

The Lone Ragger - created by Geo. W. Trendle

"The Medicine Bird"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 2546-1771

Date: May ¹³~~18~~, 1949

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Ranger and Tonto

Iapi Jones greasy, crook trader
Seth Lane Storekeeper
Chief Superstitious Indian
Ned Army officer
Sue Lane Ingenue -easterner
Layton Army man
Sergeant Army (straight)
Lance Bit (Indian boy)
Voice Bit
Colonel Officer (Bit)
Bird Crow that talks Indian.

14-17

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Date: May 13, 1949

(USUAL OPENING)

Annor;

Hiram Jones, the trader, known among the Sioux tribes as Iapi, or "Talker" because of his flair for the kind of oratory they admired, was almost ready to leave the town of Bootstrap on one of his periodic rounds of the Indian camps. His wagon, loaded with guns, blankets, beads, tobacco and firewater stood in front of Seth Lane's store. He was at the counter, making payment for the goods in gold coin.

(COINS CLINKING)

The trader was a cadaverous man who wore greasy buckskins and an equally greasy beard. On his shoulder perched a tame crow. As its master paid over a final coin, the bird fluttered down beside the pile of shining gold pieces croaking--

Bird;

(CROAKS)

Iapi;

There you be, Seth, you old skinflint.

Seth;

Corrent and thank you, Iapi. But tell me, are you taking that ornery crow along to the Indian village?

Iapi;

Sure am. I aim to get rich with him.

He turned away, a tall, thin man with a long, thin nose and a small, sharp chin. He was dressed in the usual garb of the Indian camps. His wagon, loaded with guns, blankets, beads, tobacco and firewater...

- Seth; Rich! (LAUGHS) You'll be lucky to get back alive, much less deal off your goods at a profit. The Indians haven't got much left to trade these days, and they're acting mighty hostacious.
- Iapi; I know my Indians. I'm not scared of them.
- Bird; (CROAKS)
- Seth; Why don't you learn that there fowl to talk?
- Iapi; He can say all I want him to say right now.
- Seth; He's been riding around on you ever since you been back in town, and I never heard him do anything but caw like any other crow.
- Iapi; He talks Sioux.
- Seth; Don't josh me, Iapi!
- Iapi; It's the truth. For six months I been working on him, letting him see his feed, but holding it off 'til he imitated what I was saying.
- Seth; Hm-m.
- Iapi; Now he'll say five or six things in the Dakotah language. What he says depends on how I hold my hand.
- Seth; Well, I don't know the Sioux lingo, so if he just talked plain crow I wouldn't know the difference.
- Bird; (CROAKS)
- Seth; Look there at that black cuss! He's got a five dollar gold-piece in his beak! He's flying off with it!

Iapi; Oah-ye! Come back here!

Seth; He flew out the door! I'll wring his neck!

Iapi; No you won't! Here's another five dollars.

Seth; Well it's your money and your bird, but I sure wouldn't have no thieving rascal like him around. Will he come back?

Iapi; Course he will. He just took that coin because it was bright. He's always carrying off cartridges, beads and things.

Seth; What's he do with them?

Iapi; Hides them somewhere. I never bothered to look for his cache.

Seth; Blamed if you two don't make a good pair.

Iapi; Birds of a feather, eh? Well, I reckon I'll wait for him out on the wagon.

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Seth; Don't forget I'm here to buy anything you bring back -- if you get back!

Iapi; (FADING BACK) Look for me come August. So long!

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; Outside the teepee of Big Crow, war chief of the Santee Sioux, the tribal leaders were gathered around a council fire. At the Chief's left side squatted Iapi Jones with his crow on his shoulder. The ceremonial pipe had passed around the circle and as the trader handed it back to his host, the bird cocked its head --

Bird; (CROAKS)

Iapi; Great Chief Big Crow, I have told you that this bird is your brother and brings a message to you from Wakan Tarka, your Father in the Sun.

Bird; (CROAKS) O-'an-mak-teh-ka! How! How! (CROAKS)

Chief; Truly this crow speaks the tongue of the Dakotahs! He is a mighty medicine bird!

Bird; (CROAKS) Mul-toh-mash-ank -

Iapi; Great Chief, your brother crow says you have failed your people! The white men have stolen the land of the Dakotahs!

Chief; It is so! We should fight. But our guns are few.

Bird; (CROAKS) I-i-pi-ton-gog-wah!

Iapi; He says, listen to me, Iapi.

Chief; Let our white brother speak!

Iapi; Great Chief, the medicine bird has told me how you can get many good rifles.

Chief; (GRUNTS)

Iapi; Stage coaches carry gold dust and money in boxes and bags. The bird says that you must take those boxes and bags. You must take the paper money, gold and bright stones which the white travelers carry or wear. All this you must give to me. Then I will buy a gun for each of your warriors.

Chief; My brothers! Brothers of the crow! Let us touch the sacred bird and do its bidding!

Chief; (GRUNTS)
the land of the Dakotahs!

Iapi; Stage coaches carry gold dust and money in boxes

Ad lib;

(INDIANS, A LITTLE BACK) HOW! HOW! HOW!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr;

Some weeks later the Lone Ranger and Tonto were camped along the stage route leading to Bootstrap. It was night and the two squatted beside a small fire. As a coffee pot simmered on the coals, the masked man reread a letter from a high official in Washington which had brought him and his Indian friend to that lonely and forbidding spot. Tonto was asking - -

Tonto;

Who is feller we wait for?

Ranger;

An investigator for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. If nothing unforeseen has developed, he'll be on the stage that's due to pass thru here tomorrow on the way to Bootstrap.

Tonto;

(GRUNTS) Where meet him?

Ranger;

We'll follow the stage to town and contact him there.

Tonto;

Plenty stages been attacked by Indians nearby.

Ranger;

My friend in Washington says that is why the investigator is being sent here. The Government considers the attacks most unusual and is deeply concerned.

Tonto;

Me not savvy that. Indians kill people on stage ever since them start running.

Ranger;

Yes, but they're now carrying away the mail bags and express boxes and stripping the victims of money and jewelry. That is something new.

Tonto; Um. Most Indians afraid to touch things that have white man's writing or printing.

Ranger; I'd like to know what conquered their superstitious fear so suddenly.

Tonto; Maybe them fellers - - (BREAKS)

(HORSE NICKERS)

Silver warn us! Somebody around!

(SHOT RICOCHET)

Ranger; That shot came from the bushes on our right. We'll wait for another and fire at the gun flash.

(SHOTS, RICOCHETS, YELLS IN BACK)

Tonto; Indians!

Ranger; Come on!

(SHOTS, YELLS, HOOFS, FADING OUT)

Tonto; Them fellers running away! Me hit one in leg.

Ranger; We'll see howbadly he's hurt.

Tonto; Just young feller. No scars on back to show him go thru sun dance torture that makes man of Sioux.

Ranger; Try to get him to talk while we take care of his wound.

Tonto; (INDIAN GIBBERISH)

Lance; (GIBBERISH)

Tonto; Him Long Lance from Big Crow's village. Him and other young braves try to steal our horses.

go thru sun dance torture that makes man of Sioux

- Lance; (GIBBERISH)
- Tonto; Him telling us because him plenty mad at white feller with talking crow. Him say white feller lie and tell him crow keep him from getting shot.
- Ranger; Find out more about that white man. Then ask where the Chief and older warriors are.
- Tonto; (GIBBERISH)
- Lance; (GIBBERISH)
- Tonto; Either Long Lance not know more or him not tell. What we do with him?
- Ranger; Leave him. His friends will come back when we go. I want them to know, too, that the white medicine man lied.
- Tonto; We trail young bucks to Big Crow's camp?
- Ranger; Big Crow and the older braves aren't there.
- Tonto; How you know that?
- Ranger; With the Chiefs and proven braves around, a Sioux under the age of the sun dance torture doesn't get a chance to go on a horse-stealing adventure. They watch their young dare-devils too closely.
- Tonto; Big Crow and old fighting men must be out on raid themselves!
- Ranger; Yes, and they may attack the stage before it gets here! Come on!

MUSIC: Interlude.

Leave him. His friends will come back when we go. I want them to know, too, that the white medicine man lied.

Annex; In the gray light of early morning the stage to Bootstrap golted over a stretch of rock-strewn trail in the Badlands.

(STAGE NOISES)

Guarded by five cavalymen and a Sergeant under the command of Lieutenant Ned Colter, the big Concord carried but two paying passengers -- one a sharp-eyed man, who professed to be studying Indian life, and the other a girl in the fashionable traveling garb of the East. A third occupant of the inside seats was Lieutenant Colter, whose interest in the girl was such that he had turned his horse over to the Sergeant to lead. The officer was excusing his presence --

(FADE STAGE NOISES TO INTERIOR)

Ned; My horse picked up a stone, Miss Lane. Or may I call you Sue?

Sue; Certainly, Ned. We've traveled far enough together for that, but don't you think your excuse for getting in here is rather -- lame?

Ned; Lame! Oh, I see! (LAUGHS)

Layton; You're blushing, Lieutenant. (CHUCKLES)

Sue; That was rude of me, Ned. But don't you think you should be riding with your men?

Ned; My Sergeant is an old Indian fighter, and I'm new out here. I'd be in his way if it came to a fight.

Sue; Do you think there's any danger of that?

Ned; No, Sue. The sight of uniforms should be enough to dissuade the Sioux from attacking.

Layton; Is the Army escorting all stages now?

Ned; Mr. Layton, our command is too small for that. This is a special detail.

Layton; How is that?

Ned; Sue's father is a big outfitter in Bootstrap. He persuaded the Colonel to give her our protection after learning that she was returning from the East.

Sue; Dad's a dear! But he shouldn't have done that!

Layton; I want to meet your father, Miss Lane. No doubt he can tell me a lot about the Indians and Indian traders.

Sue; Of course he can.

Layton; I suppose he supplies guns and firewater to the traders.

Sue; I really don't know. I've been in school in the East so long --

Ned; (INTERRUPTS) See here, Mister! Are you implying that Sue's father is a contrabandist?

Layton; Not at all. He has a perfect right to sell such things to traders, but it's a serious offense for the traders to pass them along to the Indians. In the hands of an Indian, a Winchester and a jug add up to murder.

Ned; We haven't men enough to stop contraband runners.

Ned; (INTERRUPTS) See here, Mister! Are you implying that Sue's father is a contrabandist?

Layton; I want to meet your father, Miss Lane. No doubt he can tell me a lot about the Indians and Indian traders.

Layton; I understand that. They can only be stopped by the refusal of the outfitters to supply them. What outfitter will put himself out of a profitable and legitimate business?

Sue; I'm going to talk to Dad about that. I'm sure --
(BREAKS)

(SHOTS, YELLS, GIDDAPS)

(WHIPCRACKS, HOOFS AND WHEELS FASTER)

(SCREAMS) Indians!

Ned; We've been ambushed!

Layton; They're all around us!

Ned; Look after Sue! I've got to get out to my men!

Layton; Don't open the door! Smash the glass so we can shoot!

(GLASS BREAKS, SHOTS, YELLS)

Ned; (CALLS) Close in, men! Close in!

Layton; Get your head back, Lieutenant!

Ned; I've got to see! (CALLS) Faster, men!

Sue; (SCREAMS) Look! There's an Indian right outside! He's got a bow!

Layton; I'll get him!

(SHOT, YELL)

Ned; That arrow! (GROAN) Pull it out of my shoulder!

Sue; Ned's hit!

Layton; The door's unhooked! He's falling out!

Sue; I can't hold him!

Layton; He's gone! They've got the driver and guard, too!

(SHOTS, YELLS)

Sue; The stage is stopping!

(HOOFS, WHEELS SLOWER)

Layton; This is the end!

Sue; Shoot me, Mister Layton! Don't let them take
me alive!

Layton; Steady Miss Lane! I -- Oh -- I'm shot!

Sue; You, too! Oh heaven!

(HOOFS, WHEELS STOP)

Voice; (CLOSE UP, YELLS) White squaw! Me got you!

Sue; You red beast! (SCREAMS) Let me go!

(SHOTS, YELLS)

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annrcr; Meanwhile, the wounded Lieutenant, rolling clear
of the wheels and hoofs when he fell from the stage
had been picked up by the Sergeant. The cavalrymen
had emptied their revolvers and carbines and as the
stage slowed to a stop, they forged ahead, cutting
their way with sabers.

(HOOFS)

Sergeant; Close in, men! Follow me! We're getting thru!

- Ann-cr; With a way of escape open before them, one of the troopers looked back and shouted-
- Voice; They're looting the stage, Sarge! They've captured the girl!
- Ned; (FAINTLY) Pull up, Sergeant. (EFFORT) Halt the men.
- Sergeant; I can't obey that order, sir!
- Ned; Sue - Miss Lane - we've got to rescue her! Face back, I say!
- Sergeant; It would be suicide for us and she won't be killed. We've got to report to the Post. Then the command can rescue her.
- Ned; You're disobeying orders! (EFFORT) I'll have you court-martialed!
- Sergeant; I'll take that chance, sir!
- Voice; Sarge, there's dust on the trail ahead!
- Sergeant; More Indians! Detachment halt!
- Ad lib; (WHOA'S)
- (HOOFS HALT)
- Voice; What'll we do?
- Sergeant; Make the horses lie down and we'll try to stand them off!
- (HOOFS FADING IN)
- Voice; I only see two and just one's an Injun!
- Sergeant; The other's a masked white man!

Ranger; (COMING IN) Hold your fire! We're friends!

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; We heard the shooting. What happened?

Sergeant; Infuns attacked the stage. It's back there behind the rise.

Tonto; Me hear-um give victory yells!

(YELLS IN BACK)

Voice; They're still back there! Let's get going!

Ranger; Not so fast!

Sergeant; Who are you to give orders? What does that mask mean?

Ranger; Never mind that! What happened to the people on the stage.

Ned; Dead! (EFFORT) All but a girl! My men wouldn't go back to save her. (EFFORT) And I'm wounded.

Ranger; We'll go after her! Come on, Tonto!

Sergeant; Then we'll go too! Follow him, men! At the gallop!

Ad lib; (GET AWAY AND QIDAPS)

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.

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrcr; Incited by a crooked trader with a talking crow, Indians had attacked a stage, capturing Sue Lane and killing a government agent before he could meet the Lone Ranger. As the savages celebrated on the scene of their victory, the masked man and Tonto, followed by soldiers who had survived the massacre, charged over a nearby hill.

(HOOFS)

Ranger; Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

Ranger; We've caught the Indians off guard!

Tonto; Them see us now! We better shoot!

(SHOTS)

Ranger; Watch out for the girl! One of them has her on a horse!

Tonto; All head away now! Only got bows and arrows and buffalo guns!

Ranger; We'll hit them from the right and rear as they run!

(SHOTS, YELLS)

Tonto; We get close to Indian with girl!

Ranger; I'm trying a shot!

(SHOT)

Tonto; Him hit! Him drop her!

Ranger; Keep the Indians running! I'll get her!

(SHOTS)

Ranger; Whoa, Silver!

(HOOF'S HALT)

Ranger; I'm a friend, Miss! (DISMOUNTING EFFORT) Are
you hurt?

Sue; (WEAKLY) No -- no -- the Indians -- (BREAKS)

Ranger; They're gone! You're safe now! I'm taking you
on my horse!

Sue; You -- you're wearing a mask!

Ranger; Never mind that. Here come the soldiers!

(HOOF'S IN TO HALT)

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Ned; Sue, are you all right?

Sue; Ned! I thought you were dead! You -- (BREAKS)
but you're wounded!

Ned; An arrow wound. It -- it isn't serious.

Ranger; Let's get back to the stage. Come on, Silver!

Ad lib; (GIDDAPS)

(HOOF'S)

Ranger; Did you know the other passengers, Miss?

Sue; There was only one -- a Mr. Layton.

Ranger; Layton!

Sue; Was he a friend of yours?

Ranger; I was to meet him. Whoa, Silver.

Ad lib; (WHOA 'S)

(HOOF'S HAIT)

Sue; Put me down, Mister. I want to look after the Lieutenant.

Ranger; Help her down, Tonto. (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS)
There. Now let's look at Layton.

Tonto; Him dead. Him robbed. Pockets empty.

Ranger; (SOTTO) Look at his vest! He wore a badge pinned there. It has been torn off.

Tonto; What we do about stage and dead men?

Ranger; Sergeant, do you think you can get thru to Bootstrap with the casualties and Miss Sue?

Sergeant; Sure, Mister! The coach horses are dead or stolen, but there's harness here, and a couple of our army horses are broken to pull.

Ranger; Good.

Sergeant; Now tell me how you and your Injun friend managed to close in on those raiders without getting killed.

Ranger; The direction from which we approached them made it impossible for the right-handed Indians to turn on their horses and use their weapons effectively.

Sergeant; And there weren't any left-handed ones!

Ranger; Fortunately, no. Let's go, Tonto. (MOUNTS)

Sergeant; You leaving us?

Ranger; We're following the Indians.

Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; Several nights later, the council of the Santee Sioux met again with Chief Big Crow and Iapi Jones, who had remained in the village during the raids. Piled high on a blanket before the chief was the loot of the stage coaches — bags of gold dust, sheaves of banknotes and an assortment of jewelry. Oah-ye, the medicine bird, looked down from his master's shoulder, turning his head so as to see the tempting array of glittering objects first with one eye, then the other. With equal greed, the trader viewed the plunder as he rose and spoke—

Iapi; Great Chief! My red brothers! You have done well!

Chief; (GRUNTS) My brother, Iapi, I give you these things. But the vengeance of my people will fall on you like a mighty stone from a mountain if you do not return with many good guns.

Iapi; Great Chief, have I given you cause to mistrust me? Has not Oah-ye, the medicine bird, spoken the truth?

Chief; How is it that two of my people who touched this bird have been wounded by a man who covers his face?

Iapi; I know of the masked man. Oah-ye told him to punish Long Lance and Broken Nose. One tried to steal a horse for himself, the other a white squaw while the rest of you took only things I asked for and can use.

- Chief; This Chief does not believe that Oah-ye's medicine is good. Let my white brother prove it, if it is.
- Iapi; How would you have me test his magic?
- Chief; Take your gun and shoot this Chief! If the bullet wounds or kills me, you die!
- Ad lib; (INDIANS, A LITTLE BACK) How! How!
- Iapi; Great Chief -- (HESITATES)
- Chief; I have spoken! Here I stand!
- Iapi; I cannot shoot! Oah-ye forbids it!
- Chief; I did not hear the bird speak. My brother has a crooked tongue and there is no medicine in his crow. But because we need guns, I will let you go.
- Iapi; Your heart is big!
- Chief; This night I will take my people back to their old camp. Ten sleeps from now you will bring the guns there. Until then my scouts will watch what you do.
- Iapi; Wash-te-helo! I will be there.
- Chief; Now take the things from the blanket and go. I have spoken.
- Ad lib; (INDIANS A LITTLE BACK) How! How!
- Bird; (CROAKS) How!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; Lying on a hill top above the Indian camp, the Lone Ranger and Tonto watched the glimmering council fire. They were unable to get close enough to see or hear what took place, but as the trader left the village, the sound of his wagon reached their ears.

(HOOFS, WHEELS, FADING IN BACK)

Tonto; No Sioux got wagon, kemo sabay.

Ranger; That must be a trader. Perhaps the man with the talking crow.

Tonto; Him mixed up in Indian raids. We capture him?

Ranger; We'll find out where he goes first. We have no evidence against him now, but he may lead us to something incriminating.

Tonto; Wagon sound like it head for Bootstrap.

Ranger; If that's the case, we can trail him and take word to the soldiers at the same time.

Tonto; It take plenty soldiers to round up Sioux,

Ranger; Come on back to the horses.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; In the meantime, the stage had reached Bootstrap, with the victims of the attack. The wounded Lieutenant was lodged in the living quarters at the rear of Seth Lane's store where Sue nursed him thru the crisis. As his fever broke and he fell into a deep sleep, she ventured to leave him for a talk with her father. She found the storekeeper at the counter—

- Sue; Dad, I can't help thinking about that poor Mr. Layton and something he said just before the Indians attacked us.
- Seth; What was it, Sue?
- Sue; It was about stores like this that supply Indian traders with contraband.
- Seth; Nothing here is contraband when I sell it. I can't choose my customers, and I can't help what they do with the things they get from me.
- Sue; Dad, you know a lot of your goods reaches the Indians. Maybe the guns they used against the stage came from those racks over there.
- Seth; I guess you're right and I haven't been easy in my mind about it. Them varmints might have killed you!
- Sue; Don't just think of me! Why have you sold things to the traders that the Indians aren't supposed to have?
- Seth; Every other outfitter does, and then it's been taking a powerful lot of money to keep you back East where it's safe and you got your school learning.
- Sue; Oh, Dad! (SOBS) I didn't know.
- Seth; There now, Sue. It's all right. I won't sell no more such stuff to the traders. I'll close up first.
- (STEPS APPROACHING)
- Iapi; (COMING IN) Well, Seth, I got back.

(STEPS STOP)

Seth; Iapi Jones! And you still got your crow!

Bird; (CROAKS)

Iapi; I sold out lock, stock and barrel to the Brule Sioux up north. Now I got something to offer you.

Seth; Furs or hides?

Iapi; It's a bag of jewelry. I'll empty it on the counter.

(CLINKING NOISE)

Sue; Jewelry! Where did the Indians get it?

Iapi; Well, Miss, I reckon you're Seth's daughter, and so I'll tell you. Between us and the gatepost, the Brules likely stole it from the Dutchmen up in Minnesota. That was way back in sixty-two when they burnt New Ulm, so who knows or cares about it now?

Set; Watches, rings, stickpins and — what's this? Looks like a badge.

Sue; It is a badge!

Iapi; Give it here! I thought it was a broach. It is a broach.

Bird; (CROAKS)

Sue; Let me look at it again.

Iapi; My crow's got it! He's carrying it off!

Seth; Looked to me like you gave it to him.

Iapi; Well, do you want the other stuff? You said you'd buy anything I brought back.

Seth; I changed my mind. I don't want those things. Gather them up.

Iapi; All right, Seth. I'll pay cash for all the guns you got.

Seth; I'm thru doing that kind of business with traders.

Iapi; Are you crazy? I promised a bunch of guns to the Brules. If I don't get them, they'll kill me! You've got to let me have them!

Seth; Not for all the gold in the West!

(STEPS FADING BACK AS)

Iapi; (FADING BACK) You're killing me, Seth. That's what you are.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Although the crow had flown away to cache the dead investigator's badge, something else rode Iapi Jones' shoulders as he hurried out of the store and headed for his cabin.

(STEPS)

It was fear — fear, black as Oah-ye's plumes, sharp as Oah-ye's beak. Near the corral where visiting Indians often camped, he saw three Santee Sioux beside a fire, a blanket spread out within easy reach.

—(m o r e)—

Annecr;

A backward glance told him that another grim and silent warrior dogged his footsteps. Then he knew! The moment he attempted flight, a smoke signal would go up and other vengeful Indians, lurking in the surrounding hills, would cut him off. With thousands of dollars at his disposal, he was a doomed prisoner! He burst into his cabin and slammed the door.

(DOOR OPENS, SHUTS LOUDLY, STEPS HALT)

Removing a piece of chinking, he thrust the bag of jewelry into a hollow log in the wall where he had hidden the rest of the plunder. As he put the chinking back into place, the crow fluttered thru a broken window with a mocking croak --

Bird;

(CROAKS)

Annecr;

-- the fear maddened trader leaped at the bird, snarling--

Iapi;

You infernal critter! You're to blame for this!

Bird;

(CROAKS)

(STEPS)

Iapi;

Come back here!

Bird;

(CROAKS)

(CHAIR OVERTURNS)

Iapi;

That chair! Oh, my shin! Oah-ye, you fiend!

Bird;

(CROAKS) How! How! How!

Iapi;

I'll shoot you for that!

(SHOTS)

Iapi; Now he's gone out the window! But he won't
get far!

(STEPS FASTER, FADING BACK,
DOOR OPENS, SHOT)

Bird; (BACK) Vah-te-helo! How! How! How!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; As the trader pursued the crow, Sue Lane and her
father discussed the jewelry he had exhibited.

The girl was saying - -

Sue; Dad, did you notice the design on that badge?

Seth; It had an eagle on it - something like a gold piece-
and the letters - U - S.

Sue; That means - -

Ranger; (COMING IN) It was taken from Layton's body. He
was a government agent.

Sue; It's the masked man who saved me!

Ranger; I happened to overhear part of your conversation
about Iapi Jones as I came in. Is he the trader
with the talking crow?

Seth; It had an eagle on it - something like a gold piece.
That's him, mister.

Ranger; My Indian friend and I trailed him from Big Crow's
camp. Where is that badge you said he had?

Seth; (COMING IN) It was taken from Layton's body.
It's gone forever! The crow carried it off. I
think Iapi let him have it when Sue and me got
here the masked man who saved me
curious.

Ranger; I happened to overhear part of your conversation
about Iapi Jones as I came in. Is he the trader
Sue; It had an eagle on it - something like a gold piece.

Ranger; That was a vital piece of evidence against him. But perhaps Tonto will find something else by which we can connect him with the Indians and the stage coach attacks. He's waiting for a chance to search the trader's cabin.

Seth; Here comes your Indian now.

Ranger; Well, Tonto?

Tonto; (COMING IN) Trader scared crazy! Him try to kill crow - chase it outdoors, and leave door open. Me search place plenty good. Not find anything. But me see Santee Sioux in town.

Ranger; Then you'd better ride to the Army Post and notify the colonel.

Sue; That won't be necessary. The Sergeant has been to the Post and back. The whole regiment will be here soon.

Bird; (CROAKS)

Seth; There's that ornery crow again! Flew right in on the counter!

Ranger; He has an eye on my silver bullets.

(STEPS COMING IN)

Iapi; (COMING IN) Where's that consarned crow? He come in here!

Ranger; Drop that gun, Iapi Hones!

Iapi; The masked man! There, I dropped it. I only had it out to shoot that bird.

Ranger; Jones, we know you stirred up the Indians and got the loot from their raids. Where is it?

Iapi; If you know so much, find it! There's a lawyer in this town and I'm going to see him about you accusing me.

Ranger; Stand still! (SOTTO) Tonto!

Tonto; (SOTTO) What we do?

Ranger; (SOTTO) Go outside and watch. I have a plan.

Seth; How you going to prove anything against the varmint, masked man?

Ranger; You'll see.

Sue; Look! He's giving the crow a silver bullet!

Bird; (CROAKS)

Iapi; Oah-ye, don't take it!

Seth; There he goes with it! Out the door and away!

MUSIC: Interlude

Sue; Tonto's coming back! He's got the crow! And an old saddlebag!

Tonto; (COMING IN) Everything work out plenty good!

Ranger; What happened?

Tonto; Me follow crow easy. No trees here and only few buildings. Him go, put bullet inside this old saddlebag, that hang on corral fence. Me catch-um. Now we see what inside saddlebag.

(CLATTERING NOISE)

Ranger; The treasure trove of Oah-ye! Bright stones -
pieces of glass - a gold piece - a gold toothpick
- and there -- there is the badge of the murdered
Government man!

Bird; (CROAKS)

Iapi; You black demon! You've hung me!

(BUGLE CALL BACK)

Sue; Listen!

Ned; (COMING IN) I thought I heard bugles!

Sue; Ned, you shouldn't be up!

(BUGLE CALL, HOOFS FADING IN)

Ned; I knew it, Sue! The regiment is coming!

Iapi; You black demon! (HOOFS HALT BACK, STEPS COMING IN)

Ranger; Colonel Campbell! I'm glad to see you!

Sue; Listen! (STEPS HALT)

Col; Mister, how are you? And you, Lientenant
Colter?

Sue; Ned, you shouldn't be up!

Ned; Sir, I'll be back on duty quicker if you provide
quarters for another married officer.

Sue; Ned! The regiment is coming!

Colonel; Who is this man you're holding prisoner?

Ranger; Colonel Campbell, I'm glad to see you!
Iapi Jones, who incited the Indian attacks and

profited by them. I think you'll find the stage
coach loot in his cabin if you tear it apart, piece
by piece.

Sue; Ned, you shouldn't be up!

Ned; Sir, I'll be back on duty quicker if you provide

- Col; I'll take charge of him. And if the plunder is there, we'll find it.
- Ranger; Miss Lane and her father will give you the evidence against him.
- Col; What about the Indians? We dispersed some of Big Crow's scouts who seemed to be watching the town, but I want to find their camp.
- Ranger; I can tell you where they were, but by this time they've probably fled deep into the Badlands. Anyhow, they know this trader tricked them with his talking crow and won't make trouble again for a while.
- Seth; Let me wring that ugly critter's neck!
- Ranger; Don't touch him! He's no more responsible for what he did than the Indians are. We can't get the redmen go back to their old, wild life, but we can let this bird go free.
- Tonto; We take him where other crows are.
- Ranger; Come on, Tonto:
- Bird; Vash-te helo! How! How! How!
- Tonto; (FADING BACK) Him not know what him say, but in Sioux that mean "Very good."
- Sue; Colonel, you seem to know the masked man. Who is he?
- Col; We met during another Indian outbreak. He's the Lone Ranger.
- Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!