

THE

LONE RANGER

10¢

100% SOFT COVER

No. 22

THE
DELL
PUBLISHING CO.
NEW YORK



THE LONE RANGER PAYS A CALL

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The wide-shouldered young homesteader flung an arm about his horse's neck, hugged him, and stepped back.

"Goodbye, Billy," he muttered, while tears rolled unnoticed down his cheeks. "I've got to do it. I wouldn't be your friend if I didn't."

He moved back to twenty feet and raised his rifle.

Before he could fire a rope noose hissed through the air. It caught the rifle barrel, jerking it aside.

"Hold on a minute, neighbor," said a deep voice.

The young homesteader spun around. Two riders had come up silently behind him, out of a dip in the rolling grass-land. One was masked.

"A man must be in bad trouble," said the masked man, "to shoot a horse he loves. Maybe I could help you?"

He swung out of his saddle and offered his hand.

The young fellow took it in an iron grip. Honest blue eyes met the stranger's.

"Thanks," he said simply. "My name's Mark Tanwick. I came here three years ago—made a fine little farm out of a spring and a chunk of desert. Then Cal Berman, the big cattleman who is my neighbor, wanted my place. When I wouldn't sell, he cut my fences, ran his cows in and ruined my crops. He bought my mortgage from the bank, and today he's coming to foreclose—to take over. He's a devil with horses. But he'll never get my Billy-Bay. Thanks again, stranger, but you see—no one can help me."

"You have no friends who could help you raise the money, Tanwick?"

"I had the money itself," young Tanwick replied. "In a Kansas bank, in my—in the name of my wife-to-be. We'd saved it for our wedding day—a thousand dollars. I wrote to her a month ago. But either she never got my letter or something happened to hers. . . ."

"Tanta," the stranger interrupted, turning to his



(Continued on back cover)

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THE
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vs
FRAN STRIKER

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with
FRAN STRIKER

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GET GOING! COME ON, SILVER!



I'VE GOT A LOT TO ASK YOU WHEN WE FIND
A PLACE TO STOP.



SO THAT MASKED MAN
GOT BALDY// AND WITH
A TARANTULA KNIFE!
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED
ME.

NO, NO, NO,
TEX. I
DIDN'T
DOUBLE-
CROSS
YOU. I KNOW
THAT MAN
WAS THE
LONE-
RANGER!

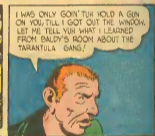


NOW, YOU
TALK!

I WILL! I DIDN'T KILL BALDY! I
FOUND HIM DEAD IN HIS ROOM,
THEN I HEARD YOU COMIN' AN'
WID I KNEW I'D BE
SUSPECTED



I WAS ONLY GOIN' TUH HOLD A GUN
ON YOU, TILL I GOT OUT THE WINDOW.
LET ME TELL YUH WHAT I LEARNED
FROM BALDY'S ROOM ABOUT THE
TARANTULA GANG!



GO ON, SPEAK UP!



THE
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HE KNEW AT LEAST ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE GANG HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF DON RICARDO?



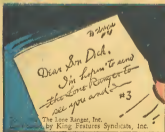
DON RICARDO IS THE GREATEST BILL-FIGHTER IN MEXICO. DON'T TELL ME HE'S A MEMBER?



NO, DON RICARDO ISN'T A MEMBER OF THE TARANTULA GANG HE'S THE SON OF THE DEAD SHERIFF!



YES HERE'S A LETTER BALDY WAS WRITIN' WHEN HE WAS MURDERED!



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THIS KNIFE. IT HAS THE MARK OF THE TARANTULA GANG! WE TOOK THESE TO EL SEÑOR. DON'T RESIST THEM.



SEÑOR, WE CAPTURED THESE TWO.

WE ARE SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THE FIESTA, BUT WE MUST KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE PRISONERS.



SHOULD WE SHOOT THEM AT ONCE?

SO! THE TARANTULA KNIFE WAS FOUND ON YOU!

YES, SEÑOR, WE CAME HERE TO SEE DON RICARDO, THE TORERO. WE HOPE TO RUN DOWN SOME OF THE TARANTULA GANG!



THE KNIFE IS NOT MINE. LET ME SHOW YOU A TOKEN.



THIS BULLET IS SILVER! YOU ARE THE LONE RANGER!

YES.



AMIGO! YOU ARE BADLY NEEDED IN MEXICO. THE TARANTULA GANG HAS TERRORIZED US ALL. LET ME TELL YOU! YOU'RE IN GREAT DANGER!



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THE
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vs
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YOU PLENTY BIG
FOOL!

I WONT STAY
HERE!



YOU ASKED FOR THIS, RICARDO!



NOW, TONTO, WE'LL HAVE TO WORK
FAST. PACK THAT YOUNG FOOL ON A
HORSE. THERE'S A LOT TO BE DONE
BEFORE THE BULL FIGHT!



I GIVE UP, SCANLON. WE CAN'T FIND
ANY TRACE OF RICARDO OR
THAT MASKED
HOMBRE!

IT'S
ALL RIGHT.



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ALL RIGHT?

SURE. IF HE DON'T TURN
UP AT THE BULL FIGHT
TOMORROW, WE WIN OUR
BETS, BECAUSE HE WONT
KILL THE BULL.



AND IF HE DOES TURN UP, WE
KILL HIM.



THE
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BATES AND SCANLON, PART OF THE TARANTULA GANG, PLOT THE DEATH OF DON RICARDO!

IF HE DOES SHOW UP TO FIGHT THE BULL,
WE'LL FIX HIM!



WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, TONYO.
HE'LL BE READY TO FIGHT
TOMORROW!



THE BIG DAY OF THE BULL FIGHT.



THIS DISGUISE WILL GET US BY, SCANLON.
HAVE YOU GOT THE KNIFE ALL
FIXED?

IT'S READY, IN CASE RICARDO
SHOWS UP AN' LOOKS LIKELY
TO KILL THE BULL.



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THOSE TWO ARE BUYING THEIR TICKETS, TONTO. THEY'VE DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS NATIVES.

WE SAVVY.

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KEEP CLOSE TO THEM AND BE READY TO SIGNAL ME.

TONTO FINDS HIS SEAT NEAR BATES AND SCANLON.

GET INTO YOUR COSTUME, THE FIRST RICARDO. YOUR FIGHT IS NEXT.

OF MY FIGHTS IS TO BE THE BIG BULL!

THAT'S RIGHT, THE ONE UPON WHICH BATES AND SCANLON HAVE BET SO HEAVILY.

I'LL SHOW THEM!

AFTER THE FIGHT, YOU'LL DECLARE YOURSELF TO THE GOVERNOR. MAKE A CLEAN BREAST OF YOUR PART IN THE TARANTULA CRIMES.

WHAT ABOUT BATES AND SCANLON?

TONTO AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM.

THE
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RICARDO BRINGS THE CROWD TO
• ITS FEET WITH HIS SKILL •

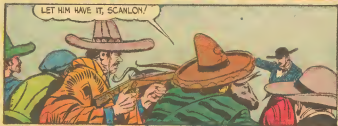


AS SOON AS HE COMES
CLOSE, I'LL GET HIM WITH
THE KNIFE SHOT FROM
THE CROSSBOW

THEN WE
MAKE OUR
ESCAPE IN
THE EXCITE-
MENT.



LET HIM HAVE IT, SCANLON!



YOU WAIT!

WHAT?



LEAVE US
ALONE!

NOW TUN GET RICARDO!



THE
**LONE
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vs
FRAN STRIKER

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LET HIM HAVE IT!



YOU TWO HAVE A DATE.



YOW!
LEMMIE
GO!

TAKS THAT ROPE
HAWY!



A DATE TO MEET EL
SEÑOR!



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with
FRAN STRIKER

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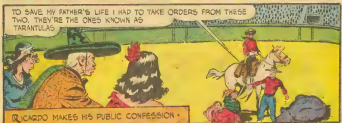
THIS, SENOR, IS THEIR WEAPON: A CROSS-BOW. THEY USE IT TO SHOOT KNIVES WITH DEADLY ACCURACY.



THE LONE RANGER HAS SPOKEN THE TRUTH!



TO SAVE MY FATHER'S LIFE I HAD TO TAKE ORDERS FROM THESE TWO. THEY'RE THE ONES KNOWN AS TARANTULAS.



EL SENOR GENEROSIO LET RICARDO FREE.

YES, BUT HE CAN'T HELP US SMASH THE TARANTULA GANG IN TEXAS! THERE ARE KILLERS THERE!



SOON AS WE HIT TEXAS, WE'LL REPORT TO TEXAS JACK. HE MAY HAVE MORE CLUES TO THE TARANTULAS.



THE
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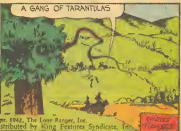
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THERE'S THE TOWN, TONTO. YOU GO INTO THE STORE
AND ASK IF MOORE IS STILL
AROUND.

UGH, ME FIND UM
OUT!

MOORE? HE SOLD OUT HIS CLAIM AN' LEFT
TOWN. IT WAS JUST YESTIDY THAT HE AN'
HIS DAUGHTER LEFT
HERE.

UM- ME
SAVVY.

FUNNY ABOUT MOORE AN' HIS GIRL, HELEN.
EVERYONE THOUGHT HIS GOLD MINE WAS
GOIN' TUN PAN OUT FIRST RATE! I CAN'T
FIGURE HIM SELLIN OUT TUN PLUMMER
AN' HIS MEN!

THAT'S WHERE MOORE LIVED BEFORE HE LEFT
HERE, TONTO. IF THE HOUSE IS ABANDONED, WE
MIGHT FIND A CLUE TO
WHERE HE
WENT.

LOOK!

LIGHT COME ON
IN WINDOW!

COME ON, TONTO.

PA! DON'T
SHOOT
TILL ---

I'LL HANDLE THIS, HELEN! GET
THE DROP ON WHOEVER'S
HERE AN' SEND 'EM ON THEIR
WAY! I'VE BEEN WARNED OF
THE TARANTULAS!

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YOU-THERE AT THE DOOR, WHAT D'YA WANT?

IF YOUR NAME IS MOORE, I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU. IT'S ABOUT THE TARANTULA GANG!

CLEAR OUT! I'VE BEEN WARNED! GIT BEFORE I SHOOT!

BUT IT'S ABOUT YOUR GOLD MINE.

I SOLD OUT TUM PLUMMER! THEY'RE WORKIN' DAY AN' NIGHT! NOW YOU GIT!

HIM TIGHTEN TRIGGER FINGER!

MOORE! DON'T BE A FOOL!

FOOL, EH?

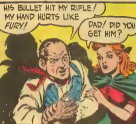
TWO
OTS
IN
THE
EIGHT
D
DIE
!

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GET THAT POWDER READY, I WANT
TO SEE THAT PIV
DIRT!



BOOM!

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LOOK! WE'VE GOT THE GOLD!



BOYS, THIS IS THE TIME
WE WERE
SMART!

PRETTY SLICK, PLUMMER, THE WAY YOU
BURIED THE RICH VEIN OF GOLD TILL YOU'D
PERSUADED MOORE TO SELL OUT
CHEAP.

THE BIG BOSS
MUST'VE
BEEN REAL
SMART TO
FIGURE IT ALL
OUT. WHO IS
THE BOSS OF
THE TARANTULAS
ANYWAY,
PLUMMER?



CHAZ'S
FANTASIES

I'M BOSS AS FAR AS YOU
MEN ARE CONCERNED!
WHAT I SAY
GOES!

SURE, BUT
THERE'S
SOMEONE
PLANNIN' THINGS
FER YA?

I HEARD YOU,
YOU
CROOKS!

MOORE!



THE
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BY
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I HEARD YOU TELL ABOUT COVERIN' THE
GOLD SO'S YOU COULD BUY
ME OUT!

SO?



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I WAS WARNED THAT THE TARANTULA
GANG WAS AFTER ME!
"BUSTED ME, DIDN'T
YOU, PLUMMER?"

WHAT D'YA
AIM TO DO
ABOUT IT?



LET THE LAW KNOW YOU
CROOKS ARE
TARANTULAS!

LIKE FUN!
TAKE HIM,
BOYS!



SHERIFF! SHERIFF! MY PA
WAS MURDERED LAST
NIGHT!

HELEN, YUH
DONT MEAN
IT!



HE WAS FOUND IN A GULCH! **KILLED**
BY THIS KNIFE!
IN THE
BACK!

THE TARANTULA
GANG!



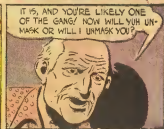
AND I KNOW AT LEAST ONE OF
THAT GANG HE IS...

GOOD MORNING.

YOU!



THE
LONE RANGER
with
FRAN STRIKER



THE
LONE RANGER

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**LONE
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SO PLUMMER PLANS
TO TRY AND MAKE
HELEN THINK HE'S A
FRIEND -



AND TRY TO CHARGE ME WITH
THE MURDER OF HER
FATHER.

THAT
RIGHT.



WELL, TONTO, THOUGH IT'S TOO BAD
POORE WAS MURDERED, HIS DEATH WILL
MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO SET A
TRAP TO SMASH THE TARANTULA GANG
FOR KEEPS.



AND I MEAN KEEPS!



C-COME IN.



HELEN, I WANT TO
SPEAK TO YOU.

YOU! MY FATHER'S
MURDERER!



PLEASE, HELEN,
LISTEN TO
ME!

NO! GET OUT! GET
OUT OF HERE! THE
LAW WILL GET YOU
-AND YOU'LL
HANG!



THE
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BY
FRAN STRIKER

YOU'RE SUCK, PLUMMER. THE BEST WAY TUH THROW HELEN OFF THE TRACK IS TUH MAKE OUT YOU'RE GOIN' TUH HELP FIND HER FATHER'S MURDERER.

SURE, AN' WE CAN BLAME IT ON THAT MASKED MAN WHO IS SEEN AROUND TOWN.

PLUMMER COME HERE NOW. ME GIVE UM WARNING.

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HELEN, I CAN'T MAKE YOU BELIEVE I'M NOT ONE OF THE TARANTULA GANG, BUT IF YOU NEED ME, YOU'LL FIND ME CAMPED BENEATH OVERHANGING ROCK.



IF YOU CAN FIND DAD'S KILLER, MR PLUMMER, I'LL BELIEVE YOU MEAN TO BE A FRIEND. HE SAID HE'D BE CAMPED BENEATH OVERHANGING ROCK.



WATCH PLUMMER, TOKTO I'M SURE HELEN WILL HAVE TOLD HIM WHERE TO FIND US.

ME WATCH UM.



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THEY'RE NOT HEADING THIS WAY.



WE'LL GIVE THE MASKED HOMBRE APLENTY OF CHANCE TO GET AWAY. WE DON'T WANT HIM CAPTURED.

BUT, PLUMMER, WHY NOT CAPTURE HIM?



IF HE'S BROUGHT TUH TRIAL, HE MIGHT PROVE AN ALIBI. AS LONG AS HE AIN'T CAPTURED, THE LAW WILL THINK HE'S THE KILLER.



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THE
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PLUMMER, PLUMMER, GIT OFF YER
HOSS AN' SEE WHAT WE GOT.



THIS NOTE, IT'S FROM
THE BOSS OF THE
TARANTULA GANG.
THE BIG BOSS.



WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

THIS KNIFE CAME
WITH THE NOTE.

LEMME SEE.



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*The Lone
Ranger knows
just what you are!
Get him
out of the
way!*

ARE YOU SURE
THAT MESSAGE
IS FROM THE
BIG BOSS?

OF COURSE, I AM,
I'D KNOW HIS WRITIN';
EVEN IF I DON'T
KNOW WHO HE IS.



SO THE MASKED
MAN IS THE
LONE RANGER!

IF WE DON'T
GET HIM, HE'LL
GET US!



BOYS, I KNOW JUST WHERE T'ER GIT HIM,
BUT WE'LL WAIT TILL NIGHT WHEN WE
WONT BE TAKIN' NO CHANCES.



COME ON, BOYS. WE'LL FIND THE LONE
RANGER SLEEPIN' UNDER OVERHANGIN'
ROCK.



THE
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with
FRAN STRIKER

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WE GOT TO LEAVE THE HORSES HERE AN' GO ON FOOT, SO'S
THE LONE RANGER WON'T HEAR
US.



GET THE KNIFE FITTED TUH THE CROSSBOW AN' FIRE
WHEN I GIVE THE WORD!

RIGHT!



USE THE CROSSBOW ON THE ONE SLEEPIN' NEAREST THE CLIFF. I'LL USE
MY RIFLE ON THE OTHER!



LET 'EM HAVE IT!

NOW MAKE SURE O' THE JOB. FILL 'EM
WITH LEAD! THIS IS THE END OF
THE LONE RANGER!



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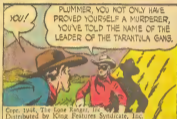
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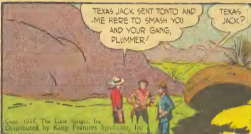
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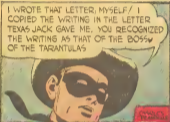
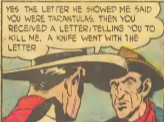


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THE LONE RANGER PAYS A CALL

(Continued from front inside cover)

companion, "How much would you say that buckskin cow-pony is worth as he stands?"

"Ugh!" the tall Indian grunted. "Think-um mebber one thousand dollors, cash."

The stranger nodded.

"Here it is, Tanwick," he said, peeling the bills from a large roll. "When you're able you can buy him back. . . . Tonto, I think our friend might be interested in the person that we found this morning in the wrecked stage-coach—robbed and left for dead."

"Ugh!" said the Indian, wheeling his horse. "Tonto bring-um now."

He disappeared into the grassy hollow. In a moment he reappeared, leading a harnessed stage-horse on which sat a pale young woman.

At sight of the bandage about her head, young Tanwick gave a cry. Dropping his rifle, he ran and lifted her down.

"Bertha, my honey, my honey!" he said chokingly. "What brought you—?"

"I had to come, Mark," she smiled. "Your letter was opened—and delayed. I wired you I was bringing the money. The stage robber must have learned that way. . . ."

"He is due to learn something else—much less pleasant," the stranger's voice interrupted. "Here he comes, out of the hollow. I found ROAN horse hairs on a bush near the stage coach."

The two newcomers reined in. One of them, hard-faced and middle-aged, rode a red-roan gelding. On the other man's vest glittered a sheriff's badge.

"That's the man! I saw him shoot the stage driver, before we went over the cliff!" Bertha's accusation rang out.

"Cal Berman!" shouted Tanwick, leaping forward. "You—!"

The cattleman reached for his gun—only to have it knocked from his hand by the stranger's bullet. The sheriff stared.

"Berman," said the masked man coldly, "Your luck has run out. You'll swing for murder. But right now you're going to give Mark Tanwick that mortgage in your pocket—and watch him burn it up!"

"Come across, Cal," spoke the sheriff sharply. "Your hand's been called—by the LONERANGER!"



