

Recapitulation

The Flying Dogtor and the bush children followed the clues on a mysterious map leading to a bushranger's buried treasure. Crafty Carson Carpetbag and Old Man Redback stole the map and separately worked out its message. Then they set out to find the treasure ahead of
(singing) The Flying Dogtor

The Flying Dogtor and the children stood on the edge of the creek in the place to which the second clue on the map had led them. Then the Dogtor asked Colin to recite the next clue in the rhyme they had read on the treasure map. So Colin recited:

"Forty paces after breakfast
Stop where waters meet (that's where we are now)
Join at tea the saplings three
Dig for seven feet."

"Join at tea the saplings three," mused the Dogtor.

Well (he said) the first thing to realise is that anything which was a sapling 100 years ago when Danny O'Canny wrote that would be a very big tree now. So perhaps we should be looking for three big trees in a group.

They looked around, but the only big trees in sight were tall straight lemon-scented gums, growing on a little island in the middle of the creek.

"There," pointed Liz Lizard excitedly.

"But we want three trees," said Wally B, "Let's hop across and look."

So the children hopped or swam or waded across to the island, and the Flying Dogtor walked across on some big boulders that made nice stepping stones.

The two tall straight trees grew out of long grass. Colin Kangas, bounding up to them, suddenly cried "Ooch!", for he had hit something ^{hard} hidden by the grass.

"Look!" he gasped. "It's a stump. A lemon-scented gumtree stump! This was once the third sapling."

Now they knew that they were really getting warm. But what did the rhyme mean when it said: "Join at tea the saplings three"?

"I think this^s the answer," said the Flying Dogtor, and he indicated a gnarled and twisted tea-tree bush beside the trees. "You see," he explained, drawing a sketch on the sand, "There were young trees at three points of a rough circle around this tea-tree bush. So the bushranger who wrote that rhyme meant his reader should join them - take a fourth position on the circle and dig there - down seven feet." "Wow! Then this is it!" said Dan, the Dingo pup, and he started digging furiously, sending a fountain of sand over the others. They all told him to stop. He would never be able to dig down seven feet.

"Let Wilbur do it," said Colin. "He's the best digger, and anyway he found the map."

So Wilbur Wombat started digging, rather slowly, and after he had gone down only about one foot he stopped.

"What's the matter now?" asked Wally B.

"He's going to sleep," said Polly.

"Oh, no!" said Colin. "Get on, Wilbur."

"I can't" said Wilbur sleepily. "I feel too .."

"Too what?"

"Too - nocturnal," said Wilbur, and he rolled over on to the grass and gave a heavy snore. The others looked at the Flying Dogtor for help. "He means he's really a night-time animal when it comes to doing any heavy work," said the Dogtor. "And since none of us can dig as well as he can, I think we'll just ^{have} to wait till nightfall for him to start working."

MENACE MUSIC

But on the other side of the island digging had already begun! While Old Man Redback gave directions from the map, Crafty Carson Carpetbag was digging straight in from the bank of the creek to the point where the treasure was buried.

(singing) The Flying Dogtor

VOICE OVER END TITLE:

Will Crafty dig to the buried treasure before Wilbur? And what will the treasure be?

Be sure to see the next exciting episode of

(singing) The Flying Dogtor