

WUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

AM: THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY

BROADCAST:

DATE: REV. PROGRAM #5

NETWORK: JUNE 30, 1946
NBC

AS BROADCAST

I OPENING NEW YORK

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES Present - FRANK MORGAN
as THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY.

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Wherever particular
people congregate!"

On land!

(BUGLE CALL)

In the air!

(DIVE BOMBER)

On the sea!

(WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

"Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

(DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

And - they are mild!

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are made from PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine imported and domestic tobaccos,
PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further,
it filters the smoke, gives it, at the very first puff,
that cooler, smoother taste.

"Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

(DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

CH:

(TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR:

Pell Mell, famous cigarettes present - Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy", written by Robert Riley Crutcher.

CH:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. And every Saturday morning Dr. Tweedy gets in touch with nature. He has a little garden in the back of his house, and there is nothing Dr. Tweedy likes better than to put on his old clothes and putter around among his prize-winning weeds. The other day, while trimming a tree, he made an exciting discovery.

TWEEDY:

(CHUCKLES) Well, well, well. What have we here. A little nest.

NARRATOR:

(CHUCKLES) Yes, Dr. Tweedy found a little nest full of--

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

TWEEDY:

(YELLS) Hornets! Hornets! Hold the door open! Hornets!

SOUND:

(DOOR SLAM)

NARRATOR:

Yes. Those hornets were as mad as Miss Tilcy, the dean of women. And she is as mad as a hornet.

TILCY:

Dr. Tweedy. You have no idea how it offends me to see you wandering around the campus in those disreputable looking clothes.

TWEEDY:

(INDULGENTLY) Well, Miss Tilcy this is more or less my day to dig holes.

TILCY:

You look like you crawled out of one.

EDDY:

(LAUGHS) You know what they say. Everybody must eat a peck of dirt before he dies.

ILCY:

Well, you're certainly the man who came to dinner.

EDDY:

You'll feel differently about it when my garden comes up.

ILCY:

Miss Tilcy your name is on the first onion. Furthermore,

EDDY:

I'd like to pick a corsage for you to wear to the dance tonight.

ILCY:

What? Onions?

EDDY:

(PROUDLY) Flowers, Miss Tilcy. Very pretty. Flowers.

ILCY:

I'll have some four o'clocks for you at eight o'clock.

EDDY:

Oh yes. I wanted to speak to you about tonight. Do you realize that during the dance would be an excellent opportunity to pilfer the dormitories?

ILCY:

Miss Tilcy. Are you suggesting that we -

EDDY:

I am suggesting that you get rid of that tramp who has been camping on the edge of the woods. I just don't feel safe with that man so close.

ILCY:

Don't worry. You're safe. (LAUGHS) I mean..I'm sure he's quite harmless.

EDDY:

I tell you he is a dangerous character. I know he is. Dr. Tweedy, I appeal to you. Get that man as far as possible from this school!

ILCY:

Well, if you feel that strongly about it, Miss Tilcy, I'll get rid of him.

EDDY:

Thank you.

NEEDY:

Don't give it another thought. I'll take care of everything. You have seen the last of that tramp.

(MUSIC)

UM:

(CRACKLING OF A CAMP FIRE)

NEEDY:

(TOUGH) What do you mean I gotta scram?

NEEDY:

I mean precisely that. I'm sorry, but you'll have to put out that fire and be on your way. And don't ever come back here. That's an order.

UM:

(TOUGH) Whose order?

NEEDY:

Er -Miss Tilcy's.

UM:

No skirt's telling me what...

NEEDY:

Never mind. Put out that fire and -- (SNIFFS) -- and, and -- (SNIFFS) -- what is that you're cooking?

UM:

Slumgullion.

NEEDY:

Oh. Well, now gather up your things, and -- (SNIFFS) -- What is slumgullion?

UM:

Mulligan stew.

NEEDY:

O.. Well, now pack up your -- (SNIFFS) -- Smells good, doesn't it?

UM:

Wanna put on the nose bag with me? Grab yourself a can and dip in.

NEEDY:

No. No thank you. I wouldn't think of it. But I'm glad you asked me. It proves I was right and Miss Tilcy was wrong. I've always been a good judge of character. I can see you are fundamentally a generous person, so I'll have some slumgullion.

Here.

Don't bother, thank you. I can help myself. I don't want much. Just a sample.

(CLATTER OF TIN DISHES)

Hey, take it easy.

(SMACKING HIS LIPS) Delicious! Absolutely delicious!

I'm so sick of watercress salad at the school cafeteria. Nothing like the outdoor life to whet the appetite. I envy you my friend. As Walt Whitman put it...

"Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I
choose."

If you like it so much, why don't you become a bum?
You'd make a swell bum.

Me? Thaddeus Q. Tweedy? Doctor of Philosophy? A bum?

That's what this country needs. More high class bums.

(LAUGHS) I guess I do look like a bum in these old gardening clothes.

It's a great life Mac. Have you ever been married?

No.

Oh. Well I was. That's why I appreciate this life. The trees don't talk back to you. All you gotta worry about is the beagles.

The which?

The long-arms.

WEEDY:

I beg your pardon?

DM:

The cops.

WEEDY:

Oh. Well the ones in this district are certainly stupid. So why should you worry about the police?

DM:

Because brother, they're standing right behind you.

(MUSIC)

WEEDY:

But judge, I am not a vagrant. I'm dean of men at Potts college. Dr. Tweedy is the name. Thaddeus Q., Phd.

DM:

Yeah dat's right. Me and him is a couple of college teachers.

JUDGE:

I see. And your name, sir, is.

DM:

Dr. Doe is the name. John Doe.

WEEDY:

Now, now, my friend. Leave everything to me. I'll take care of this. His honor knows a scholar when he sees one.

JUDGE:

Sergeant, book these bums.

WEEDY:

Just a moment, Judge. I can identify myself.

DM:

Yeah. My fraternity brother can identify us.

WEEDY:

I have my wallet here somewhere. Oh. Here is a memorandum I received this morning. You will notice that it is addressed to Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy and signed by Miss Tilcy, the dean of women.

JUDGE:

Let me see that.

WEEDY:

It is in reference to my personal appearance when gardening.

JUDGE:

(READS) "Dr. Tweedy, I am no longer able to restrain myself. Your appearance this morning is without doubt the most ---

TWEEDY:

Ahem. I'd rather you didn't read it aloud.

JUDGE:

(MUTTERS TO HIMSELF A MOMENT AS HE READS) Yes. I see what you mean. Well, Dr. Tweedy, I guess we made a little mistake. Please accept our apology.

TWEEDY:

Tut, tut. Perfectly all right. Don't give it another thought.

DOC:

Us Docs will excuse you this time. But don't let it happen again. Be seein' ya.

JUDGE:

Come back here, you.

TWEEDY:

But Judge. Surely you don't intend to prosecute this poor fellow.

JUDGE:

He's a bum and I'm booking him.

TWEEDY:

Is the taste for freedom a crime? Why, he is simply a carefree traveler on life's highways.

JUDGE:

A highwayman, eh?

DOC:

Hey Doc.

TWEEDY:

I know what I'm doing, my friend. Your honor, take away his freedom and you might as well take away his life.

DOC:

Please Doc. Gimme a break.

TWEEDY:

I am an excellent judge of character, and this man's face is as honest and innocent as mine.

DOC:

Take it easy, Doc, take it easy!

JUDGE:

Book him, Sergeant.

TWEEDY:

Remember, judge. Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.

JUDGE:

You want to bet?

TWEEDY:

Be merciful. Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

As Shakespeare said,

"It is twice blessed.

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

JUDGE:

I'm giving him thirty days and he's gonna take it.

TWEEDY:

But your honor ---

JUDGE:

Let it go Doc. I'll settle for the thirty days.

TWEEDY:

No, no, my friend. I want to see justice done. Your honor, I refuse to stand by and see this man unjustly persecuted.

JUDGE:

Will you vouch for him?

TWEEDY:

Where do I sign?

JUDGE:

Right here. -

TWEEDY:

(SIGNING) Thaddeus Q. Tweedy.

JUDGE:

Okay. He's all yours.

TWEEDY:

"Justice is the queen of virtues.

Let Justice be done",

I -- what do you mean "all mine".

JUDGE:

He's paroled in your care for one year.

TWEEDY:

My care?!!

JUDGE:

Take him home with you!

TWEEDY:

Home! With me!

JUDGE:

And remember. If he does anything wrong, you are responsible.

Oh no! Miss Tilcy! The college! The dance! No!
Don't worry, Doc. For you I'll tread the straight and
narrow. I'm an honest bum and I'll prove it. Here.
Here's your wallet back.

(BRIDGE---DANCE MUSIC IN)

Oh, Miss Tilcy - isn't the dance a tremendous success!
Yes. I can't imagine what's happened to Dr. Tweedy.
We've taken in five hundred dollars. What should I do
with the money?

Oh. Here comes Dr. Tweedy, now. You run along and
dance. I'll speak to him about it.

(GOING OFF) Thanks, Miss Tilcy.

(DOOR CLOSE)

(COMING IN) Ah. Good evening, Miss Tilcy, I'm sorry
to be late for the dance.

We missed you.

Really?

Yes. Everything has gone smoothly. Tell me, did you
get that tramp out of the woods?

The tramp? Oh yes. Yes, I got him out of the woods
all right.

Good. I don't want to see him again.

You won't, Miss Tilcy. You won't. Not if I can help
it.

It's good to know I can depend on you...sometimes.

I'll sleep easier tonight, thanks to you.

Miss Tilcy, I've done nothing.

TILCY: Just to be on the safe side, I want you to keep the
proceeds from this dance in your house tonight.

TWEEDY: Oh no! No! Wouldn't it be much better to keep the
money in the school safe?

TILCY: Why?

TWEEDY: Well, Miss Tilcy, I might as well be frank.

TILCY: About what?

TWEEDY: About -- er - er -- there's no point in being evasive,
is there?

TILCY: Evasive?

TWEEDY: I might as well tell you and get it over with.

TILCY: Tell me what? What are you trying to say?

TWEEDY: Miss Tilcy -- er -- (LAUGHS) May I have this dance?

(MUSIC)

M: Salt. Pepper. Onions. Carrots. Slumgullion!

UND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

M: Come on in.

UND: (DOOR OPEN)

JE: Good morning. I'm Jane Taylor.

M: Pleased to meetcha.

JE: Is Dr. Tweedy in?

M: Nope.

JE: Do you expect him back soon?

M: Yep.

JE: I'm the chairman of the ticket committee for the dance
last night. I brought the money for him to take to
the bank. (SNIFF) What's that you're cooking?

M: Slumgullion.

JANE:
BOM:
JANE:
BOM:

Oh. Are you Dr. Tweedy's cook?

Cook, gardener, valley and general factory.

General factotum, isn't it?

Yeah. The doc's got so much brains he needs somebody to look after him. And I'm the guy to do it. I'd give my right arm up to here for him. What a pal. Know what he said to me this morning?

"Flowers is lovely;

Love is flower-like;

Friendship is a sheltering tree."

Don't make sense, but it sounds pretty.

JANE:
BOM:
JANE:
BOM:
JANE:

Yes. I think it was said by Samuel Coleridge.

Nope. Doc said it.

But Coleridge wrote it.

Then he stole it from Doc.

Where is Dr. Tweedy?

BOM:

He went to see some dame named Tilly.

(MUSIC)

REEDY:

Miss Tilcy, I don't wish to interrupt your work here but since last night, I have done some thinking.

ILCY:

I appreciate the warning.

REEDY:

I have been thinking about that tramp.

ILCY:

(SUSPICIOUS) Why? You took care of him, didn't you?

REEDY:

Yes. Yes. I've taken good care of him. Frankly Miss Tilcy, I don't believe he is as bad as you seem to think. After all there is a little good in every man.

ILCY:

A little.

NEEDY:

We should look for the good in people not the bad.
Trust them and encourage them. I know I could make
a new man out of that tramp.

TILCY:

Have you seen the morning paper?

NEEDY:

No. But I am a sound judge of character, and --

TILCY:

There was a robbery last night.

NEEDY:

Robbery?

SOUND:

(PAPER RATTLED)

TILCY:

I quote. "Last night Oscar Schlupp's butcher shop
on West Third Street was burgled. A vagrant who
was seen in the vicinity earlier in the evening
is under suspicion and an arrest is expected
momentarily." Unquote. Well. Now what have you
to say?

NEEDY:

Goodbye, Miss Tilcy.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(DOOR SLAM)

NEEDY:

(COMES IN PUFFING) Where are you? Where are you?

M:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Right here, Doc. What's cookin'?

I seen ya steamin' down the block in nothing flat.

NEEDY:

Why did you do it? Or did you do it? No. You
didn't do it. I know you didn't.

M:

Didn't what?

NEEDY:

You were here all night. You didn't leave the house
once. You didn't even put your nose out the door...
did you?

M:

I wasn't gone long, Doc.

NEEDY:

Oh. Well it was only to get a breath of fresh air.

You didn't leave the campus. You weren't anywhere near
the town. Were you?

Sure I was. What's cookin'?

EDDY: Cooking? (SNIFFS) Yes. What's cooking? You aren't making slumgullion?

4: Yeah, Doc. I'm whippin' up a big batch for ya.

EDDY: Oh. Without meat, of course. It's vegetarian slumgullion.

4: Nope. It's got meat. The best, Doc. The very best.

EDDY: So. You were at the butcher's last night.

4: Yep. I cleaned him out.

EDDY: Oh no!

4: He didn't have much, but I got all he had. Oh. Doc. look over there on the table.

EDDY: (GASPS) Money.

4: That's for you, Doc.

EDDY: Me!

4: Some dame was here this morning and said to --

EDDY: Nevermind the dame. Is this the loot?

4: Yeah. The proceeds from last night. Five hundred bucks. Not bad for a little town.

EDDY: Why did you do it?

4: Do what?

EDDY: Take the money.

4: I only took it to give to you, Doc. Come on let's put on the nosebag.

EDDY: This is a fine way to repay the man who befriended you.

4: Yeah. Let's eat, Doc. Soup's on. Hey. Where ya goin'?

EDDY: I'm taking this money down to the butcher. Maybe I can reason with him.

4: Five hundred bucks?

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE OFF)

BM: Them butchers sure got a racket these days.

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

EMSTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues - here is Ernest Chappell.

(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen - have you ever noticed what happens when a PELL MELL smoker tries to light an old-fashioned, short cigarette? Unconsciously, he holds the flame a good half-inch beyond the tip of the short cigarette. He's looking for something that isn't there. He's looking for PELL MELL'S distinguished length and shape - the streamlined PELL MELL Design - "Outstanding!"

NNR: And - they are mild!

NNR: "Outstanding" - PELL MELL is smoother.

NNR: And - they are mild!

NNR: "Outstanding" - PELL MELL is cooler.

NNR: And - they are mild!

NNR: At the very first puff, PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further - filters it naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos. Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke - gives it, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

(DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

R: And - they are mild!

R: "Wherever particular people congregate" - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

(DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

R: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN PROGRAM)

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

And now back to Frank Morgan as the Fabulous Dr. Tweedy.
They say that speech is silver and silence is golden.
As usual, Dr. Tweedy has picked the wrong time to go
off the gold standard. At the butcher shop.

3DY: Good morning, sir. I take it you are Oscar Schlupp.

JPP: No meat.

DY: I am here on a very confidential matter.

JPP: No meat.

DY: It concerns the robbery last night. Naturally you
want that money back. I daresay you'd be so glad to
get it back you would dismiss charges against the
person who took it. (LAUGHS) I daresay. (WEAKER LAUGH)
Wouldn't you?

JPP: Would I?

DY: I asked you first.

JPP: Look. See this meat cleaver?

DY: Sharp, isn't it?

JPP: See this chicken neck? Watch.

D: (MEAT CLEAVER HITTING WOOD)

JPP: That's what I'll do if I catch the guy who has my dough.

Now. What do you want?

DY: Do you have any fish?

JPP: Just what do you know about this robbery?

DY: Well I -- er -- Would you mind putting that cleaver
down?

JPP: I like the feel of it.

DY: Oh, you do.

JPP: It talks my language.

(MEAT CLEAVER HITTING WOOD)

Now what do you know about this robbery?

Well, there's a lot to be said on both sides.

Of what?

Everything. Some people are one way, and others are different. That is to say certain people, under certain circumstances, do certain things. And vice versa, of course. I hope I'm not taking up your time.

Get to the point.

All right. I will. Mr. Schlupp, I have the money that was stolen from your shop NO! NO! NO! Put that cleaver down. I am here on behalf of the person who robbed you.

Oh yeah? Who?

The party prefers to remain anonymous.

I'll anonymous him!

Please, Mr. Schlupp, let me finish. This person is an unfortunate victim of his environment. As the twig is bent, so grows the tree. And this one is kind of crooked.

Yeah?

(MEAT CLEAVER HITTING WOOD)

Who knows, under the circumstances, you might have done the same thing. Put yourself in this poor man's position. You enter this heartless world alone. You are born without parents.

How?

DY: You're an orphan. You have no mother to tell you what is right and what is wrong. You drift through life, trying to take things as you find them. Soon you are trying to find things to take. You're a crook.

(MEAT CLEAVER HITTING WOOD)

OPP: Who's a crook?

DY: No, no. This other man. Then imagine you meet a college teacher. A doctor of philosophy. A man of keen intelligence and a sound judge of character. He takes you in and gives you a home. You want to repay him for his kindness. You do it the only way you know how. You steal.

OPP: So what!

DY: So take back your money and forgive this poor man. Withdraw the charges and trust me to do the right thing. How much was stolen?

OPP: Three hundred dollars.

DY: Three hundred dollars? H'm. I have two hundred too much.

OPP: Er - there was three hundred in the cash register and two hundred in this drawer.

DY: Oh. Of course. Here's the five hundred. Now shall we consider the incident closed?

OPP: What about that broken window?

DY: Oh yes. The window. Well I'll pay for that out of my own pocket. Shall we say three dollars?

OPP: Shall we say five?

DY: Three?

OPP: Five! And what about this lock?

DY: Five?

SCHLUPP: Seven!

WEEDY: Three?

SCHLUPP: Seven! And what about the cash register?

WEEDY: Cash register?

SCHLUPP: It's broke.

WEEDY: So am I.

SCHLUPP: Somebody's got to pay for it or somebody's going to jail.

WEEDY: Oh. Well, I have a very good fountain pen here.

SCHLUPP: That's a nice watch you got.

WEEDY: Oh no. No. The senior class gave me that.

SCHLUPP: I could use a watch.

WEEDY: I'm sorry. That's the one thing I won't --

SOUND: (MEAT CLEAVER HITTING WOOD)

WEEDY: (SIGHS) You'll be careful with it, won't you? It means a lot to me.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

DM: (OFF) Are you home, Doc?

WEEDY: (DEPRESSED) Yes, I'm home.

DM: (COMING) What's eatin' ya? You look like you'd lost yer last friend.

WEEDY: I've come to the conclusion that I have no friends.

DM: Sure ya have. Ya got me.

WEEDY: Yes. I've got you for one year.

DM: Is that what's eatin' ya? Don't worry Doc. If you want me I'll stay with you forever.

EDY: Ohhhhhh. "This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty
heart."

(IMPRESSED) What a beautiful skull you got, Doc.

EDY: Don't speak to me. I gave you my helping hand. And
you bit it. Brutus, shame, shame. Never have I been
so hurt.

I done something wrong?

EDY: What about that five hundred dollars?

Oh. You mean the proceeds from the dance last night?

EDY: Yes. You --- Proceeds? Dance?

Yeah. The dame that left it said you'd know what to
do with it.

EDY: Then you didn't rob the butcher shop?

He robbed me. A buck a pound for beef. (COMES THE
DAWN) Doc. Did you think I swiped that five hundred?

(HURT) Oh Doc.

EDY: My friend. Have I accused you unjustly?

Never have I been so hurt.

EDY: What have I done?

Plenty. I turn my back and you bite me.

EDY: My friend --

Brutus. Shame. Shame.

EDY: Forgive me.

Don't speak to me. I thought you was the greatest
guy in the world.

EDY: You did?

You was the big brain to me. I thought you was the sweetest guy that every lived.

MY: My friend. Believe me. I'm sorry.

(SULKING) Leave me alone.

MY: It's the Dreyfus case all over again.

Take your hand off my shoulder. I don't like you no more.

MY: Please don't say that. To err is human, to forgive divine. A forgiving heart is worth more than all the gold in -- Gold! Yes! The money. I gave it to the butcher. (MOANS) The dance money. And I had to give him my fountain pen and watch to get him to take it.

(MUSIC)

MY: (DOOR OPEN - BELL TINKLE)

MY: Hello, Mr. Schlupp.

LUPP: No meat. Oh. (SUSPICIOUS) It's you again. What do you want?

MY: Well, it seems there has been a slight mistake.

LUPP: What do you mean?

MY: Mr. Schlupp, I have some good news. My friend did not rob your store.

LUPP: Is that so?

MY: Yes. Now, if you'll give me back my five hundred and twelve dollars and my fountain pen and my watch, we'll just forget the whole thing.

LUPP: Just like that.

MY: Yes. Sorry to have bothered you.

LUPP: No bother at all.

MY: Thank you.

LUPP: Do you see that meat cleaver?

REEDY: Er -- Yes. But I want that money back. My friend did not rob your store.

HLUPP: Then who did?

REEDY: That's just it. Who did? To give you a direct answer to a direct question -- I think you did.

HLUPP: What!

REEDY: In the first place you said three hundred dollars was missing, but when you saw I had five hundred you raised it to five. Why?

HLUPP: Well --

REEDY: I'll tell you why. You're a dishonest man. You robbed your own store and I'll prove it.

HLUPP: I suppose I busted my own window and crawled in through that little hole.

REEDY: No. You couldn't get through that little hole. I say the window was broken from the inside.

HLUPP: What are you talking about? Somebody tossed a brick through the window. It was lying right here.

REEDY: The brick couldn't have landed at this point. It's mathematically impossible. According to Euclid's calculus of tangents, differential and integral, let x be the brick and y the window. In the advancing difference notation we regard x as the suffix, which gives us our solution. You see. Impossible.

HLUPP: I tell you somebody threw that brick in here.

EDY: Oh no. It was merely dropped there, as proved by the depth of the indentation. A simple problem for trigonometry. But why go on? It's an open and shut case. You may fool the law of Pottsville, but you cannot fool the laws of physics. Pardon me. I want to call the police.

UND: (TELEPHONE DIAL)

HLUPP: Wait a minute. Wait. Don't do that.

UND: (RECEIVER DOWN)

EDY: Well?

HLUPP: You see, I lost a lot of dough on the races and I was afraid my wife would find out. I told her I was robbed but I didn't know she would call in the police.

EDY: All that is no concern of mine. Just give me the money, the fountain pen and the watch. I'll consider the case closed.

HLUPP: Oh sure. Sure. Here you are.

EDY: Thank you.

HLUPP: But I still don't know how you figured it out.

EDY: I didn't figure it out. But I'm an excellent judge of character. Good day.

(MUSIC)

ND: (DOOR OPEN)

BARA: Is Dr. Tweedy home?

: Nope. Doc ain't back yet.

BARBARA: Well do you mind if I wait? I have to see him. It's terribly important.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

BARBARA: I have to see him about some money.

SM: You ain't the girl who left the dance money.

BARBARA: Dance money? Well, I don't know anything about that. I just want to borrow some money. My allowance hasn't come yet and there's a dress downtown I simply have to have. If I don't make a deposit on it --

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

TWEEDY: (COMING IN - BRIGHTLY) Home again. Home again. All's well that ends well.

BARBARA: Oh, Dr. Tweedy. I came to get some money for...

TWEEDY: I know. Here you are. Count it. Five hundred dollars It's yours.

BARBARA: Five hundred! But --

SM: Hey, Doc.

TWEEDY: Young lady, my advice is to take that money and put it in the bank.

SM: Hey, Doc.

BARBARA: But Dr. Tweedy...

TWEEDY: And don't ever bother me about money again.

BARBARA: Gee. I won't have to.

SM: Oh, Doc!

TWEEDY: Now run along. Run along.

BARBARA: Gosh Dr. Tweedy. Thanks a million. Goodbye.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

TWEEDY:

Well, that's that. (ON TOP OF THE WORLD -- LAUGHS)

You should have seen me at the butcher shop. I was superb. A brilliant display of brain over brawn. You know, I would have made a wonderful detective. This man Tweedy. Oh. What were you trying to say before? Nothing, Doc. Nothing. You're so happy I just ain't got the heart to tell you.

IN:

MUSIC:

(CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

HOSTAND:

Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment with his thought for the week -- but first here is Don Hancock
(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ANNR: "Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES - Outstanding!

ED: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

ANNR: And - they are mild!

ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are made from PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine imported and domestic tobaccos.

PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further
over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine
tobaccos - it filters the smoke - gives it, at the very
first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Wherever particular
people congregate!"

ANNR: On land!

ED: (BUGLE CALL)

ANNR: In the air!

ED: (DIVE BOMBER)

ANNR: On the sea!

ED: (WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

ANNR: "Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - Outstanding!

ED: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

ANNR: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

JULY