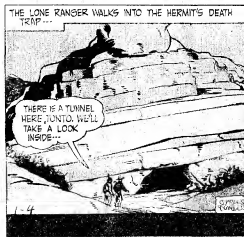
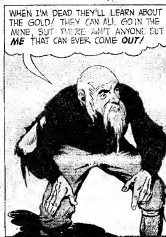


NEXT WEEK: "RACE AGAINST LEAD!!"







# THE LONE RANGER

BY FRAN STRIKER



THE DEATH'S HEAD MINE IS MY SECRET! IF ANYONE FINDS IT, THEY'N GO IN, BUT THEY'LL NEVER COME OUT!



FLENTY BAG CAME!

IT CERTAINLY IS TONTO I'VE A THEORY ABOUT THIS PLACE!



WHAT THAT?

I THINK THIS IS WHERE THE GOLD CAME FROM!

BUT HOW DID THAT YOUNG BOY GET THE GOLD? WHO WROTE THE NOTE WE TOOK FROM HIM?

THIS LOOK LIKE GOLD BEARING ROCK.



I CAN'T SEE THE END OF THIS TUNNEL!

FLENTY LONG, FLENTY DARK.



THE LONE RANGER'S FOOT HOOKS A FINE STRING...



HE BRING FIRE A RIFLE AND THE SHOT STRIKES AT THE BASE OF THE DEATH'S HEAD!



THE DEATH'S HEAD IS DISLODEED BY THE BLAST...



THE TUNNEL'S MOUTH IS SEALED!

THEY'N GO IN, BUT THEY'N NEVER COME OUT!

NEXT WEEK **BURIED ALIVE**...

# THE LONE RANGER

BY FRAN STRIKER



BUT HOW WILL YOU TRAP 'EM MISTER HERMIT?

I AIN'T TELLIN', I'M JUST WARNIN' YOU AN' YER SISTER TUH TAKE WHAT ORE I GAVE YUH AN' NOT TRY TUH GO TUH THE DEATH'S HEAD MINE. THAT'S ALL I GOT, TUH GN!



1-18



RELIEF! THE TUNNEL'S MOUTH IS CLOSED. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, TONTO?

ME ALL RIGHT, CANDLE GO OUT, LIGHT-UM /AGAIN, PLENTY QUICK!



IF THAT BLAST WAS SUPPOSED TO TRAP US HERE, IT CERTAINLY WORKED!

YOU MEAN EVERYONE WHO IS IN THE GOLD MINE WILL DIE THERE?

THAT'S RIGHT, MISS JEAN! THAT'S HOW I'LL GET SQUARE WITH ALL THEM THAT'VE TREATED ME LIKE DIRT!

WE'LL GET AIR THROUGH THESE OPENINGS, TONTO, BUT WE CAN'T MOVE THOSE ROCKS! WE'RE BURED ALIVE! TRAPPED HERE UNTIL WE STARVE!

DIVE, LISTEN TO ME. THAT MASKED MAN CARRIED AWAY THE PAPER THAT TOLD OF THE DEATH'S HEAD. NO ONE ELSE MUST KNOW THE GOLD COMES FROM THERE!

THE MASKED MAN GOT AWAY FROM US!

SO YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL WHERE THAT GOLD ORE COME FROM!

WE'LL FIND WAYS TUH MAKE YUH TALK!

I CAN'T! I WON'T!

# THE LONE RANGER

BY  
FRAN STRIKER



ALL RIGHT NOW, YOU YOUNG SQUAB, WHERE'D THAT GOLD ORE COME FROM?



PLEASE BELIEVE ME, I CAN'T TELL YUH!

SPEAK UP OR WE'LL GET ROUGH WITH YER SISTER!



IF I SEND THEM TO THE HERMIT, HE'LL SEND THEM TO THE DEATH'S HEAD MINE AN' THEY'LL BE CAUGHT IN THE DEATH TRAP. IF I TELL WHERE THE GOLD ORE'S FROM, THEY WON'T BELIEVE IT'S A DEATH TRAP. THEY'LL GO, ANYWAY!

DAVEY'S THOUGHTS RACE MADLY!!

I-I-D-DON'T KNOW WHAT TUH TELL YUH!



DAVEY! DON'T TELL ANYTHING! DON'T DO IT!

THESE MEN ARE HALF-CRAZED NOW WITH THEIR EAGERNESS TO GET AT THAT GOLD, BUT THEY'RE HUMAN BEINGS! YOU SAY ONE WORD AND THEY'LL ALL GO TO THE DEATH TRAP!



1-25

TAKE 'EM WITH US!



I WON'T TELL A THING, NO MATTER WHAT THEY DO!

GOOD FOR YOU, DAVEY! I'M PROUD OF YOU!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

HERE ARE SOME OLD MINING TOOLS, TONTO. I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYWAY WE COULD USE THOSE BROKEN DRILLS TO GET OUT OF THIS CAVE!



NAHRE! WE LOOK AT ROCK.

MEANWHILE ...

CHARLES' PUNCHES

WE GOT-UM IDEA! IF IT COLD TONIGHT, WE GET UM FREE!



WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

NEXT WEEK

SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE!



# THE LONE RANGER

By  
FRAN STRIKER



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TONTO! YOU SAID WE COULD GET OUT OF THIS CAVE, IF IT TURNED COLD TONIGHT.

ME SHOW-UM! YOU HELP TONTO!



MAKE ROW OF HOLES IN ROCK WHERE TONTO SHON!

IT'S LUCKY THAT THESE OLD MINING TOOLS WERE LEFT HERE.



PIT-UM WATER IN EVERY SECOND HOLE

GOOD THING THERE'S PLENTY OF WATER HERE



WATER IN SOME HOLES IN ROCK PUT 'EM POWDER IN OTHERS TONIGHT PLENTY COLD. MEBBE FREEZE, THEN WE GET UM OUT OF HERE.



6-GOLLY, J-JERN, I'M MOST FROZEN!

AN-ME, TOO, DAVEY, AN' IT'S GETTIN' COLDER EVERY MINUTE!

YOU TELL US WHERE THIS GOLD MINE IS AN' YOU CAN GO HOME WHERE IT'S NICE AN' WARM!



GET ALL GUNPOWDER FROM CARTRIDGE

I WANT TO SEE HOW YOU'RE GOING TO USE THIS POWDER TO GET US OUT



WE'LL NEVER TELL! IF YOU COULD ONLY REALIZE IT, WE'RE SAVING YOUR LIVES BY NOT TELLING YOU!

THAT'S TOO BAD, YOU'LL LIKELY FREEZE TUH DEATH, IF YUH DON'T TALK!

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CHARLES' READERS

NEXT WEEK: **ESCAPE!!**

# THE LONE RANGER

BY  
FRAN STRIKER



WATER IN HOLE ALL FROZEN—NOW WE LIGHT FUSE TO POWDER!

NOW I SEE THE SCHEME. YOU'VE COUNTED ON THE FREEZING WATER IN THOSE HOLES TO STRAIN THE ROCK. THE POWDER IN OTHER HOLES WILL SHATTER IT AND WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE.



THAT RIGHT. GET BACK NOW, TONTO! LIGHT-UM FUSE TO POWDER!



TONTO! THAT'S SILVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROCK. HE'LL BE HURT BY THE BLAST!



NOW YOU TWO CAN TELL WHERE THE GOLD MINE IS, OR BE LEFT, TIED, TO FREEZE!

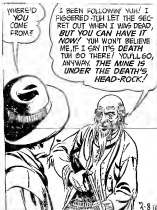
YOU MEN HAVE GONE MAD WITH DREAMS OF GOLD! WE CAN'T TELL WHERE THE MINE IS! WE DON'T KNOW!

BESIDES, IT'S DEATH TO ANYONE WHO GOES THERE!



THE OLD HERMIT!

IT'S ME ALL RIGHT! LET THEM TWO GO. I'LL TELL WHERE THE GOLD IS! TURN 'EM LOOSE!



WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

I BEEN FOLLOWIN' YUH! I FIGGERED-TUH LET THE SECRET OUT WHEN I WAS DEAD, BUT YOU CAN HAVE IT NOW! YUH WON'T BELIEVE ME, IF I SAY IT'S DEATH TUH GO THERE! YOU'LL GO, ANYWAY. THE MINE IS UNDER THE DEATH'S HEAD-ROCK!



I KNOW WHERE THAT IS!

GO ON! THEM THAT ENTER THE MINE WON'T COME OUT! BUT YUH WON'T BELIEVE THAT! GO TUH YER DEATH!



AN EXPLOSION!

IT'S NEAR DEATH'S HEAD ROCK!

IT'S MY DEATH TRAP! IT'S BEEN SET OFF!

BOOM!

NEXT WEEK: A HERMIT'S TALE...

# THE LONE RANGER

BY FRAN STRIKER



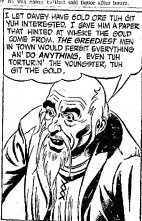
PLenty BIG BLAST!

AND SILVER WAS JUST OUTSIDE! TONTIO, IF HE IS KILLED ---!

BOOM!



THAT BLAST SHOULD O' SEALED YOU TOWNSMEN INSIDE MY GOLD MINE! SEALED YUH THERE TUH STARVE FER YER GREED. I PLANNED THE WHOLE THING TUH GIT EVEN FER THE WAY YUH TREATED ME ALL MY LIFE!



I LET DAVEY HAVE GOLD ORE TUH GIT YUH INTERESTED. I GAVE HIM A PAPER THAT HINTED AT WHERE THE GOLD COME FROM. THE GREEDIEST MEN IN TOWN WOULD FERBIT EVERYTHING AN' DO ANYTHING, EVEN TUH TORTURIN' THE YOUNGESTER, TUH GIT THE GOLD.



BUT THE LONE RANGER TOOK THE PAPER YOU GAVE DAVEY. IT'S THE LONE RANGER WHO MUSTVE SET OFF YOUR TRAP!

MY WHOLE SCHEME HAS FAILED!

2 15



WE'VE GOT TUH GET THERE AN' RESCUE HIM!



AS THEY RIDE TO RESCUE THE LONE RANGER, THE PARTY DOESNT KNOW THE BLAST THEY HEARD WAS THE SECOND ONE - THE ONE THAT OPENED THE ENTRANCE!



THEY'RE NOT SEALED IN THE TUNNEL!

THAT'S THE LONE RANGER ALL RIGHT!

LOOK! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEIR HORSES?

Little Annie Rooney

NEXT WEEK • • TEST OF MEN • •

# THE LONE RANGER

BY FRAN STRIKER



WE HEARD THE BUST!

YOU'RE NOT SEALED IN THE CAVE!

HOW'D YOU ESCAPE?

YOUR PLAN WORKED ALL RIGHT! WE WERE SEALED IN, BUT WE USED POWDER FROM CARTRIDGES AND TONTO'S SKILL TO ESCAPE.



I FOUND YOUR MESSAGE IN THE CAVE, TELLING WHY THE TRAP WAS SET TO BURY THE GREEDIEST TOWNSMEN ALIVE!

I FIGURED IT'D TAKE A LOT OF GREED AN' SCHEMIN' TUN GIT THE LOCATION OF THIS GOLD MINE.



THEN THERE REALLY IS GOLD IN THERE?

YES! BUT RIGHT NOW I'M CONCERNED ABOUT OUR HORSES. THEY WERE NEARBY WHEN THE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE.



THERE LIES SILVER/ THE GREATEST HORSE THAT EVER LIVED!

THEN YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

SURE, WE DO. YOU'RE THE LONE RANGER.



THERE'S UNCLAIMED GOLD IN THAT CAVE. I DON'T WANT IT NEITHER DOES THE HERMIT WHO FOUND IT. YOU MEN CAN CLAIM IT AND THE FIRST TO REACH THE COUNTY SEAT CAN FILE HIS CLAIM!



I NEED HELP, THOUGH WHO WILL HELP TO BURY TWO GOOD HORSES

I WILL!

THAT HOSS DE-SERVES IT! I'LL HELP!

I'M ASHAMED O' MYSELF FER SHOWIN' GREED. COUNT ME IN.



YOU SEE? YOU WERE WRONG. THESE MEN DON'T DESERVE WHAT YOU'D PLANNED FOR THEM. EVERY ONE OF THEM IS WILLING TO FORGET GOLD TO HONOR A WORTHY HORSE!

I'LL ADMIT I WAS WRONG ABOUT MEN-S-BUT TUN THINK YER HORSE - THE MIGHTY SILVER --- IS GONE!

NEXT WEEK THE HERMIT'S CHANGE.

# THE LONE RANGER

BY FRAN STRIKER



HERE'S THE DIGGIN' TOOLS FROM THE CAVE. WE'LL GET STARTED ON THE GRAVE FOR SILVER AN' SCOUT RIGHT AWAY.

HNT THERE ONE OF YOU WHO WILL RIDE TO THE COUNTY SEAT AND FILE A CLAIM ON THIS GOLD MINE?



LOOK HERE, I RECKON WE A' FEEL PRETTY MUCH AIGHAWED. WE DID LOSE OUR HEADS FOR A TIME, THINNKIN' O' THE GOLD, BUT NOW WE SEE THAT WE BEEN FOOLS!



AS FOR YOU, TUCKER, WE'RE SORRY WE TREATED YOU LIKE WE DID HERBE, IF WE'D SEEN DIFFERENT, YUH WOULDN'T O' LIVED ALONE IN BITTERNESS.

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME MY NAME'S BEEN USED IN MANY YEARS.



WELL, IT WON'T BE THE LAST! IT TOOK THE DYIN' OF THE GRANDEST HORSE IN THE WORLD TUN BRING US TO OUR SENSES!

BUT WAIT! I DIDN'T SAY SILVER WAS DEAD. I SAID HE WAS NEAR THE BLAST! I WANTED YOU MEN TO PROVE YOURSELVES!



UP SILVER!

GET UM UP, SCOUT!



I'M GON' TUN SHAVE AN' LIVE AGAIN NOW! I'LL HAVE FRIENDS!

FILE THE CLAIM TO YOUR GOLD AND SHARE IT. THERE'S ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE!

WE BEEN SHOWED WHERE WE WAS WRONG, LONE RANGER! WE'RE GON' TUN MAKE IT UP TO THE MAN THAT WAS THE HERMIT!



HIND SILVER, ANNY!



NEXT WEEK

AN ARMY TO DESTRUCTION

# THE LONE RANGER

BY  
FRAN STRIKER



THE POST-OFFICE THIEF STOPPED HERE LAST NIGHT, TONTO. WE MUST BE CLOSE TO HIM BY THIS TIME.



WE FOLLOW  
PLENTY  
LONG TRAIL.

THERE FELLER  
WE FOLLOW.



HE'S ABOUT TO  
LEAP OFF THAT  
LEDGE!

COME ON, SILVER!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ESCAPE TRIAL SO EASILY.



WHY YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BOY, YOU'RE NO HARDENED CRIMINAL!



YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE THE MAN WHO MURDERED A MAN AND ROBBED THE POST-OFFICE. ARE YOU DON MEAD?



I'M THE ONE THE LAW WANTS!

YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT ME TO GET ME!

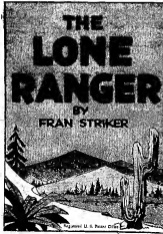
THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY ODD ABOUT YOUR CONFESSION! I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT!

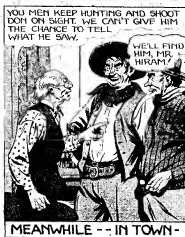
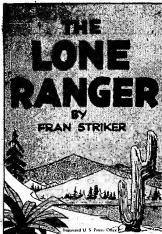


EITHER YOU SHOOT ME OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!

CHARLES FUNDERS

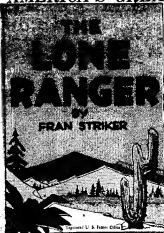
AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR COLGATE









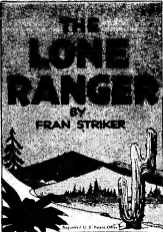


NEXT WEEK:  
"IN TOWN"

CHARLES EDWARDS

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# THE LONE RANGER

BY  
FRAN STRIKER

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

JUST HOW MUCH DID YOU TELL THIS MAN?

I TOLD HIM EVERYTHING, MR. HIRAM! WHAT A CROOK YOU REALLY ARE AND HOW YOU FRAMED ME FOR A CRIME SO I COULDN'T TELL WHAT I KNEW!

OH, YOU DID, EH? WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD FOR THIS HUNTER FRIEND OF YOURS.

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF ALL THREE OF 'EM, MR. HIRAM!

ONE MINUTE, HIRAM. UP UNTIL NOW THERE WAS NO PROOF OF WHAT DON SAID, BUT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE READY TO RAFFER US IS PROOF ENOUGH FOR ME!

AND WHO ARE YOU?

I'LL SHOW YOU IN JUST ONE MINUTE!



WITH DEFT MOTIONS, THE LONE RANGER REMOVES THE FALSE BEARD AND DONS HIS MASK.

THE LONE RANGER!

IT'S THE MASKED MAN!

CHARLES FENDLER'S

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NOW WE'VE GOT TO SHOOT! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



NEXT WEEK: "CROOKS' ROUND-UP"

# THE LONE RANGER

BY  
FRAN STRIKER



AS THE BOHEMERS SHOOT, TONTO  
LEAPS AT MISTER HIRAM. . . .



THIS IS ONE TIME YOUR BULLETS  
DON'T HURT.



YOU GUARDS WERE ALLOWED  
TO ESCAPE SO YOU'D HAVE  
ROPE ENOUGH TO HANG  
YOURSELVES. I TOOK THE  
BULLETS OUT OF YOUR  
CARTRIDGES BEFORE YOU  
REGAINED YOUR GUNS!

THAT'S  
WHY DON'  
ANY THE  
REDSKIN  
WEREN'T  
HURT! THEY  
WAS JUST  
SHAMMITY!



YOUR ACTIONS,  
HIRAM, ARE  
AS GOOD AS A  
CONFESSION.

IT'S YOUR  
WORD  
AGAINST  
MINE AM I'M  
A RESPECTED  
CITIZEN!



NOT ONLY MY WORD,  
HIRAM, THE WORD OF  
THE UNITED STATES  
MARSHAL, WHO  
HEARD ALL THAT  
WAS SAID.

AND WE'LL TAKE OVER  
NOW! THANKS TO THE  
LONE RANGER, WE'LL  
BE ABLE TO CLEAN  
UP THIS TOWN!



HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY!

STARTING NEXT WEEK:  
"THE DEATH'S HEAD"