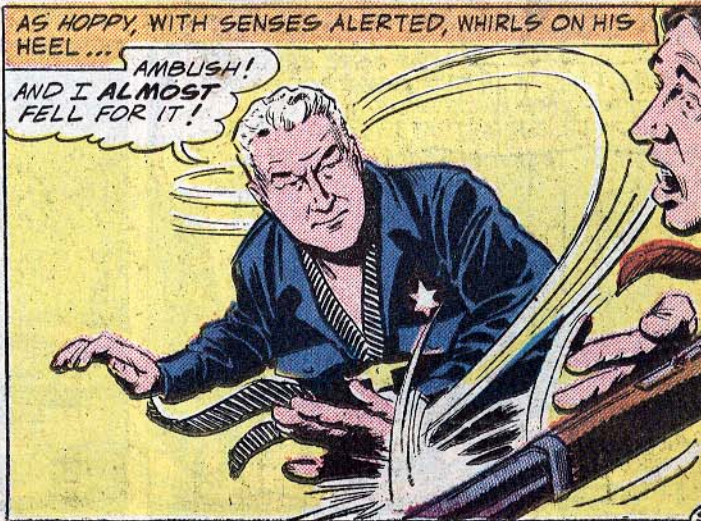
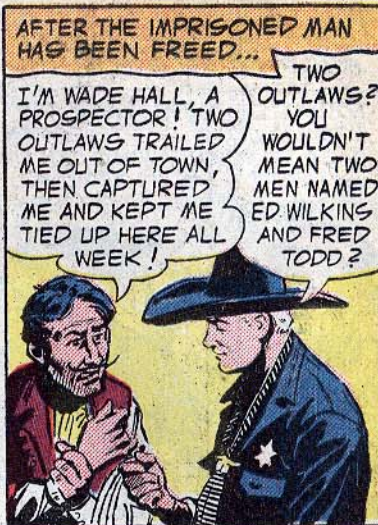


SHORTLY...

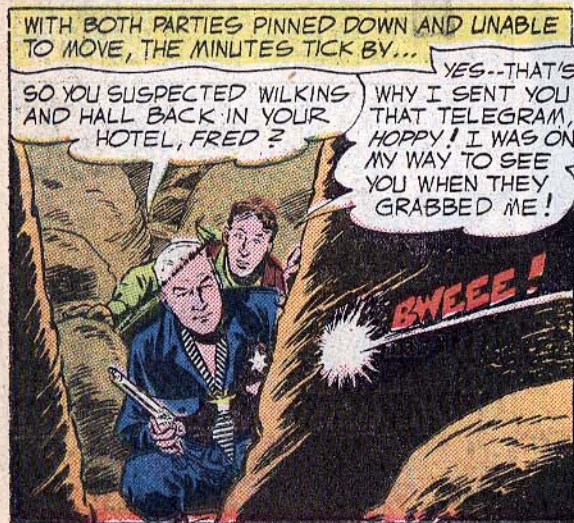
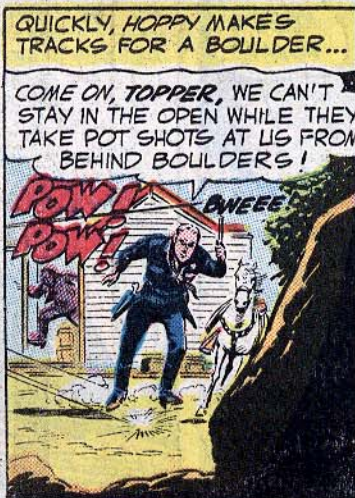
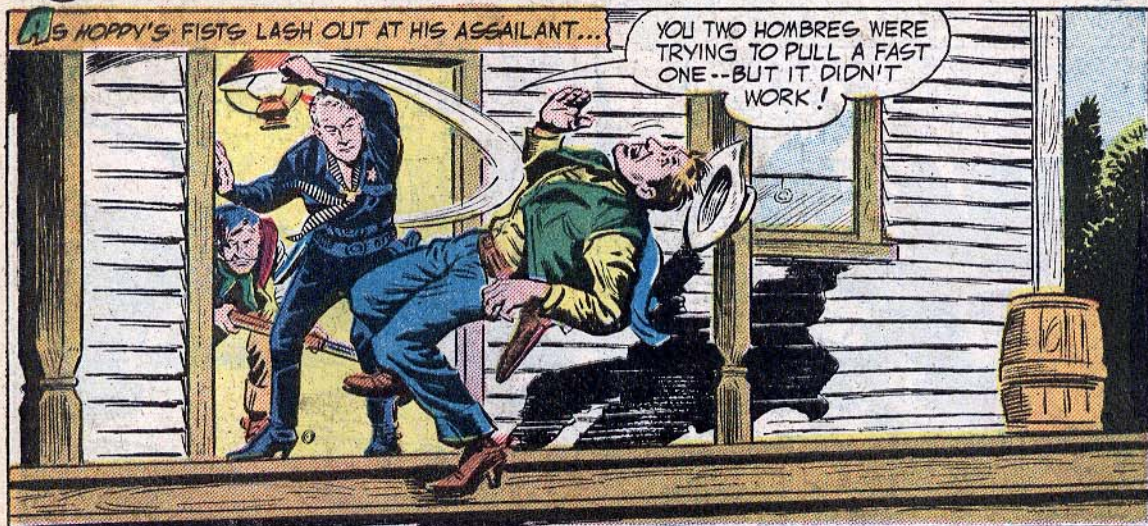
THAT OLD CABIN-- TRAIL'S END!



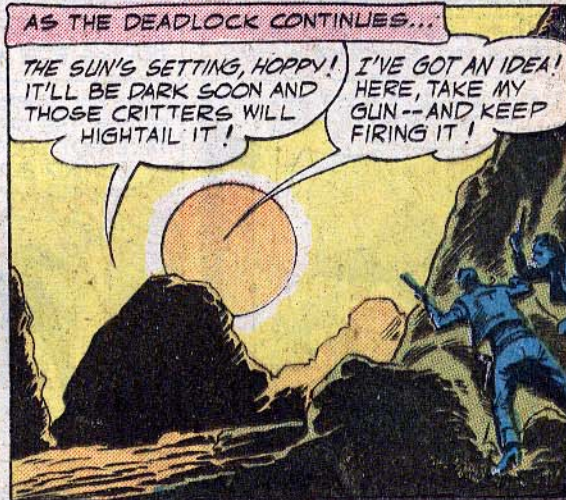
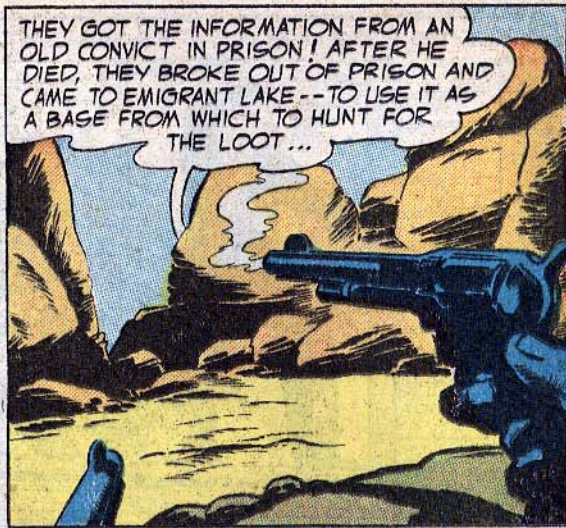
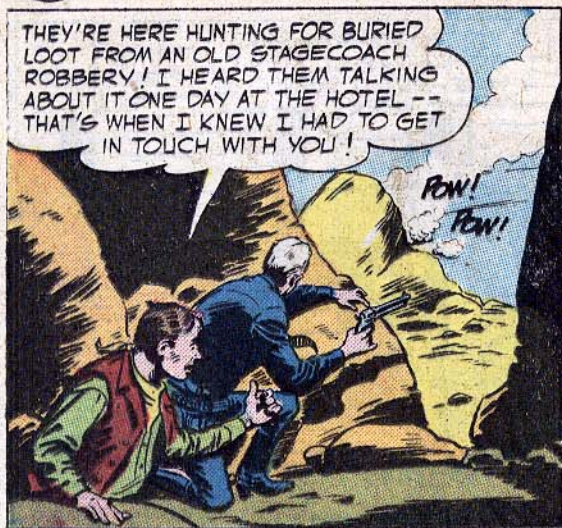










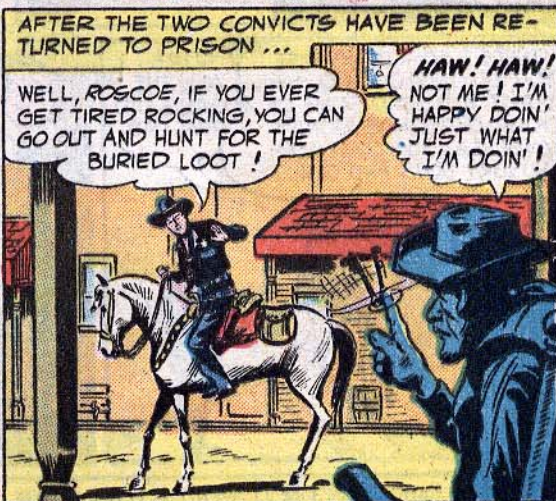
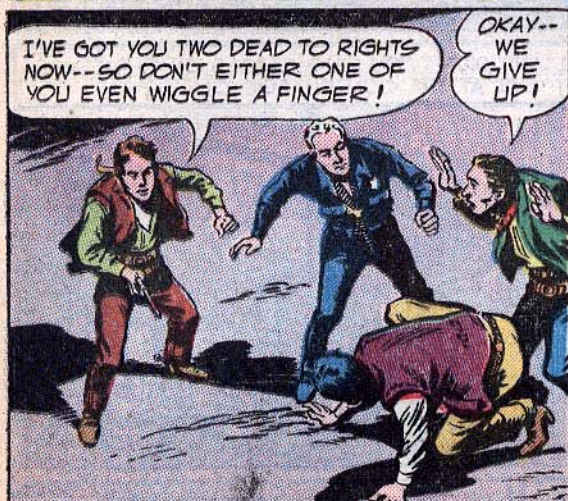




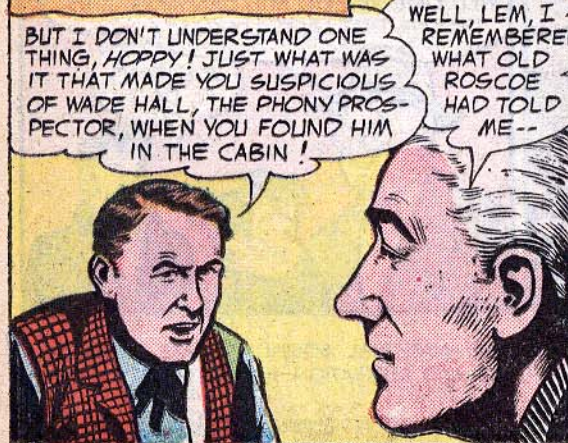
LIKE A SPRINGING CATAMOUNT, THE HARD-MUSCLED LAW-  
MAN LEAPS AT THE DUO...



INTO ACTION GO TWO STEEL-HARD  
FISTS...

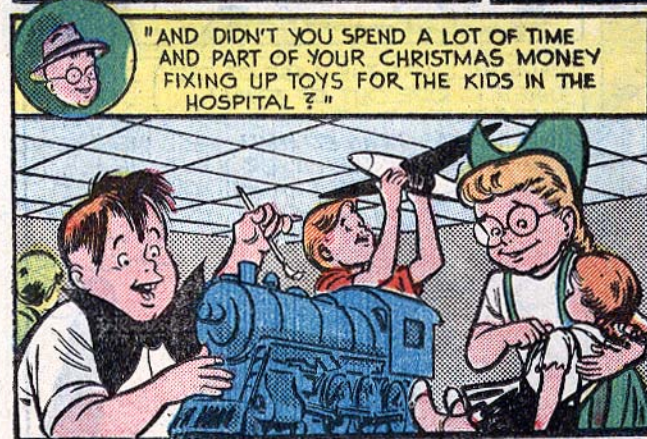


LATER, AFTER THE LAWMAN HAS RELATED HIS  
ADVENTURE TO LEM WATKINS, THE TWIN RIVERS  
TELEGRAPH OPERATOR...





# Binky in "The BEST PRESENT OF ALL!"





# WOMEN OF THE WEST



**S**OMEONE once said that it was the *absence* of women on the frontier that made it what it was, and the *presence* of women that later changed the West.

Although there may be a great deal of truth in this saying, it is not literally true—for women weren't altogether absent from what was once called Indian country.

The charge has been made that the reason women refused to "Go West" was that they lacked the courage of men. The best answer to this is that a large part of the famous Donner Party, which, in 1846, made history and suffered greater privations than any other exploring group on record, consisted of women. Many of them were the wives of the men—others were daughters. All distinguished themselves with their remarkable endurance and courage.

Not the lack of courage, but the loss of those things that every pretty woman loves—to primp and dress up—was probably a big factor in discouraging women from adopting the hard frontier life. Naturally, women went with their husbands, but what other allure could

possibly beckon a woman to take up life in a log cabin?

The Westerner showed his appreciation in many ways to the women who settled out west. This took the form of an almost exaggerated courtesy. The lowliest Westerner removed his hat when a woman approached, whether he knew her or not. If called upon to speak to her, he would keep his hat off, and practically everything he said to her would be prefixed with a respectable "Ma'am."

So widespread was this courtesy to the gentler sex that there were occasions when stage robbers, after relieving the drivers of their cash boxes, humbly apologized to women riders inside the stage for the inconvenience. At times, a friendly "hope you enjoy the rest of the trip without further interruption, ma'am!" would come from the gunmen.

A humorous sidelight is told of the time when women began entering western towns in larger numbers. Before long, women were taking over such chores as cook in the town hotel and on the ranch. Oddly enough, female cooking did not win instant popularity. For the crude Westerners had been so



used to steaks as tough as leather, that they almost broke their teeth when they bit through a tender piece of beef.

The story is also told of the time a cowhand tasted a cup of coffee—from the first pot of brew made by the new “lady cook.” A look of disgust came over his face, and rushing to the window, he rid of the mouthful of coffee.

It was the understanding ranch owner who explained to the startled cook. “You’ll have to forgive old Joe, Ma’am. You see, he ain’t used to coffee that ain’t been settlin’ in the coffee pot for a couple of days.”

From that time on, the anxious-to-please cook allowed Old Joe’s coffee to become rancid before serving it to him.

The crude life led by the cowhand, the long hours spent on the range, left little time for him to polish his manners. He enjoyed the company of women, but he never learned how to be with them, and what to say to them.

The story is recorded of one cowhand who fell in love with a girl who had just arrived from the East. Slicking himself up as best he could, he went calling on the girl one evening. But, as the evening wore on, his embarrassment became acute. He could think of nothing to say.

The girl, thanks to her more sophisticated background, kept the conversation going to the best of her ability. She started one conversation going on the subject of beauty. She intended their talk to begin with the stars and the landscape, and (she hoped) her bashful swain would eventually say that SHE was his idea of beauty.

But the honest cowhand had other

ideas: “The prettiest thing I ever saw,” he said, “was a four-year-old fat steer!”

Bret Harte provides as faithful a portrait of the woman in the western mining area as is available.

But even Harte found himself with a lack of sufficient material, for, as he says, “. . . women were few and the family hearthstones and domestic altars still fewer. Of housewifely virtues the utmost was made; the model spouse invariably kept a boardinghouse, and served her husband’s guests. In rare cases, the woman who was a crown to her husband took in washing also.”

Harte remembered one woman who lived in a little mining camp in the Sierras. She was from the East, where she had taught school in various cities before emigrating to marry a western miner.

Although she was not a beautiful woman, she possessed a great deal of charm, and instantly won the hearts of the rough miners in the camp. They called her “Aunt” although she was probably a lot younger than most of her “nephews.” The “Aunt,” like ‘ma’am,’ was a token of respect. It was deemed improper to call the wife of another man by her first name.

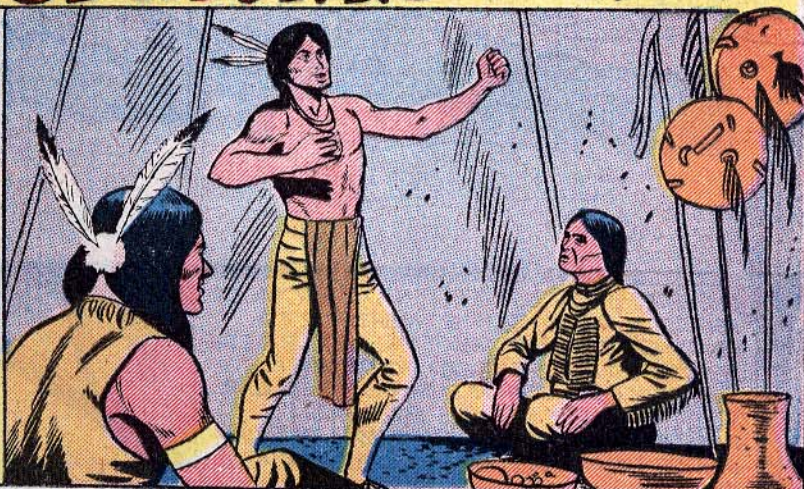
The woman typically reciprocated the love and respect of the lonesome miners. She mended their clothes, tended them when they became sick, and, since most of them could neither write nor read English, wrote their letters for them.

On the lonesome range, in the still of the mining camps at night, or along the dangerous frontier, it was a woman—present or far away—who occupied men’s minds, and shaped their destinies.



# STRANGE INDIAN Beliefs!

WHEN AN INDIAN HUNTER ACCUMULATED A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF ANIMAL SKINS AND FOOD, HE'D INVITE HIS NEIGHBORS TO AN **EAT-IT-ALL FEAST**. THE FESTIVE OCCASION LASTED FOR SEVERAL DAYS, DURING WHICH TIME THE GUESTS STUFFED THEMSELVES WITH FOOD WHILE EACH ONE IN TURN PANTOMIMED HIS GREAT HUNTING FEATS. THE TENT WAS SEALED TIGHT AND NO ONE WAS PERMITTED TO LEAVE UNTIL EVERY MORSEL OF FOOD HAD BEEN EATEN...



ACCORDING TO A WIDELY BELIEVED INDIAN LEGEND, ANYONE WHO POINTED A FINGER AT A **RAINBOW** WOULD SOON SUFFER A TWINGE OF PAIN IN HIS FINGER...



THE **CHIPPEWA** INDIANS THOUGHT THAT THE SOUND OF **THUNDER** WAS CAUSED BY A FLYING **THUNDERBIRD** (CALLED **ANIMIKI**) MOVING ITS WINGS AND TAIL; AND WHEN THE BIRD OPENED AND CLOSED ITS EYES TO SEE WHERE IT WAS FLYING, **LIGHTNING** FLASHED OUT OF ITS EYES...



AFTER THE DEATH OF A **NAVAHO** INDIAN, HIS **HOGAN** (DWELLING STRUCTURE OF POSTS AND BRANCHES COVERED WITH EARTH) WAS BURNED AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE SHOT -- IN ORDER TO PREVENT THE DEAD INDIAN FROM RETURNING TO "HAUNT" THE PLACE WHERE HE HAD LIVED...





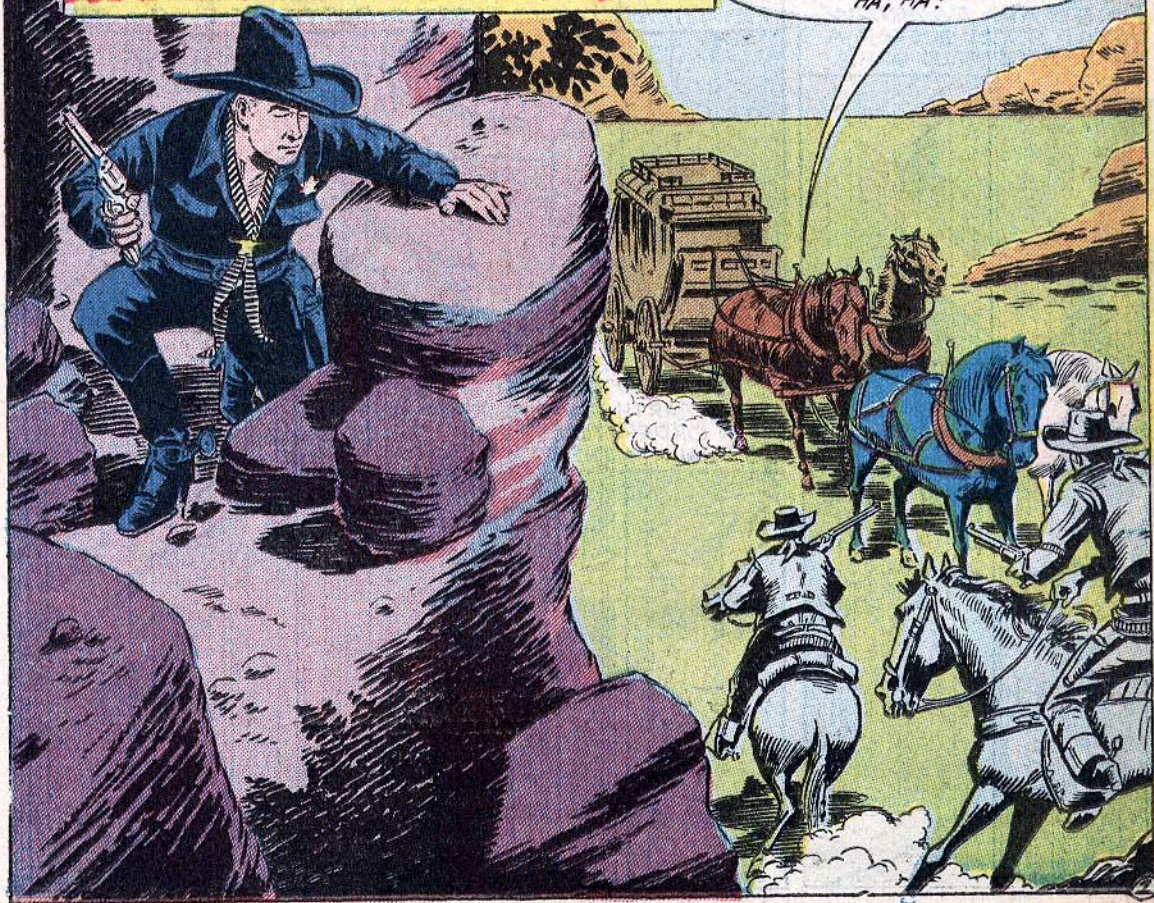
# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

THE STAGECOACH CLATTERED INTO THE TOWN OF RED ROCK AND HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE COACH OFFICE--BUT THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE ASTONISHED TO SEE IT HAD **NO DRIVER!** A **RIDERLESS COACH** RUNNING A REGULAR ROUTE, CARRYING VALUABLE SHIPMENTS! WHY? EVEN **HOPALONG CASSIDY**, ACE LAW-MAN OF TWIN RIVERS, WAS STUMPED FOR A WHILE BY...

## The RIDDLE OF THE RIDERLESS STAGE!

THE COACH HAS NO DRIVER!  
THIS'LL BE THE EASIEST  
HOLDUP WE EVER PULLED!  
HA, HA!





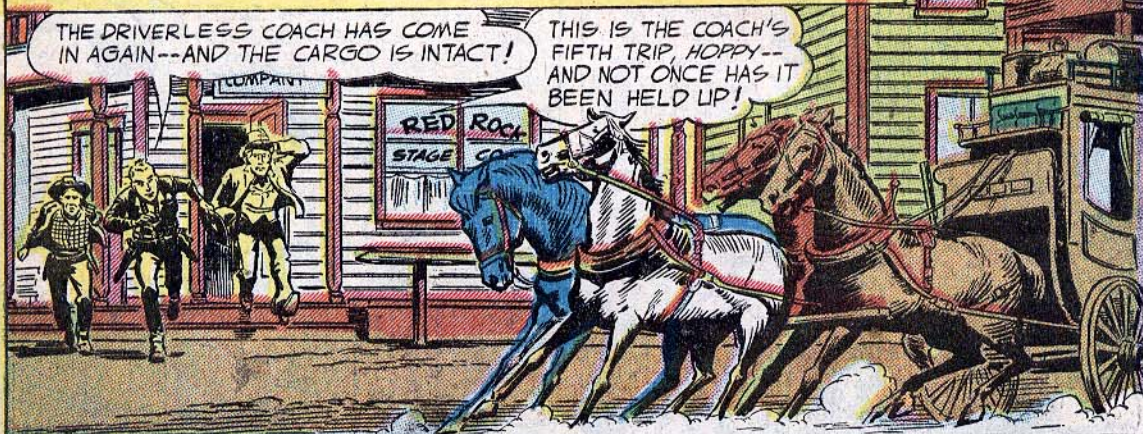
HOOFBEATS DRUM OVER FLAT WESTERN TERRAIN, AS A COACH CLATTERS ALONG IN A CLOUD OF DUST...



BUT WHAT'S THIS? THE STAGE-COACH HAS NO DRIVER!



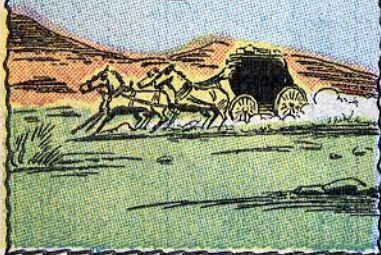
INTO THE TOWN OF RED ROCK ROLLS THE COACH, AND AS IF GLIDED BY UNSEEN HANDS, THE HORSES PULL UP TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE STAGECOACH OFFICE ...



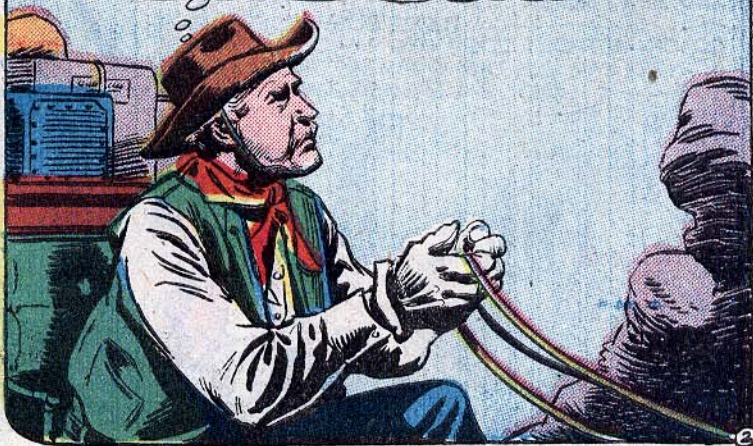
THE DRIVERLESS COACH HAS COME IN AGAIN--AND THE CARGO IS INTACT!

THIS IS THE COACH'S FIFTH TRIP, HOPPY--AND NOT ONCE HAS IT BEEN HELD UP!

HOW CAN A COACH TRAVEL ALONG ITS ROUTE WITHOUT A DRIVER? AND WHY SHOULD THE RED ROCK STAGE COMPANY RISK SENDING OUT SUCH A DRIVERLESS COACH? FOR THE ANSWER LET US GO BACK ONE WEEK, WHEN JOE TYLER WAS THE REGULAR DRIVER OF THE "DRIVERLESS COACH"...

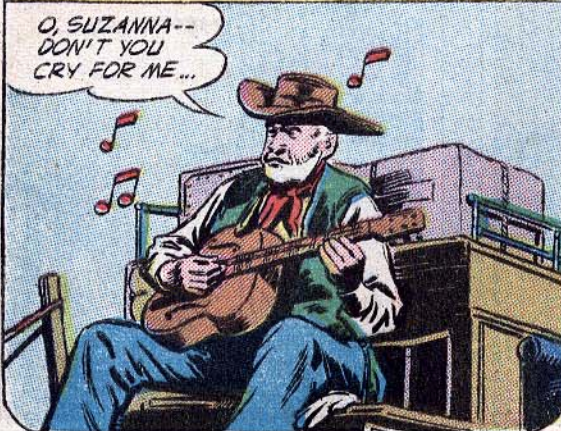


NO TROUBLE FROM BANDITS! THERE NEVER IS! I DON'T CARRY ANYTHIN' WORTH ROBBIN'!





SO WELL DO JOE'S HORSES KNOW THE ROUTE, THAT THEY'VE OFTEN RUN IT AT FREE REIN, WHILE JOE STRUMMED A BANJO ...



JOE WANTED NO OTHER DRIVER AT THE REINS OF HIS HORSES, SO ...

AND IF EVER I CAN'T MAKE THE TRIP FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, MR. BARNES, YOU JUST LET MY HORSES RUN THE ROUTE BY THEMSELVES! THEY CAN DO IT!

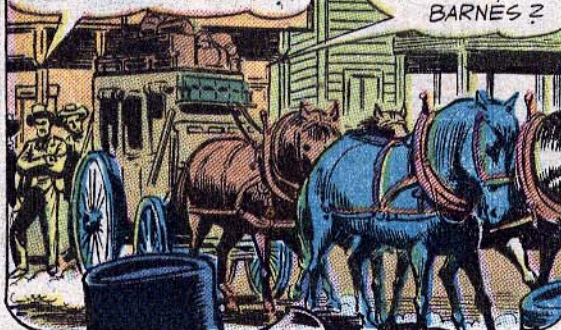
OKAY, JOE!



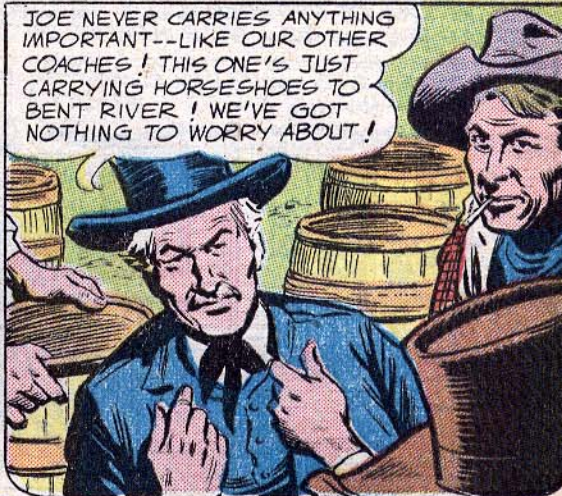
THEN, AS CHANCE WOULD HAVE IT, JOE TYLER TOOK SICK ONE DAY. . .

I PROMISED JOE I'D LET HIS HORSES RUN THE ROUTE BY THEMSELVES --- SO LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

WELL, BUT WON'T THE COACH BE AN EASY TARGET FOR A HOLD-UP, MR. BARNES?



JOE NEVER CARRIES ANYTHING IMPORTANT--LIKE OUR OTHER COACHES! THIS ONE'S JUST CARRYING HORSESHOES TO BENT RIVER! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



AND SO, THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE DRIVERLESS COACH RATTLES BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN RED ROCK AND BENT RIVER ...

THERE GOES JOE TYLER'S COACH--WITHOUT JOE! IT'S AMAZING HOW HIS HORSES CAN RUN THE SHIPMENT FROM RED ROCK BY THEMSELVES!



THUS, RETURNING TO THE PRESENT DAY, IN THE RED ROCK COACH OFFICE ...

THE PLAN YOU WORKED OUT HAS BEEN GOING WELL, HOPPY! JOE'S DRIVERLESS STAGE HASN'T BEEN HELD UP ONCE! NOW'S THE TIME FOR THE NEXT STEP IN THE PLAN!





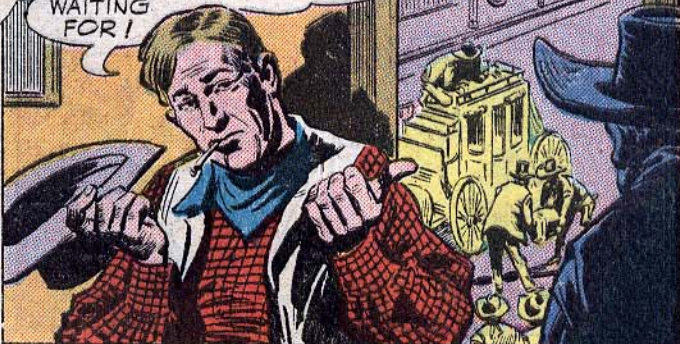
I'M GOING TO SHIP THAT BIG PAYROLL TO BENT RIVER ON THE DRIVERLESS COACH! I HOPE IT GETS THROUGH ALL RIGHT!

AS LONG AS THERE'S NO WAY FOR BANDITS TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE CHANGE IN SHIPMENT, THERE SHOULD BE NO TROUBLE!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS THE HEAVY IRON PAYROLL BOX IS PUT ABOARD, FURTIVE FIGURES WATCH FROM A NEARBY HOTEL WINDOW...

THEY'RE PUTTING THE PAYROLL BOX ON THE COACH NOW, FABER-- THE BIG JOB WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



THANKS TO CHARLIE--WHO WE PLANTED IN THE RED ROCK COACH OFFICE--WE'VE KNOWN ALL ABOUT THE DRIVERLESS COACH AND ITS WORTHLESS SHIPMENTS!



BUT NOW WE KNOW ABOUT THE BIG HAUL! AFTER WE NAIL THE PAYROLL, WE'LL SKIP OUT OF THIS TERRITORY AND TAKE IT EASY THE REST OF OUR LIVES!



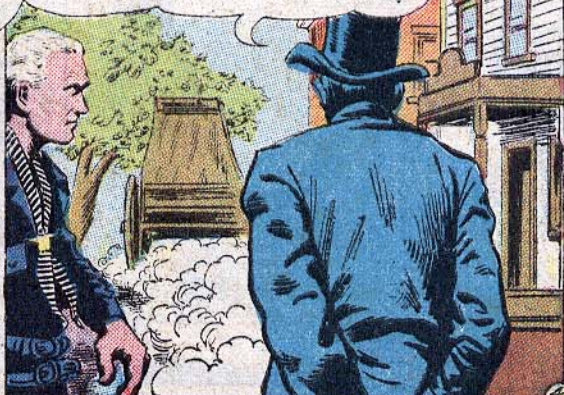
BUT WHAT IF THIS IS ALL A TRAP, FABER? WHAT IF CASSIDY PLANS TO TRAIL ALONG AND NAB US?

BLAKE AND I WILL MAKE SURE CASSIDY DOESN'T LEAVE TOWN! THEN WE'LL JOIN YOU OUT ON THE COACH ROUTE!



SOON AFTER THE DRIVERLESS COACH CLATTERS OUT OF RED ROCK ...

WELL--THERE SHE GOES-- THE PAYROLL TO BENT RIVER!





LATER, AS HOPALONG CASSIDY WALKS ALONE UP THE STREET, FABER AND BLAKE STEAL OUT OF A DOORWAY AND...

THAT TAKES CARE OF CASSIDY! MOVE FAST WHILE THERE'S NOBODY AROUND!



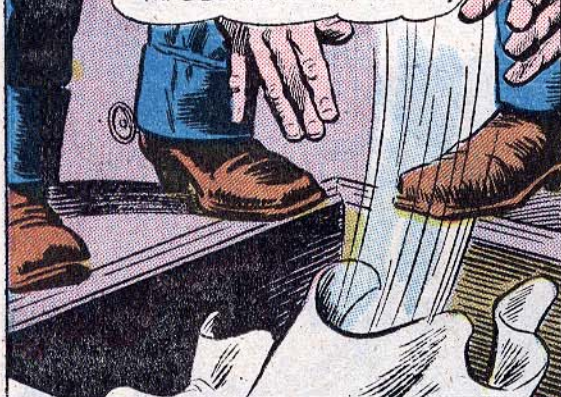
AS THE HELPLESS SHERIFF IS SHOVED INTO A NEARBY BUILDING...

THIS IS WORKIN' OUT EASIER THAN I THOUGHT!



THEN, IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE ABANDONED BUILDING...

THERE HE GOES-- THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR!



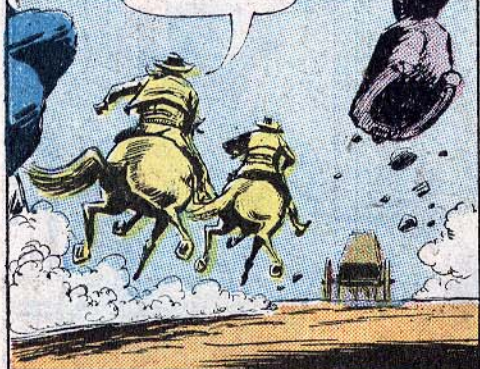
WITH THE SHERIFF IMPRISONED BENEATH THE FLOOR, THE OUTLAWS MOVE A HEAVY SAFE OVER THE TRAP DOOR!

THAT'LL KEEP HIM PUT! NOW, LET'S GET OUT ON THE TRAIL AND JOIN CHARLIE!



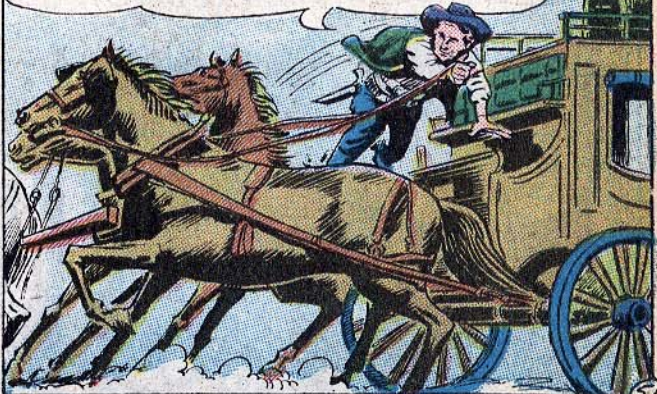
SOON, FABER AND BLAKE JOIN THE OTHER MEMBER OF THE BANDIT TRIO...

THE WAY'S CLEAR NOW FOR US TO GRAB THE COACH AND THE PAYROLL!

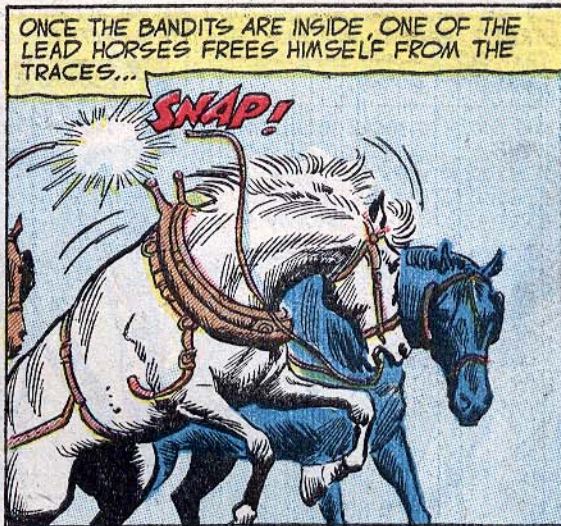
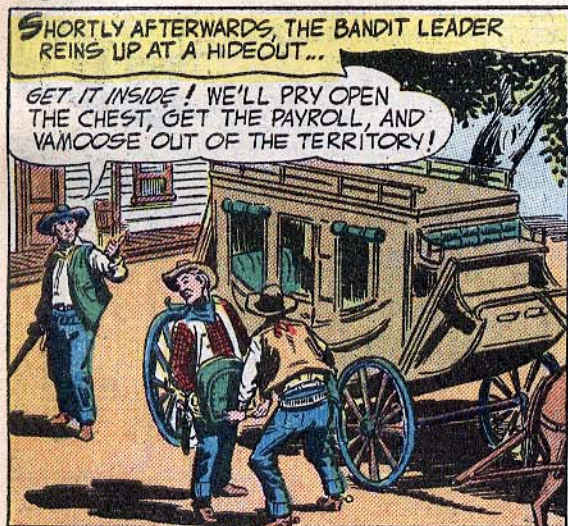


CATCHING UP WITH THE COACH, FABER LEAPS ABOARD...

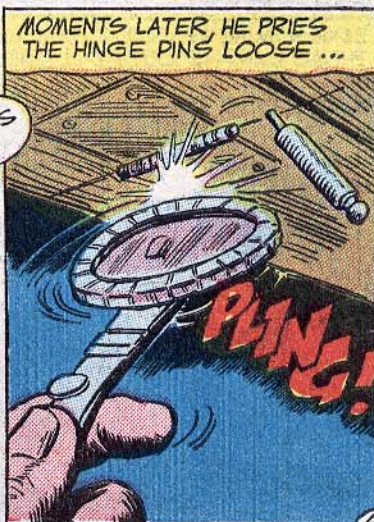
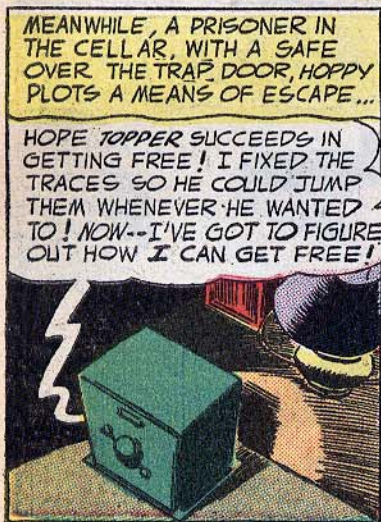
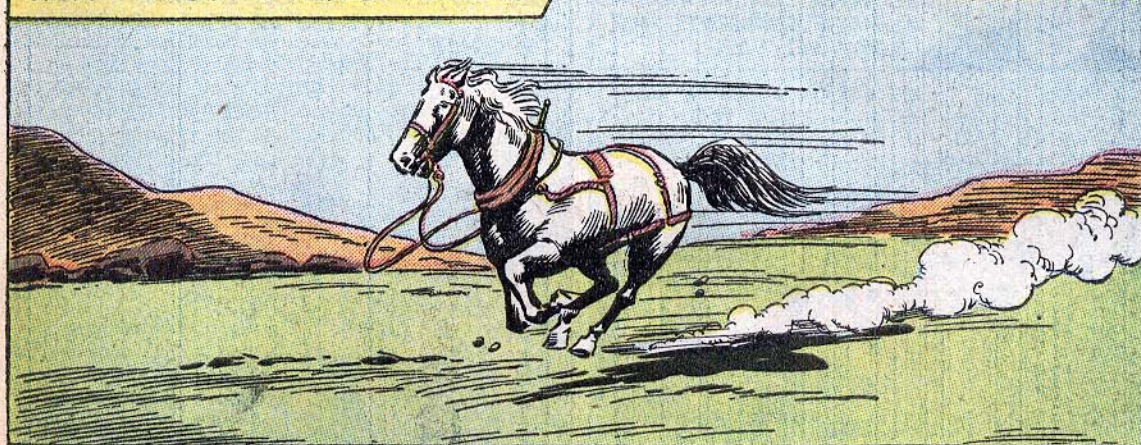
THIS COACH NOW HAS A DRIVER-- AND PRETTY SOON IT'LL BE MINUS ONE PAYROLL! WE'RE TURNIN' OFF THE TRAIL!







AND THE GREAT WHITE HORSE THAT GALLOPS BACK TOWARD RED ROCK IS-- **TOPPER**-- SHERIFF CASSIDY'S FAMOUS HORSE...





FREED FROM ITS HINGES, THE TRAP DOOR--AND SAFE--COME CRASHING DOWN...

THE BANDITS WERE RIGHT WHEN THEY FIGURED I COULDN'T LIFT THE DOOR UP--BUT THEY NEVER COUNTED ON MY LETTING THE TRAP DOOR FALL DOWN!



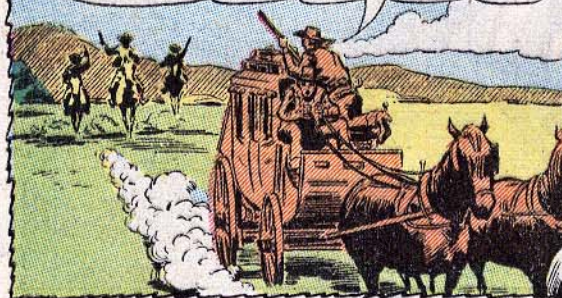
IN ANOTHER MOMENT, THE LAWMAN IS OUTSIDE...

TOPPER! GOOD BOY! TAKE ME BACK TO WHERE YOU LEFT THE BANDITS, BEFORE THEY FIGURE OUT THAT THE RIDERLESS STAGECOACH WAS ALL PART OF A PLAN TO TRAP THEM!



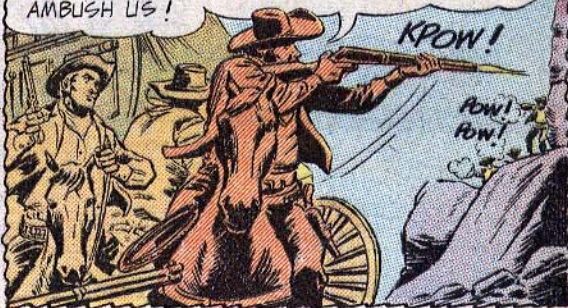
"TIME AND TIME AGAIN, THE RED ROCK COACH CARRYING VALUABLE SHIPMENTS HAD BEEN HELD UP--"

HERE COME THOSE VARMINTS AGAIN! THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO KNOW WHEN WE'RE CARRYIN' SOMETHIN' VALUABLE!



"SHERIFF WINSLOW, OF RED ROCK, WAS UNABLE TO PREVENT THE HOLD-UPS NO MATTER HOW MUCH OF A POSSE HE SENT ALONG WITH THE COACH..."

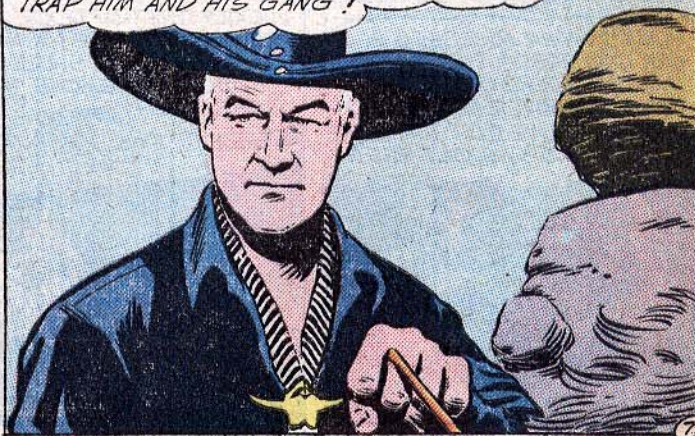
THOSE BANDITS SEEM TO KNOW EVERY STAGE THAT CARRIES A VALUABLE SHIPMENT--AND NO MATTER WHICH SECRET ROUTE IS TAKEN, THEY ALWAYS FIND OUT ABOUT IT AND AMBUSH US!



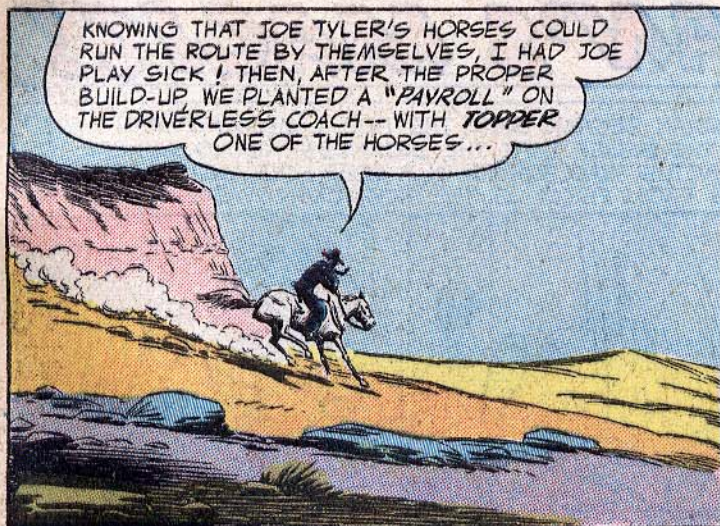
SOMEHOW, WE'VE GOT TO SMOKE THESE BANDITS OUT! I'LL CALL ON HOPALONG CASSIDY TO GIVE US A HAND!



IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE TIP-OFF TO THE BANDITS CAME FROM SOMEONE INSIDE THE COACH OFFICE, SO I DEVISED A PLAN TO TRAP HIM AND HIS GANG!







KNOWING THAT JOE TYLER'S HORSES COULD RUN THE ROUTE BY THEMSELVES, I HAD JOE PLAY SICK! THEN, AFTER THE PROPER BUILD-UP WE PLANTED A "PAYROLL" ON THE DRIVERLESS COACH-- WITH **TOPPER** ONE OF THE HORSES...



MEANWHILE, AT THE HIDEOUT-- THE BANDITS HAVE FINALLY PRIED OPEN THE CHEST...

PAPER--NOTHING BUT PAPER!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED--AND TRAPPED! LET'S CLEAR OUT OF HERE!



BUT AS THE BANDITS RUSH OUTSIDE...

IT WAS A TRAP, FABER--TO NAB THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN HOLDING UP THE RED ROCK STAGE--AND THE MAN, CHARLIE THERE, WHO'S BEEN TIPPING THEM OFF!

CASSIDY! HOW'D YOU GET LOOSE AND FIND US?



AFTER HOPPY EXPLAINS HOW **TOPPER** LED HIM THERE...

HA! THEN YOU HAVE NO PROOF THAT **WE** BROUGHT THE COACH HERE! WE CAN SAY THE TEAMS WANDERED OVER HERE! AFTER ALL, YOUR HORSE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS--AND YOU CAN'T GET **HIM** TO TESTIFY IN COURT AGAINST US!



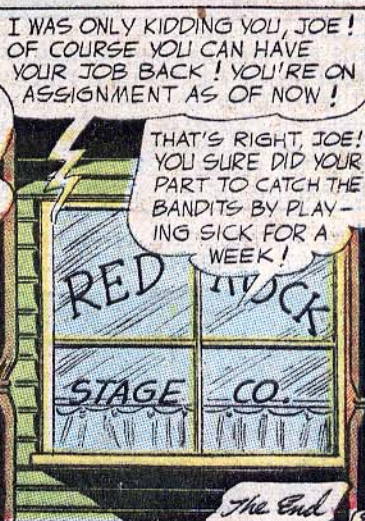
LOOK AT THE SOLES OF YOUR BOOTS! WE PUT FRESH PAINT ON THE FOOT-BOARD OF THE DRIVER'S SEAT! THE MAN WHO DROVE THAT COACH HERE HAS PAINT ON HIS BOOTS!

H-HE'S RIGHT, FABER-- CASSIDY'S RIGHT!



LATER, IN RED ROCK, AFTER THE BANDITS ARE LOCKED UP...

WH--WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. BARNES? I'M BACK--READY TO HANDLE MY STAGE--AND YOU TELL ME YOU DON'T NEED ME 'CAUSE MY HORSES CAN RUN THE ROUTE BY THEMSELVES?!



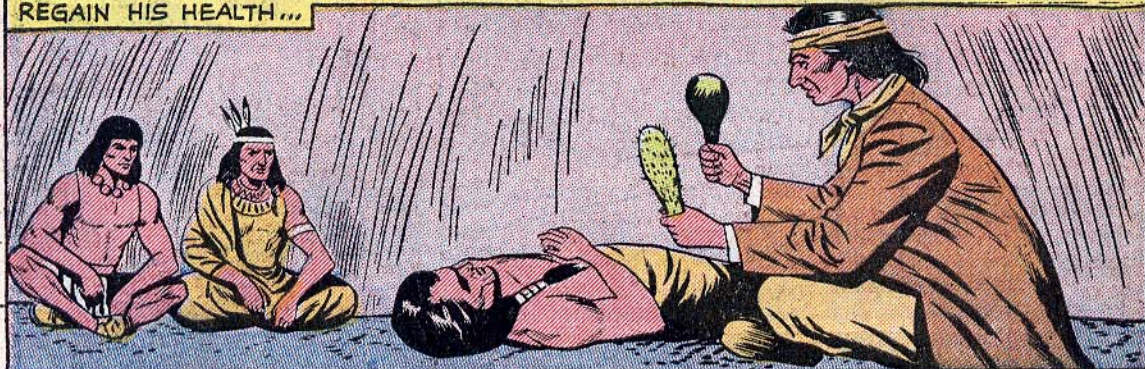
I WAS ONLY KIDDING YOU, JOE! OF COURSE YOU CAN HAVE YOUR JOB BACK! YOU'RE ON ASSIGNMENT AS OF NOW!

THAT'S RIGHT, JOE! YOU SURE DID YOUR PART TO CATCH THE BANDITS BY PLAYING SICK FOR A WEEK!

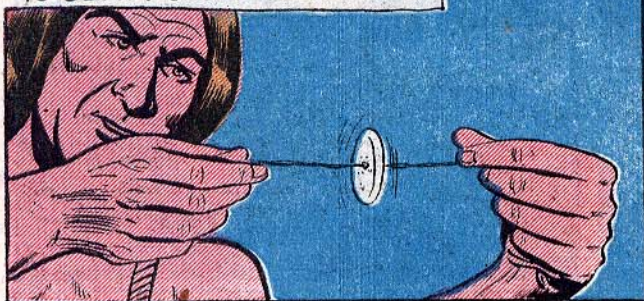


# RED MAN'S MAGIC!

WHEN A DESERT-LIVING *PAPAGO* INDIAN BECAME SICK, THE TRIBAL MEDICINE MAN WAVED A CACTUS BRANCH OVER HIM IN THE BELIEF THAT THE SICKNESS WOULD ADHERE TO THE CACTUS THORNS. AFTER THE CACTUS WAS BURIED IN A DEEP HOLE AND DIRT THROWN OVER IT TO PREVENT THE SICKNESS FROM ESCAPING, THE SICK INDIAN WAS SUPPOSED TO REGAIN HIS HEALTH...

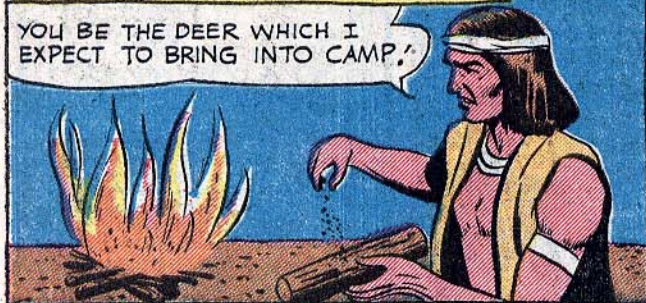


CERTAIN INDIANS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS BELIEVED THAT IF THEY TWIRLED A ROUND AND FLAT OBJECT (SUCH AS A BUTTON OR TOP OF A TIN CAN) BY PULLING ON TWO INTERTWINED STRINGS THAT HAD BEEN RUN THROUGH A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OBJECT, IT WOULD CAUSE A HIGH WIND TO BLOW ACROSS THE PLAINS...



THE EVENING BEFORE A *PUEBLO* INDIAN WENT DEER-HUNTING, HE PICKED UP A PIECE OF LOG AND SPRINKLED IT WITH CORNMEAL. AFTER THROWING THE LOG ON A FIRE, THE *PUEBLO* HUNTER BLEW HIS BREATH ON A PINCH OF CORNMEAL IN HIS HAND AND TOSSED THAT INTO THE FLAMES TOO. THIS RITE WAS PERFORMED TO BRING THE INDIAN GOOD HUNTING LUCK...

YOU BE THE DEER WHICH I EXPECT TO BRING INTO CAMP.



MEDICINE MEN FROM NEIGHBORING TRIBES OFTEN GATHERED AT PUBLIC CEREMONIES TO COMPETE WITH EACH OTHER IN PERFORMING FEATS OF MAGIC. THE VICTORIOUS SHAMAN NOT ONLY WON FAME FOR HIMSELF BUT GOOD LUCK FOR HIS TRIBE...







Mrs. Ruth Long

# Friends! Here's How To Get AT Almost **NO COST**

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I'll be happy to send you without you paying a penny, this lovable, young, miniature DOG that is so tiny you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it barks and is a reliable watch dog as well as a pet. You can keep it in a shoe box and enjoy many amusing hours teaching it tricks . . . active, healthy, intelligent and clean. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own lively, tiny dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons free. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with your picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your 20 enlargement coupons to hand out free. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

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**Announcing**  
**DAISY'S BRAND NEW**  
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

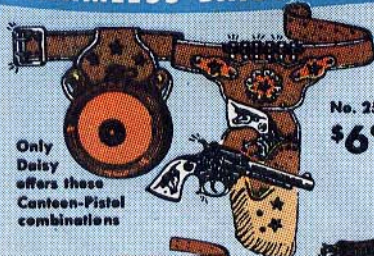
**GOLDEN SMOKE RIFLE!**

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durability, appearance!

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Daisy  
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Belt, holsters hand-tooled. Orna-  
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Daisy Canteen fastened to  
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"Ramar" name **No. 2720**  
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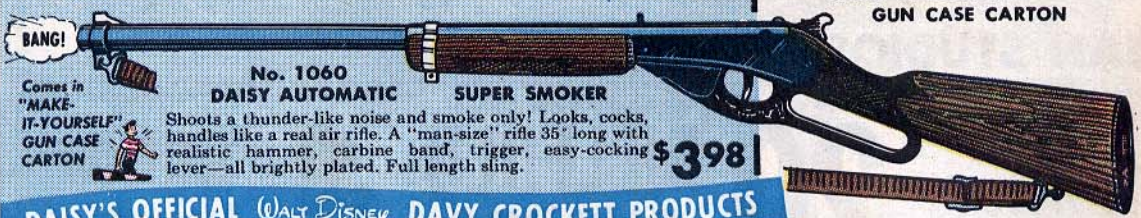
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Flexible plastic; 1 pint can-  
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Molded Davy Crockett ar-  
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Pouch has "all  
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