

Series: Challenge of the Yukon (Sergeant Preston)
Show: The Black Husky
Date: Dec 01 1948

ANNOUNCER:

Now, as gunshots echo across the windswept snow-covered regions of the wild Northwest, Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice, the breakfast cereal shot from guns, presents The Challenge of the Yukon! It's Yukon King, swiftest and strongest lead dog of the northwest blazing the trail for Sergeant Preston of the Northwest Police, in his relentless pursuit of lawbreakers!

SERGEANT:

On King - On, you huskies!

ANNOUNCER:

Gold - gold - discovered in the Yukon! A stampede to the Klondike in the wild race for riches! Back to the days of the Gold Rush with Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice bringing you the adventures of Sergeant Preston and his wonder dog, Yukon King, as they meet The Challenge of the Yukon.

(MUSIC)

BOY:

Extreee! Extreee! Hear all about it!

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, hear about how you fellows and girls can get a swell and complete miniature Model Farm.

GIRL:

It's the Quaker Model Farm!

ANNOUNCER:

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice - the swell tasting breakfast cereal shot from guns - are making an almost unbelievable offer!

BOY:

You can get 46 different detailed, scaled models in all. Including farm buildings, farm equipment, and farm animals.

ANNOUNCER:

They're yours at no extra cost!

GIRL:

There's nothing to send in. No money, box tops, or coupons!

ANNOUNCER:

No waiting, either! Listen for full details in just a few minutes.

(MUSIC)

NARRATOR:

A light snow was falling as Ned Johnson entered his mine that was located about ten miles north of Dawson City. As he disappeared into the entrance, the stealthy figure of a half-breed emerged from the falling snow. The half-breed hesitated only long enough to make sure that Ned's tracks led into the mine. Then, shielding a match from the wind, he lighted a fuse that dangled from something he carried. Threw the bundle into the mine and ran. Suddenly - there was the sound of an explosion!

F/X:

EXPLOSION

F/X:

AVALANCHE

NARRATOR:

Rocks and snow tumbled down the hillside and the mine entrance was closed. At last there was silence, and the snow fell quietly and steadily, covering all signs of human footprints.

It was almost a week later that Sergeant Preston of the Northwest Mounted Police sat with Ned's son Bob in their cabin about a half mile away from the mine where the tragedy had occurred. A big black-and-white husky dog sat beside his young master, his head on the boy's knee.

F/X:

DOG PANTING

BOB:

Isn't it funny, Sergeant, the way dogs seem to know when you're unhappy? Blackie hasn't left my side since Dad died.

SERGEANT:

I hope you won't mind telling me all you know about your father's death, Bob. I know it was an accident, but I'd like to hear more, if you don't mind talking about it.

BOB:

I'd be glad to tell you anything, Sergeant. There really isn't much to tell. I went into town with Uncle Jim for some supplies, and when we came back, Dad wasn't

here. Uncle Jim lives in his own cabin about a quarter mile from here, so he went right on home.

SERGEANT:

This is late afternoon?

BOB:

Yes, it was almost suppertime when we got back here. When Dad didn't come home, I got Uncle Jim, and we went to the mine to look for him. It was all caved in and, well, when we found Dad...

SERGEANT:

You don't have to tell me that part of it. Bob, I talked to your Uncle. Was your father ever careless with dynamite?

BOB:

Oh no, not at all, Sergeant. He never wanted me around when he was blasting it. I guess that's why he did it on the day I went to town - he was always afraid I'd get hurt.

SERGEANT:

Something must have been wrong with the fuse. Of course, there are plenty of accidents like that, but your father always seemed so careful.

BOB:

He was. But I guess accidents can happen no matter how careful you are.

SERGEANT:

What are you plans, Bob?

BOB:

I'm going to stay right here. Uncle Jim thinks I ought to sell out to him and go to school, but I don't think so.

SERGEANT:

It might be a good idea, Bob. Would you like to go to college?

BOB:

Yes, and I intend to someday. But Dad was sure that there's a rich vein of gold in that mine, and I don't want to sell it. It would take a long time to dig it all out again. I'm eighteen, and I don't see why I can't work with Uncle Jim.

SERGEANT:

Well, I should think he'd want you to, he needs your help, doesn't he?

BOB:

Yes, but you see Uncle Jim and I don't get along too well. He doesn't like dogs, for

one thing.

SERGEANT:

That's why you insist on living here alone in your cabin, and not moving in with him.

BOB:

That's one reason. You see, Blackie doesn't like him, and I've always let Blackie stay in the cabin with me.

SERGEANT:

Why doesn't Blackie like him?

BOB:

Uncle Jim kicked him once when Blackie was just a puppy. He's never forgotten it.

F/X:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

SERGEANT:

I see.

F/X:

DOG GROWL

BOB:

Calm down, Blackie-boy. Just a minute. Come on Blackie, I'll have to tie you up.

SERGEANT:

Is that your Uncle?

BOB:

Yes. When he comes in, I have to tie Blackie to the bed. Uncle Jim's afraid of him.

SERGEANT:

Oh.

BOB:

Come on. Easy now. There you are, boy, now lie down. All right, Uncle Jim, come in.

F/X:

BARKING

SERGEANT:

Quiet, King. Lay down, boy.

BOB:

Hello, Uncle Jim.

JIM:

Hello, Bob. Well, how are you, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

Fine, thank you.

JIM:

Is that dog with you safe?

SERGEANT:

Of course. He won't hurt you.

JIM:

I never trust any of them. That dog of Bob's would just as soon take a hunk out of you just looking at you.

SERGEANT:

Dogs don't like people who are afraid of them. They always sense it.

JIM:

Well I can't help not likin' em. Makes me to think about Ned.

SERGEANT:

I understand.

JIM:

I've been trying to get Bob to move into my cabin with me. I'm lonesome for him all alone here without his dad.

BOB:

I'm not lonesome as long as I have Blackie.

JIM:

Well I sure don't want HIM in my cabin. Even if he was gentle, he's too big. Ah, I swear Bob, I think that dog is the reason you don't want to get off to college.

BOB:

If I went, I'd take him with me.

JIM:

Hey Sergeant, maybe you can talk some sense into Bob. I'll give him money enough for his father's share of our mine to put him through college. After that, he'll have a profession. He'll be able to take care of himself.

BOB:

What do you think, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

That's something you'll have to decide for yourself, Bob.

BOB:

I'll be out at the mine tomorrow to start work Uncle Jim.

JIM:

Well, all right. It's like the Sergeant says, I guess, it's up to you to decide.

NARRATOR:

Sergeant Preston had gone back to Dawson City the following day. For two days Bob had worked hard at the mine taking out the loose dirt and rubble. That night, snugly rapped in fur robes, he slept soundly in his cabin with Blackie lying on the floor beside his cot. Suddenly the big dog raised his head in the darkness. His ears pricked forward, and a low growl rumbled in his throat. At the sound, Bob stirred and raised his head.

F/X:

DOG GROWL

BOB:

What's wrong, Blackie? You hear something, boy? Wait, I'll put my boots on. All right boy, I'll let you out. Suppose you heard some kind of animal, huh? Now wait till I light a match and find the door. There we are. Get him, boy.

F/X:

DOG BARKING

F/X:

STRONG WIND

BOB:

I'll find my gun. I better put a parka on. There we are. I'm coming, fella. Hold him, boy. What is it? You got something up that tree!

TIGA:

Take dog away! Him tried kill me.

BOB:

Tiga. Is that you?

TIGA:

Take dog away. Him chased me here!

BOB:

Back Blackie. Get back, boy. Now.

F/X:

DOG STOPS BARKING

BOB:

Why are you prowling around here at this time of night, Tiga? Come on down. I'll hold Blackie. Easy boy. Come here, come on.

F/X:

DOG GROWLING

TIGA:

Me go home now.

BOB:

But you live way over near the crick. What are you looking for? Did you drop something?

TIGA:

You take dog in cabin. Me fine.

BOB:

Here's something. I guess this is what you dropped. A knife.

TIGA:

Me pull knife when dog come.

BOB:

You've been drinking, Tiga. I'd better keep this knife for tonight. You go on home. I'll give it to you when you're sober.

TIGA:

Me want knife now.

F/X:

DOG GROWL

BOB:

Go on home, I said. Do you want me to let this dog go?

TIGA:

That my knife, you give back.

BOB:

I'll give you half a minute to leave, or I'll let this dog take care of you. Are you going?

TIGA:

Me go, me go. You be sorry.

BOB:

All right. All right, boy, he's gone. Come on back in the cabin. I wonder if he was trying to steal something. He was mighty close to our cabin. I'm glad I have you, old boy.

NARRATOR:

It was the following evening. Blackie chained to the cot in the corner. Lay with his nose between his front feet. But his eyes followed every move Jim Rance made as he talked to Bob.

JIM:

I can't imagine what that half-breed could have been doing around here last night. He...he was probably trying to steal some meat out of your shed.

BOB:

He didn't go near the shed, Uncle Jim. I saw his tracks in the snow this morning. They led right to my door.

JIM:

He never liked your father, but that don't mean he'd hold a grudge against you.

BOB:

Why didn't he like Dad?

JIM:

Well, along time ago, your dad knocked him down. He caught him stealing food out of the catch. I think he hit him for it.

BOB:

That's funny. I wonder why Dad never told me about it?

JIM:

I suppose he forgot about it.

BOB:

When did it happen?

JIM:

Oh...quite awhile ago...I don't remember exactly. I think, uh, we were on our way to Dawson for some supplies or something.

BOB:

But Dad always told me everything. That was certainly exciting enough; he'd hardly forget it.

JIM:

Maybe he thought it might make you nervous? Anyway, why don't you come over and live with me? It'll be safer.

BOB:

Oh I'm safe enough here Uncle Jim as long as Blackie's with me. I'd rather live by myself than give him up.

JIM:

Well, have it your own way. I won't stand for that dog in my cabin, though. I guess I better get home now. We've got a hard days work ahead of us.

BOB:

We'll soon have the mine all cleaned out again.

JIM:

Ya.

BOB:

Should be able to start getting gold out pretty soon.

JIM:

Yep, in a couple of days, I'd say.

BOB:

Do you want me to call for you on the way to the mine in the morning?

JIM:

No, no, I've got some work to do in my cabin in the morning. I'll be there later. You go on ahead and start work on the mine.

BOB:

All right. I'll try to get an early start.

F/X:

STRONG WIND

NARRATOR:

It was rather late the next morning when Bob walked hurriedly toward the mine, with Blackie frisking along beside him. As they approached a steep slope that loomed upside the path, a snowshoe rabbit darted out of the thickets. Blackie, with a joyful bark, pursued.

F/X:

DOG BARKING

BOB:

Get him, boy!

NARRATOR:

As the dog disappeared there was a sudden ominous sound from above.

F/X:

AVALANCHE

NARRATOR:

Rock, snow and ice came crashing down the side of the mountain! Bob was motionless with fright for a moment, then ran desperately to get out of the way of the avalanche. But a piece of rock struck him a glancing blow. He fell. Loose dirt and snow showered over him, as he lay face down helpless and unconscious.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER:

We'll continue our story in just a moment.

BOY:

Gee! Imagine Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are offering everyone a complete miniature model farm!

GIRL:

Golly! Look at those swell models you get right on these new packages!

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, kids - anyone can build these exciting models of farm buildings, equipment and animals - simply by getting these new packages of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. There are as many as six colorful models printed on a single package. And there are eight different packages. In all, 46 detailed scale models. And they don't cost a single extra penny.

GIRL:

Look at all the models you get just on package number one!

BOY:

You get the fire hose, garage and pickup truck.

GIRL:

And milk and hay wagon! Dobbin the horse, Queenie the Collie, and Bossie the cow!

ANNOUNCER:

What's more, these models are easy to build too! See - all packages are pre-cut and scored! Assembling is a cinch. No paste or glue is necessary.

BOY:

Boy! Look at that big red barn on package number three. It's got a sliding door!

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, the big red barn has a sliding door. Other farm buildings have windows and doors that open and close. And all models stand by themselves.

GIRL:

Gee - what fun you can have with this Quaker model farm!

ANNOUNCER:

That's right, Sandra. And best of all, anyone can start building these models right away! There's no waiting - Nothing to send in either - No money, box tops, or coupons. All you do is get the new model farm packages of Quaker Puffed Wheat, and Quaker Puffed Rice!

BOY:

Say! Wheat and rice shot from guns is my favorite cereal!

GIRL:

Mine too!

ANNOUNCER:

Well, what could be sweller? These wonderful new models now come right on the packages! And remember, there are eight different packages. Forty-six swell models in all. And mind you, they come ONLY with Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. So get busy. For fun, games, and excitement, start building your Quaker Model Farm right away! It couldn't be easier. There's no waiting! Simply go to your grocer and ask for the new packages of Quaker Puffed Wheat, and Quaker Puffed Rice!

(MUSIC)

NARRATOR:

Now, to continue our story.

F/X:

STRONG WIND

NARRATOR:

As the avalanche roared down the slope covering Bob Johnson, Blackie, returning from his pursuit of the rabbit, saw his master fall.

F/X:

DOG BARKING AND WHIMPERING

NARRATOR:

But by the time the big dog reached him, his body was completely covered by snow and rubble. Frantically Blackie began to dig, whining and whimpering. At last he reached the fur hood of his master. Desperately the big dog tugged at it.

Lifting Bob's face from the snow, only to have it drop back again. Blackie barked helplessly. He knew he couldn't drag the unconscious form from the thick heap pile above it. It was then that he heard the bark of a dog. And the sound of a dog team from the main trail that paralleled the path to the mine. Blackie raced toward the sound through the trees and barked frantically as he saw Sergeant Preston approaching on the trail.

SERGEANT:

On King, Come you Husky. ???Well Blackie, where's Bob fella? That's strange, he seems to be in trouble. Want us to follow you boy?

NARRATOR:

Blackie running into the woods and then back towards the Sergeant, barked furiously.

SERGEANT:

On huskies!???

NARRATOR:

With King leading the way the Sergeant turned the dog team into the woods and followed. When he reached the base of the slope, Blackie was standing beside the half-buried form of his master.

SERGEANT:

Whoa King????huskies. It's Bob. Never mind Blackie, I'll get him out. He's still alive. We'll get him home old boy, don't you worry.

NARRATOR:

It was some time later that Bob opened his eyes. He was lying in his cabin, and Sergeant Preston was standing beside his cot. King lay quietly in a corner. But Blackie licked his Master's hand and whined anxiously.

BOB:

How did you get here?

SERGEANT:

Easy Bob.

BOB:

Sergeant Preston? What happened?

SERGEANT:

You were caught in an avalanche. Blackie must have heard me coming on the trail, and led me to you.

BOB:

Oh, I remember now. Something hit me. Ah, my head.

SERGEANT:

I bandaged it. You'll be all right soon. There were no bones broken, but you were badly bruised in spots, you were very lucky.

BOB:

Is Blackie hurt?

SERGEANT:

No, I guess he wasn't caught in it.

BOB:

I remember now. He chased a rabbit. And I heard what sounded like an explosion.

SERGEANT:

An explosion? You mean you heard the rock cracking.

BOB:

Maybe that's what it was. Maybe I just imagined it, but it sounded like an explosion. Like somebody planted a blast on that slope to start an avalanche.

SERGEANT:

Did you see anyone around just before the avalanche?

BOB:

No...no, I didn't Sergeant.

SERGEANT:

It's lucky that Blackie was with you. Hadn't been for him coming to get us, you'd have smothered or frozen to death.

BOB:

It IS lucky that I have Blackie. I'm beginning to wonder if...

SERGEANT:

What were you going to say, Bob?

BOB:

I...guess I'm just imagining things.

SERGEANT:

Tell me what's bothering you.

F/X:

DOG GROWL

F/X:

BANGING ON DOOR

BOB:

Well I... It's Uncle Jim. Hand me Blackie's leash, will you please, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

Glad to. Here it is. I'll let your Uncle in.

BOB:

Quiet boy - quiet. There you are.

JIM:

Hello Sergeant. I THOUGHT that was your team outside.

SERGEANT:

Come in Rance. Blackie's tied.

JIM:

You mean Bob is here.

SERGEANT:

Bob's hurt.

BOB:

Hello, Uncle Jim.

JIM:

Hey Bob, what happened?

BOB:

Didn't you hear the avalanche? It happened right near the mine. I got caught in it.

JIM:

Avalanche? Well no, I haven't been to the mine. I spent the whole morning working on my cabin. I just came over here to borrow some tea. Are you hurt much?

SERGEANT:

His head was cut, but he'll be up by tomorrow.

JIM:

Could we take him over to my cabin? It's bigger and we could leave the dog in this room.

BOB:

Sergeant Preston is going to stay with me tonight Uncle Jim. He has to stay somewhere, so I asked him to stay here.

JIM:

Oh...I see.

BOB:

Anyway, Blackie saved my life, and I'm not going to leave him.

JIM:

So he saved you, huh?

SERGEANT:

Dogs are handy to have around, Rance. You should learn to like them.

JIM:

Well I'm afraid that's impossible. I don't feel comfortable in here with that dog of yours loose.

BOB:

The tea is over in the cupboard Uncle Jim. There's nothing you can do here. Sergeant Preston will take care of me.

JIM:

Well if there's nothing I can do, I'll get some tea, and be running along. I'm sure glad you weren't hurt seriously, Bob.

F/X:

SCOOPING SOUND IN BOWL

BOB:

I'll be able to work tomorrow. Did you get enough tea?

JIM:

Yeah, this is plenty. Well if there's anything I can do, just let me know, huh.

SERGEANT:

Bob will be all right, I'm sure.

JIM:

I'll right. Goodbye

SERGEANT:

Bye.

BOB:

Sergeant, I hope you didn't mind when I told him you were going to stay here.

SERGEANT:

As a matter a fact I'll be glad to stay. You had some reason for saying that. Your face looked, well, a little frightened, I thought. What is it, Bob? What's bothering you?

BOB:

Uncle Jim didn't stay at his cabin all morning.

SERGEANT:

He didn't? How do you know?

BOB:

Because I went to his cabin before starting for the mine. I told him I planned to go early this morning so he said not to wait for him. He had some work to do. But I overslept this morning. I thought maybe he'd be ready to go with me by then, so I went to his cabin. He had already left.

SERGEANT:

You sure he had gone to the mine? Maybe he was out getting wood.

BOB:

No, no I looked all over for him, and there were fresh tracks in the snow; his tracks on the way to the mine.

SERGEANT:

But why would he lie?

BOB:

Oh, I hate to be suspicious, but Uncle Jim keeps urging me to come to his cabin without Blackie. And other things have been happening. Tiga - that half-breed who lives on the other side of town - was prowling around my cabin with a knife the other night.

SERGEANT:

Oh.

BOB:

Uncle Jim said he hated my father, but Dad never mentioned him to me, or warned me about him. And today I'm sure I heard an explosion before that avalanche started.

SERGEANT:

Hmm. I wonder why your Uncle Jim didn't tell me at the time about this half-breed who disliked your father.

BOB:

I suppose he didn't think about it until Tiga came crawling around here the other night.

SERGEANT:

Strange he didn't think of it. He knows how careful your father was when he

handled explosives. Seems to me your Uncle Jim should have suspected something before either of us did.

BOB:

Yes...yes, that's right.

SERGEANT:

He'll be here again in the morning, Bob. I'll stay with you tonight, and perhaps we can make a few plans.

NARRATOR:

The following morning when Jim Rance stopped to see Bob, his concern for the boy seemed so genuine that Bob's conscience hurt him. He was sure he was wrong to doubt this man that had been so close to him for many years.

JIM:

I went to the trading post yesterday, Bob, and I bought you the tea I borrowed, along with a few other things I thought you might like to eat.

BOB:

Thanks, Uncle Jim. It was nice of you to think of it. You'd better not try working for a few days. Stay home and rest. Don't you think so, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

That's the advice I gave him.

JIM:

Are you going to stay here for awhile, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

Why...uh...I hadn't planned to because I have to take some supplies up to Moose Jaw, but one of my dogs took sick this morning, and I won't like to put him in the harness for a day or two. So it might be better if I wait over until Blitz is better.

BOB:

Sergeant, why don't you leave Blitz here and take Blackie in his place? I'll be resting up anyway, and he should have some exercise. Then you'll get Blitz when you bring my dog back.

SERGEANT:

All right, Bob, I'll take you up on your offer. Blackie knows me, and gets along with King. You sure you can spare him for two or three days?

BOB:

Of course I can.

JIM:

When are you leaving, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

If it's all right with Bob, I'll leave in about an hour. I should be able to make, oh, about fifteen miles today.

BOB:

Sure. It's all right with me.

JIM:

You wanna come over and stay at my cabin tonight, Bob? You're welcome as long as you come without that dog of yours.

BOB:

No...no thanks, Uncle Jim. I'm not afraid to stay alone. Don't worry about me.

NARRATOR:

It was a short time later that Jim Rance arrived at a small shabby cabin on the other side of the forest. Without stopping to knock, he entered.

F/X:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

TIGA:

Wha-a-a?

NARRATOR:

Tiga the half-breed rose, startled, beside the broken table, his hand on his hunting knife.

JIM:

Hello Tiga.

TIGA:

Oh, me not hear you come.

JIM:

Sorry I scared you.

TIGA:

You bring firewater.

JIM:

Ya, I thought you might like some, even though you haven't fulfilled your bargain. This might help to steady your nerves.

TIGA:

You mean, try again?

JIM:

I don't give up easy Tiga.

TIGA:

What we do?

JIM:

You're going to his cabin tonight...

TIGA:

Oh, me not go cabin, me not go near dog.

JIM:

That dog won't be there tonight. He's gone. This time I'm going with you to help.

TIGA:

What me do?

JIM:

You go into the cabin after Bob's asleep and take care of him. I'll do the rest.

TIGA:

What you do?

JIM:

Set fire to the cabin. I'll make it look like an accident so nobody will suspect. There won't be any evidence against you.

TIGA:

What happened to dog?

JIM:

Mountie borrowed him. He won't be back for three days.

TIGA:

You say Mountie.

JIM:

Yeah, he's a friend of Bob's.

TIGA:

Me no do this if Mountie come back. No like.

JIM:

Oh yes you will, Tiga. If you don't, I'll see that the Mountie finds out you were connected with the death of Bob Johnson. You wouldn't like that, would you?

TIGA:

You know me do this. You fix dynamite. You tell, then you get in trouble with law.

JIM:

Oh no, I wouldn't. I was with Bob when his father was killed. You've been in trouble with the law before, I haven't. They'd never take your word against mine. When this is over, I'll give you plenty of money. You can get out of the country and never have to work the rest of your life. But if you don't do it, I'll drop a hint to the Mountie about Bob's father. You're liable to hang.

TIGA:

You give me money tonight?

JIM:

Sure. I'll bring it to Bob's cabin. And you can light out right away. Nobody will know where you went by the time he's discovered.

TIGA:

Me do it. You be there tonight?

JIM:

I'll be there, you just do as I say.

NARRATOR:

A pale moon filtered through the clouds and dimly lighted the small clearing in front of Bob's cabin. The temperature had risen and the wind had died. The forest was wrapped in deep silence. Then suddenly a twig snapped under the moccasin feet of Tiga as he emerged from the shadows. Behind him, the stalking figure of Jim Rance appeared. And the two men stood for a minute whispering softly.

JIM:

He's asleep, there's no light. If the cabin door is locked, we'll have to wake him. If it isn't, I'll light a match so you can see where his cot is.

TIGA:

No, no light match. Fire in stove is light enough.

JIM:

That's right. You'll be able to see by then. I'll wait for you outside the door.

TIGA:

You'll bring money.

JIM:

Yes. But you're not getting it until you do your job. Here's the door. Easy now.

F/X:

DOOR OPENING

NARRATOR:

Jim waited tensely outside the cabin door, as Tiga's shadow's stole across the room. The dim firelight dancing through the holes in the door of the big stove in the middle of the room. Then suddenly there was a sharp cry from the cabin that died in a groan and the hurried footsteps of the half-breed as he rushed back to the door.

JIM:

Did you get him?

TIGA:

Ya. Me do it, now you give money and me go.

JIM:

Sure Tiga, here's your reward.

TIGA:

Gun! You not kill me! I caught you killing my nephew didn't I? This is where it ends.

SERGEANT:

King!

TIGA & JIM:

Get away! Get away from me!

SERGEANT:

Hold Tiga! Hold or I'll shoot!

F/X:

GUN SHOT

SERGEANT:

Come back or the next shot WON'T be over your head!

TIGA:

Don't shoot! Me come back!

JIM:

Take this dog away, take him away!

SERGEANT:

Watch him boy! Drop that knife Tiga! All right King- back, fella.

JIM:

Sergeant, your dog made a mistake and got ME instead of this half-breed.

SERGEANT:

Get up, Rance!

JIM:

Yep - this fellow Tiga here. I saw him go into the cabin, and coming out with a knife. You sure got here in the nick of time. You can be a witness. He killed Bob.

TIGA:

No! Him tell me to.

SERGEANT:

So that was your plan, eh Rance? You were going to kill Tiga so he couldn't tell that you were the one who planned all this.

JIM:

No Sergeant, you got me wrong. I know it looks bad, but...

SERGEANT:

Stop lying, I've been right beside the cabin since you and Tiga came. I heard you tell him what to do. You're both under arrest for attempted murder.

JIM:

Attempted murder?

SERGEANT:

It's all right Bob, you can come out now.

JIM:

But Bob, but I heard him...

BOB:

Did that yell of mine sound all right, Sergeant?

SERGEANT:

Sounded almost too good. I began to wonder if Tiga had really stabbed you.

TIGA:

Him not hurt?

SERGEANT:

We fixed up a dummy, Tiga. Bob was under the cot. You see Rance, we expected you tonight.

BOB:

So it WAS Uncle Jim. He was trying to get rid of me.

JIM:

What?

BOB:

What about my father? Sergeant, do you think he...

JIM:

It was Tiga who killed your father. I didn't have anything to do with it.

TIGA:

You give Tiga dynamite. You tell me what to do.

JIM:

Oh no he's lying.

SERGEANT:

You're the one who's lying. Put out your hands, I'm handcuffing you two together.

JIM:

No, no Sergeant!

SERGEANT:

You can tell your stories when your case comes up for trial.

BOB:

But I just can't believe that Uncle Jim would have done...

SERGEANT:

Bob, I think you'll find your mine is a rich one. Your Uncle must have known about the rich vein of gold your father was talking about. It's all yours now. Jim Rance won't need gold where he's going.

BOB:

I owe my life to you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT:

Blackie's the one who saved your life. Oh, uh, you better get him. He's tied up in the woods with my dog team.

BOB:

I'm certainly grateful to you and King.

SERGEANT:

When you get back, I think we'll let Blackie and King guard these prisoners until morning.

F/X:

DOG BARKING

SERGEANT:

Yes, old fellow. Looks as if this case is closed.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER:

You got a pencil handy? Then write this down now. Write down Quaker Puffed Wheat, and Quaker Puffed Rice. Yes, remember the name Quaker Puffed Wheat, and Quaker Puffed Rice. These famous breakfast cereals shot from guns now offer you - right on the packages - a complete model farm at no extra cost. There are eight different, special new packages, and you get as many as six key new, detailed, scaled models of farm buildings and animals on a single package - forty-six different swell models in all! So go to your grocer, pronto, and ask for special new packages of delicious Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. Start building your Quaker Model Farm right away, without wasting another day.

These radio dramas, a feature of the Challenge of the Yukon Incorporated, are created and produced by George W. Trendall, directed by Fred Flowerday, and edited by Fran Striker. The part of Sergeant Preston is played by xxx. They are brought to you every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at this same time by Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice - the breakfast cereal shot from guns.