

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, created by Geo. W. Trendle.

The White Sable

by Fran Striker

Number 1184

Date 9-16-54

*not sent
to Skinner*

Preston

King

Jim Worth....straight. Trapper.

Mooseheavy

Hokeheavy

FILE

Sable promo

Li 21-10223
Mr. Stone
T 22 7

Annex;

The rarest of all fur bearing creatures brought Sergeant Preston face-to-face with killers. And at the crucial instant, the Sergeant gun mis-fired! For chills and thrills be sure (etc)

Antarctic
E3-966B
17-786A
11-348C

Brown

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon

by Fran Striker

Number 1184

THE WHITE SABLE

Date 9-16-54

(USUAL OPENING*)

(HOOFS AT WALK)

Annrcr;

In the Yukon Territory, two evil-faced men rode north along the boulder-strewn bank of the Loup River, which flowed south from the Mackenzie Mountains. The sinister pair, known as Hoke Hammond and Moose Miller, were on their way to commit a fur robbery. Hoke was saying-

Hoke;

Moose, are you sure Jim Worth'll be gone when we get to his cabin?

Moose;

I'm dead sure of it, Hoke. I know the habits of that trapper.

Hoke;

Yes, but-

Moose;

(CUT IN) The Loup River has been clear of ice for a couple of days now-

Hoke;

What's that got to do with it?

Moose;

Every year, right after the Spring break-up, Jim paddles his canoe north to the Blood Indian village.

Hoke;

Why does he go there?

Moose: Jim's an ermine trapper. In the Spring he buys up any ermine the Indians have caught during the winter. Then he returns to his cabin, picks up his own catch, and takes all the pelts to the Hudson's Bay company trading post at Elbow Bend.

Hoke; How does he travel to the trading post?

Moose; By canoe.

Hoke; But, Moose, to do that he'd have to shoot the Loup Rapids an' go over the Loup Falls! No man can do that in a canoe an' stay alive.

Moose; He makes a portage around the rapids an' falls.

~~Hoke; Yuh mean he carries his canoe - and his pack of furs?~~

~~Moose; Sure! One man can carry a light canoe upside down on his shoulders -~~

~~Hoke; He must carry the canoe - then come back an' make another trip with the pack -~~

~~Moose; (ANNOYED) So he makes two trips past the rapids! What of it?~~

Hoke; ~~I was only curious - that's all. () I hope we get away from his place before he returns from the Indian village.~~

Moose; As I figure it, he won't get back from there until tomorrow. I tell yuh, Hoke, this'll be the best and easiest haul we ever made.

Hoke; All we got from our last job was a few fox pelts.

Moose; We're after ermine this time. Jim Worth traps more of those critters than any man in the north country. And the talk is, he did even better'n usual durin' the past winter.

Hoke; There's a cabin ahead of us -

Moose; That's Jim's. Rein in.

AD LIB: (WHOAS)

HOOF'S STOP

Hoke; I don't see any sign of life around the place. There's no smoke comin' from the chimney -

Moose; Jim's canoe is gone from the landing. It's just as I said - he's north dickerin' with the Indians.


Hoke; But we'd better be sure he's gone. We don't want him to take us by surprise.

Moose; If he's there, we'll shoot him. But I'd like to avoid murder if possible. Let's dismount an' take a closer look - (DISMOUNT)

Hoke; (DISMOUNTS) Good idea.

Annrcr; Keeping behind bushes and boulders, the fur thieves cautiously examined all sides of Jim Worth's cabin. Then, satisfied that the owner was not nearby, they approached the door..

Hoke; Padlocked.

Moose; ~~You've got a handaxe in your belt, Hoke.~~
Bust the lock. 

Hoke; (EFFORT) Right.

SMASH LOCK.

Moose; (CUE) That did it. I'll open the door.

DOOR OPENS.

Moose; (CUE) C'mon in.

STEPS IN AS

Moose; Leave the door open so's we can watch the river.

Hoke; Look! There're the pelts.

Moose; Yep. (CHUCKLES) Let's look 'em over.

Hoke; (AWED) Moose, look at this stack of ermine pelts! Must be a couple of hundred of 'em.

Moose; What'd I tell yuh?

Hoke; These're worth a fortune! What's in the other stacks?

Moose; Seem to be fox and beaver -

Hoke; We goin' to take them?

Moose; No. They're too heavy an' cheap for us to bother with. We'll just take the ermine. I -
(BREAK)

Hoke; (PAUSE) What's that you've got?

Moose; (THOUGHTFUL) I'm tryin' to figure it out.
This pelt was apart from the others - it's
too large for ermine -

Hoke; The trapper's left the nose an' claws on the skin-

Moose; Um. Looks like sable, but -

Hoke; But it's white!

Moose; Yeah -

Hoke; I never heard of a white sable.

Moose; (SUDDENLY) Hoke!

Hoke; Huh?

Moose; This is a white sable! I've heard that such
things are found, but they're just about the
rarest critter in existance!

Hoke; You sure that's a sable?

Moose; Yes! There's no mistakin' the nose an' claws!
Hoke, this must be worth a fortune! It must
be worth more'n all these other pelts put
together!

Hoke; Then this is even a better haul than you
figured on!

Moose; Yeah! Now let's take the ermine an' get out of here.

BREAK

Annrc; A short time later, Moose and Hoke, with the ermine wrapped in canvas and tied behind their saddles, started south.

ADLIB: (BIT APS)

HOOFS START -

Annrc; As they rode along the bank of the river toward the settlement at Elbow Bend, Moose frequently took the white sable pelt from the big pocket of his jacket and admired it-

*rub ag
fudge*

HOOFS FADE OUT

Annrc; Meanwhile, Jim Worth, having concluded his business with the Indians sooner than he had expected, returned to his cabin. He tied his canoe, then as he approached the door and saw the broken padlock he exclaimed -

*see door
open
run to
house*

Jim: (SURPRISE) What's this mean?

DOOR OPENS STEPS AS

Jim; (CUE) The ermine's gone! And the white sable! I've been robbed! () I've gotta report this to the Mountie post at Elbow Bend! The crooks won't get away with this!

Annrc; Quickly the trapper loaded the remaining pelts into his canoe -

SNEAK IN FLOWING RIVER

Annex; The Loup River, swollen in Spring by melted snow, was higher and swifter than Jim had ever seen it. Stepping into the light canoe he muttered -

Jim; (EFFORT) With the current as fast as this, I should reach Elbow Bend by tonight. Then the law'll be after those fur thieves!

FADE ~~OUT~~ RIVER. FADE IN HOOFS, WALK

Annex; At that moment, when Jim picked up his paddle to guide the frail boat in the river current, Moose Miller, riding beside Hoke some distance downstream, suddenly called -

Moose; (CALL) Hoke! Rein in!

AD LIB: (WHOAS)

HOOFS STOP. RIVER IN BG

Hoke; What's the matter, Moose?

Moose; It just struck me - we made a mistake.

Hoke: A mistake?

Moose; Yes. A big one! This here pelt's prob'ly the only white sable that's ever been trapped in this part of the country.

Hoke; That's why it must be worth plenty!

Moose; An' that's why it's dangerous to us!

Hoke; Dangerous? Why?

Moose; Jim's sure to report the theft of his furs. He'll tell the police he lost ermine an' a white sable. The ermine can't be identified, but if we try to sell the one an' only white sable -

Hoke; Um. I see what you mean, Moose. () We don't dare sell the white sable. You'd better throw it away.

Moose; Throw away somethin' as valuable as this? No!

Hoke; ~~No~~
Then what -

Moose; (CUT IN) We've got to make sure Jim doesn't report the robbery.

Hoke;! How?

Moose; We'll kill him.

Hoke; Now hold on, Moose! I'll risk a jail term for robbery - but hangin' for murder -

Moose; (CUT IN) No one'll know it's murder! We'll go back an' wait in the cabin. When Jim returns from the Indian village, we'll shoot him, then put him intuh his canoe an' let the river do the rest.

Hoke; But when his body's found with a bullet -

Moose; Who'll notice a bullet hole after Jim an' the canoe are smashed against the rocks in the rapids an' washed over the falls ?

Hoke; Um. I guess you're right, Moose.

Moose; Let's get back to the cabin. (ADLIB GITTAPS)

Hoke; (GITTAPS)

HOOFS START. FADE.

FADE IN RIVER. UP AND UNDER

Annrc; Meanwhile Jim sat in the stern of his canoe using the paddle only to keep the small craft straight. The current carried him rapidly toward the point at which he would go ashore and travel on land - making several trips to carry his canoe and cargo past the rapids and the falls.

RIVER UP AND OUT

FADE IN HOOFS. RIVER BG

Annrc; On their way back to the trapper's cabin, Moose and Hoke rode for some time at a fast gait. Then Hoke said -

Hoke; There's the river bend ahead.

Moose; Yep. I see it. I think we -- (BREAK) Look! There's a canoe comin' around the bend.

Hoke; We better get out of sight. We don't want to be seen in this vicinity -

Moose; We'll stop behind those boulders -

Hoke; Good!

AD LIB: (WHIOAS)

HOOFS STOP. RIVER BG.

Moose; (CUE) Hoke! That's Jim Worth in the canoe!

Hoke; Yeah?

Moose; He got back from the Injun village sooner'n I figured.

Hoke; D'you suppose he stopped at his cabin?

Moose; He must've!

Hoke; Then he knows he's been robbed!

Moose; Right. Get yer rifle ready...

LEVERING RIFLES AS -

Moose; ..we'll shoot when he comes abreast of us.

Hoke; He's in the middle of the river. It'll be hard to hit him.

Moose; We've gotta hit him!

Hoke; He's almost straight out from us now-

Moose; Start shootin' -

AD LIB, SHOTS, LEVERING RIFLES--

Moose; (CUE) Hold yer fire!

Hoke; One of our bullets broke his paddle, but he-

Moose; (CUT IN) That's all right!

Hoke; But he's still alive! He's gettin' away!

Moose; He's as good as dead right now. Without a paddle he can't make shore for the portage. He's bound to be carried through the rapids and over the falls.

Hoke; Moose, I'd like to be sure he's dead before we go to Elbow Bend to sell the ermine - and the white sable.

Moose; All right, Hoke. The river makes a lot of turns between here an' the rapids. By takin' a short cut through the woods and over the portage trail, we'll reach the river below the falls. We'll wait there until we see the wreckage of the canoe. (CHUCKLE) That's about all there'll be to see.

Hoke; Can we get there before the wreckage floats past?

Moose; Easy. Let's go.

AD LIB: (MOUNTING AND GITAPS)

HOOFS START & FADE

Annor; In the meantime, Sergeant Preston, making a routine patrol on his horse named Rex, had halted on the bank of the river just above the rapids. The river at that point was narrower and swifter than it was upstream-

RIVER BG.

Annor; Looking at the water, Preston spoke to his great dog, Yukon King.

Preston; The river's high, King. Higher than I've ever seen it.

KING WHINES

Jim: (FAR BACK)(ADLIB YELLS FOR HELP)

KING BARKS. ADLIB AS

Preston; A man in a canoe! He's headed for the rapids. (SHOUT) Paddle to shore. Hurry or you'll be killed!

Jim: (BACK)(YELL) I can't -

Annrc; When Jim held up the handle of the broken paddle, Preston realized that he was helpless. Downstream the icy waters swirled past countless rocks, many of which were sharp and jagged. And beyond the rapids - the falls!

Preston; (EFFORT) Here, King. We must try to save that man!

KING BARKS AND WHINES.

Annrc; The Sergeant took from his saddle a hubdred feet of light, strong rope. It was a line that had often served in coping with mine and mountain disasters.

Preston; (SHOUTS) Steady! I'll try to help you!

Jim; (NEARER) Hurry - or it'll be too late-

Annex; Thinking Sergeant Preston intended to try to throw a lariat to him, an attempt that would have been hopeless under the circumstances, the trapper half rode from his seat in the canoe--

Preston; (SHOUT)

Annex; The warning came too late!

Jim; (BACK)(SHARP CRY)

Annex; Jim fell overboard as the canoe crashed into a rock. As he bobbed to the surface, the swift, savage water swept him into another rock about fifty feet from shore. He clung there, half of his body submerged, while the canoe went on to break apart in the rapids.

Jim; (BACK)(GASPING) Help - help me -

Preston; (SHOUTS) Hang on! I'll get a line to you!
() Come on, King!

BARKS AND RUNNING STEPS AS

Annex; Carrying the rope, Preston ran upstream with King at his side. When he reached a point well above the man on the rock, he stopped and tied one end of the rope to King's collar -

AD LIB WHIMPERING

Preston; King, do to that man. Take the line to him. Understand?

!

WHINES.

Preston; Swim straight out and the current'll carry you to him. () Ready, King?

BARKS

Preston; Go!

SPLASH

Annor; King plunged into the water and swam hard. For each foot of progress away from shore he was carried several feet downstream by the swift current.

Preston; (SHOUTS) Keep going, King!

Annor; Preston hurried along the shore, keeping abreast of the dog as he played out the coil of rope -

Preston; (SHOUTS) That's it, King! Keep going, boy!

Jim; (BACK) I- I c-can't hold on - m-much longer-

Preston; (SHOUTS) Don't give up!

RIVER UP & UNDER

Annor; A few seconds later King reached the rock -

Preston; (SHOUTS) Hang on to the rope! Wrap it around your arm, then hang on! I'll pull you and the dog in!

RIVER UP & UNDER

Preston; (AD LIB EFFORT AS -)

Annor; Planting his feet firmly, the sergeant began pulling in the man and dog. It was a desperate battle - for the river seemed to fight against giving up Jim and King...

Preston; (EFFORT) Hang on - we'll make it -

RIVER UP & UNDER

Annor; Finally King and the trapper stood on dry ground. Shivering from the icy water, Jim said-

Jim; (TEETH CHATTERING) Th-thanks, Sergeant Preston-

Preston; That's all - (BREAK) Why you're Jim Worth! How did an old timer like you happen to break a paddle?

Jim; (COLD) It was busted by a bullet!

Preston; A bullet!

Jim; Yes! And I've been robbed of my best furs!

Preston; Tell me about it while you take off those wet clothes. I've an extra uniform in my pack. You're not supposed to wear it, but circumstances justify breaking regulations.

Annor; While changing clothes, Jim told how he had found his cabin looted of the ermine pelts and the white sable - and how two riflemen had fired at him from the riverbank...

Jim; I was on the way to Elbow Bend to report the robbery when those bushwhackers opened fire -

Preston; They must have been the fur thieves. The probably wanted to murder you so you couldn't report the theft of the white sable.

Jim: I reckon so.

Preston; I've never heard of anyone trapping a white sable.

Jim: They're mighty rare. The one I caught had pink eyes. It must've been an albino.

Preston; There are supposed to be albinos in every species of animal. If we can catch the thieves with that pelt in their possession, we'll have a tight case against them.

Jim: D'ya think we c'n catch 'em, Sergeant?

Preston; We'll do our best. Can you show me where they were when they fired at you?

Jim; Yes. I c'n show you the place-

Preston; Good. We'll put King on their trail.

Jim. It's quite a distance upstream.

Preston; Ride behind my saddle. (MOUNTS) Give me your hand. I'll help you up.

Jim; (EFFORT)

Preston; That's it. Now hang on to me. Ready, King?

BARKS

Preston; Let's go, Rex. Giddap!

HOOFS START AND FADE OUT

SNEAK IN, SMOOTH STREAM.

- Annex; In contrast to the turbulent rapids, the river about half a mile beyond the waterfall was placid. There, among huge boulders on the bank, Moose and Hoke sat on the ground near their halted horses. After a long watch for evidence that Jim Worth had been killed, Moose became impatient. He said -
- Moose; There's no use waitin' any longer. Anything floatin' downstream from where we busted Jim's paddle would've passed here by this time.
- Hoke; (WORRIED) I don't like to go to Elbow Bend until we know for sure that the trapper's dead.
- Moose; Humph. He couldn't have made shore without a paddle. He's dead all right enough - an' his canoe's busted into a thousand pieces.
- Hoke; Even so, those pieces would float an' we should've seen 'em.
- Moose; We could've missed seein' 'em -
- Hoke; I've been watchin' mighty close-
- Moose; Maybe the wreckage got caught on rocks - or maybe it's trapped beneath the falls -
- Hoke; (DUBIOUSLY) Maybe -

Moose; Quit worryin'. Take my word for it, Jim Worth is dead. Niw let's go downright to Elbow Bend. (CHUCKLE) I want to see the face of the factor at the Hudson's Bay post when he sees the pelt of a white sable.

HOOFS. BACK. APPROACHING SLOWLY

Hoke; How much d'ya think we'll get for it?

Moose; I don't know, but we'll -

Hoke; (CUT IN) Moose. I hear a horse.

Moose; So do I. Sounds like it's comin' over the trail we used. (EFFORT) I'll peek between these boulders ... maybe I can see who's comin'.

Hoke; I didn't want to -

Moose; (CUT IN) Hoke! There's a mountie comin' this way.

Hoke; A Mountie! Lemme see!

Moose; Look through that other crack. You'll see him. He's- Hey, there's two mounties - ridin' double!

Hoke; Moose! One of them's Sergeant Preston! That's his dog, Yukon King, ahead of the horse! D'ya think he's after us?

Moose; He couldn't be. Maybe if we stay here he'll go past without seein' us.

Hoke; That dog looks like he's followin' a scent-

HOOFS STOP. BACK.

Moose; Preston's drawn rein -

Hoke; I wonder why?

Moose; How do I - (BREAK) Hoke! That's Jim Worth ridin' with Preston!

Hoke; The trapper?

Moose; Yes.

Hoke; Can't be! He's wearin' a uniform!

Moose; I don't care what he's wearin'. He's Jim Worth!

Hoke; But the uniform -

Moose; Maybe Preston pulled him out of the water an' loaned him dry clothes.

Hoke; Then Preston knows about the fur robbery, and he's trailin' us! Look at that dog work!

Annor; Peering through narrow openings between the boulders, the outlaws saw King moving slowly, sniffing the ground, then lifting his nose to sniff the air. Preston, some distance beyond the dog, was also watching. Speaking over his shoulder to Jim Worth he said -

Preston; Jim, I think we're near the end of the trail! We'd better dismount.

Jim; Right, Sergeant!

Annor; Watching the uniformed men dismounting, Moose said -

Moose; We've got to do somethin', Hoke.

Hoke; Let's throw the pelts intuh the river. Then there'll be no evidence--

Moose; I'm not goin' to throw away a fortune.

Hoke; It's the only way -

Moose; Not it isn't. We'll shoot those two.

Hoke; Shoot a Mountie? You must be crazy!

Moose; We've gotta do it! Ready with your rifle. When they come closer, let 'em have it. You take the trapper an' I'll shoot Preston.

Hoke; (SIGHS) All right -

LEVER RIFLE. KING WHINES, FADING IN

Annrc; King's sharp ears caught the familiar sound of lever action rifles. The dog reacted instantly. He raced back to Sergeant Preston, whining a warning --

Preston; (SHARPLY) Jim! Take cover!

Annrc; The outlaws fired without waiting longer--

SHOTS.

Annrc; Bullets came close as Preston, King and the trapper leaped behind a sheltering boulder on the river bank.

Jim; (EFFORT) Phew! That was close!

Preston; (CALLS) Here, Rex. Come here, boy!

HOOFS IN AND STOP AS

Annex; The boulder was large enough to protect the horse as well as the men and Wukon King.

KING WHINING.

Annex; As Preston drew his rifle from the saddle-scabbard, Jim said-

Jim; I saw the rifle smoke when those crooks fired, Sergeant.

Preston; So did I. I know where they are.

Jim; They're in a good position. They c'n fire between the boulders without givin' us much of a target.

Preston; I know. () Here. Take my rifle. It's fully loaded...

Jim; You want me to shoot it out with those men?

Preston; Yes. But wait until I take off my jacket and boots. (AD LIB EFFORT)

Jim; What're yuh goin' tuh do?

Preston; I can't capture those crooks without getting behind them. (EFFORT)

Jim; But how -

Preston; From behind this boulder I can slip into the river without them seeing me. I think there's enough brush on the bank to conceal me as I go past the crooks - I'll stay under water as much as possible-

Jim; But the water's like ice--

Preston; (EFFORT) You were in it-- so was King. Better fire a shot past the edge of the boulder --

Jim; Right.

CLOSE SHOT. SHOTS, BACK
KING WHIMPERS.

Jim; They're still there.

Preston; Um. () You stay here, King!

WHINES AS

Preston; Jim, fire often enough to hold the attention of those men --

Jim; I savvy.

AD LIB SHOTS

Annrc; After removing his boots and more cumbersome garments, Preston made sure that the revolver, fastened to a lanyard around his neck, would not get wet by enclosing it in a waterproof wrapper. Then --

Preston; Here goes, Jim!

Jim; I hope yuh don't freeze!

Preston; Keep firing.

AD LIB GUNFIRE AS
RIVER CLOSE

Annor; Though Sergeant Preston had steeled himself for a shock, the chill of the snow-fed river took his breath momentarily. Clinging to brushwood he made his way silently downstream until he was near the outlaws. Then he swam underwater until he was well past them.

RIPPLE OF WATER. SHOTS BACK AND
FARTHER BACK, AD LIB.

Annor; Emerging, the sergeant climbed ashore. He took his gun from the waterproof wrapper he walked softly toward the fur thieves. Presently he was near enough to hear Moose saying--

Moose; (BACK) Hoke, you keep shootin'. I'll try to slip around behind those two --

Hoke; (BACK) And leave me? Not much.

Moose; (NEARER) I'll try to get at 'em from behind--

Hoke; (NEARER) You'd get out of my sight an' keep goin' with the white sable! I know you, Moose!

Preston; Drop those rifles!

AD LIB: (SURPRISE)

Moose; Behind us--

Hoke; Preston!

Preston; Drop 'em, I said!

Hoke; Don't shoot! I surrender--

DROP RIFLE

Koose; (ANGRY) I don't! I'll-

SHOT

Moose; (HOWL OF PAIN)

Annrc; Preston's bullet struck the rifle before Moose could fire, and sent it flying from the outlaw's hands. Desperate and unreasoning with rage, Moose leaped forward -

Moose; (RAGING) I'll kill yuh with my bare hands--

CLICK

Annrc; Preston aimed at the crook's shoulder, but his weapon failed--

IMPACT

Moose; (EFFORT) I've got yuh!

AD LIB STRUGGLE

Annrc; Moose grasped the Sergeant's gun-hand in a grip of steel...

Moose; (EFFORT) I've got him, Hoke. Pick up yer rifle!

Hoke; (EFFORT) Hold his gun hand--

Moose; I've got it-- don't shoot. Yuh might hit me. Slug him with yer rifle. Knock him out.

Hoke; Gimme a chance! Swing him toward me!

Moose; (EFFORT) Right!

BARKS COME IN FAST.

Annex; At that instant King arrived and leaped at
Hoke -

Hoke; (STARTLED OUTCRY)

SNARLS AND BARKS

Annex; Hoke staggered backward then fell, dropping
his rifle-

Hoke; (ADLIB, PANIC) The dog - he's got me down -
Help me Moose- (SUSTAIN AD LIB)

Annex; Then Preston got his left hand free.

Preston; (EFFORT) Now, Moose -

HARD BLOW

Annex; His fist crashed against the outlaw's jaw -

Moose; (FRENZY) I'll kill yuh for that -

Preston; (EFFORT) Here's another -

BLOW

Jim; (BACK)(YELL) I'm comin', Sergeant-

Preston; (EFFORT) ..and another-

BLOW

Annex; The third blow, harder than the others, caused
Moose to let go of Preston's wrist. He staggered
backward..

Preston; (EFFORT) This should finish it!

BLOW - FALLING BODY.

Jim; (COME IN, BREATHLESS) That did it, Sergeant!
Yuh knocked the big crook down -

Preston; Give me the rifle, Jim! (EFFORT) Stay where
you are, Moose! You're covered.

Moose; D-don't - shoot -

Hoke; (PANIC) Call off this dog -

Preston; All right, King! That'll do, boy!

KING SUBSIDES

Preston; Pick up the rifles, Jim, and see that neither
of these men have hidden weapons -

Jim; Right!

Hoke; (BREATHLESS) Listen, Sergeant, we- we didn't
mean - that is -

Preston; Save your breath!

Jim; Sergeant! Here's my white sable! It was in
this critter's pocket.

Moose; That's my white sable pelt -

Preston; You can't get away with that story, Moose.
A dozen people know Jim Worth trapped the
white sable. And we'll probably find Jim's
ermine pelts tied behind your saddles.

Jim; I'll take a look!

Hoke; (DEFEATED) Don't bother. The ermine's there.

Oreston; Then you confess to the robbery?

Hoke; Why hot? You've got us dead to rights.

Jim; (BACK) Here it is, Sergeant. My ermine.
(COMING IN) I don't mind losin' the rest
of the furs an' my canoe, as long as I've
got the ermine.

Moose; Hmph. That white sable's worth more'n
all the ermine put together.

Jim; That's where you're wrong. The white sable is
worthless as a piece of fur.

Moose; Worthless?

Jim; Sure. (CHUCKLES) It's too rare to have any value.
Who'd want one sable, with no chance to match
it up with others? It's just a curiosity, that's
all. I planned to send it to the museum at
Ottaway

Moose; (DAZED) Worthless -

Hoke; I told yuh to get rid of it!

Preston; It's not worthless. It's the evidence that will
send you men to prison for a long time! Robbery,
and attempted murder! Walk ahead of me! The
handcuffs are waiting where I left my outer clothes!

Jim; Sergeant - yer drippin' wet! You can't travel
like that -

Preston; We'll build a fire and dry out, Jim, before we
start for Elbow Bend.

Jim;

Good!

Preston;

Go ahead, you crooks. Start walking. This case is closed.

theme