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the Lone Ranger

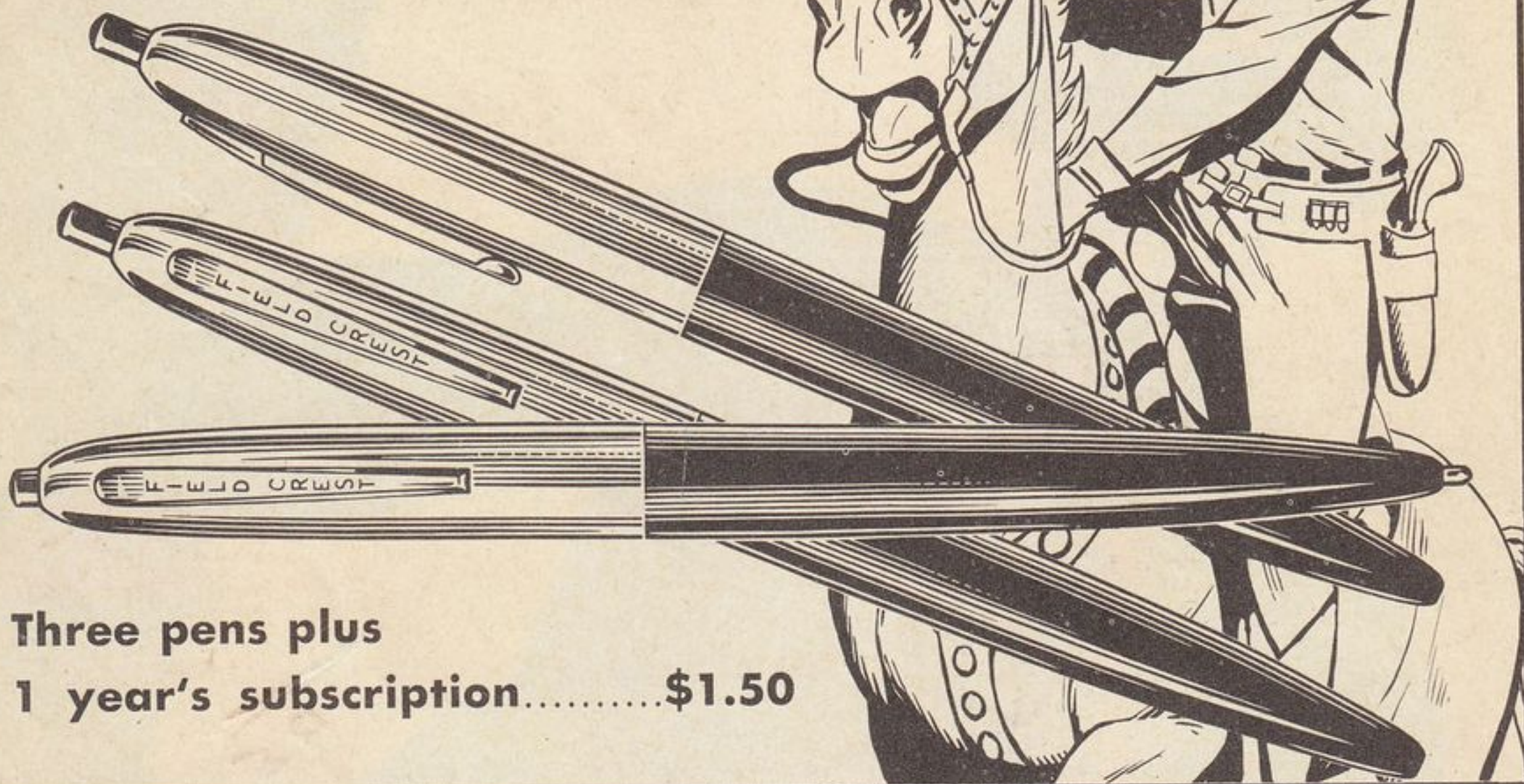


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the Lone Ranger

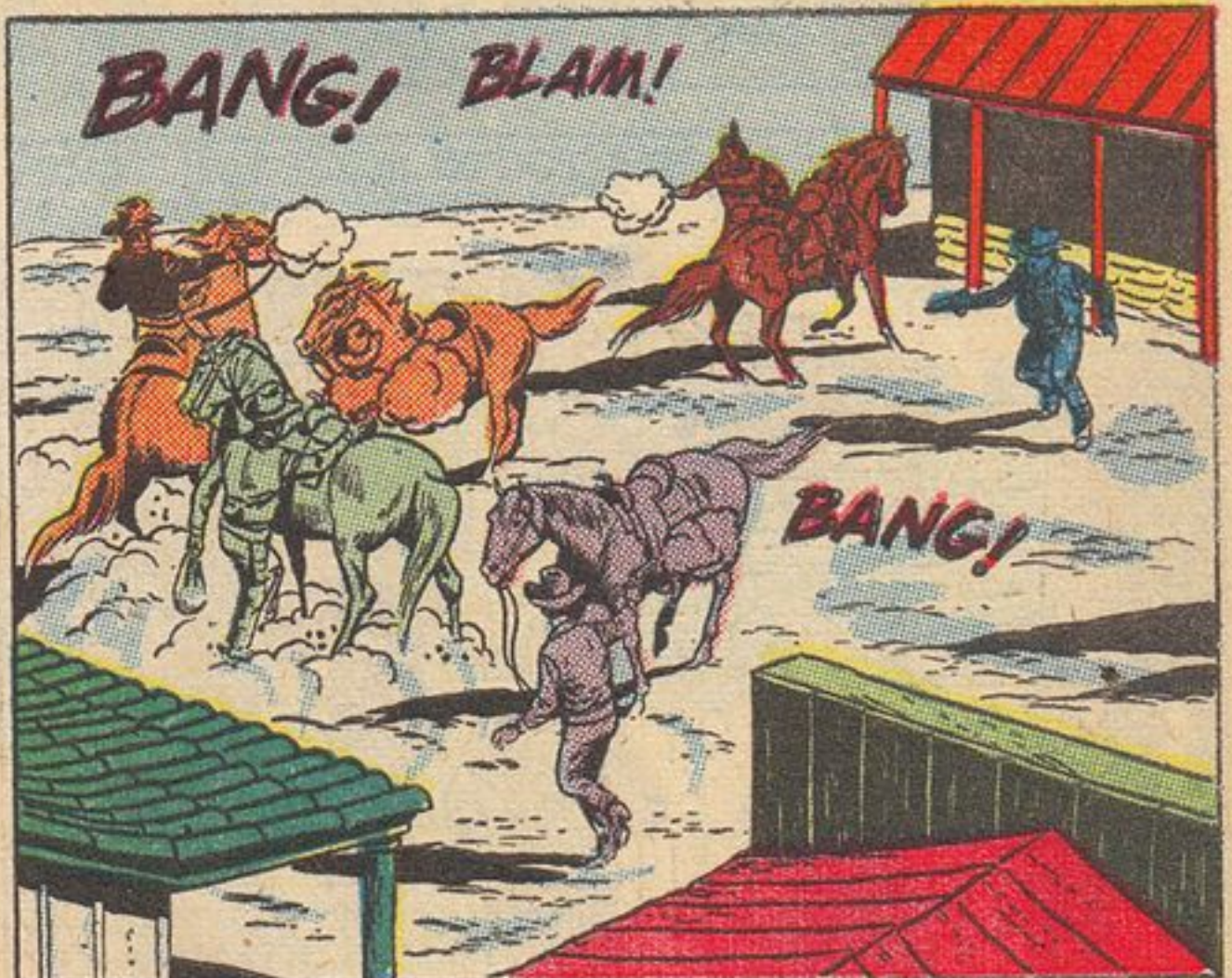
GUNSHY

THE SLEEPY QUIET OF THE BORDER TOWN OF RIO VISTA IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED----

WE'VE MADE OUR WITHDRAWAL, BOYS! HIGHTAIL IT!

HOLD IT RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, GENTS!

DROP THAT MEDDLING MARSHAL!



FRED'S HIT!

LEAVE HIM! RIDE!



BLOCK-UM, SCOUT!

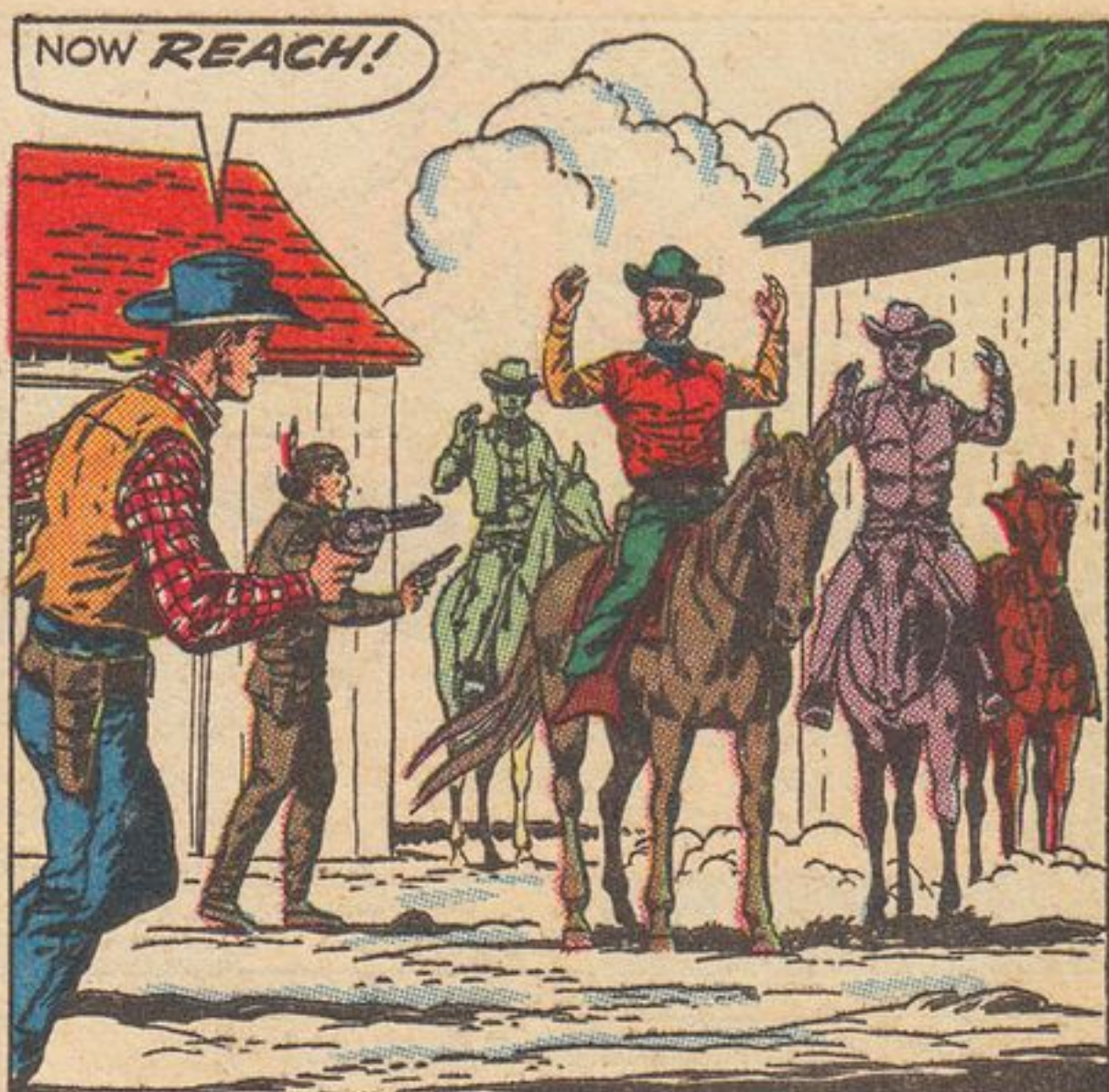


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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



NEIGH!



NOW REACH!



THANKS, INDIAN! YOUR SHOOTING AND YOUR HORSE SURE CAME IN HANDY!

TONTO HELP YOU TAKE-UM TO JAIL, MARSHAL!



AS THE CELL DOORS SLAM SHUT---

OUTLAW BULLET COME PLENTY CLOSE!

M-MY STAR---IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY STAR---I-I'D BE DEAD!



MARSHAL!

WA-WATER---GET ME SOME WATER---I-I'LL BE ALL RIGHT---



RETURNING TO CAMP TONTO TELLS THE INCIDENT TO THE LONE RANGER---

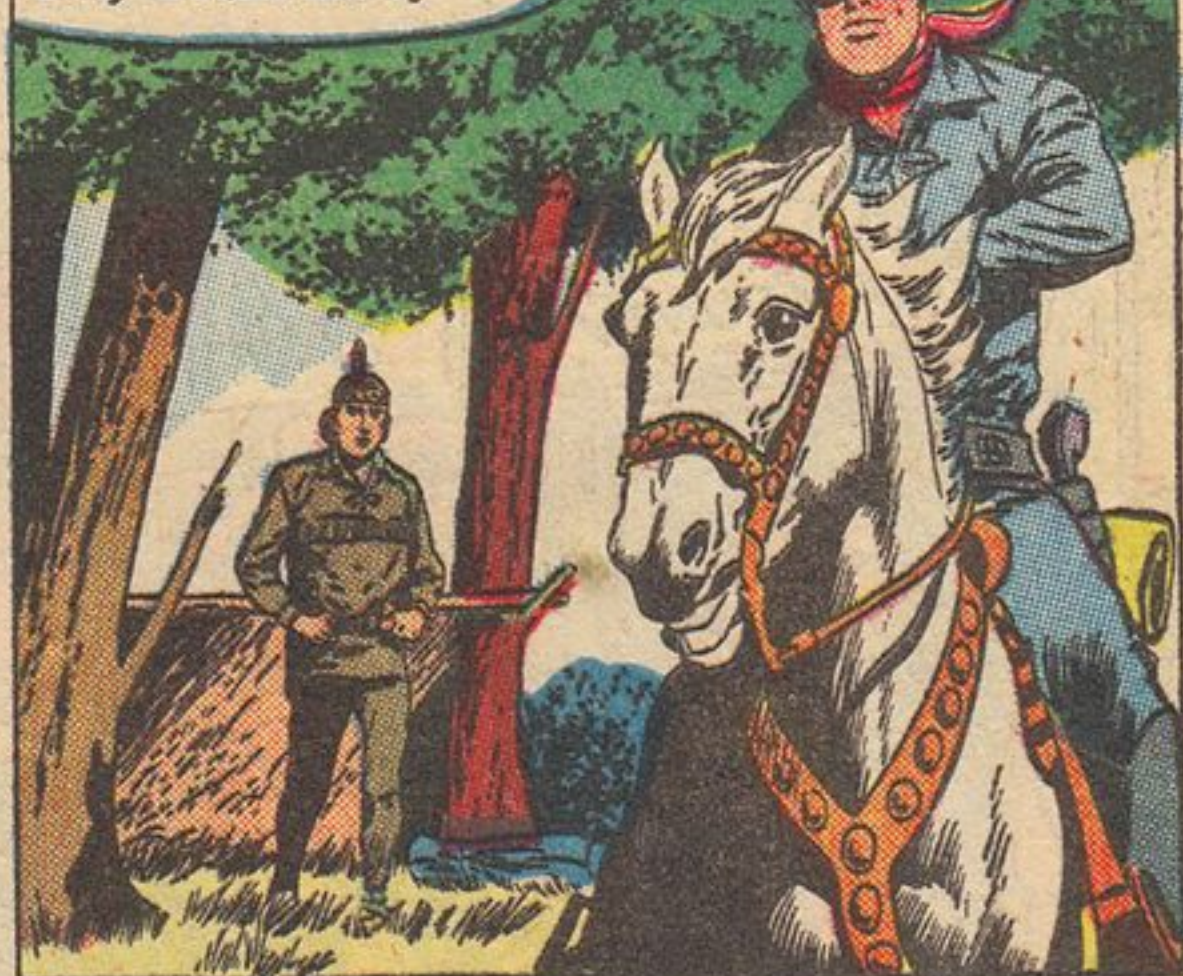
THE MARSHAL CERTAINLY HAD A CLOSE CALL, TONTO! BUT IT WOULD BE AN OPEN INVITATION TO OUTLAWS TO TAKE OVER HIS TOWN IF THE MARSHAL HAS BECOME GUNSHY!

YOU THINK WORD
SPREAD ABOUT-
UM QUICKLY?

NEWS LIKE THIS TRAVELS
FAST! RIO VISTA IS AN
IMPORTANT BORDER TOWN!
IF WORD GOES OUT THAT THE
LAWMAN THERE IS AFRAID TO
FACE A GUN, OUTLAWS WILL
TAKE OVER AND TURN THE
TOWN INTO AN **OUTLAW
HEADQUARTERS!**



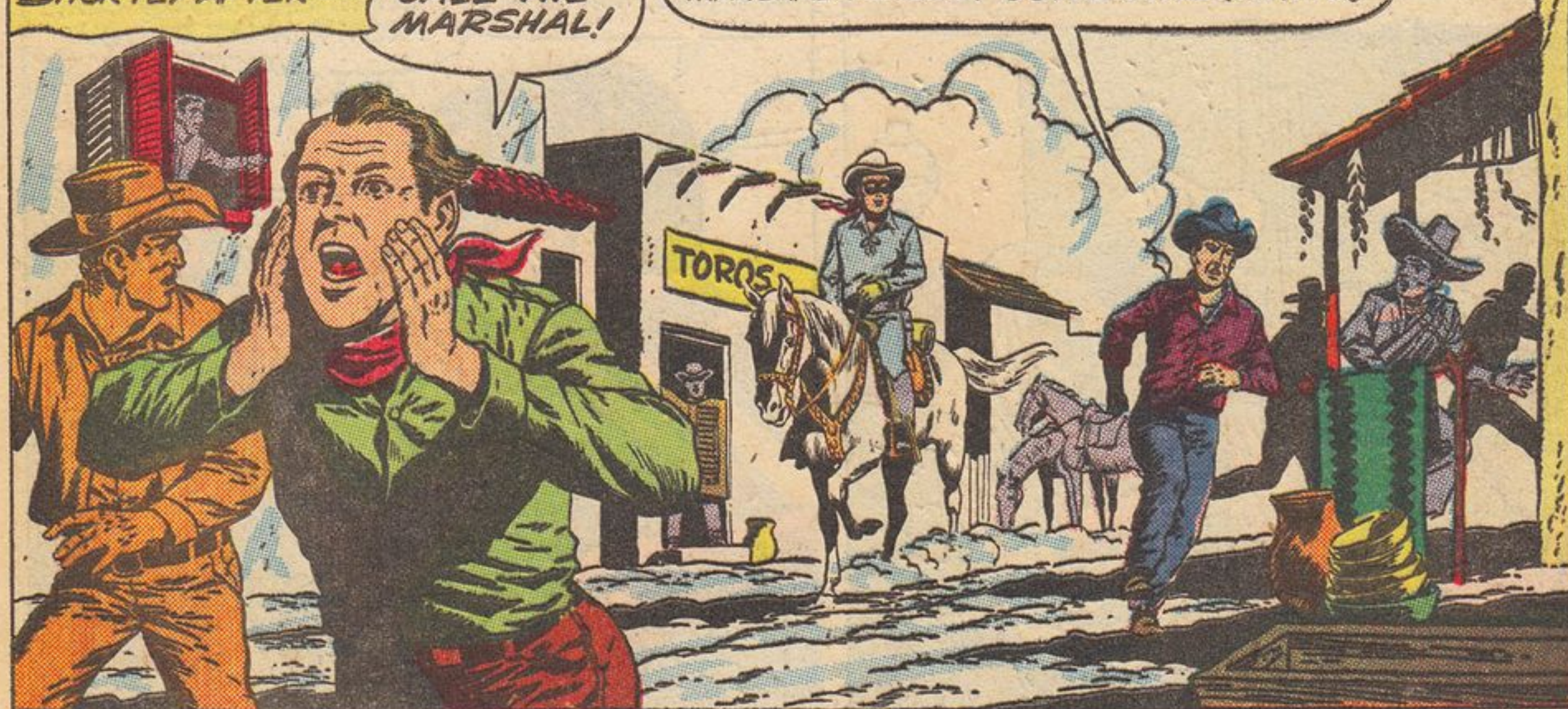
BUT FIRST, LET'S SEE IF
THE MARSHAL **IS**
GUNSHY! --- **COME
ON, SILVER!**



SHORTLY AFTER---

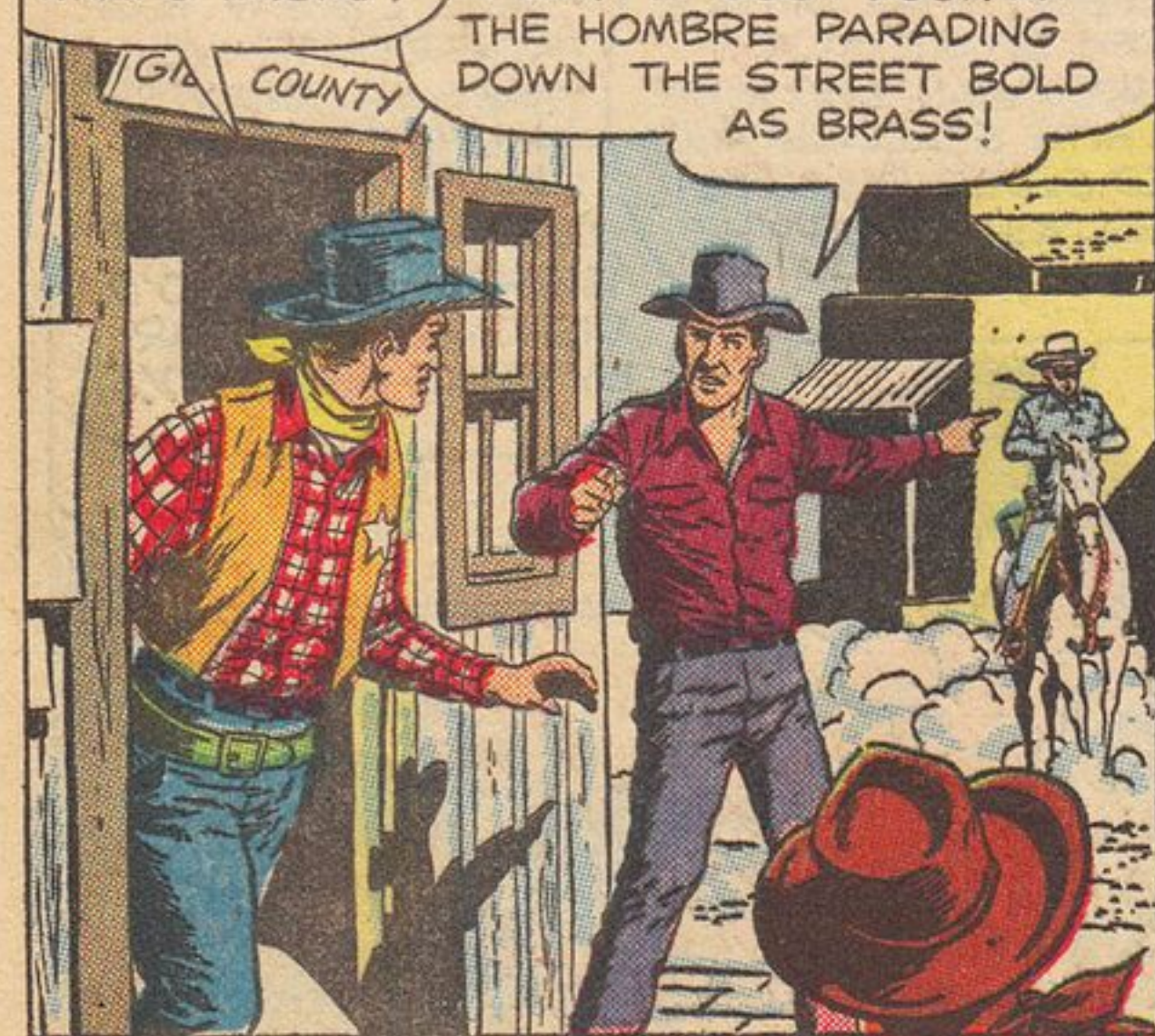
CALL THE
MARSHAL!

MARSHAL PETERS! **COME A-RUNNING!**

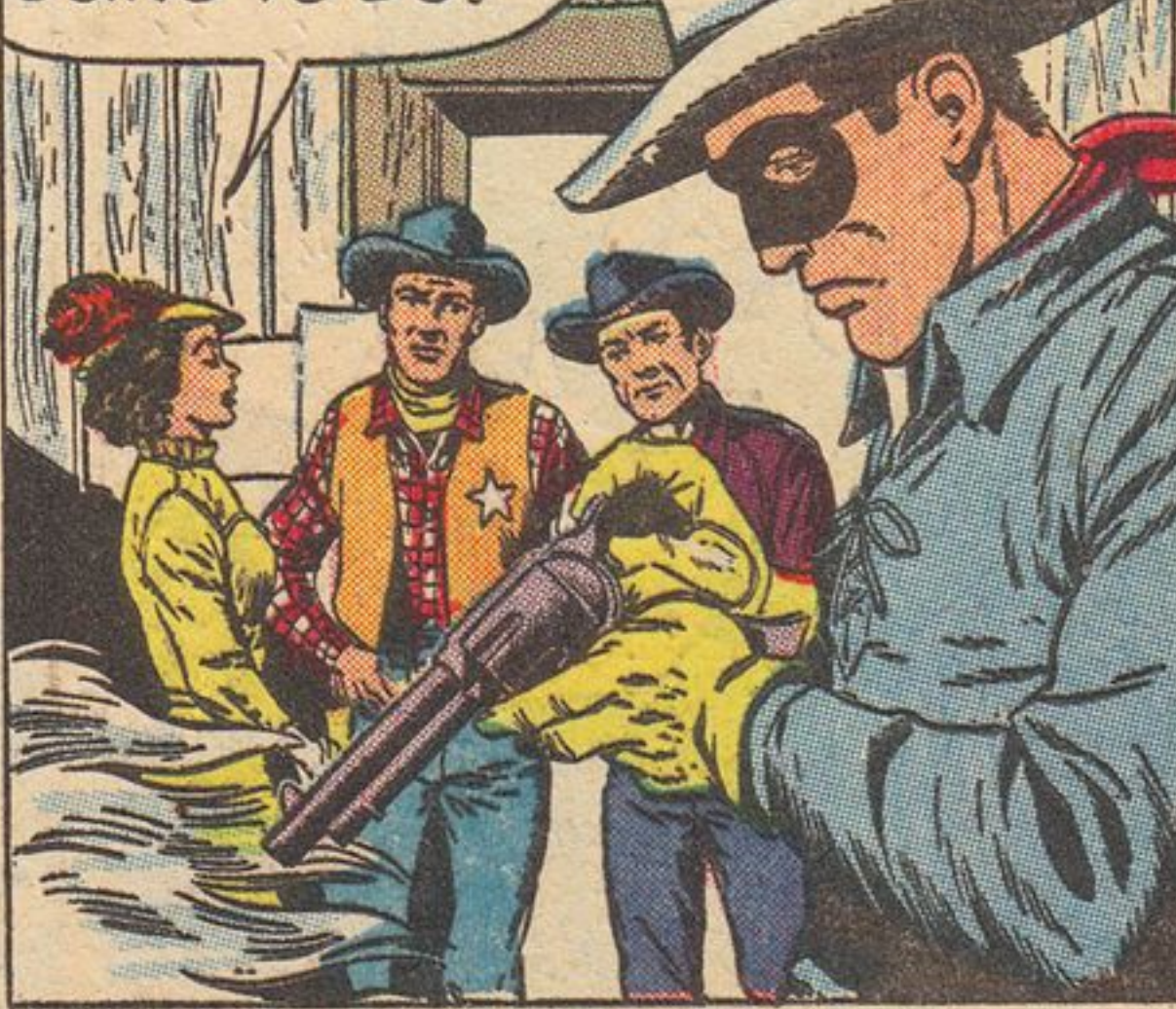


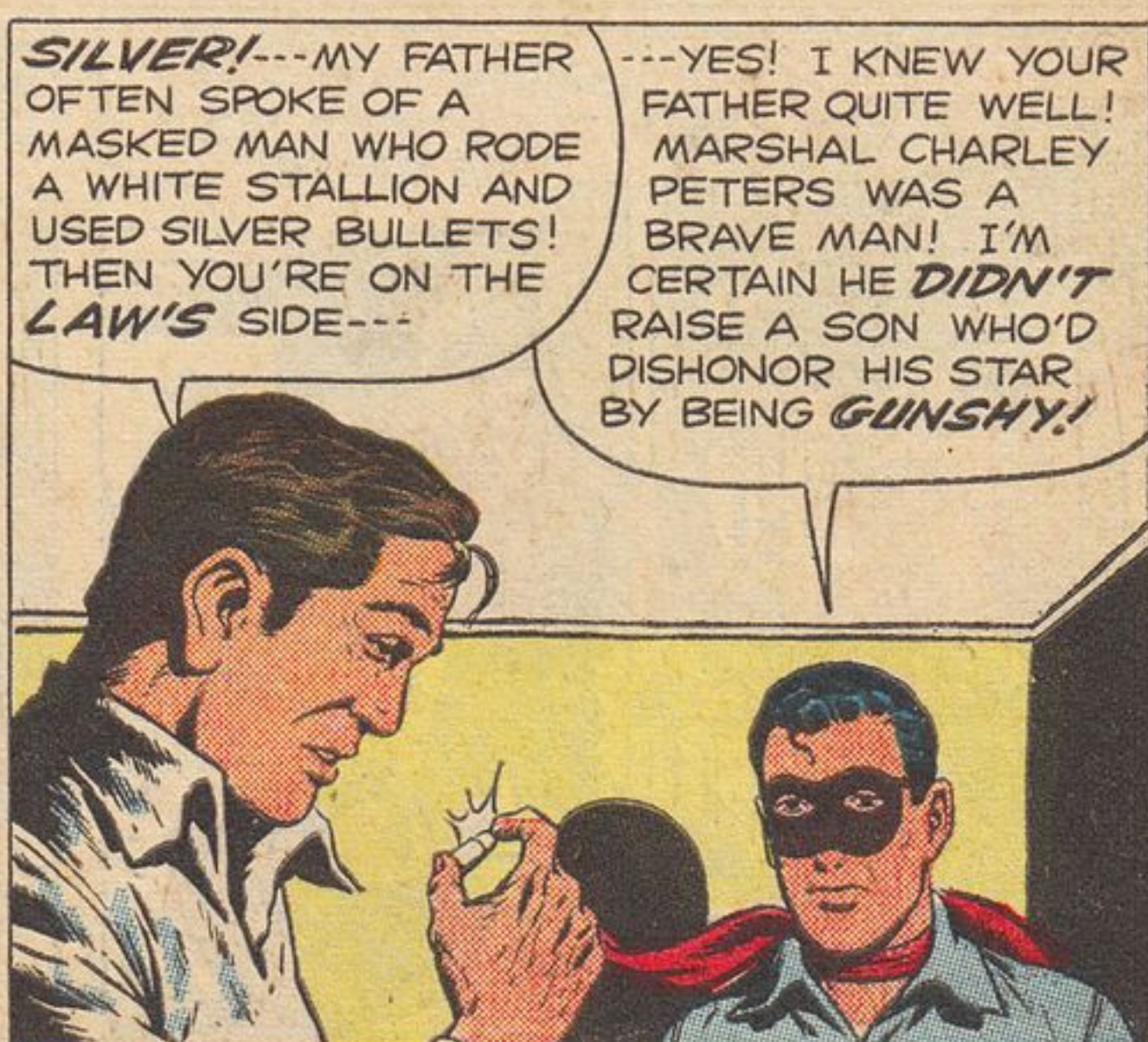
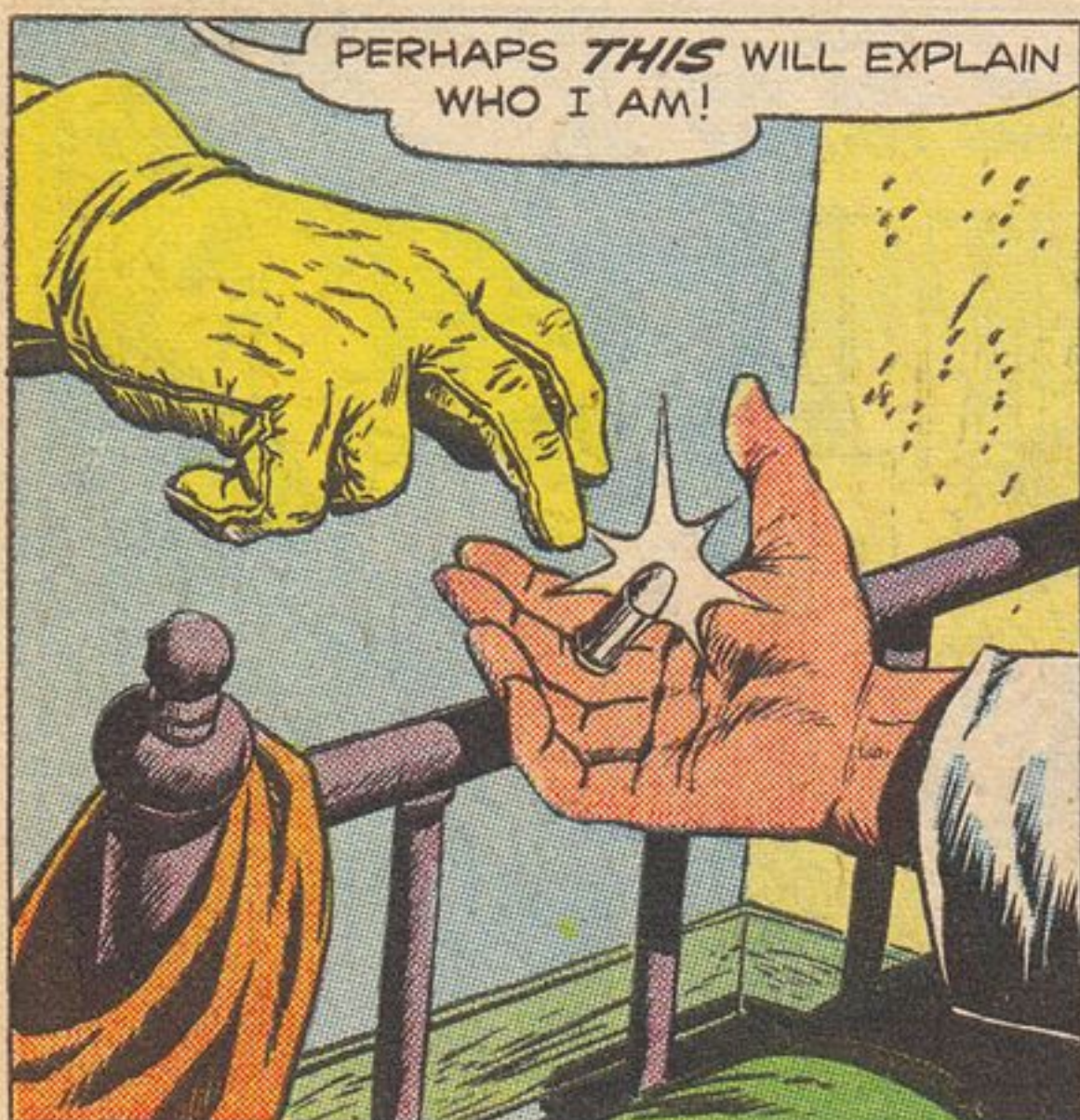
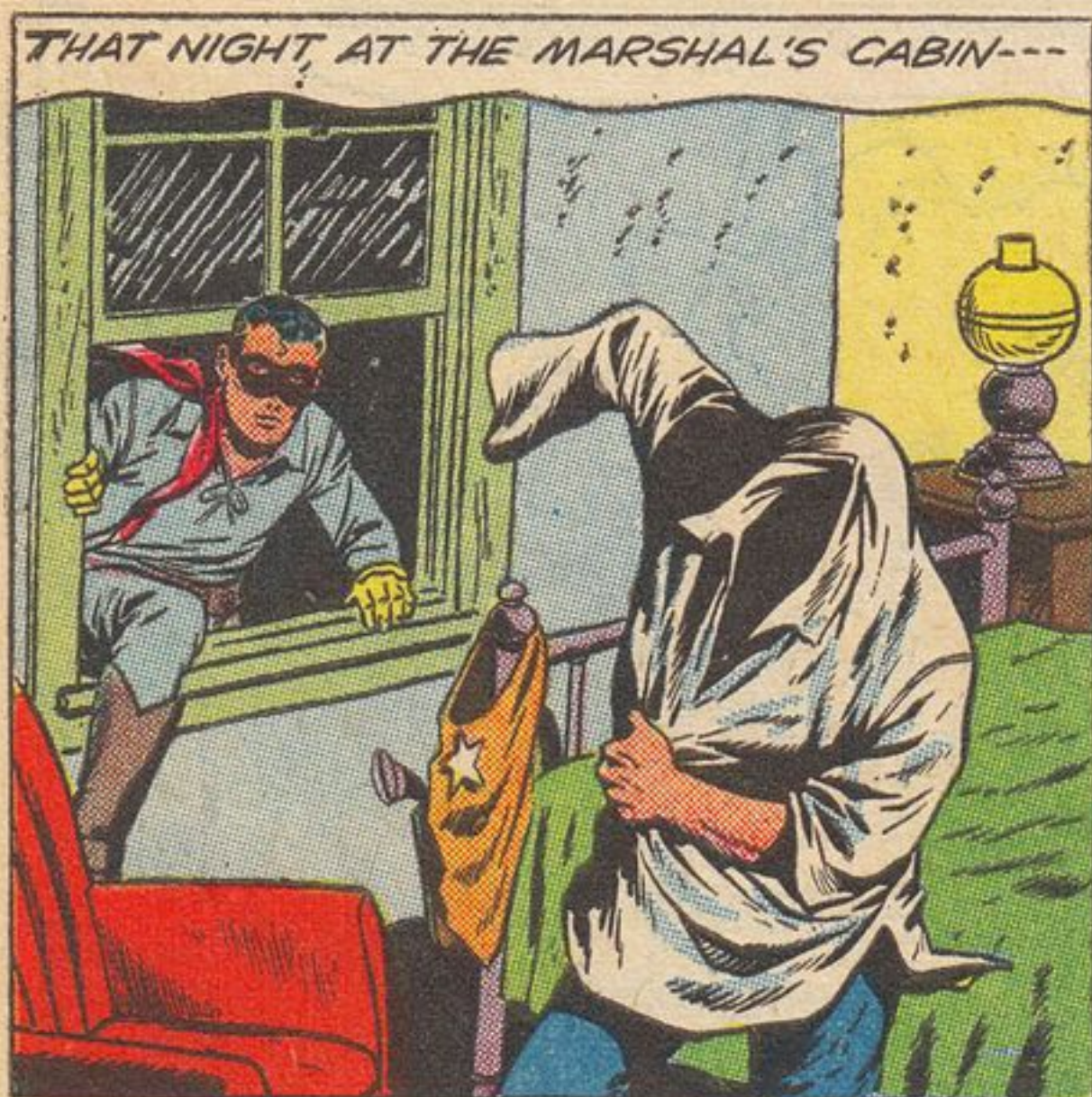
WHAT'S WRONG?

PLENTY! JUST LOOK AT
THE HOMBRE PARADING
DOWN THE STREET BOLD
AS BRASS!



WELL, MARSHAL ---
**WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?**





I-I DON'T **WANT** TO DISHONOR THIS STAR --- DAD WORE IT TILL HE DIED LAST MONTH! WITH HIS DYING WORDS, HE ASKED ME TO PUT IT ON AND ACT SO HE'D BE **PROUD** OF ME!

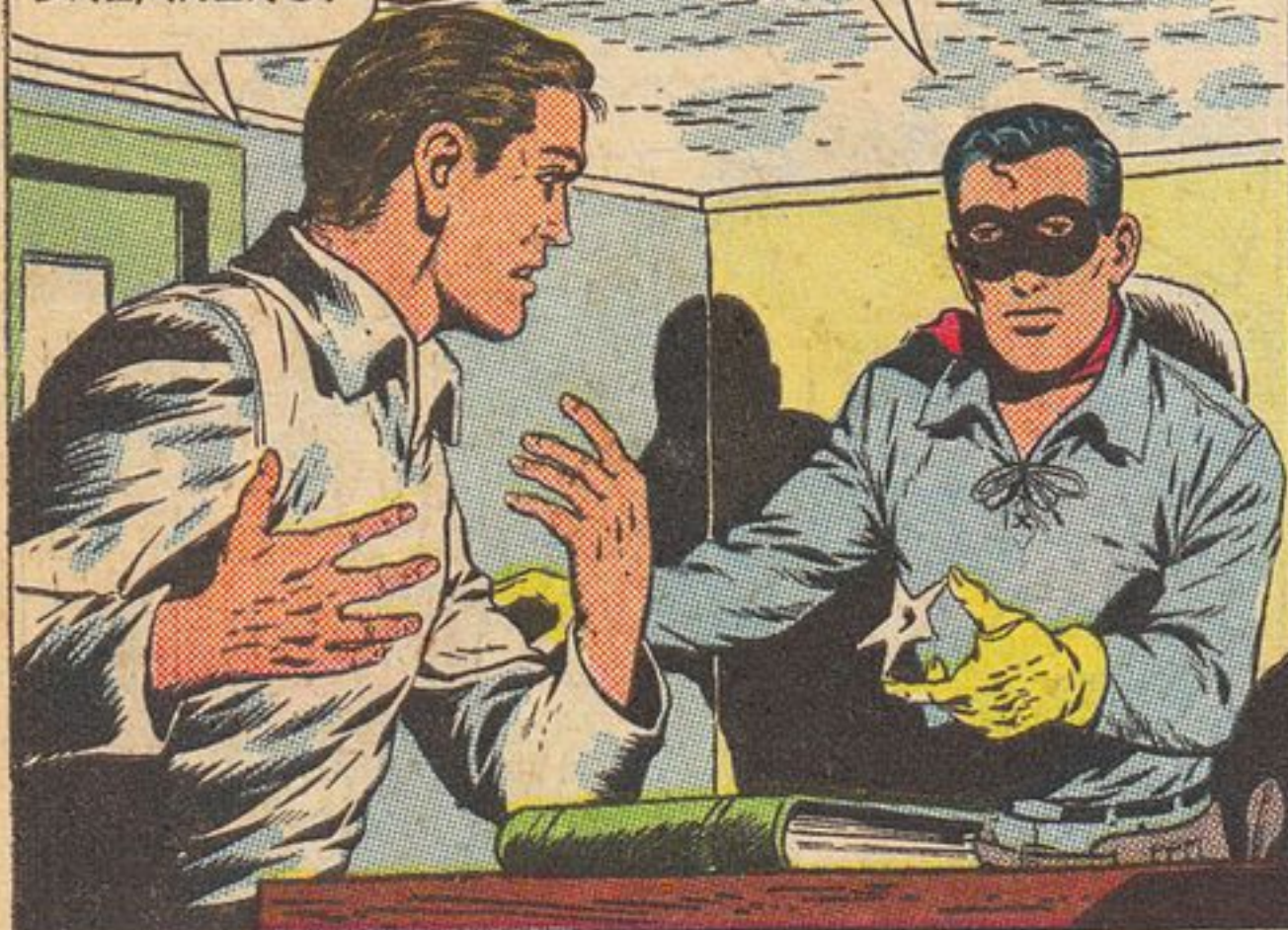


BUT I **CAN'T**! I-I TRIED-BUT THAT CLOSE CALL WAS **TOO MUCH!** EVEN THE COOLEST GUNFIGHTERS HAVE FELT WHAT YOU'RE EXPERIENCING NOW, PETERS!

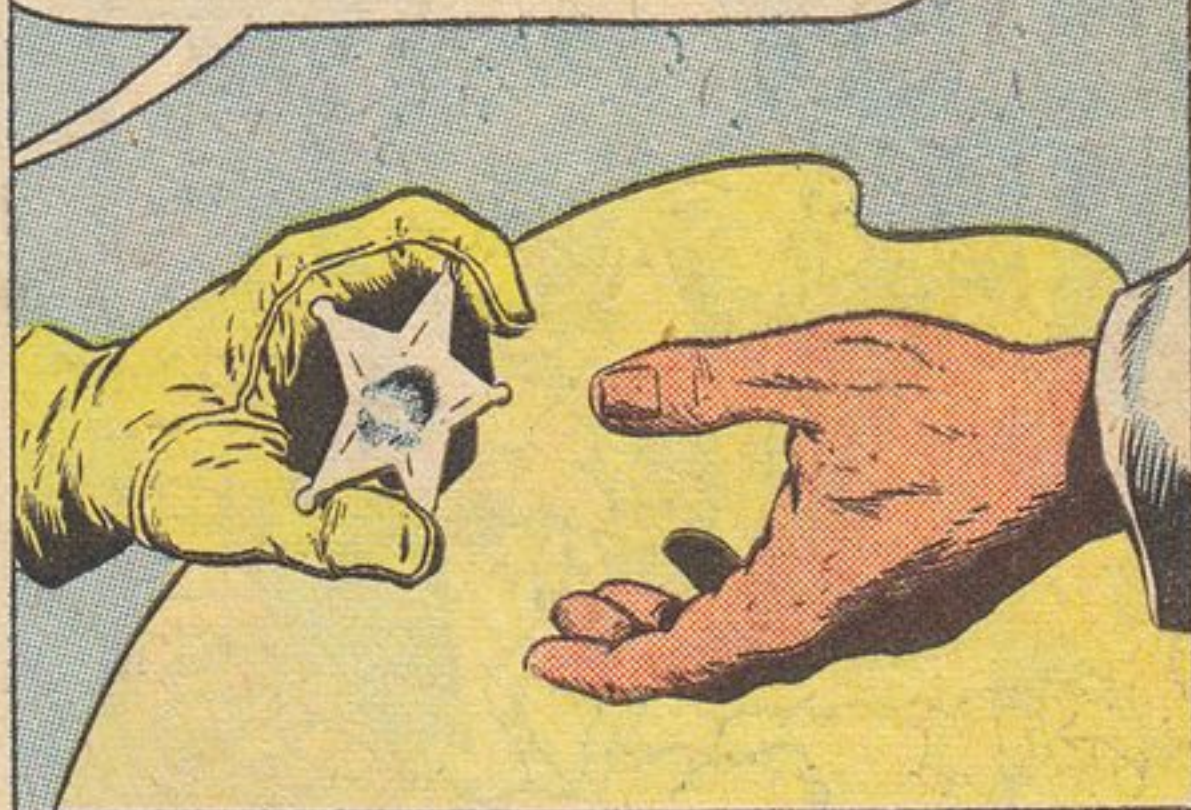


BUT YOU **CAN'T** BE MARSHAL AND BE AFRAID TO STAND UP TO ANY LAW-BREAKERS!

MAYBE YOU **CAN** BE AN EXCELLENT MARSHAL BY DOING **JUST THAT!**



LET WORD SPREAD THAT YOU **ARE** GUNSHY! MANY LOCAL OUTLAWS AND MEN ON THE DODGE WILL START DRIFTING INTO RIO VISTA, THINKING THE MARSHAL WILL NOT FACE THEIR GUNS! BUT ONCE ALL THE OUTLAWS **ARE** IN RIO VISTA---WE CAN HOLD ONE BIG **ROUNDUP!**

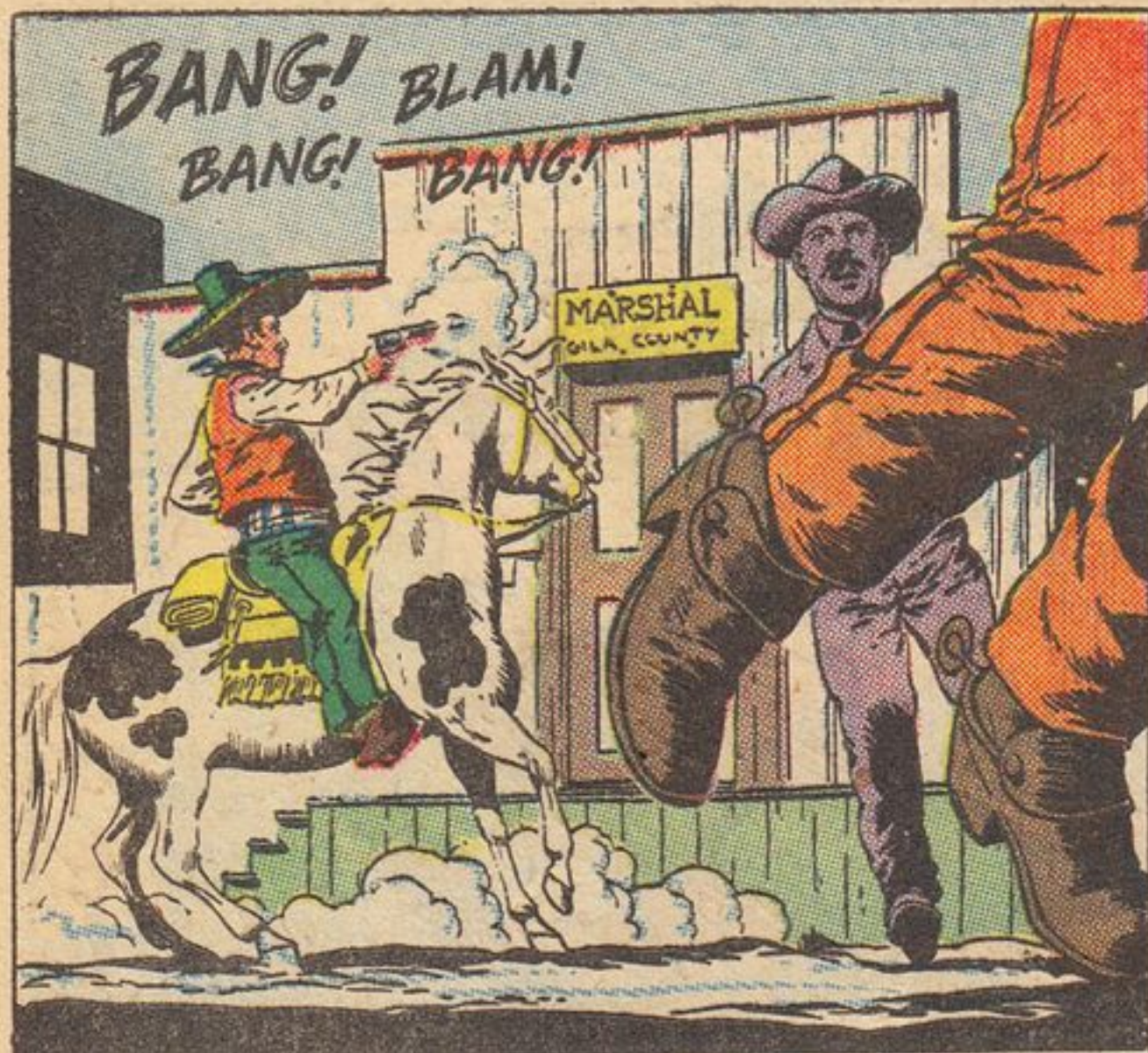


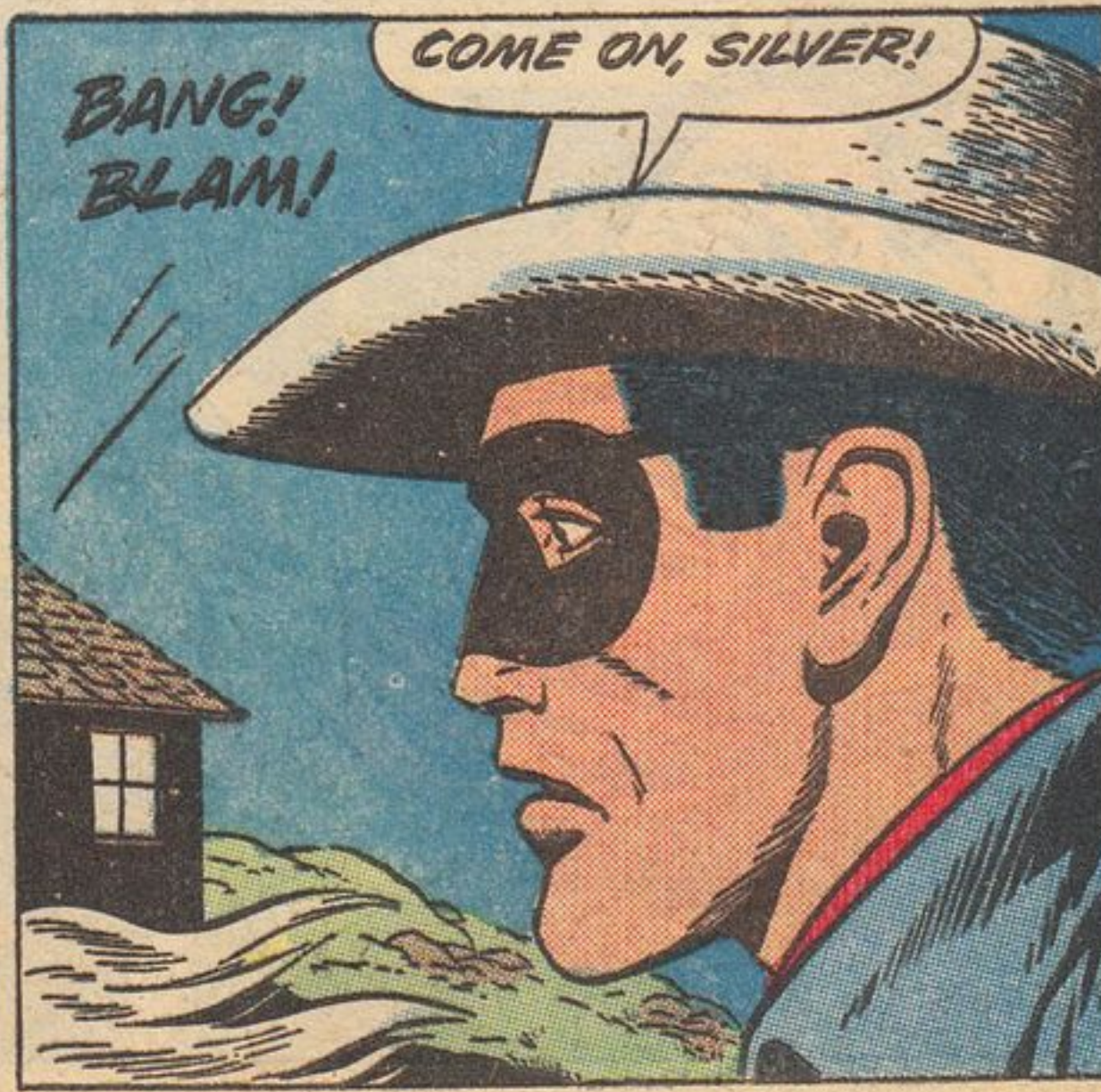
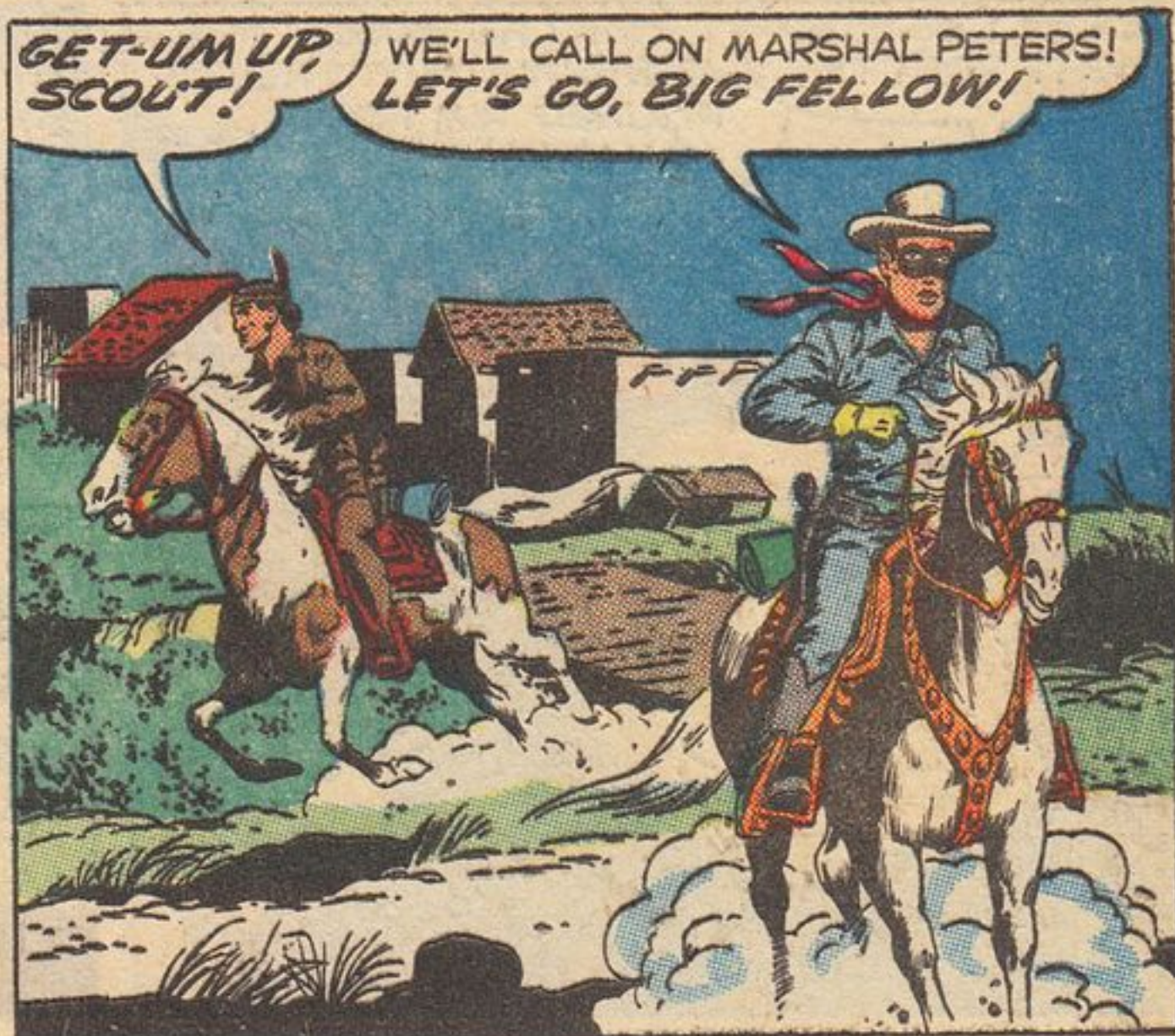
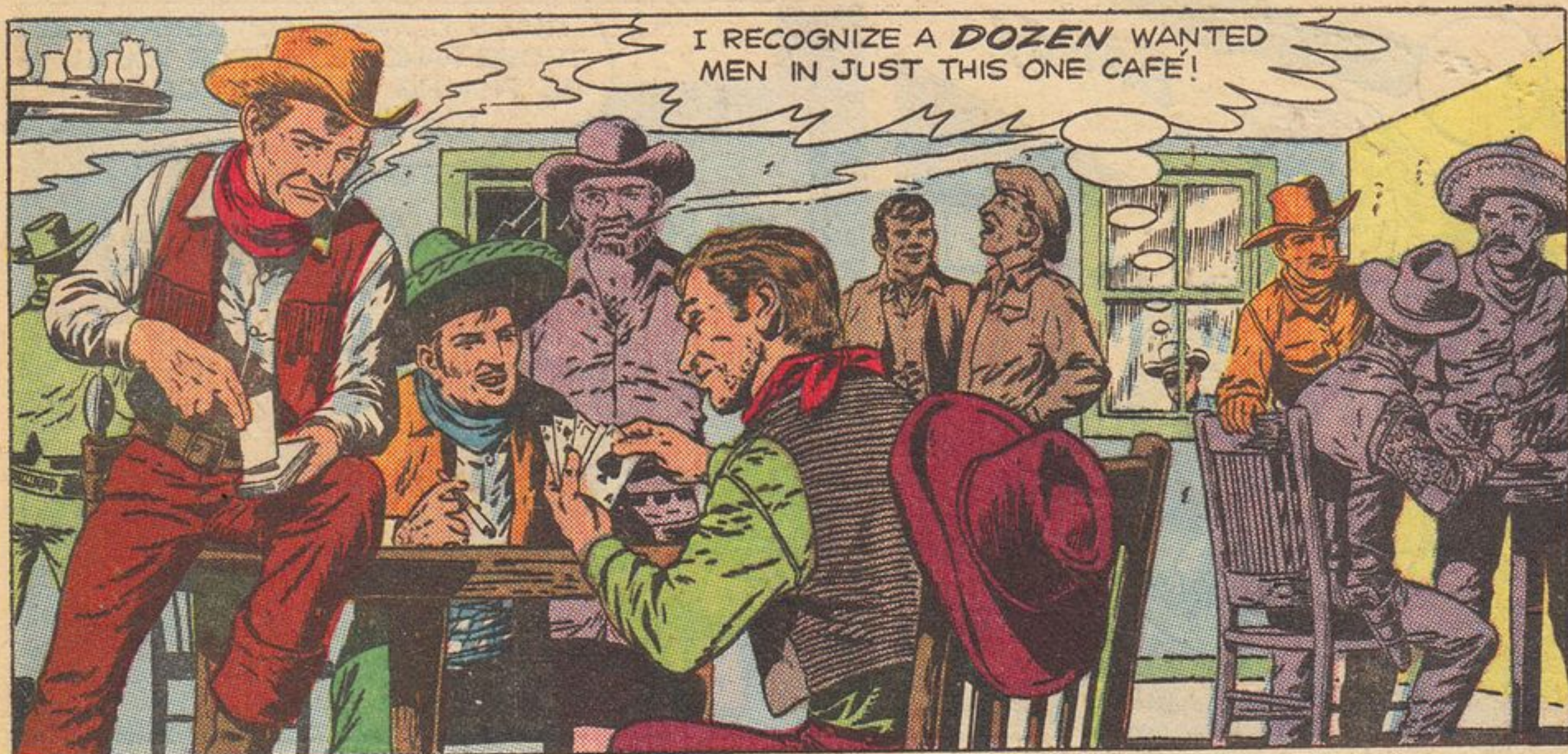
TWO DAYS LATER---

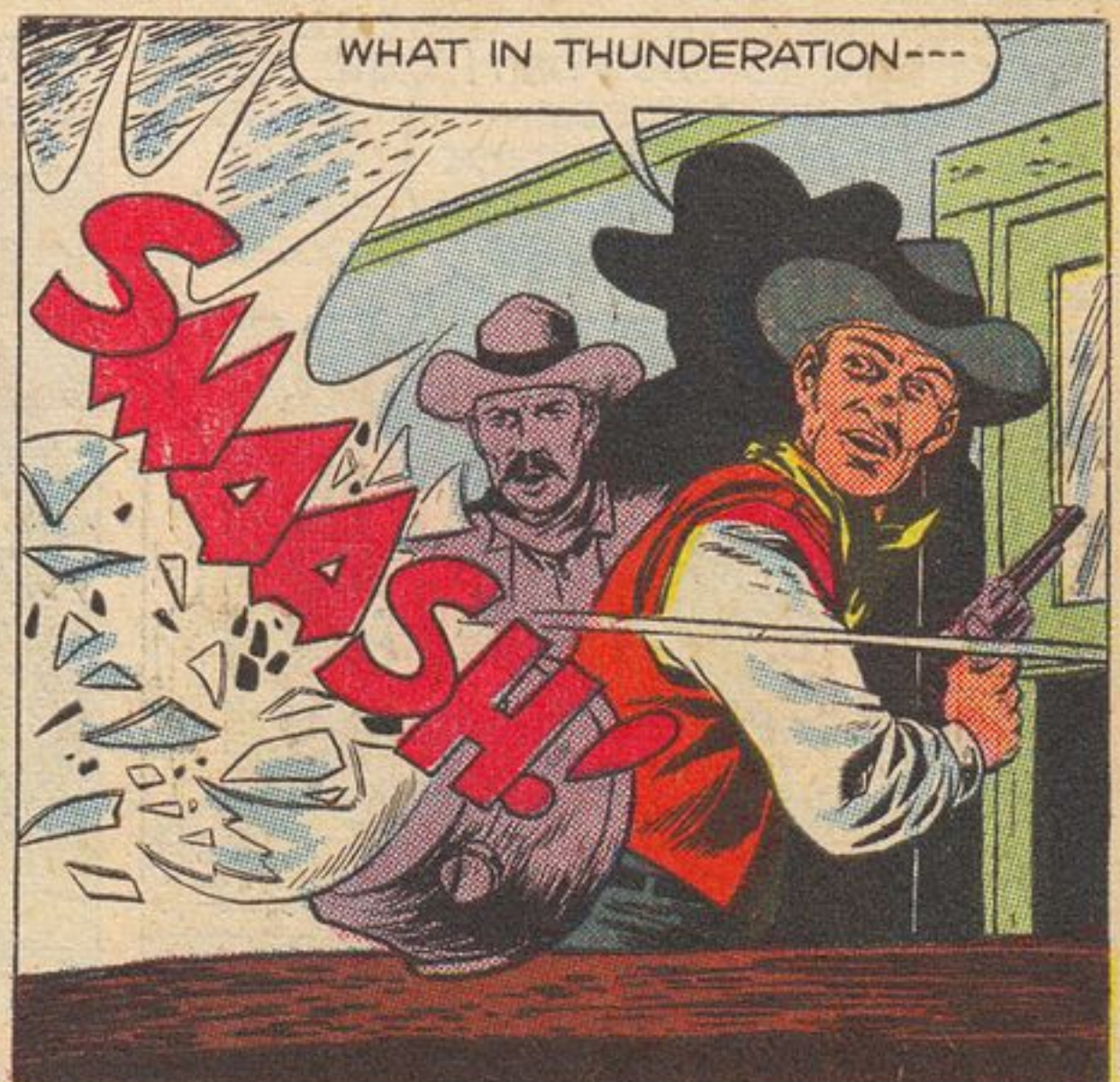
THAT'S RIGHT, PANCHO! THE MARSHAL GETS SPOOKY WHEN HE SEES ANYONE GOING FOR HIS GUN!

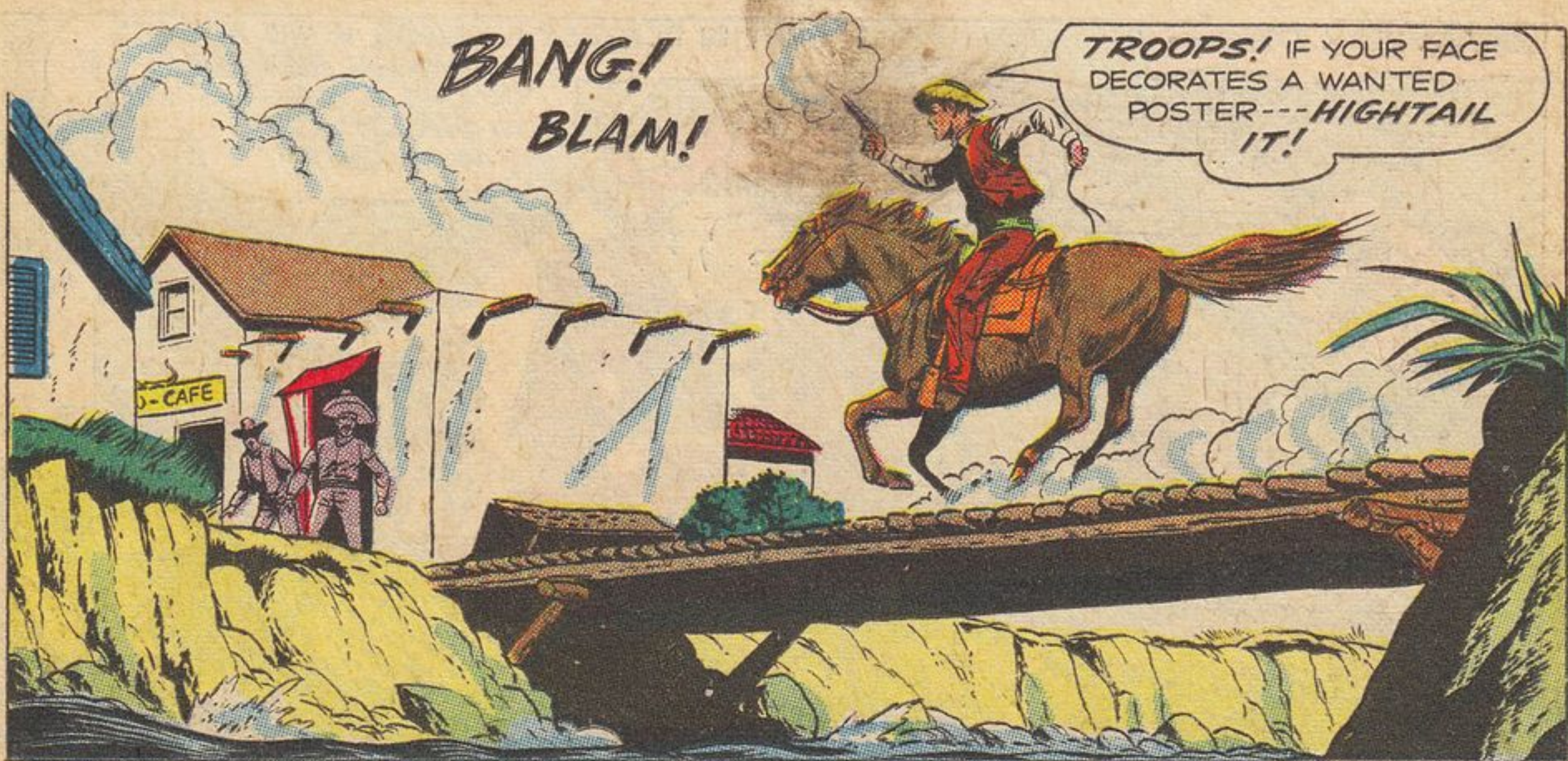
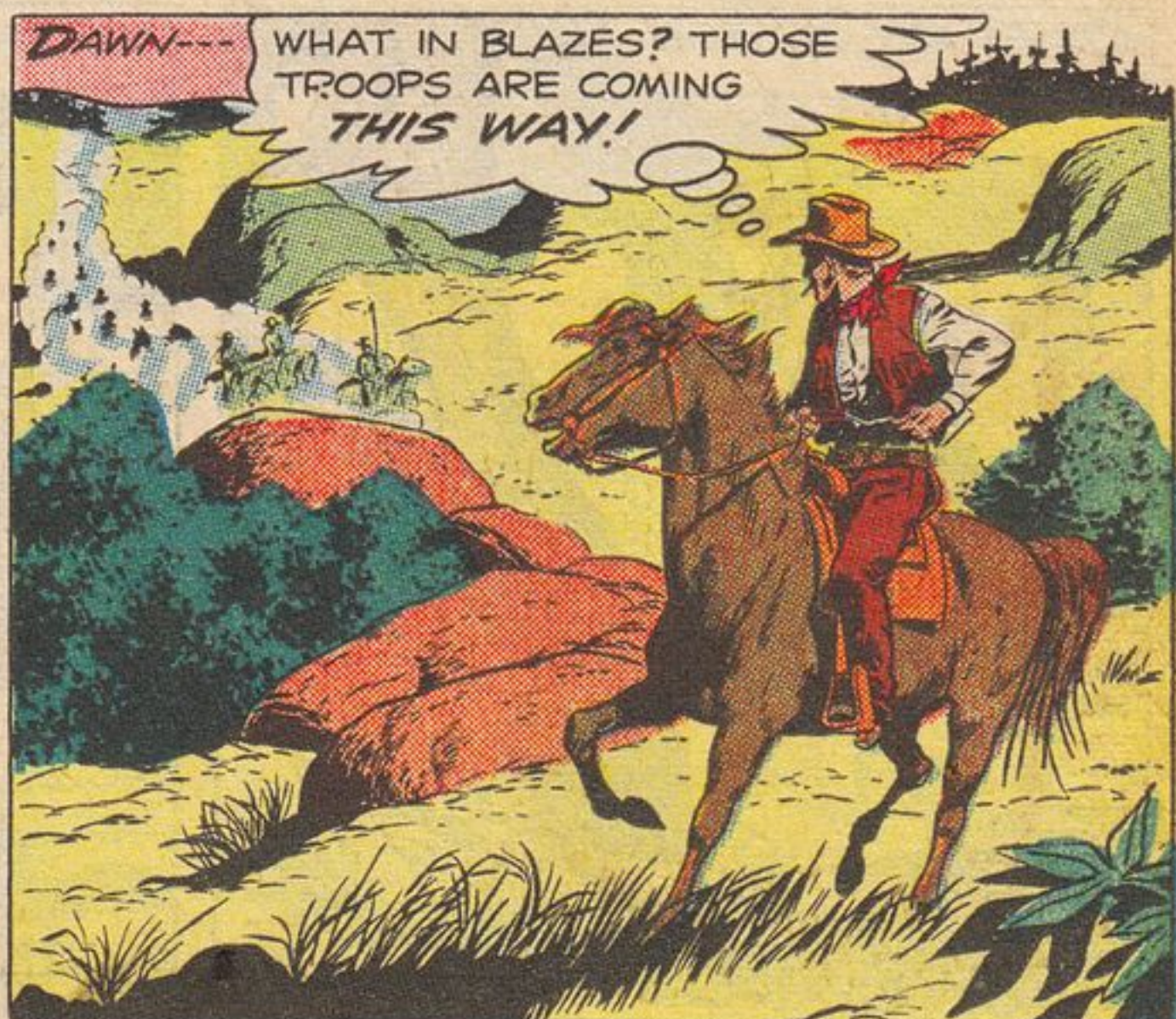
PANCHO SEE IF THIS IS SO, AMIGO! IF IT IS, PANCHO ROB ACROSS THE BORDER AND HIDE HERE!---NOW WE **TEST** THIS MARSHAL!

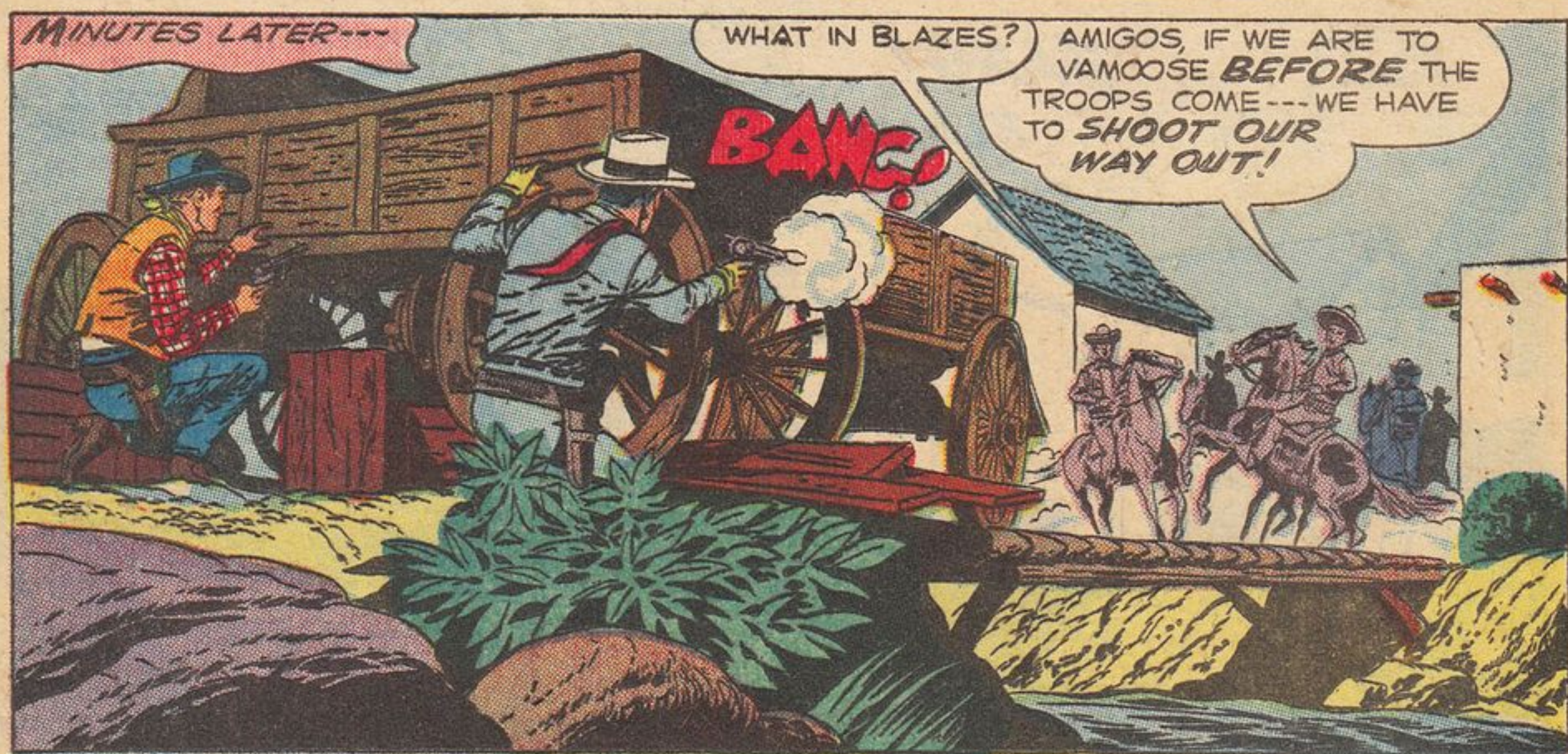
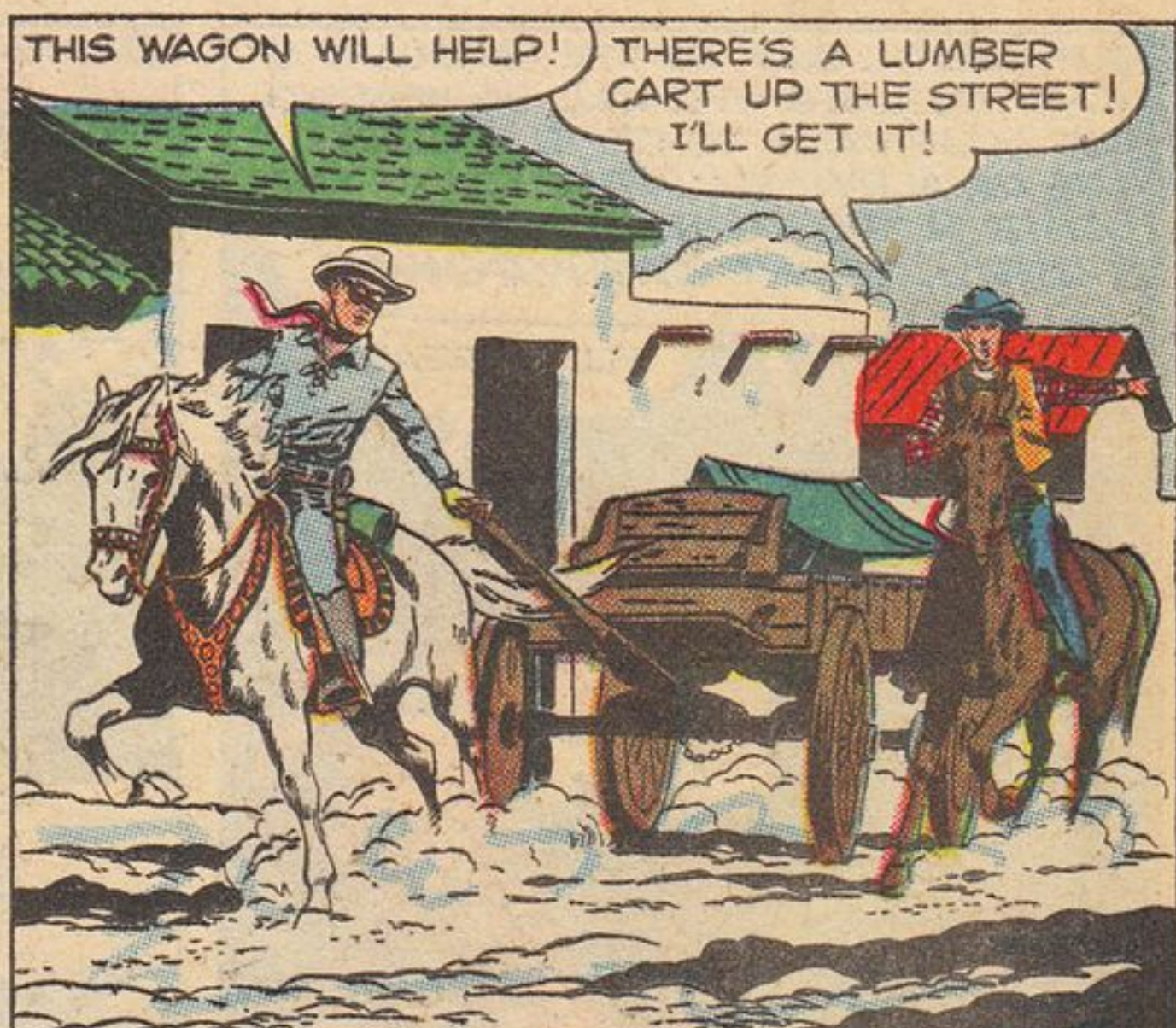
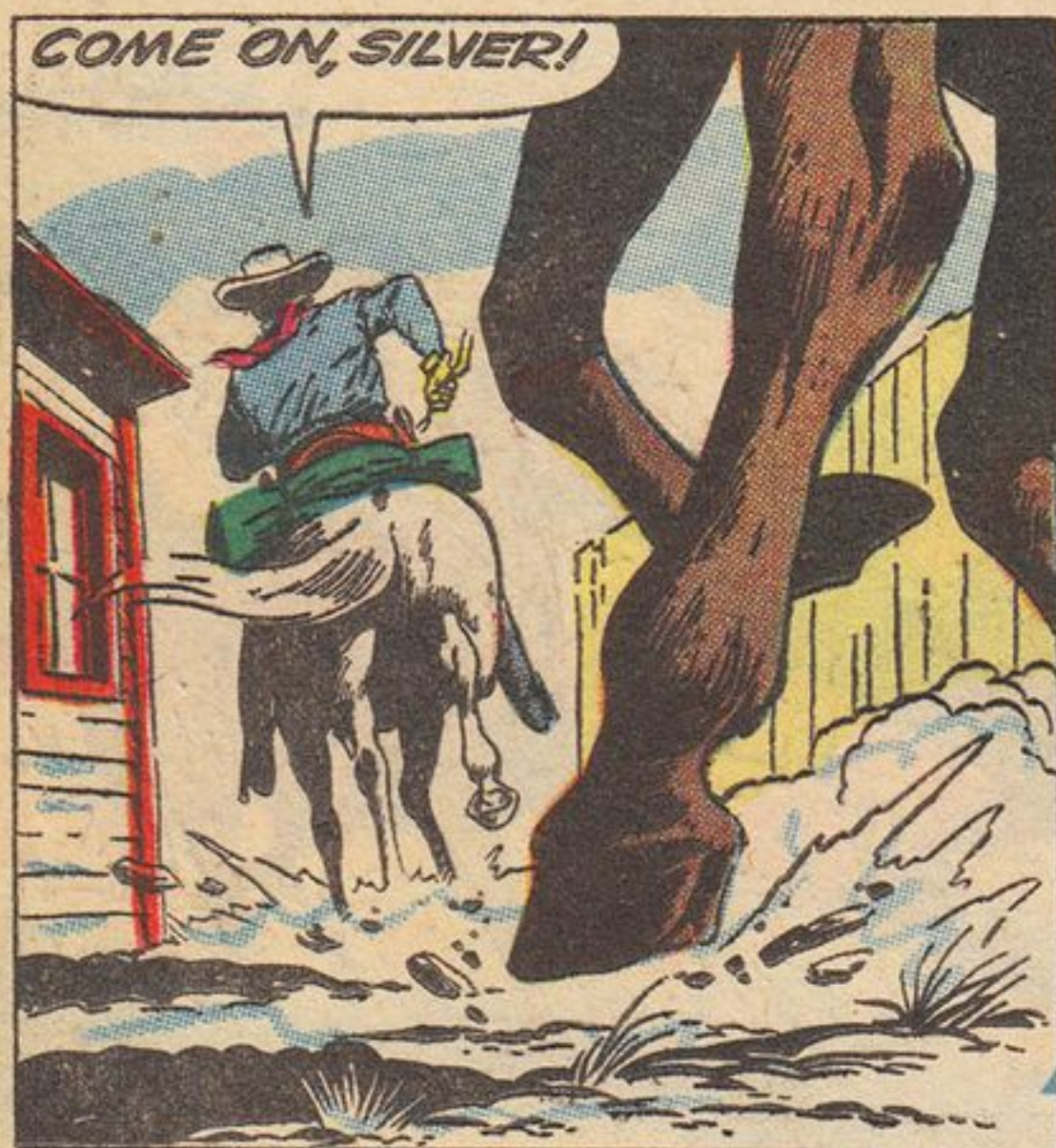
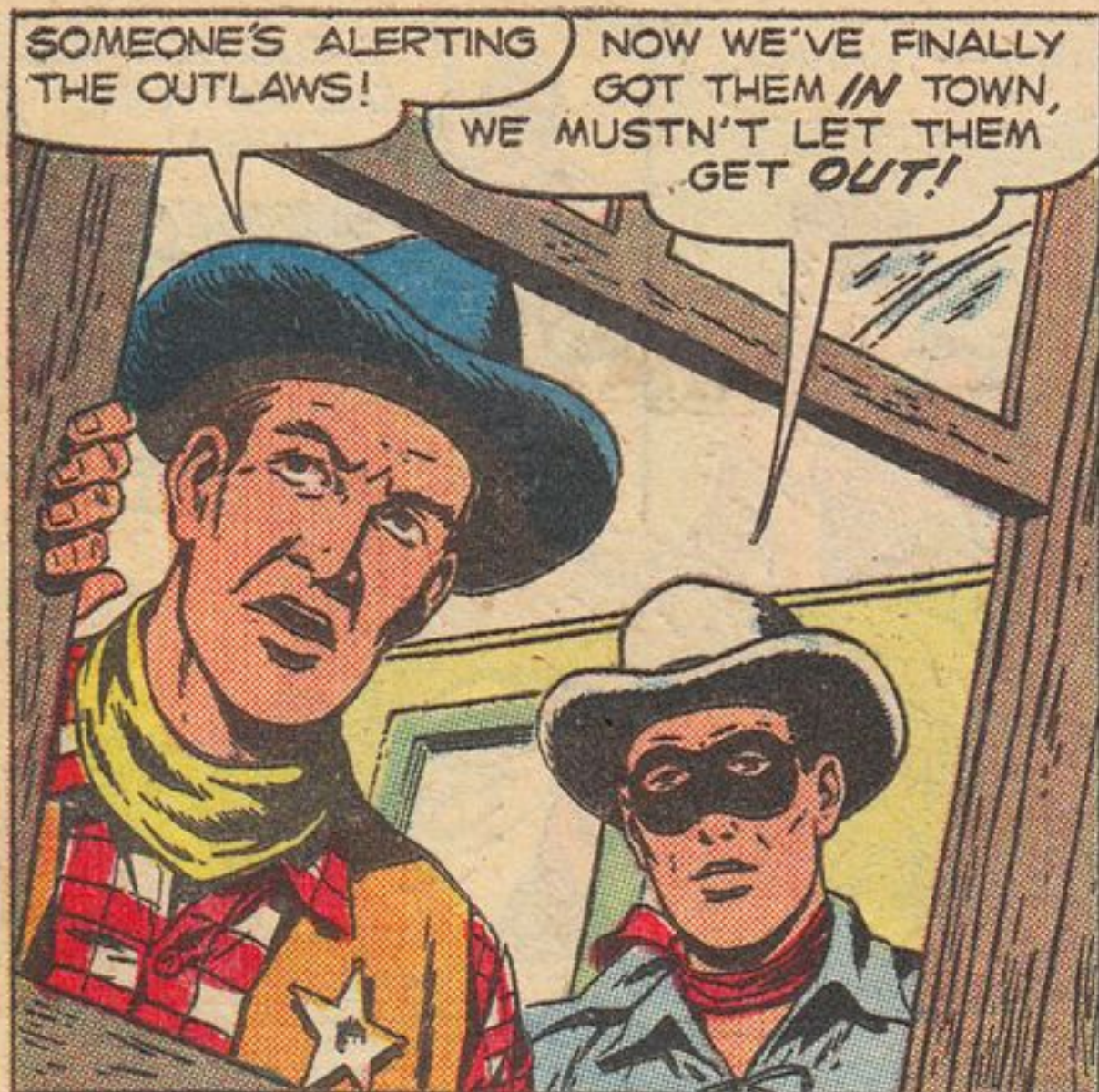














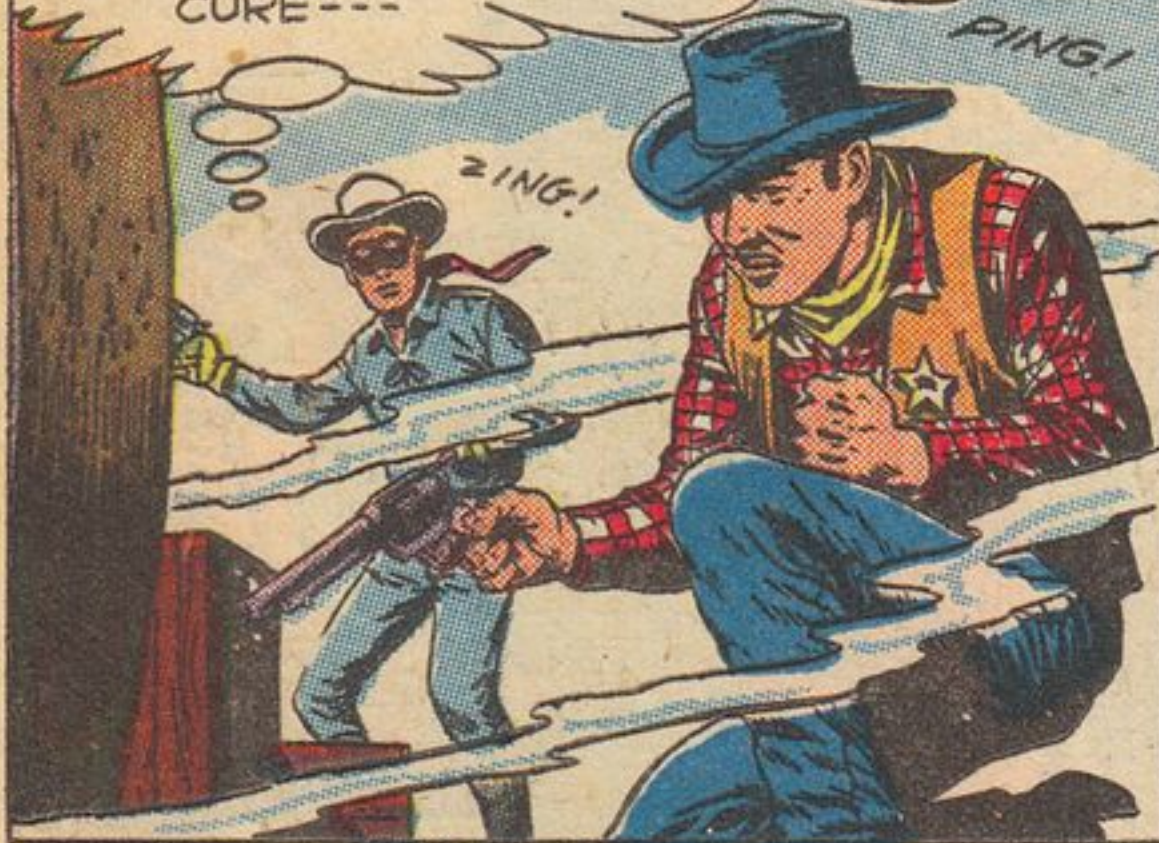
BANG!
BLAM!

THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF 'EM BEHIND THERE!
GUN 'EM!

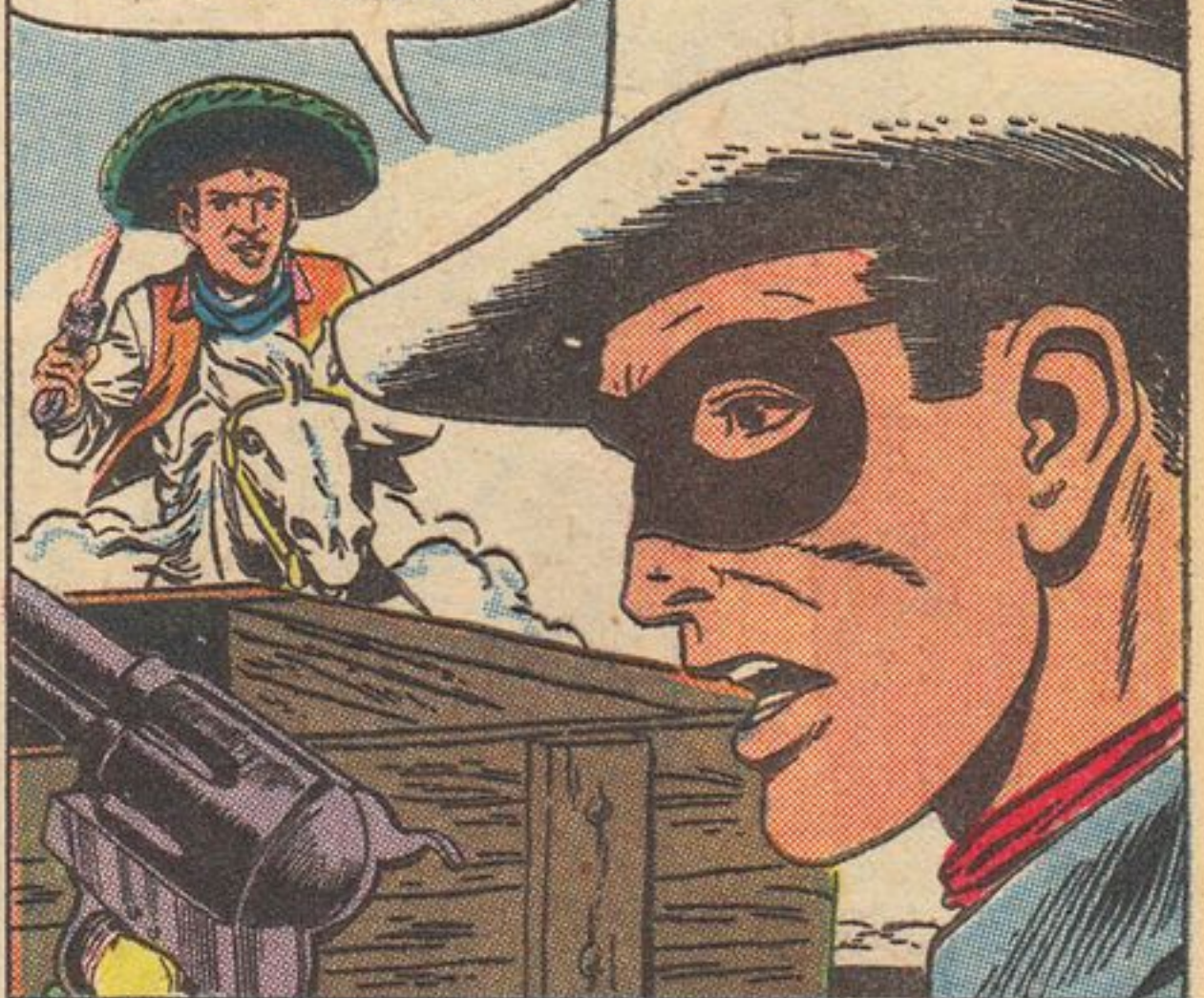
AND *ONE* OF 'EM IS TOO GUNSHY TO BE OF MUCH USE!

AS GUNS BLAZE BY THE BRIDGE, THE LONE RANGER FINDS MARSHAL PETERS KEEPS LOW---

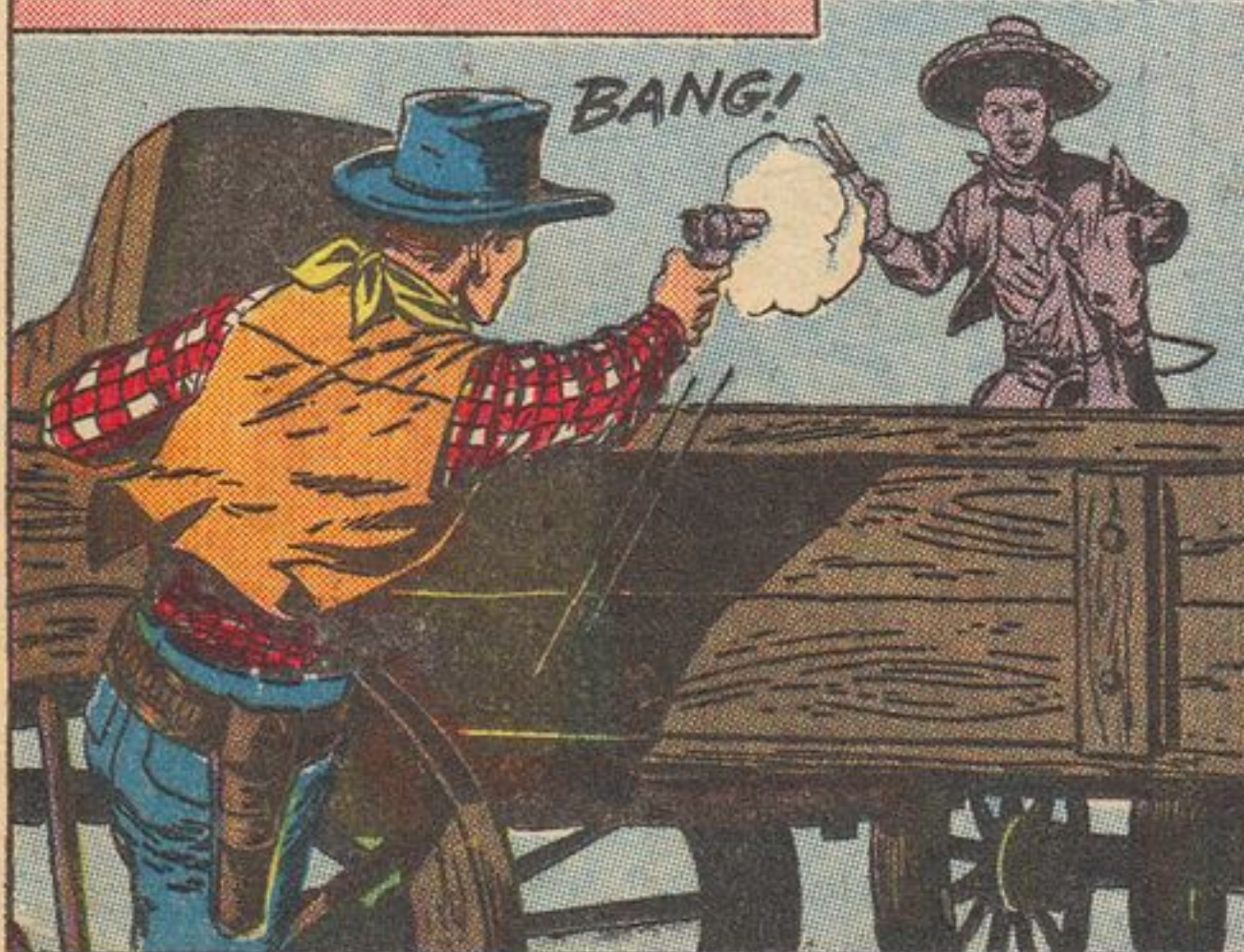
HE'S LETTING ME DO *ALL* THE FIGHTING! HE STILL IS *GUNSHY*! WELL, I'LL TRY ONE DESPERATE CURE---



PETERS, GET HIM! MY GUN'S *JAMMED*!



FOR A SECOND MARSHAL PETERS HESITATES, STAYING BEHIND THE SAFETY OF THE BARRICADE, THEN SUDDENLY---



BANG!



M-MY *SHOULDER*!

GOOD SHOOTING! MY GUN'S WORKING NOW!
IF WE CAN HOLD OUT ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO THE TROOPS SHOULD BE HERE!

I'M READY TO HOLD OUT TILL CHRISTMAS!

BANG!

BLAM

AS A BUGLE TRILLS, THE LONE RANGER AND MARSHAL PETERS OPEN THE BARRICADE----



H- HOLD
YOUR
FIRE!



SHORTLY AFTER----

SEVENTEEN WANTED
MEN ARE IN YOUR
JAIL THANKS TO
MARSHAL PETERS!
HIS GUNSHY **ACT**
TRICKED THEM INTO
COMING OUT IN THE
OPEN!

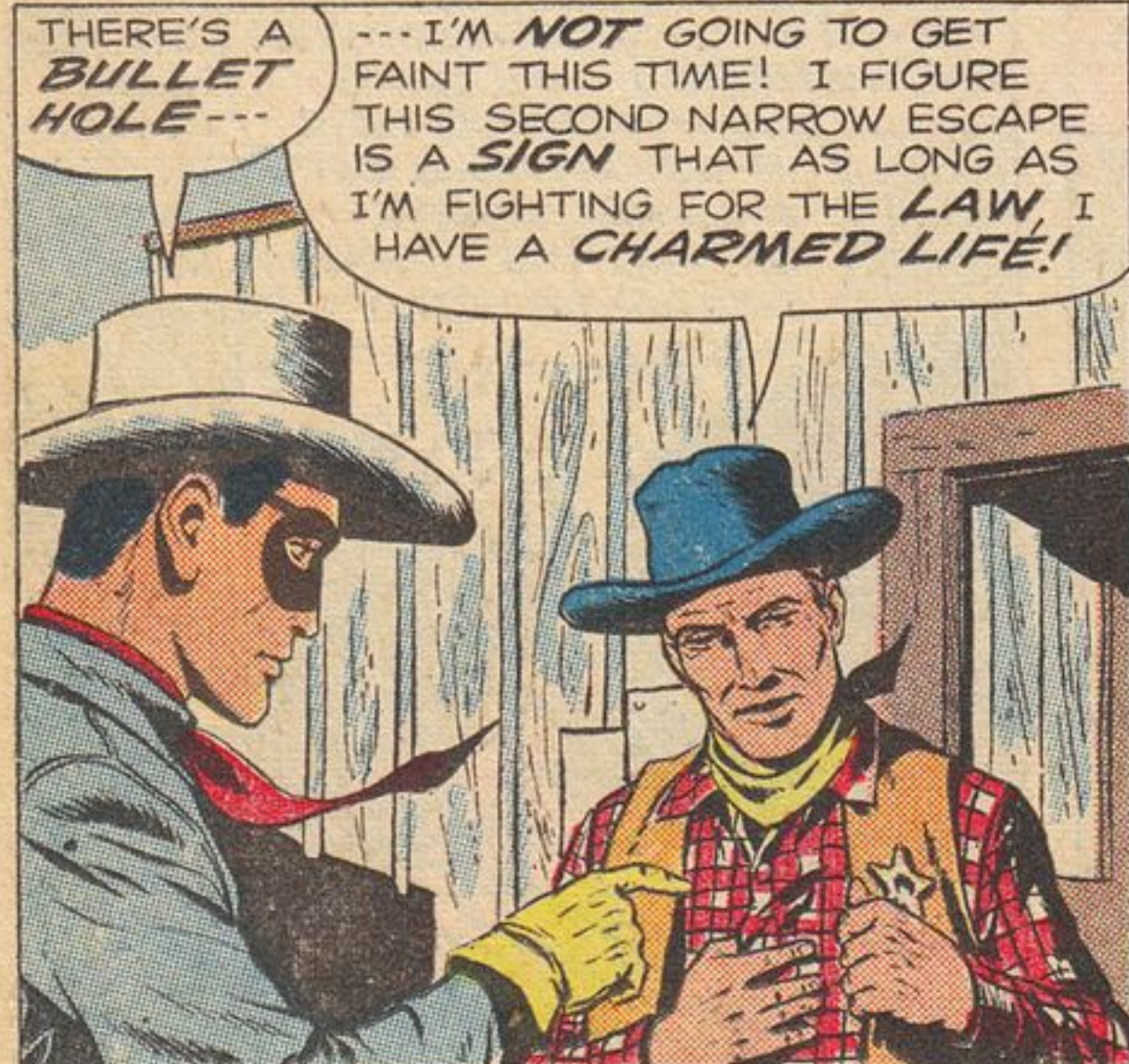
SO HE
WAS ONLY
ACTING!

I KNEW THAT
ALL ALONG!
CHARLIE
PETERS' BOY
COULDN'T BE
SCARED OF
DOING HIS DUTY!



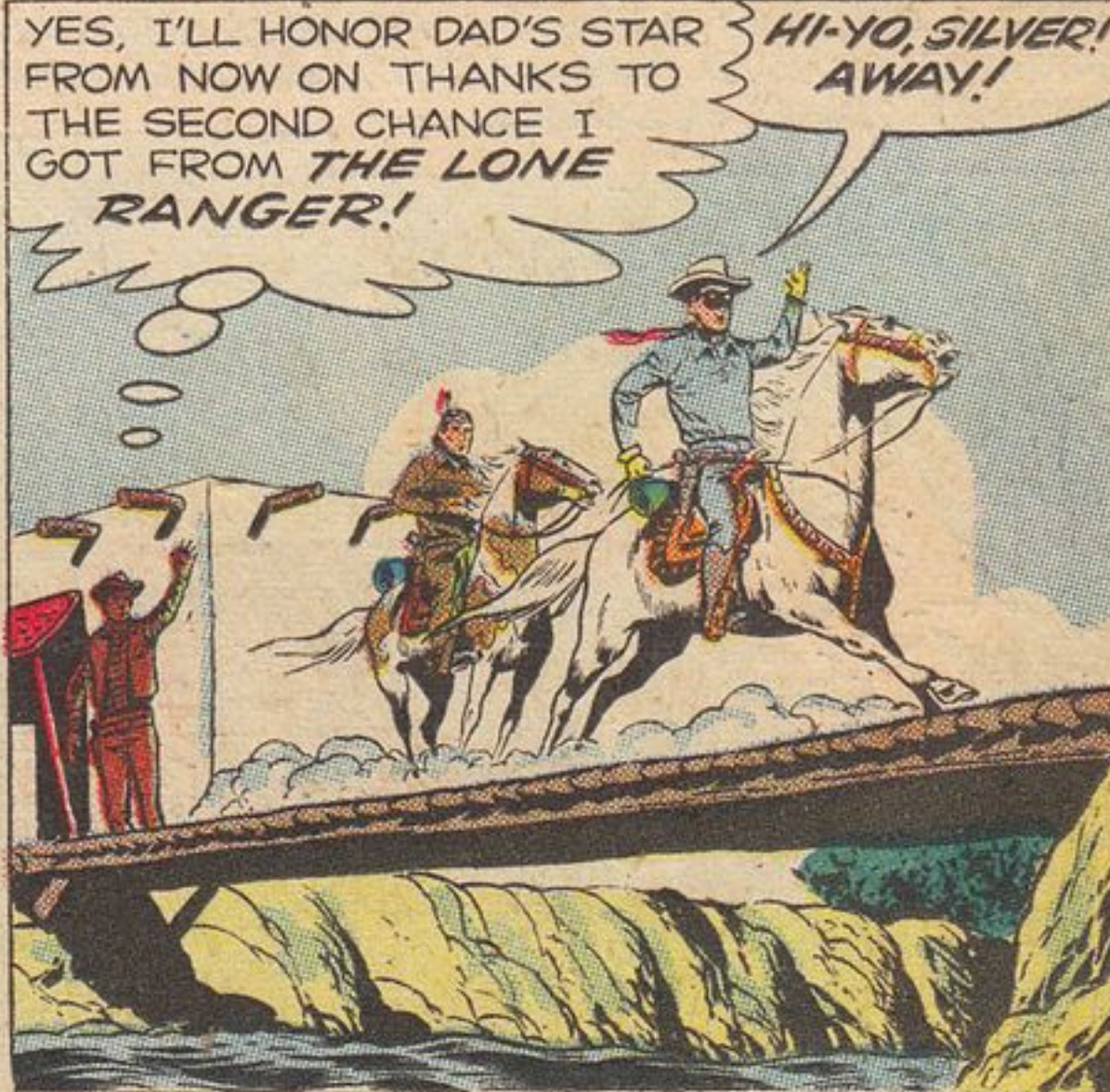
THERE'S A
**BULLET
HOLE**----

--- I'M **NOT** GOING TO GET
FAINT THIS TIME! I FIGURE
THIS SECOND NARROW ESCAPE
IS A **SIGN** THAT AS LONG AS
I'M FIGHTING FOR THE **LAW**, I
HAVE A **CHARMED LIFE!**



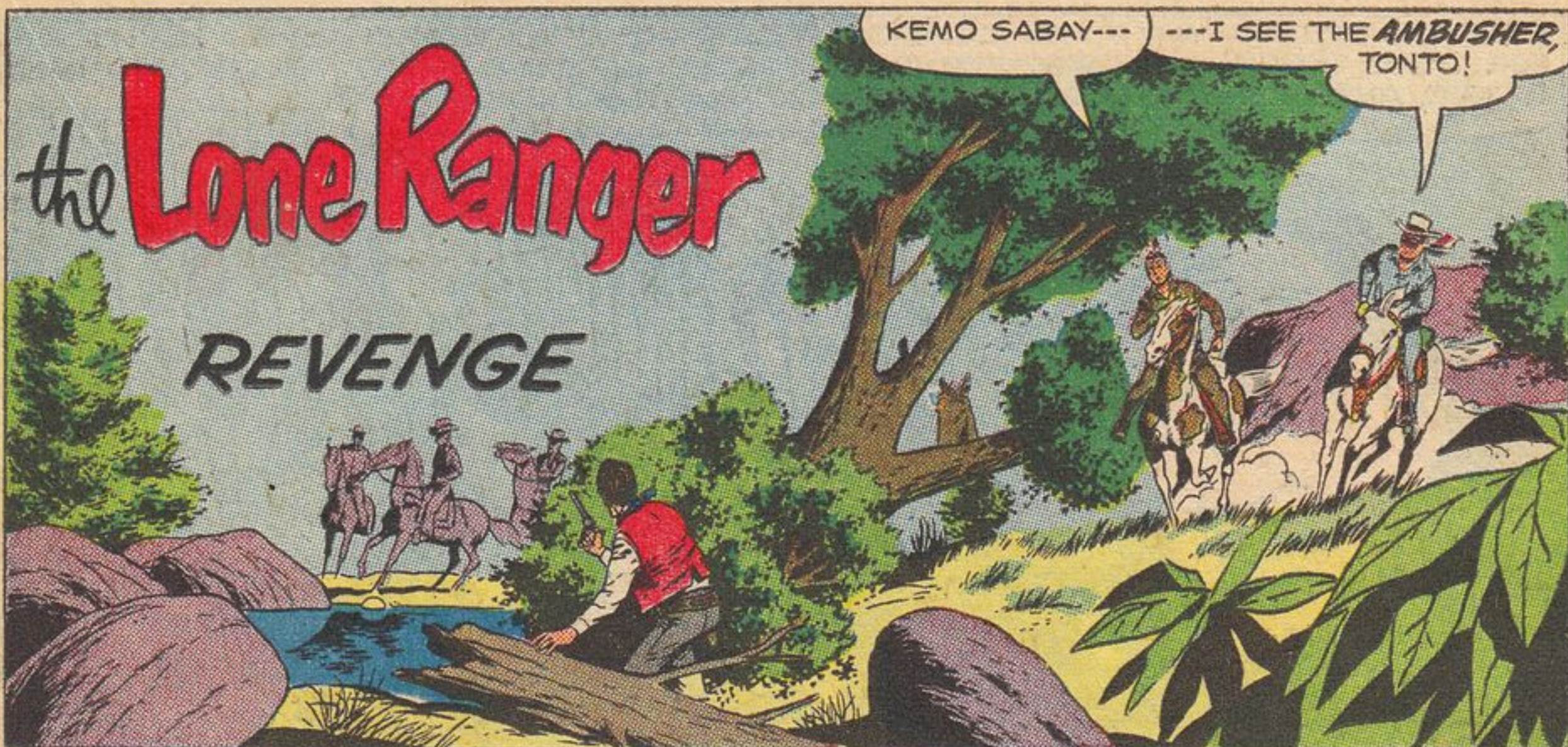
YES, I'LL HONOR DAD'S STAR
FROM NOW ON THANKS TO
THE SECOND CHANCE I
GOT FROM **THE LONE
RANGER!**

**HI-YO, SILVER!
AWAY!**



the Lone Ranger

REVENGE



KEMO SABAY---

---I SEE THE **AMBUSER**,
TONGO!

IF I CAN ONLY GET IN
MY SHOT FIRST!

BANG!



WH-WHAT IN BLAZES---



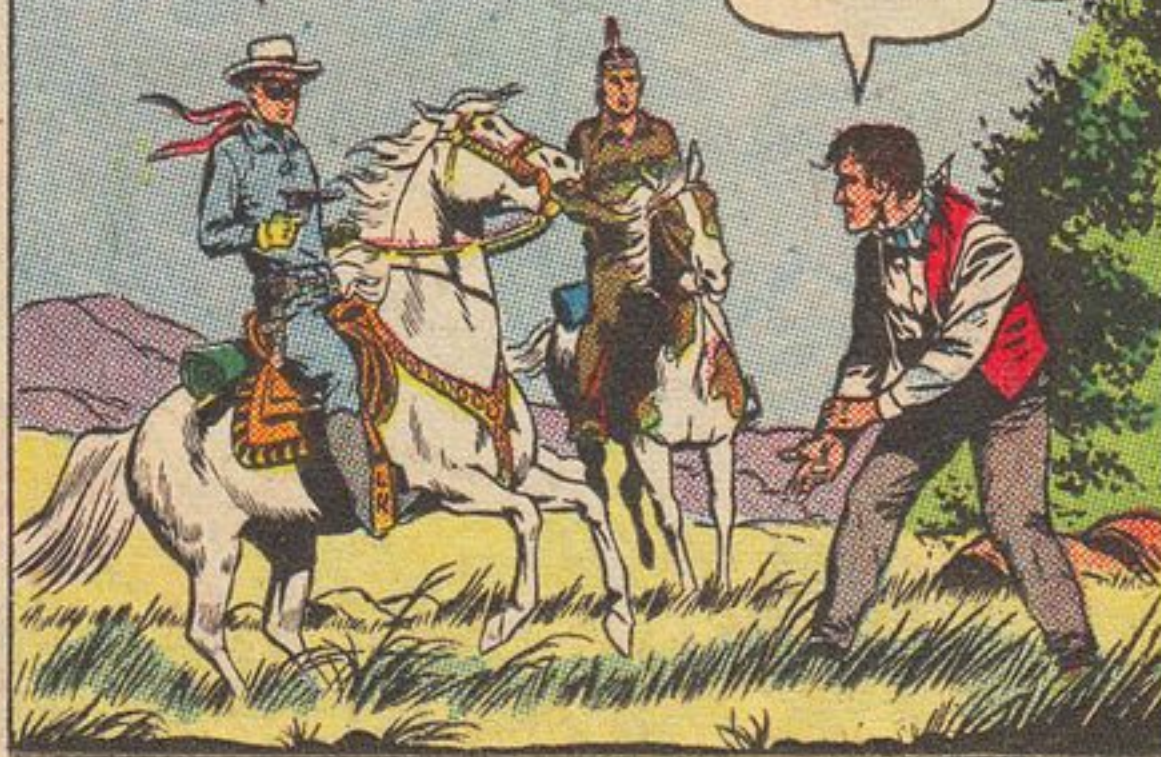
A **MASKED**
MAN---

---DON'T KNOW **WHO** HE'S
GUNNING FOR, BUT I'M NOT
HANGING AROUND TO FIND
OUT! **GIDDAP!**



BEFORE WE TURN
YOU OVER TO THE
SHERIFF, TELL US
WHY YOU TRIED
TO AMBUSH THOSE
RIDERS!

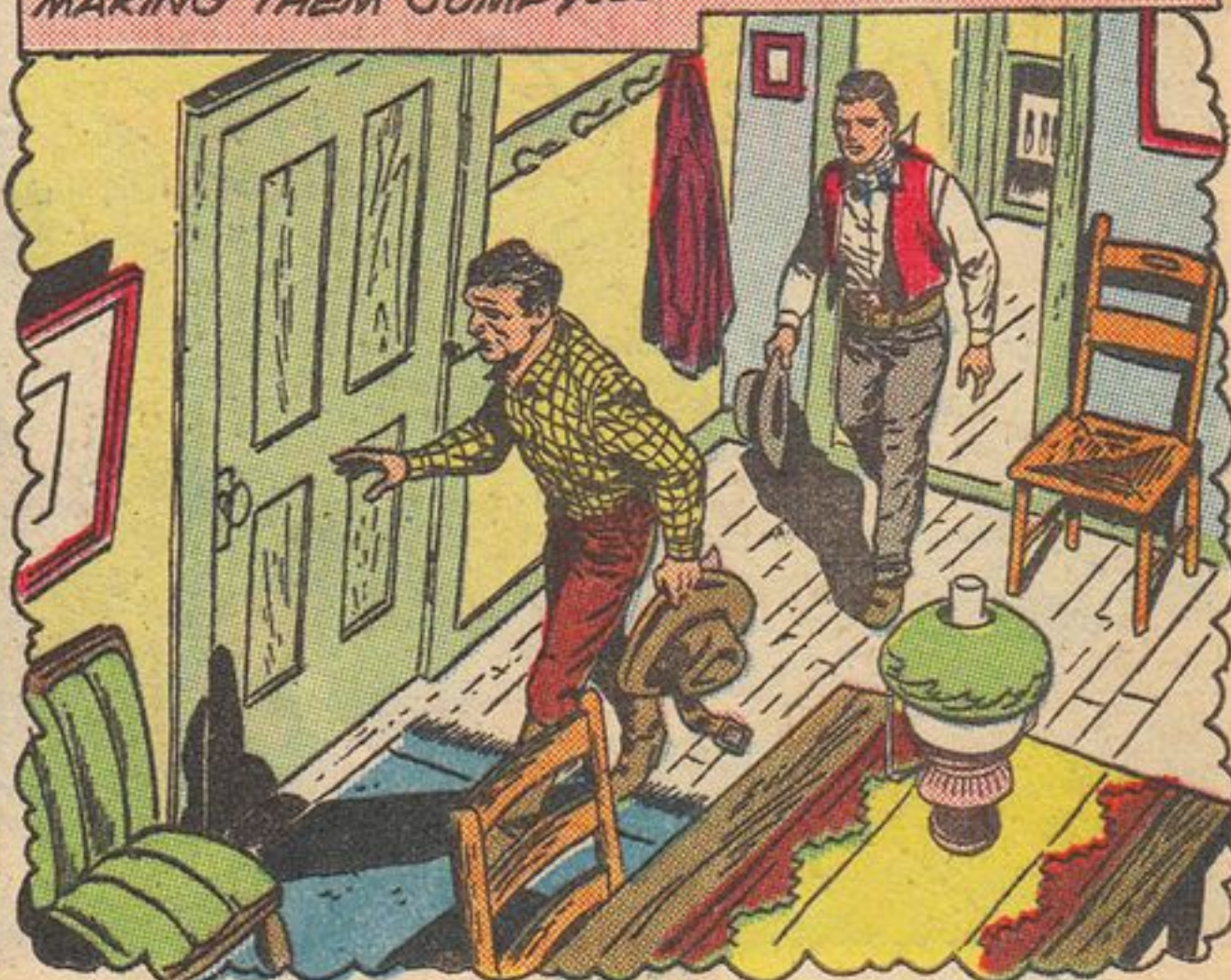
THAT'S ALMOST FUNNY!
A **MASKED** MAN
IS GOING TO TURN
ME OVER TO THE
SHERIFF FOR
DOING THE JOB THE
SHERIFF SHOULD'VE
DONE!



SURE I'LL TELL YOU WHY I WAS GUNNING FOR THOSE THREE!---MY BROTHER, BUD RAINER, AND I OWN THE CIRCLE R RANCH NEARBY---



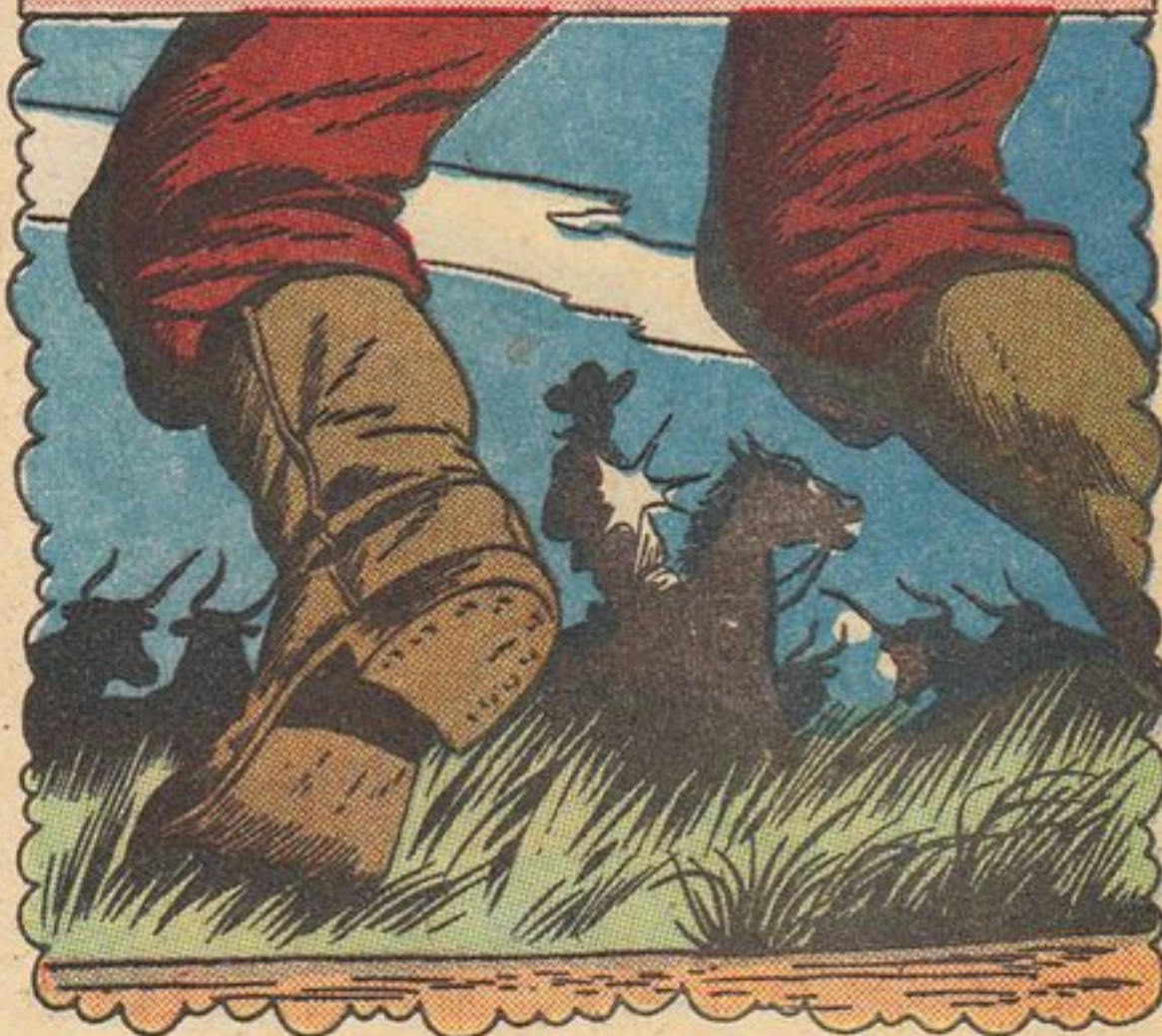
"LAST NIGHT, WE HEARD OUR CATTLE ACTING SPOOKY. WE STARTED OUT TO SEE WHAT WAS MAKING THEM JUMPY---



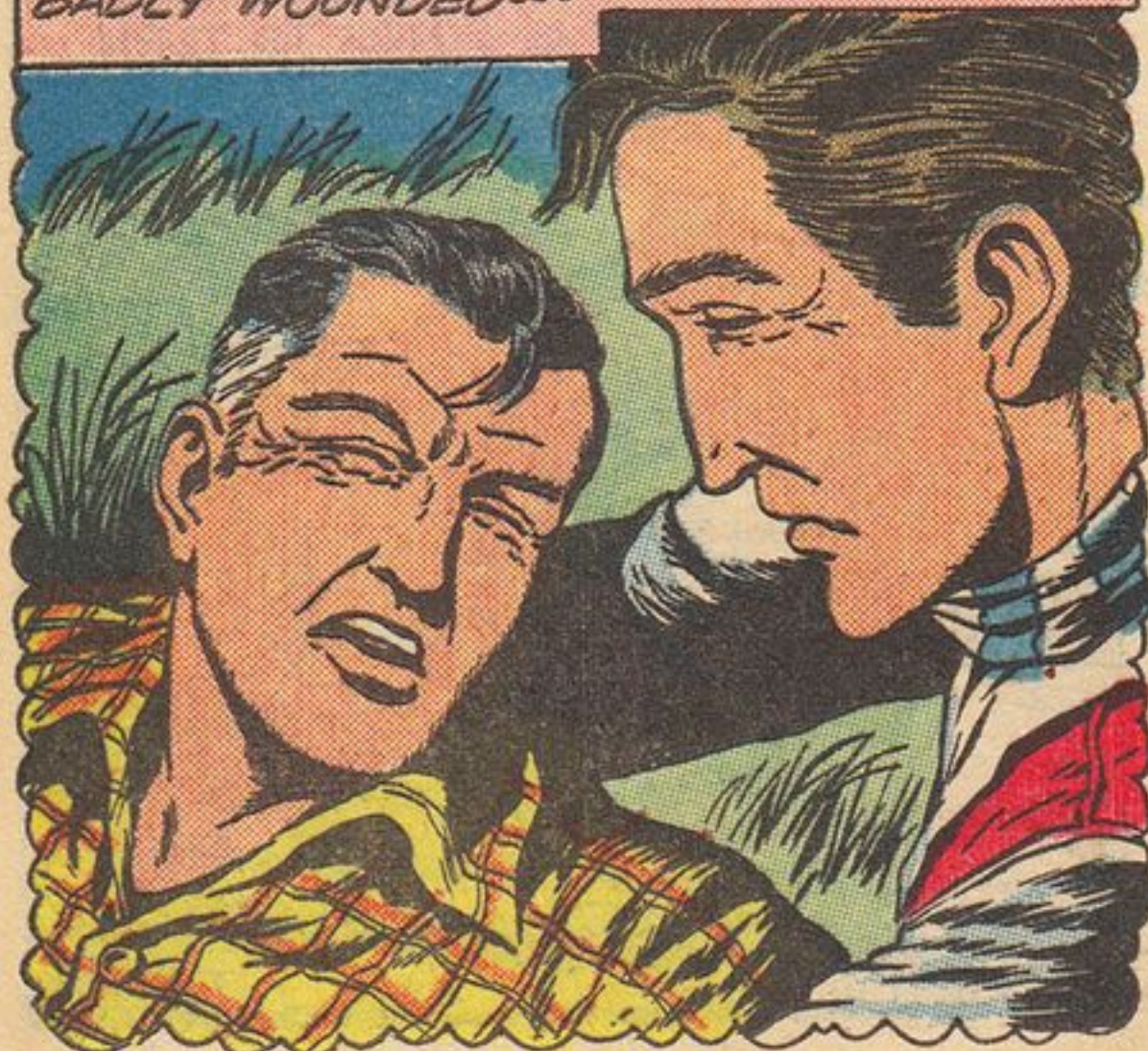
"THREE RUSTLERS WERE RUNNING OFF OUR STOCK---



"BUD YELLED FOR THEM TO HALT! A BULLET CUT SHORT HIS SENTENCE---

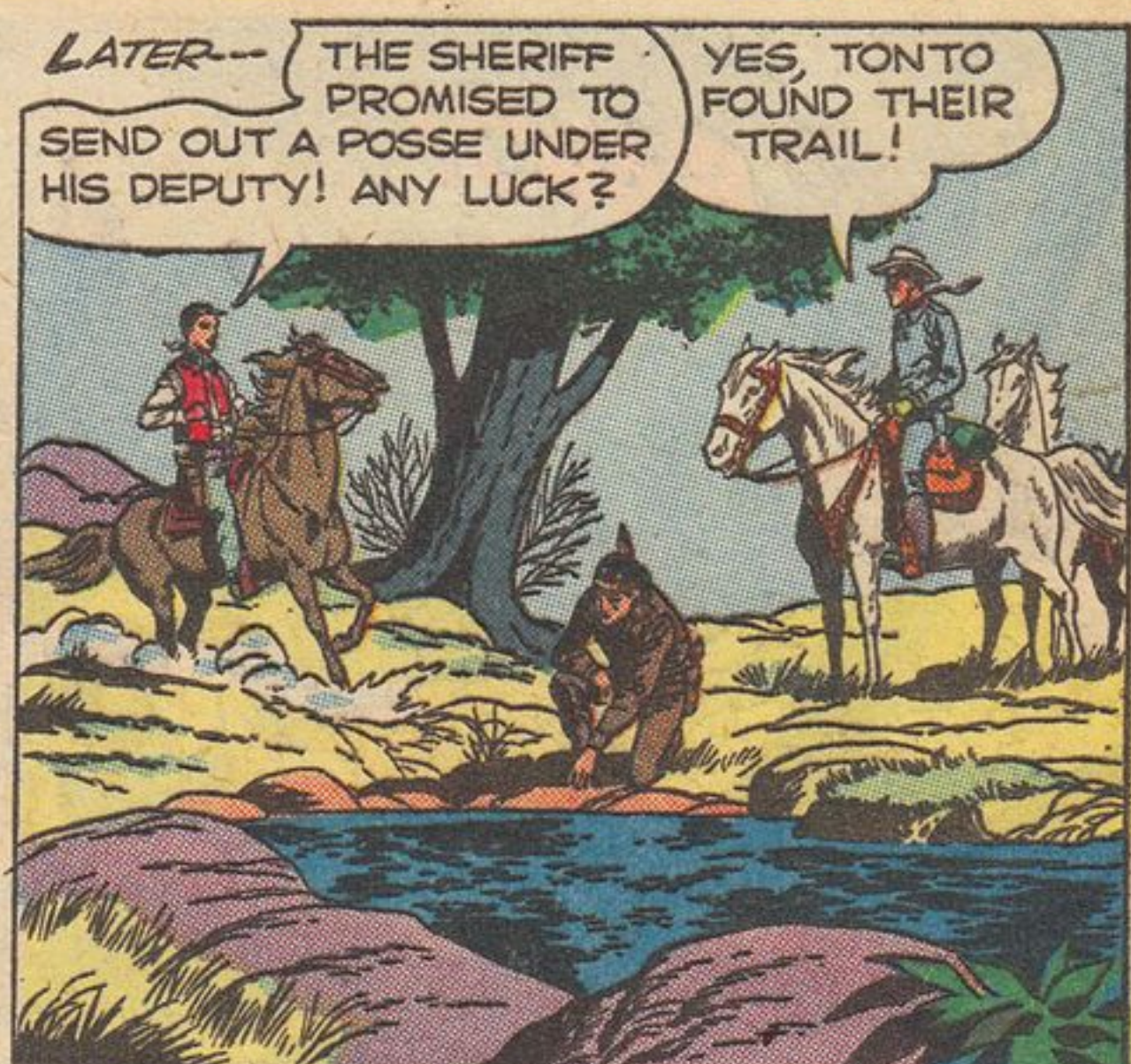


"I COULDN'T GIVE CHASE, BUD WAS TOO BADLY WOUNDED---



AFTER I LEFT BUD IN THE DOC'S HANDS, I TRAILED THE THREE RUSTLERS TO THIS WATER HOLE! I COULDN'T PICK UP THEIR TRAIL FROM HERE! BUT I FIGURED THEY MIGHT BE CAMPING NEARBY, AND I WAITED FOR THEM TO RETURN!---WHEN I SAW THOSE THREE RIDERS JUST NOW, I WAS PRETTY SURE I HAD THE RIGHT THREE IN MY GUNSIGHTS!





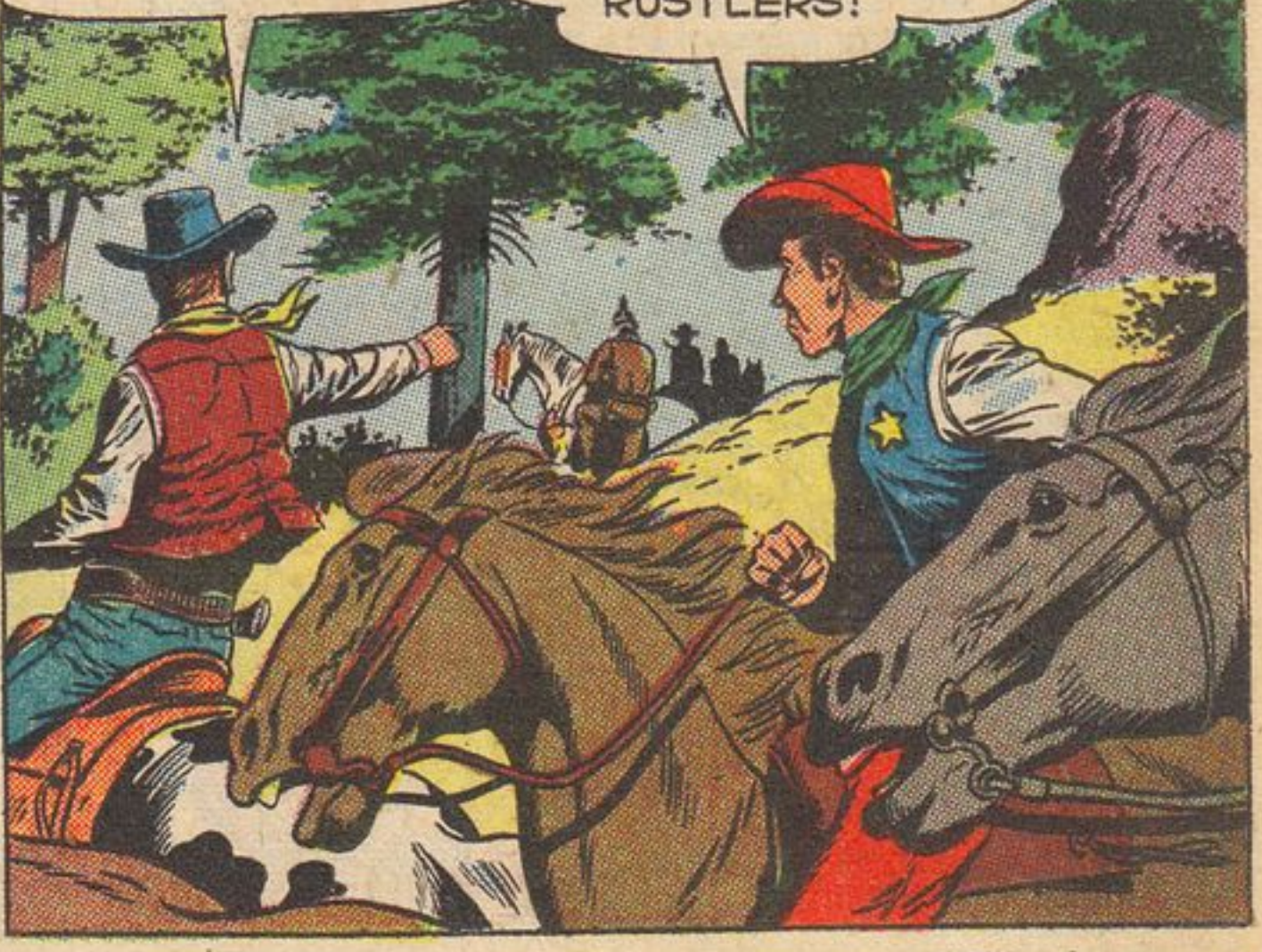
BUT THE RUSTLERS HAVE CAREFULLY COVERED THEIR TRAIL, MAKING FOLLOWING THEM SLOW WORK---

NO, KEMO SABAY, NOT SEE ANY SIGN THEM COME BY HERE!



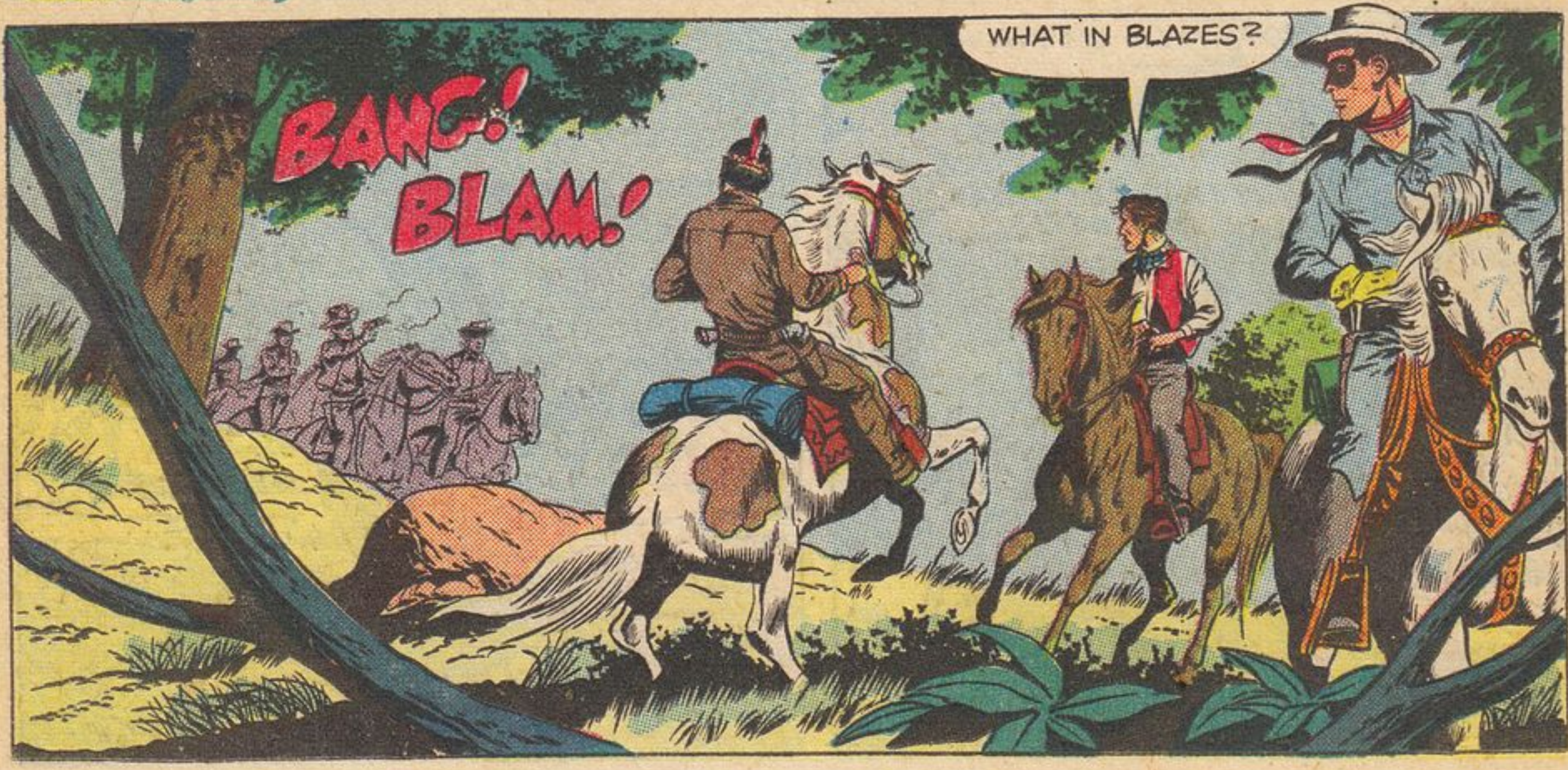
DEPUTY, THAT MAN'S MASKED---

---THE SHERIFF SAID THERE WERE THREE RUSTLERS!

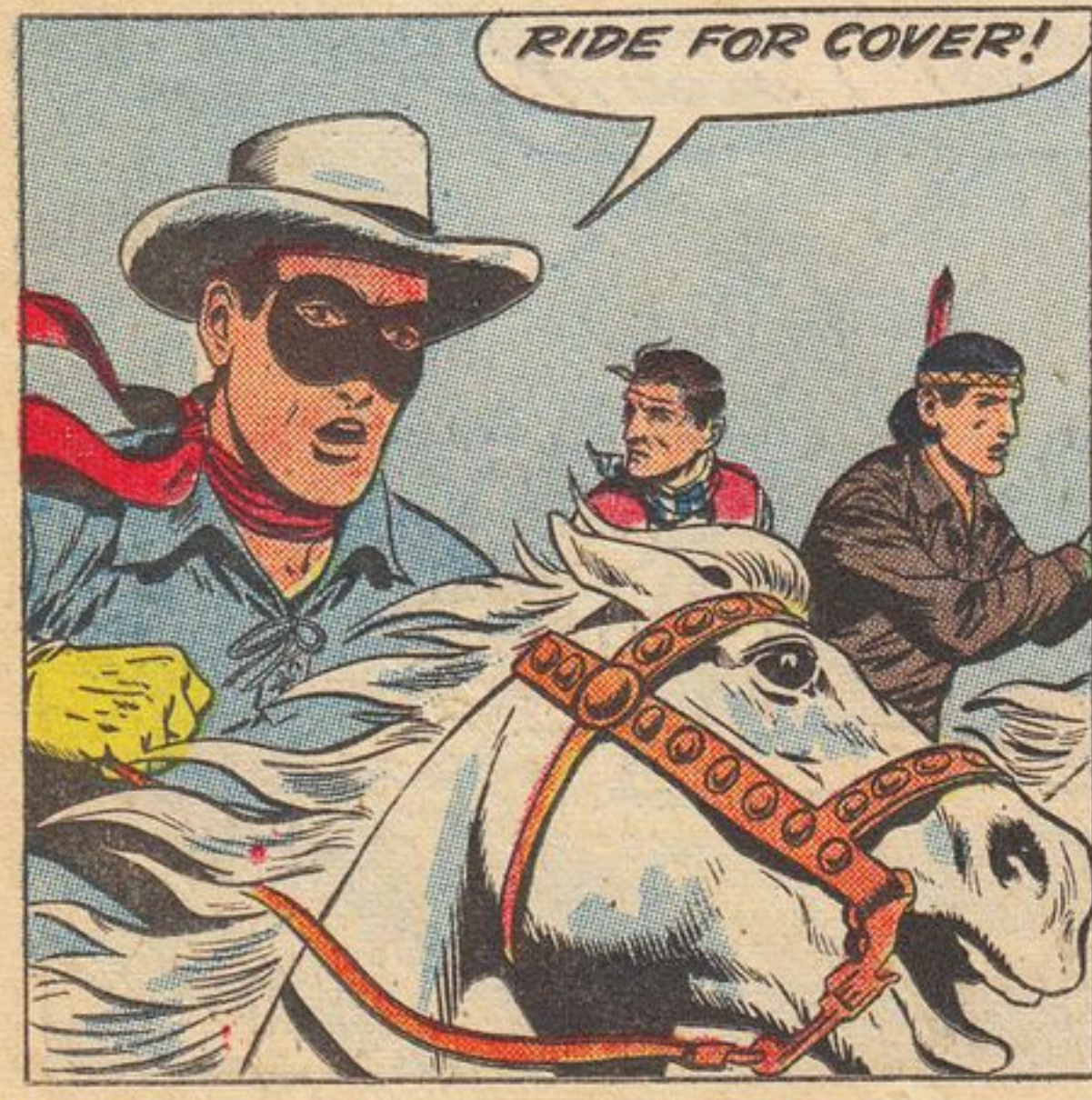


BANG!
BLAM!

WHAT IN BLAZES?

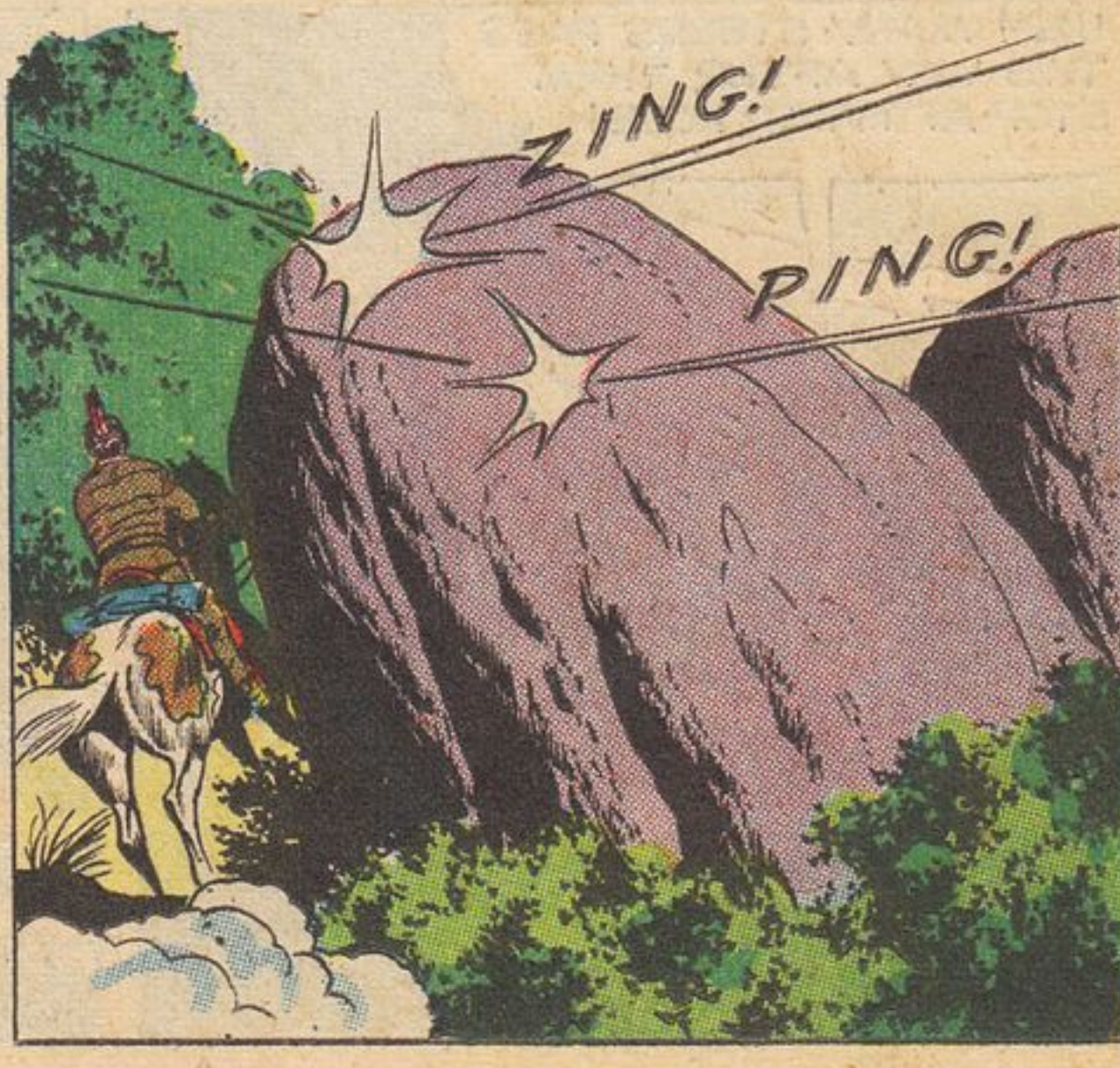


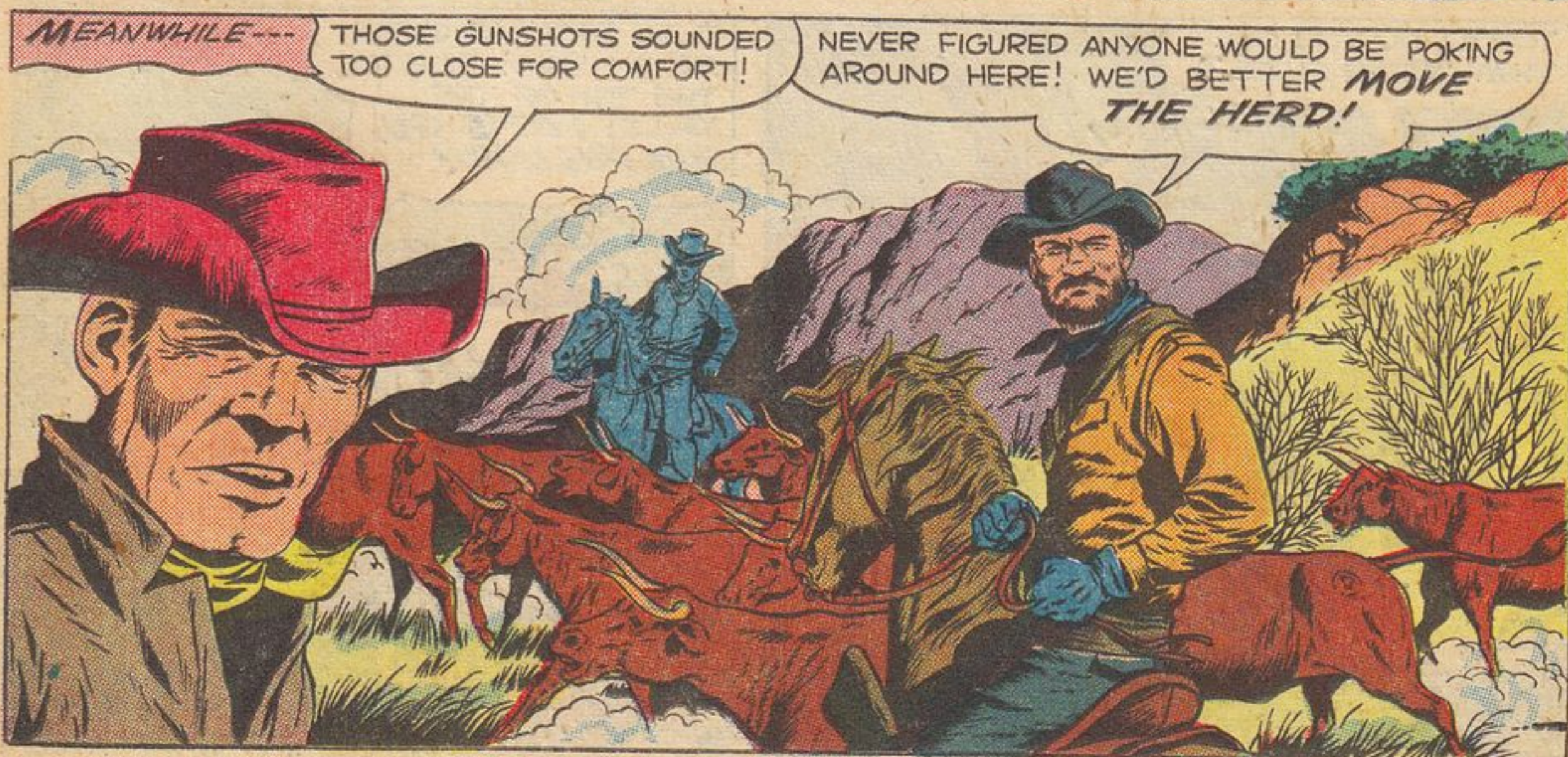
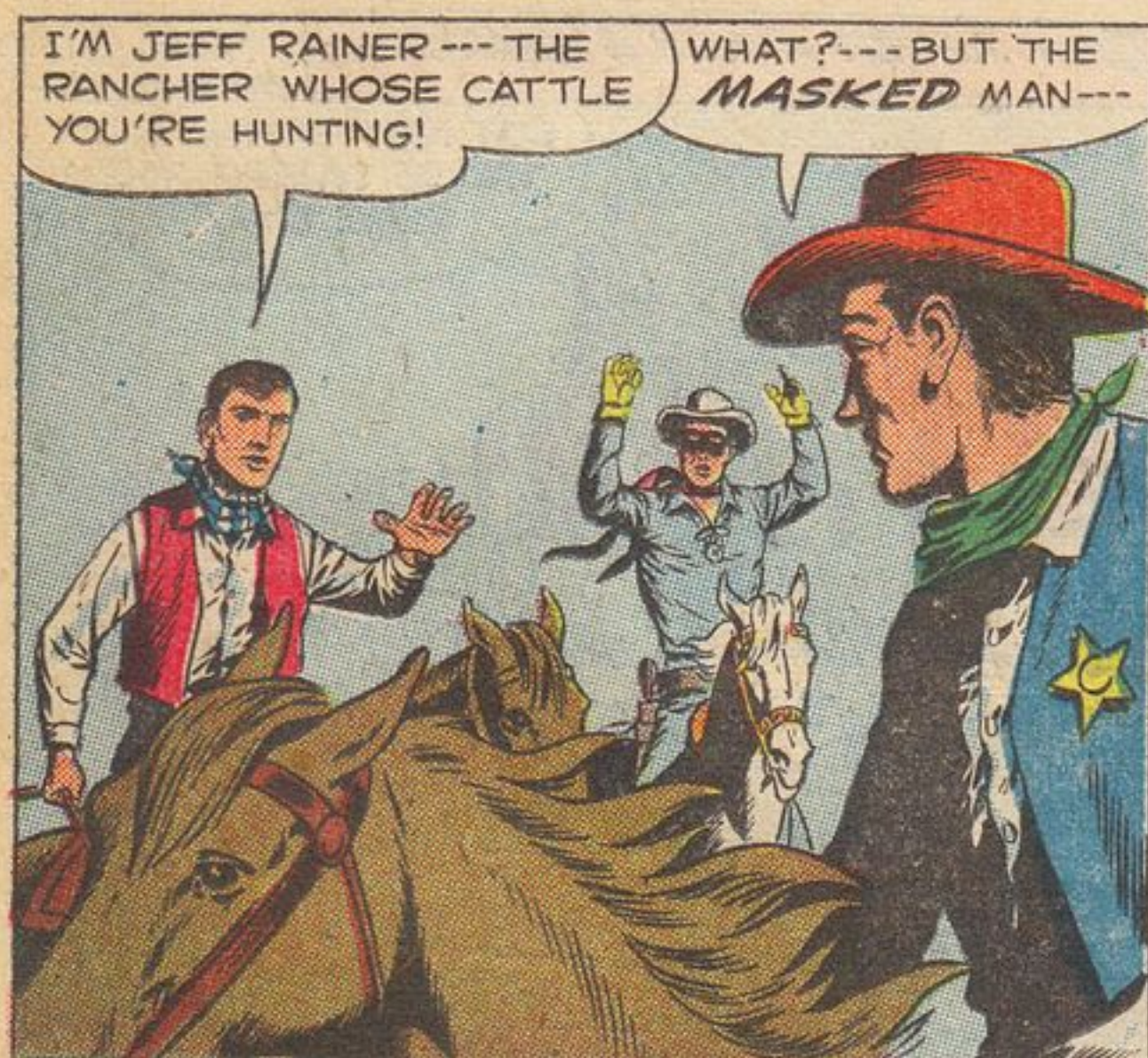
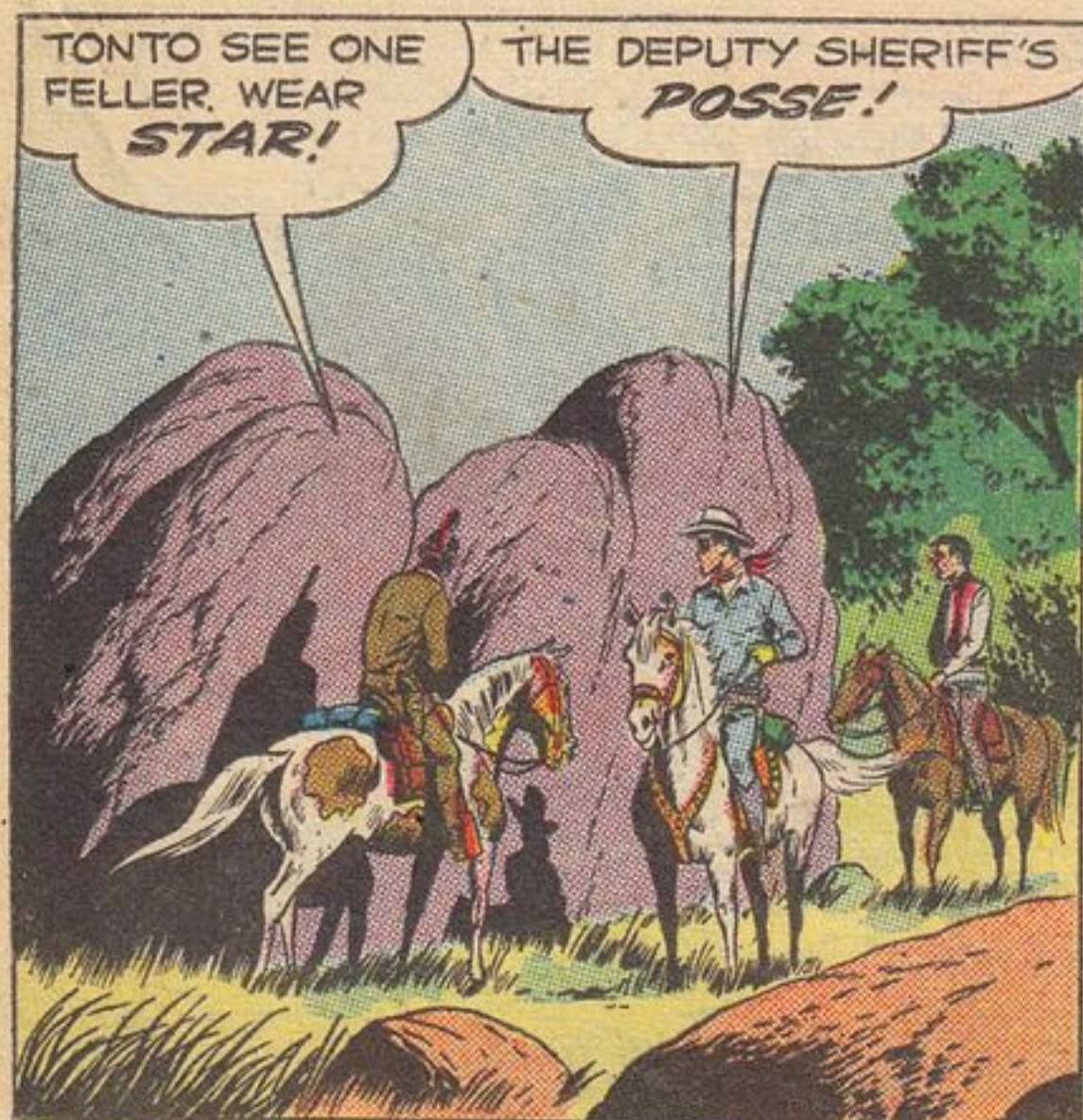
RIDE FOR COVER!



ZING!

PING!







THE WATER OUZEL FREQUENTLY MAKES HIS NEST UNDER A WATERFALL! THERE COULD BE *MORE* THAN A BIRD'S NEST *BEHIND* THAT FALLS ---

---THAT SURE WOULD EXPLAIN WHY THE HERD DIDN'T LEAVE THE RIVER!



THE OUZEL MAY LIKE DIPPING IN THIS WATER, BUT I CAN'T SAY I SHARE HIS IDEA OF FUN!



I HOPE MY GUNS 'AREN'T TOO WET TO FIRE!



NOW TO *STAMPEDE* THE STOLEN HERD!

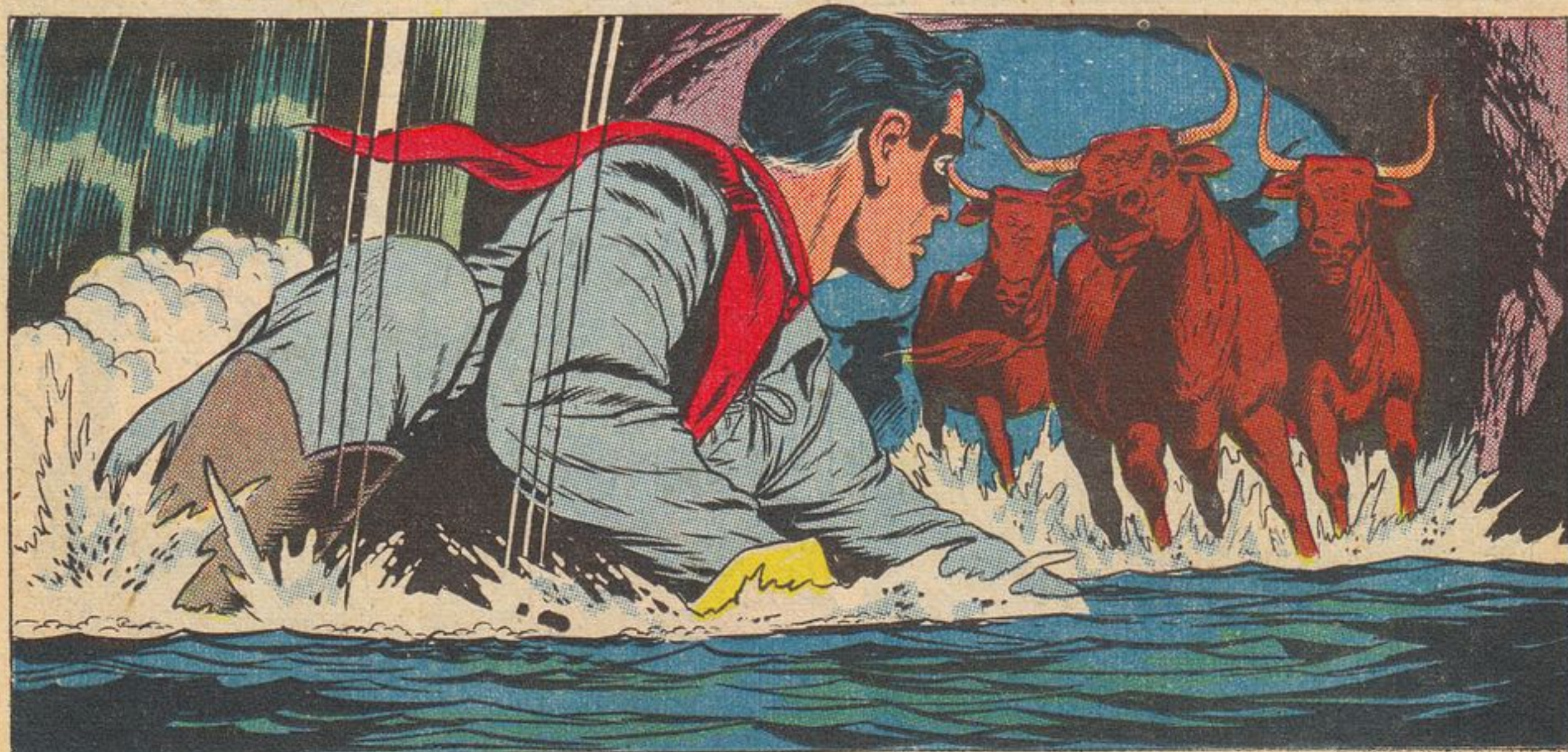
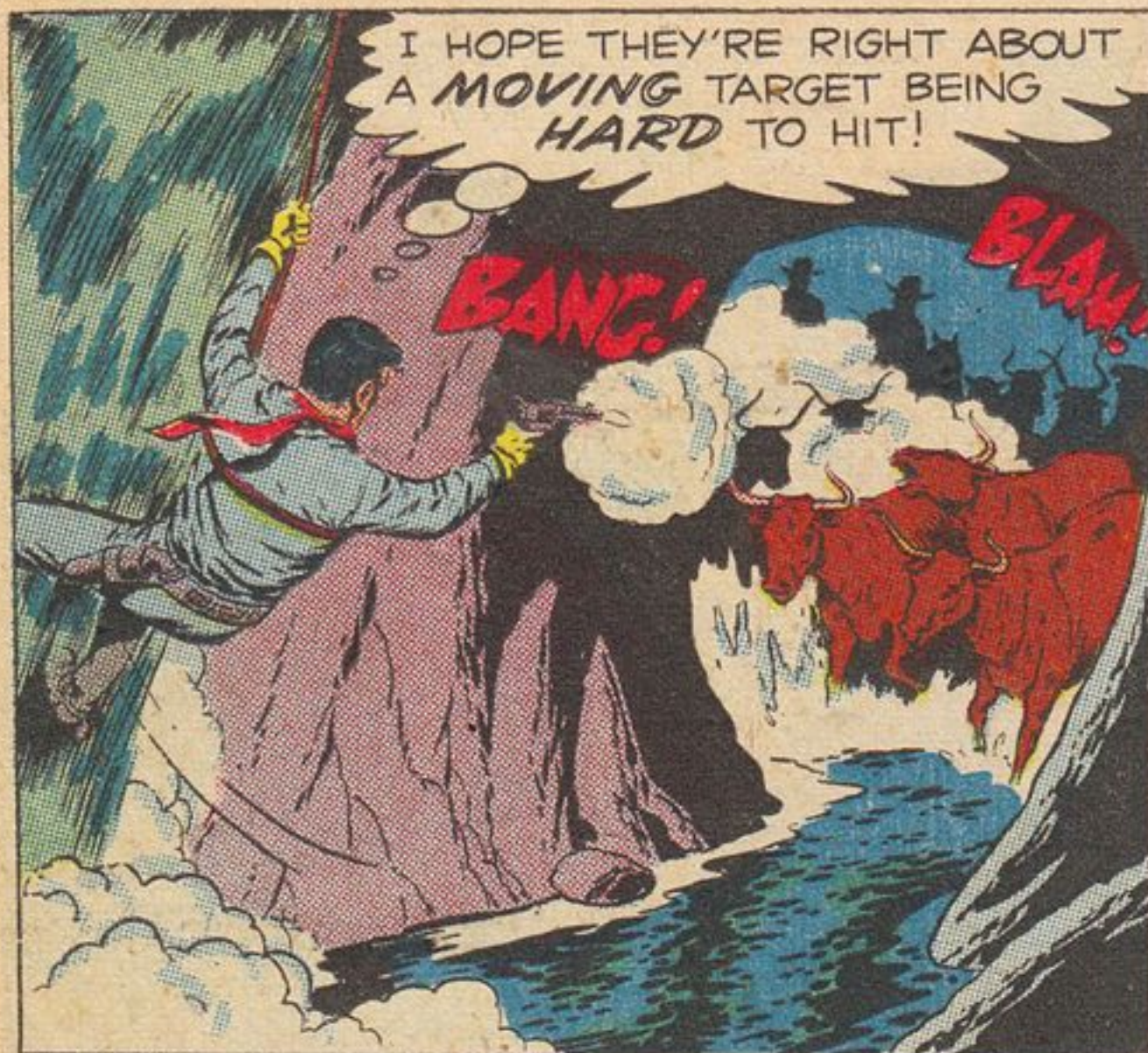
BANG!
BANG!



WHAT IN THUNDERATION---

--DON'T JUST LOOK AT HIM! *CUT HIM DOWN!*





IF I CAN SWING
ONTO HIS BACK---



AND HANG ON TILL I'M CLEAR
OF THE REST OF THE HERD---



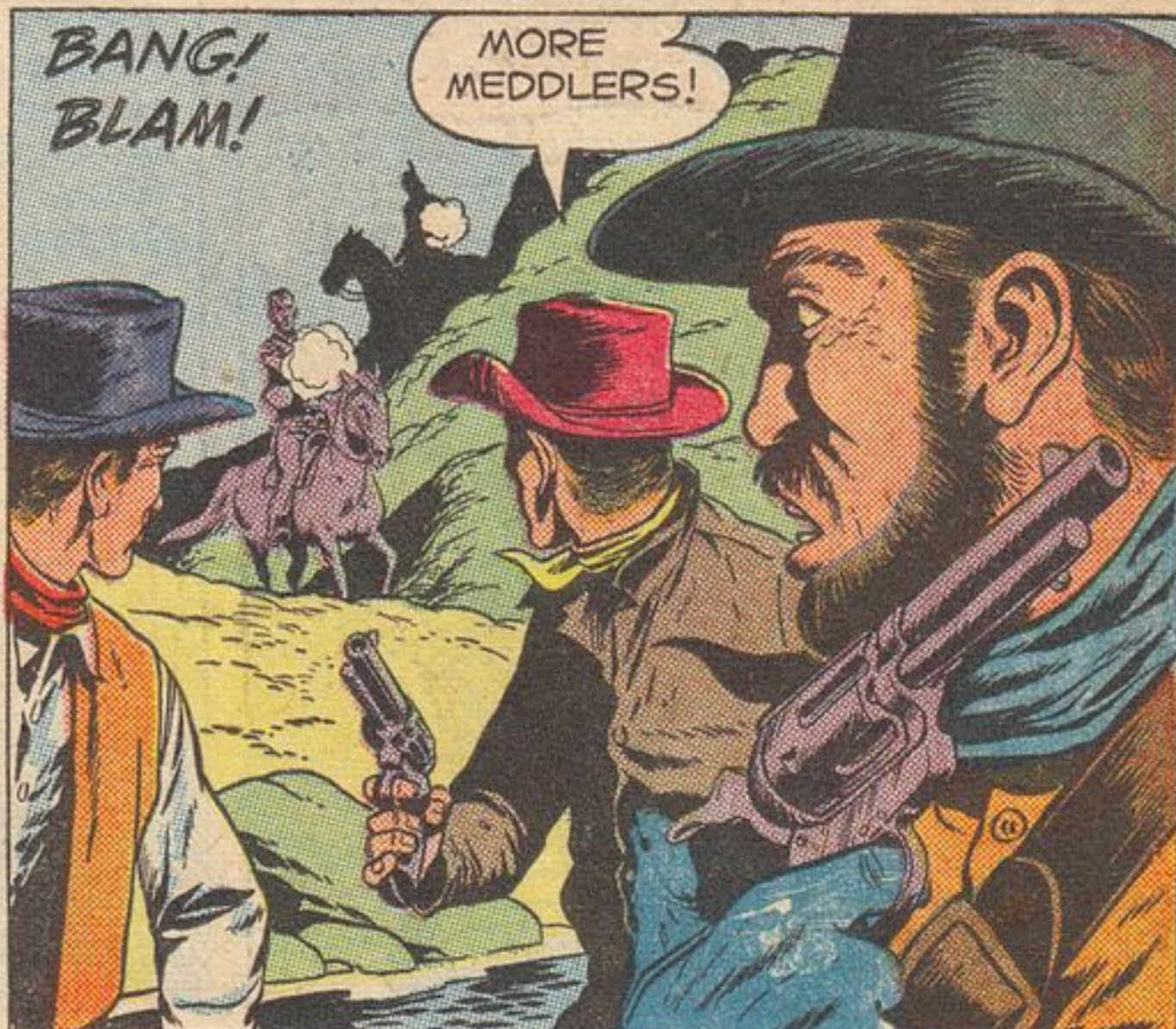
NOT SEE
KEMO
SABAY---

BUT I SEE THREE HOMBRES
I'M USING MY GUNS ON!



BANG!
BLAM!

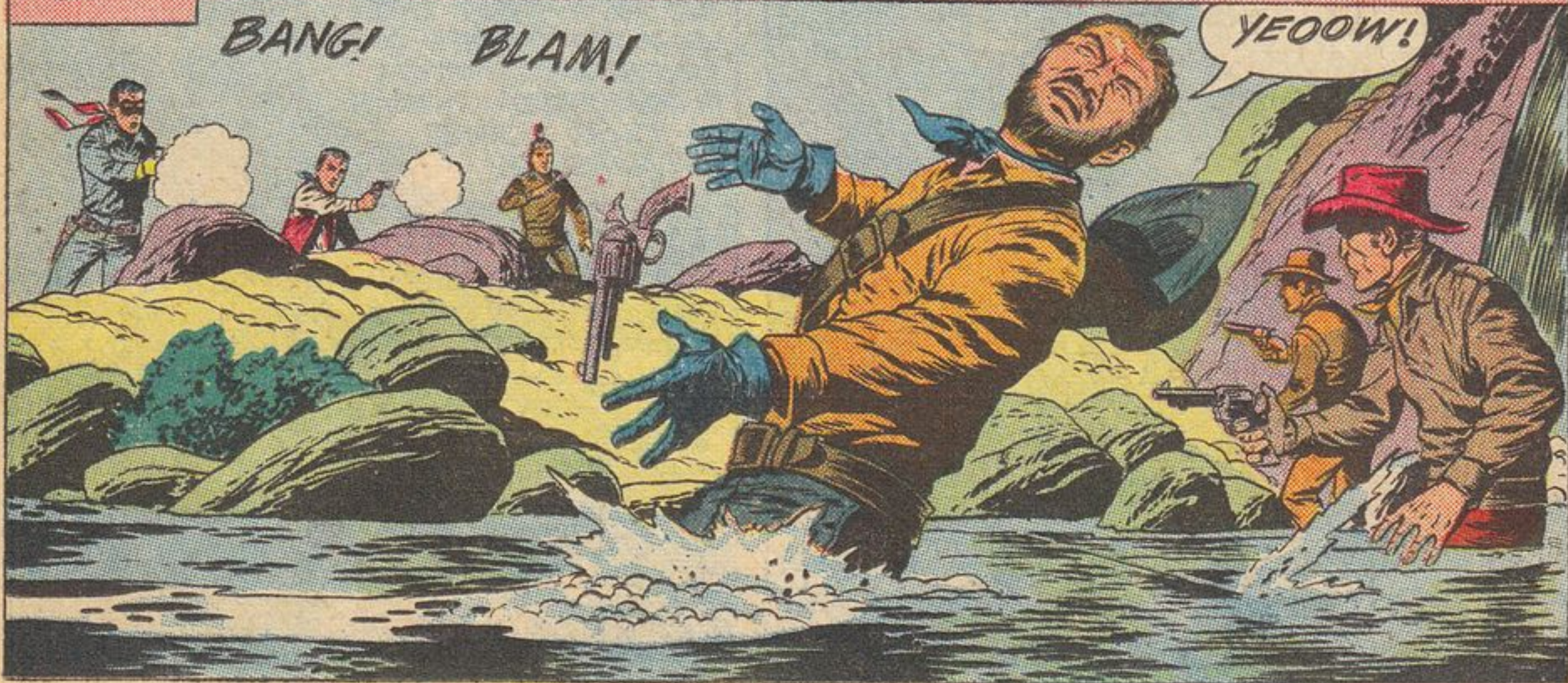
MORE
MEDDLERS!



LEAPING FROM THE BOLTING STEER, THE LONE RANGER QUICKLY JOINS THE
FIGHT---

BANG! BLAM!

YEOWW!



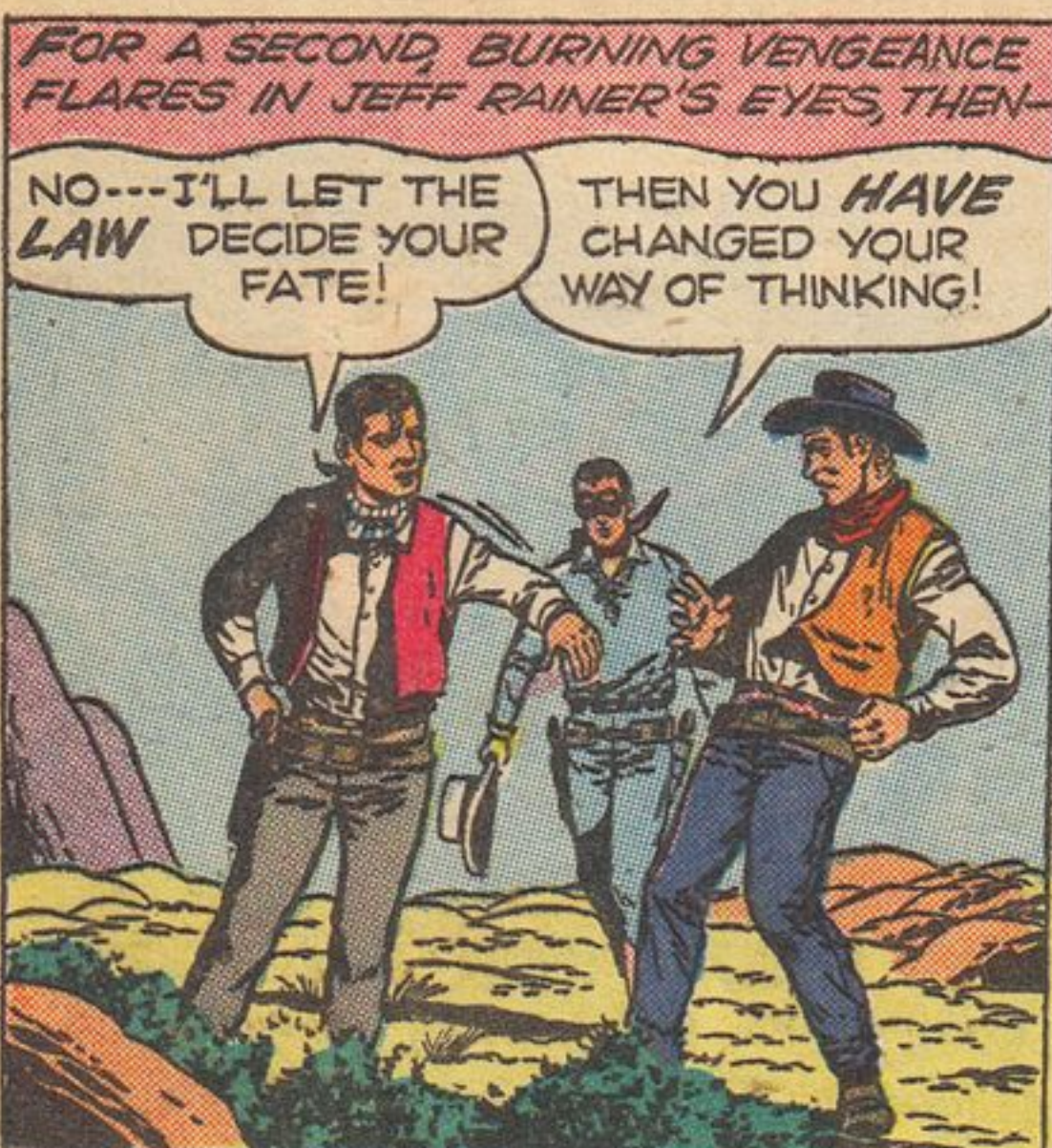


THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS!

DON'T FIRE---



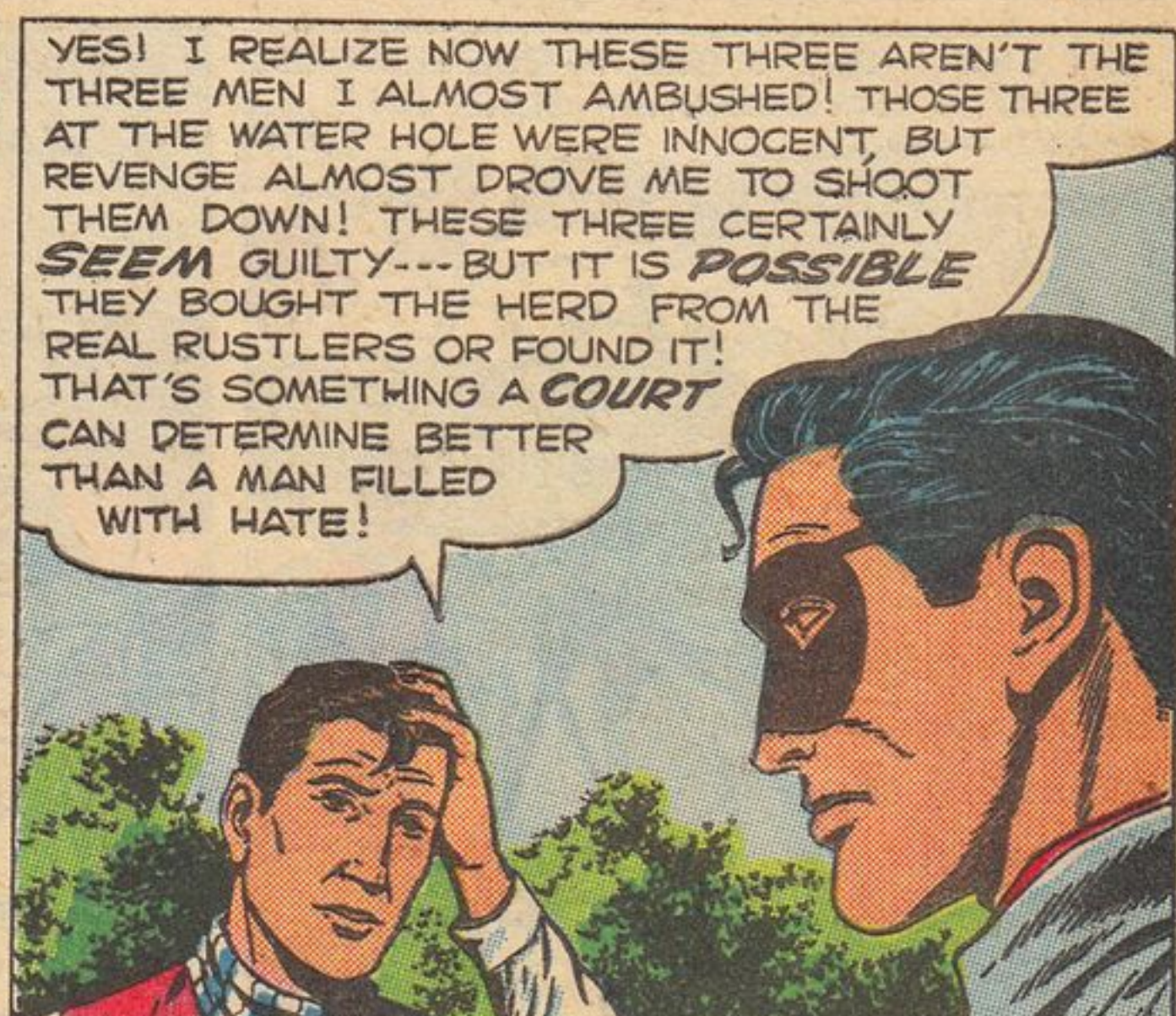
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS---A CHANCE TO GET **REVENGE** ON THE POLECATS WHO WOUNDED MY BROTHER!



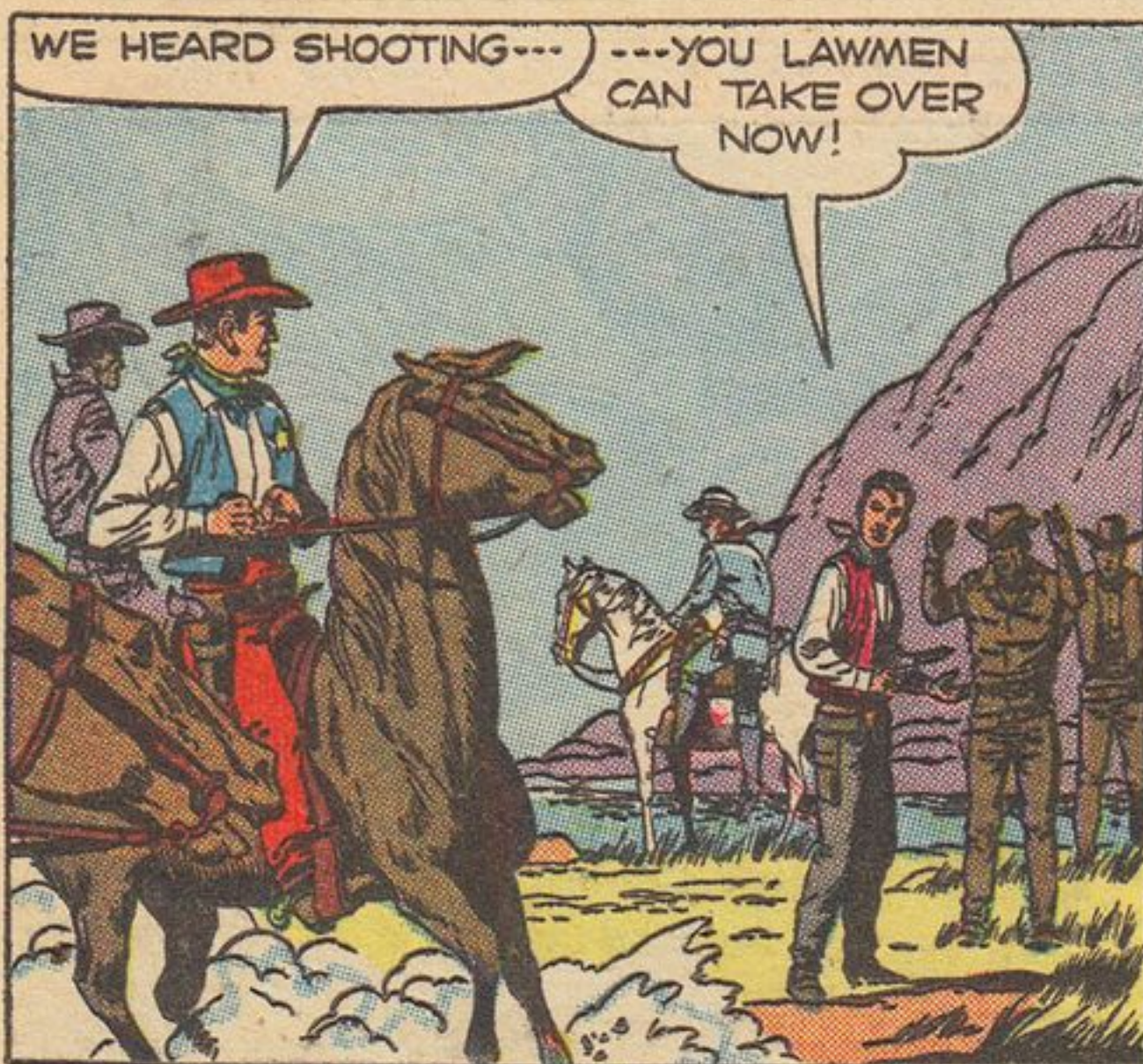
FOR A SECOND, BURNING VENGEANCE FLARES IN JEFF RAINER'S EYES, THEN---

NO---I'LL LET THE **LAW** DECIDE YOUR FATE!

THEN YOU **HAVE** CHANGED YOUR WAY OF THINKING!



YES! I REALIZE NOW THESE THREE AREN'T THE THREE MEN I ALMOST AMBUSHED! THOSE THREE AT THE WATER HOLE WERE INNOCENT, BUT REVENGE ALMOST DROVE ME TO SHOOT THEM DOWN! THESE THREE CERTAINLY **SEEM** GUILTY---BUT IT IS **POSSIBLE** THEY BOUGHT THE HERD FROM THE REAL RUSTLERS OR FOUND IT! THAT'S SOMETHING A **COURT** CAN DETERMINE BETTER THAN A MAN FILLED WITH HATE!



WE HEARD SHOOTING---

---YOU LAWMEN CAN TAKE OVER NOW!



FUNNY, I THOUGHT ONLY **REVENGE** WOULD MAKE ME HAPPY, BUT I'VE LEARNED THERE'S A TRUER SATISFACTION IN **JUSTICE**---THANKS TO **THE LONE RANGER**!

HI-YO, **SILVER!** AWAY!

BONANZA



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They called him "Bonanza" Bolton—with a laugh. Nights when the cowboys ate around the campfire, Bolton was always telling how he would strike it rich. Days he rode herd, but any off hours he would spend prospecting for gold. He had had the gold fever since a boy.

"Find any strike today?" Slim asked that night, as he always did, slyly.

As usual, Bolton began eagerly spilling words. "Sure thought I had a find at Cripple Creek but . . . well, it was only yellow rock."

"Only gold you'll ever find is in your teeth," laughed Slim. The other cowpokes joined in the guffaws, as Bolton turned angrily away. He'd find his big bonanza some day and give them the horse laugh, wait and see!

"Psst! . . . you!" came a whisper from the darkness beyond the fire. A rough-looking saddle tramp melted out of shadow. "Heard you talking about quick riches. There's other ways besides finding gold." A pause—then, "For instance—rustling."

Bolton started. "Not for me—" he began, then paused.

His mind rang with all the mocking laughter of years from the scornful cowhands. A picture sprang in his mind—he was swaggering up to them sporting a ten-gallon hat, shiny boots and maybe silver spurs. How they'd choke on their laughs, then!

"I'm your man," grunted Bolton, suddenly. The two men settled to meet at sundown tomorrow. Alone, Bolton fought down misgivings—he would be an outlaw! He tossed all night.

Next day at the calf roping Bolton had about decided not to meet the rustler. He felt relieved. But before his tired eyes, his rope missed a blurred calf.

"Dreaming about that big bonanza?" chorled Slim, galloping past.

Bolton stiffened like a ramrod. In blind fury he changed his mind. He could take up cattle rustling just long enough to pile up a good grubstake for some real prospecting. Then he'd show Slim and the rest!

At sundown, Bolton rode off grim-lipped to meet the outlaw. Jogging through Mesquite Gulch, his saddle lurched. The pony had picked up a pebble. Muttering, Bolton dismounted and used his knife to dig the stone from the horseshoe.

Before he tossed it away, the last rays of the sun picked up a glimmer. A yellow beam! Bolton squinted closely at the pebble, then scraped off a soft shaving with his knife. He froze in shock.

Gold!

Breaking from his trance, Bolton searched on hands and knees for more. He gathered all the nuggets he could find in the fading light. He tied them in his bandanna and rode like the wind to the assayer's office in town, only to find it closed.

After Bolton nearly banged the door down, Mr. Horton at last came down, peevishly. "Can't it wait till morning?"

"Now," begged Bolton. "Please!"

Horton grumbled, but went to work. Bolton fidgeted at the tests, waiting for the verdict.

Horton finally turned, pityingly. "Sorry—only Fool's Gold."

Bolton stood frozen. His eyes were on the clock. Suddenly he let out a war whoop of joy that made Horton jump. Bolton ran out, still whooping.

"First time a man went wild over Fool's Gold," thought the assayer, shaking his head. "Went plumb loco, I guess, at the bad news."

Bolton wasn't loco. He had missed his appointment with crime. He could still prospect and hope for his strike—the right way, without regrets.

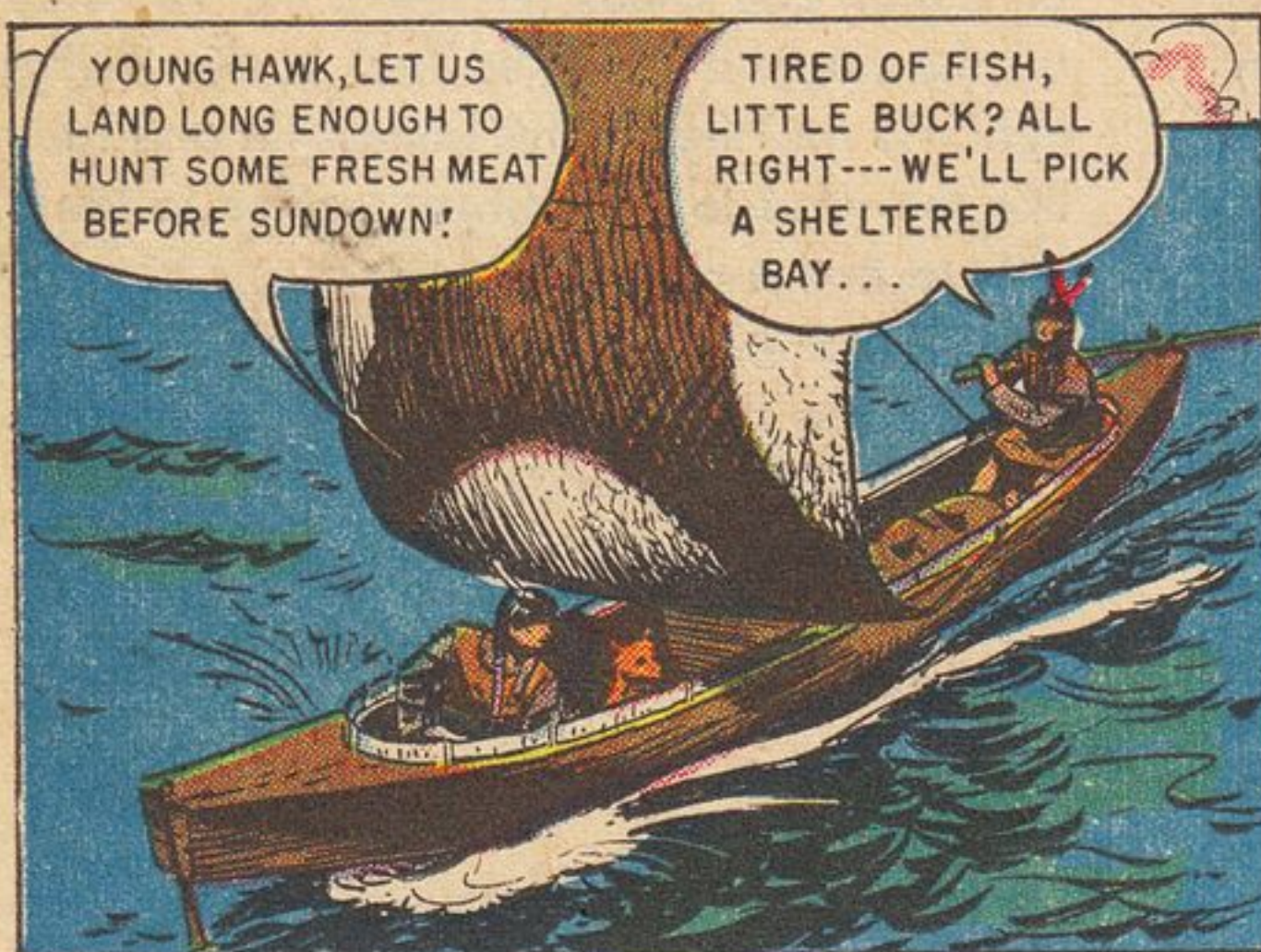
"That Fool's Gold," he grinned to himself on the way back to the ranch, "kept me from being a fool."

YOUNG HAWK



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SEVERAL DAYS OF FINE SAILING BRING
YOUNG HAWK'S DUGOUT DEEP INTO
GEORGIAN BAY... AND ONE AFTERNOON---

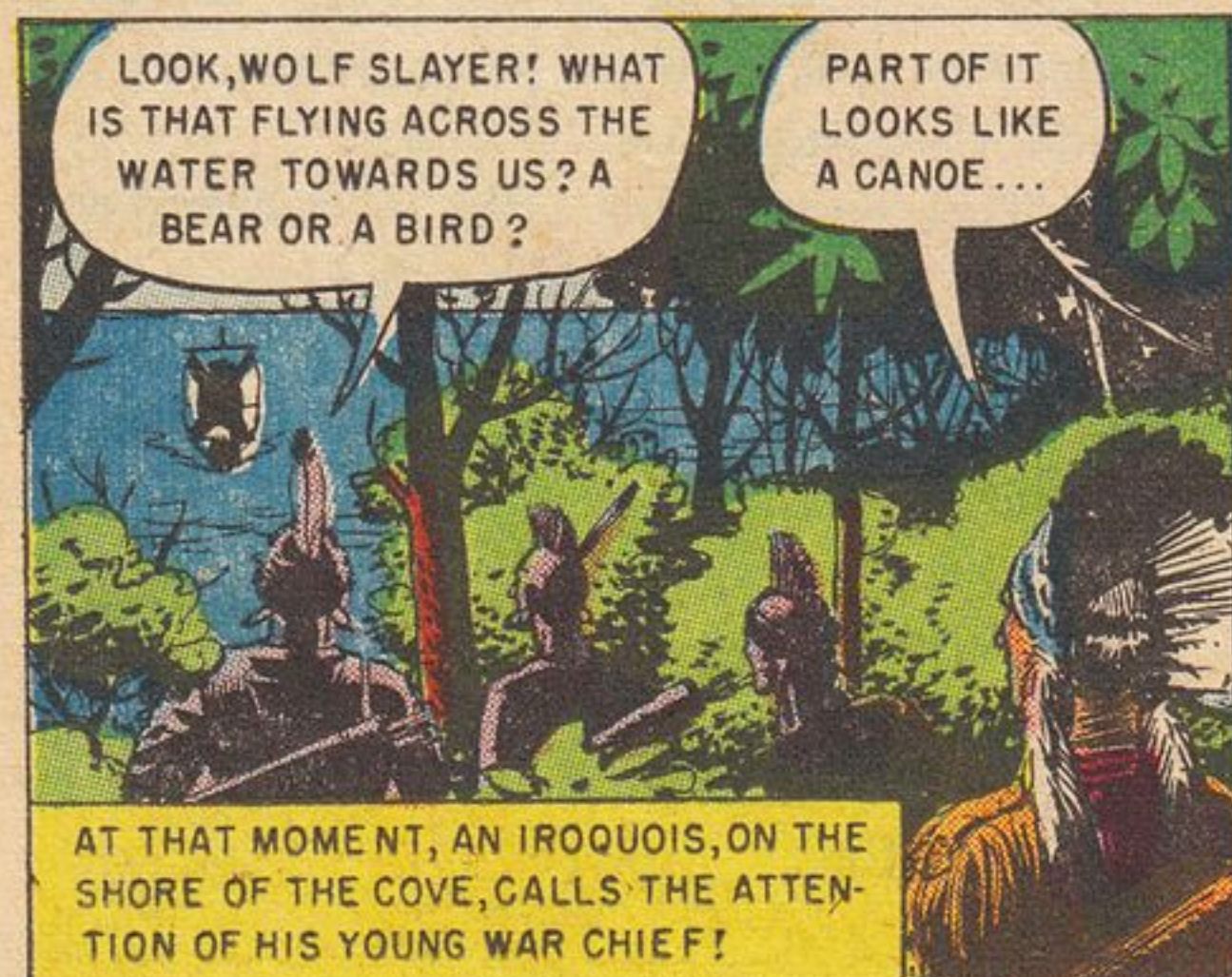


YOUNG HAWK, LET US
LAND LONG ENOUGH TO
HUNT SOME FRESH MEAT
BEFORE SUNDOWN!

TIRED OF FISH,
LITTLE BUCK? ALL
RIGHT--- WE'LL PICK
A SHELTERED
BAY...



THAT LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD BEACH
AHEAD!



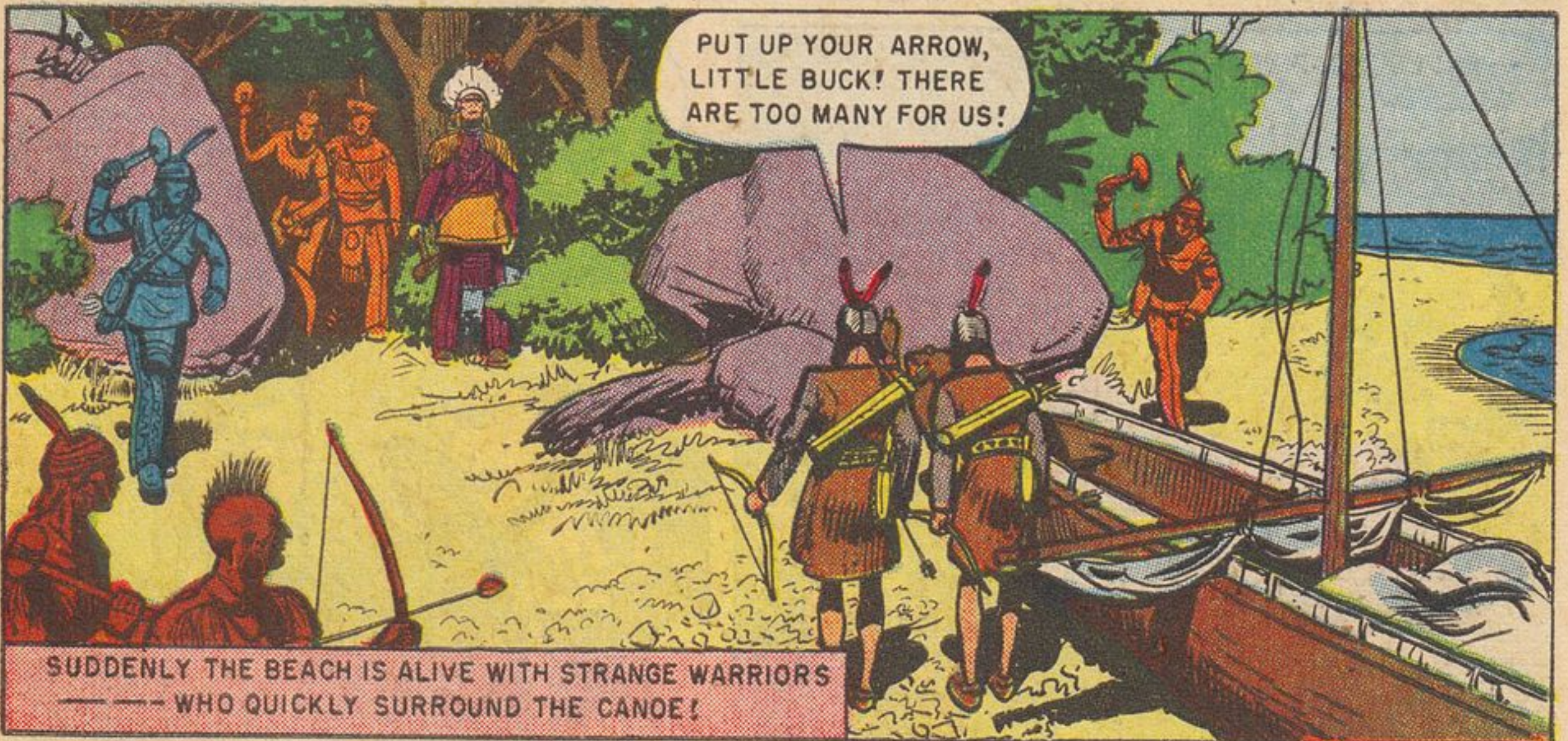
LOOK, WOLF SLAYER! WHAT
IS THAT FLYING ACROSS THE
WATER TOWARDS US? A
BEAR OR A BIRD?

PART OF IT
LOOKS LIKE
A CANOE...



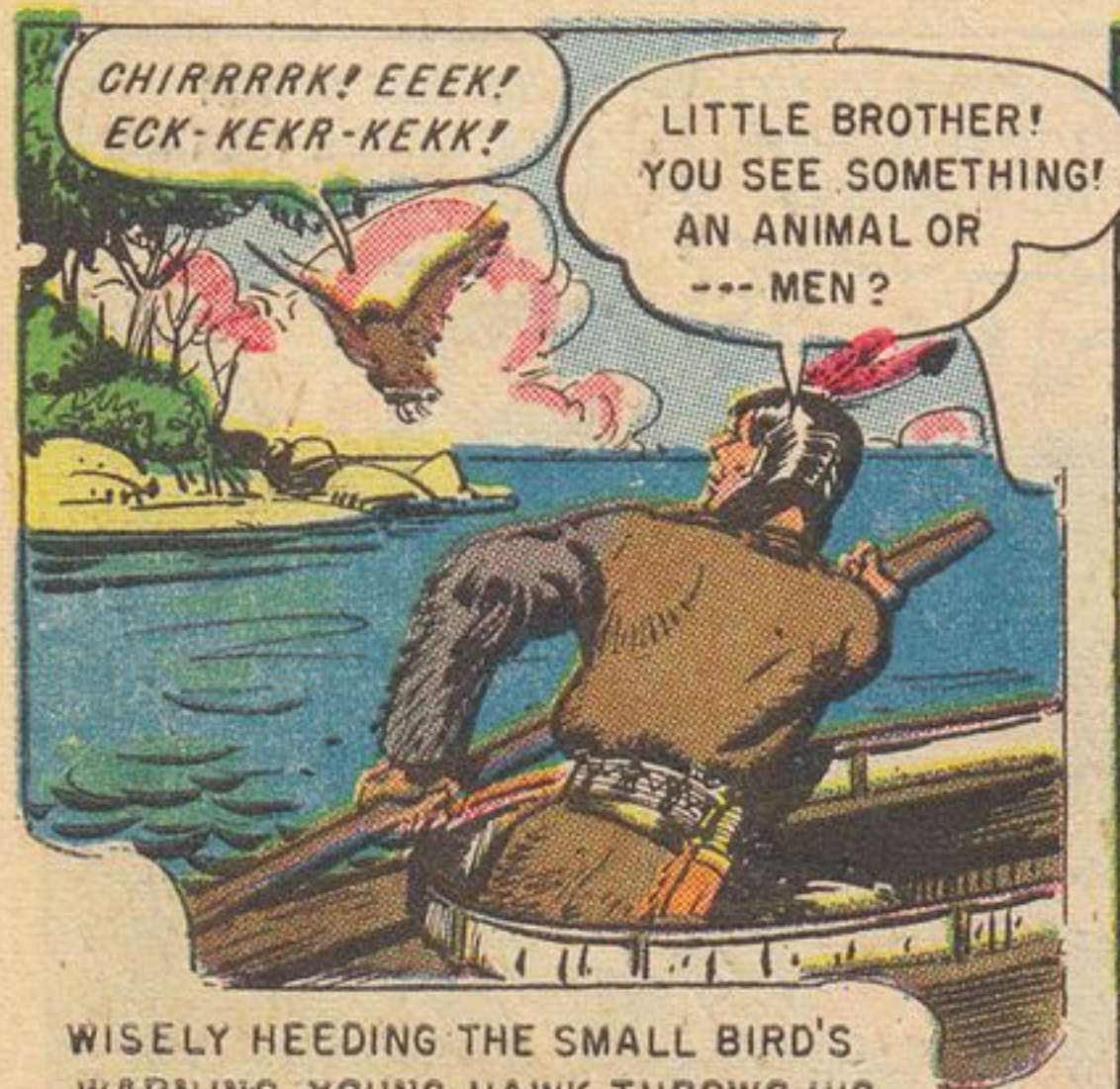
IT IS GOING
TO LAND! I SEE
TWO MEN
IN IT!

AT THAT MOMENT, AN IROQUOIS, ON THE
SHORE OF THE COVE, CALLS THE ATTEN-
TION OF HIS YOUNG WAR CHIEF!









WISELY HEEDING THE SMALL BIRD'S WARNING, YOUNG HAWK THROWS HIS WEIGHT ON THE STEERING PADDLE.

ANSWER THEM! PIN THEM DOWN!
WE'LL RUN THEIR GAUNTLET---



LEND A HAND WITH THE
ROPES, CHIEF! WE'LL SOON
BE OUT OF RANGE...



WAH-WAH-WAH-WAH!

CANOES --- WITH FOUR
PADDLES TO EACH! THEY
ARE FASTER THAN WE,
YOUNG HAWK!



WE'RE A SMALLER
TARGET NOW---AND SOON
WE'LL HAVE WIND!



QUICK WITH THOSE
ROPES! WE'RE COMING
ABOUT!

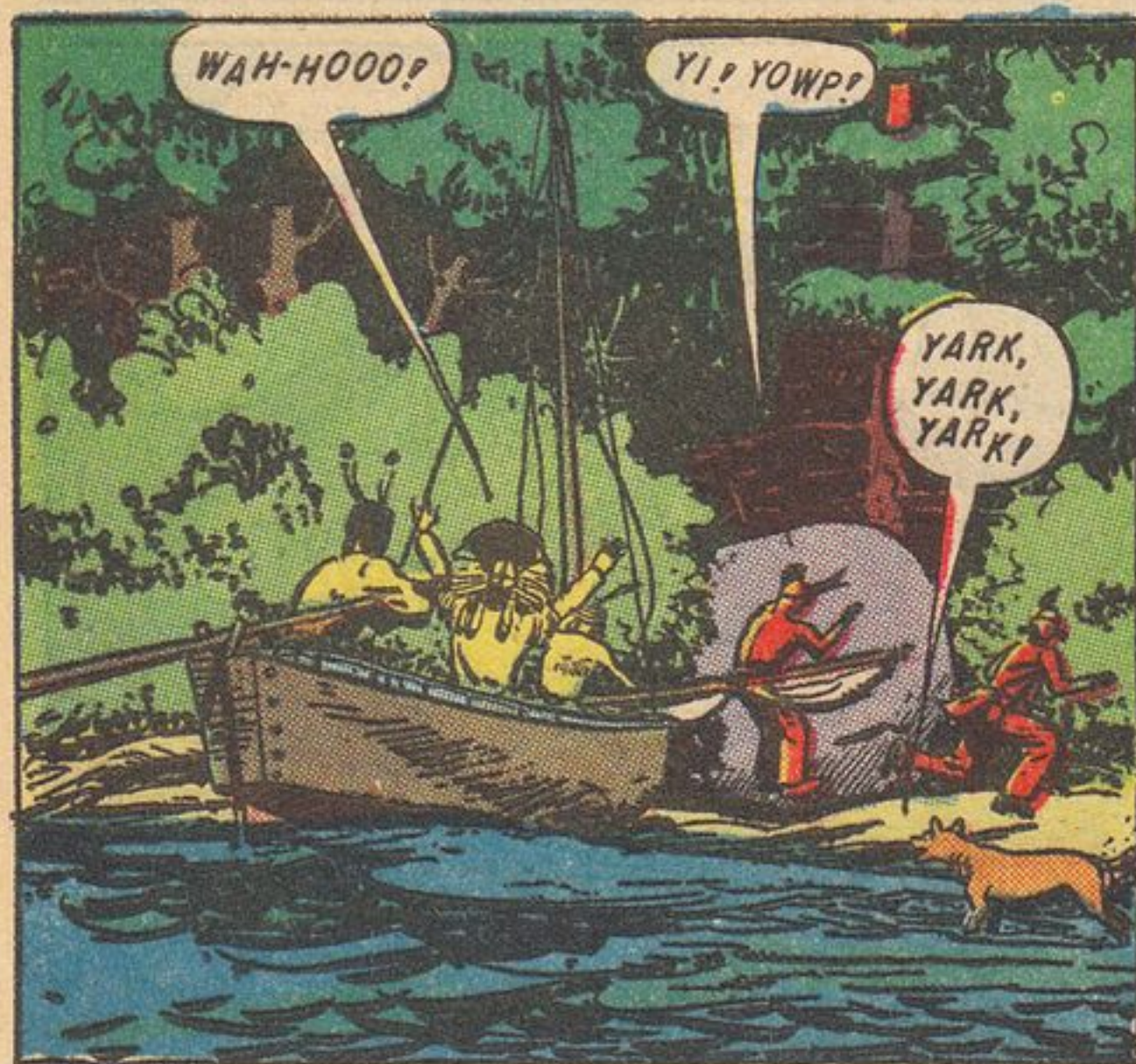
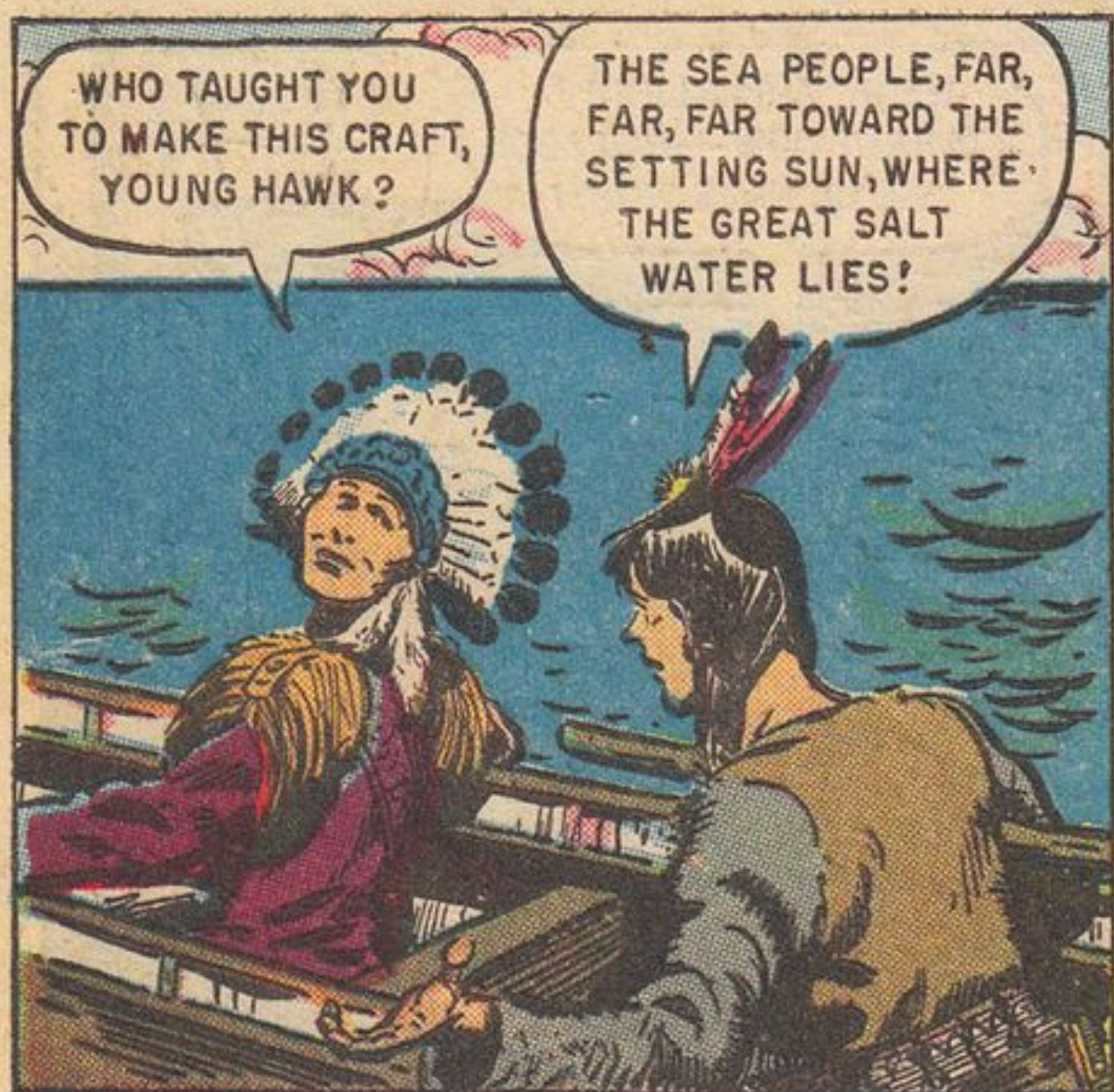


PAST THE POINT OF A SMALL ISLET,
A GUST OF WIND STRIKES!

WA-HOOO! WE FLY
WITH THE WIND! LET
THE HURONS HOWL!

Yip-Yip-Yip---







THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER

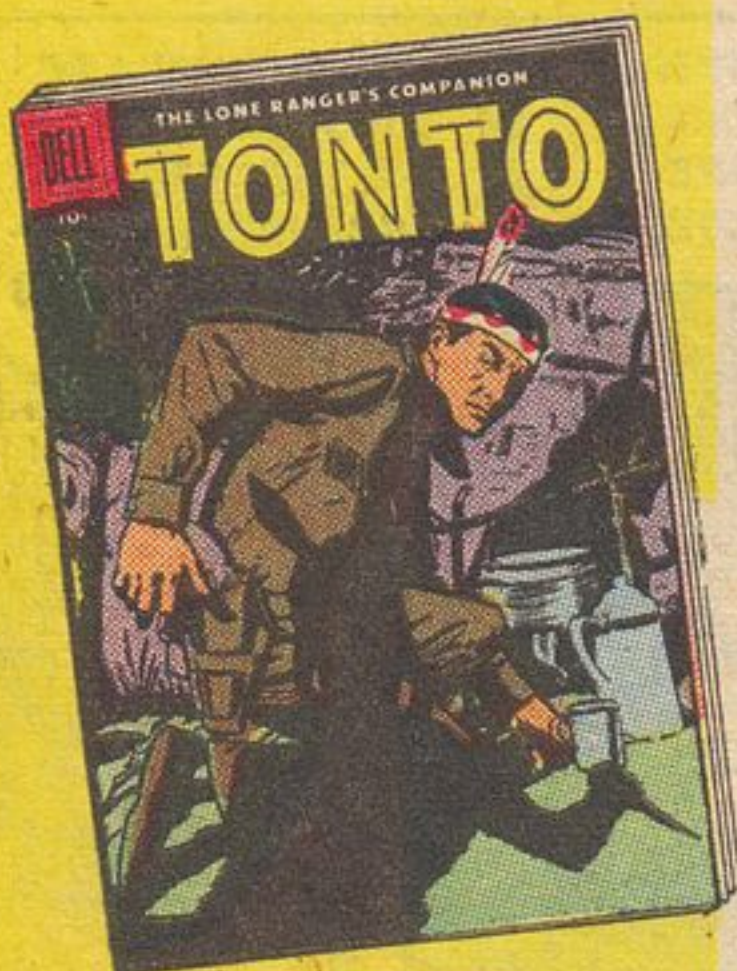


On April 3, 1860, at 5 P.M., a courier mounted a fast, spirited steed in St. Joseph, Missouri, and headed westward at breakneck speed. At about the same time, in San Francisco, another rider began a dash toward the East. These were the first Pony Express riders.

During the eighteen months of the Pony Express's short history, many miracles of endurance and bravery were performed, before the famous relay system was replaced by the telegraph line. Racing from station to station, the average courier carried his precious cargo between 40 and 125 miles at a clip. Whether he rode over mountains or plains, or through dangerous Indian territories; whether his ride was at night or during the day, in stifling heat or cruel blizzards, the courageous riders of the Pony Express almost never failed to bring the mails to its destination. It is said that only one mail was lost in a total of 650,000 miles in the saddle.

Many of the express riders were products of the frontier, selected for their light weight and cool-headedness in times of danger. All were able to ride and shoot with amazing skill. Buffalo Bill Cody was, early in his career, a Pony Express rider.

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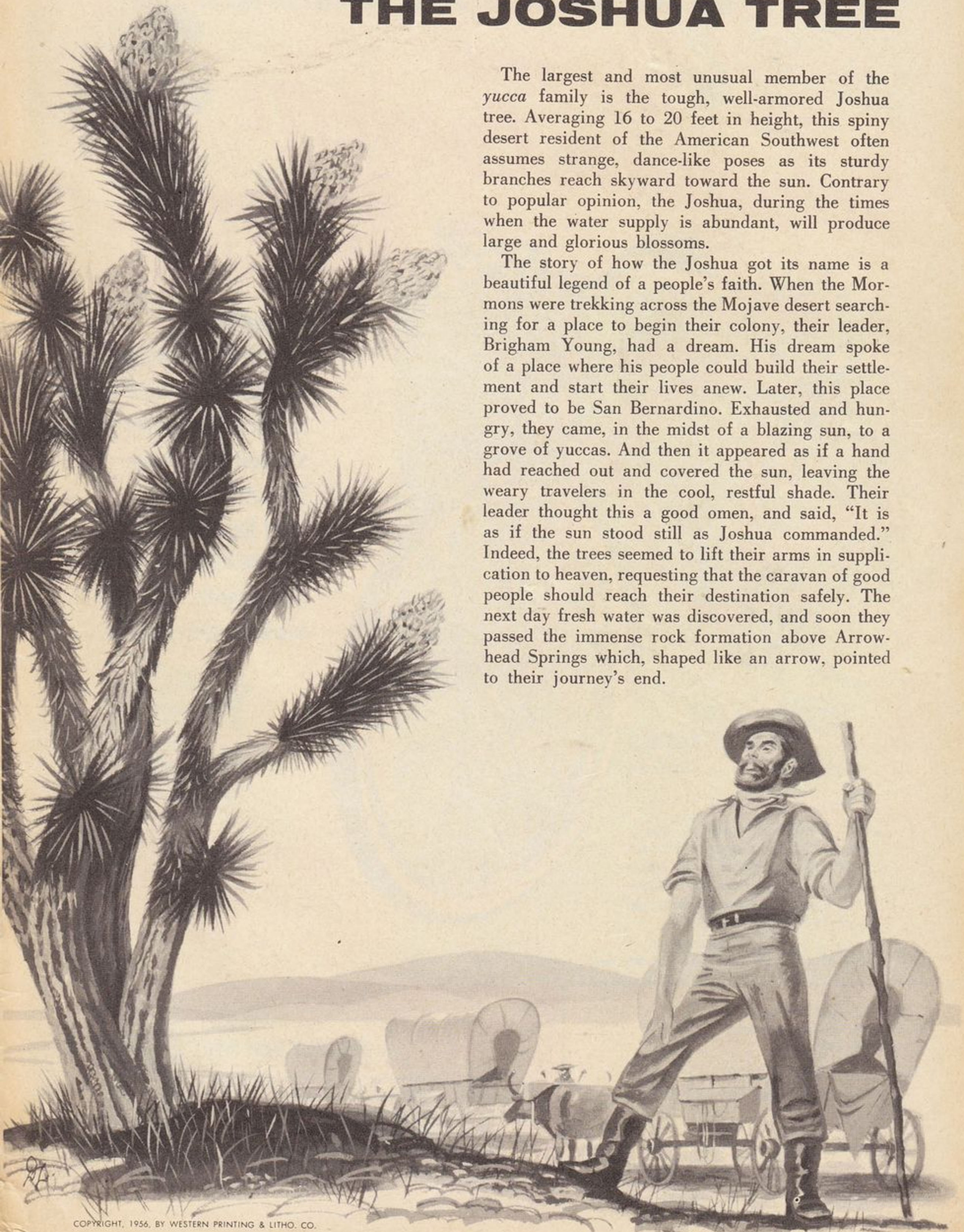
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

TREES OF AMERICA

THE JOSHUA TREE

The largest and most unusual member of the *yucca* family is the tough, well-armored Joshua tree. Averaging 16 to 20 feet in height, this spiny desert resident of the American Southwest often assumes strange, dance-like poses as its sturdy branches reach skyward toward the sun. Contrary to popular opinion, the Joshua, during the times when the water supply is abundant, will produce large and glorious blossoms.

The story of how the Joshua got its name is a beautiful legend of a people's faith. When the Mormons were trekking across the Mojave desert searching for a place to begin their colony, their leader, Brigham Young, had a dream. His dream spoke of a place where his people could build their settlement and start their lives anew. Later, this place proved to be San Bernardino. Exhausted and hungry, they came, in the midst of a blazing sun, to a grove of yuccas. And then it appeared as if a hand had reached out and covered the sun, leaving the weary travelers in the cool, restful shade. Their leader thought this a good omen, and said, "It is as if the sun stood still as Joshua commanded." Indeed, the trees seemed to lift their arms in supplication to heaven, requesting that the caravan of good people should reach their destination safely. The next day fresh water was discovered, and soon they passed the immense rock formation above Arrowhead Springs which, shaped like an arrow, pointed to their journey's end.



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