

THE LONE RANGER  
Created by George W. Trendle

"FIND THE LONE RANGER"  
Ralph Goll

JRC

Waid for "Outlaw Undergrounds"  
4/2/52

DATE 2847-2011

NUMBER 4/16  
Striper  
Sh

CAST

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Ranger

Tonto

- Harvey Hale.....New York reporter, assigned to interview Ranger
- John Justin Moore.... elderly, tough editor, Hale's boss.
- Tom Anderson..... elderly editor of Circle City paper
- Jugears Martin..... hotel keeper, ex-convict
- Granite Holt..... ~~elderly~~ middle-aged escaped convict, tough
- Hawk..... middle-aged escaped convict
- Baldy... ..middle-aged escaped convict
- Kid..... young escaped convict
- Clerk..... Two lines

Striper

PROMO FOR: "Find the Lone Ranger"

(New - 3/22/51)

Annex; John Justin Moore, the editor of the New York Record, called a reporter named Harvey Hale into his office.

Moore; Harvey, I want to know whether or not there is such a man as the Lone Ranger. I'm assigning you to learn whether he exists. If he does - find and interview him.

Harvey; Chief, that sounds like a big job.

Moore; No job is too big for a good reporter. If you fail on this assignment, I'll fire you.

Harvey; Where should I start looking for the Lone Ranger?

Moore; (CHUCKLES) Go west, young man. Go west!

Annex; In his efforts to find the masked rider of the plains, the reporter poses as an outlaw. As a result he is forced to join a gang of desperadoes whom the Lone Ranger is seeking. Both the Lone Ranger and the newspaperman are brought face-to-face with death. Be sure to listen -(ETC.)

2847-2071

4/16

(USUAL OPENING)

Amner:

When John Justin Moore, the editor of the New York Record, called a reporter to his dingy office it always meant one of two things-- a discharge slip or a difficult assignment. He himself had never been outside of the city and was horrified by the thought of personally taveling in strange places, but he compelled the members of his staff to take part in balloon races, accompany polar expeditions and search for lost cities in the jungles of Yucatan. Even Harvey Hale, who had grown bored and cynical in the service of the Record, felt a little shaky as he entered the editor's sanctum in response to a note he had found on his desk.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Harvey:

Do you want to see me, chief?

Moore:

I sent you a note, didn't I, Harvey?

Harvey:

Yes, but the city editor just ordered me to cover a fire.

Moore:

That's work for a cub. All he has to do is follow the fire engines to find the blaze. I have a real job for you.

Harvey:

What is it?

Moore:

Have you ever read any of the stories we receive from Tom Anderson, our local correspondent in Circle City, Texas?

- Harvey: Of course. He is always writing up some fantastic character like old Judge Pliny Pickens, who uses a mail order catalogue for a law book.
- Moore: Don't you take Anderson seriously?
- Harvey: He's another Mark Twain. I lived and worked in the West for a long time, but I never met the kind of people he describes.
- Moore: Well, he has come through with another story. Incredible though it is, the thing has captured my fancy.
- Harvey: What's it about?
- Moore: A masked man who roams the plains, running down outlaws and fighting for justice.
- Harvey: Chief, a mysterious champion of justice figures in the folklore of all lands. Anderson's masked rider is just another variation of an old legend.
- Moore: You may be right, but I want to be convinced one way or the other. Your assignment is to prove or disprove the existance of the masked man. (CHUCKLES) What <sup>the</sup> late but unlamented Horace Greeley advised I issue as an order. Go West, young man.
- Harvey: Whereabouts in the West?
- Moore: Contact Anderson in Circle City first of all. Then follow the usual lines of newspaper investigation. If you report back that the masked rider is a myth and it later develops that he is real, I'll personally boot you out of the office. If he is real, interview him.

Harvey: All right, chief. What is the masked man called?

Moore: The Lone Ranger!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: In due course Harvey Hale arrived in the cattle town of Circle City. He sought out Tom Anderson, who published the Weekly Herald, and explained his mission. Tom referred the New York reporter to back copies of the Herald. ~~XXX~~ Harvey read them, the grinned wryly--

Harvey: Tom, I suspected that you faked the story about the Lone Ranger which you sent to New York. But your local stories tell all about how the masked man trapped and captured the Wells Fargo Bank bandits. You couldn't get away with imaginary news in a local paper.

Tom: No, a hundred people saw the masked man at the time of the bank robbery. I had to report the facts accurately.

Harvey: Well, I'm now satisfied that the Lone Ranger is real, but I wish he weren't!

Tom: Why do you say that, Harvey?

Harvey: Now I'll have to find and interview him or John Justin Moore will fire me. Where did he go after turning the bank robbers over to the sheriff?

Tom: He and his Indian friend, Tonto, simply vanished. No one around here has seen them since.

Harvey: Do you suppose he has a home address or a mail drop?

Tom: He made no mention of it when Sheriff Joel Webster and I talked to him.

Harvey:

He may be anywhere in the West!

Tom:

That's the size of it... But say! Since it seems impossible to reach the Lone Ranger, why don't you try to get him to come to you?

Harvey:

How?

Tom:

He is always on the alert for outlaws. You could pose as a wanted criminal.

Harvey:

Are you joshing, Tom?

Tom:

Not at all. You're a native Westerner. You know how to ride, shoot and speak the lingo of the people out here. All you need to act the part of a bad man are some old range clothes and guns.

Harvey:

It'll take more than that to put the masked man on my trail.

Tom:

Of course it will. I aim to run off a lot of reward notices bearing your description and ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ announcing that you're wanted for murder and train robbery in the East.

Harvey:

Hold on, Tom! I'll end up in jail!

Tom:

If the sheriff arrests you, we'll tell him the truth. He may get sore, but I doubt that he'll do more than read the riot act to us.

Harvey:

Some bounty-hunter may plug me.

- Tom: I'll make the notices read that you're a two-gun man and a dead shot, to be approached with caution. That'll keep citizens from trying to shoot you.
- Harvey: It's a hare-brained scheme, but I've taken some long chances since I started working for the New York Record. A reporter is finished when he falls down on one of Moore's sacred-cow assignments. So I'll agree to play my part in the hoax.
- Tom: Let's see...what'll we call you?
- Harvey: Does it matter?
- Tom: Yes. Western outlaws usually get their nicknames from some physical peculiarity. You have prematurely grey hair, so you'll be Frosty. That's it. Frosty March, wanted in Illinois for murder and train robbery and believed to have fled back to his native Texas.
- Harvey: How'll we distribute the posters?
- Tom: I'll stick up some of them around town tonight while you outfit yourself for your part. Tomorrow you can ride out and post the trails while I'm busy here in the office. Sooner or later one of the notices will come to the Lone Ranger's attention.
- Harvey: Yes, but how'll he find me?
- Tom: Let him solve that problem. He usually manages to find any man he goes after.
- Harvey: Well, let's start setting the type.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: As the country editor and New York reporter busied themselves in the printshop, four riders neared the top of a bluff overlooking Circle City.

(HOOFS)

Three were hard-eyed men of middleage, the fourth a slim youth. All were heavily armed and wore ill fitting clothes. Their faces were red from exposure to wind and sun, indicating that their outdoor life had recently begun. When the town became visable in the valley, they drew rein.

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Granite: Well, boys, that's Circle City, the place we've been trying to reach ever since we busted out of the state pen. We'll be safe there.

Hawk: Granite, are you sure that Jugears Martin will hide us?

Granite: Don't worry about that, Hawk. I had word from ~~KKK~~ Jugears before we made the break. He promised that the law never would find us once we reached his hotel.

Baldy: It'll cost us a lot of money to stay with that miser. He wouldn't give a fellow con a split from a match while he was doing time with us.

Granite: I know it, Baldy. But we'll soon be in clover. Jugears has made the mark for a big train robbery on the Rio Grand and Northern line which runs through the town. He'll take our board bill out of our share of the boodle.

Kid: Leave me out of that train job, Granite!

Granite: What do you mean, Kid?-- leave you out?



- Kid: You don't need me!
- Granite: Like blazes we don't. With the railroaders all carrying guns these days, four is the least number of men who can pull a train holdup. It takes two to grab the locomotive crew and one to uncouple the express car from the coaches. The fourth is needed to guard the coaches.
- Kid: Get somebody else to take my place!
- Granite: What's the matter with you?
- Kid: That masked man and Indian! They've been chasing us ever since we broke out.
- Granite: They haven't caught us yet!
- Kid: They will sometime! I know they will! They're not human!
- Granite: You're spooked, Kid! They're just a couple of bounty hunters. We must be at least a day ahead of them now.
- Kid: We were only a couple of hours ahead the other day when we set that ambush and they cut out around it.
- Granite: I know, but we gained a lot of miles by letting that buffalo herd trample out our trail yesterday.
- Kid: We never have fooled them very long though we've tried every dodge we could think of. The prison guards and sheriffs gave up the chase long ago, but they never quit.
- Granite: You're not quitting either, Kid!

- Kid: Why don't they let us go? Who are they? (GROWING HYSTERICAL) My nerves are shot! I can't sleep! I can't stand it! I'm going to give myself up when we get to Circle City!
- Granite: No, you're not!
- Baldy: Look, Kid! If you surrender, they'll give you five more years for escaping.
- Kid: I don't care! Anything is better than being hunted like a coyote! Anything! I'm at the end of the trail!
- Granite: (DEADLY) You're right, Kid! This is the end for you—the dead end! (DRAWS GUN)
- Kid: Don't shoot me, Granite! I'll keep still about you fellers! I'll—
- (SHOT)
- Kid: GROANS  
(BODY FALL)
- Hawk: He'll never talk now!
- Granite: No, but it puts us in the hole. We'll have to find another man to help on the train job.
- Baldy: Jugears ought to be able to get a man for us.
- Granite: That's so. Well, throw the Kid off the bluff and we'll head for the hotel.
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- Annecr: It was the following day when the Lone Ranger and Tonto, who had been pursuing the fugitives, discovered the body of the Kid. After identifying him from descriptions which the prison warden had made public, the masked man searched his clothes and discovered an unfinished letter.

(PAPER RUSTLES)

Tonto: What it say, kemo sabay?

Ranger: It reads—(READS)— Dear Mother, write to me at the Circle City Hotel. I'll be staying there under the name, Jim Brown...That's all there is, Tonto.

Tonto: Must be them fellers plan to stay at hotel. Tracks on top of bluff look like them go straight to town.

Ranger: It's hard to believe that escaped convicts would try to hide out in a public place. They know that we're on their trail.

Tonto: Why you think them kill the Kid?

Ranger: I believe that his nerves broke under the strain of being chased. He probably tried to quit the gang.

Tonto: Them other fellers are plenty bad.

Ranger: Granite Holt, the leader, is particularly vicious. He's as hard as the rock which gives him his nickname. We must capture him and the remaining two before they turn their guns on innocent people.

Tonto: How we go about searching town?

Ranger: I'll disguise myself as an old prospector. You change your clothes so you'll look like a reservation Indian.

Tonto: Me savvy. What we do about body?

Ranger: We'll leave it here and notify our friend, Sheriff Webster, after we reach Circle City.

Annex: After disguising themselves, the Lone Ranger and Tonto rode on toward Circle City. They soon reached a point where the trail made a bend through a cedar break. Ever on the alert for an ambush, the Lone Ranger signalled to his companion and they guided their horses into the dwarf evergreens.

(HOOFS)

When they were able to look around the turn in the trail without being seen they drew rein.

(HOOFS HALT)

AD LIB: SOTTO WHOAS

Tonto: (SOTTO) Look there by sign post! Feller with hammer!

Ranger: He has tacked something to the post. It appears to be a reward notice.

Tonto: Him not sheriff! Him two-gun man!

Ranger: ~~He~~ His hair is grey, but his face is young.

Tonto: Now him mount! Head for town!

AD LIB: GIDAPS IN BACK

HOOFS FADING IN BACK

Annex: As the two-gun man vanished in the direction of Circle City, the Lone Ranger and Tonto rode out and read the notice on the post. Then they exchanged puzzled glances.

Ranger: Tonto, the man we saw tacking up this sign answers in every detail the description of the Frosty March it says is wanted.

Tonto: That plenty strange!

Ranger: It's more than strange when a man posts rewards for himself!

Tonto: What is little thing printed on bottom of notice?

Ranger: That's the trademark of the printer-- a herald blowing a trumpet. It is the emblem of the Circle City Weekly Herald, so the posters probably were printed there.

Tonto: We know feller who print newspaper.

Ranger: Yes, he's Tom Anderson. We'll have a talk with him while we're searching the town for the escaped convicts. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

HOOFS AWAY

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Amner: Meanwhile, Granite Holt and his partners in crime had found refuge in the Circle City Hotel. In outward appearance the place was unusual in only one respect. It had been built with its rear wall flush against the side of a steep hill. Honest citizens occupied the rooms, little knowing that a secret door in the kitchen led into the lateral shaft of an abandoned mine. The landlord, Jugears, had fitted out a section of the tunnel as a bunkhouse for wanted criminals. It was there that he had concealed his former prison mates. On their second day in the hideout Jugears visited them. He was saying--

(TUNNEL EFFECTS)

Jugears: I haven't yet found another man for the train job. But some owlhoot will turn up sooner or later.

Granite: Make it sooner, Jugears! I'm getting tired of this hole.

Jugears: Don't get rampy, Granite! You fellers can't leave here.

- Baldy: That's so. The masked man may be in town looking for us right now!
- Jugears: Not only that, the sheriff is bound to hear about your escape. When he does, he'll raid the hotel. He knows that I'm an ex-con who did time with you boys, so he'll suspect me of harboring you.
- Hawk: That's bad!
- Jugears: Oh, he'll never find the way into this old mine.
- Baldy: Say, what's that paper you've got in your pocket, Jugears? It looks like a reward notice!
- Jugears: It is. I found it stuck on the hotel door. It's for a feller named Frosty March.
- Granite: Turn up the lantern and let me see it.
- Jugears: Here you are!
- ( PAPER RUSTLES )
- Granite: H-m-m. I never heard of this Frosty ~~███~~ He has some record as a train robber, but I'd hate to be in his boots. Anyone could recognize him from this description.
- Baldy: Yeah, his hair alone is a dead give-away. There are lots of bald-headed owlhoots like me, but not many who are gray at twenty-five.
- Hawk: He'd make a good fourth man in our gang.
- Granite: That's just what I was thinking, Hawk.
- Jugears: Well, I'd better get back to the hotel office. See you later.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr:

After tacking up the reward notice which the Lone Ranger and Tonto had read, Harvey Hale, outfitted with clothes and guns bought at a pawnshop, returned to Circle City, his trail-posting job completed. By prearrangement, he met Tom secretly. The editor reported that he had scattered wanted circulars throughout the town and continued—

Tom:

Everyone will soon be talking about you, Harvey.

Harvey:

I'd back out of this thing if I could, but it's too late now. What's the next step, Tom?

Tom:

Go to the Circle City Hotel/<sup>across the street</sup>and register under an alias just as a real Frosty March would do. Then wait and see what happens.

Harvey:

All right. I'm on my way!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr:

A few minutes later Harvey stood at the counter in the hotel. As he prepared to sign the register, the jug-eared landlord snatched the pen from his hand and beckoned to him to follow.

Jugears:

(SOTTO) Come along to the kitchen! I want to talk to you!

Harvey:

What about?

Jugears:

Something that'll interest you. I'm a friend.

Harvey:

All right. Lead the way.

(STEPS)

Annecr:

As they reached the kitchen, the landlord whirled and jammed a gun against the reporter's midriff.

(STEPS STOP)

Harvey: Hey! What's the idea?

Jugears: Take it easy, Frosty March!

Harvey: Now hold on! I'm—

Jugears: (CUTS IN) Save your breath, Frosty! I've seen a reward offer with your description on it! But I don't aim to turn you in.

Harvey: The what are you up to?

Jugears: You'll soon find out. Now I'll take your guns until we know each other better. (DISARMS HARVEY) There, you won't be tempted to make the wrong play now.

Anner: Having disarmed the man he believed to be Frosty March, ~~Jugears~~ Jugears slid a huge wood box away from the kitchen wall and opened a small door which had been so cleverly contrived that its cracks appeared to be places where the boards in the siding joined.

(DOOR OPENS)

Harvey: What's back there?

Jugears: A place where I hide fellers like you. You're going to meet some other owlhoots and join them in a train holdup. Savvy?

Harvey: I...I savvy!

Jughead: Then get inside!

(STEPS; DOOR CLOSES)

Anner: 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



Annex; Now to continue our story. In an attempt to obtain an interview with the Lone Ranger, Harvey Hale, a New York reporter, had posed as a wanted criminal. As a result he had fallen into the hands of a gang of escaped convicts who needed the help of another man in a prospective train hold up. Several hours after his capture, the Lone Ranger and Tonto, disguised as an old prospector and a reservation Indian, cautiously opened the rear door of Tom Anderson's print shop.

(DOOR OPENS CAUTIOUSLY)

Hearing voices inside, they paused and listened.

Sheriff; (BACK) Tom, I know from the labels on those Frosty March reward notices that you printed them. Who had you do it?

Tom; (BACK) Sheriff, I'm not at liberty to say.

Ranger; (LOW) Come on, Tonto.

(STEPS - DOOR CLOSES)

Ranger; (OLD MAN'S VOICE) Howdy, Tom! Howdy, Sheriff!

Tom; (A LITTLE BACK) Say, old fellow, I have a front door. Why didn't you and the Indian use it?

(STEPS STOPS)

Ranger; (NATURAL VOICE) Tom, Tonto and I used the back door ~~once~~ <sup>once</sup> before when we called on you. At that time I gave you a silver bullet.

Tom; A silver bullet! Jumpin' jehosaphat! Your voice sounds like the Lone Ranger's, but you look like an old prospector!

Ranger;

Only in appearance, Tom. I crossed the desert without stopping to shave. The beard and these old clothes help to make an effective disguise.

Tom: So that's it! You certainly had me fooled!

Sheriff: Me, too! What's the idea of disguising yourself like that, mister? I figured you always wore a mask.

Ranger: Now always, sheriff.

Sheriff: Well, I'm mighty glad to see you and your Indian pardner again whether you're disguised or not. What brings you to Circle City?

Ranger: We've been hunting a gang of escaped convicts...

- Annex: After the Lone Ranger had told of the long chase and discovery of the Kid's body and the letter, the sheriff observed--
- Sheriff: For once, mister, I'm a jump ahead of you.
- Ranger: How is that?
- Sheriff: It wasn't until today that the prison warden notified me of the escape. A little while ago I raided the Circle City Hotel because I knew the keeper, Jugears Martin, had been in the pen with the fugitives. Well, I didn't find hide nor hair of the gang. Jugears wasn't around either.
- Tom: Didn't you see any one who looked like Frosty March?
- Sheriff: Of course not, or I'd have nabbed him.
- Tom: But I saw him go into the hotel. He planned to stay there and he hadn't come out before dark!
- Sheriff: You saw him!... Now look here, Tom, just what in thunder is the story behind this Frosty March business
- Ranger: I came here to ask the same question, Tom. You'd better tell the truth.
- Annex: Deeply embarrassed, Tom stuttered out a confession that he and Harvey Hale had arranged the hoax for the purpose of getting an interview from the Lone Ranger. Without much hope, he asked--
- Tom: You aren't offended are you, mister?
- Ranger: No, Tom. I know the extremes to which editorial pressure sometimes forces reporters to go. But you'd better make your peace with the sheriff.

Sheriff: (LAUGHS) I'm not sore. The joke is on you newspaper fellers. The Lone Ranger would have come to town anyhow, and now the New York reporter isn't here to meet him.

Tom: That's just it! I can't understand what happened to him after he entered the hotel. Like I said, I watched the front door?

Ranger: Aren't there any other doors through which he could have left?

Tom: No, the building stands against the hill.

Sheriff: Well, he's not in the place. I gave it a good going-over from top to bottom. Now I reckon I'd better get my deputy and go after the body of the Kid.(FADING) See you gents, later.

(STEPS FADING BACK;DOOR OPENS,CLOSES)

Tom: Mister, I'm afraid that Harvey is dead or in trouble!

Ranger: Those are possibilities. On my previous visit to Circle City I noticed a lot of rubble on the hill behind the hotel. Was it ever mined?

Tom: Yes, a shaft was driven into the hill years ago. It started out as a hard-rock mine, but but the fellows who dug it ran into gravel and gave up. I suppose the tunnel caved in or was sealed up. At least, I've never seen it and I've been here for years.

Ranger: Were you here before the hotel was built?

Tom: No, I started my newspaper just after it went up. But what has that to do with Harvey?

Ranger; Perhaps nothing. But I intend to make sure. Tonto, watch the hotel from the street. I'm going to check in there as a guest.

Tonto; Me keep plenty close watch.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; Meanwhile, Jugears had escorted Harvey Hale far back into the hill. There in the bunkhouse section which also served as an arsenal, he had met Granite, Hawk and Baldy. Harvey himself was uncertain. He knew that if he confessed his ruse he would be killed, and if he did not do so the gang would force him to participate in a train robbery. Choosing the latter course in the hope of escaping, he told boastful stories about train robberies. After listening a long time, Jugears said --

(TUNNEL EFFECT)

Jugears; Frosty, you can't turn on us without putting your own neck into a noose, so here are your guns.

Harvey; Thanks, Jugears. Now I'll go to a hotel room.

Jugears; Are you loco, Frosty? You're too easily recognized to show yourself! You'll have to stay in here!

Granite; That's right, Frosty. We don't want the law to grab you now!

Harvey: All right, boys! Light another lantern and we'll play cards.

Jugears: That's it! Make the best of things! (FADING) Now I'd better get back to the hotel office.

(STEPS FADING)

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annor: At that moment the Lone Ranger stood at the hotel counter. Stroking the grey beard which was part of his prospector's disguise, he peered at the clerk and asked--

Ranger: (OLD MAN'S VOICE) What do you charge for a room, son?

Clerk: Two bucks, grandpaw. Cash on the desk.

Ranger: Here you are. But I'm not minded to go to sleep yet. Reckon I'll sit myself in one of your chairs and read the paper.

Clerk: That's what the chairs are for. Call for your key when you want it.

Annor: Seating himself near the hotel desk, the Lone Ranger picked up a copy of the Weekly Herald and made a pretense of laborious reading by tracing each line with a finger. A little later a man whose protruding ears identified him as the hotel keeper entered the room from the kitchen.

Jugears: (BACK A LITTLE) Anything doing in here?

Clerk: (BACK A LITTLE, SOTTO) Plenty, boss! The sheriff was here while you were out!

Jugears: (SOTTO) Don't talk now! Come into my private office and tell me.

(STEPS FADING, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Anner:

The significance of the clerk's words was not lost on the Lone Ranger. He realized that if Jugears had been out of the hotel, he had left and returned by a rear door that supposedly did not exist.

Seeing that the lobby was deserted, he stealthily made his way along a hall to the kitchen and began <sup>examine</sup> to ~~look~~ the rear wall for a secret passageway.

At length he turned to the box which held wood for the cook stove. Bits of bark and splinters which had sifted through the sides and bottom formed a tiny but straight ridge on the floor about three feet from it, showing that it had been moved. The Lone Ranger made sure that there was no one in the hall way, then caught hold of the box and tugged.

Ranger:

(SOTTO) There it comes! (EFFORT)

(SLIDING SOUND)

Ranger:

(SOTTO) Now one more pull! (EFFORT)

Anner:

The heavy, fuel-filled container moved another foot. Then the top board, which had been weakened by much previous use as a handhold, cracked and broke in the middle.

(BOARD CRACKS, BREAKS)

The Lone Ranger reeled back, overturning a table and scattering pans and dishes over the floor.

(TABLE OVERTURNS: GLASS BREAKS)

Before he could regain his balance and draw his guns Jugears stepped out of the hallway with a sawed-off shotgun.

Jugears:

Free ze, you old varmint!

Ranger:

I'm putting up my hands!



Jugears: Now I'll take your guns and toss them aside. There!

(GUNS FALL ON FLOOR)

Ranger: You haven't any call to do this to me! I rented a room!

Jugears: You didn't rent the kitchen. Why did you move that box?

Ranger: 'Peared like it was onhandy for the cook, being plumb again the wall. It'll save him a step where it is.

Jugears: You're not fooling me, you desert rat! You were looking for the door to the old mine shaft. Well, there it is!

(DOOR OPENS)

Ranger: A door to a mine! Now don't that beat all!

Jugears: Get in there!

Ranger: I'm going!

(DOOR CLOSES)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: A little later Jugears marched his prisoner into the tunnel bunkhouse. The escaped convicts and the reporter jumped up from a table, scattering the cards with which they had been playing.

(TUNNEL EFFECTS)

Granite: Who've you got there, Jugears?

Jugears: An old prospector I caught nosing around the secret door.

Baldy: Why was he doing that?

Jugears: I aim to find out. Who are you, old man? What gave you the idea that there was a door in the kitchen?

Ranger: What are you fellers doing in here?

Jugears: I'll ask the questions!

(BLOW)

Jugears: Maybe that'll teach you to answer!

Ranger: GROANS

Harvey: Go easy on him, Jugears! He's so old you're apt to kill him before you can get him to talk.

Granite: He don't look like he could stand much pounding.

Jugears: Well, tie him up while I figure out a way to get the truth out of him.

Baldy: What'll we tie him with?

Jugears: Cut some pieces from that coil of quick-burning fuse on the shelf. It'll do as well as rope.

Baldy: Right!

Anncr: As the fugitives from the state prison trussed the Lone Ranger's hands behind his back and bound his legs with the powder-filled ~~XXXX~~ cord, Harvey Hale stood by, unable to decide what to do. Baldy announced—

Baldy: There, he is, Jugears— done up like a Christmas package. Have you thought of a way to break him?

Jugears: Yeah, I've got a scheme. Get a can of blasting powder and a couple of yards of slow burning fuse.

Baldy: Right!... Here's powder and here's plenty of fuse.

Jugears: The rest of you grab hold of the codger and drag him farther back in the ~~seat~~ <sup>shaft</sup>.

Granite: Come on, feller!

Ranger: You'll pay for this!

(DRAGGING SOUNDS: STEPS)

Jugears: Frosty, you fetch a lantern!

Harvey: I'm bringing it!

Granite: How far do you want him taken, Jugears.

Jugears: As far as the tunnel goes through rock. Where it hits the gravel it is all caved in except for a small hole. We'll put the old vermint in there with powder and touch off the fuse.

Granite: (LAUGHS) That ought to make him talk!

Jugears: If he don't, it'll still be a good way to get rid of him. The explosion will complete the cave in and save us the trouble of shooting and burying him.

Hawk: How far are we from the place.

Jugears: A couple of hundred feet.

Annor: At that moment Harvey Hale made his decision and acted. Putting down the lantern, he jerked out his two guns—

Harvey: Get your hands up, you crooks!

(DRAGGING SOUNDS: STEPS STOP)

Granite: Frosty! What the—

Harvey: Up, I say! You're not going to harm that old man!

Jugears: But look! He's dangerous! He may be working for the sheriff or the warden. Or he may be a private detective looking for you!

Harvey: Never mind about me! Just don't move while I cut the prospector loose.

Annex: Holstering one gun, Harvey brought out a knife. As he attempted to slash the fuse which bound the Lone Ranger's hands, ~~XXXX~~ Granite Holt made a lightning grab for his gun.

Harvey: No, you don't!

(SHOT)

Granite: (GROANS) Fellers, I'm hit...Get him!

(BODY FALL)

Annex: Seeing Granite go down, the other outlaws scattered so that Harvey was unable to cover all of them at one time. He fired at Jugears and missed.

(SHOT)

Then Baldy's gun blazed.

(SHOT)

The reporter reeled, dropping his knife and gun.

Then he pitched forward on his face. The Lone Ranger rolled toward him, trying to get his fingers on the knife. Jugears kicked it aside and held a lantern over the reporter.

Jugears: You shot him in the head, Baldy!

Baldy: Then he's done for. What about Granite?

Jugears: He's hard hit! Baldy, you carry him back to the bunk house. Hawk and I will ~~XXXX~~ be back there as soon as we take care of the old man.

Baldy: Right!

Hawk: What do you suppose got into Frosty March?

Jugears: The only way I can figure it is that he wasn't a train robber, but some kind of a lawman working in cahoots with the prospector.

Hawk: How about it, old man?

Ranger: I'm not talking.

Jugears: You'll change your mind before we finish with you!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anner: A short time later the Lone Ranger lay within the few feet of tunnel which remained in the gravel bed. Between him and the rock shaft in which Jugears and Hawk stood with a lantern was a barricade of fallen timbers which prevented him from rolling away from the powder can and fuse that spluttered close to his feet.

(FUSE SPLUTTERS)

Jugears:(BACK) Come on, feller! Talk! Do you want to be buried alive when that powder goes off!

Hawk: (BACK) Look at that fuse! It's getting shorter all the time!

Anner: Ignoring the outlaws, who were out of sight behind the debris which choked the mouth of the hole, the Lone Ranger struggled quietly to reach the burning fuse with his feet. Digging his boot heels into the gravel, he drew up his knees and inched his body along.

Jugears: (BACK) Talk, old man!

Hawk: (BACK) Can you see what he's doing?

Jughead: (BACK) Floundering around a little. The fuse is still burning.

NEW PAGE 26

Annex: As the Lone Ranger reached a point from which he could touch the burning end of the fuse with his boots, he tried to kick it out.

(KICKS)

Ranger: (EFFORT) It's still burning! It was made to burn underground!(EFFORT) Maybe I can clamp it between my heels and pull it out of the powder can. (EFFORT) I can't do it! They tied my feet too tightly with the other piece of fuse... Fuse! I may still have a chance!

Annex: Squirming and twisting, the Lone Ranger managed to bring one end of the powder-filled cord which bound his ankles into contact with the sparks shooting from the fuse which led to the powder can.

Ranger: (EFFORT) It's in the sparks!...It's catching fire!... It's burning!...The fuse that holds my ankles is on fire!

Annex: The sound of the second fuse mingled with that of the other and went undetected by Jugears and Hawk. The Hotel keeper was saying--

Jugears: The stubborn old fool isn't going to say anything!

Hawk: Can you see how much fuse is left between the burning end and the powder charge?

Jugears: No, and I'm not going to look! We're close enough to this hole.

Hawk: Too close! The blast may bring down the roof of the tunnel over our heads!

NEW PAGE 26-A

Jugears: Ket's get back to the bunkhouse fast!

Hawk: Come on!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING BACK)

Jugears: (FADING BACK) Die, you old coot, die!

Anncr: As the crooks ran back to the bunkhouse, the Lone Ranger watched the race of burning fuses on which his life depended. Inch by inch, the cords with their cores of powder disappeared into showers of sparks. For a moment it appeared that the powder in the can would explode before the prisoner could free himself.

Anncr;

Then the fire on the fuse which bound the Lone Ranger's booted ankles began to gain. It consumed the last of the free end and ate thru the knote. As it parted, he lurched to his feet, threw a leg over the fallen beams and leaped clear of the hole.

(RUNNING STEPS)

Running back toward the bunkhouse, he reached the place where the reporter had fallen when the flash of the exploding powder can lit the shaft.

(EXPLOSION)

Brief as was the glare, it enabled him to see H arvey and the gun and knife which lay near him. He picked up the knife and soon had his hands free. He retrieved the gun and felt of the reporter's wrist. A strong pulse told him that Harvey's wound was only superficial. He moved on toward the bunkhouse.

MUSIC: Interlude

It was a little later when Jugears turned from the wounded Granite and said --

Jugears;

I'm going back to the hotel to make sure that everything is all right. The clerk doesn't always push the woodbox back into place when I'm in here. The Sheriff may look around again.

Hawk;

Baldy, I think you and I had better get out of here. Outside we'll have a chance against the masked man. If he catches us in here --

Ranger;

(BACK A LITTLE) You're caught now! Keep your hands frozen while I disarm you!



NEW PAGE 28

- Jugears: It's the old prospector!
- Hawk: Don't kill us! ~~Take our guns!~~
- Ranger: (DISARMING EFFORTS) I have them!
- Anncr: After taking the outlaws' weapons, the Lone Ranger marched Jugears, Hawk and Baldy out of the mine shaft to the hotel lobby. There he found Tom Anderson, Tonto, Sheriff Webster and a deputy who were about to start another search of the place. The sheriff stared in amazement--
- Sheriff: Thundersation! Where did you find those fellers. ~~XXX~~ mister?
- Ranger: Jugears has been harboring them in an old mine shaft behind the kitchen.
- Sheriff: Tom told me that he felt a jar in his shop and figured that there'd been a blast back in the hill. So we started to investigate. What happened?
- Anncr: The Lone Ranger quickly told of his capture and escape, adding--
- Ranger: You'll find Granite Holt and the reporter in the tunnel. Harvey Hale made a brave attempt to save me. Both are wounded. So you'd better call a doctor.
- Harvey: (FADING IN) Not for me! Baldy's bullet only grazed my head and knocked me out.
- Ranger: I'm glad to hear that. Sheriff, there is no need for Tonto and me to remain here any longer.

Sheriff: I reckon not. You've done most of my work for me.

Ranger: The hotel keeper is liable for harboring fugitives. If you are unable to prove that the escaped convicts murdered the Kid, you'll have to return them to the penitentiary, but years of additional confinement will be added to their sentences for breaking out.

Sheriff: I'm right sorry to see you go, mister. But I reckon that you and Tonto will show up again if we ever need you.

Ranger: In that event, we'll try to reach you. Adios all!

AD LIB: ADIOS

Harvey: Tom, this is a story! Imagine a reporter being able to give a first-person account of what happened here! My story should please John Justin Moore so much that he'll forgive me for not finding the Lone Ranger... Say, I forgot to ask the name of the fellow who captured the gang. Who is he anyhow?

Tom: (C UCKLES) He's the man you came to interview-- the Lone Ranger!

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