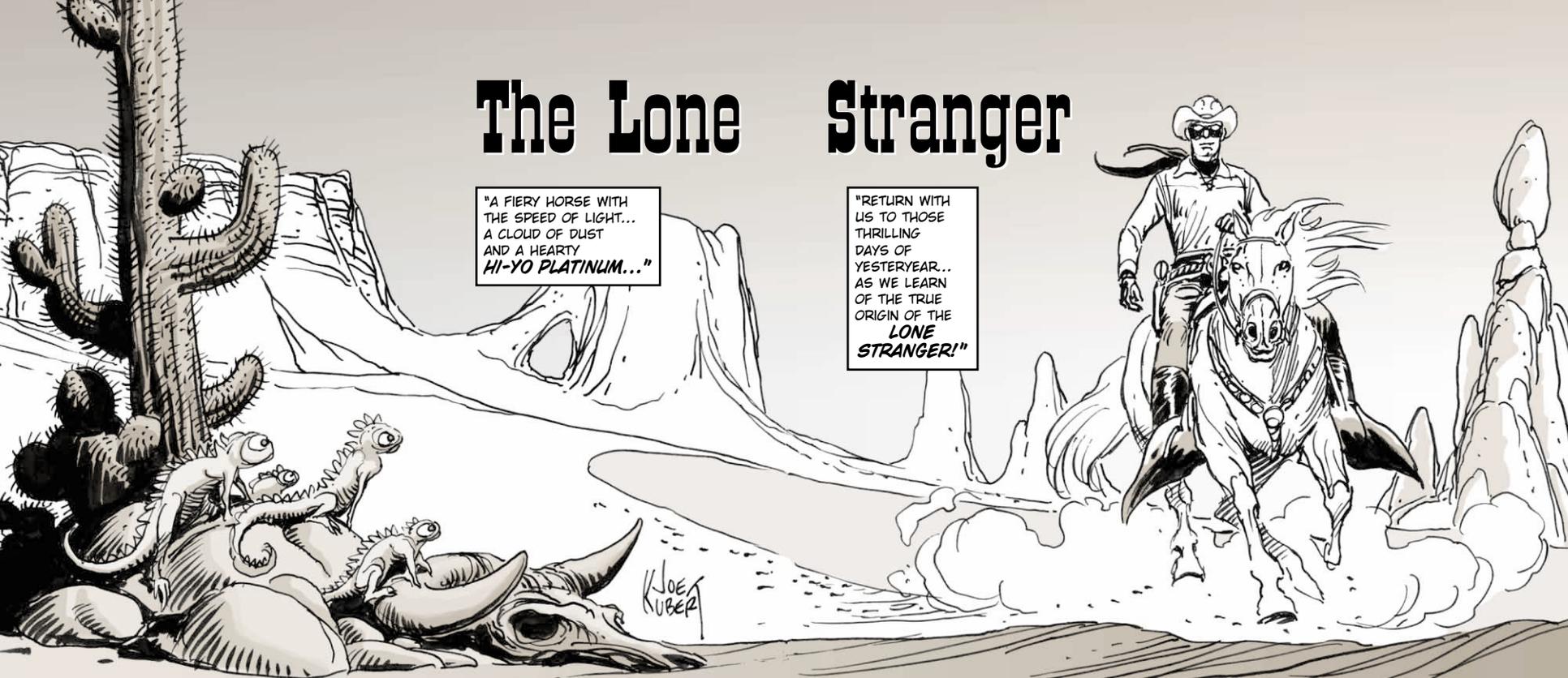


# The Lone Stranger

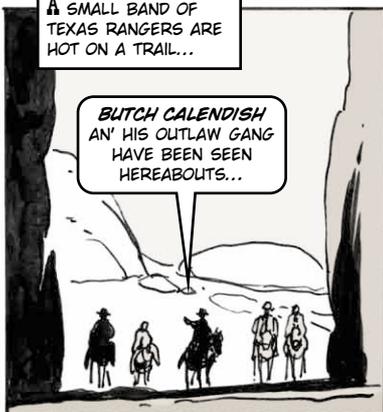
"A FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT... A CLOUD OF DUST AND A HEARTY HI-YO PLATINUM..."

"RETURN WITH US TO THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR... AS WE LEARN OF THE TRUE ORIGIN OF THE **LONE STRANGER!**"



A SMALL BAND OF TEXAS RANGERS ARE HOT ON A TRAIL...

**BUTCH CALENDISH** AN' HIS OUTLAW GANG HAVE BEEN SEEN HEREABOUTS...



YEAH. THEY BIN ON A **RAMPAGE!** KILLIN' AN ROBBIN'...

WE GOTTA **STOP 'EM!**



BUT, FIRST, WE GOTTA **FIND 'EM.**

KEEP YER EYES OPEN... THIS **BOX CANYON** COULD BE A **TRAP!**



THEY WALKED RIGHT INTO IT, **BUTCH!**

LET'S MAKE SURE THEY **AIN'T WALKIN' OUT!**





THINKING ZIP  
BWEEEOM  
VIP VIP VIP  
BWEEEEEE  
TZING



STOP SHOOTIN'!!  
HOLD YER FIRE!



THAT'S ONE BUNCH  
O' TEXAS RANGERS  
WHAT AIN'T GONNA BE  
BOTHERIN' US NO  
MORE!



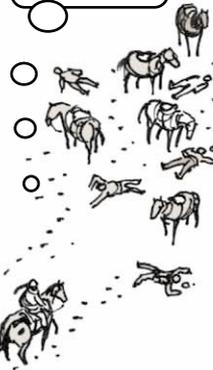
"ONLY THEIR HORSES  
ARE STILL STANDIN'...  
AN THEY AIN'T TALKIN'!"



SOMETIME LATER,  
AS THE SUN BEGINS  
TO SET...

SO THIS IS  
WHAT ALL THE  
SHOOTING  
WAS ABOUT.

THESE MEN  
ARE ALL DEAD!  
...SHOT FROM  
ABOVE!



WAIT!  
ONE IS  
STILL MOVING.  
HE'S NOT  
DEAD...  
YET.



W-WE... WERE  
AMBUSHED.  
THE OTHERS-?

ONLY YOU  
WERE LEFT  
ALIVE.



I'M JOHN  
REED.  
WH-WHO...  
ARE YOU?

I'M PRONTO. YOU  
ONLY HAVE A  
SHOULDER WOUND...  
YOU'LL BE O.K.

YOU ARE  
A LUCKY  
MAN, JOHN  
REED.

YOU DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
LUCKY!

IF MY  
STIRRIP  
HADN'T  
BROKEN AND  
CAUSED ME  
TO SLIP,  
THAT BULLET  
WOULD'VE  
KILLED ME.



THAT IS  
THE FIRST  
TIME *POOR*  
PREVENTIVE  
MAINTENANCE  
EVER *SAVED*  
A LIFE!

PREVENTIVE MAINTENANCE? WHAT'S THAT?

IT MEANS TAKING CARE OF YOUR EQUIPMENT.

TWO WEEKS LATER...

FIXING SMALL PROBLEMS BEFORE THEY BECOME BIG ONES. MY PEOPLE CALL IT PM.

WHO NEEDS PM? 'SOON AS THIS SHOULDER HEALS, LUCK AND DARING WILL HELP ME BRING CALENDISH TO JUSTICE!

I'M ALL HEALED, THANKS TO YOU, PRONTO. NOW I'M GOING AFTER BUTCH CALENDISH.

LET CALENDISH WAIT. PM MUST COME FIRST. YOUR EQUIPMENT IS IN BAD SHAPE.

SORRY, PRONTO. I HAVE TO STOP BUTCH BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN.

IF YOU WILL NOT HEED THE WISDOM OF PM, AT LEAST ACCEPT THIS GIFT.

SILVER BULLETS! EXCELLENT, PRONTO. THESE WILL BECOME A SYMBOL OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

NO. SILVER BULLETS WILL NOT RUST EASILY. THEY'RE MORE LIKELY TO FIRE THAN THE CORRODED BRASS BULLETS IN YOUR BELT.

ONE MORE THING...

A MASK! THIS WILL HIDE MY IDENTITY AND STRIKE FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF EVIL-DOERS.

MAYBE, BUT IT WILL ALSO SAVE EMBARRASSMENT WHEN YOUR EQUIPMENT FAILS... FROM A LACK OF PM.

BEING ALONE HAS MADE YOU A STRANGE MAN, RANGER.

ALONE... STRANGE... RANGER... THAT'S IT, PRONTO! FROM NOW ON I'LL BE KNOWN AS-

...THE LONE STRANGER!

HI-YO, PLATINUM! STEADY, BOY... STEADY.

LATER, AFTER A QUICK FIX...

OTHERS WILL KNOW YOU AS THE LONE STRANGER. TO ME, YOU ARE KEMO SABE.

KEMO SABE? THAT MUST BE A NATIVE TERM OF RESPECT AND ADMIRATION. THANK YOU, PRONTO.

ACTUALLY, KEMO SABE MEANS 'MAN WHO DOES NO PM'.

GOOD LUCK, KEMO SABE... YOU WILL NEED IT!

BEFORE LONG...

SORRY, PLATINUM... I SHOULD'VE CHECKED YOUR SHOES BEFORE WE LEFT.

OUCH! MY FEET ARE KILLING ME, TOO. THESE BOOTS WEREN'T MADE FOR WALKIN'!



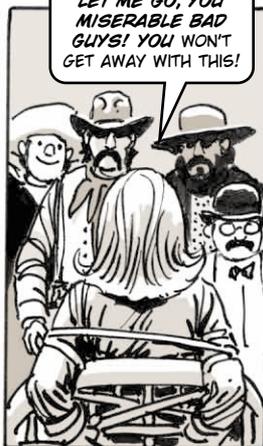
AS NIGHT FALLS...

THIS WALKING IS RUINING US BOTH. GOT TO REST...

WAIT! THAT LIGHTED CABIN... IT'S BUTCH CALENDISH'S HIDEOUT!



IT'S THEM ALRIGHT! AND THEY'RE HOLDING SOME POOR WOMAN CAPTIVE!



LET ME GO, YOU MISERABLE BAD GUYS! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!



NOW, NOW, MISSY... WE'LL SET YOU LOOSE JUST AS SOON'S YER PA PAYS YER RANSOM!

SHORE WE WILL.



REACH FOR THE STARS, VARMINTS! YOUR KILLING AND STEALING DAYS ARE OVER!



MINUTES LATER...

YOU'D BETTER LET US GO, BUTCH! THE LAW WILL DEAL HARSHLY WITH YOU IF—

HAR! HAR! HAR!



HAR! HAR! HAR! I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, STRANGER... OR WHY YORE ALONE.

BUT YORE IN DEEP TROUBLE.



IN FACT, I GOT MY DOUBTS IF EITHER ONE O' YOU IS GONNA EVER WALK OUTTA HERE.

YOU TELL 'EM, BUTCH. H'YUH!



THIS HERE'S CONSTANCE RODD, THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER. AND HE THINKS PAYIN' HER RANSOM'S GONNA GET HER HOME.



BUT I GOT OTHER PLANS, MASKED MAN.

YOU TELL 'EM, BUTCH. H'YUH!

SHADDUP!



WE'RE GOIN' TO PICK UP THE RANSOM MONEY NOW, SO YOU TWO JUST MAKE Y'RSELVES T'HOME.

BE SMART, BUTCH...



...LET THE GIRL GO. THE LAW WILL GO EASIER—



YOU MUST BE PLUMB LOCO, STRANGER! LET 'ER GO? NO WAY!



LET'S GO, BOYS.

WHAT ABOUT THEM TWO, BUTCH?



NO PROBLEM ->PUFF, PUFF-> THEY CAN KEEP EACH OTHER COMPANY... FER A WHILE.



IT GETS A MIGHT CHILLY AT NIGHT. SO... I'LL WARM 'EM UP A BIT.



THIS'LL KEEP THE CHILL OUT.



TINKLE TINKLE FROOSH



SADDLE UP, BOYS! WE'RE GONNA NEED A NEW HIDEOUT.



WH-WHY DIDN'T I LISTEN TO PRONTO? PM COULD HAVE PREVENTED THIS!

A BURNING BUILDING... A MASKED MAN... I'VE GOT TO GET A SOCIAL LIFE.

WILL LACK OF PM SPELL DOOM FOR OUR HERO AND THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER? TUNE IN NEXT MONTH TO THE JULY ISSUE OF PS AND FIND OUT IN THE THRILLING CONCLUSION TO... **THE LONE STRANGER!**