

# M<sup>c</sup>CANN · ERICKSON, INC.

50 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

"DR. CHRISTIAN"

EPISODE NO. 596 - "ALL THINGS COME HOME"

DATE May 3rd, 1950

STATION W C B S

TIME 8:30 - 9:00 P.M.

Sponsored by CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

## CAST

PAUL CHRISTIAN ..... the doctor of River's End  
 JUDY PRICE ..... his secretary  
 SCRAPPER MALLOY ..... a newsboy  
 WILBUR OVERSTREET ..... his friend  
 MRS. BEULAH OVERSTREET ..... his mother  
 BUFFALO BILL

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

ORGAN: RIVER'S END THEME

SECONDARY THEME

BRIDGES

"JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR"

**SOUND EFFECTS** TELEPHONE RINGS - RECEIVER UP ... KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS ...  
 SHOES STOMPING ... DOOR CLOSES ... COFFEE POURED INTO TIN CUP .. SCRAPING OF CAN  
 ... TOBACCO JUICE HITTING CAN ... TYPING ... DOORBELL RINGS ... FOOTSTEPS ...  
 DOOR WITH BELL BURSTS OPNE ... CAR MOTOR ... CAR DOOR OPENS & CLOSES ... BIRD  
 CALLS ... CROWD MURMURS ...

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"DR. CHRISTIAN"

May 3rd, 1950

Chapter No. 596

"ALL THINGS COME HOME"

TELEPHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER OFF .....

JUDY                    Dr. Christian's Office.

ORGAN                   RIVER'S END THEME .....

ANNOUNCER            The 'Vaseline' Program ... the only show in radio  
where the audience writes the scripts. Stories right  
from the heart of America ... written by the people  
of America ... woven around that beloved American  
character, the country doctor. Tonight our program  
is presented from New York. The prize play is called  
"All Things Come Home" and is the work of Earl Hamner, Jr.  
of New York City. Jean Hersholt stars as Dr. Christian  
with Helen Claire in the role of Judy Price.

ORGAN                   THEME TO FINISH .....

(Commercial)



ANNOUNCER        Now for tonight's prize play, "All Things Come Home".  
The action of the story begins in Dr. Christian's  
familiar office where the Doctor, and Judy Price are  
hearing a most unfamiliar kind of talk from Scrapper  
Malloy who has come to deliver the evening paper.

SCRAPPER        (A BIG COWBOY YELL)    Yahooooo!    I'm a ring-necked  
squealer, and I can out-run, out-jump, out-talk,  
out-fight anything on two legs!    I was weaned on bear  
steaks, and cut my teeth on a bolt of lightning!    I  
ain't had a fight in two days and I'm aching to tangle  
horns!

JUDY            (SHOCKED)    Scrapper Malloy!

CHRISTIAN       Scrapper, where on earth did you hear such language?

SCRAPPER       From Buffalo Bill!

JUDY            Oh Scrapper, Buffalo Bill's been dead for years.

SCRAPPER       That's what everybody thinks, Judy, but Mr. Bill told  
me different.    I saw him just awhile ago.

CHRISTIAN       Where, Scrapper?

SCRAPPER       He's staked a claim in that old shanty down by the river,  
Dr. Christian!    He says he wants to get all his accounts  
settled and everything before his big fight.

JUDY            What fight is that, Scrapper?

SCRAPPER           He didn't say who he's fighting, but Mr. Bill said that he's never been licked yet, and he isn't expecting to loose this time. He's kinda old, though, one hundred and three on his next birthday, but if he can fight like he can talk ... Yahoooooo! Oh, 'scuse me, Judy.

JUDY               That's all right, Scrapper. Just warn me next time.

CHRISTIAN          Tell me more about this fight your friend is having, Scrapper.

SCRAPPER           Well, Mr. Bill said it was with somebody he's had a grudge against for a long time. He's going to meet him here in River's End and they're going to fight it out to the finish.

JUDY               Scrapper Malloy, now don't you worry your mother by getting mixed up in something like that. If I were you I'd stay away from this man who calls himself, "Buffalo Bill".

CHRISTIAN          Judy's right, Scrapper.

SCRAPPER           Gee, Doctor, I don't think you'd feel that way if you knew Mr. Bill. He's kinda lonesome, I guess. And he's a good man. He reads the Bible. He says it gives him strength to use against whoever it is he's going to fight. And anyway, he's subscribed to the paper, and I'll have to deliver it to him.

CHRISTIAN          Scrapper, if you like him that much, I'm sure that Buffalo Bill, or whoever he is, is all right. Just be careful.



SCRAPPER            You ought to hear some of his stories. He'll just sit there and go along for hours at the time. Sometimes he'll stop and spit tobacco juice in an old tomato can, and then he'll slap his knee and just rattle off things like, (WITH BUFFALO BILL'S ACCENT AND SWAGGER) I'm half-horse, half-alligator, and one hundred percent American. I can out-crawl a rattlesnake, out-fight a bear-cat, and out-run a deer. When I yell, the thunder runs off and hides. Yaaaaaaaahoooooooooo! Well, so long, Dr. Christian. Bye, Judy!

CHRISTIAN           So long, Scrapper.

JUDY                Scrapper ...

SCRAPPER           Yes, Judy?

JUDY                (WITH A SWAGGER) Muh name's Judy Price. I'm a thermometer totin' female critter, and when I'm busy I can out-walk my own shadow. I can out-grin a 'possum, out-talk a blue jay, and out-dance any feller in River's End!

SCRAPPER           Well, gee! (THEN TICKLED) Well, gee whiz!

JUDY                And you know what else, Scrapper?

SCRAPPER           What's that, Judy?

JUDY                Yaaaaaaaahooooooooooooooooo!

CHRISTIAN, JUDY AND SCRAPPER: HEARTY LAUGHTER .....

ORGAN MUSIC BRIDGE .....

KNOCK ON DOOR ....

BUFFALO BILL (FROM INSIDE CABIN) What varmint is that a-trying to bang my door down?

SCRAPPER It's me, Mr. Bill. Scrapper Malloy!

BUFFALO BILL (FROM INSIDE CABIN) Well come on in, partner, and get the load off!

SCRAPPER Come on, Wilbur!

DOOR OPENS .....

SCRAPPER Gee whiz, Wilbur. Come on.

WILBUR Wait'll I stamp the mud off my shoes.

SHOES STOMPING .....

BUFFALO BILL Who's that scarecrow you got with you, Scrapper?

SCRAPPER He's Wilbur Overstreet, Mr. Bill. He's cleaning the mud off his shoes.

BUFFALO BILL Aw ding-dang the mud! Tote it right in. It's still the Lord's good earth, even if it is a little wet.

WILBUR Well, if you say so.

DOOR CLOSES .....

SCRAPPER Wilbur, I wanna introduce you to the one and only, Mr. Buffalo Bill! Mr. Bill, meet Wilbur Overstreet!

WILBUR Howdy.

BUFFALO BILL Shake hands with a nail-eatin' ripstaver, son. Shake hearty, I can't stand no jelly-fish handshakin'.

SCRAPPER Wilbur said you weren't really Buffalo Bill, so I brought him along with me. Okay with you, Mr. Bill?

BUFFALO BILL That's aquefortis with me, son.



SCRAPPER            That's a nice fire you've got there.

BUFFALO BILL       Fixed that stove out of an old coffee can.    How 'bout  
a cop of Joe?    I got some fresh-brewed.

SCRAPPER            Well, a little bit, I guess.

COFFEE BEING POURED INTO TIN CUP ....

SCRAPPER            Thank you.

BUFFALO BILL       How 'bout you, Scarecrow?

WILBUR              My name isn't Scarecrow.    It's Wilbur Overstreet.

BUFFALO BILL       Your name's Scarecrow.    Wancha coffee with cow or do  
you take it straight?

WILBUR              I'd like some cream, please.

COFFEE POURED INTO TIN CUP ....

BUFFALO BILL       Scarecrow, when you look at me, look me straight in  
the eye.    Don't look at nobody slantindicular!

WILBUR              Are you really Buffalo Bill?    Honest?

SCRAPPER            Some guys!    Tell him, Mr. Bill.

BUFFALO BILL       Son, I'm the one and only ... the original, genuine,  
unpoluted, uncensored, unvarnished, teetotal old goat  
himself.    I can walk like an ox, run like a fox, swim  
like a fish, and out-run a buffalo, if there was one  
of the bodacious critters left to out-run.    But they's  
all dead.    Not a narry left.

WILBUR              There are, too, buffalo left.    I saw one in a zoo once.

BUFFALO BILL      Scarecrow, that ain't no buffalo you seen. Them's bison. They just call 'em buffalo. You couldn't hole up no honest to Pete buffalo in no zoo. The real buffalo has been boliterated, plumb squashed, hope I may die from a fainting fit if that ain't the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but.

SCRAPPER            What was a real buffalo like, Mr. Bill?

BUFFALO BILL      Why he was nere 'bout the size of a Pennsylvania barn, shaggy as 'bout fifteen Tennessee grizzlys, and fast! He could outrun a streak of lightning!

SCRAPPER            How'd you ever get a name like Buffalo Bill anyway?

BUFFALO BILL      'Count of I killed off something like four thousand two hundred and eighty of 'em a year. Why I call to mind the last one I ever did in ... exfunctuated 'im with my bare hands.

SCRAPPER            No kiddin'!

WILBUR              Gee!

BUFFALO BILL      Had to run two days to catch up with 'im. When I finally catched him, I clum up on his back and rested couple of seconds while I got my wind back. Once I was ripstavin' self again, I swing off his back and grappled him round the neck. He was a-buckin' and a-snortin', and I was a-buckin' and a-snortin' just as mean as he was.

(MORE)



BUFFALO BILL (CONT'D)

We went at it for something short of a week ... flattened out a piece of land they call Kansas these days ... and raised a dust storm that was the beginning of the Mohave desert. Finally, I started talkin' to that buffalo. "Critter," I says, "you're up against a tough nut to crack. I'm a Floridy snappin' turtle, got the poison of ten Texas Guila Monsters, and can roar like a Mississippi alligator. And if that don't scare you none, I can charm you to death like a gentleman-feller from Virginia. (ASIDE) Push that tobaccy can over li'l closer, son.

CAN SCRAPES A LITTLE ... THEN SOUND OF TOBACCY JUICE HITTING CAN .....

SCRAPPER Go on, Mr. Bill. What happened after that?

BUFFALO BILL Man, when I finished with that critter, I found out I'd talked that buffalo plumb to death ... or else he just knowed he was up against a honest-to-goodness ripstaver and up and died of fright.

SCRAPPER (LAUGHTER) )  
WILBUR (LAUGHTER) ) (TOGETHER)

SCRAPPER Did you skin him, Mr. Bill?

BUFFALO BILL Tarnation no! I was an elegantiferocious hugger in them days so I kinda slipped both my arms 'round that buffalo. Got him in a grip that was plumb handsome. Then I squiz 'im up and with one li'l old squeeze, I made jelly out of that buffalo. Ever eat buffalo jelly? It's elegant good spread on rattlesnake steak, washed down with a li'l rain water.

WILBUR           Ugh! It doesn't sound very good.

BUFFALO BILL    It was ravin' good.

SCRAPPER        Mr. Bill, when's your fight going to be ...the one you  
                  were telling me about?

BUFFALO BILL    I got a feeling it ain't far away, son.

SCRAPPER        Well, does whoever it is know you're back in River's End?

BUFFALO BILL    He knows all right, Shore, he knows.

SCRAPPER        Who is he, Mr. Bill?

BUFFALO BILL    Son, I won't tell you that, but someday you'll see him.  
                  He'll come a-sacheting out and maybe you won't be  
                  expecting him, and he'll look at you real sassy and  
                  kinda grin, but when you look on his face, don't let  
                  him fear you none, and don't dare look at him  
                  slantindicular, don't let him fret you. Just put up  
                  the best fight that's in you ... the way I'm going to  
                  be doing mighty soon ... yes sir ... mighty soon.

ORGAN MUSIC BRIDGE .....

TYPING ... HOLD FOR A MOMENT, THEN STOPS .....

JUDY            Oh, darn!

CHRISTIAN       What's the matter, Judy?

JUDY            Bad news is coming up the walk.

CHRISTIAN       Oh my, what can she want?



JUDY                    Whatever it is, I'm sure she'll say ... (IMITATING MRS. OVERSTREET) Doctor, I'll come straight to the point ... (AS JUDY AGAIN) and then go all the way round Robin Hood's barn to say what she wants.

DOORBELL RINGS ... JUDY WALKS TO DOOR ... DOOR OPENS .....

MRS. O.                (HAUGHTY) Good afternoon, Miss Price!

JUDY                    Hello, Mrs. Overstreet, won't you come in?

MRS. O.                Tell the doctor, I'd like to see him please. Oh there you are, Dr. Christian. Doctor, I'll come straight to the point.

CHRISTIAN              Won't you have a seat, Mrs. Overstreet!

JUDY                    I'll be in the laboratory, Doctor.

CHRISTIAN              Thank you, Judy. Now, Mrs. Overstreet?

MRS. O.                Doctor, it's about my son, Wilbur. Wilbur is a delicate child. He's never been well. You know that, Doctor.

CHRISTIAN              There's nothing wrong with Wilbur that a little sunshine and exercise wouldn't fix up in a hurry. You worry too much about the boy. Let him get out in the sunshine and play with the other kids.

MRS. O.                You've recommended that before, Doctor, so I told Wilbur he could choose his own company, but he went out of our circle entirely and until I put a stop to it, he was delivering papers with that newsboy, Scrapper Malloy!

CHRISTIAN              I'd say that Scrapper is excellent company for Wilbur.

MRS. O. Oh, I've nothing against the child, but he's not exactly our kind of people. And the language he taught Wilbur. For days he was running through the house screaming that he was a ... what was that he said? Oh, yes ... a ripstaver, and he kept making the most terrifying (A VERY DELICATE IMITATION) yahoo sounds.

CHRISTIAN Scrapper must have taken him around to see Buffalo Bill.

MRS. O. I beg your pardon?

CHRISTIAN There's an old man who calls himself Buffalo Bill who just came to town. He's set up housekeeping in one of the old shantys down by the river. I've heard Scrapper speak of him.

MRS. O. So that's the Mr. Bill Wilbur keeps referring to. He spoke of a Mr. Bill who's come here to kill someone. Actually! I was so worried about Wilbur's being exposed to such a person, and it's all that Scrapper boy's fault.

CHRISTIAN Bill is probably only a harmless old man.

MRS. O. How can you say that he's harmless when he's come here for the express purpose of staging some kind of grudge fight? Dr. Christian, if you have any influence over the Malloy child, I want you to ask him to stay away from Wilbur. In the meantime, I'll take steps to have Buffalo Bill or whoever he is removed. We do own that property, you know.



CHRISTIAN        I would be very sorry to see you do that, Mrs. Overstreet. Scrapper seems to think very highly of the old man, and I have always thought of River's End as a kind of haven ... hardly the kind of place that would evict a homeless old fellow.

MRS. O.           I'm sure that's very noble of you, but if the children of this community are in danger of having their minds contaminated by this senile old derelict, I, for one, shall not stand idly by. Good day, Dr. Christian.

CHRISTIAN        Please don't act hastily. Think it over.

MRS. O.           You are too kind-hearted for your own good, Doctor. Oh, by the way, as President of the River's End Historical Society, I'm appointing several people to speak after the Annual Founder's Dinner next Wednesday. You will make a few remarks, won't you?

CHRISTIAN        Well ... I'll do the best I can to find something to say.

MRS. O.           Thank you, Doctor. See you then. Goodbye!

CHRISTIAN        Goodbye!

FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR ... DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES .....

JUDY              (FADE ON) Well that high-hat old ....

CHRISTIAN        (ADMONISHING) Judy ...

JUDY              The very idea. Scrapper not good enough to associate with Wilbur.

CHRISTIAN        Judy, I think I'll drop by and see this Buffalo Bill.  
I trust Scrapper's judgement, but if this old man  
really is dangerous something ought to be done. I'll  
go over right away.

ORGAN MUSIC BRIDGE INTO .....

CHRISTIAN	(CHUCKLING)	)	
		)	TOGETHER
BILL	(CHUCKLING)	)	

CHRISTIAN        Bill, that's the best story I've heard in year.

BUFFALO BILL    Yep, we shore had wind out on the prairie back in them  
days. Never will forget the onoriferious wind we had  
back in '68. That was the time the wind plumb blew  
the hides offen a whole herd of buffalo. Tarnation,  
if 'en them critters didn't look obfusticated running  
around without their hides.

CHRISTIAN        I can imagine. What happend to the hides after the  
wind blew them off the buffalo?

BUFFALO BILL    Well sir, that monstrous wind was a-blowing so hard  
that when it picked up them hides it slammed 'em  
against a feller's barn ... slammed 'em so hard against  
that barn that it plumb plastered 'em to the wall.  
When all the dust cleared away, it looked same as if  
them buffalo hides was painted thar. Later on P.T.  
Barnum pealed 'em off and used 'em for a circus poster.



CHRISTIAN Bill, that's a wonderful yarn. I don't know when I've enjoyed a story more.

BUFFALO BILL Aren't I the catfish of the waters though, Doctor? Can't I tell stories that'd set the Mississippi afire?

CHRISTIAN Did you ever hear the one they tell about the good air of River's End?

BUFFALO BILL I don't recollect it. No sir.

CHRISTIAN It seems a fellow from River's End named Marcus Stevens went over to Center City to live. Over there Marcus passed away. Well, they brought him back to River's End for burial, but you know, when they opened Marcus' casket, and a good breath of River's End air hit him, Marcus came back to life and lived to be nearly a hundred years old.

BUFFALO BILL Oh, there's more'n a thimble full of truth in that one. There never was a place like River's End.

CHRISTIAN Bill, there's something I want to ask you. This big fight of yours .. Scrapper's been telling me about it. Do you have a grudge against someone here in River's End?

BUFFALO BILL One I've been carrying in my heart so long it's taken root there.

CHRISTIAN Then you really do plan to fight someone here?

BUFFALO BILL Doctor, before I leave River's End, there'll be a battle the likes of which was never fit, not even during pioneer days. I got blood in my veins, acid in my teeth, and God in my heart.

BUFFALO BILL (CONT'D)

I'm a fighter from the word go. I never lost a fight with man nor critter and I ain't aiming to loose this 'un. I ain't young's I used to be, but I'm strong. I've lived with the Indians, slept in the snow, and swum the rivers of this country. I got leather for skin and iron for muscles and I'm aching for my fight.

CHRISTIAN Bill, wouldn't you be just as satisfied to settle it in court? I don't know what your grudge is, but if the law's on your side, you shouldn't have to worry about anything.

BUFFALO BILL I think you'd better let me fight it my own way, Doctor. Now let's don't talk about it no more.

CHRISTIAN All right, Bill. If you say so.

BUFFALO BILL Say, did you ever hear the one about the hound dog and the bow-legged 'possum?

CHRISTIAN How does it go?

BUFFALO BILL Well now, it seems that this feller had a hound dog that was one of the dumbest critters on four feet ...

STEAL IN MUSIC OVER SPEECH ... OVER IT AND BRIDGE TO .....

JUDY Well, Dr. Christian, how did your visit with Buffalo Bill turn out yesterday?

CHRISTIAN Judy, he's the most accomplished liar I've ever met.



JUDY                    Is that the best you can say for him?

CHRISTIAN            I'm afraid so. Of course I didn't do so badly myself.  
I told him a few tall stories, but Bill has a real  
talent for a yarn. He's a grand old man.

DOOR WITH BELL BURSTS OPEN .....

SCRAPPER            Oh, Doctor! Dr. Christian! They're sending Mr. Bill  
away. They're making him leave town.

CHRISTIAN            Who is, Scrapper?

SCRAPPER            I was just down to Mr. Bill's shack and Policeman  
Harding served him with an eviction notice. It was  
signed by Old Lady Overstreet, and it said if Mr. Bill  
wasn't out of town by sunset, he'd be put in jail for  
being a vagrant or something.

CHRISTIAN            I'll phone Chief Arnold and see what I can do.

SCRAPPER            It won't do any good. Mr. Bill's already gone. He  
said he'd wait for me over at the graveyard on River's  
End Hill. I'm going to take him a little food for his  
trip.

CHRISTIAN            I'll go along with you, Scrapper. Maybe we can catch  
him.

ORGAN MUSIC BRIDGE .....

CAR MOTOR ... HOLD BEHIND ....

SCRAPPER            There's the cemetery ahead, Dr. Christian.

CHRISTIAN            Do you see Bill?

SCRAPPER            Yes sir, he's standing over there by the old Clayton plot.

CAR STOPS ....

CHRISTIAN           You stay here, Scrapper. I'd like to talk to him alone.

SCRAPPER           Yes sir.

CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES ... OCCASIONALLY WE HEAR A BIRD CALL THROUGH THIS SCENE ....

CHRISTIAN           Bill! Oh, Bill!

BUFFALO BILL       There ain't nothing to say, Doctor, so go 'way. Just leave me be. I'll be moving on peaceful ... just gimme a minute here before I go.

CHRISTIAN           You wouldn't have left without telling me goodbye, would you, Bill?

BUFFALO BILL       They turned me out same as if I was dirt under their feet ... turned out by them that never knowed what it's like to be alone in the earth, by them that never traveled by night along a dusty road ... coming home when the sun's going down.

CHRISTIAN           They didn't understand, Bill.

BUFFALO BILL       I've lived a good hundred years up and down the days and nights of this country. I've seen it through hard times and good. I've spilled honest sweat and red blood on it, and now they've closed the doors to me when I need a place to rest.

CHRISTIAN           Bill, who are you, really?



BUFFALO BILL Dr. Christian, see that tombstone there behind you?

CHRISTIAN 'Here lies at rest ... Jeanie Elizabeth Clayton, beloved wife of William Tolliver Clayton.'

MUSIC SLOWLY AND SOFTLY STEAL IN AND HOLD BEHIND: "I DREAM OF JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR" ....

CHRISTIAN (PAUSE) Jeanie Elizabeth Clayton.

BUFFALO BILL The best soul ever lived.

CHRISTIAN Your wife??

BUFFALO BILL Yes sir.

CHRISTIAN And your real name is William Clayton?

BUFFALO BILL The name don't mean nothing no more.

CHRISTIAN Bill, the Clayton name is as old as River's End. One of the original settlers here was a Clayton.

BUFFALO BILL Yes sir, that's right.

CHRISTIAN Bill, why did you leave River's End?

BUFFALO BILL When Old Man Death took my Jeanie, he took the best of me with him. There wasn't no more peace for me here, and I took to the road. Sometimes in my roving I'd see her face smiling at me from the stars, and sometimes I'd hear her voice when the wind was rustling the trees, or feel her near me in the wheat fields. I always knowed that someday I'd find my Jeanie again ... that's why I come back to River's End ... to fight my last fight and to rest there beside her. (PAUSE) Well, night seems to be setting in. I think I'll travel on.

CHRISTIAN        Bill, I'd be very glad if you'd come home with me.

BUFFALO BILL    Home? To your house? You mean it?

CHRISTIAN        Yes, Bill. Come. We're going home.

BUFFALO BILL    You make a man proud, Doctor. I'll come and I thank  
you. I thank you kindly.

ORGAN MUSIC UP TO BRIDGE ... THEN TAKE OUT .....

CROWD MURMURS ....

CHRISTIAN        Ladies and gentlemen of the River's End Historical  
Society! Before our meeting gets underway this evening,  
I'd like to introduce my guest, Mr. William Tolliver  
Clayton.

CROWD MURMURS ....

MRS. O.           Dr. Christian, if this is some hoax, I, for one, am not  
amused. Have you forgotten ...

CHRISTIAN        Mrs. Overstreet, I think we all have forgotten something.  
This country wasn't built by a bunch of gentlemen wearing  
powdered wigs and silken breeches. It was built by men  
who weren't afraid to roll up their sleeves and work. The  
men who built this land we call America found it here a  
barren wilderness. It was hungry earth; hungry for men  
who could match its strength and tame it; hungry for women  
who could sense the new life teeming inside it; who could  
give it a little tenderness, and many children to make  
it a glad land.

(MORE)



CHRISTIAN

(CONT'D)

And the men and women who left the tired old countries to come here were a hardy crowd. They were hunters, and trappers, and stage coach drivers, cattlemen, and dirt farmers. A rough lot ... they lived rough and they talked rough, dressed in buckskin and hunted bear. The women spun their own cotton and they brought forth their own children. They fought Indians and the wilderness and always they pushed toward the West. And they welded this lonely wilderness into a place we call America ... a land we call home. But yet here, in our own part of this country, when one of the men who helped build our town, and then pushed on, came back home for a very personal and honorable reason, we turned our doors to him and sent him away ... a lonely and homeless old man. But he's here tonight, and he's going to say a few words. My friend, Bill Clayton, pioneer!

APPLAUSE .....

BUFFALO BILL

Howdy do. I never know'd I'd be feared of men critters ever, but right this here minute, I'd druther be looking a whole herd of buffalo in the face. I'd feel a heap more at home. I reckon you wonder what makes a man leave a place like River's End? Most folks think of it as a place of home-coming and good things, and it's all that.

(MORE)

BUFFALO BILL (CONT'D)

There's a lot of things that'll make a wanderer of a man ... that'll make him leave the place he loves. With me ... I couldn't stick around these parts after Old Man Death took my Jeanie. When we put her away up there on the hill, I pushed on ... trying to forget. But there came a day when I wanted to come home again, to see faces I loved smiling back to me, to walk through welcome doors. But no face smiled back, and the doors were closed on me, but now I'm home again and by your leave I'd like to stay and rest for a little while. I thank you kindly. I ... thank ... (GASPS)

CROWD REACTION .....

CHRISTIAN Bill, what is it?

BUFFALO BILL I got a choking feeling, Doctor. Can't breathe.

CHRISTIAN Give me a hand, somebody. We'd better get Bill home.

ORGAN MUSIC BRIDGE .....

DOOR WITH BELL OPENS & CLOSES .....

CHRISTIAN Why Mrs. Overstreet! And hello there, Wilbur!

MRS. O. Doctor, how is Mr. Clayton?

CHRISTIAN Bill won't be with us much longer.

WILBUR Can I see him? Please, Dr. Christian?

CHRISTIAN I think Bill would like to see you, Wilbur ... if it's all right with your mother.



MRS. O.            Of course. I'll wait here.

CHRISTIAN        All right.

FOOTSTEPS BEHIND THIS SPEECH .....

CHRISTIAN        Right back this way, Wilbur. Scrapper and Judy are sitting with him.

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES QUIETLY .....

CHRISTIAN        Bill, here's someone to see you.

BUFFALO BILL    Can't see so good in this light. Who is it?

WILBUR           It's me, Mr. Bill. Scarecrow.

BUFFALO BILL    Well now, what d'you know about that?

WILBUR           Only reason I'm looking at you slantindicular is that you're lying down, Mr. Bill.

BUFFALO BILL    You'll make a ripstaver yet, Scarecrow. Is old Scrapper still there?

SCRAPPER        I'm here, Mr. Bill.

BUFFALO BILL    Come here and shake hands, son! Always liked the way you shake a feller's hand. You larn old Scarecrow to be like you, boy!

SCRAPPER        Yes sir.

BUFFALO BILL    Old Scarecrow'll be all right. (GASP)

CHRISTIAN        Are you in pain, Bill?

BUFFALO BILL    Even Old Man Death wouldn't darst pain Buffalo Bill.

SCRAPPER        Dr. Christian, can't we do anything for him?

CHRISTIAN        Not anymore, Scrapper.

BUFFALO BILL     Come on Old Man Death. I see you grinning at me,  
dang your thick old hide. I can still out-grin you,  
but it don't seem to charm you none. If you hadn't  
waited so long I could of whopped you with one hand.  
(LONG PAUSE ... WITH FINALITY) I fit a good fight.

SCRAPPER         Mr. Bill!

MUSIC SOFTLY SNEAK IN "JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR" .....

BILL               It looks like a golden wheatfield ... with the wind  
blowing it soft and gentle. There ain't a cloud in  
the sky, and cutting clean and straight down the  
middle ... a path ... somebody coming. (PAUSE)  
Jeanie ... Jeanie!

MUSIC UP FOR BRIDGE .....

JUDY               (SNIFFING) Doctor .. your handkerchief.

CHRISTIAN         Don't feel badly, Judy. He was one hundred and three,  
remember.

MRS. O.            I want to apologize for my attitude, Doctor. As usual  
you were right and I was wrong.

WILBUR             What did he mean ... about the big fight?

SCRAPPER           I think he meant his fight with Old Man Death.

CHRISTIAN          Yes, Scrapper. That's why he came home to River's End.

JUDY                "All Things Come Home ..."



CHRISTIAN

Yes ... and I have a feeling that somewhere in Heaven  
... where all things are young ... that right now  
Bill and Jeanie are walking across the waving grain  
fields to a place where the halls are golden. But  
you know, boys, when I see Bill, if he's forgotten  
a single one of those stories he knows, I'll give  
him down the country ... the wonderful old ripstaver!

ORGAN MUSIC FINALE .....

ANNOUNCER

And the curtain comes down on another "Dr. Christian"  
prize play with our star, Jean Hersholt, waiting to  
greet you.

(Commercial)



ANNOUNCER        Now here is Jean Hersholt.

APPLAUSE ... APPLAUSE ... APPLAUSE ....

HERSHOLT        Thank you very much, and it is a pleasure to be here in this wonderful city of New York. We plan to be here throughout the month of May, so those of you who live near enough to come to our show can secure tickets by writing to 'Vaseline' Brand Products, 17 State Street, New York 4, New York.

We're here for the judging of the annual Dr. Christian Award, and the judges this year include Louella Parsons, newspaper and radio commentator ... Wade Nichols, editor of Red Book Magazine ... John Reed King, quiz master of the "Give and Take" and "Missus Goes A' Shopping" programs ... and Dorothy McGann, producer of "Dr. Christian", and myself, ex officio.

Next week we plan to present another "Dr. Christian" prize play called "The Giggler" by Maree Dow Gagne of New York City. We invite you all to join us next Wednesday evening, same time and same station.

ORGAN

RIVER'S END THEME STARTS .....

... And until then, I'll say goodnight.

ORGAN

THEME UP AND DOWN FOR .....