

STRIKER

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

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"The Secret Witness"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 3020-2244

Date: 5/23/52

Ranger and Tonto

Jim Hanley elderly editor

Jenny Hanley's niece, young.

Bo Smith Tramp printer. Young,
intelligent

Spot Russell..... Heavy #1

Lefty Heavy #2

Gyp Heavy #3

She_riff straight

Voice Bit

Voice 2 Bit

Voice 3 Bit

FROM (R) "The Secret Witness"

Annex; Tonto was riding hard when he returned from
Wolfville to the Lone Ranger's camp.

(HOOF'S STOP)

Tonto; (WHOA'S)

Ranger; What's wrong, Tonto?

Tonto; Editor killed, kemo sabay! Sheriff think
cowboys shoot him by accident.

Ranger; Where was the editor?

Tonto; Him look out first floor window.

Ranger; This might be a murder. We're going to Wolfville!
(MOUNPS) Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOF'S START)

Annex; As the Lone Ranger suspects, the editor has been
a victim of a cunning murder plot. He is headed
into dangers he cannot foresee. He will have to
use all of his resourcefulness to avoid the fate
of the newspaperman.

Be sure to listen - (ETC.)

The Lone Ranger

"The Secret Witness"

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr; The Lone Ranger and Tonto were camped in a thicket near the Wolfville Trail. The Indian had just finished preparing a breakfast of bacon, biscuits and coffee.

(TINWARE RATTLING)

As he rattled the pans and tincups, the masked man signalled for silence.

(RATTLING STOPS)

Ranger; (Low) I heard a twig crack!

(STEPS APPROACHING)

Tonto; (Low) Somebody coming!

Bo; (FADING IN) Hi there! I'm a friend!

Ranger; Then show yourself!

(BRUSH CRACKING, STEPS STOP)

Bo; Masked! What have I walked into?

Ranger; Don't let my mask excite you. We're not outlaws.

Bo; Even if you were, it wouldn't matter much to me.

Ranger; Why not?

Bo; When a man's broke, lost and hungry, he doesn't
mind the company he keeps.

Tonto; Here, feller! Me fix you something to eat.

(TINWARE RATTLING)

Bo; Thanks, brother!

Tonto; Me Tonto.

Bo; Call me Bo. That's short for hobo. I'm a tramp
printer. I work when I need a job.

Ranger; It appears that you need one now, Bo.

Bo; I do. I'm trying to get to Wolfville where I've
heard that the daily paper always needs help.

Ranger; It's a long, hard walk to Wolfville. You have
holes in your shoes.

Bo; (LAUGHS) It's a wonder I haven't holes in my
hide, newspaper business being what it is in the
West!

Ranger; It's said to be a dangerous profession.

Bo; A mob burned down the last place I worked.

Ranger; Tonto is going to town for supplies. You might
ride double on his horse.

Bo; I'll appreciate that, Mister. Maybe I can do
something for you sometime.

Ranger; It's possible, Bo. Now you'd better forget you
ever saw me.

Bo; Mum is the word!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; It was an hour later when Tonto and the tramp printer rode into Wolfville.

(HOOFS AT WALK)

A gaunt, gray town, it suggested an old wolf crouching beside the trail and waiting for prey. He eyed the buildings narrowly.

Bo; Tonto, this place is well named.

Tonto; Look at signs on windows!

Bo; Everything's gone up! Ten cent shaves are two bits!
Fifty cent meals are two dollars!

Tonto; This first of month! Payday on ranches!

Bo; So the crooks are fixed to clip the cowpokes.

Tonto; Here hitchrack. Whoa, Scout!

(HOOFS HALT)

Bo; There's the Times office across the street. (DISMOUNTS)

Tonto; (DISMOUNTS) Why papers stacked on walk?

Bo; Look at the sign above them! It says - (READS)
Help yourselves, cowboys. These are Free newspapers published by a free editor. Read how Spot Russell robs you!

Tonto; *Why* Editor not like Spot Russell.

Bo; We'll soon see! Come on.

(STEPS)

Annex;

As Tonto and Bo crossed the street, a man sitting at a desk in the newspaper office turned and stuck his head out of the open window. He had a smudge of ink on his nose, a pencil behind one ear, and a sawed off shotgun in his hands. Near his side stood a young woman. She called.

Jenny;

(BACK) Get your papers, boys! Never mind Uncle Jim's gun!

(STEPS STOP)

Bo;

It doesn't scare us, m'am. (PAPER RUSTLES) H-m-m .. who set your type? A half-witted chimpanzee with no fingers and only two toes?

Jim;

Don't tell us you're a printer and want a job!

Bo;

Right! My name is Bo Smith. That is, Smith is as good as any other name.

Jim;

You're hired! I'm Jim Hanley - and this is my niece Jenny!

Jenny;

(BACK) I'm that half-witted chimpanzee, you bum!

Bo;

Well!

Jenny;

Uncle Jim, give that tramp some money. I want him to clean up before he comes to work tonight -- if he comes!

Bo;

I'll be on the job, Miss Jenny!

Jim;

Here's an advance, Bo. Of course, you know you're mixing in a fight.

Bo;

Naturally. Who's this Spot Russell you're exposing?

Jim; A tinhorn gambler who runs the Spur Cafe. He has cheated and murdered until he owns most of the town.

Bo; It's a wonder he hasn't plugged you.

Jim; He doesn't dare. He knows he'd be accused! Even if he were acquitted, a trial would ^{HURT} ~~break~~ his grip on the community.

Tonto; Maybe what you ^{PRINTED} ~~print~~ today will stir up cowboys.

Jim; It'll put a burr under Russell's saddle all right.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Tonto; Here comes Sheriff.

Jim; Howdy, Sheriff.

Sheriff; (FADE IN) Jim, I have a bone to pick with you!

(STEPS STOP)

Jim; Well, well!

Sheriff; I always have trouble enough with the cowpokes when they're in town. You've fixed it so they'll get plumb out of hand.

Jim; There are more important things than keeping the peace.

Sheriff; Maybe. But that's what I'm hired to do.

Jim; You've let Spot Russell kill three men!

Sheriff; He always had witnesses that he shot in self defense!

Jim; Witnesses from his own gang!

Sheriff; Thunderation! He's headed this way now!

(STEPS FADING IN)

Jim; That sidewinder! I'll --

Sheriff; (CUT IN, LOUDLY) Hold it, Jim! You too, Spot.

Spot; (FADING IN) I'm not armed, Sheriff.

(STEPS STOP)

(CHUCKLES) Quite a gathering you have here.

Jim; What do you want on this side of the street?

Spot; A free paper, Mr. Hanley.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

I see you're calling me a killer today! Yesterday
I was only a thief.

Jim; Well, what's your answer?

Spot; You're still alive, aren't you? (CHUCKLES)

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annrc; Meanwhile, two hard faced men had been watching the
group from the second floor of an abandoned building
across the street. They knelt at a window, their
eyes glued to inch-wide cracks in some boards
that had replaced broken glass. One had a Sharps
buffalo rifle. His companion was asking --

Gyp; Lefty, can you get a clear shot at the editor?

Lefty; Sure thing, Gyp. His head's above the others. I'll
line my rifle on him now.

Gyp; What about the girl?

Lefty; She's off to one side. The editor's set up like a duck in a shooting gallery!

Gyp; Spot'll keep him there.

Lefty; The Boss'll have a lot of alibi witnesses. Even the Sheriff.

Gyp; He said not to fire until the first bunch of cow-pokes hit town whooping and shooting.

Lefty; My gun will not be heard in the racket.

Gyp; Not only that, the crazy cowhands'll get the blame.

Lefty; It'll be a perfect job.

Gyp; Look! Spot's dusting off his hat! That's the signal some riders are coming.

Lefty; I'm ready.

(GUN CLICK)

MUSIC: Up and under:

Annrc; As Lefty cocked his rifle, Spot Russell replaced his hat and stepped to one side of the editor's window. He was grinning.

Spot; I see some of your cowboy friends on the trail, Mr. Hanley.

(HOOFS FADING IN FAST)

Sheriff; That's the Rafter X outfit! A wild bunch!

Annrcr; Like charging Indians, a dozen riders in fancy chaps and shirts of vivid colors raced up Main Street. They were brandishing revolvers and yelling.

Voice; (BACK) Wake up, Wolfville!

Voice 2; (FADING IN) Here we come!

Voice 3; Cut loose your wolves, boys!

(HOOFS UP)

Annrcr; From out of the dust cloud that enveloped the wild horsemen came the crash of six guns fired in salute to the town.

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS, YELLS)

Sheriff; (YELLS) Stop it, you hooligans! Stop it!

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

Jenny; (A LITTLE BACK, SCREAMS) Help! Help!

Tonto; What wrong, Miss?

Jenny; Uncle Jim! He's been shot!

Sheriff; Come on, you fellers!

(RUNNING STEPS, DOOR OPENS, STEPS STOP)

Tonto; Him fall from chair!

Sheriff; Give me a hand with him, Injun!

Jenny; Oh Uncle Jim! (SOBS) Is he - is he - -

Tpnto; Me sorry, Miss. Him dead!

Sheriff; Killed almost under my nose!

Spot; Well, Sheriff, you can't hang this on me!

Sheriff; Nobody's blaming you, Spot. Those reckless cowpokes did it!

Spot; Hanley claimed I didn't treat them fair! Now look at him!

Sheriff; Those hoodlums were bound to plug someone sooner or later.

Jenny; SOBING) They didn't mean to shoot ^{MY} Uncle!

Sheriff; No, but just the same I'm going to round up the Rafter X outfit! Spot, you're deputized to help me!

Spot; I'll be glad to help the law!

Sheriff; Injun, you and the tramp stay here 'til I come back with the coroner.

Tonto; We stay.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Annecr; As the Sheriff and Spot Russell left the office, Tonto drew a sheet of newsprint over the dead editor's face. In so doing, he noticed that two bullets had been fired thru the window. One remained embedded in Hanley's body. The other, missing him, had hit the bottom shelf of a bookcase across the room. Investigating, Tonto found the second slug buried inside a stack of Congressional Records. In a corner of the room, Bo Smith was ~~waiting~~ ^{TALKING} to Hanley's niece.

Bo; Miss Jenny, is there anything I can do?

Jenny; Nothing, except leave me alone!

Bo; What about the paper? Who'll get it out? You?

Jenny; I'll let it fold up. You may hit the trail.

Bo; I'm a tramp, Mam. Not a quitter. Neither are you.

Jenny; Give me time to get over what has happened.

Bo; The paper can't wait! What happened is big news!

Jenny; But he - he was my uncle!

Bo; You always put other people's heartbreaks into print. You'll have to do the same with your own.

Jenny; I suppose you're right, Bo Smith.

Bo; Then let's get busy on the story, Jenny Hanley!

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; Later in the day Tonto returned to the Lone Ranger's camp. Quickly he told all he had heard and seen. Then he displayed the bullet he had found. The masked man looked at it and asked --

Ranger; Tonto, did you show this to the Sheriff and coroner?

Tonto; Me show them. They say - throw it away. It not mean anything.

Ranger; What about the bullet in Hanley's body?

Tonto; Coroner take it out. It same as one me find.

Ranger; It's longer than a revolver bullet. Apparently it came from a forty-five ninety Sharps buffalo rifle.

Tonto; All cowboys me see had six-shooters.

Ranger; Where are the Rafter X men now?

Tonto; In jail.

Ranger; Could any of them have fired down at the editor from a horse?

Tonto; That not possible. Window too ~~high~~ high.

Ranger; This bullet was fired at a downward angle. Otherwise it wouldn't have gone into the bottom of a bookcase after passing thru a window.

Tonto; That right!

Ranger; In all probability, the bullet that missed Hanley and the one that killed him were fired from the same gun. They may have been fired deliberately.

Tonto; Maybe killer hidden somewhere near.

Ranger; What's across the street from the office?

Tonto; Empty building. It got boards on second floor windows.

Ranger; Silver is saddled. So we'll head for Wolfville right now.

Tonto; What we do there?

Ranger; Tonight I'll search that empty building.

Adlib; (MOUNTING) (RIDEAWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annecr; That night there was little revelry in Wolfville. A little after twelve Spot Russell closed the Spur Cafe to the public and joined his hired killers in a back room. In spite of the business slump, he was in high spirits.

Spot; Bcys, our job hasn't stirred up a breath of suspicion.

Gyp; That's swell, Boss.

Spot; Where'd you fellows get that dust on your pants?

Gyp; In that old building.

Lefty; It's thick on the floor. It blows in from the street.

Spot; Then you must have left tracks all over the place!

Gyp; I reckon we did. But what of it? You said we were in the clear.

Spot; Go back and get rid of those tracks!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; It was a few minutes later when the Lone Ranger and Tonto located a stairway leading from the back door of the old store to its upper floor. By riding thru dark alleys and side streets, they had reached their objective unnoticed. The masked man was saying --

Ranger; (LOW) Tonto, stay here and watch. I have a candle. I'll go up.

Tonto; (LOW) Me watch. Spur Cafe is close by.

Ranger; (FADING) I'll soon be back.

13.

(SOFT STEPS ASCENDING STAIRS & FADING)

MUSIC: Up and under:

Annrcr; Meanwhile, Lefty and Gyp had emerged from a hatch in the roof of the cafe. They stole across the flat roofs of several connected buildings. Soon the killers were above the room from which they had shot the editor. Faint starlight revealed a scuttle, its lid weighted down against windstorms by a heavy stone.

Lefty; (Low) Gyp, I need help with this stone.

Gyp; All right - I have hold of it.

Lefty; Don't make any noise. Easy does it.

Gyp; (Effort) There - it's off the lid.

Lefty; I'll lift the cover. It's dry and loose.

Gyp; Listen! I heard a noise!

(BOARDS CREAKING IN B.G.)

Gyp; Someone's coming upstairs!

Lefty; S-s-sh! There he is. He has a candle.

Gyp; Look! He's wearing a mask!

Lefty; What's he up to?

Gyp; He's looking all around the window!

Annrcr; As they watched the masked man, the killers had drawn their six guns. But they held their fire, realizing that any shooting on the roof would be heard and investigated. After a moment of silence Lefty whispered --

Lefty; ~~He's found our tracks!~~ He's coming this way!

Gyp; Grab that rock! We'll drop it on him if he gets under the hole!

Annrcr; Hoisting the stone, Lefty and Gyp held it over the hatch, ready for instant release. The masked man moved closer and closer! In silence the killers strained and waited. At last the Lone Ranger was directly under their improvised deadfall. Lefty hissed --

Lefty; Now!

Annrcr; The rock fell!

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)

annrcr; In killing Jim Hanley, an editor, Spot Russell had ~~ng~~ engineered an almost perfect crime. But the Lone Ranger had found a flaw, which took him into a deserted store building in Wolfville. Unaware that two of Russell's killers lurked on the roof, he stepped under an open hatch just as they dropped a big rock. - MORE -

Annrcr; At that instant, an air current created by the open scuttle snuffed out the masked man's candle. It was a warning of danger he understood, and he reacted in a flash. He leaped away. Brushing his hat brim, the boulder struck the floor with a splintering crash.

(CRASH)

Annrcr; Lefty and Gyp who had expected to hear the thud of stone on flesh, knew from the sound that their deadfall had failed.

Lefty; Gyp, we missed him!

Gyp; He may start shooting thru the roof!

Lefty; Let's get back to the cafe! Come on!

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annrcr; As the killers sneaked back the way they had come, the Lone Ranger - unable to get to the ^{scuttle} ~~scuttle~~ in the ceiling ran to the stairway.

(STEPS DOWN STAIRS FAST)

~~R~~ From below Tonto was calling -

Tonto; (BACK) What happen, kemo sabay?

Ranger; Someone on the roof tried to kill me! ^{they dropped} ~~They dropped~~ a stone. *a stone*

(STEPS STOP)

Tonto; What we do?

Ranger; It's useless to try to climb up there and give chase.

Tonto; Where you think they go?

Ranger; Probably back into another building thru a ceiling hatch/

Tonto; Maybe Spur Cafe! Better we look there.

Ranger; No. We'd be going ~~in~~ into a trap. If the killers are there, they'll be on the lookout. They've seen me and perhaps you.

Tonto; Me not savvy how they happen to be on roof.

Ranger; They probably planned to destroy the evidence I found upstairs.

Tonto; What you find?

Ranger; Powder marks around a crack in the window boards!

Tonto; Um-m.

Ranger; But that's not all. I saw the tracks of two men on the dusty floor.

Tonto; Now we know editor was murdered.

Ranger; We still have to catch the killers.

Tonto; Maybe Spot Russell hire gunmen to do shooting!

Ranger; His feud with Hanley makes him a suspect. But don't forget you're one of his alibi witnesses.

Tonto; Him plenty smart.

Ranger; There may be a way of finding out whether he's guilty. Is the Times office over there?

Tonto; That right. Lights burn in press room.

Ranger; Then our friend Bo may be working. Let's find out.

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annrcr; As the Lone Ranger and Tonto slipped thru the shadows and approached the press room, Bo Smith bent over a printer's stone. On it lay an iron frame holding the type for the front page of the next edition.

(HAMMERING)

Swinging a mallet, the hobo tightened the form. Nearby stood Jenny Hanley, a proof sheet in her hand.

Jenny; Mr. Smith, you certainly know your trade.

Bo; I always do a good job when I work.

Jenny; Why don't you settle down?

Bo; I'm not the type to be locked in a form. (CHUCKLES)
There - this form is locked. When should I start the press?

Jenny; Any time now. I'll feed it while you run the steam engine.

Bo; The engine can take care of itself after I fire up. I'll handle the press. You go home.

Jenny; Are you sure you can do everything alone?

Bo; I'll have the papers ready for the stores and delivery boys by daybreak. Now run along and get some sleep.

Jenny; Just as you say. Your advice has been good so far.

Bo; Goodnight - - - Jenny!

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Jenny; (FADING) Goodnight - - Bo.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, B.G.)

Anncr; As Jenny went into the front office and let herself out onto the street, Bo stood staring after her. He was unaware that anyone else had entered the press room until he heard a voice at his shoulder.

Ranger; What are you dreaming about, Bo?

Bo; Huh -? Oh, it's you, Mister! How'd you and Tonto get in here?

Ranger; Thru a window. They're all open.

Bo; A man would smother in here if they weren't. Did you come in for a look at the place?

Ranger; We're here as voluntary reporters. We have a story for you.

Bo; Hanley's death has crowded everything else out of the paper. I can't break into it for any other news.

Ranger; I suggest that you pull the whole thing and reset another account of what happened to him.

Bo; What for?

Ranger; According to this proof sheet, you're blaming the cowboys.

- Bo; Naturally. I saw what happened. So did Tonto and the Sheriff.
- Ranger; You saw what some cunning murderers intended you to see.
- Bo; Murderers?
- Ranger; I'll tell you what actually took place.
- Anncr; The Lone Ranger quickly related what he and Tonto had learned. Bo was amazed.
- Bo; So two fellers bushwhacked Hanley from that old store?
- Ranger; There's no doubt about it.
- Bo; If I print what you've told me, the killers may get away.
- Ranger; They're too clever to run away. They know flight would bring suspicion on them.
- Bo; Then they might come after me!
- Ranger; That's what I expect. We'll be ready for them. Of course, if you don't want to take the risk - -
- Bo; I'm not afraid! It's high time the West got rid of some of the polecats who try to curb the freedom of the press by killing editors.
- Ranger; I'm glad to hear you say that, Bo. We're fighting for something that's bigger than our lives.

Bo; I'll start setting a new story right now.

Tonto; What me do, kemo sabay?

Ranger; You go back outside and watch the street. Keep a sharp eye on the Spur Cafe. Report anything you see Russell do after the paper is delivered there.

Ranto; Where me find you?

Ranger; I'll be hiding here in this building where I can protect Bo.

Tonto; (FADING) Me savvy.

Bo; How's this for a headline, Mister? "Editor Hanley foully murdered. The sub-head will read: Times learns truth from secret witness.

Ranger; Very good, Bo! I hope that story will not only be the undoing of the old editor's murderers, but the making of a new editor.

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annecr; It was early morning when Lefty burst into Spot's sleeping quarters above the cafe.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Lefty; Spot! Look at this paper!

Spot; I'm shaving. What does it say?

Lefty; Plenty! It just the same as accuses you of having Hanley killed.

Spot; No!

Lefty; It's right here in black and white!

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Spot; What put them onto us?

Lefty; A secret witness. Without naming Gyp and me, he told the paper exactly how we shot Hanley. Who'd you suppose he is?

Spot; He must be the masked man you said you saw last night! He figured things out from your tracks.

~~Lefty; He says he saw the gunmen fired after a signal was given. How'd you explain that?~~

~~Spot; Nobody saw me dust my hat but the Sheriff, an Injun and a tramp printer.~~

Lefty; *what abt. it* That printer's working for Hanley's niece, *?* I hear.

Spot; *Maybe* Then he's the secret witness himself!

Lefty; We'd better plug him!

Spot; Use your head, Lefty! Another shooting might get us hanged.

Lefty; Another story like this one is apt to do the same thing.

Spot; I've just thought of a perfect way to get rid of the hobo.

Lefty; You and your perfect schemes!

Spot; This one can't miss! You know the Times runs its press by steam.

Lefty; Everyone knows that.

- Spot; Well, they let the fire in the engine go out after they run off the papers in the morning. By noon the wood ashes in the firebox are cold.
- Lefty; Suppose they are?
- Spot; Each day about that time a Mexican clean-up man goes in - sweeps the pressroom and lays a fire under the boiler that can be lighted in a jiffy.
- Lefty; I saw the hombre in the cafe yesterday.
- Spot; He always comes in after he finishes his job. I've heard him say that he puts the waste and left-over papers in the firebox.
- Lefty; What are you getting at, Spot?
- Spot; Just this. As soon as that flunky comes in today, I want you and Gyp to plant a big charge of giant powder under the paper and kindling in the firebox.
- Lefty; Where'll we get the stuff?
- Spot; I have some stored away. I've been selling it thru a hardware store I own.
- Lefty; I savvy.
- Spot; Wrap the powder sticks in newspapers. Then the tramp printer will not notice anything suspicious when he fires up tonight.
- Lefty; (CHUCKLES) He'll be blown higher than a kite.
- Spot; The whole building will go up! It'll look like the boiler exploded accidentally!

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annex; After putting the morning edition on the street for distribution, Bo joined the Lone Ranger in hiding behind some office equipment in the editorial room. The main entrance was nearby. An open door in a partition enabled them to watch the press room. About mid-day the janitor appeared, did his customary work and left without seeing them. The masked man inquired --

Ranger; (LOW) Is the janitor apt to come back?

Bo; (LOW) Not today. He has swept, laid a fire and brought in water for the engine. Wish I had a drink!

Ranger; Can you reach the water tank without passing a window?

Bo; I'll crawl and bring some back in a bucket.

MUSIC: Up and down.

Annex; A few moments later, Lefty and Gyp peered into the pressroom from an open rear window. Gyp carried thirty sticks of giant powder wrapped in a newspaper. Suddenly he jerked his head down.

Gyp; (LOW) Duck, Lefty! I heard something! Sounded like a pail rattling!

Lefty; (LOW) I saw someone crawling toward the front!

Gyp; It can't be the janitor! He's over in the cafe.

Lefty; Then the hobo's hiding in there!

Gyp; How'll we work it now?

Lefty; We'll play it smart. I'll go round to the front door and walk in innocent like.

Gyp; Then what?

Lefty; I'll hold his attention while you slip in thru this window and plant the powder.

Gyp; I savvy. Go ahead.

MUSIC: Up and down.

Annecr; As Lefty hurried to the street door, Bo wormed his way back into the office.

Bo; (LOW) I'm bringing the water, Mister.

Ranger; (LOW) Somebody's at the street door. Hurry!

Bo; I can't make it in time. He's coming in!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Lefty; (BACK A LITTLE) Who you trying to hide from, feller?

Bo; Bill collectors. If you're one of them...

(STEPS)

Lefty; (CHUCKLES) I'm not. I want ~~you~~ to subscribe to the paper.

Bo; You talk and dress like an hombre fresh from Texas.

Lefty; Oh I've been there, but I'm an old Times reader.

Bo; I'm just the printer, but I'll sign you up. It'll cost you ten dollars for one year.

Annecr; From his hiding place, the Lone Ranger had been watching the self styled subscriber with growing suspicion. He also watched Gyp who climbed thru the press room window and planted the powder charge in the waste paper and kindling in the firebox. Bo and Lefty continued their conversation.

Lefty; Here's your ten dollars, feller.

Bo; Now I know you're not an old subscriber! The rate for the Times is only five dollars a year! What's your game?

Lefty; No game. But I don't cotton to a smart aleck like you. Keep your paper.

Bo; Not so fast!

Lefty; Let go of me, or I'll — — —

(SCUFFLE)

Ranger; (BACK A BIT) Drop that gun!

Lefty; You! The masked man!

Ranger; So you've seen me before.

Lefty; Don't shoot. There goes my gun.

(SEVERAL STEPS)

Ranger; Grab it Bo.

Lefty; (CALLS) Help me, Gyp.

(RUNNING STEPS FADING IN AS:)

Gyp; (FADING IN) I'm coming, Lefty!

Annecr; At the sound of the second killer's voice, the Lone Ranger whirled to meet him. Gyp charged out of the press room, firing a six-gun from his hip.

(SHOTS)

A bullet tore thru one of the masked man's holsters. Then he fired.

(SHOT)

Gyp; Ow-w-w! I'm shot.

Annecr; Wounded in the wrist, Gyp let go of his gun and reeled against a desk. The Lone Ranger kicked the revolver aside and jerked the gunman into a corner where Bo was keeping Lefty covered.

Ranger; Stand there beside your partner!

Lefty; What did you fellers jump us for? We didn't do anything!

Ranger; ~~You'll pay for shooting an innocent citizen!~~ ()
What were you doing in the press room?

Gyp; I just ~~wax~~ wanted to see the machinery. (GROANS)
Oh my wrist!

Ranger; Let me see it. H-m-m. That's only a scratch.

Gyp; ~~Scratch or not, it'll put you fellers in jail with those cowpokes.~~

Lefty; The Sheriff doesn't like gunplay.

(EXCITEMENT FADING IN)

Bo; He's coming now. There's a big crowd with him.

(DOOR OPENS)

Sheriff; What's going on in here?

Bo; The masked man and I just captured these gunmen.

Sheriff; You with the mask - who are you?

Bo; He's a friend of mine.

Sheriff; That doesn't explain --

Jenny; (FADING IN) Please let me thru! Bo, are you
all right.

Bo; Of course I am, Jenny.

Lefty; Sheriff, make these fellers turn us loose!

Gyp; We're law abiding men. Spot Russell knows us.

Spot; That's right. I'll vouch for them.

Bo; You would! They killed the editor for you.

Spot; He's loco, Sheriff. There's nothing to that stuff
he printed about me.

Sheriff; Who's that secret witness you mentioned in the paper?

Ranger; I am!

Adlib; (STIR)

Sheriff; If you knew anything about the murder, why didn't you come to me?

Ranger; Because, Sheriff, you'd have tried to jail me! And I had no proof then!

Sheriff; I've a mind to jail you now!

Ranger; I suggest you wait for more news about the murder. Bo, are you prepared to publish an Extra?

Bo; All I have to do is set the type and start the engine.

Ranger; Then you'd better fire up the engine. Our next story may close the case.

Bo; (FADING) Then I'll start the fire.

(STEPS FADING)

Spot; I need air! I'm getting out of here!

Gyp; So'm I!

Sheriff; Hold it! You're all staying here 'til I find out what's what!

Spot; Stop that printer, Sheriff! Don't let him fire the engine!

Sheriff; What ails you, Spot? You're looking sickly.

Gyp; If he starts a fire -

Lefty; Don't let him!

Spot; I'm leavin'!

Ranger; Freeze, Russell! Sheriff, he has a sleeve gun!

Sheriff; I'll take it.

Lefty; Look, Gyp! The tramp is strikin' a match!

Gyp; (SHOUT) Hold it! Don't light that fire! There's
giant powder in the firebox! We'll all be blown
to bits!

ADLIB: (STIR)

Sheriff; How'd it get there?

Gyp; I - I -

Ranger; Speak up, Gyp! You put it there!

Gyp; No no -

Ranger; Then how did you know about it?

Gyp; I - I -

Ranger; Did you pal plant that powder?

Lefty; I didn't do it! It was Gyp!

Gyp; Spot made us do it! Lefty helped me!

ADLIB (MORE STIR)

Ranger; Did Spot also order you to kill the editor?

Spot; (RAGING) Don't you involve me in a murder?

Gyp; You made us kill Hanley, Spot! And you know it!

Spot; (REACT)

Lefty; (FAST) Gyp's tellin' the truth!

Spot; (WILD EFFORT) I'll teach you squeal in' rats - -

Adlib; (STIR)

(AD LIB SCUFFLE)

Anncr; Beside himself with rage, Spot Russell leaped toward Gyp and Lefty - but the Lone Ranger stepped ~~forward~~ forward - grabbed the man by one shoulder - swung him around and shot a sharp blow to his jaw.

(BLOW) (STAGGERING STEPS)

(FALLING BODY)

Anncr; Spot staggered back and fell to the floor.

Ranger; There, Sheriff - is your case.

Sheriff; You rats are under arrest!

Bo; (COMING IN) For once Gyp told the truth! Here's the giant powder. It was sure enough planted in the fire box.

~~Bo;~~ ~~(CONFIDENTIAL) Here's the giant powder. It was sure~~
~~nuff planted in the firebox.~~

Ranger; Yes, Bo. I saw Gyp place it there. That's why I suggested starting a fire. I thought these crooks would squeal, rather than be blown to bits.

Jenny; (WEAK) O^{oo} - Bo - if- if you'd ever lighted the fire- - - I - I feel faint--

Bo; Don't faint, Jenny. We're gettin' out an extra. Here. Sniff this ink pot. It's better'n smellin' salts.

Jenny; Ink! Oh you impossible man.

Bo; Well, what d'you expect of a hobo.

Jenny; You're not a hobo. As of now, you're editor of the Times.

Ranger; Congratulations, Bo. Wolfville has gained a good citizen while losing three of the worst killers who ever menaced the west.

Sheriff; Mister, this town owes you plenty. I'll turn the cowpokes loose as soon as I get back to the jail with these crooks.

Ranger; Then let's all get on with our jobs. Adios, Friends.

ADLIB: (ADIOS)

Sheriff; Mr. Editor, you're lettin' a mighty good reporter get away from you.