

THE LONE RANGER
(Created by George W. Trendle)

"THE PETRIFIED GIANT"
RALPH GOLL

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2656-1881

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CAST

Striker

Prof. Phineas Niles.....elderly, near-sighted, absent-minded,
sensitive dean of anthropology

Elsie.....his daughter, young, nice

Impy Miller.....young, expelled student, practical joker
but a gifted artist

Stag.....middle-aged, tough, murderous Westerner

Reporter.....Bit

Lame Bear.....Indian chief

BILLBOARD FOR "THE PETRIFIED GIANT"

HOOFS COMING TO HALT AS

Ranger: Tonto, the Indians have trapped Professor Niles and the University expedition in a Black Hills cavern.

Tonto: It too late now to go for soldiers.

Ranger: Everything depends on us and the "petrified giant".
Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annrcr: What was the "petrified giant"? What caused a stuffed monkey to bite the professor's hand? Who turned the Indians against him and his party of fossil hunters? You will learn the answers to these strange questions when you ride with the Lone Ranger and Tonto on the danger trail. Be sure to listen etc.

USUAL OPENING)

- Annrcr: Professor Phineas Niles, D. Sc., was dean of Oldham University, one of the best educational institutions in the East. The author of several ponderous books and leader of many expeditions to far places, he was rated as an expert on the origin and development of human beings. With only a few fragments of bone and teeth to work on, he could tell how an ancient savage looked and lived. But failing eye sight and absent mindedness made his own every-day life a problem both to him and his daughter, Elsie. Sitting at his desk in Oldham, he peered at a large bone and fumbled in a litter of papers. He was saying--
- Prof: Elsie, my magnifying glass! Where can it be?
- Elsie: It's right under your nose, dad! There, take it!
- Prof: Ah, good!...You know, this bone is a human femur or thigh bone. It came from the Black Hills of Dakota.
- Elsie: It seems awfully large.
- Prof: It's length indicates that the complete skeleton was over eight feet long. I estimate its age at ten thousand years.
- Else: Do you suppose a race of giants lived in the Black Hills in those days?
- Prof: Faugh! There never was a race of giants. A few men of abnormal size have lived during every period in the development of our species. The unscientific term for them is freaks, I believe.

Elsie: Who found the bone?

Prof: Some of General Carson's soldiers. He sent it to me.

Elsie: General Carson? Why, there was a letter from him in today's mail. I'll bet you didn't see it.

Prof: Find it! It's important!

Elsie: Don't get excited! Here it is. I'll read it for you.

PAPER RUSTLING

Prof: What does he say?

Elsie: You have his permission to take a university expedition into the Black Hills if you can get the Sioux Indians to agree to it.

Prof: Splendid!

Elsie: I didn't know you planned such an expedition.

Prof: This bone gave me the idea. The region where it was found may be rich in fossils and relics of a vanished race.

Elsie: It could be a dangerous place, too. The general says that the Indians regard the Black Hills as holy ground and have killed some prospectors who dug there for gold.

Prof: I know how to handle aborigines. Further more, there'll be fifteen or twenty sturdy students and a force of experienced frontier scouts in the party.

Elsie: Impy Miller would have made a good man in the party.

Prof: Impy?...Impy?...Oh, you mean that incorrigible rascal who fastened a spring to the jaws of the stuffed monkey I used to illustrate my lectures on anthropology.

- Elsie: (LAUGHS) Well, that's one thing you haven't forgotten!
- Prof: The monekey's jaws snapped shut when I tried to show the class the structure of its teeth.
- Elsie: (LAUGHS) It didn't hurt you.
- Prof: It made me the laughing stock of the country. Every newspaper had a story about the professor who was bitten by a stuffed monkey!
- Elsie: You shouldn't have expelled Impy for that. He was one of your best students. Just think of the marvelous reconstructions of Neanderthal men which he made from plaster.
- Prof: A practical joker is lower on the scale of human life than the missing link. You were getting too fond of him.
- Elsie: I knew it! Your real reason for driving him from the university was that you're selfish.
- Prof: Elsie, you're my eyes and my memory! If anyone took you from me, I'd--
- Elsie: Don't say it, dad! I haven't heard from Impy since he left. I'll stay with you wherever your work takes you.
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- nncr: A few weeks later Impy Miller climbed out of a prospect hole deep in the Black Hills. His face, usually merry, was glum under a mask of sweat and dust. After his expulsion from Oldham, he had gone to Dakota Territory, eventually teaming up with Stag Wilson, a prospector and former Army scout. Stag was on friendly terms with the Indians and knew the country. Impy had contributed money and a knowledge of geology to the partnership.

HOOPS FADING IN

Annor: As the ex-student reached the top of the ground, he saw his partner riding in from the nearest settlement with supplies and newspapers.

HOOPS HAT AS

Stag: Whoa! whoa! (DISMOUNTS) Well, pardner, did you hit pay dirt today? You look mighty dusty.

Impy: Stag, there's no gold around here.

Stag: As long as I can keep Lane Bear under control and you can buy the grub, there's a chance we'll find some.

Impy: Oh, I can furnish the grub! (BITTERLY) I'm a remittance man. I'm paid to stay away from home. But sometimes I wonder about your hold on the Indians.

Stag: (LAUGHS) I do them favors. Now tell me why you can't go home?

Impy: My folks think I disgraced them because I was expelled from a university for playing a joke on a professor. He cost me my home, my future—even the girl I hoped marry sometime.

Stag: Too bad... Say, what's that stuff on your clothes and face?

Impy: Gypsum.

Stag: What in blazes is gypsum?

Impy: A mineral used to make plaster and cement. I struck a vein of it today. It occurs almost anywhere except around gold deposits.

Stag: Is it worth anything?

Impy: Not here. Let me have the latest paper.

Stag: Here, take it.

PAPER RUSTLING.

Impy: Well, what do you know!

Stag: Hun?

Impy: Professor Niles has brought a university expedition into these hills. The old fossil is hunting other fossils.

Stag: Give me a hundred dollars and I'll plug him for you.

Impy: Do you mean that you'd actually murder him?

Stag: Killing a feller don't bother me.

Impy: I didn't know you were that kind!

Stag: Don't get on your high horse! I thought you aimed to get even with the old varmint.

Impy: I do, but don't ever suggest murder to me again. There are other ways.

Stag: Where's his outfit camping?

Impy: At a place where some soldiers found the thigh bone of a prehistoric giant.

Stag: I know the spot. It isn't far off.

Impy: Stag--(BREAKS, LAUGHS)

Stag: Now what's eating you?

Impy: (LAUGHS) I've hit on an idea that'll square accounts with old Niles.

Stag: Well, spring it.

- Impy: Did you ever hear of the Cardiff Giant, that P. T. Barnum is showing around the country?
- Stag: I've heard tell of some big feller who's petrified.
- Impy: That's the Cardiff Giant and it's a hoax. It was molded from gypsum, buried and dug up, but it fooled a lot of scientists.
- Stag: How comes it didn't fool you?
- Impy: It was too much like some life-size figures I made at the university. Now I'm going to make a twelve-foot giant. Every mineral I need for it is right here.
- Stag: You're locoed!
- Impy: No, I'm not! We'll make the thing in one of the caves near here. Then you'll tell old Phineas that you just discovered it and get him to look at it. I'll stay out of sight.
- Stag: Then what?
- Impy: He's gotten so near-sighted he may think it is a petrified giant. Or an ancient idol.
- Stag: (LAUGHS) How much you aiming to skin him out of?
- Impy: Nothing! I want you to present it to him.
- Stag: Now wait--
- Impy: (INTERRUPTS) I don't want money. I just want to make a fool of him.

Stag: I still don't savvy it.

Impy: There's a reporter with the expedition. The discovery of the giant is bound to get in all the papers. Whatever the professor does or says, he's bound to get his foot into it.

Stag: Now I'm beginning to see what you're cooking up.

Impy: At the right time I'll publicly admit that I made the giant. Old Phineas will be discredited by his fellow scientists. He'll be laughed out of the university.

Stag: (LAUGHS) All right, pardner. I'll help you, but I want pay.

Impy: I'll take care of that. Now let's get to work.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr: It was several weeks later when the Oldham University expedition made its first discoveries, and they were disappointingly few and unimportant. A dozen students wielded picks and shovels while a few professional guides and scouts stood guard. Professor Niles, who had been accompanied by his daughter, examined the trifles with scholarly care, trying hard to hide his depression. As he turned his magnifying glass on a piece of chipped flint, ^{Elsie surveyed} ~~she surveyed~~ the landscape through field glasses. Suddenly she tensed—

Elsie: Dad!

Prof: My dear, don't bother me now!

Elsie: But listen! A masked white man and an Indian were watching us! They were on the hill hill over there! Now they're gone!

Prof: Indians are always watching us. They're simply curious!

Elsie: But that masked man— who could he be?

Prof: That's not important. Make a note of this before I forget it. Discover Number-- what is the number?

Elsie: Ten, if you can call an arrowhead a discovery.

Prof: Discovery Number Ten, a flint, manually shaped. Size-- where are my callipers and tape measures?

Elsie: There beside your left hand.

Prof: Ah, yes...Now where was I?

Elsie: I know where you will be, dad, if this expedition doesn't find something better than the boys are digging up. You'll be at the end of your career!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr: As Elsie pointed out the failures of the expedition, the Lone Ranger and Tonto rode away from the scene of its activities.

HOOFS

Their observations of the diggings had been casual, for they were in the Black Hills to learn how a large supply of arms and ammunition had reached Chief Lame Bear and his braves. The masked man was saying--

Ranger: I've read a great deal about Professor Miles and his expedition.

- Tonto: Me not savvy why Lame Bear let him dig in Black Hills.
- Ranger: That was explained in the newspapers. The professor gave the chief some fine ponies and furnished the tribe with so much food and tobacco ~~XX~~ that they feated and danced for two days and nights.
- Tonto: Maybe him give them guns.
- Ranger: Lame Bear and his warriors got their Winchesters and cartridges before the expedition appeared here.
- Tonto: Them Indians kill plenty prospectors, plenty surveyors.
- Ranger: Lame Bear knows that if gold is found or the railroads come through, he and his people are doomed.
- Tonto: What old professor dig for?
- Ranger: Bones like the big thigh bone which the soldiers found in this valley.
- Tonto: (GRUNTS)
- Ranger: The Sioux call this the Valley of Giants. They have a legend that Wakan Tanka, the Father in the Sun, once created a race of giants and put them here.
- Tonto: What happen to them?
- Ranger: As the story goes, they were so strong they grew overboaring and rebellious. So Waka Tanka turned them into stone and made another race only half as big and half as troublesome.
- Tonto: Sioux plenty foolish.
- Ranger: They're no more foolish than millions of white people who think that Barnum's stone giant once lived.

Tonto: Lock, Kemo Sabay! Hoof prints!

Ranger: Pull up!

AD LIB: WHOAS

HOOFS HALT

Tonto: It look like one feller ride back, forth here with couple pack horses.

Ranger: Apparently he went to the settlement every day or two and returned with heavy loads.

Tonto: Him not go to expedition camp.

Ranger: We'll find out where he went.

AD LIB: GETAWAY

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: Meanwhile, Impy had worked day and night in the cave, first creating a monster of clay with improvised sculptors' tools, then making an impression in a huge mold. Into the mold he poured a mixture of gypsum. His need for many special materials kept Stag busy traveling back and forth between the diggings and the settlement. It was on the day that the Lone Ranger and Tonto discovered Stag's trail that Impy found the big image had set. He began to break open the mold.

POUNING

Impy: Give me a hand, Stag.

Stag: Sure. I'm hankering to see the thing.

Impy: Don't hit it so hard!

Stag: Right! I can see the plaster now!

- Impy: As soon as we get the mold off, I want you to clear everything but the figure from the cave. Then we'll scatter sand over the floor and fill up the gypsum pit.
- Stag: I savvy!
- Impy: There! You can see it now!
- Stag: Thunderation! It really looks like a man only it's twice too big.
- Impy: (CHUCKLES) It's too white and smooth now to fool anybody, but I'll fix that by giving it a bath in the acid we used for gold testing. That'll blacken and pit the surface.
- Stag: Listen!
- HOOFS FADING IN
- Impy: Horses!
- HOOFS STOP BACK
- Stag: They've stopped! You stay here and I'll see who it is.
- MUSIC: Interlude
- Annrcr: Reaching the gypsum pit, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had stopped and dismounted for a closer inspection. The masked man was explaining--
- Ranger: Tonto, that stuff is used in construction work. It appears that a lot has been taken from this hole and packed into the big cave over there.
- Tonto: Me see where it spill. Why anybody hide such stuff.
- Ranger: I think it was used to build something from plaster.
- Tonto: We better look in cave.

Ranger: You approach it through the brush on the left. I'll circle around to the right.

Tonto: Me savvy.

Annecr: As the Indian disappeared into a growth of dwarf pine which shielded Silver and Scout, the masked man began his own cautious advance. He had only crawled a few feet when a rifle cracked.

SHOT IN BACK

The bullet fanned his face. Flattening himself, he saw a whisp of black powder smoke rise from a mass of rocks. He fired back.

SHOTS

He had little chance against the hidden rifleman, but he hoped to gain time. Each moment his position became more desperate. Again the rifleman fired and again the masked man felt the breath of death on his face. Recognizing the futility of continuing the unequal duel, he holstered his six-guns and began to worm his way backward toward a heap of rubble which had been thrown out of the pit. Unaware that the sides of the hole had been undermined during the removal of the gypsum, he reached the heap only to have the bank collapse under his added weight.

LAND SLIDE

The hole was shallow, not more than ten feet deep, and he landed on his feet. But the top soil and debris buried him to the waist. Frantically, he clawed for his guns. He could not reach them. He was at the mercy of the killer!

RUNNING STEPS FADING IN

Stag; (FADING IN) Now I've got you, you varmint!

MUSIC: Interlude

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Now to continue our adventure. In an effort to hoax Professor Niles, Impy Miller, an expelled university student and unwitting partner of a dangerous criminal, called Stag, had made a plaster giant in a cavern in the Black Hills. Curious about their activities, the Lone Ranger had been buried to the waist in a gypsum pit, ten feet deep, after being ambushed. Stag was running up for the kill.

(RUNNING STEPS TO HALT)

Stag; So you got a mask on, have you?

Ranger; (BACK A BIT) That doesn't justify your murdering me.

Stag; What were you doing around here?

Ranger; Nothing unlawful.

Stag; No matter. I'm going to plug you.

Ranger; I can't prevent you from doing it.

(RUNNING STEPS FADE IN)

Impy; (FADING IN, CALLS) Stop it, Stag!

Stag; Get back to the cave!

(STEPS HALT)

Impy; Give me that rifle!

Stag; Why you --

Impy; I'm holding a pistol on you! And even a tenderfoot can't miss at three feet!

Stag; All right. Take my long gun.

Impy; Now get down in the hole and help that fellow out. Say, he's wearing a mask!

Stag; He's an owlhoot! You should have let me shot him.

Impy; You can't murder a man for wearing a mask. Help him.

Stag; Have it your way.

(SLIDING, DIGGING NOISES)

Ranger; You won't regret helping me, young man.

Impy; What does that mask mean?

Ranger; It means I want to hide my face. Maybe you'll know the reason later. Meanwhile, I advise you to quit your present company.

Impy; And I advise you to get off this claim.

Stag; (EFFORT) There! The varmint's loose, but I'll get him yet!

(CLIMBING SOUNDS IN LOOSE DIRT)

Impy; I'll give you a hand.

Ranger; (EFFORT) Thanks. () There. Do you mind if I call my horse?

Impy; Go ahead.

Ranger; Here, Silver.

(HOOF'S COMIN G IN AND STOP)

Impy; Now get going.

Ranger; (MOUNTS) Come on, Silver.

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

Impy; Well, Stag, I suppose you'll quit me now.

Stag; Why should I? You're the Boss. (SLYLY) And I aim to collect all I can.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; A few minutes later the Lone Ranger pulled up in the dwarf pines. Soon Tonto appeared, a strange look on his face. Silently he mounted Scout, who had followed Silver.

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Ranger: What's the matter, Tonto?

Tonto: Kemo Sabay, you not believe this. We see giant in cave.

Ranger: A giant!

Tonto: Him four steps long. Look like petrified dead man.
Hard like stone.

Ranger: So that's what those fellows did with the gypsum!

Tonto: Why them make giant?

Ranger: Whatever the reason, it must be connected with the Indians or the search Professor Niles and his students are making for relics of prehistoric life.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: No law has been broken yet. We'll have to content ourselves with watching their movements.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr: The next day all was in readiness for the perpetration of Impy's hoax. The huge plaster man lay in the cave as though undisturbed for thousands of years. But the ex-student no longer took any pride in his creation. After his rescue of the masked man, his mental picture of Professor Niles, trapped by a trick and buried by public ridicule, had not seemed funny. He had begun to see that what he planned was murder--perhaps the cruelest kind of murder for an old man who was the father of the girl he loved-- an old man who was scholarly and sensitive . If the ruse succeeded, it would kill him. With those thoughts in mind, Impy had been standing over the gypsum giant. Abruptly, he turned, seized a heavy rock and held it high above the image. Then a gun prodded his back.

- Stag: Don't bust that giant, feller.
- Impy: It's mine, Stag! I'll do as I please!
- Stag: Put that stone down easy or I'll plug you.
- Impy: All right. But this won't get you anything. I'm not going through with my dirty trick.
- Stag: You aren't, but I am. I'm going to sell that thing to the old prof for plenty.
- Impy: I won't let you!
- Stag: (LAUGHS) That's a laugh! You're going to be tied up and gagged way back in the cave until I'm sure I haven't any use for you.
- Impy: Then what?
- Stag: I'll fix it so you'll be a real petrified man.(LAUGHS)
- MUSIC: Interlude
- Anncr: As the professor and his party ate their noon meal that day, there was talk of abandoning the Black Hills project. A reporter for a New York newspaper was saying--
- Reporter: Professor, I hate to say this, but my paper wants results. If you can't find anything, you'll have to fake something.
- Prof: I didn't ask for publicity.
- Reporter: You're getting it just the same. If the paper pulls me off this assignment I'll have to write a story saying you're incompetent.
- Prof: So you want me to abandon science for chicanry!

Reporter: I've got to have stories. And I don't care how I get them.

HOOFS FADING IN

Voice: 1 Who's coming?

Voice: 2 Some stranger.

Stag: Whoa! whoa!

HOOFS HALT

Stag: You with the pointed whiskers, are you the professor?

Prof: I am, sir.

Stag: Well, I'm a prospector. Stag's the handle. And I've got something to sell you.

Prof: I'm not interested in mining claims.

Stag: This isn't a claim. It's a petrified giant.

Prof: What!

Stag: Just what I said. It's twelve feet long. I found it in a cave.

Reporter: Great Greeley's Ghost! This is a story! Where is the thing?

Stag: I'm not saying till I know what there is in it for me.

Prof: Mister, there never was a twelve foot man.

Elsie: Maybe it's an idol, dad.

Prof: North American Indians never made big stone idols.

Reporter: What's the difference, professor. This is news. You've got to look at it.

- Prof: I won't make a fool of myself! The thing is most certainly spurious.
- Elsie: Who in the Black Hills would make a bogus giant?
- Prof: Well--(HESITATES)-- I suppose I could be wrong. There's a remote possibility that it's an image left by migrant Aztecs from what is now Mexico. They made such things.
- Stag: I came here to sell you something, not to hear a lecture. Haven't you got any money?
- Prof: I have custody of certain expedition funds that I can spend. I've forgotten the amount.
- Elsie: You have ten thousand dollars left, dad.
- Stag: That isn't enough.
- Voice: 1 All of us students have money. We could raise three or four thousand dollars more.
- Reporter: And I'll pay you for the story of how you found the thing.
- Stag: Now you're talking!
- Prof: One thing must be understood, sir. Before I commit myself, certain tests will have to be made. I was once bitten by a stuffed monkey.
- AD LIB: LAUGHTER
- Stag: What you talking about?
- Prof: I shall insist on drilling a hole in your so-called giant.

Stag; What good will that do?

Prof; A simple test of the drillings will tell me what the thing is made of and how old it is.

Anncr; Realizing that the Professor was not to be tricked, Stag was about to betray his disappointment with a furious outburst. Then a sly look came into his eyes.

Stag; Test it all you want to.

Prof; When can we examine your discovery?

Stag; I'll let you know later today.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; From the camp of the university expedition, Stag rode directly to Lamé Bear's village. The hawk-nosed Chief received him with a show of pleasure and listened attentively as he spoke:--

Stag; Great Chief Lamé Bear, this white man has sold you many guns.

Bear; My brother has been a good friend of this chief and his people.

Stag; Now I come to warn you that the white chief with the pointed beard who is camped in the valley of the Giants has tricked you.

Bear; This Chief was a child to believe that all a white man wanted was to dig for old bones.

Stag; He is marking the way for a railroad. Soon the iron horses that breathe smoke and fire and pull many wagons will run thru your land. Then white men will come like grasshoppers.

Bear: (FURIOUS) Not while the Sioux Nation lives! Pointed Beard and his people will die tonight!

Stag: He has a strong camp and good scouts. They will fight. The shooting will be heard by the pony soldiers in camp at Harney Peak.

Bear: It is so.

Stag: I will lure them to the big cave at the other end of the valley. There you can kill them like mice and the blue coats will not know.

Bear: Vash-te helo!

Stag: You will get many horses and guns. I want the white men's money and the white squaw.

Bear: It is agreed. I will call my warriors now. Ho-po! Ho-po!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr: Night had closed over the sinister Valley of the Giants when Tonto raced into the Lone Ranger's camp a mile from the cave. Without dismounting, he called--

Tonto: Kemo Sabay, we better get to cave quick!

Ranger: You can report as we ride. Steady, Silver! (MOUNTS)

AD LIB: GETAWAY

HOOFB

Tonto: Me follow that feller who leave cave today.

Ranger: Where to?

Tonto: First him go see professor. Then him visit Lame Bear. Me see Lame Bear call braves. All put on war paint.

Ranger: That's bad!

Tonto: After that, him go back to professor. Whole party start for cave. Maybe them already there.

Ranger: He's led them into a death trap!

Tonto: Them get no chance against Indians!

Ranger: Every second counts now!

AD LIB: ENCOURAGEMENT TO HORSES

HOOFS FASTER

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr: Meanwhile, the university expedition had arrived at the cavern. As its members trooped inside, Stag lighted a big fire that would expose them to the Indians when he signalled for the attack. He was saying--

FIRE CRACKLING

Stag: Once this fire gets going, it'll be bright as day in here. Then you can see the giant good.

Reporter: I see it now!

AD LIB: EXCITEMENT

Elsie: The fire's bright now. Can you see it, dad?

Prof: Yes, my dear...Clever...oh, very clever!

Elsie: What do you mean?

Reporter: Isn't it the real thing?

Prof: It's a magnificent fraud! Mr. Stag, where is the master mind hiding?

Stag: I don't savvy your lingo, prof.

Prof: I refer to a party who once put a spring in a stuffed monkey's jaws.

Elsie: Dad, you can't mean Impy!

Prof: Impy?...That's the name! There isn't another rascal in the country with the impudence and intelligence that it took to create this hoax.

Stag: You're a good guesser, prof. (LAUGHS) He intended it for a joke. (FADING BACK) I'll go outside and call him.

Ranger: (BACK) Stand where you are!

Stag: The masked man again! This time I'll—

Ranger: Drop that gun!

Stag: I'll drop you!

SHOTS

Stag: (GROANS) My arm! You broke my arm!

Ranger: One of you men, take care of him! He's a prisoner!

Voice: 3 I'll see to him.

Prof: What's the meaning of this? The scoundrel hardly deserved shooting for his part in this prehistoric giant fraud.

Ranger: Professor Niles, a big band of Indians is waiting out there in the darkness for him to signal an attack.

Reporter: Indians!

Ranger: He brought you here to get you killed.

Prof: What will we do?

Ranger: Professor, take your daughter and go back into the cave as far as you can. The rest of you, fall back out of the firelight.

Tonto: Move fast! Maybe them shots make Lame Bear suspicious. Maybe him come on without signal.

Ranger: The Indians probably expect to take you by surprise and massacre you without a fight. So shoot as fast as you can. Noise counts as much as bullets in Indian warfare.

Reporter: Giants! Indians! A masked man! This isn't real! It can't be!

INDIAN YELLS, HOOFS FADING IN

Tonto: Them come now! All get down!

Bear: (COMING UP) Ho-ka hey! Ho-ka hey!

Ranger: They're at the cave's mouth! Fire!

HEAVY FIRING-YELLS

Tonto: That surprise them plenty!

Bear (FADING BACK) Ho-po! Ho-po!

HOOFS, YELLS FADING OUT

Reporter: We beat them! They retreated!

Ranger: You don't know Indians. They'll be back on foot, and the next time our guns won't stop them.

Tonto: Maybe we better put giant across mouth of cave. It make them climb to get in.

Ranger: I have a better idea. Get hold of it, men!

Voice: 1 We certainly will, mister!

Voice: 2 What'll we do with it?

Ranger: Stand it on its feet after I get these two lariats around its neck. There. Now up with it.

Voice 1 Heave ho, boys!

Voice: 2 (EFFORT) Stand up, old fellow!

Voice: 3 (EFFORT) He's on his feet!

Ranger: Some of you, get hold of these ropes and keep it steady.

Voice: 1 Count on us for that, mister.

Voice: 2 What's next?

Ranger: Build up the fire as much as possible. I want the giant to be plainly visible.

Reporter: Those boys act as though this were a college prank instead of a fight for life.

Ranger: It's well that do. Otherwise, we'd all be lost.

Reporter: I must put that in my story...if I ever write the story.

Ranger : Now men, I want you to hold your fire when the Indians come on again.

YELLS FADING IN

Ranger: They're coming! Tonto, stand by to talk to them!

Tonto: Me savvy!

Annecr: As the Indians swarmed into the mouth of the cavern where nothing had stood a few minutes before, they beheld a figure which might well have given pause to even less superstitious men. Reddened by the fire-glow to the color of their own skins, the man-made giant towered over them with folded arms and inscutable face. Lame Bear, who had been in the lead, froze in his tracks.

YELLS STOP

- Annecr: Warwhoops died on open lips. Rifles remained poised. At that moment Tonto, standing a little back, cupped his hands around his mouth and thundered—
- Tonto: GIBBERISH --A LITTLE BACK
- Reporter: (SOTTO) What is he saying?
- Ranger: (SOTTO) He is telling them to remember what happened to the giants of old when they troubled the Great Mystery.
- Tonto: GIBBERISH - A LITTLE BACK
- Bear: GIBBERISH- A LITTLE BACK
- Ranger: (SOTTO) Lame Bear says that he has heard the voice of his great stone brother. He says he and his braves will leave in peace.
- Reporter: They're really going! And the farther they get away, the faster they go!
- Tonto: (UP) It all over now!
- Ranger: Tonto, make sure that they really leave.
- Prof: (COMING UP) Masked man, that was a great performance! We all owe our lives to that bogus giant.
- Elsie: We found the man who made it, too. Here's Impy. His partner had left him tied at the back of the cave.
- Impy: I've learned my lesson, masked man.
- Ranger: Practical jokes are cruel, Impy. Only savages of the kind we faced tonight enjoy another man's pain.

Impy: I'm through with practical jokes. If the professor would just take me back into the university—(BREAKS)

Elsie: But you will, won't you, dad?

Prof: I'd write an order right now restoring him to the student body if I could find my pencil.

Elsie: It's in your hand. You were making notes on Indian behavior in battle. Don't you remember?

Tonto: (COMING UP) Indians all ride away.

Voice: 3 The fellow who tried to get them to kill got away, too.

Tonto: Not far. Lane Bear kill him outside cave.

Voice: 2 Watch out! The rope's slipping!

Voice: 1 The giant's falling!

CRASH OF STONE ON STONE

Impy: (QUOTES) Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair. It's broken into a hundred pieces.

Elsie: That's the way it should be, Impy.

Reporter: This is the new paper story of the year! It would be perfect if I only knew who the masked man is.

Elsie: I know. The Indian told me. He's the Lone Ranger!

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