

STATION

PROGRAM "MEET JUDY MARTIN"

EPISODE #3

MUSIC - UP - THRU VERSE & FIRST LINE OF CHORUS FADE

ANNOUNCER: GOOD EVENING - COME IN FOLKS - JUDY MARTIN IS ON THE AIR TONIGHT AND EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 6:30 THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION OF BRINGS YOU "MEET JUDY MARTIN" THE STORY OF AN AVERAGE AMERICAN WORKING GIRL.

MUSIC - UP ON CHORUS - OUT

ANNOUNCER: THE SHIPPING CLERKS AT THE DRESS FACTORY WHERE JUDY WORKS ARE PLANNING A DANCE. JUDY IS TO BE QUEEN AND BOTH PINKY AND SUE, JUDY'S WELL MEANING FRIENDS, ARE PLANNING TO MAKE IT A GORGEOUS AFFAIR, THOUGH THEY ONLY HAVE TEN DOLLARS TO SPEND. HOWEVER, COMPLICATIONS ARE SETTING IN. EVERYONE IS HAVING TO WORK OVERTIME AT THE FACTORY AND CONDITIONS IN GENERAL ARE SO BAD THAT EVERYONE IS GETTING DISCOURAGED. WHEN WE LEFT JUDY LAST WEEK SHE WAS DISCUSSING CONDITIONS WITH JIMMIE, NUMBER ONE BOY FRIEND, TONIGHT WE MEET JUDY MARTIN AGAIN - JUST AFTER SUPPER, TED IS PLAYING WITH HIS DOG.

SOUND OF DOG BARKING

TED: ATTABOY SPORT - ATTABOY! (DOG)

POP: HEY TED - TED.

TED: QUIET SPORT. YEAH POP.

POP: (FADE IN) HOW ABOUT TAKING THAT PUP OUTSIDE.

TED: AW GEE POP, I'M TEACHING HIM TO SAY "PLEASE" (DOG)

POP: WHAT ARE YOU FEEDING HIM.

TED: OH, JUST A LITTLE OLD CAKE I FOUND.

POP: A LITTLE OLD CAKE! THAT'S THE CAKE AUNT SALLY BAKED ESPECIALLY FOR JUDY. YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT TED..... BESIDES THE CAKE ISN'T GOOD FOR SPORT. GO ON, TAKE HIM OUTSIDE NOW.

TED: OKAY - OKAY (DOG FADES OUT)

JUDY: (MUTTERING AS SHE ENTERS) DARN IT - JUST WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY.

TED: (FADING) C'MON SPORT!

JUDY: POP, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. I THINK I'M MAD.

POP: WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, HONEY.

JUDY: I'M BEGINNING TO GET A LITTLE TIRED OF THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING AT WORK.

POP: WHAT'S WRONG NOW.....

JUDY : JUST WHEN WE WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE DANCE THEY MAKE US ALL WORK OVERTIME. SEEMS LIKE THEY DON'T WANT US TO GET TOGETHER ON OUR OWN OR SOMETHING. AND POP, HONEST TO GOODNESS THEY'VE CUT OUR PRICES WORSE THAN EVER - THEN THEY BAWL US OUT FOR NOT DOING BETTER.

POP: UMHUH. IT DOES SEEM THAT THEY COULD COOPERATE ON THIS DANCE INSTEAD OF TRYING TO SPOIL IT - ARE THEY THAT BUSY.....

JUDY: THEY'RE ALWAYS "THAT BUSY". THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN EVERYONE'S LAID OFF, EXCEPT A FEW FAVORITES. I'D LIKE TO BET MONEY THAT THEY'LL MAKE US ALL WORK OVERTIME MONDAY NIGHT. AND HONEST TO GOODNESS, POP, WE HAVEN'T OPENED OUR CHOPS ABOUT THE DANCE - ANYMORE THAN JUST AT LUNCH TIME.

POP: YOU KNOW, JUDY, WHAT YOU PEOPLE DOWN THERE NEED IS A UNION.

JUDY: A UNION! THEY'D THROW US OUT!

POP: THEY CAN'T JUDY. THERE'S A LAW AGAINST IT. READ THE WAGNER ACT, HONEY. ANYBODY CAN JOIN WHO WANTS TO - I USED TO BE A UNION MAN MYSELF, BEFORE I HURT MY LEG. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE DONE WITHOUT IT AT THAT TIME. THE COMPANY WOULDN'T DO A THING FOR ME- REMEMBER....YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE KID. I WAS IN BED FOR TWO MONTHS WITHOUT A CENT OF COMPENSATION. THE ONLY THING WE HAD TO LIVE ON WAS WHAT I GOT FROM THE UNION.

JUDY: BUT, POP, FROM THE WAY THEY TALK AT WORK.....

POP: NATURALLY, HONEY. THEY WON'T PAY YOU ANY MORE THAN THEY HAVE TO. IF WE DIDN'T HAVE UNIONS PEOPLE WOULD BE WORKING FOR 5 AND 6 DOLLARS A WEEK. LOOK AT MRS. TANNER - HOW ON EARTH DID THAT POOR WOMAN GET BY ON \$5.00 A WEEK.

JUDY: SHE DIDN'T, POP. WELL, I HAVE TO DASH...THE BOYS WANT ME TO COME OVER TO REHEARSE FOR THE DANCE, AND I WANT TO STOP BY AND SEE MRS. TANNER TOO- SHE'S BEEN SICK. DARN THIS COAT...WISH I HAD A NEW ONE. BY POPS, SEE YOU LATER.

POP: BYE, HONEY, AND BE SURE TO COME HOME EARLY.

JUDY: I WILL - SO LONG. I HAVE TO SEE HOW PINKY'S GETTING ALONG WITH SUNFLOWERS. (FADE)

ANNOUNCER: AND MEANWHILE, AT THE REHEARSAL FOR THE DANCE PROGRAM.

MUSIC UP (BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS...CORNY)

PINKY: GOSH, SUE. NO MATTER WHAT I TRY TO DO IT GETS ALL DUNCED UP. I TRIED TO FIX THIS SPECIALLY FOR JUDY, AND NOW THE BOSS IS DOWN ON HER AND RAISING HECK WITH EVERYBODY AND - OH, I GUESS I'M JUST A JINX.

SUE: SKIP IT, PINKY. YOU DO MORE GROUSING THAN WORKING. AS FOR OLD PICKLEPUSS AT WORK, HE'S JUST PEEVED CAUSE THE FLOAT'S ATTRACTED MORE ATTENTION THAN HIS PEP TALKS.

PINKY: YEAH! BUT IF JUDY GETS DOWN ON ME...GEE...I COULDN'T STAND THAT.

SUE: NOW LOOK HERE. YOU STARTED OUT TO MAKE JUDY THE BELLE OF THE BALL, AND IF YOU QUIT NOW SHE'LL JUST GET THE GONG AND YOU WILL REALLY FEEL BAD.

PINKY: OH, I'M NOT GONNA QUIT, BUT GEE...EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG- THE FLOAT WON'T FLOAT, THE LIGHTED SUNFLOWERS WON'T LIGHT, AND THE WIRES KEEP SLIPPING DURING THE SWING AND SWAY BUSINESS.

SUE: YOU'VE GOT SO MUCH JUNK ON THAT FLOAT I CAN'T SEE ANY PLACE FOR JUDY. IS SHE SUPPOSED TO JUST WALK IN AFTER EVERYONE IS STUNNED BY THIS MASTERPIECE OF YOURS.....

PINKY: NAW, SHE'S GONNA BE WAY UP THERE ON TOP ALL BY HERSELF, YOU KNOW - LIKE SHE WAS THE SUN GODESS AND ALL THE SUNFLOWERS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE TURNED LOOKING UP AT HER.

SUE: I THINK THAT'S SWELL, PINKY.

PINKY: BUT MAYBE JUDY WON'T LIKE IT - GEE - BUT SHE'S SO PRETTY AND I THOUGHT WITH ALL THOSE FLOWERS BEHIND HER AND-

SUE: IT'LL BE THE HIT OF THE EVENING. YOU JUST GO AHEAD AND WORK IT OUT AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT FROGFACE AT WORK....

PINKY: YEAH! BUT OVERTIME EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK AND ALL THAT GRIPING...SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIKE. WHEN TOM AND THE GUYS GAVE A DANCE AT THEIR UNION HALL THEY GOT OFF EARLY FROM WORK...BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO US. THEY MAKE US WORK LATE. YOU KNOW, SUE, THEY AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT TO PUSH US AROUND LIKE THIS. WE OUGHT TO WRITE A LETTER OF PROTEST OR SOMETHING...IF WE ALL STUCK TOGETHER AND TOLD 'EM.

SUE: YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE, PINK. THE REASON THEY'RE SORE IS CAUSE THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT. IF IT WAS ONE OF THEIR OLD PICNICS WHERE WE ALL HAVE TO GO AND LISTEN TO THEIR SPEECHES ABOUT HOW GOOD THEY ARE TO US IT'D BE ALL RIGHT. "YOU TREAT US RIGHT WE'LL TREAT YOU RIGHT."

PINKY: YEAH. WE'RE ALL ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY - AND NEXT DAY WE GET OUR PAY CUT. GEE, SUE, I'M TIRED I KIN HARDLY WALK, HONEST, AND MY FEET HURT SO BAD.

SUE: YOUR FATHER WAS A PIONEER, PINKY, DUCK UP. (SHE WAGS HIM A GOOD ONE ON THE BACK)

PINKY: UGH. WELL, DON'T KNOCK MY FRONT TEETH OUT OVER IT. WHY DON'T YOU LEARN TO ACT LIKE A LADY LIKE JUDY. ONE OF THESE DAYS SOMEONE'S GOING TO ENTER YOU IN A PRIZE STEER CONTEST WHEN YOU'RE NOT LOOKING.

SUE: YEAH. WELL, IF THEY ROPE ME THEY'LL REALLY GET SOMETHING BIG BOY.

JIMMIE: (FROM DISTANCE) HEY, PINKY, COME HERE A MINUTE.

PINKY: EVERYTHING'S NOT BAD ENOUGH THAT GUY JIMMIE HAD TO BUTT IN TOO. HE'S SPOILING EVERYTHING. WANTS TO PUT IN A SYSTEM, HE SAYS.

SUE: HE'S ONLY TRYING TO HELP. AFTER ALL YOU KIDS ONLY HAVE TEN DOLLARS FOR DECORATIONS. YOU CAN'T SINK A SWIMMING POOL AND HAVE DIVING ELEPHANTS ON THAT.

JIMMIE: (CALLING) HEY PINKY, COME HERE, WILL YA.

PINKY: OH, ALL RIGHT.

JIMMIE: (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) MORE JUNK AROUND HERE. PINKY, WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT ON EARTH THIS STUFFED OWL IS FOR.

PINKY: OH - A - THAT.

SUE: YES, -A- THAT. IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN ON RELIEF FOR SIX MONTHS.

PINKY: I JUST BROUGHT IT ALONG IN CASE. IT'S KIND OF AN EXAMINATION QUESTION.

JIMMIE: A WHAT.

PINKY: WELL, I'M TAKING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN TAXI - A - YOU KNOW STUFFING THINGS - AND - WELL - WE HAVE TO SEND THINGS IN TO SEE IF WE PASS.

SUE: PINKY, MY BOY, SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE FLUNKED.

PINKY: I DON'T KNOW - IT LOOKS PRETTY GOOD. OF COURSE IT'S A LITTLE OUT OF SHAPE, BUT CAN I HELP IT IF THE OWL HAD WARTS. YOU CAN TELL IT'S AN OWL CAN'T YOU.

JIMMIE: JUST ABOUT. NOW LOOK, PINKY. HOW MANY TICKETS HAVE YOU SOLD.

PINKY: WELL, WE COULDA SOLD A LOT. - BUT WITH ALL THIS OVERTIME AT WORK EVERYBODY'S DOG TIRED - BUT ANYWAY I'LL BE HERE.

JIMMIE: THAT'S WHAT WE'RE AFRAID OF. NOW ABOUT THIS FLOAT, PINKY. SAY..THERE'S JUDY. HI JUDY.

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SOUND OF DOG BARKING

TED: ATTABOY SPORT - ATTABOY. (DOG)

POP: HEY TED - TED.

TED: QUIET SPORT. YEAH POP.

POP: (FADE IN) HOW ABOUT TAKING THAT PUP OUTSIDE.

TED: AW GEE POP, I'M TEACHING HIM TO SAY "PLEASE" (DOG)

POP: WHAT ARE YOU FEEDING HIM.

TED: OH, JUST A LITTLE OLD CAKE I FOUND.

POP: A LITTLE OLD CAKE! THAT'S THE CAKE AUNT SALLY BAKED ESPECIALLY FOR JUDY. YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT TED..... BESIDES THE CAKE ISN'T GOOD FOR SPORT. GO ON, TAKE HIM OUTSIDE NOW.

TED: OKAY - OKAY (DOG FADES OUT)

JUDY: (MUTTERING AS SHE ENTERS) DARN IT - JUST WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY.

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DOLLY: BUT MOTHER, BILLY'S SICK. HE JUST LIES THERE AND...

JUDY: HE'S GOT TO HAVE A DOCTOR MRS. TANNER. I CALLED DOCTOR GRAY. HE'S AWFULLY NICE. HE WON'T CHARGE YOU ANYTHING HONEST. (FADE A BIT) BILLY FEELS AWFULLY HOT. WILL YOU GET HIM A DRINK OF WATER, DOLLY.

DOLLY: YES MA'AM. SURE.

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

JUDY: THAT'S THE DOCTOR I GUESS. (OPEN DOOR) HELLO DOCTOR GRAY.

DR. GRAY: HELLO, JUDY.

JUDY: I'M AWFULLY GLAD YOU'VE COME. MRS. TANNER IS PRETTY SICK, AND BILLY IS PRETTY SICK TOO.

DR. GRAY: THE WHOLE FAMILY HUM. LET'S SEE. I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE LITTLE BOY FIRST. HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN SICK.

MRS. T: HE BEGAN COMPLAINING ABOUT HIS STOMACHE YESTERDAY AND BEGAN GETTING FEVERISH THIS MORNING.

DR. G. (FADE A BIT) HE FEELS PRETTY HOT. HERE LET'S PUT THIS THERMOMETER IN YOUR MOUTH. IT WON'T HURT YOU SONNY. JUST PUT IT UNDER YOUR TONGUE. ATSA BOY. (IN) DOES HE OFTEN HAVE BAD COLDS.

MRS. T. WELL, HE'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A WELL BOY.

DR. G: COUGH OFTEN.

MRS. T: YES HE MOST ALWAYS HAS A LITTLE COUGH.

DR. G: WHAT ABOUT YOU. WHEN DID YOU TAKE SICK.

MRS T: I HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING GOOD ALL WEEK.

DR G: BEEN STAYING IN BED.

JUDY: NO SHE HASN'T DR. GRAY. SHE'S BEEN AT WORK EVERY DAY THIS WEEK.

DR G: NO MORE WORK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS. HM. THE BOY HAS A PRETTY BAD FEVER.

MRS. T: IS HE REAL SICK, DOCTOR.

DR. G: HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. BUT HE NEEDS A LOT OF CARE.

MRS. T: I DO THE BEST I CAN, DOCTOR, BUT, (SHE CRIES)

DOCTOR: DON'T WORRY, MRS. TANNER. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. AS FOR YOU, YOU HAVE A LITTLE FLU, BUT YOU MUST STAY IN BED FOR TWO WEEKS.

MRS. T: BUT DOCTOR, I CAN'T I&VE GOT TO..

DOCTOR: THE WORK CAN WAIT.

MRS T BUT IT CAN'T. I - I - JUST HAVE TO..

DR. G: YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING. I'LL SEE THAT EVERYTHING IS TAKEN CARE OF. BILLY'LL BE ALL RIGHT. JUDY STEP IN HERE A MINUTE, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

JUDY: Yes, Dr. GRAY.

DR G ALL THE CASES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD ARE THE SAME. I'LL BET THAT KID DOESN'T KNOW WHAT ORANGE JUICE TASTES LIKE.

JUDY: SHE DOES THE BEST SHE CAN, DOCTOR.

DR. G: OF COURSE SHE DOES - I KNOW HER.

JUDY: HER HUSBAND IS DEAD AND SHE DOESN'T MAKE MUCH AT WORK AND HER WORK ISN'T STEADY AND..BILLY'LL BE ALL RIGHT WON'T HE DOCTOR. HE'S SUCH A CUTE LITTLE KID.

DR. G HE'LL NEED A LOT OF CARE, JUDY, AND WE'LL HAVE TO SEE THAT HE GETS IT. IT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER CASE OF TUBERCULOSIS.

JUDY: TUBERCULOSIS.

DR. G DON'T WORRY HONEY. HERE'S A CHECK. IT'LL KEEP THEM IN FOOD UNTIL WE CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS, TO GET THEM IN A SANATARIUM BY ALL MEANS MRS. TANNER MUST NOT GO BACK TO WORK. I'LL SEND SOME MEDICINE UP. (FADE IN) I'M GOING TO SEND YOU SOME MEDICINE MRS. TANNER. A TABLESPOON FULL FOR YOU AND BILLY EVERY TWO HOURS. AND HERE ARE SOME LITTLE PILLS FOR BILLY. GIVE HIM TWO NOW, AND ONE EVERY THREE HOURS IF HE DOESN'T SLEEP. GOODNIGHT NOW - AND DON'T WORRY. BILLY'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

MRS T THANKS DOCTOR. I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN..I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU - I..

DR G FORGET IT. GOODNIGHT. (DOOR OPEN)

JUDY: GOODNIGHT DOCTOR GRAY. (DOOR CLOSE) Now MRS. TANNER I'LL GET SOMEONE TO STAY WITH YOU TONIGHT, OR ELSE I'LL COME BACK MYSELF AND..(FADE)

MUSIC $\frac{1}{2}$ HEAVY - FADE INTO BRIGHTER MUSIC

SUE: PINKY, EVERYTIME WE LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR FIVE MINUTES SOMETHING HAPPENS.

PINKY: (TIRED) WHAT'D I DO NOW.

SUE: WHAT DID YOU DO. YOU NAILED THE TOOLS INSIDE THE FLOAT, SAT ON THE HAMBURGER SANDWICHES AND PAINTED A PIXIE ON THE SEAT OF JIMMIE'S PANTS.

PINKY: BUT, GEE, SUE..

JIMMIE: OH QUIT PICKING ON HIM, SUE.

PINKY: YEAH, QUIT PICKING ON ME, SUSIE. LIFE'S AN EMPTY HUSK ANYWAY. WHO IN HECK FEELS LIKE WORKING FOR A DANCE WHEN YOU'RE SO TIRED YOU CAN'T EVEN TALK. BESIDES NO ONE'LL PROBABLY EVEN COME THE FUSS THEY'RE RAISING ABOUT IT AT WORK. I'M READY FOR A GOOD HEARSE RIGHT NOW.

JIMMIE: I'M GETTING WORRIED ABOUT JUDY, SHE OUGHT TO BE BACK.

PINKY: ME TOO. I'LL GO OVER AND GET HER.

JIMMIE: LET'S QUIT WORK AND WE'LL ALL GO TOGETHER.

SUE: WE DON'T HAVE TO. HERE SHE COMES NOW. HI JUDY. PIPE THE THRONE. HOW DOES IT LOOK.

JUDY: IT LOOKS BEAUTIFUL. I MEAN IT REALLY DOES.

PINKY: SO SHE'S SURPRISED.

JUDY: NO, I'M NOT, PINKY. IT'S..LOOK KIDS, I JUST CAME FROM MRS. TANNERS. SHE'S AWFULLY SICK..AND SO IS BILLY. THE DOCTOR THINKS IT MAY BE TUBERCULOSIS.

PINKY: GEE.

JIMMIE: TUBERCULOSIS.

SUE: WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP HER, JUDY.

JUDY: THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. MAYBE WE COULD TAKE UP A COLLECTION AT THE DANCE.

SUE: SWELL. BUT HECK, WE CAN'T COLLECT ENOUGH TO AMOUNT TO ANYTHING. BESIDES MRS. TANNER ISN'T THE ONLY ONE. LOOK AT MAYMIE..SICK EVERY OTHER WEEK, AND MILLIE WITH A DADY COMING AND HER HUSBAND OUT OF WORK. THEY DON'T NEED A COLLECTION. WHAT THEY NEED IS A RAISE IN PAY.

JIMMIE: THERE'S YOUR ANSWER.

PINKY: YOU KNOW, SUSIE, FOR ONCE YOU SOUND ACTUALLY BRIGHT. I WOULDN'T OF BELIEVED IT OF YOU.

ANNOUNCER

WHEN PINKY ADMITS SUE IS RIGHT, SHE MUST REALLY BE RIGHT. WELL, FOLKS, NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT IS THE BIG NIGHT. THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE AND THE LAUNCHING OF THE FLOAT. BUT THE DANCE HAS BECOME MORE THAN JUST A CELEBRATION. IT HAS SET JUDY AND THE REST THINKING - ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE MRS. TANNER AND MAYMIE AND MILLIE. TUNE IN AGAIN NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT FOR THIS STORY OF JUDY MARTIN A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL, WITH TYPICAL AMERICAN PROBLEMS. "MEET JUDY MARTIN IS BROUGHT TO YOU EACH TUESDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHT AT 6:30 BY THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES GARMENT WORKERS' UNION OF ST. LOUIS AND IS PERFORMED BY MEMBERS OF THAT UNION.

MUSIC UP AND OUT -

STATION _____

PROGRAM "MEET JUDY MARTIN"

EPISODE 2. - FRIDAY, APRIL 18TH

MUSIC - - - - - UP - DOWN

ANNOUNCER: GOOD EVENING - COME IN FOLKS A "MEET JUDY MARTIN" IS ON THE AIR. TONIGHT AND EVERY _____ THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION OF _____ BRINGS YOU "MEET JUDY MARTIN" THE STORY OF AN AVERAGE AMERICAN WORKING GIRL.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT (ON CHORUS)

ANNOUNCER: LAST WEEK YOU MET JUDY FOR THE FIRST TIME. SHE AND HER FRIEND SUE BRADLEY WERE THRILLED OVER THE PROSPECT OF A DANCE TO BE GIVEN BY THE SHIPPING CLERKS AT THE FACTORY WHERE JUDY WORKS. JUDY IS TO BE QUEEN - THAT IS IF PINKY McLAUGHLIN COMES DOWN TO EARTH LONG ENOUGH TO GET ARRANGEMENTS IN ORDER. PINKY IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH A KIND OF A "FLEETING - FLOATING - FLOAT", AND JUDY IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH FRIEND JIMMIE, WHO WANTS HER TO GO TO ANOTHER DANCE THE SAME NIGHT. TONIGHT AS WE MEET THE MARTIN FAMILY AGAIN, POP MARTIN AND YOUNG TED ARE COOKING SUPPER.

(SOUND OF POTS AND PANS ETC.)

POP JUDY MUST BE WORKING OVERTIME, TED, IT'S GETTING LATE.

TED: YEP! SAY POP! - YOU AND ME OUGHT TO OPEN A HAMBURGER STAND.

POP WE'RE PRETTY GOOD COOKS AREN'T WE. HAND ME THE SALT, WILL YOU.

TED: HERE Y'ARE. SO CAN YOU IMAGINE, POP! THE TEACHER MAKES ME GO TO THE PRINCIPAL, JUST FOR CHEWING BUBBLE GUM. WHAT A SCHOOL! I OUGHT TO JUST QUIT.

POP IT'S A GOOD SCHOOL AND YOU MUST LEARN TO GET ALONG WITH YOUR TEACHER.

TED: OH I DO AWRIGHT. I JUST TELL HER "I'M JUST A KID, I'LL LEARN"- THEN EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT.

POP: TED, YOU'RE GETTING OLD ENOUGH TO SHOW A LITTLE RESPONSIBILITY.

TED: YES, SIR.

POP: YOU SEE, WE TWO MEN HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER.

TED: OH SURE.

POP: WE HAVE TO LOOK AFTER JUDY, YOU AND ME.

TED: YOU BET.

POP: AND THAT MEANS NO MONKEY SHINES - AND COOPERATION.

TED: OKAY. THAT'S ME. I'LL TELL THE TEACHER THAT AND MAYBE SHE'LL GIVE ME BACK MY WATER GUN. (DOOR OPENS) THERE'S JUDY NOW. HI JUDY!

JUDY: HI HONEY, LO^U POP. (CLOSE DOOR)

POP: YOU'RE LATE AREN'T YOU JUDY.

JUDY: YES WE HAD TO WORK OVERTIME AGAIN.

TED: HERE GIVE ME YOUR COAT. SUPPERS ALL READY - MEAT LOAF AND SPAGHETTI.

JUDY: GOOD. BUT YOU SHOULDN'T WAIT FOR ME WHEN I'M LATE.

(SOUND OF CHAIRS BEING PULLED TO TABLE)

POP: BET THE MILK BEFORE YOU SIT DOWN, WILL YOU TED. THE SPAGHETTI'S NICE AND HOT. HAND ME YOUR PLATE, JUDY.

JUDY: JUST A LITTLE, POP. BE CAREFUL NOW. THAT'S ENOUGH.

POP: BUT JUDY -

JUDY: I'M NOT REAL HUNGRY.

TED: OH BOY, I AM. OH MORE THAN THAT, POP.

POP: EAT THIS FIRST THEN COME BACK FOR MORE.

JUDY: SAY, POP, I RAN INTO AUNT SALLY TODAY. SHE WANTS YOU TO COME OVER AND FIX SOME CHAIRS, AND SHE SAYS MAYBE, IF YOU AND TED WOULD BUILD HER A DOG HOUSE.....

TED: A DOG HOUSE! GEE! GEE! SURE WE WILL WON'T WE POP.

POP: WELL, I DON'T KNOW. DOG HOUSES ARE A LITTLE COMPLICATED.

TED: AW NOT FOR YOU, POP. WHY YOU'RE THE BEST CARPENTER IN THE WORLD.

POP: YES, I USED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD ONE AT THAT. I JUST CAN'T STAND THE WORK SINCE I HURT MY LEG.

EPISODE 2, PAGE 3

TED: OH LET'S BUILD IT, POP. AND GEE, JUDY DO YOU THINK AUNT SALLY'LL GIVE ME ONE OF THE PUPS - I'LL TAKE REAL GOOD CARE OF IT, HONEST I WILL.

JUDY: MR. MARTIN, WHAT DO YOU THINK.

TED: THEY DON'T EAT MUCH, AND GEE I'LL WASH THE DISHES EVERY NIGHT AND I'LL STOP BLOWING BUBBLE GUM IN SCHOOL AND..

(JUDY AND POP LAUGH)

POP: ALL RIGHT, EAT YOUR SUPPER, SON. THIS IS DARN GOOD SPAGHETTI, IF I DO SAY IT MYSELF.

JUDY: UHUH. SAY TED, SPEAKING OF SPAGHETTI, WE'VE BEEN INVITED OUT FOR A REAL SPAGHETTIE DINNER. THERE'S THE SWEETEST LITTLE ITALIAN GIRL SITS NEXT TO ME AT WORK..HER NAME IS CONSIETTA. HER FATHER COOKS REAL ITALIAN SPAGHETTI, WITH CHEESE YOU KNOW, AND SHE WANTS US TO COME OVER AND HAVE SOME WITH HER SOMETIME. THEY HAVE SUCH FUN....THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, BUT HER BROTHER PLAYS AN ACCORDIAN SO THEY ALWAYS HAVE MUSIC TO SING AND DANCE TO, AND THEY ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST OF THE LITTLE THEY HAVE.

POP: THAT'S A FAMILY FOR YOU. WE OUGHT TO BE PROUD OF PEOPLE LIKE THAT - REAL AMERICAN PEOPLE..I SOMETIMES THINK THEY DESERVE A LOT MORE HELP THAN THEY GET.

TED: BUT CAN I HAVE MY PUPPY. (POP AND JUDY LAUGH)

POP: HERE I AM TALKING ABOUT AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND ALL HE THINKS ABOUT IS HIS PUPPY. I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME MORE COFFEE.

JUDY: HERE I'LL POUR IT.

TED: NO, I GOT IT.

POP: YOU'RE NOT EATING ANYTHING, JUDY.

JUDY: I'M NOT HUNGRY.

POP: BUT HONEY YOU OUGHT TO EAT SOMETHING.

JUDY: I JUST CAN'T POP.

POP: DON'T YOU FEEL WELL.

JUDY: I'M JUST A LITTLE TIRED. I'M GOING IN THE OTHER ROOM TO LIE DOWN.

TED: OKAY, SIS. WE'LL WASH UP THE DISHES. JUDY'S TIRED AN AWFUL LOT ISN'T SHE.

EPISODE 2, PAGE 4

POP YES, I'M AFRAID FACTORY WORK IS PRETTY HARD ON A YOUNG GIRL. IF I COULD JUST GET MORE JOBS.

TED: AW A GIRL LIKES TO WORK, POP, AND BE REAL INDEPENDENT YOU KNOW. (LAUGHTER FROM POP)

 BRIDGE WITH SOFT MUSIC. BANGING ON DOOR AND FADEOUT OF MUSIC.

JUDY: (DOOR OPENS) HI KIDS.

PINKY: HI JUDY, HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING.

SUE: HELLO, JUDY.

PINKY: GOSH, JUDY, I DIDN'T MEAN FOR EVERYTHING TO GO WRONG.

JUDY: SH...DON'T TALK SO LOUD. I DON'T WANT POP TO KNOW ANYTHING WENT WRONG.

SUE: BUT IT SURE DID...LIKE THE FALL OF THE LAST SOMETHING OR OTHER

JUDY: OH WELL..

PINKY: AW, DON'T BE SORE, JUDY.

SUE: I DON'T BLAME HER PINKY. EVERY TIME THE BOSS OPENS HIS MOUTH YOU PUT YOUR BIG FOOT IN IT.

PINKY: WELL IF YOU ASK ME - IF AND WHEN IT GETS TO A POINT WHERE A GUY CAN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT A LITTLE OLD DANCE AT WORK, SOMETHING'S PRETTY BAD. I DIDN'T SAY MUCH, HONEST I DIDN'T, JUDY.

JUDY: I KNOW YOU DIDN'T PINKY.

PINKY: ALL THAT HAPPENED WAS I WAS TALKING TO JACK WHILE WE WERE PACKING DRESSES AND I SAID "JUDY'S GONNA BE QUEEN AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A PROGRAM", AND THAT'S AS FAR AS I GOT, WHEN JOE THE DOPE COMES UP IN BACK OF ME AND SAYS.. "IF I HEAR ONE MORE WORD ABOUT THAT DANCE I'M GONNA THROW THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU OUT. THEY PAY YOU TO WORK, NOT TO TALK." SO I SEZ "OKAY! KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON." THAT'S ALL, HONEST. - THEN I DROPPED THE BOX ON MY FEET.

SUE: THEN HE USES IT AS AN EXCUSE TO JUMP ON EVERYONE, ESPECIALLY JUDY. WHAT A DAY. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED BERTHA THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL WAS A CAREFREE LASS COMPARED TO ME. I'M SO TIRED I OUGHT TO BE HOME IN BED. SO I CAN BE FRESH AS A DAISY TOMORROW AND PUT EVERYTHING INTO MY WORK. - WE JUST WANTED TO STOP BY TO SEE HOW

YOU WERE. COME ON PINKY, LET'S YOU AND ME GO TAKE CARE OF YOUR "FLOATING FLOAT". WE'LL HAVE OUR DANCE, BY GEE, GOLLY WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT. AFTER ALL WE HAVE TO HAVE SOME FUN OUT OF LIFE. DON'T WORRY JUDY, EVERYTHING WILL COME OUT ALL RIGHT.

JUDY: I'M SURE IT WILL. IT JUST SEEMS THAT EVERYTHING WENT WRONG TODAY. THANKS FOR DROPPING BY..GOOD NIGHT KIDS.

PINKY: BYE JUDY..DON'T YOU WORRY..YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE PRETTIEST QUEEN WE EVER HAD AND WE'LL FIX YOU UP WITH SUNFLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR AND EVERYTHING.

SUE: SUNFLOWERS IN HER HAIR..YOU DOPE - NEXT THING YOU KNOW YOU'LL BE HANGING CORNSTALKS ON HER EARS. BYE JUDY, WE'LL DO RIGHT BY YOU, HON. (GOODBYES)

(DOOR CLOSING - MUSIC UP AS JUDY CRIES SOFTLY)

POP: (FROM KITCHEN) MUDY'S IN THE OTHER ROOM, JIMMIE.

JIMMIE: ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO IN. WHY JUDY, WHAT'S THE MATTER.

JUDY: NOTHING, JIMMIE, I JUST.

JIMMIE: DON'T CRY, HONEY, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

JUDY: I KNOW, BUT SOMETIMES EVERYTHING GET'S SO BAD I JUST CAN'T HELP IT. POP CAN'T GET VERY STEADY WORK ON ACCOUNT OF HIS LEG AND THAT MAKES HIM FEEL BAD, AND OUR PRICES ARE SO LOW I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE ANYTHING..AND TODAY THEY HAD ME RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE GETTING BUNDLES AND EVERYTHING..THEN WHEN THE DAY WAS OVER I GOT BAWLED OUT FOR NOT MAKING ANYTHING. "YOU GIRLS WILL JUST HAVE TO WORK HARDER" THE FORELADY TOLD ME. "AFTER ALL, WE PAY YOU WHETHER YOU WORK OR NOT AND WE CAN'T BE PAYING YOUR FOR SITTING AROUND THINKING ABOUT YOUR BOYSFRIENDS, OR WHAT A BEAUTIFUL "QUEEN" YOU'RE GOING TO BE." I WORK HARD, JIMMIE, HONEST I DO. HE BAWLED MRS. TANNER OUT TOO. SHE SITS NEXT TO ME AND SHE'S GOT TWO KIDS TO SUPPORT JUST ON WHAT SHE MAKES AT THE FACTORY. I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY EVER LIVED BEFORE THE WAGE AND HOUR LAW. SHE USED TO MAKE FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK.

JIMMIE: FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK! WE'VE GOT PRETTY TOUGH SLEDDING AT HOME, BUT IT'S NEVER BEEN THAT BAD. THAT REMINDS ME OF THE O'HENRY STORY ABOUT THE MAN WHO DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN AND WHEN HE GOT THERE ST. PETER ASKED HIM IF HE WAS ONE OF THE BUNCH WHO HAD WORKED YOUNG GIRLS FOR \$5.00 A WEEK. THE FELLOW SAID "NO, HE HAD JUST KILLED A FEW PEOPLE AND ROBBED A FEW BANKS, SO ST. PETER TOLD HIM TO COME ON IN.

EPISODE 2 - PAGE 6

JUDY: I FEEL SO SORRY FOR MRS. TANNER, - SHE LOOKS SO STRAINED AND OLD. I LOOK AT HER AND WONDER IF I'LL BE WORKING THAT HARD WHEN I'M HER AGE.

JIMMIE: I HOPE, NOT, JUDY. BUT COME ON TRY TO CHEER UP A LITTLE BIT. INCIDENTALLY..WHO ARE YOU GOING TO THE DANCE WITH, PINKY OR ME.

JUDY: I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I HATE TO HURT PINKY'S FEELINGS. PERHAPS I COULD GO WITH BOTH OF YOU.

JIMMIE: THEN AGAIN I COULD GET THE U. S. MARINES TO TAKE YOU.

JUDY: NOW THERE YOU GO, JUST WHEN YOU KNOW I FEEL BAD ANYWAY.

JIMMIE: I COULD TAKE SUE.

JUDY: THAT'S A PERFECT IDEA, JIMMIE.

JIMMIE: OH IT IS, IS IT. ONE NIGHT WITH THAT GIRL AND I'D END UP DOING AN INDIAN WAR DANCE, JUST FOR PEACE AND QUIET.

JUDY: (LAUGHING) SHE'S OVER AT THE HALL NOW HELPING PINKY WITH ARRANGEMENTS.

JIMMIE: THAT'S ALL HE NEEDS. BUT BACK TO THE SUBJECT. WHO ARE YOU GOING TO THE DANCE WITH.

JUDY: UM..WELL, LOOK. BOTH YOU AND PINKY WILL HAVE TO BE THERE EARLY - SO I'LL JUST HAVE POP BRING ME OVER.

JIMMIE: YOU HAVE TO GO HOME.

JUDY: WELL..WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT LATER. I WONDER HOW THEY'RE GETTING ALONG WITH THE FLOAT -

JIMMIE: YES, I WONDER. MAYBE WE OUGHT TO GO OVER LATER TO PICK UP THE PIECES. (FADE OUT WITH LAUGHTER)

(BRIDGE MUSIC ABOUT 10 SECONDS)

SUE: COME ON, PINKY, SHOW ME HOW YOU'RE GOING TO FLOAT THIS FLOAT.

PINKY: AW, SUSIE, YOU DON'T REALLY FLOAT IT. IT'S GONNA HANG ON WIRES OR SOMETHING AND SWAY BACK AND FORTH WHILE THE MUSIC PLAYS REAL SOFT LIKE AND THE BOYS SWISH WATER AROUND WITH A HOSE SO THE FOLKS WILL THINK IT SOUNDS LIKE WAVES. THEY'RE UP IN THE RAFTERS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO HANG THE WIRES ON NOW. (LOUD CRASH) I MEAN THEY WERE UP IN THE RAFTERS.

SUE: SOME STUFF. NOT EVEN THE VEILED PROPHET TRIED A THING LIKE THAT. WHY DON'T YOU JUST BUILD A BOAT AND RENT A LAKE AND DO IT THE EASY WAY.

EPISODE 2, PAGE 7

AW SUSIE, YOU'RE KIDDING..WE CAN'T BE TOO COLLOSAL.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SWANS THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO PULL IT IN WITH THE PIXIES PULLING THEM.

WE HAD TO LET THAT IDEA GO CAUSE THE PARK DEPARTMENT WOULDN'T LET US HAVE THE SWANS - AND NOBODY AROUND THE CITY HALL HAD EVER HEARD OF PIXIES, EXCEPT ONE GUY IN THE SEWER DEPARTMENT. HE OFFERED TO LET US HAVE A HALF DOZEN OF HIS OWN BUT HE NEVER GOT HERE.

SUE: I'D BETTER TELL JUDY TO WEAR WATER WINGS UNDER HER FORMAL. SHE'LL NEED THEM BY THE TIME YOU AND YOUR BOYS GET THINGS RIGGED UP AROUND HERE. WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A LIFEBOAT DRILL AS YOU GO ALONG, IN CASE ONE OF YOUR FLOATS SPRING A LEAK AND ALL HANDS ARE LOST AT SEA.

PINKY: SUSIE, THAT S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU - YOU'RE NEVER SERIOUS. HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET ANYWHERE. YOU JUST DON'T APPRECIATE A FELLOW'S EFFORTS WHEN HE'S BEING CREATIONISH.

SUSIE: YEAH. THE LAST TIME YOU GOT CREATIONISH AT MY HOUSE THE GAS STOVE PLAYED "THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT" EVERY TIME MOM TRIED TO BOIL POTATOES. COME ON - GIVE ME A PAINT BRUSH. MAYBE I CAN PAINT A PIXIE FOR YOU.

PINKY: EVERYTIME A GUY TRIES TO BE EXCEPTIONAL.
(FADE WITH FIRST FEW BARS OF "THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT. -

INTO FEW BARS OF SOFT MUSIC - FADE INTO -)

JUDY: IT'S NOT ONLY MYSELF I'M THINKING OF JIMMIE. IT'S THE OTHERS IN THE FACTORY TOO. SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE ARE SO POOR...LIKE MRS. TANNER THAT I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT. SHE LIVES IN ONE ROOM WITH TWO CHILDREN. YOU SEE OUR WORK ISN'T STEADY AND WHEN SLACK SEASON COMES ALONG IT'S PRETTY BAD.

JIMMIE: YOU PEOPLE NEED A UNION, JUDY.

JUDY: WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE, JIMMIE.

JIMMIE: TROUBLE. WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE COULD YOU HAVE.

JUDY: FIRST OF ALL, THEY DON'T WANT US TO HAVE A UNION.

JIMMIE: NATURALLY. BUT LOOK, JUDY..WORKING PEOPLE HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER. LOOK AT CONDITIONS IN OUR COUNTRY BEFORE WE HAD UNIONS. TAKE YOUR OWN TRADE FOR INSTANCE. PEOPLE USED TO WORK UNDER TERRIBLE CONDITIONS..50 AND 60 HOURS A WEEK FOR THREE AND FOUR DOLLARS, BEFORE GERMEN WORKERS UNION MADE THEM PAY MORE.

WHERE DID YOU LEARN ALL THAT. BEEN TAKING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE LIKE PINKY.

HECK. EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT THE GARMENT WORKERS' UNION. THEY HAVE HEALTH CENTERS AND SICK FUNDS AND EVERYTHING.

BUT STRIKES, JIMMIE.

NONSENSE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE STRIKES ANY MORE - NOT LIKE YOU USED TO. YOU HAVE LAWS NOW, JUDY. ALL YOU DO IS GET A MAJORITY MEMBERSHIP IN YOUR FACTORY AND THE LAW SAYS THAT THE EMPLOYER HAS TO BARGAIN WITH YOU.

JUDY: THAT SOUNDS SIMPLE ENOUGH.

JIMMIE: IT IS.

TED: SAY JUDY.

JUDY: YES, TED..

TED: CAN I GET SOMETHING ON THE RADIO.

JUDY: SURE, TED.

TED: I WANT TO GET GREEN DEATH. IT'S ALMOST TIME. GEE! THE SPIDER MAN HAD FIFTEEN PEOPLE CHAINED TO ROCKS, AND WAS JUST SEALING ALICE STRONGHEART IN CONCRETE LAST TIME. I WANT TO SEE HOW SHE'S GOING TO GET OUT OF THAT ONE.

JIMMIE: MAYBE SUPERMAN CAN TAKE TIME OFF FROM HIS PROGRAM AND SAVE HER.

TED: OH THEY DON'T NEED SUPERMAN - THEY GOT THE WONDER DOG.

JIMMIE: OH, I SEE.. SHE YELLS "HEY-DE-HO" AND CHROMIUM THE WONDER DOG COMES AND DIGS HER OUT, HUH.

TED: IT'S ALMOST TIME...GEE, I CAN HARDLY WAIT..

(SCRATCHING OF DIALS) - HE FINALLY GETS MUSIC.

TED: THIS IS THE STATION ALL RIGHT, BUT ALL I GET IS MUSIC. THIS IS THE STATION, JUDY.

JIMMIE: MAYBE THEY TOOK IT OFF FOR ANOTHER PROGRAM. LET ME SEE.

TED: JUST WHEN THEY HAD ALICE IN THE CONCRETE.

JIMMIE: WELL THEY DO THOSE THINGS. WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE. LISTEN..

(FABOUT ON MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER:

THIS IS OPENING NIGHT AT THE CLUB TROPICAL, PALM BEACH FLORIDA. CELEBRITIES ARE GATHERED HERE TONIGHT FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. MRS. WITHERSPOON THE THIRD HAS JUST ARRIVED. HER CHAUFFEUR IS JUST OPENING THE DOOR OF HER CAR AND - YES - THERE SHE IS - A VISION IN IMPORTED LACE AND SABLES. WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN GET MRS. WITHERSPOON TO SAY A FEW WORDS TO THE RADIO AUDIENCE BEFORE SHE GOES IN TO ENJOY THE WONDERS OF THIS NEW GLORIOUS NIGHT CLUB, THE SHOW PLACE OF FLORIDA.

TED: TURN IT OFF!

(RADIO SNAPPED OFF)

JUDY: LACE AND SABLES. FLORIDA. LET'S YOU AND ME GO GET A HAMBURGER, HUH, JIMMIE.

JIMMIE: SURE, WHY NOT.

JUDY: AND WE CAN STOP BY TO SEE HOW THE KIDS ARE GETTING ALONG ON THE DANCE ARRANGEMENTS. FROM THE WAY THINGS LOOK WE MAY NOT EVEN HAVE THE DANCE.

TED: AND TO THINK THEY'D TAKE GREEN DEATH OFF THE AIR FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

- - - - -

ANNOUNCER:

IT LOOKS LIKE THE DANCE THAT THE STOCKBOYS ARE PLANNING IS BRINGING ABOUT SOME COMPLICATIONS. BUT IF PINKY CAN GET THE FLOAT TO FLOAT, SURELY JUDY SHOULD BE ABLE TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT AT WORK. "MEET JUDY MARTIN" IS BROUGHT TO YOU EACH TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AT THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES GARMENT WORKERS' UNION IN ST. LOUIS. TUNE IN AGAIN TUESDAY NIGHT FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JUDY MARTIN.

MUSIC UP - DOWN -

STATION _____

PROGRAM " MEET JUDY MARTIN"

MUSIC - - - -UP

MUSIC - - - -DOWN

ANNOUNCER: GOOD EVENING. COME IN FOLKS AND MEET JUDY MARTIN!
(MUSIC UP AND OUT) JUDY MARTIN IS AN AVERAGE AMERICAN GIRL.
WHO WORKS FOR A LIVING. HER PROBLEMS ARE YOUR PROBLEMS.
LIKE YOU SHE WANTS THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN LIFE. HER STORY
IS A TALE OF AVERAGE AMERICANS, GOOD NATURED PEOPLE, KIND
PEOPLE, PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND PEOPLE
WHO HATE DICTATORS. THIS IS A STORY OF COURAGE AND GOOD
HUMORED FORTITUDE, IN THE CEASELESS STRUGGLE TO MAKE OUR
AMERICA THE HOME OF THE HAPPIEST FAMILIES IN THE WORLD....

TONIGHT AND EVERY _____ AT THE SAME TIME THE INTER-
NATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION OF _____ BRINGS
YOU "MEET JUDY MARTIN".

MUSIC.....UP.....DOWN.

ANNOUNCER: AS OUR STORY OPENS (SOUND OF SEWING MACHINE) JUDY IS
SEWING ON A DRESS AND TALKING TO HER FRIEND SUSAN BRADLEY.

JUDY: SO PINKY TELLS EVERYONE I'M GOING TO BE QUEEN - SO WHAT
COULD I DO.....

SUE: PLAY LIKE HE WAS ONE TOO MANY KITTENS AND DROWN HIM.

JUDY: HE DIDN'T ASK ME OR ANYTHING...HE JUST TOLD THE WHOLE FACT-
ORY...AND HE'S BEEN TAGGING AFTER ME ALL OVER....

SUE: LEAVE PINKY TO ME...IF YOU DON'T DROWN HIM I WILL!

JUDY: THERE THAT'S FINISHED! HOW DO YOU THINK IT'S GOING TO LOOK...

SUE: OH, JUDY, IT'S PRECIOUS...LET'S TRY IT ON, AND SEE IF IT FITS.

JUDY: ALRIGHT...OF COURSE I THINK IT'LL BE KIND OF NICE BEING QUEEN
AND EVERYTHING.....OH, I HOPE THIS DRESS TURNS OUT NICE...
WILL YOU HOOK IT UP.....BE CAREFUL THIS IS AWFULLY THIN
MATERIAL...

SUE: WELL, DON'T SQUIRM SO...HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PULL THIS
ZIPPER IF YOU.....OKAY! OH, IT'S PRECIOUS AND THE COLOR IS
LOVELY ON YOU.

JUDY: HOW DOES IT FIT AT THE WAIST...DO YOU THINK THE SKIRT'S FULL
ENOUGH...HOW ABOUT THE STRAPS...DO YOU THINK I SHOULD MAKE
THEM A LITTLE NARROWER.....

SUE: WHOA! ANSWERING ALL QUESTIONS AT ONCE.....IT'S PERFECT AS IS!

POP MARTIN: (FADE IN) WELL, THIS IS THE DRESS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON.. IT LOOKS VERY PRETTY, JUDY, DEAR.

JUDY: DOES IT REALLY, POP...HAND ME THAT CHAIR SO I CAN SEE IN THE MIRROR...(SOUND CHAIR BEING MOVED) GEE, I WISH WE HAD A FULL LENGTH MIRROR...WHEN WE GET RICH, POP, THAT'S THE FIRST THING WE'LL GET, HUH.

POP: YOU BET.....

SUE: THAT REALLY LOOKS SWELL...WHAT'S THAT FELLOW ADRIAN IN THE MOVIES GOT THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT....

POP: YOU TWO GIRLS DID A REAL NICE JOB SEWING THAT, MARY.

SUE: YOU BET...AFTER ALL WE SEW ALL DAY FOR A LIVING...WE SHOULD KNOW HOW BY NOW!

JUDY: WE COPIED IT FROM ONE IN CRANE'S WINDOW.

SUE: AND THE ORIGINAL WAS 16.50.

JUDY: BUT IT ONLY COST US 3 DOLLARS, POP.

POP: IT'S LOVELY.....HMMMM, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER, HONEY.

JUDY: DO I REALLY, POP.

POP: YES, ONLY PRETTIER I THINK...YOUR MOTHER DIDN'T HAVE THOSE FLIRTATIOUS EYES.

JUDY: I GOT THOSE FROM YOU, HUH...(GENERAL LAUGHTER)

POP: WHAT'S ALL THIS FOR...A PARTY....

JUDY: WELL, YOU SEE IT'S LIKE THIS....THE STOCK BOYS AT WORK ARE GOING TO HAVE A KIND OF A DANCE FOR US GIRLS A WEEK FROM FRIDAY...AND...AND...WELL...PINKY WENT AROUND AND TOLD EVERYONE I WAS GOING TO BE QUEEN BEFORE HE EVEN SAID ANYTHING TO ME AND THEY SENT OUT CIRCULARS AND EVERYTHING...SO I JUST HAD TO ACCEPT.

POP: WELL, I CAN'T THINK OF ANYONE BETTER, UNLESS IT WOULD BE SUE.

SUE: AH, MR. MARTIN, THEY ASKED ME TO WASH DISHES (ALL LAUGH) YESSIR, THE CIRCULAR SAID, "PRESENTING THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN, JUDY MARTIN, KITCHEN ASSISTANT, SUSAN BRADLEY...AND OTHERS... THAT'S MY PAL PINKY McLAUGHLIN.

POP: WELL, I THINK THE WHOLE THING IS A GOOD IDEA, YOU KIDS OUGHT TO GET TOGETHER MORE.

JUDY: YES, EXCEPT THAT I THINK PINKY THINKS I'LL GO WITH HIM AND OF COURSE JIMMY'LL.....

SUE: I TOLD YOU I'D TAKE CARE OF PINKY...JUST LEAVE HIM TO ME.....

PINKY: JUST AS POLITE AS EVER, AREN'T YOU, SUSIE....I CAME TO SEE JUDY. (DOOR)

JUDY: HELLO, PINKY!

PINKY: HI, JUDY.....GEE...GEEEE....YOU LOOK SO SWEET AND INNOCENT ... LIKE HEDY LAMARR.

SUE: ^{GEE} AND/YOU'RE DRIGHT LIKE MICKEY ROONEY - I GUESS I LOOK SOPHIS-
CATED LIKE MICKEY MOUSE.

PINKY: I'M IGNORING YOU, SUSIE....

JUDY: TELL ME ABOUT THE DANCE, PINKY BEFORE YOU DASH OFF....

PINKY: I WASN'T GOING TO.....

JUDY: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, WE'RE BUSY ANYWAY, BUT I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED BY JUST FOR A MINUTE.

SUE: YES, BUT TELL US ABOUT THE DANCE BEFORE YOU GO.

PINKY: WELL, I'VE DESIGNED A KIND OF A FLOATING FLOAT....

SUE: A FLOATING, HUH.

PINKY: YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND...IT'S TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION OF SOMETHING FLEETING...SOMETHING IMPERMANENT...SOMETHING LOVELY.. AND IT'LL BE ALL DECORATED WITH SUNFLOWERS....

JUDY: WITH SUNFLOWERS.....EXCUSE ME, PINKY, I HAVE TO CHANGE MY DRESS.

PINKY: SURE!

SUE: SUNFLOWERS.....

PINKY: OF COURSE.

SUE: I MUST SAY YOU HAVE IMAGINATION. YOU BETTER PUT ME ON THE DECORATION COMMITTEE.

PINKY: BUT SUNFLOWERS STAND FOR LOVE...YOU KNOW..CONSTANT..FOLLOWS THE SUN AND EVERYTHING..."AS THE SUNFLOWER TURNS TO HIS GOD WHEN HE SETS, THE SAME LOOK THAT HE GAVE WHEN HE ROSE."

SUE: I HEARD YOU RECITING THAT TODAY WHEN THE BOSS PASSED BY.

PINKY: YEAH, HE HEARD ME TOO...LIKE TO'VE FIRED ME..THAT GUY'S TOUGH, SUE...KNOW THAT...WORKS THE LEGS OFF US GUYS, MAKES US COME DOWN AT 7 EVERY MORNING AND WON'T LET US RING IN EITHER. FRAID THE WAGE AND HOUR WILL CATCH UP WITH HIM AND HE'LL HAVE TO PAY OVERTIME...SO HE SAYS TO ME "RECITIN' POETRY, HUH".... SO I SAYS TO HIM, I SAYS..."YEAH,"...SO....

SUE: YES, I HEARD YOU...YOU SAID, "YES SIR...I'M SORRY."

PINKY: BUT I'LL FIX HIM TOMMORROW! WORKED OVERTIME AGAIN TONIGHT... I JUST GOT HOME..DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL GET EVERYTHING DONE FOR THE DANCE.

JIMMIE: HI, TED! HELLO, JUDY! (DOOR CLOSING)

JUDY: HELLO, JIMMIE! (ASIDE) TED....

TED: OH, SCUSE ME...SEEMS I'M SPERFLOUS.

JIMMIE: CUTE KID, THAT TED...WHAT ARE YOU SEWING....

JUDY: A DRESS....

JIMMIE: IT'S AWFULLY PRETTY, REALLY IT IS.

JUDY: LIKE IT. LOOK!

JIMMIE: I'LL SAY. THAT RICK RACK IS PRETTY AROUND THE NECK.

JUDY: RICK RACK!

JIMMIE: WELL.

JUDY: THAT'S EMBROIDERY, SILLY. YOU MEN THINK ANYTHING FANCY IS RICK RACK. POP CALLS IT THAT TOO.

JIMMIE: YES SIR. YOU SURE DID A NICE JOB ON THIS. YOU'RE A PRETTY CLEVER GIRL AREN'T YOU.

JUDY: UHUHM. SUE AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE THE BOSS FIRE THE DESIGNER AND HIRE US.

JIMMIE: I SHOULDN'T THINK YOU'D LIKE TO SEW AT NIGHT AFTER SITTING AT A SEWING MACHINE ALL DAY.

JUDY: GIRLS MUST HAVE DRESSES - AND IT IS PRETTY ISN'T IT. ONLY COST ME THREE DOLLARS TOO.

JIMMIE: THRIFTY AS WELL AS CLEVER.

JUDY: THAT'S ME. I DON'T MIND SEWING. I WOULDN'T EVEN MIND THE POOR MACHINES AT WORK, IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO RUSH SO MUCH. AND IF THEY GAVE US BETTER PRICES SO WE COULD MAKE MORE WE'D FEEL MORE LIKE WORKING. AS IT IS WE RUSH, RUSH, RUSH AND NEVER MAKE MORE THAN OUR CODE.

JIMMIE: RUSH SAID THE BOSS, WORK LIKE A HOSS, I'LL TAKE THE PROFIT AND YOU TAKE THE LOSS.

JUDY: MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY. I WISH YOU COULD HEAR OUR BOSS, JIMMIE. IT'S A SCREAM, HONESTLY. EVERY MORNING IT'S THE SAME THING. "OH MY GOODNESS" HE MOANS - AND HOW HE MOANS. "OH MY GOODNESS. WHAT'LL I DO. I'M TELLING YOU I LOSE MONEY ON EVERY OPERATOR I GOT. IT'S CHARITY, ABSOLUTELY CHARITY, KEEPING THEM ON THE PAYROLL." THEN HE CALLS UP AND HAS HIS LIMOUSINE SENT OVER. (LAUGH) AND HE'S SO ABUSED!

JIMMIE: I SAW HIM. HE LOOKS ABUSED.

JUDY: YES. AND WE'RE SO UNGRATEFUL, BECAUSE A LOT OF US DON'T LIKE TO WORK ON OUR LUNCH HOUR AND STUFF LIKE THAT. YES, POOR FELLOW, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HIM SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG.

JIMMIE: I GUESS IT'S TOO LATE TO GO TO A MOVIE TONIGHT, ISN'T IT.

JUDY: OH YES. LET'S GO SUNDAY AFTERNOON - OR YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, JIMMIE.

JIMMIE: WHAT.

JUDY: IF WE HAD A LITTLE PICNIC IN THE PARK. WE COULD PACK UP SOME LUNCH, AND GOSH...IT'LL BE KIND OF NICE JUST SITTING IN THE SUN AND NOT WORRYING ABOUT ANYTHING.

JIMMIE: YES IT WILL. I'LL TAKE MY CAMERA AND WE'LL TAKE SOME PICTURES AND..

JUDY: Good!

JIMMIE: YOU KNOW JUDY, I GUESS YOU'RE ABOUT THE PRETTIEST GIRL I'VE EVER SEEN.

JUDY: INNOCENT LOOKING LIKE HEDDY LAMARR, HUH. (THEY LAUGH)

JIMMIE: I BROUGHT SOME THINGS OVER FOR YOU TO LOOK AT. I THINK I'M GOING TO TAKE A COURSE AT NIGHT SCHOOL.

JUDY: THAT'S SWELL, JIMMIE. WITH YOU GOING TO NIGHT SCHOOL AND PINKY TAKING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE YOU WILL BE SO EDUCATED WE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH YOU.

JIMMIE: OH, PINKY AND HIS CORRESPONDENCE COURSES..LOOK AT THIS, JUDY. I THINK I'LL TAKE A COURSE IN GENERAL MECHANICS..THAT'LL HELP ME AT THE FILLING STATION. I DON'T WANT TO JUST GO ON BEING A FILLING STATION ATTENDANT ALL MY LIFE.

JUDY: OF COURSE YOU DON'T.

JIMMIE: NO, BECAUSE...WELL I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS TODAY, JUDY. I'M GOING TO WORK AWFULLY HARD FOR THE NEXT COUPLE YEARS..YOU KNOW WHY.

JUDY: OH.....I STUCK MY FINGER. YOU KNOW JIMMIE THE DARNDDEST THING HAPPENED AT WORK TODAY...

JIMMIE: YOU KNOW WHY, JUDY.

JUDY: THERE I WAS WORKING AWAY, AND..

JIMMIE: ALL RIGHT, LET IT GO, WHAT HAPPENED.

EPISODE 1, PAGE 8

JUDY: THEY'RE PUTTING IN A NEW SYSTEM YOU KNOW - AND THE CUTTERS GOT SO EFFICIENT THEY FORGOT TO NOTCH THE DRESSES...SAVING TIME YOU KNOW...AND EVERYBODY SEWED THE SLEEVES IN UPSIDE DOWN.
(LAUGHS)

JIMMIE: OH SAY, JUDY. I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.

JUDY: Yes.

JIMMIE: OUR BOWLING LEAGUE IS GIVING A PARTY A WEEK FROM FRIDAY AND I'D LIKE YOU TO GO WITH ME.

JUDY: FRIDAY.

JIMMIE: UHUH.

JUDY: WELL....A....I...., WELL YOU SEE, JIMMIE, IT WAS THIS WAY. YOU KNOW GOOD AND WELL THAT I WOULD NEVER THINK OF DATING PINKY, BUT THEY'RE GIVING A PARTY FOR THE GIRLS AT THE SHOP A WEEK FROM FRIDAY AND HE WAS TELLING EVERYONE....

ANNOUNCER: WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR JIMMIE IS GOING TO HAVE SOME COMPETITION. TUNE IN FRIDAY NIGHT AT 6:30 P. M. AND HEAR MORE ABOUT THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JUDY MARTIN, AN AMERICAN WORKING GIRL.

MUSIC UP - DOWN

ANNOUNCER: THE CAST OF "MEET JUDY MARTIN" IS COMPOSED OF MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS UNION OF ST. LOUIS. JUDY MARTIN IS PLAYED BY BARBARA BURNS, "POP MARTIN" BY NICK HUMMELL, "SUE BRADLEY" BY ANN SANDERS, "PINKY McLAUGHLIN" BY NORMAN RILEY, YOUNG TED BY CARL WEIS, AND JIMMIE, IS PLAYED BY RAY GARRISON. THE STORY IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY RITA OBERBECK.

"MEET JUDY MARTIN" IS BROUGHT TO YOU EACH TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 6:30 P. M. BY THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS UNION OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

STATION _____

PROGRAM "MEET JUDY MARTIN"

EPISODE 4

ANNOUNCER: MEET JUDY MARTIN

MUSIC UP - FADE

ANNOUNCER: GOOD EVENING - COME IN FOLKS. JUDY MARTIN IS ON THE AIR. TONIGHT AND EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 6:30 P. M. MEMBERS OF THE ST. LOUIS LOCALS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENTWORKERS UNION OF ST. LOUIS, BRING YOU "MEET JUDY MARTIN", THE STORY OF AN AVERAGE AMERICAN WORKING GIRL.

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE PLANNED BY THE SHIPPING CLERKS AT THE FACTORY WHERE JUDY WORKS. EVERYONE WAS THRILLED AT THE PROSPECT OF THE DANCE AT WHICH JUDY IS TO BE CROWNED QUEEN, BUT THEY HAVE BEEN WORKING OVERTIME EVERY NIGHT AND ARE SO TIRED THEY DON'T FEEL MUCH IN THE MOOD FOR A DANCE. IN ADDITION MRS. TANNER, A FRIEND OF EVERYONE IN THE FACTORY HAS BEEN VERY ILL. BOTH SHE AND HER YOUNG SON BILLY ARE THREATENED WITH TUBERCULOSIS, A RESULT OF UNDERNOURISHMENT. BUT THE DANCE MUST GO ON - AND THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE FACTORY ARE DETERMINED TO GET AS MUCH FUN OUT OF IT AS POSSIBLE. WE MEET JUDY TONIGHT AT WORK - THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE - AND OVERTIME.

(SOUND OF SEWING MACHINES - BELL RINGS - VOICES)

SUE: SAY, JUDY IT'S SIX O'CLOCK. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. WE'LL NEVER GET DRESSED FOR THE DANCE.

JUDY: I KNOW AND I WANTED TO WASH MY HAIR AND EVERYTHING.

SUE: MY BACK FEELS LIKE SOMEONE HAS BEEN USING IT FOR A ROLLER RINK. ANOTHER YEAR IN A DRESS FACTORY AND I'M GOING TO TAKE UP SOME THING EASY - LIKE DIGGING DITCHES. C'MON HURRY. I HAVE TO GO HOME AND MAKE MYSELF GLAMOUROUS FOR BUTCH.

JUDY: BUTCH!

SUE: PINKY FIXED ME UP A DATE FOR TONIGHT - SO CLEAR THE DECKS. IF HE'S ANYTHING LIKE PINKY SHIP MY BONES HOME TO MOM AND TELL HER I DIED HAPPY.

JUDY: WHO IS HE.

EGGY: WHERE IN THE WORLD IS PINKY. I CAN'T FIND THE KEY TO THE CLOAKROOM AND

JIMMIE: ANYONE SEEN PINKY. PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO GET HERE AND

JUDY: I DON'T KNOW WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED.

MURPHY: SAY, JIMMIE, COME HERE - ABOUT THOSE TICKETS.

JIMMIE: OKAY, JUST A MINUTE. LOOK JUDY YOU'LL HAVE TO..

SUE: SAY WHERE THE DEUCE IS PINKY. EVERYTHING'S IN A MESS. THE REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE JUST GOT HERE AND WE DON'T KNOW WHERE ANYTHING IS AND..

TOM: SAY WHERE'S PINKY. HE'S GOT SOME FOOL ARRANGEMENT HERE HE WANTS ME TO PLAY AND I CAN'T MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OF IT.

JUDY: DON'T GET EXCITED, HERE HE COMES NOW. HI PINKY.

PINKY: (BREATHLESS) HI $\frac{1}{2}$ HI. GEE KIDS, I'M SORRY I'M LATE. GOSH I RAN ALL THE WAY AND...

SUE: WHEN IS THE MAN COMING WITH THE HOT DOS.

PINKY: WELL...

TOM: I CAN'T MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OUT OF THIS..

PINKY: YOU SEE..

BUD: WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO ABOUT THE TICKETS.

PINKY: BUT..

JIMMIE: WELL DON'T ALL JUMP ON HIM AT ONCE.

PINKY: YEAH. DON'T ALL JUMP ON ME AT ONCE.

JIMMIE: WHAT MADE YOU SO LATE.

PINKY: I WORKED TILL SEVEN O'CLOCK. THEN I RUSHED HOME AND GOSH. IF ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IT HAPPENS TO ME. I SENT MY SHIRT TO THE LAUNDRY AND NOTHING CAME BACK BUT THE COLLARS AND CUFFS - - AND A LITTLE NOTE SAYING "SORRY, WE USED THE WRONG SOLUTION, WE'RE SENDING THE BUTTONS UNDER SEPARATE COVER". I DON'T KNOW.

(THEY LAUGH)

JIMMIE: COME ON LET'S GET GOING.

SUE: YEAH. PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER PINKY, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU.

TOM: (FADING) I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THE DEUCE YOU'RE...

JUDY: SUE, COME HERE A MINUTE, WILL YOU.

SURE BE RIGHT OVER. WHAT DO YOU WANT.

JUDY: LOOK, TWO CORSAGES, WHAT'LL I DO.

SUE: GIVE THEM TO ME. I'LL CHOP THEM INTO THE SALAD.

JUDY: CHOP PINKY IN THE SALAD AND WE'LL BE BETTER OFF. WHAT'LL I DO. ONE FROM PINKY AND ONE FROM JIMMIE.

SUE: WHAT'D PINKY SEND. A PHILADENDRUM IN A POT.

JUDY: (LAUGHS) No - LOOK.

SUE: JUDY, HOW PRETTY - BOTH OF THEM. PINKY'S BEEN SAVING HIS LUNCH MONEY FOR TWO WEEKS.

JUDY: REALLY SUE, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL CORSAGE.

SUE: UHUH. I'M SURPRISED HE DIDN'T SEND THE STUFFED OWL.

JUDY: AND HERE'S A BOX FOR YOU.

SUE: FOR ME. GOSH. FROM PINKY'S FRIEND BUTH I BET.

JUDY: WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

SUE: HE TURNED OUT TO BE A VETERINARY'S SON AND HAD TO STAY AT HOME WITH A SICK HORSE. HE HASN'T EVEN SEEN ME BUT HE PREFERS A SICK HORSE. MM. PRETTY. LOOK. YELLOW ROSES MAYBE I'D BETTER OFF WITH HIM AT HOME AND THE ROSES HERE.

JUDY: THEY'RE LOVELY, SUE.

SUE: THEY ARE PRETTY, AREN'T THEY. MY FIRST CORSAGE JUDY AND IT LOOKS PLENTY GOOD TO ME. OF COURSE YOU CAN'T DANCE WITH A BUNCH OF ROSES, BUT..

JUDY: OH YOU'LL GET A LONG ALL RIGHT.

SUE: LITTLE SUSIE HASN'T BEEN LEFT HOLDING THE DAG YET. BESIDES I'M IN CHARGE OF REFRESHMENTS - WATCH HOW POPULAR I'LL BE WITH THE CUTTERS.

JUDY: BUT WHAT'LL I DO ABOUT THE CORSAGES. I GUESS I'D BETTER WEAR PINKY'S.

SUE: ENCOURAGE HIM IF YOU WANT. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL SUFFER.

JUDY: BUT SUE, HE'S BEEN SO NICE. AND IF HE SAVED HIS LUNCH MONEY AND EVERYTHING. I HOPE JIMMIE WON'T BE MAD. OH, WELL MAYBE IT'LL ALL WORK OUT. LOOK SUE, WE MUSTN'T FORGET TO HAVE PINKY TAKE UP A COLLECTION FOR MRS. TANNER.

SUE: YES, WE'LL HAVE TO REMIND HIM. HOW IS SHE.

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JUDY: NOT MUCH BETTER - IT'S TUBERCULOSIS ALL RIGHT. DR. GRAY SAID HE'D BET SHE HADN'T HAD THE PROPER FOOD FOR YEARS.

SUE: I GUESS NOT. I REMEMDER WHEN WE WORKED FOR FIVE DUCKS A WEEK, AND I WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY WORKING TOO. I STARTED TO WORK WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN - LIED ABOUT MY AGE AND I MADE 50- A DAY. YES SIR THAT WAS IN 1936 - 50- A DAY. SAY NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, IT MAKES ME PRETTY DARN MAD. WELL, I HAVE TO DASH TO THE KITCHEN AND GET REFRESHMENTS IN ORDER. (ORCHESTRA FADE IN) JUMPING JEEPRS WHAT'S WHAT ORCHESTRA TRYING TO DO.

(ORCHESTRA CORNY TWO TUNES AT ONCE)

PINKY: NAW, NAW, TOM, CAN'T YOU GET THE IDEA.

TOM: No, WISE GUY WHAT IS IT.

PINKY: YOU SEE YOU LEAD OF WITH "I HEARD A RHAPSODY" THEN THE SAX COMES IN WITH HOT LICKS, AND THEN YOU ALL GO INTO

TOM: A FRENZY. WE GOT YA THE FIRST TIME. LISTEN PINKY THIS IS AN ORCHESTRA NOT A THREE RING CIRCUS. EVEN FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT I&M NOT PLAYING THREE TUNES AT ONCE SEE. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PLAY "I HEAR A RHAPSODY", "STARS AND STRIPES" AND BEETHOVEN'S MINUET IN G AND MAKE IT SOUND LIKE A CONGA. HOW COME YOU LEFT OUT JEANIE.

PINKY: WELL, DON'T GET SORE ABOUT IT. I BET ARTIE SHAW COULD DO IT.

TOM: YEAH. AND SHIRLEY TEMPLE COULD KNOCK OUT JOE LOUIS TOO.

PINKY: AW RIGHT - IF YOU WANNA BE A TIN HORN ORCHESTRA ALL YOUR LIFE STAY IN THE GROOVE, SEE IF I CARE.

TOM: THAT'S THE DRUM YOU'RE ABOUT TO STEP IN.

PINKY: AW NUTS.

TOM: COME ON FELLOWS PICK IT UP. (ORCHESTRA UP - SOFT)

JIMMIE: (FADE IN) HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE ORCHESTRA.

PINKY: No, I WOULDN'T DOTHER WITH THEM. SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T HAVE ANY IMAGINATION. LOOK, JIMMIE, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

JIMMIE: OKAY. SHOOT. (ORCHESTRA FADE)

PINKY: YOU SEE WE'RE BOTH IN A DIFFICULT POSITION - I MEAN BOTH OF US BEING JUDY'S DATE TONIGHT. SO I WORKED OUT A SOLUTION. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ONLY FAIR TO DIVIDE THINGS UP - SO I'M GOING TO DANCE WITH HER AND TAKE HER

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HOME, AND YOU GET TO STAND IN BACK OF THE STAGE AND
HOL UP THE FLOAT SO ID DOESN'T COLLAPSE.

JIMMIE: YOUR GENEROSITY IS OVERWHELMING, PINKY (VOICES UP)
SAY IT LOOKS LIKE THE CROWD IS PICKING UP.

PINKY: YEAH. LOOK, THERE'S THAT HOT SHO NEW PRESSER AND WOW!
PIPE THE DAME.

(ORCHESTRA UP FADE INTO NEXT SCENE)

JIMMIE: JUDY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE BY YOURSELF.

JUDY: I WANTED SOME FRESH AIR - AND IT'S SO PRETTY OUT TONIGHT.
THE DANCE IS PRETTY MUCH OF A FLOP, ISN'T IT.

JIMMIE: THERE ISN'T MUCH OF A CROWD AND EVERYONE'S PRETTY TIRED,
BUT..

JUDY: TIRED. THEY'RE FIT TO BE TIED. THE CUTTERS HAVE TO GO
IN AT 7:30 TOMORROW. SATURDAY TOO. BUD JUST TOLD ME
THAT A LOT OF THE KIDS WERE AFRAID TO COME.

JIMMIE: AFRAID.

JUDY: YES, YOU KNOW THEY RAISED PRETTY MUCH OF A FUSS AT
WORK ABOUT THIS. SOMETHING'S KINDA FUNNY, JIMMIE.
OH WELL. LOOK! THERE ARE A MILLION STARS OUT TONIGHT.

JIMMIE: YES, PRETTY ISN'T IT.

JUDY: IT'S RATHER PEACEFUL SITTING HERE. JUST THINK JIMMIE,
ALL OVER THE WHOLE WORLD THERE ARE PEOPLE LOOKING AT
THESE SAME STARS - MILLIONS OF GIRLS LIKE ME -
WANTING THE SAME THINGS.

JIMMIE: AND GIRLS LIKE YOU UNDER OTHER SKIES TOO..WITH ABOUT
AS MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING WHAT THEY WANT AS A SNOWBALL
IN JULY. THINGS ARE DIFFERENT HERE, JUDY, AND IT'S UP
TO YOU AND ME TO SEE THAT THEY STAY DIFFERENT.

JUDY: YOU SOUND LIKE POP. WHAT DO YOU MEAN.

JIMMIE: I MEAN THAT OUR COUNTRY AND OUR DEMOCRACY WAS MADE
POSSIBLE BY PEOPLE LIKE US. DO YOU THINK OUR LAWS JUST
GREW. ON NO - MILLIONS OF PEOPLE - WORKING PEOPLE, JUDY
SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES TO GIVE US WHAT WE HAVE TODAY.
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE LIKE MRS. TANNER STOOD TOGETHER AND
SAID "I HAVE A RIGHT TO SUNSHINE AND MORE THAN FIVE
DOLLARS A WEEK." WE'VE WON IMPROVEMENTS, JUDY AND WE
HAVE TO SEE THAT WE DON'T LOSE WHAT WE HAVE GAINED.

JUDY: BUT HOW CAN WE - THIS IS AMERICA - OUR COUNTRY IS
DIFFERENT.

Yes, BUT WHY IS IT DIFFERENT. AMERICA IS DIFFERENT BECAUSE HERE IN AMERICA THE WORKING MAN IS ALLOWED TO ORGANIZE. THE FIRST THIN HITLER DID WHEN HE CAME TO POWER WAS TO ELIMINATE TRADE UNIONS, BUT HERE IN AMERICA THE WORKING MAN IS GIVEN THE RIGHT BY LAW TO GET TOGETHER AND ASK FOR DECENT WAGES AND DECENT CONDITIONS. IT IS OUR GOD GIVEN RIGHT, JUDY. PEOPLE DIED TO GIVE US THAT RIGHT AND WE MUST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

JUDY: THAT SOUNDS AWFULLY BIG, BUT I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN

JIMMIE: LOOK AT YOUR DRAFT LISTS AND SEE WHERE THE MAJORITY OF YOUR PEOPLE COME FROM. TOM SMITH, DARDER, JOHNNY JONES, BUTCHER. WHEN A BIG SHOT GETS DRAFTED ITS FRONT PAGE STUFF. MAYBE BECAUSE THERE ARE MORE OF US AND LESS OF THEM. PEOPLE MUST STAND TOGETHER, JUDY, AND THEY CAN DO IT THROUGH LABOR UNIONS. WE WORKING PEOPLE WOULD HAVE SOME VOICE IN OUR CONDITIONS OF EMPLOYMENT.

JUDY: I'VE BEEN TALKING TO POP, TOO, JIMMIE, AND I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. WHEN I LOOK AT MILLIE, AND MAYMIE IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE SOMEONE OUGHT TO HELP THEM. A GIRL CAME OUT TO TALK TO ME ONCE FROM THE UNION, BUT I DIDN'T TALK TO HER.

JIMMIE: JUDY, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU.

JUDY: THEY TOLD US AT WORK WE'D BE FIRED IF WE DID.

JIMMIE: THIS IS A DEMOCRACY, ISN'T IT. YOU CAN TALK TO ANYONE YOU WANT. BESIDES JUDY I'VE TOLD YOU THAT THE WAGNER ACT SAYS THAT YOUR EMPLOYER CANNOT INTERFERE WITH YOUR RIGHTS OF ORGANIZATION.

PINKY: (FADING IN) WELL, HERE YOU ARE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL OVER. WHAT A DANCE. BUT IT'S BEGINNING TO PEOP UP A LOT NOW - AND WAIT TILL THEY SEE THE FLOAT - IF IT DOESN'T COLLAPSE. YOU BETTER COME IN NOW, JUDY, IT'S ALMOST TIME. GEE, I'M SO NERVOUS.

JUDY: WHERE'S SUE.

PINKY: DOWN COOKING WHERE SHE BELONGS. (FADE) COME ON JUDY. NOW WHEN YOU GET ON THAT FLOAT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL BECAUSE...

(MUSIC UP AND FADE)

MURPHY: HAND ME THE BREAD WILL YOU. IT LOOKS LIKE THE KIDS ARE BEGINNING TO HAVE A GOOD TIME, DOESN'T IT.

SUE: YES, I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE A FLOP. WE HAVE A NICE DUNCH AT THE FACTORY DON'T YOU THINK, MURPH.

YOUR DERN RIGHT - ONLY WHAT THEY NEED IS MORE GUMPTION.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN.

I MEAN PRICES AND THE WAY THEY PUSH US AROUND. RAISING
HECK ABOUT THIS DANCE TOO. JUST CAUSE WE'RE FACTORY
WORKERS DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE SLAVES.

PRETTY HOT AREN'T YOU.

MURPHY:

YOU'RE DERN RIGHT. WHEN YOU'VE BEEN WORKING FOR NOTHING
AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU GET TIRED OF IT.

SUE:

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO HAVE UNION. JUDY'S BEEN TELLING ME
ABOUT IT.

MURPHY:

MY OLD MAN'S BEEN TELLING ME THAT FOR YEARS, BUT I DON'T
WANT ANYONE TO GET DOWN ON ME.

SUE:

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT WANTS A LITTLE CHANGE IN
THINGS - EXCEPT SOME OF THOSE OLD STUFFED SHIRTS THAT
WANT TO PLAY UP TO THE DOSS FOR THAT RAISE HE'S BEEN
PROMISING FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS. HAND ME THE
MUSTARD WILL YOU.

(TRUMPET FLARE)

SUE:

OH MY GOODNESS - HURRY UP MURPH. WE'LL MISS THE CROWNING
OF THE QUEEN.

(MUSIC REGAL)

TOM:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WE GIVE YOU JUDY MARTIN, OUR QUEEN.

(HOORAHS AND CLAPPING)

SUE:

GEE, DOESN'T SHE LOOK PRETTY.

MURPHY:

I'LL SAY.

JUDY:

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I CAN'T BEGIN TO THANK YOU FOR
THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS YOU GAVE ME, BUT PERHAPS SOMEDAY
I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE YOU AS HAPPY AS YOU'VE MADE ME.
THIS DANCE DIDN'T TURN OUT EXACTLY AS WE PLANNED, BUT
THOSE OF US WHO GOT HERE MADE IT A PARTY WORTH
REMEMBERING. PERHAPS THE DIFFICULTIES WE HAD BECAUSE OF
THE WAY THEY ACTED AT WORK MADE US ALL FEEL A LITTLE
CLOSER TO EACH OTHER. I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO ASK OF YOU.
YOU ALL KNOW THAT MRS. TANNER HAS BEEN VERY SICK, THAT SHE

PINKY:

(SCREAMING) JUDY. JUDY.

(BLUR OF VOICES)

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WHAT IS IT PINKY.

(BREATHLESS) I JUST OVERHEARD TWO OF THE CUTTERS
TALKING AND - AND -

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, PINKY, SPIT IT OUT.

WELL, FIRST OF ALL THEY SAID THAT MRS. TANNER WAS GOING
TO BE FIRED IF SHE DIDN'T HURRY BACK TO WORK AND...AND..

TAKE YOUR TIME, PINKY.

AND - AND WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE TOMORROW.
(VOICES UP) THE REASON THE BOSSSES HAVE BEEN SO TOUGH
HAS BEEN BECAUSE, BECAUSE..

JUDY: BECAUSE WHAT...

PINKY: THEY THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO ORGANIZE A UNION TONIGHT.

JUDY: A UNION. (VOICES)

PINKY: YES THEY .. YES THEY..THEY...(THERES IS A THUD)

JUDY: PINKY.

SUE: WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE. HE FAINTED.

ANNOUNCER: (LAUGHING) POOR PINKY, THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH. BUT
WHERE DID THE CUTTERS GET THEIR INFORMATION, AND WHY
ARE THE EMPLOYERS AT THE FACTORY AFRAID THE EMPLOYEES
ARE GOING TO FORM A UNION. DO THEY KNOW THAT JUDY HAS
BEEN TALKING ABOUT UNIONISM AND IS THAT THE REASON THEY
HAVE GONE OUT OF THEIR WAY TO FIND FAULT WITH HER WORK.
TUNE IN TUESDAY NIGHT AT 6:30 AND FIND OUT WHAT IS
GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES AT WORK, AND HOW JUDY MEETS
THE NEW PROBLEMS THAT ARE ARISING; AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT
PINKY. HE'LL UNDOUBTEDLY RECOVER.

MEET JUDY MARTIN IS BROUGHT TO YOU EACH TUESDAY AND
FRIDAY NIGHT AT 6:30 P. M. BY THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES'
GARMENT WORKERS UNION. THE CAST IS COMPOSED OF
MEMBERS OF THAT UNION WHO WORK IN ST. LOUIS DRESS SHOPS.

REVISED

CAMPBELL'S SHORT SHORT STORY PROGRAM

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1940

11:00-11:15 A.M.

1:45 -2:00 P.M.

Healy
Please do not remove

MUSIC: THEME .. BLUE MOON .. UP AND FADE BEHIND

ANNCR: Campbell's Short Short Story "COME ALONG WITH ME, LADY"
brought to you by Campbell's Tomato Juice, the largest
selling Tomato Juice in America.

THEME: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL "A")

WARD WHELOCK COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

LINCOLN-LIBERTY BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA • 441 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK • EQUITABLE BUILDING, HOLLYWOOD

RADIO ADVERTISING

CLIENT

Campbell Soup Company

PROGRAM & STATION

Short, Short Story

COMMERCIAL A

PRODUCT

Tomato Juice

DAY & DATE

Friday, July 26, 1940

Case

But first, have you tried Campbell's Tomato Juice? You use another kind, you say? Then just for a moment, won't you ... (smiles) come along with me, lady ... on a "let's pretend" visit to the grocer's? I'd appreciate it. You will? Thank you. (slight pause - door opens - then shuts)

Sound →

Here we are! Let's walk over there, shall we? See those shelves piled high with tomato juice? Yes ... quite a few different brands, aren't there? Sort of hard to know which one to choose, eh? Well ... I'll tell you. Notice those familiar red-and-white labels? That's Campbell's Tomato Juice, of course. And here's what I'd like you to do, if you will. Take home just one can of Campbell's Tomato Juice. Tomorrow morning at breakfast pour out two glasses of the brand of tomato juice you are now using and two glasses of Campbell's Tomato Juice -- one of each for your husband and yourself. First, take a good drink of the brand you've been using. Then take a long, cool drink of Campbell's Tomato Juice. Just see if that fresh tomato flavor of Campbell's Tomato Juice doesn't taste to you both as if you'd just bitten into luscious, red-ripe tomatoes straight off the vine. See if it doesn't have a special tang and zest to it.

SUBMITTED

APPROVED

DATE

CONTINUED

WARD WHELOCK COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

LINCOLN-LIBERTY BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA • 444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK • SQUITABE BUILDING, HOLLYWOOD

RADIO ADVERTISING

CLIENT

Campbell Soup Company

PRODUCT

Tomato Juice

PROGRAM & STATION

Short, Short Story

DAY & DATE

Friday, July 26, 1940

COMMERCIAL A (contd)

All this comes from the better tomatoes Campbell's use --
tomatoes specially grown under their own supervision. So ...
make this comparison, if you will, and you and your husband
be the judge. See if you don't think Campbell's Tomato
Juice -- on its flavor -- is the one you both want to
enjoy right along. We'll abide by your decision. Will
you do that? Fine! Thanks again!

1 - 2 -

SUBMITTED

APPROVED

copy as approved

7/25/40

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- 2 -

ANN'C'R: And now your Campbell's Short Short Story, "Come Along with Me, Lady", starring Dolores Jillen, Ray Collins and Alan Hewitt.

MUSIC: (3) PLAY ON FADE FOR

ANN'C'R: COME ALONG WITH ME, LADY is about a girl who went shopping and sold a bill of goods --- Well, Bradley and Nixon, Incorporated is the biggest department store in town. Every day thousands of women visit the perfume department -

VOICE: Twenty-seven dollars an ounce, madame ...

ANN'C'R: - the glove department -

VOICE: Something in black kid, I think ...

ANN'C'R: - the lingerie department -

VOICE: Rayon satin with genuine lace -

ANN'C'R: - the jewellery department -

VOICE: Earrings in amber to match ...

ANN'C'R: - and all the other departments, including the hosiery department, where our story begins ...

CLERK: Yes, madame, if you'd like to see them in the one-thread style, we have them also ... just a moment, please.

JOYCE: Never mind, thank you. I was just looking, anyway ...
sbl

- 3 -

CLERK: (OFF A LITTLE) We have nylon, too -

JOYCE: It's quite all right, thank you.

CLERK: (OFF) Well ...

MURPHY: (COMING UP) Whoa, there, lady!

JOYCE: I beg your pardon!

MURPHY: I seen you, lady.

JOYCE: I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about -

MURPHY: Looky, lady, I'm the store detective. I seen you put them them - uh - socks - stockin's in your bag.

JOYCE: What are you talking about?

MURPHY: Hey, you!

CLERK: (COMING BACK) Me?

MURPHY: Yeh, you. Did you sell this lady any stockin's?

CLERK: Why, no, she was just looking, she said.

MURPHY: Uh-huh. Well, you come along with me, lady.

JOYCE: I'll do nothing of the sort! Why should I?

MURPHY: Because I caught you shopliftin', lady, that's why!

JOYCE: Why! This is outrageous! I'm going to see the manager - I -

Blend from cast to organ
- 4 -

MURPHY: Darn right you're gonna see the manager. Come along with me, lady!

CLERK: A shoplifter!

Organ
MUSIC: PICKS UP AS MURPHY MARCHES HER AWAY. THROUGH THE MUSIC WE HEAR VOICES SAYING: SHOPLIFTER! A SHOPLIFTER! SHOPLIFTER! MUSIC, IN LOCK-STEP RHYTHM, COMES UP FULL AND STOPS ABRUPTLY FOR

Sound
SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR AND OPEN IT

MURPHY: Right in here, lady.

WILEY: What's this, Murphy?

MURPHY: A shoplifter, Mr. Wiley. I seen her when she done it.

WILEY: Oh! Close the door, Murphy.

MURPHY: Yessir.

Sound
SOUND: CLOSE DOOR AND LOCK IT

MURPHY: The door's locked, lady, so don't try to escape.

JOYCE: I assure you I have no intention of trying.

MURPHY: Yeah.

WILEY: Well, young woman. What have you to say about this?

JOYCE: I haven't anything to say, except that I didn't take anything from your store.

- 5 -

MURPHY: That's what they all say, Mr. Wiley. I seen her when she done it.

WILEY: The officer says he saw you.

MURPHY: She took a pair o' stockin's off'n the counter, Mr. Wiley.

JOYCE: I did not.

WILEY: What did she do with them, Murphy?

MURPHY: She put 'em in her pocketbook, and she never had no chance to t'row 'em away.

WILEY: May we see your purse, please?

JOYCE: You may not.

WILEY: All right, Murphy. Look in her purse.

MURPHY: *Sound on* Gimme the pocketbook, lady. (CLICKS IT OPEN) See? There they are, Mr. Wiley. Just like I said.

WILEY: Let me see them.

MURPHY: I'll testify they're the same stockin's I seen her pick up.

WILEY: Let me see them.

MURPHY: Yessir.

WILEY: Well, Miss ...

sbl

- 6 -

JOYCE: (QUIETLY) I suggest that you examine those stockings very closely.

WILEY: Why, I - good Lord!

JOYCE: Yes.

MURPHY: What's the matter, Mr. Wiley?

WILEY: These aren't our stockings at all!

MURPHY: Huh?

JOYCE: No, they're not. They came from Ritchie's store.

WILEY: Yes, I - I see they did.

JOYCE: And here's my sales-slip from Ritchie's to show you I purchased them there.

MURPHY: You mean you didn't swipe them, lady?

JOYCE: I mean exactly that.

WILEY: (PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER) This is a dreadful thing, Miss ... er ... I - I - a terrible mistake - I - really, I offer you our abject apologies -

JOYCE: I'm afraid it's a great deal more serious than that, Mr. Wiley.

MURPHY: I sure thought she pinched 'em, Mr. Wiley ...

WILEY: Get out of here, Murphy. I'll - (GULP) I'll see you later.

sbl

- 8 -

JOYCE: ... like a common criminal.

WILEY: (WINCING) I'm sorry -

JOYCE: Being sorry isn't enough, Mr. Wiley. Your man marched me through the aisles of the store - onto an elevator - and the things he said ... shoplifter ... thief ...

WILEY: We would be willing to offer you some sort of settlement -

JOYCE: I have an excellent case against the store, Mr. Wiley. False arrest ... assault and battery ...

WILEY: (IN AGONY) Oh, I beg of you -

JOYCE: And the publicity. It certainly wouldn't do your company much good for the public to learn what gross inefficiency prevails here.

(MORE)

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WILEY: You - you have us in a very difficult position, Miss -

JOYCE: In almost as difficult a position as I was in a few moments ago.

WILEY: What can we do to rectify the matter? Anything in reason -

JOYCE: I shall have to think that over, Mr. Wiley.

WILEY: But - but -

JOYCE: No, I'm sorry. I'm so upset now I can't discuss the thing intelligently. I'm going home before I'm arrested again.

WILEY: Oh, please -

JOYCE: (RISING) I suppose it isn't your fault, really, that you haven't anyone to point out the laws that we have in this country to protect innocent persons, but..

WILEY: Oh, but can't we come to some agreement now?

JOYCE: No, I'm afraid not. I'll call you tomorrow. Or.... (GOING) probably my attorney will .

WILEY: Oh, no - please -

JOYCE: Good bye, Mr. Wiley.

Sound
SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

ahr

-10-

WILEY: (MOANS) Ohhhhhh. A hundred thousand dollar damage-suit, sure as the dickens....assault and battery... false arrest... ohhhhhand the awful part of it is she's right. If we only had somebody here to advise us ... Murphy ... the clerks, me, even ...by golly, that's an idea.. (CALLS) Miss Berkson.

Sound
SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GIRL: (OFF) Yes, Mr. Wiley?

WILEY: Take a letter, Miss Berkson, please.

GIRL: (COMING IN) Yes sir ...

WILEY: To Mr. Nixon, chairman of the board of directors. Dear Dan. An occurrence this morning has brought home to me very forcibly the necessity for our having an attorney on the store staff to handle matters -

Sound
SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

GIRL: I'll get it, Mr. Wiley. (LIFTS RECEIVER) Mr. Wiley's office --- Who -- ? Mr. Newcomb?

WILEY: Young Larry Newcomb?

GIRL: Is it Mr. Larry Newcomb ---? Yes, Mr. Wiley.

WILEY: Let me talk to him.

GIRL: He's here to see you, Mr. Wiley.

ahr

-11-

WILEY: Oh.. Well, send him in, quick. Of all the
coincidences.

Sound
GIRL: Ask him to come in, please. (REPLACE RECEIVER)

WILEY: Never mind the letter, Miss Berkson. I think I've
got the answer to it already.

GIRL: Yes, sir ...

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

WILEY: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WILEY: Hi, Larry.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

LARRY: (COMING IN) Hi, Mr. Wiley. Thought maybe you'd like
to go to lunch with me.

WILEY: Listen, Larry. sit down.

LARRY: Thanks.

WILEY: That's all, Miss Berkson.

GIRL: Yes, sir.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THE CONVERSATION

WILEY: Larry, what are you doing?

-12-

LARRY: Waiting for you to go to lunch with me.

WILEY: No; look here. You told me you were doing all right in the law business.

LARRY: Sure.

WILEY: How much do you make, Larry?

LARRY: Well . . . it depends.

WILEY: Hit or miss, eh?

LARRY: Sort of. But it's all right.

WILEY: Look, Larry. I knew you pretty well when you were in school, and you're a smart lad. If you went to work for us on staff, could you keep us out of jams?

LARRY: What kind of jams?

WILEY: All kinds of jams. For instance, keep our detectives up on what to do when they see a shoplifter, and -

LARRY: That's easy. Never let 'em arrest a shoplifter, till she's outside the store.

WILEY: Huh? Why?

LARRY: Because if she grabs something and walks out with it, that's prima facie evidence that she intends to steal it.

-14-

4+8
Filter

LARRY: Well, for the love of ... if that isn't action... hey-hey..(PICKS UP RECEIVER) Er - can I have an outside line, please. Thanks (DIALS A NUMBER) Joyce! Hey, Joyce, this is Larry.

JOYCE: (ON PHONE) Hello, darling.

LARRY: You know where I am, Joyce?

JOYCE: (ON PHONE) Where are you, dear?

LARRY: In Pete Wiley's office - at Bradley-Nixon. Listen, I don't know how you do it - but your hunch was right.

JOYCE: (ON PHONE) About dropping in to see him today?

LARRY: Yes. You know, you said you had a hunch that a store like this could use a smart attorney - and the first thing Pete Wiley said was 'how'd you like to go to work for us? What d'you know about that?

JOYCE: (ON PHONE) I guess it's just woman's intuition, dear.. I'm awfully glad...

LARRY: Honey, everything's going to be all right from now on in. Ten thousand dollars a year - my golly, I don't believe it yet.

JOYCE: (ON PHONE) And we can get married right away, Larry.

ahr

-15-

LARRY: Right away. I should say so. Look - what'll I bring you from our store for an engagement present?

JOYCE: (ON PHONE) Oh ... something nice, sweetheart. But don't bring me any stockings, dear - I bought some at Ritchie's today ...

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

ANNCR: Yes, a woman's intuition is generally right.... especially if the woman knows the right people to apply it to ...

MUSIC: FINISH

ahr

REVISED

WARD WHELOCK COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

LINCOLN-LIBERTY BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA • 141 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK • EQUITABLE BUILDING, HOLLYWOOD

RADIO ADVERTISING

CLIENT

Campbell Soup Company

PROGRAM & STATION

Short, Short Story

COMMERCIAL B

PRODUCT

Tomato Juice

DAY & DATE

Friday, July 26, 1940

Case

Summer breakfasts require special thought ... because as the mercury rises, appetites droop. And right then is when Campbell's Tomato Juice is a mighty good thing to find in your ice-box. Why ... just the sight of a tall, frosty glass of it, waiting at your place at the breakfast table, is enough to take hold of a lackadaisical appetite.

You take a look at its cheery color ... and then, almost before you know it, you've lifted the glass and you're reveling in the cool tang of that tomato juice as it trickles down your throat. You decide right there that Campbell's Tomato Juice is just what you want to have these summer mornings.

Well, there are thousands of people who feel that way about Campbell's Tomato Juice -- so many, that today it is the largest-selling brand in America. People want to have it often ... for meals and in between meals ..wherever they're looking for a real thirst-quencher. They like it because of that fresh-tomato taste. And of course there's no better-balanced vitamin drink than Campbell's Tomato Juice.

Why not see to it that Campbell's Tomato Juice has a regular place in your refrigerator these summer days?

SUBMITTED

APPROVED

DATE
7/25/40

copy as approved

1 + 2 + 4

-16-

MUSIC: (THEME UP AT END OF B COMMERCIAL AND FADE FOR

ANNCR: Each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Campbell's Tomato Juice brings you Campbell's Short Short Story. Monday at this same time our story will be a romance entitled "Strawberry Jam Angel", starring Claudia Morgan.

This is Nelson Case inviting you to tune in Monday for "Strawberry Jam Angel" presented with the compliments of Campbell's Tomato Juice.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND FINISH

(ON CUE) Now please keep listening for LIFE BEGINS, the story of Martha Webster which follows immediately.

REVISED

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

A FRIEND INDEED

MONDAY, JULY 29, 1940
3:45 - 4:00 PM

(WABC - TO CHAIN)

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(..... 30 seconds)

FILTER

VOICES FADE IN AND UP

DESPAIR: It's hopeless, I tell you. Hopeless to think of it.

HOPE: Oh! There must be a way -- somehow.

DESPAIR: You're just wasting your time. Forget it.

HOPE: Oh! But you might succeed.

MUSIC: IN SOFTLY...BUILD UP BEHIND VOICES

DESPAIR: The odds are all against you...It's foolish even to think of it.

HOPE: Try it. Don't give up.

DESPAIR: You can't do it alone.

HOPE: Yes, you can...You can! You can!

MUSIC: UP OVER VOICES AND DOWN UNDER

ANNCR: The Columbia Broadcasting System presents ...

A FRIEND INDEED...with the voice of Richard Maxwell.

MAXWELL: SINGS THEME

sf

13-15
212-

M

15

75 sec

140-

30

SONG

*highlight
below
under*

- 2 -

sf

MAXWELL: Good afternoon, friends everywhere -- this is Richard Maxwell - (PAUSE) Did you recognize the two voices that opened our program? --- The familiar voices that speak within us all. There is Despair telling us to give up - but opposed to it is Hope urging faith, perseverance, belief. In these broadcasts...A FRIEND INDEED...we pay tribute to men and women who have listened to the voice of hope, of courage, of love of humanity. Each broadcast dramatizes a true story of those who prove -- by their deeds - that there is always someone ready to work unselfishly and courageously for the sake of others.

Today we tell you of a moment in the life of a great woman...a world famous figure honored by the world's great... but who at this moment of her life was purely woman, facing a task that thousands of women know...and meeting that task not with her brain, not with her genius, but with her woman's heart...It is the year 1905 in Paris, a slender, serious faced woman is bending over a large kettle... it might be a soup kettle in a kitchen...but it is actually a kettle of pitch in a rough laboratory...the woman is Marie Curie...and she is talking to her scientist husband, the man who has worked by her side during the many long years of their research...

(THICK BUBBLING SOUND)

MARIE: A little more coal, Pierre...the flame dies so easily.

PIERRE: Yes -- and so much flame is required. And so much pitch... tons of it for a teaspoonful of our precious radium.

Sound

MARIE: Pierre you look tired ... we have worked too long again today.

(No Mon. in tragedy)

PIERRE: My dear --- I am not tired...it is you I watch so anxiously...you with your passion for science...and the demands of a house, two children...and a husband....

Am. Am. Am.

MARIE: A husband...(LITTLE LIGHT LAUGH) And where would I be without you...just plain Marie Slodvaska...nothing... nothing at all. As Madame Curie...I can stand against the world.

my husband?

30

PIERRE: Oh...my little Marie...such a woman you are beneath that cold scientific brow...

MARIE: (SERIOUSLY) No -- Pierre -- I only speak the truth... ours is a union destined by fate...we are one...living and working together...that has made everything possible... that has given our work its meaning...given our life... its beauty.

*(you are a girl, simple, not over dramatic)
contrast to follows*

PIERRE: Your courage ma chere...how can one fail with your courage to light the way.

my dear

MARIE: We shall not fail...we have found our radium...now we must prove to the world its power.

PIERRE: You have never regretted that we did not sell our patents, Marie...with that money we might have...

MARIE: Hush...we could not sell what we do not own...we have discovered radium for science...and the work of scientists belongs to all men...perhaps others some day shall make money from our radium...but it is not for us.

- 4 -

sf

SOUND

PIERRE: My dear...I am going to tell you something...I was saving it for a surprise...for dinner...

MARIE: A surprise...Oh Pierre...what is it...what has happened? Is it good?

PIERRE: It is very good. I have been appointed to the Faculty of the Sorbonne.

MARIE: The Sorbonne! At last -- at last it has come true. Pierre why have you not told me?

PIERRE: It came by the post this morning...but I couldn't keep it a surprise any longer...

MARIE: And you deserve it so...Pierre...at last they have come to you. But it must not interfere with our work.

PIERRE: No -- it will simply make things easier for us.

MARIE: Easier?

PIERRE: Yes --- (CHUCKLE) now I shall not see you sitting opposite me in the evening...writing poor little figures in your black book...of expenses we could not afford.

MARIE: (LAUGHS) Pierre...surely you have not worried. We have never gone really hungry...and what does it matter...a few francs more or less...if we have a chance to work...work...with our beloved radium...and work...always -- together.

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

MUSIC
5 sec - 1

...not a scientist now...I am a woman...

- 6 -

sf

PIERRE: Who are you? Who are you, Marie...a wife...a mother...
and beyond that...a wisdom...no man can equal...a genius
that will go on...and on.

MARIE: How strangely you talk, Pierre...of course I shall go on...
with you to lean on. Oh my dear...here is your great coat
...you can't go out like that in this weather.

PIERRE: *(Chuckles)* I --- I forgot...~~I shall get it.~~

MARIE: My Pierre -- with his head in the clouds. Since our first
bicycle ride, I have had to remember your coat and warps
for you. (STOPS) This is April Pierre...it will soon be
time for another trip.

PIERRE: I was thinking that just yesterday.

MARIE: As soon as the first periwinkles blow...I shall watch oh so
carefully. Now hurry...you'll be late.

PIERRE: *(HIDE)* I shall be back at the laboratory this afternoon by four...
no scene

MARIE: By that time I shall have that whole last page of figures
checked. I'm going there right away...as soon as I talk
Bonus to Nanette...and I shall try to finish the paper on
magnetization for you... *6"*

(MUSIC UP...DOWN...INTO B.G. FOR FOLLOWING)

music
↓
↗

- 7 -

sf

MAXWELL: All that dark wet day in April, Marie Curie worked as usual in the laboratory...tirelessly...with infinite patience she worked...with test tubes, figures, scales...exploring in the unknown world she was finding...and occasionally her tense face softened as the thought of her husband crossed her mind. Meanwhile Pierre had his luncheon...then set out on the slippery streets of Paris...for home. He too was absorbed in his thoughts...his papers, his pupils, his wife's face...carelessly he walked...then at one curb...Pierre Curie stepped out from behind a heavy loading wagon approached...

(WAGON WHEELS...HORSES HOOFES)

DRIVER: Look out...look out there, sir! Look out! Whoa! (SHARP CRY) Whoa... (VOICES UP)

MAN: That man!

WOMAN: He's fallen...between the wheels...his head...(SCREAMS)

(VOICES INTO MUSIC UP...DOWN...HOLD...OUT)

MARIE: (CALLS) Pierre! Pierre!

Hello darling...Irene...you're all muddy...just after I told you to be careful. Oh, Nanette...

NANETTE: Yes Madame Curie.

MARIE: Irene will have to be changed for supper. M. Curie is not home yet?

NANETTE: No madame...did he not come with you?

MARIE: No --- he must have been delayed at the luncheon...I finally left the laboratory. We will wait for supper.

NANETTE: Yes, madame. Irene has been very naughty today.

MARIE: I will talk to her Nanette...these rainy days are hard on children...we must have patience.

NANETTE: Yes madame -- you look tired, if I may say so.

MARIE: Tired? I don't feel tired -- and I have had such a good day...such a splendid day! Is Father Curie home yet?

NANETTE: Yes -- they are in the front room...Madame Bronya is with him...but they have not wanted anything.

MARIE: I shall join them at once. (STEPS...DOOR OPENING) Oh Father Curie...Pierre has not come home yet. I waited at the laboratory...but he must have had an excellent lunch.. (LITTLE LAUGH) How Pierre forgets when he starts to talk... and Bronya! I'm so glad to see you, my sister...such miserable weather for you to go out to see your relatives. But I'm glad you've come...Irene has been asking for you. Father Curie...today I finished the paper...I have made my last proof...Pierre will be so proud...and Bronya...you will be interested too...a new action of magnetization... my dears...this will be a celebration...(STOPS) But you say nothing...nothing at all. You look so strangely. Father Curie...what's the matter? (SLIGHT PAUSE)

FATHER: Marie...my dear...

MARIE: Something's happened. What is it? Tell me...say something. What's happened?

BRONYA: Manya...you must listen...

MARIE: It's Pierre...something has happened to Pierre!

(MUSIC UP...DOWN)

BRONYA: Dr. Curie...let me move your chair back in the shade a bit...it is hot here in the sunlight.

FATHER: That is all right, Bronya...the May sun feels good for an old man.

BRONYA: Where is Marie?

FATHER: She is in the house with the baby.

BRONYA: Her children will save her...Father Curie.

FATHER: I don't know...I don't know...she is so strange...so far away.

BRONYA: If she would only weep -- tears would help. But she won't ... she doesn't break... that icy wall around her has no crack.

FATHER: Has she been to the laboratory?

BRONYA: Every day...but she does nothing...she just sits there... dust is thick on the instruments...and there is no fire in the stove.

FATHER: We must be patient...she has lived for a long time in a world apart...a world inhabited only by herself...and... and my son...she herself must find her way out...

mail
BRONYA: The post has come...there is a letter for her...from the Sorbonne...

then
FATHER: The Sorbonne...call her quickly, Bronya...I have an idea... that...

BRONYA: (CALLING) Marie...Marie...(PAUSE)

Bronya - Come here -
MARIE: (OFF) Yes...oh, Bronya...(PAUSE) (DOOR OPENING) Bronya... you are kind to come.

mail Marie 930
BRONYA: I have brought the post...

FATHER: A letter for you from the Sorbonne...

MARIE: They are very kind...they have written such...such splendid things...

but
FATHER: Don't you wish to open it. *SOUND*

Oh, of course
MARIE: It is -- not easy. (RIPS ENVELOPE) Oh...

FATHER: What is it, my child?

MARIE: You -- you read it, Father Curie...I -- can't.

FATHER: "Mme. ²Pierre Curie, doctor of science, chief of research work in the faculty of science of the University of Paris, is charged with a course in physics in the said faculty. Mme. Curie will receive in this capacity...

MARIE: Pierre's post.

FATHER: Oh my dear - I'm so glad.

DESPAIR: But I am not a scientist now... I am a woman...

A FRIEND INDEED
MONDAY, JULY 29, 1940

- 10 *a*

REVISED

MARIE: Pierre's post... they want me to take Pierre's post!

FATHER: Oh my dear ^{think of it} the Sorbonne!... such a great honor... I'm so glad.

MARIE: Glad? Glad! Do you suppose I would take that post... that I would give those lectures ~~after~~...

FATHER: But Marie... you don't understand... it is a great honor... it is the first time a position in higher education in France has been given to a woman. *done*

MARIE: (THIN-LIPPED) I can't... it is asking... too much. *GREEN*

MAXWELL: That afternoon Marie walked up and down her room... tortured by her thoughts... by the demands life was making on her... despair and hope filled her... *lost*

FILIP
DESPAIR: You cannot go on... without him... who would you turn to for comfort... for help?

HOPE: But you must... your research lies ahead... your great work that has come so far. *1/17*

DESPAIR: But to stand before all those gaping, curious students... in his place... to speak the words he was to have spoken... no... you have not the strength.

HOPE: But you owe it to the students... to the world... this great knowledge you have accumulated. As a scientist you cannot deprive the world. *done*

jmg

REVISED

DESPAIR: But I am not a scientist now...I am a woman...
a lonely woman...afraid..

HOPE: No, Marie...you are a scientist...you can go on...
you must! You will not fail!

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

MAXWELL: Yes...though Marie Curie's heart was dead...she was a
scientist. Only love of science, only the steely
determination that had driven her so far...only the
students reaching out their hands to her could have
prompted the decision that was so great an effort.
That eventful afternoon in Paris, the great
amphitheatre of the University was filled to
overflowing...students, reporters, professors, and
the curious thronged in to see the small blonde
widow who despite her fame and her accomplishments
was almost a legend in France...so little had she
been seen. As the seats filled, well in advance of
the hour...a long figure in black stood before a
marble shaft in the little sunfilled cemetery of
Seaux... (MUSIC BEHIND)

MARIE: Pierre...you have never left me...you will stand by
me now...won't you? I feel the task is so big...the
weight so heavy...but I know you said we must never
falter. We -- Pierre -- you and I...we will go go...
together...always.

(MUSIC UP...DOWN...UP...CHANGE MOOD & INTO HUM OF VOICES)

MAN: She's coming now!

WOMAN: I wonder what she'll say!

SECOND
MAN: She is very brilliant...but a woman lecturer...

WOMAN: Perhaps she will talk about her husband... they
were very close...

MAN: Here she comes!

(VOICES UP INTO APPLAUSE)....(OUT)

MARIE: (COLD...TIGHT VOICE) When one considers the
progress that has been made in physics in the past
ten years....

(MUSIC UP...DOWN UNDER)

MAXWELL: Marie Curie began her lecture at the very sentence
her husband had stopped!... So this great genius...
and this true woman proved in her hour of greatest
sorrow to be a friend..to the world that was calling
her... to rise with courage above her personal
tragedy and meet a need that only she could fill.

(MUSIC UP AND CUT)

MARIE: Glad? Glad... Do you suppose I would take that post...
do you suppose I would attempt to step into the shoes of...
of ...

FATHER: But Marie -- don't you understand...it is a great honor...
it is the first time a position in higher education in
France has been given to a woman.

BRONYA: Oh Marie...just think what it means.

MARIE: (HEAVILY) I do...it is very kind of them...but...it is
impossible.

BRONYA: Manya...you must not...you must not shut your mind to
this. Think what it means.

MARIE: It would only be a farce.

FATHER: A farce -- to teach at the great Sorbonne. No Marie...
you are too great a scientist to say that.

BRONYA: And your children...you have refused a pension...because
you said you could take care of them.

MARIE: And I can...I am healthy...and...young.

BRONYA: But don't you see...this is your great opportunity...a
place with honor...a place that is rightfully yours.

FATHER: Marie...Pierre -- would have been proud of this...for you.
He would have wanted you to go on...teaching...giving young
pupils the knowledge you and he possessed.

MARIE: (PAUSE) Yes, father Curie---perhaps---he would.

FATHER: Then my dear...won't you...

MARIE: I can't think -- now -- I can't -- reason...but if you think it right...I will...try...for the students who... who might want...us.

music

(MUSIC UP)

MAXWELL: Marie Curie was a great scientist...but her heart was broken. Only love of science...and the young students reaching out to her could have prompted the decision that meant so great an effort. That eventful afternoon, the great amphitheatre in the Hall of Science was full to overflowing...students, reporters, professors, and the curious had crowded in to see the small blonde widow who despite her fame was almost a legend in France...so little had she been seen...they crowded into the hall...while she waited in the room beyond...

Sound

(VOICES UP...DOWN TO BG)

MARIE: (INTO MICROPHONE...VERY CLOSELY) Pierre...you have never left me...you will stand beside me now... we will work ... always... together...

(MUSIC UP...APPLAUSE)

MAN: Here she comes...

(APPLAUSE)

MARIE: (COLD...TIGHT VOICE) When one considers the progress that has been made in physics...in the past ten years...

(MUSIC UP...FULL...OUT)

MAXWELL: So Marie Curie...one of the world's greatest geniuses... proved in her hour of greatest sorrow to be a friend... to rise with courage and will above her personal tragedy to answer a world that was calling on her.

Madame Curie is an immortal figure among humanity? Friends in Deed. But our series of programs will not be confined to the immortals of history...we shall also bring you true stories of heroism that happen everyday...the small, wonderful acts of unselfishness, bravery, self-sacrifice that thousands of men and women are doing and thereby making life better for someone...and richer for themselves. You know of these acts...your neighbor...your friend... perhaps yourself...Write me and give me the facts...There is no compensation for these letters, but if the story you send us meets our requirements, you will have helped to share with all this audience the beauty of that little deed.

Perhaps the Friend in Deed you know is a mother...perhaps a business man...perhaps factory worker...or a poor man... someone who listened to the voice of hope...who acted unselfishly for the sake of others. Send me the story for our honor roll... address your letter to me in care of the station to which you are listening...

MUSIC: BRIDGE

And now song for today

song 10/15

ANNC'R: Listen again tomorrow at the same time for the story
of another FRIEND IN DEED...featuring the voice of
RICHARD MAXWELL...

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM

(fade theme 30 seconds)

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"FRIEND IN DEED"

TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1940

3:45 - 4:00 P.M.

WABC TO CHAIN

CUE:

(COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(.....30 seconds.....)

FILM
(VOICES FADE IN AND UP)

DESPAIR: It's hopeless. You can never do it.

HOPE: Oh, there must be some way!

DESPAIR: Nobody ever succeeded in doing it.

HOPE: You might succeed. Don't give up.

MUSIC: IN SOFTLY ... BUILD UP BEHIND VOICES *ORGAN*

DESPAIR: The odds are all against you. It's foolish even to think of it.

HOPE: But try it -- try it anyway.

DESPAIR: You can't do it all alone.

mll:

pick out
HOPE:

Yes, you can.....you can...you can!

MUSIC:

UP OVER VOICES AND DOWN UNDER!

ANN'CR:

The Columbia Broadcasting System presents.....

A FRIEND IN DEED ... with the voice of Richard Maxwell.....

MUSIC

UP WITH MAXWELL SINGING SHORT PIECE

MAXWELL:

Good afternoon -- this is Richard Maxwell -- (PAUSE)

Those two voices you heard just now arguing and pleading -- didn't they sound familiar to you? I imagine they must have -- because they are the voices within each and every one of us when we are faced with some great problem in our lives -- the voice of despair that tells us to give up -- and the voice of hope, urging us to try and try again. In these daily broadcasts...A FRIEND IN DEED...we pay tribute to those men and women who have listened to the voice of hope, of perseverance, of courage, of love of humanity. They are men and women who -- by their deeds -- have proved that, in this world of ours, in the darkest hour of need, there is always someone ready to work unselfishly and bravely for the sake of others -- helping others less fortunate than themselves along the road.

(CONT.)

MAXWELL: (CONT.) Each broadcast tells us the story of some act of devotion or inspirational humanity by one of those FRIENDS IN DEED . . .

MUSIC: IN UNDER:

Music

MAXWELL: Today's story -- so little known to the world -- is the story of Johann Pestalozzi, the poor school-teacher of Switzerland, who fought for the rights of the children. We are so used to the blessings of modern education, the methods in use today, the right of every child everywhere, rich or poor, to a decent training that will equip him to face the world -- we are so accustomed to these things that we forget sometimes that that wasn't always the case -- that, only a few generations back, in a civilized world where only man or woman out of could either read or write, the children of the poor were denied their right to an education -- a time when there were no public schools as we know them, no industrial schools and children were sent out into the world untrained, illiterate, to sink or swim as best they could. There were a few schools for those who could afford them, yes, but I wonder how many of our mothers and fathers listening in would have selected schools of that sort for their children. (CONT.)

MAXWELL: (CONT.) Come with me now to one of those elementary schools of long ago -- in the year of 1756, in Zurich, Switzerland....³⁰⁰

SOUND: ~~SNEAK IN TIRED MONOTONE OF CHILDREN CHANTING IN B.G.~~

MAXWELL: (CONT.) It is a long, low-ceilinged basement room that formerly been used for storing lumber. It is rather dark in here for the one grimy window gives very little light on this winter's day. The children, all ages, all sizes, are huddled together on benches along the damp walls, one book to every five or six. In the center, exposed to all eyes, a dull-faced boy, wearing a tall paper cap, is perched on a high stool; at the far end of the room, near the stove, the teacher, a fat and heavy-jowled man in a dirty wig, spills snuff down the front of his gown as his eyes roam the room for delinquents. He seems to have found one at the moment in little Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi who has been whispering to the boy in the dunce's cap. The teacher reaches for the stick on the table before him . . .

SOUND: STICK SLAMMING TWICE ON TABLE. CHANTING STOPS.

all:

Severely
Vries
+
949les

slow
A -
B -
C -
D -
make
reciting
alphabet
Stick

TEACHER: Silence! You! Johann Henrich! Come here!

PESTALOZZI: (OFF) Yes, sir.

TEACHER: So! You were speaking to the dunce!

PESTALOZZI: It was only to befriend him, Master Franz. He is thirsty -- He--he has been so long--all day without a drink--

TEACHER: Silence! Here you speak only to answer. My orders were that he was to be given no water. (SARCASTIC) I suppose I must explain to your bright intelligence --

SOUND: CHILDREN'S FORCED LAUGHTER

TEACHER: (LIKES IT) So you can explain to the dunce-- with my humble apologies.

SOUND: CHILDREN'S FORCED LAUGHTER

TEACHER: Quiet, please, while I enlighten this great master of learning that water is poisonous to the human system. You didn't know that, eh?--that too much water dilutes the brain? You see an example there in our dunce who has been sitting there, day after day, for two months and has not yet learned the simplest lesson.

ml:

PESTALOZZI: M-master Franz.

TEACHER: Yes?

PESTALOZZI: It is not the water. He -- he cannot hear so well,
Master Franz.

TEACHER: What nonsense is this? Haven't I looked in his
ears? They are perfect -- not a blemish.

PESTALOZZI: And still, he cannot hear the lessons. His father
boxed his ears -- so -- so hard one day --

TEACHER: As I shall box yours now for daring to argue. But
do not fear. It will not make a dunce of you. Dunces
are born dunces. Starting tomorrow you shall have no
lunch for a month. Come here.

PESTALOZZI: (HESITANT) Yes -- Master Franz.

TEACHER: You will repeat after me your lesson for today.
(QUOTES) He is a dunce because he will not learn.
(PAUSE) Come, my bright friend. Or must I help ~~you~~ *SMACK*
you learn - - -

SOUND: SWISH AND SMACK OF STICK. BOY GASPS

All:

TEACHER: (CONT.) (QUOTES) He is a dunce because he will not learn.

smack

SOUND: SENSE AND SMACK OF STICK. BOY GASPS

PESTALOZZI: (SOBBING) No! It's not true! You're making him a dunce! You are! You are!

ORGAN

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MAXWELL: All his life Johann Heinrich was like that -- ready to take up the cause of the under-dog, the under-privileged. The teachers who undertook the training of children in those days were not particularly cruel or brutal men although a few were. Their faults were ignorance and indifference -- ignorance of the very fundamentals of child-training and reliance on punishment and beatings. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' was the only maxim they followed. ~~No attempt was made to study the child's capabilities, to understand his individual problems or to train the children of the poor in useful occupations in an age of child-labor where childhood was defeated and exploited.~~ In spite of this, Johann Heinrich managed to learn, went through the University of Zurich and became a school-teacher himself. (CONT.)

mil:

MAXWELL: Not a successful one, for his notions of education were considered weird and dangerously revolutionary then. He failed as a farmer for he was a thoroughly unbusiness-like person. He failed again when he attempted to open a farm-school where he could practice his theories. ~~It is strange, when we look into the lives of these people who have helped others, how often we find that it is someone who has failed himself -- failed, that is, in everything but the great, important effort of his life. Perhaps it is his own struggle that gives him the sympathy for others when the opportunity comes to help them.~~

BW Johann Heinrich's opportunity came on a winter's night in 1798. The French army had invaded Switzerland devastating the country. On the shores of the Lake of Lucerne a group of eighty refugee children had been herded and left there without parents, homes, food or shelter. We find Johann Heinrich now, his thin face alight with zeal, pleading with the mayor of Canton Unterwalden.....

ml:

PESTALOZZI: But these are young children! You cannot let them beg in the streets.

MAYOR: (INDIFFERENT) There is the poorhouse, of course. It is not a matter of great importance.

PESTALOZZI: It is! It is a matter of the gravest importance. They will be neglected. Let me have them.

MAYOR: You?

PESTALOZZI: Yes. ^{me} There is a vacant place -- that old convent. I can fix it up. They can live there.

MAYOR: And who will take care of them? You -- alone?

PESTALOZZI: Yes. I will work and feed them. I am a school-teacher.

MAYOR: Ah, yes! I have heard of you Master Johann. You are the one who preaches these new, crack-pot ideas about teaching children.

PESTALOZZI: They are not crack-pot ideas, Your Honor, although they are only the ideas of a poor school-master. ^{Joh} I believe my ideas are right -- that children have rights just as you or I and that you can teach better through sympathy and understanding than by the rod.

MAYOR: (CHUCKLES) They would be your masters then,
my friend?

PESTALOZZI: There would be no master -- and no slaves. Only
a leader to help them learn. Not having them
recite like parrots but explaining and leading
them on, little by little, along the path --

MAYOR: Bah! You would have a bedlam.

PESTALOZZI: I can prove that my way is better. Here is the
opportunity -- with these orphans whom nobody wants,
whom nobody cares about.

MAYOR: Take them, then, for your experiment. But I warn
you, you will never succeed with those crazy ideas.
You will turn out fools or worse. One cannot, my
friend, single-handed, change the whole structure
of a system. Think well before you attempt it.

PESTALOZZI: If the system is wrong it cannot last. If mine
is right -- it will change the whole system and
nothing can stop it.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DESPAIR: You will never accomplish anything, Master Johann.
You will fail again.

jmg

ORGRN
15 sec
↑
↓

HOPE: Try it! See what can be done!

DESPAIR: You heard what he said -- a crack-pot. They will laugh at crazy Johann's school for orphans.

HOPE: Try, Johann! ^{8/30} For the sake of the children!

DESPAIR: You can't make teachers listen to you.

HOPE: Oh, you can, Johann! You must! You must!

MUSIC:

BRIDGE

MAXWELL:

~~If Johann Pestalozzi hearkened to those voices of Hope and Despair, he chose the path that hope and courage pointed out. His was a two-fold object -- to reform the antiquated, barbarous teaching methods of the time and, through that, to open the doors of education to the very poor and the handicapped. It was a very tiny start he made -- this one Swiss school-master against a world of traditional methods -- and it was all up-hill work. In the abandoned convent he labored with the orphaned children, cooked for them, mended their clothes, acted as school janitor, teacher and companion at work and play and father and mother to all of them -- many jobs rolled into one but pervaded throughout with that spirit of kindness and sympathy and true understanding of the child-mind that was the essence of the man.~~

jmg (MORE)

MAXWELL:
(CONT)

There had probably never been a school like that before -- where no dunce was held up to ridicule, where no birch-rod marked tiny backs, where children -- strangely enough -- seemed to learn to read and write more readily than usual. And there he developed another radical notion -- the beginning of what we would call an industrial school for his older pupils. We find him there now on a morning in June....

SOUND:

~~WHISPERING~~ ON WOOD. CHILDREN LAUGHING AND BUZZ OF TALK IN B.G.

PESTALOZZI:

(FADING IN) Jean! Henri! You will serve the soup today. Little Peter will sit beside me. He did well in drawing today. Hurry now, everyone, before it is cold!

SOUND:

CHILDREN'S FOOTSTEPS AND LAUGHTER FADING.

Well, Joseph, how is the cabinet going today?

JOSEPH:

(ABOUT TWELVE) I think it is better, Master Johann.

PESTALOZZI:

Indeed, yes. You will be a carpenter, my boy, if you do not become a professor at the University.

JOSEPH:

(LAUGHING) I would rather be a carpenter, Master Johann. I am not quick at my studies.

- 13 -

PESTALOZZI: Then a carpenter you will be, if that is your choice. But don't be discouraged about the writing. Perhaps we will spend more time at that, you and I, and you will catch up with the others. Let me see this, now.

JOSEPH: The corner does not seem very square, Master Johann.

PESTALOZZI: H-mm-m. I see. Your mortise wasn't quite exact. Here. Let me show you what I mean. ^{1/2} Here you take the angle of the top -- you will learn about angles, too, some day --

MAYOR: (FADING IN) Master Johann!

PESTALOZZI: ~~And then, Joseph, with the square --~~ (TAKES) Oh! You wished to see me? *How. Please master.*

MAYOR: You're going to have to close up here, Master Johann.

PESTALOZZI: Close -- up? ^{I must close my} You mean the -- school?

MAYOR: The French commander is going to use the place as a hospital. You must vacate immediately.

PESTALOZZI: But my -- my pupils -- what will become of them?

jug

JOSEPH: Master Johann! (SOBBING) We don't want to go!

~~PESTALOZZI: (COMBOLING) There -- there little Joseph.~~

MAYOR: The children will be returned to their villages.

PESTALOZZI: (DAZED) Returned -- yes. But this -- that I have been trying to do here. ^{1/2} Something that has never before been tried -- I had built such hopes on it. It was to be the start of something new and wonderful -- this little school of mine.

MAYOR: It was a hopeless undertaking, Master Johann. I warned you of that. Well, your experiment is finished, my friend.

PESTALOZZI: No, it is not finished! It has only begun! I ^{will} start again. *OK*

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MAXWELL: And Johann Pestalozzi, the Swiss schoolteacher did start again. The very next year he opened a school in Burgdorf for the children of the poor and for twenty-five years worked at the task that his heart was set on -- spreading far and wide the doctrine that education was the right of every child and the furnishing of that education the duty of every government.

(MORE)

MAXWELL:
(CON'T)

His reforms in the methods of teaching -- reforms that he pressed during the rest of his life by word of mouth and books he wrote -- those changes were slow in coming even though Pestalozzi himself became in time one of the most famous educators in the world. But, gradually, his influence was felt, and the out-worn and antiquated methods of teaching vanished from the school-room and the ignorant, lazy, brutal school-master vanished with them. If today we have free public schools and opportunities for all, we may look back gratefully to the Swiss school-teacher, Johann Pestalozzi, who showed the way and by self-sacrifice and courage proved himself a FRIEND IN DEED to children throughout the world.

MUSIC:

UP TO FINISH

Our song for today - Just around corner -
1425

ANNCR:

This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

Fade theme 30 seconds

3/2⁴⁸

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

FRIEND IN DEED

MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1940

3:45 - 4:00 P.M.

CUE:

(COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(.....30 seconds.....)

FILTER

✓ (VOICES FADE IN AND UP) ✓

DESPAIR: It's hopeless, I tell you. Hopeless even to think it.

HOPE: Oh! There must be a way -- somehow.

DESPAIR: You're just wasting your time. Forget it.

HOPE: Oh, but you might succeed!

SNEAK
ORGAN

MUSIC: IN SOFTLY...BUILD UP BEHIND VOICES

DESPAIR: The odds are all against you. You'll accomplish nothing.

HOPE: Try it. Don't give up.

DESPAIR: You can't help in any way.

arc

HOPE:

Oh! You can help -- you can -- you can!

MUSIC:

UP OVER VOICES AND DOWN UNDER:

ANNOUNCER:

The Columbia Broadcasting System presents...

A FRIEND IN DEED...with the voice of Richard Maxwell ...0-30

MUSIC:

UP WITH MAXWELL SINGING SHORT PIECE 1/20

MAXWELL:

Good afternoon -- friends everywhere -- this is Richard Maxwell --(PAUSE) Did you hear those two voices -- the voice of despair that tells us to give up and the voice of hope urging us to try and try again? They are the voices each and every one of us hear when confronted with some problem in our lives and the lives of others. In these programs... A FRIEND IN DEED ... we pay tribute to those men and women who have listened to the voice of hope, of courage, of love of their fellow-men and fellow-creatures. These are the men and women who--by their deeds -- have proved that, when the call comes, there is always someone ready to work unselfishly for the sake of others -- helping others.

(MORE)

MAXWELL:
(CONT'D)

Each broadcast brings you the story of some act of inspirational humanity by one of these FRIENDS IN DEED...(MUSIC IN) Today, we tell the story of Maury Wyckoff, the man who befriended dumb animalsIt happened not so long ago in a town in New Jersey.

8R6AW

A thin, quiet, elderly man, Maury Wyckoff, living alone in the little house since his wife died, years ago, and finding it pretty lonely -- and pretty hard to make a living. At 68 it wasn't easy to get a job. ²⁰⁻⁷ So, when the town council appointed Maury Wyckoff dog-warden it meant food and shelter and security for him. And food for the dogs too-- (FADING) -- that seemed to grow in numbers all the time....

SNEAK
BARKS

SOUND:

SNEAK IN UNDER ABOVE DOGS BARKING. HOLD IN B.G.

MAURY:

Jest a minute, now. Jest a minute. Can't feed everybody at once, you know. Here--you, Bob!

SOUND:

HEAVY BARK

^{30v-7} And you there in the corner. Guess I'll have to call you Hungry Mike. Here 'tis. (MORE)

arc

MAURY:
(CONT'D)

Grab it now before some one else *Pet 1 1/3*

BARK

SOUND:

DOOR KNOCK, DOG BARKING UP.

Shush, now --(FADING) -- till I see who 'tis.

Hello, son

SOUND:

~~DOOR CLOSING~~

BOY:

(OFF) Are you the -- the dog-catcher, mister?

MAURY:

Yes. Yep. Come in, son, an' lemme close this

~~door.~~

SOUND:

~~DOOR CLOSING~~

Wouldn't be much --(FADING IN)-- of a dog-catcher if

I let them stray dogs wander all over town. What's
the trouble, son?

BOY:

(FADING IN) I -- I wanted to j-just see Rags again.

MAURY:

Who's he? *3rd*

BOY:

He was --(SWALLOWING)-- my dog.

MAURY:

Your dog, hey? What sort of a dog now?

BOY:

He -- wasn't just any sort, I guess. Just -- Rags.

MAURY:

I see. Guess you didn't have no license for him, hey?

arc

BOY: No. Pop ain't workin' an' -- an' they told me
you come an' took Rags.

MAURY: That's the law, son. Ain't no gittin' 'round it.
Says stray dogs has got to be took up by the dog-
warden.

BOY: Well, kin I -- see him?

MAURY: Reckon you can. ^{Yes --} Now which one of --

BOY: There he is, mister! Look! (CHOKES) Rags!

BARK

SOUND: LIGHT BARK FADING IN.

Yeah. You know me -- don't you, Rags? (MUFFLED)
Kinda -- missed you -- Rags. Missed you--follerin'
me.

MAURY: Kinda thin an' poor-lookin' too--that dog.

BOY: (DEFENSIVELY) He's -- a darned -- nice dog, mister.

(MUFFLED) Ain't you, Rags -- ain't you fella?

BARK

SOUND: LIGHT BARKING (YELPING)

MAURY: Law says we gotta take up them dogs. That's what
it says.

arc

-6-

with spring
BOY: (MUFFLED) Rags--I come to say --(CHOKES) Goodbye,
Rags! (WHISPERS) I'm --gonna miss you lots ^{43p} Lots
of times, Rags. (SWALLOWING) Well -- I guess I'll
go along, mister.

MAURY: Guess you don't have to rush so. Ain't you comin'
to visit that dog o' yours some more?

BOY: Visit--Rags? (MISERABLY) He ain't gonna be
here!

MAURY: *why ain't he?*
~~Now come, son--~~

BOY: That's what they said -- you're gonna kill him.
That's what dog-wardens ~~is~~ ^{is for} is for.

MAURY: No, sir, I ain't. That dog is gonna stay right here.

BOY: (WONDERING) ~~You mean you -- you ain't gonna kill~~
him, mister? ^{5p}

MAURY: I ain't killed one yet. Son, what d'ye suppose I
am -- gonna around killin' ~~dogs~~ ^{boys} dogs? I aim to feed
that dog Rags -- put some flesh on him an' I reckon
when you git the money for the liscence--

apc

are

of killing a poor homeless animal--especially a dog--

Not the way I see it, sir. I wouldn't be more than

MAURIX:

Those dogs should be destroyed. That's your job.

COUNCILMAN: But it's ridiculous, Wyke, to take that attitude.

the town council...

novel, and presently, Henry Wyke was called before

riding the community of them was something new and

But a dog-warden who collects dogs instead of

Eventually there were sixty-four of varied breeds.

and they dogs that he had taken off the streets.

and it got to be fairly well crowded with foxhounds

A tiny house and yard, that place of Henry Wyke's

MAURIX:

BRIDGE

MUSIC:

~~DOGS BARKING OF VARIOUS~~

SOUND:

Some kill Reggs
5.30
(CALLING. Hey, Skinnery! Jerry! They ain't

~~HIS FEET TAPPING ON BOARDS. DOOR OPEN~~

SOUND:

a-waitin' outside!

(JOYFUL) Wait till I tell--(WADING) They're

BOY:

COUNCILMAN: But we can't have that situation. Sixty four dogs making a racket in the neighborhood.

MAURY: Reckon they're purty well behaved, sir.

COUNCILMAN: I understand people are bringing dogs in instead of your having to catch them.

MAURY: Well, I allus kin make room for another one.

COUNCILMAN: Is that your idea of a dog-warden's job?

MAURY: Well, it's how I interpret the law. Warden's supposed to take keck of things -- not kill 'em.

(MORE)

are

COUNCIL: I'm afraid you'll have to do away with them, Wykoff.

MAURY: No, sir, I wouldn't kill one of them dogs not if I had a million of them.

COUNCIL: Now, listen Wykoff, you need that dog-warden job.

MAURY: Not so much that I gotta kill a homeless dog. If that's what the job means I'm a-quittin'.

COUNCIL: How do you expect to live -- feed all those animals?

MAURY: I dunno. But I'll starve before I'll do nothin' like that to a dog. I dunno, how I'll manage without that job but -- well, mebbe somethin' will come along.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DESPAIR: (FILTER) You'll never feed them, sir, Maury Wykoff. You'll starve yourself.

HOPE: No. Some way will come to you.

DESPAIR: Do as they say. Keep the job, it's all you have.

HOPE: No. Don't give up. Fight for those poor animals.

DESPAIR: You're a fool. People will laugh at you.

700-4

ORGAN

22-3

HOPE:

Oh, no they won't. Make them see what you're doing.
Make them understand.

MUSIC:

BRIDGE

MAXWELL:

✓ It was a hard job, the old man had taken on himself.
A thankless job too, it seemed in the beginning;
sometimes the food in that little house ran low, without
the dog-catcher's pay and with all those hungry mouths
to feed and the number never lessened as the weeks ran
on. Outcast dogs, friendless dogs, large and small that
nobody wanted, found a refuge there. Then, somehow the
word got around about the man who preferred to lose his
livelihood rather than kill a dog... articles appeared in
local papers ^{for} about Maury Wyckoff's one-man battle for
the homeless animals and the mail began to pour in -- from
dog-lovers far and wide, from lonely folks like Maury
Wyckoff who wanted the companionship and love of a dog,
from humane societies -- letters and money; and visitors,
too, from far and wide; some days the stream of cars --
^{stopping} (PAUSE) outside that little house.

SOUND:

~~AUTO HORNS IN BACKGROUND~~, DOGS BARKING UNDER

MAURY:

✓ Yes'm, I judge I got jest the dog you were a-wantin'. Here
he is.

SOUND:

DEEP BARK

ORGAN

BARKS

WOMAN:

Oh! I think he's sweet. My little boy read about ^{you}
in the paper.

MAN:

(OFF) How about this one here, ^{Mr. Wyckoff?}
~~Maury~~

MAURY:

(DOUBTFUL) Well - I guess I could let you have him.
I got kinda fond of the rascal myself but - shucks!
If you feel you want him -

MAN:

You bet I do. (WHISTLES) ^(on) Come here, feller. I got a
place in the country where you can get a run ^{you lead off!}

^{Look,} He seems perked up about it.

MAURY:

Name's forty-two. Make a good bird-dog, ^{gsc} he would.

MAN:

Forty-two?

MAURY:

Well, I kinda run out names around forty. I kept a-
gatherin' 'em in purty fast. Reckon you can give him
a better name.

WOMAN:

I heard you had sixty-four at one time.

MAURY:

I did. So I did. But, you know, a lot of folks come
askin' for dogs. Reckon there's some mighty kind folks
in this world - (CHUCKLES) - And then councilmen thought
I couldn't take keer of my dogs. ^{1/500} Reckon they mis-judged
folks when they thought that.

(Chuckles) Here come more people now

Auto:
STOP

MAN:

You sure ^{found bones for} ~~got a lot of~~ a lot of dogs, ^{Mr. Wyckoff}

MAURY:

Yep. Got only four or so left now. I'm a-goin' out an' tell them folks that's a-waitin' that I ain't got no more to give away. (FADING) I reckon I'd be purty lonesome without some dogs around the house.

MUSIC:

BRIDGE

MAXWELL:

Yes, Maury Wyckoff, would be lonesome without four or five dogs around the house. He never has less for, even if he isn't the dog-warden any more, he doesn't pass a stray and shivering little mongrel without making a home for it. And he can better afford it now for that fight he made in behalf of those humble waifs of the streets, brought him a part-time job that fills his simple needs as well as funds to carry on the work of helping animals who are unable to help themselves. And, in being A FRIEND IN DEED, to the friendless and unwanted, he has done more than just saving the lives of dogs that are condemned, ~~the response he has shown~~, by his humane act, ^{he has shown} ~~that~~ the world is full of people quick in sympathy and kindness if only someone with courage—someone like Maury Wyckoff—just points the way for them to follow ^{the} way of humanity and charity toward those dumb animals that we so often turn adrift.

lrb

COLUMBIA WORKSHOP
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1940
10:30-11:00 PM EST

WORKSHOP - SECOND PART

"A SCHOOL TEACHER IN TOTALITARIA"

(An incident from the book "The Age of the Fish"
by Odon von Howath adapted for radio by Brewster Morgan)

ODON:

(NARRATOR:)

Today is my birthday.

There are flowers on my table. A present from my
landlady, kindly old soul:

But I must use the table, so I push the flowers
aside, together with the letter from my people.

"For your thirty-fourth birthday," my mother
writes, "I send you the very best wishes, my dear
child. May Almighty God bring you health, luck,
and happiness." And my father: "For your
thirty-fourth birthday, my dear boy, I wish you the
very best. Almighty God give you luck, health, and
happiness."

Well, luck will always come in useful, and thank your
stars you've got your health into the bargain. Touch
wood. But happiness? ... I sit down at my table and
uncork my bottle of red ink: No, I can't call myself
a happy man.

Don't be so silly, I say to myself. You've got a
safe job with a pension at the end of it. Isn't that
something in these days, when nobody knows what
tomorrow holds? How many men would almost give an
arm to be in your shoes? (MORE)

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

(CONTINUED)

Be thankful that you teach in a country high school where you can grow old and senile without a moment of real worry. Why, you might live to be a hundred -- the oldest inhabitant of the German fatherland! Then, on your birthday, you'd have your photo in the illustrated newspapers. "He is still in possession of all his faculties," you would read beneath it. That's where the pension would come in! Think it over.

For three days I have done nothing but think it over. I am restless. I go to the window. The night is very still. Nothing but mist. Beside the window hangs a gaudy calendar. I mark the date. Yes - this is my birthday. Tomorrow - is etched in red on the calendar. Tomorrow is the Great Plebeian's birthday. Tomorrow is a holiday. The upper half of the calendar is decorated with the signs of the zodiac. One is a fish. I am only an amateur in astrology, but I know now the earth is moving into the zone of the Fish. Cold times are coming - the Age of the Fish. Outside my window - nothing but mist. I must stop this. I have a job to do. I must work. I sit down at the table. Twenty-six blue copy-books lie before me -- I've twenty-six boys in my charge, fourteen year-olds; geography and history are my subjects. (MORE)

ODON:
(NARRATOR) (CONTINUED)

The first pupil whose book I open has a name beginning with B. Bauer. Franz Bauer. There are no A's in my class, but to balance that there are five B's. Curious, that -- so many B's in a class of only twenty-six. But two of them are twins. There are four S's, three M's, two each beginning with E, G, L, and R, but only one to represent F, H, N, T, W, and Z. Oh - I know how they are divided. Last night I read these copy books, and the night before, and the night before. That was the fateful night. Turn back a few pages in the copy books and see. They wrote me an essay. The subject was: -- "Why does Germany need colonies?" Yes, why do we need colonies. Bauer, why do we need colonies?

BAUER: (FILTER) We need colonies because we need numerous raw materials; without raw materials we cannot keep our home industries working at high pressure. This would have disastrous consequences: our workmen, here at home, would once more be without work.

ODON: Quite true, my dear Bauer.

BAUER: The workers are not the only party concerned: the whole of the nation is involved. The workers are ultimately a part of that whole.

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

-----Well, ultimately, that's a great discovery, isn't it. It occurred to me at that moment how often today the most ancient platitudes are disguised as up-to-the-minute slogans! Or have they always been? I don't know.

But I know these essays are packed with false theories and distorted conclusions. (PAUSE)

I must be careful: I'm a State employee. It wouldn't do for me to venture the tiniest criticism. Even if silence irks me -- what good could one man do? He must keep his anger to himself. I mustn't lose my temper.

The other night, I kept my temper, all through the alphabet, until I came to N.

This is what Naftger had written. "All negroes are dirty, cunning, and contemptible."

What rubbish! Cross it out.

I was on the point of writing in the margin, "An unsound generalization," when I pulled myself up. Hadn't I recently heard this very opinion of negroes? Where was it? Yes -- it came out of the loud-speaker in a restaurant where I was having dinner -- and quite took my appetite away.

So I let Naftger's sentence stand. For it is not for a schoolmaster to question the opinions stated on the radio. And while I read on, there was the radio still droning and cackling and vibrating through my mind: the newspapers re-echoed it and the children wrote it down like a dictation.

MUSIC:

BRIDGE

hv

ODON:
(NARRATOR) Next morning which was yesterday, I went into the high school, on going upstairs to the masters' common-room I heard quite an uproar coming from above me. I raced up and saw five of my youngsters -- E, G, R, H, and T -- laying into one opponent, F.

ODON:
(CHARACTER) What's going on here? If you really want to brawl like board-school boys, then have it out one with another and not five against one -- that's a rotten thing to do.

ODON:
(NARRATOR) They all looked up dumbly at me -- even F, the victim of the attack. His collar was torn.

ODON:
(CHARACTER) What's he done to you?

ODON:
(NARRATOR) My heroes weren't very ready with an explanation. Nor was the bullied one. At last, I learned that F had done nothing to the other five. Quite the reverse -- they had taken his bread roll -- not to eat it themselves, but just to see him without one. They'd thrown it through the window into the yard. I looked down. There it lay, bright on the dark asphalt in the falling rain. Perhaps the other five had no rolls, I thought, and they were mad when they saw F's. But no, they all had them. G had two. Once more I asked:

hv

ODON:
(NARRATOR) From ten o'clock till eleven was one of my
- - - give out the essays on

ODON:
(CHARACTER) Why did you do it?

ODON:
(NARRATOR) They didn't know themselves. There they stood, in front of me, grinning awkwardly. Man must be evil: so we read in the Bible. When the rain ceased, and the waters of the flood began to recede, God said: "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth. Has God kept His promise? I cannot tell. But I did not ask them again why they threw the bread out into the yard. I only asked them if they had never heard of that unwritten law, which for measureless thousands of years has grown stronger and stronger, to become a beautiful human precept: "If you must fight, then fight one against one. Be just." I turned to the five again.

ODON:
(CHARACTER) Aren't you rather ashamed of yourselves?

ODON:
(NARRATOR) They weren't. I seemed to be talking another language to them. They stared at me, and even the victim smiled. There was derision in his smile. I said no more, and went on.
What sort of a generation will theirs be?
Hard? Or only brutal?

ORCH: MUSIC

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

From ten o'clock till eleven was one of my geography periods. I must give out the essays on the colonial question which I had marked the day before. I have mentioned already that in accordance with instructions one could say little against the contents of these compositions. So while distributing them, I confined my observations to a few remarks on style, spelling, and sentence formation. For instance, I told B -- one of the B's -- that he mustn't keep going over the left margin. R should have spaced his work better. Z should know that the plural of colony isn't spelt with a "Y." Only when I came to Haftger I couldn't pass it over.

ODON:
(CHARACTER)

You've said in your essay, that we white peoples are far in advance of the negroes in civilization and culture, and you're quite right. But you shouldn't have said that it doesn't matter whether the negroes live or die. They're human too, you know.

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

He looked up at me very steadily for a moment, and a hostile expression ran like a shadow over his face. He took his note-book, nodded very correctly and sat down again in his place. (MORE)

hv

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

Next day, Naftger's father showed up during my "parents' hour" --- the hour I set aside once a week to keep in touch with my boys' people. They come to me to inquire about their children's progress and ask a lot of questions, most of which are very unimportant.

With many of them, I have the impression that the thoughts which their sons' essays inspire in them are very similar to mine. But we just meet and smile and talk about the weather. Most of these fathers are older than I.

You could have a son too, I have thought to myself: but I can easily control any wish I have to bring a son into the world. To be shot down in war . . . Naftger's father confronted me. He had a very self-assured manner and looked squarely into my eyes.

NAFTGER: I'm Otto Naftger's father.

ODON:
(CHARACTER) I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Naftger. Sit down.

NAFTGER: Thank you -- no! My presence here, is due to a somewhat serious occurrence. An occurrence which might well have grave consequences. My son Otto told me yesterday afternoon -- and he was highly indignant about it - that you, his teacher, had made an outrageous remark --

hv

ODON:
(CHARACTER) I?

NAFTGER: You, sir!

ODON:
(CHARACTER) When?

NAFTGER: During your geography lesson yesterday. Your pupils wrote an essay on the colonial question, and you remarked to my Otto: "Negroes are human too." You understand me?

ODON:
(CHARACTER) No.

NAFTGER: My presence here arises from the fact that from my earliest years I have struggled for what is just. And now I put you this question -- did you voice that odious sentiment of yours on the negro question, in that class and at that time -- or did you not?

(MORE)

ODON:
(CHARACTER)

I did. Your presence here, otherwise -----

NAFTGER:

Please! I am not in a mood for joking. You don't know yet what the expression of such a sentiment about negroes implies. It's sabotage -- sabotage of the German Fatherland! Oh, don't pretend you are not aware of it! I know only too well the secret ways in which you try to undermine the souls of these innocent children, and how you spread the poisonous slime of your humanitarianism among them.

ODON:
(CHARACTER)

Forgive me! You can find that in the Bible -- that all of us, all men, are human.

NAFTGER:

When the Bible was written, there were no colonies as we understand them. You can't take the Bible in an exact sense -- you've got to take it figuratively, or not at all. Do you believe, sir, for instance, that Adam and Eve actually lived -- or do you admit there's a mythological element in the story? You see? I'll take good care that we'll have no more expatiations on the love of God from you.

ODON:
(CHARACTER)

You needn't.

NAFTGER:

I have the feeling, that we shall meet again Mr. Humanitarian.

ORCH:

MUSIC - BRIDGE

arc

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

Two days later, the Head of the school sent for me.

HEAD:

I wanted to tell you that yesterday I had a letter from the authorities. A baker, named Naftger, it seems, has lodged a complaint about you. Apparently you have expressed certain opinions. Now, I know how such complaints come to be made - there's no need for you to do any explaining. But, my dear colleague, it's my duty to warn you that nothing like this must occur again. You're forgetting the private memorandum that went round -- number 5679, paragraph 33! We are supposed to keep youth at a distance from everything which doesn't in some way or another train their minds for war -- which means, morally, we must prepare them to be warriors. Just that.

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

I glanced at the Head. He was smiling. As if he guessed my thoughts. Then he rose, and walked up and down. A fine old figure.

HEAD:

It may set you wondering, to hear me blowing the bugles of war! And you wouldn't be wrong. You're thinking, what sort of a fellow is this? Only a few years ago he used to subscribe to ardent peace propaganda -- and today? Today he's all for the slaughter.

ODON:
(CHARACTER)

I'm aware that it's only because you're forced to be.

arc

ODON:
(NARRATOR)
(CONT'D)

What was wrong?

I opened the letter, glanced over it, and though I should have liked a minute longer, I controlled my curiosity and gave the impression of having read enough. Yes, every one had signed it -- the whole twenty-five.

BOYS:

We do not wish -- to be taught by you, for after what has occurred we, the undersigned, have lost our confidence in you, and would prefer another teacher.

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

I glanced at the "undersigned". My eyes went from one to another of them. They were silent and avoided my gaze. I counted ten, and asked as casually as I could:

ODON:
(CHARACTER)

Who wrote this? (PAUSE) Don't be such cowards!

SOUND:

CHAIR PUSHED BACK

ODON:
(CHARACTER)

Good. It doesn't interest me at all, any more than it does you, which of you is responsible for writing this, since every one of you has signed it. And I too have not the slightest wish to go on teaching a class which has lost confidence in me. Believe me, with the best conscience in the world, I --- You! Naftger --

What are you writing down there? (PAUSE) Bring it here.

SOUND:
arc

FOOTSTEPS FADING IN.

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

I took it from him. He smiled scornfully. He had put down in shorthand every word I had said.

ODON:
(CHARACTER)

Ah! So you want to spy on me?

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

They grinned.

Grin on, I despise you!

MUSIC:

SHORT BRIDGE THEN DOWN BEHIND.

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

I went to the Head master told him what had happened and made my request to be given another class. He smiled.

HEAD:

D'you think the others will be any better? I spoke to you yesterday about acquiring a sense of reality, didn't I.

ODON:

You did.

HEAD:

Don't forget it.

ODON:

I shan't.

(MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

So there I was standing before them again. There they sat facing me, full of hatred. They'd like to ruin me -- to blot out my whole existence, because they can't bear to think that negroes are human too! Are they -- human?

are

No.

(MORE)

HEAD: Young man, one thing you must be sure of -- there is no compulsion. I could -- yes, I could struggle against the spirit of the times, and have myself put in jail through the agency of our worthy baker. I could resign this position, but I don't intend to -- I won't. I want to reach the age-limit and draw my full pension.

ODON:
(CHARACTER: Excellent.

HEAD: You'll think I'm a cynic. All of us, striving and aspiring towards better things for mankind, have forgotten one thing: the times we live in. My dear colleague, a man who's seen as much as I have gradually acquires a sense of reality.

ODON:
(NARRATOR: It's all right for you, went my thoughts, you lived out the hey-day of your life before the war. But what about me?

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE

ODON:
(NARRATOR) When I again entered the classroom in which I had permitted myself to say something in favour of the negroes, I experienced the sudden feeling that all was not well. Why were they looking at me like that?

Bauer raised his hand. What did that mean? He came up to me and made a little bow as he handed me a letter. Then he went back to his place.

(MORE)

ODON:
(NARRATOR)
(CONT'D)

But wait, my friends. I'm not going to get into any trouble on your account, and I'm certainly not going to lose my job -- and have nothing to eat, eh? No clothes, no shoes! No roof over my head? Wouldn't you like that! But from now on, I'll let you believe that there are no human beings besides yourselves. Even in the midst of my thoughts, I felt them watching me - especially Naftger. He was smiling - very quietly, with a supercilious scorn. Had he guessed my thoughts? Was that the reason for that strange fixed smile? Two bright round eyes, watching me. Gazing at me. Unblinking. Lustreless. A fish?

MUSIC:

BRIDGE

ODON:
(NARRATOR)

Tonight, those shorthand notes are still in my mind's eye.

Yes, they wanted to destroy me.

If they were Indians, they'd have tied me to a post and had my scalp, without the slightest thought that they might be wrong.

They're so confident that they're doing the right thing. Or is it that I don't understand them? I'm thirty-four: am I too old for them already? Is there a deeper gulf between us than between other generations?

I think it's an unbridgeable gulf.

arc

(MORE)

ODON:
(NARRATOR)
(CONT'D)

If they merely rejected everything that's still sacred to me -- well, that wouldn't be so bad. What hurts is that they put it aside without even having known it. Worse still, they haven't the slightest desire to know it. Thinking is a process they hate. They turn up their noses at human beings. They want to be machines -- screws, knobs, belts, wheels -- or better still, munitions -- bombs, gas shells, shrapnel. How readily they'd die on a battlefield! To have their name on some war memorial -- that's the dream of their puberty. Steady, though -- isn't there something admirable there -- in that readiness for the supreme sacrifice? Yes - if the cause is a just one. But what would be their cause? Whatever benefits our race is right, drones the radio. Whatever hinders us is wrong. So everything is permissible? Murder, robbery, arson, perjury -- these are not only allowed, there simply can be no wrong in them if they are in the interest of the cause. The attitude of the lawless. Since the very existence of human society, the need for self-preservation has driven men to commit crimes. But those crimes were secret deeds, men hushed them up and were ashamed of them. Today men are proud of them. There is a pestilence among us. All of us are tainted, friend and foe alike. Our souls are great black sores, and life is dying in them.

arc

(MUSIC)

ODON:
(NARRATOR)
(CONT'D)

They die, and we live on. And my soul too is poor and weak . . . When I read in the paper that one of them has died, my mind finds words -- "too few are dead, too few." I don't want to keep thinking. I go over to the window again. Outside, still night. I can see nothing. No streets, no houses. Nothing but mist. Far off, there is a lamp shining and the mist lies like water under its glimmer. I might be looking out over the sea. I mustn't look anymore. I shall draw the curtains. Or the Fish might swim up to the window and gaze in.

arc