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the Lone Ranger

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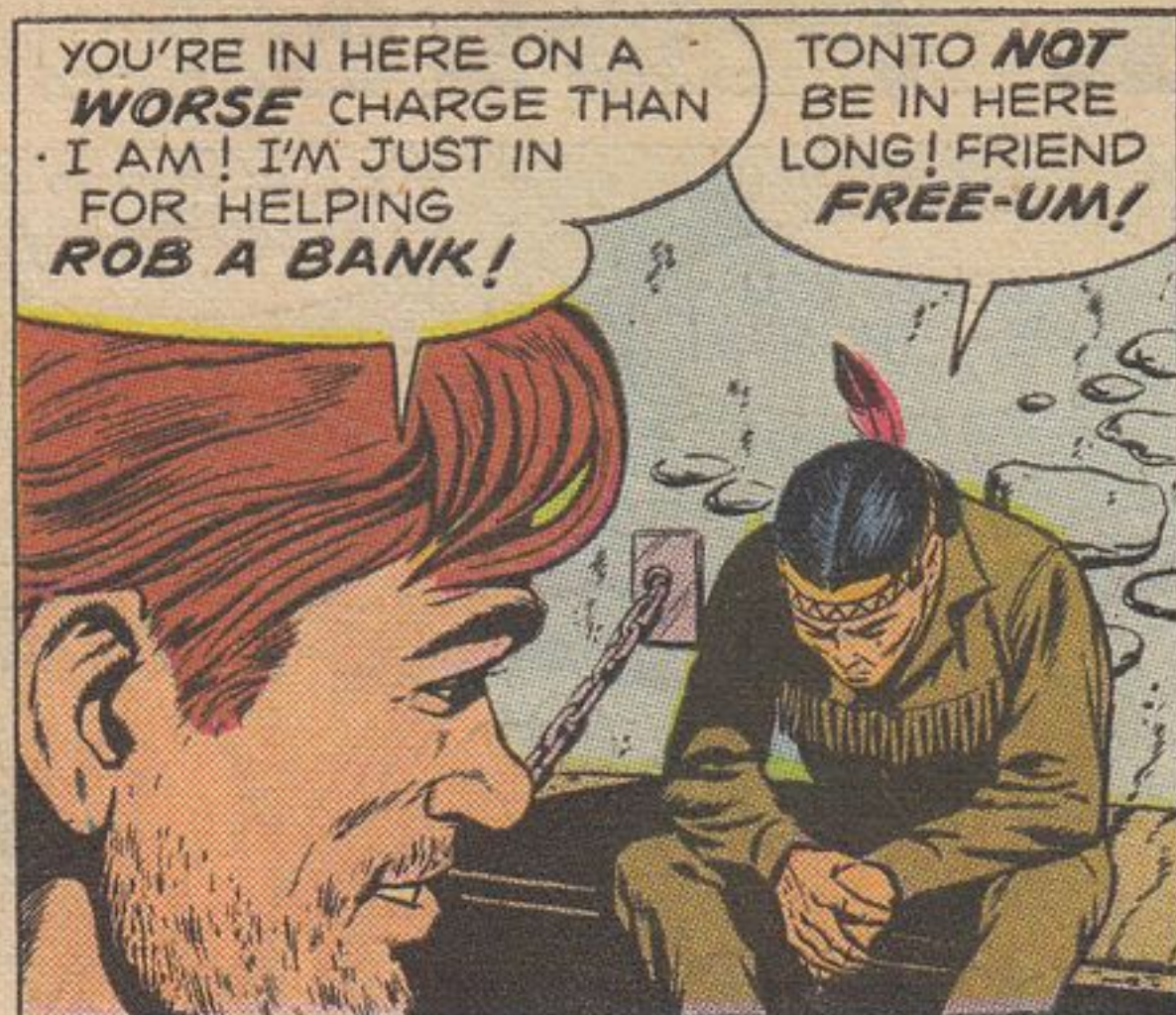
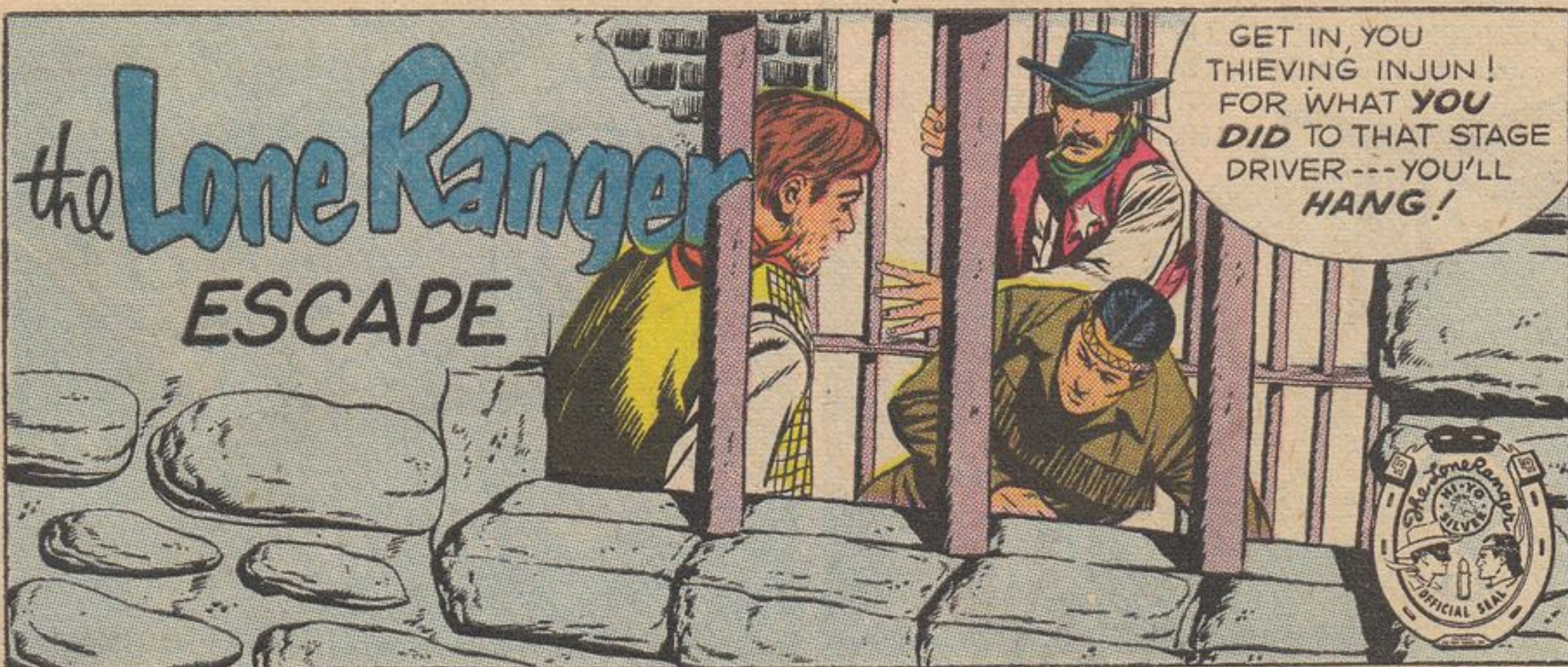
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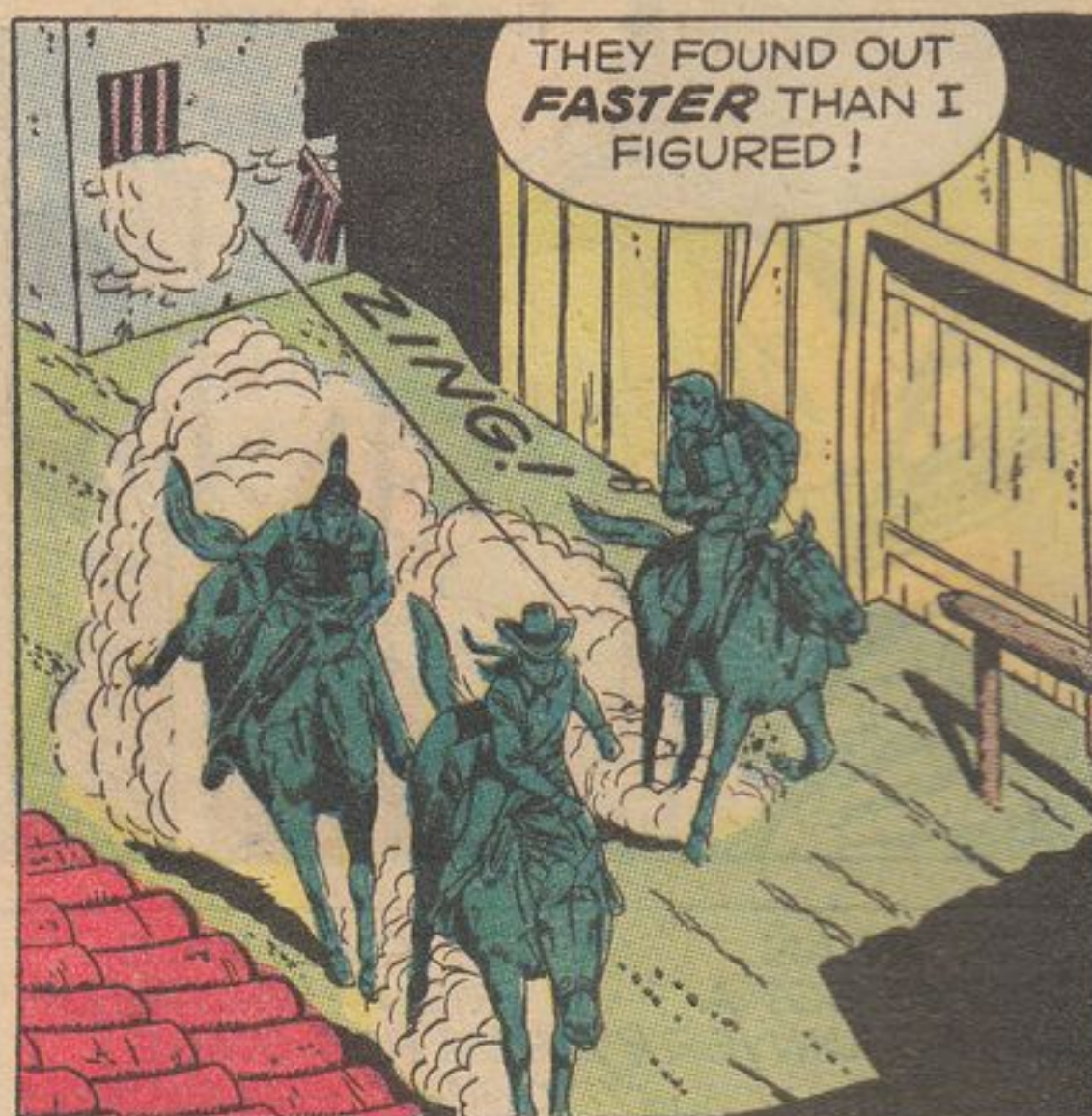
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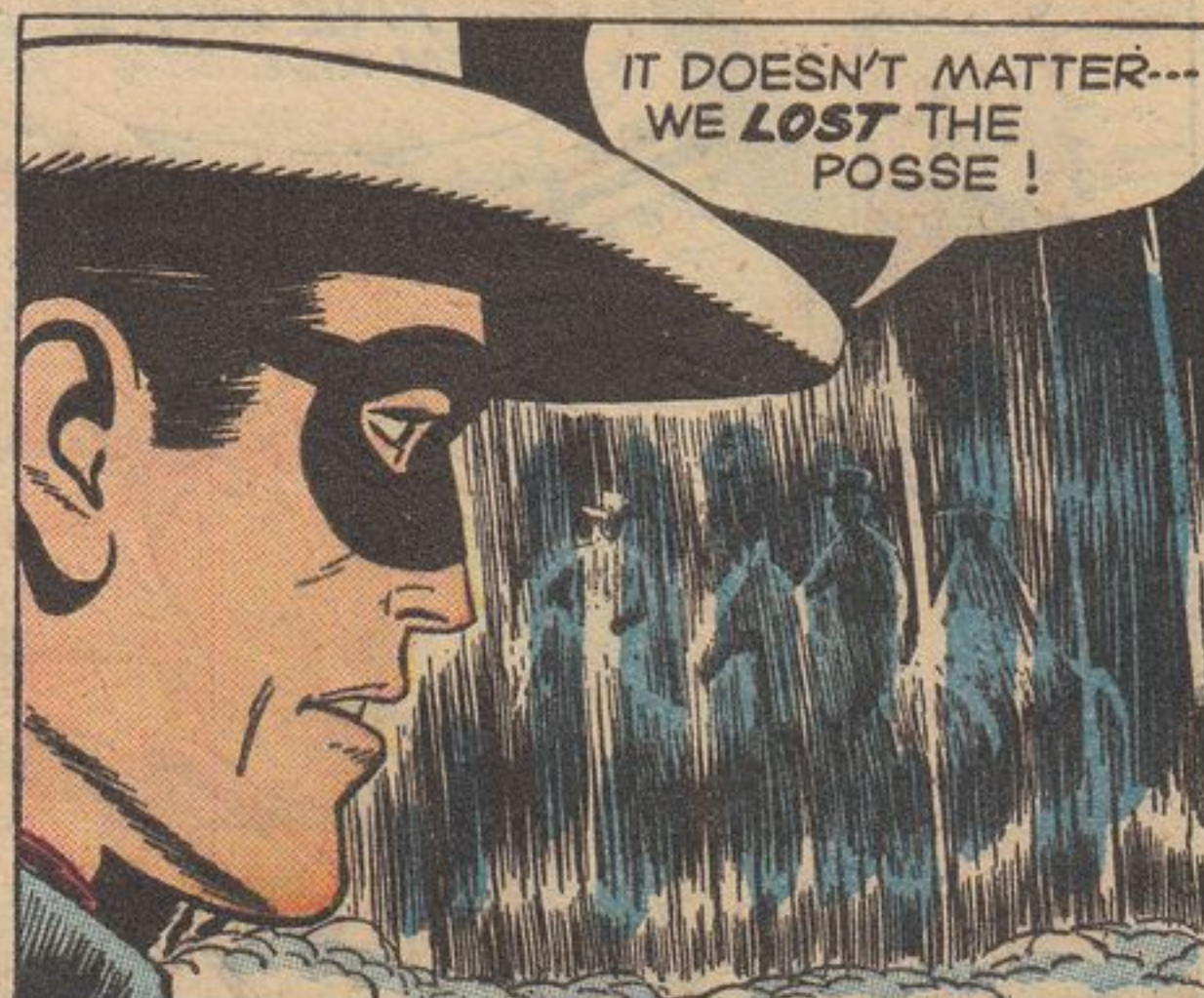
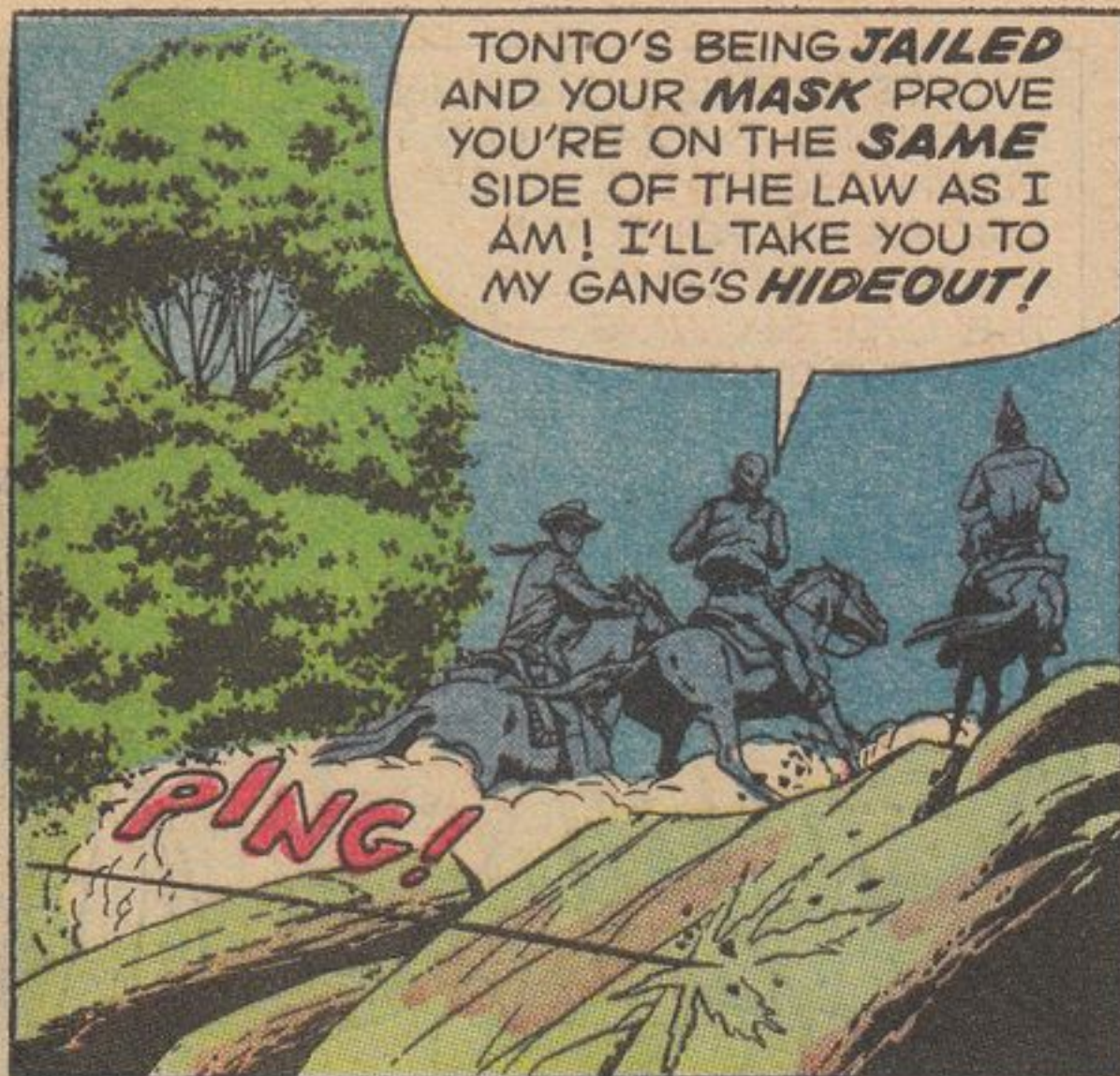


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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





I LOST **MORE** THAN THE POSSE BY NOT FINDING THE OTHERS HERE! WE HIT A **BANK**! I GOT CAUGHT **COVERING THEM** WHEN THEY PULLED OUT! THEY COULD HAVE TRIED TO **BUST** ME OUT OF **JAIL** OR WAITED A FEW DAYS ON THE CHANCE THAT I'D GET OUT ON MY OWN! I'D SURE LIKE TO **FIND 'EM**!

TONTO IS A GOOD **TRACKER**!

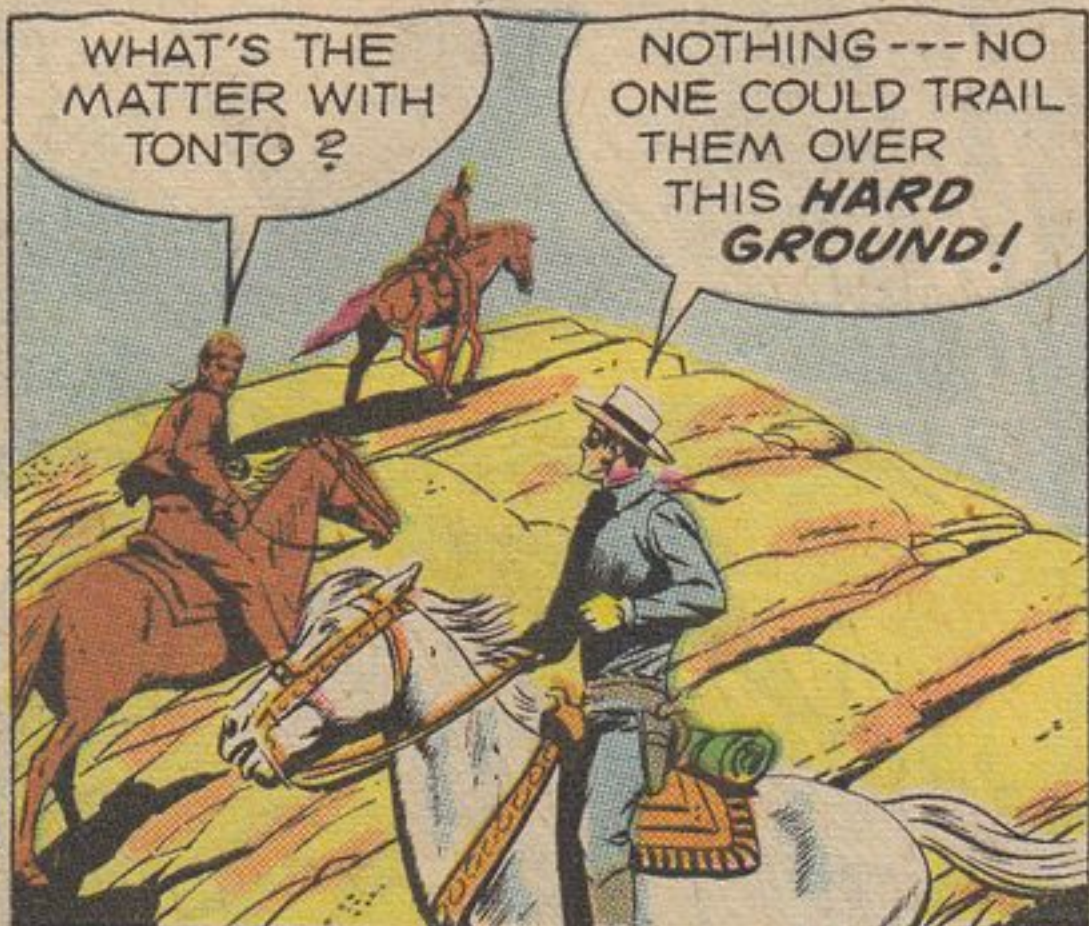
THAT'S A DEAL, MISTER! IN THE MORNING, IF TONTO CAN TRACK DOWN THOSE DOUBLE-CROSSING POLECATS, INSTEAD OF SPLITTING THE LOOT SIX WAYS---**WE** WILL CUT IT UP **THREE** WAYS!



THE NEXT MORNING, TONTO QUICKLY PICKS UP THE BANK ROBBERS' TRACKS AND FOLLOWS THEM FOR TEN MILES UNTIL...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TONTO?

NOTHING---NO ONE COULD TRAIL THEM OVER THIS **HARD GROUND**!



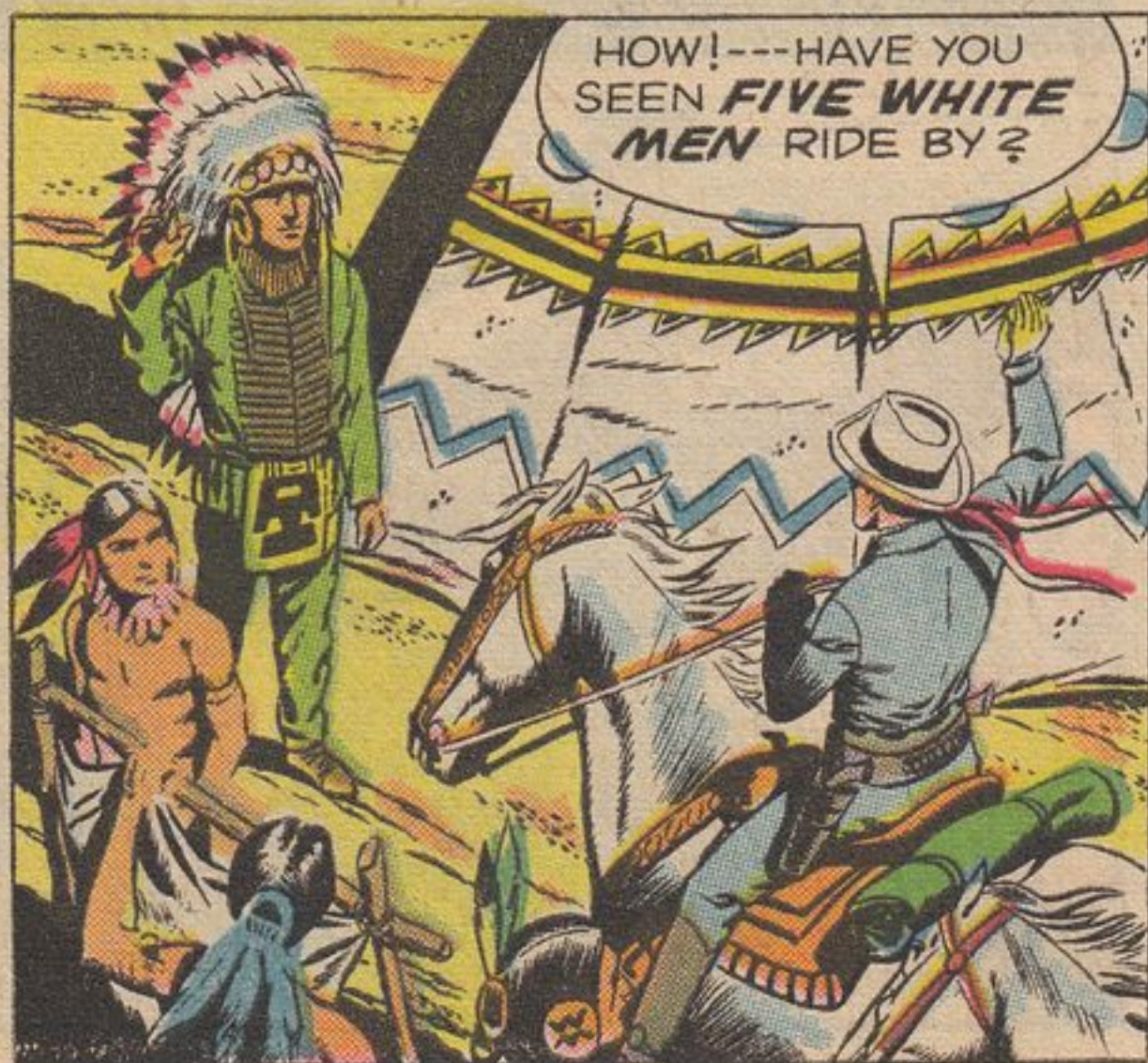
KEMO SABAY, INDIAN HUNTING PARTY BE DOWN HERE! MEBBE THEM **SEE OTHERS**!



HOW!---HAVE YOU SEEN **FIVE WHITE MEN** RIDE BY?

CHUCK, RED PICKED UP **COMPANY**!

THAT REDSKIN BETTER NOT TELL 'EM WE'RE HERE---NOT IF HE WANTS TO **LIVE**!





NO, FLEET EAGLE
NOT SEE ANY
WHITES!

YOU
SURE?



PLENTY
SURE!

SOMETHING IS MAKING
FLEET EAGLE LIE--- FIVE
OF THOSE HORSES
ARE **SHOD!**

A NUDGE FROM THE LONE RANGER SENDS
TONTTO'S EYES TO THE TELLTALE HORSESHOES...

AND AS THEIR VOICES CARRY ON A
CONVERSATION, SO DO THEIR HANDS...



UGH! TONTO SEE-UM!
SPEAK TO FLEET EAGLE
SO NO ONE
HEAR!



YOU DIDN'T SEE
ANY **TRAIL** OF
WHITE MEN
CLOSE BY?

SEE NOTHING!

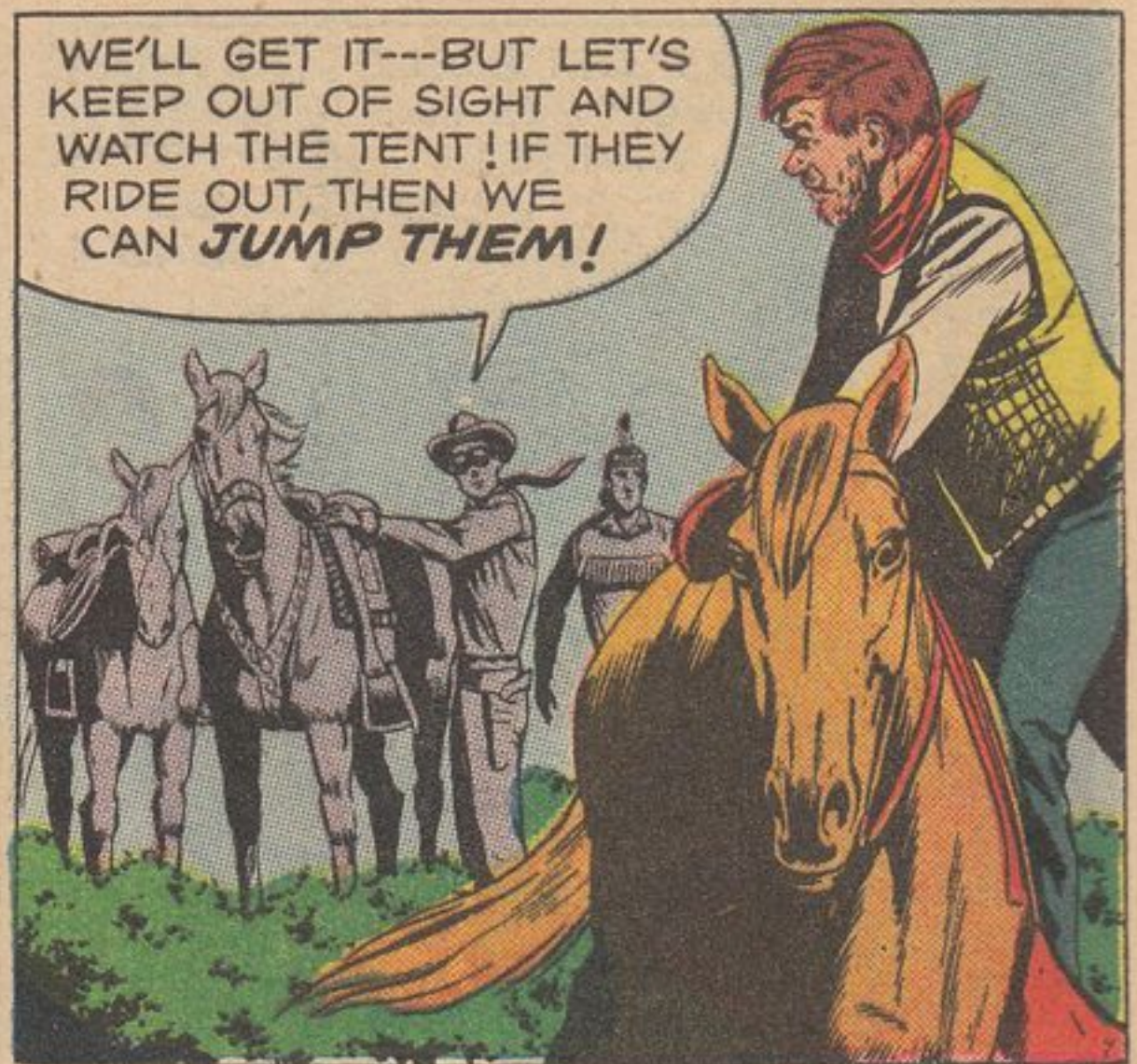


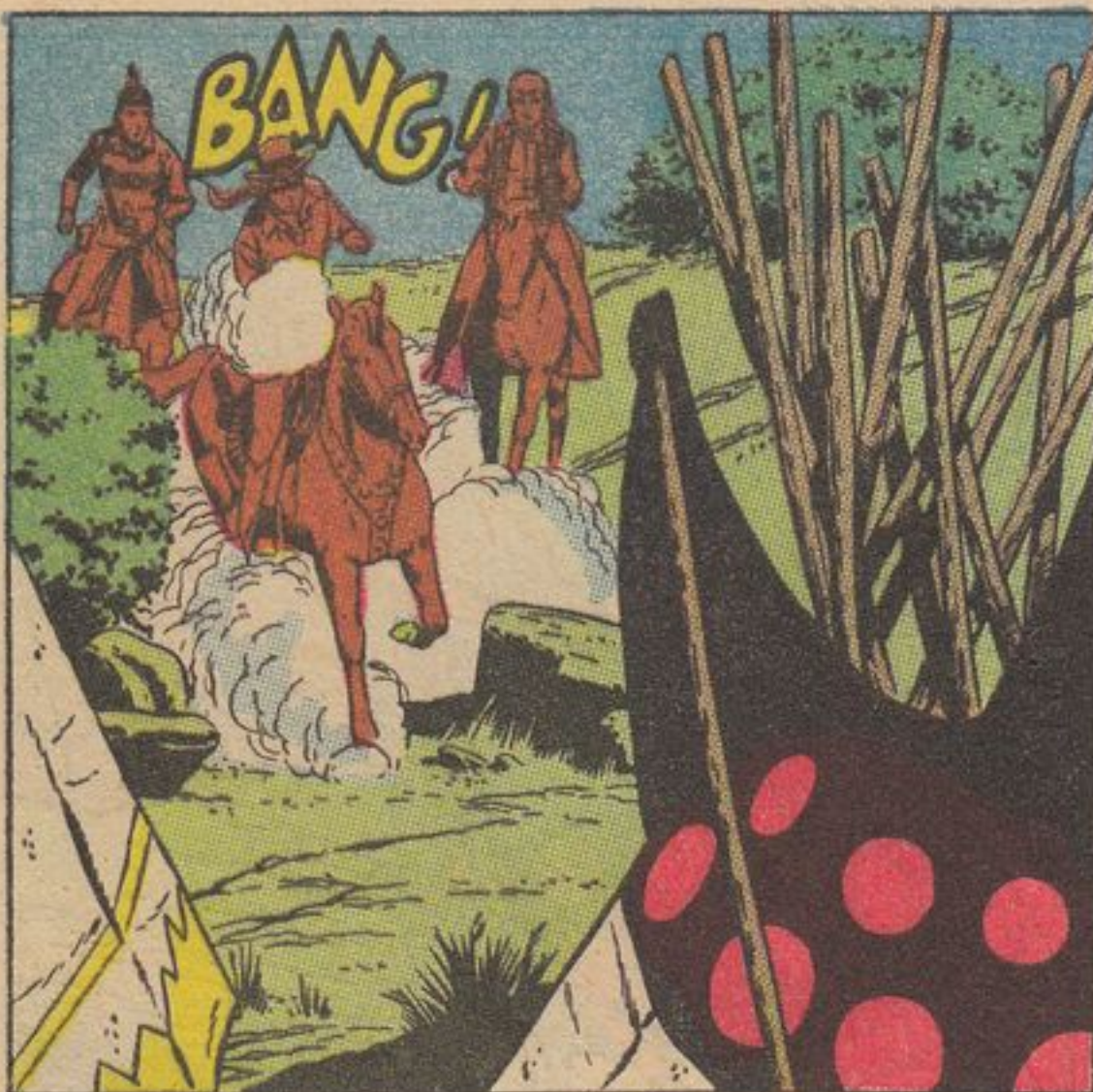
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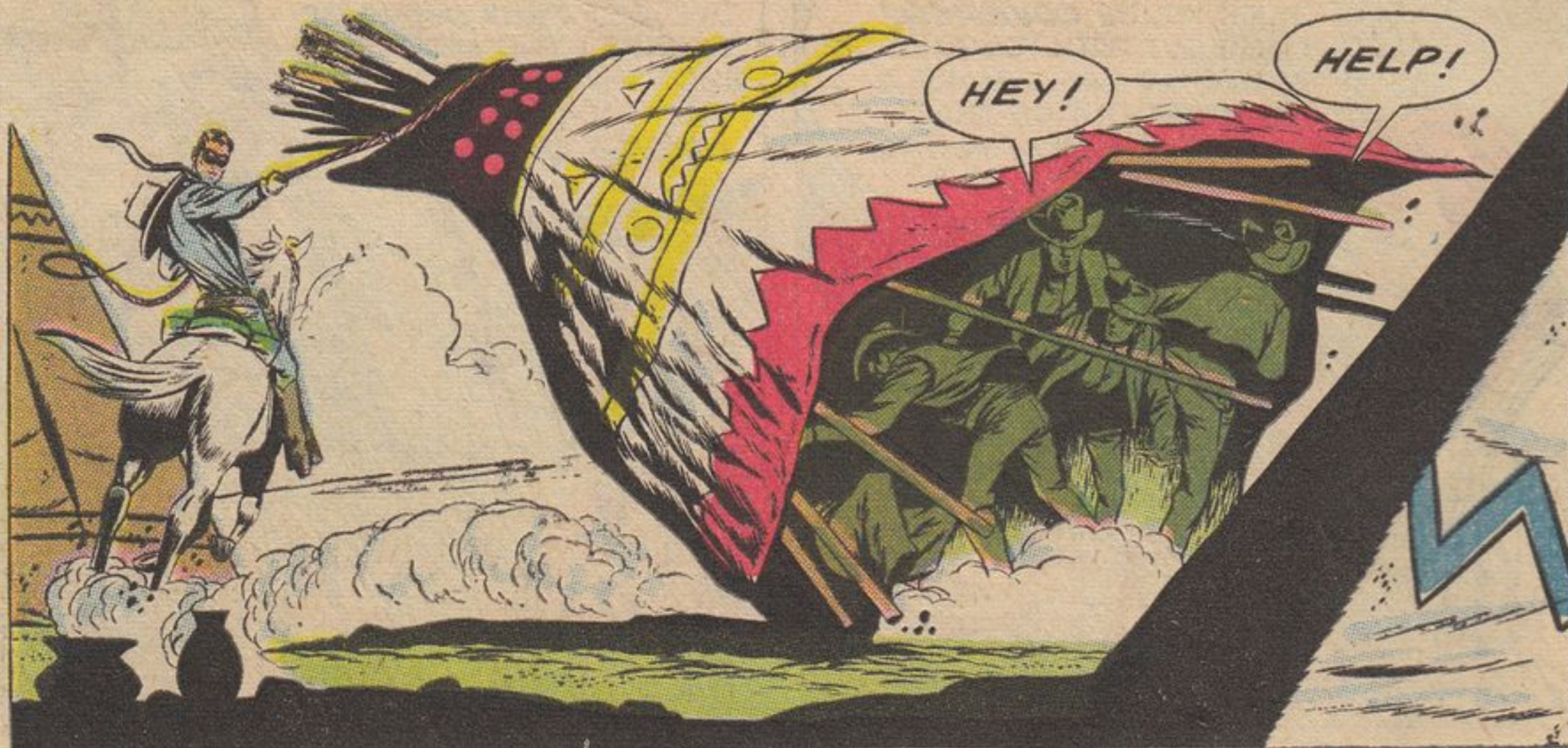
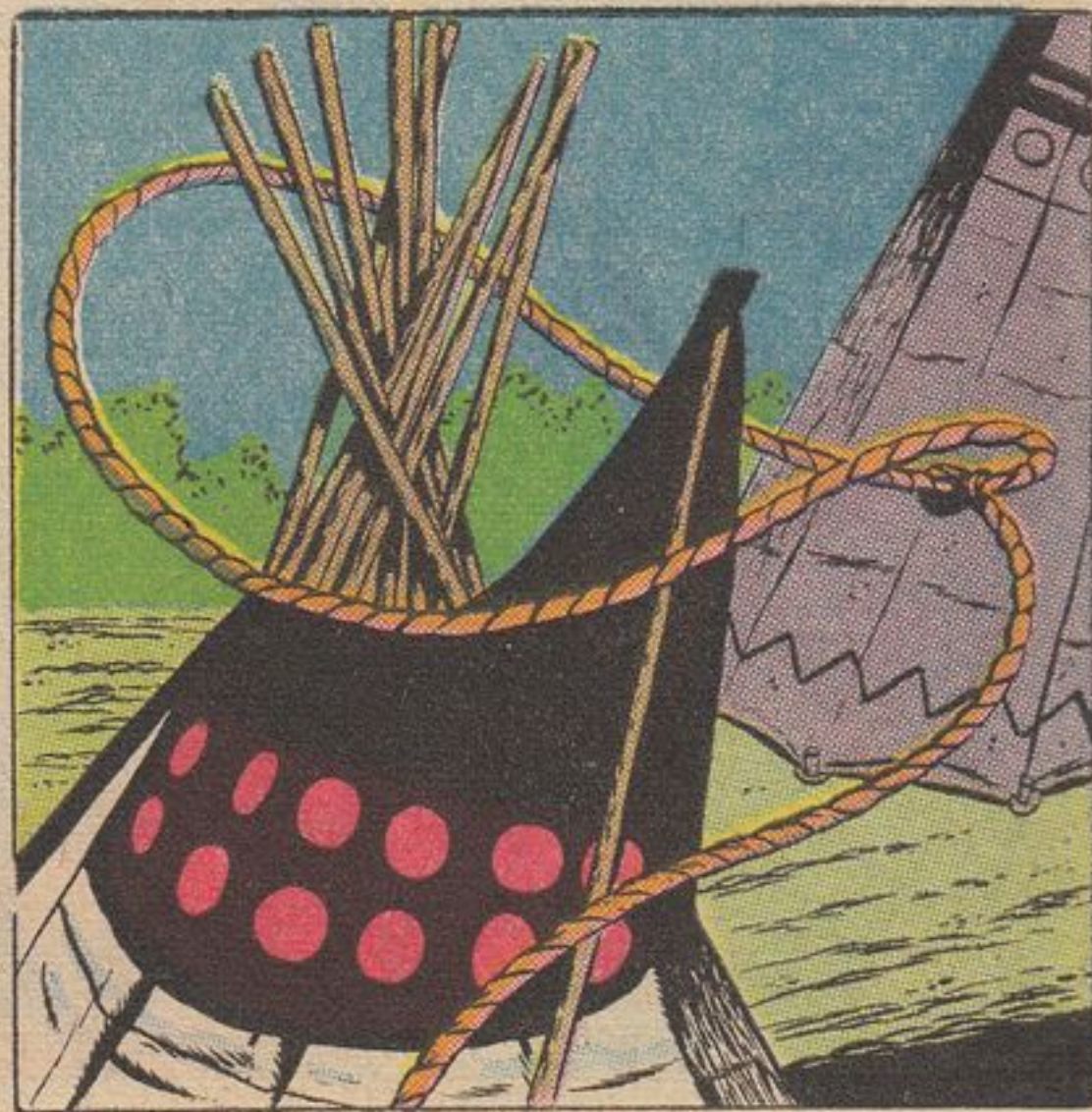


HIM SAY IN SIGN LANGUAGE
THAT FIVE WHITE MEN
BE IN NEAR TENT---
COVER-UM! MAKE-UM
SAY NO WHITES BE
THERE!

THAT'S
CHUCK AND
THE BOYS!
LET'S **GET**
'EM!









OWW!



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU TRY TO CUT **ME** OUT OF A DEAL! YOU END UP HOLDING THE **EMPTY BAG!**

YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW **WHO** IS RIDING WITH YOU? HE'S A **LAWMAN!**



CHUCK, YOU'RE **LOCO**---

---I THINK **NOT!**



BU-BUT YOU **CAN'T** BE---

---WHEN **YOU** JOIN THE REST OF THEM IN **JAIL** YOU MAY CHANGE YOUR OPINION!



LATER... THERE IS NO **ESCAPE** THIS TIME, RED!



THANKS FOR HELPING US ROUND UP THE OTHERS, RED! THAT'S WHAT COMES OF "ESCAPING" WITH THE BEST FRIEND OF **THE LONE RANGER!**

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!

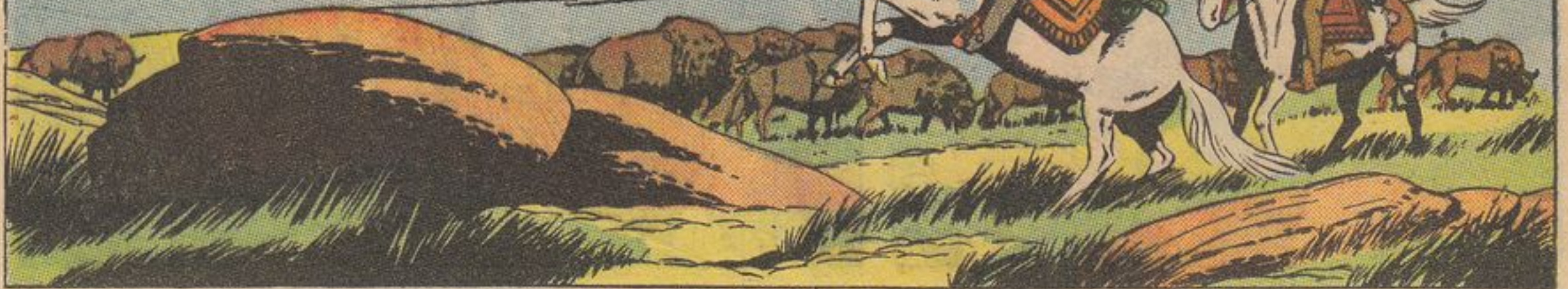
the Lone Ranger

THE BUFFALO HUNT

NEIGH!

EASY, BIG FELLOW!
IT'S ONLY A
BUFFALO
HERD!

UGH!
BUT
THEM MAKE-
UM SILVER
PLENTY
JUMPY!



TONTO, WE HAD BETTER
WATER HERE BEFORE WE
RIDE ON!



SUDDENLY THE WIND SHIFTS, CARRYING
THE SCENT OF BUFFALO TO SILVER'S
QUIVERING NOSTRILS...

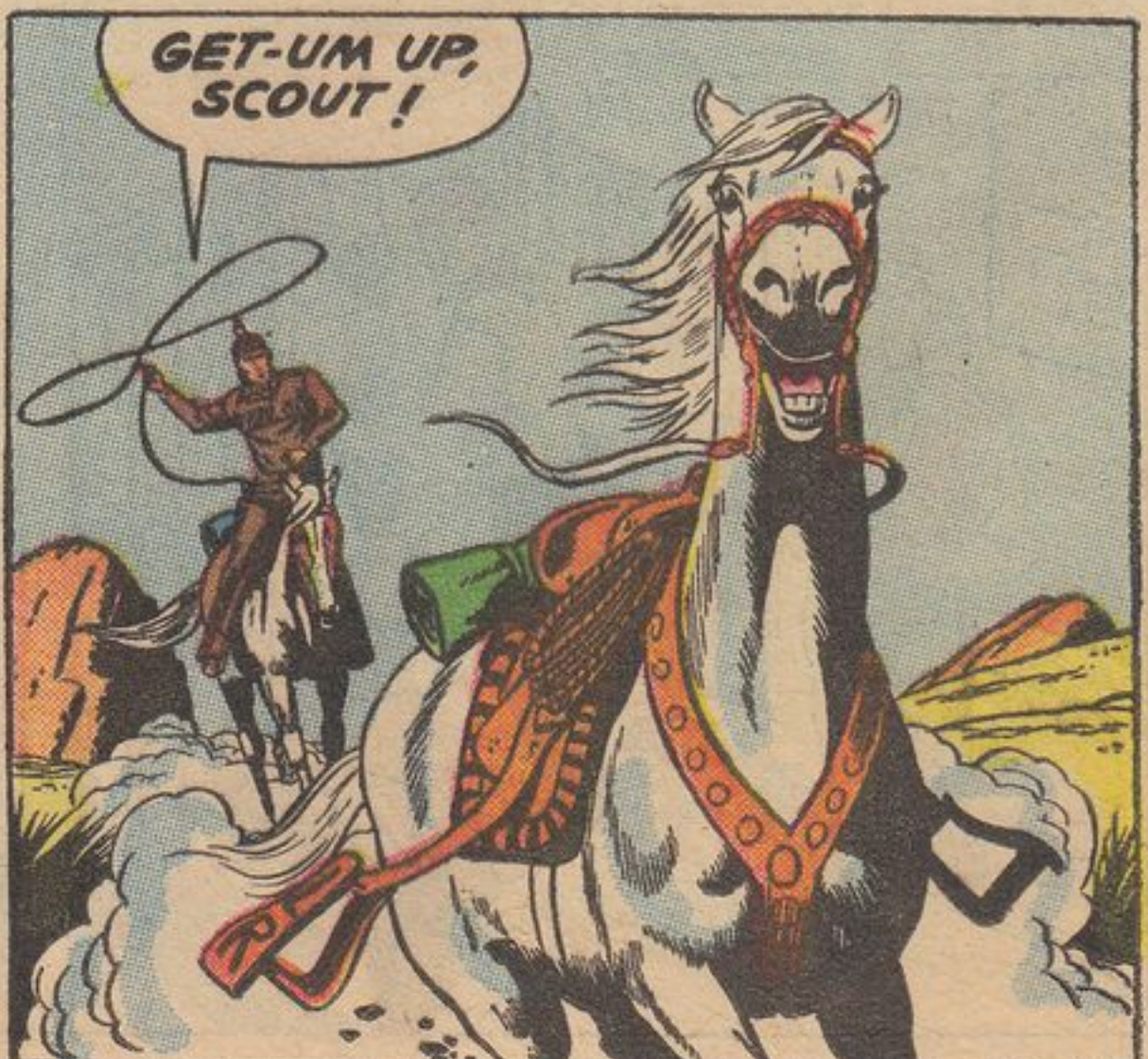
NEIGH!

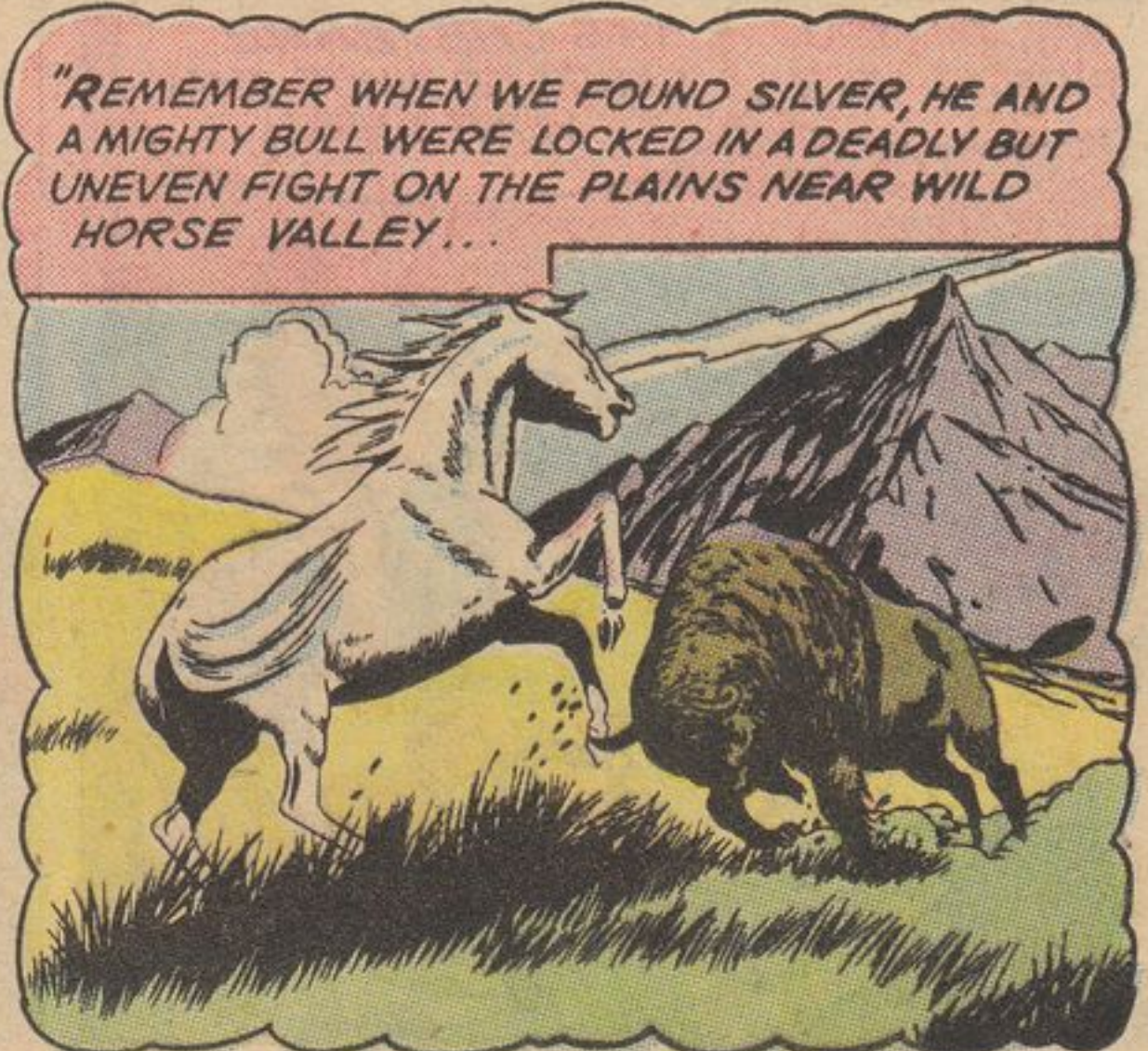
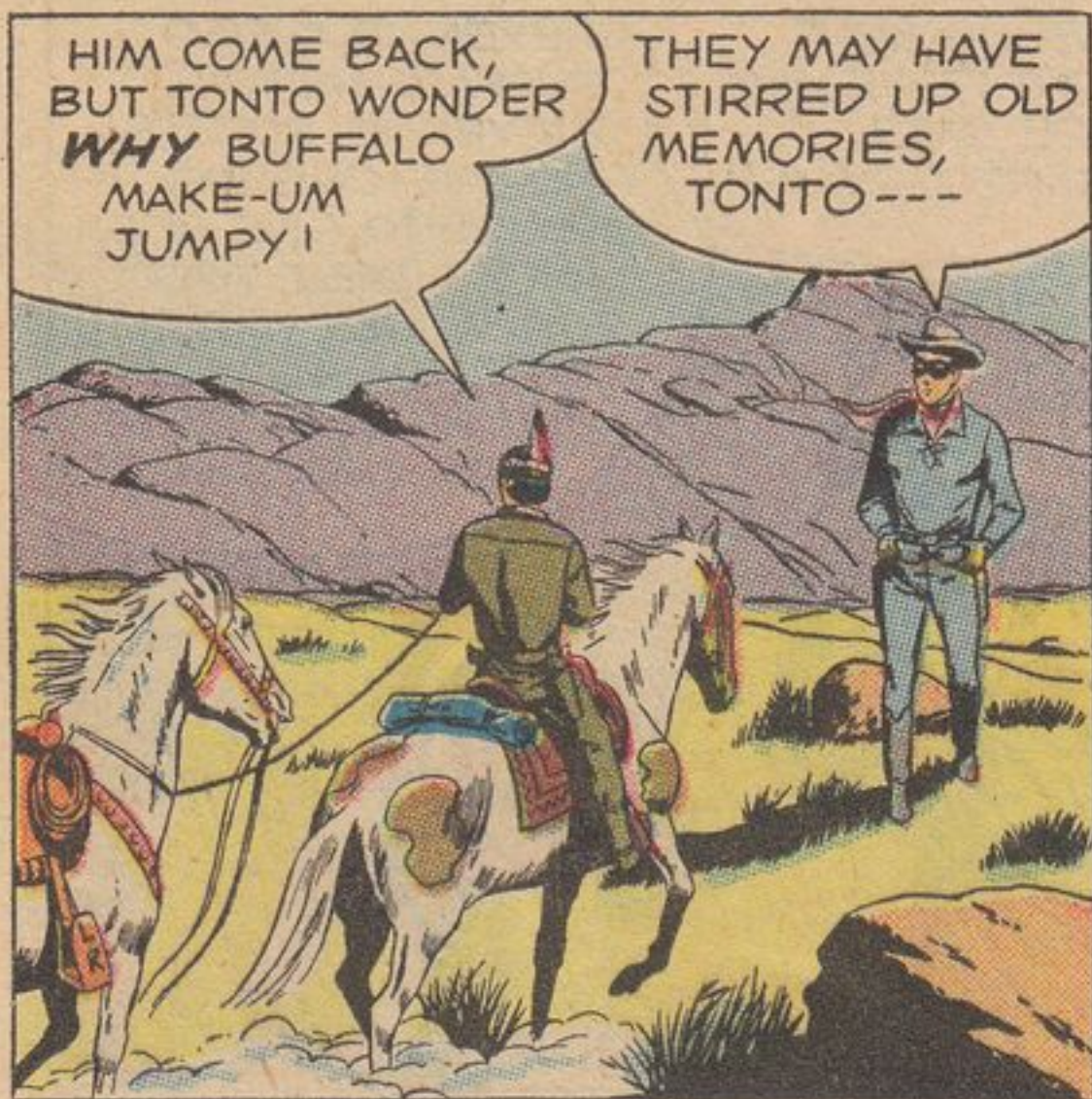


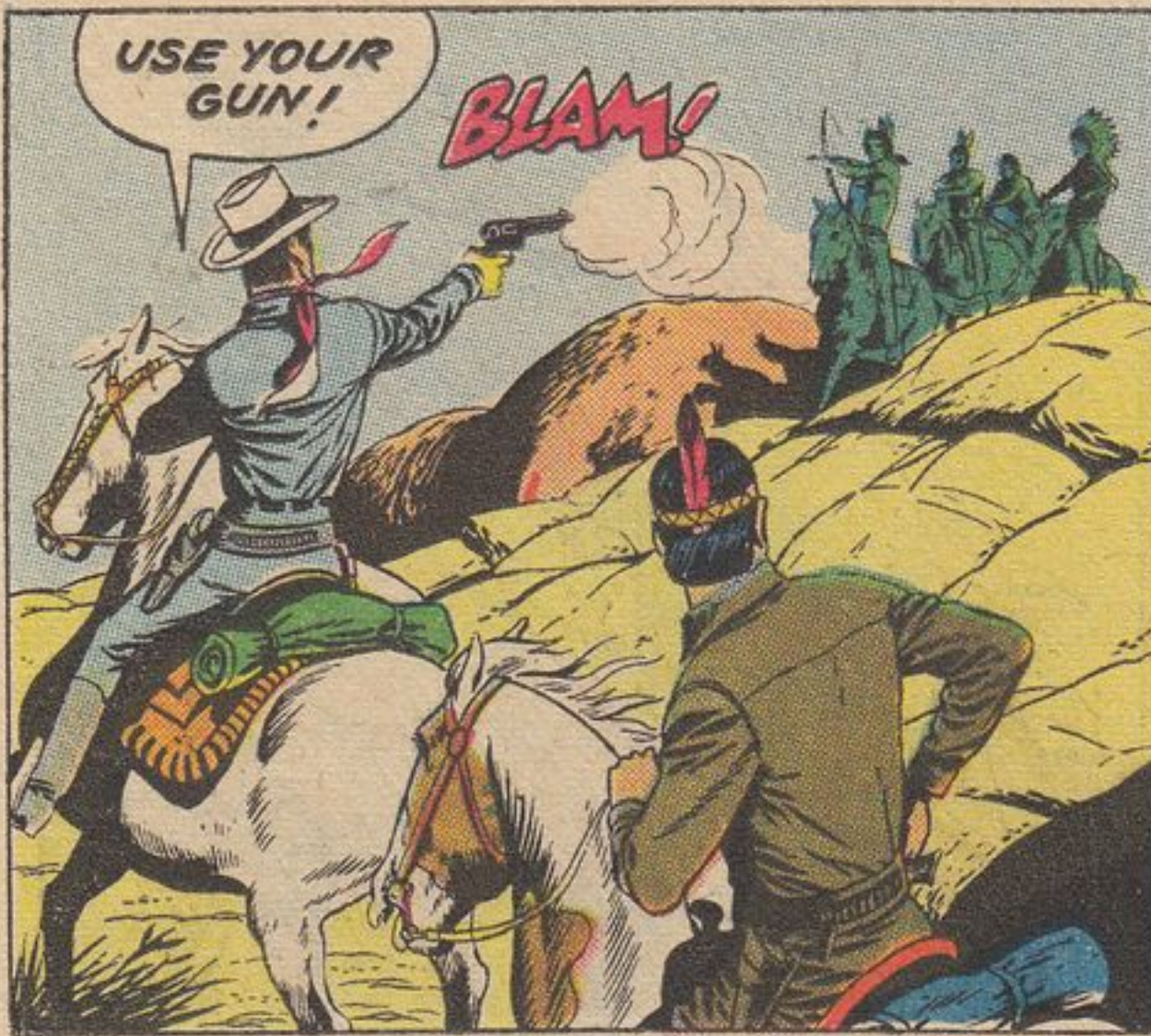
SILVER!
COME BACK!

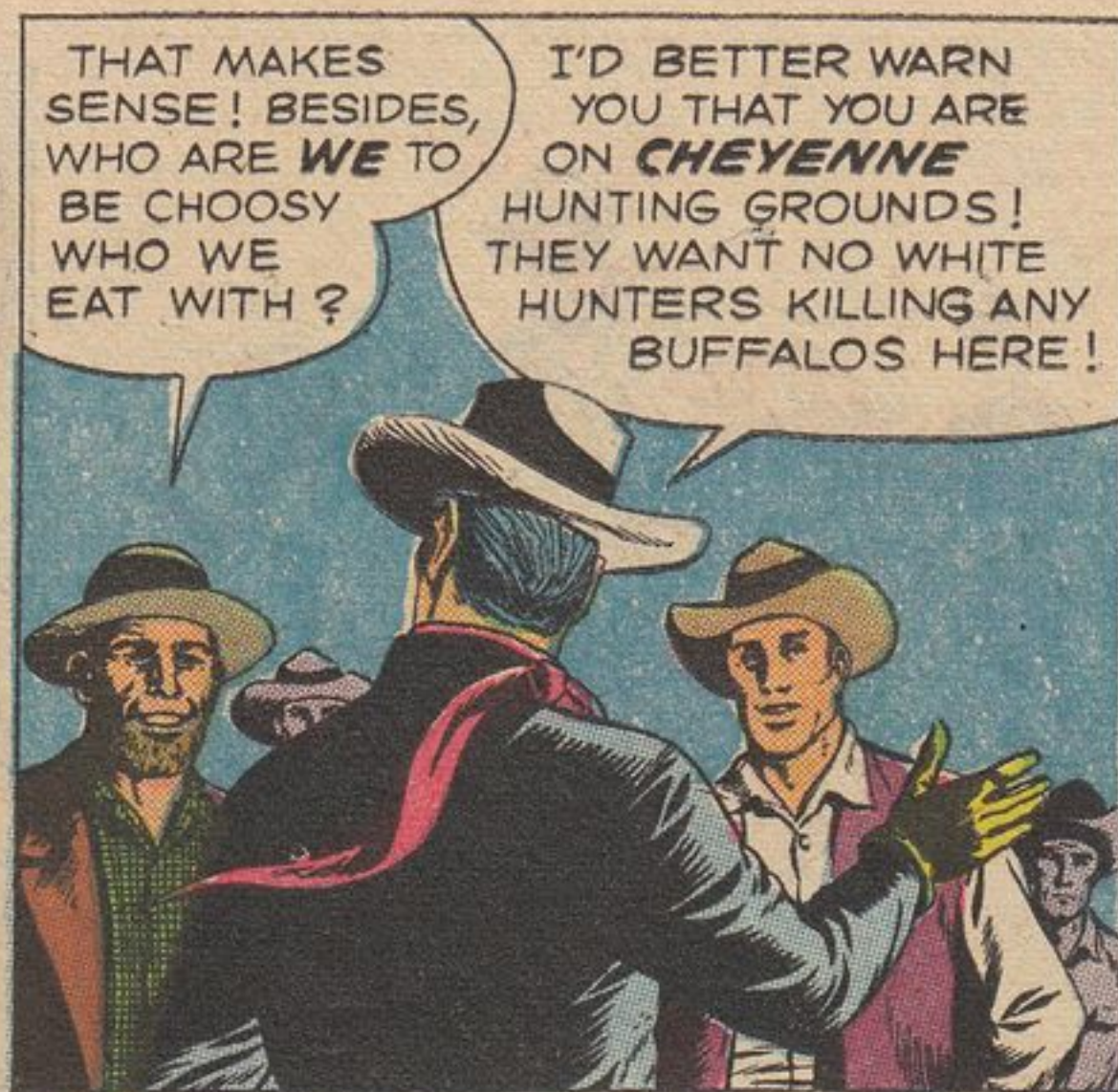


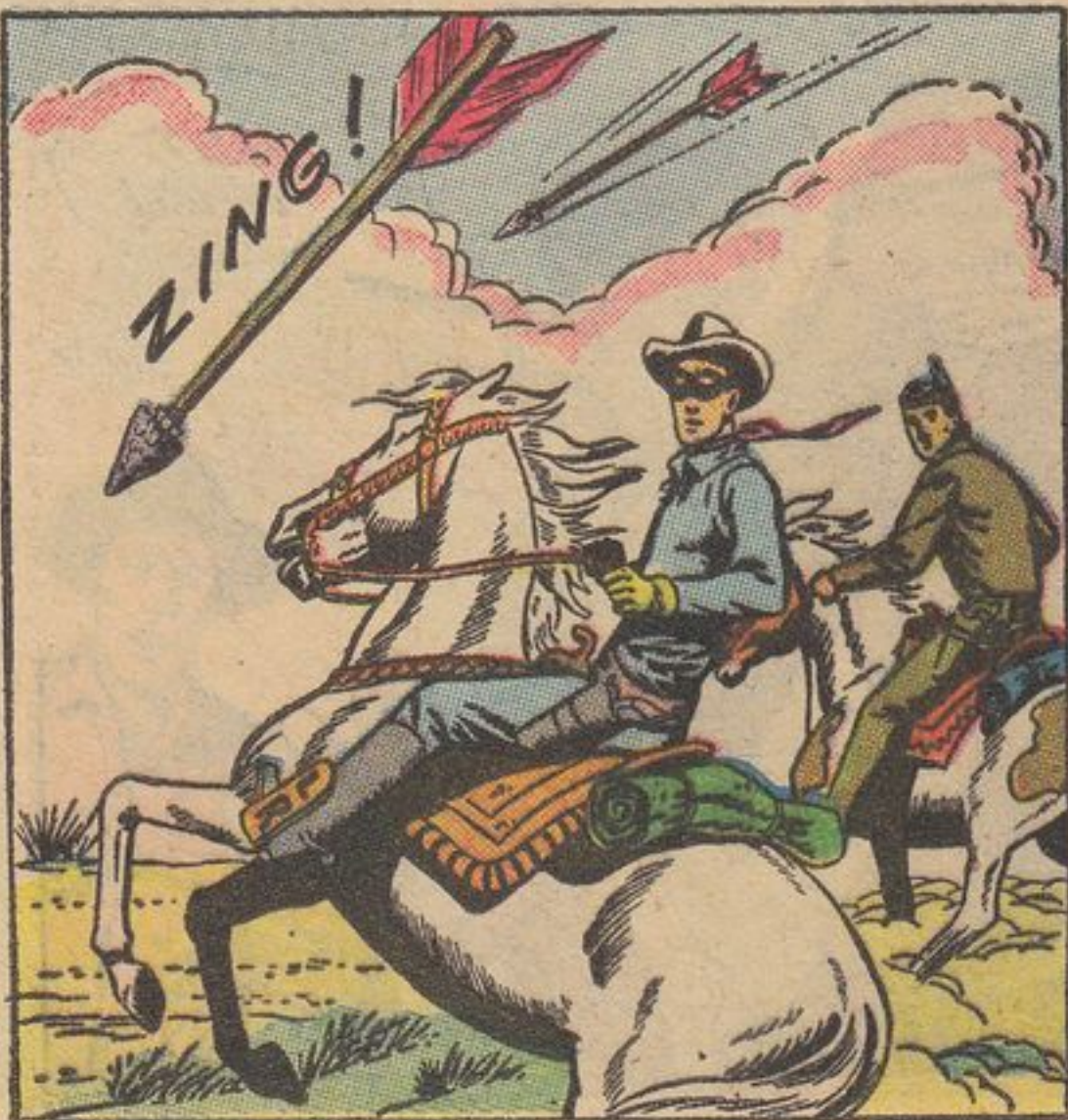
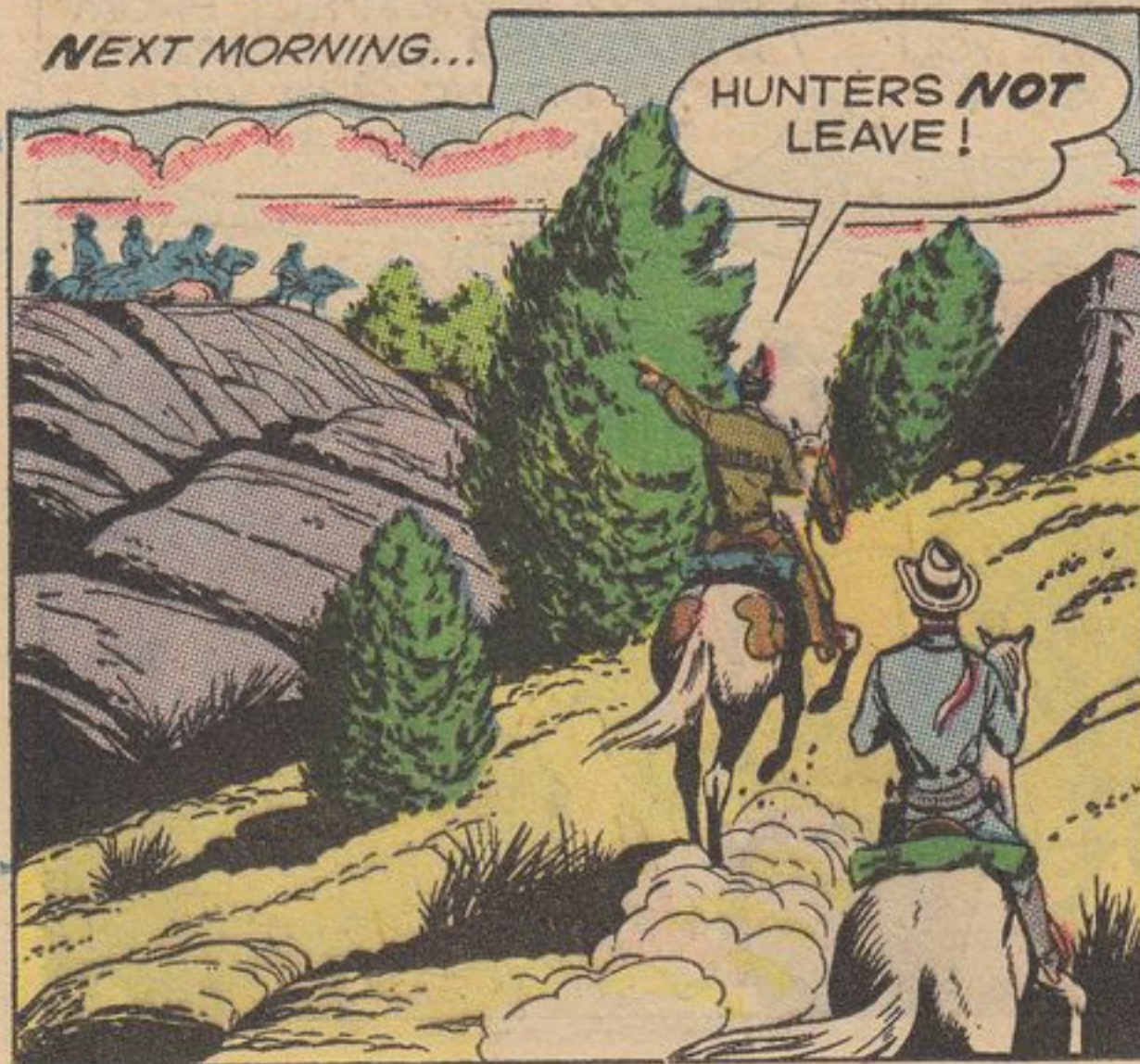
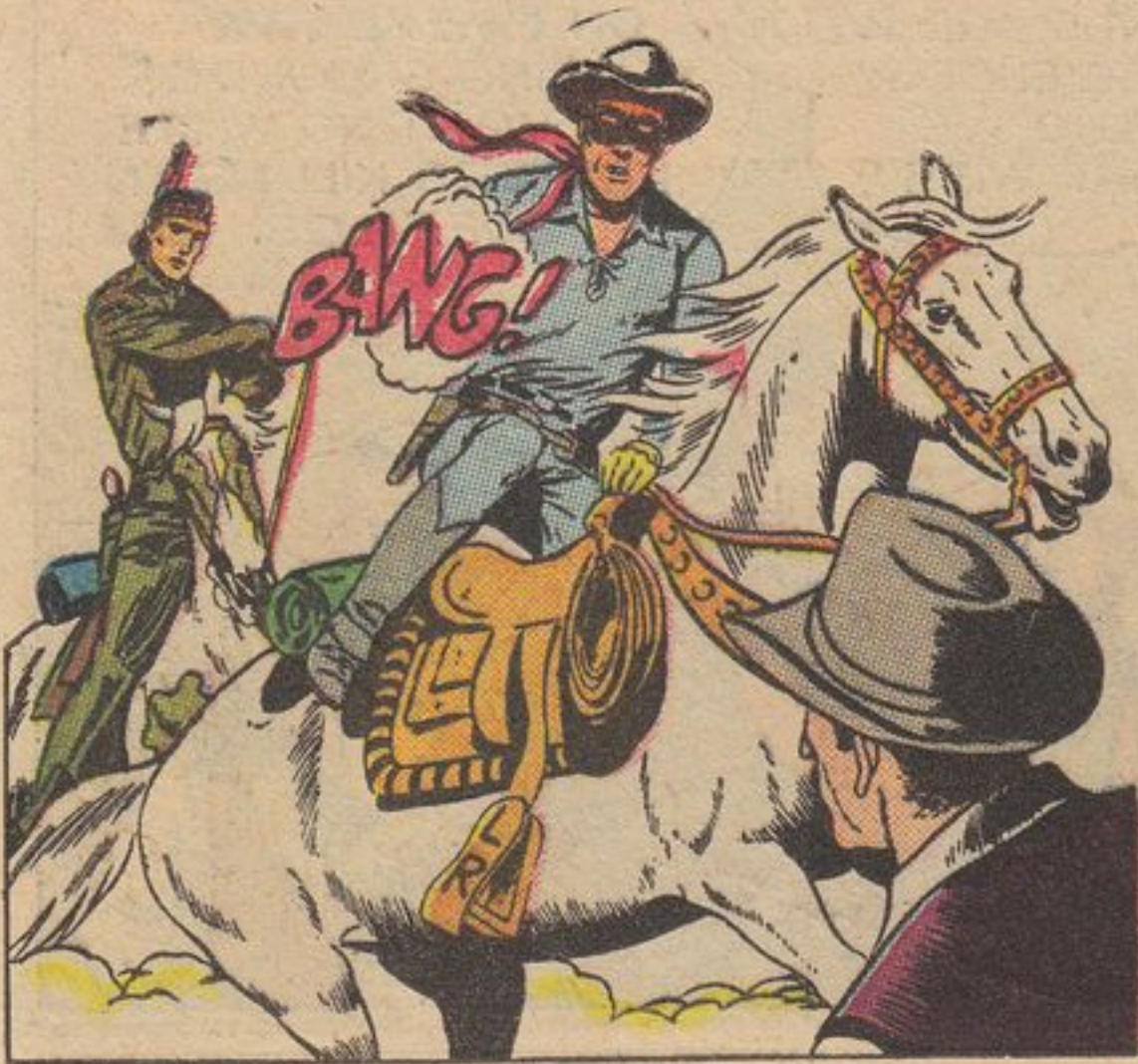
GET-UM UP,
SCOUT!











WE WERE TRYING TO DRIVE THE HERD **AWAY** FROM THE WHITE HUNTERS WHO ARE ON YOUR LAND!

HE-WHO-HIDES-HIS-FACE TALKS WITH A QUICK TONGUE! BUT HIM **NOT** FOOL MOON LANCE! **YOU** BRING-UM HUNTER HERE! SCOUT FOR-UM!



TAKE THEM TO OUR TENTS! FIRST, WE WILL **AMBUSH** THE WHITE HUNTERS---THEN DECIDE HOW TO KILL THESE TWO!

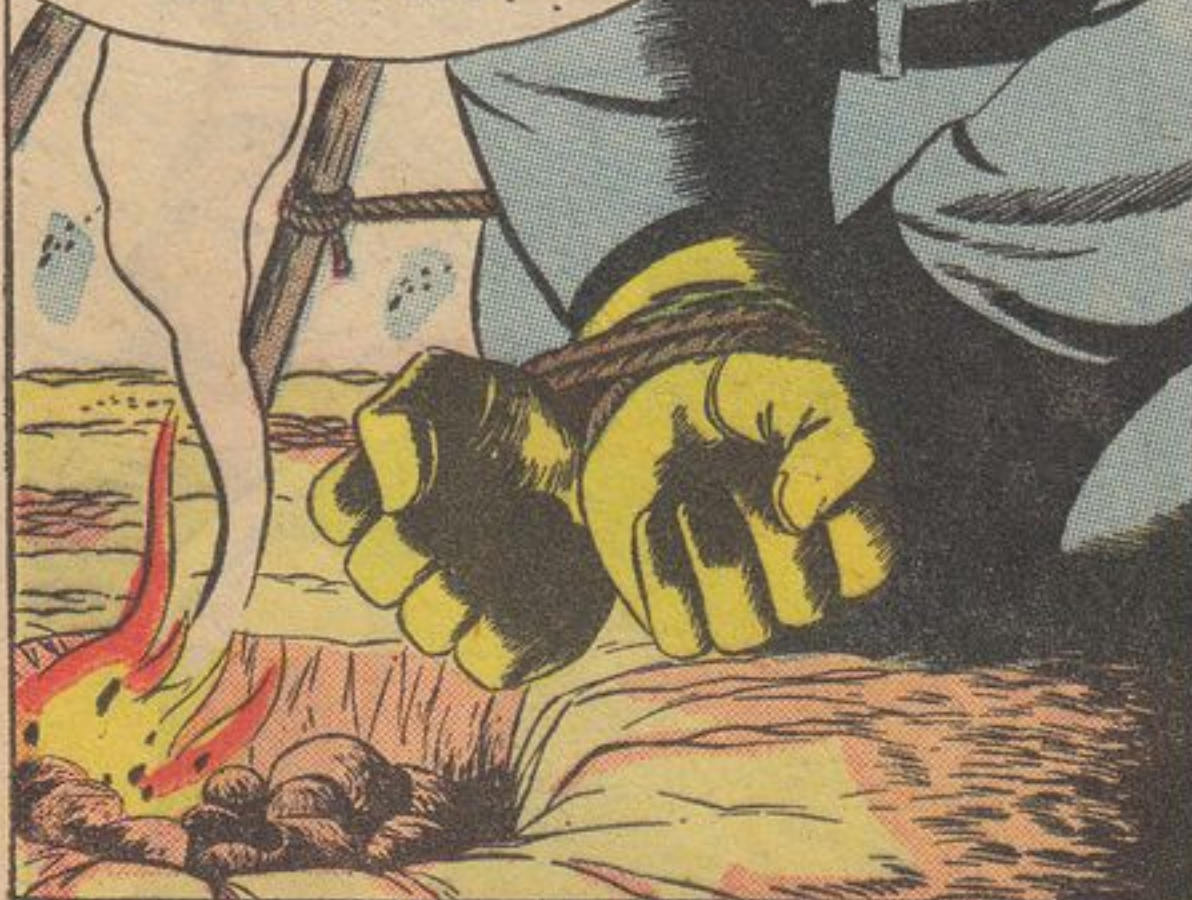


SOON... TONTO, IF THE CHEYENNES ATTACK THE HUNTERS, EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE TRESPASSING ON CHEYENNE LAND, IT COULD START AN INDIAN WAR!

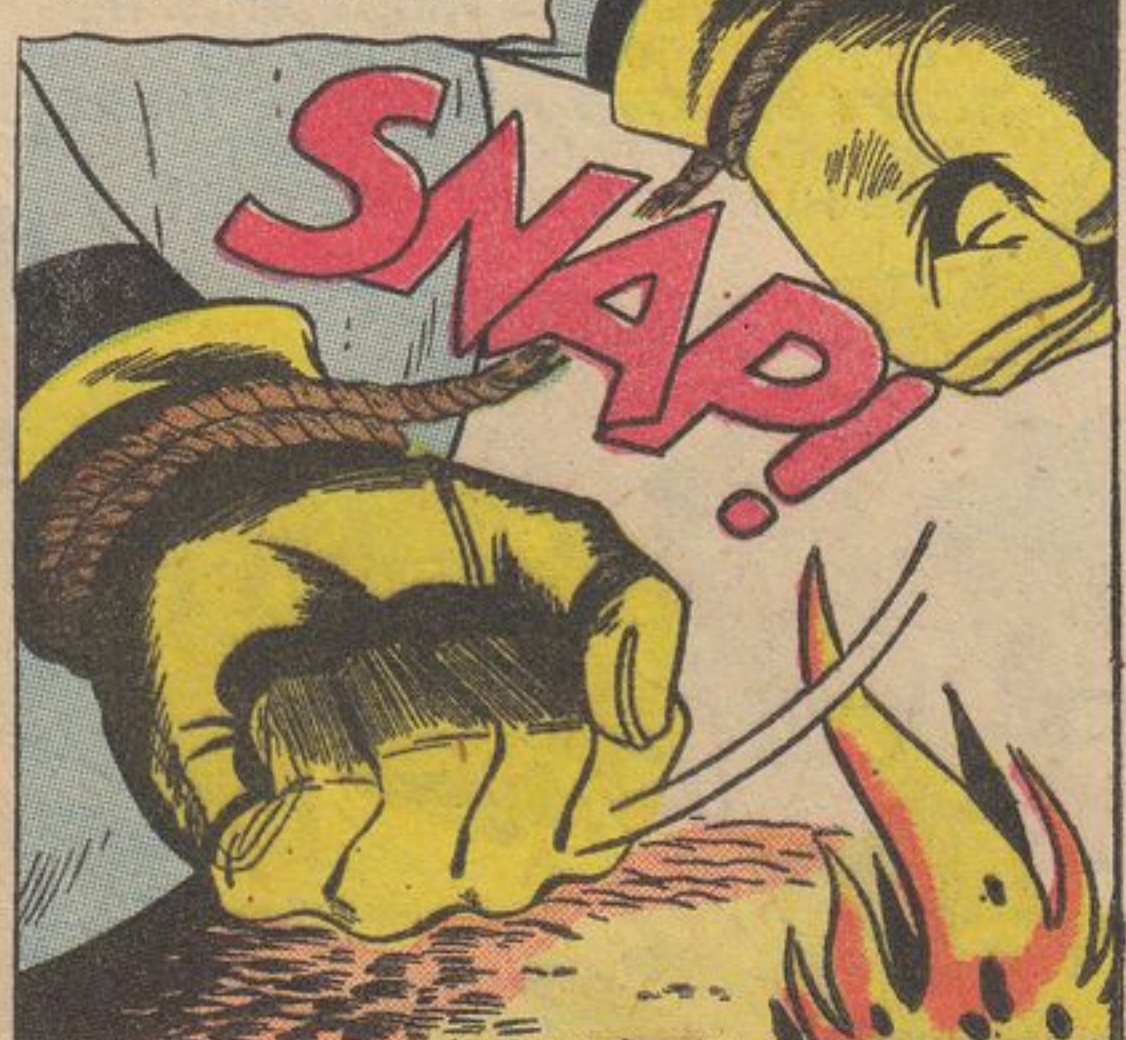
UGH! BUT TONTO THINK OF WAY TO CUT ROPES SO WE CAN RIDE AND WARN-UM!



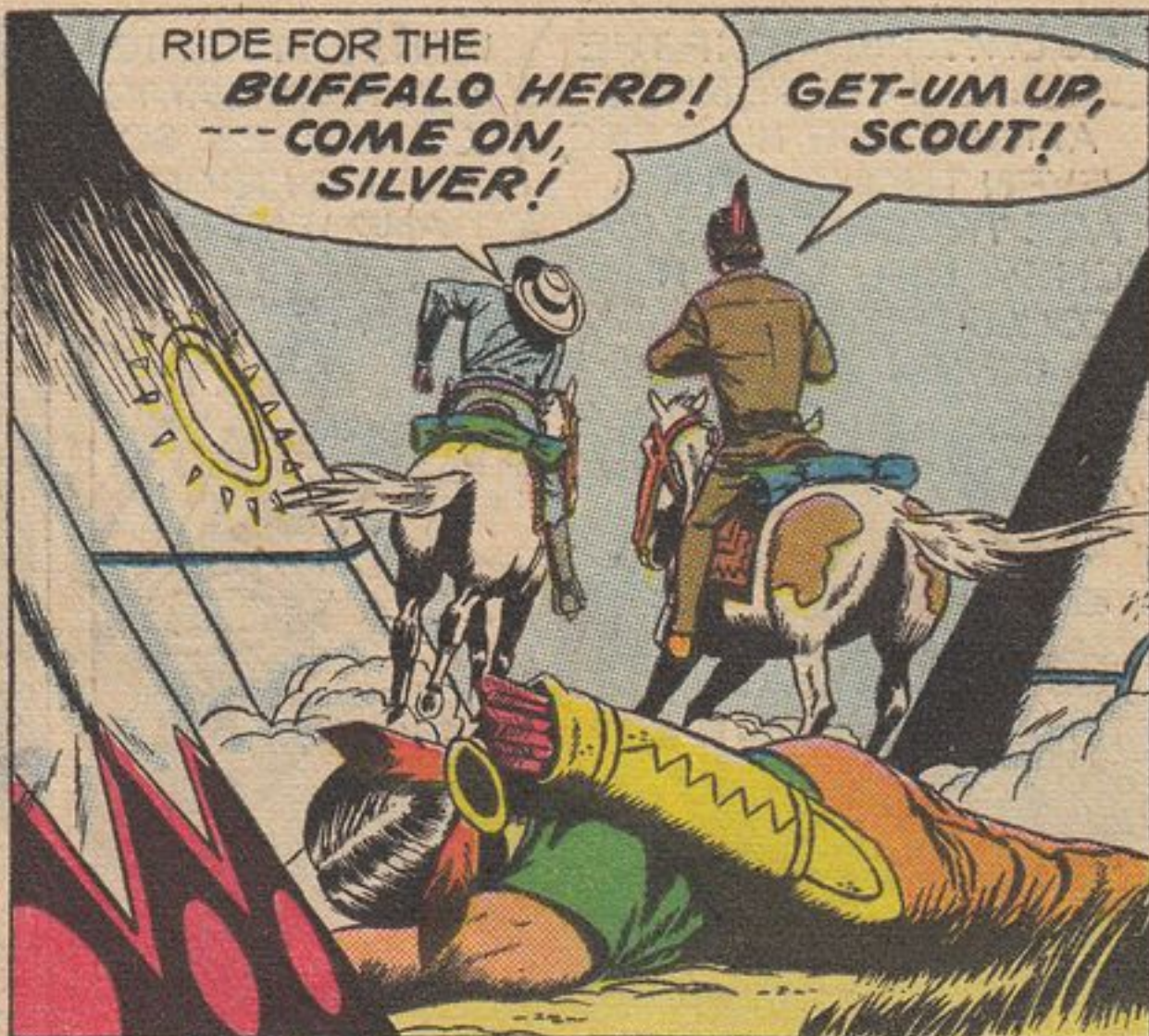
KEEP BACK, TONTO! THERE IS NO NEED FOR **BOTH** OF US TO BURN OUR HANDS!

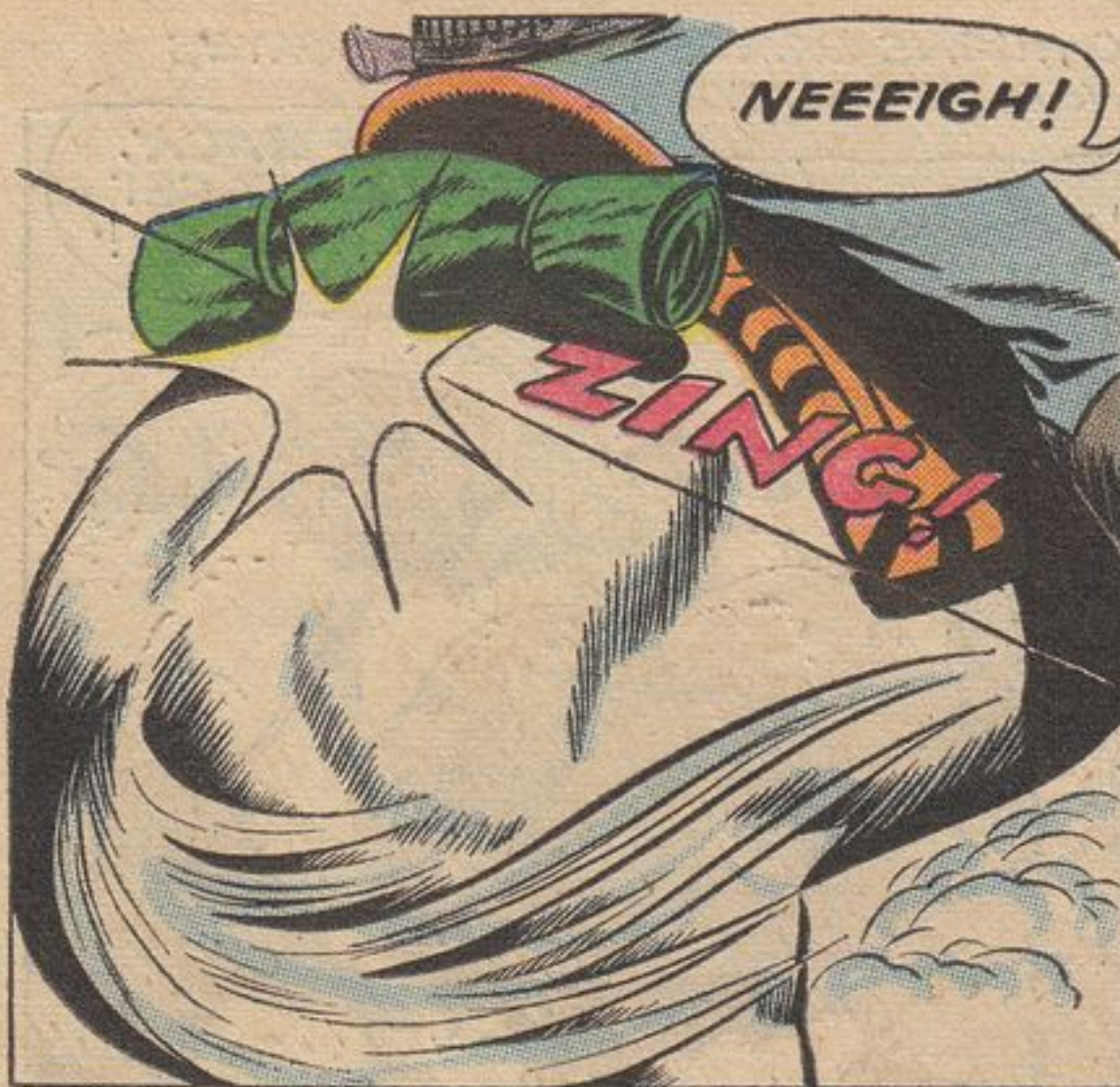
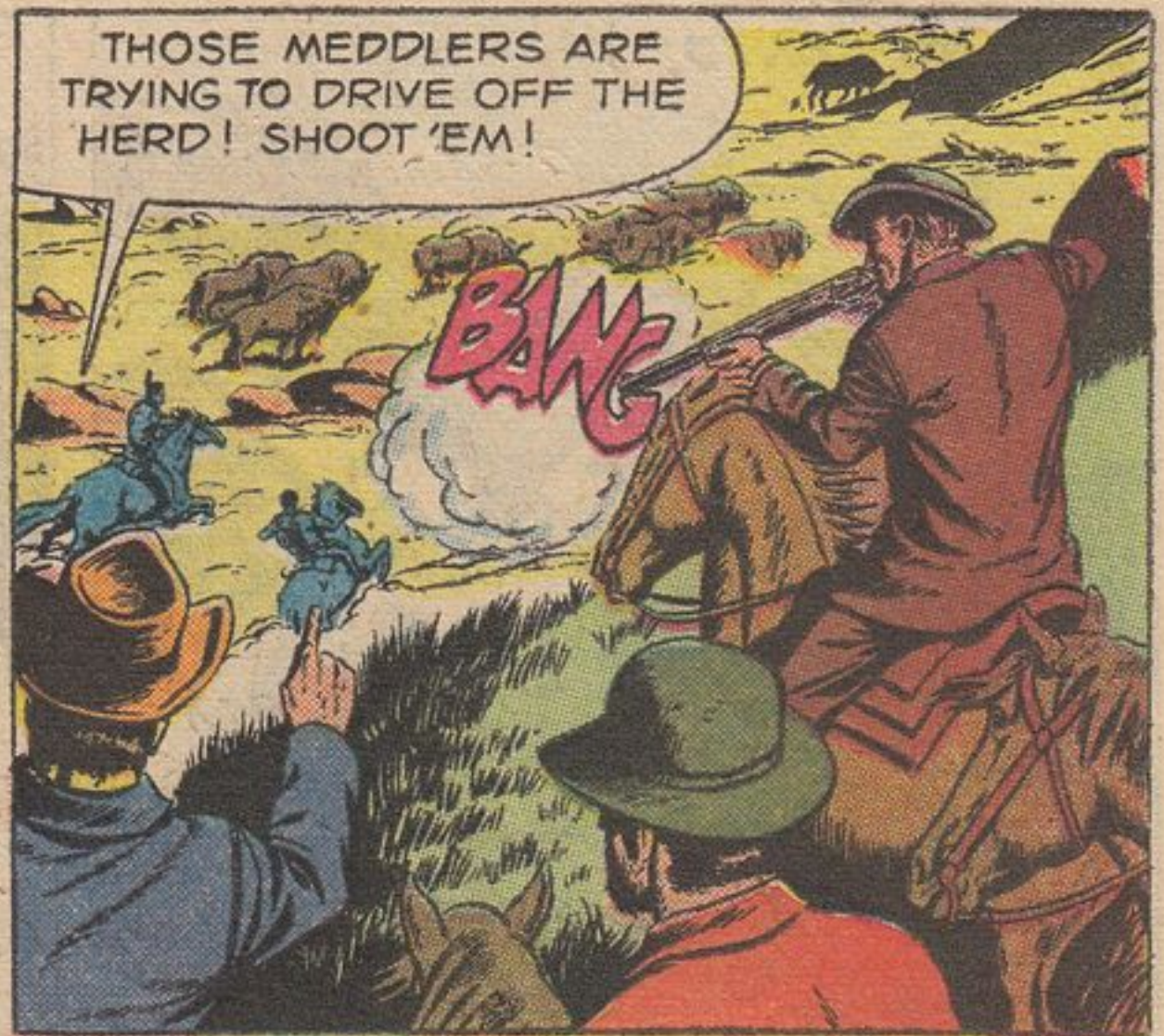


MINUTES LATER...

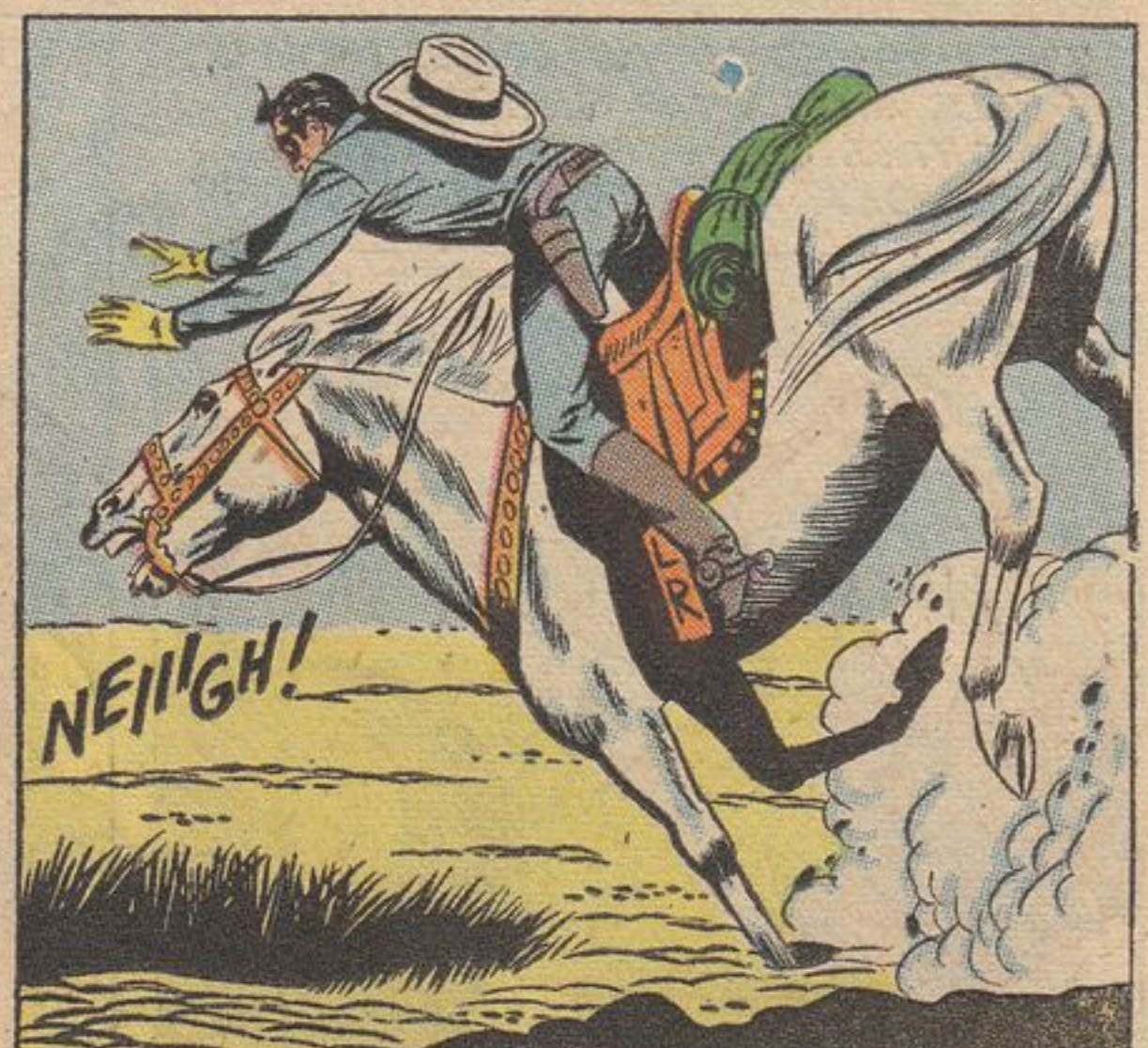
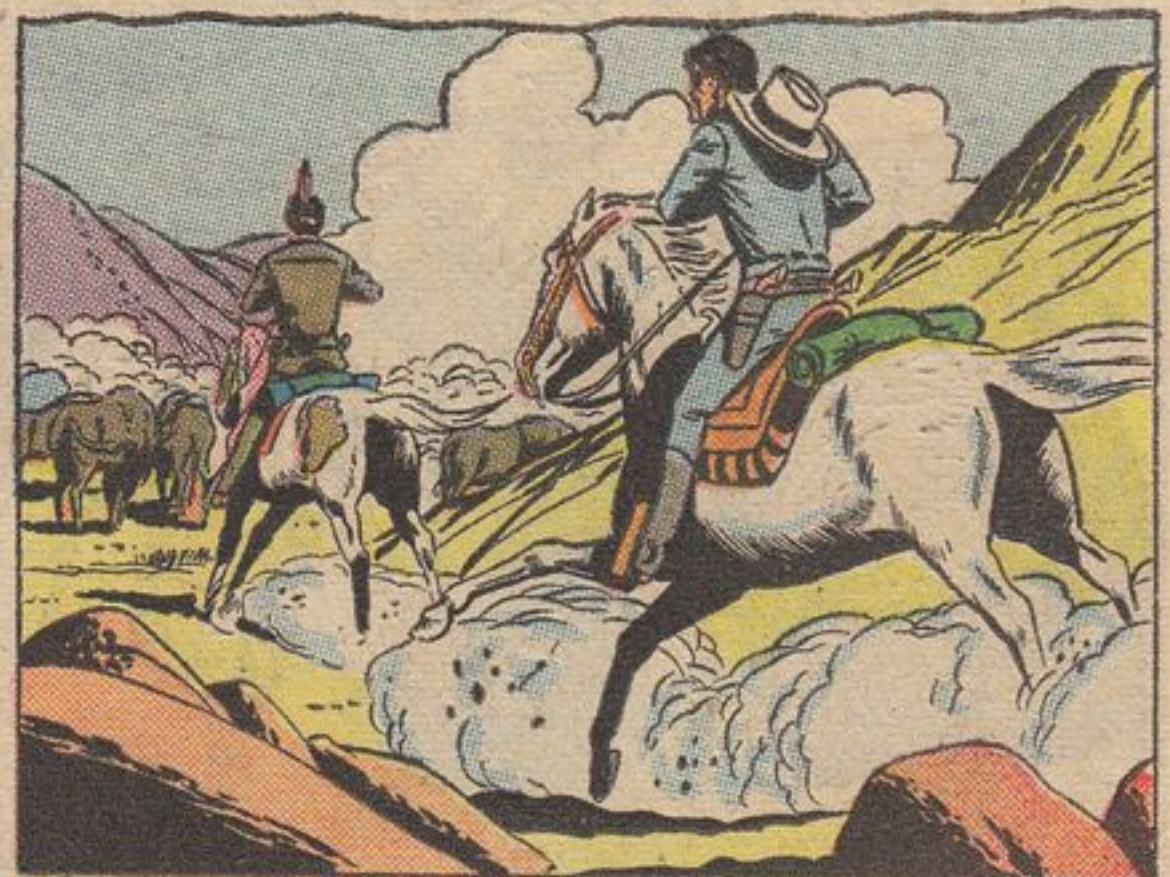


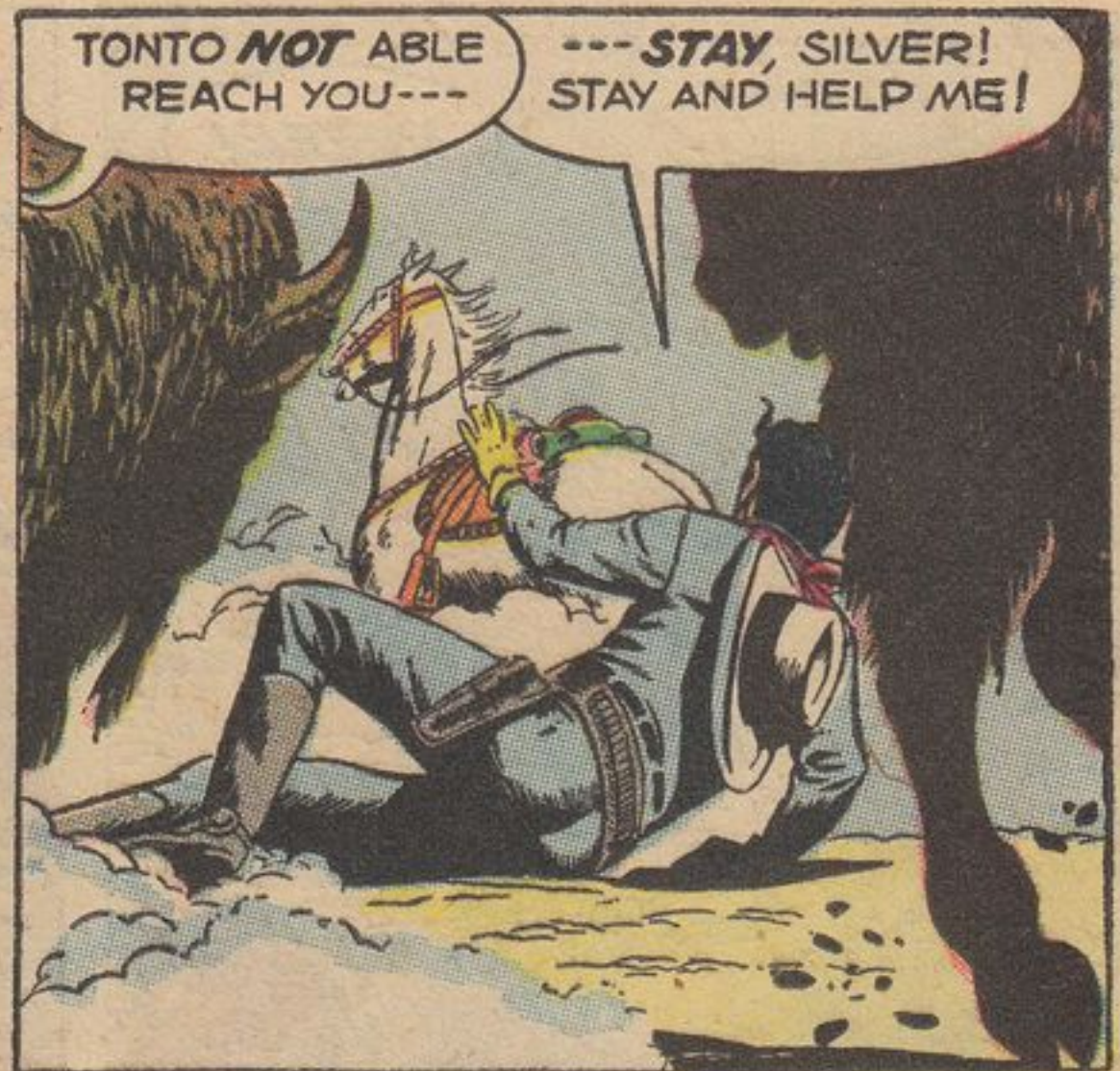
QUICKLY, THE LONE RANGER FREES
TONTÓ AND THEN CAUTIOUSLY...





THE SUDDEN STING OF THE GRAZING
SHOT SENDS SILVER FORWARD, FOR
INSTINCTIVELY, HE CHOOSES THE
LESSER DANGER...





BUT THE MENACING SIGHT OF THE BUFFALO HORNS BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF THAT GRIM FIGHT LONG AGO AND SILVER SHIES AWAY ...



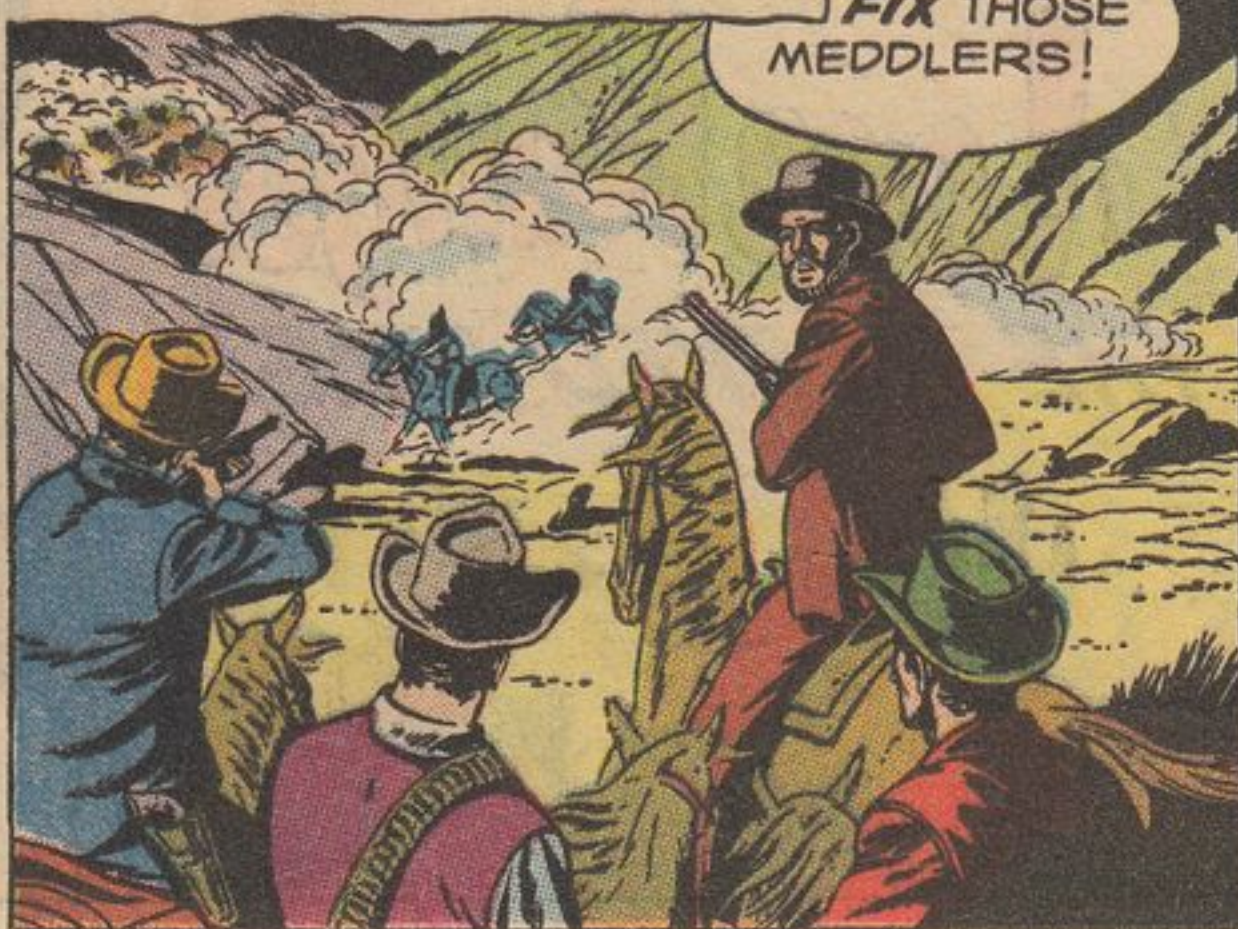
THE MASKED MAN'S URGENT CALL PULLS SILVER UP SHORT! THE LONG TIES OF FRIENDSHIP ARE STRONGER THAN THE MOMENTARY PANIC...



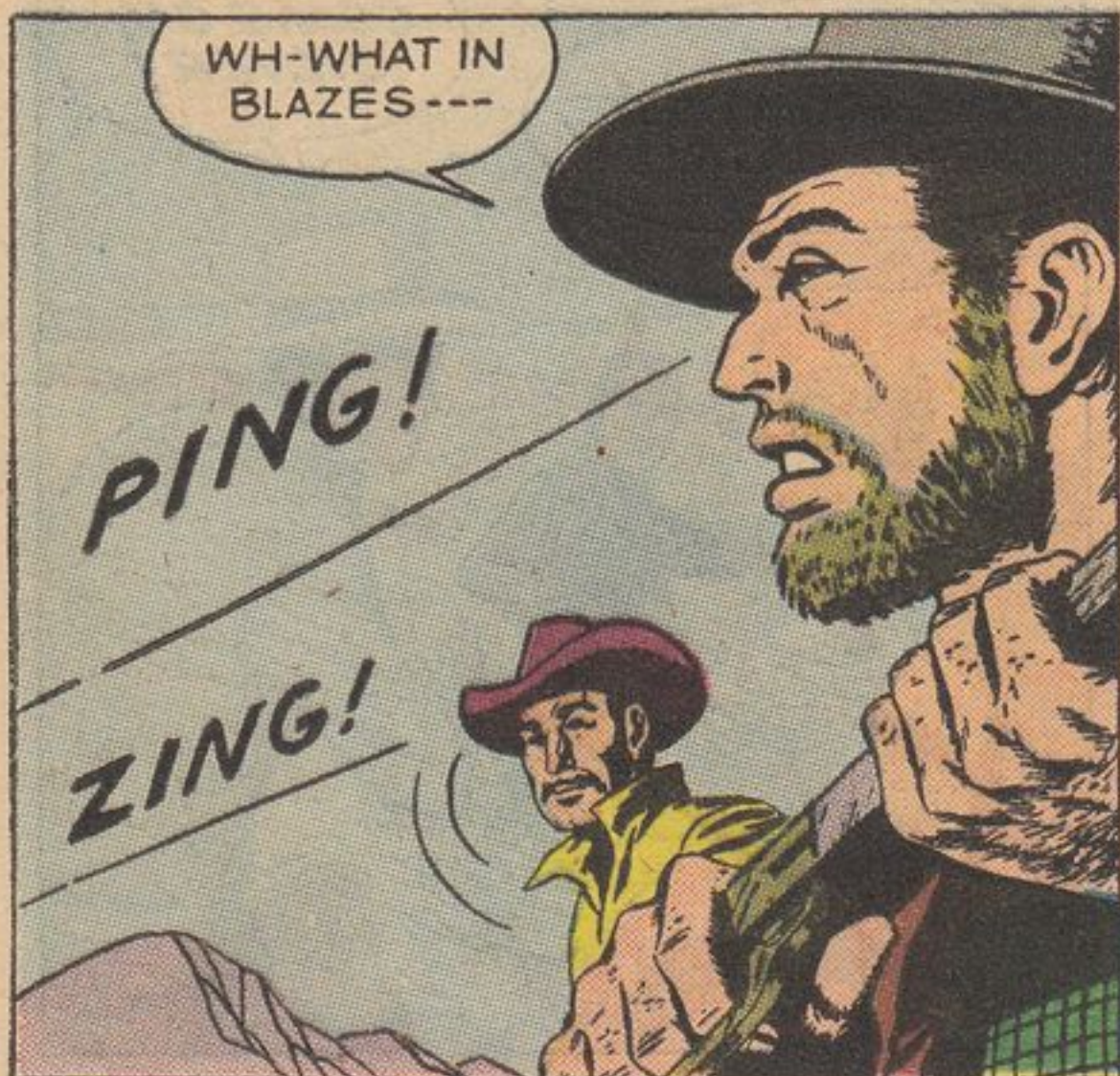


SAFE!

THE AMBUSHING CHEYENNES, SEEING THE HERD THUNDER OFF, HOLD BACK, BUT THE HUNTERS' FURY MOUNTS...



FIX THOSE MEDDLERS!



WH-WHAT IN BLAZES---

PING!

ZING!

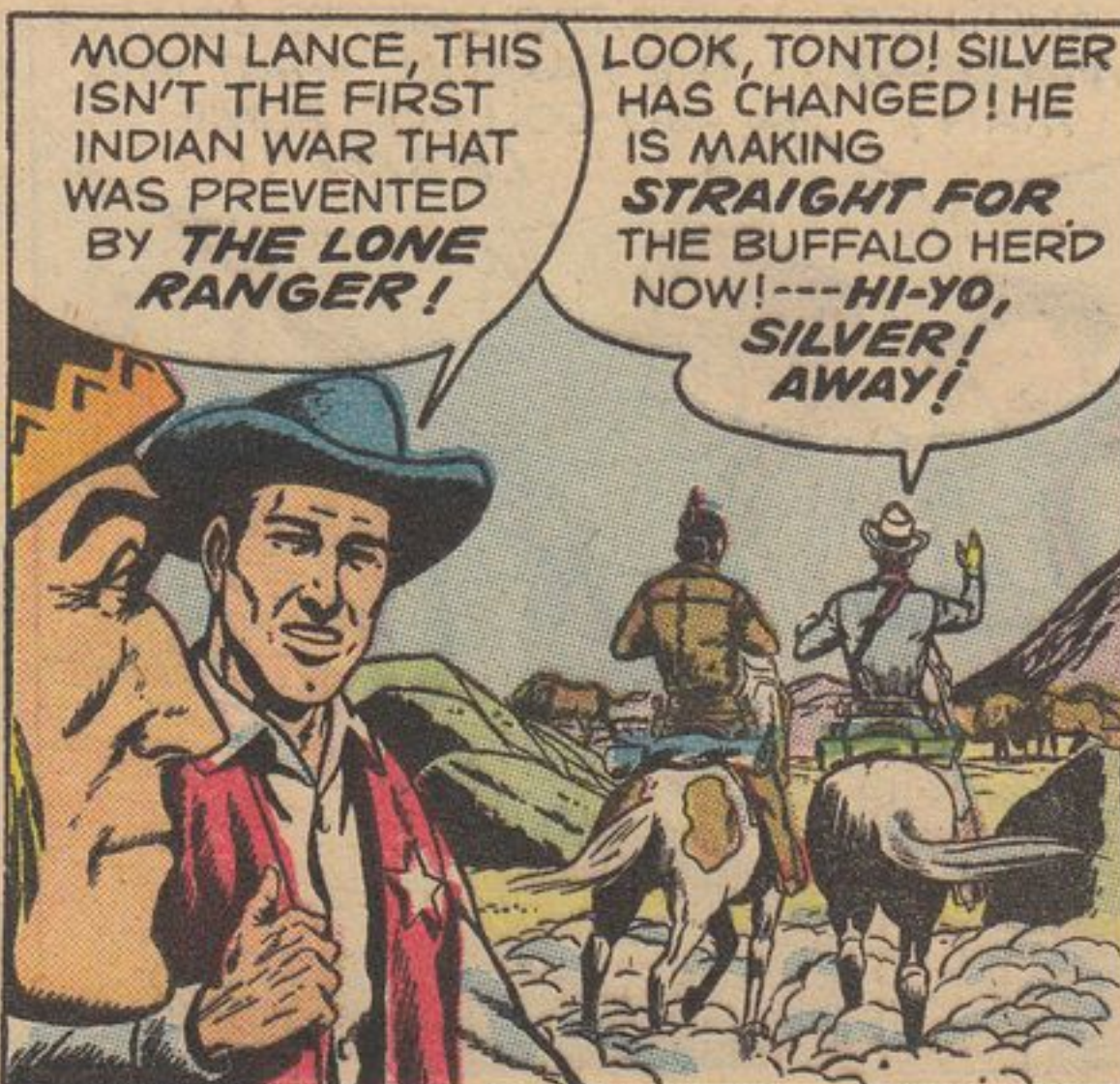


REACH AND KEEP THEM **HIGH!**--- THIS IS **CHEYENNE** LAND AND YOU HUNTERS **KNOW** IT! YOU WERE WARNED LAST WEEK! NOW YOU'LL SPEND A SPELL IN JAIL FOR TRESPASSING!



WHAT ABOUT THAT MASKED RIDER, SHERIFF? HE'S **TRESPASSING**, TOO!

NO! HIM **FRIEND** OF CHEYENNES! AND HIM FRIEND OF WHITE MEN! HIM KEEP MOON LANCE FROM **MAKING WAR!**



MOON LANCE, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST INDIAN WAR THAT WAS PREVENTED BY **THE LONE RANGER!**

LOOK, TONTO! SILVER HAS CHANGED! HE IS MAKING **STRAIGHT FOR** THE BUFFALO HERD NOW!--- **HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!**

SOLVE THE MYSTERY

the Lone Ranger

THE MARKED STAGE





M-MY GUN---

---THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOUR GUN! TONTO AND I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU!



TONTO!--- THEN NO WONDER YOU'RE **MASKED!** YOU MUST BE---

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

QUICKLY THE DRIVER DESCRIBES THE ROBBERY...

AND THIS IS THE **THIRD** HOLDUP IN A MONTH! BUT SOMEHOW THE ROBBERS ALWAYS KNOW **WHICH** STAGE TO HIT! WE WERE CARRYING A **SECRET** PAYROLL --- LIKE THE OTHER TWO STAGES THEY STOPPED!

ONLY THEY SEEM TO BE **IN** ON THE "SECRET"!



I WONDER IF **THIS** TOLD THEM THE PAYROLL WAS ON BOARD?

JEHOSHAPHAT! NEVER EVEN NOTICED IT!

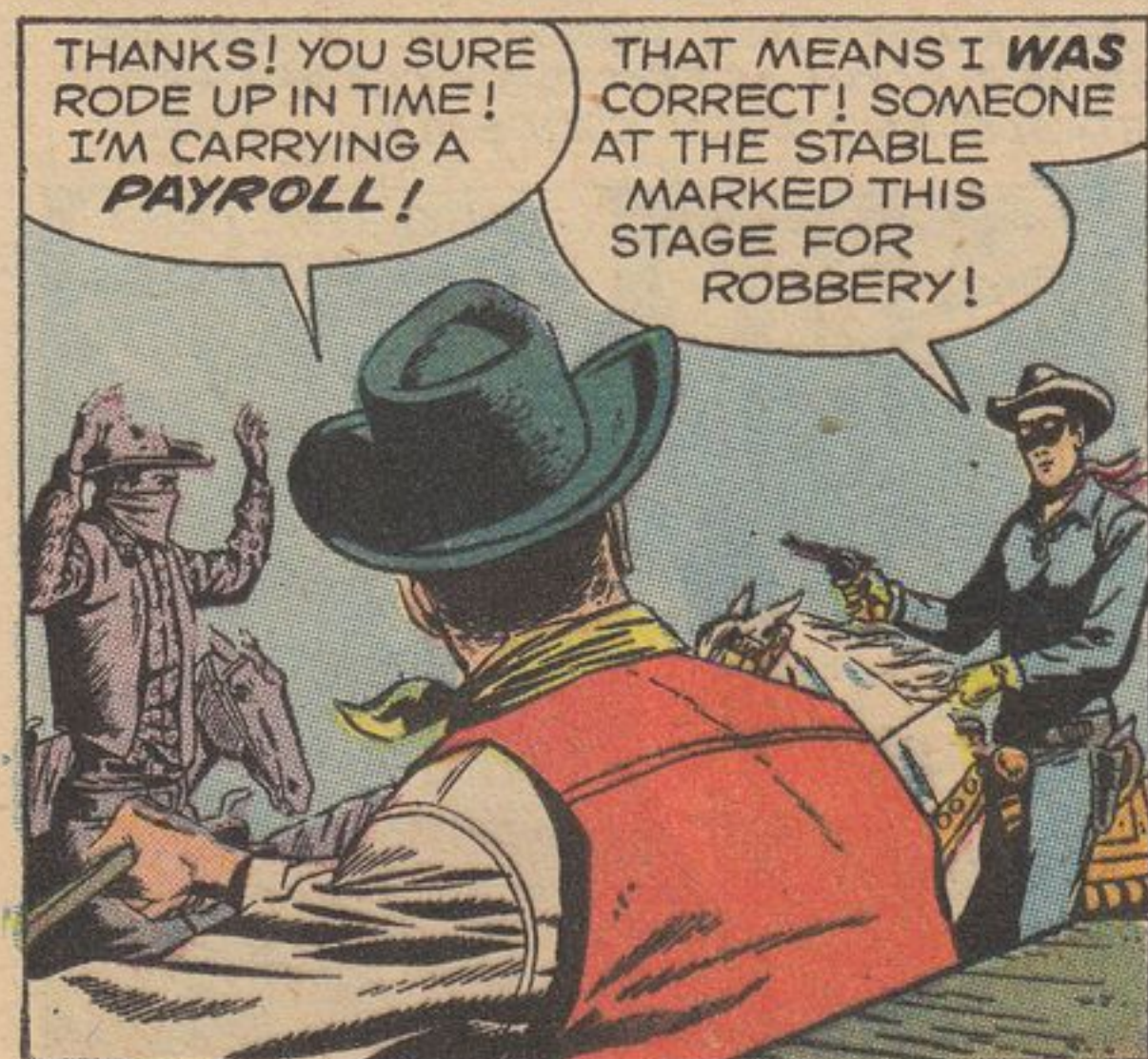
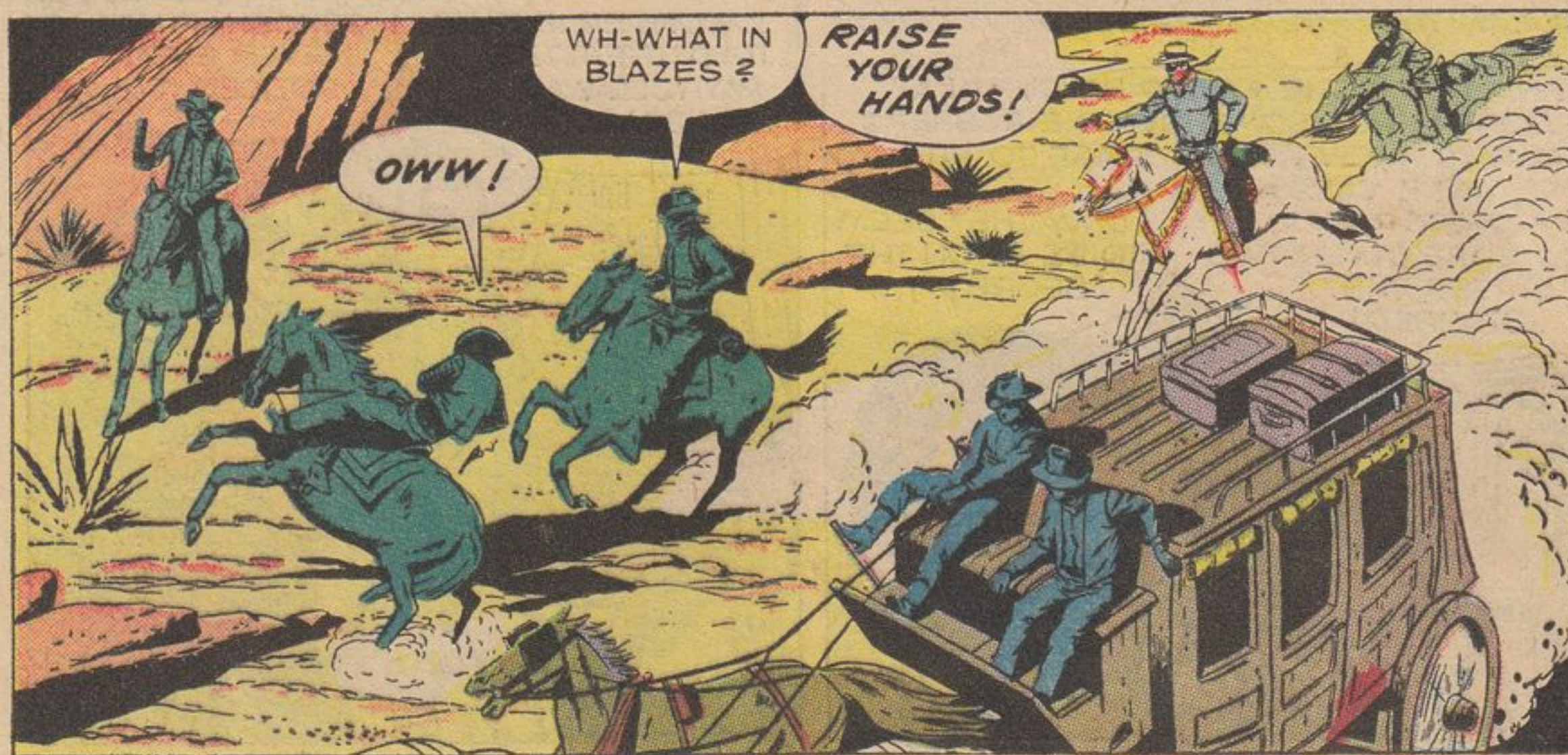
IF IT WAS PUT ON TO **MARK** THIS STAGE AS ONE CARRYING A PAYROLL, IT MUST HAVE BEEN MARKED AT THE COMPANY'S STABLE!

THEN SOMEONE ON THE **INSIDE** IS WORKING WITH THE ROBBERS --- IF THIS MARK MEANS WHAT YOU FIGURE IT DOES!

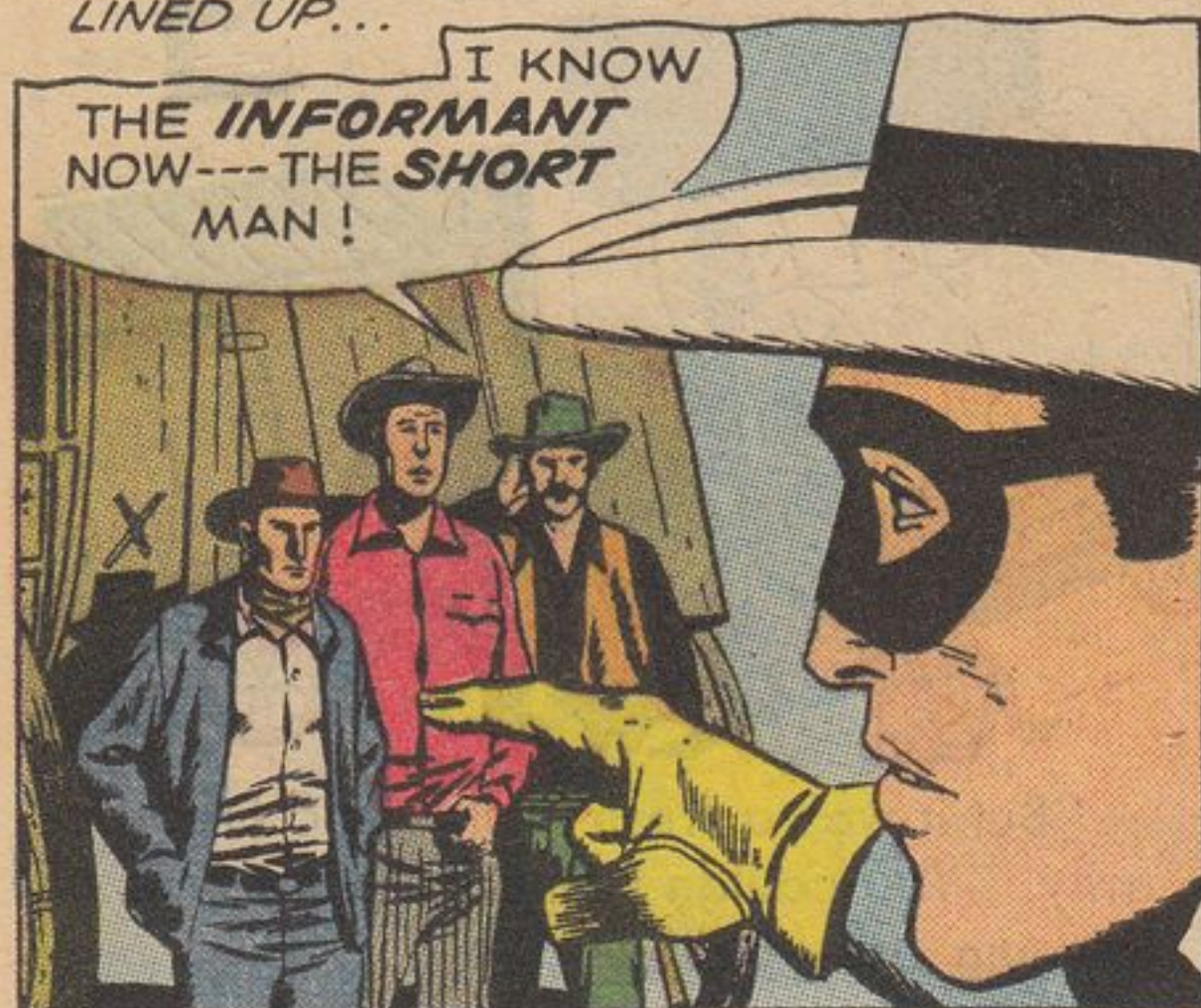
FOR A WEEK THEY WATCH THE DEPARTING STAGES SOON AFTER THEY LEAVE THE STABLE AND THEN SUDDENLY...



TONTO, THAT ONE IS **MARKED!** --- COME ON, **SILVER!**



RACING BACK TO THE STABLE, THE LONE RANGER HAS THE STAGE HANDLERS LINED UP...



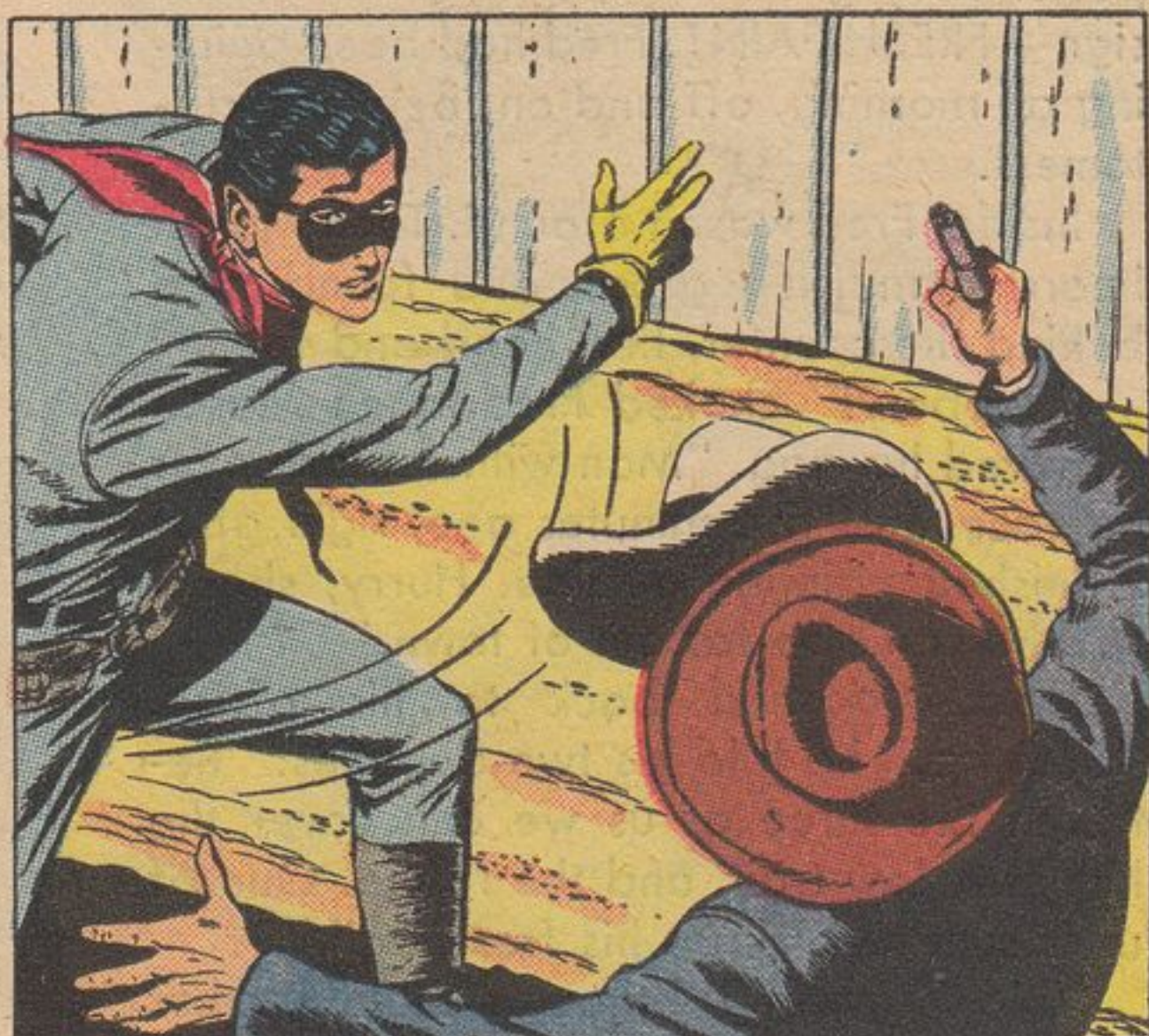
I KNOW
THE **INFORMANT**
NOW---THE **SHORT**
MAN!

M-ME ?
YOU'RE LOCO!

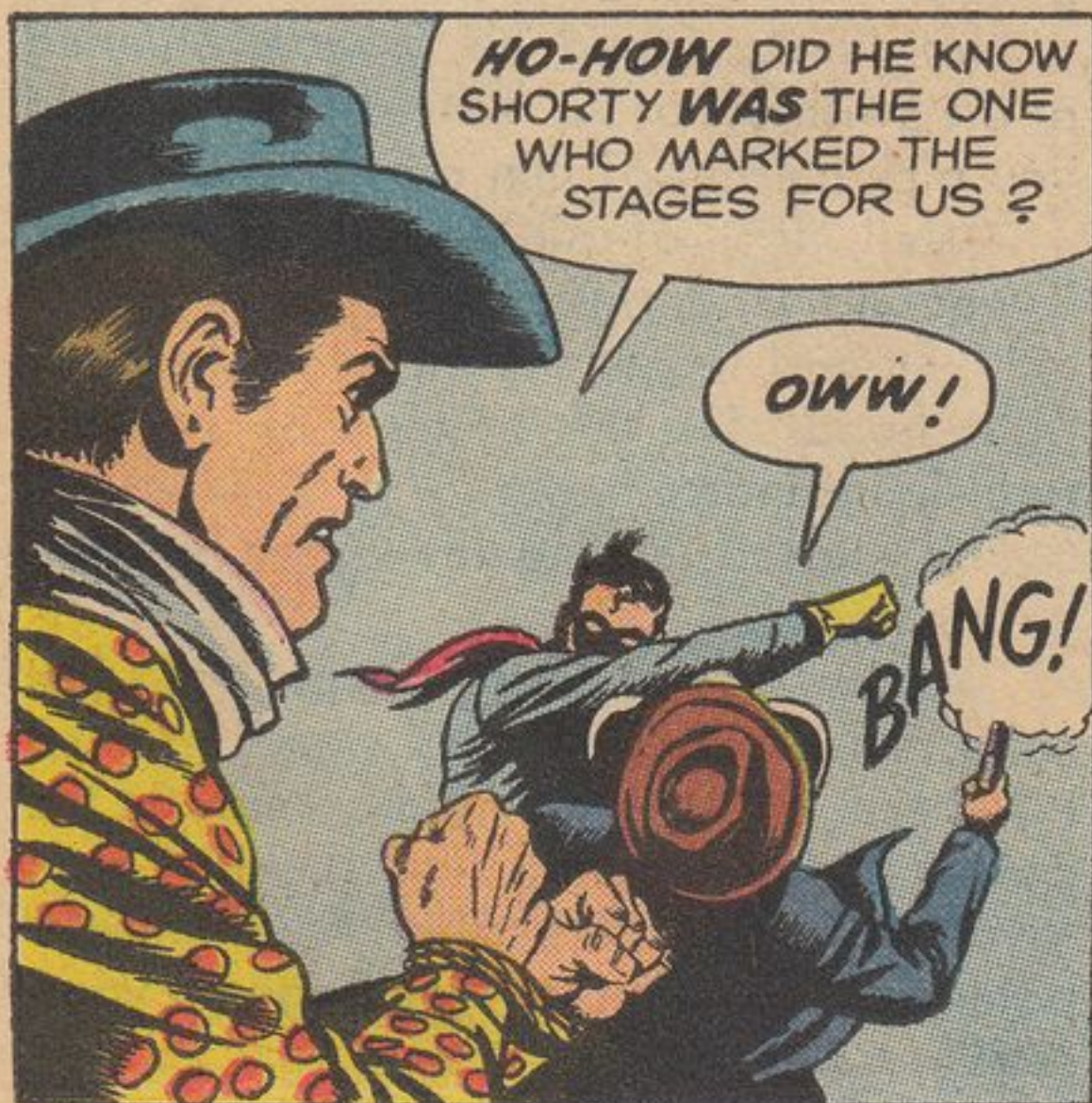
I HAVE ENOUGH
EVIDENCE TO JAIL
YOU WITH THE
OTHERS!



YOU'RE NOT JAILING
ME! NOT WITH **THIS**
HOLE CARD---

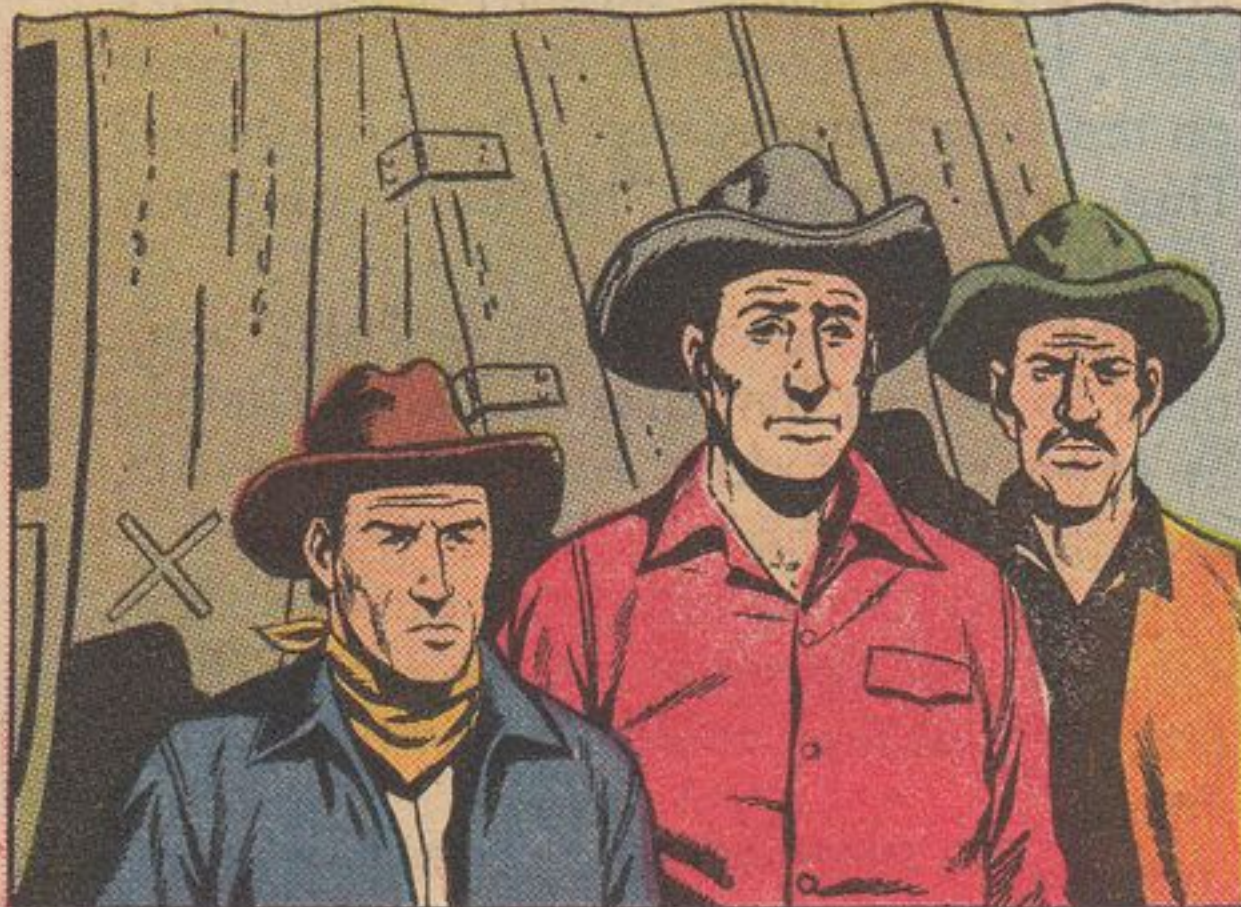


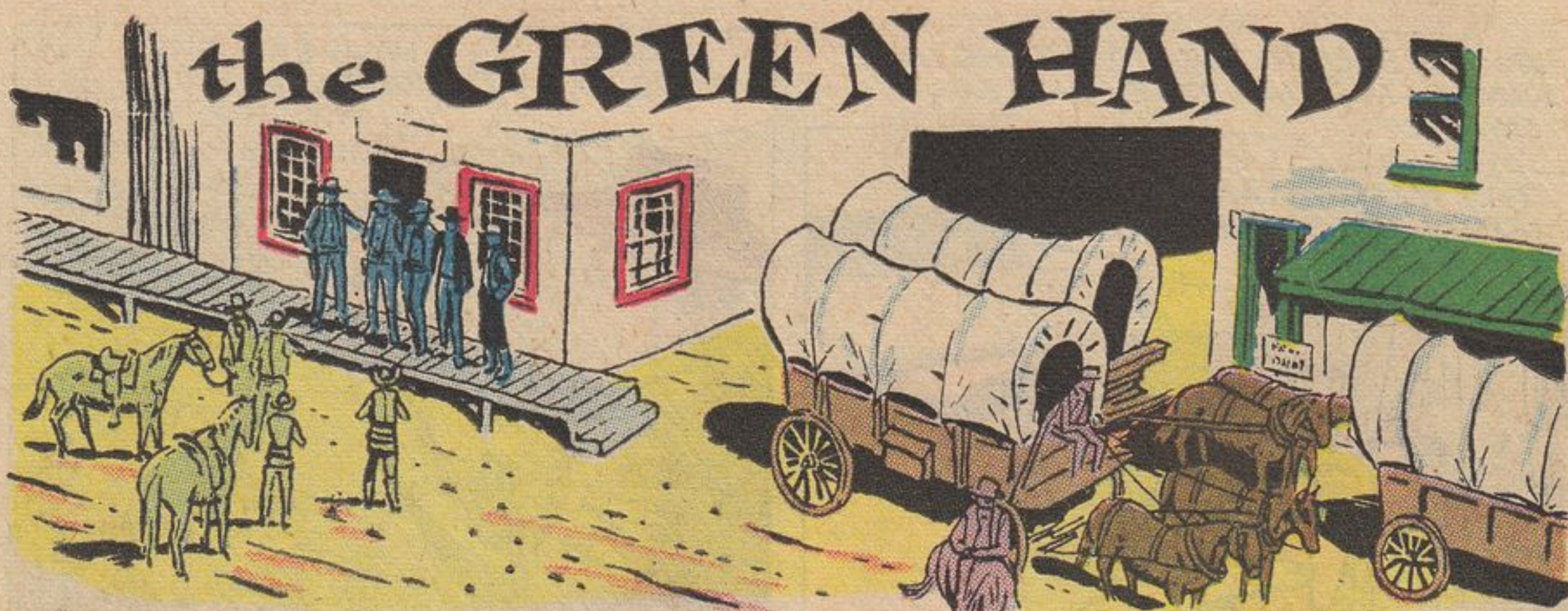
HO-HOW DID HE KNOW
SHORTY **WAS** THE ONE
WHO MARKED THE
STAGES FOR US ?



OWW!

THE LONE RANGER KNEW BECAUSE A MAN
STANDING WRITES AT HIS **EYE LEVEL**
AND THE X-MARKS ON THE STAGES WERE
ONLY AT SHORTY'S EYE LEVEL!





Sheriff Matt Mason needed some paper. At Fred Greene's General Store, Mason was careful to avoid the wooden posts. They glistened bright green with a sign—FRESH PAINT. Fred had been painting all morning, off and on, between customers.

Inside, Fred wasn't around. Then Mason heard a muffled groan and found Fred behind the counter, tied hand and foot.

"Robbery!" choked Fred when Mason removed his gag. "Man with a mask over his face. Just five minutes ago, right after I finished painting outside. Hurry, sheriff . . . he can't be far out of town."

Mason dashed back to his office. "Split up," he told his two deputies. "Between the three of us we can cover the hills, the low trail, and the range. One of us is sure to pick up his fresh trail."

"No they won't!" thought Nat Thatcher to himself, leaning idly at the corner as they galloped off. "They won't find tracks because I didn't leave any!"

Nat gloated silently. After robbing Fred, he had simply slipped out the back door, then removed his mask to reappear on the street, innocently. Why leave town? That was the last "hideout" anybody would expect.

Nat was a town loafer—Folks were used to seeing him around. After sticking in town a few days he could ride off, scot-free, with the loot. It was perfect.

Returning hours later, the baffled sheriff and his deputies reported to Fred Greene that they could find no trail of the thief.

"But it was a fresh trail," said Fred angrily. "You couldn't miss it. What kind of lawmen are you?"

"I'll . . . er . . . need a posse," mumbled Mason. "I'll swear in any idle men in town."

Soon, the volunteers gathered before the store. The sheriff made them take the oath, then pinned deputy badges on them. Nat Thatcher was among the men rounded up. He, the thief, would be made a deputy to hunt himself! What a big joke on this dumb lawman!

Nat grinned as his turn came, holding up his right hand to be sworn in. But instead of handing him a badge, the sheriff suddenly clapped handcuffs on him. "I arrest you for the robbery, Nat Thatcher. I figured that if the bandit left no trail, he never left town."

Mason found the stolen money in a flat pouch inside Nat's shirt, convicting him.

Nat finally found his tongue, stunned at the swiftness of it. "But—but how could you pick me out of thin air like that?"

"Well, first of all," snapped Mason, "swearing in a posse was just a trick. I only wanted to get the men to raise their right hands for the oath. Look at your right-hand index finger."

Nat started, seeing the green smudge on his finger.

"You're one of those people who just can't resist a FRESH PAINT sign," grinned the sheriff. "I saw your finger-mark in the paint. And the bandit was the first man to come to the store after Fred finished painting. You might say you fingered yourself!"

YOUNG HAWK HAWK

LOOK,
YOUNG HAWK-
--- A BIG
ONE!

WE'LL AIM
TOGETHER,
LITTLE BUCK!
NOW---

REACHING THE BOTTOM OF A TREMENDOUS CANYON
IN WESTERN MEXICO, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK
TRY THEIR HAND AT SHOOTING FISH.

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---SHOOT!

JUST VISIBLE IN THE NOT-TOO-DEEP WATER,
IS A BIG CATFISH---

TWANG!

TWANG!

GOT HIM---

JUMP IN!
THE WATER IS
SHALLOW!

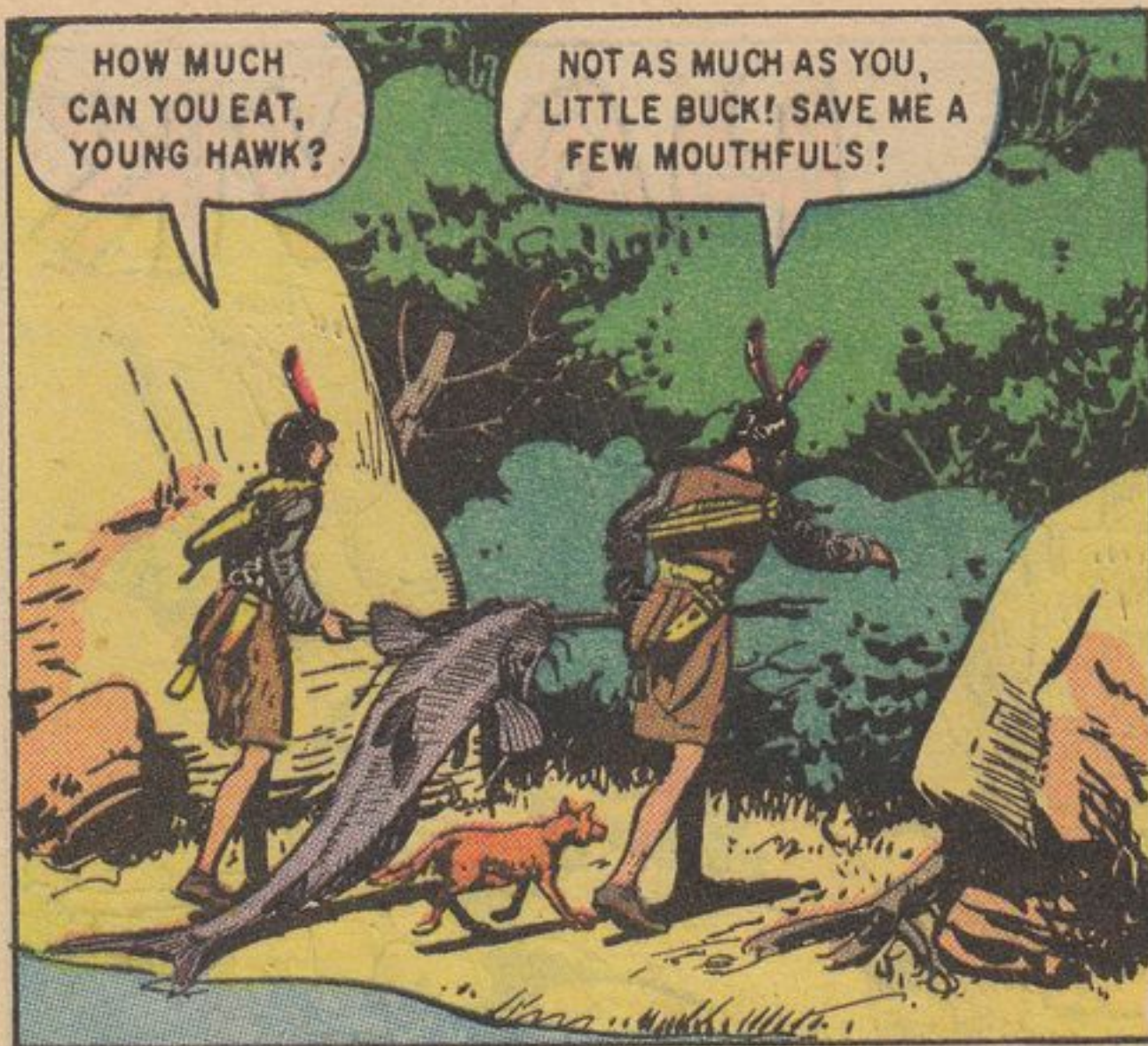
YARK!
YARK!

UGH!
STRONG
FISH!

HOLD HIM NOW,
WHILE I BOOST HIM
ASHORE!

--- IF YOU CAN,
YOUNG HAWK!

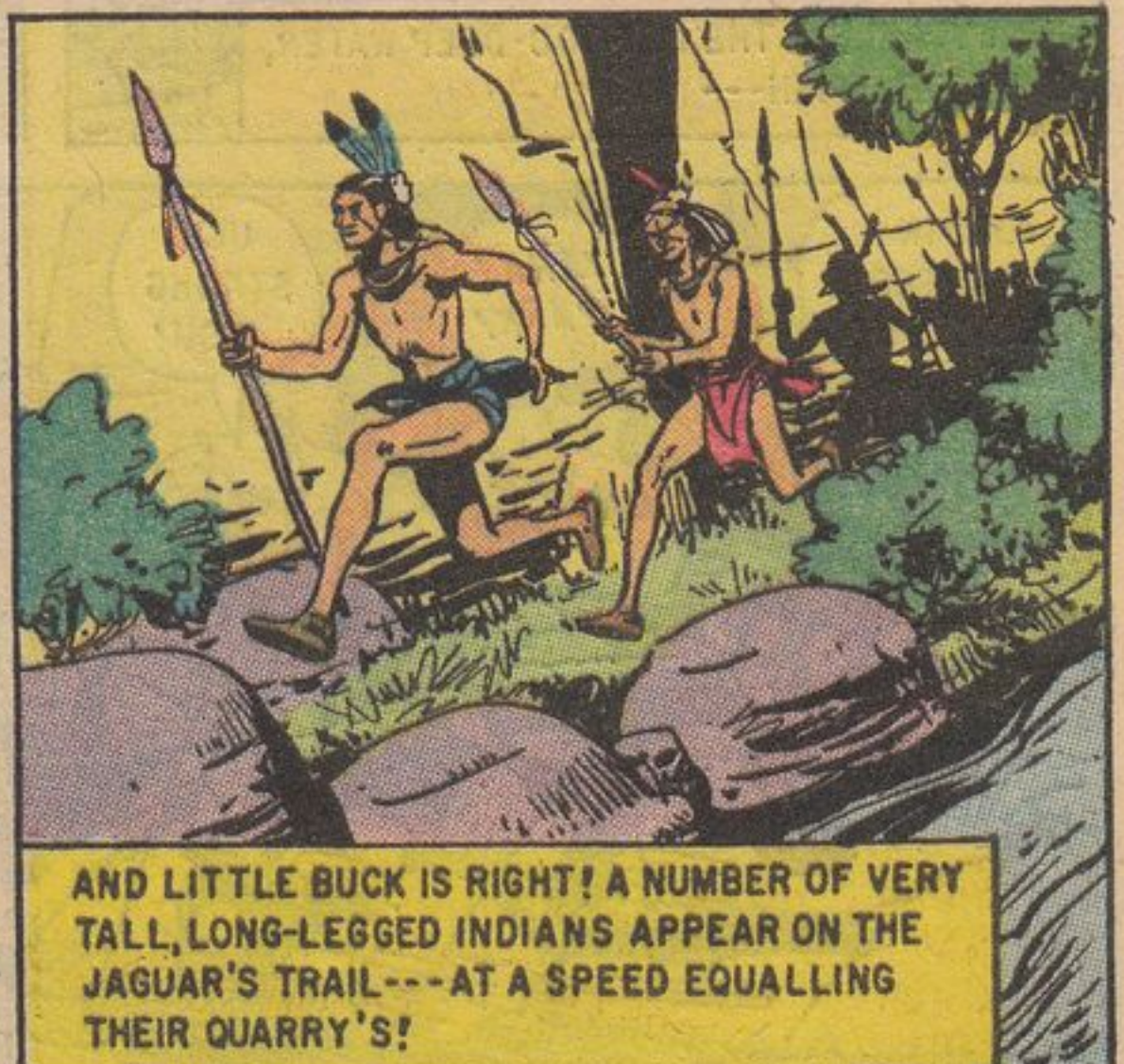
YI-YIP!
YARK!

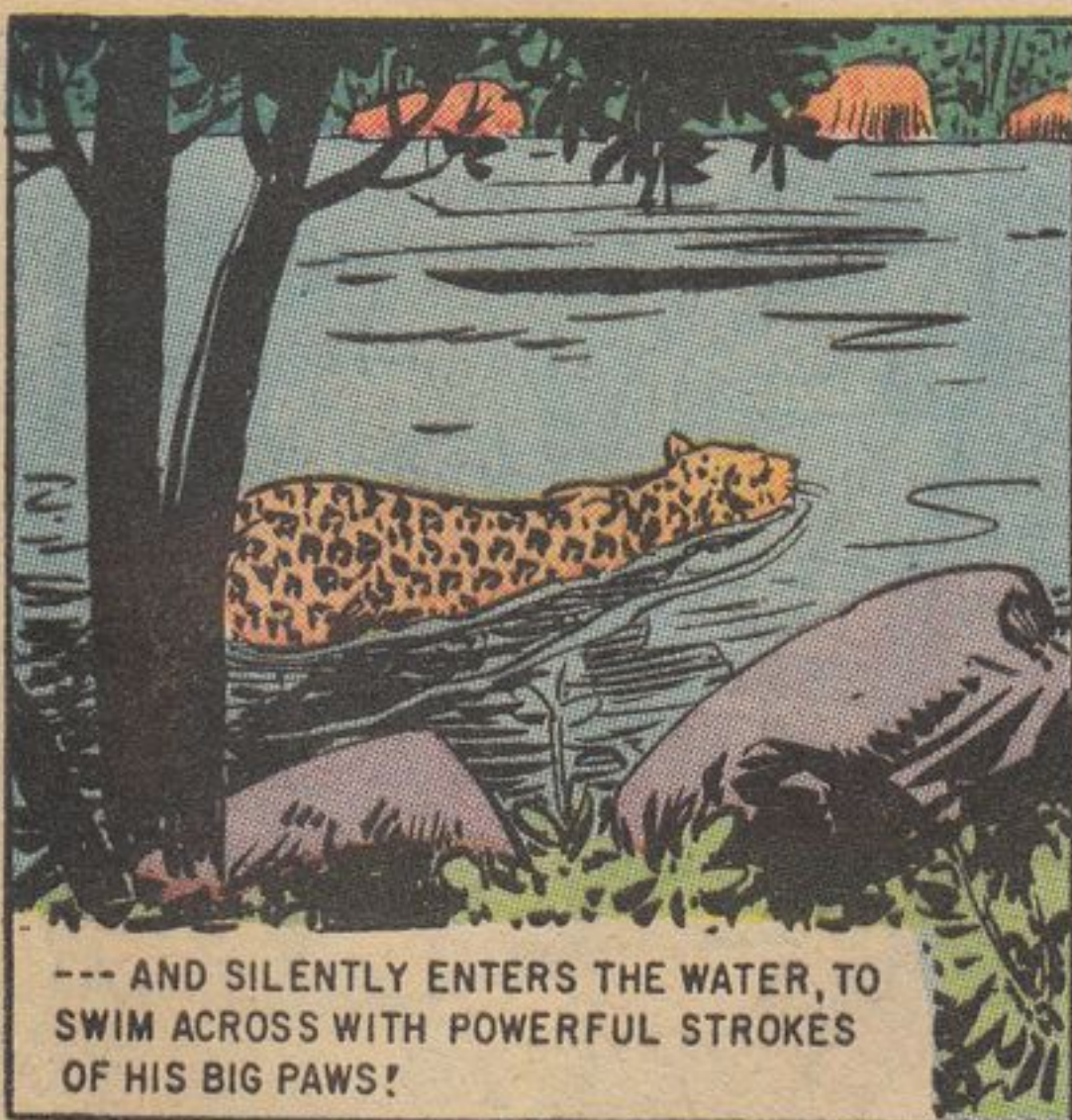


SUDDENLY, THE SMALL HAWK ON HIS MASTER'S SHOULDER CHATTERS--- AND FLUTTERS HIGHER.

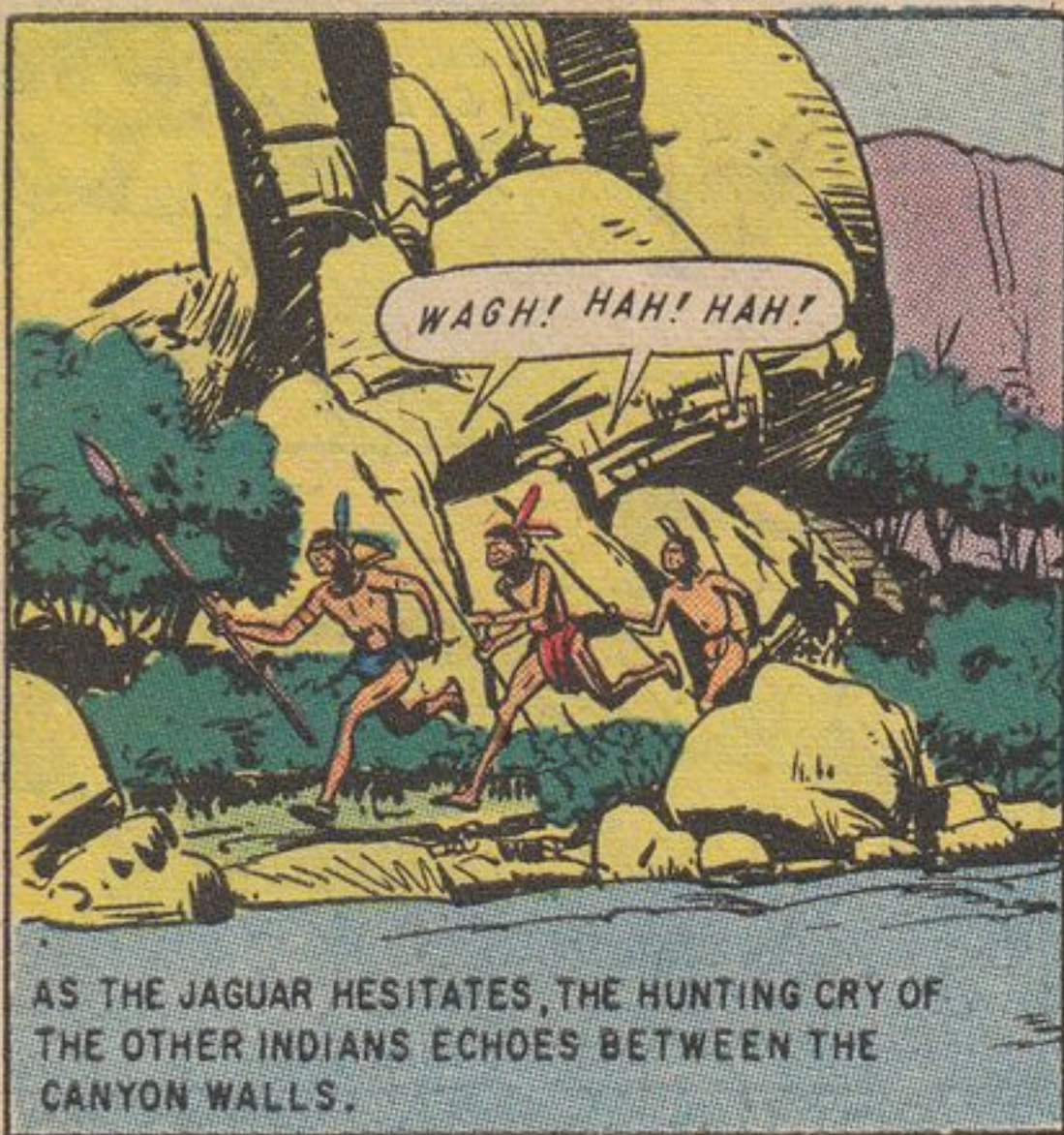


ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CANYON STREAM A MAGNIFICENT, POWERFUL BRUTE WITH BLACK ROSETTES ON ORANGE HIDE BOUNDS OVER ROCKS AND BUSHES.

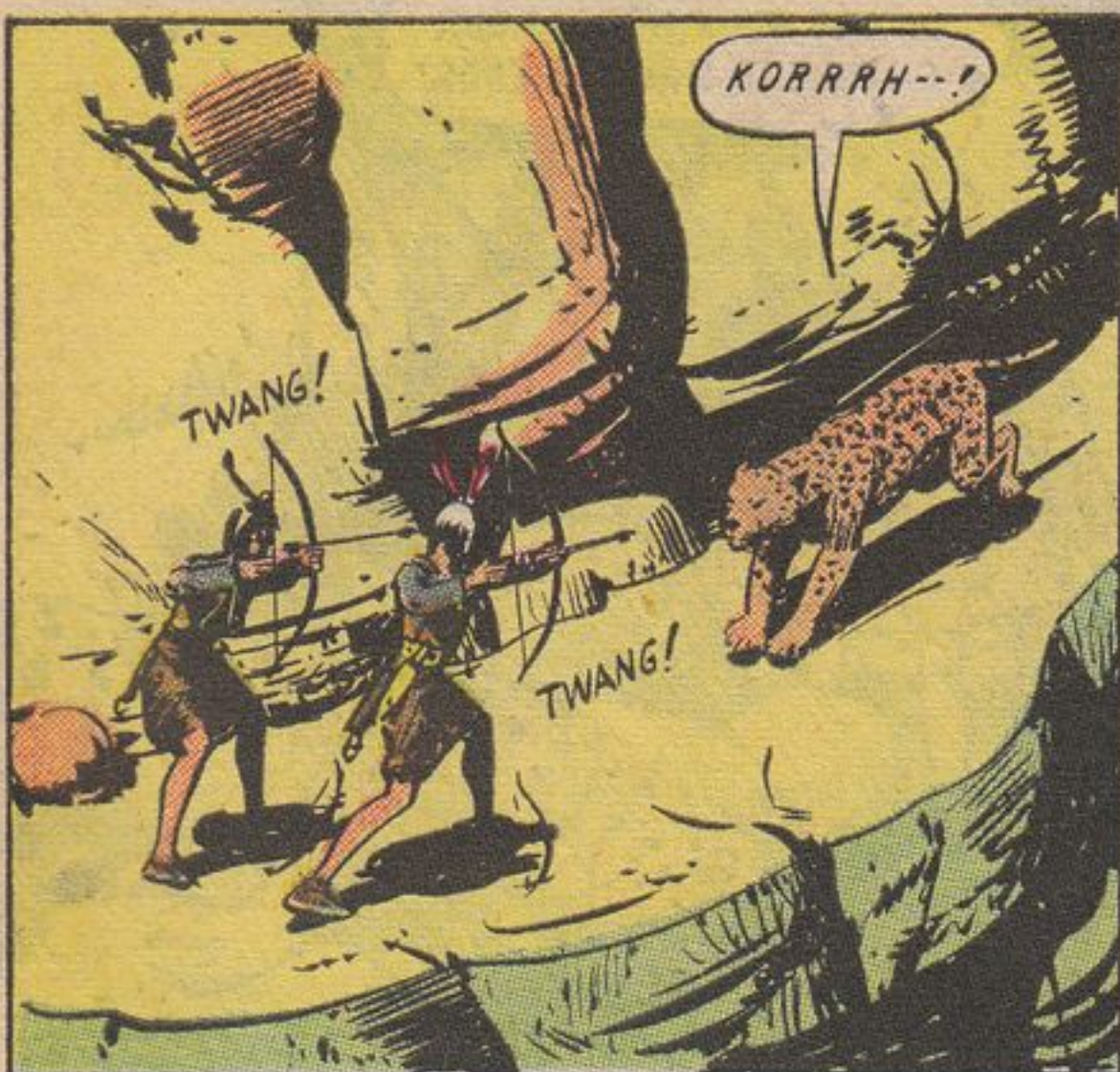








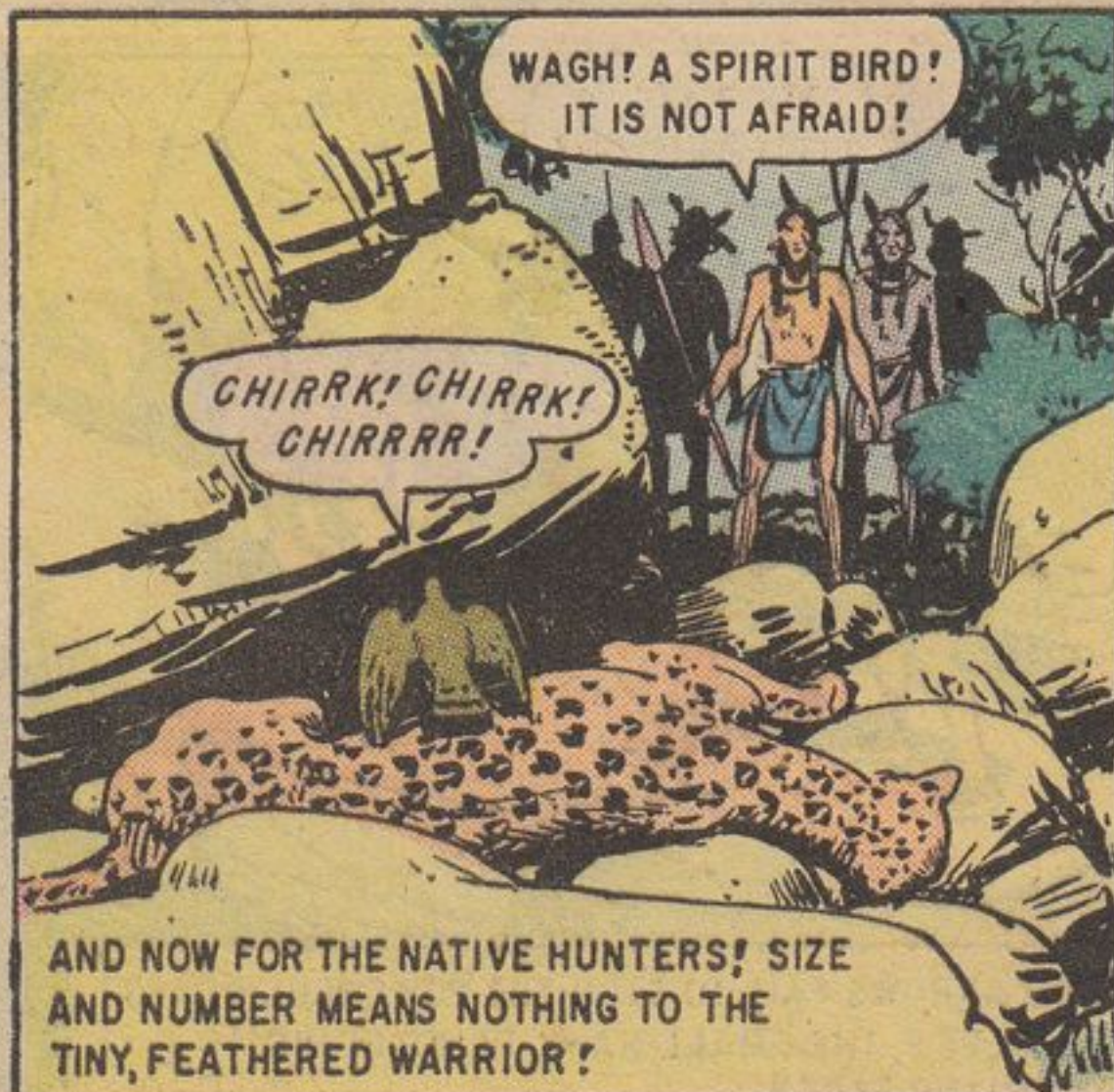
AS THE JAGUAR HESITATES, THE HUNTING CRY OF THE OTHER INDIANS ECHOES BETWEEN THE CANYON WALLS.

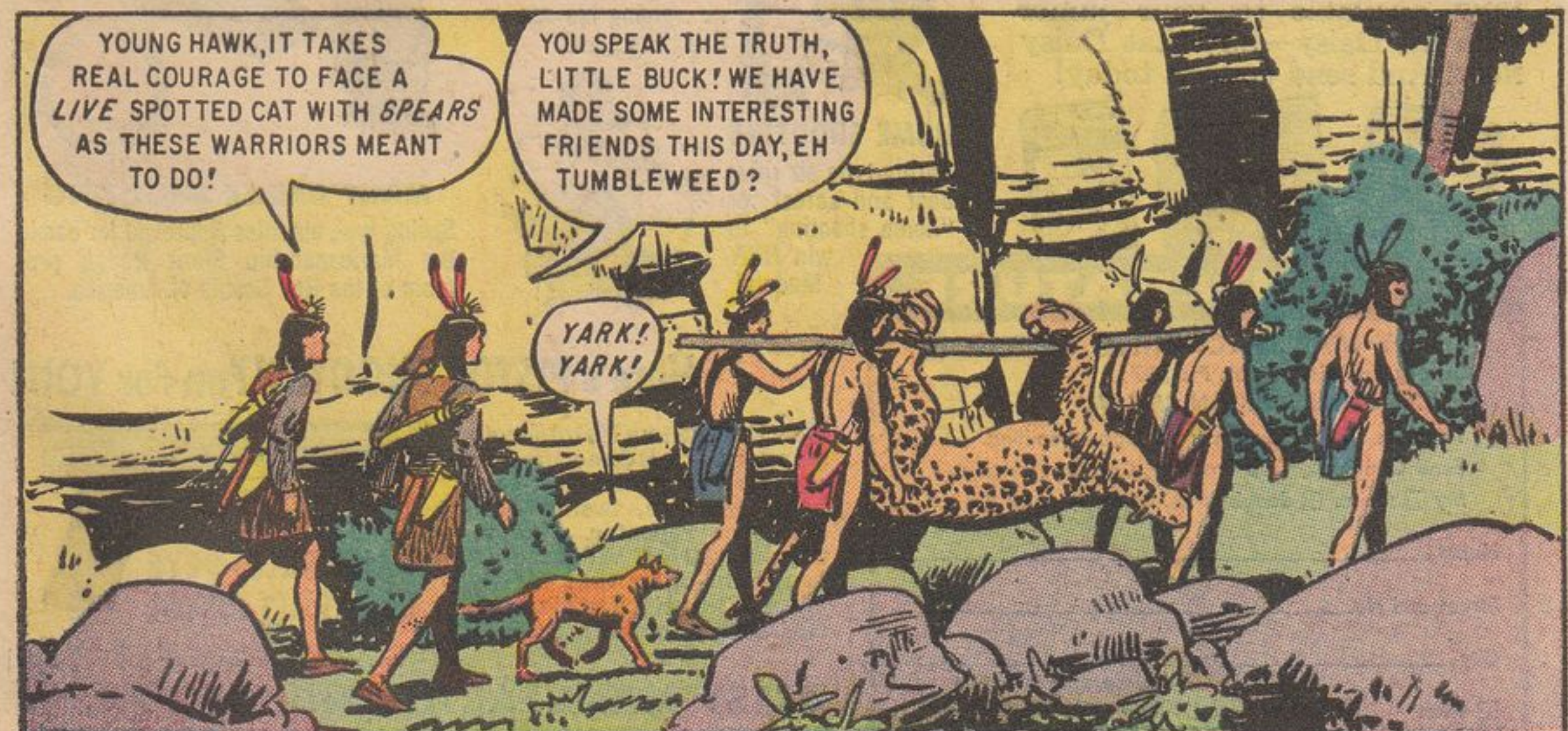


TWO ARROWS FAIL TO STOP THE POWERFUL BEAST! FEARLESS, THE SMALL HAWK FLIES IN HIS SNARLING FACE!



THE TINY HAWK FOLLOWS THE SPOTTED TERROR DOWN, SCREECHING HIS VICTORY SONG!







DAD! read this ...DECIDE "YES" ON THAT DAISY AIR RIFLE!

Because Daisy air rifles are sometimes confused with other type air rifles, we want you, Dad, to know these helpful facts:

1 The Daisy is *NOT* a high-powered pneumatic, gas, pellet or compressed air gun. It cannot be pumped-up to increase power!

2 DAISY is a spring-action, short range, low "factory limited" power air rifle—safest of its kind for training boys and girls aged seven through fourteen!

3 Daisy is *now* used in the 15-foot junior marksmanship training programs of the NRA, NEA, BSA, schools, camps and clubs because of its *safer* spring-action, *safer* short range, *safer* low power.

LET'S FACE IT, DAD!

Your junior wants a Daisy right now or for Christmas—an important decision for you! Why not get *all* the facts about the *many* supervised shooting programs *NOW* available to your junior with his Daisy—buy that Daisy *NOW*! And send coupon today!



FREE LITERATURE

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Safety Training Dept. P-6397
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

I enclose 10c to help cover postage—handling.

Send Gun Book, Club Brochure, Catalog postpaid.

My ☐ son or ☐ daughter asked me to read this ad.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Man ☐ Woman.

Please write in margin
below any comments
you have on this Daisy ad.

DAISYS NOW APPROVED FOR:



BB CLUB SHOOTING

Spring-type air rifles Approved for the Junior BB Gun-Club programs sponsored by V.F.W., Lions, other adult clubs.



NRA AWARD SHOOTING

Spring-type air rifles Approved for the National Rifle Association Junior Training Program; medals may be won.



NEA SCHOOL INSTRUCTION

Spring-type air rifles Approved for the new NEA School Instruction Program and "Father and Son" field training fun.



SUMMER CAMP RIFLERY

Spring-type air rifles used in hundreds of camps teaching Junior Spring-Type Air Riflery; many awards may be won.



REMEMBER?

Dad's greatest thrill
... giving his son
that "first gun!"

HOME SHOOTING

Spring-type air rifles
best and safest for
"home shooting" to
win NRA
Medals!



MERIT BADGE SHOOTING

Spring-type air rifles Approved for use in the Marksmanship Merit Badge program of the Boy Scouts of America.

DAD! Here's PISTOL SHOOTIN' Fun For YOU!

New BULLS-EYE Pistol shoots standard-size BBs accurately at short range for low-cost home practice, family fun! 150 shot repeater. Heavy, rugged. 10½". Adjustable peep-and-open rear sight. With 25 targets, 2 tubes BBs. No Canadian orders accepted.



\$5 POST PAID

DAISY BULLS-EYE
BB TARGET PISTOL

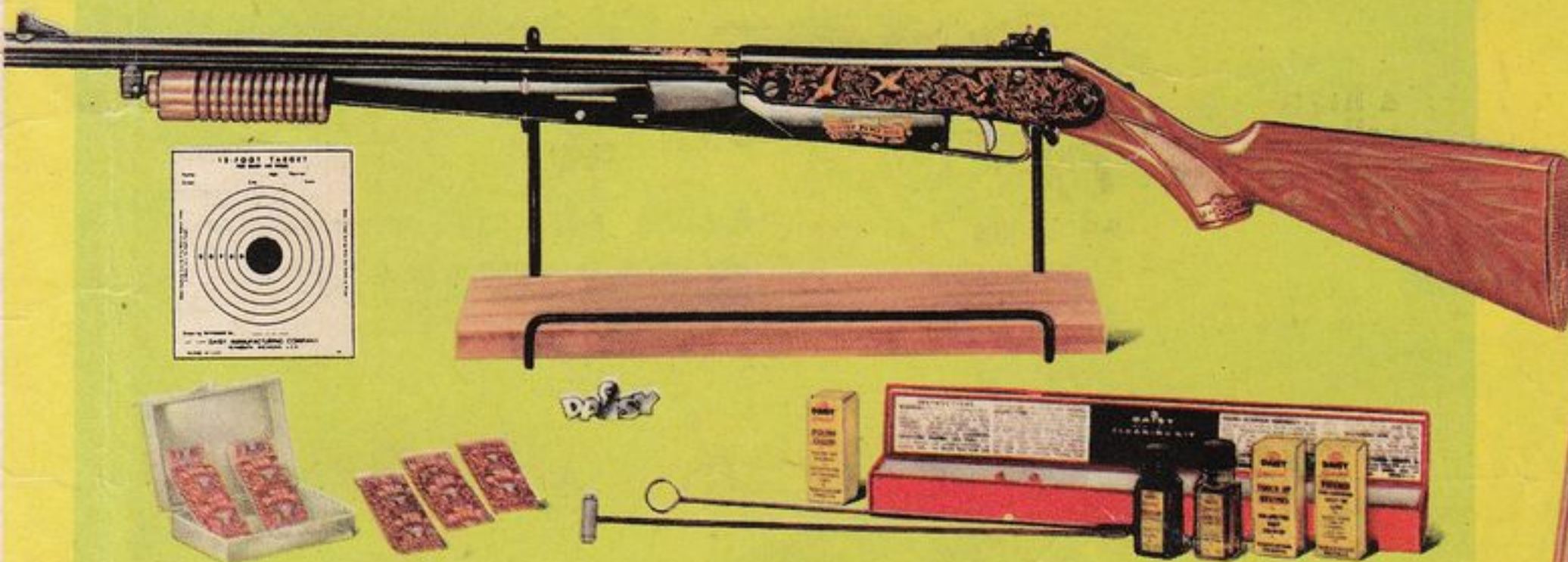
PRICES HIGHER CANADA. PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITH-
OUT NOTICE. NO DIRECT ORDERS ACCEPTED FROM CANADA.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Safety Training Dept. P-6397 — PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

how YOU can help get YOUR CHRISTMAS DAISY

See Daisy ad at left? After supper tonight, hand this magazine to your Dad and ask him to read that ad specially written for him and Mom!



NO. 1025: New Daisy Air Rifleman Set is something special! You'll get the famous Daisy Pump Gun, a forced-feed, 50 shot, take-down model—Daisy's new BB Gun Cleaning Kit—new Daisy Rifle Rack with handy wooden shelf—5 packs Daisy BBs in ammunition box! Set comes in big colored carton, **\$12⁹⁵**

NO. 25 ONLY: Pump Gun, as pictured in 1025 Set above, yours for only, **\$9⁹⁵**

NO. 98: This beautiful Daisy Eagle with real 2X Scope mounted looks just like Dad's expensive hunting rifle. A 1000-shot type repeater with extra-long forearm and heavy top grain leather sling. Golden decorations on barrel, receiver jacket. It's the finest Daisy ever made. Ask Dad to put the Daisy Eagle under your Christmas Tree. Only **\$13⁹⁵**

For the Most **FUN**
Get and
Shoot

Other
Models Low As

\$4⁹⁸

DAISY

AIR RIFLES

SEND COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 6397, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

Please send complete Daisy Catalog postpaid!
My Dad ☐ or Mom ☐ has read the other Daisy
Ad on the opposite page.

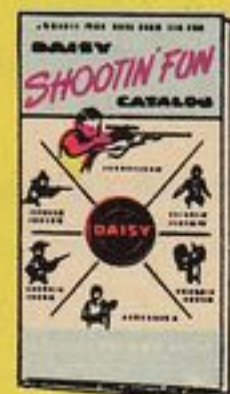
Name _____

St. & No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**CATALOG
FREE**

Pictures and describes
air rifles, BB shot,
super smoke rifles, play
guns, holster sets; sent
postpaid. Mail coupon!



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. 6397, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

SINCE 1888—GUN AND EQUIPMENT HEADQUARTERS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS

**BUY
DAISYS
AT**

hardware,
sports goods,
department
stores. If dealer
is out of stock,
send number of
model you want
(with remittance,
name, address);
we'll ship postpaid.

SHOOTERS!

DAISY BB PACK
Gives You
**MORE
BBs**
For Your
Money!



NO. 98



**THE BEST BRAND
ON ANY BIKE...**

Schwinn

This Christmas ride Schwinn
... the best brand on any
bike ... the best bike on
any block!

**RIDE THE NEW... ALL NEW
SCHWINN
MARK II
JAGUAR**



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full of pictures of your fa-
vorite movie and TV stars.
Be the first to have a copy.



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Chicago 39, Illinois

Please rush my copy of the new movie
and TV star book immediately.

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____
STATE _____ AGE _____

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Sturmey-Archer Gears!
- Hand Brakes,
Front & Rear!
- Tank with
Built-in Horn!
- Powerful Beam
Headlamp!
- Automatic Stoplight!



and Santa says . . .
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\$41.95
EASY TERMS**

**AMERICAN-MADE
SCHWINN BIKES
ARE BEST!**

