

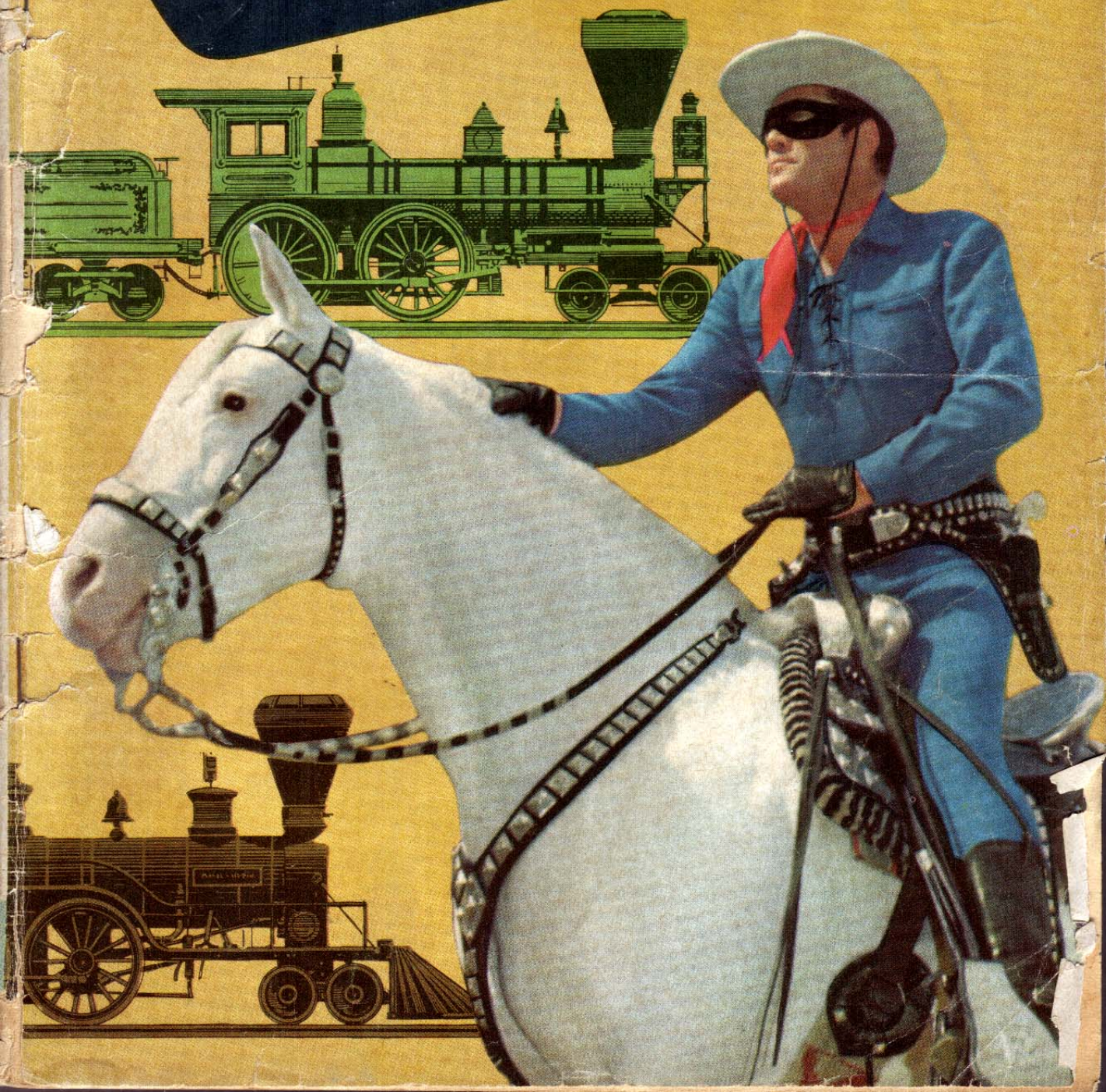
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RAILROAD ISSUE

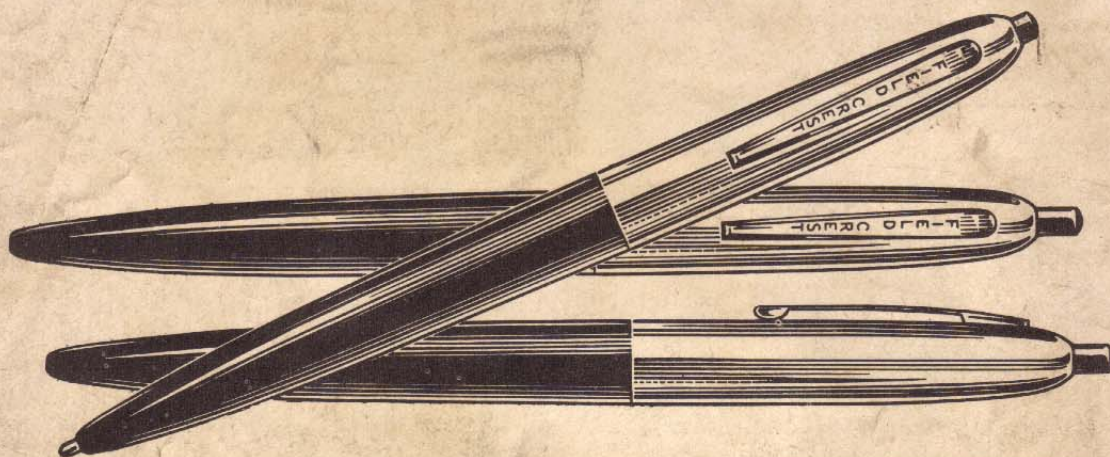
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the Lone Ranger



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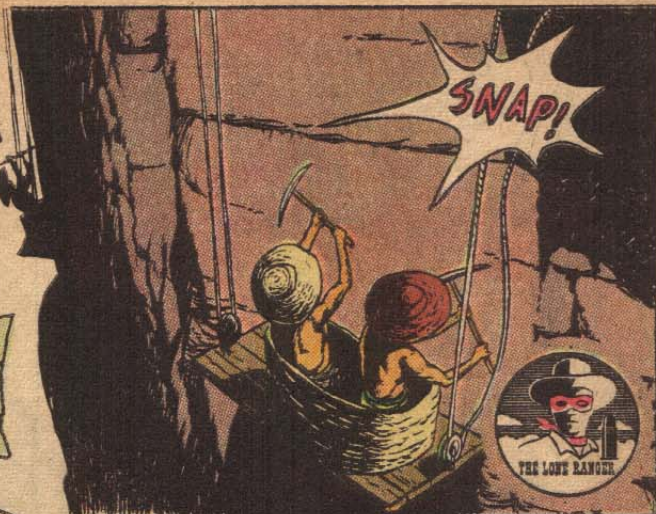
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the Lone Ranger

ONE-WAY TRACKS TO DANGER

HIGH UP IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS, A GANG OF RAILROAD GRADERS PICK AWAY AT A LEDGE TO MAKE A FUTURE RAILBED, AS SUDDENLY...



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CAREFUL,
KEMO SABAY!

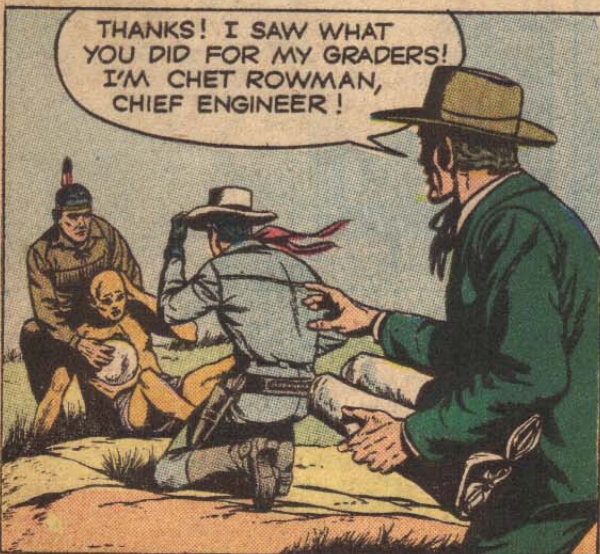


NOW TO GET
THEM BACK UP!

MINUTES LATER...



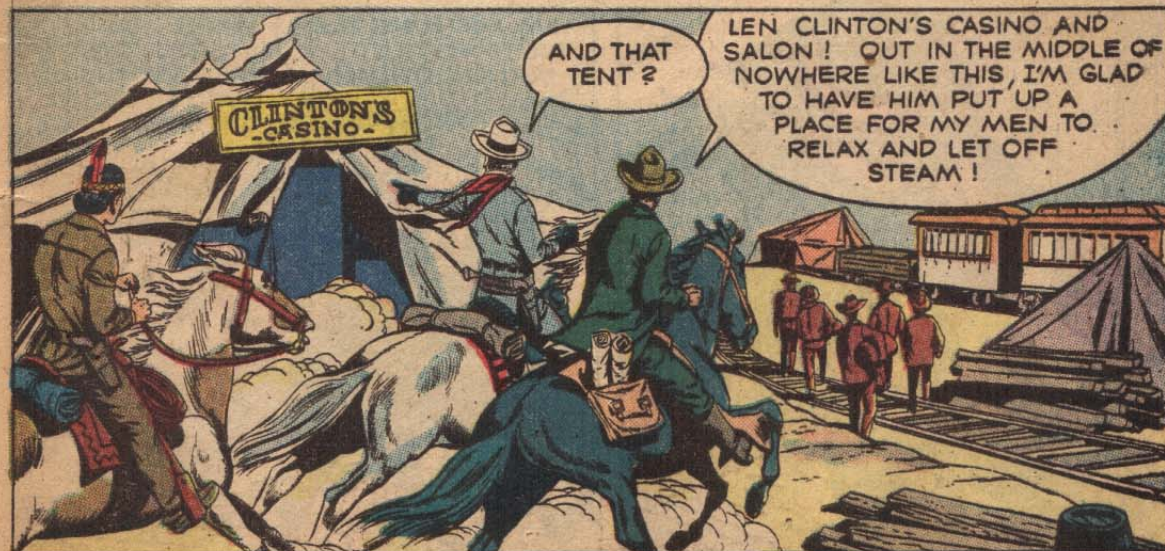
UGH! NOW
THEM BOTH BE
SAFE UP HERE!

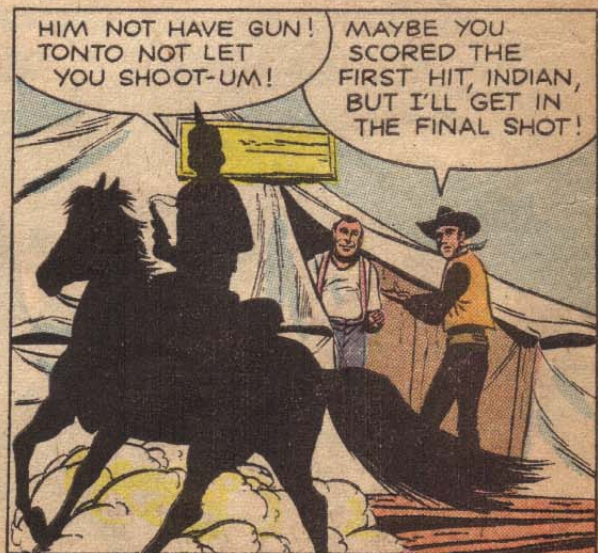


THANKS! I SAW WHAT
YOU DID FOR MY GRADERS!
I'M CHET ROWMAN,
CHIEF ENGINEER!



MA-MASKED...
---DON'T
DRAW!







MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU, INDIAN! --- COME ON, MEN! THERE'S TRACK TO BE WORKED!



MEANWHILE...

I'M GOING TO STOP THAT RUNAWAY!

I RECOGNIZE HIM! HE'S FROM MY SUPPLY WAGON TEAM!



WHOA, FELLOW!

CAN YOU BACKTRACK HIM? SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO MY SUPPLY WAGON!



SOON...

THERE'S THE ANSWER --- INDIANS!

WHAT THEY DIDN'T TAKE THEY BURNED!



KEMO SABAY, THESE ARROWS **NOT** BE MADE BY INDIANS! LOOK HOW FEATHERS PUT IN!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TONTO! SOME WHITE MEN ARE TRYING TO COVER UP THIS DEED!

WHOEVER DID THIS, HIT US WHERE IT HURTS! EVERY NAIL, BOLT AND TIE HAS TO COME FROM CALIFORNIA AFTER BEING SHIPPED AROUND THE CAPE! THIS COULD DELAY US SERIOUSLY! I MUST FIND OUT **WHO** IS BEHIND THIS!

TOMORROW, TONTO AND I WILL JOIN A TRACK CREW AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DISCOVER!



THE NEXT DAY, THE DISGUISED LONE RANGER AND TONTO HELP SET THE TWENTY-EIGHT FOOT RAILS...



AND AS THE TAMPERS AND THE BOLTERS FOLLOW UP THE WORK ON THE NEW TRACK, THE EMPTY FLAT CAR IS TIPPED ASIDE BY HORSES, AS THE ENGINE PUSHES UP A NEW LOAD OF TRACKS...





AS THE MAN COMES TO...

UGH! IF HIM
WANT US TO
SLOW DOWN,
MEBBE HIM
LEAD YOU TO
MAN WHO
SEND-UM!

TONTO, STAY HERE!
I'M GOING TO PLAY A
HUNCH AND SEE
WHERE THAT MAN
GOES!



HE MIGHT BE GOING
IN THERE FOR ANY OF
A DOZEN REASONS!
MAYBE I CAN OVER-
HEAR HIM FROM
IN BACK!

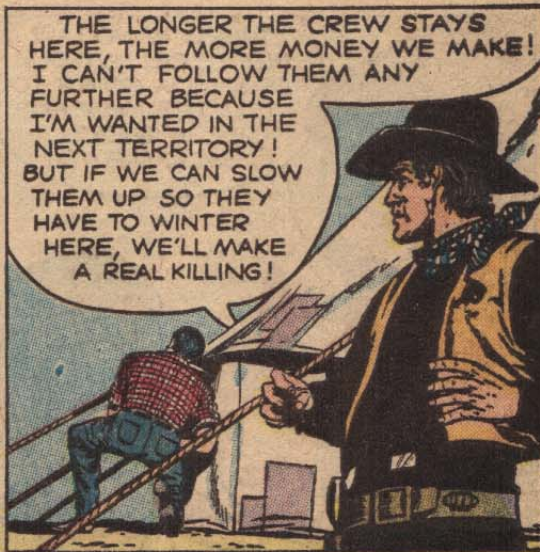


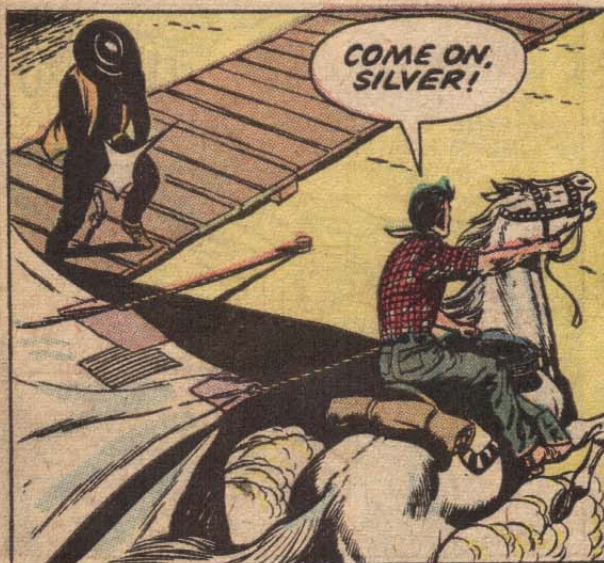
I COULDN'T HELP
IT, CLINTON! THAT
GUY DROPPED
ME!

WELL, GET BACK AND
KEEP TRYING TO
DELAY THE REST OF
THAT TRACK CREW!
I'VE GOT A COUPLE
OF MEN SLOWING
DOWN OTHER
JOBS!

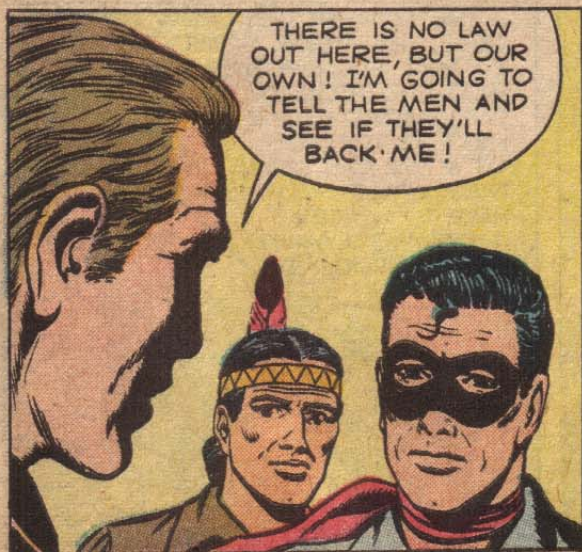


THE LONGER THE CREW STAYS
HERE, THE MORE MONEY WE MAKE!
I CAN'T FOLLOW THEM ANY
FURTHER BECAUSE
I'M WANTED IN THE
NEXT TERRITORY!
BUT IF WE CAN SLOW
THEM UP SO THEY
HAVE TO WINTER
HERE, WE'LL MAKE
A REAL KILLING!

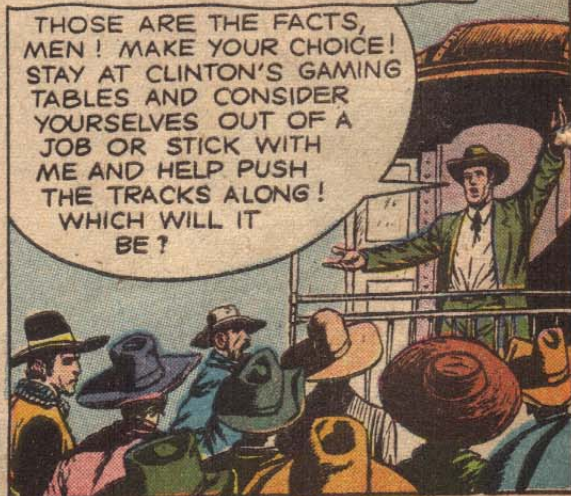


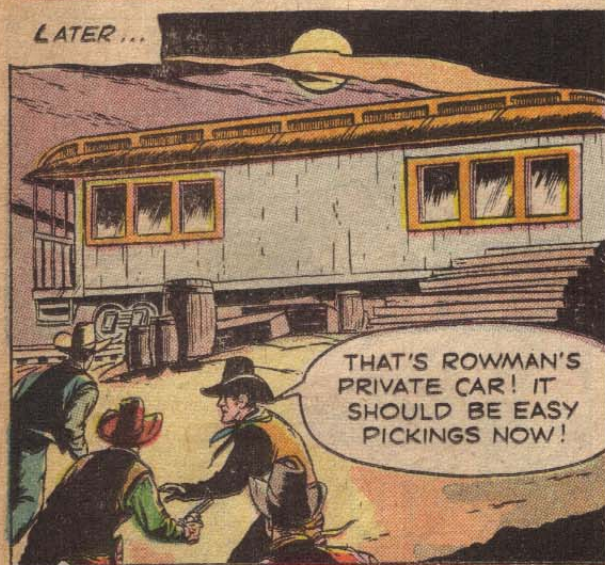


SOON AFTER, IN ROWMAN'S PRIVATE CAR...

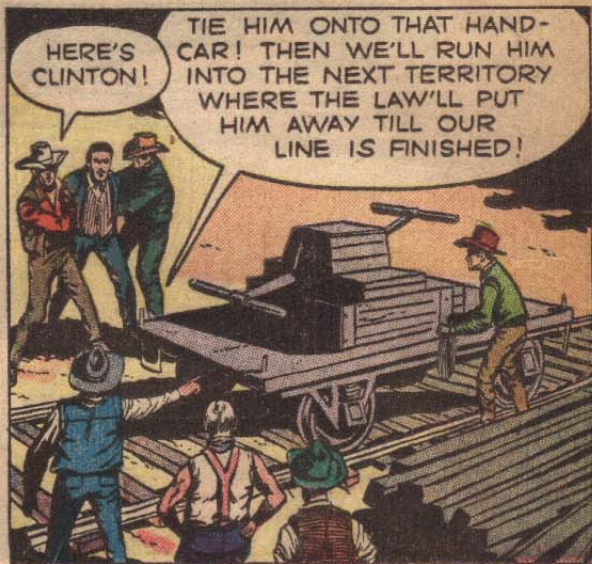


AT DUSK, AS THE WORK DAY ENDS...

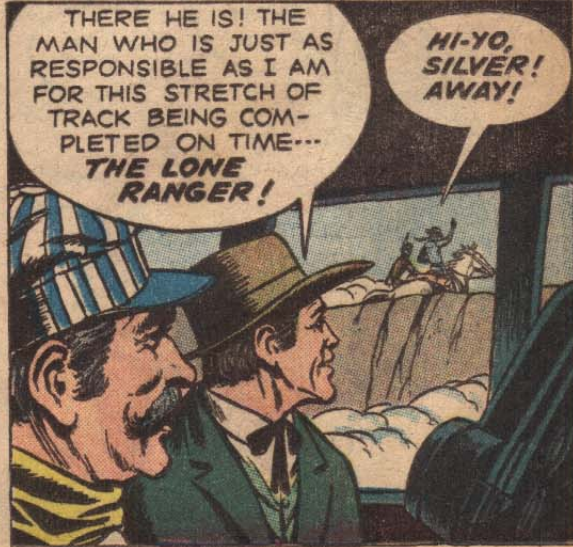




AS WORD SPREADS OF THE ATTEMPT ON ROWMAN'S LIFE, THE ANGRY TRACK CREW RUSHES CLINTON'S CASINO...



TWO MONTHS LATER... EASY, SILVER! IT'S ONLY THE FIRST TRAIN OVER THAT NEW SECTION OF TRACKS!



HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!

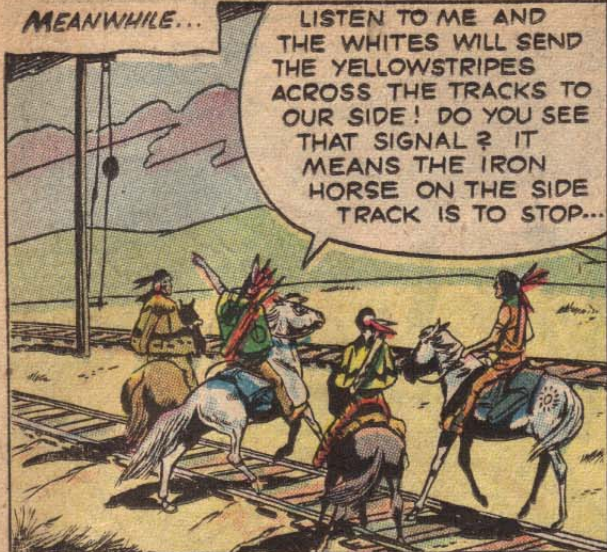
the Lone Ranger

THE END OF THE LINE



MEANWHILE...

LISTEN TO ME AND THE WHITES WILL SEND THE YELLOWSTRIPES ACROSS THE TRACKS TO OUR SIDE! DO YOU SEE THAT SIGNAL? IT MEANS THE IRON HORSE ON THE SIDE TRACK IS TO STOP...



BUT IF I CHANGE IT, THE IRON HORSE WILL GO ON THE MAIN TRACK AND THERE WILL BE A GREAT CRASH!



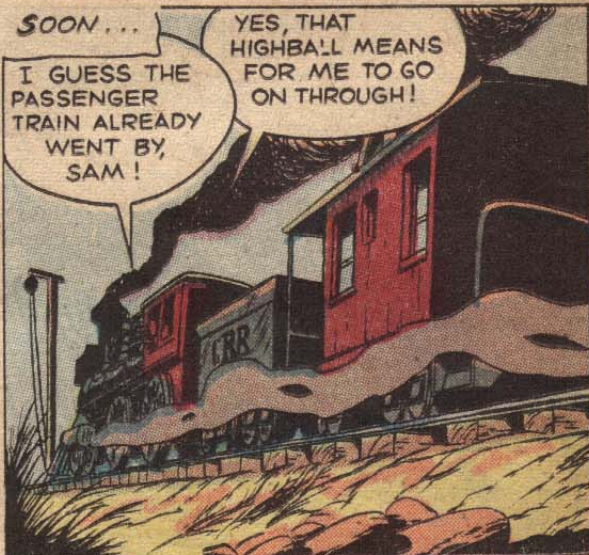
COME! LET US RIDE DOWN THE TRACKS AND SEE IF MY PLAN WORKS!



SOON...

I GUESS THE PASSENGER TRAIN ALREADY WENT BY, SAM!

YES, THAT HIGHBALL MEANS FOR ME TO GO ON THROUGH!



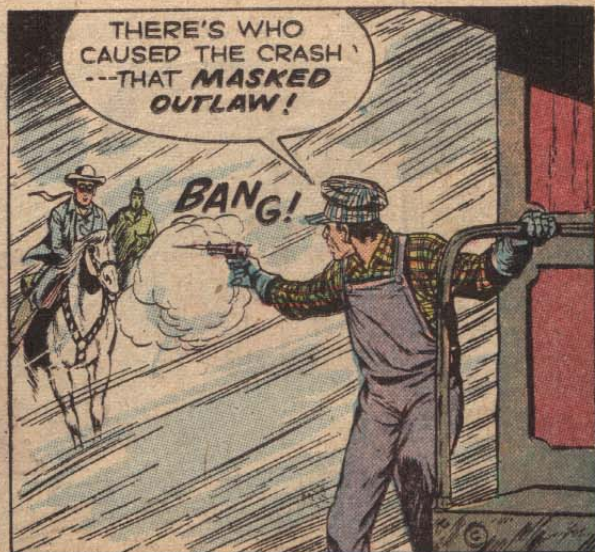
YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP AN EYE PEELED, SAM! THAT DANG SNOW'LL MAKE IT HARD TO SEE VERY FAR UP THE LINE!



A MINUTE LATER...

WHOOT!
WHOOOT!







PING!



HOLD YOUR FIRE!
--- **THAT MASKED MAN**
ISN'T AN OUTLAW! IF
ANYONE CAN HELP
US, HE CAN!

QUICKLY THE ENGINEER SAM TELLS WHAT
HAPPENED...

CAN YOU GET THE
ENGINES TO WORK
AGAIN, SAM?

YES, BUT THE REPAIRS
MAY TAKE FOUR OR
FIVE HOURS!



DON'T LOSE A MINUTE!
THAT SKY MEANS THE
SNOW ISN'T STOPPING
FOR HOURS! YOU
MAY BE SNOWED
IN!

BUT IT IS NOT TILL OVER SIX HOURS LATER, THAT THE ENGINES MAKE A TRY TO
MOVE OFF...



IT'S NO USE,
SAM! THAT WIND HAS
DRIFTED THE SNOW
TOO DEEP! YOU'RE
SNOWBOUND!

TONTO, PUT SILVER
AND SCOUT IN THE
BAGGAGE CAR!
THEY'LL KEEP WARM
IN THERE! THEN
WE'LL SEE HOW
WE CAN HELP
THE TRAINMEN!

WE'RE IN LUCK!
THAT'S A HOTEL
TRAIN--- GOT
EVERY LUXURY
AND NECESSITY
YOU CAN FIND
ON WHEELS!

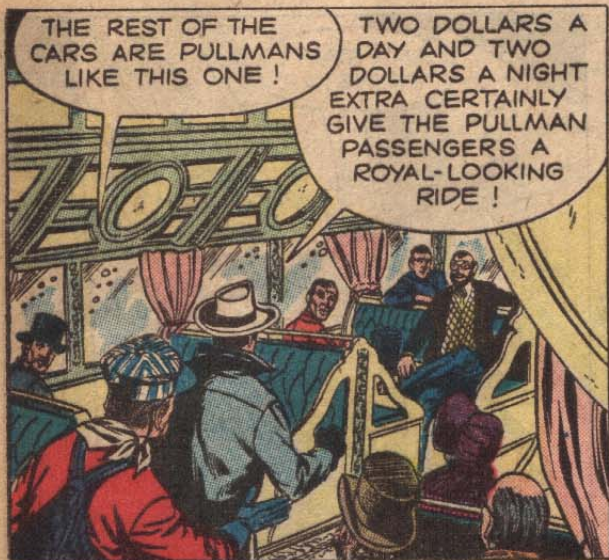


THEY'VE ONLY
GOT TWO COACHES
ON THIS TRAIN!



THE REST OF THE
CARS ARE PULLMANS
LIKE THIS ONE!

TWO DOLLARS A
DAY AND TWO
DOLLARS A NIGHT
EXTRA CERTAINLY
GIVE THE PULLMAN
PASSENGERS A
ROYAL-LOOKING
RIDE!



AND I RECKON
THE DINER CAN
FEED EVERYONE!

I SUGGEST YOU
START SERVING NOW!
THE SIOUX MAY
INTERRUPT
DINNER!



SOON... THE FOLKS
DIDN'T LIKE IT,
BUT I GOT ALL THE
TRAIN LIGHTS OUT!

I'M HOPING
THAT WILL
KEEP THE
SIOUX FROM
FINDING
US!

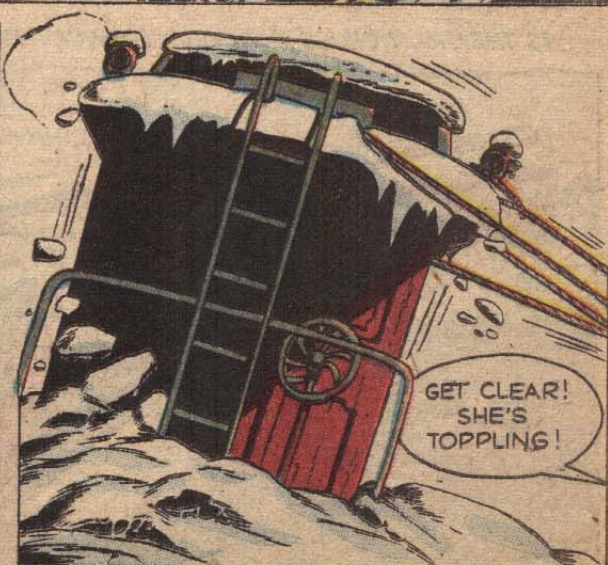
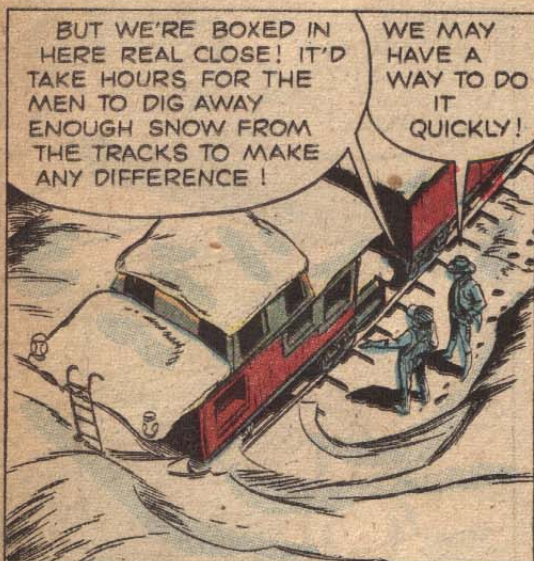


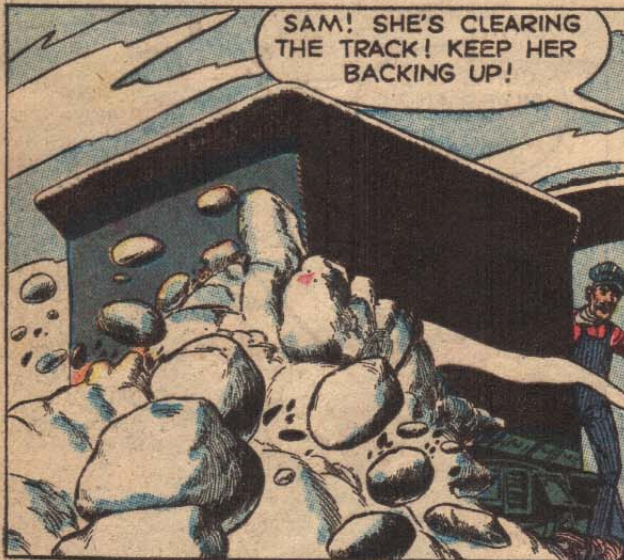
BUT IF THEY DO
COME, TONTO AND I
WILL BE HERE
WAITING!



THE NIGHT PASSES PEACEFULLY, BUT AS THE SNOW STOPS AT DAWN...

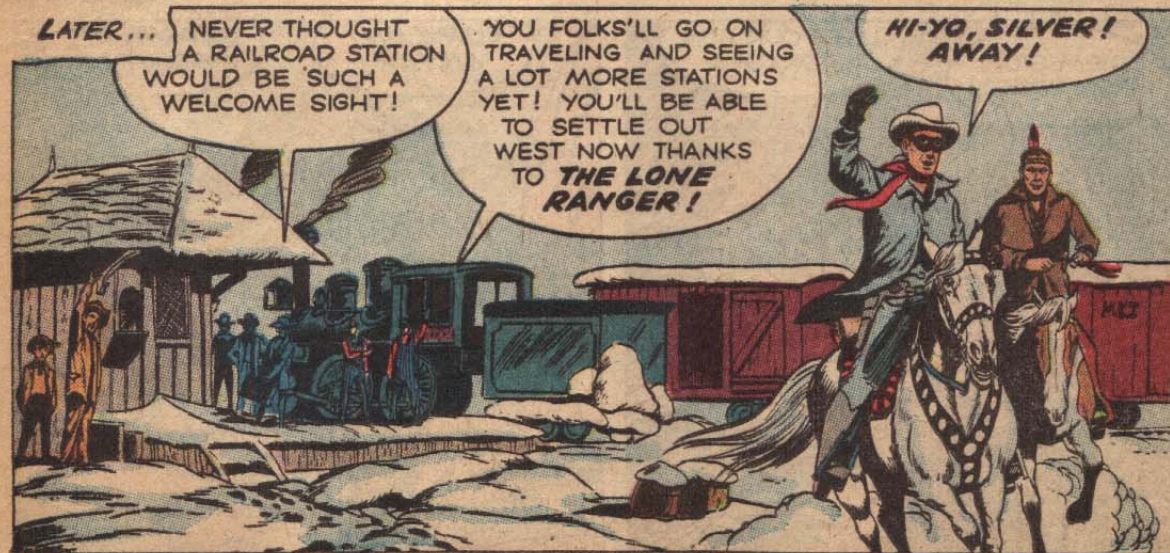
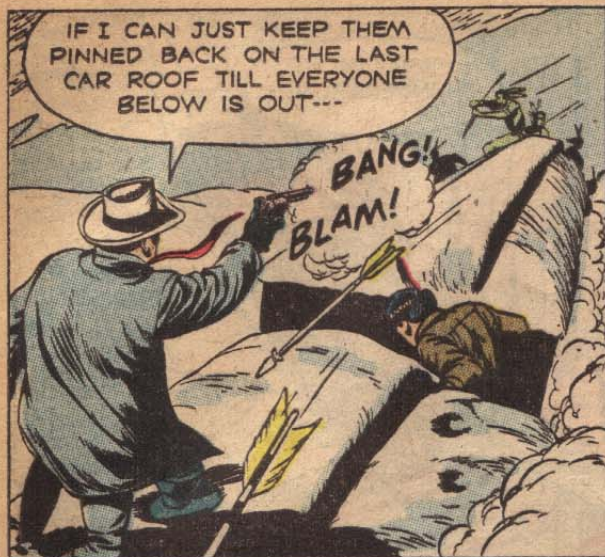






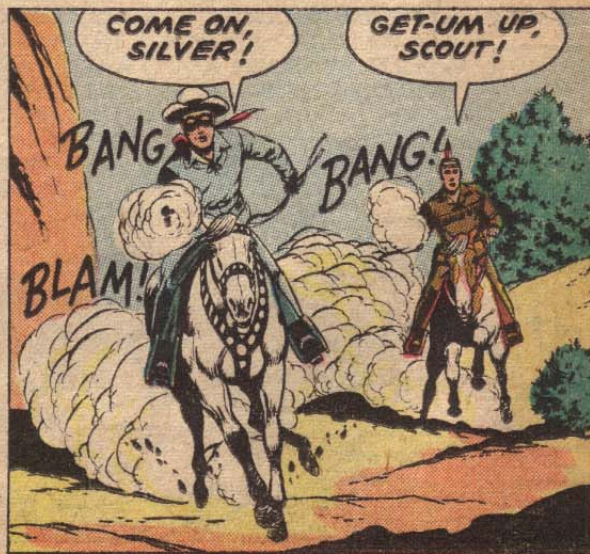
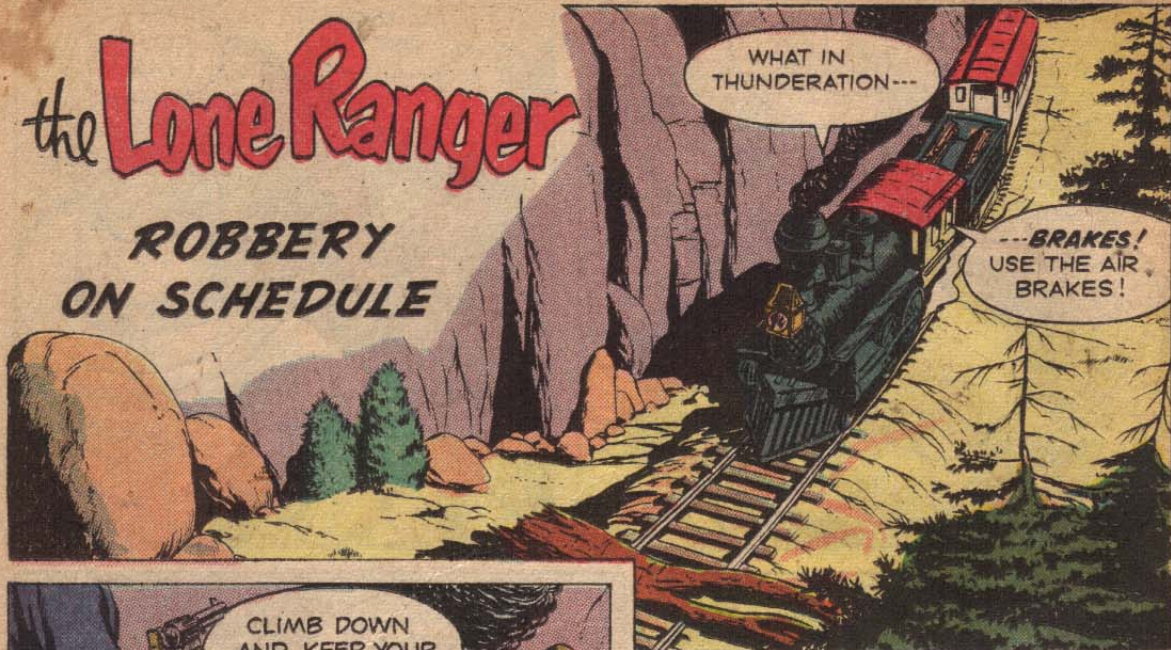
AS THE TRAIN CHUGS FORWARD SLOWLY, THE SIOUX LEAP ONTO THE LAST CAR...

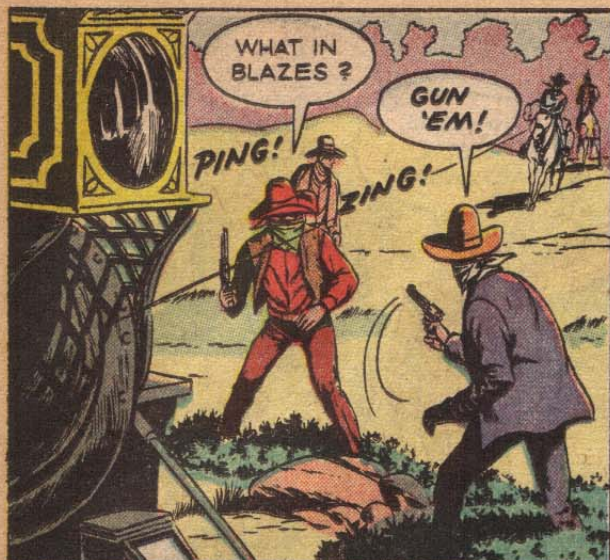




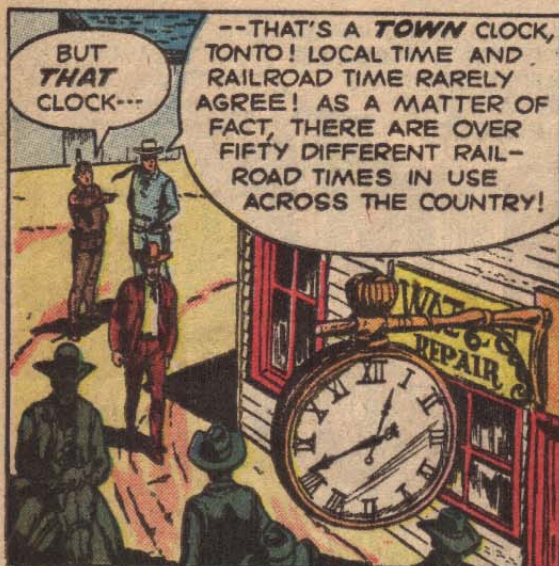
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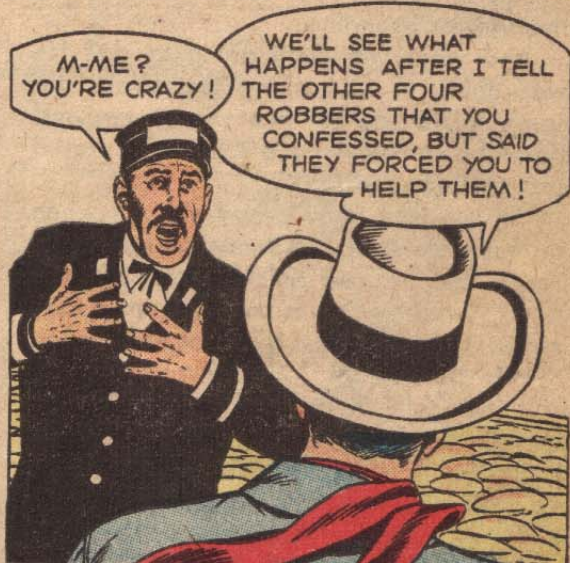
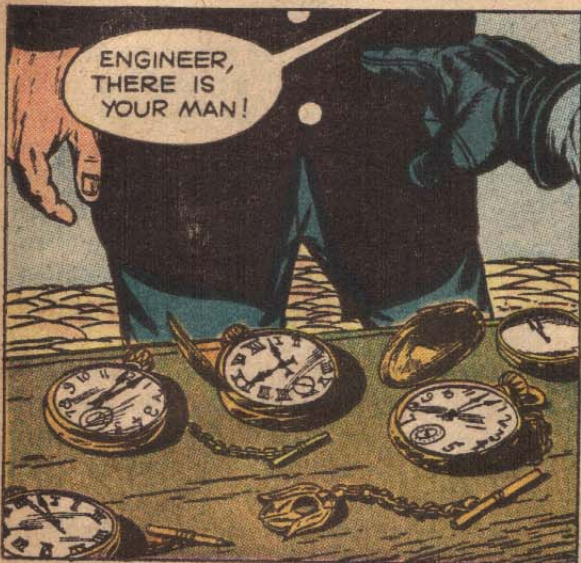
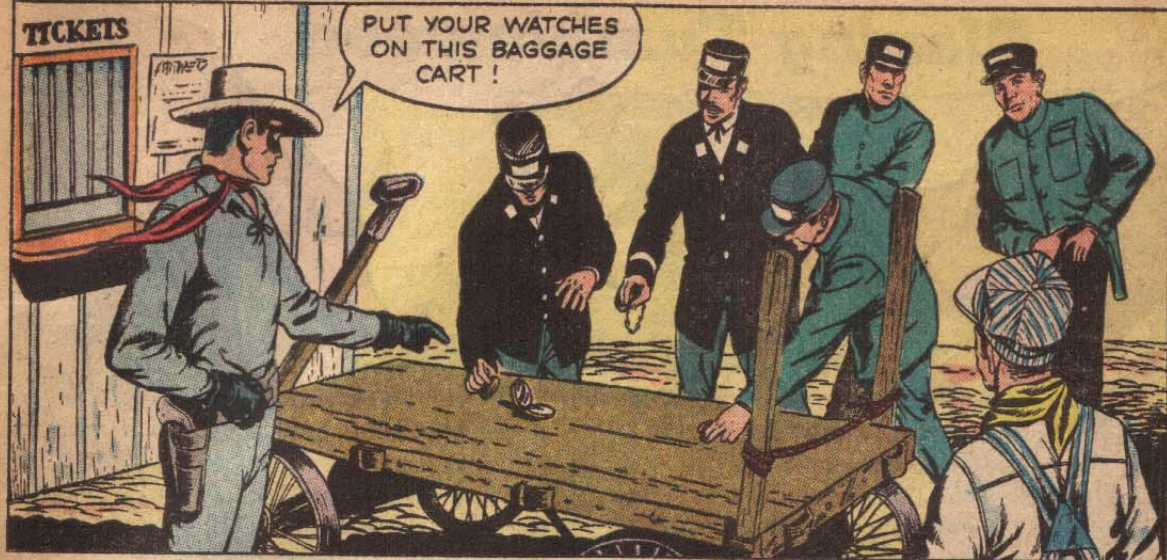
ROBBERY ON SCHEDULE





SOON AFTER...





WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS AFTER I TELL THE OTHER FOUR ROBBERS THAT YOU CONFESSED, BUT SAID THEY FORCED YOU TO HELP THEM!

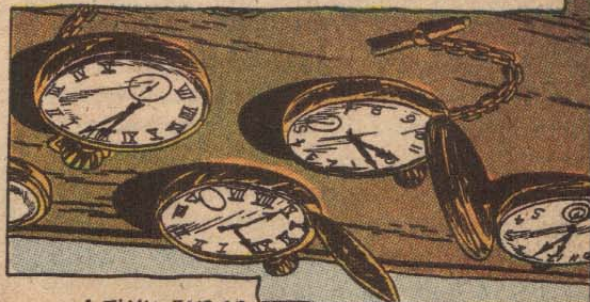
MINUTES LATER...

YOU WERE RIGHT! BUT **HOW** DID YOU KNOW WHICH TRAINMAN WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH THEM?

WE FORCED HIM TO WORK WITH US? WHY, THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING POLECAT PLANNED THE WHOLE JOB! TOLD US WHICH TRAIN TO HIT!



FOR SOLUTION, TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN



ONLY ONE TRAINMAN DID NOT HAVE HIS WATCH SET AT RAILROAD TIME! HIS WATCH WAS SET AT LOCAL TIME! THE LONE RANGER REALIZED THAT TO PLAN FOR THE ROBBERS TO KNOW WHICH TRAIN TO STOP, HE WOULD HAVE TO HAVE HIS WATCH SET AT THE SAME TIME THEY WOULD HAVE THEIR WATCHES SET --- LOCAL TIME!

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MINUTES LATER.

YOU WERE RIGHT!
BUT HOW DID YOU
KNOW WHICH
TRAINMAN WAS
IN CAHOOTS
WITH THEM?
WE FORCED HIM TO
WORK WITH US? WHY
THAT DOUBLE-CROSS-
ING POLECAT PLANNED
THE WHOLE JOB! TOLD
US WHICH TRAIN
TO HIT!



WE'LL SEE WHAT
HAPPENS AFTER I TELL
THE OTHER FOUR
ROBBERS THAT YOU
CONFERRED, BUT SAID
THEY FORCED YOU TO
HELP THEM!

M-ME? YOU'RE CRAZY!
HAPPENS AFTER I TELL
THE OTHER FOUR
ROBBERS THAT YOU
CONFERRED, BUT SAID
THEY FORCED YOU TO
HELP THEM!



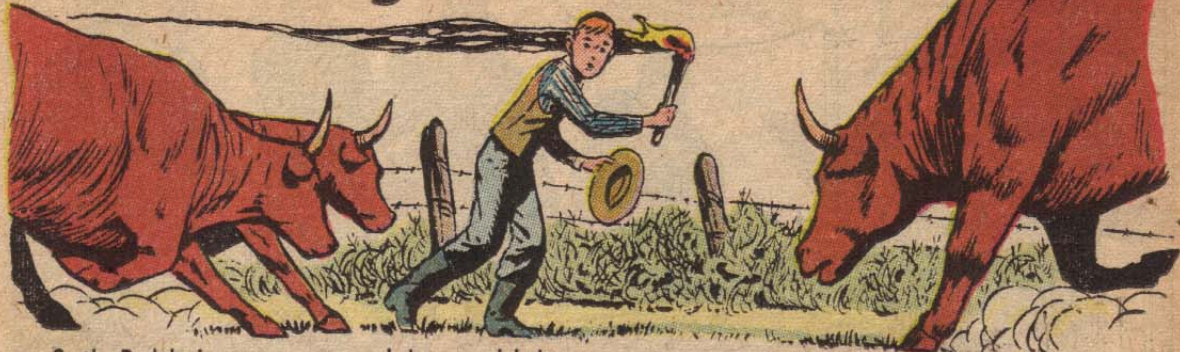
ENGINEER,
THERE IS
YOUR MAN!



PUT YOUR WATCHES
ON THIS BAGGAGE
CART!

TICKETS

Blazing Tumbleweed



Seth Baldwin was so mad he couldn't see straight. The cowboys on the Circle-J were all riding out this morning on autumn round-up. They were going to hunt beef critters in brush and canyon and bring them in for branding.

And what was Seth going to do? He was going to ride along the fences the same as he had for two years now, and burn the tumbleweed off. How he hated that tumbleweed!

Oh, he had been proud enough when his father had first let him start riding the fence. But he had quickly tired of that. Child's work! And he wasn't a child any more. He was 15, and that was old enough to ride out with the cowboys on round-up. At least Seth thought it was. His father thought differently—and so here he was, riding his lonely way along the far-flung Circle-J fences, looking for some silly tumbleweed while everybody else on the ranch was off doing man's work.

The dried-up tumbleweed would pull loose in the autumn and roll before the wind. It tumbled and bumbled along the prairie floor until it fetched up against a cattle fence somewhere. In places it would pile up so heavy it had to be burned off. That was Seth's job. A child's job!

At noon he stopped in Diablo Canyon and hunkered down and ate the lunch his mother had packed for him and stowed away in his saddle roll. He let his eyes look sourly along the fenceline at the top of the cliff that dropped away all across the canyon floor. The pesky tumbleweed was piled up along the whole length of the canyon fence. It was a fence that was going to have to be replaced one of these

days, his father said, because it was so old now it would never hold a steer if he ran into it very hard. The animal would go over the edge of the cliff and break his bones a hundred feet below.

Seth stirred. Far in the upper reaches of the canyon he could see a dust cloud gathering. The men must be working cattle there—Seth frowned as the dust cloud grew bigger and closer. It was moving too fast! Had the cattle got away from the men in a stampede? If they had, the Circle-J stood to lose every cow in the herd!

There was no turn-off in the canyon. Unless the stampede could be stopped, the runaway herd would come on until it reached the fence. With the cows behind, pushing at the ones in front, the frenzied herd would go through that fence like a knife through butter. They'd all go over the cliff to their doom!

And now they were close . . . they *had* got away from the cowboys! There was no stopping them! Unless—

The air filled with the thunder of running hoofs. Seth ran out and put a fire to the tumbleweed. It flamed, and ran in a yellow-red sheet across the canyon floor.

Afterwards, while the men hazed the cattle back up the canyon, Seth's father stepped out of saddle to talk to Seth.

"Fire was the only thing on earth that could have stopped that runaway herd," he said. "You risked your life, son, by running out there in front of them and firing the tumbleweed. If you had slipped or fallen—" His father's voice trembled just a little. "I reckon, son, you're old enough to ride out with the round-up string tomorrow."

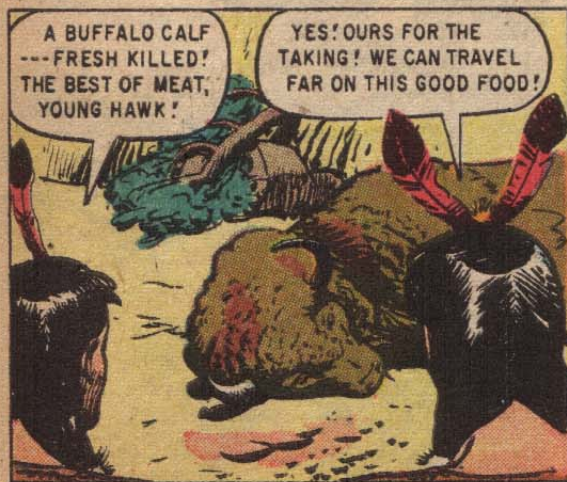
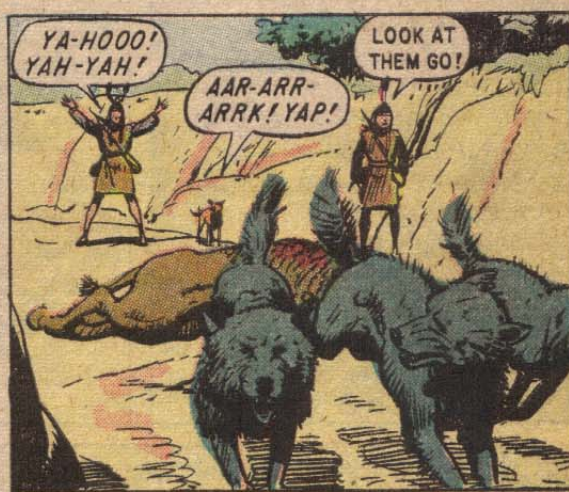
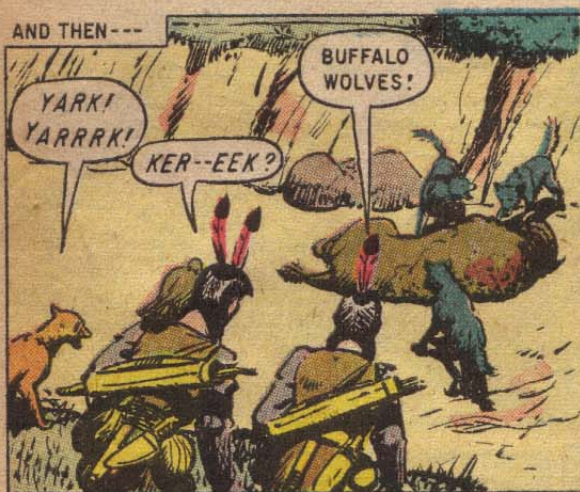
YOUNG HAWK



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LEAVING THE PECOS RIVER VALLEY, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK SET THEIR FACES EASTWARD, CROSSING THE STAKED PLAINS. THEY SEE A FEW BUFFALO...

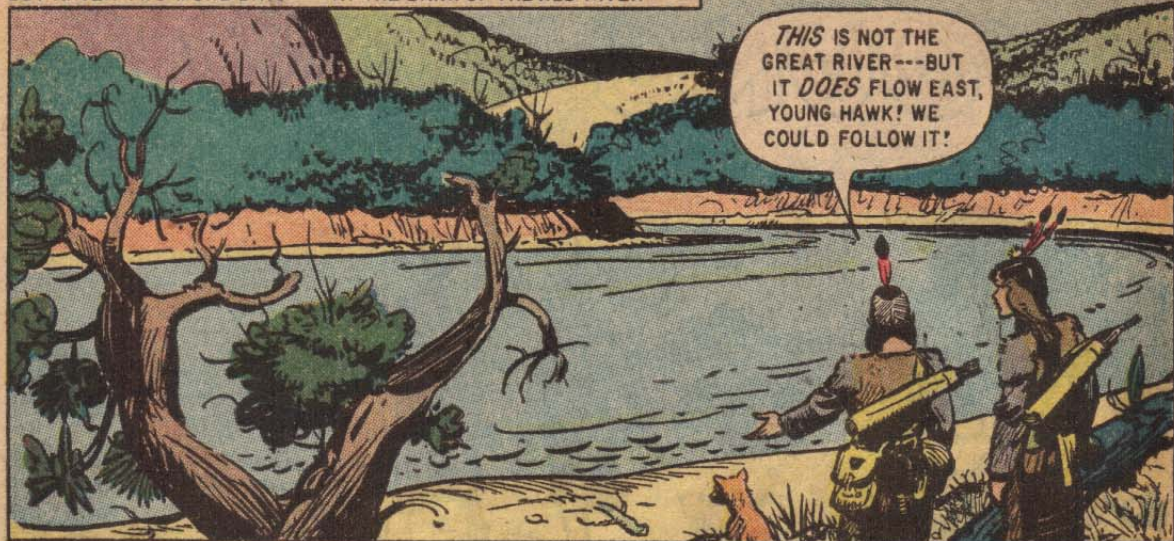
AND THEN ---



MANY DAYS LATER ---



BUT AFTER TWO MORE DAYS --- AT THE BANK OF THE RED RIVER ---



THIS IS NOT THE GREAT RIVER --- BUT IT DOES FLOW EAST, YOUNG HAWK! WE COULD FOLLOW IT!



THERE IS DRIFTWOOD BELOW US! WE WILL BUILD A RAFT, LITTLE BUCK!

AFTER THREE DAYS OF HARD WORK ...

THIS RAFT HAS TAKEN US TOO LONG TO MAKE, YOUNG HAWK! WE COULD HAVE USED WYTHES TO TIE THE LOGS ---



... AND HAVE THEM BREAK APART IN THE FIRST ROUGH WATER? NO, THANKS, LITTLE BUCK!



LATER --- THE RIVER HAS TURNED SOUTH, YOUNG HAWK! SHALL WE LEAVE IT?

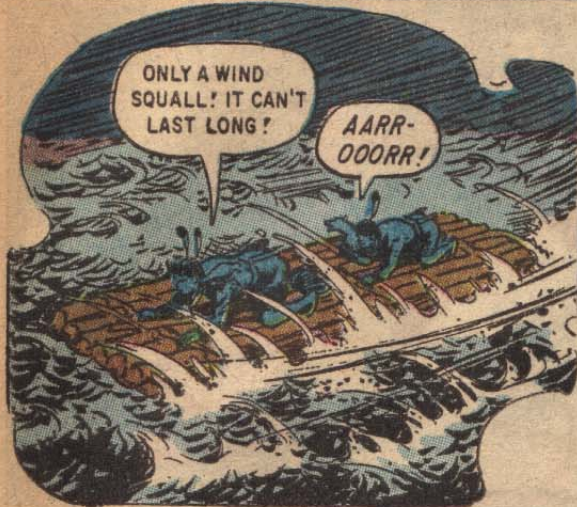
NOT YET! IT MAY JOIN THE FATHER OF RIVERS!

AND, TWO HUNDRED MILES FARTHER DOWN --- YOUNG HAWK'S GUESS IS PROVED RIGHT!



THE FATHER OF RIVERS! THIS IS IT!

A LITTLE WAY OUT ON THE THREE-MILE WIDE MISSISSIPPI,
SUDDEN WEATHER STRIKES!



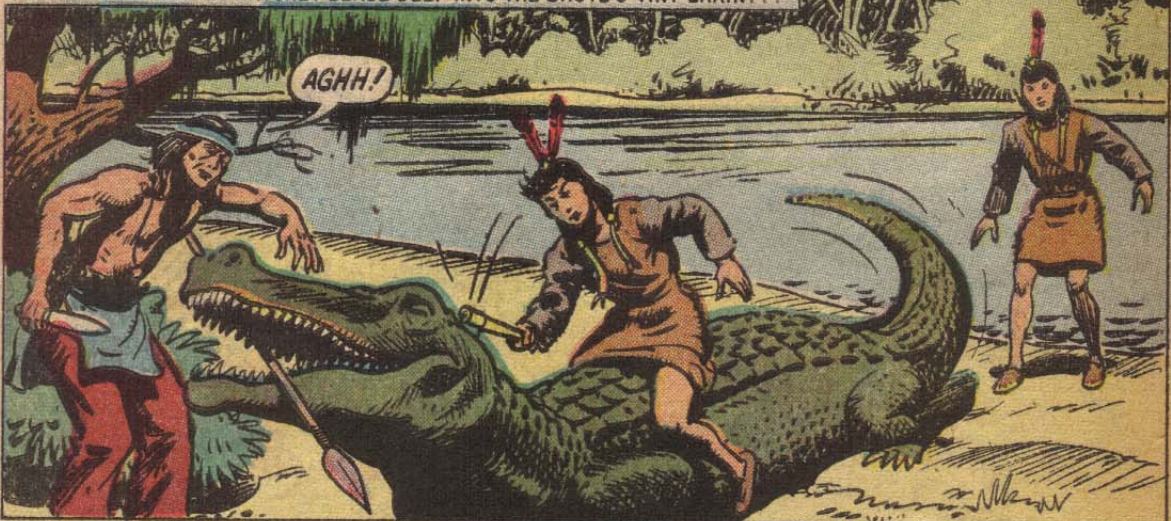
THE FIERCE SQUALL PASSES--
BUT THE WIND REMAINS GUSTY.



BACKING TOWARDS THE WATER, THE ALLIGATOR SHAKES THE INDIAN SAVAGELY! ONLY THE SPEAR SHAFT CLAMPED IN ITS JAWS KEEPS THE HAND FROM BEING BITTEN THROUGH!



YOUNG HAWK SINKS HIS HATCHET BLADE DEEP INTO THE BRUTE'S TINY BRAIN...





IN SIGN-TALK, WHICH IS UNDERSTOOD BY ALL TRIBES, LONG-SPEAR THE FISHERMAN EXPLAINS HOW HE WAS CAUGHT!





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2. The owner is Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other

security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1958.

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1960)

Our Pioneers



THE EARLY PIONEERS WERE A HARDY LOT. THEIR STRONG DETERMINATION AND STAMINA ENABLED THEM TO OVERCOME THE RUGGED COUNTRY AND SAVAGE INDIANS.

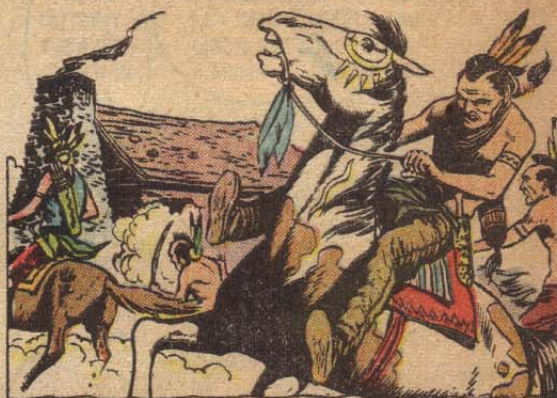
THEIR URGE TO MOVE WESTWARD AND START LIFE ANEW WAS SO GREAT THAT MANY TRAVELED LONG DISTANCES ON FOOT, BRAVING ALL KINDS OF WEATHER.



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WHEN THEIR SITE WAS FINALLY REACHED, THE WORK REALLY BEGAN. A CLEARING HAD TO BE LEVELED OFF, AND TREES FELLED AND CUT INTO LOGS.



THEY GATHERED STONES FOR A FIREPLACE; DUG A WELL FOR WATER AND PLOWED THE SOIL FOR PLANTING, ALWAYS UNDER THE THREAT OF INDIAN ATTACK.

FRIENDLY INDIANS TAUGHT THE SETTLERS HOW TO HUNT, FISH AND TRAP, AND BARTERING WAS CARRIED ON WITH SOME OF THE TRIBES.



WITH FOOD SCARCE, INDIAN CORN HELPED MANY A FAMILY SURVIVE. IT WAS PLENTIFUL, EASY TO HARVEST AND COULD BE STORED AWAY FOR THE WINTER MONTHS.



DRAW LINCOLN

you may win a \$430⁰⁰ scholarship in commercial art

Draw Lincoln's head, with pencil, 6 inches high. As winner of contest you get a complete art course—free training for a money-making career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning. You are taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated, has studied with Art Instruction, Inc. For over forty years this school has been teaching art to talented beginners. Try for a \$430.00 art course! Winner also gets drawing supplies and valuable art textbooks. Entries for February 1959 contest must be received by February 28. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Mail your drawing today.

Use **1** coupon—then pass this page on to a friend.

3 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 1029
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____
County _____ State _____

2 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 1029
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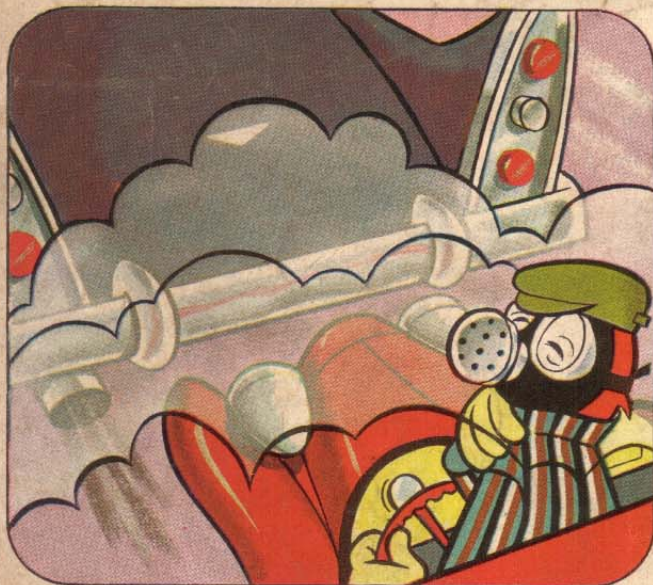
"Fresh up
Freddie
says:

"RIGHT NOW, you're probably asking yourself"

**How does a sporty sports car driver
quench his thirst in a traffic jam?"**



"I'm a sporty sports car driver. I hold the International Record for Driving in Traffic Jams. I get no place faster than anybody!"



"I'm pretty hot stuff behind the wheel. My throat is so hot I get all choked up. My mouth is so hot I can't even shout, like traffic jam drivers do."



"That's when I take a nice chilled 7-Up out of my refrigerated glove compartment. (Well, my sports car has one!) Seven-Up makes my throat feel cool and clean. Really puts the brakes on thirst!"

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All the big wheels quench their thirsts with 7-Up!
Sparkling 7-Up is the real thirst-quencher! As "Fresh up" Freddie always says:
" 'Fresh up' with Seven-Up!"

See Freddie on TV! Watch Zorro* . . . from Walt Disney Studios every week on ABC-TV

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