

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

"CONOVER'S CRIME"

by Fran Striker

Number: 631

Date: 3/28/49

Preston and King

Lafe Peters old timer

Conover crooked warehouse owner

Jug Jordan crook

Kent Smart crook

Maggie middle aged-straight

Voice Bit (two lines)

Joe Old timer

Voice 2 Bit

Voice 3 Bit

~~Mr. Trendle~~

Mr. Striker

New York
1949

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~~CONNOVER'S CRIME~~

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(USUAL OPENING)

(WIND AND DOG TEAM)

Annrcr; Constable Drake was to meet Sergeant Preston in a CAMP HALF WAY BETWEEN WHITE RAPIDS AND A settlement called Porcupine. But he had lost his way in the desolated area just south of the Endicott range. He rode the runners of his sled pulled by dogs across the glare ice of a frozen stream. On either side, the perpendicular walls of a canyon rose to a height of fifty feet or more.

Voice; (AD LIB WHOA'S)

(DOG TEAM STOPS)

Annrcr; Presently the Constable saw a large opening in the south wall of the canyon. It was an entrance to a cave.

Voice; Might be a good idea to stop there and rest for a few hours.

Annrcr; He shielded his eyes from the wind and studied the opening. He didn't suspect that two men inside the cave were watching him. They were known in Porcupine as Kent Carter and Jug Jordan.

Kent; Jug, I know that man. He's Constable Drake.

Jug; A lawman, eh? () I don't like the way he's eyeing this cave. What's he doing up here anyway?

Kent; He must have learned something.

Jug; But how could he?

Kent; Look at the way he stands there shielding his eyes. If he comes here and sees all the furs we've got stored; we'll be finished, and so will Conover.

Kent; I told Conover he should keep a guard here all the time. He said he didn't think it was necessary. He said no one ever comes this way.

Jug; That lawman came this way.

Kent; Yeah. And it's just luck that we're here. We can do something about him.

Jug; What're you going to do?

Kent; What's it look like?

(COCK RIFLE)

Jug; Kent, you'd better put that rifle down. It's dangerous to kill a lawman.

Kent; In this case it's dangerous not to kill him. I'll adjust my sights. I guess that's about a hundred yard range -

Jug; Yeah.

Kent; What's he doing now?

Jug; Bending over his sled for something or other - Oh - his rifle.

*I traveling with his do steam
In the I men some
used a law, freight
carrying sled, which -
the run of which turned
up at both ends. In leave
driver could not ride the
run of this type of
of no sled. instead he had to
travel on foot
and push the sled by a
stick that extended
angled back from one side*

Kent; That does it!

(RIFLE SHOT)

Kent; I got him!

Jug; First shot!

Kent; He's dropped to his sled.

Voice; (BACK) (CRY OUT TO DOGS)

(BACK, DOGS YIP AND START FADING)

Kent; I didn't kill him! He's getting away!

(COCK RIFLE, SHOT)

Jug; Drop that lead dog!

Kent; That's what I'm trying to do!

(COCK RIFLE, SHOT)

Jug; You missed again! Hurry! They'll get around the bend.

(COCK RIFLE) (CLICK EMPTY GUN)

Kent; Confound it! My carbine's empty!

Jug; Don't bother to reload. That lawman got away. Now we're in a fine kettle of fish!

Kent; What do you think we'd better do, Jug? We can hitch up our team and go after him.

Jug; Those dogs are lots better than ours. Besides we've got to unload our sled before we move out of here.

Kent; Yeah, that's right.

Jug; We'll just have to see how things work out. We'll report to Conover as soon as we get into town in the morning.

(BREAK)

Anncr; Sergeant Preston and his great dog King were in camp many miles away. *Howling without a sled & dog as* They had gone there to meet Constable Drake, but the Constable was long overdue. Sergeant Preston had become impatient. He paced the ground near his small campfire. His mood was transferred to King.

(WIND B.G.) (KING WHINING)

Preston; I guess you feel the same way I do, eh, King?

(KING WHINES)

Constable Drake should have been here hours ago. I wonder if anything has happened to him.

(KING WHIMPERING)

(MUTTERING) Might have lost the trail. If he did that, he'd probably go into Porcupine and wait there for us.

(KING, ONE SHARP BARK)

(SLIGHT LAUGH) You act as if you remembered Porcupine.

(KING BARKS)

Preston; Or maybe you recognized the word "Go."

(BARK, THEN WHINE)

You just want to be on the move, is that it, fellow?
Well so do I. We'll make our pack and start out
right away. We'll get in about three hours of travel
then we'll camp for the night. We should reach
Porcupine no later than noon tomorrow.

(KING AD LIB BARKS)

All right, King, take it easy. I'm breaking camp.
You just keep out of the way. (FADING)

(FADE SOUND OUT)

(FADE IN DOG TEAM)

Annrc; Kent Carter and Jug Jordan traveled through most of
the night to reach the town of Porcupine.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Annrc; Kent, handling the dogs, brought the team to a stop
in front of the community's largest building.

(DOGS STOP)

It was the warehouse of the Conover Trading Company.

Kent; We'll leave the dogs right here and go up front to
Conover's office.

Jug; Hey, Kent, the boss has someone in his office. There's
a sled and dog team near the door.

Kent; Well, what about it?

Jug; Look at that dogteam! See that big lead dog?

Kent; Jug! That's the one - -

Jug; Yeah, that's Constable Drake's team! What's it doing here?

Kent; We'll soon find out.

(DOOR OPENS)

Mister Conover- -

Conover; (BACK) Good morning, gentlemen, good morning.

Kent; We got to -

Conover; (BACK) I'm busy right now. Wait outside. I'll see you in a minute.

Kent; We'll be waiting!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Conover; I'm sorry we were interrupted, Peters.

Peters; Well, the thing is this, Mr. Conover. I want to get a few of my fur pelts out of your warehouse - -

Conover; But -

Peters; I spoke to the man who's on guard. He said he couldn't let anyone in without your special permission.

Conover; He's right. After all, Peters, I'm responsible for the skins you've turned over to me. That is, I'm responsible as far as thievery goes.

Peters; Yeah, I know - -

Conover; You have turned your season's catch over to me, Peters. I'm to ship it to the States and sell it for you.

Peters; I know all that, Mr. Conover.

Conover; Now you want to take pelts out of the warehouse - -

Peters; Just a couple of them.

Conover; That's impossible, Peters. We signed an agreement.

Peters; Sure, but -

Conover; I agreed to pack and ship your goods to the States where my associates will sell them. I guaranteed you at least fifteen hundred dollars. I might even do better.

Peters; That'll be fine, but I've got to get a few pelts--

Conover; It would involve a new inventory, and a new appraisal, a new contract - -

Peters; But Mister Conover, I need some cash and if you won't advance it, the only way I can get it is to sell a couple of hides.

Conover; I'd like to accomodate you, Peters, but if I make an exception in your case, I'd have to do the same in others. (LAUGHS) Every time a trapper wanted a little extra cash, he'd want to take some of his pelts out of storage. Why I'd spend all my time making new inventories and drawing new contracts.

Peters; (GETTING ANGRY) Doggone it, Conover, I'm only askin' for my own property!

Conover; Read your agreement, Peters.

Peters; I don't like your way of doing business!

Conover; Then in the future, you'd better do business with someone else.

Peters; By thunder I sure will! This is your first year here Conover, but if you treat everyone like you're treatin' me, it'll be your last.

(COUPLE OF FAST STEPS) (DOOR OPEN & SLAM)

(WIND B.G.)

(GROWLING) Contract, contract, humph! Fine way of doing things!

Kent; What's the matter, Mister?

Peters; I was made to understand that putting furs into his warehouse was just like putting money into the bank! But there's a difference, dad-rat it! A man can draw cash out of the bank, but once Conover gets his hands on furs - -

Kent; You want to take your furs away from him?

Peters; Enough so 's I can buy some blankets and things.

Jug; Those your dogs?

Peters; No. They belong to the man that's out at my place.

Kent; A man - at your place?

Peters; The dogs stopped at the house in the middle of the night. He was on the sled unconscious. He's -

Kent; (PAUSE) Unconscious, you say? What's the matter with him?

Peters; He's wounded. Someone shot him.

Jug; You don't say! Who did it?

Peters; He ain't been able to talk. He's still unconscious or he was when I left.

Kent; Is he seriously wounded?

Peters; I don't know. The bullet went right thru. I cleaned the wound and I'm doin' what I can for him. There's no sawbones around here.

Jug; You should report it to the law.

Peters; What law? The wounded man is wearin' a badge, and he's the only law nearby. He must have come from beyond the mountains. Now I got to be going. I've got to leave these dogs here in town where they'll be fed and cared for. Then I got to get back to my place and stay with the wounded man. (FADE BACK)

Kent; (SOFT) What do you make of that, Jug?

Jug; (SOFT) It's Constable Drake. No question about it.

Peters; (BACK) Get along there. Mush!

(DOGS START AND FADE)

Kent; Let's go in and see the Boss.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE) (CUT WIND)

Conover; I told you two to stay away during daylight.

Kent; But Mr. Conover, yesterday when we were in the cave a lawman came down the river and stopped.

Jug; Kent fired at him.

Conover; Fired at a lawman?

Kent; He was going to investigate the cafe. You know what that would mean. He'd see all the furs we've taken there.

Conover; Did you kill him?

Kent; No. I hit him, but he fell on his sled. He managed to tell to his dogs and they took him away.

Jug; And listen, Boss, we just learned that he's at the house of the old galoot who just left here.

Conover; Peters?

Jug; Whatever his name is.

Conover; Um-m.

Jug; So far the lawman hasn't been unconscious. He hasn't been able to say anything.

Kent; But if he talks, he'll tell where he was shot. Then that cave will be investigated.

Conover; Yes - - yes, you're right.

Kent; Maybe we better stick to Peters and go back to his place with him. We can finish the job on the lawman.

Conover; I don't want any more violence than is absolutely necessary, but it's a good idea to stay close to Peters. Go home with him and make certain that the lawman doesn't talk.

Jug; Right.

Conover; Keep me advised, boys.

Jug; We'll do that. There's just one thing, Mr. Conover.

Conover; What's that?

Jug; We've got an ~~awful~~ lot of furs moved to that cave. Don't you think it's about time to set fire to the warehouse?

Kent; The season's just about over, Mr. Conover. Let's have the fire, then clear out.

Conover; *Peters boys.*
I'm ~~working on it,~~ boys. You'll not have long to wait. Now go ~~with Peters~~ *catch up to* and make sure the lawman doesn't spoil things.

(BREAK)

Annrc; *Peters found that the lawman was glad to care for the Const. team. Peters the storekeeper helped to*
Lafe Peters left the lawman's dogs in the care of the storekeeper.

(DOGS BARKING, BACK)

He saw them tied in the rear of the General Store, then came around to the front where he met Kent and Jug.

Kent; We got to talking about you, Peters.

Peters; You know my name?

Jug; Yeah, we found it out. We'll go back to your place with you. Maybe we can help you take care of the lawman.

Peters; Now that would be downright nice of you, gents.

Jug; If he regains consciousness and tells where he was shot and who shot him, we'll go after the varmint.

(CHUCKLES) Might collect a reward.

Kent; (FADING OUT) Our sled is over yonder, Peters. If you're ready to go back, we'll keep you company.

Annecr; (CROSS FADE) It was a simple matter to win the old ~~man's~~ ^{Peters} confidence. Kent and Jug accompanied ~~Peters~~ ^{him} to his house several miles from the ~~settlement~~ ^{town} and found the lawman still unconscious in a small warm bedroom. Both Jug and Kent as well as Peters ~~sat~~ ^{were sitting} near the bed ~~at noon~~ when a hard rap sounded on the door.

(DISTANT RAP)

Peters; Someone's at the door.

Jug; You stay here, Peters. I'll see who it is.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES) (STEPS
CROSS ROOM AS:)

(MUTTERS) Who'd be comin' this way?

(DOOR OPENS) (WIND B.G.)

Annecr; It was Sergeant Preston at the door. Jug glanced over his shoulder -- made sure the Mountie couldn't see into the bedroom, then stepped out and closed the door behind him.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Preston; This is the first cabin I've seen for ⁷many miles. I thought I might get some information from you.

Jug; Yeah?

Preston; I'm looking for a Constable. His name is Drake. Did you see anything of him?

Jug; I haven't seen anyone. Was he supposed to come here?

Preston; I don't know whether he came this way or not. There's no snow on the river and the ice doesn't show footprints.

Jug; Constable Drake you say. (SUDDENLY) Say, did he have a six dog team with a big white husky for a lead? *and a free Seberian - and of freight or sl.*

Preston; The last time I saw him he had a lead dog that *I don't know about the sled, but was white. That sounds like his team.*

Jug; *I saw that team and a MT*
Then that's the man! He was in town this morning.

Preston; In Porcupine? *you did?*

Jug; Yeah. I heard that he was to meet someone. Maybe you're the man.

Preston; Is he still in town?

Jug; No. He set out on the north trail.

Preston; The north trail? *yes he planned to go west to the main trail then head east.*

Jug; He — uh — come to think of it, there was talk of ~~going after a creek of some kind.~~ If you want to catch him, you can save time by cutting northeast from here until you hit the trail. *to the East* ~~You won't have to waste time going thru town.~~

Preston; Thanks, I'll do that. Come on, King.

(BARKS, FADING)

Jug; (CHUCKLES) (MUTTERS) Good riddance, Mountie. That was a narrow escape. I wonder what you'd say if you knew that you were within twenty feet of Constable Drake ~~and~~ *AND* the man who shot him! (CHUCKLE FADE)

(WIND UP)

(BREAK)

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrc; And now to continue our story. Sergeant Preston and the great dog Yukon King headed northeast from the trapper's cabin on a wild goose chase. Jug Jordan stood in front of old Lafe Peters' cabin and watched until the Mountie and his dog were out of sight.

(SNEAK IN WIND)

Jug; (CHUCKLING) That'll take care of the Mountie.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

(CUT WIND, STEPS CROSS ROOM AS:)

Jug; I've got to tell Kent about ^{HIM;} ~~that~~

(DOOR OPENS)

Peters; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Who was at the door, Mr. Jordan?

Jug; No one important, Peters. Just a fellow asking directions. How's the lawman? Is he still unconscious?

Peters; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Yep.

Jug; You stay there in the bedroom and watch him. Kent, I want to speak to you. Come out here into the living room.

Kent; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Okay.

(STEPS COME IN) (DOOR CLOSES)

(LOW) What's up?

Jug; (LOW) I've got something to tell you. That was a Mountie who came to the door.

Kent; (LOW, TENSE) A Mountie! What'd he want?

Jug; (LOW) He was looking for Constable Drake.

Kent; Jug, I - I don't like it!

Jug; Relax. He didn't suspect Drake was here. I told him Drake had gone north from the town. The Mountie's gone off on a wild goose chase. (CHUCKLES) He'll travel a long way before he sees Drake.

Kent; (MUTTERS) I hope so! () Listen, Jug, I've got something to tell you. ~~Old~~ Peters wants to break into the warehouse tonight and steal a couple of his own pelts.

Jug; Why?

Kent; He needs cash. He wanted to take out a few pelts and sell them, but Conover wouldn't let him. So - he's going to get them anyway.

Jug; Kent, we've got to change his mind.

Kent; Like fun!() We're going to help him get inside the warehouse.

Jug; Are you crazy? He'll see that there's nothing of value left in the warehouse. He'll spread the word thru town. Everyone who turned pelts over to Conover will be up in arms- -

Kent; Take it easy, Jug. Peters is playin' right into our hands. Conover planned to burn down the warehouse sooner or later. It'll burn down tonight.

Jug; Tonight?

Kent; Go and tell Conover my plan and get his okay. Then hurry back here.

Jug; What is your plan?

Kent; I'll go to the warehouse tonight with Peters. After I've left the house, you follow along with Constable Drake in your sled. I'll help the old man break into the warehouse. When we're inside, I'll slug him and knock him out. Then I'll come to the door and help you carry the Constable inside. We'll tie the two of them and set fire to the place.

Jug; I begin to understand-

Kent; It's a foolproof scheme. After the fire, there'll be nothing to show that Peters and the lawman were tied up. It'll look as if Peters broke in - got discovered - by the Constable -- and shot the lawman.

Jug; How will we account for the fire starting?

Kent; (CHUCKLES) Peters had a lantern. He dropped it when he was discovered. That's easy.

Jug; (ADMIRINGLY) I've got to hand it to you, Kent. That's as slick a scheme as I've ever heard.

Kent; You go tell it to Conover, then hurry back here.

(BREAK)

Annrc; Conover listened to the plans and nodded approvingly as he gave the word to go ahead. In the meantime, Sergeant Preston and his ~~great dog Yukon King~~ traveled overland until they crossed the route due north from town.

East along the trail toward Redville. It was mid afternoon when Prest saw a man approach

(DOG BARKING, WHIMPERING)

Annrcr; They found the snow unbroken by the tracks of man or dogs or sled.

Preston; King, if that man told us the truth, Constable Drake would have passed here some time ago.

(KING WHIMPERING)

I think we'll head south. Drake may have been delayed. Perhaps we'll meet him between here and Porcupine. Come on, King.

(STEPS AND DOG FADE UNDER:)

Annrcr; Heading due south the Mountie pushed on mile after mile but saw no sign of his friend the Constable named Drake. Darkness overtook him and he continued on his way by starlight.

Preston; (MUTTERING) The more I think about it, the more I think that man lied. () He could have been mistaken. Maybe Drake went south from town. He might have done that. () Maybe Drake was delayed in town before he set out to meet me..() One thing is sure, Drake didn't come north from town. (FADE UNDER) (AD LIB MUTTERS)

Annrcr; A dozen possibilities went thru the Mountie's mind as he pushed on thru the Arctic stillness. He reached the edge of the settlement, passed one house, and another.

(KING BARKING)

Then King became alert. On the still air he caught a familiar scent and tried to tell his master.

(BARKS)

(STEPS HALT)

Preston; What's the matter, King? Why are you stopping here, fellow?

(KING BARKING AND WHINING)

Annecr; King recognized the scent of a friend. He looked toward a cabin near the trail. He turned and tugged at Sergeant Preston's parka.

Preston; You want to go to that house, King? I can't imagine why. I -

(DOGS BARKING, BACK)

Annecr; Dogs in the rear of the house responded to King's barks.

(KING BARKS, CLOSE)

Annecr; King wanted to go to them. He looked at Preston.

Preston; All right, King. Go ahead! I'll follow you.

(BARKING SUSTAINING AS OTHER DOGS
FADE IN)

Annecr; The mighty husky streaked along the side of the house with Preston following.. Tied to stakes in the rear of the house, a number of dogs set up a cry of welcome. They all knew King and King in turn knew them. Sergeant Preston recognized the largest and strongest. A powerful white husky - -

Preston; King! That's Constable Drake's lead dog!

Mag; (BACK) Hey there, what's goin' on? You, out there-
leave them dogs alone! Who are you?

Preston; (CALLS) I'm Sergeant Preston.

Mag; (BACK AND APPROACHING) Stand right where you be
until I get there. And remember, I'm holding a
gun on you, so don't try no funny tricks.

Preston; Aren't you Maggie Caldwell?

Mag; (COMING IN) That I am! Glory be, you are the
Sergeant!

Preston; Quiet, King!

Mag; Quiet down there, you critters. Quiet, I say!

(DOGS SUBSIDE)

Glad to see you, Sergeant! Hoe's gone to the Cafe
for an hour or so - -

Preston; I was coming in from the north when King caught the
scent of these dogs. Don't they belong to Constable
Drake?

Maggie; I don't know who they belong to. Old Lafe Peters
brought 'em in here and asked Joe to take care of 'em.

Preston; Lafe Peters?

Mag; He lives a few miles east of Porcupine on the bank of
the river. You can't miss it. It's the only house for
ten miles.

Preston; Did he say anything about the owner of the dogs?

Mag; Yeah. The owner was shot.

Preston; Shot!

Mag; Yep. Wounded. Peters left him at his place.

Preston; Do you know Constable Drake?

Mag; Nope.

Preston; What sort of looking man is Peters?

Mag; He's a sight older'n me. He's lean and stooped. His hair is white. He does some trappin' thru the winter.

Preston; (MUTTERS) He's not the man I talked to.

Mag; Eh?

Preston; It doesn't matter. I think I'll go back to the house on the river.

Mag; If you'll wait around a little while, Sergeant, Joe will be back. I know he'll want to say hello.

Preston; I'd like to see Joe, but I - (BREAK OFF)

Mag; (PAUSE) What's the matter, Sergeant?

Preston; Maggie, stand right here and look over that way.

Mag; Yeah?

Preston; Look at the rear of the buildings on this side of the street - what's that large building --the one that goes back farther than the others?

Mag; That's the Conover warehouse. It's -() Say, looks like two men are standin' at the rear door.

Preston; That's what I thought.

Mag; What're they doin' there? Looks to me as if they're trying to get in. They are! They're goin' in! Glory be! What do you make of that? Can't be Conover himself - he'd use the front door. Besides, he'd have no business going into the warehouse at this time o' night - -

Preston; I'm going to find out about that.

(KING WHIMPERS)

You stay here, King. I'll not be gone long.

(KING WHIMPERS SOME MORE)

I said stay here. Do you understand?

(KING SUBSIDES)

Mag; Want me to tie him to one of the stakes?

Preston; No. He'll stay. I'll be back in a little while. If Joe comes, tell him I'd like to see him.

Mag; I sure will.

(BREAK)

(CREAKING DOOR FADING IN)

Kent; That's it, Peters, close the door tight.

Peters; (CHUCKLING) We can't lock 'er on account of the lock is busted.

Kent; That's all right.

Peters; Shall I light the lantern now?

Kent; Yes. You might as well.

Peters; Get a little light in this warehouse, then I can find the pelts that have got my name on them.

(BIZ OF LIGHTING LANTERN AS:)

(CHUCKLES) I declare, Kent, I feel like a regular burglar. Conover'll be fit to be tied tomorrow when I tell him that I got some skins in spite of his rulin'.

Kent; Yeah. I expect he will be.

(CLOSE LANTERN)

Peters; There. Now we can see what we're doin'.

Kent; Leave it right there for a minute, Peters.

Peters; Huh? Well, all right, but I -- (STARTLED) Hey!

Kent; (EFFORT)

(BLOW)

Peters; (GASP) Why you - you -

Kent; Here's another!

(BLOW) (FALLING BODY)

Hard headed old coot. Took two cracks to knock you out.

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

Preston; (SLIGHTLY BACK) What's going on in here?

Kent; (STARTLED GASP) Huh?

Preston; (BACK) You better drop that gun or someone might get hurt.

- Kent; A Mountie!
- Preston; (BACK) The name is Preston.
- Jug; (BACK) Get your hands up on Preston.
- Kent; Good work, Jug.
- Jug; (BACK) Step right in, Mountie. If you feel something against your back it's the barrel of my gun.
- Preston; (COMING IN) Two of you, eh? What's the game?
- Jug; You'll find out what the game is soon enough. Take his gun, Kent.
- Kent; Right. (EFFORT)
- Jug; Now you can turn around and look at me, Mountie.
- Preston; I remember you.
- Jug; Yeah. I thought you might. I'm the gent that told you to travel northeast. If you'd taken my advice, you wouldn't be in trouble right now.
- Kent; What are we going to do with him, Jug?
- Jug; There's only one thing to do. We got to leave him here with the others. The old man out?
- Kent; Yeah. What about Drake?
- Jug; He's on my sled outside. I left it back a ways and came ahead on foot when I saw the Mountie moving up to the door.
- Kent; You can bring him in after we get the Mountie tied. Keep him covered. I've got a rope right here.

Preston; If you think you can tie me without a struggle -
 (SUDDENLY - (EFFORT) you're mistaken!

Jug; (SHARPLY) Watch him!

Kent; Why you -- (EFFORT)

(BLOW)

Jug; Hit him again!

(BLOW) (FALLING BODY)

That got him.

Kent; Blame fool. Did he think he could get away from
 two of us?

Jug; I don't know what he thought. Get him tied and
 you'd better gag him so he can't yell if he comes to.

Kent; (EFFORT) I'll tie him all right. Maybe we better
 finish him off now.

Jug; No. Let it look like he got caught in the fire.
 Can you finish tying him without any help from me?

Kent; Sure.

Jug; Then I'll bring in the Constable. (FADING) I won't
 be long.

Annrcr; Sergeant Preston's hat took some of the force out of
 Kent's cruel blows with the barrel of his pistol. The
 Mountie fell to the floor unconscious, but not for long.
 Consciousness returned while Jug and Kent were still
 inside the warehouse. He could hear them talking before
 he opened his eyes.

Kent; (BACK) Bring the Constable right in here Jug,
and put him near these other two. Do you want
some help?

Jug; (COMING IN) No, I can carry him all right.

Kent; Is he still unconscious?

Jug; He's dead. (EFFORT) I'll put him right here on
the floor. His heart was beating when I took him
out of Peters' house. He must have died on the trip
from there.

Kent; Well, it don't matter. All three of 'em will be dead
in another ten or fifteen minutes.

Jug; All set to start the fire?

Kent; We better heap up some of the loose shavings and things
first, so's we're sure it'll burn good.

Jug; All right. Let's get to it.

(BIZ OF SCRAPING SHAVINGS TOGETHER)

Anncr; Sergeant Preston strained against the ropes, but they
were strong and well tied. A hard gag in his mouth
made it impossible to call for help. He glanced at
Lafe Peters lying on the floor nearby, and saw that
the old man was similarly tied and gagged.

Jug; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Kent, we could take out some more of
these pelts and load 'em on my sled and take 'em up
th that cave up near the river bend.

Kent; Nope, we've got to leave enough here so's there'll be
ashes. If there's no ashes, Conover can't convince the
trappers that their pelts were burned up in the fire.

Jug; Those trappers will be downright sore.

Kent; A pack of good it'll do them. It's in the agreement that Conover's not responsible except in cases of robbery.

(STOP SCRAPING SHAVINGS)

Jug; I got enough shavings here.

Kent; All right. Take Lafe Peters' gun and fire a shot at the lantern.

Jug; Here goes.

(SHOT) (LANTERN CRASHES)

That did it.

Kent; That's the shot that's supposed to have killed Constable Drake. Throw the gun down by the old man.

(GUN TO FLOOR)

Jug; Look at the way that fire is taking hold. This place will go up like tinder!

Kent; Yeah, we've got to get out.

(START FLAMES CRACKLING)

Jug; What about those ropes and gags.

Kent; They won't show. They'll be burned. Come on.
(FADING) Let's get clear of here and watch the fire.

(FLAMES CRACKLING, INCREASING)

Annrcr; Sergeant Preston put all his strength into a mighty effort to stretch or break the ropes that held him. The warehouse was a flimsy structure, made of thoroughly dried-out wood. The flames spread rapidly, leaping up the nearest wall and licking at the ceiling. The Mountie knew that his time was measured in minutes and seconds —

(FLAMES INCREASING, FADE OUT)

(SNEAK IN CROWD B.G. INCREASING)

Annrcr; Meanwhile King stood with the other dogs in the rear of Maggie Caldwell's home. He had watched his master enter the warehouse a couple of hundred yards away, and had remained almost motionless while he waited for the Mountie to return. Then he saw the smoke, and a moment later — flames!

(WHINING AND WHIMPERING)

His master had said, "Stay." King had obeyed unwillingly but now he wondered. He knew that fire meant Danger. Should he remain where he had been left or go to find his master? Then he made his decision and raced toward the rear of the warehouse.

Ad lib; (FADING IN)

(CROWD NOISE)

Ad lib; Look at 'er burn!
There's no chance to save it!
Nothin' we can do about it!
Hey, look at that dog!
Where did he come from?

Annex; King dashed thru the crowd that had gathered to watch the fire. He found the rear door of the burning building was closed.

(CRACKLING FIRE)

(KING BARKING)

He hesitated but a moment, then he leaped, and the door swung wide. He was inside the building.

(FIRE CRACKLING)

Another instant found the great dog at his master's side.

(KING WHIMPERING AND WHINING)

King had been taught to untie hard knots with his strong fangs. He nuzzled the cords around the Mountie's arms and legs and the gag around his mouth. Then he decided on a different course of action. He went to work on the length of cord that had kept Sergeant Preston from squirming toward the door -- a cord that tied the Mountie to a post inside the warehouse.

(KING WHIMPERING & STRUGGLING)

He tugged and chewed and pulled and strained, and presently the rope gave way. Then the gallant dog gripped the bindings on the Mountie's ankles and started backing toward the door. He threw every ounce of his tremendous strength into the mighty effort while Sergeant Preston assisted as best he could. An inch -- a foot -- and then a yard, and meanwhile, time was running out.

-MORE-

Anncr; The building's roof threatened to collapse at any instant. In King's great heart there was no thought of quitting. He tugged and pulled until the men outside saw what was happening.

Voice 2; (CRY OUT) The dog has found someone inside there!

Voice 3; Come on!

Ad 11b; (STIR)

Anncr; Strong men rushed to the dog's assistance.

Joe; It's a Mountie! It's Sergeant Preston!

Voice 2; Get that gag out of his mouth while I cut these ropes.

Anncr; Willing hands whipped out keen knives and an instant later, Sergeant Preston was free.

(KING BARKING)

Preston; Two other men are inside that place.

Joe; You can't go in there again!

Voice 2; The roof's due to collapse!

Preston; We've got to get them out.

Joe; I can go where you can! I'll help you!

(FLAMES UP, SOME MORE, THEN DOWN)

Preston; (COUGHING) Joe, can you take that man?

Joe; (COUGHING) Yeah. Yeah I can manage.

Preston; It's Constable Drake. Take him outside!

Joe; (EFFORT) I got him.

Preston; (EFFORT) Get going. I'll follow with Lafe Peters!

Annrcr; Coughing from the smoke, the Mountie and Joe carried their men out of the inferno and none too soon.

Ad lib; (SHOUTS AND CHEERS)

Annrcr; The crowd began to cheer the heroic rescue, but the cries were stopped abruptly by the collapse of the roof.

(ROOF FALLS IN)

Ad lib; There she goes! That's the end of it!
And all my furs!
Doggone it, I had a whole year's trappin' inside that warehouse!

Preston; Joe cut the ropes. Get Peters free. I have something else to do.

Joe; Right.

Preston; (CALLS) Just a minute, Conover. Where are you going?

Con; (SLIGHTLY BACK, FADING IN) Who - uh -me?

Preston; The law wants you!

Con; I'm sorry. I -

(KING SNARLS)

Preston; Try to get away and I'll set King on you!

Ad lib; (STIR)

Preston; (CALLS) You men - all of you who had furs in that warehouse, listen to me. Most of them had been moved out!

Ad 11b; (STIR)

Peters; That's right, gents! Conover had a couple of crooks move out the furs! He figured to steal 'em from us by makin' us think they were burned up!

Conover; Now wait just a minute, Sergeant---

Preston; It's no use, Conover. Your hired crooks didn't think Peters and I would survive that fire. Where are Jug and Kent?

Conover; I don't know. I don't know anything about them. I tell you, I --

Voice 2; (BACK) They were here a minute ago! They just scooted out - headin' east!

Preston; We'll get them. We can overtake them without much trouble, and then, Conover, they'll hang for the murder of Constable Drake, and you'll hang with them!

Conover; No no! I had no part of that! I admit I told them to start the fire! I admit I planned to steal the furs, but you can't change me with murder!

Preston; Conover, that will be for a Jury to decide. Personally, I think all three of you will hang together when this case is closed.

(KING BARKS)

MUSIC: Theme