IN THIS ISSUE: THE HYPNOTIST!
DRAW ME!

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Please enter my attached drawing in your April drawing contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

NAME ________________________ AGE ______
ADDRESS ______________________ PHONE ______
CITY ___________________________ ZONE _______ COUNTY ________
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RULES:
You must be an amateur. Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 inches high Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be received by April 30, 1950. None returned. Winners notified. If desired, send stamped, self-addressed envelope for list of winners.

Member National Home Study Council
Bill Boyd on the Bullet Hole Trail

BULLET HOLE TRAIL! A ONE-WAY PASSAGE TO DEATH! SURROUNDED ON BOTH SIDES BY MOUNTAINS, THERE ISN'T EVEN ROOM TO TURN BACK IF YOU SHOULD SUDDENLY FIND YOURSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A KILLER! THAT'S THE SITUATION IN WHICH THE FEARLESS WANDERER OF THE PLAINS, BILL BOYD, FINDS HIMSELF! BUT WITH THE LIFE OF AN INNOCENT MAN AT STAKE, TURNING BACK IS THE ONE THOUGHT THAT NEVER ENTERS HIS MIND!

Late One Night in Prairie Junction....

WHOA, BOY! THAT LOOKS LIKE AN HOMBRE LYING IN THE STREET?

WHY, IT'S BUCK HAMMER, THE FOREMAN OF THE LAZY J RANCH! AND HE'S DRUNK AGAIN! I WARNED HIM IF I FOUND HIM LIKE THIS ONCE MORE I WAS GOING TO LOCK HIM UP AND I'M GOING TO KEEP MY WORD!

Bill Boyd, the wandering cowboy, happens to drift nearby.

Why it's Sheriff Cobb! What happened?

He brought in a prisoner who grabbed his gun, shot him, and escaped through the side door!

He's disappeared already! In this darkness, it'd be practically impossible to find him! Maybe that other prisoner can describe him!

Bill Boyd, the wandering cowboy, happens to drift nearby.

Gunshots! And they're coming from that jailhouse! We'd better get right over there, M'nite!

Back in the jailhouse . . . . .

I'm sorry, mister, but it was too dark in hyar to get a real look at the murdering coyote!

It would have made things much easier if you had seen him! The only other thing to do is wait till morning and see if anyone witnessed the arrest!

Back in the jailhouse . . . . .

I wish I could stay and help you find the sheriff's murderer, deputy, but I promised a friend of mine in Ulster Valley that I'd lend a hand rounding up his cattle!

I understand, Boyd! It's just too bad that no one saw the prisoner when Sheriff Cobb arrested him!
I should be finished with my job in about two weeks, Deputy, so I'll make a point of coming back this way and if you haven't cleared up the case by then, maybe I can still lend a hand!

Two weeks later... no, Duke! Did you find Sheriff Cobb's killer yet, Deputy? You served your time and you're free, but take my advice, if you want to stay free, don't butt your nose into matters that don't concern you!

But the Sheriff's killer does concern me. I told Boyd that I didn't get a good look at the hombre, but that was only because I figured the information was worth more if I kept it to myself!

Shortly after, at the Lazy J Ranch.......... no, you recognize me? I was locked up in the jailhouse the night you shot Sheriff Cobb and escaped!

You looking fer a job, stranger? I'm the foreman and I can tell you there aren't any openings around hyar!

The name's Duke and I'm not looking fer any job! I'm just looking fer you, Buck Hammer!

Shhh! Someone's liable to hear you! No one will hear me, providing you make it worth while fer me to keep my mouth shut!

I have five hundred dollars in the bank! You can have every cent of it!

That's chicken feed! Five thousand dollars would be more like it!
I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE! I'LL GET YUH THE FIVE THOUSAND BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL IT GETS DARK! I'LL BE BACK THEN AND YUH BETTER HAVE IT IF YUH WANT TO KEEP YORE HEAD OUT OF A NOOSE!

I SURE PICKED A TERRIBLE DAY TO RETURN TO PRAIRIE JUNCTION! I PROMISED THE DEPUTY I'D RETURN AS SOON AS I FINISHED MY CATTLE JOB, BUT I DON'T THINK HE'D MIND IF I FOUND SHELTER IN THAT DESERTED LOOKING SHACK UNTIL THIS DUST STORM BLOWS OVER!

AS BILL ENTERS THE BROKEN-DOWN SHACK.....

WHY, IT'S JUST A COUPLE OF KIDS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN A DUST STORM, ANYWAY? YOU SHOULD BE HOME!

PUT YOUR HANDS UP IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

HUH?
And after the boys tell Bill Boyd their story...

As soon as this storm blows over, I'm going to get you two boys some real good food to eat and a room at the hotel. Then I'm going to have a talk with your father in the jailhouse! If he's innocent, I'll prove it!

Sure! That's him over there! If you're another one of them lawmen who is going to try to make me confess that I robbed the safe at the Lazy J Ranch, you're wasting your time. I don't aim to confess to anything I didn't do!

Take it easy, Lem! My name's Bill Boyd and I'm not here to make you confess anything! For the sake of your sons, whom I just checked into the local hotel where they'll get the best of care, I'm going to try to help you if I can!

If you helped my boys, you must be all right! Maybe you can help me after I tell you my story!

Things have been pretty tough for us ever since my wife died two years ago! With no help and two little boys to take care of, I couldn't properly tend to our small piece of land so I got a job working on the Lazy J Ranch!

Later at the jailhouse.....

The young deputy is still out looking for Sheriff Cobb's killer and he'll be glad to know you've come back to help in the search!

Well, while I'm waiting, I wonder if I'd be all right to talk to one of your prisoners, Lem Backer?
The pay was small but we managed until a storm practically wrecked our house.

I'm afraid it would cost at least two hundred dollars to fix up your house, Lem!

Two hundred dollars! That's a heap of money, but maybe the boss of the Lazy J Ranch will lend it to me! I could pay him back by working for him.

Well, when I arrived at the Lazy J, I found that the boss had gone away for a week and the foreman, Buck Hammer, wouldn't let me have the money.

At least he wouldn't let me have it when I spoke to him in the morning, but that afternoon... I changed my mind about that loan, Lem. Yuh can have the two hundred dollars. When yuh get through working yuh can take it out of the safe yoreself! I'll leave the safe open!

Gosh, Buck! I can't thank yuh enough!

Well, when I finished my chores I went to the safe and took out the two hundred dollars just as Buck had told me to do! Then I rode into town to find the carpenter! But as I entered the town...

There he is, Deputy! There's the varmint who just robbed the Lazy J Ranch of five thousand dollars! Arrest him!

What are yuh talking about, Buck? Yuh said I could borrow two hundred dollars and that's all I took! In fact, yuh even left the safe open for me!

That's a lie! I never said yuh could borrow any money and I never left the safe open in my life! The Deputy saw that the safe was cracked open!

Stay where yuh are, Lem! I'll have to search yuh.

If course the Deputy found the two hundred dollars on me and when I again admitted I had taken it from the Lazy J safe, it was only natural that he suspected I took the rest of the money. Buck said was missing and locked me up! That's the whole truth, Bill. Do yuh believe me?

Yes, Lem, I do!

I don't understand why Buck should have denied that he told me to go to the safe and take the two hundred dollars!

Neither do I, unless he had already removed the five thousand dollars and was looking for someone to blame it on!
I thought of that, but he knew the combination to the safe; he wouldn't have had to crack it open.

No! But if he is the guilty party, by doing so he's made the case against you stronger. A man who steals five thousand dollars must have a reason for doing so. I'm going to see what I can find out about Buck Hammer!

Shortly after... so far I've discovered nothing against Buck Hammer. He didn't have any debts, legal or gambling. He hasn't bought anything expensive or even made a big deposit in the bank lately. I don't think it will help, but I'm going to have a talk with him. Whoo, midnite! We're at the Lazy J now!

And Bill's right—The conversation doesn't get him anywhere!

Fer the last time, Boyd, I'm telling you I never told 'em he could borrow the two hundred dollars! Now I don't aim to answer any more questions and that's final!

Bill rides back into town!

Wait a second! That prosperous-looking dude looks like Duke, the prisoner I spoke to after Sheriff Cobb was killed!

Hold on, Duke! There's a question I'd like to ask you. Where'd you get all the money to buy those fancy duds and that horse?

B-B Bill B-Boyd! Er... I didn't see youh ride up. Er-er-I borrowed the money from an uncle!

Borrowed it, eh? I'd like to meet that uncle, Duke. Start riding! I'll follow!

You're not following anyone! Giddap!

My eyes! I can't see!
**WESTERN HERO**

But fortunately the blow was more stinging than damaging and in a few seconds....

Duke's got a head start on us, Midnite, but we've got to catch him. All that money he has makes me suspect that he's connected with the Lazy J Robbery!

Fortunately the blow was more stinging than damaging and in a few seconds....

Duke's got a head start on us, Midnite, but we've got to catch him. All that money he has makes me suspect that he's connected with the Lazy J Robbery!

The chase leads to the bullet hole trail....

He's going to take cover behind that protruding rock, Midnite!

He's going to take cover behind that protruding rock, Midnite!

We've got to find some cover, too!

Now I can't reach Duke and he can't reach me! This is a dead end unless I can think of some way to reach him without making myself the perfect target!

I've got it! If I just leave my gun showing, Duke will think I'm still here and be afraid to make a move! In the meantime, maybe I can circle around him!

Shortly after....

Boyd's got that gun trained right at this spot! I couldn't make a move without his hitting me!

Hands up, Duke!

Bill Boyd! But I thought....
I know what you thought, but right now my only concern is reaching you before you reach me with one of those bullets!

\begin{align*}
\text{WESTERN HERO} \\
\text{I KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT, BUT} \\
\text{RIGHT NOW MY ONLY CONCERN} \\
\text{IS REACHING YOU BEFORE} \\
\text{YOU REACH ME} \\
\text{WITH ONE OF} \\
\text{THOSE BULLETS!} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{WHAM!} \\
\text{I SUSPECTED HE WAS CONNECTED} \\
\text{WITH THE ROBBERY, BUT I} \\
\text{DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU} \\
\text{MEAN BY "HE GAVE YOU THE} \\
\text{MONEY"!} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHAT} \\
\text{YOU HAD TO DO WITH THE} \\
\text{LAZY J ROBBERY,} \\
\text{AND I WANT THE TRUTH!} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{WHAM!} \\
\text{I'LL TELL YUH WHAT HE MEANS,} \\
\text{BOYD! HE BLACKMAILED ME} \\
\text{into giving him the money so} \\
\text{he wouldn't tell anyone I killed} \\
\text{SHERIFF COBB!} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{YUH CAN'T PIN} \\
\text{THAT ROBBERY} \\
\text{ON ME! BUCK HAMMER} \\
\text{GAVE ME THE MONEY!} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{WHEN YUH SHOWED UP} \\
\text{AT THE RANCH AND} \\
\text{STARTED TO ASK ME QUESTIONS, BOYD,} \\
\text{I DECIDED TO FOLLOW YUH!} \\
\text{I DIDN'T REALIZE THEN, IT WOULD} \\
\text{LEAD TO THE END OF MY TROUBLES!} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{WITH DUKE DEAD, I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT} \\
\text{BEING BLACKMAILED AGAIN} \\
\text{AND WITH YUH DEAD, BOYD, I WON'T HAVE} \\
\text{TO WORRY ABOUT ANYONE PROVING THAT LEM BACKER WASN'T} \\
\text{THE ONE WHO ROBBED THE LAZY J!} \\
\end{align*}
I'm going to make myself a happy man by shooting yuh two!

But as Buck takes aim... If what I think will happen when I push this rock actually happens, I still have a chance to get out of here alive.

And it does happen... This is for good measure! Yuh saved my life, Boyd! I'll sign a full confession!

Later, after Duke and Buck are safely behind bars! Look! Look! Daddy's free!

Yes, sons, Daddy's free, thanks to Bill Boyd!

I spoke to the owner of the Lazy J Ranch, Lem! Now that Buck's in jail he needs a new foreman and he wants you to take the job! He also said your two sons can live on the ranch with you! So long, now!

Goodbye, Bill! You're a true friend!
Captain Tootsie and his friends are enjoying Sunday afternoon horse-back riding in the park...

Let's ride down this path single file!

Before we start, let's all have some Tootsie rolls for quick energy!

M-M-M delicious Tootsie rolls!

Come on, Horsie!

Suddenly... a piece of paper blows up! Susan's horse shies and gallops away...

Help!

Stay on him Susan, here I come!

Oh, Captain Tootsie!

Got you, Susan, you're safe now! Whooah - steady old boy!

Now that the excitement is over, let's all relax and enjoy some delicious, energy-giving Tootsie rolls!

Look at Sandy perk up his ears!

Yum Yum!

Tootsie candies are always a treat... and they're packed with the energy kids need for their games and play! Be sure to get some of each today!

Tootsie Pop

Licking good top - 5 flavors

A double treat!

Tootsie Roll

Delicious chewy center

Coconut center
WESTERN HERO

**Big Bow and Little Arrow in Hot Chestnuts**

Enjoy your vacation at the Lazee Dude Ranch.

Me sure like to take vacation, Big Bow!

Why need vacation, Little Arrow? You no work all year anyway!

We remember reading that all men should have change of scenery once in a while.

Little Arrow better off remembering he have no wampum--so best thing is to forget about "change of scenery!"

Little Arrow smart like fox! Me think of some way to get wampum for vacation!

Think of some way to get some of those hot chestnuts.

HOT CHESTNUTS
10¢ A BAG

Square dance tonight.

Chestnuts! That give me an idea! Let's watch how he cook them.

I just sold the last bag, folks! But be patient...

HOT CHESTNUTS
10¢ A BAG
---AND I'LL HAVE A NEW BATCH READY FOR YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!

WHAT GOOD WATCHING?
G-S-H! YOU SOON FIND OUT!

FIRST I CUT A SMALL NICK ON EACH OF THE CHESTNUTS TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T BURST OPEN-- WHEN THEY GET ROASTED!

THey'LL BE FINISHED IN A FEW MINUTES!

NOW THAT WE KNOW HOW TO MAKE CHESTNUTS, WE'RE GOING INTO CHESTNUT BUSINESS!

BUT, LITTLE ARROW, IF WANT TO BUY RAW CHESTNUTS, WE'RE GOING TO WOODS, WHY?
ME KNOW, BUT WE'RE GOING TO WOODS, WHY?
BUY RAW CHESTNUTS, AND GET ROASTED CHESTNUTS WHEN YOU CAN PICK THEM? IF GET FOR NOTHING CAN SELL CHEAPER AND GET ALL CHESTNUT BUSINESS!

SHORTLY AFTER--

THIS WAY OF PICKING CHESTNUTS, TOO SLOW!

LITTLE ARROW USE BRAINS, NOT HANDS! ME GOT FASTER WAY TO PICK CHESTNUTS, FIRST YOU CLOSE EYES!!

NOW, BIG BOW, BEND DOWN LIKE THIS--
AND ME TAKE CARE OF REST!

OUCH! WHAT BIG IDEA?

SEE HOW EASY GET CHESTNUTS NOW!

(CROAN) HEAD HURT!

NO WORRY! IT GET BETTER WHEN GO ON VACATION, NOW FILL UP SACKS SO CAN GO BACK TO TOWN AND START HOT CHESTNUT BUSINESS!

SHORTLY AFTER...

O.KAY! CHESTNUT WAGON ALL READY, START PUTTING CHESTNUTS ON FIRE!

BUT FIRST GOT TO DO LIKE CHESTNUT MAN DO- CUT NICK INTO EACH CHESTNUT WITH KNIFE!

THAT TAKE TOO LONG! ME GOT BETTER WAY!

ME CHOP UP INTO LITTLE PIECES WITH TOMAHAWK!

ME HOPE LITTLE ARROW KNOW WHAT DOING!

SURE! THEY EVEN COOK FASTER THIS WAY!
(Gulp) What happen?

Little Arrow cut chestnuts so small they fall through into fire!

Oh! Oh! Now all chestnuts burn up! Not only chestnuts!! Whole town burn up now that flames flying away!

Best we fly away, too!

Hold on there! Where do you think you're going? Don't you know it's against the law to start a fire?!! But, sheriff, it all accident!!

Maybe so, but what's going to happen to you two won't be any accident!

(Groan) Back hurt from so much chopping!

Quiet! You say you need "change of scenery". Now you got it!
OH, I SING AND DANCE ALL DAY! AND I LOVE TO ROB OR PLAY FOR I'M THE MINSTREL MA-A-A-AN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS.

I SHORE WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE MINSTREL SHOW TONIGHT! I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE SINCE I WAS A BOY!

COME ONE COME ALL! SEE THE MINSTREL MAN AT THIS THEATRE TONIGHT

WHY DON'T YOU BUY A TICKET, SHERIFF?

CAN'T DO IT, MONTE! I'M GUARDING THE PAYROLL FOR THE SUERRA MINE COMPANY! IT'S BEING SHIPPED OUT ON THE FIRST STAGECOACH IN THE MORNING!

EXPECTING TROUBLE?
WHEN THERE'S FORTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS IN LOOSE MONEY AROUND, IT SHERE MAKES A MIGHTY STRONG TEMPTATION FOR CROOKS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF, MAYBE I'LL PASS UP THE MINSTREL SHOW TONIGHT AND KEEP YOU COMPANY!

LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE BANK...

YOU WIN AGAIN, MONTIE! LUCKY FOR ME YOU WON'T PLAY FOR MONEY! I'D HAVE BEEN CLEANED OUT!

SAY! DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING? JUST SOMEONE SINGING, SHERIFF? HE'S GOT A PLEASANT VOICE, TOO, WHOEVER HE IS!

OH, I'VE TRAVELED MANY A WEARY MILE LAUGHING AND SINGING ALL THE WHILE....

Y-BANK

THE MINSTREL MAN IS SINGING LOUD ENOUGH SO THE GUARDS INSIDE CAN'T HEAR US SETTING UP THIS DYNAMITE!

BANK

FAREWELL, DEAR SIRS, PRAY DON'T BE BLUE WHEN THE ROOF OF THE BANK FALLS IN ON YOU!

IT'S READY TO BLOW!

SHERIFF! DID YOU HEAR WHAT THAT FELLOW'S SINGING? SOUNDS LIKE A WARNING!

BAROOM!
THIRTY-EIGHT ... THIRTY-NINE
... FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
IT'S ALL HERE!

AND I STOLE THE MONEY
WITHOUT EVEN A FIGHT
JUST ME, MY MEN AND
MY DYNAMITE!

IT'S ALL HERE!

I'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW!
WAIT! PARDNER SAW
WHERE HE WENT!

THE SOUND OF THE MINSTREL
MAN'S VOICE STIRS MONTE
HALE BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS...
SHERIFF... WHERE ARE YOU?

HE'S ALL RIGHT! JUST
STUNNED BY THE
EXPLOSION! THAT
SINGING OWLHOOT
DYNAMITED THE BANK
AND STOLE THE
PAYROLL!

I'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW!
WAIT! PARDNER SAW
WHERE HE WENT!

PARDNER'S STOPPING HERE! THIS MUST
BE WHERE THE OUTLAWS HOLED UP!
MINSTREL MAN, EH? HE MAY BE THE
HOMBRE I'M LOOKING FOR!

MONTE HALE'S WONDER HORSE HAS HELPED
HIM IN MANY A SIMILAR SITUATION......

GOOD HORSE! HE'S
STARTING OFF
ON THE TRAIL!

MONTE HALE'S WONDER HORSE HAS HELPED
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GOOD HORSE! HE'S
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PARDNER'S STOPPING HERE! THIS MUST
BE WHERE THE OUTLAWS HOLED UP!
MINSTREL MAN, EH? HE MAY BE THE
HOMBRE I'M LOOKING FOR!
FOR I'M A WANDERING MINSTREL MAN
I SING FOR MY LIVING AS BEST AS I CAN...
I'D KNOW THAT VOICE ANYWHERE!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
I'M ED COLLINS--HIS MANAGER!
I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION!

YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO ARREST HIM! HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING!
HE JUST STOLE A FORTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PAYROLL FROM THE BANK. IT HAPPENED A FEW MINUTES AGO AND I TRAILED HIM TO THE THEATRE!

IS THAT SO? WELL, THE MINSTREL MAN HASN'T BEEN OFF THIS STAGE FOR THE PAST TWO HOURS. EVERYBODY IN THE AUDIENCE WILL SWEAR TO THAT!

SEEMS YOU'VE ALL BEEN LISTENING TO SOMEBODY WHO WASN'T HERE, FOLKS!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, THEY'RE LAUGHING YOU RIGHT OFF THE STAGE!
I WAS WORRIED FOR A MINUTE! BUT YOU SURE MADE HIM LOOK FOOLISH, MR. COLLINS!

WE WERE WRONG THAT TIME, PARDNER! THE MINSTREL MAN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE HOMBRE WHO ROBBED THE BANK. NOT UNLESS HE COULD BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME!
I reckon I'll be more careful the next time! But I could've sworn I recognized that fellow's voice! And it's the first time you've ever taken me on a cold trail!

They kept their cash in the General Store, but they're not keeping it there any more..... It belongs to the minstrel ma-a-a-an!

The following night.....

I can't figure it out, Monte! Two witnesses swore they saw the minstrel man near the scene of that General Store robbery last night!

Then why don't you arrest him?

Because sixty witnesses say that the minstrel man never left the stage of the theatre during the time the robbery took place!

I reckon the long arm of coincidence has just about overreached itself, Sheriff!

What do you mean by that?

Pardner and I may have been mistaken, but now it's happened twice! I reckon I'll go over to the theatre tonight for another look at the minstrel man!

At the theatre that night....

Help! The stagecoach has been robbed!

Oh-oh! More trouble!
Who did it? Did you see the robbers?

Jest one! But I saw him plain as day.

That's him!

String him up! The ornery varmint!

Wait a minute! We've all been sitting here listening to the minstrel man! He can't be guilty!

The stage was held up nearly three hours ago, near Owlhoot Creek! He could've robbed us and got back here in time for the show!

That's right, Monte! The minstrel man finally slipped up--and he's gonna pay fer it!

Don't move, anyone! I won't be a party to a lynching--

UHHH!

Conk!

In the minstrel man's backstage dressing room......

Get him, men!

My luck is better than I reckoned!... Ed Collins!

Later...

Ohhh, my head! But that blow knocked some sense into me! I should have thought of the answer long ago!

I can't stop that mob without some kind of evidence! But I know where I can find it! There's got to be another minstrel costume that was worn by the real thief!
I thought there'd be a spare minstrel man costume up here! But I didn't think I'd find you still in it!

Ooof!

There's an art to fighting with furniture, mister!

Ugha!

Pow!

Pow!

There's an art to fighting with furniture, mister!

This is the way to do it!

Crash! Bang!

The loot from the stagecoach they robbed! And also the payroll money! They didn't have time to hide it! I reckon this is all the evidence any judge and jury will need!

And soon...

Bang! Snap!

Later, when the minstrel man is cleared and Collins and his men have been handed over to the sheriff......

Why, it's Monte Hale! He fired that shot!

That's right! The minstrel man is innocent! I've brought along the varmints who are really guilty of those robberies!

No wonder Ed Collins sounded like him! As his manager, he learned all of the minstrel man's vocal tricks! But he wasn't half as entertaining!

Monte Hale's a two-fisted man, who fights for right as hard as he can. Outlaws who want to stay out of jail shouldn't tangle with Monte Hale!
Hey Gang!
Let's build these electric motor powered models! It's easy with MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED full size plans!

**BUICK CONVERTIBLE**
Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.

**CHEVROLET**
Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile - the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

**HOW TO ORDER:** Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number...
WESTERN HERO

GABBY HAYES

AND THE KNIGHT OF TERROR!

THE LIFE STORY OF THAT FEARLESS, DARING HERO
GABBY HAYES

BY WORDSWORTH VOLUMES

GABBY HAYES, FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, DAYDREAMS THAT HIS LIFE STORY WOULD MAKE AN EXCITING BOOK. FOR SURE, THERE'D BE ONE HAIR-RAISING CHAPTER, HIS SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE WITH THE KNIGHT OF TERROR!

ESTER'S CALL SHATTERS HIS DREAMS!

GABBY, YOU'D BETTER GIT A MOVE ON IF YOU AIN'T MEET THE STAGE AND PICK UP THAT AUTHOR FELLER!

GABBY "GITS A MOVE ON!"

WORDS WORTH VOLUMES HAS COME ALL THE WAY FROM ENGLAND TO WRITE A BOOK ABOUT THE WEST! I'LL TELL HIM ALL ABOUT MYSELF AND HE CAN WRITE A DOZEN BOOKS!
WESTERN HERO

HO, THAR! IS THAT AUTHOR FELLER ABOARD?

YUP! BETTER BRING THAT OTHER HOSSES YOU'RE LEADING CLOSER TO THE DOOR! WHY?

ARE YOU...? WORDSWORTH VOLUMES, MY GOOD MAN! FAMOUS AUTHOR AND ALL THAT?

BUT WHY THE GITUP? WHY THE TIN SUIT?

PROTECTION! AGAINST WILD INDIANS AND OUTLAWS!

NO NEED TO WORRY! I'VE CLEANED OUT ALL THE OWLHOOTS AND THE INJUNS ARE FRIENDLY!

SUDDENLY...

THE ARROW, BENT BY THE ARMOR, RICOCHETS AND...

PLINK!

I SAY! SAVAGES!

ULP!
GABBY sprawls helplessly as the "savage" gallops up!

My friend, Gabby! You hurt?

No! But yuh should be more careful with them dang arrows! Yuh galoot!

Me only try to save friend Gabby from terrible iron monster!

Iron monster? Ho, ho!

Chief, yuh scared that iron monster plumb out of his wits! I got to ketch him afore he rides that hoss clear back to England!

Meanwhile, the author's mount instinctively returns to the ranch! Aunt Hester is being a good hostess.

I say, this is jolly good!

A little later!

Now that you've eaten, tell me what happened!

We were attacked by a hundred savage Indians who approached with blood-curdling yells!

I was ready to fight them off, but my steed bolted!

Outside, Gabby dismounts from his kneeling horse, corker!

That man, Gabby Hayes, was heroic!
SINGLE-HANDED, HAYES FOUGHT A REAR GUARD ACTION, SHOOTING DOWN INDIANS ONE AFTER ANOTHER.

I WAS AIMING TO TELL HIM THAT REDSKIN WAS ONLY MY FRIEND, CHIEF TROUBLE! BUT IT'S BETTER THE WAY HE TELLS IT.

WE MUST GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL!

HUMPH! NOT EVEN SCRATCHED!

I SAY, COULD I SEE MY ROOM?
I MUST DO A SPOT OF WRITING!

GABBY, DOUBLING AS BELLHOP, SHOWS WORDSWORTH TO HIS ROOM AND...

MY GOOD MAN, WILL YOU HAVE MY SUIT Pressed—ER, POLISHED?

I RECKON I'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AND GIVE THE BOYS SOMETHING TO SEE!

IN TOWN, WORD HAS ALREADY SPREAD ABOUT THE STRANGE "KNIGHT".

HE'S A FAMOUS BOOK-WRITER!

HE'S RICH!

LET'S GIT HIM!
ADD LANZ, OUTLAW LEADER, STATES HIS PLAN!

WE'LL LURK NEAR THE BAR NOTHING RANCH AND NAB HIM AS HE COMES RIDING OUT IN HIS TIN SUIT!

THEY PROCEED TO CARRY OUT THE PLAN, BUT... THE KNIGHT IS GABBY!

THAT'S HIM!

THE BOYS IN TOWN WILL GET A LAUGH OUTTA THIS!

ULP! HEY! MFT! MUMBLE!

MOMENTS LATER.

YOU BEHAVE, MR. BOOK-WRITER, AND WE WON'T HURT YUH! ALL WE WANT IS YORE MONEY!

OBSERVERS...

BEHOLD! IRON MONSTER! TRUE! BUT GABBY SAYS HE IS A FRIEND!

SOON, AS GABBY AND THE THREE OUTLAWS APPROACH A CAVERN...

WE'LL GO INSIDE AND SEE WHAT YUH LOOK LIKE? BOOK WRITER!

I'VE GOTT TO KEEP THEM FROM FINDING OUT I'M REALLY GABBY!

GABBY USES HIS HEAD!

OOF!

CLANK!
HE GOT THE BOSS! SHOOT HIM!

THE HASTY SHOTS GLANCE OFF THE ARMOR!

BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM!

I'LL GIT HIM WITH THIS CLUB!

WHAM!! KROONK!

LOOK! HE'S THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN! OUTTA HERE!

COME BACK, YUH COWARDLY VARMINTS!

BUT THE OUTLAWS DON'T GET FAR. DROP GUNS! YOU HURT IRON MONSTER! YOU GO JAIL!
WESTERN HERO

The three rascals are disarmed and moments later "the headless horseman" rides up!

Don't let him git us! He's a headless spook!

Yuh'll wish I was afore I git through!

Hey, Chief, help me get my head unstuck from this dang sardine can!

Gabby and the Indians bring the outlaws to the Bar Nothing Ranch, and... we'll lock them in a shed until the sheriff comes. I'll get my secret gun!

No you don't!

The stray bullet shatters a window in the room where Wordsworth volumes sit writing... heavens!

He said, "Chief, let me get my head unstuck from this dang sardine can!"

Clank!

Bang!

F ci

Where's my armor? I'm leaving! Bullets in my room! Dashed dangerous!

Oh, dear! Well, yuh can at least wait till I pack yuh a lunch!

Months pass, and one day... look! It came in the mail! A book! All about me!

About who, Gabby?

The greatest person in the Wild West is a wonderful lady named Aunt Hester. Her cooking is the finest I've ever tasted. In this book are printed many of her favorite recipes, so that the world may share in...
IT'S ABOUT TIME YUH GOT HYAR, CACTUSBRAIN! YO'RE LATE!

ER, I KNOW!

WHAT DID YUH DO --- SLEEP LATE?
NO --- I HAD A BIG BREAKFAST!

BIG BREAKFAST, EH?
YUP! I ET SIX EGGS!

HUH? WHAT DID YUH SAY?
I SAID I ET SIX EGGS!

TSK, TSK, YUH MEAN ATE, DON'T YUH?
WAL...

--- MEbbe IT WAS EIGHT I ET!
FAILURE OF HIGHEST TYPE!

This is the day uh always bring home more report card? Let me see it?

(gulp) er, sure, I wuz going to show it to yuh!

Hyar it is!

I hope it's better than last month's!

Huh? (grrr) yuh failed every subject!

These low marks are a disgrace! I'm ashamed of yuh!

(gulp) er, I didn't really do so bad, paw! er...

...I wuz the highest of all who failed!
A DOOR? A SUITCASE? MS IT A i-v SOAP 80X?/ (8R1CK? GUESS WHAT I'M THINKING OF THAT'S SQUARE-

PLEASE, PUD-GIVE US SOME CLUES-

WELL, IT STARTS FAST, TASTES BEST AND ONLY COSTS A PENNY!

NOW WE KNOW! FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM IN THE NIFTY SQUARE WRAP!

BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES- PRICE- A PENNY A PIECE-

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT--

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

DIMWIT DIMBY

GENERAL STORE

MEBBE I SAW HIM PASSING BY HYAR SOME TIME TODAY! ISN'T SHORT! WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?

WAL, HE ISN'T TALL--AND HE SOME TIME TODAY! ISN'T SHORT! WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?

THAT'S NOT MUCH HELP! YEAH-- DOES HE HAVE A MOUSTACHE?

BUT HE KEEPS IT SHAVED OFF!
SLEEK and glossy in the bright sunlight, the wild horse herd moved slowly down over the mesa, toward the prairie floor.

In the lead was Red Roan, the graceful stallion that had ruled the herd for many years. But, close behind the crimson bronc, loped a younger horse—a midnight black stallion with a white star-shaped spot on his forehead.

As he reached the level prairie, Red Roan turned to watch the herd go by. Seeing the great black steed, his heart was filled with pride. For this horse, known as White Star, was his son and would some day be king of the herd in his own right.

Through the day, the wild horse herd continued to graze, moving slowly across the valley floor. As the sun began to disappear behind the distant ridge of mountains, Red Roan suddenly lifted his arched neck.

Over the swell of grazing land he could see a herd of steers and several riders. Galloping hard, the riders were hazing the cattle together, lashing them with their lariats, and waving their sombreros to urge them on.

Standing there and watching them, Red Roan was troubled. For the great roan stallion knew that this land was the property of his friend Rob Raeburn, and that these steers belonged to the young rancher. He knew too that the men who were rounding them up were strangers, and they seemed to be in a great hurry to move the cattle out.

"There is something wrong," Red Roan mused. "The human, Raeburn, is my friend. He has helped me many times—and he should know of this."

Wheeling suddenly, the crimson bronc turned toward White Star. A shrill whinny told the young stallion of his father's intention. "I am going, White Star! Take care of the herd," Red Roan commanded. "Stay with them till my return."

Then, mane flying in the sharp prairie breeze, Red Roan turned away in the direction of the ranch house. He would have to find Rob Raeburn, and somehow warn him of the men who were rounding up his cattle.

His long, powerful legs stretched out, until he was almost skimming across the plain. In the distance now he could see the flat ranch buildings.

"Look, Rob. We've got a visitor!"

Standing by the corral fence, Clem Daniels, the ranch foreman, pointed off onto the prairie. "See what's coming. It's Red Roan, and he's heading straight for us!"

Lanky Rob Raeburn squinted into the twilight. "Jehoshaphat, you're right, Clem!" he grunted. "But he's never come this close before, unless he's needed help. I wonder what's wrong—lobos, maybe?"

COMING to an abrupt stop, a scant hundred yards from the corral, Red Roan whinnied loudly. Nervously, he kept wheeling and starting toward the hills—and each time he kept turning and coming back. Rob Raeburn slapped the rough-barked corral fence.

"Boys," he said, "that bronc wants us to follow him—and if I know Red Roan, he's got a blamed good reason. Saddle up, pronto."

The youthful cowman's word was law. Swiftly, his waddies saddled up and flung themselves across their mounts. When Red Roan saw that they were ready to follow him, he set out across the prairie. Kneeling their ponies into the pur-
suit, the ranchmen followed close behind him.

"I don’t get it, Rob," Clem Daniel grunted.
"Where do you figure he’s heading?"

"Don’t know," Rob Raeburn replied. "But I’d trust Red Roan anywhere, and if he has something to show us, I want to see it!"

For twenty minutes they rode hard. Then, as they topped a gentle rise, Raeburn suddenly threw out his arm.

"Look! Down there! A bunch of rannies rounding up our cattle. They’re rustlers, and they’ve got close to five hundred head there!" His sinewy hand flashed down to his gunbelt, and pulled out his heavy Colt. "Quick!" he ordered. "Spread out and cut them off."

SPURRING hard, Rob Raeburn’s men sped down the slope toward the rustlers. And, as they hurtled into the attack, Red Roan was with them, ready to do his share.

Suddenly aware of their peril, the cattle rustlers reined their horses back in swift panic.

"Cowboys coming toward us!" one of them shouted. "Grab your irons, boys—and gun ’em!"

Desperately firing, the rustlers tried to beat a safe retreat. But Rob Raeburn’s riders were upon them before they could organize themselves. Three of the outlaws slumped to the ground, wounded—and the others threw their hands high.

"Don’t shoot," one of them gasped. "We give up! You’ve got us!"

Moments later, Clem Daniels reined his horse toward his young boss. "We’ve got them all, Rob," he laughed triumphantly. "A few of them nicked, but not bad. The sheriff’ll sure be glad to see them." The smile suddenly left his face. "Red Roan... on the ground! What happened?"

The crimson steed was lying on the prairie grass, head half-raised. Beside him crouched Rob Raeburn, stroking the roan’s glossy side.

"He got winged in the leg by one of the rustlers’ bullets," the rancher said grimly. "He’s trying to get up, but he hasn’t been able to make it."

Silently, the two men stood by, as Red Roan tossed his head. Slowly and painfully, the wild stallion managed to heave himself up, until he was erect. But one leg was held high. Rob Raeburn bent to examine it.

"A tendon’s severed," he shook his head. "We can take him back to the ranch and nurse him until he’s well. But he’ll never be able to climb those hills again, or to gallop with the herd the way he used to. Looks as if we’ll have to keep him on the ranch from now on—as an honored guest."

"I reckon it’s just as well," Clem Daniels said. "Just as well? What do you mean?"

The foreman pointed at a distant slope, where the wild horses were watching. At their head stood the tall black bronc, White Star. "See that midnight horse?" Clem Daniels asked. "It’s Red Roan’s son. Sooner or later, they would have had to fight for the leadership of the herd. It’s the way wild horses are. Being older, chances are Red Roan would have been driven off, left to die alone."

ROB reached out and stroked the stallion’s velvety neck reassuringly. "This way, his son can take over the herd right now. And Red Roan will stay with us, among his friends."

The crimson stallion seemed to understand what they were saying. He knew that his leg would keep him from ever ruling the herd again. And he realized too that his son, White Star, had the blood of kings in him—that he would be a fine leader for the herd. Red Roan lifted his head and neighed once, loud and clear. "Goodbye," he was calling to the herd. "Goodbye."

Then, not sadly, he turned to Rob Raeburn and lowered his head to the man’s shoulder. "Let’s go home," he seemed to say.

THE END

Hit the trail for new, exciting adventures when you meet SLIM CARSON OF THE BORDER PATROL in the next issue of WESTERN HERO.
I went inside that restaurant and ordered a big meal from soup to nuts! But the manager found out I had no money and kicked me out!

DID YOU MANAGE TO GET ANY FOOD?

Just a few walnuts but I reckon they won't do me any good! I don't have any nutcracker!

I have one!

YOU DO? GOOD! LET ME HAVE IT!

With pleasure!

OUCH!
(GROAN) WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF PUNCHING ME ON THE NOSE, DUSTY?

YOU SAID, "LET ME HAVE IT," AND SO I DID! HA! HA!

OH, A PRACTICAL JOKER, HUH? WELL, IF YOU'RE SO SMART LET'S SEE YOU THINK UP A JOKE THAT WILL GET YOU A FREE MEAL IN THAT RESTAURANT!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!

LAST STOP RES

YES, SIR, WHAT'LL IT BE?

I WANT A FULL MEAL FROM SOUP TO NUTS AND I'LL TOP IT OFF WITH A CUP OF COFFEE!

AND AFTER DUSTY STOWS AWAY A FULL MEAL

AND HYAR'S YORE COFFEE, SIR!

FINE! NOW BRING ME THE CHECK!

NO ONE'S LOOKING! GOOD! NOW I'LL JUST DROP THIS BUG I'VE BEEN CARRYING AROUND IN MY POCKET INTO THE COFFEE!

HYAR'S YORE CHECK, SIR!

CHECK! DO YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO GIVE ME A CHECK AND EXPECT ME TO PAY IT AFTER SERVING ME COFFEE WITH A BUG IN IT?
A bug in your coffee! Wait here a minute. I'm going to have a talk with the chef!

A few minutes later

Now, sir, I want to apologize to you for the bug in your coffee! And for your information...

--- I had all the coffee poured out!

All the coffee poured out? (Gulp) I didn't mean to cause all that waste!

--- Hold on! You shouldn't have fired that old chef! There really wasn't any bug in the coffee! I put it there to play a joke on you!

Then it's going to cost you ten dollars in addition to your check for all the coffee I wasted!

Here it is! And that's not all! You'll have to apologize to the old chef!
"All right, I'll do it! Where is he?" Follow me!

I reckon I owe you an apology so here it is!

That's the spirit, Dusty!

I opine this is one time the joke was on me!

You can say that again! Especially since I saw you drop the bug into the coffee!

Huh? Then that means you never fired the chef or even spilled out all the coffee!

Correct!

Next time don't try to pull any of your practical jokes in here!

Ouch!

I reckon Dusty's practical jokes aren't so practical! Ha! Ha!
THE HYPNOTIST IS A DANGEROUS CRITTER, MIKE! AND NOW THAT HE ESCAPED FROM JAIL, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL BE UP TO NEXT! HE'S DESPERATE!

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT HE HAS TO REACH DRY LAND IF HE'S GOING TO MAKE A RUN FOR THE BORDER!

IT'S A SURE THING HE'S GOING TO TRY TO LAND ON THE COAST! WE HAVE A POSSE STATIONED ALL ALONG THIS AREA!

HE SHOULD BE COMING SOON, MIKE!

YO'RE RIGHT, AND THAT'S ONE SHORE THING IN OUR FAVOR, TOM! HE'LL BE UNABLE TO SPOT US UP HERE!
WESTERN HERO

UNLESS HE HAD AN ACCOMPlice WORKING WITH HIM FROM THE LAND HE COULDN'T HAVE MADE HIS GETAWAY! THAT'S WHY I PLANTED THE STORY THAT NOBODY WOULD BE ON GUARD IN THIS AREA!

BUT I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF A BOAT OUT THERE. DO YUH RECKON THET WE JEST FIGGERED THINGS WRONG?

IT'S POSSIBLE!

WAIT... MIKE! THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE Sending SIGNALS! GET YOUR SIX-SHOOTER READY!

HE'S SIGNALING TO SOMEONE ON SHORE HYAR, TOM! IT MUST BE THE HYPNOTIST! HE FELL FOR OUR TRAP!

LOOK, IT IS THE HYPNOTIST! LET'S GIT HIM!

BUT SHERIFF MIKE SHAW IS OVER-EAGER, AND....

OOPS... I SLIPPED!

WATCH OUT, MIKE!

I GOT THE SIGNAL FROM THE HYPNOTIST... IT'S A TRAP! THAR'S TOM MIX!

SPLASH!
WESTERN HERO

IT'S PRETTY DEEP HERE AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF MIKE! MAYBE HE HIT HIS HEAD AGAINST A ROCK!

I CAN'T SAY I EXPECTED THIS KIND OF WELCOMING PARTY!

AND WHEN TOM MIX COMES TO....

AND I CAN'T SAY I LIKE IT!

THEY'VE GONE! THEY MUST'VE TAKEN MIKE WITH THEM!

CONK!

THEY WOULDN'T HEAD INLAND BECAUSE THEY'D BE AFRAID OF FINDING A POSSE AROUND --- AFTER FINDING ME AND MIKE HERE!

THAT MEANS THEY TOOK A WATER ROUTE TO TRY TO FIND A SAFER SPOT TO LAND!

I CAN'T VERY WELL CHASE THEM WITHOUT A BOAT! I'LL HEAD FOR THE NEAREST INDIAN RESERVATION AND SEE IF I CAN BORROW ONE!

A WINTER COMES TO...
SHORTLY AFTER...

THANKS, CHIEF!

MY TRIBE ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, TOM MIX!

I'LL HEAD FOR THE BORDER!

THANKS, CHIEF!

I CAN'T COME ANY CLOSER WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED, AND I DON'T WANT THAT!

THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE THE HYPNOTIST WOULD BE SAFE!

LATER...

THIS CANOE IS MUCH FASTER THAN THE BOAT THE HYPNOTIST IS USING! IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG BEFORE I SIGHT THEM... WAIT! I THINK THAT'S HIS BOAT UP AHEAD!

IF I'M GOING TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A DIFFERENT ROUTE!

THERE'S THE BOTTOM OF THEIR BOAT!
Meanwhile.....

Now that you've hypnotized him and made him tell you about the posse waiting up ahead for us, how is that gonna help us get past 'em?

I'll show you, slimy!

In a few moments.....

They'll never recognize you as the hypnotist in that disguise!

Yes, sir!

I'll have to borrow a few of your horses, men! My new deputies hyar spotted the hypnotist and we're riding after him!

Anything you say, sheriff?

I still can't figure out how they managed to slip by us! We've bin standing guard hyar all night!
C’MON, LET’S GIT A MOVE ON! THE HYPNOTIST IS A MIGHTY DANGEROUS CRITTER!

AT THE SAME TIME.....

IF THEY LANDED AROUND HERE MAYBE I CAN SPOT THEM! THEY DIDN’T HAVE ANY HORSES SO THEY COULDN’T HAVE GONE VERY FAR!

THEM HvYPRNOTIST IS MIGHTY DANGEROUS.

WE SAW THE SHERIFF, ALL RIGHT, BUT THE ONLY MEN WITH HIM WERE TWO NEW DEPUTIES!

THEY COULDN’T HAVE GONE BY HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN BY THE POSSE?

DID ANY OF YOU SEE SHERIFF MIKE SHAW AND THE HYPNOTIST PASS THROUGH HERE?

HE EVIDENTLY HYPNOTIZED MIKE! QUICK, GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR HORSES!

WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

HYAR, TAKE MINE!

OVER THE RIDGE, TOWARD THE BORDER, TOM!

THERE ARE SO MANY DIFFERENT ROADS LEADING TO THE BORDER I WONDER WHICH ONE THEY TOOK!
I'll take a short cut and try to run into them before they reach the border.

Once they cross the border they're safe! C'mon, boy!

Shortly after.....

I just hope they haven't gotten here yet!

At that moment.....

There they are!

Gulp! It's Mix!

Yuh took off yore disguise and now it's too late to put it back on! He's shore to recognize yuh!

As long as we got the sheriff hyar with us we're getting through! Mix ain't gonna stop us! Jest leave it to me, slimy!

I hope yo're right!

If yuh don't want a dead sheriff on yore hands, mix, let us through!

(Gulp!) Getting here ahead of them doesn't seem to be doing much good!
WESTERN HERO

IF I DO WHAT HE SAYS THE HYPNOTIST WILL CROSS THE BORDER, AND IF I DON'T—HE'LL KILL MIKE!

HURRY UP, MIX! WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY AND MY TRIGGER FINGER IS GETTING MIGHTY ITCHY!

YOU WIN, HYPNOTIST!

I'LL START SHOOTING OFF MY GUNS! WHEN YOU HEAR THE LAST BULLET YOU'LL KNOW I HAVE NO MORE LEFT! YOU CAN START COMING THROUGH!

I FIGGERED HE'D BACK DOWN! C'MON, SLIMY, LET'S GO!

BANG! BANG!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SHERIFF, SLIMY! JEST KEEP YORE EYES PEELED ON MIX!

TEN-ELEVEN-TWELVE! THAT'S THE LAST OF HIS BULLETS!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BUT THE SOUND OF TOM'S SIX-SHOOTERS HAS BROKEN THE SPELL OVER MIKE.

HUH... WHAR AM I?

WATCH OUT, MIKE!

I KNEW THOSE SHOTS WOULD BRING YOU TO, MIKE!
If we're going to settle this thing right, I'll have to bring you fellows down to Earth first!

I aim to git in on this, too, Tom!

I'll explain everything later, Mike! First, I have a score to settle with this critter!

I'll take on his partner, Tom!

Pow! Wham! Sock! Clout!

I recognize the hypnotist, but I can't seem to remember a thing!

It's not your fault, Mike! You were under a spell! I'll explain everything to you on the way back to the Dobie Jailhouse—where these two critters are heading next!

Later.....

I shore owe you a heap of thanks, Tom!

Forget it, Mike! The only thing that counts is that we caught the hypnotist and put him back where he belongs! Guess I'll be heading back to the TM Bar Ranch now! So long!

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