

DELL
COMIC

MARCH
10¢

Gene Autry

COMICS

W



A 52 page Comic Magazine

man with a winning "way"



How much nicer a Valentine can be when that winning "way" is a Milky Way. Your Valentine will first taste the extra-thick layer of pure milk chocolate. Next the creamy caramel, followed by the glorious blend of nougat and rich malted milk, paired in with a generous touch. Make your Valentine speak for you with real sweet talk. Your winning "way" any day of the year is . . .

M-m-milky Way... your money can't buy more

"m-m-m-hi!"





GENE AUTRY

in THE DOUBLE GAME

ONE MORNING AT GENE AUTRY'S RANCH.

WELL! LOOKS LIKE WE HIT THE JACKPOT THIS MORNIN', CHAMP!



IF THERE'S A SHEETSMELLIN' ONE, GENE, IT'S FOR ME!

TOO BAD TEX! I RECKON YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK TODAY!



THIS STUBBORN ONE'S FROM FLARACK HOBBS! I RECOGNIZE HIS SCRAML!



SO FLARACK'S MINING AGAIN! I DECLARE THAT OLD DESERT RAT'S GOT ZYANIDE, SAGE AND SILICATE IN HIS BLOOD! --WHY WHAT'S THIS?

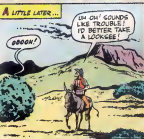


Plenty bulldozers goin' on here includin' murder, sheriff, buffaloes or crooked Indians which set up here pronto.

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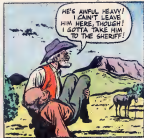
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DEAD! FOURTH ONE IN TWO WEEKS! GENE'S GOTTA GET HERE SOON!



HE'S ANFUL HEAVY! I CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE, THOUGH! I GOTTA TAKE HIM TO THE SHERIFF!



FREEZE, YOU THEVIN' KILLER!

I AIN'T NEITHER! I DIDNT DO IT! PETE AN! HE WAS REAL FRIENDLY!



A LIKELY STORY! WE CAUGHT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS, HOBBS!

YEAH? CHECK M' GUN! TAIN'T BEEN FIRED!



LET'S OUT THE SADDLERS! GET THIS OVER WITH!

WE CAN USE MY ROPE!

AN' MY HORSE!





HOLD IT!
HE MIGHT BE
A LAWMAN!



ALL GIVE ODDS THIS HAIN'T
A LEGAL HANGIN'!

YOU'RE BURNED
RIGHT, MISTER.
THANKS FER
RESCUIN' ME!



YOU AINT OUT
OF THE WOODS
YET, HOBBS!
SOMEBODY
ROBBED AN'
KILLED SHAW!

AN' WE FOUND
YOU GOIN' THROUGH
HIS ROCKETS!



THAT'S A BURNED
LIE! I WAS TRYIN'
T'PUT HIM ON JOCK!
AN' TAKE HIM T'OWN!

JUST A MINUTE,
OLD-TIMER! LET'S
TALK THIS OVER!



IF YOU CAUGHT HOBBS
ROBBIN' THE DEAD
MAN, HE MUST HAVE
THE LOOT ON HIM!
WAS HE?

UH-NO! UH
- I RECKON
WE WERE A
BIT HASTY!



GORRY, HOBBS! NO HARD FEELIN'S?

RECKON NOT,
FINGERS! BUT THAT
ANGEL MUSIC WAS
TOO DANGED CLOSE
FOR COMFORT!







YEAH - PNY! A LOT
O' THE MEN FIND
IT WORTH THEIR
WHILE TO PAY ME
\$30 A DAY TO
WORK HERE!



WELL - UH - OKAY!
RECKON I CAN AFFORD
IT FOR A FEW DAYS!

BY THAT TIME,
YOU'LL HAVE MONEY
TO BURN! REPORT FOR
THE EARLY SHIFT DAY
AFTER TOMORROW!



THAT NIGHT.

I DON'T GAVVY,
GENE! DRAKE NEVER
ASKED ME TO PAY
NOTHIN'!

I DON'T GAVVY,
EITHER! BUT FROM
WHAT DRAKE SAID,
I WON'T BE IN THE
DARK VERY LONG!



LET'S HOPE NOT! I CAN'T
STAND THESE MYSTERIES
MUCH LONGER! LOW WAGES
- BIG BANK ROLLS! MININ'
COMPANIES SCREAMIN' 'BOUT
LOW OUTPUTS! DOZENS O'
ASSAYERS - YOU LISTEN!
GENE?

NO... (YAWN) I'M
TOO SLEEPY
TO HEAR!



NEXT DAY.

LOOKS LIKE FLARACK WASN'T
TALKIN' THROUGH HIS HAT ABOUT
THERE BEING AN ASSAYER
FOR EVERY DOZEN MINERS!
WONDER HOW THEY CAN ALL
STAY IN BUSINESS?

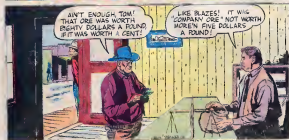
Assays

MUGGET BULGE SALOON

THE ASSAYER

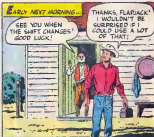
ASSAYER

CAFE





HMM... THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO ADD UP! BUT I'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT A LOT MORE BEFORE I GET THE ANSWER!



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

SEE YOU WHEN THE SHIFT CHANGES! GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, FLADACK! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF I COULD USE A LOT OF THAT!



HOWDY, MISTER DRAKE! DO I PAY YOU NOW OR AFTER--

QUET! I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN AND WHERE! BUT IT WON'T BE WHEN WE'VE GOT AN AUDIENCE! MOVE ALONG TO THE CAGE!



SO FINGERS AND HIS PAL ARE ON MY SHIFT! THAT'S A LUCKY BREAK!



FINGERS! LOOK! IT'S THE COWPOICE WHO BROKE UP OUR NECKTIE PARTY!

SO WHAT? HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO MAKE A LIVING, TOO!



IF THIS CAGE IS AS CROWDED AT THE END OF THE SHIFT, IT'S A CINCH THEY DON'T BRING THE ORE OUT IN SACKS! WONDER HOW THEY MANAGE IT?



A LITTLE LATER...

THIS IS HIGH-GRADE ORE, ALL RIGHT! SOME OF THESE CHUNKS ARE ALMOST PURE GOLD!



SO THAT'S HOW-NO! IT CAN'T BE! NOT EVEN TWENTY LUNCH BOXES COULD HOLD ENOUGH ORE TO FILL THAT SACK FINGERS HAD!



AT THE END OF THE SHIFT...

OUCH!



HEY, ALLEN! HOW'D YUH HURT YOURSELF?

WHAT THE SAM HILL ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?



That evening...

I CALLED THIS MEETING OF YOU ASSAULTERS TO TELL YOU TO CUT DOWN ON WHAT YOU'RE PAYING FOR THE STOLEN ORE!

IF WE DO THAT, DRAKE, THE MEN'LL STOP BRINGING IT IN!



DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! THEY'RE IN TOO DEEP TO CUT!

OKAY, YOU'RE THE BOSS!



As the meeting breaks up...

WONDER WHAT THOSE BIRDS HAVE BEEN HATCHIN' UP? RECKON I'LL FOLLOW ONE OF THEM! MAYBE I CAN 'PERSUADE' HIM TO TELL ME!



I'LL JUST SLIP ALONG BEHIND HIM, REAL QUIET-LIKE!



UH-OH! I'M BEING TRAILED!



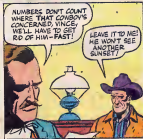


TAKEN BY SURPRISE, GENE TAKES A JOLTING RIGHT TO THE JAW!



BUT COMES BACK FAST!







LATE THAT NIGHT, GENE STEALS TOWARD THE MINE ENTRANCE.....



I HATE TO DO IT THIS WAY, BUT THERE'S NO CHOICE!



I'LL TURN HIM LOOSE AS SOON AS I'M THROUGH DOWN BELOW!



AFTER A TEN MINUTES' SEARCH BELOW....

WH-! THIS LOOKS INTERESTIN'!



I'LL BE HANGED! A SPECIALLY-DESIGNED VEST WITH ENOUGH POCKETS TO HOLD A BRIGHT SMART AMOUNT OF ORE!



NO WONDER MEN WERE WILLIN' TO PAY DRAKE TO WORK HERE!



THE NEXT MORNING...

GREAT SCOTT, FLAPJACK!
YOUR LETTER'S GONE!
MUST HAVE FALLEN
OUT OF MY ROCKET
WHEN I HAD THAT
FIGHT!

THEN THAT'S WHY VINCE
TRIED T'KILL YOU! THEY
KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
AN' WHY YOU'RE
HERE!

AREN'T YOU GOIN' TO THE
MINE T'DAY, GENE?

NO! AND IF DRAKE
ASKS ANY QUESTIONS,
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN
ME SINCE YESTERDAY!

A LITTLE LATER...

AUTRY DIDN'T
SHOW, BOSS!
WHERE D'YOU
SUPPOSE HE IS?

WELL, HE ISN'T
BELOW AND, WHAT'S
MORE, HE WON'T GET
THERE! TELL THE
BOYS TO LOAD UP
TODAY! IT'LL BE
SAFE!

AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST SHIFT...

NO DOUBT
THAT THOSE BIRDS
ARE WEARING
ORB-FILLED
VESTS!

JUST WHAT I FIGURED!
DRAKE IS IN ON THE
SCHEME! OTHERWISE,
HE'D STOP THOSE
FOUR!



THEY'RE HEADING WEST, FLAPJACK! I'LL TRAIL 'EM! YOU GET THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE!

ON THE DOUBLE, GENE!



SHORTLY...

YOU GOTTA ROUND UP A POSSE, SHERIFF! GENE'LL NEED PLENTY O' HELP T'NAB THEM GONOTES! --

HOLD IT! HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL?



I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM, SHERIFF! I KNOW WHAT ALTRIV'S UP TO! THIS MAN IS THE ONE WHO SENT FOR HIM!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, BUTNER! LET'S GO!



DAD-RAT IT, JOCKO! RATE YOU'RE MOVIN'! WE'LL MISS ALL THE EXCITEMENT!

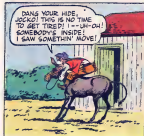


MEANWHILE....

CAN'T RIDE ANY CLOSER, CHAMP! SO IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WAIT HERE!













GENE AUTRY

Too Tricky

DATE: ONE AFTERNOON
IN ROCKY BEAR

HELLO, DEPUTY
HARRIS! IS JED
BALTER AROUND?

HI, GENE! NO, THE
SHERIFF'S GONE
OUT TO GRAHAM'S
RANCH WITH
A POSSE!.....



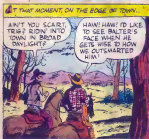
WE GOT A TIP CUB HART
AN' TRIP EVANS ARE
HOLD-UP ON A RIDGE
NEAR THERE!

HOPE IT'S ON
THE LEVEL!
WHEN THAT
PAIR'S BEHIND
BAR'S, WE'LL ALL
REST EASIER!



YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN!
CUB'S NOT ONLY
A KILLER - BUT
HE'S DAMNED
TRICKY, AS
WELL!

HE'S COCKSURE, TOO!
BUT ONE O' THESE
DAYS, HE'S LIABLE TO
TRIP HIMSELF
INTO A CELL!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

AIN'T YOU SCART,
TRIP? RIDIN' INTO
TOWN IN BROAD
DAYLIGHT?

HAW! HAW! I'D LIKE
TO SEE BALTER'S
FACE WHEN HE
GETS WISE TO HOW
WE OUTCHARTED
HIM!



HI, JENSEN! READY TO GIVE US
A HAND WITH THAT JOB TONIGHT?

I RECKON SO,
CUB! BUT YOU'RE
SURE RUNNIN'
A BIG RISK!

NOT WITH THE SHERIFF FIFTY MILES OUT O' TOWN ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE!

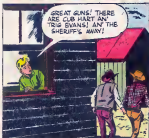
DON'T FORGET HIS DEPUTY'S STILL HERE! TO SAY NOTHIN' O' PLENTY O' OTHER FOLKS!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA FOR HANDLIN' THEM! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT AFTER, MEN, TRUS TAKE CARE O' THAT DEPUTY!



GREAT GUNS! THERE ARE CLUB HART AN' TEBB EVANS! AN' THE SHERIFF'S AWAY!



TEB HARRIS WONT BE ABLE TO STAND UP TO THOSE HOMBRES! HE-SOLLY! I JUST RE-MEMBERED! GENE AUTRY'S IN TOWN!



HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO, IF I CAN FIND HIM!



HANG IT! THERE HE GOES! AN' HE'S TOO FAR AWAY TO HAIL!



I'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER HIM! IT'S A CINCH CLUB'S IN TOWN FOR SOME KIND O' DIRTY WORK!







HE'S PROBABLY PLANNIN' ON HITTIN' THE BANK! IT'S LOADED WITH CASH RIGHT NOW—ALL THE RANCHERS ARE DROPPIN' THEIR ROUNDUP PROFITS!

BUT HOW WOULD CLUB AN' TENG KNOW THAT?

EASY—IF SOMEBODY IN TOWN IS WORKIN' WITH 'EM!

I'LL GO THROUGH THIS BIRD WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB! I'LL SMOKE HIM OUT!

NO, TOM! THE WAY TO NAB THESE BIRDS IS TO CATCH 'EM IN THE ACT!

MORE'N LIKELY THEY WON'T TRY ANYTHING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! SO WE'LL LIE LOW TILL AFTER DARK. LET 'EM THINK YOU'RE STILL LOCKED UP!

SUPPOSIN' THEY SAW YOU AN' HERB COME IN HERE?

THAT'S NOT LIKELY! THEY'D HAVE HAD TO BE ON THE STREET TO DO THAT! AN' EVEN CLUB WOULDN'T TAKE THAT BIG A CHANCE!

WE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SHOP! IF YOU NEED ME, SING OUT!

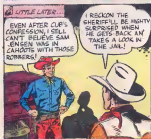
OKAY, BUT I THINK WE CAN MANAGE! LOOK BOTH WAYS WHEN YOU LEAVE! AN' KEEP MUM!

THAT NIGHT...

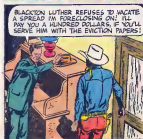
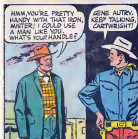
YIPPEES! I'M WILD AN' WOOLLY—AN' IT'S MY NIGHT TO HOWL!

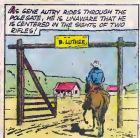












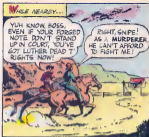




WALK NEARBY...

YUH KNOW, BOSS,
EVEN IF YOUR FORGED
NOTE DON'T STAND
UP IN COURT, YOU'VE
GOT LUTHER DEAD T'
RIGHTS NOW!

RIGHT, SNIPE!
AS A MURDERER,
HE CAN'T AFFORD
TO FIGHT ME!



I'LL JUST TAKE OVER
HIS SPREAD AS MY FEE
FOR DEFENDING HIM!
AND I'LL MAKE SURE
HE GETS CONVICTED!

THEN I'LL HAVE
THE RAILROAD
WHERE I WANT
'EM!



KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY! LUTHER
MIGHT BE RAMBUNCTIOUS!

AW, IF WE PLAG
A KILLER, TH'
LAW'S ON OUR
SIDE, CARTWRIGHT!



GENE AUTRY!

SURPRISED?



HOWDY, CARTWRIGHT! UH, AUTRY
LOANED ME THE HUNDRED DOLLARS
T' PRY YOU OFF IN FULL!

SO YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED
ME, EH, AUTRY? GET HIM,
SNIPE --AND THIS TIME
DON'T MISS!



YOU'RE A GORRY
SHOT, SNIPE!

HEY
--GOK!





The MYSTERIOUS HORSE THIEVES



Illustration by
WALTER HINDING & BUNDS CO.

Sitting on the edge of his desk, one leg swinging back and forth in nervous rhythm, the U. S. Marshal sighed heavily before continuing:

"That's why I've invited all you sheriffs to this meeting in San Francisco," he said finally. "The gang of horse thieves is making monkeys out of all of us!"

A bulky, dusty, unshaven man, one of many who seemed ill at ease in the formal city office, stood up. "Sheriff Vic Jackson, of Fresno," he said quietly, introducing himself.

The Marshal nodded and waited.

"I'm here to speak plain, Marshal," the man said. "I dropped everything to come up here because you said it was urgent. And it's a long trip." He rubbed his chin with a rough gesture. "But we ain't had no horses stolen in Fresno, so I don't see where this is any business of mine! And I don't see what I can do to help!"

Several other sheriffs mumbled agreement.

The Marshal held up his hand for attention. "I don't blame you for feeling that way, Jackson. Same thing goes for some of the rest of you."

He started pacing back and forth in front of his desk. "But many of you may get back home to find this gang has taken two out of three horses in your district! No one knows where they'll strike next!"

Moving to the wall, the Marshal pointed to various places on the map. "Six months ago, they drove us crazy here in San Francisco. Then, when things got hot, they showed up in Sacramento. Then, Stockton. Then, San Jose and Monterey. Three weeks

ago, it was Marysville. And, now, it's Santa Rosa!"

He turned back to the sheriffs. "Next week, it may be your own district—that's why I wanted each of you to know about this gang, and how they operate!" He smiled directly at the sheriff from Fresno. "Unless, of course, some of you don't bother with horse thieves!"

"I'd rather catch me a boss thief than a murderer!" Sheriff Jackson shouted. "In fact, I'd ride a long, long way just to get a single, solitary shot at one!"

As the others laughed at his fierceness, he chuckled, too. "You just chase them down, brea down Fresno way, Marshal! I'll show you how much I like boss thieves!"

"Wish I could, Jackson!" the Marshal said, smiling. "But they always head north."

He faced the map again. "Several times, we've had reports of horses being headed north. And we've found out that this gang is calling them up in Oregon." He pointed to a coastal town. "But, no one has seen them anywhere between Eureka, here, and the Oregon border."

"So," he concluded, "we figure they hide the horses somewhere along the way before Eureka—and then sneak them into Oregon, one by one!"

"If they're running so many horses," a chipper young officer commented, "they'd have to have a big barn or something to hide 'em in, wouldn't they?" The Marshal nodded. "Well, then," the young man continued, "all you have to do is check all these places along the way!"

"In the first place," the Marshal replied wryly, "the barn could be located any-

where in an area about one hundred miles south of Eureka. And in the second place, although it has taken us almost half a year—we've ALREADY checked every blasted barn in the whole blasted area!"

He sat down on the desk again, shoulders sagging. "I'm beginning to think they hurr those horses into redwood trees! He stood up. "I'm sorry, Men Guess Sheriff Jackson was right—"

"Sheriff Jackson was wrong!" a voice boomed out. It was the Fresno officer himself.

"If you'll give me a good posse," he went on, "I think I can nail up the hides of your horse thieves! It's a longshot, and I may be dead wrong—but I've got a hunch where them skunks are holdin' up!"

"But, if you're from Fresno—?"

"I lived in that redwood country, 'bout fifty miles south of Eureka, before California ever was a state!" Jackson retorted.

"But," the Marshal frowned, "you just and you hadn't had any horses stolen in Fresno! And you said you didn't see where the was any business of yours! So, how come yours—?"

The Sheriff fingered his holster. "Let's just say I've got good reasons—personal reasons—to go that far to find me some hoss thieves!"

Standing, the Marshal stared at Jackson a moment, then smiled. "Maybe it is 'a longshot, like you say. But I'm willing to try anything, at this point—you've got yourself a posse, Sheriff!"

Almost a month later, when he walked into the U. S. Marshal's office in San Francisco once more, Sheriff Vic Jackson looked bigger and dirtier than ever, if possible. For a big, broad grin crossed his stubbled face.

The Marshal jumped up from his desk to welcome him with an exuberant Western bear hug. "You did it, Sheriff—you did it! I can't tell you how much I appreciate—"

He stopped, motioning Jackson to a chair. He own plush chair behind the desk. "I got word that you rounded them all up—the whole gang! And I got word that the

Sheriff in Eureka will take care of them from here on out!"

The Marshal waited impatiently while the older man settled himself into the desk chair and, still grinning, propped his muddied boots on the desk top.

"But, tell me—how in blazes did you find them? My men searched every barn from Eureka south to—"

Vic Jackson held up a regal hand, clearly enjoying the other's anticipation. "You know much about the redwood country, Marshal?"

"No, not much, But—"

"Well, you may not believe me, then?"

The Sheriff leaned back. "Unless you've lived there, you just can't believe how big them trees grow! I've seen 'em well over three hundred feet high! Fellars who know about that stuff say some of 'em are fifteen hundred years old! Why, I've seen redwood bark more'n a solid foot thick! And the stumps! I recollect one man who used a big ol' stump as a chicken house and—"

"But, the horse thieves?" the Marshal interrupted. "What's all this got to do with—"

"Everything!" Jackson smiled. "When you said them varmints were hidin' hosses, lots of hosses in a barn—I remembered a parker near Dyerville who used a big ol' redwood stump as a corral lot his mules—twenty-eight mules! I SAW it!"

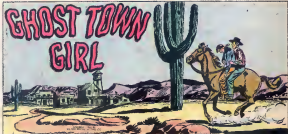
As the Marshal shook his head in disbelief, Jackson chuckled to himself. "I know it's hard to believe, but ask any of the men in that posse I took up there! I led 'em right to that ol' stump—and, sure enough, we found the whole gang there!"

He poured for dramatic effect. "And they had almost two dozen hosses corraled there—twenty-two hosses in one tree stump!"

Later, as Jackson got ready to leave, the Marshal stopped him at the door. "Just one thing more I don't understand. I still don't see why you went all the way from Fresno up there, to round up some horse thieves who never—"

"I said I had good reasons, Marshal. I did—and I will long as I live!" The Sheriff's smile disappeared. "You see, Marshal—my Pa was murdered by hoss thieves!"

GHOST TOWN GIRL



WE SAFE
YET RUSTY?

YEAH WE SHOOK
BLACKTON'S GUNNERS
AFTER YOU SHOT HIM
IN TOMBSTONE!
BUT YOU'RE
WOUNDED BAD!



YOU'LL BE
SAFE UPSTAIRS!
NOBODY COMES NEAR
THIS GHOST TOWN
EXCEPT MYSE
GHOSTS, HA HA!

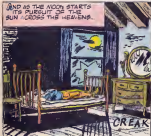


WHAH HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
AN' IT'LL BE MORNING BEFORE
I CAN PETCH A DOC HERE FROM
MANTOWN! SURE HOPE
HE HOLDS OUT!



IF IT WAGNT FOR THESE TRUSTY
IRONS OF TEXAS BLACKTON'S MURDER
OF MY SISTER WOULDN'T BE AVENGED.
AUGUS PAL!

AND AS THE MOON STARTS
ITS PURSUIT OF THE
SUN ACROSS THE HEAVENS...



CREAK



WAKE, BEAVE
ONE! DRINK THIS!
IT WILL FIGHT THE
FEVER AND GIVE
YOU NEW
STRENGTH!

W-H-A...!



TH-THANKS, MA'AM!
HURRY! SAY WHO
ARE YOU?

SAH, QUIET!
SAVE YOUR
STRENGTH!



BUT I'VE
GOT TO
GET UP!
I'VE GOT
A SHOOTIN
DATE WITH
A KILLER!
HE...

YES, YES I
KNOW! NOW
TRY TO
REST!
DON'T
SPEAK!



I HEAR MUSIC SOMEWHERE!
SAY WHO ARE YOU... AN ANGEL
OR A GHOST?
UH I FEEL SLEEPY
SO-O-SLEEPY...

THEN
GO TO
SLEEP
TEN SCOTT...
A NICE DEEP
SLEEP!



W-H-A... SLEEP...
SLEEP... SHE SAID...
THAT MUSIC!



WHEW I OVERNAPPED!
AND WHAT A DREAM I HAD!
I THOUGHT I'D ALREADY
TANGLED WITH BLACKTON!
I SHOT HIM
AND HE WOUNDED
ME!
WHEW!



I EVEN DREAMED DUSTY
LEFT ME IN A GHOST
TOWN WHILE HE
WENT FOR A DOC!
SUDDENLY A
BEAUTIFUL GAL
CAME IN WITH
A CANDLE...
GOSH, BUT
WAS IT A
DREAM?



WAS NO WOUND! SO THE GHOST
TOWN WAS A DREAM! AFTER ALL,
BESIDES THAT NOISE AND GYPSY
MUSIC DOWNSTAIRS AEBNT BEIN'
MADE BY GHOSTS,
THAT'S FOR SURE!



WHAH ACCORDIN TO
DUSTY BLACKTON COMES
TO TOMBSTONE EVERY DAY
ABOUT THIS TIME TO PLAY
CARDS IN THE
GOLDEN NUGGET
DOWNSTAIRS!



HEY BLACKTON
AINT THAT THE
SCOTT ON THE
BALCONY?

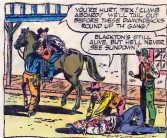


YEAH I HEAR HE
AINT T' TURN ME
OVER T' INVATT
SARP FOR JUMPIN'
TH' SILVER ARMS
CLAIM O' DUSTY
DOWN AN' HIS SISTE!
WHAT A LAUGH!



IT AINT FOR TH' CLAIM
JUMPIN' SO MUCH AS
FOR KILLIN'
DUSTY'S
SISTER,
BOB?
"SHUT UP" SHE
THREW DOWN
ON ME FIRST...
OWN LET'S MOVE!
OUTSIDE LIKE
WE DONT SEE
HUA YET!





YOU'RE HURT, TEX! CLIMB ABOARD! WE'LL TELL OUT BEFORE THESE DRAWBACKS ROUND UP TH' GANG!

BLACKTON'S STILL ALIVE, BUT HE'LL NEVER SEE SUNDOWN!



UHH, LESSO ME... LET ME AT 'EM DUSTY!

SHAY, TEX YOU'RE GETTIN' DELICIOUS! WE SHOOK 'N' EATS AN' WE'LL SOON REACH TH' OLD GHOST TOWN! YOU'LL BE SURE THESE TILLS 'N' REYCH A DOC FROM HANTOWN!



HEY LESSO... OUCH... LEAVE ME ALONE... H-W-H-S-D... CRUMBLE!



(MUMBLE-MUMBLE)... LESSO ME... LEAVEE LOOSE... I SAY...

TEX WAKE UP! IT'S ONLY ME... DUSTY BOGAN! IT'S MORNIN' AN' TH' HANTOWN DOC HAS ALREADY REPPED YOUR WOUND AN' GONE WAALE AN' YOU ASHT!



WHY? OH, IT'S YOU! WHEN IN MY SLEEP I RECALLED THAT FIGHT I HAD WITH BLACKTON IN TOMBSTONE. JUST THE WAY IT HAPPENED!

THINK YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH T' RIDE TH' HORS I BROUGHT FROM TOWN?



SURE I'VE BEEN SLEEPIN' EVER SINCE THAT GAIL GAVE ME A POTION TO DRINK LAST NIGHT! ASHTY DRIN MEDICINE!

GAL? AW, TEX, YOU JUST DREAMED A GAL WAS HERE! AIN'T NOBODY IN THIS GHOST TOWN EXCEPT WAAHE GHOSTS!



GHOSTS? BUT LOOK, HERE'S HER CANDLE... IT'S STILL BURNIN'! THAT PROVES SHE WASN'T PART OF THE DREAM, AT ALL!

HOLY CATS, THAT CANDLE WOULDN'T BE THERE WHEN I LEFT LAST NIGHT! THIS LIGHT'S HAUNTED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



WAIT A MINUTE, DUSTY! I HEAR MUSIC OUT IN BACK... THE SAME KIND OF MUSIC I HEARD WHEN THE GAL VISITED ME!

I MUST BE LOOSE, TOO, 'CAUSE I HEAR IT! LET'S INVESTIGATE!



GREAT GUNS, IT'S THE GAL!

DOGGONE IF SHE AIN'T TH' FURTIEST GHOST I EVER DID SEE!



HELLO! I SEE MY FATHERS HERE 'CAUSE HE WORKED WOPERS! THESE ARE THE GYPSY MUSICIANS WHO WERE PLAYING AT THE GOLDEN NUGGET WHEN YOU GOT SHOT!



GREETINGS, BEAVE ONE! WE CAMPED HERE LAST NIGHT ON OUR WAY TO THE NEXT TOWN! IT WAS ANGELA WHO FOUND YOU FIGHTING THE FEVER UPSTAIRS!

GOSH, EBBON, I'M SIGHTY GLAD YOU'RE REAL WELM! THANKS FOR EVERYTHIN'!



PRESENTLY...

NO WAYBE ABOUT IT! IT AIN'T OFTEN WE MEET UP WITH A GYPSY ANGEL! ADIOS, ANGELA!

WAYBE WE'LL SEE YOU ALL IN HANGTOWN!

ADIOS, BOYS!

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CAN I PLAY TOMORROW?

CAN'T SAY, SID. TRAINING'S TOUGH—HURT YOU. BUT... GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP—WELL, SEE!



NEXT MORNING SID FINDS HES OUT OF WHEATIES...

YOU SURE EAT A LOT OF WHEATIES, SID?

YEAH, AND THAT'S ONE OF THE REASONS!

WELL, A WHOLE LOT OF 'EM ARE IN EVERY WHEATIES PACK!



THAT NIGHT... WITH ABEL SIDE-LINED BY INJURIES, THE BLACK HAWKS FIGHT TO HOLD A SLIM LEAD. THEN WITH A MINUTE TO GO—

THEY'VE TIED IT UP! LET ME GO IN, DOC, I'M READY!

ALL RIGHT, BUT TAKE IT EASY, SID!



ABEL'S IN!

AND LOOK AT HIM GO! HE STOLE THE PUCK!



CAN'T SPARK I NEED YOU NOW!



THAT'S IT, SID! WE WIN!

WHAT A SACK!



WELL! WHAT SPARK THAT ABEL WAS!

WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU!

and Champions choose Wheaties!



BLACK HAWKS!

VISITORS

TIME TO PLAY GO GO

WHEATIES AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE WHEATIES!