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Nichols
ANNOUNCER

Quaker
PRODUCTION

DICK TRACY

Series #2

Sept. 24, 38
DATED

Episode No. 1

Quaker
MASTER COPY

MONDAY
9/26/38

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

(TWO CANNON SHOTS)

~~ANNOUNCER:~~ Calling all adventure fans. . . Calling all Dick Tracy fans. . . Stand by!

(SIRENS UP)

~~ANNOUNCER:~~ Here comes Dick Tracy now!

(SIRENS FADE)

ANNOUNCER: So rally round the radio, all you wide awake Dick Tracy fans. Tell Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, to join you now . . . because Dick Tracy's on the air again. . . in another thrilling (~~adventure series~~) series of gripping detective adventures. . . brought to you by Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice . . . those two delicious, nourishing cereals . . . that are shot from guns, to give you lots of trigger-fast food energy.

(ONE CANNON SHOT)

ANNOUNCER: Remember that sound? I'll say you do. . . It's the sound of the big guns in the Quaker Plant . . . The two tastiest, crunchiest, quick-energy cereals. . . that ever made your mouth water for more. . . are actually shot from big guns, to give you the trigger-fast food energy . . . you need to be alert and alive like Dick Tracy. So enjoy Quaker Puffed Wheat one day, and Quaker Puffed Rice the next as thousands of wide awake, happy Dick Tracy Fans do. (MORE)

ANNOUNCER: Ask Mother now to get you package of each from the grocer
(CONT'D)
right away. And be sure you are listening at the end of
the program, because Dick Tracy, Pat, Tess and Junior, are
all going to speak to you in person.

DICK TRACY

MONDAY
9/26/38

Series #2

Episode No.1

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

ANNOUNCER: And now Dick Tracy, Tess Trueheart, Pat Patton and Dick Tracy, Jr. are going to step out of our story to talk to you in person. Think of it, you Dick Tracy fans and patrol members . . . we're all together again at another Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol Meeting . . . brought to you by Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice . . . those two especially delicious, nourishing cereals. . . that are shot from guns . . . to give you lots of trigger-fast food energy.

(GAVEL THREE TIMES)

JUNIOR: The Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol meeting will now come to order.

TRACY: Junior . . . it certainly does sound great to hear those words again!

PAT: It's music to my ears, too, Dick.

TESS: And mine.

TRACY: Hello, all you Patrol members and friends. I just can't tell you how happy we are to be back with you again. And we have so many grand adventures and good times planned for you. ~~In fact, we spent most of the time on vacation making on them.~~

PAT: And are they swell!

JUNIOR: I'll say.

(MORE)

TRACY: But right now, we all have a big job to do. And I want you to help. Last Winter we built one of the largest and finest organizations of wide-awake, adventure-loving boys and girls in the world.

JUNIOR: The Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol.

TRACY: And hundreds of thousands of America's finest, most fearless boys and girls joined, to show the world that they stood four-square for law and order.

JUNIOR: We had lots of good times together, too.

TRACY: Right. And now it's very important for every wide-awake boy and girl to report for active duty . . . by attending these patrol meetings, every day, at this same time. Will you do that for me. Deputies? Thanks a lot.

QUAKER I'll say we will. Won't we, fellows and girls? We're going to start right now Dick.

JUNIOR: Sure. We can call some on the phone today.

QUAKER MAN: And remember, boys and girls. All the grand adventures Dick Tracy is planning for you, call for lots of energy . . . so you're as keen, alert and tireless ~~as~~ Dick Tracy. So enjoy Quaker Puffed Wheat one day, then Quaker Puffed Rice the next, as thousands of wide-awake Folks do. Those two delicious, nourishing cereals give you lots of trigger-fast food energy . . . because they're shot from guns.

(TWO CANNON SHOTS)

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER: So ask Mother now to get you some Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice from the grocer right away. And listen . . . save the box tops.

(CANNON SHOT)

Calling all adventure fans. . . Calling all Dick Tracy fans. . . Stand by ... for another exciting ([REDACTED])
[REDACTED] Dick Tracy adventure tomorrow at this same time. That is all!

(SIRENS)

(LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT WEAF ONLY)

ANNOUNCER: Read Dick Tracy daily and Sunday in The New York Daily News.

DICK TRACY

SERIES #2

EPISODE #1

Monday, Sept. 26, 1938

MASTER COPY

O/C with cuts by

Hi Brown

Janer

(SIGNATURE:)

ANNOUNCER: Calling all adventure fans....Calling all Dick Tracy fans..... Stand by!

(SIRENS)

Here comes Dick Tracy now!

(COMMERCIAL)

ANNOUNCER:
(CONT'D)

(PAUSE) Dick Tracy, Pat Patton, and Junior have just returned from their vacation in the mountains. And they've returned none too soon, because during their absence a new and vicious racket controlled by a treacherous master-mind of the underworld has sprung up. Listen. Our scene is an old abandoned warehouse on New York's East Side waterfront...

(WATERFRONT NOISES - A BELL RINGS)

BOSS: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

Oh, it's you, Googy. Well, what is it?

GOOGY: A new cargo of silk, Boss. It just came through.

~~BOSS: Fine. No trouble, was there?~~

~~GOOGY: Hank says they almost had trouble with the Coast Guard but they dimmed their lights and made a run for it. They shook 'em off all right.~~

BOSS: That's fine. But we'd better get the stuff away from here. No sense keeping these bales of silk around here.

GOOGY: Especially when it's smuggled silk, eh Boss?

BOSS: Don't talk so much! Let's get to the short-wave radio. Come on.

GOOGY: Okay. Hey, Boss, know what I heard today? Tracy's back in town.

BOSS: Dick Tracy? That's not so good. Tracy means trouble. But I'm not worried. We'll take care of him.

~~GOOGY: You better take care of Tracy. Say listen, Boss, when these silk merchants begin to squawk about all the contraband silk that's flooding the market, they're going to make their squawk to Tracy - and he's going to go after us -- and if you ask me --~~

BOSS: I'm ~~not asking you -- don't worry so much about Smokey.~~
~~I'll take care of him.~~ Get that short-wave radio started.

GOOGY: Okay.

(OSCILLATOR STARTS UP)

GOOGY: Okay, Boss -- it's all yours.

BOSS: ~~Right. GHQ calling Chicago. GHQ calling Chicago. Come in~~

VOICE: ~~(FILTER) Chicago answering GHQ. Go ahead, Boss.~~

BOSS: We've just received another cargo of silk. How many bales of it can you handle?

VOICE: (FILTER) Send us all you want to. We'll have it distributed before it gets here.

BOSS: Good. We'll be sending you ten bales. That is all.

(PAUSE) GHQ calling Boston. GHQ calling Boston. Come in.

VOICE: (FILTER) Boston answering GHQ. Go ahead Boss.

BOSS: Just received another cargo of contraband silk. How much can you handle?

VOICE: (FILTER) More silk, eh? I don't -- I'm afraid we can't handle any more right now, Boss. ~~Having trouble distributing the stuff. The Silk Merchants Association up here. Boss -- I don't have to tell you how they feel --~~

BOSS: ~~I said how much can you handle?~~

VOICE: ~~Boss, I'm afraid we --~~

BOSS: (TOUGH) Listen, you're being paid to carry out my orders. I'm sending you ten bales! And you're going to dispose of them - and at the right price!

VOICE: Boss you gotta be reasonable -

BOSS: I gave you your orders. Carry them out. That's all!

(CLICK)

And he'd better not slip up. ~~Telling us he can't distribute the stuff because of the Silk Merchants Association.~~

GOOGY: Maybe he's up against it, Boss. The Silk people are losing a lot of money and business on account of us. They ain't gonna take it lying down!

BOSS: They'll take it -and they'll like it. What's the matter with you, anyway? Now that Tracy's back in town are you going to turn panicky on me?

GOOGY: No, Boss, but --

BOSS: Now get this. Tracy hasn't bothered me up to now--and he won't! We're cleaning up in this racket of smuggling silk across the border down in the Southwest, and we're going to keep on cleaning up! And if Tracy and the entire police force think they're going to stop me - well, they're going to get the disappointment of their lives!

GOOGY: Anything you say, Boss. All I was trying to do --

BOSS: Forget it. Now let's see what they've got to say for themselves in San Francisco. (FADING) GHQ calling San Francisco. GHQ calling San Francisco.

(WATER FRONT NOISES UP - FADE)

PAT: (EXCITED) I've got him, JUNIOR, I've got him! Oh boy - look at the size of him! That trout'll weigh two pounds if he weighs an ounce! Ohhhh, what a fight! There he goes dashing downstream!

JUNIOR: Keep his head up, Pat -- play him, boy, play him.

PAT: Now he dives under a rock. Easy, Patton, ceeceasy! There he is! Now we've really got him!

(DOOR OPENS)

TRACY: Say what in the name --! Pat - get down off that desk, you're scratching it up!

PAT: (DISGUSTED) Aww, just as I was about to get him.

TRACY: Get who? What are you talking about?

PAT: ~~The fish!~~ The fish! I almost had him landed, too.

TRACY: ~~Almost had whom landed? I wonder if it would be too much trouble if one of you explained to me what this is all about?~~

JUNIOR: (LAUGHS) Pat was just showing how he landed that two pound trout up in the mountains, Dick.

TRACY: That's a good trick even if he didn't happen to do it. He didn't land him. The trout got away.

JUNIOR: Why he told me he landed him -- and he was this big, too! He was just showing me how he did it!

PAT: (UNEASILY) Well, you see, Dick, I - er -- that is, I --

TRACY: I know, Pat, I know. But don't you think it's about time you snapped out of your vacation mood? We've got a job to do, Pat -- or at least we will have and it's not going to be an easy or a pleasant job.

PAT: What's up, Dick?

TRACY: Well, I've been making the rounds, Pat. ~~Covered most of the places in this town where a policeman can expect trouble. I've been down in all the waterfront dives, too -- listening, keeping my eyes open and asking questions.~~

PAT: Find anything interesting? Any trouble?

TRACY: Interesting - and upsetting.

PAT: Spill it!

TRACY: Pat! I thought we agreed to a bit more precision in the use of the English language...that we were going to avoid slang.

PAT: Sorry. I'll try not to forget. Junior, when I get that way, don't take me as your model. What were you saying, Dick?

TRACY: Pat, a new racket has been introduced and flourished in town since we've been away - smuggling silk!

JUNIOR: Smuggling, eh? It's been some time since we went after smugglers.

TRACY: The silk, as I understand it, is brought in over the border down in the Southwest. But how it's brought in - how it gets past the border patrol - well, that's something I have still to discover. Whoever's running this racket is ~~doing it on a large, well-organized scale. He's ruining the business of honest, law-abiding silk merchants who can't compete with --~~

(PHONE RINGS)

One moment. Yes? Craig Denver of the Silk Association? Hmmm. Send him in.

FAT: Craig Denver! Say, that name's familiar.

TRACY: President of the Silk Association. I thought I'd be hearing from him.

(DOOR OPENS)

Come in, Mr. Denver.

TRACY: This is Mr. Patton - Dick Tracy Junior -

(GREETINGS)

And now - what can I do for you, Mr. Denver?

DENVER: Mr. Tracy, I can't tell you how relieved I am to hear that you're back on duty. ~~I've counted the days for your return to town. I'm sorry to break in on you ~~this~~, your first day back, but the matter I've come to see you about is so serious -~~

TRACY: Yes. I should say it is. You came to discuss this matter of smuggled silk.

DENVER:

How did you know? It's amazing -- nothing escapes you.

TRACY:

~~I wish that were statitly true. Particularly when it comes to hunting criminals. As to how I know it's a matter of smuggled silk --~~ I've been doing some investigating in the few hours I've been back.

DENVER:

Then you probably know everything I came to tell you.

TRACY:

Suppose I tell you what I have learned. Then you can correct me if I'm wrong or supplement what I know. Briefly, Mr. Denver, as I see the situation, it's this: As we all know, there's a high custom's duty on silk brought into this country from the Orient. Naturally that increases the price merchants have to ask for the silk they sell. But now the market has become flooded with contraband silk -- silk which is brought into countries south of us from the Orient, and smuggled across the border into the United States, thus avoiding paying any custom duty at all.

DENVER:

That's quite right.

TRACY:

This ~~smuggled~~ silk, because no duty has been paid on it, can be sold much cheaper than silk brought into this country lawfully. Silk merchants who pay duty and have to charge accordingly are finding it impossible to compete with the smugglers. In other words, this is a situation in which honest, law-abiding business men face ruination because of this silk smuggling racket.

DENVER:

Ruination is the word, Mr. Tracy. That's why I've come here to you. We ~~can't hold out much longer, Mr. Tracy, we can't hold out much longer, Mr. Tracy.~~ We need your help, desperately. We ~~need your help, desperately.~~ you'll handle this case personally. I understand that because of the international complications this case presents, it may not be in the province of your department, but I've been to officials in the Secret Service. I have here a letter from Washington authorizing you to look into the matter. Incidentally, we have been assured of the cooperation of the Central American Governments as well as the Secret Service. The question now is - will you help us?

TRACY:

Normally I'd hesitate about a case of this kind, Mr. Denver. But that letter from the Secret Service alters the situation as far as I'm concerned. They're a brilliant body of men, Mr. Denver, fully capable of handling and solving this case. I've had the pleasure and privilege of working together with them on cases -- and so I know how thoroughly equipped they are. But since they've sanctioned my taking over the case, why, - of course I will.

DENVER:

Splendid! ~~The Association has authorized me to offer you a substantial sum of money for your trouble, and to --~~

TRACY:

~~One moment, Mr. Denver. I don't think you quite understand. I'm eager to take this case, yes - but not for personal gain. I'm an officer of the law. It's part of my job to assist you and other law-abiding citizens to make certain that you're not molested. As I see it, there's more involved here than a mere matter of smuggled silk, Mr. Denver.~~

(MORE)

TRACY:
(CONT'D)

And, in a larger sense, this affects not only the merchant members of your association, but the entire community.

~~What I'm trying to say is, if the men who control this racket aren't stopped -- if they aren't brought to justice with all possible dispatch -- they'll become arrogant and spread out to other fields. What's more they'll be joined by other racketeers who'll gain encouragement from the fact that others are getting away with law breaking.~~

(CONTROL FADE) Permitting these silk smugglers to get away with their racket might very easily usher in a new crime wave. But we're going to see that they don't get away with it -- ~~that they're rounded up and brought to justice!~~

(PAUSE - FADE IN WATERFRONT - BELL RINGS)

BOSS:

Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

Hello, Googy.

GOGGY:

I gotta talk to you right now, Boss!

BOSS:

I'm listening!

GOOGY:

Boss, we're in a spot. And Tracy's putting us there.

BOSS:

What are you talking about?

GOOGY:

I just found out that Tracy is leavin' tomorrow morning on the Cross-Country Limited for Tulican.

BOSS:

Tulican?

GOOGY:

That's what I said. And it ain't no accident, that he's headin' for the border town where we smuggle the silk through, either.

BOSS: So Tracy's going to Tulican, eh? He just can't let us alone, can he? ~~Here we've worked up a nice little racket and he's going to try to spoil it.~~ Well, maybe we'll have something to say about that.

GOOGY: What are you gonna do?

BOSS: What do you think I'm going to do? Let him get away with it? I was leaving on the Limited myself tomorrow. Thought I'd straighten out a few matters in Tulican. But I've just decided to fly out.

GOOGY: Fly? Why?

BOSS: So I won't be killed when the Limited is ^{re}wrecked.

GOOGY: What do you mean the Limited's gonna be wrecked? Say, you're not thinking of --

BOSS: I'm not only thinking, Googy, I'm acting. Now listen: there's a small station in New Mexico called Navajo Junction. Remember that -- Navajo Junction. The Limited passes through there. One of our offices is located at Navajo Junction, and I'm going to get in touch with the boys right now.

GOOGY: What for?

BOSS: What do you think? To have them derail the Limited. They'll do it just before the train pulls into town... just about as the conductor'll be announcing the junction. Turn on that short wave radio, Googy.

GOOGY: Okay. ~~You sure don't lose any time~~

(OSCILLATOR)

BOSS: ~~All right --~~ ~~take it.~~ ~~Navajo Junction -~~

(FADES) ~~GHQ calling Navajo Junction...~~

(WATERFRONT NOISES UP -- FADE IN SOUND OF RAILWAY STATION)

PAT: Say, you two better say your goodbyes and make 'em fast!
The Limited's getting ready to start.

TRACY: Right with you, Pat.

PAT: Okay. So long, Tess. Keep the home fires burning.

TESS: (LAUGHING) I will, Pat.

JUNIOR: 'Bye, Tess!

TESS: Goodbye, Junior. Take care of yourself. (PAUSE) Dick,
I can't help saying I wish you weren't going.

TRACY: You know how I feel about it, Tess. I'd give anything
to be able to stay with you here -- but -- well, you know
a policeman's life isn't really his own.

TESS: I know. And don't think I'm complaining, Dick. I want you
to go. Only, I wish I could be going with you.

TRACY: I'll be back before you know it, Tess.

TESS: I'll be worried about you until you do get back. Dick,
please do be careful.

TRACY: You know I will, Tess.

VOICE: 'Board!

(TRAIN STARTS)

TRACY: Well -- it's goodbye, Tess.

TESS: Dick, don't forget -- I'll be waiting back here, waiting
to help you, if you need me.

PAT: Come on, Dick -- hurry up! We're moving!

TRACY: Goodbye, Tess. See you soon!

TESS: (FADING) Goodbye, Dick! I'll write to you often!

TRACY: (ON MIKE) Give me a hand, Pat!

PAT: Up you come, boy! ~~There -- you make it, though I didn't~~
think you would!

JUNIOR: ~~There's Tess waving goodbye! Goodbye, Tess -- goodbye!~~

TESS: Goodbye! Hurry back! (FADING QUICKLY, AS TRAIN COMES UP)

Goodbye...

(FADE TO EXPRESS TRAIN)

PAT: These new modern trains certainly make time, don't they?

JUNIOR: We must be doing 70.

PAT: You know something, Junior?

JUNIOR: What?

PAT: We must be slipping, you and I. We can't seem to hold Tracy's interest any more. For two days now we've been riding on this train -- while Tracy sits there looking out the window practically ignoring us.

TRACY: Eh? Oh -- sorry, Pat. Did you say something, Pat?

PAT: I was saying, Dick, that if anyone describes you as having been talkative these last few days, you --

TRACY: Sorry, Pat. I've been thinking about this smuggling racket we're going to try to crack open, Pat.

PAT: Try to crack open? Listen, you've handled tougher cases than this.

TRACY: Let's not try to minimize the seriousness of this case. The United States Border Patrol has been unable to find out how this silk is being smuggled over the border, the smugglers must have hit upon some scheme that's positively ingenious. I've been trying to figure out what that scheme might be.

PAT: Maybe they fly it over in planes.

TRACY: No. That's too obvious.

JUNIOR: How long before we get to Tulicun, Dick?

TRACY: About three hours, I think. Wait -- there's the conductor. I'll ask him. Oh Conductor -- how long before we reach Tulican?

CONDUCTOR: About three hours, sir. We'll be at Navajo Junction in two minutes....and our next stop after that is Tulican.

JUNIOR: Navajo Junction. That's a pretty name for a station.

CONDUCTOR: Glad you think so, young feller. But you'll change your mind when you see it in a few minutes. Pretty desolate. (FADES) Next stop Navajo Junction -- next stop Navajo Junction....

(TRAIN WHISTLE SCREAMS -- TRAIN UP - FADE)

ANNOUNCER: We know, although Tracy does not, that in a few moments the train will be derailed. ~~How can Tracy escape certain death that awaits him and everyone on the Cross-Country Limited? Can Dick escape the coming episode of Dick Tracy?~~

Cast
Red Weaver
Alicia Kinsella
Jimmy Donnelly
Charles Cantu
Charles Brown
Beatrice Ponds

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8/30/38