

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

"THE MEDICINE ^{HORN} ~~BOX~~"

by Ralph Goll

Number: ²⁶¹⁹⁻¹⁸⁴⁴ ~~2616-1841~~

Date: Oct. ~~24~~, 1949

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- Ranger and Tonto
- Col. Warren 50, 60 commander of Fort -army
officer (p. 1490 Winston Dic.)
- Lucy 20 - 25 Col's. daughter.
- Lieut. Tom Lyons. 20-25 Idealistic officer
(p. 1464 Winston Dic.)
- Pony Jim 40-50 tough, illiterate scout
- Montana Mike same
- Chief Red Wolf .. 40, Santee Sioux chief, intelligent
- Charley Bear Tooth .. 20-30 -treacherous breed.
- Major 40, adjutant to Col. Warren
- Voice Bit
- Voice 2 Bit

^{HORN}
MEDICINE ~~MAN~~ - BILLBOARD.

HOOFS STOPPING.

Ranger; Tonto! I've heard reports of an Indian uprising
 in the Dakota Territory!

Tonto; Dakota mean United!

Ranger; Nevertheless, four tribes have jumped the reservation.
 Properly handled by the army, they'll return
 peacefully. But if the army acts in haste, there may
 be war!

Tonto; What we do?

Ranger; I want to talk to the commandant at Fort Harmon right
 away! Come on, Tonto!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout.

Ranger; Come on, Silver!

HOOFS START AND FADE AS

Annecr; War was nearer than the masked man realized! He
 didn't know that men who ~~posed~~ posed as friends
 were secretly trying to provoke war to further
 their own selfish interests - The Lone Ranger
 rides a death trail in the adventure of the
 Medicine Horn. Be sure to listen to this/^{next}thrilling
 story.

The Lone Ranger

"The Medicine ~~Box~~^{HORN}"

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; The Lone Ranger and Tonto had turned their horses toward Fort Harmon after investigating reports that another Indian uprising impended in Dakota Territory.

(HOOFS)

As the trail widened into a military road, telling them that they neared the Army Post, they discussed their findings. The masked man was saying - -

Ranger; From what we saw, it doesn't ~~appear~~ appear that Chief Red Wolf and his tribe of Santee Sioux have any intention of turning hostile.

Tonto; That so, kemo sabay. Santee tribe still in old camp. Other four tribes all jump reservation.

Ranger; It isn't like the Sioux Nation to start serious trouble unless the tribes are united.

Tonto; Real name of Sioux is Dakotah. That mean "United."

Ranger; If the Army doesn't act too hastily, the example of the Santees may influence the other tribes into returning to the reservation without a fight.

Tonto; Red Wolf got plenty power. But soldiers better be careful how them handle him. Him proud - smart.

Ranger; That's why I want to get a message to the commanding officer at Fort Harmon.

Tonto; Look! There fort down in valley.

Ranger; That seems like a poor place for it, but I suppose it was built there so the cavalry would have room to maneuver.

Tonto; It not even got stockade.

Ranger; Give Scout his head, Tonto. () Come on, Silver.

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOF'S FASTER)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; Meanwhile, a young woman and a cavalry officer had seated themselves on a sheltered rock a short distance from the Fort. She was Lucy Warren, daughter of the Colonel commanding the garrison. Her companion was Lieutenant Tom Lyons. He was saying - -

Tom; Lucy, we'd better break our engagement.

Lucy; Don't say that, Tom!

Tom; We were to have been married last year, but something always happens to spoil our plans. Now it's the Indian trouble.

Lucy; That may not last long, dear.

Tom; It will take months of hard campaigning to round up those Sioux.

- Lucy; I'll wait! I'll always wait!
- Tom; Even if I come back alive, it'll be the same thing over again. The Government will break any new treaty it makes with the Indians just as it did the old one.
- Lucky; Do you think the Indians are in the right?
- Tom; Of course they are! The crooked politicians and land speculators are using the Army to exterminate the Sioux and steal their lands.
- Lucy; Don't be so bitter!
- Tom; I can't help it, darling. They're making a hired killer and thief of me - and for what? A pay rate that won't even let me support a wife decently.
- Lucy; You'll be promoted, Tom. You've worked hard to fit yourself for a captaincy. You've studied Indian languages until you know them better than any of the civilian scouts.
- Tom; (SCORN) Civilian Scouts! The Government pays them more than it does its junior officers and gives them the privilege of keeping all horses taken from the Indians.
- Lucky; I know. It isn't fair, but —
- Tom; Squaw killers and horse thieves, all of them! They loll around the post in their greasy buckskins, fouling the air and leering at the women. And no one has any authority over them except your father.

Lucy; All Dad can do is fire them, and he won't because they're needed so badly just now. I told him about that fellow called Pony Jim.

Tom; What about him, Lucy?

Lucy; He's always hanging around where he can watch me. Dad said not to mind him.

Tom; I'll break his neck!

Jim; (FADING IN) Break my neck, eh?

Lucy; It's that Pony Jim!

Tom; You sneak! You've been spying on us!

Jim; (CHUCKLES) Scouting is what I'm hired for. I figured some Injun might be hiding here, watching the Fort.

Tom; Liar!

Jim; I don't take that from no looney!

Tom; Then take this!

(BLOW)

Jim; Why you --

Lucy; (SCREAMS) Tom, he's got a gun!

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Ranger; (FADING IN) Hold it, fellow!

Lucy; A masked man!

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Jim; Don't shoot! I'm Pony Jim, the Army Scout!

Ranger; Tonto, keep him covered. What's the trouble, Lieutenant?

Tom; That fellow was watching us, but who are you?

Ranger; Never mind that now. You, scout, holster that gun and get out.

Jim; Sure, sure. (FADING) But I'll get square with all of you.

Tom; Masked man, I'm Tom Lyons, and this is Miss Warren, my fiancée. We're grateful. If there's anything I can do —(HESITATES)

Ranger; As it happens, there is something. Tell the Colonel he probably can keep the Santee Sioux neutral by sending a peace mission to Chief Red Wolf. The tribe is still at its old camp.

Tom; That's good news, Mister! I'll certainly tell Colonel Warren.

Ranger; Then we may see you later. Come on, Silver.

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout.

(HOOF'S AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annecr; Tom reported the masked man's message to Colonel Warren a little later, making no mention of his trouble with Pony Jim. As he concluded, the Colonel, a veteran of the Civil War eyed him sharply.

- Col; Lieutenant Lyons, I wouldn't ordinarily put any faith in the word of a masked man, but what he told you confirms other reports I have had about the Santee tribe.
- Tom; Will you act on his advice, sir?
- Col; I'm detailing you to visit the Santee village. You know the Sioux language, and have a way with Indians.
- Tom; Yes sir.
- Col; Tell Chief Red Wolf that I will double the tribe's allotment of beef if he keeps the peace.
- Tom; Are you sure you can keep your promise?
- Col; Don't question my word, Lieutenant!
- Tom; I'm not questioning it, sir. But I doubt that the crooks in the Bureau of Indian Affairs who started this trouble will back you up.
- Col; By the Guns of Gettysburg! I believe you are an Indian sympathizer!
- Tom; You speak as though you had heard I was.
- Col; I hadn't intended to mention it, but you were so reported by one of the civilian scouts.
- Tom; Pony Jim, I suppose.
- Col; No matter who he was, I reprimanded him for spying. Now I'm warning you. Don't ever criticize your Government or the Army again.
- Tom; What I said was the truth, and it was only intended for Lucy's ears.

Col; Just the same you were overheard. Your opinions are such that they would encourage desertion and mutiny if they got about. They might send some poor private to the firing squad.

Tom; I didn't realize - -

Col; (CUTS IN) Then by the sharpshooters of Shiloh, keep your mouth shut after this! This is the Army and we obey orders whether they're right or wrong!

Tom; Yes sir.

Col; Now about your mission to Red Wolf. Requisition whatever presents you want to give him from quartermaster stores, and take two scouts - Pony Jim and Montana Mike.

Tom; I - er - (BREAKS)

Col; Any questions?

Tom; None, sir. I'll start for the Santee camp at once.

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOF'S)

Jim; Well, shavetail, here's the Treaty River.

Tom; Stop here, you scouts.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

- Tom; We're within five miles of Red Wolf's village, so it's time for an understanding.
- Jim; An understanding, eh? (CHUCKLES) Mike, this should be good.
- Tom; So far I've let you fellows have your own way. I've put up with your insults. But when we meet the Indians, I expect you to show me the respect due my uniform and rank. The success of the mission may depend on that.
- Mike; Who gives a hang how you come out with the Injuns?
- Jim; Mike, there's a bunch of Injun ponies close by. See them tracks.
- Mike; We better get down. (DISMOUNTS) Yep, they been grazing here.
- Tom; I see the herd! It's down there in the valley!
- Jim; I'll be jiggered if there isn't forty or fifty ponies there! And only two Injun kids are on watch.
- Mike; That shows Red Wolf isn't expecting trouble or fixing to make any.
- Jim; If he was, he wouldn't let even a small bunch of ponies¹ like that get so far from camp.
- Tom; Then let's ride on.
- Jim; Listen, you Injun-loving looey! That herd'll be worth five hundred dollars to us when we run it off.
- Mike; We can kill them kids easy and get a thirty mile start before Red Wolf knows about it.

Tom; If you fellows are joking, you've gone far enough.

Mike; Jump him, Jim!

Jim; I got him! (EFFORT) Give me a hand!

Tom; Let loose of me!

(SCUFFLE)

Mike; Stand still or I'll twist off your arm!

Tom; (EFFORT) You'll pay for this!

Jim; Not by your say-so!

Tom; So you intend to kill me!

Jim; Right, shavetail! I don't forget easy.

Mike; We aimed to leave you out here for the buzzards even if we hadn't spotted them ponies.

Tom; Well, you've got me, but let those children and ponies alone. Don't make the Santees hostile!

Jim; The more hos-tyles there are, the more boodle for us.

Mike; Plug him, Jim!

Jim; Shooting would scare them herd boys. I'm using my gun barrel like this --

(BLOW)

Tom; (GROANS)

Mike; Hit him for me!

Jim; Sure, Mike!

(BLOW, BODY FALL)

- Mike; Looks like he's finished.
- Jim; He ought to be. I near busted my gun on his head.
- Mike; What we going to tell the Colonel?
- Jim; We'll say the Injuns were on the warpath when we got here, so we run off some of their ponies and somehow got separated from this shavetail during the ruckus.
- Mike; He'll send soldiers out here. They might find his caraass.
- Jim; They'll blame the Injuns.
- Mike; Not if we don't strip him same as the redskins would do. Help me get his uniform off.
- Jim; Right. We can burn it later on.

MUSIC: Interlude

- Anncr; A few minutes later, the murderous scouts were gone and Tom lay naked on the river bank. The shadows of circling buzzards drifted over his body, but though he lay motionless thru the heat of the day, the birds did not light. Some instainct warned them that he still lived. His own awareness of life did not come until sunset. Then, as a glimmer of consciousness penetrated his brain, he dragged himself thru mud like a wounded animal to the nearby water. After he had slacked his burning thirst and ducked his aching head into the cooling shallow water, more of the cbud lifted from his mind.

(RUNNING STREAM)

- Tom; (GROANS)

Annex; Something had happened to him - his pain told him that. But what? Of a sudden, he realized that his loss of memory did not end there. He was somebody - a human being -- but whom? Where had he come from? What had he been doing? Where was he now?

Tom; (GROANS)

Annex; Desperately he questioned himself, but the answers lay beyond the reach of that part of his mind which was clear. Under the strain of his efforts, he dropped back into unconsciousness. When again he roused, it was to the hammering of hoofs on the bank.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Hard upon that sound came a burst of savage yells.

(YELLS)

A moment later he was surrounded by a band of Santee Sioux headed by Chief Red Wolf.

(HOOFS HALT)

Ad lib; (GIBBERISH)

Annex; Lurching to his feet, Tom faced the Indians with child-like wonder. He felt no fear of the fierce warriors or the weapons they held poised. To him they were fellow humans. The Sioux, themselves, children of nature, instantly realized that there was something unnatural in the white man's behavior. Red Wolf said --

Wolf; (GIBBERISH)

- Annex; To Tom, who had not yet attempted to use the power of speech, the gutturals of the Sioux language meant nothing at first. Then another part of his mind began to function. He found that he not only understood but could answer. Words tumbled from his tongue.
- Tom; O-ah-ye, da-ko-tah! Wash-a-toh-me!
- Wolf; O-ah-ye! My brothers, this man speaks the tongue of the Dakotahs!
- Tom; I-a-pi ho-doh-gan-sha!
- Wolf; Vash-te helo! This chief understands what you say. How is it that we found you in the river wounded?
- Tom; Great chief, I do not know. I have awakened from a strong sleep and all that went before it is gone from my head! Am I not your brother?
- Wolf; You are a white man! Your people have stolen ponies from us and killed the children who watched them.
- Ad lib; (GIBBERISH)
- Wolf; My brothers say that the sign shows your people wounded you. How is that?
- Tom; Only Wakan Tanka, the Great Mystery, can answer that. I did not know 'til now that I was white.
- Wolf; My brothers, this is very strange. This man has no fear. He acts like an Indian.
- Tom; It may be that the spirit of an Indian entered my body while I slept.
-

~~Tom; Hear me! The Great Mystery made you and your people red. He did it with the sun and wind of this land you live in. So will he make all white men red in time to come. Then we will all be Indians and brothers.~~

Wolf; Hau!

Ad lib; (GIBBERISH)

Wolf; My brothers, it is clear that the white man's wounds have turned his head. It is bad medicine to kill such a man.

Ad lib; (GIBBERISH)

Wolf; We will take him with us and break camp. No-Ka!

Tom; Vash-te-helo!

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)

Annrc; Now to continue our story. Tom Lyons, a cavalry officer, had lost his memory after being attacked by two civilian scouts. Later he had been found by Chief Red Wolf and his warriors, who carried him away, believing it had luck to kill a man with an afflicted mind. Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had continued to scout the Indians' lands in the hope of preventing a general outbreak. It was several days after Tom's capture when they discovered that Red Wolf and his tribe were gone from their old camping grounds. They rode on.

(HOOFS)

Annor; After a careful search for trail sign, which took them in the direction of Fort Harmon, Tonto observed:

Tonto; Rain wash out all tracks since tribe move.

Ranger; It wouldn't have moved if something hadn't happened to turn Red Wolf hostile.

Tonto; What we do now?

Ranger; Get another message to the fort.

Tonto; Look there, kemo sabay. Plenty ashes.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; Let's get down. (DISMOUNT) I want a closer look.

Tonto; No Indian build fire like that.

Ranger; Something more than wood was burned here.

Tonto; Me find piece of cloth.

Ranger; That's part of an Army uniform. And here's a charred holster flap with a name on it.

Tonto; Here come soldiers!

(BUGLE)

Ranger; It's the Fort Harmon cavalry. The bugle sounded a halt.

(HOOFS UP TO HALT)

Col; (FADING IN) Surround those men!

Ranger; We're friends!

- Col; Account for yourselves and that mask!
- Ranger; Colonel, I have something to tell you. It's important that you believe what I say. Examine this cartridge. I hope it will identify me.
- Col; A cartridge —
- Ranger; It will account for the mask.
- Col; This —this bullet. Um. () It is made of silver. () May I keep it?
- Ranger; Yes, of course.
- Col; I shall always treasure it. You said you had something to tell me. Please proceed.
- Ranger; Red Wolf and his people apparently have jumped the reservation.
- Col; I expected that. I sent these scouts and an officer to the Santees as a peace mission. They attacked the party. The officer is missing.
- Ranger; Is he Lieutenant Tom Lyons?
- Col; Yes, but — —
- Ranger; (CUTS IN) His uniform and equipment were burned here. Here, look at this holster flap.
- Col; By the sabers of Seven Pines, you're right! Jim! Mike! How do you account for this?
- Jim; We don't, Colonel. It's like we said. He come up missing while the Injuns was chasing us.
- Ranger; No Indian would burn a soldier's uniform after stripping him. There's no trace of a body here.

- Jim; Colonel, that masked feller and his Injun pardner are the ones who said the Santees was friendly.
- Mike; They're in cahoots with the redskins! You orter arrest them!
- Ranger; One moment, sir! Do you know that there was ill feeling between that scout called Jim and Lieut. Lyons?
- Col; So my daughter told me after I had sent them on the mission.
- Jim; I never laid a hand on the looney!
- Mike; Him and Jim got to be right friendly again!
- Ranger; That burned uniform suggests that you two murdered him.
- Jim; Maybe he j'ined the Injuns! He was for them!
- Mike; That's it! He burnt his uniform himself like deserters do!
- Col; Impossible! He was an officer! Sergeant, keep an eye on these scouts until further orders.
- Voice; Yes sir.
- Col; We'll search every inch of the country around here for the Lieutenant's body. It should tell us who killed him. () As for you --
- Ranger; Yes, Colonel?
- Col; Will you join us?
- Ranger; You have men enough, Colonel. It will be better if Tonto and I try to find the Santee tribe.
- Col; Very well, sir! Buglar, sound forward!

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annrcr; In the meantime, Red Wolf had set up a new camp deep in the badlands. There Tom was established more as a tribal medicine man than a captive. The Chief named him Ou-ri, meaning the Muddy One from the circumstances under which he had been found, and insisted on staining his hated white skin a coppery hue with berry juices. To this, Tom offered no objections, for while his head wounds soon began to heal, his memory of his previous life remained blank. Moreover, he admired the chief's high moral character and courage. It was during his second week with the Indians that an object which hung from a pole in Red Wolf's teepee, almost hidden by smoke and shadows, drew his attention. Pointing, he asked in the Sioux tongue —
- Tom; Great Chief Red Wolf, what is that?
- Wolf; My brother, Ou-ri, that is a horn that the pony soldiers use.
- Tom; How came it to your lodge?
- Wolf; Many moons ago, when I signed the treaty at the Fort, the chief of the ~~soldiers~~ soldiers gave it to me. Now I give it to you.
- Tom; You are a friend. (PAUSE, SOTTO) Strange - strange-
- Wolf; What does my brother say to himself?
- Tom; This horn brings something back to my mind, but I cannot tell what.

Wolf; There is an eagle spirit in the horn which screams so loud that it can be heard far off even when there is yelling and shooting.

Tom; Then it must be a medicine horn.

Wolf; O-ah-ye! It gives orders for the white chiefs. The soldiers and their ponies both know what it means. But the eagle spirit will not speak when this chief blows in it.

Tom; Why does Red Wolf want it to speak?

Wolf; In the year of the Red Moon, the pony soldiers defeated my people in battle because I could not cry out loud enough to make them hear. They charged when I wanted them to wait, and waited when it was time to charge.

Tom; (SOTTO) Strange-

Wolf; Let my brother, Ou-Ri try to blow it.

Tom; I'll try.

(BUGLE CALL)

Tom; I have done it!

Wolf; Hau! Hau! My brother is a great medicine man! It is well that I saved his life!

Tom; I owe you much.

Wolf; Then teach me the magic of this horn. I shall teach my warriors to fight by the song it sings. We shall capture the white men's fort.

Tom; Wash-te helo! Listen and learn!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; Although Tom did not remember it, he had been a trumpeter in the corps of cadets at West Point, and under his instruction, the Santee chief quickly learned to sound the elementary calls. Within a few days he was able to use it to direct his braves through maneuvers which he proposed to use in an attack on Fort Harmon. As those preparations went forward, Colonel Warren gave up the futile search for Tom's body, cleared the scouts of suspicion and led the regiment back to the fort. To his daughter who had been awaiting news at headquarters, he declared:

Col; Lucy, I don't believe that Tom LYONNE was killed either by the Indians or scouts.

Lucy; Then he must be alive. Thank heaven!

Col; There are some things worse than death.

Lucy; Father, what do you mean?

Col; Everything points to a voluntary disappearance on his part.

Lucy; Tom wouldn't desert the Army -- or me either.

Col; Didn't you tell me he wanted to break your engagement? Wasn't he bitter over the Indian trouble?

Lucy; Yes, but -

(DOOR OPENS)

Major; (BACK) Colonel, this fellow wants to see you.

Col; Bring him in, Major.

(STEPS TO HALT)

- Major; He's Charley Bear Tooth, a breed, who used to hang out around the Fort. His squaw is one of Red Wolf's people.
- Bear; For fifty pounds tobacco, me tell you where tribe is now.
- Col; You'll get it! Speak up.
- Bear; Santees camp on flat by Needle Butte Pass. They wait for other tribes to join them. Same time they drill by bugle.
- Col; What!
- Bear; Red Wolf got white man with him. Feller dress like Indian but me know him. Him one of your officers, name of Lyons.
- Major; Lyons!
- Col; That double dyed traitor! By the rock of Chickamauga, he'll pay for this.
- Lucy; (SOBS) It can't be true! You don't know -
- Col; (CUTS IN) I know enough! Major, call out the regiment. We'll move on the Indians immediately.
- Major; Any further orders, sir?
- Col; Just one. If that traitor is coward enough to surrender, shoot him on the spot.
- MUSIC: Interlude
- Annecr; Several days later the Lone Ranger and Tonto rode into the Needle Butte Pass area.

(HOOFS)

Anncr;

Still searching for Red Wolf's new camp, they followed the summit of a brush-clad ridge which afforded ~~concealment~~ concealment as well as a chance for wide observation.

The masked man was saying - -

Ranger;

There's a break in the brush just ahead.

Tonto;

That be good place to look around.

Ranger;

Listen!

(BUGLE, CALL BACK)

An army bugle call! It came from that open flat below us!

Tonto;

How soldiers get down there without us knowing?

Ranger;

We'll soon see. (AD LIB WHOA'S)

Tonto;

(AD LIBS WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto;

Look down there.

Anncr;

A half mile away, hundreds of Indians were drilling like regular army cavalrymen. From a bare hill much closer, two other riders watched them. One wore the war bonnet of a chief. From time to time he sounded the bugle.

(BUGLE)

Tonto;

That Red wolf. Feller with him look like medicine man.

Ranger;

He's a white man in disguise. No Indian ever sat on a horse like that.

Tonto; This plenty strange. What those warriors do now?

Ranger; They're executing a new kind of cavalry movement. Red Wolf is using a long column of braves like a lariat, throwing one tightening loop after another around an imaginary group of enemies.

Tonto; Red Wolf good general.

Ranger; Now the whole band of Sioux is disengaging and falling back into the cover of the brush on the other side of the flat.

Tonto; If soldiers get caught like that, them lost.

Ranger; That must never happen for the good of both sides.

Tonto; Look back, kemo sabay! Big dust cloud on sky line.

Ranger; That means soldiers. Red Wolf will make real use of his trick if he finds out they're coming.

Tonto; Scout at end of valley already see dust! Him head for chief.

Ranger; Follow me!

Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

(HOOFS)

Annrc; Breaking from the bush, the Lone Ranger and Tonto charged down one slope and were well up the other before Chief Red Wolf shifted his attention from the onrushing scout to them.

Tonto; (SHOUTS) Chief got rifle strapped to back! Other foller not armed.

Ranger; He's Lieut. Lyons!

Tonto; What we do?

Ranger; You capture him, then meet the troops and warn them.

(YELLS BACK)

Tonto; Scout warn chief. Him going to blow bugle.

Ranger; I'll take care of him! Come on, Silver!

Annex; Freeing his rifle with one hand, the chief lifted his bugle with the other. The masked man's guns began to hammer.

(SHOTS)

The scout wheeled and drew off. The horn gave forth a single blast-

(ONE NOTE OF BUGLE CALL)

Then a forty-five slug ripped thru the bugle, tearing it from the chief's hand and lips and silencing it forever. Red Wolf whirled, leveled his single shot Sharps over his pony's neck and fired.

(SHOT)

The bullet clipped hair from Silver's flying mane. An answering shot from the masked man's Colts broke Red Wolf's rifle stock.

(SHOT)

Wolf; (CALLS) Ho-po! Ho-po!

Annecr; Dazed by the whirlwind of action, Tom had remained immobile until that instant. Then, believing that his red friend's life was in danger, he threw his pony into Silver's path.

(HORSES SQUEAL)

The impact of the mighty stallion hurled him headlong from his bareback mount. He fell groaning.

Tom; (GROANS)

Annecr; A moment later, Tonto had the inert body of the young officer draped over his saddle pommel and was on his way to the safety of the ridge. Red Wolf, too, was in flight, headed away from his warriors. He was yelling-

Wolf; Ho-ka! Da-ko-tah!

Ranger; Come on, big fellow. Keep him going!

Wolf; Ho-ka!

Annecr; Red Wolf's warriors, who had just learned to obey the medicine horn, were slow to heed his call for help. He and his pursuer had vanished into the brush before they started to his rescue.

MUSIC: Interlude, up & down

Annecr; As the Lone Ranger harried the Santee chief thru alder thickets and clumps of dwarf pine, determined to run him to earth without injuring him, Colonel Warren halted the advancing cavalry and conferred with his senior officers and scouts.

Colp That traitor may have laid a trap for us. What do you think, Jim?

Jim; Well, colonel-

Mike; Listen, Jim. There's a horse coming.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Jim; It's an Injun! He's packing another varmint!

Col; He's the masked man's friend.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto; Colonel, plenty Sioux beyond ridge. Them know you coming.

Jim; This critter's in with Lyons. They got some trick fixed up.

Tonto; Me got Lyons here. Him knocked out by fall. Me capture him.

Mike; So help me Hannah! It is the shavetail!

Col; Tom Lyons, a man I liked and trusted enough to take into my own family. And there he is - a traitor to his race, dressed and painted like an Indian! Major, do your duty.

Major; Sergeant, tie him to the nearest tree.

Voice; Yes sir. Come on, you scouts. Give me a hand with the buzzard.

Jim; Sure, sure. Glad to see him get his come uppance!

Major; First squad, "A" company, drew carbines and dismount!
(DISMOUNTS) Fall in on my right.

(STEPS TO HALT, GUNS CLICKS)

Tonto; Colonel, that feller not conscious.

Col; It's merciful that he isn't.

Major; Are you ready, sergeant?

Voice; (BACK) Ready, sir!

Major; Take aim!

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Ranger; (FADE IN, SHOUTS) Hold your fire!

Col; Hold it! It's the masked man! He's captured Red Wolf.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; I had to outride and rope the chief before I could talk to him. But we've had our talk now and I'm freeing him. He's a witness.

Col; Explain that, mister.

Ranger; Red Wolf told me that he and his tribe jumped the reservation because two whitemen killed some of their children and stole a pony herd.

Col; H-m-m-m.

Ranger; He also said that the same two men beat Lieutenant Lyons and left him for dead. The Indians found him and kept him because of his mental condition. He remembered nothing from his past life except bugle calls.

Col; Then he's not responsible. But those scouts -
grab them, men!

Voice; (BACK) We're holding the polecats!

Col; Major, cut the lieutenant loose, then call the surgeon
and an ambulance from the rear.

Major; At once.

Ranger; I've promised the chief full justice if he will lead
his tribe back.

Col; Tell him that when I hang those killers the Santee
tribe will get everything they own as compensation.
The scoundrels are rich.

Ranger; (GIBBERISH)

Wolf; Vash-te helo! Very well.

(HOOFS, WHEELS FADING IN)

Col; Here's the ambulance!

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS, WHEELS, HALT)

Lucy; Where's Tom? (DISMOUNTS) Oh there he is! Tom! Tom!

Major; Your daughter stowed away on that ambulance, Colonel.

Col; I'm glad she did. Listen!

Tom; Lucy, darling!

Col; He's conscious! He has his memory back.

Ranger; The shock of his fall must have restored it.

(HOOFS, INDIAN YELLS, FADING IN)

Col; Red Wolf's warriors are coming!

Major; We've been trapped! Bugler, sound to arms!

Ranger; I'm taking that bugle!

Col; He's giving it to Red Wolf.

Major; The chief is showing himself!

(BUGLE CALL, HOOFS YELLS HALT)

He's sounding retreat!

Col; The warriors have halted! They're turning back!

Major; Sir, you deserve a citation! What can we do for you?

Ranger; Just remember that Red Wolf could have called in death for everyone here had he chosen. He's returning the bugle.

Major; The masked man is leaving! I wonder who he is.

Col; I can tell you, Major.

Lucy; And so can I. The Indian told me. He's the Lone Ranger!

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, away!

MUSIC: Theme