

THE LONE RANGER

BY FRAN STRIKER



WHEN THE ARMIES WERE DISBANDED AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, MEN WHO HAD GONE FROM THE WEST TO FIGHT, RETURNED TO THEIR HOMES TO TRY AND PICK UP THE THREADS OF THEIR LIVES. MANY EASTERNERS, UNABLE TO FIND WORK, MOVED TO THE WEST.

NO MATTER HOW I FIGURE IT, WE'VE GOT TO MORTGAGE THE HOUSE.



BUT WHEN THE MORTGAGE CASH IS GONE WE'LL HAVE *NOTHING*. OH, *WHY* HAVE YOU ALWAYS BEEN SO GENEROUS? TREATIN' FOLKS THAT COULDN'T PAY - SERVIN' SOLDIERS IN THE WAR - ALL THAT SORT O' THING.

A DOCTOR HAS TO HEAL THE SICK, DEAR.

BUT YOU *MIGHT* HAVE CONSIDERED YOUR FAMILY FIRST.



DON'T HOLD FATHER'S GENEROUS HEART AGAINST HIM, MOTHER. THINGS ARE SURE TO WORK OUT, SOMEHOW.

WE'VE GOT TO GET CASH RIGHT AWAY. I'LL CALL ON BANKER POTTS.

THAT OLD SKINFINT.



DOC, I'M GLAD YOU CAME HERE. I'LL MAKE YOU *GLAD* YOU SERVED YOUR COUNTRY'S SOLDIERS. I COULDN'T GO TO WAR, BUT I CAN DO *MY* DUTY BY HELPIN' A MAN WHO DID!



WHY, THAT'S FINE OF YOU, BANKER POTTS.

THE BANKER WAS SWELL! HE TOOK A MORTGAGE ON OUR HOUSE. *THEN* GAVE ME THE DEED TO A VALUABLE GOLD MINE FOR THE MORTGAGE MONEY!



YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T EVEN THE CASH?

THE SLICKEST DEAL I EVER HANDLED! I GOT DOC'S HOUSE AN' LAND, THEN GAVE HIM A WORTHLESS GOLD MINE FOR HIS CASH.



YOU'LL REGRET THAT DEAL!

NEXT WEEK: "DEAD LAND"



I'LL HELP YUH, BANKER POTTS!

LEMME GO ALONE!

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



YOU MIND-UM OWN BUSINESS!



SO YOU'RE PROUD OF SWINDLING THE DOCTOR, EH? WELL YOU'RE GOING TO *SHOW* ME THE LAND YOU SOLD HIM!

I WILL, I WILL DON'T HURT ME!



IT'S THAT HILL, YONDER!

THERE'S NOT A DIME'S WORTH OF GOLD THERE!



I'LL GIVE BACK THE DOC'S CASH, IF YUH LET ME GO!

OH, NO YOU *NO* YOU, BANKER! THIS LAND IS WORTH MORE THAN YOU THINK!



Y-YUH MEAN THIS ISN'T DEAD LAND?

YOU'RE GOING TO *REGRET SELLING IT*, POTTS. NOW GO BACK TO YOUR BANK, *START WALKING!*



ME HELP YOU ON WAY!

WE'LL WAIT HERE FOR THE DOCTOR TO ARRIVE. HE'LL HAVE A GOLD-MINE HE DIDN'T LOOK FOR!

NEXT: "Work for the Unemployed"



SO THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE GOLD.

WE *MIGHT* FIND GOLD HERE, MONEY.

BUT, DAD, IT'LL COST MORE TO WORK THE LAND!

I'LL TRY TO BORROW SOME MORE CASH FROM BANKER POTTS.

YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT! THE BANKER WILL CHEAT YOU AGAIN!

BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO MORTGAGE, DAD. YOU---



LOOK! A MASKED MAN!!



DON'T BE ALARMED BY MY MASK, DOCTOR SUMNER.

YOU KNOW ME, STRANGER?

THIS LAND YOU BOUGHT! AN OUT-LAW HIDE-OUT. THIS IS A FINE THING!

DOCTOR, YOU *WILL* DO WELL WITH THIS LAND CAMP HERE UNTIL TOMORROW. I'M RIDING A LONG WAY. HERE IS MY PLAN!



AT NIGHT, THE LONE RANGER RIDES TO MEET MANY MEN WHO ARE JUST OUT OF THE ARMY. MEN WHO KNOW AND ADMIRE THE GOOD, OLD DOCTOR SUMNER. . . .



DOCTOR SUMNER SAVED YOUR LIFE. NOW YOU CAN HELP HIM! MEET AT SUNRISE!



YOU'VE NO WORK HERE, CORPORAL BLAKE! GO TO DOCTOR SUMNER! HE NEEDS YOU AND YOU'LL BE WELL-PAID!

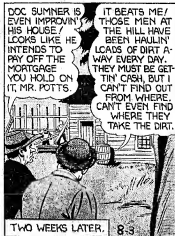


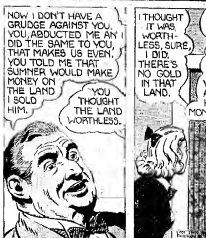
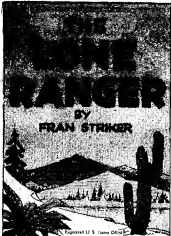
CAN'T, FOR THE LIFE OF ME, FIGURE HOW THE MASKED MAN THINKS THERE'S ANYTHING WORTH WHILE IN THAT LAND I SOLD DOC SUMNER.

NEXT "Labor March"



DAYBREAK FINDS FORMER SOLDIERS COMING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, AT THE LONE RANGER'S REQUEST, TO HELP THEIR OLD ARMY DOCTOR.





THE LONE RANGER

by
FRAN STRIKER



Registered U. S. Patent Office

SO YOU ARE THE LONE RANGER! I THOUGHT YOU COULD BE TRUSTED.

MARY! PUT DOWN THAT GUN.



I **WON'T** PUT IT DOWN! YOU'RE GOING TO DOUBLE-CROSS DAD!

YOU **WON'T** SHOOT AND YOU KNOW IT.



STOP! DON'T YOU COME ONE STEP NEARER!

YOU'LL NOT SHOOT!



THERE!

GOOD WORK!



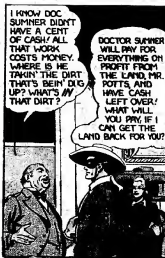
NOW THEN, BANKER POTTS, LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU SOLD DOCTOR SUMNER SOME LAND THAT YOU THOUGHT WAS WORTHLESS!

HOW CAN HE AFFORD TO HIRE ALL THE MEN THAT'RE WORKIN' THAT LAND? HOW CAN HE AFFORD TO BUILD ONTO HIS HOUSE?



I KNOW DOC SUMNER DIDN'T HAVE A CENT OF CASH! ALL THAT WORK COSTS MONEY. WHERE IS HE TAKIN' THE DIRT THAT'S BEIN' DUG UP? WHAT'S *IN* THAT DIRT?

DOCTOR SUMNER WILL PAY FOR EVERYTHING ON PROFIT FROM THE LAND, MR. POTTS, AND HAVE CASH LEFT OVER! WHAT WILL YOU PAY, IF I CAN GET THE LAND BACK FOR YOU?



WAIT 'TIL I TELL DAD ABOUT THIS DOUBLECROSS!

SHE'S GETTIN' AWAY! STOP HER!

I'LL GET HER.



NO, YOU **WON'T** GET ME!



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NEXT WEEK: "CASH TRANSFER"

THE LONE RANGER

BY FRAN STRIKER



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MARY HAS KNOCKED THE LONE RANGER OUT!



POTTS, SHE'S POWERFUL, AFRAID HE'LL TELL THE SECRET OF HER OLD MAN'S MONEY!

MARY HAS RIDDEN TO TELL HER FATHER ABOUT YOU.



WHERE'S MY HORSE? I'LL BEAT HER TO THE HILLS!

NOW WE GOT HIM ON OUR SIDE!



HI-YO, SILVER AWAY!

HERE COMES THE LONE RANGER, BRINGING DOC SUMMER WITH HIM.



SUMMER DON'T LOOK PLEASED, EITHER!

LATER

HERE'S THE DOCTOR! HE'LL SELL OUT, IF YOU MAKE THE PRICE RIGHT.



THIS IS MORE OF YOUR HIGH-HANDSOME DOINGS, POTTS.

WHAT'S MEANT BY THE "RIGHT PRICE"?

THERE'S THE PRICE AND IT HAS TO BE IN CASH. I'LL SEE THAT DOCTOR SUMMER SIGNS THE LAND OVER TO YOU!



MIGHTY STEEP PRICE!

CHARLES FORD'S

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!



I'LL TAKE IT! THEN YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME WHAT'S BEEN DONE WITH THE DIRT I'M WHERE ALL DOC'S CASH IS COMIN' FROM!

YOU TRIED TO SWINDLE ME, POTTS! YOU THOUGHT THE LAND WAS WORTHLESS? NOW THAT YOU FIGURE DIFFERENT, *CANT* YUH LEAVE ME ALONE? HONEST THE LAND ISNT WORTH ANYTHING

WE KNOW DIFFERENT, SUMMER!

NEXT "DOC'S SECRET" WEEK:

THE LONE RANGER

BY
FRAN STRIKER



SIGN THE DEED TO THE LAND, DOCTOR.

YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE, I'M FORCED INTO SELLING THIS LAND. REMEMBER THAT, POTTS.

SURE, I WILL. HERE'S YOUR CASH. I DEDUCTED THE AMOUNT YOU OWED ON YOUR MORTGAGE.

NOW THE MORTGAGE IS PAID AN' I DON'T OWE YOU A DIME!

ALL YOU GOT TO DO NOW, IS TELL ME WHERE YOU GET ALL THE CASH FROM THAT LAND.

COME WITH US, MR. POTTS.



YOU WONDER HOW I PLANNED TO PAY THOSE MEN, EH? WELL, OUT OF THIS CASH YOU GAVE ME FOR THE LAND, MISTER POTTS!

BUT WHERE DO YOU SELL THE ORE? WHAT'S IN THE LAND?

I TOLD YOU, POTTS, THAT THE LAND WAS COMPLETELY WORTHLESS.

I TOLD YOU, POTTS, THAT THE LABORERS WOULD BE PAID FROM DOCTOR SUMMER'S PROFIT ON THE LAND. THEY WILL BE, YOU GAVE HIM THE PROFIT.

WHAT?



YOU TOOK ME IN! YOU SWINDLED ME! YOU MADE ME THINK THE LAND WAS VALUABLE!

YOU JUMPED AT EVERY CONCLUSION, POTTS! YOUR GREED MADE YOU BELIEVE WHAT YOU WANTED TO BELIEVE!

I HOPE I DIDN'T HURT YOU, YOU TOLD ME TO STRIKE YOU.

YOU DIDN'T STRIKE HARD, MARY. WHEN POTTS SAW YOUR ANXIETY, HE WAS SURE THE LAND WAS VALUABLE.

THE LONE RANGER GAVE ALL MY FRIENDS A CHANCE TO EARN CASH, GAVE US A NICE PROFIT AN' GAVE POTTS A TUMMIN'. HE'S A FRIEND TUM HAVE!

IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, BARKER, THE DIRT WAS DUMPED INTO A BOG A FEW MILES EAST.

IF I DIE TRYIN', I'LL GET THE LONE RANGER FOR THIS! I'LL SEE THAT MASHED MAN DEAD!



STARTING NEXT WEEK: "BLINDED BY FURY"

THE LONE RANGER

BY
FRAN STRIKER



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WE CAN THANK THE LONE RANGER FOR THIS HOUSE AND ALL OF THE OTHER GOOD FORTUNE WE'VE HAD.

HE SURE TURNED THE TABLES ON THAT SCHEMIN' BANKER. IT'LL BE A LONG TIME FORE POTTS FORGETS IT.

DADDY - HERE COMES BANKER POTTS NOW.

HELLO THERE, DOC SUMMER. THAT'S A RIGHT SMART HOUSE YOU'VE GOT NOW!



I DON'T HOLD NO GRUDGE, THOUGH, DOC SUMMER. I TRIED TO PUT A PHONY DEAL OVER ON YOU, AN THE LONE RANGER TURNED THE TABLES ON ME. I HAD IT COMIN' TO ME!



FACT IS, I'M INTERESTED IN THIS LONE RANGER. I THOUGHT YOU COULD TELL ME MORE ABOUT HIM.



I'M SURE GLAD YOU DON'T HOLD A GRUDGE. I CAN TELL YOU AS MUCH AS ANYONE KNOWS ABOUT THE LONE RANGER.

SO I LEARNED APLENTY ABOUT THE MASKED MAN, AN' NOW I KNOW HOW TO GET EVEN WITH HIM. I'LL MAKE HIM PAY, IF IT TAKES MY LAST DIME!



NOW, BANKER POTTS, DON'T LET YERSELF GIT BLINDED BY BEIN' SORE. IT'LL TAKE A MIGHTY LEVEL HEAD TUK GIT AT THE LONE RANGER.

AFTER POTTS LEARNS WHAT HE CAN FROM THE DOCTOR, HE CONSULTS HIS CO-SCHER.

WHAT'S THIS, TONTO?



WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE
FRESH TRACKS
AS LONE RANGER
DOLLAR REWARD
HARRISON
HARRISON

CHARLES TOWNERS

THERE HE IS, BOYS! GET HIM!



WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
FRESH AS
LONE RANGER
DOLLAR REWARD
HARRISON
HARRISON

NEXT WEEK:
"SILVER BULLETS"

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THE LONE RANGER

BY
FRAN STORER

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THE LONE RANGER/
HE'S WANTED, BOYS,
DEAD OR ALIVE!
GET HIM!

WE CAN'T BE
CAPTURED
'TIL WE FIND OUT
WHAT THAT HAND-
BILL MEANS.



WE'LL SEE YOU MEN LATER!



HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY!



WE SEEN
THE LONE
RANGER,
BUT HE
GOT AWAY.

SHOT
OUR GUNS
RIGHT
OUT OF
OUR HANDS!

LOOK HERE
THIS IS THE
BULLET THAT
HIT MY GUN.
**SOLID
SILVER**
LIKE YOU SAID,
BARKER POTTS.

I'LL DOUBLE
THE REWARD
FOR THAT LONE
RANGER!



SPREAD THE WORD. THE
LONE RANGER'S GOT TO
BE FOUND! HE'S DONE
TOO MANY THINGS
AROUND HERE!



I WOULDN'T
BELIEVE
THOSE VILE
STORIES
ABOUT THE
LONE RANGER.

THERE NOW, MARY,
WE KNOW HE'S NO
CROOK. HE'LL HEAR
WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN
TOWN AN' DO SOME-
THIN' ABOUT IT.



LOOK!



THIS TOWN
AIN'T SAFE!

OUR FRIEND! TELL US YOU
DIDN'T ROB THE BANK OR
EXPRESS OFFICE. TELL US
YOU DIDN'T MUR-
DER SILAS
HAWKINS. OH,
WHAT WILL
THEY DO
TO YOU?

SO THAT'S
WHAT I'M
SUPPOSED TO
HAVE DONE. I
CAME HERE TO
GET THE FACTS.



CHARLES
FOWKES

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET THE LONE RANGER.



NEXT WEEK:
"CAPTURED"

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THE LONE RANGER

BY FRAN STRINGER



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"THE MEN
ARE
CREEPIN'
UP HERE!"

"ALRIGHT, LET THEM COME,
TELL ME QUICKLY, WHAT'S
BEEN GOING ON HERE?
WHY AM I ACCUSED OF
SO MANY CRIMES?"

"EVERY TIME
THERE'S BEEN
A CRIME, THERE'S
BEEN A SILVER
BULLET FOUND."

"I THINK IT'S
BANKER POTTS,
JUST TRYIN' TO
GET EVEN
WITH YOU!"



"WE GOT THIS ONE!
CLOSE IN ON THE
HOUSE!"

"COME ON!"

"WE WANT YOU!
COME ON,
LONE RANGER!"

"MY GUYS ARE ON THE
TABLE! THERE'S NO EX-
CUSE FOR YOU TO SHOOT!"



"SHERIFF, I'VE GOT
TO SPEAK TO YOU!"

"MAKE IT FAST,
DOC SUMNER."

"IF YOU SAY SO, DOC,
I'LL TRY!"

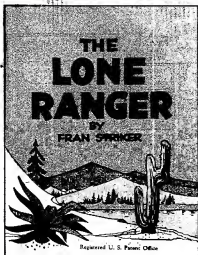
"KEEP THE MASKED MAN
HERE AN' KEEP HIM
COMFORTABLE 'TIL I
GET BACK! I'LL TAKE
HIS GUNS TO MISTER
POTTS AND SEE WHAT'S
TO BE DONE."

"SO POTTS
RUNS THE
TOWN NOW!
HE'LL WANT TO
HACK THIS MAN
WITHOUT A
TRIAL!"



CHARLES
FUNDERS

NEXT WEEK: "THE BANKER'S DILEMMA"



~ MEANWHILE, MARY AND THE DOCTOR SUD-
DENLY HOLD GUNS ON THE SHERIFF'S MEN. ~

THE LONE RANGER

BY
FRAN STRKER

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FOLLOW ME, I'M TAKING YOU TO THE SHERIFF.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BANNER POTTS?

LOOK! THESE CARTRIDGES ARE LEAD, NOT SILVER. THAT'S ALL NEVER DO

I HAD A SILVER BULLET TO LEAVE AT EVERY ONE OF THE CRIMES. UNLESS THE LONE RANGER'S GUNS AND GUMBELT ARE FILLED WITH SILVER BULLETS, THERE WON'T BE ANY EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM.

NOTHIN' TO DO BUT MELT MORE DOLLARS AND MAKE MORE SILVER BULLETS. THE EVIDENCE MUST HANG THE LONE RANGER!

IT'S FLIMSY EVIDENCE, POTTS, BUT WITH YOUR INFLUENCE, IT WILL PROBABLY BE ENOUGH.



OH, NO, IT WON'T!

WE HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, POTTS. THE LONE RANGER LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED. HE LET ME HAVE HIS GUNS WITH LEAD IN 'EM, FURRY! YOU'D HAVE TO DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT 'EM.

NOW THERE'S SILVER BULLET EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU, POTTS. I RECKON IT'S YOU WILL HANG, NOT THE LONE RANGER!

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, POTTS. YOU WERE BLIND-ED BY YER DOGGONED FURY AT THE LONE RANGER!



DARLE'S FLOWERS

STARTING NEXT WEEK: "MANHUNT"