

Indians beating drums. Summoning all members of the tribe to a Monster Rain dance. The only thing now to save the South fields and the cattle is rain.

The Rain dance. Indians leaping and shaking their spears at the sky, screaming and imploring and demanding of the Rain God help. (I have seen this dance done in Northwest Canada. It is a tremendous, a savage, spectacular thing).

Indians circling savagely.

Galloway riding like fury.

Polly back in the woods trying to herd the cattle in the smoke ridden pastures.

Flames licking along the ground, menacing the lands.

Minton trapped in the burning woods, trying blindly to find his way through. A burning tree crashes down upon him.

Indians dancing, becoming fiercer and wilder. Scream like maniacs.

The entire forest in flames.

A high wind blowing.

Galloway swimming across the river. Plunging into the burning woods.

The fanatic dancers leaping and praying.

Suddenly a crack of lightning splits the sky. A roar of thunder. Like a miracle, down comes the rain.