

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

Striker

"The Stuffed Shirt"

by Fran Striker.

Number: 890

Date: 7/1/51



Preston and King

Doc Brady ..... genial old physician

Toby Dixon .. ... old timer who loves his dog

Jake Tabor ..... straight

Martin Garner ... Banker, straight.

Joe Thorne ..... Bank clerk

Bart Weaver ..... Small part

Blackie ..... small terrier

FILE

400

FROM

"The Stuffed Shirt" (Y)

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Ann<sup>r</sup>; Sergeant Preston had just entered the little town of Chiliwaw when a man rushed to meet him.

Preston; What's the excitement, Jake?

Jake; (BREATHLESS) You - you left your dog - Yukon King - with old Toby.

Preston; That's right. I left King to guard the old man until I returned. Someone had made an attempt to steal Toby's money.

Jake; The thief came back! He got the money - slugged old Toby - and poisoned your dog!

Ann<sup>cr</sup>; Never before has Sergeant Preston been so determined to run down a criminal. The dog poisoner must know that only death will stop the Mountie. Does he go that far? It is often said that anyone who would kill a dog would kill a man.

Be sure to listen - (ETC.)

The Challenge of the Yukon

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annex;           The town of Chiliwaw consisted of a few houses, a dance hall, a couple of cafes, and the Bank, which served the prospectors who worked in the surrounding hills. Martin Garner, owner of the Bank, looked out the window and saw an old man leaning into the wind with a small dog at his side. He spoke to his clerk.

Garner;           Well, Joe, looks like Toby Dixon is back in town.

Joe;              Old Tobey, eh? I thought he was panning gold on Whiteface Mountain.

Garner;           He was.

(DOOR OPENS - BURST OF WIND)

Toby;             (BACK) Come on, Blackie. Come on in.

(SMALL DOG YIPS, BACK)

(DOOR CLOSES - CUT WIND) (STEPS APPROACH)

Toby;             (COMING IN) Mornin', Mr. Garner. Howdy, Thorne.

Garner;           Hello, Toby.

Joe;              Morning, Dixon.

Garner; Can't that dog of yours stay outside?

Toby; Blackie? Aw now, Mr. Garner, it's powerfull cold outside for a little feller like him.

Garner; Oh -- very well. I suppose you have some gold to be weighed?

Toby; That's right, Mr. Garner, an' - (CHUCKLES) - if you don't mind, I'd like to change it for foldin' money -- same as usual.

Joe; You must like folding money.

Toby; (CHUCKLES) Yes siree.

Garner; You're the only man I know who prefers paper currency to gold.

Toby; (CHUCKLE)

Garner; Why don't you leave your money here in the Bank where it will be safe?

Toby; Well, I'll tell you. If crooks aim to steal money, the bank's the first place to look for it. I'd rather guard my own cash.

Joe; You've been trading gold for paper for a long time, Dixon. By now you must have a tidy hoard of cash.

Toby; Well gents, I'll tell you. I've got all I want!

Garner; What?

Toby; Yes sir. I'm thru workin'! I've panned old Whiteface stream all these years, savin' toward the day when I'd have enough cash to go back to the States an' live easy. Now, by ginger, I've got it. (SLIGHT EFFORT) Here's my poke. Weigh that dust, Thorne, an' pay me off in foldin' money.

Garner; Go ahead, Joe.

Joe; Yes sir.

(STEPS GOING BACK)

Garner; Sit down, Toby.

Toby; Huh -??

Garner; Sit down. I want to talk to you while Joe weighs your gold.

Toby; Well -- all right, Mr. Garner.

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

Garner; It's none of my business, Toby, but you're taking a big chance keeping so much money in your house. There are some rough characters in Chiliwaw, and living alone as you do at the edge of town with no protection --

Toby; No protection! Humph! That's a fine way to talk about Blackie!

(DOG WHIMPERING)

Toby; Look at the little critter. You hurt his feelin's when you said he's no protection!

Garner; I'm sorry.

Toby; Blackie is the best dad-ratted watch dog that ever drew breath! Maybe he's old an' small, but just let anyone try to get near my house, an' Blackie will make the welkin ring! Yes sir, won't you, Blackie?

(BARK)

And then I'll blaze away with this here six-gun. Why with Blackie an' this six gun protectin' my cash, it'd be suicide for anyone to try to rob me. Yes siree, downright suicide!

Garner; I didn't mean to anger you. Take it easy, Toby. I was going to suggest that the Bank is here for you to use, that's all.

Toby; I won't be in town much longer, anyhow. Like I said, I've got my pile and I'm pullin' out as soon as the weather breaks. An' - (LOWER VOICE) I'll tell you somethin', Mr. Garner. I have to be mighty confidential about this.

Garner; You needn't whisper. There's no one in the Bank.

Toby; Your clerk --

Garner; Hec Thorne would not be working for me unless he could be trusted.

Toby; Well I was goin' to say no one can get my cash 'til they find it. An' they'll never find it.

Garner; No?

Toby; Look. Y'see this shirt. It's made double.

Garner; What about it?

Toby; This here shirt is my bank. Every time I get some foldin' money, I make a little slit in the linin' of this here shirt an' sew the cash inside. My cash is always with me!

(STEPS APPROACHING AS:)

Joe; (COMING IN) Here's your folding money, Toby.

Toby; Thanks, Mr. Thorne.

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

Now I'll be on my way. Come on, Blackie.

(DOG YIPS) (STEPS ON FLOOR)

Garner; Take care of yourself, Toby.

Toby; (GOING BACK) Don't worry about me, Mr. Garner. Not while I have my gun and Blackie. Good day to you, Mr. Thorne.

Joe; (BACK) Good day.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

Garner; That poor old fool. I'd bet ten to one he never reaches the States with his money.

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Annecr; We'll continue our adventure in just a moment -(ETC.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Annex; Old Toby Dixon came out of the hills for the last time. When he went to the Bank to change his gold for paper money he announced that he had sufficient cash to return to the States and live in ease for the rest of his life. It was about one week later in the early morning when Sergeant Preston and the great dog Yukon King came into the town of Chiliwaw. As they neared a small, well kept house the door opened and Doctor Brady called - -

(SNEAK IN STEPS ON

ICE) (WIND B.G.

Brady; (BACK) Hey there! Hi, Sergeant Preston!

Preston; (CALLS) Doc Brady. Hello!

(DOG BARKS)

Brady; (NEARER) Stop in for a minute, will you?

Preston; Sure thing. Come on, King. Let's say hello to our friend.

(KING BARKING)

Brady; (FADE IN) Just happened to see you coming.

(STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSSES) (CUT WIND)

Preston; Hard walking on that ice.

Brady; Throw off your parka and come over by the fire.

(STEPS CROSSING FLOOR)

Preston; Thanks .

Brady; Plan to be in town long?



- Preston; Just passing thru. I'm due in White Horse tomorrow to appear at a trial.
- Brady; Too bad. I hoped you'd stay in Chiliwaw a few days.
- Preston; Any particular reason?
- Brady; There's trouble brewing.
- Preston; Trouble?
- Brady; Yes. Do you know Toby Dixon?
- Preston; (THINKING) Toby Dixon -- Toby Dixon --
- Brady; He's an old sourdough who's been panning mountain streams for many years. He lives at the north edge of town.
- Preston; Did he have a small dog - a little black terrier?
- Brady; Yes. He still has Blackie.
- Preston; I remember him. What about him?
- Brady; When he came back from his last trip a week ago, he let it be known he had all the cash he needed. He told everyone he was going back to the States.
- Preston; He was foolish to talk so freely.
- Brady; He found that out. So far there've been two attempts to steal his cash.
- Preston; Doesn't he keep it in the Bank?
- Brady; No. It's hidden somewhere in his house. Monday night while he was in the cafe, his house was ransacked. Even the floor boards were ripped up.

Preston; You said there were two attempts to rob him.

Brady; Yes. The night before last a prowler was around his house. Blackie started barking, wakened Toby and scared the prowler away.

Preston; Did anything happen last night?

Brady; I haven't heard.

Jake; (OUTSIDE, FADE IN EXCITEDLY) Doc! Hey Doc! Doc Brady!

(KING BARKS)

(POUNING ON DOOR - FAST STEPS CROSS ROOM)

Preston; Sounds like an emergency.

Brady; It's Jake Tabor.

(DOOR OPENS, WIND)

Jake; Hey Doc - you better come quick!

Brady; Where?

Jake; Oh!! A mountie!

Brady; This is Sergeant Preston.

(KING GROWLS)

Jake; Hey, that dog! Don't let him near me!

Preston; You needn't fear King. Quiet, King.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Brady; Sergeant Preston, this is Jake Tabor.

Preston; Hello, Tabor.

Jake; Glad to know you, Sergeant Preston.

Brady; What's wrong, Jake?

Jake; Old Toby Dixon sent me to get you, Doc.

Brady; Take my bag while I get into my parka. (EFFORT)

Preston; I'll go with you. (PUT ON PARKA)

Jake; I was passin' his place when he stuck his head out the door an' yelled at me. He said to come on the run an' get you.

Brady; Ready, Sergeant?

Preston; Yes. Come on, King!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Annex; It took but a few minutes to reach the small one room cabin where Toby Dixon lived with his dog Blackie.

(DOOR OPENS)

Doc Brady entered the shack with Sergeant Preston, Jake Tabor and Yukon King close behind. Old Toby ~~knelt~~ knelt beside his small dog who lay motionless on the bunk.

Brady; What is it, Toby? Are you hurt or sick?

(STEPS AS:)

Toby; (FADE IN) Doc, it's Blackie! Look at the poor little critter.

Preston; Your dog?

Toby; Yeah.

(KING WHINING)

Preston; Steady, King.

Toby; It's Sergeant Preston! Sakes alive, Sergeant, I'm glad you're here. There's been a murder!

Brady; Toby, this looks like a knife wound.

Toby; That's what it is, Doc. When I found Blackie he was lyin' on the ice. I carried him in here an' put him on the bunk. Doc, he hasn't moved --

Brady; Toby I'm sorry. Your dog is dead.

Toby; I - I thought so. But Doc, who'd do it? Who's ornery enough to - to do a thing like this? Sergeant Preston, you have to find the killer!

Preston; Is this the knife?

Toby; Yes! It was lyin' beside Blackie on the ground. I brought it in, figurin' I might find the owner.

(COUPLE OF STEPS)

Jake; Doggone, Toby, I'm sorry. I know Blackie meant a lot to you.

Toby; He was my pal. He's been with me for nine years.  
(SNIFFLE) The poor little critter. He always hated the cold an' snow up here, an' I kept tellin' him one day I'd take him back to the States where he'd see lots of grass to run on - an lots of sunshine.

Jake; Toby, have you any idea who did this?

- Toby; No. I got up this mornin', same as usual, an' opened the door so's Blackie could take a run. I built up the fire an' put the coffee on for breakfast, an' opened the door. But Blackie didn't come back. I called to him, an' still he didn't come. Then I went lookin' for him. I found him out front, lyin' on the ice.
- Preston; The ice won't show footprints. Do you know who owns this knife?
- Toby; I never saw it before.
- Jake; It looks like Bart Weaver's knife.
- Preston; I don't know Bart Weaver.
- Brady; He's new in town. He works in the cafe.
- Jake; This is his knife or one just like it.
- Preston; Was Blackie friendly with Bart Weaver?
- Toby; He was friendly with everyone. Bart - Jake here --he was friends with everyone. (SNIFFLE) Anyone could've knifed him while he was sayin' good mornin'.
- Preston; But he barked at a prowler the night before last.
- Toby; Oh, you know about that?
- Brady; I told the Sergeant about it, Toby.
- Toby; He'd bark at anyone sneakin' up durin' the night, just the same as he'd be friends with anyone who spoke to him durin' the day.

- Preston; Your dog was probably killed by the man or men who are trying to steal your money.
- Toby; I know it! The crook found out he couldn't rob me with Blackie on guard, so he's killed Blackie! You'll get the killer, won't you Sergeant Preston? You an' King will get on his trail - -
- Preston; The ice doesn't show any trail, Toby. A number of people have walked along the street so King couldn't follow a scent.
- Toby; But that won't stop you, Sergeant -(GREAT CONCERN)  
w -will it?
- Preston; Toby, I must be in White Horse <sup>TONITE</sup> ~~tomorrow~~. I'll have to leave Chiliwaw in less than an hour.
- Toby; No! You can't leave here! There's been a murder!
- Preston; <sup>WHITE HORSE IS ONLY A FOUR HOUR WALK,</sup>  
I'll return as soon as possible. Then we'll see what we can do to bring the man who killed your dog to justice.
- Toby; I'll give a reward! Look, all my savin's are right here in paper money sewed inside my shirt!
- Preston; Inside your shirt!
- Toby; I'll give every dollar of it as a reward!
- Preston; Toby, do you tell everyone where your money's hidden?
- Toby; 'Course not, but I trust you and Doc and Jake.

Preston; Don't tell anyone else. Now listen, Toby, with your watch dog gone, there may be another attempt to rob you. I'll leave King with you.

Toby; You --you're goin' to leave your dog?

Preston; Yes. Keep him with you every minute of the day and night until I return. Before I leave I'll question Bart Weaver about this knife.

Toby; I'll go with you. I want to hear what he has to say!

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Annex; Doc returned to his office and Jake remained to bury Blackie while Sergeant Preston, accompanied by Toby and King called on Bart Weaver in the cafe.

(CAFE ROOM B.G.)

Bart looked at the knife.

Bart; That's my knife. I lost it a couple of weeks ago. Where'd you get it, Sergeant?

Toby; I found it. It was used to kill my dog!

Bart; Toby, I'm sorry to hear that. M'ghty sorry. I know how much you thought of Blackie.

Annex; Sergeant Preston questioned the man at length, but Bart stuck to his story of having lost his knife some time previously. In the limited time at his disposal, Sergeant Preston could go no further with the investigation. He and King returned to Toby's house.

Preston; Toby, I'll return from White Horse as soon as possible.

Toby; All right, Sergeant.

Preston; Remember what I told you about King. And you, King --

(BARK)

Preston; -- you're to take care of Toby. Understand, boy?

(TWO BARKS)

Toby; What about feedin' him, Sergeant Preston?

Preston; He's been taught to take no food from strangers.

Toby; But sakes alive, he has to eat! And I have a first rate caribou hangin' out back. It's all skinned and dressed.

Preston; I'll show it to King and make him understand it will be all right to eat it when you feed it to him.

Toby; Good. Come around to the back of the place and I'll let you see it.

Preston; Come on, King.

(DOOR OPENS - WIND UP) (FADE OUT)

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Annex;

Sergeant Preston made King understand that he might eat food offered by the old man, then left for White Horse. That night at suppertime, Toby cut off a good sized slab of the caribou meat, never suspecting it had been poisoned, ~~and gave King a hearty meal. As~~ <sup>BY A PROWLER WHILE HE AND KING</sup> ~~WERE AWAY FROM THE CABIN. KING ATE HEAVILY BUT TOBY,~~ <sup>for himself, the old man had no appetite.</sup> ~~giving~~

GRIEVING for his dog, he ate nothing. He turned in earlier than usual, and tossed restlessly for some time before he finally fell asleep. It was the middle of the night when a figure crept stealthily to the cabin door, opened it and went inside.

(CREAKING DOOR) (CREAKING FOOTSTEPS)

There was no alarm from Yukon King. The great dog lay motionless near the foot of Toby's bunk, more nearly dead than alive — a victim of the poisoned meat. Toby, sleeping lightly, was awakened by the creaking floor boards.

Toby; I hear someone — (STARTLED) Who are you?

Annex; He saw a dark form standing close to the bunk.

Toby; (CRY OUT) What're you doin' here?

(THUD OF BLOW)

Toby; (GASP & GO LIMP)

Annex; A pistol barrel thudded against poor Toby's head with stunning force. The old man went limp.

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(SNEAK IN STEPS ON ICE) (WIND B.G.)

Annex; It was late afternoon of the following day when Sergeant Preston returned to Chiliwaw. Traveling on foot over the icy trail, the Mountie reached the edge of town when he saw Bart Weaver. At the same moment, Bart saw Preston and ran to meet him.

Bart; (BACK) Hey Sergeant! Sergeant Preston!

(STEPS APPROACHING ON THE RUN)

Bart; (APPROACHING) Sergeant Preston, I have something to tell you!

(STEPS COMING IN & STOPPING)

Preston; Please be as brief as possible, Weaver. I'm in a hurry.

Bart; (BREATHLESS) I thought you'd be in White Horse today.

Preston; I was there early this morning. My appearance in court was brief, and I started back immediately.

Bart; Well listen, Sergeant, you suspected me of killin' Dixon's dog.

Preston; I questioned you, Weaver, because you owned the knife.

Bart; I know. Well, I couldn't prove an alibi for when Blackie was killed, but I have an air tight alibi for last night!

Preston; (SHARPLY) What about last night?

Bart; Someone knocked old Toby out and made off with all his money. It was sewed inside his shirt.

Preston; (CUT IN) But I left King to guard old Toby!

Bart;           The dog was poisoned. Doc Brady's still at Toby's place. He's been there since --

Preston;       See you later!

(RUNNING STEPS ON SNOW & ICE, SUSTAIN)

Annrc;         Sergeant Preston didn't wait to hear the rest. He ran hard to Toby's cabin and rushed thru the door.

(DOOR BURST OPEN)

Doc;           (BACK) Sergeant Preston!

(STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSES AS:) (CUT WIND)

Preston;       Doc! I heard about King!

(DOG - LOW WHIMPER)

Preston;       (CUE) King! What have they done to you? () Doc, he's as weak as a kitten.

Doc;           Yes, he's very weak. Where'd you hear about him?

Preston;       I met Doc Weaver. He said King had been poisoned and Toby robbed!

Doc;           Your dog is past the crisis. He's out of danger, thanks to Toby's quick work.

Preston;       Toby! Forgive me, I was so concerned about King, I forgot that you'd suffered a great loss --

Toby;          Aw -w that's all right.

Preston;       What happened last night?

Toby; I fed King some of the caribog I had hangin' out back. I didn't have any myself. I - I wasn't hungry. We turned in, an' some time during the night, I woke up. I heard the floor creakin' from someone movin' inside the house.

Preston; Could you see who it was?

Toby; It was too dark. Then somethin' hit me on the head. I - I reckon the man must've got accustomed to the dark to see my head. I was knocked out. I came to an' struck a light. Then I saw King stretched out on the floor, his legs stiff as ramrods, an' he was shakin' like with the ague --

Preston; What did you do for him?

Toby; I knew it was poison. I'd seen it work before. I melted down some tallow an' poured it down his throat. He got rid of some of the poison. Then I gave him more hot tallow - an' kept it up 'til daybreak. I didn't dare leave him long enough to go for Doc.

Doc; I just happened to drop in this morning. I've been here ever since.

Preston; King, you've been thru a hard fight. Doc, are you sure he'll be all right?

Doc; After a few days rest, he'll be as good as new.

Preston; Toby, I can't begin to thank you for what you've done. But I give you my word, I'll not rest until I recover your money and find the man who killed your dog!

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Annex; King was carefully moved to Doctor Brady's home where Sergeant Preston was to stay for the next few days. While King regained his strength, the Mountie put forth every effort to find evidence against the man who had ransacked Dixon's home, stabbed Blackie, poisoned King, and stolen old Toby's money. But his efforts led no where. It was evening when he sat with the doctor in front of the fireplace. King lay on the floor nearby.

Preston; King seemed quite lively when we went for a walk tonight, Doc.

Doc; He's nearly back to his normal strength.

Preston; Would he be able to accompany me tomorrow?

Doc; Yes if you don't overwork him.

Preston; Good. You hear that, King?

(BARK)

Doc; (CHUCKLE) He'll be glad to be back at your side. Have you any ideas about the identity of the poisoner?

Preston; Yes I have.

Doc; (SURPRISED) You have?

Preston; I think I know who he is. But what I think isn't sufficient evidence. What's more, King's reaction doesn't confirm my suspicion.

Doc; I don't understand --

Preston; Doc, remember the first attempt to get Toby's money?

- Doc; Yes, someone ransacked his house while he was in the cafe.
- Preston; Ransacked the house even to the extent of tearing up a couple of floorboards. The next night a prowler went to the house. Toby's dog sounded the alarm.
- Doc; Yes, I know, but --
- Preston; The thief didn't know where the cash was hidden.
- Doc; If he had, he wouldn't have searched the house while Toby was out.
- Preston; But the night King was poisoned the thief knew where to go for the cash. He slugged Toby and stripped off his shirt. At that time few people knew where Toby kept his cash.
- Doc; The banker knew it, so did his clerk. Toby told them.
- Preston; They knew it before the house was ransacked. If Garner or Joe Thorne were the thief, they'd have known where to find the cash.
- Doc; That's good logic.
- Preston; They wouldn't have ransacked the house while Toby was out. Now -- when the thief actually got the cash, he slugged Toby and stripped off the shirt. That means the thief is a man who learned about the shirt on the day of the robbery!
- Doc; That narrows it down --
- Preston; T o one man! Jake Tabor was with us when Toby told about his shirt.

Doc; Preston, I think Jake Tabor is your man!

Preston; But there's not a shred of evidence to back my suspicion. Furthermore, King doesn't bristle when he sees Jake.

Doc; Um-m. King was almost friendly when Jake called here to inquire about him.

Preston; King was partially paralyzed by the poison when the money was stolen. He couldn't warn Toby, but Doc, I think he'd remember the scent of the intruder. And he'd hate it!

Doc; Maybe he was more nearly unconscious than you think.

Preston; In any event, I think I've found a way to trap Jake and make him show his hand, but I'll need your help.

Doc; Count on it. What shall I do?

Preston; Call on Toby, tonight. Tell him he's to act very will. Then go to the cafe and tell Bart Weaver and a few others that you're worried about Toby. Hint that he might be coming down with a serious disease.  
(FADING) One that is contagious - -

(FADE IN CAFE B.G.)

Annrc; It was one hour later when Doc Brady visited the cafe.

Doc; (FADE IN) Bart, I just came from Toby's place, and frankly, I'm worried.

Bart; Poor old Toby. His luck is sure running bad.

Jake; (COMING IN) Doc, what's that about old Toby?

Doc; Oh hello, Jake.

Jake; Toby have more trouble?

Doc; He's sick, Jake. It might be critical. I'll know more about him in the morning.

Jake; What's wrong with him?

Doc; He might have something like small pox - or even worse.

Adlib; STIR)

Joe; (COMING IN) Did I hear someone mention small pox?

Doc; Yes you did, Thorne.

Jake; Doc was sayin' Toby has a fever that's worse than small pox!

Doc; I'm not sure. I'll see what develops in the morning.

Bart; Worse than small pox! Gosh, Doc, is it catching?

Doc; If Toby has the fever I'm thinking of, we'll have to put a guard at his cabin to be sure no one gets close to him.

Jake; I - I suppose you can cure Toby.

Doc; I'll do my best. I'll hurry to White Horse and get a special medicine - the only thing that will prevent or cure such a disease.

Jake; Prevent it?

Doc; It would immunize a man who'd been exposed to it.



Bart; Will you get enough of that medicine to protect the rest of us here in town?

Doc; That would be impossible, Bart. It's a very scarce medicine. I'll have a hard time persuading the White Horse doctor to give me enough for Toby. There's little of that medicine in the Yukon Territory. No where near enough to use as a preventative for people who are not ill. (FADING) We'll hope for the best.

(FADE CAFE B.G.)

Annrc; After Doc had left the cafe, the news spread rapidly. By the following morning, the whole town was buzzing with talk of old Toby's mysterious ailment. When a special constable, sworn in by Sergeant Preston, was placed on guard at Toby's door, the worse fears of everyone were confirmed.

Adlib; Toby's in a bad way.  
The poor old critter. I'm sorry for him.  
Did you hear what Doc said last night about special medicine?  
Toby's had a lot of tough luck! (ETC.)

Annrc; Standing in front of Doc Brady's house, Sergeant Preston heard snatches of conversation from the passers-by. Then the doctor came out of the house dressed for travel.

Preston; Ready, Doc?

Doc; Yes. How's our plan working?

Preston; First rate, so far. Sorry you have to go to White Horse.

- Doc; It will do me good. I should be there by noon, and back here some time in the late afternoon.
- Preston; While you're there, pick up a bottle of medicine with Doctor Jackson's name on it.
- Doc; Leave that to me.
- Preston; I'll keep an eye on Jake. If he's guilty, he'll be worried about the shirt in his possession. I've dropped a few remarks hinting that Toby's stolen shirt might carry the fever germs. He'll make an attempt to waylay you on the backtrail and take the medicine.
- Doc; You'll be following if he comes to meet me?
- Preston; Yes. King and I will follow him, and I hope we'll finish this day with a confession.
- Annex; We'll ~~learn the result of Sergeant Preston's plan~~ <sup>CONTINUE OUR STORY</sup> in just a moment.

## (COMMERCIAL)

- Annex; As the day passed, Doctor Brady journeyed to White Horse on the pretext of getting special medicine. Meanwhile, Sergeant Preston kept a sharp but unobtrusive watch on Jake Tabor. Jake went about his normal pursuits, and in mid-afternoon, became engaged in a poker game in the cafe. Sergeant Preston and the great dog Yukon King waited outside the door. When it was time for Doctor Brady to return to Chiliwaw, Jake still lingered at the card game. The Mountie glanced at his watch with increasing frequency as the minutes dragged into an hour. Then Jake came out of the cafe.

(WIND B.G.)

Jake; Oh hello, Sergeant Preston.

Preston; How did you make out, Jake?

Jake; Won a tidy sum from the boys. They're all worried for fear of catchin' Toby's fever. Their minds aren't on their game.

Preston; I see.

Jake; I won enough to buy new clothes, and I'm on my way to spend it before I get into another card game.  
(FADES) See you again.

Preston; (PAUSE) King, he doesn't act like the guilty man.

(LOW WHIMPER)

Anchor; Once more Sergeant Preston looked at his watch.

Preston; King, Doc Brady should have been back here an hour ago! ( ) I wonder - (SUDDEN DECISION) We're going to go out and meet him!

(SHARP BARK)

Come on, King!

(STEPS AND BARKS, FADING)

Anchor; King thrilled to the summons. It was good to be back on the trail trotting at his master's side. Sergeant Preston had traveled less than one mile after leaving town when he saw Doc Brady.

(STEPS) (WIND B.G.)

(KING BARKS)

Preston; (CALLS) Doc!

Anncr; There was something wrong. Doc's hat was gone, and he walked with dragging steps weaving from side to side.

(STEPS STOP)

Doc; Preston - -

Preston; Doc, what's the matter with you? What has happened? Here - take my arm.

Doc; Be - be all right in a few minutes. How - how did Jake get away from you?

Preston; He didn't. He's in town now.

Doc; Someone slugged me from behind - don't know who. I was unconscious. When I - I came to, the bottle of medicine was gone. I - I was unsteady on my feet for a time, but I'm better now. Getting stronger every minute.

Preston; Can you take me back to that spot on the trail?

Doc; Yes, b - but the ground's frozen too hard to show footprints.

Preston; King may be able to pick up the scent of the man who slugged you.

Anncr; It was only a couple of hundred yards to the place where Doc had fallen. There the great dog King reacted violently.

(KING BARKING &amp; SNARLING)

Annex; He found and recognized a scent he hated. He associated it with a prowler in the night - a man who had hurt old Toby at a time when he, King, lay helpless. He looked up at his master -

(MORE BARKING)

He wanted desperately to follow that trail.

Preston; All right, King, take the lead, boy. On, King!

(BARKING SUSTAINS)

Annex; King streaked across the ice and hardpacked snow, angling off the trail. Then he cut back toward town and went directly to a small house. He snarled and barked and clawed at the door until his master caught up.

(SNARLING & BARKING)

Preston; All right, King, we're going in!

(HARD RAP ON DOOR)

Annex; The door was opened by Joe Thorne, clerk in Garner's Bank.

(DOOR OPENS) (KING IS BESIDE HIMSELF)

Joe; (FEAR) That dog, get down - get down, you!

Preston; Down, King!

(KING SUBSIDES)

Joe; Wha --what's the matter with him?

Preston; He hates crooks, Thorne.

Joe; Cro -- crooks --

Preston; You knocked Doctor Brady down.

Joe; No no --

Preston; King has the scent. He followed you. I think a search of this house will reveal the bottle of medicine you took from Doc Brady. Doc is on the way here, and he'll identify it. And a search might reveal Toby Dixon's money and his shirt!

(KING FADES BACK, WHIMPERING)

Joe; Get that dog out of here!

Preston; He's on the track of something!

Joe; (PANICKY) Get out of there, you mutt! Get away from that bed!

(KING SUDDEN REACTION) (BARKING, SNARLING)

(FRANTIC) Get away!

Preston; He's found something!

Joe; I'll kill --

Preston; (EFFORT) No you don't, Thorne!

(SHARP SLAP)

Preston; I'll take that gun!

Joe; You -- you -- you --

Preston; Stand over there. I'll see what King's trying to pull from beneath that mattress!

## (COUPLE OF QUICK STEPS)

Doc; (BACK) Preston! Preston, this is Thorne's house!

Preston; Come here, Doc. See what King has found. It's Toby Dixon's shirt.

Doc; Then Thorne is the thief!

Preston; And here's Toby's money!

Joe; That dog - that confounded dog!

## (KING SNARLS)

Preston; The dog you tried to poison.

Joe; I - I admit it, Preston. I - I guess you win.

Preston; You tried to frame Bart Weaver for stabbing Blackie.

Joe; I - I found his knife. I meant to return it to him. Then when I learned that old Toby had money - - well, you know the answers.

Preston; Why did you ransack the house on the first night you tried to steal the money.

Joe; It wasn't me the first night, Preston. (BITTER LAUGH) It was Garner, my boss.

Preston; The banker?

Joe; Yes. He was afraid someone would rob Toby, so he went to the house and messed things up a little, hoping to scare the old man into puttin' his cash in the bank.

Doc; Well I'll be doggoned.

Joe; He was sure someone would get the cash inside that shirt, and so was I. I thought I might as well be the lucky one. () I'm tellin' you this because I - well, I'm done for. I've been handling that germ laden shirt so much, I'm sure to catch the fever. Fact is, I feel the beginning of it already. And nothing can help me.

Doc; What about the medicine you stole?

Joe; (BITTER LAUGH) Look in the next room. I was just about to drink it when I looked out the window and saw that dog coming. I - I dropped the bottle. It broke. The medicine is gone.

Doc; (CHUCKLES) It won't matter, Thorne, because you see, old Toby's just as well as I am. That medicine was merely ordinary bitters.

Joe; (LAUGH BITTERLY) Tricked! Outguessed all the way! () And all because of a dog!

Preston; Thorne, you poisoned the meat old Toby planned to eat. That's attempted murder. For that and the robbery - to say nothing of what you did to Blackie and to King - I'll make it my business to see that you get the full limit of the law! Now come with me. On the way to jail, we'll return old Toby's cash and tell him that this case is closed!

(BARKS)

THERE .