

The Challenge of the Yukon - created by Geo. W. Trendle

"Old Moby's Cairn"
by Fran Striker

Number: 579

Date: NOV. 24, 1948

Preston

King

25 Tom Longwell Constable, 35

Jane Lambert Ingenue

Greg Bascomb About 45

Joe His partner

Ox-Luk Eskimo

PRESTON:

Old Moby had left his doomed ship in the Arctic Ocean near Herschel Island, and had concealed his treasure beneath a pile of rocks in the northermost part of the Klondike. The treasure proved to be bait that lured men to their death on top of the world!

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OLI MOBY'S CAIRN

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annor; Sergeant Preston and his great dog King were in a small settlement not far from the narrow strip of Arctic Ocean that separated Herschel Island from the mainland. It was the first time they had been in that northermost part of the Yukon Territory, and the Mountie was given a warm welcome by Constable Tom Longwell.

Tom; I'm mighty glad you got here, Sergeant Preston. You can help me share the responsibility of *Captain Jugg*
~~Professor Lambert and his daughter~~ *Con*

Preston; Professor Lambert? Is he here?

Tom; You've heard of him?

Preston; Indeed I have. He's been on many expeditions to study the Eskimo people. But I didn't know he was around here.

Tom; Well he is, and his daughter's here with him. And, Sergeant, if you ask me, the Professor'll be lucky to leave here with his life.

Preston; How's that?

- Tom; I'll give you the facts in as few words as possible. Have you ever heard of the ill-fated ship, the Pegasus?
- Preston; The Pegasus was a trade ship under a Skipper known as Old Moby. The ship was caught in a big freeze-up, near Herschel Island and the crew perished. The ruins have been lying off shore for fifty years or more.
- Tom; Remember any stories of a fortune that was supposed to have been on board?
- Preston; (LAUGHS) No one takes much stock in those stories.
- Tom; (SOBERLY) Don't laugh.
- Preston; Eh?
- Tom; According to the stories, there was a small wooden chest aboard the Pegasus. It held gold and precious jewels that Old Moby had collected from all parts of the world.
- preston; No such treasure was found in the wreck of the Pegasus.
- Tom; No, and neither was the body of the Captain - Old Moby.
- Preston; You're very serious, Tom. What are you getting at?
- Tom; Old Moby must have realized his only chance lay in crossing the ice to the mainland and hoping to find some friendly Eskimos who might provide food and shelter. He left the Pegasus, taking his treasure with him.
- Preston; How do you know that?
- Tom; You'll understand in a minute.

- Preston; All right. Go on with the story.
- Tom; Moby must have found the chest too heavy to carry very far. He abandoned it and covered it with a pile of rocks to mark the place. Then he pushed on as far as possible, but finally perished. But he left a chart, telling about the treasure and showing the location of the cairn.
- Preston; How do you know all this?
- Tom; Professor Lambert told me.
- Preston; But how did he—
- Tom; On his last expedition he found an Eskimo named Ox-luk. Among Ox-luk's prized possessions was a bottle that had been in his family for many years. Lambert saw that there was a message inside the bottle. It proved to be Old Moby's chart and letter. Ox-luk's father had found it years and years ago.
- Preston; You mean to say that Professor Lambert has a chart showing the location of Old Moby's cairn?
- Tom; More than that. Professor Lambert found that cairn and it's within two hours of town.
- Preston; Great Scott!
- Tom; He and his daughter have been up here for several weeks looking over the ground and making surveys and measurements. Yesterday Lambert came into the Trading Post. He was in high spirits. He announced that he had found the cairn.
- Preston; And the treasure?

Tom; Everyone is wondering about that. If he finds it, Sergeant Preston, both he and his daughter will be in mortal danger. This settlement is filled with hard men who would stop at nothing to get Old Moby's jewels.

(RAP ON DOOR) (KING BARKS)

Jane; (MUFFLED) Let me in! Please let me in!

Tom; That's Jane Lambert!

(STEPS CROSS FLOOR)

Preston; Quiet, King. Quiet down, boy.

(DOOR OPENS)

Jane; Constable Longwell, I can't stand it any longer! I'm so worried, I - (BREAK OFF ABRUPTLY) Oh.

Tom; Come in, Miss Jane.

Jane; I - I didn't know someone was here.

Tom; This is Sergeant Preston.

Jane; Oh.

Tom; Sergeant, this is Miss Jane Lambert. I was just telling you about her father, the Professor.

Jane; How do you do.

Preston; I'm very glad to know you, Miss Lambert.

(KING WHIMPERS)

This is King, my partner.

(WHIMPERS)

- Jane; Oh he's a beautiful dog! Hello, King. I - I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I --
- Preston; You said you were worried. Is it about your father?
- Jane; Y-Yes - yes, it is. But I--
- Tom; I was just telling Sergeant Preston about Old Moby's Cairn.
- Preston; Your father actually found it?
- Jane; Yes he did. He found it yesterday, and I - I'm afraid he talked too much about it.
- Tom; Why are you so worried, Miss Jane?
- Jane; Father left here this morning. He was going directly to the cairn. He was going to breakaway the stones and bring back the treasure. He expected to be back by noon.
- Tom; By noon?
- Preston; Four hours ago.
- Jane; I - I've tried not to worry. But I --
- Preston; Do you know how to reach the cairn?
- Jane; No, I don't. Father has the chart with him.
- Tom; Sergeant Preston, maybe we could follow his tracks.
- Jane; There can't possibly be any tracks. There was snow and wind this morning just after he left.
- Tom; It's been calm since noon.
- Jane; But by that time the tracks would have been blown over.

- Preston; Even so King may be able to follow the trail. ()
Miss Lambert, if you'll just show us where your
father left town, we'll see what King can do.
- Jane; I don't know just where he left town. He said goodbye
to me at the house where we've been living. You were
with him, Tom.
- Tom; Er - y-yes --- I was.
- Preston; Do you know where he left town, Tom? Can you start
us on the trail?
- Tom; I -- uh - that is -
- Preston; Well, what's the matter?
- Tom; You - you may as well know it, Sergeant Preston.
I went to the ^{hiding place} ~~Camp~~ with him.
- Jane; You?
- Tom; Yes'm.
- Preston; Then there's no need to follow a trail. You can
take us directly to the place.
- Tom; Y-Yes, Sergeant Preston. I --I guess I can.
- Preston; Why didn't you say you'd been there?
- Tom; Well- uh-the Professor made me promise I wouldn't
tell anyone.
- Jane; But why not?
- Tom; Well I- I guess he didn't want to take a chance that
people would question me about the location of the
treasure. But on the other hand, he wanted me to know
where to look for him in case he didn't come back.

Jane; Well he hasn't returned.

Tom; I was to wait 'til nightfall before I went lookin' for him.

Jane; Father must have known that he was in danger.

Preston; You saw the cairn? Tom?

Tom; Yes but the Professor made me leave before he started takin' it apart.

Preston; We'll not wait until nightfall. Get your parka, Tom. We'll start at once.

(BREAK)

(STEPS IN SNOW, SOFT WIND B.G.)

(DOG ADLIBBING BARKS)

Anner; Sergeant Preston and the Constable made good time across the wind swept snow with King trotting at his master's side. Tom knew exactly where to go. They had been on the trail for half an hour when a dogteam pulling a sledge came from the opposite direction. King barked a greeting.

(KING BARKS)

The oncoming man, still some distance away, suddenly changed his direction, turning his dogs sharply to the side.

Preston; That's odd. He acts as if he's trying to avoid us, Tom. That isn't the Professor, is it?

Tom; No. He didn't have a dogteam or a sledge.

Preston; Stop for a minute.

(STEPS STOP)

Let me put the binoculars on him.

Tom; I wonder where he's coming from?

Preston; Don't know.

Tom; What can you see?

Preston; Looks like a big man — heavily bearded. I think he's looking over this way. Here, Tom, you take a look thru the glasses. See if you know him.

Tom; All right.

(KING ADLIB GROWLS)

Preston; Steady, King. Quiet, boy. Quiet down. () Anyone you know, Tom?

Tom; Never saw him before in my life.

Preston; He must be heading for the settlement.

Preston; I wonder why he cut to the side? Did he do it to avoid meeting us?

Tom; Can't tell. Want to go and question him?

Preston; Not now.

Tom; Here are your binoculars.

Preston; Thanks. Let's shove on.

(STEPS RESUME)

Come on, King.

Tom; If that fellow with the dog team has been traveling in a straight line, he passed Old Moby's Cairn.

Preston; How soon will we be there?

Tom; Twenty or thirty minutes.

Preston; If it's so close to the settlement, it's curious that it hasn't been discovered long before this.

Tom; It's in a rather obscure place, a sort of a gully. Most of the time the snow fills that gully, and buries the cairn. And then, of course, hardly anyone ever comes this way.

(KING WHIMPERING)

What's the matter with your dog?

Preston; I don't know. What is it, King? What's the matter, boy?

(KING WHIMPERS SOME MORE)

Tom; He's got his ears cocked straight ahead.

Preston; Tom, I've seen him act this way before!

Tom; You have?

Preston; Yes. The last time King behaved like that, he pointed toward a dead man!

Annrcg After Sergeant Preston's surprising announcement, a silence fell. The two men proceeded on their way, both watching King who registered increasing tension. Presently the big dog stopped abruptly. The fur was bristling on his back and he uttered a low growl that was filled with menace.

(GROWLS)

Preston; All right, King. You ~~can~~ quiet down now. You've sounded a warning.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Tom, how far away is that cairn?

Tom; See that big boulder a hundred yards ahead?

Preston; Yes.

Tom; That's at the edge of the gully. The cairn is at the bottom of the gully.

Preston; Um. I see.

Tom; Incidentally, the trail of the ~~man~~ evasive stranger comes directly from there.

Preston; I'd noticed that.

Tom; He must have seen the cairn—

Preston; And the Professor—

Tom; Yeah — if the Professor is still there.

Preston; Let's go on. I —

(KING SHARP GROWL)

Tom; That dog of yours is —

Preston; He knows something is going on in that gully. King, old fellow, I wish you could talk my language.

Tom; Hey, Sergeant, get out your binoculars!

Preston; Did you see something, Tom?

Tom; I think I did.

(FUMBLING WITH BINOCULAR CASE)

Tom; Look to the left of that big boulder. I could swear I saw something move.

Preston; I think you're right. I'll look thru the glass and see.

(RIFLE CRACK, BACK)

Tom; (SHARPLY) Sergeant!

(KING BARKING)

Preston; That came from behind the rock!

Tom; If someone wants gunplay, I'll accomodate him! (EFFORT)

Preston; Hold it, Tom. Quiet, King! (SHOUTS) Hold your fire!

Tom; (MUTTERS) I don't know how close that bullet came.

Preston; (SHOUTING) This is the law speaking! () Come on, Tom. King, you stay with me, boy. () Heel!

(KING LOW GROWLS - STEPS SUSTAINING)

Tom; (MUTTERS) We're a mighty easy target.

Preston; If there's another shot, we'll fire back.

Tom; I can see a man peeking around the side of that rock.

Preston; So can I.

Greg; (BACK, SHOUTS) You'd better keep your distance.

Tom; What did he say?

Preston; Warned us to keep our distance.

Greg; (BACK) Come any closer and I'll fire again.

- Tom; That's not Professor Lambert.
- Preston; I didn't think so. () (SHOUTS) Hold your fire!
- Greg; (BACK) You heard what I said! Don't come any closer!
- Preston; (SHOUTS) You're talking to the law!
- Greg; (BACK) Who are you?
- Preston; (SHOUTS) Sergeant Preston.
- Tom; Look. He's stepping out into the open.
- Preston; Maybe he didn't hear me the first time I told him who we were.
- Tom; He's still holding his rifle ready.
- Greg; (BACK, BUT NEARER) How do I know you're tellin' the truth? How do I know you're the Law?
- Tom; Better open your parka so he can see your uniform.
- Preston; Good idea. (EFFORT) (SHOUT) Do you recognize this uniform?
- Greg; (COMING IN) You are the law. Sakes alive, I'm glad you're here.
- Tom; (MUTTERS) Coming up to meet us.

(KING GROWLS)

- Preston; Calm down, King. Take it easy now.
- Greg; (COMING IN) That shot I fired -- I wasn't aimin' at you. It was just a warning shot. I didn't know who you were. There was no way to tell you were a Mountie. Your uniform was covered.

Preston; All right, I'll accept that explanation.

(STEPS HALT)

I'm Sergeant Preston and this is Constable Tom Longwell. Who are you?

Greg; Me -- I'm Greg Bascomb. Maybe you met my partner on the trail.

Preston; We saw a man on the trail. He had a dogsled.

Greg; That's Joe. He was on his way to the settlement. He was goin' for the law.

Preston; He went out of his way to avoid meeting us.

Greg; Likely didn't know who you were. Maybe he thought you were the killers comin' back.

Tom; Killers?

Greg; ! Yes. Down there in the bottom of that gully -- there's a dead man!

Tom; (AWED) I guess King's hunch was right.

Preston; We'll go and take a look at him.

Greg; I don't know who he is, Sergeant. Me and Joe ran across the body a little while ago.

Preston; All right, Bascomb, we'll ask the questions after we've seen the body. Come on.

(STEPS START)

Annex; Greg Bascomb led the way into the gully followed by Sergeant Preston, King and the Constable. The bottom of the gully which had once in the long distant past been the bed of an arctic stream, was covered with rocks and boulders of all sizes. A number of the stones, about the size of a man's head, had been collected by Old Moby for the cairn. But the cairn had been broken apart. The stones lay scattered. Nearby the lifeless form of a man sprawled on the snow.

(STEPS HALT) (KING WHIMPERS)

Tom; It's the Professor!

Greg; That's just the way we found him, Sergeant.

Preston; Have you moved the body ?

Greg; No. Me and Joe came here about half an hour ago. You can see the tracks of the sled and the dogs.

Preston; Yes.

Greg; We felt ~~on~~ his wrist to see if there was a pulse, but we didn't move him. He was layin' on his side just like you see him now.

Tom; Here's the cause of death, Sergeant Preston. Stabbed in the back.

Preston; Yes.

Greg; I don't know how long he's been dead.

Preston; It would be pretty hard to tell.

(KING, LOW TENSE GROWL)

Tom; Look at your dog.

Preston; What is it, King?

(GROWL)

Tom; He sees or hears something over there among those rocks.

Preston; All right, King. Go!

(KING BARKS HARD, FADES FAST)

Greg; What did he see?

Tom; I don't know but look at him travel. He's makin' a beeline for that big boulder.

Greg; Is someone there?

Ox-luk; (BACK) (WILD CRY OF FEAR)

Preston; There's your answer.

Tom; It's an Eskimo!

Ox; (BACK) (A LOUDER CRY) (CHANGE TO TERROR)

Preston; King's got him. (EFFORT) Hold him, King!
Maybe he's the one we want!

MUSIC: BURST

Annecr; We'll continue our story in just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

Annecr; Greg Bascomb, the man who had found the body of Professor Lambert, and Tom Longwell, the constable, stood watching while Sergeant Preston dodged among the rocks on the floor of the gully. ~~King~~ King stood threateningly over the Eskimo who had been hiding behind one of the large, snow-covered boulders.

(KING GROWLING)

Ox-Luk; Take him away! Take him away! Don't let him
kill me!

Annor; Sergeant Preston was surprised to hear the Eskimo
speak quite good English.

Preston; All right, King, I'll take over, boy.

(KING SUBSIDES)

You can get up.

Ox; That - that dog. He - He would kill me.

Preston; Not without orders. Who are you?

Ox; Me -- Ox-Luk.

Preston; Ox-Luk? That name is familiar.

Ox; Me come here - look for friend.

Preston; Who is your friend?

Ox; Me see him over there on ground.

Preston; Professor Lambert?

Ox; That right.

Preston; That's it! That's when I heard about you! You're
the one who gave Professor Lambert a chart.

Ox; (EAGERLY) That right - that right. Him good friend.
Him sleep?

Preston; No. He's been killed. You walk ahead of me. We'll
join the Constable and that other man. How long have
you been hiding behind that rock?

(STEPS SUSTAIN)

Ox; Me there long time. Me travel two day - two night.
Me come near to rock. Still dark. Me fall asleep.

Preston; How long ago did you waken?

Ox; Hear gun - wake up. See friend on ground. See
man with rifle. See you - other man and dog
come from that way.

Preston; Then you've been asleep all day?

Ox; That right. Travel two day - two night. No sleep.

Tom; (COMING IN) Who is he, Sergeant Preston?

(STEPS HALT)

Greg; Is he the killer?

Preston; He said his name is Ox-Luk.

Tom; Ox-luk!

Preston; He's the one who gave Professor Lambert Old Moby's
map and letter.

Ox; That right. That right.

Tom; Hold on. What are you trying to tell us? It's at
least forty-eight hours of travel from here to the
village where Professor Lambert got that information.

Preston; That checks with what he told me. He said he had
traveled two days and two nights to get here.

Ox; That right.

Tom; How long has he been hiding behind that rock?

Preston; He said he's been there all day. Fell asleep before daylight. He wakened when Bascomb fired at us.

Greg; I didn't fire at you, Sergeant. It was just a warning shot.

Preston; Whatever it was, it wakened Ox-Luk.

Tom; It's a little hard to believe that he slept all day.

Preston; I'm sure of one thing, Tom. He hasn't moved from his place behind that rock since noon. If he had there would be footprints in the snow.

Tom; And there were none?

Preston; No.

Ox; Snow heavy. Wind blow hard when me lying in shelter of rock to sleep.

Preston; Any tracks he made before ^{NOON} ~~that~~ have been covered.

Tom; Then he must have been there sleeping when Professor Lambert and I walked here this morning.

Preston; That's right.

Tom; He must have been there behind the rock when the Professor was murdered.

Preston; Exactly.

Greg; The chances are he's the one who killed this man.

Preston; We'll see about that a little later. I'm going to search you, Ox-Luk and see if you have any weapons.

(BIZ OF SEARCHING)

Tom;

He must have been there behind the rock when

- Greg; You figure the eskimo's guilty, eh?
- Preston; Not necessarily.
- Tom; He's about the only one aside from those in town who knew that Lambert was in search of a treasure.
- Preston; Um. () Here's a knife.
- Ox-luck; You not take knife.
- Preston; Take it easy, Ox-Luck.
- Oc-Luck; That my knife. You not take.
- Preston; You'll get it back, Now, Bascomb, I'll have to disarm you.
- Greg; Me? Now hold on, --
- Tom; Hand over the rifle, Bascomb.
- Greg; I'f you're accusing me of killin' that man--
- Preston; I'm not accusing anyone, just yet.
- Greg; But if you're going to put me under arrest --
- Preston; Nothing's been said about an arrest. () Here, Tom. You take charge of Bascomb's knife.
- Tom; Right. Um. About the same size as Ox-Luck's. Either one of them could have killed Lambert.
- Greg; Yes, and the same goes for the one you're wearing!
- Tom; That's true, Bascomb.
- Greg; Or your's, Sergeant Preston.

Preston; Our knives are all about the same size, aren't they, Bascomb.

Greg; Yeah!

Tom; Guess he hasn't any other weapons, Sergeant.

Greg; I just had the knife an' the rifle. That's all.

Preston; I don't see anything of the treasure. I wonder if Professor Lambert found it in the cairn.

Greg; Yes he did!

ADLIB: (STIR)

Greg; When me an' Joe came along here, we saw a wooden chest. It was right there alongside the dead man. There was a lock, but it'd been broken open.

Preston; What was inside the chest?

Greg; There was some jewels an' things wrapped in oilskin.

Tom; Where's that chest?

Greg; By this time I guess it's in the settlement. Joe took it with him, so's he could turn it over to the law.

Preston; Un. I see.

Tom; It's mighty funny that the killer would go away and leave the chest.

Preston; We're not sure he went away, Tom.

Tom; That's so.

Greg; Y'needn't look at me! If I'd been the killer, d'ya think I'd of stayed here to keep wolves away from the dead man, while my partner went to get the law?

Prest; No.

Tom; Your partner went out of his way to dodge the law when he saw us coming toward him.

Greg; He didn't know who yuh were. He couldn't see the uniform, anymore'm I could when I fired on you. I thought maybe you two were the murderers comin' back to get the loot. Joe likely thought the same thing.

Preston; Bascomb, you examined the treasure.

Greg; Well-- I --

Preston; What was it?

Greg; I'm not one tuh judge that sort o' thing, Sergeant, but from what I saw - the jools an' gold didn't amount tuh much.

Preston; No?

Greg; Some brass belt buckles an' fancy glass beads, an' a few pieces of California gold-

Tom; California Gold?

Greg; Coins. Maybe fifty- sixty dollars worth. You'll see the whole thing when you get back to the settlement.

Preston; The killer may have looked on it as not worth taking.

Greg; Maybe so.

Ox-Luck; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Dog!

Tom; Eh? () Oh, Look Sergeant!

Greg; Hey, what's the matter with that dog?

(KING WHIMPERING EAGERLY)

Tom; King's digging into the snow.

Preston; What is it, King? What're you after?

(KING, WHIMPERING, WITH EFFORT)

Greg; It'll soon be dark. Maybe we better start back. ~~///~~

Preston; Plenty of time.

Tom; Look at that snow fly!

Preston; What're you after, King? () Here, boy, let me help you! (EFFORT) There's something here -

Tom; What is it?

Preston; Cloth of some kind. I'll have it out in just a minute.

Tom; Looks like a bandanna.

Preston; It is! And there's something wrapped in it.

Tom; Let's see! (GASP)

Preston; Look!

Tom; Jewels! Gold! Precious stones!

- Preston; This must be old Moby's treasure.
- Tom; Right. The killer left the inferior stuff in the chest and buried those things, intending to return for them.
- Preston; And if it hadn't been for King, we'd have thought the chest held everything. There were so many footprints around here, we'd never have suspected that something had been buried.
- Tom; Um. Footprints --
- Greg; All right, all right, I admit that me an' Joe made most of 'em. We had to look around here, didn't we? We made the footprints, but that don't mean that we killed that man! I tell yuh, he was dead when we got here.
- Tom; Be pretty hard to determine how long he's been dead, eh Sergeant?
- Preston; Yes. Might have been three hours, might have been six. () Let's get the body back to town.
- Tom; How?
- Preston; Have to take turns carrying him. Tom, you and Ox-Luck carry him for a mile, then Bascomb and I will take over.
- Tom; Right. Come on, Ox-Luck.
- Ox-Luck; Um. (GRUNTING) Me pick friend off ground.
- Tom; (EFFORT) Going to be tough going, but I guess we can manage.
- Preston; Just a minute. I want to examine the snow where he'd been lying.

Ox-Luck; (GRUNTS) We man-age.

Tom; (EFFORT) That's it, Ox-Luck. We can carry him like this.

Preston; Wait just a minute...

Tom; What is it?

Preston; Something - here on the snow - where the body had been.
() All right. Let's get going.

Greg; What'd you find, Sergeant?

Preston; It'll keep until we get to the settlement.

Tom; Is it a clue?

Preston; May be. In fact, it may hang the killer!

(BREAK)

Annrc; The men had traveled less than half a mile with the dear weight of the Professor when they were met by men from the settlement with dogs and a sled.

(SNEAK IN BARKING DOGS)

Ad lib; (VOICES IN B.G.)

Annrc; Greg Bascomb's partner Joe had brought them.

Tom; (FADING BACK) Just put the body right on the sled there, boys.

Voice; (BACK) Here's a blanket to cover him.

Preston; So you're the one who dodged to the side to avoid meeting the Constable and me.

Joe; Yeah.

- Greg; Joe, I guess you made the same mistake I did.
(FORCED LAUGH) I didn't know this gent was a
Mountie either. I went so far as to fire a
warning shot.
- Joe; When I saw you two, I thought maybe you were the
killers returning to the scene of the crime.
- Preston; It's all right, Joe.
- Greg; Everyone looks alike up here. Even Ox-Luk over there
has a Hudson's Bay parka like the Mountie.
- Preston; They have the Professor on the sled. Let's get
into the settlement as quickly as possible so
I can find the killer.
- Joe; You expect to find him?
- Preston; Yes.
- Greg; Sergeant Preston found a clue under the body. What
did you say it was, Sergeant?
- Preston; I didn't say. () All set, Tom?
- Tom; (BACK) All set.
- Preston; Take charge of your dogs, Joe.
- Joe; Mush you huskies! Get along there!

(DOGS YIP, FADING)

- Annccr; Jane Lambert had heard the news and had become partially
reconciled to the death of her father by the time his
body reached the town. It was later in the evening when
she came into the Trading Post to meet Sergeant Preston,
and by that time her grief had given way to a burning
desire to see the killer brought to Justice.

Preston; If my plans work out, Miss Lambert, he'll be exposed tonight.

Jane; The Constable said it might be any one of three men... Ox-Luck, Bascomb, or Bascamob's partner, Joe.

Preston; It might be Constable Longwell!

Jane; (GASP) Oh!

Preston; He or Ox-Luck could have committed the crime before the snow stopped falling. I've asked all four of those men to be here tonight. We'll see what happens.

Jane; What are you going to do?

Preston; I'm going to count heavily on King!

(LOW BARK)

That's right, boy.

(DOOR OPENS. WIND OUTSIDE)

Jane; Here's the Constable.

Tom; (BACK) Hi there.

Preston; Come in, Tom.

Tom; (COMING IN) Here's Ox-Luck.

(STEPS IN. DOOR CLOSES. CUT WIND)

Preston; Take off your parkas and hang them on those pegs.

Tom; Right, (EFFORT) Good evening Miss Jane.

Jane; Good evening, Constable.

Tom; Hang your parka there, Ox-Luck.

Ox; (GRUNTS)

(KING BARKS)

Tom; What's King barking at?

Preston; I think the others are coming. Quiet King.

Tom; Joe and Bascomb?

Preston; Yes.

(DOOR OPENS. WIND)

Tom; You were right. () Come in - both of you.

(STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSES, CUT WIND)

Greg; Me an' Joe are hopin' this wont take long.
We want to get back to the cafe an' get into
a game of cards.

Prest; Hang up your parkas.

ADLIB: (MUTTERS)(BIZ OF TAKING OFF PARKAS)

Joe; How long are we goin' to be here?

Preston; This wont take long.

Gregl What're we here for?

Preston; Come over to this side of the rokm...all of you.
You too, Tom.

STEPS (ROSS ROOM)

Preston; Joe, you weren't with us when we picked up the professor's body. But these other men saw me examine the ground where Lambert had been lying.

Tom; Looked like you picked something up.

Greg; Yeah, Sergeant. You said somethin' about a clue.

Preston; I have here a bit of string...it's a tie string from the neck of a Hudson Bay parka.

(ADLIB S

(STIR)

Preston; All our parkas have the same sort of string to draw the hood close in exceptionally bad weather.

Tom; Is that what you found beneath Lambert's body?

Preston; Only the murderer could have left anything there! Isn't that right, Constable?

Tom; Y-yeah. That's right.

Preston; Bascomb, there's no string on your parka!

Greg; I lost it a long time ago! You can't accuse me!

Tom; Listen, Sergeant. I missed the string from my parka, too! But it couldn't have been beneath Lambert's body!

Preston; (PROJECT) Miss Lambert, how about those other parkas?

Jane; (BACK) All four of the parkas are minus a drawstring!

ADLIB: (STIR)

Tom; Can't prove anything by that.

Preston; That's why I waited until now for a showdown.
This room is warm. King can easily catch and
identify a scent. Can't you King?

(WHIMPER)

Preston; You're the first, Constable.

Annrc; King moved at his master's direction and nuzzled
the constable's leg. He whimpered in a friendly
manner.

(WHIMPER)

Preston; You're next, Ox-Luck.

Annrc; The great dog didn't know what was expected of him.
He nuzzled the eskimo, then turned and looked at
Sergeant Preston.

Preston; Now it's Joe's turn.

Annrc; King moved to the next man. He nuzzled, then
hesitated. His mensative nostrils quivvered
as he caught a scent he hated. It became stronger-
the scent of fear that was obnoxious - the scent
that drove all dogs to anger.

(LOW GROWL)

His growl added fuel to the fear in Joe's heart.
The scent increased - then King leaped back, fangs
bared, hair bristling-

(SNARLS OF DOG)

Tom: He's got it!

Jane; Look out!

Joe; (HOWLS) I'll show yuh!

Greg; (EFFORT) Look out, Joe!

Joe; (EFFORT) I'll gun that dog!

Preston; Take him, King! Charge!

(DOG CHARGES)

(GUN SHOTS)

Greg; I'll help yuh, Joe!

Preston; (EFFORT) No you wont!

(SMASHING BLOW)

Joe; (WILD YELLS) You- you- let go- take him off,
get thos dog-

(SCRAMBLING ON FLOOR. DOG

ADLIBBING SNAHLS AND GROWLS)

Anncr; Preston's fist stopped Bascomb who had started to
help his pal. King charges beannath Joe's gun -
grabbed the gun arm, and pulled Joe to the floor-

Preston; All right, King! I'll take over!

~~MMMMMMMM~~ ~~MEMB~~ (KING SUBSIDES)

Get up, Joe! You too, Bascomb!

Joe; But that dog is wrong, he's wrong I tell yuh!
I^d was Bascomb who killed Lambert!

Greg; (HOWLS) Why you squealin' rat!

Joe; It was% You know it was you, Bascomb!
You knifed him!

Greg; But it was your idea! And you buried the jewels!
You -

Preston; That's enough! You'll share the penalty for murder!

Tom; Looks like a complete confession, Sergeant.

Preston; That's right, Constable. Put the handcuffs on them both.

Tom; I wouldn't have believed it. I still ~~I/da%~~ can't see how King could pick the man with nothing but a drawstring from a parka -

Preston; This drawstring? This is from my own parka!

ADLIB: (STIR)

Preston; I found nothing beneath the Professor's body.

Tom; You found nothing?

Preston; I simply paved the way for the guilty man to betray himself were - tonight.

Tom; But if you found nothing- how did King- -

Preston; Fear, Tom. The guilty man was afraid and King hates the scent of fear& Now, about those handcuffs -

Tom; Right away.

BARKS.

Preston; Yes, King. You did you job, old boy. This
 case is closed.

BARKS

THEME