

His Typewriter Grew Spurs.....

A biography of
Fran Striker-- writer.



Documenting the
Lone Ranger's ride on the
radiowaves of the world.

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Fran Striker, Jr.

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ABOUT THE COVER

Fran Striker was an avid reader. Through the years he accumulated an extensive library. It was not limited to the American West as might be expected. Rather, it covered a wide range of subjects, as did Dad's interests.

The art work appearing on the front cover was drawn especially for Dad-- to be used as a bookplate in the volumes of his library.

DEDICATION

To me, it is a testimony to the people of this land that fictional characterizations built upon high principle and moral value were so graciously acknowledged-- and have so long endured.

To those who appreciated-- and grew to possess the very fiber that provided the foundation of their heroes from childhood-- this book is dedicated.

This book is my expression of appreciation for the many lessons that Dad taught by example.

It is my hope that those who could not benefit from knowing Dad, may benefit from knowing of him.

And this book is dedicated to the dreamers of this land--

Those who dream-- dare to try.

Those who try-- do.

Those who do-- live.

Those who live-- will be forever.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

PHOTOGRAPHIC CREDITS

Unless noted below, all of the pictures contained herein are from the personal collection of Fran Striker.

Life Magazine, December 27, 1937.
Pg. 38.

Radio Guide, March 1, 1938
Pgs. 55, 58.

Broadcast Advertising, June 1, 1937.
Pg. 74.

Herman Kohnken.
pg. 95.

The Buffalo Evening News.
Pg. 97.

Look Magazine, June 21, 1949.
Pg. 100.

The Saturday Evening Post, October 14, 1939
Pg. 138.

Liberty Magazine, March 1944
Pg. 140.

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1 - TO BEGIN WITH.....

....I've been considering writing this for a number of years now, but like so many people, I tend to procrastinate on occasion. Some recent events, however, have provided the necessary impetus to cause me to stop considering, and start accomplishing.

The first such event is my growing cognizance of the large number of people who are dedicated fans of The Lone Ranger-- individuals who grew up with the Ranger in the 1930's, 40's and 50's-- who grew up with, "...thundering hoofbeats of the great horse Silver....," radiating from their radios. These are not necessarily fans of the character as exploited today. Rather, they are fans of the masked champion as so aptly portrayed by Earl Graser, Brace Beemer and Clayton Moore; fans of the Lone Ranger who always represented those principles of conduct that parents hoped their children would grow to assimilate.

Many of these fans have become serious and dedicated memorabilia collectors and buffs of the "Golden Age" of radio. Loyalty to their childhood hero has not waned with the passing years, rather it has intensified in adulthood.

I've been privileged to meet, talk with, and come to know a number of these people. It strikes me that most of them possess many of the good traits demonstrated to them, as a child, by the characterization of the Lone Ranger. While I am hesitant to attribute the acquisition of these traits to their radio hero from adolescence, preferring rather to think it is resultant of a good home life and loving parents, I still can't help but wonder about the fictional characters that flood the airwaves today. What images do they provide for our children to emulate?

So, to all of you fans who faithfully "tuned-in" each week and now eagerly search out all the bits and pieces you can find relating to the Ranger, a heartfelt thanks for your loyalty and dedication to my Dad's legends. This work is for you! I hope it will answer some of the questions you so often ask. I know it will clarify some of the contradictions that have existed. You'll find a good deal of information never before made public about the origin of the Lone Ranger character. I admire your tenacious quest. I sincerely hope you'll discover some worthwhile fragments of knowledge to add to your collections.

The other event which urges me to complete this writing is the rapidly approaching maturity of my own three children.

You see, I am extremely proud of my Dad, which is only as it should be. The integrity and principles that he gave to his fictional characters were an extension of his own beliefs. To me, his life was proof that hard work and fair play will yield benefits beyond expectation.

Due in part to his humble nature, my father never received the full credit that was due for his role in the creation of the Lone Ranger. He used to tell the family that, "people in the industry, (the radio and television industry) knew the truth of his

involvement." While I personally know that this was the case, today few of those people remain active in the industry. I cannot let my tenure pass without properly documenting my father's role in the creation of legends that have meant so much to so many.

Since Dad's death, in 1962, a number of people, would-be authors, have contacted the family seeking information about his life and the creation of the Lone Ranger. Initially, copies of early correspondence and personal recollections were provided to these individuals. But alas, no publications came forth. The family grew tired of answering questions and sending copies of old documents. This turned out to be unfortunate, for eventually David Rothel completed his book, Who Was That Masked Man? Because of our reticence, Rothel's otherwise excellent documentation of the Lone Ranger contains some errors about his genesis and leaves some questions unanswered.

A more recent publication, WIXIE Wonderland, by R. E. (Dick) Osgood, is much more accurate in depicting the inception of the Lone Ranger radio series. As a successful radio personality in his own right, as well as my Dad's friend and co-worker, Dick was there. He writes with first-hand knowledge. I would recommend his book most highly for the genuine buff of early radio.

Naturally, I've explained to my children what the Grandfather they never met did with his life. I've explained, and shown them why he never received much public acknowledgement for his accomplishments. While my Dad would say he was treated with legal fairness, I always felt that, to a degree, he was morally exploited. My children say it much more directly, claiming that, "Grandpa was ripped-off."

But what of the generations of Strikers yet to come? Logically, some of the details will be overlooked as the family tree matures into the future.

Certainly many of the documents that exist in the Striker archives today, will become lost, destroyed, or just decay with age. As the proud possessor of my father's name, I am compelled by a sense of love, respect and duty to write of his life.

So, to my children-- Dawn, Don, Fran III, and to their cousins-- Jennifer, Rob and Christopher, and to the generations that will surely follow them, this is for you. I hope this chronicle will answer those questions which tomorrow's children must ask when learning of their ancestry and heritage.

In recounting the historical facts and explaining situations, much of what I have to say will differ from the facts as presented heretofore in articles, books and stories that have dealt with the beginning of the Lone Ranger series. Lest the reader view my offering as simply the vague remembrances of a man who loved his father, let me assure you that I've taken every precaution against emotions altering the true facts. Fortunately, Dad was a "saver." He kept every letter, every script, every scrap of paper on which he jotted notes. What I shall report herein can be legitimately verified through all of these old documents.

That said-- "Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear."

2 - RETURN WITH US NOW....

....not to the Western plains of the nineteenth century, but to the beginning of the twentieth century, in Buffalo, New York.

Dad was born in Buffalo on August 19, 1903. Many years later, his business would take him to the State of Michigan, but he always considered his home to be the beautiful rolling hills of his childhood, in and around the Buffalo area.



1907 -- Fran Striker, Age 4

He was the first of two children. A sister, Pauline, died in 1937. Prior to her premature death she assembled scrapbooks about Dad, with photos, news clippings and her own commentary. Dad's Aunt Bessie also kept detailed scrapbooks of his life.

These scrapbooks have proved invaluable to me in my quest for information. In reading through them it

becomes very clear that Pauline dearly loved her big brother. There was no sibling rivalry in that family. She frequently wrote of trips to the park or the zoo with her older brother. One of her anno-

tations about Dad reads, "I never had any unhappy or mean experience with him as so many brothers and sisters do. (He was) Always thrilled with any joy or accomplishment I had."

Even as a child he demonstrated a keen interest in the creative arts and sciences. When just two years old he affixed a paper funnel to a bar of soap. It was his rendition of a Gramaphone. A few months later he improved the design by using a block of wood and a tin can. (much more durable, I'm sure). One must wonder if his early fascination with the Victrola (entertainment from a loudspeaker) could have triggered a subconscious interest that would ultimately lead him into his career.

His creative nature was further demonstrated, when just eleven years old. He made an airplane swing from some scraps of boards, ropes and pulleys. He could sit in the fuselage and, through the rope and pully arrangement, raise or lower his plane as he 'flew' to and fro.

Dad's writing was first published just a year later, when he was twelve. It was a short but tender article about squirrels; published in a Buffalo newspaper. If a standard for becoming a professional writer is to be paid for your work, then he became a professional that same year. His first fictional work, Princess Beautiful's Kindness, was also published in the paper. Similar to his later fiction, this story had a moral to it, "Do unto others as you would have them...." He was paid one dollar for this article, which really wasn't bad considering that ice cream cones cost just pennies and hot dogs but a nickel.

In his teenage years, he became quite a joiner, as evidenced by the membership cards pasted into the scrapbooks. He must have joined just about everything a boy could join; youth clubs, church clubs, school organizations, science clubs, etc. He was active in Red Cross work and won awards for

his effort in support of the War Fund and Liberty Loan programs of World War I.

At Lafayette High School he added track and music to his list of interests. He lettered in, and managed, the track team and became a saxophone player in the school band.

As a teenager, his home was littered with his paraphernalia; a chemistry lab, his photographic

equipment. Experiments and projects literally filled the house. These two interests would follow him into manhood. He became an accomplished still and cine photographer. Each year he made huge and colorful fireworks displays to celebrate the 4th of July. In 1918, when just seventeen years old, he was building and selling television sets. The Buffalo Science Museum asked for, and was given, one at the time.



1922 -- Graduation from
Lafayette High School

as his chosen field of study, after high school he entered the University of Buffalo-- majoring in Chemistry.

At the University he became fully involved in all aspects of college life; there were fraternities, sports, the theater group. He was quickly identified as an organizer, an innovator and a doer.

His first exposure to broadcasting came while in college. As a saxaphonist, he played in a couple of different musical groups; The Domino Six and the Christy Minstrels. These groups played, on occasion, over Buffalo radio station WGR.

Dad's interest in theatics grew and the dedication to the study of chemistry waned, as he continued at the University. After a few years, in 1925, he quit college. Perhaps he came to the realization that his heart was not really with his chosen field of study. Perhaps he had devoted too much time to extra-curricular activities and not enough time to academic studies. He may even have broken a few 'rules.' I remember him telling how upset the University was when learning that he'd joined more than one fraternity. In defense of his action, he would simply say, "But there were a lot of nice guys in many different frats."

Whatever the reason, he decided to enter the business world. He went to work, literally in the basement, at Woolworth's. His intention was to work his way up (no pun intended). However, such was not to be the case. After a number of basement-caused sore throats he took a new job, with the Pillsbury Company. He became quite active in Pillsbury's Booster Club and wrote a company newspaper, but still, it wasn't what he wanted to do with his life.

His next career move must have been a bit radical for the time; he packed his bag and left for New York City and a job with the Harry Miller Production Company. Miller and Company produced stage shows; Dad was once again into theatics.

1928 found him back in his Buffalo home town, with some valuable experience... and lots of ideas fresh from the 'Big Apple.' It was his intent at that point to develop his career as a stage play producer and director by building his name and credibility in the Buffalo area.

Activating his old social circles quickly led him to more work than he could handle, directing and helping to produce a number of amateur and semi-professional shows. I'm sure that he loved the excitement and challenge of the stage. He would have

treasured the deep camaraderie that develops when a small group works toward, and achieves, a common goal. There was just one problem. The work that he was doing offered little financial reward, certainly not enough for a young man who was falling in love and contemplating marriage.

As a panacea, Dad took a regular job at radio station WEBR. With this augmentation to his stage work, he could now go forward with his life; childhood must become history, a rich adolescence must be put into the past. The carefree life and dreams of early adulthood must be secured into their special place-- to be treasured always, but never allowed a dominant role.

But the dreams prevailed.....

3. - BUT THE DREAMS PREVAILED...

...and his new job at Buffalo radio station WEBR would soon provide an arena for those dreams.

The year was 1928. Radio was a new industry--the glamour industry of the era-- racing forward on the leading edge of technology. It was a challenge just to fill the available "air time." People working in broadcasting frequently wore many different hats. The participants were not pigeon-holed by strict job definitions and classifications. Long hours and creative innovation were common as new frontiers for radio were discovered, explored and developed. The papers identified Dad in many different capacities; announcer, musician, studio manager, writer, program director, actor, dramatic director, etc.

In just a short time, he acquired significant public recognition in the Western New York State area. It was inevitable that he would be invited to speak to various clubs and organizations. He honored as many of these requests as he could and "enthralled" audiences by revealing many, behind-the-scenes aspects of broadcasting. Dad would explain the high costs by pointing out, "Microphones cost \$145.00 and last just about three weeks." Continuing, he'd relate how some programs cost as much as a thousand dollars to produce and broadcast.

Dad would always try to give people some insight into the future, "Police are now starting to use radio in many cities. Soon all police cars will be equipped with two-way radios, allowing instant communication with headquarters."

Much of the broadcasting during that era was done "live" from dance halls, hotel ballrooms and nightclubs. As a teenager (18) I went to a night-club in suburban Buffalo to see one of the popular singers of the 1950's. The next day, while relating the experience to Dad, he mentioned that he used to know the owner of the club. It seems that during his earlier days as a broadcaster/announcer this gentleman owned another club from which Dad would announce a "live pick-up" on Saturday nights.

Dad explained that after finishing the program from the club, he and an engineer had to rush to do a late nite pick-up from the Salvation Army. When the owner of the night club learned of this, it became his avowed mission to send Dad to the Salvation Army totally... and completely... knee-walking drunk!

Naturally, I pressed for more details regarding the club owner's success, or failure, with his obsession. The reply was a bit evasive, but told me what I wanted to know.

"Well," he started, "there was one Saturday night when I wasn't feeling very good... must have had a cold, or touch of the flu. Glenn (the owner of the club), as had become his usual practice, sent a steady supply of drinks over to me at the microphone. It was my usual practice to dispose of most of the free drinks into the men's room sink, or out a convenient window. I even gave some of them away when Glenn wasn't looking. I don't think he knew what I was doing, because as the weeks passed the free drinks kept getting stronger and seemed to arrive more frequently."

"Anyhow, this one night... the night that I was

sick to begin with, the few drinks that I did consume really hit me hard. After finishing at the club, the engineer and I went over to the Salvation Army, set up the equipment and started the broadcast. The next thing that I knew, I awakened in the morning with my head on the table and my arms locked around the microphone. I wasn't drunk you understand, I guess the whiskey just reacted with some medicine that I was taking."

Perhaps I should point out here that although Dad was impeccably honest, as a teenager I felt it possible that the story, to this point, may have been shaded just a bit. As an adult however, it all seems entirely plausible-- just as I might explain a similar situation to my children.

Dad's recollection of the event continued, "When I awakened I was quite worried. I remembered starting the broadcast, but couldn't recall anything that I had said over the air and had no idea of when I'd fallen asleep... during the show... after signing off... or whatever. My hope lay in the engineer that was with me. Perhaps he'd taken over and everything was all right."

Dad found the engineer sound asleep in the kitchen. Shaking him to consciousness, he quickly asked about the previous night's broadcast. "Hell Fran," the engineer started, "I was awful drunk last night, you were out there a-talkin' away while I was still tryin' to get the mike cable connected and switched on. I passed out before getting you on the air."

It must have been with great apprehension that Dad and the engineer returned the equipment to the station. It must have been a great relief to learn that the station's executives just assumed that there were some sort of technical difficulties with the hook-up from the Salvation Army. Literally, of course, the executives were correct. I doubt that Dad bothered to fill them in on the details of the "difficulties."

As his success continued, Dad's love for Janet Gisel deepened. They had been acquaintances since childhood, but didn't really come to know each other until adulthood. Mother recalled it something like this a few years ago, "As young children we knew, but didn't particularly like, each other. Your Father was a bit too crude for my liking and I'm sure he thought that I was aloof or snobbish."

Obviously their childish opinions of each other changed with maturity. On April 27, 1929, Dad and Mom were married. It proved to be a good and lifelong marriage, producing four happy children; Bob, Don, myself and finally, the long awaited daughter, Janet.

I cannot remember any fighting or haggling between Mom and Dad. Certainly there were a few, occasional disagreements, but my treasured retrovision can only recall that those situations were always arbitrated with dignity and respect for each other's feelings. On matters that dealt with child rearing, there was always consistency and unanimity of opinion between Mom and Dad. The lessons of respect, love, consideration, and self-pride were never lectured to us as children. Rather, they were taught to us by example.

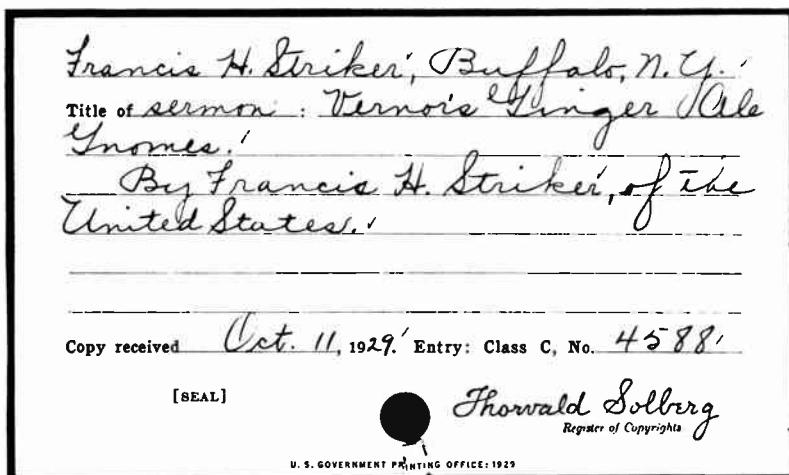


1929 -- Janet M. Gisel to become Mrs. Fran Striker

Just a short time after his marriage, in 1929, Dad was offered a promising position in Cleveland, as Program Director for station WTAM. It was, he felt, a job that would offer more latitude by allowing increased flexibility in expressing and developing his creative talents.

It was during this period that Dad started writing dramatic continuities for broadcast. Some of the earliest were adaptations of Dickens' and Mark Twain's Classics, and recreations of memorable moments in the history of our country.

It is interesting to note that one of these early works, Vernor's Ginger Ale Gnomes, was identified as a sermon on the copyright registration that Dad received from Washington. I don't know if it was a mistake, or if perhaps the Copyright Office wasn't yet sure how to classify radio dramas. I am sure, however, that it was not a sermon, Dad wasn't one to preach to others.



1929 -- Registration Certificate from The Library of Congress

His subsequent works were properly classified by the folks in Washington as "Dramas."

1930 saw Dad returning, once more, to Buffalo and still another job. He was returning to WEBR where he started. The new position was that of Studio Manager. More and more of his time and effort was devoted to writing radio drama. He also directed most of the programs he wrote, as they were broadcast.

All in all, I've identified forty-one separate radio dramatic series that Dad created and wrote. Most

of these predate his famous Lone Ranger. I've listed them in Addendum "A" to this book. Many of the scripts still exist and still provide interesting reading. Many, I believe, are appropriate for rebroadcast even today... more than fifty years after they were written.

Complete study and research could consume a life-time, and I've certainly not finished, but let me share a few interesting discoveries with you.



1930 -- Fran Striker (right) and fellow announcers from WEBR.

Dad frequently wrote of situations and circumstances that did not exist in the 1930's, but which have since become commonplace.

Perhaps the earliest example was a series he wrote in 1929, Betty and Jack. It revolved around a newspaper editor and a cub reporter. In the dramas they would discuss some of the unusual events that

contributed to the day's news stories. Betty was the editor and Jack was the cub reporter. In the late 1920's that was an uncommon situation, although today, deserving women are recognized and accepted in management and executive roles.

Another example-- the series Adventures in the Air, from 1930. Typical plots dealt with breaking flight endurance records, solving a transport plane kidnapping (today we call it skyjacking), and so forth. To quote from a newspaper preview at the time:

"In the conception of this script, radio, far advanced from its present limitation, aircraft in multiple thousands and explosives of enormous power employed in gigantic battle have been taken as the nuclei around which the fanciful but thrilling tale has been woven."

It sounds descriptive of the later days of World War II, doesn't it? Yet that cataclysm was still a decade into the future.

I should make a statement about the news clippings at this point. Although Dad, his sister and his aunt were very faithful in saving and preserving the numerous news articles that now so aptly document Dad's career for me, they all made one basic error. They seldom saved the dateline or identified the source of the article. This has made it a real jigsaw puzzle to put all of the events in their proper order. To continue on--

On June 2, I believe of the year 1930, there was a fire at the WEBR radio station. It occurred at about 10:00 p.m. during a live broadcast. Once again, the newspapers reveal a bit of Dad's character and personality. The piece was titled "SEES STORY IN SMOKE."

"The fire that swept the experimental room and offices of station WEBR last Tuesday eveningfurnished plenty of evidence that radio worthily lives up to the slogan that it adopted from the troupes of the stage-- the show must go on.

"This particular emergency proved more-- for one thing that Fran Striker is eminently deserving of his title of studio director. It was largely through his coolness, in spite of the need for haste, that the dramatic group performing before the microphone and the supporting orchestra, as well as several women visiting the studios when the alarm was given, left the building without evidence of fright. And it was through his quick grasp of the situation that broadcasting was smoothly shifted to the transmitter station without loss of contact with the WEBR listeners.

"Then-- with all done that he could do as studio director, and as last of the studio staff to descend the stairs to Main Street, Fran reverted to his personality as an author of drama for microphone purposes. As he joined a group of his associates in the street his first remark was characteristic-- "Gosh, what a background for next week's Behind The Headlines."

Behind The Headlines was a series that grew out of the earlier Betty and Jack program, using a similar scenario of dramatizing fictitious events that could be identified with real news stories. The concept was good; however, the press objected on occasion. It seems that many of the fans

failed to separate the fictitious radio broadcast from the real story as they had read it in the papers. This was in spite of announcements that were made during the broadcast explaining the radio program was fiction.

A later news article shows that Dad did, in fact, capitalize on the idea that was born out of the fire.

"The WEBR studios at 735 Main Street are again beginning to take on a normal appearance.....

"Special broadcasts will be featured for the formal reopening of the station.....

"Among the broadcast features will be a Behind The Headlines drama which will be especially dedicated to the members of the Buffalo fire department in acknowledgement of their efficient work in keeping the recent fire from doing greater damage. It is planned to produce part of this drama from the Washington Street fire station with members of the department taking part."

During this period Dad was writing a wide variety of stories. I've already discussed a few, but there were many others with varying scenarios:

SIT-COMS-- One of which, Hank and Honey, drew considerable comment from people wondering if the stars were really married, "The fights and arguments sound so real to be just actors."

WESTERN ADVENTURES-- These were to become the basis for the Lone Ranger a few years later.

MYSTERIES AND SCIENCE FICTION-- These apparently had quite a following, if the next news article has any credibility. This one was titled "Spies Aver Striker's Food Ideas Weird As His Serials." The article concluded with,

"Two of the alleged investigators dropped into the booth next to where Striker and his wife were sitting in a downtown restaurant. Waiting for something to develop, the aforementioned investigators got the surprise of their lives when they heard the young radio dramatist call the waiter and tell him to bring some catsup for these doughnuts.

"If any radio fan needs further evidence as to how Striker gets his ideas they may visit their favorite lunchrooms and eat doughnuts and catsup. The only other requirement is a good memory for nightmares."

That particular article was referring to a series titled Ultra Violet. It was science fiction and conceived while Dad was on vacation. The inspiration came from the mysterious, and never completed, Boldt Island Castle that dominates the St. Lawrence River in the middle of Thousand Islands, New York. Years later, these Ultra Violet scripts were selected as a textbook example of script writing in S.P. Lawton's book Radio Speech.

As Dad continued at WEBR, it happened that one day he received a script in the mail from a Phillips Lord. He offered the script for broadcast by WEBR for payment of a nominal royalty fee. I don't know if Lord's script was ever bought, but Dad sure bought the concept... the idea of sending original scripts around the country to many different stations, charging a fee to those who used them. As a moonlight business, he started his own one-man syndicate. "Fran Striker Continuities, A Broadcast Ideastudio and Radio Wordshop." It wasn't big money or an overnight success, but the two- to six-dollar fee that he charged did manage to cover his costs at first, and it was getting his work and talent known around the country.

Shown below is a coversheet used by Dad and his one-man radio script syndicate. This particular one is from Ultra Violet, in 1930.

RADIO SCRIPT

SERIES ULTRA-VIOLET
RELEASE OF EPISODE I
TIME 30 minutes,
FOR K G O

BROADCAST IDEASTUDIO

"A RADIO WORD SHOP"

FRAN STRIKER
CONTINUITIES

26 GRANGER PLACE
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

PERSONALITIES:

Grace Haskell.....Straight ingenue lead.
Jack Oakley.....Male lead. Young man of 20.
Hank Murphy.....Man of about 25
George Haskell.....Elderly man. Slow tired voice.
Nina Kelsey.....Middle aged cultured woman.
Eben Holt.....Middle aged business man. Dignity.
Bog.....Heavy character part. Few lines
but must be taken carefully.

SOUND PLOT:

- (a) Motor boat noise & sound of water.
- (b) Stop motor, Start high pitched hum, a rather weird sound thatewill be used frequently thru series
- (c) Stop noise.
- (d) Start motor.
- (e) Start ray.
- (f) Distant sound of ray.
- (g) Continue sounds...Keep coming closer.
- (h) Stop noise.
- (i) Door closes.
- (j) Bell rings.
- (k) Start ray noise very soft.
- (l) Noise louder.

MUSIC PLOT:

1. Theme. Mysterious.
2. Fade in musical interlude.
3. Fade in musical interlude.
4. Bring up Theme song.

THIS SCRIPT IS RELEASED FOR RADIO BROADCAST ONLY. ITS USE FOR SHORT STORY, TELEVISION OR MOTION PICTURE IS RESTRICTED.

Copyright 1930 ... FRAN STRIKER

1930 -- A coversheet from Fran Striker Continuities.

I find it interesting that the statement which he put on the bottom of the cover sheets would indicate that even in those early days he was thinking of television as a viable entertainment medium. That statement reads, "THIS STORY IS RELEASED FOR RADIO BROADCAST ONLY. ITS USE FOR SHORT STORY, TELEVISION OR MOTION PICTURE IS RESTRICTED."

Dad was still announcing on occasion. Not many live pick-ups, but rather, special events. The letter, quoted below, was sent to WEBR. It now proudly resides in Dad's scrapbook.

Gentlemen:

I wish to congratulate the announcer of your station who described the recent "fight" between Jack Sharkey and Phil Scott.

His description was so lucid and interesting that it surprised me to learn that he was not at the ring side, but merely reading the telegraphic report.

It is a pleasure to listen to an announcer who knows his "stuff".

And he was directing programs too. Earlier I mentioned creative innovation as being necessary. As the director of a series that he had written, an epic of oriental thrills and mystery called Dr. Dragonette, he was advised that the lady who played the female lead (Zelda) on the weekly program would have to miss a broadcast. No one else could readily match her voice. Dad took the actress to one of the local recording shops and had her delivery of the required dialogue recorded. During actual broadcast of the drama, the reproduction was cued in whenever necessary. The lady's out-of-town obligation was kept and the radio audience was not even aware of her absence. It's common today, but not in 1930.

As his string of regular customers grew, Dad had to make a tough decision, either give up his own business in favor of his position at WEBR, or give up the job at the station, and the regular paycheck that went with it, and devote full time to his writing.

He chose the latter, and became his own boss.

People have frequently asked, "Where did he get so many ideas?" He really didn't have a crystal ball, it's just that everything he did... everything he saw... he considered for story potential. He was always jotting down ideas on bits of paper and his typewriter was never far away. Old family scrapbooks, for example, show Dad on vacation with his wife and young child in 1932. They had rented a cottage near Saranac Lake, New York. A rather unusual vacation snapshot showing a typewriter on the front porch is explained this way by Dad's caption, "The Remington Sixteen went with us. It was set up on a table on the cabin porch. Here I managed to do a couple of scripts and mailed them from Saranac Lake." The Remington Sixteen, by the way, was not a shotgun... it was his typewriter.

Even the characters in his stories were often borrowed from real life. He frequently characterized his friends. There was "Knothole" Peters-- a lumberman in a Ranger novel who was patterned after a Glen Peters, who in real-life owned a lumber company. There was "Deadline" Doris-- newsman, after the real-life publisher, Paul Doris; and "Doc" Holcomb-- after the real Dr. L. Holcomb. Of course who can forget "Rustler" Pete.....uh... perhaps I'd better stop identifying real people at this point.

There is another interesting entry in the scrapbook of Dad's vacation in 1932. It reads, "While on vacation, I wrote a few stories for WXYZ in Detroit, namely Warner Lester and Thrills Of The Secret Service." It's a notable quote because years later, in recalling the origin of the Lone Ranger, some of the principals claimed that Dad was not involved with WXYZ until long after the Ranger went on the

air. These scrapbook annotations, however, certainly seem to identify him as a supplier of dramatic scripts to the station long before the Ranger's premiere broadcast in 1933.

Through the balance of the summer and fall of 1932, some ninety-plus radio stations across the country had started to broadcast Dad's scripts. He worked from an office in his Buffalo home, and a second office in his Mother's nearby home. I've read reports that the two offices were an attempt to keep the neighbors happy. He usually worked late into the night. Alternating offices gave the neighbors some relief from the unrelenting chatter of his typewriter. I can't confirm or deny this justification, although it does sound like something that he would tell an inquisitive reporter. But he would say it with an almost indiscernible grin, a bright twinkle in his eye, and with tongue firmly in cheek.

As the country prepared for the winter holiday season, Dad pressed to satisfy a request from one of his regular customers. The letter he received read:

".....will you please write up three or four wild west thrillers..... including all the hokum of the masked rider, rustler, killer Pete, heroine on the train tracks, fight on the top of box cars, Indian badman, two gun bank robber, etc."

That letter was from the dramatic director at Detroit's radio station WXYZ. The date: December 28, 1932.....

4 - DECEMBER 28, 1932.....

...found Dad already supplying six, half-hour scripts a week to the Detroit station, and now they wanted a western. No problem! He had copies of over three thousand scripts in inventory by this time. Included was a series called Covered Wagon Days, which he created in 1930. It was inspired by President Hoover's proclamation, "The Congress, by unanimous vote, has authorized the commemoration of the heroism of the fathers and mothers who traversed the Oregon Trail to the Far West." (See, I told you that Dad found ideas everywhere.) It would be a simple matter to rewrite some of those stories into the style that WXYZ wanted.

That December 28th letter inferred that the folks at WXYZ had given some serious thought to the type of western they wanted. They asked for a central figure, sustained throughout the series. They suggested a lone (as in singular I think) ranger type of individual.

Dad selected script number ten from the Covered Wagon Days series and reworked it to include a mysterious masked hero-- The Lone Ranger. (The revised script is included as addendum B to this book.) It was sent to WXYZ on January 6, 1933 and the cover letter from Dad advised, "I plan to establish him (the Ranger) as the one that is hunted by the law, yet loved by the oppressed." Going on, the letter expressed Dad's enthusiasm for the planned program and suggested the possibility of a Lone Ranger Boys Club, wherein kids would write in for

membership. That suggestion was taken seriously a few years later, in 1935, with the introduction of the Lone Ranger Safety Club.

More letters were exchanged about the new series-- more scripts were submitted, changes were made, and finally on January 21, 1933, a letter from WXYZ advised Dad that the new show would start the following Monday (January 30, 1933). The letter made a few suggestions before concluding,

"I hope the above suggestions won't cramp your style. I realize they have changed the character you have created... but only in a minor way..."

"We'll keep you posted on the listeners' interest created by the new series so you can use same for publicity."

To me, that letter of January 21st is most interesting and valuable for a couple of reasons. It is a signed acknowledgement that prior to the first broadcast of the Lone Ranger, the station in Detroit was well aware of it being my Dad's creation. ("...changed the character you have created...") Further, they were aware that he owned it and would be trying to sell it to other stations, as he did with all his scripts. ("...so you can use same for publicity.")

Throughout the decades since 1933, January 30th has been identified as the actual date of that first Lone Ranger broadcast. A few years ago an acquaintance of mine was doing some research in the microfilm records of the Detroit newspapers. He commented that the radio listings for January 30, 1933 made no mention of the Ranger. In my digging through the old files I believe I've found an explanation. It seems that the program did not air as planned on the 30th. Subsequent to the letter of the 21st, quoted above, was another letter to Dad from WXYZ. On January 26th, it advised, "...the Lone Ranger will air on Tuesday instead of Monday."

"Hi YO, Silver!"

**The Cry of the Lone Ranger
Raises the Curtain on
Network Sketch**



1933 -- The first photograph of The Lone Ranger (B. Beemer).

That would make the date of the first broadcast January 31st, 1933. A news release also claims it was to be broadcast, initially, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. A minor but interesting point. Rest assured, sometime during that last week of January, the Ranger started his long ride on the nation's airwaves from Detroit. Dad received a payment of \$4.00 for each half-hour script that WXYZ used. He also sold the Ranger to WEBR in Buffalo for the same price, and to KOIL in Omaha for \$5.00 an episode.

As every true buff knows, George Stenius (later to move to Hollywood and change his name to George Seaton) first played the part of the Lone Ranger on the radio. However it was a man named Brace Beemer who posed for what must be the first photograph ever taken of the Lone Ranger. Although the photo (left) is from one of those undated news clippings, the caption above the photo helps to establish a date. "Raises the Curtain..." would seem to indicate that very first broadcast in January. The network mentioned would have been the Michigan Radio Network.

Accompanying the photo

THE LONE RANGER

The patter of hoofs along the airways brings the "Lone Ranger" astride his wonder horse, Silver, to enact another thrilling adventure story, a story of the hearty pioneers who built the Great West of today, a narrative of the hardships and trials those brave men had to face to accomplish their difficult task. Listen for the Lone Ranger on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights.

Article accompanying picture
on previous page.

was a short article. No mention is made of Tonto in the article. But of course Tonto didn't come on the scene until a few weeks after the series started. Further, the article mentions the program will be heard on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, which confirms the letter that Dad received.

In fact, that letter even gives a reason for the change to Tuesday for the first broadcast. It seems that Dad's Manhunter series was very popular and had a large following among the WXYZ audience. The bosses were concerned that if they moved it to a different time slot, in favor of a western, they would lose a significant part of that audience. Of course it wasn't long before the Ranger overshadowed Manhunter and took over the choice Monday, Wednesday and Friday spots.

The Ranger was not one of Dad's big sellers at other stations across the country because it had a very difficult sound plot. It required many sound effects that were hard to produce. Remember, that was long before recorded or "canned" sound effects were possible; they all had to be produced "live" from the studio. Stations that did broadcast the series, however, found audience reaction positive.

WXYZ was happy with the series. They couldn't sell it to a sponsor immediately, but the management of the station was sure that would come in time. Dad, on the other hand, had a bit of a problem. Since only a few stations were able to produce the series, his small royalty payments hardly made all of the required effort worthwhile, particularly in light of the many revisions and rewrites that were needed to satisfy the finnicky executives in Detroit. He raised the issue with them and was asked to,

"...hang-in a little while longer. We are trying our damndest to sell the series and if we do, and things pick up a bit, we will be glad to pay you the six dollar charge you mentioned."

That was in February of 1933. He did hang-in for the better part of 1933, until the series finally gained a sponsor, Gordon Bakery, in November of that year.

Once the program was sponsored it took hold of the nation's imagination and rapidly grew in popularity. More and more stations across the land tied into WXYZ for the broadcast. The owners of WXYZ at last had a money maker, but there were loose ends to be tied-up.

Meetings were held between Dad and the executives at WXYZ, and in May of 1934 Dad was offered a full time job-- a contract whereby he would be writing exclusively for the Detroit station. At the time it seemed a fair offer for a young writer. He had a heavy burden of responsibility resting on his shoulders. In addition to his wife and two children, he was also supporting his parents, grandparents, and some aunts and uncles; all of whom had lost everything in the Depression. All totaled, he was feeding a dozen people. The chief executive at WXYZ was shrewd, as part of the "deal" he offered, Dad would be required to sell and assign all rights to the stories he'd written, the characters he'd created, to the Detroit company.

He didn't like that part of the deal. He hesitated-- he knew that his Lone Ranger was a winner. But still-- they were offering him a decent salary, plus a measure of security-- a big point for a young man with all of those dependents.

"I, Francis Hamilton Striker, of the City of Buffalo.....in consideration of the sum of ten dollars.....do hereby sell assign and transfer.....

.....all manuscripts of which I am the author.....entitled Lone Ranger, Manhunters, Thrills of the Secret Service."

That's quoted from the Bill of Sale that Dad finally signed for the Detroit management. It must rank as one of the best... or worst... business deals in history, depending upon your viewpoint (particularly in light of the Ranger's future sale in the 1950's for three million dollars, a record price at the time.)

That's how G. W. Trendle came to own the Lone Ranger. His ownership, plus what I recall as a very egotistical personality, prompted his claim to being the character's creator. That claim, however, doesn't appear to have surfaced until about ten years later. Numerous articles published in trade journals, newspapers, and the more popular magazines of the 1930's and early '40's refer to Dad as the program's creator. In 1943 Trendle finally wrote a letter in response to one of the articles, stating that he was the program's creator. My Dad opted not to challenge that claim since he remained under contract to the man, as he would throughout Trendle's entire ownership of the property.

In later years, Trendle and others have related quite different stories as to how the Ranger came to be. They talked of long and frequent meetings in 1932, of brainstorming sessions where all of the many details were defined and worked out. Some seem to remember that, "Striker came on board much later, after the program was all established." I was not there, so obviously I can't report from first-hand knowledge. I can only draw from the documents that are a part of Dad's legacy.

The most notable documents are the letters from WXYZ. I've quoted some of them already, but here are a few other items to consider.

Letter, dated January 21, 1933, WXYZ to Dad, "Continue to use the silver bullet and silver horse-

shoe gag -- it's good."

News Article, noting Dad's moving his family to Detroit, in 1934.

"Fran Striker, creator and author of the Lone Ranger dramas heard each Monday, Wednesday and Friday..... has joined the staff of WXYZ and hereafter will write exclusively for that station."

The source of the news writer's information for that short article is, of course, unknown. Most certainly the information came from WXYZ, and probably from one of the station's own press releases.

There are other more indirect indications also. Recently a dedicated buff completed some extensive research on the Ranger at the Copyright Office in Washington, D. C. He was puzzled by the fact that there were no Ranger copyrights prior to June 9, 1934, a year and a half after the program first aired. That of course was no mystery to me. The Bill of Sale I quoted from was executed on May 22, 1934. Prior to that date Trendle didn't own the property, so naturally he couldn't copyright it. Dad could have copyrighted the program prior to that time, as he did when he was first starting out, but... well, I never said that Dad was a good businessman.

So who created the Lone Ranger? Dad once said, "Only God Creates." Perhaps without initial financial backing, the Ranger would never have continued. Trendle provided that backing. Certainly the Dramatic Director at WXYZ, Jim Jewell, played a major role in the program's birth. It was his production genius that interpreted the scripts and solicited... no, demanded that the appropriate feelings and nuances be properly projected by the dramatic staff. That played a big part in giving the character the breath of life. It is indisputable, however, that Dad was able to build the

character into the personification of an American ideal.

I've drawn my own conclusions, and leave it to each reader to draw his or her own conclusions.

That original contract Dad signed with Trendle called for six scripts each week, three of which were, of course, for the increasingly popular Lone Ranger. With a regular paycheck coming in, Dad moved his immediate family west to suburban Detroit, in November of 1934. He was, for a number of years, the entire script department at WXYZ. Later, in 1939 I believe, additional writers were added to his staff.

Dad did nearly all of his own typing, composing as he went along. He tried using secretaries and dictating his scripts, but it didn't work out. You see, he had to spell the words phonetically in order to provide the actors with the correct texture of the part they were playing. Secretaries couldn't misspell the words correctly from Dad's dictation. Curiously, he never learned how to type. Rather, he developed his own system using just two fingers of each hand. He acquired tremendous speed. People would frequently comment on the machine gun staccato that emanated from his office, as he methodically pounded his machines to an early grave. I recall typewriters lasting from six to eighteen months under his heavyhanded keystroke.

It wasn't long before Earl Graser took over the role of the western hero from Stenius. However Brace Beemer still posed for most of the pictures because Graser had a rather slight build and just didn't "look" the part. His voice became synonymous with the character he portrayed to millions of fans. Dad's own notes show, however, that this voice recognition was not always the case.

When the Horace Height Orchestra was appearing in concert, the famous band leader offered a prize to the person in the audience who could give the best imitation of the popular cry, "HI YO SILVER".



Earl Graser delivering his lines as The Lone Ranger.

A rather unimposing man in the audience entered the competition and gave it a try. He wasn't even good enough to qualify for the final competition though. His name was Earl Graser. He **was** the Lone Ranger. His was the very voice that Height was trying to match.

Program number eleven heralded the addition of the faithful Indian companion, Tonto. He was born out of theatrical necessity. With just the singular hero and his horse, the narrator was required to play too big a role in explaining things to the

listening audience. Dad was asked to do something about it. The letter that Dad sent along with the first Tonto script, on February 20, 1933, said:

"You will notice the birth of Tonto..... carrying a certain mysterious back-ground. I have tried to work into this script the suggestions you sent." [Those would have been the suggestions of Jim Jewell.]

"By the way, the name Tonto may not be as good as some other name so if you rechristen him I'll try and catch it on the air."

Dad picked the name out of an atlas, after Tonto Basin, Arizona. It must have been acceptable to the folks in Detroit, as they obviously didn't "rechristen" the character.

Growing multitudes of listeners wanted to meet and to see their hero. There was a live appearance at Detroit's Belle Isle early on, but the overly enthusiastic crowd almost caused a riot trying to get close to their hero. That scared the devil out of the bosses at WXYZ. It put the fear of liability into them. There were to be no more personal appearances for quite a while. But to meet the growing demands of a dedicated audience, a photograph of the Ranger and Tonto was finally released to the press in 1935.

That picture is shown on the next page. The accompanying caption that appeared in the Detroit News on May 19, 1935, identified it as the "first picture of The Lone Ranger to be released in two years."

In Dad's files I came across a complete proof set of eight pictures, all taken at the same time as the one that was released. I was quite thrilled to find the never-published pictures, and naturally I've included them for you to share with me.

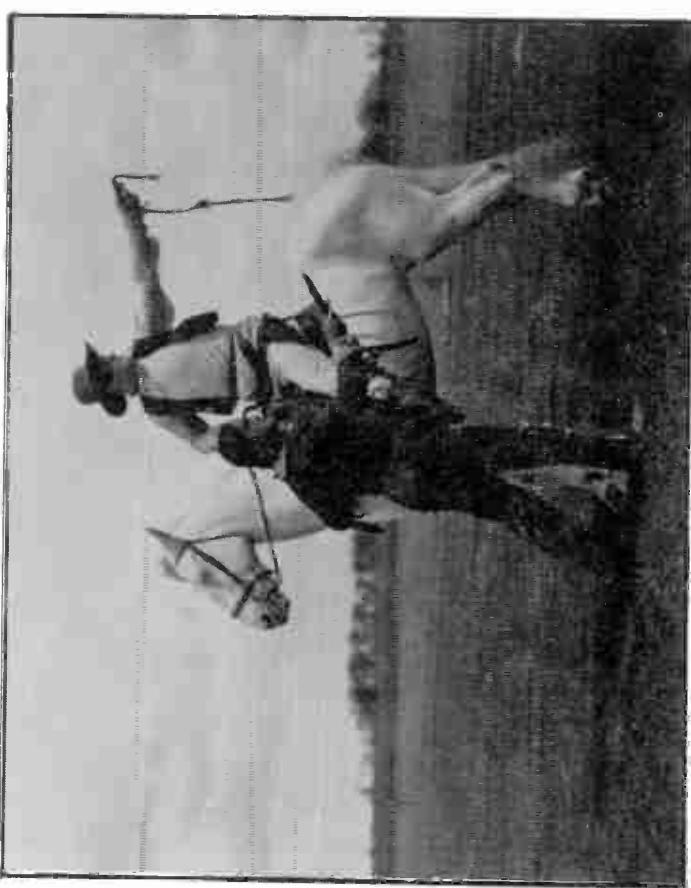


This photo, which appeared in various newspapers around the country, raised some comments about the cruelty of just one horse having to constantly accommodate two riders. Even the great Silver should not have to suffer such a burden.

Once again, Dad was asked to resolve the problem. It happened in script number 416-- a special story explaining how Tonto obtained a horse of his own. How the Ranger got the famous Silver had been explained in another special program (number 401) just a short time earlier on August 25, 1935.

Tonto's original horse was named "White Feller" and he was a visual twin of Silver.

The picture above and the seven that follow are of Brace Beemer, and John Todd. Beemer was on the staff of WXYZ but was not yet the voice of the Ranger. Todd was the only voice of Tonto on the radio. He was with the program from the very first broadcast, in which he played the role of the sheriff.

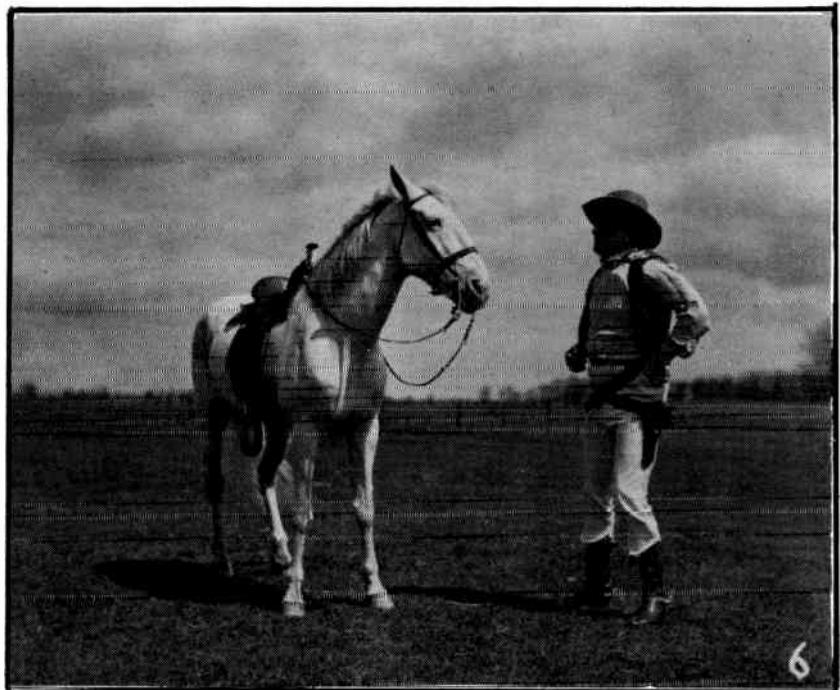




8







6

From the beginning, the Ranger was destined to become an award winner and a record breaker. He became one of the most successfully merchandised fictional characters in history. That merchandising, however, was only allowed in concert with the high standards and traditions that the character represented to his young fans.

An early example was the start of the Lone Ranger Safety Club on October 13, 1935. The Club was introduced by a special broadcast (script number 422) that started with the Ranger talking directly to the audience. He explained that the purpose of the Club was to help the Lone Ranger do everything possible to reduce the many terrible accidents, deaths, and crippling injuries caused by automobiles.

Silvercup Bread was the sponsor of the first Club, and over the radio network Graser explained that he really couldn't handle starting a Club nationwide all at once. "Later on," he continued, "I hope to take in other territories, so please,

remember boys and girls, that right now only those of you who live in territories where Silvercup Bread is sold can join the Club."

Of course, this effectively forced the other sponsors to follow Silvercup's lead and back Safety Clubs in the other regions of the country.

**DEAR LONE RANGER
SAFETY SCOUT:**

I can call you that now, for you have been enrolled as one of my helpers.

Here is your Lone Ranger Safety Scout Badge. Isn't it a dandy though? Put it on and wear it. You can be mighty proud of it, for those who see it will say to themselves, "There is a comrade of the Lone Ranger and one of his right hand helpers . . . brave and dependable."

REMEMBER, you are NOT to wear this badge of honor, if you fail to keep your Lone Ranger Safety Scout pledge.

By working together just think of the good we can do . . . how many children, yes and grown-ups too, we can save from being hurt by autos and trucks. Think of the great help we can be to each other, for you know we are all comrades.

Read your Lone Ranger Safety Scout pledge often and live up to it everyday.

I am counting on you. Don't disappoint me.

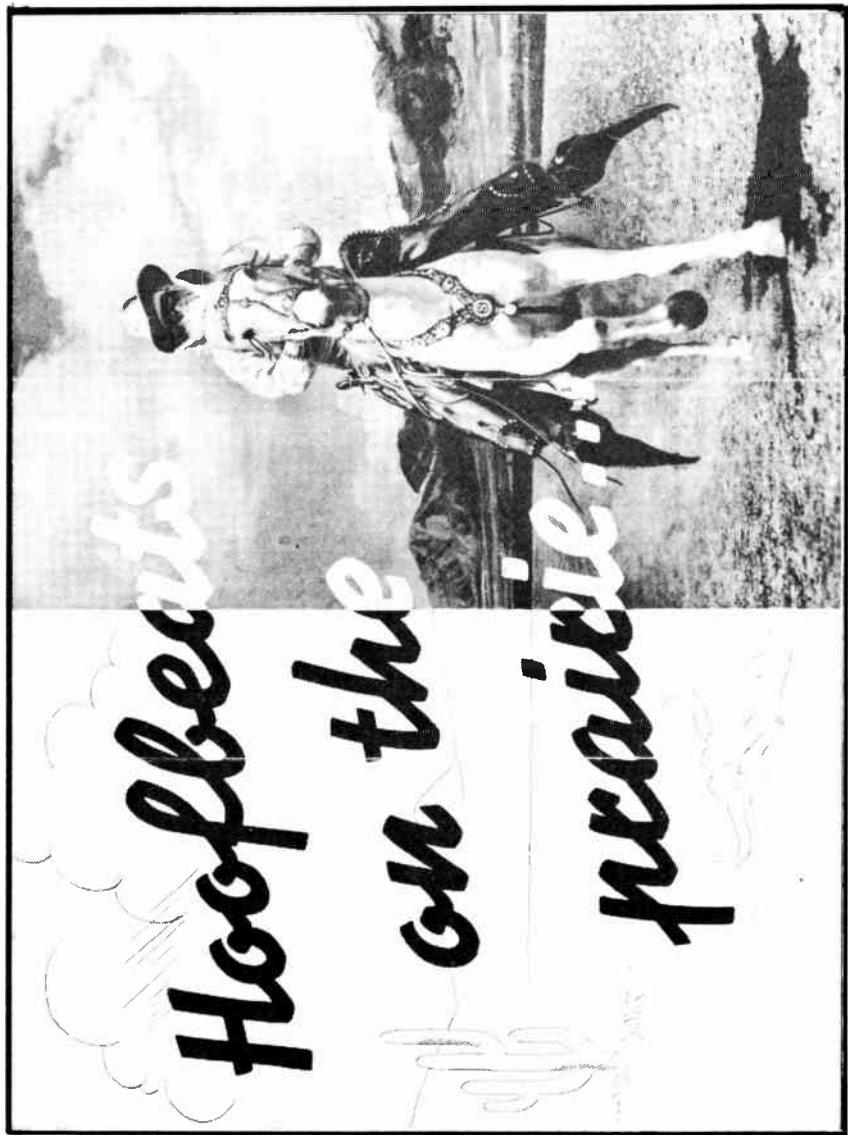
Your comrade,

The Lone Ranger

A message to Safety Club members.

Following Ranger Graser's introduction of the Club, the show's Master of Ceremonies introduced: the Mayor and Police Commissioner of Detroit, the President of Silvercup Bakeries, Tonto, and the popular narrator of the Ranger programs-- Brace Beemer. Each, in turn, gave a short endorsement of the Club. The special broadcast concluded with a, "short but thrilling lively drama of the Old West."

The Safety Clubs quickly spread across the country, with full support of the regional sponsors. Recognition of the value of the idea followed when, in January of 1937, the Ranger was presented with the C.I.T. (Commercial Investment Trust) Award for Safety, one of the many awards to be presented to the program.



1935 -- The first page of Safety Club promotion material, sent to radio stations carrying *The Lone Ranger*.

The second page of the 1935 promotion. Subsequent pages encouraged local sponsorship of the Safety Clubs.

**Footsteps
at the
curb...**

**THE LONE RANGER
SAFETY SCOUT PLEDGE**

I solemnly promise:

Not to play in the streets
To always tell the truth
To be honest and upright in all of
my acts
To be kind to birds and animals
To study hard and learn all that I can
To be careful when crossing streets
To keep out of bad company
To form no bad habits
To keep myself neat and clean
To obey my father and mother

THE LONE RANGER SAFETY CLUB

This is to Certify that
The Bearer
is a Duly Qualified Safety Ranger in
Kilpatrick's Lone Ranger Safety Club

(Member Must Sign Here)

This is the code by which members of KILPATRICK'S LONE RANGER SAFETY CLUB receive and write secret messages

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A

The top line of letters is the alphabet in REGULAR order. The bottom line is a second alphabet, EXCEPT it starts with the letter "B" and ends with the letter "A." Now here is the way to use the code. Use the TOP line of letters for the REAL spelling of the message, but substitute the letter DIRECTLY UNDER when writing it down. For instance, if you want to write the word "RANGER" you put down the letter "S," which is directly under the "R" in the top line, then use "B" in place of the "A"—and an "O" in place of the "N" and so on until the word is spelled out. The word "RANGER" will look like this when you are finished: "SBOHFS."

Copyrighted, Lone Ranger, Inc.

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Front and back of Safety Club membership card.

Quoting C. B. Boutell's comments on the Safety Clubs, as published in The Nation on January 11, 1941, "An achievement of real social value must be credited to the creators..... Safety Clubs have over a million members."

Of much greater importance to Dad (and many others associated with the character) than the awards and accolades were the comments received from fans. There was one particularly touching letter from a father who wrote to thank the Ranger.



It seems that he and his, now deceased, young son were faithful listeners to the program during the boy's long fight with a fatal illness.

"It (the Ranger broadcast) was one of the few pleasures that the boy could experience." The letter told how proud the child was when he received his Safety Club membership. And how he insisted, even though bedridden, on always wearing his badge.

The letter concluded that the child had died and been, "laid to rest," with his Safety Club badge proudly pinned to his shirt." The father just wanted to thank the Ranger for the pleasure and strength that the show had given to his son.

Communications such as that from the audience put a tremendous responsibility on Dad and the people who portrayed the character. It was a responsibility, however, that Dad accepted with pride and appreciation.

It was a responsibility that was also accepted by every actor successful in the role.



Rare picture of Earl Graser (top) and John Todd in costume.



My Solemn Pledge to The Lone Ranger

1. I promise not to cross any street except at regular crossings and to first look both ways.
2. I promise not to play in the streets.
3. I promise not to cross any street against signal lights.
4. I promise to obey Junior Traffic Police at all schools and help younger children to avoid danger.
5. I promise not to ride on running boards or fenders or hook rides.
6. I promise not to hold onto the rear of automobiles or street cars when on a bicycle, scooter or skates.
7. I promise not to ride a bicycle on the wrong side of the street, or make turns without signalling, or ride on the sidewalk or in any playground where others are playing.
8. I promise not to hitch-hike or ask strangers for rides and to discourage younger children from this dangerous practice.
9. I promise to promote safety at all times and encourage others to join this safety movement.
10. I promise to always obey my parents or guardians.

{ It is the duty of every Safety Ranger to memorize and observe these rules at all times }



Signed

Member KILPATRICK'S LONE RANGER SAFETY CLUB

This safety movement in the interest of the happiness and well-being of our boys and girls is sponsored by Kilpatrick's, that good Bread in the bright gingham wrapper.

The pledge of each Safety Club member.

In April of 1934, Douglas Ripley of the famous Robert (Believe It Or Not) Ripley organization sent a letter requesting Dad's picture. Ripley pointed out the tremendous volume of writing that Dad was doing-- 70,000 words a week. The Saturday Evening Post pointed out that this was the word equivalent of writing a complete Bible every three months. Another analogy was drawn a few years later, to six Gone With The Wind novels each year.

Dad's typewriter grew spurs.....

5 - DAD'S TYPEWRITER GREW SPURS....

....for there were many trails to be explored and developed. There were childrens books to be written, movie scripts to be edited and checked. There were cartoon strips to be written, personal appearance scenarios and scripts to prepare. There were fan letters to be answered on behalf of the masked rider and novels to be written. There were totally new characters to be conceived and birthed: The Green Hornet, and Challenge of the Yukon.

In 1936, the first novel was published by Grosset and Dunlap. Dad did not write that book. Rather, it was first published under the authorship of Gaylord Dubois. However, the Trendle organization apparently didn't like Dubois' treatment of the character because an edit was quickly ordered and it was republished, under Dad's name. (A complete list of the books written by Dad is provided in Addendum "C".) The inscription that Dad penned in the front of the family's copy of that first book reads,

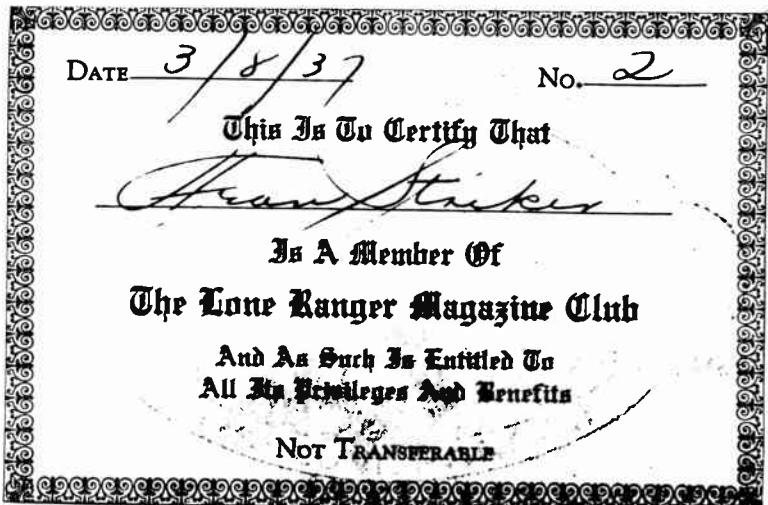
"This is the 1st one, I did not write it. It was far off the beam-- so I was 'stuck' with the chore from then on."

That was perhaps the last time the character's owner allowed any Ranger material to be released without first having Dad edit and approve it.

In 1937, Ranger stories were written and published in the popular ten cent pulp magazine format. There were only six or seven issues published, the first being in April.

That first issue offered a Lone Ranger Magazine Club. For twenty-five cents readers could receive a Club lapel pin and membership card.

Prior to that first issue, in March, Dad was sent a membership card. It's interesting to note that he was sent card number two. The handwriting on the card is unrecognizable, so I have no idea who sent it to him. We can only speculate on who was member number one: Trendle, Graser, or perhaps the publisher himself.



The lapel pin is a very rare item of memorabilia. Few people even knew that they existed, and none of the collectors that I know has ever seen one. I have the pin that was sent to Dad. Unfortunately it is very unphotogenic so I am unable to reproduce it in this book. It is about the size and shape of a nickel, dark brown in color, with a relief of the Ranger on Silver encircled by the words "Lone Ranger Magazine Club." The relief and tiny letters are bronze-tone.

1938 was a very eventful year for the character.

Starting in January, the first electrical recordings (transcriptions) of the programs were made for spot broadcast by stations who wished to air the program in a different time slot.

January '38 was also an eventful month for Tonto. His trusty steed "White Feller" injured a leg in a gopher hole. Dad told the story this way: (What follows is Dad's own writing, so the first person reference is to him.)

Soon after Republic bought the Lone Ranger picture rights, an assistant director phoned from Hollywood to tell us that we had a horse of the wrong color.

"Been reading your radio scripts," he said. "Tonto's got a white horse-- like Silver. Right?"

"Right," I said. "We call it White Feller."

"Two white horses. That's bad camera. No contrast."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Besides, in pictures only the hero rides a white horse. I'll make Tonto's horse a paint."

"A what?"

"A paint. Pinto-- piebald-- calico. Mottled, y'know. Black and white. We'll handle it at this end. Don't worry about it."

"Don't worry about it! Indeed! How could Tonto ride a white horse on the airways and a paint on the screen?"

At any rate Dad was able to solve the problem with a broadcast in which White Feller injured his leg. Tonto left his injured horse with some friendly Indians and borrowed a paint which he called "Scout". The fans never had a problem, and Tonto never returned the borrowed horse.

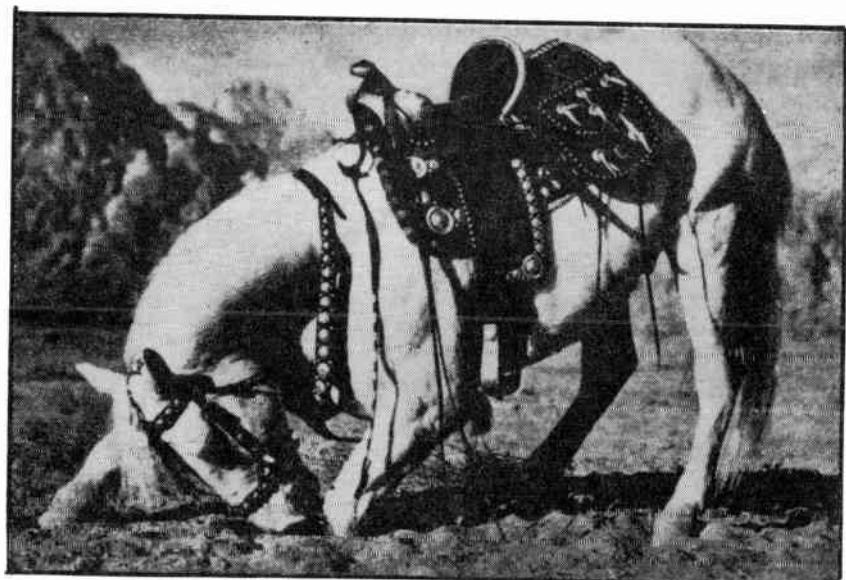
By far, the biggest event of 1938 was the premiere of the Hollywood movie serial on February 19th. The Lone Ranger, in fifteen exciting weekly episodes. Produced by Republic Pictures.



Lee Powell



Chief Thundercloud



Silver Chief

The Lone Ranger was played by Lee Powell, Tonto by Chief Thundercloud, and Silver by Silver Chief. Incidentally, Silver Chief was selected after thirty-five horses tried out for the part. His home was in Texas and he was flown to California for the try-outs.

The story dealt with the Ranger's battle to end the one-man rule in Texas following the Civil War, when a renegade named Jeffries seized control of the state.

The Lone Ranger and his companion, Tonto, recruit four Rangers to help bring the evil Jeffries to justice. The real Lone Ranger, you see, was the sole survivor of a massacre of Rangers which Jeffries instigated. The recruited helpers are the same size and build as the hero, and by dressing the same, they keep Jeffries from singling out the leader of the avengers.

One by one the Lone Ranger's band of avengers is murdered by Jeffries. In the end the real Ranger and one of the helpers are able to secure enough incriminating evidence to trap him. In the process, a beautiful heroine is saved from being forced to marry Jeffries.

Naturally the audience doesn't know who the real Lone Ranger is... until the final episode.

I am obliged here to correct, for history, one of the improper conclusions presented in Who Was That Masked Man. David Rethel drew the conclusion that Dad had no involvement in the movie serials. As I said earlier, Trendle would not allow anything to be done without Dad's approval.

When the movie was being conceived, Dad sent radio scripts to the folks in Hollywood so they could gain a knowledge of the drama and an appreciation for the texture and sensitivities of the lead roles. Among the many scripts sent were: the origin of Silver, the finding of Tonto's horse, and the entire railroad series of programs.

Beyond that, Dad edited and approved each segment of the script before it was filmed. The letters on file disclose a plan whereby Dad would send a telegram to Hollywood, identifying the particular portion of the script he wanted changed. He would also inform Republic's Barry Shipman of the time in the evening that they should, "meet on the telephone" to discuss the changes.

Many corrections and changes were required by Dad. Dialog had to be corrected; and he had to remind the experts in Hollywood, "in Episode 10, scene 84A, where The Lone Ranger is using a quirt, be sure he is not shown in a brutal or bloodthirsty manner."

Three consecutive telegrams offer an interesting testimony of the times.

1. "Must talk tonight regarding end of story. STOP Will call at eight our time. STOP Wire if not okay."
2. "Sorry can't meet you on phone tonight. Wire if tomorrow okay."
3. (Delivered early the next morning.)
"Tonight is fine."

This was in 1937 with what now seems to have been archaic technology. Yet, I doubt that today a sequence of three telegrams could be transmitted between Detroit and Hollywood-- and delivered-- in a single twenty-four hour period. The extensive use of the telegrams would also seem to indicate a comparatively high cost for telephone calls to the West Coast.

Following completion of the production, Shipman wrote to Dad on January 18, 1938, to express his pleasure with-- and the favorable reaction to-- the pre-release screenings. He assured Dad all of the details that had been pointed out, concerning the treatment of the Ranger, had been taken care of. He then concluded the letter with,

"The Lone Ranger has been one of my most enjoyable assignments and I am genuinely sorry it is over. However I hope this is only the beginning of my association with you... Thanks again."



Finally, the evil Jeffries gets his just due!

The movie was a smashing success according to the trade journals of the day. In the September 1938 issue of Screen Gems, it was reported that 7,500 of the nations 12,000 theaters had already shown the serial. "So popular is this serial that thirty-five Lone Ranger products have been placed on the market."

By the way, the old Lone Ranger Safety Club was still going strong. It now claimed over four million members.

One film critic claimed that the quality and excellence of the film would set a new standard for serials, a standard the rest of the industry would

strive to achieve.

Success breeds success, and naturally there was to be a second serial, Republic's The Lone Ranger Rides, in 1939. The title role in that picture was played by Bob Livingston.

The two serials were almost allowed to disappear from the face of the earth. That would have been unfortunate for by most applicable standards they are considered to be classics. Apparently it was only through the dedication and perseverance of a few collectors that adequate copies were resurrected from their near extinction.

While I can neither confirm nor deny the story that's told, having seen video tape copies of these films I tend to believe that the basic facts of the story are true.

It seems that all of Republic American's negatives, masters, and copies of the films were secured in vaults in 1943, when the rights to the films reverted back to The Lone Ranger, Inc. They were never reissued and no copies or prints were made for rental libraries or television. This material disappeared from the storage vault sometime in the early sixties, and has never appeared since.

However, occasionally video tape copies, admittedly of poor quality, would show up complete with Spanish subtitles.

In the 1970's it was rumored that the source of these prints was an out-of-business film rental library and laboratory in Mexico City. Investigation discovered that the retired proprietor did, in fact, have some cans of negative film labeled "El Llanero Solitario" and "La Vuelta Del Llanero Solitario" in a dusty storeroom, apparently left over from the olden days when the laboratory was in operation.

The 35mm material was lost due to flooding of the nitrate vaults in which they were stored, and

the original negatives had become severely damaged. Some portions were missing, although the famous "unmasking" scene remained and through painstaking effort the two films were copied onto video tape.

Copies of those movie serials are treasured possessions to the collectors who are fortunate enough to have them and are apparently all that now remain of the two classics..... except perhaps for the material that mysteriously disappeared.

There was another milestone in the Ranger's career in 1938. In September the newspapers started running Lone Ranger cartoons. Separate stories were written (by Dad) for the daily papers and for the colorful Sunday comic section. (See next page.)

The immediate success of the cartoon strips undoubtedly led to the introduction of The Lone Ranger comic books the following year.

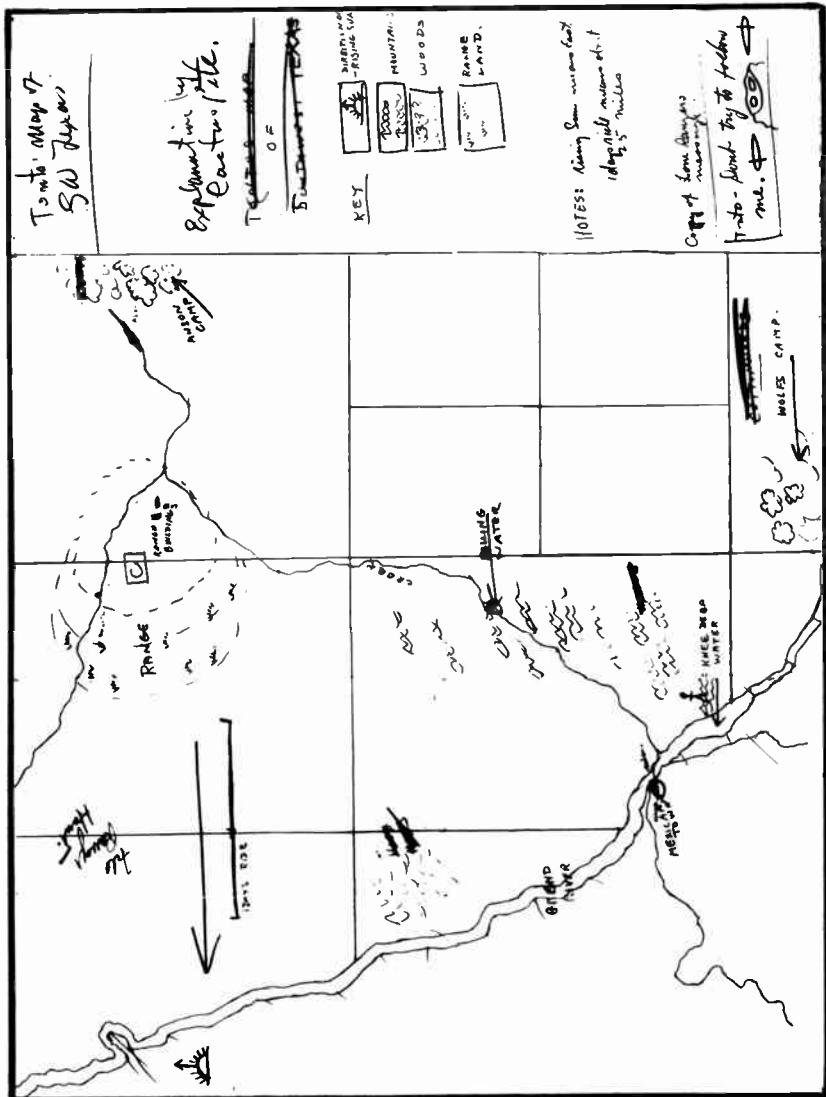
No collection of Ranger memorabilia can be considered complete because in addition to the more than three hundred premiums and items that were sold in stores, there were all of the advertising and promotional pieces that were used. The Ranger was successful in many foreign countries also, which opens up entirely different frontiers to the collector.

I was not fully aware of Dad's complete role in the many facets of the Ranger until I started my research just a few years ago. One of the items I came across demonstrates the degree of his involvement.

There was a give-away, now referred to as the "hunt map." It was a colorful map of Southwest Texas, presumably made by Tonto and given away with the purchase of a loaf of bread. On the reverse side of the map it was explained that the listener should pay attention to the program for clues to the Ranger's whereabouts, and follow along as Tonto and Cactus Pete searched for the missing masked man.

The first Sunday Cartoon





Striker's original rendition of the hunt map.

Tonto didn't really draw the hunt map. I'm sure he was too busy helping his partner clean up the western badlands. Rather, Dad made the map for him.

So far, I've been unable to date when the hunt map was used. I know it was after 1935-- Dad's original rendition was scratched out on the back of



WHERE'S THE LONE RANGER?

WHAT has happened to the masked rider of the "Silver" plains? Has he been kidnapped by the gang of outlaws known to be lurking in the mountains where he lives? Just who is Silver, the great white horse that rides with his master the Lone Ranger? There are many answers who would want the Lone Ranger out of the way so they could carry on their work undisturbed by this rider of justice.

DOES TONTO KNOW?

The Lone Ranger's faithful Indian friend has always known the plans of the masked rider. Does he know when the Lone Ranger has disappeared? Or is the Lone Ranger on a secret mission that Tonto does not even know about? But maybe Tonto knows more than he pretends. Marks have been put on the Lone Ranger's mysterious disappearance.

LISTEN FOR CLUES ON THE LONE RANGER PROGRAM

Clues will turn up on this hunt. Listen every Monday Wednesday and Friday evening over station WXYZ WOR or WGN. Follow the progress of this great hunt with your map star Tonto and Captain Bluehost made. Listen for the clues and check them on your map.

"*Try*
SILVERCUP
The World's Finest BREAD"

For a limited time, we are giving away a special gift with each purchase of Silvercup Bread. Any loaf of the world-famous Silvercup Bread contains a small piece of the famous "Lone Ranger Hunt Map". This map leads from place to place around the country, marking the route of the Lone Ranger's mysterious disappearance. It is printed on heavy paper and is a valuable keepsake.

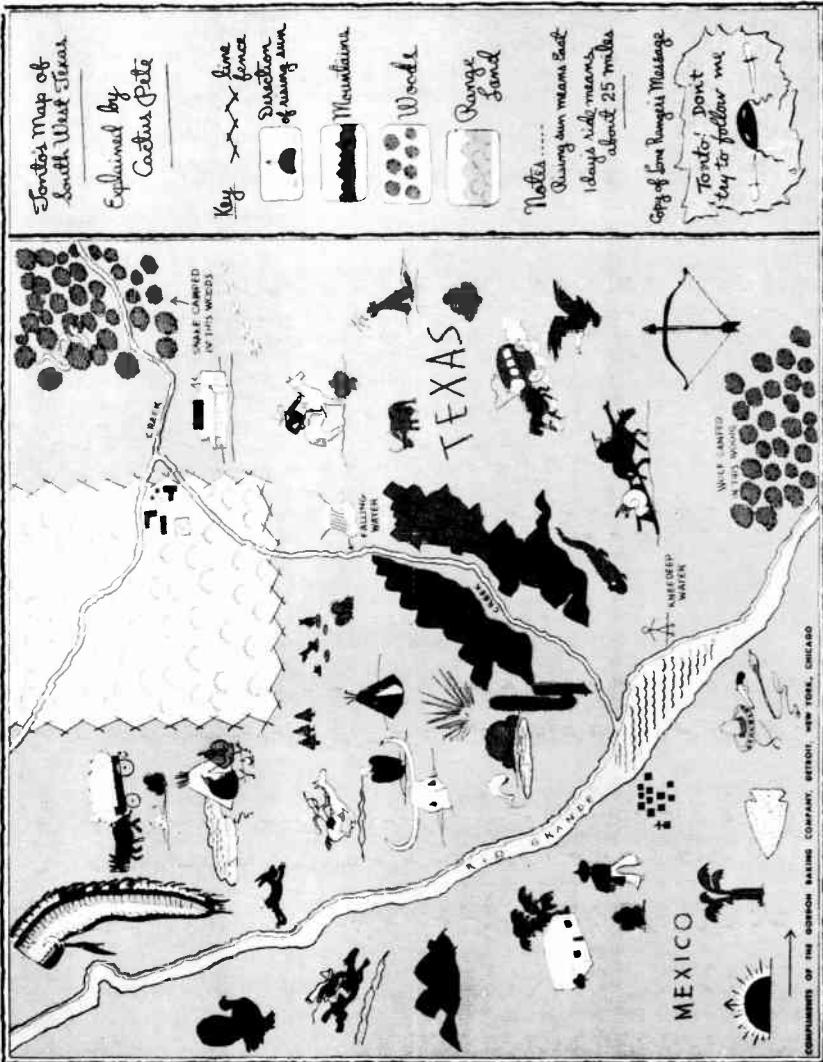
Also included in each loaf of Silvercup Bread is a small piece of the famous "Lone Ranger Hunt Map". This map leads from place to place around the country, marking the route of the Lone Ranger's mysterious disappearance. It is printed on heavy paper and is a valuable keepsake.



GORDON BAKING COMPANY · DETROIT, NEW YORK, CHICAGO

a piece of printed promotional material dated 1935. The Silvercup advertising on back of the finalized hunt map would indicate that it was used prior to 1941 when General Mills became the national sponsor of the program.

There is a common misconception that the hunt series (with the Ranger missing from the programs) was used when Earl Graser died. But logic denies this being the case. The maps were all printed and



The hunt map as distributed. (Reverse side shown on previous page.)

ready for distribution in the stores, complete with instructions on the back to "follow along...." This could not have been accomplished in just one day, nor could Graser's accidental death have been anticipated.

It was April 9th, 1941, when Earl Graser met a tragic and premature death in an automobile accident. Fans across the land were concerned about the death of a human certainly, but to the children among those fans, there was worry that their "Lone Ranger" had died.

The press stepped in quickly to try and set the youngsters at ease. The most notable commentary was the editorial that ran in the New York Times on April 10, 1941. It's been quoted in many places but I will quote it again here because it is a beautiful statement.

"Earl H. Graser was killed in an automobile wreck Tuesday morning, but the rumor that the Lone Ranger is dead is unfounded. It was a man who died... he didn't take the Lone Ranger with him. The Lone Ranger doesn't die..... ...His trusty steed waits to carry him on his errands across the face of the wondrous west where the air is crystal and virtue never lacks for its reward. Listen! There is the beating of the hoofs as, in the nick of time, he swings into action. Ride, Tonto! Ride, Lone Ranger! Hi yo Silver!"

April 13, 1941 brought another very touching letter to the Lone Ranger. I quote it below (with names omitted) because it is further evidence of how much this fictional character meant to many people, young and old.

Station KFRC
San Francisco, California

Dear Sir:

Our little boy loved the Lone Ranger dearly. He never missed a program if he could help it. Though

he was but six last December, he has been listening regularly to these programs for a long time. He loved the Lone Ranger because he always did good and punished bad people.

On Monday afternoon, April 7, between five to five, and five ten, our little boy (name) was killed in an automobile accident. Our minister said it very beautifully in the funeral services Thursday morning at the Little Chapel of the Flowers when he said the Lone Ranger, "took him by the hand and they went away together."

This strange coincidence is touching to us. We would like to get a more definite account of the Lone Ranger's death and also a few facts about his life to add to the memoirs of our own dear little boy. Could you supply us with these please? Or if you cannot, will you tell us where to get these facts.

Yours very truly,

Dad answered the letter.

At WXYZ plans were quickly made to effect an orderly and credible transition of the program's title role to a new actor. Brace Beemer was selected for that role. He was familiar with it since he had been a staff announcer at the station and was the narrator for many of the Ranger programs.

To make the transition from Graser to Beemer less noticeable to the keen ears of the audience,

Dad suggested that the next few programs could depict the Ranger wounded and able to speak only in a very weak voice. Having made the suggestion, Dad then had less than a day to map out what is now called the "transition series" and get the first script of the series completed and ready for broadcast.

Listening to a tape of that first transition broadcast (in script number 1281) with Brace Beemer playing the lead, it is obvious that Dad also tried to allay the fears of the youngsters who were afraid that the Ranger had died. To set the fans at ease, Mustang Meg sends a signal for Tonto to come quickly. She then tells him that the Ranger has been shot... he's hurt badly. "But," she stresses emphatically and repeatedly to the concerned Tonto, "don't worry, he's going to be all right, he'll recover. He'll be all right!"

By some accounts (Radio Guide, April 1944.) Brace Beemer had played the role for a short time prior to Graser being hired for the job. I find no record of this, however, and tend to believe that the confusion is caused by his being employed at WXYZ in the very early days. He joined the staff in 1931. About five years later he resigned to open a business of his own. Later, in 1939, he was rehired specifically for the role of narrator in the Ranger broadcasts. From what I can confirm, his first portrayal of the Ranger was with script 1281.

There was a man that filled in just prior to Graser in 1933. Liberty Magazine stated in the March 25, 1934 issue that a Jack Deeds played the Ranger in the first six episodes. I'm certain that this was incorrect. Stenius was first.

The stories of Jack Deeds and another man, Lee Trent, continued to persist until Dick Osgood, through years of research, was able to solve the mystery. In his book, WIXIE Wonderland, (which unfortunately is only available from the publisher, Bowling Green University's Popular Press) Dick relates just how the story of Deeds and Trent was

finally pieced together and the riddle solved. I won't retell the story here because it would not be possible for me to tell it as interestingly as Osgood does; however, it seems that Mr. Deeds and Mr. Trent were one and the same. He played the Ranger immediately after Stenius. The role must have been beyond his capabilities as a thespian. It seems that-- he bombed! It's certain that he played in at least one broadcast, maybe a few more.

Dad's own handwritten notes identify the Rangers in this chronology: John Stenius (1st few shows), Earl Graser, Lee Powell, Bob Livingston, Brace Beemer, Clay Moore, and "one other." I'm sure the "one other" was Deeds/Trent.

Just one more note on who that masked man was. Since Dad originally syndicated the program to three stations, other actors must have played the role. When interviewed in 1960, Dad related how prior to the show going on the air in Detroit, he test broadcasted it from WEBR in Buffalo, N.Y. for a few weeks. There was a competent dramatic staff at WEBR. A letter in 1973 claimed a man named Art Schmidt first played the role of Tonto. The letter went on identifying a John Barrett as the original Ranger and his sister Mary Barrett (Mrs. Phillip) Healy as the director of the Ranger broadcasts from the Buffalo station. Later on, Mary Barrett Healy became an actress at WXYZ; playing the role of Mustang Meg.

Researching old scripts of Dad's (not Ranger scripts), I have found penciled notes identifying some of the cast and crew. Sure enough the Barretts and Art Schmidt's name show up.

So from Dad's own hand, of over fifty years ago, I know the very early programs were broadcast in Buffalo. I also know that Art, Mary and John were part of the dramatic staff at WEBR. I believe that letter from 1973.

Brace Beemer was my personal favorite radio Ranger, and Clayton Moore was tops in the visual

medias. Perhaps because they were what I grew up with. Perhaps because both men lived their public lives in accordance with the "rules" of the character. Never a scandal-- never tainting the image that meant so much to so many.

Interestingly, when Brace first took the part in 1937, he could not properly deliver the programs famous battle cry... "Hi Yo Silver! Away...." A recording of Earl Graser giving that verbal signature was used for a time, until Beemer mastered the proper inflections and delivery.

Let me share some of the brighter and very gratifying experiences of the Lone Ranger.

There was a boy in a Washington hospital, recovering from serious burns and being kept alive by injected nourishment. For some unknown reasons, he was unable to keep any food in his stomach. When visiting, the Ranger was briefed on the case and after a long chat with the boy the Ranger exclaimed, "Ya know, I'm hungry! Let's have some lunch." The boy nodded, and together they ate a full meal. That evening the Ranger returned to have supper with the starving boy. The meals stayed down, as did subsequent meals. The lad's recovery was complete.

Another time, another hospital-- There was a girl stricken with polio who could not walk, although medically she should have been able to. The Ranger went to see her in the hospital ward. After visiting with the child, he moved across the room and urged the girl to walk to him... to receive a small gift. Tentatively... one step at a time... to the amazement of the nurses and others in the ward, the child walked across the ward and fell into the outstretched arms of her hero to receive the gift he offered-- the gift of a silver bullet.

Of course the Lone Ranger doesn't cry, but you may be assured there were tears behind the mask on Brace Beemer's face on those occasions.

The Ranger had humorous experiences also--

He was invited to the White House to have lunch with FDR's grandchildren. Upon leaving, the Secret Service agent admitted, with obvious embarrassment, that no one had ever entered the President's home while armed with a gun. The Lone Ranger had spent an afternoon there, wearing two .45's and none of the agents or security guards ever thought of disarming him.

Let me quote Dad directly on these next incidents. The quote is from an autobiographical article he wrote. (It was never published.)

Dad was commenting on an experience he had in Wyoming. It was the Ranger's 15th Anniversary and there was a week-long celebration in Cheyenne. The City was officially renamed "Lone Ranger Frontier Town" for the occasion. Remember once again, Dad wrote what follows, the first person reference is Dad, not me.

There was a firm rap on the door.

I opened it.

Three men wanted in. They were lean and hard-faced. They wore guns and lawman badges.

I let them in, the sheriff and his deputies.

They were there to present the Lone Ranger with a badge and make him an honorary deputy of Laramie County, Wyoming.

The Lone Ranger (Brace Beemer), was soaking in a cool tub in Cheyenne's Plains Hotel after a sweltering grinding day of riding, handshaking, and the general mauling of a personal appearance. I had promised not to disturb him for anything short of a fire, not even then unless it got out of control.

I told the lawmen I was sorry, the Lone Ranger wasn't in. I thanked them on his behalf and said I'd see that he got the badge.

The sheriff looked disappointed. "I sort of counted on askin' him for the picture of himself an' Silver for my son. Maybe I better come back later."

"No need to," I said. "I'll give you a picture." I took one from a box on the desk. It was inscribed, "Good Luck Always, The Lone Ranger." The sheriff brightened when I passed it over.

Deputy One said, "My boy'd admire to have one o' those."

I gave one to him and turned to Deputy Two. "Do you have a son?"

"Me? Nope. Neither've these gents. They wanted a picture for themselves, but they was sheepish about askin'---"

"You want one?"

"Yup!"

And then there was the radio play that almost backfired-- once again, Dad's own words.

It dealt with a train robber. According to an old book, he had been captured, tried, and convicted. He was serving a life term at the time our source book was published. Exercising dramatic license, we had him captured by the Lone Ranger instead of by authorized lawmen.

An attorney promptly informed us that:

- 1) the badman had been released from prison on a Presidential pardon signed by Teddy Roosevelt;
- 2) he was alive, a respected member of society;
- 3) our broadcast had invaded his privacy, humiliated him, caused him mental anguish;
- 4) only a bundle of cash (ours) could restore his dignity and heal his mental wounds.

Lawyers for both sides took it from there; to court. On the witness stand, the plaintiff admitted he had been a bad hombre. He talked voluntarily about men he had shot and trains he had robbed. To our surprise-- and his lawyer's-- he didn't object to our dramatization of these capers.

What got his dander up was our fictional version of his capture. Recollection of it brought him to his feet with fire in his eyes.

Ranging the scale of invective, he made it known that the dandified Lone Ranger could never have outrun nor outshot him. He ended his statement, "I could've tossed my guns aside an' licked that masked (deleted) by throwin' horseballs at him!"

That blew his case.

Of course there were the occasional slip-ups, like the worst line of dialogue Dad ever wrote, "I hear a white horse coming."

There was a letter from a young listener who commented on the two clicks of the Rangers pistol being cocked. The youngster pointed out that in the Ranger's time they only had single action revolvers which made four clicks when cocked, rather than the two clicks of the more modern double action pistols.

Another story had the Ranger making an overnight ride from his camp near the supposedly fictitious town of Medicine Mound, and arriving by dawn at the Rio Grande. A youngster who lived in the real Medicine Mound wrote in, pointing out that his home was 600 miles from the Rio. "Not even Silver," he said, "could make that trip overnight."

It is my personal conviction that the "magic" of radio commanded a much greater loyalty from listeners than TV does. The radio fan was forced to fill in many details from within the depths of his own mind. This exercising of the mind's muscles enabled the listener to build an image that he was most comfortable with. TV, with its stark reality, doesn't require the mental exercising or provide the resultant emotional rewards.

The Ranger certainly played a role in the lives of many, many, people. Consider a few of the facts as pointed out by famous columnist, Bob Consodine,

on February 6, 1953.

- The Ranger is heard by 12 million on radio each week.
- The Ranger is seen by 5 million on television each week.
- The cartoon runs in 200 papers, with a readership of 71 million.

C.B. Boutell (in The Nation Jan. 11, 1941) claimed that, "Hi Yo Silver is probably the most valuable signature in radio." He went on to point out that a recent survey showed 63 percent of the audience is adult.

The Lone Ranger had become big business by all standards. It had started as the world's first western radio series. It grew through novels, cartoons, movie serials, comic books, and a long list of premiums and merchandise to become the world's first western series produced and filmed exclusively for television. Yet to come were feature films-- good and bad!

In all of those years when original Ranger dramas were broadcast, there was never a summer rerun, and only two shows failed to go on as scheduled. Those shows were pre-empted by special programs; when FDR died, and on V-J Day-- when World War II was finally over.

The spurs on Dad's typewriter blazed trails beyond the west too. There was the Green Hornet and Seargent Preston's Challenge of the Yukon, for station WXYZ.

Under Dad's watchful eyes those two programs grew into successful ventures of their own. However, not nearly as successful as their western predecessor and pattern setter.

Dad was accountable for the development and integrity of the programs, although their creation

should be considered a joint effort of the writing staff at WXYZ. Notably, the executives at the station chose to credit Dad with primary responsibility and capitalize on his name and reputation as a wordsmith.

WXYZ

DETROIT

PRESENTS

Fran Striker

Chief of script-writing department of WXYZ's dramatic production staff. Striker's uncanny skill in packing the gamut of emotions into dramatic theme is excellently interpreted by WXYZ's production department.

Among the forty odd commercial shows produced every week by WXYZ's show builders are, "The Lone Ranger" thru half hours weekly on W-O-R New York - Michigan Radio Network - W-S-P-D Toledo - W-G-N Chicago - Don Lee Group California; and "The Green Hornet" destined to equal greatness.



NEW DRAMATIC SHOW COMING

At this time WXYZ submits advance notice to advertising agencies and advertisers regarding another new dramatic show now being groomed for sponsorship.

It's a big show—designed to meet requirements of an organization seeking consumer acceptance and dealer representation, or strengthening the same in the big rich Michigan Markets: capably covered by WXYZ and the Michigan Radio Network.



N.B.C. Blue Network DETROIT

KING-TRENDLE BROADCASTING CORP.

309 Madison Theater Building . . . Detroit

Eastern Office:
550 Chenie Building
New York, New York

• Wm. G. Rambeau Co. Representative
Home Office: Tribune Tower, Chicago

Western Office:
Russ Building
San Francisco, Cal.

1937-- Hype for the soon to be announced Challange of The Yukon Series

Independent of WXYZ, Dad worked on a number of projects.

There was Captain Silver and The Sea Hound, a series for broadcast over Voice of America into the Latin and South American countries of the Western Hemisphere. The Sea Hound was Captain Silver's 150 foot diesel-powered sailing ketch (packed full of the latest gadgets and scientific marvels). Adventure stories were used to demonstrate, by example, the profound respect that the North Americans had for the history and accomplishments of our neighbors to the south.

Other themes (as expressed by Dad in the '50's) to be brought out in the dramas were:

"That all people of the Western Hemisphere face the same problems and apprehensions and can best meet any future developments by standing united.

"That each nation of the western world will benefit by a mutual development of commerce, industry and natural resources, with each nation contributing its crafts, skills and raw materials on a reciprocal basis.

"That communist governments will make strenuous efforts to stir up distrust and hatred. Their primary purpose to cause unrest among the people of all nations-- to make each person suspicious of his own, and all other governments.

What a shame that the politicians in our own country didn't listen to the program. What a shame that Dad had so much trouble dealing with the bureaucratic maze that was in control of Voice of America. The political games, where everyone involved tried to be the expert charge, created an un-

tenable situation in which Dad could not continue working.

After the Korean War, Dad became very concerned about this nation's growing shortage of engineers. He pointed out that in 1950, the United States graduated 50,000 engineers but by 1954 the number dropped to 20,000. During the same period Russian engineering graduates increased from 30,000 to 55,000.

He felt that the trend forecast grim possibilities, particularly in light of the announcement of Russia's all-out economic war.

Dad conceived a series, The Power and The Glory (alternate title Tomorrow) in an attempt to reverse this trend.

He wanted to glamorize the life and role of the engineering professional. He wanted to change the unappealing view of mathematics and drawing boards that so many young people had of the engineering professions. He wanted to create a desire--stemming from the same dramatic elements that popularized other professions.

Dad was unable to get the required financial backing necessary to bring the concept to fruition as a weekly one-hour television series.

The communist world got into space first and gained technological leadership in other areas that the free world has yet to match.

In my opinion, the best work Dad ever did was his Tom Quest series of eight adventure books for children. It is an opinion that is also shared by a number of qualified judges.

He started the series in the 1940's while still with Trendle and WXYZ, but retained ownership himself. Without the shackles of someone else's "rules" he was free to develop characters as he saw fit. The characters became totally believable.

Each adventure focused on Tom's vacations from school, when he would join his father, Hamilton Quest, on explorations around the world. Enhancing the stories was the senior Quest's trusted friend (also Tom's guardian when his Dad was away) Gulliver. What makes Gulliver so enjoyable was his rough and tumble attitude, his beat-up jeep and his famous medicine chest.

It is unfortunate that Quest was developed so late. It would have made good radio and TV drama. But when it was introduced, radio was switching to the all-music format, yielding drama to the television media.

Dad left quite a legacy; foremost was love, and of course the legends, and then there was..... a place called Fiction Farm.

6 - A PLACE CALLED FICTION FARM.....

...has little direct bearing on the Lone Ranger but must be included in a book about Dad. It was what he, in his adult life, considered to be his real home. While it's true that most of the year was spent in our house in Grosse Pointe, Michigan or in the post WXYZ years in a stately house in Arcade, N. Y., Dad's Fiction Farm was always home for the summer months. It was where he could relax, let his hair down, play with the family, dream, and be rejuvenated by witnessing God's miracles in nature.

As a teenager, Dad attended Boy Scout Camp about fifty miles southeast of Buffalo. He fell in love with the beautiful, gently rolling hills of Western New York State's rich farmland.

After his marriage, when the nation's economy necessitated so many of his relatives moving in with him, Dad found himself having to pay storage fees on most of their furniture; money down the drain he thought.

Perhaps, he rationalized, he could buy a place to store that furniture, instead of paying money to someone else every month.

He found just the place not far from the location of his boyhood Scout Camp-- an eighty acre farm, just a few miles from Arcade, N. Y. The farm hadn't been worked, or even occupied, in a num-

ber of years; but that didn't matter. The dreamer in Dad didn't see what was-- rather he saw what could be.



1937 -- The farm as it was when Dad bought it.

The property fronted on South Road (since renamed Genesee Road) and was composed of about forty acres of open fields and scrub land, and another forty acres of dense woods-- complete with an expressive babbling brook.

That was in 1937 (also the year of my birth). The purchase of the farm started what was to become the Striker Family's annual three hundred mile migration from our home in Grosse Pointe to the summer home near Arcade.

Of course, Dad couldn't spend entire summers there himself-- there were always the demanding tasks that required his presence at the offices of WXYZ. He would commute weekly between Buffalo and Detroit. He took long weekends whenever possible, but even then he would be working constantly in his office at Fiction Farm. He never got out of the habit of working late into the night after the family had gone to bed.

The first order of business was to pick a name for the summer retreat. Appropriately Dad called it

"Fiction Farm." A neighboring farmer brought in his farm equipment and a team of horses to cut, rake, and remove all of the high weeds that had, for so many years, overrun the fields surrounding the house. Meanwhile, Dad set about the business of getting all of the furniture moved from storage in Buffalo.

Many repairs and modernizations were needed to make the farmhouse habitable for the family. Friends and relatives, young and old, were enlisted to help in the project. Dad's brother-in-law, Allan Collins, was a forestry graduate with some good experience in that profession. Uncle Allan knew quite a bit about land management and conservation. He was able to give Dad some valuable ideas on how to preserve the land for future generations.



Late 1930s -- Janet Striker takes her two oldest boys fishing.

One of the very first improvements to the property was to plant rows of poplar trees on each side of the driveway. They were quite scrawny when first planted, but Dad knew that in a few short years they would perfectly define the entrance to the property.



1939 -- Fiction Farm, fields cut and poplar trees planted.

Dad was truly a builder at heart. By profession, he built images with words. When the words were difficult to come by, he built with his hands.

He found that manual work helped clear the cobwebs from his mind, giving him a fresh perspective on the particularly tough parts of a story. We know that there were thousands of stories, and judging from all of the construction that went on at Fiction Farm, and in our other homes, we also know that there were lots of tough spots.

When the answer came into his mind, as he was engaging in one of the many construction projects, Dad would just set down whatever tools he was using at the moment, leave them lay, and return to his office to continue the unrelenting punishment he dealt out to his typewriters. No matter whether in the middle of laying the foundation for an expansion to Fiction Farm, or refinishing some of his fine oak bookshelves in the Grosse Pointe home all work ceased and Dad disappeared into his office.

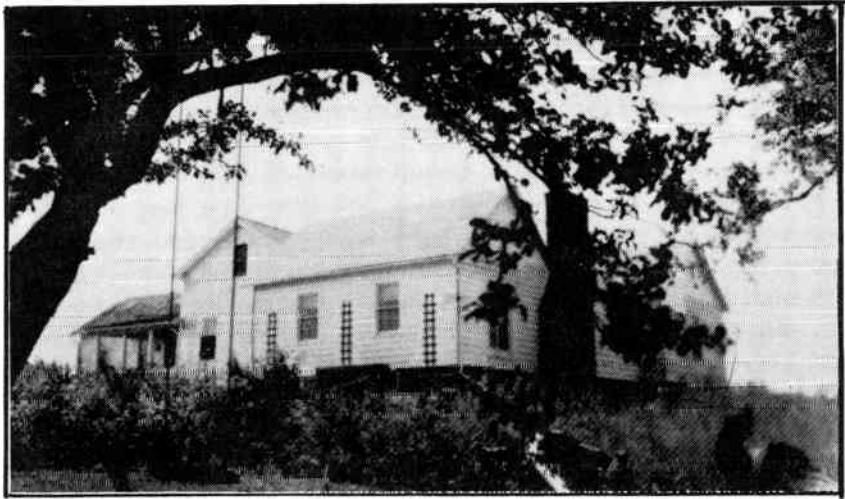
He was so deeply engrossed in his stories that I don't think he even realized the trail of mud, sawdust, or whatever-- that he tracked throughout

the house when returning to the urging, prodding "spurs" on his typewriter.

I'm sure he never noticed the mess when next he emerged from the office; for by that time it had all been cleaned. You see, whenever Dad disappeared-- Mother appeared-- mops, brooms, rags in hand; to clean up after him.

I am certain that she was the first, perhaps the only, lady in history to log over a million miles on her vacuum cleaner-- and all without ever having had an accident.... well there was one minor incident.... I don't think Mom really liked that huge green vase that used to sit on the living room floor anyhow.

The first major construction project at Fiction Farm was a huge addition to the house. If memory serves correctly, it was a thirty- by fifty-foot living room with a huge stone fireplace, and two fifteen- by twenty-foot bedrooms separated by a bathroom.



1942 -- The new wing dwarfs the original farm house.

It was never Dad's intention to farm the land in a traditional sense. However, in order to preserve the rich soil for future generations, Uncle Allan suggested that he should put the land to some use;

perhaps plant pine trees. Dad took the suggestion and each year he had a few thousand pine seedlings planted. The State provided the seedlings and the Boy Scouts did the planting. All but about 15 acres were thus preserved. Those remaining acres were relegated, in the years that followed, to a huge lawn, a small apple orchard, and Dad's garden--which varied in size from year to year depending upon how busy he was.

When clearing the fields of numerous rocks and huge boulders in preparation for the lawns that were to come, Dad must have been impressed with the stately durability of some of the granite boulders. Rather than remove them completely he rearranged them (with the help of a friendly neighbor and his team of horses) into what became known as the Memory Garden-- a rock garden in the middle of the lawn that was appropriately planted with rose bushes and wild flowers. It was, and still is, a good spot for private thought and reflection.

Next came the chicken business.

The older folks wanted to stay at the Farm year around. To keep them occupied during the long fall and winter season, Dad put together a long coup (fifteen by sixty feet), and stocked it with chickens. The proceeds from the sale of the eggs, complete with Fiction Farm imprinted cartons, would provide pin money for the parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles.

Success was shortlived though, lasting only a few years. As the folks grew older, the Arcade winters became more than they could tolerate.

All of his life, Dad was a believer in the American Spirit and way of life. I guess he could be called a flag waver, but only in a most serious and dedicated way. All the characters he created and wrote of were dedicated to: justice, law and order, and good moral values. I still treasure a piece that Dad wrote. I think it was first used as a statement The Lone Ranger made to Dan Reid during

a special rebroadcast of the origin of the Lone Ranger-- on the fifteenth anniversary from Cheyenne, Wyoming in 1948.

The American Heritage
by
Fran Striker

Many of our ancestors were men among whom uncommon valor was a common virtue. Those men have handed down to us a great heritage which we and others like us must protect and preserve. It is the heritage of every American.

The right to live as free people in a land where there is true equality of opportunity. It is our duty to be eternally vigilant and prepared at all times to fight those who dare to challenge our way of life. We must build, as it is our duty to make of this an even greater nation. Property is the fruit of labor. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich and hence, is encouragement to industry and enterprise. Abraham Lincoln once said, "Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

We have for our own a great nation and with the will, the heart, and the courage we can make it even greater. This is our heritage. This is the heritage of every American.

The Forth of July was always a big event at Fiction Farm-- always a big party with a dramatic fireworks' display. Dad would spend the winter months planning, designing, and sketching out the following year's display. If special effects were required, which they usually were, he would go into the basement and experiment with various chemical

mixtures until he found just the right combination to produce what he wanted.

When the school year ended in June, it was a mad rush to get moved to Ficton Farm and construct all the colorful fireworks' frames and displays.



1942 -- Fran and Jan Striker.

"was imminent, and the action was accomplished according to plan," reported Col. C. D. Mettler of the Fourth Service Company.

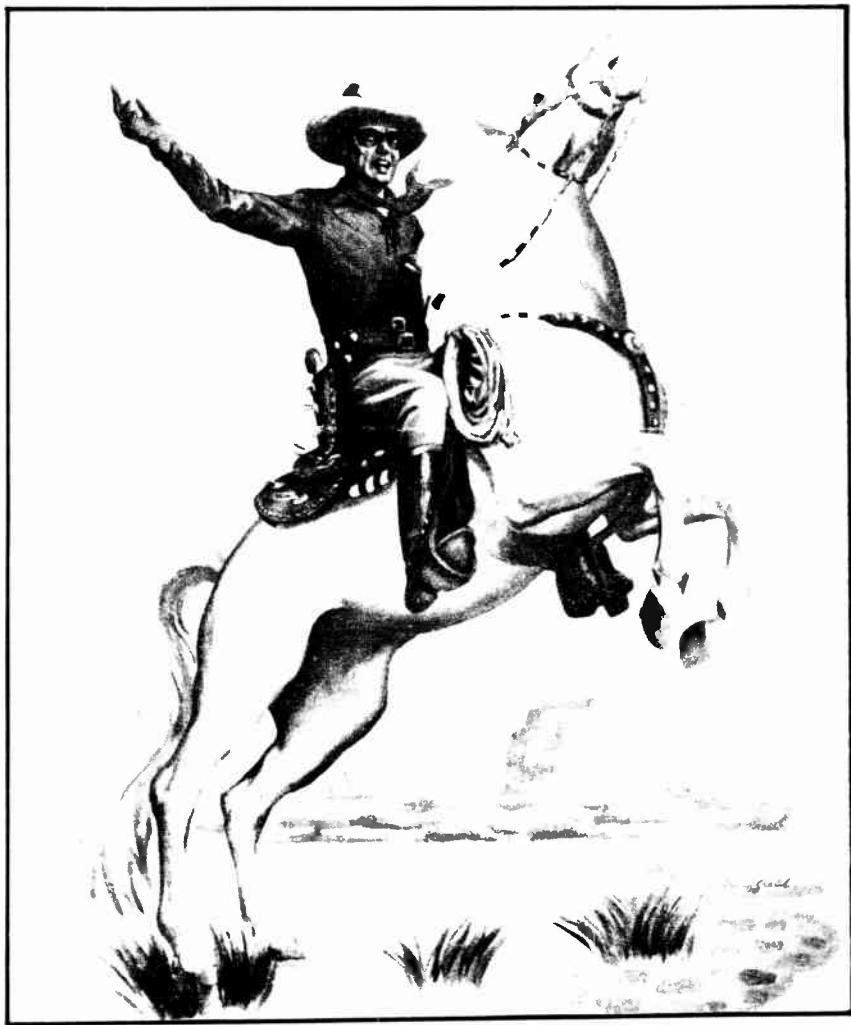
When the three Striker boys became teenagers, the old chicken coup was refurbished and converted into a long narrow bunkhouse-- complete with a bathroom, sitting room, and naturally the sleeping quarters for the boys.

Because of Dad's intense patriotism, I am sure that it was particularly rewarding to him when in 1943, a story was told in the newspapers of how the Lone Ranger, "played an important role," in World War II's battle for North Africa.

It seems that communication with the lines had been knocked out, and an American General had to notify his divisions by messenger of plans for the attack on Tunis. The messenger was dispatched by jeep to the General's units, which were scattered across a 45-mile front. The secret password was, "Hi Yo Silver," and the proper countersign was, "Aw-a-aay."

"Enemy scouts, outposts and probably spies, never caught on that the advance

quarters for the boys.



1943 -- A colorful painting was prepared especially for Safety Club members.

In the years that followed, the bunkhouse was expanded to include an office for Dad, a large enclosed porch, and sleeping quarters for the women of the family. This left the main farmhouse to the generation of the grandparents. Dad's office had a daybed upon which he would grab a few winks whenever he finished his late-night writing. At some point in time, when I don't know, the bunkhouse acquired

the name of "Quest House," after the Tom Quest Series of books.

Expansion and enhancements never stopped at Fiction Farm. Each summer there was a project to be undertaken by the family.

After the big fifteenth anniversary celebration in Wyoming, the project was to call in a bulldozer to reshape the earth's contours near the woodline. The family then took over and changed the course of, and dammed up, a nearby stream. The natural swimming pool that resulted was named Cheyenne Pond.

How strange it is now to recall my childhood and realize that so many of the most vivid and cherished recollections are of occurrences at Fiction Farm; though only a few months were spent there each year. By all standards they seem insignificant little anecdotes from my childhood-- but what satisfaction and peace those memories have provided. Memories of....

.... long walks through the fields to pick wild blueberries and blackberries for home made pies. I usually returned with an empty pail-- but a full belly.

.... huge, delicious, strawberry shortcakes that Mother would bake; with fresh berries from Dad's garden. This was after weeks of doing battle with the rabbits and woodchucks who kept trying to harvest the crop for us.

.... getting the living "beejeepers" scared out of me one moonless night as I ventured from the warmth and security of my parents in the main farmhouse, to the "boys" quarters in the bunk house. My older brothers were hiding in the empty loft of the creaky, ghostly, old barn. As I passed by-- they emitted an eerie, villainous laugh.

.... the self-confidence that came from gaining proficiency with, and respect for, rifles and handguns under Dad's careful tutelage.

.... the great pride with which my sister, Janet, became "one of the guys" after Dad taught her to drive-- as he had taught me just a few years before. It didn't matter to Dad that we were not yet teenagers. We only drove on the farm property. Dad would put the jeep into the ultra low (and slow) range of gears, then just walk alongside as we mastered the intricacies of clutch, gas, brake, and steering-- all at the same time. From that point on, Janet happily joined in the construction projects-- always quickly volunteering to get water for the cement mixing-- driving off in the jeep, to return a short time later with a two-gallon can of water (that was all she could lift), minus the half bucket that had slopped out on the return trip.

.... the time the Striker Family scared the "beejeepers" out of my older brother Bob's summer houseguest. One evening the visitor (city born and bred) asked what the lights were that flickered on and off in the woods. We explained how it was just the police looking for a few escapees from Attica prison, which was only about an hour away. The subject was dropped for the rest of the evening until we were all set to go to sleep in the dark evening chill of the bunk house. Then Bob advised his guest not to worry, we'd seen those lights on many occasions, but never once had we seen a convict come out from the woods and bother the family. After a few days (and sleepless nights for our guest) we finally introduced him to the mysteries of.... lightning bugs.

.... how large the croquet course became as the lawn was expanded each year. What a feeling of power it was to send an adult's ball rolling over the rise and into the ravine.

.... the frequent Sunday evening rides to the Buffalo Airport with Dad, as he rushed to get the cartoon scripts on the last possible flight before the absolute deadline. Then the more leisurely return trip which often included a stop at a little, out-of-the-way tavern to partake of what had to be the best "roast beef on wick" sandwich in the world.

Then there was a telephone call from the Arcade Post Office one Saturday afternoon-- a special registered letter had arrived from Detroit. Did we want to come down and pick it up, or wait until Monday's delivery.

Having just recently earned my drivers license, I volunteered to pick it up for Dad. What I returned with was from the boss in Detroit. Trendle informed Dad of the sale of the Lone Ranger to a man named Jack Wrather-- out on the west coast. The letter also contained a check for Dad; just a small pittance in light of the three-million dollar, record setting, sale.... but after all, it had only been ten or fifteen years since the bosses-- Trendle, Campbell, Pierce and King-- had chipped in to give Dad a gold pocket watch.

It was not until reading WIXIE Wonderland that any of the Striker Family knew that Dad had once been fired by Trendle in the 40s. Once again, Osgood tells the complete story; but basically Dad once asked for a raise, and Trendle fired him. A short time later, in response to the sponsor's concerns over the degraded quality of the Ranger stories, Trendle was forced to rehire Dad.

So as not to worry the family, Dad never told us about it. He simply mentioned to Mother that he had a new arrangement with WXYZ; he could work exclusively from home now, rather than split his time between his offices at home and at WXYZ. When recalling this, after reading of the dismissal nearly forty years later, Mom said-- with a angered set in her jaw,

"That was the same George Trendle who, when in later years needed an operation, asked Dad to be there when he went under the anesthesia and when he came out of it. He didn't want his wife. He didn't want his grown son... Just your Dad! Trendle claimed your Dad was his only true friend."

Jack Wrather, from a Texas oil family, owned a television production company. It's been reported that he was always a big fan of the Ranger. By this time the masked rider was a tremendous success on television, as well as on radio. It must have been a big day in the life of the young businessman when he was able to say that he "owned" the idol of his childhood.

Of course, in the broadest sense, nobody owns a Lone Ranger-- a Mickey Mouse or a Santa Claus-- except the millions of people who believe in the character and what that character represents. There is a point when a work of fiction becomes a legend. Legends, like classic art and beauty, reside in the eyes of the beholder. Those who claim ownership are merely the temporary caretakers.

Naturally Dad had been involved with the television aspects of the Lone Ranger programs from the very beginning. I remember him returning from a trip to Hollywood where he and Trendle had been considering actors for the title role. He was overjoyed; they'd found a fellow-- named Moore-- who Dad felt was perfect for the part. Dad was on pins



Clayton Moore and Jay Silverheels successfully carried the legends to new generations.

and needles until Clayton Moore was formally offered, and accepted, the job.

Dad was equally pleased with Jay Silverheels as Tonto. Later on, he related to me what a fine and genuine man Jay was. His rendering of the Tonto character played second fiddle to the man's personal attributes by Dad's standards.

The 1950's were not good years for Dad, or the rest of the family. My two older brothers were drafted into the Army during the Korean War. On occasion there were long gaps between the letters to home. The worry lines on Dad's face deepened. He couldn't talk to the family about his fears; he didn't want to transfer that fear to others whom he loved. We could tell where his mind was, though. We knew how hard it was for him to concentrate-- to create-- in spite of the increasingly long hours he spent in the solitude of his offices.

Then, with the sale of the Ranger, there was also the uncertainty of his own future.

I find very little to document Dad's relationship with Wrather and Hollywood. I "sense" that they didn't see eye-to-eye on many things. In the years to follow, Dad's role in the Ranger started to wind down.

In the mid-1950s fate dealt a tough blow to the family. Both of my brothers had returned safely from the Army and the mess in Korea. But just a short time later, Don, the middle of the three boys, was diagnosed as having a form of bone cancer and leukemia-- surely to be terminal within a few years. There was no hope of cure, and treatment to lessen discomfort was, at best, speculative.

There was little reason for the family to remain in Michigan, Dad could write his scripts from anyplace now and let the Post Office do the leg work. The hospital in Mount Morris, New York, was fully capable of administering to Don-- plus it was near Fiction Farm and the clean fresh air and countryside we all loved.

Living year-around at the Farm didn't seem advisable. The buildings weren't really insulated for winter and there were no adequate heating systems. Dad purchased a big beautiful home on Main Street in Arcade, the friendly community just a few miles from the tranquility of Fiction Farm.

Don's battle against all of the odds ended with his death on August 12th, 1957.

A few years ago, I read a very honest, accurate, and complete critique of my Dad's books. It was done by Fred Woodworth, who publishes The Mystery and Adventure Series Review from Tucson, Arizona. His insight into a man he'd never known, made solely from the writings Dad left, was uncanny in its accuracy. Fred was even able to correctly identify Dad as the real author of some Roy Rogers and Gene Autry novels; although for obvious reasons,

Dad used pseudonyms. Fred was critic of some of Dad's books, sensing that something was wrong-- they weren't up to Striker's standards.

What Fred Woodworth couldn't have known was that those few novels he was critical of were written during extremely trying times in Dad's life-- the period when my brothers were in the Army, and the extended period when Don was sick.

From Arcade, Dad opened new horizons for his creativity. He served on the Board of Directors of a nearby hospital-- scripting and producing a fund-raising film for them.

He developed a creative writing course, which he taught for the Buffalo Area YWCA.

He completed the third and forth draft of an adult western novel that he'd been developing for a number of years. One More River is based upon a little known experiment that was conducted by the United States Army in the days of this country's western expansion. One day I hope to summon the talent to accomplish the final rewrite for Dad.

Beginning the decade of the 1960s, Dad became associated with the University of Buffalo's Creative Problem Solving Institute. This association led to plans for him to teach regular classes at the University on creative writing. This opportunity was particularly rewarding-- to be able to teach at the University from which, years earlier, he failed to graduate.

July of 1962 presented Dad with another gratifying reward. There was an Iroquois Indian, All Nation Pow Wow held in upstate New York. Part of the festivities were to formally adopt Dad into the Hawk Clan of the Seneca Indians' Tonawanda Band. He was given the name of Ha Yah-Douh (The Writer).

That meant a lot to Dad as he always thought very highly of the American Indians-- way back in

Ranger script number three, the Indians were the heros of the drama. Traits of trustworthiness, dedication, and independent pride were consistantly exemplified by Tonto. Beemer and other Rangers had been adopted by numerous Indian Nations in the past, but this was singular recognition for Dad.

Many people think that "Kemo Sabay" was only what Tonto called the Ranger. Actually the earliest use I've found of the "trusted friend" translation shows it as being what the Ranger called Tonto. In many of the early transcriptions both the Ranger and Tonto use Kemo Sabay when referring to each other.

Dad's inscription in the fifth Lone Ranger novel reads-- "Of all the titles, this one is the best seller." The fifth book is titled The Lone Ranger and Tonto.

The large house on Main Street had become much more than the family now needed. Bob was grown, working and living in Detroit; I was in Georgia serving my hitch in the Army. Just Mother, Dad, and Janet remained at home. Plus, there was the forthcoming teaching assignment at the University, an hour's drive away in good weather-- an impossible trip in the severe winter weather.

Dad and the girls found a nice house in the Buffalo suburbs-- close to the University-- smaller and much better suited to the needs of the future. On moving day the girls went ahead to open the new house as Dad supervised the loading of the moving van.

When fully loaded, the truck and crew left for the new house. Dad checked over the Arcade house one more time, locked it, and departed for the new house.

Dad didn't finish that trip-- he was killed in a head-on collision-- September 4th, 1962.



Late 1950s -- Dad checking a young pear tree. This, of all the photos taken, has become a family favorite.

There was no solace at that time. There was gratitude and appreciation for having been born to such a wonderful Dad.

There was no peace at that time. There was anger and resentment that Dad had been taken from us so prematurely.

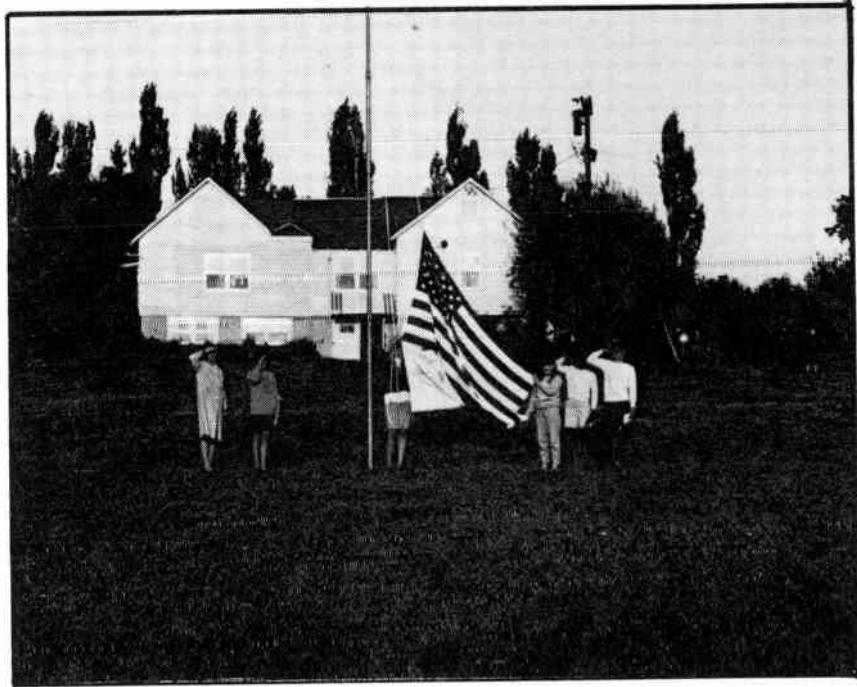
I am not sure whether, after my brother's death, Dad ever fully regained the inner peace and happiness that he demonstrated and shared with all of us. If he didn't, until his own death, then I must consider the auto accident that took his life as an expression of The Supreme Being's kindness and compassion; even though I also feel that those of us who loved him were robbed of many more years of sharing Dad's overflowing heart and love.

And now, fifty years after Dad gave us The Lone Ranger; twenty years after Dad was taken from us, there is warmth and appreciation to be drawn from the many fans who remain steadfast in their dedication to the Ranger's lessons on life and manhood.

Following Dad's death, Fiction Farm was closed. It would have been impossible for Mother and Janet to cut the vast lawns, much less see to the countless other details that constantly required attention. After serious deliberation, the family reached the unanimous decision that the property must be sold, lest it deteriorate to the wasteful

and desolate condition it was in when we first occupied it. After all of the love that went into, and came out of, Fiction Farm, it deserved a more fitting future than simple neglect.

The property was purchased by the Child Evangelism Fellowship, who made it into a beautiful summer camp for children. Notable, and to the Fellowship's credit, the camp facilities are frequently used by children who, for one reason or another, may never otherwise get the opportunity to attend a summer camp.



Fiction Farm today. As Good News Camp, many old traditions continue....

The pine seedlings that Dad had planted so many years ago have grown to strong maturity; providing a beautiful and clean pine forest. Campsites, cabins, and even a tepee are scattered throughout.

Cheyenne Pond still offers a cooling swim on a hot summer day-- the wild beauty of the Memory Garden still encourages meditation-- Quest House has

been further expanded. The original portion of the farmhouse has been replaced with a huge meeting and dining lodge, complete with full kitchen facilities. It's attached to Dad's "new wing," which is now the "old part" of the lodge and provides living quarters for the resident manager's family.

The fireflies still reside on the woodline... still provide the seed of an idea from which countless happy children can dream-up eerie tales to scare the "beejeepers" out of their friends.

I'm told that on a few special summer nights if you are very quiet... and listen very carefully as the evening breeze nudges it's way through the tall pines... you can almost hear the chatter of the typewriters from years past..... "Listen...There is the beating of the hoofs as, in the nick of time, he swings into action. Ride Tonto! Ride Lone Ranger! Hi Yo Silver!"



1957 · Dad with one of the favorite rifles in his collection, an old Winchester carbine, "...they loaded on Sunday and fired all week."

Dad's legend survived.... The legacy is secure.....

7 - THE LEGACY IS SECURE....

....but there is still more to be told. There are still things that must be said in order to appropriately complete this work. Some of the most frequent questions still remain to be answered.

This will be the most emotional chapter for me to write. For with this chapter I complete a story that has needed telling for decades-- I finish a project I've dreamed of all my adult life-- I conclude what began in earnest over three years ago.

Certainly, I haven't told the complete story of the Lone Ranger; just the radio years and Dad's involvement. The intimate details of the television years remain locked in someone else's mind. Another book-- another writer-- another time--

To this point, I have tried to remain objective in my thinking. I've drawn conclusions from documented fact and logic. Wherever possible, I've insisted that at least two independent sources lead me to what I believe is the most logical conclusion. Should readers, after considering what I've had to say, choose to reach other conclusions, that is certainly their right. It is my hope, however, that forever more the reader will be able to explain, "That's who that masked man was...."

In this last chapter, I will allow free rein to some of my subjective thoughts.

Throughout my research and writing I have been

wrestling the decision of whether or not to print copies of the letters between WXYZ and Dad; the letters from 1932 and 1933 that document the genesis of the Ranger.

To date, copies were made only twice. Once, in 1962, after Dad appeared on the television program "To Tell The Truth." The affidavit that was read on the program identified Dad as the creator of the Ranger. An angry George Trendle wrote Dad seeking a retraction of the statement. In response, Dad sent Trendle copies of those old letters. That closed the issue.

The other time was after Dad's death. Time magazine noted his passing and identified him as the creator of the Ranger. Again, Trendle challenged the statement; writing to the magazine. The folks at Time contacted the Striker Family for clarification. My brother's response included copies of those old letters. The magazine was satisfied-- the issue was again closed.

In addition to the new western program, those letters discuss business matters that do not relate to the Ranger in any way. Nothing particularly interesting to the general public, just business. However, I cannot possibly know the sensitivities of the relatives and descendants of the principals involved in those letters.

I have quoted accurately what is relative-- the letters shall remain in the Family archives.

Speaking of archives, responding to a request, Dad contributed his collection of Ranger scripts and so forth to the University of Buffalo Library. After his death, the family continued what he had started by placing many more items on loan to the same Library. The family plans additional contributions, as appropriate. It is my request that the Library not disseminate copies of the material in the Striker Collection. The material is there as Dad intended it to be, for the serious student of Americana and the Broadcast Arts.

I can remember when the Ranger was first being considered for television. Brace Beemer was given only the briefest fleeting consideration. Good as he was in the character-- perfect as his vocal qualities remained-- Brace's age would not allow the close-up camera to convincingly portray the character. I am sure he was upset. It would have been unnatural if he had not been to some degree. When Clayton first assumed the character, Brace still played the role on the radio and made many of the public appearances.

To some, Earl Graser was the "real" Lone Ranger. To me, and those in my generation, Brace



1949 -- The great horse Silver didn't like strangers in his saddle, but even he knew that Brace Beemer's young friend, Janet Striker, was no stranger.

was the "real" Ranger. It never bothered my chronological peers that there was also a Clayton Moore Ranger on television. Even the youngest fan seemed able to accept that.

Moore's tenure in the role had to be more difficult than that of his predecessors. He always had to satisfy the aural and the visual standards of the character. Clayton Moore met those requirements with tenacious dedication of purpose and excellence of execution.

I'm leading to one of the questions I'm frequently asked. "What do I think of the mask being taken away from Clayton Moore?"

Perhaps it was time to introduce a younger actor to the character. The mask should not have been taken from Clayton Moore the way that it was. Even the most novice of creative thinkers could have suggested an acceptable scheme for the transition of the character to a younger man. They could even have looked to the history of the character for ideas. There is no radio requirement today but certainly Moore could have continued the personal appearance aspects of the role. This would have allowed time for a new actor to grow into the character. This would have solicited new generations of fans rather than simply alienating the older ones. This could have enabled a dignified and graceful transition, in keeping with tradition.

Interesting at this point is the conclusion of an article written by Dickson Terry for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The date is lost but statements in the beginning of the article indicate it was from the early to mid 50s. Terry was writing of an interview he'd had with Clayton Moore.

"Nearly always when making an appearance some of the youngsters, carried away by curiosity, start yelling at him to take off the mask so they can see what he looks like without it. He (Moore) tells them

that when there are no more outlaws and bad guys, he'll take it off. If they keep on yelling, he stops them and says earnestly, 'Do you really want me to take it off?'

"There is a short silence, and then they all start yelling 'No! No!' and that's the end of that. Which is as it should be. I believe in the Lone Ranger myself."

To which I can only add... so do I!

Another point that I am frequently questioned about is the most recent Hollywood rendition of "The Legend Of The Lone Ranger."

In spite of what I consider to be the movie's good points, I must confess that, in totality, it was awful.

First the good points-- The musical score was good. Much of the cinematography was outstanding, particularly the scenes when Silver was found. Silver, by the way, did a good job.

It is most difficult to comment on the merits of Klington Spilsbury and Michael Horse. To me, they looked credible, but I must stress the word "looked." Perhaps they were not what many of the fans expected-- but credible to a younger generation that is more sophisticated than I was.

I've read about how Spilsbury's voice was so bad it was overdubbed. I've also read that a big point in favor of his being given the part was his good voice. I'm confused! The overdub obviously didn't help.

To me, the cause of the voice problem was blatantly obvious. The script was so poorly done that there were no decent lines that any actor, no matter how good he was, could deliver with feeling or quality.

I will refrain from further comment on the script by deferring to a letter Dad wrote on February 15, 1955. That was the year the Wrather Corporation produced it's first Lone Ranger movie. Dad was asked to comment on the proposed story treatment in late 1954. Reading this letter for the first time left me with a supernatural chill, for it clearly seemed Dad was commenting on the most recent Legend of TLR. Of course he wasn't-- remember, this letter was written in February 1955. Actual production of the movie discussed in Dad's letter started in August of that year.

"Millions of people will be delighted with the chance to see for the first time, the Lone Ranger as a feature movie. And they'll be terribly let down if they see - not a typical Lone Ranger, but rather a woeful story of a poverty-ridden, uncultured nester who cannot even provide a home for his two sons.

"I have never been more firmly convinced of anything than I am of the fact that this is the wrong kind of story.

"I think this feature should be a typical Lone Ranger story, showing the Lone Ranger as he is now - not as he was in childhood. It should show him battling impossible odds to accomplish much more than the mere smashing of an outlaw leader. I mean to say, the story should have more scope. The future of the nation should hang on the success of the Lone Ranger.

"We have had several three or four episode radio stories of this type. Examples: The building of the Union Pacific Railroad - and the Sante Fe, the establishment of the Pony Express, preventing a war between the Indians and the whites, the smashing of a plot to seize the whole of the Southwest and set up a separate government, etc. etc.

"There are eighteen full length novels. There MUST be a good plot in ONE of them. Or at least a suggestion for a plot.

"I think the background of the Lone Ranger, how he became the Lone Ranger, etc., has no place in this feature, but if it IS to be included, it should follow the facts as they have been done so many times on radio, TV, in books, and on the Decca Records.

"There is no use pointing out all of the factual errors in the screenplay treatment. Aside from having the wrong names, the whole thing is out of line. The boys should not be illiterate, nor should their father. The handling of Collin's trumped-up wound is out of line, and so are most of the other details, including the gang that ambushed the Texas Rangers.

"I'm summarizing the facts on another sheet.

"Moreover, there are many subtleties that have contributed toward the peculiarly successful characterization of the Lone Ranger. In this treatment many of these have been violated. The Lone Ranger even as a boy, had a high sense of honor and fair play. He wouldn't have a gun hidden from his father - he wouldn't shoot an Eagle or any other living creature except for food or to save a life. Of course, he does save Tonto's life by shooting the Eagle, but Tonto had no business robbing the Eagle's nest. (Incidentally, the Eagle is our national bird and it is a Federal crime to shoot one.)

"It'll be a darned shame if the screenplay writers give this job a so-so treatment. SO many people, adults as well as kids will be disillusioned.

"The Lone Ranger must not be treated as an individual- a cowboy hero like Roy Rogers or Hopalong. The Lone Ranger is not an ordinary man. He is the composite of all strong men - he is a legend. He's Americana.

"In twenty-three years of writing and supervising Lone Ranger stories I met scores

and scores of writers who wanted to do at least one Lone Ranger script so they might add this to their list of credits. I have read Lone Ranger scripts from at least two hundred different writers. Most of them were unable to portray the Lone Ranger character. And many of those who failed were writers of rank, fine craftsmen, capable dramaturgists and wholly at ease in western writing. They failed because they approached the assignment with a tongue-in-cheek attitude. They did not take the Lone Ranger seriously.

"I have written at length because I can never be less than sincerely and wholeheartedly interested in the continuing success of the Lone Ranger.

"If there is any way, reading script, editing dialog, checking the Lone Ranger's lines, coordinating - ANY way that I can be of help in this great new advancement of the Lone Ranger, please call on me."

Fran Striker. -

Obviously, Wrather and friends listened to what Dad had to say in 1955. Their movie contained little, if any, of what Dad was objecting to. It was successful financially and it was enjoyed by the fans.

It almost seems that parts of the very script Dad wrote about were used in the recent flop.

What a shame-- after all these years the Hollywood hot-shots thought they could rewrite a legend. They couldn't!

As a magazine editor noted in the 1960s, "The Lone Ranger was a 'WOW' alright. It survived the fall of radio, the decline of movies in the 50s, the end of TV's Golden Age. The Masked Man and his faithful Indian companion endured long after the last string was pulled on Howdy Doody."

What do I think of the latest movie? An ill-advised, sickly conceived, atrociously written, blotched together, farce.

No matter though-- The legend will continue to endure... Dad's legacy is secure...

Before finishing, I must offer what I believe is an appropriate answer to the most frequently asked question of all.

"Who was that Masked Man?"

To those that listened to his thrice-weekly radio broadcasts, he was clean living and goodness. He was justice for all. He was the personification of those traits of character that every parent hopes their child will possess, when grown. He was an American ideal... a characterization which lived in, and was idolized by, countless millions of children. He was a touch of home to thousands of GIs at war throughout the world. Today, he is a snapshot from childhood to generations of parents. To some degree, that masked man is what each of us wants to make of him. He is a fantasy to some, a dream to others; a dream that became a legend.

But to me, all of the those admirable traits of character given to the Ranger were so familiar, so recognizable....

Dad's typewriter did grow spurs; from the traditional cowboy spurs of the western rider, to the more symbolic spurs with which: the Green Hornet fought crime in the city, Sergeant Preston secured new frontiers of the north, the awesome Gulliver of the Tom Quest series urged his distinctive jeep over more modern day adventure-lands.

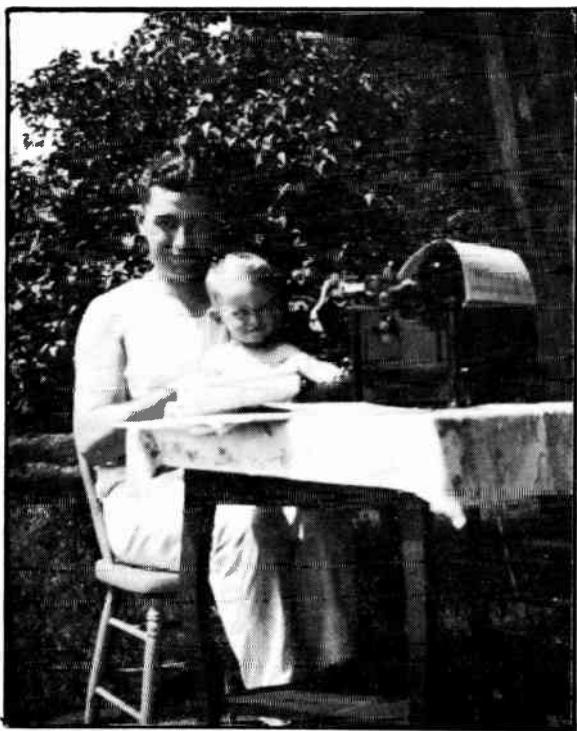
Of the many millions of words that Dad wrote, none have more meaning-- none are more typical-- than those which follow, and with which I shall end....

I BELIEVE--

- that to have a friend, a man must be one.
- that all men are created equal and that everyone has within himself the power to help make this a better world.
- that God put the firewood there - but every man must gather and light it for himself.
- in being prepared physically, mentally and morally to fight when necessary, for that which is right.
- that a man should make the most of what he has.
- that "This Government, of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall live always.
- that man should live by the rule of what is best for the greatest number.
- that sooner or later- somewhere- somehow- we must settle with the world and make payment for what we have taken.
- that all things change but truth.... and that truth alone lives on forever.
- in my Creator, my country, my fellow man.

Fran Striker

That was Dad.



1932 -- Dad on vacation-- the typewriter always present.
With some help from his first child, Bob, Dad finished
some scripts and mailed them to WXYZ in Detroit.

RADIO DRAMAS WRITTEN BY FRAN STRIKER.
(In alphabetical order.)

NOTE: Most of the series listed predate the Lone Ranger. Actual dates of creation (or first broadcast) are indicated immediately following the titles, wherever known. The number of episodes is similarly listed, where known. Parenthetical comments provide known explanatory information.

1. Adventureland
(A sequel to Way Out West.)
2. Adventures In The Air; Spring 1930.
3. Behind the Headlines; 1930, 79 episodes.
(A spin-off of the earlier Betty and Jack.)
4. Betty and Jack; 1929.
5. Campus Nights; January 1930, 33 episodes.
(Each Program features a visit to a leading institution of learning and depicts college life. A barrage of letters was received in protest to an episode being skipped.)
6. Clippings; 15 episodes.
7. Copper Cylinder; 6 episodes.
8. Covered Wagon Days; 1930, 24 episodes.
9. Crimson Fang; 59 episodes.
10. Crystal Gazer; 1929, 13 episodes.
11. Dr. Dragonette; June 1932, 10 episodes.
(Plot laid in the Far East. Evil, smooth, oriental doctor rules a world of crime.)

12. Dromedary; 4 episodes.
13. Drums of Kali; 5 episodes.
14. The Falcon; 1930, 8 episodes.
(The conclusion of this series introduced the Ultra Violet series.)
15. Ghost Ship, The; 10 episodes.
16. Green Hornet, The; January 1936
17. Hank and Honey; 1929, 178 episodes.
(Perhaps the world's first sit-com.)
18. Hiram and Belinda; 12 episodes.
19. Limelight of Purple; 7 episodes.
20. Lone Ranger, The; 1932.
21. Loup Garou; 6 episodes.
22. Love; 52 episodes.
23. Mad Hatter; 5 episodes.
(Story of a finely built man who at the sight of blood, or when very angry, develops the characteristics of a leopard.)
24. Matinee Players; 7 episodes.
25. Manhunters/Warner Lester; March 1932, 303 episodes.
26. Mark Twain; 1933.
(Radio adaptations of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.)
27. Mort Manor; 12 episodes.
28. Musicas; 1930.
29. Ned Jordan, Secret Agent; 1939

30. Rhinestones; 19 episodes.
31. Romance; 41 episodes.
32. Sea Hound, The.
33. Sergeant Preston- Challange of the Yukon.
34. Sky Boat, The; 1930.
35. Skylarks; 53 episodes.
36. Steppin' Out; 1931, 35 episodes.
37. Subconscious; 1932, 11 episodes.
(Theme is laid in a radio studio. During the course of the broadcast, one of the cast is shot and the mystery begins.)
38. Temple Bells; 9 episodes.
39. Patrica Dare/Thrills of the Secret Service;
(Thrilling adventures of a female spy for the American Forces.)
40. Ultra Violet; 1931, 7 episodes.
(Prompted by a vacation trip. Selected for a textbook example of radio script writing.)
41. Vernor's Ginger Ale Games; October 1929.
42. Way Out West; 1931, 8 episodes.
(Sequel to Covered Wagon Days.)
43. Weird Tales.

ADDEMDUM "B"

COVERED WAGON DAYS SCRIPT #10

as modified and submitted as

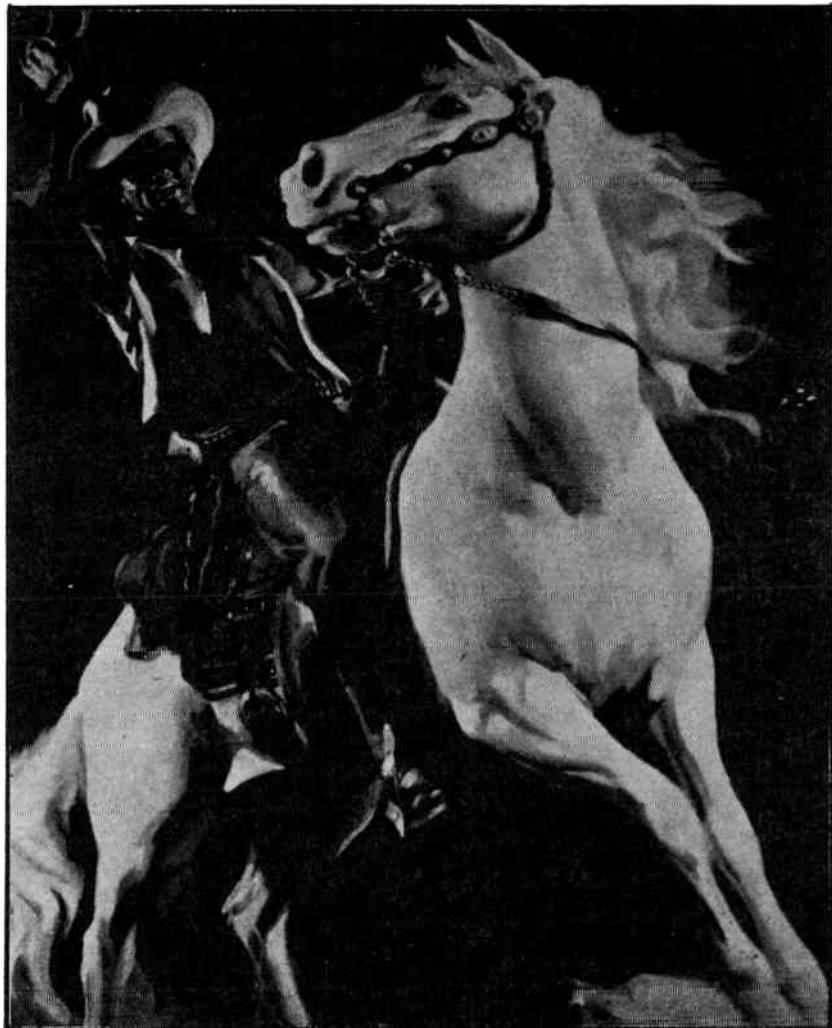
Lone Ranger Script #1

Note: The script that follows is the one Fran Striker first submitted to station WXYZ in response to their request for a western series. It is a rewrite of a series he had previously created, incorporating the ideas of the Detroit station.

Dad quickly sent out four more scripts for consideration. The executives in Detroit liked the concepts he presented and advised him that they were going to start the series with script number two, as it more closely represented the type of Ranger they wanted.

This script was further rewritten by Dad and broadcast as Ranger Program Number 13.

Dad used phonetic spelling in order to give the actors the "feel" of the character. In retyping the script for this book, I have retained all of that spelling. I have corrected the strikeovers which were not corrected on the original copy. The other change I made was to type it in all upper case for legibility. Where the original used upper case for emphasis, I have used a bold print.



Mid-1930s -- One of the earliest paintings of the masked rider.

COVERED WAGON DAYS
SCRIPT #10

BY

FRAN STRIKER
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AS MODIFIED AND SUBMITTED TO
STATION WXYZ AS LONE RANGER SCRIPT #1
IN DECEMBER, 1932

SYNOPSIS:

EZRA HOLTON NEARLY LOSES A CLAIM BUT
THE LONE RANGER BURIES PROOF OF OWNERSHIP
UNDER A FIREPLACE.

CHARACTERS:

EZRA HOLTON.....	AN OLD PROSPECTOR.
MILLIE HOLTON.....	EZRA'S WIFE/PATIENT HARD WORKING.
LOGAN.....	UNSCRUPULOUS ASSAYER/PETE'S FRIEND.
PETE.....	VERY MEAN, NASTY VOICE, VERY ROUGH
SHERIFF CURRY.....	STRAIGHT PART
RANGER.....	VERY EVEN, MILD VOICE, CLEAR AND PLEASING AS WELL AS A VOICE OF AUTHORITY.

SOUND EFFECTS

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| A) DOOR OPEN AND SLAM | B) CRASH OF WINDOW GLASS |
| C) RUSTLE OF PAPER | D) HORSES HOOFs |
| E) SEVERAL GUN SHOTS | F) DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE |
| G) GUN SHOTS, TWO | H) HORSES HOOFs |
| I) HORSES HOOFs, BACKGROUND | J) GENERAL CROWD NOISE, MEN |
| K) MENS VOICES, BACKGROUND | L) HOOFs, APPROACHING, WHINNY |
| M) BACKGROUND MENS, VOICES | N) GUN SHOT |
| O) HORSES HOOFs | P) HORSES HOOFs UNDER VOICES |

MUSIC UP-

ANNOUNCER: IN THE SMALL COMMUNITIES OF THE WEST, GAMBLING AND GUN FIGHTING WAS AN EVERY DAY AFFAIR, AND A MAN NEVER LEFT HIS HOUSE WITHOUT BEING PREPARED TO SHOOT IN DEFENSE OF HIS LIFE.

THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE WEST, IN THOSE TURBULENT DAYS, WERE CIRCULATED STORIES OF A MASKED RIDER, A PICTURESQUE FIGURE THAT PERFORMED DEEDS OF THE GREATEST DARING... A MODERN ROBIN HOOD... SEEN BY FEW, KNOWN BY NONE. FEW MEN DARED TO DEFY THIS MAN, AND THOSE THAT DID.... LOST.

OLD EZRA HOLTON WAS A PROSPECTOR AND WITH HIS WIFE HAD GIVEN THE BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE IN THE ENDLESS SEARCH FOR GOLD IN THE WEST. NOTHING BUT DEFEAT HAD MET HIM AT EVERY TURN. HE IS JUST RETURNING FROM THE ASSAY OFFICE TO FIND HIS PATIENT AND TIRED WIFE MILLIE, WAITING FOR HIM AT THE CABIN DOOR.

MILLIE YEW GOT BACK SOONER'N I THOUGHT YOU WOULD THIS TIME EZRA.

EZRA: YEP, I WAS TOO BROKE TUH STAY AROUND TOWN THIS TIME.

MILLIE: IT'S JEST AS WELL YEW WAS BROKE. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YEW ALWAYS HAVE TEW BUY DRINKS FER ALL THE MEN THAT HANG AROUND AT THAT GRAND VIEW SALOON.

EZRA: UH HUH..... I HEARD SOME STORIES 'BOUT THAT RANGER FELLA MILLIE.

MILLIE: DON'T YEW TALK TUH ME ABOUT THAT MURDERIN' BANDIT! I'VE HEARD TELL OF SOME OF THE THINGS HE DOES, RIDEN' IN ON FOLKS AN' ROBBIN' AN' SHOOTIN' 'EM ALL THE TIME....

EZRA: I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT THAT MILLIE. SHERIFF CURRY WAS TELLIN' ME THAT HE'S A RIGHT GENTLEMANLY SORT OF FELLER.... MEBBEE YA BEEN HEARIN' OL' WIMEN TALK.

MILLIE: THAT DON'T MAKE IT NONE THE LESS TRUE....

EZRA: AN HE SAYS.... SHERIFF CURRY DOES, THAT HE SEEN THE FELLA ONCE, WHEN HE WAS FIGHTIN' MAD, AN'... CRACKY, THE WAY HE TOLD OF WHAT THAT FELLER DONE!

MILLIE: HUMPH!

EZRA: SHERIFF TELLS OF A FELLER WHAT DIED OVER WASHOE WAY, AND LEFT HIS WIFE AND A KID ABOUT TEN, ALL ALONE. ARIZONA PETE COME IN WITH A GANG OF HALF-BREEDS TUH ROB THE WIDDER....

MILLIE: ARIZONA PETE'S ANOTHER ONE OUGHT TEW BE HUNG, IF THERE WAS ANY ONE HERE ABOUT'S COULD EVER CATCH THE VARMIT.

EZRA: NOW LEMME TELL YUH.... PETE HAD SEVEN MEN WITH HIM AN' THEY WAS BAD ONES TOO, WITH SIX GUNS AN ALL. WELL THEY WAS LAFFIN' AT THE POOR WIDDER, AN' TICKLIN' HER UNDER THE CHIN, AN' MAKIN TUH STEAL HER MONEY....

MILLIE: I AIN'T INTERESTED, I GOT ENOUGH TUH WORRY 'BOUT WITHOUT SHERIFF BILL CURRY AND HIS YARNs....

EZRA: BUT HOLD ON MILLIE... ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY WAS A CLATTER OF HOSSES HOOFs. AN WHEN PETE AN HIS MEN LOOKED UP WHAT D'YA THINK THEY SEE?

MILLIE: WELL GO ON YA OL' FOOL....

EZRA: THERE IN THE DOOR OF THE WOODERS SHACK STANOS THIS RANGER FELLA. HIS FACE WAS COVERED WITH A BLACK MASK SO'S ALL THEY COULD SEE WAS HIS MOUTH AN' CHIN. A..AN HE'S A-GRINNIN' AT THEM.

MILLIE: HE WANTED TO ROB THE WOODER HIMSELF I SUPPOSE?

EZRA: NO, THAT'S THE FUNNY PART OF IT MILLIE, HE TOL' THEM BANDITS TUH CLEAR OUT, AN' JUST STOOD THERE WITH HIS GUNS STILL IN HIS HOLSTERS, A GRINNIN'. WAL, EVERYONE KNOWS THET ARIZONA PETE IS THE FASTEST DRAW AROUND, THERE ISN'T A MAN LIVEN' C'O BEAT HIM... SO EVERYONE JUS' STANOS THERE AWAIT'N FER SOMETHING TO HAPPEN. FINALLY PETE, HE GOES FER HIS GUNS....

MILLIE: YEAH?

EZRA: AN' THAT WAS WHERE HE MADE HIS MISTAKE, CUZ JUS' LIKE THAT (SNAP'S FINGERS) THEY'S A ROAR OF GUNS, AN' THIS RANGER IS STANIN' THAR.. STILL GRINNIN' HIS SIX GUNS ALREADY BACK IN HIS HOLSTERS.

MILLIE: WHAT ABOUT PETE?

EZRA: HE WAS A HOLOIN' HIS WRIST WHERE IT'O BEEN SMASHED BY A BULLET! BY GOSH MILLIE, THEY SAY THAT QUICKER 'N LIGHTNING' THET RANGER HAD FIRED OFF EIGHT SHOTS. ONE IN PETE'S HAND, AN ONE IN THE FLOOR NEXT TUH EACH OF THE OTHER BANDITS... JUST IN CASE THEY GOT ANY IDERS 'BOUT GOIN FER THEIR GUNS. THEY SAY THAT HE WAS SO FAST THET IT SOUNDED LIKE ONE BIG EXPLOSION... NOT EIGHT SHOTS.

MILLIE: AN JUST HOW'D THE SHERIFF KNOW ALL THIS? WHERE WAS HE ALL THIS TIME.

EZRA: THE WOODER TOL' HIM

MILLIE: AN' YEW BELIEVE THIS YARN?

EZRA: WAL, THE SHERIFF, HE AINT GIVEN TUH LYIN' MILLIE, AN' HE SAYS HE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH SHOOTIN AS' THET FELLER DONE. AN THEY SAY HIS BULLETS ARE MADE OF SOLID SILVER.

MILLIE: SHUCKS! I JUST DONT BELIEVE THAT.

EZRA: SHERIFF CURRY SAYS HE DUG OUT SOME OF THE BULLETS, AND HAS THEM IN HIS DESK. HE'S KEEPIN' THEM AS EVIDENCE. HE SAYS THAT IF HE SEES THAT FELLER, HE'LL HAVE TO ARREST HIM, BUT HE'LL HATE TO DO IT, 'CUZ HE THINKS THE FELLER AINT AS BAD AS SOME FOLKS'D MAKE HIM OUT TUH BE.

MILLIE: ALRIGHT EZRA YOU BELIEVE IT IF YOU WANT TUH. BUT WHAT DID THE ASSAY OFFICE HAVE TUH TELL YUH ABOUT THAT LAST ORE YUH DUG UP?

EZRA: NUTHIN! THEY GOT A NEW MAN IN CHARGE THERE NOW MILLIE, AN' HE SEZ I'LL HAVE TUH GO BACK TOMORROW FER THE REPORT. MAYBE I GOT SOME REAL PAY DIRT THIS TIME, EH?

MILLIE: AW-W EZRA, YUH POOR DEAR OL' FOOL, YOU WON'T NEVER GET NUTHIN' REAL DIGGIN' AROUND. WHYN'T YUH GIVE IT UP AN' TAKE US BACK TUH THE EAST. I DON'T WANT TUH ODE OUT IN THIS AWFUL PLACE.

EZRA: GOSH MILLIE.... I... I ALLUS GITS JEST ABOUT DISCOURAGED, AN' THEN I FIND SOME DIRT THAT LOOKS LIKE THEY MIGHT BE GOLD IN IT, AN I GITS ALL WORKED UP AGAIN.

MILLIE: YOU'VE BEEN ALL WORKED UP NO LESS'N A HUNDRED TIMES EZRA, AN' EVERY TIME IT'S THE SAME THING. WORTHLESS... FOOLS GOLD. I TELL YUH, SOME FOLKS IS BORN TUH GIT RICH, AN' OTHERS IS BORN TO BE HUMBLE, AN' WE BELONG TO THE SECOND GROUP.

EZRA: I KNOW. I KNOW MILLIE. BUT THE GOOD LORD WON'T HELP THEM THAT AIN'T WILLIN' TO KEEP A TRYIN'.

MILLIE: I SOMETIMES THINK THE GOOD LORD FORGITS ALL ABOUT FOLKS WHEN THEN COME OUT IN THIS COUNTRY. I NEVER KNOW FROM ONE DAY TUH THE NEXT WHEN YEW'LL GIT SHOT DOWN, OR HUNG UP.

EZRA: BUT I DON'T DO NUTHIN' WRONG.

MILLIE: NEITHER DOES A LOT OF OTHER POOR FOLKS. BUT THEY GITS IT JUST THE SAME. WHERE IS THIS NEW GOLD MINE YUH THINK YUH FOUND?

EZRA: 'BOUT NINE MILES NORTH OF HERE. AW-W I DON'T S'POSE IT'S MUCH GOOD, BUT THE SAMPLES LOOKED BETTER'N THE LAST ONES I TOOK IN. AN' THE FELLER... THE NEW ONE, IN CHARGE OF THE ASSAY OFFICE OVER TUH TOWN DIDN'T SAY RIGHT OFF THAT IT WAS WORTHLESS. LIKE THEY ALLUS USED TUH DO.

MILLIE: THAT'S ONLY 'CAUSE HE'S NEW. NOW WASH UP. YER DINNERS READY.

EZRA: ALRIGHT MILLIE.....

MILLIE: IF YUH WARM'T SUCH A GOOD OLD FOOL. AND SO HELPLESS. I'D BE LEAVIN YUH AN GOIN' BACK TO CIVILIZATION ALONE.

EZRA: I..I'LL GO BACK, IF I DON'T STRIKE THE PAYDIRT SOON...JES' LEMME TRY A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. I... I NEED YUH MILLIE

MILLIE: I KNOW YUH DO. THAT'S THE ONLY REASON I STAY ON HERE. MORE THE FOOL I AII.

EZRA: IF WE DON'T STRIKE IT AFORE THE COLD WEATHER. I'LL GIVE IT UP

MILLIE: IS THAT A PROMISE?

EZRA: YEP! OH SAY MILLIE... THE SHERIFF SAY THAT HE THINKS THIS HERE RANGER FELLA HAS HIS HOSS SHOD WITH SILVER SHOES TOO. WHAT D'YA THINK OF THAT?

MILLIE: I THINK THE SHERIFF IS NUTHIN' BUT A GOLDARNED FIBBER.

(MUSIC-SCENE BRIDGE)

(SOUND EFFECT (A) DOOR OPEN AND SLAM.)

PETE: (APPROACHING) WHATS UP LOGAN. YUH SENT WORD YUH WANTED TUH SEE ME ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

LOGAN: AN SO I DO PETE,

PETE: SH-H-H. FERGIT MY NAME IS PETE YUH BLAME FOOL. CALL ME SCRUGGS WHILE I'M AROUND TOWN HERE. I WOULDN'T WANT THE SHERIFF TUH KNOW THAT ARIZONA PETE WAS RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE.

LOGAN: ALRIGHT. BUT HERE'S THE POINT. YUH SAID SOMETHIN' TUH ME. WHEN I GOT THE JOB HERE IN THE ASSAY OFFICE...

PETE: I SEZ LOTS O' THINGS TUH YUH. JEST WHICH ONE ARE YUH REFERRIN' TO?

LOGAN: COME OVER CLOSER. I GOT TEW SPEAK SOFTLIKE.

PETE: WAL... GO ON.....

LOGAN: YUH SAID THAT WHEN A SAMPLE OF REAL GOOD ORE COME IN, I SH'D LET YUH KNOW.

PETE: MEANIN' YUH GOT A GOOD SAMPLE?

LOGAN: I SEEN SOME FINE SAMPLES OF ORE, BUT THIS HUNK THAT OLD EZRA HOLTEEN BROUGHT IN YESTIDDAY, IS THE BEST I EVER SEEN. IT'S GOT THE "GOOLD AN'CURRY" MINE LICKED TO A FRAZZLE.

PETE: YUH AINT FOOLIN' ?

LOGAN: SHUH! WH'D I BE FOOLIN'? LOOK HERE, HERE'S THE ASCAY.

PETE: PHEW! IS THAT HONEST?

LOGAN: YEP. AN' EZRA AIN'T EVEN STAKED OUT THE CLAIM YET.

PETE: HE AIN'T?

LOGAN: NOPE. HE SEZ THAT HE'S THE ONLY ONE KNOWS WHERE THE PLACE IS. AN' HE RECKONED HE'D WAIT AN' SEE IF IT WAS WORTH WHILE, AFORE HE STAKED HIS CLAIM.

PETE: WHO YUH TOLD ABOUT THIS HERE SAMPLE?

LOGAN: I AIN'T TOL' NO ONE. NOT EVEN EZRA YET.

PETE: (CHUCKLE) AIN'T THAT GREAT NOW. LOGAN, THAT THERE CLAIM IS GOIN' TUH BE OURS.

LOGAN: NO KIDDIN'?

PETE: YUP. THAT'S THE SCHEME I HAD IN MIND. WE'RE GOIN' TO STAKE THE CLAIM FOR OURSELVES.

LOGAN: HOW D'YA MEAN, GIT HOLD OF OLD EZRA AN' MAKE HIM TELL WHERE SHE IS?

PETE: NAW! I GOT A BETTER WAY THAN THAT. I GOTTA BE CAREFUL THOUGH, MY WRIST IS STILL BAD FROM WHERE THAT RANGER FELLER PLUGGED ME.

LOGAN: THAT COYOTE! I'M GOIN TUH GIT HIM SOME DAY. IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO.

PETE: AN' ME TOO. BUT I TELL YUH LOGAN, WE GOTTA BE AWFUL QUIET LIKE TILL WE GITS THE STAKE AN' THE CLAIM FER THAT MINE, THEN I'LL GIT OUTTA SIGHT. AN' YEW C'N RUN IT.

LOGAN: WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT EZRA?

PETE: WHEN'S HE COMIN' IN AGAIN?

LOGAN: TODAY. I SUSPECT. I TOL' HIM TO COME BACK TODAY.

PETE: GOOD ENOUGH. YA TELL HIM SHE'S A GOOD SAMPLE THET HE BROUGHT IN. SEE?

LOGAN: THAT WON'T BE NO LIE...

PETE: AN' TELL HIM, IT'S JUST LIKE ANOTHER SAMPLE THAT YUH SEEN COME IN..... HE'LL RUSH RIGHT OFF TUH STAKE OUT HIS CLAIM AN' GUILD HIS HUT N' FIREPLACE, SO'S HE C'N HOLD THE LAND BY LAW...

LOGAN: SURE, BUT WHERE DO WE COME IN?

PETE: (CHUCKLE) I'M GITTIN' TUH THAT... SOON AS WE SEE WHERE HE'S GOIN' WE GO THERE AN' TELL HIM IT'S OUR CLAIM, AN' CALL HIM A CLAIM JUMPER.....

LOGAN: YEAH.. BUT HE'LL GIT SHERIFF CURRY.....

PETE: AN' WHILE HE'S GONE AFTER THE SHERIFF, WE STAKE OUR CLAIM. AN' ONE OF US RIDES TUH TOWN TUH FILE IT, AN' T'OTHER STANDS GUARD AT THE PLACE. THE ONE THAT'S WAITIN' BUILDS A HUT AN' FIREPLACE RIGHT ALONGSIDE O' EZRA'S AN THEN LET HIM JEST TRY AN' PROVE THAT HE WAS THE FUST THERE. (CHUCKLE) WE C'N DO IT EASY. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT EZRA HOLTON NEVER FOUND ANY ORE WORTH A DARN.

(SOUND EFFECT (B) CRASH OF GLASS)

LOGAN: W..WHAT'S THAT ?

PETE: SOMETHIN' SMASHED THROUGH THAT WINDER!

LOGAN: LOOK...LOOK THAR...IN THE TABLE... IT'S A KNIFE!

PETE: AN' A NOTE ON 'ER....

LOGAN: WHO DONE IT...

PETE: WHAT'S THAT NOTE SAY... READ IT LOGAN.. HURRY!

LOGAN: WAIT NOW... I DON'T SEE NO ONE OUTSIDE THAR.....

PETE: WHA... WHAT'S THAT NOTE SAY....

(SOUND EFFECT (C) RUSTLE OF PAPER)

LOGAN: IT....IT'S FER YOU, PETE... IT. IT SAYS...ARIZONIA PETE..

PETE: WHO KNOWS I'M IN TOWN..? WHAT ELSE DOES IT SAY?

LOGAN: "HOW IS YOUR WRIST?"

PETE: WHO..WHO WRIT IT..?

LOGAN: WAL GOSH PETE... IT AIN'T SIGNED...

RANGER: (IN THE DISTANCE) COME ON SILVER....

(SOUND EFFECT (D) HORSES HOOF START VERY FAST AND FADE.)

(SOUND EFFECT (E) SEVERAL GUN SHOTS)

LOGAN: HEY STOP YER SHOOTIN' YA FOOL.... D'YA WANT TUH SHERIFF TO COME HERE..

PETE: I SEEN HIM..... HE.. HE'S RIDIN AWAY.... CRRRIPES.. HOW THAT GUY C'N RIDE!

(INTERLUDE)

EZRA: (APPROACHING) THERE IS THE NEW FELLER MILLIE. HOWDY MR. LOGAN.

LOGAN: OH HELLO EZRA, I GOT GOOD NEWS FER YEW.

EZRA: EH?

MILLIE: GOOD NEWS.... ABOUT... ABOUT THE ASSAY?

LOGAN: THE ORE YUH BROUGHT IN TUH ME IS FUST RATE. SHE'S REAL PAY DIRT. THAT IS IF THE HULL THING IS LIKE THE SAMPLE YUH SHOWED ME.

EZRA: GOSH.... I JEST GRABBED A FEW HUNKS AT RANDOM.... THEY'S LOTS MORE.

LOGAN: THEN YER LUCKY. THAT IS IF YER CLAIM IS GOOD AN' CLEAR.

EZRA: IT SURE IS!

MILLIE: EZRA.... YEW DONE IT... YEW FOUND THE REAL PAY DIRT. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

EZRA: GOSH... MILLIE...

LOGAN: BETTER MAKE SURE OF YER CLAIM EZRA. I HAD ANOTHER SAMPLE THAT WAS A HECK OF A LOT LIKE YOURS.

EZRA: I..I'LL MAKE SURE OF THE TITLE ALRIGHT. BUT HECK, THEY WOULDN'T NO ONE ELSE NEVER FIND THE PLACE I FOUND. MILLIE... MILLIE. BY GUM WE'RE GOIN' TUH BE... TUH BE RICH... RICH BY HECK! COME ON OVER TO THE SALOON MR. LOGAN, I'LL BUY YUH A DRINK..

MILLIE: YEW'LL DO NUTHIN' OF THE SORT EZRA HOLTEH. YOU'LL MARCH RIGHT BACK AN' PACK A JACKASS AN' START FER YER CLAIM AN SEE THAT IT'S ALL STAKED OUT AN' ACCORDIN' TUH THE LAW. GOT NO TIME TUH WASTE. HERE YOUNG MAN, I'LL TAKE CHARGE O' THAT ASSAY... (FADE OUT) COME ON NOW EZRA... MOVE ALONG.

(SOUND EFFECT (F) DOOR OPEN AND SLAM)

PETE: I HEARD WHAT YUH TOLD HIM LOGAN. AN'T IT 'UZ JEST RIGHT. NOW WE'LL JEST FOLLER MISTER EZRA HOLTEH, SEE (CHUCKLE)

LOGAN: THAT'S THE TALK PETE.....

PETE: I TOLD YUH NOT TUH USE MY NAME!

LOGAN: OH ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT. BUT YUH NEEDN'T BE SO DANGED JUMPY. THAT THERE RANGER GUY KNOWS WHO YUH ARE RIGHT ENOUGH.

PETE: DANG HIM, I..I'M GOIN' TUH DREAM ABOUT THAT THERE MASKED FACE OF HIS'N.... I DON'T LIKE IT!

LOGAN: AW-W SHUCKS, HE AINT NUTHIN' BUT A GOL BLAMED OUTLAW....

PETE: YUH SAY THAT. CAUSE YUH NEVER SEE HIM FAN A SIX GUN LIKE I DID. I... I AIH'T FORGOT THAT GRIN O' HIS'N. COME ON NOW, GIT SOMEONE TUH TAKE CHARGE O' THE OFFICE HERE... AN' ME AN' YOU'LL FOLLER EZRA.

(MUSIC INTERLUDE--- TENSION)

LOGAN: (WINDED) GOSH, AINT THAT OLD FOOL NEVER GOIN TUH STOP HIKIN?

PETE: IF I'D KNOWN IT UZ AS FAR AS THIS, I'D OF TOOK THE HOSSES. BUT DON'T YUH MIND LOGAN, WE'RE GOIN' TUH GIT PAID FER OUR TROUBLE.

LOGAN: LOOK AT HIM, HE MUST BE GITTIN' CLOSE ON'T THE PLACE NOW. HE'S LOOKIN' AROUND FER LANDMARKS. SAY YUH DON'T SPOSE HE SUSPICIONS THAT WE'RE FOLLERIM' HIM DO YUH PETE?

PETE: NAW, WHY'D HE GIT SUSPICIOUS? SHUCKS, THAT AINT NUTHIN' TUH WORRY ABOUT, IF HE GITS TOO GOL BLAMED FRACTIOUS LIKE, WE'LL JUST PUT A SLUG INN HIM, AN' LET 'EM TRY AN' FIND OUT WHO DONE IT. THAT'S EASY ENOUGH.

LOGAN: TROUBLE IS SHERIFF CURRY AINT NOBODIES FOOL, PETE.

PETE: T'HECK WITH SHERIFF CURRY, I AINT WORRIN'. LOOK HE'S STOPPED NOW, I RECKON' HE MUST BE 'BOUT AT THE PLACE EH?

LOGAN: I RECKON, WHAT NEXT.... WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?

PETE: WE'LL MOVE UP AS CLOSE AS WE CAN TUH HIM 'THOUT HIM NOTICIN' US. AI! THEN WE WALK IN AN' TELL HIM HE'S JUMPED OUR CLAIM, SEE?

LOGAN: * YEAH, BUT PETE...THE LAWS SAY THAT TUH HOLD A CLAIM YUH GOT TEW HAVE A SHACK, OR LEAN TO, AN' A FIREPLACE ON YER LAND.

PETE: SURE, BUT WE'LL HAVE ALL THEM THINGS. WE LETS HIM GO BACK TUH TOWN, AN' GIT THE SHERIFF, YUH SEE? ONE OF US GOES BACK AFROLE HIM, AN' FILES THE PAPERS, AN' THE OTHER STAYS HERE AN' STAKES THE CLAIM AI! BUILDS THE CAMP.

LOGAN: I GET YUH, (LAUGH) THAT'S GOOD PETE, AN' THEN WHEN EZRA GITS BACK WITH THE SHERIFF, HE SEES THAT WE GOT OUR PLACE ALL SET UP AN' IN GOOD ORDER, AN' HE CAN'T DO NUTHIN' ABOUT IT EH?

PETE: THAT'S RIGHT... NUTHIN! IT'S OUR WORD AGAINST HISIN'.

LOGAN: WE GOT TEW BE CAREFUL THOUGH PETE, YUH KNOWS WHAT THEY DO WITH CLAIM JUMPERS HERE ABOUITS.

PETE: STRING 'EM UP, AN' THAT'S WHAT'LL HAPPEN TUH EZRA IF HE TRIES TO GIT TOO FRACTIOUS.

LOGAN: LOOK, HE'S STARTED RIGHT IN, TEW CHOP DOWN SOME WOOD FER A LEAN-TO....HE AINT WASTIN' NO TIME.

PETE: THAT'S ALRIGHT, COME ON..... WE'LL MARCH IN ON HIM NOW.

LOGAN: RIGHT ENOUGH.

PETE: NOW YOU DO THE TALKIN' JEST LIKE THE WAY WE PLANNED.

LOGAN: YEP.

PETE: I'LL SEND A COUPLE OF SLUGS OVER HIS HEAD... TUH SCARE HIM.

(SOUND EFFECTS (6) TWO GUN SHOTS)

LOGAN: (SHOUT) HEY YOU... EZRA HOLTEI... DON'T YEW TOUCH YER GUN!

EZRA: (DISTANT AND APPROACHING) WHY... WHA...WHAT'S THIS GENTS? WHAT'S THIS MEAN?

PETE: I GOT YEW COVERED HOLTEI.

EZRA: I AIN'T GOIN' TUH REACH FER A GUN! WHY MR. LOGAN, IT'S YOU!

LOGAN: YER DURMED RIGHT IT'S ME, I THOUGHT THEM SAMPLES OF ORE YUH BROUGHT IN LOOKED FAMILIAR, YUH GOL BLAMED CLAIM JUMPER YEW.

EZRA: HUH?

PETE: THIS HERE LAND BELONGS TUH ME AN MY PARTNER, LOGAN!

EZRA: NOW THAT CAINT BE RIGHT MISTER. I DON'T SEE NO CLAIMS STUCK UP HEREABOUTS. AN' I RECKON' IF YEW KNOWS THE LAW, YUH CAINT STAKE A CLAIM TUH NO LAND. 'LESS THEY'S A FIREPLACE AN' SOME SORT OF A SHACK ON'T.

LOGAN: OH SO YER GOIN' TUH GIT CLEVER EH? WAL, LEMME TELL YUH SOMETHING EZRA HOLTEH. THIS HERE LAND IS MIKE SEE? I'M GIVIN' YUH JEST ABOUT TWO SECONDS TUH CLEAR OUT, AN' THEN I'M A GOIN' TUH HAVE MY PARTNER FILL YER HEAD WITH LEAD! **NOW GIT!**

EZRA: B BUT MR. LOGAN, THIS HERE AINT NOBOODIES LAND YET, AN' I FOUND IT, AN... AN' I.. I **BY GUM**. I SEES IT ALL NOW. YEW FELLERS FIGGER ON GITTIN MY GOLD, AN STAKIN' THE CLAIM AFORE ME, IS THAT IT?

PETE: AN YA CAINT PROVE A THING, YA OLD FOOL.

EZRA: **BUT HANG IT ALL GENTS, THAT HAINT RIGHT....**

LOGAN: (LAUGH) I'LL JEST TAKE DOWN THIS OFFENDIN' HUNK OF PAPER WITH THE NAME OF HOLTEH ON 'ER AN' PUT UP A PIECE THAT'S A LITTLE EASIER ON THE EYES, WITH THE NAME O' LOGAN... KEEP HIM COVERED PARD.

PETE: YUH BETTER GIT ALONG HOLTEH... IF'N YEW KNOWS WHATS GOOD FER YA.

EZRA: WHO ARE YOU?

PETE: THAT AINT NONE OF YER BUSINESS. I'M THE PARTNER OF LOGAN.

EZRA: I'M A GOIN... BUT YEW AINT HEARD THE END OF THIS..... SHERIFF CURRY BE DOIN MY TALKIN FER ME NEXT TIME WE MEET.

LOGAN: YOU JUST SAID A MOUTHFUL, MISTER... YER GOIN' ALRIGHT... WITH YER HANDS TIED, AN' MY GUN IN YER BACK. I'M GONNA TURN YA OVER TEW CURRY... AN TELL EM WHAT A GOL BLAIED CROOK YEW ARE. I RECKON THAT WHEN YUH SEEIN YUH COULDN'T FIND NO PAY DIRT FER YERSELF, YA TRIED TUH JUMP MY CLAIM... EH?

EZRA: **NOW SEE HERE.....**

PETE: **SHUT UP!** TIE HIM UP LOGAN, AN IF HE KEEPS A TALKIN'. JEST PISTOL WHIP HIM ACROSS THE FACE TILL HE SHUTS UP... NOBODY'LL CARE IF A NO GOOD OL' CLAIM JUMPER GETS ROUGHED UP A BIT.

(MUSIC INTERLUDE-- SUSPENSE)

PETE: (CHUCKLING - TO HIMSELF) THERE, I RECKON' THAT'LL DO FER A FIREPLACE AN' SHACK! NOW LET 'EM COME. GUESS I'LL TURN IN TILL MORNING', THEY WON'T BE COMIN' ALONG THIS WAY NO MORE TUH NIGHT.

RANGER: **HOWS THAT WRIST OF YOURS-- ARIZONA PETE?**

PETE: (STARTLED) HUH... WHA.. WHAT..?

RANGER: I SAID HOW IS THE WRIST?.. THE ONE THAT YOU FORCED ME TO SHOOT THE LAST TIME WE MET.

PETE: Y YOU! YOU'RE THE..

RANGER: THAT'S RIGHT PETE. WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THIS TIME? STEALING EZRA HOLTENS CLAIM IS IT?

PETE: WHERE ARE YUH? I CAN'T SEE YA. COME OUT INTO THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE WILL YUH MISTER RANGER.

RANGER: I DON'T INTEND THAT YOU SEE ME ARIZONA PETE. I JUST CAME TO WARN YOU, THAT'S ALL. DON'T TRY AND STEAL THIS CLAIM!

PETE: BUT SEE HERE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... THIS HERE CLAIM..

RANGER: YES I DO, I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY WELL. DON'T BOTHER TELLING ME YOUR LIES.

PETE: BUT...

RANGER: THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY NOW. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED. NEXT TIME WE MEET, IT WON'T BE JUST FOR TALKING.

PETE: BUT LISSIN....MISTER.....

RANGER: GOODBYE FOR NOW.... (TO SILVER) COME ON BIG FELLOW LETS RIDE...

(SOUND EFFECTS (H) HORSES HOOF START HARD AND FADE FAST)

PETE: HEY....HEY....WHERE ARE YUH GOIN....G..G..GOSH HE.. HE'S GONE...I..I MUST OF BEEN DREAMIN' RECKON I BETTER NOT DRINK ANY MORE.... AW HECK, SURE I WAS DREAMIN... THAT.. THAT GUY WOULDN'T RUN OFF THAT WAY. I'LL WAIT TILL MORIN' AN' SEE WHAT LOGAN SAYS WHEN HE GITS BACK.

(MUSIC INTERLUDE.... AGITATO.)

(SOUND EFFECT (I) HORSES HOOF IN BACKGROUND)

EZRA: MILLIE.

MILLIE: WELL WHAT IS IT EZRA?...

EZRA: MILLIE, I..I WISH'T THET YEW WOULDN' COME WITH ME... TUH THE CLAIM...

MILLIE: WELL I'M A COMIN' ANYHOW EZRA, LAN' SAKES. THE IDEE OF YOU TRYIN' TO STEAL MR. LOGANS CLAIM.

EZRA: MILLIE, I TELL YUH I DIDN'T.. HE AND HIS PARD' STOLE THE CLAIM FROM ME. THEY STOLE OUR CLAIM.

MILLIE: BUT EZRA, THE SHERIFF HIMSELF SAYS THAT MR. LOGAN HAD HIS CLAIM FILED.

EZRA: SURE HE DID MILLIE, BUT THAT WAS ONLY BECAUSE HE KEPT ME HOG TIED UNTIL AFTER HE FILED IT....

LOGAN: ENOUGH HOLTE!.. I AIN'T GONNA LISTEN TUH NO MORE LIES FROM YA... NOW SHUT UP ER I'LL STRING YUH UP TO THE FIRST TREE WE COME TO.

SHERIFF: THATS ENOUGH, BOTH OF YOU. I'M THE LAW HERE. WON'T BE NO NECK STRETCHIN' TILL I SAYS SO. HOW MUCH FURTHER IS THIS PLACE ANYHOW?

LOGAN: JUST A BIT FURTHER UP.....PAST THET NEXT RISE.....

MILLIE: (QUIETLY) I'M A STAYIN' RIGHT ALONGSIDE OF YUH EZRA..... GIDDAP THAR..

MILLIE: SHERIFF CURRY, WHAT'LL YOU AN THE POSSE DO TO MY EZRA?

SHERIFF: I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS MISSUS HOLTON. EZRA'S ALLUS BEEN A GOOD FELLER BUT IF HE IS TRYIN' TUH JUMP A CLAIM, LIKE MR. LOGAN SAYS HE IS...

LOGAN: I'LL PROVE THAT HE IS.

SHERIFF: IT MIGHT BE KIND OF HARD FER HIM. I RECKON' IT WOULDN'T BE THE KIND OF THING FER A WOMAN TUH SEE. MAYBE YOU BETTER DO AS EZRA SAYS AN' GO BACK TUH TOWN.

MILLIE: I'LL DO NO SUCH THING.

LOGAN: LET 'ER COME SHERIFF, I RECKON' IT'LL BE A LESSON FER HER TUHTELL THE OTHERS IN TOWN, IF SHE SEE HER MAN STRUNG-UP FER CLAIM JUMPIN'.

MILLIE: STRUNG UP! THEY WOULD'NT REALLY DO THAT NOW WOULD THEY SHERIFF?... NOT TO MY EZRA.... WHY EVERYONE KNOWS THAT HE IS AN HONEST OL' FOOL.

SHERIFF: THE LAW OUT HERE IS FAST AN' SURE MISSUS HOLTON.....

EZRA: DANG IT....THEY HAINT NO LAW IF YUH LET THIS SON OF A COYOTE STEAL MY LAND.

LOGAN: SHERIFF... I DON'T AIM TO STAND FER THAT KIND OF TALK FROM HIM.

SHERIFF: BETTER WATCH YER TONGUE EZRA. I'LL SEE THAT YUH GITS A FAIR AN' SQUARE CHANCE TUH PROVE YER RIGHTS.

LOGAN: THERE'S THE PLACE... AN' THERE'S MY PARDNER.

PETE: (DISTANT) HALLOOO...LOGAN..

LOGAN: HI THAR PARD'.....

EZRA: MILLIE... THAT ROBBER'S DONE LIKE I SAID HE WOULD... HE'S BUILT A SHACK AN' A FIREPLACE....

LOGAN: THERE Y'ARE SHERIFF... THERE'S OUR LAND, AN' THE SHACK AN' TEH FIRE AN' ALL. MY PARD IS COOKIN' HIS BREAKFAST IN THE FIREPLACE NOW.

SHERIFF: WHOA....WHOA THAR HOLD UP HERE BOYS... DISMOUNT

(SOUND EFFECT (J) ECHOES FROM MEN, WHOAS ETC. HORSES STOMPING FROM TIME TO TIME, WHINNYING ETC.)

PETE: (APPROACHING) WAL, YUH GOT BACK SOONER'N I THOUGHT LOGAN.

LOGAN: IT'S FASTER'N ON A HOSS THAN ON FOOT.

PETE: HOWDY SHERIFF. I RECKON' YUH DON'T KNOW ME, BUT I'M THE PARTNER OF LOGAN.

SHERIFF: HOWDY.

PETE: I'M GLAD TUH SEE YUH BRANG ALONG A GOOD SIZED POSSE WITH YUH, THIS HOLTON IS A DESPERITE FELLER.

MILLIE: HE AINT NUTHIN' OF THE KIND!

SHERIFF: NOW THEN EZRA, IT'S UP TUH YOU TUH PROVE THAT YOU GOT ANY RIGHTS TO THIS HERE LAND.

EZRA: I WAS HERE FIRST!

LOGAN: HE COME INTO MY OFFICE SHERIFF, AN' HE HANDS ME A SAMPLE OF ORE FER ASSAY, AN' I SEES IT'S GOOD ORE RIGHT OFF. I COMPARED IT TO THE SAMPLES THAT ME AN' MY PARTNER HAD TAKEN FROM THIS HERE GROUND AN' I SEE IT WAS THE SAME, SO I FIGGERS WE BETTER COME AN' MAKE SURE OF OUR CLAIM.

PETE: YEP, AN' WE DONE THAT, AN' SEE THIS FELLER HOLTON, MAKEIN' READY TUY TEAR UP OUR CLAIM AN' STICK UP ONE OF HIS OWN.

EZRA: THAT'S A LIE.... AN YEW KNOW IT.

LOGAN: THERE'S OUR SHACK AN' FIREPLACE SHERIFF.

SHERIFF: ACCORDIN' TO THE LAW EZRA, A CLAIM CAN'T BE FILED, TILL YOU'VE BUILT A FIREPLACE AN' A CABIN OR LEAN-TO ON THE LAND. THESE MEN GOT THEIR CLAIM FILED YESTIDY AN' DATED THE SEVENTEENTH OF THE MONTH.

EZRA: BUT THEY WASN'T NO SHACK HERE FER THEM TO CLAIM IT WITH YESTIDY!

SHERIFF: THEY SAY THERE WAS.

PETE: THERE'S OUR NOTICE SHERIFF, STUCK UP IN PLAIN SIGHT. WE FIRST PUT THAT THERE ON THE FIFTEENTH, AS YUH C'N SEE BY THE DATE. THAT PROTECTS THE LAND TILL WE FILE THE REG'LAR CLAIM I GUESS DON'T IT?

SHERIFF: ACCORDIN' TO THE LAWS IT DOES.

LOGAN: THEN EZRA HOLTON IS JUST TRYIN' TO STEAL OUR CLAIM!

EZRA: SHERIFF, LISTEN TUH ME... YUH GOTTA LISTEN... THEY WARN'T NEAR HERE... NEVER KNOWED OF THE PLACE, TILL THEY FOLLERED ME....

SHERIFF: SORRY EZRA, BUT THE LAWS THE LAW, AN' UNLESS YEW C'N PROVE THAT YEW WAS THE FUST ONE HERE, THE LAND IS LOGANS AN' HIS PARDNERS.

MILLIE: OH DEAR EZRA....YOU PORE FOOL.

LOGAN: COME ON HOLTON, IF YUH GOT ANY PROOF... LET'S HAVE IT, IF YUH AINT, THE SHERIFF CAN HAVE HIS MEN DO THEIR DUTY. I RECKON THAT TREE YOUNDER'LL BE RIGHT CONVENIENT FER A ROPE SHERIFF.

EZRA: I HAINT GOT NO PROOF.... SHERIFF... YUH KNOW THAT I AINT NEVER LIED TO NOONE....

SHERIFF: I... I RECOON' MAYBE WE OUGHT TUH LET EZRA GO WITH A WARNIN' THIS TIME, LOGAN.

LOGAN: WHY?

SHERIFF: HE'S ALLUS BEEN A LAW ABIDIN' FELLER. I... I HATE TUH SEE HIM SWING UP.

LOGAN: HE'S GOIN' TUH SWING. I KNOW THE LAW AN' I KNOW MY RIGHTS! YOU GOT TEW PERFORM YER DUTY!

SHERIFF: EZRA... I... I'M SORRY....

MILLIE: SHERIFF.. YUH CAN'T HANG EZRA...YUH CAN'T

PETE: HOLD THAT WOMEN SOME OF YEW FELLERS..... HERE I GOT A ROPE SHERIFF.

SHERIFF: (SIGH) EZRA, THE LAW IS THE LAW, IF THESE FELLERS SAY YOU GOT TEW SWING FER CLAIM JUMPIN'... I...I RECKON' YUH HAVE TUH.
EZRA: BUT SHERIFF... I TELL YA THAT'S MY LAND... IT TAINT THEIRS....
SHERIFF: CAN YUH PROVE THAT YOU FOUND THAT CLAIM AFORE THE FIFTEENTH?
EZRA: N-N-NO DANG IT... B-B-BUT NEITHER'D THEY.
LOGAN: COME ON...GIT IT DONE WITH!
EZRA: BUT I...I DON'T WANT TUH DIE....
MILLIE: (SOBBLING) EZRA... OH EZRA.....
PETE: (DISTANT) BRING HIM OVER HERE BOYS... I GOT THE ROPE ALL READY! WE'LL LEARN THE VARMIT A LESSON!

(SOUND EFFECT (K) AD LIB MENS VOICES MURMERING)

SHERIFF: COME ON EZRA...DO I HAVE TUH TIE YER HANDS?
EZRA: NO.. YUH DON'T HAVE TUH TIE MY HANDS, I C'N TAKE IT LIKE A MAN.
MILLIE: LET ME GO....LET ME GO.....
LOGAN: HANG ON TO HER GENTS....
MILLIE: EZRA...(FADE BACK) EZRA... (SOB) THEY..THEY'RE GOIN' TUH KILL YUH..
LOGAN: BRING HIS HOSS OVER A MIT CLOSER SHERIFF....
SHERIFF: I'M DOWNRIGHT SORRY EZRA... THAT I AM. THIS.. THIS IS ONE OF THE TIMES... I DON'T LIKE THE JOB O' SHERIFF.....
EZRA: I KNOW SHERIFF CURRY... IT TAINT YOU, IT... IT'S THESE THIEVES....
PETE: GOT THAT ROPE TIGHT ON HIS NECK LOGAN?
LOGAN: SURE DO PARDNER...
EZRA: MILLIE... G'BYE MILLIE....
SHERIFF: SHE'S TAKEN BACK BY THE BOYS EZRA, SO'S SHE CAN'T SEE YUH... TAINT A PRITTY SIGHT.
EZRA: THAT'S GOOD SHERIFF... YOU... YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF HER?... SEE. THAT SHE.. SHE DON'T STARVE?
SHERIFF: COUNT ON ME EZRA... HANG IT, AINT THERE NO WAY YUH C'N PROVE YOU WAS HERE AFORE THE FIFTEENTH?
EZRA: NUTHIN... B-BUT MY SAY SO... SHERIFF. THEY.. THEY GOT RID O' MY PAPER.....
LOGAN: ALL READY... IT'S UP TUH YOU SERIFF. THE ROPES SET, SLAP HIS HOSS OUT FROM UNDER HIM, AN' IT'S ALL OVER.
SHERIFF: A-ALRIGHT... G'BYE EZRA... BLESS YA....

(SOUND EFFECT (L) FAST HORSES HOOFs FROM DISTANCE. APPROACH AND HORSES WHINNY. STOP HOOFs WITH FIRST LINE BY RANGER.)

MILLIE: (DISTANT SHOUT) HERE COMES SOMEONE RIDIN' HARD...

(SOUND EFFECT (M) BACKGROUND AD LIBBING OF MEN. COMMENT OF FAST RIDER)

SHERIFF: WHAT'S THIS A COMIN'....

LOGAN: HE'S GOT A MASK ON HIM... WHAT IS IT?

PETE: SHERIFF...SLAP THAT HOSS...THIS GUYS READY TUH HANG...GET IT DONE...

RANGER: WAIT JUST A MINUTE SHERIFF CURRY!

SHERIFF: WHO BE YUH?

RANGER: NEVER MIND WHO I AM. DON'T ANY OF YOU TRY AND DRAW A GUN THOUGH.

LOGAN: TAKE OFF THAT MASK!

RANGER: ONE MAN HERE KNOWS WHO I AM... AND THAT'S... ARIZONIA PETE.

SHERIFF: ARIZONIA PETE! IS HE HERE?

(SOUND EFFECT (M) MENS MURMERS)

RANGER: AND I HOPE HE DRAWS HIS GUN. HE'LL BE SLOW THOUGH, BECAUSE THE LAST TIME HE DREW ON ME HE HAD HIS WRIST BROKEN WITH A BULLET.

LOGAN: SAY MISTER... WATCH THAT HOSS OF YERS... HE'S... KICKIN AT OUR FIREPLACE WITH HIS HOOFs... MAKE 'EM WATCH IT SHERIFF..... HE'S SMASHIN' IT....

(SOUND EFFECT (N) SINGLE GUN SHOT. PETE GRUNTS AND FALLS)

LOGAN: SHERIFF.. H-HE SHOT... HE KILLED.. MY PARDNER!

RANGER: THAT'S RIGHT... HE WAS EASIN' THAT CONCEALED GUN OUT OF HIS BACK POCKET.... BUT HE'S NOT DEAD... JUST UNCONCIOUS....

SHERIFF: I SAW EM MAKE THE FIRST MOVE, LOGAN.. HE WAS WARNED....

RANGER: THANK YOU SHERIFF. NOW TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT IS LEFT OF THE FIREPLACE.

(SOUND EFFECTS (O) HOOFs START HARD AND FADE FAST)

RANGER: (FADING) (HARDY LAUGH) COME ON SILVER... LETS RIDE BIG FELLOW.

SHERIFF: SO LOGAN, YER PARDNER IS ARIZONIA PETE!

LOGAN: N-NO...

SHERIFF: YES HE IS... TAKE A GOOD LOOK BOYS... THERE'S THE KILLER... ARIZONIA PETE... THAT'S HIM ALRIGHT..... I RECOGNIZE HIM NOW.

VGICE: SHERIFF.. PETE'LL BE O.K. HE'LL COME AROUND IN A FEW MINUTES... THAT STRANGER PLUGGED 'EM RIGHT SQUARE IN THE SHOULDER....

SHERIFF: GOSH.. I NEVER SEEN A HUMAN DRAW A SIX-GUN SO FAST IN MY LIFE.... I WONDER IF.....

VOICE: AN LOOK HERE SHERIFF.. THE SLUG I DUG OUT O' THE WOUND... I- ITS IT LOOKS LIKE ITS PURE SILVER.

SHERIFF: THAT'S HIM ALRIGHT... THAT FELLA IS KNOWN AS A LONE RANGER.

NO YA DON'T LOGAN. YOU KEEP AWAY FROM THAT FIREPLACE.... I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK... LIKE THET RANGER FELLA SUGGESTED.....

MILLIE: EZRA!.. YUH AINT DEAD YET... THAY AINT HUNG YUH....

SHERIFF: HOLD ON WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A TIN CAN BURIED IN THE DIRT UNDER THE ASHES OF THE...

LOGAN: OH, THAT AIN'T NUTHIN, SHERIFF.... JUST SOME TRASH.....

SHERIFF: YOU JUST BE STILL LOGAN... I RECKON MAYBE WITH YOU HAVIN' ARIZONIA PETE FER A PARTNER, MAYBE EZRA HAS BEEN TELLIN' THE TRUTH AFTER ALL....

EZRA: W-WHAT'S THAT CAN MILLIE?

MILLIE: HOW WOULD I KNOW EZRA....

SHERIFF: BY THUNKET...THEY'S A CLAIM NOTICE IN THIS CAN....AN IT'S IN YOUR HAND WRITING EZRA.....

EZRA: M-M-MINE?...

SHERIFF: YESSER! AN SHES DATED THE FOURTEENTH, THE DAY AFORE THE CLAIM O' THESE CROOKS IS DATED....

EZRA: B-B-BUT.....

MILLIE: EZRA... WHY'NT YUH SAY YOU HAD THAT THERE? THAT'S ALL THE PROOF YUH NEED....

EZRA: I-I DIDN'T KNOW...

SHERIFF: IT'S PROOF-A-PLENTY FER ME'N MY POSSE , YOU AND MILLIE GET BACK INTO TOWN NOW AND FILE YOUR CLAIM..... LOGAN AND ARIZONIA PETE 'R THE REAL CLAIM JUMPERS HERE. I GUESS WE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM RIGHT BOYS?

VOICES: (MURMERS OF AGREEMENT)

(INTERLUDE)

(SOUND EFFECT (P) HORSES HOOF UNDER VOICES)

MILLIE: EZRA... TH- THAT WAS A LONE RANGER THAT SAVED YOU FROM THAT LYNCH MOB.....

EZRA: SURE WAS MILLIE.... LIKE I WAS A TELLIN' YA HE'S QUITE A FELLER... HE MUST O' SNEAKED INTO THE CAMP WHILE RETE WAS SLEEPIN' AN FOUND MY CLAIM, THEN BURIED IT IN THAT CAN.... HE SAVED MY LIFE. ALRIGHT. AN' MADE US RICH TOO.

MILLIE: TELL ME EZRA, NOW THAT YOU'RE GOING' TUH BE SO RICH WHAT'S THE FUST THING YEW PLAN TO DO WITH THE MONEY?

EZRA: GONNA BUY ME TWO NEW JACKASSES.... THEN NAME EM LOGAN AND PETE....

MILLIE: WHATEVER FOR?...

EZRA: (CHUCKLING) SO'S I CAN WHALE THE TAR OUT OF 'EM.....

MILLIE: (FADING OUT) OH EZ.. YEW KNOW THAT YOU WOULDN'T EVER HURT A HELPLESS ANIMAL.

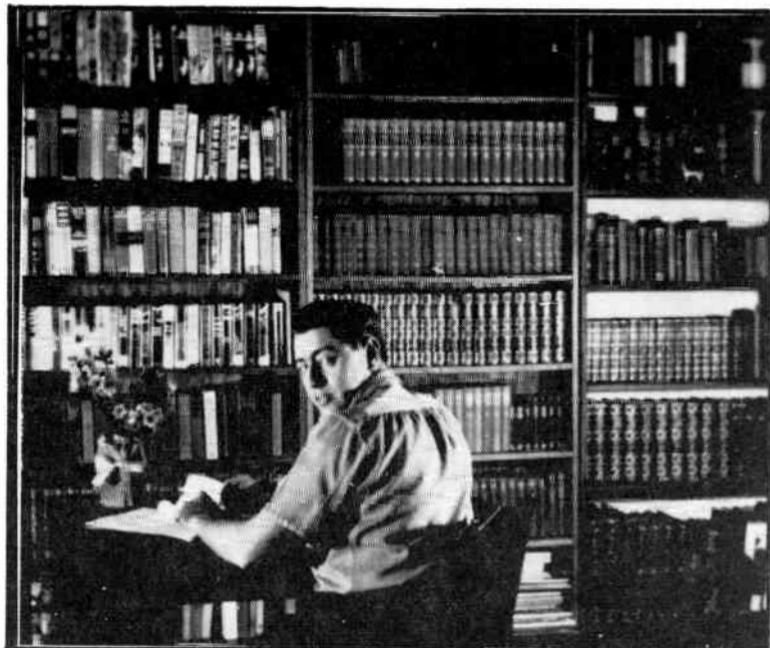
ANNOUNCER: TONIGHT YOU HAVE MET THE MOST PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN THE ENTIRE WEST. FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, HE RIDES HIS FIERY WHITE HORSE, TAKING THE LAWLESS COUNTRY BY STORM, TAKING THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS IF NECESSARY, DEFYING THE CROOKS AND BADMEN. LIVING ALONE, RIDING HARD, AND SHOOTING STRAIGHT... WE WILL BE HEARING FROM THIS MAN AGAIN... THIS LONE RANGER. HE IS RIDING LIKE THE WIND, TO BRING HELP TO SOMEONE WHO NEEDS HELP, AND RETRIBUTION TO ONE WHO NEEDS PUNISHMENT.

(MUSIC FINALE)

ADDENDUM "C"

BOOKS WRITTEN BY FRAN STRIKER

(Listed in chronological order.)



1943 -- Dad in his library. Even fictitious names and places had to be researched to maintain credibility with the alert audience.

1. The Lone Ranger. (Rewrite. Book first written by Gaylord Dubois) Grosset & Dunlap, 1936.
2. The Lone Ranger and The Mystery Ranch. Grosset & Dunlap, 1938.
3. The Lone Ranger and The Gold Robbery. Grosset & Dunlap, 1939.
4. The Lone Ranger and The Outlaw Stronghold. Grosset & Dunlap, 1939.
5. The Lone Ranger and Tonto. Grosset & Dunlap, 1940.
6. The Lone Ranger Rides. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1941
7. The Lone Ranger at The Haunted Gulch. Grosset & Dunlap, 1941.
8. The Lone Ranger Traps the Smugglers. Grosset & Dunlap, 1941.
9. The Lone Ranger Rides Again. Grosset & Dunlap, 1943.
10. Gene Autry and the Thief River Outlaws. (Bob Hamilton) Whitman, 1944.
11. Roy Rogers and the Gopher Creek Gunman. (Don Middleton) Whitman, 1945.
12. The Lone Ranger Rides North. Grosset & Dunlap, 1946.
13. Gene Autry and the Redwood Pirates. (Bob Hamilton) Whitman, 1946.
14. Tom Quest - Sign of the Spiral. Grosset & Dunlap, 1947

15. Tom Quest - The Telltale Scar.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1947.
16. The Lone Ranger and the Silver Bullet.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1948.
17. Tom Quest - The Clue of the Cypress Stump.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1948.
18. The Lone Ranger on Powderhorn Trail.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1949.
19. Tom Quest- Secret of the Lost Mesa.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1949.
20. The Lone Ranger in Wild Horse Canyon.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1950.
21. Tom Quest - The Hidden Stone Mystery.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1950.
22. The Lone Ranger West of Maverick Pass.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1951.
23. The Lone Ranger on Gunsight Mesa.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1952.
24. Tom Quest - Secret of Thunder Mountain.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1952.
25. The Lone Ranger and The Bitter Spring Feud.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1953.
26. The Lone Ranger and the Code of the West.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1954.
27. The Lone Ranger Trouble on the Santa Fe.
Grosset & Dunlap, 1955.
28. Tom Quest - The Inca Luck Piece.
Grosset & Dunlap (Clover), 1955.
29. Tom Quest - The Mystery of the Timber Giant.
Grosset & Dunlap (Clover), 1955.

30. The Lone Ranger on Red Butte Trail.
Crosset & Dunlap, 1956.

In addition to the novels listed, Fran Striker also wrote the following juvenile books; much shorter than the traditional novel. Publication dates for most of them are not known:

Published by Whitman as "Better Little Books"--

The Lone Ranger and His Horse Silver.
The Lone Ranger and the Vanishing Herd.
The Lone Ranger and the Deal Moris Mine.
The Lone Ranger- Menace of Murder Valley.
The Lone Ranger and the Red Renegades.
The Lone Ranger and the Black Shirt Highwayman.
The Lone Ranger- Secret Killer.
The Lone Ranger Follows Through.

Published by Dell--

The Lone Ranger and the Lost Valley.
The Lone Ranger to the Rescue.
The Lone Ranger - Heigh Yo Silver.

Published by Simon and Schuster--

The Lone Ranger's New Deputy. 1951.

ADDENDUM "D"

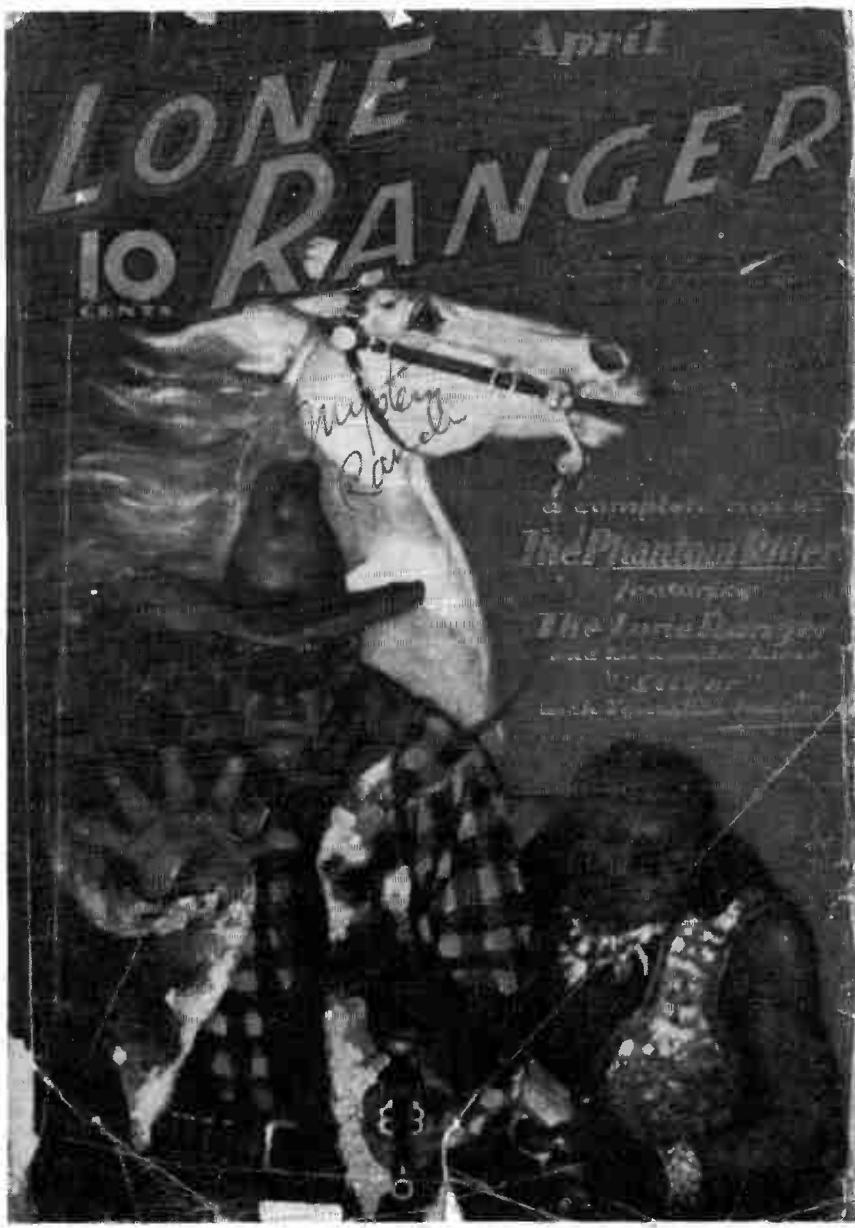
A CHRONOLOGY OF THE LONE RANGER'S RADIO YEARS

as compiled by
Fran Striker, Jr.

Author's Note:

The major sources of information used to compile this chronology are:

1. Personal notes that Dad kept regarding the Ranger character.
2. A script index/synopsis Dad maintained on the Lone Ranger programs.
3. The Lone Ranger Pictorial Workbook, published by Lee Felbinger of Green Lane, PA. This has been my best source for identifying and dating the premiums and merchandise.



1937 -- Cover from the first issue (April) of the
"dime" western Ranger magazine.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LONE RANGER'S RADIO YEARS

1933 - 1934

- First Ranger Broadcast over WXYZ in Detroit, Michigan. (Tuesday - January 31, 1933.)
- Tonto introduced to the series- Program 11. (Script #12)
- First premium offer- a popgun. 300 offered, over 24,000 requests received.
- Program first sponsored- Gordon Bakery.
- Series withdrawn from Stations WEBR and KOIL by Striker and made exclusive to WXYZ. (November, 1934.)
- WXYZ program picked-up for Rebroadcast by WGN in Chicago and WOR in Newark.

1935 - 1937

- Special Program about how Ranger got Silver, August 25, 1935. (Script #401.)
- Tonto gets his own horse- "White Feller." (Script #416.)
- LR Safety Club started. October 13, 1935. (Script #422.)
- LR coast-to-coast broadcasting started.
- LR received C.I.T. Award for the Safety Club.
- "Better Little Books" started.
- LR "dime" pulp novels started.
- Novel published- The Lone Ranger.
- Premiums:
Photos, Safety Club badges, Chief Scout Badge, Magazine Club card and lapel pin.

1938

- First electrical transcriptions made of program.
- First LR movie serial released.
- Movie receives "Best Serial of the Year" award.
- Showmanship Award from Variety.
- Cartoon strip started in the newspapers, (Sept).



1939 -- Earl Graser

1938- continued

- Novel published- LR and the Mystery Ranch.
- Premiums and merchandise:
 - Wrist watch, pocket watch, silver bullet, engraved silver spoons, tooth brush, toiletry items, Parker Brothers board game, first-aid kit.

1939 - 1940

- Radio Guild Award for "Best Childrens Program."
- Second movie serial released.
- Best Serial of the Year Award (2nd time)
- Special ice cream comics started.
- Regular comic books started.
- Novels published- LR and the Gold Robbery, LR and the Outlaw Stronghold, LR and Tonto.
- Premiums and merchandise:
 - Toy pistols, full color wooden plaque, tin wind-up toys, movie viewer, National Defender warning siren, punch-out book.

1940 - 1943

- Rated 2nd best program in the nation by Radio Editors Poll (1941).
- Earl Graser died in auto accident, (Apr. 9, 1941).
- Brace Beemer assumes role, (Script #1281).
- General Mills becomes program sponsor.
- LR Victory Corps started.
- First place- Radio Daily Poll (1943).
- National Safety Council Award for Distinguished Service.
- LR Circus- Detroit and Chicago.
- Radio Editors rate the LR 1st (1943).
- LR made Indian Chief by the Pawnee Nation.
- Novels published- LR at Haunted Gulch, LR Traps the Smugglers, LR Rides, LR Rides Again.



1944 -- Brace Beemer always had plenty
of time for the children.

1940 - 1943, continued

-- Personal Appearances:

Jack Armstrong program, Duffy's Tavern program
Breakfast Club program, Quiz Kids program,
Meet Your Navy program, the reactivation of the
Rainbow Division.

-- Premiums and merchandise:

Silver bullet with secret compartment, National
Defenders secret portfolio, secret compartment
ring, Cheerios War Album and stamps, blackout
kit, Western cattleman's belt.

1944 - 1945

-- 1st place in Radio Daily Poll.

-- LR meets J. Edgar Hoover.

-- LR made Eagle Warrior by the Sioux Nation.

-- Personal appearances:

Stern Sportcast program, Farm and Home
program, Montreal Circus, Providence Circus,
Lone Ranger Circus (Detroit), Presidents Ball
(FDR).

-- Premiums, and merchandise:

Kix tatoo transfers, Silver bullet with
compass, gun and holster suitcase, jail keys,
flashlight, chuckwagon lantern.

1946 - 1949

-- Fifteenth Anniversary celebration in Cheyenne.

-- LR starts on television.

-- LR novels- LR Rides North, LR and the Silver Bullet, LR on The Powderhorn Trail.

-- Premiums and merchandise:

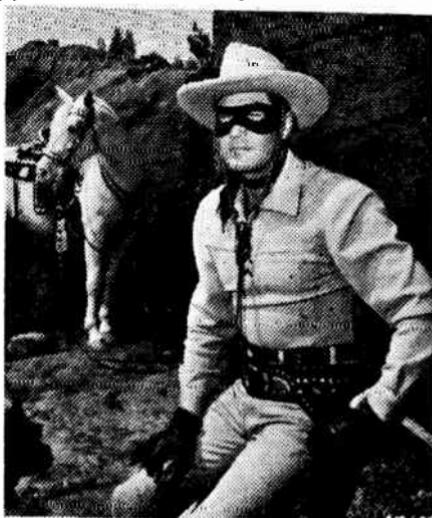
Gun collection, flashlight ring, sports kit,
atomic bomb ring, weather ring, secret agent
microscope, pedometer, LR Frontier Town,
six gun ring, flashlight pistol.



1948 -- Brace Beemer

1950 - 1955

- LR honored on the Floor of the U.S. House of Representatives.
- Voted Best Network Program For Children by the Federation of Womans Clubs.
- 1st Place in Childrens Programming, Academy of Television Arts and Sciences.
- Radio-TV Mirror award- Favorite Western TV Program.
- LR inducted into the Seminole Tribe.
- LR Coloring Contest.
- American Legion Awards (two).
- TV-Radiologic Awards (two).
- LR 20th Anniversary- honored on the Floor of the U.S. Senate.
- LR Novels published: LR in Wild Horse Canyon, LR West of Maverick Pass, LR on Gunsite Mesa, LR and the Bitter Spring Feud, LR and the Code of the West, LR and Trouble on the Santa Fe, LR on The Red Butte Trail.
- Premiums and merchandise:
Record Player, Deputy Sheriff badge with secret compartment, movie ring, telescope ring, saddle ring, hike-o-meter.



Clayton Moore carried the traditions of the Ranger to television and to new generations of children.

Copies of this book are available
from the publisher.

QUESTCO
P.O. Box 832
Lansdale, PA 19446

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Fran Striker, Jr. checking one of the radio scripts from the 1930s. A photograph of his father rests atop an old safe in Striker's living room. The nameplate on the safe reads, "Reid Brothers' Silver Mining Company, Est. 1847."



an  
**American Heritage**

1933 — 1983