

**Series: Easy Aces**  
**Show: Jane Gets a Loan for Her Brother**  
**Date: circa 1940s**

Courtesy of Ted Meland

MUSIC:

Manhattan Serenade

Announcer:

Ladies and gentlemen, Easy Aces.

Music:

Music out

Ace:

Well, first I want to say that the leading characters in this story are not fictitious. Very often, I wish to heaven we were ? especially Jane's brother. Although Paul is allergic to work, and is the laziest guy I know, I must admit he is obnoxious. Paul never shows it, but I know he hates me.

Paul:

I never show it, but I hate him.

Ace:

He can't stand the sight of me.

Paul:

I can't stand the sight of him.

Ace:

Behind my back he calls me names.

Paul:

Communist!

Ace:

Twelve years ago Paul was in a little automobile accident. He's been collecting ten dollars a month on an insurance policy. If he ever goes to work they'll stop paying him that big annuity. So he can't work. Paul was lucky enough to have escaped alive, and now he wants to be paid for it. Robbing St. Peter to pay for Paul.

The one I really sorry for is Paul's wife, Arlene. They've been married ten years and have always

been destitute.

Arlene:

I've been married ten years and have always been destitute.

Ace:

She never has any new clothes.

Arlene:

I never have any new clothes.

Ace:

She's too old to go to work.

Arlene:

I never have any new clothes.

Ace:

How do they live? Well you've heard of people who live by their wits? Paul lives by his wits. Of course, if that's living, it's only half. The other half Jane takes care of. Jane and I are the typical, average, married couple, living in the typical, average, little, Eastern town, New York City; population eight million. Give or take one. And if you're going to take one, take my brother-in-law. Or for that matter, take Jane. When Jane makes up her mind to do something for Paul, she does it.

Jane:

When I make up her mind to do something for Paul, I do it.

Ace:

She's completely uninhibited.

Jane:

I'm completely uninhabited.

Ace:

And her arguments are unequivocally irrefutable.

Jane:

Uh ? yes, they are.

Ace:

I should have suspected something the day we got married fifteen years ago. The day Paul asked if he could come along on our honeymoon. And I said no. And Jane said:

Jane:

Let him come along dear ? he's never been on a honeymoon.

Ace:

And I should have suspected the other night after dinner when Jane and I were sitting around the living room and she gave me her "Guess Who?" routine. It went something like this:

Jane:

Well, dear, guess who called me up today.

Ace:

Uh ? Rochelle Hudson?

Jane:

No.

Ace:

I give up.

Jane:

My brother Paul.

Ace:

Oh? How much did he want this time?

Jane:

Oh, he's fine. Arlene's fine, too. Do you know that next week they will have been married ten years? My, how time flies. It seems like only a year ago they were married nine years. Well, when he told me ten years you could have knocked me down with a fender. I said, Paul, you mean to say you've been married to ? now just a minute?what did you mean by how much money did he want? Who said anything about money?

Ace:

Oh, then he didn't want any money.

Jane:

Who said he didn't?

Ace:

Well, which is it?

Jane:

Two hundred dollars.

Ace:

Jane, I'm not going to give it to him. Why doesn't the guy go out and work?

Jane:

Oh, now, dear, you know there are many reasons.

Ace:

I'd like to hear them.

Jane:

Well, the third reason is because ? he always ?

Ace:

Wait a minute! What happened to win and place?

Jane:

Beg pardon?

Ace:

What are the first two reasons?

Jane:

First because he was sick last year. You know ? he was just about to get a job when he got the intentional flu.

Ace:

I knew you'd finally come up with the right word.

Jane:

And besides, like Paul says, what's the dollar worth today? Practically nothing.

Ace:

Oh, so he's not going back to work until the dollar gets back to what it should be worth?

Jane:

Yes, fifty-seven cents.

Ace:

Of course.

Jane:

Well, we talked it over, and Paul decided to come to your office tomorrow morning, I told him.

Ace:

Jane, I haven't got two hundred bucks to throw away.

Jane:

Are you insinuating that my brother isn't going to pay you back?

Ace:

Oh, no, of course not. He's as good as gone ? gold.

MUSIC BRIDGE

Ace:

As usual, as in any argument with Jane about her brother, I ran second and paid two-eighty to place. Because the next morning when I got to my office ? oh, I oughta tell you this ? I work in the advertising business ? make a nice living ?minus withholding and social security. It's a pretty fair job ? of course Jane always exaggerates my importance there by telling everybody I'm a big cog in the machinery.

Jane:

He's a big clog in the machinery.

Ace:

The only thing I can't stand about the job is my secretary, Miss Anderson. Why don't I get rid of her? She's a cousin of Jane's, twice removed. That is, I removed her twice but Jane got her job back three times. With score now three to two in her favor, Miss Anderson practically runs the office her way.

Anderson:

I practically run the office my way.

Ace:

Oh she's a doll. D-U-L-L. So I got to my outer office about nine-thirty the next morning and I asked Miss Anderson if there had been any calls.

Anderson:

Yes. Joe Davis called.

Ace:

Joe Davis? Who's he? What did he want?

Anderson:

He wanted a date for Saturday night. I told him I was going to the movies Saturday night with Bill Wilson; so I gave him Wednesday night. We're going dancing. Joe's an awfully good dancer ? much better than Bill?

Ace:

Miss Anderson, were there any side line calls? I mean for me ? the advertising business?

Anderson:

Let me see ? there was somebody ? who was it now?

Ace:

Isn't that awful?

SFX: Footsteps under

Ace:

If the thought comes to you, Miss Anderson, you'll be in touch with me? I'll just go into my office and wait.

Anderson:

Oh sure. I'll let you know if it comes to me.

SFX:

Door opens

Paul:

Well there you are. Is that a nice thing to do ? keep your brother-in-law waiting in your office to

see you.

Ace:

Miss Anderson ? is this the, uh ?

Anderson:

Oh yes, that's it. Your brother-in-law is waiting in your office to see you.

Ace:

Miss Anderson, take a letter.

Anderson:

A letter?

Ace:

To China. And don't hurry back.

SFX:

Door closes

Paul:

Well, brother, how's the world treating you?

Ace:

Not very often.

Paul:

I haven't seen you in some time...how long has it been?

Ace:

About twenty-five dollars ago. Paul, would you mind taking your overcoat off my desk?

Paul:

Oh sure, excuse me. Recognize the overcoat?

Ace:

Yes, I recognize it.

Paul:

You gave it to me two winters ago, remember? Lucky we're the same size.

Ace:

I was born lucky...Look, Paul, Jane tells me you me to give you two hundred dollars. Is that right?

Paul:

Not give ? lend. Watch your language.

Ace:

Sue me. The answer is no!

Paul:

Oh now wait a minute, brother ? it isn't for myself I want the two hundred. It's for Arlene. We have a tenth wedding anniversary next Wednesday. And I want to get he something she need s pretty bad.

Ace:

For two hundred dollars?

Paul:

Yes.

Ace:

Like what?

Paul:

I'm getting her a tonsillectomy.

Ace:

You're going to have your wife's tonsils removed as an anniversary present?

Paul:

Why not? It's something practical.

Ace:

Hmm ? something she wouldn't buy for herself.

Paul:

Yeah, that's it. How about it ? let me have the two hundred?

Ace:

No.

Paul:

Well, could you make it one hundred?

Ace:

Gonna have one tonsil out?

Paul:

Yeah. No. I could pay a hundred down...

Ace:

And get the rest from me later. Nothing doing. I can't afford it. It's not the principle, it's the money.

Paul:

But I'm gonna pay you back. I keep track of every cent you...

Ace:

I'm sorry, Paul. And look, kid, if you to come to my office, and sit around with your feet scratching up my desk, I wish you wouldn't be wearing my shoes.

Music bridge

Ace:

With my no ringing in his ears, and my overcoat hanging on his back, Paul walked quickly from my office, to my home, in my shoes, to see my wife. Before we look in on this tender little scene, I ought to tell you that, like the typical, average family, we live next door to a radio announcer. Fellow named Ken Roberts Ken is the only celebrity Jane knows and every time he comes to the house, which is about once a day, Jane gets his autograph. Ken loves it. So before Paul got tot he house, Ken was visiting with Jane.

Ken:

Hey, Jane, that's an attractive dress you're wearing today.

Jane:

You do? Thanks, and may I return the compliment and say it's one of my favorites, too. Where've you been, Ken? Long face no see.

SFX:

Door opens

Paul:

Jane, are you home?

SFX:

Door closes

Jane:

Oh, it's my brother. Yes, Paul ? here we are in here. Hello, Paul

Paul:

Sis, I was just over talking to that husband of yours.

Jane:

Just fine. Oh, you remember Ken Roberts, don't you, Paul?

Paul:

Oh, sure. Hi, Ken. Well, Janie, he turned me down. My own brother-in-law wouldn't lend me two hundred dollars. I've gotta have that money, Jane, and you've gotta help me.

Jane:

Paul, you know I'd give you my bottom shirt, but I haven't got two hundred dollars.

Paul:

What kind of a town is this? Isn't there any place a fellow can borrow two hundred dollars?

Ken:

This may be an idea. One of the commercials I do is "Friends, do you need money? Come to the Confidential Loan Company. You can borrow up to three hundred dollars on one signature alone. Every transaction is treated most confidentially." Why don't you go down there and borrow the money?

Paul:

The Confidential Loan Company ? yes, I never thought of that. How about it, sis, will you sign my note for me?

Jane:

Oh, sure, Paul. I'll go down to the loan company with you. I'll be ready in a jitney.

Music bridge

Ace:

So, Jane and her brother Paul decided to go to the Confidential Loan Company to borrow two hundred dollars. All this I didn't know. But as the crime was reconstructed for me later, Jane and her brother arrived at the loan company, and Jane, as usual, took charge.

Jane:

How do you do. I'm Mrs. Ace.

Wilkerson:

How do you do and what may I do for you?

Jane:

We'd like to see some of that money you advertise to lend. What is your name?

Wilkerson:

See some?

Jane:

How do you do, Mr. Seesome.

Wilkerson:

How do you do.

Jane:

This is my brother, Paul Sherwood. This is Mr. Seesome, Paul.

Paul:

How do you do, Mr. Seesome.

Wilkerson:

No, I'm Mr. Wilkerson.

Jane:

You said Seesome.

Wilkerson:

No, you said Seesome.

Jane:

No, Mr. Seesome. I said what is your name?

Wilkerson:

My name is Wilkerson.

Jane:

How do you do. I'm still Mrs. Ace.

Wilkerson:

How do you do.

Jane:

And this is my brother, Paul Sherwood, still.

Wilkerson:

How do you do, Mr. Still ? Now, madame, did you say you want to borrow some money?

Jane: Please, Mr. Seesome, not so loud. It says confidential. Are you the confidence man I have to see?

Wilkerson:

I'm Mr. Wilkerson, in charge of loans. Have chairs please.

SFX:

Chairs

Jane:

Thank you. Sit down, Paul.

Wilkerson:

Is this your first loan with our company, Mrs. Ace?

Jane:

Yes, it is. Why? Your advertisement doesn't say experience necessary.

Wilkerson:

No, I mean, have you an established credit here? What is your full name, please?

Jane:

Jane Ace. Mrs. Jane Ace.

Wilkerson:

Mrs. Jane Ace...

Jane:

How do you do.

Wilkerson:

How do you do, I'm Mr. Wilkerson.

Jane:

Yes, we've met. And this is my brother, Paul Sherwood.

Paul:

How do you do, Mr. Seesome.

Wilkerson:

I've met your brother and my name isn't Seesome, it's Wilkerson. Now, how much money do you want to borrow, Mrs. Ace?

Jane:

Please, Mr. Wilkerson, if you're gonna keep talking that loud I'd rather see Mr. Seesome.

Wilkerson:

There is no Mr. Seesome. I lend the money. Now how much do you want?

Jane:

Two hundred and twelve dollars and seventy-five cents.

Wilkerson:

Two hundred and twelve seventy-five ? that's rather an odd amount, isn't it?

Paul:

Well, the two hundred is for me. I'm getting my wife a tonsillectomy for an anniversary gift.

Jane:

Yes, and on the way down I saw a sale on hats for twelve seventy-five, so I thought we might as well kill two birds with one loan, you see? (Pause) Well, Mr. Wilkerson?

Wilkerson:

Uh ? just a minute. You, sir ? you're getting your wife a tonsillectomy as an anniversary gift?

Paul:

That's right, I'm not working right now and this money will come in pretty handy.

Jane:

And I'm gonna sign the note for him.

Wilkerson:

I see. He isn't working ? and you ? and what is your business, Mrs. Ace?

Jane:

Sister to the defendant.

Wilkerson:

What's that?

Jane:

I'm his sister. But I haven't got any money to lend him.

Wilkerson:

Then what good is your signature on a note?

Jane:

What good? Well I don't know who would sign for a person if his own sister wouldn't, and if I'm wrong I'm not far from it.

Wilkerson:

You're what?

Jane:

Doesn't it to you?

Wilkerson:

(Quietly trying to collect his wits) Uh?let me see what happened. I was sitting here in my office, quietly reading Dick Tracy when she came in and said he wanted to borrow two hundred and twelve dollars ans seventy-five cents. And she wants to sign the note, and she has no security. (Up now) Do you have any charge accounts in any of the stores, Mrs. Ace?

Jane:

Oh sure. But I wouldn't want them to know about borrowing this money.

Wilkerson:

Just a minute, I'll call upstairs and check on your credit.

SFX:

Buzz and click

Martin:

(Filtered?intercom) Yes? Miss Martin speaking. Over.

Wilkerson:

Miss Martin, this is Wilkerson. I have a Mrs. Jane Ace here who wants to borrow two hundred and twelve dollars and seventy-five cents. Will you check her credit for me?

Martin:

Mrs. Jane Ace wants to borrow two hundred and twelve dollars and seventy-five cents? Over.

Jane:

Fine confidential.

Wilkerson:

That's right, Miss Martin. Two twelve seventy-five.

Martin:

That's a rather odd amount isn't it? Over.

Wilkerson:

Well, two hundred is for a tonsillectomy her brother is giving his wife for a wedding anniversary.

Martin:

Testing, one-two. Testing one-two. Sounded like you said he's giving her a tonsillectomy for a wedding anniversary. Over.

Wilkerson:

That's right, Miss Martin. And the other twelve seventy-five if for a hat she saw in a clearance

sale on the way down here. Check it, will you, Miss Martin?

Martin:

Will do.

Wilkerson:

Roger.

SFX:

Switch click

Jane:

Mr. Wilkerson, was that coast to coast?

Wilkerson:

What? Oh, that's our efficient credit system. It'll only take a minute. And while we're waiting we can look over this application. Here are the weekly rates. For a loan of two hundred and twelve seventy-five, you'll have to pay back four dollars and forty cents a week for one year.

Paul:

Four dollars and forty cents a week? That's reasonable.

SFX:

Intercom buzz

Wilkerson:

There's Miss Martin again.

Jane:

This must be the repeat broadcast for the West Coast.

SFX:

Switch click

Wilkerson: Yes, Miss Martin?

Martin:

Mrs. Ace is NG. All charge accounts are in her husband's name. He's OK. Over.

Wilkerson:

Roger. Thanks, Miss Martin.

SFX:

Switch click

Wilkerson:

Sorry, Mrs. Ace, you're NG.

Jane:

What's that mean? Not guilty?

Wilkerson:

Yes. No! It means your signature is not acceptable. But if your husband will sign this note, we'll make the loan. Take the application and have him sign it.

Jane:

Well, OK, I'll guess we'll have to do it, Paul.

Paul:

But he'll never sign that note, Jane.

Jane:

Just leave it to your Uncle Dulcy. We'll see you later, Mr. Seesome.

Music bridge

Ace:

As Jane and Paul sailed out of the Confidential Loan Company, they waved a fond farewell to Mr. Wilkerson sinking slowly in the west. If you were a betting man wouldn't you give a hundred to one I wouldn't sign that note? Save your money. A few minutes before Jane and her brother got to my office, I had a visit from my boss ? that would be Mr. J. K. Norris, of Dutton, Sutton, Mutton and Norris. I don't know how he got I n there. Mr. Norris talks like a copy book. He believes a man's best friend is his motto.

Norris:

Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

Ace:

He's been married three times.

Norris:

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Ace:

But in spite of his corny talk I like J. K. He's a lonely man ? has no children.

Norris:

If at first you don't succeed...

Ace:

Yes. As I was saying, just before Jane and Paul got to my office, Mr. Norris had come rushing in quite pleased with an advertising idea I had thought up for a new account we were going to handle.

Norris:

Mr. Ace, my congratulations on that advertising campaign for our new account, the Confidential Loan Company.

Ace:

Well, thank yo, Mr. Norris.

Norris:

I knew when you and Thompson got together you'd turn out a great campaign. Two heads are better than one, I always say.

Ace:

But I did this one myself, Mr. Norris.

Norris:

Yourself? Good work, Mr. Ace. Too many cooks spoil the broth, I always say.

Ace:

Yes, you do ...

Norris:

By the way, the Confidential loan people are very concerned about the type of man we're assigning to their account; they want to be sure you've never signed a not over there on a loan?or borrowed money...

Ace:

Oh no, I never...

Norris:

Good. Neither a borrower nor a lender be, I always say. We had one man who borrowed money from them ? speculated in the stock market. You're not speculating, are you? I heard a rumor you were.

Ace:

It's not true.

Norris:

That's good. A fool and his money are soon parted, I always say.

SFX:

Door opens

Jane:

Hello, dear.

Ace:

Oh, hello, Jane, I always say.

Jane:

Hello, Mr. Norris.

Norris:

You're just in time, Mrs. Ace.

Jane:

Just fine. This is my brother, Paul, Mr. Norris.

Norris:

How do you do.

Paul:

Glad to meet you, Mr. Norris.

Norris:

Mrs. Ace, I was just congratulating your husband on a fine job he did on one of our accounts.

Ace:

Oh it was nothing, really, Mr. Norris...

Norris:

Nothing, he says. Don't let his modesty fool you, Mrs. Ace.

Jane:

All right.

Norris:

I hope you're as proud of him as I am.

Jane:

Oh you are?

Norris:

Congratulations again, Mr. Ace. This campaign will make you famous in advertising circles. How about it, Mrs. Ace ? your husband's a celebrity.

Ace:

(Modestly) Oh now, please.

Jane:

A celebrity? Dear, I'm so proud of you. It's like having a movie star in the family.

Ace:

Movie star ? I suppose you'll be asking me for my autograph.

Jane:

Autograph? Yes ? that's an idea ? give me your autograph, dear.

Ace:

Oh, now that's carrying a joke too...

Jane:

But dear, you're a celebrity...

Ace:

I know, but ...

Norris:

Go ahead, Mr. Ace, give your wife your autograph.

Ace:

But, Mr. Norris ? it's embarrassing...

Jane:

Here you are, ear ? on this piece of paper ? right here. Here's your pen.

Ace:

I feel kinda idiotic ? what is this paper I'm...

Norris:

Go ahead, sign your name.

Ace:

Haha, all right ? here you are.

SFX:

Pen scratching on paper

Ace:

Haha. This is kinda silly ? autograph to my own wi...

Jane:

That's it. Thanks, dear. Gimme that.

SFX:

Sound of paper

Paul:

Nice work, sis.

Ace:

What is that paper you gave me to...

Norris:

Well, Mrs, Ace, let's clear out and leave the big man to his own thoughts. Confidentially, I think he wants to be alone.

Jane:

Yes ? that's exactly where I'm going. Come on, Paul. See you later, dear.

Music bridge

Ace:

All I can say in defense of my simpering self is that I have a good alibi ? I'm stupid. And I never would have known I even signed the thing if something hadn't happened a week later. Jane and I were sitting around the living room after dinner and I was doing a little bragging: "Jane, remember that advertising campaign Mr. Norris congratulated me on about a week ago? He gave me a five-hundred dollar bonus today. Pretty good, huh?"

Jane:

Yes, dear.

Ace:

Is that the most enthusiasm you can work up? I thought at least you'd cheer.

Jane:

Yippee, dear.

Ace:

Well, thanks, if you can spare that. Maybe this'll brighten you up. I'm going to take two hundred of this bonus and lend it to Paul. Arlene does have to have her tonsils out and as long as I...

Jane:

Paul got that money already.

Ace:

Where?

Jane:

Last week. But I'll tell you what you can do.

Ace: I said where did Paul get that...

Jane:

If you want to somebody a favor, how about increasing my allowance?

Ace:

Where id Paul get the two hun ? increase your allowance? How much?

Jane:

Four dollars and forty cents a week.

Ace:

Four forty?how'd you arrive at that round figure?

Jane:

Well, I might as well get this off my chin.

Ace:

OK, start chinning.

Jane:

I'll make it short and sappy. Remember last week when I came to your office and you were celebrity and you signed your autograph on a piece of paper I gave you?

Ace:

Fine celebrity. Yes?

Jane:

Well, that day you opened a charge account at the Confidential Loan Company.

Ace:

Confiden ? oh, no!

Jane:

Paul borrowed two hundred dollars when you autographed the note.

Ace:

No!

Jane:

Oh yes. And today they called up that Paul missed the first payment. Four dollars and forty cents.

Ace:

And he's gonna miss every other payment, and I'm gonna have to make it good.

Jane:

I should say you won't. What kind of a wife do you think I am? I got you into this and I'm gonna make it good myself. I'll pay it out of my allowance. All you have to do is raise my allowance four forty a week.

Ace:

Look, Janie, I don't even mind the money, now. But when the Confidential Loan Company finds out I signed that note they'll cancel their advertising account.

Jane:

No they won't dear. When he saw your signature he asked me if you're in the advertising business and I said yes, and he laughed and said he was to have somebody like you handling their advertising.

Ace:

Laughed? Glad?

Jane:

He said he only wished all the other signers they have would be as happy to sign a note as you were.

Ace:

Who told him I was happy?

Jane:

He could tell by the way you signed it. He said this was the first time in his experience that a co-signer ever signed a note: "Sincerely yours, with all my love."

Ace:

Isn't that awful?

Music:

Theme up and then under for?

Announcer:

Tune in again Wednesday for another visit with the Easy Aces.

Music:

Theme up and play to end.