

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

"White Man's Magic"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 2586-~~1811~~ 1811

Date: August 15, 1949

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Ranger and Tonto  
Toni Carver ..... girl artist of Indian life  
Lt. Bob Craig ..... young cavalry officer  
Sgt. Saul ..... Mission educated breed, crook.  
Boles ..... Crooked Indian agent  
Gen. Yates ..... Veteran Indian fighter, commandant  
Col. Stacy ..... His second in command  
Chief Bentley ..... Sioux Chief .. friend of Ranger  
Red Moon ..... Medicine man  
Big Fish ..... Bit  
Voice ..... Bit

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PROMO:

(HOOFS COMING TO HALT)

Ranger; (DISMOUNTING) We'll stop right here, Tonto, and  
see what that Indian was doing.

Tonto; Him leave meat here near hole in ground.

Ranger; Sure enough.

Tonto; Me--

Ranger; (CUT IN) Wait, Tonto! Don't touch that meat!  
It's poisoned!

Annor; That poisoned meat was the beginning of one of the  
Lone Ranger's most dangerous adventures. Be sure  
to listen to the next thrilling adventure when  
wolf poison brings Tonto to the brink of death!

The Lone Ranger

"White Man's Magic"

Number: 2586-181

Date: August 14, 1949

(USUAL OPENING)

(HOOFS)

Annrcr; The Lone Ranger and Tonto were in the saddle heading west from the Dakota badlands. A short ride ahead of them lay Fort Defiance and the Bentleg Reservation, one of the last valuable tracts of land left to the Sioux Indians. The masked man, who had induced Chief Bentleg to surrender after the uprising of 1876 was saying--

Ranger; Tonto, I feel obligated to learn whether the tribe is being starved like so many other reservation Indians.

Tonto; General Yates not stand for that. Him honest man like Bentleg.

Ranger; It's hard for soldiers and Indians to deal honestly with each other when dishonest politicians have charge of Indian affairs.

Tonto; You think Bentleg's Sioux fight again if white men break treaty?

Ranger; The Indians are helpless. They're not allowed to have either horses or weapons, not even bows and arrows.

Tonto; (GRUNTS)

Ranger; Trading is outlawed and the reservation is patrolled by both cavalry and Army trained Indian police.

Tonto; That make it hard for Indians to defend-um.

Ranger; Even if Chief Bentleg could rearm the tribe, I'm confident that he wouldn't.

Tonto; Why you say that?

Ranger; A clause in the treaty provides that he and his people shall be deported to Indian territory and the reservation opened to settlement if they ever again attack United States troops.

Tonto; What we do? Go to fort first?

Ranger; No, we'll run the reservation guard lines. I want to avoid questions and red tape.

Tonto; It look like Indian run guard lines, too.

Ranger; What do you mean?

Tonto; Feller in moccasins walk there - maybe two - three hours ago.

Ranger; He seems to have tried hard to hide his tracks.

Tonto; That second nature to Indian. Maybe him only stray.

Ranger; Just the same we'll follow him. Come on, Silver.

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout.

(HOOF'S FASTER)

Ranger; There his tracks turn away from the creek and up the hill.

Tonto; Him stop just ahead, then go on over hilltop.

Ranger; Let's find out why he stopped. Stop here.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOPS STOP)

Tonto; Animals dig hole here. (DISMOUNTS) Him leave bait.

Ranger; Be careful. That looks like poisoned bat.

Tonto; (GRUNTS) That poison like wolf hunter use. But wolves not dig hole.

Ranger; Ordinary reservation Indians don't know poisons. It's illegal to sell the stuff to them under any circumstances.

Tonto; It look like animals burrow in ground after something to eat.

Ranger; Here's a shred of hide they brought to the surface.  
( ) It's buffalo hide!

Tonto; How it get buried?

Ranger; We'll dig and see.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; At Fort Defiance headquarters, General Yates tugged at his horseshoe shaped mustache, trying hard not to smile at an angry young woman and a discomfited lieutenant whose arrival had broken up a staff meeting. The girl was pretty even in levis, and a paint-daubed smock, and pretty girls were no oftener seen at the Fort than an officer with a fist-bruised eye.

-MORE-

- Annecr; (CONTINUED) Lieutenant Bob Craig's left eye was black and getting blacker as he explained---
- Bob; General, I arrested this -- this unauthorized female person in Chief Bentleg's village.
- Toni; I had a perfect right to be there!
- Gen; Young lady, we'll discuss your rights later, What were you doing?
- Toni; I was painting a portrait of the Chief. This officious male person---
- Gen; (CUTS IN) Lieutenant Robert Craig is an Army officer assigned to command the reservation police. It was his duty to bring you in.
- Toni; He didn't have to smear up my painting!
- Bob; That was an accident, sir! I upset her easel.
- Gen; How?
- Bob; She - well - she struck me before I could explain.
- Gen; H-m-m, and I always thought that women painters put little posies on chinaware, wore bustles, and carried smelling salts. Who are you, Miss?
- Tono; Antoinette Carver. I sign my work as "Toni".
- Col; General---
- Gen; Yes, Colonel Stacy?
- Col; She must be the famous Toni who's been studying and painting Indian life all over the West.

Toni; You flatter me, Colonel. But I have been working among the Indians for a long time, with the permission of the Secretary of the Interior. Here are my papers.

(RUSTLE PAPERS)

Gen; I'll take them. Now, Miss Toni, please explain how you got into the reservation without being halted.

Toni; I had a guide as far as War Bonnet Pass. From there I simply rode on.

Gen; Lieutenant Craig, I ordered you to keep a strict watch on that pass. If this lady could get thru unobserved, what about gun runners?

Bob; Sir, I haven't men enough to watch everything. The cavalry patrols should cover the approaches to the reservation.

Gen; That's no excuse. You're relieved of your command until further notice. Dismissed!

Bob; Yes sir.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Toni; Lieutenant Craig, I'm sorry!

Gen; Save your sympathy and accept my apologies, Miss Toni. The Lieutenant can use his suspension to nurse his eye. Meanwhile, you're free to continue your work-- under escort, of course.

Toni; I don't need an escort. Chief Bentleg was very kind to me. He's wise and good, and an artist in his own right. Why the primitives he has painted on his teepee are beautiful. He has a feeling for color.

Col; No doubt! I've seen him in war paint! But he is a grand old fellow.

Gen; Even so, I'm the one who's charged with responsibility for your safety, Miss Toni. So I'll detail sergeant Saul, of the police, to you. He's a mission educated breed - quite gentlemanly and - (FADE OUT)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; Sergeant Saul, the man of whom General Yates spoke, stood in the police barracks, one of a group of civil administration buildings situated midway between the Fort and Indian village. With him were Eli Boles, the agent in charge, and a reservation Sioux with a knife scarred nose. The brave had just finished speaking in his native tongue. Boles was asking...

Boles; Sergeant Saul, what does that fellow want?

Saul; Nothing. He's one of the Indians who know what's buried out on War Bonnet Creek. He reported yesterday that animals had been digging there.

Boles; Animals! They'll fix it so someone will see what's there!

Saul; No they won't. I requisitioned a package of vermin poison from the quartermaster at the fort, telling him there were rats in the barracks. Then I had this Indian go back and plant some poisoned bait.

Boles; Did he plant it?

Saul; That's what he just told me. You can stop worrying.

Boles; Yes, but there's something else. The big guns in the Empire Land Company are demanding action.

Saul; They know they can't grab this reservation until the Indians break the treaty by shooting soldiers.

Boles; It's taking you a long time to stir up trouble.

Saul; I've got Red Moon, the medicine man, and about half a dozen young bucks lined up for an outbreak any time.

Boles; Is that all?

Saul; It is, and we need fifty or a hundred warriors - enough to wipe out a whole cavalry patrol. The other braves won't join in the scheme because Chief Bentleg keeps telling them to be peaceable.

Boles; Does he know what's going on?

Saul; If he knew, we'd be in jail. As it is, he's suspicious of me. He's said several times in my hearing that a breed murdered Crazy Horse.

Boles; Isn't there some way you can bushwhack him?

Saul; He hardly ever leaves his teepee any more. Anyhow, an outright murder would be dangerous and might work against us. In Crazy Horse's case it resulted in a lot of white men siding with the Indians. The Army's still investigating.



Boles; I guess you're right, sergeant. But that old goat is keeping us from being millionaires. Those shares the land speculators gave us will be worth more than gold mines once this reservation is opened and a railroad comes in.

Saul; I know.

Boles; On the strength of what we've promised they've even mapped out townsites. Two are named for us. Bolesville and Saulsburg!

Saul; Well, Bentleg can't live forever. He's eighty some now.

Boles; Someone's at the door!

(DOOR OPENS, STEPS UP TO HALT)

Voice; A message for you, Sergeant Saul.

Saul; Give it here.

(PAPER RUSTLING, STEPS BACK,  
DOOR CLOSES)

Boles; Now what?

Saul; Boles, all the luck in the world has played into our hands!

Boles; Is Bentleg dead?

Saul; He will be soon. Lieutenant Craig has been relieved of command here and I'm to take over in his absence. At the same time, I'm to act as escort to a woman who's painting Bentleg's picture.

Boles; What's that got to do with the old chief?

Saul; Now I'll be in a position to slip some of that vermin poison into the chief's corn meal.

Boles; That's an idea! No one will know but what he died naturally!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had been digging at the place where they had found the poisoned meat--

(DIGGING NOISES)

Tonto; (EFFORT) You think we dig out enough, kemo sabay?

Ranger; Yes. (EFFORT) This will do. We know now what's here.

Tonto; Me think fifty - sixty Winchesters buried in this hole.

Ranger; They're all in good condition, too - having been packed in tallow and wrapped in buffalo hides.

Tonto; That why hungry animals dig after them. But who hide them?

Ranger; Indians, of course. Burying rifles before a surrender is an old Sioux trick.

Tonto; Me thought Chief Bentleg and warriors with him give up all Winchester to soldiers after you talk to him.

Ranger; They did. But the tribe was scattered at the time. Other bands surrendered later and one cached the rifles here before returning to the reservation.

Tonto; Somebody still want secret kept or him not put poison out for animals.

Ranger; That's clear enough. The question is whether there's a plan a-foot to use the rifles.

Tonto; Here pouches that hold bullets. Not many in them.

Ranger; About two hundred. All of the Indians were short of ammunition after the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Tonto; Bullets look good yet - all covered with grease. What we do?

Ranger; We'll put everything back and refill the hole carefully. Then we'll see Chief Bentleg.

Tonto; Why you not tell General first?

Ranger; That would make it look bad for the chief. I want him to get credit, not blame for what we've found.

Tonto; Maybe somebody dig up guns and bullets and use them pronto.

Ranger; There's a way to forestall that. Here's what we'll do.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; Chief Bentleg squatted outside his teepee, his strong, seamed face partly turned to the setting sun. In the red light of the dying day, it reflected the vanishing glories of his race and called into full play the genius of the girl artist. Like all Indians, he was a perfect subject, his body remaining immobile - his expression fixed. The only break in his pose had come when he ate from a pot of food prepared by his squaw. Thus Toni was able to make excellent progress in spite of the warriors, women, children and dogs gathered behind her. Sergeant Saul, standing as close to the chief as possible, let a sinister smile twist his lips as the girl said--

Toni; Great Chief, you will live in this picture! Long after your body is dust you will look down from the walls of a big house in the city of the Great White Father, and all men will say, "There is a great man."

Chief; My white sister, Ton-ee, has brought much honor to this chief. There is mighty medicine in her brush and paint.

Ad lib; (GRUNTS, GIBBERISH IN BACK)

Toni; Let my red brother turn his head this way a little-- Vash-te helo! Good. () Sergeant Saul, please drive away the dog that is eating from the chief's food pot.

Saul; Certainly miss. () Get out!

(DOG YIPS)

Toni; Don't hurt him! Now great Chief--() What is wrong with you!

Chief; It is nothing!

Toni; There is sweat on your face! You are in pain!

Chief; What is pain? Look! I do not move!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; The Lone Ranger and Tonto had restored the rifles and cartridges to their hiding place and had made their way well inside the reservation on the trail of the bait setting Indian.

(HOOFS)

At a point where it became certain that the moccasin prints led to the agency buildings instead of to Chief Bentleg's camp, the masked man called a halt.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS STOP)

Ranger; Tonto, can you enter the Indian village before dark without arousing suspicion?

Tonto; That not hard if me go on foot and wear blanket like Sioux.

Ranger; You'd better leave your guns with me as well as your horse. You may be questioned and searched by reservation police.

Tonto; Me leave-um - go right now.

Ranger; Tell the Chief to meet me here tonite. In the meantime, I'll scout around the agency.

## MUSIC: Interlude

Amner; A little later, Tonto pushed his way thru the crowd around the Chief's teepee. His surprise at finding Bentleg sitting for a girl artist quickly gave way to concern for it was evident to his trained eye that the old Indian's pose concealed the agony of approaching death. He bent over Toni's shoulder—

Tonto; (LOW) Old Chief plenty sick, miss. Me better look after him. You keep voice down.

Toni; (LOW) Who are you?

Tonto; Me friend. If Chief die while you paint him, maybe Indian kill you.

Tonto; (LOW) I can't believe that, but I want to be sure he's all right. Come on.

Tonto; (GIBBERISH)

Chief; Tonto, my friend. (EFFORT) Tell the white man who wears the mask that I cannot meet him. (EFFORT) I go to the land of Wakan Tanka.

Toni; His pulse is very weak. Sergeant Saul, send a runner to the Fort for the Army Surgeon.

Saul; There's nothing a doctor can do. He's dying of old age.

Chief; (EFFORT) Now I sing my death song. (CHANTS GIBBERISH, GROANS, DIES)

Ad lib; (GIBBERISH, WAILING, BACK)

Tonto; Him dead! Sergeant, you take girl to fort pronto.

To the Fort for the Army Surgeon.

Saul; Say, you don't belong here! I'm arresting you.

Toni; Let him alone, sergeant. You have a murder to investigate.

Saul; What do you mean?

Toni; Look at the dog there. He ate the Chief's food. Now he's dead, too.

Tonto; That mean chief poisoned.

Saul; You're both crazy. (CALLS) Ho-kay hey, policeman! Big Fish! Pipestone! Put this stray Indian in the reservation jail.

Fish; We savvy. Come long, feller. Ho-po!

Tonto; You run, miss. Me fight!

Anner; Tonto fought bravely, but he had no chance against the Indians who closed in on him. During the short fight, Toni stood watching.

Saul; Club him down!

(BLOWS)

Tonto; (GROAN)

Toni; Stop it! You're killing him!

Saul; That got him. Drag him out, men!

Fish; (FADING BACK) Him coming now, sergeant! (BLOW)  
Ho-po!

Toni; I'll report this to General Yates. Take me to him, Sergeant!

Saul; The General isn't interested in stray Indians.

Toni; It will interest him to know that YOU could have poisoned the chief. I saw you slip into his lodge while his back was turned and his squaw was gathering wood.

Saul; You'll never report that! Stand still!

Toni; (SCREAMS) Let loose of me!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; 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; Now to continue our story. Sergeant Saul, an Indian policeman and participant in a plot to start an uprising had poisoned Chief Bentleg, a friend of the Lone Ranger. After ordering Toni's removal to the reservation jail, he had seized Toni, a girl artist and witness to the murder. As she struggled to escape, he called to the tribe...

Saul; (CALLS) Hear me, my brothers! The white squaw is bad! She killed the Chief.

Toni; He lies! He murdered Bentleg himself!

Saul; You heard her say that she would make the Chief live in a picture! You heard him say that her medicine was mighty!

Ad lib; (GIBBERISH, BACK)

Saul; (CALLS) Hear me, my brothers! The white squaw is bad!



Saul; She drew the Chief's spirit from his body and put it into her paints. Now he is dead.

Moon; Our brother tells the truth. The squaw is powerful medicine. It is the law of our tribe that such a wen-di-go must die. I, Red Moon, your medicine man, have spoken.

Ad lib; (EXCITED GIBBERISH BACK)

Saul; Take her, Red Moon, but do not kill her 'til you have dug up the rifles and can kill the soldiers, too. They will follow you.

Moon; Our brother is wise. We will get the guns and make war medicine while the squaw is dying.

Saul; Wash-te-helo! That is good, Red Moon. Now go at once. You are a-foot and the pony soldiers ride fast.

Moon; (CALLS) Ho-kah-hey! Follow me, warriors of the Sun father! Bring the white squaw!

Tonk; No no! (SCREAMS) Let me go!

Saul; How would you like a swallow from my poison box?  
(LAUGHS) It would be a lot easier.

Moon; Ho-po! Ho-po!

MUSIC: Interlude

Ann cr; A As red Moon and the warriors rushed out of the village with their captive, the treacherous breed returned to the police barracks, delaying his arrival there until they had a long start.

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Annex; (CONTINUED) Boles, the Indian agent, and Big Fish, the policeman, were in the office when he flung open the door.

(DOOR OPENS, STEPS)

Saul; Where is that strange Indian?

(STEPS HALT)

Fish; Locked in cell here.

Saul; All right, Big Fish. Now listen. There has been an outbreak. Here's my report to the general. Deliver it at the Fort.

Fish; (FADING) Me savvy. Me go now.

Boles; Good work, Sergeant. Will there be a fight?

Saul; Enough to break the treaty. The tribe is finished.

Boles; And we're rich! Are we in the clear?

Saul; We will be when I fix this prisoner.

Boles; What's he got to do with it?

Saul; He and that woman painter found out that old Bentleg was poisoned. Red Moon and his braves will torture her to death before the soldiers catch up with them.

Boles; But this Indian -how can we get rid of him?

Saul; First, I draw my gun, and open his cell door.

(CELL DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Saul; He is waiting and jumps me. He gets hold of my knife. I have to shoot him to save my life. He falls and drops the knife where I'm dropping it now.

(KNIFE FALLS TO FLOOR)

Boles; Now wait! He hasn't moved!

Saul; No, but that's the story we've got to tell when officers question us.

Boles; (LAUGHS) Now I get it. He's going to try to break jail!

Tonto; (BACK A LITTLE) You shoot me, you pay!

Boles; Let him have it.

Ranger; (A LITTLE BACK) Hold it! You're covered.

Boles; Watch out, Saul!

Saul; It's a masked man!

Boles; He's been standing in the doorway. He heard us.

(STEPS COME IN)

Ranger; (FADE IN) I heard enough to hang you. Tonto, get Saul's knife and gun.

Tonto; Me got knife. Now, breed, you drop gun.

Boles; I'm Boles, the Indian agent. Let me out of here.

Ranger; Get back or I'll knock you down.

Boles; Try it!

(SCUFFLE)

Saul; Now I'll get you, Indian.

Ranger; Duck, Tonto!

(SHOT)

Saul; (GROANS) My arm! That redskin knifed me!

Ranger; (EFFORT) Here's yours, Boles!

(BLOW, BODY FALL)

Boles; (GROANS) I'm down! Don't hit me again.

Ranger; Tonto, are you wounded?

Tonto; No - me ready for this breed.

Saul; Stop him, masked man! He's going to finish me!

Tonto; Stand still. Me only search you.

Ranger; What have you found?

Tonto; Box of poison with army stamp on it.

Ranger; That's evidence enough. Keep it and lock them in that cell.

Tonto; You get in cell pronto.

Boles; We're going!

(CELL DOOR CLOSES, LOCKS)

Saul; (BACK A BIT) You won't get away with this!

(HOOF'S FADE IN)

Tonto; Someone come fast.

Ranger; It's an Army officer.

Ad lib; (WHOA 'S, BACK)

(HOOF'S HALT BACK) (STEPS  
COME IN FAST)

Bob; (COMING IN) Sergeant Saul! Come on!

Boles; (BACK A BIT) It's Bob Craig!

Saul; (BACK A BIT) Help! Help!

(STEPS STOP)

Ranger; Steady, Lieutenant.

Bob; A masked man!

Boles; (BACK A BIT) He held us up! We're locked in!

Ranger; For murdering Chief Bentleg.

Bob; You must be mistaken.

Ranger; Even if I am, they're safe. But a girl's life  
is in danger.

Bob; I know. I met Big Fish. I've got to do something.

Ranger; Then let's talk as we ride. Come on!

MUSIC: Interlude

Ann cr; Meanwhile, Big Fish had reached Fort Defiance and  
the entire command was in the saddle.

(HORSES NICKER, HOOF'S, BRIDLES RATTLE)

At the head of the column General Yates listened  
grimly as Colonel Stacy reported—

Col; General, every man has been issued a box of matches and an extra hundred rounds of ammunition. But I-

Gen; (INTERRUPTS) Not one brave is to be spared or one lodge left standing if we fail to save Miss Toni.

Col; That's a terrible order, sir! The Indians may not be to blame.

Gen; I'll hear no excuses. (CALLS) Trumpeter! Sound out! At the gallop - column forward, ho!

(BUGLE, HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS)

Ranger; Come on, silver! Faster, boy!

Tonto; It look like Indians go where guns are hidden.

Bob; We won't have a chance if they get to those rifles.

Tonto; It get-um dark. Trail hard to see.

Ranger; Never mind the trail. There's a fire ahead.

Bob; A fire! On that poor girl!

Ranger; Faster, Lieutenant!

Bob; What'll we do?

Ranger; Just follow me!

MUSIC: Interlude

(DRUMS, INDIAN YELLS)

Annex; Howling, beating drums and brandishing Winchesters, the superstition-crazed followers of Red Moon, leaped and whirled in a dance of death. The hiding place of the rifles had become a fire pit beside which lay the girl painter, bound but still unharmed. Over her the medicine man stood waiting for a lull in the orgy. It came and he raised his arms—

Moon; Hear me, my people. Have no fear of the soldiers.

Ad lib; How! How!

Moon; Their bullets cannot hit you! Your bullets cannot miss! This shall be your reward for killing the white squaw whose strong medicine killed our Chief. The Sun Father has told me this.

Ad lib; How! How!

Moon; Now let us return the white squaw to the land of darkness.

Toni; Heaven help me!

Moon; She cries out for help from the evil spirits.

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Ranger; (COMING IN) Ho-kah-hey!

Ad lib; (EXCITED GIBBERISH)

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

Ranger; Red Moon, I have come for the white girl.

Moon; Who speaks my name?

- Ranger; The great Chief Bentleg knew me as a friend, and in an hour of need, I have served him and his people. You need my help again.
- Moon; I hear a crooked tongue speaking. You and the men with you are scouts for the pony soldiers. You will die with the white squaw.
- Ranger; You cannot kill us. Your guns are useless. Look, I fold my arms.
- Bob; (SOTTO) Tonto, they're aiming at us from all sides.
- Tonto; (SOTTO) No matter. You fold arms, too.
- Annor; A half hundred loaded Winchesters ringed the three riders at point blank range. A half hundred hammers were at full cock. The medicine man leaped forward screaming—
- Moon; Kill! Kill! Kill'.
- Annor The gun hammers fell—
- (GUN CLICKS)
- and fell without effect! Not one of the treasured cartridges had exploded! For a moment the dismayed warriors stared at their rifles and at each other. Then all shrank back in dread as the masked man spoke—
- Ranger; My red brothers, you are helpless! Throw your guns into the fire!



Annecr; For a moment the bewildered Indians looked at the tall masked man who spoke with such authority, then they looked at the rifles that had failed them — then back at the Lone Ranger—

Ranger; I said — Throw your rifles into the fire. It is a command!

Ad lib; (INDIAN MURMURS)

Bob; (LOW) They're going to obey you!

(START THROWING GUNS TO FIRE)

Annecr; The Indians made their decision. One after another they threw the useless weapons into the fire.

Ad lib; (GIBBERISH) (SUSTAIN)

Ranger; This is our chance to free the girl. (DISMOUNTS)  
Come on, Lieutenant.

Bob; (EFFORT) Toni, you're safe!

Wonto; You watch out for medicine man.

Toni; He's pushing me into the fire.

Ranger; Grab her, Lieutenant. I'll stop him.

Toni; (SCREAMS)

Annecr; Toni hung on the brink of the blazing fire pit with the sand crumbling out from under her prone body. Red Moon was poised for another thrust of a moccasined foot. Then the masked man was upon him! In the same instant, the young officer flung himself to the ground and caught hold of the rawhide thongs which bound the girls arms —

Bob; I've got you, Toni! (EFFORT) I'm pulling you back!

Anncr; Above them the Lone Ranger and Red Moon were locked in the terrible wrestling hold which the Sioux called che-hoo-hoo. Back and forth they swayed, while more of their footing slid into the pit.

Ad lib; (EFFORTS)

(SLIDING)

Anncr; Inching backward with Toni, the Lieutenant gained solid ground and slashed off her bonds.

Bob; It's all right now, Toni! (EFFORT) Everything's all right!

Toni; No! Look at the masked man!

Anncr; The Lone Ranger had broken the medicine man's grip and knocked him back among the other Indians with a swinging blow, but in the effort, his boot heels had loosened more sand. Clawing at the air, he tottered above the flames.

Bob; I can't reach him! He's falling!

Tonto; You get back, Lieutenant!

Anncr; Tonto, still in the saddle, had anticipated the danger. Standing in his stirrups, he let loose the loop of a ready lariat in a short, slanting cast that caught the masked man's shoulders and anchored him.

Tonto; Me hold rope tight! You pull self back, Kemo Sabay!

Ranger; (BACK) I'm where I can stand now. I'm slipping off the loop.

(HOOF'S FADING IN, BUGLE, SHOTS)

Bob; It's the Cavalry!

Ranger; (PROJECT) We must protect these Indians.

Toni; I'll stand where I can be seen.

Ranger; (CALLS) Hold your fire! The trouble's over.

Adlib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

Gen; Miss Toni! I never expected to find you alive.

Bob; General, the masked man and ~~my~~ his Indian friend saved her.

Gen; Why are you here, Lieutenant? Who is this masked man?

Ranger; Let's talk about the Indians first, sir.

Gen; They'll pay for this outbreak!

Ranger; I wouldn't call it an outbreak. They haven't broken the treaty and none deserves to be punished except Red Moon.

Gen; I don't follow you, Mister.

Ranger; No hostile act has been committed against the United States or the Army. All of them are ready to return peaceably to their camp.

Gen; They took up arms against us!

Ranger; They dug up some rifles, but they also burned them, as you can see.

- Gen; They did try to kill Miss Toni, didn't they?
- Toni; Only because others worked on their superstitions for gain.
- Ranger; These people are the victims of a plot by land speculators. Acting for the syndicate, Sergeant Saul and Agent Boles poisoned Bentleg and tried to incite enough trouble to make the Indians lose their reservation.
- Gen; Saul and Boles! I suppose they've escaped by this time.
- Ranger; You'll find them locked in the reservation jail. Miss Toni and Lieutenant Craig will present enough evidence to convict them.
- Gen; Great scott, Mister! I might have massacred these poor redskins! Well, I'll see now that the tribe doesn't suffer.
- Ranger; Then I'm satisfied, General. My work is done.
- Gen; Lieutenant Craig, it appears that you've redeemed yourself with both Miss Toni and the command. I'm returning you to duty.
- Bob; Thank you, sir. Toni and I have a lot in common.
- Gen; So I see. (CHUCKLES) Since her encounter with the Indians, the young lady also has a black eye.
- Toni; Even so, I saw something happen here that is as much beyond me as it is the Indians. How did the masked man keep their rifles from shooting?

Bob; Tonto told me later. They had found the buried rifles and ammunition and simply fixed the cartridges so they wouldn't explode.

Toni; The Indians will call it the white man's magic.

Gen; I call it good generalship. Who is the masked man?

Bob; Tonto said he's the Lone Ranger.

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

MUSIC: Theme.