

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

No. 1

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢



HOPALONG'S MY  
CHOICE FOR  
ROOTIN' TOOTIN'  
WILD WEST  
ACTION

*Captain  
Marvel*

68 PAGES



# Hopalong Cassidy

Two-fisted, two-gun, hard-riding sheriff of the Golden West, is famed in books and movies. Clarence E. Mulford started years ago to write about HOPALONG—and an enthusiastic, world-wide audience wouldn't let him stop. He's been turning out dozens of books about this great Western character ever since.

William Boyd, blond range-rider of the films, has made

some forty-odd Hopalong pictures. His fan mail has reached such proportions that two secretaries are kept busy opening his four hundred daily letters. Boyd says he's "used up more than 400 gallons of hats" playing Hopalong!

Hopalong is an adventurous fighter for justice, and his travels a-top his famed snow-white horse have taken him from Border to Border throughout the West, although when he settles down for two minutes, he's Sheriff of Twin Rivers County.

Why do cowboys dress the way they do? Well, William Boyd says Hopalong has his ten-gallon hat so that he can carry feed and water in it for his horse, to protect himself against the sun and the heavy brush of the West. The colorful 'kerchief is used to tie across his mouth and nose while riding behind dust-raising herds. The high-heeled boots keep his feet securely in the stirrups, and the chaps protect his legs from the bitter cold and from briars.

**Hopalong out-shoots, out-rides and outwits 'em all.  
And here he is, now, in his OWN COMICS MAGAZINE!**



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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

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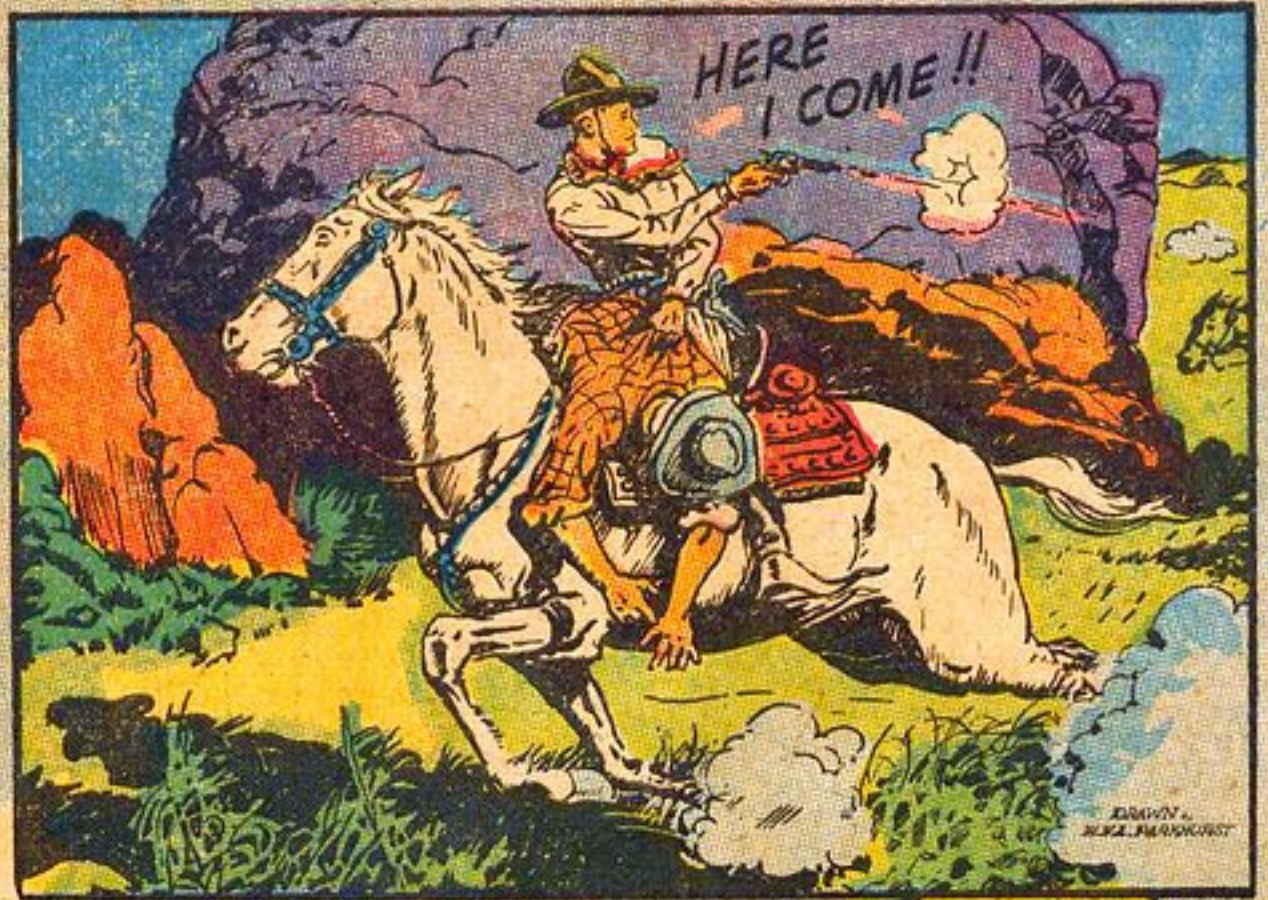
The Rev,  
**JOHN W. TYNAN, S. J.**  
*Fordham University Faculty*

To help us maintain high standards of wholesome entertainment in our comics publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

Fawcett Publications, Inc., is happy to have the co-operation of these advisors whose names are known to every parent and child. I am sure that our readers will profit by the connection of Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd, Dr. Dafoe and Father Tynan with this magazine.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr.*  
PRESIDENT

# HOPALONG CASSIDY



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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

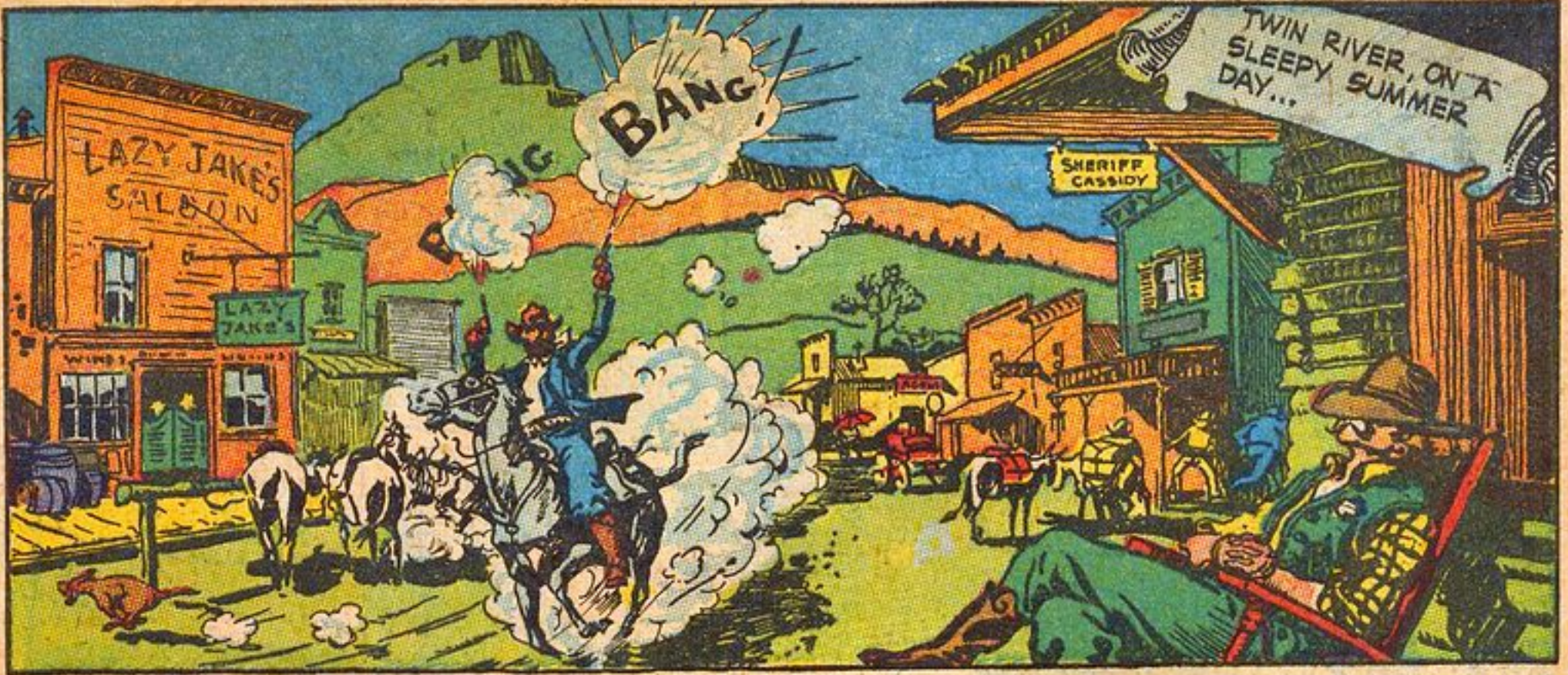


A SHARP WORD—THE QUICK SLAP  
 OF FLESH AGAINST WALNUT AND  
 IRON—THE TWIN THUNDERS OF TWO  
 SIX-GUNS ROARING THEIR CHALLENGE  
 TO OUTLAWRY AND INJUSTICE !!! OUT  
 OF THE BOOKS—OUT OF THE MOVIES  
 —OUT OF THE LIVING HEART OF THE  
 ROARING WEST THEY COME TO YOU  
 —THOSE HARD-HITTING, QUICK-  
 THINKING, GUN-FIGHTING CHAMPIONS  
 OF RIGHT—HOPALONG CASSIDY,  
 SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER COUNTY,  
 AND HIS DEPUTY, MESQUITE JENKINS!  
 FIGHT WITH THEM AGAINST THE  
**VULTURES OF THE V-BOX-B !!!**  
 RIDE WITH THEM DOWN THE  
 SLAUGHTER TRAIL TO TURN BACK  
 THE FEVER-RIDDEN TEJANOS  
 WHO WOULD SEW DEATH AND  
 RUIN THROUGH THE TWIN RIVER  
 RANGES !!!



TWIN RIVER COUNTY WHOSE WIDE  
 SWEET-GRASS RANGES AND BROKEN,  
 TRACKLESS MOUNTAINS ARE SHERIFF  
 HOPALONG CASSIDY'S PET HEADACHE !!





THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE WHERE HOPALONG CASSIDY AND HIS DEPUTY, MESQUITE JENKINS, ENFORCE LAW AND ORDER !!!







WHAT TH...?  
WHO'S LOOKIN'  
FER TROUBLE ??? BANG!



ILL FILL  
YUH FULL  
O' LEAD AN'  
...OOOFFF!!



HOO-OO-O  
HUMMM!

SUPPOSE I  
BETTER CLEAN  
UP THIS MESS

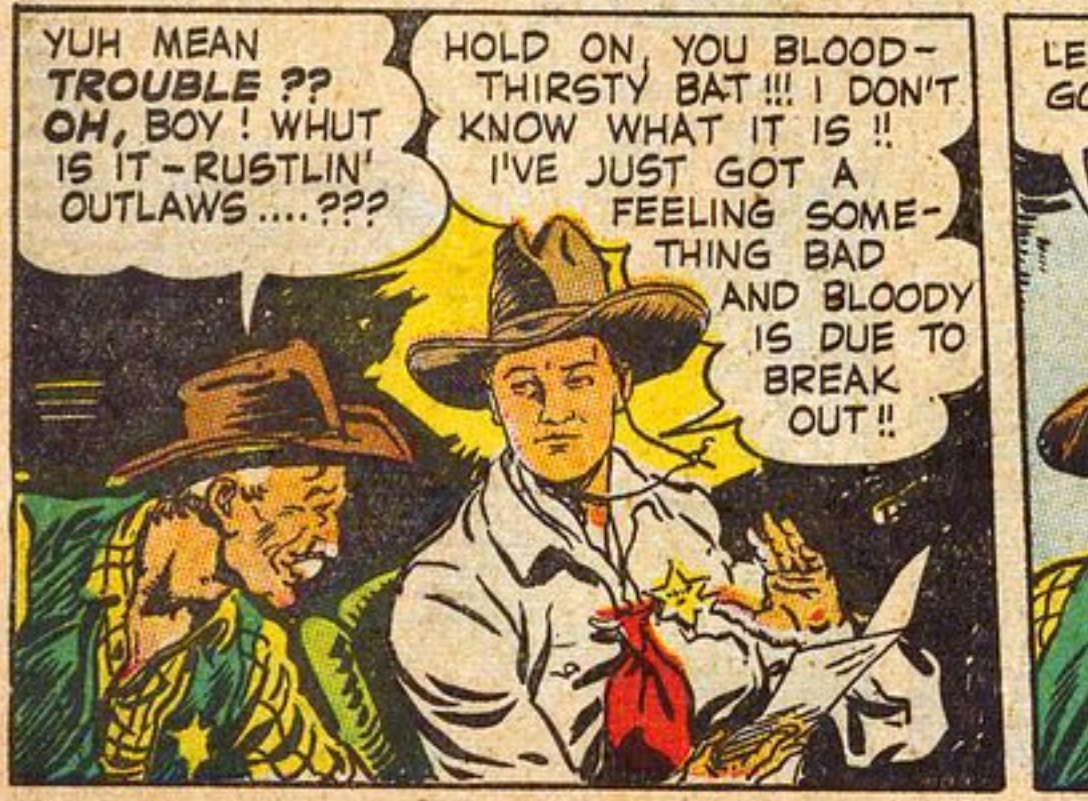


HEY, JAKE, YER  
SIGN FELL DOWN  
AGAIN. Y'OUGHTER FIX  
IT BETTER AFORE IT  
FALLS 'N HURTS  
SOMEBUDDY !!



SHUCKS, THIS TOWN IS QUIET, HOPPY!  
I WISH'T SUMP'N WOULD HAPPEN  
FER EXCITEMENT.

I THINK SOME-  
THING'S ABOUT  
TO, MESQUITE !!



YUH MEAN  
TROUBLE ??  
OH, BOY! WHUT  
IS IT - RUSTLIN'  
OUTLAWS .... ???

HOLD ON, YOU BLOOD-  
THIRSTY BAT !!! I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT IT IS !!  
I'VE JUST GOT A  
FEELING SOME-  
THING BAD  
AND BLOODY  
IS DUE TO  
BREAK  
OUT !!



LET'S  
GO!

WITH REDWATER FEVER WIPIN'  
OUT HERDS IN TEXAS AND SNAKE  
SLADE'S V-BOX-8 HIRING GUN-  
TOTERS UP HERE, WE'RE BOUND  
TO GET IT FROM ONE SIDE OR  
THE OTHER !!



YOU'RE RIGHT, SLADE ! THE U.S. GOVERNMENT IS IN THE MARKET FOR THREE THOUSAND HEAD OF CATTLE TO PROVISION OUR FORTS, BUT...

BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS BOUGHT THEM FROM HOLMAN, THE CATTLE BUYER, FOR FORTY DOLLARS A HEAD....

HOPALONG'S HUNCH IS RIGHT---FOR AT THAT MOMENT, UP ON THE V-BOX-8, A FIENDISH PLOT IS HATCHING !!

BUT SUPPOSE I CONTRACT TO FURNISH THOSE CATTLE, TOP GRADE, FOR THIRTY DOLLARS A HEAD !

THEN--THEN I'D GIVE YOU THE CONTRACT ! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN !!

LEAVE THAT TO ME, WELLS ! I'LL DELIVER YOUR CATTLE IN TWO WEEKS ! YOU HAVE THE NINETY-THOUSAND DOLLARS READY !

VERY WELL, BUT REMEMBER, THIS IS GOVERNMENT BUSINESS ! NO TRICKS...

ADIOS, WELLS ! YOU'LL GET YOUR CATTLE...

BOSS, ARE YOU LOCO ?

WE AIN'T GOT BUT EIGHT HUNDRED HEAD ON THE V-BOX-8---AND WE CAN'T BUY THE REST FOR LESS THAN SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A HEAD !!

YEAH ! WE CAN'T GET RICH BUYING FOR SEVENTY-FIVE AND SELLIN' FOR ONLY THIRTY...

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BUYING CATTLE ??





BOSS, YOU AIN'T FIGGERING WE CAN RUSTLE TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED HEAD IN TWO YEARS - LET ALONE TWO WEEKS ???

NOT IN NO COUNTY WHERE HOPALONG CASSIDY'S SHERIFF, I TELL YUH !!

NOPE!



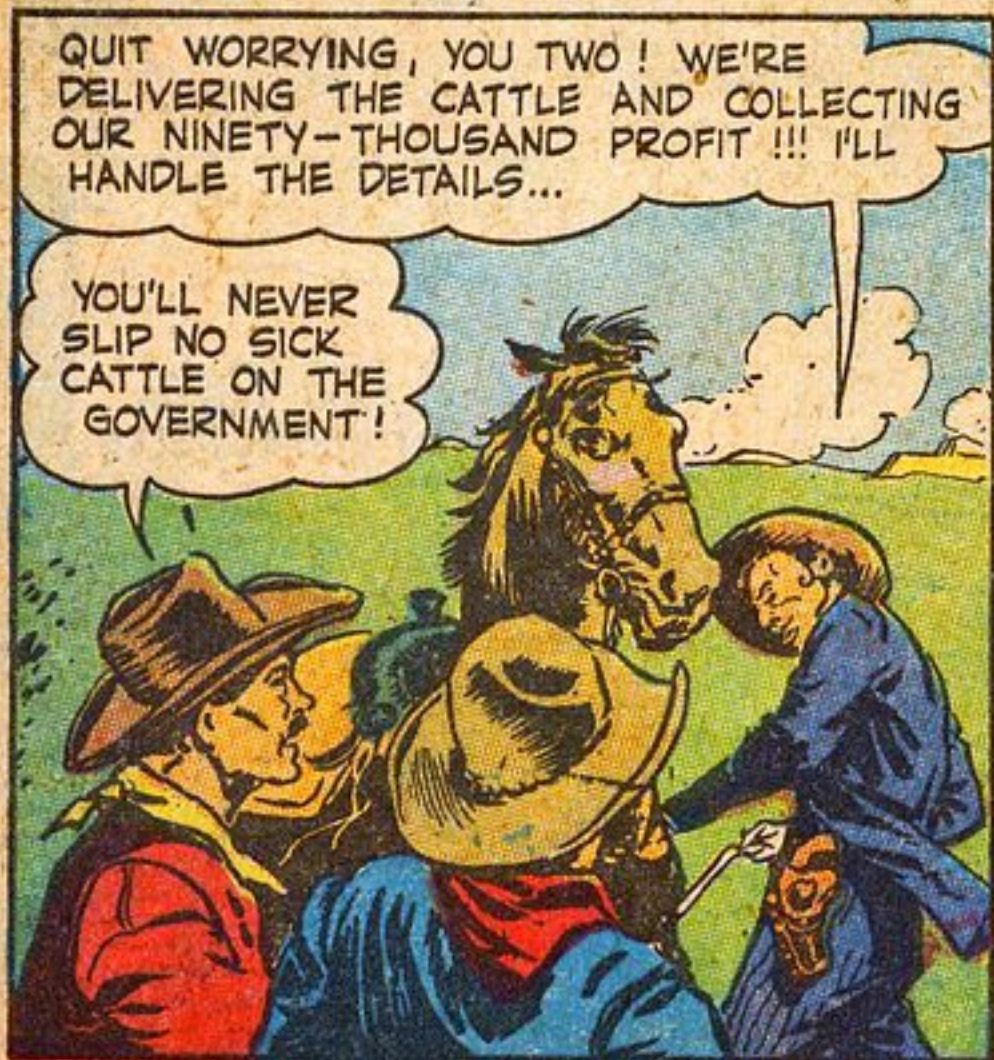
WELL, IF YOU AIN'T PLUMB LOCO, BOSS, TELL US WHAT TH' DEAL IS!

EASY! I BOUGHT A HERD IN TEXAS LAST MONTH FOR FOUR DOLLARS A HEAD! THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY UP HERE NOW...



TEXAS ?? OMIGAWSH'!! DON'T YOU KNOW COWS'RE DYIN' BY THE THOUSANDS DOWN THERE FROM RED-WATER FEVER---AND IT'S SPREADING !!

THE RANCHERS WOULDN'T LET A TEXAS COW IN THE COUNTY FER FEAR O' SPREADING THE EPIDEMIC UP HERE...



QUIT WORRYING, YOU TWO! WE'RE DELIVERING THE CATTLE AND COLLECTING OUR NINETY-THOUSAND PROFIT !!! I'LL HANDLE THE DETAILS...

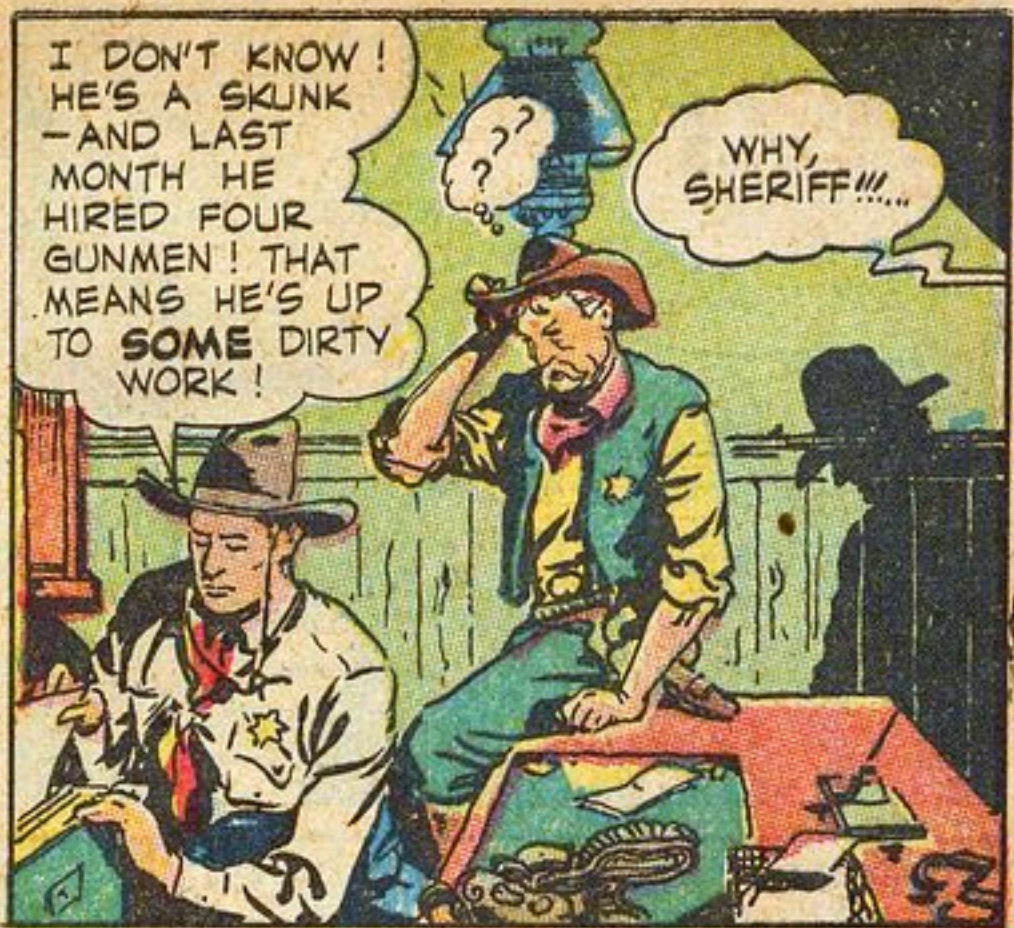
YOU'LL NEVER SLIP NO SICK CATTLE ON THE GOVERNMENT!



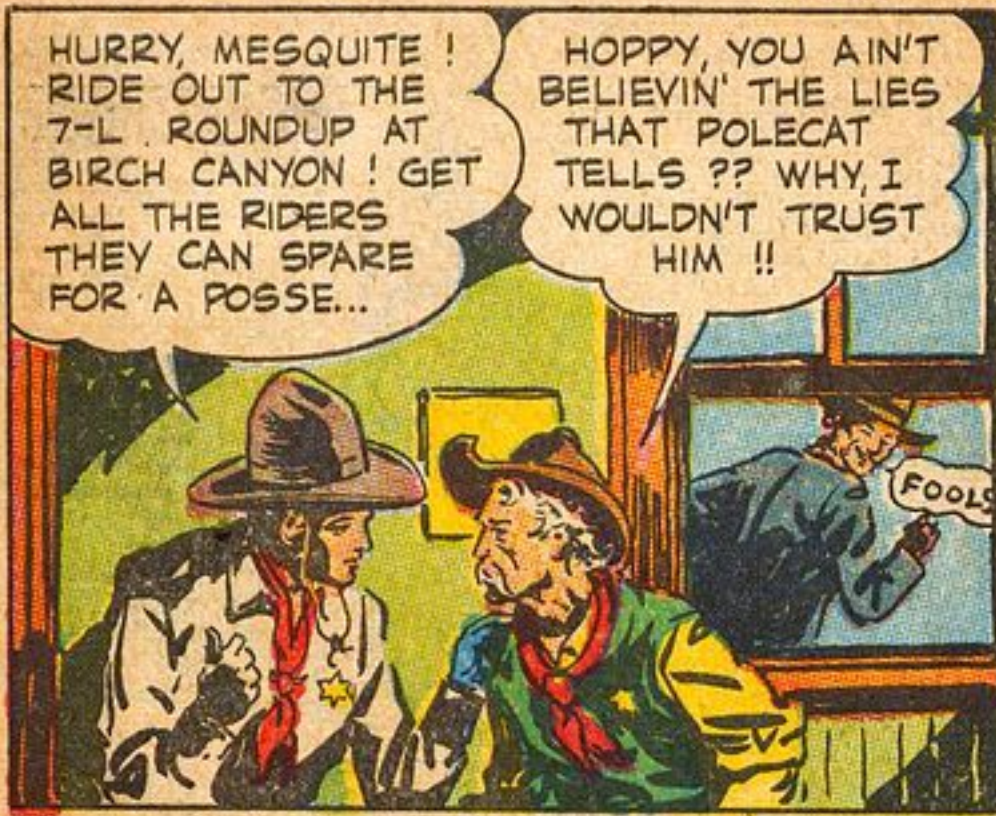
HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN' BOSS?

TO TWIN RIVER! I WANT TO WARN SHERIFF CASSIDY NOT TO LET THOSE DISEASED CATTLE SLIP INTO THE COUNTY !!!









HURRY, MESQUITE !  
RIDE OUT TO THE  
7-L ROUNDUP AT  
BIRCH CANYON ! GET  
ALL THE RIDERS  
THEY CAN SPARE  
FOR A POSSE...

HOPPY, YOU AIN'T  
BELIEVIN' THE LIES  
THAT POLECAT  
TELLS ?? WHY, I  
WOULDN'T TRUST  
HIM !!



I HAVE TO, MESQUITE !  
I GOT WORD BY MAIL  
THAT AN INFECTED  
HERD WAS COMING,  
DRIVEN BY LOBO  
LARSON'S CREW !  
WE MUST STOP  
THEM !

THERE'S A  
TRICK TO IT  
SOMEWHERE,  
HOPPY ! WITH  
SNAKE SLADE  
MIXED UP IN  
IT, THERE'S  
GOT TO BE...



I AGREE, PARDNER !!  
BUT TRICK OR NO TRICK !  
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP  
THOSE CATTLE OUT !!



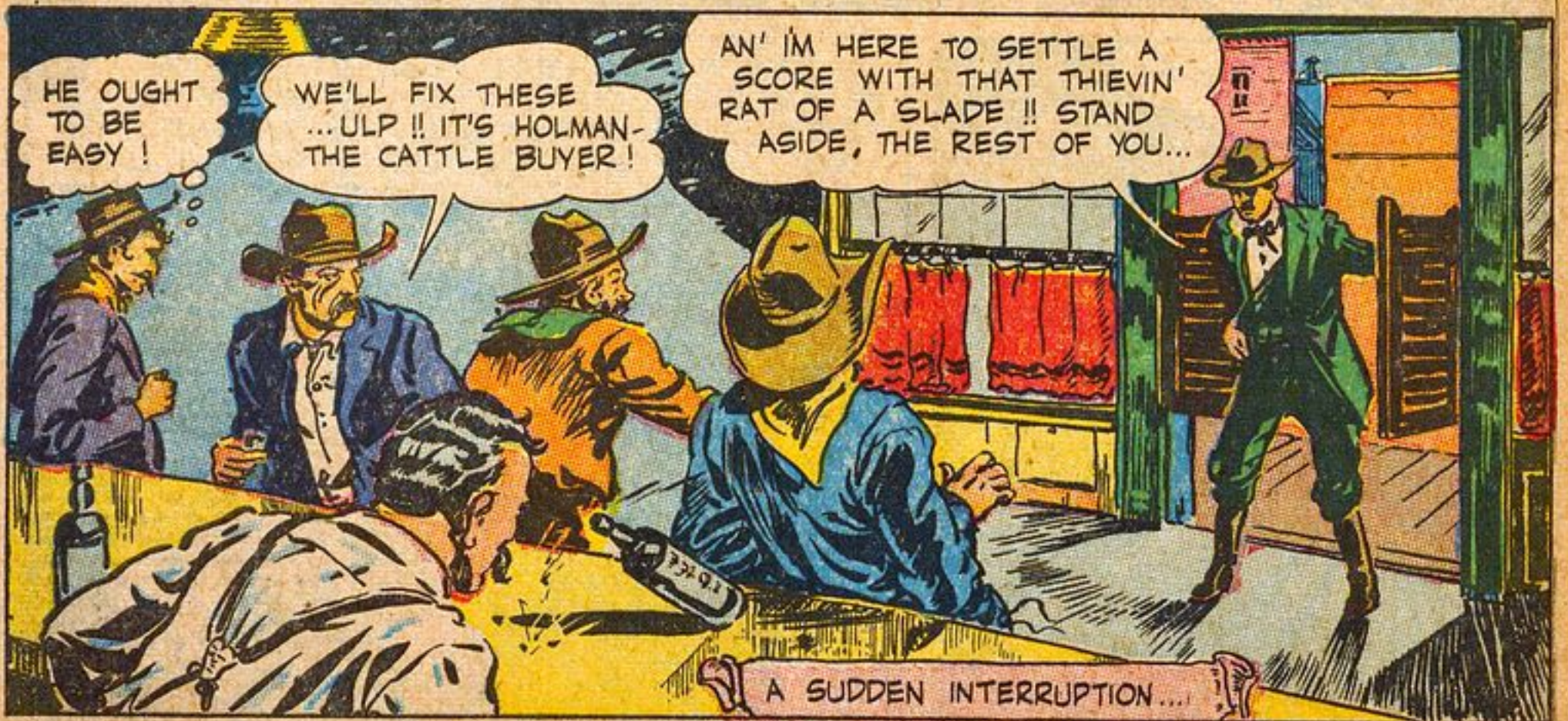
THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
MEN—AN  
INFECTED  
HERD ! THEY'LL  
BE AT THE  
COUNTY LINE  
SOMETIME  
TONIGHT - IF  
THEY AREN'T  
STOPPED !

THE FEVER'LL SWEEP  
THE COUNTRY—RUIN  
EVERY RANCHER  
HERE !!!

WE'LL  
ALL BE  
WIPED  
OUT !!

WE'LL  
MEET 'EM AT  
THE LINE—WITH  
GUNS !

AT THAT MOMENT, ACROSS THE STREET  
IN LAZY JAKE'S...



HE OUGHT  
TO BE  
EASY !

WE'LL FIX THESE  
...ULP !! IT'S HOLMAN—  
THE CATTLE BUYER !

AN' I'M HERE TO SETTLE A  
SCORE WITH THAT THIEVIN'  
RAT OF A SLADE !! STAND  
ASIDE, THE REST OF YOU...

A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION...









HOLMAN ACCUSED SLADE OF STEALING HIS GOVERNMENT BEEF CONTRACT BY BIDDING THIRTY DOLLARS A HEAD ! HE WAS ACHIN' FOR A FIGHT...

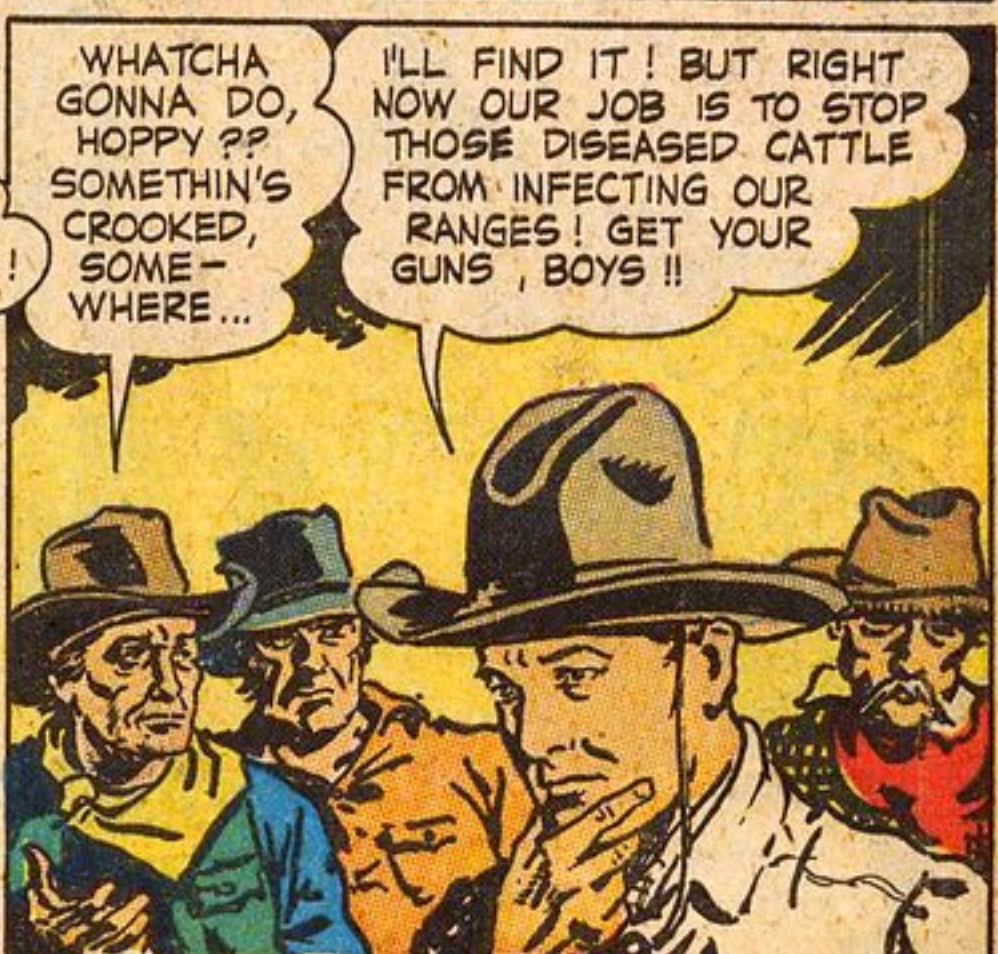
I DON'T BLAME HIM ! SLADE, WHAT'S THE GAME ?? YOU HAVEN'T ANY CATTLE TO SELL AT THAT PRICE ?? WHERE DID YOU AIM TO GET THEM ??

I WONDER IF HE SUSPECTS !



THAT, CASSIDY, IS MY BUSINESS !!

OKAY - BUT IF IT'S AS DIRTY AS I SUSPECT, I'LL FIND AN EXCUSE TO MAKE IT MY BUSINESS BEFORE IT IS FINISHED !



WHATCHA GONNA DO, HOPPY ?? SOMETHIN'S CROOKED, SOMEWHERE ...

I'LL FIND IT ! BUT RIGHT NOW OUR JOB IS TO STOP THOSE DISEASED CATTLE FROM INFECTING OUR RANGES ! GET YOUR GUNS, BOYS !!



HOPPY'S WAITIN'



WE GOTTA STOP THAT FEVER HERD !!



HIT LEATHER, MEN !!!

GRAB YOUR IRONS, MEN ! FEVER HERD COMIN' - HOPPY'S WAITIN' AT JAKE'S - HURRY !

FROM ONE END OF TOWN TO THE OTHER AND OUT INTO THE NEIGHBORING RANGES - THE TERRIBLE WORD IS SPREAD - FEVER CATTLE !!!





HERE COMES MESQUITE WITH THE 7-L BOYS ! LET'S GO !! AND AVOID BLOODSHED IF WE CAN...

IF JUST ONE STEER CROSSES THAT COUNTY LINE , THERE'LL BE A SLAUGHTER !!

LOBO LARSON'S A KILLER !! IF HE'S DRIVIN' THE HERD, WE'RE IN FOR A FIGHT !



LIKE AN ARMY, THE GRIM-FACED RANGERS GATHER TO DEFEND THEIR PRECIOUS HERDS AGAINST THE RAVAGING DISEASE OF REDWATER FEVER !!





THE SKUNK!  
HOLMAN WAS  
A GOOD MAN!

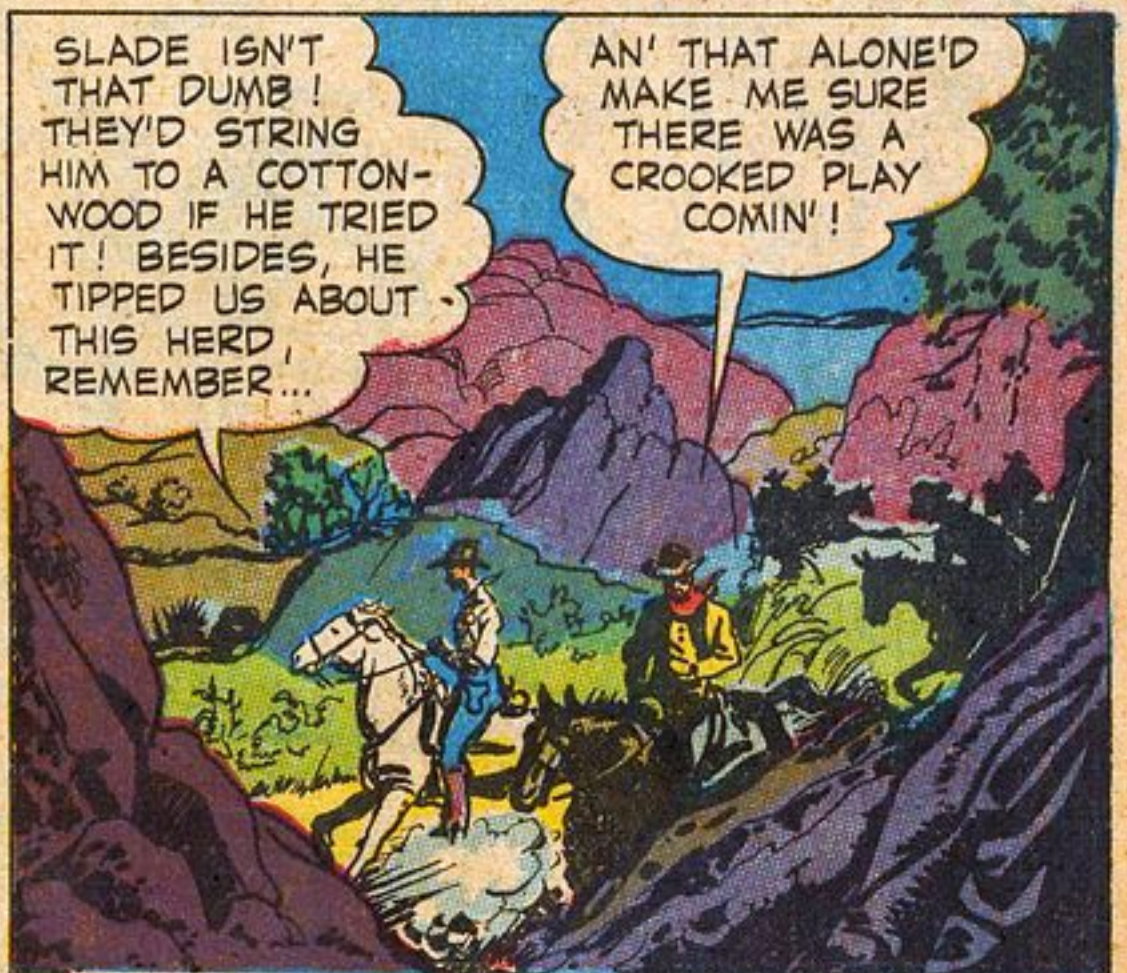
TROUBLE IS, I CAN'T SEE  
SLADE'S STAKES IN THE GAME,  
YET—NOR WHAT THE PLAY IS!  
BUT WHEN I DO....!!

HOPALONG TELLS MESQUITE OF HOLMAN'S DEATH AND HIS OWN CLASH WITH SLADE !!



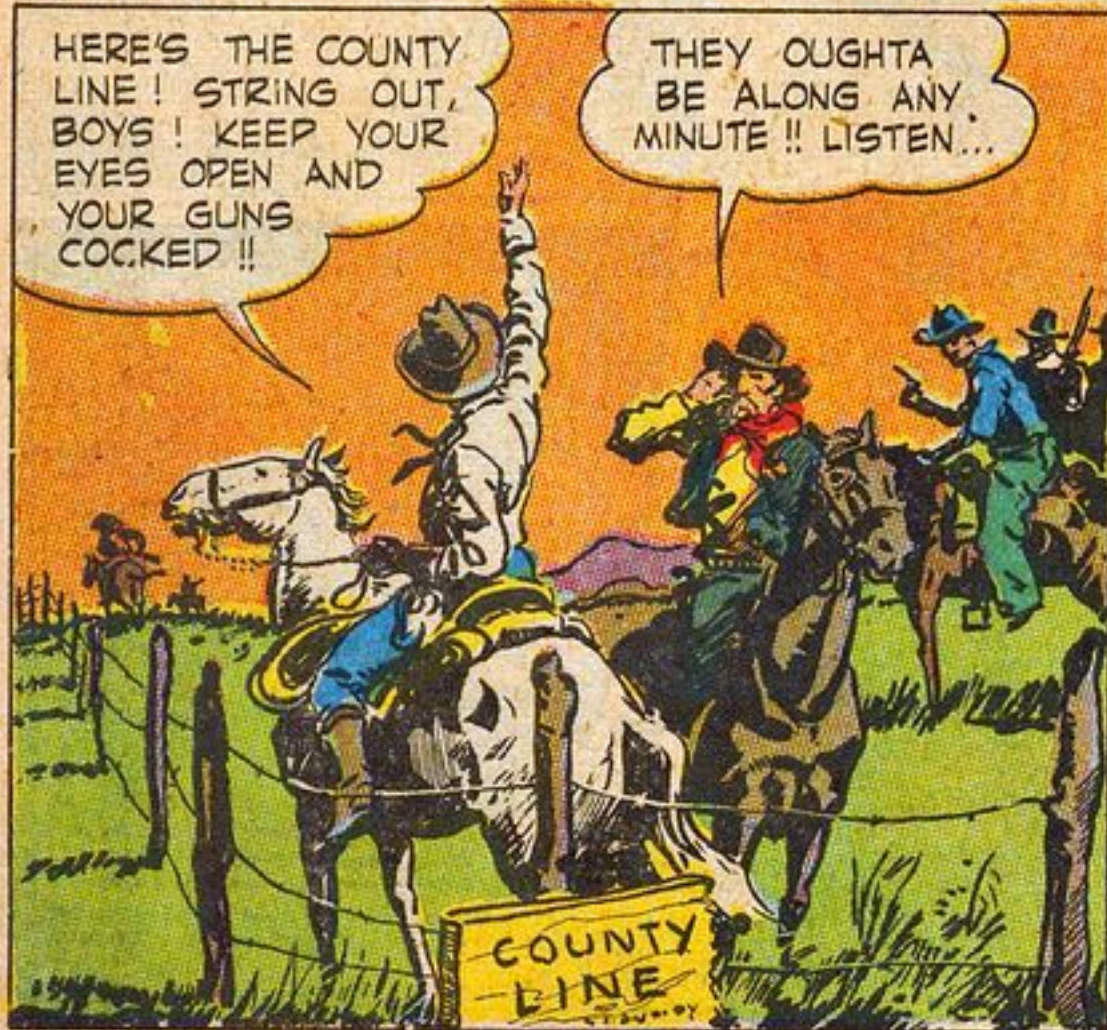
I HAPPEN TO  
KNOW THAT  
GOVERNMENT  
CONTRACT CALLS  
FOR THREE  
THOUSAND HEAD  
OF CATTLE TO BE  
DELIVERED WITHIN  
TWO  
WEEKS!

SLADE AIN'T GOT—  
HOPPY!!! YOU RECKON  
HE AIMED TO SHOVE  
FEVER CATTLE TO  
THE GOVERNMENT  
FOR THIRTY A  
HEAD ???



SLADE ISN'T  
THAT DUMB!  
THEY'D STRING  
HIM TO A COTTON-  
WOOD IF HE TRIED  
IT! BESIDES, HE  
TIPPED US ABOUT  
THIS HERD,  
REMEMBER...

AN' THAT ALONE'D  
MAKE ME SURE  
THERE WAS A  
CROOKED PLAY  
COMIN'!



HERE'S THE COUNTY  
LINE! STRING OUT,  
BOYS! KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN AND  
YOUR GUNS  
COCKED !!

THEY OUGHTA  
BE ALONG ANY  
MINUTE !! LISTEN...



HERE  
THEY  
COME!

DON'T START ANYTHING,  
BOYS! IF THEY MAKE  
THE FIRST MOVE—THEN  
DEFEND YOUR RANGE !!  
BUT MAKE THEM START  
THE TROUBLE ....



SAY, HOPPY, THAT'S LOBO OVER THERE! WATCH OUT FOR TROUBLE!

KEEP ORDER HERE, MESQUITE... I'M GOING OVER AND PARLEY THEM...

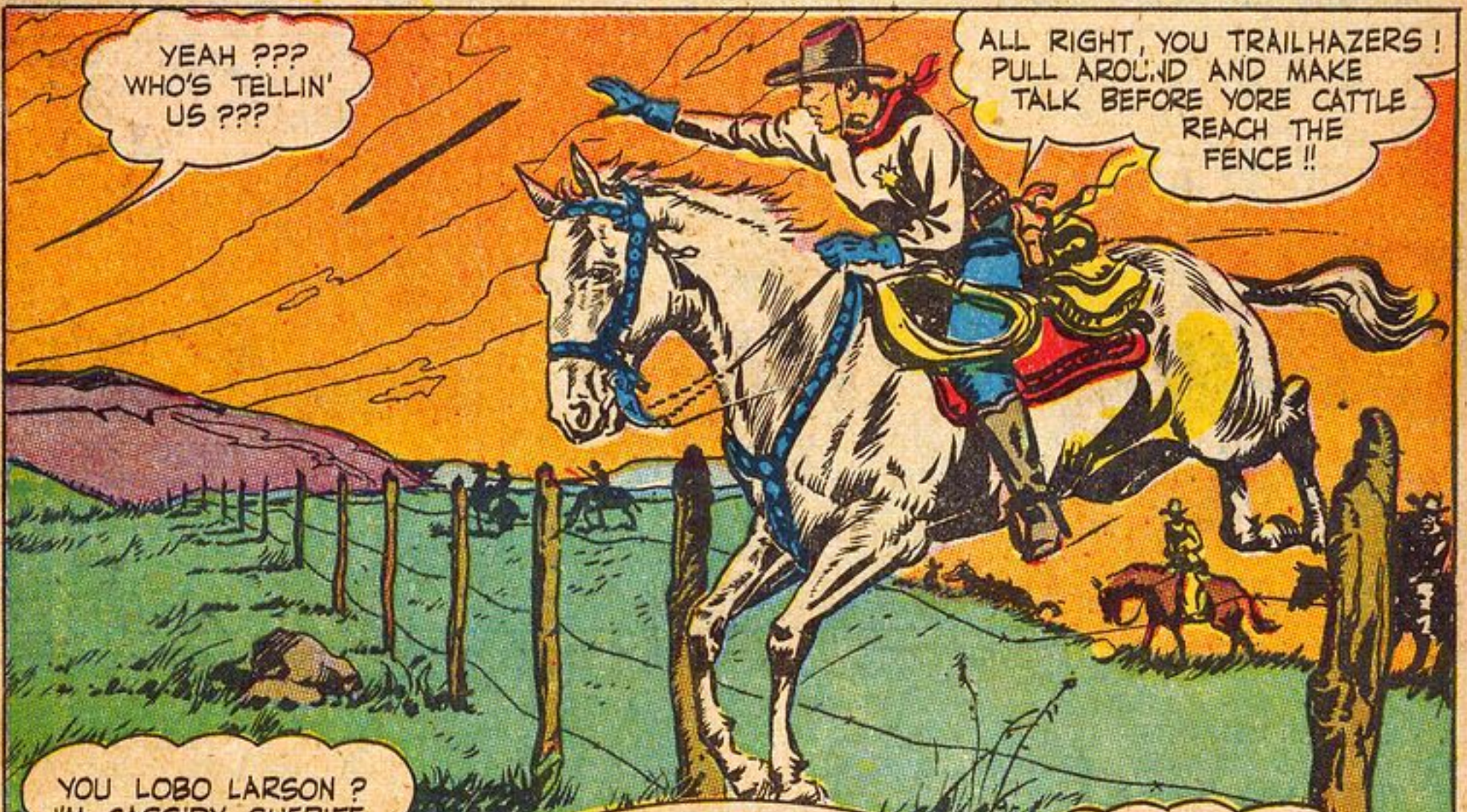
IF THEY STAMPEDE THROUGH THE FENCE, EVERY RANCHER IN THE COUNTY BE WIPED OUT!



OUT OF THE DUSK THEY COME - WILD-EYED BAWLING, STAMPING TEJANOS, AS THE COWMEN CALL TEXAS LONGHORNS !!!

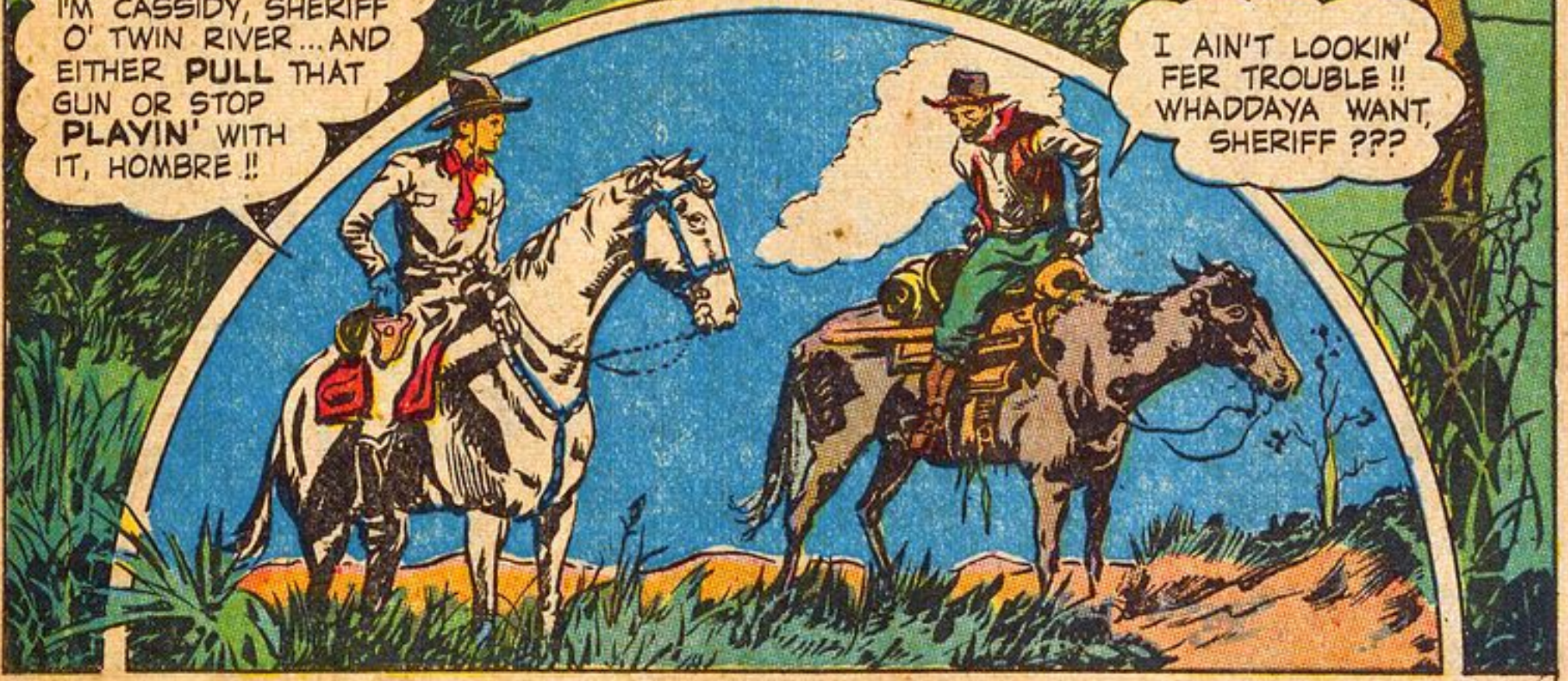
YEAH ??? WHO'S TELLIN' US ???

ALL RIGHT, YOU TRAILHAZERS! PULL AROUND AND MAKE TALK BEFORE YORE CATTLE REACH THE FENCE !!



YOU LOBO LARSON? I'M CASSIDY, SHERIFF O' TWIN RIVER... AND EITHER PULL THAT GUN OR STOP PLAYIN' WITH IT, HOMBRE !!

I AIN'T LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE !! WHADDAYA WANT, SHERIFF ???

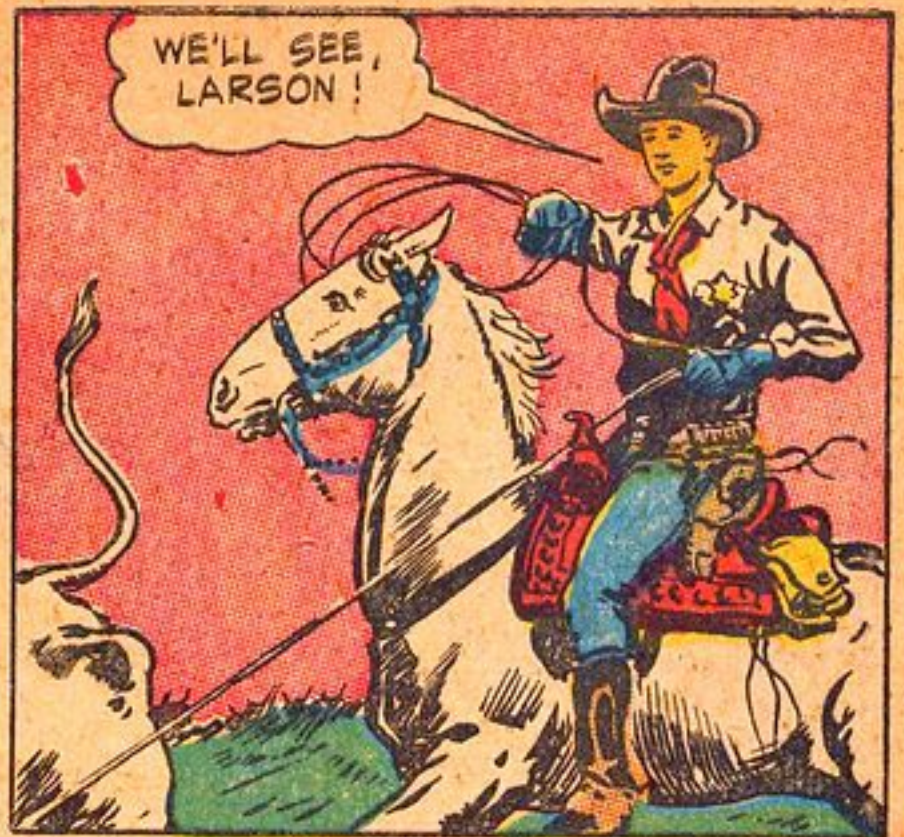






JUST THIS, LARSON!  
TURN BACK! WE  
AREN'T LETTING A  
TEXAS STEER INTO  
TWIN RIVER COUNTY!  
THAT'S OUR LAW!

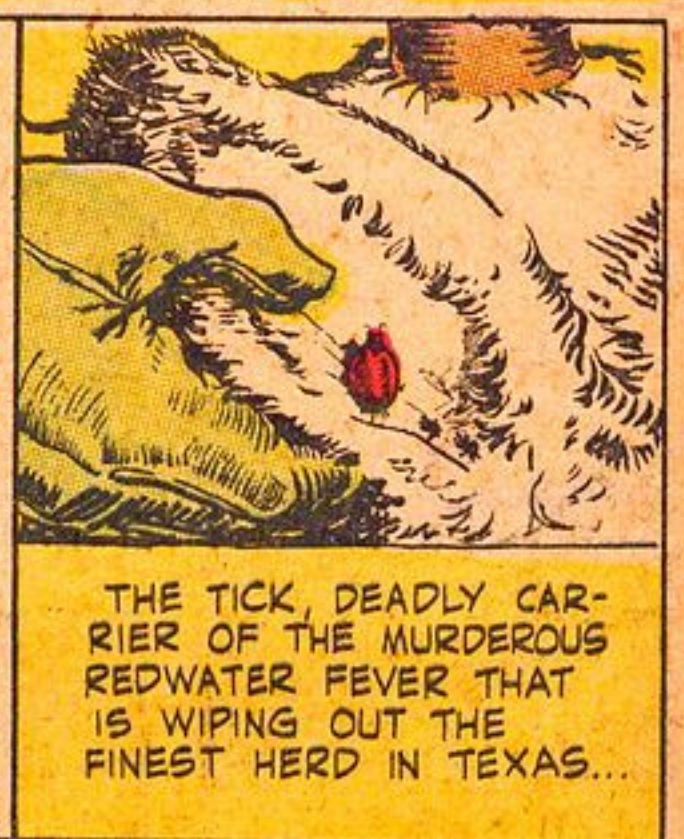
THERE AIN'T NO  
FEVER IN MY  
HERD! I GOT  
A RIGHT TO DRIVE  
THROUGH!



WE'LL SEE,  
LARSON!



NO FEVER, LARSON? ARE YOU  
BLIND OR STUBBORN? LOOK  
AT THIS!!!



THE TICK, DEADLY CAR-  
RIER OF THE MURDEROUS  
REDWATER FEVER THAT  
IS WIPING OUT THE  
FINEST HERD IN TEXAS...



YOUR HERD'S A WALKING  
SLAUGHTER-HOUSE!! I'LL  
GIVE YOU FIFTEEN  
MINUTES TO TURN  
THEM AND HEAD  
BACK SOUTH!

LEMME DROP  
BACK AND TALK  
IT OVER WITH  
THE BOYS!



WHAT HAPPENED,  
HOPPY? WHAT  
ARE THEY ALL  
GOIN' AROUND  
BEHIND THE  
HERD FOR?

THEY'RE  
HOLDING PALAVER  
TO DECIDE  
WHETHER THEY  
TURN AROUND OR  
FIGHT US! BUT I  
DON'T LIKE THE  
LOOKS OF THIS!



IT'S WORKIN' !! IN A MINUTE LOBO'LL SET OFF THE DYNAMITE AN' THAT WHOLE HERD'LL STAMPEDE RIGHT THROUGH THE FENCE!

... AN' SCATTER ALL OVER TWIN RIVER COUNTY !!! WHAT AN IDEA YOU COOKED UP THIS TIME, BOSS!

HOPALONG'S HUNCH IS RIGHT, FOR AT THAT MOMENT...

NOT BAD! WHILE THE RANCHERS FIGHT THE FEVER HERD, WE HELP OURSELVES TO NINETY-THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF PRIME STOCK!

WE BETTER GET GOIN', BOSS! THE BOYS'RE WAITING TO MOVE!

I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE FEELING THAT THIS TIES IN WITH SLADE'S DEAL

KAIN'T SEE HOW, HOPPY! THERE AIN'T BUT AROUND FIFTEEN HUNDRED HEAD O' CATTLE HERE, AND HE NEEDS THREE THOUSAND...

HOPALONG AND MESQUITE PUZZLE IT ALL OUT...

WAIT, MESQUITE! I'VE GOT IT! WHERE ARE THAT MANY CATTLE FOR RUSTLERS TO LIFT?

ONLY PLACE I KNOW IS BIRCH CANYON WHERE THE 7-L OUTFIT'S HOLDING A ROUNDUP HERD CUTTIN' OUT... HEY! I GET IT!!!

JUMPIN' RATTLES! THAT'S IT, HOPPY! THERE'S ONLY TWO MEN ON GUARD THERE! EVER'BODY ELSE IS HERE WITH US!!

AND WHILE WE'RE FIGHTING A STAMPEDE --- SLADE'S OUTFIT WILL CLEAN OUT THE CANYON! QUICK BOYS!!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! GET THIS-- BECAUSE WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

... WHAT WE GONNA DO, HOPPY? IF WE LEAVE HERE TO GUARD BIRCH CANYON, THE FEVER'LL GET THROUGH!

A FEW WORDS PAINT THE GRIM PICTURE FOR THE RANCHERS!!

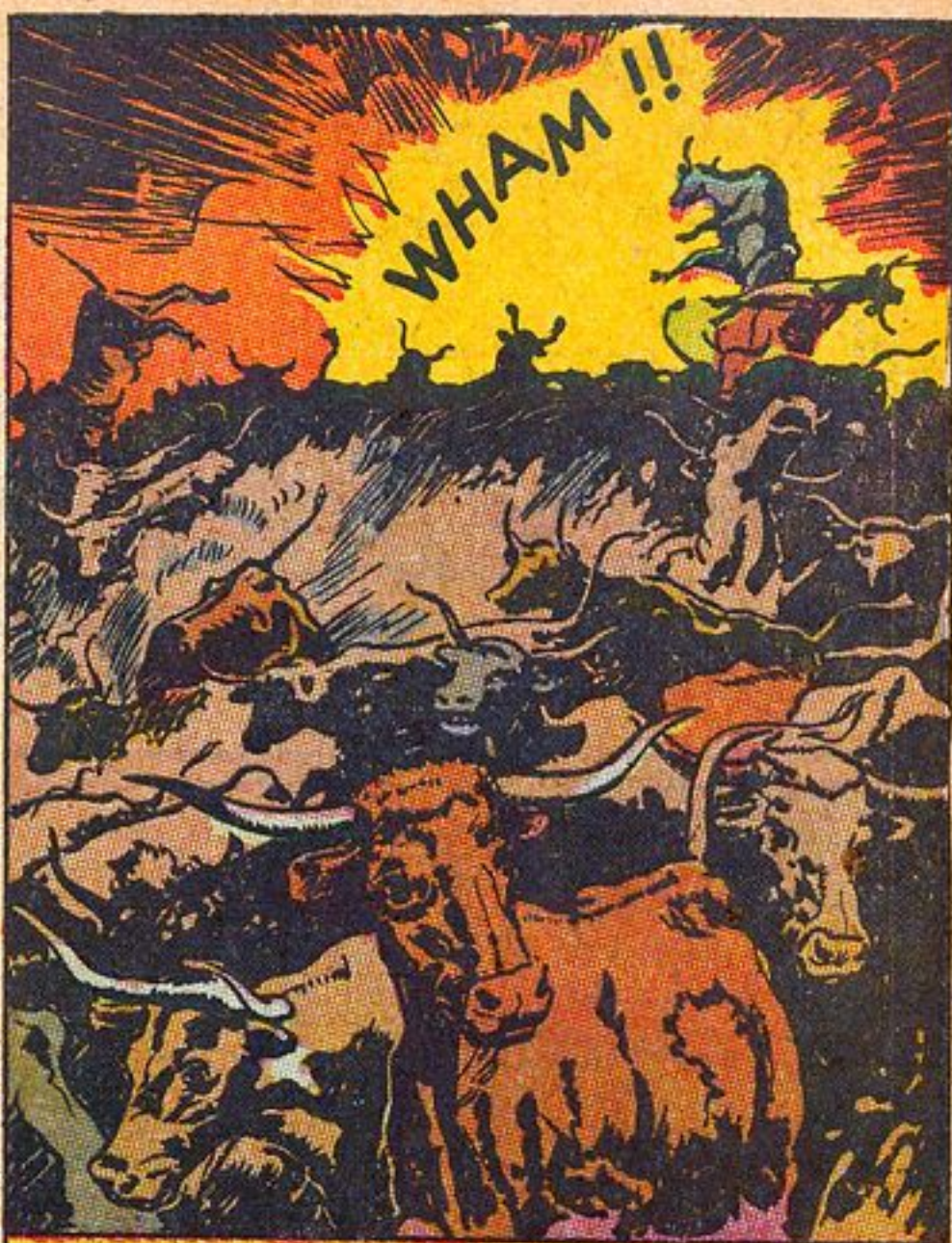




HIT LEATHER BOYS!  
I'M GONNA LIGHT THIS  
FUSE! THERE SHE  
GOES!

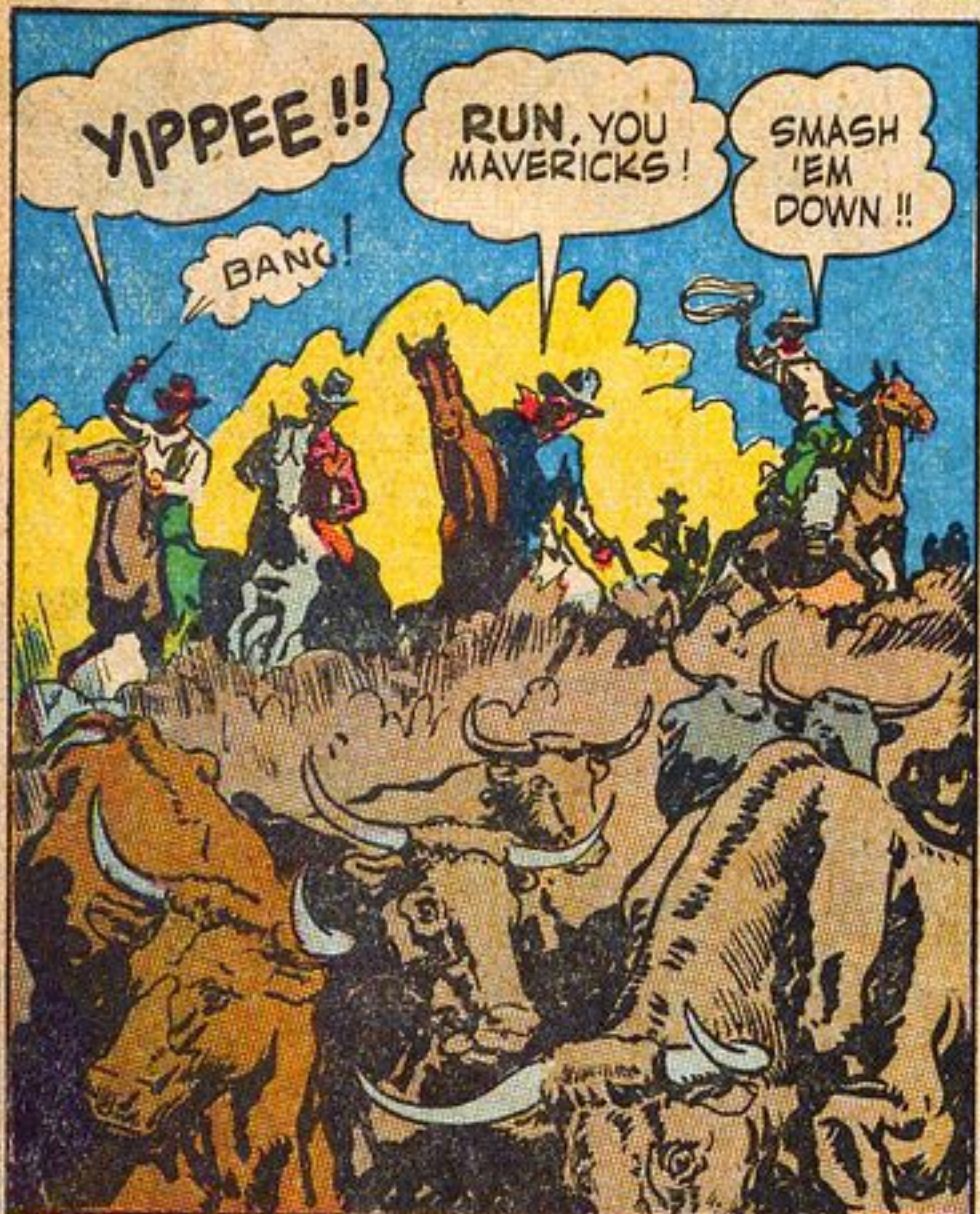
WHEN THAT DYNAMITE  
GOES OFF, THE HERD'LL  
STAMPEDE RIGHT THROUGH  
THE FENCE! A **HUNDRED**  
CASSIDY'S COULDN'T  
STOP 'EM!

LOBO LARSON PLAYS HIS GRIM CARD !!



WHAM !!

WITH A THUNDER OF HOOVES THE STAM-  
PEDE IS ON !!



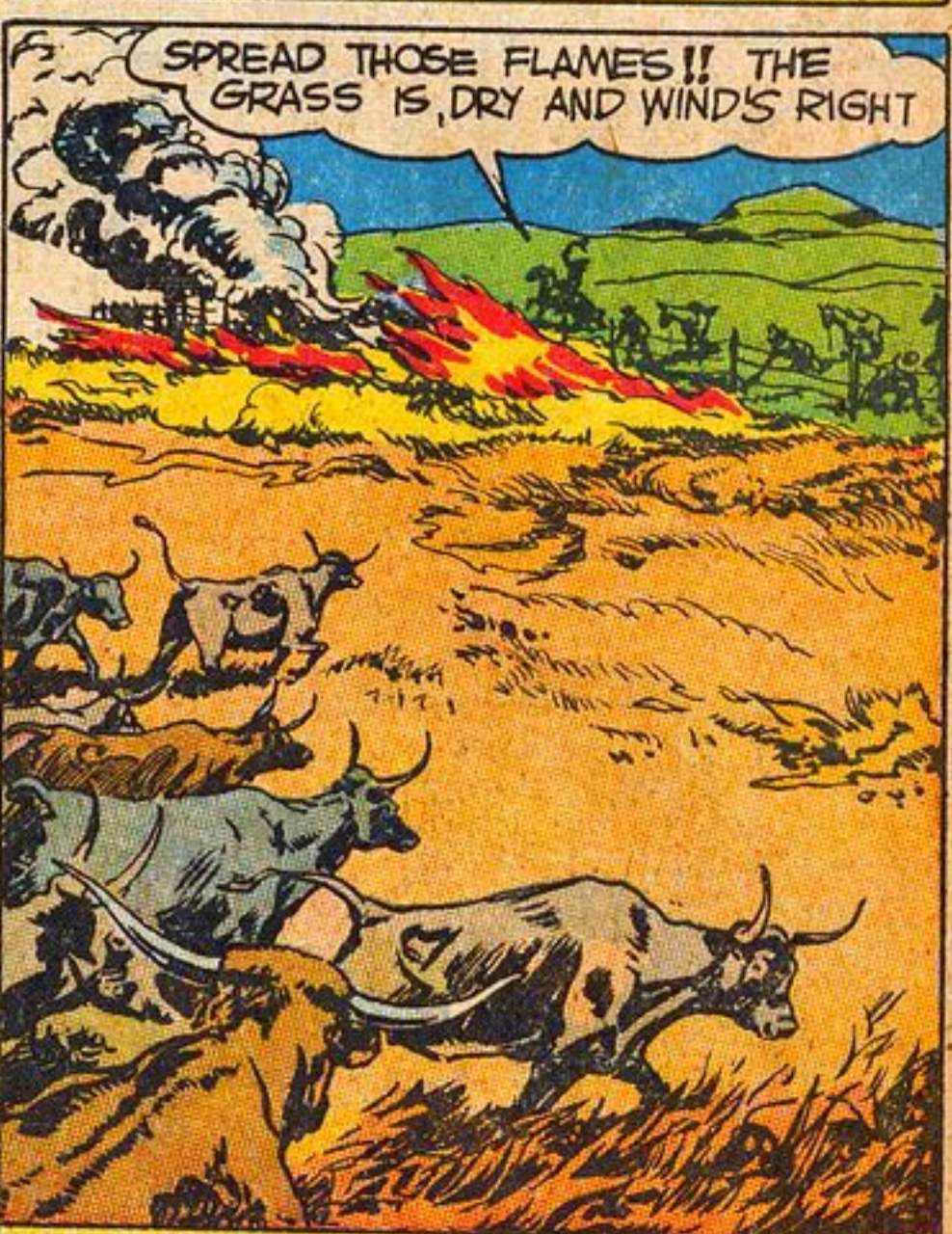
YIPPEE !!

RUN, YOU  
MAVERICKS!

SMASH  
'EM  
DOWN !!

BANG!

LIKE A JUGGERNAUT OF DESTRUCTION, THE  
FEAR-CRAZED CATTLE HEAD TOWARD THE  
COUNTY LINE FENCE...



SPREAD THOSE FLAMES !! THE  
GRASS IS DRY AND WIND'S RIGHT

**FIRE !!** THE CHANCE IN A MILLION OF STOP-  
PING THE DEADLY HERD !!





IT'S WORKING! THEY'RE TURNING BACK FROM THE LINE!!



MESQUITE, YOU KEEP A COUPLE OF BOYS HERE TO MOP UP! THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW ME TO BIRCH CANYON!! AND RIDE THE WIND!!

RECKON THE SITUATION IS SORT OF MOPPING IT-SELF UP, HOPPY! LOOK!

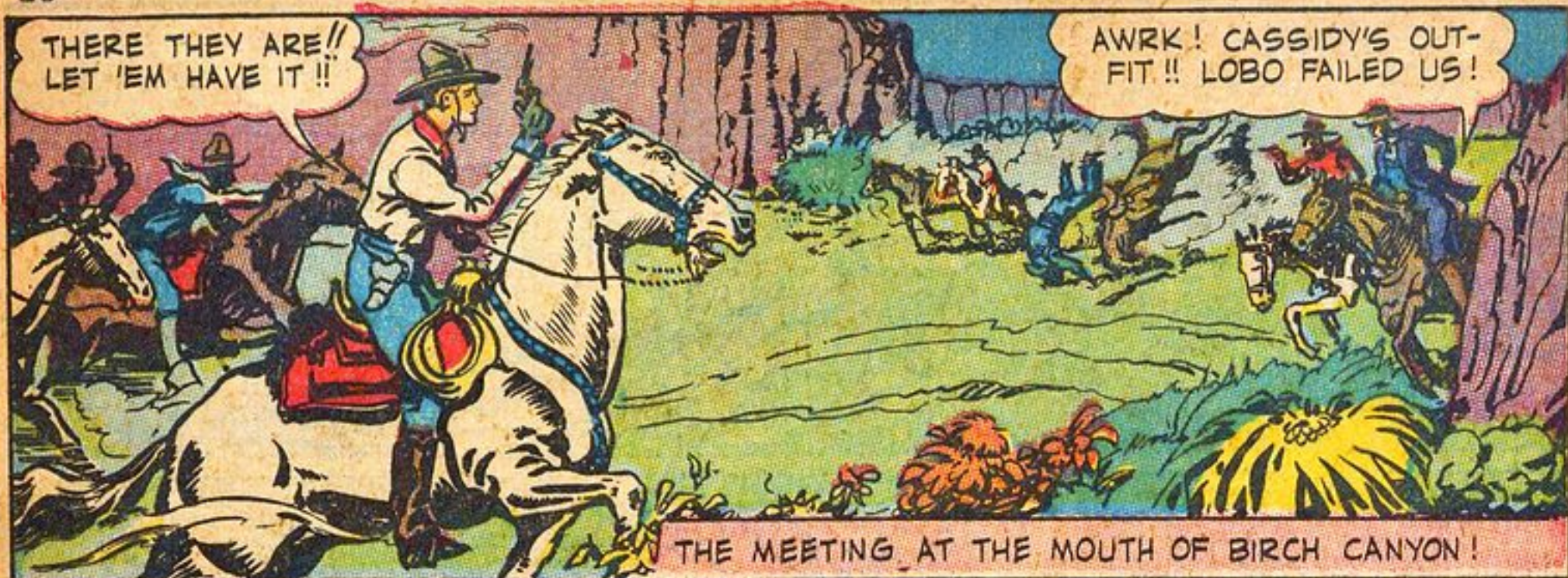


THE STAMPEDING, TERROR-MAD HERD IS CRUSHING THE VERY MEN WHO ORGANIZED IT!



COME ON, MEN! THE BIG FIGHT'S AHEAD---WE'VE GOT TO BEAT SLADE'S CREW TO BIRCH CANYON!!





THERE THEY ARE!! LET 'EM HAVE IT !!

AWRK! CASSIDY'S OUTFIT!! LOBO FAILED US!

THE MEETING AT THE MOUTH OF BIRCH CANYON!



HOPPY !! SLADE'S GETTING AWAY!

I'LL SNEAK UP THIS PASS!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!



GOT HIS HORSE !! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT...



THIS IS THE END OF YOUR TRAIL, SLADE!

HE THINKS I'M UN-ARMED!



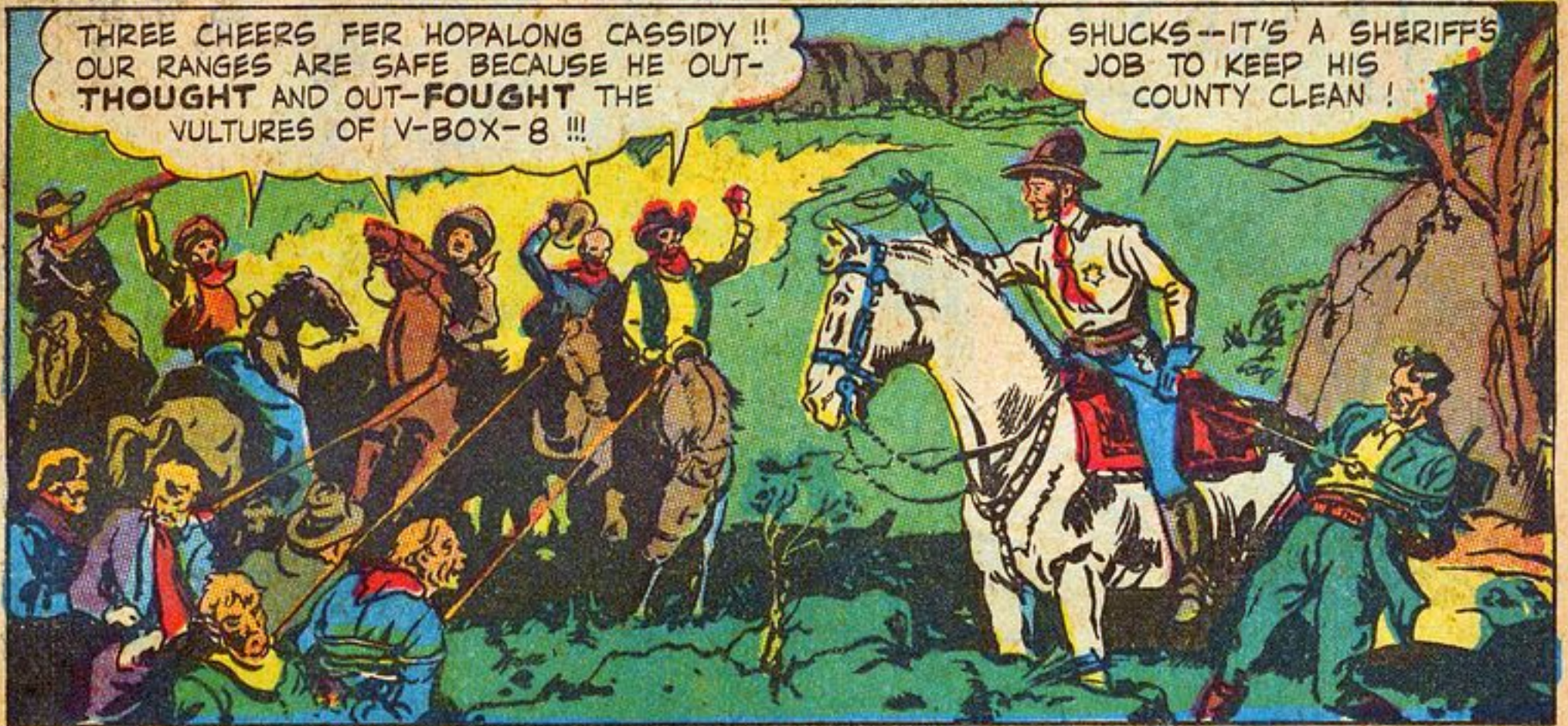


SHOOTING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, SLADE! THE COUNTRY'S GOT A NEW HEMP ROPE WE WANT YOU TO TRY!!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!



THAT, YOU VARMINT, IS A MATTER OF OPINION!



THREE CHEERS FER HOPALONG CASSIDY!! OUR RANGES ARE SAFE BECAUSE HE OUT-THOUGHT AND OUT-FOUGHT THE VULTURES OF V-BOX-8!!!

SHUCKS--IT'S A SHERIFF'S JOB TO KEEP HIS COUNTY CLEAN!



HOOD--HUM!! WHAT A DEAD TOWN, HOPPY! I WISH'T SUMPIN' EXCITING WOULD HAPPEN!

IT'S GOING TO, MESQUITE! JUST BE PATIENT!!!

SOMETHING ALWAYS DOES IN HOPALONG'S LIFE! WATCH FOR HIM IN MASTER COMICS.



# WESTERN FANS!!!

## HERE'S A HIT!



# GOLDEN ARROW

No. 2 1943

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION  
10¢

68 PAGES OF  
RIP SNORTIN'  
**ACTION**  
WITH  
GOLDEN ARROW  
WESTERN STAR OF  
WHIZ COMICS!

# WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWS- STAND!!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

## and THE APACHE CREEK NESTERS



**I**T WAS A NICE PROFITABLE RACKET FOR THE BUZZARD WHO THOUGHT IT UP - BUT HOPALONG CASSIDY WAS GETTING DAWGGONE TIRED OF ATTENDING THE FUNERALS OF PILGRIMS WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD MAKE A HOME ON APACHE CREEK!

SO, AS SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER, HE COOKED UP A STEW WHICH INCLUDED ONE KILLER, SEASONED WITH LEAD, AND ASSORTED GUNMEN SERVED FRESH ON ROPE-ENDS! AND POOR MESQUITE LOST HIS MUSTACHE FOR A WHILE!!

*Definition:*  
NESTER: A FARMING HOMESTEADER!!

APACHE CREEK, A FEW MILES FROM TWIN RIVER, WHERE A WANDERING FARMER ENVISIONED A HOME FOR HIMSELF AND HIS SICKLY WIFE!

THERE IT IS, BOYS! THE SHACK THAT DIRTY NESTER THINKS HIM AND HIS WIFE ARE GONNA LIVE IN!

HE'LL FIND OUT DIFFERENT! HAW-HAW!



WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, RIDE DOWN HARD AND TOSS THE TORCHES ON THE ROOF!...

THEN WE STAY BACK AND PICK THEM BOTH OFF BY FIRELIGHT WHEN THEY GET ROASTED OUT! THAT'LL BE EASY, BOSS!





DID YOU SEE 'EM, SAM? WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?

THEY'RE HERE - LIGHTIN' TORCHES TO BURN US OUT! GIT YER COAT ON AN' WE'LL GIVE 'EM A SURPRISE, THE ORNERY SKUNKS!

BUT INSIDE THE SHACK, SAM AND MARY SHIELDS HAVE BEEN EXPECTING TROUBLE!

INTO THE COULEE, MARY - AN' KEEP YER HEAD DOWN!

WHY WON'T THEY LET HONEST FARMERS LIVE IN PEACE, SAM?

YIPEEEEE! LET 'ER GO, BOYS, AND SMOKE OUT THE NESTERS!

WE'LL TEACH 'EM NOT TO PLOW UP GOOD CATTLE LAND!

BANG!

BANG!

COME OUT, YOU YELLOW FARMERS!

YOU HAD YOUR WARNING!

LIKE PHANTOMS FROM THE PIT, THE MASKED MURDERERS SHRIEK THEIR BLOOD-LUST TO THE CRIMSON MOON!

SPREAD OUT AROUND THE SHACK! THE FIRE'LL DRIVE 'EM OUT IN A MINUTE! MAKE SURE THEY DON'T LIVE TO TELL TALES!

SAM! YOU MUSTN'T! - LET THE LAW ---

WHEN VULTURES LIKE THEM CAN RIDE TO MURDER, MARY, A MAN'S GUN IS HIS ONLY LAW! STAY DOWN ---

BUT BEYOND THE FLAMES OF A BURNING HOME, A GAUNT FIGURE OF VENGEANCE RISES TO BONY KNEES!





CAN'T SEE 'EM, JAKE! MEBBE THEY'RE DEAD! ---AH-H-H-H!

WHAT TH'---! AMBUSHED!



GOT ANOTHER SKUNK, MARY! AN' THE REST ARE RUNNIN' AWAY!

OH, SAM! ALL WE WANTED WAS OUR LAST FEW YEARS IN PEACE!



THAT DIRTY NESTER -AMBUSHED US AN' KILLED TWO OF OUR BOYS! BUT WE BURNED HIS SHACK!

AN' IF HE'S STILL AROUND TOMORRER NIGHT, HE'LL WISH'T HE'D NEVER BEEN BORN!



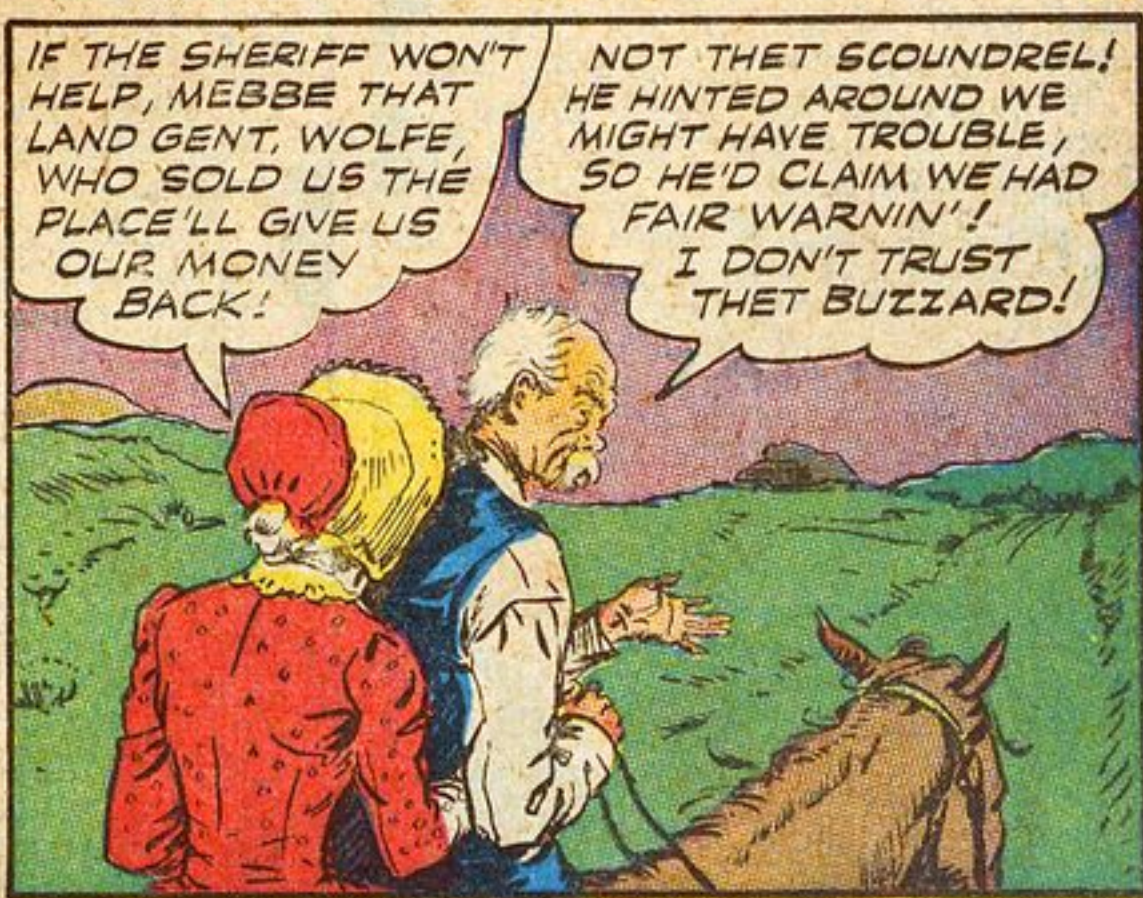
GONE! ALL GONE! IT WAREN'T MUCH, SAM, BUT IT WAS HOME TO US! WHAT WE GONTER DO NOW!

GIT OLD NED AN' RIDE TO TOWN, MARY! I'M GONNA SEE SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY AND DEMAND PERTECTION!



BUT, SAM, CASSIDY'S A COWMAN - AN' COWMEN ALWAYS HATE FARMERS THET COME PLOWIN' UP THEIR GRAZIN' LAND!

I KNOW! BUT I HEARD HOPALONG CASSIDY'S AN HONEST SHERIFF AN' I'M AGOIN TER SEE IF IT'S TRUE!



IF THE SHERIFF WONT HELP, MEBBE THAT LAND GENT, WOLFE, WHO SOLD US THE PLACE'LL GIVE US OUR MONEY BACK!

NOT THET SCOUNDREL! HE HINTED AROUND WE MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE, SO HE'D CLAIM WE HAD FAIR WARNIN'! I DON'T TRUST THET BUZZARD!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING ...

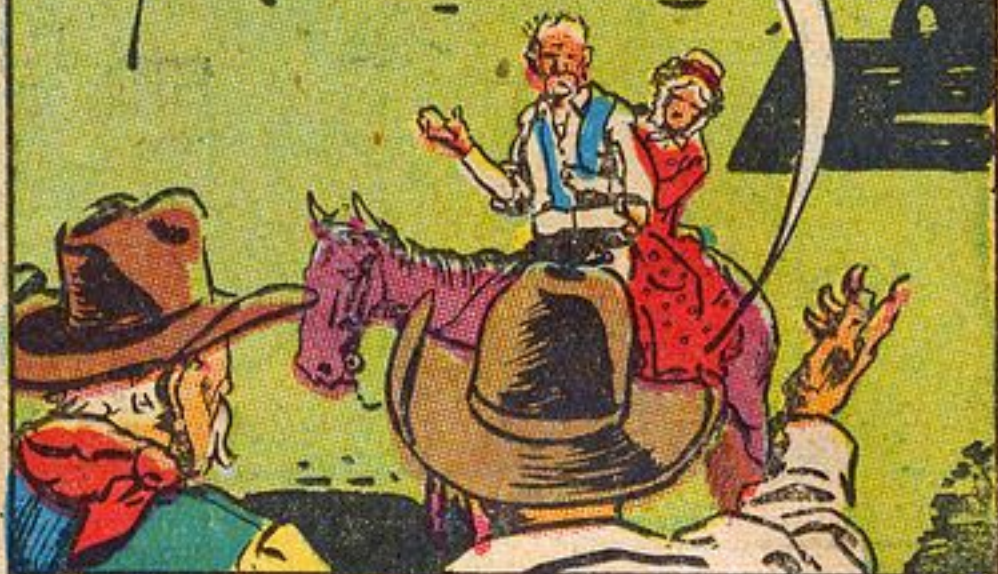
WELL, MESQUITE, I WONDER WHAT THE CITIZENS OF TWIN RIVER COUNTY'LL COOK UP TO PESTER THEIR SHERIFF WITH TODAY!

NO TELLIN', HOPPY! BUT IF I AIN'T MISTOOK, SOME OF IT'S A-COMIN' RIGHT NOW!



CAN YUH TELL WHO IT IS, HOPPY?

LOOKS LIKE THE SHIELDS, THOSE NESTERS WHO BOUGHT A PIECE OF APACHE CREEK FROM OUR PAL, EZRA WOLFE!



THE BITTER STORY IS SOON TOLD!

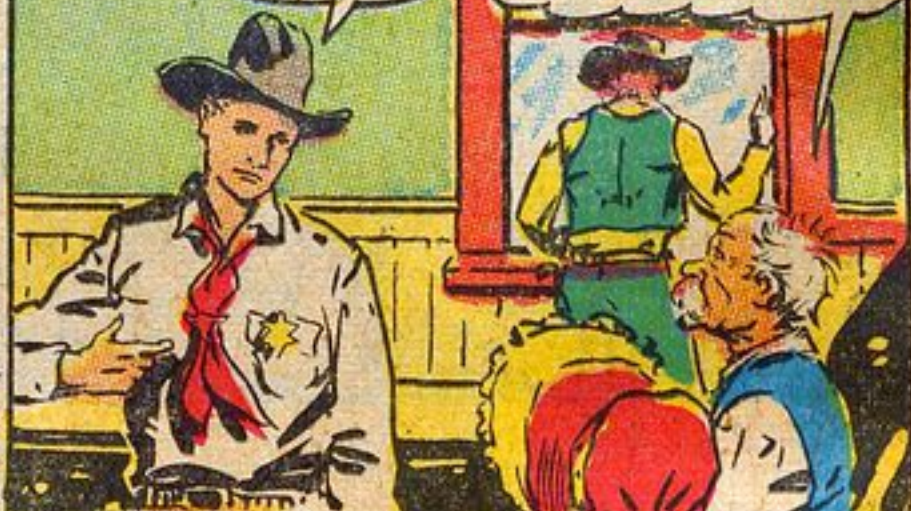
--- THEY HAULED THEIR DEAD AWAY WITH THEM AN' WE COME TO TOWN! BUT THEY'LL COME BACK! I KNOW YOU COWMEN HATE FARMERS, BUT---

JUST A MINUTE, SHIELDS!



--- EVEN IF I DID HATE NESTERS, I'M SHERIFF HERE, PAID TO PROTECT PEOPLE! YOU'LL GET ALL THE PROTECTION I CAN GIVE YOU TO PRESERVE YOUR HOME!

I ALLUZ HEERED HOPALONG CASSIDY WAS A WHITE MAN ALL THE WAY!



BUT WHAT TO DO! IF WE CAMP OUT THERE, THEY'LL SIMPLY WAIT UNTIL WE GO AN' THEN BURN YOU OUT! WE DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE!...

SAM, WE BETTER ASK WOLFE FER PART OF OUR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS BACK AN MOVE ON! NOBODY KIN SAVE US!..



WOLFE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WE'LL GO SEE HIM! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO SAY ON THE WAY OVER!

YOU THINK EZRA WOLFE WOULD BE CONNECTED WITH THIS, SHERIFF?



I DON'T KNOW - BUT I WANT TO CHECK UP ON ON SOMETHING! NOW, YOU DO THIS ---- BZ-ZZZ! ---B-Z-Z-Z!





'MORNING, EZRA! THESE FOLKS ARE CUSTOMERS OF YOURS WHO'VE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE! I TOLD 'EM A BIG-HEARTED GENT LIKE YOU ---

NOW, NOW, SHERIFF! I AM GENEROUS— YES— BUT I WILL NOT BE IMPOSED UPON! WHAT'S THE COMPLAINT, SHIELDS?

LAND FOR SALE OR TRADE.

AGAIN THE SAD STORY IS TOLD!

...WE CAN'T STAY AN' THET TWO THOUSAND WAS OUR LAST MONEY! WE WANT TO SELL THE LAND BACK TO YOU AND MOVE ON...

OH, NO! I WARNED YOU THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE! THE LAW CAN'T FORCE ME TO --- JUST A MINUTE, FOLKS!

LAST

AS THE SHERIFF TOLD YOU, I'M A BIG-HEARTED MAN! TO HELP YOU OUT, I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS FOR THAT LAND!

FIFTY DOLLARS! — WHEN WE JUST PAID YOU TWO THOUSAND! I WON'T DO IT! — WE'LL STICK AND FIGHT!

OF ALL THE DIRTY, LOW-DOWN...

VERY WELL! IF YOU'D RATHER RISK YOUR WIFE'S SAFETY, SHIELDS! BUT YOU MIGHT ASK THE SHERIFF TO GIVE YOU SOME PROTECTION!

WELL, HOPPY, D'JUH PIN ANYTHING ON THAT COYOTE, EZRA WOLFE?

NOTHING THAT I CAN PROVE, MESQUITE — HE'S AN OILY SLICKER!

FIVE TIMES HE'S SOLD THAT LAND — AND EVERY TIME A MASKED GANG KILLED OR SCARED AWAY THE BUYER! HE'S CLEANED UP A FORTUNE BY SELLING IT OVER AND OVER!

I'LL FIGHT!





I'LL HELP YOU AND I'VE GOT A SCHEME I THINK'LL SNARE US A TRAPFUL OF SKUNKS! NOW LISTEN TO THIS CAREFULLY!

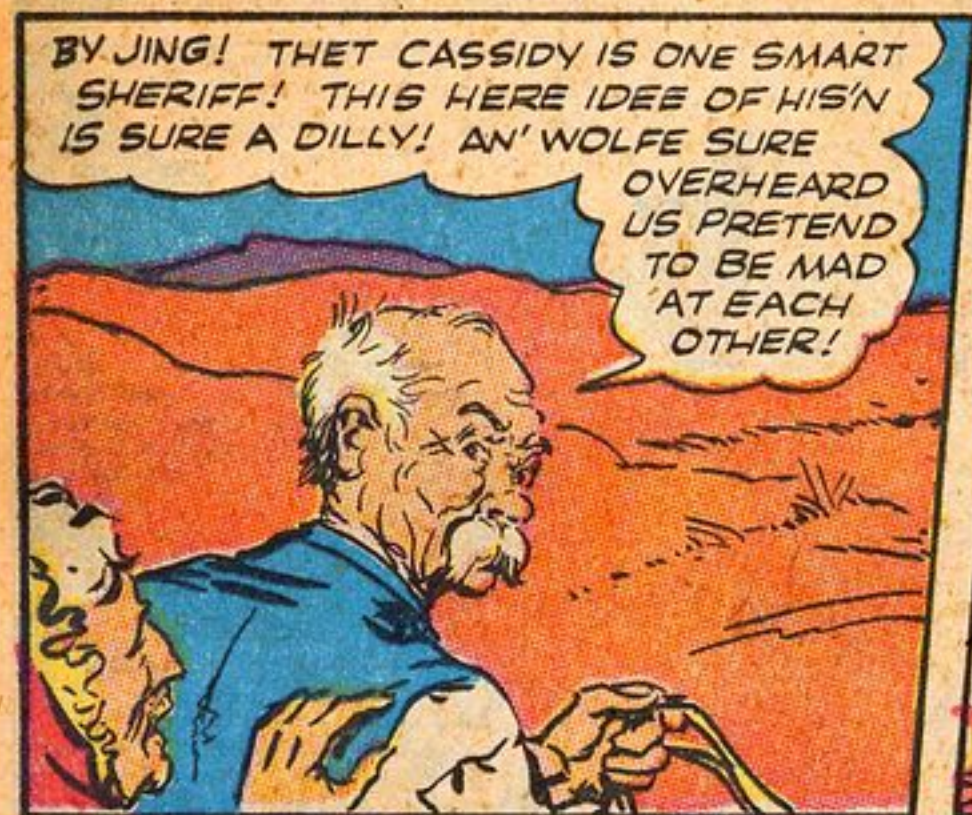
I JUST KNEW HE'D HELP US!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

I'M GOIN' BACK AN' FIGHT! NOBODY'S RUNNIN' ME'N MARY OFF OUR OWN LAND! IF'N YOU WON'T HELP, I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

ALL RIGHT, YOU STUBBORN COOT! BUT I CAN'T CLOSE MY OFFICE AND LIVE OUT THERE JUST TO SAVE YOUR ORNERY CARCASS!



BY JING! THET CASSIDY IS ONE SMART SHERIFF! THIS HERE IDEE OF HIS'N IS SURE A DILLY! AN' WOLFE SURE OVERHEARD US PRETEND TO BE MAD AT EACH OTHER!

OVERHEARD US PRETEND TO BE MAD AT EACH OTHER!



YEAH - BUT IF THE BOYS AT LAZY JAKE'S HEAR ABOUT ME DOLLED UP IN WOMAN'S DUDS, I'LL HAVE TO KICK OUT A FEW TEETH TO KEEP PEACE!

HEE-HEE-HEE! YUH LOOK GOOD WITHOUT THAT MUSTACHE, MESQUITE!



WHILE BACK AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

PUT ON THAT MUSTACHE, STAY OUT BACK AND MOVE AROUND! LET 'EM THINK MESQUITE'S HERE!

I UNDERSTAND! THEY'LL STRIKE QUICKER IF THEY THINK YOU MEN ARE NOT GOING TO HELP SAM AN' ME!



HEY, YUH LAZY LOAFER! COME AN' HELP PUT UP THIS TENT!

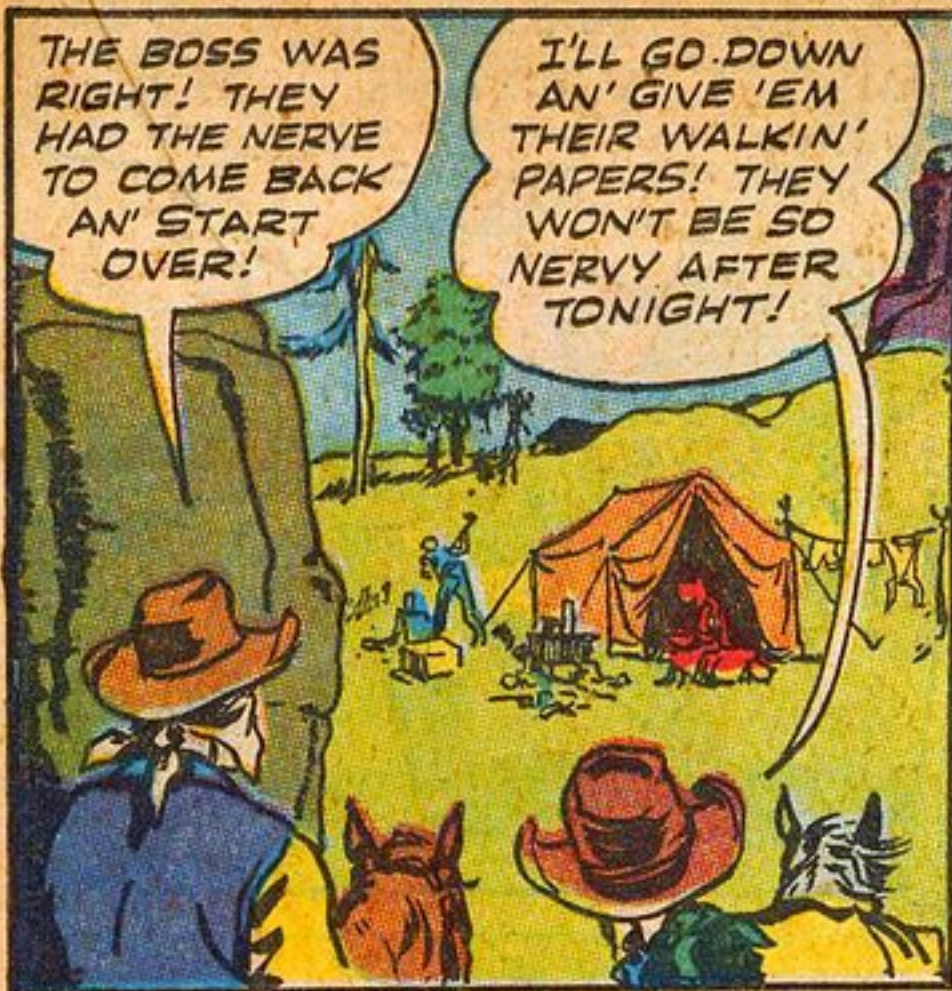
OH, I COULDN'T THINK OF IT! YOU KNOW I'M JUST A PORE, HELPLESS FEMALE WHO AIN'T USED TO HEAVY LABOR!

WHILE OUT AT THE FARM...



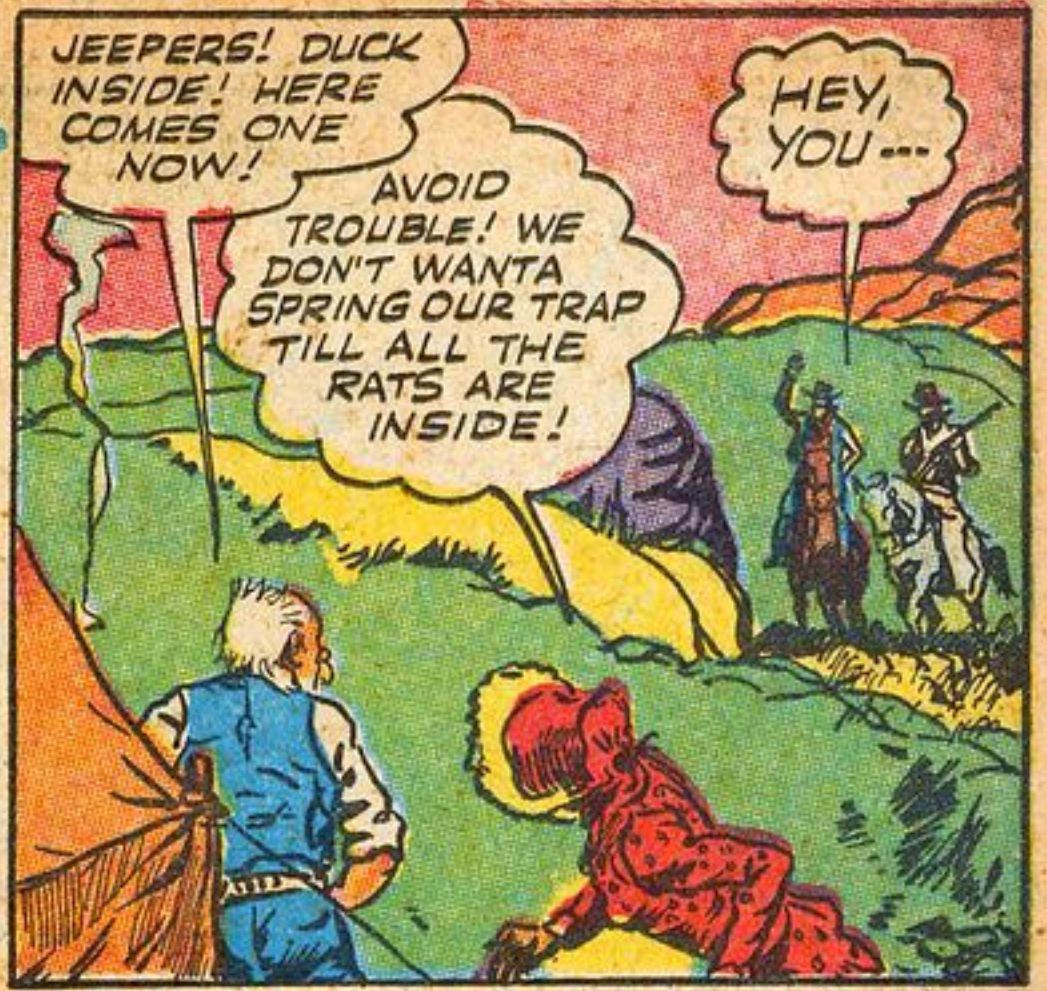
☆!\*





THE BOSS WAS RIGHT! THEY HAD THE NERVE TO COME BACK AN' START OVER!

I'LL GO DOWN AN' GIVE 'EM THEIR WALKIN' PAPERS! THEY WON'T BE SO NERVY AFTER TONIGHT!



JEEPERS! DUCK INSIDE! HERE COMES ONE NOW!

AVOID TROUBLE! WE DON'T WANTA SPRING OUR TRAP TILL ALL THE RATS ARE INSIDE!

HEY, YOU---



LISTEN, YOU! THIS IS A FINAL WARNING! THE COWMEN DON'T WANT NO FARMERS PLOWING UP OUR GRAZE LAND!...

NOBODY GRAZES ON THIS PIECE O' CREEK BOTTOM, MISTER!



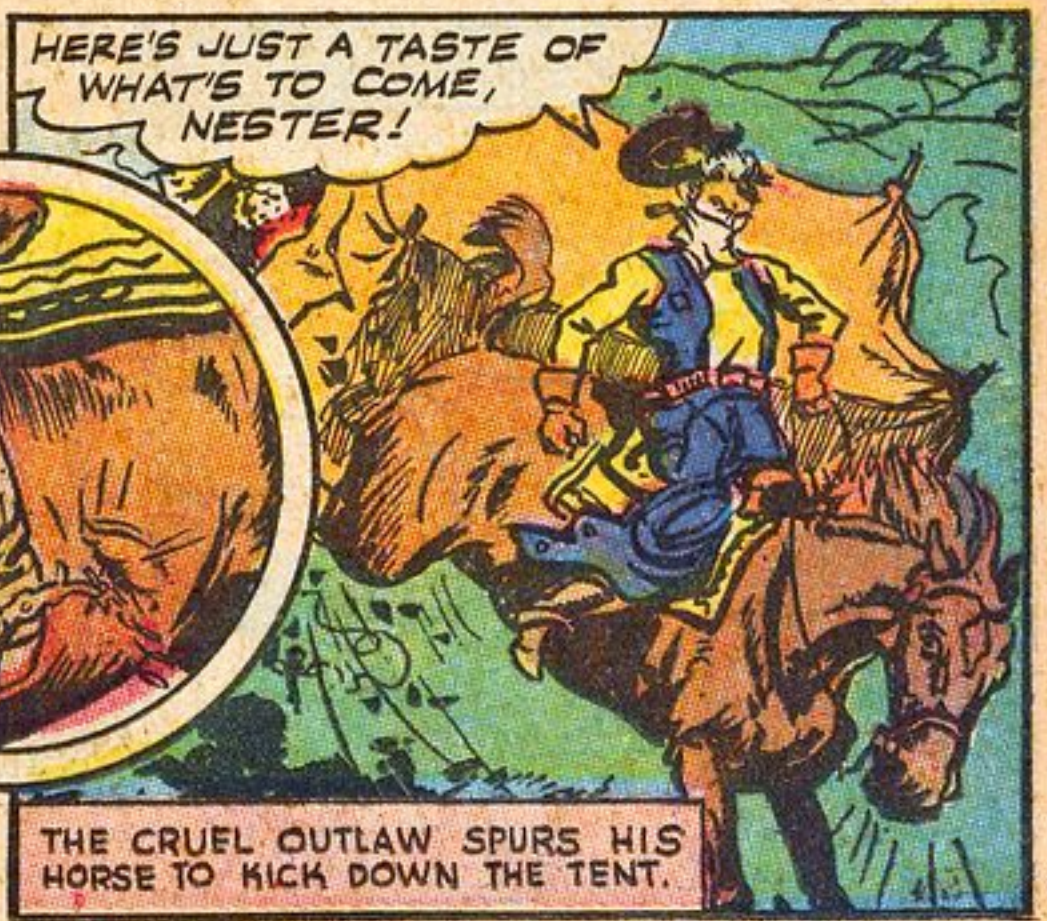
NONE O' YORE LIP, NESTER! WE MEAN BUSINESS! IF YOU TWO'RE HERE TONIGHT, YOU'LL SEE US HONEST COWMEN REALLY GET TOUGH!

GUH!!!



AN' JUST TO GIVE YUH AN IDEE OF HOW WE LIKE FARMERS ...

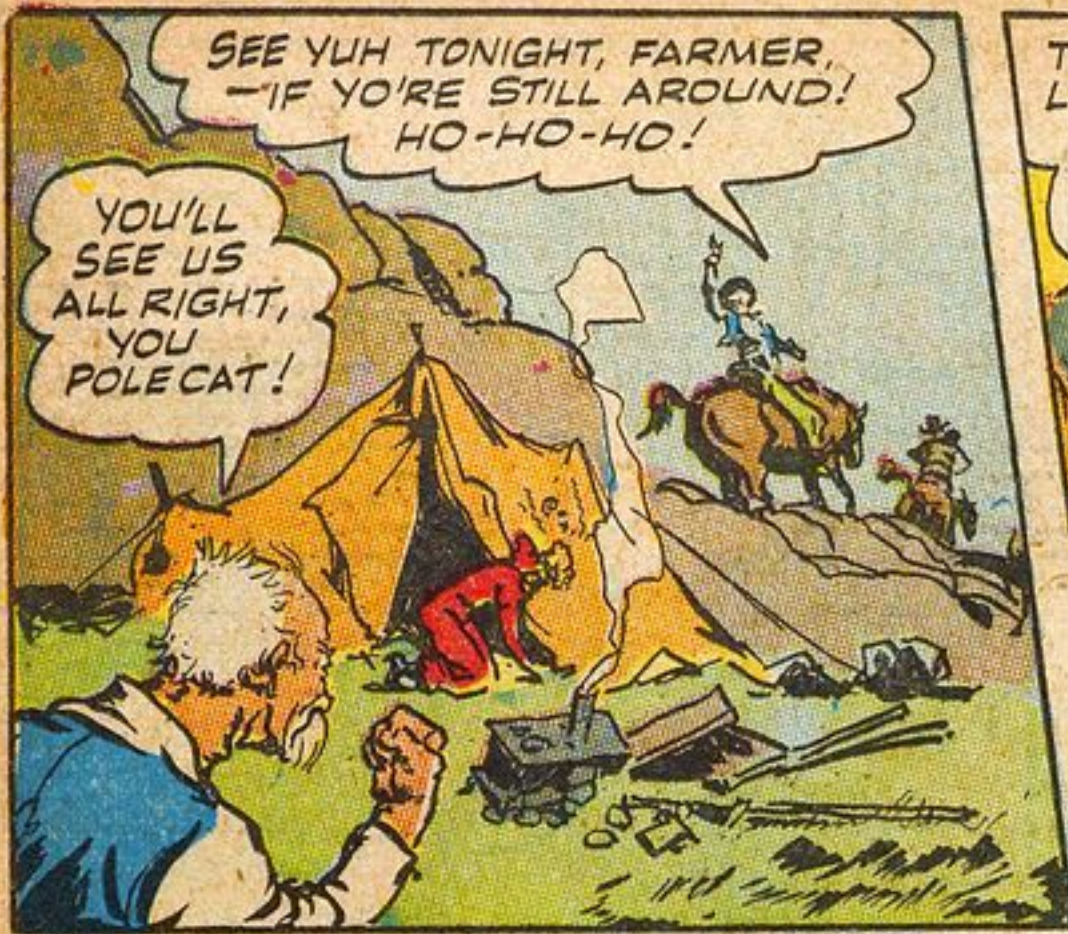
WAIT, MISTER! DON'T DO US NO MORE HURT!



HERE'S JUST A TASTE OF WHAT'S TO COME, NESTER!

THE CRUEL OUTLAW SPURS HIS HORSE TO KICK DOWN THE TENT.





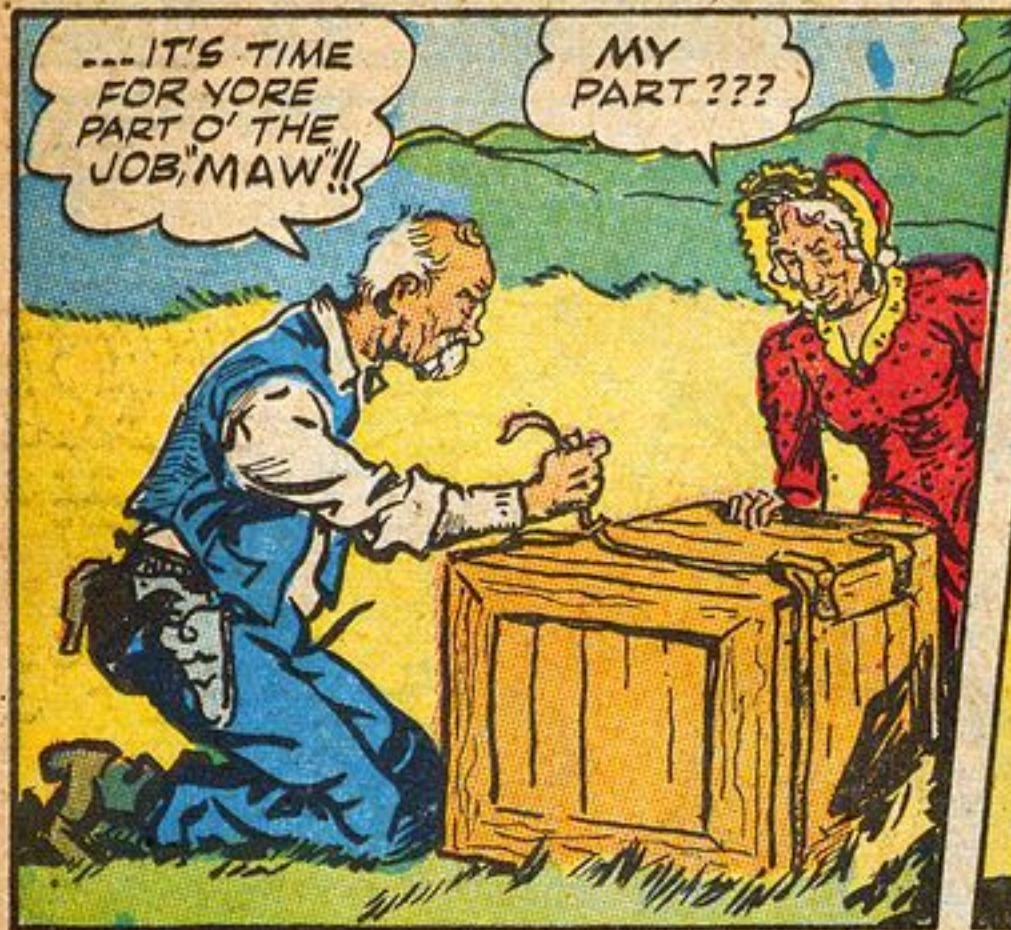
SEE YUH TONIGHT, FARMER,  
-IF YO'RE STILL AROUND!  
HO-HO-HO!

YOU'LL  
SEE US  
ALL RIGHT,  
YOU  
POLECAT!



THAT DIRTY,  
LOW-DOWN,  
ORNERY,  
HORSE-  
COMPLETED---

HOLD YOURSELF, PARDNER!  
YOU WANT TO SPOIL THE  
SHERIFF'S WHOLE SCHEME?  
- BESIDES ---



--- IT'S TIME  
FOR YORE  
PART O' THE  
JOB, MAW!!

MY  
PART ???



SHORE! COOKIN' IS  
THE JOB THE PORE,  
WEAK FEMALE  
ALLUS DOES, AIN'T  
IT? WELL - GIT BUSY  
AN' DON'T BURN  
MY BACON!

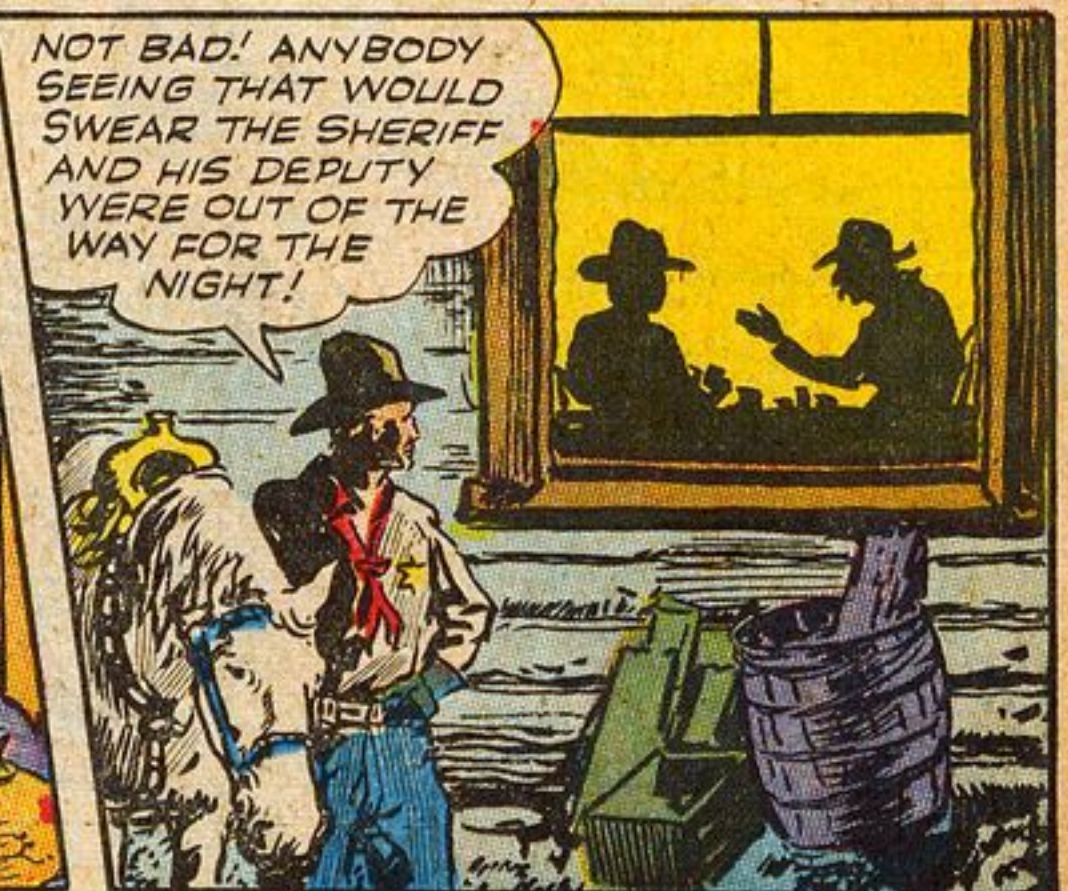
WHY, YOU BOB-  
TAILED  
RANNIGAN!



WHILE BACK IN TWIN RIVER ...

YOU ENTERTAIN THE  
"SHERIFF," MA'M! -  
I'LL SEE THAT  
YOUR HUSBAND  
DOESN'T COME  
TO ANY HARM!

BLESS YOU,  
HOPALONG  
CASSIDY! THAT  
DUMMY YOU RIGGED  
UP IN THE CORNER  
WILL FOOL 'EM!



NOT BAD! ANYBODY  
SEEING THAT WOULD  
SWEAR THE SHERIFF  
AND HIS DEPUTY  
WERE OUT OF THE  
WAY FOR THE  
NIGHT!





A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER SHADOW IN THE NIGHT...

HA! CASSIDY AN' THAT DUMB DEPUTY OF HIS AREN'T STICKING THEIR NECKS OUT TO HELP THE NESTER! THAT MAKES EVERYTHING EASY!



WHATCHA FIND OUT, BOSS? KIN WE GO AHEAD?

SURE! CASSIDY AND MESQUITE ARE STICKING IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, PLAYING CARDS! THE NESTER AND HIS WIFE'LL BE ALL ALONE AND EASY PICKING!



HERE'S THE SCHEME! - HE'LL BE SET FOR TROUBLE AND WE DON'T WANT TO FALL INTO ANOTHER AMBLUSH LIKE LAST NIGHT!

I AIN'T RIDIN' INTO NO FIRELIGHT TO GIT PLUGGED AT!



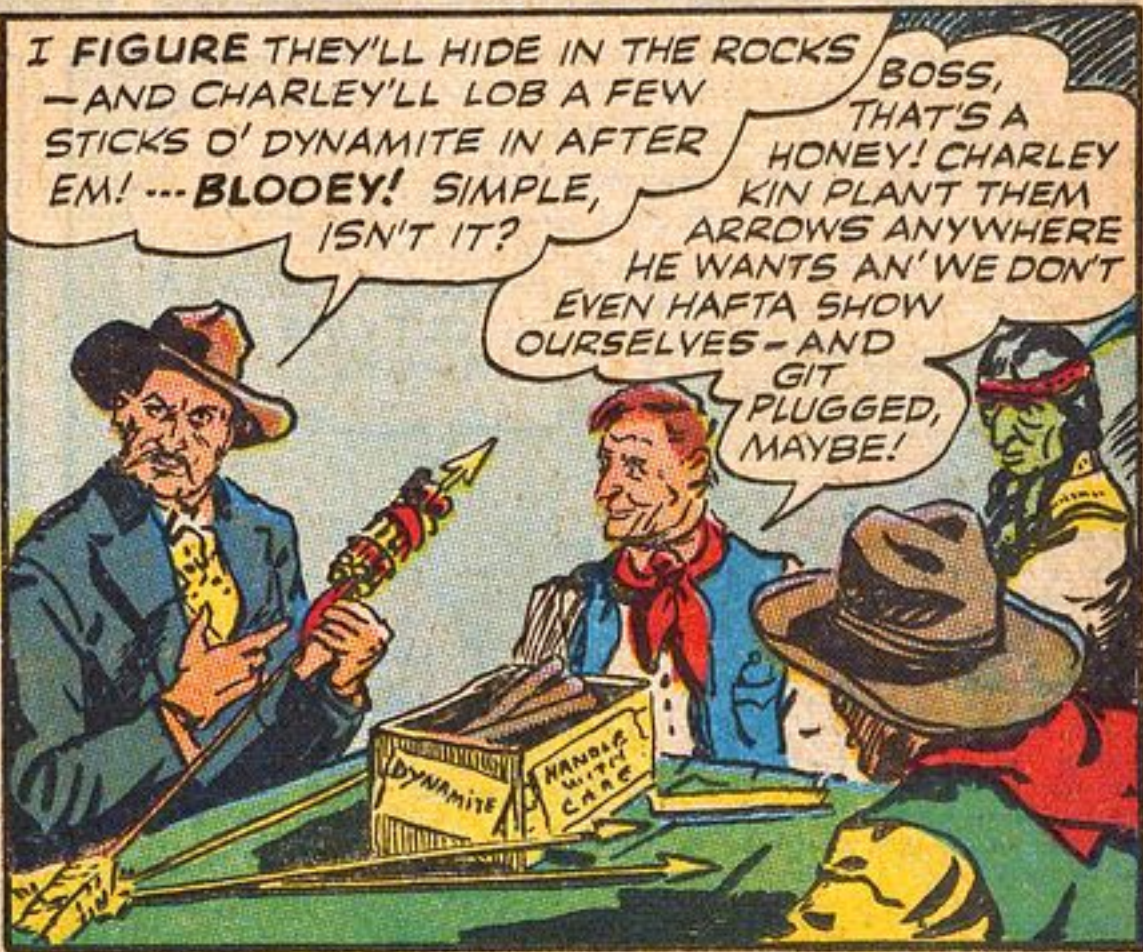
WE'LL SOAK THESE STRAW BALES IN KEROSENE, LIGHT 'EM AN' ROLL 'EM DOWN THE HILL! THAT'LL GIVE US PLENTY OF LIGHT!

BUT WHAT IF THEY TAKE TO THE ROCKS AGAIN? THEY KIN STAND OFF AN ARMY FROM THAT COULEE!



I'VE GOT THAT FIGURED, TOO! HERE'S A LITTLE STUNT INJUN CHARLEY WILL ENJOY!

SURE BOSS! ME DO!



I FIGURE THEY'LL HIDE IN THE ROCKS - AND CHARLEY'LL LOB A FEW STICKS O' DYNAMITE IN AFTER EM! --- BLOOEY! SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?

BOSS, THAT'S A HONEY! CHARLEY KIN PLANT THEM ARROWS ANYWHERE HE WANTS AN' WE DON'T EVEN HAFTA SHOW OURSELVES - AND GIT PLUGGED, MAYBE!





WE'VE SOLD THAT LAND FIVE TIMES AND GOT IT BACK TO SELL OVER! MAYBE AFTER TONIGHT WE'LL RAISE THE PRICE!

IT'S A SWEET RACKET, BOSS! YOU SELL THE SUCKERS - WE KILL 'EM OFF - AN' YOU DIG UP ANOTHER SUCKER!



LET'S GO! - AND BE GENTLE WITH THOSE DYNAMITE ARROWS! THEY'VE GOT CAPS A FLY COULD SET OFF BY JUST LANDIN' ON 'EM!

DON'T WORRY! THAT'S "NESTER MEDICINE" AND WE DON'T AIM TO WASTE NONE OF IT! HAW-HAW-HAW!



I ONLY HOPE THEY TRY TO HIDE IN THEM ROCKS, BOSS!

DON'T WORRY! THEY WILL! IT'S THE ONLY COVER AROUND THERE! - AND IT'LL BE THEIR LAST!



Meanwhile... AT APACHE CREEK...

HADN'T WE OUGHTER HIDE IN THEM ROCKS AT THE COULEE PURTY SOON?

NAW! YOU KNOW HOPPY'S PLAN AS WELL AS I DO!..



WE GOTTA STAY HERE TO DRAW THEM BUZZARDS INTO CHARGING US! THEN WE HIKE FER THE ROCKS WHILE HOPPY PICKS 'EM OFF FROM HIS HIDE-OUT!

AWRIGHT! BUT I GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' SUMP'N AIN'T GONNA WORK OUT LIKE YOU PLANNED!



AW, DRY UP! YOU OUGHTA BE WEARIN' THIS SKIRT! YOU SOUND LIKE AN OLD WOMAN, GRIPIN' AROUND!

JEST TH' SAME, I GOTTA FEELIN'!





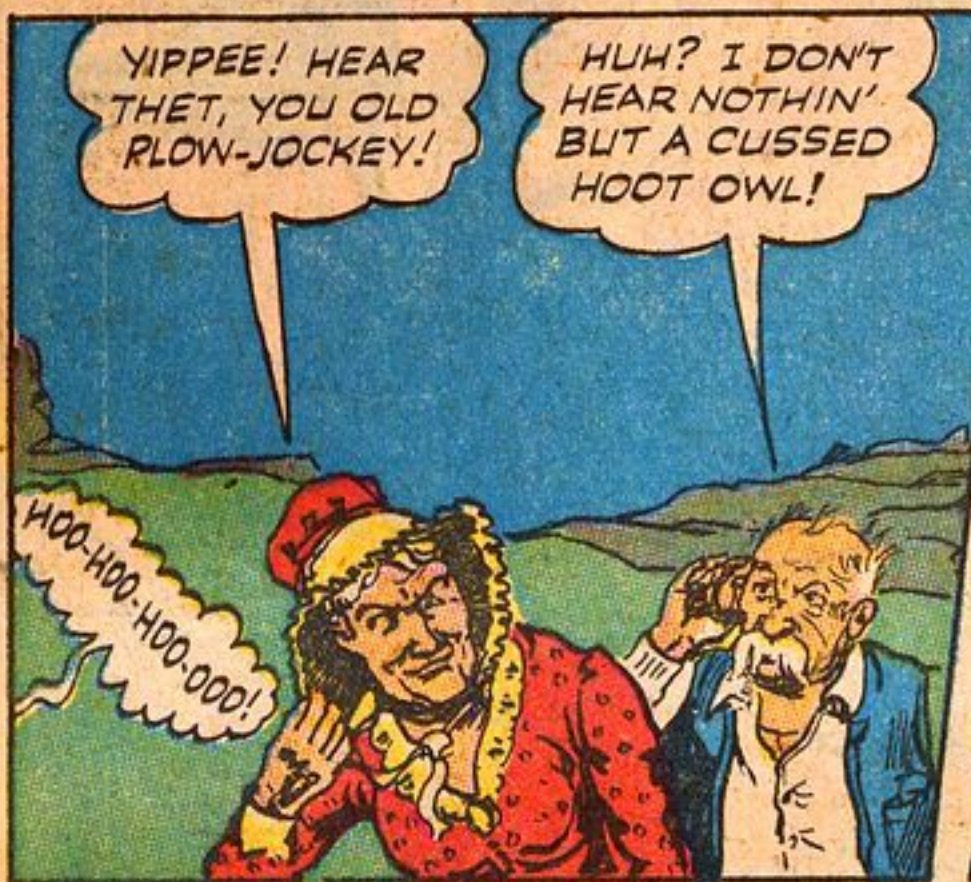
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THE TRAP IS SET! MESQUITE AND SHIELDS'LL DRAW THE BUZZARDS DOWN AND THEN HIKE FOR SHELTER IN THE COULEE! THEY'LL BE SAFE THERE!



OH-OH! HERE THEY COME! I'LL WARN MESQUITE...

HOO-HOO-HOO-OOO!



YIPPEE! HEAR THET, YOU OLD PLOW-JOCKEY!

HUH? I DON'T HEAR NOTHIN' BUT A CURSED HOOT OWL!

HOO-HOO-HOO-OOO!

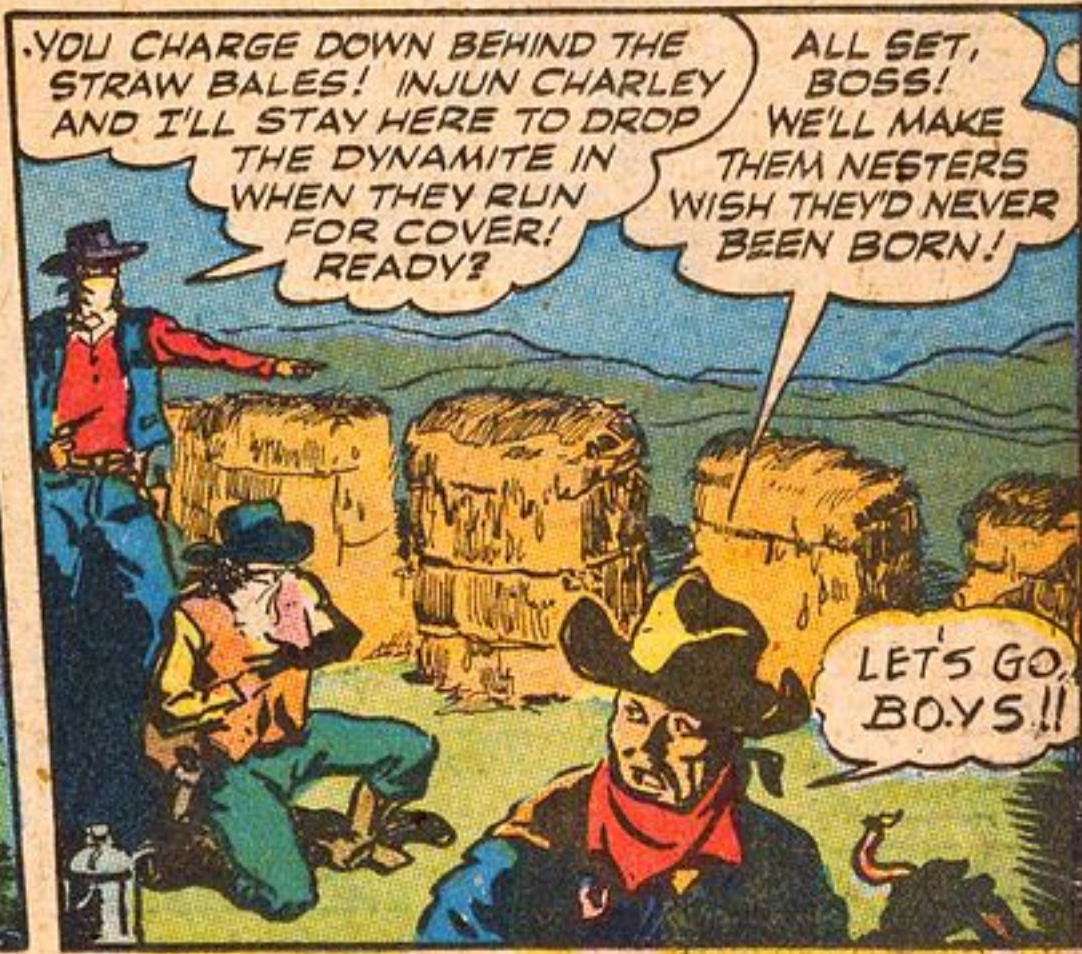


YUH DUMB FARMER! THET'S HOPPY'S SIGNAL THET THE SKUNKS ARE COMIN' INTO THE TRAP!

HOO-HOO-HOOO!



THE NERVE OF THAT NESTER, SITTIN' RIGHT IN PLAIN SIGHT! GET THE STRAW BALES READY TO ROLL AND CLEAR YOUR GUNS!

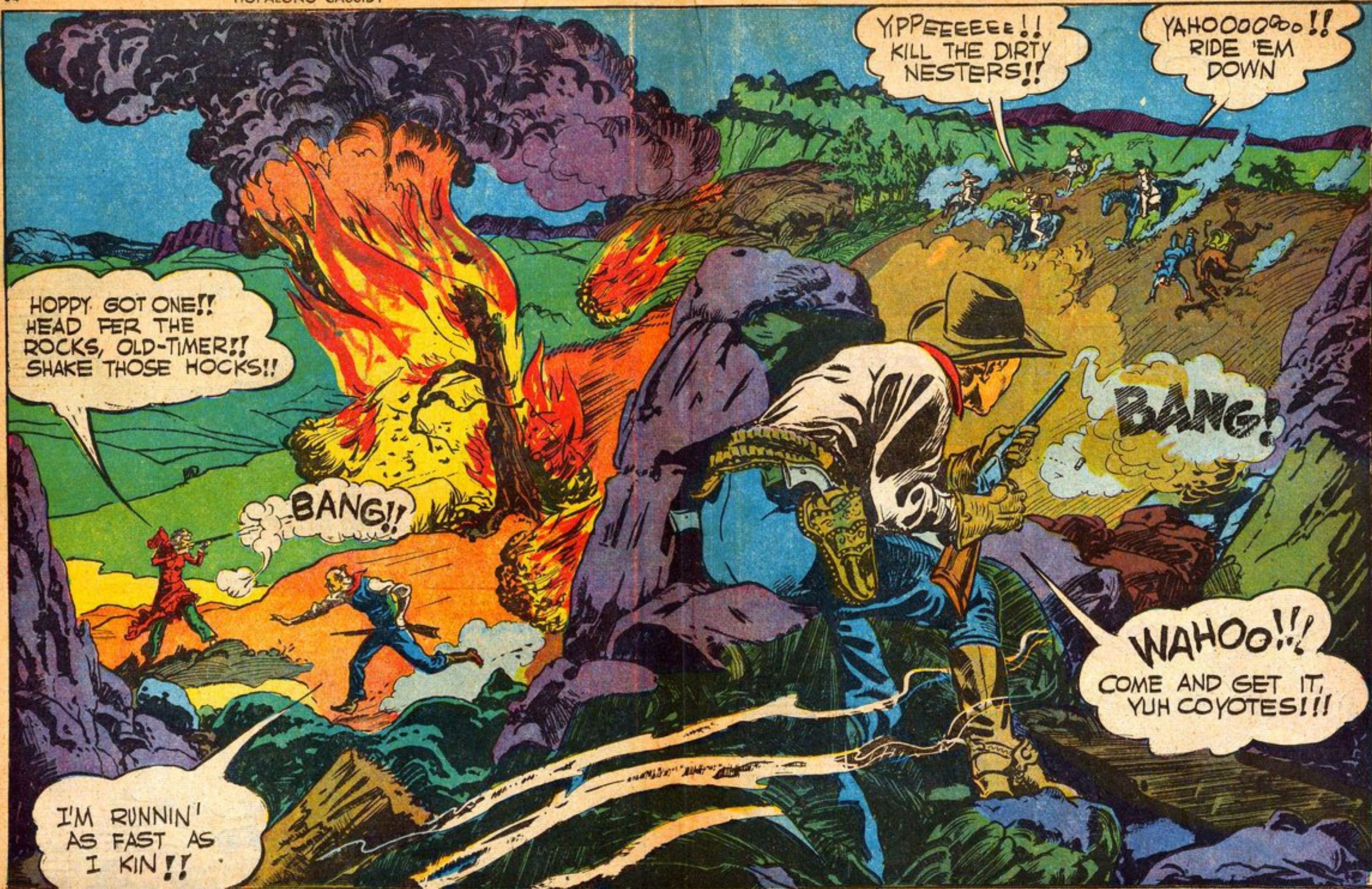


YOU CHARGE DOWN BEHIND THE STRAW BALES! INJUN CHARLEY AND I'LL STAY HERE TO DROP THE DYNAMITE IN WHEN THEY RUN FOR COVER! READY?

ALL SET, BOSS! WE'LL MAKE THEM NESTERS WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

LET'S GO, BOYS!!





HOPPY GOT ONE!!  
 HEAD FER THE  
 ROCKS, OLD-TIMER!!  
 SHAKE THOSE HOCKS!!

YIPPEEEEE!!  
 KILL THE DIRTY  
 NESTERS!!

YAHOOOOOO!!  
 RIDE 'EM  
 DOWN

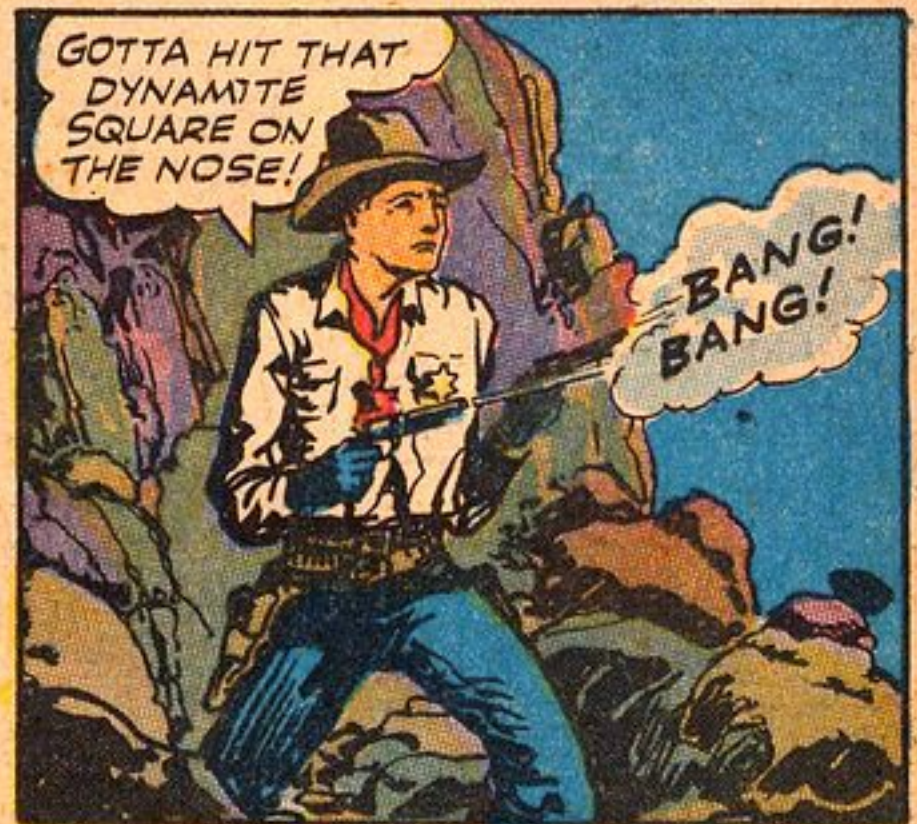
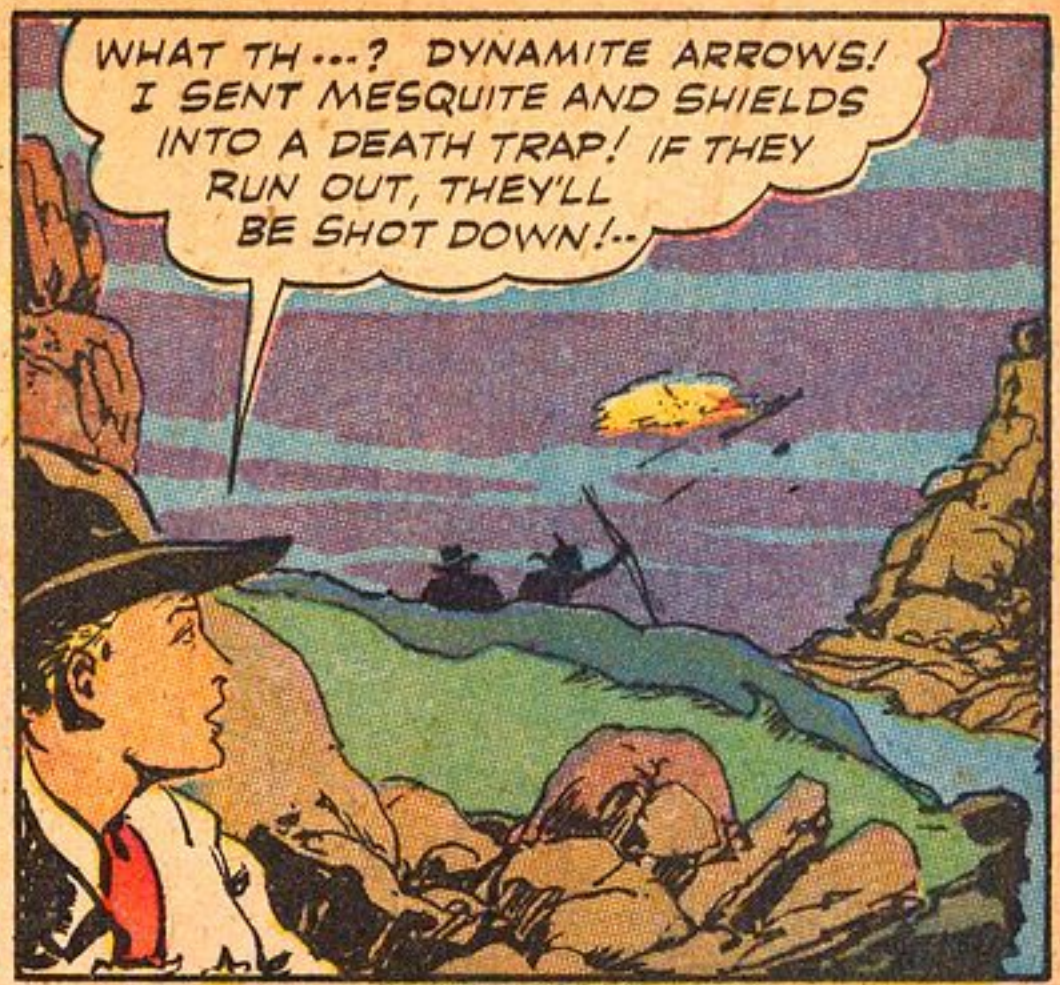
BANG!!

BANG!

WAHOO!!!  
 COME AND GET IT,  
 YUH COYOTES!!!

I'M RUNNIN'  
 AS FAST AS  
 I KIN!!



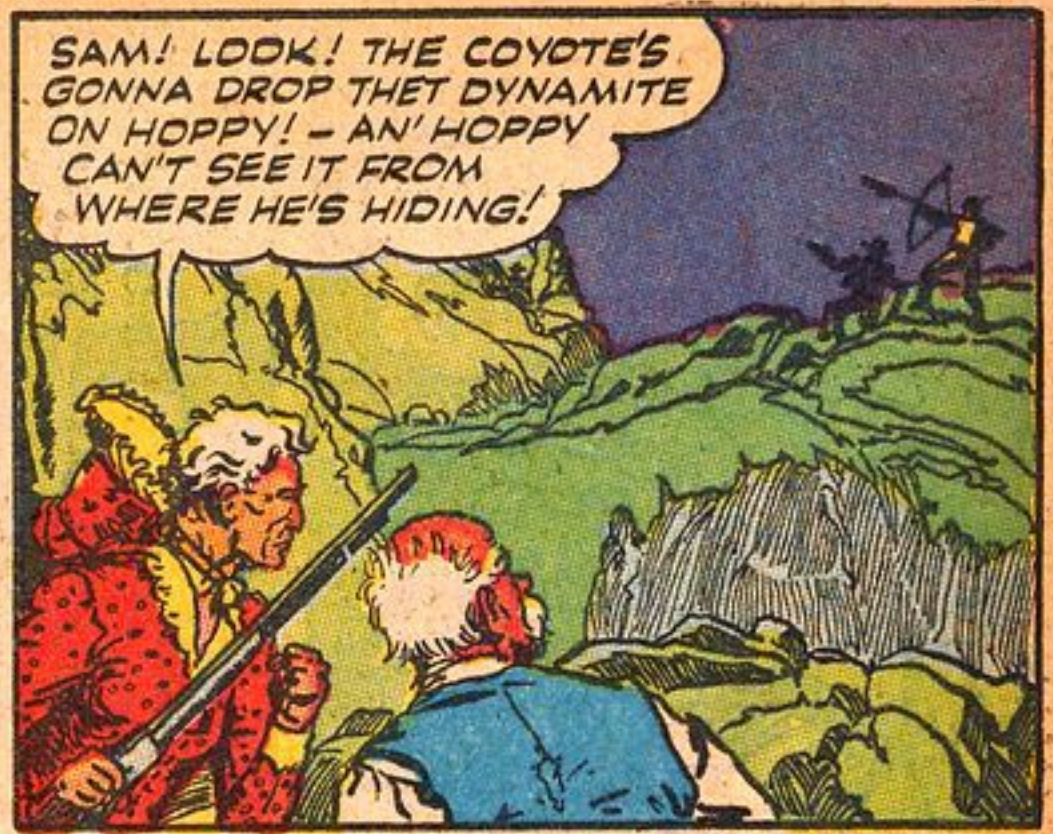




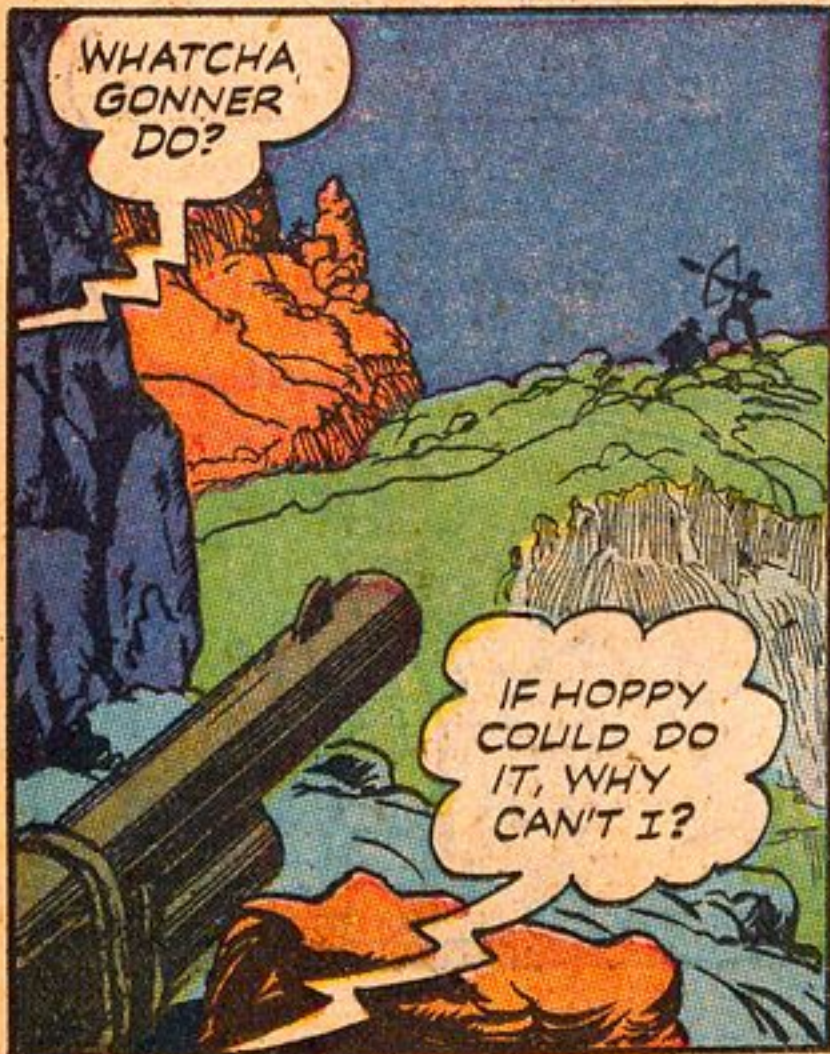


DROP THE NEXT ONE RIGHT WHERE HE'S HIDING, CHARLEY! HE WON'T SEE IT COMING UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

ME FIX UM, BOSS!



SAM! LOOK! THE COYOTE'S GONNA DROP THET DYNAMITE ON HOPPY! - AN' HOPPY CAN'T SEE IT FROM WHERE HE'S HIDING!

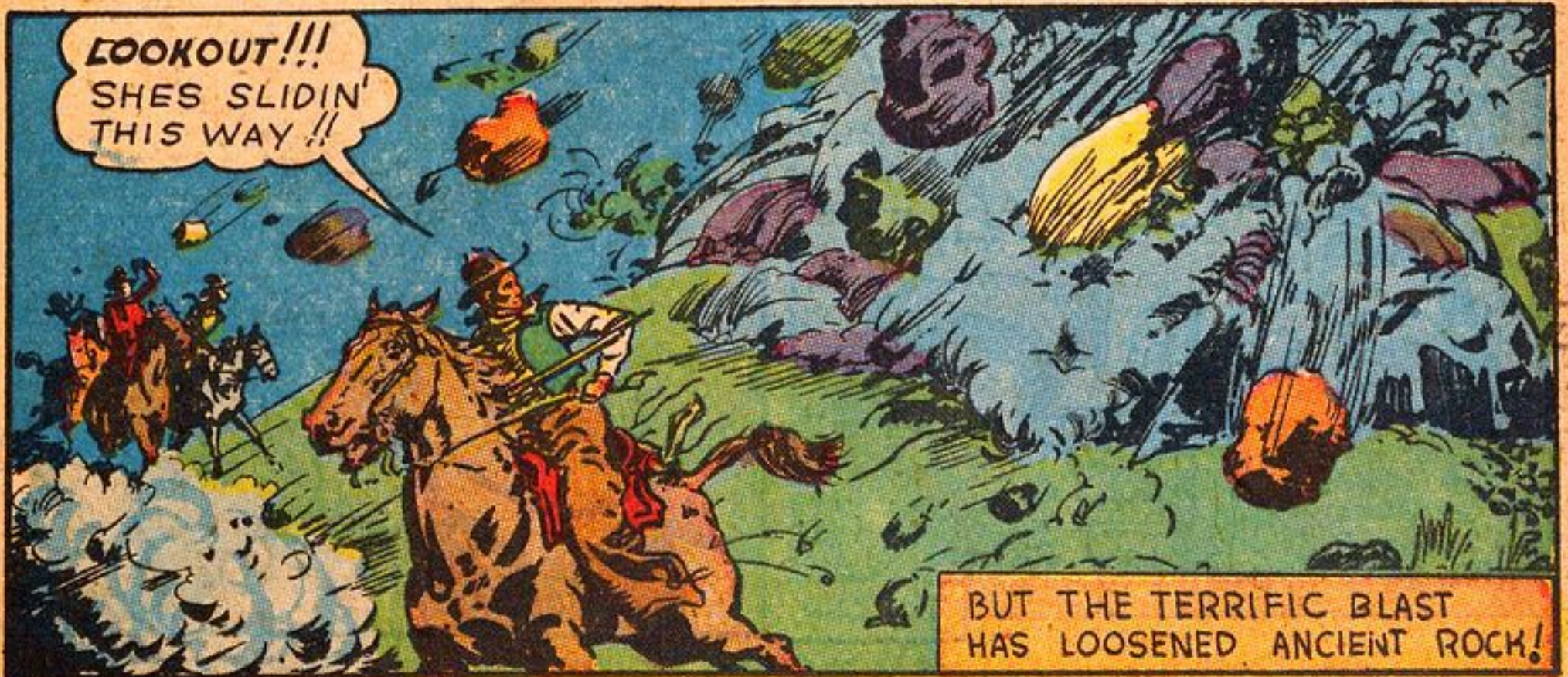


WHATCHA GONNER DO?

IF HOPPY COULD DO IT, WHY CAN'T I?



MESQUITE'S SHOT HITS THE DYNAMITE BEFORE IT CAN LEAVE THE BOW!



LOOKOUT!!! SHES SLIDIN' THIS WAY!!!

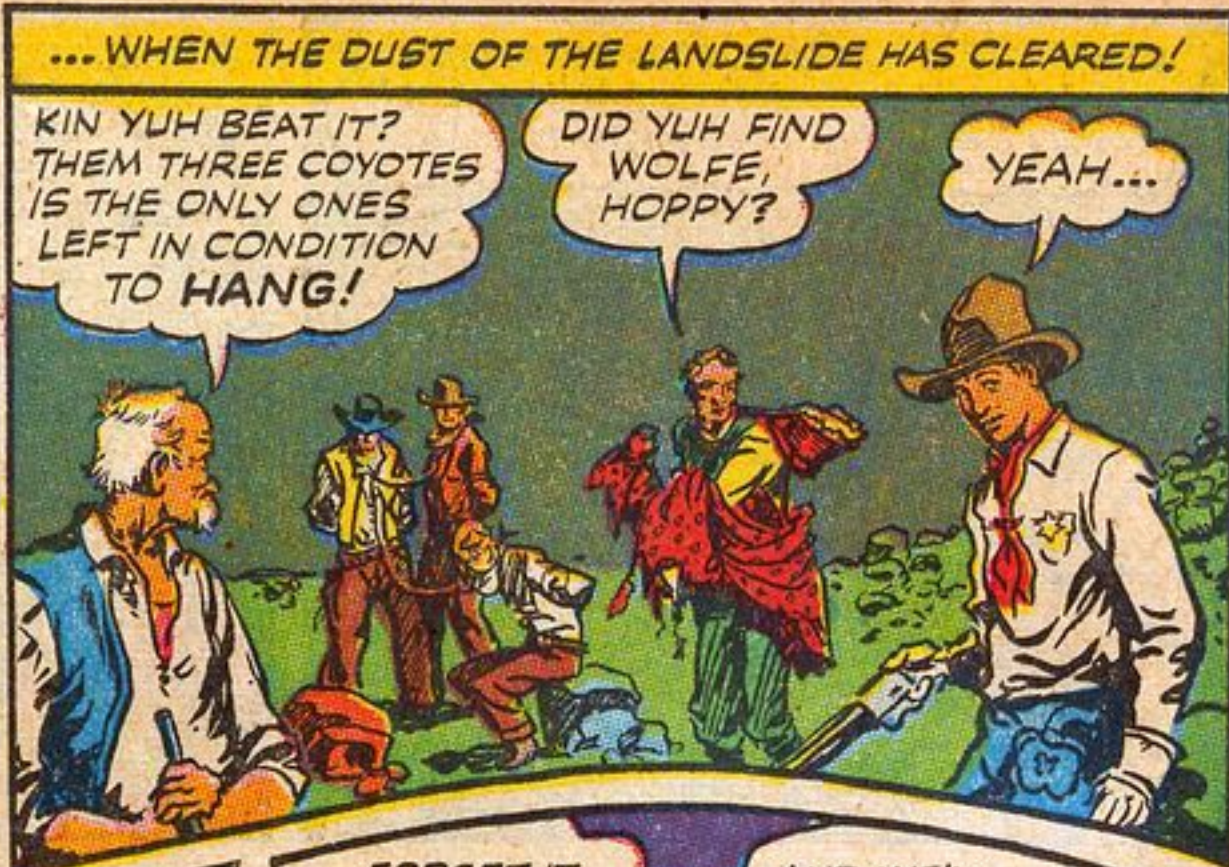
BUT THE TERRIFIC BLAST HAS LOOSENED ANCIENT ROCK!





YEEOW!  
THE CLIFF'S  
FALLING!

HALP!  
I'M  
PINNED  
DOWN!



... WHEN THE DUST OF THE LANDSLIDE HAS CLEARED!

KIN YUH BEAT IT?  
THEM THREE COYOTES  
IS THE ONLY ONES  
LEFT IN CONDITION  
TO HANG!

DID YUH FIND  
WOLFE,  
HOPPY?

YEAH...



BUT THERE WAS TOO  
MANY LITTLE PIECES  
TO BOTHER WITH!

I AIN'T  
FORGETTIN'  
WHAT YOU  
FELLERS  
DONE FER  
ME!

COME ON,  
YUH BUZZARDS



FORGET IT,  
SHIELDS! YOU  
RAISE GOOD CROPS  
FOR OUR CATTLE  
AND THE BOYS'LL  
FIND OUT FARMING  
HAS ITS PLACE  
IN THE WEST,  
TOO!

AND WE'LL  
BRING YOUR WIFE  
OUT IN THE MORNING  
AN' HELP HER AN'  
YUH REBUILD THET  
HOUSE! ANYONE WHAT  
WEARS DUDS LIKE  
THESE NEEDS ALL TH'  
HELP THEY KIN GIT!



DAWGGONE,  
I SURE DO  
DO FEEL FOOLISH  
WITHOUT MY  
BEAUTIFUL  
MUSTACHE!

YOU'RE A REAL HE-  
WESTERNER, MESQUITE,  
YOU KNOW IT'LL GROW  
BACK IN A FEW WEEKS!  
CLEANING UP THOSE  
COYOTES WAS WORTH CLEAN-  
OFF YOUR FACE FOR A  
WHILE!

THE END

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS YOU.....



DON'T MISS THE NEW  
SERIAL  
IN CAPTAIN  
MARVEL  
ADVENTURES!



# WACKY WORLD



HULLO FLO, -  
WHADDA YA KNOW?  
LE'S STEP OUT -  
AND HI-DE-HO!

WOTTA WACKY WORLD THIS  
WOULD BE, FOLKS, III FOR  
INSTANCE WHEN THE WHOLE  
THING WAS PLANNED IN THE  
FIRST PLACE, THEY FORGOT TO  
PASS THAT WELL-KNOWN LAW -  
THE LAW OF GRAVITATION -  
JUST A FEW POSSIBILITIES



YAAS, - I ALWAYS  
WEAR MY HAT UP  
THERE, - SAVES  
TIPPING IT TWO  
OR THREE HUNDRED  
TIMES A DAY -!



HOUSE IS SO CROWDED  
WITH GUESTS TO-NIGHT  
PAW HAS TO SLEEP  
ON THE CEILING -!



ALWAYS START  
FROM THE ROOF  
AND BUILD TO  
THE CELLAR -  
SAVES CLIMBING  
DOWN WHEN  
YOU FINISH!

I GET  
IT -!



NEVER WALK CLOSER'N FIVE  
FEET FROM THE GROUND IS  
MY MOTTO, --- SAVES SHOE-LEATHER

I CAN'T TAKE  
THE ALTITUDE!



DUE TO THE ABSENCE OF GRAVITATION,  
MADAM, ACCEPT OUR SPECIAL GIFT OFFER -  
OUR FACE-LIFTING METHOD IS SO PERFECT  
IT PULLS UP YOUR FALLEN ARCHES AT THE  
SAME TIME -!

DR.  
LIFTA.

SOLD!



# SHEEPMAN'S MESSAGE

BY  
JOE  
PAYNE

**T**HE POSSE pulled up on the east rim of Verde Valley and sat looking over the five miles that separated them from the opposite fringe of hills.

"Sollers must be somewhere along this ridge or the one over there," said Sheriff Yokely. "We're hot on his trail and he's headin' for the border. These ridges run south toward Mexico for miles and except for the timber on them, they ain't no other cover for man or beast."

The sheriff pulled at his mustache, staring toward the center of the valley where Lobo River gleamed like a silver ribbon in the early morning sunshine. He pointed to a round patch of white that splotted the green of the valley near the water.

"That's Grant Dever's sheep corral. He keeps a sharp eye out, Grant does. Chauncey, take ten men and comb this ridge. The rest of us'll high-tail it to the west ridge, stoppin' at Grant's in case he's spotted Sollers."

A few minutes later, the sheriff's band halted by the sheep corral. The law-man dismounted. A vibrant hum of bleats and baas assailed the air as he stepped toward the hut at the end of the enclosure.

Grey-whiskered Grant Dever blinked watery eyes as he stood in the doorway, adjusting his Levi belt around his skinny middle.

"Mornin', sheriff. Early, ain't you? What's up?"

"Plenty. The Guldoro bank was robbed about sunrise. That internal outlaw, Sollers. He got away with twenty thousand. We chased him this way but lost his sign. You seen him, Grant? He's a weasel-faced hombre with a build like an ape."

The herdsman shook his head. "I ain't seen nobody that'd fit that description."

"Keep your eyes peeled for stray horses—or dead ones. I got in a pot-shot at Sollers as he fogged out of town and I think I hit his horse. It was a rangy buckskin."

"If I spot Sollers or his horse, I'll try to let you know," said the sheep man.

The posse swung away. Grant Dever watched silently from his doorway. There was a queer look on his face.

"I reckon they're gone," he said, as if to the sheep.

"They'd better be," a voice grated behind him. "Now step in here, natural-like."

Sollers was standing near the window, a rifle in his hand. There was a triumphant grin on his sharp-featured face.

"That'll throw 'em off the scent."

He glanced through the window and laughed sneeringly.

"That fool sheriff has left some men on the ridge behind and is diggin' out for the west ridge with the others. I knew he would."

The old sheepman's face worked. He looked as if he might throw himself at the outlaw. Sollers frowned.

"Don't get any ideas," he warned. "I heard Yokely talkin'. He did hit my buckskin, blast him. But that won't give me away. I swum the critter into the river a mile upstream and put a bullet through his head. He'll stay on bottom till I foot it out of here tonight."

The outlaw sank into a chair, the rifle held in readiness.

"It's only twenty miles to the border," he went on. "I'll set here till dark, then light out,

Before the sun rises, I'll be safe over the line."

He patted a canvas sack near his feet.

"And this dinero will be with me," he gloated.

"You thievin' skunk!" Grant Dever burst out. "Every cent I had was in the Guldoro bank. And so was the life savin's of lots of others like me. And I've had to stand here and help you get away with it!"

Suddenly, the herdsman's lips clamped shut. His expression changed. For a fleeting instant, there was a look of cunning in his eyes. Quickly it changed to one of hopelessness.

Sollers rose from his chair. Eyes narrow, he stared at the old man.

"You old coot," he muttered. "You've got something up your sleeve." His brow furrowed. "I can't think what . . . wait! I got it!" The outlaw cursed luridly. "You figure the posse'll know somethin' is wrong if they don't see you lead them woolies out to graze purty soon. I shoulda thought of that."

Furiously, he shot up a leg. His boot-heel caught the sheepman in the stomach. An explosive *whoosh* came from old Grant. He staggered against the wall, gasping for breath.

"Get out there and lead them sheep outa the corral!" Sollers growled. "And don't think you can fool me doin' it. I've seen you lead 'em out lots of times, myself. You've got a black goat you use as a leader and them sheep string along after him like they was glued to his tail."

**T**HE HERDSMAN rose, his legs trembling.

"Don't try to get far from this window," the outlaw ordered. "Just mosey around out



there with the goat until all the critters is out of the corral, that's all."

He raised the window a little.

"I'll be watchin' from here. You try wig-waggin' or anything else suspicious lookin' and I'll put a slug through your carcass. And don't worry about them hambres on the ridges hearin' the shot."

Silently, the herdsman left the hut. He opened the narrow corral gate. The black goat butted playfully against his legs as he led the animal back along the side of the hut. Behind them, the sheep followed docilely, two and three abreast.

The sheepman's chin jutted out as he passed the window where Sollers was watching. As he walked on slowly, the crafty look came back to his whiskered face. Without glancing right or left, he led the sheep line away from the hut, straight south.

Sollers frowned as he peered from the window. Old Grant was fifty yards from the hut. The outlaw swung his rifle to his shoulder. He fired a warning bullet near the oldster's head.

The sheepman turned. He led the goat in a wide semi-circle and started back in a line parallel with the hut, the sheep line still following docilely.

Sollers grinned. Rifle ready, he watched the sheepman's progress. In front of the corral, old Grant swung the sheep line in another semi-circle and headed back south. He was gradually working farther away from the window.

Sollers' eyes narrowed. He glanced toward the corral. The sheep were nearly all through the gate. The outlaw waited a moment longer. As the last animal left the enclosure, he fired another bullet over the old man's head.

The sheepman stood stock-still. For several seconds, he remained rigidly in his position.

Sollers cursed. He sighted carefully along the rifle barrel. The gun cracked.

The old herdsman started slightly. Slowly, he left the black goat and returned to the

hut. There was blood on one of his ears.

"You almost decided to run for it, didn't you?" Sollers sneered. "If you'd been smart, you'd have chanced it, you fool. I don't mind tellin' you now that I aim to plug you before I leave tonight. I ain't leavin' you to do any blabbin'."

The sheepman's face tightened. Silently he got a pan of water and began washing his ear. Outside the hut, the sheep bleated continuously. The animals were beginning to bunch now. They were moving slowly toward the river.

Sollers glanced casually through the window. Suddenly, his eyes came sharply into focus. Slit-lidded, he stared toward the western ridge.

Distant figures were moving away from the timber-clad ridge. The figures grew larger. Sollers cursed.

"It's Yokely! Now what's that old fool up to?"

Face impassive, the sheepman met the other's frown. He shrugged.

"The old simpleton has probably give it up," Sollers decided. "He must be headin' back to Guldoro."

**A** MINUTE PASSED. The horsemen were easily discernible now. They were headed directly toward the river. Sollers' mouth twisted.

"They're aimin' to stop by here again," he snarled. "Old man, you meet 'em at the door like you did before. You try any didoes and you know what'll happen."

The posse swam the river and dismounted in front of the hut. The sheepman opened the door. He stood there, pretending to stifle a yawn.

Sheriff Yokely frowned.

"It wasn't no use, Grant. Sollers had too good a lead. I thought I'd check with you again, just in case."

"Sorry, sheriff. I ain't seen..."

A noise sounded from the side of the hut. The sheepman whirled. A lawman's hand with a gun in it had been thrust

through the window inside of the hut. A head was appearing.

Sollers had whirled, too. Cursing savagely, the outlaw was raising his rifle.

The sheepman leaped. His outstretched hand slapped at the rifle barrel. A shot cracked viciously. The outlaw's fingers clutched at the sheepman's throat. The rifle thudded to the floor. The herdsman knee-kicked upward as Sollers' fist crashed into his temple. Then the posse was through the door and the two struggling figures went down under a mass of bodies.

"We've got him!" the sheriff hollered. "Shuck out from under there, Grant."

The sheepman rose, panting.

"I thought you'd—caught on, Yokely!"

The sheriff looked down at Sollers who lay unconscious on the floor, his teeth bared in a wolfish snarl.

"Tie him up. Then throw some water on him and we'll take him to Guldoro. He won't be robbin' any more banks."

He squeezed the sheepman's arm.

"There's five hundred dollars reward on Sollers, old-timer. I reckon you've earned it."

"Right!" a posseman said. "And it's a good thing for me you jumped Sollers while I was tryin' to get my head through that window!"

Old Grant chuckled. "I was in a tight, myself," he said, feeling of his wounded ear.

"That was a smart trick you pulled," said the sheriff. "We was ridin' along the ridge and I happened to glance toward your place. And there was that big white S you made with them sheep, as plain as day."

"It's a wonder he let you get away with that sheep trick," a posseman said.

Old Grant chuckled again as he handed the canvas sack to the sheriff.

"He made me lead out the sheep. He signed his own death warrant then because that's what gave me the ideal"

The End



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

DEATH Rides The "ROCKING R"



## RODEO TIME...

WHEN COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS FLOCK TO TWIN RIVER TO COMPETE FOR THE RICH PRIZES FOR ROPING, RIDING, SHOOTING, BULL-DOGGING!

OTHERS FLOCK IN, TOO - TIN-HORN GAMBLERS, CROOKS, ITCHY-FINGERED GUNMEN ON THE PROUD FOR TROUBLE!

THAT'S ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK FOR SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY AND HIS DEPUTY, MESQUITE JENKINS!

BUT WHEN A HORSE SHOTS A MAN WITH A SIX-GUN - THEN IT'S TIME TO RIDE UP THE TROUBLE TRAIL TO FIND OUT WHY...

**DEATH RIDES THE "ROCKING R!"**



**STARTS TODAY!**  
**TWIN RIVER'S BIG ANNUAL**  
**RODEO & TOPHAND**  
**ROUNDUP!**  
 \$5,000 IN PRIZES! RIDING, ROPING,  
 SHOOTING, BULL-DOGGING...  
 ADDED PURSE TO ANYONE WHO  
 CAN RIDE THE OUTLAW BRONCO  
 = BLUE LIGHTNING =  
 COME ONE! COME ALL!

**RODEO TIME IS HEADACHE TIME FOR SHERIFF**  
**HOPALONG CASSIDY AND HIS DEPUTY,**  
**MESQUITE JENKINS!**

SHE'S GONNA BE  
 ONE HOT TIME IN  
 TWIN RIVER, TODAY,  
 HOPPY!

IF WE CAN  
 AVOID TROUBLE,  
 MESQUITE!

AW, YOU CAN HANDLE  
 IT! YOU'VE RUN MOST O'  
 THE TINHORNS OUT  
 ALREADY AN' YOU KNOW  
 WHO'S LIKELY TO  
 CELEBRATE TOO  
 HARD!

THAT'S NOT  
 WHAT  
 WORRIES  
 ME!

I KNOW! YOU  
 MEAN THET FEUD  
 BETWEEN OLD ROMAN  
 REGAN OF THE "ROCKING  
 R" AND TOM OLSON  
 OF THE "TO"!

YEP! BOYS FROM  
 BOTH OUTFITS  
 ARE ENTERED  
 IN THE EVENTS  
 TODAY! IF THEIR  
 TRAILS CROSS,  
 THERE'LL BE  
 KILLING  
 FOR SURE!

SURE BEATS  
 HECK! THEM TWO  
 WAS FRIENDS FOR  
 YEARS - AND NOW  
 THEY'RE BITTER  
 ENEMIES OVER  
 A WATERHOLE  
 NEITHER OF  
 'EM NEEDS!

THERE'S  
 A MYSTERY  
 THERE  
 SOMEWHERE...  
 ...OH, OH!  
 SPEAK OF  
 THE  
 DEVIL...

HERE  
 COMES  
 REGAN  
 AND HIS  
 "ROCKING R"  
 OUTFIT  
 RIGHT  
 NOW!

THEN DUCK FOR  
 COVER, HOPPY! -  
 'CAUSE HERE COMES  
 TOM OLSON'S BUNCH  
 FROM THE OTHER  
 WAY!

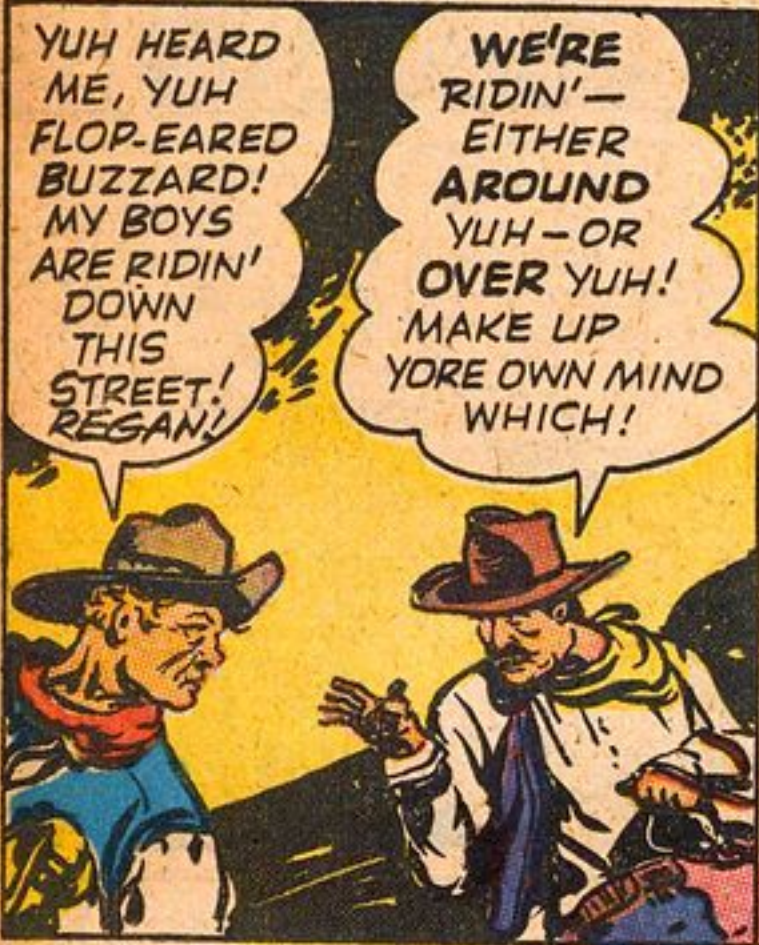




WELL! GIT THEM CROWBAITS  
O' YOURN OUTA TH' WAY SO  
A MAN'S OUTFIT KIN RIDE PAST!

HUH? STAND ASIDE YOURSELVES!  
WE AIN'T MOVIN' OVER FOR NO  
PACK O' MANGY SHEEP-HERDERS!

THE FEUDING  
RANCHERS MEET...



YUH HEARD  
ME, YUH  
FLOP-EARED  
BUZZARD!  
MY BOYS  
ARE RIDIN'  
DOWN  
THIS  
STREET!  
REGAN!

WE'RE  
RIDIN'—  
EITHER  
AROUND  
YUH—OR  
OVER YUH!  
MAKE UP  
YORE OWN MIND  
WHICH!



YUH CAN'T BACK  
DOWN NOW, BOSS!  
WE'LL BACK  
YORE  
PLAY!

UH— I S'POSE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
PERRON!



WE'RE IN A HURRY!  
YOU GOT TILL I  
COUNT TEN TO  
EITHER STEP  
ASIDE OR  
PULL  
IRON!

IF IT'S TROUBLE  
YOU WANT,  
YOU COME  
TO THE RIGHT  
PLACE! WE  
AIN'T GETTIN'  
OVER!

THAT'S  
FINE!  
BOYS!



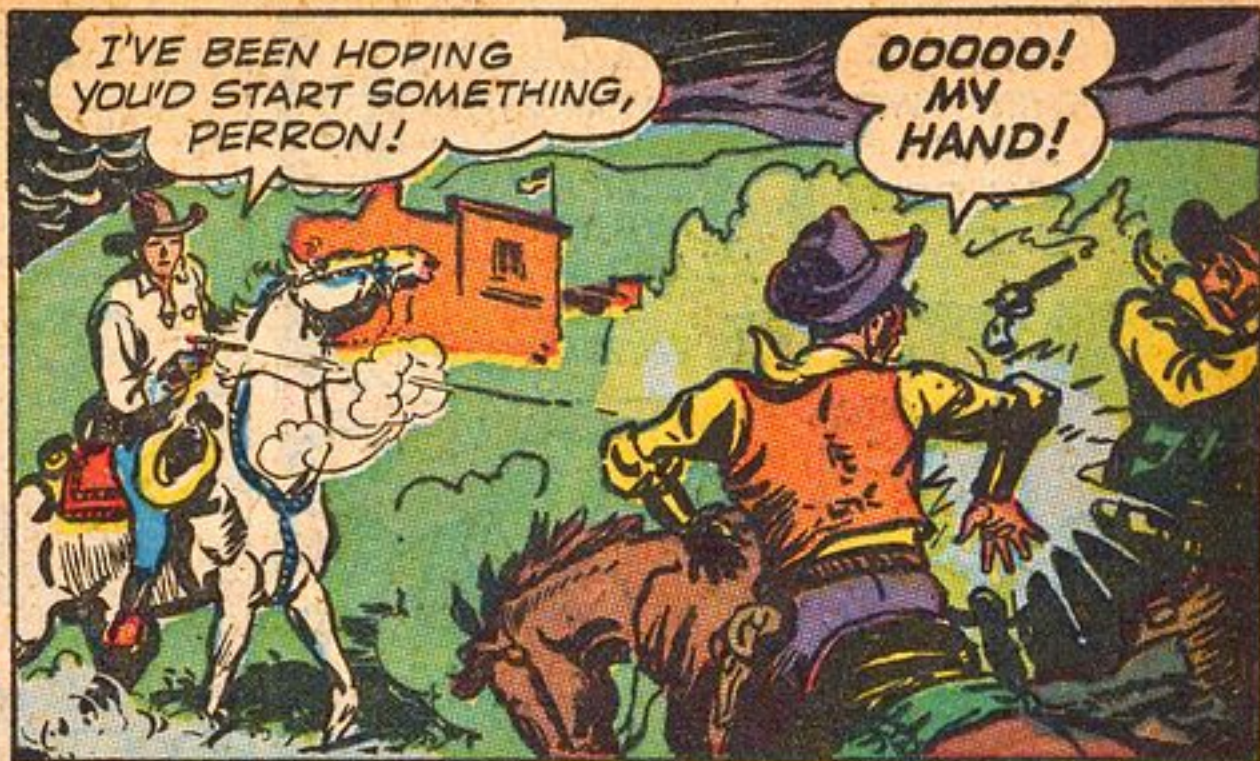
GO AHEAD AND  
START SOMETHING!  
BECAUSE I'M  
GOING TO PLUG  
THE FIRST MAN  
WHO PULLS A  
GUN— AND I'M  
NOT BLUFFING!

ME,  
TOO!



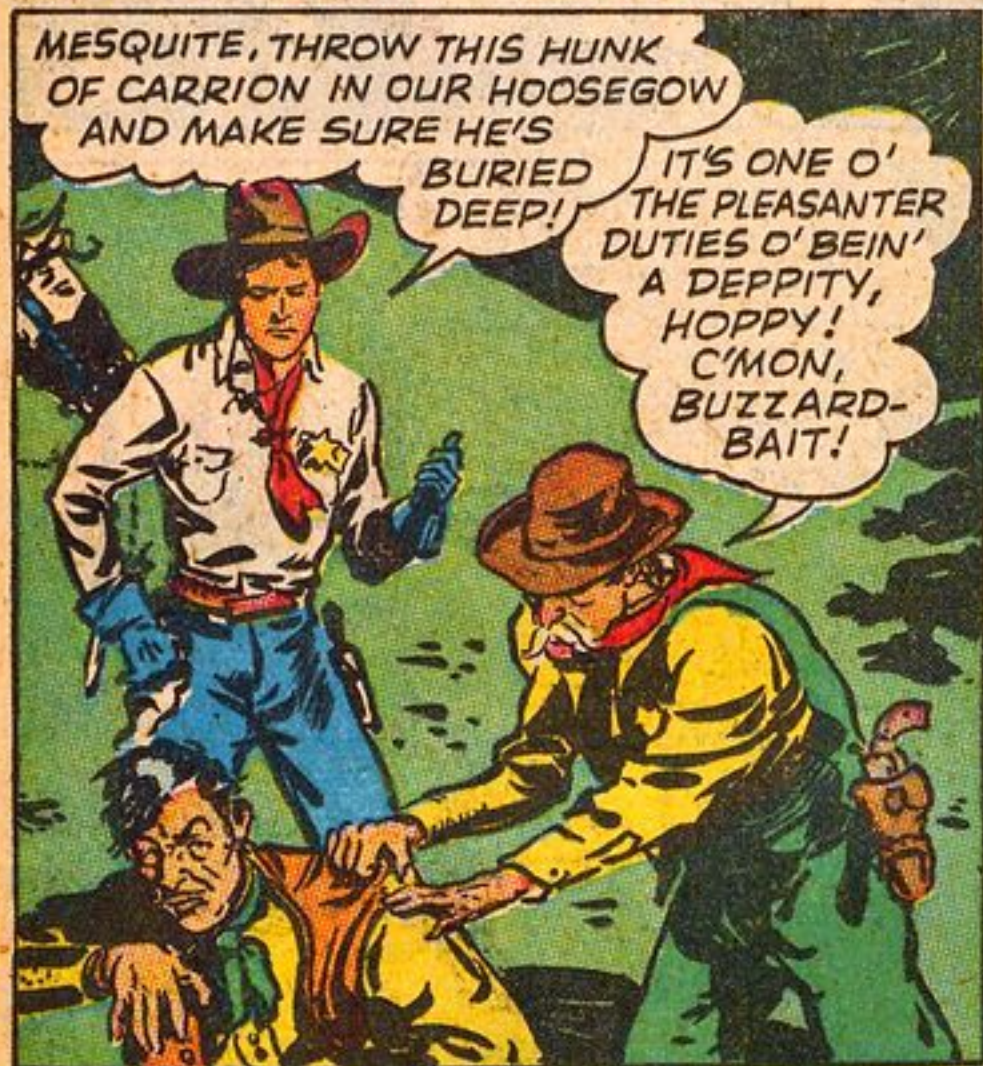


WHY, YOU...



I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU'D START SOMETHING, PERRON!

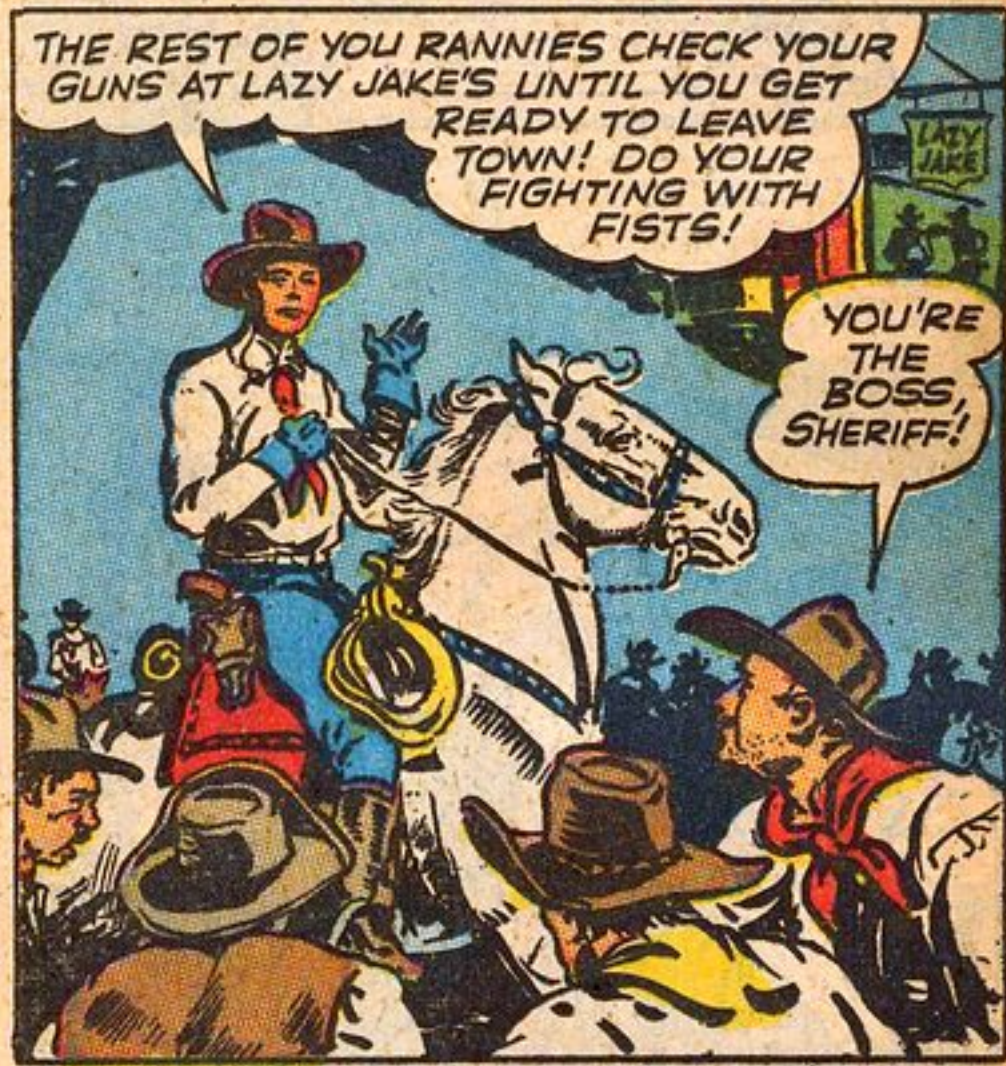
OOOOO! MY HAND!



MESQUITE, THROW THIS HUNK OF CARRION IN OUR HOOSEGOW AND MAKE SURE HE'S BURIED DEEP!

BURIED DEEP!

IT'S ONE O' THE PLEASANTER DUTIES O' BEIN' A DEPPITY, HOPPY! C'MON, BUZZARD-BAIT!

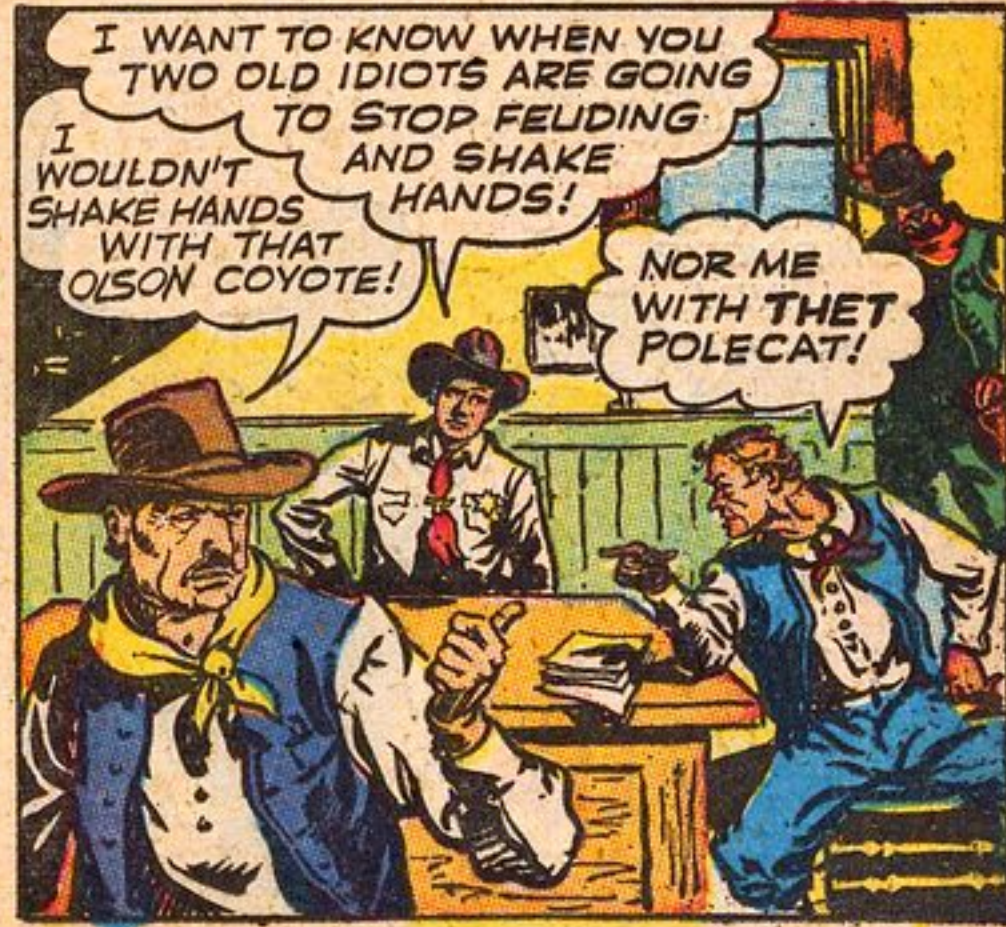


THE REST OF YOU RANNIES CHECK YOUR GUNS AT LAZY JAKE'S UNTIL YOU GET READY TO LEAVE TOWN! DO YOUR FIGHTING WITH FISTS!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, SHERIFF!



YOU - REGAN AND OLSON - I WANT TO TALK TO YOU IN MY OFFICE! COME ON...



I WANT TO KNOW WHEN YOU TWO OLD IDIOTS ARE GOING TO STOP FEUDING AND SHAKE HANDS!

I WOULDN'T SHAKE HANDS WITH THAT OLSON COYOTE!

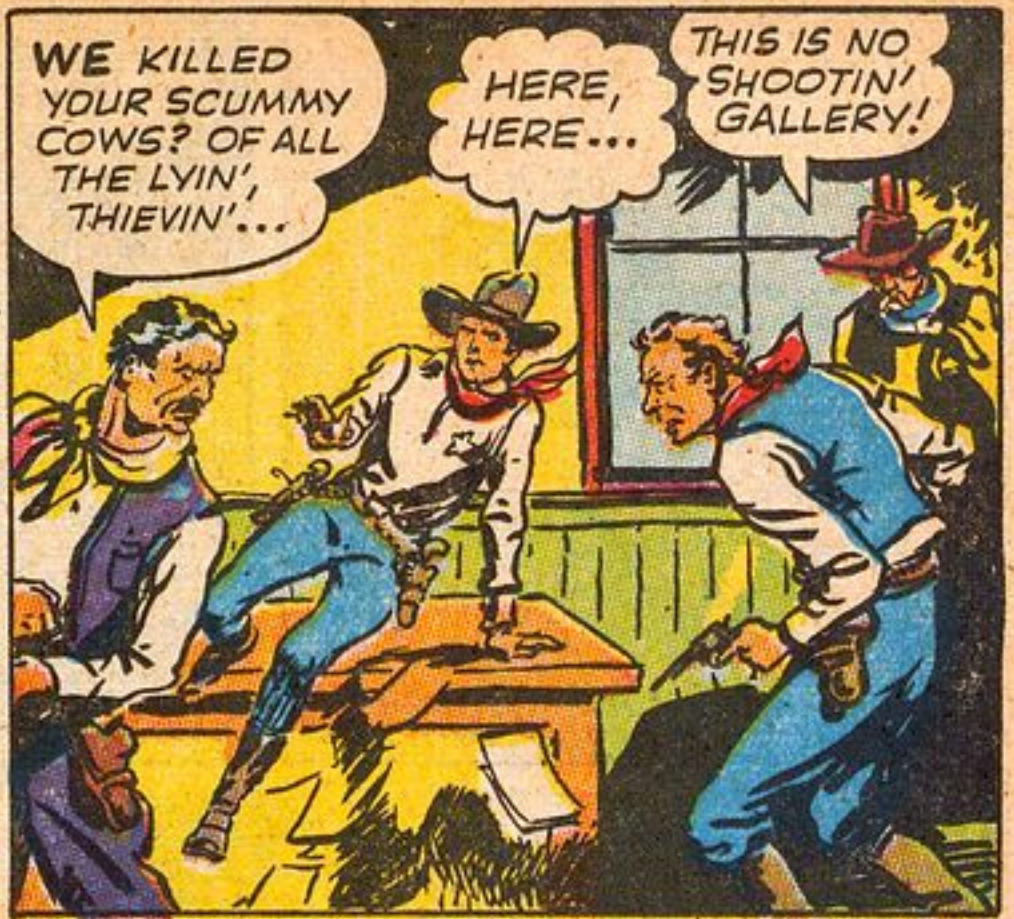
NOR ME WITH THET POLECAT!





THE DIRTY RATS  
AMBUSHED TWO  
OF MY BOYS —  
SHOT 'EM BOTH  
UP BAD!

IT'S A LIE! WE  
NEVER BUSHWACKED  
ANYBODY! BUT HOW  
ABOUT MY BEST  
COWS YOU HAD  
KILLED AND THROWN  
IN THE  
WATERHOLE?



WE KILLED  
YOUR SCUMMY  
COWS? OF ALL  
THE LYIN',  
THIEVIN'...

HERE,  
HERE...

THIS IS NO  
SHOOTIN'  
GALLERY!



ONE MORE STUNT  
LIKE THAT AND I'LL  
BAT YOU BOTH TO  
SLEEP, SO HELP  
ME!

WHYNT YUH LOCK  
'EM IN ONE CELL  
AND LET 'EM  
FIGHT IT  
OUT?



YOU'RE A PAIR OF  
HOT-HEADED FOOLS!  
SOMEBODY'S PLAYING  
YOU BOTH FOR SUCKERS  
AND YOU HAVEN'T  
SENSE ENOUGH  
TO REALIZE  
IT!

THESE IRONS  
ARE SAFER  
HERE!

WHADDAYUH  
MEAN?



NEITHER OF YOU IS THE  
BUSHWACKING, COW-KILLING  
KIND! SOMEBODY'S STIRRING  
UP TROUBLE TO WRECK  
YOU BOTH SO HE CAN  
JUMP YOUR  
LAND!

MEBBE  
YORE  
RIGHT,  
SHERIFF!  
BUT  
WHO...?

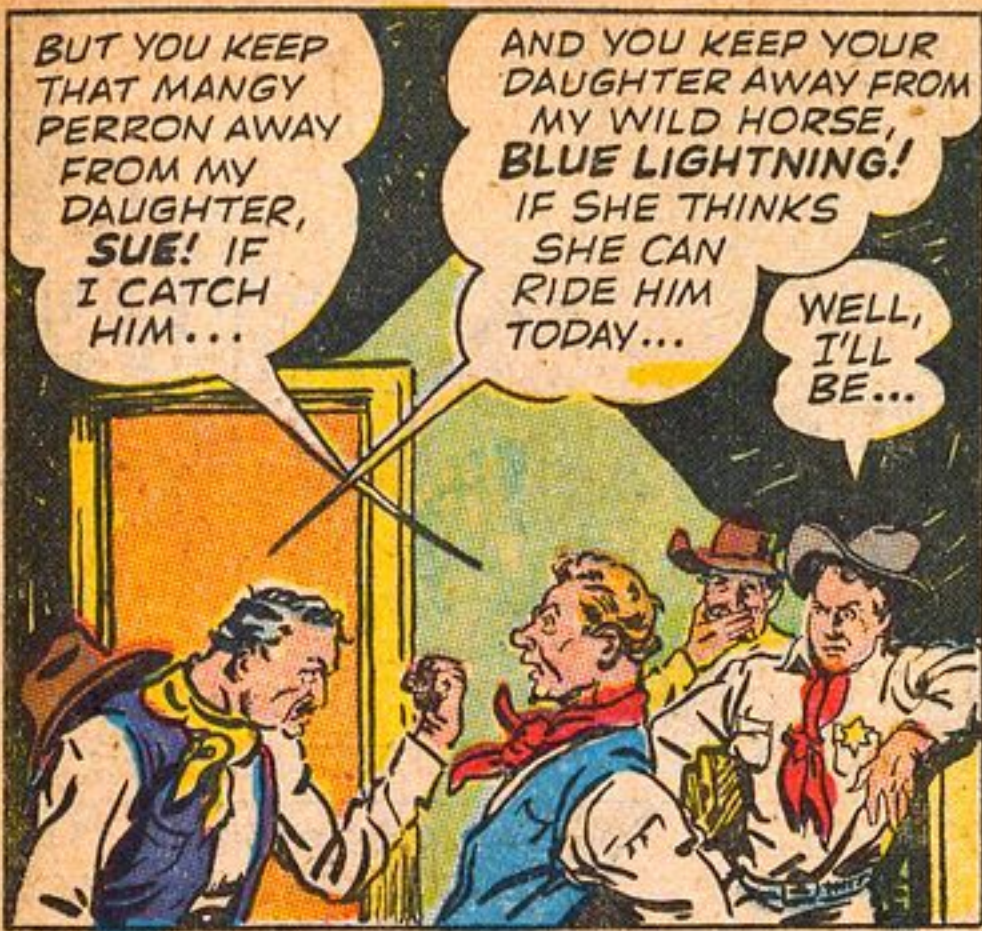


THE TROUBLE STARTED  
ABOUT THE TIME REGAN  
HIRED THAT SHIFTY-EYED  
PERRON AND HIS TWO  
GUN-PALS! YOU HIRED  
A NEW MAN THEN,  
TOO, OLSON!

YORE  
RIGHT,  
SHERIFF!

I  
NEVER  
DID  
TRUST  
MY NEW  
HAND,  
CLAVER!





BUT YOU KEEP THAT MANGY PERRON AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER, SUE! IF I CATCH HIM...

AND YOU KEEP YOUR DAUGHTER AWAY FROM MY WILD HORSE, BLUE LIGHTNING! IF SHE THINKS SHE CAN RIDE HIM TODAY...

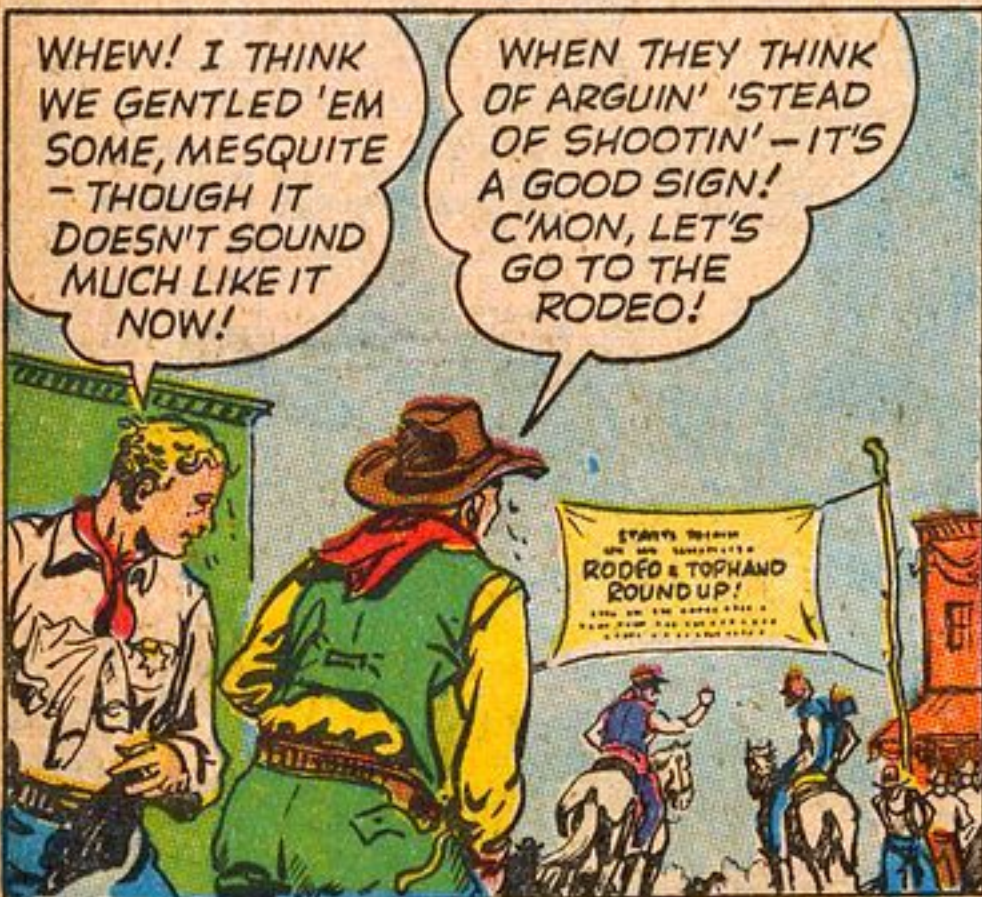
WELL, I'LL BE...



I AIN'T GONNA HAVE IT SAID MY HORSE KILLED AN OLSON...

YOU WINDBAG! MY GAL CAN RIDE ANY HOSS THET'S GENTLE ENOUGH FOR A REGAN SADDLE-TRAMP TO CATCH IN THE FIRST PLACE!

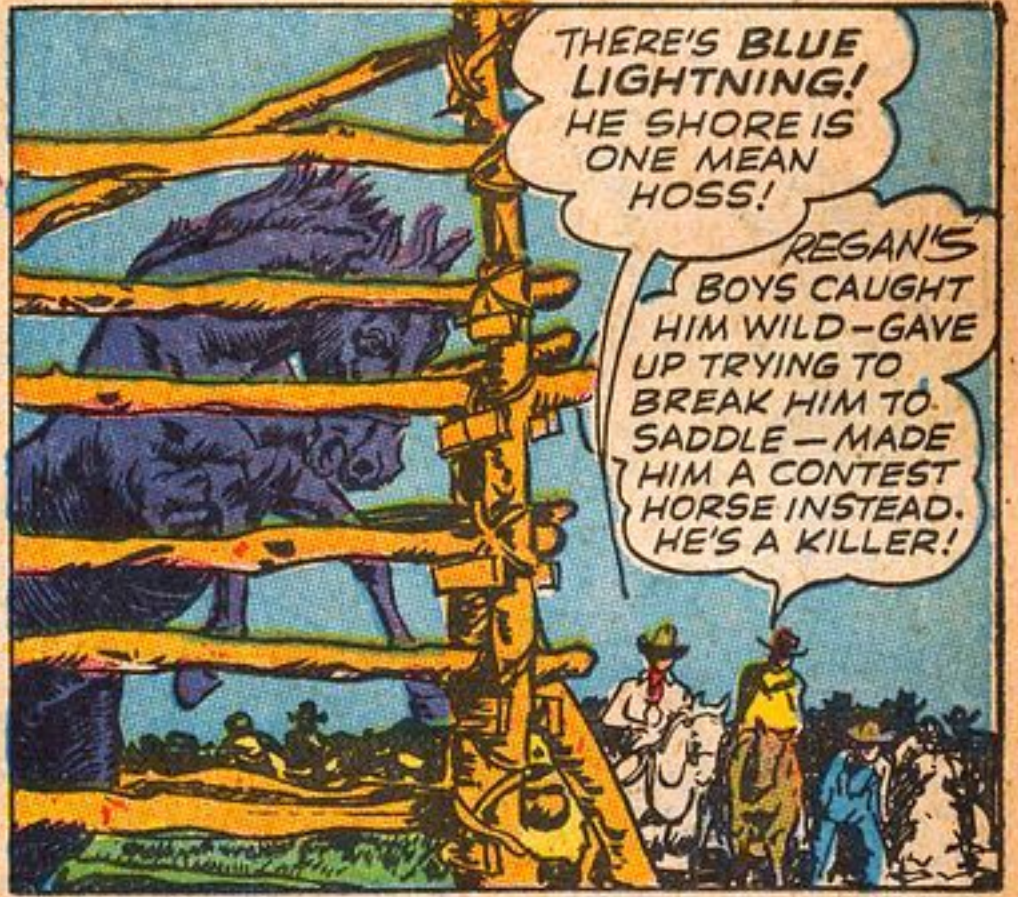
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU WILDCATS!



WHEW! I THINK WE GENTLED 'EM SOME, MESQUITE - THOUGH IT DOESN'T SOUND MUCH LIKE IT NOW!

WHEN THEY THINK OF ARGUIN' 'STEAD OF SHOOTIN' - IT'S A GOOD SIGN! C'MON, LET'S GO TO THE RODEO!

STARTS TODAY 10 AM  
RODFO & TOPHAWD  
ROUND UP!



THERE'S BLUE LIGHTNING! HE SHORE IS ONE MEAN HOSS!

REGAN'S BOYS CAUGHT HIM WILD - GAVE UP TRYING TO BREAK HIM TO SADDLE - MADE HIM A CONTEST HORSE INSTEAD. HE'S A KILLER!



THE NEXT CONTESTANT... RED TOTTEN OF THE "ROCKING R" - COMING OUT ON DYNAMITE!





WHOOPEE!

CLIMB UP AN' WATCH THIS, HOPPY! DYNAMITE'S GIVIN' RED THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE!



YIPPEEEEE! RAKE HIM, RED! FAN HIM HIGH!

MISS OLSON!

HELLO, SHERIFF!



RED DID IT — RODE DYNAMITE TO A STANDSTILL!

A NICE RIDE! DAD'LL BE FURIOUS! THAT GIVES THE "ROCKING R" THREE FIRSTS IN RIDING!



BANG!

YEAAA, RED!

OOOOOH! WHAT A RACKET!

BANG!

RAY, RED!



WISH ME LUCK, BOYS! I'M ON MY WAY TO REDEEM THE FAMILY HONOR — BY RIDING BLUE LIGHTNING!

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T, MISS SUE! THAT HORSE ISN'T JUST AN OUTLAW — HE'S A KILLER!





HE'LL BE AN  
EX-KILLER, SOON,  
SHERIFF! COME  
ON, BOYS!  
SADDLE  
UP!

HEY, PARD!  
THERE'S  
SUE!

WHAT A GAL! I'LL SAY  
THIS FOR HER - IF  
ANYBODY CAN RIDE  
THET BLUE DEVIL,  
SHE CAN!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
BLUE? ARE YOU.....  
EEE-EE-EEEEEE!  
- A DEAD  
MAN!



MUSTA  
SLIPPED  
IN AN' THET  
HOSS GOT  
HIM!

IT'S ONE OF  
OUR BOYS-  
LEFTY  
WRIGHT!

LET US  
UP...



YOU MEN - GET  
LONG POLES TO  
HOLD BLUE AWAY  
WHILE WE GET  
LEFTY OUT!  
HURRY!  
HE MAY  
STILL BE  
ALIVE!

IF HE IS,  
HE SHORE  
AIN'T  
WORKIN'  
AT IT  
VERY HARD  
RIGHT  
NOW!



HURRY, SHERIFF!  
WE CAN'T HOLD  
HIM LONG!

HAND HIM  
UP, HOPPY!  
THEN CLIMB  
OUT YO'RESELF  
SO'S I KIN  
BREATHE  
AGAIN!





BOTH HOOFS GOT HIS CHEST AN' CRUSHED IT! YOU KIN SEE THE HOOFPRIENTS!

MMMM! HELP ME TURN HIM OVER, MESQUITE!

HE MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THE FENCE, INSIDE!



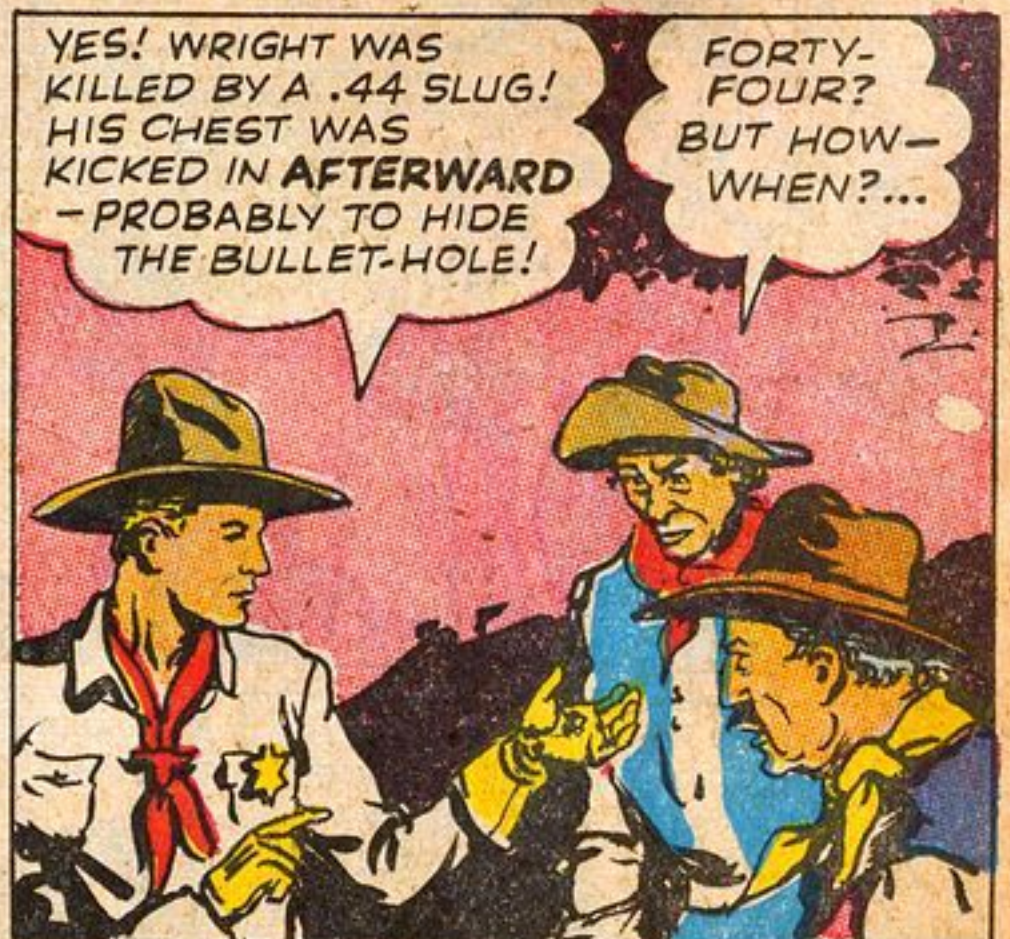
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'RE THEY BLAMING MY HORSE FOR NOW?

FOR KILLING ONE OF MY BOYS! THAT'S WHAT!



SHUT UP, YOU TWO! IF REGAN'S HORSE KILLED OLSON'S MAN, THEN HE MUST HAVE LEARNED TO HANDLE A SIX-GUN!

SIX-GUN?



YES! WRIGHT WAS KILLED BY A .44 SLUG! HIS CHEST WAS KICKED IN AFTERWARD - PROBABLY TO HIDE THE BULLET-HOLE!

FORTY-FOUR? BUT HOW-WHEN?...



MOST LIKELY HE WAS SHOT WHEN EVERYBODY WAS SHOOTING TO CELEBRATE RED'S RIDE!...

THEN MY BOY WAS MURDERED!

...EVERYBODY WAS WATCHING THE RING THEN...



YUH DIRTY SKUNK! NOW YUH SHOOT MY TOP HAND AND TRY TO COVER IT UP WITH YORE OWN HOSS, EH?

YUH DONE IT YORESELF SO YORE GAL WOULDN'T HAVE TO RIDE BLUE, NOBODY'D LET HER NOW!!





ONE MORE CRAZY JUMP AND I'LL RUN YOU BOTH IN!

AND I'M GOING TO TAKE MY RIDE ON BLUE RIGHT NOW! GET HIM SADDLED!



YUH GOT PERRON IN JAIL - SO YUH CAN'T BLAME IT ON HIM!

BOTH YOUR OUTFITS ARE ON HAIR-TRIGGER RIGHT NOW! IF YOU TWO IDIOTS START BLOODSHED, I'LL HAVE YOU STRUNG UP!

HIS TWO PARDS ARE STILL OUT, AREN'T THEY?



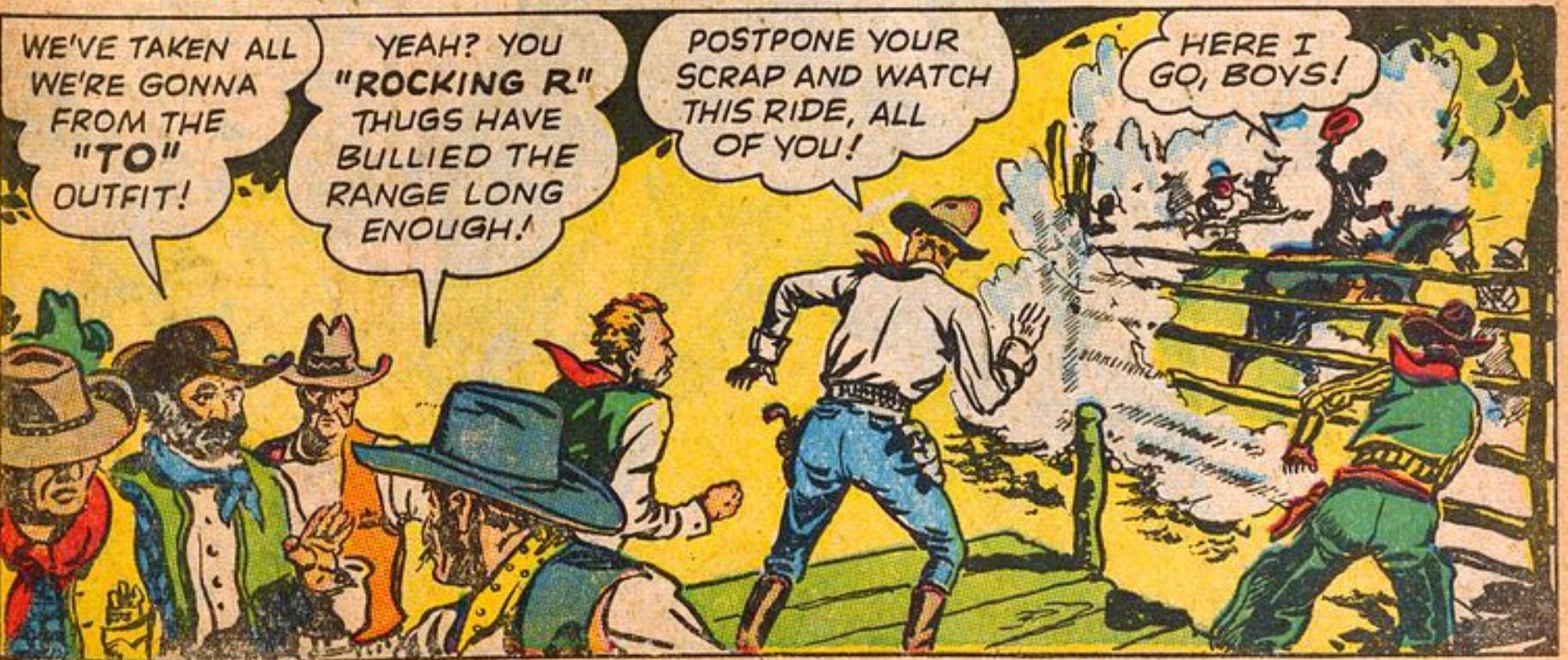
OH-OH! WHAT'S UP, JOHNNY?

SHERIFF CASSIDY! COME QUICK! SOMETHIN' HAPPENED!...



SOMEBODY BLEW THE END OFF THE JAIL WITH DYNAMITE AND LET THAT PRISONER GET AWAY! THE THREE RODE OFF TOGETHER JUST NOW!

SO YOUR FOREMAN'S IN JAIL, IS HE, YOU SIDEWINDER?!!



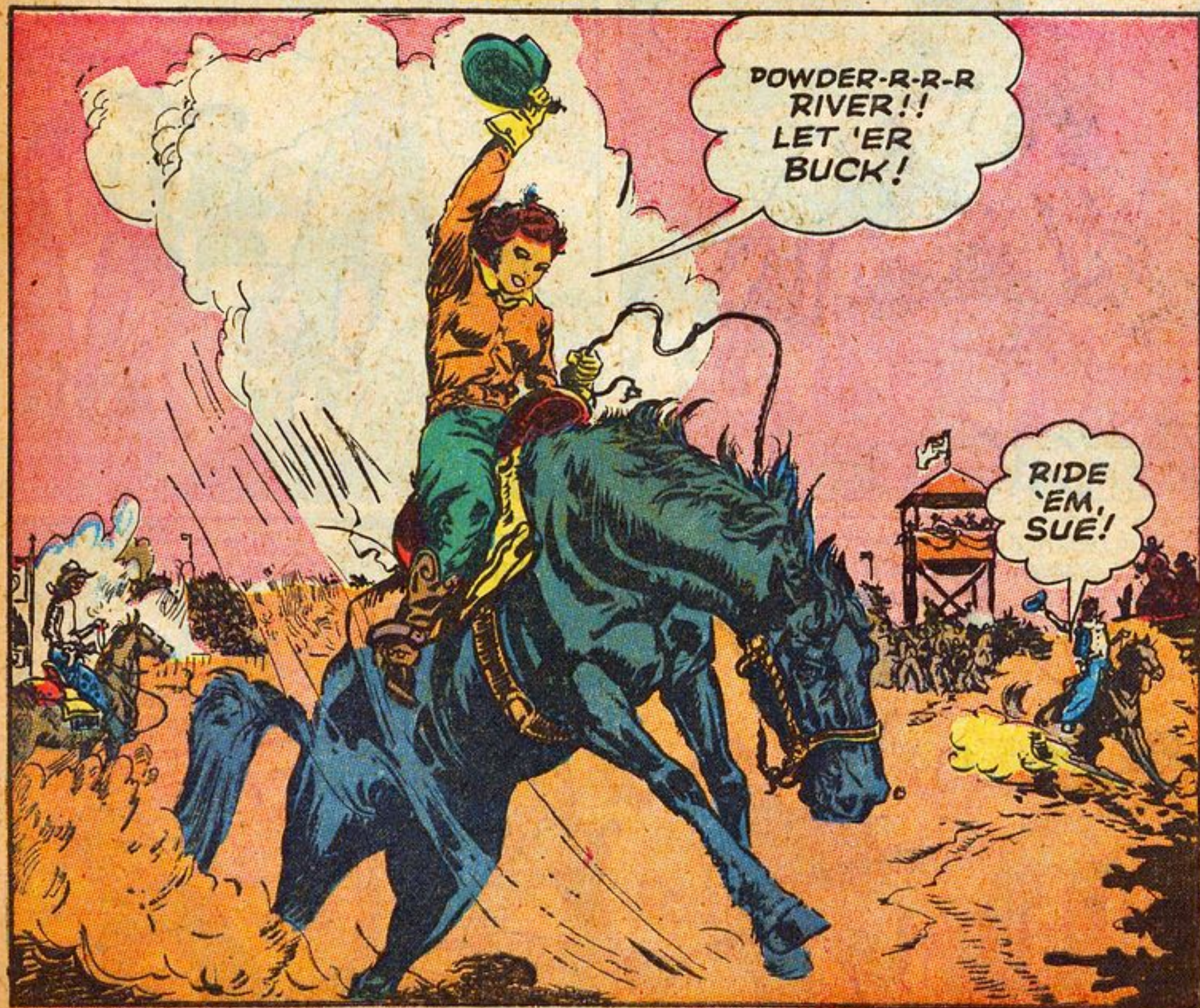
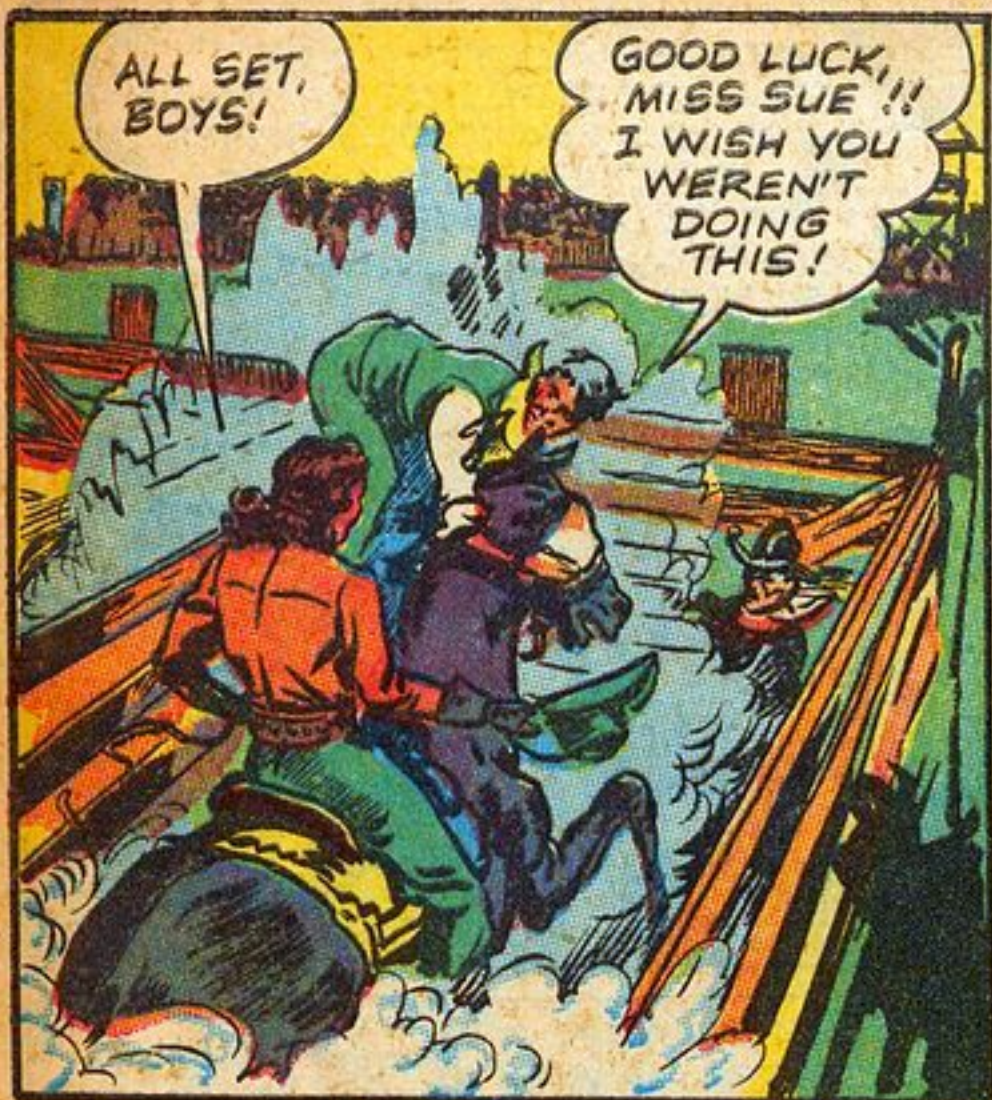
WE'VE TAKEN ALL WE'RE GONNA FROM THE "TO" OUTFIT!

YEAH? YOU "ROCKING R" THUGS HAVE BULLIED THE RANGE LONG ENOUGH!

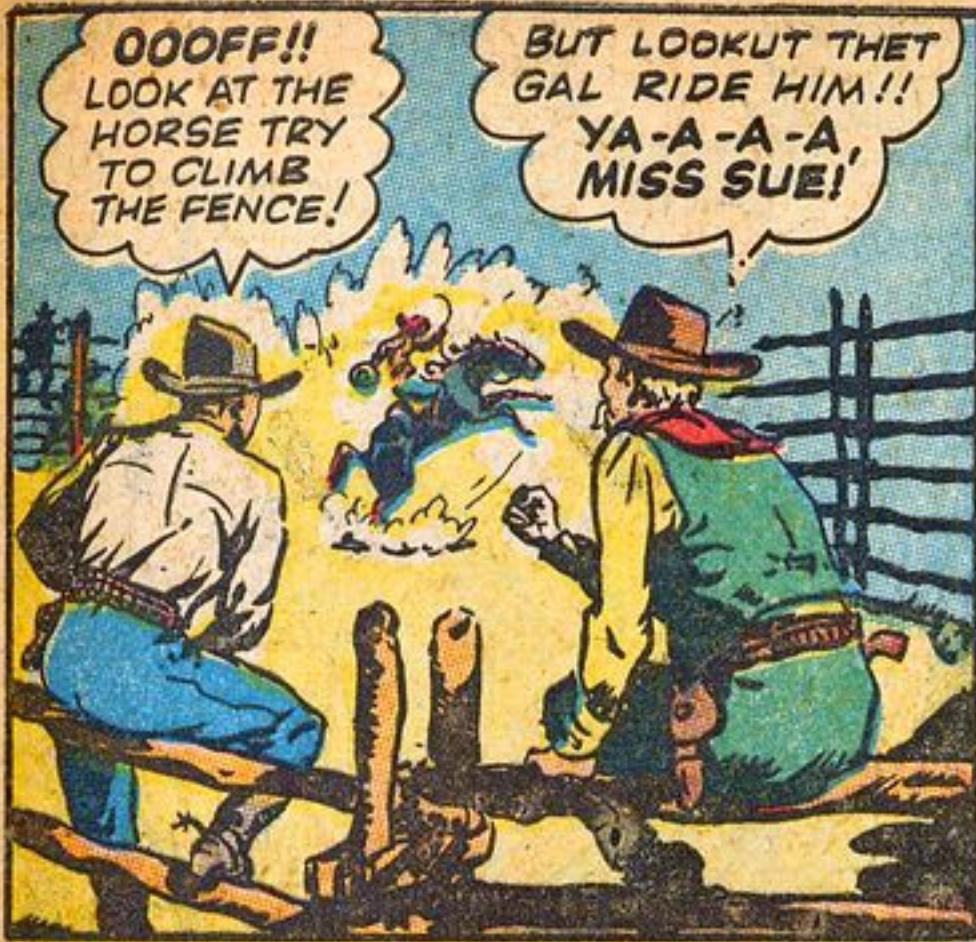
POSTPONE YOUR SCRAP AND WATCH THIS RIDE, ALL OF YOU!

HERE I GO, BOYS!



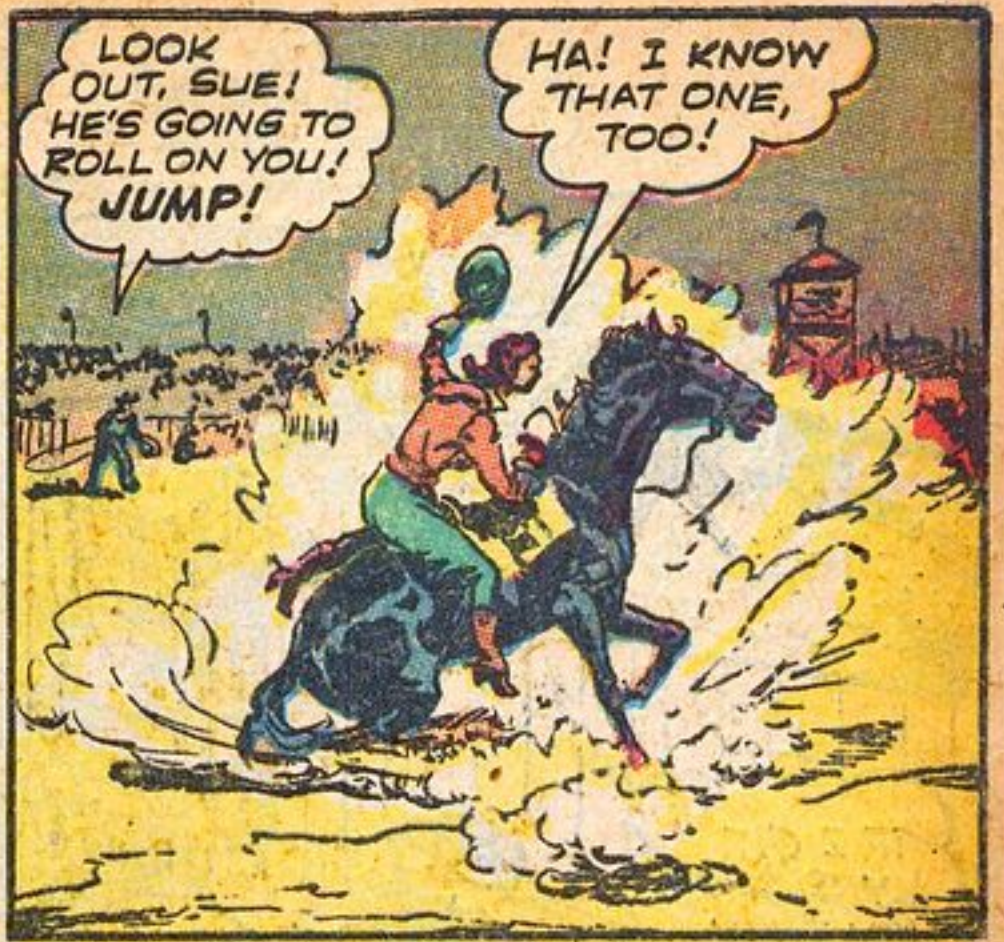






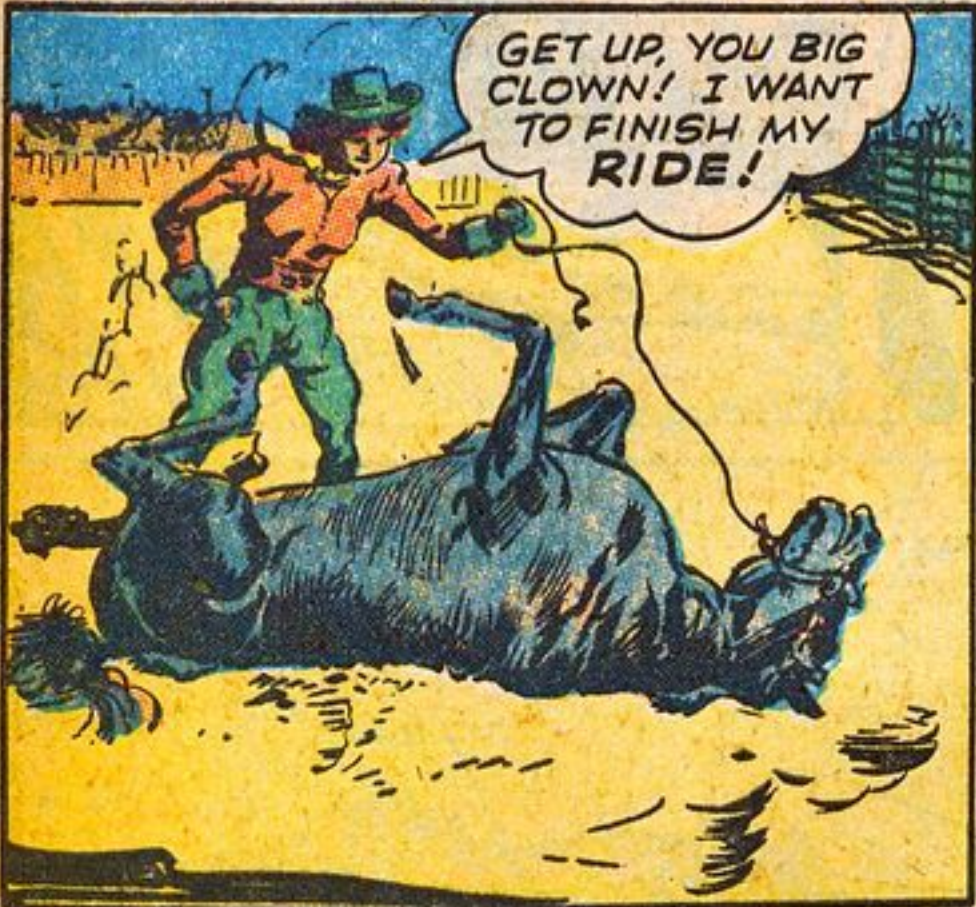
OOOFF!!  
LOOK AT THE  
HORSE TRY  
TO CLIMB  
THE FENCE!

BUT LOOKUT THET  
GAL RIDE HIM!!  
YA-A-A-A,  
MISS SUE!

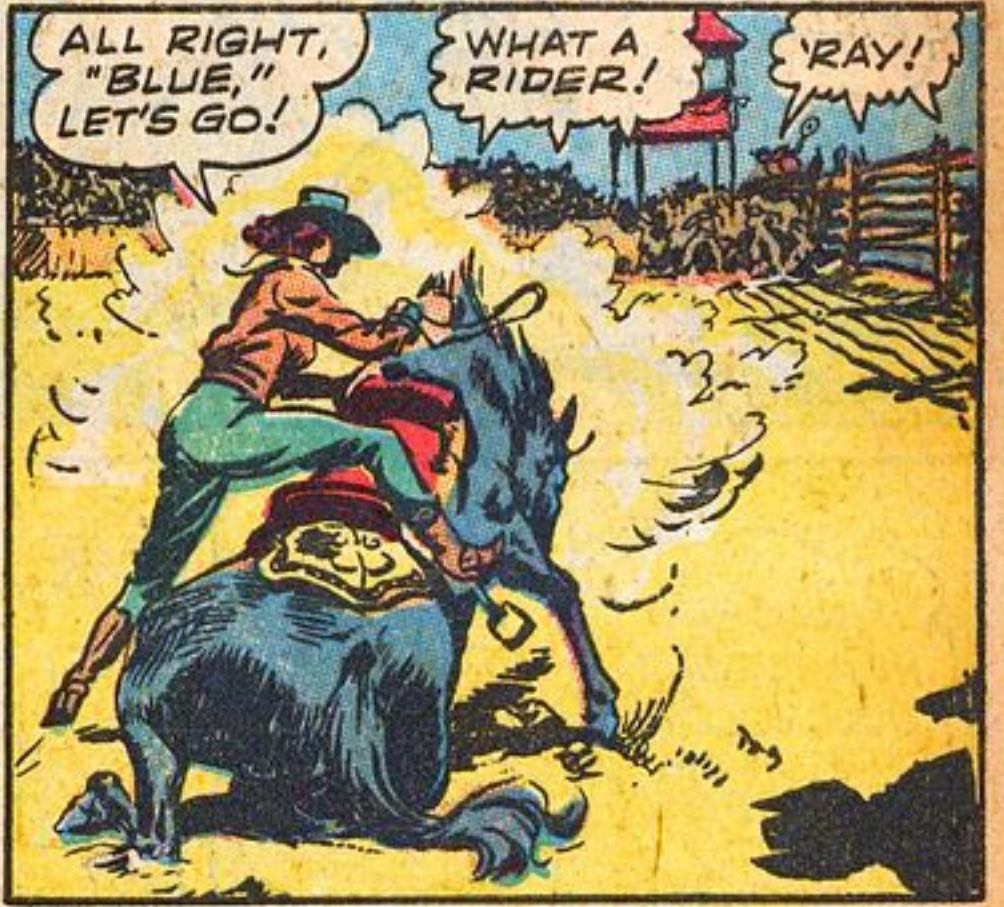


LOOK  
OUT, SUE!  
HE'S GOING TO  
ROLL ON YOU!  
JUMP!

HA! I KNOW  
THAT ONE,  
TOO!



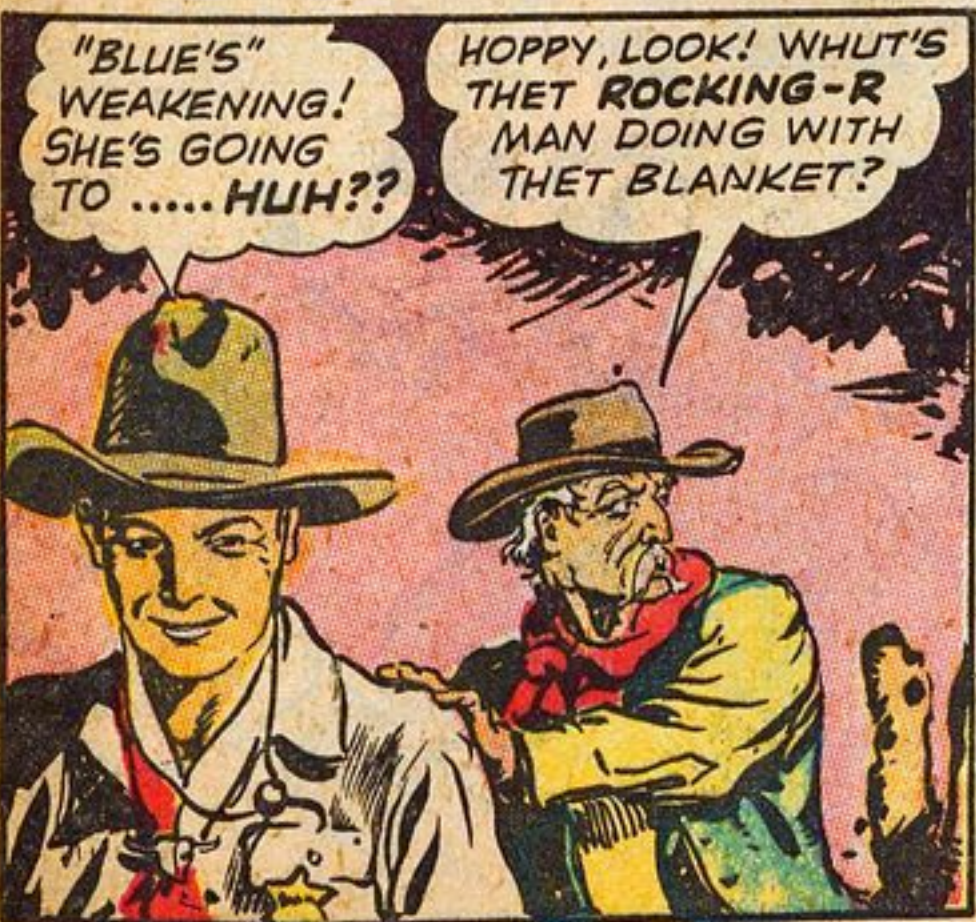
GET UP, YOU BIG  
CLOWN! I WANT  
TO FINISH MY  
RIDE!



ALL RIGHT,  
"BLUE,"  
LET'S GO!

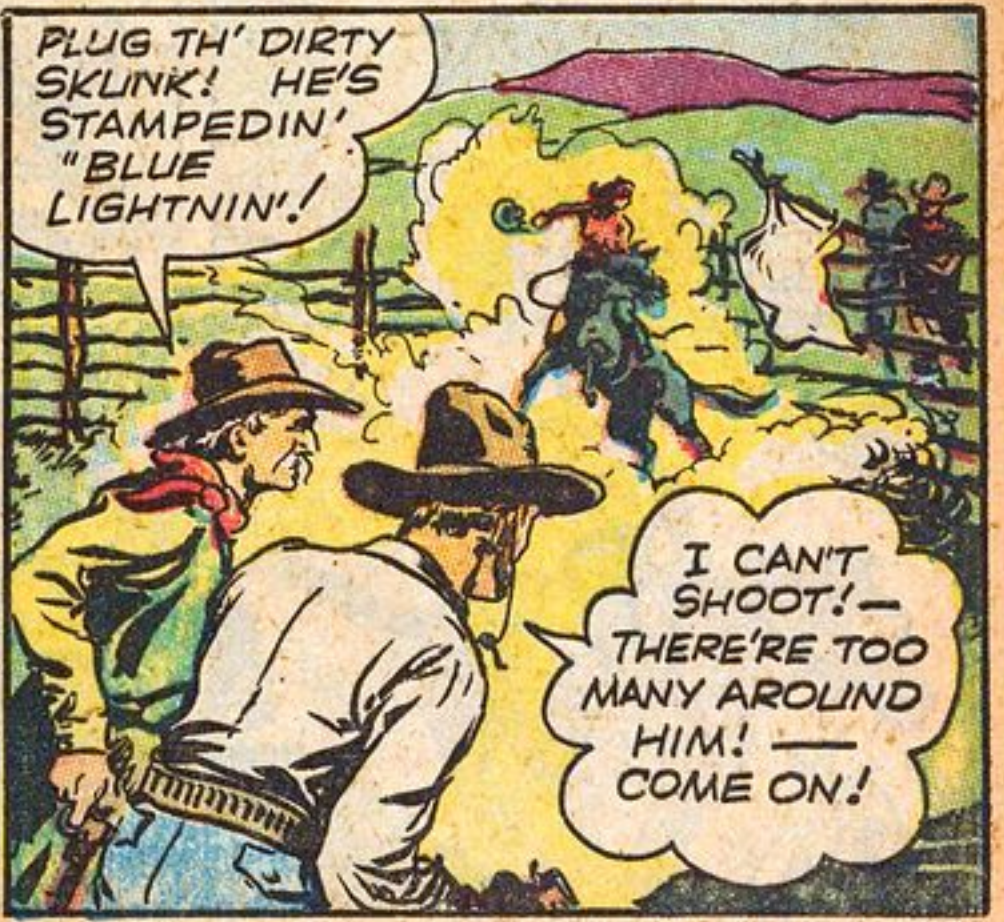
WHAT A  
RIDER!

'RAY!



"BLUE'S"  
WEAKENING!  
SHE'S GOING  
TO .....HUH??

HOPPY, LOOK! WHUT'S  
THET ROCKING-R  
MAN DOING WITH  
THET BLANKET?



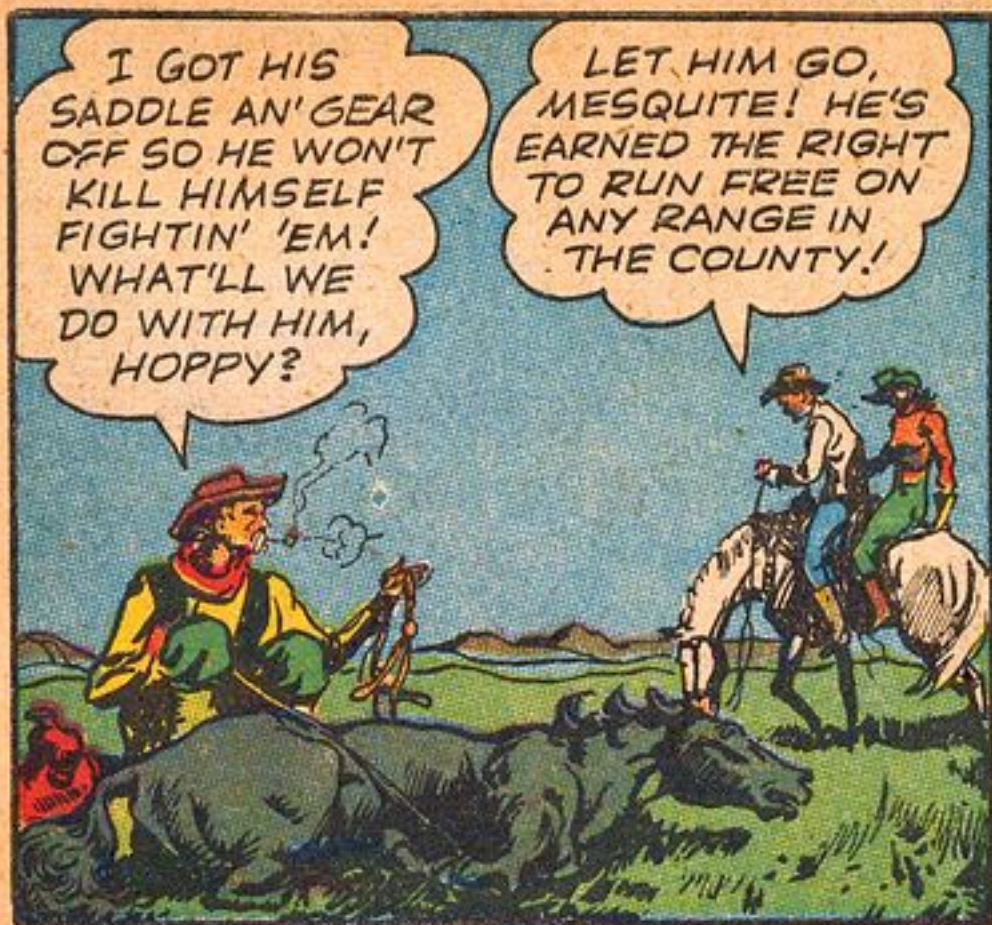
PLUG TH' DIRTY  
SKLINK! HE'S  
STAMPEDIN'  
"BLUE  
LIGHTNIN'!

I CANT  
SHOOT! —  
THERE'RE TOO  
MANY AROUND  
HIM! —  
COME ON!



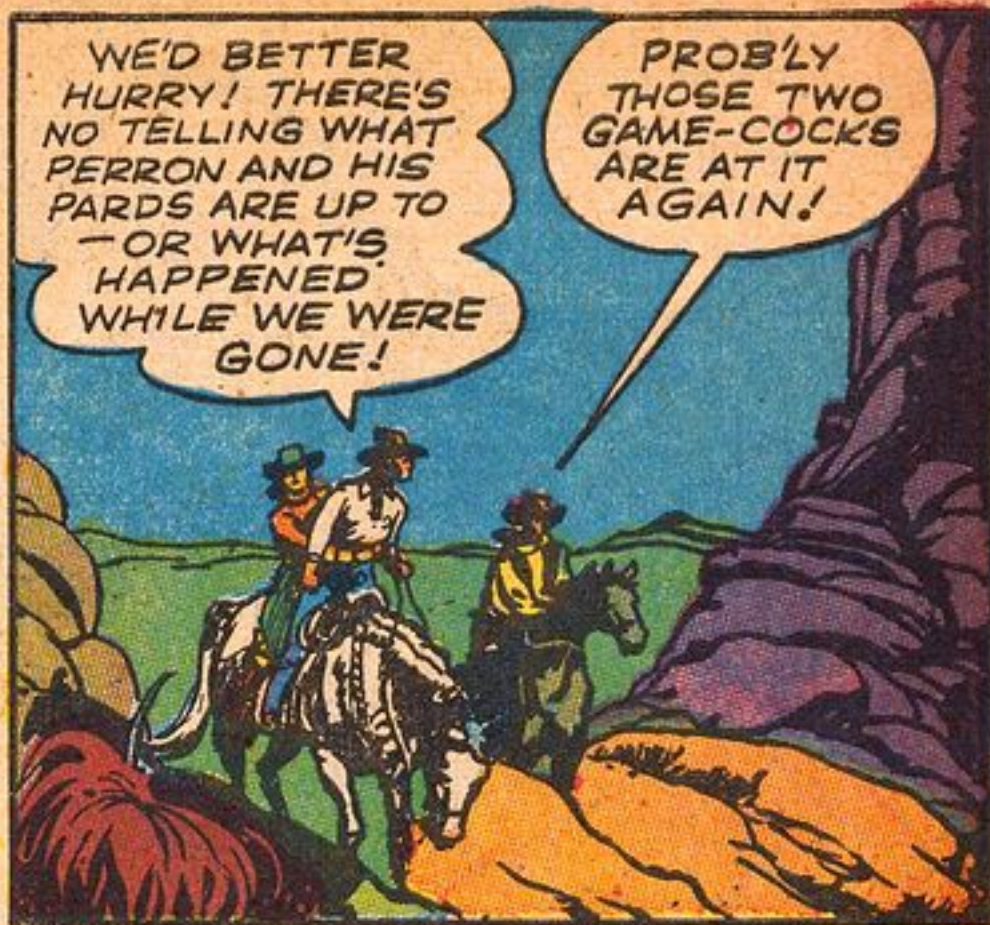






I GOT HIS SADDLE AN' GEAR OFF SO HE WON'T KILL HIMSELF FIGHTIN' 'EM! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM, HOPPY?

LET HIM GO, MESQUITE! HE'S EARNED THE RIGHT TO RUN FREE ON ANY RANGE IN THE COUNTY!



WE'D BETTER HURRY! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT PERRON AND HIS PARDS ARE UP TO — OR WHAT'S HAPPENED WHILE WE WERE GONE!

PROB'LY THOSE TWO GAME-CKOCKS ARE AT IT AGAIN!



WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S PERRON?

HE GOT AWAY — AND TOOK HIS PARD WITH HIM! IT WAS THOSE TWO SIDEKICKS OF PERRON'S!

OLSON'S MAN, CLAVER, RODE WITH 'EM! THE BOYS RODE IN FOR THEIR GUNS!



GET YOUR GUNS AND FOLLOW! MESQUITE AND I'LL RIDE AHEAD! IT'S TEN TO ONE THEY'RE HEADING FOR DEVILMENT AT THE ROCKING-R!!

WE'LL STOP 'EM!



I'M GOING WITH YOU! I DIDN'T CHECK MY GUN WITH THE REST!

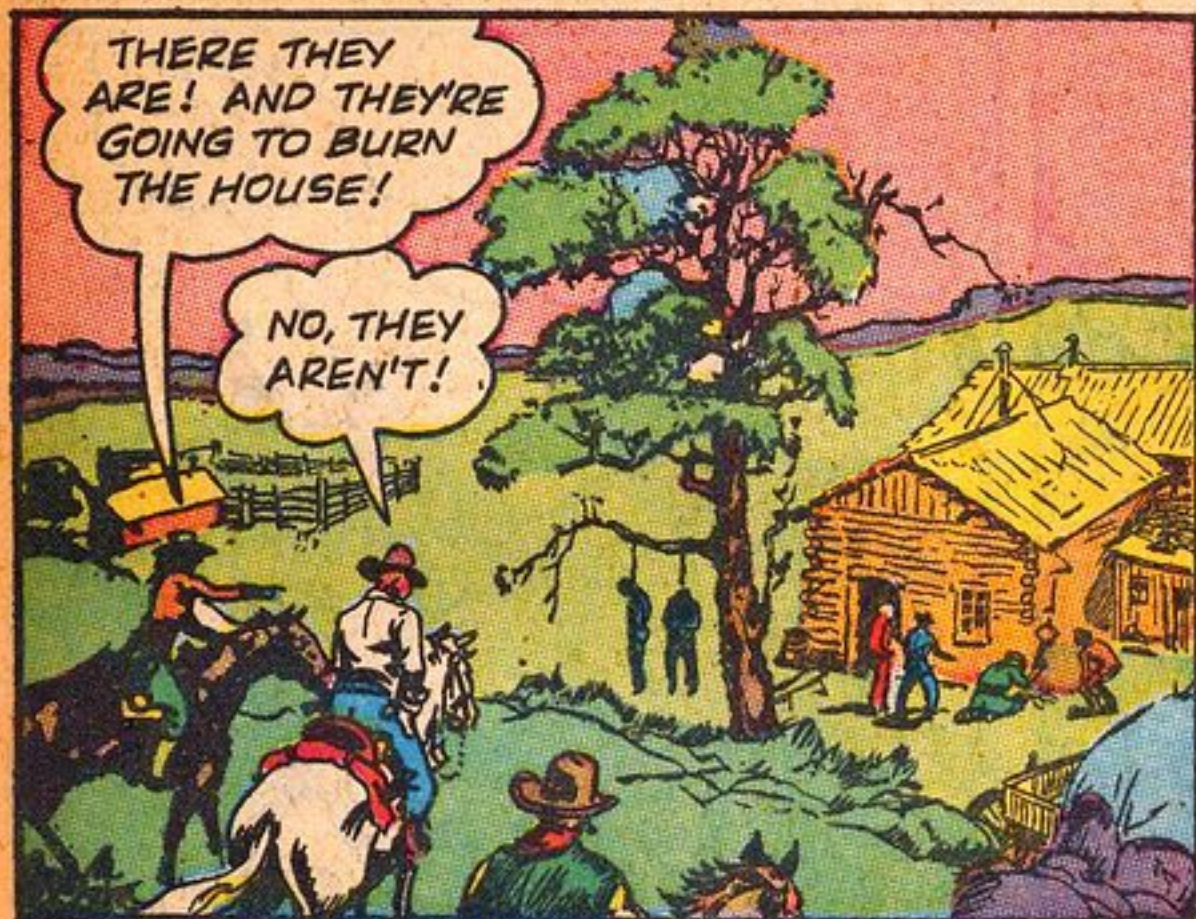
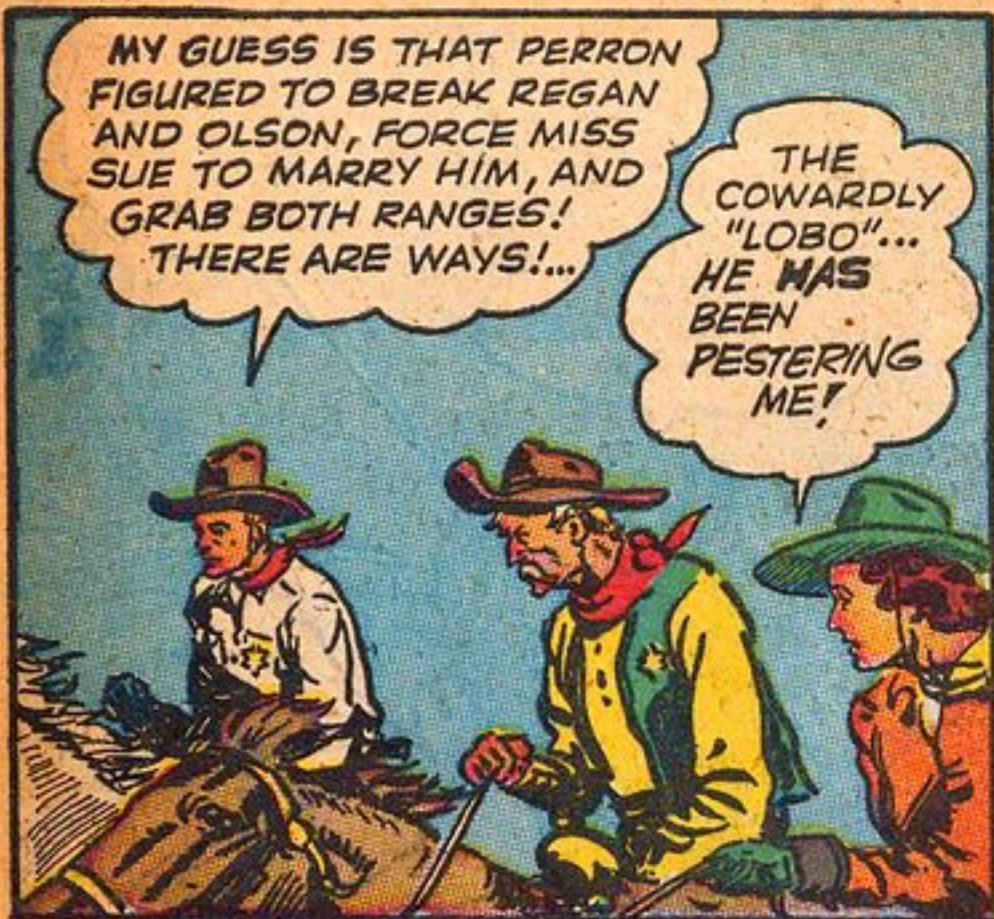


WHUT YUH S'POSE THEY'RE UP TO, HOPPY?

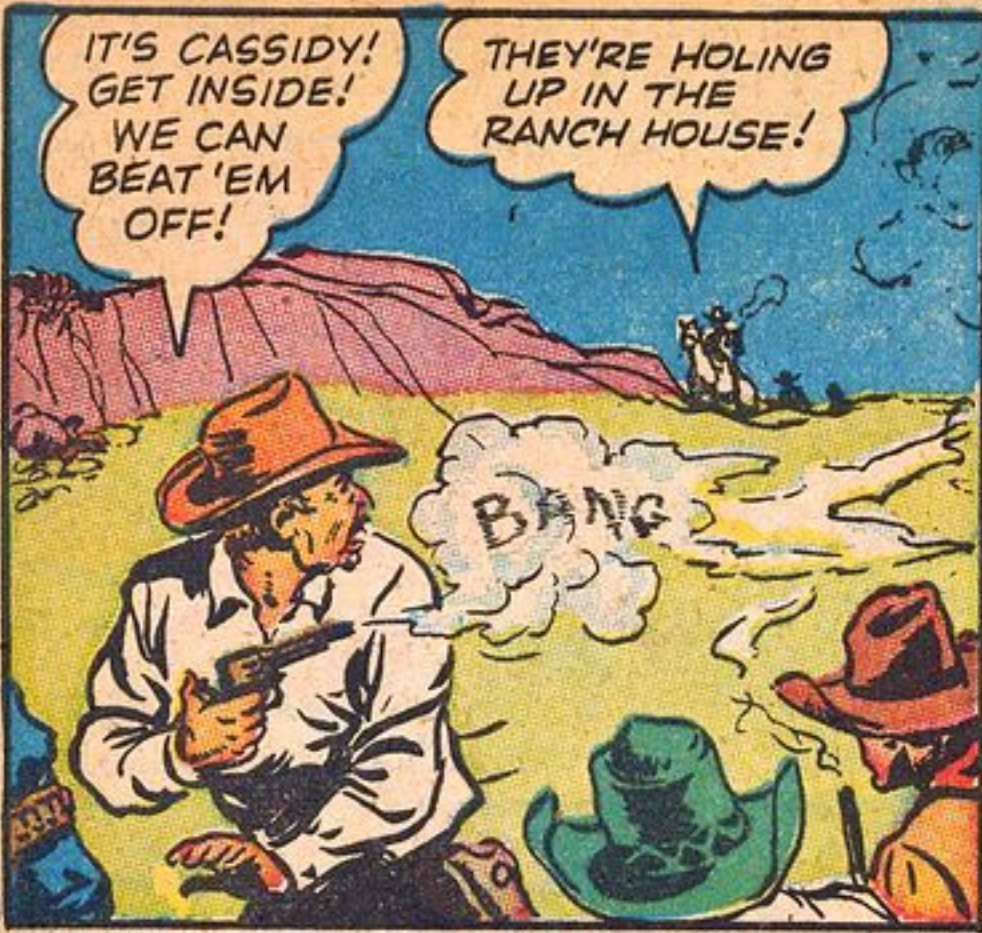
ANYTHING BAD! IT'S OBVIOUS PERRON STIRRED UP ALL THE TROUBLE, WITH HIS MEN STABBING BOTH REGAN AND OLSON IN THE BACK!

BUT WHY...?





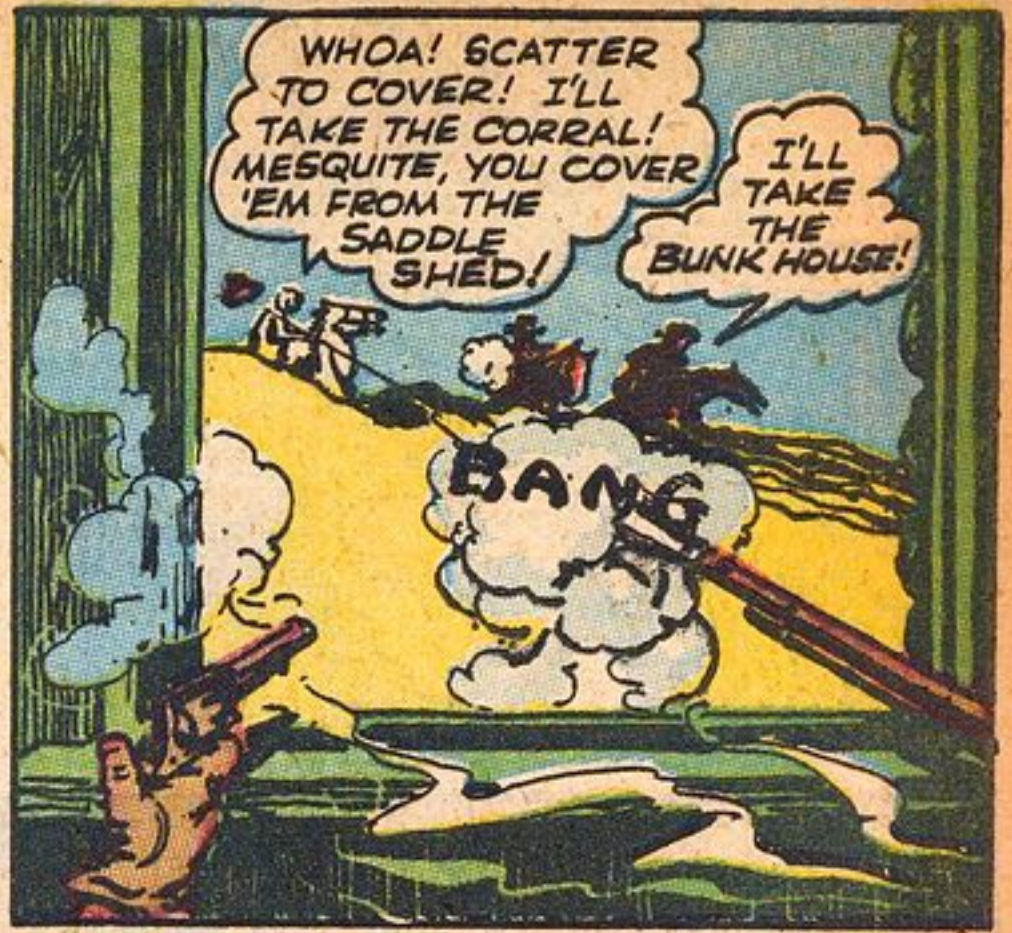




IT'S CASSIDY!  
GET INSIDE!  
WE CAN  
BEAT 'EM  
OFF!

THEY'RE HOLING  
UP IN THE  
RANCH HOUSE!

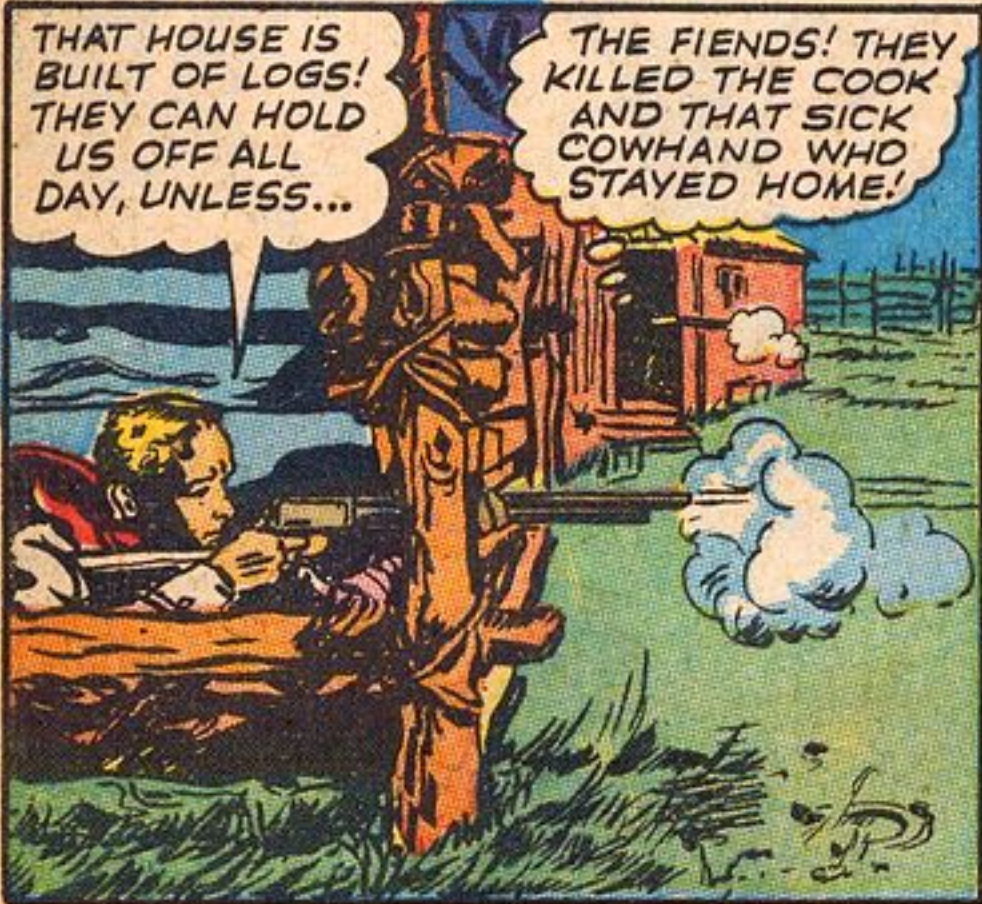
BANG



WHOA! SCATTER  
TO COVER! I'LL  
TAKE THE CORRAL!  
MESQUITE, YOU COVER  
'EM FROM THE  
SADDLE SHED!

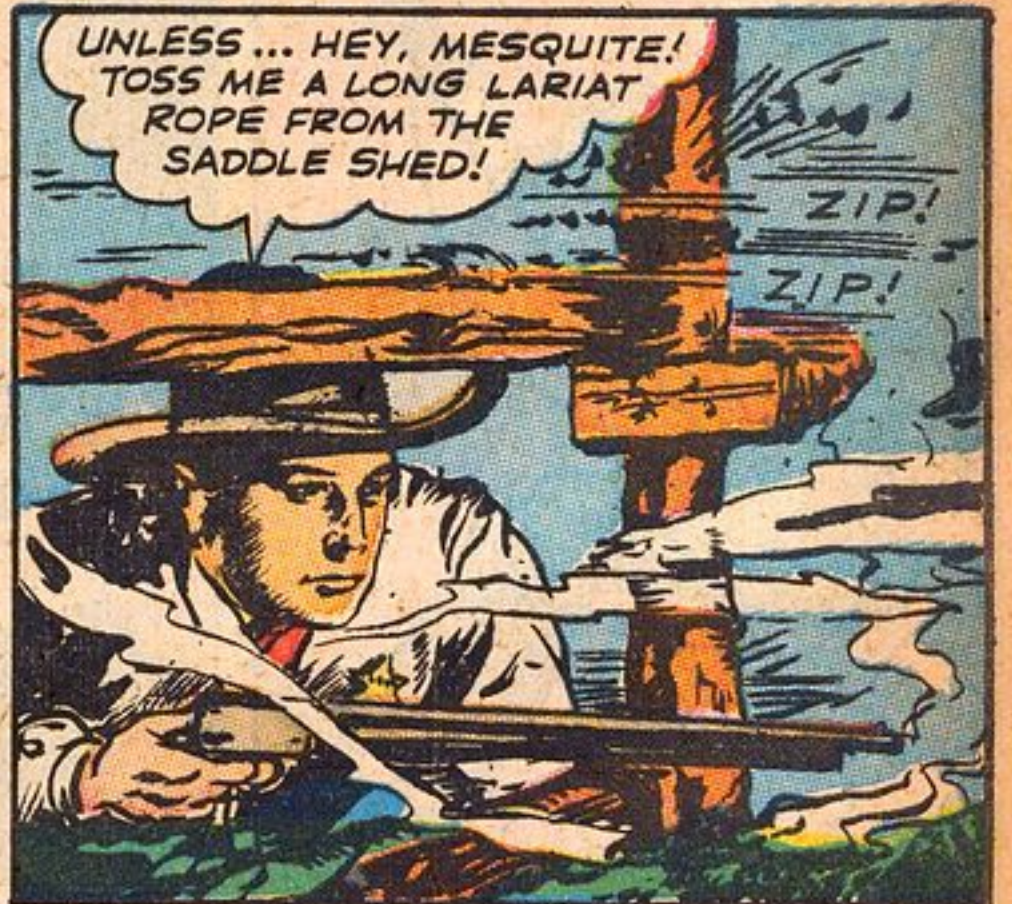
I'LL  
TAKE  
THE  
BUNK HOUSE!

BANG



THAT HOUSE IS  
BUILT OF LOGS!  
THEY CAN HOLD  
US OFF ALL  
DAY, UNLESS...

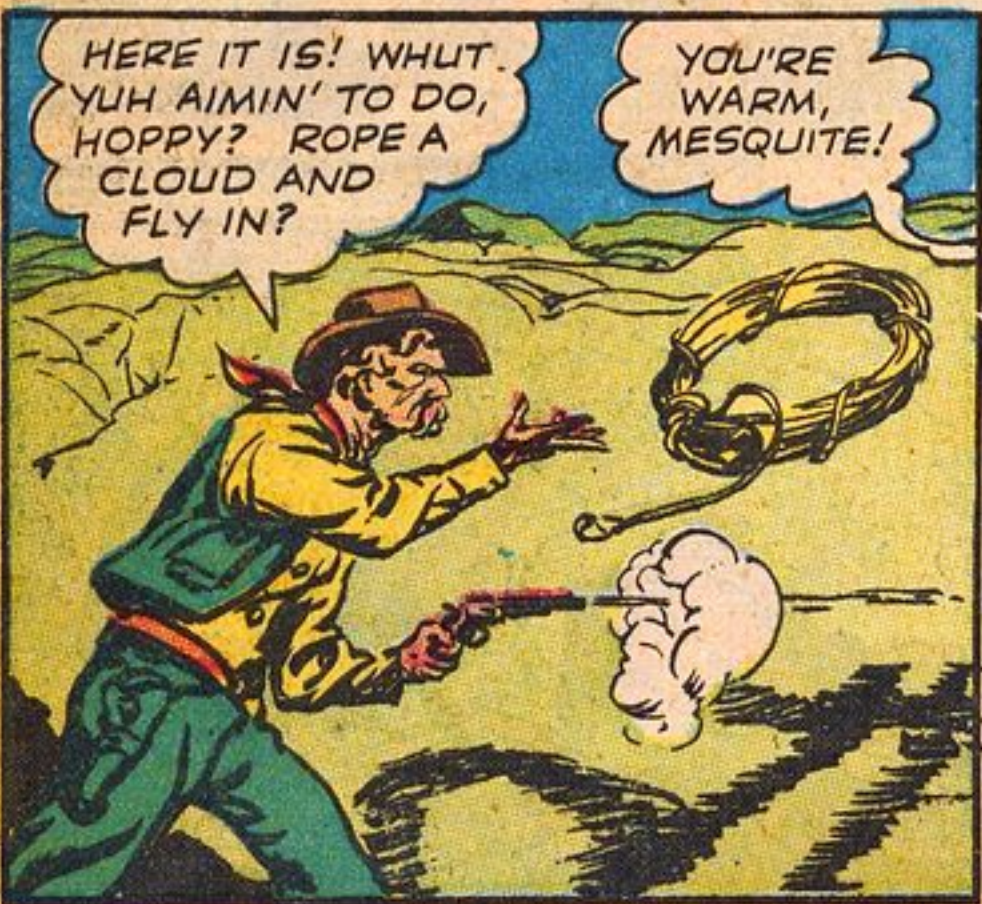
THE FIENDS! THEY  
KILLED THE COOK  
AND THAT SICK  
COWHAND WHO  
STAYED HOME!



UNLESS ... HEY, MESQUITE!  
TOSS ME A LONG LARIAT  
ROPE FROM THE  
SADDLE SHED!

ZIP!

ZIP!



HERE IT IS! WHUT  
YUH AIMIN' TO DO,  
HOPPY? ROPE A  
CLOUD AND  
FLY IN?

YOU'RE  
WARM,  
MESQUITE!

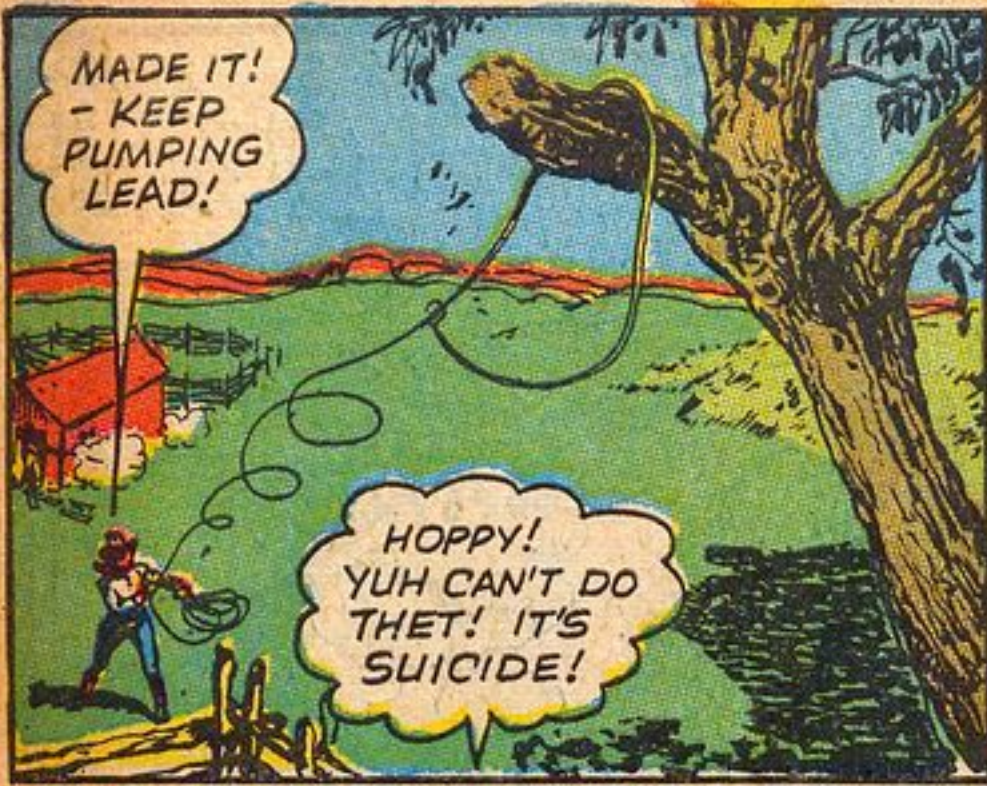


ALL SET! CAN YOU  
TWO COVER ME WITH  
A CROSS-FIRE TO  
KEEP 'EM OUT OF  
THE FRONT  
WINDOWS?

DEPEND ON US,  
SHERIFF!

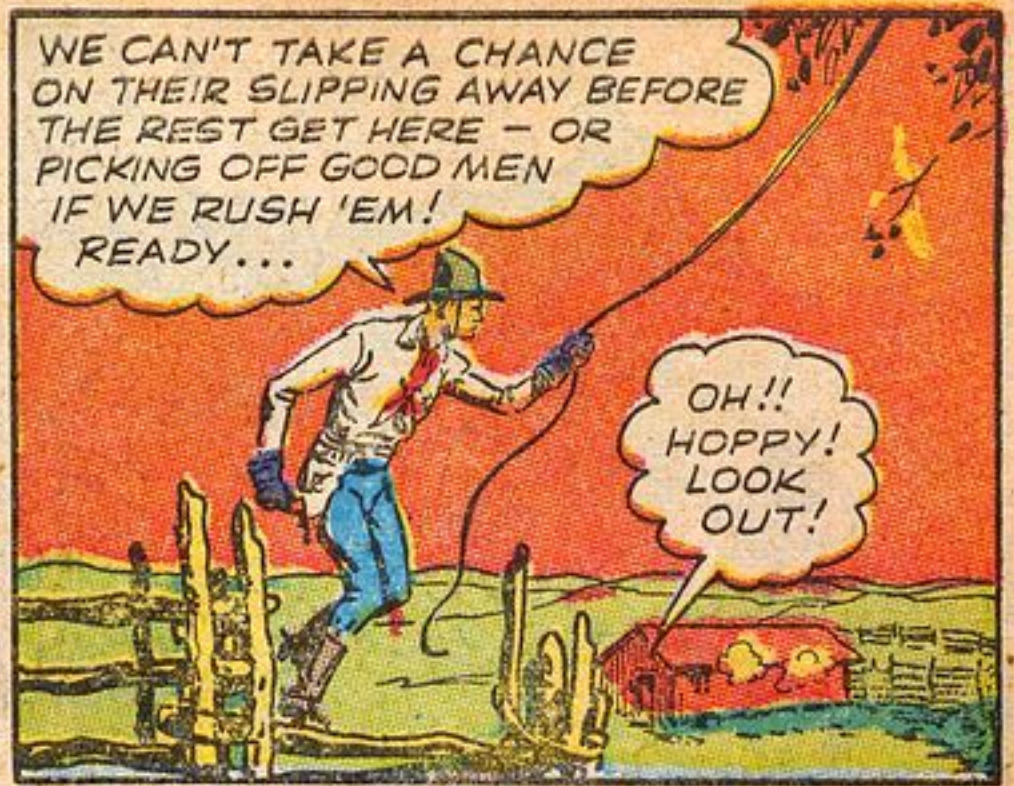
CAN DO,  
HOPPY!





MADE IT!  
- KEEP  
PUMPING  
LEAD!

HOPPY!  
YUH CAN'T DO  
THET! IT'S  
SUICIDE!



WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE  
ON THEIR SLIPPING AWAY BEFORE  
THE REST GET HERE - OR  
PICKING OFF GOOD MEN  
IF WE RUSH 'EM!  
READY...

OH!!  
HOPPY!  
LOOK  
OUT!



HERE  
I  
GO!

PULL YER  
NECK IN,  
PERRON!



HE'S ALL ALONE!  
PLUG HIM!

AS A  
MATTER OF  
RECORD, YOU  
COYOTES ARE  
UNDER  
ARREST!



OH...!  
RESISTING  
ARREST,  
EH?





DAWGONNIT!  
WHEN HOPPY GITS  
INTO A FIGHT,  
THERE'S NOTHIN'  
LEFT FOR  
ANYBODY  
ELSE!

OH, MR. CASSIDY!  
YOU CLEANED  
THEM UP  
SINGLE-HANDED!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SUE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?  
WHAT HAPPENED!

NOTHING, DAD!  
SHERIFF CASSIDY  
JUST CLEANED  
UP PERRON  
AND HIS  
GANG!



PERRON  
ISN'T TOO BADLY  
HURT! HE'LL SING  
PLENTY BEFORE  
HE SWINGS!

NOW WHAT  
DO WE DO,  
HOPPY?



YOU OLD BUZZARD!  
LET'S GO CELEBRATE  
TOGETHER! YOUR  
GAL'S GOT A  
PRIZE COMING  
FOR RIDING  
"BLUE  
LIGHTNING,"  
TOO!

RELAX, FOLKS! THEY'RE  
FRIENDS AGAIN! —  
ONLY FRIENDS CAN  
TALK THAT WAY TO  
EACH OTHER WITHOUT  
PULLING IRON!

YUH  
MEAN YORE  
GONNA PAY  
OFF,  
YUH OLD  
SKINFLINT?

BUY WAR BONDS AND HELP BEAT THE AXIS!

 Golden Arrow, a muscular man in a blue shirt and red pants, is riding a white horse. He is holding a bow and arrow.
 

# GOLDEN ARROW

MIGHTY FIGHTER OF THE WILD WEST IS  
**COMING YOUR WAY!**

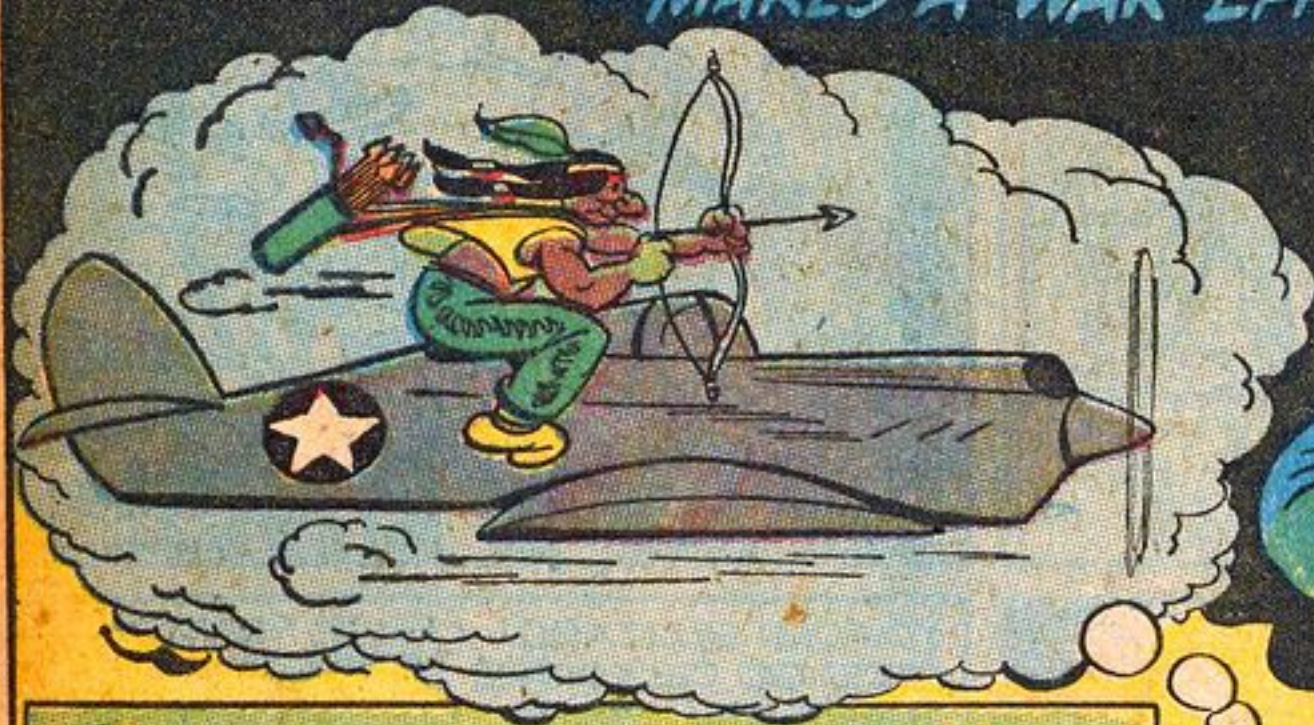
DON'T MISS THE LATEST THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THIS MATCHLESS ARCHER OF THE OLD WEST FIGHTING AGAINST TERRIBLE ODDS AND FEARFUL ENEMIES.

GOLDEN ARROW COMICS ON SALE AT YOUR NEAREST NEWSSTAND **10¢**

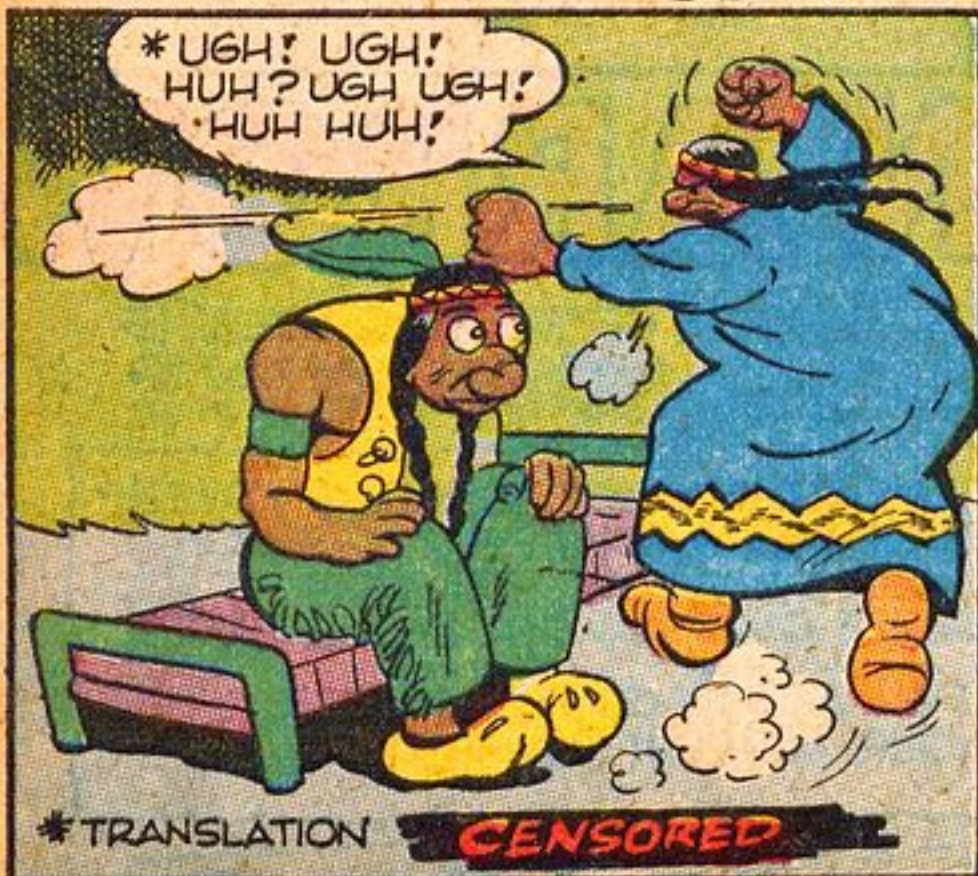


# CHIEF SLAP-HAPPY

-MAKES A WAR EFFORT



SLAP-HAPPY'S SQUAW MAMA DOES A WAR DANCE AND SENDS HIM OFF TO BUILD BIG BOMBERS TO BOMB BUMMERS LIKE HITLER AND CO. .... HE SHOULD HAVE STOOD IN BED HE THINKS, AND WE AGREE ... AS YOU WILL SEE.



\* UGH! UGH!  
HUH? UGH UGH!  
HUH HUH!

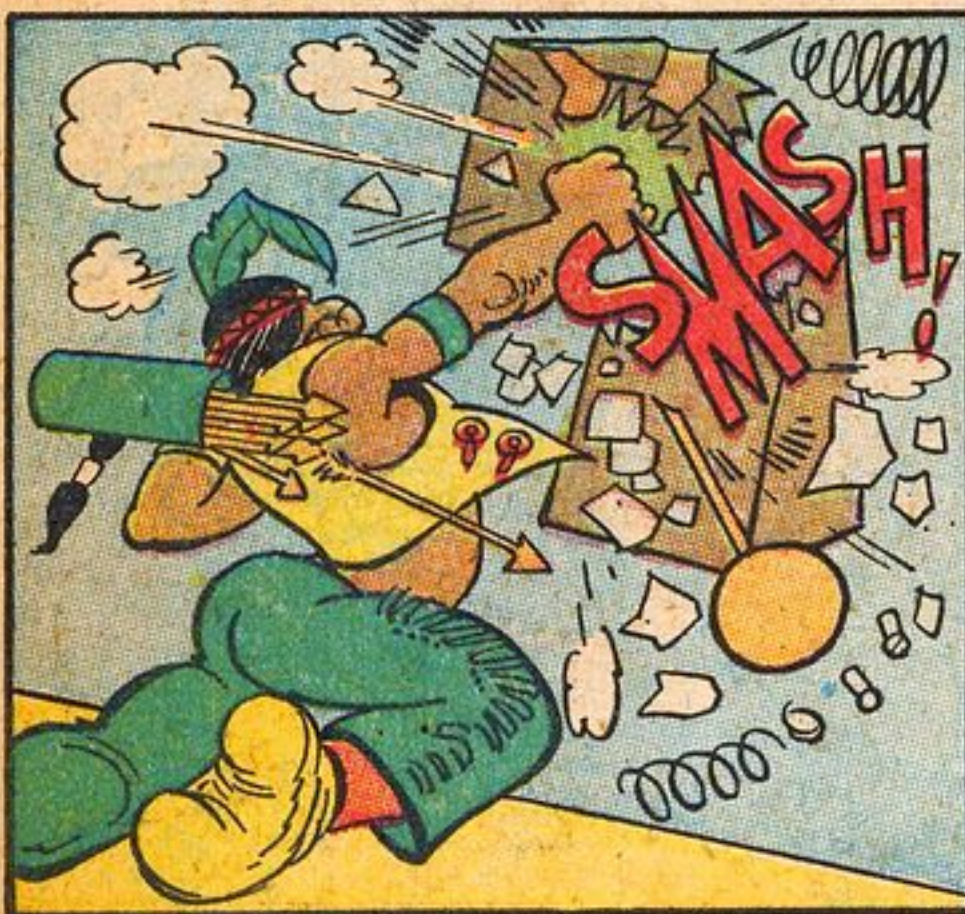
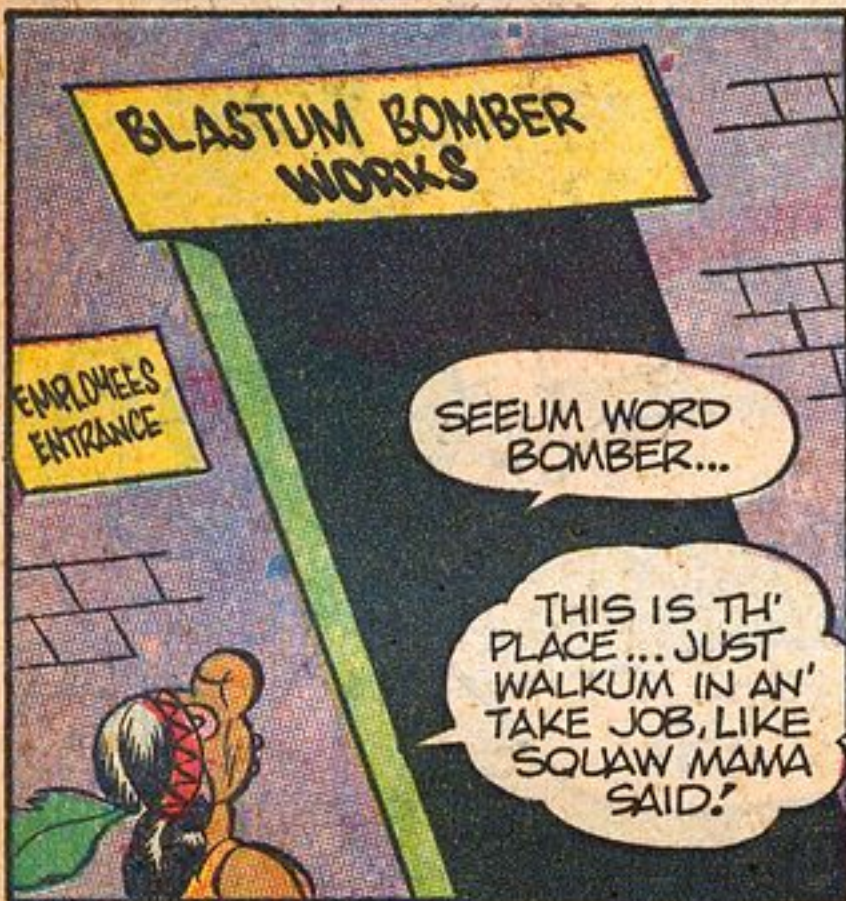
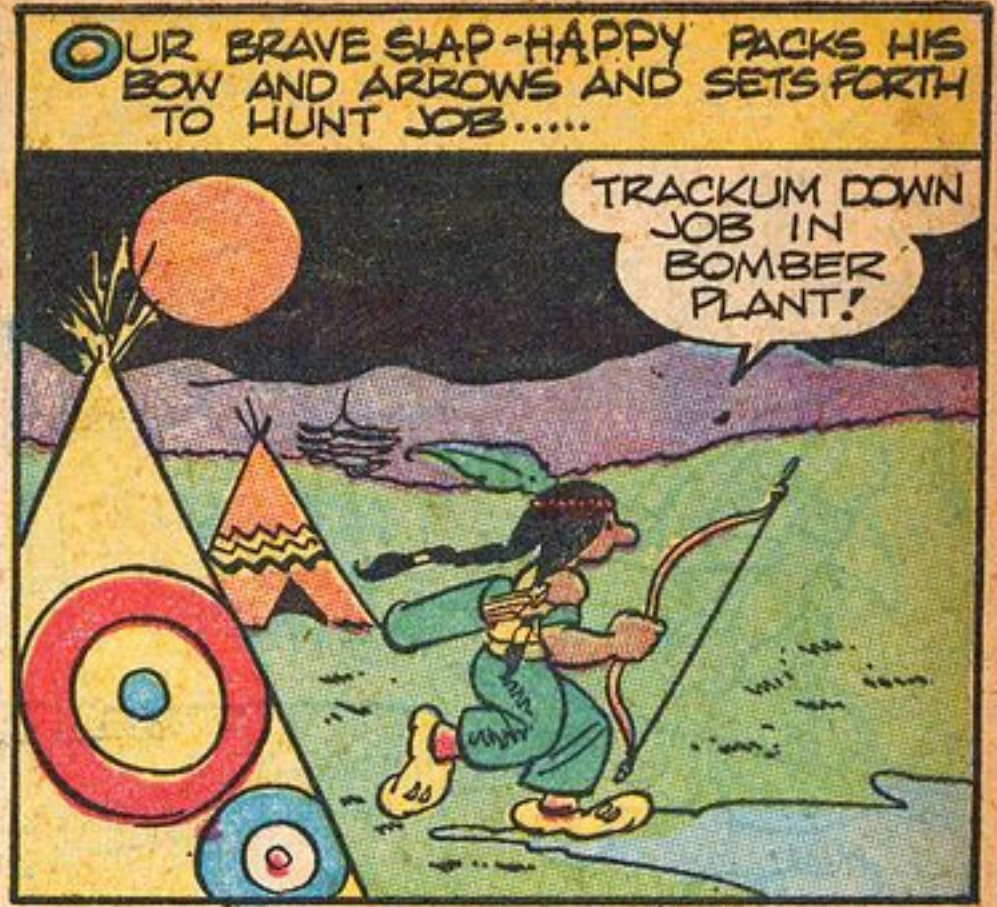


YOU AGREEUM  
TO GO TO  
WORK?

\*TRANSLATION

**CENSORED**

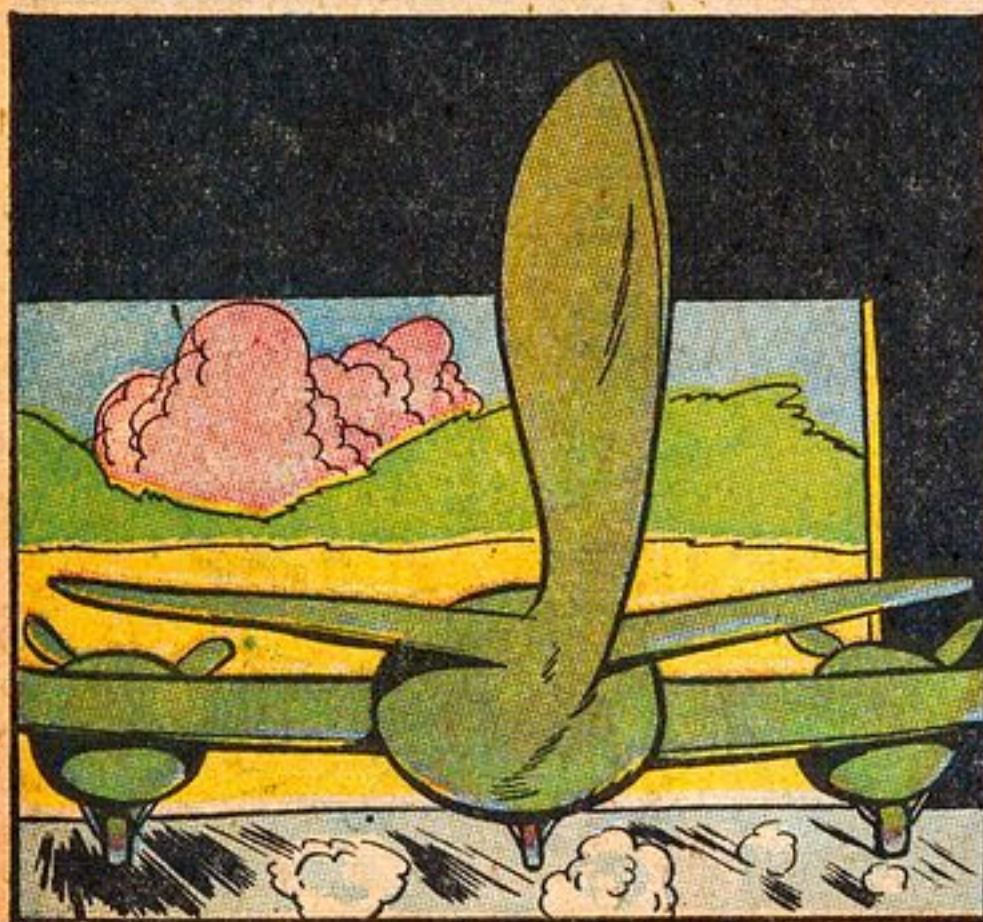
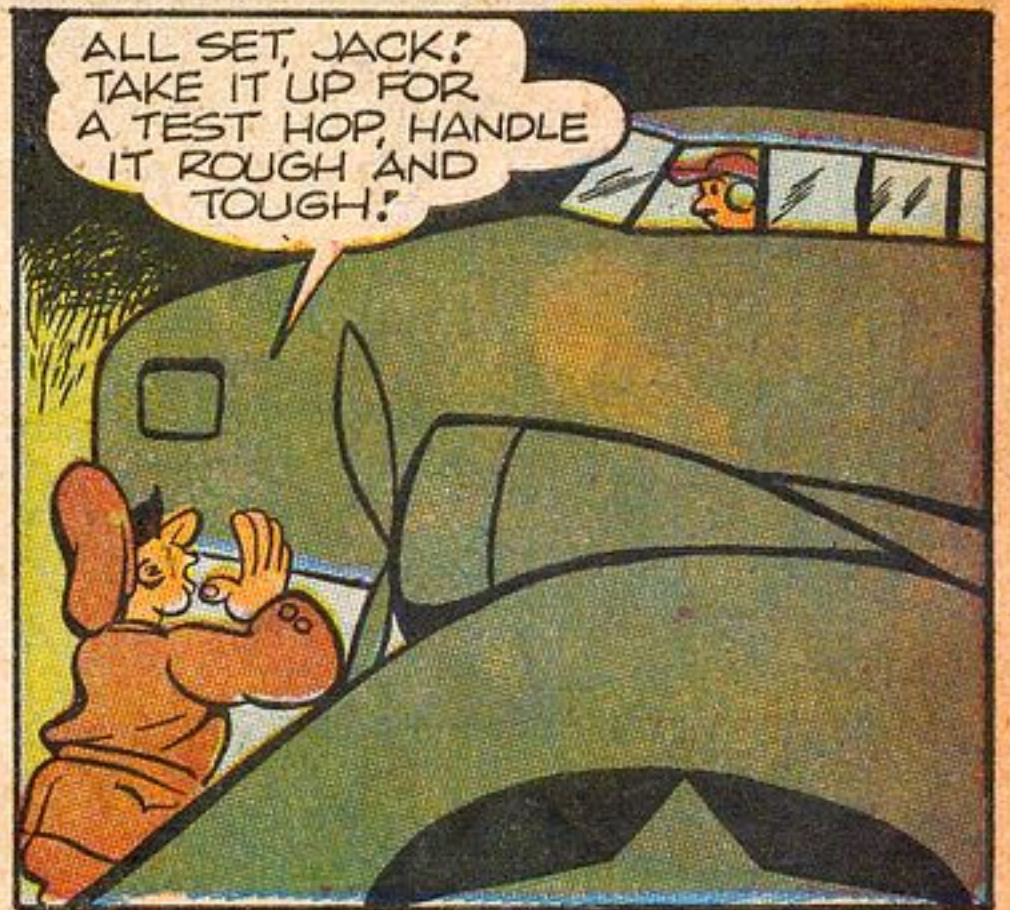
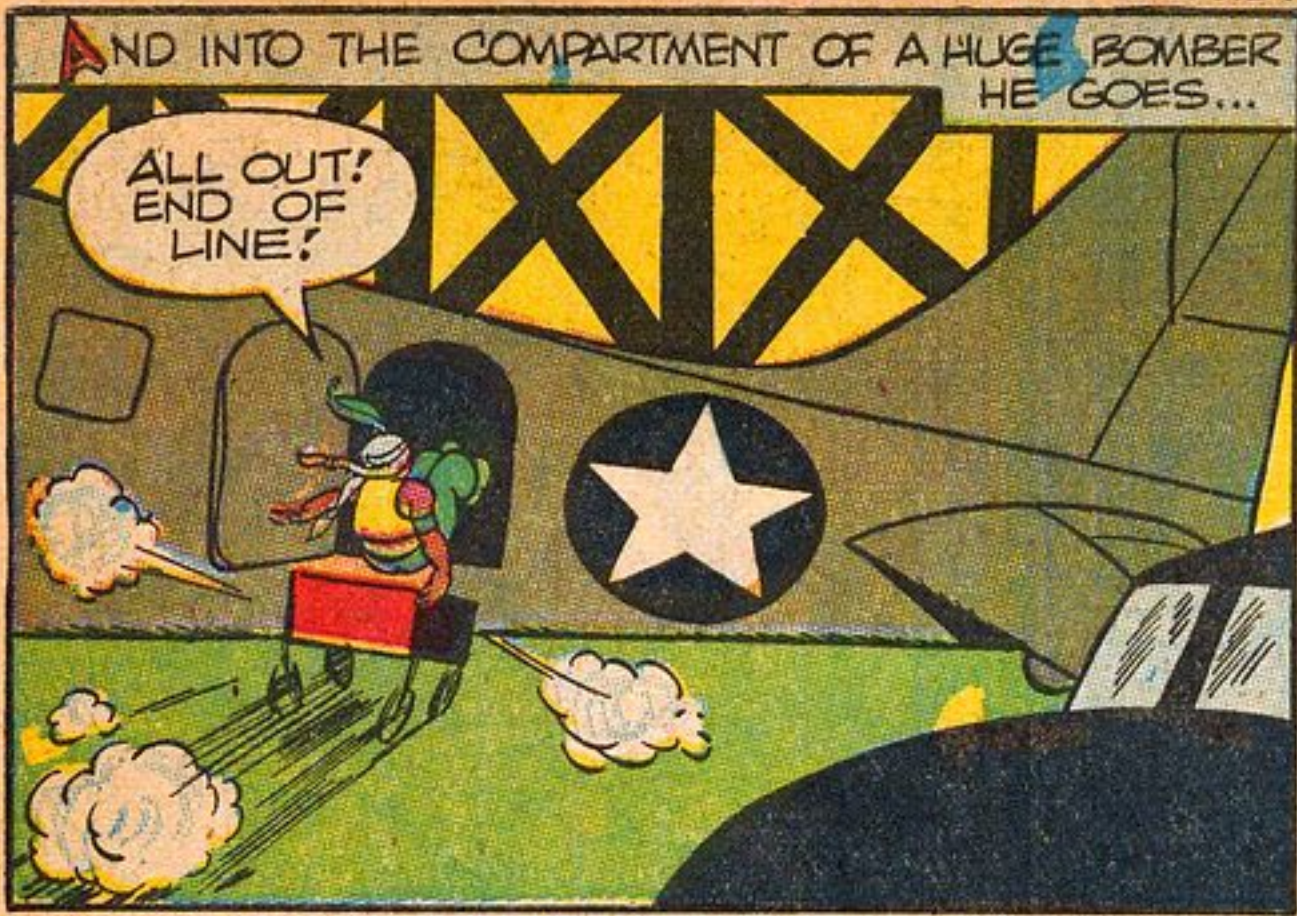








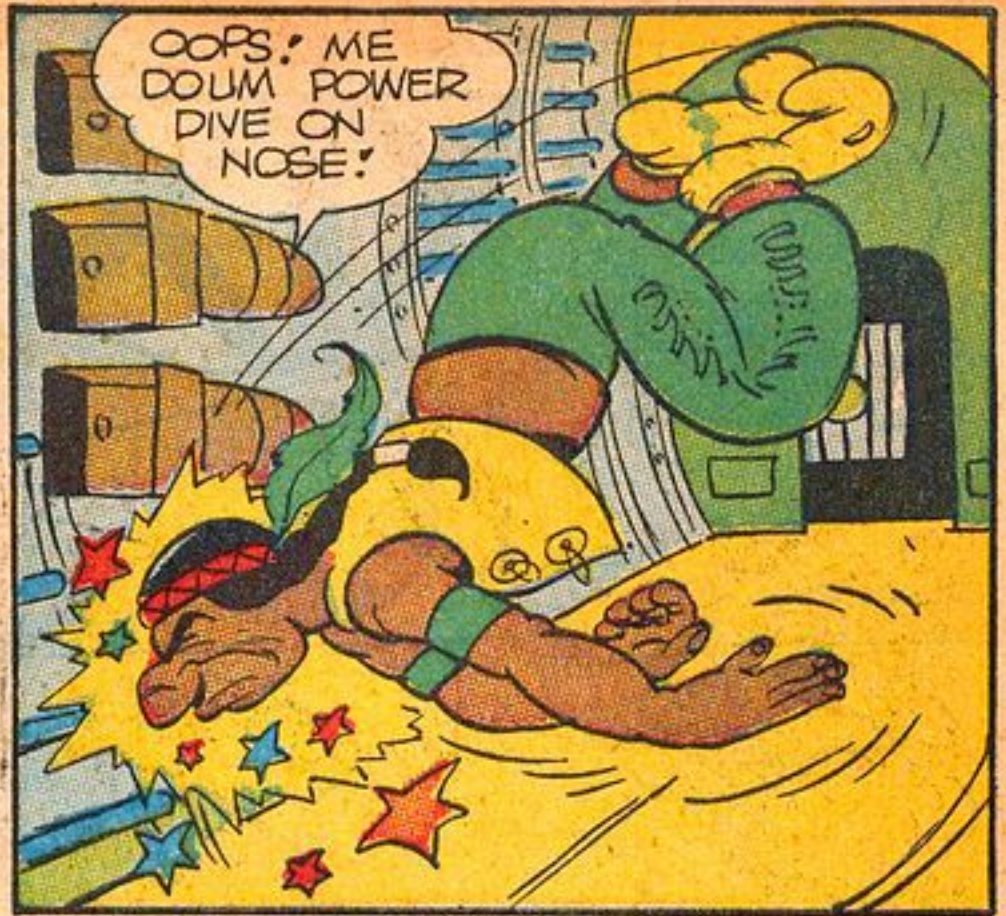








OH, BOY!  
ME SHAKUM  
ALL OVER, LIKE  
FIRST PEACE  
PIPE I  
SMOKUM  
ONCE!



OOPS! ME  
DOUM POWER  
DIVE ON  
NOSE!



GOOD THING  
ME GOTTUM  
HARD SKULL!



UGH! I JUST OPEN  
DOOR AND WALKUM  
OUT AN' SEE IF  
ANYBODY ELSE  
SHAKUM ALL  
OVER LIKE  
ME....



WA-HOOOO!



MEANWHILE IN THE COCKPIT

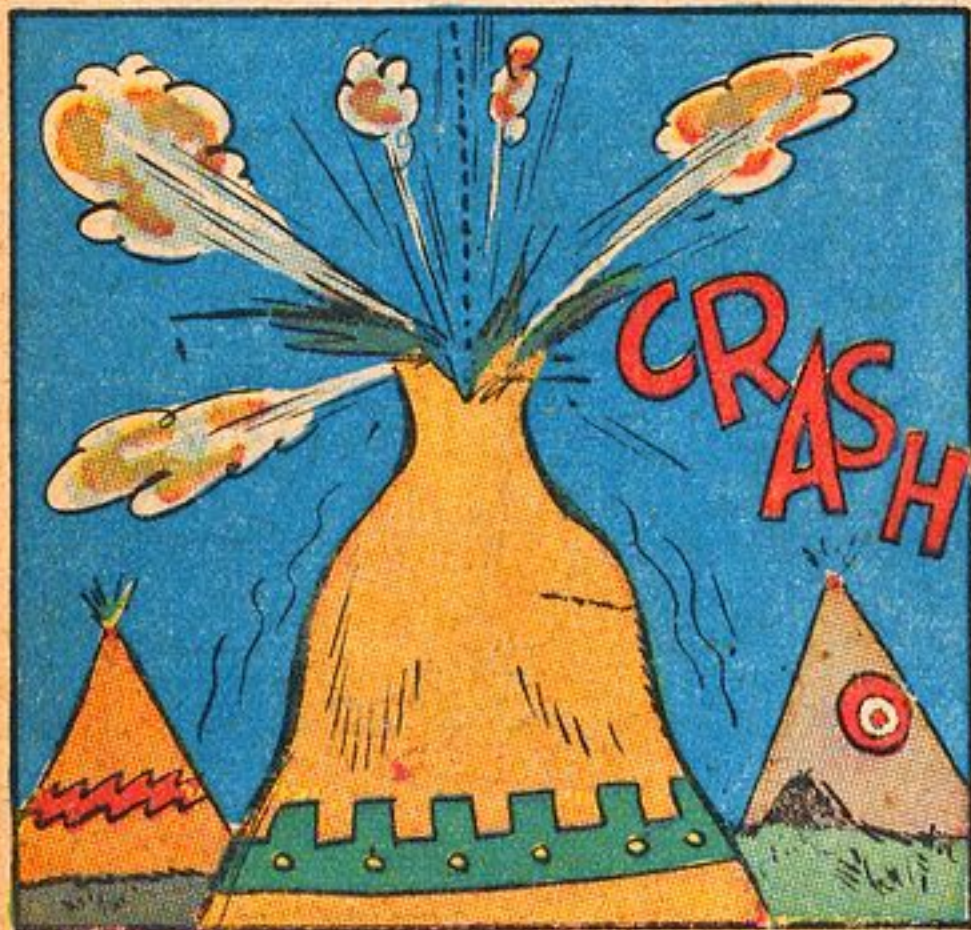
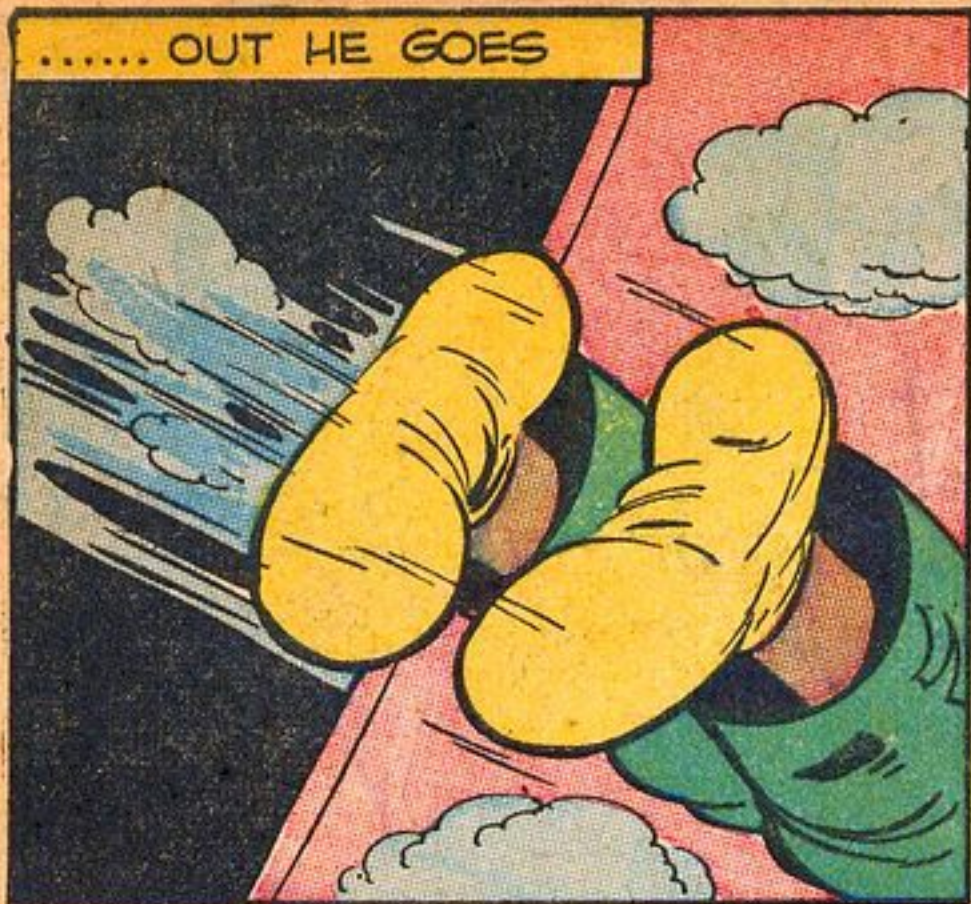
LET'S TRY SOME  
SPINS AN' DIVES!



THE BOMBER GOES INTO  
A SPIN, THE UNLOCKED  
DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND....

WHOOOPS!





WHILE WAITING FOR  $\frac{1}{2}$  CHIEF SLAP-HAPPY TO MAKE ANOTHER APPEARANCE... BUY YOUR SHARE OF WAR BONDS AND STAMPS - V. WOOD!



**THE STARS  
OF THE COMICS  
CAN BANG  
THE  
AXIS...**



CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL JR.



SPY SMASHER



MARY MARVEL



CAPT. MIDNIGHT



BULLETMAN

**AND SO  
CAN YOU!**

**LET'S STAMP OUT THE  
AXIS! BUY ALL THE  
WAR STAMPS AND  
BONDS YOU CAN!**

**FOR VICTORY**



**BUY  
UNITED  
STATES  
WAR  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS**



# LET'S GO

WITH CAPT. MARVEL JR.!!



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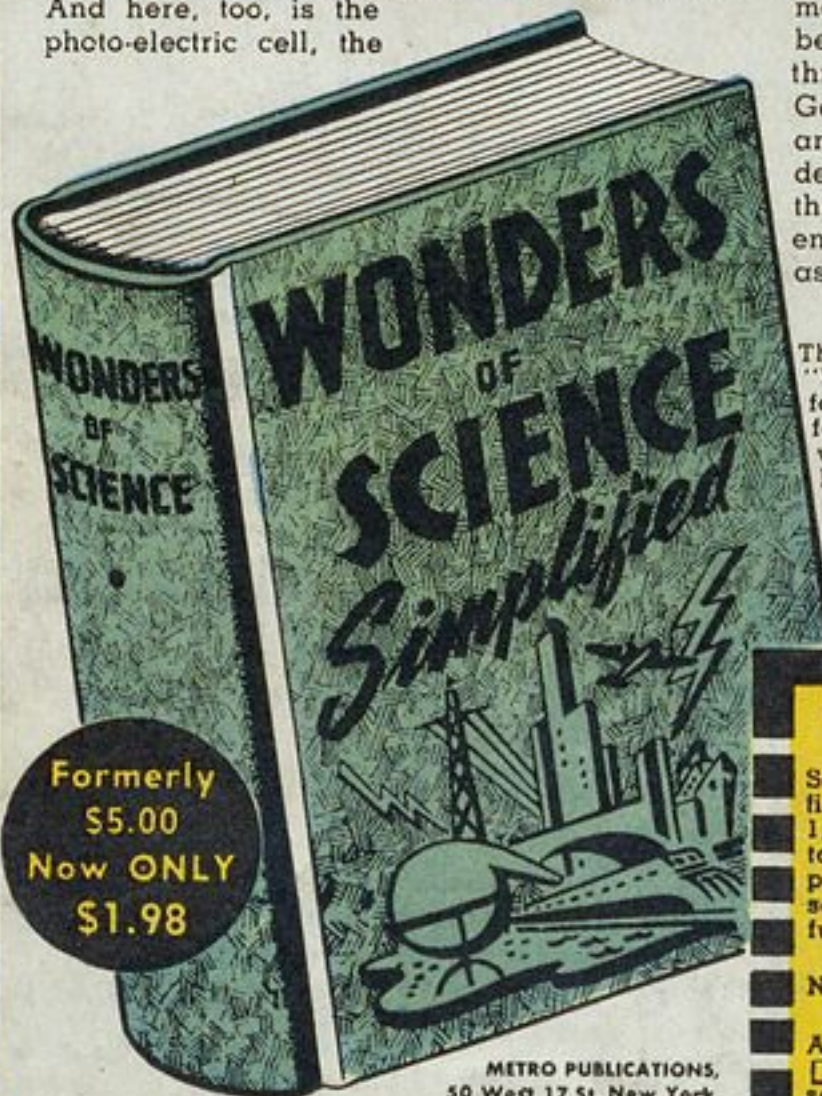
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