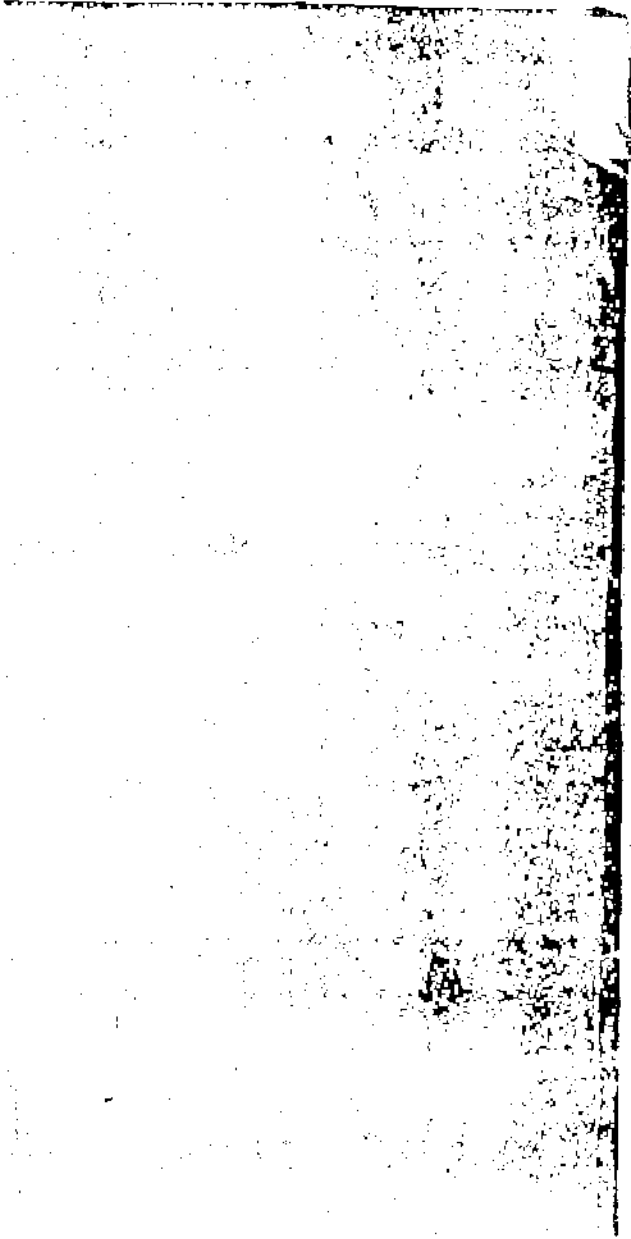


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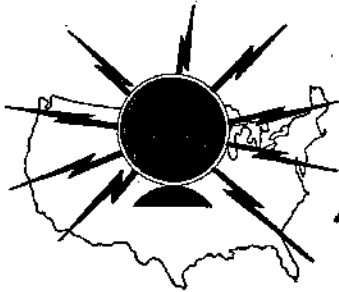
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# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the LUCKY STRIKE thrills ---- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and, in addition, the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays, and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian, on Saturdays. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen....and a happy Fourth of July to you. Maybe this opening sounds conventional....and why not? The whole country is convention-conscious.....The Republicans had theirs, the Democrats are still having theirs and this past week the Kiwanis Clubs of the World met in Detroit. As an old time member of the South Bend Indiana Kiwanis Club let me wish them well and hope they never repeal that amendment in their constitution that makes ~~them~~ help children in a fine fatherly way.

But now let's get going. Tonight the Magic Carpet is going to shoot the works.....We're going to skyrocket all over the country in a great display of music and mirth. Bert Lahr, the Broadway comedian, will explode all over the place for The Love of Tootsie, and George Olsen and his busy boys will serve up the dance music. From the Hollywood Gardens up in Westchester the Magic Carpet has carried the Olsen boys with the speed of an express that makes all the local stops....hop aboard his train ladies and gentlemen..... You're in for a riotous rhythmic ride.

ON WITH THE DANCE....(WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

All out, all out onto the dance floor while we play --

(TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now, here goes the Magic Carpet right back to our pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That's SERVICE....Olsen....the sort of service that would please the heart of any loyal Kiwanian. By the way I attended a Kiwanis luncheon the other day and I met a fellow I haven't seen in years. He looked great and I said, "Where you been fellah?" He told me he had been fooling around in the stock market and I remarked, "Well it certainly agreed with you. You look great.... why...you look twenty years younger." He yelled "I oughta look twenty years younger....I'm right back where I was twenty years ago."

Well well well.....here I am with my nose to the grindstone .....maybe it's in the microphone)...who cares....It's a free country....and I can just see a lot of the Magic Carpet-baggers having a whale of a time tonight. The best part of a vacation is coming back....so I think I'll enjoy myself by staying home. Howard Claney is staying home with me and he's got a special delivery for you.

HOWARD CLANEY:

The pick of college golfers fought it out hammer and tongs this week for the National Inter-Collegiate gold championship down at Hot Springs, Virginia. And, as you might expect, when cigarettes were passed around, LUCKY STRIKE was a big favorite....trust those discriminating college men to choose the world's mildest cigarette! LUCKIES not only give them a delicious blend of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, they give that extra mildness, mellow-mildness, imparted by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous purifying process....the process which removes certain impurities present in every tobacco leaf. Only when those certain impurities have been removed can a cigarette be truly mild! That's why, everywhere you see smart, up-to-the-minute young Americans, you'll find LUCKY STRIKE the finest -- the mellow mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Listen Claney....I've listened to you for weeks telling the audience to reach for a LUCKY and a friend of mine tells me that the other night some friends invited him to dinner in a restaurant....and they tuned in on the program....they loved it Howard....so much so that when the waiter brought around the bad news, the bill.....they all reached for a LUCKY instead of the check.

Speaking of checks how do you like the NEW racket...When you pay a check in a restaurant you usually leave a tip for the waiter....it's a sort of tax. And now when you handle a check from the bank you are taxed two cents....which is a tip for the banker. And I guess the bankers need tips as much as anybody.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

A friend of mine pulled a fast one though....you know Harry Ruby, the fellow who wrote Animal Crackers. Well Harry was telling me about the money he had in that moving picture bank that crashed. He fooled 'em though....He said, "Walter I'm not worried at all. I had two thousand in the bank but it was all in my wife's name.

-----

Well now depositors....we're going to toss the Magic Carpet back to George Olsen, the playing teller...who will tell you off plenty and say it with music.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE)...OKAY, U.S.A.

GEORGE OLSEN:

And we say it musically with -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All right, Walter, here comes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen...here we are with the Fourth of July just around the corner of the week-end. It's the birthday of countless Americans...but a couple of gentlemen will be glad to receive your congratulations. One of them is Calvin Coolidge who speaks for himself and the other is George M. Cohan, the beloved author, actor, producer, composer and jack of all trades in the theatre who is out on the coast now making a picture for Paramount called "The Phantom President." Greetings to the both of them... the original Yankee Doodle Dandy and the Dandy Vermont Yankee.

The Fourth of July is not the birthday of that other great American, Howard Claney, but let's have him speak his little piece anyway. Go ahead, Howard, you have 30 seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's good news for bridge players! In every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties you'll find a fascinating bridge problem by Milton C. Work, one of America's greatest bridge authorities. A big help for your bridge game -- auction or contract. It's a lot of fun --there's one in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties.

---LOCAL---



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Clanev. And while we're passing out posies let's give a great big hand to the State of Georgia....Georgia, the home of Ty Cobb, one of the greatest ball players that ever lived....and that other Georgia peach, Bobby Jones, the golfer, the champion of champions, Georgia the home of a little town called Pembroke.... whaddye mean you never heard of Pembroke....well it's a town of several hundred people and on the Fourth of July it's going to have a marvellous celebration. They should. The town doesn't owe a penny... not a cent...so they're going to have a whale of a time at a big strawberry festival. Good work Pembroke....and hop on the Magic Carpet tonight while Mr. Lucky Strike gets you off to a headstart on your celebration. Meet Bert Lahr, the great Broadway comic, who is still trying to get a job FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE. Tonight Bert is trying in a barber shop, so step up on the Magic Carpet and take a great big order of laughing gas.

ON WITH THE SHOW FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE -- (WHISTLE) OKAY BERT LAHR!

(BERT LAHR SKETCH)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Tough luck Bert....but what would you do with a job anyway lad? As my Dear Aunt Mame used to say "No Man should ever go to work as long as he's got the strength to lie in bed." Take something Bert to ease the hurt....take time out, take a rest, take music from the eminent Doctor Olsen to soothe the soul of yez.

ON WITH THE DANCE..(WHISTLE) OKAY, GEO. SARAZEN OLSEN

GEORGE OLSEN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

(NOTE: PLAYS ONE OR TWO SELECTIONS. THE FOLLOWING  
DIALOGUE GOES INTO MIDDLE OF THIS DANCE  
GROUP.)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

George....wait a minute...I feel a song in my heart....  
maybe it's somewhere else...but I'd like to sing it. I think I ought  
to explain it first. You see I got married last week and right here  
and now I'd like to thank a lot of friends and well-wishers who wired  
me....I got one wire from Al.Boasberg that read "May your wife always  
have Walter on the knee!" Had a swell wedding George...high class  
in every respect....in fact it cost me ten dollars to hire suits for  
the ushers....After it was over people started to throw things...I  
never knew how much my friends liked me until I got hit back of the  
ear with a horseshoe....luckily they had removed the horse. And  
there must have been a bargain sale on rice....DID THEY throw rice.  
I had rice in my shoes....rice in my pockets....rice in my vest....  
rice down my collar....oh and rice in my hair..I couldn't get the  
rice out of my hair for days in fact we had rice pudding for breakfast  
...rice pudding for dinner...rice pudding for supper...finally my  
wife and I lost our taste for the flavor.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

The rice pudding was flavored with hair tonic. After the wedding we had a reception at the bride's home and a pleasant time was had by all....I was a sort of innocent bystander....I was just there....like a tourist....no one was paying any attention to me and I was paying half the bill....in fact I still owe my mother-in-law seven dollars. There I was wandering around timidly and out of place ....trying to keep out of the way of all the relatives who were crying on the bride's shoulder. I noticed one fellow who was receiving even LESS attention than I was....well.....I wanted to make him feel right at home....I wanted him to know that I was more than a stick of furniture so I went up to him...misery loves company.... and I spoke to him with that VOICE WITH A SMILE. I forgot my aching heart and said "Have you kissed the bride?" He said, "No! Not lately!"

So I want to sing....not for the June brides but for all the grooms....please have the boys play "HERE COMES THE GROOM!"

(O'KEEFE SINGS "HERE COMES THE GROOM" FOLLOWING WHICH  
OLSEN CONTINUES DANCE GROUP)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Yes, there goes the groom back to the Pilot's seat on the Magic Carpet and we continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet flies back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Stand by George and we'll pick you up later. Meanwhile I want to run down a rumor I heard tonight. I heard that Congress is getting up a fund of money to remove the stranded delegates in Chicago. Ah....bless Congress....Bless Congressmen....I love that sentimental tribute to them which goes

My Congressman in Washington

Inquires about my needs

I tell him ALL my troubles

Then he sends me garden seeds!

Here at my side stands Congressman Claneey....I yield the floor....to him. But he won't talk politics - he's more interested in vacations. Let's hear him tell it in his own way. MR. CLANEY.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Just a word to all you folks up in the mountains....at the seashore....enjoying a happy Fourth of July week-end. Here's a tip to make your holiday even happier. Next time you stop in at the local store for a supply of LUCKIES -- ask for one of those economical tins of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties. Fifty of the world's mildest cigarettes, perfectly packed in a neat metal humidor that's smart, convenient, and assures you of a good supply of LUCKIES.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Each contains fifty delicious mellow-mild LUCKIES....made of the finest of fine tobaccos....the most fragrant, most delicate Turkish and domestic tobaccos in all the world. Then, "IT'S TOASTED".....which means that certain impurities naturally present in even the finest tobacco leaf have been removed. That's why LUCKY STRIKE is America's favorite...the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, because "IT'S TOASTED." A happy holiday to all you listeners -- and may your holiday be made happier by a tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties!

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You took the words right out of my mouth Howard....but these old ears of mine crave music....It sorta makes me feel young again my friends....(Oh by the way maybe I was wrong about Pembroke George being completely out of debt. About that big strawberry festival and celebration on the Fourth I just got a wire saying they owe sixty dollars for the strawberries. I'm going to check up but meanwhile let's have some dancing, so here goes the Magic Carpet with a hop skip and a jump right back to smiling George Olsen and his smiling lieutenants....the brass section.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE)...OKAY SMILES OLSEN

GEORGE OLSEN:

And the orchestra with the brass section included swings into the dance with -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard! All aboard! (OLSEN TRAIN SIGNATURE) now while our train speeds my boys back to the Hollywood Garden, the Magic Carpet carries you back to your pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Conductor George Olsen...trying to get on a half-fare ticket, ladies and gentlemen. Your pilot is just about to roll up the carpet over the week-end....and get it in readiness for Tuesday night when we'll bring you another mystery thriller from the New York Police Files....a drama founded on fact. Tie a string around your finger or put a ring through your sunburned nose to remind you. This time Tuesday.

A little earlier in the program I made mention of that brand new marriage of mine and I've really got to tell you what a husband....a new one....has to put up with. Back home in Hartford we old fashioned home makers used the old fashioned ice box with the pan underneath for the dripping water. Last night I turned to my new bride around midnight and said, "Well, darling...did you empty the pan under the ice box?".....(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

(B)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

She said, "Yes..dear...I put FRESH water in it?"

\*\*\*\*\*

With that I move we adjourn....look out for the sunburn  
over the holiday....I'm a goin' on a picnic. Goodnight everybody.

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD GLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/Chilleen  
7/3/32

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

(THIRD EPISODE)

"BARBER SHOP"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

--:--

CAST:

BERT	SECOND CUSTOMER ..(MAN)
MANICURIST	BOSS .....(ITALIAN)
FIRST CUSTOMER...(ENGLISHMAN)	

--:--

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A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT PROGRAM

FEATURING

BERT LAHR

in a series of Episodes entitled:

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

EPISODE III

(FIRST DRAFT)

"BARBER SHOP"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

--00000--

FOR LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1932

--0000--

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

( THIRD EPISODE )

"BARBER SHOP"

( FADE IN )

BERT: (SINGING "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" ENDING THE STRAIN  
WITH THREE DISTINCT NOTES TO BE EXPLAINED)

MANICURIST:

Say! What do you call that?

BERT:

The barber shop chord! The barber shop chord! Get this  
one -- Get this one.

(SINGS: "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN")

MANICURIST:

Well, I'm glad somebody around here is happy. I've been  
a manicurist in this shop for two years and I never saw the boss so  
grouchy.

BERT:

Wassa matter with him. What seems to be the defugality?

MANICURIST:

He can't find a good barber. You're the fourth man on the job this week. Are you a good barber?

BERT:

Am I a good barber! Am I a good barber! I come from a family of barbarians.

MANICURIST:

You do?

BERT:

Yeh. All my ancestors were barbarous.

MANICURIST: (LAUGHS)

Do you know anything about scalp treatment?

BERT:

Do I know anything about scalp treatment! Do I kn----- did you ever hear of Sitting Bull?

MANICURIST:

Why, yes.

BERT:

Well, I'm an ascendent of his brother, Standing Up. And was he a scalp treater! Was he a hair-raiser!

MANICURIST:

My goodness! You come from quite a line of progenitors!

BERT:

They wasn't janitors! They were barbers. It's born in me! It's in every corporal of my blood. Why I was a barber when I was five years old.

MANICURIST:

A barber when you were five years old?

BERT:

Yeh -- a little shaver! A little shaver! Is that comical! Is that humoresque! Wait a minute -- I gotta laugh!

(GONG GONG GONG)

MANICURIST: (LAUGHS)

You're a scream. What's your name?

BERT:

Bert. What 's yours?

MANICURIST:

Yvonne.

BERT:

Yvonne -- I know a recitation about a girl named Yvonne.

Listen: -----

"A fool there was and he made his prayer,  
To a hank and a rag and a bone of hair,  
Yvonne -- as you and I!"  
How's that, kid?      How's that?

MANICURIST:

Well, of all crazy things!

(LAUGHS)

Sit down and tell me some more funny jokes while I give  
you a manicure.

BERT:

No, thanks. I only hold hands with one girl -- and that's  
Tootsie.

MANICURIST:

Who's Tootsie?

BERT:

The girl I'm gonna marry. My fi-nancy, my fi-nancy. And  
is she sweet! Is she pretty! She's a revision of beauty.

MANICURIST:

I suppose she's the last word!

BERT:

The last word! She's two words after that -- two words after that.

(SOUND: CLOSING DOOR)

MANICURIST:

When are you going to be married?

BERT:

Just as soon as I save up money enough to buy a chicken farm -- and oh boy -- are we gonna have a chicken farm!

MANICURIST:

Do you know anything about raising chickens

BERT:

No, but I will after I get through reading this book.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER)

MANICURIST:

What is it?

BERT:

A poultry catalogue. It tells all about chickens and how to raise eggs. Here's a pitcher of a Wyandottee ---- this one is a Plymouth Rock ----

MANICURIST:

What's that blue one?

BERT:

That blue one? That's a Rhode Island Red. And look at this -- look at this! That's an in-cuba-ter ---- an in-cuba-ter.

MANICURIST:

You mean an incubator.

BERT:

Yeh. An in-cuba-ter --- and this is a brooder.

MANICURIST:

A brooder?

BERT:

Yeh -- if the chickens have any worry on their mind, they go in there to brood. And look at all the little puppy chickens! Ain't they cuticle! Ain't they cuticle! And on this page over here -----

(SOUND: CLOSING DOOR)

MANICURIST:

Save it for later. Here comes a customer.

BERT:

You're next, mister -- you're next.

FIRST CUSTOMER: (ENGLISHMAN)

Er -- I say -- is this a tonsorial parlor?

BERT:

I should say not! It's a barber shop -- a barber shop.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Well, a barber shop is where one would come to get one's face shaved, wouldn't one?

BERT:

Sure -- every one -- except the bearded lady.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

The bearded lady! My word! A clevah pun -- rawther clevah! I'm afraid I shall burst forth into laughter.

(LAUGHS)

BERT:

I think I'll bust out myself.

(GONG GONG GONG)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

I say -- give me a massage and a shave, like a good fellow.

BERT:

A massage and a shave! You mean a shave and a massage -- You got the a la carte before the horse.



FIRST CUSTOMER:

I beg your pardon -- I know what I want -- it's my face.

BERT:

I'm glad it's not mine.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

I want the massage first.

BERT:

All right -- take that pane of glass out of your eye.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Pane of glass?

BERT:

Yeh --- the monologue -- the monologue!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Oh, the monocle? Is it necessary?

BERT:

Certainly it is -- I'm not a window washer. What kind of a massage do you want?

FIRST CUSTOMER:

What would <sup>you</sup> suggest for a face like mine?

BERT:

A mask -- a mask.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

I've been having mud packs. Is your mud good?

BERT:

Is our mud good! Is our mud good! We get our mud from the finest mud turtles.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Really? I'll try it. Eh -- I say, old top -- you'll be careful of my mustache, won't you?

BERT:

Where is it? Where is it?

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Heah -- on my upper lip.

BERT: (CHUCKLE)

I thought that was a catapiller. Hold still while I get this mud on evenly.

(SOUND: SLAPPING)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Heah! Heah! Not so strenous! You've not grooming a horse -- you know.

BERT:

I can tell that by your ears -- I can tell that by your ears.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

My word! That mud has a most peculiar odor!

(SOUND: STOP SLAPPING)

BERT:

Wait a minute. I made a mistake. That's not mud, it's shoe polish!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Shoe polish!

BERT:

Yeah. How about a shine instead of a massage?

FIRST CUSTOMER:

What a beastly mess! How are you going to get the bally stuff off my face?

BERT:

With an anaskeptic face pollution -- that's what. We got lilac, vanilla, strawberry, chocolate, pineapple -----

FIRST CUSTOMER:

No, no, no! Take it off with a hot towel.

BERT:

That's just what I was gonna do -- that's just what I was gonna do.

(SOUND: METAL ON METAL)

BERT:

Oh, boy -- is this towel hot! Ow! Ouch! Ooo!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Good gracious! What do you mean by dropping that scalding hot towel on my face?

BERT:

I couldn't hold it -- it was burning my hand! It was burning my hand!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

You silly donkey! You're positively balmy! Let me out of this dreadful shop!

(SOUND: MAN GETTING OUT OF CHAIR)

BERT:

Don't get excited. Don't be so unconsequential!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Such indignities! I shall report the matter to the Home Office! You will hear from my government!

BERT:

That's right -- start a war! Start a war! Shame on you!  
Get out of here!

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF FEET)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Take your hands off of me, sir! Desist! Desist!

(AD LIB)

BERT:

Outside! Scram! Beat it!

(AD LIB)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

MANICURIST:

There goes a satisfied customer.

BERT:

Say listen -- you can satisfy some of the people some of  
the time -- and some of the time you can satisfy some of the people  
you satisfy.

MANICURIST:

What kind of a barber school did you graduate from?

BERT:

A correspondence school -- a correspondence school.

MANICURIST:

Did they give you a degree?

BERT:

Did they give me a degree? I got more degrees than a thermometer. I'm an AAB, BLG, DIP, NUT and a Z.

MANICURIST:

What in the world do they mean?

BERT:

I don't know -- I got to go to another school to find out.

(SOUND: CLOSING DOOR)

MANICURIST:

Here's another victim for you.

BERT:

Next!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Ah -- a new man! I never saw you before.

BERT:

You got nothing on me -- I never saw you before, so that makes us even.

SECOND CUSTOMER: (LAUGHS)

You're quite a wit, aren't you?

BERT:

Yeh. My family's full of wits -- half-wits and nit-wits.

SECOND CUSTOMER: (LAUGHS)

You're all right. The man whose place you took was an old crab. He never could see a joke.

BERT:

I'm different. I got an incense of humour -- an incense of humour. What's the use of being sad and melancholera? Every coat has a silver lining.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

You're quite a philosopher. Now let me see what kind of a barber you are.

BERT:

Want a hair-cut?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

No -- just want a shave.

(SOUND: SHAVING BRUSH AND CUP WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL CUE!)

BERT:

How about an egg shampoo?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

No, just a shave -- a shave.

BERT:

And a nice massage?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

I said -- just a shave!

BERT:

And a scalp rub -- a hair singe -- manicure and shine?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

No, no, no!

BERT:

Well, how about a shave?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

That's what I want!

BERT:

Well, why didn't you say so? Why didn't you say so?

(SOUND: STOP SHAVING BRUSH AND CUP)

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Say! Are you going to shave me or not?



BERT:

What do you suppose I'm going to do with this scalp and brush -- paint a picture on your face? Hold still.

SECOND CUSTOMER: (SPLUTTERING)

Hey! Was that the brush you just stuck in my mouth?

BERT:

What did you think it was -- a lollipop?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Keep your brush out of my mouth!

BERT:

Keep your mouth out of my brush!

(SOUND: A FEW STROPS OF RAZOR)

SECOND CUSTOMER:

And be careful of that razor.

BERT:

Say, listen -- I've been handling razors for years, for months -- for weeks!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Just the same, be careful. I'm going to a party tonight and I don't want to -----ouch!

BERT:

Wassa matter? Wassa matter?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

You cut me!

BERT:

As if I didn't know! As if I didn't know!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Why don't you get a new razor?

BERT:

Why don't you get a new face?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

What's the matter with my face? What's the ----ouch!  
You cut me again!

BERT:

You don't have to tell me. I know when I cut a customer.  
I can tell.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Ouch!

BERT:

Don't tell me I cut you again!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

You certainly did! And if it happens once more -----

BERT:

Say, listen. Would you like apple sauce all over your neck?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Certainly not.

BERT:

Then shut up while I shave your Adam's Apple. You're the gabbiest guy I ever shaved. Why I -----say -- have you been eating ketchup?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

No -- why?

BERT:

Then it must be blood. Let me see -- yes -- it is blood. I think I cut you again.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

You think you did!

BERT:

Yeh -- but it's not a big cut. It'll only take about three stitches.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Oh, yeah! Well, you'll need more than three stitches  
when I get through with you!

(SOUND: SCUFFLING  
UPSETTING OF BOTTLES  
BREAKING GLASS, ETC.)

MANICURIST: (SCREAM)

Oh! Help! Help!

BERT: (AD LIB)

Hey! Wait a minute! Let go of me! Let go!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Cut me up will you! Cut me up!

BOSS:

Hey! Wait a min-nuetes! Watsa dis? Watsa de mat?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Who are you?

BOSS:

Ima da boss! Watsa idea you bust 'em up mya shop?

SECOND CUSTOMER:

What's the idea of your barber busting up my face? Look  
at me! I'm a sight!

BOSS:

(EXCLAMATION IN ITALIAN) A wadja you done? A wadja you  
did?

BERT:

Listen, boss -- it was this way -- he was chewing gum --

SECOND CUSTOMER:

I was not!

BERT:

Well, you was chewing the rag -- you was chewing the  
rag ----

BOSS:

Ots enough -- shurr up! You tolda me you was a good-a  
barber --- what are you? A butch! Dats a what you are -- a  
butch! Get outa disa shop and donta puta your foots in him again.  
I never wanta to see your face some more! Get out! You  
(EXCLAMATION IN ITALIAN)

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF FEET  
UPSETTING BOTTLES, ETC.)

BERT:

Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Stop beatin' about the  
bush! If you want me to get out, say so!

IS:

I might tell you ----

LET:

That's all I wanted to know. And just for that I'm  
leaving without giving you any notice! I wasn't out out to be a  
barber. I'll carve my name some place else!

(SINGING AS HE WALKS AWAY ---"HAPPY DAYS")

(SOUND: CLOSING DOOR)

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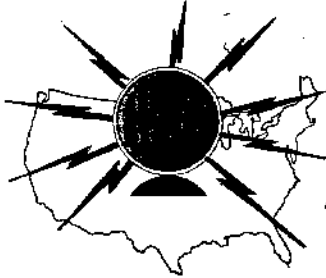
FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen  
7/1/33

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLARKE:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the LUCKY STRIKE thrills - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and, in addition, the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays, and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian, on Saturdays. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the more or less United States....and how is your sunburn? As Winchell would say "Is My Face Red." I've got a sunburn that's a honey....I'm not what you'd call well-done....I'm sort of medium rare. I'm going out to put some oil on my bearings to keep from burning up, but meanwhile I'd like to get that Magic Carpet rolling along and why not. The conventions are all over....the democrats buried the hatchet out in Chicago....they do it every four years....get together to bury the hatchet....But LUCKIES takes no sides....so let's get on with the festivities.

Tonight we again throw you on the mercy of the underworld with a dramatic portrayal of a famous or notorious New York Crime....founded on facts in the files of the New York Police Department. And from the Golden State, California, we are getting a fresh shipment of sunkist syncopation from Anson Weeks. So let's give the Magic Carpet a test flight to the Coast. Hop on you hoofers...drop yoh dogs on the Magic Carpet and let joy be unconfined.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

This is Anson Weeks welcoming everybody to San Francisco, where we play first -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)



ANSON WEEKS:

And now, we flash high above San Francisco and the Golden Gate and speed back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks California...and thanks to you, little town of Brawley, down in the heart of the Imperial Valley. I owe you a letter...but it's hard to tell you I love you. Why don't you come East to see me? Better still, I'll bring you Eastwards on the Magic Carpet in a few minutes...bring your mellow melon along with you, but you can't do two things at once...stop eating for a minute and lend your ears to Howard Claney, our sports expert.

HOWARD CLANEY:

A nice Fourth of July week-end present for Uncle Sam! America cleans up in the English tennis championships! Ellsworth Vines wins the men's tennis crown of England, and the ever-brilliant Helen Wills Moody takes the English women's tennis championship! In the distinguished gallery at Wimbledon, England, you would have seen many a package of LUCKIES passed around! For LUCKIES are a great favorite among discriminating smokers wherever you go -- here and abroad! American people, English people, French people, people everywhere say that LUCKIES are the mildest cigarette they ever smoked. And it is truly the mild cigarette...because certain impurities naturally present in even the most delicate tobacco leaf are removed by LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" PROCESS...It's mild...because it uses the mildest of mild tobaccos...but more important...it's mild because "IT'S TOASTED!" LUCKY STRIKE, the mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

WALTER Q'KEEFE:

(MYSTERIOUS VILLAINOUS ENTRANCE MUSIC)

Dum dum dum dum.....DAAAAAAA Dum. (REPEAT PLAYFULLY) Look out now.....look out for them there crooks and that there VILYUN. OOH he's a toughie.....what a nawsty gent.....strike me pinka dn blaow me down if he EYENT a bloomn' rotter. He's so tough he beats up his own whip cream.....Tonight's dramatic sketch is called "THE CURSE OF THE STOLEN PEARLS." And there you have it.....they are about to steal the pearls.....curse 'em. This is where Mr. LUCKY STRIKE gives you a reserved seat on the front page of yesterday's newspaper and let's you see how New York's finest detectives track down a bunch of racketeers in the traffic of stolen jewels. With his steady hand on the dual control of the Magic Carpet, sits Dominick Henry.....COLONEL Dominick Henry, former deputy inspector who is here at the request of New York's Commissioner of Police..... Edward P. Mulrooney. Give them a ride, kind sir.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The story you will hear tonight concerns a very famous case, which we will call the "Curse of the Stolen Pearls." This case occupied the headlines of the newspapers a few years ago. Everything in these dramatizations of cases from the files of the New York Police Department is real life except that fictitious names are used throughout. By placing at the disposal of the sponsors of this program the complete records and files of each case, Commissioner Mulrooney hopes that every member of this vast audience will again be most forcibly impressed by the fact that crime does not pay.

(FIRST PART -- STOLEN PEARLS CASE)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Okay my eye. What're we going to do? Chick Dugan is trying to get down the girders from that elevated station and Wurtz -- where is HE? You don't know. I don't know -- ah, but the Magic Carpet knows and will tell all in a little while. But don't worry about these two crooks, Dugan and Wurtz.

Learn a lesson from this fellow Wurtz  
He's crook who will get his desserts  
Oh he's rough and he's gruff  
And he's terribly tough  
And his favorite expression is NERTZ.

Just send us in a last line, ladies and gentlemen...and we'll tell you the correct time.

We'll solve the mystery of the Stolen Jewels later on in this program -- within a half hour, to be more explicit -- but meanwhile roll back the rug.....in the living room, crawl into your partner's arms.....hold steady while the Magic Carpet picks you up and catapults you over the Rockies to Anson Weeks and his orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCIN ANSON (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

The dance goes on in San Francisco with -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

Now the Magic Carpet flashes back from San Francisco to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Anson...now rest in peace. By the way ladies and gentlemen....speaking a while ago of Wurtz....reminded me of the poor fellow in Chicago who has just come to New York to get away from his telephone. His name was Nertz....really it was. I think it was Herman Nertz. Practical jokers drove him out of his mind by calling up and when he answered the phone they'd inquire "Who is this speaking?" So Herman being a decent fellow and truthful would reply "Nertz." That was their cue to say "Nertz yourself....I just asked you a civil question" and hang up. Well this is getting us nowhere.....let's get a tip or two from Mrs. Clancy's Howard.

HOWARD CLANEY:

It's important to choose a mild cigarette because all smokers inhale some part of their cigarette smoke. LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest of cigarettes because certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf are removed by the exclusive LUCKY STRIKE purifying process. LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest cigarette you ever smoked - mellow mild - because "IT'S TOASTED."

---STATION BREAK---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Another newspaper item I picked up last week has to do with the scientists of the great State of Kansas....almost the geographical center of these here United States....which is the center of almost everything....that golden sunflower State of Kansas is surrounded by the goldenrod of Nebraska....the magnolia of Missouri....the mistletoe of Oklahoma....and the Columbine of Colorado.. Honestly I don't know what I'm getting poetical about....I wanted to say that those Kansas scientists discovered that a grasshopper hops 200 miles a day. Why that's nothing....here is our Magic Carpet....it hops 2,000 miles across country in a second or two....just for a hop. And speaking of hops (may they soon be back) well...speaking of hops Mr. Webster, the big verb and adjective doctor of the dictionary, says that a 'HOP' is an informal dance....so let's do a hop skip and a jump across the map to Anson Weeks and his bandsern.

ON WITH THE DANCE ...(WHISTLE)...OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet comes to rest in San Francisco where we next play -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

California sends the magic carpet from San Francisco eastward to the other Coast.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you California. The crew from your University wins the Poughkeepsie regatta....and then you people had the balance of power at the Democratic Convention....so you hopped on the bandwagon... the bandwagon has sprung a leak....What do you mean sprung a leak, it's dripping wet--- and we will see what we will see. I hope you're listening California.....Mr. LUCKY STRIKE, the people's choice....who believes that Variety is the spice of Life...is mixing music with melodrama on these Tuesday night programs. Tonight it's a mystery thriller....and mystery loves company so pay attention while we get hot on the trail of the stolen Pearls. They were stolen from a wealthy WOMan at a New Year's Eve party and the chase was just getting hot when one of the crooks slid down the girders of the elevated...how do you like that?...He's a sort of Human Fly so let's see the Police Department chase him with a fly-swatter.

ON WITH THE SHOW DETECTIVE RUDD! (WHISTLE) OKAY POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART -- "CURSE OF THE STOLEN PEARLS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And let that be a lesson to you. It's all true, too. That ends the story of the "Curse of the Stolen Pearls." The suicide of the one go-between was followed shortly after by the death of the other -- that fellow they called O'Rane in the story. And the two crooks got theirs all right and had lots of time to think it over in the penitentiary. That one stiff arm of Dugan's made him pretty easy to follow and if they'd changed the license plates on their car before they had lunch - well - it only goes to show you they all make some little mistake and, as everybody knows, crime does not pay. But let's turn to the dance and get going. As my dear Aunt Mame used to say "My feet are killing me"....they got sunburned too... so I'll just set at the side of the Magic Carpet and watch the people dance. No rough stuff now....remember I'm watching...and here we go over the long long trail to San Francisco and back to good old dependable reliable Anson Weeks.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

That may have been a long long trail for the covered wagons, Walter, but not for the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet -- it's right at our feet now, as we play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

Once again the Magic Carpet dashes across the continent from ocean to ocean back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Don't go away Weeks....sit down and light up your Flat Fifties. Next week on this hour we'll have a new mystery thriller for you. Let's see now. We've had mellerdramer; we've had music. What's next? Oh, yes, the ticket taker Howard Claney....Conductor Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

America knows a good thing when she sees it....and everywhere the idea has taken hold!....the idea of buying LUCKIES in that handy, convenient tin of flat Fifties. And a mighty sensible idea it is....because it gives you that comfortable feeling of having plenty of cigarettes on hand....in perfect smoking condition...Fifty delicious mellow-mild LUCKIES....made of the world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos - and purified by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous "TOASTING" Process. Wherever you go - in every city, town, village and hamlet - you'll hear folks say "LUCKIES are the mildest cigarette they ever smoked." Mild because "IT'S TOASTED." So, for convenience sake and for economy's sake - buy a tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now ladies and gentlemen....before shooting you back across the skies I would have you know that Mr. Lucky Strike, than whom there is none better, brings to this same microphone, at this same time Thursday Walter Winchell, the New York Daily Mirror tattletale and on Saturday night.....Bert Lahr, the clown about town, who gives his all for the Love of Tootsie. Come one come all... whether you're in the torrid twenties, the tepid thirties, the foolish forties.....or the flat fifties....This time Thursday.

Captain Frank Hawks once flew across the continent in nothing flat....The Magic Carpet does it three nights a week but people have come to expect it....we're a fast gang...so come all ye playfuls...and frolic over Pike's Peak while we peek in on Anson Weeks out where the West begins.

ON WITH THE DANCING..ANSING...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANSON WEEKS:

Yes, San Francisco is where the West begins -- when you're coming East and It's also where the next dance begins with -(TITLES)

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- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

Here we go out of San Francisco across the country and back to our Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Weeks you have done noble....pick you up soon again on the Magic Carpet. I was out there in California a couple of years ago... down in Hollywood...that dear so dear Hollywood writing for the cinema....talkies to YOU!! We went to fights a lot but one night I stayed home....and listened in on the radio when Ace Hudkins the Nebraska wildcat traded long lefts with another lad. I forget the other boy's name but let's call him Hellinger. The gong announced the opening round and the announcer fell flat on his face with excitement....and yelled, "They're off...ace bounds out of his corner....whoe....that was a hard one.....AND another...right on the jaw...Hellinger delivers a murderous uppercut.....Zowie...did you hear them smash each other then....Look out....oh people you should BE here....now they're in the center of the ring and bingo bango.....wallop socko....looks as if the fight won't go the limit. Gong. There goes the bell. Well you can imagine how sore I was.... here was the best fight of the year and I was listening in at home. For five rounds that went on....my friends and I started to make little side bets on Hellinger and Hudkins and they came up for the sixth round. Again the announcer started, "It looks as if they'll knock each other out...both boys are tiring...whoa....what a wallop.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE III

"THE CURSE OF THE STOLEN PEARLS"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1932

-----

"MANHATTAN PATROL"EPISODE III"THE CURSE OF THE STOLEN PEARLS"

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

---:---

CHARACTERS:

**BARRY RUDD:** New York Detective....Enthusiastic in his work.... Change of pace....Gamat from reflective to clean-cut rapid-fire delivery.

**MACK:** Barry's loyal but impatient pal....Blustery and emotion-expressing....New Yorkese accent....Must contrast with Barry.

**CHICK DUGAN:** Safe cracker...crook....Generally hard and forceful but smooth on occasion.

**WURTZ:** Pal of Dugan....Rough.

**BREWSTER:** Pal of Dugan....Of good family but gone wrong.

**CHARLEY KARSTEN:** Broadway dancing star....Punctilious in speech and meticulous in manners....Paid companion of Mrs. Louise Halliday.

**JOHN O'RANE:** Character...A crooked jewel merchant....First appears as robust man in late forties....But with odd emotional strain in voice....Must have snarling, croaking voice in his second scene.

**MRS. LOUISE HALLIDAY:** Forty...Rich....Thrill-seeking....Bank-rolls Charley Karsten.

**MILDRED:** At party.

(DOUBLE FROM ABOVE)

DICK	PATROLMAN
STELLA	OLD WOMAN
WARDEN	BELLBOY

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE III --(PART I and PART II)

"THE CURSE OF THE STOLEN PEARLS"

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

--::--

CAST:

BARRY RUDD	MILDRED
MACK	DICK
CHICK DUGAN	STELLA
WURTZ	WARDEN
BREWSTER	PATROLMAN
CHARLEY KARSTEN	OLD WOMAN
JOHN O'RANE	BELLBOY

MRS. LOUISE HALLIDAY

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WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Hudkins rocked him back on his heels with a right...and another and another oh COOH...Cooch. Hellinger floored him...they're up they're down"...and at this point the announcer stopped running off at the mouth and said "Pardon me ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience... the referee is going to make an announcement. Listen. Did you hear that? BOTH BOYS HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT OF THE RING FOR STALLING.

I'm worn out my friends...so toodle oo and farethnewell till Thursday. Goodnight all.

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY" from "FOLLIES 1919" was played by special permission of the copyright owners.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilcoen  
7/5/32

SCENE ONE: CHARLEY KARSTEN'S APARTMENT.

(BURST OF LAUGHTER)

LOUISE: I don't know anybody that throws parties like you do,  
Charley.

DICK: Why, they write songs about our Charley?

LOUISE: Really?

DICK: Sure -- (SINGS) "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charley!  
Clap Hands --"

(LAUGHS)

CHARLEY: Well, why NOT have a good time. Life's too short and  
it's New Year's Eve.

LOUISE:  
and  
DICK: Sure! Whoopie!

(COUPLE TOOTS ON A HORN)

DICK: Then what's the idea of hanging around this apartment  
playing cards....I thought we were goin' over to the  
Green Mill to drink the New Year in.....

MILDRED: I'd just as soon stay here. No crowds and --

LOUISE: It's almost midnight now.

DICK: Well, Charley's apartment is artistic 'n' all that,  
but I'm gonna beat it as soon as I settle up with  
that gate-crasher from downstairs. I don't like him.

MILDRED: Don't be so jealous, Dick --- just because I said he  
was a handsome boy.

DICK: Yee?...Well, why did he insist on playing cards when  
he didn't have any money.

LOUISE: But he's gone downstairs to get some.

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE III

"THE CURSE OF THE STOLEN PEARLS"

PART I

---:~::~:---

(SIGNATURE --- POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: All....Police cars....Stand by.....All.....  
Police cars...Stand by.....The Curse of the  
Stolen Pearls.....Real Clues....Real Places....  
Real people.....A real Case....from New York  
Police Headquarters.....Investigated by Tom  
Curtin.....Authenticated by Police Commissioner  
Edward P. Mulrooney.....LUCKY STRIKE Magic  
Carpet.....Proceed at once.....To luxurious  
apartment of good-time Charley Karsten.....New  
Year Eve's party....Mrs. Louise Halliday there....  
wearing half million dollars in jewels.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

\*\*\*\*\*



CHARLEY: You don't have to worry about Brewster, Dick....He looks like a decent kid.  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

LOUISE: Must be him now.  
(DOOR OPENS)

CHARLEY: Yes, it is. Cock-eyed, and a bottle of champagne in each hand.

MILDRED: And another quart inside of 'im.

BREWSTER: (SOMEWHAT INTOXICATED) Suppose you been wishing me. But li'l boy Brewster's back -- with some champagne for the party.

CHARLEY: Thanks, Brewster.....

BREWSTER: And Mrs. Halliday, let me admire thosh pearls....How many in the small rope?

LOUISE: Ninety-nine.

BREWSTER: And the large one?

LOUISE: Two hundred and one.

BREWSTER: Got a lotta ice on, too....(SUDDENLY STRUCK BY BIG IDEA) You know what people call you, Mrs. Halliday? They call you the lighthouse....

ALL: (LITTLE GASPS OF EMBARRASSMENT)

DICK: (POINTEDLY) Did you bring that money up Brewster?

BREWSTER: Shorry....Banksh all closed....But, I'll write you out a check.....

DICK: I don't want your check!

BREWSTER: (CHALLENGINGLY) What do you mean?

LOUISE: (QUICK INTERJECTING) Of course, he'll take your check, Mr. Brewster....Dick's only joking.

BREWSTER: He oughta apologize....

CHARLEY: (APPEASINGLY) Write out the check, Brewster, and I'll endorse it.

BREWSTER: I didn't come here to be insulted....I belong to the Mayflower Brewsters.

DICK: (DERISIVELY) Huh....You mean the home Brew--sters!

BREWSTER: (FURIOUSLY) That's the last insult!

MILDRED: (ALARMED) Stop him....What's he going to do?

LOUISE: Take that bottle away from him, Charley.

BREWSTER: Look out!...

CHARLEY: Put it down, Brewster!

BREWSTER: (GRABS BOTTLE) Get out of the way....I'm gonna christen the big hulk with champagne...

MILDRED: (CRY OF ALARM) Look out, Dick.....

(STARTLED CRIES OF WARNING FROM WOMEN....

SPLINTERING CRASH OF GLASS AS BOTTLE MISSES

DICK AND BREAKS ON WALL AD LIB SHRIEKS)

DICK: (ENRAGED) So you'd try to kill me, would you? Lemme get at him....

(HEAVY TABLE OVERTURNS)

CHARLEY: Stop it! Stop it!

(NOISE OF MIX-UP WITH HEAVY BREATHING AND MUTTERING OF DICK AND BREWSTER -- NOISE OF CRASHES --- SHOUTS OF CHARLEY -- SCREAMS OF ALARM )

LOUISE: (RUSHING FROM ROOM IN ALARM) This is terrible..... Terrible (PULLS DOOR OPEN) I'm going to get out of here....

(PAUSE)

(DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HER ENDING SCENE ABRUPTLY)

SOUND INTERLUDE: (WHISTLES AND HORNS...(SOMEWHAT IN DISTANCE)  
(WELCOME NEW YEAR.)

\*\*\*\*\*

SCENE TWO: CHARLEY KARSTON'S APARTMENT...IN THE LULL THAT  
FOLLOWS THE BATTLE.

CHARLEY: (MOURNFULLY) My apartment is a wreck.

MILDRED: Your head's all bloody, Dick! Don't you think we  
oughta get a doctor?

CHARLEY: For goodness sakes, don't let's have any publicity on  
this...(SURPRISE AND ANXIETY) Why, where's Louise?

MILDRED: She rushed out....To the next room I guess....

DICK: (UGLY) Where's that card cheat?

MILDRED: He ran out after Louise....

DICK: Afraid to stay and finish with me, huh?

LOUISE: (COMBINATION OF SHRIEK AND MOAN BEYOND CLOSED DOOR  
LEADING TO HALL)

MILDRED: (FRIGHTENED) Listen...What's that?

LOUISE: (SOMEWHAT NEARER AND LOUDER) Help!....Help!.....

CHARLEY: (STARTLED)...FADING SLIGHTLY TOWARD DOOR) It's  
Louise!...(CALLS) Louise!  
(DOOR OPENS)

LOUISE: (FADING IN RAPIDLY....GASPING IN ANGUISH) O-h....O-h,  
Charley....

CHARLEY: (AGHAST) Louise, what's the matter?

MILDRED: (SHOCKED) What's happened to your face?

LOUISE: (BEWILDERED) Oh, my head....

CHARLEY: What's happened, Louise?

LOUISE: My eyes....They're burning...Two men on the floor below...They blinded me with something....

DICK: It smells like ammonia....They used an ammonia gun on you, that's what they did....(MEANINGLY I bet that fellow Brewster -----

LOUISE: They beat me and tied a cloth over my mouth and ----

MILDRED: Louise, Louise, where are your pearls?

CHARLEY: And your bracelets, your rings ----

LOUISE: (WITH MOAN OF AGONY) O-h....My pearls....O-h....I've been robbed.....I've been robbed!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: (METALLIC RATTLING CLANK OF CELL DOORS)

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SCENE THREE: WEST SIDE PRISON.

WARDEN: Here, Barry, you can have a nice quiet chat with Charley Karston in here.

BARRY: Thanks, Warden....I'll go right in and get busy.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

CHARLEY: (INDIGNANTLY) Why did they arrest me, Mr. Rudd?

BARRY: (POINTEDLY) Why did you sub-lease the floor beneath you to three crooks?

CHARLEY: They had excellent references....

BARRY: How did they know Louise Halliday was coming to town for your New Year's Eve party?

CHARLEY: (FORCIBLY) I don't know! And it's an outrage to keep me locked up!

BARRY: (FAST SHIFT FROM THE QUESTIONING TO THE POSITIVE IN TACTICS) All right....I'll give you a chance to unlock yourself, Mr. Karston.

CHARLEY: (EAGERLY) How?

BARRY: By looking at some pictures I brought along from the Rogues Gallery....Here....Do you recognize this fellow as one of your tenants?

CHARLEY: (EAGER HOPE) Let me see it....(VEXED DISAPPOINTMENT) No -- Good heavens, no!

BARRY: Sure?

CHARLEY: Positive....It doesn't look a bit like any one of the men....This one doesn't, either....

BARRY: Take a good slant at this....

CHARLEY: (DISGUSTED) Why, that doesn't resemble the description I gave....Nor that, nor ----

BARRY: That's too bad because -----

CHARLEY: (EXCITED...RING OF CONVICTION) There....There..... That's the man who rented the place downstairs.-----

BARRY: (EJACULATORY WHISTLE) Well, you certainly picked out a fine guy to share your front-door key with!

CHARLEY: (EXCITED) Who is he, Mr. Rudd? Who is he?

BARRY: Wait a minute, Charley. Think hard, and tell me whether you ever noticed anything peculiar about this fellow --- anything about his legs?

CHARLEY: (SLOWLY) N-no....He was quick on his feet...(SUDDENLY)  
But there was something wrong with one of his arms....  
Stiff at the elbow!

BARRY: How did you know?

CHARLEY: By the awkward way he struck a match for a cigarette....

BARRY: (SHARP CLICK OF FINALITY WITH ENTHUSIASM) That settles  
it! (SMASHING SHIFT) Charley Karston --- do you know  
who you really let your apartment to?

CHARLEY: (ANXIOUSLY) No....Who?

BARRY: Chick Dugan!

CHARLEY: (AMAZED) Chick Dugan? Was that Dugan?

BARRY: (PUNCH) You bet it was Dugan....And where did he get  
that stiff arm? Cracking safes with Charlie Kerns....  
Now take a look at another mug....

CHARLEY: (UNHESITATINGLY) Why, that's another one of 'em! Not  
the society boy who crashed the party, but ----

BARRY: (POSITIVE PUNCH) He's Dugan's chum --- Wally Wurtz!  
As dangerous a pair of thugs as we have in the gallery!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: (AUTO STARTS UP AT BACK OF HOUSE....FADES IN  
COMING DOWN DRIVEWAY...STOPS AT FRONT DOOR.....  
ENGINE RUNNING IDLE)

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SCENE FOUR: HIDEAWAY HOME OF DUGAN AND WURTZ JUST OUTSIDE OF  
NEW YORK.

DUGAN: (RAISING VOICE) Shut off that engine, Frank, until my  
girl comes down.

FRANK: Sure, boss.

WURTZ: This hideaway's all right so far, Dugan, but we've  
had the stuff nearly a week and three miles outside  
the city line's too close....I'm for gettin' a  
thousand miles away.

DUGAN: We can't move without cash. And we're unloadin' the  
jewels at midnight, ain't we?

WURTZ: Yes midnight -- if that go-between comes.

DUGAN: He'll come!

WURTZ: And you an' me's dividin' fifty-fifty -- now that  
we've got rid of Society Boy Brewster.

DUGAN: Sure! We each get half instead of splittin' three  
ways with that drunken fool.

(HOUSE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

WURTZ: (A BIT DISGRUNTLED) Here's your dame, Dugan....

STELLA: Hello Chick! Hello Wurtzie.

DUGAN: Hi, Stella.....This is Frank. He lives next door  
and he's going to drive you down to the end of the  
Elevated in his swell new car....(CAR DOOR OPENS)....  
So jump in, sweetheart.....

STELLA: (FROM CAR) Aren't you comin' along, Chick?

WURTZ: (WARNINGLY) You'd better not, Dugan --- not with all that stuff on you.....And the rest of it up in the room.

STELLA: (WINNINGLY) Oh, come on, it'll only take a few minutes down to the end of the "L".

DUGAN: (GETTING IN) W-e-l-l.....why not? You stay here, Wurtzie. I'll be back in a few minutes.

(AUTO DOOR SLAMS SHUT AS AUTO STARTS UP)

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SOUND INTERLUDE: (SHORT) (CAR RUNNING ALONG IN HIGH)

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SCENE FIVE: IN FRANK'S CAR APPROACHING TERMINUS OF ELEVATED.

STELLA: There's the elevated station.....Gee, I wish I was gonna see ya soon.

DUGAN: I'll keep in touch with you, kid.....Remember you haven't seen me, no matter who asks you! What you stopped for, Frank?

FRANK: (FROM FRONT SEAT) Here's cop!

PATROLMAN: (OFF MIKE....RAISING VOICE) Heh, there...Just a minute....

FRANK: Whassa matter?



PATROLMAN: Where are you going with last year's number plates?  
FRANK: The big boss in the back...He owns the car.  
DUGAN: (AT HIS BEST) I'm sorry, Officer. But the New Year is only five days old.....I've got my new plates.... Just haven't put 'em on yet.  
PATROLMAN: Well -- that's your hard luck. The orders are to tighten up this year --- so I've got to take you in.  
DUGAN: (SEEMING TO YIELD) All right, Officer. I'll be able to fix it up as soon as we get over to the Desk Sergeant. But let my girl go up so she can catch the next train for home, will you?  
PATROLMAN: That's all right with me.  
DUGAN: Thank you, Officer.  
STELLA: Oh, you're just a dear.  
PATROLMAN: All right -- none of the blarney. None of the blarney.  
(DOOR OPENS)  
DUGAN: (ENGAGINGLY) Officer you don't care if I go up to the platform and see her through the turnstile, do you-----  
PATROLMAN: Well -- er --  
DUGAN: After all I'm leaving my driver and my car with you.  
PATROLMAN: All right. Go ahead -- but come right down.  
STELLA: Thank you, Officer.....  
PATROLMAN: Make it snappy.  
(DUGAN AND STELLA RUSH UP STAIRS)  
DUGAN: (VOICE CHANGING TO DESPERATE TONE) Hurry up, Stella, and get that train before it pulls out.

STELLA: (VOICE CHANGING TO FEAR) It's your only chance,  
Chick...We've got to get it: (OUT OF BREATH) It's  
all my fault.

DUGAN: Don't worry....They'll never get me! Here - through  
the turnstile!

(TURNSTILE SOUNDS TWICE)

Get on the train, Stella.

STELLA: (ALARMED) But aren't you coming along?

DUGAN: (BREAKING IN) No use...That cop could beat us to the  
next station in Frank's car.

STELLA: But what -----

DUGAN: (FAST) Get on --- I'm going to get across that third  
rail back into the shadows, and climb down a girder  
to the street. I'm playing for half a million, kid,  
and they'll never get me! Get on! Get on!

(COMPRESSED AIR CLOSING DOOR....TRAIN PICKS UP  
AND RUMBLES DOWN PLATFORM)

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(POLICE SIREN - FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: The Curse of the Stolen Pearls.....Does Dugan  
make get-away down girders....And unload pearls  
to go-between.....Stand by.....LUCKY STRIKE  
Hour....Watch Barry Rudd....Follow Dugan's  
trail.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

O.K. O'KEEFE!

"THE CURSE OF THE STOLEN PEARLS"

PART II

\*\*:::\*\*\*

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: All....Police cars....Stand by.....All...Police cars....Stand by....The Curse of the Stolen Pearls....Chick Dugan....even with stiff arm.... escapes down girders of elevated.....LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet....Proceed at once....to secret quarters of big jewel merchant.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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SCENE SEVEN: WURTZ, DUGAN AND O'RANE AT SECRET QUARTERS OF JEWEL MERCHANT JOHN O'RANE....THE SPELL OF SECRECY AND MIDNIGHT.

WURTZ: I don't like this, Dugan. You almost got nabbed at the elevated station and now we're slipping in after midnight to a place we don't know to meet a strange guy.

DUGAN: Don't worry, Wurtzie....When I go into that next room I go in with the jewels in one hand and my rod in the other.

(DOOR OPENS)

O'RANE: (OFF MIKE....HEADSTRONG, IMPATIENT BUT CONFIDENT AND RULING SITUATION) One of you come in now.....

DUGAN: You stay here, Wurtzie, and be ready for -- anything!

(PAUSE.....DOOR CLOSSES)

O'RANE: You sit on one side of that table and I'll sit on the other.

DUGAN: I know your name. You don't hafta wear a mask.

O'RANE: Show me the Halliday pearls!

DUGAN: Here they are.....

O'RANE: (WHOSE PASSION IS PEARLS....INARTICULATE MUTTERINGS OF SATISFACTION) Perfect....All perfect....(PUTS PEARLS TO LIPS AND TEETH)

DUGAN: (ALARMED) Heh, what are you tryin' to do --- swallow the pearls?

O'RANE: My tongue...My lips....My teeth....My fingers -- they all tell me that these are the Halliday pearls.....

DUGAN: How much will you give us for them?

O'RANE: Fifteen per cent of what I get ---- if I can sell them.

DUGAN: But one of those ropes has ninety-nine pearls. The other has two hundred and one. Perfectly matched.... You know they're worth a hundred and fifty grand.

O'RANE: They won't be worth a nickel in this country for a long time.....I've got to peddle them abroad.

DUGAN: We got to have money quick....And be clear of New York fast....

O'RANE: Let me see the other jewels....

DUGAN: Here they are.....

O'RANE: (COLD APPRAISAL IN CONTRAST WITH HIS DEMONSTRATION OVER PEARLS) Yes...I can get rid of these diamonds, and some of these rubies....But that biggest ruby's got to move slow....How about twenty-five thousand cash tonight?

DUGAN: For a half million dollars worth of jewelry? Go to blazes! Gimme a hundred thousand.

O'RANE: Stop your noise, I'm figuring....(REFLECTING ALOUD) Forty-eight, fifty-eight, sixty-eight...(CLICK OF FINALITY) Dugan, I'll give you sixty-eight thousand dollars in cash!

DUGAN: Sixty-eight thousand dollars ----

O'RANE: It will move you a long distance from New York.....

DUGAN: (HUSKILY) Alright!. Gimme the sixty-eight thousand---- you swindling thief!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (FADE IN AND OUT -- TRAIN)

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SCENE EIGHT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

MACK: Remember, Barry, when Dugan and Wurtz promised you and me a bullet apiece after the newspapers broke the story....I wish the two of us could-----

BARRY: Never mind, Mack. We've got all the roads covered between Phil and New York.....

MACK: Columbus, San Francisco, New Orleans, Biloxi, Miss. We've sure traveled the U.S.A. after those smart birds....Smart enough to get character testimonials from a mayor and chief of police.

BARRY: Yes -- and Dugan was smart enough to crawl down the girders up at the end of the elevated --- but not smart enough to keep that traffic cop from spotting and remembering his stiff elbow.

MACK: Yep. And that took us to Dugan's girl....She spilled just enough.

(PHONE RINGS)

BARRY: Hello....(EAGERLY) Yes....Detective Rudd speaking.... You've landed Dugan and Wurtz? .....In Princeton?..... Fine....We'll be right over for them....(HANGS UP)

MACK: Great! But we don't win the case unless we recover those three hundred matched pearls....

BARRY: Watch me deal with Dugan and Wurtz after we have them in the Tombs a while. I know how to make them talk!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: (FADE IN AND OUT AUTO)

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SCENE NINE: A QUIET ROOM IN THE TOMBS.

BARRY: Hello, Dugan...After three long months here in the Tombs I thought you might like to talk a bit.

DUGAN: (DERISIVELY) Oh is that so, Barry Rudd...Well, with the kind of a lawyer Wurtz and me've got, we're not worrin' any --- see!

BARRY: Just the same, either you or Wurtz --- whoever talks first -- has the best chance for a light sentence.

DUGAN: (BLUNTLY) Tellin' you what?

BARRY: The name of the go-between who took the Halliday pearls off your hands.

DUGAN: He ain't a regular fence....He's one of the biggest jewel merchants in America....So big you can never touch him.

BARRY: Maybe.

DUGAN: If I tell you do I get a light sentence?

BARRY: I guess you can count on under five years...Who's the jewel merchant?

DUGAN: John O'Rane! And he swindled us. He only gave us sixty-eight thousand for a half a million worth of stones.

(KNOCK ON DOOR....DOOR OPENS)

MACK: Say, Barry, Wurtz has just made a statement.

BARRY: Fine....So has Dugan. Bring Wurtz in.

MACK: Come in, Wurtz.

BARRY: (AIRILY) And meet your boyhood chum.

MACK: If one of them's telling the truth and the other isn't -----

BARRY: The truthful boy wins! (ASSUMING CASUAL AIR) Let's see, Dugan; you said John O'Rane gave you only sixty-eight thousand for the Halliday jewels, didn't you?

(PAUSE)

Isn't that what you said, Dugan....Sixty-eight thousand....

DUGAN: (FLINCHING) Y-e-s.....

WURTZ: (CRY OF AMAZEMENT) Sixty-eight thousand! (JUMPING UP AND STARTING FOR DUGAN) You rat!

MACK: Sit down, Wurtz!

WURTZ: The lousy rat!....Let me go!-- He told me he only got forty thousand.

MACK: (FORCIBLY THROWING PANTING WURTZ DOWN ON CHAIR) Sit down, Wurtz.

WURTZ: Me his pal! And he couldn't even play square with me!

BARRY: Where can we find John O'Rane, Dugan?

DUGAN: I wish I knew! I got a tip he skipped town without a trace.

BARRY: Describe him.



DUGAN: Big powerful guy about a hundred and ninety pounds....  
The best dope I got on him is he's around forty-eight  
or nine years old.

WURTZ: But you birds will never get him.

BARRY: (SHARPLY) Take care of these two, Mack!

MACK: Sure....Where are you going?

BARRY: To see what I can dig up about John O'Rane!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: (SWISH AND CRASH OF BREAKERS AT PALM BEACH.)

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SCENE TEN: HOTEL ROOM IN FLORIDA.

BELLBOY:(COLORED) Them breakers is rollin' up pretty high on the  
beach today.

BARRY: Yes -- quite a surf at Old Palm Beach.

BELLBOY: This way, Mr. Rudd....You like Florida, suh?

BARRY: Sure do....Is this Mr. O'Rane's room?

BELLBOY: Yessuh....The little old gen'lman'll be sittin' in  
his easy chair over by the window....

(KNOCK)

O'RANE: (A BROKEN PARALYTIC WITH A CROAKING VOICE --- BUT  
FIERY SPIRIT) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

BARRY: Hello, O'Rane.

O'RANE: I don't know you! You're not the man I thought you  
were when they sent your name up.....

BARRY: Chick Dugan sent me down to see you, O'Rane....You remember Chick?

O'RANE: (SNARLING) Never heard of him...I'm a sick man, I'm dying....Get out!

BARRY: I've come all the way down to Florida just to see you.

O'RANE: I don't know what you're talking about....Get out, I say!

BARRY: I'm sorry for you, O'Rane....I came down expecting to find a big strong man forty-eight years old weighing a hundred and ninety pounds --- and what do I find? A broken old man!

O'RANE: (AGONIZED) My heart.....My heart....Give me that medicine quick.....

BARRY: Here.....

O'RANE: (DRINKS MEDICINE...THEN MUTTERS RELIEF) Ah....Mm.... ah....

BARRY: (SIGNIFICANTLY) Haven't you ever heard, O'Rane, that pearls snatched from a woman's body brings a curse to everybody who touches them.....

O'RANE: (MUTTERS)

BARRY: (SYMPATHETICALLY) What good have the Halliday pearls ever done you, O'Rane.

O'RANE: (WHOLE MOOD CHANGING) They've done me no good! My wife left me...I got a stroke the day I read Dugan was captured.....My partner double-crossed me....And now I'm dying.....

BARRY: Maybe you could throw off the curse by giving them up?

O'RANE: (DAZED AT FIRST BY THOUGHT OF GIVING THEM UP) Give them up? I....I can't....I....

BARRY: You might as well, John....It's your only chance....

O'RANE: I've got only half of them....My partner was crooked and he cheated me out of the other half.

BARRY: Where is your half?

O'RANE: (FINAL YIELDING -- REACHING) Here....Here, they are.... Hidden in this big bottle of white powder....

BARRY: Have you a hundred and fifty out of the three hundred here, John?

O'RANE: No, I've got some more buried....I'll take you to them....I hate to give them up but I will....I-- (SURPRISED CACKLE OF JOY) Oh...Oh....My arm....

BARRY: What's the matter?

O'RANE: My arm!....I can lift it....The curse is leaving me.... You look after me, you hound, and we'll go together to dig up the rest of the pearls...

BARRY: I'll see you through, John....By the way, what is the name of your partner who gypped you out of the other half.

O'RANE: Leopold Stein....The cheating blackguard!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: (TRAIN FADE IN AND OUT.)

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SCENE ELEVEN:           STEIN'S ISOLATED HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND.

MACK:           According to the description, Barry, that's Stein's house at the end of the lane.

BARRY:          Yes, Yes, I know....I wish we could have got out here to Long Island a little sooner, Mack.

MACK:           I sure thought we'd get out here before dusk but it's getting dark fast --

BARRY:          Wait a minute -- I think I saw a figure slip along the shadow of the hedge and around to the back of the house ----

MACK:           Suppose I make a quick rush around there while you ring the front door bell.....

BARRY:          Yeah -- go ahead.  
                  (BARRY WALKS UP ECHOING WOODEN STEPS AND TWISTS  
                  LOUD RINGING FRONT DOOR BELL)  
  
                  (PAUSE)

MACK:           (FADING IN AS HE COMES UP STEPS BREATHING SOMEWHAT HEAVILY...CAUTIONARY BUT DISTINCT VOICE) Not a soul in sight, Barry....But I thought I saw a face at a second story window...just for an instant.

BARRY:          We'll soon find out.  
                  (LONG VIGOROUS RINGING OF BELL)  
                  (DOOR OPENS)

SERVANT:        (QUAVERING VOICE OF OLD WOMAN) Excuse me, gentlemen, I was taking a nap....Did you lose your way?

BARRY:          No....We came to see Mr. Stein.

SERVANT:        But Mr. Stein ain't here now.....

BARRY: Well, then we'll step in and wait for him.

SERVANT: (ALARMED...TRYING TO STOP THEM) No, no....There's no use in your coming in...Mr. Stein's away in Canada....

BARRY: Let's go inside, anyhow, and talk it over.....Mm..... Fine old oak beams in this house.....

MACK: Looks like old ship beams to me.  
(SOUND OF DOOR CREAKING SHUT UPSTAIRS)

BARRY: (QUICKLY) I thought you said there was nobody home... What was that I just heard upstairs?

SERVANT: (NERVOUSLY) Must have been the wind....

BARRY: (FLASH OF ACCUSATION) I suppose that was the wind I saw scurrying along the hedge....(PUNCH OF COMMAND) Up the stairs with me, Mack...  
(DASH UP STAIRS)

MACK: I heard a sound in that room, Barry.

BARRY: So did I....Let's get in there fast....Come on....  
(DOOR OPENS)  
(RINGING REVOLVER SHOT)

MACK: Look out, Barry!...

BARRY: He's not shooting at us! He shot himself!

MACK: Be careful it isn't a bluff!

BARRY: (BENDING DOWN OVER STEIN...PACE CHANGES FROM FAST ACTION TO) There's no bluff about this, Mack. He's shot himself right through the temple.

MACK: Here's a note....

BARRY:

Let's have a look at it....Mrs....(READS)  
"I've gone where you can't get me....You are welcome  
to my half of the pearls....The old woman will tell  
you where I kept the book with the names of the  
jewelers I sold them to....My life has been cursed  
from the day I took the Halliday pearls from John  
O'Rane."

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

The Curse of the Stolen Pearls....Great detective  
work....Every pearl recovered.....O'Rane dies  
before trial....Mrs. Halliday marries Charlie  
Karston.....Charlie dies suddenly....Dugan out  
after light sentence....But taken for death  
ride....His girl found later....In East River..  
Tied with ropes....Next week....The Waterfront  
Bomb Mystery.....Explore with Barry Rudd.....  
Strange barge explosions....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

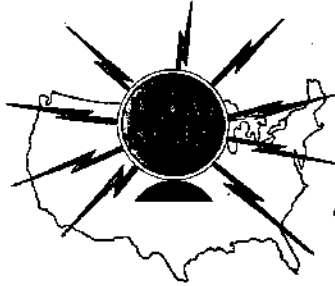
O.K. O'KEEFE!

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D. THOMAS CURTIN/Chilleen  
7/1/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEAF and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE HOUR presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the LUCKY STRIKE thrills - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and, in addition - Tuesday, the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases; Thursday, your New York correspondent Walter Winchell; and tonight Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening to you one and all and let me wish you a happy Ninth of July.

A few minutes ago I was listening to the orchestra tuning up to play 'Lucky Days re Here Again' and the violinist played a couple of bars of Annie Laurie....an old favorite of yours and of mine too. Ah there was a song. That first verse with the line "Her brow was like the snowdrift." That's beautiful. Her brow was like the snowdrift. He means that she had a frozen face. And that swell line in the second verse. "Her neck was like tha swan". Ah that's beautiful. Her neck was like the swan. Can you imagine yourself taking a girl out to dinner with a neck like a swan. Of course her neck WOULD come in handy for some things....like looking under the table or picking up crumbs off the floor. And that last line is beautiful "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dec." Beautiful. He means "If you promise to make me your husband I'll promise to make you my widow." The guy is interested in two things.... a home and homicide. What he means is that he thinks she would swell in black. But enough of this hoey and hokum...here's the Magic Carpet right on the doorstep of every home in America. Look at the WELCOME written all over it....Hop on the observation car of George Olsen's toy choo choo and have yourself a dance.

ON WITH THE DANCE...GEORGE OLSEN...WHISTLE...OKAY AMERICA!



GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) All out. All out. Get off our train and onto the dance floor because we're going to play -- yes, we're going to play -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The first dance is over and the Magic Carpet returns to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Olsen...while you were playing I was thinking of another tender ballad. Mississippi Mud. That's a tender ballad. It's a treat to beat your feet in the Mississippi Mud. (REPEAT) Can you imagine a St. Louis businessman sitting on the bank paddling his feet in the bed of old man river.....Imagine getting a mud pack to take the wrinkles out of your arches while you sing RIVER STAY AWAY FROM MY DOGS. Well maybe I'm wrong...but there's one lad on this program who is always right.....Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's where we broadcast 200 miles out to sea! Bon voyage....you 1500 people who sailed today on the maiden voyage of the new transatlantic liner Georgic! You know a good boat, and we're sure you know a good cigarette. We'll wager LUCKY STRIKE is your favorite. For you're the kind of discriminating smokers who like a truly mild cigarette. LUCKY STRIKE uses the finest, the choicest of Turkish and domestic tobaccos. But it takes more than that to make a cigarette truly mellow-mild. For even the most delicate tobacco leaf contains certain impurities. You can't cultivate them out...you can't age them out.....but you CAN "Toast" them out! That is exactly what LUCKY STRIKE - and only LUCKY STRIKE - does! And so LUCKY STRIKE is truly mild because "IT'S TOASTED!" No wonder folks on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean say LUCKIES are the mildest cigarette they ever smoked.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen I just want to take time out for a moment to tell you a sad sad story of the fellow who opened a speakeasy here in New York. It was really a beautiful filling station and for three days he did a whale of a business. Then they closed him up. So now he's suing the policeman on the beat for breach of promise.

As my dear Aunt Mame used to say "There's a time and place for everything" and now it's time for another terpsichorean tid bit so upsadaisy on the Magic Carpet and right back into those ever lovin' arms of Ethel Shuttah's so-called better half.

ON WITH THE DANCE..GEORGE...(WHISTLE)...OKAY UNCLE SAM!

GEORGE OLSEN:

We won't keep you waiting, so get up on your feet while we play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

Magic Carpet, get back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

While that last dance was going on Howard Claney was telling me about the meanest man in the world. It seems that this mean guy sent Claney a chain letter....and mailed it to him on the day before the three-cent postage went into effect. Howard's just FULL of stories like that, but right now he has something important to say, in 30 seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

If you yourself were to travel to the tobacco markets of the world, you could not buy finer tobacco than you'll find in LUCKY STRIKE. The finest leaves that Mother Nature grows! Then "IT'S TOASTED!" That's why folks all over the land say LUCKIES are the mildest - the mellow-mildest cigarette they ever smoked! LUCKY STRIKE - it's mild because "IT'S TOASTED!"

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now ladies and gentlemen, forgetting the dance for a minute, we come to Bert Lahr, America's Big Heart Throb. He puts up a brave front to the world but when he faces Tootsie he's as bashful as a clock...which always has its hands before its face. Listen to Bert and you'll have the time of your life. Uh! uh! I'll tell you what's gone before in the story.....Bert has been trying to get a job....ANY job.....All For the Love of Tootsie.....Tonight Bert has a new job as a waiter in a restaurant so let's light a LUCKY while Bert hands us the menu.

ON WITH THE SHOW FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE! (WHISTLE) OKAY, BERT LAHR!

(BERT LAHR -- "WAITER" Episode)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Tonight ladies and gentlemen...this program hops around like a new bride with a handful of hot lard. Here we go from the ridiculous to the sublime. With just ONE shake of the Magic Carpet, from poor Bert Lahr's restaurant troubles we hop back and hop the buck to the sublime music of George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now back to the man at the controls of the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Olsen that's modern music that keeps that old fashioned flavor....of course I like those old-fashioned things....like to look down Memory Lane, to remember away back when we used rubber collars, congress gaiters, stereoptican machines, horse-hair furniture, hobble skirts and bustles. But there's nothing old-fashioned about Howard Claney's message - it's as modern as television -- here he is!

HOWARD CLANEY:

You can trust the American people to recognize a good "buy"! Just look at the way all you folks are going for those LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties! And no wonder! The tin of fifty keeps you from running out of cigarettes.....and it keeps your LUCKIES as fresh.... as firm....as fragrant as the day they left the factory. The Flat Fifties keep you supplied with the mildest cigarettes you ever smoked! LUCKY STRIKE is mild because "IT'S TOASTED!" That means certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf have been removed! So enjoy the world's finest, mildest cigarette - and get more for your money -- in those handy, economical tins of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Y'know if you want to go to the movies these days...you don't need a dime. They are using sacks of potatoes in exchange for movie tickets in Wisconsin. It looks like the movies are being run by a lot of vegetarians up in the Gopher State....when they want to gopher to movies they gopher potatoes. When you see a man up there working in a garden you don't know whether he's going back to the farm to help prosperity or whether he's just another movie fan gathering the price of admission to see Grand Hotel. So if you want to take the whole family all you have to do is to walk up to the ticket seller and hand her a Blue-Plate vegetable dinner, -- with an order of bicarbonate on the side.

Now that big farmer from the Hollywood Gardens, George Olsen, and his hill-billy boys, will start the barn dance.

ON WITH THE DANCE FARMER OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Everybody join hands! Join hands and dance to -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now it's time for the Magic Carpet to go back to the pilot and the Olsen train to take us back to the Hollywood Gardens. All aboard! (OLSEN TRAIN SIGNATURE AS IT DISAPPEARS IN DISTANCE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Happy landing Olsen.....see you next week. Before  
ringing down the curtain on tonight's show I want to tell you about  
the old old man I met at the seashore last week-end. He was lying  
on the sand in the sun listening to his arteries harden. OOOh....  
was he an antique.....He had a beard so long he hadn't worn a necktie  
in ten years and when he hobbled into the water a nest of robins  
flew out of his whiskers. His children wanted to make him younger  
so they gave him the sun-treatment to bring back his youth. Late  
in the afternoon they started to rub him down with a new thing  
called SAPODILLA SAUCE.....an ointment to restore his lost vitamin D.  
After he had his oil changed he went sound asleep so they wrapped  
him up in cellophane and put him in the ice box to jell over night.  
The next morning I was curious to know whether he felt any younger....  
and I'll bet you are too....so when they went to wake him I tagged  
along. They shook his shoulder a little, he opened his eyes, he  
buried his head in the pillow very playfully and yelled out "Oh I'll  
get up allright.....BUT I WON'T GO TO SCHOOL.

Well.....because I've got to get up early myself tomorrow  
morning, I'll be saying "Good night."

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

\*\*\*\*\*

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
7/8/32

A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT PROGRAM

FEATURING

BERT LAHR

In a series of Episodes entitled:

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

EPISODE IV

(SECOND DRAFT)

"WAITER"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1932



"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

EPISODE FOUR

(SECOND DRAFT)

"WAITER"

BY

WILLIAM K WELLS

CAST:

BERT	THIRD CUSTOMER (Man)
BOSS	FOURTH CUSTOMER (Man)
CHEF	FIFTH CUSTOMER (Woman)
WAITER	SIXTH CUSTOMER (Man)
FIRST CUSTOMER (Man)	SEVENTH CUSTOMER (Man)
SECOND CUSTOMER (Woman)	EIGHTH CUSTOMER (Woman)

NOTE: The customer parts are mostly very small and can be doubled.

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"FOR THE LOVE OF FOOTSIE"

EPISODE FOUR

"WAITER"

---:~:~:~:~:~:~:~:~:~:---

FADE IN:

(SOUND: SILVER KNIFE HITTING PLATE AND GLASS)

FIRST CUSTOMER: (SINGING TO BE EXPLAINED)

BERT:

Just a minute -- just a minute. Wassa idea of the anvil chorus? This ain't a blacksmith shop -- it's a restaurant -- a food foundry. And we don't stand for any unnecessary consternation, see?

FIRST CUSTOMER:

You wouldn't eject me, would you?

BERT:

No, I wouldn't eject you, but if you don't keep quiet, I'll put you out, I'll put you out.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

But I feel happy -- I want to make a noise!

BERT:

If you want to make a noise, order soup -- order soup.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Okay. Bring me some soup and a couple of eggs.

BERT:

A bowl of con-sommy and fry two faces up.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

I want those eggs poached on toast -- a side order of spinach and a doughnut.

BERT:

Make that two in the rough near a fair-way and a hole in one.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Wait a minute -- maybe I better take something else instead.

BERT:

Come on -- make up your mind. Confiscate on what you want.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

It seems I want everything.

BERT:

Then take hash -- take hash!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

A good idea -- I'll take hash.

BERT:

One mystery of life!

SECOND CUSTOMER: (Woman)

Waiter! How much longer will I have to wait for my  
minute steak?

BERT:

A half an hour -- a half an hour.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Half an hour! Then why do you call it a minute steak?

BERT:

Because it only takes a minute to eat it -- maybe half  
a minute -- maybe less.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Then I don't want it. Have you any big steaks?

BERT:

Have we got big steaks -- have we got big steaks? We  
got steaks so big if they had horns you could enter them in a bull  
fight.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Ridiculous! Have you any Johnny-cakes?

BERT:

No -- but we have Frank-furters. Oh, boy, was that a comical crack! Was that funny! Wait a minute - I gotta laugh.

(GONG GONG GONG)

SECOND CUSTOMER:

I'll have frankfurters and sauer kraut -- plenty of sauer kraut.

BERT:

An order of baby blimps and a bale of alfalfa!

THIRD CUSTOMER: (Man)

Oh, waiter, - a table please.

BERT:

Yes, sir - this way -- here's a nice table right by the window -- with a beautiful view of the alley.

(SOUND: MOVING OF CHAIR)

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Thank you. How's your antipasto?

BERT:

Fine. How's your Uncle Jake?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Come, come -- I haven't time to fool. I want an antipasto and a plank steak. The steak must be tender.

BERT:

We're all out of steak. How about a piece of plank?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Plank?

BERT:

Yeh -- it's just as tender as the steak -- just as tender -- even tenderer. How about chicken hash or turkey hash?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

What's the difference between them?

BERT:

There's no difference -- they're both made of veal.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

See here. I'm very particular what I eat.

BERT:

So's our chef -- so's our chef.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Good. I'd like to see him.

BERT:

You can't -- he's across the street in the lunch wagon getting something to eat.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

My word! Doesn't he eat here?

BERT:

I should say not -- he's just as particular about his food as you are -- just as particular.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Just bring me a ham sandwich.

BERT:

How about some soup?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

I don't want any soup.

BERT:

It's very good soup.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

I don't wish any soup. Just a ham sandwich.

BERT:

Why don't you take the soup? Why don't you take the soup?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Because I don't like soup.

BERT:

It's delicious soup -- you must take soup -- you gotta take soup -- you gotta take soup.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

See here -- is the soup compulsory?

BERT:

No, sir -- it's noodle -- it's noodle.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Bah -- bah!

Black sheep have you any wool.

(SOUND: CHAIR BEING SHOVED ASIDE)

CUSTOMER:

I wouldn't eat here if it was the only restaurant in the world!

BERT:

Neither would I -- neither would I!



FOURTH CUSTOMER: (Man)

I say, waiter! There's a fly floundering around in this coffee!

BERT:

Well, what do you want me to do -- dive in and save him? I'm not a life saver -- I'm a waiter!

FOURTH CUSTOMER: (Excitedly)

Give me my check!

BERT:

All right, -- let me see your vest.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

What do you want to see my vest for?

BERT:

I want to see what you had to eat.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

You fool! I had lamb chops, French fried potatoes and coffee.

BERT:

And blueberry pie -- you had blueberry pie too.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

I did not!

BERT:

You did so. It's all over your tie -- it's all over your tie!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Give me that check!

(WALKING AWAY)

Of all unheard of things! What a place! (AD LIB)

(SOUND: TAPPING KNIFE ON PLATE)

FIFTH CUSTOMER: (Woman)

Waiter! Waiter! Please! Where's my French pastry?

BERT:

Yes, ma'm -- here it is -- a whole tray full. Take your choice -- take your pick -- take your selection.

FIFTH CUSTOMER:

Let me see. I'll take that small chocolate éclair.

BERT:

What small chocolate éclair? Where is it? Where do you see a chocolate éclair?

FIFTH CUSTOMER:

Why, right there.

BERT: (With a laugh)

That's not a chocolate éclair! That's my thumb! My thumb! Oh boy, is that humoresque? Wait a minute I gotta laugh -- I'm histrionical!

(GONG GONG GONG)

(SOUND: AS IF METAL PLATTER DROPPED)

FIFTH CUSTOMER: (With a scream)

You clumsy idiot! You dropped all that French pastry in my lap! You've ruined my dress! I'll see a lawyer!

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIR)

MIRI:

See two lawyers -- go ahead -- we'll take a look at a couple ourselves. It was an unavoidable incident -- and for that reason you can't enter civilized suit -- pro tem and non compes cementus.

(SOUND: TAPPING ON TABLE)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Hey, waiter! Waiter!

(SOUND: TAP BELL)

BERT:

Hold your horses! I'm wanted in the kitchen.  
What do you want, chef?

CHEF:

What's the matter with you? What kind of waiter are you? Why don't you serve your orders? Take away that omelette and that roast beef and that chicken and that lobster -- and look at that stew -- you ordered it fifteen minutes ago!

BERT:

Wait a minute -- don't get so rumbuncous, don't get so flabbergated! Gimme that stew -- I'll serve it -- I'll serve it.

(SOUND: CLATTER OF PLATES)

CHEF:

Well, hurry up -- go on.

(FADE)

BERT:

Who ordered beef stew? Who ordered beef stew? Here you are, mister. Here's your beef stew.

SIXTH CUSTOMER: (Man)

I didn't order beef stew.

BERT:

You did so order beef stew -- I heard you with my own eyes!

SIXTH CUSTOMER:

I say I did not. And don't talk to me in that tone of voice! I guess you don't know who I am?

BERT:

I do so know who you are. I do so.

SIXTH CUSTOMER:

You do not!

BERT:

I say I do!

SIXTH CUSTOMER:

Well, who am I?

BERT:

You're the fellow who ordered beef stew!

SIXTH CUSTOMER:

I did not order beef stew, I tell you! I ordered roast chicken and au gratin potatoes.

BERT:

We haven't got any rotten potatoes -- but I can give you some spoiled asparagus.

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIR)

SIXTH CUSTOMER:

I've had enough of this place!

BERT:

So have I! So have I!

SIXTH CUSTOMER:

I'll never put my foot in this place again!

BERT:

Many happy returns of the day!

A WAITER:

Oh, Bert! One of my customers ordered caviar and we haven't any. What will I do?

BERT:

Give him a plate of tapioca and a pair of smoked glasses.

(SOUND: TAPPING OF HAND ON TABLE)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Hey waiter! Waiter! Where's my order?

BERT:

What order? What order?

FIRST CUSTOMER:

My poached eggs and spinach.

BERT:

Your poached -- it looked so good the boss ate it himself.

SEVENTH CUSTOMER: (Scotchman)

Hey, waiter -- bring me another dozen oysters in the shell.

BERT:

One dozen oysters with their overcoats on!

EIGHTH CUSTOMER: (Woman)

Oh, waiter!

BERT:

Yes, ma'am?

EIGHTH CUSTOMER:

I don't wish to appear inquisitive -- but I notice that gentleman has eaten at least five dozen oysters ---

BERT:

That's nothing -- he eats ten dozen oysters a day --- ten dozen!

EIGHTH CUSTOMER:

My goodness! He must be fond of oysters.

BERT:

He's not -- he hates them -- but he promised his wife a string of pearls and he's trying to make good.

WAITER:

Oh, Bert, you're wanted on the phone -- she says her name is Tootsie.

BERT:

Tootsie! That's my Tootsie! Gangway! Heads up! Watch your step!

(SOUND: PLATES UPSETTING, SILVERWARE BEING DROPPED; CHAIRS BEING PUSHED ASIDE, ETC.)

CUSTOMERS: (AD LIB)

"Here -- look out!"

"What's the idea?"

"You crazy fool!"

"The man's insane!" etc.

BERT:

Hey! Wait a minute! Get out of that booth! That call's for me!

(SOUND: SCUFFLE)

Hello! Hello, Tootsie! H'ya baby? H'ya Tootsie? Yeh. I got the job all right, Tootsie. Gee, it's a swell restaurant -- table cloths, napkins and everything.



BOSS:

See here, young man -- attend to the customers and let your telephoning go until later!

(SOUND: SCUFFLING)

BERT:

Lemme go! Get your hands off me! What's the idea? That's the idea? Hello -- Tootsie? That was the boss. No -- he's not sore about you calling me up. He's a good fellow.

BOSS:

Are you going to do as I say or not? Come out of that booth! The customers are waiting.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING)

BERT:

Well, let 'em wait! Let 'em wait!

BOSS:

Now, look here --

BERT:

Aw -- shut up! No -- not you, Tootsie -- not you -- I was talking to the boss. I should say I wouldn't talk that way to you -- because I love you -- I love you.--

BOSS:

You sap head!

BERT:

You sap head! No -- no -- not you, Tootsie. I was talking to the boss again.

BOSS:

Come on -- come on -- the customers are in a hurry!

BERT:

If they're in a hurry why don't they go to a grabeteria? Hello, Tootsie -- listen --

BOSS:

You're an imbecile!

BERT:

You're an imbecile! No -- wait a minute -- Tootsie! The boss has got me all mixed up!

BOSS:

Come out of that phone booth, you fool! I hired you as a waiter -- not a telephone operator!

(SOUND: SCUFFLING)

BERT:

Out out the rough stuff! Lemme go! Hello -- hello, Tootsie? Now see what you did -- see what you did -- we were cut off.

CUSTOMERS: (AD LIB)

"Here waiter!"

"Waiter!"

"Where's that waiter?"

"Come, come, I'm in a hurry!"

"Where's my order?"

"What kind of place is this?" etc.

BOSS:

Don't you hear the customers yelling for service?

Come on -- get busy -- hurry up!

BERT:

All right - I'll hurry -- don't rush me -- don't rush me. Remember, Roman candles weren't built in a day. Come on, Chef-- where are those orders?

CHEF:

Where are they? Look at them -- piled to the ceiling. You'll never be able to serve them.

BERT:

Be yourself -- be yourself --

(SOUND: CLATTERING OF PLATES BEING PUT ON TRAY)

Gimme that soup -- gimme that chowder -- gimme those eggs -- gimme that chicken!

CHEF:

Here ! Look out ! You'll never be able to carry all  
those orders !

BERT:

Don't be a sill -- don't be a sill -- I can carry twice  
as much -- even less ! Gangway ! Here I come ! Heads up ! Low  
bridge !

(SOUND: RATTLE OF DISHES)

CUSTOMERS: (Ad lib)

"Look out !"

"Be careful !"

"Watch yourself !"

"Look at that loaded tray !"

"He'll never make it !"

"He'll drop them !" etc.

BERT: (AD LIB)

"One side !"

"Out of my way !"

"Watch your step !" etc.

(SOUND: STUMBLE AND TERRIFIC CRASH AS TRAY  
AND DISHES FALL)

CUSTOMERS: (AD LIB)

"I knew it would happen !"

"What a mess !"

"The man is crazy !"

"Of all unheard of things !" etc.

BERT:

Every man for himself! Happy days! Merry moments!  
Jolly times! Oh, boy -- some fun! Some fun! There you are, ladies  
and gentlemen -- pick out your orders -- take your choice -- make  
your own selections! Those that ordered soup will find sponges in  
the kitchen -- whose raspberry pie is this? Who ordered this Welsh  
rabbit? Wait until I get these clams out of my shoe.

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIRS -- SCUFFLING OF FEET)

CUSTOMERS: (AD LIB)

"What a mad house!"

"This is the limit!"

"I'm going to get out of here!"

"So am I!"

"Did you ever see anything like this?" etc.

BOSS:

What in the world happened? How did you come to drop  
that tray?

BERT:

I slipped on a banana split.

BOSS:

You bonehead! You numbskull! You've ruined my business!  
You've emptied the place! I'm without a customer -- without a  
customer -- and you -- you --

BERT:

I know -- I'm without a job -- without a job!

BOSS:

Get out of here - get out! As fast as you can!

BERT:

As if I'd stay -- as if I'd stay! That's the thanks  
I get for building up your business!

BOSS:

Are you going to get out or do I have to put you out?

BERT:

You don't have to put yourself out to put me out.  
I'll go without your resistance! And let me tell you something --  
heretofore and to wit: I don't need this job! Do you know why:  
Because there's just as good fish in the ocean as there is in the  
fish market -- and I'm happy to vocate the promises.  
So goodbye, so long, reservoir and cheerio!

(SINGS: "HAPPY DAYS" AS HE WALKS AWAY FROM LIKE)

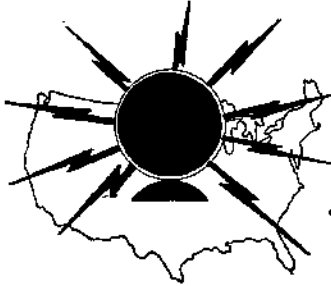
(SOUND: OPENING AND CLOSING DOOR)

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WILLIAM X WELLS:rc  
7/9/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEAJ and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the LUCKY STRIKE thrills - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and, in addition, the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays, and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian, on Saturdays. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening Uncle Sam and remember me to the Missus. This is your nephew O'Keefe shooting off his mouth in high spirits at the thought of taking his Uncles and his Aunts, and all his little cousins out for a summer outing on the Magic Carpet. Even as we start tonight two stout hearted American lads..... a pair of Texas airmen.....are flying somewhere over Asia. Let's give a hand to Bennet Griffin and James J. Mattern and wish them a happy landing.

And let ME, on behalf of Mr. Lucky Strike, wish YOU-ALL a Happy Landing at the end of this hour when the Magic Carpet drops you on your doorstep after a quick tour over the air-waves. Let's make it an informal jamboree....let there be dancing in the streets. Walter Winchell, the New York Daily Mirror man, better known as the breezy Boswell of Broadway is going to tell every secret he has discovered in the past week so lean on a Lucky and listen. Every now and then Jack Denny....who is no relation to my Uncle Denny..... will give you some dance music to tantalize your tootsies and I myself....will let everything go by singing a song all for the love of Mike. Let's not keep Jack Denny waiting for the Magic Carpet..... so ON Your Mark....Get Set.....Go.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK DENNY (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

And the Magic Carpet comes to a stop -- here at our feet as we play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)



JACK DENNY:

Climb on the wonderful Magic Carpet everybody -- we're flying back to our pilot.

(WEISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

For the benefit of those who arrived at this party late let me explain that you have been listening to Jack Denny and his Orchestra and let me announce furthermore that you may now listen to Walter Winchell the Recorder of Deeds and doings of the great and near great. So now I turn on our talking machine and it's pleasant to give him the needle....he's given it to me enough. All right Walter.....whaddye know.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast -- let's go to town!

The latest report from the old country is that Elsie Ferguson, one of our lovelier stage and screen pretenders - is only waiting for her final decree to ankle up another altar ...This time with Victor Egan, considered a grand catch in British society..... The Herbert Brennons, he's the director, after a ten year parting - have reconciled, as I reported they would.....And the newest of the Hollywood romances is that between Anita Page and Kane Richmond.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The R. H. Harrisons of New York, she was Betty Lee Cooper, are back in circulation.....Lois Wilson and Winslow Felix are on fire.....Betty Gillette, who snubbed Long Island's social register for the movies, regrets it now -- and is coming home, where all will be forgiven.....The Hugh Trevors, she is Betty Compson, who told it to a judge sometime ago -- are dining together, again .....And I can think of no nicer wedding gift for Jean Harlow, who just became Mrs. Paul Bern -- than to tell America -- that the New York critics voted her performance in "Red Headed Woman" the most eventful entertainment in town.

-----

All that chatter about the merger of Madge Evans to Tom Gallery being scheduled for the near future is premature -- considering that Zasu Pitts, who just divorced him -- won't get her final papers for at least a year.....Before Ruth Chatterton sailed in the solo manner.- she told the press - that it would be ridiculous for them to even hint that she was going to break up her marriage to Ralph Forbes -- but I see by the gazettes that Miss Chatterton is guilty of a white fib.....Tala Birrell's real handle is Natalie B-I-E-R-L ....And she was given her new name by Max Reinhardt, who discovered her in Berlin.....Editors who are always on the alert for stories about unusual people are welcome to this tip....The original Frankie of the famous Frankie and Johnny song is now 75 years old and she is blacking boots in Seattle.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL:

Among other reasons I like this job of mine - is that it often affords me the privilege of giving the deserving- the break they rate.....Take the case of an obscure taxi driver in New York - whose name is Abraham Zann.....One day last week - he jumped from his cab - and stopped a runaway horse in Harlem - saving the lives of three children.....And not one of the papers ran a line about his heroics.....Therefore, I report it now - so that the name of Abraham Zann will not go unsung.

-----

You probably have enjoyed the new song called "You're Blase" which is an importation from London....Well, there is this to say about the author of it.....He dedicated the song to Constance Carpenter -- whom he adores, and her indifference inspired the intelligent lyrics.....After the ditty became a hit, however, she married him.....Mary and Doug are being seen together more than ever - which has crushed all the small-talk you may have heard..... It won't be long now for the Ian Keith merger to the Baroness Andra.... Vera Marsh, the prettiest of the comediennes on the New York stages, and Bert Wheeler, are better described as the town's newest heat-wave.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The local newspapers were again the victims of a publicity mad-man during the holidays.....He sent wires to them all stating that Greta Garbo was secretly dwelling in an Atlantic City hotel - and most of the rags fell hard -- assigning the star reporters there.....But the elusive Garbo probably is having herself another chuckle, right this moment, if she is tuning in from her California house of exile.....Just as difficult for the reporters to reach, however, is Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., who are hermits on the Long Island estate of Arthur Loew, who, by the way, reminds the cynical scribes that Helen Morgan is not his secret bride, but merely his best friend.....Miss Morgan, however, doesn't deny nor affirm anything of the sort.

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Some of the tuner-inners tell me they prefer the heart-throbs of Broadway - instead of the heartaches - and so I included this fact about a show girl and a chorus boy in the same troupe..... The boy, it seems, was recently injured in a motor crash - and one of the stars of the show got the producer to keep the lad on the payroll while he is in the hospital.....The same star is paying the costs, including the services of one of the town's better surgeons - and when the ailing one is ready to leave the sick-room - the cast intends sending him to a health farm up-state.

Yesterday the troupe made up a collection for him - and the higher salaried players contributed fives, tens and twenties..... The members of the chorus kicked in with smaller sums - that is, except one chorus girl.....When she refused to contribute anything, she alibied that she worked hard for her money and could see no reason why she had to be burdened with other people's troubles.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And this is what burned me up and knocked me cold....This same girl, I learn, wears jewels, furs and other costly knick-knacks that were presented to her by a stage-door John she met a year ago.....  
She was introduced to the stage-door admirer by the chorus boy she now fails!

-----

Sari Maritza is bruising hearts on the west coast....She refuses to go out with the same chap twice in the same week....On the other hand, Jeeli Andre, another movie star from Yurrop, asserts that when she marries she will marry an American "because they are so easy to boss".....And the most recent fade-out is that between Mary Duncan and Laddy Sanford, who went home to his Britain to continue his batchelorhood.....One of the rumors of the week revives a duet that none of us in Manhattan even suspected....And that is that Minna Gombell - who was reported courting with Irene Rich's ex - is trying to make up her mind about Tony Sarg.....And there is bad news for Charles Butterworth, who just came from Hollywood...Claudia Morgan has switched her dates to Russell Gleason, who has stopped pining for Mary Brian. Okay, O'Keefe - throw it in high-and save a spot for me later in the show.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So you won't talk, -- eh Winchell. Ladies and gentlemen that was Winchell's Weekly Newsreel....He will present Part Two later in this same program. So you won't talk yourself O'Keefe...and answering my own question I say "No." I want to light a LUCKY and listen to Howard Glaney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

The season is on in Newport!- Society in all its brilliance gathered the other night at the Casino Theatre for the opening/<sup>play</sup>at America's smartest summer colony. During intermission, our reporter noted that Newport has a great preference for LUCKIES. And that is a great compliment - for these fastidious smokers could well afford almost any price for a cigarette. But they have found that money can't buy a milder cigarette than LUCKIES. In fact, money can't buy a cigarette as mild as LUCKIES. LUCKY STRIKE, of course, uses only the finest, most tender tobaccos. But that alone couldn't make LUCKIES so mild. For even the most delicate tobacco leaf contains certain impurities. You can't ripen them out....you can't wash them out....but you CAN "Toast" them out. And only LUCKIES are toasted. That's why LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest, the mellow-mildest of cigarettes. It's mild -- mellow-mild -- because "IT'S TOASTED."

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now is the time for all good men....to come to the aid of our party. Come on boys and bring your girls.....I don't care where you're from or where you're going....right now you're on the Magic Carpet as it shoots you right back to Jack Denny and his orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCE, DENNY (WHISTLE) OKAY U.S.A.

JACK DENNY:

And all you boys who brought your girls can now dance to

-- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...believe it or not this is Mike O'Keefe's boy Walter. The Voice in the old Village choir. Due to the fact that there are two Walters on this program, I want to do Winchell a favor so that he won't have to take the blame for my singing. Of course I've been yodeling now man and boy....for nigh onto thirty years come St. Swithin's Day. I love the new songs and the old including them thar hill-billah ballads. She'll come rolling down the mountain...she'll come rolling down the mountain... she'll come rolling down...by this time you must realize...if you catch on quickly.....that she's going to come rollin down that mountain...the only question is did she slip or was she pushed. Ah that's a tender ballad. But tonight I won't sing a hill-billy ballad because I'm not in my bare feet. Instead I'll go back to my boyhood days by singin an old hit of Walter Donaldson's. It's a song rich with the flavor of new-moan hay....it pictures a sleepy little spot in the woods with a blanket of blue overhead...and the warm friendly sun is stretched over the grass like a carpet of gold.

(NOTE: From the word Donaldson the orchestra comes in quietly with the introduction of Babbling Brook. No verse is sung. O'Keefe starts the chorus direct from copy above. The effect should be pleasant.)

JACK DENNY:

All right, there, pilot. Here comes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Jack Denny and I know that I'm speaking for our listeners when I tell you that we enjoyed that little folk dance. Open a tin of Flat Fifties and let the boys relax for a moment and speaking of relaxation.....Howard Claney has a word for it!

HOWARD CLANEY:

You'll find in every LUCKY STRIKE a delicious blend of the world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, purified and made extra mellow-mild by that exclusive LUCKY STRIKE purifying process! LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest, - the mellow-mildest cigarette you ever smoked - because "IT'S TOASTED!"

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The Lucky Strike Excursion just made a brief stop to take on a few more passengers at the last station so before they get seated let's start another Virginia Reel.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY JACK DENNY!



JACK DENNY:

We'll start the grand right and left with -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

Now while you're all taking your seats after that dance, the Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now that you're all comfortably seated, the Magic Carpet lets you peek through the windows as Walter Winchell the Prophet of Prattle puts his second edition to press. Go ahead Walter..... you tell on them.

WALTER WINCHELL:

The long time absence from Manhattan of Emily Vanderbilt of our social set, has aroused some of the top-hat commentators to wonder what's become of her.....And so if you are listening Emily -- I told them that you were in Hollywood -- and that the real reason is a writer -- whose name escapes me.....And so with that hint I trust the Pacific reporters go to work and complete the story.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Boots Mallory, one of the Ziegfeld sirens, is now on her way to crash the movie heavens....Boots has the distinction of being on more magazine front covers than any other pretty person in the land....And so this is for you Boots -- it is Wilson Mizner's Classic bit of advice ----"Always be pleasant to the people you meet on the way going up -- for they are the same people you meet on the way "coming down!"

-----

Here's one of those novelties you pick up now and then while making the rounds of the town....It happened, they say, about 20 years ago, when our heroine was a saleslady in a women's ready-to-wear shop, here....One day -- her boss quarreled with her -- and losing his temper -- he threw a heavy object at her -- which struck her in the face - leaving an ugly wound.....As a result - the scar that remained, ruined her lovely looks.....Her friends at the time urged her to sue the man for heavy damages, but she refused....He was so grateful - that he promoted her to the job of buyer, and in no time she revealed so much business acumen - that he made her his partner.....Today the store is among the famous in New York - where she still may be seen with the horrible scar - her PRICE FOR OPPORTUNITY AND SUCCESS!

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Billie Dove, it appears, who manages to crash the chatter columns more often than any other cinema celebrity - every time she is seen with this or that sheik - rarely denies the comments...But those who know Billie intimately tell you that Bob Kenaston, the rich rancher, rates highest on her list.....There is no questioning the fact that Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis and Connie Bennett set the fashions in America....When that trio, for instance, decided that the Express Eugenay hat was no longer the vogue - out it went - and the only actress who pays no attention to their fads is Pola Negri, who never changes her style in millinery - always features the turban, which gives her a little more of that continental manner.... Those who were apprehensive about the future of Clara Bow - need not worry....For Clara is back at Malibu Beach, preparing for her return to the flickers - and even if things do not turn out the way she hopes - she still has \$300,000 in a trust fund to take her into a graceful oblivion.

-----

One of the better stories of the day is the one about the movie usher in a Minneapolis theatre, who evened matters with his former employers.....He lost no time getting himself another job - on a newspaper - as a movie critic - and he just didn't like his old theatre's bill of fare....And he said so in his reviews....A lot of you probably think I'm just making that one up - but his name is Jay Edgerton - and his paper is or was the Journal in that city.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

I came across a different sort of a yarn the other night - in one of our fading cafes....She is a torch singer and very easy to look at - but she won't be bothered with the men who spend,....She merely goes through her various routines and stays in her dressing room until her next performance.....I learned that she is a newlywed, - and that her husband, a former racketeer, is trying to go straight - and he will not even get to the night club to take her home - for fear of mixing with his old gang....He wants to support his wife but the breaks won't come - and so he has found a way to make himself useful around their home....He stays there and does the housekeeping!

-----

Before George Jean Nathan departed for his annual holiday in Europe, I asked him if he intended marrying this year....The reports that he would wed Lillian Gish, you know - have been revived every time the famous critic sailed.....Mr. Nathan, however, gave me no encouragement.....But when and if he ever weds - I'm going to reprint his philosophy on marriage, which goes this way - he wrote it for a magazine years ago - "Marriage," he wrote, "could take away my precious privacy - my present ability to go wherever I wish to - my present agreeable habit of making more agreeable engagements at the last moment - and breaking less agreeable ones at the same time....Marriage would rob me of my intense dislike of book and insurance agents.....and my freely voiced credo that there is a slightly more charming woman just around the corner!"

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Mr. Nathan, by the way, is America's most devastating dramatic critic.....He it was who once said that the difference between a small-time actor and a big-time actor is that the small-timer says "I seen!" and the big-timer says "I have saw!..... So with that final thrust to all the Ben Bernies and the Walter O'Keefe's - I remain your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, until next Thursday night at the same time.

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Winchell...you've had your say....I've had my say.... now let Howard Claneey have his say.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Everywhere I've gone lately I've seen people passing around those handy tins of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties. At the beaches....at the tennis courts....on auto rides....everywhere, the flat fifties are so popular! That strong tin protects your LUCKIES... prevents them from being crushed....and seals in all the delicious fragrance of the world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos! Another thing - mighty important these days - the LUCKY STRIKE flat fifties give you more for your money! You save when you buy fifty LUCKIES at a time! So enjoy the saving, and enjoy fifty of the mellow-mildest cigarettes you ever smoked - mild because certain impurities naturally present in even the most delicate tobacco leaf have been removed. LUCKY STRIKE - it's mild because "IT'S TOASTED!" If you want more smoking enjoyment and more for your money, reach for a LUCKY - in the handy, economical tin of fifty!...the LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...make a note of this...and this is that Mr. Lucky Strike and his Magic Carpet will drop in on you again at this hour Saturday when once again we will be happy to have you meet Bert Lahr. Bert is the crazy comic who is going crazier every Saturday night ALL FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE. Enough about that now... A July evening like this is incomplete unless music serenades your ears and tickles your feet so while I go out and finish a game of marbles with the cop on the beat I'll shoot the Magic Carpet right back to Jack Denny and his Waldorf Astoria Orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

This time, we'll play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

Here goes the high-flying Magic Carpet.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And so ladies and gentlemen, the Magic Carpet comes to the end of the long, long trail and will take things easy until Saturday night at this same time. And your Pilot will go home still amazed and bewildered by the wonders of radio. Honestly every time I face the microphone I get a thrill, let me tell you. And I get very excited whenever I hear of some new triumph of radio. One of the lads in the control room was telling me of what happened in his home last night. His own radio stopped working -- went completely on the fritz, and so his wife asked him to repair it. While he was repairing it, he got his wires crossed -- In his hurry to get down here to work, he made a mistake and crossed the wires leading to the electric refrigerator with the other wires connecting up the radio. Oh, it was a swell mess. The radio in the living room now has icicles growing all over it, and the electric box is singing "lullaby of the leavings."

So here and now I call it a day, ladies and gentlemen, and I'll be saying goodnight to you.

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(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLARKE:

"OF THESE I SING" from the show of the same name was played by special permission of the copyright owners.

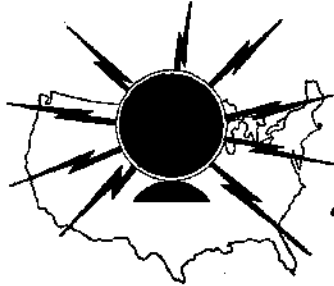
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AGENCY/WINCHELL/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
7/7/38

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL SUPPLY)

But tonight for an hour at least it's going to be easy to forget trouble as the Magic Carpet gives us all seats in a New York police car while the department's crack detectives go through another dramatic chase after some murderous pay roll bandits. Between the revolver shots and falling bodies we'll switch the Magic Carpet around and pick up some of the beguiling music that Joe Moss of Manhattan wheedles out of his boys. Pick your partners and wait for the beat....here we sweep you one and all across Manhattan to Joe Moss, the old Mosstro himself.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY, U.S.A!

JOE MOSS:

The Magic Carpet comes to rest and we play -- (TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_ )  
(\_\_\_\_\_ )  
(\_\_\_\_\_ )  
(\_\_\_\_\_ )  
(\_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet returns to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Joe that was swell and let me make one suggestion for your next group of dances. I've been reading in the papers about Aimee Semple MacPherson, the child bride....and her husband What-a-man HUTTON. What-a-ladies-man Hutton. He just lost that breach of promise case on the Coast and I think you ought to cheer him up tonight by playing "I'M JUST A VAGABOND LOVER."

Now before I start out on the next leg of our flight I think it's a good time to get a few pointers on golf from Howard Glaney.

HOWARD GLANEY:

For the 14th year in a row, an American wins the open golf championship of our friendly neighbor - Canada! In the gallery that followed "Lighthorse Harry" Cooper around the Ottawa Golf and Hunt Club course, many a LUCKY was smoked by the spectators. For Canada, too, likes a mild cigarette. And folks to the north of us have found - as folks throughout the length and breadth of our own United States have found - that LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest of cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE - it's mild - it's truly mild - it's mellow-mild - because "IT'S TOASTED!" Which means that certain impurities naturally present in even the most delicate tobacco leaf have been removed - expelled - "TOASTED" out! No wonder LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest---the mellow-mildest---the finest cigarette you ever smoked!

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

All of which leads us up to the big dramatic smash of the evening....tonight's murder mystery....the Bryson Brothers Case. Everything in this dramatization is real life except that fictitious names are used throughout. Only a couple of years ago newspapers all over the country carried the terrible details of the crime we are calling the "Bryson Brothers Case," and many of you will remember it as our story takes you back over the crime and the wild chase that followed. I hesitate to take the Magic Carpet into the underworld alone, so I have here at my side Colonel Dominick Henry, former deputy chief inspector, who is here at the request of New York's Commissioner of Police, Edward P. Mulrooney. Give 'em a ride, kind sir.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

With the authorization of Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, the case which you are about to hear has been dramatized from facts in the official records of the New York Police Department. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that crime does not pay.

(FIRST PART -- "THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Talk about looking for a needle in a haystack! Imagine going to Philadelphia to try and get track of those brothers. Sounds pretty hopeless to me. You know, they didn't have full finger prints. They had to piece 'em together from a lot of little bits like a jig-saw puzzle. Try that on your night off sometime. I'll take the jig-saw puzzle. That's all they had - the fingerprints and three vague telephone calls. Stay with us and we'll give you the rest of the story - tonight - within a half hour. And don't worry.

You can depend on the New York Police detectives. Like the Northwest Mounted or Peggy Hopkins Joyce....they always get their man -- Stick around and be in at the finish. But right now the Magic Carpet is a rug of rhythm....rollicking riotous rhythms..... so let's turn a handspring while the Carpet like a rolling stone goes back to gather Joe Moss and his musical men.

ON WITH THE FOX TROTting (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

We swing into the dance with -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

JOE MOSS:

Here we go, back to the man at the controls of the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Joe Moss, and now the next twenty seconds are reserved for an invitation from Howard Claney. Twenty seconds, no more no less.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Visit us in the Southland, some time, and see part of the world's largest collection of fine tobaccos - the fragrant, tender leaves that go into LUCKY STRIKE! The mildest tobaccos that Turkey and our own golden Southland can grow! Then "IT'S TOASTED!" That's why LUCKIES are the mildest, the mellow-mildest cigarettes in all the world!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, I just read some news from Washington that was NOT political and still was funny. You may have read that some of our railroads have a new type of Sunday excursion called a MYSTERY TRIP. It's quite a romantic idea....you buy a ticket and don't know what your destination is....they keep it secret....even the engineer doesn't know where he's going till he starts pulling out. So a couple of Sundays ago the train pulled out of Washington with several hundred mystery trippers and went to Fry Springs near Charlottesville, Va.....about a hundred and twenty-five miles south.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

They had a great day...the band played, there was swimming, there was a barbecue and they all got back worn out but pleased about nine o'clock. Everybody was pleased except one poor fellow. He really came from Fry Springs...he had driven up to Washington that morning with high hopes...and the poor guy had to make the trip back to Washington to get his automobile and drive it back home to Fry Springs that night.

Ah well the Magic Carpet makes no such mistakes...you can travel thousands of miles and not get lost, so try your lucky with us now...you furnish the barbecue yourselves and we'll give you the music. Hot music, too. Right off the griddle and served up piping hot by that Manhattan favorite....Joe Moss.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

The pilot is waiting for the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now Mr. and Mrs. America here are two seats on the aisle....you can watch and wait and pay attention while the crack detectives of the New York Police Department pick up the trail in their hunt for the payroll bandits. You'll notice that these local Sherlocks stick to the trail like a postage stamp sticks to a letter... and incidentally it's discouraging to notice that these new three-cent stamps don't stick any better than the old two centers. As you recall earlier in the program, we left the three murderers with their ill gotten gains....howzatt?...their ill gotten gains in a Philadelphia hotel while they hide out and try to elude capture.. And the New York detectives have only some fingerprints and three telephone calls to work on when they get to Philly. Let's look in on them again. Light a LUCKY to take the strain off yourself while the Magic Carpet unfolds the plot.

ON WITH THE SHOW, DETECTIVE RUDD (WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE  
LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART -- "THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Whew! That just goes to show you that murder will out and crime can't win. The tip-off man at the bank was easy to get and the other brother surrendered when things got too hot, and you know the penalty that the four of them paid. Next Tuesday night we'll have another police case but now, Mr. and Mrs. America, how's for another polka, schottische or what have you. How's for another dance? How's for another trip on the Magic Carpet. I won't take "NO" for an answer, so away we go acareening over the Manhattan skyscrapers and back to Mrs. Moss' pride and joy Joseph.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

We pause just long enough to tell you that we'll play --

(TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

JOE MOSS:

Here's your Magic Carpet, Walter.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Stick around a little longer, Joe...treat your boys and break open some Flat Fifties. There's another county - or is it counter? - to be heard from, and I can take time out myself while Howard Claney steps up to the microphone and speaks his little piece. Okay, Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Don't crowd the counter, folks, there's plenty for everybody! Plenty of those LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties! The handy, economical tins of fifty cigarettes that America is going for in such a big way! Fifty cigarettes at a saving! In the LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, you get more for your money, and you get perfectly conditioned cigarettes - firm - fresh as fresh can be - protected against crushing! Made to order for you to use at the beach - on the golf links - on auto trips - everywhere! And the LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties bring you the mildest cigarettes you ever smoked. Mild..... because certain natural impurities found in every tobacco leaf are removed by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. Mellow-mild -- because "IT'S TOASTED!" And economical, because when you buy fifty at a time you save. That's why folks in every city, town, and hamlet are reaching for LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

In a moment or so we will be shooting back across the skies but meanwhile I WOULD like to spread a little good news about Mr. LUCKY STRIKE and his program for Thursday night. As you listeners know Thursday night is Winchell's night....Walter Winchell, the good gray gossip of the New York Daily Mirror. You can find out who's doing what and why and where and when by tuning in at this time Thursday...come one come all, and bring along the children.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now Miss America, Miss New Orleans, Miss Atlanta, Miss Universe....pick yourself out a what-a-man who might break down in a pinch and kiss you and let's rub elbows in a dance while Joe Moss hits a new high.

ON WITH THE DANCE JOE MOSS....(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

Once again we begin the dance this time with -- (TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

JOE MOSS:

All aboard the wonderful Lucky Strike Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Very good work Joe....we'll roll the Magic Carpet up to your door soon again and now Dr. O'Keefe wants to pass on a little information for those suffering with summer colds. Be careful what you wear to bed....I was very foolish....I got in bed three nights ago and it was terribly stuffy....Two hours after I retired I had to get out of bed and take off my woolen sox. Many colds are due to careless kissing...you must never kiss in crowded places like telephone booths, hot dog stands or ice cooled theatres.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

But to avoid colds the ounce of prevention is worth a pound of quinine. This careless kissing can be avoided....first of all you should know the girl you are going to kiss and even though you know her well and love her family it is wise to keep her under observation for a couple of days. Then immediately after kissing her you should sit down in the living room and take a hot mustard footbath. But when you get to a crisis....come come be a man...if you feel this overwhelming desire to kiss the lady....grab a good firm hold on yourself, look the girl squarely in the eye and then ask yourself point blank "Really....IS SHE WORTH THE RISK?"

Well I feel a sneeze coming on so I'm going to reach for a fresh supply of handkerchiefs and rest up until this same time Thursday. I'll be saying goodnight to you.

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AL SIGN

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"SELECTIONS" from "SHOW BOAT"; "TEA FOR TWO" from "NO NO  
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
7/13/52

SU-154-IV

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE IV

"THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE"

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JULY 12, 1932

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"MANHATTAN PATROL"

EPISODE IV

PART I and II

"THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE"

ORIGINAL RADIO DRAMALOGUE

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

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ADAPTATION

BY

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

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CHARACTERS:

BARRY RUDD	GOLDIE	VERA
MACK	MANINI	VOICE
FREDDY	WOMAN	INSPECTOR
WINSLOW	MAN	GIUSEPPE
TONY	OFFICER	
JOE	ESTELLE	

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE IV

"THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE"

PART I

(SIGNATURE -- POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL  
POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....THE BRYSON  
BROTHERS CASE.....A GRIPPING STORY....REAL  
PEOPLE.....REAL CLUES....REAL PLACES.....A  
REAL CASE.....DIRECT FROM POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS.....INVESTIGATED BY TOM CURTIN  
.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER  
EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....LUCKY STRIKE  
MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO  
OFFICES OF THE BOULEVARD BANK....NEW YORK  
CITY.....

Gee.-- it's sure gonna seem funny without you bein' head of the bank messengers, Mr. Winslow.

FREDDY:

WINSLOW:

To tell you the truth, it's going to seem a bit that way to me, Freddy. Twenty years I've been with the Boulevard Bank.

FREDDY:

Gee! I don't like to ask what ain't my business, sir ---but --- but did they let ya go?

WINSLOW:

(CHUCKLING) No - nothing like that, my boy. The boss offered me a raise to stay. But (SIGHS) I'll be leaving next week just the same, I guess.

FREDDY:

Gosh! It's a year since I had a raise. How come you're going, Mr. Winslow -----I mean, if it's all right for me to ask?

WINSLOW:

Sure, Freddy. I don't mind telling you. It's on account of my wife and kids. I'm all they got to look to for support ---- and you know a man with a family don't save much on a bank-messenger's salary-----If anything should happen to me --- well, maybe you see how I feel-----

FREDDY:

You mean those killings there's been of messengers carrying pay-rolls?

WINSLOW:

That's it. Four bank messengers shot down by thugs in the last three weeks. It's got my missus nearly crazy -- so's she's afraid to open a newspaper for fear she'll find I'm one of 'em. So I promised her I'd quit after today.



FREDDY: I bet no stick-up man would ever get a pay-roll I was carryin'. I'd beat him to the draw.

WINSLOW: That's the stuff, Freddy. It's what we're hired for--- to save the pay-rolls. I don't think that a bank-messenger who watches his step has much trouble--- no crook ever fires without givin' some warning---- and without your havin' a chance to out-think him----

TONY: (FADING IN) Hey, ain't youse-a guys ever goin' to start out, huh?

FREDDY: Aw, what's it to you when we start, Stefano?

TONY: They don't pay you to sit around an' talk, huh?

FREDDY: Aw, go on back to your adding machine----

WINSLOW: Never mind, Freddy. He's right, Tony's right. We shouldn't be sitting here when we've got a delivery to make ourselves.

F: Sure-a ting. You got dat-a forty-five thousand to take uptown.

EDDY: Anybody'd think you were the boss o' that factory, the way you're keepin' tab on their payroll, Stefano ---

LOW: "So I took the forty-five thousand dollars"----Come on, kid, let's get under way. Sooner we leave, sooner we'll get back.

TONY: Hey---one-a t'ing I never get into my head. When dey send-a two messengers out with a payroll, which-a one carry de money, huh?

FREDDY: Wouldn't you like to know?

WINSLOW: Say, what's eating you, Freddy? Tony didn't mean no harm. He was just askin' a civil question.

FREDDY: Aw, he's too noseey. He's just a book-keeper. What right's he got, comin' in here and bossin' us?

WINSLOW: I don't think he meant any harm. But no matter, come on --- let's get going.

(FREDDY AD LIB ON THE FADE: O.K.)

(FADING) I'd like to get back a little early tonight. I promised the wife and kids I'd take 'em to the movies after dinner. So long Tony.

TONY: So long. Good-a luck with de payroll.

(DOOR SHUTS. TELEPHONE RECEIVER OFF HOOK.  
SOUND OF DIALING)

TONY: Hello? Hello? Manini there? Yes----Manini-----  
Hello? Listen, Manini ----this is Tony Stephano----  
they just-a left---the two messengers---yeh----old-a  
man an' a fresh kid-----yeh --- No, I got-a no idea  
which one got de money----Yeh--dey take-a de elevated  
train an' get off at New Utrecht station---elevated  
train---New Utrecht station--yeh----Not safe to talk  
now--no---O.K.----So long, Manini-----

(PHONE RECEIVER CLICKS)

SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. SOUND OF ADDING MACHINE IN BANK.
2. SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE FADES IN.
3. SOUND OF CAR COMING TO STOP.

JOE: Say, it's about time you guys got here! Where you been, Goldie---you an' Manini? I been squattin' in this parked flivver for half an hour ----

GOLDIE: Lissen, Joe---we got no time to talk now, see? Them two messengers is gettin' off the next train that pulls in here. We gotta work fast.

MANINI: You brud-a bright-a boy, Joe. He get-a da idea. You do like I tell you, you get along all-a right.

JOE: Well, why'd ya tell me to cop off this flivver? One car oughta be enough for three guys.

MANINI: Bes' to have two cars on a job like-a dees one. Now Listen--get diss-a inside your-a head. We leave de motor runnin' in de beeg car, see? An' you keep-a de engine goin' in de fliv. When we come-a out an' start to make de get-away, you come right after us in diss-a leetle Lizzie, Joe. An' if anybody start to foller us, you stall it right in de middle o' street-a, an' act dumb---see?

JOE: Goldie, don't you think I ought to go up on the platform with Manini and you?

GOLDIE: What for, kid?

JOE: So's to grab the dough when you an' him tell 'em to stick 'em up.

GOLDIE: Shut up, Joe. You stay here in your flivver an' do like Manini says.

MANINI: No time to tell 'em steeck 'em up. No time.

GOLDIE: You mean -- put the lead into them without a word?  
(START TRAIN)

MANINI: Dat's-a right, Goldie. Shoot----keel--grab-a da  
mon'----get out fast like hell-----

GOLDIE: Listen! What's that? Let's get up on the platform---  
(TRAIN SOUND)

MANINI: Yeh---she comin' now-----They're on dis-a train-----  
(ELEVATED TRAIN IN FULL AND COMES TO STOP)

GOLDIE: Hey---stay here Manini! We don't need to go clear  
out on the platform. We can spot 'em from here.  
(SLIGHT CROWD FADE IN)

MANINI: Look-a! Look-a!

GOLDIE: Here's the bunch who got off the train---

MANINI: Yeh--Yeh--Here they come----Old-a bird first, de keed  
in back of heem---

GOLDIE: Which one's got the dough?

MANINI: Can't tell. Don't-a know. We have to dreel-a dem  
both----

GOLDIE: O.K. I'll plug the old man, and grab his bag.

MANINI: I keel-a da kced, then, an' take-a what he's got-----  
Wait---wait---until dey come thru de turn-stiles there  
-----  
(CLICK CLICK)

All-a right, now, Goldie----Steady----Don't-a get  
scared, boy.  
(BANG! BANG!)

(CRY OF PAIN FROM FREDDY. CROWD HUEBUB)

(BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!)

WOMAN: (SHRIEKS) Oh-->they've killed him--they've killed  
him-----

GOLDIE: We got it, pal---Come on--down the stairs----

MANINI: (FADING) Get out-a de way---get out-a youse----  
(CROWD REACTION)

WINSLOW: (GROANING) Oh--Oh--Oh, God---They got me!

WOMAN: Oh, this is awful--terrible---and a little boy, too---

MAN: There they go----there they go-----I see 'em----In  
those two cars---the big one and that Ford---Hey---  
In those two cars---Stop thief---stop thief----stop  
them, -- stop them-----

WOMAN: Help -----somebody--anybody--won't some one do  
something---for this poor man here----he's shot -- he's  
dying----Oh, please somebody -- send for a doctor----

WINSLOW: Mary --- Mary -----

WOMAN: He's trying to talk! What does he say---???

WINSLOW: (FAINTLY) Tell----tell my wife I didn't have a  
chance --- they didn't even say stick 'em up ---Tell  
her---I ---- can't take her---to the movies-----

WOMAN: Oh---please---please--call a doctor!

MAN: I --I'm afraid it's too late, madame. A doctor can't  
do anything for these fellows now. There's only one  
thing for us to do who were on this elevated platform  
-- that's stay right where we are, and send for the  
police.

SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. ELEVATED TRAIN STARTS AND FADES OUT.
2. POLICE SIREN FOLLOWED BY FADING IN MOTOR AND CLANGING BELL OF AMBULANCE.

BARRY: You're positive this is one of the get-away cars, officer?

OFFICER: Yes, sure, Mr. Rudd. This fellow here spotted 'em from the elevated platform while they was speedin' away. This is Detective Rudd from Headquarters. (WITH ADMIRATION) You can talk to him.

BARRY: You're quite definite in this identification, are you?

MAN: Yes, indeed, I am. Right--right where the boy and old man were shot down, that was, sir. The criminals were in two cars -----a big green one that went ahead, and this one that followed it.

BARRY: Hm-mm. Evidently abandoned this when they were sure they were safe. Wait a moment, now. Here's my assistant. He may have something to report. Yes? What is it, Mack?

MACK: (FADING IN) Rotten luck, Barry.

BARRY: What's the matter? Did you chase up the records on this car?

MACK: Yeh--an' there's nothin' in 'em. It's stolen goods. Been missing since early this morning. So it looks like this abandoned flivver ain't goin' to mean nothin' to us.

BARRY: Gee, that's a tough break. Wait a minute---is that witness still here?

MAN: Yes--here I am Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Oh, good. Do you think you could identify either of the two killers you saw on the elevated platform?

MAN: No--no, hardly.

MACK: (INCREDULOUSLY) Huh?

MAN: You see, I didn't really get a good look at them---- and it all happened so fast----

MACK: Well, say, Barry -- that's great, ain't it? A double killing in broad daylight ---- a big payroll robbery--- an' nothin', just nothin' to go on.

BARRY: Only this automobile, Mack. We've got to dig out a clue here somehow.

MACK: Sure. How?

BARRY: I don't know yet. Wait a second. What do you make of those marks on the door of the car?

MACK: Them? You mean them smudges?

BARRY: Yes. Couldn't they be fingerprints?

MACK: Sure they could be. Probably are. Fingerprints o' the guy the Lizzie was stolen from.

BARRY: Let's check on that. If the freshest ones belong to somebody who had no business being around this car -- some one whose finger-prints are on file at headquarters ---who might have stolen the car---we've got a clue, haven't we?

MACK: (RELUCTANTLY) Yeh---I suppose so.

BARRY: You got a screw-driver handy?

MACK: There must be one in the flivver. What for?

BARRY: Let's take this door off and get in to the Finger Print Bureau. You know, somewhere -- somewhere, there's three tough eggs sitting around in a hideaway, mighty darn confident that they've pulled off something smooth. It's up to you and me to find out who and where they are --- even if we have to play hunches to do it. Come on, Mack. Get that door off the hinges. And don't look so glum about things. Cheer up a bit.

MACK: O.K., O.K., Barry, I'm smilin'. But, shucks, I don't think it means anything.

SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. RATTLE OF TOOLS AND MAN WHISTLING.
2. MOTOR AND CLANGING BELL OF POLICE CAR FADES IN AND OUT.

(LAUGHTER)

JOE: You said it, Manini. We sure got away clean. They haven't got a doggone thing on us.

MANINI: I don't-a tell you so, huh? I don't-a say to you, "Joe, you an' you brud-a, Goldie, do like Manini say, an' de whole job be all-a right," huh?

GOLDIE: Sure. Sure you did, Manini. Me an' Joe admit you know more about pullin' a job like that than we do. But we did our part O.K. too, didn't we?

MANINI: Sure-a----sure-a, Goldie. You done-a sweet piece-a da business pluggin' dat keed. An' Joe --- he ditch de flivver an' come after us just like I told heem to.



GOLDIE: You betcha. And here we are in the best hotel in Philadelphia, P.A., sitting pretty.

JOE: I'll say we're sitting pretty. Forty-five thousand bucks split between us, and those two swell actresses in the room across the hall. Oh, boy! Oh, baby! Kiss me kid--I'm candy!

MANINI: (CONTEMPTUOUS) Actresses, ha! Dem two ain't-a actresses. Dey's-a burlesque.

GOLDIE: Burlesque? Hey, Manini, where you been all your life? Them two's the fanciest chorus girls in "Lady Of The Rose."

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

ESTELLE: Joe----Goldie-----

JOE: There we are now. It's Estelle----

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

ESTELLE: Joe----

JOE: Let 'em in, Goldie.

(DOOR OPENS)

ESTELLE: Hello, Joe.

JOE: Hi, there, Estelle. Come in. Hello, Vera.

GOLDIE: Hello, gorgeous---come in---park the body-----plant the form-----

ESTELLE: No, we can't. We haven't got time to stop now.

VERA: We've got to get along to the theatre for the show.

ESTELLE: We just wanted to stop an' thank you two for those marvelous orchids.

VERA: No fooling, they're lovely. Just too beautiful for words.

GOLDIE: Aw, forget it, willya? We're gonna see your show tonight, my brother an' me --- an' we're gonna dump a whole florist's shop in your dressing room. How about it, Joe?

JOE: You said it. Look---we'll pick you two up right after the show. Me an' Goldie's lined up a place for supper that'll make your eyes pop out.

(GIRLS ENTHUSE)

GOLDIE: Listen--wait a minute. How about you diggin' up a girl-friend for our pal Manini?

ESTELLE: Why, sure. I know the cutest little blonde----

MANINI: Naw--naw--never mind. I don't-a want-a bother with no dames ---

VERA: Oh, gosh, Estelle. Look at the time. We've got to beat it----

ESTELLE: Gee, we do, don't we? (FADING) Goodbye, boys-- we'll see you after the show-----

JOE: So long Estelle.

VERA: (FADING) So long Joe. Good-bye, Goldie.

(DOOR SHUTS)

JOE: Hey, fer crime out loud, Manini! Was you brought up in a barn? A couple o' honeys like Estelle an' Vera come into the room, an' you don't even stir out o' that chair, or look up from readin' that paper---- gee-----

MANINI: Wait a minute, Joe. Goldie! Get-a this. I want-a to tell you something.

GOLDIE: Yeah?

MANINI: You two-a brud-as want to play-a ball wid me?

BOTH: Well, yeah -- sure we do ---

MANINI: Den geta this. Stick to de biz, an' cut out dese two-a dames after tonight. Understand?

JOE: Aw, geez, Manini, a guy's gotta have some fun-----

MANINI: Understand?

GOLDIE: Yeh. Yeh, all right. We get you. Paper say anything?

MANINI: Dey got-a dis detective on a job. Barry Ridd.

JOE: Oh, yeah? Well, Sherlock Holmes couldn't get track o' us.

MANINI: It's a good-a clean-a job. Paper says he ain't got-a no clues. You sit tight here in Philly like-a I tell you---lay off-a de dames---don't spend-a de mon'----- we gonna be all-a right.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FADE IN AND OUT POLICE WAGON---MOTOR AND BELL.

VOICE: (WITH SOUND OF PHONE DIALS IN BACKGROUND) Spring Thrrree One Hun-dred. Yes, New York Police Headquarters. Detective Barry Ridd? I'm sorry. We cannot reach him now. No, I'm sorry. The Inspector is tied up also. No, they have no statement for the newspapers at present. I'm sorry. (FADING) Spring Thrrree One Hun-dred-----

INSPECTOR: Well, how about it, Barry? The newspapers are riding us to death on this. That was a brutal killing. Don't know as I blame them. What progress have you made.

BARRY: (RUEFUL) Not much, Inspector. The fingerprints on the door of the car belonged to a fellow named Goldie Bryson.

INSPECTOR: Anything about him in the records?

BARRY: Stolen car once before, that's all.

INSPECTOR: Mm-mm. What did you and Mack find when you went out to the Bryson home?

BARRY: One thing that made me suspicious. Both Goldie and his brother Joe have been away from home for two days-----and the family played mm.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

INSPECTOR: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

MACK: (FADING IN) Morning, Inspector. Hello, Barry.

BARRY: Hello, Mack. What you got?

MACK: Good stuff. That Bryson family owns a little hat factory. I was talking to the foreman out there, and he tried to give me a bum steer.

BARRY: Yeah?

MACK: You bet. The boys weren't at work and hadn't been for several days. What do you think I uncovered?

INSPECTOR: What, Mack?

MACK: There was a telephone call came in from Philadelphia. I got busy with the phone company and there were two other Philly calls since yesterday.

INSPECTOR: Well, they've got telephones down there now, you know. What's unusual about that?

MACK: Just this, Inspector. I checked up and found that neither the factory nor the Bryson home has ever had any Philadelphia calls before.

BARRY: That sounds like a good lead, Mack. If the Bryson boys were in on this they might have skipped out of town to Philly.

MACK: That's what I figure, Barry.

BARRY: But they're not the ones who planned the job. They're amateurs. And being amateurs, they're not going to hang on to the dough if they've got it. They'll spend---and they'll spend plenty.

MACK: Right again, Barry. No lodging house stuff. Those birds will be in Philly playing one of the big hotels. We ought to go down and keep our eyes open for guys who're spilling the heavy sugar.

BARRY: What do you think, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: I'm for trying it, Barry. I was out at the Winslow home today. Good lord, it's heartbreaking. He left a widow and three small children---absolutely destitute. Faced with poverty.

MACK: Yeah, an' I'm sorry for that other one, too---the kid---

INSPECTOR: Well, no use to talk about it. Go on down to Philadelphia, Barry, you and Mack. Go the limit --- the whole department is at your disposal. It was as brutal and cold-blooded a killing as New York has ever seen. We've got to check every point -- every clue----from now till next year if need be----until we bring those murderers to justice!

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE...WILL DETECTIVE RUDD AND MACK...CROSS GANGSTER TRAIL..... IN PHILADELPHIA HOTEL.....CAN MANINI STOP BRYSON BROTHERS.....FROM SEEING CHORUS GIRLS.....STAND BY....LUCKY STRIKE HOUR..... FOR EXCITING FINISH.....

(POLICE SIREN)

RADIO VOICE: O.K., O'KEEFE!

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MANHATTAN PATROL

PART II

"THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE"

(SIGNATURE: - POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE...TWO BANK  
MESSENGERS SHOT DOWN...WITHOUT CHANCE....  
ON ELEVATED RAILWAY PLATFORM...FORTY-FIVE  
THOUSAND DOLLAR PAY-ROLL STOLEN...CLUES  
LEAD NEW YORK DETECTIVES TO PHILADELPHIA....  
LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT  
ONCE TO PHILADELPHIA HOTEL ROOM.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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ESTELLE: Well, Joe -- what did you think of the show tonight?

JOE: Listen, Estelle----I ain't even noticed the show for the past two days. All I can see is you. Gosh, baby, you knocked me kinda goofy, I guess. Listen, Estelle-- willya marry me?

ESTELLE: Why, Joe---I --- I don't know what to say.

JOE: Look at what I got here, Estelle.

ESTELLE: What are they? Railroad tickets?

JOE: That's it. These are the paste-boards that'll take you an' me out West to Cleveland. Gee, we'd be happy together, Estelle. What do ya say?

ESTELLE: Well----I don't know, Joe. I hate to leave "The Lady of the Rose" before it gets to Broadway. Come on in to the Big City with us, and in a week or so, I'll give you an answer.

JOE: Uh-uh. That's out. I can't go into town.

ESTELLE: Oh---why not?

JOE: Never mind. I can't go into New York. Come on, Estelle. Let's get hitched and get out of here. Listen -- if it's the dough you're worried about---I got loads of it --- lots of it -- see?

ESTELLE: Yes, you've got it now, all right. But where'll you be when what you've got is spent? You don't look like you're working, Joe.

JOE: Working---say! A smart guy don't have to work, these days. There's plenty lyin' around loose where a guy can pick it up. Look at you! You're wearing that fist-full of orchids I sent, ain't you?



ESTELLE: Why--Why, of course, Joe. It was sweet of you.

JOE: Well, get this, baby. Stick to me and you can wear orchids every day -- long as you live. I'm the guy who knows where to get what buys 'em.

ESTELLE: What do you mean?

JOE: Here's what I mean--right here. Isn't it a beauty?

ESTELLE: Joe--it's a revolver---what does--oh, put it away----

JOE: Right the first time. It's a gat. An' believe you me, me an' my brother Goldie, and this guy Manini know how to make these little rods talk.

ESTELLE: Then---then---you're crooks----stick-up men? That's where you money comes from?

JOE: Aw, now, Estelle---don't worry about it---Gee, if I'd ha' thought---

(DOOR OPENS)

GOLDIE: (FADING IN) Hey--what's this? What's up, Joe? What's he doing, Estelle, trying to scare you?

ESTELLE: No--no---he--he was just explaining something---about--about where money comes from----he--

GOLDIE: Where-----Say--what's the idea, Joe? You gone screwy or what?

JOE: Aw, don't get sore, Goldie, I was--I was just--well--

ESTELLE: Listen, Goldie -- you don't have to---

GOLDIE: Keep out of this, Estelle. I want to talk to Joe for a minute. Blow. Scram. Beat it for a second, will you?

ESTELLE: Perhaps I'd better.

JOE: Wait for me downstairs, Estelle. I'll be down right away. Please -- baby---

ESTELLE: I---oh, all right, Joe.

(DOOR SHUTS)

GOLDIE: (OMINOUS) Joe?

JOE: Well, what?

GOLDIE: Get your things packed. We got to get out of town quick.

JOE: What are ya talkin' about?

GOLDIE: Manini told us to lay off these dames, an we didn't do it. Now you've gone and shot your face off and we're liable to get taken for a ride.

JOE: Aw, baloney.

GOLDIE: O.K. if that's how you feel about it. You do anything you doggone well please. But I'm goin' to clear out of here right now. Gimme that ticket!

SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. TRAIN COMING TO STOP.  
2. SMALL TAP BELL ON HOTEL DESK.  
CALL OF "FRONT" "FRONT." CALL "PAGING MISS ESTELLE WILLIAMS" "PAGING MISS ESTELLE WILLIAMS" FADES IN AND OUT.

MACK: There she is, Barry. She's the one I been watching for the past two days. She isn't wearing the hanging gardens, tho.

BARRY: Wait a second, Mack. (CALLING) Oh, Miss Williams?

ESTELLE: (FADING IN) What is it? Oh! How dare you speak to me!

BARRY: My name is Rudd, Miss Williams. Barry Rudd.

ESTELLE: Well, I don't know you!

BARRY: I'm a detective attached to New York Police Headquarters.

ESTELLE: A detective? What do you want? I haven't done anything!

BARRY: I'm sure of that. I just want to chat with you for a moment if I may. I notice you're not wearing the orchids, this morning?

ESTELLE: What if I'm not?

BARRY: Now please don't think me rude. My assistant here and I are on the trail of some young men who are spending money pretty recklessly. Money that doesn't belong to them. I'd like to ask the name of the admirer who's been buying you orchids every day.

ESTELLE: Oh, I'll tell you that, all right. Joe Brown's his name.

MACK: Joe Brown, huh? Did he have a brother named Goldie? Did he?

ESTELLE: Why--why, yes. And there was an Italian gentleman with them, too.

BARRY: An Italian? That's a new angle, Mack.

MACK: Well, we're pretty sure of one thing, now, anyway. I'll tell you, miss. Your boy-friend's name isn't Joe Brown -- it's Joe Bryson!

ESTELLE: (RECOILING) No---No---not the murderer of the bank messengers --- the story that's been in the papers----

MACK: That's it, miss.

ESTELLE: Oh--I can't believe it--I can't-----

MACK: Come on, Barry. Let's go upstairs and make our arrest.

ESTELLE: NO -- It's no use. He's gone. Joe's gone.

BOTH: What?

ESTELLE: His brother Goldie came into the room last night when I was talking to him, and asked me to leave. Joe said he'd meet me, but he didn't show up. This morning, when the orchids didn't come, as usual, I called the boys room, and I found that they'd left!

MACK: Aw, fishcakes! For the luvva mad!

BARRY: Where did they go, do you know?

ESTELLE: (NEGATIVE) Mm-mm.

BARRY: Miss Williams, listen to me. If you have any information that you're withholding -- even the ghost of an idea where either of the Bryson boys may have gone --- and aren't telling us --- you're hindering the cause of justice, and aiding dangerous criminals to make good their escape. Isn't there some help you can give us?

ESTELLE: Well----well, yesterday Joe showed me two tickets for the West---for Cleveland. He--he wanted me to go with him, for a honeymoon.

MACK: Cleveland!

BARRY: That's the move, then. Thank you, Miss Williams.

**Mack**, hop over to the stand in the lobby and shoot headquarters a wire. We're off to Cleveland by plane!

SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. CLICKING OF TELEGRAPH KEY.
2. FADE IN ROAR OF AIRPLANE MOTOR, AND OUT.

MACK:            Yep--this is Goldie Bryson's room all right. Boy, that guy's been spending. Look at these ties---and the shirts! And say -- pipe the pajamas, will you? That kid has ideas!

BARRY:           Come on, Mack---don't waste time in talk. Goldie may be back any minute. Look thru the rest of his stuff.

MACK:            O.K., O.K. (WHISTLE) Barry! Suffering cats! Look here!

BARRY:            (SURPRISE) What?

MACK:            Money! Bales of it.

BARRY:            I'm not surprised.

MACK:            And say ---! Look, will you! A couple of the wrappers from the bank still on 'em. The sap!

BARRY:            Stop! Put the wrappers back, Mack. Play safe on the evidence. Leave 'em just as they are there in the bags. Then we'll have him right with the goods when we nail him.

MACK:            Right, Barry.

                  (TELEPHONE RINGS)

MACK:            (STARTLED) What's that?

BARRY:            It may be the house detective. He said he'd call me when Goldie came in.

                  (TAKES DOWN RECEIVER)

BARRY:            Hello!.....Chase?.....Fine!.....Thanks....

                  (CLICK OF TELEPHONE)

MACK:            He's coming, eh?

BARRY:            Yes, he's in the elevator. Get ready.

MACK:           Yep--this is Goldie Bryson's room all right. Boy,  
                  that guy's been spending. Look at these ties---and  
                  the shirts! And say -- pipe the pajamas, will you?  
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                  when Goldie came in.

                  (TAKES DOWN RECEIVER)

BARRY:           Hello!.....Chase?.....Fine!.....Thanks....

                  (CLICK OF TELEPHONE)

MACK:           He's coming, eh?

BARRY:           Yes, he's in the elevator. Get ready.

MACK: (PAUSE) I hear some one in the hall, now.

BARRY: (WHISPERS) He's putting the key in the door.  
(RATTLE OF KEY -- TURNING OF LOCK --  
DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.)

BARRY: All right, Mr. Bryson. Stick 'em up, please!

GOLDIE: (GASPING) Oh--!

MACK: That's right, clear up! Clear up!

BARRY: Frisk him, Mack.

MACK: Well, well, Goldie! You weren't expecting company,  
were you?

GOLDIE: Who--? Who--? Who are you? What do yuh mean breaking  
into my room? What do you want?

BARRY: Goldie Bryson, I arrest you for the murder of Henry  
Winslow and Freddy Shea.

GOLDIE: (TERRIFIED) No -- No -- I never killed nobody. You...  
you got the wrong guy!

MACK: Yeh? What do you say about this stuff in the grip?

GOLDIE: (WEAKLY) What--?....what stuff?

BARRY: The dough wrapped in these Boulevard Bank bands.

GOLDIE: (WILTING) Gimme a chance, willya -- Gimme a chance,  
I can explain --

BARRY: Come on, Goldie. Get up off the floor. We're not  
going to hurt you.

GOLDIE: Honest, I didn't do it. Honest I didn't-----

MACK: Who did then, if you didn't?

GOLDIE: All right...(PANTING) I'll tell you....Gimme a break,  
boys, I'll tell you---

MACK: Who was on the elevated platform with you? Your brother, Joe, I suppose! A nice squealer you are, telling on your own brother.

GOLDIE: No...no! Joe was downstairs in the flivver.

BARRY: Sounds to me as if you boys got into bad company, Goldie. Who was the Italian who bossed the job?

MACK: Come on, Goldie. Who was on that platform with you... the big guy who did the fancy shooting?

GOLDIE: Manini....Blackhand Manini...!

BARRY: (SURPRISED) Good lord! We're up against a big one, Mack.

GOLDIE: (QUICKLY) Yeah, Manini did it.

BARRY: Wait a minute, Goldie, Manini never worked in a bank and this job was done from the inside.

MACK: You better tell us quick....and straight.

GOLDIE: (QUICKLY) ALL right....Tony Stefano told us about the messengers. Tony's a bookkeeper at the bank. He called Manini when they left the bank with the roll.

BARRY: So that's the missing link! We've got our case, now, Mack. Where's Joe, your brother?

GOLDIE: Back in New York, I guess. We had some trouble and split up.

BARRY: Oh, I see. He wanted to be close to Philly in case the little girl changed her mind.

GOLDIE: So that's how you got us. I told Joe he was playing with fire!

MACK: Where's Manini...the big shot, Goldie?

GOLDIE: (SCARED) I don't know! I don't know! I can't tell you. I don't know.



BARRY: We'll have him where he won't touch you, Goldie. And it will go a lot easier with you if you work with us. I believe you when you say Manini did this job.

GOLDIE: (QUICKLY) That's right. He did it all right. You gimme a break and I'll tell you where to find him. I'll give his address. It's a Bungalow on the Williamsbridge Road, in Brooklyn.

-----

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FADE IN AND OUT AIRPLANE MOTOR.  
2. REPEATED RINGING OF DOOR BELL IN BUNGALOW FOLLOWED BY KNOCKING.

MACK: This is the bungalow, all right, Barry. But it's all dark.

BARRY: Well, we can't stay here all night...let's bust down the door....

(CRASHES DOOR -- IT SPLINTERS AND FALLS IN)

MACK: Here's the light, Barry.

(CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH)

BARRY: Huh! No juice. Flash your torches, Mack.

MACK: Right. No....Nobody in the dining room.

BARRY: Give this bedroom the double O. Let me try the closet.

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MACK: Humph! Nobody there.

BARRY: (PICK UP) Hm..Hm...Well, it's not long since somebody's been lying on this bed.

MACK: Nobody under it. But, say! Here's some kind of a paper crumpled up on the floor!

BARRY: Hm....a steamship folder.....Let's take a look at it.

MACK: Gee....it's the I-talian line at that!

BARRY: (EXCITEDLY) Here...Here...Mack. Look at this....A pencil line under the Steamship Milano....and the Milano sails at midnight....tonight!

MACK: It's a break, Barry....It's a break....a hundred to one Manini's jumping the country.

SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. POLICE CAR MOTOR AND CLANGING BELL.  
FADE IN AND OUT.
2. THREE LONG BLASTS OF STEAMSHIP WHISTLE.
3. CROWD NOISE OF FAREWELLS AND LAUGHTER.  
VOICE: "ALL VISITORS ASHORE."

MACK: How much time we got, Barry?

BARRY: We've got to work fast. Captain says they won't hold the gangplank more than five minutes.

MACK: It was a break -- that passport fellow recognizing Manini's picture.

BARRY: Yes. Not many passengers this time of year. That's how it happened.

MACK: (IMPATIENTLY) Where the devil's the steward that has stateroom thirty-nine? The purser said he'd send him along!

BARRY: There he is! Hey, Giuseppi!

GIUSEPPE: (ELEGANT COMPARED WITH MANINI) Si, si, Signor.

BARRY: The purser told you who we are?

GIUSEPPE: He say-a detectives!.....Where you like-a go?

BARRY: To stateroom thirty-nine...Now listen carefully --  
All we want you to do is walk down ahead of us to the  
thirty-nine door.

GIUSEPPE: Si, si, Signor.

BARRY: Then tell the passenger in there you've got a telegram  
for him.

MACK: And when he opens the door -- duck --- get out of the  
way!

GIUSEPPE: Santa Maria, I do not like-a thees....But come.....  
Thirty-nine is vera close. (AD LIB ON FADE)

BARRY: (VOICE OF CAUTION) Be ready, Mack...Manini's a  
different proposition from the Bryson brothers. He's  
hard -- boiled and absolutely fearless. If he's  
armed there'll be some fireworks.....

MACK: Yeh....He's got guts all right. Come on, let's close  
up behind the steward....Already, now-----  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MANINI: (DROWSILY INSIDE ROOM) Hello, hello....What you  
want?

GIUSEPPE: Telegram....Signor.  
(SILENCE)  
(LOUDER) A TELEGRAM..for you, Signor -- Just came.

MANINI: (IMPATIENTLY) All right...All right!...Canna you wait a second?

(RATTLE OF BOLT AND OPENING OF DOOR)

MANINI: Huh? What's-a dees?

BARRY: Hello, Manini.

MANINI: Where's-a dat steward?...Where's-a dat telegram?

BARRY: You should know better than to fall for an old stall like that, Manini. Oh-oh. No monkey business. Get your hands up.

MACK: Well, well, well. In his pajamas all ready for bed. You ought to see some of the pajamas Goldie Bryson had, Manini.

MANINI: Huh? What you say?

BARRY: Close the door, Mack.

(DOOR SHUTS)

MANINI: Lissen, boys -- who you want-a huh? You make-a big-a mistake----

BARRY: No mistakes about this, Manini. The game's up. Slip your overcoat on over those pajamas, and we'll move out of here. It's prison bars, not the ocean wave for you tonight.

MANINI: All-a right. All-a right. I go with-a you. You guys ain't-a got nothing on me. But let-a me put my clothes on. I don't want to go like-a this.

MACK: Sure, Barry. Let him get dressed. He might catch pneumonia and die before we could get him to trial.

BARRY: Go through his trousers and coat, Mack.

MACK: No gat in them. Here you are, Manini. Climb into the duds fast.

MANINI: All-a right---all-a right. Gimme the shirt. Gimme the pants.

BARRY: That's good. Come along.

MANINI: No---please. Let me get-a my shoes an' sox on --

MACK: Aw, you've gone barefoot before.

MANINI: NO---please---I got-a bad feet. I can't-a walk barefoot ----

MACK: Oh, all right. Where are his shoes, Barry?

MANINI: Here's-a my shoes. Over by the chair. An' my sox inside 'em.

BARRY: Sit down an' put 'em on.

MACK: (CRY OF ALARM) Look out---Lock out, Barry----He's got a gun hidden ---

(BANG)

BARRY: No you don't -- No you don't Manini!

(BANG! BANG!)

MANINI: Dios! Santa Maria! (GROANS)

MACK: Attaboy, Barry. You shot the rod right out of his hand, What do you know? He picked it out of his shoe.

BARRY: That's why he was so insistent about wearing them, eh? Put the cuffs on him, Mack.

MACK: Gimme your wrists, Manini. Nice pair of bracelets for you.

MANINI: No----No----

MACK: Come on.



MANINI: (WEAKLY) All-a right. All-a right.

(CLICK OF HANDCUFFS)

BARRY: Mack, take a look in the other shoe.

MACK: (AMAZED) Can you beat that? An automatic planted in this one, too. Say, Barry, it's a lucky thing this guy ain't a centipede.

BARRY: I'm not so sure that isn't just what he is, Mack -- Isn't a centipede one of those ugly things that kills without warning? How about it, Manini? Are you going to come along quietly?

MANINI: Si-- I don't-a make no trouble. I come. Well -- too bad-a for you, Manini. Now you get-a de crepe on de door.

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE BRYSON BROTHERS CASE....THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE....WHICH DETECTIVES MACK AND RUDD UNCOVERED....CONVICTED BOTH BROTHERS AND MANINI....ALL THREE PAID THE MAXIMUM PENALTY....IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR....FOR THEIR CRIME....NEXT WEEK....THE RADIO BURGLAR.....

(SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

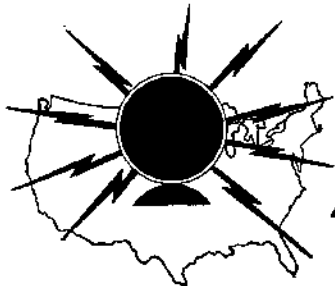
RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K., O'KEEFE!

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\* D. THOMAS CURTIN/G. WILLIAMSON/chilleen  
7/9/38

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEAJ and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1938

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen...whether you're in the North, South, East or West....I do hope you've had a cooler day than we've had. Today in New York you could have fried eggs on the pavement.....The eggs might have turned out a little dusty but if you don't mind sand in your spinach, you might have been happy. I'd like to meet the man who called New York the Greatest Summer Resort in the world. Right now he's probably spending his vacation up in Nome Alaska where it's thirty degrees cooler outside. I'd like to have that fellow take a trip in the subway like I had today. You MIGHT say that we were packed in like sardines but that wouldn't be fair...the sardines don't have to stand up. Of course, Life is not always a bowl of cherries for the sardines either. I've got a world of sympathy for the downtrodden sardine. As you know, the sardines are often eaten by larger fish....I wonder how the larger fish open the cans.

But let's not wonder....let's wander...let's wander over the summer skies to Ted Fiorito on the Pacific Coast and then back to the breezy chin music of Walter Winchell of the New York Daily Mirror. So take off your hat....let the air waves tickle your hair waves as the Magic Carpet swoops down on San Francisco.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO (WHISTLE) OKAY, CALIFORNIA!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

California opens wide the Golden Gate so you may all enter San Francisco and dance to the music of Ted Fiorito and his St. Francis Hotel Orchestra. The dance begins with -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet heads eastward out of San Francisco.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Gangway sailors....I mean you lads of the C and R gang on the U.S.S. SARATOGA out there at Bremerton Washington. You wrote me that you wanted the Magic Carpet to come aboard the Saratoga, known as the Ship of Happy Landings....well here's the Carpet stretched all over your decks aft and forward....hiya Sailor....this is Barnacle Bill O'Keefe....honestly I get seasick every time I look at a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware. You wanted me to remember you to Winchell....well here he is coming right up your gangplank....anchors aweigh Walter.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North, South, East and West -- let's unwind edition one....Loretta Young's ex-groom -- the handsome Grant Withers, is plotting another visit to the preacher...This time with Camille Lerner -- who glorified the Ziegfeld shows,.... and he made the betrothal promise more binding by giving her a blinding sparkler and a 16 cylinder speed-wagon...The reports in the gazettes that George Brent and Loretta Young were That Way--- were stifled by the confirmation of the news that Mr. Brent would marry Ruth Chatterton as soon as she is melted from Ralph Forbes.... Mr. Brent himself now admits it.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

To those New Yorkers who have been pushed, shoved and bruised in Fifth Avenue shopping crowds--while trying to catch a glimpse of Garbo -- there is this painful report to make....It wasn't Greta, at all -- but her most remarkable double....She is Geraldine Deavorak, who, by the way, is no kin to the movie star with the same surname....Garbo, Hollywood sleuths now state, is planning her departure from there by July 20.....Carl Laemmle, Junior, who has been telling his heartaches to Lily Damita and she with him --- has reconciled with Constance Cummings -- and Damita has gone back to Sydney Smith.

-----

The reports persist that E-va-lyn Knapp and Donn Cook are secretly sealed -- but their intimates assure me that the merger is not scheduled until the Fall ....But how about Jeannette MacDonald-- and that Ritchie chap?....I'm only asking, Jeannette, and please don't forget that I was promised the news first....and I fear I've been trumped again.....

-----

Pola Negri and Russ Columbo, who were very serious for two months, have decided to be good friends, instead.....Peggy Fears, New York's only woman show producer, is willing to pay Marlenah Dietrich \$10,000 a week to star in her new play, but Marlegs turned it down.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Their mutual pals tried hard to reconcile the feuding Terrance Ray and Fifi Dorsay, who once cared for each other in the blazing manner....But it didn't jell.....The James Cagney situation with the Warner Brothers is still this and that way -- Cagney now wants \$4,000 per week instead of his contracted \$1400....And the indications are that he may settle for less....Georgia Coleman and Mickey Riley, who will distinguish themselves at the Olympics, now admit that they will merge after the games.

-----

You hear the strangest tales these depression days, but the one that made me wonder if casting your bread on the waters brought you angel cake in return -- was the story about Frederick Brown, who is 62....Mr. Brown gave away three million smackers to charity -- and then lost twenty million in his business....Governor Roosevelt, the Democratic nominee for President will not make a tour of the country during the campaign....Instead he has a new plan -- in which he will visit six leading cities and remain in them for a week....I don't want to give the various Chambers of Commerce and the hotel owners too much hope -- but the tentative six cities are said to be -- St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco -- Minneapolis -- Dallas and Boston.....

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Although Buddy Rogers has been reported gag-ga over this and that pretty person in New York and in Hollywood -- his favorite girl friend appears to be the lovely Harriet Lake.....They are inseparable.....And one of the few men that Garbo enjoys talking to is Jean Hersholt -- but Jean refuses to violate her confidences -- and as a result, he is one of her few close friends....Joan Crawford, about to sail for the old country, warned friends not to do what she did for so many months while trying to reduce....Joan found out that nibbling on nothing but lettuce, with an occasional dish of rhubarb almost ruined her career.....After wasting all that time, she discovered that one could devour nourishing food, and keep that girlish figure -- if one followed the usual exercises....I pass this along to you ladies who have been kidding yourselves into a state of collapse.

-----

The major reason why Maurice Chevalier turned down \$25,000 a week at the local magic lantern theatres --- and hastened to Paree--- is that he wanted to stifle the reports that the Chevalier wedding ring was loose.....

That's the end of part one, Walter O'Keefe --- take it from there---until I wind myself up again.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Walter speaking on behalf of all the customers, I want to thank you for the first report of the Winchell Secret Service. Let me borrow a LUCKY from you while Howard Claney turns in his report.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thousands of cigarette counters all over America are featuring those handy, economical tins of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties.... Make a note of this. You'll find in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties a lesson in bridge by Milton C. Work, the famous bridge authority. It will help your game -- it's just like having Mr. Work sitting in on the game coaching you.....And when you buy fifty LUCKIES at a time, you save money! That metal humidor keeps your LUCKIES as firm....as fresh....as fragrant as the day they were made! Your LUCKIES are kept in perfect condition ....protected against crushing....and you're sure of having a good supply on hand of the finest, the mildest cigarette you ever smoked - mild because it contains the finest, the choicest of Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- but even more important - it's mild -- it's mellow mild -- because "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now ladies and gentlemen.....the Magic Carpet plans a bit of a detour. We're going back to the Coast but let's take the northern route. Let's join the throng of tourists rambling over the beautiful Oregon trail....let's swoop down on the Golden Gate from up north passing over Portland, the city of Roses, and right down the shore to San Francisco and Ted Fiorito.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

You're in San Francisco again where Ted Fiorito and his Orchestra will play -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

From California, high over the heads of a hundred and twenty million people, flies the LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Fiorito. Your mother must be proud of you, and let me tell you that nothing takes the place of mother love. I just heard of a real kind mother....she gives her child chloroform before giving it a whipping. I've really got a message for your mothers, but I'll wait twenty seconds while Howard Claney delivers a message to the whole darned family.

HOWARD CLANEY:

On the high seas right now there's a ship carrying a cargo of choice Turkish tobacco to America for your LUCKY STRIKE. From all over the world, we gather the finest, the choicest tobaccos that money can buy. Then "IT'S TOASTED." That's why LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest - the mellow-mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

---STATION BREAK---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now all you mothers, here's a bit of ~~advice~~ that will help you keep the baby quiet so that you can enjoy the rest of the program....and you won't find it in Dr. Hope's Baby Book. So you want to get the ches-ild to sleep eh, The remedy is simple. Of course, you can wallop it....you probably have.....but here's the latest sleeping potion. First set the baby upright in bed....if he won't stay PUT...prop him up with a flock of pillows. Then smear his cute little pink paws with some thick gummy gooey molasses. Then give him a handful of feathers from an old pillow and he'll have the time of his life. If this doesn't succeed I'll get off the Magic Carpet myself and rock him.....I said rock him not sock him.

So now while the baby is feathering its nest, let's treat the grown-ups to a couple of lullabies while Ted Fiorito waves his magic wand. Back we go to the Pacific Coast and our California bandboys.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO...(WHISTLE)..OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

San Francisco responds by offering Ted Fiorito and his Orchestra playing -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)



SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Now the Magic Carpet flies from San Francisco back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That time the Magic Carpet followed the route of the Queen of the Air....and she's not a radio star....I mean Amelia Earhart Putnam. Congratulations, Amelia. Next to the Magic Carpet and Amelia Earhart nothing flies faster than gossip, and nobody gets the lowdown quicker than Walter Winchell. Mr. Winchell, we give you the air as we lend you our ears. You're on!

WALTER WINCHELL:

New York City has never been so quiet as it is today -- and you may accept that mournful report from a native son, who always goes into a lather when a stranger pans the town....But, frankly, New York now is like Hollywood after midnight -- no place to go -- but home, and you know how that is!....Never before have we only had 8 shows -- all of which are playing to more ushers than customers. The one night club closes long before the 3 a.m. curfew hour -- and to make matters worse -- the town was visited this week by millions of white moths, which are getting in everybody's cars.....No one seems to know whence the pests came, except Richy Craig, Junior, the comedian, who says they are nothing but depression pigeons....At any rate, New York is now exactly what the man out of town says it is --- a cemetery with lights.....Which is the best description of them all.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

In the mail comes a query from Marion Harrington of St. Louis, who wants me to decide a bet....Marion says that Helen Morgan was born in Canada and that her husband says Helen is a Chicago gal.... Well, Mrs. Harrington, you lose and yet you don't....Miss Morgan was born in Danville, Illinois, taught school in Chicago, and won a beauty contest at Montreal....And because it was discovered that Helen was from the States -- she was disqualified, although they gave her the first cash prize....And there, as the saying goes, Marian, you are....In response to your other question you are Right -- Mr. Ziegfeld's first wife was Anna Held.

-----

You probably read that fable in the Sunday Magazine pages about Helen Twelvetrees....It was interesting, even if it belongs among the exaggerations.....Helen is quoted as saying that the movies wanted her to change her name from Twelvetrees to simply Trees-- so it would fit in lights -- and that she was proud of her family name and wouldn't change it for any one....Well, perhaps her press agent made it up -- because those of us who know Helen Twelvetrees from the old country -- I mean Brooklyn -- know that her real ancestral handle is Helen Jurgen....And speaking of real names -- I never knew till last night -- that Carole Lombard is Jane Peters, and that Loretta Young is really Gretchen Belzer.....I wonder what Borrah Minnivitch's name was before he changed it to Borrah Minnivitch!

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Peter Arno and Sally O'Neal, after a brief courtship, are no longer drinking out of the same saucer.....As soon as Ralph Graves is divorced from Mrs. Graves he will ankle up an altar again.... If, however, the abrogation takes place in California, Graves will have to wait a year before the decree becomes final.....The Rudy Vallces, who have been married a long time now, still hold hands in public, while many other celebrated pairs sit in the same restaurants and read newspapers to keep from looking at each other.... And Hilda Moreno, another of the one-time Ziegfeld charmers, has decided not to wed James Stillman, the banker.

-----

Here are some of those things you probably never even suspected: That Adam was created first -- to give him a chance to say something --- that Byron could not endure seeing women eat -- and would always dine alone -----that George Washington never chucked a dollar across the Potomac -- it was a stone ----that the daughters of the late Czar, slept on camp beds, because it was decreed by Alexander, the 1st, that his daughters should not slumber on comfortable lounges until they married ----that in France, horse races are always run to the left -- and that when you are jailed in Tia Juana, you are not allowed to communicate with any one outside -- if your friends miss you, and cannot locate you anywhere, then they go to the jailhouse -- and by golly, there you are!

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The Robert Maxwell, Juniors, she was Audrey Pointing of "Private Lives," the play -- have foundered.....It's a lad over at the Frederick Hart's -- the mother was Irene Mason of the Shubert shows.....Randolph Churchill, son of Winston Churchill of England is wooing a Cleveland heiress....The Theodore Kroll's, she was Virginia Lee Corbin, are hoping it will be a boy -- Earl Carroll and Beryl Wallace of his "Vanities" show, are on fire, and the Don Dilloway -- Dorothy Jordan romance has faded, with Joe McCrea being her new heart.

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And now to return a salute or two:

Earl Elder of the Coast Guard, Curtis Bay, Maryland: Sorry to delay you Earl, but I had been absent, you know....Yes, the pair you mention may reconcile.....I see them together every night around Broadway.

-----

Joyce Rogers, Chicago: Buddy Rogers is 21, I think -- he is from Olathe, Kansas.

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Mary E. Pelham of New Orleans.....Thanks for your nice letter, Mary -- I've given it to Mr. O'Keefe -- but I'm afraid he can't read!

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Charlotte Mansfield of Cuvington, Oklahoma ----and Thanks for yours, Charlotte -- we are trying to arrange it for the near future.....We would have had Bernie on the show with us long ago, but we've been waiting for him to think up a new joke.

And that, Mr. and Mrs. Tuner-Inner, brings my part of the Lucky Strike Show to a close....Until next Thursday night then, at the same time, I remain, your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell-- who has decided to stop betting on the races -- because everytime I picked a horse, Sande would be the jockey -- but when the race started it turned out to be Sophie Tucker!

-----  
WALTER O'KEEFE:

Winchell how you DO talk....and how I DO listen.. Now, let's both listen to Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

A salute to the skippers and crew of the fine yachts that took part in the famous Eastern Yacht Club's regatta! You displayed some great seamanship, and according to reports, you displayed a sound choice of cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE is a great favorite with all kinds of yachtsmen - right down to those who "paddle their own canoes" --for folks everywhere like a mild cigarette! LUCKY STRIKE is mild.... truly mild....mellow-mild.....because "IT'S TOASTED." Which means that certain impurities naturally present in even the most tender tobacco leaf are removed - expelled - driven out! This simple but tremendously important fact explains why no other cigarette in all the world can match LUCKIES in mellow mildness.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has a great show lined up for Saturday night. A full hour of dancing on the Magic Carpet, irresistible and captivating music of Abe Lyman and his Orchestra. I hope you tune in on this lawn festival of ours, but enough about that. Let's get going...it's a cool trip...hold on to your hats and take a last puff off your LUCKY as we drop you once more into the lap of the California delegation.

SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME, FIORITO(WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Ted Fiorito and his St. Francis Hotel Orchestra continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

The pilot, Walter O'Keefe, is calling the Magic Carpet eastward across the continent.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now in closing, MR. LUCKY STRIKE wants to congratulate Judge Floyd Eugene Thompson who rose from schoolmaster to the Illinois Supreme Court Bench. And now new honors are heaped on his head because he was just elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the B.P.O.E..... the benevolent protective order of Elks. And here's an optimistic note from the good old Atlanta Constitution.....There's a bumper crop of corn and oats in Macon County, and for that reason Mayor J. F. Miles of Marshallville Georgia has bought himself a horse and buggy, which reminds me of my old Uncle George who was the Village Blacksmith and a bit of a philosopher to boot. I remember a jingle of his --

As my wife and I sat at the window one day  
Stood watching a man with a monkey  
A cart came along with a fine looking boy  
Who was driving a stout little donkey

To my wife I spoke by way of a joke  
There's a relation of yours in that carriage  
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied  
Ah yes.....a relation.....by marriage.

Here's where we bundle up and get in the buggy and take home the Magic Carpet till Saturday night. Well....I'll be saying goodnight.

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(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The selection "OF THESE I SING" from the name of the same name was presented by special permission of the copyright owners.

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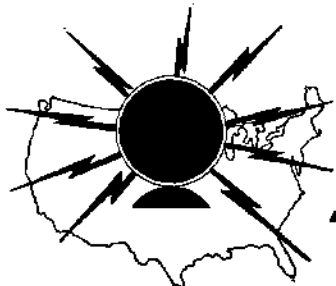
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AGENCY/WINCHELL/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
7/14/38



# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P. M. · · · WEAf and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1938

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD GLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hello hello hello....ladies and gentlemen...and I take it that you're well this evening. And can I take it? There are there as can. Old Man LUCKY STRIKE went out of his way again to put on this evening's program. He reached over on Broadway and grabbed off Abe Lyman and his band at no expense to you but at great expense to himself. He even got very cosy and confidential with your pilot when he said "Walter something should be done about your singing." I thought it was a dirty crack until he explained himself. He wanted me to sing a song that I started out a year ago in the Third Little Show called "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba down in Cuba".... how have you been-a! In other words, he said "shoot the works" and so I'm going to shoot everything a little later in the program and may the best man win....toeholds are barred.

I wish that you could see Abe Lyman....six feet tall in his barefeet (and he's in his barefeet most of the time) better known as "Nature's gift to the Band Business." He's got the bloom of today's thirty six holes spread all over his pan and in his hand is the baton you'll love so well. He's eager to start your dancing for you so why should I hold things up. Let 'er go fellah

ON WITH THE DANCE, ABE LYMAN (WHISTLE) OKAY U.S.A.

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening, everybody. This is Abe Lyman and we won't hold things up....we'll start the dancing immediately with --(TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ABE LYMAN:

Here goes the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Abe Lyman ladies and gentlemen...making his bow on the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet. He's going to bow all during the hour tonight and he's been bowing all day in the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. He's been bowing so much today that his neck is as limber as a piece of asparagus. What a job that Lyman's got. Soft I calls it. I think of the fellows in his band, ----the lad that carries the drums around...the other one that wraps his mouth around the big brass horn, and my heart goes out to the boy who has to crowd his way into a taxi with a piano under his arm. Then look at Lyman... the well-dressed man...he doesn't even have to look at the music.... let alone understand it....all he has to do is stand up and wave a stick. I think he deserves a rest, poor guy, ----and it's Howard Claney's turn to take the bows.

HOWARD CLANEY:

In every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, you'll find an ingenious bridge lesson....a test of your skill by that great bridge expert - Milton C. Work. It's helpful...it's fascinating. And you get it, mind you, in addition, to a substantial saving when you buy LUCKIES in the flat tins of fifty....those metal humidors that contain fifty LUCKIES, the mildest cigarettes you ever smoked...yes, truly mild because certain of the impurities that Mother Nature hides in every tobacco leaf have been removed.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

LUCKY STRIKE is mild...mellow-mild because "IT'S TOASTED!"  
The next time you buy your usual supply of LUCKIES in the packages of  
of twenty ask for one of those handy, economical tins of LUCKY STRIKE  
Flat Fifties. LUCKY STRIKE -- the favorite cigarette of  
discriminating smokers all over the world.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I'm going to get a tin of Flat Fifties myself because I'm  
going on a picnic tomorrow so help me. Ah do I love picnics. Poison  
Ivy, and hard-boiled eggs, tomato and lettuce sandwiches that are all  
tired out by the ride. AND paper napkins. I wonder if the fellow  
who invented paper napkins had a happy death. It was much too good  
for him. There was a public enemy. May he rest in picnics. The  
only good thing I know about a picnic is the story my dad used to  
tell about the elderly gray haired old lady with a huge basket and  
a round dozen of children. She's hot, she's perspiring, she's  
impatient as she waits on a street corner for a trolley car to come  
along. The car comes to a stop and the dozen brats noisily get  
aboard as the conductor helps her on with her basket. She wipes  
her forehead and reaches into the purse for her fares. As the  
conductor returned her change he inquired in a kindly manner, "Pardon  
me, Madame, are all those children your own or is it a picnic?" She  
gave him a nasty look and answered, "Them's ALL my children and it's  
NO picnic!"

Well enough of this now...Lyman has had his forty winks  
and he's ready to toot a new tune so let's get going.

ON WITH THE DANCE ABE LYMAN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

Yes, Walter, we're going to toot these tunes -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

ABE LYMAN:

Climb aboard everybody, we're off on a lightning trip.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Lie down and take it easy Lyman and stop me if you've heard this one. I just heard about the girl who married the radio announcer in the hope that she could get on the radio as a singer. She wasn't such a bad singer...either, but she noticed that whenever she started vocalizing or singing around the house he'd go out in the back yard. Every time she'd start up the scales he'd reach for the back door. She asked him the idea...."What's the big idea," she said...."every time I start singing you go out in the back yard." "Well," he finally explained it to her gently by telling her "I don't want the neighbors to think I'm beating you up."

Well no matter...there have been several complaints about my OWN singing. I'm a bathroom baritone.

(CHORUS OF BATHROOM SONG)

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

At this point, I think it might be a good idea to take the lot of you on a cool trip to Havana and tell you about the head man down there.

His name was Yuba, etc.....into song.

(WHEN YUBA PLAYS THE TUBA)

I wish you people could see your pilot. I've got a habit, when I sing, of closing my eyes on the last note. I love to close my eyes on that last note. I hate to watch people suffer.

And now having done my own little chore, it might be a good idea to let the Magic Carpet run wild....in other words, steer it back to Mrs. Lyman's Abe.....Who is nothing loathe to play....you're nothing loathe to dance...I'm nothing loathe to rest...so nobody being anything loathe....here we go into our dance

ON WITH THE FOXTROTting (WHISTLE) OKAY, ABE LYMAN!

ABE LYMAN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

ABE LYMAN:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet speeds us over to the pilot seat.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Mr. Lyman...have yourself another bow. Don't even drop your baton this time because Howard Clanev gives me to understand that it won't take him more than twenty seconds to lay down the law.

HOWARD CLANEV:

When you inhale a LUCKY, you inhale the mildest cigarette in all the world. Made of the finest, the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos! But that's not all. Then the TOASTING PROCESS removes certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf. LUCKY STRIKE is mild...mellow-mild...because "IT'S TOASTED!"

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Attention you buddies down in the Veteran's hospital at Oteen North Carolina. You birds in the Oteen outfit have got a swell place to rest. I served my time at Paris Island SOUTH Carolina..... you can imagine all the rest I had. Oh how I hate to get up in the morning. I haven't looked oatmeal in the face since 1918. My only objection to reveille was holding it in the middle of the night. I hope you lads are still up so that you can dance around with your nurses now. Or are your nurses men too? One way or the other hop on the Magic Carpet and see that you keep in step.

OK WITH THE DANCE ABE LYMAN...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

Once again we continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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(  
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(  
(

ABE LYMAN:

Get ready Walter, we're on our way

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I liked that, Lyman, and here and now I want to tip my hat to the fellow in your outfit who plays the tuba. He gives a marvelous imitation of the Four Mills Brothers. You two lie down and rest now -- crawl into his horn. Here's where Howard Claney steps to the front.

HOWARD CLANEY:

At Locust Valley, on the shore of Long Island Sound, is one of America's most exclusive beach clubs! "The Creek," as it is familiarly called, has only one hundred members, and these are one hundred of the most important figures in the world of business and finance. At the Creek Club this afternoon, you may be sure that LUCKY STRIKE was indeed among those present. It "belonge" wherever folks want a truly mild cigarette, for no other cigarette is as mild as LUCKY STRIKE because no other cigarette is "TOASTED." .....

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)



HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

This famous purifying process assures you that certain impurities - naturally present in even the most tender tobacco leaves - are removed.....expelled.....taken out! LUCKY STRIKE uses only the finest, the choicest of Turkish and domestic tobaccos. Then "IT'S TOASTED!" That's why LUCKY STRIKE is mild....truly mild..... the mellow-mildest cigarette in all this wide world.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Today's paper had a news statistic, and if there is anything I love it's a good statistic. Try that on your piano. It says that one out of every four people in the United States owns an automobile. I was reading in Variety about the fellow who was boasting of a new car....a very fast one....a stock car that could go 90 miles an hour. Ninety miles an hour is plenty fast, but as the guy remarked "the finance company will probably invent one that can chase it and over-take it by going 110 miles an hour." But speaking of speed, Charlie Butterworth, the film star, is working on an invention that sounds like a beauty. Charlie has invented a car that can be going at 300 miles an hour and stop inside of 10 feet. Now all he's got to do is to figure out a way to keep the driver from pitching head-first through the windshield. But for safety, speed and for transit give me the Magic Carpet -- right now it's circling over Manhattan to come down "smack" on the ample, athletic shoulders of Abe Lyman, who knows a good thing when he hears it.

Play that, Abe. (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

Now we play -- (TITLES)

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(

ABE LYMAN:

Again we take that short but speedy hop back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

(O'KEEFE DOES SHORT AD LIB INTO SONG.)

(A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And with that, ladies and gentlemen, I've shot the works as I promised when I began tonight. But don't be provoked at me because now I have to provoke Lyman into doing a few more tunes. It's your turn Abe! (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

All right, Walter, you listen while we play -- (TITLES)

(  
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(  
(

ABE LYMAN:

And now, our pilot's waiting.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well done.....Abe m'lad. We'll roll the Magic Carpet up to your doorstep soon again....but right now I think I'll go out and see a midnight movie before crawling into my couch. I love New York movie audiences...they're so polite. I went to a gangster picture a few weeks ago and it was a honey. You felt like turning around and slugging your neighbor....every one felt tough. There was a couple on the left of me, a fellow and girl. I say girl....maybe I use the word broadly. She had the largest feet I've felt. Some people, you say, have puppies...others have dogs...but this squaw had a pair of brewery horses. She would have done very well for the Government up in the Northwest stamping out forest fires. When the intermission came she and her boy friend decided to step outside and they started over my toes....you know the type....the kind that step all over your toes and scrape your shins and then go up the aisle without a word of apology. Well I just sat there burning up.... waiting for her to come back in the hope that perhaps I could trip her and cripple her forever....but when she came back to her seat she was so polite that I was stuck.....I couldn't keep on being angry because she bent over me and very politely said "Oh I beg your pardon...but did we step on your feet as we went out." Well....what could I do? So I said "Yes you did"...whereupon she turned to her escort and said Okay Joe....these are our seats.

And with that my dear brethern...I leave youse and I'll be saying good night to you.

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(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The selection "BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA"  
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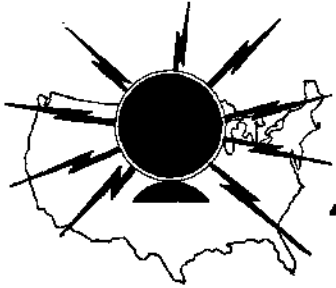
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
7/16/32

# **THE LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR**

**60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features**



**TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY**

**10 to 11 P. M. . . . WEA and**

**ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS**

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hello to you members of the LUCKY STRIKE Dancing Club. Tonight we bring you the music of Anson Weeks. You know last week in New York they held a dancing teacher's congress....it's an annual affair where they set the styles in dancing for the coming year, and the Associated Press dispatch says the new dance for 1932 will be called "THE BOSTON FOUR HUNDRED." Let me read the instructions: Partners noses should be pressed close together (honestly, this isn't a gag....it's here in the paper)....partner's noses should be pressed together. The man's position is described and then it says "The girl's body should be swung away from her partner like a scarf in a stiff wind." Now I ask you. For those who came late for school I'm describing DANCING....not a wrestling match. It's catch as catch can dancing. No matter how well you know the girl you should always stop dancing when the music stops. After all you would look foolish standing alone on the floor....the two of you....pushing your noses in each other's face.

Can you imagine the end of the dance. The girl's nose will shine like a rubber collar or a bald head. Imagine asking for a dance and the girl says "Oh do you mind if I sit this out. My face is awfully tired." Between rounds instead of powdering her face she'll rub her nose in rosin. This will prevent skidding and likewise save the surface. Imagine a girl and fellow...each with a Roman nose....dancing around having a lot of fun on their own hook. One good bump and the gal will be dancing with tears in her eyes.

Now try the Boston Hop....the lot of you....while the Magic Carpet shoots across the summer skies to God's country.

ON WITH THE DANCIN, ANSON WEEKS (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

This is Anson Weeks welcoming you to San Francisco  
where we'll play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

Now we send the Magic Carpet eastward from San  
Francisco to the other coast.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well ladies and gentlemen...I would be interested  
in hearing how you're doing with the new Boston Hop and how your nose  
is holding up under the strain. I'd love to see a dance marathon of  
this new Boston Hop. I'll put all my money on that grand comedian  
of the talking pictures, Jimmy Durante...good old schnozzle himself.  
He ought to win by a nose...which I think is probably enough about  
the Boston Hop. Heretofore I thought the Boston Hop was the dance  
that was invented by Jack Sharkey in the ring with Schmeling. Well  
let's drop it.....and let's pick up Howard Glaney on another  
microphone.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Okay, Miss America! We thank you for your patronage. We thank you--- the discriminating women of America -- for having chosen LUCKY STRIKE as your favorite among cigarettes. American women are discriminating. They buy intelligently. They know value,--- they know quality, -- they know true cigarette mildness -- and we are proud that they have found all three in LUCKY STRIKE. Their patronage is a great compliment, which we sincerely appreciate. And as a slight token of our appreciation, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties one of those attractive bridge cards -- one of 50 problems in bridge by that famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. Everywhere American women are talking about these fascinating bridge cards -- saving them, solving them, comparing them with one another, and we are happy to have given this added interest and enjoyment -- a small thing, of no great value -- merely a graceful gesture on our part to Miss America, -- a mark of our appreciation of her favor. Okay Miss America! We thank you for your patronage.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

This is Abou Ben Ali O'Keefe again, my friends, and I'm a--dustin' off that ever loving Magic Carpet preparatory to making it a stage for another one of those sensational stirring dramas of crime that we feature on Tuesday nights. Sit down by an ash tray so that your LUCKY will have parking space and we'll picture in your imagination another mysterious murder founded on facts in the New York Police Files.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)



WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

These cases and their dramatization are the real McCoy, ladies and gentlemen -- except that fictitious names are used throughout. It isn't so far back that the country was reading about "The Double Murder on the Owl Car".....it was an awful mess -- two men were rottenly bumped off on a nice peaceful trolley car, and then the ace detectives of New York's finest got their bloodhound noses glued to the trail, and I know you'll get a boot....a kick....a wallop out of the way they went after them. Waiting to take over the controls of the Magic Carpet is a gentleman who knew this gang well.....Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector, who is here with the authorization of New York's Commissioner of Police, Edward P. Mulrooney. The Inspector can tell you better than I....he was in the midst of it all.....so I give you Inspector Henry. Give Uncle Sam a ride, Kind Sir.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The crime in the story you are about to hear was committed in Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York City. The dramatization is based on facts in the official records of the Mount Vernon and New York Police Department, which cooperated in the chase of the criminals. The dramatization has been approved by Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney of the New York Police, and Captain Michael I. Silverstein of the Mount Vernon Police. Crime Does Not Pay.

(FIRST HALF -- "DOUBLE MURDER ON THE OWL CAR")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You can say "Okay" if you want to but it doesn't look good to me. That act, though, gives you a good idea of what a detective is up against when his phone rings and they tell him to track down a couple of killers. Somewhere down a dead-end street is a cracked-up sedan. Did the crooks get cracked up, too? Or do they try to make a getaway on foot in the fog? And what clues do they leave, if any? Ah, there's a question for you. Just how Barry Rudd and the Mount Veron Captain will play hide and seek with these killers, trying to clear up the puzzle, will be shown in the second act of this drama....and the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will bring that to you vividly and excitingly within a half hour - yes, sir, tonight in this LUCKY Hour. So don't lose your hold on the carpet .... you've rested long enough and as my dear Aunt Mame used to say "Dancing is good for all that ails you," so here we go right back into the land of the Setting Sun where men are men and women are Olympic athletes too.

ON WITH THE DANCE THERE ANSON (WHISTLE) OZAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

And it won't be long before we'll be seeing those Olympics out here on the Coast, but now the main event is dancing in San Francisco -- dancing to -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet now makes the cross-country jump back to the man at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you, Weeks.....we'll handle things in New York for a short spell now and that's your cue to lead the boys into the Flat Fifties. Uncle Sam, in these days of pussyfooting and straddling I like a man who speaks straight from the shoulder, says what is important and expresses himself clearly. In addition to his bushy, curly hair, that's one thing I like about Howard Claney. Tell 'em that important news in your customary clear manner, Howard.

HOWARD CLANEY:

If you smoke, you inhale -- you breathe in some part of the smoke from your cigarette. That's why it's important to choose the mildest cigarette that money can buy! LUCKY STRIKE is mild because certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf are removed by "TOASTING." LUCKY STRIKE is truly mild - mellow-mild -- because "IT'S TOASTED!"

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now ladies and gentlemen.....here we go back to your favorite son out on the shores of the Pacific. Just look towards the West and imagine yourselves going lickety-split....or maybe just lickety...right back to Anson Weeks.

ON WITH THE DANCIN ANSON (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

You're wrong O'Keefe. It's not lickety - it's split - a split second and you're here in San Francisco where our Mark Hopkin's Hotel Orchestra is going to play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet goes up-hill and down-dale as it travels over the roller coast-to-coaster back east from San Francisco.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Got it, Weeks...I'll toss it back later, but now all the Roxy usher in my soul is coming out. I want to show Uncle Sam and the Missus down front on the Magic Carpet and ring up the curtain on the second thrilling act of the "Double Murder on the Owl Car." Now I know that a lot of you folks out in the Willamette Valley in Oregon have just come in from the fields, so I'll tell you what happened in the first act.

It all starts in Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York, where a gang of murderers hold up the collector and motorman of the Owl Trolley, kill the two of them without giving them a chance and then try to make a getaway with the cash receipts in a sedan that cracks up in a wreck.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

We don't know yet whether the four criminals were hurt or escaped. The wrecked car is all the Mount Vernon and New York Police have as a clue.....and now we'll show you what the detectives can do with a clue like that.....so light a LUCKY and listen while the Magic Carpet gives you the works.

ON WITH THE SHOW DETECTIVE RUDD(WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE  
LOUD-SPEAKER!

(SECOND HALF -"DOUBLE MURDER ON THE OWL CAR")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So ends the fifth drama of crime and criminals that these Tuesday night programs have presented. In this case, as in the case of all the others, you have seen an awful crime pulled off and only a thin shred or two of evidence for the detectives to work on. The man we called "Dutch" died soon after conviction. "Jimmy" was later apprehended and went to the electric chair along with "Dan," the boss of the gang, and that other fellow we called "Benny;" so it always works out the same way....the bad guys cannot get away with it and they wind up paying the penalty. Next week we've got another.... I hope you'll be waiting for it at this same time.

We've been serious long enough....so now let's get a little frivolous. Let's dance. While I enjoy the next one with Howard Glaney, I'm going to put you under the spell of Dancing Anson Weeks and his boys. All aboard for San Francisco.

ON WITH THE DANCE ANSON (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

ANSON WEEKS:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

ANSON WEEKS:

From San Francisco, back to the pilot in the east, flashes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The country hasn't had enough of you yet Anson, so take it easy for just a little spell....you're coming down the home-stretch. Another LUCKY STRIKER has caught his second wind so I'll drop out myself while Howard Clane takes things over.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now, all you people who love the woods and streams, let's go up to the famous Adirondack League Club at Lake Placid, where we'll find the finest group of camps and hunting lodges in America. We'll also find that LUCKIES are a great favorite, for folks who will travel anywhere to gather around a campfire, also appreciate the delicious flavor and mildness of the world's finest cigarette. LUCKY STRIKE gives you the genuine tobacco flavor of the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, and true mildness - because certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf are removed by the famous "TOASTING" Process. And so....folks everywhere agree....in every city, town and hamlet...that LUCKY STRIKE is mild....the mildest cigarette they ever smoked...because "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now....we're back on the dance floor. Grab your partner again...her nose is all rested up....do the new Boston Hop while we hop the lot of you back again to the edge of the Pacific. It won't take any time at all....just two shakes of a lamb's tail.... I don't know why I say that....the only way I have ever seen lamb is with a side order of mint jelly or sauce...but anyway you're California bound and the Magic Carpet won't take no for an answer.

ON WITH THE DANCE AGAIN ANS AGAIN (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

And this is Ans-again Weeks inviting you to dance  
again please as we play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

This is Anson Weeks in San Francisco bidding you adieu  
and sending the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good night Weeks....we'll drop around for you soon  
again. Y'know ladies and gentlemen....tonight's program with its  
detective story reminded me of another news note I picked up.....  
and confidentially I wouldn't want Detective Henry to hear me, but  
when you talk over the air you never can tell who's listening.  
According to a dispatch from a little town in Mexico several native  
policemen were caught robbing houses. Well that's one advantage of  
living in Mexico....you never have to telephone....whenever you hear  
a burglar in the house....you always know where you can lay your hands  
on a policeman. I've got a great friend who was a detective years  
ago....John Sweeney, the house detective of the Hotel Oliver in South  
Bend, Indiana. . . . .

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)



WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

One night John followed a lad upstairs who had been out celebrating not wisely but too well. This was before the Eighteenth Amendment. The guy gone gay went singing down the corridor and all of a sudden stopped, dropped to his knees and started peeping into a keyhole. Detective Sweeney had suspected some such performance so he walked over to him, patted him on the shoulder and hollered out with all his dignity and power "Say... do YOU know WHO I AM?" Whereupon the guy at the keyhole skidded around and said "No! (Here I insert a delicious prop hiccough... it's a dandy) but if you give me your name and address I'll see that you get home.

No further words are needed, ladies and gentlemen, so I'll call it a day and I'll be saying goodnight to you.

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The selections "THERE I GO DREAMING AGAIN" and "YOU CAN MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES" from "HOT CHA" and "BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA" from "RHYTHM MANIA" were all played by special of the copyright owners.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chillien  
7/18/52

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE V

"DOUBLE MURDER ON THE OWL CAR"

PART I

FOR LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1932

--:~::~--

EPISODE V - PART I and II"DOUBLE MURDER ON THE OWL CAR"

RADIO DRAMALOGUE

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

--:~:~:~:~:~:~:--

CHARACTERS:

BARRY RUDD	GIRL
MACK	MOTHER
DUTCH	ELLEN
BENNY	CAPTAIN CALDWELL
JIMMY	NURSE
DAVE	SADIE
MOTORMAN	OFFICER
COLLECTOR	MOLLIE

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE V

"DOUBLE MURDER ON THE OWL CAR"

PART I

--:~::~--

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADE IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE  
CARS.....STAND BY.....DOUBLE MURDER ON THE  
OWL CAR.....A REAL CASE.....REAL PEOPLE.....  
REAL CLUES.....REAL PLACES.....INVESTIGATED  
BY TOM CURTIN.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE  
COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....  
LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT  
ONCE.....TO PARKED SEDAN NEAR TRACK OF  
THIRD AVENUE TROLLEY LINE --- ON OUTSKIRTS  
OF NEW YORK SUBURB.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

\*\*\*\*\*

DUTCH: Du lieber Himmel! How much longer we haf to wait for this--this -- vat you call it?

BENNY: The Owl Car, Dutch. The Owl Car. Last trolly on the run. That's why they call it that.

DUTCH: V'y it don't come, huh? Vat time iss it, Benny?

BENNY: Twenty minutes to two. She'll be along any minute. Dave's out takin' a look right now.

DUTCH: Ach, I ask you! Vat a place to be on a Sunday night! Parked alongside a street car track in de sticks. I ask you!

JIMMY: Yeh? Better not let the chief hear yuh talkin' like that, Dutch. He'll brain yuh -- If a bird-head like you's got any brains.

BENNY: What do yuh mean, sticks? Mount Vernon ain't the sticks. I live here.

DUTCH: Und so you haff to get Dave to bring de rest of de mob out on a Sunday night for a nickel und dimes job, hey? Dot's de kind of feller you is, hey?

BENNY: Nickels and dimes job? Be yourself. Listen at 'im, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Let him rave. He'll shut his trap quick enough when the boss comes back. You won't hear a peep out of him. How much you say they carry in the car, Benny?

BENNY: Well, they got the week-end's receipts for the whole Third Avenue Line, ya see. About six grand I was tellin' Dave.

DUTCH: You vas telling Dave? Yah, I'm goin' to tell Dave something, too. Dis here iss my car, und --

JIMMY: I thought you were sayin' it was your girl's car, a while back?

DUTCH: Well, it's de same ting. I pay for it. Und py gollies,  
I'm goin' to tell Dave off, und --

DAVE: (FADING IN) Yeh? Something on your mind, Dutch?  
You squawkin' again?

DUTCH: Nein -- Nein, Dave. I don't said anytings.at all.  
(OTHERS LAUGH)

DAVE: That's playin' safe. Don't let me hear nothing more  
out of you tonight. I brought you along because you  
had this new cad. sedan, an' can get by as a driver.  
Otherwise on a job like this one, you're worse than no  
good.

BENNY: Any sign o' the trolley, Dave?

DAVE: Naw. Couldn't see far enough down the track count o'  
the fog. You're dead sure about the crew it carries,  
Benny?

BENNY: Yeh, positive. I rid the line a lot o' times sizin'  
this up. The motorman and the collector with the  
satchel full of dough is all, and there ain't many  
passengers, because it's so late at night.

DAVE: O.K. This here is goin' to be a cinch, then, a  
push-over.

JIMMY: Hey, take a look down the track, Dave. Ain't that a  
light down to the bottom o' the hill? Fog's sort o'  
yellow----

DAVE: Hah? Yeh, looks like she's comin' all right.

BENNY: (NOTE OF EXCITEMEN) Yeh -- that's the Owl car, boys--

DAVE: All right, now. You mugs got it stragith what yer doin'?' Dutch, don't let me see yuh movin' out o' this buggy. Stick to yer seat an' keep the motor runnin'. Benny, you flag the car. Jimmy an' me'll take care o' what happens inside. Got it?

DUTCH: Yah--Yah--I know.

BENNY: Look chief -- she's startin' up the grade----

DAVE: Wait till she gets movin' slowest up toward the top. An' no slips, now. Looked over yer gat, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Yeh, she's like a rose.

DAVE: Let's go. Benny, get your flashlight out, an' signal the trolley.

SOUND INTERLUDE: TROLLEY CAR RUNNING ALONG. SUDDENLY BELL CLANGS WARNINGLY. THEN WITH GRINDING OF BRAKES CAR COMES TO STOP.

GIRL: Why're we stopping here, Mummy?

MOTHER: I don't know, Jean. We'll probably be going again before long. Perhaps the motorman saw something on the track.

GIRL: Oh.

COLLECTOR: What is it, Joe? What's up?

MOTORMAN: Don't know, Pete. Fellow from that parked sedan flagged me with a flashlight. I figured he must be in some trouble.

COLLECTOR: It gets me nervous if anything out o' the way happens when we're carrying the money in. Where is he?

MOTORMAN: Out there he was. Say -- that's funny. He's gone now.

COLLECTOR: Bill -- I see 'em. There's three guys round by the  
back platform. It's a hold-up --- they're stick-up  
men----

MOTORMAN: My God!

COLLECTOR: Give her the works---full speed ahead!  
(BELL CLANGS VIOLENTLY) (TWO SHOTS) (GROAN)

DAVE: (FADES IN) No you don't. No you don't. All right,  
there. Get your hands up. Stay where you are.

JIMMY: How's the motorman, boss?

DAVE: You got him, Jimmy. Good work. (TO COLLECTOR) Now,  
come on, you. Where's that satchel with the money  
in it?

COLLECTOR: I won't tell you.

DAVE: Come on. Come on.

COLLECTOR: I won't tell you. You've killed a man, and you'll  
hang. You'd better get out of this trolley-car.

DAVE: Let him have it, Jimmy.  
(TWO SHOTS FOLLOWED BY GROAN OF COLLECTOR)  
That's good. Now look for the bag. He was working  
on his report down at the other end of the car. It  
ought to be down there. I'm covering the rest of  
you folks. Don't move.

GIRL: (TERRIFIED) Mummy----Oh, mummy--mummy ---

DAVE: (SNARLING) Keep that brat quiet, lady, or I'll put a  
bullet thru her----

MOTHER: Jean -- Jean ----

JIMMY: (FADING IN) Here we are. I got it, Dave. It's full  
of coin, an' it's heavy.



DAVE: Good. Beat it for the car, now. I'll follow you.  
(RAISING VOICE) Now get this, you mugs. Don't none  
of you move, see, or try to come after us, or you'll  
get what these guys got. Face away from the road,  
an' keep your hands up. (FADING) All right now----  
remember what I told you----

(SLIGHT HYSTERICAL CROWD NOISE BEGINS AND FADES)

(MOTOR SOUND FADES IN)

DUTCH: Ach, Gott, Dave. Hurry. Hurry. Vere's Benny?

DAVE: (FADING IN) Shut your face, you yellow Dutchman.  
He'll be here.

BENNY: All O.K. chief?

DAVE: Fancy, kid. Get in. Keep the trolley covered, Jimmy,  
and give me the satchel. That's it. Lemme take a  
look. Yep---it's all here. Coin and bills, and a  
few transfers. Don't know what they're good for, but  
we'll keep 'em.

DUTCH: You--You haff to plug de two trolley fellows, Dave?

DAVE: Yeh, we put holes in 'em. O.K., now. Hop in the  
car, Jimmy.

(SLIGHT BODY SQUEAK FOLLOWED BY CAR DOOR SLAM)

All right, Dutch, you're in such a lousy hurry. We'll  
see what this Cad o' yours will do. Up the Boston  
Post Road for a few miles, and then we'll circle round  
back into New York.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE MOTOR FADES IN CLOSE AND OUT  
2. REPEATED RINGING OF TELEPHONE BELL

ELLEN: Frank -- Frank is that the telephone?

CALDWELL: Yes. Yes it is, Ellen. Wonder what's up this time of night? Twenty-five after two. (RECEIVER OFF HOOK.)  
Hello? Yes -- this is Captain Caldwell's residence---  
Captain Caldwell speaking. Oh, yes, Sergeant. What?  
What's that you say? How long ago did this happen?  
Less than an hour. All right -- have you got the trolley passengers there at headquarters? Good.  
Hold 'em as material witnesses. Get a description of the killer's car. What make is it? Well, that should be easy to spot. There won't be many brand new Cadillac sedans on the road this time of night.  
No. What do you mean, the night force? Sergeant, we want every policeman in Mount Vernon on this case---it's the most brutal killing in the history of this town. You listen to me -- let go with the Double Seven alarm -- call out the reserves---cover every road --- and get--that--car! That's it, Sergeant. All right. Good-bye.

(RECEIVER CLICKS)

ELLEN: The Double Seven, Frank? Tell me what's happened.  
It must be something awful!

CALDWELL: Ellen, the Owl Car coming in from New Rochelle, carrying the week-end receipts was held up less than an hour ago. The motorman and the collector were both murdered.

ELLEN: Oh! (SOUND OF PHONE BEING DIALED) Who are you going to call, Frank.

CALDWELL: It may not be just according to regulations, but I've been on the force long enough to know a suburban killing like this is going to interest them in town. And I'll feel a darn sight more secure in doing my duty with an ace detective on the job. I'm calling Barry Rudd, in New York. Hello? Hello? Is Mr. Rudd there? No, this is Captain Caldwell, Mount Vernon Police. Yes, if you will, please. Barry, this is Frank Caldwell. There's been a double murder on the Owl Car -- yes -- the last trolley in from New Rochelle --- motive robbery -----No, they got away, but my headquarters here has a description of their car from the trolley passengers -- and get this, Barry --- I've given orders for the Double Seven! All roads out of town will be covered in ten minutes-- Yes, it's only the second time in fifteen years that alarm's been given----Every policeman in Mount Vernon's on the search -- and there's no way those crooks can get through our net as long as they stick to their automobile. You're quite right, -- no reason why they should leave it. And I'm almost sure we'll make the arrest before daylight. You'd like to be here then wouldn't you, Barry? Yeh -- it might end in your territory anyway. Right -- Will you call New York Headquarters and fix it? Good -- that's fine, Barry. I'll expect you out here just as soon as you can make it.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

SOUND: 1. DOUBLE SEVEN. ONE BLAST  
2. SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE MOTOR FADES IN AND DOWN

DAVE: Give a look out in back, Jimmy. Anybody following us?

JIMMY: Can't see no lights, Dave.

DAVE: At's it. Them passengers is still reachin' for the ceiling o' that trolley car. We're gettin' away good.

JIMMY: Ya count de swag, Dave?

DAVE: Yeh. First thing after we got into the car. We gotta give this kid some teachin' in arithmetic. Six grand, you said, didn't you, Benny?

BENNY: Sure, ain't it all there?

DAVE: Nearer two.

JIMMY: Two, huh! Hardly makes it worth while puttin' them couple o' fellers on de spot.

(HORN BLOWS SUDDENLY)

DAVE: Huh? What's the dope, Dutch? Something in front of us?

DUTCH: Nein, it ain't dat. It's diss fog. Dat makes it hard to see for driving.

DAVE: Fer follering, too. Don't forget that. We're clear, all right, I guess.

(DOUBLE SEVEN SIREN FAINTLY)

DUTCH: Himmel! Was is das?

JIMMY: Dat, Dutch? Sounds like a fire siren to me.

(DOUBLE SEVEN AGAIN)

DAVE: Lissen, you dopes---you think that's a fire siren, huh? Well, I'll tell you what it is --- It's the Double Seven --- the special emergency alarm in Mount Vernon!

JIMMY: Dey're wise to us, huh?

DAVE: You said it. That pile o' noise brings out every bull for miles around. It means they found the bodies o' them two fatheads in the trolley.

BENNY: Dave -- they'll be watching the Post Road, won't they?

DAVE: That's right, kid.

DUTCH: Ach, Himmel! Du lieber Gott! Vot ve do? Vot ve do?

DAVE: We got to step on it, run away from 'em. Got to quit this pokin' along, Dutch.

DUTCH: Yah, but de fog -- I can't see in front of me ---

DAVE: Take a chance for once in yer life! Give her the gun! We got a headstart of 'em.

DUTCH: Yah -- all right -- all right, Dave. I speed her op.  
(MOTOR UP SLIGHTLY)

JIMMY: Hey, chief, how's for turning down the side road, here? They'll only be watching the Post Road.

DAVE: Good idea, Jimmy. Can you make the curve, Dutch?

DUTCH: (GRUNTING A LITTLE) Yah. Here ve are. (SCREECH OF TIRES) We make it.

DAVE: O.K. Give her the gun.

BENNY: Dutch -- Dutch -- where ya goin'?

JIMMY: Hey -- we're wrong! It's a dead-end street!

DAVE: Look out! Hey Dutch---the brakes---slap on the brakes, you fool----

DUTCH: Ach -- it iss too late----Himmel----

(SCREECH OF BRAKES--FOLLOWED BY TERRIFIC CRASH AND SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS. GROANS FROM THREE)

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: DOUBLE MURDER ON THE OWL CAR.....WILL FLEEING  
GANGSTERS ESCAPE FROM WRECKED SEDAN....HOW WILL  
POLICE CROSS TRAIL.....STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE  
HOUR.....FOR FINISH PACKED WITH THRILLS.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K., O'KEEFE!

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE V -- PART II

"DOUBLE MURDER IN THE OWL CAR"

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE  
CARS.....STAND BY.....DOUBLE MURDER ON THE  
OWL CAR.....CLUES LEAD NEW YORK DETECTIVES  
RUDD AND MACK TO BROOKLYN.....LUCKY STRIKE  
MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE TO A HALL.....  
IN BROOKLYN HOSPITAL.

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MACK: Well, this sure beats me, Barry. I don't see what we want to talk to this dame for.

BARRY: Well, but Mack --- records show she owns the smashed sedan, don't they?

MACK: Sure, but she's in the hospital for pneumonia. She wasn't in the car.

BARRY: She might know who was. And we've got to check that point.

MACK: My guess is it was stolen especially for the job. What I don't see about this whole business is how those crooks got out of that heap of junk alive. It was sure a nasty crack-up.

BARRY: Don't forget, Mack, that they not only got out alive--- but were in such good shape that they remembered to take the license plates off the wreck.

MACK: Sure. Nothing smart about that. That was what made Captain Caldwell suspicious in the first place. And then when he got poking around he came onto that wad of transfers and the satchel that poor guy used to carry the money in. That made it definite.

BARRY: You know, Mack, the more I see of our business, the more I realize how often what seems to be a bad break turns out to be lucky. Take these thugs, for instance. They were probably sore as wet hens when the guy who was driving got rattled and ran into that dead-end street. But if they hadn't smashed their car and ducked through the woods they'd have run right into the arms of Caldwell's cops, and all be in jail by now.



MACK: Yeh, well they'll all go to jail yet if these hospital medicos don't keep me an' you standin' around this hall all the rest of our lives.

BARRY: Cut it out, Mack. There's some one at the door of the room now.

(DOOR OPENS)

NURSE: All right, gentlemen. I must remind you again, Mr. Rudd, that Miss Smith is recuperating from pneumonia. You must make this interview brief.

(DOOR SHUTS)

BARRY: Yes, indeed, Nurse. Mack and I will take up as little of your patient's time as possible. Now, let me see, Miss. Your name is Sadie Smith?

SADIE: (WEAKLY) That's right.

BARRY: And how long have you been here in the hospital, Miss Smith?

SADIE: Three weeks with pneumonia.

BARRY: Three weeks with pneumonia. Have you got that down, Mack?

MACK: Yeh, Barry. I'm getting it.

SADIE: What is it? Why must you take down the things I tell you? What is it?

BARRY: Miss Smith, my partner and I are detectives attached to New York headquarters. Last night a very curious automobile accident occurred. A brand new Cadillac sedan was found smashed up out in Mount Vernon. Both license plates were missing, but thru the engine body numbers we've been able to trace the car to you.

SADIE: You -- you mean my new car? It's smashed?

MACK: That's it, Miss. Now, we'd like to know if any one -- any friend of yours --- or relative -- had permission to use your automobile while you were laid up.

SADIE: No. No. Nobody did. It was in the private garage behind my apartment building. Nobody had permission to use it. It must have been stolen.

MACK: Didn't I tell you, Barry?

BARRY: Hmm-mm. Miss Smith, we were at your apartment before we came here, because of course that's the address the Motor Vehicle Department has for you. A lovely place you have there.

SADIE: Thank you.

BARRY: You're---uh---quite welcome. That was a very fine car, also. We've looked you up a bit, Miss Smith, but we can't find how you earn the rather considerable income you must have to pay for these things.

SADIE: I'm a dancer.

MACK: When and where was your last engagement.

SADIE: Well----I've been at liberty for some time. I haven't worked in about a year, to tell the truth.

MACK: How do you pay your bills, then, Sadie?

SADIE: I---I---I've been living on my savings.

MACK: You've been spending your savings on an expensive apartment and a brand new sedan? Isn't that pretty extravagant for a girl out of work? Isn't it, Sadie?

SADIE: I--I don't know.

MACK: Come now, Sadie. You don't expect us to believe that, do you?

SADIE: I won't talk. I won't talk, I tell you. Go away.  
Oh, nurse, make them go. Please make them go.

NURSE: Gentlemen, I must warn you again about Miss Smith's condition. She is seriously ill, and if you continue this questioning, it might bring on a relapse.

BARRY: Well, we certainly wouldn't want to be the cause of anything like that. (FADING) Come on, Mack. Thank you, Miss Smith. I hope you'll soon be on your feet again.

MACK: Say, Barry----

BARRY: (FADING FURTHER) Come along, Mack.  
(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MACK: (FADES IN) Well, say, Barry. What's the idea? I admit I was wrong about that girl. We got on to a good lead in her. And yet you insist on walkin' out, when she starts to stall.

BARRY: Yes, because I think she's too good a lead to spoil, Mack, by clumsy handling.

MACK: Oh, yeah? Thanks, Barry. Thanks.

BARRY: Wait a second, now. Don't go off half-cooked, We're just not thinking together on it. Let's follow through. From the dope we got just now, Miss Sadie Smith has no visible means of support. In other words, she's an attractive young lady, and somebody's paying her bills. What if the man who bought that new car just happened to take it out on the job last Sunday night?

MACK: I get it. I get it, Barry. You mean she's some gangster's gun-moll!

BARRY: It's possible, isn't it?

MACK: You're darn tootin'. But what are you going to do? Wait until she's all well to question her? That's going to take time, Barry.

BARRY: Mack, I don't think we'll have to wait. A man who's spending what that apartment costs, and what that car cost on a woman is mighty interested. He's not going to leave her lying on her back in the hospital without getting some words to her, is he?

MACK: You mean -- get 'em to watch Miss Sadie Smith's mail and phone calls, eh? Barry, that idea packs a wallop. I'll go and have a talk with the Brooklyn police. Then I'll pick you up at your apartment, right away.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE CAR MOTOR AND CLANGING BELL FADE IN AND OUT.  
2. SOUND OF DOOR BUZZER ONCE -- THEN REPEATED.

MACK: That your doorbell, Barry?

BARRY: Yeh. See who it is, will you Mack?

MACK: Right.  
(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)  
Hello! Good morning, officer!

OFFICER: Good morning. Detective Barry Rudd here?

BARRY: I'm Barry Rudd. What's up?

OFFICER: I'm patrolman Heeney from Brooklyn headquarters, sir. The chief sent me over with this.

BARRY: A letter from the chief, eh? Let's see---

(SOUND OF LETTER BEING OPENED)

Oh, boy! Say, Mack -- come here! Listen to this:  
"Attached is photostatic copy of letter received last  
night by girl Sadie Smith in Brooklyn Hospital. It  
is evidently a message from her boy-friend, and is  
signed "Dutch." We have checked through the records  
here and find hand-writing corresponds in all  
particulars with that of Carl ("Dutch") Weber."  
Dutch Weber----one of Dave Kennedy's men, isn't he?

MACK: Yeh---he's one of the Kennedy gang. Sa-ay, Barry,  
what if the big-shot was in on the Owl car business?

BARRY: We can't get ahead of ourselves, Mack. There's nothing  
to connect him yet. But listen --- here's something  
that hits me like a ton of bricks: Dutch Weber's not  
supposed to have a girl named Sadie Smith, is he?

MACK: Huh? No. No. Why, his girl is Mollie Francisco.  
Sure. Always has been. Say -- that's pretty funny.

BARRY: I wonder if Mollie would think so?

MACK: Huh?

BARRY: I wonder if Mollie would think it so funny -- if  
some one were to tip her off about Sadie Smith? Get  
what I'm driving at, Mack?

MACK: Get it? Say, I'm miles ahead of you! Come on, Barry!  
Mollie Francisco's place up in the Bronx --- let's go.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR SHUTS  
2. MOTOR AND BELL OF POLICE CAR FADE IN AND OUT.

MOLLIE: Yeh? Is that so? Well, I'm on to you fly-cops an' your methods. You're just makin' up this story because you think it will make me spill something on Dutch. Sadie Smith! That hands me a laugh!

BARRY: All right, Mollie. There's no reason for you to believe me if you don't want to. And if you don't want to talk about Dutch, why, that's all right, too. Come on, Mack. We'll run along.

MOLLIE: No, wait a second, Mr. Rudd. Where did you say this girl was?

BARRY: Brooklyn hospital, isn't it, Mack.

MACK: That's it.

MOLLIE: Yeh---well, wherever she is, she's a phoney, see? Don't believe any stuff she gives you about Dutch. Why, listen, Mr. Rudd. He's been goin' straight -- out o' the Kennedy gang, an' all -- an' he ain't so much as looked at another dame.

MACK: Gosh, Mollie, you poor kid.

MOLLIE: What do you mean, Mack?

MACK: Aw, I hate to see a woman get stood up by a fast-playin' guy even if she's only a gangster's moll like you are.

MOLLIE: Dutch ain't standin' me up.

BARRY: I wonder, Mollie. Do you keep track of where he is?

MOLLIE: Sure. Course I do.

BARRY: He hasn't even let you in on where he is right now, has he? You don't know, do you?

MOLLIE: I do so. I do so. He's right up at Mrs. Murphy's boarding house on One Hundred Sixty-Eighth Street (GASPS) Oh--Oh--I didn't mean----

BARRY: You know Mrs. Murphy's, Mack?

MACK: Yeh -- used to be a hang-out for sneak thieves and con men. I got it in my book, Barry.

MOLLIE: Mr. Radd---please---please----don't let Dutch know. I didn't mean to tell--it just slipped out-----

BARRY: Don't worry, Mollie----just forget about it. We did you a good turn, and you did us one. Dutch will never know anything about it.

MOLLIE: It's--it's straight goods about Sadie Smith? What you said?

BARRY: Yes, it is, Mollie, and I'm sorry. All right, Mack, come on now. We've got to make a bee-line.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR SHUTS  
2. MOTOR AND BELL OF POLICE CAR FADE IN AND OUT

MACK: Say, Barry, will you just explain something to me? What's the idea of all this?

BARRY: How do you mean, Mack?

MACK: Well, here we've been for two days in this room across the street from Dutch Weber's hideaway, just keepin' watch on him with field glasses. What's it all about, anyway?

BARRY: You don't think Dutch committed the double murder all alone, do you?

MACK: Well, no.

BARRY: He may not even have done any of the shooting. Dutch hasn't got a reputation as a killer. What's more, we haven't got anything really definite to link him with the car---only a darn good hunch. It wouldn't do any good just to pick him up on suspicion, would it?

MACK: I see your line of reasoning. But I'm sure tired of hanging out in this dump, if you want to know.

(SURPRISED) Oh-Oh!

BARRY: Got the glasses on him? What do you see, Mack?

MACK: Dutch just passed the window putting his hat on. Might be going somewhere. Do we want to follow him?

BARRY: No. Has he come out yet ?

MACK: Yep. Yep. There he goes. Down the front steps and around the corner. After cigarettes, maybe --- huh? What's up, Barry?

BARRY: Get your hat and your gun, Mack, and make it snappy. Now's the time for us to run across the street and look over Dutch's hideaway, while he's outside.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR SHUTS.  
2. STREET NOISES.  
3. DOOR OPENS STEALTHILY.

BARRY: All right, Mack. We've got to work fast. You go through the room and see what you can find. I'll cover the door in case our friend comes back and wants to shoot it out.



MACK: O.K., Barry. This isn't much of a room to search, it's so small.

(SOUND OF DRAWERS BEING OPENED AND SHUT)

Nothing in the bureau -- only a few shirts an' some socks.

BARRY: Try the closet.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MACK: Nothing there, not even a suit. There's no place else to look except maybe the bed.

(SOUND OF SLAPPING THE TOP OF BED)

Nothing in or around the bedding. It's all as it should be.

BARRY: Well, pretty lucky for Dutch. I suppose we've got to go back to our spy-glass stuff across the street. But wait a moment, now. How about under the mattress?

MACK: That's a hunch, Barry. (CLATTER)

Say---for the love of Mike! What a break! Take a look at these will you?

BARRY: Concealed under the mattress. Automobile license plates! And the wrecked sedan of the murderers had 'em removed. Mack, have you got down in your book the number the Motor Vehicle Department said should have been on that car?

MACK: You bet I have!

BARRY: What is it?

MACK: It's the same as on these plates I got right here in my hand.

BARRY: Good. Now we've linked Weber to the crime, and if we watch him long enough he'll lead us straight to the other members of the gang. But that's no job for us. We'll call headquarters and get them to assign some one to shadow Dutch. You and I had better go back to my apartment and get some rest, or we're not going to be good for anything else on this case.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. SOUND OF MOTOR FADES IN AND OUT  
2. SOUND OF TWO MEN SNORING  
3. SOUND OF PHONE BEING DIALED.

MOLLIE: Hello? Hello, Mr. Rudd? Say, this is Mollie Francisco, Dutch Weber's girl. Yeh---well, I'm sorry if I waked you up, Mr. Rudd, but I'm gonna tell you something I think you ought to know. Dutch has shook the shadow you put on him. That's it -- he's got away. Where? Well, I'm comin' to that. He's meetin' Dave Kennedy at his hideaway---the cabin in the woods in Connecticut, up beyond Stamford. You didn't know about that one? Well, I'm telling you. No, I can't give you directions how to get there over the phone--- I'm calling from a pay-station---but you meet me on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in half-an-hour and I'll tell you. Huh? No--No, you don't need to thank me, Mr. Rudd. I say, you don't need to thank me. I found you were telling me right about this Sadie Smith in the Brooklyn Hospital.

(MOLLIE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

MOLLIE: (CONTINUES) Dutch has been seeing her, all right. Bought her a car, too. That's more than he ever did for me. I'm just gonna show him----I'm just gonna show him I can be as dirty a double-crossing rat as he can.  
(CHOKING BACK SOBS) That's what I'm gonna show him.  
All right. Good-bye, Mr. Rudd.

(PHONE CLICKS)

SOUND INTERLUDE: SOUND OF RACING AUTO MOTOR FADES IN AND OUT  
BARKING OF WATCHDOG

MACK: Blast that dog. If they're in the cabin, they're on the lookout now, and'll let fly with a rain of lead that'll put all three of us under the daisies.

BARRY: Easy--easy, Captain Caldwell. Don't expose yourself to fire from the window, there.

CALDWELL: I don't think any one's there, Barry. I noticed there weren't any fresh tire tracks coming up from where we ditched the car----and they'll drive in. Dog would have brought 'em out if they were here. I'm going up to the door.

MACK: Watch it, Captain. Be careful!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

CAPTAIN: All right, boys. We got here first. Comin' in?

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MACK: Where's the light switch, Barry? I can't find it.

BARRY: Don't risk turning on the lights, Mack. Cover the place with your flash.

MACK: Right.

CALDWELL: Hmm-mm. Two rooms. It looked like only one from outside.

MACK: Yeh. Well, we've beat the boys here unless there's a basement to this log-pile.

(ONE BLAST ON AUTO HORN)

MACK: God--what's that?

CALDWELL: Auto, I think. Yeh--yeh--there it is right outside. I see the lights.

BARRY: And the beam of those lights -- the beam is right on the door of this cabin!

MACK: We can't get out without crossing it. Barry -- Captain -- we're trapped!

CALDWELL: By Heavens, it looks that way. Barry, this is my fault for bringing you in here.

BARRY: Wait a second, boys. I'm not so sure they know we're here. Listen! (SOUND OF MUFFLED TALKING) I hear voices. Let's duck into the other room, and take the chance they're not on to us!

(WHISPERED AD LIB ON FADE)

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

BENNY: Same old place, Dave.

DAVE: It's good all right. Nobody knows about it.

BENNY: Want me to give it the once over?

DAVE: Naw, not a chance o' trouble. Sit down, Benny.

BENNY: You gonna bring the mutt in?

DAVE: Naw. Leave him out there. He's a good watchdog, and'll bark if any one comes along. I wonder what's the matter with this guy Weber? Gettin' me an' you to drive all the way from Albany, fer crime out loud.

(DOG BARKS)

BENNY: There's the pooch.

DAVE: See if it's him.

BENNY: Hey, that you, Dutch?

DUTCH: Yah -- yah-

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

BENNY: All right - Come on in.

DUTCH: Is he here? Is he here, Benny?

DAVE: Yeh, I'm here, Dutch. Now, come on. What's the matter with you?

DUTCH: I won't take much time, Dave. I tell you. Listen, I got to haff money. I got to get out of the country.

DAVE: Why do yuh? What's eating you?

DUTCH: (TERRIFIED) Dey's watching me, Dave. All day, all night de police is shadowing me. I only chust got away to coom here.

DAVE: Well, so you're away.

DUTCH: Yeh, but I can't stand it. Giff me some money, Dave.

DAVE: No.

DUTCH: Please, Dave. Please -- liasen, I'm begging you ----I can't stand it----

DAVE: No, I said.

DUTCH: Look, Dave, Mollie found out about the other dame, Sadie. She's goin' to do something. I don't know what she's going to do.

DAVE: You yello-livered rat! Get this, Dutch. You got less to worry about in this Owl car job than any of us. What did you do? Drove that blame sedan into a dead-end street, that's all. I got more to lose -- we all got more to lose than you. Jimmy did the shooting-- and I gave him the word to put the lead in 'em --- Benny here lined up the job-----But you--far Pete's sweet sake----you get him an' me down from Albany so's you can holler your lungs out----

MACK: (FADING IN) All right, get your dukes in the air -- all of you. What you just spilled, Dave, is what we've been waiting for!

(AD LIB OF ALARM)

CROOKS: What's that? What's that? Geez-de bulls! What you doing here? How'd you get here?

BARRY: Never mind -- never mind that. Keep your hands up. We've got all of you covered.

DAVE: What you doing here? What you want?

CALDWELL: Dave Kennedy, Benny Delmar, and Carl Weber, I arrest you for the double murder on the Owl Car!

DAVE: Huh? You can't take us on suspicion. You ain't got any proof we done it.

BARRY: What's that, Dave? Are you sure?

CALDWELL: We have your own confession while you were recalling the job to Dutch, overheard by the three of us not one minute ago!

MACK: Looks different now, eh, Dave? It's not so nice to be a big-shot in gangland at a time like this, huh?

Captain Caldwell, you've made your arrests. Are you ready to go?

LI: You bet I am, Barry, thanks to your detective work and Mack's.

BARRY: Then let's wind up our end of bringing these criminals to justice right now---tonight. Mack, the specialists for these boys! We'll have the prisoners in the Mount Vernon jail before morning!

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

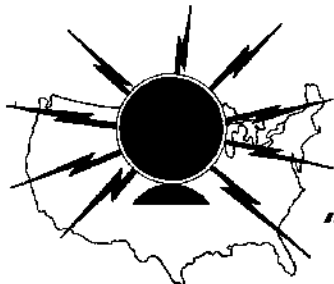
RADIO-CAR VOICE: DOUBLE MURDER ON THE OWL CAR.....DUTCH WEBER DIED SOON AFTER CONVICTION....JIMMY THE KILLER HUNTED DOWN AND CAPTURED.....DAVE KENNEDY, JIMMY, AND BENNY DELMAR ALL CONVICTED....PAID SUPREME PENALTY....FOR THEIR CRIME....IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.....

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WFAF and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE Thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.....and I hope the heat wave will not be a permanent wave. As Mark Twain said... everybody speaks of the weather but nobody does anything about it. Of course that doesn't go for the N.B.C. (National Broadcasting to you, here we have a pleasant air-cooled building.) Why when I came in tonight the hostess on this floor was positively cold to me. Ah, but it's a pleasant job in spite of the heat.....and as Winchell said in his column yesterday, "It isn't really hot until the chair gets up when YOU do!" Why right in my own home....my wife baked two pies. She put them outside the house to bake and then finally put them in the oven to cool off.

So here I am in the cockpit of the Magic Carpet....and tonight we're going to pick up Walter Winchell, the keyhole King. Then when Walter gets through making your tongues wag, Joe Moss and his lads will touch off the musical fireworks. Mr. LUCKY STRIKE hopes that a good time will be had by all.....but now the Magic Carpet whizzes off on the first leg of tonight's flight....right over Manhattan to Joe Moss and his orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCE JOE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

We start the dance with -- (TITLES)

- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

The Magic Carpet goes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And that leads us up to that big tattle tale Winchell. The white-haired boy of Broadway is sitting here as impatient as a little kid with a dime burning a hole in his pocket. He's got a million dollars worth of chatter in his kick and he wants to let everything go. Go ahead Walter and leave me alone....I haven't done a thing.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America - have an item or so on me.

Jack Gilbert and Virginia Bruce have set their wedding day - which is August 10th.....The latest guess on the Harry Bannister--Nancy Lyon merger is that they will be married in Europe, where Nancy intends to join him as soon as she is finished working on the Eddie Cantor flicker.....From the social register sector of Manhattan comes the surprising news that Jay Gould's little girl, Eleanor, and Tommy Haskell also of the blue-blood set, have cancelled their wedding plans.....The engagement was shattered the other night by mutual consent.....Although it has been denied, but not in the vigorous manner, Gilda Gray and Harold Hervey are planning to live as cheaply as one -- as are Shirley Grey, one of the better Hollywood sirens, who will soon change her name to Mrs. Matthew Kemp.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The build-up is now going on to have Joan Crawford fill Garbo's shoes -- and incidentally - Joan wears the same size boot as Greta, regardless of all the jokes you've heard.....And if this plan works out to the satisfaction of the MGM moguls -- then Crawford's place will be given to Jean Harlow.....The Tex McLeod and Marjorie Tiller romance, which he permitted me to announce a few weeks ago -- has been wrecked by the mother of the bride-to-be..... Mother says she doesn't want her daughter to marry an actor, and Tex is going around with his chin away down to here....And talk about broken hearts, George Raft is Hollywood's gloomiest Romeo since Karen Morley told him her career came first.

-----

Tommy Wanamaker and Marguerite Churchill are trying to make up their minds.....There is the possibility of a reconciliation between Alan Davis and the lovely Peggy Shannon.....Lew Cody is in town holding hands with his old heart, Eleanor Moffett --- and Frank Hazzard, who recently left us to sing at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, was secretly married to Betty June of the chorus before winging their way West.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The local newspapers sympathized with the plight of Ann Deevorak, who came to New York this week and told why she broke her contract.....And they devoted heavy space to her argument, too, and little wonder.....Her salary, she said, is \$250. a week and when she discovered that her studio paid \$500. just to hire a baby for one flicker, that settled it.....She quit cold, and will out-Cagney Master Cagney until matters are ironed out....Beth Moreno, whose father is Tony Moreno, the one-time favorite of the magic lanterns, will be married on August 22 - to Francis Tappaan, whose pappy is a judge.....Your correspondent congratulates the Nick Stuarts (Sue Carol) on the happy event that took place the other night.....The Wesley Ruggles, she is Arline Judge, are the latest Hollywood couple to go bootie shopping.....And Harpo Marx and Florine McKinney are now dunking crullers in the same coffee.

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The newest "Who's Who" is out, but this very fussy book has snubbed some of the most famous people in the land....I mean to report that Miss Garbo's name is conspicuous by its omission; and if it will comfort her any, Marlenah Dietrich is overlooked, also.... And while Connie and Joan Bennett do not rate high with the editor of "Who's Who" - Richard Bennett, their father, is listed along with the greats of the allied arts.....Ruth Chatterton is included, but not her husband, Ralph Forbes -- and the same is true of Bebe Daniels, who is given a place of honor, but not her husband, Ben Lyon....And I was just about to complain in the lusty manner, when I found the name of one I thought they had ignored --- I refer to one of my favorite persons, and yours, too, Marie Dressler.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Johnny Weissmuller is convalescing after a minor operation -- which has retarded his plans to rejoin his wife, Bobbe Arnst, from whom he has been divided for 16 weeks.....Fred Waring, the orchestra leader, is back from the old country and unhappy, too, over the news that Dorothy Lee, his intended bride, has been courting with Marshall Duffield, the collegiate star.....There appears to be some confusion over the origin of the title held by Connie Bennett's husband -- the title of Marquis is of Belgian origin - not French..... Mary Nolan, whose luck has been of the sour kind for a long spell, is seeking her freedom in the courts -- so that she may middle-aisle it with a banker, who is also telling it to a Mexican judge....The best performance of the 1932 season to date, if you asked me, is that offered by Lowell Sherman in RKO's intelligent screen show "What Price Hollywood?".....The picture, by the way, is Broadway's only real treat, and it is by far the finest screen show seen in an age..... Go and enjoy it, and then thank your New York correspondent for bringing the subject up.

OKAY, O'KEEFE -- keep the Magic Carpet flying high ....  
Until I prepare more low-down for the next edition.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Right you are, Walter, the Magic Carpet will keep flying high as the spotlight reveals Howard Glaney standing there in the very center of it all dressed up in his white pants and blue coat. Mr. Glaney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

One of the greatest compliments that has ever been paid to any Cigarette Manufacturer you see constantly paid to LUCKY STRIKE, - the patronage of American women. For American women are discriminating - they buy intelligently - they know value - they know quality and they know and demand true cigarette mildness. We are indeed proud that they have found all three in LUCKY STRIKE. As a slight token of our appreciation to the women of America for their loyal patronage, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, one of those attractive bridge cards - one of fifty problems in bridge by that famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. Everywhere American women are talking about these fascinating bridge cards, - saving them, solving them, comparing them with one another, - and we are happy to have given this added interest and enjoyment. It is a small thing, this bridge card - of no great value, but it is a true gesture on our part to "Miss America" - a mark of our appreciation of her favor - Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage.

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Claney you've had your say, Winchell's had his and I've got all evening for mine so let's let Joe Moss have his say. This is the last call for dinner on the Magic Carpet, you hoofers, so hop to it while Joe says it with music.

ON WITH THE DANCE JOE MOSS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, UNCLE SAM!

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JOE MOSS:

This time we'll play -- (TITLES)

(  
(  
(  
(  
(

JOE MOSS:

Ready, Walter? Here comes your high flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Listen, ladies and gentlemen. As you know, Winchell is resting now until later in the program. For years he has been spying on people telling what they do, Now I'm going to tell Winchell something about what he did this week. On Monday Walter you ran an item in your column about my buddy Bobby Dolan, the composer, ----to the effect that he was that way about a beautiful Ziegfeld girl, Patti Hastings. Here's the real lowdown. Bobby is really shy and retiring....something like that character in Webster's cartoon, The Timid Soul, Mr. Milquetoast. Until your article appeared he had really never been out with Patti but I happen to know he's a great admirer of yours. Well he's so timid...and he's so shy... and he's so scary that he's been out with Patti every night since.... because he wouldn't want people to think that you could make a mistake. Now of course Howard Claney NEVER makes a mistake...well hardly ever... so let's have Howard front and center, for twenty seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

LUCKY STRIKE -- the world's finest cigarette uses only the world's choicest tobaccos. LUCKY STRIKE has only one standard -- the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos money can buy. Then "IT'S TOASTED." That's why LUCKY STRIKE is truly mild, the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

\*\*\*\*\*STATION BREAK\*\*\*\*\*

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, your pilot has no way of knowing how many children were born last week...nor how many proud pappies and mammas are receiving congratulations...but I certainly think the Magic Carpet and all the LUCKY STRIKE family should salute another big family in Ironton, Michigan. I've got a newspaper item here stating that on July 15th Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cunningham of Ironton have had another son born to them. That happens to be the ninth son.....and besides that there are nine girls too....for a grand total of eighteen children.. Until I read of Mr. Cunningham I always thought that George Washington was the Father of Our Country. Here's hoping the older boys and girls of the Cunninghams are still up and listening because I want them to meet the LUCKY STRIKE crowd on the Magic Carpet as it again swoops down on Joe Moss the old Mosstro.

ON WITH THE FOXTROTting JOE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!



JOE MOSS:

The dance goes on with -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

Back to the man at the controls, flashes the Magic  
Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Listening to Joe Moss and his boys play gives me a  
yen I've always had....to lead an orchestra. But as my dear Aunt  
Mame used to say, "Walter mind your own business....don't meddle in  
other people's affairs trying to learn their secrets." I always  
thought that was very good advice....to mind your own business.....  
but today I saw Walter Winchell's salary check.....and I'm wondering.  
I'M wondering. I'm also wondering what Walter has to say this time.  
Go ahead son.....I give you the ears of the Nation.

WALTER WINCHELL:

That New York City is another hick town with the spotlight thrown on it - was again exemplified the other night in a Broadway restaurant that caters to the celebrated....The pavement in front of the place was so choked with people - that pedestrian and motor traffic became tied up until the cop on the corner ankled up to the scene....I was a block away, at the time, and naturally my curiosity got the best of me.....I stuck my police pass in my hat and proceeded to get a good look up front....What was it, I wondered? .....A fight?.....A murder?.....A man caught by his wife with some blonde?.....No! It was merely Lew Cody eating a sandwich at a window table!

Please don't laugh at us that way. You never can tell - you yourself may be a New Yorker some day.

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Jackie Coogan, who now is 17, is property poor, as the saying goes.....Jackie has a million dollars tied up in real estate.....Lillian Roth, who recently was melted from William Scott, the Pittsburgh flier, is now the adored of a local magistrate, and they are having the wedding bells tuned....Talk about lucky guys, Ramon Navarro opened his mail the other day and received a check for \$30,000. in overpaid taxes from Uncle Sam.....General Pershing's boy, Warren, is now selling bonds in New York.....And I have this awful news to report to the ladies - a scientist now claims that you can tell the age of a woman from just one hair off her head!.....That bird will be as popular as the depression!

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Americans who go to Europe and try to out-smart the Federal officials by smuggling back jewelry and other goodies should be glad to learn this fact -- that we have secret service men in foreign cities, too, who have stool pigeons, who get rewards for tipping off professional and amateur smugglers.....So act your age, you voyagers - and pay the duty instead of the fines....The local enthusiasts are making wagers that Eleanor Holm, only 18, will run off with the swimming medals at the Olympics.....And if she doesn't, she can have my vote for being the prettiest of the entries, at any rate.....The book about Miss Garbo, which was announced - and which they said was the absolute true story of her life, has been suppressed - when it was proven that the author was never in Greta's employ, as she deceived the publishers into believing....The publishers were threatened with a terrific libel action - and times being what they are, decided to junk the bunk.

-----

Here are some items that were relayed to me last night .....That all the cowboys used in the Tom Mix flickers are not actors, but real cowhands.....That Buster Keaton, whose wife, Natalie Talmadge, left home again, keeps an old-fashioned lamp in his window - to show her she is welcome back.....That the first girl to face a movie camera is Cissie Fitzgerald, who still is a Hollywood favorite, although she is a grandmother.....That James Gleason and his son, Russell, pass the collection plates in a Beverly Hills church every Sabbath.....and that the only star never given a screen kiss by her leading man is Anna May Wong. Poor Anna.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Of the heart-throbs you hear around Manhattan, this one burned me up and knocked me cold last night.....The newspapers, not long ago, told of their estrangement....She was once a favorite movie star - and he ran a Broadway cafe.....When she married him - in her prime - she said: "I realize we are all fads - and my time to fade will come soon. I have saved my money and I want you to invest it - to take care of us later on.".....And so saying - she handed him about \$75,000. to invest in his name -- because a lawsuit over a contract had threatened her savings, and she considered that the best way out.

Well, this is where the plot sickens....After a stormy marriage - she took her troubles to the courts - and it now looks like she will get the decree....But her husband's revenge is sweeter, it appears - for her money which he invested in his own name - made him rich.....He invested the coin in a chain of stores, which he sold last week for \$700,000 - and he has left the country - And there is no law that can make him give her any part of it, even if they find him.

Yes, you've sized him up correctly - he's the type who presses a bottle of wine up against his heart - to chill it!

-----

And now to salute a tuner-inner or two:

Vern Peterson of Brigham, Utah: Thanks for your nice letter. May McAvoy is now running a circulating library in Hollywood.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Edward Emerick of Hamburg, New York: Yes, I've been kidded a lot by those newspaper clipping senders from Buffalo, but I assure you he isn't even a distant cousin of mine, as he claims to be.

-----

Irene Thomas of Philadelphia: Jean Harlow is not a foreigner. Her real name is Carpenter and she was born in the States.

-----

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is my signal to flash Mr. LUCKY STRIKE'S other Walter.....Until next Thursday night, then at the same time, I remain, your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell - who agrees with Bugs Baer's idea of prohibition. The wets are lined up against the drys - and the drys are lined up against the bar!

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks for all that information, Walter, and now let's hear what Mr. Howard Claney has to say. When you hear the next musical note it will be exactly Howard Claney.

-----

HOWARD CLANEY:

The season's on at Bar Harbor! Amidst the beauty and the cool sea breezes of the rock-bound coast of Maine, you'll find many of the finest summer homes in America, and you'll find a class of smokers who are mighty particular about choosing a cigarette. They prefer LUCKIES - because they prefer a mild cigarette! And money can't buy a milder cigarette than LUCKIES, or, in fact -- a cigarette as mild as LUCKIES. For LUCKY STRIKE not only uses the finest of fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, but goes a step further. Its famous purifying process removes certain impurities that Mother Nature hides in even the most delicate tobacco leaf. So folks everywhere - from Bar Harbor, Maine to San Diego, California -- will tell you that LUCKY STRIKE is truly mild....the mildest cigarettes they ever smoked -- because "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You must have read the big news from Germany....they have named a dictator for Prussia....the idea of the dictator being to fight the Reds and Communism. In other words, you might say that Prussia is dictated....but not red. That's for you millions of stenographers who take dictation from the boss. And here's where the boys in the band take a little dictation from Joe Moss.

ON WITH THE DICTATION...(WHISTLE) OKAY JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

We strike the keys and play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

And now, having written the musical letter, we return it on the Magic Carpet to the pilot for the signature.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And so, ladies and gentlemen, my day of work again comes to a close.....and I repeat as I said earlier it's a great job. For example....take the page boys around the studios....those kids who are so willing to run errands or do anything else to help you. They're dressed up like Junior cadets at West Point....swell lads. My favorite is Elmer....when you want a page boy you holler "FRONT".....just like a hotel.....If Elmer answers....being page No. 1.....you might call him the front page....OOOCH I just said you MIGHT call him that. Well as I walked into the studio tonight Elmer asked me for an autographed photograph of myself and I really felt flattered. I promised to bring him one Saturday night. Then a few minutes ago Elmer came to me again and said "Say Mr. O'Keefe....about that autographed picture you promised me...instead of bringing me one....will you make it a dozen?"

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

.....Well.....I was more than flattered....you could have knocked me over with a piano. So I said to him, "Elmer...it's swell but what's the idea. Whaddye want a dozen for." So he explained to me, "You see, Mr. O'Keefe.....all the page boys are collecting autographed photographs of every one who broadcasts up here....and my pal Johnny told me that if I'd give him twelve pictures of you he'd give me ONE of Mr. Winchell's."

And so, ladies and gentlemen, as I roll up the Magic Carpet for the night I ask you "Is My Face Red?" See you Saturday night....goodnight and good luck.

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD SLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

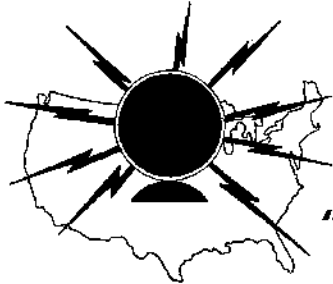
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/WINCHELL/O'Hillson  
7/31/32



# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WFAF and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening and good morning, friends of radioland. That good morning is for my friends who are listening in in China. Y'know there's quite a difference in time between here and China..... for instance, a song over here that passes for a lovely liltng lullaby singing some one to sleep...well there you are...that same song may be waking some Chinaman up. It works out this way...when it's nine o'clock here it's three o'clock in the morning over in the Orient. Suppose a Chinese friend of mine should go out for a stroll and be run over and knocked down by a ginrickshaw...say at midnight. If immediately after the accident some one should wire the news to a friend here in the States...well that friend could quickly rush to the phone and warn the chinaman of what is coming...the chinaman would stay at home and thus a tragedy would be averted. All of which proves one thing...that there are exactly 138 shopping days until Christmas....do your shopping early.

But all of this is neither here nor there. The Magic Carpet has a big evening ahead for the lot of you....Ethel Shuttah's husband has come back to work with his surrounding cast of trapeze artists, so let's hear from him.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

All out, all out, onto the dance floor and into the dance with -- (TITLES)

- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )

Here goes the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And that leads us up to Mr. Claneey....let's give him an audience. Go ahead Howard!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tonight the skippers of Long Island Sound and their amateur crews are gathered at the famous Larchmont Yacht Club! They're congratulating the winners, and talking over the thrilling events of Larchmont Race Week. In this group of discriminating smokers, a LUCKY is as welcome as a good stiff breeze! For the more particular a smoker is, the more he appreciates a truly mild cigarette. He wants plenty of flavor, plenty of taste, of course! But he doesn't want certain impurities that Mother Nature hides in every tobacco leaf. Those impurities are the foes of mildness. And that's why LUCKY STRIKE employs its great purifying process. "TOASTING" makes LUCKIES the mildest - the mellow-mildest of all cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So again ladies and gentlemen, we turn to that big farmer from the Hollywood Gardens, George Olsen....who is bounded on the north, south, east and west by Ethel Shutrah, Paul Small and Fran Frey....the man of many talents. You'd think that Fran Frey would be content to do nothing but sing in that manly baritone of his...but no, in addition to that he plays the saxophone.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

His mother heard him playing that E-flat sax of his the other night and now she has started a suit against his teacher for the return of money he took for lessons from young Frey.

We can try the case right here....let's have Olsen prosecute him now and you people be the judge.

ON WITH THE TRIAL, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, U.S.A.!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And this time we'll try -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

Get ready, Walter, here comes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO SONG)

(O'KEEFE SONG)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ah ladies and gentlemen....to me there's nothing like a sentimental song....a song that springs from the heart....and old old songs. There is one other fellow who feels as I do about songs... and that's George Olsen, the Broadway Hill Billy. One thing about Olsen you should know...he is very consistent. He does everything correctly. In his next group of numbers he has some very soft music...so he will direct the boys with a baton made out of cotton.

ON WITH THE SOFT MUSIC (WHISTLE) OKAY OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Well maybe we have some soft music, and then again, maybe not. You listen while we play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now for the short and speedy hop back to the pilot's seat.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well we have only twenty seconds here and I can't say anything in that short time but there is one great authority on a case like this and that is Howard Glaney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

In LUCKY STRIKE you get the genuine flavor -- the true flavor of the world's choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos.... for certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf have been removed by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous "TOASTING" Process. That's why LUCKIES are truly mild - mellow-mild -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I just got a letter from my grandfather. I'll read a bit of it. Grandpa writes: "I hear you're on the air and I wish you'd make an honest living. All of the O'Keefes before you were in business and were well-known. In fact, that last time your uncle went into business the Government had his pictures in every Post Office and Railroad Station in the country." Then grandpa went on to offer me one hundred thousand dollars if I would go into some legitimate business. He suggested one and told me he can get the bottles wholesale. But he said that if I had another choice, he would be glad to disregard it. And so with that encouragement I have decided to create a few new ideas of what I consider a profitable enterprise, and I will submit one to grandpa each week.

Right now I have a new idea - to wit, viz. e.g., i.e., that is to say, et al - good old Al.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Did you ever realize that if you wanted to send an important communication to a second party in haste, there is absolutely no way of doing it without some third party being aware of the message -----If you telephone, the operator can listen in. If you telegraph, operators must send the message. And if you say it over the radio, millions listen in -- I HOPE! But here's the big idea solving the situation -- I figured out that it was possible to breed a homing pigeon with a parrot. This new bird will be known as Para-pigeon. It will all be very simple. If you are ever in New York and have a confidential message for somebody in Los Angeles, you simply whisper the message in the bird's ear. He flies directly to Los Angeles and delivers the message and returns with the answer. Of course there are a few little obstacles we will have to overcome. We will have to look out for stool-pigeons who might strike up a friendship with these birds. However, I feel that we can get all these little things ironed out. And by next Saturday night we might let you have grandpa's opinion of this.

Meanwhile, I will drop business, because I know you are more interested in dancing. So let's shoot the Magic Carpet right back to George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Again we swing into the dance with -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

Climb on the high-flying Magic Carpet - here we go!  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You know ladies and gentlemen, here in New York, society used to be identified by the phrase "The Four Hundred." There's been a change - they're now recognized by their Flat Fifties. Here's what Howard Glaney has to say about it.

HOWARD GLANEY:

Today, in every city, town and hamlet, American women are talking about those fascinating bridge cards found in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties -- fifty modern problems in contract bridge by that famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. Everywhere they are saving these cards, solving them, comparing them with one another. American women are discriminating. They buy intelligently. They know value -- they know quality -- they know and demand true cigarette mildness --- And how proud we are that they have found all three in LUCKY STRIKE! Their choice of LUCKY STRIKE as their favorite cigarette is a great compliment, which we indeed appreciate. That is why -- as a slight token of our appreciation -- we have placed these attractive bridge cards in LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties. It is a privilege and a pleasure to us to give our friends this added interest and enjoyment -- a small thing, of no great value -- merely a symbol of our thanks. And it is in the same spirit of appreciation that we say "Okay, Miss America - we thank you for your patronage."



WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now my friends, ABOU BEN ALI O'KEEFE, the old  
Armenian rug maker, is going to shoot the Magic Carpet back to our  
dancing master,

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, UNCLE SAM!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Upon your dancing toes everybody, while we play --

(TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Our pilot's waiting, so we flash right back to him.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO SONG)

(O'KEEFE SONG)

WALTER CARPENTER:

Ladies and gentlemen! I'll really never be the same again...if it's all the same to you. This is my cue to reward myself with a LUCKY, and because OLSEN is such a demon for work and such a darling for dancing, I'm going to toss you one and all back into his ever-lovin' arms, while they lead you in another schottische.

ON WITH THE GAVOTTE! (WHISTLE) OKAY, YOU GAVOTTERS!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And we lead you into \*\* (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

(TRAIN SIGNATURE) And now we start on our separate ways. The Magic Carpet takes you all back to the pilot, and my boys and I start back to the Hollywood Gardens on our train. ALL ABOARD...

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And so ladies and gentlemen, with Olsen's train disappearing in the distance, we come to the end of another more or less perfect day. We won't be off the air for a few moments, so I want to pass on a yarn from one of the boys around here - an engineer in the control room.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

He became the proud father of a pair of bouncing twins last week and the lads in the boiler room threw him a party. I hear it was the pip. As part of the ceremonies, the assistant superintendent made a neat speech and presented the proud father with a beautiful loving cup. The new parent looked at the beautiful trophy and was rather embarrassed as he made a speech of acceptance. He said, "Gee, gents, that was swell of you to give me this cup, just because I was the father of twins, but there is only one thing worrying me "Have I got to win it THREE TIMES!"

Oh, by the way, listeners can get copies of these recordings. I was bound in Morocco - Now, don't misunderstand me, all you have to do is to go to Morocco and get somebody to bind them. How is that date?

That's now. Here's where I roll up the Magic Carpet until Tuesday night. Goodnight and good luck.

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(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

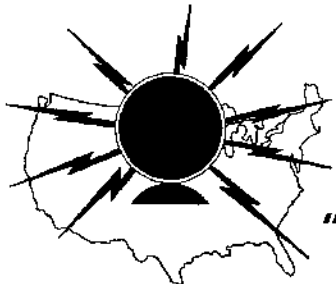
HOWARD OLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
7/23/52

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. · · · WFAF and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLAWY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen.....another week, another evening and another program of entertainment on the Magic Carpet. Three hours a week your pilot runs it back and forth across the country.....I'd like to have it 24 hours a day but I don't know where I'd park it half the time. I'd like to run it out to San Francisco where the Shriners opened their annual mobilization at the Civic Center today.....I'd like to run the Carpet up to Connecticut and follow the blow by blow description of Gene Tunney's fight for a seat in the U. S. Senate. I'd like to trek back to the Olympic Games. But Mr. LUCKY STRIKE saves it all up for our three big broadcasts each week and tonight is a sample. We've got another mystery thriller....."The Case of the Fighting Jeweler." It's a honcy. Like the others in this series of Tuesday night dramatizations, this one comes right out of New York Police files.... it actually happened.....I remember the jeweler's store myself. Well you'll get that tonight as I say....but in addition there will be dance music for the four points of the Compass so why waste time.....why talk....let's have action. Here's where the Magic Carpet drops right in on Jack Denny of the Starlight Roof of the famous Waldorf Astoria Hotel!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK DENNY (WHISTLE) OKAY, U.S.A.!

JACK DENNY:

We start the dance with -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

The pilot of the Magic Carpet carries on.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Certainly I carry on -- ah, and in what manner! Millions and millions we carry on the Magic Carpet which has a bright red center on which the spotlight is shining right now. And lo and behold, look who's stepping into that spotlight - all dappered-up in his white pants and blue coat. It looks like Howard Claney. Yes, that's who it is, Mr. Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Gentlemen of the LUCKY STRIKE radio audience - A toast! Let us rise. The famous old Navy toast "To the Ladies, God bless them." It is in the spirit of that famous old greeting that we, the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, are privileged to say to the women of our country "O.K. Miss America - we thank you for your patronage." We are sincerely grateful to the women of America - those discriminating women who know real value and have found true quality, true cigarette mildness, in LUCKY STRIKE. In slight token of our appreciation of your patronage, Miss America, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties one of those fascinating bridge cards - fifty problems in bridge by no less celebrated an expert than Milton C. Work. We are happy to do this - we consider it a privilege and a pleasure to acknowledge in this small way our appreciation of your favor. And so again we say, a toast to the ladies - O.K. Miss America - we thank you for your patronage.

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, I used to get out of the subway on Upper Broadway a couple of years ago and pass a jewelry store with huge display windows. A couple of times some crooks tried to stick it up and make off with everything but the proprietor's gold filled teeth. But he was a tough guy, this storekeeper, and the neighbors called him "The Fighting Jeweler." Tonight's melodrama deals with his case.....with what happened in his store that eventful morning when a gang swept down on him, and what the New York Police did about it. This story is as true as an electric clock. Settle back with a cigarette now....may I suggest a LUCKY....(I'm doing your stuff Clane)....blow out a few rings of smoke and see if you're half as good as Detective Barry Ridd in tracking down the thieves. I'll see you out in the lobby for a smoke after the first act, but here's where I turn you over to Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York Police Department. He'll take over the Magic Carpet now and give you the ride of this or any other week.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

As Mr. O'Keefe said, this is a true story except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. The case has been taken from the official files of the New York Police Department and authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney.....Crime does not pay.

(FIRST PART -- "THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The plot thickens ladies and gentlemen...and I hope your blood pressure has stayed down like the Stock Market instead of up like the temperature. Well...there you have the problem in a nutshell. The thugs stage a running battle with Norback and finish him and his clerk off. Barry Rudd is up against a pretty messy bunch of circumstances to try and wangle out a solution. How much easier it would be for the police if this crook had come in contact with any one of the thousands and thousands of reputable physicians in New York City. But no, in his desperate effort to cover up, of course he gets to one of the few quacks which hadn't yet been caught. Now, just how clever is this Irene?.....And, just who is the guy who sped off in the fleeing car remains to be seen. And what will the detectives do next? There's a second act coming later in this Lucky Hour.....the mystery will be solved tonight. When you go to a mystery thriller in a theatre between the acts all you can get is a breath of fresh air and a few puffs off a smoke...but in the Magic Carpet theatre we entertain you between the acts with dancing...and tonight you can strut yoh dogs to one of New York's finest orchestras .....the one that thrills hundreds nightly on the starlight roof of the Waldorf. The man with the baton is none other than Jack Denny.....he's waiting now to tear off a tune or two.

ON WITH THE DANCE JACK DENNY (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

The tunes we tear off are -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)



JACK DENNY:

The Pilot's waiting for the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now Howard Clancy would like to make a few brief remarks. All right, Howard, you have just twenty seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

When you inhale a LUCKY, you inhale the mildest cigarette that Mother Nature and modern science can produce. LUCKY STRIKE uses the finest of fine tobaccos - then certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf are removed by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. LUCKY STRIKE is mild - mellow-mild - because "IT'S TOASTED!"

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well Denny.....I hope you're ready.....I hope the boys are wetting their whistles....because here's where I throw the Magic Carpet and the whole bloomin' country right into your lap. Don't crowd....plenty of room up front.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

My lap isn't QUITE that big, so everybody out on the dance floor while we play -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

Magic Carpet! Go back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now I know some of you people missed the first act of our mystery mellerdrammer tonight....I'm not complaining...mind you....I suppose you had a tough time getting the car parked...or probably you had to stay down at the office with a sick friend... but just in case you didn't get the lowdown on this mystery, I'll fix you up with a scorecard that will enable you to enjoy the game and watch the players as New York's cleverest detectives track down the murderers of the Fighting Jeweler. This fighting jeweler was one tough hombre.....he wouldn't take a robbery lying down...so a tough gang led by Big Boy Ambrose pumped him and his assistant full of lead. But the gunmen don't get away clean. Before he's killed, the fighting jeweler fires after them and Louie, the driver of the gang car, is seen to slump at the wheel. Irene is a gunman's moll.....a smart squaw too. The detectives trail her to a quack doctor's office....she pulls a phoney pain, screams, and thus warns her confederate in the car outside. Maybe you think she made a chump out of Barry Rudd...well I'll give you a chance to decide for yourselves....up you get on the Magic Carpet now while we get your nose glued to the trail along with the plain clothes force.....

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART - "THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And there you have it ladies and gentlemen....that's the solution of one more attempted perfect crime. Big Boy Amby was identified by Mrs. Riggs and Louie told plenty before he died in the hospital. Ambrose saved the State an electricity bill because while awaiting trial, he was killed trying to break out of jail. Irene was let go because she proved that she had no part in either of the murders but the rest of the gang wound up as guests of the government. They're serving time up in the Big House and I imagine that they'd back up the point of all these dramas of crime...it's a long lane that has no turning into the long arms of the law. I'm glad you like these police dramatizations....your mail and letters on these crime sketches is proof of that....so Mr. Lucky Strike with his ears to the ground in his anxiety to give you an all around program will dramatize another for you at this same time next Tuesday.

There will be dancing then of course...it's good for you young and old, fat and lean, and all those hoofers in between. Tonight the music comes to you from Jack Denny...the same Jack Denny who plays on the Waldorf roof. Imagine you're there now.... Denny will do the rest.

ON WITH THE DANCE JACK DENNY..(WHISTLE) OKAY MR. AND MRS. AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

Again we take that short and speedy hop back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Jack Denny....you're doing a noble job..... but don't go yet.....you've got to be noble some more tonight. You've got time for a LUCKY now.....so have I....so has every one else....and you can listen to Howard Claney at the same time. Go ahead, Howard.

HOWARD CLANEY:

On Sunday, the United States moved a step closer to the world's tennis championship. Eight thousand people saw Ellsworth Vines and his fellow members of the American tennis team defeat the crack players of Germany. Among those 8,000 people, you can wager that the favorite American cigarette was LUCKY STRIKE. For discriminating, critical smokers all over the world prefer LUCKY STRIKE -- the cigarette that's truly mild. LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in the world that through the famous "TOASTING" Process expels certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf. LUCKY STRIKE is so truly mild -- so mellow-mild -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked -- because "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

By the way a couple of weeks ago your Pilot took his eye off the ball and missed a swing completely. I spoke of Wisconsin as the Gopher State, so I bow my head humbly before M. C. Blade, my badger critic, who led the cry of protest from Wisconsin. Okay you badgers...we all make mistakes...that's why the trains stop at Reno.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

I stand corrected.....and I thank you.

I'll save myself any mistakes now...and take a load off my feet....by swinging the Magic Carpet into high and shooting it right through traffic to Jack Denny who will lead the next cotillion.

ON WITH THE COTILLION, JACK DENNY. (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

And without further ado we lead you into -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

All right, Walter, here comes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And so ladies and gentlemen of these Dancing United States, Mr. Denny and his boys pick up the bat and ball and go to play elsewhere. Before calling it a day I want to tip you people off to a laugh that lies ahead of you when a certain newsreel hits your town in the local picture house. I saw it this afternoon in the Newsreel theatre on Broadway and the crowd roared at it.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Our heroine, in this picture, was, by the way -- a radio performer...her name is Aunt Sarah Sutton....and she's 99 years old....AND working. She's one of the stars of WAAM Newark. Aunt Sarah sings a solo....and it's plenty good too. Then the announcer starts asking Aunt Sarah the usual questions they ask a young lady of 99 summers. He started off by saying "Aunt Sarah.... you're almost a hundred...you should break it this season...to what do you attribute your long life." Aunt Sarah told him off briefly and right to the point....She answered "Minding my own business!" He then said "Why do you believe that girls should marry young?" And Aunt Sarah said "Because they live longer to regret it." His next question drew an answer that threw the crowd into an uproar. "Why didn't you marry again. You were a widow a long time." So Aunt Sarah paused and then floored him with the following. "Well.... those who would have me....I wouldn't have. And vice versa. Besides any woman who marries a second time doesn't deserve to lose her first husband."

So with that tip to you, I think it's time to retire until Winchell and I face the mike at this same time Thursday night. Good night and good luck.

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
7/26/33

EPISODE VI

"THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER"

PART I and PART II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1932

--:~:~:~:--

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE VI - PART I and II

"THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER"

RADIO DRAMALOGUE

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

---:---:---:---:---

CHARACTERS:

BARRY RUDD	PATROLMAN HENNESSY
MACK	MISS CAREW (NURSE)
IRENE	DOCTOR DIRKMAN
LOUIE	WOODS
AMBROSE	MADERO
NORBACK	MAN
HENRY	PORTER
MRS. RIGGS	

\*\*\*\*\*

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE VI

"THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER"

PART I

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL.....POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL.....  
POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....THE CASE OF THE  
FIGHTING JEWELER.....REAL PEOPLE.....REAL  
PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....A REAL CASE.....  
INVESTIGATED BY TOM CURTIN...AUTHENTICATED BY  
POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....  
LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE....  
TO APARTMENT.....UPPER MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

LOUIE: C'mon, Irene, let's slide out fast if we want to get to that show.

IRENE: (SIGNIFICANTLY) You and I aren't going to the show tonight, Louie.

LOUIE: (SURPRISED) What d'ya mean?

IRENE: I mean the Big Boy wants to talk to you. He telephoned and I said you hadn't got here yet.

LOUIE: (STRIKING A POSE) I don't like this last minute stuff.. If Big Boy Ambrose wants me to keep on bein' chauffeur fer his gang he's gotta treat me different or I'll pull out.

IRENE: Out out that kinda talk, Louie Lintz... In the first place, you want to stay livin'.

LOUIE: Aw right... Aw right...I'll drive around and see what's steamin' up Ambrose.

IRENE: Sit down, Louie...This time the Big Boy's comin' here to see you.

LOUIE: (SNARLING) What d'ya mean he's comin' here? Who're ya workin' with, him or me?

IRENE: I'm tryin' to help you, Louie, but you got to handle the Big Boy right.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

That must be him now. He said he was comin' right up.

(DOOR OPENS)

AMBROSE: Hello, Irene.

IRENE: Hello, Amby.

AMBROSE: (SHARPLY) Louie here?

LOUIE: Sure, Chief, here I am.

(DOOR CLOSES)

AMBROSE: Got Number Seven Touring Car all ready for a job?  
LOUIE: Sure -- Number Seven's in perfect condition.  
AMBROSE: Cke...This is big ... We're goin' crack Norback's jewelry shop up on Broadway and Ninety-fifth.  
LOUIE: Norback? Yuh mean the fightin' jeweler?  
AMBROSE: Bunk! That's what the newspapers call him...  
LOUIE: Just the same, Norback killed a guy the last time his place was held up...That fightin' jeweler followed one of the punks out on the sidewalk an' bumped 'im off.  
AMBROSE: Yeah? Well, he won't follow nobody out on the sidewalk tomorruh mornin'! You listenin' to me, Louie?  
LOUIE: Sure. What time d'ya want the car, Amby?  
AMBROSE: Have it in front o' the jewelry shop by ten A.M.... Watch sharp till me an' Terry an' Chunk walk down Broadway...Den be ready fer a fast getaway -- see!  
LOUIE: Count on me, Amby!  
AMBROSE: Oke! I got to move along now.  
IRENE: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh, Amby, you're not goin' so soon, are you? The very first time you've come up to see me?  
AMBROSE: (PLAYING UP TO IRENE) Yeh, baby, I gotta go...How about a big hug for good luck? Louie won't mind...  
(PAUSE)  
IRENE: You're pretty strong, Big Boy.  
AMBROSE: Yeh? Think so? Well, so long fer now, baby...(VOICE SHIFT) An' remember Louie --- ten o'clock tomorruh mornin' in front o' Norback's jewelry store!

\* \* \* \* \*

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.
  2. TEN STROKES OF CLOCK

NORBACK: Henry, come here.

HENRY: Yes, Mr. Norback.

NORBACK: I don't want this to happen again. You know why I had these special shelves built in.

HENRY: Sure. To keep the revolvers on.

NORBACK: So now you've gone and pushed two of them guns back to make room for pencils and pads.

HENRY: Aw, this shop'll never be held up again, Mr. Norback... People still call you the Fighting Jeweler!

NORBACK: (WITH A SIGH) I wish I was sure as you are.

(EAGERLY) Look -- coming in the door! A customer, Henry. That's fine, so early in the morning!

HENRY: Shall I wait on him, Mr. Norback?

NORBACK: No -- finish in the back...Ah, good morning...What can I do for you, sir?

AMBROSE: Lemme look at a watch, will ya?

NORBACK: I can show you a nice gold watch for twenty dollars... A bargain!

AMBROSE: I want a bargain for five dollars, or under.

NORBACK: You have come to the right place...Here in this case I have beauties.

(SLIDES CASE DOOR)

For five dollars this is the best watch in the store!

AMBROSE: Aw right...Put it on the counter, an' lemme have a look at it!

NORBACK: Excuse me one minute. Henry!

HENRY: (FADING IN) Yes, Mr. Norback?

NORBACK: Two more customers!

HENRY: What can I show you, gentlemen?

AMBROSE: How much did yuh say this watch is?

NORBACK: Five dollars....(SIGNIFICANTLY) Say, it's a hot morning, young fellow. Why are you wearing gloves?

AMBROSE: I'll show yuh why! Stick 'em up!

CHUNK: (SLIGHTLY OFF LIKE) You too, kid. Put your hands up!

NORBACK: Stick 'em up yourself!

(BANG, BANG)

AMBROSE: He's got a gun! Plug him, boys...

(BANG, BANG)

NORBACK: Get out... Get out of my store, you robbers!

(BANG, BANG)

AMBROSE: Take care o' that clerk, Chunk! We want to get both of them!

NORBACK: Attaboy, Henry! We got 'em licked...Get out of here, you thieves! Get out, I say!

HENRY: Oh...O-h...Mr. Norback...I'm shot!...They --- got me...

AMBROSE: Come on, fellahs, get out to the car...

(BANG, BANG)

NORBACK: Stop 'em...Don't let 'em get away...Stop 'em out there!

AMBROSE: (FADING) Into the car, boys, quick...

(SLAMMING OF AUTO DOORS...ROAR OF MOTOR IN LOW)

WOMAN: (TERRIFIED) Help! Help! This is awful -- awful ---

NORBACK: Get back, lady...Gimme room to shoot!  
(TWO SHOTS FROM NORBACK)  
(RETURN FUSILADE FROM CAR)  
Oh, God...Oh, oh, I'm hit...  
WOMAN: Help! He's killed...Help!  
NORBACK: I...I...can't...follow them ... no more...I --  
(GASPS)  
WOMAN: Help...Send for the police!  
NORBACK: My shop...My shop... Somebody...please...  
(CROWD AD LIB AND FADE)

\* \* \* \* \*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FADE OUT GANG CAR  
2. FADE IN POLICE CAR

MRS. RIGGS: Ain't this store a wreck, though, officer?  
PATROLMAN: It sure is, Mrs. Riggs. Norback put up a wonderful  
fight.  
MRS. RIGGS: Who is ~~it~~ the Captain wants me to talk to, do you know?  
PATROLMAN: To Barry Rudd -- As fine a detective as ever lived.  
MRS. RIGGS: Here's somebody now. Is this him?  
PATROLMAN: Yes -- sure -- it's Barry himself.  
(DOOR OPENS)  
BARRY: Hello, Hennessy.  
PATROLMAN: Morning, Mr. Rudd.  
BARRY: Well, they got the fighting jeweler this time...He died  
on the way to the hospital.

PATROLMAN: Henry, the clerk's dead too. Mr. Rudd, Mrs. Riggs, here, is the only witness to the killing of Norback. Captain wanted you to see her.

MRS. RIGGS: Oh, it was awful, Mr. Rudd.. Poor Mr. Norback.

BARRY: What did you see of the fight, Mrs. Riggs?

MRS. RIGGS: I saw the three bandits rushing out of the store and go pilin' into a big blue automobile, sir.

BARRY: Where was Norback, then?

MRS. RIGGS: Chasin' after them with his revolver...And then when the car started away Mr. Norback hollered "Look out"-- and fired after them once or twice, I don't know which -- and I heard a yell.

BARRY: Yes?

MRS. RIGGS: I looked around and saw the driver fall away from the wheel, and the car go funny. And the other fellow on the front seat grabbed the wheel.

BARRY: What next?

MRS. RIGGS: Why the ones in the back seat let go a lot of shots and poor Mr. Norback dropped to the sidewalk.

BARRY: Did you get a good look at the bandits? Could you identify them?

MRS. RIGGS: I sure could if I saw them again. That leader especially. He was such a big fellow.

BARRY: Hennesy, take Mrs. Riggs down to headquarters and give her a look at the Rogues Gallery. She may see a picture that looks like him. By the way, have you been keeping people away from the places fingerprints might be.

PATROLMAN: I'm afraid there ain't none, sir. Young Henry, the clerk that worked here told us they all had gloves on. Before he died, that was.

BARRY: Hmm-mm. Well, take care of Mrs. Riggs.

PATROLMAN: (FADING) Yes. Will ye come this way, mum?

(POUNING ON DOOR)

You know this fellow at the door, sir?

BARRY: Where? Oh, sure, it's Mack, my partner. Let him in.

(DOOR OPENS)

PATROLMAN: Here you are, sir.

Goodbye, Mr. Rudd.

(DOOR CLOSIS)

BARRY: Lock the door after 'em, will you, Mack?

MACK: Yeh. Say, Barry, they abandoned that big blue car up on One Hundred Seventy-sixth Street.

BARRY: You look at it?

MACK: Yep. Stolen four days ago. No clues.

BARRY: Witness says the driver was hit. Did you see any blood?

MACK: Yep. Plenty.

BARRY: Well. Have you been to the hospitals?

MACK: Yeh, of course. Not a gunshot case reported.

BARRY: That doesn't help us a bit. It leaves us with one slim chance ---

MACK: I know what yuh mean, Barry. Them nurses you persuaded the Inspector to put out checking up on quack doctors.



BARRY: That's it.

MACK: Naw. I'd have had to go back to Headquarters for that, Barry.

BARRY: I rather think that's the place for us now, anyway. We can find out if a report's come in from the nurses and see what Mrs. Riggs has to say.

MACK: Mrs. Riggs? Who's she?

BARRY: The witness. I sent her down with the patrolman to go over the Rogue's Gallery.

MACK: Well, I hope she's better at identifyin' from pictures than some of these dames. Come on, then, Barry. Let's find out.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPEN AND SHUT  
2. POLICE CAR MOTOR AND BELL FADE IN AND OUT

MACK: Eh? What's that? All right, Hennessy, thank you for calling. So long. (PHONE CLICKS) It was the patrolman with that dame, Barry. Says she's kickin' because she thinks all the pictures in the gallery look alike. But still swears she can pick the killers if she sees 'em personally, specially the leader.

BARRY: That's all we could expect, I suppose, Mack. What did you get on the nurses?

MACK: Heard from five of the six. No soap.

BARRY: Who's the other one?

MACK: Miss Carew. Agnes Carew at the Tremont Hospital.  
It's her day-off today, and we can't reach her.  
(PHONE BELL)

BARRY: Will you answer it, Mack?

MACK: Sure. (RECEIVER UP) Hello? Yes? What? Oh, yeh,  
sure. By all means. Say, Barry, can you beat that?  
She's just come in here to Headquarters. The  
Inspector's sending her in to talk to you.

BARRY: Good.  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)  
Come in.

NURSE: Oh, Mr. Rudd -- I hope I'm not interrupting you?

BARRY: Certainly not, Miss Carew. Won't you sit down?

NURSE: Really -- I don't think I'd better. You see, it's my  
day off at the hospital and I'm catching a train for  
the country. But we treated a gunshot case yesterday.  
I knew you'd want to know.

BARRY: You're right, Miss Carew.

NURSE: I can't tell you much. They kept it very quiet in  
the office and I understand didn't even report it.  
It was one of Dr. Dirkman's patients.

BARRY: Dr. Dirkman?

NURSE: Yes. His office is on East Seventeenth Street.  
That's all I know.

BARRY: It's enough to be quite a help, Miss Carew. Thank  
you.

NURSE: Oh, that's all right, Mr. Rudd. Good luck. And  
goodbye.

BARRY: Goodbye, Miss Carew.

(DOOR SHUTS)

Looking him up, Mack?

MACK: Yeh. He ain't in the phone book. No -- yes he is.  
East Seventeenth Street is right.

BARRY: Well, what are we waiting for?

MACK: Not for me, Barry. I'm all ready right now.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE CAR MOTOR FADES IN AND OUT.  
2. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

DOCTOR: (SMOOTHLY) Good evening, gentlemen. Of course you  
know it's after office hours.

BARRY: We know it is, Doctor Dirkman, but we've come to see  
you about one of your patients.

DOCTOR: It's not ethical for a doctor to discuss his patients.

BARRY: Doctor, don't you know that under the law you are  
required to report all cases of gunshot wounds?

DOCTOR: I know the law perfectly well in that matter.

BARRY: Then why didn't you report the fellow you sent up to  
the Tremont Hospital to have some lead taken out of  
his arm?

DOCTOR: Why - uh - gentlemen - ... I thought the hospital  
would report the case.

BARRY: The hospital says they thought you'd report it.  
Great teamwork, Doctor Dirkman.

DOCTOR: You know that man didn't tell me that he had been shot...He said it was an icepick.

MACK: First time I ever heard of pickin' lead out of icepick wounds.

DOCTOR: See here, gentlemen, I'm sure there's been a mistake.

BARRY: Doctor, my partner and I are from police headquarters. We need you to help straighten it out.

DOCTOR: Well short of violating a professional confidence, I--  
(TWO PAIRS OF RINGS ON DOORBELL)

DOCTOR: (NERVOUSLY) Pardon me... (HESITATINGLY) uh...while I go see who that is.

BARRY: Is it your custom, Doctor, to answer your doorbell yourself?

DOCTOR: Why, no! But my nurse is -- uh -- out ---

BARRY: Then why not let the housekeeper answer the bell? She let us in.  
(REPEAT TWO PAIRS OF RINGS ON DOORBELL)

DOCTOR: I must ask you to pardon me while I go to the door.  
(FRONT DOOR OPENS OFF SCENE)

BARRY: No -- no, never mind, Doctor.

MACK: Stick around, Doc. There's the housekeeper opening the door now.

IRENE: (ENTERING WAITING ROOM) Hello, Doctor...Oh -- excuse me, I thought you were alone.

DOCTOR: (NERVOUSLY) Oh, Miss Irene. Is -- uh -- is the pain any worse?

BARRY: (ASIDE TO MACK) There's something between these two, Mack.

DOCTOR: Because if it isn't, perhaps you'd better go and come tomorrow morning.

IRENE: All right, Doctor. I'll do that.

BARRY: Get out there quick, Mack. Follow her! I'll stay here with the Doctor.

IRENE: Why, where are you going? (CRIES OUT) Oh, doctor, doctor -- my side -- oh -- oh --

DOCTOR: Just relax now, Miss Irene.

IRENE: (SCREAMS AGAIN) Oh -- it's getting worse, Doctor. It's my side. Oh, my side! Oh!

BARRY: Say, Mack - that scream's a signal...A warning to somebody outside the window.

IRENE: Oh, let me get out in the air --

MACK: No, you don't, sister.

BARRY: Quickly! Come on, Mack! To the front door!

MACK: Out of the way, Doctor.

IRENE: (MOANING) Oh, I'm suffering so.

(DOOR OPENS ... ROAR OF AUTOMOBILE  
STARTING UP IN LOW)

MACK: There he goes, Barry. In that car. There's the guy she's warning off. Shall I try to plug his tires?

BARRY: Don't risk it, Mack. Too many people on the street. Get the license number?

MACK: Rats! There he goes around the corner! Doggone the luck. We've lost him!

BARRY: But there's that girl still inside Doctor Dirkman's office. Let's just find out how much the boy friend's escape may have affected her - ah - terrible pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER...A BATTLE  
OF WITS BETWEEN RESOURCEFUL GIRL CROOK...AND  
NEW YORK'S MOST CLEVER DETECTIVE...WHO WAS MAN  
IN THE FLEEING CAR?.....STAND BY....LUCKY  
STRIKE HOUR....FOR ACTION-FILLED CLIMAX...

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

\* \* \* \* \*

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE VI

"THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER"

PART II

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS STAND BY.....ALL POLICE CARS.....  
STAND BY.....THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER.....  
CLUES LEAD DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK TO DOCTOR'S  
OFFICE.....CLEVER GUNKOLL AIDS ESCAPE OF  
WOUNDED GANGSTER.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET...  
PROCEED AT ONCE....TO GUNMOLL'S APARTMENT.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

IRENE: (LAUGHING) Well, I guess I'm not such a bad actress, Louie.

LOUIE: You said it, Irene.

IRENE: It took smooth work, Louie, to pull the wool over those two detective's eyes.

LOUIE: Yeh, baby. That first squeal was enough to start me on my way. I whipped that car around the corner like lightnin'.

IRENE: (LAUGHING) Those dumb dicks....I poured it on so thick I almost got a real pain.

LOUIE: Honey, you're the kind of a pal a guy needs. If those dicks had got me --

IRENE: (QUICKLY) What would you have done, Louie?

LOUIE: Well, there's nothin' on me....I'm just drivin' for Ambrose. Just a chauffeur,

IRENE: You wouldn't squeal, would you?

LOUIE: Baby, I don't intend to burn for nobody. Even if Ambrose is the big boy in this racket.

IRENE: Louie Lintz! You wouldn't dare sell out on Big Boy Amby!

LOUIE: No? In a pinch he'd send me up the river quick enough.

IRENE: A swell pal you are! Get this, Louie, I wouldn't squeal on nobody! Especially on my meal ticket.

LOUIE: I didn't say I'd squeal, Irene!

IRENE: You didn't? Well, I'd hate to give you the chance. That's one thing about Ambrose, anyway, he -----

LOUIE: Ambrose!.....Ambrose! All you can talk about lately is Ambrose! I ain't sharin' my girl with nobody - see!....Even with the big boy!



IRENE: You're not meaning I got to choose between you and  
Big Boy Amby?

LOUIE: Yes --- And now!

IRENE: All right, Louie -- Get this before I walk out -- I  
stick to the man who sticks to his pals!

(SLAMS DOOR)

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SOUND INTERLUDE: STREET SOUNDS.

BARRY: Sit down, Mack. Make yourself at home.

MACK: Thanks, Barry -- Say, I gotta hand it to you. You did  
somethin' I wouldn't have thought of....I'd have  
argued it out with that gunmoll after she warned that  
guy from the doctor's office.

BARRY: Ah, Mack, my boy, the game was to outsmart her.....  
That's why I gave you the high sign to let her think  
we were falling for her story.

MACK: And it worked, Barry.....It worked.....It made her  
easy to trail. She was so smart there in the office  
and dumb enough to go straight to the guy with the  
bandaged arm.

BARRY: And he's the wounded driver of the mob car.

MACK: Louie Lintz! Say, wouldn't I like to reach out and  
grab him, and lodge him down in the Tombs!

BARRY: That would be the finest way in the world to warn the  
gang-leader whoever he is.

MACK: I know, Barry, but a bird in the hand --

BARRY: Louie's not a bird, he's a snake! And our job is to watch where he crawls. It's about time we relieved the boys who are shadowing him, Mack. Come on.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FADE IN AND OUT AUTO MOTOR.  
2. KNOCK ON DOOR.

AMBROSE: (FROM INSIDE) Who's there?

IRENE: It's me, Ambrose.....Irene.

(UNBOLTING OF DOOR....DOOR OPENS)

AMBROSE: Come on in, baby. What do you want?

(DOOR CLOSES)

IRENE: (BUOYANTLY) You didn't expect me, Big Boy, did you?

AMBROSE: I'll say I didn't....why'd you come here? We all gotta lay low.

IRENE: Nobody's followin' me.....But if you ain't glad to see me, I guess I'll run along.

AMBROSE: Stick around, kid. I'm strong for you. But I'm even stronger for saving my neck.

IRENE: That's why I came here to your hideaway, Amby. I think I can help you.

AMBROSE: What d'ya mean, Irene?

IRENE: You've got a swell pal, Amby!

AMBROSE: What's wrong?

IRENE: Nothin' --- yet.....I never want anythin' to be wrong for you, Big Boy.

AMBROSE: Come on. What's botherin' you?

IRENE: It's Louie! That little run in with the bulls at Doctor Dirkman's has got him jumpy.

AMBROSE: What's he done?

IRENE: It's what he might do....He's afraid of those detectives.

AMBROSE: Yeh? Well, he's more afraid of me! Louie wouldn't dare squeal.

IRENE: He could make things hot for you, Amby.

AMBROSE: Just a minute....What's the game, Irene? I thought you was pretty strong for Louie?

IRENE: No -- you got me all wrong.

AMBROSE: I never could figure how you tumbled for that guy -- A girl who can put it over on two dicks like you did, oughta play for something bigger than a chauffeur.

IRENE: Maybe I will....But you've got to do something about Louie-----He's not safe.

AMBROSE: I been thinkin' maybe the mob needs a new driver. Louie ain't man enough.....He'd better get back to the pool tables.

IRENE: Could you get him a job?

AMBROSE: That's easy. I'll see Johnson --- I'll get him on the 'phone. He'll have something for a guy like Louie. I'll leave it to you to make the date for him to meet Johnson.

IRENE: But I told Louie where he got off this afternoon.....

AMBROSE: You'd better fix it up wid him fer this once.

IRENE: Is everything gonna be all right between you an' me if I do?

AMBROSE: Yeh -- Better than ever.!! All I want you t' do is see Louie or call 'im up-----anyway, make a date t' meet 'im at the Blue Comet Beer Joint around nine o'clock --- Then I'll send Johnson over t' talk wid 'im.

IRENE: I'll do it for you, Amby.....But don't forget I'm through with Louie after tonight....I'm playin' with the Big Boy from now on, huh?

AMBROSE: Now you're talkin', girlie. You an' me'll make whoopee.

IRENE: When do we start?

AMBROSE: Soon as this jeweler noise blows over....Say, baby.

IRENE: What?

AMBROSE: I'm goin' t' blow outa New York fer a while.

IRENE: Huh? Where are you goin' Big Boy?

AMBROSE: Up with the Albany crowd....I'm leavin' tonight. Tell yuh what.....I'll take you along with me.

IRENE: Oh, say, honey -- that's swell.

AMBROSE: You're telling me? Come straight to the Albany train after your date at the Blue Comet.

IRENE: I'll be there, Amby --

AMBROSE: Aw right....Slide along and fix things up with Louie. I'll get busy with Johnson.

(DOOR OPENS)

IRENE: See you later, Big Boy.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

AMBROSE: Gimme Watkins 9-8847. Hello? Lemme speak to Johnson. Hello, Johnson? This is Ambrose. Wantcha to do a job for me at the Blue Comet Beer Joint tonight. There's a guy comin' in around nine o'clock. You're offerin' him a job in one o' your poolrooms -- get me? There'll be a girl wid him. Fer the love o' Pete -- No. Just the guy -- not the girl. She's oke. Got that all straight? What'll it cost me? Yeh? Well, I'll settle wid you later, Johnson. So long.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: FADE IN AUTOMOBILE MOTOR AND FADE OUT.

MACK: The Blue Comet, eh? What is this, Barry, a beer joint?

BARRY: Smells like it to me. Lot's of 'em around this neighborhood.

MACK: Wonder what Louie Lintz went in there for? A glass o' suds?

BARRY: I don't think so, Mack. He was in too much of a hurry for that. I think Louie's got something on his mind.

MACK: What, I wonder?

BARRY: We'll have to wait and see, I guess.

MACK: Boy, I'm sure tired of trailing this dope around every place. I hope we're not gonna have to wait long.

BARRY: Sa-ay -- maybe not. Look who's just slipped around the corner and is heading inside!

MACK: If it ain't Irene the gun-moll!

BARRY: So now there's more reason than ever for you and me to stick outside and keep a sharp watch. If she should recognize us, she'd tip Louie off so we'd lose track of him.

MACK: Right, Barry. Well, I guess all we can do is park outside while him an' the dame empty their steins.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. LAUGHTER - CLINK OF GLASSES.

2. PLAYING OF ACCORDION.

(MUSIC CONTINUES AS SCENE OPENS)

LOUIE: Aw shut off the noise, will yuh? Here's a quarter....  
Beat it and annoy somebody else.

(MUSIC STOPS)

IRENE: What's the matter, Louie?.....What makes you so nervous?

LOUIE: You said Johnson would be here at nine o'clock, didn't you?

IRENE: It's only quarter past now.

LOUIE: I'm wonderin' just what he'll offer me....Y'see I never met him personally.

IRENE: Me either. But the Big Boy knows him and what he says, goes.

LOUIE: (IRRITATED) Lay offa Ambrose fer once will yuh?

IRENE: He's sure giving you a break, Louie.

(DOOR OPENS)

LOUIE: Here's somebody now. Maybe this is Johnson.

IRENE: There's two of them.

LOUIE: They're lookin' around fer somebody...Let's give 'em the high sign.

IRENE: We don't need to -- they're comin' down this way.

WOODS: Say, your name Louie Lintz?

LOUIE: Yeh. That's me.....

WOODS: My name's Woods. Johnson couldn't come over so he sent me and Jimmy Madero around to talk to you.

LOUIE: Huh? Why didn't he come hisself? I always like t'meet the fellah I'm gonna work for.

WOODS: This here's a good thing. You're a fool if you pass it up, Lintz.....

MADERO: The boss needs a new man.....Come down to that last table where we can talk things over quietly.

LOUIE: That's all right with me....Comin' Irene?

WOODS: Maybe it's just as well if dames stay out of a business talk....You don't hafta have a woman manage you, do you?

IRENE: Go ahead with them, Louie, and get it over with..... I'll go in the tap room and talk to the bar tender.

LOUIE: All right....See you later, Irene.

IRENE: (FADING) Good luck.

(PAUSE)

LOUIE: How about this table here, boys?

WOODS: Suits me fine.

MADERO: Me too.

WOODS: You sit in there first, Louie, and I'll sit along side o'you with the pencil and paper.

MADERO: We'll show yuh on paper where it's a good proposition.  
A percentage of the profits as well as so much a night.

LOUIE: A percentage of the profits! Sounds good!

WOODS: Don't it! Now here are some figures showin' the  
takin's last month.....

LOUIE: Which column means which?

WOODS: You ain't lookin' close enough. See - it tells in the  
printing there.

LOUIE: Lemme sec...Hey, what're you gonna do?  
(BANG...BANG)  
(LOUIE GROANS)

WOODS: (TENSION) He's finished, buddy.....Scram through the  
back door fast!  
(PAUSE)  
(RUSH OF FEET AND VOICES FROM NEXT ROOM)

IRENE: (FADING IN) Louie!.....Louie!....What's happened?

MAN: There he is, Miss, on the floor by the last table.

IRENE: Oh, I never thought. O -----Oh, they've killed him!  
They've killed him!  
(FRONT DOOR THROWN OPEN...AD LIB MURMURS OF  
FOUR OR FIVE PEOPLE AROUND LOUIE.)

MAN: Here comes two fellahs with guns through the front  
door!

IRENE: (FADING) Let me out of here!

BARRY: (FADING IN) Keep 'em all covered, Mack.

MACK: Right, Barry.

BARRY: Who's shot?

MAN: Guy named Louis Lintz -- Fellahs that did it got out  
the back way.



BARRY: Step back....I want to take a look at that man on the floor....Keep your eye peeled, Mack.

MAN: I guess he's dead.

BARRY: No -- he's movin' --- wait now -- he's tryin' to talk ----

(LOUIE GASPS)

What is it, Louie? What are you trying to say?

LOUIE: He thought I squealed ---- He got me on the spot --- the Big Boy ----

BARRY: Huh? What's that? What's that, Louie?

MAN: You won't get no more out of him -- not right now, anyway-----

MACK: What did he say, Barry?

BARRY: Something about some big boy gettin' him. He's in no shape to talk any more. Say, where's the girl?

MACK: She's right here --- I ----No she ain't! Sa-ay --- she's slipped out, Barry.

BARRY: We've got to spot her! She's our only chance, now. Call the hospital, one of you, and see that Louie here is taken care of ---- Come on, Mack ----

MACK: Out this way, Barry -- quick -----(FADING) There! There she goes!

BARRY: Where?

MACK: In that taxi. Good thing we've got the police car here!

BARRY: All right, Mack. Don't let 'em out of sight. Jump in and drive like blazes!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE CAR MOTOR AND BELL FADE IN AND OUT.  
2. SOUND OF RAILROAD ENGINE COMING TO STOP.

MACK: (FADING IN) Gee, Barry, I'm still dizzy from that ride!

BARRY: Good work, Mack. It was tough keeping her spotted into the depot, here. There she goes -- heading for the Albany train.

MACK: She's gonna beat it out of New York, all right.

BARRY: Yeh -- and not alone. She's keeping her eye out for somebody!

MACK: Is she? Well, I'll say she is. Look --- it's that big bozo over there ---Wait a minute --- I know that guy-----

BARRY: So do I, Mack. Big Boy Ambrose. Got a gang record in Chicago as well as here. I wonder just where he comes into this?

MACK: Say -- Barry! What did Louie say after he was shot about a big boy?

BARRY: By jiminy, that's it, Mack. He didn't mean a big boy-- he meant the Big Boy --- Big Boy Ambrose --- who put him on the spot for fear he'd squeal ----About what, Mack?

MACK: Are you kidding me? About the Norback killing --- Amby's job----Louie driving.

BARRY: Exactly. And we've got the witnesses to prove it. Come along, Mack.

(DETECTIVES FADE OUT. AMBROSE FADES IN)

AMBROSE: Say -- this the Albany train, porter?

PORTER: Yas, suh! Dis is it.

AMBROSE: All right, come along, Irene.

PORTER: What's de numbah ob yo' chairs, suh?

AMBROSE: I didn't have the time to buy parlor car tickets, I --

BARRY: (FADING IN) It's all right, Ambrose. You won't need them!

AMBROSE: Huh?

BARRY: Put your hands up and keep them there! I've got you covered.

IRENE: Get out of my way -- get out of my way --- I've got to catch that train!

MACK: No you don't, sister -- no you don't----

BARRY: Stand right there where we can see you, Irene.

AMBROSE: Say -- what're you guys after? What you want, anyway?

BARRY: We have a lady down at police headquarters who wants to look at you. Mrs. Riggs, her name is.

AMBROSE: I never heard of no Mrs. Riggs!

BARRY: Perhaps not, Amby -- but she's a witness in the Norback case who swears she'll be able to identify the leader of that gang!

AMBROSE: It's a frame-up! You ain't got nothing----

BARRY: Wait, now -- we've got something else. A fellow who used to drive a car for you --- Louis Lintz -- was shot a few minutes ago in the Blue Comet Beer Joint.

AMBROSE: What do I do, cry?

BARRY: I said shot, Amby -- not dead. Once in a while there's a slip, you know. We've sent Louie to the hospital and in a day or so he'll be able to talk --- and plenty! See where you stand, Amby?

AMEROSE: All right, I'll go with you this time. But get this -- before you muggs get a conviction on me -- you'll have your hands full.

MACK: Is that right? Just stick out yer mitts, Big Boy -- seeing you're so fond of jewelry -- I got a present for you-----a nice shinin' pair o' bracelets!

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE CASE OF THE FIGHTING JEWELER...GANG LEADER AMEROSE...KILLED IN ATTEMPTED PRISON BREAK.... HIS ACCOMPLICES IN JEWELRY SHOP KILLING CONVICTED....NOW SERVING TIME.....IN PENITENTIARY.

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

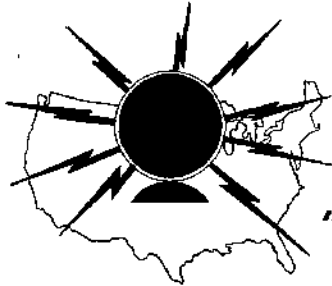
RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

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D. THOMAS CURTIN/rc/Chilleen  
7/22/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEAf and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, - Garbo Garbo Garbo Garbo.....honestly that's all you hear around town....the town has gone nertz playing this new game of hide and seek. One rumor says she was seen up on top of General Sherman's horse....another says she's really hiding inside the Statue of Liberty. It isn't safe for a girl to put on dark glasses and walk the streets.....the autograph hunters are out on the chase in full cry, and today I signed three books because they thought I was the mysterious stranger mentioned in the papers.

Still and all there isn't a girl in the country who wouldn't like to be in Greta's shoes.....and there isn't a man who couldn't get in them. Maybe Walter Winchell has got the dope on her didoes and doings and comings and goings.....he's on the program here tonight and of course he won't tell.....MUCH.

Also we have an old LUCKY STRIKER and a great favorite of these here now United States in the person of the dapper Vincent Lopez, who brought along his Orchestra. I think Greta is outside now waiting for Winchell to autograph a copy of his column, so while I run out and join the chase I'll leave you to the melodic ministrations of Saynor the Lopez.

ON WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT LOPEZ (WHISTLE) OKAY,UNCLE SAM!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Hello everybody, Lopez speaking. Tonight we play --

(TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Now we send the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

A lady from California writes and reprimands me severely for calling Walter Winchell the man who made Ben Bernie famous. Let me assure you, madam, that it was just in fun. Far be it from me to favor either of those two battled-scarred veterans of last winter's gag war....Ben Bernie, the ole Maestro, in that corner....and over here the Battling Buzz-saw of Broadway, Walter Winchell. This friendly feud extended over a period of weeks and some people began to think that Winchell and Bernie were one and the same person....of course in all truth, I should explain that the two boys are exactly alike in one respect....neither one of them can play a violin. Of course Walter may not be able to play a violin, but right now he's at the other microphone ready to give you a blast on his mouth organ. Winchell you're on!

----

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America - let's go to town!

Charlie Chaplin is preparing an action to restrain his two sons from making faces before any movie camera professionally.... Mrs. Chaplin, the former Lita Grey, however, will combat it - and that's exactly what the magnates want - to center the spotlight on the boys initial picture.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The departure of Greta from the Hollywood scene has brought the miseries to Ramon Navarro.....The Edmund Gouldings, she was Marjorie Moss, have definitely reconciled.....Owen Davis, Junior is burning up the long distance wire over Bette Davis, who is now in New York.....June Knight, who went to the coast to ask Jimmy Dunn: "What's the big idea?" is now the favorite person of Lou Wertheimer of Palm Springs and Los Angeles.....The latest report from the coast is that there is nothing at all serious to the announced George Brent--Ruth Chatterton affair, and both are charged with suffering from front-page poisoning.

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I prefer to believe my own tipsters, who assure me that they will wed - in spite of the fact that Brent's incessant companion is Loretta Young.....The James B. Reagans, she is Alice Joyce, have come to an understanding after a dozen years of wedded bliss.....There will be no divorce.....Myrna Loy, the girl with the most exotic face in the movies, has more freckles than any other woman in pictures - so you see - the camera does lie!..... It should thrill Clara Bow to learn that she still holds the all-time record of enticing fan-mail - 30,000 letters a month....Lois Moran is back in circulation, again.....Mary Nolan will try to change her luck by resuming the name she discarded - Imogene Wilson.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)



WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The one place where Garbo dwelled before sailing - and which the reporters never thought of - was the Waldorf-Astoria - where she registered under the name of Stevens.....Diane Sinclair, who is catching on in the cinema field is a Philadelphia society girl .....Tommy Lee and Sally Blane are Romeo and Julieting..... Richard Powell and Electra Wagner are ditto.....and Wally Beery is the latest to go to war with his employers over that 35 per cent wage shave.

-----

I didn't think when I told you about it last - that they were that serious about making Jeelee Andre another "mysterious woman".....But the studio that hires this new magic lantern star refuses to send out any word of her, and she has been instructed to do a Garbo with the press.....The only tales that New York has heard is that Jeelee started her career with a renowned department store, as a model - and the latest is that she got her Hollywood job - after attracting the admiration of an agent, as she ankled down a theatre aisle at a New York opening night.....So intent is she on going into seclusion.- Miss Andre has dropped Everett Jacoby, her richest admirer.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Here's one of the stories that has an unusual twist.... The hero is an old man, whose riches melted suddenly in the past year....He is 70 years old, and he was so well fixed three years ago, he retired from Business - leaving his firm to his workers.... This, of course, was a noble deed, but the lone million which he kept for himself - to take care of his declining years - was lost, and he found himself in a desperate condition.

He went to his bank and told the president of his wretched luck...."And," he said, "I was so generous with my money, too. I couldn't pass a scrubwoman or a servant in my home without giving them a five or ten-spot. I only wish I had a few of them now." He said he didn't regret his gifts, but that he simply needed a few dollars now to live on.

So the bank president, who once got a lot of his business, now sends him a \$50 check every week, and has promised to support him for so long as he lives....That, my listeners, is a refreshing story in these times - and something to cheer about.

-----

The William LeBaron--Kitty Kelley romance is hotter than the weather.....Charles Carnavale and Marie Hammans of the Mayfair division, are seeking a Justice of the Peace....It's a new boy over at the Robert Holts, she was Georgette Hopewell of the Ziegfeld choir.....Claire Carter of the "Vanities" show and Jay C. Flippen are plotting an elopement....William Frawley and Peggy Taylor are on fire, and the Arthur Hornblows, she was Juliet Crosby, have decided to dismiss their respective attorneys.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Tommy Manville of the social register is back from the old country where he didn't marry the chorus girl the papers said he would....His favorite person now is Evelyn Groves, however, which makes Lou Holtz among the also-rans.....The author of "The Devil Passes" and Diana Wynwood, an actress, will merge in the fall..... Count de Prorak, who was once the groom of Alice Kenney, will marry a Pittsburgh divorcee soon -- and Nancy Carroll tells me that she'd like to be shot when she's ninety - by a jealous husband.

O'kay O'keefe! Throw it high -- while I make a few more notes for my second edition.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now while Winchell lies down with his ear to the ground to get the latest grapevine rumor for his second edition, we'll have a few words of wisdom from Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

One good turn deserves another - and truly we are deeply appreciative of the sincere tribute which American women are according to LUCKY STRIKE - by their patronage. For nowhere in the world are there more discriminating, intelligent buyers than the American women. They know value. They know quality. And they know true cigarette mildness. We are indeed proud that they have found all three in LUCKY STRIKE. And as a slight token of our appreciation we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties one of these attractive bridge cards - one of 50 problems in bridge by that famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. . . . .

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Everywhere American women are talking about these fascinating bridge cards - saving them - solving them - comparing them.....and we are happy to have given this added interest and enjoyment. True, it is a small thing - this bridge card - of no great value.....but, one good turn deserves another - and this is our way of saying "Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, you've just had a quick trip over the hurdles with Howard Claney, and right here and now I want to deny the rumor to the effect that Winchell is going out to the Olympics in the Hammer Throw. One thing about Walter you must admit.....he either makes you famous or furious.....but enough of this chatter....all out for the musical hundred yard dash. On your mark, get set.....and wait for Saynor Lopez to give you the gun.

ON WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And we start you off with -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

All ready, Walter, here comes your speedy Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Vincent....that shower of music descends on my eardrums like a benediction. Y'know ladies and gentlemen....it may be a form of midsummer madness or just that every one is catching the spirit of the Olympics.....but the country has gone athletic minded and if you don't think so take note of this newspaper dispatch from Atlanta. It says that one of America's big fraternity men..... the guy who started the Alpha Alpha Copone...Al himself, is now playing first base in the Federal League down South. Yes Mam..... the Big Boy is covering the first sack for the prisoner's team down there in the penitentiary. It's a great idea. It encourages the club spirit and it allows the boys to spend the week-end in the open... of course, not wide open. The baseball playing field is a diamond in the rough.....the fence is a high stone wall....this prevents little boys from climbing over to see the game. The prison baseball authorities have had no trouble with One-Eye Connellys, other gate crashers, or ticket speculators. According to the present schedule all games will be played on the Home grounds.....some of the players have suggested games with other institutions in the North and Far West....they do not feel that travel would be a hardship.

But wait a minute, before I ramble too far afield -- Howard Claney has more important things to discuss. Mr. Claney -- who is about to be brief and to the point.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If you write a better book, or preach a better sermon, or build a better mouse-trap, though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to your door." Do not these words recall to you the great New England philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote them so many years ago? And do they not serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes?

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--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now about this prison baseball team at Atlanta - they say that one of the guards acts as the umpire....with a Springfield rifle on his shoulder. This sort of cramps the style of the bleacher fans....and at a close play at home plate they can hardly resist the temptation to yell "KILL THE UMPIRE." Really the games are exclusive affairs...only members are eligible. The club spirit among the players AND the spectators is marvelous....when a ball goes for the fence for a Home Run....every one cheers, then every player and every spectator offers to go after the ball. The favorite play is the hit and run...some of the boys are great hitters...they developed their batting eye by swinging blackjacks....long before they entered this Southern Seminary. What a finishing school! When a player gets to first base....the spectators are sure he is going to try to steal second base, third base, home, and perhaps a few bats and a watch or two. Stealing with those boys is not only a talent....it's a gift.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

But enough of this prison patter...it's a free country....and Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has made the air free to you, so let's get a load of Lopez and start dancing in the dark.

ON WITH THE DANCE, LOPEZ (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The dancing begins now with -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

We flash the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I can imagine you now, Mr. and Mrs. Uncle Sam, you and all of your nephews and nieces are probably all agog not to mention atwitter over the second appearance of the Daily Mirror man Winchell, who holds up the Mirror to New York, Hollywood and other points so that all the world may see.....AND hear. This is my cue to fade out of the picture while Winchell rides in on another wave of news notes. Here is Sir Walter the first, for the second time.

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WALTER WINCHELL:

The passing of Florenz Ziegfeld made me melancholy the other morning, for in spite of the fact that I belong to the dramatic critic's fraternity -- we always hit it off well...Ziegfeld with all his influence and power -- never interfered with my opinions on his shows, for which I admired him a lot.....But then, in all the years that I covered his attractions, I only blackballed two of them -- and he admitted later that they were not up to his standard... I'll never forget the night after one of those failures opened. We were in a late spot having a sandwich, when the author of his last disappointment walked in and sat at the next table.

Ziegfeld was enjoying a caviar sandwich -- which cost \$2.50.....His author leaned over and admired the caviar..... "Oh, boy," he ejaculated, "if I had a sandwich like that -- I could write a good second act!"

"You mean," said Zieggie, "that if you could write a good second act you could afford a sandwich like that."

-----

Here are some of those I Never Knew Till Now items that keep me awake nights trying to find in books.....That "Yankee Doodle" was written during the Revolution by a British soldier who was being sarcastic.....That the famous duel between Hamilton and Burr was over a gal named Jumel.....That scientists cannot understand yet why Franklin wasn't killed when he first experimented with lightning--considering that the next person to try it never came to.... That there are only eight real Siamese in this country -- and they are not allowed to do any work....They must never be associated with the theatre, either--unless they get special permission from their King-- who has never agreed to it yet-----

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES OVER)



WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

That the Statue of Liberty is located over the oldest jail in New York, and that an after dinner speaker is a guy who has more to say -- just when you think he has finished.

-----

Claire Parrish, a Michigan girl, is \$10,000 richer after dropping her breach of promise action against one of the town's better-known Park Avenuers.....Wilma Banky and Rod LaRocque are going to try a comeback on the New York stage next Fall....The Jay Bannons, she was Kip Kendall, are on the verge of having their handcuffs melted.....And the William T. Rohans of New York, who were remarried shortly after their divorce two years ago -- are now telling it to a Mexican judge, again.

-----

Iris Adrian, of Mr. Ziegfeld's last "Follies" and the Prince of Egypt are planning something romantic.....Lord and Lady Castleross, who were freed recently, from each other, I mean -- are now dining together, again.....Courtney Burr, the producer, and Evelyn Hoey, the soubrette, are blazing in the four-alarm manner --- as are John McLain of Park Row, and Dorothy Parker, who writes all that poetry.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

This one sounds like an O. Henry story, I know, but it actually happened in New York a few weeks ago....It concerns a little old man and a speakeasy bartender, who met every afternoon at the same time over the bar -- when the old gent spent fifty cents for two drinks....None of the other patrons in the place could ever be bothered with the old timer -- and so the bartender would listen to his chatter, which always concerned his flowers in the backyard garden of the tenement where he lived....The conversation would start this way -- "I'm having some trouble again with my dahlias" -- or "By golly the roses are showing their noses at last!"

One day the rumor got around that the little old man was worth a fortune, but no one believed it -- he didn't seem like a person who had money....But he disappeared one day and the only one who missed him was the bartender....The other day, however, a lawyer called to see the barkeep and informed him that the little old man had passed on and left him \$25,000....."I suppose," said the lawyer, "you're going to retire now that you have all this money." "No," said the bartender, thoughtfully, "I don't think I'd be happy having nothing to do -- but I'd like to find out how you take care of flowers."

-----

The William Kendall--Louise Brooks fire is under control and he has gone to California to cry it out....Tom Brown and Arletta Duncan don't care who know it -- and there is talk that the wedding bells are being tuned for Howard Hughes, the producer of "Scarface" and "Tim" Lansing of Manhattan's social sector.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the pitter-patter of the current week's trivia in Gotham and in Hollywood....Until next Thursday night at the same time, then, I remain your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell -- who thinks it's a darn shame when you realize that a mother herring lays over three million eggs a year and nobody remembers her on Mother's Day!

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Walter.....and we'll be hearing you this same time next week.....now let's all listen while Howard Claney turns in his report.....ladies and gentlemen.....Howard Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Miss Bunting" came in with colors flying in the North Shore Handicap at the Arlington race track near Chicago this afternoon! At the Post and Paddock Club, where the celebrities gathered to pick their favorites, many picked another great favorite -- LUCKY STRIKE. For LUCKY STRIKE is always present where particular people congregate. Particular people - prefer LUCKY STRIKE - because it's milder than any other cigarette. Folks want plenty of flavor, plenty of taste, but they don't want certain impurities that rob a cigarette of mildness. These certain impurities are naturally present in even the finest specimen of tobacco the world has ever seen. You can't cultivate them out....ripen them out...or wash them out! But you CAN "Toast" them out. And that's what LUCKY STRIKE does! No wonder it's truly mild -- the mellow-mildest cigarette in all this wide world.

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now don't go away Uncle Sam....I've got other things to talk over with you tonight before calling it a day but it seems to me that you haven't had a dance for quite some time so while you carry on with Lopez I'll sit the dance out with a Lucky and see you at the next intermission. Jump on, grab on, clutch on but get on the Magic Carpet while it drops you as lightly as a feather right in front of Vincent Lopez.

ON WITH THE DANCE LOPEZ.....(WHISTLE) OKAY U.S.A.!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

As the Magic Carpet settles at our feet we play --

(TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Our pilot's waiting, so here we go.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

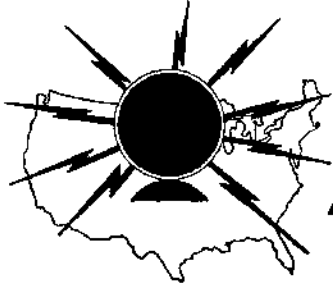
WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Vincent and to you ladies and gentlemen who listened in I send the thanks of Winchell, Mr. Lopez, your pilot and Mr. Lucky Strike. Again Saturday night we're bringing you George Olsen to furnish you with your evening's dancing....so listen in if it's possible and we'll do our bit to make it well worth your while. Last Monday night inasmuch as I wasn't working I went out to the new Madison Square garden bowl to see Paulino Upsadaisy, the Basque woodchopper, battle it out with Ernie Schaaaf who is Jack Sharkey's best man. In one of the preliminary fights they had a couple of blockes who had spent most of their adult life lying face down on the canvass picking the rosin out of their eyes. Honestly when the fifth round came up one of the boys was almost too tired to lie down but the fight went on with the crowd giving the lads the customary razzberry. One unknown wit hollered out "Turn out the lights.....I think the boys want to be alone" and so it went till one of the fighters got a little peeved and while resting in his corner he reached the breaking point. Unable to stand the abuse any longer he hollered out "Aw cut out them personalities...willya.... cut out them personalities," whereupon like an echo out of the dark one of the customers came back with "Aw cut out them grammar willya.... cut out them grammar." Well I'm getting the signal to pipe down so I'll sign off till Saturday. Goodnight and good luck.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

# the LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P. M. . . . WEAf and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening to you members of the Lucky Strike Dancing Club...whether you've paid your dues or not. We are about to stage a grand festival and fiesta for the benefit of all our listeners from Coast to Coast and it might be a good idea here to toss a greeting across the country to the Olympic Athletes who started running and jumping all over the place today. Personally I haven't been the greatest devotee of outdoor sports and it was suggested to me this morning that I get outdoors and stay outdoors. The suggestion was made by our landlord.

As I told you the other night we have on this program George Olsen of the Hollywood Garden Olsens. George is knocking them cold up at this Westchester outdoor dance place. George is a real outdoors man. He plays golf all day and music all evening -- always outdoors and he loves it. So let's give him some more air. Here comes the Magic Carpet right into your living room so roll back the rugs and get a load of Olsen sounding off for the first time tonight.

ON WITH THE DANCE MR. OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) All out -- all out on the dance floor. We take the air, first, with -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet circles over the skyscrapers of Manhattan and dashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Here's where we try a new experiment, ladies and gentlemen....we're going to stage a one man debate on the question "Resolved that LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are well worth everybody's time." Howard Claney will take the affirmative in this debate and I'm sure he'll state the case so well that we won't have to go any further. Ladies and gentlemen.....I give you Mr. Claney. Take him.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Today, one hundred and twenty-five thousand sports enthusiasts attended the opening of the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Seldom have more celebrities been gathered in one place, distinguished representatives of every country in the world. It is indeed a great tribute that most of these discriminating smokers prefer LUCKY STRIKE to any other cigarette. And they prefer it for its mildness. LUCKIES have plenty of flavor, plenty of taste, of course! But they're really and truly mild -- because certain impurities that Mother Nature hides in even the finest tobacco leaf are removed by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. LUCKY STRIKE -- and LUCKY STRIKE alone -- is "TOASTED." No wonder folks in every section of the land -- from Los Angeles, California to Bangor, Maine -- say LUCKIES are truly the mildest of all cigarettes.

-----



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mr. Clancy you proved the point but we'd all like to hear from you in rebuttal....lovely country up around rebuttal. Y'know ladies and gentlemen I just read a story from the West about the hold-up of a bus that reminds me of the days when the west was really wild and dangerous. It seems there was a sightseeing bus going over a western highway when a bandit jumped up by the driver, pulled his revolver on the passengers and yelled "Stick up your hands.....the lot of you.....I'm going to rob all the men and kiss all the women.....Understand.....rob all the men and kiss all the women." A very gallant guy in front stood up and shouted, "How dare you insult all these women." At this point an old maid in the rear hollered out, "Listen you....you leave him alone. He's the one that's robbing this bus."

I THOUGHT that'd be enough for a while so let's have George Olsen take you all on a moonlit sail over the waves of melody. George, you're on again.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY UNCLE SAM!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now we start the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO SONG)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Y'know ladies and gentlemen I just read a story from the west about the hold-up of a bus that reminds me of the days when the west was really wild. It seems there was a sightseeing bus going over a western highway.....

HOWARD CLANEY: (INTERRUPTS)

Walter, wait a minute!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Wait yourself Clancy I'm telling the audience a story.... I'll call on you in due time. Well ladies and gentlemen....a bandit jumped up by the driver.....

HOWARD CLANEY:

But Walter you told them that story....you told them earlier on tonight's program....the story about the old maid who said the robber knew his business.

WALTER O'KEEFE: (REGISTERING AMAZEMENT)

OOOH so that's where I heard it...Well, Howard, thanks for stopping me....but I'm clean out of stories so maybe you'd better take the microphone. Ladies and gentlemen....Mr. Howard Clancy!

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If you write a better book, or preach a better sermon, or build a better mouse-trap, though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to your door." Do not these words recall to you the great New England philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote them so many years ago? And do they not serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes?

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

As you know ladies and gentlemen...I explained over the air last week that I had a letter from my grandfather offering me a hundred thousand dollars if I would go into some legitimate line of business. He suggested one at the time and told me he could get all the labels for me wholesale...but I decided to try out a few new ideas....and if you have any send them in to me...and I might give you a big block of stock with a beautifully engraved picture of Howard Clancy on the back done in technicolor. This week I've got a new idea and I'll present it to you for your criticism or any helpful suggestions. I want to start a rival postoffice. Did you ever realize that there is only one postal system in this country.....so I'm going to compete with the postoffice...for example the Government charges three cents for stamps now. Well when I get my postoffice going I'm going to run big midsummer sales....I'm going to try a weekly sale. Three for the price of one. A hundred stamps for a dollar. . . . .

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

....And what's more stamps have stood still....still the same old shape. Well my system is going to have them heartshaped, shaped like stars, and then for heavier packages a stamp the shape of Heywood Brown. What's more I'm going to change the pictures on the stamps....For instance we could use movie stars. I know darn well every girl would love to get a stamp with a picture of Clark Gable in a bathing suit on it. Another thing....the brand of glue on the present stamps has a terrible taste....at least, I don't like it.... so we're going to have them perfumed with different flavors. Oh it's the nuts....you just go in and say "Give me a Special Delivery.... violet flavored Marlene Dietrich".....we'll sell them for seven cents or give you one with a picture of Greta Garbo and throw in a pair of old shoes for a cent more. What's more I'm going to reorganize the whole system....the postman who delivers the letter to your door will have a costume to fit the letter. If you get a letter from Spain he will come up to your door clicking castanets and you can both do a rumba on the doorstep. Of course the mailing of letters is a nuisance...they only pick them up three or four times a day....sometimes your letter stays in the box for hours so here's what I figure. On every important corner you see two boxes....a mail box and a fire alarm box...it's silly to have them both...after all the firemen sit around all day playing checkers and knitting....so I'll combine the two boxes....the red and green....and when you mail a letter you pull the fire alarm and a guy comes up with a hook and ladder and takes your letter away.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Now ladies and gentlemen I can't present this properly all at once because I want to tell you my new idea for handling Money Orders. Stick around after this next dance and I'll tell you.....but George Olsen has to earn his salary too so let's have a dance in the interim. Keet me there.....

ON WITH THE DANCE GEORGE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now we continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

Get ready, Walter, here comes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Just a few more words about that rival postoffice system...or have you gone to bed on me? I don't like the present system for money orders....in the first place to send a money order you have to stand in line. I'll change that. With my system you'll just phone the Post Office and they'll send one up to you. What's more we won't put down the amount of money on our money orders. Now if you want to send one to your mother you go down and pay \$5 and you only get a \$5 money order. Maybe she only needs three....then you've wasted two dollars. On the other hand she may need \$15 so a \$5 order would be shortchanging her....and any fellow who would shortchange his mother would be the type of guy who would shortchange his mother. Now with my idea you just send her a money order and she fills it in for whatever she wants. I can't wait till I hear what Grandpa thinks of the idea....what do you think of it. Or have you got a better idea.....do send me a letter.

Well say....I'm way over my time....but I'm excited over this new racket and I almost forgot it's 10:42 Howard Clancy's time....Mr. Clancy!

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HOWARD CLANEY:

Okay, Miss America! We thank you for your patronage. We thank you --- the discriminating women of America -- for having chosen LUCKY STRIKE as your favorite among cigarettes. American women are discriminating. They buy intelligently. They know value, -- they know quality, -- they know true cigarette mildness -- and we are proud that they have found all three in LUCKY STRIKE. Their patronage is a great compliment, which we sincerely appreciate. And as a slight token of our appreciation, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties one of those attractive bridge cards -- one of 50 problems in bridge by that famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. Everywhere American women are talking about these fascinating bridge cards -- saving them, solving them, comparing them with one another, and we are happy to have given this added interest and enjoyment -- a small thing, of no great value -- merely a graceful gesture on our part to Miss America, -- a mark of our appreciation of her favor. Okay Miss America! We thank you for your patronage.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well ladies and gentlemen....I've been shooting my mouth off long enough....and I know very well that no Saturday night would be complete unless you all got cleaned and pressed and had yourself a dance. So again, I call on good old George Olsen..... Farmer Olsen, from the Hollywood Gardens, where they make hey-hey under the spotlight; but now, George, you're on the spot and your unseen millions are on the alert waiting, so give it to them....a good old-fashioned gavotte.

ON WITH THE GAVOTTE (WHISTLE) OKAY, YOU GAVOTTERS!

GEORGE OLSEN:

The gavotte begins with -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Again the Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO SONG)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That vocal effort took all the wind out of your pilot's sails ladies and gentlemen....but in steering the course of the Magic Carpet I see where we go Nor by Noreast....and right back to Ethel Shutta's husband...who will lead the grand march for you all.

ON WITH THE GRAND MARCH (WHISTLE) OKAY EVERYBODY!



GEORGE OLSEN:

We lead off with -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) All aboard, all aboard.....

and now as our train carries us back to the Hollywood Gardens I  
start the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT NEW CLOSING)

(OPTIONAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
7/30/32

AUGUST

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P. M. . . . WEAf and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hello, Mr. and Mrs. America.....a quick hello but a hearty one.....a quick one because within a few seconds the Magic Carpet will be on its miraculous way with another big Tuesday thriller. Honestly, this one tonight hits a new high in thrills....and there's a reason.....it isn't the gangster simply fighting a one-sided fight with society....with honest peaceful law-abiding people.....no my dear listeners.....tonight we've got a sketch showing what happens when Gang Meets Gang.....and that's what it's called. It's like the lawless life of the beasts and savages in the jungle.....dog eat dog and the devil take the hindmost. I'll tell you more later....and what's more, the Magic Carpet will SHOW you more. We'll ride you down the rocky road of crime till your head fairly spins with excitement but right now we've got a different sort of ride...it's a journey down the pleasant pathway of peace....over the waves of melody with Moss, Joe Moss, I mean. The lad whose orchestra has charmed the elite at Palm Beach....the orchestra that's been the rage in Washington....a band that made New York Society sing "I Got Rhythm" and prove it by the way they follow him around.....and tonight Moss is your servant ladies and gentlemen....he's tootin' a tune for the USA to dance to, so let's hear it. Let's have it. Let's dance to it.....Let's ride....here it is.....and here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

As the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet settles at our feet  
we play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

Now we flash the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

There you are ladies and gentlemen.....Joe Moss of  
Manhattan was your pilot for that set of dances over the air-waves....  
and maybe you think he's hit his stride - not yet - not at all.....  
stick around for the hour and you'll see him turn loose a burst of  
speed that'll knock you for a row of Japanese pagodas. Speed.....  
that's the keynote.....and Howard Claney has caught the spirit.  
All right, Howard, -- thirty seconds - no more - no less.

HOWARD CLANEY:

We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the  
world...but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY  
STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the  
truth that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild".....so these fine  
tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit  
of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process described by the words....."IT'S  
TOASTED!" That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that  
LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

On guard Mr. and Mrs! America....here it comes...here comes a smashing slashing drama of crime written around what happens when Gang Meets Gang. You've read about this in your daily paper.... for a while these tough guys got up in the saddle but they're losing ground....they're retreating....their empire is breaking up before the relentless attack of honest, smart, fearless detectives like Barry Rudd....the hero of these hair raising playlets....as you know by now.. most of you.....these dramas of crime are the real thing....right off the boat, so to speak....founded on facts in the New York Police files.....When killer meets killer....ah tha's a fight, my friends.... cold eyes like steel....nervous fingers on triggers....it's first come first served in a gang shooting. Every one of these crooks and killers looks on another killer like you'd look at a clay pigeon..... he's just a target. There aren't any laws....no, nor morale either.... if you want to know how a gang takes a victim for a ride pay close attention....tonight we'll learn how they put 'em on the spot and give 'em the works. Here's where we fire it right at you, America....let it be a lesson to you. See you after the first act, but here's where the Magic Carpet whizzes over the East River and into the Borough of Brooklyn, and here at the controls is Former Deputy Chief Inspector Dominick Henry, who will see you safely through the shooting.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The dramatization which you are about to hear is a true story except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. This case has been taken from the official files of the New York Police Department and is authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, who again has asked me to say for him "Crime does not pay."

(FIRST PART - "WHEN GANG MEETS GANG")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Kicking the Gang Around....ladies and gentlemen....when Gang Meets Gang. How do you like it Uncle Sam..... whaddye say. How would you like to be a Barry Rudd facing a tangled mess like this. What's he got to go on for a solution....less than you have already heard. What a job to be up against....there were no eye witnesses to the shooting....they didn't find any revolvers...it was pulled off in a desolate dreary spot....and Jake Lyon and his henchmen drove off into the night....what have the police got, nothing... nothing except a couple of dying gangsters...and will they talk? They never talk...they know it's safer to shut the mouth and take it. The chase after these lads is a merry one....it's fast - it's furious... it's exciting and the Magic Carpet will enable you to sit in on the solution later in this program.

I know that must have taken a lot out of you....so take it easy for a while....relax....reach for a LUCKY and listen while Joe Moss plays. You can dance to the contagious rhythm of Joe's crew or you can....if you wish....just sit in the rocking chair and beat time with your left foot. Standing up or sitting down.... Moss is a tonic for you.....so crowd in just a little every one..... let your neighbor get safely planted on the Carpet while I face it out of the studio and throw it in high over the top of New York. We're on our way!

ON WITH THE DANCE JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!



JOE MOSS:

And we continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

JOE MOSS:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now, ladies and gentlemen, here's Howard Claney -- go ahead Howard -- you have twenty seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If you write a better book, or preach a better sermon, or build a better mouse-trap, though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to your door." Do not these words recall to you the great New England philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote them so many years ago? And do they not serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes?

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Okay Howard Claney.....you lived up to your reputation.....and Joe Moss has to live up to his now.....He's a hard worker is Joe.....For instance, for an hour's program he rehearses and rehearses and rehearses....and what have you got.....some mighty sweet music and some mighty swell rhythm.....For instance when Joe tells you he's going to play four or five tunes it's all velvet for you.....all gravy.....the lad's got what it takes to whip New York and make it holler Uncle.....he's got what you want too.....so the Magic Carpet, like a horse heading for his barn, bolts like lightning across Manhattan to Mr. Moss in person.

ON WITH THE DANCE JOE....(WHISTLE)...OKAY AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

The Magic Carpet lands without a jolt and the music starts with -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

JOE MOSS:

Again we start back to the pilot --  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Great Joe....see you later.....the bell is ringing down in the smoking room calling Uncle Sam and the missus back to their seats on the aisle for the second act of our regular Tuesday crime drammer.....and Uncle Sam you've already gotten a kick out of that first act I'm sure. Jake Lyon's mob went out on a rampage to rub out the opposition....their idea was simply.....pick up Mike Balbino and his two gunman, Mosconi and Rocco as they started to go into the dance at the Central Club....pile them into Jake's car and take them for a ride.....get the gang lined up against a wall in a deserted lot and riddle them with bullets. Mike Balbino is dead, Mosconi and Rocco are in the hospital. Just when the muggs think they've pulled off the perfect crime in steps the dependable Barry Rudd....who incarnates the spirit of the New York Detective Force.... he's game and he's crafty....he's smooth and he's sure.....he's a fellow who knows what he wants, whom he wants, and how to get them. Watch him work now....he hasn't got a single clue to help him..but does he wind up baffled and defeated....not on your life for he always brings home the bacon. The lights are dimming down....the curtains going up so I'll leave the Magic Carpet in the back of the theatre while you watch the finish. Meet me outside later and I'll take you out for a dance before we call it a day. See you later.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART --"WHEN GANG MEETS GANG")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well I suppose it is....all's okay that ends okay.... but it tickles me to hear them throw back that Okay O'Keefe right after you're told that the whole blooming mob is now behind bars for 20 years each too....but that's the way it goes, my friends.... Commissioner Mulrooney is usually right, indeed I believe he's always right and these sketches prove it.....we'll have another next Tuesday so all of you mystery lovers be at the door when the Magic Carpet drops by to pick you up and give you a ride.

By the way this Magic Carpet of ours is getting restless....fidgetty....it's got the wanderlust worse than ever and Thursday night we've got a couple of jumps that are pips. Out to Anson Weeks in San Francisco....and another jump....just a little shorter out to my old friend Red Nichols who is the head man in Denver. Both lads will swing their batons while Winchell swings the big stick of gossip. Right now however.....New York is the center of attraction and Joe Moss is the reason. Are you cozy...comfortable ....cool, calm and collected....right....one more puff off your LUCKY and we start our dizzy ride.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS. (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

Here we are and here we go with -- (TITLES)

- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

Now we take that short and speedy hop.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I saw the show at the newsreel theatre again today Uncle Sam....and they showed that new army tank the government has developed. We talk a lot about speed in this day and age, and let me tell you that it'll stagger you to see this new instrument of warfare swoop across the roads at a hundred and twenty miles an hour.....yes and over roughly plowed countryside....at the smart clip of sixty five an hour. If memory serves no right we were discussing speed....getting to a given point in the shortest space of time.....Howard Claney is a past master of that art....he travels swiftly and surely....and when he gets through he has said something. MR. CLANEY.

HOWARD CLANEY:

One of the greatest compliments that has ever been paid to any cigarette manufacturer you see constantly paid to LUCKY STRIKE --- the patronage of American women. For American women are discriminating - they buy intelligently - they know value - they know quality and they know and demand true cigarette mildness. We are indeed proud that they have found all three in LUCKY STRIKE. As a slight token of our appreciation to the women of America for their loyal patronage, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, one of those attractive bridge cards -- one of fifty problems in bridge by that famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

. . . . . Everywhere American women are talking about these fascinating bridge cards - saving them, solving them, comparing them with one another - and we are happy to have given this added interest and enjoyment. It is a small thing, this bridge card - of no great value, but it is a true gesture on our part to "Miss America" - a mark of our appreciation of her favor - Okay, Miss America - we thank you for your patronage.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now another journey....another little trip..... another excursion that you can all take to your heart's delight..... a smart and sassy sortie out over the lights of Little Old New York to the eager and competent musical message of Moss, the Manhattan maestro. Look at that Washington Bridge over the Hudson...with the lights strung out like a necklace of pearls.....look at that big shaft downtown there....the Empire State with hundreds of people up there looking over the panorama of New York....it's yours ladies and gentlemen....you're imagination is your ticket....the Magic Carpet is the vehicle....There's Moss ahead....let's give him a hand...it'll encourage him to play some more. Give it Joe....the whole country is listening.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

(  
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(

JOE MOSS:

All right, Walter, here comes your high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL FURNISH CLOSING)

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
8/2/32

JOE MOSS:

And the time we play -- (TITLES)  
MANHATTAN FALLS

VII

EPISODE VII

"WHEN GANG MEETS GANG"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1932

---:--



MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE VII -- PART I and II

"WHEN GANG MEETS GANG"

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

---

CAST:

BARRY RUDD	SAM
MACK	NURSE
JOHNNY	HYMIE
JAKE	DOORMAN
MIKE	INSPECTOR
ROSE	CAPTAIN GANLEY
MOSCONI	FRAZER
ROCCO	BILL

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SU-154-VII

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE VII

"WHEN GANG MEETS GANG"

PART I

--:--

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADE IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL.....POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL.....  
POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....WHEN GANG MEETS  
GANG.....REAL PEOPLE.....REAL CLUES.....REAL  
PLACES.....A REAL CASE.....INVESTIGATED BY TOM  
CURTIN.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER  
EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC  
CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE....TO ROOM IN  
BROOKLYN BOARDING HOUSE.....

(POLICE SIREN FADE IN AND OUT)

JOHNNY: D'ya want me in the room, Jake, while you talk with Mike Balbino?

JAKE: No, Johnny, that ain't the agreement. Balbino and me are gonna be the only two in the room. We're gonna talk it out across this table alone.

JOHNNY: Yeh, but even though this is a neutral place, y'can bet Mike will have his two killers pretty handy watchin' the door.

JAKE: Aw right. While they're watchin' the door, you and my boys watch them.

JOHNNY: You bet.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JAKE: See who it is, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Right, chief.

(DOOR OPENS)

It's Mike Balbino, chief.

MIKE: (STRIDING INTO ROOM) You betcha it's Mike Balbino, and Mike's time's valuable.

JAKE: So is Jake Lyon's time valuable. Sit down Mike..... Goodbye Johnny.

JOHNNY: (FADING) S'long, Chief!

(DOOR CLOSES)

MIKE: This meetin's your proposish Jake, so snap into it.

JAKE: I'll snap. Get this, Mike -- There's too many gangs in Brooklyn.

MIKE: That's just my idea!

JAKE: So I've worked on a plan to consolidate.

MIKE: To what?

JAKE: Consolidate....The way businesses do --- instead of cuttin' each others' throats. Up to date I consolidated three gangs under my leadership. Yours is the only one that amounts to anything that ain't in, Mike. Of course, you have only a little gang, but ---

MIKE: Cut it! Cut it! Don't try to smooth talk me outa nothin'. There's three in my gang and that's all I want. Three fellahs what stick together....shoot fast and get away quick!

JAKE: The day of the little gangs is over, Mike.

MIKE: So's this meetin'.

JAKE: Wait a minute, Mike....I'm gonna make all the little gangs into one big gang. Are yuh comin' in or are you gonna stay out?

MIKE: Suppose I come in, what then?

JAKE: You boys will have regular work on big jobs and share the same as my boys.

MIKE: D'ya mean you and me split fifty-fifty, and then each pay off his boys?

JAKE: You couldn't expect me to do that, Mike....when I've got a lot of fellahs to take care of and you only got two. Now lemme show yuh how this consolidatin' plan of mine works.

MIKE: Forget it! You can't put nothin' over on me with big words..... You stick to your gang and I stick to mine.

JAKE: What're you gonna do, walk out of the meetin', Mike?

MIKE: Sure thing. I'm walkin' out! Goodbye, Jake.

(DOOR OPENS)

JAKE: Goodbye, Mike!

(PAUSE)

JOHNNY: I stuck close to the door, Jake. Mike looked pretty ugly when he came out.

JAKE: (DELIBERATELY) There's only one thing to do, Johnny, and tonight's the night -- because Mike an' his killers are sure to be over at the dance at the Central Club.

JOHNNY: Sure they will, Jake.

JAKE: So get the big bus ready with Hymie and Bill and Sam and you.

JOHNNY: D'ya want the rods?

JAKE: Of course we want the guns. Don't forget, Johnny, the big, new limousine in front of the Central Club at nine o'clock.....

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: HOT DANCE MUSIC FROM UPSTAIRS.

\*\*\*\*\*

ROSE: Hello, Jake.

JAKE: Hello, Rose. You're looking pretty sweet tonight.

ROSE: Do you really think so, Jake?

JAKE: Sure do. Your eyes are all full of sparkle.

ROSE: That's because I've been lookin' forward to going to the dance with you.

JAKE: Rose, we're not goin' upstairs to de dance.  
ROSE: Aw, an' I been thinkin' about it all day long workin'  
behind this cigar stand. What's the matter, Jake?  
JAKE: Business....Say, girlie, if you just stick to me and  
help me tonight, there won't be any limit to the good  
times you and me'll have together.  
ROSE: What have you got to do, Jake?  
JAKE: I'm not gonna bother you with my business worries, Rose.  
ROSE: Well --- I don't feel much like goin' home yet, so I  
guess I'll go upstairs and watch the dance for a while.  
JAKE: Rose, there's some people lookin' at us and I want you  
to walk out of the club with me right now. Then I want  
you to go home and stay home....If anybody ever asks  
you anything about where I was tonight --- I was at  
your house with you from the time we walked outa this  
club together, understand?  
ROSE: All right, Jake -- anything you say.  
JAKE: Atta girl, Rose. C'mon.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: DANCE MUSIC FROM UPSTAIRS.

\*\*\*\*\*

MOSCONI: Got the tickets, Mike?  
MIKE: Watcha gettin' anxious about the tickets for, Mosconi?  
It's anudder block yet to the clubhouse.....There's  
Jake Lyon's big new limousine!  
MOSCONI: Yuh, and Jake's boys hangin' around it.  
ROCCO: We better be ready fer them, Mike.

MIKE: Naw, don't worry.

ROCCO: Why not?

MIKE: Dey won't start no trouble here. You know dey never carry guns except when dey're out on a job.

MOSCONI: Well, after dat meetin' wid 'em today, maybe ----

MIKE: Naw, dey're all right. Dey're jess doin' a splurge comin' to de dance wid de new car.

ROCCO: So Jake can take his Rosie home in style, eh?

JAKE: Hello, Mike. Gee, I'm sure glad to see ya.

MIKE: Dat don't go double.

JAKE: Still the smart guy, eh? (TOUGH) Stick 'em up. Put the rods into 'em, boys!

MIKE: Hey, watcha doin'?

JAKE: Get into the car, you three.

JOHNNY: Get in!

MIKE: Aw right, aw right! We go in the car, an' talk it over.

JOHNNY: No monkey business, either, Mike. With three of us holdin' the rods into yuh, there's nothin' yuh can do!

JAKE: Take their gats, boys!

BILL: Two guns on Rocco.

SAM: 'N two on Mosconi.

BILL: An' two offa the great Mike himself.

MIKE: I been thinkin' that proposish over since I seen you today, Jake, an' maybe we kin-----

JAKE: You had your chance. Sit back 'n take it easy or this gats goin' off.

MIKE: You ain't got the guts. You'd be grabbed for murder!

JAKE: Not with the alibi I got, Mike!.....Hurry up, Sam, an'  
get this car goin'.

SAM: Oke.

JAKE: Now get this, Mike! And you, Rocco! And you, too,  
Mosconi! The steel yuh feel pressin' into your ribs  
may not be comfortable, but it's better than a load of  
lead.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: AUTOMOBILE STARTING OFF IN LOW....RUNNING ALONG...  
.....BRAKES.....AND STOP....

\*\*\*\*\*

SAM: This where yuh wanna stop, Chief?

JAKE: Yeh.

MIKE: Hey, what's the big idea? What're ya stoppin' here  
for?

JAKE: Kinda lonesome, eh Mike?

MIKE: That the stockyards over there?

JAKE: Yep, that's the slaughter house. ...We're on the other  
side o' Williamsburg.

MIKE: Now what?

JAKE: In a hurry, eh? Well, get out!

(DOORS OPEN)

JOHNNY: C'mon, C'mon --- the doors are open.

JAKE: All of ya, crawl out!

(AD LIB GETTING OUT OF CAR)



MIKE: We'll join your gang, Jake, if that's watcha want!  
JAKE: We'll do our talkin' in a minute over by that wall.  
MIKE: Wot d'ya mean, Jake?  
JAKE: We ain't got no time for questions.  
MOSCONI: I won't go!  
JOHNNY: Ah, you won't, eh? (TOUGH) Go on, MOVE!  
JAKE: Get up against that wall!  
BILL: An' you too, Rocco!  
JAKE: Stand right up against it, the three of yuh!  
MIKE: I told yuh, Jake, we'd join your gang. No need a'  
tryin' to scare us any more.  
MOSCONI: We'll join yuh, Jake.  
ROCCO: For God's sake, you're not goin' to line us up here  
and knock us off, are yuh? If you're gonna do that...  
JAKE: Let 'em have it, boys!

(FUSILLADE OF REVOLVER SHOTS....SHRIEKS PUNCTUATE  
FIRST SHOTS)

That's enough, fellows.....Back to the car, quick!

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: GANG CAR FADE IN AND OUT.  
POLICE SIREN AND POLICE CAR FADE IN.

\*\*\*\*\*

INSPECTOR: (TELEPHONE) Hello! .....Barry Rudd.....Hello, Barry....  
Inspector Morgan speaking....I suppose you know Mike  
Balbino was bumped off last night....Yes, well I  
haven't any use for Mike either, but we're out to get  
the gang that did it.....This standin' 'em up against  
a wall is the limit, and the gang that pulled it is  
going to be smashed. The case is yours and all the  
time you want.....Get Mack and hop over to the Smith  
Hospital as fast as you can....Mike Balbino's dead,  
but Mosconi and Rocco can still talk.....Sure.....Good  
Luck.....Good-bye.

(PHONE CLICK)

\*\*\*\*\*

(SIREN)

\*\*\*\*\*

RADIO-CAR VOICE: GANG AGAINST GANG!.....WILL ROCCO AND MOSCONI  
TALK?.....CAN BARRY RUDD.....GET THE GOODS.....  
ON JAKE LYON?.....STAND BY.....LUCKY STRIKE  
HOUR.....FOR SENSATIONAL FINISH.....

(SIREN)

O.K. O'KEEFE!

\*\*\*\*\*

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE VII

"WHEN GANG MEETS GANG"

PART II

--:--

RADIO CAR VOICE: GANG AGAINST GANG.....THREE GANGSTERS LINED UP  
AGAINST WALL.....OUTSKIRTS OF BROOKLYN.....ONE  
DEAD.....TWO IN HOSPITAL.....DETECTIVES RUDD  
AND MACK GO TO HOSPITAL TO ASK QUESTIONS.

(SIREN)

\*\*\*\*\*

BARRY: Well, Mack, Rocco's about done for, I guess.

MACK: He sure didn't tell us much, Barry. And what he did tell us ~~was~~ lies.

BARRY: Mosconi's in the next room. Wonder what kind of a story he'll tell.

NURSE: Go right in, Mr. Rudd.

MACK: Thank you, Nurse. Hello there, Mosconi.

BARRY: (CHEERILY) You're looking pretty well for a fellow who stopped four bullets last night, Mosconi.

MOSCONI: They can't kill me.

BARRY: Who tried to, Mosconi?

MOSCONI: I don' know.

BARRY: What happened? Tell us your story.

MOSCONI: Five felluhs stick guns inta us and take us for a ride.

BARRY: You saw the fellows, of course.

MOSCONI: Naw....It was too dark.

BARRY: Can't you describe them at all?

MOSCONI: Nope.

BARRY: What kind of men were they?

MOSCONI: I don' know --- They didn' talk....Hey, how about the bullets they took outa me? Can I keep 'em for souvenirs?

BARRY: Maybe another set some time, Mosconi, but not these bullets.

MOSCONI: Why not?

BARRY: Because we've got some experts over at Headquarters who can find out a lot of things from bullets.

MOSCONI: Oh yeah?

MACK: Oh yeah, Mosconi....Bullets ain't so dumb as some human beings.

BARRY: I'll say they're not, Mack....How about it, Mosconi. Why not tell us who shot you boys up?

MOSCONI: I dunno.

BARRY: Very well....Come on, Mack, let's put our time on finding the gun that fired those bullets....Bullet tracings are as different as finger-prints, Mosconi---- and they never lie!

MACK: So long, Mosconi:  
(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

BARRY: And that's that....One more gangster who won't talk because he knows what will happen to him when he gets out of the hospital.

MACK: Gee, Barry, these gang killings get my goat...How do we stand so far?

BARRY: Let's see....No eye witnesses to the actual shooting. No identification of automobile....No weapons found.... Crime took place in a lonely spot.....Conflicting statements by survivors.....Usual refusal of friends and relatives to aid the police. And then a lot of people wonder why we don't run the gangs down fast!

MACK: It's a sweet job, Barry!

BARRY: (WITH DETERMINATION) YOU bet it is, Mack, but I'm going to stick until I get this gang!

MACK: Wonder where is the best place to work.

BARRY: At the Central Club.....when Mike Balbino was picked up he had three tickets in his pocket for a dance there last night.

MACK: All right...Let's go up to that joint and ask some questions.

BARRY: No, I think we'd better work it another way, Mack --- mix with the bunch around the Central Club. I'll brush up on my pool and billiards and get some clothes that look more like a snappy gangster from the west. Then I want to get acquainted with three or four of the leaders -- some of the boys like -- oh, like Jake Lyons. Then I'll play them until I pick up a lead.

MACK: What name are you goin' to use there, Barry?

BARRY: Oh, er -- Barney is a good name. Yeh, that's all right. Barney Dunn.

MACK: What do you want me to do, er - ah - Barney?

BARRY: Mix around in the poolrooms, Mack, until I get myself "in" around the Central Club. Then I'll work you in as my buddy.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: AUTO FADE IN AND OUT.  
MUSIC FROM CLUB.

\*\*\*\*\*

JAKE: Hello, Rose. Give me all the evening papers.....

ROSE: All of them, Jake?

JAKE: You bet, girlie. I like to read all the stuff about this mysterious gang that shot up Mike Balbino a couple of weeks ago.

ROSE: There's been a lot of funny talk around this club, Jake, since that shooting.

JAKE: Aw, quit worryin', Rose.

ROSE: Who's this Barney -- this Barney Dunn you introduced to me?

JAKE: Say, that boy's there. He's had plenty of experience out in Chicago, Omaha, and Kansas City and all them places. I'm going to play him....He can be a big help to me later.

ROSE: There he is now!

JAKE: S'long, Rose, I wanta talk to him.

(PAUSE)

Hello Barney.

BARRY: Hello, yuh false alarm.

JAKE: What do you mean, false alarm?

BARRY: I been listenin' to your big talk long enough. I'm quittin' this burg tonight. I want to pick up some real dough.

JAKE: Stick around, Barney, and I'll show you something. You come up to my flat tonight and see whether I'm kiddin' or not.

BARRY: Out out those funny gags about your consolidated gangs, will ya?

JAKE: You come up to my place tonight and I'll show you a layout!...I'll show you the makings of the best gang in the United States.

BARRY: Oh-h, Baloney. It's wastin' my time -- but I'll go up and look at your dump.

JAKE: There's only one thing, Barney. You gotta be blindfolded.

BARRY: 'S all right. Any part of Brooklyn I wake up in is all the same to me.

JAKE: All right. Then we'd better go now. There's some things I got to do up there before the gang comes in at eight o'clock.

BARRY: I'm ready any time you are.

JAKE: Wait a minute till I get my hat.

BARRY: Oh, Rose!

ROSE: What can I do for you, Barney?

BARRY: When that big lummo I brought around the other day comes in just tell him to stick here till he hears from me.

ROSE: All right, Barney. I'll tell him.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: DANCE MUSIC.  
AUTOMOBILE MOTOR.

\*\*\*\*\*



(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JAKE: Any idea what part of town you're in, Barney?

BARRY: How could I know when I was blindfolded all the time we rode in that taxi?

JAKE: It's all right now. Let me get the blinkers off so you can glimpse a swell apartment? Uh --- that's better. What do you think of the place?

BARRY: It's luxury, Jake, it's luxury....So much luxury that it makes you soft, I guess.

JAKE: Huh, you come out on a job with me some night and see how soft I am!

BARRY: Could you really make it worth while, Jake? Come to think of it, I never even seen you with a gun.

JAKE: That's where I'm smart.....That's one of the reasons I've been able to get by in the game.

BARRY: How do you do it?

JAKE: Organization! In the first place, I got a rule that all the guns that belong to the gang are right up here in this apartment. I deal 'em out to the boys when we're starting out on a job and I collect them at the finish. So if the cops pick one of us up, they never find a thing.

BARRY: Maybe I got yuh wrong, Maybe you're a bigger shot than I supposed.

JAKE: Come here, Barney, and I'll show you something. Come through here to the bathroom. You see, this hallway from the living room goes back to the bedrooms and the bathroom.

BARRY: Well, what's so wonderful about a bathroom?

JAKE: I'll show you. See this wall behind the tub. Watch!

BARRY: Oh, part of the wall comes out, eh? Well, I'll say that's a smart one. Jake, I gotta hand it to yuh.

JAKE: How's that for a collection of guns?..How's that for a pile of ammunition?

BARNEY: Revolvers, automatics, sawed-off shotguns. Say, you boys could stand quite a siege up here, couldn't yuh?

JAKE: Could we stand a siege? There'd be a lot of dead cops if they ever tried to take this place...But don't worry, they'll never even know we're here.

BARRY: Jake, maybe I'll hafta take it all back. You got a head on you, all right. But you don't let these guns talk very often, do you? You use 'em mostly for scarin' people on stick-up jobs, don't you?

JAKE: Ha, ha, ha, Don't use 'em! You'd be surprised. See that rod there? That thirty-eight -- ain't she a beauty?

BARRY: So what?

JAKE: That's the gun that bumped off Mike Balbino!

BARRY: No! You oughtn't to let one of them young punks of yours run around loose with a rod like that.

JAKE: One of my gang! Nertz to you, I did it myself.

BARRY: Sez you! I don't believe you could handle that gat when you're in a tight spot.

JAKE: I'm telling you I did!

BARRY: Well, all I kin say is you've got a smart head on ya and if I thought you could really handle a gun right, well, I'd be damn glad to join up with you.

JAKE: All right, Barney, you wait till the gang comes in and hear them tell it.

BARRY: I'm beginning to think you're a great leader, Jake, and I'd drink to your health if I had anything to drink with.

JAKE: Well, I got some good scotch. How do you take it?

BARRY: Gingerale.

JAKE: Gee, we used it all up last night.

BARRY: Is there a drug store near here?

JAKE: Yes.

BARRY: Lemme go down and get some.

JAKE: No. You stay up here....I'll go down. Make yourself at home.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

(TELEPHONE CLICK)

BARRY: (IMPATIENTLY) Hello...Hello...Operator...give me Flatbush 2 - 4333....Make it fast, will you, operator... Hello, is this the Central Club? That you Rose?..... This is Barney.....Is that side-kick of mine there?..... Tell him to come to the 'phone and make it snappy. That you, Mack? I got to make it fast. I'm up in the gang's apartment. Came in blindfolded....Don't know where it is...Here's the telephone number..... Bushwick - 3-4832....Trace the address from the telephone company...Get here within an hour with the police and grab the gang....Guns and ammunition galore here...No, no --- I'm going to stick, I tell you.

(TELEPHONE BACK ON HOOK)

SOUND INTERLUDE: FADE IN DANCE MUSIC

\*\*\*\*\*

ROSE: That was your pal, Barney, wasn't it?

MACK: Yeh, Rose, that was Barney....I'm in a big hurry....  
Gimme change for this quarter will yuh....I gotta  
make a fast phone call.

(CASH REGISTER)

ROSE: Here's five nickels...But say, what's the matter?  
Never saw you as excited as this before?

MACK: Thanks...Gotta rush it.....

(DOOR OF TELEPHONE BOOTH PULLED OPEN AND SHUT...)

NICKEL DROPS IN COIN BOX...FAST DIALING)

(EXCITED) Hello, Brooklyn Headquarters?...Gimme  
Captain Ganley.....Hello Captain Ganley...This is  
Detective Mack....Barry's onto them at last, Captain...  
Yes, he's with them in their apartment...I don't know!  
He don't know...They took him up blindfolded....The  
telephone number is Bushwick - 3-4832. Yes, get the  
location of the apartment from the telephone number.  
The whole gang will be in there within an hour and  
Barry with them....He says they're lousy with guns  
and ammunition, so we gotta work fast....Of course I'm  
going with you!

(TELEPHONE ON HOOK...BOOTH DOOR THROWN OPEN)

(PAUSE)

Bye, Bye, Rose....Be seein' you later.

(SLAM OF DOOR)

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: POLICE CAR.

CAPT. GAWLEY: Are you ready, Sergeant?

SERGT. All ready, Captain. I got the building completely covered and men on the roof so the mob can't get out the skylight.

CAPTAIN: All right, let's get up quietly with the machine gun into the hall...Got the tear bombs, Frazer?

FRAZER: Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN: And Mack.

MACK: Yes, Captain!

CAPTAIN: You know all these men when you see them so you stick close to me up in the hall.

MACK: Yes, sir, and let's hurry, Captain. Barry's up there alone with 'em!

CAPTAIN: Now, you all know what to do. The doorman will go up. The gang knows his voice and they'll open the door. Then we'll jump in on them. Got it?

MEN: Yes, sir. O.K. etc.

CAPTAIN: All right then, up the stairs now and quiet as you can be!

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: NINE STROKES OF CLOCK.

\*\*\*\*\*

JAKE: Well, we're all here, now.

JOHNNIE: Yes and it's nine o'clock, Jake. How about packin' the guns to go out on the job?

JAKE: Time enough, Johnnie....Now what do you think of my gang, Barney? These-five are the old regulars.

BARRY: I think you got the makin's of something big, Jake. But I say again from what I seen out in some other towns that you boys still got a lot of fine points to learn.

JAKE: I showed him the gun, fellows, that shot holes in Mike Balbino-----And he wouldn't believe it.

JOHNNY: Kosconi and Rocco believed it, aw right!

JAKE: I notice Kosconi's still living, but he ain't done no talking.

JOHNNY: Well, Jake, how about dealin' out the guns and ammunition?....If we're gonna bust that fillin' station at eleven o'clock we better get started.

JAKE: Time enough in another half hour. How about takin' my friend Barney along tonight and lettin' him have a look at a real gang in action?

(MURMUR OF ASSENT)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JOHNNY: (LOW VOICE) Who's that, Jake?

DOORMAN: (FROM HALL) It's Waldo, Mr. Lyon....Waldo, the doorman. I've got to see you for a minute.

JOHNNY: Suppose I see what he wants, Jake?

JAKE: No....I'll see.

(UNBOLTS DOOR)

(OPENS DOOR CAUTIOUSLY)

(YELLS) Cops!.....Cops, fellows!

(JAKE SLAMS DOOR SHUT WHILE YELLING AND THROWS BOLT.)

JOHNNY: Get through to the guns quick, fellers!

JAKE: Come on, we'll give 'em the battle of their lives.

BARRY: (TENSION AND RING OF COMMAND) No you don't! ---Get back there!.....You're not going to get through to where those guns are --- Not one of you!

JAKE: Hey, what do you mean, Barney?

HYMIE: Look out,...He's pullin' a rod!

JAKE: RUSH him!

(CRASH OF CHAIR THAT KNOCKS GUN OUT OF BARRY'S HAND)

JOHNNY: Take that, you ---

HYMIE: Attaboy, Johnny!.....That chair knocked the gat right outa his mitt.

JAKE: Come on boys----Beat 'im up!

(AD LIB FIGHT)

(TACK...TACK...TACK...TACK...TACK...TACK..... TACK...TACK...OF MACHINE GUN FROM HALLWAY BEYOND DOOR.)

(GANG OUTBURST OF SURPRISE....RAGE...DESPAIR.... YELLS OF "LOOK OUT"! "LOOK OUT!")

JAKE: Get back! My God. They're cutting the lock right out of the door with bullets.

JOHNNY: If we could only get through the line of fire from de cops machine gun!

HYMIE: I'm gonna duck under the bullets an' get to our guns!

JAKE: Come back, Hymie!

HYMIE: (SHRIEK OF PAIN)  
JOHNNY: Hymie's hit!  
JAKE: No use fellows....I told him he couldn't get through  
that stream of lead!  
JOHNNY: It's all your fault, Jake. We should-a got the guns  
outa the bathroom when I said.  
JAKE: Shut up!.....Get hold of Hymie's feet with me and drag  
him back!

(BARRAGE STOPS...DOOR KICKED OPEN...POLICE RUSH  
IN)

CAPTAIN: Stick 'em up! Cover 'em boys!  
MACK: Where are you, Barry?  
BARRY: (BREATHING HARD) Here I am.  
MACK: Barry, you're hurt!  
BARRY: Just a bloody nose, Mack. It's a good think you broke  
in so fast.  
CAPTAIN: Mack said this place was lousy with guns. How come  
they didn't do any shooting?  
BARRY: Well, Captain, this hallway leads back to a bathroom  
where they keep all their guns.  
CAPTAIN: Yes?  
BARRY: When you started that machine gun fire to cut the lock  
out of the door, the bullets were flying past this  
other doorway so they couldn't get back to their guns.  
CAPTAIN: That was a lucky break.  
BARRY: And back there with all those guns is the ~~thirty~~-eight  
that killed Mike Balbino.

(SIREN)



RADIO-CAR VOICE: JAKE LYON AND HIS GANG POINTED TO.....SECOND  
DEGREE MURDER.....NOW SERVING TWENTY YEARS TO  
LIFE.....

(SIREN)

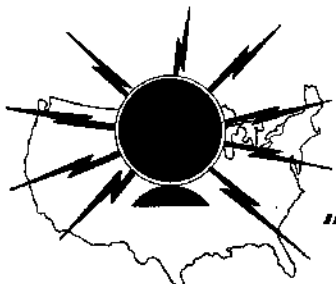
RADIO-CAR VOICE: OKAY, O'KEEFE!

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W. THOMAS CURTIN/CHIEF  
7/2/70

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P. M. . . . WEA and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hello Uncle Sam and a hearty good evening to you and your family. Y'know that moment just before I take the air is always a moment of suspense....it's exciting to realize that the latch is off in millions of American Homes and that as soon as Howard Clancy announces my name I'm on. Your breath comes in short pants....I don't think you ever got over it...that breatheless second or two before they hand you the Magic Carpet and say, "There Walter you're on your way." Well tonight I heard Howard Clancy speak of the Famous Lucky Strike thrills and it occurred to me that the phrase is so appropriate and so true.

Take tonight for example.....the Magic Carpet is going to run more or less wild all over the map....first of all to Red Nichols and his Rhythm Kings out in Denver, Colorado....back to Walter Winchell here in New York....then back again right over Denver in the twinkling of an eyelash and on to California where Anson Weeks is waiting in San Francisco.

Well it's time to travel ....and first of all I want you to imagine this first flash to Denver, Colorado....two thousand and twenty five miles from New York. Imagine it, Uncle Sam....we'll do two thousand miles a second....and we'll detour for a fraction of that second so that you can all in imagination see Pike's Peak near Colorado Springs....then into the capitol of Colorado...remember me to the governor.....On your way now.....

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY DENVER!

DENVER ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes over Colorado and into Denver where Red Nichols and his orchestra start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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(

DENVER ANNOUNCER:

High above the plains and the Alleghenies the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet speeds eastward like a streak of light, back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Red....I wish I could see that pleasant pan of yours but television is just around the corner. We'll drop back later...but I want all the tourists on the Magic Carpet to get that ringing out of their ears from the altitude at Pike's Peak...14,000 feet above sea level we were...we had to be---then we were there now we are here....and later on in this program we'll come rolling down that mountain once again. Well guess who's here...Winchell..... Walter for short....he makes hey-hey while the Broadway Moon Comes over the Empire State Building. Here is the Village Blathersmith leading the Anvil Chorus of Gossip about the great and near great.

MR. WINCHELL!!!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening Mr. and Mrs. America -- let's go to press.

For the past few months the Hollywood correspondents have reported that Ann Harding has a new favorite person -- but they were never certain about his name.....when they flashed that news over the wires--they merely called him a dark and handsome fellow.... Well, he is Rollo Peters -- one of the better actors that Hollywood thefted from Broadway....Anita Stewart's ex-husband--Rudy Cameron is now Cupiding with a charmer named Patsy--not Mitzi--Green.....,The Lowell Sherman and Geneva Mitchell romance is beyond control....The James Kirkwoods, she was Betty Powers, are rehearsing lullabies..... Doris Kenyon and Onslow Stevenson are having the wedding bells tuned-- and there is no truth whatsoever to the reports recorded elsewhere -- that Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli have exploded.....As a matter of fact Charles and Virginia are happier than ever.

-----

The Mae Clark -- Henry Froelich affair -- I hear -- is on the mend.....I hope so, for they both are delightful persons.... Miss Clark, in case you didn't know, is convalescing after a severe breakdown--from the incessant Hollywood grind.....Claudia Dell is planning another trip to the altar....Robert Young who was shadowing Virginia Bruce until she decided on Jack Gilbert -- has a new darling.. ....She is Gertrude Michael, whose charm made his heart stand still.... The Owen Moores, she was Katherine Perry, have decided to try it, again.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The newspapers, it appears, didn't know that Peggy Joyce had two sisters, one named Lucille and the other Cecilia -- and so it was erroneously reported that Lucille became a bride last week, when it was Cecilia who middle-aided it....However, Lucille Upton, which is the real Joyce name, probably will follow suit in the very near future....His name is O.K. Gardiner, who has a lot of what it takes to keep the wolf from his Park Avenue door.....The Manuel Seffs, he is the co-author of the "Blessed Event" play, and she was Kay Merrill, will be legally divided this month....Of the surprise marriages also due in the very near future -- will be Virginia Biddle's.....She was one of Ziegfeld's lovelier lookers, who was rescued from that yacht fire last summer by Harry Richman....Virginia's groom will be Enoch Johnson, who is better described as Atlantic City's favorite son.

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I overheard this description of two well-known Wall Street brokers, whose shady tricks have been front-paged in the stock market investigations...I pass it along to those of you who don't think there is anything to chuckle about in Wall Street.

"Those two guys are so crooked," said an aggrieved fellow, "that if one of them was standing at the top of a circular stairway -- and the other was at the bottom -- they could look each other straight in the eye!"

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Nearly everywhere you go these days and nights you run across distressing tales about people -- who once were perched comfortably in their respective professions.....A one-time successful woman, who did the booking of talent for the best known vaudeville circuit, for instance, now is a salesgirl in a department store..... A real estate agent, who once thrived by peddling Park Avenue locations is now blacking boots in front of his old office -- and I could go on like that for another five minutes.....But none of those tales got me so much as did that one I heard last night...Probably because I saw the girl and she still seemed so beautiful...I was standing in the lobby of a theatre with Lou Holtz, when she ankleed up to him...Her clothes were shabby, her heels run down, and there was despair written all over her....."Please Lou," she said, as she choked back her tears, "could you help me with a dollar, I'm hungry." .....Lou handed her a ten-spot, and she went away...."Gee, she's pretty," I said, "who is she?"....."That girl," replied Holtz, "was once in the Follies---and you couldn't get through 41st Street -- on account of the admirers who clogged the stage door waiting for her."

-----

The persistent legends that come from the West to the effect that Madge Evans and Tom Gallery are on the verge of a merger, can be stifled with this fact.....Mr. Gallery cannot marry again until April 26, 1933, which is when the Zazu Pitts decree becomes final.... Although they keep denying a romance -- the intimates of Mary Brian and Ken Murray assure you it will do until romance comes along.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Claudia Morgan is due in town from the Hollywood scene to reconcile with her husband.....Gertrude Purcell and Aster Island are Romeo and Julieting...and the smart set's contribution to the news columns is the divorce now being promoted in Reno by Mrs. Bruce Powell. When it is granted she will marry Martin Osborn, the 31-year old polo player....The Powells, however, are parting on friendly terms -- so much so -- that her brothers and sisters on Long Island gave her husband a birthday party the day she left. That's why, one presumes, they call it the smart set. Okay O'Keefe, pick me up on the late watch.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen.....that was Walter Winchell....  
MY SILENT LOVE. He'll talk later in this same program and tell plenty but the Magic Carpet waits for NO man.....well -- maybe for one. Only one man alive can stop it's flight for a moment and we always let him have a few seconds because he knows what he's talking about. Mr. Howard Glaney!

-----



HOWARD CLANEY:

Why is it that wherever you go, in every city, town and hamlet, you'll hear people say that LUCKIES are the mildest cigarettes. It is true that we buy the finest - the very finest - tobaccos in all the world....but really that does not explain why folks everywhere say LUCKIES are so mild. The fact is we never, never overlook the truth that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild.".... so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words "IT'S TOASTED!" "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. They are not present in LUCKY STRIKE -- that's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

We've been shooting the Magic Carpet out to California for weeks and weeks and weeks....good old Anson Weeks, a lad from the University of California, who made good in a big way. From Oakland across the bay our hero crossed over to San Francisco and shot right up to the top....up to the top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel which is tops in any man's town. I was there two years ago and I wish you'd try to imagine yourself riding pell mell downhill on one of those cable cars that plunge down to the bay at breakneck speed. There you're at the bottom....now watch yourself shoot up again in just one flash of the Magic Carpet and there's Anson romancin the crowd that is dancin and waiting for you and for me.

ON WITH THE DANCIN' ANSON (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Welcome to the Golden State and the Golden Gate! This is Anson Weeks in San Francisco where we'll play -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet dashes out of San Francisco from the Pacific to the Atlantic and back to Walter O'Keefe.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Weeks....Winchell sends his love and wants you to wire him collect if you have any gossip. So far so good, ladies and gentlemen....I hope you enjoyed the balmy air around Denver and the salty tang of that San Francisco Bay....We'll be travelling again very shortly, but here's Howard Claney so I'll keep quiet for twenty seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If you write a better book, or preach a better sermon, or build a better mouse-trap, though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path<sup>to</sup>/your door." Surely these words will recall to you that great New England philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote them so many years ago. And surely they serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

-----

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER Q'KEEFE:

Again we're bound for Colorado, ladies and gentlemen. The origin of that name Colorado is Spanish....and it means Red. That's why Red Nichols is the toast of the town out there....as Winchell would say "Is His Hair Red." As we pass over Cleveland if you feel a little jolt, don't be scared. I want to drop something for Norran Siegal....radio editor of The Cleveland Press. Maybe it's the heat....maybe he's getting lazy....but Mr. Ziegal asked me to write his Saturday column for him. Catch it as we fly by, Siegal.... all you have to do is correct the spelling. What lady? Yes we're passing over Cleveland....oh that? That's the new Municipal Stadium ....it's a pip....they had the biggest crowd in baseball history there the other day....oh that? that's the Lake Front in Chicago.... pretty isn't it?....no no time now....here we go looping across Nebraska....right into Wyoming and we'll come down on Denver from the north in a cloud of star dust.

ON WITH THE DANCE RED NICHOLS (WHISTLE) OKAY, DENVER!

DENVER ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet has landed in Denver without a jolt, and Red Nichols and his boys start the dance with --- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

DENVER ANNOUNCER:

And now we leave Denver as the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet starts its speedy trip back to Walter O'Keefe!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

For the benefit of those who arrived at this dance late let me warn you that you've just heard Red Nichols playing from Denver for all the country to hear. Don't cry if you missed the trip across-country....the Magic Carpet will pick you up shortly and toss you back on another ride but right now you're in New York.... Hear that Police Siren...that's Mayor Jimmy Walker on his way to speak at a banquet....see that fellow with the gray hair standing on Broadway listening to the boys give him the dope....that's Winchell, ladies and gentlemen....getting the very latest. Here he is again.....Walter Winchell.

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WALTER WINCHELL:

In my column in the Mirror the other morning I told of a former Belasco star, who with her destitute husband, has been sleeping on a bench in Central Park.....I didn't mention her name - but somehow - some of her friends suspected that she was the one - and now the couple are being sheltered in a flat in the West 50's..... I trust they have a radio in that place - and that they are tuning in...For this is to tell her that a part in a flicker awaits her - if she applies to Mr. Hoerl at 220 West 42nd Street, Room 2306. And thank you Mr. Hoerl for wanting to help her.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Among other trivia I didn't know until yesterday include these interesting facts....That actors are not called hams, - because as so many people suppose - they played small towns or hamlets. ....But because in the old days - long before the cold cream era - they carried pieces of ham rind - with which to erase their facial stains....That five months before Arabian women are married - they are stuffed with fattening foods....The fatter, it seems, the more beautiful they are.....That 86 percent of the monies made by the movies come from the small towns....That the best poker chips are made from cheese.....That if your nose "goes to sleep" after you've had a few drinks - it means you ought to see a doctor - for your laughing soup contains wood alcohol -- and I finally found out what a journalist is.....A journalist is a guy who wears a silk hat and no socks - who always borrows money from newspapermen!

----

From Mrs. Robert Harris of Chicago comes a note urging me to repeat a sentimental inscription which Ruth Roland's husband, Ben Bard, once inscribed in her autograph album. Mrs. Harris hopes I will repeat it slowly....Very well, Mrs. Harris - I think it went this way.....Mr. Bard penned: "To Ruth - Once my sweetheart - now my wife.....Once my wife ALWAYS my sweetheart!".....And to prove that he was not merely being cute - the Ben Bard -- Ruth Roland marriage is one of the few out there to survive.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Duncan McMartin, the Canadian heir, and Dorothy Barton of the chorus, who eloped last year, and shortly after repented in the divorce courts - are romancing again - and they may re-marry.... Dorothy fooled every one at the time of the divorce, by not being like the typical chorus girl.....She didn't ask for alimony or accept any heavy cash settlement. When her husband said he wanted to be free, she obliged, and that was the end of that.....Perhaps, that's why he fell in love with her, again.....At any rate -- Duncan and Dorothy, are as I prefer calling it, blazing in the 4-alarm manner.

----

Here's a novelette that belongs in anybody's column... The victim is a newspaper reporter, who tried to end it all the other day.....The poor chap was fed up.....he was heavily in debt - and he could see no clear way out of his mess....He owed everybody he knew - and they were dunning him for payment....Then, to make him more miserable - his wife left him.

So he went home and turned on the gas!....But his life was saved!.....By, of all persons, another bill collector.... who came there and turned off the gas!

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Miss Garbo, who had such a hectic time of it again in New York thought she was going to get away from the press when the liner went to sea.....But an enterprising paper assigned one of its girl reporters to the same trip - and Greta is still playing hide and seek aboard the boat.....But leave it to the Swedish siren to outsmart the voyaging reporter....Greta merely used her bean - and now she enjoys the privacy of a secluded nook on the liner when she dines - and her table companion and protector is none other than the Captain of the ship. But his wife happens to be with him this time, so what fun is that?

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The Joan Blondell - George Barnes merger, which has been retarded so often, is now practically around the corner..... There is talk of a reconciliation between the Rex Leases - she is Elinor Hunt.....Jeannette MacDonald has finally confessed that she is engaged to Bob Ritchie - to drown the persistent newspaper talk that Chevalier was That Way about her - and Billie Dove is trying to make up her mind between David Manners and Austin Parker.

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen....that was Walter Winchell, the crooning columnist, the middle man in tonight's three ring circus brought to you by the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet. On Saturday night I don't know what YOU'RE doing but Mr. Lucky Strike has bought airway tickets to take us over the Canadian border....right up to Montreal where we will dance a bit with Charley Dornberger...then we'll fly down the trail of that new St. Lawrence River Waterway.... and out over the Great Lakes to Chicago where Ted Weems will entertain you. Tonight we've got another long hop ....back to California....but you can get yourself comfortable and cozy during these few seconds that Howard Claney will speak to you. Go ahead, Howard!

HOWARD CLANEY:

In every City, in every country, there are certain fine Shops that cater to those people who want the best of everything. The clientele of these exclusive Shops are critical, discriminating - they are keen judges of quality. In France, such folk are called "connoisseurs" and the French have a word for them - "soignee," meaning fastidious - appreciative of the fine points - immaculate to the last detail. The American woman is of this class - She is quick to appreciate the finer quality of the expensive Tobaccos we use in LUCKY STRIKE and then, too, she finds that LUCKIES are so much milder - mellow milder! As a slight token of our appreciation to her, Miss America, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, one of those attractive bridge cards - one of fifty problems in bridge by that famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. Everywhere American women are talking about these fascinating bridge cards - saving them, solving them - comparing them. True, it is a small thing, this bridge card, of no great value but this is our way of saying - "O.K. Miss America, we thank you for your patronage and we, too, delight to call you "soignee."



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Let's take the Northern Route back to the Coast this time.....picture yourself riding over that grand national park of ours.....Yellowstone. More geysers than any other place in the world.....the home of Old Faithful, the old wisegeyser....look at those tourists....they're having a good time with their radios because they're in the middle of all that beauty.....hop on you travellers and we'll run you out to California faster than you'll ever make it yourselves....the forty niners went out there for gold....we're going out for Anson Weeks and the lads who have helped him up the ladder of fame.....There he is perched right on top of one of those San Francisco hills. Don't be nervous.....we're going to drop right down. Happy Landing.

ON WITH THE DANCE, WEEKS (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

This time we continue the dance in San Francisco with -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

Again the Magic Carpet starts its transcontinental hop from the East Coast to the West.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

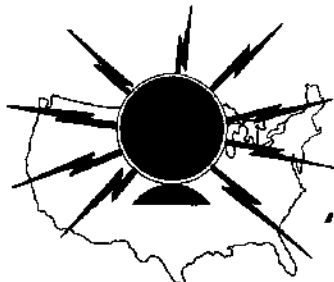
This program has come to you from New York City,  
Denver, Colorado, and San Francisco, California, through the  
facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/WINCHELL/chilleen  
8/4/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P. M. . . . WEAJ and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and Okay Miss America. The Magic Carpet is raring to go....because tonight we're going to jump up to Montreal and hear Charley Dornberger and his crew of Canadians. After that this musical express of ours will skyrocket out to the idol of the Windy City...Ted Weems the toast of Chicago.

So there's our itinerary....ah that's a swell word.... there's our trip and here comes the first non-stop flight. Straight as a homing pigeon we shoot up the valley of the Majestic Hudson River....ah it's a beauty.....dotted with boats....look at their lights winking like fireflies.....There's Lake Champlain on the right.....Plattsburg on the left....and straight ahead that island in the St. Lawrence that we know as Montreal.....They call it the Queen City of the North....and there's another beautiful sight...it's a brewery working full blast. Come on along, one and all...it's a gay life and a merry one....just a glimpse of Mount Royal and down Peele Street.....and into the loving arms of Charley Dornberger. Hands across the border boy and --

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY MONTREAL!

CHARLEY DORNBERGER:

This is Charles Dornberger welcoming the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet to Montreal, where we play first -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

CHARLEY DORNBERGER:

Now the Magic Carpet flashes high above Montreal and dashes back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That a boy, Charley -- you sent the Magic Carpet right out of Montreal and right over the home plate. Now stick around..... the Yanks are coming....we'll be back to see you later...and we'd like to be with you the night Alex Wilson of Montreal comes back from the Olympics. There's a lad for you Uncle Sam.....Alex Wilson is a Notre Dame boy who represented Canada in the 800 meter race at Los Angeles. Hampson of Great Britain, in a gruelling heartbreaking race, broke a world's record that has stood for two decades. Flashing under the tape and collapsing, he was only a foot ahead of this Montreal kid whose chance will come again. Good work Alex....you did a stout hearted job. I'd better not get started on the subject of Notre Dame because it's Howard Claney's turn to talk. Here he is.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tonight, with dancing and gayety, Bar Harbor marks the climax of tennis week -- the gayest week of the season at this famous resort. At Bar Harbor, as everywhere throughout America, you will find those smart women who insist on the best....who are critical.... discriminating....connoisseurs of the finest in cigarettes as in everything else.....the French have a word for them -- "soignee" -- which means particular....careful to the finest detail. The American woman has that distinction...she is "soignee"....that's why she is so quick to appreciate the extra qualities of LUCKY STRIKE -- the choice, delicious tobaccos and the fact that LUCKIES are so much milder, mellow-milder.....(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

.....For you Miss America.....in appreciation of your patronage, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, one of those attractive problems in bridge by that famous expert, Milton C. Work. Everywhere American women are talking about these fascinating bridge cards, saving them, solving them -- comparing them. It is really but a small thing, this bridge card, of no great value --- but it is our way of saying -- "Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage, -- you are indeed 'soignee'."

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(WALTER O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO SONG)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was the voice in the old Village Fire Department ladies and gentlemen.....doing a vocal pole vault and knocking off the cross bar at E natural. I will sing later in this same program, so don't say I didn't give you warning in time. And now it's all aboard for Chicago.....where the world's fair will be held next year. Look at those buildings.....those over there....the ones on Lake Michigan that are rising so proudly.....look at the way Michigan Boulevard is all embroidered in lights.....and that blaze of light under us is the Loop.....whaddye say we loop the loop. I'll give you the keys to the city because Mayor Cermak is away....and best of all I'll give you Ted Weeks to tickle yoh tootsies.

ON WITH THE DANCE TED WEEKS...(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

Good evening, everybody, this is Ted Weems in the Lincoln Tavern here in Chicago where we start the dance with -(TITLES)

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( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

TED WEEMS:

The Magic Carpet speeds eastward from Chicago back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That's breaking the pate, Weems! You win the 1,000 mile dash. And now a word of wisdom to all you kids who are learning to play the trombone.....that was the first rung in the ladder of success for Weems. He stepped on that rung and out of the trombone came a beautiful baton so then Ted simply HAD to lead a band. The rest is history....history repeats itself...and Weems will come back later but right now while you catch your second breath, ladies and gentlemen, I'm glad to report that Howard Claney has caught his and so we can all listen for a few seconds. Go ahead, Howard....we're waiting.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbour, tho he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words will recall to you that great New Englander philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote them so many years ago. And surely they serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It's time to travel, my friends, so let's shove off again for Canada.....we'll dawdle about a bit so that you can see a little of the countryside.....Imagine you're looking down on the Mohawk Trail.....it's got more pretty curves than Miss America..... ah those Berkshires are good at this time of year...over on the right is Bar Harbor...and it's little sister Cherryfield hiding out in the hills.....there's the St. Lawrence....there's quaint old Quebec....there's Montreal again....and here's Charley Dornberger waiting for you. Here we are Charles.....hit it.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, MONTREAL!



CHARLEY DORNBERGER:

As the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet comes to a stop here in Montreal, the dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

CHARLEY DORNBERGER:

Again the Magic Carpet takes that speedy hop out of Canada and Montreal.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

(WALTER O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO "LAZY DAY")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Lazy Day ladies and gentlemen....I got into the spirit of the song and so I'm going to loll about a little, light a LUCKY, and stretch myself while Howard Claney gets busy on his microphone.

HOWARD CLANEY:

May I offer you one and all a cordial invitation the next time you are in the Southland, visit us at the great LUCKY STRIKE plant at Reidsville, North Carolina....We want you to see a few of the huge, immaculate warehouses in which we store over \$100,000,000 worth of the finest tobaccos grown. You know we buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world -- but, that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldox Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing in those spotless warehouses, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "IT'S TOASTED!" You'll see that famous process when you come to Reidsville -- and you'll see why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Y'know I often wonder what becomes of those great stars of the Olympic Games and I just heard about a star of the games twenty years ago. In 1912 America took off its hat to Fred Kelly, a freshman at the University of California, who ran away with the hundred and ten Meter High Hurdles in Sweden. Flying over the hurdles Fred got an idea that flying was a lot of fun and now he's one of the crack pilots of the Western Air Express with 6600 hours to his credit....flying the mails and passengers. If Fred were in the pilot's seat here tonight life would be just a bowl of hurdles and he'd follow this route even as you and I...from New York to Harrisburgh, Pittsburgh..and a couple of swell burgs like Columbus, Ohio, and Fort Wayne, Indiana. All aboard for Chicago Uncle Sam.... where Ted Weems is holding open house for the lot of yez.

OH WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

While the Magic Carpet is unloading its passengers  
on the dance floor of the Lincoln Tavern here in Chicago, we play --

(TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

TED WEEMS:

Now we speed the Magic Carpet from the shores of Lake  
Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

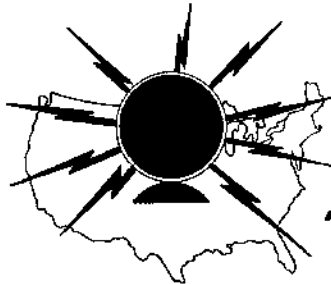
HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This program has come to you from New York City,  
Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada, through the facilities of the  
National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen \*\*\*\*\*  
8/6/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEAf and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE Thrills. . On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen ....tonight we start another week of travel and thrills on the Magic Carpet, and you may take my word for it that Saturday night will be a honey. We pick up Jimmy Grier and his boys at Los Angeles....the night of the Victory Ball for the Olympic Champions. The Magic Carpet will take you right there to mingle with the new record breaking champions.

And tonight, of course, we've got another Tuesday night thriller.....a crime drama plucked out of the files of the New York Police Department. It's a lulu....known as "The Daylight Diamond Robbery." Stand by, ladies and gentlemen, and we'll parade across your living room as smooth a bunch of crooks as ever swiped a stone. But meanwhile we've got Jack Denny of the Waldorf Astoria Roof.... oh that's a beautiful place....that roof. You look over to Broadway... and a million lights blink back at you....you're so high you can see all the penthouses of Manhattan....over in the Hudson you see a fleet of boats riding lazily at anchor....Imagine you're there....it's cool.... the four hundred are there a thousand strong and so are you. Here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet has landed its passengers up here on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria where we play first ---

(TITLES)

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- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet flashes high above Park Avenue and speeds uptown to 55th Street;

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Denny, that's tossing the Carpet back in what I call the Grand Manner. It's a great spot that Waldorf Roof....I'm going up there afterwards and treat the Missus to a fox trot and a sardine sandwich. All of which winds up our dancing on the Magic Carpet for a little. Before you finish that cigarette we'll be sitting at the feet of Barry Rudd....detective par excellence. I'll flip the carpet to Barry in a few seconds but before we go let's hear what Howard Claney has on his mind tonight. Mr. HOWARD CLANEY:

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tomorrow at midnight the great new American liner Manhattan sails on her maiden voyage to Europe....a glance at the passenger list reveals the names of hundreds of distinguished men and women -- smart, fastidious and critical people -- folk who demand and appreciate the best. The French have a word for them -- it is "soignee"...discriminating, smart, immaculate to the last degree. And it is because you are so exacting, so appreciative of the finer things, that you have made LUCKY STRIKE your cigarette....you have recognized the finer quality of its delicious tobaccos and its unequalled mildness -- true mellow-mildness. We appreciate your choice of LUCKIES, Miss America! To show our appreciation in some slight measure, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, a fascinating little bridge card -- one of fifty problems in bridge worked out by that famous expert, Milton C. Work. (MR. CLANEY CONTINUES

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

.....Everywhere American women are saving these little cards - solving them, comparing them, talking about them. It is only a small thing, this card, of no great value - but it is our way of saying "Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now that Howard has made his point open that little treasure box of Flat Fifties, blow up a couple of clouds of smoke and let your imagination carry you into the world of crime. Tonight's thriller, as I said before, deals with the case of The Daylight Diamond Robbery....I know a lot of you way out there in the West and South have never seen Fifth Avenue. The Magic Carpet is floating over it now....and in a minute you'll see two crooks pull off a job as coolly and calmly as you'd order an orangeade. I'll give over the controls to Deputy Inspector Dominick Henry...the Colonel...who will give you the dope on it...Here we go.....we're coming down...here you are.

ON WITH THE SHOW...(WHISTLE) OKAY INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The case which you are about to hear has been dramatized from facts in the official records of the New York Police Department and is authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime does not pay."

(FIRST PART - "DAYLIGHT DIAMOND ROBBERY CASE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Did those guys have nerve....I ask you. Cool as a cucumber to quote Aunt Mame. I suppose you might call 'em the Flying Dutchmen....they certainly manhandled poor old Reagan in a nasty manner. Barry Rudd has got a clue....not much of a clue if you ask me....but that button with the torn fabric underneath it may help some. Imagine that crook buying eight suits all at once. That Lucille Weston sounded like a nice girl....it's hard to believe that she's hand in glove (I like that) with a band of crooks and thieves... well we'll solve it all for you later by running the Magic Carpet up to Boston....the Common up there must look lovely at this time of year....so we'll shoot up there within a half hour and find out if the DeGroot Brothers got two pair of pants with every suit...I heard they did....they're leading a double life.

Bear up under the strain....and we'll help you by relaxing your mind in a bit of a dance. The Magic Carpet is a great scene shifter....a few minutes ago you saw Fifth Avenue wearing a golden cloak of sunlight....now it's evening....Fifth Avenue wears a hazy blue with gold dots....the street lights. Up there rises the grand new Waldorf Astoria where Jack Denny rules on the Starlight roof. Imagine yourself looking at Denny to catch the beat and we're off in another fox trot.

OK WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

From the Starlight Roof we continue the dance with --

(TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)



JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet speeds over New York's skyscrapers  
and back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Denny m'lad....you're a smooth guy and practice makes  
perfect....as proven in the way you shoot the Magic Carpet over the  
Manhattan towers and back to yours truly. Y'know ladies and  
gentlemen....the boys here in the studio were just discussing jewels...  
and naturally the subject swung around to birthstones. Howard Claney  
was telling me he was born in September....and the birthstone for  
September is the sapphire....a glittering blue stone....that endows  
the wearer with wisdom. Maybe that accounts for the fact that  
Howard Claney never misses the mark when he delivers his few words of  
wisdom....so here's Claney of the September Claney's!

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon,  
or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his  
house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."  
Surely these words will recall to you that great New Englander  
philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote them so many years ago.  
And surely they serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide  
acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes!

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now the program calls for Dancing again ladies and gentlemen. Let's drive around Central Park....it's a pleasant and romantic thing to do....look at those lakes shimmering in the starlight like a bunch of sapphires....listen to the clöp clöp clöp of the horses dragging young love around in an open barouche....look at the sailors rowing around with their sweeties....pretty I call it....and now out of the Park by the Plaza....turn to the left...up you go.....up up up.....and here's Jack Denny ready to start you hoofing again.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

And up here under the stars the dancing begins with ---

(TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

Again the Magic Carpet leaves the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria and dashes over Manhattan.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Right Denny.....and save another Okay....a husky hearty healthy one because I'll shoot it back to you after Barry Rudd clamps the bracelets on the De Groots. Have you ever noticed when you go into a jeweler's shop to get a watch repaired...he takes the watch then he screws up into his eyeball that little spyglass that looks as if it were stolen off the front of a telephone and then they always ask the same question "Didja drop this watch?"..... Anyway, I wonder if Lucille, the girl who brought the watch to the jeweler's for repairs, is one of the crooks. She was the only outsider who knew the jewels were taken to the bank every day. And those two well dressed strangers are still X....the unknown quantity. Born in Belgium of Dutch parentage with a fluent command of French they're pretty smooth and oily. In the struggle over the jewels one of them dropped a button with a little brown cloth attached. Barry traces it to Boston.....he and Mack are there now. Let's watch them....watch Barry Rudd go after them now.....

ON WITH THE SHOW....(WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART - "DAYLIGHT DIAMOND ROBBERY")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well they got 'em....they always get 'em. Smooth, oily, crafty, cunning, ----they're still not equal to the forces of law in a battle of wits. And so they're all serving 40 years in State's Prison. It seems there is always some kind of swell-headedness in a crook that leads him into some little error.... and one little error is all that a Barry Rudd needs to hang the goods on them. That wipes up tonight's mystery.....and by the way, these stories aren't fiction. They're the real McCoy....founded on facts. Put them all together and they spell out one phrase, "Crime does not pay."

And now it's time to dance. I've shot my mouth off long enough....so let's have some real music ladies and gentlemen. This is the music that sets the tootsies of New York into a dither.... so enjoy it to your hearts content....the music they pay for on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria....and we're glad to give it to you just as Denny is glad to serve it. Here goes the Magic Carpet again....it won't keep still.....it's out of control.....I can't handle it.

ON WITH THE DANCE....(WHISTLE) OKAY DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

Your Magic Carpet is here Walter, on the Starlight Roof, and we play -- (TITLES)

- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JACK DENNY:

Now, high over New York's busy streets, the Magic Carpet speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Nice going Jack....I'd like to enter you in the Olympics....in the Fine Arts Division. And by the way we should all doff our hats to the gentlemen from Kansas.....let's recognize the Kansas man who went out to the Olympics and proved himself the greatest all around athlete of this or many other generations. Jim Bausch is his name....he won the all-around championship we know as the Decathlon. This Jayhawker from the sunflower state walked off with everything but the stadium out there. 70,000 people rose up in the twilight and yelled themselves hoarse as he finished his tenth event. Jim you're doing Okay....so the whole country hollers out OKAY Jim Bausch....OKAY Kansas. Right now it's my turn to chirp OKAY Howard Claney....he knows what to say.

HOWARD CLANEY:

From Southern tobacco markets comes news of rising prices--tobacco planters will get more than last year for their crop-- and as usual, the finest and most expensive tobaccos will be purchased by the American Tobacco Company. We are glad to pay more to get the best -- for it is our policy to buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world for LUCKY STRIKE. But, that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "IT'S TOASTED." And that is why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Again we start dancing in the streets ladies and gentlemen.....It's time for Denny.....Jack Denny and his musical men from the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria....Up on the Magic Carpet my friends.....we're off in a cloud of stardust.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

This time we play --- (TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet takes that short and speedy hop from the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria to the feet of the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL FURNISH CLOSING)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen -- an announcement of the utmost interest to every American citizen -- Republican or Democrat! We are proud and glad to tell you that on Thursday evening, the time usually taken by the LUCKY STRIKE Hour has been selected for the broadcasting of President Herbert Hoover's speech of acceptance of the Republican nomination for the Presidency. The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are indeed happy to be so signally honored, and we are most glad to turn over this time on the air for the broadcasting of so momentous a news event. We feel sure that all of you, of whatever party, will welcome the opportunity of hearing President Hoover's speech of acceptance, during the time usually taken by the LUCKY STRIKE Hour.

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

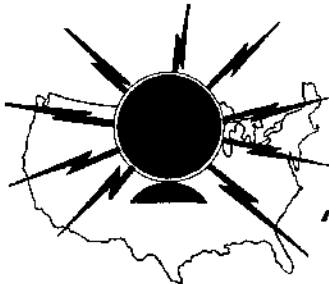
This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
8/8/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P. M. . . . WEAJ and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, to you Mr. and Mrs. America....this is Olympic night on the Magic Carpet....We're going to the coast.... out to the Biltmore Hotel at Los Angeles to dance at the Victory Ball for the athletes of all the nations.

Get a mental picture of the scene....play the game of the Magic Carpet....stretch your imagination and see what we're leading you into. Jimmy Grier, a champion in his own right, has been picked for the music....that big, high, handsome room in the Biltmore is the place. It's a favorite rendezvous of the picture stars, but tonight they're playing second fiddle because the spotlight of interest is focussed on a new group of stars whose names have rung around the world these past two weeks....The glow of youth and health is all over them and out of their eyes shines the light of triumph and victory. Okay then....you know what you're coming to.... enjoy the trip out....out of New York, past Chicago....out over that old Santa Fe trail....look at the way we leave the Chief behind.....there's the Grand Canyon on the right....look at that Heap big Indian chief at Alburquerque....he's dozing in the sun.... the woman planting in the field is his **squaw**.....up up up over San Bernadino....and right across the park into the Biltmore.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

We're in Los Angeles, at the Biltmore Hotel where we're entertaining the Olympic athletes from all over the world. Jimmy Grier and his boys start the festivities with -- (TITLES)

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LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet flashes eastward from  
Los Angeles back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good work Jimmy....and how does it seem to toss the  
thousand  
Magic Carpet three/miles in a few seconds. I'd love to be there.  
I wonder if Babe (What a gal) Didrickson is there. What a woman!  
Did you read what this Texas Tomboy can do? Running, jumping,  
hurdlng, shot put, discus, javelin....she holds or has tied a world's  
record in all of them. When she isn't busy being a home girl she  
goes in for the following forms of exercise....baseball, tennis,  
golf, (by the way the tenth time she played golf she went around in  
81) hockey, boxing, wrestling, riding, polo, billiards, pool, shooting,  
and basketball. It wears me out myself to think of this little  
clinging vine. What's more she's soigne! Grantland Rice says in  
his opinion that she's the greatest athlete that's ever lived.....  
man or woman.. Okay Babe Didricksen...or as Howard Clancy would  
say "Okay Miss America." By the way it's time for Howard to say  
that.....

-----

HOWARD CLANEY:

We are proud that LUCKY STRIKE was able to add to the enjoyment of so many thousands of spectators in the Olympic Stadium in Los Angeles. LUCKIES were a big favorite at the Olympic games -- among men and women alike!...It is because American women are so critical, so exacting -- as the French say, so "Soignee" that they have chosen LUCKY STRIKE as their favorite cigarette....they have recognized the finer quality of LUCKY STRIKE'S delicious tobacco and its unequalled mildness -- true yellow-mildness. We appreciate your choice of LUCKIES, Miss America! And to show our appreciation we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, a small bridge card -- one of fifty problems in bridge worked out by that famous expert, Milton C. Work. Everywhere American women are enjoying these little cards, saving them, solving them, comparing them! It is only a small thing, this bridge card, of no great value -- but it is our way of saying to every American woman, "Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage."

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(MR. O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO "MY WOMAN")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That's the old system gentlemen...treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing. My wife eats right out of my hand. (PAUSE) Yes she does.

I think you've spent enough time in New York ladies and gentlemen so let's get a goin'. Back to that big Olympic Dance at the Los Angeles Biltmore where Jimmy Grier is playing the music for the new world champions and for every home in America.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Here goes the Magic Carpet again my friends...it's no mystery trip either....you know what you're in for. Enjoy yourselves. California here we come.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE)...OKAY LOS ANGELES!

(NOTE: JIMMY GRIER PLAYS ONE CHORUS OF "CALIFORNIA HERE WE COME" WHICH FADES INTO \*\*

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor of the Los Angeles Biltmore, Jimmy Grier and his orchestra play --

(TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Now we speed the Magic Carpet across the continent and back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Socko....right in the mitt....caught it Jimmy. I like to travel on this carpet. I like the girls you meet dancing. Jimmy, speaking of dances, about ten years ago I went into a little palais de dance in dear old South Bend, Indiana....gents twenty-five cents...extra lady ten....it was one of those places where you simply busted up to a gal and asked her to take a whirl with you....I went up to one....as polite as I could be....and said, "I wonder if I could have the next dance?" She wheeled on me, popped her chewing gum and snarled, "I'm gonna dance wit de guy wot brung me." Could she chew gum....she had a stroke like the California crew on the downbeat. I wrote the idea into a song six years ago....Maybe I ought to revive it on one of these programs Jimmy. Give me your advice. Now on the subject of advice...here's some worth following. Listen to Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words will recall to you that great New Englander philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote them so many years ago. And surely they serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well dear customers, we've reached the half-way mark... and that faithful Magic Carpet hasn't got the slightest knock in the engine yet. The silk fringe is waving in the breeze....she's warming up for another jaunt from seaboard to seaboard...from Atlantic to Pacific....from O'Keefe to Jimmy Grier....and he's the lucky man of the hour out there tonight...he's knee deep in the Olympic Champions who are celebrating at the huge Victory Ball at the Biltmore. Come on with me, every one...we'll circle over Hollywood...shoot down Wilshire Boulevard to Beverly Hills like a flash of lightning.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE)...OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Again in Los Angeles at the Olympic Ball Jimmy Grier and his Orchestra start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet dashes eastward from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

(MR. O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO "A GARDEN IN THE RAIN")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Walter walking around and singing in the rain....without his rubbers as usual....and while I was in the garden I was gathering a bunch of flowers and posies....for those first ladies of the Olympics.....Helene Madison, Eleanor Holm, Jean Shiley and others too numerous to mention. I'll send them on the Magic Carpet's next trip westward. But now Howard Claney has a few words. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A leading transcontinental air line has just announced the purchase of sixty fast, improved monoplanes - to give faster time, more comfort and more efficient service to its patrons. In every industry it is the company that offers the most modern improvements that wins. That, we believe, is why LUCKY STRIKE is today an acknowledged leader in cigarettes. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world for LUCKY STRIKE - but, that doesn't explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that modern, scientific purifying process described by the words "It's Toasted" -- the most modern step in cigarette manufacture. It is because LUCKY STRIKE offers smokers this great modern improvement that folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I hope you're air minded, mi amigos, because here's where we take the air on another non-stop flight to the sunniest slopes of the Pacific where the sun-tanned athletes from the four corners of the Globe are gathered in the Los Angeles Biltmore at the Big Olympic Victory Ball. Jimmy Grier was picked to furnish them and you with your evening's dancing, so hop aboard....clutch on..... grab on.....but get on. Here we go out to California on to the Olympic ball.

ON WITH THE DANCE....(WHISTLE) OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Yes, for all you Magic Carpet riders and the colorful gathering on the dance floor of the Biltmore Hotel here in Los Angeles, Jimmy Grier and his boys play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Now, Jimmy Grier and all our distinguished guests bid you adieu as the Magic Carpet dashes out of Los Angeles and back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!



WALTER PINEBEE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL FURNISH CLOSING)

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD SLANEY:

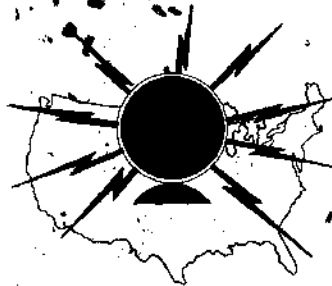
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
8/13/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEAF and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening to you, ladies and gentlemen.....It does my heart good to sit in the cockpit of the Magic Carpet tonight because I feel certain that you're going to enjoy to the full the feast of entertainment that my boss has got planned for you. Tonight's program is really a gala-gala.....this happens to be the ninth Tuesday night in this series of crime dramas....crime cases that are dramatizations of yesterday's front page story....authenticated by the New York Police Department files.

But of course there's a lighter side of this evening's entertainment.....Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has called on your old friend, George Olsen.....so it looks like a big evening. The Magic Carpet is now floating lazily over Fifth Avenue.....let's give it a whirl.... on the right the mansion of Otto Kahn, the famous banker....where young Roger Wolfe learned to play the saxophone....look over on the left.....that's the reservoir in Central Park.....look at that lagoon.....look at those white lights ahead.....why no they're not lights....they're Olsen's Teeth and he's smiling a welcome to you. Hop to it now and on with the dance George Olsen.....

(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

(TRAIN SIGNATURE) All Out! All Out! Walter is wrong. Those WERE lights after all -- the headlights of our train coming to a stop so you could all get out on the Magic Carpet as we play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Back to the Pilot flies the Magic Carpet!  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Olsen...it's a fine job that you do, lad. Keep up the good work George and we'll reward you by calling on you later..... Y'know, ladies and gentlemen, there was an editorial in yesterday's New York Journal to the effect that this year.....1933.....is the centennial of the cigarette. Exactly one hundred years ago, the cigarette was born and like most other epoch making events (to quote the editorial).....it was due to an accident. After a hundred years then Mr. Lucky Strike is sitting on top of the world.....and that's no accident at all. Howard Claney can tell you why.

HOWARD CLANEY:

This morning doors were opened on the leading tobacco markets of the Southland -- the buying season began, and if you could have been there you would have seen expert buyers for the American Tobacco Company carefully inspecting the lots of tobacco set out in every warehouse...unerringly selecting the choicest lot for LUCKY STRIKE and purchasing them regardless of cost. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world for LUCKY STRIKE. But, that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words "IT'S TOASTED." That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It's curtain time ladies and gentlemen!..the lights on the Magic Carpet are dimming down....we're going to shoot our stage right into your living room.....wherever you are and show you the gangster cooking up a job.....watch this poor dim wit planning to knock off a mail truck with hundreds of thousands in registered mail... watch them shoot.....watch them kill.....watch them run.....watch them hide....and by all means watch Barry Rudd, as relentless as death or taxes, overtake them.

Is there anybody who doesn't remember Longfellow's poem which begins:

"Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation  
That is known as the Children's Hour?"

Mr. Lucky Strike has received a number of letters from all over the country saying that the youngsters just won't go to bed on Tuesday nights but insist on staying up to hear these police dramatizations -- "cops and robbers" -- "cops and robbers" stories they call them---but these cop and robber stories show that the police of New York -- and it's true in all other cities -- are on the alert -- that the sensational front page crime stories are the rare exceptions and that every day, everywhere, crimes are being nipped in the bud, criminals are being caught and the youth of our country can well take to heart what Inspector Henry repeats each week -- "Crime Does Not Pay"!.....but here's where the Magic Carpet gives you the signal that opens the door of the underworld and lets you see the rats nibbling at the cheese.....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Again on this hair-raising excursion I lean on the trusty arm of Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York Police. Here at the behest of Commissioner Mulrooney he'll take care of you safely.

ON WITH THE SHOW...(WHISTLE)..OKAY, INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The case which you are about to hear has been dramatized from facts in the official records of the New York Police Department and is authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime does not pay."

(FIRST PART --"MAIL TRUCK MURDER")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I'll say it's okay.....give Barry Ridd an inch and he'll win the marathon. He doesn't need much.....he can make a lot out of practically nothing with that trained mind of his..... and here he's up against the scum of the earth. Those big brave bandits that shoot you down in cold blood.....they mow you down without a chance....one of the drivers of the mail truck is dead..... the other unconscious.....the motorcycle cop....was run down mercilessly and pumped full of lead. Barry hasn't many clues to work on.....the shears.....and the printed letter from Detroit. We'll solve this mystery later with the help of the Detroit police.... so stand by....the solution will come later in this same hour.

But, now, imagine you're going up to that lovely county of Westchester....there's Harlem underneath us.....look at 'em strut their stuff...here's where you strut yours. Put in on now.... you're flying high! You're flying fast! You're on your own!

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And the dance goes on with -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 ( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet is taking off! It's fluttering at the edges! It's leaving the ground! It's up! And off!

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE!

That's special delivery service.....Olsen....right back in the studio the Magic Carpet lands as lightly as a dollar bill on a feather pillow. And now Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely those words will recall to you that great New Englander philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. And surely they serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Up.....up.....up.....like the stock market...but much steadier goes the Magic Carpet my friends...up over New York it speeds safely and swiftly loaded with a passenger list from all over the country bound back to the fascinating contagious rhythms of George Olsen, your old favorite. Ah it's swell to zoom over New York of a summer's evening...the streams of automobiles flowing below and winking their lights like fireflies...look at those cars parked in Van Cortlandt Park...spooners, ladies and gentlemen, spooners.....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)



WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

I guess Love has come to stay....let's leave them alone and go on about our dancing.. Let's stop this dizzy speed and swoop down on George Olsen and have him toot a tune for Uncle Sam to dance to.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Up on your feet everybody! This dance includes --

(TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Hey, there, pilot -- your Magic Carpet is out after speed records tonight! Here it comes!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Olsen...that's taking care of 'em....that's holding down that Magic Carpet. Now sit thee doon and light a LUCKY...light one for Ethel....light one for Fran...here's where Mr. LUCKY STRIKE... OUR boss, George.....takes Uncle Sam by the hand and shows him the modern racketeer and murderer at his worst.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

For the benefit of those who came to class late let me explain that tonight's mellerdrammer deals with the Mail Truck Robbery....with a band of no good guys who kill the driver of the truck, rifle the mails for three hundred thousand, run down the motorcycle cop and kill him too and then fly off into the night. But across their path lies the shadow of the dependable Barry Rudd... of the New York Police Department.....and this is an example of how dependent New York is upon the excellent cooperation of other municipalities. Tonight Barry must appeal to the Detroit police.... that's where the gang is hiding out....pull your chair up closer.... no.....up here.....push your ear into the loudspeaker and follow these crack detectives as they go after their prey. It's dirty work and dangerous.....but it's exciting....it's thrilling....it's got a wallop and a kick in it. Get that wallop yourself....get that kick yourself....hold tight on the Magic Carpet as we shoot out to Detroit.....out to Henry's town.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART -- "MAIL TRUCK MURDER")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So it is headquarters..(so it is....it's certainly okay when every criminal connected gets his just deserts. You heard the carnage and killing enacted there in the apartment when they gathered together to split the spoils and became involved in argument. The only unravelled thread after that was Steve Packer... and he paid with his life for his offense against society. So we finish the ninth of these crime dramas....and this one...like all the others proves the same story....namely, that the criminal, smart and crafty as he is, --- finally pays in full for his crime. Tune in next Tuesday, Uncle Sam....for another police dramatizations.... there's more evidence in this case and we'll give you a mystery thriller which will make you thankful for the police of the larger cities who are more than a match for the underworld.

But enough of this ladies and gentlemen....there is dancing to be enjoyed....so forget the cares of the last few moments and soar away on the wings of the Magic Carpet into the land of pleasure where George Olsen plays the music and you are king.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE! (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Whoa, there, Magic Carpet! You nearly flew right by us! Settle down so everybody can dance while we play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Magic Carpet! Be on your way!

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Olsen you've got that thing....you've got that glamour about you....I remember when you first came to New York and the mob was packing the late places to dance to your band....well congratulations....you've had the same wife and the same Fran Frey all these years....but I mustn't get personal George...I'll simply call on you later and let you prove your right to the throne you've won. Meanwhile we can all pay close attention while Howard Clancy says a few words right to the point. Mr. Clancy, our sports reporter.

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's a brilliant crowd of tennis enthusiasts out at Forest Hills, Long Island, this week watching the women's single and doubles championships. In the crowd watching today's exciting matches were many of America's most distinguished women....those smart, critical and fastidious women whom the French call "soignee" -- which means discriminating, exacting, appreciative of the finer things in cigarettes as in everything else. It is only natural that LUCKY STRIKE should be a favorite at Forest Hills -- for American women everywhere have chosen LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest, the mellow-mildest of cigarettes. To show our appreciation of your choice of LUCKIES, Miss America, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifteen an attractive little bridge card -- one of 50 problems worked out by the famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. . . . .

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Everywhere American women are talking about these fascinating cards -- saving them, solving them, and comparing them. It is only a small thing, this bridge card....it is of no great value --- but it is our way of saying to you, "Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

There's still time for another dance Miss America.... and while you're primping and fixing your hair for another whirl on the Magic Carpet....let me call your attention to a few of the sights we're passing....we're going uptown tonight so let's go up the drive... turn left....over seventy-second to Riverside Drive....there's the home of Charley Schwab the steel magnate....they say he's got a pipe organ back of that second story window....on the right is the penthouse of Helen Morgan of Showboat fame....look at Grant's Tomb.... impressive isn't it....look at the ferries going over to New Jersey.... up....uppp....up and here we are again at the feet of Old Man Olsen... Ethel Shutvoh's so-called better half.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

The "so-called-better-half" hurries to add a couple words, which are: "This time we play -- (TITLES)"

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

now we board our train and start the Magic Carpet  
back to the pilot.

(TRAIN SIGNATURE) (WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL FURNISH CLOSING)

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
8/16/32

GEORGE OLSEN:

How the ~~... ..~~ PATROL

EPISODE IX

"THE MAIL TRUCK MURDER"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

AUGUST 16, 1932

-----

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE IX

"THE MAIL TRUCK MURDER"

PART I and II

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

--:~::~:--

CHARACTERS:

BARRY RUDD	WILTZ
MACK	SERGEANT
STEVE	INSPECTOR
CHINTZ	MRS. HEYWOOD
OX	HEYWOOD
TERRY	CAPTAIN
DOWD	KARION

FLO

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SU-154-IX

(C)  
MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE 11

"THE MAIL TRUCK MURDER"

PART I

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(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS....STAND BY....ALL POLICE CARS...  
STAND BY....THE MAIL TRUCK MURDER...REAL  
PEOPLE,....REAL PLACES....REAL CLUES....A REAL  
CASE....INVESTIGATED BY TOM CURTIN.....  
AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD P.  
MULROONEY,.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET,.....  
PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO SUBURBAN APARTMENT....ON  
LONG ISLAND.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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STEVE: Well, what's eating you? What're you giving me the sour looks about?

CHINTZ: It's this place, Steve. It's getting on my nerves.

STEVE: Is zat so? Well try an' tell me you was ever inside a three hundred smackers a month apartment before I married you.

CHINTZ: Aw, it ain't the apartment so much. It's what's in it. Revolvers and machine guns and tear bombs. Makes me think of the shooting gallery over to Coney.

STEVE: Yeh? Well, that's too bad.

CHINTZ: I'm not having any fun, Steve. You don't stir out o' the place except when you go over to Jersey, or wherever it is ----and you never let me out except to buy groceries. And when I come from tendin' to that do I just walk in the door like I lived here? No ---- I got to stop with my arms full of bundles and push the buzzer in that trick signal you worked out. According to me, this while deal's the razzberries.

STEVE: Say, what do you think I am, Chintz? A bootlegger? I got to be careful.

CHINTZ: I notice you always get out and back when you want to.

STEVE: Sure I do. The cops don't want me right now, but there's no sense in advertisin' where I live. I got important business in Jersey, or I wouldn't go out, ever.

CHINTZ: Important, huh? Blonde or brunette?

STEVE: Listen, kid, don't get rough. I'm doin' what I'm doin' for you.

CHINTZ: Yeh? If you should say "O'mon, let's go to the movies" some night I'd collapse.

STEVE: Naw -- there's no use taking chances.

CHINTZ: Y'see? Same thing all over again. Gee, when I quit dancing at the Glorianna to become Mrs. Steve Packer I sure thought things would be different.

STEVE: How do you mean?

CHINTZ: I thought we'd go places ---do things---spend some dough. You're supposed to be a bit-shot in the racket, for crime out loud.

STEVE: Well, Chintz, if what I got in mind right now pans out, the next fifty years'll be one long party for us.

CHINTZ: What's the plan, Steve?

STEVE: Let it pass for now. I got some guys comin' tonight to talk it over. Ever hear of Ox Bradley?

CHINTZ: Ox Bradley? Sure -- of course. He'd kill his own brother, that bow-legged double-crossin' bum.

STEVE: I can handle him. He's bringin' along his yes-man, Terry Davis, too.

CHINTZ: Ox Bradley don't like to play squire on his divvy-ups, accordin' to what I heard.

STEVE: Don't worry. He'll split right with me. This here we're goin' after is my job, Chintz. I lined it up.

(BUZZER: ONE LONG THREE SHORT)

That's them.

CHINTZ: You got them doin' fancy buzzer-pushin', too, huh?

STEVE: I use a signal on the doorbell so I don't never get surprised. Let 'em in, will you? Or wait -- I'll do it.

(BOLT SLIDES BACK. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

STEVE: (AT DOOR) Hello, Ox! Hello, Terry. Glad to see you.

OX: Same, Steve.

TERRY: Hello, Steve.

STEVE: Come on in and meet the wife, Ox. Honey, this is Ox Bradley.

CHINTZ: How do you do, Mr. Bradley?

OX: Glad to know you.

STEVE: And this is Terry Davis.

CHINTZ: How do you do, Mr. Davis?

TERRY: Swell. It's good to get back to New York.

CHINTZ: Oh, have you been out of town long?

TERRY: About a year, Ox and me. Been layin' low in the woods down in Pennsylvania.

STEVE: Say, you got the shears there, Ox?

OX: Yeh. Here in this bundle. Got 'em down where me an' Terry was. Take a look.

(PAPER RATTLE)

STEVE: Ah, they're beauties, Ox. They'll cut right through anything. This pair o' shears is Ox's wedding present to us, Chintz. What do you think of 'em?

CHINTZ: (DISGUSTED) Oh boy.

TERRY: Great stuff for a manicure, Mrs. Packer (LAUGHS)

OX: Quit kiddin' around, willya Terry? I had to get 'em made special, Steve. Combo of narrow blades for strength and long handles for leverage. They'll cut through any steel wire that's made.

STEVE: They better tomorrow morning.

CHINTZ: Tomorrow morning? What do you mean? Are you going out on a job, Steve?

STEVE: Yeh, baby. Ox an' me. The biggest thing I ever tackled. A mail truck leavin' from Elizabeth, New Jersey, and runnin' down to Rahway.

CHINTZ: So that's why you've been goin' over there all the time! It's on the level!

STEVE: You didn't think so, eh? Sure it is. That's what the shears are for. The drivers to them mail trucks don't carry no keys. The doors lock automatically. That's why we got to cut through the steel wire sides.

OX: How about the two cars for us and the boys, Steve? All set?

STEVE: Yeh, sure. We'll pocket the truck right between the two of 'em, so there won't be a chance o' gettin' away.

CHINTZ: Lissen, Steve. I know I been doin' some of the talkin' tonight -- an' I didn't mean a lot of it. This mail truck stuff scares me, big boy. Lay off of it, won't you?

OX: Don't worry, Mrs. Packer. Me an' Steve makes a sweet team. We'll bring home the dough. There's nothin' to worry about.

STEVE: You're right, Ox. I tell you, Chintz, that mail truck's gonna look like a cyclone hit it after me an' our boys has blowed into Elizabeth around five tomorrow mornin'.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1.FIVE STROKES OF CHIME.  
2.SOUND OF MAN WHISTLING.

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DOWD: Any more mail to come, Wiltzie?  
WILTZ: No more regular ---just what I'm putting in the truck  
here. I think there's another sack of registered, tho.  
DOWD: Where's it comin' in from? Over to the window?  
WILTZ: Sure.  
DOWD: (FADING) I'LL pick it up. Yeh -- here it is.  
WILTZ: All right, pitch it in, and shut the door, so we can  
get started. Be sure you slam it hard, Phil, so she  
locks.  
DOWD: Yeh.  
(MAIL TRUCK DOOR SHUTS)  
That's got it. Shut and locked.  
WILTZ: Good boy. Well, let's go on the morning ride, Phil.  
We'll run this load of letters down to Rahway.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MAIL TRUCK STARTS UP  
2. FADES DOWN ---RUNS UNDER PART OF SCENE.

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DOWD: Gee, it's a great morning, ain't it, Wiltzie?  
WILTZ: Yeh.  
DOWD: I like bein' up this time o' day -- Makes a feller  
glad he's alive---Hey, what's the matter? What you  
staring at, Wiltz?

WILTZ: (TENSE) Say, Phil ---you notice anything funny about that sedan in front of us?

DOWD: No---why?

WILTZ: Every time I slow down, they do. And there's a big touring car following right along behind. I been watching 'em in the mirror.

DOWD: Let's have a look.

WILTZ: Four men in it.

(REPEATED SOUND OF HORN)

They're goin' to pass us now. I guess it's O.K.

DOWD: Careful, Wiltz --- the sedan ahead's slowing down.

WILTZ: Say, Phil, I don't like the looks of this. That touring car's not trying to pass us -- it's just running alongside.

DOWD: Look out, Wiltzie! The sedan's forcing you into the curb!

WILTZ: I got to stop, Phil. If there was one car, I could make a run for it, but the two have got me trapped.

STEVE: (CALLING) It's about time you guys got wise. Pull up by the curb, there.

WILTZ: Good God, Phil! That fellow's got a machine gun!

(RATTLE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE)

WILTZ: Phil---I can't see---I'm shot---

DOWD: Get back, you thugs---Get away from this truck!

(REVOLVER SHOTS)

STEVE: He's got a gat! Chop him down, boys!

(MACHINE GUN)

DOWD: (CRIES OUT) Help---Help---(GROANS)

STEVE: (FADING IN) All right, you muggs. That knocks 'em both out. Come on, now, get them shears to work on the doors. We got to make it snappy.

OX: All right, Terry. Get to work.  
(TERRY GRUNTS)

TERRY: Gimme a lift with these shears, willya, Ox? This wire's tougher than I thought.

OX: Get out the way; I'll cut it.  
(SOUND OF HEAVY WIRE BEING CUT)

STEVE: Getting it, Ox?

OX: Yeh. There's one piece out.  
(CUTTING OF WIRE)

Aw right. There's a big enough hole for you to get into the truck, Terry.

TERRY: O.K. Ox.

OX: Pick up the registered sacks and throw 'em out. Fast.

TERRY: Here's a registered, chief.

OX: Lemme have it. This goes in the car, Steve.

STEVE: Good. I got it.

TERRY: Here's another one, Ox.

OX: All right. Here you are Steve.

STEVE: Yeh. Comin'.

TERRY: This here's the last o' the registered, chief.

OX: O.K. Leave the regular sacks. Got all the stuff in the car, Steve?

STEVE: Yeh. All set, Ox.  
(DISTANT SIREN)

TERRY: Look! Look you guys! Comin' down the road there----  
A motorcycle cop!



STEVE: Scram into the cars, boys! Hurry up!

TERRY: Watch that cop! He's domin' like the devil!

STEVE: All right, I'll take care of him with the cars.  
(SHOUTING) Don't stop for nothing, now, and keep  
down on the floor outa sight, you guys. Ready, Oxt  
All right --- let's go. An' leave the motorcycle cop  
to me.

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SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. CAR MOTOR STARTS AND SWELLS.
2. SIREN FADES IN
3. SHOTS AND SOUND OF CRASH IN MECHANICAL FADE
4. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

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SERGEANT: Detective Barry Rudd's in the outer office, Inspector.

INSPECTOR: Thanks, sergeant. Send him right in, will you? I've  
been waiting for him.

SERGEANT: (FADING) Yes sir. (DOOR OPENS) Will you come in, Mr.  
Rudd?

BARRY: Hello, Inspector.  
(DOOR SHUTS)

INSPECTOR: Hello, Barry. Sit down, will you? I've just been  
talking to the County Chief over in Elizabeth, New  
Jersey, and to Baker at the Post Office. They're both  
anxious for you to take over investigation of this  
mail truck case.

BARRY: Nothing I'd rather do, Inspector, than try to track  
down those criminals. That was a heartless job.

INSPECTOR: It certainly was. Did you hear about what they did to the motorcycle cop?

BARRY: Yeh. They let him catch up to the first car, and then deliberately drove the wheels of the second over him, after they shot him. That was it, wasn't it?

INSPECTOR: Right. Now, here's how the case stands at present, Barry. The driver of the mail truck is dead. They mowed him down with machine gun bullets. They got the guard, too, and he hasn't regained consciousness. The crooks got away with three registered mail sacks---and in those sacks were three hundred thousand dollars in Federal bank notes.

BARRY: (WHISTLES) It's a big case, all right. Have we any clues at all Inspector?

INSPECTOR: We've got something. I'm waiting right now to hear how good it is. They cut their way into the mail truck with a pair of heavy shears, and luckily for us, they left them behind at the scene of the crime.

BARRY: Do we know where the shears were made?

INSPECTOR: In Boston. The factory is locking up the lot shipment now. In the meantime, Jersey's combing the hills, and fifty of our own detectives are scouring New York City. The Federal agents are working on the numbers of the bills stolen from the registered mail sacks.

(PHONE BELL)

INSPECTOR: (CONTINUES) Excuse me a second. (RECEIVER UP) Hello?  
Yes, this is Inspector Tyler speaking. What? It's  
Boston on the line now, Barry. Hello? Yes? I see.  
The shears were ordered as one pair only on a special  
shipment, eh? Well, so much the better. It makes them  
easier to trace. Where did you send them? Get this  
name and address, Barry. All right. Jerry Heywood,  
Heywood's Hardware Store, Wilburville, Pennsylvania.  
All right. Thank you very much. (RECEIVER CLICK)

BARRY: Wilburville, Pennsylvania, eh?

INSPECTOR: It's the only lead we have, Barry. Don't you think you  
ought to check on it?

BARRY: You bet I do, Inspector. How about Mack, my partner?  
Is he working on this with me?

INSPECTOR: By all means, if you want him.

BARRY: I certainly do. I'll get word to him right away. Let  
me see----if I remember rightly Wilburville's a little  
town the other side of Pittsburgh. Anyway, wherever  
it is, Mack and I will hop a train out there---dig up  
Jerry Heywood's Hardware Store----and get the dope on  
that pair of shears!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: TRAIN FADES IN AND OUT.

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BARRY: You say Mr. Heywood isn't here, ma'am?

MRS. H: That's right. He ain't been around here for two-three  
days now.

BARRY: You're sure of what you're telling us?

MRS. H: 'Course I'm sure. He's my husband. I reckon I know if he's around or not!

BARRY: Where's he gone, Mrs. Heywood?

MRS. H: Well, I don't rightly know that. He left day 'fore yestiddy to go down to Pittsburgh. But there's no tellin' where Jerry will end up when he starts to go some place. Land of Love, such a born fool when it comes to travellin' I never did see.

MACK: Say, Barry, do you agree with me on this? I think there's something suspicious here. It sure seems to me Mr. Heywood picked out a funny time to go travellin'!

MRS. H: Why, whatever do you mean?

BARRY: I'll tell you, Mrs. Heywood. My partner and I are New York detectives. We want to talk to you husband about something very important, so I think you'll have to give us a little more definite directions about how to find him.

MRS. H: Say, are you honest-to-goodness detectives? Let me see your badges.

MACK: Take a look, lady, and then tell us where to find your husband.

MRS. H: (READING) City--of--New York. Yes, I guess there's no mistake. Well, I'll do better than tell you where to find Jerry. I'll get him fer ye.

MACK: What do you mean, ma'am? I thought you said he was away?

MRS. H: No, he ain't away. He's down cellar. A letter come to him the other day, that like to have scared him into his grave and he's been down there a-hidin' ever since. But I reckon he'll come out fer you. I'll call him.  
(DOOR OPENS) Paw---Oh, Paw---come on up. There's a couple o' detectives to see ye. Huh? Course I made sure. It's all right. Come on up.

HEYWOOD: (FADING IN) All right, ma. (DOOR SHUTS) Are you the detectives? What was it you wanted to see me about?

BARRY: Mr. Heywood, according to our information, you sold a pair of heavy wire-cutting shears notlong ago. You got them on a special order from Boston. We want to talk to you about the man to whom you sold them.

HEYWOOD: What's that? The dickens you do!

MACK: What's the trouble with you, Mr. Heywood? You're shakin' like a leaf!

HEYWOOD: I can't help it if I am. Because the feller who bought them things, I reckon, is the guy who wrote the letter that's makin' me stay down cellar.

MACK: Huh? What're you talkin' about? You think he's crazy, Barry?

BARRY: I certainly don't. Have you got that letter, Mr. Heywood? I'd like to look at it.

HEYWOOD: Well---all right. But shut the door o' the store, will you, Ma? I don't want to git caught doin' this. It says not to. (DOOR SHUTS) Well--this here's the letter.

BARRY: Hm-mm. Mailed in Detroit. And it's printed in pen and ink, instead of being written.

MACK: What's it say, Barry?

BARRY: (READING) Jerry Heywood----Dear Sir: If anybody asks you about them special shears you sold me, you don't remember nothing. If you keep your mouth shut, you get a reward. If you don't, you die." And that's all.

HEYWOOD: Well, what do you fellers think o' that?

BARRY: It's very interesting, Mr. Heywood. Can you describe the man you sold the shears to?

HEYWOOD: Well, I can, if you don't never let on like I did. I sure don't want nothin' to happen to me because of it.

MACK: Don't worry. We'll see you get all the police protection you need. How about this guy, now?

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HEYWOOD: Well, then, the feller was big builet, an' strong, an' him and his partner --- a younger man -- was campin' up in the woods yonder most o' last summer. He was a good customer here, so I ordered the shears for him.

MACK: Come on -- get along with it. What did he look like?

HEYWOOD: Now don't rush me, young feller. He had a square kind of face---an' I used to notice a V-shaped scar under his chin. Used to stand out sort of white when he didn't shave for a day. Oh yeah---an' he had black wavy hair. An' he was so bow-legged it was kind of comical.

MACK: Bowlegged! Say, Barry, that make you think of anybody?

BARRY: Yes, Mack---Ox Bradley --- and the scar and the rest of the description fits him, too! If it turns out that he's the man involved in this, we're up against a big one ---- a killer!

MRS. H: Land o' Love! Maybe you better go back down cellar, Jerry.

MACK: Big one or not, Barry --- if he bought the shears, he was in on the stickup o' that mail truck, the shootin' of the driver and guard, an' the running down o' that motorcycle cop, wasn't he?

BARRY: That's right, Mack. And we're going to get him. May I have that letter, Mr. Heywood?

HEYWOOD: What are ye goin' to do with it?

BARRY: I'm going to take it to the Detroit police, and the Detroit postal authorities. They might be able to help us run down the man who sent it.

HEYWOOD: I sure hope you get him. I wouldn't want him comin' back after me fer givin' it to you. An' I'm certainly tired o' hangin' out down in the cellar.

BARRY: Don't worry, Mr. Heywood. You'll be furnished with a guard. Come along, Mack. This clue is going to lead you and me out west to Detroit.

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RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE MAIL TRUCK MURDER...WILL THREATENING LETTER  
GUIDE DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK TO KILLERS.....  
STAND BY.....LUCKY STRIKE HOUR....FOR SURPRISES...  
THRILLS.....  
(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!  
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MANHATTAN PATROL  
"THE MAIL TRUCK MURDER"

PART II

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE CARS..  
STAND BY.....THE MAIL TRUCK MURDER....MACHINE  
GUN BANDITS KILL TWO AND FLEE WITH THREE HUNDRED  
THOUSAND DOLLARS.....ONLY TRACE OF CRIMINALS A  
PAIR OF SHEARS.....DROPPED IN FLIGHT.....  
DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK.....FOLLOW CLUE.....  
TO DETROIT'.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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BARRY: Hello, Captain Schrader; what's up?

CAPTAIN: Plenty, Mr. Rudd. Good morning, Mr. Mack.

MACK: Hello, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Sit down, won't you, boys? The unexpected has happened and you fellows only had to wait a week.

BARRY: What do you mean? Did the Post Office land something on that note?

CAPTAIN: Yes, they did, and it's just come in. I showed them the threat letter you picked up from the hardware dealer in Pennsylvania, and had every letter box collector in Detroit on the watch for hand-printed envelopes.

MACK: They found one, you say?

CAPTAIN: They did. And the printing of the address corresponds exactly with that on the envelope you boys brought in. What's inside's unimportant. The letter was mailed in an apartment house mailbox out on Grand River Avenue. My detectives have been working on it, and they've traced the man who mailed it pretty definitely to one of the apartments in the building.

BARRY: That's great work, Captain Schrader. Great!

CAPTAIN: The next important thing is this: Could either of you recognize those mail truck bandits if you saw them?

BARRY: We'd certainly know Ox Bradley, Captain. He's the one we figure to have written the threat letter, and who bought the shears.

CAPTAIN: All right. What do you say to joining forces with the Detroit Police, and going out to that apartment?

MACK: The sooner the better suits us, Captain. Eh, Barry?

CAPTAIN: That's fine, then. I'll have a couple of cars ready in five minutes, and we'll travel out there primed for business. (PHONE RECEIVER PICK UP) Hello, operator. Captain Schrader speaking. Get me Lieutenant O'Brien of the riot squad double quick will you please-----

(FADES OUT)

(MECHANICAL FADE)

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SOUND INTERLUDE: WOMAN SINGING. RADIO EFFECT.

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TERRY: Shut off the radio, willya, Marion?

MARION: All right, Terry. (CLICK) (SINGING OUT) Did you bust the news to Ox?

TERRY: He knows me an' you are plannin' to leave for New York tonight. I ain't told him yet that I'm quittin' him.

MARION: How long you been with Ox, Terry?

TERRY: 'Bout four years, kid. We pulled off some big jobs to gether. But in this racket a guy can't stand still. He's got to go forwards or back. An' Ox is nothin' but a strong-arm roughneck. Steve Packer's the bright guy. I been convinced of it ever since the way he lined up the mail truck deal.

MARION: How much dough does Ox still owe you from that, Terry?

TERRY: Twenty grand. It'll be enough to blow into the big town with. It's a lucky thing you know Steve's new wife, Marion. We'll buy her a wedding present one o' the first things we do. It'll help to get us in with Steve.

MARION: It's funny about Chintz and Steve Packer gettin' married. I used to dance in the line with her at the Glorianna. I didn't think she'd ever settle down -- she was always so hard-boiled, like.

TERRY: Yeh. We were talkin' some about wedding presents the day Ox an' me was in their apartment makin' final arrangements on the job. What you goin' to get for her, Marion?

MARION: I don't know. I got it down in my book, so's not to forget. We'll look around in New York for something.  
(SOUND OF KEY IN LOCK)

TERRY: O.K., kid. Let it rest for a second. This must be Ox now.  
(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

OX: How are yuh, Terry? Kept you waitin', huh?

TERRY: Never mind about that, Ox. Did you bring the dough?

OX: What's all the rush, Terry?

TERRY: I'm leavin' for New York on the ten o'clock train, ain't I?

OX: That's what you been tellin' me. Well, there's thirty thousand bucks in this here package I been keepin' down in the house safe. It's the mail truck swag, so watch where you pass it. I'll pay you off with some of it.

TERRY: Thanks, chief. Me an' Marion'll help you count it over on the table, there.

OX: I can count all right myself. When you figure on comin' back from New York, Terry?

TERRY: Can't tell, chief. It depends.

OX: Yeah? Well, you got twenty grand comin'. I'll let you have ten of it now, and the rest when yuh get back here again.

TERRY: Huh?

OX: You heard me.

TERRY: Listen, Ox, Me an' you's worked together for a long time. I've heard plenty about you bein' crooked on splits, but I always got mine, so I ain't had no kick. But this time I want all that's comin', an' I want it now.

OX: There's no difference whether you get it now, or when you come back, Terry.

TERRY: There ain't huh? Suppose I wasn't plannin' to come back?

OX: I'm allowin' for that. If you got ten grand to collect, you'll get here, all right.

TERRY: Listen, you double-crossin' rat! That's all I'm goin' to take o' that kinda stuff from you. I'm quittin' right now----tonight----see? And when I walk out o' this apartment my full share o' the dough's goin' with me. I'm goin' to join up with a real big-time guy in the racket.

MARION: That's right, Ox Bradley. Terry's through with you. He's goin' to work for Steve Packer.

OX: Steve, huh? You ain't let that mail truck job twist your thinkin' have yuh, Terry? Maybe Steve did figure it out, but I done all the cover-up. I'm the guy who wrote to the hick hardware dealer where we got the shears, an' shut him up, ain't I?

TERRY: You an' your lousy letters. The bulls'll pick you up for 'em some day.

OX: Not them. I print 'em all out by hand. There's no writin' to work from. Now listen, Terry. You take your ten now, and you got the rest comin'.

TERRY: Ox, you gimme that dough! Twenty grand. My full share.

OX: Where yuh goin'? Keep away from me!

MARION: Look out, Terry! Look out!

TERRY: So you'd pull a gat on me, huh?

OX: Get over across the room away from this money.

TERRY: Not me, chief. I got something due me, an' I'm gonna collect.

OX: You lookin' for a dose o' lead, wise guy?

TERRY: You wouldn't dare shoot---not here. It would make too much trouble for you. I'm gonna get mine and get out.

MARION: (SHRIEKING) Terry!  
(TWO GUN SHOTS)  
Terry --- Terry! You've killed him, Ox. Oh, you double-crossing coward!  
(POUNING AT DOOR)

OX: Who's there? Get away from that door, Marion!  
(POUNING AGAIN)

CAPTAIN: Open in the name of the law! Open this door before we break in!

MARION: It's the cops, Ox. I'm lettin' 'em in.

OX: Get away from that door, I tell you!

MARION: I won't. I won't. You killed Terry, an' I'm gonna let 'em in----

(GUNSHOT. SHRIEK FROM MARION. GUNSHOT. DOOR CRASHES IN)

CAPTAIN: Line 'em up, boys!

OX: Get outta here, you coppers!

(SHOT)

BARRY: Look out, Captain Schrader! Look out!

(SHOT)

MACK: Barry---Barry, be careful! It's Ox Bradley!

(FOUR SHOTS)

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SOUND INTERLUDE: POLICE CAR FADES IN AND OUT

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BARRY: Is the Medical Examiner all through, Captain?

CAPTAIN: All finished, Mr. Rudd. All three are dead as they'll ever be. Now let's see where we've gotten with this check-up. You're sure the big fellow was Ox Bradley?

BARRY: No doubt about it. And the other man's Terry Davis. He was Ox's lieutenant for years. Ox shot him, all right.

MACK: I wonder if they were fightin' over the dame, or that jack piled up on the table?

BARRY: What's the difference, Mack? The serial numbers on those bills definitely tie Ox Bradley and Terry Davis into the mail truck hold-up.

MACK: Yeh, but where's the rest o' the dough, Barry? There's only thirty thousand here.

BARRY: The only clue we had took us this far, Mack. Now from these three dead ones we've got to learn who else was in on the split, if any one.

CAPTAIN: Well, you won't get much from them, I'm sorry to say, Mr. Rudd. There's nothin' but two tickets to New York on Terry Davis, and this little notebook was in the girl's purse.

MACK: And it ain't nothin' but a shoppin' list, with all the items checked off but one.

BARRY: What's that, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Here it is. Wedding present----Chintz.

MACK: Nothin' there for us, Barry.

BARRY: Wedding present----Chintz. Wedding present -- Chintz. Wait a second, now. Something's beginning to click in my mind.

MACK: What's happenin' Barry? You goin' nuts?

BARRY: I hope not, Mack. But I have a hunch that here in this notebook is our next clue.

CAPTAIN: A clue, Mr. Rudd? May I see that book again? What do you find there that I missed?

BARRY: It's Chintz, captain. Look how it's written---with a capital letter. It has a special meaning to me.

MACK: Sure, Barry. It's that cloth they use to cover chairs an' make curtains with. The wife got some the other day.

BARRY: Say, Mack, do you remember the night-club clean-up in New York two years ago?

MACK: I ought to. It put me in the hospital for a month? Why?

BARRY: I learned the night joints inside out at that time. There was a girl dancing in the chorus at the Glorianna ----Gladys Harlow was her name. She was playing around with a bunch of petty racketeers and I used to talk to her some. Here's the point---the boys around the club used to call her Chintz!

MACK: You don't say so, Barry? You figure the line in the book might mean that girl?

BARRY: Why not? The story around the Glorianna was that she wanted to settle down with some guy who was in the big money.

MACK: And say -- maybe she did----And this dame who was killed was plannin' on gettin' her a present, huh? But if that's it, she's probably not workin' at the Glorianna any more, Barry.

BARRY: Perhaps not, but I'll bet my eye teeth old Flo La Grange still runs the place. The minute I get back to Manhattan I'm gonna drop in on her and see what she can tell me about the girl they used to call Chintz.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: TRAIN COMING TO STOP.

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FLO: Well, come on an' spillit, Barry. You been here half an hour an' haven't told me yet what you're after. I'm sure I ain't done nuthin'.

BARRY: I'm sure of that, too, Flo. The fact is --- I'm in a tough spot, and I need your help.

FLO: Say, that's too bad, Barry. What can I do for you?

BARRY: Flo, I want a little information, if you'll give it to me.

FLO: You know I'm on the level. What is it?

BARRY: Remember the girl who used to work here that some of the crowd called Chintz? Chintz Harlow?

FLO: Sure. You bet I do. One of the best-lookin' girls I ever had in the place. And one of the wisest at diggin' for gold.

BARRY: HOW did she happen to leave you, Flo?

FLO: Married a lot of dough --- anyway, they say she did.

BARRY: You know the fellow she married?

FLO: Certainly not.

BARRY: KNOW where she's livin' now?

FLO: Yeh -- but no thanks to her. One o' my girls bumped into her out in Forest Hills. She was comin' out o' that big new apartment house there named the Criterion -- or something like that.

BARRY: Say--what's Chintz's married name, Flo?

FLO: Nothin' doin'. I've had trouble enough keepin' track o' my own married name, big boy. Not goin' are yuh?

BARRY: Yes, Flo. Thanks for the dope. I think I'll pick up my partner and take a little run out to Forest Hills to look up those newlyweds.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: STREET NOISES.

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MACK: Well, Barry, you could push me over with a feather. So Steve Packer's the guy this girl Chintz is married to. I'll bet all the tea in China he was in on the mail-truck stick-up.

BARRY: It's the kind of job Steve would go for---there's no two ways about that. But now we've got to nail him with the goods.

MACK: If we could only get into that apartment for a search.

BARRY: Not much chance of that. Steve's stayed at home ever since that one day we spotted him. We've got to figure some other way.

MACK: You know, Barry, I'm for walkin' right up to the door an' givin' that trick ring we caught the girl usin'. Then we could push a gun in Steve's face and get inside.

BARRY: I suppose we'll have to do it, Mack, but not just the way you had it lined up.

MACK: What's wrong with that?

BARRY: Chances are ten to one that Steve watches from his window up over the street there to see when Chintz comes back. If he should hear the signal on the buzzer when he wasn't expecting her, he'd probably let fly with a hailstorm of lead. Steve's a killer, you remember.

MACK: You're telling me? What'll we do, then, Barry?

BARRY: I was figuring this way, Mack. We'll have to use Chintz as a blind. Pick her up in the hall here after Steve has watched her come in. Then give her signal ring, and when he opens up, try to put the hooks into him.

MACK: O.K., Barry. Sounds plausible to me. How about right now, when the girl comes back?

BARRY: How long has she been gone?

MACK: Oh, about half an hour. That's long for her, you know. She just goes down to the corner store for groceries--- then right back again.

BARRY: I suppose now will do as well as any time. I'm tired as you are of hanging around here.

(DOOR SHUTS AT DISTANCE)

What was that?

MACK: It was the front door, Barry. Some one's come in.

BARRY: Take a look around the corner --- see who it is.

MACK: All right. Say---Say, Barry -- it's her!

BARRY: On your toes, Mack. Look over your gun, as a precaution.

MACK: It's oke.

BARRY: Good. Now the second she comes around the corner of the hallway here, you clap your hand over her mouth and hold her tight. Don't let a sound get out of her.

MACK: Leave her to me. I'm all set.

BARRY: Here she comes! Into the corner---quick. Steady, now----

(FADE IN CHINTZ HUMMING TO HERSELF. HUMMING STOPS ABRUPTLY)

MACK: I've got her, Barry!

BARRY: Right. Keep her back from the door so she don't kick it. I'll give the buzzer signal.

(BUZZER: ONE LONG THREE SHORT)

(BOLT SHOT BACK. DOOR OPENS)

All right, you----Get your hands up!

STEVE: Chintz! Huh? What the blazes----???

BARRY: Stick 'em up, Steve Packer! And keep 'em there!

MACK: Attaboy, Barry. Back him into the room. And now you can quit kickin' Mrs. Packer, and get in there after your husband!

(DOOR SHUTS)

CHINTZ: What do you mean? You thugs, breaking into our apartment?

MACK: Yeah? You know who we are,

BARRY: Put the irons on 'em both Mack, while I keep 'em covered.

STEVE: Hey -- get away williya? Keep them things off me!

(CLICK OF HANDCUFFS)

MACK: Too late, Steve. They're on and I've lost the key. Here's your pair of bracelets, Chintz. Take it easy, now ---

(CLICK OF HANDCUFFS)

STEVE: Say, what is this? What're you two dummies arrestin' me for?

BARRY: For the hold-up of a mail truck in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and the murder of two men.

STEVE: Sweet chance you got o' pinning that on me.

CHINTZ: Sure. Listen -- you guys are all wet. Steve's settled down -- he's out out the strong-arm stuff. He's a highly successful rum-runner, now, ain't you Steve?

STEVE: Sure. Sure, that's it. I been makin' plenty from rum-runnin'. How's for bein' sensible, you guys? What about ten thousand dollars to call this off?

BARRY: Ten thousand, eh?

STEVE: Well, I'll make it twenty-five. I'll tell you where you can put your mitts on twenty-five grand if you let me slip away.

BARRY: Where is it, Steve?

STEVE: Right there. In the drawer in that table, there. Now, take the bracelets off, willya?

BARRY: Do you find it, Mack?

MACK: (BACK FROM MIKE) Yeh -- the drawer is full of bank notes, Barry.

BARRY: Take a look at the serial numbers.

MACK: I am. And they're the ones we're lookin' for--the ones we didn't get out in Detroit.

BARRY: That's fine. You see, Steve, we've got the goods on you!

STEVE: Listen boys ---help me out --- gimme a break---gimme a break, willya?

MACK: Sure, Steve. We'll give you a break like you gave the driver and guard on that mail truck. Come on, let's go. You can do your talking just as well from behind the bars.

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE MAIL TRUCK MURDER.....STEVE PACKER CONVICTED  
OF HOMICIDE IN FIRST DEGREE.....FROM EVIDENCE  
FOUND IN APARTMENT.....TRIED AND SENTENCED IN  
NEW JERSEY.....EXECUTED AS PENALTY....FOR HIS  
CRIME.....

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

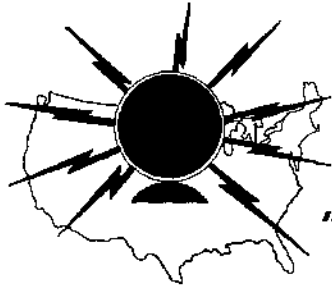
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D. THOMAS CURTIS/SMILL: en  
8/9/32

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# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. · · · WFAF and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD GLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, happens to be my birthday party.....I'm just sixteen....and the boss said, "Walter, the Thursday program is yours.....do what you like with it..... invite the whole LUCKY STRIKE family in on the party and go wherever you feel like".....so it being a hot night I thought you might enjoy a hop skip and a jump out to California.....to visit Anson Weeks.... with occasional jaunts back to Little Old New York to pick up Joe Moss and his musical Manhattans. In between times your pilot will let off steam by singing a couple of songs and we DO hope the evening is a success. I want to start the next year off right.

So first let's take that non-stop excursion to the Pacific Coast.....Right now the Magic Carpet is set to free wheel across country and we'll give you a breeze over the Rockies...over cool Colorado...up by the Great Salt Lake...here we go through Nevada....there's Reno...new wives for old....there's the feather river Canyon...there's Sacramento....there's Oakland where the American Legion are convening...and over the bay we go to Anson Weeks in the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

ON WITH THE DANCIN' ANSON (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Welcome to the Golden Gate in the Golden State. This is Anson Weeks in the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, talking just long enough to tell you that we will play -- (TITLES)

- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)



ANSON WEEKS:

From the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean speeds the  
Magic Carpet back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That's the attitude, Anson --- time is precious and costly on the Magic Carpet so never waste it. Y'know ladies and gentlemen, -- during these past couple of months working with Howard Clancy has been a pleasure and delight to behold. Good old Howard. For example, tonight he asked me for a cigarette....I reached into my pocket...and had one left. So I said, "Howard just to show you what I think of you I'll give you my last one." And then Clancy came back with that hair trigger roady wit of his and answered, "Well just to show you what I think of you I'LL take it." Of course, you can't blame the man....it was a LUCKY and just as he loves to smoke 'em so does he love to talk about thcx. Here he is now.....Howard Clancy.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Who hasn't thrilled to the stories of the settling of the West? Fierce indeed was the cruelty of the savages, whose knives and tomahawks caused the story of the Pioneer West to be written in blood. Again and again, history reveals that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild"....."Nature in the raw is seldom mild." And raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. They are not present in LUCKIES ...the mildest cigarette you ever smoked. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world - but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words - "IT'S TOASTED." That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(INTRODUCTION TO O'KEEFE'S SONG TO BE INSERTED HERE )

(MR. O'KEEFE SINGS "WE JUST COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE.")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was your pilot, ladies and gentlemen...celebrating his birthday tonight through the good nature of Mr. LUCKY STRIKE who graciously permitted me to sing on the Magic Carpet on Thursday for the first time. And the singing over with, I take up the pleasant and exciting task of moving the Magic Carpet around again...Before hurling it into the rhythmic right arm of Joe Moss let me take Uncle Sam and the missus out to Long Island for a second...here we are at Valley Stream...hear the drone of those aeroplane motors....that's the plane piloted by Mrs. Louise Thaden and Mrs. Frances Harrell Marsalis....they call it a flying boudoir and at ten o'clock they passed their hundred and fourth consecutive hour up in the air trying for a new endurance record....The refueling plane is now giving them gasoline, soap, water, powder, rouge and lipstick...yesterday Mrs. Thaden got a box of candy from relatives in Bentonville, Arkansas.... good work girls...here's the LUCKY STRIKE family on the Magic Carpet. why don't you fly back to Manhattan with us.....we're going to dance.. right at the feet of Joe Moss and his boys.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

This is Joe Moss in Manhattan, and these are the tunes

(TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

JOE MOSS:

Hang on, here goes the high flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Oh Joe....take it easy....take it easy lad....you throw the Magic Carpet back with all the speed of a Lefty Grove or a Vernon Gomez.....Ladies and gentlemen, you should see that Moss guy direct the orchestra.....does HE WORK HARD!!.....and of course he gets results, and that's the answer. Here we approach the half-way mark in tonight's journey over the air waves, so it's time again to listen to our golden-voiced friend, Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words will recall to you that great New Englander philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. And surely they serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was the voice of Howard Clancy, my friends. And leaving Howard for a little while the Magic Carpet is about to take you one and all on another break-neck trip to the Golden State...out to California...out to Anson Weeks in San Francisco. Cool off as you go...keep cool over the air waves....out there the weather has been making faces at them....so let's pause a moment by the Chamber of Commerce in dear old Brawley down in the Imperial Valley..... where in the summertime reports say the temperature seldom goes below a hundred.....Last week though....the mercury slid down to sixty three.....and in Calexico to 54....Put away your electric fans....put on your coats and furs....and dip into the valley for a quick cool breeze and right back to the Golden Gate of the Golden State.

ON WITH THE DANCING ANSON (WHISTLE) OKAY SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

At the Mark Hopkins Hotel, here in San Francisco,  
we continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

ANSON WEEKS:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet flashes high above San Francisco and the Golden Gate and speeds back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Right on my doorstep Weeks....and you'll never wear out your welcome when you coax that kind of dance music out of your boys for all the boys and girls of the country. If you're not too busy Anson, listen in while your pilot gets cozy and confidential with the microphone....I want to give the full treatment to a song that is rapidly rising to the peak of popularity on the air waves. Let me give it my little push upwards.....it was co-authored by that rising young movie idol, Bing Crosby, who calls it "Love Me Tonight."

Hiya Bing.

(MR. O'KEEFE SINGS "LOVE ME TONIGHT")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ah I love those old-fashioned sentimental songs that lay it right on the line...the idea of that song is "Love Me in a Hurry." Let's get it over with. But enough of this...the next gentleman on our program is one who needs no introduction...his voice is known to millions....his message a sound one. May I present Howard Clancy.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"They're off"....six times a day thousands hear that thrilling cry at the famous Saratoga track! For years the summer meeting at Saratoga has been the gathering place of the sophisticates of racing. The finest of horses....and a fine type of American woman in the grandstand - lovers of sport, smart, critical, "soignee" -- as the French so aptly call them....women who know a good thing when they see it....and have so made LUCKY STRIKE their favorite cigarette.....because it's the mildest, the mellow-mildest of all cigarettes. Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage. But actions speak louder than words, and so we express our gratitude by placing in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties an attractive bridge card....one of 50 ingenious problems worked out by the famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. They're the talk of the town everywhere....women are saving them, solving them, enjoying them! It's only a small thing, this bridge card, but it shows that we appreciate that Miss America appreciates the truly mild cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE. It's mild because "IT'S TOASTED."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Again we start making the rounds of the country in a free-for-all dance. Drop what you're doing....take a long breath.... and wait for the beat when Joe Moss sounds off on the air. Imagine you're on the roof of a swanky New York Hotel....it's cool....it's comfortable....in every direction you look you find a view that's a honey....look downtown....look at that forest of skyscrapers in the financial district....still some lights left on...they look like magic lanterns strung through the trees....over east is Long Island.....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

...with its many fine residences.....up north you can see the  
Albany Night boat piling up the Hudson loaded with merry-makers.....  
and here right in front of you is Moss.....Joe Moss who will play for  
you. Hop to it.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

Climb aboard the Magic Carpet everybody, we're riding  
back to our pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

And that brings the Magic Carpet back home where we are going to give it a thorough check-over to be sure it's in perfect condition for its long hop on Saturday night, for at that time Mr. LUCKY STRIKE will send it thousands of miles down to Buenos Aires, South America, to bring you some hot Argentine music by Carabelli and his Orchestra. And talking about the Magic Carpet, you know it's travelled all over the country -- up in an airplane -- over to London, Berlin, Paris and Havana - almost all over the world -- and some of the most important cities in the country have stood in the spotlight in the center of the Magic Carpet. It can travel anywhere - bring you anything - but what Mr. LUCKY STRIKE would like to know from you right now is what would you like to hear during your future rides on it. Write us your ideas -- tell us what the Magic Carpet could bring you that would be most entertaining to you - and tell us where you would like to have the Magic Carpet take you -- and at some future time you may rest assured that Mr. LUCKY STRIKE will send the Magic Carpet there or present in the spotlight the type of entertainment you most desire. And now good night and good luck.

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This program has come to you from New York City and San Francisco, California, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
8/18/32

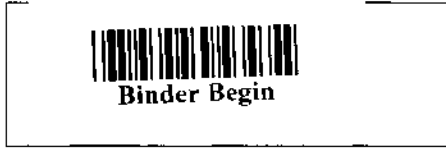
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**BW PREP SHEET**

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Level 1



Rubberband  
was around  
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Level 2



Level 3



Level 4



Level 5

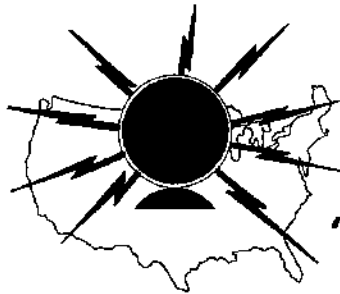


Level 6



# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEAF and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras. Tonight we take you 6761 miles away from New York -- to the famous Carabelli Orchestra in Buenos Aires, Argentina. When you hear this premier South American dance orchestra direct from Buenos Aires, that music will come to New York by short wave; then it will be sent over thousands of miles of telephone wire to 56 leading broadcasting stations in the United States. Later we'll bring you back to NORTH America to hear Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra -- and Walter O'Keefe, the Pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

BooYnahss TAHRRdayss, mi amigos...wheee...am I Spanish tonight. And why not, ladies and gentlemen, why not? Tonight, led by that old Toreador, O'Keefe, the wild bull of the penthouse... the Magic Carpet goes down to the lower half of the Western Hemisphere...down to Buenos Aires in the Argentine Republic. Think of it...almost seven thousand miles in a couple of seconds. Why if you go by plane...the fastest available...it takes you nine days, but the Magic Carpet will do it in a jiffy. Down there in the Queen City of South America....Saynor Carabelli is the idol and when we leave him we'll jump right back to our own famous Spaniard, Saynor Vincent Lopez....here in New York who will match his tango against the best of them.

It's a brave attempt....this flight of ours...and everything is in the laps of the gods and the weather man. That old Debbil Static has been told to keep away from our door, so here we go with high hopes. Over Biscayne Bay and out of Miami we streak over to Havana...there's yuba on the tuba....that's Haiti in back.... hello you Marines....ahh...look below....the lesser Antilles....a necklace of emeralds, those green islands....set in platinum beaches.... it's the old Spanish Main, me hearties....there's Devil's Island, the French penal colony....looka looka looka...the mouth of the Amazon River...it's bigger than Joe Brown's....now over Rio de Janeiro.... the jewel of South America....look at those boulevards....three times as wide as Fifth Avenue....and here we are with a hey nonny nonny and a hacha cha and a great big AHSTA LA VERSTA. BWAYNO SAYNORACE E SAYNORAHSS. como...stan...oo..stay..dayss. In other words -

ON WITH THE DANCE, SAYNOR CARABELLI (WHISTLE) OKAY,  
SOUTH AMERICA!

BUENOS AIRES ANNOUNCER:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the United States! Greetings! It is a great pleasure to welcome the LUCKY STRIKE audience to Buenos Aires. We introduce the Carabelli Orchestra playing -- (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

BUENOS AIRES ANNOUNCER:

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we send you on your seven thousand mile journey from Buenos Aires to New York. Until later in this program, we bid you "hasta luego" which in your language means "So long."

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mucho Grathias, Saynor....mucho grathias. Maybe my Spanish is just an omelet, but I'm trying to thank you plenty for entertaining our continent tonight. And listen Saynor...that's twice in two weeks that you Argentines have thrilled North America. That local boy of yours....Zabala....gave us a great wallop when he made his new record in the Olympics for running the marathon. That was the first time, ladies and gentlemen, that a man from the pampas has become an Olympic running champion.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

In the New York News Ed Sullivan explains just how terribly long the marathon is....Ed said that while Zabala was running the race his country changed hands three times. *Ahsta la veesta* again mi amigos...remind me to find out what I'm saying. Maybe Howard Claneey can tell me....here he is.

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Sea Wolf! What a perfect description of that fierce warrior of the sea - Sir Francis Drake, that savage fighter whose bloody raids on gold-laden vessels made him the dreaded scourge of the Spanish Main in 1577. Legend, history, your personal experience -- all these reveal that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild." I repeat, "Nature in the raw is seldom mild." And raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes.....They are not present in LUCKIES....the mildest cigarette you ever smoked. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world - but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the fact that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words - "IT'S TOASTED." That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mr. O'Keefe introduces "Thank You For The Evening."

(MR. O'KEEFE SINGS -- "THANK YOU FOR THE EVENING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now ladies and gentlemen you are about to be saluted by that familiar phrase "Lopez Speaking"....Lopez speaking English.... well practically English. Incidentally Vincent I'll thank you for this evening if you'll take your cues from me in Americanese. My Spanish will hold up only so long....so watch us Vince....here we come with the Magic Carpet....loaded to the last piece of fringe..... way up over Broadway....Fifth Avenue.....Park Avenue....and right into your lap.

ON WITH THE DANCE, SAYNOR LOPEZ (WHISTLE) OKAY, NORTH AMERICA!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Hello Everybody. Lopez speaking. North America's contribution to the dance will be -- (TITLES)

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- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)
- (\_\_\_\_\_)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

I can't send the Magic Carpet as far as our friends in South America but I CAN send it as fast.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mucho Grathias Saynor Lopez....I can't help it, Vince.  
It's that hot Spanish blood coming out....in my mongrel dialect.  
Here ladies and gentlemen I want to stop the Magic Carpet in its  
headlong flight for just a few seconds so that Howard ClaneY can  
pass on a little tid bit of wisdom, with which I'm sure we all agree.  
Mr. ClaneY.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better  
sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he  
build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to  
his door." Surely these words will recall to you that great New  
Englander philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. And surely they serve,  
in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval  
of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Howard for being so brief...now if old man  
Static is as kind to us as he was before, we'll start flying back to  
South America on the Magic Carpet and this time let's skid down the  
West Coast...out of Texas...and down through the heart of Mexico.....  
there's San Salvador.....and hey take a big look.....Panama...you can  
see both oceans now at once...the Atlantic on the left...the Pacific  
on the right....now down the West Coast of South America...there's  
Peru...there's Lima, the capital of the Lima bean country...there's  
Antofagasta...Antofagasta yourself...I won't....there's Chile...and  
now hold your breath and we'll hurdle the snow capped Andes Mountains....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)



WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

...there's Luis Firpo...the prize fighter...the wild bull of the Pampas...and here's his home town. Buenos Aires....let's all holler Ahsta la veesta, and

OH WITH THE DANCE, SAYNOR CARABELLI (WHISTLE) OKAY, SOUTH AMERICA!

Buenos Aires Announcer:

Welcome back to Buenos Aires, ladies and gentlemen of North America. We cannot deliver the keys of the city by radio but we can give you a welcome with the Carabelli Orchestra playing --

(TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

Buenos Aires Announcer:

Now we must send you back to North America. We are very proud to have had the ten million listeners of the LUCKY STRIKE Hour as our guests here in Buenos Aires. Good night -- buenos noches!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Saynor....you can lead a band...no doubt of that.....  
but you can also handle the Magic Carpet like a veteran. You must  
come up to our house for a corn fritter some day. Y'know ladies  
and gentlemen...in making tonight's plans Mr. LUCKY STRIKE could  
have sent you as the crow flies, but by tacking on another thousand  
miles we were able to take you over the route that Lindbergh charted  
out...V. E. Chenea and J. J. McCormick of the Pan American Airways  
pointed out the points of historic interest, so I said, "I guess I'll  
have to change my plan.".....Ah.....ah it sounds like a song cue  
O'Keefe....and so it is ladies and gentlemen...and I'll song cue  
very much if you listen.

(MR. O'KEEFE SINGS "I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLAN.")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So far tonight, ladies and gentlemen,I have no  
complaints about plans...the weather man and old Debbil Static were  
with us and we managed to skip the equator and span the thousands of  
miles down to the Argentine.....everything is going smoothly...and  
the Magic Carpet a bit breathless from tonight's travel and tossing,  
pauses just a moment or two while Howard Claney goes through on  
schedule. Howard....Howard you like to say a few words.

HOWARD CLANEY:

I wonder how many American women realize that Paris no longer "decrees" -- Paris suggests and then consults Her Majesty, Miss America. This week, envoys from leading Paris dress designers landed in New York anxious to see how the American women will take to the new fall style of low waistlines. For Paris knows that the American woman is smart, discriminating, exacting -- as the French say, "soignee." It is because you are so fastidious, Miss America, so appreciative of the best, that you have chosen LUCKY STRIKE as your cigarette....you have recognized it as the mildest, the mellow-mildest cigarette in all the world. To show our appreciation, Miss America, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, an attractive little bridge card -- one of fifty problems devised by the famous expert Milton C. Work. Everywhere American women are talking about these interesting little cards -- solving them and comparing them. It's of no great value, this bridge card, it's only a small thing -- but it carries with it our message "Okay, Miss America -- We thank you for your patronage!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And so again, my fellow travellers, the Magic Carpet gets up steam for another trip over the air waves....we'll stay at home this time....right up here in North America where Saynor Lopez, the grand old man of radio, will tickle your feet with his baton.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

We're over New York....and tonight we've been talking of the proud cities of South America....look at your own Manhattan... with a million lights twinkling like a crystal chandelier...enjoy yourselves and dance yourselves tired at the feet of Vincent Lopez.... the people's choice.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Lopez speaking again -- but only long enough to tell you that we play next -- (TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Now the Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

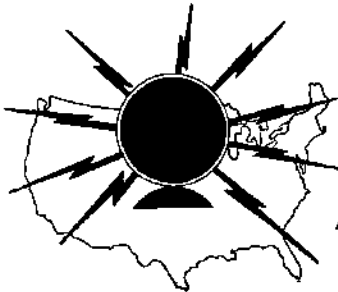
This program has come to you from New York City and  
Buenos Aires, South America, through the facilities of the National  
Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
8/19/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P. M. . . . WEAf and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

TUESDAY - AUGUST 23, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well Uncle Sam....I hope Saturday night's ride on the Magic Carpet didn't make you dizzy...what with Bocaynoh's Ighraise to the south Captain James A Mollison the trans Atlantic flyer, in Canada and Lopez here in New York it was really a three ring circus. We've got more of those evenings planned for you and tonight we've got another one of those knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out-hit-'em-again-and may the best man-win mellerdramas. Tonight our drahma... drayma....or drammer (if you will) has to do with "The Strange Case of Mr. Grimby". More about this later....but meanwhile we have on tonight's program that other famous LUCKY STRIKE Thrill George the Olsen and his demon crew of investigators. Right now the Magic Carpet is soaring over Central Park...imagine you're looking down on those roadways....like ribbons of black silk.... look at the stars above...look at the stars of Broadway....and look at the stars shining in the eyes of Olsen as he lifts his baton for you and you and you.

ON WITH THE DANCE.....(WHISTLE) OKAY GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) All Out, All Out. All out on the dance floor as we start the dance with (TITLES)

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(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now the Magic Carpet flies high and fast back to the Pilot! (WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Olsen, you were colossal...you were colossal but you'll get better. Now with the Magic Carpet under control here's where we settle down in the studio for a bit of a breathing space and a little chat with Howard Claney...Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The largest gathering of golfers that has competed for the Western Amateur Championship in thirty-two years, started off at Rockford, Illinois Country Club yesterday. In the gallery of spectators who followed the players around, were many fine types of American women -- lovers of sport, smart, critical, "soignee" -- as the French so aptly call them...women who recognize true quality and character...and so have made LUCKY STRIKE their favorite cigarette...because it's the mildest, the mellow-mildest of all cigarettes. Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage. But actions speak louder than words, and so we express our gratitude by placing in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties an attractive bridge card...one of 50 ingenious bridge problems worked out by the famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. They're the talk of the town everywhere...women are saving them, solving them, enjoying them! It's only a small thing, this bridge card, but it shows that we appreciate that Miss America appreciates the truly mild cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE. It's mild because "IT'S TOASTED".



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now that Mr. Clanev has had his little say we'll proceed to the business of the evening...and the main business of the next ten minutes will be to paint a panorama of the world of crime and the New York Police Department at work. From your lofty perch on the Magic Carpet look down on a steamer somewhere on the Atlantic Ocean -- it's a long jump from there to the crime which many of you will remember, as one which held the headlines in newspapers all over the country. It's very rough, tough, gruff and gruesome.....come on.....let's follow the chase that covered the country like the Magic Carpet. Because he's been through this labyrinth of criminal trickery no one can talk with more authority than Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector, who is here at the behest of New York's Commissioner of Police, Edward P. Mulrooney. Here you go with him now. ON WITH THE SHOW.....

(WHISTLE) OKAY INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

All the facts of the story you are about to hear have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department and authenticated by Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney. It is a true story, except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime Does Not Pay".

(FIRST PART "THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. GRIMBY")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Okay it is....or better still Okayotic. Chaos is the immediate result of a crime and it must be pleasant for you in the audience sitting back comfortably nursing a LUCKY to note how chaos gives way to order as the methodical master mind of Barry Rudd goes to work. One clue....a flimsy one....in the word tattooed on a man's arm....There's Grimby, a canny cunning crafty criminal dangling the bait of a hundred thousand dollars to tempt this young man from the beaten path. We'll tell you the rest of the story within a half-hour, so stay with us and watch Barry gather the loose ends....Will he catch this Mr. Grimby? And if he does, how? Ah, that's telling, so stand by for the finish.

And now the night shall be filled with music....Ahead of us lies another fox trot over the waves of melody with George Olsen in the role of the Pie-eyed Piper. Come on children...line up in alphabetical order....there's room on the Magic Carpet for all of you as we sweep back to Ethel Shuttah's steady fella.... George Olsen. ON WITH THE DANCE....(WHISTLE) OKAY GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we'll play (TITLES)

- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
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GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet's all ready, Walter. Look out!  
Here it comes! (WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was George Olsen, ladies and gentlemen. And now  
important observation from Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon,  
or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his  
house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."  
Surely these words will recall to you that great New Englander  
philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. And surely they serve, in a  
great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval  
of LUCKY STRIKE, the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

- - - STATION BREAK - - -

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ten thirty (or whatever the exact time may be) and all  
is swell, my fellow voyagers...in a few minutes we will toss ye  
Magic Carpet across the country to chase the grim Grimby...oh the  
story is rough, tough, gruff and gruesome...but meanwhile we have  
time for a detour over Father Knickerbocker's town to dance to  
George Olsen's music. There's a bounce and gayety to his program  
that makes a beautiful balance for the grim terrifying matter in  
the crime dramas, so let's enjoy him for a while and go into a dance.

ON WITH THE GAVOTTE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

We swing into the dance with -----

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now, Magic Carpet, go back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Okay Olsen...okay old fellow...Now sit back and brace your feet...hold tight as we give it the gas. Here comes the solution of the "Strange Case of Mr. Grimby"...it's very rough, tough, gruff and gruesome...and now as we shoot to Tacoma we will pick up Grimby and his confederate, the young sailor...you will notice that he is very rough, tough, gruff and has grew some too... well anyhow...tempted with the promise of a hundred thousand... he helps Grimby stick up the Beacon Bank...they shoot two guards... terrorize the depositors...dash away in a taxi...desert it for the elevated...and the alert taxi-driver notices the tatoo sign...then the search along the waterfront for the men who go down to the sea in ships and a clue in a postcard from Maine...now you've got it in a nutshell...if you think that first part was thrilling get a load of the stirring climax...Here we go and I'll see you later.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART - "THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. GRIMBY")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That's that...customers...It's the same old story...and like love's sweet refrain it never changes...the criminal cannot win. He's up against too much...he can use every modern invention to carry out his lawbreaking plans but still he's no match for the Barry Rudds, the postal inspectors, and the small town sheriffs who are always on the qui vive (alert, to you) to grab a gorilla and lock him up. You can bet a tin of fifty Luckies against a two cent stamp every time that the underworld will take a beating when they clash with law and order. The boy Allen Rayne was punished by a jail sentence but the diabolical Mr. Grimby paid for his crimes in the electric chair.

Tune in next Tuesday night and we'll have another for you...now send the kids to bed...for our "cops and robbers story" is over for tonight...but for the young Miss Americas and adults we still have dancing...we still have George Olsen...we still have the Magic Carpet which can brighten up every home in America so let's hop to it with a hey nonny nonny and a hotcha-cha...and a great big

ON WITH THE DANCING...(WHISTLE) OKAY OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet settles down and we play (TITLES)

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( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now time out from the dance for a moment while the Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot. (WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So I hear Olsen go I hear. It's just too bad that your golf is not up to your music....Still as my dear Aunt Mame used to say "It takes all kinds of Olsen to make a world"....but there's only one Howard Claney, and here he is at the other microphone.

HOWARD CLANEY:

The lion, King of Beasts...the lurking menace whose brute force and savage cunning have made him ruler of the African jungle. He is another example of the fact that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom MILD". And that's what we want to point out to you about tobacco -- "Nature in the Raw is seldom MILD" -- so raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. They are not present in LUCKY STRIKE... the mildest cigarette you ever smoked. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world -- but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "It's toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Oh I almost forgot to make an announcement about Thursday night. Mr. Lucky Strike has gone out and landed a couple of lollipops. At this same time Thursday we will have Hal Kemp, of the Carolina Kempo sub...who is now in Chicago...and here in New York Wayne King will bring it over the air waves. With a little coaxing I might sing myself...but anyhow tune in while these two lads are on...and right now you might as well get the works...so tune it up a little louder...roll back those rugs...come on dance with your wife for a change Uncle Sam...Happy Days are Practically here again and the same goes for George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE. (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Yes, we ARE here again, so dance, while we play (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) Now we hurry back to Hollywood Gardens as the Magic Carpet dashes back to the Pilot. (WHISTLE)

OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE TO SUPPLY CLOSING)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)





HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:O'KEEFE:EJ

8/23/32

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE X -- PART I and II

"THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. GRILEY"

-:-

CAST:

BARRY RUDD	MONDA
MACK	SHERIFF
GRIMBY	MacTAVISE
ALLEN	SERGEANT
WOODS	DRIVER
LOUISE	MRS. WILLIS
PERREM	WILLIS

\*\*\*\*\*

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE X

"THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. GRIMBY"

PART I

---:---:---

(SIGNATURE: - POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE  
 CARS....STAND BY.....THE STRANGE CASE OF MR.  
 GRIMBY.....REAL PEOPLE.....REAL PLACES.....  
 REAL CLUES.....A REAL CASE...INVESTIGATED BY  
 TOM CURTIN.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE  
 COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY....LUCKY  
 STRIKE MAGIC CARPET PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO  
 CABIN IN FREIGHTER WORTH STAR....ON HIGH SEAS.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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GRIMBY: Well, well, well. Hello, Allen.

ALLEN: Mr. Grimby! Why, how did you get down here?

GRIMBY: I talked to the captain, Allen, and he gave his permission for me to visit you.

ALLEN: He did? Gee, it was nice of you to think of me, Mr. Grimby. I bet the mate was sore when he found you were coming down.

GRIMBY: I didn't bother consulting him. You know, Allen, it seems pretty hard lines that you should be locked up here just because you showed a little spunk in your dealings with that fellow.

ALLEN: They told me when I signed on the North Star that the mate was tough. Maybe I shouldn't have talked back to him.

GRIMBY: I heard all that went on. I think you were perfectly right, Allen.

ALLEN: Do you, Mr. Grimby? Gee, you being a passenger, maybe if you were to tell the Captain that ----

GRIMBY: No...No. Don't ask me to interfere in the business of other people, or with the discipline on board ship. But I have something else in mind for you, my boy.

ALLEN: What is it, sir?

GRIMBY: You have plenty of courage. I've been watching you all this voyage. And when you stood up as you did yesterday to that bully of a mate, I decided to put you in the way of a good thing. It will mean your giving up the sea, for a time, tho.

ALLEN: Why, that'd be all right with me, if there was enough money in the job. You see, I want to get a pile together so's I can get married.

GRIMBY: Well, if you stick to me, I can promise you you'll have one hundred thousand dollars within a year.

ALLEN: A hundred thousand dollars -- Gosh, I'd do a lot for that!

GRIMBY: The job requires nerve, a close tongue, and loyalty to me.

ALLEN: What is it, Mr. Grimby? It's nothing crooked, is it?

GRIMBY: That rather depends on how you look at it, my boy.

ALLEN: Gosh --- and here I was thinkin' you might be a clergyman all along! Gee!

GRIMBY: A hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money, Allen. Come now, what do you say?

ALLEN: Gosh, Mr. Grimby, I hardly know what to say.

GRIMBY: Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. You'll be confined to this cabin until we reach port. That will give you a bit of solitude and time to think about it. I'll look you up when we land at New York. Where's your address there?

ALLEN: The Seaman's Haven Hotel, down on West Street.

GRIMBY: The Seaman's Haven, on West Street. Well, Allen, I'll look you up, and tell you exactly what I have in mind. Good-bye.

ALLEN: A hundred thousand dollars! Boy! Gee whiz!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.  
2. SOUND OF STEAMSHIP DOCKING.  
3. STREET SOUNDS.

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WOODS: Well, Mademoiselle Louise, you're early to the bank this morning.

LOUISE: Oui, Mr. Woods, early. And what's more, this is the last deposit I shall make in the Beacon Savings Bank for some time.

WOODS: Dear me --- I hope we've given you no cause for dissatisfaction?

LOUISE: Oh, no, Mr. Woods. I shall leave my account here of course. But--I, monsieur ---la, la --- I have sell my little hat shop, and am going home to my Paris on a visit. I am as excite as a girl!

WOODS: Going to Paris! Well, that is exciting---Why, what is it, Mademoiselle Louise?

LOUISE: This man in back of me in line--he push me----he----- Say, what you think you do-----*(CRYING OUT)* Oh! Mr. Woods---he have a gun!

GRIMBY: Yes, and I'll use it, too, unless you keep quiet. You, Woods, or whatever your name is --- Put up your hands!

WOODS: I---I-----For the love of Heaven-----

GRIMBY: Put up your hands! Allen, you cover the other people in the room with your gun.

ALLEN: Yes, I'm doing that, sir. All right, all of you---- back up and face the wall there----

GRIMBY: Now, Woods, open up that wicket and give me all the cash in that teller's cage-----Quick now----No tricks---

WOODS: I---I can't-----I can't get the wicket open---

GRIMBY: Can't get the wicket open! Nonsense!

(TWO SHOTS. WOODS GROANS)

LOUISE: *(CRYING OUT)* Oh--Oh---what have you done? You've killed him!

GRIMBY: Shut up! No noise, madam, or I'll have to shoot you.

LOUISE: Oh, Mon Dieu --- mon Dieu----

GRIMBY: Allen!

ALLEN: Yes, sir?

GRIMBY: Go thru the door, there, and round in back of the tellers' cages and gather up all the money you can find. I'll cover these people here. Don't move, anybody, if you want to stay alive!

ALLEN: (FADED) Door's locked, Mr. Grimby.

GRIMBY: Don't call me by name again! There's a bank attendant standing behind the glass there with his hands up. Motion him with your gun to open the door from that side.

ALLEN: Open up. Open the door, do you hear me! He---he doesn't seem to understand what I want, sir!

GRIMBY: Doesn't understand! This will teach him!

(TWO SHOTS. SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS. CROWD MURMUR)

Be quiet! No noise out of any of you! Go ahead, Allen.

ALLEN: He---he's bleeding!

GRIMBY: Don't waste time, Allen ----go thru that door!

ALLEN: It still won't open!

GRIMBY: All right, then. Climb up on the counter and over the top of the cages. It's the only way left to get the money.

ALLEN: No - No ----I'm afraid -- it's too late! I may get trapped in there!

GRIMBY: Will you do as I tell you?

ALLEN: But you've killed two men! Some one may have heard  
the shots and given the alarm!

GRIMBY: My boy, unless you obey me this instant, I'll drop you  
exactly as I did those tellers! I'll shoot you, do  
you understand?

ALLEN: Oh my God! All right---All right----I'll climb over---

GRIMBY: Hurry now---

LOUISE: Mon Dieu---Mon dieu---this is awful---frightful----I  
think I am going to faint----

GRIMBY: If you faint now, madam, I can promise you'll never  
come to!

LOUISE: Oh!

GRIMBY: Well, Allen?

ALLEN: I'm filling the bag with bills and gold pieces, sir---

GRIMBY: That's right----Work fast!

(BIG ELECTRIC BELL RINGS)

ALLEN: Oh my god---Mr. Grimby----what's that?

GRIMBY: You've set off the burglar alarm! Bring what you  
have. We've no time to lose now. We'll have to run  
for it!

ALLEN: I'M coming out thru the wicket!

GRIMBY: Good. Toss me the bag.

ALLEN: Here you are, sir.

GRIMBY: All right. Don't lose your nerve. Hurry now.

ALLEN: Yes. Here I am.

GRIMBY: Down the street and into the taxicab we left at the  
corner. You go first. I'll follow you.

ALLEN: Yes, sir. All right.



GRIMBY: And as for the rest of you-----if you make any move  
at all to follow us---you know what you'll get. Keep  
your hands up! (FADING) Now run for it, Allen-----  
LOUISE: Monsters! Ruffians! Thiefs! Help -- Help---  
Police!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CROWD HUBBUB. ELECTRIC BELL FADES OUT  
2. FADE IN CAR MOTOR AND BELL.  
3. POLICE SIREN

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BARRY: There were no other witnesses to the shooting, then,  
Sergeant?

SERGEANT: No, sir. The French dame was the only one who was  
up close, like. The boy had the other people ---  
there was only three -- crowded over to the other side  
of the room facing the wall. They didn't really  
see what happened.

BARRY: Say -- who's that man over there?

SERGEANT: Huh? Well, how did he get in? I'll run him right  
out of the bank, Mr. Rudd. Here -- you --- you can't  
come in here--get out----move along, now----

DRIVER: Wait a second, officer. This is the bank that was  
robbed a little while ago, ain't it? And where two  
men was killed?

SERGEANT: Sure. What do you know about it?

DRIVER: I want to talk to the guy from the police department  
who's in charge. I'm a taxi driver, and I think I  
took the guys what did it in my cab for their get-away!

BARRY: What? How long ago was this?  
DRIVER: Oh, about two hours. They're gone now. I been on another call since. I didn't hear nothing about the killings till just now when I come back.  
BARRY: What did the men you carried look like?  
DRIVER: Wait a minute. Say, officer, who is this guy?  
SERGEANT: You better answer his questions straight. That's the man you were askin' for, in charge of the case. That's Detective Barry Rudd.  
DRIVER: Barry Rudd? Oh, sure, I've heard of him. Well, it was this way, Mr. Rudd.  
BARRY: Just a minute, driver. I want my partner, Detective Mack to hear what you've got to say. Where'd he go, Sergeant?  
SERGEANT: Mr. Mack? Down to headquarters with the French dame.  
BARRY: All right, then. That's where this cab driver and I are heading for right now. Get the fingerprint squad up as a matter of form----it's ten to one there won't be any. And if anything breaks, Sergeant, you can reach me at headquarters.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: POLICE CAR MOTOR AND SIREN.

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MACK: Well, Barry, no luck with this Mademoiselle Louise.  
BARRY: She didn't recognize any of the pictures, Mack?  
MACK: Not a one. We went through the whole Rogue's Gallery twice. She swears herself blue in the face that neither of the guys in the bank stick-up are there.

BARRY: That's too bad. It will be harder to find the killers if it turns out they're unknowns, without police records.

MACK: Say, who's this fellow, Barry?

BARRY: I want you to hear his story. He's Jacob Schultz, a cab driver, who thinks he may have aided in the escape. All right, Schultz. Will you just go over that again so Detective Mack can get it first hand?

DRIVER: Yes, sure, Mr. Rudd. These birds hailed me, like I told you, about three blocks from the Beacon Savings Bank. I took 'em down to about half a block from the bank, and they told me to let 'em out, and then turn around and wait, keepin' the motor runnin'.

MACK: How long was it until they came back?

DRIVER: Not more'n ten minutes. They was out of breath, and the young feller was carryin' a cloth bag. They told me to drive like the devil to the nearest elevated station.

BARRY: Didn't that strike you as funny, Schultz?

DRIVER: Why, no, Mr. Rudd. You come across lots of funny ones when you're cab drivin', you get so's you think nothin' of 'em. I took 'em to the elevated station, an' let 'em out, and they went tearin' up to the platform.

MACK: Where'd you go from there, Schultz?

DRIVER: A dame with a kid signals me, and I took her out on Flatbush Avenue where she wanted to go. Then on the way back to my regular stand, I had to pass the Beacon Bank again, and I noticed the crowd, so I got out to see what was up. When I heard, I was suspicious right away because o' one thing I ain't told you yet.

BARRY: And what's that?

DRIVER: Well, while we was driving along, I heard the young feller---just a kid he was---say that he was chilly----

MACK: How's that? It was a hot day, wasn't it?

DRIVER: Yeh -- but I guess he'd sweat a lot, and his shirt was wringin' wet -- and the other -- older guy said: "Better take off that wet shirt so you don't catch cold."

BARRY: And did he?

DRIVER: Yeh -- right there in the cab - an' then put on his coat again and turned the collar up --

BARRY: Why did that make you suspicious, Schultz?

DRIVER: Well, just as he did it, we come to a red light, so I looked around to see what he was up to -- and while he had his coat an' shirt off I could see he had a revolver poked under his belt. The old guy saw I lamped it, and motioned the kid to get it out of sight.

MACK: How's Schultz's descriptions tally up with what Mile. Louise gave us, Barry?

BARRY: Very much the same.

DRIVER: An' old guy with iron grey hair, about six feet tall -- who reminded me of a clergyman, somehow. An' then the kid --- about nineteen - twenty --- tow-headed. An' say -- there's something else about that kid!

BARRY: Yes?

DRIVER: It was what I saw when I turned around an' he had his shirt off. Tattooed in blue on his right ---no, his left shoulder was a funny name-----M-O-N-D-A ---Monda, or Monda, or whatever that spells, and a big blue anchor.

BARRY: Add that to the file of description Schultz has already given us, will you, Mack.

MACK: Yeh, I'm doing it now, Barry.

BARRY: Good. And I'll take him out to look at the gallery. Perhaps he'll be better at identifying from pictures than Mlle. Louise was. This way, Mr. Schultz, if you please----

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS  
2. SOUND OF CLOCK TICKING  
3. KNOCK ON DOOR

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BARRY: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MACK: Hello, Barry.

BARRY: Where you been, Mack? Out to lunch?

MACK: Yeh. Say how did the taxi driver do at the pictures?

BARRY: No luck. Whoever the two were who did the hold-up and shooting, they have no criminal records by which they can be identified.

MACK: An' neither did they leave any fingerprints. I was just down to the bank.

BARRY: And that, Mack, my boy, puts us in a spot where we have very little to go on.

MACK: Little? What an optimist you are! We've got nothing. Just nothing at all!

BARRY: I'm not so sure, Mack. I've been trying to make something of those tattoo marks Schultz spoke of.

MACK: That ~~what~~ the big blue book is for?

BARRY: Yes. The book is Lloyd's Marine Register. Suppose we say that the anchor indicates that the young fellow is, or was a sailor. That makes the name Monda either a woman, or a ship.

MACK: Pretty far-fetched, Barry.

BARRY: Maybe so. But possible. You'll admit that, won't you?

MACK: Sure. Anything's possible in this business.

BARRY: Well, there's no Monda listed as a ship, so we'll assume she's a girl, for the time being.

MACK: An' what'll we do? Wander from port to port around the world lookin' for her?

BARRY: Don't kid me, Mack. I'm in earnest about this. It's the nearest to a clue we've got, so far. Ask the Inspector to turn loose the waterfront squad, will you? Give them the descriptions we have of the murderers, and tell 'em to cover all the sailors lodging houses and hotels -- and if they find any one who sounds like the descriptions -- give you and me a ring.

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SOUND INTERLUDE:    1. PHONE BELL RINGS  
                          2. POLICE CAR MOTOR AND SIREN

MACK:                Say, that does sound like what we have on this boy, Mr. Perrem. But even if it's him, Barry, I wonder what about the other one---the grey-haired man?

BARRY:              One thing at a time -- please -- Mack. If I remember rightly, you were against coming down here to the Seamen's Haven in the first place. And now you're kicking because you can find a trace of only one of the suspects instead of two. When did this young fellow check out, Mr. Perrem?

PERREM:             Let me see, now. It ought to be here in my book. Oh, yes, I've got it now. He checked out just a week ago today, at noon.

MACK:               He did? Do you get that, Barry? And just a week ago, at ten in the morning, the Beacon Savings Bank was held up.

PERREM:             Say, I'm sure that Allen Rayne didn't have nothing to do with that -- if that's why you two detectives are lookin' fer him.

BARRY:              What makes you say that, Mr. Perrem?

PERREM:             Well, boy an' man, I been dealin' with sea-farin' folk fer forty year. I know the good 'uns from the bad, an' this here kid was one o' the good 'uns. Always stayed here when he was in port, an' never got drunk, an' never made no trouble. You're lookin' up the wrong mizzon-mast if you got the idea he's a bank robber.

MACK: Well, we can't take nothin' for granted.

BARRY: This Allen Rayne stayed here often, you say, Mr. Perrem?

PERREM: That's it. Whenever his ship was in.

BARRY: Tell me this. Did any mail -- letters, or anything like that ever come for him?

PERREM: Sure, now and then.

BARRY: Did you notice where they were postmarked?

PERREM: Nope. Never did. Come to think of it, tho, there's a postcard came in for Allen a few days ago. I been holding it for him.

MACK: What?

BARRY: I wonder if you'd mind lettin' me look at it?

PERREM: Wait a minute. See if I can find it now. Oh, yes. Here you are.

MACK: Where's it from, Barry? What's it say?

BARRY: It's from Aintree, Maine. And it says "Dear Allen: Why don't you write to me. What has happened. Please let me hear again. With love"----

MACK: Yeh -- with love----

BARRY: And, Mack -- it's signed Monda!

MACK: Monda! Fer crime out loud! Then it was a girl's name!

BARRY: Yes, I think so. With the crime a week old, this is our first real clue. And if it's to be any good to us, we've got to move fast in checking it. Otherwise we'll be so far behind the men we want that we may never catch up to them.

MACK: Yeh -- I know what you mean, Barry. Like they say in the newspapers: the trail will be cold.

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. GRIMBY.....WILL GIRL'S  
NAME AND POST CARD HELP DETECTIVES IDENTIFY BANK  
HOLD-UP KILLERS.....STAND BY.....LUCKY STRIKE  
HOUR.....FOR CHASE THAT TAKES DETECTIVES RUDD AND  
MACK ACROSS CONTINENT.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE X

"THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. GRIMBY"

PART II

--:~::~--

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE CARS..  
 ....STAND BY.....THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. GRIMBY...  
 ....BANK ROBBERS FLEE.....AFTER KILLING TWO IN  
 HOLD-UP.....DETECTIVES WORK FROM POSTCARD SIGNED  
 BY GIRL'S NAME.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....  
 PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO HIDE-OUT OF LASTER  
 CRIMINAL AND ACCOMPLICE.....IN TACOMA WASHINGTON...

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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ALLEN: Yes, Mr. Grimby? Mrs. Willis says you were lookin' for me?

GRIMBY: Yes, Allen. Yes, I was, my boy. We've been here in Tacoma with the Willises--let me see----how long?

ALLEN: Why, it's about ten days, I think-----

GRIMBY: Ten days, yes. Too long for us to be idle, Allen. The hue and cry from our Beacon Savings Bank project will have died out by now. The police will settle down to a systematic search, with not much to go on.

ALLEN: Yes, sir.

GRIMBY: We've been idle long enough. We'll take a bank out here---I have one picked. Then we cross back on our track to the Middle West, and try another. If successful, we escape to Canada, and after a time hold up a bank in Quebec or Montreal. Then you'll have your hundred thousand, Allen.

ALLEN: I--I've been thinkin' about it, Mr. Grimby, and I don't think I want to make that hundred thousand dollars, after all----

GRIMBY: Nonsense, my boy. Nonsense. Of course you want it. Think of the little girl in Maine you're going to marry. Think of the fine house you'll have. Now, the bank we'll go after next is the Cascade National, here in Tacoma.

ALLEN: Mr. Grimby, I ain't goin' to do it. I'm through with this kind of stuff. I don't want the hundred thousand, or anything---all I want is to go straight.

GRIMBY: Let me see--I think we'll do the Cascade National job this coming Friday evening, Allen.-----

ALLEN: Well, you can do it without me, then. I'm through, I tell you. I wish I'd never listened to you on board ship. I wish I'd never had anything to do with crooked business.

GRIMBY: I said we'd do the Cascade National job this Friday!

ALLEN: I won't go in on it-----

GRIMBY: Oh, yes, my boy. Oh, yes -- I think you will---

ALLEN: Hey -- what is it? --- what are you goin' to do---Get away --- get away from me----

GRIMBY: You'll do as I tell you, Allen -- You won't question my authority again----

ALLEN: Hey, let go of me----Help -- Help, for God's sake -- you're choking me-----You're choking me---(SCREAMS)

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MRS. W: Mr. Grimby! Mr. Grimby! For the land sakes---what are you doing to the boy-----Allen, Allen,--tell Mrs. Willis what the matter is-----

GRIMBY: Willis ---- listen to me now----get your wife out of this----

WILLIS: Polly----Polly, please ----you've no right to interrupt-----Polly, come here-----

MRS. W: Well, what's he choking Allen for? In all the five years you been comin' here, Mr. Grimby, you ain't never acted like this before. What's the trouble?

GRIMBY: You just keep out of this, Mrs. Willis. You just tend to your own affairs, and Allen and I will mind ours. All right, my boy, go up to your room, now. I have some things to say to Mr. and Mrs. Willis. I'll talk to you later about our plans for Friday. Go upstairs, now.

ALLEN: All right, Mr. Grimby. I'll go.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CLOCK STRIKES THREE  
2. BARNYARD NOISES---CACKLE OF HENS\* \*

\*\*\*\*\*

BARRY: Well, Mack. Welcome to Aintree, Maine! Come in---  
take the load off your feet.

MACK: Say, Barry, for the love of Mike -- What's all the  
racket outside?

BARRY: Mack, what a city-dweller you are. That sound  
indicates that the hen has just laid an egg..

MACK: Yeh? Well, so's our investigation on the Beacon Bank  
holdup, but I'm not makin' noise about it.

BARRY: (LAUGHS) Wait, I'll shut the window.

(WINDOW SHUTS. NOISE OUT)

MACK: That's better. But how are you, Barry. Had a good  
week of rest up here?

BARRY: I've done better than that. I'm on the verge of  
getting somewhere. That's why I sent for you.

MACK: Say -- what's up?

BARRY: Perhaps you wonder why I came to this particular  
boarding house, Mack?

MACK: No, I don't. They're all alike in this town.

BARRY: You're not feeding me very well, but I'll tell my  
story anyhow. When I first arrived I talked to the  
post-master. I asked if there were any girls in town  
who had the name that was signed on the postcard mailed  
from here----Konda.

MACK: Well, was there?

BARRY: One. Her aunt and uncle are the proprietors of this boarding house. She helps with the chores. An attractive little thing.

MACK: Have you talked to her?

BARRY: A little. Up to now, she hasn't been much help. It seems that the boy, Allen Rayne lived on the next farm, and was her sweetheart. Then he went away to sea to make money enough for them to get married on. She hadn't heard from him since before she wrote the postcard we picked up at the Seaman's Haven, until yesterday. I got a message to go down to see the postmaster, and he told me that he'd just delivered a letter to her from Tacoma, Washington!

MACK: Is that right? Have you seen it, Barry?

BARRY: No. My guess is she carries it with her. I asked her aunt to have her see me this afternoon, and I was hoping you'd get here in time to be in on it.

(TAP ON DOOR)

Oh-oh. You were just in time, at that, I think. Come in.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MONDA: Hello, Mr. Rudd. What is it? Aunt Hallie says you were looking for me.

BARRY: Yes, I was, Monda. I'd like you to meet my friend, Mr. Mack. Mack, this is Monda Gabriel.

MACK: How are you miss?

MONDA: How do you do?

BARRY: Monda, I understand you got a letter yesterday from Tacoma, Washington.

MONDA: Why, yes. Certainly I did. It was from Allen. Allen Rayne, my beau....But how did you know that?

BARRY: Monda, I might as well tell you frankly. Mack and I are detectives from New York. It's our business to know things like that.

MONDA: Detectives! But you've been so nice and kind to every one here, Mr. Rudd!

BARRY: We always try to be nice when we can be, Monda. And now, I have to ask you to do something you may not want to. I want you to give me the letter from Allen.

MONDA: Oh---no---no-----It's private! We--we're going to be married, Mr. Rudd. It's sort of sacred. Please don't make me give it to you! Please!

MACK: Say, Barry---wouldn't just the address do? Does Allen tell you where he's staying in Tacoma, Washington, kid?

MONDA: What is it about Allen? Has he done something?

BARRY: I'm afraid he has, Monda.

MONDA: What?

BARRY: I can't tell you that. What's the address, now?

MONDA: I want to do what's best for Allen, I don't know. I suppose I'd better give you the address-----

MACK: That's it, kid.

MONDA: Here it is, in the letter. In care of Bert Willis, Tacoma, Washington. But I'm sure you're mistaken about him. Allen wouldn't do wrong!

MACK: You poor kid! Listen, Monda---we'll make it as easy as we can for him. How about it, Barry?

BARRY: You bet. Come on, Mack. We've got to hop aboard the next train that makes connections for the West.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: TRAIN STARTS UP AND FADES OUT.

\*\*\*\*\*

GRIMBY: Well, Willis, this is a pretty how-de-do, I must say. Allen would never have run away if it hadn't been for the way your wife always sympathized with him.

WILLIS: I'm sorry about it, Mr. Grimby. But after all, the boy has his own life to live, and if he doesn't want to be an outlaw and a bank robber, I can't see why it's not up to him.

GRIMBY: Outlaw and bank robber? What gives you that idea, Willis?

WILLIS: Allen was talking to my wife, Polly, before he left. I must say I was surprised. Here you been coming to board with us off and on for five years, and I never knew but what you was a retired minister or something.

GRIMBY: Willis, where's your wife now?

WILLIS: Polly? She's gone out, Mr. Grimby. She said you'd be fit to be tied when you heard that the boy had run away, and what he said.

GRIMBY: Polly's gone out, eh? Where's she gone, Willis? To the police? Tell me the truth, now. Has she gone for the police?



WILLIS: Why, no, Mr. Grimby. Of course not. Polly wouldn't do nothing like that. Naturally, we don't want you to stay any longer, but we'll give you a chance to get away, all right.

GRIMBY: Willis, you're lying. Polly's gone for the cops.

WILLIS: She ain't, I tell you.

GRIMBY: Oh, you backbiting Judases! After the friend I've been to you all these years! Well, no use to cry over spilt milk. Give me the keys to your car, Willis.

WILLIS: Huh?

GRIMBY: You heard me. You've double-crossed me, you and Polly, and I want to get out of here fast. Now where are those keys?

WILLIS: I got 'em. I got 'em right here in my vest pocket. But I ain't goin' to give 'em to you, Mr. Grimby. You got no right to do a thing like that. We ain't never hurt you, and we're givin' you a chance to get away now. You can't take our car.

GRIMBY: Willis, give me those keys. Right now.

WILLIS: Listen, Mr. Grimby. You can't take our car--we----

GRIMBY: I can't waste time in talk.

(TWO SHOTS -- GROAN FROM WILLIS)

Now--where are those keys? (RATTLE OF KEYS ON RING)

Ah!

\*\*\*\*\*

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.
  2. SOUND OF SPEEDING CAR MOTOR FADES OUT.
  3. SOUND OF TRAIN COMING TO STOP.

\*\*\*\*\*

SHERIFF: Excuse me. Is your name Barry Rudd?

BARRY: Yes, that's right. Why?

SHERIFF: I got the Pullman conductor to point you out to me. I wanted to be sure to talk to you the minute you got off the train here in Tacoma. I'm Bob Coleman, Sheriff of Pierce County.

BARRY: How are you, sheriff?

MACK: You got our telegram to pick up young Allen Rayne, eh?

BARRY: This is my partner, Detective Mack, sheriff.

SHERIFF: Glad to know you.

MACK: Well, what is the story on Allen, sheriff? Are you holding him for us?

SHERIFF: No. I'm sorry to say that young Rayne skipped town for parts unknown before your telegram got to me. But I think I have bigger game for you.

BARRY: Yes? What is it?

SHERIFF: You remember that according to your information Allen Rayne's address was in care of people named Willis?

MACK: Yeh. Sure.

SHERIFF: Well, I'd scarcely got your telegram than police headquarters got a call from Mrs. Willis, saying that her husband had been shot. We went out, and he was too badly wounded to talk. But she had plenty to say. It seems that along with Allen there was a Mr. Grimby staying in the Willis household. A distinguished grey-haired, ministerial sort of fellow----

MACK: Say! You getting this description, Barry?

SHERIFF: Oh, he's the man you two want, all right. Allen told Mrs. Willis all about the Beacon Savings Bank robbery before he ran away. And Grimby got wise to it, somehow took a pot shot at old man Willis, and lit out in the family car, which he helped himself to.

BARRY: You don't say so! Sheriff, what steps have been taken to land this man? He must be caught!

SHERIFF: Wait till I tell you what happened, Mr. Rudd. We figured he'd probably run for the border of British Columbia, so we broadcast a description of him and the Willis car all over the Northwest. And just two hours ago I heard from my old friend Sheriff Bill Scudder of Whatcom County, saying that he'd got word of him.

BARRY: Have they picked him up?

SHERIFF: Not yet. Bill's headed into the mountains after a couple of Tlingit Indians who're on the loose, and he had to tip me off by phone. It seems a guy named Slink MacAvish, who keeps a roadhouse for run-runners and over-the-border men up beyond Squalicum spotted him. Grimby had been driving straight through and was dead tired, so he put up for a little sleep.

MACK: How long ago was this, Sheriff? Any chance of our catching him?

SHERIFF: Darn good chance, I'd say. I've been keeping a plane waiting out at the airport. We can land at Bellingham, and make a dash into Squaticum by car. It shouldn't take more than an hour and a half, all told. What do you say?

MACK: Check our bags right here in the depot, eh, Barry?

BARRY: Before you do, Mack, get out a couple of those tear bombs. We might need 'em. Sheriff, we'll be with you in half a second.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AIRPLANE MOTOR  
2. AUTOMOBILE MOTOR

\*\*\*\*\*

SHERIFF: Here we are. This is Mactavish comin' to meet us. Well, how about it, Slink? The fellow still here?

MACTAVISH: You bet he's here, Sheriff. I'll be blessed if I could git him to come inside tho. He gulped a bite o' breakfast, and then ran his car into the barn, to git it out o' sight. He's sleepin' in the back seat of it now, with a revolver in each hand.

MACK: Say, we're goin' to have some trouble takin' this bird, Barry!

MACTAVISH: (CHUCKLING) Oh, I don't know as ye will. I'm all set for ye, sheriff. I put some kerosene an' kindlin' over to the northeast corner.

BARRY: What's he driving at?

SHERIFF: Well, you see, Mr. Rudd, arresting desperados is kind of an old story at MacTavish's Roadhouse. A lot of 'em stop here on their run for the border, and a lot of 'em do what Grimby's done----hide out in the barn. So usually we just set fire to it, and smoke 'em out.

MACK: Pretty smart idea, eh, Barry?

BARRY: Before we damage Mr. MacTavish's property, let's see if we can get this man to surrender. Give him the horn, will you, Sheriff?

(AUTO HORN TWICE)

BARRY: (CALLING) All right, Grimby. We know you're inside the barn. You'd better give yourself up, and come along.

MACK: Maybe he don't hear you, Barry.

BARRY: (CALLING) Grimby, I'm warning you. Don't try any monkey business. You'd better surrender peaceably, and come with us.

(FOUR SHOTS)

SHERIFF: Look out --- Careful, Mr. Rudd! Get out of range of that window! Seems like he means to fight for it.

MACTAVISH: Sheriff, what do you say? Shall I start the fire now?

SHERIFF: Go to it, MacTavish. He gets a fancy indemnity from the state, you see. That's why he's so anxious to burn a piece out of his barn. How's your gun, Mr. Rudd? I think he'll try to shoot his way out.

MACK: Suits us, eh, Barry?

BARRY: You know, Mack, I'd give a lot to take this fellow back to New York alive. Have you got the tear bombs?

MACK: Yeh--but it's takin' a big chance, isn't it?

BARRY: Let's give it a try. Sheriff, you cover the door with your revolver. Mack and I'll heave these pineapples as he comes out.

SHERIFF: Look -- there's a lot o' smoke around the end o' the barn. MacTavish's kerosene's doing its work, all right.

MACTAVISH: Well, I'm figurin' it won't be very long now.

SHERIFF: How's the fire?

MACTAVISH: Smokin' like the old Nick himself. He can't stand that long.

SHERIFF: Watch the door!

MACTAVISH: Look's like she's openin' a little. Say, I'm goin' to clear out.

SHERIFF: He's a bad hombre! Better let me plug him, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Try my way first. All right, watch it, Mack --- here he comes---

MACK: Let go the tear bomb?

BARRY: Wait till he gets the door open a little further?

MACK: Now?

BARRY: Yes. Let 'er go!

(SOUND OF TEAR BOMBS BREAKING ON DOOR)

SHERIFF: It makes a cloud of gas, all right! But look! He's  
comin' through it-----Look out---he's goin' to shoot-----

(FOUR SHOTS)

MACK: Did he get you, Barry?

BARRY: No, no---Those shots were wild---Watch him, now---

SHERIFF: Mr. Ridd---he's staggering --- he's got his hand to  
his face-----

BARRY: I think the tear gas is working, sheriff!

MACK: Are we ready to lay the finger on him, Barry?

BARRY: All right, Mack. Go up in back of him and grab him.  
Don't speak, or he may fire in the direction of your  
voice-----even tho he can't see-----

SHERIFF: I'll lend a hand----

MACK: (FADING) All right. Steady, now. Grimby, I arrest  
you for the hold-up of the Beacon Savings Bank, in  
Brooklyn, New York---

GRIMBY: Let me go---Let me go---This man is crazy. He don't  
know what he's saying----

MACK: Oh no, Grimby. Don't try to break away from Uncle  
Mack! Got a pair of handcuffs, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Right here, Mr. Mack. Give me your hands, Grimby.  
Come on, now.

GRIMBY: (HANDCUFFS CLICK)  
You cowards. You miserable cowards. Blinding a man  
to arrest him. I can't see. I tell you, I can't  
see.

BARRY: That's all right, Grimby. It's just temporary.  
You'll have your eyesight for as long as you'll need  
it. We have a couple of witnesses back in New York  
who can see very well. When we step off the train  
next week they'll be right there waiting----

\*\*\*\*\*

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. GRIMBY.....COOL CRIMINAL  
RETURNED TO NEW YORK.....IDENTIFIED, TRIED,  
CONVICTED....SENTENCED TO DIE IN ELECTRIC CHAIR....  
BOY ALLEN RAYNE LATER ARRESTED IN SAN FRANCISCO....  
SENTENCED LENIENTLY.....BECAUSE OF YOUTH AND  
CIRCUMSTANCES OF CRIME.....

(SIGNATURE: -- POLICE SIREN)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O. K., O'KEEFE!

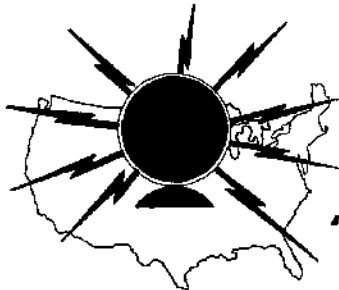
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D. THOMAS CURTIN/chilleen  
8/17/32



# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P. M. · · · WEAJ and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

---

THURSDAY - AUGUST 25, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well ladies and gentlemen...the air seems to be full of optimism...both political parties tell the forgotten man that he'll be remembered when the role is called up yonder....the Hutchinson family is flying the Atlantic on a family outing... Captain Mollison is about to fly home to England...here and there flyers are planning on spanning that Old Debbil Sea so it looks as if there will be a traffic jam out on the ocean...therefore we'll keep the Magic Carpet at home and see America first tonight. We're going cross country...out to Chicago where Hal Kemp and his boys will play for you. Then back to New York to Wayne King...in between times your pilot will sing a song or two and Howard Claney will get his oar in.

So that's the plan for the evening. Now let me tell you about Hal Kemp. This blonde apollo comes right out of the Lucky Strike neighborhood...down in Noth Carolina where Luckies are born. It's the first time I've picked them up on the Magic Carpet but I know them all well and I could tell plenty if pushed. Let's go to town...and the Magic Carpet goes under water, over water and over land...right through the Holland Tunnel and under the Hudson River...here's the Jersey country...out over the Alleghanias...over Lake Erie...over Toledo...there's Elkhart... here's Lake Michigan...and here we are at the beautiful Trianon Ball Room. Hit it Hal...tonight may make you.

ON WITH THE DANCE, HAL KEMP (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

HAL KEMP:

Hal Kemp welcomes you to the Trianon in Chicago where we begin the dance with ---

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

( \_\_\_\_\_ )

HAL KEMP:

Now the Magic Carpet flies the familiar route back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hal yoh-all sho can whip that microphone to Daith. That was Hal Kemp...suh...the Southern Gennulman of the Band business. Keep up the good work Hal....as I told you before TONIGHT MAY MAKE YOU. Let's hope the mailman will get round shouldered carrying in your fan mail....and now Hal shake those enthusiastic flappers off your shoulder for a few seconds and let Howard Clancy give you a new slant on something always close to his heart, Lucky Strike.

HOWARD CLANEY:

A hint to clever hostesses - do you want to make your next bridge party original - different - gay and successful? Here's something that will help: -- give your guests some of those fascinating little bridge cards that are tucked inside every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties...They're part of a series of ingenious bridge problems worked out by that famous expert, Milton C Work. Women everywhere are discovering them - talking about them - solving them and enjoying them. We are indeed glad to make this small contribution to Miss America's pleasure, as a slight return for the fact that she has made Luckies her favorite in cigarettes. American women are smart, exacting, discriminating -- as the French say, "soignee" -- they have chosen Lucky Strike for its extra mildness -- LUCKY STRIKE is mild because "It's Toasted". We are very happy, by this small token, this little bridge card that comes in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties, to be able to express our appreciation -- to say, "Okay, Miss America -- we thank you for your patronage."

(O'KEEFE INTRODUCES AND SINGS "SAY IT ISN'T SO")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was the minstrel of the Magic Carpet my friends, Mike's boy Walter, riding the air waves on the wings of Irving Berlin's latest song..."Say It Isn't So". I think that you'll agree with me that Irving has rung the bell again. But now we've got to travel...and on this trip we pick up a lad who hasn't been on the Magic Carpet for some time...popular demand brought him back to you...your old favorite Wayne King, whom you've heard many times from Chicago. Doctor King got an idea from the Magic Carpet...decided he needed travel and has been drawing in thousands nightly on a barnstorming tour...we pulled him away from the Springfields and the Hartford...dear old Hartford...so let's visit him now. Did you ever see Times Square at night....a million lights in the advertising signs...ah it will be a sight if it changes over to beer signs next year...are you thirsty...well hold it....here we go thirstily after that big draught of melody from Wayne...King for a day...king for a night...King forever and a day ...ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

WAYNE KING:

This is Wayne King in New York glad to greet you again on the Magic Carpet. We play first ---

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

WAYNE KING:

Now the Magic Carpet flashes back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Wayne old boy...you don't mind if I call you Wayne I hope...Wayne you're doin' noble and just as I advised Kemp so do I advise you. There's a lot to be learned from Howard Glaney... and here he is.

HOWARD GLANEY:

We have received many letters stating that Ralph Waldo Emerson was not the author of the quotation we have been using on the LUCKY STRIKE Hour. Many claim that the author was Elbert Hubbard. In the interest of accuracy, however, we refer you to Funk and Wagnall's book of quotations page 760 which definitely states that Emerson wrote: "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." No matter who wrote this statement, the words are true, and surely they serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes!

-- STATION BREAK --

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now for a fast double play, you baseball fans...from  
Claney to O'Keefe to Hal Kemp in Chicago...out where the Cubs and  
the dodgers of Brooklyn are battling it out for the pennant....but  
Mr. LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides...we'd be just as happy if the  
Cincinnati Reds got a blood transfusion and and romped home in  
front. Tonight as I told you earlier marks the debut on the Magic  
Carpet of that bunch of North Carolina lads led by Hal Kemp. He's  
got rhythm...his boys go to sleep at night in waltz time...and  
right now my friends tell me he's got Chicago on his ear...so away  
we go...over the Alleghenies again...don't worry about the air  
pockets...the Magic Carpet is as smooth as a baby's cheek as we  
circle over the windy city and swoop down on that beautiful  
Trianon Ballroom.

ON WITH THE DANCE HAL KEMP...(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

HAL KEMP:

This time in Chicago, Hal Kemp plays (TITLES)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

(\_\_\_\_\_)

HAL KEMP:

The Magic Carpet flies out of Chicago and heads eastward.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well done Hal, m'lad, ---- I hope we hear you soon again and if you're not busy put on your binoculars and watch your pilot get up on the flying trapeze. Here's where I go hill-billy and I love it. I'm standing here in my bare feet...the hill billies think you're effeminate if you wear shoes and they always sing in a very throaty tone of voice like this....(Business) so imagine me barefoot singing that old favorite "The Man On the Flying Trapeze".

(O'KEEFE SINGS "THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Hezekiah O'Keefe, customers, going quite cornfed...ah there's nothing like the old old songs...and while I lie down and search for my normal voice Howard Claney contributes a few words...brief and right to the point. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Norsemen! -- scourge of the coasts of Europe for centuries...who hasn't heard of their ruthless raids, and read in history of the raw, savage, fierceness of their brutal Pillage of Paris? History gives us countless examples of that well known truth, "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"...yes -- and that same adage applies to tobaccos -- "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild". And raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes...I repeat, raw tobaccos have no place in your cigarette. They are not present in LUCKY STRIKE...that's why LUCKIES are the mildest cigarettes you ever smoked. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world. But that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)



HOWARD CLANEY: (CONT)

The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "It's Toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now let's take another romantic ramble through the summer skies. Take a peek at New York you sightseers...there's the Fifth Avenue library with the two huge lions standing guard in front. Y'know one of the funniest cartoons I ever saw came out, I think in the New Yorker, some years ago. It showed two trusting old ladies standing in front of the Public Library admiring the huge granite lions and one of them turning to the other said, "Oh let's go in here...Metro-Goldwyn always have good pictures"... but now it's closed...ye library...but let's not worry about that now...look over there. That fellow staring you right in the face is Wayne King.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, KING!!

WAYNE KING:

We continue the dance with ---

( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
( \_\_\_\_\_ )

WAYNE KING:

Now, go back to the Pilot, Magic Carpet!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All of which leads us up to the finish, ladies and gentlemen...On Saturday night Ted Fiorito of the San Francisco Fioritos will join hands with Charley Agnew from the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago to furnish your evening's dancing... Incidentally, I still have a few seconds left and speaking for Mr. LUCKY STRIKE, I'd like your advice. We've done a lot of things with that Magic Carpet...everything we could think of... we've shot it over the seas to Paris, Berlin, London, Havana, Boaynohs Aghraise. Incidentally, we're sending it over to Berlin again one week from tonight...we've moved the Magic Carpet all over America. We've picked up a hero like Captain Mollison last week...we've had it up in an airplane and we've sent it to the world championship bout ringside. I mention those things to refresh your mind as to its possibilities. Some of the biggest stars have stood in its spotlight to entertain you...and now we put it up to you people. What do you want? What is YOUR idea? What would give you the biggest kick? Write to us...and you can be sure that we'll heed your suggestions and that before long we'll send the Magic Carpet wherever you want or put in its spotlight the type of entertainment you prefer. Think that over.. And remember that we want to hear from you. We'll be grateful for your suggestions. Meanwhile I'll be saying good night.

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

(CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL))

HOWARD CLANEY:

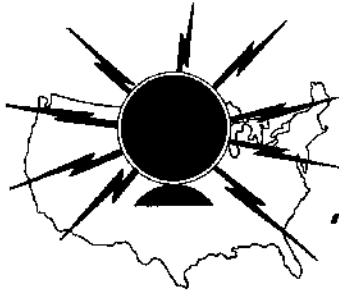
This program has come to you from New York City and Chicago, Illinois, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:O'KEEFE:EJ

8/25/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

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SATURDAY - AUGUST 27, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the Pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well ladies and gentlemen...here we are at the last Saturday in August with Indian Summer ahead. All summer long the Magic Carpet has roved the skies with an eagle eye trained down on Mother Earth looking for amusement for you. Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has his ear to the ground all the time...so that he can give you those features that will brighten up your evenings, and tonight is another example of it. Forgetting time, forgetting space...the Magic Carpet in its miraculous manner is going to soar out of New York and pick up a couple of swell orchestras to help you while away an hour of dancing...out to San Francisco we go tonight to listen to Ted Fiorito....He's playing direct from the new garden room of the Hotel St. Francis...overlooking Union Square in the city by the Golden Gate...then in a second or so we'll be back here in New York for a brief stop before speeding half-way across the continent again to Chicago...to that beautiful hotel up on the North Shore, the Edgewater Beach Hotel, where Charley Agnew will hold forth...so let's leave New York right now and start over the trail of the pioneers to the West. Three thousand miles it is... but what's that...only a second or two on the Magic Carpet and now we're over San Francisco...,did you ever eat there ladies and gentlemen...it's a pleasure...the seafood...ah it's the nuts... let's not talk about it but stand up now for a feast of music from Fiorito...a musical chow chow...a little this, a little that...and ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

TED FIORITO:

This is Ted Fiorito at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco where we begin the dance with -----

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TED FIORITO:

The cross-country, high-flying Magic Carpet leaves San Francisco now and heads East. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ted...you're doin' okay. Very much okay. We'll ask for a second helping from you later, but meanwhile we'll catch our second breath while the inimitable Howard Claney tells you a thing or three.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's an interesting note from those smart beauty shops in New York, Los Angeles, Newport, Palm Beach and other social centers. Most of them offer cigarettes to their patrons, you know, and they tell us that most of their patrons prefer LUCKIES. The smart, critical, "soignee" women of America have made LUCKIES their favorite cigarette because it is the mildest cigarette. Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage. One good turn deserves another, and so, as a token of our appreciation, we place in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, one of 50 bridge problems worked for you by that famous expert, Milton C. Work. They're the talk of the bridge parties all over the country...they're fascinating, instructive!

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES OVER)

HOWARD GLANEY:(CONTINUES)

You'll find one in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties...  
together with fifty of the mildest cigarettes you ever smoked.  
LUCKY STRIKE -- it's mild because "It's Toasted".

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(O'KEEFE INTRODUCES AND SINGS "SONGS FOR SALE")

There's one expression I have always gotten a laugh  
out of. You hear it in New York now...people tell you that rents  
for apartments have come down...they're dirt cheap...that you can  
get a penthouse for a song. Say listen I've sung my heart out to  
the landlords of New York and it ain't true, my friends, it ain't  
true. I said to one landlord "If you give me this apartment cheap  
I'll cut you in on the earnings of my new song"...so he made a  
counter offer. He'd give me the apartment without a bath...but  
you know me. Where would I do my singing.

Now take a last long lingering look at New York. There's  
the Paramount Building...why look again...the clock is going...well  
toodle oo Manhattan...we're Chicago bound...Out where the West  
begins...out where the hand clasps a little tighter...why there's  
Greeter Gaw, the big handshake and welcome man of the Windy City...  
he'll escort you up Sheridan Road and right into the glorious  
Edgewater Beach Hotel.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE AGNEW (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHARLIE AGNEW:

You're on the famous Beach Walk between the Edgewater Beach Hotel and Lake Michigan itself, where the crowd will dance to -----

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CHARLIE AGNEW:

Now, from Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean, the Magic Carpet takes you on a fast flight.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good work Charlie. We'll shoot the Magic Carpet back to you again in a few minutes but in the meantime let's hear what Howard Glaney has to say. Mr. Glaney.

HOWARD GLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE - the mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

-- STATION BREAK --



WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was the voice of Howard Olaney...just turning the half way point on tonight's journey over the air waves, Uncle Sam... and now leaving Howard for a little while...let's go back to the balmy temperature of California...and wave at a couple of interesting spots in passing. There's the Hoosier state...look at that Wabash...now let's hurdle another river...Old Man River of them all...the Mississippi...now over the Rockies...and into California...what a state...the lowest point in America...Death Valley...the highest point, Mount Whitney...and that interesting point we know as San Francisco...the land of the old Barbary Coast...of Bret Harte...of Ted Fiorito who will entertain you now.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

TED FIORITO:

Welcome to San Francisco again. We continue the dance with -----

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TED FIORITO:

Out of the St. Francis Hotel, out of San Francisco, out of the West flies the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(O'KEEFE INTRODUCES AND SINGS "INDIANA MEDLEY")

Of course, I was born and raised in Hartford, Connecticut...but you can't look at an Indiana sunset without feeling like a Hoosier under the skin. And after all when someone writes a sentimental song about Connecticut I'll be the first to sing it. Hello New Britain...and does the dinky still run over to the Capitol City...ah those were the good old days. Working in an insurance office...didn't we all?

Glaney remind me to tell you about the old old days... later on son because I know it's your turn now. Speak up Howard... your public is waiting.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Have you seen that exciting picture "Bring 'Em Back Alive"? If you haven't, don't miss it...it's playing in theatres all over the country. You'll be thrilled, as I was, by the breath-taking, ferocious battle between the dreaded python and a jungle tiger. It's Nature in the raw, ladies and gentlemen -- proof right before your eyes that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild". And this fact applies equally to tobaccos...that's why we tell you that "Nature In the Raw is Seldom Mild" and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes...and that's why we emphasize the fact that there are no raw tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE, the mildest cigarette you ever smoked. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world -- but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "It's Toasted." That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now back to Chicago....where the Cubs have got the natives in an uproar. The Windy City fans have a great chance of catching that world series...and then with all those big football games in the Fall....What a town for sport. (Here we will quote from the evening paper the winner and his score for the western Open Golf which will finish Saturday)....and right now I imagine a lot of those golfers and their ladies are thronging the beach walk of the Edgewater Beach Hotel where the air is cool and the music is hot. Let's peek in on them and have a dance ourselves....

ON WITH THE DANCE CHARLIE AGNEW...(WHISTLE) OKAY

CHICAGO!

CHARLIE AGNEW:

You're in Chicago again, where we play (TITLES)

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( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
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( \_\_\_\_\_ )

CHARLIE AGNEW:

We start the Magic Carpet back to the pilot. (WHISTLE)

OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(O'KEEFE WILL SUPPLY CLOSING LATER)

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

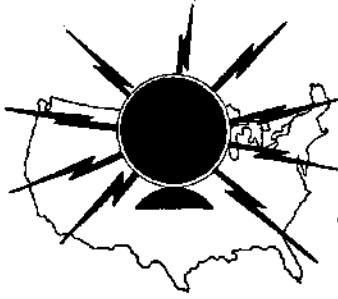
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AGENCY:O'KEEFE:EJ

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hello hello hello hello...and howdeyedoo and how are you. Tonight, my fellow tourists, the Magic Carpet after a restful week-end is all 'tuned up for another record breaking journey over America. I mustn't waste time because we only have one hour in which to pack all these thrills.

This program brings you another true incident from Police Commissioner Mulrooney's files...one of those popular dramas of cops and robbers that are keeping your Master America up late on these Tuesday nights. These cops and robber stories, as the kids call them, are vivid exciting portrayals of actual incidents founded on facts....more about them later.

Tonight we also have a galaxy of musical thrills ready to run down your spine and into your feet...so let's get going again...to Joe Moss and his musical madhatters. You're over New York...look at those proud and beautiful hotels...you can write your favorite movie star at the Warwick Hotel...the hangout for the Hollywood greats...George Oghen usually stops at the Savoy Plaza...over there on your left...the Hotel Elysee where Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman are now stopping...looking downtown...the Algonquin...where the literary crowd get together...look at the bellhop reading Shakespeare...he probably wants to be the heavyweight champ...now back up Fifth and right at the feet of Joe Moss we land as lightly as a feather.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

We start with --

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JOE MOSS:

The Magic Carpet flashes back to the Pilot (WHISTLE)

OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mucha grathias Moss Muchas Grathias...I learned that on our trip to South America and I've been trying to get the correct pronunciation Joe. All I meant was many thanks to you...Now park your baton for a while and get a load of the rest of the program.. it'll knock you for a loop Joe...but before we start let's get the LUCKY STRIKE family comfortable and it might be best to listen to Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Have you discovered them yet?...those fascinating little bridge cards in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties? If not - get one today! In every tin there is one of those little cards - a bridge problem devised for you by that famous expert, Milton O. Work. American women everywhere are collecting them - solving them - giving them to guests as an amusing feature of bridge parties. We are happy to make this small contribution to the pleasure of America, for we do appreciate the American woman's overwhelming choice of LUCKY STRIKE as the finest and mildest of cigarettes.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES OVER)



HOWARD GLANEY: (CONT)

It is a small thing, this little bridge card - of slight value - but it carries our message "Okay, Miss America - we thank you for your patronage" - we hope you will continue to enjoy the mellow-mildest of cigarettes - LUCKY STRIKE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now comes the first big dramatic smash of the evening. Maybe I can detour for just a moment to tell about something that happened the other day. I was walking through the tenement district over on the East side...the kids were playing all over the street... and all of a sudden I heard a police siren. It was a little shaver in his wagon behind me yelling "Okay Police Loudspeaker!" Was my face RED? And a letter from Boston tells about a woman overhearing two boys at play. One of them said, "Let's play cops and robbers. I'll be Barry and you be Mack." Well Master America here's another one for you to play with during the week. Tonight's mystery thriller is called "The Abduction of Izzy Goldman". To you youngsters in the fourth grade let me explain that abduction means kidnapping. It's grown into big business these last few years and the crooks call it the snatch racket. They snatch or steal somebody bodily and hold him for ransom. Just how bold they've gotten in this country we all know too well...but like every other racket...this one is losing ground due to police efforts. Now pay close attention while we turn over the Magic Carpet to a man who has won his spurs in many a skirmish with these crooks...Colonel Dominick Henry, Former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York Police who is here to guide you at the behest of Commissioner Mulrooney, Take care of them kind sir and give 'em the ride of their lives.

ON WITH THE SHOW..(WHISTLE) OKAY INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The case which you are about to hear has been dramatized from facts in the official records of the New York Police Department and is authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime does not pay."

FIRST PART - "THE ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well it'll be okay if Barry Rudd can hang the goods on them but his job is by no means an easy one: This might almost be called "Cheating the Cheaters" or "Taking the Takers"...when the underworld prays on its own members to make a killing. You noticed how those tough guys started off...businesslike from the start. Butch and Nick figure that the shortest distance between two points is action...and so they give you plenty. Where will it end? Will poor Mrs. Goldman get into trouble for telling the police? ...Can she raise the money?...Will Goldman walk the streets again or be picked up in a bundle at the side of a deserted road? Will they phone again? Stand by everyone...we'll pick up the trail of our cops and robbers story later and solve it in this same program - within a half hour.

But now let's dance...let's sweep over the top of the town and look down on the scene below...peek in at the Biltmore... that tall fellow is Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz, and he's up on the roof there leading his band...there's Times Square...look at that out-of-town newspaper stand...your home town paper is there too...look at the lads and lasses riding up Riverside Drive on the tops of the busses holding hands and holding a conversation...and look at that lad right in front of you with welcome written all over his face. It's Joe Moss...the old mosstro.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

And the dance does go on with (TITLES)

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- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )
- ( \_\_\_\_\_ )

JOE MOSS:

Get ready, pilot, here comes that Magic Carpet. (WHISTLE)

OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Right Joe Moss...that's making the most of our time. We'll need you later so treat your singers to a LUCKY and lay low and lazy. Of course it's an old adage that brevity is the soul of wit...it's also the very essence of wisdom. Howard Glaney has a quotation to prove it. Mr. Glaney!

HOWARD GLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE - the mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

-- STATION BREAK --

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Move over Glaney....sit here side of me while I take the Magic Carpet up into the stratosphere for a moment...let's flash it out to Long Island...look at that beautiful Atlantic Beach Club... look at that crowd sitting at their dinner in the open air up against the breaking waves....pretty isn't it...they're dancing too so why don't you...let's hustle back to Manhattan...so the Magic Carpet keeps up its riotous rolling pace and like the rolling stone it gathers Joe Moss who will play for you.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY, MISS AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

And especially for all the Miss Americas we'll play ---

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JOE MOSS:

Back to the man at the controls flies the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good work Moss...and you Moss stay around a while. Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has Uncle Sam and the missus, Miss and Master America by the hand and is about to give them another birdseye view of the kidnapping racketeers at work in the Izzy Goldman case, tonight's cops and robbers story. Is Izzy...Iz Issy..yeh that sounds right.. Is Izzy going to get out of his tangle alive or will Butch Miller and Nick manage to get the hundred thousand dollars from Izzy's worried wife? Remember the set-up of this crime...Izzy himself is a bootlegger so these snatch racketeers feel he's a cinch to hold up for ransom. They tappd his eyes...he doesn't know where he is...he can't communicate with anyone...Here comes the solution...so let me warn you...this is no may party....everyone concerned is a tough guy...they're hard as nails and they're desperate...so hold on tight...while I steer the Magic Carpet right back to headquarters.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

SECOND PART - "THE ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It is you know...it is you know...it's always okay when the lawbreaker finally get's it in the neck. Barry Rudd and his faithful pal Mack were in a tough spot there tonight...they had to work fast....they had to work surely...they had to work without a trace of fear or caution. And did you notice how smart Barry was when he noticed the two guys in the bushes strapping on guns...he was afraid stray bullets might hit innocent bystanders... but luckily the motor cycle cop swept down right in time to bump off one of the gang and Barry had the other. It's just another battle won by the police...Nick died right there...Sleeper went back to the pen and Butch wound up with twelve years in the big house. Just one more proof, like all of these sketches, that you can't beat the police. Sooner or later, no matter how tough or how smart they are they feel the finger of the law tap them on the shoulder and they end up in the chair, the gallows or in prison. So now put Master America to bed. Our cops and robbers story is over for tonight. Next Tuesday we'll have another...but speaking of the present, right now we've got another dance for you. Up on the Magic carpet you go....keep your neck in...you might hit a skyscraper as we whizz past...bound back to Joe Moss your director.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

Grab your partners and swing 'em around to the tune of --

(TITLES )

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JOE MOSS:

Hi there, pilot, here comes your speedy Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Moss you've got millions...kid you've got millions of people listening to you so bear up Joe...take a long breath...and bide your time. We haven't wasted a second tonight and it certainly will be worthwhile to get the benefit of a few seconds from Howard Clane<sup>y</sup> who is about to tell a story. Mr. Clane<sup>y</sup>!

HOWARD CLANEY:

What a grim and bitter fight against Nature in the Raw was waged by those brave Pilgrims who struggled against ferocious Indians and biting cold in that first winter of 1620! They knew that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"...and raw tobaccos, ladies and gentlemen, have no place in cigarettes. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world -- but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never over-look the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described in the words -- "It's Toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now you radio fans...you dancing fans...you LUCKY STRIKE fans...there's still time for more dancing. There's still time for one more fleeting glimpse of what New York offers at night ...when the moon comes over the mountains of Manhattan that we call skyscrapers...towers towers everywhere...the Chrysler tower...the Empire State Tower...the Woolworth tower...all great places to see the eclipse from tomorrow...here goes the carpet zig zagging through this forest of spires and turrets as we safely lad you right on time at the feet of Joe Moss...and what feet!

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

Everybody out on the dance floor as we play (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

And now one fast flight back to the pilot...(WHISTLE)

OKAY O'KEEFE!

(OKEEFE TO SUPPLY CLOSING LATER)



SIGNATURE

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:O'KEEFE;EJ

8/30/32

(CLOSING

)

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XI

"THE ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

AUGUST 30, 1932.

\* \* \* \* \*

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XI -- PART I AND II

"THE ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN"

CAST:

GUS	GOLDMAN
MILLER	BARRY
NICKSON	MACK
MRS. GOLDMAN	SLEEPER
O'DAY	RADIO-CAR VOICE

\* \* \* \* \*

NOTE:

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XI

"THE ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN"

PART I

\* \* \* \*

(SIGNATURE: - POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . ALL  
POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . THE  
ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN. . . REAL  
PEOPLE. . . REAL PLACES. . . REAL CLUES  
. . . A REAL CASE. . . INVESTIGATED BY  
TOM CURTIN. . . AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE  
COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY. . .  
LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET. . . PROCEED  
AT ONCE. . . TO BOOTLEGGERS' WAREHOUSE  
. . . IN BROOKLYN. . . .

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

\*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

(SOUND - HEAVY KNOCKS ON HEAVY DOOR)

GUS: Who is it? Who's there?

MILLER: (OUTSIDE) Open up.

GUS: What do you want? Who are you?

MILLER: Come on, come on . . .

(SOUND - MORE KNOCKING)

GUS: Lay off the pounding till I get a look at you. Stick your face up here, so I can see what you look like.

(SOUND - CLICK OF BOLT AND SLIDING OF SHUTTER)

MILLER: (THROUGH OPENING) Now you can see us -- open the door!

GUS: I don't know you guys.

NICKSON: Say, buddy -- can't you see we're customers?

MILLER: We want to talk over a -- deal. Get it?

GUS: Well. . . O.K. Wait a minute.

(SOUND - LIFTING OF HEAVY BAR. DOOR OPENS)

All right -- come in.

MILLER: (FADING IN) That's better -- pal. Come on in, Nick.

NICKSON: (FADING IN) Thanks, Butch. . . guess I will. Now that the bright boy has unlocked the door.

GUS: (RATHER TOUGH HIMSELF) That's all right about the door.

NICKSON: Hey -- Butch.

MILLER: Yeah?

NICKSON: The bright boy says it's all right about the door.

MILLER: Well, ain't that sweet?

GUS: (SOMEWHAT NERVOUS) Sure -- it's all right, I guess. I'll close it now -- if you'll get out of the way.

MILLER: Yeh -- you better close it, at that.

(SOUND - THUD OF HEAVY DOOR)

NICKSON: Sit down -- bright boy.

GUS: That's all right.

NICKSON: Huh! He can't say nothin' but "all right."

GUS: Say -- what is this?

MILLER: He wants to know what it is, Nick.

GUS: Well I mean -- if you guys are here to talk business -- why, the boss is out.

MILLER: Well -- while we're waitin' for him -- maybe you can do tricks for us.

GUS: Ah, cut it out, will yah? What's it all about?

NICKSON: Nice little place they got here.

MILLER: Lot of booze lying around this warehouse -- huh, Nick?

NICKSON: Izzy Goldman must be making big dough.

GUS: (HELPLEFUL) That's right. . . he is.

MILLER: Yeah? You mean -- he was.

GUS: Huh?

MILLER: Say, what's the matter with you? Can't you hear?

GUS: Well -- uh -- if you've got a deal with Izzy, why -- you better wait here, and -- I'll get him.

MILLER: Hear that, Nick?

NICKSON: Yeh -- he's gonna go get him for us. Cheese -- what a nice guy.

GUS: Well, if you guy's 'll just wait a second, I'll get Izzy, and -- -- .

MILLER: You'll get nothing.

GUS: Huh?

MILLER: Stay where yah are. We're gonna use you -- later on.

GUS: Well -- listen you guys -- if you ain't on the level -- I ain't gonna play with you!

MILLER: You got nothin' to say about it.

GUS: Hey - what is it? What's the racket?

MILLER: Paste this in your hat, kid -- I'm only tellin' yah once. Your boss, Izzy Goldman, has taken a million bucks out o' the booze business.

GUS: Yeah?

MILLER: And Nick and me have come on from Chicago -- for our share of that million.

GUS: But. . . I see. Well --- you'll have to speak to Izzy about that.

MILLER: Oh, no --- you're gonna speak to him.

GUS: But -- he ain't here.

MILLER: That's a telephone, sitting on that desk, ain't it?

GUS: Yeah, but I -- I don't know his number.

NICKSON: Don't make me laugh!

MILLER: Say, kid -- Hop on that phone, and call up Izzy Goldman; we want to meet him -- some place where it's good and dark.

GUS: But -- I don't know his home phone number! It's the truth ---

MILLER: Get on that phone.

GUS: He don't like to be called up at home -- it's a private number!

MILLER: Say, Nick.

NICK: Yeah?

MILLER: The bright boy can't remember the boss's phone number.

NICK: Now ain't that tough!

MILLER: Sock him.

NICK: Yeah.

GUS: (FRIGHTENED) Hey!

(SOUNDS - NICK GRUNTS AS HE SWINGS. SMACK OF FIST AGAINST JAW. CRASH AS GUS GOES DOWN, SPLINTERING A CHAIR BENEATH HIM.)

MILLER: (INTERESTED) He busted the chair when he fell over.

NICK: Pick him up. I'll sock him plenty.

MILLER: Get up, bright boy. Get up.

GUS: (SCREAMING) You can't do this, you b-----

NICKSON: (TOPPING THE LAST WORD) Hold his arms.

MILLER: I got him. Give it to him.

(SOUNDS - NICKSON GRUNTS AS HE SWINGS AT GUS'S FACE. EACH BLOW IS A SEPARATE SHARP SOUND.)

NICKSON: (BREATHING HARD BUT MAKING A STATEMENT OF FACT)

I'll kill him.

MILLER: That's enough. Can it. Lay off.

NICKSON: I'll kill him.

MILLER: Hold it a minute. Listen, kid. Think you can get Izzy now?

GUS: (AFTER A PAUSE, MUMBLING) I'll call him. Gimme the phone.

MILLER: Here. And dial this right, bright boy -- because we're watchin' you.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. SLOW DIALING OF A TELEPHONE  
2. STREET NOISES  
3. MOTOR RUNNING ALONG SLOW (FAINT STREET NOISE BACKGROUND)

MILLER: Hey -- don't drive so fast, Nick. Here we are. Central Park West. That's the hotel right over there.

NICKSON: This where you wanta stop, Butch?

MILLER: Yeah, pull up here.



(SOUND - BRAKES)

MILLER: Keep the motor running.

NICKSON: Yeah.

GUS: You guys can't get by with this -- let me out of this auto!

MILLER: Shut up, bright boy. Get in the back seat, Nick -- beside me.

NICKSON: Oke.

(SOUND - CAR DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

MILLER: Keep your hand on your gun. If the kid speaks out of turn -- let him have it. Watch it, Nick -- ain't that Izzy Goldman now -- -- coming out of the hotel?

NICK: Yeah. That's him, ain't it, kid?

GUS: Yes -- that's him.

MILLER: He's lookin' for us now.

NICK: He's spotted the car. He's comin' over.

MILLER: Shut up! He sees us.

NICK: Looks like he figures there's something wrong.

MILLER: What's the matter? Why's he stopping over there? We gotta get him in the car!

NICK: All right, kid -- give him the office. (PAUSE)

MILLER: Talk up, kid, or it'll be -- just -- too -- bad.

GUS: Hey, Izzy! Mr. Goldman! It's me -- Gus --

GOLDMAN: (OFF) Oh, it's you? (NEARER) So what's the trouble?  
(IN FULL) I'm sitting home the first time since last winter and right away you're phoning me up.

GUS: Yes -- I had to. I had to see you.

GOLDMAN: So what's the business you can't tell me on the private phone, hah?

GUS: Mr. Goldman, I - - -

GOLDMAN: Hey! Who is those guys in the back! So what goes on here?

MILLER: Come on, Nick! Grab him!

GOLDMAN: Get your hands off me - - -

NICKSON: I got him!

(STRUGGLE)

MILLER: Well-get-him-in-the-car, get-him-in-the-car, stupid!

(SOUND - DOOR)

And don't yell, kid -- or I'll drill yah!

(STRUGGLE CONTINUES)

NICKSON: (GASPING AND STRUGGLING) This guy is -- tough.

MILLER: Sock him, sock him! The monkey-wrench! My G-----

NICKSON: (TOPS HIM) Yeah! Yeah!

(SOUND - HEAVY BLOW - SIGH AND GROAN FROM GOLDMAN) . (PAUSE)

He's quiet now.

MILLER: And we got to get out of here -- quick!

(SOUND - MOTOR UP)

Put the tape on his eyes, Nick. And then. . . do the same for the kid. We're movin'.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CAR MOTOR HORN  
2. PHONE RINGS  
3. PHONE RECEIVER UP

BARRY: Detective Mack? In the outer office? Sure. Ask him to come in, will you? Thanks.

(SOUND - REPLACE TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

MAACK: (AWAY FROM MIKE) Hello, Barry -- what's up? I hear you were lookin' for me.

BARRY: Sit down Mack. I've got something to show you.

MACK: (COMING IN) Shoot!

BARRY: It's from the Philadelphia police. The chief inspector passed it on to me this morning.

MACK: Oh. . . a confidential report, eh?

BARRY: Yes, and you'd better get out your notebook, because this is important -- big stuff.

MACK: O.K. Barry.

BARRY: I'll just summarize what the Philadelphia police have to say, and see what it suggests to you. They report that Butch Miller has recently gotten control of Nick Nickson's gang and his mob now numbers ten or eleven men. Their specialty is taking over gamblers -- extortion, torture and kidnapping.

MACK: Uh-huh. Where do we come in?

BARRY: Philadelphia tells us they have reliable information that the entire mob has now located in New York.

MACK: Tryin' to break into the big time, huh? Well, we'll just --

(SOUND - TELEPHONE BELL)

(SOUND - RECEIVER LIFTED)

BARRY: Police headquarters. Detective Rudd speaking -- oh, it's the outer office, I'm sorry -- eh?, I see -- yes -- certainly I'll see her -- ask her to wait just a minute. Right.

(SOUND - REPLACES RECEIVER)

Go on, Mack -- you were saying --

MACK: I was going to say we've got plenty to grab Butch Miller on. I've got notes on him right in the book -- in the first place -- let me see -- oh yeah, here it is -- in the first place, he's the fellow that held up a Post Office in Wisconsin. Got away with seventy-five thousand dollars.

BARRY: Yes, I remember that. Butch has pulled off some big things in Chicago and the Middle West. But where he's really concentrated is preying on other crooks -- stealing from law violators. I suppose he's come into New York with great ambitions.

MACK: The first job he tackles, it's up to us to grab him. And -- if that's all, Barry, I guess I'll be --

BARRY: Wait a minute. Stick around while I talk to this woman who's waiting outside.

(SOUND -- LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

Hello. Ask Mrs. Goldman to come in, please.

(SOUND -- REPLACE RECEIVER)

MACK: Mrs. Goldman? Who's she?

BARRY: If she's the lady I think she is, it may mean anything.

(SOUND - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MRS. G: (OFF) Mr. Rudd?

BARRY: Yes, come in, Mrs. Goldman.

MRS. G: (FADING IN) Thank you.

BARRY: This is my partner, Detective Mack.

MACK: How d'you do, Mrs. Goldman.

MRS. G: Mr. Rudd, my husband is Izzy Goldman. You know him?

BARRY: We know him very well, Mrs. Goldman -- and what business he's in.

MRS. G: Well -- he's been kidnapped!

MACK: What's that?

MRS. G: Yes -- and they want a hundred thousand dollars -- in cash -- for his return!

BARRY: When did it happen?

MRS. G: Last night. Some one called him on the telephone. He said he had to go out and see about it. He didn't come back. This morning I had a phone call from the kidnapers. They said it would cost one hundred thousand to get him home again.

BARRY: How long did they give you to raise it?

MRS. G: Three days.

BARRY: Can you do it?

MRS. G: I'm not sure. Isidore isn't as rich as they say.

BARRY: You've had just the one call?

MRS. G: No -- another one came in, later this morning.

BARRY: What was the message?

MRS. G: It was a warning -- it said they would kill my husband and me, too, if I got in touch with the police.

BARRY: Good for you! You've got nerve, Mrs. Goldman.

MRS. G: What should I do?

BARRY: The only clue these people have given us is the phone calls -- so when they ring you up again, try to keep them talking as long as you can.

MRS. G: What will you do? Listen in on my line?

BARRY: Better than that -- we'll trace the call -- while they're still talking, if possible. It may look like a slim chance -- but it's all we can do, till we get something more definite to work on. And by the way -- did your husband tell you who it was that telephoned him, last night?

MRS. G: It was one of the men that worked for him, a young fellow named Gus Maynard. He wanted Mr. Goldman to meet him near the Gayland Hotel on Central Park West. It must have sounded on the level, or Mr. Goldman would never have gone.

BARRY: You think this young fellow could be working with the kidnapppers?

MRS. G: I doubt it Mr. Rudd. I bet they got Gus, too, because my husband never trusted anyone who wasn't safe --

BARRY: I see. The Gayland Hotel -- make a note of that, Mack.

MAOK: Right.

BARRY: Remember, Mrs. Goldman -- the next phone call you get -- stall -- stall for time. . . don't settle anything in one conversation. . . make them call back. In three days we can do a lot.

MRS. G: Three days!

BARRY: That's all. If that's the time they gave you to raise the money -- it's all the time we have. And we'll have to move plenty fast -- or it may turn out we're too late.

\* \* \* \* \*

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN. . . WILL  
ABDUCTORS MURDER WEALTHY BOOTLEGGER AND  
PARTNER. . . OR WILL NEW YORK DETECTIVES  
. . . PICK UP TRAIL. . . IN TIME TO SAVE  
LIVES. . . STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE HOUR. .  
FOR BREATH-TAKING FINISH.

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XI

"THE ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN"

PART II

\* \* \* \*

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . ALL  
POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . THE  
ABDUCTION OF IZZY GOLDMAN. . . WEALTHY  
BOOTLEGGER AND AID HELD CAPTIVE - - -  
THEIR LIVES IN DANGER. . . DETECTIVES  
RUDD AND MACK WORK ON PHONE CALLS FROM  
ABDUCTORS.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET  
. . . PROCEED AT ONCE. . . TO GANGSTER  
HANG-OUT IN BROOKLYN.

(POLICE SIREN FADE IN AND OUT)

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GOLDMAN: Listen Butch Miller. I know you, and I'm asking you a simple question -- who hired you to do this job?

MILLER: Nobody hired us, Goldman. We're on our own.

GOLDMAN: But you're asking what's impossible. A hundred thousand dollars! I ain't got that much.

MILLER: Can that stuff, Goldman. You're worth a million.

GOLDMAN: That ain't so!

MILLER: Well, you're bein' let off easy. But if you don't like it -- it's O.K. with us. You'd be worth just the same to us -- if we was to bump you off!

GOLDMAN: Huh? V'at you mean?

MILLER: If we take you for a ride maybe the next guy will have heard about it -- and maybe the next guy won't be crying about how poor he is!

GOLDMAN: You wouldn't -- you wouldn't actually --

MILLER: Ask the kid what we done to him; well, that's just on the first page o' the book, Goldman. We know plenty o' tricks.

GUS: He's not kidding, Izzy. They're both hard-boiled.

GOLDMAN: My wife -- she'll do what she can. Leiber gott. Fifty thousand -- ain't that enough?

MILLER: One hundred thousand -- and she's only got till tomorrow night to raise it. After that -- Blooey! We're giving the cops too much time as it is.

(SOUND - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

NICKSON: (FADING IN) Having any trouble, Butch?

MILLER: Nah. What's new?

NICKSON: Old Lady Goldman wants something to show we've really got Izzy on ice.

MILLER: How about takin' our word for it?

NICKSON: Well, she's probably got the dough and wants to make sure before she pays off. We could take her his shirt or something.

MILLER: Well, I tell yah -- here's this business card of Izzy's -- it says "real estate," -- that's a laugh -- but anyhow, I'll tell yah what we do. I'll tear the card in two -- and you can send one half to the dame I'll keep the other. So when the pay-off comes, we'll match the halves. Get it?

NICKSON: (ADMIRINGLY) A fox must ha' bit you -- That idea's all right. Gi' me half the card.

MILLER: Here yah are. Get this to Mrs. Goldman -- and tell her she better kick through in a hurry -- or Izzy won't be feelin' so good!

NICKSON: Yeah, I get yah.

MILLER: And say -- ask Drucco to come in here, on your way out.

NICKSON: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) Oke.

(SOUND - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

GOLDMAN: Look, Miller. Suppose you and me talk a little business together, hah?

MILLER: You ain't got nothing to say about this deal, Izzy. It's between us and your storm and strife. Anyway, you better not get tired talkin' -- rest up, pal. You may need your strength.

(SOUND - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

SLEEPER: (OFF) You want-a me, boss?

MILLER: Yeah, come over here. Look, you guys -- this here is "Sleeper" Drucco. I guess you've heard o' him.

GUS: (LOW VOICE) "Sleeper" Drucoco -- he's a killer, Izzy.

GOLDMAN: Yah. I know that, Gus.

MILLER: The "Sleeper's" gonna watch after you, while I'm gone.  
And in case you get restless -- you know what his  
specialty is -- makin' 'em go to sleep!

SLEEPER: That's-a right. . . an' they no wake up.

MILLER: I'm just tellin' yah -- for your own good. Well --  
take it easy, guys -- (FADING) I got business.

(SOUND - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

GUS: Hey. . . Sleeper.

SLEEPER: What-a you want, kid?

GUS: Where are we?

SLEEPER: I don't know. . . . shut up.

GOLDMAN: Wherever we are. . . . such a dump!

GUS: Yeh -- it sure ain't the Ritz.

GOLDMAN: Better we should be in jail even than here. And the  
food -- Butch Miller -- must think I got a stummick  
like them big snakes in the Zoo -- boloney -- onions  
-- garlic -- Irish stew -- sauerkraut -- fried  
potatoes! Ugh! If only we could send out for a  
nice turkey sandwich, ha, Gus?

SLEEPER: You don' like-a the food, Goldman?

GOLDMAN: Ach, no! It's terrible!

SLEEPER: I'm a-tell-a you somet'ing, Goldman. . . if I was-a you  
. . . I no worry...about the food!

GOLDMAN: V'y not? I'm sick, I tell you!

SLEEPER: You got one big-a worry, Goldman. . . . just-a one, . . .  
that's-a whether you eat anyt'ing. . . after. . .  
tomorrow night.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STREET NOISES

2. A SMALL CLOCK CHIMES FOUR

MRS. G: There. Four o'clock. They said they'd call back then.  
Oh, why don't they do it?

BARRY: We're closing in. . . they're telephoning from uptown  
Manhattan, not so very far from here. Somewhere around  
Central Park West. We know that already.

MACK: You see, Mrs. Goldman, we've traced all the calls to  
pay stations right around that one neighborhood.

MRS. G: They told me I only had till six this evening! This  
will be the last call.

BARRY: If it comes. You must be prepared to face the fact  
that it may not.

MRS. G: Yes. I understand that, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Let me explain to you how things stand, exactly. We  
have detectives stationed at every phone booth that's  
so far been used to call your apartment. The telephone  
company is co-operating, and any incoming message to  
your number will be reported by the operator who  
receives it, traced immediately, and police headquarters  
will be instantly advised. If, the call comes from one  
of the pay-stations where we're prepared for it,  
Headquarters will flash the detective stationed there,  
and let Mack and me know here in your apartment.

MRS. G: What if the call doesn't come from one of the  
pay-stations?

BARRY: In that case, we'll get a special squad of police out to the address where it originated as soon as possible -- but we've given them no reason to change their tactics. I expect them to phone you as before from one of the neighborhood pay stations.

MRS. G: (SUDDENLY) Mr. Rudd, Isidore never hurt anybody -- they've no right to treat him this way! It's because of -- of his business -- they think the law won't protect him!

BARRY: (GENTLY) We're here -- aren't we, Mrs. Goldman? What your husband does has got nothing to do with this case. The law is for the protection of everyone, and we want those kidnappers!

(SOUND - "TELEPHONE BELL)

There! Don't let them suspect you're excited -- play for time!

(SOUND - LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

MRS. G: Hello? Yes. This is Mrs. Goldman. Yes. I still have it - half the business card. Well? No, no, I tell you! I'm acting as you told me to! What? Yes, I'm ready to pay it -- any time, anywhere! Hello? Hello? Hello! They hung up!

(SOUND - REPLACES RECEIVER)

BARRY: What did they say?

MRS. G: They accused me of double-crossing them, and said they didn't want to go any further with me! They said they might kill Mr. Goldman as a warning to somebody else! Maybe they'd call later. . . . and maybe not!

MACK: Just trying to scare you, Mrs. Goldman. They won't pass up the chance to collect the ransom money and first you've got to meet the guy with the other half of your husband's business card - Don't give in!

(SOUND - TELEPHONE BELL)

See? There you are.

(SOUND - RECEIVER LIFTED)

MRS. G: Hello? Oh. It's for you, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Thanks. Hello? Yes, speaking. What! You have?  
All right -- keep track of him - Mack and I will be there -- as fast as we can!

(SOUND - SLAMS BACK RECEIVER)

MACK: What is it, Barry?

BARRY: It was Inspector Haynes at headquarters. They were able to trace the call that just came in here, and it came from a place where we were ready for it -- a drug store pay station about half a block from the Gayland Hotel on Central Park West. Headquarters flashed the detective stationed there, -- and he trailed the man who did the telephoning.

MACK: Yeah? Where'd he go?

BARRY: Not far. Just down the street to the Gayland. He's there now, and our man is watching him.

MACK: That means we beat it right over, don't it Barry?

BARRY: It certainly does. Mrs. Goldman, at last we're on the trail of the men who kidnapped your husband!

SOUND INTERLUDE: POLICE CAR MOTOR AND SIREN FADE IN AND OUT

MACK: The Gayland Hotel -- well, here we are, Barry. I don't see any sign of our man who did the trailing, do you? Maybe we better talk to the guy at the desk, huh?

BARRY: Seems funny there's no one here to meet us -- Oh, there he is -- over in the alcove there -- It's McCarthy --

MACK: He sees us all right. Doesn't want to move for some reason.

BARRY: He's giving us the wink now. I guess he wants us to go on over.

MACK: Yeh. We'll take it easy, so's not to arouse suspicion. (FADING) I'll saunter over that way first.

BARRY: Good. I'll come along a little ways behind you.

MACK: (FADING IN) Hello, McCarthy. Where is he?

MC CARTHY: Hello, Mack. Yeh -- that's him over there. Sitting in the big armchair facing the street.

MACK: Guy in the brown suit, eh.

MC CARTHY: That's it. He came right from making the phone call and sat down. Hello, Mr. Rudd. It's the man over there in the armchair.

BARRY: (FADING IN) Which one? Oh -- yes, I see him. Say, Mack -- do you know who that baby is?

MACK: Something about him's familiar. I been trying to remember.

BARRY: That guy is Nick Nickson -- I've seen him in the line-up at Headquarters a couple of times.

MACK: Nick Nickson! Say he was the guy in the Philly report, Barry -- head of a small gang taken over by Butch Miller.

BARRY: Right. And now we have a pretty clear idea of what we're up against.

MACK: Say, we better not give him a chance to slip away from us. Let's go over and pick him up.

BARRY: I don't think we better, Mack.

MACK: Eh? Why not?

BARRY: Even if we take him, he's not the kind who'll tell us anything. Instead, we'd better trail him-- see where he'll lead us. My guess is that eventually we'll get to Butch Miller!

MC CARTHY: Look, Mr. Rudd! He's getting up. He's going somewhere! Do you think he's seen us?

BARRY: I doubt it. We've been quiet.

MACK: He's heading for across the street to the Park!

BARRY: And he's not out for fresh air, Mack -- not after just phoning Mrs. Goldman. McCarthy, you get word of this to Headquarters. Come along, Mack. You and I will follow Nick Nickson.

SOUND INTERLUDE: STREET NOISES

MACK: There he goes, Barry -- down the path ahead. For Pete's sake what's he want in Central Park?

BARRY: Perhaps to meet someone. Oh - oh -- watch him.

MACK: He's stopping down there -- right by that hedge!

BARRY: And somebody's coming from round the other side of it --

MACK: He looks pretty hefty.

BARRY: Mack -- that's Butch Miller -- height, size -- well dressed -- that's the man! Just as we figured!

MACK: Then let's grab him. . . right now!



BARRY: I want to disarm them if I can. You go get a motorcycle cop. There's lots of 'em around here.

MACK: Barry, I believe they've noticed us already. Look -- Miller's putting something under his raincoat on his arm. I'll bet it's a gun.

BARRY: All the more reason for you to get that motorcycle man. There are a lot of people in Central Park. We don't want any wild bullets flying around if we can help it. Hurry up, now!

MACK: Play safe, Barry. Don't try to grab 'em till I get back!

BARRY: (FADING) I'll just saunter along and keep them in sight. Bent it!

MACK: All right. (MOVING AWAY) I'll be with you right away.

SOUND INTERLUDE: PARK DRIVE NOISES

MILLER: How about it, Nick? You talk to Mrs. Goldman?

NICK: Yeh, Butch -- an' I don't know -- What's the matter?

MILLER: A guy following you Nick. Plain clothes detective. You're being shadowed.

NICK: Yeh? Well, cops are my meat. I'll fix this boy up, Butch. I'll fix him plenty.

MILLER: What's the matter with you? Are you hopped up?

NICK: I'm not afraid of any cop that walks on shoe-leather.

MILLER: Listen, Nick, take it easy. We don't want to get tangled up in nothing here in the Park. I don't think we'll have to shoot.

NICKSON: Why not?

MILLER: Wait in this path here. And when this bird comes  
along -- we'll make him talk to us.

BRIEF SOUND INTERLUDE: PARK DRIVE NOISES

MILLER: Hey. You --- down the path. Come here!

BARRY: Speaking to me?

MILLER: Yeah. You're followin' us -- see -- and we don't like it.

BARRY: Own the park do you? I always thought it was free.

NICKSON: Crackin' wise, huh?

MILLER: Keep quiet, Nick.

BARRY: You boys from out of town?

MILLER: What's that to you?

NICKSON: Nobody in sight, Butch.

MILLER: All right plain clothes -- stick 'em up!

BARRY: You sure you mean that, Butch Miller?

MILLER: Hey -- What are yuh tryin' to do?

(SOUND - FAINT, OFF -- MOTORCYCLE)

BARRY: I'm going to keep you from using that gun you've got  
under the raincoat!

(STRUGGLE)

MILLER: Hey! Leggo! Leggo!

BARRY: Drop the gun or I'll break your wrist!

(STRUGGLE)

MILLER: He's crackin' my wrist, Nick -- I can't use the gat!  
Plug him. Let him have it!

(MOTORCYCLE LOUDER -- WITH SIREN)

NICKSON: Hold him away from yah, Butch -- I can't aim good!

MILLER: Plug him!

(STRUGGLE)

BARRY: You'll hit Miller if you shoot, Nick!

NICKSON: Twist him round, Butch -- so's I can get a shot!  
(MOTORCYCLE IN FULL \* CUTS ACROSS GRASS)

MILLER: Look out -- a motorcycle cop!  
(SOUND - MACK AND MOTORCYCLE COP RUNNING ON GRAVEL)  
Shoot, Nick, shoot!  
(SOUND - REVOLVER SHOT) (NICK GROANS)

BARRY: Good shot, officer!

MACK: Quick, grab this other one! All right, all right,  
Miller - stand still!

BARRY: I want to look through his pockets when you're set -

O'DAY: Here you -- hold still. Hold still -- Here he is,  
Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Thanks, officer. How about the other one -- Nick  
Nickson, Mack?

MACK: Officer O'Day shot him right through the heart -- just  
before he could fire at you. He was taking aim when  
he jumped off the motorcycle.

BARRY: Thanks. It was good work.

O'DAY: It had to be done, sir.

BARRY: Ah, yes. . . here in Miller's pocket is what I'm  
looking for. . .

MACK: What, Barry?

BARRY: Take a look, both of you -- it's the other half of  
Goldman's business card!

MACK: Then that clinches it -- he's the guy -- he's the  
kidnapper.

MILLER: Say, say -- you guys -- listen.

BARRY: Well, what is it, Miller?