

(Recapitulation)

The Flying Dogtor, saved from drowning by Elvis Eagle, flew back to his Hilltop Hospital in answer to an urgent call from his faithful nurse, Sister Spaniel. The hospital was crowded with patients, all with the same complaint: itchy spots on the face. The Dogtor worked and worked in his private scientific laboratory to find out what was causing the spots - and Sister Spaniel waited, with all her medicines running out. But she never lost faith in - (singing) The Flying Dogtor

When the Dogtor finally left his laboratory after his long scientific research he had discovered the secret of the mysterious spots.

"Mosquitoes" he announced.

"You see," he explained to Sister Spaniel, "when Crafty Carson Carpetbag started that flood he sent the stagnant water of Steamy Swamp coursing right down through the bush^{to} creatures who had never known mosquitoes before. They did not realise that they had been bitten in the night. But that is what the spots are: mosquito bites." And he held up a microscope slide to prove it scientifically.

Sister Spaniel was always impressed with the Dogtor's science, but his discovery did not solve all her problems.

"But Dogtor", she said, "This mosquito disease has used up all our medicins, bandages, everything. We haven't a pill left. And look at our bank balance: we've no money to buy more!"

Sister Spaniel sobbed.

"What if someone really badly hurt came to us now?" she asked. "We'd have to turn him away. We will have to close the hospital!"

The Flying Dogtor tried to comfort her. He explained that he had a few medicins and bandages still left in his little black bag, and he suggested that she use them, turning out his bag on to the operating table as he spoke. There was a little brown medicine, the end of a tube of white ointment, a little bit of sticky tape, a funny looking stone ...

CWT

("Hmm," the Dogtor mused, "Elvis must have included that by mistake when he collected my things at the end of the tunnel outside the gold mine.") ... a box containing three pink pills, a tin of -

"A gold mine?" cried Sister Spaniel. "Gold!" That's what that funny looking stone is! Look at it sparkling! Dogtor, we're rich!"

It was indeed a golden nugget, the Dogtor found on rubbing the dirt from it. "Well," he remarked, "this is most opportune." And he told Sister Spaniel to take it to the bank to change it into money and to buy all the medicines and pills and bandages she wanted.

"And may I buy reels and reels of sticky tape?" asked Sister Spaniel, who specially enjoyed using this material.

"Miles of it," said the Dogtor. Then he went out to his hammock for a nice rest, for he felt quite sleepy after the events of the last day or two. And so life returned to normal peace and quiet at Hilltop Hospital.

Music

But then one afternoon, when the Dogtor was enjoying his midday nap, a strange noise broke the bush stillness around the hospital.

EFFECT: Helicopter - faint, then up

Faintly at first, and then louder and louder ... it was a big silver helicopter with a red rotor chopping the air. It woke the Dogtor with a start.

"A helicopter coming here?" the Dogtor wondered.

"Who can it be?" And then he saw the notices on it: WOOMERA RANGE. V.I.P. TOP SECRET. SPACE SURVEY. ROCKET DIVISION.

Voice Over End Title:

Why should a very important helicopter from Woomera be visiting the Flying Dogtor?

Be with him when he learns why, in the next episode of -

(singing) The Flying Dogtor