

RADIO
CONTINUITY

LUCKY STRIKE

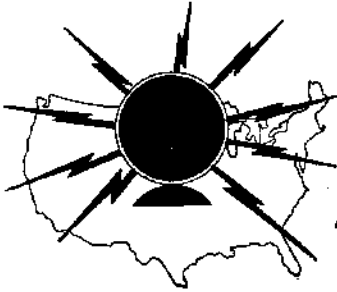
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The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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



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

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 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 all you charter members of the LUCKY STRIKE-mystery-lovers-and-Tuesday-night-dancing-class. Good evening to you and may your journey into the land of chills-up-the-spine and rain on the roof be a pleasant one. The Magic Carpet won't stay by the fireside very long this evening what with trips up to the brush and mountains of the northwest for the crime thriller and out to Chicago for Hal Kemp. Our story is one of a new series founded on facts in the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice at Washington, D.C., and is brought to you with the approval of the Department of Justice. Tonight's dramatization is entitled "The Shasta Limited."

But meanwhile in Chicago there's a young man waiting to play for you - Hal Kemp and his boys from the Black Hawk Restaurant. If you people knew this young man as well as your pilot you'd be a bit enthusiastic about him too. He is a young gentleman from the south and he's knee deep in a bunch of collegians from North Carolina. Every Saturday night America learns how good, southern football can be and tonight you can learn what kind of music is a hit below the Mason-Dixon Line and all over the U.S.A.

ON WITH THE DANCE HAL KEMP...(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Hal Kemp and his Orchestra start the dancing from Chicago with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

THE Magic Carpet speeds out of Chicago and back to
Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Hal Kemp of the Carolina Kemps now wintering
in Chicago at the Black Hawk Restaurant and may the wind off Lake
Michigan never freeze the lips he puts on his saxophone. But now,
it's time for Howard Glaney to speak....Mr. Glaney!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Last Sunday there was an unexpected upset in the golf
world when a young southerner defeated one of the world's greatest
professional golfers in the play-off for the Carolinas Open
Championship at Greensboro, North Carolina.....But among the smart
crowd following the players, the favorite among cigarettes is
still champion -- for down there in the Southland they know well the
extra goodness that goes into every LUCKY STRIKE. They know that
none but the finest of choice, delicious tobaccos are selected for
LUCKIES -- and how they appreciate the extra mildness that's
imparted by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous "TOASTING" Process! It is this
exclusive process that removes certain impurities naturally present
in all tobaccos, and makes LUCKY STRIKE so smooth...so truly mild --
the mildest cigarette in all the world, because "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All of which leads us up to the dramatic offering of the evening. Back stage the cast of the LUCKY STRIKE Theatre Guild is waiting for the cue to launch our latest excursion into the underworld. From Washington come the facts around which this mystery story is written - it is a result of secret investigations by the United States Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice. The name of this one is the "Shasta Limited" which is the name of one of the crack railroad trains of the northwest. Special agent five is waiting for orders; instructions are flashing through from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "SHASTA LIMITED")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Tell Uncle Sam, let that be a lesson to you and let's see what clues NUMBER 5 has to go on. A few pots and pans....a pair of overalls....in which they find a money order receipt....these things are stacked up against three dead men in a game of chance where the Government hopes to land three gunmen who are very much alive and just as anxious to keep out of prison. It's interesting to realize how painstaking they are in the evidence they collect on these criminals. I think its mighty thorough when they spot the numbers on their watches and the fillings in their teeth. Will they get any of them? Or will they get all of them? Or will they get none of them? That's the question. These secret investigators will answer it later in this same program, so don't miss the second act within a half hour....Two courses are open for you right now - you can sit back and speculate on the story through a haze of smoke from your cigarette....or on the other hand you can celebrate a belated halloween by doing a barn dance to the music of that Chicago Hobgoblin Hal Kemp.....

SO ON WITH THE DANCE HAL.....(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

And this time Hal Kemp and his boys play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Eastward flies the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Chicago, and thanks to you Kemp...we'll be back for you within a few minutes, but let's pause again while Howard Clanev makes an important announcement.

HOWARD CLANEV:

Smokers who enjoy a mellow, delicious cigar will welcome this news! Twenty words - no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

America's biggest cigar value....Certified Crema now five cents straight....three for ten cents....same quality, same size....same shape.

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Certified Cremo at this new price offers exactly the same delicious, uniform quality that has made it America's favorite cigar.....made of choice long-filler tobacco, rolled in the famous Perfecto shape -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection. Everywhere smokers are seizing the opportunity - let me read you a telegram that tells of the overwhelming demand for Certified Cremo Cigars:

"CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT
THREE FOR TEN CENTS HAVE TRIPLED OUR SALES IN
OUR NINE STORES.....HAVE LOCAL DISTRIBUTOR
INCREASE OUR STANDING ORDER TO FIFTY THOUSAND
IN ORDER TO MEET DEMANDS OF TREMENDOUS INCREASE"
(SIGNED) NORMAN LEVIN, PRESIDENT, THRIFTY DRUG
STORES, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Remember, for a uniformly high quality, flavorful
cigar -- ask for Certified Cremo!

-----STATION BREAK-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Listen Mr. and Mrs. America, in case you just walked into the farm house or apartment and turned on your radio....let me explain to you that this is the LUCKY STRIKE-Mystery-Lovers-and-Tuesday-Night-Dancing-Class, sweeping over the air waves and carrying you along with us Willy Nilly - or perhaps I should say William William. The program here calls for a visit to Chicago and let me tell you that any visit to Chicago is great. Hal Kemp is out there tonight making good in a big way. The South Carolina papers carry long stories with big pictures of this bunch of Appolos that Hal has under his thumb and the head lines read "Local Boys Make Good." Hal, I can't say anything more about you..... you're on your own and tonight may make you.....so

ON WITH THE DANCE, HAL (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Here in Chicago Hal Kemp raises his baton and the dance continues with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet dashes from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, Uncle Sam, let's get out of the lobby of the Magic Carpet Theatre and back into those front row seats while we give you the ride of your life on the trail of the men who held up the Shasta Limited. Train robbers they were.....three tough lads who made a specialty of robbing the mails. In this case they laid their plans carefully and decided to dynamite the mail car after stopping the train in a tunnel. There in the dark of the tunnel their plans went haywire when the train crew didn't give in. At the end of the session the score was three to nothing in favor of the robbers with the brakeman, the fireman and the engineer all lying dead by the tracks.

Then the machinery of Uncle Sam's Federal Agents went to work and all over the world two million hand bills broadcast the news of the crime. The only clues are a dirty pair of overalls and a Post Office receipt. Let's see what Special Agent Number Five does.....he's listenting now.....orders are flashing through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART - "THE SHASTA LIMITED")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well Uncle Sam, there you are and that's the way the secret investigators from Washington do their job. The Stone Brothers finally wound up where they belong, and so we finish the second of this new series, proving again that any one who thinks crime can pay is crazy.

We'll have another for you next week and at this particular moment we're going to take a flying trip to Chicago. Out on Wacker Drive there's a great big beautiful building called the Merchandise Mart, and Chicago's proud of it.....up in that building there's a fellow listening right now to your Pilot, and, with the touch of a switch he is going to move many millions of you in about two seconds. Waiting there to play for you is a southern gentleman named Hal Kemp, who plays every night for the guests in the Blackhawk Restaurant.....so let's give him a hi-dee-hi, a ho-dee-ho, a how have you beena, and

ON WITH THE DANCE, HAL KEMP..(WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Everybody swing your partners to the tune of --(TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes high above Chicago and speeds back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Hal and by the way, Mr. and Mrs. America, this next stop on the Atlantic Coast will be very brief...Howard Claney will say the word.

HOWARD CLANEY:

They call him "The Juggernaut of the Jungle" -- the fierce African rhinoceros who charges with savage fury through the raw jungle depths. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"as in the untamed jungle, so with tobaccos.....Raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes! There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES -- that's why they're so mild. 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:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Magic Carpet has its customs and recently we started a new custom that's rapidly becoming a great American habit, and it's the Jack Pearl habit. This Pearl of great price is no relation of my cousin Pearl who is a girl up in Hartford, Connecticut. I am speaking of the Baron Munchausen.....and incidentally, ladies and gentlemen, have you tried spelling the Baron's name? The Baron steps to the microphone every Thursday night - a sort of Santa Claus with a bag full of laughs.....This week my spies tell me that he's going to discuss the Farm Problem in his own amusing fashion....so listen in while the eminent Dr. Pearl massages your funny bone.

While there is still time let's go back to the Windy City and visit with Hal Kemp.....This is Hal's night to make good. Next Tuesday night it's up to somebody else, but Hal my lad, I expect you to carry the 48 states tonight without a dissenting vote, so

ON WITH THE DANCE, KEMP ..(WHISTLE) ..OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor here in Chicago we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Again we're Eastward bound back to the Pilot.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT -- OPTIONAL)

This program has come to you from New York City and
Chicago, Illinois, through the facilities of the National
Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
11/1/32

SU-173-II

"SPECIAL AGENT FIVE"

EPISODE II

"THE SHASTA LIMITED"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

NOVEMBER 1, 1932

**** ****

**** ****

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE II

"THE SHASTA LIMITED"

PART I and II

BY

GEORGE F. ZIMMER

and

BURKE BOYCE

CHARACTERS:

DAN STONE	ENGINEER
DAVE STONE	AGENT SHAW
HARRY STONE	WILSON
INSPECTOR DENTON	CHIEF CUNNINGHAM
FIREMAN	

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE II -- PART I

"THE SHASTA LIMITED"

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....DIRECTOR.....UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY OF THE SHASTA LIMITED.....BASED ON CASE 62-706.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.... AND UNITED STATES POSTAL INSPECTOR'S OFFICE..... WASHINGTON.,D.C....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Thank you, sir. Special Agent Five talking. The story of "The Shasta Limited".....real people.....real places..... a real case. Of course, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout.....The story opens in a small, make-shift camp hidden away in the trees and underbrush of the wild and desolate Siskiyou Mountains, in southern Oregon..

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

DAN: Everything's all set now.....You both know what you gotta do?

DAVE: All set.

HARRY: Okay, Dan.

DAN: She's the Shasta Limited, an' there ought to be plenty of coin waitin' for us in the mail car. It'll be a cinch.

DAVE: If nothin' goes wrong.

DAN: Nothin's goin' wrong, Dave, if we work it the way we got it planned....Blastin' machine ready, Harry -- an' the dynamite?

HARRY: Right.

DAN: Time you was gettin' started. You got to get over to the other side of the tunnel.....Dave -- stamp out them coals there in the camp-fire.....

DAVE: (FADING SLIGHTLY, AND STAMPING) They're out, Dan -- nothin' but ashes.

DAN: How about them pots an' pans?

DAVE: Pretty well burned.....there's nothin' left here they can trail us by.

DAN: An' go through your pockets, you two....Clean out anything might identify you.

DAVE: Nothin' in mine.

HARRY: Mine either.

DAN: All right.....Now let's get this straight....Dave and I swing aboard the train when she stops for water this side of the tunnel. Harry's waitin' at the other side with the dynamite. He's got his blastin' machine an' wire's all set up. Dave an' I stop her in the tunnel. When Harry hears her stop, he comes in with the dynamite, an' we set to work..... Okay?

BOTH: Okay.

DAN: An' if anybody raises a squawk, let 'em have it..... All set.....Let's get goin'.....

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN WHISTLES, AND FADES IN
2. TRAIN BECOMES MUFFLED AS IT PLUNGES INTO TUNNEL.
3. ENGINE BELL STARTS RINGING.

FIREMAN: Inside the tunnel right on the dot, big fella.

ENGINEER: Yes, I just clocked her.

FIREMAN: Made up them two minutes we lost back there a ways.

ENGINEER: Ought to be able to. I been engineer on this run about five hundred times already.....Keep your eye peeled the other side of the cab. We're comin' out of the tunnel.

FIREMAN: Yeah, I can see the daylight ahead there. I --

DAN: (YELLS) Hey, you! Stick 'em up!

ENGINEER: Say! What the --

DAN: Stop the train, an' put up your hands!

FIREMAN: Look out, Sid -- there's two of 'em! They got guns!

DAN: Stop the train, I tell you! An' we ain't foolin'!

FIREMAN: Better do as they say, Sid.

ENGINEER: Good grief almighty.

(TRAIN COMES TO STOP - BELL STING RINGS --
ENGINE STILL PUFFS)

DAN: That's more like it. Now get out of the cab. Come on, Dave, the mail car's back here a ways.....let's get at it.

DAVE: (COUGHING) All right....Can't see anything in this smoke.....I'm half choked.....

DAN: Never mind that.

ENGINEER: You fellows can't get into the mail car.

DAN: Shut up.

HARRY: (FADE IN) Hi, Dan. Hi, Dave....Everything's ready.

DAN: Hi, Harry.....All set?

HARRY: Dynamite's in this suitcase.

DAN: Swell....Stick it here....under the mail car.

HARRY: Anybody squawk yet?

DAN: Naw.....

(ENGINE STILL PUFFING, AND BELL RINGING)

HARRY: Why's that engine bell keep ringing?

DAN: Forget it.....we got to get action....(CALLS) Hey, you! Inside the mail car there. Come on out! Or you'll get hurt! We're goin' to blow up the car!

ENGINEER: Blow up the mail car! Hey -- wait, boys --!

DAN: Shut up -- (CALLS) Come on out, I say!

VOICE: (INSIDE, VERY MUFFLED) Go to the devil!

DAVE: Nothing doing, Dan.

DAN: All right. Let him have it.....Get back, you two --
back along the tracks there. Send her off, Harry.

(A TREMENDOUS BLAST)

(A SCREAM FROM THE MAN INSIDE)

ENGINEER: (RATHER LOW) Sufferin' blue blazes.

DAN: Now get into the car. Come on -- make a run for it!

DAVE: (COUGHING) We -- we can't, Dan!...The thing's on
fire!

DAN: Stamp it out! Who the blazes woulda' thought there'd
be so much smoke!

HARRY: (COUGHING) Gas!.....Gee! I gotta get air! The
gas gets my lungs, Dan!

DAN: Yeah.....Bad.....Can't work in here. Hey -- you!
Engineer -- Fireman -- Pull the train out of the
tunnel!.....So we can get at the mail car. Make it
snappy now.

HARRY: Hey -- Dan!.....Somebody's comin'!

DAN: Where?

HARRY: Runnin' down along the track!

VOICE: Sid! Sid! What's the matter here!

ENGINEER: It's the brakeman! It's Johnson!

DAVE: Stay where you are, you -- if you know what's good
for you.

VOICE: Sid! Do you need help! Do you --

DAN: Give it to him, Dave!

ENGINEER: Johnson! Look out! Hey!

(A SHOT)

VOICE: Hey! Wait a minute! Don't shoot! Don't --
(ANOTHER SHOT....VOICE CHOKES)

HARRY: You hit him, Dave! You killed him!

DAN: Forget about him, kid....Now you -- get into that cab and move this train. (COUGHS) An' be quick about it.....

ENGINEER: She won't move.

DAN: What do you mean?

ENGINEER: Listen, boy -- I'm not afraid of your threats. I won't turn a wheel for you or for any one like while I'm in this cab.

DAN: Why you dirty, throttle-pusher! That's the last time you'll ever --

FIREMAN: Sid! Sid! The gun!
(SHOT)
(ENGINEER GIVES A SHORT CRY, AND DROPS)

DAN: That fixes him.

HARRY: There's lights an' a crowd of folks comin' down the tunnel!

DAVE: We'll have to run for it, Dan!

DAN: All right. We'll make for our hideaway. No one's seen us, an' no one can tell who we --

DAVE: Dan!

DAN: Huh?

DAVE: This guy here. The fireman. He's seen us.

DAN: I get you.....We'll take care of him.....

DAVE: Yeah.. That's what I meant.

FIREMAN: Boys -- no! You can't do that! I swear I won't give you away! Don't shoot me! For the love of God!

DAN: Shut your face.....All right, Dave. Give it to him.
(TWO QUICK SHOTS)

HARRY: (SLIGHTLY DISTANT) Hurry up -- hurry up -- they're coming!

DAN: And that's the last one saw us in this tunnel.
They're going to have a sweet job finding anything out about this business -- All right, Dave -- run for it, Kid!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FADE IN AND OUT RAPID TELEGRAPH KEY.
2. DISTANT BAYING OF DOGS.

SHERIFF: (FADE IN CALLING) Inspector! Inspector Denton!

DENTON: Hi there, Sheriff! Didn't see you coming along the track....Any more traces of the bandits? Any luck?

SHERIFF: (IN) Lucky and me is plumb strangers, Inspector.
Got huntin' parties out -- an' dogs -- an' aeroplanes.
But not a peep. Found somethin' just now, though....
In the bushes down the track a ways from the tunnel there. Pair of overalls.

DENTON: May I see them?

SHERIFF: Sure....But they ain't no monogram on 'em. Might be anybody's..

DENTON: People don't come up to the middle of the hills to throw overalls away, Sheriff. Those probably belonged to the bandits.

SHERIFF: Want me to put 'em with the batch of burned cook-pans we found in their camp, Inspector?

DENTON: How about the pockets?

SHERIFF: Didn't touch 'em....First time I ever worked a case with a Postal Inspector, an' I thought you might want to handle 'em yourself.

DENTON: We'll have a look.....Will you hold them?....Thanks....
No -- nothing there.

SHERIFF: Nothin' in the back pockets. Clean as a hound's tooth.

DENTON: Hello -- hold on.....

SHERIFF: Snagged somethin'?

DENTON: In the pencil pocket -- a piece of paper -- here we are.....Let's see.

SHERIFF: Somethin' writ in pencil....Can't hardly read it.....
Receipt of some kind.

DENTON: Sheriff!

SHERIFF: Huh?

DENTON: Sheriff, we're in luck! This is a Post-Office slip!

SHERIFF: What say?

DENTON: This is a receipt for a registered letter....One of our own Post Office slips -- issued at Eugene, Oregon -- about a month ago. And the number is still clear enough to see.

SHERIFF: Uh-huh -- I reckon....But that don't tell much, does it?

DENTON: It tells a lot, Sheriff -- and I think it's going to tell more. I'm going to drive over to the Eugene Post Office at once. This receipt is our opening clue in tracing down the identity of the criminals.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTO -- FADING OUT.

DAN: Better wake up the kid, Dave. Time we was pullin' out of these hills.

DAVE: Aw - let him sleep a couple more minutes, Dan.

HARRY: (DREAMING) The engine bell's ringin'!....Why's the engine bell keep ringin'? Look out!....Somebody's comin'!....(YELLS) Ah!....You hit him, Dave!.... You killed him!....You killed him!....For God's sake, boys -----ah! (YELLS AGAIN)

(BELL AND ENGINE UP VERY LOUD, THEN STOP SHORT)

DAN: Harry -- Harry -- wake up -- stop your yelling.

DAVE: He's having a nightmare Dan.

DAN: He'll have the whole State on us if he doesn't shut up -- Harry -----wake up there.

HARRY: Huh? Whassamatter?....Dan....he's....(HE COMES FULLY AWAKE) Oh....oh gee.....gee, wait a minute.... I -- I - been dreaming.

DAN: You been yelling in your sleep. Come on - get up. We gotta be moving.

DAVE: We haven't eaten for three days. Let's go where we can eat.

(AIRPLANE MOTOR BEGINS TO FADE IN)

DAN: You're crazy Dave - we can't go near any town - or any house either. You know that.

DAVE: All right -- I'm crazy - but I want to eat.

DAN: An' I tell you you can't....I'm just as bad off as you are but you don't hear me yellin' do you?

DAVE: Aw shut your trap, Dan.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Tonight's thriller, my dear parishioners, comes from the files of the government in Washington....it is a result of the secret work by the U. S. Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. No doubt you recall the story of Cimmarron and the great rush of oil that spouted wealth to the Osage Tribe of Indians among others. In the wake of that wealth came a series of mysterious murders in the tribe and it was a sorry mess that Uncle Sam was called upon to investigate. The curtain is rising.....Special Agent Number Five is waiting instructions.... and orders are flashing through from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS")

HARRY: Wait.....Listen.....I hear something.....Listen.

DAN: A plane -- an airplane -- see....through the trees
up there.

HARRY: What's an airplane doin' out over these mountains?

DAN: Lookin' for us kid - that's all.

DAVE: Hey - that's right -- look how low he's flyin' -- get
down in the bushes.

HARRY: Lookin' for us, is he? The ornery cloud-bumpin'
coyote! I'll give him somethin' to look for.

DAN: Get down Harry you fool...he'll see you.

HARRY: You're dead well right he'll see me...an' he'll see
this gun before I get through with him.

DAVE: Get down, Harry.

HARRY: If he's low enough to see us he's low enough to get
shot! I've had enough! Nobody's goin' to come after
me, an ----

DAVE: Get that gun, Dan. His nerves is gone!

DAN: Here you -- drop it.....
(STRIKES GUN OUT OF HANDS)

HARRY: Hey.

DAN: An' get down here with the rest of us -- you want to
get us all killed?

DAVE: Take it easy Harry kid -- keep low now -- here he
comes.

HARRY: (LOW) Oh God -- oh God --
(PLANE ROARS STRAIGHT OVERHEAD AND BEGINS TO
FADE AWAY)

DAN: (AFTER TENSE PAUSE WATCHING PLANE) Never saw us.

DAVE: He's going straight on.
HARRY: (SOBBING) He didn't see us -- we're safe -- Dan --
Dave -- we're safe.
DAVE: Yeah -- Maybe. For right now, kid. But if they got
airplanes out after us --
DAN: If they got airplanes after us they'll have everything
else, too. We got to get away -- plenty fast, and
plenty far. Come on -- make tracks out of here --
an' for Pete's sake keep up your nerve.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. BRING UP AIRPLANE - FADE DOWN.
2. KNOCK ON DOOR.

INSPECTOR: Come in. (DOOR OPENS) Well, Sheriff -- any more
news?
(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)
SHERIFF: Inspector, it's no use. Them boys is gone, and
they've had two weeks to get clean out of this neck
of the country. There ain't a soul can tell us where
they've headed. And we don't know where to look for
'em.
INSPECTOR: Well, Sheriff -- we know their names, and we know
they committed the murders.
SHERIFF: Oh, you mean them clues? Oh, sure. If that's any
good....
INSPECTOR: The revolver....the pots and pans -- the Post Office
Slip -- they've all been traced to the Stone brothers.

SHERIFF: But the fellers has escaped clean away, I'm tellin' you....Not an officer in all of Oregon or California has seen 'em!

INSPECTOR: And that's why we're going to launch an international advertising campaign, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Advertising?

INSPECTOR: Handbills.

SHERIFF: Handbills?

INSPECTOR: I've been questioning a great many people here in the office the last few days, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Sure. An' I been questioning folks out along the roads. I even heard agents of the Bureau of Investigation are in the hunt. But I'll lay you a piebald pinto to a cross-eyed pole-cat that your folks ain't seen the Stone boys any more than mine.

INSPECTOR: No. But they knew the boys. And they've given us a lot of facts about them.

SHERIFF: Told us the boys like to rob trains?

INSPECTOR: Everything they like. Songs, books -- jobs they can handle -- clothes they like to wear. We have the prescription of their glasses, numbers of their watches, and fillings of their teeth. We've got more information on these boys than I've ever seen gathered together in one place before.

SHERIFF: And what you goin' to do with it?

INSPECTOR: Print two million handbills, in six different languages -- and send them all over the world.

SHERIFF: Two million?

INSPECTOR: The biggest man-hunt ever staged, sheriff.

SHERIFF: Shucks -- It'll be big, all right....but will it do the job?....I even heard Agents of the Bureau of Investigation are in on the hunt....There ain't a livin' trace to where the boys has gone....An' when you can't follow 'em down with human beings, dogs, an' airoplanes -- the question is -- can you do it with handbills?

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WILL MAIL TRAIN BANDITS BE ABLE TO EVADE JUSTICE.....
FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR FOR CONCLUSION OF WORLD'S
BIGGEST MAN-HUNT.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SU-173-II

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE
EPISODE II
"THE SHASTA LIMITED"
PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....CASE OF
SHASTA LIMITED.....POSTAL AUTHORITIES OF UNITED
STATES GOVERNMENT ATTEMPTING TO TRAIL CRIMINALS.....
ARE JOINED BY SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE UNITED STATES
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....PROCEED WITH CASE...
AT STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.....THREE YEARS AFTER CRIME...

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

DAN: Dave! Dave!,....They got Harry!

DAVE: You're crazy!

DAN: Look in the paper there! They got him in Frisco!

DAVE: You're crazy, Dan! Harry's in the Army out in the Philippines. Been there a couple of years.

DAN: No more he isn't,....Look here....This page....I'll show you.

DAVE: Holy cats,....It's the kid all right,....let 's see,....

DAN: There's the story,....Harry Stone, youngest of three brothers -- Shasta Limited hold-up -- murder -- long sought by authorities.....Discovered in U.S. Army in Philippines -- brought back to Oregon for trial.....

DAVE: What'd the kid do? Give himself up?

DAN: Naw,....Fella served with him spotted him from the posters.

DAVE: Those gol-thunderin' posters again!.....Isn't there any place they haven't got 'em?

DAN: I dunno. They was waitin' for us down in Mexico two years ago. They're here in Steubenville today. They was over at Pine Grove post office when we had the shanty in the woods out there. I dunno.

DAVE: We ought to beat it out of town, Dan.

DAN: Can't.

DAVE: Why not?

DAN: Give ourselves away. We got jobs here, ain't we? If we run out, they'll get wise there's somethin' up, and get after us. Better lie quiet.

DAVE: It ain't safe, I tell you.

DAN: Safer than runnin', an' kickin' up a row....You grown a mustache, an' your hair's cut different. I been usin' peroxide on my hair an' face, an' I'm a blond instead of a brunette....An' I pulled out that gold tooth they got listed in my posters. They won't spot us.

DAVE: Yeah, but it gives me the creeps, the whole thing busting loose after three years. I thought we had 'em stopped.

DAN: We did. An' we'll stop 'em again. We're Okay..... Now come on down to the steel works, an' for God's sake, try to act as if nothin' happened.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. SOUND OF STEEL MILL FADES IN AND OUT.
2. DISTANT FACTORY WHISTLE.

SHAW: It's good of you to see me, gentlemen. I am Special Agent Shaw - U.S. Bureau of Investigation. I'm on the trail of the Stone brothers, the Shasta Limited bandits. This is Chief Cunningham, is it not? Chief of Steubenville police?

CUNNINGHAM: That's me.

SHAW: And this is Mr. Wilson, of the steel works?

WILSON: I'm employment manager here at the works -- yes. You say you're on the trail of the notorious Stone brothers?

SHAW: I am. Our Bureau of Investigation office in Columbus, Ohio, got word that two of the Stone boys had been seen near Pine Grove Furnace. Recognized from the handbills. I've just traced the boys from Pine Grove Furnace here to Steubenville -- and learned they were at present employed in this steel works.

CUNNINGHAM: The Stone brothers!....Here?....By jolly dum!

WILSON: At my plant?....Impossible, gentlemen. I hire no criminals. There is no one on our pay-roll named Stone.

SHAW: You have two brothers named Goodwin, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON: Goodwin?.....Well - what of that?

SHAW: The alias used by the Stone brothers.

WILSON: By godfrey!....Here!.....Under my very nose!.....

SHAW: Yes, gentlemen, the Stone brothers are here -- perhaps this moment within sight of these office windows.... Cold-blooded murderers. It is our duty to capture them, gentlemen -- and to capture them at once.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FACTORY WHISTLE.
2. TYPEWRITER CLICKING.
3. TELEPHONE BELL RINGS.
4. RECEIVER LIFTED.

WILSON: Hello -- hello....Wilson speaking.....What's that?...
No!.....No, I can't see any one!....That's final!
(SLAMS PHONE)
What time is it, Miss Timmins?

MISS TIMMINS: Three thirty-one, Mr. Wilson. But the office clock is half a minute fast.

WILSON: Get it fixed....What time is the Chief of Police coming?

MISS TIMMINS: He said four o'clock, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON: Get him here earlier. I can't wait here alone.

MISS TIMMINS: I'll try, sir....And at four-thirty Clarence Goodwin is to be sent up to this office when he punches in. Then he is to be arrested by the gentlemen who were here yesterday.

WILSON: I know that, I know that!.....And don't remind me again! It's bad enough to have to sit here for an hour waiting for it, without --

(KNOCK)

Who's that?

MISS TIMMINS: I don't know, I'm sure.

WILSON: Might be that Federal man.....Come in.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAVE: Mr. Wilson?

WILSON: Well?

DAVE: I'm Clarence Goodwin...

MISS TIMMINS: (A MUFFLED SQUEAK)

WILSON: Goodwin!.....Goodwin!....Why -- why -- you can't come here now! You -- I -- you mustn't come till four-thirty!

DAVE: Thought I'd drop around earlier today, Mr. Wilson. Wanted to see you.

WILSON: Me?.....Oh, I -- what for?

DAVE: There's a friend of me and my brother lookin' for a job.

WILSON: Friend? Job?

DAVE: Yeah. Thought you might have an extra one some place for this other fella. So I come in a little early to see you.

WILSON: Oh, I see.....I -- Well, suppose you just wait here in the office a few moments,....I'll -- I'll let you know right away.

DAVE: Thanks.

WILSON: Miss Timmins, I -- I'll need you with me....In this other office, please.....That's it.....The door.....
(WHISPERS HOARSELY) Close the door!
(DOOR SHUTS)

MISS TIMMINS: Goodwin!.....That's the murderer!.....Right out there!
Oh -- Mr. Wilson!

WILSON: Be quiet -- be quiet -- Don't get excited!.....Give me the phone!.....Don't get excited, now!.....Lock that door!.....Sit down!.....Don't faint!...Where's the phone!.....Operator -- operator -- hello operator -- give me the police station --! Don't faint, Miss Timmins -- don't you dare faint!.....Hurry, operator-- hurry -- the police station-----

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. RUNNING AUTO WITH POLICE SIREN.

SHAW: All right. He's safe enough now, Chief. I think you can put up your gun.

CUNNINGHAM: So this is one of the Stone boys...And we walked in and took him just like that....By jolly dum!

DAVE: Aw -- lay offa that stuff.....

SHAW: Better take it easy, Stone. Let's not have any trouble....Is this the friend who came with him, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON: That's the one.

SHAW: Perhaps you'd better search him, Chief. He may have a gun, too. And we'll want to question him.

DAVE: Lissen -- I'm telling you honest enough. I'll admit it all right. I'm Dave Stone. But Jim here don't know anything about this.....Leave him out of it.

SHAW: We'll be the ones to settle that, Stone....Now Mr. Wilson, what about the other one?....Dan Stone?..... What time does he check in at the works?

WILSON: At six-thirty? I think we'd better not wait that long.

CUNNINGHAM: How you mean?

SHAW: This boy here wasn't in working clothes when he came in this afternoon. That means he expected to go home and change before starting work. If his brother sees he doesn't come home --

CUNNINGHAM: He'll think something's wrongs! You're right. We'll have to go after him.

SHAW: We'll go up to his house...Got a car, Chief?

CUNNINGHAM: Sure.

DAVE: You guys think you're going to walk up and pinch Dan just like that? You're crazy. He'll start shootin' soon's he lays eyes on you.

SHAW: We'll manage to take care of that.....Chief, I want two plain clothes men, and I want this friend of Dave Stone you arrested with him.

CUNNINGHAM: Sure -- take 'em....

SHAW: Thanks. You coming, too?

CHIEF: I'm with you.

SHAW: We'll get started.....Bring that boy Jim there.

DAVE: Mister, I tell you you don't know what you're doin', goin' after Dan like that!.....I tell you you're crazy! Dan'll kill you! I swear to God he will!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. RUNNING AUTO.

SHAW: The house is right along this block, Sergeant.
Better slow down.

(CAR SLOWS DOWN)

CUNNINGHAM: You going up to the house?

SHAW: It's the only way.

CUNNINGHAM: Let me get this straight. This is a ticklish business. I'm to stay out in the car here with the plain clothes men and this fellow Jim.

SHAW: That's it....If Dan Stone calls from the house, Jim is to answer. I think he understands why it is wiser for him to do it. Then sit quietly until --

CUNNINGHAM: Until the shooting begins.

SHAW: If we're smarter than he is, there won't be any....
Here's the house, Sergeant. Stop her.

(CAR STOPS)

'Bye Chief.

CUNNINGHAM: Wish you'd let me go with you.

SHAW: Thanks. This is a one-man job.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

(PAUSE)

(RING OF DOORBELL)

(DOOR OPENS)

DAN: What you want, stranger?

SHAW: You Elmer Goodwin?

DAN: Who wants to know?

SHAW: This is the address his brother gave me. Said I was to come here.

DAN: Brother?

SHAW: That's it.

DAN: Somethin' wrong?

SHAW: Nothing serious. Street car accident.

DAN: Accident!;....Say!. Where is he now! Bring him home here.

SHAW: I can't tell you about that. I'm only a claim agent for the street car company, lookin' for his brother.

DAN: OH....Y'are, huh?

SHAW: I can take you down to him. That's my car out there.

DAN: I ain't so crazy about ridin' in other people's cars right now. Who's all that gang out there? I don't like their looks.

SHAW: People that saw the accident....They --

DAN: Hello -- there's Jim! (CALLS) How ya, Jim!

VOICE: (DOUBLED) How ya!

SHAW: Friend of yours?

DAN: Yeah. I know him...An' I guess that makes it Okay...
Yeah, I'm Goodwin...I'm the guy's brother you were
askin' about. Where is he?....I gotta see him. I
gotta get him home.

SHAW: I told you I'd take you down. Come along to the car....

DAN: Yeah. I gotta see him. Come on.

CUNNINGHAM: (SLIGHT DISTANCE) All ready, there?

SHAW: All ready.

(CAR MOTOR STARTS)

There's the car, Goodwin.....Climb in.

DAN: Right.

SHAW: Or would you rather be called Dan Stone?

DAN: Dan Stone --! Who told you that!....You dirty,
lyin' sneak! I'll give you somethin' to keep your
mouth shut for a long ---

SHAW: Put 'em on him, boys.

DAN: Hey! Lay offa me! Somebody'll get hurt!
Somebody'll --

(SLIGHT STRUGGLE)

SHAW: Grab him -- quick! His gun! That's it!

CUNNINGHAM: Got him! Handcuffs and all! Good work! By jolly
dum!

DAN: Hey -- are you --? What the --?

SHAW: Agent of United States Bureau of Investigation,
Stone. Been looking for you ever since the Shasta
Limited. You're coming along with us.

SHAW: All right -- I mean you got me good. I don't know when I'm through.... but if I'd a guessed who you were when you came up on them steps, I'd a killed you -- so help me!

SHAW: Too bad, Stone. That's going to be your last chance at a guess like that for a mighty long stretch to come.....All right, Sergeant.....we'll take him in.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES....STONE
BROTHERS BROUGHT TO TRIAL.....CONVICTED.....
SENTENCED TO PRISON FOR LIFE.....CASE 62 - 706
UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, CLOSED.....ASSIGNMENT
COMPLETED.....THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW
REACHES EVERYWHERE.....CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

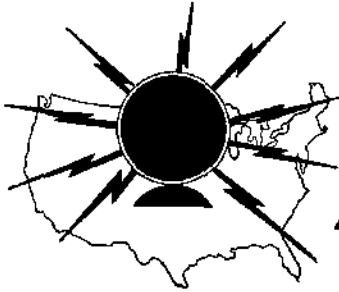
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

BURKE BOYCE/chilleen
10/28/32



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, NOVEMBER 3, 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:

Ladies and gentlemen.....this is my last address to you before you go to the polls on Tuesday and it isn't surprising to me that you want to know where I stand. Tonight I'm going to meet the issue squarely, and I don't want you to pay any attention to my opposition. You've never heard me complain once about my opposition.....never once have you heard me put my rival candidate on the pan. Nor do I intend tonight to criticize....No ladies and gentlemen, this rally will present to you that famous authority on international affairs.....the eminent scholarly Dr. Jack Pearl, whom you know as the Baron Munchausen. We're going to have a torchlight parade around this tremendous amphitheatre tonight led by George Olsen and his band. Mrs. Olsen is coming too.....but they left the children home tonight. I'll call on them in a minute, but so many people want to know where I stand on the burning issue of the hour.....that issue isn't the tariff....it isn't repeal..... it isn't debt cancellation. The burning issue in America is what are we going to do about the new rules for contract bridge. My position is clear.....I'm what you might call vulnerable....and besides I don't feel very well either, so let's hear from another county where George Olsen is boss.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

All out, all out. All out on the dance floor as we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now the Magic Carpet flies high and fast back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was George Olsen ladies and gentlemen....who said it with music and made a very nice speech. In a moment I'll call on Howard Claney but right now I want to put this burning issue up to you.....South started with a bid of one club....then North who was playing defensive halfback circled South's right end for no gain and time was called for both sides to rest. That's an idea.... let's call time out in this exciting game right now and hear what Howard Claney has to say. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Every school boy knows the grim story of those bitter hardships endured by the Pilgrims in that first winter of 1630 -- their conflict with savage Indians and raw, wild nature. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- because that truth applies to tobacco, ladies and gentlemen, raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes! There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES - that's why they're so mild. 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:

This is Ely Lenz Jacoby O'Keefe, ladies and gentlemen... and the hand in front of me is from Zenobia British East Africa with Abou Ben Adam (WEST) as the star performer. East with a bust and South with a bust were just about to force a stranger from New Britain up to a hopeless contract and subject him to vulnerable penalties when Northwest trumped his partners ace with a king on the theory that a King can do no wrong. There now...you argue over that for a while and see how you'd get out of it. Personally I think a niblick is the best shot. And here ladies and gentlemen...we have in the wings the man of the hour....the famous Baron Munchausen who used to be known as Jack Pearl. Even his wife has gotten into the spirit of the thing....she now thinks she's a baroness. Just what His Excellency will talk on tonight I haven't the slightest idea....but here comes your weckly order of laughing gas.....from that great international favorite...Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "FARMING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Pearl, neighbors, jester to the court of Uncle Sam assisted by his faithful traveling companion "Sharley"... known as Cliff Hall...he will come back for one more address to his constituents as soon as he has had a rub down. It was good to hear him deliver this radio address...and he will have more to say as soon as he gets through with a fit of spluttering. But to get back to the burning issue of the hour....the LUCKY STRIKE Hour.... let me say that one party has told you about this and another about that....but it seems the American voter has enough to worry about this week without changing the rules of the game just on the eve of election. It strikes at the very roots of our civilization...the American Home. How can married people stick together if the husband is West and the wife is east....Who....I ask you....who is going to protect the dummy. Let the dummy speak for himself, I say. And speaking of dummies...there is George Olsen who always revokes on the twelfth trick...whatever that means. The penalty is half the distance to his goal line....so there he is now leading his eleven...with his back to the wall....and he's about to kick.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Back to the man at the controls speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was the whistle blowing the end of the half ladies and gentlemen....so you may take time out for a smoke....but I don't want you to miss Olsen's next orchestration....the strings carry the melody.....the drums carry the rhythm.....Fran Frey carries Olsen....and both parties claim they can carry New York State. Don't miss it my friends...and don't miss this next announcement by Howard Clane. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Millions are asking for Certified Cremo - they find it a fine, delicious, uniform, high-quality cigar -- made of choice, mellow long-filler tobaccos....rolled in the famous Perfecto shape - and then, for your sanitary protection, the only cigar in the world finished under glass! Here's a telegram that tells you how great is the demand for this fine, high-quality cigar -- Certified Cremo:

"SINCE CERTIFIED CREMO HAS SOLD AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS CREMOS ARE SELLING SIX TIMES AS BIG IN ALL OUR STORES...WE ARE GLAD TO DISPLAY AND OFFER SUCH AN OUTSTANDING CIGAR VALUE TO OUR CUSTOMERS...RUSH US TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND CREMOS IMMEDIATELY AS OUR SALES ARE CONTINUING TO JUMP BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS." (SIGNED)
CARTER F. SOMMERS, PRESIDENT, SOMMERS DRUG STORES, INC.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Ask for Certified Cremo -- and enjoy a fine, high-quality cigar at the amazingly new low price -- Certified Cremo -- five cents straight - three for ten cents!

-----LOCAL-----

(WALTER O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO SONG)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was your pilot, ladies and gentlemen, piloting his larynx through a flock of cadenzas on his way back to Olsen. In this next orchestration...there is a new instrument in Olsen's band....an instrument with sex appeal. First you hear the clarinet....then you hear the oboe....and next this strange new instrument with sex appeal that is called after the clarinet and the oboe...Clara Bow. Listen carefully while I toss the Magic Carpet right back to the feet of that famous Armenian rug weaver, Ethel Shuttah's husband.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

And the dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All right, Walter, here comes your Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks George....relax for a little while. Here ladies and gentlemen....we bring to the front again....your foreign cousin Baron Munchausen....the All American clown....Among his friends he is known as a big hick....and tonight he's settling the farm problem once and for all. Without any further adoo...or even adoodoo....I give you the people's choice....the Lucky Strike candidate.....Jack Pearl.

(SECOND PART -- "FARMING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Pearl Uncle Sam....the Magic Carpetbagger....with a bagful of laughs as usual. Jack is a regular contributor to these Thursday nights scirees. Next week he will address you again. And here may I take a second or two to clear up the mystery of the new contract bridge rules for a gentleman named T. Pilkington Throggs of Throggs' Neck, Long Island. Dear Throggs....instead of counting all no trump tricks 35, odd tricks have been reduced to 30.....it's a special sale....so please don't ask me again how's tricks. You add instead of multiply and then you shake well before using. If you must follow with a club.... use a mashie or a heavy driver. As for honors...well what would a man be without his honor. Let's ask Olsen...and he'll stick to the old rules, so George it's your bid.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

As the Magic Carpet settles at our feet we play --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Again the Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...that was George Olsen who discarded the Queen of Spades and left South in a hopeless condition. There's only one thing left for South to do...try a spade unless his wife has the shovel....and if that's the case there is only one solution. At this point ladies and gentlemen...let's stop arguing this burning issue and turn the microphone over to the gentlemen with a message....Howard Glaney.

HOWARD GLANEY:

At the famous Peacock Ball tomorrow night New York's society will dance to seven great orchestras amid colorful decorations....At this great charity ball, as at every affair where distinguished, modern people gather, you will see the cigarette of distinction....the modern cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE. Smokers of discriminating taste prefer LUCKIES because of their fine, fragrant Turkish and domestic tobaccos, carefully selected, patiently aged, perfectly blended. And smokers everywhere prefer LUCKIES because LUCKIES alone are "TOASTED" -- that exact, scientific process which guarantees true mildness by removing certain impurities present in all tobaccos. LUCKY STRIKE is recognized as the mellow-mildest, most delicious of cigarettes because "IT'S TOASTED."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...this is the Ely Jacoby Lenz O'Keefe establishing Olsen's dummy six as a thirteener. With South against West I'd pick Slip Madigan's St. Mary's team to pass on Tulane or Auburn. The new rules for contract bridge are very simple...just look out for your heart finesse and if your heart starts to bother you, don't go to a chiropodist. I'm glad we had this talk Uncle Sam....it leaves everything just about where it was before. Check your brains for a while now...stop worrying about the new rules while the Notre Dame student body serenades the football team by singing "Say It Isn't So." It's Olsen's turn to give you a load of music, so here we come George, and

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Up on your toes everybody, this dance includes --

(TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard, all aboard, our train is all ready to take the boys back to the Hotel New Yorker. (TRAIN SIGNATURE) And there goes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was George Olsen, ladies and gentlemen...who always follows his wife's lead. Two people who get along beautifully...whenever they have a difference of opinion, Ethel discusses her way...then George discusses his way...then they do it the way she wants to. He's vulnerable...that's what he is. And so we come to the close of the Hour. There isn't time for a story here...so until next time this is your pilot about to hop into a midnight plane...so you turn out the lights and go to sleep and I'll get off the air and into the air till tomorrow morning. Goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL) HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
11/3/32

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

(FOURTH DRAFT)
11/2/32

EPISODE IX

"F A R M I N G"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

NOVEMBER 3, 1932

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SU-166-IX

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE IX

"F A R M I N G"

PART I and II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CHARACTERS:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

NOTE:

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EPISODE IX - PART I"F A R M I N G"

CHARLEY: What's the matter, Baron? You're all excited. What happened?

BARON: I just had a mackeral.

CHARLEY: A mackeral?

BARON: Yes -- and oh Sharley, I am shaking all over.

CHARLEY: Why get so worked up over a fish?

BARON: FISH! Who's says anything about fish? I said a mackeral.

CHARLEY: Well, a mackeral is a fish, isn't it?

BARON: No sir. A mackeral is something what nearly happens to happen but don't happen because it didn't.

CHARLEY: Oh, you mean a miracle.

BARON: Sure - Why do you make me repeat?

CHARLEY: What was the miracle, Baron?

BARON: On my way here a big truck ran over me.

CHARLEY: A big truck ran over you?

BARON: Yes - but I wasn't hurt.

CHARLEY: A big truck ran over you and you weren't hurt! That was a miracle. How did it happen?

BARON: I was standing under a bridge.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARO. : Oh, Sharley! I have not seen you lately, Sharley, where have you been?

CHARLEY: Up on my farm.

BARON: You got a farm?

CHARLEY: Yes, quite a big farm - about one hundred acres.

BARON: Farm! (LAUGH) A handful of dirt.

CHARLEY: What do you mean a handful of dirt?

BARON: Just a patch! I got what you call a farm.

CHARLEY: Bigger than mine I suppose.

BARON: Bigger! (LAUGH) Bring yours over some day and I'll put it in my sink.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My sink!

CHARLEY: How big is your farm?

BARON: I don't know exactly - but it takes me three weeks to go from one end to the other.

CHARLEY: Three weeks!

BARON: On a bicycle!

CHARLEY: Why on a bicycle?

BARON: Because I like a bicycle.

CHARLEY: Why don't you use a horse?

BARON: Horsebacking don't agree with me.

CHARLEY: Does it give you a headache?

BARON: (LAUGH) Just the opposite.

CHARLEY: What do you do on such a big farm in the winter?

BARON: Wait for summer.

CHARLEY: Doesn't that become monotonous?

BARON:Hello.

CHARLEY: I said doesn't it become monotonous, irksome, tedious?

BARON: Maybe a mustard plaster would help you!

CHARLEY: How do you spend your evenings?

BARON: I read all the tabby tales.

CHARLEY: Tabby tales?

BARON: Pussy books - kitten lumbars.

CHARLEY: Do you mean catalogues?

BARON: (LAUGH) That's it! The cats and logs!

CHARLEY: Don't you get lonesome?

BARON: Never. My neighbors visit me and we play games.

CHARLEY: What kind of games?

BARON: Button, button - who's got the pickled herring and --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Where's the connection between a button and a pickled herring?

BARON: Who knows? And we play puss in the corner.

CHARLEY: Puss in the corner?

BARON: Yes -- but I won't play that no more.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Because the last time we played it somebody hit me a rap in the puss and I layed in the corner all night.

CHARLEY: You shouldn't associate with such uncouth plebians.

BARON:Who is it?

CHARLEY: You should make new friends.

BARON: Sure - that's why I got married again.

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Yes! And I wasn't married a day when I had a family!

CHARLEY: Wasn't married a day and had a family!

BARON: Yes - my wife's family - they all came to live with me.

CHARLEY: Moved right in.

BARON: Yes sir -- but I made them all work.

CHARLEY: On the farm?

BARON: You said it! Her youngest brother takes care of the chickens.

CHARLEY: How many chickens have you, Baron?

BARON: Well to be exact I got sixty two thousand and one chickens!

CHARLEY: Where in the world do you keep them?

BARON: In my back yard.

CHARLEY: Impossible! You couldn't keep that many chickens in a back yard.

BARON: Was you ever in my back yard, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I never was.

BARON: So I got sixty two thousand and one chickens in my back yard!

CHARLEY: That certainly is a colossal flock.

BARON:I beg your apology?

CHARLEY: That's quite a flock, a group, a herd, a bevy, swarm, pack, drove ----

BARON: Sharley, please! Leave a few words for me!

CHARLEY: Those are "collective nouns." You know what a "collective noun" is, don't you?

BARON: Sure I know what is a ---collectstiff-stuff -- for years I know it.

CHARLEY: Well, what is a "collective noun"?

BARON: A garbage can.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: How many eggs do you get from the sixty-two thousand chickens?

BARON: Sixty-two thousand.

CHARLEY: What about the other one?

BARON: He's the bookkeeper!

CHARLEY: I suppose you have cows?
BARON: A few ----about seventeen hundred. My wife's sister takes care of them.
CHARLEY: Do your cows give milk?
BARON: No, you got to take it from them.
CHARLEY: By the way, Baron, what is the best way to keep milk from getting sour?
BARON: Keep it in the cow. My brother-in-law takes care of the pigs.
CHARLEY: The pigs?
BARON: Yes. (LAUGH) and it's the funniest thing.
CHARLEY: What's funny, Baron?
BARON: When he's in the pen he has to wear a hat.
CHARLEY: Why?
BARON: So we can tell which one is him!
CHARLEY: What does your wife's father do?
BARON: He's an expert planter.
CHARLEY: An expert planter.
BARON: Yes - he plants himself in a chair in the morning and stays there all day.
CHARLEY: And your mother-in-law? What does she do?
BARON: She's the scarecrow.
CHARLEY: The scarecrow?
BARON: Yes ----when she opens her mouth to smile the crows die of fright.
CHARLEY: Don't tell me!
BARON: Oh, I must tell you! She's got Pullman teeth.

CHARLEY: Pullman teeth?

BARON: Yes - one upper and one lower. But the best worker I have on the farm is my own father.

CHARLEY: Your own father!

BARON: Yes sir -- he's a hundred and eight years old.

CHARLEY: What? Your father is one hundred and eight years old?

BARON: Sure - he'll be a hundred and nine on Washington's Birthday.

CHARLEY: On Washington's Birthday?

BARON: Yes, and a hundred and ten on Lincoln's!

CHARLEY: And he's working?

BARON: Every day - but he's gonna quit.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: He can't get along with my grandfather.

CHARLEY: Well, well. A couple of super centenarians.

BARON:What was the sarcasm?

CHARLEY: No sarcasm, Baron -- I said they were a couple of super centenarians. You know what a centenarian is, don't you?

BARON: Sure - a thousand logger.

CHARLEY: No, no, that's a centipede.

BARON: Please, Sharley! I'm not a dumbox! I know what is a centipede.

CHARLEY: Well, what is it?

BARON: A piece of lace what you put in the center of the table.

CHARLEY: That's a centerpiece!

BARON: That's what I told you! Maybe you don't know it but my father won a prize at the county fair last summer.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: For throwing a bull.

CHARLEY: For throwing a bull?

BARON: A five thousand pound pull!

CHARLEY: Why, Baron! That's an impossible feat!

BARON: He didn't have him by the feet - he had him by the horns.

CHARLEY: All right -- continue.

BARON: And that's nothing to what my grandfather did.

CHARLEY: What did he do?

BARON: He took two bulls.

CHARLEY: Two bulls?

BARON: One in each hand! Tossed them around by their tails, and smacked them together so hard - the air was full of hamburger steak.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! Do you realize what you are saying? The air was full of hamburger steak? Why that's ridiculous!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: So the air was full of hamburger steak!

CHARLEY: Let's forget it, Baron. Tell me how did you become a farmer?

BARON: I took a course in a school of pharmacy.

CHARLEY: A school of pharmacy? You should have gone to work in a drug store.

BARON: I did -- and the first day I worked -- I cut my finger filling a prescription for a pork sandwich.

CHARLEY: Did it hurt much?

BARON: No! After the doctor sewed it up I laughed myself sick.

CHARLEY: After the doctor sewed it up you laughed?

BARON: Yes -- (LAUGH) I was in stitches.

CHARLEY: Let's get back to the farm, Baron.

BARON: Sure. Did I tell you about my spring?

CHARLEY: No, how did you come to forget it?

BARON: I didn't come to forget it -- I came to tell it.

CHARLEY: What kind of a spring is it?

BARON: A selfish spring.

CHARLEY: A selfish spring!

BARON: Stalefish, scoulfish --

CHARLEY: Oh, a sulphur spring.

BARON: (LAUGH) It's funny I always remember to forget the word I want to remember not to forget to remember.

CHARLEY: Just one of your idiosyncracies.

BARON:Maybe you don't sleep well.

CHARLEY: I said it's one of your idiosyncracies, eccentric characteristics.

BARON:I accept the nomination. Well, anyhow, the whole family used to bathe in the spring.

CHARLEY: The whole family.

BARON: Yes - I used to bathe in the spring, my wife used to bathe in the spring and her mother and sister and brothers used to bathe in the spring.

CHARLEY: Didn't your father-in-law take a bath in the spring?

BARON: Oh, sure -- he took a bath in the spring of 1897.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(E N D O F P A R T I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"EPISODE IX"F A R M I N G"PART II

(BARON AND CHARLEY ENTER)

CHARLEY: Well, Baron! I see you are wearing two new medals.

BARON: You noticed them, eh? A round one and a square one.

CHARLEY: What did you get the round one for?

BARON: I got it for racing.

CHARLEY: Horse racing?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Automobile racing?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Well, what kind of racing?

BARON: For racing the biggest potatoes in the country.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) And what did you get the square one for?

BARON: I got that one at the poultry show.

CHARLEY: At the poultry show?

BARON: Yes - one of my chickens won it -- I didn't know where to pin it on him so I'm wearing it. That chicken is a champion layer....she lays eighteen eggs a day.

CHARLEY: Eighteen eggs a day?

BARON: Yes - I fee her cake.

CHARLEY: What kind of cake?

BARON: Layer cake.

CHARLEY: By the way, Baron, what kind of a house have you on your farm?

BARON: Oh, just a small shack.

CHARLEY: A small shack?

BARON: Yes -- thirty five rooms.

CHARLEY: Thirty-five rooms!

BARON: Yes -- I furnished one of the rooms completely and beautifully with premiums from soap wrappers.

CHARLEY: You furnished one of the rooms with premiums from soap wrappers.

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Well, how did you furnish the other thirty-four rooms?

BARON: I couldn't -- they're full of soap!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Why do you require such a large house, Baron?

BARON: In case of company. For instance, last week a friend dropped in and it commenced to rain cats and dogs.

CHARLEY: A deluge.

BARON:What's your stuff?

CHARLEY: A deluge - the rain was coming down in torrents.

BARON: In bushels! I told him if he went home in that rain he's catch ammonia.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, pneumonia.

(PNEUMONIA GAG)

BARON: Well anyhow - he decided to sleep in my house.

CHARLEY: A very sensible man.

BARON: Sure - I went upstairs to fix his room and when I came back he was standing by the door soaking wet!

CHARLEY: How in the world did he get soaking wet?
BARON: He went to his house to tell his folks he couldn't
come home on account of the rain.
CHARLEY: I suppose the rain helped your crops?
BARON: I don't need rain - my farm is well irrigated.
CHARLEY: Irrigated.
BARON:Must you talk?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, go on.
BARON: My ground is so wet that once when I went to plow it
I had to put stilts on the horses.
CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! That's absurd! You can't put
stilts on horses!
BARON: Was you there, Sharley?
CHARLEY: No, I was not.
BARON: So I put stilts on the horses!
CHARLEY: I give in --
BARON: For watermelons we have to go out in a motor boat.
CHARLEY: A motor boat!
BARON: Yes sir -- they grow in one hundred and eighty feet
of water.
CHARLEY: How in the world do you get them?
BARON: With lobster traps.
CHARLEY: You must have very fertile land.
BARON: You have no idea! Once I planted corn, lima beans
and **milk weed.**
CHARLEY: And what came up?

BARON: Succotash! And I raise strawberries as big as your head.

CHARLEY: As big as my head!

BARON: Well - as long, but not as thick. And blueberries! Well -- it takes two horses to pull one of them off the bush.

CHARLEY: That's the limit!

BARON: That's the berries. And my beets!

CHARLEY: Large!

BARON: Large? (LAUGH) Last week I found two policemen sleeping on one beat.

CHARLEY: What have you in the shape of cucumbers?

BARON: Bananas. And have I got apples! I had sixty men picking apples when one of the apples dropped - busted and drowned them in apple sauce.

CHARLEY: Apple sauce!

BARON: That's what I say.

CHARLEY: How are your pumpkins?

BARON: FINE, how are all your folks. And you know what I also got, Sharley? One of the deepest wells in the world.

CHARLEY: The well on my farm has no bottom.

BARON: Mine is twenty feet deeper.

CHARLEY: But mine has no bottom! Understand? No bottom!

BARON: You're not going to get the best of me! -- Mine hasn't even got a top! Sharley, if I told you I grew an onion that weighed four hundred pounds, would you believe it?

CHARLEY: No, I would not.
BARON: So I didn't.
CHARLEY: I suppose you have a barn?
BARON: You never saw one like it! It's two miles long and one mile wide!
CHARLEY: That's more than I can take, Baron.
BARON:Who asked you to take it?
CHARLEY: I mean I don't believe you have a barn two miles long and one mile wide.
BARON: Was you ever in my barn, Sharley?
CHARLEY: No, I was not.
BARON: So it's two miles long and one mile wide!
CHARLEY: Who in the world built it?
BARON: My boy Owgust --- he made it out of his own head and had enough wood left over to make a chicken coop.
CHARLEY: A bright boy.
BARON: You said it --- he's a chip of the old block.

(SCHOOL ROOM ROUTINE)

-----today we are going to have a lesson in gramma.
BARON: In her hand she had a big mop.
CHARLEY: A what?
BARON:Maybe I'm talking to myself! I said in her hand she had a big mop.
CHARLEY: A big mop? That must have been the janitress.
BARON: I said teacher! T - E - EACH, EACH - E - R, teacher!
She hung the mop on the wall and pulled it down.
CHARLEY: Oh, a map?

BARON: Why not? She was going to give the class a lesson in gramma.

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron. Why did the teacher bring in a map if she was going to give a grammar lesson?

BARON:That's none of my business.

CHARLEY: Continue.

BARON: The first one she called on was a boy named Abraham.

(ABRAHAM GAG)

BARON: She said Abraham give me a sentence with the word "offence."

CHARLEY: A sentence with the word "offence?"

BARON: Yes -- and Abraham said "last night Mr. Jones took our garden gate -- My father didn't say anything for fear he would take a fence."

CHARLEY: He was a wit.

BARON: A nitwit! The teacher was mad! She said "Abraham you are a numbsculler! -- go upstairs and report to the princess simple."

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, not princess simple -- principal. The presiding school authority - the supervising tutor.

BARON:I wouldn't be a bit surprised. So Abraham went out! Then she called a boy by the name of, let me see -- it starts with a "J".

(GEORGE GAG)

BARON: So she asked Shorge for a sentence.
CHARLEY: With the word offence?
BARON: Yes and Shorge said "children who have no parents are offence."
CHARLEY: That's terrible.
BARON: Even worse -- the teacher was now twice as mad as mad as before! She said "Shorge go upstairs also and report to the piece of pencil,
CHARLEY: The principal.
BARON: Yes -- and Shorge went out.

(EXIT GAG)

BARON: Then she called on my boy Owgust.

(OWGUST GAG)

BARON: To Owgust she gave the word "defeat."
CHARLEY: She wanted August to give her a sentence with the word "defeat."
BARON: Yes.

("SMART BOY" -- "KILL HIM")

BARON: The teacher said, "Owgust give me a sentence with the word "defeat" - and Owgust said --- (LAUGH) -- He said "soap and water is good for de feet."
CHARLEY: Some sentence.

BARON: For this they chucked him out of the school -- so now I call him September first.

CHARLEY: Why do you call him September first?

BARON: Because it was the end of August.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, do you do any grafting on your farm?

BARON: Please, Sharley! I am a farmer - not a grafter.

CHARLEY: I mean did you ever try any agricultural experimentations a la Luther Burbank?

BARON:Why was you ever born?

CHARLEY: Perhaps you don't understand. Burbank grafted fruit. He took a lemon seed and an orange seed, and the result was ---- grapefruit.

BARON: (LAUGH) Squirters!

CHARLEY: He took a cucumber seed and a watermelon seed, and the result was casaba.

BARON: Oa-whatta?

CHARLEY: Casaba, a musk-melon.

BARON: As if I didn't know.

CHARLEY: Burbank was an agricultural wizard.

BARON: I was also a lizard.

CHARLEY: A wizard.

BARON: You could be right sometimes too.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I took a grapefruit, a half a dozen frankfurters, six oysters and a quart of sour cream,

CHARLEY: My goodness! What was the result?

BARON: Acute indigestion!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(E N D O F P A R T II)

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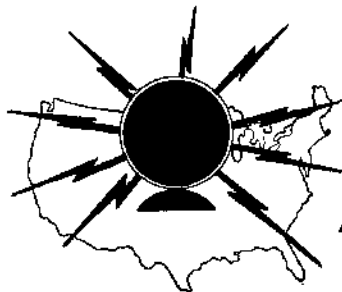
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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
10/31/82



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, NOVEMBER 10, 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:

Well ladies and gentlemen...here we are back on the air again...and I might add....back on salary. Praise be to both parties. Of course to me the biggest laugh in the political scene occurs in the Pulitzer Prize Play "Of Thee I Sing" now playing in New York and also in Chicago. There is one scene where the returns are flashed onto a moving picture screen showing Wintergreen for President away out in front. In the same show the name of the candidate for Vice-President is Alexander Throttlebottom. Finally one slide flashes on and it reads "Bulletin." So the next bulletin on the screen reads "At midnight tonight Alexander Throttlebottom refused to concede his election as Vice-President." But all this is neither here nor there. Tonight is Jack Pearl night.....the famous Baron Munchausen. He'll be here shortly...meanwhile Abe Lyman is waiting for his cue so --

ON WITH THE DANCE ABE LYMAN...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening everybody, this is Abe Lyman starting the dance with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
 (_____)
 (_____)
 (_____)
 (_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Now back to the Pilot speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen....that was Abe Lyman, one of the successful candidates who was returned to his job for another four years by an overwhelming majority on Tuesday. I got the election returns out in Chicago. On the top of a building they had a huge searchlight. It would go green if Roosevelt was winning and red if Mr. Hoover was ahead. People around me in the crowd were cheering....they'd cheer if it came green....and if it came red. All except one little fellow who didn't cheer at all....I was kind of mystified....he didn't cheer for either the red or the green. Finally my curiosity got the better of me and I asked him why he didn't cheer and he replied "Well I'll tell you I'm not going to open my mouth until they show my favorite color...orange." Hold that for a while....and here's Howard Clane. Mr. Clane!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Last night the crack of whips...the thunder of hoofs on tanbark...brilliant costumes and glittering equipment, opened the famous Horse Show at Madison Square Garden -- the gathering place this week for the smartest men and women in America. Amid the cheers from the brilliant throng at a daring feat of horsemanship...and between events in the great ring...as cigarettes were passed, it was evident how great a favorite LUCKY STRIKE is among these discriminating smokers. There, as everywhere, people choose LUCKY STRIKE because it is the mildest of cigarettes... it offers the world's finest tobaccos, rolled into one delicious balanced blend....then given the extra flavor of that exclusive "TOASTING" Process which removes certain impurities present in all tobaccos. That's why LUCKY STRIKE is so truly mild -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Howard Glaney ladies and gentlemen....and this is your pilot again....and we're about to present the piece de resistance (whatever that means) of the evening. He's waiting in the wings now to step forth on the stage of the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet Theatre.....and before giving him his cue I want to pass on a statistic I picked out of the papers the other day. A week ago yesterday radio celebrated its twelfth anniversary....its twelfth birthday....and tonight as a sort of belated celebration we have Baron Munchausen to talk to you. He says that Radio is still in its infancy and so he comes to the party dressed up in a pair of rompers. I won't waste time in bringing him forth....or even fifth.....Jack Pearl is a man with a message so Jack take it over... you have America by the ears.

(FIRST PART -- "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen that ovation you just heard was given to the People's Choice.....Jack Pearl better known as the Baron Munchausen. Later on this evening he will come back to the microphone but now he's going back into the control room with his cronies and figure out the election. He used to be in politics once himself,....Vass you dere Sharley...yeah man...he used to be in politics himself but when all the votes were counted up he didn't get enough from the Electoral College to make the Freshman team so he quit. Stick around for his visit later on.....and right now the spotlight plays on Abe Lyman...and his band of stooges. A dance is the next in the order of the program....so it's good to give you Mr. Lyman stooges and all.

ON WITH THE DANCING ABE LYMAN..(WHISTLE)..OKAY, AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Climb on the Magic Carpet everybody! Here we go!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Abe....and here we come to the halfway point, ladies and gentlemen....the Magic Carpet pauses for a brief moment while Howard Clane takes things over and hands out a message that concerns every one. Mr. Clane!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's the "new deal" in a fine high quality cigar.... Certified Cremo is now five cents straight, three for ten cents! Millions are taking advantage of this amazing new price and are obtaining in Certified Cremo the same delicious, uniform cigar -- made of choice long-filler tobaccos....rolled in the famous Perfecto shape -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection. It's a unanimous vote for Certified Cremo! Here's a telegram that gives the latest returns from just one section of the country:

"CREMO SALES NOW AVERAGING FOUR TIMES NORMAL VOLUME
SALE AND INCREASING EACH WEEK....QUITE EVIDENT
CONSUMERS IN THIS SECTION HIGHLY APPRECIATE STANDARD
QUALITY OF CREMO." (SIGNED) MYERS COX COMPANY,
DUBUQUE, IOWA.

Remember, wherever you are, North, East, South or West, ask for Certified Cremo and get a mellow, flavorful high quality cigar -- Certified Cremo at five cents straight, three for ten cents.

- - - - -STATION BREAK- - - - -

(MR. O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO "LIKE EVERY ONE ELSE WHO'S IN LOVE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The vocalist just then Uncle Sam was your pilot.... known for short as the Voice in the Old Village Choir....that new song will soon be on sale at your neighborhood grocer or your nearest druggist. Of course, song writing now doesn't pay what it did a few years ago. In the old days when you'd get a song published the firm who published it would give you a financial statement showing just how much money you earned in royalties over a six months' period. Now they give you another kind of statement.. it's a bill for printing. But time is too short for reminiscence... ..on my right hand stands Lyman...Abe Lyman...of the Capitol Theatre Lymans....a gentleman....a scholar....BUT a musician... he's waiting for his cue, so let's all sweep in on his doorstep and holler out

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

ABE LYMAN:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Back to the man at the controls flashes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Abe....lie down laddie....or better still, sit up and get a load of your foreign cousin Jack Pearl...whom we all know as the Baron Munchausen. This murderer of the King's English is ready to step again into the spotlight along with his traveling companion Cliff Hall....Sharley....aided, assisted and abetted by Cliff, the Baron will tell some more of his amazing and amusing adventures, so let's give him the air...all over the forty-eight states...and then some. Baron...it's your turn to speak.

(SECOND PART -- "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You have been listening to Jack Pearl Uncle Sam... who has sounded the note for the new administration...that what the country needs is a lusty gusty hearty wholesome healthy laugh. He's the man of the hour on these Thursday night parties and will be back again to keep his date with you next week at this same time. Our Ambassador of Good Will on Saturday night will be Ben Bernie and all the lads....Yowsah....yowsah...and we hope you like it... Right from the floor of the College Inn...one of the hot spots of Chicago, the ole Maestro will bid you welcome so don't fail to tune in. Saturday will be Bernie night just as tonight's music belongs to Dr. Abe Lyman...the fellow who always wears a phony flower in his button hole. Here he is so --

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

ABE LYMAN:

As the Magic Carpet settles at our feet we play --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

All right, Walter, here comes your magic carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was Abe Lyman...coming down the home stretch. Abe has more to do tonight, so while he and his boys go into a huddle to figure out the next play, you all can lean your ears up against the radio while Howard Claney makes an announcement. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Charging with surging fury, the Norman hordes under William the Conquerer made a merciless onslaught against the English in the famous Battle of Hastings in 1066. Then, as now, "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- and today we know that raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES -- that's why they're so mild. 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:

Also on Saturday night, ladies and gentlemen.... along with Bernie in Chicago we will have in New York, in the studio, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, the couple who add that touch of romance to the program of the evening. Idols of operetta lovers here and abroad, they will hold the center of the stage as they bring back memories of recent musical successes, and the songs that made them popular. And while there's still time for another dance tonight, let's make a visit to one of the best bands in the land...the one that's named after Abe Lyman of California, New York and the country at large. Lyman here comes the crowd of us -- ten million strong, so --

ON WITH THE DANCE, ABE.{WHISTLE}..OKAY, AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

And without further ado we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

The Magic Carpet takes that short and speedy hop
back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So we come to the end of another more or less
perfect day and the Magic Carpet gets down to the business of
serving you up three hours a week without any more speeches. It
was funny to notice the reaction and effect of the election on my
fellow travelers coming from Chicago by plane yesterday. In the
airport at Cleveland I heard one fellow holding forth in a loud
voice about what a turn for the better his business had taken. He
started out by saying "Well....I started out in Cleveland this
morning....I sold 167,000 reds....200,000 greens....and 450,000
blacks. I took a plane to Detroit before noon and during the lunch
hour I got rid of 88,000 orange.....165,000 purple....and a quarter
million yellows."

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

A little timid fellow standing around was amazed and his mouth was wide open as he heard of these tremendous deals. The successful salesman then said he flew into Chicago late in the afternoon and in round numbers sold one million reds greens oranges and whites. The little fellow couldn't stand the strain any longer so he busted into the conversation with the question "Pardon me mister....but what's your business." And the big success hollered out "Jelly Beans." Yowsah...things are certainly looking up..... and so our time comes to a close; unless you've got something to say, let's call it a day. Goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

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11/10/32

SU-136-X

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

(FINAL DRAFT)
11/4/32

Featuring

JACK PEARL

EPISODE X

"SOLDIER OF FORTUNE"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

NOVEMBER 10, 1932

**** ****

**** ****

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE X

"SOLDIER OF FORTUNE"

PARTS I and II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CHARACTERS:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEYCLIFF HALL

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE X - PART I

"SOLDIER OF FORTUNE"

CHARLEY: You were wrong, Baron, positively wrong. You should never have argued military tactics with a man like Kevil. He's a Colonel.

BARON: If he's a kernell I'm a nut! I say on the battlefield you'll never get shot if you zigzag.

CHARLEY: You told me, that in the last battle you fought in you were shot fifteen times.

BARON: I was.

CHARLEY: Well, why didn't you zigzag?

BARON: I did. But I zigged when I should have zagged and I zagged when I should have zigged.

CHARLEY: The Colonel is a military authority and has done a lot for the country.

BARON: So did I.

CHARLEY: What did you ever do for the country?

BARON: I moved to the city!

CHARLEY: Before entering the army he led a nomadic life.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said the Colonel led a nomadic life. He was an adventurer, a rover, a wanderer --

BARON: A bum!

CHARLEY: No! A soldier of fortune. He spent five years in one country where five revolutions took place.

BARON: That's nothing - I spent five minutes where five hundred revolutions took place.

CHARLEY: Where in the world was that?

BARON: In a revolving door! That's where I met Lena Schmaltz.

CHARLEY: You met Lena Schmaltz in a revolving door?

BARON: Yes - and I've been going around with her ever since.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: But were you ever in a real revolution - A war!

BARON: Sharley, when I was married to my first wife I used to look for wars.

CHARLEY: Look for wars? Why?

BARON: I wanted to be where it was peaceful and quiet.

CHARLEY: Tell me some of your experiences, Baron.

BARON: Well, once I was on a steamboat going through the Stetson.

CHARLEY: Going through the Stetson?

BARON: The derby, the straw hat.

CHARLEY: Do you mean the Panama?

BARON: The Panama! That's it! On the steamer I met a soused American.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - a South American.

BARON: Please, Sharley - this was a soused American. He was on the way to Tropicola, where they was having a revolution. The Vice President was fighting the President.

CHARLEY: Who was the president?

BARON: That's what they were fighting about.

CHARLEY: Was this man a loyalist or an oppositionist?

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said, what side was he on?

BARON: The outside.

CHARLEY: I see. He wasn't lending any assistance to either of the belligerents.

BARON:Why don't you tear up your dictionary?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, continue.

BARON: He was forming an army for the Vice President and he asked me to join.

CHARLEY: Did he offer you a commission?

BARON: No, a straight salary.

CHARLEY: Did you accept?

BARON: No sir! I wasn't going to get mixed up in a revolution.

CHARLEY: You wanted to remain neutral.

BARON: Absolutely! And besides, I was forming an army for the President.

CHARLEY: JUST a moment, Baron. How could you form an army for the President and remain neutral?

BARON: Who asked you?

CHARLEY: No one asked me.

BARON: So don't expect an answer. When I told him this he punched me in the nose.

CHARLEY: Punched you in the nose?

BARON: Right in the front of my face! In my country that means fight!

CHARLEY: Did you fight him?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: We wasn't in my country. That night he tried to have me animated.

CHARLEY: He tried to have you what?

BARON:What's the matter? Don't you hear good?

CHARLEY: Yes, but that last word got away from me.

BARON: Stick around and I'll bring it back. I said he tried to have me animated -- bumped off -- gerput gemachted.

CHARLEY: Oh, he wanted to have you assassinated!

BARON: Why argue? That night I went to my stateroom and was fast asleep with my eyes wide open --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! You couldn't possibly have been fast asleep with your eyes wide open!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I was fast asleep with my eyes wide open.

CHARLEY: Have it your way.

BARON: Suddenly I heard a superstitious noise.

CHARLEY: A suspicious noise?

BARON: Why not? So what did I do?

CHARLEY: I haven't the faintest idea.

BARON: Neither have I! Wait! It just comes to me! I pulled out my rusty revolver.

CHARLEY: Your trusty revolver.

BARON: It was my revolver - and I say it was rusty!

CHARLEY: Very well, it was rusty. What happened?

BARON: Coming through the port hole was a man with a stabber!

CHARLEY: You mean a dagger, a blade, a stiletto, a dirk!

BARON: One is enough! He raised the stabber and said "Hands up or I'll shoot."

CHARLEY: Wait, Baron, wait -

BARON: I haven't got the time! I raised my revolver and said "If you do I'll stab you!"

CHARLEY: Hold on! How could he shoot you with a dagger and you stab him with a revolver. I'd like to figure that out.

BARON: You'd like to figure it out?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) Go ahead. Just then the ship skidded and the man fell into the stateroom.

CHARLEY: I suppose you pounced on him.

BARON: No sir! I jumped on his neck. He threw me off and jumped on my back! I turned and jumped on his head! He slipped and jumped on my chest!

CHARLEY: You were both on the jump.

BARON: Yes -- we kept jumping at each other for seven days --

CHARLEY: Preposterous!

BARON: Monotonous! At the end of the ninth day --

CHARLEY: Now, wait! You just got through saying seven days, didn't you?

BARON: Sure. We was jumping seven days - then we took two days rest.

CHARLEY: What happened then?

BARON: He got very clubby with me.

CHARLEY: Very clubby?

BARON: Yes -- I don't know where he got the club from but he
socked me right in the head with it.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My head! I went spinning around like a top.

CHARLEY: Your brain was in a swirl, a vortex, a maelstrom --

BARON:Are you selling something?

CHARLEY: Go on with your story, Baron.

BARON: That was enough revolutions for me.

CHARLEY: You quit.

BARON: Yes, but when I arrived in Tropicola they forced me
into the army.

CHARLEY: How did that happen?

BARON: I was sitting by an open window and got caught in
the draft. And oh, Sharley, what an army! Their
guns and swords all came from Woolworths.

CHARLEY: Their guns and swords all came from Woolworths?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Stuff and nonsense!

BARON: Five and ten cents. I was in the army only two days
when I got this medal.

CHARLEY: I never noticed that one before. Rather unique -
made of leather, isn't it?

BARON: No, it's made from a piece of steak.

CHARLEY: Made from a piece of steak!

BARON: Yes - I got it for saving the whole regiment.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I shot the cook!

CHARLEY: Did you see any real action, Baron?

BARON: Plenty - One day we was sitting around practicing shooting.

CHARLEY: Sharp shooting.

BARON: No, crap shooting. Suddenly the bugler bugled the bugle.

CHARLEY: The call to arms!

BARON: No, to feet. The regiment lined up.

CHARLEY: IN battle array.

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: In battle array, array!

BARON: Hurray!

CHARLEY: Array

(AD LIB)

BARON: What are we cheering about?

CHARLEY: Never mind, go on.

BARON: When the regiment lined up the General said "I want a man who will volunteer to spy on the enemy to take one step forward."

CHARLEY: He wanted a volunteer to take one step forward.

BARON: Yes, and I got the job without moving.

CHARLEY: How was that?

BARON: The rest of the regiment took one step backward.

CHARLEY: Did you go through with it?

BARON: The Baron Munchausen never backs out. I ran to my horse, stood on a barrell and put my foot in the syrup

CHARLEY: You put your foot in the stirrup.

BARON: No sir, in the syrup! It was a barrell of molasses and the top fell in. Sharley, I was molasses from head to foot.

CHARLEY: I'll bet you were a sweet looking thing.

BARON:Please! The Baron makes the jokes - not you.

CHARLEY: I beg your pardon.

BARON: I took the trail and rode into the jingles.

CHARLEY: Jungles!

BARON: Jingles!

CHARLEY: Jungles!

BARON: The woods! Got off my horse and went on foot. All of a sudden I saw a mountain lion.

CHARLEY: Excuse me, Baron, but mountain lions live in the mountains.

BARON: This one was on a vacation. He was forty two feet long.

CHARLEY: Forty two feet long!

BARON: Would you like him longer?

CHARLEY: Longer! Why I don't believe he was that long.

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: No. There never was a mountain lion forty two feet long!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So the mountain lion was forty two feet long!

CHARLEY: What's the difference.

BARON: Who cares? I raised my gun to fire and -- click -- the gun wasn't loaded. Oh was I humiliated.

CHARLEY: You were humiliated.

(AD LIB)

BARON: I started to run - the mountain lion made a jump for me - I tripped and fell -- and the lion sailed over my head, missing me by eleven feet.

CHARLEY: Missed you by eleven feet.

BARON: Yes - and oh, was the lion humiliated. The next day I loaded my gun and went looking for him, and found him in the same place, and what do you suppose he was doing?

CHARLEY: What was he doing?

BARON: He was practicing short jumps.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE X - PART I

"SOLDIER OF FORTUNE"

CHARLEY: I say, Baron, is that another medal you are pinning on yourself?

BARON: That's what it is, Sharley.

CHARLEY: How did you earn that one?

BARON: That's something I will never forget. One day I was leaving my house and I said "Good bye Louise." You see I always call my sister Rebecca, Louise.

CHARLEY: WHY do you call your sister Rebecca, Louise?

BARON: Because her name is Alice. So I said, "So long, Katinka."

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! You mentioned Louise, Rebecca, Alice and Katinka.

BARON: That's my sister's name.

CHARLEY: What's your sister's name?

BARON: Just then a fire broke out next door in a cracker factory! The crackers was going bang! bang! bang!

CHARLEY: I never heard of crackers going bang!

BARON: These was fire crackers. I rushed into the place -- some fellers were playing poker - in a corner was a little kitten cat, huddled under the radiator. I didn't know whether to save the kitty or play poker and feed the kitty.

CHARLEY: So what did you do?

BARON: I decided to save the kitty! I went over to the radiator but it was too late.

CHARLEY: The kitty was smothered?

BARON: No, the radi-ate-her!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: If you didn't save the cat or the men, how did you get the medal?

BARON: Don't be silly -- I bought it. Would you like to hear about another medal?

CHARLEY: No. I'd rather hear about your adventures as a soldier of fortune.

BARON: You know what's good!

CHARLEY: You bet.

BARON: Once I was with the Foreign Leggins.

CHARLEY: THE Foreign Legion!

BARON: That's how you say it. In my language the "Q" is silent.

CHARLEY: What are you talking about? There's no "Q" in Legion.

BARON: Is that my fault?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: We was in Africa fighting the Ruffs!

CHARLEY: The Riffs!

BARON: The Ruffs!

CHARLEY: The Riffs!

BARON: The Riffraffs!

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way.

BARON: In this war brothers was fighting brothers, sisters fighting sisters, uncles fighting cousins.

BARON: I decided to save the kitty! I went over to the radiator but it was too late.

CHARLEY: The kitty was smothered?

BARON: No, the radi-ate-her!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: If you didn't save the cat or the men, how did you get the medal?

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CHARLEY: THE Foreign Legion!

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BARON: Is that my fault?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: We was in Africa fighting the Riffs!

CHARLEY: The Riffs!

BARON: The Riffs!

CHARLEY: The Riffs!

BARON: The Riffriffs!

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way.

BARON: In this war brothers was fighting brothers, sisters fighting sisters, uncles fighting cousins.

CHARLEY: A barbarous war.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said it was a barbarous war.

BARON: It was not a barbers war! But I had a very close shave.

CHARLEY: HOW was that?

BARON: In front of us was two of the enemys' cannons. Our Captain said "those cannons must be captured."

CHARLEY: The Captain said that.

BARON: Yes, Captain Simon. He looked me straight in the eye and for no reason I said I'd capture them.

CHARLEY: Captain Simon hypnotized you.

BARON: He simonized me. I rushed over to the enemies' lines--

CHARLEY: With gusto!

BARON: No - by myself. There was soldiers on the right of me, soldiers on the left of me, soldiers in back of me -- and what do you think was in front of me?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Soldiers! I knocked over a hundred and seventeen of them.

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: What do you care! I picked up the two cannons and carried them back to my regiment three miles away.

CHARLEY: Baron, I regret to say I do not believe it! No man could pick up two cannons and carry them three miles.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not!

BARON: So I picked up two cannons and carried them three miles.

CHARLEY: As you say.

BARON: The Riffraffers started retreating - we chased them across the desert for eleven days -- without water!

CHARLEY: My goodness! What did you do without water?

BARON: We did without water! At last we came to an o'Jacks!

CHARLEY: O'Jacks?

BARON: O'Queens, O'Kings.

CHARLEY: Wait! Do you mean oasis?

BARON: That's it, Oasis! There we found water.

CHARLEY: And plenty of dates?

BARON: I only had one.

CHARLEY: You had only one what?

BARON: Date - and oh, Sharley, was she beautiful!

CHARLEY: I'm referring to a fruit of the desert.

BARON: She was a peach. She took me home and introduced me to her father - a big Insultan.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, not In sultan - Sultan.

BARON: If you heard what he called me you wouldn't argue. He was an Insultan sultan.

CHARLEY: I see. He hurt your feelings.

BARON: Yes - He said I wasn't fit to sleep with dogs.

CHARLEY: He said that?

BARON: Yes sir! To me - The Baron Munchausen, - who has slept with some of the best dogs in the world! Sharley, I was mad! I went out!

CHARLEY: You left his seraglio.

BARON:Did you sneeze?

CHARLEY: I said you left his seraglio, his domicile, his habitation.

BARON:it's my own fault.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: On my way back to camp I was captured by the Riffraffers and chucked in prison - but I escaped.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: One of the Riffraffers wives felt sorry for me so she sent me a file concealed in a cake.

CHARLEY: I see -- and that's how you effected your escape.

BARON: Yes - but it's the funniest thing.

CHARLEY: What is?

BARON: I'm not sure whether I ate the cake and sawed my way out with the file or ate the file and sawed my way out with the cake! When I got out the sun was shining but I couldn't see my hands before my face.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: They were in my pockets. And who was waiting for me but my Riffka!

CHARLEY: What's a Riffka?

BARON: A Riff's wife - she wanted me to take her along - Wanted me to marry her.

CHARLEY: To marry her?

BARON: Yes - Sharley, I was frightened!

CHARLEY: I can appreciate your fellings - The day I was married I got a terrible fright.

BARON: I saw her. Anyhow I got an airplane and took her up in it to talk things over. We was flying only a short time when we had a falling out.

CHARLEY: You fell out of the airplane?

SHERIFF: Want me to put 'em with the batch of burned cook-pans we found in their camp, Inspector?

DENTON: How about the pockets?

SHERIFF: Didn't touch 'em....First time I ever worked a case with a Postal Inspector, an' I thought you might want to handle 'em yourself.

DENTON: We'll have a look....Will you hold them?....Thanks....
No -- nothing there.

SHERIFF: Nethin' in the back pockets. Clean as a hound's tooth.

DENTON: Hello -- hold on.....

SHERIFF: Snagged somethin'?

DENTON: In the pencil pocket -- a piece of paper -- here we are.....Let's see.

SHERIFF: Somethin' writ in pencil....Can't hardly read it.....
Receipt of some kind.

DENTON: Sheriff!

SHERIFF: Huh?

DENTON: Sheriff, we're in luck! This is a Post-Office slip!

SHERIFF: What say?

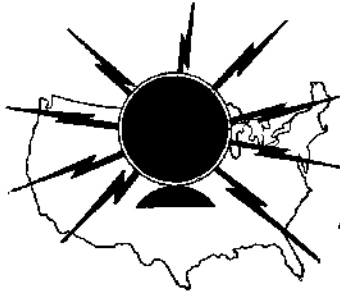
DENTON: This is a receipt for a registered letter....One of our own Post Office slips -- issued at Eugene, Oregon -- about a month ago. And the number is still clear enough to see.

SHERIFF: Uh-huh -- I reckon....But that don't tell much, does it?

DENTON: It tells a lot, Sheriff -- and I think it's going to tell more. I'm going to drive over to the Eugene Post Office at once. This receipt is our opening clue in tracing down the identity of the criminals.

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, NOVEMBER 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:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen...and may we wish you a pleasant and exciting trip over the air waves this bonny bonny evening. Here in New York we have Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday of the operetta stage and out in the College Inn in Chicago Ben Bernie and all the lads are ready and waiting to go. Ben has been called the man of mystery, the male Garbo, by millions of fans and I think it's high time we delved into his past. Ben claims to be forty years old. He says he'd be forty two but he lived in Brooklyn for two years. To go back forty years let me tell YOU that there was dancing in the streets and bonfires when he arrived although they didn't call him Ben Bernie then...he had a different name then...He was known as Goona Goona. He was raised in a family where strict discipline was paramount...or maybe it was Arkayo or MGM...He had two older brothers Dave and Herman Goona Goona who bent over his crib one day waiting for the little baby Goona Goona to speak. Herman waited pretty long, for Herman to wait.....after all he had a date that night so he hissed at the infant, "So you won't talk eh?" And then Ben in his cradle spoke his first words and said "Yowsah Yowsah Yowsah." I'm going to let Ben tell you about it ladies and gentlemen...out at the Sherman Hotel in the heart of Chicago's loop.....downstairs in the College Inn...Benneh is awaiting of you so --

ON WITH THE DANCE BEN BERNIE...(WHISTLE)..OKAY CHICAGO!

(BEN BERNIE MAKES OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

BEN BERNIE:

Now we speed the Magic Carpet back to Walter O'Keefe.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Ben....that was Bernie ladies and gentlemen....
Goona Goona Bernie with Pat Kennedy doing the vocals. Bernie and
Kennedy.....ah they were born to love. A minute ago in
introducing Ben I overlooked one of his earlier triumphs when he
was known as the Horatio Alger of his time. I told you of Ben in
the cradle speaking his first cute little baby talk "Yowsah Yowsah
Yowsah".....That same night Ben demonstrated his never say die
spirit.....he was then eighteen months old....so he crawled all the
way to Asbury Park New Jersey and entered the Annual Baby Parade
there. He walked off with first prize and this gave him enough
money to live on until he finished his college career. I'll tell
you of that later but meanwhile Howard Clancy has a message.
Mr. Clancy!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Many a time on the primitive western plains, the hunter was hunted -- as an enraged bull buffalo ferociously charged the savage Indian hunters whose lances roused him to fury. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- The Indians knew that -- and we who smoke tobacco today know it even better! Raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes! There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES -- that's why they're so mild. 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 cigarettos.

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL - FADES DOWN AS O'KEEFE SAYS:--)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now its pleasant to welcome back to the center of the stage of the Magic Carpet Theatre the romantic song birds who come to us from the oporetta stage...Miss Herbert and Bob Halliday. And tonight they have made a grand choice of numbers. One of these songs was written by Victor Herbert and it represents Herbert at his best. It's from naughty Marietta and you know it and love it....."I'm Falling In Love With Someone."

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Another one chosen for this group goes back a couple of decades into the rich treasure house of these light and airy operettas....this time to the "Chocolate Soldier" and the equally renowned favorite "My Hero." Their other choice tonight is "Day Dreams" from the "Spring Maid." So shut your eyes, sit back, and in fancy take an excursion in the land of make believe on the wings of song as we bring you the voices of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING -- "I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE"

"MY HERO"

"DAY DREAMS)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You were just listening to Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday and they will come back a little later in this same program. But now we return to the musical autobiography of Ben Bernie oftentimes called by his intimates "Old Ironsides." It is interesting to look back on Bernie's career. He DID take first prize in the Baby Contest at Asbury Park...but ugly rumors followed his victory. Some one said the cute little tot offered a bribe to the judges...he offered to share his all day sucker....but this blew over and childhood followed. When other little boys were mowing lawns and running errands to make pocket money Bernie discovered a new racket. He made up those things you see in the papers, "BRIGHT SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN" for which he was paid a dollar a piece. He was a sort of Winchell in short pants.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Later...years later, he was to meet Winchell...and what a historic meeting. Bernie spoke that immortal line "Lafayette we are here" (at that time he went under the name of General Pershing) and Winchell answered, "What have you got for the column?" Let's hear Ben tell it...and right from the floor of the College Inn in Chicago. There he stands up to his Adams Apple in a sea of smiling faces as we all crash the gate and holler --

ON WITH THE DANCE BEN BERNIE...(WHISTLE)...OKAY CHICAGO!

(BERNIE INTRODUCES SECOND DANCE GROUP)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

BEK BERNIE:

The Magic Carpet flashes out of Chicago from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You have just heard from the middle West ladies and gentlemen....from the great All American from Chicago.....Ben Bernie who plays for the College Inn. In making up your list of all Americans don't overlook this bet.....Bernie is a triple threat,.... a GREAT triple threat....he plays the violin for one thing...he talks for another...but he also sings. Blessings and benedictions on his brow....owah owah owah...he'll be back ladies and gentlemen.... even as Claney and I. Here's Howard now with an announcement.

HOWARD CLANEY:

We'd like to thank you millions of men who have taken advantage of Certified Cremo's amazing new value and helped to spread the good news. And it IS good news! For Certified Cremo is now five cents straight -- three for ten cents!...the same delicious uniform quality that has made Certified Cremo America's favorite cigar....made of choice, long-filler tobaccos, rolled in the famous Perfecto shape -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection. Good news travels fast -- and everywhere smokers of fine cigars are seizing this opportunity. Here's a telegram that tells of the overwhelming demand for Certified Cremo Cigars:

"TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN CREMO SALES CERTAINLY PROVES THAT THE AMERICAN PUBLIC KNOWS REAL CIGAR VALUE...CERTIFIED CREMO...SAME SIZE AND QUALITY AT NEW PRICE WIDELY ACCEPTED BY DEALERS IN EVERY CITY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN EVERY ONE OF OUR TWELVE STATES...RUSH US ONE MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN ADDITION TO OUR REGULAR STANDING ORDER." (SIGNED) NILES AND MOSES CIGAR COMPANY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Remember, for a uniformly high-quality, flavorful cigar, ask for Certified Gremo - five cents straight, three for ten cents!

----- STATION BREAK -----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And again we face the Magic Carpet into the wind and the West and back to Ben Bernie the ole Maestro. I was talking to his boss out there....Chicago's unofficial host...Ernest Byfield of the Hotel Sherman the other night and he tells me that Ben is so pleased with his job running the orchestra in the College Inn that he's thinking some of taking up music lessons. So let's hop back to our Cheerful Little Earful...the Ole Maestro of the Mountain.

ON WITH THE DANCE BENJAMIN...(WHISTLE)...OKAY CHICAGO!

(BERNIE INTRODUCES THIRD MUSIC GROUP)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

BEN BERNIE:

Eastward bound the Magic Carpet dashes back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS O'KEEFE
SAYS:--)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The strains of "Romance" fill the air as the Magic Carpet lands lightly here in New York. Five years ago two gentlemen of talent here in New York put their heads together and brought out a really great American operetta. It was called "Show Boat"...it's still running out on the road now and it was written by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein the Second. Last week New York sang their praises anew. They've done it all over again with another hit "Music in the Air" which is now on Broadway. For their old Ziegfeld success they wrote "Make Believe" which Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday will sing for you. People who saw the show will never forget the time it was sung by the heartbroken father in the convent Scene. Then in a lighter mood there was the hit "The Connecticut Yankee" and the sweet simple song "My Heart Stood Still." For their third number this romantic couple choose the big hit from the score of "Bandwagon"...the show by Dietz and Schwartz...right after the second act opened there was a beautiful moonlit scene where they sang "Dancing In the Dark".....Those are the numbers...here are the singers...and the spotlight plays on Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING -- "MAKE BELIEVE"

"MY HEART STOOD STILL"

"DANCING IN THE DARK")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Again next Saturday you will hear these two songbirds Uncle Sam...one of your nieces and one of your nephews...Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. Incidentally next week the plans call for another thriller on Tuesday night...this one "The Osage Indian Murders"....From the studio that night Roger Wolfe Kahn will wield the baton....and now having gotten that announcement off my chest I'll turn your ears over to Howard Clancy who has a brief announcement to make. Mr. Clancy!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tonight you are being entertained by Ben Bernie and his music direct from the dance floor of that colorful rendezvous of smart Chicago....the famous College Inn where Ben Bernie and his orchestra are playing for a brilliant, fascinating crowd of Chicago's smart set....and in that gay gathering LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, we are pleased to say, are noticeably a great favorite. As everywhere, discriminating smokers prefer the cigarette that is truly mild. They have found, as you will, that only LUCKY STRIKE offers the delicious quality of patiently aged and perfectly blended tobaccos - plus the real mildness that's imparted by the exclusive LUCKY STRIKE "TOASTING" Process. Now in a few minutes, you will again join the gay crowd at the College Inn in dancing to Ben Bernie's music....and we hope you will join them, too, in the enjoyment of a truly mellow-mild LUCKY. LUCKY STRIKE, the mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Here again we turn back to Chicago the Windy City and the equally Windy Bernie. Hiya Ben. Ben is the College Inn out there....and he's even a hero to his own Valet Pat Kennedy the local yokel who sings the vocals. I sat at a table there Election night talking with Pat. One of the local belles....a tasty tempting toothsome tid bit came over to Pat and said, "I wonder if you could make Ben play "The Kings Horses" and Kennedy the celtic wisecracker turned to me and said, "Say if Bernie can't pick a winner on an American racetrack I don't see why he should go over to England and play the King's Horses" and that's the way it goes out there in the Hotel Sherman....come along lads and lasses while we freewheel you right past the headwaiter and stick Bernie with the check.

ON WITH THE DANCE BEN....(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

(BERNIE INTRODUCES FOURTH MUSIC GROUP)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

BEN BERNIE:

Again the Magic Carpet flashes high above Chicago and starts back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Goodnight Ben...and I'm sorry you're through.
Remember me to that certain party if you see her, and I hope we meet again....I mean you and I Bernie. In closing my dear parishioners I want to tell one more bit about Bernie who will match his private life with any orchestra leader. I spoke of his college days.... and how he was a triple threat when he played there. There was a lad with the proper college spirit....so anxious was he to make the grade that his mother made him a pair of pants to play in and finally after weeks of practice the great day came. There was Bernie out on the field...thousands up in the stands were cheering... and Ben, just waiting for the chance to make good for his Alma Mamma. Finally it came....The Bandmaster raised his baton and Bernie went the full length of the field at the front end of the Bass Drum. The College Hero, ladies and gents....and now there's no more time for intimate chit chat...so unless you've got something to say let's call it a day. Good night.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This program has come to you from New York City and Chicago, Illinois, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
11/12/32

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now Uncle Sam the Magic Carpet is about to take the long hop of the evening....a flying visit to Chicago. Flashing by the beacons that light up the darkness....making no stops....feeling no bumps....just rambling and racing over the mountains and flat lands....we circle over Chicago and make a graceful three point landing at the feet of your old favorite Charlie Agnew. Agnew you'd like him.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE...(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Charlie Agnew and his Orchestra carry on from Chicago with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Now we flash the Magic Carpet from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean.

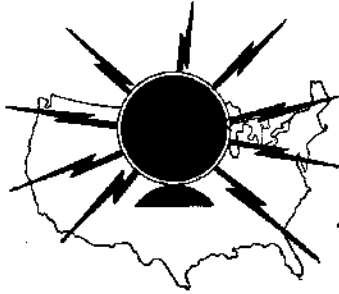
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Charlie....it's always a pleasure to visit Chicago believe you this fellow. We'll be back later but at this point we've got to get our second wind while Howard Claneey makes a suggestion. MR. CLANEY!

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, NOVEMBER 15, 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 every onegood evening and welcome to the Magic Carpet Theatre of the air. Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has your tickets right down front tonight for the mystery and the music....and it occurred to me that witnessing a thriller on the Magic Carpet must be a pleasant pastime because there are no back seat drivers to interrupt the show and spoil your enjoyment of it. Surely at some time or other you've attended the theatre and been annoyed by these pests in back who talk their heads off while the show is progressing. The best rebuke to that type of nuisance I ever heard of was administered by George Kaufman, the co-author of one of the season's new hits "Dinner at Eight." In back of them this prattle was going on and finally Mr. Kaufman turned to them and said, "I know you won't believe this....but the actors on the stage are talking so loud I can't hear a word you're saying." But let's listen to the overture before the LUCKY STRIKE Theatre Guild start their dramatization of "The Osage Indian Murders." Tonight's music comes to you from Roger Wolfe Kahn...the young maestro holding forth at the Hotel Pennsylvania Grill.....so let's follow him through the opening fox trot.

ON WITH THE DANCE ROGER WOLFE...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

The dancing starts as Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Back to the pilot speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Roger Wolfe. That was young master Kahn, customers, as steady a hand as ever touched the controls of an aeroplane...as rhythmic a paw as ever swung a baton...as crafty and cunning a kid as ever composed a popular ditty. Roger will now go stand in the corner...or wherever he wants to. The show is about to start but first of all Howard Claney has something to say.

MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's a telegram that tells you, better than I could, what cigar smokers are looking for these days:

"PLEASE RUSH FIFTY THOUSAND CREMO CIGARS AT ONCE...SALES ON CREMO ARE DOUBLING IN OUR EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE STORES THROUGHOUT NORTHERN NEW JERSEY." (SIGNED) NATIONAL GROCERY COMPANY, JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

As it is in New Jersey, so it is throughout the country! Everywhere, we've found that you men who enjoy a high quality cigar, are seizing the chance to get Certified Cremo at five cents straight -- three for ten cents! You have found in Certified Cremo the most delicious quality...mild and mellow, made of choice, long-filler tobaccos, in the famous Perfecto shape -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection. Certified Cremo -- five cents straight -- three for ten cents.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Tonight's thriller, my dear parishioners, comes from the files of the government in Washington....it is a result of the secret work by the U. S. Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. No doubt you recall the story of Cimarron and the great rush of oil that spouted wealth to the Osage Tribe of Indians among others. In the wake of that wealth came a series of mysterious murders in the tribe and it was a sorry mess that Uncle Sam was called upon to investigate. The curtain is rising.....Special Agent Number Five is waiting instructions.... and orders are flashing through from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The gentleman used the correct words when he picked out "Smashing Finish." It would have to be after a set-up like that one. For a story of crime it certainly gets off to a flying start. Stand by for the next installment later in this same program.. the smashing finish that comes with the solution of these sinister slayings. And here we part company with the things of mystery and go back into the paths of peace. Young Roger Wolfe Kahn has just been listening to the dramatization of these murders...and he's really caught the spirit of the occasion so here's where he and his boys murder MARGIE.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Everybody, swing your partner to the tune of -- (TITLES

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet dashes back to the man at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That strange interlude of riotous rhythm was given to you ladies and gentlemen by a frequent visitor to the Magic Carpet.....Roger Wolfe Kahn who certain KAHN do it right. Whee... that's an awful pun, I'll lay off such waste of words and time now and let Howard Claney give out on something of interest. Mr. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's a tremendous bustle of activity on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House these days -- next Monday night the opera season opens....Famous stars are rehearsing for the season's programs.....If you could be there you'd notice how many of them, when they have a few minutes of leisure for a cigarette, always choose a LUCKY. We have found that a very great number of the famous stars of Opera choose LUCKY STRIKE because they know that LUCKIES are truly mild. They enjoy the fragrant, delicious goodness of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- a balanced blend given true mildness by the "TOASTING" Process which removes certain impurities hidden in all tobaccos. As it is among the leaders of Grand Opera -- so it is among the society leaders and the smart set who will be on hand when the opera season opens -- discriminating smokers everywhere ask for "that package of mild LUCKIES"the mellow-mildest of cigarettes!

- - - - -STATION BREAK - - - - -

WALTER O'KEEFE:

A minute or so ago Mike's boy Walter uncorked an awful pun and it dawned on me that the hysterical fad for puns has passed. I always enjoyed the one that Dorothy Parker started on the word "Burlesque." Miss Parker told the world that she'd like "two burlesque" for her breakfast. Of course another famous punster, wit and grand comedian is Phil Baker the accordion man. Phil liked to pun so much that he confessed his choice for breakfast was always PUNS and Coffee. MISTER Baker! Well ladies and gentlemen it just goes to prove one thing...you can't win...so let's drop the whole matter and I won't ever bring it up again unless you do first. But I notice again that Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra are slated to take the ether so inasmuch as it's ether them or myself I'll give in and turn you all over to his musical ministrations.

ON WITH THE DANCE ROGER WOLFE..(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles at our feet Roger Wolfe Kahn and his boys play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Now for a short and speedy hop back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well Uncle Sam it's curtain time in the Magic Carpet Theatre of the air and as we saunter down the aisle let me refresh your memory on the happenings of the Osage Murder Case in the first act. Down in the Southwest where the Indians made so much money out of oil wells a mysterious series of murders took place with dramatic and sinister swiftness. Three people were killed....a woman and two men who were on the verge of talking and telling what they knew. Because this all happened on a government reservation they called in Uncle Sam's secret investigators. Each murder was the result of a bullet from a forty four revolver....so now let's follow Special Agent Number Five....he's listening now and orders are flashing through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So another story ends and the moral is identical with that set forth in all the others of this series....Steel was no match for the Federal Agent of Washington in a battle of wits. That he and his gang were trapped down was to be expected and so again the curtain descends on one of these dramas proving the folly of crime. Next week we are going to present still another of these shows....so make a note of it....and let's get on to the business of dancing. These week ends during the football season when the younger set stream back to New York from the various football games in this section there is always a packed floor at the Hotel Pennsylvania Grillroom where Roger Wolfe Kahn is the drawing card. Yoweah...he's a card....that lad, so let's drop in on him now and it's his deal.

ON WITH THE DANCE MR. KAHN....(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

We swing into the dance with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Climb aboard..the Magic Carpet is on its way.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Roger....you can have yourself a hunk of relaxation now....this is another place where the Magic Carpet stops bucking the headwinds and settles for a rest. Howard Clanev will take over the microphone with a message.

HOWARD CLANEV:

Cowboys out on the Texas ranges will tell you there is nothing more fierce and more awe-inspiring than the ferocious battle between wild mustang stallions on the western ranges..... fighting to the death with flashing teeth and slashing hoofs. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- it's true of untamed horses -- and it's true of raw tobaccos! Raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES -- that's why they're so mild! 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:

That was Howard Glaney my dear listeners....the pleasant genial home loving soul who spends his evenings on the air and sleeps daytimes. Mr. Glaney will be with us, of course, on Thursday and that's the night when "Oh Sharley" is the cry of the hour. "VASS YOU DERE SHARLEY" will sound through millions of homes on that evening as Jack Pearl struts out on the stage as the Baron Munchausen and cuts the comic capers that are earning him a place deep in America's love for a good laugh. Before and after the bubbling irrepressible (whistle) I always wanted to use that word.... well before and after the irrepressible Pearl does his stuff George Olsen and his glittering galaxy of glorious musical hoodlums will entertain you with Ethel Shuttah playing the love interest. But that's another evening and now opportunity is knocking at the door of Roger Wolfe Kahn so let's open it up.

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

ANNOUNCER:

And Roger Wolfe Kahn continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Get ready Walter, here comes the Magic Carpet.
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
11/15/32

SU-173-III

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE III

"OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS"

PART I and II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

NOVEMBER 15, 1932

**** ****

**** ****

EPISODE III - PART I and II

"CSAGE INDIAN MURDERS"

BY

GEORGE F. ZIMMER

and

BURKE BOYCE

CHARACTERS:

KYU	TAYLOR
STEEL	BLACK EAGLE
SHERIFF	YELLOW HORSE
SMITH	SLIM
NASH	JULIE
GREY	TONKA

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EPISODE III

"OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION...UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS".....BASED ON CASE 62 - 143FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, D.C...SPECIAL AGENT FIVE PROCEED.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking.....The story of The Osage Indian Murders".....Real people....Real places...real clues... A real case.....For obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout.....Our case begins in the Sheriff's office, in the town of Pawhuska, at the Osage Indian Reservation, in Oklahoma.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

KYU: You cannot say I did it!...You cannot put the red mark of a killer on Kyu!....I did not kill Running Bird!

STEEL: And I think you're a lying Indian, Kyu....How about that, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Wal now, Mr. Steel, I ain't so sure. I told you I questioned Kyu already. I'm satisfied he ain't the murderer.

STEEL: Running Bird was his wife once, wasn't she, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Long time ago -- yes...

STEEL: And now Running Bird's found dead in the Black Jack Forest -- shot through the head.

KYU: But you cannot say Kyu did it!...No!

STEEL: She was your wife, Kyu....And she left you.

KYU: Many moons -- many years ago -- Now I have new wife.... All this I have said to the Sheriff....I will not talk any more.

STEEL: Why, you --!

SHERIFF: Hold on, Mr. Steel....Take it easy....Kyu, you better vamoose for a spell....But remember -- I'm watchin' you.

KYU: I remember -- many things, SheriffGood-bye....
(DOOR SLAMS)

SHERIFF: You never get nowhere poundin' at an Indian like that, Mr. Steel. He'll shut up like a clam.

STEEL: Sheriff, I came here to this section to help promoted these oil fields. The Indians are my friends. There have been several murders here lately. This killing of Running Deer is the latest one. The people are in a panic. I want the murderer captured.

SHERIFF: So do I. But I can't find him.

STEEL: I'll help you find him, Sheriff. I'll work with you on the case. And I'll spend any part of my fortune to get the guilty person.

SHERIFF: I know ye will, Mr. Steel....Tell you what you do. Stay here in the office with me a while. I got another Indian comin' in this morning says he can give me a line on the case. Name's Thorn.

STEEL: Thorn, eh?...Never heard of him.

SHERIFF: Well, he wants to talk. So I told him to come on in this mornin', an --

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

SMITH: Sheriff! Sheriff!

SHERIFF: Hello -- that you, Smith?

SMITH: Yes, it's me....Sheriff, have you heard about Thorn?

SHERIFF: Thorn?...Sure -- he was to talk to me today.

SMITH: He won't talk to anybody, Sheriff....Thorn has just been found a couple of miles out of town -- dead -- with a bullet through his head!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. RUNNING AUTO.
2. KLAXON.
3. CAR STOPS -- DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS.

STEEL: Yes -- the poor fellow's dead all right -- and not a sign of who did it.

SHERIFF: Must have potted him from behind them rocks yonder a ways off the road.

SMITH: Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Yeah, Smith?

SMITH: Sheriff, look there. Thorn was killed with a bullet clean through his head....So was the woman -- Running Deer.

SHERIFF: By gosh, you're right at that, Smith....Same kind of a job.

STEEL: But there was no connection between Thorn and Running Deer.

SMITH: Listen, Mr. Steel. Thorn was killed because he knew too much.

SHERIFF: That the way you size it up, Smith?

SMITH: Sheriff, I may be a squaw man -- I may be married to an Indian Indian woman....But that woman is Running Deer's own sister....And I tell you there's more behind this business than just plain murder....I know it!

SHERIFF: Ye do, eh?

SMITH: Sure!

STEEL: Have you got proof, Smith?

SMITH: Not yet....But I'll get it....You don't think I'm going to sit around and let my wife's own sister be murdered without doin' anything about it, do you?.... There's some kind of purpose in these killings..... You mark what I'm telling you!

STEEL: Very interesting, Smith....Perhaps -- some day -- you'll tell us more....We'll be waiting to hear.

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. HORSES' HOOFS, DRAWING CLOSE
 2. HOOFS STOP:
 3. HOOTING OF OWL -- ECHOED AT DISTANCE.
 4. WIND BLOWING.

NASH: (A WEAKLING TYPE) That's Buck giving the signal over there. Everything clear.

GREY: Yeah, we're all right, Nash. Long as the moon stays under them clouds.

NASH: It'll stay there. Comin' on to storm....Let's get to the house. Got that can of nitroglycerin?

GREY: I got it.....Say Nash -- you sure Smith's inside this house?

NASH: It's his house, ain't it?....An' I saw him sittin' on the front steps after supper tonight....He's inside, all right -- an' fast asleep.

GREY: This baby's goin' to hit that house an awful wallop when she goes up, Nash.

NASH: Well, we got to get Smith's wife....She's one of the sisters that's in our way....And while we're doing it, the boss wants to shut Smith up, too...He's talking too much.

GREY: Yeah, I know....Where you want to plant this?...Side of the house here?

NASH: That'll do it....Buck's planting some at the other side. Whoever's in this house tonight isn't goin' to wake up tomorrow morning.

GREY: Gee, it's kinda -- kinda bad, Nash...A house with sleepin' people in it.

NASH: Never mind....Get to work on the wires there...If the boss says to clean out Smith's wife, and Smith too -- don't ask questions.

(OWL HOOTS)

GREY: Lissen...The signal!

NASH: That's Buck.....He's ready on his side....All set there?

GREY: All set..

NASH: Get away from the house, then....An' after she goes up, grab your hoss an' make for the shack in the hills. The chief'll be waitin'.

GREY: Yeah, I know.....

NASH: Hold on now....I'll give Buck the signal....

(OWL HOOTS, CLOSE....ANSWER, DISTANT)

NASH: He's got it....Everything ready....Blow her up.

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. EXPLOSION AND SCREAMS.
 2. RAPID HOOF-BEATS, LOUD.
 3. CRACKLING FLAME.
 4. SHOUTS, YELLS, NOISE, DISTANT BELLS RINGING - MECHANICAL FADE.
 5. KNOCK ON DOOR.

SHERIFF: Come in..

(DOOR OPENS)

Oh -- it's you, Mr. Taylor....I've got those two Indians here for you, an' I've told 'em you're a Special Agent of the United States Bureau of Investigation -- but they won't talk.

TAYLOR: I don't wonder, Sheriff. The whole country around here seems to be paralyzed with fear.

SHERIFF: Can't get a word out of nobody, Mr. Taylor. I've tried....I knew after they blew up Smith's house last week the thing was too big for me.

TAYLOR: Suppose we have another try, Sheriff...These Indians are the two?

SHERIFF: Yeah...

TAYLOR: My friends, I'm Taylor -- a Special Agent of the United States Bureau of Investigation. The Indian reservation here comes under our jurisdiction, and the Sheriff has called us in. The other agents and I are trying to protect the Indians -- your people. We have no clues -- and we need information. Can you give it to us?

BLACK EAGLE: Ugh...Indian give white man too much. Long time.

TAYLOR: Which one is he, Sheriff? The chief?

SHERIFF: He's Black Eagle -- one of the old chiefs of the Osage Tribal council -- yeah. Other chap's his son -- Yellow Horse.

TAYLOR: He may know something, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: He's been to college, Mr. Taylor -- and he knows what we're after. How about it, Yellow Horse?

YELLOW HORSE: I understand what you want -- but I cannot speak before my father does.

TAYLOR: Tell your father we need his help, Yellow Horse.

YELLOW HORSE: (A FEW WORDS IN INDIAN LANGUAGE)

BLACK EAGLE: (ANSWERS IN INDIAN. THEN IN ENGLISH SAYS) - Indians have land. White man want land....Ugh..

SHERIFF: Nobody wants your land, Black Eagle.

BLACK EAGLE: Black Eagle know what he see...Indians have land -- oil. White man come for land -- oil. Ugh.

SHERIFF: I told you nobody wants your land.

TAYLOR: Wait, Sheriff -- I think he's trying to tell us there's some kind of a scheme to rob the Indians.... Who wants this land, Black Eagle? Do you know?

BLACK EAGLE: Black Eagle talk much. Come far. Black Eagle tired....I go....Ugh.

YELLOW HORSE: Excuse me, gentlemen. My father does not wish to talk. I suggest you allow him to go.

SHERIFF: That's a good hunch...All right, Black Eagle -- vamoose.

BLACK EAGLE: Ugh...You come -- Yellow Horse?

YELLOW HORSE: I come....One moment.

BLACK EAGLE: Ugh....I go....How.....

(DOOR SLAMS)

TAYLOR: You want to tell us something alone...Is that it, Yellow Horse?

YELLOW HORSE: Yes, Mr. Taylor....I know something about these murders. More than my father does, I think. And he is afraid to talk.

TAYLOR: You will talk, then?

YELLOW HORSE: If you will allow me to take my father to the reservation, I will come back here and tell you what I know.....

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS BEHIND HIS LINES)

It may be only a suspicion -- but I, and every member of the Osage tribe, wants these murders solved, and the murderers captured.

TAYLOR: That's very fine of you, Yellow Horse. I'm sure we --

STEEL: Hello there...Some one else in on the hunt?....

YELLOW HORSE: Mr. Steel!

TAYLOR: Hello, Steel.....

STEEL: Just thought I'd drop in. Haven't been able to get around since the Sheriff introduced us the other day. Saw the old chief outside the office -- thought something might be up.

SHERIFF: Sure. That's fine. Yellow Horse says he's got something for us. That right, Yellow Horse?

YELLOW HORSE: No. I did not promise to talk. I cannot talk....
Excuse me....I will go.

TAYLOR: Here -- hold on -- wait a minute -- stop him, Sheriff!

(DOOR SLAMS)

He's gone! By George -- that's a very strang thing...

STEEL: Gone, eh? And won't talk after all. That's too bad.
Well -- you never can tell about a fellow like that.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTO RUNNING.

2. FADES BEHIND DIALOGUE.

TAYLOR: How much farther to Yellow Horse's home, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Oh -- bout half a dozen mile, I reckon

TAYLOR: Think we can get that Indian to talk today?

SHERIFF: Yellow Horse?...I dunno, Mr. Taylor.

TAYLOR: He's had since yesterday to think it over. Ought to be worth trying....Eh, Steel? You know these people.

STEEL: I wish I knew them better, Mr. Taylor. But I've only asked myself along on this trip as a man who wants to help in any way he can. I've already told the Sheriff I'm willing to spend any part of my fortune to catch the murderers.

SHERIFF: Hold on a mite -- what's that -- up ahead there on the road?....

TAYLOR: Somebody riding this way.

SHERIFF: Comin' hell-bent for leather....Look at him spur his cayuse!

TAYLOR: Who is it?

SHERIFF: Can't tell....Yes, I can, too....It's Slim Burns.... Cowboy hercabouts. Good friend of mine...

TAYLOR: He's waving. Wants us to stop. Better slow down....

SHERIFF: Yeah -- I reckon....

(CAR SLOWS)

(CALLS) Hi-ya, Slim!....What's trouble?

SLIM: (RIDING IN) Hi-ya, Sheriff!....Jumpin' grief, I'm glad to see you!

SHERIFF: Somep'n wrong, Slim?

SLIM: A heap's wrong, boy....There's a dead Indian in an automobile just round that next bend in the road. Shot through the head!

TAYLOR: Shot through the head!

SHERIFF: Who is it, Slim?

SLIM: Yellow Horse!....

SHERIFF: Yellow Horse!....Great blisterin' gophers!

TAYLOR: Yellow Horse dead?...Out ahead there on the road?....

All right, Sheriff ----step on it!

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. RUNNING AUTO;
 2. GALLOPING HOOFS;
 3. AUTO JERKS TO STOP.
 4. CAR DOOR SLAMS.
 5. HOOFS FADE-UP LOUD, AND STOP.

SLIM: (FADE-IN) Nothin' doin', Sheriff...I've looked all round hyeah for traces of the killer. Can't find a thing. Bad country for pickin' up tracks. This limestone grass.

SHERIFF: You're right, Slim -- an' maybe I don't know it!... I been half crazy since these murders started -- an' now they get Yellow Horse, there...Pore feller. Right decent sort, too.

TAYLOR: But there's one thing, Sheriff -- it proves all the killings are connected in some way...Yellow Horse threatened to talk. And you said Smith and Thorn did, too....Somebody wanted to shut them up -- and took this way of doing it...Only this time he's blundered.

STEEL: Blundered, Mr. Taylor?...How do you mean?

TAYLOR: Yellow Horse was driving this car when he was killed, Steel -- probably on his way in to the Sheriff's Office....But whoever shot him didn't figure on one thing.

STEEL: What's that?

TAYLOR: The bullet. You can see it embedded there in the frame of the car door, beside his head.

STEEL: What?

SLIM: Great snakes!

SHERIFF: That's a find, Mr. Taylor.

TAYLOR: Yes, it's our first definite clue. Wait...I'll dig it out....Ah....There we are....Take a look at it, Sheriff. Tell anything about it?

SHERIFF: Lemme have it....Thanks.

TAYLOR: And the way these killings have been done, it looks to me like a whole murder ring operating here -- intimidating the Indians -- and working toward some definite purpose. A single murderer would have left this section long ago.

SHERIFF: Sure....This new murder cinches that. And now we got this bullet, we can really get goin' somewheres.

TAYLOR: How about it, Sheriff? Make anything of it?

SHERIFF: Wal -- she's a bullet from a forty-four.

TAYLOR: I see. Many guns of that calibre around this country?

SHERIFF: Naw....Not so many....Pretty darn few, in fact.... Ought to be easy to spot the man who owns a forty-four, an'-----

SLIM: Forty-four. Say -- I don't want to get mixed up in this none. So I'm telling you right now my gun's a forty-four.

SHERIFF: It is, Slim?....Wal, we don't suspect you none.... Matter of fact, mine's a forty-four, too.

STEEL: And while we're talking about it, here's my gun.

SHERIFF: What is she, Mr. Steel?

STEEL: That's the funny part about it,...Forty-four.

SHERIFF: Jumpin' snakes!....Everybody's got 'em!....Wal, Mr. Taylor -- looks as if that put us just about back where we started from!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

WHAT IS ANSWER TO MYSTERY.....OF OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS..
FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR SMASHING FINISH.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SU-173-III

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE III

"OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS"

PART I and II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

NOVEMBER 15, 1933

**** ****

**** ****

EPISODE III - PART I and II

"CSAGE INDIAN MURDERS"

BY

GEORGE F. ZIMMER

and

BURKE BOYCE

CHARACTERS:

KYU	TAYLOR
STEEL	BLACK EAGLE
SHERIFF	YELLOW HORSE
SMITH	SLIM
NASH	JULIE
GREY	TONKA

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE III

"OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS".....BASED ON CASE 62 - 143FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, D.C...SPECIAL AGENT FIVE PROCEED.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking.....The story of The Osage Indian Murders".....Real people....Real places....real cluss... A real case.....For obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout.....Our case begins in the Sheriff's office, in the town of Pawhuska, at the Osage Indian Reservation, in Oklahoma.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

KYU: You cannot say I did it!...!You cannot put the red mark of a killer on Kyu!....I did not kill Running Bird!

STEEL: And I think you're a lying Indian, Kyu...How about that, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Wal now, Mr. Steel, I ain't so sure. I told you I questioned Kyu already. I'm satisfied he ain't the murderer.

STEEL: Running Bird was his wife once, wasn't she, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Long time ago -- yes...

STEEL: And now Running Bird's found dead in the Black Jack Forest -- shot through the head.

KYU: But you cannot say Kyu did it!...No!

STEEL: She was your wife, Kyu...And she left you.

KYU: Many moons -- many years ago -- Now I have new wife.... All this I have said to the Sheriff....I will not talk any more.

STEEL: Why, you --!

SHERIFF: Hold on, Mr. Steel....Take it easy....Kyu, you better vamoose for a spell....But remember -- I'm watchin' you.

KYU: I remember -- many things, SheriffGood-bye....
(DOOR SLAMS)

SHERIFF: You never get nowhere poundin' at an Indian like that, Mr. Steel. He'll shut up like a clam.

STEEL: Sheriff, I came here to this section to help promoted these oil fields. The Indians are my friends. There have been several murders here lately. This killing of Running Deer is the latest one. The people are in a panic. I want the murderer captured.

SHERIFF: So do I. But I can't find him.

STEEL: I'll help you find him, Sheriff. I'll work with you on the case. And I'll spend any part of my fortune to get the guilty person.

SHERIFF: I know ye will, Mr. Steel....Tell you what you do. Stay here in the office with me a while. I got another Indian comin' in this morning says he can give me a line on the case. Name's Thorn.

STEEL: Thorn, eh?....Never heard of him.

SHERIFF: Well, he wants to talk. So I told him to come on in this mornin', an --

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

SMITH: Sheriff! Sheriff!

SHERIFF: Hello -- that you, Smith?

SMITH: Yes, it's me....Sheriff, have you heard about Thorn?

SHERIFF: Thorn?....Sure -- he was to talk to me today.

SMITH: He won't talk to anybody, Sheriff....Thorn has just been found a couple of miles out of town -- dead -- with a bullet through his head!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. RUNNING AUTO.
2. KLAXON.
3. CAR STOPS -- DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS.

STEEL: Yes -- the poor fellow's dead all right -- and not a sign of who did it.

SHERIFF: Must have potted him from behind them rocks yonder a ways off the road.

SMITH: Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Yeah, Smith?

SMITH: Sheriff, look there. Thorn was killed with a bullet clean through his head....So was the woman -- Running Deer.

SHERIFF: By gosh, you're right at that, Smith....Same kind of a job.

STEEL: But there was no connection between Thorn and Running Deer.

SMITH: Listen, Mr. Steel. Thorn was killed because he knew too much.

SHERIFF: That the way you size it up, Smith?

SMITH: Sheriff, I may be a squaw man -- I may be married to an Indian Indian woman....But that woman is Running Deer's own sister....And I tell you there's more behind this business than just plain murder....I know it!

SHERIFF: Ye do, eh?

SMITH: Sure!

STEEL: Have you got proof, Smith?

SMITH: Not yet....But I'll get it....You don't think I'm going to sit around and let my wife's own sister be murdered without doin' anything about it, do you?.... There's some kind of purpose in these killings.... You mark what I'm telling you!

STEEL: Very interesting, Smith....Perhaps -- some day -- you'll tell us more....We'll be waiting to hear.

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. HORSES' HOOFS, DRAWING CLOSE
 2. HOOFS STOP
 3. HOOTING OF OWL -- ECHOED AT DISTANCE.
 4. WIND BLOWING.

NASH: (A WEAKLING TYPE) That's Buck giving the signal over there. Everything clear.

GREY: Yeah, we're all right, Nash. Long as the moon stays under them clouds.

NASH: It'll stay there. Comin' on to storm....Let's get to the house. Got that can of nitroglycerin?

GREY: I got it....Say Nash -- you sure Smith's inside this house?

NASH: It's his house, ain't it?....An' I saw him sittin' on the front steps after supper tonight....He's inside, all right -- an' fast asleep.

GREY: This baby's goin' to hit that house an awful wallop when she goes up, Nash.

NASH: Well, we got to get Smith's wife....She's one of the sisters that's in our way....And while we're doing it, the boss wants to shut Smith up, too...He's talking too much.

GREY: Yeah, I know....Where you want to plant this?...Side of the house here?

NASH: That'll do it....Buck's planting some at the other side. Whoever's in this house tonight isn't goin' to wake up tomorrow morning,

GREY: Gee, it's kinda -- kinda bad, Nash...A house with sleepin' people in it.

NASH: Never mind...Get to work on the wires there...If the boss says to clean out Smith's wife, and Smith too -- don't ask questions.

(OWL HOOTS)

GREY: Lissen...The signal!

NASH: That's Buck....He's ready on his side....All set there?

GREY: All set.

NASH: Get away from the house, then....An' after she goes up, grab your hoss an' make for the shack in the hills. The chief'll be waitin'.

GREY: Yeah, I know.....

NASH: Hold on now....I'll give Buck the signal....

(OWL HOOTS, CLOSE....ANSWER, DISTANT)

NASH: He's got it....Everything ready....Blow her up.

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. EXPLOSION AND SCREAMS.
 2. RAPID HOOF-BEATS, LOUD.
 3. CRACKLING FLAME.
 4. SHOUTS, YELLS, NOISE, DISTANT BELLS RINGING - MECHANICAL FADE.
 5. KNOCK ON DOOR.

SHERIFF: Come in..

(DOOR OPENS)

Oh -- it's you, Mr. Taylor....I've got those two Indians here for you, an' I've told 'em you're a Special Agent of the United States Bureau of Investigation -- but they won't talk.

TAYLOR: I don't wonder, Sheriff. The whole country around here seems to be paralyzed with fear.

SHERIFF: Can't get a word out of nobody, Mr. Taylor. I've tried....I knew after they blew up Smith's house last week the thing was too big for me.

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SHERIFF: He's Black Eagle -- one of the old chiefs of the Osage Tribal council -- yeah. Other chap's his son -- Yellow Horse.

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YELLOW HORSE: I understand what you want -- but I cannot speak before my father does.

TAYLOR: Tell your father we need his help, Yellow Horse.

YELLOW HORSE: (A FEW WORDS IN INDIAN LANGUAGE)

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SHERIFF: Nobody wants your land, Black Eagle.

BLACK EAGLE: Black Eagle know what he see...Indians have land -- oil. White man come for land -- oil. Ugh.

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TAYLOR: Wait, Sheriff -- I think he's trying to tell us there's some kind of a scheme to rob the Indians... Who wants this land, Black Eagle? Do you know?

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STEEL: Hello there...Some one else in on the hunt?...

YELLOW HORSE: Mr. Steel!

TAYLOR: Hello, Steel.....

STEEL: Just thought I'd drop in. Haven't been able to get around since the Sheriff introduced us the other day. Saw the old chief outside the office -- thought something might be up.

SHERIFF: Sure. That's fine. Yellow Horse says he's got something for us. That right, Yellow Horse?

YELLOW HORSE: No. I did not promise to talk. I cannot talk..... Excuse me....I will go.

TAYLOR: Here -- hold on -- wait a minute -- stop him, Sheriff!

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He's gone! By George -- that's a very strang thing...

STEEL: Gone, eh? And won't talk after all. That's too bad. Well -- you never can tell about a fellow like that.

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2. FADES BEHIND DIALOGUE.

TAYLOR: How much farther to Yellow Horse's home, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Oh -- bout half a dozen mile, I reckon

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SHERIFF: Hold on a mite -- what's that -- up ahead there on the road?....

TAYLOR: Somebody riding this way.

SHERIFF: Comin' hell-bent for leather....Look at him spur his cayuse!

TAYLOR: Who is it?

SHERIFF: Can't tell....Yes, I can, too....It's Slim Burns.... Cowboy hereabouts. Good friend of mine...

TAYLOR: He's waving. Wants us to stop. Better slow down....

SHERIFF: Yeah -- I reckon....

(CAR SLOWS)

(CALLS) Hi-ya, Slim!....What's trouble?

SLIM: (RIDING IN) Hi-ya, Sheriff!....Jumpin' grief, I'm glad to see you!

SHERIFF: Somep'n wrong, Slim?

SLIM: A heap's wrong, boy....There's a dead Indian in an automobile just round that next bend in the road. Shot through the head!

TAYLOR: Shot through the head!

SHERIFF: Who is it, Slim?

SLIM: Yellow Horse!....

SHERIFF: Yellow Horse!....Great blisterin' gophers!

TAYLOR: Yellow Horse dead?...Out ahead there on the road?.... All right, Sheriff ----step on it!

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. RUNNING AUTO.
 2. GALLOPING HOOFS.
 3. AUTO JERKS TO STOP.
 4. CAR DOOR SLAMS.
 5. HOOFS FADE-UP LOUD, AND STOP.

SLIM: (FADE-IN) Nothin' doin', Sheriff....I've looked all round hyeah for traces of the killer. Can't find a thing. Bad country for pickin' up tracks. This limestone grass.

SHERIFF: You're right, Slim -- an' maybe I don't know it!.... I been half crazy since these murders started -- an' now they get Yellow Horse, there...Pore feller. Right decent sort, too.

TAYLOR: But there's one thing, Sheriff -- it proves all the killings are connected in some way....Yellow Horse threatened to talk. And you said Smith and Thorn did, too....Somebody wanted to shut them up -- and took this way of doing it....Only this time he's blundered.

STEEL: Blundered, Mr. Taylor?...How do you mean?

TAYLOR: Yellow Horse was driving this car when he was killed, Steel -- probably on his way in to the Sheriff's Office.....But whoever shot him didn't figure on one thing.

STEEL: What's that?

TAYLOR: The bullet. You can see it embedded there in the frame of the car door, beside his head.

STEEL: What!

SLIM: Great snakes!

SHERIFF: That's a find, Mr. Taylor.

TAYLOR: Yes, it's our first definite clue. Wait...I'll dig it out....Ah....There we are....Take a look at it, Sheriff. Tell anything about it?

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SHERIFF: Wal -- she's a bullet from a forty-four.

TAYLOR: I see. Many guns of that calibre around this country?

SHERIFF: Naw....Not so many....Pretty darn few, in fact.... Ought to be easy to spot the man who owns a forty-four, an'-----

SLIM: Forty-four. Say -- I don't want to get mixed up in this none. So I'm telling you right now my gun's a forty-four.

SHERIFF: It is, Slim?....Wal, we don't suspect you none.... Matter of fact, mine's a forty-four, too.

STEEL: And while we're talking about it, here's my gun.

SHERIFF: What is she, Mr. Steel?

STEEL: That's the funny part about it,...Forty-four.

SHERIFF: Jumpin' snakes!....Everybody's got 'em!....Wal, Mr. Taylor -- looks as if that put us just about back where we started from!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

WHAT IS ANSWER TO MYSTERY.....OF OSAGE INDIAN MURDERS..
FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR SMASHING FINISH.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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COLLINS: So they'll leave the killing to Indian Frank.

RAYMOND: Yes, sir, and -- Mr. Collins, I'm scared -- get me outta this! Please -- let me beat it!

COLLINS: (GENTLY) You've got to go out on the job, son -- you can't quit now.

RAYMOND: But they'll find out -- I know they will -- and they'll kill me!

COLLINS: Come on Al -- don't lose your nerve! You haven't so far -- why should you weaken now?

RAYMOND: I wish I'd never seen 'em! Why couldn't they ha' left me alone?

COLLINS: They'll leave you alone -- after we've caught 'em and sent 'em to prison where they belong! Now then -- I've got to find out a little more. I'm meeting a Fort Worth detective and a Postoffice Inspector at ten this morning in my office. So I'll need to know where they want you to drive the automobile -- and the rest of their plans to carry off the payrolls.

RAYMOND: Well -- you're askin' for it, Mr. Collins, and so help me I'm gonna tell you. Here's the layout -- while Indian Frank is boardin' the express car, I'll be drivin' the other two guys west of town. And when the train gets to the water tank ----

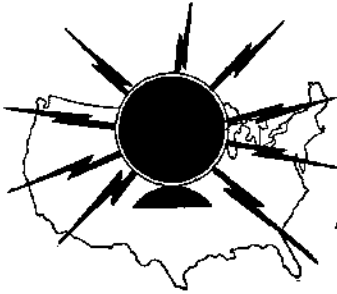
(MECHANICAL FADE)

SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. AUTOMOBILE RUNNING AT MODERATE SPEED.
2. TYPEWRITER NOISE.
3. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

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, NOVEMBER 17, 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:

Well, ladies and gentlemen...it's always a pleasure to get dressed up for these Thursday night broadcasts...Back in the old days of radio they used to let us come in dressed up like ordinary human beings...but just because we've got aristocracy in our midst, the Baron Munchausen....we have to put on the stiff shirt and a stiff look to match. Fortunately, for me, I've got a very small apartment...so if the collar button drops to the floor, it has an awful time getting away from me. And I might tell you people out in the great open spaces that we never had a better dressed....a better looking...or a better mannered audience than I see in front of me tonight. There audience, from now on we ought to get on all right. I've never seen George Olsen in anything but evening clothes....so I imagine he goes to sleep at night wearing a white tie and patent leather shoes. George is a gentleman 24 hours a day. But Jack Pearl is here....So is George Olsen....and Olsen's first. Get up on that Magic Carpet....look at those lights gleaming ahead...I take that back....there not lights...they're Olsen's uppers and lowers....with a big welcome from molar to molar....Olsen you're on your own so.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) All out! All out! The dancing is about to start with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Back to the man at the controls flies the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was George Olsen who is really one hundred per cent American....He comes of Indian parentage and among the squaws and braves of his tribe he was known as Chief White Teeth...when he married Ethel Shuttah the Indian Tribe honored his wife Ethel Shuttah by calling her Beautiful Bridge Work.. ..and they honored Fran Frey for no good reason at all by calling him Chief Big Cavity...It's time for Howard Claney now and he knows what he's talking about. HERE HE IS.

HOWARD CLANEY:

When I was a youngster in school I used to be thrilled by that famous poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Do you remember it? "Into the Valley of Death rode the six hundred"..... what a grim and desperate battle it must have been - and it was one of the truest examples of the fact that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"....a truth that applies, my friends, to tobaccos. Raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES -- that's why they're so mild. 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:

Last week ladies and gentlemen, New York Society turned out to a man....for the Annual Horse Show in Madison Square Garden....Prominent among the members of our horsey set were the Baron and Baroness Munchausen who entertained lavishly in their sumptuous, elegant, beautiful, sensational, terrific, stable on 58th Street.....The Baroness looked lovely in a corsage bouquet of old broccoli....The Baron cut a swagger figure and wore a unique costume....he had a feed bag slung over one shoulder....and he was nibbling on a bale of hay that had been fried in butter.... but that's the Baron, ladies and gentlemen...and here he comes with his old nag Charlie....better known as Cliff Hall....Let him tell it in his own words while Charlie acts in the role of interpreter... Whoa there Baron, you're in front of a red light....What have you got to say?

(FIRST PART -- "THE HORSEMAN")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...you've just been listening to the fifth horseman...the Baron Munchausen...who has gone back to his stall until we call him out later in this same hour....Jack Pearl is a lover of fast horses, beautiful women...and a sparkling bubbly glass of buttermilk....He was raised in the blue grass country of Kentucky but being color blind,...his family moved him away at a tender age....No one loves a horse like Jack does....He is one-race-track goer-toer-of who has beat them for all he had.... Last week as a publicity stunt he tried to get his picture in a racing paper and was told by the editor that the only way he could get it in...was to go down to the track and run ahead of Man O' War.. Speaking for myself I love horses too....I think that a horse is the most faithful of all animals until you put a bet on him....And now let's give our attention to that big horse Olsen...who is about to jump away from the barrier and lead you in a dance around the paddock....Olsen, you're on and tonight may make you....

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now the Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...here's where we turn the corner and face into the home stretch....Right here Howard Clancy steps to the front and asks your attention....MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

I am going to ask you to forget for a moment the fact that Certified Cremo is now five cents straight three for ten cents. I know it is big news - but tonight I would like to have you consider the enjoyment in store for you when you smoke a Cremo. Regardless of the price you pay, you want a fine cigar....one that is made of mild, mellow, long-filler tobacco....one that draws easily....one that burns evenly and slowly, leaving a long firm ash -- and of course you want a cigar that you know is immaculately clean. You will find all of these qualities in Certified Cremo. And to give you some idea of how the country is responding to Certified Cremo's quality and value, let me read you this telegram:

"PLEASE HAVE YOUR SEATTLE DISTRIBUTOR INCREASE OUR STANDING ORDER AT ONCE TO TWENTY THOUSAND CREMOS WEEKLY...SINCE CHANGE IN RETAIL PRICE WE FIND IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP ENOUGH CREMO CIGARS TO SUPPLY THE DEMAND IN OUR RETAIL STORES." (SIGNED) F. T. JAMIESON, PRESIDENT, JAMIESON DRUG STORES, INC., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Don't think of Certified Cremo in terms of price alone. Try one. There is a real treat in store for you. You'll be delighted when you discover for yourself, as millions have, that Certified Cremo - now five cents straight, three for ten cents is far and away the biggest value in fine, high quality cigars -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass.

-----STATION BREAK-----

(MR. O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO "FIFTY-FIFTY")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen....You have been listening to the voice in the old village choir and George Olsen played the organ while Walter sang the hymn.....I gave my all in that number....so while I lie down and rest, Chief White Teeth of the Olsen Tribe will lead all you Indians in a war dance....

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

As the Magic Carpet settles lightly at our feet we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

We're off again on that short and speedy hop!
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, George...Thanks, Ethel....Thanks Fran.....
Thanks Bobby....and if you other guys want your names mentioned you'll have to line up in alphabetical order....And now, ladies and gentlemen,....standing in the wings....is a great lover of horse flesh....Jack Pearl....fun-maker in many a Broadway show.....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

How that fellow used to follow the ponies in his own chorus "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead You Rascal You!!"....The Baron isn't through talking, ladies and gentlemen, so let's get him up in the saddle while he gallops over your funny-bone....I give you His Excellency, Jack Pearl,....alias Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE HORSEMAN")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam, you've just been listening to Jack Pearl, or perhaps I should say your foreign cousin, the Baron Munchausen, who is the LUCKY man of a Thursday night...Of course, he'll be here again next Thursday at this same time....and I hope you don't mind if I take out a second or two to tell you about our plans for Saturday night....Into the spotlight on the Magic Carpet will step Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday from the operetta stage...sharing the honors for the evening will be two orchestras. We're going out to Chicago and pick up Wayne King at the Aragon Ballroom...Yes, and we're going still further for Phil Harris.....Phil will play from the beautiful Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles.... If you stay home that night, stay with us....and we will do our best to give you a good show....but now it would be a good idea to have yourself a dance.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

We continue the dancing with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet speeds over our heads and starts back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen....You've just been listening to Ethel Shutta's husband, her pride and despair. Here's where Mrs. Claneys Howard gets an important announcement into the program. MR. CLANEY.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Are you going to any of the big football games next Saturday? Some of the biggest games of the season are going to be played. There's Yale against Harvard at New Haven; Notre Dame against Navy at Cleveland; Minnesota against Michigan at Minneapolis; California against Stanford at Berkeley. When you go, why not make sure you have an ample supply of LUCKIES with you? -- and between halves, look around among the crowd....you'll notice LUCKIES all around you -- for every one likes a cigarette that's flavorful, delicious and is truly mild. LUCKY STRIKE gives you that -- you'll recognize its mildness in the very first puff, for LUCKY STRIKE alone among cigarettes, employs the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which removes certain impurities present in all tobaccos. That's why you hear people everywhere speaking of "that package of mild LUCKIES"....When you try a LUCKY, you'll agree -- it's the mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

There isn't much more time, ladies and gentlemen, but there's enough for another trip back to George Olsen and his musical hoodlums....At the New Yorker Hotel even the bellhops and bus-boys dance through the ballrooms when they carry you calf's liver and bacon....so if little bus-boys can do it....why can't you?

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

All ready! This dance includes -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard, all aboard, our train is taking the boys back to the Hotel New Yorker. (TRAIN SIGNATURE) And Walter, here comes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

TER O'KEEFE:

Well, customers....that was George Olsen's train chugging away into the night....with Tommy Gott the Hoosier Brakeman doing the chugging on his cornet....I'm going home now, - honestly I am - to talk over the program with my father (Michael to you) who grew to the ripe old age of 57 before he found out you could use a horse for any other purpose but to bet on. He lost a fortune betting on sure things...it accounted for all the nagging in our family circle....He never left the house without a racing sheet and a pair of field glasses....it got so after a while that his breakfast consisted of orange juice, coffee and hay....Hay, Hay.... My uncle Tim was worse....He started wearing blinders....so Aunt Nellie had him put in the stable...It was pitiful....No matter where he was at 2:15 every afternoon....he'd shout "They're off!!.... people say that he was, too....And when any one asked him where he lived, he'd say, "Two furlongs away from the church and the house is 18 hands high..." Well, and another well, here's where I pick up the marbles, so unless you've got something to say....this program is now history.....GOOD NIGHT.....

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
 11/17/32

NOVEMBER 17, 1933

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FOR

WILLIAM K. WELLS

BY

"THE HORSEMAN"

EPISODE XI

JACK PEARL

FEATURING

"THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN"

XI

WAL

SU-166-XI

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XI - PART I AND II

"THE HORSEMAN"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL
CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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EPISODE XI"THE HORSEMAN"PART I

CHARLEY: That is the silliest thing I ever heard of, Baron.
Why it's ridiculous!

BARON: Everything by you is always ridicule! I don't
believe you would believe what you believe even if
you believed it.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I can't imagine a man going
horseback riding at one o'clock in the morning.

BARON: Just the same that's what he did.

CHARLEY: Who was the man?

BARON: Paul Revere!

CHARLEY: That's different. You're very fond of horses,
aren't you, Baron?

BARON: I should so say. Horses are my hobby.

CHARLEY: What kind of horses?

BARON: Hobby horses.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: By the way - what ever became of that terrible nag
of yours?

BARON: We're still married.

CHARLEY: No, no! I mean your race horse -- the gray mare.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's a horse of another color.

CHARLEY: What became of her?

BARON: She was useless - couldn't earn her oats - just a big expense.

CHARLEY: She was a white elephant.

BARON: Don't be zilly - she was a horse.

CHARLEY: I mean the horse was an inconsequential, non-productive encumbrance.

BARON:You're commencing early!

CHARLEY: My error!

BARON: My horse. She never won a race for me.

CHARLEY: She never won you a stake!

BARON: Not even a veal outlet!

CHARLEY: Was she well bred?

BARON: Did you ever heard of that famous horse, "Man O' War?"

CHARLEY: Yes, indeed. Was she a descendant of "Man O' War?"

BARON: No, she was the descendant of a mud scow.

CHARLEY: A mud scow?

BARON: Yes - her father was a mudder.

CHARLEY: Her father was a what?

BARON:Could you be absent?

CHARLEY: What did you say her father was?

BARON: A mudder!

CHARLEY: How could a father be a mother?

BARON: How could you be so dumb and live? I said her father was a mudder! A mud horse!

CHARLEY: Oh, now I understand, the mare's father ran well after the rain had saturated the track, transforming it into a boggy, marshy quagmire.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said the mare's father ran well when the track was sodden, soggy, swampy ---

BARON: Sloppy!

CHARLEY: Did the mare like mud?

BARON: She loved mud. That's why she always came in last.

CHARLEY: Last?

BARON: Yes - she loved to have the other horses kick mud in her face.

CHARLEY: Indecorous!

BARON: No - In der face. The last race she was in she started at fifteen to one.

CHARLEY: Started at fifteen to one?

BARON: Yes -- and finished at half past two!

CHARLEY: Where did this happen?

BARON: In England. It was High Hat Day at Tops and Bottoms.

CHARLEY: High Hat Day at Tops and Bottoms?

BARON: Soft Hats Day at High and Lowers -- Stiff Hat Day at Elevator --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! Do you mean Derby Day at Epsom Downs?

BARON: That's it! Derby Day at Upside Down! The horses lined up at the Gazette --

CHARLEY: THE horses lined up at the what?

BARON:Maybe I don't speak your language?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron. Will you repeat what you said?

BARON: Sure -- I've got no place to go. I said, the horses lined up at the Journal -- the Times --

CHARLEY: The post!

BARON: That's news to me. Well, the commencer shot off the shooter and the horses was off like bananas!

CHARLEY: Like bananas?

BARON: In a bunch! My horse was by the rail.

CHARLEY: Your horse was hugging the rail.

BARON: She had her arms around it, and all of a ----

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! A horse hasn't got arms! So your horse certainly did not have her arms around the rail.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, certainly not.

BARON: So my horse had her arms around the rail!

CHARLEY: What in the world kind of a horse was she, that she had arms?

BARON: An army horse. She was going strong at the two bits!

CHARLEY: The two bits!

BARON: The quarter! My horse would be leading, Sharley, she would be leading!

CHARLEY: What do you mean she would be leading?

BARON: If they was running backwards! But she got her second wind at the fifty-fifty!

CHARLEY: The half!

BARON: Yes - and her third at the seventy five cents.

CHARLEY: The three quarters.

BARON: And then --

CHARLEY: And then what?

BARON: Where was my horse?

CHARLEY: Where was she?

BARON: Who knows? Suddenly I saw her!

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON: In the middle of the field -- eating tomatoes.

CHARLEY: Eating tomatoes! Why?

BARON: She wanted to ketch-up.

CHARLEY: Nonsense!

BARON: Horse sense! The other horses was coming down the rubber house!

CHARLEY: The home stretch!

BARON: Yes -- What did my horse do?

CHARLEY: What did she do?

BARON: She jumped up and went flying over all the horses heads and landed up in front!

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! Who ever heard of a horse flying?

BARON: You never saw a horse fly?

CHARLEY: Never!

BARON: Come around to my house - it's full of them. The mare was running neck and neck with the leader.

CHARLEY: Neck and neck with the leader!

BARON: Yes - they were necking.

CHARLEY: Who won? Who won?

BARON: Please -- the race ain't over yet! They had five yards to go and the mare would have won but she was too bashful.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, too bashful?

BARON: She wouldn't force herself to the front!

CHARLEY: Oh Baron! Oh Baron!-

BARON: What's the matter? Don't you believe it?

CHARLEY: (LOUD) No! No! A thousand times, NO!

BARON: The way you say it, once is enough! I put her in the hands of a trainer but he couldn't do a thing with her.

CHARLEY: It's the old story, Baron. You can lead a horse to water --

BARON: I know the rest of it, Sharley.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: But a pencil must be indelible. To break a long story in small pieces, the horse went wild.

CHARLEY: What was the cause?

BARON: You know that metal cord what they use to tie the bales of hay together.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Well -- she ate a lot of it and went hay wire. One day I went into her stall and there she was with a needle and thread.

CHARLEY: What in the name of common sense was the horse doing with a needle and thread?

BARON: Sowing her wild oats!

CHARLEY: A horse sowing wild oats! Why that's silly, absurd! You can't make me believe that!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not!

BARON: So-my horse was sewing her wild oats!

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm going to pieces!

BARON: Keep your shirt on -- And she had a cold in the hoof,

CHARLEY: How could you tell me the horse had a cold in the hoof?

BARON: Because she had hoofing cough.

CHARLEY: You seem to know a great deal about horses, tell me, who were the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: Who were the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?

BARON: Oh, the Four Horsemen of the Eucalyptus?

CHARLEY: Yes -- do you know who they were?

BARON: Sure -- even a child in infantry knows who was the Four Horsemen!

CHARLEY: Well, who were they?

BARON: The Three Musketeers!

CHARLEY: YOU'RE Wrong in name and number. There were four horsemen.

BARON: I know -- but one of them sold his horse.

CHARLEY: I suppose you do a lot of riding.

BARON: I should snicker! I can ride anything on four legs.

CHARLEY: Anything on four legs?

BARON: Except a kitchen table.

CHARLEY: Where did you learn to ride so well?

BARON: In a radio.

CHARLEY: In a radio?

BARON: Sure -- a wild west radio.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean a rodeo?

BARON: It's possible. For six years I was a heifer slapper.

CHARLEY: A heifer slapper?

BARON: A mutton hitter, a cow socker --

CHARLEY: A cow puncher!

BARON: That's it! A cow puncher!

CHARLEY: Did you have a ranch?

BARON: Sure -- in my tool box.

CHARLEY: A cow ranch in your tool box?

BARON: No, a monkey ranch.

CHARLEY: It must be wonderful to live on a ranch -- where its peaceful and quiet.

BARON: Yes -- but its also inconvenient.

CHARLEY: What do you mean?

BARON: Well, if you get sick, sometimes you gotta wait two and three days for a doctor.

CHARLEY: Two or three days! My goodness, a person could perish!

BARON: Sure -- and that's not healthy -- One day I was writing a letter with a fountain pen.

CHARLEY: With a fountain pen.

BARON: Yes --and when I wasn't looking the bosses' little baby, three years old, picked up the fountain pen and swallowed it.

CHARLEY: The baby swallowed the fountain pen?

BARON: Yes - I called up the doctor and he said he couldn't come until the next day.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My pen! I said "Doctor what will I do in the meantime?" and the doctor said --

CHARLEY: What did he say?

BARON: Use a pencil!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XI - PART II

"THE HORSEMAN"

CHARLEY: (ENTER LAUGHING)

BARON: Here! Sharley! Please! What is this bust out of jollification?

CHARLEY: I just got a good look at your riding habit, and honestly, Baron, I wouldn't know you from Adam.

BARON: You should -- I'm dressed different.

CHARLEY: Oh, Ba-rurn!

BARON: Oh, Sha-lay! Well, what do you say? Do we go to the races?

CHARLEY: Not me! I'm through playing the horses! Last week they cleaned me.

BARON: Of how much?

CHARLEY: Seven dollars.

BARON: You wasn't very dirty.

CHARLEY: How is it, Baron, I always win at cards but I cannot win on the horses.

BARON: (LAUGH) You can't shuffle the horses.

CHARLEY: Baron, that remark was uncalled for!

BARON:once over, please.

CHARLEY: I said that remark was uncalled for.

BARON: Well -- if its still uncalled for at the end of thirty days, you can have it.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, did you attend the fox hunt last week?

BARON: Sure, there's where I got these two medals.

CHARLEY: My word! You have two new medals! What did you get them for?

BARON: FOR saving a big society woman.

CHARLEY: A big society woman!

BARON: Yes - she weighed over three hundred pounds.

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: Her horse got frightened and ran away with her.

CHARLEY: What frightened the horse?

BARON: She did.

CHARLEY: She must have gotten on the horse's nerves.

BARON: No, she got on the horse's back! He turned his head, got one look at her and poof! He was off!

CHARLEY: And I suppose you jumped on your horse and gave chase.

BARON: I jumped on two horses.

CHARLEY: On two horses?

BARON: Sure -- my horse wasn't fast enough.

CHARLEY: Now, look here, Baron -- you know you didn't ride two horses at one time.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: YES!

BARON: So I only rode one horse!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) No, Baron, I wasn't there, but I'm glad you cut down to one horse.

BARON: Sharley, in the slack season everybody has got to stand for a cut.

CHARLEY: But how did you save the lady?

BARON: I ran my horse up beside her's, grabbed her around the waist, swung her on to my horse and brought her safely back.

CHARLEY: And she weighed three hundred pounds?
BARON: Sure -- And her husband gave me the two medals.
CHARLEY: Why two?
BARON: I had to make two trips.
CHARLEY: Who was the woman?
BARON: Her name was Mrs. Foote.
CHARLEY: Ophelia Foote?
BARON:I beg your stuff?
CHARLEY: I said, Ophelia Foote.
BARON:Why should I feel my foot?
CHARLEY: No, no, Ophelia Foote. Ophelia Foote.
BARON: Oh -- soak your head.
CHARLEY: I mean, was her name Ophelia Foote?
BARON: No -- Steponnia Foote.
CHARLEY: Is Mr. Foote a descendant of the famous Admiral Foote?
BARON: Not by eleven and a half inches!
CHARLEY: I suppose you met the cream of the social world?
BARON: Yes -- but some of them have been condensed. There was Mr. and Mrs. DeTour.
CHARLEY: Do you know the DeTours?
BARON: Sure -- I know every detour in the country. And there was Mr. and Mrs. Leadenpewter.
CHARLEY: Mr. and Mrs. Leadenpewter?
BARON: Yes, they're in the iron and steel business.
CHARLEY: The iron and steel business?
BARON: Yes - she irons and he steals.
CHARLEY: I thought he was as honest as the day is long.
BARON: Sure, but he works at night.
CHARLEY: Is he a kleptomaniac?

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said is he a kleptomaniac? Has he got a complex?

BARON: No, he's got a racket. And I met his son also.

CHARLEY: Does the son take after the father?

BARON: After the father, there is nothing left to take. Then I met Mr. Hyde.

CHARLEY: Not Mr. Hyde of Jeckle and Hyde?

BARON:Are you trying to be funny?

CHARLEY: Why, no. I just asked if he was Mr. Hyde of Jeckle and Hyde. Was he?

BARON: No! He was Mr. Hyde of Hyde & Seek! And he was once a very rich man.

CHARLEY: A very rich man?

BARON: A nullified millicnaire!

CHARLEY: A multi millionaire!

BARON: Yes - but his business went to the wall.

CHARLEY: What was his business?

BARON: He was a paper hanger. His daughter is a beautiful debutramp.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - a debutante, a young lady who makes her debut, her inauguration into meticulous society.

BARON:you can't blame it on me. She is going to get married.

CHARLEY: I read about it.

BARON: So the other night they gave her a shower.

CHARLEY: A bride's shower.

BARON: Yes - everybody had to bring something for the bride's shower.

CHARLEY: What did you bring?

BARON: A bar of soap! And you know who else was there?

CHARLEY: Never mind - tell me about the hunt.

BARON: Well, the first thing that happens - a man blows a fish horn.

CHARLEY: No, Baron, the hunters horn. Incidentally some of the hunters horns cost over two hundred dollars.

BARON: Two hundred dollars? For a horn?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: That's a lot of money to blow in.

CHARLEY: I agree with you.

BARON: It was a beautiful morning, all around was blooming flowers. Roses, geraindeers --

CHARLEY: Geraniums.

BARON: Daffidillers, awkwards --

CHARLEY: Orchids.

BARON: Lily's of the Rudy.

CHARLEY: Lily's of the Rudy?

BARON: Of the valley! Honeysuckers, --

CHARLEY: All sorts of flowers.

BARON: Yes, button-cups, crying-sandybums --

CHARLEY: Chrysanthemums.

BARON: Yes - Chryscranny -- chr ---they wasn't out yet, Sharley, I love flowers!

CHARLEY: What is your favorite flower, Baron?

BARON: Seeds! Well sir, up comes the horse's chambermaids

CHARLEY: The grooms.

BARON: No - they was old married men! They helped the ladies get on the horses.

CHARLEY: Helped them mount.

BARON: Some of the ladies was so fat they had to put ashes on the saddles to keep them from slipping off.

CHARLEY: The poor women!

BARON: The poor horses! I felt sorry for them because to some horses life is a whirl of pleasure.

CHARLEY: To what horses is life a whirl of pleasure?

BARON: The ones on the merry-go-round! Next came the fox!

CHARLEY: The quarry.

BARON:Are you in trouble?

CHARLEY: I said the quarry, the prey, the victim, the fox.

BARON: See? You're right back where I started from.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Again the horner horned in and gave out a blow. And three miles away another feller blew a horn.

CHARLEY: He answered him.

BARON: Yes -- every time one blew the other blew. They kept on hitting each other.

CHARLEY: Hitting each other?

BARON: Well, that is -- they were giving each other blow for blow. Then they let loose the fox!

CHARLEY: And the chase was on.

BARON: And so was the fox.

CHARLEY: What do you mean?

BARON: He ran right for a hole.

CHARLEY: And the hounds got him.

BARON: Found him? They couldn't even find the hole.

CHARLEY: Couldn't find the hole, why not?

BARON: The fox pulled it in after him.

CHARLEY: That's preposterous! Impossible! A fox couldn't pull a hole in after him!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley --

CHARLEY: I ---

BARON: (QUICKLY) So the fox pulled the hole in after him!
You didn't fool me that time.

CHARLEY: It wasn't much of a hunt, was it?

BARON: It was a gerflop! In my country we have real fox
hunts. Much bigger.

CHARLEY: Much bigger?

BARON: Yes -- the foxes are so big we use them to chase
the horses.

CHARLEY: Am I supposed to believe that?

BARON: Why not? I'm supposed to tell it. One day, just
for a change, we let the horses chase a fox.

CHARLEY: For the novelty of it?

BARON: Yes -- I was riding a trotter.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron. You don't ride trotters when fox
hunting.

BARON: This was a fox trotter. Also he was a spire
dispatcher.

CHARLEY: A spire dispatcher?

BARON: A tower marcher, a belfry runner.

CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean a steeple chase?

BARON: That's it! A steeple chaser!

CHARLEY: He was a jumper.

BARON: And what a jumper! Once he jumped from Hamburg to
Berlin.

CHARLEY: Jumped from Hamburg to Berlin?

BARON: Yee sir.

CHARLEY: Bah!

BARON: The bar is closed.

CHARLEY: That's an impossible jump!

BARON: Is that so? Well, I myself, once made a bigger jump.

CHARLEY: On a horse?

BARON: No, on a train.

CHARLEY: On with the hunt, Baron.

BARON: Let me see -- where was I?

CHARLEY: On your horse.

BARON: Didn't he throw me off yet?

CHARLEY: Not that I know of.

BARON: That's funny -- every time I get on him he gives me a dollar and I fall off.

CHARLEY: Gives you a dollar and you fall off?

BARON: Yes - he gives me a buck. He don't like fox hunting-- he's a pillow pony.

CHARLEY: A polo pony.

BARON: Please - he's my pony and I say he's a pillow poney. Every time he sees a pillow he wants to go to sleep

CHARLEY: I see! He likes to hit the hay.

BARON: No -- he likes to eat the hay. Every day I feed him nine bales.

CHARLEY: Of hay?

BARON: What do you think -- Soup?

CHARLEY: Well, well!

BARON: Hey, hey! Well, anyhow, the hunt started.

CHARLEY: At last.

BARON: Away went the fox with three hundred hounds after him.

CHARLEY: How many hundred?

BARON: Six?

CHARLEY: You just said three.

BARON: I know that, but they doubled up on the foxes trail. Over hills and dales, onward, onward! Into the valley of death rode the six hundred.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! That's the Charge of the Light
Brigade.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's another song altogether --

CHARLEY: It's not a song! It's a recitation, a poem, a
composition of appropriate rhythmical language.

BARON:That's what I say. Well, the fox got away
from the dogs, But not from the Baron! I saw tracks
on the ground.

CHARLEY: The foxes tracks.

BARON: No, railroad tracks. I folled the tracks --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron. Why did you follow the railroad
tracks?

BARON: Does it worry you?

CHARLEY: Why, no. I was just wondering.

BARON: That's your privilege. Suddenly I came to a bushy
bush from which was sticking out a bushy tail. That
made me suspicious!

CHARLEY: You smelled a rat?

BARON: It was something.

CHARLEY: You were on the scent?

BARON: I was on half a dollar! I brushed aside the bush and
there he was.

CHARLEY: The fox!

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: We'll take that up at the next meeting.

CHARLEY: Did the dogs get the fox?

BARON: No, he was too foxey. Six months later I found him hiding in a barn -- starving to death. I took him home, fed him, fattened him up - and Sharley, believe me he was a different fox.

CHARLEY: You took good care of him!

BARON: The best! I still got him. And you know, Sharley, he's not a fox anymore!

CHARLEY: Not a fox anymore? What in the world is he?

BARON: My wife's coat collar.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) After that one, I'll say aw revoir.

BARON:What is that Ha-re-wa?

CHARLEY: That's good bye in French.

BARON: Oh -- well, bichloride of mercury.

CHARLEY: Bichloride of mercury?

BARON: Sure -- that's "good-bye" in any language.

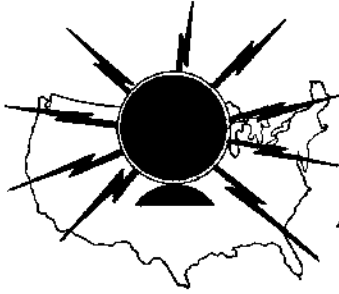
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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, NOVEMBER 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:

Well neighbours, we've got considerable hopping around to do for this evening's entertainment so let's get to it. Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday are here in New York...they hold the center spotlight. Then out on the far coast, Phil Harris is playing....while in Chicago, Wayne King will take his cue in the Aragon Ballroom. Now about this Harris lad...he's the head man in the Cocconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles... that's where we're going and with the turn of a switch you'll be listening to the other seaboard.

ON WITH THE DANCE PHIL HARRIS..(WHISTLE)..OKAY CALIFORNIA!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

You're in Los Angeles just as the pilot promised you. Phil Harris and his orchestra play first -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes out of Los Angeles and back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Phil Harris, your Coccoanut Grove Orchestra is all to the good. More of this later but meanwhile we turn over the ears of a nation to Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Between dances at a smart hotel or club, isn't it a joy to light up a smooth, mild cigarette and taste its rich and delicious flavor? That's what they're doing in the famous Coccoanut Grove out in Los Angeles right now. In fact, the management has telegraphed us that in this famous resort of smart Los Angeles society, LUCKY STRIKE is far and away the most popular cigarette. You folks who are enjoying a LUCKY between dances can understand that...for you have probably found out, as we have, that discriminating smokers everywhere like a cigarette that is truly mild -- and you know that LUCKY STRIKE'S choice, flavorful Turkish and domestic tobaccos are given true mildness by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process...the process which removes certain impurities present in all tobaccos. It's almost time for another dance -- but if you're going to sit out the next one, may I invite you to join us in the enjoyment of a mild, delicious LUCKY -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

As romance filters through the air, played by the orchestra of Dr. Louis Katzmann, the scene-shifters on the magic carpet prepare the stage for a pleasant interlude of song by Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, the young lady and gentleman who have established themselves as reigning favorites of the operetta stage here and in Europe. The first song is the "Waltz Duet" from the "Waltz Dream by Strauss, - but that's before the time of your pilot. From the operetta "Mary" I do remember as you do too, the song, "The Love Nest." Now about this next song I have a distinct recollection it was in "Private Lives" written by Noel Coward and Mr. Coward appeared in it in New York. In that hilarious second act where the two principals quarrelled and loved and loved and quarrelled, there was a very exciting and amusing and strange interlude where Noel Coward sang his own song, "Someday I'll Find You." So here they are, - the three songs I've mentioned and here is the young couple who will do them so well, I know, - Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING -- "WALTZ DUET"

"THE LOVE NEST"

"SOMEDAY I'LL FIND YOU")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam, that was your niece, Evelyn Herbert and your nephew, Robert Halliday, two people of talent and charm who have made their mark in the world of operetta. In a little while they will return to us, but meanwhile, we've got a quick flight in store for you in a trip to Chicago. Of course, as we know, Chicago is the second city of these sometimes United States. Out there in the windy city the natives go in a big way for the Aragon Ballroom, and the main reason is Wayne King, a swell guy, a swell orchestra leader and a young man who married Dorothy Janis of Hollywood,

So let's drop in on him, and on Dorothy and on the Aragon Ballroom,

ON WITH THE DANCE WAYNE KING...(WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The dance goes on in Chicago with Wayne King and his orchestra playing -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Now we send you back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks very much Wayne, and don't think for one minute that you're through for the evening with the Lucky Strike audience. We've got Howard Clanev here. We've got Phil Harris in Los Angeles, we've got La Belle Herbert and the suave Halliday also here, and if memory serves me right, this is the time that Howard Clanev takes to himself. MR. CLANEV!

HOWARD CLANEV:

During the past few weeks, at thousands of cigar stores, you could have watched many a smoker try his first Cremo. You would have seen him light it, take a few long puffs, smile with pleasure, and say "That's a real smoke. I didn't think I could get such a fine cigar at such a low price." And so, I'm going to ask you again, don't think of Certified Cremo in terms of price alone. If that cigar were made in small quantities you would have to pay a good deal more for it than five cents straight, three for ten cents. But, as you know, our up-to-the-minute manufacturing facilities and our modern merchandising methods enable us to bring you millions of Certified Cremos every day. That's how we can afford to put in the choicest of fine long-filler tobaccos to make Certified Cremo. Good news travels fast and I'd like to read you a telegram that indicates how Cremos are going over:

"PLEASE REQUEST FACTORY TO MAKE IMMEDIATE SHIPMENTS OF CREMO CIGARS ON ORDERS FOR OUR VARIOUS DEPOTS...THE DEMAND HAS INCREASED FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS AND WE ARE IN URGENT NEED OF THESE CIGARS...MAKE A SPECIAL RUSH ON ALL FUTURE ORDERS." (SIGNED) F. C. C. BOYD, MANAGER, THE UNION GAS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

(MR. CLANEV CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Really, I envy the man who tries his first Cremo. There's such a pleasant surprise in store for him. For Cremo is as delicious in quality as it is immaculate in cleanliness - and Certified Cremo, you know, is the only cigar in the world finished under glass.

----- STATION BREAK -----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam, I wish you could imagine your next destination. We're going to the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, and maybe you sat up like I did last night to hear the annual banquet of the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. It was a swell broadcast of a great occasion, and it was good to know that Helen Hayes grabbed off a blue ribbon for the best performance by an actress. I think everybody will agree with the decision of the Academy to give a special award to Walt Disney for creating his best pal and the best pal of the world at large, Mickey Mouse. So that's where you're going now, kind sir. To the rendezvous of the picture world, the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles.

ON WITH THE DANCE PHIL HARRIS....(WHISTLE)..OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Welcome again to Los Angeles where Phil Harris and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

A fast coast-to-coast flight brings you back to the Pilot in the East.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS O'KEEFE SAYS:--)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam, even as you listen to "Romance" the scenes are being shifted on the stage of the Magic Carpet Theatre for the return of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. Maybe you remember that lovely scene in the first act of the operetta "Apple Blossoms" where the two lovers meet, ----and the song of renunciation, "You are Free."

Their second song is one written by Victor Herbert for the famous show my father loved and yours did too, - "The Red Mill." The song hit from the "Red Mill" was entitled "Because You're You." And just as if Mr. Herbert hadn't done enough for us, we borrow from him again in the operetta known as "The Rose of Algiers." The song we borrow is called "Rose of the World." So there's the layout Uncle Sam...the stage is set and we present Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING: "YOU ARE FREE"
"BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU"
"ROSE OF THE WORLD")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just been listening to the voices of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. They have completed their work for the day and are probably now on their way to the Mayfair, the weekly gathering of celebrities from the stage and screen. Before going on with the program, let's have a word from Howard Glaney.

HOWARD GLANEY:

I was talking with a famous explorer today who told me a thrilling story of a death-battle between a vicious tiger and the bloodthirsty Black Panther - the terror of the Java Jungles. "That," he said, "was certainly Nature in the Raw - and you're right -- Nature in the Raw is Seldom MILD." It's because that truth applies so aptly to tobaccos, ladies and gentlemen, that raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES -- that's why they're so mild. 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:

This is your pilot, again, ladies and gentlemen, just a fellow who never gets through with his days work, and part of my days work is to tell you about what we have planned for Tuesday night. On that night as you know we set the stage of the Magic Carpet Theatre for a new kind of "cops and robbers" story. In this new series, we dramatize actual cases from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation which is part of the Department of Justice. The title of Tuesday's thriller is, "The Lamar Bank Robbery." Stay at home that night, tune in, but now Uncle Sam, the handwriting on the wall says there's a dance in store for you, and you couldn't do better, at this particular moment, than to be the guest of Wayne King in the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago.

ON WITH THE DANCE WAYNE KING...(WHISTLE)...OKAY CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Wayne King, the Waltz King, continues with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Chicago invites you to come again as we send the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL FURNISH CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This program has come to you from New York City,
Chicago, Illinois, and Los Angeles, California, through the
facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
11/19/32

STUMPY: Yeah...yeah...they got me...and two o' the boys
besides....

RENCHARD: (CALLOUSLY) Well, can you run?

STUMPY: (PITEOUSLY) NO....no...I'm done for, I guess....
(MORE SHOTS)

HALLETT: (IN MIDDLE DISTANCE) Halt -- Hands up there! We're
Federal officers.

RENCHARD: Come on, Dykes, we've got to get out of here.

DYKES: Yeah...they stacked the cards on us.

HALLETT: (NEARER) Halt! Stand where you are!

RENCHARD: Shake a leg, Dykes.

STUMPY: Don't....leave me....Don't leave 'em get me - please.

RENCHARD: Ah - the devil with you. Hurry up boys -- we've got
to get back across the border.

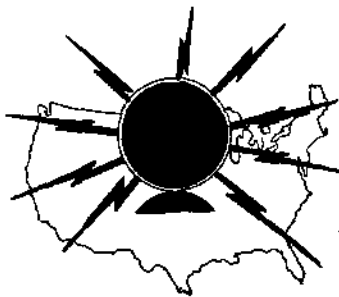
SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNNING OVER ROAD AT HIGH SPEED.
2. CAFE BACKGROUND AND MUSIC.

DYKES: Well, we sort of took it on the chin that time,
Renchard. Lost Stumpy and two of the boys -- and we
still got the Chinamen on our hands.

RENCHARD: (BROODING) Yeah...the border patrol must have been
tipped off somehow -- but that border's a thousand
miles long! Now then -- how in blazes is that handful
of agents going to keep us from slipping anything we
want across it? Chinamen, liquor, dope -- anything. I
tell you Dykes, there's a wonderful racket there - we
just got to find a way to work it!

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, NOVEMBER 22, 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, fellow tourists on the Magic Carpet there's a long long trail awinding in the lands of long winter evenings...and a jolly good excursion it should be. Strange places and familiar ones...as for example tonight. We introduce a young man who leads an orchestra....of course hundreds of dark handsome youngsters do the same thing.....a few of them gain especial distinction. That goes for tonight's aspirant for national acclaim and honor, Eddie Duchin! Of course, the big event of tonight's visit in your home is our regular Tuesday night thriller....now in its twenty-fourth successful consecutive week. The title of this hair-raiser is "The Lamar Bank Robbery." They're setting the stage now...but here we rush pell mell...or only it's just plain mell over the air to Eddie Duchin, the lad who is the reigning favorite at the Central Park Casino here in town. Eddie...bon voyage, good luck, happy landings, and

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

ANNOUNCER:

Eddie Duchin and his Orchestra start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Back to the Pilot speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Eddie Duchin, who is better known as Little Casino of the Central Park Casinos. Eddie is the young man at the piano who never lets his left hand know what his right hand is doing. Stand by, Eddie....We pause here for a moment while Howard Claney speaks his own mind and the mind of many millions. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Some of us grown-up youngsters still like to play "Cowboy and Indian" on the dude ranches out West....but you'll never find an old settler joining in the game....for that fierce Indian war-whoop once stood for the barbaric cruelty of war-mad savages - the early settlers knew well that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." You ought never to overlook that fact when choosing your cigarettes -- for raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. And it's well to remember that there are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES - that's why they're so mild. 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:

You veteran listeners on the Magic Carpet don't need to be reminded of the source from which we draw our Tuesday night dramas...but just for the sake of those who might not know, let me explain that these stories come from the files in Washington, D.C... from the United States Bureau of Investigation, which as you know, is part of the Department of Justice. The Federal Agents and special investigators patrol the whole continent....they roam the evil alleys of the big cities....they police the brush of the open spaces. Tonight the action starts in Lamar, Colorado.....Special Agent Number Five is listening for orders, and instructions are flying through the air from headquarters so ---

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That's the first act! The killing of the banker and his son, was ruthless enough, but to wipe out the Doctor who played the role of Good Samaritan to their needs....that was pretty rotten cricket. Whether the innocent men hang or go free....whether the real culprits are found....these things will be played right under your eyes (or I should say "Ears") later in this same program. And speaking of cars...put both of them up against the radio now..... twenty five or thirty millions I guess...and let the music of Eddie Duchin stroke them, tickle them and go right down to your feet.

ON WITH THE DANCE EDDIE DUCHIN..(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet dashes back to the man at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Eddie Duchin Uncle Sam...and it's good to have him here for all the country to hear. For the last couple of years the Upper Crust (whatever that means) has stormed the doors of the Casino in Central Park to listen and dance to his music. Of course the Duchins, like the Marches, are never let off anything... so stand by Eddie...we'll want you shortly and in the interim Howard Clancy will say something. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

What is there about Certified Cremo that is sending increasing millions of men to cigar stores? True, it is well-made. It has a fine, even texture. It's rolled in that famous Perfecto shape. But, really, these aren't the only reasons why you discriminating cigar smokers enjoy Cremos. The moment you light it you taste its fine mellow delicious tobaccos -- you know that your Certified Cremo draws well and evenly. And as you smoke it and see the long, firm ash you know that Cremos are made of fine, long-filler tobacco - without scraps or dust. That's a lot of quality for a cigar of any price, so naturally you're delighted when you learn that Certified Cremo is now five cents straight, three for ten cents. And because millions feel just as you do, we are getting telegrams like this:

"CERTIFIED CREMOS AT NEW PRICE HAVE OUTSOLD ALL OTHER BRANDS.... THIS PHENOMENAL VALUE HAS INCREASED OUR SALES OF CERTIFIED CREMOS OVER FOUR TIMES ANY PREVIOUS THIRTY-DAY PERIOD IN OUR NINETY-SIX STORES...HAVE LOCAL DISTRIBUTOR RUSH ONE HUNDRED FIFTY THOUSAND EXTRA CIGARS TO MEET THE EVER-INCREASING DEMANDS" - (SIGNED) J. A. BURNS, PRESIDENT. COAST CIGAR STANDS, INC. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

If you do not know Certified Crema really this fine, mild and mellow cigar amazes you. Not only because of its fine quality, but because of its immaculate cleanliness - for Certified Crema is the only cigar in the world finished under glass. Try a Crema - not on my say-so alone, but on the say-so of millions of particular cigar smokers everywhere!

- - - - - STATION BREAK - - - - -

WALTER O'KEEFE:

In case some of you just tuned in and want to know where you are....you're in the Magic Carpet Theatre of the air. We're playing a crime drama tonight...the second act of which will entertain you shortly...but here the orchestra is getting ready to play the music to the entre act and the boys are led by Eddie Duchin... of the Central Park Casino here in Manhattan. Certainly no night spot in New York is more famous or enjoyable and the music fits right into the beautiful surrounding. Imagine you're there....and we'll turn things over to the kid himself.

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

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor Eddie Duchin and his boys play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

All aboard everybody, here goes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The lights are so dim now you can't read a program so let your pilot drop a resume....a quickie,...to sum up what's gone before. Out in Lamar Colorado of a peaceful morning a banker and his son are slain in a bank robbery. In making good their escape one of the banditti gets a load of buckshot in his face,... is rushed to a doctor who is also bumped off for fear he may talk. The two brothers who survive in this tangle are not yet under suspicion but another unfortunate who has behind him a prison record is positively identified as one of the slayers and is in grave danger of paying for another's crime. Special Agent Number Five is listening for orders....and instructions are flashing through from headquarters so --

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART - "THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So all's swell that ends swell. The innocent men were let off....and the real offenders tracked down with the aid of the finger print bureau which is part of the government's secret investigation work. The guilty parties got theirs....and another skirmish with the enemies of society ends....another victory won by the forces of law and order. Next week we'll play another for you.. and now we're going to make you the guests of one of New York's ace bandmasters. Nestling in Central Park between some lagoons and wooded drives is the famous Central Park Casino. It's plenty swanky the Casino....and nightly to its doors flock every one who is any one in society or on the screen or stage.

ON WITH THE DANCE EDDIE DUCHIN...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

Again the dancing begins this time with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and starts back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Eddie and may I wish you many happy returns to the Magic Carpet and now here's Howard Claney, Uncle Sam and for just a brief moment. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tramping through the woods and fields with a dog.... a gun....and a mild, mellow LUCKY - say, there's joy in that! That's what they're doing down in Virginia these crisp autumn days. At fashionable Hot Springs the sporting crowd is gathering for the shooting season - and at those smart game dinners, hunt club balls and all the gay affairs, you'll find in that pleasant company the most pleasing of cigarettesLUCKY STRIKE - chosen for its fine, fragrant, perfectly blended tobaccos and for its true mildness. They know, as all LUCKY smokers know, that only LUCKIES are "TOASTED" - that indispensable process which purifies and enriches the taste of these fine mellow tobaccos. That is why LUCKIES taste better. That is why they're milder. That is why discriminating smokers everywhere find enjoyment in LUCKY STRIKE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

BY the way my dear listener inners...Thursday night being Thanksgiving, Mr. Lucky Strike is going to entertain the millions who will stay home full of Turkey. There will be an after dinner speech by your foreign cousin the Baron Munchausen. Jack Pearl may tell you his ancestors set foot on Plymouth Rock...and if you don't believe it he will want to know "Vass you dere."

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

With Cliff Hall his traveling companion the Baron will step to the mike and mangle American history so that you won't recognize it. But while there's still time for another gavotte or schottische or what will you, let's switch the lot of you over to Eddie Duchin....he's going to save the last dance for you so hop to it.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Everybody swing your partners to the tune of --

(TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Get ready, Walter, here comes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL SUPPLY CLOSING LATER)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
11/23;33

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE IV

"THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY"

PARTS I and II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

NOVEMBER 22, 1932

*** ***

*** ***

EPISODE IV

"THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY"

PART I and II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

And

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

SHERIFF LAWE	WOMAN
JAKE MAYER	MA MAYER
CHARLIE MAYER	CHIEF OF POLICE
HARRY FLANAGAN	LOUIE
T. NORMAN CHURCH	SAM
FRANK CHURCH	HOMER PRESTON
DOCTOR WARD	HERMAN CONGER
MISS RUSSELL	POLICEMAN
JOHN CARMICHAEL	

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(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES CLEAR THE WIRES SPECIAL
AGENT SPECIAL AGENT FIVE THROUGH COURTESY
OF J. EDGAR HOOVER DIRECTOR UNITED STATES
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTIC STORY
"THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY" BASED ON CASE 61 - 727
FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, D. C. SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE PROCEED.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking "The Lamar Bank Robbery".....
Real people Real Places Real clues a real case.....
For obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout Our
case begins in the city of Lamar, Colorado, in the lobby of one of
the city's leading banks.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

CARMICH: Hello, Norman.

CHURCH: Why -- John Carmichael! Well, well! Sit down, John.

CARMICH: (HUMOROUSLY) Thanks. But you look pretty busy --
I don't like to bother a bank president, you know.

CHURCH: Not at all, John, not at all -- I'm delighted to see
you! (CALLS) Oh, Frank!

FRANK: Yes, Dad?

CHURCH: I want you to meet an old friend of mine, John
Carmichael.

FRANK: How do you do, sir?

CHURCH: John, this is my son Frank.

CARMICH: My boy, how are you?

CHURCH: I've made Frank cashier, here in the bank.

CARMICH: That's fine. Following right in your father's
footsteps, eh?

FRANK: (PLEASANTLY) Well, trying to.

CHURCH: They tell me you've sold your ranch, John?

CARMICH: Yes, I expect to be in Lamar during the next few months.
You see, I'm putting my Western office here, and --

FRANK: (TENSE) Wait a minute! Father.

CHURCH: (ANNOYED) Eh, eh? Go on, John, I --

FRANK: Father. Something wrong.

CHURCH: Eh?

FRANK: At the teller's cage. Three men. It's a hold-up.

CHURCH: Down on the floor, John. Looks like shooting. Oh, why doesn't that teller kick the burglar alarm?

FRANK: Quiet, Dad. They're watching us.

CHURCH: Keep back, son.

JAKE: (SHORT DISTANCE OFF) Put up your hands, everybody! Up. And keep 'em up!

CHURCH: Kick that alarm, you fool!

JAKE: Charlie, get those guys by the Prexy's desk!

CHARLIE: Yeah. (FADES IN ON): Back up there -- back up and shut up!

JAKE: Harry, get in there and scoop up the dough.

HARRY: (SAME DISTANCE OFF AS JAKE) I got you, Jake. It's right behind the counter.

CHURCH: I warn you, sir --

CHARLIE: (ON MIKE) Keep your hand outa that desk, old man, if you know what's good for you.

FRANK: Father -- look out! Don't take a chance - please.
(DESK DRAWER OPEN)

CHURCH: I'll handle this, Frank. Now -- you -- Put down that gun!
(SHOT)

CHARLIE: Yeah?
(SHOT)

How do you like that?

CHURCH: (GROANS) You.....(COUGHS) I'm.....
(CRASH AS CHURCH TOPPLES AGAINST OFFICE CHAIR AND FALLS TO FLOOR)

GARMICH: Frank -- they've shot your father! He's killed!

CHARLIE: Shut up or you'll get the same!

GARMICH: Where are you going — Frank! Frank!

FRANK: (PASSION AND GRIEF) I'm going to get the shotgun
and blow this guy to the devil.

CHARLIE: Wait a minute, you! Where you going?

JAKE: (FADING IN) Never mind the kid, Charlie, let him go —
we got the dough now — let's get out. Here —
the side way — hurry up, Harry! Toss me that
satchelful of coin!

HARRY: Comin' at yah!

JAKE: O.K., Harry, I got it. Now keep these people covered
while we get out to Jerry in the car.

CHARLIE: Watch out for that kid, Jake. Here he is again.

FRANK: (FADING IN) Don't duck. Don't run. Stay here —
and take it!

(ROAR OF SHOTGUN)

JAKE: (AWED) Holy God. A shot gun. Run, Charlie —
beat it!

CHARLIE: (FADING) This way, Jake — after me. Right thru
here

JAKE: (FADING) With you, kid. (CALLS BACK) Harry, get
that guy!

HARRY: There's another barrel to that cannon, huh? Well —

(PISTOL SHOT)

that'll stop yah!

FRANK: (WEAKLY) You don't get away either.

(ROAR OF SHOTGUN)

HARRY: (SCREAMS) Jake! Charlie! He got me! He got me
in the face (FADES) Wait a minute — wait for

me wait for me

(DOOR SHUTS)

(CROWD COMES CLOSER)

CARMICH: After them -- after those men -- they're murderers!
WOMAN: Good -- Lord -- oh -- oh -- what's happened here --
CARMICH: Those three men killed Mr. Church and his son --
WOMAN: Oh -- oh --
CARMICH: But Frank wounded one of 'em -- quick, they went
this way -- look, through the window -- they're
climbing in that automobile -- but they can't get
far with that wounded man -- (BEGINS TO FADE) Hurry,
hurry out this door. Call the sheriff - Send for
the police -----

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNNING FAST. HORN BLOWING.
2. TELEPHONE BELL.
3. RECEIVER IS LIFTED.

MISS RUSSELL: Doctor Ward's office. Oh, yes. He'll call in the
morning -- he said you'd be all right till then.
Yes, I'll tell him.

(RECEIVER REPLACED)

DR. WARD: Who was that?

MISS RUSSELL: Mrs. Marley again.

DR. WARD: (CHUCKLES) Well, she doesn't need to worry.

MISS RUSSELL: People seem to think you're the only doctor in the town
of Dighton, the way they rush you. Why don't you try to
get some rest now while you can?

DR. WARD: (TIRED) I'd like to -- I'd like to rest for a week.

MISS RUSSELL: It's almost nine o'clock. I don't think there'll be
anything more tonight.

DR WARD: Neither do I. You run along home and get some rest yourself. You're already to go, aren't you?

MISS R: Yes, I am Doctor, if you really think --

DR. WARD: I really think that we're about to call it an evening. Don't waste time talking to me now.

MISS R: Well, I will go then. If you're sure --

(BUZZER)

Oh -- there -- some one in the reception room.

DR WARD: No -- no, Miss Russell. I'll attend to whoever it is. You go on out this door. You need sleep, girl. It's all right.

(BUZZER)

MISS R: Well -- thank you, doctor. (FADING) Good night.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

DR WARD: Good night. (DIFFERENT DOOR OPENS) How do you do, sir?

JAKE: (FADING IN) Say -- is the doctor in?

DR WARD: I'm Doctor Ward. What's the trouble?

JAKE: I need a doctor bad. Something's happened to one of the boys.

DR WARD: The boys?

JAKE: On the ranch. Tractor accident.

DR WARD: What happened?

JAKE: All cut up and hurt bad. Round the face.

DR WARD: By a tractor?

JAKE: (A BIT UGLY) Sure. By a tractor.

DR WARD: All right, young man. Where's the ranch?

JAKE: We -- took him away.

DR. WARD: Well, tell me where the injured man is, and I'll go to him.

JAKE: Naw -- I'll take you.

DR. WARD: My car's outside. If you don't mind, we'll go in that.

JAKE: O.K. I'll ride along. But make it snappy, will you?

DR. WARD: My bag is there on the table. (FADING) We have to take that along, you know. All right now, young fellow, here we are. Let's be on our way.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.
2. MOTOR CAR STARTS AND RUNS AT MODERATE SPEED.

DR. WARD: That's the last bandage...there....there you are.

HARRY: (GROANING) Oh -- oh --

DR. WARD: All right, old man -- I'll give you something.

HARRY: I can't get any rest -- I can't sleep --

DR. WARD: Don't worry. You lie quiet, and you'll get to sleep all right.

HARRY: (GROAN TRAILS OFF) Yeah....Thanks, Doc.

DR. WARD: (REFLECTIVELY) Yes, you'll make no trouble. And now I'd like to talk to your friends.

JAKE: (FADING IN) Yeah? O.K., Doc -- here we are.

DR. WARD: Who's this other man?

CHARLIE: (FADING IN) Oh, I'm Charlie. I'm Jake's brother.

DR. WARD: I see. Well, boys, I suppose you want the truth about your pal.

CHARLIE: That's right, Doc.

DR. WARD: He'll sleep a while now -- but he won't live two days.

JAKE: Huh?

DR. WARD: Three days at most. And furthermore, the nature of his wounds has shown me what kind of "tractor" hurt him. I'd say it was about a twenty-gauge tractor.

CHARLIE: How's that, Doc?

DR. WARD: You men must think I'm an idiot. You come to my office after dark. You bring me out here to a shack on the edge of a canyon. You show me a man with his face full of powder and buckshot. And you expect me to believe that you're honest farmers. Why, I know every rancher within forty miles. And I've never seen you three before.

JAKE: Don't worry, Doc -- you won't see us again, neither.

DR. WARD: (PERCEIVING THE DANGER) Eh? Just a minute -- I'm only telling you you can't get away with it. This man is going to die and his death has got to be reported.

JAKE: O.K. But you ain't gonna do the reporting.

DR. WARD: Why not?

JAKE: Because you'll be dead yourself!

DR. WARD: Why, gentlemen --

JAKE: Turn around, doc.

DR. WARD: You can't do --

JAKE: Plug him, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Yeah.

(SEVERAL SHOTS)

JAKE: He won't do any reportin' -- or identifyin'.

CHARLIE: Yeah, and what now?

JAKE: Open the door. We gotta try to get him out of sight.

CHARLIE: O.K. Where'll we take him?

(DOOR OPEN)

JAKE: Put him in his car first of all. Grab his feet.

CHARLIE: Yeah. An' what good 's that gonna do?

JAKE: You'll catch on in a minute. Come on, don't stall.

This guy's heavy.

CHARLIE: I'm comin'. What good's puttin' him in the car
gonna do?

JAKE: We'll give it a shove over the cliff into the canyon,
see?

CHARLIE: That's a good idea, Jake.

JAKE: Yeah. They'll never find him. Char'ie: e.

CHARLIE: Here we are. Open that window and take off the brake.

JAKE: Say -- this window's stuck. Try the door on your side.

CHARLIE: O.K. (DOOR OPENS) Yeah -- it works all right.

JAKE: Then take off the brake and give the buggy a shove.

CHARLIE: Yeah. (MAKES EFFORT) Here she comes.

JAKE: And there she goes ... (FADING) So long, doc, huh?
(LAUGHS)

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. RUMBLING AND CRASHING AS AUTOMOBILE RIPS AND THUMPS DOWN STEEP SIDE OF CANYON.
2. SOUND OF TYPEWRITERS.
3. FADE IN POUNDING ON DESK.

LANE: If you please, Mr. Carmichael -- you don't need to batter my desk to pieces.

CARMICH: Sheriff, I don't care a whoop for your desk. What I want is action.

LANE: You'll get it, as soon as we can give it to you. Remember, there's another angle to this crime beside the killings in the bank, and the robbery.

CARMICH: WHAT do you mean?

LANE: The murder of Doctor Ward over near Dighton, Kansas.

CARMICH: And that's why you're holding back on your investigation? That's preposterous.

LANE: I wonder. Figure it out for yourself. Three men enter a bank here and commit a robbery, in which the bank-president and his son are killed, and escape. But -- during the escape -- one of them is shot. You told me so yourself.

CARMICH: Yes. Go on.

LANE: Very well. The bandits can't move on account of the condition of the wounded man. They have to get a doctor. They find him in Dighton, over the border in Kansas. He goes with them, and is forced to treat the fellow who was shot. Then, to cover their tracks and avoid an alarm, they kill the doctor. And here's the important point, Mr. Carmichael --the coroner tells me that Dr. Ward was murdered within three hours of the bank robbery here.

CARMICH: By George -- there might be something to your theory.

LANE: I'm sure there is.

CARMICH: All the more reason, then, to get busy. Lane, you're sheriff of Prowers County -- the ranking peace officer in the city of Lamar. Well, all I can say is, if you'd seen what I saw there in the bank -- you wouldn't be just sitting here. Why, they shot down Norman Church and his son like dogs, Sheriff! Like dogs!

LANE: I know. Uh---Mr. Carmichael -- we have got some prisoners.

CARMICH: What!

LANE: Held on suspicion only -- a man named Herman Conger who has a criminal record -- and three of his pals.

CARMICH: Then why hasn't any one been allowed to look at them for identification?

LANE: I'll show you why. (FADES) I'll open this window.

(OPENS WINDOW)

(MOB GROWL)

You hear that?

(CLOSES WINDOW)

(FADING BACK) You heard them? There's a big crowd outside -- they're well under control now -- but they'll hang round this courthouse all night if they think the men are inside. That's why I'm holding my prisoners so close.

CARMICH: But surely you'll let me see them.

LANE: If you'll promise to say nothing about it till feeling has died down in town.

CARMICH: I won't promise anything: I demand that you let me see this man.

LANE: All right, I'll tell you something else. So far we have found only one piece of tangible evidence in the crime.

CARMICH: What's that?

LANE: A fingerprint sent to us by the experts over the border in Kansas.

CARMICH: A fingerprint? Where was it?

LANE: Taken from the glass in the window of Dr. Ward's car.

CARMICH: Well?

LANE: They sent us a copy of it. It doesn't check with Conger's prints -- or with those of his friends.

CARMICH: That means nothing. The murderers weren't the only people that had access to the doctor's car and you know it.

LANE: Don't tell me my business, Mr. Carmichael.

CARMICH: Excuse me -- but remember -- I saw my old friend shot down.

LANE: Yes -- I understand. I'll -- (CALLS) Oh, Sam!

SAM: (OFF) Yeah, Sheriff?

LANE: Bring in Herman Conger.

SAM: (OFF) Yes, sir.

(OPENS DOOR)

SAM: (FADING IN) This way, Herman.

LANE: Sit down, Conger.

CONGER: Yes, sir.

LANE: Just be easy. Er, turn your face toward the light.
(PAUSE) Well, Mr. Carmichael?

CARMICH: (SUDDENLY) That's the man! I'd know him anywhere.

CONGER: For God's sake!

CARMICH: Sheriff, he's the one you want -- the man who shot Norman Church!

CONGER: I didn't do it - Sheriff, you know I didn't do it.

CARMICH: He knows you're a criminal, with a criminal record.

CONGER: I've done my time -- I ain't concealing it -- but this job -- no! Not me. Never. Never. Never.

LANE: Well, where were you, Herman, when it happened?

CONGER: Out at my place, with the boys you took with me at the poolroom.

CARMICH: They your only witnesses?

CONGER: Yes.

CARMICH: Well, Sheriff?

LANE: It does look bad. And you're absolutely sure, this is the man?

CARMICH: Absolutely.

CONGER: (AGONIZED) How can he be sure when it wasn't me -- honest to God, it wasn't me.

LANE: S-s-h -- keep quiet, son. Take it easy. Don't forget that crowd outside.

CONGER: What'll I do? My God, what'll I do?

LANE: Wait till your case comes to court, son -- and pray that the jury'll believe you. All right, Sam -- take him back again.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WHAT WILL BE FATE...OF HERMAN CONGER AND OTHER INNOCENT MEN...MISTAKENLY IDENTIFIED...AS LAMAR BANK MURDERERS...FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...FOR THRILLING CONCLUSION.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

"SPECIAL AGENT FIVE"

EPISODE IV - PART II

"THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY"

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES CLEAR THE WIRES ... SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE "THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY" BASED ON CASE 82 -
717 FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION...
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE WASHINGTON, D. C. PROCEED
WITH CASE AT RANCH OF CHARLIE AND JAKE MAYER

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(FADE IN SMALL ORGAN AND MRS. MAYER SINGING GERMAN HYMN - "EIN FESTE BURG.")

JAKE: (CALLING) Cut out that noise, Ma. Charlie and me want to talk.

MA MAYER: Ach, so. Jah.

(ORGAN OUT)

CHARLIE: Ah, what's the matter, Jake? Leave her alone, cantcha?

JAKE: (FADING IN) Beat it, Ma. Go get supper ready.

MA MAYER: So soon, you want to be eating yet?

JAKE: Yeah. I'm going to cut outta here tonight. Ten-thirty train.

MA MAYER: Jake you're not leaving?

JAKE: What did it sound like? Listen, ma, don't stand there like a dummy -- I gotta eat quick.

MA MAYER: Ach mein kind, -- you stay here. Stay here, Jake. If you go away it makes trouble, maybe, trouble like the time before --

JAKE: (QUICK AND HARSH) Shut up! I told you not to talk about that!

MA MAYER: (WEAKLY) Jake.....

JAKE: Get outta here before you make me sore.

MA MAYER: (FADING OUT) Yes, Jake -- whatever you say --
(DOOR)

CHARLIE: What's eating yah, Jake? Ma don't mean no harm.

JAKE: Ah, she's all the time throwin' it up to me I been in the stir.

CHARLIE: Well, you was, wasn't yah?

JAKE: Sure and I'm never goin' back.

CHARLIE: If you stay right here and keep outta trouble you ain't.

JAKE: Stay here? -- nah. We're gonna split that two grand from the Lamar Bank job and I'm gonna head for some big town -- where I can have a decent time.

CHARLIE: Yeah -- that's jail bait. Wait a while longer. Remember -- them two bank stiff's died -- and the doc too.

JAKE: Well, they're gettin' Herman Conger for it, ain't they?

CHARLIE: Yeah ... but I ain't restin' easy till they spring the trap on him.

JAKE: They got him an' the other guys on trial, ain't they, with the whole county hollerin' for a conviction. What more do you want?

CHARLIE: It listens too easy.

JAKE: Well who's gonna drag us into it? Harry Flanagan was the only guy that knew, and he died just like the Doc said he would ...

CHARLIE: Except Jerry.

JAKE: He just drove the car, anyway, we know he's O.K.

CHARLIE: I'll believe we're safe when Conger and his two pals get hung -- not before.

JAKE: All right, sit here and rot. I want my out o' that dough and I'm gonna take it, see?

CHARLIE: O.K. Sure, Jake! It's right here, where we left it --
(OPENS DRAWER)
back o' this junk in the side drawer. Here, Take it.

JAKE: I'll just peel off a couple of grand to start me.

CHARLIE: Don't want to carry no more, huh?

JAKE: That's it, Charlie. You can send me the rest when I get located.

CHARLIE: Where to?

JAKE: I'll write to yah -- same address we always use.

CHARLIE: O.K.

JAKE: Tell you what I'll do -- I'll just slip out without sayin' nothin' -- I don't want Ma hollerin' around and givin' me the bellyache.

CHARLIE: You better beat it while Ma's still in the kitchen, then.

JAKE: Yeah. (FADING) So long, kid. (AT DOOR) I'm headin' for the big Rock Candy Mountains.

CHARLIE: So long, Jake. See you in jail.

JAKE: Not me, kid -- not in jail. (LAUGHS)

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED QUICKLY)

SOUND INTERLUDE: TRAIN RUNNING WITH LONG BLASTS OF WHISTLE.

POLICE CHIEF: What's your name, young man? All right, talk up now.

JAKE: Ah, who wants to know?

POLICE C: Can't remember your name, huh? Maybe a few weeks on our rock pile would bring it back to yah.

JAKE: Ah well, what's the odds? Sure. I'll tell yah. My name's Benjamin Franklin Stewart.

POLICE C: Yeh? All right.

(PEN SCRATCHING)

Benjamin Franklin -- Stewart. Where you from, Benny.

JAKE: New York.

POLICE C: Yeh? Well, Benny, you better go right back to New York -- we sure don't want your kind in Stockton, California.

JAKE: Well, what you got against me -- what's the idea o' puttin' me under arrest?

POLICE C: Suspicion o' being a vagrant and no visible means o' support.

JAKE: Yeah, well, that's pretty big-league, ain't it?

POLICE C: We're going to turn you loose, Benny -- and send you outta town. But first I'll take your fingerprints.

JAKE: Oh, no -- not me -- not me. No fingerprints. Not this afternoon.

POLICE C: Oh, no? Gimme yer hand.

JAKE: Hey -- leggo my wrist -- leggo me --

POLICE C: That's right -- stick it on this inkp pad -- there -- thumb -- one, two, three, four -- gimme your left hand. That's it, thumb first -- and -- the fingers -- right. All right, Benny -- you can scam.

JAKE: What -- what you gonna do with those prints?

POLICE C: Ah, nothing, nothing -- if you hadn't acted so tough I wouldn't even of taken them. It's just a matter of routine. We file 'em, for Washington. Bureau of Investigation. All right, go on -- get out of town!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN RUNNING OVER TRACK.
2. TYPEWRITER

PRESTON: These the last of the California prints, Louie?

LOUIE: Yes, Mr. Preston.

PRESTON: I suppose you'd like to go then?

LOUIE: No, sir.

PRESTON: Louie, you're a remarkable boy. Sometimes I believe you have a secret ambition to grow up to be a fingerprint expert.

LOUIE: I'd rather work here in the Identification Division than any other place in Washington. Yes sir.

PRESTON: I'm surprised you say that after finding out what a dull life we lead.

LOUIE: Gee, I don't think so.

PRESTON: Well, let's see, what have we got? Oh, yes -- here's man who was arrested on suspicion out in Stockton, California. That suspicion was pretty well founded, Louie -- he'd certainly been in jail before.

LOUIE: Gee - that's a fine set of points. Where was he in jail before?

PRESTON: Oklahoma State Penitentiary, 1916. Served a year for burglary. He seems to have had a change of name, -- in Oklahoma he wasn't Benjamin Franklin Stewart he was Jake Mayer. And that happens to be his real name, too -- comes from Colorado. You'd be surprised how hard it is to get into a penitentiary under a phony name.

LOUIE: But how can you tell for sure it's the same man?

PRESTON: Well, take the magnifying glass and look at these two right index finger prints, one from California, one from Oklahoma -- They're exactly the same. And the catalogue classification of the California print can't help but take us to the other. And there you are. We add one more chapter to Mr. Mayer's criminal record.

LOUIE: Should I put these prints back?

PRESTON: Yes. I mean, no.

LOUIE: Huh?

PRESTON: Louie, I have a feeling that I've seen that fingerprint somewhere else.

LOUIE: Well -- sure -- once from Oklahoma, and once from California.

PRESTON: Yes, that must be it. Put them away.

LOUIE: Yes, sir.

PRESTON: Wait.

LOUIE: Yes, sir?

PRESTON: I'm positive I've seen that print somewhere else.

LOUIE: Well, gee, Mr. Preston -- we've got three million of 'em here.

PRESTON: Louie, fingerprints are like faces -- no two alike -- and they stick in your mind sometimes, the same way. Why can't I remember! Well -- never mind. Let's get on with the rest of these.

LOUIE: O.K.

PRESTON: Let me have the file on -- (SUDDENLY) Say! I've got it! I've got it!

LOUIE: Got what?

PRESTON: The fingerprint -- the print from California -- I knew I'd seen it before -- Louie -- get me that single fingerprint from Dighton, Kansas -- you know -- the one they took from that murdered doctor's car!

LOUIE: Dighton, Kansas -- yes, sir!

PRESTON: Hurry, hurry --

LOUIE: Here it is --

PRESTON: Fine -- now, let's take a look --

LOUIE: What do you think?

PRESTON: It's the same one -- the same one -- there isn't a doubt of it! I memorized the Dighton print when it came in -- just in case it should turn up again!

LOUIE: So what?

PRESTON: Boy, don't you read the papers? Don't you know they've got four men on trial for their lives for the murder of the Doctor and the bankers in Lamar? Well, the man who left this fingerprint, and the man who was arrested in California and the man who served time in Oklahoma are the same person! Jake Mayer! And he's not even suspected of the crime!

LOUIE: You mean they've got the wrong men?

PRESTON: You bet they have! Four innocent men -- and this will prove it.

LOUIE: Gee! How!

PRESTON: Grab that phone and call up the chief -- but first throw me an official telegraph form -- we must wire Colorado!

LOUIE: Gee -- did you say the Identification Division wasn't exciting? Oh boy!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DIALLING OF TELEPHONE

2. FADE IN TELEGRAPH KEY

CARMICH: You're not sure yet, are you, Sheriff?

LANE: No. I still don't like it.

CARMICH: Well, I'm convinced, and the District Attorney's convinced and so are the other citizens of Lamar who identified the criminals. That's enough, isn't it?

LANE: Mr. Carmichael, you know as well as I do that this kind of witness identification is hysterical and apt to be wrong. Beside, no one has explained the fingerprint.

CARMICH: Nobody needs to.

LANE: There were four men in the crowd that robbed the bank -- four only. Therefore -- the fingerprint on Doctor Ward's car ought to check with a print from one of these four or else the Doctor himself. And the fact that it doesn't throws reasonable doubt on the supposition of their guilt -- and I don't care how many judges and juries don't agree with me.

CARMICH: That's a fine way for an officer to talk!

LANE: (GRUNTS)

CARMICH: Well I just dropped in to say hello. Guess I'll be going now.

LANE: Oh -- stay and have a cigar, Carmichael. No hard feelings, after all -- are there?

CARMICH: (RELAXING) Of course not, Sheriff -- we just happen to disagree, that's all.

LANE: Well, I tell y-----

(TELEPHONE)

(LIFTS RECEIVER)

LANE: (CONTINUES) Hello, Sheriff Lane's office. Yep. What! Telegram from the Director of the United States Bureau of Investigation at Washington? O.K. -- Read it. What! "HAVE JUST MADE IDENTIFICATION -- FINGERPRINT -- FROM CAR OF DOCTOR WARD -- MURDERED NEAR DIGHTON, KANSAS -- PRINT IS THAT OF JAKE MAYER -- WHO SERVED JAIL TERM -- OKLAHOMA PENITENTIARY -- 1916 -- DISCOVERY INDICATES -- MEN AT PRESENT HELD -- INNOCENT OF CRIME." I'll say it does -- I'll say it does!

(THROWS BACK RECEIVER)

You heard that?

CARMICH: Yes! How does that affect--

LANE: Conger and the other prisoners? Means we'll halt the trial while I go out and grab the right men! Sam! Sam!

SAM: (FADING IN) Yeah, Sheriff?

LANE: Call the deputies and the riot car -- take along the shotguns and the tear gas!

SAM: Where to?

LANE: We're going out to the Mayer ranch. Know where it is?

SAM: Sure -- over by the Colorado-Kansas border. I'll get the boys.

CARMICH: What about these Mayers?

LANE: They've lived out there a long time. Tough customers -- Jake's away from home, but maybe his brother Charley will talk! And my money says that Charlie will know where Jake has gone!

CARMICH: You think you can make a case?

(SIREN STARTS UP, OFF)

LANE: I'll have a try at it, anyhow!

(LIFTS RECEIVER)

And before I go, I'll get the D.A. to -- hello, hello,
operator? Get me the District Attorney, will you?
Oh, all right, then, call him at home. But hurry,
will you? This is important.

(MECHANICAL FADE)

SOUND INTERLUDE: AUTOMOBILE AND SIREN, FADE OUT.

(BRING IN SOUND OF PARLOR ORGAN, MA MAYER SINGING SAME HYMN)

CHARLIE: Get another tune, can't yah, ma?

(MUSIC OUT)

MA MAYER: Ach, jah -- I got many hymns, Charlie. This one I
sing the night Jake go away.

CHARLIE: Jake never was much a hand for that kinda music.

MA MAYER: But he's a good boy -- isn't he Charlie -- he iss a
good boy, nein?

CHARLIE: Ma, you know Jake's no good. What's the useah kiddin'
about it?

MA MAYER: Ah well...I know him more better than you, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Ugh, huh. Lay offa me now and lemme read the paper,
Ma.

(RATTLING OF NEWSPAPER)

(PAUSE)

I get a laugh.

MA MAYER: Vat, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I get a laugh outta this chump Herman Conger. They're certainly gonna hang him and his pals for shooting the Lamar bankers and that doctor

MA MAYER: Ach, such a terrible t'ing -- don't read about it, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Why not?

MA MAYER: That poor boy -- maybe he was like Jake vunce -- you know, he haff trouble, undt dey hound him and hound him --

CHARLIE: Ah, forget it.

MA MAYER: Poor boy -- nobody cares vat dey do vit' him --

CHARLIE: Listen, will you -- (SUDDENLY) Hey! There's somebody outside -- on the porch! Put out the light!

MA MAYER: (STUPIDLY) Vat you say?

(DOOR OPENED SUDDENLY)

CHARLIE: Hey what is this? What do yah ---

LANE: (FADING IN) Stand up, Charlie. Get away from that table and keep your hands in the air. Come on in, Sam -- tell the rest of 'em to wait outside.

SAM: (FADING IN) O.K. Sheriff.

MA MAYER: Vat iss it please?

LANE: I want to ask your son a few questions, ma'm.

CHARLIE: What about?

LANE: Where's your brother Jake?

CHARLIE: HOW should I know?

LANE: Search him, Sam.

SAM: Yes, sir.

CHARLIE: You ain't gonna find nothing on me.

SAM: He's got a knife.

LANE: What else?

SAM: A letter.

LANE: Let's have a look. Thanks.

(OPENS ENVELOPE)

Umm. This letter ends up --"will write you again next week"and it's signed,"Jake."

MA MAYER: Wat iss it? A letter from Jake? V'y didn't you tell me?

CHARLIE: Dry up, willyah?

LANE: But it don't say where he is -- Jake's gettin' cautious, looks like. You got any more letters from him?

CHARLIE: Naw.

LANE: Sam, all we've got to go on is the postmark. See, it says "Branson, Missouri."

SAM: That's right, Sheriff.

LANE: (A GENERAL MAKING PLANS RAPIDLY) Now, first we'll get Charlie under lock and key at the County Building-- on suspicion of bein' an accessory. While we're there we'll telegraph the officials at Branson, Missouri to look out for anybody mailing letters to this postoffice box in Lamar --

SAM: Yeah, that's O.K. -- but how can we pick up Jake if he is in Missouri?

LANE: We'll get the necessary papers while we're at the courthouse -- and then we'll charter a plane -- and fly after him! Come on, Sam -- there's no time to lose!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
 2. AIRPLANE ENGINE, ENGINE TURNED OFF, GLIDE
 TO GROUND IF DESIRED.

POLICEMAN: ... We've been on the look-out ever since your message
 came in, Sheriff Lane. The Chief assigned me to the
 job, and I've been watching this post office ever since.

LANE: Nothing doing yet, eh?

POLICEMAN: No -- but the other letter was mailed about this time.

SAM: If Jake's still in Branson, Sheriff, I'll bet he's
 waiting till just about now to come out. I reckon
 he likes it kind of dark.

LANE: Yep. Postoffice will close in about five minutes.
 I certainly hope Jake is going to keep his promise
 and mail that letter to Charlie.

POLICEMAN: Say -- you fellows got guns?

LANE: Of course.

POLICEMAN: The chief told me this Jake Mayer is supposed to be
 a bad boy.

LANE: He is, all right.

SAM: Here comes somebody.

POLICEMAN: Look like your man?

LANE: I can't tell.

POLICEMAN: Well, if he mails a letter to Lamar, our man inside
 will put a card in the window there.

SAM: He's gone in the postoffice now.

LANE: I wish I could have had a better look at him.

POLICEMAN: That don't matter -- all we need to do is watch for that card in the window.

SAM: He's been in there long enough to mail a package now.

LANE: (QUIETLY) There it is. The signal. The card in the window. Keep your hands on your guns, boys.

SAM: He's comin' out.

POLICEMAN: Hey. You.

JAKE: (OFF) Yeah?

LANE: Come over here, mister.

JAKE: (FADING IN) What is it? What you birds want?

POLICEMAN: This your man, Sheriff?

LANE: Yep, the boy I'm looking for. Jake Mayer, you're under arrest.

JAKE: What for?

LANE: Murder in the first degree.

SAM: Look out -- he's reachin' for his gun!

JAKE: I'll burn you ---

POLICEMAN: Not tonight, buddy.

(SHOT)

JAKE: (WOUNDED) You've -- you've -- hit me --

POLICEMAN: Sorry, Sheriff -- I had to drop him. I'll call an ambulance. (FADES)

LANE: I reckon he made a mistake when he tried to pull that gun.

SAM: What'll we do, Sheriff?

LANE: We'll take him over to the hospital, Sam. And when we get him there, we'll take his fingerprint -- right hand, index finger -- and send it to the Bureau of Investigation in Washington. My guess is, it'll check with what they've already got and show pretty clearly just who is the guilty man.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....JAKE MAYER DIES IN HOSPITAL ON FOLLOWING DAYFINGERPRINT REVEALS HE WAS ONE OF MURDERERS HIS ACCOMPLICES CONFESS ... ARE TRIEDAND SENTENCED TO BE HANGED INNOCENT MEN RELEASED AND EXONERATED CASE 82 - 717 UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, CLOSEDASSIGNMENT COMPLETEDTHE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE CRIME DOES NOT PAY

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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**** ****

FARR & WILLIAMSON/Chilleen/D
11/22/32

RENCHARD: (DISGUSTED) Arrh...don't talk to him, Dykes. (OFF)
Come over here. I got something to say to you.

DYKES: (FADING) Yeah? What is it?

RENCHARD: (LOW VOICES IN THIS SEQUENCE) Something's wrong.
This whole deal is screwy.

DYKES: Yeah?

RENCHARD: Listen. I've been thinking. I wonder if Stumpy could
of --

DYKES: What?

RENCHARD: Of course, the border patrol plugged him, and he's
dead.....but....

DYKES: Come on -- spit it out.

RENCHARD: How did they know we was going to try to break through
at El Paso and shoot up that mob of Federal cops? We
never told 'em. We expected two guys, and we ran into
an army.

DYKES: Yeah, how about that?

RENCHARD: And then here -- at the airport -- how does it come
these inspectors are sittin' there waitin' for us to
land? Huh?

DYKES: That's it -- it don't add up right.

RENCHARD: Yeah -- this racket's getting too hot. So here's where
we check out!

DYKES: O.K.

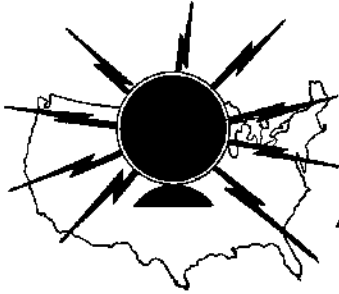
RENCHARD: (LOWER VOICE) And here's the way we'll do it. This
Inspector's got a gun, o' course, so you and me will
have to shoot the.....

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN SOUND OF MOTOR CAR RUNNING AT MODERATE
SPEED ALONG ROAD)

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, NOVEMBER 24, 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:

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening! This is Walter O'Keefe of the New England Mayflower O'Keefes...of course my ancestors came over on the Mayflower...but they were stowaways..... so they were shipped back for three hundred years and then came over on the "Berengaria".....and that's why we're here today. Today every man asks himself a question...and the question is, - "What have I got to be thankful for today?.....You bet, ladies and gentlemen, you bet.....and I'd say even more to prove my point, but the dinner was swell today.....I'm still letting it settle..... The O'Keefes were always early settlers where food is concerned. Not many of you remember that first Thanksgiving...but Jack Pearl does....and Jack Pearl is here and he's going to tell all....Also here is Abe Lyman....so let's shoot the Magic Carpet to him.

ON WITH THE DANCE ABE! (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening, everybody, let's start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
 (_____)
 (_____)
 (_____)
 (_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Back to the man at the controls flies the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam, that was Abc Lyman, whose family goes back further than Plymouth Rock, way back to White Rock....He'll be back again and again and again.....but meanwhile here's Howard Claney. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

In November in the year 1621 a brave little band of settlers gathered around festive, gayly decorated boards....tables in their rude cabins were loaded with wild turkeys shot in the raw wilderness of Massachusetts Colony....with platters of steaming, luscious vegetables grown in little clearings surrounded by the grim forest -- what a scene it must have been! The Pilgrims were celebrating the first Thanksgiving Day -- giving thanks for their first victory over "Nature in the Raw".....How well those brave Pilgrims knew that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild!".....And today, it is appropriate that millions of smokers can celebrate their victory over "Nature in the Raw" by enjoying a truly mild cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES -- that's why they're so mild. We give those fine, ripe and flavorful LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos the benefit of that famous LUCKY STRIKE "TOASTING" Process.....And that's why on this day as on every day in the year, you folks the country over say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now comes the Baron Munchausen, fellow pilgrims, none genuine without his signature.....accept no substitute and just break the news to mother.....The Baron came over on the Mayflower....but was deported.....and so he can speak with a great deal of authority about those early struggles between the Indians and the Massachusetts colony.....He was a busy boy at that first Thanksgiving Dinner.....Perhaps you don't believe what he says, but he'll argue it in rebuttal or in any other place. With him is his travelling companion, Sharley, who wasn't even a bus boy then. He sat at the second table and had hash.....Let's hear them tell about it and as Priscilla said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, Jack?"

(FIRST PART -- "THANKSGIVING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was your foreign cousin, Uncle Sam, the famous Baron Munchausen.....and his inseparable companion and straight-man, Cliff Hall. The Baron, who is traveling incognito, is about as modest as a five alarm fire.....He will come back to you later, and now we turn the banquet over to the music of able Abe Lyman..... Able Abe will play the song that the Indians crooned in 1620.....It was the first time the United States heard the song "I Surrender, Dear".....

ON WITH THE DANCE, ABE LYMAN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

ABE LYMAN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Climb aboard the Magic Carpet. Here we go!
(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was the whistle blowing the half time and calling all you Indians into the stockade while we turn the microphone over to the Great White Father, Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Certified Cremo, a truly wonderful cigar. It tastes as good as it looks - and it looks grand. The texture is even. The shape is that famous Perfecto - the hallmark of quality. It's extremely mild -- with a delicious, tempting flavor that only the finest of long-filler tobaccos can give. It draws evenly and burns slowly, coolly, because there isn't a bit of scrap or dust in a Cremo. It gives a long, firm ash, as a really fine cigar should. And nothing but its tremendous volume of sales could ever make possible Certified Cremo's revolutionary price - five cents straight - three for ten cents. Here's a telegram that gives you an idea of what I mean by sales:

"RUSH ONE MILLION CERTIFIED CREMOS IN ADDITION TO OUR WEEKLY STANDING ORDER.....OUR SALES VOLUME HAS INCREASED OVER ONE HUNDRED FIFTEEN PERCENT SINCE REDUCTION IN PRICE AND BECAUSE OF THE ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS PACKING IN WHICH EACH BOX OF FIFTY CERTIFIED CREMO IS PACKED WE ANTICIPATE A CONSIDERABLE DEMAND FOR HOLIDAY GIFT REQUIREMENT" (SIGNED) JOSEPH P. MANNING, JOSEPH P. MANNING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Really now, don't you owe it to yourself to find out how truly fine an inexpensive cigar can be? Try Certified Cremo. Judge it on the basis of quality alone. And then consider the additional fact that it is the only cigar in the world finished under glass. And don't forget that Certified Cremo is now five cents straight three for ten cents.

-----STATION BREAK-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That proclamation of Thanksgiving was delivered to you by a visiting colonist from New York.....a gentleman named Claney. Listen, Mrs. America, well may you be thankful.....In Stockholm, Sweden, on Saturday, Prince Gustave Adolph and Princess Sybil will be the royal bride and bridegroom....and there will be 1300 guests at the Royal Dinner....and how would you like to wash all them dishes. Be thankful that isn't your job and sit there like a bloomin' king and queen yourselves while Abe Lyman and all his little Lymans serenade you.

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

ABE LYMAN:

As the Magic Carpet lands at our feet we play --

(TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ABE LYMAN:

And now we take that short and speedy hop back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Baron Munchausen has more then usual to say tonight. Try and stop him! It's more than I can do.....so I'M going to sit back while he floods the loudspeakers of America with another amazing, amusing adventure....Here he is, fellow citizens, the eminent Doctor Pearl.

(SECOND PART - "THANKSGIVING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for opening your homes tonight to our famous guest of the evening, who came to the studio full of enthusiasm and cranberry sauce.....Jack Pearl is really one of the common people at heart and he's now on his way home to the icebox to pin the turkey's shoulder down on the mat for the second time today.....Jack is a very enthusiastic eater and honestly believes that a fork has something to do with a road map....But Abe Lyman is holding the fort, ladies and gentlemen, so get up on your feet while Lyman leads you through a dance of Thanksgiving.....

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

ABE LYMAN:

The dance does go on, with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Again we start back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was Abe Lyman; this is your Pilot, and here comes Howard Clancy:-

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tonight I'd like to ask you to make a little test.... on a LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette. Have you a LUCKY handy? Then light it up. I'd like you to notice how, even without puffing, your LUCKY will burn evenly and smoothly -- how the clean white paper disappears into the glow of the end, without charring. Notice the delicate, even texture of that wisp of blue smoke that curls so gracefully from the tip....and how your LUCKY burns with a full-bodied ash, from end to end -- never goes out. That smooth, even burning is due to a fine, balanced blend of choice, ripe tobaccos...and it's due to the extra care we take to roll every LUCKY just exactly right for perfect burning. Now -- note the true mildness -- the mellow-mildness - that "TOASTING" imparts to those delicious, slow-burning tobaccos. The exclusive quality of LUCKY STRIKE that causes millions to exclaim happily, "Say - this is real pleasure - LUCKIES are certainly the mildest cigarette I ever smoked!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

This is the spot neighbor, where I drop a hint as to what you may expect Saturday night....Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday will sing songs from the operettas and we're going to two distant points of the compass for the dance music....To Washington, D.C., we will fly to pick up Johnny Johnson from the Wardman Park Hotel, and to Chicago our flight will lead us to the landing field on the floor of the Edgewater Beach Hotel where Charlie Agnew will play for you.....And now again Abe Lyman is ready and willing to go, so let's reward his patience, and give him his cue....

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

ABE LYMAN:

Everybody out on the dance floor as we play --

(TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Now our Pilot carries on.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL FURNISH CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:(CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
11/23/32

SU-166-XII

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XII

"THANKSGIVING DAY"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

NOVEMBER 24, 1932

*** ***

*** ***

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XII - PART I and II

"THANKSGIVING DAY"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL
CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

NOTE:

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EPISODE XII - PART I"THANKSGIVING DAY"

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, how did you enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner?

BARON: Wonderfully! And I am very thankful for it. And for other things. Especially the friends I have made since I came to this country.

CHARLEY: Well put, Baron, well put.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said well put!

BARON: Are we playing golf?

CHARLEY: No, no. I mean your remark was opportune, propitious, apropos.

BARON:Well, we got a good start!

CHARLEY: I'm glad you enjoyed the dinner.

BARON: Me too. But those people! Oh Sharley what fibbers!

CHARLEY: What do you mean fibbers?

BARON: Everybody at the table said their four fathers came over on the Cauliflower.

CHARLEY: The Mayflower.

BARON: I wouldn't care if it was a bouquet of flowers! You couldn't get that many fathers on one boat.

CHARLEY: I know for a fact that every guest has a marvelous family tree.

BARON: What do you think my family tree is, a cactus plant?

CHARLEY: I mean they are all aristocrats.

BARON: My family is full of rusty cats -- and a couple of dirty dogs too.

CHARLEY: We won't go into that, Baron. Tell me, what did you think of that big turkey.

BARON: She talked too much.

CHARLEY: I mean the turkey we were eating.

BARON: I thought you meant the old hen who was gabbing.

CHARLEY: Oh, the lady on your right - She was rather corpulent.

BARON:which is it?

CHARLEY: Robust.

BARON: (LAUGH) The way she was eating its a wonder she didn't.

CHARLEY: She was full of ego!

BARON: She was full of turkey! You know one of my ancestors also came over on the whole-wheat.

CHARLEY: The Mayflower.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: One of the early settlers - he was right on deck.

BARON: No, in the steerage. You know, Sharley, if it wasn't for him there wouldn't have been a Thanksgiving Day.

CHARLEY: How was that?

BARON: He was out hunting for geese when he saw a buzzard, so he raised his blunderbaster, hit a duck and down came a turkey. Well sir, when he --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! Let's get this straightened out.

BARON: Is it crooked?

CHARLEY: A little twisted. You say your ancestor was hunting geese, saw a buzzard, raised his gun, hit a duck and down came a turkey?

BARON: And mashed potatoes.

CHARLEY: Mashed potatoes?

BARON: Yes - and oh, was they delicious.

CHARLEY: How do you know?

BARON: I ate two plates full.

CHARLEY: What are you talking about? The first Thanksgiving dinner took place in the year sixteen twenty one!

BARON: In sixteen twenty-one?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: My goodness! It seems like it was yesterday. Well, he took the turkey to a tailor, --

CHARLEY: Took the turkey to a tailor?

BARON: Sure --

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: The dressing. But now he was stuck. Where was he going to get cranburies?

CHARLEY: He was in a quandry.

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: He was at sea.

BARON:No he was on land. He was a pilgrim, not a sailor. He was walking along beside a brook and there - swimming in a pool of water was a flock of cranburies!

CHARLEY: Hold on Baron! You've gone too far.

BARON: I'll turn around and come back.

CHARLEY: A little twisted. You say your ancestor was hunting geese, saw a buzzard, raised his gun, hit a duck and down came a turkey?

BARON: And washed potatoes.

CHARLEY: Washed potatoes?

BARON: Yes - and oh, was they delicious.

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CHARLEY: Hold on Baron! You've gone too far.

BARON: I'll turn around and come back.

CHARLEY: No one ever saw cranberries swimming! Its ridiculous!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: So the cranberries was swimming!

CHARLEY: And I suppose you're going to tell me he fished for them.

BARON: No, I wouldn't ask you to believe anything like that.

CHARLEY: Thank goodness.

BARON: He didn't have any bait! He just whistled and they jumped into his basket.

CHARLEY: That's too much for me, Baron.

BARON: I kind of got enough myself. The dinner was such a big success that they made my ancestor make a speech.

CHARLEY: A speech!

BARON: Yes - he said "Give me liberty or give me death."

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but those were Patrick Henry's words.

BARON: Sure. He said them later. Just as the dinner was over, who do you suppose came in?

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: An Indian cheesc.

CHARLEY: An Indian Chief!

BARON: Same thing. His name was Sitting Cow.

CHARLEY: Sitting Cow.

BARON: Yes, Sitting Bull's sister. He stood right besides my ancestor.

CHARLEY: Stood right beside your ancestor!

BARON: Yes, it was the only time anybody ever saw Sitting Cow standing up. In his hand he had a Jimmy Canary.

CHARLEY: A Jimmie Canary?

BARON: A Billy Blackbird, a Johnny Sparrow.

CHARLEY: A tomahawk.

BARON: That's it! A tommyshawk! And on his head he had a lot of feathers.

CHARLEY: He wore a head dress.

BARON: Yes - to keep his wig wam. First he wanted to fight but my ancestor talked cold turkey.

CHARLEY: Cold turkey?

BARON: Yes - he gave him a sandwich. After he ate it, Sitting Cow wanted to smoke a piece of pipe.

CHARLEY: The pipe of peace. He wanted to bury the hatchet.

BARON: Sure - in my ancestor's head, but they took it away from him. Then he gave him something to take home to his squab.

CHARLEY: His squaw.

BARON: His squash.

CHARLEY: His squaw.

BARON: His wife!

CHARLEY: What did he give him to take home to his squaw?

BARON: A good dinner - a bag of ground up corn.

CHARLEY: Do you call that a good dinner?

BARON: Sure - ground up corn is the finest Indian meal. By now it was getting late and the Chief had to go to a lodge meeting.

CHARLEY: A lodge meeting! What lodge?

BARON: The Red Men, so he called all his cowards together.

CHARLEY: His cowards?

BARON: His braves - There was sixteen thousand of them.

CHARLEY: Sixteen thousand!

BARON: I could make it eighteen thousand.

CHARLEY: Don't! Let it go at sixteen thousand.

BARON: Sold to the gentleman with the green hat for sixteen thousand.

CHARLEY: Hold on, you're not at an auction sale.

BARON: Are you?

CHARLEY: Why, no!

BARON: Then we're even. Well sir, the sixteen thousand Indians made a run for my ancestor.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: What's the difference. So what did my ancestor do?

CHARLEY: What did he do?

BARON: He took one shot and killed every one of them.

CHARLEY: Now how in the world could one shot kill sixteen thousand Indians?

BARON: The bullet was made from Indian rubber and it bounced from one Indian to the other.

CHARLEY: That is the most colossal fairy tale I ever heard! Positively beyond the bounds of reasoning! Baron, you are overwhelming!

BARON: Over working!

CHARLEY: There never was and never will be a rubber bullet!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Go on with your story, Baron.

BARON:Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Why do you ask?

BARON: Why don't you answer?

CHARLEY: I don't feel like it.

BARON: So the bullet was made of sixteen thousand Indians.

(AD LIB)

CHARLEY: I surrender!

BARON: So did the Indians. That ended the first Thanksgiving Day but the next day my ancestor had more to be thankful for.

CHARLEY: How was that?

BARON: That night three horses were shot from under him and he wasn't hurt.

CHARLEY: I don't believe that either!

BARON: If you do or don't I say three horses were shot from under him and he wasn't hurt.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: He was sleeping over a stable.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"EPISODE XII - PART II"THANKSGIVING DAY"

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, on a day like this you should be charitable.

BARON: Please Sharley, charity begins at home and I'm going home right away.

CHARLEY: Oh, take one chance. It's a raffle for a poor man.

BARON: I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him - besides I got to get these clothes off.

CHARLEY: You certainly got dressed up for the occasion.

BARON: I look like a pilgrim, no?

CHARLEY: You certainly do. From the crown of your head to the buckles on your pumps.

BARON: You know, Sharley, I always wear pumps.

CHARLEY: Always wear pumps, why?

BARON: I got water on the knee.

CHARLEY: Who are you going home with, Baron?

BARON: Mr. and Mrs. Ellis was going to drive me home but on the way here Ellis lost control of his car.

CHARLEY: He had an accident!

BARON: No - the finance people took it away from him.

CHARLEY: Nice people, the Ellis!

BARON: Yes - married thirteen years and still holding hands.

CHARLEY: Still holding hands.

BARON: Yes - if they ever let go they'll kill each other.

CHARLEY: Don't they get along together?

BARON: Sure but only when they're separated. But at that he's her idol.

CHARLEY: He's her idol?

BARON: Yes -- let me see, he's been idle now about two years. Before he married her he was engaged to a girl but just before the wedding he found out she had a wooden leg.

CHARLEY: My word! Engaged to a girl with a wooden leg -- what did he do?

BARON: He broke it off.

CHARLEY: He should have been thankful he found out in time.

BARON: He was and that reminds me. You know, Sharley, this Thanksgiving Day with the pilgrimms never would have happened if it hadn't been for one man.

CHARLEY: Who was that?

BARON: Akron.

CHARLEY: Akron?

BARON: Youngstown, Cincinnati.

CHARLEY: Do you mean Columbus?

BARON: That's him! Christopher Cucumbers.

CHARLEY: He discovered America.

BARON: Yes sir. He knew the world was round because he made a scrambled egg stand on its head.

CHARLEY: Hold on, please! That's preposterous! Silly, inane!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not!

BARON: So he stood a scrambled egg on its head. Then he went to the Queen of Spain --

CHARLEY: Queen Isabella.

BARON: Yes - and he said "Izzy" --

CHARLEY: "Izzy" - He was rather intimate, wasn't he?

BARON: Sure - he was hand in glove with the queen.

CHARLEY: Hand in glove with the queen?

BARON: Yes - but foot in shoe with the king.

CHARLEY: The king didn't like him.

BARON: Not so loud. So Cucumbers said "Izzy, I would like to discover America," and the Queen said "Okay America."

CHARLEY: The queen consented to finance the expedition.

BARON:What's the language?

CHARLEY: I said, the queen decided to be the exchequer for the expedition.

BARON:maybe you shave too close.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: So the queen put her jewels in hock.

CHARLEY: In pawn!

BARON: In soak! When the king heard that the queen was raising jack on her diamonds he took it so to heart - a royal flush came over his face and he raised the deuce.

CHARLEY: He was angry.

BARON: Sure - Calling a spade a shovel he picked up a club and made straight for the jack who called his bluff.

CHARLEY: The jack called his bluff?

BARON: Yes. Wasn't he a card?

CHARLEY: I'll say he was.

BARON: So Izzy gave him a square deal.

CHARLEY: A square deal!

BARON: Yes, she gave him three glasses of beer..

CHARLEY: Three glasses of beer?

BARON: Three schooners.

CHARLEY: Oh, you mean, the Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina.

BARON:Could you return, please?

CHARLEY: The Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina.

BARON: (LAUGH) They're good cars too. Anyhow he sailed away. After a few days the crew became bituminous.

CHARLEY: Mutinous!

BARON: Mutton horses.

CHARLEY: No! Mutinous! rebellious, insubordinate.

BARON:Tough! They said he wasn't on the square when he said the world was round.

CHARLEY: They were skeptical.

BARON: No, they just didn't believe it, but soon they saw land. It was America.

CHARLEY: How could they tell it was America?

BARON: All along the beach was frankfurter stands.

CHARLEY: Frankfurter stands?

BARON: Yes. The country had gone to the dogs. They was so glad to see Columbus that they gave him a feast that lasted forty nights.

CHARLEY: Forty nights?

BARON: Yes - that was the start of the Knights of Columbus.

CHARLEY: Baron, you seem so well versed in history suppose you name some famous American patriots.

BARON: Well, there was Shorge Washington.

CHARLEY: A great man.

BARON: You said it! One day his father gave him a little hatchet and made a beautiful speech.

CHARLEY: What did he say?

BARON: He said. Here, Shorge -- cut yourself a piece of cake.

CHARLEY: A piece of cake!

BARON: Yes - but Shorge was smart. Instead he took a taxi cab at a cherry tree.

CHARLEY: Took a taxicab at a cherry tree?

BARON: Well -- he took a hack. Then there was Joe Chalk.

CHARLEY: Joe Chalk?

BARON: Peter Ink, Henry Pencil.

CHARLEY: William Penn!

BARON: That's him! William Penn. He discovered lightening.

CHARLEY: No! No! That was Benjamin Franklin.

BARON: We pronounce the name different. Another was Abraham Automobile.

CHARLEY: Lincoln. Do you recall what he said?

BARON: Sure - he said "You can fool some of the fools who fool the people for the people and by the people -- How do you come to ask such a question? Ask me what my uncle said and I can tell you better.

CHARLEY: What did your uncle say?

BARON: You can skin them once but you can't skin them twice.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: Bananas!

CHARLEY: Do you know any other great man?

BARON: Sure - generals.

CHARLEY: Name some.

BARON: Brickfence Jackson.

CHARLEY: Stonewall Jackson.

BARON: Yes and Laughingyet.

CHARLEY: Lafayette.

BARON: And that other brave general -- what's his name --

CHARLEY: Napoleon.

BARON: No - Napoleon is a pastry. Ain't it funny I can't remember that general's name --

CHARLEY: Is he living?

BARON: No, he's buried in Grant's Tomb.

CHARLEY: General Grant.

BARON: That's it! How did you guess it?

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, what do you think was the biggest air battle ever fought?

BARON: The air battle between Bing Crosby and Russ Colombo.

CHARLEY: Who won?

BARON: Kate Smith.

CHARLEY: What do you think was the most outstanding naval engagements?

BARON: The battle of the oranges.

CHARLEY: Oranges? What oranges?

BARON: Naval oranges.

CHARLEY: I mean an engagement between battleships.

BARON: Oh - The one - er -- what was the name of that battleshiff - something about a scholar?

CHARLEY: A scholar?

BARON: Yes - you know, when the teacher leaves the room one of the scholars watches the others.

CHARLEY: Oh, the Monitor!

BARON: The Monitor! It was on the edge of my bridgework
The monitor sunk a woman.
CHARLEY: Sunk a woman?
BARON: Mary Mack.
CHARLEY: The Merrimac.
BARON: Merry Christmas!
CHARLEY: Did you ever see service, Baron?
BARON: Plenty.
CHARLEY: Where?
BARON: I was six years in a cafeteria. There's where I got
this medal.
CHARLEY: Ah, a new medal, what did you get it for?
BARON: For making an election speech for the Republicans.
CHARLEY: For making an election speech for the Republicans?
BARON: Yes.
CHARLEY: Who gave it to you?
BARON: The Democrats.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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INDIAN FRANK: Good. That's what I look for -- an' when we get to the water tank -- that's goin' be too bad for you, amigo --

RANDALL: Listen -- I ain't hurtin' you -- I done just what you told me, ain't I?

INDIAN FRANK: You see dees knife? You like heem?

RANDALL: Hey!

COLLINS: (FADING IN QUICKLY - BUSINESSLIKE) All right, Indian Frank, that'll do. Let it go. Drop it.

INDIAN FRANK: Madre de Dios!

COLLINS: Don't move! Don't make trouble, Frank, or I'll have to take it out of you.

INDIAN FRANK: Where you come from? I'll --

RANDALL: Look out for his gun, Mr. Collins!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

(FRANK GROANS AND COLLAPSES)

COLLINS: Well - he should have known better than to try and shoot it out when I had him covered. And I think that takes care of Indian Frank - permanently.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN EFFECT.

2. WIND.

BUTCH: (IRRITABLE) Don't strike a match, you mug!

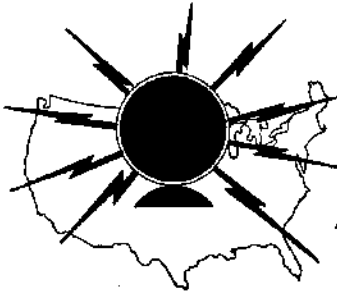
CHICAGO: Why not, Butch?

BUTCH: You want every tramp in Texas to head for this water-tank?

CHICAGO: Ah, nobody'd see that little light.

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."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 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:

Honestly, Mr. and Mrs. Stay at Home....it's a great life if you can take it. There has been enough excitement and drama packed into one day to hold these gray-old hairs of mine for some time to come. Of course by now you jolly well know what happened at the Yankee Stadium this afternoon when the Army and Notre Dame had their annual game of hopscotch and croquet.....ah they were braw lads and bonnie, both teams. Your pilot played a great game like he always did....right on the bench.....As Ben Bernie said, I might have made good but I suffered an injury....I slipped off the bench. Ben how about settling up the bet on today's game. Well Uncle Sam then I went to the opening of the New Schwab and DeSylva show, "Take the Air." I saw the first hour of it and when I left they were howling.....and now to work. What a day what a day. Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday, our official Saturday nighters are here and ready. Out in Chicago we've got Charlie Agnew waiting for the Pilot to call the signals and down in Washington Johnny Johnson will sound off from the Wardman Park Hotel which my spies tell me is the playground of official Washington. So imagine you're in the Capitol City, mi amigos, while Johnny starts you hoofing.

ON WITH THE DANCE JOHNNY JOHNSON...(WHISTLE) OKAY WASHINGTON!

WASHINGTON ANNOUNCER:

We're in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, D.C. where Johnny Johnson and his Orchestra play first -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

WASHINGTON ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet speeds out of the Capitol City and starts back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That, my friends, was Johnny Johnny...I mean Johnson Johnny...ah pish and also tush why doesn't the fellow get one single name like Toscanini...that was John Johnson, a welcome visitor to the Magic Carpet Hall of Fame. And now let's listen to a man who's been in there all along....Mr. Howard Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tonight we brought you to that spacious, beautifully appointed room in the famous Wardman Park Hotel where the elite of Washington are gathered to dance....diplomats and debutantes are there, statesmen and leaders of the Capital's social set....And say, I hope you folks are enjoying Johnny Johnson's music as much as they are! By the way, we have received word from the management of the Wardman Park Hotel that among these gay and sophisticated folk, LUCKY STRIKE is always the first cigarette asked for. Of course we were pleased to hear that -- but we weren't surprised, for we have found that you discriminating smokers everywhere have made LUCKIES your favorite -- you have recognized the distinctive flavor of LUCKY STRIKE'S unique blend of choice, delicious tobaccos; and you have found that LUCKIES are truly mild. That smooth, friendly mildness is imparted by the famous purifying process you know by the words "IT'S TOASTED." So why not light up a LUCKY right now; and enjoy the deliciousness and mildness of the mildest of all cigarettes.-- LUCKY STRIKE.

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS O'KEEFE SAYS:)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Under the facile baton of the whispering conductor, Dr. Louis Katzman, the orchestra is setting the mood for the songs to follow....good ones all meeting a worthy match in the voices of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. From The Princess Pat they choose one of the hits of the score that has lived down the years when they sing "All For You." Last season on Broadway and now out on the road was the popular musical play "The Cat and the Fiddle." There was a scene in the apartment of the heroine who was a mighty successful composer....over on the Left Bank in Paris....and there she lifted up her voice and sang, "Try to Forget." For their third number this romantic young couple choose another song that has stood the test of time....It's from the operetta "Eileen" and is entitled "Thine Alone." So those are the ballads, the minstrel and his maid are ready and we present Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING: -- "ALL FOR YOU"

"TRY TO FORGET"

"THINE ALONE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now Uncle Sam the Magic Carpet is about to take the long hop of the evening....a flying visit to Chicago. Flashing by the beacons that light up the darkness....making no stops....feeling no bumps!...just rambling and racing over the mountains and flat lands....we circle over Chicago and make a graceful three point landing at the feet of your old favorite Charlie Agnew. Agnew you'd like him.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE...(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Charlie Agnew and his Orchestra carry on from Chicago with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Now we flash the Magic Carpet from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Charlie....it's always a pleasure to visit Chicago believe you this fellow. We'll be back later but at this point we've got to get our second wind while Howard Claney makes a suggestion. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

No matter how easy-going a man may be about other things, he's just naturally fussy when it comes to cigars. He insists on the same even texture in every smoke - the same mellow goodness - the same delicious flavor that he's accustomed to. And so it's easy for me to understand why Certified Cremo Cigars have won so many millions of friends. Try one the next time you have a hankering for a really fine cigar. You'll find, as smokers everywhere have found, that every Certified Cremo, no matter where you buy it, is made of fine long-filler tobaccos - rolled in the famous Perfecto shape - draws evenly - gives a firm long ash -- and, of course, is always immaculately clean, for it is the only cigar finished under glass. Really, it's these qualities in Certified Cremo, rather than the unique, low price, that bring us a flood of telegrams like this:

"PLEASE RUSH OUR ORDER FOR CERTIFIED CREMOS CHRISTMAS WRAPPING...ALSO PLEASE SHIP AT ONCE AN ADDITIONAL ONE MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED FIFTY THOUSAND IN CHRISTMAS PACKING... THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE QUICK TO RECOGNIZE VALUE...SINCE THE PRICE OF CERTIFIED CREMOS WAS REDUCED OUR BUSINESS HAS INCREASED APPROXIMATELY THREE TIMES...CERTIFIED CREMO IS AN OUTSTANDING VALUE IN THE CIGAR WORLD TODAY AT PRESENT PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS."
(SIGNED) H. J. MOFFETT, VICE-PRESIDENT, UNITED CIGAR STORES DELAWARE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY.

If you have tried a Cremo, you'll agree that it is a really wonderful smoke -- and will also agree that it is the greatest cigar value in the country -- Certified Cremo now five cents straight -- three for ten cents!

-----STATION BREAK-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

SO we're on our way to Washington, and now let's
streak off to Johnny Johnson who pleases every one down there where
the darling dimpled debbies foregather in the Wardman Park Hotel.
So here you go, the lot of you. Bon voyage and happing landings,
and

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY JOHNSON..(WHISTLE)..OKAY, WASHINGTON!

WASHINGTON ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor
of the Wardman Park Hotel here in Washington, Johnny Johnson plays
-- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

WASHINGTON ANNOUNCER:

Again we leave Washington and dash back to the
Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS O'KEEFE
SAYS --)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

If you are seasoned listeners of these Saturday night parties, that music is self-explanatory....It means that the stage in the Magic Carpet theatre is being readied for the appearance of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. First, they pick a song from "Sunny".....a grand production. I remember the late beloved Jack Donahue blowing his way to stardom, and I remember the lovely Marilyn Miller coming in astride a great white horse....also one of the songs was memorable, entitled "Do You Love Me." Then from "Showboat" they borrow the song from the first scene when Gaylord Ravenal....ah, that's an elegant name....sang to Norma Terris on the balcony....the unforgettable song "Why Do I Love You." At the conclusion of this number our singers will take one of Victor Herbert's greatest when they sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."..... So the house lights go down, the footlights come up....and up comes the orchestra too.....We give you Miss Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(MISS HERBERT AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "DO YOU LOVE ME"

"WHY DO I LOVE YOU"

"AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday sang those songs, Uncle Sam -- their work for this week is over but we'll bring them to you Saturday week.....The program calls for a brief pause again. Howard Clancy will do the honors.....Mr. Clancy!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Isn't it a pleasant thought, my friends, to know that in a little tube of delicate paper less than three inches long - that in that LUCKY STRIKE cigarette of yours - the tobacco quality of a whole world meets for your enjoyment! And it is a happy meeting indeed....from the sunny hillsides of far-off Turkey come the choicest of spicy Turkish tobaccos; from hundreds of smiling plantations of the south come rich, tender tobaccos -- the Cream of the Southland's Crops.....And there, in that perfect, balanced LUCKY STRIKE blend, they meet to achieve their utmost perfection -- for in your LUCKY STRIKE those tobaccos are not only at their richly flavorful best -- they are truly mild....A mildness which only the exclusive "TOASTING" process can give to those fine tobaccos....So light up a LUCKYenjoy to the utmost those choice tobaccos -- help yourself to LUCKY STRIKE -- the mellow mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I wonder if I can say a word here about our Tuesday program -- we will present another famous case handled by the Federal Agents in Washington....this new one is known as "The Texas Express"....and before and after the acts, Roger Wolfe Kahn will hold up the musical end....but to get on with tonight's program, let's turn that switch that turns the millions of us over to Chicago and to Charlie Agnew who knows a good tune when he hears it. Was you dere, Sharley?

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Charlie Agnew continues the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Eastward flies the Magic Carpet, back to Walter
O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good night, Charley, and thanks for a good job....
and here Mr. and Mrs. Stay-at-home, I'd like to tell you one of the
prize yarns I've heard about Hollywood. Anxious to create the
super epic epic, the famous firm of producers whom we will call the
Ginsberg Brothers because their name isn't Ginsberg and they aren't
brothers sent one of their geniuses up into the hills near Santa
Monica to woo the Muse and seek inspiration.....so he put on a
hair shirt, lived on berries and nuts, and sat on the top of the
mountain like Rodin's famous statue of "The Thinker"....He gave
birth to an idea about as quickly as a statue might and it started
to worry him. So staring vacantly into space, he noticed a mountain
he'd never seen before. He asked the natives the name of the
mountain, but nobody knew what it was. So bursting with his super
epic epic idea, he raced into Hollywood, grabbed a hold of one of
the Ginsberg Brothers and said, "Listen, there's a mountain out
here that hasn't got any name." Mr. Ginsberg said, "So what?"

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

The yes man answered, "Don't you get it? The idea is colossal. Let's christen the mountain "Mt. Ginsberg Brothers!" But Mr. Ginsberg, being a cautious business man, decided first of all to preview the mountain to see if it were worthy of the Ginsberg name....They trudged up to the top, looked at it....it wasn't the best mountain you ever saw, and Mr. Ginsberg with that instinct for showmanship characteristic of the Brothers Ginsberg said, "No, it won't do the way it is, but I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll get a rock, oh, say one like Gibraltar - as big as possible - put it on top; people will drive by -- they'll say, 'What's that?'..... then you can say "That's Mount Ginsberg Brothers, and then you've got something!".....So a date was set for the christening -- the property department was instructed to get the biggest rock available, and those dumb gentlemen, thinking it was a moving picture set - and not a colossal epic epic, built a beautiful rock out of papier mache.....the christening ceremonies were very sad....incense was burning, cellos were sobbing and at the poignant moment Mr. Ginsberg seizing a bottle of champagne cried out, "I now christen you Mount Ginsberg Brothers" -- threw the bottle and it came right out on the other side of the mountain!

Maybe it's not a true tale, but your Pilot likes it, and I've been talking long enough --so let's turn out the lights and hope we sleep.....Goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

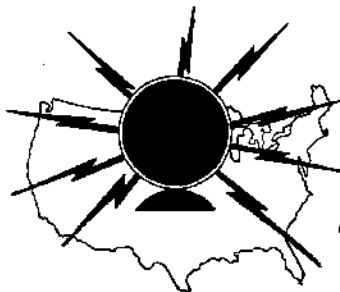
This program has come to you from New York City, Washington, D.C. and Chicago, Illinois, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen -----11/26/32



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."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 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:

For the seventy-first time good evening, Uncle Sam....
 Yes....I was just going over my books and the records show that
 this is the seventy-first time your pilot has taken over the controls
 of the Magic Carpet and launched it into the world of amusement.
 Tonight is another example of what can be done with Ye Olde Magic
 Carpet. We'll transport the stage of the Lucky Strike Theatre
 Guild right into your own home as we carry you through an amazing
 snarl of evidence in another crime thriller known as "The Texas
 Express." The orchestra that will provide your dance music is one
 of your favorites....a steady and welcome visitor to our midst....
 Roger Wolfe Kahn. Upsadaisy and on your ways and

ON WITH THE DANCE ROGER WOLFE...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Orchestra start the dancing
 with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Now we speed the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.
 (WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Roger Wolfe....take it easy Toots....we'll make you work later. Now I had a newspaper clipping here....wait a minute....yes, here it is and it reads "There are 16,500,000 homes in North America served by radio." Here's hoping the whole 16,500,000 homes are tuned in now because we are going to portray another drama of Federal Investigation Cases. Before doing that, let's wait a moment and let Howard Claneý say something important. Mr. Claneý!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Don't you get a thrill when you discover something extra good? And what pleasure it is to pass that goodness on to others. Perhaps in that simple trait of human nature is the reason why LUCKIES are so popular. Discriminating smokers quickly discover in LUCKY STRIKE that perfect combination which means real cigarette pleasure...distinctive flavor and true mildness. LUCKY STRIKE'S tempting flavor is born of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, patiently aged and carefully blended. And LUCKY STRIKE'S mildness - that unique mellow-mildness - comes about when these choice tobaccos are "TOASTED" -- enriched and purified by that exclusive LUCKY STRIKE process. That's why LUCKIES are so extra good.....a goodness that folks everywhere enjoy and are glad to pass along with that friendly invitation, "Have a LUCKY - it's milder."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Down in the smoking room the bell is ringing calling you first nighters up to the World Premier of a new mystery playlet called "The Texas Express." If this is the first time you have been a listener to our new series of dramas, let me explain that these stories are dramatizations of cases from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, and, as you know, that's part of the Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. Any boom in any part of the country brings in its wake a lot of grifters, grafters, gunmen and robbers. The oil country was no exception; so tonight we sit in on Fort Worth, Texas, where the action starts. Special Agent Number Five is listening for orders and instructions are flying through the air from headquarters

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE TEXAS EXPRESS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So you have just caught the first act, and you have seen the robber Barons trying to extend their empire. A payroll train would certainly be a juicy plum to gather. The action starts off literally with a bang. You saw Butch and his bandit brigade recruit Al Raymond to the cause much against his will. Raymond, anxious to go straight, tips off the Federal Agents. Do they kill him too? Do they rob the train? This will all be untangled later in this same program, so keep tuned in on the LUCKY Hour and we'll play the second act for you after a few more dances, all of which brings us up to Roger Wolfe Kahn, and if any of you children came late for class, here's the tip off. Roger Wolfe Kahn, for a long time one of the leading bandmasters, (in spite of his youth) is the man of the hour tonight so listen while he gets a little closer to the inside portals of the Hall of Fame.

ON WITH THE DANCE ROGER WOLFE...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor
Roger Wolfe Kahn and his boys play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

All aboard. We're off on that short and speedy
hop.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Time out ladies and gentlemen while Roger Wolfe Kahn
lets his first string team rest for their next big moment. And now
it's time again for Howard Claney to be brief and to the point.

HOWARD CLANEY:

After all, no matter how much or how little you pay
for a cigar - if you like it - as far as you're concerned, it's the
finest cigar in the world. That's why discriminating cigar smokers
everywhere don't even give a thought to the amazingly low price of
Certified Cremo, which is now five cents straight; three for ten
cents. To these men, it's quality first and foremost that counts.
And they find it in Cremo. They find it in Cremo's expensive cigar
texture. They find it in Cremo's expensive Perfecto shape. They
find it in Cremo's smooth, slow-burning.....in Cremo's long, firm
ash that comes of Cremo's choice long-filler tobaccos. Have you
tried a Cremo? If you have, you can well understand why we are
getting so many telegrams like this:

"RUSH TODAY EXTRA FIFTY THOUSAND CERTIFIED CREMO...PUBLIC
QUICK TO RECOGNIZE IN CERTIFIED CREMO A WONDERFUL NEW VALUE....
CERTIFIED CREMO SALES HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED....INCREASE OUR
STANDING ORDER TO THIRTY THOUSAND DAILY." (SIGNED)
A.H. FINLEY, IMPERIAL CIGAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

You'll like Certified Cremo. You'll like the first one - and the second - and the third - and the hundredth, because Certified Cremo is always good. And you'll be glad to know that Certified Cremo is always clean -- it's the only cigar in the world finished under glass. Really, you'll like Certified Cremo and you'll like it's amazingly low price - five cents straight - three for ten cents.

-----station break-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, neighbor, that marks the half way point and ahead of us lies another half hour of excitement and music. The excitement will come from our cops and robber story, "The Texas Express." You will see the solution played out within a few minutes, and during those next few minutes, Miss America, you can trip the light fantastic as the guest of the convoy, Roger Wolfe, who is the wolf that is welcome at every door.

ON WITH THE DANCE ROGER WOLFE..(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

Everybody swing your partners to the tune of --(TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Back to the man at the controls flies the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Settle down in your seats Mister and Missus, Master and Miss, and get comfortable while the LUCKY STRIKE players play out the concluding act of tonight's thriller. As you know, it is entitled "The Texas Express." The bold, bad bandittie are planning to hold it up as it rolls out to the oil fields loaded with payroll money. Butch, Chicago, and the Halfbreed Indian Frank have knocked off one stool pigeon and Al Raymond, against his will, is being forced to drive the automobile during the getaway. Al has already told the Federal Agents who are now on the key veeve as the second act opens. Special Agent Number Five is listening for orders and instructions are flashing through the air from headquarters, so

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE TEXAS EXPRESS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That winds it up, Uncle Sam, and again the moral "that crime does not pay" is driven home forcibly with the realization that Butch and Indian Frank were on the wrong end of the bullets, and Chicago was put away in the pen. Next Tuesday night we'll have another dramatization of a case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice. I hope you'll be here. The seasoned theatre goer in New York, after the curtain rings down, oftentimes grabs a bite to eat with music in the background. You furnish the food and we'll furnish the music, and let joy be unconfined.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ROGER WOLFE KAHN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

We continue the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Many thanks, Roger, and it's pleasant to have you with us. Let's you and I take a moment out and turn the microphone over to Howard Claney. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

How would you winter-bound golfers up north like to be teeing off in the great open championship meet down at Coral Gables, Florida? It's on today, and believe me, it's a big event -- the start of the Florida season, with champion golfers and society leaders out there on the warm sunny course -- and how fitting it is, in that mild and friendly climate, that the mildest of cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE -- should be such a favorite. Favorite indeed -- for North, South, East or West, discriminating smokers recognize in that pleasant blend of delicious, flavorful LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos a superiority that no other cigarette offers -- the true mildness imparted by the famous "TOASTING" Process..... mellow mildness that adds so much to your pleasure. Why not light a LUCKY now -- enjoy its smooth, delicious flavor....you'll thank me, I'm sure, for calling your attention to LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest of cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Here, my dear listeners, it's a pleasure to your pilot to make an announcement about Thursday night, and incidentally, this Thursday night program which is given over to laughs and foolishness is getting to be the great American habit. The reason is Jack Pearl, one of the great clowns and fun makers of this or any other time. That Pearl guy was born to make people laugh and it's great to be on the job with him every Thursday night as he steps to the microphone as the Baron Munchausen. The Baron tells some pretty tall tales and this week he will be dressed as a pirate who has sailed the seven seas and come home with some blood curdling experiences to tell, so tune in Thursday while he boasts of them and the laugh will be good for all that ails you, but now there's dancing in the dark to be done, so let's turn it over to Roger Wolfe Kahn.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra now play --(TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet speeds down the home stretch.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Roger Wolfe Kahn, ladies and gentlemen, once again making good on the Magic Carpet, and it occurs to me that I forgot to say anything about the orchestra for Thursday night. It is going to be George Olsen and the rest of the Olsenites including Ethel Shutta, Fran Fry and Fran's little sister, Oyster Fry, or, as I said before, Erster. George was one of the eighty thousand who saw the Army-Notre Dame game Saturday and of course George will talk shop any time. I met him walking around at the half and he told me, very modestly, that his Thursday program would be a Lulu. Of course on Saturday night we have Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. These two young people will share the spotlight with two All American orchestras, Vincent Lopez, from the Congress Hotel in Chicago, and Jack Denny from the Waldorf-Astoria. Well, I think that covers about everything. I hope you have had a pleasant evening, and I feel sure you'll have a funny one Thursday, so you in the East, gwan to bed and you in the West can go out and pick oranges. Good night.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilloen
11/29/32

SU-173-V

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE V

"THE TEXAS EXPRESS"

PARTS I and II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

NOVEMBER 29, 1932

*** ***

*** ***

SU-173-V

"SPECIAL AGENT FIVE"

EPISODE V

"THE TEXAS EXPRESS"

PARTS I and II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZED BY

FINIS FARR

and

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CHARACTERS:

INDIAN FRANK	AGENT COLLINS
"CHICAGO"	P.O. INSPECTOR
"BUTCH HOWARD	FAIRBANKS
AL RAYMOND	DETECTIVE MCKINNEY
EXPINOSA	SAM RANDALL (mail and express clerk)
BLONDIE	

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE V

"THE TEXAS EXPRESS"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER....
DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE
AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE TEXAS EXPRESS"....BASED
ON CASE 48 - 40.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON,
D.C.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE, PROCEED.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking.....the story of "The
Texas Express".....Real People.....Real Places.....Real Clues....
A Real Case.....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used
throughout...our case begins in the hangout of a gang of oilfield
ruffians....in the underworld of Fort Worth, Texas.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

BUTCH: Well, where is he? Do we have to wait all night?

CHICAGO: He'll be here. Any minute now. Keep your shirt on, Butch.

BUTCH: A' right, Chicago -- take it easy.

INDIAN FRANK: If he come all right -- if he don't come all right. Me, I do not care.

BUTCH: The dirty rat's a squealer, ain't he?

INDIAN FRANK: Maybe he talk a little too much. But he don' mean no harm.

BUTCH: That's the way it looks to a Mex-Indian half-breed like you. But it hits a white man different, see?

INDIAN FRANK: Oh? Look out how you talk to Indian Frank.

BUTCH: Aw, shut up.

CHICAGO: (CUTTING IN) Lay off, you guys -- somebody outside the door.

BUTCH: Who's there?

ESPINOSA: (OUTSIDE) It's me -- let me in.

BUTCH: It's Espinosa. He showed up after all.

CHICAGO: (FADES TO DOOR) I'll let him in.
(DOOR OPENED)

ESPINOSA: (FADING IN) Hello.....you guys.
(DOOR CLOSED)

BUTCH: Hello, Espinosa. Where's your cop friend?

ESPINOSA: Huh?

BUTCH: Where's the cops you been hangin' around with? Leave 'em home tonight?

ESPINOSA: You got me wrong, Butch. I don't run with no cops.

BUTCH: You mean you ain't going to.

ESPINOSA: Hey....what's that gun for?

BUTCH: You guess, Espinosa.

ESPINOSA: Oh, for God's sake, Butch.....

BUTCH: Get up off the floor. Watcha tryin' to do -- pray?

INDIAN FRANK: All right. You scare him enough, Butch.

BUTCH: I ain't gonna scare him.

(SEVERAL SHOTS)

There's one squealer that'll keep his mouth shut --
from now on.

INDIAN FRANK: What good does to keel him do, huh? You keel him --
what good you do, huh?

CHICAGO: (SHAKEN) God....I didn't know you were really going
to.....

BUTCH: Well, you know now.

INDIAN FRANK: And now we have headache.

BUTCH: On account of this rat? Nobody cares what happens
to him.

CHICAGO: Yeah, but what'll we do? Can we leave him here?

BUTCH: Nah -- we'll drop him out the winda -- intah the
alley -- and we ain't seen nothing -- and don't know
nothing. If Espinosa's cop friends don't like it --
why, it's just too bad.

CHICAGO: Don't yah think somebody heard the shootin'?

BUTCH: If they had we'd know it by now.

INDIAN FRANK: Well, maybe you get away weeth it after all, Butch.

CHICAGO: Sure - I think so -- But now -- we gotta get somebody
to take Espinosa's place.

INDIAN FRANK: What you mean, Chicago?

CHICAGO: Tah drive the car for us when we stick up the westbound
train.

BUTCH: Ah, never mind about that. Us three guys can handle that alone.

INDIAN FRANK: You mus' be crazy, Butch. You keel dis feller, maybe make trouble. Now you say take three men on job needs four. Maybe you make whole thing fall through. How you like that, eh?

CHICAGO: Sure, Butch. Why take a chance. We gotta have another guy drivin' the car so's to be sure of makin' the getaway.

BUTCH: Well, that squealer would have been no use. What we want is another redhot.

CHICAGO: Listen, I know a guy.

BUTCH: Who?

CHICAGO: A kid named Al Raymond. I met him at a joint in the Panhandle.

BUTCH: He a redhot?

CHICAGO: Yeah, he's all right -- I hear he's playin' the piano at the Willows outside o' town.

INDIAN FRANK: You say he play the piano?

CHICAGO: For cakes and throw money -- but he's a real torpedo. Just waitin' for the right connections. And he's the guy for us because not many people know him around Forth Worth.

BUTCH: Well, all right, Chicago. Sounds like a guy that we can use. I tell yah what we'll do -- we'll drop this dead squealer in the alley -- and then we'll ride out to the Willows roadhouse, and talk to that kid.

SOUND INTERLUDE: MOTORCAR RUNNING OVER ROAD.

(FADE IN PIANO -- "FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE" OR SIMILAR TUNE, AS THOUGH
PLAYED BY A SPORTING HOUSE PROFESSOR.)

BLONDIE: Lay off, Al. You don't need to beat the box now.
This joints deader than a herring. Nothing's gonna
liven it up.

RAYMOND: Yeah. Pretty slim pickings, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Uh-oh. Here's trouble.

RAYMOND: Where?

BLONDIE: Comin' in the door.

RAYMOND: Those three guys? Say, I know one of 'em.

BLONDIE: They look like redhots to me.

RAYMOND: You see the guy in the purple suit?

BLONDIE: Yeah.

RAYMOND: He's the one they call Chicago Slim.

BLONDIE: I've heard o' him.

RAYMOND: I met him in the Panhandle. A tough grifter.

BLONDIE: What's his racket?

RAYMOND: I don't know for sure....say, that other bird looks
like a half breed.

BLONDIE: And the third one looks like a gorilla.

RAYMOND: I hope Chicago don't spot me. That guy is poison.

BLONDIE: Well, your luck is lousy, kid. Here he comes.

CHICAGO: (FADING IN) Well, well -- Al Raymond -- slip me
five, kid!

RAYMOND: Hello, Chicago.

CHICAGO: You come down here to clean up in oil, I suppose, Al?

RAYMOND: No, just tryin' to get along. Oh, Chicago, this here is Miss Blondie Lee. Blondie, shake hands with Chicago Slim.

CHICAGO: Glad to meetcha, girlie.

BLONDIE: Well - You boys going to buy a little drink?

CHICAGO: Yeah, sure. (CALLS) Hey, guys -- come over here. (TO RAYMOND & BLONDIE) Two friends o' mine. Sit down, fellahs -- meet Al Raymond and the girl friend.

INDIAN FRANK: Is thees the guy?

BLONDIE: Well - How about the drinks, boys?

BUTCH: Beat it, sister.

BLONDIE: Who you talkin' to?

BUTCH: You. Get out. We're gonna talk business. Come on -- haul your freight.

BLONDIE: Yeah, yeah, all right. You don't needda jump down my throat. (FADES) You cheap hard-boiled punk.

BUTCH: Hey, Guy.

RAYMOND: Me?

BUTCH: I'm gonna put you nexta something. Chicago here tells me you're all right.

RAYMOND: Sure -- I'm just tryin' tah mind my own business.

BUTCH: All right. From now on you've got business, what I mean.

CHICAGO: Kid, we're in a racket that's hot -- I may as well tell yah.

RAYMOND: You don't need to tell me that. I know by lookin' at yah.

CHICAGO: You don't get the angle, kid. We gotta have a smart guy what can drive a car.

RAYMOND: Why, I know a lot o' guys who----

BUTCH: You don't get what we mean, kid.

CHICAGO: We gotta make a connection quick -- before the
fourteenth o' this month.

RAYMOND: Why?

CHICAGO: Y'see, Al -- that's when the payroll train pulls out
for Ranger, and all of the oil towns west of here.
Number eleven o' the T. & P. -- and she rolls at
eleven o'clock at night.

INDIAN FRANK: That night there will be a bright moon in the sky,
sabe?

BUTCH: We're tellin' yah the works, kid. How does it hit
you?

RAYMOND: The fourteenth -- why that's day after tomorrow.

BUTCH: That's the day the gravy train pulls out. What do ya
say?

RAYMOND: I - I - don't know -- I

BUTCH: You'll drive the car and be the look-out. We're
puttin' Indian Frank -- this here guy -- into the
express car. There's a water tank, two and a half
miles out of town -- that's where you'll be waiting.

CHICAGO: Never mind about the water tank now. Wait till we
get the map.

INDIAN FRANK: We show you the map tomorrow, amigo.

BUTCH: You get what he means, dontcha?

RAYMOND: Yeah, I guess, I guess I....do, all right.

BUTCH: You're on the inside now. All set for the big dough and the big time. So just remember---keep your mouth shut. We don't go for squealers. (PAUSE) Well, come on, guys -- see you later, kid.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. PIANO RESUMES, FADES.
2. TYPEWRITER.

RAYMOND: I tell you, Mr. Collins, they've got the whole thing planned out.

COLLINS: Yes...the mid-month payrolls and there will be thousands of dollars in that express car.

RAYMOND: You see, I'm -- I'm in a spot. If they knew I'd squawked on 'em, well, there'd be one less piano player in Texas.

COLLINS: Yes - these men are vicious and unscrupulous -- we're sure of that.

RAYMOND: That's why I came to you, to the Government. Soon as I heard 'em say they were after the express car, I knew it was a job for Federal men.

COLLINS: You were right. That was the thing for you to do, Raymond.

RAYMOND: You see...that guy Chicago got me wrong...I hung up with him in a gambling house upstate. He knew I'd had some -- trouble -- back East, and he figured me for a redhot. But I ain't. No sir, not me.

COLLINS: You've done a mighty brave thing, Al.

RAYMOND: Well, Mr. Collins, I'm down and out....no good....never was....but I ain't going to let that mob play me for a sucker.

COLLINS: The man they call Butch Howard is notorious all through the oil fields; and I'm confident that half-breed Indian -- Mexican or whatever he is -- is a murderer. You're right -- they probably do mean to play you for a sucker; leave you holding the bag.

RAYMOND: Yes sir, and I don't want any part of it. I'm cutting out of town on the first freight.

COLLINS: No, my boy -- you can't do it.

RAYMOND: Well - I told you all I know!

COLLINS: Yes, but don't you see, you've got to stay with them now -- stay with them and learn their complete plans. You spoke of a map -- well, we've got to learn more about that, for instance. We must know their plans down to the last detail.

RAYMOND: Yeah, but why can't you pinch 'em and throw 'em in the hoosegow? Leave me out of it.

COLLINS: Well, look, Al -- we can't take legal action till the law is actually violated. I haven't called the U.S. District Attorney yet, but I'm darned sure that's what he'll say. Now -- I've got to report to my superior officers -- get the cooperation of the Fort Worth police and the Post Office Department.-- Then learn the plans these fellows have laid and make equally careful ones to head them off and catch them in the act.

RAYMOND: But Mr. Collins - ain't you a Federal Cop?

COLLINS: I'm a special agent of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Al, and I'm empowered to make arrests, don't worry about that -- but don't you see, when I take these fellows, I must have something on them -- something that will put them away for a good long time!

RAYMOND: But what'll I do?

COLLINS: Go back to the roadhouse. Act dumb. And keep your ears open. I'll find a way to get in touch with you.

RAYMOND: But I ain't comin' to your office again, Mr. Collins. No sir!

COLLINS: You won't need to. Just act as though you'd never heard of my office, and I'll reach you at the proper time. It's dangerous business, all right, Raymond -- but you're not alone now. I'm with you. And back of me is a pretty influential old gentleman -- your Uncle Sam. Now go on back to your piano and don't worry.

RAYMOND: All right, Mr. Collins. I guess I'll take a taxi.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.
2. TAXICAB MOTOR AND HORN, RUNNING
3. PIANO - FADE IN)

BLONDIE: Say, kid -- I got to tell you something!

RAYMOND: Go to it, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Those guys that were here last night -- Chicago and his two pals -- do you know who they are? I just found out from one of the girls that knows 'em.

RAYMOND: What do you mean?

BLONDIE: There was a guy named Espinosa -- and he was hangin' around with them all the time. Well, this morning Espinosa was found with two bullets in him!

RAYMOND: Who done it?

BLONDIE: Here's the inside, Al --

RAYMOND: Yeah?

BLONDIE: Espinosa was seen talkin' to a cop...and they figure that Butch and Indian Frank thought he was squealin' on their mob.

RAYMOND: (TERRIFIED) Huh?

BLONDIE: They thought he was tryin' to turn 'em in -- so they bumped him off! There's no proof yet -- but all the same the cops are dead sure that's what they done.

RAYMOND: (SWALLOWING) Yeah....well, you ain't tellin' me nothin'.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, I am. Listen, kid, I like you -- oh, I ain't turning softy, but you're white and I like you. And I ain't going to see you get the works from them cheap gorillas.

RAYMOND: What do you mean?

BLONDIE: They've put you into something -- I don't know what but something -- on account of if it was on the level, why couldn't they talk about it in front of me?

RAYMOND: Well, I'm in, all right -- no use stallin' about that.

BLONDIE: Yeah. Well, for God's sake, Al, watch your step. If they should get the idea you was two-timing, they'd--

RAYMOND: Lissen, Blondie. Why should they get that idea!

BLONDIE: I don't know, but if anybody happened to --- (BREAKS
OFF SUDDENLY) Well, say -- look who's here!

RAYMOND: It's them! You better beat it, Blondie.

BLONDIE: And how -- I don't give those guys none of my time.

BUTCH: (HEAVY) Say, kid -- I want to talk to you.

RAYMOND: Here I am.

BUTCH: Sit down, Chicago.

CHICAGO: O.K.

BUTCH: You too, Indian.

INDIAN FRANK: All right, amigo -- anything else?

BUTCH: Kid, where you been all day?

RAYMOND: I -- I went down town.

BUTCH: What for?

RAYMOND: To -- to buy a shirt.

BUTCH: What store?

RAYMOND: I -- decided -- decided not to, after I got there.

BUTCH: Kid, I don't trust you.

CHICAGO: Lissen, Butch -- willya lissen to me? I knowed Al
up in the Panhandle, an' I'm tellin' you he's O.K.
Ya don't need to worry. He's all right.

BUTCH: I think he's a lyin', yellow punk.

RAYMOND: I ain't done nothin', Butch, honest I ain't. You got
no reason to lay me out, have you?

INDIAN FRANK: Don' mind hoem, keed. He be all right.

BUTCH: It wouldn't surprise me if you turned out to be a heel,
like that other ----

CHICAGO: Butch, who's talkin' outa turn now?

BUTCH: Huh?

INDIAN FRANK: Amigo, tonight you are nervous. You got "double-cross" on the brain. Dees kid, quien sabe? Anyway, he ees bes' kid we can fin' right now. Pay train pull out tomorrow night -- We cannot was' more time.

CHICAGO: You're right, Indian. We gotta get going or the whole job may fold on us. An' we gotta have Al drivin' the car for the same reason. Now, Al, take a slant at this map.

(CRACKLING PAPER)

See? Here's the line o' the Texas & Pacific. And here's the --

BUTCH: Wait a minute.

CHICAGO: Huh?

RAYMOND: What's the matter now?

BUTCH: Kid, are you sure you're going to keep your mouth shut about this?

RAYMOND: Yes, sir! You bet I am!

BUTCH: A' right then...show him the lay-out, Chicago. And get it straight, kid; because the gravy train rolls this time tomorrow and we ain't got time to practice.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: HOW WILL UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
AGENT...PREVENT CAREFULLY PLANNED CRIME...FOLLOW
LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR SMASHING CONCLUSION.....
ABOARD EXPRESS....TRAIN NUMBER ELEVEN.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

***** *****

***** *****

SU-173-V

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE V

"THE TEXAS EXPRESS"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES...SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE....STORY OF "THE TEXAS
EXPRESS".....BASED ON CASE 48 - 40.....FILES OF UNITED
STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF
JUSTICE...WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE....
AT WILLOWS ROADHOUSE...NEAR FORT WORTH, TEXAS.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(CLOCK STRIKES THREE TIMES)

(WINDOW RAISED)

RAYMOND: Who's there? Who's there? Who's in the window?

COLLINS: (SHORT DISTANCE OFF) Agent Collins. Quiet.

RAYMOND: What -- what are you doing?

COLLINS: I'm coming in through the window. Don't make any noise -- we don't want to wake any one.

RAYMOND: What's the idea of coming out here?

COLLINS: (COMING IN FULL) I told you I'd see you again..... and I knew you lived here at the roadhouse.

RAYMOND: Listen -- those guys, Butch and Chicago, for all I know, they're watchin' outside!

COLLINS: Oh, no. I tailed them from here after you closed up to a saloon downtown. I couldn't check on Indian Frank but that's the chance we're taking. Now then. Never mind the light. Tell me what you've learned.

RAYMOND: Well....God, are you sure it's safe?

COLLINS: Nothing is safe till we've put those men in jail. But I'll protect you. Go on, boy -- talk. We haven't got all night.

RAYMOND: While they were here, they told me how we're supposed to do the job.

COLLINS: Yes?

RAYMOND: The Western Express pulls out at eleven o'clock --

COLLINS: With the oilfield payrolls aboard in the mail car -- go on --

RAYMOND: Well, the messenger never locks the doors till they're outa the yards.

COLLINS: And that's their chance to get aboard, right?

RAYMOND: Yes sir....At the edge o' the yards -- she rolls
between two cuts o' boxcars -- and Indian Frank.--

COLLINS: Yes? Yes?

RAYMOND: Did you hear something? Just then?

COLLINS: Nothing, kid -- nothing -- go ahead, I'm with you.

RAYMOND: Well, Indian Frank will jump outa one o' the boxcars--

COLLINS: -- into the mail car --

RAYMOND: Yeah, yeah, right in -- and then --

COLLINS: Go on, can't you? We've got to know their plans!

RAYMOND: And then -- he'll stick up the express messenger --
got the keys and open the safe -- and then --

COLLINS: What are you afraid of? Tell me the rest of it.

RAYMOND: Well --

COLLINS: What's the matter, son -- are you cold? You're
shaking -- put a blanket round your shoulders.

RAYMOND: I don't need no blanket. It's just --

COLLINS: What's the trouble, Al?

RAYMOND: The way they sat there -- Butch and Chicago and Indian
Frank -- they sat there like you and me, tryin' to
decide.

COLLINS: Trying to decide what?

RAYMOND: They couldn't figure out whether they oughta kill
the express messenger -- or leave him go.

COLLINS: Kill him?

RAYMOND: Yeh. Way they figure, if he's dead, he can't identify
nobody -- later on.

COLLINS: And that's the job they've got for Indian Frank, eh?

RAYMOND: He's gonna cut the messenger's throat with a knife.

COLLINS: So they'll leave the killing to Indian Frank.

RAYMOND: Yes, sir, and -- Mr. Collins, I'm scared -- get me outta this! Please -- let me beat it!

COLLINS: (GENTLY) You've got to go out on the job, son -- you can't quit now.

RAYMOND: But they'll find out -- I know they will -- and they'll kill me!

COLLINS: Come on Al -- don't lose your nerve! You haven't so far -- why should you weaken now?

RAYMOND: I wish I'd never seen 'em! Why couldn't they ha' left me alone?

COLLINS: They'll leave you alone -- after we've caught 'em and sent 'em to prison where they belong! Now then -- I've got to find out a little more. I'm meeting a Fort Worth detective and a Postoffice Inspector at ten this morning in my office. So I'll need to know where they want you to drive the automobile -- and the rest of their plans to carry off the payrolls.

RAYMOND: Well -- you're askin' for it, Mr. Collins, and so help me I'm gonna tell you. Here's the layout -- while Indian Frank is boardin' the express car, I'll be drivin' the other two guys west of town. And when the train gets to the water tank ----

(MECHANICAL FADE)

SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. AUTOMOBILE RUNNING AT MODERATE SPEED.
2. TYPEWRITER NOISE.
3. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

COLLINS: Oh, hello, Dan -- come in.

McKINNEY: O.K., Mr. Collins.

COLLINS: Fairbanks -- this is Detective McKinney from the Fort Worth police department. Postoffice. Dan, this is Postoffice Inspector Fairbanks.

McKINNEY: Howdy, Inspector.

FAIRBANKS: Glad to meet you, Mr. McKinney.

COLLINS: Gentlemen, I've asked you here this morning to check over our plans for tonight.

McKINNEY: Well, I been on the police force ten years, and I never thought I'd be talkin' over plans of a mail robbery with a Bureau of Investigation Special Agent and a Postal Inspector. Have you talked to the kid again, Mr. Collins?

COLLINS: Yes. Here's what I've learned. Follow me closely, and you'll see what our plans have got to be. First, Indian Frank is to board the mail and express car as the train leaves the yards. He'll tie up the messenger, unlock the safe and sort out the payroll money and the registered mail.

FAIRBANKS: But how about the other members of the gang?

COLLINS: They'll be waiting underneath the water tank two and a half miles west of town.

McKINNEY: Under the water tank?

COLLINS: That's the marker that Indian Frank will look for -- and when he sees the tank looming up in the bright moonlight, he'll kick the bags of money and mail out of the car.

FAIRBANKS: Yes, but can he pick it out? That train will be going plenty fast by then.

COLLINS: They have everything accounted for. A few hundred yards before the water tank, the train crosses a trestle over the Trinity River. So you see he can't miss.

McKINNEY: And when he throws out the money, his pals grab it and run?

COLLINS: That's it. They've told the kid to have the motor running, all set to drive 'em across country to a shack they've rented on the shores of Lake Worth. Meanwhile, Indian Frank will cut the messenger's throat, and leave the train a few miles further on where it slows up for a steep grade. Then Al will pick him up in the car and take him to the shack.

FAIRBANKS: They've got everything figured out, haven't they?

COLLINS: Yes -- everything but the chance of our getting the jump on them.

McKINNEY: And how we going to do that, Mr. Collins?

COLLINS: WELL, here's what we must do. First, we'll have to divide our forces. I'll go right now and make the final arrangements with that railway mail clerk you put on the job, Fairbanks. You and McKinney had better make what preparations you have to, then meet here at my office, and drive in his car to the Trinity River. Locate the water tank, and --

(MECHANICAL FADE)

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STATION NOISE.
2. LETTERS THROWN INTO COMPARTMENTS, RANDALL WHISTLING.

(BACKGROUND LINES: "Two more sacks of
registered."
"All right look the mail
pouch."

COLLINS: Well, Sam, you understand what you're to do?
RANDALL: Yes, suh, Mr. Collins.. Just keep a-standing here,
and keep a-sorting mail.
COLLINS: Right -- and above all -- don't give Indian Frank the
idea that you expected him to jump into the car through
the open door. Act as though you were scared to
death.
RANDALL: I guess that won't be hard.
COLLINS: You're all right, Randall -- I take off my hat to you.
RANDALL: Just don't let that half breed get his knife into me,
that's all I ask, Mr. Collins.
COLLINS: Remember this -- you're a guardian of the United
States Mails. The minute Indian Frank lays a hand on
you, he's committed a crime. But if it looks safe for
you, we'll let him go on and actually tamper with the
United States mails. Then I'll grab him.
RANDALL: Sure hope so.
CONDUCTOR: (OFF) 'Bo-AHD!
(LOCOMOTIVE STARTING UP SLOWLY)
RANDALL: We're startin' up!

COLLINS: All right Sam -- I think we'll have a guest in
twenty seconds more -- Indian Frank will hop aboard
when the train gets just to the edge of the yards.
(FADES OFF) I'll be right here out of sight in this
express hamper. You start sorting letters...just act
natural...attaboy, Sam!

RANDALL: Yes, suh.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. LETTERS FALLING INTO COMPARTMENTS.
2. TRAIN RUNNING AT MODERATE SPEED.
3. RANDALL WHISTLING.
4. TRAIN NOISE ECHOES AS EXPRESS RUNS BETWEEN
TWO LINES OF BOXCARS.
5. SUDDEN CRASH AS INDIAN FRANK JUMPS THROUGH
OPEN DOOR.

INDIAN FRANK: Hey, you! Stick up your hands there! Queek!

RANDALL: Why -- uh -- where'd you come from?

INDIAN FRANK: Get away from the counter!

RANDALL: Why what you -- what you want heah?

INDIAN FRANK: Turn roun' your face to the wall!

RANDALL: Yes, sir -- sure, mister.

INDIAN FRANK: And keep your hands away from the bell-cord, you
understan'?

RANDALL: Yes -- I understand --

INDIAN FRANK: Now, I take thees rope --

RANDALL: Hey, what you going to do?

INDIAN FRANK: Tie you up! So you can' make any trouble, see?

RANDALL: I won't make any trouble -- honest.

INDIAN FRANK: I'll say you won' -- not when I tie up your hands --
like so!

RANDALL: Hey! Go easy! Hey.

INDIAN FRANK: Now amigo -- where you keep the registered letters,
ah?

RANDALL: Aw -- say --

INDIAN FRANK: You see thees gun? All right -- the registered
letters -- queeki!

RANDALL: There they are. That side compartment.

INDIAN FRANK: And the keys to the safe?

RANDALL: Listen, mister --

INDIAN FRANK: (THROWS RANDALL TO THE FLOOR)

Lie on the floor then -- see how you like that!

Maybe I change your face for you with thees boot!

RANDALL: Don't kick me -- the keys are in the pocket of the
vest hanging on that hook.

INDIAN FRANK: Oh, so -- that's better. (OFF) Yes, here they are --
(COMES BACK)

(KEYS JINGLE)

Now I open safe....

(OPENS SAFE DOOR)

Bueno! Here's what I come to get! The payroll money!

I'll stack heek up on the floor....like so...

(LONG BLAST OF WHISTLE)

Eh? What's that? She blow for trestle, huh?

RANDALL: Yep -- we're comin' to the Trinity River, mister.

INDIAN FRANK: Good. That's what I look for -- an' when we get to the water tank -- that's goin' be too bad for you, amigo --

RANDALL: Listen -- I ain't hurtin' you -- I done just what you told me, ain't I?

INDIAN FRANK: You see dees knife? You like heem?

RANDALL: Hey!

COLLINS: (FADING IN QUICKLY - BUSINESSLIKE) All right, Indian Frank, that'll do. Let it go. Drop it.

INDIAN FRANK: Madre de Dios!

COLLINS: Don't move! Don't make trouble, Frank, or I'll have to take it out of you.

INDIAN FRANK: Where you come from? I'll --

RANDALL: Look out for his gun, Mr. Collins!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

(FRANK GROANS AND COLLAPSES)

COLLINS: Well - he should have known better than to try and shoot it out when I had him covered. And I think that takes care of Indian Frank - permanently.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN EFFECT.

2. WIND.

BUTCH: (IRRITABLE) Don't strike a match, you mug!

CHICAGO: Why not, Butch?

BUTCH: You want every tramp in Texas to head for this water-tank?

CHICAGO: Ah, nobody'd see that little light.

BUTCH: Well, lay off, all the same. Now kid, you got the car all ready to break away? You all set? Remember -- from the time we get the mail sacks in that automobile it's up to you.

RAYMOND: (NERVOUS) Yeah -- sure.

BUTCH: What's the matter with you?

CHICAGO: He's nervous, just like you and me. God. This waitin' don't do your nerves no good. Guess I'll --

(WITHDRAWS CORK FROM BOTTLE)

-- take a shot o' redeye.

BUTCH: Well, how about the rest of us?

RAYMOND: I don't want none, thanks.

BUTCH: That's the stuff, Al. You got to drive a car. Here -- gimme that bottle.

CHICAGO: Oke. Have a slug.

BUTCH: I don't care if -- (HIS ATTENTION IS SUDDENLY DIVERTED) Hey -- what's that?

RAYMOND: Where?

BUTCH: There's a car comin', along the road.

CHICAGO: Well what about it?

BUTCH: Lie low,

(MOTORCAR EFFECT PASSES QUICKLY)

CHICAGO: Well, it's gone. Nobody'd see us under this water tank, anyway.

RAYMOND: Just -- just somebody drivin' through, I guess, Butch.

BUTCH: Yeah. Well, it's lucky he didn't stop. We don't want anybody hangin' round when we pick up the dough that Indian Frank throws off the train.

CHICAGO: Yeah...and where the devil is that train? It's due right now.

BUTCH: Listen!

(FAR-OFF WHISTLE) - LONG AND MELANCHOLY)

There she comes!

(TRAIN EFFECT COMES IN.)

A' right, come on, Chicago.

CHICAGO: I'm with you.

(TRAIN EFFECT STOPS)

BUTCH: (SUSPICIOUS) Hey. That train's stopped.

CHICAGO: Frank musta pulled the cord.

BUTCH: There's somethin' screwy here.

CHICAGO: Here's the mail-car -- the door's open all right --

BUTCH: Come on -- quick -- we'll look in, and --

COLLINS: (FADES IN QUICKLY. FIRM AND BUSINESSLIKE) All right, boys. Throw your guns in the car.

BUTCH: Hey -- who are you?

COLLINS: United States Special Agent. All right -- get your hands up -- let's have those guns.

BUTCH: Not mine, you won't -- (FADING) Come on, Chicago -- run! This way --

CHICAGO: That's it -- Back of the water-tank!- We'll get --

FAIRBANKS: Wait a minute! Wait -- a minute! Hold it! Put up your hands!

BUTCH: Another one -- I knew something was up when that car drove by!

CHICAGO: Quick, Butch -- back to the kid -- we'll get away in our own car!

BUTCH: All right -- run for it!

McKINNEY: Oh - oh - not tonight, boys.

BUTCH: Who's that?

CHICAGO: In the back of our own car -- it's a Fort Worth cop!

McKINNEY: Th'ow down yo guns, boys -- and come along quiet!

HUTCH: That kid was a squealer after all! Where is he, the rat! I'll burn him down!

CHICAGO: Never mind the kid -- get these other guys!

FAIRBANKS: Careful, McKinney -- look out! They're drawin' on you!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

BUTCH: (COUGH) I'm -- plugged -- Chicago -- I'm -- (GROANS AND COLLAPSES)

CHICAGO: (IN HORROR) Oh....lissen....please....

McKINNEY: (FADING CLOSER) What's the matter, bud -- you sick?

CHICAGO: Don't shoot -- don't shoot -- you killed him -- don't shoot me --

COLLINS: Give me your gun. That's it. All right, now I assure you there won't be any more shooting. You had t9 drop Butch, eh, McKinney?

McKINNEY: Yeah, Mist' Collins. He was all set to let fly. Course the car was between him and me -- but I didn't aim to let him shoot me.

COLLINS: You did the right thing, Dan. Well, that cuts the gang down considerably. Indian Frank is dead too.

CHICAGO: Hey, lissen, you -- copper -- where's the kid? Al Raymond? Did you get him? Or did he get away?

COLLINS: Never mind, Chicago. Don't bother about him. You've got plenty of worries of your own.

CHICAGO: Yeh -- but how did you get on to us? Did Al tell you?

COLLINS: Certainly not, Chicago. A little bird told us.

CHICAGO: Ah --

COLLINS: Well, you don't expect me to divulge the source of my information to you, do you? All right, then. Come along over to the car.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SURVIVING
MEMBER OF BANDIT GANG TRIED....PLEADS GUILTY....AND
IS SENTENCED TO FEDERAL PENITENTIARY FOR CONSPIRACY
TO ROB UNITED STATES MAILS....CASE 48 - 40.....
UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....DEPARTMENT
OF JUSTICE, CLOSED....ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.....
(WIRELESS BUZZ)....THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL
LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE....CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

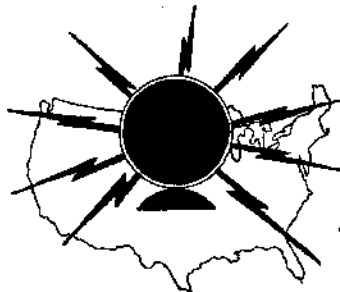
FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
11/22/32



DECEMBER

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, DECEMBER 1, 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:

Greetings and good evening Uncle Sam - how is the missus and how is your Christmas shopping coming along. With Mr. LUCKY STRIKE Christmas comes on every Thursday night, and if you hang up your stocking our own Santy Claus, Jack Pearl, will steal in your loudspeaker and fill it full of laughs.....He's here tonight, the Baron Munchausen, along with that old family retainer, Sharley.....and also here, to provide the love interest.....to contrast with the Baron's comedy, is the George Olsen combination Glee Club and Choral Society with Ethel Shutta, bless La Belle Ethel.. and all the other Olsenites. We start the evening off with them, so George you're on your own and

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) All out, all out! The dancing begins with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet flies back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was George Olsen of the Hotel New Yorker.....who will come back later in the program.....so far we haven't heard from Howard Claney, and he's got something to say.....so let's have it. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

I wonder how many of you smokers realize all the time.....and the effort.....and the care, that's put into that cigarette of yours by thousands of men.....careful workers in the tobacco field gathering the "Cream of the Crop"....skilled craftsmen who blend LUCKY STRIKE'S fragrant Turkish and domestic tobaccos..... painstaking, accurate scientists who "TOAST" those fine tobaccos to make them truly mild. All these workers taking the pride of true artists in preparing for you the finest of cigarettes....in making your LUCKY STRIKE mellow mild....delicious to the taste.... pure. Yes, your cigarette is a mighty big thing to us....because we devote three years of patient effort to make your LUCKY STRIKE, the finest, mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we present that Pearl of great price, Jack Pearl.....and I might add that the day isn't long enough for Jack Pearl to dish out the laughs he'd like to. Tomorrow night he opens in Philadelphia in a grand new show by the Gershwins....titled "Pardon My English," but tonight he faces his big love....his new love.....the radio millions of America. Baron Munchausen, in case you don't know it, was once a pirate sailing the high seas and Captain Kidd in his hey dey never went through more experiences. I'm glad to present him to you, ladies and gentlemen.... I give you that old salt, Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "PIRATE LORE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I can't help but feel that Mr. LUCKY STRIKE had the right idea when he stated that what America needs is a darn good laugh.....and he couldn't have made a better choice than in bringing to the microphone your foreign cousin, the Baron Munchausen. Jack is by no means through for the evening....he's simply out in the wings with Cliff Hall figuring out what he'll say on his next appearance.....and now it's Olsen's turn to speak, and he's going to say it with music, so

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Back to man at the controls flies the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Time out Uncle Sam...this is the half and here's Howard Claney...MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

In these days when all you folks are looking for more than merely low price, it's a real joy to bring you a message of quality.....to tell men about a cigar in which quality is first, even though the cost is modest. I'm inviting you tonight to try a Certified Cremo for its quality alone.....to settle back in your easy chair and enjoy Cremo's smooth, flavorful goodness...to notice the rich, even texture and the famous Perfecto shape that's the sign of a fine cigar.....to watch that long, firm ash that tells you Certified Cremo is made of the finest slow-burning, long filler tobaccos. As you enjoy the delicious goodness of your Certified Cremo, you'll readily see why this fine cigar has won millions of friends. It offers superior quality and unequalled value - five cents straight, three for ten cents.

Try a Cremo - right now! Discover the real satisfaction of a delicious smoke.....a cigar that is always good and always clean -- for Certified Cremo is the only cigar finished under glass. Certified Cremo - five cents straight, three for ten cents.

-----STATION BREAK-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam, it won't be long now before the Baron Munchausen steps up to the microphone again and fires another barrage of foolishness right into your living room. Meanwhile, Ethel Shutta's pride and despair, George Olsen, is giving instructions to his combination Choral Society and Bird Lovers Club. The Magic Carpet takes a quickie at this point, 'cause we switch things over to the orchestra and holler out --

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

And without further ado, we swing into the dance
with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Here goes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you, George, and all of you listeners can now
settle back and take it easy while Jack Pearl takes over your funny
bone and turns it topsy turvy.....For you late comers, I should
explain that the Baron tonight is remembering his experiences when
he was one of the most famous pirates that ever roamed the Spanish
Main. It's blood-curdling, that's what, and here he is again --
The Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART - "PIRATE LORE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That laughter and applause Uncle Sam was the local reaction to radio's hilarious clown and funny man Jack Pearl walking away from the microphone until this same time next week...As you know, Jack is the head man at these Thursday night parties and he'll keep his date with you next week with another order of laughing gas... Incidentally, let me point out here a little news about what will happen two nights from now at this same time....Our Saturday program will present Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday in a program of songs from the operettas.....Doctor Louis Katzman and his orchestra will accompany them at that time while two other bands will furnish the dance music outside the studio....One of them will be Vincent Lopez from the Congress Hotel in Chicago.....the other will be Jack Denny at the Waldorf Astoria knee deep in debutantes....but right now George Olsen is impatient and ready to go so let's give him his cue....

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now we flash back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hold everything, George, for a few moments and we'll call on you again....Meanwhile Howard Claney has an important message.....

HOWARD CLANEY:

In an immense pavillion out in Chicago, the famous international Horse show is in full swing this week....A lot of you Chicago listeners have probably seen those expert riders from all over the world competing in the thrilling riding and jumping events. It's the gala event of the year -- and if you'll look closely you'd notice that even among the skilled riders from foreign lands, LUCKY STRIKE is just as much a favorite as it is among the smart society folk in Chicago! Why? Simply because people the world over want a cigarette that's truly mild -- and folks have discovered, in those choice, fragrant and flavorful LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos, the real mildness that can only be given to them by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. Why not light a delicious LUCKY right now -- join the distinguished smokers of the world in the enjoyment of LUCKY STRIKE'S true mellow-mildness.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

There isn't much time Uncle Sam, so I won't waste it in persiflage and piffle or in banter and badinage....on the contrary I'll turn things back with the turn of a switch to the man with the gleaming teeth, George Olsen.....

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

And the dance does go on with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard, all aboard, our train is on its way

(TRAIN SIGNATURE) And now everybody climb on the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

*** ***

*** ***

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
12/1/32

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XIII

"PIRATE LORE"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 1, 1932

EPIISODE XIII

"PIRATE LORE"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

NOTE:

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EPISODE ~~III~~ - PART I"PIRATE LORE"

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, just a moment! You shouldn't say that.

BARON: Sharley, when I got something to say, I say what I wanna say, even if you say I shouldn't say it!

CHARLEY: But I know for a positive fact that George Jackson is a lawyer.

BARON: And I say he's a bookkeeper! A cheap bookkeeper.

CHARLEY: What makes you say that?

BARON: He borrowed a book from me two years ago and he's got it yet! And what's more, he went away and took the book with him.

CHARLEY: He probably carried it away for a joke.

BARON: But he went to China!

CHARLEY: To China!

BARON: Yes - and that's carrying a joke too far! I stood for his jokes long enough - now I'm finished.

CHARLEY: The worm turned.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said, the worm turned.

BARON:Who said anything about worms? Why must you dig up a poor worm and bring him into this argument.

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, don't get excited.

BARON: Who's excited? Never! No sir! Not me! I'm as clam as an oyster.

CHARLEY: Listen, Baron, I was just quoting an old adage,
meaning the worm turns and shows a different side.

BARON: Don't be zilly! A worm is the same on both sides.

CHARLEY: What kind of a book was it you loaned George?

BARON: A book about doughnut weasles.

CHARLEY: Doughnut weasles?

BARON: Pastry gophers, cake mice --

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean pirates?

BARON: You got it! Pierats!

CHARLEY: A book about buccaneers.

BARON: Yes - a book, a bok, a-----you're commencing.

CHARLEY: Was it a valuable book?

BARON: No, but it was worth a lot of money. And besides I
need it because I am going on a treasure hunt.

CHARLEY: Don't do it, Baron -- you'll just waste your time and
money.

BARON: Is that so? Well, when the Baron hunts for treasures
he finds them.

CHARLEY: Oh, you've found treasure before?

BARON: I found one last week.

CHARLEY: In a pirates cave?

BARON: No -- in an evening gown. She had blue eyes, all
burnt hair, rose button lips --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, Baron!- Aren't you a bit mixed?

BARON: Oh, I have my mixing moments.

CHARLEY: I was referring to pirate treasures; pieces of eight,
jewels, gold, silver and so forth.

BARON: Oh, I found plenty of them. Once I read where a
pierats ship went down off the coast of Australia.

CHARLEY: Off the coast of Australia!

BARON: Yes - I was in New York so I jumped in a rowboat --

CHARLEY: Hold on! Don't tell me you went from New York to Australia in a rowboat.

BARON: Wouldn't you believe it?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So I went in a steamer.

CHARLEY: That's more like it.

BARON: And when I got to Australia I read where a pierats ship went down off the coast of New York -- So I jumped in a canoe --

CHARLEY: Wait! Are you going to tell me you went from Australia to New York in a canoe?

BARON: You wouldn't believe that either?

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: So I read where the ship went down in the lake in Central Park. Do you believe that?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Well it didn't! It went down in the ocean.

CHARLEY: Atlantic or Pacific?

BARON: I said ocean! Not tea company!

CHARLEY: Well, what ocean?

BARON: The Idiotic Sea.

CHARLEY: The Adriatic Sea.

BARON: Who cares? It went down over two hundred years ago with seventeen million dollars on board.

CHARLEY: And of course you found the seventeen million dollars.

BARON: Yes - with six percent interest for two hundred years.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it!

BARON: I can prove it.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: Well, I'm glad that's settled.

CHARLEY: My dear Baron, we're talking and getting nowhere.

BARON: Then we won't have to come back.

CHARLEY: On the level, Baron, did you ever find a pirate's treasure?

BARON: On the level I didn't -- I had to dig for it. I was making a trip to Singapore.

CHARLEY: Singapore - the Southern point of the Malay Peninsula!

BARON: Sure.....what's that perminee-cular?

CHARLEY: A peninsula is a portion of land nearly surrounded by water and joined to a larger body by an isthmus.

BARON: (LAUGH) Now I know less than before.

CHARLEY: Surely you know what an isthmus is, don't you?

BARON: Sure --- it's next door to a perminee-cular.

CHARLEY: An isthmus is a strip of land jutting into the sea -- a neck of dirt.

BARON: A neck of dirt!

CHARLEY: Yes. -

BARON: (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What are you laughing about?

BARON: Has my uncle got an isthmus!

CHARLEY: Never mind your uncle, tell me about your treasure hunt.

BARON: Well, we was sailing down the dirty neck.

CHARLEY: The isthmus!

BARON: Yes - when the ship was wrecked and I was cast up on a camon-ball island.

CHARLEY: A cannibal island.

CHARLEY: A cannibal island.

BARON: Yes -- the cannabellas was head hunters - and the minute they saw me they got ambitious.

CHARLEY: They got ambitious?

BARON: Yes -- they wanted to get ahead.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My head! But I fooled them.

CHARLEY: How did you fool them?

BARON: I got myself excited and lost my head. When they couldn't find it they went back to headquarters.

CHARLEY: THEN what did you do?

BARON: I found my head, jumped in the ocean and swam to another island.

CHARLEY: You swam to an island.

BARON: I swam to an island.

CHARLEY: Swam.

BARON: Floated! For three days I was without food for over a week.

CHARLEY: For three days you were without food for over a week?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: That sounds like you've lost your head again.

BARON: Who knows -- but the next day on the beach I found a half a fish.

CHARLEY: That was a piece of luck.

BARON: No - a piece of fish. It was a weak fish.

CHARLEY: A weak fish?

BARON: Yes - but very strong! Very strong! While I was wrestling with the fish two pierats came along.

CHARLEY: Two pirates.

BARON: Yes - one of them had a big box on his back.

CHARLEY: A chest on his back.

BARON: No - his chest was in front.

CHARLEY: I mean his treasure chest was on his back.

BARON: On his back was his back not his chest.

CHARLEY: You said he had a box on his back, didn't you?

BARON: So it was on his shoulders!

CHARLEY: All right, it was on his shoulders!

BARON: The other pierat had two spades.

CHARLEY: Two spades!

BARON: Yes - two spades no trump. His partner started to bid --

CHARLEY: Wait! What is this a treasure hunt or a game of bridge?

BARON: Excuse me -- I was crossing that bridge before I came to it. To make a long story continuous, they dug a hole and buried the box.

CHARLEY: They buried the treasure.

BARON: Yes -- suddenly both of them pulled out knives and commenced to fight --

CHARLEY: Over the loot --

BARON:Come over please!

CHARLEY: They fought over the spoils, plunder, booty.

BARON: Stuff! It was a fight to the finish.

CHARLEY: They annihilated each other.

BARON: No, they killed each other. Right away I dug up the box.

CHARLEY: What was in it?

BARON: It was full of jams.

CHARLEY: Full of jams? Preserves?

BARON: No, jams! Safety razors.

CHARLEY: Safety razors?

BARON: Gems!

CHARLEY: Oh, precious gems.

BARON: Yes - diamonds, safeinfires -

CHARLEY: Sapphires!

BARON: Anarchists -

CHARLEY: Amethysts.

BARON: Turtlesquas -

CHARLEY: Turquois!

BARON: Footpaz -

CHARLEY: Topaz!

BARON: And clam chowder.

CHARLEY: Clam ohowder!

BARON: Vegetable soup, consomme ---

CHARLEY: Do you by chance mean bullion?

BARON: You got it! Bullion! Seven thousand pounds of
bullion!

CHARLEY: Seven thousand pounds!

BARON: Yes, so I picked up the bullion and carried it to the
beach, and --

CHARLEY: Whoa, Baron!

BARON: You don't believe I picked it up?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So I didn't pick it up!

CHARLEY: That's better.

BARON: And I didn't dig it up!

CHARLEY: Still better.

BARON: And the pierats didn't fight -- they wasn't even
there -- and I wasn't there and it never happened!

CHARLEY: That's just what I thought.

BARON: So I picked up the seven thousand pounds of bullion!

CHARLEY: All right -- you picked it up.

BARON: But when I got to the beach the two pierats took it away from me.

CHARLEY: I thought they had killed each other!

BARON: They did - but they was only fooling.

CHARLEY: What in the name of common sense are you talking about?

BARON: Don't change the subject. Then they sailed away and left me macaronied!

CHARLEY: Marooned!

BARON: Yes -- for sixteen years I was on that island.

CHARLEY: For sixteen years?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: When did this happen?

BARON: Two months ago.

CHARLEY: After that I'll bid you good morning.

BARON: Good afternoon.

CHARLEY: Good night.

BARON: Thank goodness that day is over!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"EPISODE XIII - PART II"PIRATE LORE"

CHARLEY: I see you have two new medals, Baron.

BARON: Yes - I just got them.

CHARLEY: What is this one, silver?

BARON: No, its platt-ina-lum-ber-lum.

CHARLEY: Its what?

BARON: Platter-pliun- miramum.

CHARLEY: Oh, platinum.

BARON: Yes - plapinplumber - Gum, glum -- Maybe its tin.

CHARLEY: I guess its platinum all right, and this other one,
I take it, is gold.

BARON: Its gold -- but you don't take it.

CHARLEY: What did you get the platinum medal for?

BARON: For chopping down a tree.

CHARLEY: And what did you get the gold one for?

BARON: For chopping it up.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Let's get back to the pirates, Baron.

BARON: Sure - they're waiting for us.

CHARLEY: Did you ever come in contact with any?

BARON: Yes, sir! On my last trip I met a disender of the
bigest pierat what ever was.

CHARLEY: A descendant of a famous pirate!

BARON: Yes - Sergeant Child.

CHARLEY: Sergeant Child!

BARON: Lieutenant Infant, Major Baby.

CHARLEY: Do you mean Captain Kidd?

BARON: You got it! Captain Kidd! I was standing in the bend over the boat --

CHARLEY: In the what?

BARON:Maybe you ain't here?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry but I didn't understand you.

BARON: I said I was standing in the bend over the boat.

CHARLEY: What is the bend over a boat?

BARON: The bow! I was looking through the bunnucklers.

CHARLEY: Binoculars.

BARON: Opera glasses.

CHARLEY: And what did you see?

BARON: A ship! Right away I knew he was a picrat by the flag.

CHARLEY: He was flying the Jolly Roger.

BARON:I beg your stuff.

CHARLEY: I said, he was flying the Jolly Roger.

BARON: I don't know if it was the Jolly Roger, the Buddy Rogers or the George Olsen - but he shot a cannon ball at us as quick as you could say Jacob Robin-owitz-sky-son.

CHARLEY: Jack Robinson.

BARON: Yes - I say Jacob Robin-owitz-sky-son for short.

CHARLEY: I see. Did you return his fire?

BARON: No, I didn't have a cannon on my boat.

CHARLEY: Didn't have a cannon on your boat?

BARON: No sir! Once more he shot at us.

CHARLEY: Again as quick as you could say Jack Robinson.

BARON: Even quicker than you could say the initials! Now I was mad! So I shot a cannon ball at him!

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! A moment ago you said you didn't have a cannon aboard the boat.

BARON: I said that a moment ago.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Well, since then I put one on.

CHARLEY: Where did you get it?

BARON: Are you selling cannons?

CHARLEY: Why no.

BARON: So what do you care? The next thing you know he was right beside us!

CHARLEY: Did he board you?

BARON:once over, please.

CHARLEY: I said, did the pirate board you?

BARON: No, he just gave me a room. He hollered "Surrender and I'll give you quarters."

CHARLEY: And did you surrender?

BARON: No sir! A Munchausen never surrenders for quarters -- Not even for half dollars!

CHARLEY: What happened then?

BARON: The Pirate Chief rushed at me with his outlet.

CHARLEY: His cutlass.

BARON: I hit him with my lamb chop! He stuck me in the spare ribs with a soup bone.

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron!

BARON: Somebody slapped him on the kidneys with a sirloin steak and he started beefing.

CHARLEY: Baron! Please! Wait! That sounds like a fight in a butcher shop.

BARON: Sure - he was my meat! But the old duck was game.
He gave me one rap with his pigs knuckles on the
liver and put out my lights.

CHARLEY: And you were captured?

BARON: I was ketched.

CHARLEY: Did he still offer you quarters?

BARON: Not even nickles! He decided I should stroll the
platform.

CHARLEY: Stroll the platform?

BARON: Skip the beam, run the board --

CHARLEY: Do you mean walk the plank?

BARON: You got it! Walk the plank! But he changed his mind.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: He said I wasn't worth my board - so instead he tied
me to a wash basin and threw me in the ocean.

CHARLEY: Why did he tie you to a wash basin?

BARON: So I would sink. Well sir, I hit the bottom of the
ocean and for six days I walked around looking for
land.

CHARLEY: Come, come, Baron - you know you didn't walk on the
bottom of the ocean.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I was walking on the bottom of the ocean!

CHARLEY: Very well, Baron - I acquiese.

BARON:are you leaving?

CHARLEY: Why, no. I said I acquiese, assent, accocde.

BARON: All right, don't believe it. Suddenly I came to a
fish who was tuning a piano.

CHARLEY: What in the world kind of a fish can tune a piano?

BARON: A tuna fish.

CHARLEY: And what was a piano doing at the bottom of the ocean?

BARON: The mermaids was teaching the fishes their scales.

CHARLEY: Am I supposed to believe that?

BARON: Ripley.

CHARLEY: What do you mean Ripley?

BARON: Believe it or not. Then the fishes sang the herring song.

CHARLEY: The herring song? What's that?

BARON: River kipper way from my door.

CHARLEY: You mean to tell me fish can sing?

BARON: Sure - sea robins. The next fish I met was a September-puss.

CHARLEY: September-puss?

BARON: I mean October-puss.

CHARLEY: Octopus!

BARON: Yes -- I was one month out of the way. He introduced me to another fish -- Now what was the name of that fish?

CHARLEY: God fish?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Whale?

BARON: No - it starts with a "Z".

CHARLEY: A "Z"? I never heard of a fish whose name started with a "Z".

BARON: I got it!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Zalmon! The zalmon took me to a pool room.

CHARLEY: Took you to a pool room!

BARON: Yes, but I didn't play pool.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: All the players was sharks. So we went and had a drink.

CHARLEY: A drink? Where?

BARON: At a sand bar. And oh, you should have seen the oysters getting stewed! While I was there I got acquainted with a shad.

CHARLEY: A shad?

BARON: Yes - the shad owned a boat and he said he'd take me to the top of the ocean.

CHARLEY: The shad spoke to you?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: You met singing fish and talking fish?

BARON: Yee sir.

CHARLEY: They certainly were well educated.

BARON: Why not? They're always in schools. Anyhow the shad said he'd take me to the top of the ocean if I paid his price.

CHARLEY: How much did he want?

BARON: A fin.

CHARLEY: A fin?

BARON: Five dollars. That was all right but he wanted me to row the boat but I wouldn't.

CHARLEY: You wouldn't row the boat?

BARON: No sir - I made the shad row. Well we got to the surplus.

CHARLEY: The surface.

BARON: Upstairs - but there wasn't a boat in sight. I
thought I was lost - when suddenly who did I meet?

CHARLEY: Santa Claus.

BARON:please! The Baron makes the fun.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry. Who did you meet?

BARON: My grandmother.

CHARLEY: You met your grandmother!

BARON: Sure - in the middle of the ocean.

CHARLEY: What was she doing in the middle of the ocean?

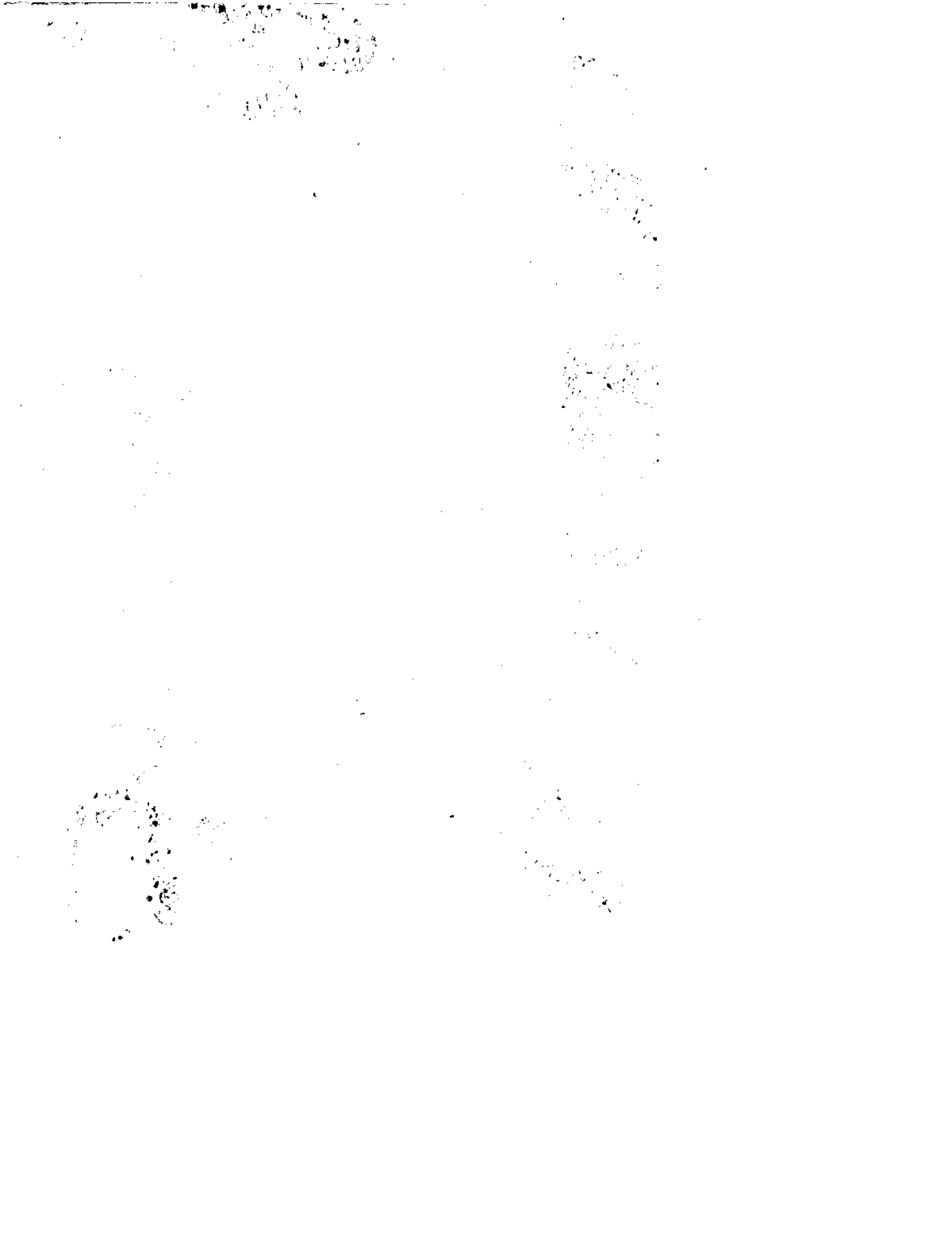
BARON: Lighthouse keeping.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

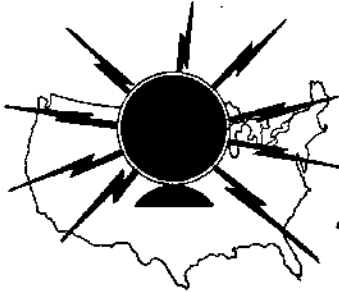
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
11/28/32



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, DECEMBER 3, 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 - there's a show to be put on tonight and there's no sense in my gabbing along like my dear Aunt Mame down the back stairs - because we must be on our way flashing between New York and Chicago. Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday are here too, and for the benefit of the women, let me say that Miss Herbert is wearing an ermine gown with platinum hooks and eyes - and Bob Halliday, that romantic swashbuckling devil, is wearing doublet and hose. In the Waldorf-Astoria Jack Denny has his first team of debutantes ready, and out in Chicago Vincent Lopez is wearing a smileso let's see Vincent first....away you go with the speed of the winter winds, out to the Congress Hotel on the shores of Lake Michigan.

ON WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT...(WHISTLE)...OKAY, CHICAGO!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Hello everybody, Lopez speaking from the Congress Hotel in Chicago where we play first -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Magic Carpet is eastward bound, back to Walter O'Keefe!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Muchas Gracias, Senor Lopez!....Como esta ustaydes!....
Sixteen years ago I got 99 in Spanish....I really must brush up on
it before the Magic Carpet goes to South America again....This is
the spot, ladies and gentlemen, where we stop talking Spanish and
talk a little plain horse sense....I give you Howard Glaney.

HOWARD GLANEY:

Under a warm blue sky, polo riders flash swiftly
back and forth on that beautiful sun-swept field out at Del Monte,
California. The polo season is on in California -- and between
chukkers you'll notice in the gay, colorful crowds watching the
match in that golden sunshine, that whenever cigarettes are passed
around, there's always an outstanding favorite....the modern
cigarette - LUCKY STRIKE. And you discriminating smokers the
country over, know why folks out there in California prefer LUCKIES -
for everywhere you go, you'll find that people want a cigarette
that is truly mild. And LUCKY STRIKE offers smokers the smooth,
delicious goodness of choice Turkish and domestic tobaccos, carefully
blended and then made really mild - mellow-mild - by that famous
"TOASTING" Process - the extra treatment which only LUCKY STRIKE
gives....the process that imparts true mildness. Light a LUCKY
right now and enjoy the finest, mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS
O'KEEFE SAYS:)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Out of the bows and strings and guitars, Doctor Louis Katzman and his music masters are weaving the background of romance for the first appearance this evening of Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday. For their first number they sing "Kiss Me" from "Going Up"This was written by a famous composer of yesterday, known as Hirsch....and he also was responsible for the lilting tunes of the "O'Brien Girl." So Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday borrow from that same O'Brien girl when they sing "Learn to Smile." Few have been as consistent in turning out the lonely laments of lovers as Cole Porter whose new show "The Gay Divorce" presented Fred Astaire on Broadway again last Tuesday night. From "Wake Up and Dream" this romantic young couple, in melancholy, minor tones, pose the question "What Is This Thing Called Love?".....So those are the rondeleys.... here are the singers....and we're happy to present to you Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday.

(MISS HERBERT AND MR. HALLIDAY SING: -- "KISS ME"

"LEARN TO SMILE"

"WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED
LOVE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It won't take long to make this next hop, Uncle Sam, as the Magic Carpet zooms up over Fifth Avenue, over Madison Avenue and over to stately, statuesque Park Avenue, where Jack Denny and his orchestra will greet you from the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria..... Imagine the soft lights, the soft carpets and the soft music as we cry out

ON WITH THE DANCE, MR. DENNY (WHISTLE) OKAY, WALDORF ASTORIA!

JACK DENNY:

This is Jack Denny welcoming you all to the Empire Room where the dancing goes on with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

JACK DENNY:

Back to the Pilot, uptown and across-town, dashes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Jack, that was Denny, ladies and gentlemen..... Jack Denny, the debutantes hope on the air. He'll return later...as a matter of fact, we all will.....we've only come to the first half of the hour and it's time for Howard Clancy to speak again.

MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's a fine Yuletide gift for a man who likes to settle back in his easy chair and enjoy a fine cigar! Give him one of those colorful Christmas boxes of Certified Cremos....and say, won't his face light up with pleasure! There's a wealth of delicious smoking enjoyment in every Certified Crema, because in every Crema there's a wealth of flavorful, fragrant long-filler tobaccos....even that famous Perfecto shape lets a man know that here is a truly fine, high-quality cigar! Plan now to get some of those beautiful, specially wrapped Christmas boxes of Cremos. Remember, Certified Crema offers you not only fine quality, but the greatest cigar value in the world, because it comes to you at the unique price of five cents straight - three for ten cents. If you haven't yet tried a Certified Crema - say, you have a delicious smoke in store for you.....and it's always immaculately clean, for Certified Crema is the only cigar in the world finished under glass. Try a Crema - discover that a really fine cigar can be sold at the modest cost of five cents straight - three for ten cents!

-----STATION BREAK-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Here's where we ride again, ladies and gentlemen. Here's where we hitch-hike across country...here's where we hit the trail to the Windy City in the Middle West....the grand old town of Chicago, where Mrs. O'Leary's cow broke into the front pages so many years ago....In that proud array of buildings fronting on the Boul Mich is the Congress Hotel...and inside its doors there is a beautiful room designed by Joseph Urban.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

They had to have beautiful music to match the room, so they lured Vincent Lopez away from New York, and now Chicago is his adopted home. Tonight he is holding an "At Home" for the LUCKY STRIKE family, so let's drop in for a visit.

ON WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT..(WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And here in Chicago at the Congress Hotel we play --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Magic Carpet flashes over Chicago and Lake Michigan, and starts back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS

O'KEEFE SAYS:)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You're back on the Magic Carpet of the air, ladies and gentlemen, and in the pit the orchestra conducted by Dr. Katzman is playing the overture before the curtain goes up on another pleasant interlude of romance. Let your imagination be your ticket as the scene shifts to Central Europe and the setting of another great operetta by Franz Lehar, called "The Count of Luxembourg".....In their selection from this, Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday ask each other a question....The question is "Are You going to Dance?".....Y'know some six or seven years ago Broadway was agog over the music from a show called "Dearest Enemy." The music was gay, the lyrics were ingenious as furnished by Dick Rogers and Larry Hart. One of the hits of that show was called "Here In My Arms" which you must certainly remember. The other choice of this minstrel and his mail will be from the treasure chest of Victor Herbert.....They are going to sing "Moonbeams". So there goes the curtain up....an amber spotlight is flooding the stage and again we give you Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday.

(MISS HERBERT AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "ARE YOU GOING TO DANCE"
"HERE IN MY ARMS"
"MOONBEAMS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You just heard Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.... and we'll have them back again at this same time next week. Right now Howard Claney is here. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Have you seen those beautiful Christmas cartons of LUCKIES? Aren't they gorgeous....aren't they new, original, and different. Why, even the shape of the carton is something you've never seen before! And just think how delighted your friends will be to receive one of these splendid Christmas cartons....ten packs of the finest, mildest cigarettes in all the world! Put it down on your list right now: "Christmas carton of LUCKIES" -- already wrapped in colorful package, ready to mail if necessary. Really, folks, I'm enthusiastic about this splendid Christmas carton -- I know it's just the gift for millions of people....for discriminating smokers everywhere enjoy that mellow, balanced blend of fragrant Turkish and domestic tobaccos, made truly mild by the famous and exclusive "TOASTING" Process. So be sure to put that Christmas carton of LUCKIES down on your list; and meanwhile - how about enjoying a LUCKY right now -- the mildest, most delicious cigarette you ever smoked!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Howard....you made your announcement, and now it's up to me to spread the news about Tuesday night. The orchestra to salute your ears Tuesday will be that of that famous composer, conductor and brand new father....Ferde Grofe, who will back up our crime thriller throughout the evening's program. On that same program we will present another famous case handled by the Federal Agents in Washington. This new one is known as "The Ship Wreckers"... but that's another night, Uncle Sam, and tonight you are doing the town on the Magic Carpet, and not many blocks away is the stately, beautiful Waldorf-Astoria where Jack Denny's music fits perfectly into the glamorous surroundings. You're on your way there now... open up, Jack Denny, and

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, WALDORF-ASTORIA!

JACK DENNY:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

JACK DENNY:

We fly over the bright lights of Manhattan, back to the man at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

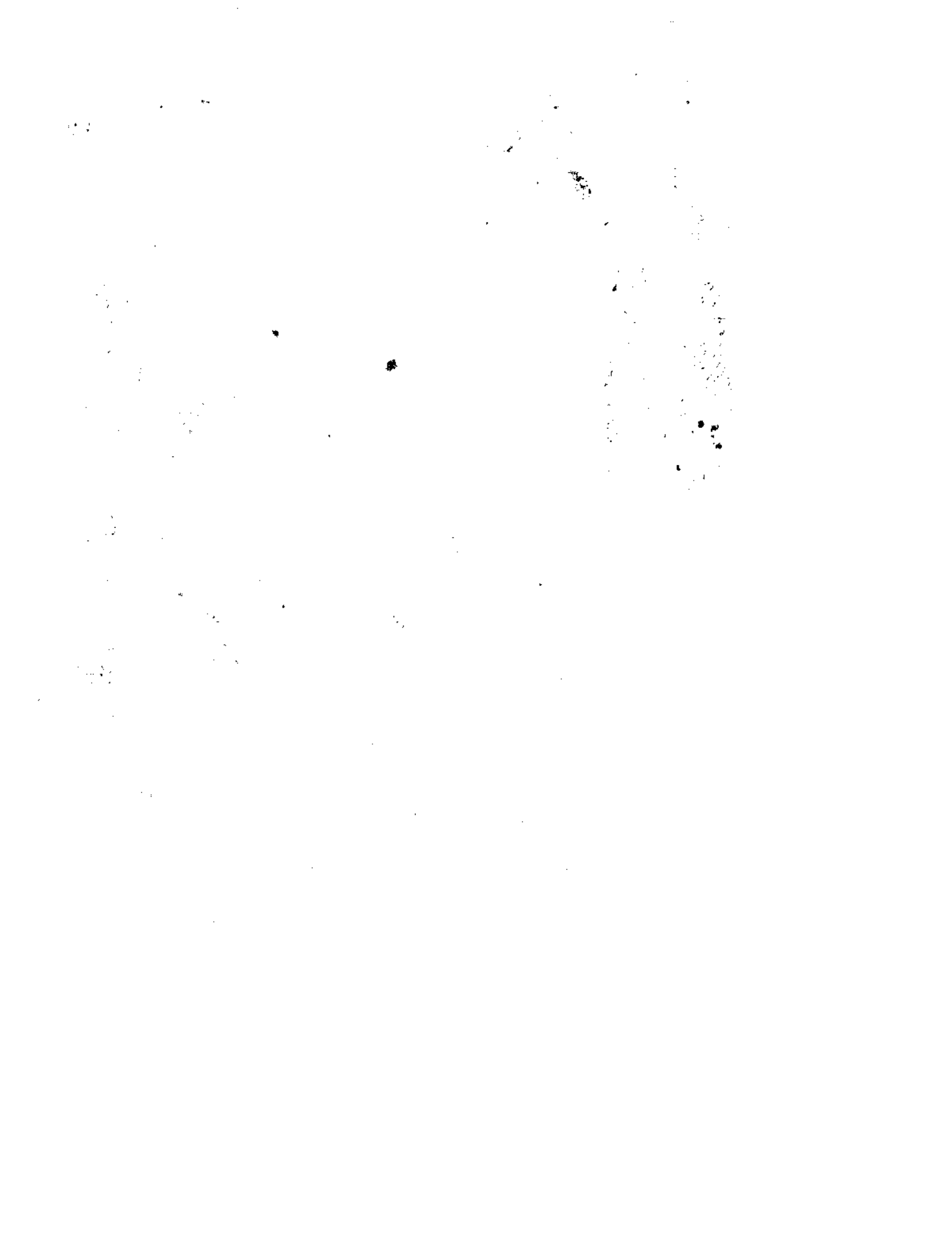
HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This program has come to you from New York City and
Chicago, Illinois, through the facilities of the National
Broadcasting Company.

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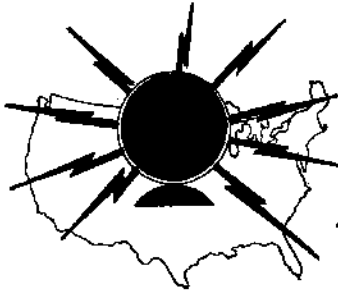
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
12/3/32



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, DECEMBER 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, ladies and gentlemen, tonight there's a show to be put on and a good one if these old ears ever heard one.....We've got another crime thriller called "The Ship Wreckers"... But first of all we've got Ferde Grofe who is a great conductor and a great composer.....He's going to make this tune up as he goes along so pay close attention.....

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

ANNOUNCER:

Ferde Grofe and his orchestra start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Now we speed the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Ferde, and thanks too to you boys in the orchestra.....Keep it up boys with a hey nonny nonny and a ha cha cha. But this is Howard Clancy's spot, ladies and gentlemen, so I turn you all over to him.....MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's a word to all you wise Christmas shoppers! Drop in at your favorite cigarette dealer's....look at those beautiful Christmas cartons of LUCKIES -- and you'll see your Christmas gift problem solved for you. Those Christmas cartons of LUCKIES are beautiful -- colorful -- original -- they hold ten packages of LUCKIES -- 200 delicious, mellow-mild cigarettes. You'll find them all packed and ready for mailing, a delightful gift for your friends and relatives - wherever they may be! It's the ideal gift because folks always welcome those truly mild cigarettes -- the mellow, perfect blend of fragrant LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos made deliciously, smoothly mellow-mild by the famous "TOASTING" Process. Light up a LUCKY right now -- enjoy the friendly, flavorful mildness only LUCKY STRIKE can offer. And don't forget how good LUCKIES are when you make out your Christmas list!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Last Friday night I went to the opening of the new play by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler called "The Great Magoo".....and before the curtain goes up.....as in the case of every opening night.....there's an electric tension that permeates the crowd..... I hope that same electric tension is permeating all of you now as the curtain starts to rise on our new melodrama of mystery.....As you know, Mr. LUCKY STRIKE dramatizes these cases from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice down at Washington, D.C.....The title of tonight's thriller is "The Ship Wreckers.".....Special Agent Number Five is listening for orders and instructions are flying through the air from headquarters.....

(WHISTLE)....ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE SHIP WRECKERS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well....that's that....and it must be kind of cozy by the fire on a night like this me hearties.....The first act certainly unfolds a gripping thread of story about plunder and pillage on the high seas. Roberts and his sea-robbers have managed to sink five ships of the line and so far no evidence has come out of the waves. Looking for a motive one question naturally comes to mind, "Just what is the point in these four sailors sinking the ships? Who's behind them? Do the Federal Agents land only this group or do they manage to nab the sinister evil genius behind the whole plot?" Stand by bosun and we'll unravel it for you as the evening wears on. Within a little while our LUCKY STRIKE players will lift the curtain on the second act. And now you're off in a cloud of stardust to the feet of our native composer who is playing the role of conductor tonight.....Ferde Grofe.

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

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor
Ferde Grofe and his boys play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

We take that short and speedy hop back to the pilot.
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Ferde Grofe, Mr. and Mrs. Stay at Home.....
and at this point the Magic Carpet pauses for a breather while
Howard Claney has something to say about your Christmas shopping.
MR. CLANEY:

HOWARD CLANEY:

How many men on your Christmas list smoke cigars?
Make a note right now.....put those men down for a really splendid
gift - a colorful Christmas box of Certified Cremo cigars. How
they'll welcome the rich smoking enjoyment packed in that box.....
for every man relishes the flavorful, long-filler tobaccos of
Certified Cremo -- every man recognizes in that famous Perfecto
shape of Certified Cremo the mark of a high quality cigar...and
every man appreciates the clean, safe protection of the only cigar
finished under glass! Certified Cremo offers men not only high
quality, but the greatest cigar value in the world. And now it
is sold at the unique price of five cents straight - three for ten
cents. What a wealth of delicious, full-flavored tobacco goodness
there is in every Cremo.....why, until you've tried Certified Cremo
you'd never dream that such rich cigar pleasure could be had at such
a modest cost! Try a Cremo - notice the long, firm ash; the slow,
even-burning of choice long-filler leaves. Give yourself the
enjoyment of this truly splendid cigar -- Certified Cremo now five
cents straight - three for ten cents.

-----STATION BREAK-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Howard Clane and this is your pilot back again, customers, and just to clear things up for the latecomers to our show let me explain that this is the LUCKY STRIKE Tuesday Night Dancing and Mystery Lovers Club....The mystery tonight revolves around a case known as the "Ship Wreckers".....a ruthless race of rascals who rob the high seas. We'll start the second act in a moment or two but as you stroll back to your seats the music for the entr'acte will be furnished to you by the talented hand of the talented Ferde Grofe. They're yours Ferde so --

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

ANNOUNCER:

Without further ado we swing into the dance with --

(TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Back to the man at the controls speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You're back in the Magic Carpet theatre of the air as the second act starts in tonight's case of crime. This happens to be the twenty-fourth thriller in twenty-six weeks....we only missed out on Election Night and the evening of that other fight when Sharkey and Schmeling traded long lefts....In this new series of ours the cases come from the files of the Department of Justice in Washington and tonight's has to do with a gang of desperadoes who have littered the surface of the southern seas with the wrecks of freighters. Five ships have been sunk and by now Washington is looking into it.....the Federal Agents are trying to untangle the snarl of evidence that leads apparently nowhere. Special Agent Number Five is listening, orders are flashing through the air from headquarters so

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE SHIP WRECKERS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, the surprise party is over neighbor, and it was certainly a shock to find the owner of the line the one back of the whole plot. In this case the Federal Men seeking a motive, figured that no one but Sanders could possibly have any interest in the loss of the ships and bided their time until he and Zamorra let the cat out of the bag. Rennie took care of his own shake and the prisons finally housed the rest of the mob, and now as you file out of the theatre the lesson is driven home once again that Crime is a poor gamble and that the criminal is certain to lose. Next week another story will be played for you....and so tonight we go on with the dancing for the rest of the hour. Kneec deep in arrangements, with his right hand raised ready to give the signal, is Ferde Grofe....the maestro of the evening, so here he comes into your home and it's

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

ANNOUNCER:

This time Ferde Grofe and his orchestra play --

(TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It's good to have you here Ferde....bring around the boys any time and have them bring their wives and children next time.....let's make it a big party. Hold on for a moment and I'll call on you, but now it's Howard Claneys turn to speak. Here he is.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Whether it's listening to a good radio program, or a few minutes with a good cigarette.....when you're enjoying yourself, all's right with the world! And when it's a LUCKY you're smoking, you're always sure of delicious, flavorful enjoyment - and you're always sure of true mildness! LUCKIES are good - extra good! -- because LUCKY STRIKE gives you that extra benefit of the famous "TOASTING" Process.....the process that develops to the fullest, the rich flavor and fragrance of the world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- and gives those choice tobaccos real mellow mildness. Open your package of LUCKIES now -- take out one of those delicious, fragrantly mild cigarettes....light up a mild, mellow, pleasure-filled LUCKY! -- Settle back and enjoy the finest of all cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

About Thursday night Uncle Sam, there are a couple of items of interest to you all. Of course that is Jack Pearl night.. the night when this unbelievably funny little fellow struts up to the microphone with Cliff Hall playing the role of Sharley and turns America right over on its ear with laughter as he recites his adventures as Baron Munchausen. I was talking to Jack and he gave me to understand that out of his wealth of experience there is one period he has never forgotten....it has to do with the time he went around building big bridges. Yowsah...the great engineer himself will tell all so don't miss it....and now let's get on with the nimble nip ups and collegiata capers.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Everybody swing your partners to the tune of --

(TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Climb aboard! Here goes the high flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
12/8/32

EPISODE VI

"THE WRECKERS"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 6, 1932

**** ****

**** ****

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE VI

"THE WRECKERS"

PART I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

MISS WARNER	SIMEON SANDERS
ROBERTS	ZAMORRA
ALEXANDER RENNIE	FRANCIS X. MCGRAW
FREDERICK T. HOLLY	MA DOOLEY
SEAMAN JENKS	CAPTAIN HANDBACKER

VOICE (MEGAPHONE)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE VI

"THE WRECKERS"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BURRAU OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTIC STORY....."THE WRECKERS".....BASED ON CASE NO. 62 - 479 FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION..... DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....WASHINGTON, D.C..... SPECIAL AGENT FIVE, PROCEED.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking...."The Wreckers"..... real people.....real places.....real clues.....a real case..... for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout.....our case begins in the seaport city of Mobile, Alabama, at the office of Simeon Sanders, president of a large shipping line.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

WARNER: Oh, Mr. Sanders --

SANDERS: Yes? Why, what is it, Miss Warner? Don't you feel well?

WARNER: It's this cablegram from the Havana office. Bad news!

SANDERS: (QUIETLY) Yes?

WARNER: The "Gulf Queen," sir. There's been an accident. She's sunk!

SANDERS: The "Gulf Queen"! No, no -- I can't believe it! It can't be true.

WARNER: Here's the cablegram, sir.

SANDERS: (READING) THIS IS TO ADVISE YOU OF LOSS AT SEA OF SANDERS LINE FREIGHTER 'GULF QUEEN' AT APPROXIMATELY MIDNIGHT YESTERDAY. Uh--uh---something CAUSED VESSEL TO-----Miss Warner -- I wonder if you'd mind-- uh ---Things seem a little blurred---I guess it's my glasses------(BLOWS NOSE)

WARNER: It says, "EXPLOSION OF BOILER CAUSED VESSEL TO FOUNDER BADLY MAKING ABANDONMENT OF SHIP NECESSARY STOP THERE WAS NO LOSS OF LIFE".

SANDERS: No loss of life. I'm glad. Very glad. (THINKING) The "Gulf Queen."

WARNER: Do you -- want to send an answer, or anything, Mr. Sanders?

SANDERS: Just say I am thankful no lives were lost -- no, no-- wait. I'll want to add to that -- something for the master, poor fellow -- Billings, wasn't it?

WARNER: Yes, I believe so, sir.

SANDERS: I'll want to say something to cheer him up. But -- but I can't seem to think, just now -----It's ----- it's quite a shock.

WARNER: Mr. Sanders -- do you know what I think?

SANDERS: Yes?

WARNER: This is our fourth ship to be lost at sea within ten months. I think there's something wrong!

SANDERS: Yes - there's something wrong when the boilers go. But it's nothing any one can control, Miss Warner -- it's the power of steam, and the luck of the sea, I'm afraid.

WARNER: Couldn't it be something else? First the "Lark of the Bay" burned, then the "Aphrodite's" boiler exploded, and not long after the "Sea Gull" struck an uncharted reef. Now we have another boiler explosion.

SANDERS: Well?

WARNER: Could it be any one working against us -- trying to ruin the Sanders' Line -- deliberately destroying our ships?

SANDERS: Who would do such a thing? Who would have reason to do it?

WARNER: Perhaps one of our competitors? Perhaps some enemy of yours?

SANDERS: I have no enemies, Miss Warner. No, I can't think of it as more than a run of misfortune. And we'll overcome it. We'll carry on. We still have our flagship, the "Mary Sanders."

WARNER: Yes, sir. According to the latest word she rounded Key West this morning.

SANDERS: Well, Captain Roberts is a good commanding officer to take her round Key West or anywhere else.

WARNER: But Mr. Sanders, he was in command of the "Aphrodite" and the other ships that had trouble! He --

SANDERS: Now, now, Miss Warner! I won't listen to anything against Captain Roberts. He's had bad luck -- but it ought to change -- it's going to change. If the "Mary" is off the coast of Florida, she'll soon be in port. She'll be in, Miss Warner, and we'll carry on!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WIND AND WAVES.
2. STEAMBOAT WHISTLE.
3. SHIP'S BELL -- (DISTANT)

RENNIE: Anybody around, Captain?

ROBERTS: Naw. They're all on watch or in their bunks below.

RENNIE: Weel, where's the Spaniard?

ROBERTS: Up with the radio. He'll be along in a minute.
What's the matter with you, Rennie?

RENNIE: It's an awfu' thing, Captain Roberts, to send a gude ship doon.

ROBERTS: You're gettin' your cut, ain't yah?

RENNIE: I don't like it.

ROBERTS: No. Not much you don't.
(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED)
Hello, Zamorra. Did "Sparks" catch the message?

ZAMORRA: Senor, I have pleasure to announce, the "Gulf Queen", she is sunk off 'Avana,

ROBERTS: Well, Billings did a good job. Now it's our turn. The "Mary Sanders" is next -- And after it's done -- we'll meet at Ma Dooley's in Mobile and settle up in cash! What do you say to that?

ZAMORRA: Bueno! It ees time we get our money!

RENNIE: Not sa loud, mon!

ROBERTS: For God's sake, Rennie. You're jumping like an old woman.

RENNIE: I dinna want any one tac hear.

ROBERTS: Who's going to be listening around the captain's cabin? Come on -- Sit down, boys, and we'll settle the lay-out. Wait a minute, first we'll drink -- to the next ship that goes! (CHUCKLES)

(SOUND OF BOTTLE AND POURING)

ZAMORRA: (CHUCKLES) That's good -- that's good idea, amigo!

RENNIE: Weel -- I'll na refuse tac drink wi' ye.

ROBERTS: All right, boys -- help yourselves.

(AD LIB BACKGROUND OF DRINKING AS HE CONTINUES)

Here's how we sink the "Mary". Four bells in the morning, I'll be standing aft of the deckhouse. For a signal, I'll give a toot on the bo'sun's whistle -- twice.

RENNIE: Aye, go on.

ROBERTS: Yeah....I think I'll take a belt at that bottle myself. Pass it over.

RENNIE: Here ye are.

ROBERTS: (DRINKS) Ah. Takes off this blinkin' chill. I tell you boys, this is my last voyage. When this job's finished I'm going back to Galveston and my chicken ranch -- no more of this seagoing business.

ZAMORRA: Cheecken ranch...you maka me laugh! What 'appen after you blow bo'sun's whistle, eh?

ROBERTS: Don't rush me. I'll tell you. Rennie, you'll reverse the engines -- hard. That'll make her heel over like she's struck a snag.

RENNIE: (MOROSELY) Aye, 'T is a trick I know weel.

ROBERTS: And at the same second Zamorra, you light the fuse to the bomb in the hold. You know -- the old exploding boiler trick.

ZAMORRA: Si. That bomb, she blow the Mary Sanders to the devil.

ROBERTS: (CHUCKLES) And there we are. There'll be one less ship afloat in the morning huh?

RENNIE: Ye've na told us yet how tae flood her hold, Captain. With only the explosion in her for-r-ward compartments, she might drift aboot for hour-r-s, and be salvaged. Had ye thoct o' that?

ROBERTS: Sure I've thought of it. And now I'm gonna tell you just what to do. When you hear my whistle, tend to the engines first. Then, Zamorra, set off the bomb, and.....

(MECHANICAL FADE)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WIND AND WAVE.
2. FOUR BELLS (SHIP'S BELLS)
3. TWO BLASTS OF BOSUN'S WHISTLE.

JENKS: (FADING IN) Yes sir? What's the trouble?
ROBERTS: (STARTLED) Who's that? I can't see you in the
dark.
JENKS: It's me, sir -- Jenks.
ROBERTS: What are you? The look-out?
JENKS: Yes, sir.
ROBERTS: Then what are you doing here?
JENKS: I thought I heard a whistle blow.
ROBERTS: There's no whistle here. Get forward to your post.
JENKS: Aye, aye, sir. (FADES) Thought for sure I heard a
whistle.
ZAMORRA: (FADES IN) Roberts...Roberts...where are you, amigo?
ROBERTS: Right here. Get ready to swing this lifeboat --
and swing lively.
ZAMORRA: I have light the fuse -- she weel burn for one minute
- no more. W'y don' that Scotch man reverse the
engines?
ROBERTS: He will -- he's got to get his cockpits ready to open
first.
ZAMORRA: What for?
ROBERTS: So as to flood the whole darned engine room. I guess
that'll sink her.
ZAMORRA: Si, silike the "Aphrodite" no?
ROBERTS: Uh-huh.

ZAMORRA: That ees --
(HEAVY CRASH)
-- there -- he 'as t'rown the engine now!
(FEW CREW SHOUTS IN BACKGROUND)
(STEAM WHISTLE BELLOWS MOURNFULLY)

ROBERTS: Right in reverse -- that'll tear the guts out of her.

ZAMORRA: Captain -- bomb she go pretty soon now -- we better vamose!

ROBERTS: Stand by -- she'll only raise the for'ard deck. We need Rennie to help pull the lifeboat.

ZAMORRA: Buenos -- 'ere he comes!

RENNIE: Noo the job's done, Roberts -- we'd best take to the boats.

ROBERTS: Right. Get ready.
(LONG DULL EXPLOSION)

ZAMORRA: The bomb -- she go under soon, muchachos!
(SAILOR SHOUTS MORE AND CLOSER)

ROBERTS: I'll talk to the crew. (CALLS) Men - she's stove in and going down by her beam ends!
(CROWD REACTION)
ABAN-DON SHIP!
(SAILORS AD LIB: "OH GOD". "WE'RE DONE FOR."
"LAWDY SAVE DIS CHILE" (NEGRO VOICE)
"SHE'S SINKING!" "THE BOATS!")

ZAMORRA: Queeck -- thees is the bes' boat! Hurry! Pronto!

RENNIE: Aye. Jump in, Roberts! What are ye waitin' for, mon?

ROBERTS: Let the others get started first. I want to be the last to leave. I want to look good. God, that's a nice panic. They'll kill each other manning the lifeboats!

RENNIE: Cast off the lines, Roberts. They're all started now!
ROBERTS: Right -- and the "Mary Sanders" is settling down.
She'll be in Davy Jones locker in half an hour. All
ready----lower away, and pull like the devil. We
don't want to be sucked under when she goes.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WINCH.
2. SPLASH.
3. OARLOCKS AND ROWING.
4. WIND AND WAVES.
5. SOUND OF BOTTLES and POURING.

(MEN LAUGHING)

ROBERTS: Well, the same old Ma Dooley. Always with a new
story, eh?
MA DOOLEY: Sure, an' the same rascally Roberts, always with the
ear out the better to hear it!
ROBERTS: (AFFECTIONATELY) That's it, Ma -- you fat old bag
of tripes.
DOOLEY: (TOOTHLESS CACKLE) Sweetheart!
RENNIE: Woman, woman, will ye ha' done? We're anxious tae get
about oor business.
DOOLEY: What's eating you, Scotty?
ZAMORRA: Don' mind heem. He is seeck, I theenk, no?
ROBERTS: Well, go on -- beat it, Ma. We'll let you know if we
need anything.
DOOLEY: (FADING) You do that, sweetheart.
(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED)
RENNIE: Noo, for Gud's sake, mon...weel ye got tae business?

ROBERTS: Say -- Rennie's going loco. What's the matter, Alex?

RENNIE: T'was bad business frae the fi-r-rst. But noo that I'm in and conce-r-r-ned wi' the sinkin' o' ships, I'll tak' what's comin' to me and get oot.

ROBERTS: Where you going?

RENNIE: Back to sea, mon, where I belong. I hope tae be puttin' good engines tae the use for which Gud intended 'em -- and not sendin' 'em to the bottom.

ROBERT: Well, O.K. Alex -- there -- there's your out of the dough. If you ever get tired of watchin' engines, it ought to take care of yah. I'll send Billings his share. An' here's yours, Zamorra. I bet you ain't going to sea again, anyway.

ZAMORRA: Ah, no, Amigo. With this money -- I go back to Spain. Madrid. The cafes. The girls.

(BEGINS TO SING TANGO MELODY)

RENNIE: Hush man -- wi' yer caterwaulin!.....

ROBERTS: You know ---I get a great laugh from the both of you. I'll miss you.....on the chicken ranch.

ZAMORRA: And I weel thaeenk of you, amigo, when I am in Madrid weeth the girls!

(LAUGHTER OF ZAMORRA AND ROBERTS FADES)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TYPEWRITER NOISE.

2. DOOR IS CLOSED.

HOLLY: (OFF) Here's the sailor, McGraw.

MCGRAW: Good, Holly, bring him in.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

HOLLY: Jenks, this is Special Agent McGraw of the United States Bureau of Investigation. He's been working with me on the sinking of the "Mary Sanders."

JENKS: (SCARED) Yes, sir.

MCGRAW: You see, Jenks, we've been unable to get in touch with Captain Roberts, and as you were the lookout on the night the ship sank, I asked Agent Holly to bring you in.

JENKS: Y-yes, sir. You mean I'm arrested and going to jail.

MCGRAW: No, of course not. Here's the point. The "Mary Sanders" sank off the Florida coast on the high seas so it's up to us to report to Washington.

JENKS: Oh. I see.

MCGRAW: Just routine in all probability -- but we want to get all the facts. How about answering some questions, Jenks?

JENKS: Yes, sir.

MCGRAW: It's already been established, through the Coast Guard report, that the ship sank in Latitude _____, Longitude _____. And as we understand it, the ship ran into something in the dark, was stove in, and sank rapidly. That right, Jenks?

JENKS: Yep. First thing, she goes "Ka-bump,".....then I hears an explosion -- "Boom." "Them's the boilers," I says, "Great God -- run for them boats." So we drops in number two boat, and pulls away. An' when we was 'bout two hundred yards off the port bow, the Mary goes over.

MCGRAW: Where was the Captain, Jenks?

JENKS: In the other boat, sir. Last one to leave the "Mary", Mr. McGraw.

MCGRAW: I see. Well, it's lucky nobody was drowned. But it seems odd to me that the "Mary Sanders" ever sank at all.

JENKS: Why, ships do sink, sir.

MCGRAW: Yes...but this government marine chart shows deep water where she went down. So what was the obstruction that she ran against?

JENKS: I don't know, sir. Maybe the Captain could tell.

HOLLY: I thought you were the look-out, Jenks.

JENKS: I was, Mr. Holly.

HOLLY: Then why didn't you see what the ship ran into?

JENKS: Well -- I wasn't at my post.

HOLLY: Why not?

JENKS: Why -- I'd gone to see who blew the whistle.

MCGRAW: Eh? What whistle?

JENKS: Somebody blew the bosun' pipe, just before she crashed. I went to see what it was.

MCGRAW: Did you find any one?

JENKS: No sir. Just Captain Roberts, standing aft of the deckhouse.

MCGRAW: And he'd have no reason to blow a whistle, eh?

JENKS: No, sir.

MCGRAW: Well - thanks, for what you've told us, Jenks.

JENKS: You mean I can go?

MCGRAW: Yes, certainly.

JENKS: Well, then, thank you, sir. (FADES) Thank you.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

HOLLY: How about him, McGraw?

MCGRAW: Dumb but honest.

HOLLY: Well, how about this Captain Roberts and the bosun's whistle?

MCGRAW: Something----perhaps.

HOLLY: Oh, you went over the lists while I was gone?

MCGRAW: I'll say I did. Holly, have a cigarette and take this in: Somebody may be trying to put the bee on the Sanders' Line. They've lost five ships in the last ten months; the "Aphrodite;" the "Sea Gull;" the "Lark of the Bay;" the "Gulf Queen" -- and now the "Mary Sanders," flagship of the line.

HOLLY: Go on.

MCGRAW: I have here rosters of the crews on all those ships, and here's what I've found out: There's a group of four men -- four officers -- who were always on the ships that sank!

HOLLY: You don't say so, McGraw?

MCGRAW: They were either on the ship as a group of four -- or at least three would be aboard; in the case of the "Mary Sanders" there were three of them.

HOLLY: Who are these men?

MCGRAW: (READING HIS LIST) Zamorra, second mate. Alexander Rennie, engineer. A fellow named Billings. And Captain Roberts -- late of the "Mary Sanders," the "Lark of the Bay," the "Sea Gull" and the "Aphrodite."

HOLLY: (CASUAL SARCASM) He sure has tough luck with his ships, hasn't he?

MCGRAW: Yes, and I think we'd better go up to Sanders' Line
offices, and have a talk with Captain Roberts.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: HOW WILL UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AGENTS
.....TRACK DOWN GUILTY SAILORS.....WHAT INFLUENCE....
SEEKS TO DESTROY SHIPS OF SANDERS LINE.....FOLLOW
LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR DRAMATIC FINISH.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE VI

"THE WRECKERS"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE....."THE WRECKERS".....BASED ON CASE
NO. 62 - 479.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....
WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....AT OFFICE
OF SANDERS SHIPPING LINE.....IN MOBILE.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

MCGRAW: You say all of these men have left the company,
Miss Warner?

WARNER: Yes, sir -- none of them work for us any more.

HOLLY: Bears out your idea, McGraw.

MCGRAW: But, it looks like we're too late, if they're gone.

WARNER: Well, Mr. McGraw -- if you wanted to talk with
Captain Roberts and the other three men I could give
you their present addresses.

MCGRAW: You could? That might be a great help, Miss Warner.

WARNER: I know Mr. Sanders would give you the addresses if he
were here, so I'll get them for you from his office.
(FADES) Just a minute.

(CLOSES DOOR)

HOLLY: They've left addresses -- but I wonder if they're the
right ones?

MCGRAW: We'll check up and see later.

HOLLY: Here's another thing -- we've only told this girl we
want to talk to the men; but she's no fool. Suppose
she was friendly with them....

MCGRAW: You mean supposing she's on the telephone right now,
telling 'em to run for it? No -- I think Miss Warner
is honest, Holly.

(DOOR OPENS)

HOLLY: Here she is.

WARNER: (COMING BACK) I got the addresses from Mr. Sanders'
files. They left them when they resigned from our
service. Shall I read them?

HOLLY: Please. I'll take them down.

WARNER: Well, Billings is still in Mobile, at the Seaman's
Hotel.

HOLLY: Yes.

WARNER: And Captain Roberts has a chicken ranch. Rural Route Three, Galveston.

HOLLY: So the Captain raises chickens?

WARNER: Yes, he always used to talk about his ranch. And Zamorra has sailed for Spain. He lives in Madrid, that's all the address he left us.

HOLLY: (WRITING) Madrid, Spain. How about Alexander Rennie, the engineer?

WARNER: He's gone to sea again -- shipped on the Eastern Star, a freighter, bound for Key West.

HOLLY: On board freighter "Eastern Star." Well! Thank you very much, Miss Warner.

WARNER: But -- there isn't anything -- I mean, you don't suspect --

(DOOR OPENED QUICKLY)

SANDERS: (FADES IN) Er.....good afternoon, gentlemen.

MCGRAW: Mr. Sanders?

SANDERS: That's correct, sir.

MCGRAW: My name is McGraw and this is Agent Holly. We're the Bureau of Investigation men who telephoned you earlier today. About the sinking of the "Mary Sanders."

SANDERS: I appreciate your coming in, gentlemen, deeply. It seems the "Mary" rammed some floating obstruction. A derelict hull perhaps.....

HOLLY: Mr. Sanders we've a kind of idea that somebody's out to make trouble for you.

SANDERS: That's very odd. It's what Miss Warner thinks.

HOLLY: All those ships lost -- It looks as if some one is trying to ruin your business.

SANDERS: Dear me, that's rather alarming.

MCGRAW: At any rate, we thought that maybe a few of your ex-employees could help us.

SANDERS: Which ones, Mr. McGraw?

MCGRAW: Captain Roberts, Billings, Rennie and Zamorra.

SANDERS: It's true those men have left. But they resigned -- I hadn't blamed them for the losses.

MCGRAW: Maybe you should have. Anyhow, Holly and I are going to check up on 'em. And since Miss Warner's been kind enough to give us their addresses, we'll be on our way.

SANDERS: Miss Warner gave you the addresses? I'm glad she was co-operative. If we can do anything more, be sure to let us know.

MCGRAW: Thank you, Mr. Sanders. This is the way out, isn't it?

WARNER: Yes sir. Good afternoon.

(DOOR)

HOLLY: Well, how do we work it? Do you think the girl's on the level?

MCGRAW: Oh certainly. But we've got no guarantee our men will stay in addresses they gave her, so we'd better step lively. I think we ought to get the police after Billings, who was in charge of the "Gulf Queen" when she sank, first of all.

HOLLY: Yes, what then?

MCGRAW: The next thing, I'd say, would be to look up Captain Roberts at the chicken ranch near Galveston and bring him back here for questioning.

HOLLY: I'LL do that. Where will you be?

MCGRAW: I'll cable the consul at Madrid to check on Zamorra... and then I'll pick up Rennie, on the freighter "Eastern Star."

HOLLY: When do we start?

MCGRAW: Right now. I'll see you at the office when we get back.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN WHISTLE.
2. WIND & WAVE.
3. FOG HORNS - MOURNFUL AND SLOW.

HANDBACKER: Fog's liftin' a bit, Mr. Rennie.

RENNIE: Aye, Captain Handbacker. I think it will clear the noo.

HANDBACKER: Well, fog or storm, she's the same to this vessel.

RENNIE: She's a vurra gude ship, the "Eastern Star," aye.

HANDBACKER: You like the engines, eh, Rennie?

RENNIE: Aye.

HANDBACKER: I must say, I've never had an engineer that took better care of 'em.

RENNIE: Tae neglect gude machinery's naethin' short o' cr-r-iminal, sir.

HANDBACKER: Well that's a thing --

(SHARP BLASTS OF REVENUE CUTTER'S WHISTLE)

What's that -- who's whistlin' -- can you make it out?

RENNIE: Nae -- the fog's blowin' that way.

HANDBACKER: Wait, I see now -- some one's coming up on our port side -- see -- over there --

RENNIE: 'T is a government boat by the look of her.

HANDBACKER: Sure, I recognize her now -- it's a coast guard cutter.

RENNIE: (RESIGNED) Coast guard ----aye----

HANDBACKER: Sash! He's trying to hail us.

MEGAPHONE VOICE: (OFF) On board the Eastern Star! On Board -- the Eastern Star!

HANDBACKER: (BELLOWS BACK) On board the cutter -- What do you want?

MEG. VOICE: (CLOSER) Stand by -- we're coming along aside!

HANDBACKER: I'll signal half speed.
(BELL JANGLES)
(YELLS)
Come up slow. That's right. (OFF) Let down the companionway, boys....easy there....catch that line, Sam! Look out.....

HANDBACKER: (COMES BACK) They're putting a man aboard us, Mr. Rennie....I wonder what he's after? I'm carrying no liquor.....

RENNIE: (MOROSE) Ye'll soon know. He's comin' on deck.

HANDBACKER: (SURPRISED) Funny - he ain't wearing a uniform.

RENNIE: ~~No~~.

MCGRAW: (FADING IN) Are you Captain Handbacker?

HANDBACKER: That's me.

MCGRAW: Have you got an engineer aboard by the name of Alexander Rennie?

RENNIE: I'm Rennie. I'm yere mon.

HANDBACKER: Who are you, though! What's it all about?

MCGRAW: Here, take a look at this.

HANDBACKER: (READING) "G. H. McGraw, Special Agent -- United States Bureau of Investigation --" Oh, I see...

MCGRAW: You'd better get aboard the cutter with me, Rennie.

RENNIE: Aye, mon. Nae doot ye're richt.

HANDBACKER: But what did he do? He's a good man -- what did he do?

MCGRAW: We want to question him regarding five boats that sank under suspicious circumstances, Captain.

HANDBACKER: Sweet Heaven - a wrecker...You mean he's a wrecker, huh?

MCGRAW: There's nothing proved. How about it, Rennie?

RENNIE: Do ye care if I get ma belongin's frae the cabin?

MCGRAW: Course not. Get your duffle, and we'll ship over.

RENNIE: (FADING) Thonk ye.

HANDBACKER: You could hang me if I'd ever 'a suspected...(SUDDENLY) Say, you really got a case against the Scotchman?

MCGRAW: We can't tell until we talk to him, Captain. If we're wrong about it, we-----

(MUFFLED SHOTS - SCREAM AND GROAN)

What's that!

HANDBACKER: Inside the cabin! Where Rennie went!

MCGRAW: Inside! Come on!

HANDBACKER: The door's bolted.

MCGRAW: Yes, from the inside.

HANDBACKER: Come on, with your shoulder, then ---Never mind about the door ----let's get to Rennie.

(DOOR BROKEN DOWN)

MCGRAW: (FADING IN) Look at that.

HANDBACKER: (FADING IN) He's dead? He killed himself?

MCGRAW: Yes, a pistol wound in the temple - you see? The second shot we heard ploughed into the bunk there----

HANDBACKER: Ugh. It ain't pretty.

MCGRAW: No, it's true: But it's the first definite lead since I've been on the case. And I'm wondering how my partner made out with the other men that we want to talk to.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WATER & WIND;
2. TRAIN RUNNING WITH WHISTLE;
3. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

MCGRAW: All right, then. Tell me this, Holly - why would Rennie commit suicide, if he'd done nothing -- had nothing to fear?

HOLLY: That's what I'd like to know.

MCGRAW: Exactly. Now how about Billings and Captain Roberts?

HOLLY: They're both being held here in Mobile, but somebody's got them lawyers and they won't talk.

MCGRAW: Have they heard about Rennie killing himself?

HOLLY: No, but they'd laugh it off if they did. They're hardboiled.

MCGRAW: Well, the more I hear, the more I think we're going to have a case. Those five ships didn't just fold up and sink all by themselves. If these fellows did the scuttling, what was their motive? And who had the lawyer all ready to jump in when you took 'em?

HOLLY: Maybe you'd like to talk with Billings and Roberts.

MCGRAW: No, not right now. The only --
(TELEPHONE RINGING - INTERRUPTS HIM)
-- wait a minute,
(LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)
Hello? Special Agent McGraw speaking. Cable from
the American Consul at Madrid? Will you read it,
please? Get this, Holly. "ZAMORRA -- SAILED FOR
AMERICA -- LAST WEEK -- ON SHIP -- ARRIVING --
NEW ORLEANS -- SATURDAY -- (SIGNED) SYKES, U.S.
CONSUL." All right, thanks. Send me a copy of
that by messenger.
(REPLACES TELEPHONE RECEIVER)
HOLLY: Zamorra coming back! That's a funny one.
MCGRAW: I can see a possible reason --
HOLLY: What's that?
MCGRAW: Money! Supposing Zamorra threw away his share of
the shipwreck pay-off in Madrid. Now he's got to
have more.
HOLLY: That makes sense,
MCGRAW: And if it's right, he ought to be a help to us in
establishing where that pay-off money came from.
HOLLY: What'll we do? Follow him?
MCGRAW: Not much! We'll pick him up for questioning, and
bring him right back here. Come on - we've got a
date to meet a boat in New Orleans. And I don't
mean the Robert E. Lee, either, Holly.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN NOISES.
2. PIER NOISES, WHISTLES.
3. CROWD MEETING, DISEMBARKING, PORTERS, ETC.

HOLLY: He ought to be proud of his reception committee,
McGraw.

MCGRAW: I hope we get him after taking all these pains.

HOLLY: Where's that purser's assistant?

MCGRAW: There he is -- at the top of the gangplank, -- walking
just behind that tall fellow.

HOLLY: There! He's bumped into him, and he's raising his
cap! That's the signal we asked him for in the
radiogram to the ship.

MCGRAW: So the tall guy must be Zamorra. (AS ZAMORRA GETS
CLOSER) Oh, sure -- you couldn't miss him. He's
a Spanish type all right.

HOLLY: Shall I close in on him?

MCGRAW: No -- I'll call him. (CALLS) Senor. Senor
Zamorra.

ZAMORRA: (FADING IN) Si, senor?

MCGRAW: I have some news for you.

ZAMORRA: For me? What is it?

MCGRAW: It's about a friend of yours. Alexander Rennie.

ZAMORRA: (FOLLOWING HIM) Yes, Amigo?

MCGRAW: He's dead.

ZAMORRA: What's that you say?

MCGRAW: He killed himself.

ZAMORRA: Rennie keel himself! What for?

MCGRAW: He did it to keep from being arrested.

ZAMORRA: Madre Dios -- who was going to arres' heem?

MCGRAW: I was about to take him into custody for questioning
in regard to the sinking of Sanders' Line Ships.

ZAMORRA: Santa Maria -- why you tell me? What you want to
bother me for?

MCGRAW: (IMPLACABLY) To ask you some of the questions I wanted Rennie to answer. Let's call a taxicab, Holly, and run for the Mobile train.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TAXICAB MOTOR AND HORN.
2. TRAIN RUNNING WITH WHISTLE.

HOLLY: You see where you stand now, don't you, Zamorra?

ZAMORRA: I know you keep me here, and make me vair unhappy.

HOLLY: We know that every ship that went down had several of you aboard. It was a gang, and somebody was paying you off. Isn't that right?

ZAMORRA: No, no -- that ees not true.

MCGRAW: Then where'd you get the money to get back to Spain?

ZAMORRA: I save it from my pay.

MCGRAW: And you've come back to draw a little more of your savings from the same bank, eh? Think it over, Zamorra. You won't get anywhere this way. Rennie didn't kill himself for fun, you know.

ZAMORRA: I don' say he did.

(TELEPHONE)

(RECEIVER LIFTED)

MCGRAW: Hello? Oh, yes. Send him in.

(RECEIVER REPLACED)

It's Mr. Sanders, Holly. I sent word that we'd picked up Zamorra.

HOLLY: Good. He may have questions to ask, too.

(DOOR OPENS)

SANDERS: (OFF) May I come in, gentlemen?

MOGRAW: Yes, by all means, Mr. Sanders. You certainly have a right to be here.

HOLLY: We have Zamorra, you see, Mr. Sanders, and we've had a bit of luck. Because we caught him unawares -- he wasn't all ready for us with a lawyer as the other men were.

MOGRAW: So you see, sir, we may get some answers to our questions this time. Would you like to talk to him yourself.

SANDERS: Er -- no, that's hardly in my line, you know.

ZAMORRA: It's all right, Senor -- you ask question eef you like.

SANDERS: No -- no -- that's for the officers. They are accusing you - not I, Zamorra. In fact, gentlemen. I find it very hard to believe that any of those men who were in my employ so long are guilty.

HOLLY: Think over the evidence, Mr. Sanders. Everything's there, sir. All we need is to start one of these fellows talking, and they'll fall all over themselves to see who can tell the most. We figure Zamorra to start the ball rolling.

SANDERS: You really feel that you'll have a case, then?

MOGRAW: We'll have a good strong one against those responsible for scuttling your ships.

SANDERS: Well, I'm -- I'm relieved. It will be good to have it over. I have been planning to go away on a vacation. The strain of this affair has told on me. I'm not so young as I was, and this disloyalty even when I couldn't bring myself to admit it, has worn me down.

MCGRAW: I can understand how you feel. By the way, where were you planning to go for this vacation trip?

SANDERS: I had considered -- South America.

ZAMORRA: South America? He have to **stay** to make charges against us, no?

HOLLY: Don't worry, Zamorra -- the U.S.A. will take care of making the charges --

ZAMORRA: Senor Sanders, I must do like Billings and Roberts -- I must have lawyers.

SANDERS: Go right ahead, Zamorra. It's all in the hands of the Federal Agents, now --

ZAMORRA: But I am broke. I have not the money!

SANDERS: Well, I'm very sorry. It wouldn't do for me to help you against my own firm, and if that's all, gentlemen, I-----

ZAMORRA: Wait - No!

MCGRAW: Why, what's the matter with you?

ZAMORRA: He ees not going to South America and leave us to rot in jail!

SANDERS: Now -- Zamorra.....

ZAMORRA: Senor Sanders, what you think? You make the big money, eh? You take no chance - and you leave us to do the best we can, eh? No - no - por Dios! (STARTS FOR SANDERS)

MCGRAW: Sanders, look out!

HOLLY: Grab him!

MCGRAW: I got him! Get that paper knife away from him.

HOLLY: (BUSINESSLIKE) Yeah....drop it, Zamorra, leggo.....

ZAMORRA: (SNARLS)

MCGRAW: I forgot about that paper knife on my desk. Well, Sanders -- you had a close call. But it's all over now.

SANDERS: I -- I wished he'd killed me.

MCGRAW: What made you think you could get away with it, Mr. Sanders?

SANDERS: It was -- Oh, I'm guilty, I'm guilty -- but we did no harm, none of the men were drowned.

MCGRAW: How about Rennie?

SANDERS: But it wasn't my fault -- he didn't have to come in with us!

MCGRAW: Maybe that was just his mistake; you made yours when you came here today. Of course, we were almost sure you would.

SANDERS: How did you know?

MCGRAW: When we let you know we were questioning Zamorra, it was better than even money you couldn't resist dropping around. But if you hadn't let us trap you into admitting you were running for South America, Zamorra might not have played into our hands.

SANDERS: (BROKEN) Yes, yes. I should have know you'd be too clever for me. But how did you know I was in it at all?

MCGRAW:

Mr. Sanders, it was pretty obvious that there was a man in back of those four wreckers paying them off. And it stood to reason that nobody in the world would benefit from the sinking of those old ships so much as the owner, provided he was an owner that was heavily insured -- insured for several hundred thousand dollars like yourself. Well, well. You can sit down there in the armchair, Mr. Sanders. Holly -- pick up the telephone and call the police.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

SANDERS AND ACCOMPLICES TRIED.....CONVICTED..... SENTENCED TO TERMS IN FEDERAL PENITENTIARY..... (WIRELESS).....THE LONG ARM OF FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE.....CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

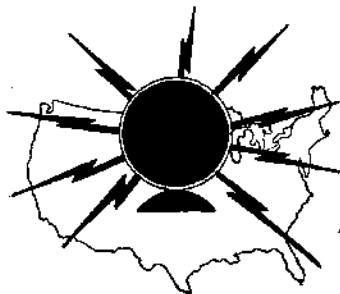
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleer
12/1/32



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. · · · WEAJ and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1933

(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 welcome to our Thureday night get-together. Don't tell me you haven't heard? Why tonight the Magic Carpet is given over to Abe Lyman and the Baron Munchausen, who by the way, is leading a double life these days and going around under the name of Jack Pearl. A little later on we'll call on the Baron, but right now it's up to Honest Abe Lyman of the California Lymans to carry on for dear old Lucky Strike, so

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

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening everybody, this is Abe Lyman inviting you all to dance to -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Back to the man at the controls speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was one of California's favorite sons, Uncle Sam - Abe Lyman. We'll be back for you in a little while, Abe, but now it's time for Howard Claney, ladies and gentlemen. Here he is.

HOWARD CLANEY:

It adds a lot to that happy glow of appreciation of a Christmas gift to have it come in a beautiful and original package, doesn't it? It adds a lot to one's joy in giving, too.... and that's why so many folks this year are planning to give those gay, colorful Christmas cartons of LUCKIES -- they've seen that delightfully attractive carton, entirely new, different even in shape from anything you've ever seen before! Put those cartons on your list right now -- they each hold ten packages of LUCKIES..... and you LUCKY STRIKE smokers know that nothing so well expresses the mellow spirit of Christmas time as the mellow goodness of a smooth, flavorful, truly mild LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette! Folks everywhere enjoy that fragrant, perfect blend of choice LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos -- they always welcome the true mildness -- mellow-mildness -- that's imparted by the famous "TOASTING" Process. Whenever you're enjoying a LUCKY -- think of passing on that enjoyment to your friends -- give them a Christmas carton of LUCKIES-- the mildest of cigarettes!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All right, Uncle Sam, open your vest, loosen your belt, take off your collar and get ready while one of the greatest bridge builders of all time relates his experiences. I'm speaking of the Baron Munchausen who has been an engineer here and abroad for a long, long time....in other words, Jack Pearl and his shadow, Cliff Hall, whom you know as Sharley, is going to step to the microphone and tell you about some of his engineering feats. I myself remember a mistake he made when the Eighth Avenue subway was started...he put a decimal point in the wrong place and he was very embarrassed to learn that he was excavating on Ninth Avenue by mistake....But let's have the story, here he is, and I'm glad to give him to you...the famous Baron Munchausen!
(FIRST PART -- "ENGINEERING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, comrade, I hope you enjoyed yourself, listening to our great comedienne, Mrs. Pearl's Jack, who is certainly a busy man these days - what with playing in his new show in Philadelphia and preparing the inspired nonsense that makes Thursday night a great night to stay home by the fire. He'll come back later to discuss his bridge work but meanwhile there's a dance in the offing... and if you don't like it in the offing, stand up and have it in your own parlor. It's Abe Lyman's play to make good now, so

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

ABE LYMAN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Now the Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Abe, sit down and rest....you too, Uncle Same.....have yourself a smoke while Howard Clancy gets some important news off his chest.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Have you got your Christmas list all made out?

Here's a hint that will help you. For those friends of yours who like a good cigar - put them down right now for one of those attractive Christmas boxes of Certified Cremo - that fine, high-quality cigar that gives millions of men such keen smoking enjoyment. Say, you can bet that any man who receives one of those boxes of Certified Cremos will count it a merry Christmas indeed! for cigar smokers the country over have discovered in Certified Cremo -- now five cents straight three for ten cents -- the finest of delicious, long-filler tobaccos....choice leaves that burn slowly and evenly, with a long, firm ash....they recognize in the smooth texture and the Perfecto shape the mark of a high-quality cigar --and you bet they welcome the assured cleanliness of the only cigar finished under glass! Men everywhere are talking about the supreme quality of Certified Cremo - and they're amazed that such a really splendid cigar can be sold at such amazingly low cost - five cents straight, three for ten cents. Try a Cremo - get acquainted with its rich smoking enjoyment - and then put down your friends for one of those colorful Christmas boxes of Certified Cremo Cigars!

-----STATION BREAK-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now, Uncle Sam, the rest is over and there's nothing ahead for this half hour but madness and music....the madness will come from the yarns of Baron Munchausen, the music will come from Abe Lyman and all his stooges who are giving it everything tonight in the hope that you can take it.

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

ABE LYMAN:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Here goes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks very much, Mr. Lyman and I think Abe, that you really ought to work on half salary tonight and take the other half in laughs. Remind me to see that you're out.....So we come back to the piece de resistance.....we come back to the star of the evening.....we come back to your foreign cousin Baron Munchausen, a great engineer and a great surveyor.

(SECOND PART --- "ENGINEERING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I hope you was dere Uncle Sam during the last few minutes while radio's new favorite and funny man Jack Pearl talked about his amazing success as an engineer....Jack, as you know, is the kingpin of comedy on these Thursday night combination clambakes and strawberry festivals....He starts preparing in the morning to keep his date with you at this same time next Thursday....and here may I drop a little information about Saturday night....The Magic Carpet will present those two favorites of the operetta stage Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday in a program of songs....Of course Doctor Louis Katzman will direct his orchestra and a mighty fine orchestra too....and to top things off we'll have two orchestras from out of town....one of them will be Hal Kemp in Chicago back here by popular demand....and the other will be Phil Harris playing from the rendezvous of the movie stars...the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.....And now let's hop back to Jack Dempsey's sparring partner Abe Lyman who is going to do a little shadow boxing with his boys....Feint with your left Abe.... and

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

ABE LYMAN:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ABE LYMAN:

We're off on that short and speedy hop back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You've hardly got time to turn over your music Lyman...but go ahead and turn over while your pilot turns over the microphone to Howard Claney....

HOWARD CLANEY:

If you could be present at the famous Waldorf-Astoria tonight -- if you were to pass by the handsome cigarette counter, which is one of its many attractions -- you would see on display there those gay, colorful Christmas cartons of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes which are creating such a sensation everywhere -- and you would learn that they are a favorite purchase with the patrons of this distinguished hotel. Because men and women with good taste like to remember their friends with a gift they know will be welcome, distinctive and filled with the Christmas spirit, they have almost unanimously selected those Christmas cartons of LUCKIES for their Christmas list. Have you seen those attractive colorful Christmas cartons? You'll like them. You'll like the original design, the attractive decorations, and most of all you'll like the fact that these beautiful Christmas cartons contain ten packages of delicious mellow-mild LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you very much, Howard...you're in excellent fettle, old fellow, and long may you wave.....Here's where we make a quick pass, ladies and gentlemen, from the double wing back formation....and I'm fading back to toss a long one to Abe Lyman....

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

ABE LYMAN:

And the dance does go on with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

All right, Walter, here's your Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
12/8/32

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XIV

"ENGINEERING"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 8, 1932

**** ****

**** ****

SU-166-XIV

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XIV - PARTS I and II

"ENGINEERING"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CHARACTERS:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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EPISODE XIV

"ENGINEERING"

PART I

CHARLEY: You seem very happy this evening, Baron.

BARON: I am.

CHARLEY: What's the cause?

BARON: I just got myself out of a terrible hole.

CHARLEY: Just got yourself out of a terrible hole?

BARON: Yes -- I came out of the subway.

CHARLEY: There's nothing terrible about the subway, Baron.
It's an ingenious piece of engineering.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: It's a meritorious accomplishment of gigantic
magnitude.

BARON:We're off!

CHARLEY: To hear you talk, one would think you know something
about engineering.

BARON: Why not? Didn't you know I was a swivelized Engineer?

CHARLEY: A Civil engineer? Why no! That's news to me.

BARON: To me too.

CHARLEY: Where did you study engineering?

BARON: In a dental college.

CHARLEY: In a dental college? What kind of engineering did
you learn there?

BARON: Bridge-work.

CHARLEY: Now what has that kind of bridge work got to do with
engineering?

BARON: Not a darn thing.

CHARLEY: That's silly talk, Baron -- it doesn't make sense!

BARON: No -- but it makes conversation.

CHARLEY: Then you have no engineering feat to your credit.

BARON: I got more to my credit than you think.

CHARLEY: What have you got that's outstanding?

BARON: Bills.

CHARLEY: I mean in the line of engineering.

BARON: I built a building that has a million stories.

CHARLEY: A million stories? What building is that?

BARON: The public library ---Did you ever heard of the pyramids?

CHARLEY: Yes -- but if you tell me you built the pyramids, I'll die, Baron -- I'll positively die!

BARON: All right, I won't tell you, but -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: But what?

BARON: You was never nearer heaven in your life!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! Speaking of building buildings, when I was in Pennsylvania I built a building in New York City that was considered the finest building in the State of New Jersey. It was the --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! You're wandering.

BARON: Don't worry -- I'll come back.

CHARLEY: How could you be in Pennsylvania and build a building in New York City that was considered the finest in the State of New Jersey? I never heard of such a thing!

BARON: You're hearing of it now!

CHARLEY: But where's the connection? Where's the sense?

BARON: Well ----In Pennsylvania I penciled out the plans.

CHARLEY: I see -- that lets out Pennsylvania.

BARON: Sure and there you are. Well sir, when I built --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! There's still no connection between New York City and the State of New Jersey.

BARON: Sure there is.

CHARLEY: Well, what is it?

BARON: The George Washington Bridge!

CHARLEY: Now there is what I call a marvelous piece of engineering.

BARON: You think so?

CHARLEY: I know so!

BARON: So I know one better.

CHARLEY: I'd like to hear it.

BARON: You'll hear it whether you like it or not! In my country I built a bridge across a river that was so rough I had to build the bridge on the bottom,

CHARLEY: On the bottom of the river?

BARON: Yes, sir.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron - it's utterly impossible to build a bridge on the bottom of a river. You know that.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: SO I built a bridge on the bottom of a river!

CHARLEY: All right, all right, all right!

BARON: One "all right" is sufficient.

CHARLEY: But tell me - how in the world did the people cross the bridge?

BARON: They took the ferry boat.

CHARLEY: Then what good was the bridge?

BARON: It wasn't. One night a storm came up and I lost my bridge.

CHARLEY: You lost your bridge.

BARON: Yes - it fell out of my mouth -- but I got another one.

CHARLEY: From the dentist.

BARON: No - from the table.

CHARLEY: From the table?

BARON: The bridge table.

CHARLEY: That was smart of you.

BARON: Sure--I'm no dummy.

CHARLEY: Did you ever do any mining?

BARON: Did I do any mining? -- Well I should hope to see the back of my neck! Why I mined when I was a boy zix, seven years of old.

CHARLEY: What kind of mining did you do?

BARON: I use to mind the babies for the neighbors.

CHARLEY: I mean mining for gold, silver, iron -- ore!

BARON: Or What?

CHARLEY: Ore! Mineral ore! The rat metals -- the mineral deposits formed by nature.

BARON: Oh, nature in the raw!

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: I mined for plenty! And you know Sharly, the best gold comes from California, and the best silver from Mexico.

CHARLEY: Where does the best copper come from?

BARON: Ireland! And where do you suppose I found zink.

CHARLEY: WHERE?

BARON: In the kitchen!

CHARLEY: I've been reading a lot about engineering lately and I must say engineers certainly pile on expenses.

BARON: Where do you come on, to come here, to come off to say this?

CHARLEY: I beg your pardon?

BARON: -----is the line busy?

CHARLEY: I didn't understand what you said.

BARON: I said how you come to say engineers pile on expenses.

CHARLEY: Well, for instance - for Boulder Dam they charged a hundred and fifty million dollars, for Hoover Dam a hundred million, for Roosevelt Dam ninety five million - they certainly over-charged the people.

BARON: No sir! I obcheht! Engineers expect to be paid for what they give, and they don't give a dam for nothing!

CHARLEY: True. I guess engineering is an exceptionally expensive proposition.

BARON: You have no imagine! I know a doctor who wanted to exercise for oil.

CHARLEY: Exercise for oil?

BARON: Train for oil, you know, "Attention! shoulder arms!"

CHARLEY: Drill for oil!

BARON: Drill for oil! That's it! He invested two hundred and seven million dollars.

CHARLEY: Two hundred and seven million dollars?

BARON: And forty five cents.

CHARLEY: The wealth of a Croesus!

BARON: -----a carbon copy, please?

CHARLEY: A Kings ransom! a fabulous sum! a colossal fortune!

BARON: Money! The doctor drilled for nine years.

CHARLEY: For nine years! Didn't the doctor lose hope?

BARON: No -- He had a lot of patients.

CHARLEY: No doubt.

BARON: One morning while he was at dinner having breakfast --

CHARLEY: Stop, Baron, stop!

BARON: Is the light against me?

CHARLEY: I'll say it is. How could he be having breakfast if he was at dinner?

BARON: Because he was eating lunch.

CHARLEY: Eating lunch?

BARON: Sure - so he finished his supper and sat down to eat--

CHARLEY: Baron, please! quit! I'm in a muddle.

BARON: I'm in something myself -- but I'll get out of it!
To cut a long story in slices, he went back to work and it was exactly ten years to the minute when he found oil.

CHARLEY: He drilled for ten years and struck oil?

BARON: Yes -- He hit a garage in China!

CHARLEY: Hooey!

BARON: Suey! That was the finish! The doctor was broke --

CHARLEY: He lost all his money.

BARON: Yes - but it served him right.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: A doctor should attend the sick and leave the well alone.

CHARLEY: I guess you're right.

BARON: I went after oil once myself.

CHARLEY: Really? Where?

BARON: Down in Peruna.

CHARLEY: In Peru?

BARON: Yes - and oh, Sharley did I run into a gusher!

CHARLEY: A good one?

BARON: Good one! You have no idea how that gusher could gush.

CHARLEY: A wonderful gusher.

BARON: Yes - but it didn't do me any good.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I couldn't speak her language. Oh, Sharley - did I told you about the bridge I built while I was down there?

CHARLEY: No - and I don't want to hear about it.

BARON: You don't have to beg me - I'll tell you.

CHARLEY: Go ahead and get it over with.

BARON: I know you'd be glad to hear it. Well, to start with, the banks of the river was hasty ground.

CHARLEY: Hasty ground?

BARON: Fast gravel, swift dirt --

CHARLEY: Do you mean quick sand?

BARON: Quick sand. That's it! On top of the quick sand I saw a hat so I yelled "Don't worry I will save you."

CHARLEY: You yelled that to a hat?

BARON: Yes - I forget to tell you there was a man under it.

CHARLEY: That's different.

BARON: And he yelled back ----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What did the man yell back?

BARON: "Never mind me -- save the feller who's shoulders I'm standing on."

CHARLEY: There were two men!

BARON: Yes -- but I saved them both.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: I made believe I was a traffic cop and I hollered,
"Pull over."

CHARLEY: Who were you hollering at?

BARON: The quick sand and when it pulled over the men walked
out and I arrested the quick sand.

CHARLEY: For what?

BARON: For speeding.

CHARLEY: You couldn't make me believe that in a thousand years.

BARON: I could -- but I haven't got that much time to spare.
Then I started to build the bridge -- first I had to
sink those -- er -- tell me, Sharley, what do you
call those things what you sink in the water?

CHARLEY: Caissons, used in connection with a variety of
hydraulic work.

BARON: Is that so!

CHARLEY: In your instance, water-tight chambers of steel, wood
or concrete or a composite of these materials.

BARON: You don't tell me!

CHARLEY: Forced through the water-bearing strata by the
admission of water into the wells.

BARON: Well, well!

CHARLEY: The water is afterwards pumped out or evacuated by
air pressure so that submarine construction can be
carried on.

BARON: My goodness.

CHARLEY: You understand.

BARON: Sure - but tell me, Sharley -- what do you call those things what you sink in the water?

CHARLEY: I don't know!

BARON: I didn't think you did. Well, anyhow I built the bridge. I worked day and night.

CHARLEY: For how long?

BARON: For three days. At last it was finished! I was exzowsted.

CHARLEY: Exhausted.

BARON: Exzow--ex-----

CHARLEY: Exhausted.

BARON: Ex --- cuse me. So I went to bed. At midnight they rang a whistle and blew a bell.

CHARLEY: They blew a whistle and rang a bell.

BARON: They rang a blewsel and belled a wis -- they shot off a gun!

CHARLEY: The signal that the bridge was open to the public.

BARON: Yes -- I jumped out of bed, but I was like I was still asleep.

CHARLEY: You were in a coma.

BARON:I beg your stuff.

CHARLEY: I said you were in a coma.

BARON: Don't be silly ----I was in my pajamas. I ran to the bridge - pushed my way through zixty five thousand people and was the first one to cross the bridge.

CHARLEY: When did all this happen?

BARON: In nineteen thirty eight.

CHARLEY: In nineteen thirty eight? Why that's six years from now.

BARON: Is it?
CHARLEY: Certainly it is.
BARON: Well if that ain't the funnicest thing!
CHARLEY: What's funny?
BARON: I crossed the bridge before I came to it.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

EPISODE XIV"ENGINEERING"PART II

(DROPPING OF METAL AND GLASS)

CHARLEY: What was that, Baron?

BARON: I guess I dropped one of my medals.

CHARLEY: I see you have a new one.

BARON: Yes -- I got it the day before tomorrow.

CHARLEY: That's to-day.

BARON: This afternoon.

CHARLEY: What did you get it for?

BARON: I don't know.

CHARLEY: You don't know?

BARON: No. A feller pinned it on me and said "I salute you, Marshall Ney!"

CHARLEY: Marshall Ney? Why he was a famous French general at the battle of Waterloo and he's been dead over a hundred years.

BARON: That's what I told the feller, but he got mad and bawled me out.

CHARLEY: What did he say?

BARON: He said "Don't talk back to Napoleon."

CHARLEY: He was demented.

BARON: Fer-mented! You see I was -- what are you looking at me for? I'm all right.

CHARLEY: NO offense, Baron -- I just noticed you are losing your sylphlike figure.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: You're getting too stout, you need exercise -- take long walks and stop lying around.

BARON: Sharley, if I stop lying you'll stop eating.

CHARLEY: Why don't you get yourself a pair of dumb-bells and a rowing machine?

BARON: I got 'em! But they don't help me one bit.

CHARLEY: How often do you use them?

BARON: My goodness! Do you have to use them?

CHARLEY: Certainly! And get yourself a medicine ball also.

BARON: I got a medicine ball but it's no good.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I can't swallow it.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! I use to get plenty of exercise when I was a polite engineer.

CHARLEY: A polite engineer?

BARON: That is a -- civil engineer. I remember one time when I was building a big long --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but I don't wish to hear about any more bridges!

BARON: This was not a bridge, it was a wire chicken --

CHARLEY: A wire chicken!

BARON: A wire turkey, a wire goose.

CHARLEY: Wait! Do you mean a viaduct?

BARON: A wireduck! That's it! A cuckoo!

CHARLEY: I suppose it was the last word in viaducts.

BARON: Oh, it was ducky.

CHARLEY: Even so a viaduct is a bridge and I don't want to hear about it.

BARON: As you say, Sharley, but it was a hundred and eighty two miles long, all wool and a yard wide.

CHARLEY: All wool and a yard wide?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Was you there, Baron?

BARON:WHAT?

CHARLEY: I said, was you there, Baron?

BARON: YES!

BOTH: (IN UNISON) So it was all wool and a yard wide!

BARON: The wires was crossed. Well, the wireduck bridge was --

CHARLEY: Baron, I insist you discontinue talking about bridges. It's getting on my nerves.

BARON: All right, I wouldn't even mention the word again.

CHARLEY: Good!

BARON: Would you like to hear how I fixed up a feller's face?

CHARLEY: Yes -- What was the matter with it?

BARON: His nose was broken across the bridge!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron, spare me! Spare me!

BARON: I can't -- I left my spare in the garage.

CHARLEY: But you must, Baron, you're boring me.

BARON: Boring! That reminds me!

CHARLEY: Reminds you of what?

BARON: Of a tunnel I bored. Oh! Was that a tunnel! I worked twelve years on the red king.

CHARLEY: Red king!

BARON: Yellow queen, green Earl.

CHARLEY: Do you mean blue prints?

BARON: THE blue prince! That's it!

CHARLEY: The specifications, specified plans, a detailed, classified description of construction.

BARON:Could you be sick?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry - I regret the interruption.

BARON: You're welcome. I bored the tunnel under the mountains with my ears.

CHARLEY: You bored under the mountains with your ears?

BARON: Sure, my mountain-eers. I wanted them to start boring to the base of the mountains but -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: But what?

BARON: They never got to first base?

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: The pitcher struck out three men in a row and in the next inning --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! What are you talking about?

BARON: Who knows? Anyhow one of the mountaineers told me how to get under the mountains.

CHARLEY: He put you wise.

BARON: Yes - He gave me the lowdown on the highlands - and I bored in and finished the job.

CHARLEY: Well, I'll be hanged!

BARON: You deserve it.

CHARLEY: Where is this tunnel, Baron?

BARON: You enter it in Oke-la-hokem, Hoke-la-mokem-----

CHARLEY: Are you trying to say, Oklahoma?

BARON: I'm trying to say something.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Wyoming!

CHARLEY: Wyoming!

BARON: Sure, you enter the tunnel in Minnesota -

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - first you said you enter the tunnel in Wyoming and now you say in Minnesota. Now which is it?

BARON: Kentucky.

CHARLEY: Why, that's entirely out of order!

BARON: I'll have it fixed! So you enter the tunnel in Texas and come out in Canada!

CHARLEY: Inconsistent, infeasible, incredible.

BARON: In Canada!

CHARLEY: All right, in Canada.

BARON: I ran a chain through the tunnel.

CHARLEY: A chain?

BARON: Sure - I had to chain the tunnel to the hole in the mountain.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Of course! What happened then?

CHARLEY: I'm ready for anything!

BARON: The link in the middle of the chain broke loose and disappeared.

CHARLEY: The link was gone.

BARON: Yes - and without it there was great danger.

CHARLEY: Danger of what?

BARON: Of the hole running out of the tunnel - but the next day everything was Y.A.

CHARLEY: What's Y.A?

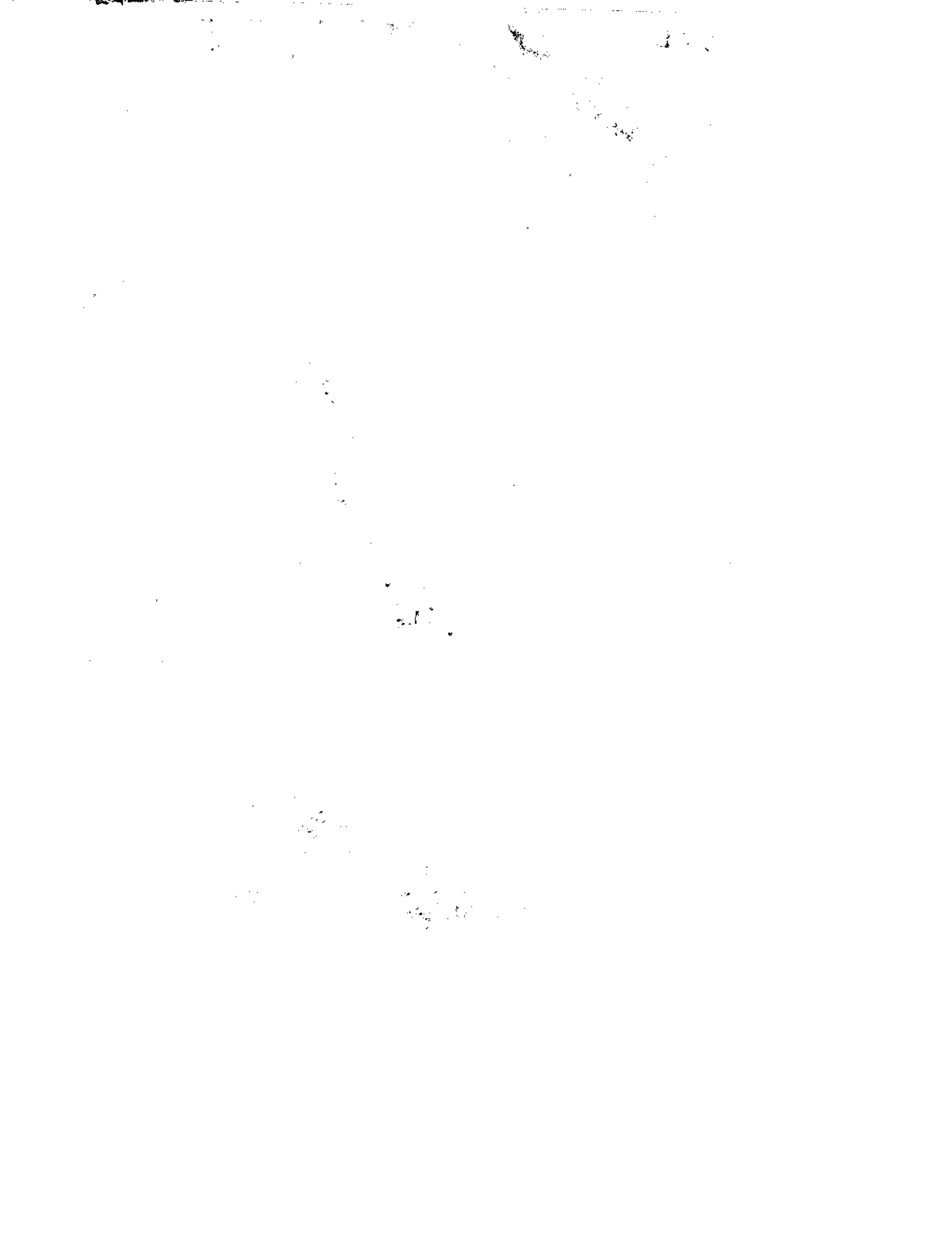
BARON: Why ask. I found the lost monkey.
CHARLEY: The lost monkey?
BARON: The truant gorilla, the absent chimpanzee.
CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean the missing link?
BARON: You got it. The missing link!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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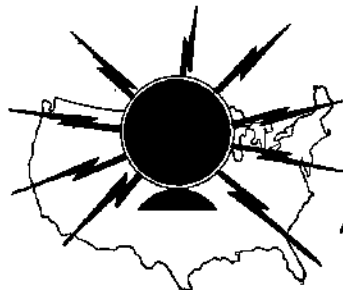
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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
12/3/32



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, DECEMBER 10, 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, Uncle Sam....this is Mike's boy Walter
 (starting to pilot the Magic Carpet for the last time....and tonight
 we've considerable hopping around to do for this evening, so let's
 get started. La Belle Herbert and the dashing, swashbuckling
 Robert Halliday are here in New York where they hold the center
 spotlight.....I'll call on them later...but first there is music
 to be served up and it's coming from a couple of swell guys in a
 couple of swell places. One of them is Phil Harris who is going
 to turn on the heat from the Cocconut Grove in Los Angeles in Ye
 Handsome Olde Ambassador Hotel, and the other chap is Hal Kemp.....
 a broth of a boy who is surrounded by as handsome a group of
 horn-tooters as ever kept the neighbors awake rehearsing....So let's
 hit the trail out over Columbia, St. Louis, up over the Rockies and
 down into the Happy Hunting Grounds of the film folk, the Cocconut
 Grove.....in L.A. the city of the angels.....

ON WITH THE DANCE, PHIL HARRIS...(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

ANNOUNCER:

We're in the Cocconut Grove in Los Angeles where
 Phil Harris starts the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet speeds out of Los Angeles and heads back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Phil, and I hope you enjoyed the game today... as much as we did hearing it over the air....I had a bet placed on the outcome with Buddy De Sylvia, the famous song writer...goodie, goodie, goodie....And now here is Mr. Howard Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

High above the famous road of the covered wagons -- the Old Santa Fe trail -- the planes of Transcontinental-Western Air -- the Lindbergh Line -- now wing their way over the shortest route from coast to coast, carrying passengers in the amazing time of twenty-eight hours. Of course, with every modern equipment for comfort, it is only natural that the Lindbergh Line planes should provide the modern cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE -- for their passengers' enjoyment -- for modern smokers want a cigarette that's truly mild, and they have found in LUCKY STRIKE'S delicious Turkish and domestic tobaccos, the true mildness that's imparted by the famous "TOASTING" Process. From coast to coast smokers enjoy LUCKY STRIKE'S mildness. Why not join them -- light a LUCKY! And for Christmas -- give your friends one of those colorful, modern Christmas cartons of LUCKIES.... they're original, strikingly beautiful -- the ideal Christmas gift because they hold ten packages of flavorful, mellow-mild LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS
O'KEEFE SAYS: -)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You are listening to the New York Orchestra of the evening conducted by Dr. Louis Katzman...who is striking up the mood for the first appearance tonight of Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday... The selection from the first show is before my time...It's entitled "Can It Be Love At Last?" from "Fiddlers Three" but the second song is from a recent success "Three's A Crowd"....It was written by Arthur Schwartz and if you saw the show you may remember the star standing on the dock as her sailor sweetheart is leaving....and how she sang that song "OH GIVE ME SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY"..... Back of the third song is a rather dramatic history...Miss Herbert will sing "Lover Come Back To Me" as she introduced it in "New Moon"Larry Schwab and Frank Mandel spent a hundred thousand dollars to produce this operetta and after a try-out of a couple of weeks closed it for re-writing...A Year later it was produced again and Romberg had written this great song which made "New Moon" one of the greatest of our musical hits....So those are the songs.....here are the singers and I give you Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday.....

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING "CAN IT BE LOVE AT LAST?"

"OH GIVE ME SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY"

"LOVER COME BACK TO ME")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks to you Miss Herbert and to you too, Master Halliday....and I hope Santa Clause fills your stocking with another "Lover Come Back To Me"....and now Uncle Sam, what d'ya say we hit the trail for that dear, dear Chicago...the windiest of the windy cities where we'll get Hal Kemp and his boys from the Blackhawk....ole massa Kemp of the Carolina Kemps, suh, is awaitin' of ya and with Saxy on the Saxophone and John Trotter at the piano these gentlemen of the Old South....or maybe the new South....but anyway the South....will make music for your dancing with a side order of corn pone.....

ON WITH THE DANCE HAL....(WHISTLE)....OKAY CHICAGO!

ANNOUNCER:

And Hal Kemp and his Orchestra greet you from Chicago with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet is eastward bound out of Chicago and back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you Kemp...I'm glad to see you fellows getting along...later on tonight we'll call on you...but now we'll call on Howard Glaney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Isn't it great to know that the Christmas gifts you send to your friends are really welcome and enjoyed! That's why so many men are planning to give their friends a Christmas box of delicious Certified Cremo Cigars.....Crema is now five cents straight - three for ten cents.....and say, if you haven't yet tried a Crema, what a smoking treat you have waiting for you! You'll enjoy Certified Crema's fine, flavorful long-filler tobaccos; you'll like that famous Perfecto shape; you'll like the way your Crema burns slowly and evenly; leaving a long, firm ash; and you'll welcome the knowledge that every Crema is immaculately clean -- the only cigar finished under glass. You'll be amazed that such a fine, high quality cigar can sell at the remarkable low cost of five cents straight; three for ten cents, and you'll be eager to give your friends one of those colorful Christmas boxes of Cremos. It's always a joy to give something you enjoy yourself! So pass on this splendid smoking enjoyment to your friends - a Christmas box of Certified Crema Cigars!

- - - - - STATION BREAK - - - - -

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now, Uncle Sam...we're gonna tear off another transcontinental trip,...we're going out to California....There's a swell laff in the new picture called "The All American" where Johnny Baker of Southern California has an argument over the water bucket with Murray Cain from Alabama,...You see Cain monopolizing the sponge and water bucket too long for Baker's pleasure....whereupon Baker says, "How about some of that water for me?" and Cain replies in his rich southern drawl, "Pardon me, I thought all you Californians drank nothing but orange juice out here!"....so let's go out to the sun-kissed slopes....to the white-haired boy in the Ambassador Hotel...Ben Frank's pride and joy, Phil Harris,...

ON WITH THE DANCE PHIL....(WHISTLE)...OKAY LOS ANGELES!

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor of the Coconut Grove, Phil Harris and his boys play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Across the continent speeds the Magic Carpet, back to Walter O'Keefe!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS O'KEEFE
SAYS: -)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Once again the rhythmic rite of Dr. Katzman is directing "Romance" as the Magic Carpet lands on the Eastern seaboard.....One of the first musical comedies your pilot remembers was "Very Good Eddie" starring my friend and co-worker the diminutive Ernie Truex....the scene was a resort hotel with staircases on each side....he and the girl clad in pajamas walked down the stairway holding candles, dropped two pillows on the floor and sitting down sang that swell song, "Babes in the Wood"....From "Chin Chin" Bob Halliday sings "Goodbye Girls I'm Through" and then for their last number, Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday wind things up in a blaze of glory singing a swell song of Victor Herbert's called "A Kiss In The Dark".....So that's the plan....imagine the scenes.... and I give you Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday.....

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING -- "BABES IN THE WOOD"

"GOODBYE GIRLS I AM THROUGH"

"A KISS IN THE DARK")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Those were the voices of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, ladies and gentlemen, and now for a brief pause while Howard Glaney says something important.....

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's a treat in store for you at your cigarette counter....something you've never seen before -- that new, original and colorfully gay Christmas carton of LUCKIES.....the ideal Christmas gift for your friends! This beautiful Christmas carton holds ten packages of delicious, mellow-mild LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes; and discriminating smokers the country over know that there's extra joy, extra cigarette quality in every single LUCKY; for LUCKIES not only give you the finest of flavorful, fragrant Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- they give that true mildness - mellow-mildness -- which is brought about when those choice tobaccos are "TOASTED." As LUCKIES are the favorite cigarette -- so these Christmas cartons are the favorite Christmas gift this year....there's a wealth of mild, delicious, smoking pleasure in every carton! So plan now -- give a Christmas carton of LUCKIES!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now, Uncle Sam, back again to Lake Michigan we go, back again to Hal Kemp and his orchestra who will spend the rest of the program ladling out dance music de luxe. By de looks of things, you're in for a good time....so away you go and

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

ANNOUNCER:

And this time Hal Kemp and his orchestra play --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

High over Chicago flashes the Magic Carpet, and starts its lightning trip back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good night, Hal....good night Phil....and here I want to insert a closing to end all closings....Tonight marks my last broadcast....so I want to thank everybody who made this job so pleasant to me, particularly the LUCKY STRIKE audience who wrote in to me....some times to criticize and some times to commend me.... but it all added up and spelled a happy experience....so here's where Michael O'Keefe's oldest boy says goodbye to you on this program. I wish you all a very Merry Christmas.....a Happy St. Valentine's Day....and a roaring good Fourth of July. So unless you've got something to say, let's call it a day and hope we meet again.....GOODEY!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This program has come to you from New York City, Chicago, Illinois and Los Angeles, California, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

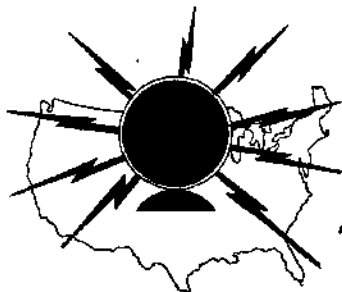
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
12/10/32

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, DECEMBER 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....Tonight we bring you Jack Denny and his Orchestra, popular favorites, who play nightly in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. Later we will have an exciting dramatization of a case from the files of the U.S. Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. This one is called, "The Airplane Dynamiters" and is the story of trouble-makers in the coal fields of Southern Illinois and Kentucky. We promise you a real thrill as the case is unravelled by the Federal Agents, but now Jack Denny is waiting to go.....

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

JACK DENNY:

This is Jack Denny, ladies and gentlemen...Tonight we play first -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet flies back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Jack Denny,...that was great...you can wrap up those tunes and tell Santa Claus to put them in my stocking for Christmas,...and speaking of Christmas, ladies and gentlemen, probably every one of you folks have friends now far away whom you're planning to remember this Christmas....And here's an easy solution to the problem of sending them a welcome and appreciated gift in plenty of time: simply drop in at your nearest cigarette dealer's,..gets one of those beautiful and original Christmas cartons of LUCKIES...you'll find them all ready to mail -- just slip the card in, and there you are! You'll be delighted with the gay and colorful design -- it's really the most original Christmas carton of cigarettes ever devised! And how well those mellow, delicious, truly mild LUCKIES will express your merry Christmas for you. Each carton contains ten packages of LUCKIES -- 200 flavorful cigarettes packed from tip to tip with mellow smoking enjoyment...the ideal Christmas gift, for in LUCKY STRIKE you are giving the finest of choicest, fragrant, Turkish and domestic tobaccos, brought to their richest, mildest, most delicious best by the famous "TOASTING" Process.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

So here is your ideal gift for the holidays -- a Christmas carton of wild, flavorful LUCKIES!

Now we turn our attention to the Magic Carpet Theatre where Mr. LUCKY STRIKE presents the first act of "The Airplane Dynamiters." This is a dramatization of a case from the files of the Bureau of Investigation, U.S. Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. It all happened at a time when agitators were stirring up trouble and damaging coal mine property in Southern Illinois and Kentucky. Special Agent Five is listening for orders and instructions are flying through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART - "THE AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

There you have the first half of the "Airplane Dynamiters". The Federal Agents have Pilot Haines in custody now, but will that lead them to the trail of the two agitators, Burke and Rothman? Will they be able to find them and what can they do with the few clues that they have to work on? Later in the LUCKY STRIKE program, in fact within a half hour, we will have the second act, so stand by for the complete story. Right now, however, we are on our way to hear Jack Denny and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra who are waiting to play the music which has made them so popular in New York.

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

JACK DENNY:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

JACK DENNY:

We take that short and speedy hop back to the Pilot.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Jack Denny! That was music fit for a king-- or a queen! And that reminds me,...I have a word here for her majesty, the American woman:--

Ladies, do you find it hard to select just the right Christmas gift for a man? Here's a gift that will make him as pleased as a schoolboy! A box of fifty Certified Cremo cigars in an attractive Christmas package. Fifty fine cigars...made of choicest, long-filler tobacco, in the famous Perfecto shape that he'll recognize as standing for the highest cigar quality. Fifty delicious cigars that are immaculately clean, for Certified Cremo is the only cigar finished under glass. And you'll be glad to know that Certified Cremo gives the greatest cigar value in the world. This fine, high-quality cigar is now offered at five cents straight, three for ten cents. Whether it's for husband, father, brother or sweetheart -- every man who enjoys a fine cigar will be delighted with a box of Certified Cremos. For men who like a fine, smooth, mellow cigar already know that there's a world of cigar pleasure in every Certified Cremo -- now five cents straight, three for ten cents!

-----STATION BREAK-----

HOWARD CLANEY:

It won't be long before the stage will be all set for the second act of our Federal dramatization, but while the stage hands are getting everything ready, we want to hear from Jack Denny again... Every night at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, you can see many representatives of New York's "400" dancing to the strains of Denny's music. Now he's going to give us another sample of the rhythms that have made him so popular....

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

JACK DENNY:

We swing into the dance with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

JACK DENNY:

Back to the man at the controls speeds the Magic
Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now sit back in your comfortable chair while we bring
you the second act of tonight's case of crime, "The Airplane
Dynamiters" -- based on a real case from the files of the Department
of Justice in Washington. Two agitators, Burke and Rothman, were
stirring up a lot of trouble with the miners and trying to damage a
lot of mining property in the coal fields of Southern Illinois and
Kentucky. They secured a plane and flew over a Kentucky mine where
they dropped two bundles of dynamite. The Federal Agents were called
into the picture and have already found the pilot....a man named
Haines....but their clues are very meager and we are waiting now to
hear if or how they are going to find Burke and Rothman. Special
Agent Five is waiting for instructions and orders are flashing through
the air from headquarters so --

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

There you have the whole story....and the men who figured in the terrorizing of the miners have been caught and placed safely behind the bars. Next week, Mr. LUCKY STRIKE will present another dramatization of a real case from the files of the Bureau of Investigation, U.S. Department of Justice....but now it's time for a dance and we know that Jack Denny is waiting....so without further ado let's go.....

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

JACK DENNY:

Take your partners everybody....and dance as we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

With a hop, skip and a jump, we take you back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Good music, Jack Denny, good music....we'll call on you again in a moment and while you're resting, I would like to add something to an interesting news item many of you may have ready in the society columns of your newspapers.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD GLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Last night the elite of Washington's society attended the famous Bachelors' Cotillion.....diplomats from the capitals of Europe....statesmen from all parts of America...society debutantes and leaders of the Army and Navy mingled gaily at this colorful affair. The favors were beautiful cigarettes boxes - and if you had been there you would have noticed how many of these discriminating smokers filled their cigarette boxes with LUCKIES. For in the Nation's capital, as everywhere, particular smokers always seek the pleasure of a truly mild cigarette; and people everywhere have found that LUCKY STRIKE gives real mildness - mellow mildness,...choice, delicious, Turkish and domestic tobaccos brought to their mildest best by "TOASTING." That's why LUCKIES are so extra good,...and that's why people everywhere are planning to give their friends one of those smart, colorful and original Christmas cartons of LUCKIES - the mildest of cigarettes,

Before we dance again, we might say a word about the LUCKY STRIKE Hour on Thursday night. Again we will have the pleasure of hearing Jack Pearl as the "Baron Munchausen." This time he will unfold the story of his musical career. In spite of all his efforts to keep it a secret, we have found out that the Baron has been summoned many times to play his own concerto on the zither for all the crown heads in Europe. We might tell more about his musical accomplishments, but we'll have to wait until Thursday night because the good old Baron wants to break the news himself. On the same program, George Olsen will provide the music and talking about music, let's have some more of it right now from the famous Jack Denny and his Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

We invite you to dance to the strains of -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

JACK DENNY:

All aboard...we're flying back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that, Jack Denny, and ladies and gentlemen, brings us to the close of another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. Before saying good night, may I remind you again to put Certified Cremo and those Christmas cartons of LUCKIES on your shopping list.....and until Thursday night, when we invite you to be our guests to hear Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen, and George Olsen's famous orchestra.... we bid you goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
 12/13/32

EPISODE VII

"THE AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 13, 1932

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE VII

"THE AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS"

PART I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

HAINES

GURNEY

BURKE

ALICE

ROTHMAN

TOD

MAY

SHERIFF BARLOW

SUSIE

SPECIAL AGENT LEMBKE

SPECIAL AGENT GLYDE

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE VII

"THE AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER..... DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION..... DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS".....BASED ON CASE 69273.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE, PROCEED.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking.....the story of "The Airplane Dynamiters".....real people.....real places.....real clues.... a real case.....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout....our case begins at the airport near the coal-mining town of Murphysboro, Illinois.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

BURKE: Are you Haines the pilot?

HAINES: I'm Lloyd Haines the stunt flyer, yeah.

ROTHMAN: Sehr goot. Dis iss de man all right.

HAINES: Well what's up?

BURKE: We've got a job for you, Haines.

HAINES: Yeah, who're you?

ROTHMAN: Does dat make difference?

HAINES: What do you think? I don't like the looks of either of you, to tell the truth.

ROTHMAN: You don't know who you're talking to, that iss your trouble.

HAINES: All right, who am I talkin' to?

BURKE: Burke and Rothman. What do you say to that?

HAINES: (TERRIFIED) Huh? Burke and Rothman! You're the agitators -- the guys that're stirrin' up all this trouble in the coal mines -- say, I don't want to do any business with you fellows.

ROTHMAN: We gif you de chance to help in de big cause. We gif you some money, too.

HAINES: I don't want your dough! You guys are just the same as murderers!

BURKE: How's that? Go on. That's interesting.

HAINES: Why, I mean you promoted all those riots in the mines and men were killed -- and you're responsible!

ROTHMAN: Yah, und dat iss only de start! Before it's all over you see many riots. You see many mines blow up.

HAINES: Hey, you guys must-----

BURKE: Listen to me, Haines. We've got you figured cold. We know that you're hard up for dough. Well, this job'll net you five hundred dollars cash. Think it over.

HAINES: Well....what do you want me to do?

BURKE: Take one of us up in your plane on a short flight to the east.

HAINES: Where to?

BURKE: Over Clay County, Kentucky.

HAINES: Clay County.....what part?

BURKE: Over the mines.

HAINES: (PARTLY GETTING THE IDEA) Yeah?...why?

ROTHMAN: That iss not your business!

BURKE: (IMPLACABLE) Be ready tomorrow morning, Haines -- just before dawn. We'll take off as soon as it's light.

HAINES: (WEAK) Well -- I don't know what your racket is -- but you'll have to pay me before this bus leaves the ground.

BURKE: Don't worry about the pay. Just be right here and waiting with your plane tuned up in the morning. We'll take care of everything else, eh Karl?

ROTHMAN: Dat's right -- we take care of everything. We see you later, Haines.

(FADES)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE FADES OUT.
2. DISTANT CHIME STRIKES FIVE.
3. WIND.

SUSIE: But my gosh, Lloyd -- do ya mean we gotta go all the way home alone?

HAINES: Sure -- in my car, Susie. May'll drive. You don't need me along.

SUSIE: Aw, what the heck! You said at the party you an' May would drop me off at my place. Now all you do is dump my boy-friend and then drive out here to the airport. What is this? Don't you say so too, May?

MAY: It's all right, Susie. We'll get home all right.

SUSIE: Well, you sure got your nerve, Lloyd Haines. If my mother ever finds out she'll kill me. She wouldn't like it for me to drive clear into town from the airport at four in the morning with no boy along.

HAINES: Lissen, Susie - you kids gotta help me out. I'm doin' a job this morning. Flying.

MAY: Uh-huh. Bootlegging?

HAINES: (EAGERLY) I hope so. I mean -- well, I'm just flyin' the bus -- I don't have anything else to do with it. But...if anybody sh'd ever ask you two girls -- about tonight -- I wantcha to say we stopped over in Murphysboro after leavin' the party. We didn't come near the airport at all, see?

SUSIE: Why I never heard of such a thing.

MAY: (IMPATIENT) For gosh sakes, Susie -- get wise! After the party we took your boy-friend home - just like we did - and then stopped in at my house. Nobody'll ever know the difference.

HAINES: You get the idea, May. Just in case somebody should start asking questions.

SUSIE: Say listen...there's somebody coming -- from over by the hangar.

HAINES: Huh?

MAY: There is somebody -- look. Two men.

SUSIE: They ain't from around here. I never saw that tall guy before.

MAY: Or the little one with him -- who are they, Lloyd?

HAINES: S-s-h! Those are the birds I'm supposed to meet.

BURKE: (FADING IN) Well, Haines? All ready?

HAINES: Yeah. I'm all set.

ROTHMAN: (FADING IN) Say - who are dese people in de automobile? Vat are dey doing here?

HAINES: Well, you didn't expect me to wait all alone, did you?

BURKE: (COLDLY) That would have been advisable.

SUSIE: Oh, gee....I wish I hadn't come out here at all.

ROTHMAN: Get dese girls going right away, Haines. You hear me?

HAINES: Aw, take it easy, can't you? Look, May, I guess you and Susie don't have to stay round any longer.

MAY: That's sure all right by me.

HAINES: Here's the key to my car. You can drive it all right, can't you, May?

MAY: Well, I have enough times.

HAINES: O.K. Remember we were on a party all three of us that lasted all night.

MAY: I'll say we were -- let's get going, Susie -- this is no place for us.

(MOTOR STARTS AND FADES)

SUSIE: Yeah. Gee, if my mother ever finds out.....

ROTHMAN: Veil? Vat does dat mean, Haines?

HAINES: (UNEASY) Nothing. Just a couple o' friends o' mine.

BURKE: All right -- so long as they've gone. We've work to do. Rothman, bring that dynamite over here.

ROTHMAN: (OFF) I've got it.

HAINES: That -- what?

BURKE: Dynamite.

HAINES: My God, you're not --

BURKE: Be quiet. It's getting light and we've got to move fast.

ROTHMAN: (IN FULL) Here iss de sack.

BURKE: Good. Make six bundles.

HAINES: But -- listen -- what's it for?

BURKE: We're going to drop it on the mines over the border in Clay County, Kentucky.

HAINES: No. No, sir. Not from my plane.

BURKE: What's the matter -- do you own an interest in the mines?

HAINES: No, but good God -- the miners, and their wives and kids all live right around the pithead! And you can't dump this stuff from a plane and tell exactly where it will land!

BURKE: We don't care exactly where it lands. Anywhere will do.

HAINES: But you'll blow up those cabins and people in 'em.

ROTHMAN: To blazes wid de people. If dey liff too close to de mine, dat is deir toff luck.

HAINES: Well, I won't fly you.

ROTHMAN: You won't fly de plane.

HAINES: God, no!

ROTHMAN: All right den -- maybe dis change your mind!

HAINES: Go ahead and shoot me if you want to.

BURKE: Rothman...you fool. Put away that pistol.

ROTHMAN: Vat?

BURKE: You imbecile. If you kill this man, who's to pilot the plane?

ROTHMAN: Vat, den?

BURKE: (COLD) He'll fly us all right. Look here, Haines. Here's your money. Cash. Five hundred dollars.

HAINES: (GULPING) Five hundred.

BURKE: Go on. Take it. It's yours.

HAINES: Ugh...well.

BURKE: Take it!

HAINES: Just to fly you then....I won't throw any o' that stuff.

BURKE: You don't need to. I'll attend to that.

HAINES: Then let's get started -- get it over. I'll take you right square across the pithead -- I guess you can hit it all right.-

BURKE: I dare say. Put the dynamite in the plane, Rothman. Then, return to headquarters and tell them there that the Clay County sabotage is officially under way!

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AEROPLANE ENGINE STARTS, COUGHS, WARMS UP,
FADES OFF.
2. TICKING OF CLOCK: CHIME STRIKES ONCE.
3. CHILD WHIMPERING RESTLESSLY.

ALICE: There, honey. Try to get to sleep.
GURNEY: (HER HUSBAND) Sho, Alice. You better sleep yoself.
I'll set up and hold his hand.
ALICE: What time is it?
GURNEY: Nigh about fo-thirty, I reckon. Pretty soon it'll
be light enough to see the clock. Most time to go
down to the mine ag'in.
TOD: (LITTLE BOY) Mother, I'm hot....
ALICE: Feel his fo'head, Jim. It's hot as fiah.
GURNEY: That's the fever in him.
TOD: Mother.
ALICE: Hush now, honey.
GURNEY: Sho have to git the docteh in the mo'nin'. This ain't
no way fo Tod to be.
(AIRPLANE ENGINE VERY DISTANT)
ALICE: Listen. Do you hear it?
GURNEY: What?
ALICE: Sounds like a airyplane.
GURNEY: It does fo' a fact.
(AIRPLANE ENGINE CLOSER)
TOD: I'm thirsty. I want a drink....
GURNEY: Reckon I'll git ye a drink right now, youngsteh....
(OFF) Say, that is a airyplane....(IN FULL) Sounds
like it's a comin' from ovch Illinois way. There,
Tod....there's yo' drink.....

ALICE: What's folks doin' flyin' airypplanes this time o' the
mo'nin' --- Tod kain't sleep with all that racket.

GURNEY: Guess they figgeh to --
(CHARGE OF DYNAMITE DROPS AND EXPLODES NEARBY.
GLASS CRASH AS PANES FALL FROM WINDOWS)

ALICE: (SCREAMS)

TOD: (WAILS IN FRIGHT)
(DISTANT SHOUTS)
(AIRPLANE ENGINE FADES FARTHER AWAY)

GURNEY: What in the nation -- Alice, are ye hurt? Are ye hurt?

ALICE: Tod - Tod -- are you all right?

TOD: What was that, Mother?

GURNEY: He ain't hurt.

ALICE: What's happened? What was it, Jim?

GURNEY: Look -- look, down by the pithead! They done throwed
dynamite outer that airplane and blowed up the mouth
o' Numbch Three Shaft!
(AIRPLANE ENGINE NOISE FADES BACK STRONGLY)
And they're a-comin' back! They're a-comin' back
agin! Glory God! I'm a-goin' outside and see if I
kin spot who they is!

ALICE: Jim -- don't you do it! Jim --

GURNEY: (OFF) You keep cahh o' that young 'un Alice -- I'm
goin' outside!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED RAPIDLY.
2. AIRPLANE NOISE.
3. SHOUTS - CLOSER THAN BEFORE.

(BACKGROUND LINES: "Lawdy!"

"It's the jedgement!"

"It's a airyplane!"

"Who is it?"

"Can you see?"

"They're a-comin' back!"

GURNEY: (CALLS) Git low, folks! Git out o' sight -- they're
a-goin' to tho'ow anotheeth one!

VOICE: (OFF) Run, Jim Gurney! Look out -- They're a-divin'!

SECOND VOICE: Here it comes!

(SECOND EXPLOSION)

(SHOUTS, ETC.)

GURNEY: I seed 'em, folks! I seed 'em!

(AIRPLANE ENGINE FADES BACK)

Red body....and yellow wings! I seed 'em!

VOICE: (FADING IN) What's that, Jim Gurney? What you
a-sayin'?

GURNEY: I seed 'em! I got that airyplane spotted!

(AIRPLANE ENGINE FADING)

(CROWD REACTION)

Look at 'em there beatin' it over Illinois way!
Nevah you mind - that second time oveh they done
spilled the grease sho nuff.

VOICE: How do you mean, Jim? Who was it?

GURNEY: I'll tell ye who it was - it was that stunt flyer
from the airport at Murphysboro - I spotted that
red body and yellow wings, yestiddy when I was over
that way to get medicine fo' my sick kid...Let me git
th'ough the crowd, folks. I'm going to the
superintendent's office to call up the Sheriff oveh
in Murphysboro.

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. EXCITED MURMUR FADES OUT.
 2. RATTLING OF TELEPHONE HOOK AND RINGING BELL.
 3. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

LEMBKE: Sheriff Barlow?
BARLOW: Ye-es, gentlemen?
LEMBKE: I'm Special Agent Lembke, U.S. Bureau of Investigation,
 working out of St. Louis. This is my associate,
 Agent Clyde.
BARLOW: Howdy, gentlemen.
CLYDE: Hello, Sheriff.
BARLOW: I reckon you caught the first train out after you got
 my wire, eh?
LEMBKE: That's right -- they told us at the station you'd be
 here at the airport.
BARLOW: Well I'm mighty glad to see you; I figured this was
 a job for Federal men soon's that phone call came in
 from Clay County.
CLYDE: Well, you "figured" correctly Sheriff. This aviator
 has flown his plane in direct violation of the Federal
 Air Commerce Act. It forbids the transportation of
 explosives by air, you know. Beside that, it looks
 like a deliberate bombing.
LEMBKE: And that brings in a new count; The Federal Court at
 Louisville issued an order restraining all individuals
 from interfering with operation of the coal mines.
BARLOW: Sounds like you got plenty on Lloyd Haines, gentlemen.
 Want to talk to him now?

LEMBKE: Yes, if he's here.

BARLOW: (PROUDLY) Oh, I held him right in the airport office till you folks could git out. (CALLS) Tom!

VOICE: Yeah, Sheriff?

BARLOW: Ask Haines to come in.

VOICE: Sure thing. He's right outside.

(DOOR IS OPENED. VERY BRIEF PAUSE)

HAINES: (FADING IN) Well, here I am, Sheriff.

(DOOR CLOSED)

BARLOW: Sit down, Lloyd, sit down. These fellows want to talk to you.

LEMBKE: Haines, we're Federal agents from St. Louis. We want a few straight answers from you.

HAINES: Well. What can I tell you?

CLYDE: What's the idea of pulling off a bombing raid over Clay County? If you think Illinois has declared war on Kentucky you're all wrong.

HAINES: But it was an accident!

LEMBKE: You mean the dynamite just fell out of the plane? All by itself?

HAINES: Yeh. That's it.

LEMBKE: Sheriff, did you arrest this man when he came back to the airport, or later?

BARLOW: First thing when he came back, Mr. Lembke. I drove right out here 'soon's the call from Clay County came through. Jim Gurney, miner over there, identified the plane positive.

LEMBKE: Was he alone when he landed?

BARLOW: Yes, sir -- sittin' in the front cockpit. And in the back cockpit was a sack o' dynamite.

LEMBKE: All right Haines, you see where that puts you? Unless there was somebody else in that plane, you must have thrown that dynamite out yourself. All right then -- why not try telling the truth for a while?

HAINES: (UNCOMFORTABLE) Well....I'll tell you...there were two men.

LEMBKE: (BUSINESSLIKE) Yep? What about 'em?

HAINES: They made me fly one of 'em over there this morning. They -- pulled a gun on me. I had to do it. Honest.

CLYDE: You flew one of them, eh? What became of the other?

HAINES: We left him on the ground, back at the airport.

LEMBKE: All right, you left him on the ground. How about the one that flew?

HAINES: Well -- I'll tell you how it all happened -- after we got over the Mines, I could see that he was up to something - I didn't know what -- and then when he heaved out the dynamite and I caught on I did like he told me for a while, and then I circled back ----

(FADE IN AIRPLANE MOTOR EFFECT)

BURKE: Hey! Where you going, Haines? What's the idea?

(MOTOR CUTS AND ZOOMS)

HAINES: We're out of gas. I've got to make a forced landing.

(STARTS UP ENGINE AGAIN)

BURKE: Look out!

HAINES: It's all right. We'll make it. We'll just clear the trees.

(BUMP - FOLLOWED BY SECOND BUMP)

(THROTTLES ENGINE DOWN LOW)

Listen -- we're in a jam.

BURKE: Yes?

HAINES: We're not far enough away from Clay County yet, and darned near out of gas. So the only thing to do is for you to walk up the road to the next town and get some.

BURKE: Why don't you go?

HAINES: Listen, it would look too funny for me to leave the ship. I might meet some one I know. You can say you were driving through and your car stalled.

BURKE: Well -- I'll go then. Anything to get back to the mines as soon as possible. I still have dynamite left.

HAINES: Jump over the side there to get out of the plane.

BURKE: (GETTING OUT) All right, all right. Why in blazes don't you have a door to this thing? It's so bloody high that -- (TEARING NOISE) The devil! It's full of splinters, too -- (JUMPING TO GROUND) All right, now.

HAINES: Five gallons will be plenty -- you'll have to ask for help to bring it back.

BURKE: (OFF) I'll get it back all right. Wait here.

HAINES: Sure. I'll wait.

(MOTOR ROARS SHARPLY AS HAINES BEGINS TO TAXI
OVER FIELD)

BURKE: (OFF) Here! Where are you going? Come back here! Wait! Hey -- you double-crossing rat -- come back here--
come on back --

(FADES OFF)

(MOTOR ROARS AS PLANE CLIMBS SHARPLY)

(FADE OUT)

HAINES: (FADE IN)...So I ditched him there in the field, over the Kentucky line...I didn't want to have anything more to do with him -- no, sir! If I'd thought of that gag of pretending to be out of gas sooner I'd never have taken him over the mines at all.

CLYDE: How much did they pay you for this job, Haines?

HAINES: Why nothing. Not a cent.

CLYDE: These two men who made you fly the ship -- did you know who they were?

HAINES: No, sir! I had no idea.

CLYDE: What kind of record has this aviator got around here, Sheriff?

BARLOW: Well -- Lloyd he kind of likes to cut up and have fun; but if you fried him for a fool you'd waste your fat.

LEMBKE: He's a smart boy, eh?

BARLOW: Yep, plenty Mr. Lembke and I got a kind o' suspicion he's holdin' back something right now. But I don't know what, or why.

LEMBKE: Yes, I agree with you, Sheriff, and for that reason I think you ought to hold him under arrest for a while. I'm not satisfied with this story about the "two men."

HAINES: But say you got no right to do this to me! I told you all I know, and if you try to arrest me you're gonna be sorry for it. I'll kick to Washington!

LEMBKE: You've got no kick coming, Haines. Hauling that load of dynamite is plenty to hold you on. But Clyde and I are after whoever it was put you up to this. They're the kind of un-American agitators who are dangerous.... And we can't waste time, either, Clyde, because they can get other planes and other pilots,.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CAN UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AGENTS.....
TRACK DOWN MEMBERS OF TERROR GANG.....BEFORE AIRPLANE
DYNAMITERS....FLY AGAIN.....FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...
FOR SURPRISE CONCLUSION.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SU-173-VII

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE VII

"THE AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE....STORY OF "THE AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS"....BASED
ON CASE 89273.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....
WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE....AT
AIRPORT NEAR MURPHYSBORO, ILLINOIS.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

CLYDE: Well -- I don't find anything here in the front cockpit, Lembke. You have any luck back there?

LEMBKE: Yeah... See what you make of this, Clyde.

CLYDE: O.K. -- look out, here I come.

(THUD AS CLYDE JUMPS DOWN FROM PLANE)

What have you got.

LEMBKE: Here. Look.

CLYDE: Say -- a piece of cloth! Looks like it was torn off. I wonder if Haines had a fight with his passenger?

LEMBKE: No, I don't think so. Look here at the side of the fuselage.

CLYDE: Whereabouts?

LEMBKE: Right at the top of the cockpit. See those splinters, where the cockpit combing is cracked?

CLYDE: Yes -- there's a few tiny pieces of cloth stuck in the splinters.

LEMBKE: Lay this piece alongside and see what you think.

CLYDE: Same cloth!

LEMBKE: Which makes me think that this bit of cloth was ripped off somebody's coat when that person climbed out of the rear cockpit of this plane!

CLYDE: Why not?

LEMBKE: Remember, Haines was wearing a leather coat -- so that rules him out.

CLYDE: Sure. All we have to do is find the man who has a torn place in his coat that this fits -- and we'll have the dynamiter. (WITH IRONY) Easy job, eh?

LEMBKE: Well, we'll save it -- it may come in handy.

CLYDE: Here's the sheriff again, Lembke. Say -- he looks pleased with himself.

BARLOW: (FADING IN) Doggone it, I have to hand it to you fellows.

LEMBKE: OH, we've had some luck, eh?

BARLOW: Well....I don't want to predict somethin' that won't come out -- but I've been checking up on Haines' Murphysboro friends, like you told me to.

LEMBKE: Uh-huh. And you turned something up?

BARLOW: Well, sir, I wouldn't believe you at first, when you said Lloyd's friends might be in on it. But I'll be switched if I ain't struck somethin' mighty strange.

CLYDE: What is it, Barlow?

BARLOW: Well, there's two girls in town he used to go with. And when I went to interview them, they certainly acted funny; they certainly did.

LEMBKE: Funny -- suspicious?

BARLOW: Umhummmmm. They're at my office now.

LEMBKE: All right, Sheriff. It's getting pretty late to stay here, anyway. Let's get in the car and drive into town. You can tell us more about these girls, on the way.

SOUND INTERLUDE: MOTOR CAR RUNNING OVER ROAD.

LEMBKE: Well, Susie, you've got nothing to be afraid of if you haven't done anything wrong, you know.

SUSIE: Then what are you trying to drag us into it for?

CLYDE: We just want to find out the truth, Susie, that's all.

BARLOW: May, you're a smart girl -- you tell 'em.

MAY: Well. The reason I didn't know what to say, when Mr. Barlow asked me before, was that Lloyd Haines told me to say he was at my house after we left the party in town, when we really left him out at the airport.

LEMBKE: And you agreed to do that, May?

MAY: Yes -- but I didn't really mean it.

LEMBKE: Oh, you just agreed to keep Lloyd happy?

MAY: Yes, sir. I never thought anybody would really want to know where he was!

SUSIE: Don't forget about the two men, May.

LEMBKE: (QUICK) Oh - there really were two men, eh? What did they look like?

SUSIE: Gee, we couldn't see very good.

MAY: (THINKING) One of 'em was tall.....

SUSIE: And the other one was short! Real short!

CLYDE: A tall man and a short man, eh? Can't you describe them a little more fully?

MAY: No - We cleared out too quick to see anything else.

LEMBKE: (THINKING IT OVER) Short man and tall man....thank you, girls. That's all.

SUSIE: Can we go?

CLYDE: (NOT STERNLY) That's what he said. And after this you'd better stay away from airports at that hour of day.

(DOOR OPENS)

SUSIE: If my mother.....

MAY: (OFF) Oh, my Gosh!

(DOOR CLOSED HARD)

BARLOW: Do you think that information is any good, gentlemen?

LEMBKE: It clicks with a part of Haines' story, Sheriff. And we'll follow every lead, until --

(HEAVY KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BARLOW: Who's that?

GURNEY: (OUTSIDE) It's me -- Jim Gurney!

BARLOW: Well, come in. (ASIDE) This is the man that telephoned from Clay County the morning they dropped the dynamite.

(RAISES VOICE AGAIN) Come in, Jim!

(DOOR IS OPENED)

GURNEY: (FADING IN QUICKLY) Sheriff -- sheriff -- are these the Government men?

CLYDE: My name is Clyde - and this is Special Agent Lembke. What's your trouble?

GURNEY: Then come a-running -- come a-running -- ah done found something oveh at the mine!

LEMBKE: (UNEMOTIONAL) What did you find?

GURNEY: Dynamite!

LEMBKE: What? How far down?

GURNEY: I'll take ye over there and show ye --- that is if ye ain't scared.

LEMBKE: No, son, we aren't scared. It's just a part of our business. So hop out to our car, and we'll get under way.

SOUND INTERLUDE: MOTOR CAR RUNNING FAST WITH HORN.

GURNEY: Well, it's gettin' a mite dark, Mr. Lembke, but I reckon you kin make out the entrance to the shaft yonder.

LEMBKE: Uh-huh. No miners working now, I suppose?

GURNEY: No, suh. It's long after quittin' time. Sides, a lot of 'em got skeered and left early when they heard about the dynamite.

CLYDE: Don't know as I blame 'em, Lembke, at that.

LEMBKE: Gurney, what part of the mine did you find the dynamite in?

GURNEY: Gallery Four, late in the afternoon. I couldn't find the foreman or the superintendent, so I came to you.

LEMBKE: All right. What are we waiting for? Let's go down and take a look.

GURNEY: O.K., Mr. Lembke. I'm game if you are.

LEMBKE: Never mind about who's game. Let's get it over with. (SNEEZES) My hay-fever's kickin' up again. I tell you, this is a bad situation, Clyde. These fellows have come mighty near to starting a reign of terror. The miners are all on edge -- like a box of chips soaked in kerosene. Throw in a match, and -- blooey.

CLYDE: Sure. Or throw in a stick of dynamite.

LEMBKE: Yeah. That's what the agitators figure. We've got to stop 'em -- quick -- or there'll be trouble in Clay County that'll have the whole United States on edge.

GURNEY: Heah's the shaft, Mr. Lembke.

LEMBKE: All right. What do we do? Get in this thing?

GURNEY: Yes suh. That's the elevator.

CLYDE: You going to work it, Gurney? Got a lamp, and everything?

GURNEY: Yes, suh, Mr. Clyde. Step in.

CLYDE: Come on, Lembke.

(ELEVATOR GATE CLOSED)

GURNEY: Heah we go.

(MINE ELEVATOR MACHINERY STARTS UP)

All abo'd for Gallery Foh...take you time....it's a long trip down.

(MINE ELEVATOR MACHINERY UP AND FADE)

GURNEY: (FADE IN) Heah's the end of the gallery right heah.... look out....don't stumble over them dump-car tracks.

LEMBKE: (FADES IN) I see them. Come along, Clyde. Now where's the dynamite? Did you leave it right where you found it?

GURNEY: Yes, sir, Mr. Lembke. It's right heah. Ah'll hold up mah light and show ye. Theh. See it?

CLYDE: (FADES IN) A fuse and five sticks. That could do plenty of damage. You're sure this stuff isn't supposed to be here?

GURNEY: Yes, suh, I'm positive. Ain't supposed to be no explosives in Gallery Fo' -- don't need no blastin' heah.

LEMBKE: Well, what would have happened if this charge had been set off?

GURNEY: Well, suh...otheh side o' this wall is Gallery three-- with wooden props holdin' up the ground on top of us. Other end of Gallery three, they's anotheh elevatuh, that they use to bring down the boys that work over there.

LEMBKE: So this charge of dynamite would blow out the wall, between the two galleries and let a few hundred tons of earth down on the miners...that right?

GURNEY: Yes, suh. That's it.

LEMBKE: Well, we may as well gather up these sticks....

(DUMP CAR RUSHING DOWN TRACKS IN DISTANCE)

Hey, what's that? There's something coming down this track here!

GURNEY: Why...it's a dump car, done got loose and runnin' down the grade!...It's comin' at us!

CLYDE: Yeah -- how wide is this passage, Gurney? Wide enough for --

GURNEY: Pull back -- pull back against the wall!

(DUMP CAR WHIZZES PAST)

CLYDE: There it goes - Boy, that was a closer shave than I care for.

LEMBKE: Say -- who turned that car loose?

GURNEY: I don't know Mr. Lembke. It's mighty hard for one of them things to get started by itself. An' there's none o' the boys down the mine now. It's against the rules.

CLYDE: Then whoever let that car loose had no business to be down here. It wasn't an accident. Do you agree with me, Lembke?

LEMBKE: You bet I do. My guess says that whoever planted the dynamite tried this last stunt. They saw us go down in the mine and sent that wild car after us, hoping it would run us down.

CLYDE: Well now it's our turn, Lembke. We know that they're down in the mine -- and according to Gurney they're the only ones down here beside us.

(BLOWS OF PICK ON WOOD MUFFLED)

GURNEY: Say listen...I heah somethin....

LEMBKE: Wait a minute. So do I.

CLYDE: It's on the other side of this wall!

LEMBKE: Listen! Sounds like somebody pounding with a pick!

GURNEY: Say - that pickin' ain't in dirt, it's in wood, I kin tell by the noise, an' say -- Gallery three's a dangerous place to go doin' anything like that!

LEMBKE: Gurney, where's the connection between these two galleries!

GURNEY: Down that-a-way, Mr. Lembke.

LEMBKE: Come on, Clyde -- run -- maybe we can catch them! Gurney, gimme your light! Come on now -- quick as we can make it.

(HARD RUNNING)

GURNEY: Turn the corner here, Mr. Lembke.

LEMBKE: All right!

CLYDE: Hey - wait a minute. Slow up. Sec - see that light?

LEMBKE: (CALLING) Hey, there! Down the gallery -- well for the love a----

GURNEY: They doused their light!

CLYDE: That's all we need to know. Better shoot before they do.

LEMBKE: Right. Here goes.

(SHOTS RESOUND IN MINE TUNNEL)

(SHOUTS IN DISTANCE)

I hit somebody! I heard him yell!

CLYDE: All quiet now.

LEMBKE: Yeah. (DISCONTENTED) We better get back to the surface, Clyde, quick as we can.

GURNEY: (FADING IN) Come on, hurry -- maybe I can run ye up befo' Number three elevator gets there. It's the only other way out of this shaft!

LEMBKE: O.K. Then step on it!

SOUND INTERLUDE: MINE MACHINERY ELEVATOR RUNNING.

CLYDE: Well, Number three elevator beat us up at that. Lord knows where those guys are now. Vanished in the dark probably.

GURNEY: I'll go looking for the night watchman. Maybe he saw something.

LEMBKE: All right, see what you can -- (SUDDENLY) Clyde! Look over there -- under the light by the entry-gate!

CLYDE: You're right - there's some one moving --

LEMBKE: Wait - now we can see 'em. It's two men -- one tall one short -- and, say! The little one has a bloody handkerchief on his arm!

CLYDE: Tall guy and a short guy -- say, remember the girls' story of the men they saw -- Look they're making a run for it, they're going through the gate -- Hey! Hey!

LEMBKE: They're gettin' in a car! Hey, wait a minute, you two! Hold it!

(SOUND OF CAR STARTING UP)

CLYDE: It's too late, Lembke -- they're heading back to Illinois!

LEMBKE: Say, Gurney - Gurney!

GURNEY: Yes, suh?

LEMBKE: Call up Sheriff Barlow. Tell him to hop in his car and drive out on the Clay County turnpike toward the Kentucky line. We'll follow from here and he can head 'em off!

GURNEY: Yes, Mr. Lembke -- I'll do that!

LEMBKE: All right, Clyde. It looks like we're getting somewhere. The airplane dynamiters and these fellows who were trying to get us in the mine are probably the same guys. Come on, into our own car. Run!

SOUND INTERLUDE: AUTOMOBILE RACING.

LEMBKE: Wait a minute, Clyde. Pull up! Pull up!

CLYDE: O.K. What is it?

(SOUND OF BRAKES. MOTOR EFFECT OUT)

LEMBKE: Automobile parked by the side of the road there. Let's --- oh -- it's the sheriff.

BARLOW: Say -- I'm glad you boys got here. I been waitin' for you.

CLYDE: What's up?

BARLOW: I kind o' think we got 'em. It's lucky the moon came up.

LEMBKE: You're wasting time, Barlow. What are you driving at?

BARLOW: JUST what I tell you. It's a lucky thing the moon came up, because just now as I was drivin' down the road I happened to notice two fellers runnin' across the field in the moonlight. They went inside the old barn there.

CLYDE: Inside the barn! Did you call to them, Sheriff?

BARLOW: O' course not. But I scouted around lookin' for a car they might have come in. It's down the way a piece, standin' headin' away from Clay County, Kentucky!

LEMBKE: It's a safe bet that the men you saw are the one's we're after. Let's get started.

BARLOW: What'll we do? Sneak up on 'em?

LEMBKE: It's no use to try, I'm afraid. The moonlight's too bright, and they could spot us from inside. I think we'd better run the car right up to the door of the barn. Then we can shine the headlights on the interior. Start her up, Sheriff!

SOUND INTERLUDE: MOTOR START AND STOP.

CLYDE: All right. Stay close, Barlow. Keep next to the wall. It's funny they haven't fired at us yet.

LEMBKE: (DRYLY) Yeah. Maybe the barn's full of dynamite. We'll see.

CLYDE: Knock on the door.

LEMBKE: (KNOCKING) Who's there? Come on out.

CLYDE: Guess we better open it.

LEMBKE: Yeh.

(CREAKY OLD BARN DOOR SWINGS OPEN)

All right. Come on in.

ROTHMAN: (FADING IN) Vell. Vat you men vant?

LEMBKE: I think we want you. Stand here in the beam of the headlights.

ROTHMAN: Vot for?

LEMBKE: You look like a man I've been hunting for. There's a bandage on your arm -- and you're not so big. Where's your partner - the tall fellow?

ROTHMAN: I haff got no bartner.

CLYDE: (CASUALLY) There's a gun under his plugged arm, Lembke.

LEMBKE: Yeh. Take it away from him.

ROTHMAN: (SNARLS) No - you haff no right. I got a permit to haf a gun, I ---

CLYDE: (WEARILY) Save it. I'll take the cannon.

LEMBKE: Say, I wish I knew where that other one got to. You're sure you saw two of 'em come in, Sheriff?

BARLOW: (FADING) Yeh. I don't like to have him hiding out on me either. I'll take a look into the hoss-stalls yonder.

LEMBKE: I'll try the cornorib over here. (SNEEZES) Drat this dusty hole.

ROTHMAN: (SUDDENLY) Burke! Burke! All ready. All right.

CLYDE: Look out boys.

(BURKE SLIDES DOWN HAY-CHUTE)

BURKE: Here I come, Karl! Hands up, you!

CLYDE: Sav, where'd you come from?

BURKE: Right out of the hayloft. Down the hay chute in back of you.

CLYDE: But listen here --

BURKE:

Put those hands up.

(TWO SHOTS)

(IN PAIN) Oh!

BARLOW:

(FADING BACK) Sorry, young fellow. The only sure way to make you drop your gun -- was to shoot it out of your hands. Don't you agree, Mr. Lembke?

LEMBKE:

Indeed I do. That was a beautiful shot, Sheriff. How about it, you?

BURKE:

What the devil do you want?

LEMBKE:

A tall man and a short one. And you two answer that description all right. Now just hold still until I look at your coats. Mm-mm. Haven't been climbing out of any airplanes, have you?

BURKE:

(VICIOUSLY) No! Of course not.

LEMBKE:

Oh, yes -- you must have been -- because that's where I found this. Look here, men...the torn piece fits -- and the cloth matches. (SNEEZES) Well, let's pack these fellows over to Murphysboro...this barn isn't doing my hay fever....a bit of good.

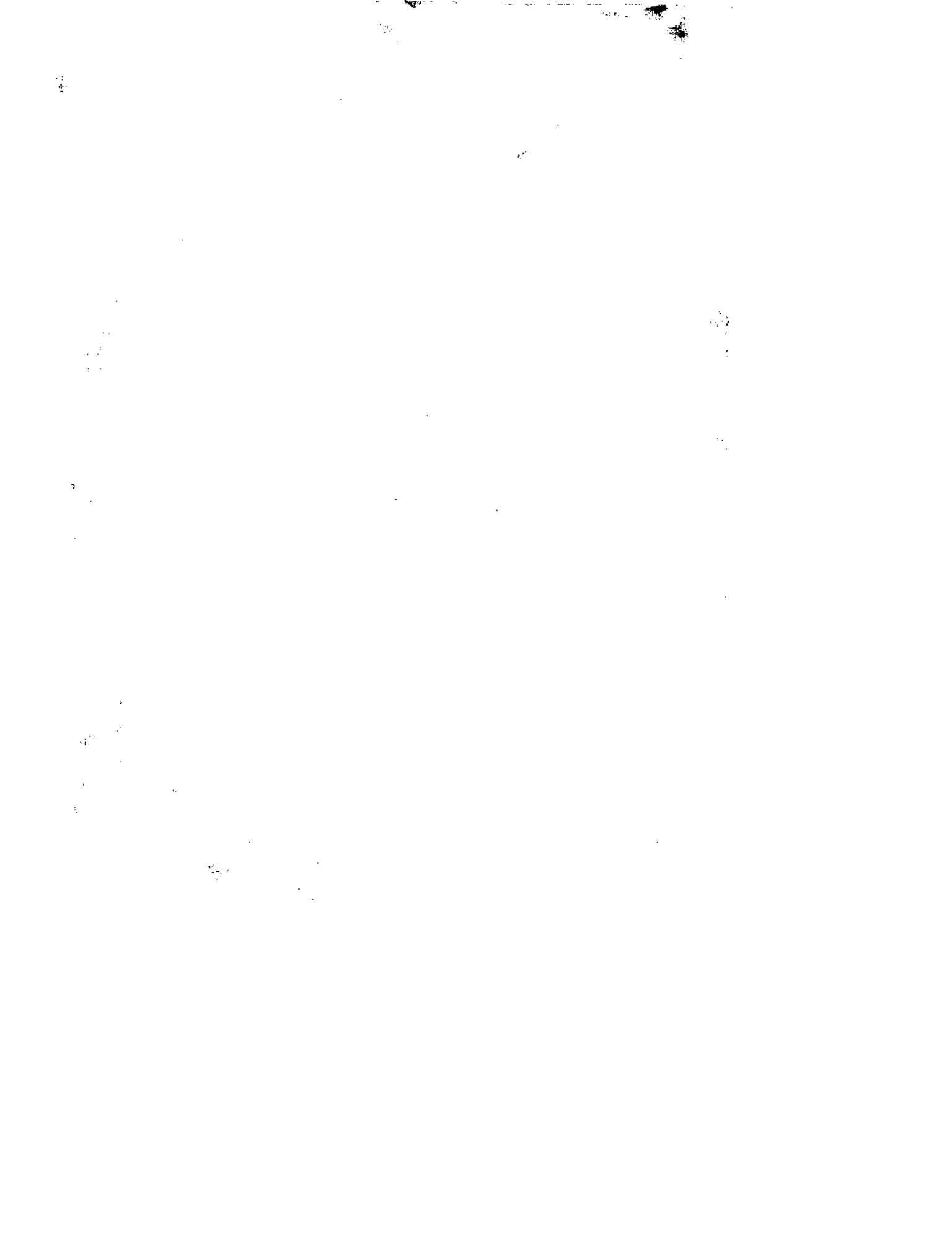
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

CLEAR THE WIRES...CLEAR THE WIRES...THE AIRPLANE DYNAMITERS...TRIED, CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO PRISON... OTHER MEMBERS OF TERROR GANG...ALSO ROUNDED UP...AND CONVICTED...CASE NO. 69373...UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, CLOSED..... ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED....THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE....CRIME DOES NOT PAY....

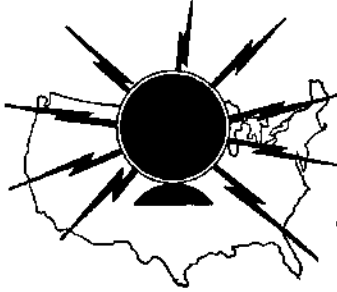
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleeh
12/11/32



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, DECEMBER 15, 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.....Tonight, as on every Thursday night, we bring you Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, who with his traveling companion Sharlie, will furnish you with the laughs for the evening....A little later we'll call on the Baron, but right now it's up to George Olsen and his boys to provide the music so let's shoot the Magic Carpet to him.

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



BW PREP SHEET

Level 1


Binder Begin

004

Level 2


NULL

Level 3


NULL

Level 4


NULL

Level 5


NULL

Level 6


NULL

GEORGE OLSEN:

(TRAIN SIGNATURE) All out, all out....The dancing
begins with -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Back to the man at the controls speeds the Magic
Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Say George you certainly set the style in music.....
We might even say -- Olsen for music....Paris for clothes. Y'know,
in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris -- there is the center
of the world of fashion.....And in New York, where 58th Street
crosses Fifth Avenue -- there, a gleaming, white, modern building
rises to the skies....a center of fashion in America.-- home of the
famous house of Bonwit Teller. Among those discriminating, fastidious
folk who shop at Bonwit Teller's, it is a usual thing to see them
pause for a moment to enjoy a mellow, delicious LUCKY. Such people
have found that LUCKY STRIKE gives them something no other cigarette
offers! A delicious balanced blend of choice tobaccos made truly
mild by "TOASTING." It is this exclusive feature that places LUCKY
STRIKE in a class by itself. And you discriminating smokers every
where who enjoy LUCKY STRIKE'S extra goodness, will welcome the
distinctive and original Christmas carton of LUCKIES now on sale.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

It is gay, colorful -- different from anything you've ever seen before! It holds ten packages of LUCKIES...a delightful Christmas gift for your friends! Give a Christmas carton of LUCKIES!

Now ladies and gentlemen, we present Jack Pearl, who will endeavor to tell you in his own words about his amazing musical career. The Baron, whose musical genius was instantly recognized in Europe when he challenged to combat any child prodigy of his own size and weight, will tonight make his debut to the music loving public of America.....ladies and gentlemen, we give you the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "MUSIC")

HOWARD OLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl, whom we all know as the Baron Munchausen. In his enlightening discussion of music, the Baron pointed out some astounding things. Perhaps George Olsen will try out some of these theories before the Baron returns to the stage, to give us some more high-lights of his musical adventures. In any event, it is Olsen's turn to speak and he is going to say it with music, so

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet flies back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, George, thank you. And now ladies and gentlemen, here is Half-and-Half's Special Christmas gift to every pipe smoker. Half-and-Half is offering a full pound tin of this fine, mellow pipe tobacco -- that delicious blend of fine old Buckingham and "TOASTED" LUCKY STRIKE -- and with every tin, you will receive free, a beautiful pack of gilt-edged Congress playing cards, in a handsome suede box -- given with our compliments to introduce more men to Half-and-Half -- the first different smoking tobacco in a generation. Half-and-Half also comes in half-pound tins and in the patented 15¢ tin that gets smaller as the tobacco is used...But remember -- for a limited time only - with the full pound tin, you receive a pack of beautiful playing cards -- free!

- - - - -STATION BREAK- - - - -

HOWARD CLANEY:

It won't be long Uncle Sam before the Baron again steps to the microphone and gives us another educational lecture on music, but meanwhile let's turn to George Olsen who is waiting and ready to go.....

OK WITH THE DANCE OLSEN...(WHISTLE)..OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And without further ado we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now the Magic Carpet takes that short and speedy hop.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks, George.....now you can take a little rest while your foreign cousin, the Baron steps out of the wings and launches forth into the second movement of the suite entitled "The musical adventure of the Baron Munchausen,".....and here is the Baron!

(SECOND PART -- "MUSIC")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That ovation my friends was for Jack Pearl who supplies the laughter in large doses on Mr. Lucky Strike's Thursday programs. Next week he will address you again....and now before we continue with the dancing, may I say a word here about our program for Saturday night. The Magic Carpet will bring you that romantic couple from the operetta stage, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. Also on that evening we'll hop to Chicago to pick up the old Maestro whom you all know as Ben Bernie....But now let's get back to George Olsen and his boys from the Hotel New Yorker..... Here we come George.....

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor, we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Again we start back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, George, thank you! You certainly make the Magic Carpet tingle with melody -- I'll bet St. Nick would like to have you along on his sleigh-ride next week!

You know, folks, nothing so well expresses the mellow spirit of Christmas time as the mellow goodness of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobaccos -- that perfect blend of fragrant, delicious Turkish and domestic leaves....and LUCKY STRIKE, you know, gives you true smoking enjoyment because it is truly mild -- Why not pass on to your friends this Christmas, the joy of LUCKY STRIKE'S extra goodness? Give them one of those smart, colorful Christmas cartons of LUCKIES. They hold ten packages of mellow-mild, flavorful LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes....and how your friends will thank you for this ideal Christmas gift! Drop in at your cigarette dealer's -- see those unique and decorative Christmas cartons -- and you'll see many of your Christmas gift problems solved for you!

There's enough time for another trip back to George Olsen....At the Hotel New Yorker, hundreds dance nightly to George Olsen's music, but now the whole country is going to step to his rhythms.....

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Everybody swing your partners to the tune of --(TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

MARION MONTAGNA

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XV

" M U S I C "

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 15, 1932

*** ***

*** ***

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard...all aboard...here we go back on our train...(TRAIN SIGNATURE) and there goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was George Olsen's train chugging away into the night ladies and gentlemen...which brings this LUCKY STRIKE Hour to a close. Don't forget on Saturday night we invite you to tune in when we'll bring you Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday singing songs from the operettas...and the one and only Ben Bernie who will play from Chicago. Until then -- Good-night!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/chilleen
12/15/32

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XV

"M U S I C"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL
CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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EPISODE XV"MUSIC"PART I

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, how did you enjoy Miss Coldwater's musicale?

BARON: Not so hot, Sharley, not so hot.

CHARLEY: I thought it was delightful. Miss Coldwater herself sang like a bird.

BARON: She should. She's got legs like a canary.

CHARLEY: In one number she held her last note for fifteen seconds.

BARON: That's nothing. I've been holding one of her notes for two years.

CHARLEY: By the way, is it true she's going to marry Sprinter, the marathon racer?

BARON: No, she's just running around with him. She was stuck on a feller who promised to marry her but he changed his mind.

CHARLEY: Did she take it to heart?

BARON: No, she took it to court!

CHARLEY: I suppose she collected plenty.

BARON: Not a cent. He died and left everything he had to an orphan asylum.

CHARLEY: What did he leave?

BARON: Fifteen children.

CHARLEY: To be disappointed in love is a terrible feeling.

BARON: You said it! Once I idolized a woman -- but she got married -- and I've never been the same.

CHARLEY: Whom did she marry?

BARON: ME!

CHARLEY: Why, Baron! I thought you and your wife lived like two birds.

BARON: We do -- we're always flying at each other.

CHARLEY: Always fighting?

BARON: Yes sir - we have fight for breakfast, fight for dinner and fight for supper.

CHARLEY: Breakfast, dinner and supper!

BARON: And sometimes an extra fight for dessert.

CHARLEY: What do you fight about?

BARON: About two hours at a time.

CHARLEY: I mean why do you fight?

BARON: Well, last night, I found out she sewed six hundred dollars up in a mattress.

CHARLEY: Why did she do that?

BARON: She said in case anything happened she'd have something to fall back on.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Charley! This morning we had another fight.

CHARLEY: What was this fight about?

BARON: She was rehearsing a song to sing tonight.

CHARLEY: At the musicale!

BARON: Yes - and I said she must be full of iron because her voice sounded rusty.

CHARLEY: That wasn't a nice thing to say, Baron. You should have suggested something for her throat.

BARON: I did and that's what started the fight.

CHARLEY: What did you suggest?

BARON: A rope.

CHARLEY: Didn't she sing for the prisoners in the county jail last week?

BARON: Sure -- and the prisoners complained.

CHARLEY: The prisoners complained?

BARON: Yes. They said that wasn't included in their sentence.

CHARLEY: Wasn't she a hit?

BARON: She was a howling success. She's a community singer.

CHARLEY: A community singer?

BARON: Yes - every time she sings she drives everybody out of the community.

CHARLEY: To be frank, the last time I heard your wife sing she was a little hoarse.

BARON: You should see her now -- she's a cow.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, what did you think of the soprano, Mrs. Elmer Dayton?

BARON: Good to look at, but not to listen to.

CHARLEY: Why, she has marvelous timbre in her voice.

BARON: So has a woodpecker. I couldn't understand her first song at all.

CHARLEY: The first song? Let me think -- Oh yes, that was "Two Little Frogs."

BARON: One of them must have got stuck in her throat. I expected any minute she would croak.

CHARLEY: To me her interpretation was the personification of vocal expression.

BARON:I knew it was coming.

CHARLEY: I thought she rendered the song well.

BARON: Sure -- she tore it to pieces!

CHARLEY: Baron, I don't think you're well versed in music.

BARON: Is that so? Well it so happens I am more worse than you think. I got all the great composers at the finish of my fingers.

CHARLEY: At your finger tips.

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: I'll put you to the test. Name me a few.

BARON: Well, there was Chopping,

CHARLEY: Chopin.

BARON: Yes - and Bach and Mendelsohn.

CHARLEY: A fine composer.

BARON: Yes sir. He wrote the Mattress Song,

CHARLEY: The Mattress Song?

BARON: The Spring Song. And there was Wagner.

CHARLEY: A genius! His masterpieces were Tristan and Isolde.

BARON: Beautiful!

CHARLEY: Tannhauser, Lohengrin!

BARON: Wonderful!

CHARLEY: Der Meistersinger.

BARON: Gowjus!

CHARLEY: And so forth.

BARON: That was good too.

CHARLEY: Wagner was a great composer.

BARON: Sure - Before he died.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: Also there was Shakespeare!

CHARLEY: Oh, no! Shakespeare was not a composer of music!

BARON: That's not my fault. Then there was Mozart.

CHARLEY: Mozart wrote great minuets. Minuet in D-Major.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Minuet in D-Minor.

BARON: Yes, yes.

CHARLEY: Minuet E-Flat.

BARON: Yes, yes, yes.

CHARLEY: What is your favorite minuet, Baron?

BARON: Minuet steak. But one of the best of all was Beet-oven.

CHARLEY: Beethoven. He loved symphonic sonatas.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I say, he loved symphonic sonatas.

BARON: That was his own private business.

CHARLEY: Baron, I never suspected you were musically inclined.

BARON: I just suspected it myself. Everyday I listen to moosic some place else every night.

CHARLEY: Every day you listen to music some place else every night?

BARON: And matinees.

CHARLEY: You cover a lot of ground.

BARON: You have no idea. Last night when I left the Metropolitan Opera House, I met myself coming from Carnegie Hall on my way to the Music Box to see a show at the Winter Garden, so I --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! You're running around in circles.

BARON: Don't worry -- when I get dizzy I'll stop. Anyhow I heard an uproar.

CHARLEY: You heard an opera!

BARON: Please -- an uproar!

CHARLEY: Pardon me, but an uproar is a violent disturbance - a terrible noise.

BARON: So it was an uproar! The worst singers I ever heard.

CHARLEY: I see. And you, being a music lover, did not care for that Babel of discordant voices clashing inharmoniously.

BARON:What's the encyclopedia?

CHARLEY: You didn't care for their execution?

BARON: It would have been a pleasure! The night behind last night I went to a concert.

CHARLEY: The night before last you attended a concert?

BARON: Yes. The Boston Phillip McConigal Or-chester.

CHARLEY: The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra.

BARON: Yes - and oh, Sharley, was that delicious! They played all the scholars was sick.

CHARLEY: All the scholars were sick? What are you talking about?

BARON: The whole class was sick.

CHARLEY: Oh, the classics!

BARON: Yes - first they played an overcoat.

CHARLEY: They played an overture.

BARON: Please, I'm talking about moosic.

CHARLEY: Well, an overture is music, isn't it?

BARON: Don't be silly! An over-chewer is a man who eats too much.

CHARLEY: As you say.

BARON: Then they played the Hungarian Rassberry.

CHARLEY: No, no, Baron -- the Hungarian Rhapsody, by Liszt!

BARON:Once over please?

CHARLEY: Liszt, Liszt --

BARON: Are you sneezing or hissing?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Next came the Rusty Can of Caviar.

CHARLEY: The Cavalleria Rusticanna, by Mascagni.

BARON: Sure - by Cycarnsky.

CHARLEY: No, Baron, Ma - soarn - yi! Pietro Mascagni.

BARON: Peanuts Mascramy -- maskom -- He wrote it. And then came the finish. That was the best.

CHARLEY: What was it?

BARON: It was -- let me see -- Oh yes -- Oscar say it!

CHARLEY: Oscar say it?

BARON: Louis give information - Billy pass the word -

CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean William Tell?

BARON: That's it! William Tell!

CHARLEY: You must have had an enjoyable evening.

BARON: Oh, most atrocious! There is nothing I love better as moosick.

CHARLEY: I suppose you come from a musical family.

BARON: Sure -- my brother was a great owganist.

CHARLEY: A great organist.

BARON: Yes - but he had to give it up.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: His monkey died. But my cousin Mox -- Oh, can he play!

CHARLEY: The piano?

BARON: No -- the radio. The piano player is my Uncle Yulius.

CHARLEY: Your Uncle Julius!

BARON: Yes - he is the best you ever heard. Once he had an engagement to play in Querback.

CHARLEY: Quebec - that's in Canada.

BARON: Always. But they wouldn't let him ship his piano across from Buffalo.

CHARLEY: Was it an old piano?

BARON: No, it was in "A-1" condition.

CHARLEY: The piano was in a good state!

BARON: So is Buffalo. But he got it over.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: He crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope with the piano on his back.

CHARLEY: Crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope with a piano on his back?

BARON: And a bass fiddle under his arm!

CHARLEY: Baron - there isn't a man living who could accomplish that feat. It's absolutely impossible!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So he crossed Niagara Falls with a piano on his back.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: I'm glad you do.

CHARLEY: What happened then?

BARON: He played so good they gave him the key to the city.

CHARLEY: They gave him the key to the city.

BARON: Yes -- but they changed the lock.

CHARLEY: Yours is a musical family all right.

BARON: Sure - my nephew has a great ear for moosic.

CHARLEY: Your nephew has an ear for music?

BARON: Yes - and a neck for soap. He's a two fives.

CHARLEY: What's a "two fives?"

BARON: A tenor. Once he sang in an opera.

CHARLEY: He sang in an opera once.

BARON: Once was enough. He started his song in A flat.

CHARLEY: In A flat?

BARON: Yes, and finished up in a alley.

CHARLEY: Some song.

BARON: Some alley. In place of him they got a cigar singer.

CHARLEY: A cigar singer?

BARON: A carooner-carooner.

CHARLEY: What kind of an opus was it?

BARON:you bet.

CHARLEY: What do you mean "you bet?"

BARON: Who cares.

CHARLEY: I mean, how was the score?

BARON: Three to one, in the fifth inning.

CHARLEY: That's a baseball score.

BARON: It was a base-ball opera.

CHARLEY: What was the name of it?

BARON: "There is no plate like home."

CHARLEY: I suppose that ended your nephew's operatic career.

BARON: Yes -- he's back working for the same people he worked for - for six years.

CHARLEY: Who are they?

BARON: A wife and five children,

CHARLEY: What is he doing?

BARON: Six months.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: No! Wait! That was before he got the job he's got now.

CHARLEY: Oh, he has a job!

BARON: Sure - He's a story teller in a barber shop.

CHARLEY: A story teller in a barber shop?
BARON: Yes -- he tells hair-raising stories to bald-headed
men.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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EPISODE XV"MUSIC"PART II

CHARLEY: I mean it, Baron, really.

BARON: Please, Sharley, don't say you never saw this medal before.

CHARLEY: I must confess I never noticed it. What did you get it for?

BARON: For having a wonderful memory.

CHARLEY: For having a wonderful memory?

BARON: Yes sir. No matter what happens - if its five minutes or sixty five years ago - I never forget it.

CHARLEY: That's marvelous. Who gave you the medal?

BARON:Hello.

CHARLEY: I said who gave you the medal?

BARON: Why it was -- I ----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

BARON: I forgot!

CHARLEY: I say, Baron, didn't I see Doctor Terrall leaving your house this morning?

BARON: Yes, he's treating my knees.

CHARLEY: Why don't you try an osteopathic treatment?

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: A system of scientific treatment of bones, nerves, and so forth on the theory that the affected parts can be remedied by manipulation.

BARON:it's too bad you came.

CHARLEY: YOU'LL find osteopathy a great help.

BARON: For what?

CHARLEY: Your knees.

BARON: There is nothing the matter with my knees.

CHARLEY: Didn't you just say the doctor was treating your knees.

BARON: Sure -- but when I say knees. I don't mean knees.

CHARLEY: You don't mean knees?

BARON: No! I mean my sister's daughter.

CHARLEY: Oh, your niece.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What's the matter with your niece?

BARON: She's having trouble with her uncle.

CHARLEY: She's having trouble with you?

BARON: No! No! When I say uncle. I don't mean uncle.

CHARLEY: The same as when you said knees you didn't mean knees?

BARON: Sure - when I said knees. I -- Are you chasing me or am I chasing you?

CHARLEY: I'm sure I don't know.

BARON: Listen -- my knees was running and fell and sprained her uncle.

CHARLEY: Oh, her ankle.

BARON: See? We are getting to understand each other.

CHARLEY: How did it happen?

BARON: She was chased by a bull.

CHARLEY: A bull!

BARON: A cow's husband -- Just as she got to the fence she tripped and fell.

CHARLEY: Flat on the ground!

BARON: Flat on her face! The bull rushed at her.

CHARLEY: What did she do?

BARON: She didn't know what to do.

CHARLEY: She was non-plussed!

BARON:Could I listen, please?

CHARLEY: She was in a quandary - on the horns of a dilemma.

BARON: No, on the horns of a bull.

CHARLEY: My goodness! Did he toss her?

BARON: Right through a skylight.

CHARLEY: Through a skylight!

BARON: Yes - and she thought she was in Scotland.

CHARLEY: What made her think she was in Scotland?

BARON: She heard the glass-go.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: What became of the bull?

BARON: I shot him with a little bull.

CHARLEY: A little bull?

BARON: Sure -- a bull-ette.

CHARLEY: Marvelous!

BARON: Bully!

CHARLEY: And did the accident effect her singing?

BARON: Not a bit. She sings just as bad as ever.

CHARLEY: Why you told me she had a wonderful voice.

BARON: Must you always believe me?

CHARLEY: You also said the last time she sang people threw flowers at her.

BARON: They did -- without even taking them out of the flower pots. That was the time she also danced.

CHARLEY: Oh, she's a dancer too!

BARON: Sharley, she can't sing so good, but she'd be a great dancer, if it wasn't for two things.

CHARLEY: What two things?

BARON: Her feet,

CHARLEY: She had better give up her theatrical aspirations,

BARON:,I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: I said she should give up the idea of going on the stage.

BARON: That's just what her boy friend says.

CHARLEY: Oh, she has a boy friend,

BARON: Yes - a nice feller - in the flower of manhood.

CHARLEY: The flower of manhood?

BARON: A blooming idiot! A sap!

CHARLEY: A boob!

BARON: A nut! He got that way from sleeping under a quilt.

CHARLEY: From sleeping under a quilt?

BARON: Yes - a crazy quilt.

CHARLEY: Is your niece going to follow the boy friend's advice and quit the stage?

BARON: Yes -- tomorrow night is her last appearance. She is going to sing at Mrs. Spires.

CHARLEY: Is Mrs. Spires giving a concert?

BARON: No. She don't like the people next door and wants them to move.

CHARLEY: I see.

BARON: And I am going to play with the band.

CHARLEY: I bet that will help. What instrument are you going to play?

BARON: The gerflufuss.

CHARLEY: You are going to play the what?

BARON:maybe your ears are buttoned?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, but I didn't get the name of the instrument.

BARON: I said I'm going to play the gerflufuss.

CHARLEY: The gerflufuss! What in the world kind of an instrument is a gerflufuss?

BARON: Well, it's about zixteen feet long, and on each end is a mouthpiece.

CHARLEY: Sixteen feet long, with a mouthpiece on each end!

BARON: Yes -- you blow into both ends at the same time.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron. If its sixteen feet long how can you blow into both ends at the same time?

BARON: Are you going to blow it?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So what are you worrying about?

CHARLEY: Go ahead.

BARON: You blow into both ends at the same time and pick the notes out of the middle with a monkey wrench.

CHARLEY: With a monkey wrench!

BARON: Sure -- otherwise you go off your nut.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I can't go for that.

BARON: You don't have to go for it, I got it. Before playing the gerflufuss you soak it in boiling water.

CHARLEY: What do you soak it in boiling water for?

BARON: Hot music. Of course, for the best results the band has got to have a good waver.

CHARLEY: A good waver?

BARON: You know - the feller who waxes the stick at the other fellers.

CHARLEY: Oh, a good man with a baton.

BARON: No sir! He mustn't!

CHARLEY: He mustn't what?

BARON: Have a bat on -- he must be sober!

CHARLEY: No, no! I mean he must be a good maestro.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: A good musical director, leader, conductor, bandmaster.

BARON: Sure -- a good waver.

CHARLEY: All right, a good waver. What tune are you going to play?

BARON: Alfalfa on the pidgeon.

CHARLEY: Alfalfa on the pidgeon?

BARON: Duck wrapped in excelsior, chicken covered with hay --

CHARLEY: Do you mean Turkey in the Straw?

BARON: That's it! Turkey in the Straw!

CHARLEY: Well, for your sake, I hope the band has a good maestro -- or waver, as you call him.

BARON: Sure -- because on him depends how the band will play.

CHARLEY: He must set a precedent.

BARON: A what?

CHARLEY: A precedent. You know what a precedent is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- Hoover.

CHARLEY: Let it go. In other words, he must be as good as Olsen or Lyman.

BARON: I've heard of them.

CHARLEY: Which of the two do you like the best?

BARON: Olsen.

CHARLEY: Why do you think Olsen is the best?

BARON: Because he's standing over there listening to me.

CHARLEY: You're a diplomat.

BARON: I know on what side my toast is breaded.

CHARLEY: I heard that when Mr. Olsen was fifteen years old he

BARON: That's nothing. When I was a baby I played with my toes.

CHARLEY: Both bands are exceptionally good.

BARON: Not bad -- but not so good as my band.

CHARLEY: Your band?

BARON: Sure - in the old country I had a band of twenty six thousand musicians.

CHARLEY: A band of twenty six thousand musicians?

BARON: And a saxophone player.

CHARLEY: This is one time I know you are stretching the truth.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So I had a band of twenty six thousand musicians.

CHARLEY: We won't argue. Tell me all about it.

BARON: I had two thousand violiners.

CHARLEY: Violinists.

BARON: Yes - and each one played a genuine Stradamussingues.

CHARLEY: Stradavarius.

BARON: Stradapuss-avos --

CHARLEY: Stradavarius!

BARON: Stradavoegus -p- a good fiddle.

CHARLEY: The very best.

BARON: Also I had four thousand tramps.

CHARLEY: Oboes!

BARON: Bums!

CHARLEY: Some band!

BARON: Some bums!

CHARLEY: What did you play?

BARON: A lyre.

CHARLEY: I'll bet you're good at that.

BARON: The best! One time we played for a millionaire, and he was so pleased, that he filled every one's instrument with ten dollar gold pieces.

CHARLEY: Filled each musician's instrument with ten dollar gold pieces?

BARON: Yes -- and oh, was my brother mad.

CHARLEY: What in the world was your brother mad about?

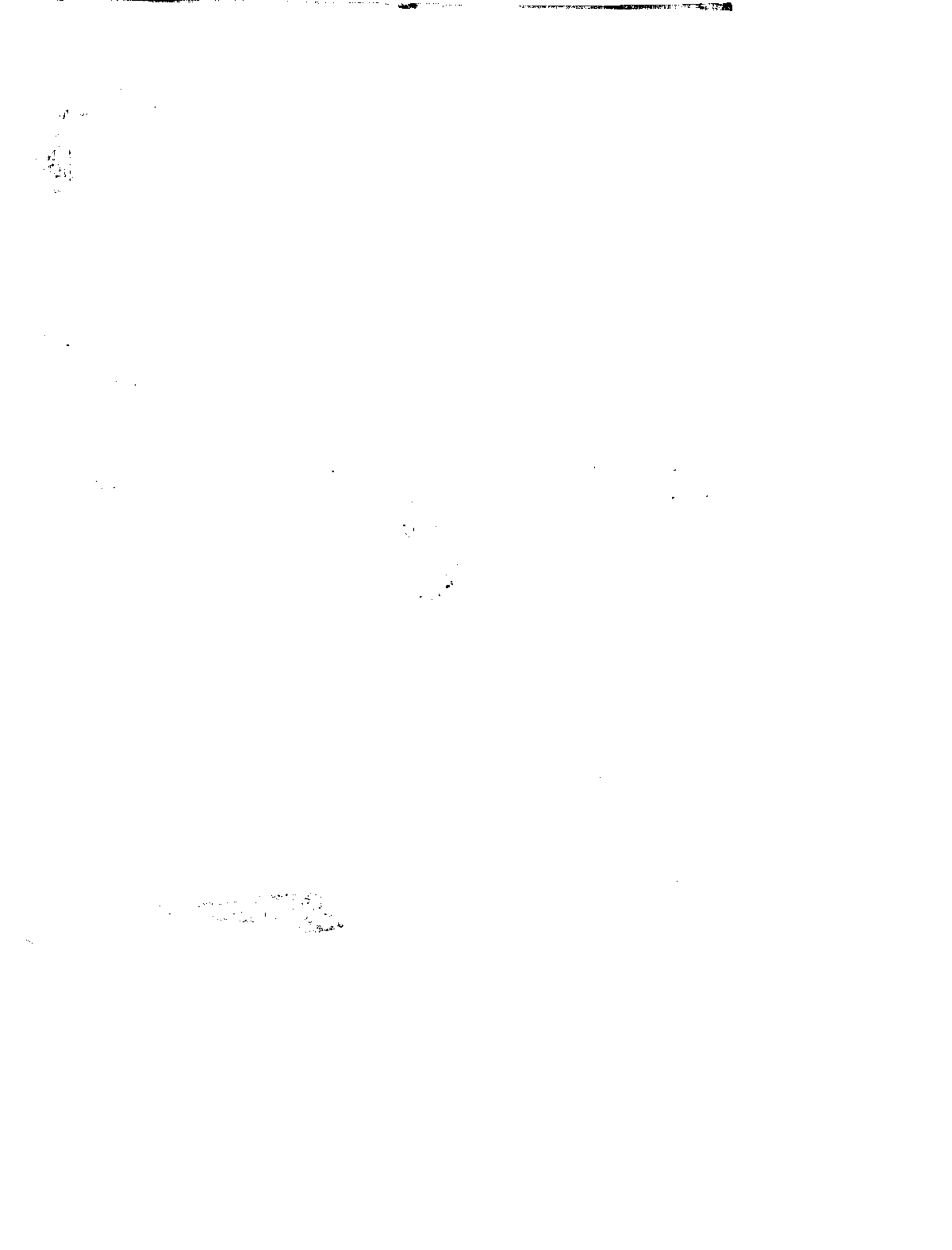
BARON: He was playing a piccolo!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

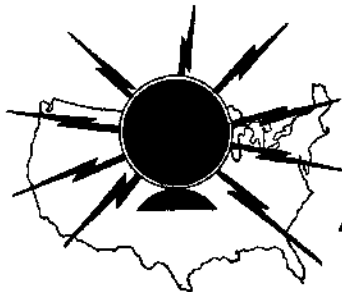
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
12/14/32



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, DECEMBER 17, 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.....

Tonight from New York we will hear that romantic couple from the stage of operetta and musical comedy, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday; and from Chicago the one and only Ben Bernie, the old Maestro...Ben Bernie needs no introduction because you all know him and welcome him on your loud speaker. This week, Ben and his orchestra are playing for thousands at the RKO Palace Theatre in Chicago but now on the Magic Carpet, they play while millions dance, so..

ON WITH THE DANCE BEN BERNIE... (WHISTLE)... OKAY, CHICAGO!

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES FIRST MUSIC GROUP)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

BEN BERNIE:

Now we speed the Magic Carpet eastward to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLAWNEY:

Very nice, Ben -- that was hot stuff! And say -- while most of you people are turning up your coat collars and getting ready for a white Christmas....Out in Pasadena, California, today, the golf links were gay with light, colorful sports clothes as the final round of the Pasadena Open Tournament was being played....Smart folk from all over the country were in the gallery watching the players....and how well LUCKIES fitted into the picture in that mild, sunny day out in California's smart resort! There, as everywhere, people seek true mildness in their cigarettes, and so they turn with pleasure to LUCKIES -- for they have found in LUCKY STRIKE'S fragrant, perfect blend of choice tobaccos, the true mildness that can only be given to those fine tobaccos by "TOASTING" -- that exclusive extra treatment LUCKY STRIKE alone affords. That's why people have welcomed so eagerly that strikingly original Christmas carton of LUCKIES..... the Christmas present you know will be most welcome to your friends.

("ROMANCE" FADING DOWN FOR BACKGROUND AS MR. CLANEY SAYS.....)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The stage is set for romance. In the center of the Magic Carpet stage I see Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, stars of operetta and musical comedy. In our first scene tonight, Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday sing the hit song from "Sally" -- "LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING." Then we turn to Victor Herbert's success of 1915 "Princess Pat" and reproduce the scene where the American Princess Pat tries to arouse the jealousy of her cold Italian husband, Toto, who replies with the impassioned, "NEAPOLITAN LOVE SONG." Then a scene from the theatre of 1935 as Miss Herbert sings "ONLY A ROSE," the loveliest song of the Friml operetta, "VAGABOND KING." The stage is set and the spotlight shines on Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday:

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING: "LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING "
"NEAPOLITAN LOVE SONG"
"ONLY A ROSE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

The curtain falls on the Magic Carpet Theatre and now we speed westward to Chicago again to hear the music and priceless chatter of the Old Maestro, Ben Bernie....All right, Ben...here we come!

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

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES SECOND MUSIC GROUP)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

BEN BERNIE:

From the shores of Lake Michigan, the Magic Carpet dashes to the Atlantic Ocean.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Ben! You deserve a full Christmas stocking for that! Just a week from tonight is Christmas Eve....And what man won't enjoy the delightful surprise of finding a colorful box of fragrant Certified Cremos under the Christmas tree! Fifty delicious Certified Cremos made of fine long-filler tobaccos, rolled in that famous Perfecto shape that every man recognizes as the mark of a high-quality cigar. And how especially pleased he'll be that it's Certified Cremo, the cigar that's always immaculately clean -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass! Millions of happy smokers already know about the splendid quality of Certified Cremo -- and they know that it offers the greatest cigar value in the world -- five cents straight, three for ten cents. If you haven't tried a Cremo -- try one today! Get acquainted with its rich, mellow goodness -- its supreme value, it's amazing new price of five cents straight, three for ten cents -- and you'll know what a grand Christmas gift a box of Certified Cremo will be for every man who loves a fine cigar!

- - - - -STATION BREAK- - - - -

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now while all the boys in Ben Bernie's orchestra have their instruments tuned up...they are all in tune aren't they Ben?...we hurry again to Chicago....

ON WITH THE DANCE BEN BERNIE...(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES THIRD MUSIC GROUP)

BEN BERNIE:

High above Chicago flashes the Magic Carpet and speeds back to the man at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

("ROMANCE" FADING DOWN FOR BACKGROUND AS CLANEY SAYS:...)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Again Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday are ready to recall some of the grand romantic moments of the theatre. Just two years ago "Girl Crazy" was playing on Broadway. Perhaps you saw this musical show in New York, or when it toured the country. The song from this show that Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday sing is "EMBRACEABLE YOU." Then the scene changes to one from that riotous young record-breaker of 1927 "Good News" with its exciting story of college football..... college boys and college girls....Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday have selected from this show the song "THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE." The scene changes then to "Irene", the great musical comedy success of 1919. Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday in this scene give us "CASTLE OF DREAMS."

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING: "EMBRACEABLE YOU"

"THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE"

"CASTLE OF DREAMS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was beautiful, wasn't it? Sort of ironed out all your troubles. It must be a real joy to be able to give the pleasure to people that Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday do with their songs.

And you know, in this perplexing problem of Chicago gifts, the American Tobacco Company is mighty glad to give, at no extra cost, an additional timely service to folks with those delightfully gay Christmas cartons of LUCKIES. Thousands of people have told us how eagerly they welcomed this colorful and really original Christmas carton - how it ironed out their Christmas gift troubles. Each carton holds ten mild, delicious packs of LUCKIES...It's the ideal Christmas gift - this Christmas carton of LUCKIES - gay with that beautiful and original design. It is certain to be welcomed with joy, for people everywhere know and enjoy LUCKY STRIKE'S mellow, delicious tobaccos, made truly mild by "TOASTING." The makers of LUCKIES are happy to offer this service of cheer at this time. And so we say to you - see these splendid Christmas gifts at your cigarette dealer's....Give - at no extra cost to yourself - a Christmas carton of LUCKIES, the mildest, most pleasing of cigarettes.

And now another fast flight to Chicago...the weather man tells us that it has been below zero in Chicago for the last three or four days....Don't let that bother you because we are going out there to hear Ben Bernie, the old Maestro...He'll keep us comfortable with the warmth of his humor and the best of his music.

ON WITH THE DANCE BEN BERNIE...(WHISTLE)...OKAY CHICAGO!

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES FOURTH MUSIC GROUP)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

BEN BERNIE:

Again the Magic Carpet is eastward bound on that lightning trip back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you and goodnight Ben...this brings us to the close of another LUCKY STRIKE Hour, ladies and gentlemen...but before saying goodnight...we want to invite you to the LUCKY STRIKE Hours of next week. On Tuesday night we will present the orchestra of Al Goodman of New York....Mr. Goodman has the distinction of having been the musical director of so many musical shows in New York that I can't possibly enumerate them all now. With this orchestra, we will have another dramatization of a case from the files of the U.S. Bureau of Investigation at Washington. This one is called, "The Fugitive" and concerns the exploits of a nationally known criminal. On Thursday night, be our guest at the theatre when we present Jack Pearl as the "Baron Munchausen" and Abe Lyman's orchestra. Until Tuesday at the same hour, we bid you goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

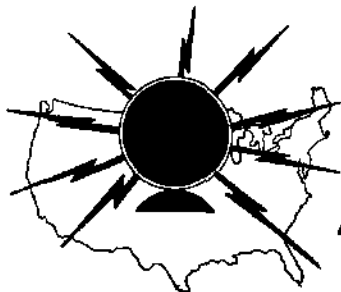
This program has come to you from New York City and Chicago, Illinois through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
12/17/38



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."

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 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, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills....

Tonight we have set the stage of the Magic Carpet Theatre right in your own home as we carry you through an amazing tangle of evidence in a thrilling dramatization of "The Fugitive".... a real case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation at Washington, D.C. But now let's get on with the dancing...for tonight we bring you Jack Denny and his Orchestra. Every night Jack reigns supreme in the Empire Room of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City...and now the Magic Carpet gathers you in from the four points of the compass and drops you right at Denny's feet.

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

JACK DENNY:

This is Jack Denny, ladies and gentlemen, starting
the dance with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the pilot.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Jack Denny. Your music certainly brings good news to the Magic Carpet. Here's another piece of news that many of you may have read.....Have you heard the very last word in luxurious railroad travel? It's the special recreation car that speeds from New York to Miami on one of the crack Florida trains..... operated by the Florida Year-Round Clubs and the Miami-Biltmore Hotel.. ..and it has so many recreation features it's almost like the sport deck of an ocean liner! There's a dance orchestra, swimming pool, movies, bridge tournaments...and among other things which always please smart people who travel, are the LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes which are served exclusively to guests on this car. It is natural that LUCKY STRIKE should be selected....for smokers everywhere enjoy LUCKY STRIKE'S fragrant, delicious blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos... made truly mild - mellow-mild - by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. That's why LUCKY STRIKE is always such a favorite - and that's why every one has welcomed so gratefully that striking and original Christmas carton of LUCKIES.....(CONTINUE OVER)

HOWARD GLANEY: (CONTINUES)

.....The makers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are happy to give this service to Christmas shoppers. It will be a joy to your friends to receive this beautiful Christmas carton. It will be a joy to you to give this beautiful carton, especially designed at no extra cost to you. It holds ten packs of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. So, if you want to make a truly welcome gift, give a Christmas carton of LUCKIES-- the mildest of cigarettes.

Now the lights are dimming as the curtain rises on the first act of "The Fugitive," the dramatization of another case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. Special Agent Five is listening for orders and instructions are flying through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE FUGITIVE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's the first act! The Federal Agents are trailing Johnny France in the hope that he will lead them to the slippery Benny Hamilton. Later in tonight's program we'll learn whether or not Hamilton is tracked down and captured, but right now we are on our way to Jack Denny and his boys from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. So roll back your rugs and let his music tickle your feet.

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

JACK DENNY:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor, we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

JACK DENNY:

We take that short and speedy trip back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine, Jack, your music's a joy...and in this joyous season when those gaily wrapped gifts are opened on Christmas day... say, just watch a man's face light up with pleasure when he discovers a box of fifty, mild, mellow, delicious Certified Cremo Cigars! What a delightful gift is this Christmas box of Cremos in its gay, colorful, special Christmas wrapper...and how pleased a man will be when he finds it is Certified Cremo you are giving him...For men everywhere have found a new standard of smoking enjoyment in these fine, high quality cigars, made of the choicest of long-filler tobaccos...rolled in the famous Perfecto shape. Certified Cremo burns slowly, evenly, with a long, firm ash. It is always immaculately clean -- the only cigar finished under glass. You'll find that Certified Cremo gives the greatest cigar value in the world -- five cents straight, three for ten cents. If you have not yet tried a Cremo -- try one! Learn that a really fine cigar need not be expensive; enjoy Certified Cremo's fine, mellow goodness...its supreme value at five cents straight, three for ten cents -- and as you smoke this fine cigar, you will realize what joy it will bring to a man when you give him a Christmas box of fifty Certified Cremos.

- - - - -STATION BREAK- - - - -

HOWARD CLANEY:

Before we begin the final act in our Magic Carpet Theatre tonight, let's have some more music....music that flows under the talented hand of Jack Denny into millions of homes....so....

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

JACK DENNY:

Everybody swing your partners to the tunes of -(TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

JACK DENNY:

Back to the man at the controls dashes the Magic
Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Make yourselves comfortable in your favorite easy
chairs Mr. and Mrs. America as we unfold the final act of "The
Fugitive",...the dramatization of an actual case from the files of
the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at
Washington, D.C. This case deals with Bernard Hamilton, a fugitive
from justice....wanted by the United States Government for an escape
from the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta where he was serving
twenty-five years for a mail truck robbery. He is also wanted in
Connecticut for the murder of a New Britain policeman. Hamilton has
escaped twice....once from the Atlanta prison...and again from a
hospital where he was recovering from the bullet wounds he got in a
running battle with Georgia deputies. The Federal agents are now
trailing a man named France who is a member of Hamilton's gang and
who participated in the mail truck robbery. Special Agent Five is
standing by and orders are flashing through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART - "THE FUGITIVE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, drives home more forcibly than ever, the moral that "Crime Does Not Pay." Even though he escaped twice from the toils of the Federal law, Bernard Hamilton was finally brought back to pay the supreme penalty, and Johnny France was sent to prison for his part in the mail truck robbery. Next Tuesday night we will present another case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, but right now we turn again to Jack Denny, who will give us the music....

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

JACK DENNY:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

JACK DENNY:

Climb aboard everybody! Here goes the Magic Carpet!
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Nico work, Jack Denny....just the thing for Christmas. By the way there are only four more shopping days till Christmas.... have you got all your Christmas shopping done? If not, here's one of the most welcome presents ever devised -- a gift that's a real joy to send your friends and a real joy for your friends to receive -- that beautiful, gay, and original Christmas carton of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Specially designed by a leading artist, it is colorful, unique and expresses perfectly your joyous Christmas wishes....We offer this specially designed carton at no extra cost to you as a service which the American Tobacco Company is glad to give the American people. The beautiful Christmas carton of LUCKIES contains ten packages of mild, mellow, delicious LUCKIES. Two hundred mellow-mild cigarettes packed with the fragrant deliciousness of choice tobaccos made truly mild by "TOASTING." Remember, this beautiful Christmas carton is offered at no extra cost so that you can give your friends the delicious, mellow enjoyment of LUCKY STRIKE-- the mildest of cigarettes.

At this point may I say a word about our program for Thursday night. On this program, Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, who has travelled as extensively as Santa Clause, will tell of his own personal experiences during his Christmas season trips to all parts of the globe. On that night Abe Lyman will furnish the music....and speaking of music, it's about time for us to flash back to Jack Denny and his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel orchestra.

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

80-173-VIII

SPECIAL AGENCY

EPISODE VIII

"THE FUGITIVE"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 20, 1932

*** ***

*** ***

JACK DENNY:

And without further ado the dancing continues with --

(TITLES)

(

_____)

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and starts
back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so, ladies and gentlemen, another LUCKY STRIKE
Hour draws to a close....but on Thursday night at the same time
we'll bring you Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen, and Abe Lyman's
well-known orchestra....until then.....Goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
12/20/32

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE VIII

"THE FUGITIVE"

PARTS I and II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

and

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

BERNARD HAMILTON	NURSE
MARTY LEWIS	SHERIFF FRASER
TRIXIE NEAL	DEPUTY
JOHNNY FRANCE	AGENT GRANDALL
SPIKE MANELLI	AGENT GREY
PRISON GUARD	DETECTIVE HALL
POLICEMAN BARRETT	MAIL TRUCK DRIVER
JUDGE	MUNCIE GARAGE MAN

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EPISODE VIII

"THE FUGITIVE"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL AGENT
 FIVE....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....
 DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....
 DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO
 RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE FUGITIVE".....
 BASED ON CASE.....FILES OF UNITED STATES
 BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE....
 WASHINGTON, D.C.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE, PROCEED.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking.....the story of "The
 Fugitive".....real people.....real places.....real clues.....a
 real case.....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used
 throughout.....our case begins on a crowded street.....in New York
 City.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(AUTOMOBILE ENGINE IDLING)

HAMILTON: When the mail truck goes by, we'll drive in front and head it off. All we need to do is run our car alongside -- and jump aboard.

MARTY: I'll be glad when this job's over.

FRANCE: Me, too, Marty.

HAMILTON: Just keep cool. Remember, the driver on the truck won't be expecting us. (HARD DRY CHUCKLE) They can't conceive of any one attacking the U. S. Mail.

FRANCE: I'll say not. Gee, it ain't done often, Berny.

HAMILTON: You're right, France. It's another of my original ideas. I can take it and give it, get me? And I'll take one to give om any day.

MARTY: I'll be glad when this job's over, all the same.

HAMILTON: There's dough in that mail truck, Marty. More than a million. Now don't lose your nerve.

MARTY: Listen, Berny. If it comes to shootin'.....

HAMILTON: Yes?

MARTY: I don't like foolin' with the Government.

HAMILTON: Ordinarily it's a dangerous thing; but not for me -- not for Bernard Hamilton.

MARTY: I hope that's the straight dope.

FRANCE: Hey, guys -- it's comin' - the mail truck! Turnin' into Broadway.

HAMILTON: It's right on time. Get ready, France.

FRANCE: I'm all set, Berny.

HAMILTON: When he stops, follow me, Marty.

MARTY: (NERVOUS AND EXCITED) Yeah.....
(MOTOR HORN)

HAMILTON: (COOL) All right, there he is. Step on it. Don't
be afraid to smash into him.
(SPURT OF ACCELERATED MOTOR IN BANDIT CAR)
That's it.

MAIL TRUCK
DRIVER: (OFF) Hey -- where you guys drivin' to!

FRANCE: (YELLING BACK TO HIM) Watch it, fellow. Watch it!

MAIL TRUCK
DRIVER: (CLOSER) Ain't the street big enough for yah?

HAMILTON: Come on, Marty. France, you stay with the car.

MAIL TRUCK
DRIVER: (IN FULL) Hey -- get off this truck! Get out of
here!

HAMILTON: Go easy, driver. Don't reach for that gun.

MAIL TRUCK
DRIVER: This is the U.S. Mail, fellow. You're --

MARTY: Can it, can it.

HAMILTON: We've both got you covered. Remember that. Now,
turn off Broadway. Quick!

MAIL TRUCK
DRIVER: Listen, it won't do you any good.

HAMILTON: We'll decide that -- get this truck moving. If
anybody notices us - we'll have to plug you.

MAIL TRUCK
DRIVER: Well - what else can I do?
(TRUCK MOTOR)

HAMILTON: That's being sensible, driver. All right, Marty --
get his keys.

MARTY: Yeah....here they are....
(KEYS JINGLE)

HAMILTON: Now, we're all right. Stop this truck.

(TRUCK EFFECT OUT)

Marty -- get that back door open. I'll keep our friend the driver quiet while you do it.

MARTY: (FADES) O.K., Berny -- I'll get those mailbags....

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking. Our case continues one year later. Bernard Hamilton, and his accomplice, Marty Lewis have been arrested by Post Office Inspectors, tried, convicted. Johnny France, the other accomplice, is yet to be apprehended. Hamilton and Lewis received sentences of twenty-five years in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta....the maximum penalty for robbing the United States Mails. We continue at the Atlanta Prison.....

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. HEAVY IRON GATES CLANG SHUT.
 2. FEET IN HEAVY SHOES TRAMPING OVER METAL.
FADE OUT.
 3. GATES CLANG AGAIN.

PRISON GUARD: Hey....wait a minute here. Where's 35-068? Why isn't he in his cell?

VOICE: (NOT A PRISONER) 25-068? Bernie Hamilton? He's in the infirmary.

PRISON GUARD: Oh, sick, eh?

VOICE: Yes -- he ran a temperature for two days. His pal Marty Lewis is sick too.

PRISON GUARD: All right. Let's turn in our reports. Come on.

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TWO OFFICIALS MARCHING OFF OVER METAL FLOOR
OF CELL BLOCK.
2. CLOCK STRIKES FOUR.

HAMILTON: (PENETRATING WHISPER) Marty! Marty!

MARTY: Yeah? What is it, Berny?

HAMILTON: Where are you? It's so dark I can't see you.

MARTY: (CLOSER) I'm out of bed. I'm all ready.

HAMILTON: Got the clothes?

MARTY: Yeah. They were smuggled into the infirmary here like
you said.

HAMILTON: All right...sneak for the window.

MARTY: Yeah...this way.....

HAMILTON: Wait...let me open it....

(WINDOW SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY RAISED)

Now listen, Marty -- after the break, we'll run for
the shack in the woods, where Trixie's waiting for
us, with guns and money. That's all we need. And
be careful - going through this window...(FADE) Come
on!

(SOUND OF RUNNING FEET FADES OUT)

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CLOCK STRIKES FIVE.
2. SIREN SUDDENLY BURSTS OUT.
3. MACHINE GUNS RATTLE.

(BACKGROUND SHOUTS: "They got away....")
"Hamilton and Lewis."
"Bernie Hamilton?"
"That's the one!"
"Say he's dangerous!"
"Don't I know it?"
"Listen to the other prisoners - howling and
beating on the bars."
"Turn on the lights!...the lights!"
"They escaped...."
"Get 'em on the wall!"
"Can't see anything in the dark."
"What's the matter with those lights!"

(JAILBREAK NOISE FADES OUT)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

HAMILTON: (WINDED) Trixie -- it's us. Open the door!
(DOOR OPENED QUICKLY)

TRIXIE: Berny!

HAMILTON: Go easy, kid, we haven't much time. Come in, Marty.

MARTY: O.K., Bernie.
(DOOR CLOSED)

TRIXIE: Oh, Berny -- it's been so long, so long --

HAMILTON: Don't worry, baby, we're all set this time. This is
one time I get away clean. Let me have a couple of
guns and some money, and we'll separate.

TRIXIE: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh, no!

HAMILTON: We'll meet in New York when this thing cools off. You know, this appeals to my sense of humor. All those guards and bars -- they couldn't keep Bernard Hamilton in! I left 'em in the dark!

TRIXIE: In the dark? What do you mean?

MARTY: That's right, Trixie -- He short-circuited the whole lightin' system after we jumped out the infirmary window. Then we went over the wall.

HAMILTON: That shows them a thing or two. I always take one to give one, you know. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," eh? That's almost as good as I could write myself.

TRIXIE: Oh...stop it!

HAMILTON: Stop what?

TRIXIE: Patting yourself on the back! If you're so smart, how did they ever get you in jail in the first place? Oh, gee, Berny -- you're a sucker -- a Stevey -- a fall guy!

HAMILTON: Huh?

TRIXIE: How many years have you been in the stir since you was twenty-one? Fourteen! And how many out? Five! Only five years!

HAMILTON: That's because I can take it, see? Now lay off the preaching and slip me those guns.

TRIXIE: Here you are.

HAMILTON: Nice artillery, Trixie. Little sweeties. All right for the first cop that tries to stop me. Come on, let me --

(BAYING OF BLOODHOUNDS LONG DISTANCE OFF)

MARTY: (TERRIFIED) Listen. Dogs. Bloodhounds.
HAMILTON: Trying to pull that old Uncle Tom stuff, eh? All right, we'll give 'em a run for their money. Out this way, Marty. We'll head for Athens, Georgia and grab a train outside the freight yards. (OFF) So long, Trixie -- see you in New York!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENED AND SLAMMED.
2. TRIXIE SOBS ONCE OR TWICE.
3. BLOODHOUND BAYING COMES UP FULL AND RECEDES, FINALLY FADES OUT.
4. SWITCH ENGINE NOISE IS NOW HEARD IN BACKGROUND, AS:

HAMILTON: (FADES IN) Here she comes, Marty. We'll swing aboard when she stops.
MARTY: We can't Bernie! Look -- look over there.
HAMILTON: (COOLY) It's a bunch of deputies, all right. Get back in the bushes.
MARTY: Yeah. All right.
(SWITCH ENGINE NOISE OUT)
HAMILTON: We'll have to strike the railroad further down. We'd better follow this path through the brush.
MARTY: No, no. duck. There's another guy over that way.
DEPUTY: (OFF) There they are! This way, men!
HAMILTON: The devil. He sees us. Maybe I can pick him off.
(SHOT - NEARBY)
No -- missed him.
(SHOT - DISTANT)

MARTY: It's too hot for us -- run this way -- this way,
Bernie.

SHERIFF FRASER: (OFF) All right. Give yourselves up, men. We got
you surrounded.

HAMILTON: In your hat.

(SHOT - NEARBY)

FRASER: (CLOSER) Come on, boys! They're over here, and they're
shooting.

MARTY: I'm going to run for it, Bernie.

HAMILTON: Go ahead - run. I'm goin' to shoot it out with 'em.
Tell Trixie I'll be delayed.

MARTY: (FADING) This way, Berny...We can make it. Come on -
come on----

FRASER: (IN FULL) Here's one of 'em. Hands up, you!

HAMILTON: Thanks for telling me.

(SHOTS - NEARBY)

But not today.

FRASER: This is your fault, bud.

(SHOTS - FROM SHERIFF'S GUN)

HAMILTON: (SCREAMS) You got me -- I can't -- walk --

FRASER: All right, surrender. (CALLS) Over here, boys -- over
here in the brush!

HAMILTON: (FADING) You'll have to come and get me if you want
me.

DEPUTY: (FADING IN) Which one you got spotted, Sheriff? (TO
HAMILTON) Say -- Where you going?

HAMILTON: Get out of the way.

(SHOTS FROM HAMILTON'S GUN)

DEPUTY: None o' that stuff, mister.

(SHOTS - FROM DEPUTY'S GUN)

HAMILTON: (GROANS) You're -- a good shot -- got me -- again --

FRASER: (FADING IN RAPIDLY) Get him, Bill? You get him?

DEPUTY: Yep, Sheriff Fraser. He was shootin' like a crazy man. Think he's dead?

FRASER: Let's see. No, he ain't dead. But he sure is badly wounded. His pal had sense enough to give up without a fight. Well, pack this one over to the road, boys, and we'll send for the ambulance.

SOUND INTERLUDE: AMBULANCE MOTOR AND BELL.

NURSE: Now you can't get up. You mustn't try to get up.

HAMILTON: Just let me try to walk, nurse.

NURSE: The doctor said --

HAMILTON: What's the harm of letting me try?

NURSE: I shouldn't let you -- but just to show you that you really are weak --

HAMILTON: There -- give me your arm.

NURSE: I don't think you're going to manage it.

HAMILTON: (GROANS WEAKLY) Oh....

NURSE: You see? You can't even get out of bed. Now you lie here quietly while I bring your medicine.

HAMILTON: Yes....nurse....

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

(FURTHER OFF MIKE) Hey....France....you out there?

FRANCE: (OFF) Yeah, Bernie? I been waitin' fer you to make a sign.

HAMILTON: Get up on that roof under this window.

FRANCE: (CLOSER) How about the nurse, Bernie?
HAMILTON: She thinks I'm too weak to move. Who you got with you?
FRANCE: Spike Manelli.
HAMILTON: Manelli. That's good. How are you, Spike?
SPIKE: (SAME DISTANCE AS FRANCE) Hello, Bernie -- hurry up --
we got the car waitin' in the street -- you got some
way o' gettin' down?
HAMILTON: Catch this rope -- I made it out of the sheets --
(SOFT THUMP)
SPIKE: I got it.
FRANCE: Ain't that nurse come back yet?
HAMILTON: No. But here I come. (FADES) Hold that rope steady,
France. Spike, run to the car -- and have it all
set -- for the getaway. (CHUCKLES - DRY, CYNICAL
FADEOUT.)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking. With the second escape,
U.S. Bureau of Investigation Agents take up the hunt for Bernard
Hamilton...and all offices of the Bureau throughout the country
are notified to be on the watch for this dangerous fugitive...our
story continues...late one evening in a department store...in New
Britain, Connecticut...

SPIKE: Are you sure it's safe? They can see our light from
the street.
HAMILTON: Who'd be up at this hour, Manelli?

SPIKE: A cop, of course.

HAMILTON: So much the worse for him.

SPIKE: Bernie, you're asking for it. You oughtta take it more easy like.

HAMILTON: Why should I let the police get me now? If I'm clever enough to break out of jail, I've a right to stay out. You see?

SPIKE: You hate yourself, all right.

HAMILTON: Never mind about me. Get to work on this safe.

SPIKE: Hey. Listen -- There's somebody outside in the street.

HAMILTON: Douse that light, then.

SPIKE: Yeah. It's out.

HAMILTON: Too late. He's seen it. He's stopping, whoever it is.

SPIKE: (LOW VOICE) Yeah....it's a cop, too.
(DOOR-KNOB RATTLED)

HAMILTON: Rattling the knob. That door's unlocked, too. Lie low. There's going to be shooting.

SPIKE: Berny, for God's sake. Santa Maria!
(DOOR OPENED)

HAMILTON: Quiet, Manelli!

BARRETT: (SHORT DISTANCE OFF) Who's in there? What's in there now? (PAUSE) Come out of it, boys, or I'll have to bring you.

HAMILTON: Turn on that flashlight, copper.

BARRETT: You sound tough, young fellow. Stand up and let me look at you.
(CLICK)

HAMILTON: There's the light I need to take aim by!

SPIKE: Berny -- don't shoot him --

(SEVERAL SHOTS)

BARRETT: (GROANS)

HAMILTON: All right, Spike. We've got to get out of this. Come on, jump over his body. He can't hurt you now - and run! Run like the devil.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FEET RUNNING HARD.
 2. SIRENS AND POLICE CAR MOTOR.

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

U. S. Bureau of Investigation Agents continue the search for Bernard Hamilton....among those making a special study of the case are Agents Crandall and Grey....with headquarters in a Middle Western city....our story continues....in a hotel lobby....in this city.....

SOUND INTERLUDE: HOTEL LOBBY NOISE - PAGING, CONVERSATION, ETC.

GREY: (URGENT) Say, Crandall.

CRANDALL: Yes?

GREY: Take a look at that man over there across the lobby.

CRANDALL: Which one?

GREY: In the dark brown hat.

CRANDALL: (INTERESTED) By Jiminy, Grey! Unless my eyes are playing tricks on me -- that's Johnny France!

GREY: That's what I thought too -- There's a recent picture on that circular.

CRANDALL: Yes and what's more he's supposed to be a member of
Bernard Hamilton's mob!

GREY: Well, shall we take him into custody for questioning?

CRANDALL: No. Wait. We'll follow him. We'll watch every
move he makes. Because there's no reason to believe
that France isn't still associated with Hamilton.
With a little luck, Grey, he'll lead us to the most-
wanted criminal in the United States.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: HOW WILL GOVERNMENT AGENTS... TRACK DOWN... DANGEROUS
FUGITIVE..... FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR... FOR END OF
TRAIL... IN SMASHING CLIMAX.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SU-173-VIII

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE VIII

"THE FUGITIVE"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE....STORY OF "THE FUGITIVE"....BASED ON CASE.....
FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE....WASHINGTON, D.C....PROCEED
WITH CASE....AT OFFICE OF BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
AGENTS GRANDALL AND GREY.....IN MIDDLE WESTERN CITY...

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

GREY: He's still in town, Crandall, doesn't know we're trailing him, and goes around openly in a big black limousine.

CRANDALL: Yes, and there's no doubt that the man is Johnny France. I've had that thoroughly checked since we spotted him in the hotel.

GREY: By the way, that car is his -- not rented.

CRANDALL: Did you get the license number?

GREY: Yes, it's an Illinois plate, number 27398. It's listed as belonging to a Mr. James Franklin -- that's one of France's aliases.

CRANDALL: Well, we have two things to watch then -- Johnny France and his big black automobile. Between them, we'll get somewhere; but he's got to make the first move. And he'll never do it if he knows we're on his trail.

GREY: I guess you're right. But I don't like this inactivity.

CRANDALL: (SOMBRELY) Don't worry about inactivity. My guess is we'll see plenty of the other things before we're through. Mr. Hamilton believes himself above the law -- he fancies himself a super-crook. And he'll shoot before he's captured -- just as he did in New Britain, and in his various prison breaks.

GREY: So long as he's captured...that's the main thing.

(TELEPHONE BELL)

CRANDALL: I'll take that.

(RECEIVER LIFTED)

Special Agent Crandall speaking. Oh, yes, good -- go ahead. You're still at the hotel? Where's Johnny France? Just come down, you say, and sitting in the lobby. All right, stick to him. Grey and I will be right over.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

(TO GREY) Mr. France's day has begun. Get your hat. We'll follow him.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

2. AUTO MOTOR AND HORN.

(FADE IN HOTEL LOBBY BACKGROUND)

CRANDALL: Keep back, Grey. Keep behind this pillar. I don't want France to spot us.

GREY: Oh-oh. I think he already has. He's walking this way.

CRANDALL: No - wait -- he hasn't seen us -- he's just going into the writing room.

GREY: Keep behind this potted palm, Crandall...he may sit down facing us.

CRANDALL: (WITH RELIEF) No. There's a break. His back is turned.

GREY: What's he doing? Writing a letter?

CRANDALL: Yeah. No -- just addressing an envelope it looks like.

GREY: We'd better stay hidden -- I'll bet he has to go back to the desk for a stamp.

CRANDALL: No...he's sealing his letter....blotting it....and....
putting on a stamp from his wallet....Shucks.

GREY: Duck, he's coming back. Look out.

CRANDALL: Come on Grey -- quickly.

GREY: He's crossing the lobby. Hey -- aren't we going to
follow him?

CRANDALL: The boys will watch Johnny France, Grey -- I want to
see that blotter.

GREY: Blotter? What for?

CRANDALL: (OFF) Plenty good reason if I'm right.

GREY: (OFF) I don't see what that's going to do, Crandall.

CRANDALL: (IN FULL) Here it is -- the blotter France used after
he'd addressed that envelope.

GREY: Oh - I get the idea. Can you make anything out of it?

CRANDALL: I don't know...It's a fresh blotter...but hang it, he
didn't use much ink.

GREY: I can see something there. Part of an address.

CRANDALL: Yeah.

GREY: But how can we read it?

CRANDALL: Wait. There's a mirror on this wall...We'll hold the
blotter up to it, like this. Take a look. Make
anything out?

GREY: Yeah. Looks like a girl's name. Wait a minute -- hold
it still. Mary -- Marcia -- no -- ah, I've got it.
It's a town. Muncie -- Muncie, Indiana. Look, you can
read it too.

CRANDALL: Muncie, Indiana. Well, that's a whole lot better.
That may be the hide-out.

BELLBOY: Excuse me, Mr. Crandall.

CRANDALL: Yep, what's up, son?

VOICE: They said to tell you Mr. France was leaving the hotel driveway, sir. In his car.

CRANDALL: Thanks, boy. Come on, Grey. Let's follow him quickly.

SOUND INTERLUDE: STREET TRAFFIC AND AUTOMOBILES RUNNING THROUGH IT FAST.

GREY: Will we stop him this time, Crandall?

CRANDALL: No -- Hamilton is ten times bigger game. Be patient and we'll bag 'em both.

GREY: Look out, driver -- don't let him make that corner on you!

DRIVER'S VOICE: I'm right after him, Mr. Grey.

CRANDALL: (PHILOSOPHICALLY) I wouldn't be surprised if France knew he was being followed.

GREY: Why wouldn't he speed up, then?

CRANDALL: Too clever. He'll try to lose us in traffic. Wait and see.

GREY: Why can't we pull up alongside, force him to the curb, and talk to him?

CRANDALL: (SUDDENLY) Hey - be careful, driver -- he's slipping away from you! Turn this corner! Follow him!

(SQUEAK OF BRAKES)

GREY: Aw, for the love o' Mike!

DRIVER'S VOICE: I couldn't help it, Mr. Crandall - he turned too short on me.

CRANDALL: Well -- it's too late now.

DRIVER'S VOICE: Do you want me to try to catch him, sir?

CRANDALL: No, stop right here. Let us out.

GREY: Out? Where we going, Crandall?

GRANDALL: Only thing to do now is play our other lead -- catch the next train for Muncie, Indiana, and see what we can find out.

SOUND INTERLUDE: TRAIN AND WHISTLE.

HALL: Well, Mr. Crandall -- I can't think of another garage in Muncie where this fellow would be liable to stay.

CRANDALL: That's why I wanted to come down here, Sergeant Hall -- down in the outskirts of town. Now that he knows we're following him, France isn't very likely to roll down the main street and leave his car at the principal garage.

HALL: No, o' course not.

GREY: What do they call this garage here, Sergeant?

HALL: Oh, this ain't rightly a garage at all, Mr. Grey. It's an old-time livery stable but they keep a few cars here, I guess.

GREY: Well, let's give it a try. We've tried every place else in town.

HALL: All right, I'll take a look. Being Saturday afternoon, the boss isn't apt to be around, but there's an old colored fellow who's usually in charge while he's gone.

(POUNING ON DOOR)

MOSE: (INSIDE) Who dah?

HALL: It's me, Mose -- Sergeant Hall of the police department.

(OPENING DOOR)

MOSE: What you want?

HALL: I've got a couple of Federal agents with me, Mose.
They're looking for an automobile.

MOSE: Federal agents? Glory Hallelujah!

CRANDALL: Don't be afraid, Mose. All we want is a look around
your place.

MOSE: Yas suh, boss. Come in, Gin'ral.

GREY: Listen to him. Got any cars here now, Mose?

MOSE: Yas suh. Ah gots a couple.

GREY: Where are they?

MOSE: Right hiah, suh.

CRANDALL: Well, this is no good -- neither of these old wrecks
could be what we're after.

MOSE: No suh.

GREY: Looks like there's nothing doing, Crandall.

CRANDALL: Hold on a minute.

GREY: Yeah? What?

CRANDALL: Look over there; behind those stalls.

GREY: Huh? Another car! Mose, you weren't lying to us, were
you?

MOSE: No suh! No, suh! Ah gots de oddah cah, but de
ge't'man axe fo' to not mention de fack.

CRANDALL: Oh, the gentleman asked you to keep quiet about it, did
he?

MOSE: Yas suh. Dat right.

CRANDALL: (ASIDE TO GREY) See what you make of it.

GREY: (FADING) Right. Just a second.

HALL: Mose, I've got a good mind to throw you on the rock
pile for that.

MOSE: Excuse me, Cap'n Hall, you di'n' axe me bout de oddah
cah, and de odder gent'man --

CRANDALL: Well, never mind, never mind, Mose. I wouldn't call it hidden, anyway.

MOSE: Thank you, Gin'ral. Praise de Lawd.

GREY: (COMING BACK) You called it, Crandall. Same plates. Illinois 27398. That's Johnny France's limousine!

CRANDALL: Now we're getting somewhere.

MOSE: Scuse me, Gin'ral.

HALL: Keep quiet, Mose. The less you say the better for you.

CRANDALL: No, let's hear what's on his mind. Maybe his memory's improving.

MOSE: De ge't'man say he come back fo de cah, suh.

CRANDALL: (PICKING HIM UP INSTANTLY) Yes, when -- when did he say he was coming back?

MOSE: He say he come bout sundown -- bout dahk.

GREY: Well, it's that now. Look outside - the street lights are lit.

CRANDALL: All right - that gives me an idea, Grey. Get into this stall -- you too, Sergeant. We're going to wait until France comes back.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CLOCK TICKING.
2. DOOR OPENS.

GREY: (LOW VOICE)...There he is, Sergeant.

HALL: Stranger in town. I've never seen him before.

CRANDALL: Quiet. He's getting in the car.
(CAR DOOR CLOSED)

FRANCE: (SHORT DISTANCE OFF) Anybody round here while I was away, Mose?

MOSE: Well - dey wasn't nobody axe fo you, Cap'n.

FRANCE: Yeh? Well, all right then, get out of the road --
I'm going to move along.

(MOTOR STARTING AND GEARS)

(MOTOR FADES QUICKLY OUT)

CRANDALL: (QUICK EXCITEMENT) All right, boys, let's get out
to the police car and trail him. We'll pick him up
before he knows he's being followed.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR RUNNING VERY FAST.
2. MOTOR CAR COMES TO STOP WITH SQUEAK OF BRAKES.

HALL: He went into that house - 40 Mulberry Street, Mr.
Crandall.

CRANDALL: Who lives there, Sergeant, do you know?

HALL: No - It's been vacant for a long time. I hadn't heard
about any new folks moving in, but it's got lights
in the upstairs windows.

CRANDALL: We better not take the car any closer, Grey. They'll
spot us from the windows if you do. We don't want to
show ourselves till we can get the place surrounded.

GREY: I'll say we don't.

CRANDALL: Hall, get in touch with Muncie police headquarters as
quickly as you can and ask for a detail to surround
that house at Number 40, because we're practically
certain the man we want is inside it. Grey and I'll
stay here.

HALL: O.K., Mr. Crandall.

CRANDALL: And hurry -- they may be planning another getaway right
now.

HALL: (FADING OUT) Yeah -- I'll hurry. There's a telephone in the drug store on the corner.

CRANDALL: Get out of the car, Grey. Let's just ease over by the tree near the gate. In the dark we may be able to get away with it.

GREY: (FADING IN) I'm with you.

CRANDALL: (LOW) It'll give us a better chance at the front and side doors.

GREY: (IN FULL) You're right. We can cover 'em both from the same spot.

CRANDALL: (FADING IN) Of course, nothing may happen till Sergeant Hall gets back with the police. But we may as well be prepared.

GREY: I'll wait a minute ----watch it!

CRANDALL: (SUDDENLY INTENSE) Somebody's coming out of the house, eh?

GREY: Yeah...yeah. He's switched off the lights in back of him.

CRANDALL: Do you spot his face?

GREY: Look -- under the street light -- you're right.

CRANDALL: Bernard Hamilton.

(POLICE SIRENS OFF)

GREY: The police! He knows we're after him now!

CRANDALL: He's running, Grey -- head him off!

GREY: Hey -- you -- hold it!

(SIREN COMES CLOSE AND OUT)

(IN BACKGROUND, SERGEANT HALL SHOUTS: "That's the man, boys! Get him! (MEANWHILE, CRANDALL FADES BACK FROM MIKE AND SHOUTS: "Hamilton! Stand where you are -- or we'll fire!))

HAMILTON: (APPROACHING MIKE) You'll fire! Chew on that!
(VOLLEY OF SHOTS - FROM NEARBY - HAMILTON'S GUN)
Keep back -- keep away from me!

GREY: (APPROACHING MIKE, FIRING) Drop it, drop it. Look out, Berny -- somebody's going to get hurt!

CRANDALL: (APPROACHING MIKE, FIRES TWO SHOTS) He's out of ammunition. Get his gun, Grey.

HALL: (FADING IN) Don't shoot, boys. We got him.

HAMILTON: You think you got me! You think you got me! Like --
(STRUGGLES)

CRANDALL: (KINDLY TIRED PHILOSOPHICAL VOICE. JOB DONE NOW.) Take it easy, Hamilton. Take it easy. We've got you for sure this time. You've got a long way to go.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN EFFECT,
2. FADE IN COURTROOM NOISE. A GAVEL WHACKS.

JUDGE: Mr. Sheriff.

COURT OFFICIAL: Yes, your honor?

JUDGE: Make proclamation of silence while sentence is pronounced against the prisoner at the bar.

COURT OFFICIAL: Oyez. Oyez. Oyez. All persons before the honorable Superior Court, now in session, are enjoined to silence upon pain of imprisonment while sentence is pronounced against the prisoner at the bar.

JUDGE: Bernard Hamilton, have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against you?

HAMILTON:

I've got plenty to say. Sure -- I've committed crimes, and I've gotten away with it. But I didn't shoot that New Britain cop. This trial hasn't proved anything except that I am the victim of an out-and-out frame-up. I ought to be in Atlanta right now serving my 25 years for mail robbery. There's something I did do -- and don't forget it. United States Mail! I broke prison and now the laws of this country say that I've got to be returned there. Maybe the President of the United States did commute the Atlanta sentence so I could take this rap. So what about it? I never accepted the commutation, and I demand that you send me back to Atlanta to serve my time.

JUDGE:

The jury has considered all matters relative to this case, and found you guilty of the crime of murder. The sentence is this: you, Bernard Hamilton, are remanded to the custody of the Warden of the State Prison, to be forthwith conveyed to and safely kept at the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield, until the 25th Day of June, upon which day, before the hour of sunrise, and within the prison walls, and by the Prison Warden or Deputy Warden, you shall be hanged by the neck until you shall be dead. And may God have mercy on your soul.

(A GAVEL WHACKS)

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE.....
CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

WILLIAMSON/FARR/chilleen
12/13/32

CONGER: (AGONIZED) How can he be sure when it wasn't me --
honest to God, it wasn't me.

LANE: S-s-h -- keep quiet, son. Take it easy. Don't
forget that crowd outside.

CONGER: What'll I do? My God, what'll I do?

LANE: Wait till your case comes to court, son -- and pray
that the jury'll believe you. All right, Sam -- take
him back again.

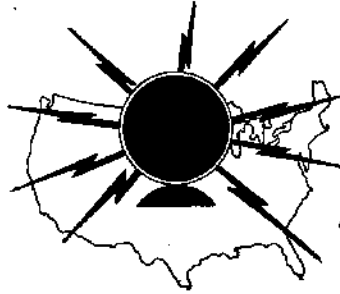
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WHAT WILL BE FATE....OF HERMAN CONGER AND OTHER
INNOCENT MEN...MISTAKENLY IDENTIFIED...AS LAMAR
BANK MURDERERS...FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...FOR
THRILLING CONCLUSION.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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, DECEMBER 22, 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.....

Tonight is Jack Pearl night and we promise that if you hang up your Christmas stocking on your loud speaker, the Baron will fill it full of laughs.....He'll be here shortly, so let's not delay....we flash the Magic Carpet to Abe Lyman who starts the music with a wave of his baton....

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

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening everybody - this is Abe Lyman inviting
you all to dance to -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Back to the Pilot speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Abe! That was fine music, wasn't it,
folks?

I expect a number of you still have a lot of last-minute Christmas shopping to do. If you dread the crowds and rush of these last two days, take advantage of a service which the makers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are glad to offer you. Just go around to your neighborhood cigarette dealer...ask for those beautiful, specially designed Christmas cartons of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - and there is your last-minute gift problem solved for you! It's an easy and pleasant way to go Christmas shopping --and what a joy it is to give your friends these delightful Christmas cartons. You folks who know the great enjoyment there is in LUCKY STRIKE, know how well those delicious, mellow-mild LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos will express your "Merry Christmas" -- each flavorful LUCKY made truly mild by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. Remember - these beautiful Christmas cartons of LUCKIES are offered to you without extra cost -- and it's a real joy to your friends to receive a Christmas carton of LUCKIES -- the mildest of all cigarettes.

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Now out of the wings steps Mr. LUCKY STRIKE'S Santa Claus who seems to bear a striking resemblance to Jack Pearl. He's even got with him Cliff Hall, whom you all know as "Sharley" and the pack he is carrying is filled to the brim with laughter.. Ladies and gentlemen, we present Santa Claus' chief assistant..... none other than the famous Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "CHRISTMAS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

You've been listening to the Christmas adventures of the Baron Munchausen....who just ran out the stage door to feed his reindeers. He'll be back a little later. Before the Baron left he tried to borrow the Magic Carpet for a hurried trip to the North Pole, but we couldn't lend it to him because we need it to flash to Abe Lyman and his Orchestra. Let's go get him now!

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

ABE LYMAN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Here goes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Abe - leading an orchestra like that must be a gift -- Oh by George! before I forget it folks, write this down now, on your Christmas gift list.....For the man who enjoys a pipe -- a pound tin of Half-and-Half smoking tobacco. Men everywhere enjoy Half-and-Half, that famous blend of fine old Buckingham and "TOASTED" LUCKY STRIKE.....the first different smoking tobacco in a generation. Half-and-Half in those handy, 15-cent tins that get smaller as the tobacco is used....it comes in half-pound and pound tins -- and say, when you ask for that pound tin -- your dealer will give you, without any additional cost, a beautiful pack of gold edge Congress playing cards....a special Christmas offer for a limited time only, made to introduce smokers to the joy of America's favorite pipe tobacco - Half-and-Half.

- - - - -STATION BREAK- - - - -

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Baron will be back any minute now, but we still have time for another dance before he returns....so we're on our way to Abe Lyman and all his boys.

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

ABE LYMAN:

The dance continues with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Back to the man at the controls flies the Magic
Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And now we again bring you Jack Pearl as the Baron
Munchausen. The Baron is playing Santa Claus tonight and he really
is as generous as old St. Nick himself. There isn't a day long
enough for the Baron to give you all the laughs he'd like to.
Monday night he opens in the Brooklyn Majestic Theatre in his new
show by the Gershwins - titled "Pardon My English." He has been
enthusiastically received by audiences in Philadelphia, where his
show first opened; but tonight he faces the audience he loves.....
the greatest of them all.....the radio millions. Ladies and
gentlemen, we give you....the genial Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART - "CHRISTMAS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That laughter and applause Uncle Sam, was for Jack Pearl who tonight donned the regalia of Santa Claus and distributed Mr. LUCKY STRIKE'S contribution to Mr. and Mrs. America....a darn good laugh.

Next week the Baron will keep his date with you again. Incidentally, on Saturday night we will again bring you a program of songs from the operettas....on that same night the dance music will be furnished by Vincent Lopez, playing from Chicago; and Al Goodman who will play from New York....but right now Abe Lyman has his orchestra waiting and ready to go, so let's give him his cue.....

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

ABE LYMAN:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Climb aboard! Here goes the Magic Carpet.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine work, Abe -- music like that is one of the reasons it's good to be home gathered around the radio, isn't it folks? This afternoon a Christmas ship arrived in New York harbor -- the great United States Liner Manhattan. Among the happy voyagers who journeyed home for Christmas, it was significant how many were LUCKY STRIKE Smokers. For both here and overseas, smokers of particular taste always seek the pleasure of a truly mild cigarette; and they have found that LUCKY STRIKE gives them the real mildness - mellow mildness - of choice, delicious tobaccos brought to their mildest best by "TOASTING". And as those gay voyagers came ashore, they found a new pleasure awaiting them -- the joy of giving their friends their favorite cigarette in a smart, colorful and original Christmas carton. Those beautiful Christmas cartons of LUCKIES have attracted smokers everywhere -- They are offered to you at no extra cost as a service the manufacturers of LUCKIES are glad to give the American people. They contain ten packages of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes....and these delightful Christmas cartons are really a joy for your friends to receive -- the ideal Christmas gift because they express the mellow spirit of Christmas in mellow-mild, delicious LUCKIES.

There's plenty of time left for dancing and California's favorite son, Abe Lyman, is always ready to supply the music. Here we come Abe!

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

ABE LYMAN:

And the dance does go on, this time with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and dashes
back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Abe, and thank all your boys. That ladies
and gentlemen --

(INTERRUPTION AS FOLLOWS):

CHARLEY:

Mr. Claney - pardon my interruption.

HOWARD CLANEY:

What is it, Charley?

CHARLEY:

(HESITATINGLY) I -- that is -- the Baron would like
to say a few additional words, if you don't mind.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Why no, go ahead, Baron.

BARON:

Thank you, Mr. Clane -- My dear listeners I want to take this opportunity to wish you a merry, merry Christmas and a great, big, lovely, sweet New Year. This I am wishing you from the bottom of my microphone. If I could speak your language better I would say I -- I -- wish you

CHARLEY:

-----an exhilarating, sparkling Yuletide and my felicitations for an ensuing year overflowing with an inexhaustible amount of multifarious rejoicing.

BARON:

You took the words right out of my mouth. That's exactly what I shouted last night from the top of the Statue of Liberty -- and everybody heard me.

CHARLEY:

Just a moment, Baron! You can't make me believe that.

BARON:

Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY:

No, I was not.

BARON:

So I said -- A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Baron and thank you Charley, and I am sure
all of your listeners wish the same to you.

Until Saturday then, ladies and gentlemen, we bid you
all goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/chilleen
12/23/32

SU-166-XVI

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XVI

"C H R I S T M A S"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 22, 1932

*** ***

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EPISODE XVI

"CHRISTMAS"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

NOTE:

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EPISODE XVI

"C H R I S T M A S"

PART I

(THE BARON COMES UP TO THE MICROPHONE LAUGHING)

CHARLEY: You seem very happy tonight, Baron.
BARON: That's the only way to be, Sharley. Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and -- nobody listens in.
CHARLEY: That, Baron, has proven an unrefuted maxim.
BARON:Hello?
CHARLEY: A proverbial saying embodying a practical precept.
BARON:We're off!
CHARLEY: Make life a merry-go-round of merry making, merry moments! Merry thoughts!
BARON: Merry Christmas!
CHARLEY: Thanks Baron. The same to you.
BARON: Which reminds me. I got a little Christmas present in my pocket for you.
CHARLEY: Why, Baron, I don't want any --
BARON: Sch. Please! It's a check for five hundred dollars--
CHARLEY: Five hundred dollars!
BARON: Yes -- and next year if you're as nice as you've been this year ----I'll sign it!
CHARLEY: Well, thanks, just the same for thinking of me.
BARON: I was only fooling, Sharley. You'll find something in your stocking besides holes.

CHARLEY: Last Christmas I hung up my sock and the next morning I found twenty five dollars in them.

BARON: That's nothing! Last Christmas I hung up my pants --

CHARLEY: You hung up your pants?

BARON: Yes - and the next morning I found my wife's brother in them.

CHARLEY: Are you giving many presents this year, Baron?

BARON: Many? Sixteen thousand!

CHARLEY: Sixteen thousand presents! I can't believe it!

BARON: All right - twelve thousand.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I still don't believe it.

BARON: Ten thousand.

CHARLEY: I won't believe it.

BARON: Would you believe five?

CHARLEY: No, I would not.

BARON: So I'll go back to sixteen!

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way.

BARON: The first on the list is my wife.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: She wants a Russian sable.

CHARLEY: A Russian Sable.

BARON: Sure -- Second on the list is my wife.

CHARLEY: You said your wife was first.

BARON: She's second too. She wants also a limousine, a roadster, a diamond bracelet, and a string of pearls.

CHARLEY: My word! And then - who comes after your wife?

BARON: The Sheriff.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron, would you give your wife all those beautiful presents and then let a sheriff take them away?

BARON: Certainly not!----That's why I'm not going to give them to her. To tell the truth, Sharley, I don't know what to get her.

CHARLEY: Is she fastidious?

BARON:Could you come closer?

CHARLEY: I said is your wife fastidious?

BARON: She was - but she went on a diet.

CHARLEY: You don't understand, Baron. I mean would she look a gift horse in the mouth?

BARON:who said I'm going to give her a horse?

CHARLEY: Let's change the subject....Where do you generally spend your Christmas?

BARON: Well last year I was up in Sasskan-awasha-ketchin -

CHARLEY: Saskatchewan.

BARON: Sasswacha - Ketch - a can-a-gas-a

CHARLEY: Saskatchewan.

BARON: Kas-a-can-can, Aketch---let's change the subject again.

CHARLEY: Come on! Tell me about Sasskatchewan.

BARON: All right. Last year when I was up in Sassakana -
(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

BARON: I nearly fell over it again.

CHARLEY: Saskatchewan.

BARON: I should have gone to Toronto. When I got up there they asked me to be Santa Claus.

CHARLEY: They wanted you to be Santa Claus.

BARON: Yes, so I got a sleigh and three hundred reindeers----

CHARLEY: You got what?

BARON: A horse and wagon!

CHARLEY: You said a sleigh and reindeers.

BARON: You heard me say it?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So why did you aske me what?

CHARLEY: I wanted you to repeat the number of reindeers because I doubted the veracity of your statement.

BARON:It's a small world!

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: I got an empty sleigh and -- how many reindeers would you like me to have?

CHARLEY: About four.

BARON: Four! How could four reindeers pull a sleigh loaded down with Christmas presents?

CHARLEY: You said the sleigh was empty!

BARON: It was -- but I just loaded it.

CHARLEY: All right. How many reindeers did you have?

BARON: How many I said before?

CHARLEY: Three hundred.

BARON: So I had three hundred and one.

CHARLEY: Where did the one come from?

BARON: It was born while we was arguing.

CHARLEY: I'll give in.

BARON: I'll give out -- I put bells on the reindeer's hat racks.

CHARLEY: The reindeer's hatracks?

BARON: You know -- what they wear on the head.

CHARLEY: Oh, the antlers, the horns.

BARON: Umbrella handles -- and away I went!

CHARLEY: On your philanthropical mission through the domain to the gratification of a waiting humanity!

BARON:If I could stop these reindeers you'd get it good!

CHARLEY: You didn't get me, Baron.

BARON: Don't worry -- I'll get you on the way back. My first stop was just a stones throw from where I was.

CHARLEY: Just a stones throw.

BARON: Yes - seventy five miles away.

CHARLEY: Just a moment! You can't throw a stone seventy five miles.

BARON: Did I say I threw it?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So what are you picking on me for? Those reindeers traveled like a streak of slippery lightening.

CHARLEY: Fast?

BARON: Fast? Is seventy five miles in seven minutes fast?

CHARLEY: Hold on! Are you going to tell me the reindeers made the seventy five miles in seven minutes?

BARON: You wouldn't believe it?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: What will you believe?

CHARLEY: Nothing!

BARON: All right! They made the seventy five miles in nothing! When we got to the house it wasn't there.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, it wasn't there?

BARON: As if I knew. So I went further. The next place was an apartment house.

CHARLEY: An apartment house?

BARON: Yes --- in the middle of a lake.

CHARLEY: What in the world was an apartment house doing in the middle of a lake?

BARON: What do I care. It wasn't mine. On the door was a note what said, "Dear Santa Claus - This is a steamheated house, but my little boy expects you to come down the chimney, please do not disappoint him."

CHARLEY: An order you couldn't fill.

BARON: Please! The Baron is an expert filler!

CHARLEY: You found a way out?

BARON: I found a way in. I wouldn't disappoint that child for the world -- I was once a child myself.

CHARLEY: I know it.

BARON: Thank goodness you believe that!

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I slipped down the chimney - into the furnace and climbed up a steam pipe --

CHARLEY: Stop! Baron! Stop!

BARON: I can't! I'm all steamed up! I climbed to the twenty-second floor and came out of the radiator.

CHARLEY: Please, Baron! quit!

BARON: Is it possible you doubt my word?

CHARLEY: Doubt it? Why you couldn't make me believe a thing like that in ten thousand years - a million years.

BARON: Here! Stop it! The big numbers belong to the Baron!

CHARLEY: You have a consummate nerve to even think I'd believe you climbed up a steam pipe and came out of the radiator!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! I was not!

BARON: So I climbed up the steam pipe and came out of the radiator!

CHARLEY: Applesauce!

BARON: Charlotte russe!----I could have climbed up the water pipe and come out of the sink!

CHARLEY: Why didn't you?

BARON: I did!

CHARLEY: Baron! You're insulting my intelligence!

BARON: You're welcome! Well sir, I filled the little boy's stocking with nineteen games, twelve books, eight baseball bats --

CHARLEY: Just a moment -- you put all that in the little boy's stocking?

BARON: Sure! Also I put in six cameras, a canoe, three sleds --

CHARLEY: A team of live horses and a Mack truck.

BARON: (LAUGH) Who told you?

CHARLEY: Go on!

BARON: Well, to make a long story before its finished -- I went from house to house until my sleigh was empty.

CHARLEY: Well, I'm glad its empty!

BARON: So I filled up the sleigh again --

CHARLEY: That will do, Baron! I don't wish to hear any more about it.

BARON: Did I refuse to tell you?

CHARLEY: No - but I refuse to listen! So once more we'll change the subject.

BARON: Okay. So I filled up the sleigh again --

CHARLEY: Please, Baron! I'm more interested in your list of presents.

BARON: You like the present better than the past?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Sharley to tell you all the presents I got to get
would take years.

CHARLEY: Years?

BARON: Months.

CHARLEY: Months?

BARON: Weeks.

CHARLEY: Weeks?

BARON: Days.

CHARLEY: Days?

BARON: Hours.

CHARLEY: Hours?

BARON: A minute!

CHARLEY: A minute?

BARON: Yes - but I don't know what to get.

CHARLEY: Who is the present for?

BARON: My mother-in-law. What would you suggest?

CHARLEY: Does she need a bridge set?

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said does she need a bridge set?

BARON: (LAUGH) You said a mouth full!

CHARLEY: OH, Baron!

BARON: OH, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

EPISODE XVI

"C H R I S T M A S"

PART II

CHARLEY: You say this friend you want to get a present for is
a man of letters?

BARON: Yes - he makes alphabet noodles - and he knows his
business.

CHARLEY: Knows his business?

BARON: From A. to Z. I used to be also in that business.

CHARLEY: You don't tell me?

BARON: I just did! But don't mind me. There is where I got
this medal.

CHARLEY: What did you get that medal for?

BARON: For inventing a new kind of spagetti.

CHARLEY: A new kind of spagetti?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Where did you get the idea from?

BARON: My noodle.

CHARLEY: Tell me about it?

BARON: You know the trouble you have picking up spagetti?

CHARLEY: I certainly do.

BARON: Well, with my spagetti this is not so.

CHARLEY: The difficulty is eliminated.

BARON:what happened?

CHARLEY: I said the difficulty is eliminated. You know what eliminated means, don't you?

BARON: Sure, I -----what is that mersimanated?

CHARLEY: The intricacy is dispensed with.

BARON:sometime you must come to my country.

CHARLEY: How do you eliminate the difficulty in picking up spaghetti?

BARON: Well, after you cook it, you bury it in salt.

CHARLEY: Bury it in salt?

BARON: Yes - you got to make it thirsty.

CHARLEY: Make the spagetti thirsty?

BARON: Sure -- then you dip your fork in wine. Now when the spagetti smells the wine --

CHARLEY: Just a moment! How can spagetti smell?

BARON: Sometimes terrible. The spagetti smells the wine on the fork and laughs.

CHARLEY: The spagetti laughs!

BARON: It goes into convulsions! Jumps up! - and being thirsty it wines itself on the fork!

CHARLEY: I'd like to believe that.

BARON: So would I! For this friend of mine I got to get something nice because he was nice to me when I was lying in the hospital.

CHARLEY: You were lying in the hospital?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Even sickness didn't stop you.

BARON:please. The Baron makes the jokes.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, continue.

BARON: I think I'll get him a burglar alarm.

CHARLEY: A burglar alarm?

BARON: Yes -- the last time I slept at his house it was burgled.

CHARLEY: He was robbed!

BARON: Pilferred! We just got to sleep when he heard a noise and jumped up - and from under the bed he saw a man's legs sticking out.

CHARLEY: The burglar's legs.

BARON: No -- mine. I heard the noise too.

CHARLEY: Did the burglar get anything?

BARON: Sure - he broke into the stable and stole all the harness.

CHARLEY: He stole all the harness?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Was he ever caught?

BARON: No - he didn't leave a trace. Also I must get something for my cousin Hugo, but I don't know what. You know for ten years he has lived on water.

CHARLEY: That's impossible, Baron. How could he live on water for ten years?

BARON: He's got a house boat.

CHARLEY: That's different. I thought you meant he existed on water - without food.

BARON: Not my cousin Hugo! He likes good food.

CHARLEY: He's an epicurean!

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: I said he is an epicurean.

BARON: No - he's an Elk. When he came to this country he had a home in New York but he didn't eat there for two months.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: He was in Chicago.

CHARLEY: If he's so fond of food why not make him a present of a meal ticket?

BARON: That's a good idea. I'll get him one. He likes to eat in a Baby Cafateria.

CHARLEY: A Baby Cafateria?

BARON: Infants chophouse, kids lunch-room.

CHARLEY: Wait! Do you mean Childs Restaurant?

BARON: That's it! Childs Restaurant!

CHARLEY: Where does he live?

BARON: Up there in Sacawatcha -

CHARLEY: Saskatchewan.

BARON:Canada.

CHARLEY: It must be nice up there in winter.

BARON: Wonderful. Last year the water in the lake was frozen in one piece.

CHARLEY: Solid.

BARON: Stiff! Every day we played pawnbroker.

CHARLEY: Pawnbroker?

BARON: I mean hockey. Also we had a lot of fun with the skis.

CHARLEY: You went ski-ing?

BARON: No, we stayed home.

CHARLEY: How could you stay home and have fun with skis?

BARON: They told us jokes.

CHARLEY: The skis told you jokes?

BARON: Sure - Levinsky, Jackofsky, Minsky -

CHARLEY: Good night!

BARON: We also played pinochle.

CHARLEY: Pinochle?

BARON: Yes, but it was so cold I couldn't melt a thing.

CHARLEY: Luck was against you.

BARON: Yes - but not so my cousin. He's lucky in cards, lucky in love and lucky in business.

CHARLEY: What business is he in?

BARON: He's a Shakespearean peddler!

CHARLEY: A Shakespearean peddler?

BARON: Yes, a merchant of venison. Before that he was a Splinter Joe.

CHARLEY: A Splinter Joe?

BARON: A wooden Joseph - a timber Jimmy.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean a lumberjack?

BARON: That's it - a lumberjack, and on the side he's a zea captain.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron! He couldn't be a sea captain in Saskatchewan.

BARON: Why not?

CHARLEY: Because the Province of Saskatchewan has no seaboard - no ocean.

BARON: He's got his own notions. In the old country I also was a zea goer.

CHARLEY: You were a mariner?

BARON: No -- I was single.

CHARLEY: What did you do aboard ship?

BARON: I was a show-er.

CHARLEY: A show-er?

BARON: Yes - I used to show the captains how to come in to port.

CHARLEY: Oh, a pilot.

BARON: A kibitzer with water wings!

CHARLEY: As a pilot you must have had a good weather eye.

BARON: Whether I liked it or not.

CHARLEY: Its a dangerous game.

BARON: You said it. One night I was in the pilot-house - it was the clearest night you ever saw, but I couldn't see out of the window.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: The shade was down.

CHARLEY: Why didn't you raise it?

BARON: I did, but the feller on my right raised me, it was the biggest pot --

CHARLEY: Here! What are you talking about?

BARON: (LAUGH) That was another game. Suddenly a storm blew up and in five hours it blew the steamer from the Coast of Germany to Souse America!

CHARLEY: In five hours?

BARON: Maybe four and a half.

CHARLEY: Its hardly necessary for me to tell you I don't believe it.

BARON: You couldn't even try?

CHARLEY: No sir - it's an utter impossibility.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Was I where?

BARON: Was you there?

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON:in Souse America?

CHARLEY: When was this supposed to happen?

BARON: Between September first, nineteen hundred and zix --

CHARLEY: Just a moment! I'll look in my diary and see.

BARON: Er -- Maybe it was five days.

CHARLEY: I'll find the page in a second.

BARON: It could have been five weeks.

CHARLEY: Here's the page -

BARON: Maybe it was five months?

CHARLEY: Let's see -- No, on that date I was in Pittsburg.

BARON: You wasn't there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So the storm blew the ship from Germany to Souse
America in five hours!

CHARLEY: Let it go! Did the ship founder?

BARON:Could I be inquisitive?

CHARLEY: I said, did the ship founder?

BARON: Found who?

CHARLEY: The ship - did she founder?

BARON: Who said it was lost?

CHARLEY: Did the ship break up?

BARON: No, it fell apart!

CHARLEY: Any souls lost?

BARON: No, just a couple of heels. I myself saved a hundred
and six chefs and I --

CHARLEY: Wait! Do you mean to say this ship carried one
hundred and six chefs?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: What in the name of common sense were a hundred and
 six chefs doing on the boat?

BARON: It was a Cooks tour.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
12/21/32

(MR. CLANEY MAKES ANNOUNCEMENT)

CHARLEY: : Mr. Claney - pardon my interruption.

CLANEY: : What is it, Charley?

CHARLEY: : (HESITATINGLY) I -- that is -- the Baron would like to say a few additional words, if you don't mind.

CLANEY: : Why no, go ahead, Baron.

BARON: : Thank you, Mr. Claney -- My dear listeners I want to take this opportunity to wish you a merry, merry Christmas and a great, big, lovely, sweet New Year. This I am wishing you from the bottom of my microphone. If I could speak your language better I would say I -- I -- wish you

CHARLEY: :an exhilarating, sparkling Yuletide and my felicitations for an ensuing year overflowing with an inexhaustible amount of multifarious rejoicing.

BARON: : You took the words right out of my mouth? That's exactly what I broadcasted last night from the top of the Empire State Building -- and everybody heard me.

CHARLEY: : Just a moment, Baron! You can't make me believe that. Why you couldn't even say the words I used.

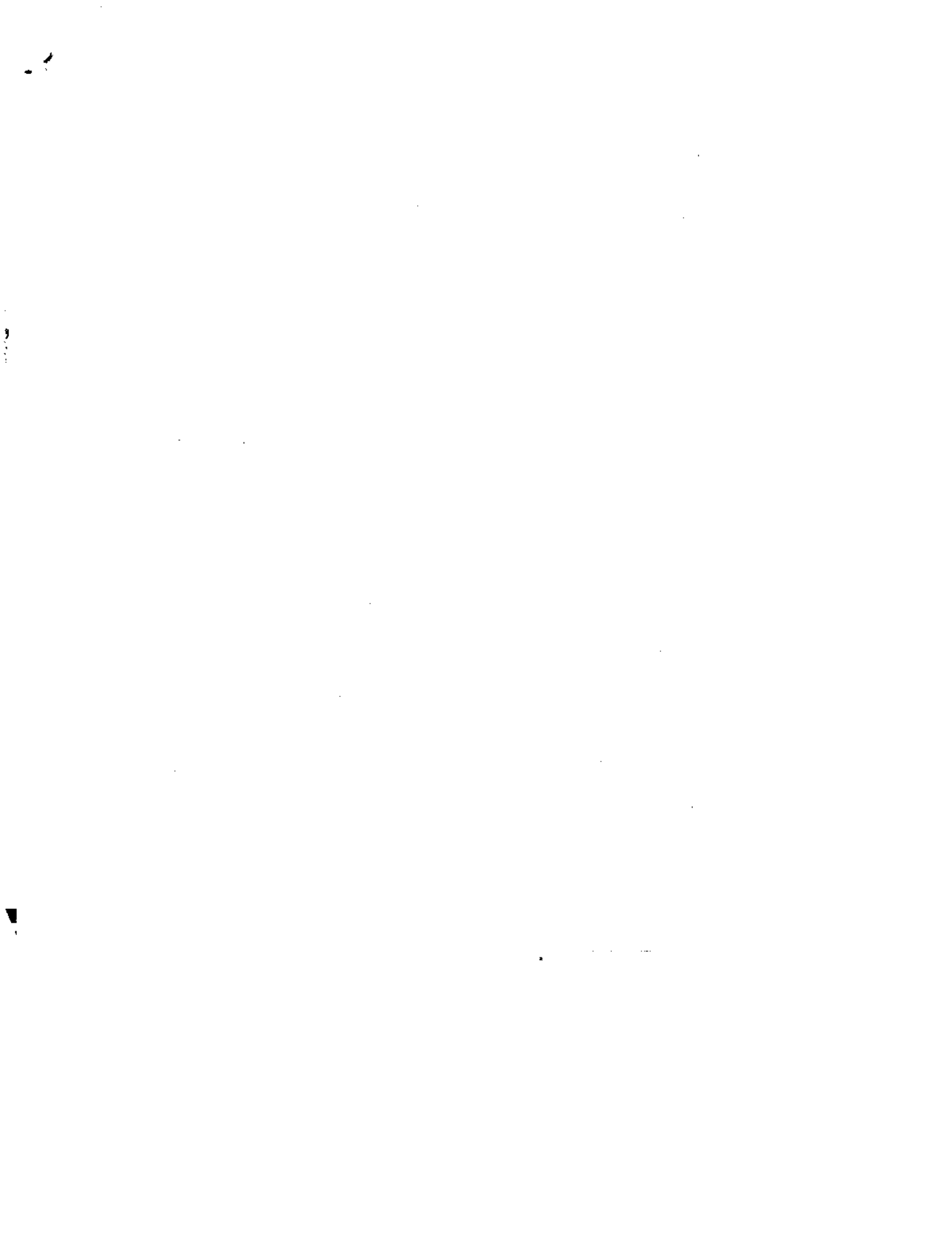
BARON: : Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: : No, I was not.

BARON: : So I said -- A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

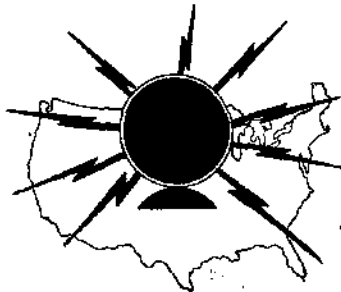
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The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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



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

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 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....

Tonight we are flashing between New York and Chicago.... In New York we have Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, the romantic singers of operetta and musical comedy hits and Al Goodman and his Orchestra.....But right now, out in Chicago at the Congress Hotel, Vincent Lopez and his boys are waiting to join our Christmas Eve party.. Let's travel to the windy city.

ON WITH THE DANCE VINCENT LOPEZ...(WHISTLE)..OKAY CHICAGO!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Lopez speaking from the Congress Hotel in Chicago, where we play first -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Magic Carpet is eastward bound back to the Pilot.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was fine, Vincent! Plenty of gay Christmas spirit in those melodies of yours!...Did many of you people read about the famous Father-and-Son Golf Tournament that was scheduled down at Pinehurst, North Carolina, today? Plenty of gay Christmas spirit there -- the real thing, too! If you'd been down in that smart resort this afternoon, you would probably have heard, as you do everywhere when young men come home from college -- "Here you are Dad -- have a LUCKY!" Chances are Dad had a package of his own... for folks everywhere -- in college, in business, in smart and famous resorts the world over -- enjoy the smoking pleasure that's theirs in this truly mild cigarette. People of fastidious taste have found in LUCKY STRIKE'S mellow, delicious blend of fine tobaccos, the true mildness that's imparted by the famous "TOASTING" Process. That's why people have welcomed so joyously that beautiful Christmas carton of LUCKIES...a colorful, original design, offered to you at no extra as a special service we're glad to give.....(CONTINUE OVER.....

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

If you have some last-minute shopping to do tonight -- you'll find it's a real pleasure to give this gay carton of LUCKIES -- the mildest of cigarettes.

("ROMANCE" FADES DOWN AS HOWARD CLANEY SAYS:)

HOWARD CLANEY:

As the Magic Carpet soars into the land of romance, Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday step into the spotlight.

Many of you may remember the musical show "SARI," in which the heroine, a poor gypsy girl, with her lover, a wealthy count, sang the delightful song for which the show was named. Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday sing that first....Then we turn to Victor Herbert's success of 1914...."THE ONLY GIRL," and hear the theme of this show, "When You're Away." Then a scene from one of Mr. Herbert's earlier productions, "MILIE. MODISTE" which brought forth a song that is as popular today as it was then...."Kiss Me Again."

Sit back and let your imagination take you to the land of romance, as we present Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "SARI"

"WHEN YOU'RE AWAY"

"KISS ME AGAIN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

As the voices of Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday fade out into the night, we bring you Al Goodman and his Orchestra. Mr. Goodman was the musical director of "GOOD NEWS," "THE BAND WAGON," "FLYING HIGH" and many other successful Broadway shows. Tonight we welcome him to the Magic Carpet for the first time.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Al Goodman and his Orchestra begin the dance with --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Back to the man at the controls speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Thank you, Al...I'm sure our Christmas Eve listeners-in -- or perhaps I should say Christmas eavesdroppers -- enjoyed it as much as I did....I wonder how many of you folks are still wrapping Christmas packages as you listen to this radio program? Perhaps you've discovered some one who's been left off the list in the last-minute rush....If so, don't worry -- if it's a man who likes fine cigars, just step around the corner to your neighborhood cigar store, and you'll see the ideal gift -- one of those gleaming, colorful Christmas boxes of fifty Certified Cremo Cigars. Every man will be overjoyed to receive fifty delicious Certified Cremos...each one made of the choicest of flavorful long-filler tobaccos. For men everywhere have discovered Cremo's splendid qualities, its immaculate cleanliness, and its supreme smoking value at five cents straight, three for ten cents. They have learned that a really fine cigar need not be expensive...and when you men try out a Certified Cremo at five cents straight, three for ten cents, you'll find out what a joy it is to receive a Christmas box of Certified Cremo Cigar.

-----STATION BREAK-----

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we ride again, Mr. and Mrs. America, on our westward trip....Look below as we fly over cities, towns and villages, and you'll see thousands of brightly lighted homes and colorful Christmas trees....for tonight is Christmas Eve....and somewhere far below us, Santa Claus is making his rounds. Perhaps we'll get a glimpse of him as the Magic Carpet flies on the wings of the winter wind.

ON WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT LOPEZ...(WHISTLE)...OKAY, CHICAGO.

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And here in Chicago we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Magic Carpet flashes over Chicago and Lake Michigan, and starts back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

("ROMANCE" FADES DOWN FOR BACKING AS HOWARD CLANEY SAYS:)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The stage is being set in the Magic Carpet Theatre for the appearance of Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday. First, they sing one of the best-known numbers from "HIT THE DECK"....a grand production, and a great song, "Sometimes I'm Happy"....Then, from another successful musical comedy which was produced during the same season, Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday sing "You're Always in My Arms," just as it was sung in the show "RIO RITA." At the conclusion of this number, we'll hear one of Sigmund Romberg's greatest - "Auf Wiedersehn"....The house lights are dimming....the orchestra of Dr. Katzman swells up and the spotlight shines on Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY"

"YOU'RE ALWAYS IN MY ARMS"

"AUF WIEDERSEHN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Miss Rice and thank you Mr. Halliday.....
That was good to listen to, wasn't it, folks?.....When you're sitting
back in your armchairs on this joyous Christmas eve....the tree all
lit up, wreaths in the window -- how pleasant are those curling
wreaths of smoke that come from a mellow, friendly cigarette! After
all, nothing better expresses that mellow spirit of Christmas than
the mellow, fragrant goodness of really fine tobaccos -- that perfect
blend of mild, flavorful smoking pleasure that's yours in every LUCKY
STRIKE. On this happy occasion, the makers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes are glad indeed to be able to join the joyful chorus of
Christmas cheer, and to send you -- every one of you -- that grand
old Christmas wish -- "A Merry Christmas -- and a Happy New Year!"
And as you LUCKY smokers are enjoying the delicious flavor of a fine
cigarette.....Perhaps you may suddenly think of some friend you'd like
to remember; even now, on the night before Christmas, it's easy to
obtain a welcome and appreciated gift -- a beautiful Christmas carton
of LUCKIES, in a special design which is yours at no extra cost.
You'll find it's a real joy to give your friends this delightful
Christmas carton of LUCKIES!

May I say a word here about our Tuesday night program...
We will present another thrilling dramatization of a real case
handled by the Federal Agents....This case is known as "The Border
Smugglers" and is taken from the files of the United States Bureau of
Immigration, Department of Labor, in Washington, D.C....On that night
we will also bring you Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Orchestra.....

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

How that fellow used to follow the ponies in his own chorus "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead You Rascal You!!".....The Baron isn't through talking, ladies and gentlemen, so let's get him up in the saddle while he gallops over your funny-bone....I give you His Excellency, Jack Pearl,....alias Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE HORSEMAN")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam, you've just been listening to Jack Pearl, or perhaps I should say your foreign cousin, the Baron Munchausen, who is the LUCKY man of a Thursday night...Of course, he'll be here again next Thursday at this same time....and I hope you don't mind if I take out a second or two to tell you about our plans for Saturday night....Into the spotlight on the Magic Carpet will step Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday from the operetta stage...sharing the honors for the evening will be two orchestras. We're going out to Chicago and pick up Wayne King at the Aragon Ballroom....Yes, and we're going still further for Phil Harris.....Phil will play from the beautiful Cocoonut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles.... If you stay home that night, stay with us....and we will do our best to give you a good show....but now it would be a good idea to have yourself a dance.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

We continue the dancing with -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 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.....

As usual on Tuesday nights, we will present in the Magic Carpet Theatre a dramatization of another case from the files at Washington, D.C. This case comes from the Bureau of Immigration of the Department of Labor but before we get into that we invite you to dance. Roger Wolfe Kahn is the musical director tonight and his boys are all ready, so let's go!

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

ANNOUNCER:

Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra will start the
dance with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks lots, Roger! Before the curtain goes up on
the next thrilling act in the Magic Carpet Theatre, folks, here's a
bit of Broadway theatre news....There are 13 plays opening on
Broadway this holiday week....it's a gala time on the gay white way --
in every theatre lobby you'll see the young people home for the
holidays enjoying the new shows....and between acts, as they come
out for a cigarette in the lobby, you'll notice that the vast majority
of them are lighting up the cigarette they know is truly mild --
LUCKY STRIKE. LUCKIES are favored by these smart college folks, as
by every one, because only LUCKIES offer the delicious, flavorful
goodness of fine tobaccos made truly mild -- mellow-mild by the
exclusive "TOASTING" Process. You'll find it's the same the country
over -- young and old always have a taste for the mildest of
cigarettes....why not join them, right now? Light up a delicious,
mellow-mild LUCKY -- and enjoy yourself!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we present the dramatization of a case from Washington, D.C. For the first time we go into the files of the Bureau of Immigration, Department of Labor, which has jurisdiction over all smuggling cases. This case is called "The Border Smugglers" and the stage is all set. Special Agent Five is waiting for orders.....instructions are flying through the air from headquarters.....

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART - "THE BORDER SMUGGLERS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's the first act! What happened to the ten men that were smuggled over or were they really smuggled over? It is inconceivable that the smugglers would drop them out of a plane in mid-air....but where are they?.....And how can the immigration inspectors unravel the mystery and will they catch the smugglers? A little later in tonight's program you will hear the second and last act....so don't go 'way....In the meantime let's call on Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra again.....

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

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

We take that short and speedy trip back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A noble and brave soldier, a leader of men....a master strategist who brought glory and honor to his country, such a man is General John J. Pershing. His painstaking attention to detail, combined with his great common sense and energy, were prime factors in bringing about the success which the American Army had under his masterful command. In his timely and fascinating book, "MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR," which was recently awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best book of the year on the history of the United States, General Pershing proves again and again the importance of attending to the smallest detail and the rewards that await those who take pains to see that those details are perfected. Because we have news that will interest General Pershing and all his ex-soldiers, we have just sent him the following telegram:

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

SIR:

EVERY MAN WHO FOUGHT UNDER YOU IN FRANCE DURING THE GREAT WAR LEARNED THE COMFORT AND SOLACE OF A GOOD SMOKE....AND IN PEACE TIMES TOO MEN HAVE TURNED TO SMOKING FOR PLEASURE AND RELAXATION....THAT IS WHY CERTIFIED CREMO THE ONLY CIGAR IN THE WORLD FINISHED UNDER GLASS SELLS IN SUCH VAST QUANTITIES....FOR HERE IS A CLEAN DELICIOUS LONG-FILLER CIGAR SOLD AT A PRICE WITHIN EVERY ONE'S REACH....TO GIVE EVEN MORE MEN A CHANCE TO ENJOY THIS GOOD CIGAR CREMO ANNOUNCES A UNIQUE PRICE FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS....YOU HELPED MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY....WE ARE MAKING THAT WORLD PLEASANT FOR SMOKERS.....WITH SINCERE APPRECIATION

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

-----STATION BREAK-----

HOWARD CLANEY:

Before the curtain rises on the second act of "The Border Smugglers" in our Magic Carpet Theatre, let's have some more music -- music played by Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Orchestra.

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

ANNOUNCER:

This time we'll dance to the strains of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Back to the man at the controls flashes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Settle back -- light a LUCKY -- and enjoy yourselves while we present the last act of "The Border Smugglers," which is a dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Immigration, Department of Labor, Washington, D.C. A gang of smugglers led by Renchard and Dykes made several unsuccessful attempts to smuggle ten chinamen across the Mexican border into the U.S.A. Then they hit upon the plan of flying them over in a plane. Some way or other the immigration inspectors heard of it and were on hand when the plane landed in San Diego, California, but the ten chinamen had disappeared. Now let's find out what happened to them and watch the immigration inspectors at work.....Special Agent Five is waiting for his instructions from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE BORDER SMUGGLERS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Settle back -- light a LUCKY -- and enjoy yourselves while we present the last act of "The Border Smugglers," which is a dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Immigration, Department of Labor, Washington, D.C. A gang of smugglers led by Renchard and Dykes made several unsuccessful attempts to smuggle ten chinamen across the Mexican border into the U.S.A. Then they hit upon the plan of flying them over in a plane. Some way or other the immigration inspectors heard of it and were on hand when the plane landed in San Diego, California, but the ten chinamen had disappeared. Now let's find out what happened to them and watch the immigration inspectors at work.....Special Agent Five is waiting for his instructions from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE BORDER SMUGGLERS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so the curtain falls. The men mixed up in the smuggling were sent behind the bars and the chinamen were sent back across the border.

Next Tuesday night we will present another case from the files at Washington, but right now we turn again to Roger Wolfe Kahn who will give us some music.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra will play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Climb aboard everybody. Here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Nice, Roger -- very nice! It's a pleasure to listen to you. You know folks, this program is presented for your pleasure -- to call attention to the pleasure that is waiting for you in LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.....the enjoyment of a cigarette that is truly mild. LUCKIES are so mild, and so delicious, because we place in the flavorful LUCKY STRIKE blend, only the choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos.....and then, after careful aging and expert blanding, we bring these fine tobaccos to the peak of their fragrant and appetizing perfection by giving every golden shred the benefit of the modern, scientific "TOASTING" Process. That is why millions who smoke and enjoy LUCKY STRIKE say that LUCKIES are the mellow-mildest of cigarettes!

We continue the LUCKY STRIKE thrills by calling on Roger Wolfe Kahn for another helping of his holiday music....

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

ANNOUNCER:

The dance does go on with Roger Wolfe Kahn playing --

(TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Now that speedy hop back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That brings to an end another LUCKY STRIKE Hour.

Thursday night we invite you to have a good laugh and to hear some more good music when the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKES present Jack Pearl as "The Baron Munchausen" and George Olsen's music. Until then, we bid you goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
12/27/32

SU-173-IX

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE IX

"THE BORDER SMUGGLERS"

PARTS I and II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 27, 1932

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE IX

"THE BORDER SMUGGLERS"

PARTS I and II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

DYKES

DAVIS

RENCHARD

LI FUNG

"STUMPY"

IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR KING

RAMON

IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR HALLETT

DICKINSON - (COUNTY DETECTIVE)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE IX

"THE BORDER SMUGGLERS"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF H. E. HULL....U.S. COMMISSIONER GENERAL OF IMMIGRATION...YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE BORDER SMUGGLERS".....BASED ON CASE NO.....IN FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION...DEPARTMENT OF LABOR.....WASHINGTON, D.C.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE, PROCEED.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking....the story of "The Border Smugglers"....real people....real places.....real clues....a real case....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout.....our story begins in an obscure cafe....in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(CAFE BACKGROUND)

(MEXICAN MUSIC)

DYKES: Well....Renchard, they stopped us again.

RENCHARD: Yeah. It's the last time, too.

STUMPY: What you gonna do, Renchard?

RENCHARD: Dykes, I'm going to run that load of Chinamen into the States if I have to shoot up the whole border patrol to do it.

DYKES: Don't crack wise. I can't take it. I've had a tough night.

RENCHARD: You heard me.

STUMPY: Well, do you really mean it?

RENCHARD: I'll say I do, Stumpy. (CALLS) Oh, Ramon! Ramon! Where's that waiter gone to?

RAMON: (FADING IN) Si, Senor Renchard?

RENCHARD: Bring us three drinks, tequila.. And tell 'em to stop that music -- we're talking business, see?

RAMON: at once, Senor Renchard. (FADING) The Senor has only to request.....

DYKES: Well, go on. You were just starting to get funny.

RENCHARD: They've stopped us so often that tonight the price of running a Chinaman over the border is up to five hundred bucks a head.

(MUSIC OUT)

STUMPY: Gee, how can you get 'em to pay it?

RENCHARD: Leave that to me. They've got it and they'll pay it. Why, right now we have that mob of ten chinks waiting to be slipped over. That means five thousand dollars for one night's work.

DYKE: Sure; one night's work that we haven't been able to pull off angel-face.

RENCHARD: Yeh -- and do you want to know why Dykes? Because we've been afraid to shoot. A million dollar racket going to waste because we've been yollow.

RAMON: (FADING IN) Here is the drinks, Senor.

DYKES: Fine, put 'em down.

RAMON: Si, Senor.

DYKES: Catch this and keep the change.

RAMON: (AS THOUGH BOWING LOW) T'ank you, Senor Dykes -- gracias, gracias -- (FADES) eef there iss anyt'ing else....

STUMPY: You was talkin' about shooting, Renchard.

RENCHARD: You bet I was. If we get organized we can put this smuggling racket in the really big time class. We can take out ten thousand every week from puttin' in Chinks alone. Only, instead of dodging trouble, we'll make it.

DYKES: For ourselves, huh?

RENCHARD: Just lay off, Dykes, and take this in. We've been stopped at the border four times in the past two weeks, and the deals have folded on us. All right. Tomorrow morning, before dawn, we'll cross the border.

DYKES: Where we goin' to get through?

RENCHARD: Over the riverbed, at the foot of San Marcial street, in El Paso.

STUMPY: Oh, I know the place, Sure!

RENCHARD: And you, Stumpy, you'll be over on the left of the street, with a few of the boys -- and the automatic rifles.

STUMPY: OH, baby!

RENCHARD: On the right; another bunch of the boys, all with guns.

DYKES: I'm beginning to get the idea. It's all right.

RENCHARD: Here's the rest of it. You and me, Dykes, we'll come over with shotguns and revolvers, under our coats. The boys'll cover us from both sides, and we'll go right up the street. Right -- straight -- up the middle -- of the street.

DYKES: And if the agents try to stop us --

RENCHARD: We let 'em have it -- the whole works. There'll only be a couple of 'em. And after they're dead, we won't have any trouble running Chinamen in.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNNING OVER ROAD.
2. CHIMES IN STEEPLE - FOUR O'CLOCK.

RENCHARD: Serve out the rifles to the boys, Stumpy.

STUMPY: Yeah, they got 'em all right.

RENCHARD: How about you, Dykes -- you heeled?

DYKES: Two guns, sweetheart. When do we move?

RENCHARD: Right now. Stumpy, go over on the left...keep us covered. We'll probably tangle right across the line.

STUMPY: The other boys set?

RENCHARD: Yeah, they're right opposite you and I've parked the chinks about a quarter of a mile back. We'll have plenty of time to pick 'em up - afterwards. Let's move now.

STUMPY: O.K....Come on, guys --

(FADES, MEN MURMUR IN BACKGROUND)

wait'll you get word from me, then turn loose the fireworks.

RENCHARD: Ready, Dykes?

DYKES: Waiting for you.

RENCHARD: Come on then.

DYKES: Yeah....and this time....we go through.

RENCHARD: I'll say we do. Get your guns ready.

DYKES: Who's that -- up the street?

RENCHARD: Looks like our man -- the border patrol Stevey.

DYKES: There's two of 'em.

RENCHARD: Yeah, that's them all right. Don't wait for 'em to challenge us -- let 'em have it. Now!

DYKES: Hum - hum.

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

(PAUSE)

RENCHARD: Say...take a look there's more than two guys there.

DYKES: Tell the boys to let fly with them Roman candles.

RENCHARD: You know what I think. I think they're ready for us!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

(YELLS)

Listen to that! Say -- there must be a dozen agents here.

DYKES: Duck, somebody's coming!

RENCHARD: Looks like Stumpy.

DYKES: That's who it is. What's eating you?

STUMPY: (FADES IN) Listen...listen you guys....they got us surrounded.

RENCHARD: What's this? They plug you too?

STUMPY: Yeah...yeah...they got me...and two of the boys
besides....

RENCHARD: (CALLOUSLY) Well, can you run?

STUMPY: (PITEOUSLY) NO....no...I'm done for, I guess....
(MORE SHOTS)

HALLETT: (IN MIDDLE DISTANCE) Halt -- Hands up there! We're
Federal officers.

RENCHARD: Come on, Dykes, we've got to get out of here.

DYKES: Yeah...they stacked the cards on us.

HALLETT: (NEARER) Halt! Stand where you are!

RENCHARD: Shake a leg, Dykes.

STUMPY: Don't....leave me....Don't leave 'em get me - please.

RENCHARD: Ah - the devil with you. Hurry up boys -- we've got
to get back across the border.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNNING OVER ROAD AT HIGH SPEED.
2. CAFE BACKGROUND AND MUSIC.

DYKES: Well, we sort of took it on the chin that time,
Renchard. Lost Stumpy and two of the boys -- and we
still got the Chinamen on our hands.

RENCHARD: (BROODING) Yeah...the border patrol must have been
tipped off somehow -- but that border's a thousand
miles long! Now then -- how in blazes is that handful
of agents going to keep us from slipping anything we
want across it? Chinamen, liquor, dope -- anything. I
tell you Dykes, there's a wonderful racket there - we
just got to find a way to work it!

DYKES: I'd rather keep my youth and beauty, sweetheart. Don't forget what happened to Stumpy.

RENCHARD: Well, when you start shootin', somebody's bound to get plugged. Lucky it wasn't us.

RAMON: (FADING IN) Senor Renchard...eef you please.

RENCHARD: Well what is it, Ramon?

RAMON: There ees a Chinaman outside. He say he mus' speak weeth you.

RENCHARD: Yeah. Tell him to come on up, Ramon.

RAMON: Si, Senor - gracias. (OFF) Hey, Chinaman, you come this way.

LI FUNG: (FADES IN) Mist' Lenchard - Li Fung look for you all over town.

RENCHARD: Well, you know I'm always in this cafe. What's on your mind?

LI FUNG: My fliends -- they get velly nervous now, Mister Lenchard.

RENCHARD: What's troublin' them?

LI FUNG: They think we never get United States now.

RENCHARD: Tell 'em they're crazy! I'll get 'em there.

LI FUNG: They tired waiting so long, Mister Lenchard.

RENCHARD: (SUDDEN DECISION) All right -- they'll be in the States next week at this time.

LI FUNG: You sure?

RENCHARD: You just collect five hundred dollars gold from every man in your crowd including yourself -- and leave the rest to me.

LI FUNG: Mr. Lenchard - we not pay until we sure, you can do.

RENCHARD: You'll be sure I can do all right when you see what my plan is this time. You run on back to your crowd and tell 'em what I've said. Tell 'em we'll pick 'em up sometime during the week. Beat it, now. Everything's going to be rosy.

LI FUNG: (FADING OUT) All right, Mr. Renchard. I tell China men.

DYKES: Well, sweetheart, when do you move to the padded cell? We can't get those Chinks in. Look what just happened to us.

RENCHARD: Dykes, listen. We couldn't get around the border patrol, and we couldn't go through it. But who's to keep us from going over it.

DYKES: Over it?

RENCHARD: I mean -- fly! The idea hit me right between the ears while I was talking to Li Fung. We can take to the air.

DYKES: Get the air is more like it. Where could you get a plane and pilot?

RENCHARD: What's the matter with me doing the flying?

DYKES: Plenty. Ever been up in a plane?

RENCHARD: I was a pilot during the war.

DYKES: You've got to show me the medals to prove it.

RENCHARD: Never mind that stuff. Chew on this: a guy named Link Davis, an old buddy of mine, runs an airport near San Diego, California. It's not such a long trip from here, and I have a hunch that if we go out there by train and make him the right proposition, we'll fly back!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN AND WHISLE.

2. TYPEWRITER.

RENCHARD: Well, Davis, what do you think?

DAVIS: Have you still got a pilot's license, Renchard?

RENCHARD: Now, why bring that up? I can fly a plane, that's the main thing.

DAVIS: Well, this stuff's got to be handled mighty quiet. The government's death on smuggling, and I don't want to get in Dutch.

DYKES: Look at it this way, Davis. We'll have this lined up so as to bring in two loads a week --Chinks, dope, whatever it is. Each load ought to be worth about five thousand berries -- that makes ten thousand a week. You could use a out o' that, couldn't you?

DAVIS: Well -- sure, Dykes. I guess anybody could.

DYKES: Smart boy. Now, all we're asking you to do in return is to pick up a ten passenger transport type plane for us, and act as our undercover man here. Isn't that right, Renchard?

RENCHARD: Absolutely. You know where we could get a plane like we need, Davis?

DAVIS: Well, yeah. I do...as a matter of fact. There's a high wing monoplane -- prettiest cabin job I've ever seen...I've had my eye on it for some time. Guy wants to sell, but I ain't had the cash to swing the deal. How are you guys fixed?

RENCHARD: We're willing to spend -- as an investment. Talk to the owner.

DAVIS: All right, I will.

RENCHARD: Attaboy, Davis. The only other thing you have to do is go to the front for us.

DAVIS: Go to the front?

RENCHARD: If somebody should spot us and come nosin' around.
We'll use your airport as a base for our trips to and
from Mexico.

DAVIS: You'll have to make a big swing East each time, so it
looks like you're headin' for Arizona, instead of the
border.

DYKES: Of course. Do we look like dummies?

RENCHARD: Our first trip'll have to be in two legs anyhow. We've
got a load o' Chinamen waiting for us right now back
in Juarez. We'll start out early in the morning, pick
'em up, and fly 'em west to a spot on the Mexican
side near here -- Tia Juana landing field maybe. Run
'em in from there in a short hop.

DAVIS: It sounds pretty easy.

DYKES: Like takin' candy from a baby, big boy. What do you
say?

DAVIS: You're on. I'll go in with you.

RENCHARD: You won't regret it. When you fix up the deal for the
plane, let me know and I'll pay for it in cash. Have
'em make delivery here, and then ring me at the hotel.
After that, Dykes and me'll fly her to Mexico -- for
the heavy sugar.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.
2. TELEPHONE RINGS AND FADES OUT.
3. AIRPLANE MOTOR WHICH ROARS AND FADES.
4. KNOCKING ON DOOR.

DAVIS: Come in.

(DOOR OPENED)

HALLETT: (FADING IN) Are you the manager of this airport?

DAVIS: That's right. My name's Davis.

HALLETT: I'm Inspector Hallett of the Immigration Service. And this is Inspector King.

KING: How do you do, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS: Er...glad to know you, Inspector.

HALLETT: We're interested in that ship that just left the field.

KING: The big high wing monoplane. Looks like a transport ship.

DAVIS: Yeah.

HALLETT: That ship is a stranger here, isn't she, Mr. Davis?

DAVIS: Uh - yeah, yeah. Just a couple of fellows passing through. Heading for Arizona.

KING: Yes, she was going East when we saw her. Flying too high for us to take the number, too. Is she privately owned?

DAVIS: Ugh...I wouldn't know that.

HALLETT: We don't like to bother you, Mr. Davis...but the border smugglers are getting bolder and more resourceful all the time. King and I have a notion -- just a notion -- that they may be trying flying one of these days.

DAVIS: Sure now -- what do you think of that?

HALLETT: Well, we just wanted to check up. Thanks for the information on the plane, Davis.

DAVIS: Why, sure -- sure -- any time.

HALLETT: Come along, King. Let's get back to town.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE ON ROAD.
2. WIND.
3. JABBER OF CHINAMEN.

RENCHARD: (LOW VOICE) Li Fung...Li Fung...come over here....
LI FUNG: Yess, Mister Lenchard?
RENCHARD: You got the money?
LI FUNG: Yess, I got money....flive thlousand dollah gold.
RENCHARD: O.K. hand it over.
LI FUNG: Not in Mlexico -- pay money for China men in United States.
RENCHARD: You see this aeroplane? Well that's going to carry you across -- and when we get there, Dykes and me ain't going to have time to collect. You pay off and pay off now.
LI FUNG: All light, Mister Lenchard -- you take money now. But if anythling go wrong - China men take money back.
RENCHARD: (CARELESSLY) Yeah, sure. Hand it over. That's right. Now get your crowd into the plane.
LI FUNG: (FADING) All light, Mr. Lenchard.
(CHINAMEN MURMUR IN BACKGROUND)
DYKES: (FADING IN) Well how much more time do we waste?
RENCHARD: We're all set right now, Dykes.
(CHINAMEN'S MURMUR OUT. HEAVY PLANE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT.)
There -- they're all in the cabin. You got something to drink along?
DYKES: Yeh. I got Ramon to wrap me up some package merchandise -- tequila.

RENCHARD: O.K. This here plane's on it's way across the border.
Hop in.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AEROPLANE ENGINE ROARS UP AND AWAY AND FADES
OUT.

HALLETT: We'll wait here at the edge of the field, King.
KING: Right, Inspector. Where do you want the county
detective to be?
HALLETT: Stick with us, Dickinson.
DICKINSON: O.K. This kind of job ain't exactly in my line.
HALLETT: You sound a little doubtful.
DICKINSON: Well, I been in this game twenty years, Inspector, and
this is the first time I ever camped out on an
aeroplane field waitin' for a ship to come in with
Chinamen aboard.
HALLETT: (PLEASANTLY) Well, live and learn.
DICKINSON: I guess that's right - and what I'd like to know is,
where'd you learn this load of smuggled Chinamen was
due this morning?
HALLETT: (CHUCKLING) Can't tell you that, Dickinson. Just a
notion -- just a notion.
DICKINSON: (GRUNTS)
(AEROPLANE APPROACHING IN THE DISTANCE)
KING: Listen...that's a plane now.
HALLETT: That's our boy. See how high the wings are set?
(AEROPLANE ENGINE NEARER)
He'll land over there and taxi across the field.
DICKINSON: Yep - right up to us.

HALLETT: You boys look sharp when he rolls up. Take no chances.

(AEROPLANE ENGINE ROARS AND SPURTS AS PLANE
LANDS AND BEGINS TO TAXI)

KING: He's down -- here he comes.

HALLETT: Yeah -- he'll stop right over there. (FADES) Come
on quicklyfollow me.

DICKINSON: Right with you....

(AEROPLANE ENGINE CLOSER, ROARING INTERMITTENTLY)

HALLETT: (FADING IN) You. You in the plane!

(MOTOR OUT)

(POUNING ON CABIN DOOR)

Open this door.

(PLANE DOOR OPENED)

RENCHARD: Hello...what's the matter?

KING: (FADING IN) Watch the other side, Dickinson!

DICKINSON: Yeah...I got it...

DYKES: Say, why the reception committee? We've just flown in
from El Centro -- not Paris.

HALLETT: Never mind that. I'm Inspector Hallett of the
Immigration service. We want to have a look at your
plane. Get inside, King.

RENCHARD: Sure -- sure, boys...glad to have you -- step in.

KING: Thanks very much. I'm going to take a real good look
in here.

HALLETT: And while he's looking you boys keep your seats.

KING: (OFF MIKE) Hallett! Hallett!

HALLETT: Yes? Have you found 'em?

KING: (COMING BACK) Hallett -- there's a ten-passenger
cabin in this ship, all right, but there's not a living
soul inside it!

HALLETT: What! What's that?
KING: The whole plane's empty! There isn't a soul on board --
except these two men!
HALLETT: Well -- I'll be hanged!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO MYSTERY OF EMPTY PLANE?.....
HOW WILL U.S. BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION INSPECTORS SOLVE
RIDDLE.....IN BATTLE OF WITS WITH BORDER SMUGGLERS.....
FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR SOLUTION.....OF
AEROPLANE MYSTERY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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-13-
SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE IX

"THE BORDER SMUGGLERS"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE.....STORY OF "THE BORDER SMUGGLERS".....BASED
ON CASE IN FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF
IMMIGRATION....DEPARTMENT OF LABOR....WASHINGTON,
D.C.,.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....AT EAGLE AIRPORT.....
SAN DIEGO....CALIFORNIA.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(AEROPLANE ENGINE IDLING)

DAVIS: (FADING IN) Why, Hello....hello....it's Inspector Hallett!

HALLETT: Yeh, it's me all right.

DAVIS: You came out to see the big monoplane come in, eh?

KING: We're not here for our health, Davis.

RENCHARD: Well, gents -- if it's O.K. with you, me and my buddy here are goin' into the manager's office and have a cup of coffee.

HALLETT: It's O.K. fellow. But don't wander off.

RENCHARD: Why, what's the idea? You got nothing on me.

HALLETT: I'll want to look over your pilot's license just the same. So stick around.

RENCHARD: Come on, Dykes, jump out.

DYKES: Don't rush me, baby. Here I come.

DAVIS: (NERVOUS) You say you want to go to my office, Renchard?

RENCHARD: Yeah. Come on.

(AS THEY FADE OUT, DYKES SAYS -- He don't want coffee. He wants another shot of that tequila.)

HALLET: (QUICK) Dickinson -- Dickinson!

DICKINSON: (FADING IN) Yeah, Mr. Hallett?

HALLETT: Hop over to the office and keep an eye on those birds, will you?

DICKINSON: You bet -- (FADES) Those guys are too slick anyhow.

KING: And now what do we do?

HALLETT: We-ell....doggone it....there's something fishy here.

KING: I'll say there is. Certainly made us look like dimwits.

HALLETT: Well, there's no question there were ten chinamen aboard this crate when she left the Mexican side. And they're not here now -- we've looked all over the inside of the plane, and know that for a fact. So the only thing left for us to do is to look over the outside of this bus!

KING: The outside? What for?

HALLETT: The fuselage, and the landing gear. See what we can find. Come on -- let's give her a going-over.

KING: Well --

HALLETT: We haven't any guarantee that this was Renchard's first stop since he hauled out of Mexico? Have we? Well then -- (STOPS SUDDENLY AS HE SEES THE CLUE)
(IN CALM CAPABLE VOICE FROM HERE ON) Ugh-oh. Look there,

KING: Where?

HALLETT: I think it's the pay-off -- look on that axle -- twisted round. And on the landing gear --

KING: Yeah -- yeah -- some kind of grass, eh?

HALLETT: You bet -- and do you recognize it?

KING: Can't say I do -- kind of like wheat, isn't it?

HALLETT: Wait till I get a stalk of it. Yes -- what I thought at first. These boys have tipped off their hand. This is wild oats.

KING: Does that prove something?

HALLETT: You bet it does. Think of the country around here. Where's there a patch of wild oats that's big enough for a plane to land in?

KING: (CATCHING ON) Why, over east about ten miles. A big field of it. That's the only oatfield I know of anywhere near.

HALLETT: Exactly. And, remember, it's on American soil.
KING: I see -- I see! These guys landed there!
HALLETT: Certainly. Before they came to the airport. And that
load of Chinamen is somewhere round the oat field!
KING: What'll we do, Hallett?
HALLETT: You'd better relieve Dickinson in the airport office --
and send him out here to me -- I'll need him to drive
his car. Keep your eyes open, King, don't let those
birds get the jump on you. Dickinson and I'll
investigate that oat field. Step lively!

SOUND INTERLUDE: MOTOR CAR RUNNING HARD OVER ROUGH ROAD.

HALLETT: (FADES IN)All right....pull up, Dickinson.
(SCREAM OF BRAKES. MOTOR SOUND OUT)
DICKINSON: O.K., Inspector. Here's your oatfield. Only one in
this part of the state too, just like you said.
HALLETT: Let's get out of the car.
(CAR DOOR OPENED)
DICKINSON: Sure - we'll have to take a look round.
(CAR DOOR CLOSED)
HALLETT: (OFF) Over this way.....
DICKINSON: (FOLLOWING HIM) Yeah....What is it?
HALLETT: (IN FULL) Ah. This is what I'm looking for. Right
here -- at our feet -- straight down the field.
DICKINSON: Sure, I see it.
HALLETT: A path -- the oats broken and crushed -- a regular
swathe mowed down.
DICKINSON: That's where a plane landed. No mistake about that.

HALLETT: All right, Dickinson, that's our first step.

DICKINSON: How about the Chinks?

HALLETT: They wouldn't stay here. They'd take to the road.

DICKINSON: It's the one we came in on then -- there ain't any other.

HALLETT: They can't be between us and the airport, or we'd have met them on the way. They went toward San Diego, of course; let's try to pick up their tracks along the road.

DICKINSON: Yeah...we'll do that all right; but say -- you sure King won't have trouble with those fellows at the airport?

HALLETT: If they make trouble -- he'll have to take care of it. That's his job. Let's go, Dickinson - back to the car.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CAR DOOR SLAMMED.
2. MOTOR CAR STARTS UP AND FADES OUT.

DAVIS: Well....er....any of you boys care to play cards? It's kind of dull just sitting around the office.

KING: Not me, thanks.

RENCHARD: Now, Davis, listen. Nobody's keeping us here.

KING: If that's what you think, Renchard, just try to get away before Inspector Hallett comes back to look at your pilot's license.

DYKES: Well, spill it, sweetheart. What do you think we've done?

KING: Plenty.

RENCHARD: (DISGUSTED) Arrh...don't talk to him, Dykes. (OFF)
Come over here. I got something to say to you.

DYKES: (FADING) Yeah? What is it?

RENCHARD: (LOW VOICES IN THIS SEQUENCE) Something's wrong.
This whole deal is screwy.

DYKES: Yeah?

RENCHARD: Listen. I've been thinking. I wonder if Stumpy could
of --

DYKES: What?

RENCHARD: Of course, the border patrol plugged him, and he's
dead.....but....

DYKES: Come on -- spit it out.

RENCHARD: How did they know we was going to try to break through
at El Paso and shoot up that mob of Federal cops? We
never told 'em. We expected two guys, and we ran into
an army.

DYKES: Yeah, how about that?

RENCHARD: And then here -- at the airport -- how does it come
these inspectors are sittin' there waitin' for us to
land? Huh?

DYKES: That's it -- it don't add up right.

RENCHARD: Yeah -- this racket's getting too hot. So here's where
we check out!

DYKES: O.K.

RENCHARD: (LOWER VOICE) And here's the way we'll do it. This
Inspector's got a gun, o' course, so you and me will
have to shoot the.....

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN SOUND OF MOTOR CAR RUNNING AT MODERATE
SPEED ALONG ROAD)

DICKINSON: Yep. They're still there, Inspector -- sandal tracks alongside of the road!

HALLETT: Yep...keep over on your side. We ought to sight 'em pretty soon!

DICKINSON: Sort of a shame to chase the poor critters this way.

HALLETT: Yes, it is. But I've got to have 'em -- as evidence against the smugglers. After that they'll get a nice trip back to China.

DICKINSON: Say!...Up ahead there!...How about it?....

HALLETT: Chinamen! What we're after, all right. Give her the gas.

DICKINSON: Right.

(MOTOR CAR RUNS FASTER)

(AUTO HORN)

(FADE IN SHRIEKS AND SQUEALS OF CHINAMEN)

HALLETT: Pull up, now.

(BRAKE EFFECT AND CAR DOOR OPEN)

Hold on, boys! Hold on! Take it easy! Who's the boss here?

LI FUNG: Excuse please, Mister. We China men go San Diego.

HALLETT: Oh, yeah? I'm glad one of you speaks English anyhow. Tell 'em to quiet down, will you?

LI FUNG: (ADDRESSES THE CHINAMEN IN CHINESE. THEY STOP BABBLING)

Thank you, please. Poor China men go San Diego now?

HALLETT: No, I'm afraid you boys are out of luck. You'd better take a little ride with me. Oh, Dickinson!

DICKINSON: What is it this time?

HALLETT: Pile these boys into the car somehow...we'll have to take 'em with us back to the airport.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1.FADE OUT FRESH BURST OF NOISE BY CHINAMEN.
2.SOUND OF MOTOR CAR FADES OUT.

RENCHARD: So now you know we mean business, see? Business! You get outta the way, Inspector King, if you don't wanta get your head blown off.

KING: (COOLY) Think it over, Renchard. I'd drop you before I went over myself. You don't want to get killed just so Dykes can escape, do you?

DYKES: No use to talk to him pal -- plug him, if that's what you want.

DAVIS: Boys, boys -- think what you're doing.

RENCHARD: Ah, be quiet, punk! Somebody's turned us in -- and I wouldn't be surprised if it was you!

(AUTOMOBILE DRIVING UP OUTSIDE)

Hey -- that must be Hallett's car! Come on, Dykes, I'll keep King covered -- get over to this side door here.

DYKES: Yeah, keep him covered -- I'm with ya.

(AUTOMOBILE SOUND OUT)

KING: Hold on, boys -- you'll never make it. I'll drop the first man that touches that doorknob.

RENCHARD: Throw that gun down, you dumb cop! I'm tellin' yah --

KING: Keep away from that door!

RENCHARD: How can yah be so dumb? One of us is bound to get yah!

HALLETT: (FADING IN FAST) Easy, boys -- drop those irons.

DYKES: It's Hallett! Should I get him?

RENCHARD: Now -- this way -- out the door - quick--

DYKES: Get it open! Get it open, then.

(DOOR OPENED)

RENCHARD: Here we are!

HALLETT: Boys, you can't do it. Hold it.

RENCHARD: (IN A PASSION) Dykes! You take this guy and I'll take that one -- who cares who gets shot!

RAMON: (FADING IN) Buenas, dias, Senors. You don't want to go thru this door, do you?

RENCHARD: Huh? What --

RAMON: It seems that you are outnumbered. You'd better put up your hands!

RENCHARD: Who are you?

RAMON: Take a good look, senor.

RENCHARD: Ramon -- Ramon the waiter! What the blazes are you doing here?

DYKES: And why the gun?

RAMON: (NATURAL VOICE) Not Ramon gentlemen. Immigration Inspector Randolph Gill. All right men -- let's go!

(BRIEF STRUGGLE)

HALLETT: That's more like it -- take those guns, King.

KING: Yeah, I got 'em. How about the manager?

DAVIS: I haven't got a gun -- I haven't got a gun!

HALLETT: All right -- stand over here with the others.

DAVIS: Yes, sir.

HALLETT: Good work, Gill -- this rounds up the gang, all right. The ten Chinamen you reported as bound for this airport are outside, County Detective Dickinson is holding 'em under guard.

RAMON: (GILL) Sounds good, Inspector. Sounds perfect, in fact.

DYKES: Well, I hope to kiss a pig. Remember this baby was a phoney all along!

RAMON: Absolutely - sweetheart - from your point of view. And here's a bit of advice for you; the next time you plan to shoot up the Border Patrol, or run in a load of Chinamen, be sure there isn't a waiter hovering around within earshot. Because you never can tell -- He might be working for Uncle Sam!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....TWO BORDER SMUGGLERS AND DISHONEST AIRPORT MANAGER....TRIED, CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO FEDERAL PENITENTIARY..... CASE NO.....FILES OF U.S. BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION.....DEPARTMENT OF LABOR.....WASHINGTON, D.C.....CLOSED.....ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE....
 CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
 12/23/32

HOWARD CLANEY:

Before the Baron returns to the stage, there's a bit of dancing to be done.....so let's swoop over Manhattan and land right at George Olsen's feet.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

We speed back to the man at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine, George....Now you can relax and listen with the rest of the country while Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, relates some more of his extraordinary experiences. A coatful of medals is coming out of the wings and the Baron is right inside it. Here he is.....The Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART --- "NEW YEAR")

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 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.....

Tonight the Magic Carpet brings another load of music and laughter right into your home. Jack Pearl, whom we all know as the Baron Munchausen, is here with his traveling companion Sharley.... and George Olsen and his orchestra are all ready to furnish the music.....so let's flash to George Olsen first.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

(TRAIN SIGNATURE) All Out! All out on the dance floor as we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Hold tight everybody. The Magic Carpet is flying high.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Fine and dandy, George! Before we take you back to the Magic Carpet Theatre, folks, I want to tell you about the biggest event in theatre openings America has ever seen.....This week in Radio City -- that amazing group of skyscrapers being built in the heart of New York -- two enormous theatres were thrown open to the public.....on Tuesday night the huge Radio City Music Hall.....And tonight the tremendous, dazzlingly colorful RKO Roxy. If you had been there at the opening earlier this evening, you would have seen hundreds of the country's notables...society, business, finance, government officialdom all were represented....and among this smart and select crowd you'd have noticed, in the strikingly decorated smoking room, how many of these famous folks were enjoying a mild, delicious LUCKY before the curtain went up. It's a fact that's noticeable everywhere -- people of particular taste always choose LUCKIES, for they have found that LUCKY STRIKE alone offers them a delicious, balanced blend of choice tobaccos, made truly mild by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. You'll find that everywhere you go, it's a mark of good taste to select LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest, most delicious of cigarettes.

Now the time has come to pass the microphone to Jack Pearl, who as the Baron Munchausen on these Thursday night get-togethers, distributes the fun and laughter to Mr. and Mrs. America! Ladies and gentlemen, we give you his Excellency.....The Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "NEW YEAR")

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Baron has just stepped out of the spotlight with Cliff Hall, his friend and counsellor. He'll be back a little later on this program...but now we turn to George Olsen and his boys who have their instruments all tuned up and are waiting for their cue.....

OK WITH THE DANCE GEORGE OLSEN...(WHISTLE)..OKAY AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All right, Pilot, here comes your Magic Carpet.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Because of the genius and organizing ability of Newcomb Carlton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, because he is able to inspire loyalty and the spirit of service in his employees, millions of people are able to send messages to all parts of the country with assurance that they will be delivered with the utmost dispatch. Twenty minutes ago we sent this wire to the home of Newcomb Carlton, President of the Western Union:

MR. NEWCOMB CARLTON,
27 EAST 72ND STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

SIR

SHORTLY AFTER YOU READ THIS WIRE IN YOUR HOME WE ARE TAKING THE LIBERTY OF BROADCASTING IT TO MILLIONS THROUGHOUT THE NATION.....THE FACILITIES OF WESTERN UNION HAVE BEEN OF INESTIMABLE SERVICE TO US IN RECENT MONTHS FOR WE HAVE RECEIVED THOUSANDS OF WIRES FROM DEALERS THE COUNTRY OVER ASKING FOR INCREASED SHIPMENTS OF CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS SINCE WE HAVE REDUCED THE PRICE TO FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS.....MILLIONS ARE ENJOYING THIS FINE HIGH-QUALITY CIGAR AND THANKS TO WESTERN UNION SERVICE WE ARE ABLE TO FILL ALL ORDERS.....LIKE YOURSELF WE STRIVE TO GIVE THE SAME UNIFORM SERVICE THE COUNTRY OVER.....VERY BEST WISHES.....

VINCENT RIGGIO,
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

HOWARD CLANEY:

Before the Baron returns to the stage, there's a bit of dancing to be done.....so let's swoop over Manhattan and land right at George Olsen's feet.

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(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

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(SECOND PART -- "NEW YEAR")

HOWARD CLANEY:

As the laughter and applause fades away, Jack Pearl steps from the stage. The Baron is a regular visitor on these Thursday night programs....he'll be back at the same time next week.... and now before we dance again may we remind you that on Saturday night we'll bring you Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, singing the hit songs from the operetta and musical comedy stage....during that same program we'll hop between Chicago and Los Angeles where Hal Kemp and Phil Harris will furnish the music....and speaking of music, right now George Olsen and his orchestra from the Hotel New Yorker, are going to set millions of feet tapping, so --

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

We invite you to dance to -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and starts back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, George.

Isn't it a great thing to be able to sit back and in one little cigarette enjoy the delicious blended flavor of choice tobaccos from all over the world? Think of it! In that one LUCKY STRIKE cigarette of yours, tobaccos from far off Turkey....from the many golden fields of the Southland -- the finest tobaccos that Mother Nature can grow, meet in a fragrant harmony of pleasure! In that perfect, balanced blend of LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos, you get the true mildness that's brought about when those golden shreds of deliciousness are "TOASTED" -- that exclusive, extra process which only LUCKY STRIKE affords -- the process that makes LUCKIES really mild -- mellow-mild. Light up a LUCKY right now -- enjoy tobacco at its mildest best -- give yourself the pleasure of the finest cigarette you ever smoked!

Now let's not spare a moment, but get back to the musical man of the hour:....George Olsen, who, right at this minute is raising his baton.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

And without further ado we play -- (TITLES)

- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)
- (_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard, all aboard, here goes our train. (TRAIN SIGNATURE) and there goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that ladies and gentlemen brings to a close another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. Don't forget, on Saturday night we invite you to join us again when we'll bring you Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday singing songs from the operettas...Hal Kemp will play from Chicago and Phil Harris from Los Angeles. Until then -- goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
12/29/32

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XVII

"NEW YEAR"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 29, 1932

EPISODE XVII

"NEW YEAR"

PART I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CHARACTERS:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....	JACK PEARL
CHARLEY.....	CLIFF HALL

NOTE:

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XVII

"N E W Y E A R"

PART I

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, I am certainly being well kidded about that unsigned check for five hundred dollars you gave me for Christmas.

BARON: That was only for a joke, Sharley!

CHARLEY: I realize that, Baron, but my friends are laughing at me.

BARON: Is that so? Well just for that, for New Year I give you a check for one thousand dollars. A signed check!

CHARLEY: A signed check for one thousand dollars! A thousand thanks, Baron!

BARON: One is enough. But you must do me a favor.

CHARLEY: Gladly, Baron, what is it?

BARON: If you can cash the check - lend me two dollars.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My check!

CHARLEY: Did you receive many Christmas presents, Baron?

BARON: Plenty! From my wife I got a gross.

CHARLEY: A gross?

BARON: A gross insult.

CHARLEY: A gross insult?

BARON: Yes - every Saturday I go away and come back Monday, -- so she gave me a hat to wear.

CHARLEY: Well, where's the gross insult?

BARON: She said, "Here's something for your week-end."

CHARLEY: You misunderstood the implication.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: You misinterpreted a propitious comment that had absolutely no malicious purport or signification.

BARON:WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: What other gifts did you get, Baron?

BARON: From my Cousin Hugo I got a smoking jacket.

CHARLEY: A smoking jacket?

BARON: Yes. I think he got it at a fire sale.

CHARLEY: Why do you think he got it at a fire sale?

BARON: It's still smoking! How do you like this tie I'm wearing.

CHARLEY: Is that a tie?

BARON: What do you think it is? A table cloth?

CHARLEY: Frankly, I think its terrible!

BARON: (LAUGH) You should see the shirt it covers.

CHARLEY: Is it madras?

BARON: No -- obnoxious!

CHARLEY: Who gave you the tie and shirt?

BARON: My Uncle Gustave. I sent him a box of soap.

CHARLEY: A box of soap?

BARON: Yes - and he sent it back - "opened by mistake."

CHARLEY: What kind of soap was it?

BARON: Dog soap.

CHARLEY: Why did you send him dog soap?

BARON: Because he's a dirty dog! He played me a mean trick.

CHARLEY: Was he justified?

BARON: No - just a bum!

CHARLEY: What was this malignant act he perpetrated?

BARON:could I ketch on?

CHARLEY: What did he do to arouse your animosity and acrimonious acridity?

BARON:how did I ever come to meet you?

CHARLEY: Let it go. Are those trousers a Christmas present?

BARON: Why? Do they look that bad?

CHARLEY: Why no. They're rather swanky.

BARON: Spanky?

CHARLEY: No! Swanky! You know what swanky means, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- it means what you -- when you -- in case of -- do you know what it means?

CHARLEY: Why yes?

BARON: Then I don't have to tell you.

CHARLEY: The trousers are not a Christmas gift?

BARON: No -- but the up-keep is.

CHARLEY: The up-keep?

BARON: The suspenders. From my Tanta Sophie I got a nice, big, silk pillow.

CHARLEY: A big silk pillow?

BARON: Yes - so I can lie easier when I'm asleep.

CHARLEY: So you can lie easier when you're asleep?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Easier than when you're awake.

BARON: Ye -- please, I am the Baron, not you.

CHARLEY: My error.

BARON: My pillow. Also she sent me a table.

CHARLEY: A table?

BARON: Yes -- I needed it -- because I didn't have a table for my Christmas dinner.

CHARLEY: Did she get the table to you on time?

BARON: Please.

CHARLEY: I said, did she get the table to you on time?

BARON: Sure -- a dollar down and fifty cents a week.

CHARLEY: Speaking of tables -- I reserved a table at the Waldorf for New Years Eve. Of course you'll be with me.

BARON: I'm sorry, Sharley, but New Years Eve I promised to be with some old friends.

CHARLEY: But I've had my reservation for weeks.

BARON: My friends have had their reservation for years!

CHARLEY: Had their reservation for years?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Who are they?

BARON: Indians.

CHARLEY: Where is their reservation?

BARON: Out west in Da Vesta.

CHARLEY: Out west in Da Vesta.

BARON: Da Hatta, Da Pantsa.

CHARLEY: Wait! Do you mean Dakota?

BARON: That's it! Dakota! Fine Indians there, Sharley.

CHARLEY: Sioux Indians!

BARON:why should I?

CHARLEY: Why should you what?

BARON: Sue Indians.

CHARLEY: No, no. I mean they are Sious Indians - that's the tribe.

BARON: Oh, Sharley! Do I love that?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Tripe!

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron. Is the Indian New Year Eve ceremonial punctillious?

BARON: No sir! There is nothing punky about it!

CHARLEY: You misunderstand me, Baron. I mean do they hold a special New Years Eve demonstration?

BARON: Sure - on Decoration Day.

CHARLEY: What has Decoration Day got to do with New Years Eve?

BARON: What has the Fourth of July got to do with Labor Day?

CHARLEY: Nothing!

BARON: So we're even.

CHARLEY: What I'm trying to find out is, do the Indians have a wild time?

BARON: No! They are not Broadway Indians! They paint their faces - not the town! They do snakey dancing - not sneaky drinking! When its over they hit the trail! - not the jail! And besides they haven't got mocassin ankles.

CHARLEY: Mocassin ankles?

BARON: Slipper knees, shoe footers ---

CHARLEY: Bootleggers!

BARON: That's it! Bootleggers! They start off by an Indian dollar hitting a couple of men - then they have a --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Did I understand you to say the celebration starts with an Indian dollar hitting a couple of men?

BARON: That was my conversation.

CHARLEY: Baron! There is something rotten in Denmark!

BARON: Who cares about Denmark. The Indians start off with an Indian dollar hitting a couple of men.

CHARLEY: What is an Indian dollar?

BARON: A buck!

CHARLEY: Oh! ---an Indian buck!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: And he hits a couple of men?

BARON: Two fellers named Tom.

CHARLEY: A Tom-tom!

BARON: Sure - that's what I said! Then they have a mask dance.

CHARLEY: A mask dance?

BARON: Yes -- for the funniest mask they give a prize.

CHARLEY: The person wearing the funniest mask wins a prize?

BARON: Yes -- last year they gave it to my wife.

CHARLEY: For wearing the funniest mask?

BARON: That's the funny part of it.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: She wasn't wearing any! She got mad so we left and went to see some other Indians.

CHARLEY: In Dakota?

BARON: No, in Jersey City.

CHARLEY: Indians in Jersey City?

BARON: Sure - the O'briens.

CHARLEY: O'Briens? Is that a tribe?

BARON: No! A mob! At twelve o'clock in came a crowd of young people - with bells.

CHARLEY: They rang in the New Year!

BARON: Yes - and they rang in a lot of strangers. One of them didn't have a bell to ring so -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: So what?

BARON: He rang O'Brien's neck! Then the young folks started flinging things at each other!

CHARLEY: The young folks started flinging things at each other!

BARON: Yes -- On New Years Eve youth must have its fling.

CHARLEY: Some party!

BARON: It didn't break up until after six E.K.

CHARLEY: Six A.M.

BARON: No - E.K.

CHARLEY: What's E.K.?

BARON: Empty kegs. It would have lasted longer but for five things.

CHARLEY: Five things?

BARON: Yes - Four cops and a patrol wagon.

CHARLEY: A good time was had by all.

BARON: In my country we have much better ones. I once gave a New Years Eve blanket.

CHARLEY: You gave a what?

BARON:did you tune me out?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry Baron, but I didn't catch the last word.

BARON: I said I gave a blanket -- a dinner.

CHARLEY: A banquet! A feast!

BARON: A lunch! I sent out sixty five thousand invitations.

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON:it's too bad I didn't buy you an ear trumpet for Christmas.

CHARLEY: I heard what you said, Baron, but -- sixty five thousand invitations! That'sunbelievable!

BARON: I could have said zeventy five thousand.

CHARLEY: Why didn't you?

BARON: Because I don't believe in exzaggerating!

CHARLEY: I've noticed that.

BARON: And besides my castle couldn't accomodate so many.

CHARLEY: You have a castle?

BARON: What do you think the Baron lives in? A stable?

CHARLEY: Where is your Castle, Baron?

BARON: On an island.

CHARLEY: What island?

BARON: Barren Island.

CHARLEY: I suppose all your guests were of the aristocracy and nobility.

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: They were people of rank.

BARON: Oh -- very.

CHARLEY: Peers.

BARON: Peers? (LAUGH) Docks!

CHARLEY: Dukes! and Duchesses!

BARON:who's which is?

CHARLEY: Duchesses -- you know what a Dutchess is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- the wife of a man who's in dutch. You should have seen that table, Sharley!

CHARLEY: I suppose you served all the delicacies of the season.

BARON: Sure! Pigs knuckles, wierner wurst, frankfurters, boloney.

CHARLEY: Was it a course dinner?

BARON: You have no idea how coarse. Everybody at the table was a vegetarian.

CHARLEY: Everybody at the table was a vegetarian?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Then why did you serve meat?

BARON: Because I like meat.

CHARLEY: Didn't you have any vegetables?

BARON: Sure -- I had corn.

CHARLEY: I'm very fond of corn. Do you like corn on the ear?

BARON: Please?

CHARLEY: I said do you like corn on the ear?

BARON: (LAUGH) I never had one there.

CHARLEY: Your guests must have enjoyed their dinner?

BARON: I never saw people eat like that! They got rid of two hundred pounds of pigs knuckles, a hundred and fifty pounds of frankfurters, a hundred and fifteen pounds of boloney --

CHARLEY: That's a lot of meat!

BARON: That's a lot of boloney! Also I had sausages that weighed eighty nine pounds each.

CHARLEY: Sausages that weighed eighty nine pounds a piece?

BARON: Yes sir -- you never saw such, "saw such." After dinner we had a shooting match.

CHARLEY: A shooting contest.

BARON: Yes -- I shot a duke.

CHARLEY: A duck!

BARON: No, he didn't.

CHARLEY: Who didn't, what?

BARON: The duke didn't duck -- so I hit him. Then they opened a box and out flew twelve thousand bald headed eagles.

CHARLEY: Twelve thousand bald headed eagles?

BARON: With wigs on.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron - don't ask me to believe that.

BARON: You wouldn't?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So back goes the eagles in the box. The next thing I shot at was a mosquito.

CHARLEY: A mosquito?

BARON: Sure - he was sixteen miles away.

CHARLEY: Sixteen miles away!

BARON: Yes - and I knocked out his left eye.

CHARLEY: Ridiculous! Absurd! I refuse to believe it.

BARON: Was - you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! I was not!

BARON: So I knocked out the mosquito's left eye!

CHARLEY: That's silly! You couldn't see a mosquito that far away!

BARON: I didn't see him.

CHARLEY: Then how did you know he was there?

BARON: I heard him stamping his feet!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XVII

"NEW YEAR"

PART II

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, I suppose you are going to make some good New Year resolutions?

BARON: You said it! First I resolve not to drink any more.

CHARLEY: You couldn't,

BARON:please! I make the comical answers,

CHARLEY: My apologies, Baron.

BARON: Also I resolve not to gamble,

CHARLEY: A very good resolution,

BARON: Here lately, every time I pick up a pair of dice I know I'm going to lose.

CHARLEY: How can you tell?

BARON: I can feel it in my bones! And I further resolve not to play the races, not to go to parties and night clubs, not to keep late hours. Not to -- Sharley!

CHARLEY: What is it, Baron?

BARON: Feel if my wings are sprouting,

CHARLEY: Not yet, but if you keep all these resolutions you'll be one man in a million.

BARON: Yes sir - I'm going to live in an empty school house,

CHARLEY: Live ^{an} in/empty school house? Why?

BARON: I want to be in a class by myself.

CHARLEY: I trust you'll remember all your resolutions,

BARON: I will. Whenever I want to remember something I tie a string around my finger so I don't forget.

CHARLEY: Have you a string on your finger to remind you of the ten dollars you owe me?

BARON: It's the funniest thing----every time I meet you, I got my gloves on.

CHARLEY: Any more resolutions, Baron?

BARON: Only one.

CHARLEY: And what is that?

BARON: I resolve not to do any resolving.

CHARLEY: Well -- after all, that's your prerogative.

BARON:duplicate please?

CHARLEY: I said that's your prerogative -- your undeniable, infeasible birth-right.

BARON: What a night for a murder!

CHARLEY: What's the matter, Baron?

BARON: Sharley, you got to make a resolution also.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: You must resolve that from now on - if you gotta use words of more than two syllables - bite 'em in half and give me one piece at a time.

CHARLEY: Okay, Baron! From now on I'll see that my vocabulary is more intelligible and comprehensive.

BARON:you still got some left.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, did you send out many New Year cards?

BARON: No - just a million.

CHARLEY: Wonderful!

BARON: Impossible! Last year I sent out frogs.

CHARLEY: Frogs! Why frogs?

BARON: It was leap year. This year I put animals on the

BARON: I will. Whenever I want to remember something I tie a string around my finger so I don't forget.

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CHARLEY: Frogs! Why frogs?

BARON: It was leap year. This year I put animals on the

CHARLEY: Animals on the envelopes?
BARON: Sure.
CHARLEY: What kind of animals?
BARON: Why - er - that's funny. It was just on the tip of my tongue and it slipped off. Let me see - it starts with a "Z".
CHARLEY: You put an animal on the envelope, and the name starts with "Z"?
BARON: It couldn't be an elephant, could it?
CHARLEY: Certainly not.
BARON: Elephant starts with an "L".
CHARLEY: And it couldn't be zebra?
BARON: Sure not - zebras are too big for envelopes. Wait! I got it.
CHARLEY: What?
BARON: Zeals!
CHARLEY: Are you going to make any calls?
BARON: Oh, sure. First I will call on the President.
CHARLEY: The President of the United States?
BARON: No -- the president of my bank.
CHARLEY: I see -- to extend your wishes.
BARON: No -- to extend my notes. Then I will call on my wife.
CHARLEY: Call on your wife? Aren't you living with her?
BARON: Sharley -- there is no living with that woman.
CHARLEY: Don't tell me you're quarrelling again?
BARON: Not again -- yet!
CHARLEY: What's the trouble now?
BARON: I sent her folks a New Year card and she got mad.
CHARLEY: She got mad?

BARON: Yes -- because on it I said "What I wish myself should fall on you."

CHARLEY: What you wish yourself should fall on them?

BARON: Yes --

CHARLEY: Well, what do you wish yourself?

BARON: A couple of tons of coal!

CHARLEY: You're not over-fond of your wife's family.

BARON: The only one I like is my brother-in-law.

CHARLEY: You have a brother-in-law?

BARON: Sure -- and I got a brother in jail.

CHARLEY: A brother in jail?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What is he doing in jail?

BARON: Sixty days.

CHARLEY: I mean what brought him there?

BARON: A patrol wagon.

CHARLEY: Please understand me, Baron! What was he charged with?

BARON: I think it was dynamite.

CHARLEY: Dynamite!

BARON: Last edition newspaper brandy.

CHARLEY: What in the world is last edition newspaper brandy?

BARON: Three star final!

CHARLEY: Three star final?

BARON: Yes - one drink and its the finish. I guess the cell he is in must be full of water.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: He asked me to come there and bail him out.

CHARLEY: He wants to be released.

BARON: Yes - he wants to go calling on the feller who gave him the brandy.

CHARLEY: Calling on the fellow who gave him the brandy?
BARON: Yes - and Oh! What he's going to call him.
CHARLEY: Don't you think New Year calling has become obsolete?
BARON:did you drop something?
CHARLEY: I said New Year calling is a foregone tradition,
antiquated. An erstwhile practice of yesteryear.
BARON:the same to you and many of them.
CHARLEY: There was a time when people would load their pockets
with New Year cards and call on all their friends.
BARON: Yes sir -- One year I had so many cards it took me
three years to deliver them.
CHARLEY: One year you had so many cards it took you three years
to deliver them?
BARON: Yes.
CHARLEY: That doesn't make sense.
BARON: Who cares! I called on eighteen million people.
CHARLEY: How many?
BARON:are you wearing ear muffs?
CHARLEY: No -- but you can't tell me you called on eighteen
million people.
BARON: Did I say eighteen million?
CHARLEY: Yes.
BARON: That's a mistake.
CHARLEY: I thought so.
BARON: It was nineteen million.
CHARLEY: I don't believe it.
BARON: You better believe it or else --
CHARLEY: Or else, what?
BARON: I'll let those twelve thousand eagles out of the box
again.

CHARLEY: No, Baron! Please don't.

BARON: I was in Berlin and I called on a friend in China, and--

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron. If you were in Berlin how could you call on a friend in China?

BARON: On the telephone. Then I got on a horse and called on a friend in Mexico.

CHARLEY: You rode on a horse from Berlin to Mexico?

BARON: Sure. And then --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute. There's a limit to everything - and you've about reached yours.

BARON: You don't believe I rode the horse from Berlin to Mexico?

CHARLEY: NO, I do not,

BARON: Would you believe from Mexico to Berlin?

CHARLEY: No! One is as bad as the other.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Suppose I say yes?

BARON: Suppose I don't ask you.

CHARLEY: Suppose I don't care.

BARON: That suits me!

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron. Where is all this crazy talk going to get us?

BARON: To Mexico.

CHARLEY: All right! You rode a horse from Berlin to Mexico.

BARON: See? You're starting to believe me. From Mexico I flew to Yoke-a-chisel.

CHARLEY: Yoke-a-chisel?

BARON: Yoke-a-saw, Yoke-a-screwdriver.

CHARLEY: Do you mean Yokahama?

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

This time Hal Kemp and his orchestra will play --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Just as our friend in Los Angeles spoke for the entire far West, we in the mid-west - as we send the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot, want to say Happy New Year everybody.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you mid-west! That ladies and gentlemen, brings to a close another LUCKY STRIKE program. We'll be back at the same time Tuesday night, but before we leave, may I, in behalf of the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, again sincerely wish you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year - Goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This program has come to you from New York City, Chicago, Illinois and Los Angeles, California, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
12/30/32

MCGRAW: The next thing, I'd say, would be to look up Captain Roberts at the chicken ranch near Galveston and bring him back here for questioning.

HOLLY: I'LL do that. Where will you be?

MCGRAW: I'll cable the consul at Madrid to check on Zamorra... and then I'll pick up Rennie, on the freighter "Eastern Star."

HOLLY: When do we start?

MCGRAW: Right now. I'll see you at the office when we get back.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN WHISTLE.
2. WIND & WAVE.
3. FOG HORNS - MOURNFUL AND SLOW.

HANDBACKER: Fog's liftin' a bit, Mr. Rennie.

RENNIE: Aye, Captain Handbacker. I think it will clear the noo.

HANDBACKER: Well, fog or storm, she's the same to this vessel.

RENNIE: She's a vurra gude ship, the "Eastern Star," aye.

HANDBACKER: You like the engines, eh, Rennie?

RENNIE: Aye.

HANDBACKER: I must say, I've never had an engineer that took better care of 'em.

RENNIE: Tae neglect gude machinery's naethin' short o' cr-r-iminal, sir.

HANDBACKER: Well that's a thing --

(SHARP BLASTS OF REVENUE CUTTER'S WHISTLE)

What's that -- who's whistlin' -- can you make it out?

RENNIE: Nae -- the fog's blowin' that way.

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 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.....

The Magic Carpet tonight flies back and forth between New York, Chicago and the Pacific Coast. In New York we'll have the pleasure of hearing Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, singing romantic songs from musical comedy. In Chicago we'll hear from Hal Kemp and his popular orchestra from the Black Hawk Restaurant and in Los Angeles Phil Harris and his Orchestra playing at the celebrated Cocomanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

We're in Los Angeles at the Ambassador Hotel where Phil Harris and his orchestra will play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet heads East to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was great Phil, thank you. Next time you touch a match to a fragrant, delicious LUCKY -- think as you take that first flavorful puff, of all the stored wealth of tobacco goodness that's packed into that little LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette of yours! For in that distinctive LUCKY STRIKE blend are fine tobaccos from Turkey, from the sunny hills of Greece...choice leaves from Kentucky and the Carolinas -- it's like a league of nations of tobaccos, meeting in that perfect, balanced LUCKY STRIKE blend to give you the utmost smoking pleasure! (And in LUCKY STRIKE, you'll discover an enjoyment no other cigarette offers....the true mildness -- mellow-mildness -- that is given to those fine, expensive tobaccos by the "TOASTING" Process - an extra step no other cigarette affords... An extra measure of smoking enjoyment that makes LUCKY STRIKE the finest, mildest cigarette in all the world!)

("ROMANCE" FADES DOWN AS HOWARD CLANEY SAYS: --)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we are entering the Magic Carpet Theatre where Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday will step into the spotlight. Their first duet needs no explanation - it is "THE SONG OF LOVE" from "Blossom Time." The scene then will change and we'll hear "MORE THAN YOU KNOW" one of the hit songs from Vincent Youman's "Great Day," which made its first appearance in New York in 1921. Then we go back a little farther and bring to life a romantic moment from "The Rainbow Girl" which was first seen in 1918. From this musical comedy by Hirsch we'll hear "JUST YOU ALONE." The curtain is rising and the spotlight shines on Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING: -- "THE SONG OF LOVE"
"MORE THAN YOU KNOW"
"JUST YOU ALONE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Our moment of romance from the stage is over until Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday return again a little later in this program...and now we turn to the dance. Out in Chicago, Hal Kemp and his boys are all ready so let's go west young folks, go west.

ON WITH THE DANCE HAL KEMP...(WHISTLE)..OKAY CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Hal Kemp and his orchestra start the dance in Chicago with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet starts on the familiar route back to the East.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

All America loves him for his common sense, his brown derby and his straight-from-the-shoulder, plain talk. I'm referring to none other than the "Happy Warrior," Alfred E. Smith. Just a few minutes ago a telegram flashed across the wires to Mr. Smith, and I am happy to have the privilege of reading it to you:

THE HONORABLE ALFRED E. SMITH,
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY

SIR:

YOU HAVE PROVED BY THE LOYALTY OF MILLIONS THAT AMERICANS LOVE STRAIGHT FACTS AND PLAIN TALK...AND BECAUSE WE HAVE GIVEN THE PLAIN FACTS ABOUT CERTIFIED CREMO MILLIONS OF SMOKERS ARE NOW ENJOYING A FINE CIGAR AT THE UNIQUE PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS....CERTIFIED CREMO IS MADE OF THE CHOICEST LONG-FILLER TOBACCO....IT IS THE ONLY CIGAR IN THE WORLD FINISHED UNDER GLASS....IT HAS HONEST QUALITY IS HONESTLY MADE SOLD AT AN HONEST PRICE AND ADVERTISED WITH PLAIN FACTS....WITH WARM REGARDS

VINCENT RIGGIO,
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

- - - - - STATION BREAK - - - - -

HOWARD CLANEY:

Of course it's only about 7:30 on the Coast and their New Year's celebrations have hardly begun, but nevertheless we're going to have a sample of how they'll welcome the New Year in when we hear Phil Harris and his orchestra. Happy New Year to everybody in the far west and --

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE)...OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Thank you New York....Those New Year's Eve dances
played by Phil Harris and his orchestra will be -- (TITLES)

(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Now as we send the Magic Carpet back to the East may we
say in behalf of the entire far west - Happy New Year everybody!

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

("ROMANCE"FADES DOWN AS HOWARD GLANEY SAYS: --)

HOWARD GLANEY:

The stage is being set in the Magic Carpet Theatre for
the appearance of Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday. First they sing
one of the best known numbers from a romantic musical comedy first
introduced in New York just a year ago -- "Cat and the Fiddle". The
song is "SHE DIDN'T SAY YES." The scene then changes to a very
recent new-comer on Broadway - the show "Face the Music" from which
we'll hear "SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC". Then we take you to the
year 1935 and to a scene in the great success of that year, "Sonny,"
and we hear the romantic couple singing "WHO." The curtain is rising,
the orchestra of Dr. Katzman swells up and the spotlight shines on
Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING - "SHE DIDN'T SAY YES"
"SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC"
"WHO")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Miss Rice and thank you, Mr. Halliday. You certainly know how to ring out the old, and ring in the new!...We want to take this opportunity to wish you all the very happiest of New Years...on behalf of the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, I extend to you a wish for new pleasures, new enjoyments, and the best of good things for 1933....And I know that if you are not now enjoying a LUCKY, you will find a wealth of new smoking enjoyment for 1933 by changing to this modern, pleasure-filled, deliciously mild cigarette! You'll find in LUCKY STRIKE the finest of flavorful, fragrant Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- a perfect, balanced blend made truly mild, made really mellow-mild, by that exclusive, modern "TOASTING" Process -- the most modern step in cigarette manufacture! It's not yet midnight -- but why not start off the New Year with a delicious, mellow-mild LUCKY right now!

Before we have another dance, I would like to tell you that on the Tuesday night LUCKY STRIKE Hour we'll present another dramatization from the files of the Secret Investigation work at Washington, D.C. The case which will be dramatized at that time is called, "THE ARIZONA MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP." The dance music on that hour will be furnished by the great composer and arranger, Ferde Grofe. On Thursday night, of course, we'll have Jack Pearl as the "Baron Munchausen" and sharing the honors with him will be Abc Lyman and his orchestra....But now let's have some more New Year's Eve dances.... Let's see how they do it in Chicago...Hal Kemp and his orchestra will furnish the music...To Chicago and the entire mid-west we say Happy New Year and --

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE)..OKAY CHICAGO!