

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

BROADCAST: REV. PROGRAM #12
AUG. 18, 1946

PROGRAM: THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY

DATE:

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present FRANK MORGAN as
THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Wherever particular
people congregate!"

1ST ANNR: On land!

SOUND: (BUGLE CALL)

2ND ANNR: In the air!

SOUND: (DIVE BOMBER)

1ST ANNR: On the sea!

SOUND: (WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

2ND ANNR: "Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"
(DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

SOUND:

1ST ANNR: And - they are mild!

2ND 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,
it filters the smoke, gives it, at the very first puff,
that cooler, smoother taste.

1ST ANNR: "Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"
(DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

SOUND:

2ND ANNR: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

ORCHESTRA: (TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

NARRATOR: As we all know, Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, dean of men at Potts College, is a bachelor. And like all bachelors, he is very fond of children. As Longfellow wrote...

TWEEDY: "Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour."

NARRATOR: Yes, Dr. Tweedy always spends the children's hour reading to his little house guest Patsy. At the age of six all children love fairy stories.

TWEEDY: Now in this next picture Dick Tracy shoots the man right through the head. Look. You can see the bullet come out the other side.

PATSY: Uncle Tweedy...

TWEEDY: Don't interrupt Uncle Tweedy, dear, when he's reading your bedtime story. Now in the next picture his friend gets his skull crushed like an egg shell with a crowbar. And then he.....

PATSY: Uncle Tweedy, why do you have gray hair?

TWEEDY:

And then as he...Oh, do I have one? Yes, yes of course.

FATSY:

Uncle Tweedy, don't look up, but I have a surprise for you.

TWEEDY:

A surprise?

FATSY:

Yes. You know that one gray hair you were talking about?

TWEEDY:

Yes...

FATSY:

It has company.

TWEEDY:

(LAUGHS) Your Uncle Tweedy was only spoofing. Certainly my hair is gray. That's because I'm intelligent.

FATSY:

You are?

TWEEDY:

Certainly I am. Wisdom and gray hair go together.

FATSY:

What do you mean, Uncle Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

Well, you see, people have little gray cells in their head. That's what they think with. The more gray cells they have, the more intelligent they are. And Uncle Tweedy has so many of them they pop right out and make his hair gray.

FATSY:

Oh.

TWEEDY:

That's why I'm dean of men here at the college. Your Uncle Tweedy is intelligent. His mind is always concentrated on deep thoughts. (GREGEDILY) Now let's see what Superman is doing tonight.

FATSY:

Isn't Miss Tilcy the dean of women?

TWEEDY:

Yes.

FATSY:

Why doesn't she have gray hair?

TWEEDY:

(LAUGHS) Women don't want anyone to know how smart they are.

PATSY: You mean she's dumb?

NEEDY: Not at all! Now in this first picture Superman is flying up...

PATSY: Our cat, and Miss Tilcy's cat, Herman, are black. Are they dumb?

NEEDY: Certainly. That's why they are called dumb animals. Er...In the first picture...

PATSY: Welby says black cats are bad luck. Are they, Uncle Tweedy?

NEEDY: No. It's just superstition. Nothing but ignorant superstition.

PATSY: But Welby said....

NEEDY: Patsy, your Uncle Tweedy doesn't have all this gray hair for nothing. Take my word for it. There is no possible way for a black cat to cause trouble.

(MUSIC)

(FEET UP PORCH STEPS)

(COMING IN) Dr. Tweedy....Dr. Tweedy.

Oh. Good morning, Miss Tilcy. Good morning.

Dr. Tweedy, have you seen my cat?

Herman?

I'm afraid he's lost.

Oh, no. Herman isn't lost. He's been under my window all night.

But he didn't come home. I'm worried. I don't know what I'd do without him. I've had him since he learned to walk.

Yes. Well, I've had him since he learned to sing.

TILCY:

Surely his singing didn't bother you!

TWEEDY:

No, no. He and his glee club just gave another concert last night. Oh. Pardon my bare feet. I came out to look for my shoes.

TILCY:

I know something has happened to Herman. Just call it a woman's intuition.

TWEEDY:

Nothing's happened to him. Just call it my bad aim.

TILCY:

If you ever do anything to harm that cat, Dr. Tweedy, I'll never forgive you.

TWEEDY:

Now don't worry, Miss Tilcy. You go on home. I'll find Herman and see that he gets home safely.

TILCY:

Very well, but I'll hold you directly responsible.

TWEEDY:

Don't worry about a thing. Perhaps Patsy has been playing with him. Goodbye, Miss Tilcy.

SOUND:

(CATS CRYING AND MEOWING FADING IN)

TWEEDY:

(CALLS) Patsy! Patsy! Patsy!

PATSY:

(OFF) Here I am, Uncle Tweedy. (COMING IN) I'm playing with the kitty cats.

TWEEDY:

Hmm. The whole glee club is here. Looks like a rehearsal. Patsy, where's Miss Tilcy's cat? They all look alike to me.

PATSY:

Herman? Here he is, Uncle Tweedy.

SOUND:

(CAT MEOW)

TWEEDY:

No, no. This one's white. Herman is black, like our cat. A black Persian with...(HORRIFIED) Patsy! What have you done to this cat?

PATSY: You said gray hair means you're intelligent, so I made both the black cats intelligent.

WEEDY: Oh, no.

PATSY: Look at our kitty. She's even intelligenter than you are.

WEEDY: What have you put on them?

PATSY: Talcum powder.

WEEDY: Talcum powder. Oh. Well, that will wash off. I'll turn the hose on them before Miss Tilcy finds out about this.

PATSY: But they'll run away.

WEEDY: Yes, I should have thought of that last night.

SOUND: (GARDEN HOSE...CATS YOWL)

WEEDY: (LAUGHS) Look at them run. Patsy, it looks like you used all my talcum powder on those cats. But it doesn't wash off.

PATSY: I mixed it with cod liver oil to make it stick. But I didn't have enough for our cat so I got some oil out of the garage. She liked it and she ate some.

WEEDY: Ate some? All we have in the garage is machine oil and DDT spray. (TAKE) DDT. Patsy which bottle did you get it out of? The one that said machine oil or the one that said DDT?

PATSY: I don't know Uncle Tweedy. You know I can't read.

WEEDY: Ohhhh.

PATSY: What's the matter, Uncle Tweedy? You look sick.

WEEDY: DDT. Poison. And there isn't a cat doctor in Pottsville.

PATSY: Patsy, you find Herman and take him back to Miss Tilcy.

WEEDY: I'll have to get our cat to a vet in the city immediately.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(CLICK OF TRAIN WHEELS)

WILLIE:

Why, hello there, Dr. Tweedy. Haven't seen you in a long time.

TWEEDY:

Oh. Hello there. How are you, Porter?

WILLIE:

Just call me Willie, sir. My name's Willie Beezer.

SOUND:

(CAT MEOW)

WILLIE:

Er -- Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Yes?

WILLIE:

I'm sorry, but rules is rules. All pets have to ride in the baggage car.

TWEEDY:

Pets? Pets? I don't see any pets here. Do you?

WILLIE:

No sir. I don't see none.

SOUND:

(CAT MEOW)

WILLIE:

I suppose that was you, Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

Yes. Meow. And I can bark like a dog, too.

WILLIE:

Dr. Tweedy what have you got in that box there on the seat?

TWEEDY:

Er -- my lunch, Willie.

WILLIE:

With air holes?

TWEEDY:

Er -- yes. Limburger cheese sandwiches.

WILLIE:

Dr. Tweedy, your lunch is moving.

TWEEDY:

Certainly it's moving. The cheese is very strong.

WILLIE:

That's the first cheese I ever saw -- stick its tail out and wave.

TWEEDY:

All right, all right. So I have a cat.

WILLIE:

Rules is rules. Cats have to ride in the baggage car.

WY: Not this one. It's an emergency. It's ill. Believe me Willie, this cat is sick as a dog. And it's not good for a cat to be as sick as a dog. A cat should be as sick as a cat. That makes sense, doesn't it, Willie?

IE: Maybe to you, it does.

WY: Don't take my word for it. Look for yourself. Go ahead open the box.

IE: Okay.

D: (PAPER BOX OPENED)

IE: It sure looks awful. What's that on its fur?

WY: Talcum powder and maybe DDT. I'm rushing her to a vet.

E: I understand your predicament, Dr. Tweedy, and I sincerely sympathize.

WY: I knew you would. Thank you, Willie.

E: But rules is rules. Cats have to ride in the baggage car. If I let you stay in here with that cat, I'll get fired.

WY: There must be some place I can go besides the baggage car.

E: Well -- yes. At the end of the car there's --

WY: No, no. Not there. They lock the door before you get into the station.

E: King of a predicament, ain't it? Could it be that underneath the camouflage that cat is black?

WY: As a matter of fact it is, Willie.

E: Oh -- oh. That's bad luck. Something tells me I'm gonna get fired.

TWEEDY:

Superstition, Willie. Pure superstition. How can the color of a cat influence destiny? No, no. Take my word for it. There is no possible way for a black cat to cause trouble and you will not get fired.

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY:

Now, now, Willie, I'll see to it that you get another job.. Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it as soon as the vet is through with my cat. (CALLS) Oh, Miss.

MRSE:

Yes?

TWEEDY:

How much longer will it be?

MRSE:

The doctor will have it cleaned up in a few more minutes. Fortunately it wasn't DDT.

TWEEDY:

There. You see, Willie. Even a black cat has a silver lining. (LAUGHS)

MRSE:

You can pay me now if you wish.

TWEEDY:

Certainly. Certainly. How much?

MRSE:

Fifteen dollars.

TWEEDY:

(LAUGH FADES) Sometimes there's a hole in the lining. Five. Ten. Fourteen. Fourteen fifty...seventy five... ninety one...1492...Columbus discovered America...seven.. eight...fourteen ninety-eight....Er -- Willie.

MRSE:

Here you are, Dr. Tweedy. I'll put in my two cent's worth. Maybe it will change my luck.

TWEEDY:

Your luck changed when you met me.

MRSE:

M'm. H'm. Willie Beezer. Keep your mouth shut.

TWEEDY:

There you are, Miss.

MRSE:

I'll see if the doctor's through. I'll be right back.

MRSE:

(FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

DOCTOR:

Doctor, have you finished cleaning that horrible black cat?

DOCTOR:

That swill pail rustler? Yes. I hid it in a cage in the back room. And tell him to please sneak that alley cat out the back door. I'm busy here with Mrs. Van Cupples.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Yes, sir.

SOUND:

(OFF DOOR SHUT. CAT MEOW)

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry for the interruption, Mrs. Van Cupples. But to get back to this prize cat, here - the owner won't sell her for less than a thousand dollars. She's worth much more.

ES:

Five hundred is my top price.

DOCTOR:

But Mrs. Van Cupples, a thousand is really a bargain. Look at her rich black hair - that fine head - that aristocratic tail --

ES:

I know she's a prize winning cat, and I do want her badly. But a thousand dollars is too much.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, Mrs. Van Cupples.

ES:

Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Goodbye, Mrs. Van Cupples. If you change your mind, let me know.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN - FOOTSTEPS FADE)

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) Dr. Tweedy. Didn't you get your cat yet?

TWEEDY:

(COMING IN) No, I -- my, my, my. She's beautiful. You've done a magnificent job.

DOCTOR:

What? Oh. You mean the cat here.

TWEEDY:

Yes. Quite a difference between this cat and the one I brought in.

No comparison.

Why, you've performed a miracle.

I wouldn't say that. After all, this is a prize cat to begin with.

It is?

Yes. Pure bred. The best show cat I've seen in a long time. Worth a lot of money.

No. I can't believe it. It just goes to show how little I know about cats. I've always said they all look alike to me.

(OFF) Doctor?

Yes, Nurse?

Which cage is it in? I can't find it.

(GOING OFF) Never mind, I'll get it. Excuse me, sir.

Certainly. Certainly. Hello kitty....(MEOW) Come on, kitty...(CAT MEOW)

(FOOTSTEPS)

Willie. Willie.

(COMING IN) Yes, Dr. Tweedy?

Just take a look at my cat. Why, that doctor is wonderful. She doesn't look like the same cat.

Well, it's sure black.

Just goes to show you what grooming can do.

It looks bigger than the one we brought.

No, no. It's just that the fur is fluffed out. See.

Manicure and shine.

(COMING IN) Excuse me, sir, are you the owner of that cat?

Yes. Isn't she beautiful?

S: I've been admiring her. My name is Mrs. Van Cupples.
You see, I raise cats, and I'd give almost anything to
have that one. Won't you accept five hundred dollars?

EDY: (OVERWHELMED) Five hundred for this cat?

S: Oh, please don't take offense. It's just that I'm so
anxious. I'll raise that offer to seven fifty.

EDY: Gulp.

LIE: Dr. Tweedy. Say something.

S: I have a check right here. Will you please sell?

LIE: His mouth's open, but nothing comes out. Just shake
your head, Dr. Tweedy.

S: Yes? Good. I'm make out the check.

EDY: (RECOVERING) Just make it out to Dr. Tweedy. I don't
suppose you'd be interested in more cats. I've a lot
of them in my back yard.

No. This is the one I want. Here's your check and
thank you.

EDY: Thank you!

LIE: Seven hundred and fifty dollars.

EDY: And here is your cat, Madame. Well, I'll have to hurry
and cash this before the banks close. Good day, Mrs.

Van Cupples. What a killing on a cat. (GOING OFF)

Come along, Willie. We'll have to rush.

LIE: Some cat. (GOING OFF) Seven hundred and fifty dollars.

EDY: (DOOR CLOSE, OFF - DOOR OPEN, ON)

EDY: Dr. Tweedy. Here is your cat. I - oh. Mrs. Van
Cupples, did you see a white haired gentleman?

ES: I certainly did. I bought this prize winning cat from him directly.

DOCTOR: What! He sold you that cat?

ES: I paid him only seven hundred and fifty dollars for it. Two hundred and fifty less than you asked, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Mrs. Van Cupples, you've been swindled. That cat didn't belong to him.

ES: What?

DOCTOR: I thought he showed a little too much interest when I told him how valuable that cat was. I better notify the police at once.

ES: What am I going to do?

DOCTOR: Well, if you bought his cat, here it is.

ES: That thing? (SCREAMS) Call the police.

USIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NR: Ladies and gentlemen - if you're still smoking
old-fashioned, short cigarettes, here's a test that
will really surprise you. Light up a PELL MELL!
Notice how you unconsciously hold the flame a half-inch
closer to your face than you have to - a good half-inch
inside the tip of your PELL MELL. That means you've
discovered PELL MELL'S distinguished length and shape -
the streamlined PELL MELL Design - "Outstanding!"

R: And - they are mild!

NR: PELL MELL is cooler. "Outstanding!"

R: And - they are mild!

NR: PELL MELL is smoother. "Outstanding!"

R: And - they are mild!

NR: 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)

And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy. It isn't everyone that has a cat worth seven hundred and fifty dollars. Dr. Tweedy didn't have one either, but he sold it just the same.

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

You sure didn't have any trouble cashing that check, Dr. Tweedy.

That's because I have an honest face. Now, Willie, I trust you have seen the fallacy of the black cat superstition.

(SIREN - FADE IN AND OUT)

H'm. Police car. There must have been a robbery around here somewhere.

Are you gonna buy yourself something with all the money, Dr. Tweedy?

There's nothing I really want, Willie. I have my friends. I have my health. And I have a good job. Once upon a time I could say the same thing.

This money goes into the bank. A penny saved is a penny earned, and a man can always be proud of an honest dollar. Always remember that, Willie.

(SIREN - FADE IN AND OUT)

H'm. Another police car. They must be looking for someone around here. Well, crime does not pay. H'm. Some nice looking cars in this used car lot.

Oh-oh.

ER: (COMING IN) Good afternoon, sir, good afternoon. You
and your chauffeur interested in a used car?

DY: No, no. I was just passing by.

ER: Now is the time to buy before prices go up.

DY: No. I don't want - er - how much is that big shiny one
over there?

ER: That's not for sale. That's mine. But as one honest
man to another, this car right here is the best buy on
the lot.

DY: That junk pile?

ER: You don't buy a car just for looks, Mister, Er --

DY: Dr. Tweedy is the name. Thaddeus Q. Phd. Dean of men
of Potts College.

ER: Oh. A professor. I know I can't put anything over on
you.

DY: Dr. Tweedy. I think we better get out of here.

ER: Tut, tut, Willie. I'm only looking.

DY: This car here belonged to a school teacher. An old
lady in Pasadena she never drove it out of town.

ER: I don't blame her. She'd never get it back.

DY: Smooth, aren't they.

ER: Look. Kick them. They're in perfect condition.

(KICK)

DY: Dr. Tweedy, a penny saved is a penny earned.

ER: And look at those fenders.

DY: They aren't as smooth as the tires.

What's a few dents? They're strong.

(BEATING ON FENDER)

See? Strong.

Yes. Well I'm not interested --

And the best part of this car is the motor. Quiet as an eighteen jewel watch wrapped in a bath towel. Listen!

(MOTOR STARTS, SPUTTERS AND DIES)

It needs another bath towel.

I'll tell you what I'll do. It's yours for seven hundred. You sure drive a hard bargain.

No! I told you I'm not interested in buying a car and nothing can change my mind.

(ANTIQUATED CAR CHUGS TO A STOP)

Here we are, Willie. Home at last. Isn't this better than riding a train?

Yeah, sure is. 'Course I never had to get out and push the train.

(COMING IN) Uncle Tweedy. Uncle Tweedy. Uncle Tweedy.

Hello, Patsy dear.

Uncle Tweedy, Miss Tilcy is --

Now, now. Let Uncle Tweedy finish. I have a surprise for you.

You have? What?

Well, while Uncle Tweedy was in the city, he met a good fairy who waved her magic wand. She turned our kitty cat into this big doll for you and this nice automobile for Uncle Tweedy.

LIE: Tell her what the good fairy did for me.
EDY: Er - well -
SY: But you didn't take our cat. There she is.
ND: (MEOW)
SY: See. You took Miss Tilcy's kitty cat, Herman.
DY: Herman? Miss Tilcy? Her cat? Sold! Oh no. No! NO!
SY: And is Miss Tilcy mad. (WHISTLE)
IE: Oh-oh. Dr. Tweedy, we ain't going back to the city?
DY: Don't worry, Willie, it's down hill most of the way.
E:
D: (DOORBELL AND DOOR OPEN)
DY: Ah, good afternoon, Mrs. Van Cupples. Remember me?
I'm Dr. Tweedy -- the man who sold you the cat.
You!!!!
DY: Mrs. Van Cupples, prepare yourself for a shock. That
cat didn't belong to me.
(SARCASTIC) Is that so?
Y: Yes. I sold you someone else's cat, didn't I, Willie?
E: I knew I should have waited downstairs.
Y: It seems I'm always doing things like that. I just
can't help myself. It's a little weakenss of mine.
My husband has a little weakness too. He's in the
district attorney's office and he likes to put
swindlers like you in jail.
E: Oh-oh.

Swindler? Jail? Mrs. Van Cupples. It was just an unfortunate error which I deeply regret. These things happen every day. C'est la vie. It's life. Life. You say your husband's in the district attorney's office? Yes. And now I'm going to call the police.

Oh -- oh.

Police? But Madame, would I have come back here if my intentions were dishonest? I am not a criminal. I am a teacher of philosophy at Potts College.

Very well. If that's the case just give me back my money and I won't call the police. It's that simple. Simple. Oh yes. The money. Well, there is a slight complication. But just give me one hour and I'll have the money for you. But first I have to go uptown to return a car.

Very well. I'll meet you uptown at the veterinary in exactly one hour.

Why? Aren't you feeling well? I mean --

(MUSIC)

(CAR...MOTOR KNOCK)

There's the used car lot on the next corner, Dr. Tweedy. I'll apply the brakes now. Maybe we can stop in front of it this time -- if you drag your foot.

(CAR CREAKS TO A STOP)

Here comes the salesman. Rubbing his hands.

(COMING IN) Good afternoon, sir. I know just what you're here for.

You do?

ER: Absolutely. This heap of yours won't run another inch and you want a new car.

Y: No. I just bought this car.

ER: Oh no. Anybody who would sell you a clunker like this is a crook.

Y: Absolutely.

R: The low-down skunk ought to be put out of business.

Y: Absolutely.

R: Who sold you this wreck?

Y: You did.

R: Now wait a minute, bud. Let's not get tough.

Y: You sold it to me. And I have a witness. Does that help your memory?

R: It's a fine car. Anything else I can do for you?

Y: Yes. I'd like you to make an adjustment. Give me my money back.

R: Give you your money back? Are you kiddin'? Buy back that old heap?

Y: Old heap? It's a fine car. I really don't want to sell it but circumstances are forcing me to make the sacrifice.

R: Aw, you're breaking my heart. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five hundred dollars for that junk pile.

Y: Junk pile. Why this car is in perfect condition. It belongs to a school teacher.

R: Don't give me that old routine.

It's the truth. I am the school teacher. Just look at these tires. Look at the bounce when you kick them.

(EXPLOSION)

Willie -- hand me my shoe.

Here you are, Dr. Tweedy.

Now look for the tire.

I'll give you four-fifty for it.

But you said prices were going up.

Yes, but the tires are going down.

Look at these fenders.

(BEATING ON FENDERS)

They'll be there till the cows come home.

(FENDER FALLS OFF)

They're home.

Look. I'll give you two-fifty for the car. Take it or leave it.

You're offering me only two hundred and fifty dollars?

That's all it's worth.

Oh, I agree with you. Yet you charged me seven hundred dollars, which was considerably over the ceiling price.

But I --

Did you think I was a sucker?

Well, frankly --

Suppose I were to tell you that I am an OPA inspector.

But --

Let's predicate further. Let's say that this whole transaction was a cleverly contrived scheme, for which men of your ilk are prone to succumb --

But --

Let's examine the facts. First, a witness -- Willie.

You said it, Your Honor.

Second, the evidence. I gave you marked money. Every bill had a number on it. The trap was baited to catch a rat -- and I was the cheese.

You said it, Your Honor.

And now we come to the sordid end of a sad story.

Look, pal. Ain't there some way of fixing this up?

First, here's your seven hundred back.

Thank you. I'll hold that as evidence.

And I'd like to buy a little something for your wife and kiddies. Your witness here looks like he could see a new suit.

Let this be a lesson to you. If you ever do anything like this again, you may get into trouble with the OPA.

(LAUGHS) Come on, Willie. Run.

(MUSIC)

Seven hundred and forty. Forty five. Fifty. There you are, Mrs. Van Cupples.

Thank you, Dr. Tweedy. And goodbye.

Thank you. It was very kind of you to meet me here at the vet's. Goodbye.

(DOOR OPEN)

You can come in and get your cat now, sir.

I'll be right, in (FADING) as soon as I see Mrs. Van Cupples to her car.

(FOOTSTEPS)

ERSE:

Dr. Tweedy will be right in.

CTOR:

Good. Can you imagine anyone being addlebrained enough to mistake this beautiful, pure bred show cat for that moth-eaten animal he brought in?

END:

(CAT MEOW)

ERSE:

I'll go get his cat.

CTOR:

(GOING OFF) I'll go with you. I don't want any slip-ups this time.

EDDY:

(COMING IN) Well, well, well. Hello, kitty.

END:

(CAT MEOW)

EDDY:

Come on, kitty. We'll have to hurry to catch the train. We're going home.

END:

(CAT MEOW)

END:

(CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

STAND:

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)

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

FAMOUS CIGARETTES - Outstanding!

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

ST ANNR: And - they are mild!

ND 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.

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

D ANNR: On land!

ND: (BUGLE CALL)

ANNR: In the air!

ND: (DIVE BOMBER)

ANNR: On the sea!

ND: (WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

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

D: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

ANNR: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

Here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week. My topic for today is gratitude. Never bite the hand that feeds you. It may be your own. Which brings me to my thought for the week. A bird in the hand is very bad manners. Use a knife and fork. (LAUGHS) Goodnight. (APPLAUSE)

(THEME AND FADE FOR)

Be with us again next week at this same time when Pell Mell, famous Cigarettes, present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy". Mr. Morgan appears through the courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the technicolor musical, "Holiday in Mexico." Starring tonight with Mr. Morgan was Nana Bryant as Miss Tilcy. Music was composed and directed by Eliot Daniel. Eddie Green played Willie -- Dawn Bender, Patsy -- Anne O'Neal, Mrs. Van Cupples -- Leo Cleary, the veterinarian -- Harry Lang, the used car dealer -- and Clarence Nash the cat. Now this is John Hiestand saying goodnight for Pell Mell famous Cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

(THEME TO CUE)

The Frank Morgan Show came to you from Hollywood.
THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.