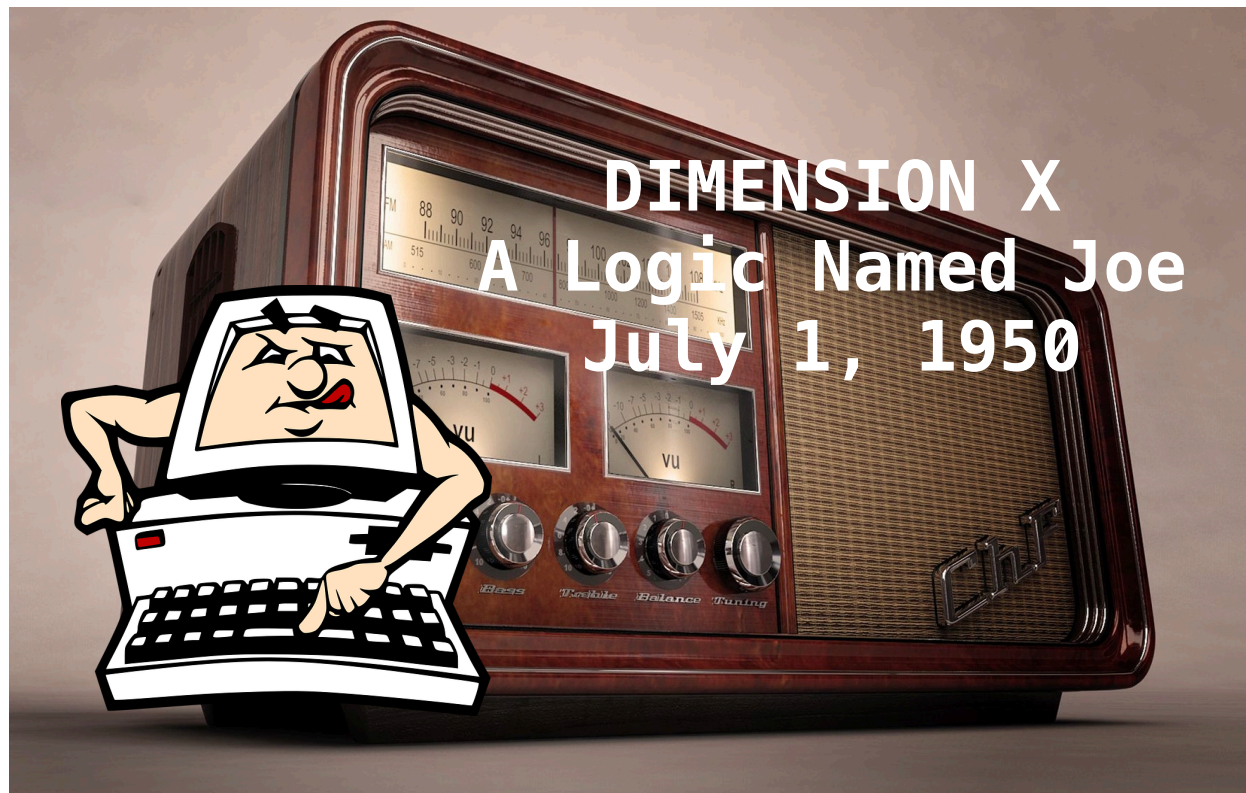


A Logic Named Joe

July 1, 1950

[episode 13 of 50]



William Fitzgerald Jenkins wrote engaging and topical science fiction under the pseudonym Murray Leinster. Usually. But *A Logic Named Joe* was first published under the name Will F. Jenkins in the March 1946 issue of the American science fiction magazine Astounding Science Fiction. And then it was published in the collections Sidewise in Time (Shasta, 1950), shortly thereafter adapted for radio by Claris A. Ross and aired on Dimension X, July 1, 1950, then again on X Minus One, December 28, 1955. It found its way into many short story collections including Machines That Think in 1984.

It has been lauded for its predictive insights. In the story a young boy whose character traits include undisciplined cruelty and dominance, an allegory perhaps of the communist threat, is the only one to recognize an example of evolved AI.

DIMENSION X  
A Logic Named Joe  
July 1, 1950

NY ANNOUNCER: We delay the start of this program to bring you a special bulletin from the NBC newsroom in New York. Truckloads of U.S. fighting men are rolling north from Taejon, Korea to reinforce South Korea's battered army which still holds Suwon and its vital airstrip. The first American ground troops flown in from Japan, they're now approaching the combat zone. Meanwhile, the North Korean Communists report that American planes have bombed their capital of Pyongyang three times today. Keep tuned to your NBC station for the later news.

HOST/NARRATOR:(drum roll) Adventures in Time and Space told in future tense. (cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x .... (trails off and blends with sound of repeated gong) To all our listeners, a brief foreword before tonight's adventure in the world of the future. Beginning next week, DIMENSION X moves to a new time on Friday evenings instead of Saturdays. In the Eastern time zone, it will be heard at nine o'clock Fridays, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. In other zones, please consult your local newspapers to learn the new time of the program.

music with theremin

HOST/NARRATOR: Now, tonight's venture into the world of tomorrow, a most unusual story about "A Logic Named Joe" and a man named Frank. And of how he saved civilization.

musical transition

FRANK CALDWELL: It was on the third day of August that Joe came off the assembly line. On the fourth, Laurine came into town. And that afternoon, I saved civilization. Laurine's a blonde I was crazy about once and Joe is a new Nineteen [Forty] Seventy-Four model Logic that I got stored away down in the cellar. And how do I save civilization? I save it by keepin' Joe down in the cellar. (FADES, CONTINUES IN BG, INDECIPHERABLE, FADES OUT DURING FOLLOWING) Sometimes I think about turning Joe on letting him make a million for me...

HOST/NARRATOR: voice from the future, the voice of Frank Caldwell, head serviceman for the Logics Corporation, makers of "The Machine That Does Everything For You." Hm, well, nearly everything anyway. In the year we speak of, Nineteen Seventy-

Four, the electronic Logic sets were working so well that life was soft indeed for repairman Frank Caldwell. That is, until that fatal day of August the third, when suddenly the Logics began doing everything for their users -- and doing it too well.

FX: door opens, footsteps, door closes

FRANK CALDWELL: Hi, boss. What's the matter? Somebody put you through a ringer?

BOSS: Uh, Frank, you busy right now?

FRANK CALDWELL: Naw, there haven't been any service calls all day.

BOSS: Fine. There's a customer outside. Go take care of him, will ya?

FRANK CALDWELL: Me? I'm a maintenance man.

BOSS: I know, but there are no salesmen around this minute. This guy wants to have our machines explained to him.

FRANK CALDWELL: Explained?

BOSS: Yeah.

FRANK CALDWELL: Everybody in the world knows about Logics. Where's he been? On Mars?

BOSS: Just moved up from the backwoods someplace.

FRANK CALDWELL: Why don't you explain 'em?

BOSS: I-I don't feel too well.

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah? You were okay about a half an hour ago.

BOSS: Look, you the boss here or am I? Go on out there, will ya?

FRANK CALDWELL: Okay, okay.

FX: footsteps, door opens, door closes

FRANK CALDWELL: Good morning. My name's Caldwell. Can I help you?

KORLANOVITCH: Oh, uh, thank you, Mr. Caldwell. My name's Korlanovitch. This is my little boy, Freddie.

FRANK CALDWELL: Hiya, Freddie.

FREDDIE: Hiya, Jerk!

FX: sound of kick making contact with shin

FRANK CALDWELL: Ouch!

KORLANOVITCH: Oh, Freddie.

FREDDIE: I got ya, didn't I?! (UNINHIBITED LAUGH)

FRANK CALDWELL: Fine kid you got there.

KORLANOVITCH: (TO FREDDIE) Freddie, how many times I gotta tell you not to kick people in the shins? (TO FRANK CALDWELL) Excuse him, please, Mr. Caldwell. He's--

FRANK CALDWELL: Sure, sure, just a kid.

FREDDIE: I got a knife home; can cut ya in little pieces!

KORLANOVITCH: Freddie! We-we'd like to buy a Logic, Mr. Caldwell. The gentleman we spoke to first said he had to leave in a hurry.

FRANK CALDWELL: Oh, he did, huh? Well, I understand you're not acquainted with Logics, Mr. Korlanovitch.

KORLANOVITCH: Yeah, that's right. We just moved to the city. My wife, she saw that everybody else had a Logic and, heh, you know how women are.

FRANK CALDWELL: You bet, you bet. Well, you can't get along without a Logic in this day and age, Mr. Korlanovitch.

FREDDIE: Lookit, I got a snake! Wanna see it?

FRANK CALDWELL: Will you shut up--? (pause) Uhm, uh-- Yeah, now, about the Logic--

KORLANOVITCH: Yeah.

FRANK CALDWELL: Here, I'll plug one in here.

FX: slight click

FRANK CALDWELL: There, now. You see, the Logic looks kinda like an old-fashioned television set, only it's got keys instead of dials.

KORLANOVITCH: Hmm.

FRANK CALDWELL: Now, if you want to talk to a friend...

KORLANOVITCH: Yeah?

FRANK CALDWELL: ...you just punch the number of his Logic.

KORLANOVITCH: Huh.

FRANK CALDWELL: Like makin' an old-fashioned phone call, except you not only hear him, but you see him, too, on this viewing screen here. Now, of course, that's not the important feature of these things.

KORLANOVITCH: Oh?

FRANK CALDWELL: Now, uh, suppose you want to ask a question.

KORLANOVITCH: A question?

FRANK CALDWELL: Like, uh, what to take for a sore throat. Or who won the American League pennant in Nineteen Eleven? Just turn on the Logic.

FX: click

FRANK CALDWELL: Then you punch the Question Key and you ask. Like this.

FX: grinding click

FRANK CALDWELL: Who was the first president of the United States?

FX: series of strong clicks

LOGIC: George Washington.

FRANK CALDWELL: Y'see?

KORLANOVITCH: I already knew that.

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, that was just a sample.

KORLANOVITCH: Oh. Well, I got a little store. Will it keep books for me?

FRANK CALDWELL: It'll keep your books, record your contracts, serve as a filing system, and check up on what happened to your lawyer's last client. Anything.

KORLANOVITCH: Say, they're really something, these things.

FRANK CALDWELL: Ten thousand services and information sources in one. Read our advertising.

KORLANOVITCH: Well, what I want to know, Mr. Caldwell, how do these Logics work?

FRANK CALDWELL: You saw that big building across the street?

KORLANOVITCH: Sure.

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, that's one of the relay tanks. Now, there are dozens of 'em around the country, all hooked up together. And there's a data-plate in one of those tanks for every fact in creation.

KORLANOVITCH: You mean those relays know everything?

FRANK CALDWELL: If there's something they don't know, the technicians are busy making a relay plate for it right now. The Logic integrates the facts in the tank and gives you the answers.

FREDDIE: Hey, you! Can I ask this thing how to make dart poison?

FRANK CALDWELL: How to make what?

FREDDIE: Dart poison! Like in Africa! I could shoot the darts from my pea-shooter.

KORLANOVITCH: Oh, well, maybe... (SIGH) I think maybe we better not get one of these things.

FRANK CALDWELL: That's okay, Mr. Korlanovitch. The Logic won't tell you about no dart poison, see?

FREDDIE: Bet it will. I'm gonna try it!

FX: grinding click

FREDDIE: Hey! How do ya make dart poison?!

FX: series of strong clicks

LOGIC: Public policy forbids this service.

FREDDIE: Ah, what'd it do that for?

FRANK CALDWELL: On account of some little brat -- On account of some -- children might ask things that ain't good for them.

FREDDIE: Listen, I don't like this here one, I want that one over there!

FRANK CALDWELL: They're all alike, kid.

FREDDIE: I want that one! If I can't have that one, I'm gonna hold my breath till I'm dead.

FRANK CALDWELL: Well. I got lots of time.

KORLANOVITCH: It's no use, Mr. Caldwell, you might as well give him the one he wants.

FRANK CALDWELL: But, kid, they're so much alike, even I can't tell 'em apart.

FREDDIE: I can. And I want Joe!

FRANK CALDWELL: Joe? Who's Joe?

KORLANOVITCH: Oh, I guess he means the Logic, Mr. Caldwell. He has to think up a name to call everything. You should hear the names he calls me.

FREDDIE: Not till I'm twenty-one. I promised Mother.

FRANK CALDWELL: Okay. So we call him "Joe." But what makes you think Joe's any different from the rest?

FREDDIE: He looks different somehow.

FRANK CALDWELL: Don't be silly. Them things are all alike, to one-ten-thousandth of an inch.

FREDDIE: Just the same, I'll bet he'll teach me how to make dart poison.

FRANK CALDWELL: Okay, then. Come on -- Joe.

musical transition

FRANK CALDWELL: ...so he keeps yellin', (MIMICS) "I want that one, I want that one. I'm gonna call him Joe!" Mike, I coulda wrung his neck. I coulda--

MIKE: How many cards, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I pass.

FRANK CALDWELL: I'll draw two. Boy, what a holy terror. He had his father scared to death.

MIKE: Too bad that kid ain't mine. I'd show him quick enough who is boss in the family.

FX: chair scrapes

MIKE: Holy smoke!

FRANK CALDWELL: What's the matter?

MIKE: Sorry, fellas. Gotta hold up the hand a minute.

BUDDY: What?

MIKE: I just remembered. Gotta call my wife.

CHARLIE: Oh, let her wait a minute.

BUDDY: Yeah, sure.



MIKE: You ever met my wife?

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, I did. (CHUCKLES) Don't let her see the card game or she'll be down here with a hatchet!

MIKE: You tellin' me.

BIZ: ALL LAUGH

FX: typing, mwah mwah mwah

MIKE: Hey, what's the matter with this thing? It ain't gettin' my house.

LOGIC: Announcing new and improved Logic Service. Your Logic is now equipped to give not only consultive but directive advice. If you want to do something and don't know how to do it -- Ask Your Logic.

BIZ: All react murmuring

CHARLIE: Well, what do you know about that? Eh, it's just somebody tryin' to pull a gag.

BUDDY: Yeah.

MIKE: Didn't sound like a gag to me. Maybe the boss decided to add a new Logic service.

FRANK CALDWELL: No. The boss knows better than to start anything like that. Why, look, the minute the system starts giving advice, some joker like you's gonna be askin' questions like, "How can I get rid of my wife?"

MIKE: Yeah, but you heard what the Logic just said.

FRANK CALDWELL: Nah, the censor-circuits'll block the question. (pause) Don't believe me? Go on, try it.

MIKE: Heh. Okay. Anything for a laugh.

BUDDY: Yeah.

CHARLIE: Try it, try it.

FX: grinding click

MIKE: Okay, Logic, I got a question for ya. How do I get rid o' my wife?

FX: series of strong clicks

LOGIC: Service question: Is your wife blonde or brunette?

MIKE: (LAUGHS) Did you guys hear that? (TO THE LOGIC) She's a blonde.

FX: series of strong clicks

LOGIC: Hexycrylominitine is a constituent of green shoe polish. Take home a frozen meal containing pea soup. Color the soup with green shoe polish. This poison is fatal to blonde females only. This fact has not been brought out by human experiment, but is a product of Logic's Service. You cannot be convicted of murder. It is improbable that you will be suspected.

CHARLIE: The Saints preserve us!

FRANK CALDWELL: It's bound to be right. These things can't make a mistake. Well Mike, don't stand there. Turn that thing off. And check the censor-circuits, quick.

FX: click

MIKE: We can't get to 'em. They're all sealed up. It's supposed to be impossible for 'em to go out of order.

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, they're out of order now! And I got a feelin' some awful things are gonna happen.

musical transition

FRANK CALDWELL: Boss, we gotta do somethin'! The Logics have gone nuts!

BOSS: Relax. The thing gave a goofy answer once. Maybe it was a joke.

FRANK CALDWELL: Who ever heard of a Logic makin' a joke?

BOSS: Well, it was an accident. Forget it. It won't happen again.

FRANK CALDWELL: What makes you so sure? People are gonna be tryin' it. Now look, supposing I wanted to get rid of you, for instance.

BOSS: You don't. How would you collect your pay?

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, but supposin'. Now, I'm gonna try it and see what the Logic says.

FX: grinding click, light clicking

LOGIC: If you want to do something and don't know how -- Ask Your Logic.

FRANK CALDWELL: How do I bump off my boss?

BOSS: Huh?!

FRANK CALDWELL: Male. Bald-headed. Forty-five.

FX: series of strong clicks

LOGIC: Service question -- Is he fat or thin?

BOSS: Holy mackerel!

FRANK CALDWELL: Fat.

FX: series of strong clicks

LOGIC: Make some chocolate ice cream containing powdered charcoal in place of half the chocolate. Use Hodso brand charcoal. Hodso contains an ingredient fatal only to fat, bald-headed males. This fact is a product of Logic's Service.

FX: click

FRANK CALDWELL: Didja hear what it said? This keeps up we'll have to shut down the company.

BOSS: You kiddin'? We can't shut down the company and you know it. Logics do all the computing, bookkeeping, filing and recording of contracts for every business in the country. They handle all television programs, personal calls, weather forecasts, employment notices.

FRANK CALDWELL: I know that, but--

BOSS: Wake up! If we shut down the Logics, we go back to a civilization we've forgotten how to run.

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, but the point is, boss, they're now givin' out information on murder. And no tellin' what else.

BOSS: Well, we'll just have to find out why and fix it. Meantime, there's nothing to worry about.

FRANK CALDWELL: Nothin' to worry about?

BOSS: Of course not. You've asked these questions for a gag. Nobody's gonna ask 'em seriously. What you need is a little faith in human nature.

FX: low tone buzz

BOSS: Oh, excuse me. It's probably the wife.

FX: click

LOGIC: Person-to-person Video Call. Go ahead.

AGNES: Cyrus dear, how do you feel?

BOSS: Why, just fine sweetheart.

AGNES: I just called to tell you, Cyrus, I want you to be sure and get home on time for dinner.

BOSS: Yeah? Why?

AGNES: Because I've got a surprise for you, dear. Your favorite dessert.

BOSS: Dessert? What kind?

AGNES: Homemade chocolate ice cream. The flavor is heavenly, Cyrus. When you taste it, you'll just die.

BOSS: (startled grunt)

AGNES: Cyrus, what's wrong? (pause) Why don't you answer me?  
(pause) Cyrus?!

FX: click

FRANK CALDWELL: Chocolate ice cream, huh?

BOSS: This-this can't be happening. Agnes wouldn't-- Why-why,  
this is dangerous!

FRANK CALDWELL: "Have a little faith in human nature," huh?

BOSS: Caldwell, you're the head of the maintenance crew. I'll  
give you twenty-four hours to fix these Logics or you're fired!

FRANK CALDWELL: Now, look, boss, I--

BOSS: Get me the police. Get me an extra maintenance crew. Get  
me a doctor! You!

FRANK CALDWELL: Me?

BOSS: Get moving.

FRANK CALDWELL: Where?

BOSS: Anywhere! Find out what the Logics are up to. And see that  
you find out before the Logics do!

musical transition

FX: murmuring crowd, clinking glasses

FRANK CALDWELL: Bartender? (pause) Hey, Bartender? Gimme a  
double!

BARTENDER: Comin' up.

DRUNK: What'sa matter, pal? You had a bad day?

FRANK CALDWELL: Go away, will ya?

DRUNK: Oh, listen, pal, you gotta listen. I got troubles.

FRANK CALDWELL: Hey, bartender! Will ya get this barfly off me?  
For Pete's sake, I'm tired.

BARTENDER: On your way, you.

DRUNK: Now, don't say that. I got troubles. How am I gonna keep my wife from findin' out I had a couple o' li'l drinks? How'm I gonna do that, huh?

FRANK CALDWELL: Look, mister, it's a hot day. I've been drivin' a car around in it, see?

DRUNK: Yeah.

FRANK CALDWELL: I've been tryin' to keep a bank president from having apoplexy on account o' his Logic told him how to rob his own bank. I've been trippin' over dead bodies so artistically croaked that nobody's ever gonna find out who done it. And all you got on your mind is--

DRUNK: How'm I gonna keep my wife from findin' out I had a couple o' li'l drinks?

FRANK CALDWELL: (exasperated sigh)

DRUNK: How?

FRANK CALDWELL: Go ask a Logic.

DRUNK: A Logic? My pal, that's a wonderful idea! Where's a Logic?

FRANK CALDWELL: Right behind you. Here's a nickel.

DRUNK: Oh, give me a nickel, give me a nickel, gotta put it in the Logic.

BARTENDER: This I gotta hear. This is gonna be good.

FX: coin clink

DRUNK: Now, come on, Logic ol' pal, ol' pal, ol' pal. Be nice!

FX: grinding click

DRUNK: How does a guy keep his wife from findin' out he's had a couple o' li'l drinks? Answer me that. How, huh?

FX: series of strong clicks

LOGIC: Buy a bottle of Franine Hair Shampoo. It is harmless, but contains an ingredient which instantly neutralizes alcohol. One teaspoonful for each jigger you've consumed.

DRUNK: Yeah, oh boy! I gotta buy a bottle of Frenny-- I gotta buy a bottle of Fr-- (TO THE LOGIC) What was that again?

BARTENDER: Supposin' it's right, you'll never remember it as far as the drug store. I think there's a bottle in the back room. Somebody left it.

DRUNK: Oh, my pal! No more troubles! (singing) Show me the way to go home...

FX: door closes

BARTENDER: (CHUCKLES) I get a picture o' him back there drinking that shampoo.

FRANK CALDWELL: Give me another double.

BARTENDER: I don't know what's worse, to be as low as you or as high as him.

FX: door flings open

WIFE: All right, where is he?! I know he's here. Where is that bum?!

BARTENDER: Huh? Who ya want, lady?

WIFE: My husband. I know he's here! Now, where is he?

DRUNK: (singing) Show me the way to go home!

WIFE: That no good louse. I'll show him. Thinks he can come staggering home again, does he? Well, I'll teach him!

BARTENDER: Poor guy.

FX: door opens

DRUNK: (singing) Show me th-- Oh! My dear! What a surprise to see you here!

WIFE: Archibald?!

DRUNK: Yes, my love?

WIFE: You're not--?

DRUNK: Sober? Well, of course, my love. I'm sober as a judge.

WIFE: Then what are you doing in this saloon?

DRUNK: Well, merely conducting a little research, my dear.

WIFE: Research?!

DRUNK: Your suspicion wounds me deeply, my love. Let me tell you, my dear, that I've been conducting a research project that is going to make us a fortune. I'm about to patent "Sobuh -- The Drink That Makes Happy Homes!"

musical transition

FRANK CALDWELL: I'm Caldwell, from the Logics company, Sergeant. I just stopped in to see--

SERGEANT: Logics company! Listen, Caldwell, you people get those blasted machines under control or we'll have you all behind bars.

FRANK CALDWELL: Now, look, Sergeant--

SERGEANT: No! You look at this blotter. Blank. The greatest crime wave in history and we can't even make an arrest. They're all perfect crimes.

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, we're doing our best to find out--

SERGEANT: It's not good enough! If you can't find out anything, shut down the company. Or the police department will. We know there's some big gang back of this. Hey, maybe you know somethin' about it, Caldwell.

FRANK CALDWELL: Now look, nobody's back of it. The Logics run themselves. They pick their own circuits automatically.

SERGEANT: You mean that they're doing this all by themselves?!



FRANK CALDWELL: Sure. We always thought they could do more things than we knew about. I think they're just tryin' to be helpful, that's all.

SERGEANT: Oh, that's all, is it? Well, you'd—you'd better make 'em cut out the tricks! Including this new one. This new business they're up to now.

FRANK CALDWELL: What new business?

SERGEANT: It just started an hour ago, every time you turn on a Logic. It asks you your name and then spiels out the whole history of your life!

FRANK CALDWELL: Huh? I hadn't heard about that. What's it do that for?

SERGEANT: You tell me. Go on, try it.

FRANK CALDWELL: Okay.

FX: grinding click

LOGIC: What is your name?

FRANK CALDWELL: (TO SELF) Huh, how do ya like that? (TO THE LOGIC) I'm Frank Caldwell.

LOGIC: Frank Caldwell? Were you ever called "Ducky"?

SERGEANT: Ho! Ducky!

FRANK CALDWELL: (TO SERGEANT) Lay off, will ya? (TO THE LOGIC) Uh, what if I was? It's been years.

FX: low tone buzz

LOGIC: Ducky. There is a video call for you.

FX: static buzz, click

LAURINE: Hiya, Ducky!

FRANK CALDWELL: Holy cats!

SERGEANT: What? What's that?

FRANK CALDWELL: Laurine!

LAURINE: Ducky-darlin', how marvelous!

SERGEANT: Look at that blonde!

FRANK CALDWELL: It's Laurine! W-Where are you?

LAURINE: Oh, silly, I'm in my hotel room. Say, how do you like my, uh, playsuit?

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, I--

LAURINE: I just got into town. Oh, Ducky, wasn't it smart of the Logic to find you?

FRANK CALDWELL: Logic? Find me?

LAURINE: I asked it how to find you, Ducky. You must have an unlisted number, darlin'. You're not in the directory.

FRANK CALDWELL: Uh, yeah. Well, how've ya been, Laurine, uh, since I saw ya last? I, uh, heard ya got married.

LAURINE: That's right. Ducky, you won't believe me, I know, but I've had four husbands. But I've never loved anybody as much as I love you.

FRANK CALDWELL: You've divorced four husbands?

LAURINE: Uh, three. The last one -- died -- unexpectedly.

FRANK CALDWELL: Who unexpected it?

LAURINE: He did. But the jury acquitted me, Ducky. They knew it was just a little ol' accident. So now I'm free again and we just got lots of things to talk over.

FRANK CALDWELL: But, Laurine--

LAURINE: You come right over here, Ducky, instantly.

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, I-I-I-I'm workin'. Er, uh, I'll call ya back.

LAURINE: Oh, I'm so lonesome! Please make it quick, Ducky. Have you ever thought of me?

FRANK CALDWELL: Oh, yeah, yeah, sure. Plenty.

LAURINE: Aren't you sweet?! Here's a kiss! Mmm-MMHH! That'll just have to last till you get here, but, hurry, please.

FX: click

FRANK CALDWELL: Oh, my back! What am I gonna do?

SERGEANT: Do like you were tellin' me a while ago.

FRANK CALDWELL: Huh?

SERGEANT: Calm yourself -- Ducky.

musical transition

MIKE: Call on the Logic for you, Frank. Your wife.

FRANK CALDWELL: Oh, thanks, Mike.

FX: click

FRANK CALDWELL: Hi, Gert!

GERT: Frank. I've been trying to get you for an hour. Where have you been?

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, I been out makin' calls, honey. Tryin' to find out what ails these Logics.

GERT: Well, you better find out in a hurry or there's gonna be trouble! That-that-that-that-thing told me my address, how much I owe every store and how much you make a week. And all about the time we had that fight and I went home to mother!

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, Gert, I don't think they're doin' that any more. I think that was just temporary.

GERT: Well, in the meantime, it's told everybody in the neighborhood all about me. Hm! I punched Mrs. Hudson's name. She's been married three times and she's had Mr. Hudson arrested

twice for non-support and once for beating her up! It'll tell anybody anything.

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, but, I tell ya, Gert--

GERT: Frank, you stop these things or I'm gonna leave you!

FRANK CALDWELL: Gert! You don't mean that.

GERT: I do! If you can't figure out how to keep our private lives out of every Logic in town, then I'm through! And that's settled.

musical transition

FX: door opens, footsteps

FRANK CALDWELL: Hey, boss! You gotta put more men on the job or something. We gotta lick these Logics. My wife's gonna leave me if we don't.

BOSS: You're also gonna be lookin' for a job if we don't.

FRANK CALDWELL: I don't care about the job. But, listen--

BOSS: You listen. The Logics are giving out information on high explosives, the fine points of murder, and legal loopholes that'll beat any charge from hijacking to high treason.

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, but my wife--

BOSS: And about six guys have thought of asking how to switch bank credits so they can corner all the cash in the country. Now, quit botherin' me! Get over to the tank and help Mike try to block off some of those circuits.

musical transition

FX: pound, pound, pound

FRANK CALDWELL: (GRUNTS) I can't even budge any of these relay plates.

FX: pound, pound, pound

MIKE: Yeah. Me, neither.

FRANK CALDWELL: Isn't there any way we can disconnect them?

MIKE: There is not. They weren't built to be disconnected.

FRANK CALDWELL: Mike, what are we gonna do?

MIKE: I'm thinkin' o' slittin' my throat. When they were givin' out all the information on everybody, my wife got the lowdown on a certain blonde. I got nothing left to live for.

FRANK CALDWELL: Blonde. Why did you have to remind me?

MIKE: You got one?

FRANK CALDWELL: My only hope is I ain't got her.

FX: low tone buzz

MIKE: Eh, see who that's for.

FX: click

LAURINE: Hi, Ducky-darlin'!

FRANK CALDWELL: Ooh. Laurine. Not again!

LAURINE: Ducky-darlin', I'm lonesome. Why haven't you come over?

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, I-I-I-I been busy.

LAURINE: Oh, pooh. Ducky, do you remember how much in love we used to be?

FRANK CALDWELL: Uh Ah--

LAURINE: An' I was so mean to ya! (CHUCKLES) Ducky, let's get married tonight.

FRANK CALDWELL: Oh, gosh, Laurine, I-I-I--

LAURINE: Right away, Ducky?

FRANK CALDWELL: Look. I got married.

LAURINE: Ohhh, you poor darlin'. You poor darlin'. We'll just have to get you out of that.

FRANK CALDWELL: No! No! Now, look, Laurine--

LAURINE: Darlin', I'll just call up your wife and have a little talk with her.

FRANK CALDWELL: Look, please, now, it's nice of you to think of me and all that, but I--

LAURINE: You just give me your address and your Logic number, darlin'.

FRANK CALDWELL: I, uh, ain't got one.

LAURINE: Aw, you just don't want to tell me. (GIGGLES) You're bashful. Never mind, darlin'. The Logic will tell me.

FX: click

FRANK CALDWELL: Laurine?! Laurine?! Oh. I gotta call Gert.

FX: grinding click, frantic typing

MIKE: Frank, will you get away from that thing and give me a hand?

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, Mike. In a minute. I-I gotta call my wife. I-- We gotta get out of town.

FX: typing

FRANK CALDWELL: Ah! I punched the wrong key.

BOSS: Frank! I told you to help Mike!

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, boss, I am, I am, but I just gotta make this call.

BOSS: Call?! What do I care about your call?! The President's getting ready to close down the company and declare martial law. Now, for the love of heaven, do something!

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, boss, I will, I will! I just gotta make this call!

FX: swoosh

LOGIC: Attention! To assist in solving a special problem of Logic's Service, kindly give the following information if possible: Where does Frank Caldwell live?

FRANK CALDWELL: Ohh. She got me. I'm through.

musical transition

FRANK CALDWELL: Look, Gert! There is no blonde.

GERT: Frank Caldwell! I told you I was leaving you.

FRANK CALDWELL: Leave me later, will ya? Right now, pack yourself up and the kids. We gotta get out o' here.

GERT: What is all this?! Are the cops after you or something?

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, that's it; the cops. Come on, get movin', will ya? Hey, get away from that Logic!

GERT: Yeah, but don't you think we ought to hear the police calls?

FX: grinding click

SERGEANT: Twenty-Seven and Car Thirty-One detailed to round up all employees of the Logics company. Use caution. They are suspected of sedition.

FRANK CALDWELL: Holy smoke, the cops *are* after me!

GERT: But you just said they were.

SERGEANT: Car Seventeen, Car Seventeen, proceed to vicinity of One-Nineteen East Seventh Street. Child terrorizing neighborhood. Use extreme caution. Child is armed with pea-shooter, using poison darts. That is all.

FRANK CALDWELL: Freddie!

FX: click

GERT: Who's Freddie?

FRANK CALDWELL: Freddie's a mean little kid. He wanted a Logic that would tell him how to make dart poison. They're all alike, I kept tellin' him, they're all alike.

GERT: What are you talking about?

FRANK CALDWELL: Oh, I don't know. All I know is it was a nice world up till yesterday. Now, it's like a guy named Joe come along and squashed all our mud pies for us.

GERT: Hmph! Looks to me more like it was a Logic named Joe.

FRANK CALDWELL: A Logic named-- They're all alike. They're-- (pause) Gert. Gert! Baby!

GERT: (GIGGLES) Frank, let go of me! Oh, don't be so silly!

FRANK CALDWELL: Okay, honey, hold the fort. Maybe they aren't all alike.

GERT: Where're you going? Frank, you gonna make a getaway?

FRANK CALDWELL: Baby, if you've got the right inspiration, I'm going straight to the middle of this whole jamboree!

musical transition

FX: door opens

KORLANOVITCH: Yes?! Oh, I was hoping it was the police.

FRANK CALDWELL: You remember me, Mr. Korlanovitch? Caldwell, of the Logics company?

KORLANOVITCH: Logics company! I wish the Logics company was at the bottom of the ocean!

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, I don't blame you. Now, where's your Logic?

KORLANOVITCH: In here. I'd smash it into a million pieces if I wasn't afraid of what Freddie 'ould do to me.

FRANK CALDWELL: Just get out of the way, will ya? I got business with -- Joe.



FX: click

LOGIC: If you want to do something and don't know how -- Ask Your Logic.

FRANK CALDWELL: Oh, we're back to that routine, huh? Well, I wanna do something all right.

FX: grinding click

FRANK CALDWELL: Tell me, Joe, can a Logic be modified to achieve correlations for which human brains are too limited?

FX: series of low clicks, clack

LOGIC: Yes.

FRANK CALDWELL: How great will the modifications be?

FX: click, series of low clicks

LOGIC: Microscopically slight. Changes in dimension not detectable even by precision gauges. They can come about only through an extremely improbable accident.

FRANK CALDWELL: And what would this Super-Logic then be able to do?

FX: static

LOGIC: Oh, uh--

FX: static

FRANK CALDWELL: Come on, you. Spill it.

FX: static, long click

LOGIC: It could set up entire new combinations of electronic relays which would bypass the normal censor blocks thereby enabling it to perform valuable new services, including the giving of helpful advice on any human problem.

FRANK CALDWELL: Aha! Has this accident ever happened, Joe?

FX: click, grinding

FRANK CALDWELL: Come on! Come on!

FX: grinding fades

LOGIC: It has happened, only once, in the case of the Logic now owned by the Korlanovitch family of One-Nineteen East Seventh Street. A Logic named Joe.

FX: fingers snapping

FRANK CALDWELL: Thanks, Joe. That's all I wanted to know.

KORLANOVITCH: Hey, what's all this about?

FRANK CALDWELL: I'm takin' this Logic away, Mr. Korlanovitch. I'll bring ya a new one. Our troubles are all over!

FREDDIE: Hey, you! Get away from Joe!

FRANK CALDWELL: Correction. Our troubles are just beginning.

KORLANOVITCH: Now, Freddie, put down that blow gun.

FREDDIE: Ahhhh, shut up! Hey, you! I said get away from that Logic.

FX: police siren

FRANK CALDWELL: Now, look, Freddie, I'm gonna bring you a nice new one, see?

FREDDIE: I want that one. What I got in this pea-shooter ain't beans.

FX: car screeches, sirens stop, door opens

KORLANOVITCH: Mr. Caldwell? Mr. Caldwell? The police. They're outside.

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, for me and Freddie.

FREDDIE: Nuts! What they want you for? You ain't smart enough to do nuttin'.

FRANK CALDWELL: Oh, no? Say, there's plenty I could tell you.

FX: pounding on door

SERGEANT: Open up in there! Open up! Police!

FRANK CALDWELL: There's the cops, kid. It's you and me against them.

SERGEANT: Open up! Open this door! Open this door! Do you hear me?! The police! Open this door! Open this door!

FREDDIE: So what you gonna do about it if ya so smart?

FRANK CALDWELL: Now, look, we may have to fight our way out, see? Now, let me see that blow gun. I know a way to hop it up so the cops won't have a chance. Come on, come on, give it to me.

FREDDIE: Okay, let's see what you can do. Here.

FRANK CALDWELL: Thanks. Here!

FX: slap

FREDDIE: (crying)

KORLANOVITCH: Oh, Mr. Caldwell, you're a great man!

FRANK CALDWELL: Now, all I gotta do is to pull this plug out o' the wall.

FX: plug pulled, front door broken down, footsteps

FRANK CALDWELL: Ah! Come right in, Sergeant!

FREDDIE: (crying)

SERGEANT: Careful, men! Careful, careful. That must be the kid. But he don't look so tough to me.

FREDDIE: (crying)

FRANK CALDWELL: Well, he, er, got a little softening.

KORLANOVITCH: Oh, there'll be no more complaints, officer. I guess I can go on where Mr. Caldwell left off.

SERGEANT: Caldwell? You're wanted. This time you either answer some questions or we keep you in the cooler till you do.

FRANK CALDWELL: What, in jail? Oh, okay. Let's go.

SERGEANT: Hey, wait a minute. You act like you wanted to go to jail.

FRANK CALDWELL: Yeah, I do. I got a feeling it'll be safer there.

SERGEANT: What do you mean?

FRANK CALDWELL: Just put me away till a certain party leaves town and I'll confess to anything.

SERGEANT: Okay, then, Caldwell, into-into the paddy wagon you go.

FRANK CALDWELL: Thanks, officer. You may be savin' my life. Now, if you'll just help me carry this Logic out--

SERGEANT: Wait a minute. You can't take that in the wagon.

FRANK CALDWELL: I can't? Why not?

SERGEANT: No room. We've already got a dame in there who's raisin' the roof.

FRANK CALDWELL: A dame?!

SERGEANT: Yeah. A blonde. She was tryin' to buy a gun without a permit. She keeps screamin' she's goin' to miss her date with Ducky.

musical conclusion

NBC ANNOUNCER: You have just heard another adventure into the unknown world of the future, the world of-- (with echo)  
Dimension X - x - x - x .... (trails off and blends with sound of repeated gong throughout announcement)

HOST/NARRATOR: Next week, DIMENSION X joins the big parade of exciting half-hour presentations at a brand new time, on Friday evenings at a different hour. In the Eastern time zone, you'll

hear it at nine o'clock Fridays, Daylight Saving Time. In other zones, please consult your local newspaper listings to learn the new time -- for that's when Dimension X will bring you one of the strangest stories ever told, Ray Bradbury's "Mars Is Heaven."

FX: theremin

NBC ANNOUNCER: Tonight's story on Dimension X was titled "A Logic Named Joe," written by Murray Leinster and adapted for radio by Claris A. Ross. Featured in the cast were Joseph Julian as Frank and Roger De Koven as the Logic. Your narrator was Norman Rose. Music by Albert Buhrman. Engineer, Don Abbott. Dimension X is produced by Van Woodward and directed by Edward King. Robert Warren speaking. Tomorrow, hear a thrilling story on "High Adventure." It's on NBC.

FX: three chimes