

GOLDEN TRAIL

Recapitulation:

The Flying Dogtor and the bush children followed clues on an old map they found which led them to the place where a bushranger had buried treasure 100 years ago. Crafty Carson Carpetbag and Old Man Redback stole the map, and followed the same clues to the same spot. Crafty started digging immediately but Wilbur Wombat, who was doing the digging for the Dogtor's party, wanted to wait till night. He was a sort of animal who worked better at night, explained (singing) The Flying Dogtor

MENACE MUSIC

Crafty Carson Carpetbag tunnelled all through the afternoon. Every now and then he came out of the hole and looked at the map again with Old Man Redback. Then he went in again and burrowed some more.

Suddenly his nose struck something hard at the end of his tunnel. It was metal. He dug around it a little more and found a handle, and locks. Quickly he wriggled back out of the tunnel, and hissed, panting, to Old Man Redback:

"Sss-success! I've found the treasure chest!"

Old Man Redback could hardly contain his excitement.

"Lovely gold!" he chuckled. "Beautiful sovereigns Gorgeous money!"

Mad laughter, fading

MUSIC

The Flying Dogtor and the children returned as daylight was fading from the sky. They had lamps and torches, and matches to start a camp fire. Wilbur Wombat had had a nice nap all afternoon and was growing more alert every minute as night gathered in the darkness around them. By the time they reached the treasure spot on the island he was bristling with energy.

"What a nice morning for digging," he remarked, and started burrowing furiously.

The others waited patiently around the camp fire as they heard him tunnelling deeper and deeper into the ground.

Colin Kanga looked into the hole. "He must be nearly seven feet down already!" he reported.

Then a great shower of stones and earth came out of the hole. They called down: "Have you found

anything, Wilbur?"

There was silence.

"Wilbur, what is it?"

Presently they heard a grumbling noise, and another smaller shower of earth emerged, and then Wilbur's broad back, bent in a sort of disappointed way.

"What is it, Wilbur?" everyone asked as he came out, shaking the dirt from his head.

"He's got something!" shouted Wally B.

But it was only a piece of bark.

"Where's the treasure?" asked Polly Possum.

Wilbur just held out the piece of bark, and Colin shone his torch on it.

Scratched on it in spidery writing were the words:

'Too fat, too sad, too late - too bad'

"That's Old Man Redback's writing," said the Dogtor.

"Isn't he rude" said Liz.

"They've beaten us to it," gasped Colin.

"They've taken the treasure," said Polly, almost sobbing.

"-And my blanket," said Wilbur.

The Flying Dogtor guessed that Crafty must have dug another hole, and the children set out rather sadly to look for it around the island, flashing their torches over the stones and grass.

Suddenly Colin cried, "Quick...Here!" He had discovered the hole in the bank which Crafty had dug to reach the treasure - and he found something else.

It glistened in the torch beam. It was a sovereign.

The bush children gasped in awe and admiration.

"H'm, very interesting," said the Flying Dogtor.

"A golden coin. 1846. Quite historical."

"Oh, but there must have been dozens of those in the treasure chest," said Polly. "And to think that Crafty and Old Man Redback have got them all! But just then Wally B, who had waded out into the creek, called: 'Here's another'. There must be a hole in the treasure chest, and Crafty is leaving a trail of gold behind him! We can trace the way he went!"

(singing) The Flying Dogtor

VOICE OVER END TITLE

Will Crafty Carson Carpetbag and Old Man Redback get away with the bushranger's treasure? See the excitement that waits for the bush children as they follow the golden trail in the next episode (singing) The Flying Dogtor