

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

Gene Autry

Comics



Worth going out on a limb for—

Yet all you have to do to get your Milky Way is dig up a few pennies and spend 'em for one of these luscious bars. Then sink your teeth into smooth, soothing chocolate that treasures within it a scrumptious layer of creamy caramel and a heaping helping of rich, melted milk wafers.

"So much for so little," you'll say
The next is...



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

Gene Autry

Label
The SECRET of
MASSACRE
FORT



PLUNK, THE ARMY'S
SENDING SUPPLIES TO
THAT OLD DESERTED
FORT!

WANTED FOR
ARRESTMENT FOR
KIDNAPING



"WHODER WHAT THAT
KID IS DOING IN THE
FORT?"



"HEY COME OUT
OF THERE, YOU
LITTLE SHAM!"



"COME ON, SHAM!
THAT LAD MAY NEED
A LITTLE HELP!"

"OOOOH!"



"I'LL TEACH YOU
TO SPY ON
ME!"

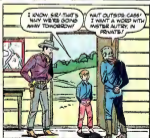
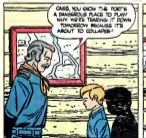
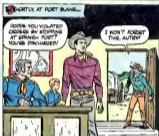
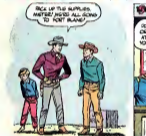
"LET ME
GO!"

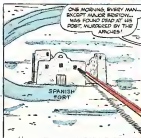
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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us two weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.







YES, BUT GABE'S GRANDMOTHER NEVER BELIEVED MY GUESTY! SHE SAID SHE'D WAIT FOR THE MAJOR'S RETURN AS LONG AS THE FOOT STOOD!



NOW THE FOOT'S TO BE PSYCHOLOGIST AND SHE AND THE BOY ARE FINALLY GOING AWAY!

I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP THE BRITONS IN ANY WAY I CAN, CAPTAIN!



RECENTLY...

SEEMS LIKE I'VE ALREADY SOLD EVERYTHING I CAN GRAB, MISTER AUSTIN!

WHAT ABOUT THAT PICTURE, MRS. BOSTON?



IT'S A MISTY PINE DRAWING OF GRAND FOOT, MA'AM!

THE MAJOR WISH THAT JUST BEFORE... HE WENT AWAY? IT'S NOT FOR SALE!



I GUESS MRS. BOSTON'S COMING ON HOME!

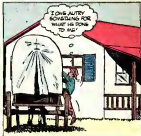
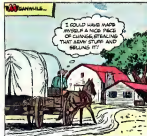
I LEFT WORD IN TOWN FOR A MAN WITH A WAGON TO TAKE MY FURNITURE TO THE RAILROAD STATION TOMORROW!



WHAT'LL WE DO IF MRS. BOSTON COMES, GENERAL?

IN THAT CASE, I'LL JUST ROUND UP A WAGON FOR YOU MYSELF!















GREAT! GALLOWAY HAD BEEN RIGHT! IT'S ONE OF THOSE OLD SPANISH DUNGEONS!



LOOKS LIKE SOME SOLDIER PUT UP A TERRIFIC SCRAP WITH THE INDIANS!



YEP, AN SPANISH DIME? TH' PENCIL AND BOOK MUST HAV BELONGED TO THE SOLDIER!



LOOKS LIKE THE MAJOR WENT DOWN FIGHTING THEM WHO TOOK THE GOLD?



HOOBY TOOK IT! IT'S ALL MINE... WAITIN' FOR ME!



I'VE GOT TO GET MY WAGON AND GET IT OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY BLAST DOWN THE FORT TOMORROW!





WELL, AUNT,
YOU CAN'T
ANY OTHER!
THANKS!

AND IT LOOKS LIKE
THE HORSES THAT WERE
BORN YOUR HORSE
OUTGATED ME... FOR
NOW!



WELL, BROTHER, YOU
DON'T NEED TO GIVE
ME A REWARD FOR
BRINGING BACK
YOUR MONEY!

BUT I WANT YOU
TO HAVE THE
PICTURE, AUNTIE
AUNTIE!



THAT'S VERY KIND
OF YOU! I ACCEPT
WITH RESERVE!

GUESS WHAT?
DADDY IS HITCHING
UP HIS HORSE TO
THE WAGON!



SHOULD THE
WOMAN, PASTOR?

I'M
LEAVING!



BUT I'VE ALREADY
RID YOU TO HAUL
MY FURNITURE
TODAY!

TELL MAMA I
GOT RANGING
OF MY OWN!



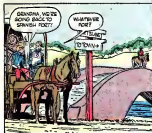
YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP
TO YOUR
ASSIGNMENT,
DADDY!

TRY AN'
HANG IN!









I'M SORRY, ALVIN, BUT OUR
ORDERS ARE TO DISMISSE
STRANGE FOOT WITHIN THE
HOUR! I ALSO ADVISED—
NOT JUST A MURDER, TO
COUNTERMAND THOSE ORDERS
...AND NO MORE SEARCHING
ON YOUR OWN!



UGH I GUESS THERE'S
NOTHING MORE I CAN DO
ABOUT STRANGE FOOT,
EXCEPT TO RETURN HIS
BROTHER'S PICTURE? I
COULDN'T KEEP IT!



IT'S CLEAR I CAN'T
TAKE NOTHING WITH
BROCK BLANK!

DOWN... I'LL TAKE
IT OUT OF THE
REAR!



WELL, LEAD-UP-FACTORY!
YOU GOT A WHOLE
HEAP OF PICTURES
THERE?



BETTER THAN THAT I'VE
GOT BYRANCH FOR THE
CAPTAIN. THE PLAIN ANSWER
TO THE SECRET OF MARRAGE
FOOT LEFT BY THE WALKER
MIMSELF!



I'M TAKING THIS TO
FOOT BLANE? GAVE
HIS BROTHER'S
ADDRESS FOR ME?

WELL, WISH I
GOT IT! SHE
AIN'T GONE YET!



I HELD THE TEAM LONG AS I COULD! WANTING THE BROTHERS AND STAYING CLOSE TO SEE BRANSH FOOT BLOWED UP!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

COM...

I MIGHT HAVE SHOWN THAT WE WOULD KEEP LOOKING FOR TROUBLE TILL WE FOUND IT?

NOW JUST PUT ON BRANSH BURNERS TO COVER THE GOLD, SONNY? THEN YOU CAN FITCH THE BEST DOWN BELOW WITH YOUR GRANDMA!

I DON'T DARE JUMP THEM IN THE MOUNTAIN? WE'VE GOT THE BOY OR HIS BROTHER FOR RANSOM!

I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR!

ACCORDING TO THE PALACE GUARDIAN, THE ENEMY ENTRANCE SHOULD BE SHUT ALONG IN USED?













"I've shore got myself a fine pack of drivers!" Jess Whalen snarled. "Not one of you is man enough to drive the stage through to Big Rock City!"

The three men stood there silently, eyes averted.

Jess jumped to his feet. "You, Karl," he said, shoving a forefinger against the stocky man's chest. "I've seen you shoot a cigar out of a man's mouth, with that Winchester of yours!"

He stepped in front of the next man, a tall, lanky fellow with a dapper little mustache. "And you, Dan — I've seen you clean up a whole saloon full of drillers, just because someone called you a hillbilly!"

"And you, Gil!" Jess moved over before the third man. "Two hundred pounds of bone and muscle — the fastest driver in this part of the country!"

He stepped back, glaring at the trio. "All right — if you're afraid to go it alone, will you make the trip together? One as driver, one as guard, and one inside! What do you say?"

The three men looked at each other. Gil was the first to speak.

"You know we ain't afraid of no one, Jess!" he spluttered. "But, this Farley gang — there's an even dozen of 'em! It just ain't worth it, Jess!"

Dan straightened up, pulling at his mustache. "Ma, I got a wife and two kids, Jess! Sorry!"

The stage line manager turned to the third man. "Well, Karl?"

The stout man sighed. "Guess there's nothin' more to say, Boss! None of us willin' to commit suicide, I guess!"

Jess sank back into his chair. "If we don't make the run this time," he said wearily,

"we're through! We'll have to shut down for good!" He raised his voice. "Do y' hear? Everyone in this company — forty-eight men — will be out of work! But you three . . . you can move on up North and get jobs!"

His voice softened, pleading. "The rest of us have got families! This's our home! It'll HURN us!" He looked up, half-smiling. "What do you say, Boys — will you get the payroll through to Big Rock?"

Gil and Dan walked out of the office without a backward glance. Karl stepped up, rested a heavy hand on the manager's shoulder for a moment, then, without a word, turned away!

Jess leaned over his desk, head in his arms, alone and dejected.

"Someone says you're lookin' for a driver 'round here!" The speaker, a small, grimed old man with an old-fashioned shotgun hooked under one arm, settled himself on the corner of the manager's desk. "I'm willin' to come out of retirement this one time, seein' as how you're in a kind of hole!"

Jess smiled wanly. "Oh, it's you, Shotgun! Thanks, but —"

"Now, you listen to me, Jess Mastig!" the old man declared, pounding a heavy fist on the desk. "Folks laugh at me and Ol' Bessie, here" — he patted the big-bore gun affectionately — "but time was when we got the stage through Apaches, renegades, and the Union Army! And that's a fact!"

"I know, Shotgun," Jess said kindly. "You were the best in the business!" He sighed. "But times have changed! That gun of yours wouldn't stop-twelve men — not the Farley gang! No, Shotgun . . . size of you to offer, but —"

The old man stood up, erect, a new authority in his voice. "I'm a-goin' to do it, Jess!

"You've got nothin' to lose, and you know it! It's either me and Ol' Beesie — or you laid up, and half the town's out of work!"

"I'd be sendin' you to your death, Shotgun!" the manager protested. But he was weakening.

Shotgun pushed his advantage. "You're not sendin' me — I'm volunteerin'! Besides, I'm gettin' old, and I'd rather go out shootin', than sit around waitin'!" He grinned. "But I've got a hunch that Ol' Shotgun won't be movin' to Boot Hill for a long time yet!"

He pulled up a chair, his eyes crackling with excitement. "Now, here's my idea! First . . ."

Late the next afternoon, when the masked Farley gang stopped him just two miles out of Big Rock, Shotgun pulled the team to a halt and then rose in his seat, his gun at the ready. "Stand back, you young whipper-snappers!" he yelled fiercely.

The bandits laughed uproariously. "Tom that old blunderbuss down in the weeds, Pop!" one of them shouted. Then as Shotgun stood there, hesitating, the man added in a cold voice, "Throw it, Pop — quick!"

Shotgun, who knew a killer's voice when he heard one, did as he was told. But he winced visibly as Ol' Beesie landed in a clump of bushes.

"All this play actin' won't do you no good!" he declared. "Ain't nothin' aboard this stage but a few letters and some dress material!"

"Probably right, Boss," one of the men sneered to their leader, a slim man astride a sleek black horse. "They wouldn't send this ol' dodger along with any payroll!"

"Maybe," the leader mused. "Then, again, maybe Jess Marling did this on purpose, to throw us off guard!" He singled out two of

the gang. "You, and you — go over that coach with a fine-toothed comb!"

The pair did so but, shortly afterward, jumped down and walked up to their leader. "The ol' coot's right, Boss!" one of them growled, disgusted. His companion nodded. "No payroll there — I'd stake my life on it!"

As the two mounted their horses, Shotgun stood stantly, waiting nervously for a quick-tempered trigger to cut him down.

But the gang's chief raised his hand and, without another word, the entire troupe rode off.

Shotgun sat down for a moment, weak with relief. Then, smiling, he jumped down to the side of the road to retrieve Ol' Beesie.

When he drove into town two days later, the old driver screamed a wild Apache yell to insure an audience. Then, with most of the town gathered around, he announced to one and all that the payroll had gone through. And he enjoyed his triumph to the last drop, shaking hands with every man, woman and child in the crowd.

Later, inside the stage line office, the three young drivers pressed him for details.

"Just plain, common, old-fashioned horse sense!" Shotgun gloated. "I got Jess here to change that money into big bills — Ol' Beesie did the rest!"

Den, the tall driver, shook his head in disbelief. "You mean you backed down the whole Farley gang — with that moth-eaten ol' double-barrel?"

A happy grin spread over Shotgun's face. "This moth-eaten ol' double-barrel can do a lot of things your new-fangled peashooters will never do!" He chuckled. "Ol' Beesie carried that payroll right through the whole Farley gang without firin' a shot — she was muzzle-loaded with them big bills!"



GENE AUTRY

The Jade Box

WONDER WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE BOB PERLISSON'S GOT HIMSELF INTO? HIS MESSAGE SOUNDED LIKE HE NEEDED MY HELP, PRETTY BAD!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN PERLISSON'S OFFICE...

HAHAH— THIS IS MIGHTY INTERESTIN' READING!



SOMEONE'S COMIN'! PERLISSON, PROBABLY!



I RECKON YOU KNOW WHY I SENT FOR YOU, SPIKE!

YEAH! BUT I AIN'T THE FIRST HORSEY WHO EVER TOOK A QUIN'T TO A HORSE!



THAT'S TRUE! AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE THE FIRST HORSEY WHO DID IT AND STAYED ON MY RANCH! HERE'S YOUR TIME!







"THE MEN SCATTERED FAST! BUT ONE OF THE CHINESE CAUGHT HIS FOOT IN THE TIES..."



"IT PANICKED HIM AN' HE COULDN'T GET FREE"



"I GOT HIM LOOSE JUST IN TIME!"



"I TALKED HIM INTO GIVIN' UP RAILROAD WORK AN' COMIN' TO WORK FOR ME! WHEN, SIX MONTHS OR SO AGO, HIS UNCLE DIED IN CHINA, I GAVE HIM THE CASH TO GO BACK! THAT'S THE LAST I HEARD OF HIM TILL YESTERDAY!"



"THAT PROBABLY EXPLAINS WHY HE WANTS TO GIVE YOU A FORTUNE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?"

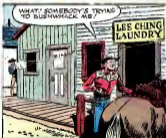
"NO! AND THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE YOU TO FIND OUT! OKAY?"



"I'M ON MY WAY!"

"WAIT! HERE'S A NOTE AUTHORIZIN' YOU TO ACCEPT WHATEVER IT IS! JOE KNOWS YOU SO YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!"









HERE'S A NOTE FROM REBUQUENT. I'LL PROVE WHO I AM!

I DEEPLY REGRET NECESSITY FOR EXTREME CAUTION! BUT ATTEMPT HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE ON JOE LOW'S LIFE! DO NOT WASH REPUTATION OF INCIDENT!



AM SATISFIED, MISTER AUTHEY! SHALL NOW TAKE YOU TO SEE JOE LOW! COME WITH ME!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT AN ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE?

IT HAPPENED IN SAN FRANCISCO ONLY ONE DAY AFTER HE CAME BACK FROM CHINA! A MASKED MAN TRY TO MAKE JOE LOW TELL WHERE JADE BOX IS!



WHEN JOE LOW NOT TALK, MAN BEAT HIM! DOCTOR SAY HE WILL DIE SOON!

BUT WHY DID HE COME HERE?



WE ARE COUSINS! HE CAME TO BRING ME MY SHARE OF UNCLE'S WEALTH! AND TO BE WITH HIS OWN PEOPLE AT THE END!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT!



OH-OH! THAT MUST BE LEE CHING!



I'LL FIX HIM SO HE'LL BE QUIET FOR AWHILE!



OOWH!

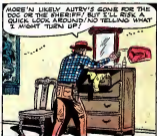
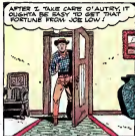


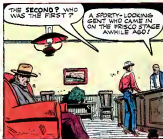
HE CAME UP THIS PATH! TWO TO ONE, IT LEADS TO HIS HOUSE!



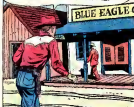
I WAS RIGHT! NO MISTAKEN! WHOSE HOUSE THAT IS!







SO THAT TIMHORN'S INTERESTED IN
JOB? I'LL BET HE'S THE HONOREE
WHO BEAT JOE UP IN SAN FRANCISCO!
AND TOOK THAT SHOT AT ME!



I'M LOOKIN' FOR
A TALL, REDHEADED,
FLASHY-DRESSED
HONOREE! SEEN
ANYBODY LIKE
THAT?

A FELLOW WHO
LOOKED LIKE THAT
JUST LEFT—ABOUT
TEN MINUTES AGO!



DID HE SAY
WHERE HE
WAS GOING?

NOPE! HE JUST ASKED ME IF
I KNEW A CHINESE NAMED
JOB LOW! I SENT HIM TO
SEE LEE CHING!



SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER
GET BACK TO JOE, pronto!



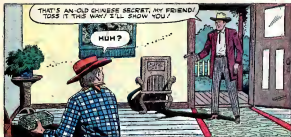
IN THE MEANTIME...

WHADDAYA KNOW? A JADE BOY!



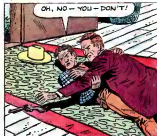
THERE'S NO LOCK ON IT!
HOW IN THE BLAZES DO
YOU OPEN IT?







I'LL TEACH YOU TO JUMP ME!



OH, NO - YOU - DON'T!



OH, YES - I DO!



THE JADE BOX!
AT LAST IT'S
MINE!



LOOK AT THOSE STONES! EVEN SPITTING
WITH THE HALF-CASTE WHO TIPPED ME
OFF, I'LL BE ON EASY STREET THE REST
OF MY LIFE!



AFTER SPIKE TELLS HIS STORY...

I DIDN'T KILL JOE! I SWEAR IT! I WAS GOINNA STEAL THE JADE BOX, BUT THIS HOWERE TOOK IT AWAY FROM ME!



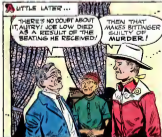
I RECKON THAT'S ENOUGH TO HOLD BOTH OF YOU ON ATTEMPTED ROBBERY CHARGES! MOVE! I'M HANDING YOU OVER TO THE SHERIFF!



LITTLE LATER...

THERE'S NO COURT ABOUT IT, AURY! JOE LOW DIED AS A RESULT OF THE BEATING HE RECEIVED!

THEN THAT MAKES BITTINGER GUILTY OF MURDER!



WITHOUT WITNESSES, WILL BE DIFFICULT TO CONVICT HIM, MISTER AURY!

NOT IF I CAN PROVE HE WAS IN SAN FRANCISCO LAST WEEK AND THAT HE FOLLOWED JOE HERE! I'M SURE THAT WON'T BE TOO HARD!



MONTH LATER...

THAT WAS MIGHTY FINE WORK, GENE! BITTINGER NEVER WOULD O' BEEN CONVICTED WITHOUT THE EVIDENCE YOU DUG UP!

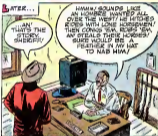
NOW JOE LOW SLEEP IN PEACE!

I RECKON WE ALL WILL, FERGUSSON!



the HITCHHIKING bandit





AFTER ANOTHER HALF-HOUR'S RIDING,

FUNNY THE THIEF RIDE ALONG HERE! THE TAIL'S SO EASY TO FOLLOW IN THESE CIRCLES!

MAYBE HE WAS TRYIN' TO CATCH THAT TRAIN YONDER!



IN THAT CASE WE'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON! SOUNDS LIKE THAT TRAIN'S ABOUT READY TO PULL OUT!



THERE IT GOES, HANG IT! WE'LL HAVE TO WISE UP AHEAD TO MESAVILLE! ASK 'EM TO HOLD IT TILL WE GET THERE!

BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY PROOF THE THIEFS ON IT!



I DON'T NEED ANY MORE PROOF THAN THOSE POINTS, SHERIFF!

RIGHT! AN' JUDGIN' FROM WHERE THEY STOP I'D SAY FLYING HAWKS BOUND FOR MESAVILLE, TOO!



TOM! GET THIS WIRE OFF POINTS! IT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT!

OKAY!



IF WE CUT THROUGH CEDAR PASS, WE OUGHT TO REACH MESAVILLE NECK-AN-NECK WITH THAT TRAIN!

RIGHT!



THE MILES FALL AWAY UNDER THUNDERING HOOPS...



AND BEFORE TOO LONG...



LOOKS LIKE WE WASTED MONEY SENDIN' THAT TELEGRAM! THIS TRAIN WONT BE MOVIN' FOR AN HOUR!

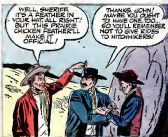
HERE'S HOPE THAT POLECAT HAIN'T SPOTTED US AN' MOVED.

HEY, BEANIE! DID AN HONKER WITH A BLACK HORSE BOARD THE TRAIN AT CLEAR SPRINGS?

YEP! HES UP AHEAD! THIRD CAR FROM THE ENGINE!

HES GONE! HE MUSTA SPOTTED US AN'...

ANYBE NOT! MAYBE HE GOT OFF TO STRETCH HIS AN' BLYIN' HAWK'S LEGS!



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GLAD TO OWN... THE OFFICIAL DELL
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IT'S THE MORNING OF A BIG GAME... CHICAGO WHITE SOX STAR FERRIS FAIN IS COACHING THE NEIGHBORHOOD SANDLOT TEAM... BUT HIS MIND'S ON THIS AFTERNOON'S GAME



A TEAM THAT CAN BUNT IS ALWAYS TOUGH. WATCH THIS TEAM WE PLAY TODAY IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOME SMART BASEBALL!



WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU!

and Champions choose Wheaties!

HEY, GRAB! THERE'S FERRIS ON THAT TRUCK, SON! CAN WHEATIES HELP SPARK ME, TOO, FERRIS?

I'LL DO IT! IT'S REAL ENERGY FOOD

"GAME TIME"

WHITE SOX ARE FIGHTING TO HOLD ONE RUN LEAD FOR NINETY MINUTE. HAVE YOU ON IT, ONE OUT IN STRIKEING



WE OUGHTA BUNT - BUT THAT FAIN CHARGES BUNTS TOO WELL!

I'LL MAKE A BUNT TO DRAW HIM IN THEN HIT THE BALL PAST HIM - OKAY?



HE'S GOING TO BUNT!



HE CROSSED 'EM UP!

A LIVER! WATCH IT, FAIN!



CHARGE IT! I NOW FOR THE BOY COMING BACK FROM SECOND?



FAIN WHEELS AND SPARKS TO FIRST FOR DOUBLE PLAY

THE WHITE SOX WIN!

WHAT A CHAMPION!



LOOK, FERRIS, I EAT WHEATIES AND I'M GOING TO BE A CHAMPION, TOO!



YOU'RE STARTING RIGHT FOR ENERGY, HERE'S ONE OF THE BIG REASONS I EAT WHEATIES...