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(USUAL OPENING)

215  
 Anncr; 9/15 It was two months after the Custer massacre and the Dakota Bad Lands swarmed with hostile Sioux. In the heart of that dangerous region a recent cloudburst had left a pool of water standing in a narrow canyon. There the leading wagon in a supply train bound for Deadwood was mired to its hubs.

230

(SHOUTS, WHIPS CRACKING, BULIS BELLOWING, WATER SPLASHING) ...

245  
 As the bullwhackers fumed and eight teams of oxen strained vainly to free the big Conestaga, Captain Anson Mills, commander of a small cavalry escort, watched from his horse. His face was grim when he spoke -

Mills; Sergeant, this place is a death trap.

sergeant; Yes sir. We're sure goners if the Sioux find us.

(NOISES STOP)

Voice 1; (BACK, CALLS) It's no good, Cap! We're stuck for fair!

Mills; (CALLS) Lighten your load!

Voice 1; (CALLS) Want I should throw off the 'ile 3 barrels? They're the heaviest freight.

Mills; (CALLS) Unload them! Pass that order to the other wagons.

Voice 1; (BACK, CALLS ) All bar'ls off!

Voice 2; (FARTHER BACK) All bar'ls off!

Mills; Sergeant, have the detachment help those bullwhackers.

Sergeant; Detachment, dismount! Now men, get busy!

315

Voice 3; I j'ined the Army to fight - not freight!

245

Sergeant; (SARCASTIC) You should have been with Custer! Hop to it!

(SPLASHES, LABOR EFFORTS IN B.G.)

AD LIBS (EFFORTS)

Voice 3; (BACK) This is all Coal Oil Johnny Rockefeller's fault!

Mills; Sergeant, look up the canyon!

(FADE IN HOOFS ON GRAVEL)

Sergeant; A masked man and an Injun!

Mills; They're riding like fury! What does it mean?

320

(HOOFS IN THRU WATER TO HALT)

Ranger; (AD LIBS WHOA'S) Who's in command here?

Mills; I am, sir. Who are you? Why are you masked?

Ranger; Never mind that! There are Indians up the canyon!

245

Mills; Indians! How many?

Ranger; At least five hundred! They may not know you're here, but they're headed this way.

315

Mills; We can't out-run them. Our horses are spent.

Sergeant; Let's block the canyon with wagons and make a stand!

Ranger; They'd storm the wagons on foot or shoot you from the rimrock.

Mills; Yes, the Sioux have learned how to fight the Army.

Ranger; What's in those barrels?

Mills; (BITTERLY) Oil! Oil for the machines and lamps in the Deadwood Gold Mines! Thousands of gallons of it! And me with twelve men!

Ranger; Steady, Captain. We can stop the Sioux.

Mills; How, Mister? How?

Ranger; Roll every barrel downhill to the water. Dump part of the oil into this pool. Stand the barrels on end to form a barricade, then cut the oxen loose and set fire to the oil.

Mills; I get it now! Prairie-bred Indian ponies panic at the sight of fire! That oil will burn long enough to give us an hour's head start.

Sergeant; (CALLS) All barrels to the front! On the double!

AD LIB: (EXCITEMENT IN B.G.)

Tonto; Kemo-sabay, look-um up on rimrock! Man on horse!  
Now him gone!

(SHOTS IN FAR B.G.)

Ranger; Those were signal shots! The Indians know now that we're here!

Tonto; Him must be scout for Sioux. But him sit on horse like white man.

Sergeant; (CALLS) More barrels up here! Keep 'em rolling!

Ranger; Come on, Tonto.

Mills; Where are you going?

Ranger; Back up the canyon to those big boulders. We'll have to delay the Indians if they show up before the barricade is finished.

Mills; But you're only two against five hundred!

Ranger; The Indians can't know our exact strength! <sup>5</sup> A few shots from behind those rocks will make them cautious.

Mills; If we pile the barrels up, you'll never get back over them.

Ranger; Leave an opening where there's only a single tier of barrels! Start the fires at the sides.

Mills; Even with a single tier, the flames will leap high.

Ranger; We'll start back as soon as we see a blaze, and then we'll have to take our chances. Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

510  
Fade Sweet

(HOOFS START, SPLASHING THRU WATER)

510  
510

MUSIC: INTERLUDE, FADE UNDER:

Ranger; We've got perfect cover here, Tonto.

Tonto; Maybe good thing we got-um. Me hear plenty hoofs up canyon.

530

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Ranger; Here they come! Steady, Silver!

Tonto; Me see now that them belong to Oglalah Sioux tribe.

Ranger; Then they're Crazy Horse's braves!

(HOOFS CLOSER, INDIAN YELLS FADE IN)

*Over*  
Tonto; Them see soldiers!

Ranger; Now, Tonto! Now!

(SHOTS)

545

*Over*  
Tonto; That stop ones in front, but warriors behind push-um on.

(SHOTS, YELLS, HOOFS SLOW TO HALT)

*Over*  
Ranger; See what the soldiers are doing.

Tonto; Them got barrels piled up. Now them knock-um heads out of some.

*Over*  
(SHOTS, YELLS, HOOFS COMING ON AGAIN)

Tonto; Now barrels catch-um fire. Captain stand on top. Him wave hat. Him jump. Fire shoot-um high on sides.

Ranger; Then come on! Our horses can hurdle the low part of the barrier!

AD LIB: (GET AWAY)

(HOOFS, SHOTS, YELLS)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE, UNDER:

*6/5/5*  
Anncr; With a blazing barricade ahead of them, and a horde of howling Sioux close behind, the Lone Ranger and Tonto raced for their lives.

(HOOFS, SHOTS, YELLS)

AD LIB: (ENCOURAGEMENT TO HORSES)

Anncr; From some of the bullet-punctured barrels, jets of blazing fluid played into the pool. *6/20* Flames licked out over the oil-coated water and black smoke rolled up in a choking cloud.

*Kade Z...*

(YELLS)

Annex; At the sight of the fiery road-block, the Indian ponies reared up, squealing. The warriors themselves stared in dismay at the spectacle of burning water. Then the masked man and Tonto guided their horses into the pool-

(SPLASHING HOOFS)

AD LIB: (ENCOURAGEMENT TO HORSES)

Annex; The Lone Ranger's great white stallion gathered himself for the jump. A soaring leap, a flash of silver hoofs and he and his rider were over! Then Tonto put Scout over the flaming hurdle. They were just in time. An instant later the flames closed in behind them. A cheer burst from Captain Mills and his cavalrymen as the two men pulled up.

AD LIB: (WHOA'S)

Mills; Thank heavens you men made it!

Sergeant; Look at that fire now!

(MUFFLED EXPLOSION, ROAR OF FLAMES)

The barrels are blowing up! The flames are high as the canyon walls!

Ranger; Well, Captain, you and your men are safe now. The Indians can't get out of the canyon in time to head you off. And they won't be able to pass that fire before you're out of reach.

Mills; We owe you our lives. If there is anything - -

Ranger; There isn't. Tonto and I ask is an opportunity to be of service!

Mills; Then you'd better return with us to Fort Laramie. I happen to know General Sheridan needs someone to carry out a dangerous and delicate mission.

Ranger; Very well. Let's get started.

Mills; Detachment, at the trot! *145* forward *145* *out*

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

*155x*  
Annct; General Phillip H. Sheridan heaved his bulky body from a chair and stood face to face with the Lone Ranger and Captain Mills. For a moment he tugged at his mustache, studying the masked man. Then he pointed to an empty saber sheath which lay on his desk.

*Sup*  
Sheridan; Sir, that scabbard belonged to General Custer.

Ranger; General Custer? *815*

*10*  
Sheridan; It was found on the field at the Little Big Horn after the massacre. The Indians had taken his sword.

Ranger; I see.

Sheridan; I want Custer's saber recovered. In view of what Captal Mills has told me of your conduct in the face of great odds, *830* I think you are the one man in the West who stands any chance of getting back that sword.

Ranger; General Sheridan, *830* just why do you want it back?

Sheridan; It's a point of honor with the Army. No general ~~officer~~ of the regular forces ever before lost his sword to the Indians. *845*

Ranger; Indians are worthy enemies.

*25*  
Sheridan; I agree, sir. But there's another and more important consideration. The possession of that saber by the Sioux may lead to a general uprising with every tribe in the West joining against us.

Ranger;

Yes, I can see how Sitting Bull or some other crafty medicine man could use it to play on tribal superstitions and work up fighting ~~spirit~~ *agony*

*904*

Sheridan;

Fortunately Sitting Bull doesn't have it. Prisoners tell us that when the spoils of battle were divided the sword fell to Crazy Horse, who's strictly a war chief.

*916*

Ranger;

He can be found.

Sheridan;

Then you'll undertake the mission?

Ranger;

I will, sir. I want to keep the Sioux War from spreading

*905*

Sheridan;

Good! We'll provide any equipment you need.

Ranger;

I'll work that out with Captain Mills.

*930*

Sheridan;

There's still the matter of a reward to be considered-

Ranger;

That's a matter that can stand until I've restored the sword of Little Big Horn to its sheath.

*940*

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Announcer;

Several weeks later, the Lone Ranger and Tonto rode into Slim Buttes Pass with a six-horse pack train.

*Fading #3*

(HOOFS)

At the scene of the battle of the oil barrels, they had picked up the trail of the Oglalah Sioux only to lose it as they pushed further into the Black Hills, the Holy Land of the Dakota Indians. Tonto, who guided the pack animals was saying -

*920*

Tonto;

Kemo Sabay, these horses act-um like they know this place

Ranger;

They were bred here. This is where the Morey ranch ranges its stock.

*1015*



Tonto; How we get-um those horses from Army?

Ranger; I picked them out of the remount herd because they didn't bear the "U.S." brand. Captain Mills said they'd been commandeered from the Morey spread.

1030

Tonto; Me savvy.

Ranger; Look out, Tonto! Pull up!

AD LIB: (WHOA'S)

(HOOPS HALT)

10

Ranger; I saw a lookout horse on that butte over there!

(SHOTS, BULLETS RICOCHETING)

See

Tonto; Them bullets come plenty close!

Ranger; Return the fire!

(SHOTS)

See

Tonto; Him not show himself now!

Ranger; His last shot would have emptied a Winchester.

Tonto; What we do?

Ranger; We can't get at him from here, and there may be an ambush ahead.

(HOOPS START, FADE)

Tonto; Look! Pack horse break loose! Me get-um!

105

Ranger; Wait, Tonto! Let him go! If that horse knows the herd trails around here it may lead thru the hills by another route. We'll follow it!

AD LIB: (GIDDAP'S)

1025

Fade Out

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex;

Thomas Morey paced the floor of his ranch house. A big bodied man, he made a striking figure with his flaming beard which he wore trimmed in the imperial style. He seemed to be paying no attention to his guest, Ben Wade, who had just arrived from Deadwood. Wade ventured a question -

Wade; Say, Morey, what're you gripping those ore specimens for?

Morey; I'm Major Morey to you, sir! Don't forget I was a staff officer under General McClellan, Maximilian of Mexico and Napoleon the Third, and an expert swordsman! I'm gripping the ore to keep my hands in shape to use a saber.

Wade; Oh, I forgot about you being a swordsman.

Morey; I was schooled by Maitre Deschamps in his Salle d'Armes in Paris. Paris! I'm going back there when this western adventure is over.

Wade; It won't be over soon. That's why I'm here. I've been instructed to tell you to keep the Sioux on the warpath for another six months of year.

Morey; That's a big order.

Wade; The big men in the syndicate have fixed things in Washington so we'll get a grant of a million acres of land around here.

Morey; Then why not let the Army exterminate the redskins?

Wade; Congress doesn't meet 'til next year. You know what'll happen if the Sioux surrender and are moved to Montana Territory in the meantime.

1115  
Gup

1045

1130

11

1145

115

112

1215

Morey; Thousands of prospectors and homesteaders would flock here, claiming the land as public domain. They'd discover what we already know - **1220** that there's a rich gold field here.

Wade; The Sioux can keep those people out 'til our land grant is approved.

Morey; **1100** Wade, the Indians are too short of ammunition to continue fighting. What's worse, Crazy Horse is getting hard to control.

Wade; I thought he trusted you.

Morey; He doesn't trust any white man. He knows we have some hidden purpose for helping **1245** people, but he respects my knowledge of military science. That's my only hold on him

Wade; Well, the syndicate's sending a packet load of new Winchesters and cartridges up the Missouri river.

Morey; That's good news.

Wade; Where's Crazy Horse now?

Morey; **13** Quartered in a big cave where the horse herd used to go in winter. I moved them **12** there last month. That was when we ran into that supply train.

Wade; Tell the Chief about that arms shipment as soon as possible. He might take a notion to head for Canada with Sitting Bull.

Morey; We'll see him tonight-

Wade; I hear someone outside -

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Morey; **1245** What's the matter, Sam?



Annor; <sup>1125</sup> Deep in the cavern where the Sioux had taken refuge, a council fire burned high. The great war chief Crazy Horse had the place of honor. He drew on an empty pipe as Two Moons rose and addressed him. <sup>1145</sup>

(FADE OUT GIBBERISH)

Moons; Great Chief, the Sioux and Cheyennes are scattered. We hide in a hole like hunted coyotes. Our stomachs and our guns are empty, and there is nothing left to smoke in the council pipe, not even a shred of willow bark. <sup>1245</sup>  
We win battles, but the white men win the wars! I have spoken!

AD LIB: How! How!

Crazy; What Two Moons says is true, but we will fight again. Our friend, Redbeard, has promised us more rifles and many bullets. <sup>145</sup> He is a great warrior. Let us be patient.

AD LIB: How!

(EXCITED GIBBERISH IN B.G.)

(HOOFS COMING IN)

AD LIB: (INDIAN GIBBERISH, STIR)

Crazy; Hoye! My people have found a pack horse.

(HOOFS HALT)

Voice; Great Chief, this pony comes into the cave. It carries much tobacco. <sup>1530</sup>

AD LIB: How! How!

Crow; It is a gift from Wahan Tanka, our Father in the Sun! <sup>1530</sup>

Moons; It is a trick!

Crazy; My brothers, I see nothing but a trader's horse and goods.

Moons; Hoka hey! Our people are all here! No one watches at the mouth of the cave.

Crazy; Hopo! Hopo! Go back!

1545

160

AD LIB: (EXCITED GIBBERISH IN B.G.)

Crow; Look, great Chief! Two men are coming with more pack ponies!

1345

(HOOPS COMING IN)

Moons; One is an Indian. The other is a white man with a mask!

Crow; They are trapped! Let us kill them!

1733

(INDIAN YELLS)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc; The curtain falls on the first act of our Lone Ranger story. Before we continue with the next exciting scenes, please permit us to pause for just a moment.

Take out  
up  
1405

1855  
1900  
05  
140  
15

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrc; The Lone Ranger and Tonto were trapped in a cave to which their quest for General Custer's sword had taken them. As hundreds of Sioux braves closed in, the masked man tried to speak, but his voice was drowned in yells -

1405

15:50

1805

(INDIAN YELLS)

Then the great war Chief, Crazy Horse, sprang from the council fire and confronted his people, arm upraised in the sign of peace.

1808

Crazy; (CALLS) Hopo! Get away!

1808

(YELLS SUBSIDE)

- Ranger; Great Chief Tashunka Witko, <sup>1830</sup> my Indian friend and I have come in peace.
- Crazy; Let the white stranger say how he reached this cave and what he wants.
- Ranger; <sup>lots</sup> We followed our runaway pack horse. We're here to trade.
- Crazy; This Chief has seen many traders. <sup>1845</sup> None wore a mask.
- Ranger; Great Chief, all trading with hostile Sioux has been outlawed by the white men.
- Crazy; (GRUNTS) Let the strangers dismount and join us at the council fire. <sup>17</sup>
- Ranger; Steady, Silver! (DISMOUNTING) Bring a bag of tobacco, Tonto.
- Tonto; <sup>19</sup> Me bring-um.
- Ranger; Great Chief, your council pipe is empty. Here, let me fill it.
- Crazy; (GRUNTS) Take it.
- Ranger; This tobacco is good. <sup>17 19 195</sup> There. Now let me light it.
- Crazy; (PUFFING) ~~Washete~~ Good! Very good!
- Ranger; We have enough of it to fill the pipes of all your people many times.
- Crazy; My people have little left to trade for it. We have been driven from our hunting grounds. <sup>1730</sup>
- Ranger; You have taken much <sup>1920</sup> loot from the pony soldiers.

Crazy; Another trader got the watches, rings and paper money we took at Little Big Horn.

Ranger; It is told that Yellow Hair had a sword mounted with silver and gold.

Crazy; (GRUNTS) This Chief took two long knives that day. One belonged to Yellow Hair. The other was his brother's.

Ranger; Let me see them.

Crazy; (CALLS IN GIBBERISH) A squaw will bring them.

Ranger; The great <sup>CHIEF</sup> is obeyed.

Crazy; (GRUNTS) Here is the squaw with the long knives. Take them, white man.

Ranger; The names of General Custer and Captain Tom Custer are engraved on the blades. Great Chief, they are worth everything I brought you.

Crazy; ~~Wahote helo!~~ You have traded ~~much~~ for little.

AD LIB: (EXCITED GIBBERISH IN B.G.)

Morey; (COMING IN) Great Chief, who are these men?

Wade; Major, one of them is masked!

Morey; The masked man again!

Ranger; I didn't know that we had met before.

Morey; Great Chief, these men are spies for the Army! Tell your warriors to sieze them!

Crazy; They cannot escape. How do you know that they are spies?

Morey; They were with the soldiers in the canyon. They jumped their horses over the burning barricade.



- Crazy; This Chief was there. He did not see a masked man.
- Morey; You were in the canyon and his back was turned to you. I was on the ledge and could look down and see his face.
- Wade; How did he ~~manage~~ <sup>9015</sup> to find this cave?
- Crazy; He said he followed a runaway pack pony and this Chief believes him.
- Morey; I believe that, too. Those pack horses are some that the men of the Second Cavalry commandeered when they passed thru my range right after Little Big Horn. I recognize that blue roan.
- Crazy; My friend, Redbeard, ~~could be~~ <sup>1820</sup> mistaken about a horse.
- Ranger; Great Chief, we are not ~~spies~~. If we were, we wouldn't have come into this cave. We knew you were here and could have gone away without being seen. Then the soldiers could have taken you by surprise.
- Crazy; That is so. <sup>9115</sup>
- Morey; They wanted to see how many warriors were here and how well they were armed. <sup>1845</sup>
- Crazy; This chief cannot decide the matter. I fold my arms and leave it for you white men to fight out.
- Ranger; That means a duel, I suppose.
- Crazy; I have heard that white men use long knives to settle ~~disputes between themselves~~. Let the stranger give Redbeard ~~one~~ <sup>19</sup> of those I traded to him.
- Ranger; Very well. There's a saber, Redbeard.
- Morey; It's too good a blade to use on a snooping polecat like you!

Crazy; The life of the man who loses will belong to the man who ~~wins~~ <sup>wins</sup>, Tashunka Witko, have spoken!

AD LIB: (GIBBERISH MURMURS) 1915

Wade; Look here, Major. You ought to give the chief the good news right now.

Morey; No, Wade. It'll go over better with him after he sees what I can do with a saber.

<sup>loud</sup> Ranger; Here, Tonto, take my guns. Now, Redbeard, get rid of yours. ZZ

Morey; Don't worry. I won't need it. Here, Wade. 1920

Ranger; Great Chief, I lift my sword to you!

Morey; And I lift mine! Now watch me! outcave

Ann  
cr  
Zup  
Ann cr; As he spoke, the renegade swung his saber high above his head in a ZZ muscle-flexing movement. The singing blade cut a circle in the firelight and he rose on tiptoe as though pulled upward by the glittering gyrations. Still keeping the steel awhirl, he passed it around his body and between his legs, then brought it to the salute with a final flourish.

AD LIB: (EXCITED GIBBERISH) ZZ

Ann cr; The Sioux braves pressed forward, eyes gleaming with excitement, and even the stolid Crazy Horse appeared awed. But the Lone Ranger remained impassive, his own sword in a guard position. Morey gave him a wolfish grin - Caveon

Out  
Morey; Well, fellow, what do you think of your chance of living? ZZ

Ranger; On guard, Redbeard!

Morey; On guard it is!

(CLASH OF STEEL, SCUFFLING STEPS)

AD LIB: (CROWD EXCITEMENT IN GIBBERISH)

Annrc;

Blades crossed, the Lone Ranger and Morey swayed back and forth, the muscles of their backs rippling as each strove to keep the other from disengaging. Still sneering at his adversary, the soldier of fortune called to Crazy Horse -

Morey;

Look, great Chief! I'm about to cut this spy to pieces -- Sioux fashion!

Ranger;

Try it!

(CLASH OF STEEL)

Morey;

Here comes a thrust in tierce!

Ranger;

And I turn your blade ~~in tierce!~~

Morey;

So you do know swordsmanship? So much the better!

(CLASH OF STEEL)

Annrc;

Suddenly Morey pivoted like a dancing master. His blade flicked out. The masked man side-stepped, but he was late -- too late! The point of the freebooter's saber caught him high in the shoulder.

AD LIB:

(STIR IN GIBBERISH)

Morey;

Touche! (LAUGHS) I could kill you with a corn cutter!

Ranger;

A scratch doesn't kill!

(CLASH OF STEEL)

*Over* 2330  
 Anncr; Morey feinted and essayed another thrust, at the masked man's heart. But it was caught and parried. Then the offensive changed. The renegade put into play every trick of the trained swordsman, but step by step the Lone Ranger forced him back. *Cave on*

*Over*  
 Ranger; No, you don't!

Morey; (PAN TING) I'll get you yet!

Ranger; Not with a saber!

(CLASH OF STEEL) *Cave off*

*Over*  
 Anncr; As Morey fell back, breathing hard, a draught from the mouth of the cave whipped up the council fire. Smoke enveloped the duelists. Half-blinded, the masked man failed to see a signal which Morey passed to his confederate, Ben Wade. *21* *Cave on*

*Over*  
 Ranger; Come out of that smoke! I'll give you time!

Morey; I'm coming! (COUGHS) Now! *24* *Cave off*

*Over*  
 Anncr; At that instant, Wade pushed a piece of firewood between the Lone Ranger's legs. He tripped, lost his balance, fell forward on hands and knees. Morey sprang forward - his saber glittering above his head, his red beard redder still in the firelight. He poised himself for the death stroke! *2120* *Cave on #*

*Over*  
 AD LIB: (EXCITED YELLS IN GIBBERISH)

Morey; Here it comes, spy!

(HORSE WHINNY) *Cave # 1 off*

*Over* *22*

*Over* *9/4/30* *2145*  
 Anncr; Out of the crowd of Indians, a great white horse  
 came rearing and threshing. It was Silver! --  
 A Silver whose rolling eyes and flaring nostrils  
 betokened his deadly rage!

(YELLS, HOOFS)

*Jump* *9/4/30*  
 The warriors gave way in panic and as the circle  
 opened, the big stallion leaped and landed astride  
 his fallen master. Morey fell back, his saber still  
 upraised! *action* *22*

*Over*  
 Morey; Wade! Wade! Grab that horse! Get it away!

Wade; Not me, Major!

Morey; I can't get at that spy! He's getting up!

Ranger; I am up! Good boy, Silver! Now back, back! Watch  
 him, Tonto. *2145*

(HOOFS BACK)

Morey; If it hadn't been for that horse --

Ranger; On guard!

(CLASH OF STEEL) *Caveoff*

*Over*  
 Anncr; Hard pressed again, Morey dropped half way to his  
 knees. From that position, he aimed a terrible  
 lunge at the lower part of the masked man's body.  
 It was a foul thrust known as the Coup de Jarnac.

(CLASH OF STEEL)

Annrc; *f* The Lone Ranger, turning sidewise, evaded the steel. The point ran into one of his empty holsters, and for a moment the tough leather *2270* His own saber slid down the freebooter's blade, meshing its point in the hand guard. In vain, Morey tried to disengage. The sword flew upward - torn from his grip by a twist of the masked man's wrist *2515* it fell at Crazy Horse's feet. *Car on*

(SWORD FALLING TO GROUND)

AD LIB: (EXCITED GIBBERISH)

Crazy; (APPLAUDS) How! How!

Morey; *normal* Great Chief, save me! He has his sword at my throat! *2245*

Crazy; I promised the loser's life to the man who won. I do not break my word.

Morey; Great Chief, think of what I have done and can do for you!

Crazy; *2530* ~~He~~ heard, I thought you were a great warrior, but I was mistaken.

Morey; Hear me! In a few sleeps from now a ship load of arms and ammunition will reach us! *23*

Crazy; This Chief will not listen anymore. You speak with a crooked tongue!

Morey; Why you miserable redskin! Wade! Wade! *2545*

Wade; Here's your gun, Major!

Morey; Come on! He won't use his sword!

Ranger; I don't need it!

AD LIB: (EXCITEMENT)

(STRUGGLE)

Morey; (EFFORT) I've got the gun!

Ranger; (EFFORT) Drop it or I'll break your arm!

Morey; If I can't get you - (EFFORT) I'll kill that  
double-crossing Crazy Horse!

Ranger; Watch out, Chief!

(SHOT)

Wade; I'm shot! Major -- yo-you <sup>SHOT.</sup> me! (GROANS)

(BODY FALLS)

Ranger; I've got the gun now! Stand still!

Morey; So I missed Crazy Horse and hit Wade. Well, he got  
me into this!

Ranger; Tonto, look after Wade.

Tonto; Me already look. Him dead.

Ranger; Great Chief Tashunka Witko, I am going to take Redbeard  
away.

Crazy; He is yours, but this Chief does not understand why  
you do not kill him now.

Ranger; He will die later.

Crazy; You are a mighty man with the long knife. You are  
my friend. Hereafter my people will know you by the  
name, Man-For-Whom-the-Horse-Fights.

Ranger; It is good to be a friend of the great chief. Now let me show you a silver bullet from my gun belt. Look well at it.

Crazy; (GRUNTS) There must be good medicine in it.

Ranger; Any white man who shows you such a bullet from now on can be trusted.

Crazy; This Chief sees and believes.

Ranger; Tonto, get the horses. Come on, Morey.

Morey; So you know me?

Ranger; You betrayed yourself tonight. You're going to Fort Laramie.

Morey; That's better than being left with Crazy Horse now. If it hadn't been for those cursed sabers --

Ranger; Pick them up by the ends of the blades and hand them to me.

Morey; Oh, all right. (EFFORT) This -- why, this was General Custer's sword.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Announcer; The Lone Ranger returned to General Sheridan's headquarters, and the swords of the Custer brothers lay on the commander's desk. The masked man stood by silently while Captain Mills reported the latest developments in the Morey case. The Captain was saying --



Mills; We have sent out a company of cavalry to raid Morey's ranch. He himself is in the guardhouse and has made a confession, stating that a gold-mining syndicate financed his activities as a gun-runner and trouble maker among the Sioux.

Sheridan; We'll go into that later. Now, masked man, I'd like to know just where you found Crazy Horse and his band.

Ranger; You won't find him there now. He'll be on the move from now on. He's short of food and ammunition.

Sheridan; I'm prepared to throw five thousand men into the field against him.

Ranger; General Sheridan, there's no need to waste the lives of your soldiers or exterminate the Sioux.

Sheridan; What do you mean?

Ranger; I'm confident Crazy Horse will surrender if he is approached by a man he can trust and fair terms are offered to him.

Sheridan; There's the rub, sir. Crazy Horse isn't likely to trust anyone who has the authority to treat with him.

Ranger; I can help you in that, General Sheridan. Here, take this bullet.

Sheridan; H-m-mm. A silver bullet.

Ranger; Anyone who shows it to Crazy Horse will be accepted as a friend.

2545  
Sheridan; Indeed, Then we shall follow your advice. Now  
let me present you with the reward which the  
officers of this department raised for the return  
of the sword. It is a considerable sum.

Ranger; I want you to turn it over to the families of the  
men who fell with Custer. All I ask is the privilege  
of restoring the saber to its scabbard. 29

Sheridan; There they are, Sir

Ranger; I have them!

(SWORD INTO SCABBARD)

Ranger; There, General. The saber is back where it rested  
before Custer drew it at Little Big Horn. It should  
never be unsheathed again. 2915

Sheridan; What do you think, Captain Mills?

Mills; I fully agree with him.

Sheridan; Masked man -- () Why he's gone!

Mills; So he is!

Sheridan; Captain, can you tell me who he is?

Mills; The silver bullet identifies him, Sir. He is the  
Lone Ranger. 2930

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

theme

2650  
2655  
2:140  
2935  
27:35  
2:00