

The Lone Ranger, created by Geo. W. Trendle

Date MAR 30 - 1949

Number 2527-1752

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"WHERE YOU FIND IT"

Goll

Cast

Ranger

Tonto

Dan

Sheriff-kind, philosophical, middle-aged.

Rosita-middle-aged Spanish woman, kind.

Uncle Tobe-good-natured blind story-teller, aged.

Lonny-young boy

Pete-outlaw, ruthless

Gus-outlaw, schemer

Voice 1-bit

Voice 2-bit

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(USUAL OPENING)

Anncr: Tonto and Dan Reid, nephew of the Lone Ranger, were ready to return to the masked man's camp after picking up mail in the once great gold-mining center of Sundown. Standing outside the combined general store and postoffice, they gave the town a parting look. Although the last mine along Furnace Gulch had played out several years before, Sundown still enjoyed a measure of prosperity, being a railroad terminal as well as a county seat. On a corner, the notorious Bonanza Cafe remained open for business and ~~the~~ there, in the shade of a wooden awning, a noisy crowd was gathering, apparently attracted by the presence of a ~~small~~ small boy and an aged man with the hair and beard of a patriarch. Tonto took in the scene and tensed...

Tonto: Dan, it look like them fellers make fun of old man and boy.

Dan: No, Tonto. The old man is entertaining them. He's Uncle Tobe Miller, a famous character in these parts. I found out al l about him when I was in town the other day.

Tonto: Him plenty old.

Dan: He's eighty and blind. Once he was a prospector, but the desert sun and sand finally got his eyes.

Tonto: What that little feller do?—lead him?

Dan: That's right. He's Lonny. His folks died of cholera during the boom days. Uncle Tobe hadn't lost his sight then and he started taking care of Lonny. Now the town tries to take care of both of them.

Tonto: Me sorry for them.

Dan: They don't fare so badly. Uncle Tobe has some land just out of town. It's worthless, but the cabin's comfortable. A kind-hearted Mexican woman looks after the housework.

Tonto: How him entertain people?

Dan: Come on and you'll see.

(STEPS: CROWD NOISES FADING III)

Voice: (COMING UP) We're waiting, Uncle Tobe! Stretch that old long bow!

Dan: Hello, there, Lonny!

Donny: Dan's here, Uncle Tobe!

Tobe: Howdy, son! I'm right glad you're here 'cause I've made up some mighty tall stories for today.

Voice: Hear that, fellers? He's got some new ones!

Tobe: Yep, gents, and they're calculated to cool you off, this being an all-fired hot day...It was back in fifty-two that I prospected the Yallerstone Country. That winter it got so cold the bears never come out of their holes till ten years afterward, And when Old Faithful geyser shot up a spout, that boiling water water froze solid before it could fall back in the hole.

Ad lib: (LAUGHTER)

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Sheriff: That'll do for a starter, Uncle Tobe. Now tell about a real winter.

Tobe: Just as you say, sheriff. Fifty-five was the year of the big blizzard, you know—the blizzard that froze men's whiskers, broke them off and blew them plumb ~~ix~~ through pine trees two feet thick. After that a still cold came on. I was up in Gobler's Knob at the time and some owlhoots tried to rob the bank. Us citizens got to shooting at them from across the street. For seven straight hours them crooks and us kept pouring hot lead at each other but nobody got hit. You see, the bullets never got any farther than the middle of the street and there they froze up and stuck in the air.

Ad lib: (LAUGHTER)

Tobe: That isn't the half of it, gents! The next Fourth of July when all of us had shot up our powder ~~at~~ celebrating, three thousand Injuns come whooping into town. It sure looked like they had us.

Ad lib: (LAUGHTER)

Tobe: Just then the spring thaw set in and them bullets busted loose. Three ~~hundred~~ and fourteen redskins rolled off their ponies, deader'n pickled herring. The rest skedaddled. And that, gents, is how we won the Battle of Gobler's knob!

Ad lib; (LAUGHTER)

Voice: That calls for one on the house! Let's go inside!

Sheriff: Not yet, fellers. I'm passing the hat for Uncle Tobe.

Voice: Here, sheriff! Let me start it!

Ad lib: (STIR)

(SOUND:COINS RATTLING)

Sheriff: Thanky, gents...Say, you two strangers there! Don't sneak away!

Gus: This street is public, sheriff. Come on, Pete.

Pete: I'm coming, Gus. We got no money for an old tramp.

Sheriff: If you're broke, okay! But don't call Uncle Tobe a tramp!

Pete: I'll call him what I please. No hat-passing lawdog in a two-bit town can hurrah me.

Voice: (SARCASTIC) Listen to the badman!

Voice: (2) Look, he's got a silver ring! Let's make him kick it in!

Sheriff: No, boys! Let's not have trouble!

Pete: Out of our road, you hombres! Move or I'll--

Voice: He's got a gun! He's going to shoot!

Tonto: You put gun back, feller! Then nobody get hurt!

Pete:- I don't take orders from an Injun!

Gus: Drill him, Gus!

(SOUND:SHOT)

Tonto: You try to shoot me, (EFFORT) Me fix you!

Pete: You're breaking my arm! Help me, Gus!

Sheriff: Stand still, Gus! I got you covered!

Tonto: Now me take-um gun!

(SOUND (BLOW: GROAN: BODY FALL))

Voice: The redskin knocked him out!

Sheriff: Thanky, Injun...What's your name?

Tonto: Me Tonto, sheriff. What we do with these fellers?

Sheriff: Well, I reckon I'd better jail them for a day or so, till they cool down. The charge is disturbing the peace.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annrc: In camp that evening Dan told the Lone Ranger all that had happened in Sundown. The masked man, busy with preparations for a renewal of their journey to another territory, listened in silence, then, much to Tonto's surprise, started unpacking.

Tonto: Kemo Sapay, why we stay here? It not look like sheriff need help.

Ranger: I'm interested in Uncle Tobe.

Dan: Uncle Tobe!

Ranger: Yes, Dan. His stories are a part of America like the Paul Bunyan legends that are told in the woods of the Northwest.

Dan: They're really whoppers!

~~Ranger: That is one name for them, but what is Homer's Odyssey, except a collection of glorified tall stories? They were told by another bling man three thousand years ago, but they still live. (Cu~~

Ranger: That's one name for them, but what is Homer's Odessey except a collection of glorified tall stories? They were told by another blind man three thousand years ago but they still live. (QUOTES) "So the great master bent the might bow!"

Dan: That's right!

Ranger: Uncle Tobe's stories probably aren't great, but they should be preserved.

Dan: Gosh, maybe you can get them published!

Ranger: That isn't likely, but we'll visit him tomorrow and you can write down his tales as he tells them.

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

Annrcr: Early the next day the Lone Ranger, Tomco, and Dan were in the saddle.

(SOUND(HOOFS))

Annrcr: The trail they followed skirted a desert where underlying rock formations frequently showed through a thin covering of sand, and test holes told of efforts to strike gold-bearing quartz. Such evidence of prospecting vanished as the riders neared town. A turn at the base of a boulder-strewn hill brought them to Uncle Tobe's cabin. They pulled up.

Ad lib: WHOAS

(SOUND:HOOFS HALT)

Annrcr: Then a woman burst from the door, wailing---

Kosita: Ai, ai, ai!

~~Ranger~~

Dan: It's Rosita, the housekeeper!

Ranger: Aca, senora! What is it?

Rosita: You are no medico! You have on a mask!

Ranger: Don't be frightened.

Rosita: No hombre scare me. Is the old one I am scare for.

Dan: Do you mean Uncle Toby?

Rosita: Si, si! El Tio Tobe is much sick! Ai, ai!

Ranger: Tonto, get your medicine kit. Where is he, senora?

Rosita: I have carry him to bed. Venga conmigo.

(SOUND:STEPS)

Rosita: There he is! Ojala, the poor old one!

((SOUND:STEPS STOP)

Ranger: Ah,...he seems to have had a heart attack.

Tonto: That bad. Not much we can do.

Ranger: We'll ease his position and give him a stimulant.

Dan: Where is Lonny?

Rosita: The muchacho run to town for help.

Dan: When did this happen, Rosita?

Rosita: This morning El Tio Tobe go up the hill. Always he goes up the hill to make the big stories in his head. He sits there by the Yucca tree. He digs in the sand with his stick and carramba! comes the big story!

Dan: But this morning---

Rosita: The muchacho is playing with a toad on side of hill. Then El Tio give one big yell. "Gold," he yells and falls down. Pobre vaejo! Is dream he had!

Tonto: You think him come to?

Ranger: His pulse is a little stronger, but-----

(SOUND:STONE FALLS ON FLOOR)

Ranger: Something fell out of his hand when I moved it.

Dan: I'll get it....It's just a piece of rock.

Rosita: El Tio always got rocks. Always this house is full with them for me to sweep out. Ojala, the poor blind one!

(SOUND:HOOFS FADING IN)

Tonto: Maybe doctor come now.

Rosita: Is Senor, the Sheriff. He brings the muchacho back.

Ad lib: WHOAS

(SOUND:HOOFS HALT:STEPS UP TO HALT)

Sheriff: Rosita, Lonny said--(BREAKS) A masked man! How'd he get here?

Tonto: Him my friend, sheriff.

Sheriff: Tonto!....Well, if he's your friend, that's good enough for me. Is Uncle Toby--~~HESITATES~~

Ranger: What about the doctor:

Sheriff: He's out of town. I figured maybe I could help.

Ranger: We've done all that's possible.

- Tobe: (FAINTLY) Lonny...
- Dan: Lonny, Uncle Tobe wants you.
- Lonny: Here I am, Uncle Tobe!
- Tobe: Lonny, let me...let me feel your face...Now listen.. listen good because i'm going away...to the Big Rock Candy Mountains I told you about....
- Lonny: ! Don't go, Uncle Tobe! (SOBS) Don't leave me!
- Tobe: Stop crying, son....you're going to be rich...I made the big strike finally...I found a hill of gold... a whole hill....enough to buy the Denver mint...you tell the sheriff...tell him...(DIES)
- Ranger: He's gone, Lonny.
- Lonny: (SOBS) Tell him to come back! I want to go 'long to the Big Candy Mountains!
- Rosita: El viejo es con Dios! Lonny, you will now live with your Tia Rosita.
- Sheriff: Uncle Tobe wanted to spin one more yarn! A hill of gold! Poor feller!
- Ranger: Sheriff, we came here to save his stories. Dan was to put them into writing. Now they're lost, but we'd like to help Lonny.
- Rosita: Senor, I will make a home for him.
- Ranger: That's kind of you, senora.
- Rosita: I have the ranch of goats nearby. Come with your tia, Lonny.
- Lonny: You come too, Dan.

Rosita: Si, Dan. You make company for him.

Ranger: Go along, Dan. We'll pick you up there after we break camp tonight.

Dan: Come on, Lonny.

(SOUND(STEPS FADING OUT))

Sheriff: Mister, that Rosita's a mighty fine woman! A widder, she is, and I'm an old batch, but twixt us we'll take care of the button.

Ranger: Is there anything that Tonto and I can do to help here?

Sheriff: Not as I know of. Funerals hereabouts are quick and simple. There being no undertaker or preacher, I kind of act as both.

Ranger: I see.

Sheriff: As for the grave digging, I got those two fellers in jail and I aim to set them at it. I always make prisoners earn their keep.

Ranger: Sheriff, you are a man of parts. Adios.

Sheriff: Wait! Aren't you staying for the burial?

Ranger: I want to avoid being questioned about my mask.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Ranger: (FADING BACK) When will the burial be?

Sheriff: This evening on yonder hill. I reckon Uncle Tobe would want to sleep there where he dreamed up his tall stories.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(SOUND:DIGGING NOISES)

Pete: Gus, this is hard digging!

Gus: Yeah, Pete, and it's hotter'n blixen. That sheriff's got no heart.

Pete: Well, he left us here alone. We can dust out any time.

(SOUND:NOISES STOP)

Gus: You're loco! He's holding our guns and horses. And anyhow he promised to turn us loose for good after this job is done.

Pete: It's a good thing he don't know we're fresh out of the pen and stole those horses and guns.

Gus: We got them a long way from here. He'll never find out.

Pete:- Funny, isn't it?— us having to fix a place to plant that old coot after getting jailed on account of him and his lies!

Gus: The sheriff said he was still telling a big one when he kicked off.

Pete: Something about a hill of gold, wasn't it?

Gus: You know, I worked in a gold mine once. This stuff we're shoveling out is rotten quartz. Notice this piece...Say!

Pete: What's biting you?

Gus: This rock is chuck full of gold!

Pete: Sweet Juniper!

Gus: It'll run thousands of dollars to the ton!....This was the hill the old man was talking about, but he lied so often nobody'd believe him!

Pete: Let's dig out some more ore, then seal it and buy the place!

Gus: Use your head, Pete! If we tried anything like that everybody'd know about it. There'd be a gold rush. We'd end up without anything.

Pete: I didn't think about that.

Gus: There are all kinds of shacks standing empty around Sundown, so this place won't fetch much of anything unless people get wise.

Pete: Yeah, but we're the same as broke.

Gus: We can pull a holdup.. Now let's get busy and fill up this hole. We've ght to dig another where no good ore'll show.

(SOUND: DIGGING NOISES)

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(SOUND: DIGGING NOISES)

Pete: Well, we didn't hit any gold here and we're almost done.

Gus: It's a good thing. Here comes the sheriff back.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Sheriff; (COMING IN) How you doin', fellers?

(STEPS AND DIGGING STOPS)

Gus: We'll be finished as soon as we smooth up the sides, sheriff.

Sheriff: You didn't go as far up the hill as I told you, but you've done a good job. You'll find your horses and gear down at the cabin.

Gus: ~~We'll be here for the burial and maybe a lot longer~~
We aim to stay for the burial and maybe a lot longer if it's the same to you. We're sorry about that trouble

Sheriff: I don't mind you staying around here if you behave.

Gus: We want to do some prospecting, and this place of Uncle Tobe's looks like it would be all right to work out of. I reckon it'll be sold now.

Sheriff: I got the selling of it myself. But what you going to do for money?

Gus: You think we're broke, is that it? (LAUGH) Well, we never pack all our diners when we visit a town. We left some stashed away at the last place we camped.

Sheriff: You can have the place, land and cabin, for a hundred dollars.

Gus: It's a deal. You get the papers fixed up and we'll have the money for you in a day or two.

Sheriff: Okay. I'll see you later.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Pete: Why'd you say we'd be here for the funeral?
I don't like that stuff.

Gus: There'll be people with money here. If we keep our eyes open we'll find an easy mark for a holdup.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(NIGHT NOISES)

Annex: The wind, blowing in from the desert, was filled with the dry laughter of chaparral. A burro brayed its farewell to the sun and a coyote welcomed the coming night. Then silence fell on Uncle Tobe's hill. Sheriff Lane and Rosita stood at the side of the grave with Lonny and Dan between them. They were ~~xx~~ surrounded by old prospectors. In the background lurked the two outlaws. As they watched one~~x~~ of the desert men shuffled forward--

Hardtack: Sheriff; I got something here--(HESITATES)

Sheriff: What is it, Hardtack?

Hardtack: It's some money us old friends of Tobe raised for the young one. We 'low the lady should have it to use for him.

Rosita: Gracias, senores! Mille gracias!

Sheriff: That's right kindly of you old-timers. And now, folks, since you asked me to say something, here goes. We all know a mine is a hole with fools at the bottom. Well, a grave is a hole with fools on top. It would be plumb foolish for me to argufy with the Great Prospector on Uncle Tobe's account. He don't make no mistakes when he assays us poor critters.

Hardtack: Correct, you are, sheriff.

Sheriff: So I'm saying my say to you...As some folks would figure it, Uncle Tobe was the most no-account feller in these parts. He went blind looking for things that weren't there. He died telling things that weren't so. He was a powerful liar, but he lied for fun and we're beholden to him for a heap of laughs.

Rosita: Is ~~it~~ true, Senor Sheriff.

Sheriff: For years he traipæed around the desert and never made a good strike. But he was always ready to shake the last mite of cash out of his poke for somebody who needed it. Yep, he'd have given you his last drop of water in Death Valley. His heart was a twenty-four carat nugget...Folks, gold is where you find it!

(COYOTE HOWLS)

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

COMMERCIAL

Annrcr: Uncle Tobe, the blind story-teller of Sundown, had been buried on a hill rich with gold-bearing quartz. Knowing of the ore and needing money to buy the hill, the ex-convicts, Gus and Pete, planned to gain their ends through robbery. Soon after the last mourners had left the burial place, the outlaws were in the saddle.

(HOOFS)

Pete: Gus, that goat woman's ranch is down this way!

Gus: I know. It'll be easy to find.

Pete: Them old desert rats sure made it easy for us by donating cash to her. Reckon there's enough of it?

Gus: (LAUGHS) Sure. They just the same as bought another Comstock Lode for us. We're going to be millionaires, pardner!

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

Annrcr: Meanwhile, Dan had returned to the goat ranch with Rosita and Lonny, expecting the Lone Ranger and Tonto to pick him up shortly. The three were seated in the candle-lit cabin, Rosita with the donation in her hands. Dan was saying---

Dan: It was good of Uncle Tobe's friends to raise that money.

Rosita: Those old ones of the desert! They have big hearts, si?

Lonny: Will they go to the BigRock Candy Mountains when they die like Uncle Tobe?

Rosita; Mio muchacho, all good hombres go there. Look at this dinero! Almost two hundred doälars. For you I will buy first the good shoes.

(KNOCKING AT DOOR)

Rosita: Quien es?

Dan: Must be my friends. I'll open the door.

(DOOR OPENS)

Gus: Stand still, all of you!

Rosita: Look! He has his face covered, But he is not the big senor!

Dan: He's a bandit!

Gus: Watch outside the door, pardner! Everything's O.K. in her

Pete: (BACK) I'm watching!

Rosita: Bandidos! (SCREAMS) Help!

Gus: Shut up, woman!

Rosita: Please, senor, do not hurt the small ones!

Gus: Nobody'll get hurt if you keep quiet. All we want is that money.

Rosita: (SCREAMS) Perro! Cardo! You want to steal from the poor Lonny!

Gus: Give it here!

Rosita: Nunca! Never!

(SCUFFLE: BLOW)

Pete: (BACK) Hurry up in there! Somebody's coming!

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Gus: I've got that money.

Ad lib.: WHOAS, BACK

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger: (BACK, CALLS) Dan! Rosita! What's happening?

Pete: (BACK) You fellers, get your hands up!

Tonto: (BACK) Look! Feller by door!

(SHOTS: STEPS COMING UP)

Pete: (COMING UP) Shut that door! Snuff the candle!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Gus: Who's out there?

Pete: A masked man and an Injun!

Gus: I'll get them through this window!

(GLASS BREAKS:SHOTS)

Gus: Missed!

Pete: Where are they now?

Gus: They dodged out of the moonlight into those shadows.

Pete: What'll we do?

Gus: We got to get out of here.

Pete: They'll pick us off!

Gus: If we wait, they'll find our horses. Or maybe one'll go to town and raise a posse.

Pete: Let's make the woman and kids go out ahead of us.

Gus: All right, you grab that she-wolf! I'll handle the brats!

Pete: Come on, woman! We'll turn you loose as soon as we're safe.

Dan: You'd better do as he says, Rosita.

Rosita: I'll go. Don't be scared, Lonny.

Dan: I'll try to look after him. Hold onto my hand, Lonny.

(DOOR OPENS)

Pete: Get going!

(STEPS)

Gus: (CALLS) Masked man, we've got the woman and kids!
You'd better not shoot!

Ranger: (BACK) Hold your fire, Tonto!

Pete: They didn't get our horses! Here they are!

(STEPS STOP)

Gus: Take this Dan kid on your horse. I'll take the other sprout.

Pete: What about this woman?

Gus: Let her go.

Lonny: (SOBS) Where are they taking us, Dan?

Dan: I don't know, Lonny... But see here, you fellows. You don't need him. I'll be protection enough for you.

Gus: Yeah, kid. I guess you're right, the way this setup looks.

Pete: Up on this horse...Up, I said!

Dan: All right. (MOUNTING) I'm ready.

Gus: (CALLS) Hey, you! We're taking the Dan kid with us. The second we hear hoofs behind us we'll drill him. Savvy?

Ranger: (BACK) I understand. But I warn you, you'll hang if you do.

Rosita: Come away, Lonny! Pronto!

Gus: Throw some lead at that masked hombre!

Ad lib: GIDAPS

(SHOTS:HOOFS)

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

Rosita: Ai, ai! They are carrying Dan away!

Ranger: Rosita, did you recognize those men?

Rosita; No, senor. Their faces were covered, but they knew of the muchacho's money.

Tonto: Whole town know about that.

Rosita: I will tell the sheriff. He will make everyone help you find those bad hombres.

Ranger: No, Rosita, our best chance of saving Dan is to follow them alone as soon as they can't hear us.

Tonto: Me not hear them now.

Ranger: Then we'll take their trail!

Ad lib: GETAWAY

(MUSIC INTERLUDE)

(HOOFS)

Pete: Do you think we're being followed?

Gus: Stop and we'll listen.

(HOOFS HALT)

Pete: I don't hear a thing. Where we going with this kid?

Gus; To the old mines in Furnace Gulch, Pete.

Pete: You said we shouldn't mention each other's names.

Gus: It doesn't matter now. This sprout knows who we are. How about it, Mr. Dan?

Dan: Why should I know you?

Gus: You belong to the masked man's outfit. That Tonto Injun was with him tonight and you were with the Injun in town the other day. You saw that silver ring of mine then, and I noticed you looking at it again tonight.

Dan: All right, I know you.

Gus: You see where that puts you, kid? We got to fix you so you'll never talk.

Dan: My friends will hunt you down.

Gus: Maybe, maybe not. But anyhow they'll never find you.

Pete: What you got figured out for him, Gus?

Gus:- Use your head! Isn't the gulch full of old mine shafts?

Pete: I savvy.

Gus: Then take him up there and do the job. I'm leaving you here.

Pete: What for?

Gus: Partly to mix up anyone who's after us and partly because I want to be in town tomorrow to close our little deal. Meet me at the Bonanza Cafe.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(HOOF'S)

Ranger : Slow up, Tonto! Let's not press them too closely.

Tonto: Me think them 'bout fifteen minutes ahead of us.

Ranger: Wait!

Ad lib: WHOAS

(HOOFES HALT)

Tonto: What you see?

Ranger: Their trail divides here.

Tonto: Me take look. (DISMOUNTING) One feller turn right,
other go ahead.

Ranger: Can you tell which horse carried two riders?

Tonto: The one that go on. (MOUNTING) You want me to follow
other horse?

Ranger: No, we'll both stick to the trail ahead.

Ad lib: GETAWAY

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(HOOFES)

Anncr: Scarcely able to lift its hoofs, Pete's mount
stumbled with its double burden and staggered
into Furnace Gulch the next morning. Without
the guidance of his partner in crime, he had wandered
off the trail, then goaded the animal over rough country
at a killing pace. Even with the old mines in sight,
he continued to spur the exhausted horse. Dan protested--

Dan: You're killing him!

Pete: You'd better be thinking about yourself instead of
this critter.

Dan: You're a fool! That's why your partner sent you up
here with me. He wants you to get caught.

Pete: Gus wouldn't do that to me.

Dan: My friends aren't far behind. You can't get away with your horse in this condition.

Pete: It's still good for the trip back to Sundown---(BREAKS)
Here, you lazy critter!

Dan: He's falling!

(HOOFS STUMBLE:HORSE HEAVES:HEAVY BODY FALL)

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

Annecr: As the exhausted animal went down, the outlaw kicked his feet out of his stirrups and rolled free. At the same instant Dan threw himself over the animal's head and landed erect and running.

(RUNNING STEPS)

Pete scrambled up, firing wildly.

(SHOTS)

Pete: I'll get you yet!

(RUNNING STEPS)

Annecr: Dodging and ducking, Dan dashed for cover while the outlaw pounded along a few yards behind, trying to reload his gun. Seeing that escape was cut off in one direction by the yawning mouth of a mine and in another by a vast pile of pulverized quartz, the desperate boy dashed up an ore chute. Too late he realized that it led into a hopper that stood high above the rusty remnants of an ore crusher. Trapped, he looked around for something with which to defend himself.

(STEPS STOP)

Dan: (PANTING) Nothing here! Not even a stone!

Pete: (COMING UP) Now I'll fix you, kid!

(STEPS STOP)

Dan: It won't do you any good!

Pete: Only a million dollars' worth!

Dan: Look down the gulch!

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Pete: The masked man and Injun!

Dan: I told you they'd come!

Pete: I'll get both of them now! Inside and out of sight, you! Lie flat on the bottom!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(HOOFS)

Ranger: Those shots were fired somewhere around here.

Tonto: Me think Dan broke away when horse fell down back there.

Ad lib: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger: We'll dismount and look for footprints. (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS)

Tonto: Kemo Sabay, here Dan's tracks.

(STEPS)

Ranger: Where do they lead?

Tonto: Me lose-um now. All rocks here.

Ranger: Let's look around that old ore crusher.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annrc: Lying flat in the hopper, Dan and his captor were able to watch the approach of the masked man and Indian through holes in the plank flooring. Pete pressed his gun against the boy's side.

Pete: (SOFT) Not a move now! Not a sound!

Annrc: Dan's arms were under his chest, his fingers close to a shirt pocket. Nervously fingering the cloth he suddenly became conscious that the pocket still held the chip of rock he had picked up in Uncle Tobé's cabin. Slowly, breathlessly, he worked it out where he could drop it through a crack.

(STEPS FADING IN BACK)

Tonto: (BACK) Nobody go under here.

Ranger: (BACK) Let's take a closer look.

(STEPS STOP)

As they bent to examine the ground directly under Dan, he dropped the stone.

Annex: Pete, watching at another crack, failed to see it fall, but it instantly caught the attention of the masked man. He retrieved it and without looking up gave his companion a meaningful glance. Tonto edged silently out of the range of vision from above. Long moments passed while the Lone Ranger continued to crouch under the hopper, apparently still engaged in a search for tracks. Then the sunlight that poured in through the chute opening was blotted out, and Tonto's shadow fell on Pete. The thief rolled over and his gun flashed up.

Tonto: You drop gun! Pronto!

Pete: Try and make me, you redskin! I'll---

~~shoot~~

Pete: (GROANS) Oh, my arm! He threw a knife before I could shoot.

Dan: I've got his gun now, Tonto.

Tonto: You all right, Dan?

Dan: Yes, but I wouldn't have been much longer. You got here just in time.

Tonto: It good thing you drop stone, too. Me slip up chute while that feller still look through hole.

Pete: So that's how you did it, you ornery brat! I should have plugged you right off.

Tonto: Come on, feller! We go down now. My friend want to see you.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

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Ranger: Dan, are you sure this is one of the men who were in jail and later dug Uncle Tobe's grave?

Dan: I'm positive of it. His partner's name is Gus.

Tonto: That so.

Ranger: One more question, Dan. Where did you get that piece of quartz you dropped from up there?

Dan: I didn't know it was quartz. I never looked at it after it fell out of Uncle Tobe's hand and I stuck it in my pocket.

Ranger: Now, prisoner, are you ready to talk?

Pete: I'm not talking. I want a lawyer.

Tonto: Me make him talk plenty.

Ranger: It won't be necessary, Tonto. I know the whole story. Come on, we're going back to Sundown.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Anner: In sheriff Lane's office, Rosita had just finished telling about the holdup. Claspig Lonny, she lamented.

Rosita: Ai, ai! The little one's money is gone!

Sheriff: Now, Rosita, we still have him...and...well...don't you think it would be nice for us to fix it so he could call us Pa and Ma?

Rosita: (LAUGHS) You are asking me to marry you, no?

Sheriff: Now, don't laugh! Just tell me.

Rosita: I am telling you, yes!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Sheriff:- Well, mister?

Gus: I dug up that money we had cached. Have you got the deed to that land fixed up?

Sheriff: It's right here.

Gus: Then here's your money.

(COINS RATTLING)

Sheriff: This will make up for part of what those owlhoots stole.

(DOOR OPENS)

(STEPS)

Rosita: It's the makked one!

Lonny: There's Dan!

(STEPS HALT)

Gus: Give me that deed, sheriff. I want to record it right away.

Ranger: Hold onto it, sheriff! He's one of the bandits who robbed Rosita and kidnapped Dan. Tonto's bringing in his partner, Pete.

Sheriff: So it was them two!

Ranger: Take his gun! I'll keep him covered!

Sheriff: I got it, but this business don't make sense to me. What did they want to stage a holdup for and then use the money to buy worthless land?

Ranger: There's the answer, sheriff.

(STONE FALLS ON BOARD)

Sheriff: This piece of quartz?

Ranger: Look at it closely and you'll see where a piece of gold was dug out of it. There are still some flakes left.

Sheriff: I see.

Ranger: Well, that's what Uncle Tobe had in his hand when he had his fatal attack. He had accidentally found gold on the one place he had never looked when he had eyes--his own home hill. Blind as he was, he knew from the feel of that ore that he had finally struck it rich. The outlaws made the same strike while digging his grave.

Sheriff: Well, if that don't beat one of Uncle Tobe's own yarns! He was telling the truth about a hill of gold!

(HOOFS START FADING IN AND STOPPING)

Ranger: Ban, here comes Tonto with the prisoner, I'll shove on. You bring Tonto and meet me in camp.

Dan: Right:

Ranger: (FADING) I'll be waiting for you.

Sheriff: Hey, hold on, mister, we owe you a lot of---

Ranger: (BACK) Come on, ~~Snake~~ Silver.

(HOOFS START AND FADE)

Sheriff: Doggone--I wanted to thank him.

Dan: (LAUGHS) That's why he left. Lonny, you're going to be rich.

Lonny: I'm going to have a Ma and Pa, too!

(STEPS COME IN)

Tonto: Heree is other feller, Sheriff.

Sheriff: I'll tend to him.

Rosita: Dan, you tell me—who is masked man?

Dan: Rosita, he's the Lone Ranger!

Ranger: (BACK) HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!!