

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

AUGUST

10¢

NO. 4



IN
THIS ISSUE:
**RAIL
RAIDERS'
RAMPAGE!**

BIG 52 PAGES

"Make mine snapshots!" Like ice cream on a stick, snaps always hit the spot! And easy to make? Couldn't be simpler!

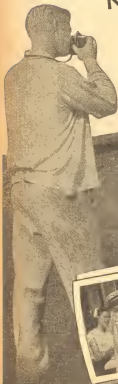
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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane in RAIL RAIDERS' RAMPAGE



ROCKY LANE, STERLING YOUNG ACE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, REPORTS TO HEADQUARTERS

TWO RAILROAD OUTFITS HAVE BEEN AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS TO BUILD THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD. ONE LINE IS PUSHING WEST FROM THE EAST, THE OTHER IS LAYING ITS LINE FROM THE WEST TOWARD THE EAST!

RIVALRY SPELLS TROUBLE, CHIEF!



Bravny bodies and stout hearts bending back the frontiers of the Wild West! Civilization on the march, girdling the uncharted plains and the mountain fastness with ribbons of steel --- while renegades hurl Redmen against White thru a haze of gun-smoke for the greed of **GOLD** --- until the indomitable **ROCKY LANE** deals himself in the grim game to play a lone hand in the gripping drama of

RAIL RAIDERS' RAMPAGE!



EXACTLY! WITH BOTH ENDS MOVING CLOSER EVERY DAY TO THE POINT WHERE THEY'LL MEET, THAT RIVALRY MIGHT BREAK INTO HOSTILITIES SINCE THE MORE LINES EACH OUTFIT LAYS, THE MORE PROFITS IT'LL MAKE!

HMM! THE LINES ARE ABOUT FORTY MILES APART NOW!



RIGHT! IF TROUBLE WERE TO BREAK OUT NOW, THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THE LINES WOULD BE COMPLETED! YOU'RE TO COVER THE RAILROAD CAMPS OF BOTH OUTFITS AND PREVENT TROUBLE, IF POSSIBLE!

OKAY, CHIEF! I'LL START AT ONCE!



GET GOING, BLACK JACK! WITH THE TWO RIVAL CAMPS ONLY FORTY MILES APART, WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! WE'LL CHECK THE CALIFORNIA OUTFIT FIRST AND THEN COVER THE EASTERN CAMP LATER!



SOME TIME LATER THAT DAY....

THERE'S THE CALIFORNIA RAILROAD CAMP DOWN THERE! LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH, BUT WE'D BETTER SCOUT THRU IT JUST TO MAKE SURE!



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE CAMP.... SEEDS OF TROUBLE ARE GERMINATING IN THE MIND OF BULL REARDON!

SO THE RAILROAD WANTS BIDS, EH? THIS IS MY CHANCE TO STRIKE IT RICH... IF I PLAY MY HAND RIGHT!

WANTED SUPPLY BIDS! APPLY AT RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION MAIN OFFICE



WHAT'RE YOU JASPERS AIMING TO DO? PUT IN BIDS?

RECKON WE MIGHT!



BID AGAINST ME, BULL REARDON, WILL YOU? I'LL SHOW YOU!

WHAM!



AND THE SAME GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU! BEAT IT, BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!

BIFF!



MAKE TRACKS, YOU LILY-LIVERED COYOTES, AFORE I TAKE YOU PLUMS APART! AIN'T AGONNA BE BUT ONE BID--MINE!

W-WE'RE GOING!



DON'T RECKON THERE'S ANYMORE NEED FOR THIS BULLETIN!

P-R-I-P!



NOW TO PUT MY BID IN! WITHOUT COMPETITION I CAN SET MY OWN PRICE ON THE SUPPLIES! HA! THIS'LL BE EASY PICKINGS!

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION MAIN OFFICE



GOSH! THOSE FELLOWS LOOK AS IF THEY WERE IN A FIGHT! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



WHOA, BLACK JACK! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU FELLOWS? HAVE A FIGHT AMONG YOURSELVES?

NO! SOME HOMBRE LET HIS PUNCHES FLY BECAUSE WE WERE THINKING OF ENTERING BIDS TO FURNISH THE CAMP WITH SUPPLIES!



HMM! SOMEONE PREVENTING OPEN BIDDING SPELLS TROUBLE!

WHO IS THIS JASPER?

HE'S A BIG FELLOW AND HE'S GOT A GOLD TOOTH! HE CALLS HIMSELF "BULL" SOMETHING OR OTHER!



I WOULDN'T ALLOW THIS FELLOW TO BULLY ME! IF YOU HAVE ANY BIDS TO ENTER, I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE THEY'RE ENTERED FOR YOU!

NO THANKS, STRANGER! WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR ANY TROUBLE WITH THAT CRITTER!



RECKON THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO--PRONTO!

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION MAIN OFFICE



THAT! RECKON SIGNING THESE CONTRACTS TIES THE DEAL UP ALL PROPER AND LEGAL!

YES, OF COURSE, MR. REARDON!



IN THAT CASE I'LL MOSEY ALONG! OUT OF MY WAY, STRANGER!

HEY! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



NOBODY YELLS AT BULL REARDON, STRANGER, AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

'BULL' IS A DOGGONE FIT NAME FOR YOU!



I'LL SHOW YDU--- OOF!

JUST AS I THOUGHT--- WIND-BAGS MAKE GOOD PUNCHING BAGS!



I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

RECKON YOUR MOTTO MUST BE "ALWAYS PUT OFF TILL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN'T TACKLE TODAY"!



WAS THERE ANYTHING IRREGULAR ABOUT THE BID THAT JASPER ENTERED? I SAW HE GOT A CONTRACT!

NO! THE ONLY QUEER THING ABOUT IT WAS THAT HIS WAS THE ONLY BID ENTERED! WE NEED SUPPLIES TOO BADLY, THOUGH, TO QUESTION THAT ANGLE SINCE WE'RE HIRING LARGER CREWS OF CONSTRUCTION MEN!



THAT'S WHAT I MEANT! RECKON THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO ABOUT THE CONTRACT, BUT I AIM TO STAY ON THAT JASPER'S TRAIL! HE'S GOT SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE!



BACK IN TOWN, BULL REARDON MEETS HIS "BOYS"....

DID YOU GIT THE CONTRACT, BOSS, WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE LIKE YOU FIGURED?

I RAN INTO A LITTLE TROUBLE THAT KIN WAIT BEFORE BEING TAKEN CARE OF! THE MAIN THING IS I GOT THE CONTRACT!



HYAR IT IS, BOYS! AT THE PRICES I SET, WE'LL CLEAN UP!

WE'LL MAKE MONEY WHILE THE CONSTRUCTION GOES ON, BUT I RECKON THAT'LL END PRETTY QUICK!



WHAT'RE YOU DRIVING AT?

JUST THIS! DON'T FORGET THAR'S ANOTHER CONSTRUCTION OUTFIT PUSHING TOWARD US FROM THE EAST! I HEAR THEY'RE PLUMB AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!



WHEN BOTH RAILS MEET, THE RAILROAD IS FINISHED AND SO ARE WE!

I'VE THOUGHT OF THEH! IF TROUBLE SHOULD BUST OUT, DELAYING THEM, THEY'D STILL HAVE TO KEEP THEIR CONSTRUCTION CAMPS SUPPLIED TILL THEY WERE ABLE TO FINISH THE RAILROAD--WHICH WOULD MEAN PLENTY OF EXTRA GRAYV FOR US!



AND THEH'S JUST WHAT I AIM TO DO---**DELAY 'EM PLENTY!** I'VE GOT A PLAN!

WHAT'S THE PLAN, BULL?



IT'S SIMPLE! MEN CAN'T WORK ON EMPTY STOMACHS! WE'LL RAID THE SUPPLY TRAIN OF THE EASTERN CAMP AND SELL THE SUPPLIES TO OUR OUTFIT! OUR SUPPLIES WON'T COST US ANYTHING **THEH WAY!**

PRETTY SLICK!



THEH AIN'T ALL! WE'LL FIX IT TO LOOK AS IF THE INJUNS PULLED THE RAID ON THE SUPPLY TRAIN **WHICH'LL STIR UP TROUBLE APLENTY!** ENOUGH TROUBLE TUM **KEEP BOTH OUTFITS FROM WORKING!**



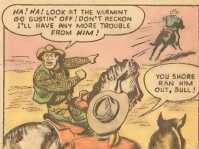
WE'LL STOP THE SUPPLY TRAIN BY GREASING THE TRACKS ON THE LOBO HILL GRADE---DISGUISED AS INJUNS! WE'LL GIT RID OF THE CREW AND DRIVE TO OUR WAITING WAGONS WHAR WE'LL STEAL THE SUPPLIES AND PAYROLL!



SLIM! YOU GET SOME EMPTY WAGONS AND TAKE THEM EAST TO THE GRADE THIS SIDE OF LOBO HILL! SEND A SIGNAL ROCKET UP WHEN YOU GIT THAR! THE REST OF US'LL MEET YOU THAR LATER--**WITH THE SUPPLIES!**



ROCKY LANE WESTERN







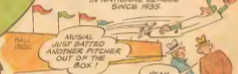
Stan
MUSIAL

1948
BIG
LEAGUE
BATTING
CHAMPION

I COULDN'T EVEN
GET HIM OUT WITH
THIS!



OPPOSING
PITCHERS SAY STAN "CAN'T BE FOOLED -
HITS EVERYTHING!" MUSIAL'S SIZZLING
.376 AVERAGE WAS HIGHEST
IN NATIONAL LEAGUE
SINCE 1935.



MUSIAL PROVED BIGGEST
HEADACHE TO PITCHERS
WITH RUNNERS ON BASE.
DOWNS, PA. "OYNAMITER"
DROVE IN 131 RUNS LAST SEASON
WITH 230 HITS.



SLUGGING ST LOUIS
CARDINALS OUTFIELDER WON
EVERY NATIONAL LEAGUE
BATTING HONOR EXCEPT HOME
RUNS! (HIS 39 ROUND-
TRIPPERS PLACED HIM SECOND.)



"JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING
YOU'LL FIND ME POLISHING
OFF A COUPLE BOWLFULS OF
WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND
FRUIT," SAYS CHAMP MUSIAL
"IT'S MY FAVORITE
TRAINING DISH -
THE YEAR AROUND."



BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



WHAT NIGHT.... RECKON WE MIGHT AS WELL TURN IN, BLACK JACK! THIS SPOT IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE CAMP! IF THOSE HOMBRES RETURN AND START TROUBLE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR IT AND STOP IT!



HOURS LATER..... WHAT'S THAT NOISE I HEAR COMING FROM THE GROUND? SORT OF A RUMBLE!



SOUNDS LIKE THE RUMBLE OF WAGON WHEELS! WHY WOULD WAGONS BE ROLLING AT NIGHT?



THAT IS ONE QUESTION I AIM TO GET AN ANSWER TO! WONDER IF SULL REARDON HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?



CAN'T EXACTLY MAKE OUT THE DIRECTION, BUT ONE SURE WAY OF HEADING RIGHT IS TO FOLLOW THE WAY BLACK JACK'S EARS POINT!



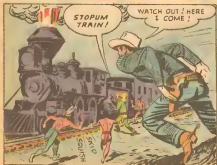
HMM! JUST AS I THOUGHT! A TRAIN OF SUPPLY WAGONS HEADING EAST! BY THE EASY GAIT OF THE HORSES THEY APPEAR TO BE EMPTY!



THEY'RE TURNING TOWARD THE RAILROAD TRACKS BY LOBO HILL! WONDER IF THEY'RE GOING TO CAMP HERE?



THEY'RE CAMPING BY THE TRACKS ALL RIGHT! HMM! THERE GOES A SIGNAL ROCKET!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



THAR! I'VE GOT THE HOLES DRILLED! LET'S HAVE THE FUSES AND THE DYNAMITE!

GOOD WORK! HYAR YOU ARE!



JUMP, MEN! HYAR GOES! HEAD FER COVER!

RIGHT!



THEY DID IT! NOW TO GRAB THE GOLD! AH! GOT IT!

THEY'S SOME HAUL! RECKON THE RAILROAD WORKERS'LL BE SO SORE WHEN THEY FIND OUT THEY DON'T GIT PAID, THEY'LL QUIT WORK!



RIGHT! WHICH'LL DELAY THE LINE GOING THRU PLENTY! WE'LL RIDE FER THE CAMP TO STIR 'EM UP AGAINST THE INDIANS AS SOON AS I TAKE CARE OF THEY JASPER LYING IN THE ENGINE CAB!



GIT THE WAGONS ROLLING WEST TO THE OTHER CAMP!

GIDDAP!



NOW TO MIX A LITTLE PLEASURE WITH BUSINESS BY TAKING CARE OF THIS SNOOPER ONCE AND FOR ALL!

WHY NOT JIST PLUS HIM?



BECAUSE I'VE GOT A BETTER WAY OF KILLING HIM! THE FIRST MOVE IS TUN SMASH THIS BRAKE---LIKE THIS!



HOW TO OPEN THE THROTTLE FULL BLAST---



...AND JAM IT... LIKE THIS!



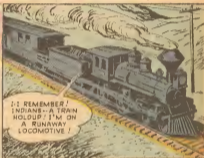
JUMP! WHEN THE TRAIN CRASHES THRU THE END OF THE LINE THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED--- AND WE'LL BE MILES AWAY AT THE TIME!

ARIDING TOWARD CAMP PLUMB INNOCENT-LIKE, EH? OGGONE SLICK!

AS THE RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE SPEEDS ROCKY LANE AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS TOWARD CERTAIN DESTRUCTION.....



W-WHERE AM I? OH, M-MY HEAD!



I-I REMEMBER! INDIANS--A TRAIN HOLDUP! I'M ON A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE!



THE BRAKE LEVER IS BROKEN AND THE THROTTLE IS JAMMED! I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS THING SOMEHOW!



THERE'S THE CAMP! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH AT THE END OF THE LINE! IT'D BE CERTAIN DEATH TO LEAP AT THIS SPEED!



THIS WILL EMPTY THE WATER BOILER AND PUT OUT THE FIRE AND SLOW THE TRAIN UP A LITTLE, AT ANY RATE! NOW TO GET THESE POOR FELLOWS--- MIGHT AS WELL DIE FIGHTING!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



HOLD ON, MEN! LET'S HEAR WHAT HE HAS TUH SAY!

THE RAIDERS LOOKED LIKE INDIANS, BUT I GOT A HUNCH THEY WERE RENEGADES DISGUISED AS INDIANS TO PIN THE BLAME ON THEM!



AND AT THAT MOMENT....

WELL, HERE WE ARE BACK IN THE EAST CAMP--HEY! D-DO YOU SEE WHAT I DO?

I SHORE DO! IT'S THEY MEDDLE--SOME NOMBRE-- STILL ALIVE! LISTEN! HE'S TRYING TO TALK THE MEN OUT OF HITTING THE TRAIL AFTER THE INJUNS!



LET'S NOT STIR UP TROUBLE! LET ME HANDLE THIS MY WAY AND YOU'LL THANK ME FOR IT!

THE STRANGER IS PLUMB RIGHT!



LET'S NOT BLAME THE INDIANS UNTIL WE'VE HAD A GOOD LOOK AT THE TRAIL! I'M ALMOST SURE IT WASN'T THEM AT ALL!

HE'S A LIAR! I'M ONTO HIS GAME!



HE SAYS IT WASN'T INDIANS, BUT ME AND MY MEN MET SOME INDIANS ON THE TRAIL A WHILE BACK TOTING SUPPLIES! HOW COME HE'S LYING? IT'S DOGGONED SIMPLE! HE'S TRYING TO COVER UP FOR THEM ---



---BECAUSE HE'S IN CANKOOTS WITH 'EM! HE MUST BE THEIR LEADER! GRAB HIM AND LET'S STRING HIM UP!

SO THAT'S HIS GAME! GRAB HIM, BOYS!

STAND BACK, YOU FOOLS!



DON'T LET HIM GIT AWAY! STRING THE VARMINT UP! GIT 'IM!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REASON WITH THIS MOB! THAT RENEGADE HAS INCITED THEM BEYOND THAT POINT! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE--PRONTO!



THAT HANDCAR! IT'S A LONG CHANCE BUT MY ONLY CHANCE TO WARN THE INDIANS THAT THEY'RE AIMING TO BURN DOWN THEIR VILLAGE!

SHOOT TO KILL, BOYS!

BANG

BANG





KIDS!
GET YOUR NEW
WALT DISNEY "JOINIES"
 CHARACTER

MAKE 'EM DANCE 'N' ACT FUNNY FOR YOU!



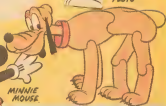
Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and find your "Joinie." It's in foil color, ready to punch out. You "fit" together the head, body, arms and legs, then make it "act" for you! "Joinies" have movable heads, arms and legs. Measure 4 to 6 inches. Six favorite Walt Disney characters. Collect all 6!



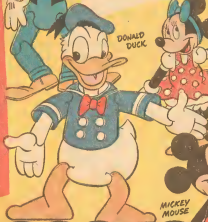
GOOFY



FUNNY BUNNY



PLUTO



DONALD DUCK

MINNIE MOUSE



MICKEY MOUSE

KIDS! THIS IS IT!

Mother will be happy to give you Kellogg's Raisin Bran 'cause there's 100% whole grain nourishment in the crisp, bran flakes—extra materials in the juicy raisins! Get this swell fruit 'n' cereal combination today and a Disney "Joinie," too. Hurry!



NO WAITING!
 ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF
 ALSO IN KELLOGG'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

See Walt Disney's new full-length feature "So Dear to My Heart."

Copyright 1958, by Kellogg Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WAIT! LISTEN TO A FRIEND,
O GREAT CHIEF! TURN BACK YOUR
WARRIORS FROM THE WARPATH
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

THE GREAT WHITE FATHER
WILL SEND MORE SOLDIERS
THAN YOU HAVE WARRIORS
TO SILENCE YOUR WAR
DRUMS AND MANY,
MANY WARRIORS
SHALL BE KILLED!

FIRST, A BAND OF
PALEFACES ROBS MY
BRAVES AND THEN
THEY ATTACK AND BURN
OUR VILLAGE IN
THE NIGHT AND
YOU SPEAK OF
PEACE? UGH!

SO THAT'S IT!
THOSE WERE NOT
GOOD WHITE MEN!
THOSE WERE
OUTLAWS! YOU
SHOULD NOT CONDEMN
ALL FOR THE DEEDS
OF A FEW!

PERHAPS YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH! PERHAPS
YOU LIE! WE FIND OUT! YOU SHALL RUN
THE GAUNTLET! IF YOU SPEAK TRUTH,
YOU WILL LIVE THROUGH IT! IF NOT...
YOU SHALL DIE!

UGH! WE SHALL SOON
SEE IF PALEFACE SPEAK
TRUTH OR
NOT!

LET PALEFACE
BEGIN HIS
RUN OF
DEATH!

NO MAN IN THE
WORLD COULD RUN
THRU THOSE WAITING
KNIVES, WAR CLUBS
AND LANCES AND
LIVE! RECKON I'LL
HAVE TO USE
SURPRISE
TACTICS!

SUDDENLY, WITH THE SPEED
OF A CHARGING PANTHER...

SINCE THIS GAME IS FOR
KEEPS, I'LL PLAY IT
MY WAY!

NOW TO GET
HOLD OF THAT
LANCE BEFORE
THEY RECOVER....

AIIIEE!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AS THE SOFT, PLANTIVE CALL WAFTS ITSELF GENTLY OVER THE EMBATTLED PLAIN.....



... BLOOD-CURDLING WAR CRIES DIE AND BOW-ARMS RELAX AND PONIES ARE SWERVED AWAY FROM BATTLE!



HOW! LET THERE BE NO MORE FIGHTING! LISTEN TO PALEFACE SPEAK!

I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT'LL CLEAR THIS WHOLE MESS UP PROMPTO IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!



CHIEF, YOU SAID YOUR BRAVES WERE ROBBED OF THEIR TRAPPINGS BY RENEGADES, CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE ROBBERS?

USH! ONE HAD A TOOTH OF GOLD! I WOULD KNOW HIM!

FOLLOW ME UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE TO THE CAMP, CHIEF! YOU POINT TO THE ROBBERS IF THEY ARE THERE!



USH! HE REMEMBER THEM!

LOOK! IT'S THAT VARMINT I WARNED YOU WAS LEADING THE INJUNS! THIS PROVES IT! GET READY TO LET HIM HAVE IT AS SOON AS WE GET IN SHOOTING RANGE!

DOGGOED IF YOU WEREN'T RIGHT, REARDON!

THOSE ARE ROBBERS! THAT ONE HAD A TOOTH OF GOLD!

BULL REARDON, EH? JUST AS I THOUGHT! HE'S THE ONE BEHIND ALL THIS!

LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!

RIGHT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





AND SOON...
THERE THEY ARE! FAN
OUT AND ENCIRCLE
THEM!

UGH!



**GET YOUR
HANDS
UP! YOU'RE
ALL UNDER
ARREST!**

**DON'T SHOOT, MISTER!
WE WERE JUST DOING
WHAT REARDON
TOLD US TO DO!
WE GIVE UP!**



RETURNING TO CAMP, ROCKY AND
HIS INDIAN FRIENDS RECEIVE A
THUNDERING CHEER.....

**'RAY FER
ROCKY LANE
AND CHIEF
THUNDER
CLOUD!
YIPPEE!**



THERE'S YOUR SUPPLIES AND THE
PAYROLL, MEN! THESE JASPER'S THOUGHT
THEY COULD CLEAN UP AT OTHER FOLKS'
EXPENSE, BUT GOT CLEANED UP THEM-
SELVES! I'M TURNING THEM OVER TO
THE LAW! WHERE'S
THE SHERIFF?

HYAR I AM--
ITCHIN' FER
BUSINESS!



PUT 'ER
THAR, CHIEF!
WE'RE
PLUMS
SORRY
ABOUT
ALL THE
HAPPENED!
LET'S BE
FRIENDS!

UGH! WE FRIENDS
NOW! PEACE HEAP
BETTER THAN WAR!

THAT KIND
OF TALK HAS A
HEAP OF SAVVY
BEHIND IT,
FOLKS! RECKON
I'LL BE HITTING
THE TRAIL AGAIN!
GOOD LUCK TO
BOTH OF YOU!



LOOK AT HIM GO
RIDING OFF IN TO
THE SUNSET---
KIND O' LIKE A
KNIGHT OF OLD!
PLUMS POISON
TUH OUTLAWNS AND
PURE GODDNES
TUH THE REST
O' FOLKS!

UGH!
ROCKY
LANE
HEAP
SQUARE-
SHOOTER!



LASH LARUE

COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in
ROCKY LANE
WESTERN

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
LASH LARUE
IN
LASH LARUE
WESTERN

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

Get our detailed line and parts on our fold-out



LASH LARUE



ROPE 'N' RIDING

With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ROPE 'N' WITH BLACK JACK



Rocky Partridge -

Things are sure poppin' around the Republic Studios these days. More activity than Black Jack and I ever saw before. There's a lot harder than that ol' red hilt you've heard about a-hatchin' her fourteen baby chicks. We're really diggin' in - so time for us to just sit around and think. No siree, we're making the fast action movie after another. Black Jack joins me in hoping you like these as much as we liked making these.

The next recently completed ones carry these titles: "DEATH VALLEY GUNFIGHTER", "SAVAGO TRAIL RAIDERS", "SHERIFF OF WICHITA", and "FRONTIER INVESTIGATOR". All of them full of the Old West, with lots of hard ridin', fast shootin', and plenty of knock down, drag out, hand-to-hand fist fightin'. Black Jack helps to save the day, as well as my scalp, in a couple of these, too. Gosh, what a gal he is. I couldn't get along without that horse. No sir, I couldn't.

Say, partners, you know this spine prevention program that's been in full swing all over the country these past few months? Well, it's taken up most of my spare time. I've managed to talk to a lot of you, but duggen' it, there's still just thousands and thousands of you, spread out all over, that I've missed. I hope these next few words are read carefully and remembered by those of you I didn't get to talk to in person.

Did you ever take time to think about the lesson in life that's to be found in each movie Black Jack and I make for you? It's contained in the strips of this magazine also. Actually, you are always being reminded of why folks should always stay on the right side of things if they expect to win out in their life. And how they are bound to wind up a big loser if they slip over to the wrong side.

Remember always right is right, and the bad folks ALWAYS pay the top price in the end, no matter how many they outnumber the right folks or right side.

Now the only way you can be sure you are starting on the right side is by following this simple rule: Always do exactly what your guardian asks you to do, no matter whether that guardian is your daddy, your mommy, your older sister, older brother, relative or teacher. Never sass or talk back to him or her, in any way. Never. They are older and usually wiser than you, because of their greater experience. They will never send you to do anything that will harm you, 'cause, you see, they love you. Early training and the development of good habits is what counts later on. If you're good kids now, it'll be easy to be good citizens when you are older and on your own.

You'll make us very happy and proud of each and every one of you if you'll promise as you'll try. Promise Black Jack and me, will you? Ah, no, that's swell - thanks a lot, partners. May God smile you and keep you one of his favorites always.

So long for now. See you from the screen, or from the pages of the next issue of this magazine.

Your pals,

Allen "Rocky" Lane

Allen "Rocky" Lane
and Black Jack

P. S. Black Jack and I are passing out cigars again. He's the grand papa of another outstanding all black, baby horse sell. It's a boy. I'll try to have a picture of him in one of the forthcoming issues of this magazine, if you'd like to see him.

"Rocky"

Captured in the Crusades

A DREAMLAND
DRAMA
FEATURING
"RED" WALKER

"RED" HAS JUST DROPPED OFF TO SLEEP AFTER READING A HAIR-RAISING STORY OF THE CRUSADES.




"BALL-BAND'S ARCH-BAND GIVES ME SUPPORT IN THREE VITAL PLACES."

ONLY BALL-BAND HAS THE EXCLUSIVE ARCH-BAND

ARCH-BAND GIVES THE LONG ARCH NEEDED SUPPORT FOR MORE COMFORT AND GREATER PROTECTION.

ARCH-BAND CUSHIONS THE HEEL AND EASES BURNING AND JUMPING SMOCK.

ARCH-BAND CUSHIONS THE RETIARIAL ARCH TO HELP PREVENT TRING OF FOOT ANKLES.




LOOK FOR THE RED BALL-BAND SIGN OF THE BEST BUY IN CANVAS SHOES - IN THE STORE AND ON THE SOLE OF THE SHOE.

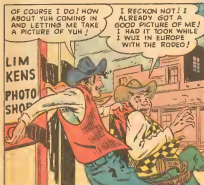
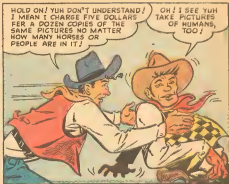


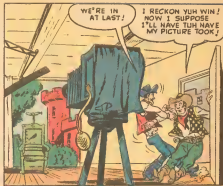
Ball  Band

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 901
MUSKOGEE, MO.

SLIM PICKENS THE PHOTO FINISH



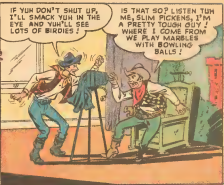






HOW LOOK AT THE CAMERA!

I THOUGHT I WUZ SUPPOSED TO WATCH A BIRDIE!

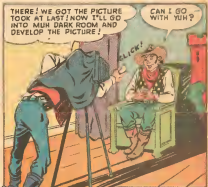


IF YUH DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL SMACK YUH IN THE EYE AND YUH'LL SEE LOTS OF BIRDIES!

IS THAT SO? LISTEN TUH ME, SLIM PICKENS, I'M A PRETTY TOUGH GUY! WHERE I COME FROM WE PLAY MARBLES WITH BOWLING BALLS!



AND WHERE I COME FROM, WE PITCH HORSESHOES WITH THE HORSES' STILL IN 'EM! NOW SIT STILL!



THERE! WE GOT THE PICTURE TOOK AT LAST! NOW I'LL GO INTO MUH DARK ROOM AND DEVELOP THE PICTURE!

CAN I GO WITH YUH?



NO! IT'LL BE BAD ENOUGH TO BE IN A DARK ROOM ALONE WITH YORE PICTURE! BUT WITH YUH THERE, TOO, IT'D BE UNBEARABLE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THIS PICTURE YUH TOOK OF ME DOESN'T MAKE ME LOOK VERY INTELLIGENT!

LOOK, SILAS! I'M A PHOTOGRAPHER-- NOT A PLASTIC SURGEON! NOW HOW MANY DOZEN PRINTS WOULD YUH LIKE?



I'D JUST LIKE NEVER TUH SEE YUH AGAIN! GOODBYE!

RELIABLE RUSTLER

By WALTER FARMER



RAMROD KEENE took another look at the man across the table. There was no mistaking the face, the slit eyes, the deep scar across the forehead, the black hair coming to a widow's peak in the middle. Ramrod knew he had seen that face before.

He had seen it in a WANTED poster. No matter what name he was using now, the man was definitely Killer Candra, wanted for murder and other crimes down Texas way.

Ramrod ate his chow and said nothing. He was not a lawman. He was merely a top hand who jobbed around at whatever ranch would give him the best work at the most pay. He did not stick his nose into other people's affairs. The code of the west said it wasn't generally too healthy to inquire about another man's past.

Yet, deep within himself, Ramrod Keene hated lawlessness and was loathe to associate with criminals. As he munched thoughtfully on his food he considered the possibility of saddling up and moving on. But his curiosity was disturbing him. He had noticed that quite a number of the men at the Lazy J seemed more like outlaws than genuine, hardworking cowhands. He couldn't describe exactly what told him that. There was something furtive in their manner.

"Wonder if Mr. Snavely knows about it?" he thought, as he rose from the table. "I wouldn't like to be the one to tell him. Yet he's treated me all right and I'd hate to see him taken in by a bunch of outlaws."

Mr. Snavely was the owner of the Lazy J. Ramrod had been told to report to him after chuck. He headed for Snavely's living quarters now.

"You've got a reputation as a good man with horses," said Snavely after inviting the tall cowhand to sit. "I'm getting some more, a whole lot more, and I'm thinking of putting you in charge of them."

"More horses?" Ramrod raised one eyebrow. "You've got enough horses. But I reckon if you want to buy more that's your business."

"Buy? Who mentioned buying them?"

"I don't know but three ways to get a horse," said Ramrod slowly. "You buy it or somebody gives it to you or you . . ."

"You steal it!" Snavely finished. "We might as well get down to brass tacks. I know who you are."

"You do?" The cowman's astonishment was not feigned.

"Yes," said the ranch owner. "I do. And we're all in a big operation where we can make a lot of money. I need plenty of good horses. You're just the boy to rustle 'em for me. You'll get your cut. You'll be paid well. But that's not all."

"Not all?"

"No sir," responded Snavely, leaning back with hands clasped behind his neck. "Stick with me and you'll be a duke in my kingdom."

"Your kingdom?"

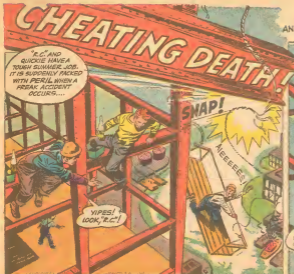
Snavely chuckled. "I realize it's a hard picture for you small time bandits to grasp. Your idea of a big haul is to grab a pouch of gold dust from the stage. But with my plan, I'll rule this whole territory. Soon I'll have the whole West. I'll have plenty of horses, plenty of men to ride 'em, plenty of guns and ammunition. And believe me, the men we've got are just like yourself. They shoot straight and shoot to kill."

"But I never killed anyone," protested Ramrod.

Snavely laughed again. It was a harsh, bitter laugh. "You're quite a kiddier," he said. "You who are wanted in three states for murder, Mr. Montana Kid!"

RAMROD KEENE was astonished and shocked at the sudden realization of what must have happened. A case of mistaken

ANOTHER EXCITING "R.C."
AND QUICKIE ADVENTURE



'R.C.' AND QUICKIE ALWAYS DRINK THE BEST IN COLAS...ROYAL CROWN COLA. IT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST! COME IN THE BOTTLE!

identity! He'd been hired at the Lazy J because someone mistook him for the Montana Kid!

Ramrod realized how it could happen. He knew the Montana Kid, a lead-slinging desperado, by reputation and description. Ramrod and the Kid had the same general dimensions. Both were tall and slender with broad shoulders. Both had fairly regular features. Both had shocks of unruly red hair. And, since the Montana Kid had a reputation for using aliases, it was not unthinkable that he should choose such a name as Ramrod Keene.

"There's no use denying that I am who I am," he said slowly to Snavelly. "And I do know about horses and I'm always ready to make an honest dollar."

"Honest dollar!" chuckled Snavelly. "You've got a real sense of humor, Mr. Montana Kid."

"I'd just as soon you wouldn't call me by that handle," said Ramrod, stalling for time.

"It's safe enough," Snavelly assured him. "There's nobody here that'd go running to the law. All these hombres are in the same fix you are. If they don't all hang together, they'll all hang separately, as Benjamin Franklin said."

RAMROD KEENE was on a spot, and knew it. If it were soon discovered that he was not really the famous outlaw, his life would not be worth a snap. If, on the other hand, he successfully carried on the pretense, he'd surely become involved in crimes that would land a noose around his neck.

He made a decision quickly. He stood up and leaned across the desk. "I'll get horses," he said. "I'll bring them here. But remember this. I do it alone. I do it *my* way. And I'm not the Montana Kid!"

Ramrod turned on his heel, walked out swiftly, mounted his horse, and rode away from the ranch. He had been gone only an hour or so when a tall, red-headed man appeared in Snavelly's doorway and said, "You're Snavelly, aren't you? I'm sorry I'm late. Expected to sign on here most a week ago, but I had to detour to duck a posse. I'm the Montana Kid."

Snavelly was worried. He had no doubt that this was the real Montana Kid. The man had a handbill with his own picture on it. Yet Snavelly could not really call the other man an imposter. Ramrod had never claimed to be Montana. He had carefully denied it in fact.

A lookout shouted that horses were coming. Snavelly and his band of outlaws could see them in the distance. They could see two dozen horses and one rider. There was no mistaking the tall man in the saddle. He was Ramrod Keene. He rode at the head of the procession of equines.

"Whew!" exclaimed Snavelly. "He's a rustler after all. And fast. He may not be the Montana Kid, but he's O.K." He watched with a pleased smile as Ramrod and the horses dipped into a shallow ravine and trailed out of sight behind a hillock, heading for the winding road that would bring them to the ranch.

When next the horses came in sight they were already in the ranch yard, approaching the corral. One of the outlaws shouted a warning, but it was too late. A gun barked. The horses were now plunging straight toward Snavelly and his crew. And on each of them appeared, as if by magic, a U. S. cavalryman, fully armed and ready to fight. They had been clinging to the off-sides of the horses, Indian fighter style, as Ramrod led them upon the ranch from a distance. This had made the horses appear to be riderless.

THE battle was over swiftly and without much bloodshed. The outlaws, in the face of cavalry fire, were quick to throw down their guns. The Montana Kid, Killer Candra, Snavelly and all the others were quickly captured.

"I promised to bring you some horses, Mr. Snavelly," said Ramrod, "and I knew the nearest place to get them would be from my old cavalry outfit camped just over the ridge. But my buddies kind of like their mounts and decided to come along with them, just for the ride. I hope this doesn't interfere too much with your plans to be King of the West."

THE END

CHAMP to CHUMP - AND BACK AGAIN

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F"*
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION



"P-F" WILL HELP MAKE YOU A BETTER PLAYER, TOO. GET YOURS NOW!

"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich AND
Hood Rubber Co.



Dubble Bubble Gum is best
for you and me and all the rest
GET SOME TODAY!
1¢ with Comics, Fortunes, Facts



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

is CONDEMNED!



THIS IS MY ANSWER
TUN ROCKY LANE. HE'S
CONDEMNED HIS LAST
INNOCENT MAN TO JAIL!
LET'S WAMGOOSE!

(GULP) IT'S
ROCKY LANE!

BANG!

BANG!

What do these strange words mean? Can it be possible that Marshal Rocky Lane is serving the side of injustice and imprisoning innocent men? You'll find the answer in this spine-tingling action-packed yarn of suspicion and violence!

AT THE JOHN CHEDDAR LUMBER CAMP
IN THE BLACK WOOD FOREST...

HERE'S YOUR
PRYDOLL CHECK, I
HAD TO PASS
THIS WAY SO THE
RANK PRESIDENT
ASKED ME TO
DELIVER IT!

WAL, THIS SHORE
IS AN HONOR
TUN HAVE THE
PAMGOD ROCKY
LANE DELIVER MY
PRYDOLL, THANKS
A LOT!



HOW 'BOUT
SOME GRUB,
ROCKY?

NO THANKS, CHEDDAR!
I HAVE TO BE AMBLING
ALONG. SEE YOU
AGAIN!



I SHORE WISH THE BOYS
WERE BACK FROM THE WOODS!
I ALWAYS FEEL A BIT JUMPY
WHEN I HAVE ALL THIS MONEY
AND I'M HYAR ALONE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SOME DISTANCE FROM THE LUMBER CAMP----



A FEW MINUTES LATER---



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



BUT THERE'S A BIG CLUE TO GO ON---A PIECE OF HIS SHIRT. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE HORSE WITH A RIPPED SHIRT LIKE THIS AND I'VE GOT THE KILLER!



HE WOULD'VE NATURALLY HIGH-TAILED IT OUT OF THE COUNTRY AND I KNOW THE SHORTEST CUT ROAD HE'D TAKE! MAYBE I CAN CATCH HIM BEFORE HE CROSSES THE BORDER!



SHORTLY AFTER---

I SHOULDN'T HAVE USED THE GUN ON CHEDDAR! SOMEONE WUZ BOUND TUM HEAR THE SHOT AND COME AFTER ME!



HOW? I WUZ RIGHT! THAT IS SOMEONE AFTER ME---(SULP) IT'S ROCKY LANE! THAT ISN'T ANOTHER HONNIE WHO WUZ LIKE THEM IN THE WHOLE WEST!



I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE TUM GIT AWAY FROM LANE! THAT'S ONLY ONE THING TUM DO! I'LL HIDE IN THIS HONNIE TREE AND---



IN A FEW MOMENTS---

WE'RE GAINING ON HIM, BLACK JACK! THOSE TRACKS ARE FRESH! IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG BEFORE WE CATCH UP TO HIM!



BUT AS BLACK JACK PASSES THE TREE---

HONNIE---
UGH!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THAT BLOW KNOCKED HIM COLD! I FIGGERED I COULD TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE! I'VE GOTTA RIDE FAST NOW! THERE MAY BE OTHERS FOLLOWING!



I'M A DEAD ONEWAY IN THIS HYAR SHIRT! I'VE GOT TUN GIT RID OF IT!



I'LL DUMP THIS SHIRT ---HOW? LOOK AT THAT! JUST WHAT I NEED ---A CLOTHESLINE WITH SOME NICE SHIRTS ON IT!



I'M IN LUCK! NO ONE SEEMS TUN BE AROUND! I'LL TAKE ONE OF THESE HYAR SHIRTS AND LEAVE HIDE IN ITS PLACE!



THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN I FIGGERED! WHEN ROCKY WAKES UP, HE'S SHORE TO COME THIS WAY AND SEE MY SHIRT HYAR! HE'LL THINK THE OWNER OF THIS RANGH IS THE GUTTER THEY KILLED CHEDDAR!



AND JUST AS THE KILLER ANTICIPATED---

THAT WADN'T OUTSMARTED ME, BLACK JACK, BUT I WADN'T GUT LONG! HAY! LOOK AT THAT SHIRT ON THAT BASKET! IT'S JUST LIKE THE ONE THE KILLER WORE! WHOA, BLACK JACK!



IT IS THE ONE THE KILLER WORE ---IT HAS A BIG RIP IN IT!





YUH SEEM MIGHTY INTERESTED IN MINE WASH, MASTER!

HUH --- IS THIS YOUR STUFF?



THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



UNDER ARREST?

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN SMARTER THAN TO LEAVE THIS SHIRT OUT HERE AFTER CHEDDAR RIPPED A PIECE OUT OF IT WHEN WHEN YOU KILLED HIM!



JOHN CHEDDAR KILLED! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! HE WUZ MY FRIEND! I USED TOW WORK FOR HIM AT HIS LUMBER CAMP!

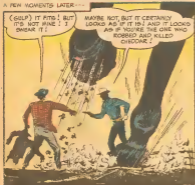
HUH! THEN YOU KNEW THE FIBRILL WAS ALWAYS DELIVERED ON THURSDAYS!



SHORE I KNOW IT, BUT I'M NOT A CROOK NOR A MURDERER, AND THAT ISN'T MY SHIRT!

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT! PUT IT ON!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER ---



(GASP) IT FITS! BUT IT'S NOT MINE! I SWEAR IT!

MAYBE NOT, BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS IF IT IS! AND IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ROBBED AND KILLED CHEDDAR!

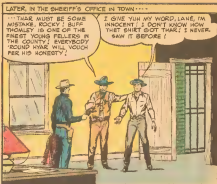


IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

IT WORKED! LANE THINKS THE YOUNG GITTER IS THE GUILTY ONE AND IS ARRESTING HIM!



I'LL TAKE THE LOOT TUM MY HIDE-OUT IN THE WOODS AND THEN GIT BACK TUM TOWN WHAR I CAN KNOW WHAT'S GOINGS ON! AS LONG AS THEY THINK THEY YOUNG FELLER IS THE MURDERER, IM SAFE!



LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN TOWN...

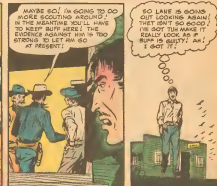
...THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, ROCKY! BUFF THOMLEY IS ONE OF THE FINEST YOUNG FELLERS IN THE COUNTY! EVERYBODY 'ROUND HWAR WILL VOUCH FER HIS HONESTY!

I GIVE YUH MY WORD, LANE, IM INNOCENT! I DONT KNOW HOW THAT SHIRT GOT THAR; I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE!



IT'S POSSIBLE SOMEONE RIDING BY PUT THE SHIRT IN YOUR WASH TO THROW THE SUSPICION ON YOU.

THAT'S PROBABLY WHUT THE REAL CROOK DID!



MAYBE SO! IM GOING TO DO MORE SCOUTING AROUND, IN THE MEANTIME YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP BUFF HERE! THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM IS TOO STRONG TO LET HIM GO AT PRESENT!

SO LANE IS GOING OUT LOOKING AGAIN! THAT ISN'T SO GOOD! I'VE GOT TUM MAKE IT REALLY LOOK AS IF BUFA IS GUILTY! AH! I GOT IT!



THAT NIGHT...

COME IN!
COME ---
I RECKON THEY DONT HEAR ME, I'LL OPEN THE DOOR MYSELF!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

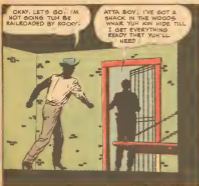


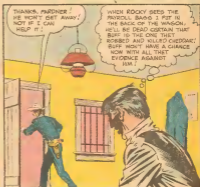
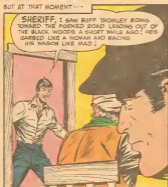
WHO IS ---
UGH!

POW!

THAT BLOW KNOCKED HIM OUT!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY SETS OUT FOR THE FORKED ROAD AND WITH BLACK JACK'S INCREDIBLE SPEED IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE ---



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



TROUBLE IN THE BULL RING

DASH HANNETT'S
Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE SAM SPADE AND HIS SECRETARY FLY TO MEXICO FOR A DAY AT THE BULL-FIGHTS ...

LOOK AT MR. TOUGH-GUY WITH THE POCKET MIRROR!

COMB AND MIRROR WON'T HELP THAT HAIR! HE NEEDS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC!

BOY! WHAT TIMING!

MANUEL CAN HANDLE EM, SWEETHEART!

SAM ... THAT BLINDING FLASH!

...LIKE A MIRROR—MANUEL CAN'T SEE THE BULL!

SAM AND EFFIE RUSH TO WHERE THEY HAD CARRIED THE INJURED BULL FIGHTER ...

HOLD IT, BUDD! LOOK OFFICER—A MIRROR!

SO SO THAT'S WHAT BLINDED MANUEL!

THE COPS SAY HE'S MAD BECAUSE MANUEL STOLE HIS BULL.

YEAH... LET'S GO-HOME WHERE GUYS BEAT COMPETITION WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AND A FEW KIND WORDS.

SAM SPADE ASKS:
CAN YOUR SOAP PASS THE
IRRESISTIBLE TEST?

TRY IT! SCRUBB YOUR HEAD, IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC—CONTAINS SOOTHING LINDLIN.

EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. NOTHING FINDS IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.

Captain Tootsie TO THE RESCUE!



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**WRIST
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Send today for your 20 get-acquainted Enlargement Coupons to hand out FREE. You also receive EXTRA, your sparkling, simulated Birthstone Ring correct for your month of birth, when half of the coupons are used. Be first to wear such a beautiful Wrist Watch and Birthstone Ring.

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