

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

"FAITH IN A MOUNTIE"

by Fran Striker

Number: 589

Date: Dec. 17, 1948

Preston

King

Joe Gregory Newspaper publisher

Martha His wife

Shorty Spy in newspaper office

Gloria suave, sophisticated ingenue

Eric Harmon Smooth crook

Duke Sloan Smooth crook

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Preston; The last time King and I were in Dawson, Martha Gregory acted very strangely. When I finally persuaded her to tell me what was wrong, I learned that her husband was in the power of criminals. We had a plan to rescue Joe Gregory. I thought it was a pretty good one. I didn't know that a man we trusted had betrayed us to the enemy.

Mr. Striker

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FAITH IN A MOUNTAIN

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; Joe Gregory was fully aware of his ~~great~~^{Pink Flats} responsibility to the people of Dawson. As publisher of the ~~first~~ newspaper, he knew ~~that~~ he was expected to stand back of every editorial opinion, and personally endorse each ad he accepted for publication. At first neither Joe nor his wife Martha suspected that the ~~Klondike~~^{Rocky Mt} Refining Company was a fraudulent organization. Joe's paper carried advertising in each issue for several weeks. Then ~~Martha said~~

Joe: Here, Martha, is this week's ad for the Rocky Mt Co.

Martha; Joe, I ~~don't trust that girl~~. There's something about her--~~the girl in that outfit that I don't like!~~

Joe; You mean Gloria Sloan?

Martha; Yes. She's sold an awful lot of ^{Rocky Mt} stock in that ~~Rocky Mt Klondike Refining outfit~~ and I don't like her methods.

Joe; (LAUGHINGLY) Now Martha, just because she's ~~exceptionally attractive--~~

Martha; Attractive! You think she's attractive?

Joe; Well--

Martha; I wonder if he's really John ~~she claims she's Duke Sloan's sister. Humph.~~

Joe;

2
martha

~~Aside from that, honey,~~ my only interest is whether or not the ~~Klondike~~ ^{RM} Refining Company is on the level. ~~Duke~~ ^{John} Sloan and Eric Harmon seem to have a ~~fair enough proposition~~ ^{good idea} and they're trying to raise capital ^{to develop it} by selling shares in the company. *I think one of them done that way in the east.*

martha;

Joe, call it intuition if you want to, but there's something about those three -- I wish you'd investigate their proposition *further*

Joe;

All right, honey, if it will make you happy.

Anncr;

Mainly to satisfy his wife Joe Gregory started an investigation and Martha made sure it was a thorough investigation. The results in the next two weeks opened Joe's eyes wide. He was sitting in his office-- a small room in the rear of his building when Shorty came in, his face and hands well daubed with printers' ink.

(DOOR OPENS, STEPS IN)

Shorty;

(COMING IN) Hey boss, I just pulled a proof of that article you wrote. Here she is.

(HUSTLE PAPER)

Joe;

All right, Shorty. Hold it just as it is until I give you the go-ahead.

Shorty;

You made it pretty strong, Boss.

Joe;

Not half strong enough. I guess I've been taken in along with everyone else.

Gloria;

(BACK) Yoo-hoo, Mr. Gregory.

Shorty; Gosh, Miss Gloria's out there. She sure looks like the Queen today, eh Boss?

Joe; I want to see her. (CALLS) Miss Gloria-

(HIGH HEELED STEPS APPROACHING)

Glo; (BACK, APPROACHING) Oh there you are.

Shorty; (FADING) Careful there, Miss. That printin' oress is mighty dirty. Don't brush again it with them fancy clothes.

Glo; (COMING IN) My goodness, Mr. Gregory, you don't allow much room out there where the printing press is for a woman with a bustle.

Joe; Please sit down, Miss Sloan. (PROJECT) Close that door, Shorty.

Shorty; (BACK) Yes sir.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Glo; My brother received your note, Mr. Gregory, but it was inconvenient for him to come.

Joe; In my note I said I wanted to talk to your brother, Duke, or Eric Harmon or both.

Glo; Neither could come. Your note sounded urgent so I came in their place, and after all, I am a full fledged member of the company, you know.

Joe; Very well, I'll tell you what I was going to tell them. You three have sold a lot of stock and you've raised a lot of money to build a stamping mill.

- Glo; Thanks to the prestige of your newspaper, Mr. Gregory, we have done all right. Of course, I haven't the exact figures with me but—
- Joe; I have some figures right here. You've collected fifty thousand dollars that I know of on the sale of stock. The total is probably higher than that.
- Glo; Well?
- Joe; You got that money from my friends here in Dawson. Now what are you going to do with it?
- Glo; Now Joe — Oh, I hope you don't mind. I always think of you as Joe.
- Joe; What were you going to say?
- Glo; I thought you knew, Joe that we were going to build a stamping mill. One is very badly needed around here. With a stamping mill the prospectors wouldn't have to depend on panning to find gold. They could mine the crude ore, haul it to the mill and refine it—
- Joe; ! Miss Sloan, the fact that you came instead of one of your partners doesn't change what I had to say.
- Glo; What do you mean?
- Joe; I've taken the trouble to be very sure of my facts before speaking. In the first place, I have the opinion of several experts.
- Glo; Experts?

Joe; They agree that there is no ore in this vicinity worth putting through a stamping mill. A stamping mill would be a losing proposition from the start.

Glo; But Mr. --

Joe; In the second place, you three have operated in other communities in the same way you're operating here. You skipped out of at least two places taking with you money you had received for--

Glo; (HEATEDLY) How dare you! Why this is the most insulting thing I have ever heard. You're practically accusing us of being crooks.

Joe; I say you have no intention of building a stamping mill here.

Glo; Wait 'til Duke and Eric hear of this!

Joe; You tell your partners that they have until my next edition's off the press to make full restitution.

Glo; Indeed!

Joe; Here's a copy of the article I'm running.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

It tells all about the three of you - your past records and your plans to fleece the people of Dawson.

Glo; You - you don't dare publish this!

Joe; It will appear on the first page and it will be on the streets in four hours. If you haven't returned the money by that time the people you swindled will take the law into their own hands.

Glo; You - you can't do a thing to us! We've broken no law.

Joe; Not yet you haven't.

Glo; We've sold shares in a stamping mill. We have an option on land to build the mill. I tell you we're in the clear! We--

Joe; Legally you are. Just tell your friends what I have said and show them the proof of page one.

Glo; Give me that paper!

(SNATCH PAPER)

I'll show it to them all right, and you'll find out where you stand on this deal! Who do you think you are, anyway? A little tin god or something?
(FADING BACK) You just wait, that's all I've got to say, Joe Gregory. You just wait!

(DOOR OPEN AND SLAM)

(SHORT BREAK)

Glo; (FADING IN) What's what he said to me, Duke, and here's what he's publishing in the next edition of the paper. It'll be on the streets in a few hours.

Duke; What do you think of it, Eric?

Eric; Gregory doesn't pull any punches.

Glo; Don't just sit there looking at it! Do something! Get your things together. We've got to clear out of here - and fast!

Duke; Clear out? I don't think so, Gloria.

Glo; Duke, have you lost your mind? When that paper hits the street, everyone who bought our stock will be coming at us with tar and feathers - or maybe ropes and six-guns.

Duke; Maybe that paper won't hit the streets.

Eric; What have you got in mind, Duke?

Duke; Things are going too good, Eric. I want to work this town a little longer. We can pick up another fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, if we handle things right. (FADING) There, I think I know just how we can handle things right.

Annccr; The days were short around that time of the year, and darkness fell about mid-afternoon. Joe Gregory had oil lamps burning in his printing office. The type was set and the press was ready to roll. Martha was on hand to help Shorty and her husband when the door opened.

(DOOR OPENS)

Duke; Well, here's a ll three of 'em. The sholv staff.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Hoe; For your own sakes, I hope you three have made restitution or didn't you get my message from your girl accomplice?

Duke; We got it all right, Gregory.

Eric; And we brought our answer to it.

Martha; ! (GASP) A gun!

~~Eric; Harmon (Back) Stand right where you are, Mrs. Gregory!~~

~~Martha; No no!~~

Joe; Put that gun away!

~~Duke; (Back) Stand still, Greg, Shorty
Don't try anything fast, Gregory. We've got plans
for you.~~

~~Eric; Shorty, you stand over there next to the lady.
Tom, you cover those two.~~ *miss Greg. (!) Gene,*

~~Joe; What're you going to do? You can't get away with
anything like this!~~

~~Duke; We can't eh?~~

~~(TWO FAST STEPS AS:) (Come in as)
(COMING CLOSE) We'll see. You've created a
difficult situation, Greg. It calls for violence.
(EFFORT) (Effort)~~

Blow

Joe; (GASP)

Martha; (SHARP CRY)

~~(BLOW) (Falling Body as)~~

~~Shorty; Boss! Boss!
Boss! (sharp) Stand still - both of you~~

~~Eric; That'll fix him, Duke.~~

~~Martha; You've killed him! You've killed my husband.
You bast. You didn't even give Joe a chance to
defend himself! You've killed him with that
gun barrel~~

~~Eric; No we haven't lady. Just knocked him out, that's
all. Now we're going to take him for a ride on the
dog sled and while he's gone you and Shorty will
get out the paper just as usual - only we'll
change the first page of today's edition.~~

Preston:

Joe around?

(BREAK)

Martha:

No - no Joe isn't around. Joe's - uh - that is -

Preston:

well, he - he went on a trip. (FADE IN BARKING) (WIND)

Annrcr:

It was about ten days later when Sergeant Preston's great dog King came into Dawson. The Mountie stopped at several stores and at the homes of a number of his friends, and then made his way to the office of the newspaper.

(DOOR OPENS)

Martha:

Shorty, Shorty look! It's Sergeant Preston!

(DOOR CLOSSES) (CUT WIND)

(KING BARKING)

Preston:

Hello, Mrs. Gregory.

Martha:

And King. I - I'm glad to see you both.

Preston:

Quiet, King.

(KING SUBSIDES)

How are you, Shorty?

Shorty:

Well I - I'm all right.

Preston:

You sound as if you were uncertain about it. How is everything, Mrs. Gregory?

Martha:

Oh everything is all right, Sergeant Preston. Everything is fine. Yes indeed. Mighty fine.

Preston:

Joe around?

Martha:

No - no Joe isn't around. Joe's - uh - that is - well, he - he went on a trip.

Shorty; (BREAKING IN) He went to Whitehorse to see about some new printing equipment.

Preston; Oh. Who's in his office?

Martha; Uh -- Joe's office?

Preston; Yes. As I passed the window I saw a girl sitting in there.

Martha; Oh ye s - yes, the girl. She - she's new here.

(DOOR OPENS, BACK)

Glo; (BACK) I heard someone come in. I -

(KING, LOW GROWLS)

Martha; Miss Sloan, may I present Sergeant Preston.

(HIGH HEELED STEPS APPROACH SLOWLY)

Glo; (APPROACHING) Oh, a Mountie, eh? Well, I've always said you have the most attractive uniforms.

(KING GROWLS)

Martha; Sergeant Preston, Miss Sloan is doing some - uh - er - that is--

Shorty; Some special writin'.

Martha; Yes, that's it. Some special writing.

Preston; This is my dog, King.

Glo; I don't like dogs. Get that beast out of here.

Preston; King, lie down over there, boy.

(KING FADING BACK, LOW GROWLS)

Preston; And be quiet.

(KING STOPS)

Glo; Just passing thru town, Sergeant Preston?

Preston; I may be around for a while. Are you supervising the advertising for your company?

Glo; You've heard about it, eh?

Preston; Yes. And I saw the last edition of the newspaper. It speaks very highly of you and your--your partners.

Glo; There's another edition coming out tomorrow. It, too, has a complimentary article about us.

Preston; I stopped in to see Joe.

Glo; You picked a bad time.

Shorty; I told the Sergeant he had gone to Whitehorse.

Preston; I'll stop in again. (FADING BACK) I'll see more of all of you before I leave Dawson.

(DOOR OPENS) (WIND)

Good day.

Ad lib; (GOOD DAY'S)

Preston; (BACK) Come on, King.

(KING BARKS)

(DOOR CLOSES, CUT WIND)

Glo; (MUTTERS) Good riddance. () Did you say or do anything to make that Mountie suspicious?

Martha; You heard everything that was said. If he's suspicious, it's because of you.

Glo; He'd better not make any trouble. If he does it will go hard with your husband.

Martha; How long is this going on?

Glo; Until the boys decide they've sold all the stock they can sell in Dawson. Now you'd better get on with your work.

Martha; Miss Sloan--

Glo; Well?

Martha; What have they done with Joe?

Glo; (HARD LAUGH) How do I know? I'm taking orders from the boys just the same as you are.

Martha; Please, please can't you tell me - is Joe still alive?

Glo; I guess he is. The boys have no reason to kill him. But you may be sure of this. Any attempt to double cross us and Joe's life won't be worth a nickel.

(BREAK)

Annccr; When the paper was made up and ready to run off on the following morning, Martha went to her lonely home. She had been there but a few minutes when Sergeant Preston rapped on the door.

(RAPS)

Martha; Oh!

Preston; May I come in, Martha?

Martha; Why yes - yes of course, Sergeant Preston. Do step in. I - I'm just making a pot of tea.

Preston; Come on, King.

(KING WHIMPERING)

Martha; I - I'll find something for King, too.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(TALKING NERVOUSLY) I was so terribly busy when you came today, I - I couldn't (FORCED LAUGH) -- well...you know how it is getting out a paper. Joe being away and everything - I do declare I sometimes wonder if its worth all the effort. I-

Preston; (CUTTING IN) Martha, wait a minute.

Martha; Yes?

Preston; Please, Martha, you're not fooling me. Sit down. I want to talk to you.

Martha; B-But the tea-- Sergeant Preston, I -

Preston; The tea can wait. Now please sit down right here.

Martha; Yes, yes of course.

Preston; Don't you know you can trust me?

Martha; Tr-Trust you? Why yes, yes of course I can trust you.

Preston; What's happened to Joe? Where is he?

Martha; Why I - I told you.

- Preston; No you didn't. Shorty told me he was in Whitehorse. You were having a hard time deciding what to tell me.
- Martha; Sergeant Preston what do you mean?
- Preston; Here's a copy of your newspaper -the last one you printed. Here on the first page there's quite a story about three people who are here in Dawson selling stock.
- Martha; Oh yes.
- Preston; Martha, they're crooks and Joe must know it.
- Martha; (GASPS)
- Preston; They've been swindling people in a number of communities and they're swindling the people in Dawson. It's not like Joe to publish anything complimentary about people like that.
- Martha; N-No.
- Preston; It's not like Joe to let Miss Sloan step into the office and practically run things as she is doing. Why you hardly dared open your mouth today. You let her do the talking for you. Martha, what's the answer? What has happened?
- Martha; (SOBS)
- Preston; Give me the facts. Let me try to help.
- Martha; Y-You c-can't help, Sergeant Preston. No one can help.
- Preston; Have they captured Joe? Are they holding him somewhere?

Martha; I - I can't tell you anything.

Preston; Yes you can.

Martha; (DEEP SIGH) Sergeant Preston, Joe did learn those three people are crooks. He was going to expose them. He had an article all written - all set up in type. Here, I kept a copy of the proof here in this table drawer-

(OPEN DRAWER)

Preston; I knew those people couldn't fool Joe.

(CLOSE DRAWER) (RUSTLE PAPER)

Martha; Here's what Joe had written, but - but before he could publish it the two men came in. They struck him on the head, knocked him out and carried him away on a sled.

Preston; And put the girl in his office to tell you what to publish, eh?

Martha; Yes. (QUICKLY) But there's nothing to be done, Sergeant Preston! If they learn I've told you about this they'll surely kill Joe.

Preston; Martha, I'm going to ask you to do a very brave thing.

Martha; Wh-What is it?

Preston; I'm going to ask you to do exactly what Joe would want you to do.

Martha; Wh-What do you mean?

Preston; Smash those crooks.

Martha; But Joe-

Preston; Smash those crooks and trust King and me with your husband's life.

MUSIC: BREAK

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrc; Martha went back to the office that night and worked late resetting the type for page one. When Shorty arrived the next morning he found her running the printing press.

(SNEAK IN RUNNING PRESS) (DOOR OPENS
CLOSES)

Shorty; Sakes alive, Mrs. Gregory!

Martha; (WORKING AT PRESS) Don't hinder me, Shorty! I want to get the rest of these papers run off in jig time.

Shorty; Now Mrs. Gregory, that's my job. There's no call for you to be runnin' the press.

Martha; Stand back. I've done it before and I can do it now. Take a look at the first page. I've changed it.

Shorty; Changed? But we dassn't do that. Remember we had orders-

(RUSTLE PAPERS)

Martha; Take a look at the change I made.

Shorty; I aim to. (HOWLS) Great day!

Martha; I thought it'd get you.

Martha; I thought it'd get you.

Shorty; This is the article Joe wrote! The one exposin' those crooks.

Martha; You bet it is.

(STOP PRESSES)

There. I reckon we've got enough to start things goin'.

Shorty; But you can't do this! That girl will be here in a few minutes and when she sees this, she'll run to her partners with it. They'll kill Joe just as sure as you're born.

Martha; Oh no they won't.

Shorty; They won't?

Martha; You just leave it to me, Shorty. Here now, take this bundle of papers and get out of here. Pass them out down the street as fast as you can and then come back on the double. I'll have some more ready for you.

Shorty; But Mrs. Gregory, it's the same as a death warrant for poor Joe. You just can't do this.

Martha; I'm givin' the orders around here, Shorty. Now get out of here with those papers. Get 'em on the street as fast as possible.

Shorty; (EFFORT) Well all right. All right, if you say so.

(PICK UP BUNDLE OF PAPERS)

(EFFORT) Here I go.

(STEPS GOING BACK) (DOOR OPENS)

Shorty; (BACK) Oop!

Glo; (BACK) Why don't you look where you're going!

Shorty; (BACK) Sorry Miss Sloan, I didn't mean to bump you.

Martha; Get out with those papers.

Shorty; (BACK) Yes'm.

(DOOR CLOSSES) (HIGH HEELED STEPS
COMING IN)

Glo; (COMING IN) To hear you, Mrs. Gregory, one would think you were giving the orders around this place.

Martha; I am.

Glo; Indeed? By the way, you and Shorty must have been here early to get the papers printed.

Martha; Earlier than you think, Miss Sloan. In fact, I made some changes before I ran the papers off.

Glo; Changes?

Martha; You'll see a new page one.

Glo; What!

(SNATCH PAPER)

Martha; There's an article there -- my husband wrote it.

Glo; (GASP) Why this - this -

Martha; Yes, that exposes you and your partners. It tells exactly what crooks you are and within an hour everyone in town who bought stock from you will know he has been swindled.

Glo; You fool! Do you know what this means to your husband?

Martha; My husband would want me to do exactly what I've done. He always said he'd rather die than knuckle down to crooks.

(HIGH HEELED STEPS GOING BACK FAST)

Glo; (FADING) If that's what your husband wants, I guess he'll be accomodated.

(DOOR OPEN AND SLAM)

Anncr; Gloria lost no time. She hurried to the hotel where Duke and Eric were living and told them what Martha had done.

Glo; As soon as people read the paper they'll demand their money back. Boys, we've got to get out of town in a hurry.

Duke; That fool woman! What got into her?

Eric; Never mind her, Duke. We've got to think of ourselves.

Glo; We have about ten minutes to get our things packed and get clear.

Duke; No more than ten minutes.

Eric; I can be ready to travel in three.

- Duke; Joe Gregory will pay for this.
- Glo; You're going to carry out your threat?
- Duke; You bet I am.
- Eric; His wife must have thought we were bluffing.
- Duke; She'll learn otherwise.
- Glo; Have you got the cash together?
- Duke; Right here.
- Erick; Why in blazes did this have to happen? I had a dozen big sales lined up. I could have closed them all in another week.
- Duke; Gloria, I thought you said Shorty was on our side.
- Glo; He was. I gave him fifty dollars to help me keep Martha Gregory in line.
- Eric; Then why did he let her change the first page of today's edition?
- Glo; How in thunder do I know? Save your questions until we're out of town.
- Eric; What about the dogs and our sled?
- Duke; Look out the window, Eric. We can't use a sled in this weather.
- Eric; All right, so we travel on foot. We leave the sled.

(RAP ON DOOR)

Ad lib; (STARTLED EXCLAMATIONS)

Duke; That's the first of the people wanting his money back.

Eric; I'll find out. () Who is it?

Shorty; (MUFFLED) It's Shorty. Let me in. I've got somethin' to tell you.

(UNLOCK AND OPEN DOOR AS:)

Eric; We'll see what he has to say.

Duke; Come in here you.

Shorty; Listen, I've got somethin' to tell you men.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Eric; We know all about the new page one on the paper. How did that happen?

Shorty; I couldn't stop it. Mrs. Gregory was there all night resettin' that page. But listen, lemme tell you. It was Sergeant Preston who suggested it.

Ad lib; (SURPRISE)

Glo; Sergeant Preston!

Shorty; That's why she done it. She told me all about his plan just now when I went back for more papers.

Eric; Plan?

Duke; What plan?

Shorty; To find out where you're hidin' Joe Gregory.

Eric; Well, go on! Go on! Tell us about it! What's the Mountie's plan?

Shorty; He figures you'll light out of town in a hurry before the people you swindled can demand their money back.

Glo; He figures right.

Shorty; Likewise he figures you'll make a beeline for the place where you're holdin' Joe Gregory a prisoner. He aims to follow you.

Duke; Oh he does, eh?

Glo; So that's it.

Shorty; He'll follow you and let you lead him to Gregory, then he'll close in and bring you and the money back to Dawson.

Duke; So!

Glo; Boys, if that's the case, you'd better forget Joe Gregory and clear out. There'll be nothing gained by killing him.

Duke; Do you think I'm going to let that woman get away with calling our hand? Not a chance, Gloria. Gregory's going to die. And besides, we've got to get that Mountie.

Glo; You can't!

Duke; We've got to! If we don't, he'll get us.

Glo; But - but Duke -

Erick; Killing a Mountie -

Duke;

Leave it to me. I know where a couple of men have dug a bear trap - a pitfall, and anything that will hold a bear will hold a Mountie. Preston will ~~*/~~ stay there until he starves to death or freezes!

(BREAK)

Anner;

Sergant Preston was watching when the three schemers left the hotel by the rear door and hurried out of town. They were traveling light, and they made good time across the open country. The Mountie let them get a good lead to be sure he would not be seen when following.

(SNEAK IN FAST STEPS)

(KING WHIMPERING)

King followed the trail despite the fact that it zig-zagged thru a woods on ground that was free of snow. Sergeant Preston, twenty or more paces behind the great dog, maintained a straighter course and wondered why the trail went first to the left then to the right of a direct line. He was prepared to face an ambush at any moment. His keen eyes were fixed on the trees ahead of King and he didn't notice the slight difference where slender branches, dirt and leaves concealed a deep hole.

(SUDDEN SNAPPING OF BRANCHES)

Preston;

(CRY OUT SHARPLY) King!

(THUD OF FALLING BODY)

(GASPS)

(KING BACK, BARKING)

Anncr; He cried out sharply involuntarily as he felt the ground collapse beneath his weight, and then he fell and landed sprawling at the bottom of a ten foot hole.

(KING BARKING BACK BUT COMING NEARER)

Looking up he saw his dog peering over the edge of the pit.

Preston; A fine thing. (EFFORT) Guess there are no bones broken -- all right, King - take it easy boy. Quiet down while I find out how I'm going to get out of here.

Anncr; The Mountie tried in vain to climb the slippery, perpendicular sides of his trap. There was no toe or finger hold of any sort.

Preston; No use. Can't climb out of here.

Anncr; He thought of the schemers--

Preston; Getting farther away all the time -- on their way to kill Joe Gregory - and I - I asked Martha to trust me with Joe's life.

Anncr; King, looking down, realized his master's grim predicament, but there was nothing the mighty dog could do. In his loyalty, the dog was ready to leap down to the Mountie's side to share his fate whatever it might be, but then he saw a new expression on the up-turned face.

Preston; (BACK, CAVE EFFECT) Hold it, King - just a minute, fellow! I have an idea! Stay right where you are until I write a note!

Anncr; Fumbling in his pocket, Sergeant Preston found a pencil and a pad. He wrote a note, then weighted the paper with a cartridge.

Preston; (BACK) King! I'm going to toss this up to you, boy.

Anncr; King cocked his head to one side trying to understand-

Preston; (BACK) Here it comes!

Anncr; The bullet, wrapped in paper, came up from below and landed at King's side.

Preston; (BACK) Pick it up, King. Take it, take it, fellow.

(KING WHIMPERS)

(BACK) It's for Martha!

Anncr; King picked up the paper, held it carefully in jaws that had the strength of steel, then once more looked down.

Preston; (BACK) Martha, King. Martha. Take it to Martha.

Anncr; Then King understood. He turned and left his master to streak toward Dawson and the woman he knew as Martha.

(BREAK)

(SCRATCH AT DOOR)

Martha; Shorty, what's that?

Shorty; Sounds like somethin' scratchin' at the door!

Martha; Open it up.

Shorty; (GOING BACK) Yes'm, whatever you say. I reckon you're the boss today now that Miss Gloria ain't around.

(DOOR OPENS BACK)

(KING WHIMPERS)

Martha; Why it's King!

Shorty; Sergeant Preston's dog!

(KING WHIMPERS FRANTICALLY)

Martha; He has something in his mouth! What is it, King?

Shorty; Looks like a hunk of paper he's picked up somewhere. Here, dog, gimme that.

(KING GROWL)

Shorty; Why you--

Martha; He doesn't seem to like you, Shorty.

Anncr; King drew back from Shorty, then dropped the paper on the floor at Martha's feet. He looked at the woman and then at the paper trying to make Martha understand that it was a message for her... a message from Sergeant Preston. Finally she picked it up and spread out the crumpled paper.

Shorty; Is that a cartridge wrapped up in that paper?

Martha; Yes. I - () There's wriging here - for me.

Shorty; Yeah - what's it say?

Martha; (GASPS) Shorty! Shorty, it's from Sergeant Preston!

Shorty; Hey, hold on! Where you goin'?

(FAST STEPS)

Martha; To the livery stable! Come on, King!

Shorty; (BACK) The livery stable?

Martha; I've got to get a horse and rope. Oh Shorty, pray I'll not be too late! Come, King, you're to go with me. When I get the horse you're to lead the way to Sergeant Preston.

Shorty tries to stop her
(KING BARKS, FADING OUT)

Annecr; In the meantime Eric and his partners reached a cabin set well back among the trees. They opened the door and went inside.

(DOOR OPENS, STEPS IN)

Eric; Well, Joe, are you tired being a prisoner?

Joe; You crooks!

Duke; I hope you haven't been too uncomfortable. How were the meals?

Glo; They couldn't have been very good, Duke. There's a plate of food that's barely been touched.

Duke; We didn't want you to go hungry, Joe. We left word for the breed to come here each day and feed you. Did he untie your hands so you could eat?

Joe; I didn't feel like eating this morning.

Glo; What a shame.

Duke; We'll untie his hands and give him a chance to eat now. You better make the most of it, Joe, it's your last meal.

Joe; Last meal?

Eric; That's right, Joe. We're sorry, but that's the way it has to be. You see, your wife thought we were bluffing when we said we'd kill you.

Duke; But we weren't.

Eric; She ran that story you wrote - just the way you wrote it.

Glo; And made us clear out of town before we were ready.

Joe; Martha ran that story?

Eric; Yeah.

Joe; Good. Good for her.

Eric; I don't know what you're pleased about. That story was your death warrant. () There, your hands are free, Joe, and there's the plate of food that was left for you. You can eat it now or go to Boot Hill hungry.

Joe; Martha ran the story! I'm glad of that - I'm mighty glad of that.

Eric; We may as well tell you all of it. You see, Sergeant Preston was in town. And he had ideas of following us here -- (CHUCKLING) Only he didn't get far. Right now he's in the bottom of a bear trap. (FADING OUT) It's a toss-up whether he'll freeze to death or starve to death. Whatever it is he won't be coming here to help you.

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Martha; Here 's the rope, Sergeant Preston.

Preston; (BACK) Is it securely fastened to the tree?

Martha; Yes, yes, oh do hurry!

Preston; (BACK) I'm coming up!

Anncr; Martha watched as the Mountie came up the rope hand over hand. In a moment he was at her side, but only for an instant.

Preston; Now King we've got to travel fast!

(HOOF'S CLATTER)

Steady there, boy! () I'll have to leave you, Martha! You can make your way back to town on foot.

Martha; Yes, yes of course.

Preston; Go ahead, King. Take it on the run! On, King! On you husky!

(KING SHARP BARK)

Giddap! Blackie.

(HOOF'S START HARD, SUSTAIN)

Eric;
Annex;

Wait a minute, 29. We better take a look and
Generally King had to slow his pace so his master
could follow on foot, but this time it was different.
Sergeant Preston was well mounted and King was free
to travel as fast as he could follow the trail. He
was a furry streak thru the woods as he followed the
evil scent ~~of~~ with hoofbeats thundering behind.

(FADE OUT SOUND)

Eric; You've got the whole story now, Joe.

Joe; So Shorty double crossed Martha! Why that dirty
little--

Glo; So sorry if it spoiled your appetite, but then
perhaps you didn't feel like eating anyway.

Duke; Your time is up, Joe. This is it.

Joe; Well, why don't you shoot and be done with it?

Duke; That's good advice. Just stand right up there
against the wall and I'll shoot -- and be done
with it.

Eric; You can thank your wife and Sergeant Preston for
this bullet.

Joe; I'll thank you for it, you murderin' rat!

(HOOF'S APPROACH FAST)

Glo; Duke! Eric! I think I hear a horse!

Eric; Wait a minute, Duke! We better take a look and
see if anyone's in the vicinity.

Duke; Stand right where you are, Joe. Don't make a move!
Open the door, Gloria. See who's riding a horse
and where he's going.

Glo; Very well.

(DOOR OPENS)

(SHRILL CRY) Oh!

(KING SNARLS) (CLOSE)

(HOOFS COMING IN)

Duke; A dog!

Eric; Look out!

(KING AD LIB WHPD WILD SNARLS)

(SCUFFLE)

Ad lib; (HULLABALOO)

(HOOFS COMING NEARER)

Annrc; King, running far ahead of Sergeant Preston, went
thru the door in a ten foot leap that carried him
into the room. He saw the glint of a gun and went
for the hand that held it.

Duke; (CRY OUT) Let go! Let go! Help! Help! Eric!

(HOOFS STOPPING)

Eric; One second, Duke! I'll get that dog!

Preston; (BACK) No you won't!

Glo; (CRY OUT)

#1
(SHOT) (GUN FALLS TO FLOOR)

Joe; Preston!

Duke; Help! Help! Stop that dog! Get him off me!

Eric; My - my arm - my arm is busted!

Preston; Get back there - back against the wall. You too,
Gloria.

Joe; You got here just in time, Preston!

Preston; Pick up that gun, Joe.

Joe; You bet I will!

Duke; Take this dog away! Take him off me!

Preston, Ø Down, King! On guard, boy.

(KING SUBSIDING)

Preston; Now you - get on your feet.

Duke; (WHIMPERING) That - that dog.

Preston; (EFFORT) Up you come! Stand over there with your
partners!

Joe; I don't know how you made it, Preston, but thank
the Lord you got here.

Preston; Are you all right, Joe?

Joe; Yes, but I thought you were a goner. How did you
get out of the pitfall?

Preston; You knew about that?

Joe; Yes. Martha told Shorty about your plan and Shorty
told these crooks. They counted on that pitfall to
dispose of you.

Preston; Is that so?

Joe; I'll deal with Shorty when I get back to Dawson.

Preston; The law will deal with Shorty as an accomplice in an attempted murder. And as for you three--

Glo; All right, Mountie, you win. But look, why don't you just take the money back to Dawson and let the three of us go on our way?

Preston; We'll take the money back to Dawson and you three will go with it.

Joe; Gosh, Sergeant Preston, the way that dog of yours came thru the door - King - you're all you're cracked up to be.

(KING SHARP BARK)

Preston; That's right, King old boy. Thanks to you the case is closed.

MUSIC: Theme