

RADIO  
CONTINITY

LUCKY STRIKE

SEPT. - OCT.  
1932

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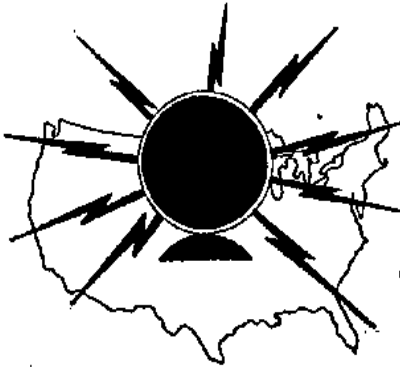
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SEPTEMBER

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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



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

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

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour, presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes. Tonight's LUCKY STRIKE Hour will again attempt to defy space and time - for tonight we are taking you thousands of miles away from New York, by short wave...over the Atlantic Ocean to Berlin, Germany, where you will hear the famous Marek Weber Dance Orchestra - and from New York, one of America's dance groups - Jack Denny and his Orchestra, and, Walter O'Keefe, the Pilot of the Magic Carpet.  
MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening America and Vee Gates Doytchlahnt!

There's the tip-off, ladies and gentlemen....this is an international broadcast. Starting off the month of September, Mr. LUCKY STRIKE said to me - "Walter...let's get the Magio Carpet roaming all over the world again, so tonight we're going to Barelinn. We're going to link the old world and the new....that is, we are if that Old Debbil Statio gives us the old sign, "Weather Clear....Track Fast." The South American trip two weeks ago was a cinch....so let's put our trust in the elements and take off.

Out of New York and up the New England Coast....Hello St. John New Brunswick...There's Captain Mollison resting under doctor's orders...the Top of the Mornin' to you Ireland...Oheerio London...and look...over on the right...Paree...Bon Soir Paree... and now whee...over the Rhine in Germany we go and into the friendly pleasure-loving city of Barelin.

ON WITH THE DANCE, HERR WEBER (WHISTLE) OKAY, BERLIN!

BERLIN ANNOUNCER:

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen of America. Among the guests present tonight is the celebrated Baron Munchausen. We invite you to dance in Berlin as Marok Weber plays (TITLES)

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



BERLIN ANNOUNCER:

And now we send you on the Magic Carpet from Berlin, across Germany and the Rhine flashing over the broad Atlantic back to New York.

(WHISTLE OKAY AMERICA!)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Great Herr Weber....great. Zare shane...zare shane. When I spreken ze Doytsch I'm still just a Connecticut Yankee so forgive me professor forgive me. But speaking for America...North South East and West, kind sir....I'm anxious to let you know that we love it....that we want more of you....that it's an eighteen karat thrill to reach across the Atlantic and into the heart of Europe to get you. And now Herr . ar refresh yourself with a tall cool stein of amber brew and charge up to my boss. Meanwhile we'll have a dash of American Home Br od music before we pick you up again. Before doing that though, the program calls for a few words from Howard Olaney.

HOWARD OLANEY:

What a thrill we got in our schooldays from the gripping tale of "Ouster's Last Stand", when the gallant General and his crack troop of United States Cavalry were mercilessly wiped out by the bloodthirsty savages. Well did General Ouster know that "Nature in the Raw is seldom Mild". And well do millions of American smokers know today that raw tobacco has no place in cigarettes. These millions have found there are no raw tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE, the mildest of cigarettes. Tobacco experts will tell you that we buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos. But that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette.

(MR. OLANEY CONTINUES OVER)

ATX01 0269370

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

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.

(O'KEEFE INTRODUCES AND SINGS "YOU'RE BLASE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was your pilot, ladies and gentlemen, singing a number in response to many requests by mail. And so that we can keep the high flying Magic Carpet on this side of the Atlantic for a spell I'm going to make our next visit to one of the shining examples of American syncopation....your old favorite Jack Denny. And I might say, Jack, that Marek Weber, broadcasting from Berlin, has certainly put Germany out in front for tonight's honors so you're on your mettle....son....it's up to you.

Of course there are famous streets in Berlin...my friends ...lined with swanky shops, with sidewalk cafes, with friendly playful beer gardens...well over here we've got the streets to match the Wilhelmstrasse and the noble parade ground...Unter der Linden...Look at Fifth Avenue...aren't you proud of it...look at Broadway...the one and only Broadway...the most famous street in the whole world.....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES OVER)

ATK01 0269371

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUING)

....and look at that glorious new hotel....the Waldorf Astoria on Park Avenue where Jack Denny holds forth...or maybe fifth...on the Starlight Roof. Let's have ourselves a dance and just try to imagine yourselves gliding around that beautiful ballroom to the enchantment that Denny weaves out of his baton.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

And the dance goes on with -----

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

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet flashes back to the Pilot. (WHISTLE)

OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Denny atty attitude...atty attitude. It all depends on you Jack...and if you keep up that stride America and Germany will wind up in a tie for first honors in tonight's broadcast. See that your troupe of talent has a little respite from toil, now Jack...if you were to ask me...or even if you didn't ask me I'd suggest a LUCKY ...but that department happens to belong to Howard Glaney, so I'll let him turn the half way mark and pass on a famous quotation that will never die. MR. GLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Listen Claney...you're not the only one who can spread a quotation over the air waves...here's where I toss off a couple....John Taylor, a sixteenth century wit said, "Laugh and be fat"...and that other big shot of the sixteenth century...Shakespeare is responsible for the famous line, "They that laugh win"...or to come down to the present my dear Aunt Mame says, Have a laugh...it's good for all that ails you". I have a good reason for these "laugh" quotations which I'll tell you about later but now what I'm leading up to is that they say America's crying need is to keep its sense of humor on the gold standard. "What America needs in a darned good laugh"...and one that starts at the pit of your stomach and rumbles like thunder through your whole being. Mr. Hoover knows it, Governor Roosevelt knows, the radio audience knows it, yes, and Mr. LUCKY STRIKE knows it...and so when the Magic Carpet comes back from Germany this time we'll have the first funny man to fly the Magic Carpet across the Atlantic. We're bringing back that celebrated nobleman...the immortal Baron Munchausen.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES OVER)

ATX01 0269373

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Be on the dock to meet him and let's go get him...right out of Harbor Grace Newfoundland...the jumping off spot...we roar over the Atlantic...hop the English channel,...don't be afraid of the bumps... imagine you're shooting the Chutes...there's Belgium...the Rhine... the famous Tempelhof Airdrome...and now right up the Broadway of Berlin to the German Idol Marek Weber. Hop off and hop to it.

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

BERLIN ANNOUNCER:

You are again in Berlin, Germany as our guests and Marek Weber will play for you (TITLES)

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

BERLIN ANNOUNCER:

Mr. Walter O'Keefe said, "What America needs is a darned good laugh" so we are sending the modern Baron Munchausen to you in America. He is seated on the Magic Carpet all ready to go, and we wish him godspeed and good luck. And to you we say "Come to Berlin Again. Auf Wiedersehn!"

(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

(ARRIVAL OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN; AND VERY SHORT "BIT" BY HIM)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Baron Munchausen...the famous wit and comedian  
....imported here by Mr. LUCKY STRIKE to help you laugh at life, at  
love, at bill collectors. After such a fast trip we don't want to  
tax the Baron too much so we're going to let him rest up for a week.  
By next Thursday night we're sure his memory will be in fine working  
order and he'll dig into his past to tell us all about some of his  
amazing adventures, so don't fail to meet him next Thursday night at  
this time...and here's where I toss off a second song (Music starts).  
It's entitled somebody loses...somebody wins. It has nothing to do  
with the Magic Carpet...you can't lose on that...somebody loses,  
somebody wins.

(O'KEEFE SINGS "SOMEBODY ETC")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Maybe I'm getting old...I don't know...but I get such a  
wallop out of these overseas broadcasts that they leave me limp...  
and now limp as I am...I'm going to catch another breath while Howard  
Claney says a few pointed words. Mr. Claney!

ATX01 0269375



HOWARD CLANEY:

You bridge fans have probably heard of Mr. F. Dudley Courtenay, President of the Advisory Council sponsoring the new official system of play. Mr. Courtenay estimates that ten times as many people play bridge as any other game in America. And no wonder...it is a game of the home -- a game to which little or no expense is attached -- a game of skill preferred by the intelligent, sophisticated, soignee women of America. And so, in seeking an expression of our appreciation of Miss America's great preference for LUCKY STRIKE, what more fitting token could we offer than those ingenious bridge problems which you will find in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties! That famous expert, Mr. Milton C. Work has devised fifty of these fascinating tests of your skill. Mr. Courtenay tells us that bridge teachers and players all over the country are highly enthusiastic about these problems, which are to be had in LUCKY STRIKE Fifties. It's a small thing, this bridge card -- of no great value -- but it is our sincere way of saying, "OKAY, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage." We are glad you enjoy the mellow-mildest of cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE!

ATX01 0269376

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Okay Olaney....I'll be brief too, lad, while I flip that Magic Carpet back over the airwaves again to Jack Denny the dependable. And now my dear Denny,..think of the responsibility placed on you by the boss tonight..you're up against the best of Germany...they're good Jack...they're okay sonny boy....and so Mr. LUCKY STRIKE picked you to rise to the occasion like the good little soldier you are,..look at us Jack,..millions of us floating over New York...it's a game Jack...like floating while you're swimming...we're looking down on you...whee...now we're looking up at you...aw we want to play...you want to play...we want to dance...so what am I stalling for...here we come Jack... ten million radio fans in one fell swoop. Hit it boy...

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

JACK DENNY:

This time we play (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

Here's your Magic Carpet, Mr. Pilot! Lookout!

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Home again Mr. and Mrs. America...right back where you started from and I can't help but feel that we made a lot of progress...in the first place we had a good time by going to Europe and fooling around here...in the second place we insured ourselves for the future by bringing back the big chuckle and laugh man, Jack Pearl alias the modern Baron Munchausen.

A week or two ago on the LUCKY STRIKE Hour we asked what you would like the Magic Carpet to bring you. We have had many excellent suggestions, but the majority of them could be very well summed up in the following which is very typical: -

"Dear Mr. LUCKY STRIKE:-

I heard the Pilot of your Magic Carpet ask us what we wanted to hear on the air. I think I speak for many other radio listeners when I say that what the radio audience wants and needs is a darn good laugh; in fact, I can carry that out still further and say "what America needs is a darn good laugh."

Mr. LUCKY STRIKE agrees with you. What America needs IS a darn good laugh. And true to his promise, he will give you what you ask for -- by bringing to life from the pages of literature, the famous adventures of Baron Munchausen. So next Thursday night be ready to laugh, for that's when the modern Baron Munchausen will begin telling you some of his extraordinary adventures.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES OVER)

ATX01 0269378

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

So you have something to anticipate. Saturday night the Magic Carpet will take you to San Francisco to hear that all-star orchestra of the Pacific Coast - Anson Weeks' - and to Pittsburgh to hear Jack Pettis and His Orchestra. Next Tuesday night we will have another of the "cops and robbers" stories -- those thrilling dramatizations of real cases from the files of the New York Police Department. And next Thursday, Jack Pearl alias the modern Baron Munchausen will make you laugh between groups of dance music by that celebrated composer and exponent of modern dance music, Ferde Grofe. And now let's call it a day and I'll be saying goodnight to you.

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD GLANEY:

This program has come to you from New York and Berlin, Germany, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

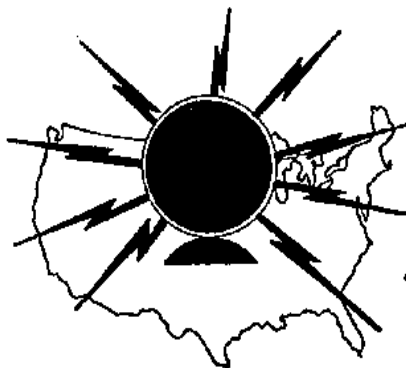
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9/1/32

ATX01 0269379

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 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:

Well well well ladies and gentlemen....here's hoping you all ring down on summer with a rousing Labor Day week-end. Personally I have never gone through such a summer in my life... it's been a pip...what with travel on the Magic Carpet to lift me thousands of miles each week on the wings of imagination. Candidly the thing is getting into my system....the wanderlust is in my veins....it disturbs my sleep. Why believe it or not yesterday morning I woke after that trip to Barelin and I was worn out from arguing. I had spent the night dreaming...I sat in a sidewalk cafe guzzling a long cool one or maybe two or three long cool ones, arguing with Adoph Hitler about peace on earth, good will to all men.

Well sir tonight is another example of what the Magic Carpet can do when it's pushed. We're going to Pittsb sh...only a few hundred miles away but we'll pick up a band of boys led by Jack Pettis that'll tickle you. Jack will share honors with that all-star outfit in California, Anson Weeks. So here we go on the first trip over the Alleghanies, two hundred and seventy miles west by north of Philadelphia, over the excursion center marked Mauch Chunck...Shenendoah...Mount Carmel....Altoona....Johnstown.... (and how's your mayor) Monongehela City (I like to roll that off my tongue)...Monongehela City...McKeesport...and there's Pittsburgh ahead...there's Squirrel Hill s'help me...and right into town to pick up your new orchestra so

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK PETTIS (WHISTLE) OKAY, PITTSBURGH!

ATX01 0269381



JACK PETTIS:

This is Jack Pettis and the William Penn Hotel Orchestra  
in Pittsburgh where we start the dance with (TITLES)

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

JACK PETTIS:

And now, the Magic Carpet dashes out of Pittsburgh and  
back to Walter O'Keefe! (WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Pettis you gettus agag and aquiver  
The way you conduct on the air  
We like it a lot and I'm warning you now  
We'll come often and get in your hair

That was the Poet Laureate, my friends, breaking out in  
a lyrical rash, -- inspired by the inspired playing of our Pittsburgh  
representative. Now having quoted a dash of doggerel right off the  
griddle my mariner charts tell me that it's time for you to listen  
to Howard Claney.

HOWARD OLANEY:

Deep in the raw, savage jungles of Java -- a famous explorer tells of a death-dealing battle between a vicious tiger and the blood-thirsty black panther -- no quarter given or asked -- that is Nature in the Raw! Another example of the great truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"....a truth that applies equally to the cigarettes you smoke, Ladies and gentlemen, raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes! It is because they are not present in LUCKY STRIKE, that Luckies are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked! We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world -- but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of the 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:

And at this point we choose to forward pass, so I'm going to pass the Magic Carpet on a long forward to California's goal line, with a clear eye, a steady hand and the dauntless spirit of the Magic Carpet....I hook my little finger in yours and say let's go. It's as simple as all that...we'll be there in jig time whatever that means so watch your new fall hat Joan, out over Ohio... over Lake Erie...Lake Michigan...now for a big one...this hurts me more than it does you...whee...you're in California...over Carmel and Pebble Beach....look at that white sand...look at the blue of that water,..as blue as the Mediterranean ever was...and look ahead now.....(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES OVER)

ATX01 0269383

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONT)

.....there's the Golden Gate of Frisco and on top of that hill....  
on top of that hotel is your old friend Anson Weeks of the Mark  
Hopkins Anson Weeks.

ON WITH THE DANCIN, ANSON....(WHISTLE) OKAY

SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Good evening, everybody, this is Anson Weeks welcoming  
you to San Francisco and the Mark Hopkins Hotel where we play -----

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

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

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

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet speeds over San Francisco and flashes  
eastward from the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Anson Weeks, customers...Anson Weeks tossing the  
Magic Carpet, the LUCKY STRIKE Roller Coast-to-Coaster across country  
three thousand miles a second back to ye Pilot. Anson go out and take  
a look at that St. Mary's College football team...oftentimes likened  
to Notre Dame and called the fighting Irish of the West Coast.  
Fighting Irish it is...is it? Listen while I read their lineup as it  
was listed in the Chicago Tribune last week. Ends: Yerzerski and  
Erdlats (two lads from County Kerry) Tackles: Brasnyo//Cambianicia  
and Sartini...Backs: Rios, Vanlivioh, Magrini Braoco and Mattos...but  
why go further. It's difficult for me to talk in Gaelic...I'll find  
out from Coach Slip Madigan how to pronounce 'em....and here's where  
Howard Claney has his little say. Mr. Claney!

ATK01 0269384

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

-- STATION BREAK --

WALTER O'KEEFE:

... That was the voice of Howard Claney, ladies and gentlemen... just rounding the corner on this broadcast.

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO SONG)

ATX01 0269385

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now Pittsburgh it's up to you and as for you Pettis you're on the spot...here's where the Magic Carpet takes you for a ride into millions of American homes...so be good, Sonny be good... tonight may make you. And by the way Jack...the next time you're on I'll speak with more authority about Pittsburgh because I'm coming out for a visit a week from Monday...or Monday week as the Britishers say...I'm coming out for the world premier of the new musical comedy Humpty Dumpty opening there on the 12th, but meanwhile Miss America let's you and I hold hands, or would you like to sit this one out....You certainly are soignee this evening Toots...stick that hairpin in...that's a lovely permanent wave you have....what's that you ask....oh we're over the Alleghanies...and now with a dip and a curtsy we swoop right into Pittsburgh, and walk in on Jack Pettis and his William Penn Hotel Orchestra. ( ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK PETTIS (WHISTLE) OKAY, PITTSBURGH!

JACK PETTIS:

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

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

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

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

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

JACK PETTIS:

Again the Magic Carpet speeds out of Pittsburgh and dashes back to Walter O'Keefe. (WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was fine Jack Pettis...Now I'll rumage around the studio while Howard Claney takes things over once more. Go ahead, Howard.

HOWARD CLANEY:

What a colorful scene it was out at swanky Southampton this afternoon!...Hundreds of society's elect attended the gay and brilliant charity carnival....dozens of debutantes in gala cost res sold cigarettes amid the crowd...and as usual, LUCKY STRIKE was . big favorite. For example one distinguished looking lady was heard to say "I prefer Luckies, -- and so do my daughters." American women everywhere have that taste for the finer things, in cigarettes as in everything else...as the French say, they are "soignee." To show our appreciation of your choice of LUCKIES, Miss America, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties an attractive little bridge card - one of 50 problems worked out by the famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. Everywhere American women are collecting these fascinating cards - solving them, and comparing them. It is only a small thing, this bridge card...it is of no great value...but it is our way of saying, "Okay, Miss America, we thank you for your patronage!" -- We wish you continued enjoyment from the mellow-mildest of cigarettes - LUCKY STRIKE!

ATX01 0269387



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well here we go again to California and the trip will be a quicky....out of Manhattan over that dear Pittsburgh once again....over Indiana...Illinois....Iowa...and what have you.... now up over the cool peaks of the Rocky Mountains...they're forty degrees cooler inside....now down the other side and into the ample lap of Anson Weeks you go.....fall off and

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

ANSON WEEKS:

After that fast trip to San Francisco we start the dancing without delay, playing -----

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

ANSON WEEKS:

Climb about the Magic Carpet, we're leaving San Francisco, flashing across the continent and back to Walter O'Keefe. (WHISTLE)  
OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD OLANEY:

This program has come to you from New York City,  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and San Francisco California, through  
the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

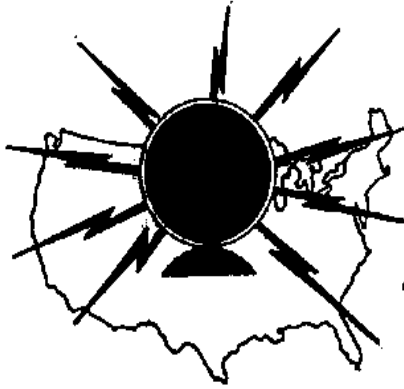
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9/3/32

ATX01 0269389

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60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
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ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

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

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 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:

Well ladies and gentlemen....the last rose of summer is fading and now that we've turned the Labor Day week-end it's time to investigate the Fall styles in Entertainment and Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has plenty up his sleeve to pull on you as the lullaby of the leaves starts to chase you in by the fireside. I'll keep this exciting news a big secret for a few more broadcasts and then spill the works for your amusement....but one thing is certain. The change in the seasons cannot affect the popularity of our cops and robbers stories on Tuesday nights. Like Love or LUCKY STRIKES....those crime thrillers are here to stay....and tonight we've got another honey for young Master America. More about it later.

Joe Moss will furnish tonight's music for dancing and this pet of Manhattan society is a logical choice for the spot. We'll race across the skies to keep our rendezvous with Joe in a few seconds but I know Miss America would like to go window shopping to get a load of the Fall styles. Let's shoot the Magic Carpet up Fifth Avenue where Fashion is staging its own eclipse. If you want to be soignee Miss America look at that window there....you'll see red this Fall....lots of it...look at that window there.... necklines are going up like the Market...sleeves are more prominent... but the old man'll stick to his blue serge....enough about clothes... Here's Joe Moss ready to play for the U.S.A. -- so let's hear it, let's have it. Let's dance to it...and up you go and right onto the dance floor in front of Joe Moss.

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

ATX01 0269391

JOE MOSS:

As the Magic Carpet settles at our feet we play (TITLES)

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

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

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

JOE MOSS:

Now the Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot. (WHISTLE)

OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Moss m'lad your music is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Don't let the bloom leave the rose Joe but keep everything fresh for later on. It's time for us one and all to pause a moment and hear what Howard Olaney has to say.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"! In hundreds of newspapers throughout the country today, millions will see a vivid portrayal of this well-known truth. It is Harland Fraser's painting of Eric the Red -- that marauding Viking chieftain whose devastating vandalism branded him as the "terror of the North". Eric the Red! Another proof that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild". And so we say again and again that raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. Millions have found there are no raw tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE, the mildest of cigarettes. Tobacco experts will tell you that we buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos. But that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette.

(HOWARD CLANEY CONTINUES OVER)

ATX01 0269392

HOWARD OLANEY: (CONT)

The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "It's Toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Right Olaney....now pull your cap down over your eyes and you and I will fare forth to meet the Blonde Bandit, tonight's cops and robbers story -- right here ladies and gentlemen it is appropriate for me to quote a few lines that started off a headline story in yesterday morning's Daily Mirror. Here's what the paper printed.

Four of Hell's Kitchen's desperadoes were vanquished by a single patrolman in a pitched battle in Tenth Avenue yesterday morning. When the smoke cleared away one of the gang was dead. Another, the brother of a West Side terrorist lay dying on the sidewalk.

Then the story goes on to describe the heroism of policeman John Meenan who played Jack the giant killer to these desperadoes. Good work, Meenan...The LUCKY STRIKE family salute you. Well ladies and gentlemen I only bring this up to show what a living vital issue we have on our hands in this relentless warfare with the lawless.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES OVER)

ATX01 0269393



WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONT)

Tonight's cops and robbers story leads Barry Rudd into another tangle....a case you will recognize as it is enacted....the case of the Blonde Bandit. This playlet of crime and criminals comes bodily out of the New York Police Files...and I'll give you a peek into them when I turn you over to Colonel Dominick Henry, Former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York Police who is here at the request of Commissioner Mulrooney. So now...hold your breath... get a good firm hold...hold on tight as I start the Magic Carpet on its way.

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

INSPECTOR HENRY:

All the facts of the story you are about to hear have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department and authenticated by Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney. It is a true story, except that for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime Does Not Pay".

(FIRST PART "THE BLONDE BANDIT)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

There it is kids...the first half of tonight's cops and robbers story dealing with the Blonde Bandit. There you have a shining example of someone biting the hand that feeds them. Angelo ....a pleasant easy going Italian, true to his native tradition, buys a convivial glass on the house and is rewarded by a robbery. Then Dolly goes off her nut...she reaches out for bigger game.... bigger crimes...bigger headlines...Like Lady MacBeth she plays the temptress....egging poor Jim into the cesspool of crime till he's over his head. Will she get away with the Bronx job...or will Barry Rudd the bloodhound pick up the trail and nab her. That remains to be seen and will be solved later in this same program within a half hour.

But listen you out of towners....there is another side to New York we're glad to say....it's the happier side...the social side....Out of seven million people it's inevitable that a handful will go anti-social and criminal...but that seven million...ah they love to dance. They love to trip the light fantastic when Joe Moss plays....he's a big favorite...so let's speed the Magic Carpet back to his Magic baton. Here we go, high over the blazing lights of Manhattan.

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

JOE MOSS:

And we continue the dance with (TITLES)

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

JOE MOSS:

The Magic Carpet speeds over our heads and dashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Bravo Moss and while you're about it have a great big HEZZA also. That was Joe Moss ladies and gentlemen...the pet of the bluebloods...the pet of the red bloods...the pet of those who have rhythm in their veins. We'll go back in a moment but here's where Mr. Claneey reports for a few seconds. Go ahead Howard!

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

--- STATION BREAK ---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Claneey...we'll see you later but here's where the Magic Carpet with a leap and a bound gets off of the ground and into the skies up above...there's Tenth Avenue, kids...look at the corner there where the gangsters got knocked off yesterday...there's the Tombs...the beautifully named prison where they lock 'em up awaiting trial....there's the City Hall where Mayor McKee is taking up his new job....listen to that rumble...they're having a rehearsal for the new Eighth Avenue Subway...listen to that other sound...it's Joe Moss stamping out his one two for the boys to play for your dancing.

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

ATX01 0269396

JOE MOSS:

This time we play (TITLES)

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

JOE MOSS:

There goes the Magic Carpet on that short and speedy trip back to the man at the controls. (WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Joe and I've got to admit that you're hot tonight ....Don't cool off Toots....but wait awhile...I've got to take the Skippys and Hey Skinnys of America in for the second act of tonight's crime thriller. Boys, this Cops and Robbers Story, for the benefit of those who came late for class, is known as the Case of the Blonde Bandit. She's a rough tough squaw who's got her husband under her thumb and into the whirlpool of crime. Like Napoleon she reaches out for new kingdoms...she figures she's too tough to rob little chain stores and drugstores...and so she steps into the big time to knock off a payroll. To make a getaway she and her accomplice have to shoot the clerk in the office...,but he was a stout hearted smart lad and hid the dough under the safe. Watch Barry Rudd go get 'em. It isn't pleasant...it isn't nice...but you must admit it's exciting...thrilling...full of surprises and violence. Move over on the Magic Carpet don't be that way with your kid sister...she wants to hear it too....so here we go right back to Barry Rudd and the chase.

ON WITH THE SHOW...(WHISTLE) OKAY POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART "THE BLONDE BANDIT")

ATX01 0269397

WALTER O'KEEFE:

... They got 'em...they always get 'em...no bullets...no bloodshed...no blunders. Barry Rudd and his pal Mack with the help of the Jacksonville Police landed Dolly and Jimmy Fisher and fortunately your Marcus recovered from his wounds so all's well that ends well and that's especially true in this case because this young married couple did begin life over and began it right. They have been pardoned by the Governor and in the community where they're now living they are respected citizens. I was thinking of this crime thriller riding in on the train from the beach. There was an advertisement that read "ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE...CONSTRUCTIVE PLAY AGAINST RACKETS....MORE BOY SCOUTS MEANS FEW GANGSTERS". It's as true as you're alive kids...now gwan to bed. Tune in at this same time next Tuesday and learn your weekly lesso that "CRIME DOES NOT PAY".

But the lesson's over now...school is out...there's dancing in the air so move over on the Magic Carpet so that everyone can have room. Again, we're over New York....listen to the rumble and roar of it all....look at those bridges over the East River...the Brooklyn Bridge...Manhattan Bridge...Williamsburgh and Queensboro Bridges....and all roads lead to Joe Moss tonight so let's drop in and enjoy ourselves.

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

JOE MOSS:

And we begin the dancing with (TITLES)

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

JOE MOSS:

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

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Moss you scored a touchdown,...you made a home run.... you knocked the ball through the wicket. In other words you made good. And here's where Howard Claney does the same. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A typical American mother speaks! Here is her simple, straight-forward statement: "I prefer Luckies, and so do my daughters". From Coast to Coast the intelligent, sophisticated, soignee women of America have made LUCKY STRIKE their favorite cigarette because it is the mildest cigarette. It's mild because It's Toasted -- and thus free of raw tobaccos! No wonder Mrs. America says "I prefer Luckies, and so do my daughters"! And so, as a token of our appreciation, we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties one of those fascinating bridge problems that women everywhere are saving and solving and talking about. Fifty of these problems have been devised for you by the famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. There is one in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties. If you get one, you'll want them all. It is a small thing, this bridge card -- of no great value, but it is our way of saying, "Okay, Miss America -- and Mrs. America -- we thank you for your patronage.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Come on now you hoofers...whether you dance collegiate, high school, grammar school or kindergarten here's where the Magic Carpet gives you a workout. Look at New York...did you out of towners ever glimpse the glory of it at night time...look at that forest of skyscrapers...they're all lit up...ah it's beautiful... it's one of the wonders of the world....and sitting right on top of the world is that great Manhattan favorite Mrs. Moss little Moss Joseph.

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

JOE MOSS:

Choose your dancing partners everybody, this dance includes (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

JOE MOSS:

Climb on the wonderful Magic Carpet. We're on our way.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O' KEEFE:

(O'KEEFE TO SUPPLY CLOSING LATER)

(CLOSING SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD OLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:O'KEEFE:EJ

9/6/32

ATX01 0269401



101-154-XII

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XII

"THE BLONDE BANDIT"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1932

\* \* \* \*

ATX01 0269402

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XII -- PARTS I AND II

"THE BLONDE BANDIT"

CAST:

BARRY RUDD	OLSEN
MACK	MISS HAYES
DOLLY FISHER	MARCUS
JIMMY FISHER	MRS. DUGAN
SCHWARTZ	MATHER
PATROLMAN POST	PORTER
POLICE SERGEANT	

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XII

"THE BLONDE BANDIT"

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(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . ALL  
POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . THE CASE  
OF THE BLONDE BANDIT. . . REAL PEOPLE.  
. . . REAL PLACES. . . REAL CLUES. . . A  
REAL CASE. . . INVESTIGATED BY TOM  
CURTIN. . . AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE  
COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY. . .  
LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET PROCEED AT  
ONCE. . . TO SMALL RESTAURANT. . . IN  
MANHATTAN. . .

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

(RATTLE OF DISHES IN BACKGROUND)

JIM: This is good ravioli, Angelo.

ANGELO: The real Italian dish. I cooked it myself.

DOLLY: (SARCASTIC) Gettin' a break, ain't we, Jim?

JIM: You said it Dolly. I didn't think we'd get anything -- this late.

ANGELO: Ah, for you I stay up just little longer -- nobody else here. I'm glad you came in.

DOLLY: Well -- that makes us the star boarders, don't it?

ANGELO: I like to see the young people in my place -- especially when they are in love, like you two.

JIM: (GOOD NATURED) Can the soft soap, Angelo.

ANGELO: (CHUCKLES) No, no. You do not fool old Angelo. He is on to you!

DOLLY: (DEADLY) What do you mean -- on to us?

ANGELO: (ABASHED) Why -- I meah -- that you -- and the young man --

DOLLY: What!?!

JIM: Aw, don't mind her Angelo -- she's kidding. Come on, Dolly. Finish your grub. He wants to get home -- don't you, Angelo?

ANGELO: To me, that does not matter -- only -- if you want anything more, tell me right now -- I must fix it myself -- my cook -- he's gone.

DOLLY: So we are all alone here, huh?

ANGELO: That is right -- but don't hurry - don't hurry. (CHUCKLES) Maybe you have little drink with Angelo, huh?

JIM: Sure.

DOLLY: Why not?

ANGELO: (CHUCKLING, GOING AWAY) The bottle is out in the kitchen -- I get it.

(SOUND - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

DOLLY: Well, what are we waitin' for, Jim?

JIM: I just want to be sure there ain't any cook out there.

DOLLY: Ah.-- he's already told us hasn't he?

JIM: He might be wrong, that's all.

DOLLY: Well, you'd hear 'em talking now, if there was.

JIM: (PLACATINGLY) Sure, sure.

DOLLY: And there ain't a sound comin' from that kitchen. So when he comes back --

JIM: Listen, Dolly -- not the gats -- we don't need to use guns for this.

DOLLY: Yeah? What are you gonna do then?

JIM: Well -- an old guy like him -- we could just -- oh, I don't know -- I just don't like the guns, that's all. They might go off.

DOLLY: What are you, yellow?

JIM: No, I'm not yellow-- but I --

(SOUND - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

-- here he is.

ANGELO: (COMING IN) Now we have little wine, hmh?

DOLLY: Sure. Pull up a chair.

(SOUND OF BOTTLE AND GLASSES ON TABLE)

JIM: Three glasses, eh?

ANGELO: Sure. We all drink together.

DOLLY: You think so, huh?

ANGELO: Sure-a -- sure-a -- (DOLLY LAUGHS) Why -- what's-a mat'?

DOLLY: Sit down, greaseball. It's your dough we want, not your wine.

ANGELO: Huh?

DOLLY: Tell him, Jimmy.

JIMMY: All right, Angelo. Just sit still where you are, and keep quiet, or this gun's goin' off.

DOLLY: And I pack a rod, too. Want to see it? There -- how do you like that?

ANGELO: But -- I keep my place open -- I cook for you special -- I thought you were my friends --

DOLLY: Never mind what you thought, dope. Grab the dough, Jimmy. We got no time to lose.

JIMMY: Gimme time to open the cash-register, wontcha?

DOLLY: Well, do it -- do it --

(CASH REGISTER DRAWER OPENS)

JIMMY: There's a stack o' bills in here, Dolly.

DOLLY: For crime out loud, take 'em and stop talking.

ANGELO: No -- No -- That money! He's for the landlord!

DOLLY: That's just too bad.

ANGELO: But -- please -- please -- I will be ruined. My landlord, he --

DOLLY: Tough luck, Angelo -- but we got what's worse than a landlord, and that's a landlady. Come on, Jimmy, let's go --

ANGELO: But -- but -- oh, you rob me -- you take-a my money --

DOLLY: That's right, Angelo. You're finally getting the idea. And you'd better not try to follow us, either -- or you'll find out what these guns are for.

(DOOR SHUTS)

ATX01 0269407

ANGELO: (IN DESPAIR) Santa Maria -- Santa Maria -- Help!  
Police! I have been robbed.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE MOTOR AND HORN STARTS RAPIDLY --  
FADES.

2. SINGLE POLICE SIREN

BARRY: Good morning, sergeant. What is it?

SERGEANT: Good morning, Mr. Rudd. Detective Mack's in with the  
inspector, sir. This report just came in, and he asked  
me to bring it to you. He'll be right in himself, he  
says.

BARRY: All right. Thank you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: (FADING) Yes, sir.

(SOUND OF PAPER) (DOOR OPENS)

BARRY: Hm-mm.

SERGEANT: (FADED) Here's Mr. Mack now, Mr. Rudd.

MACK: (FADING IN) See the report, Barry?

(DOOR SHUTS)

BARRY: Yes. Thanks for shooting it in, Mack. Another stick-up  
job pulled by a girl and a young man, eh?

MACK: Yeh. It sounded to me like the blonde bandit and her  
boy friend.

BARRY: They're probably the same pair who've been working all  
over Manhattan Island all right. Chain stores,  
groceries, drug stores, and so on have been their meat.  
But last night's job was a little, out-of-the way  
Italian restaurant on Greenwich Avenue.

MACK: (MUSING) The blonde bandit. What a break for the  
newspaper boys.

BARRY: Yes. But did you notice, Mack, this report gives the girl's hair as straight and dark -- not as blonde bobbed curly hair.

MACK: Yeah, but it's got the other particulars from the other eye-witness reports on the blonde girl -- the three-quarter sealskin coat, the grey beaded dress, and so on.

BARRY: So it has. Well, it wouldn't be the first time the eyewitnesses disagreed about the color of a woman's hair. And if the two who held up Angelo's restaurant last night were the blonde bandit and her boy-friend, they made one serious mistake.

MACK: How's that, Barry?

BARRY: The report says they'd been eating in that restaurant twelve days. In other words, they haven't left a stick-up and run victim, with only a hazy memory of what they looked like -- but one who can identify them positively.

MACK: So all we have to do is locate the blonde bandit and bring her in, eh?

BARRY: That's right.

MACK: That's just nothing, eh? A mere trifle?

BARRY: We'll get her, Mack, and her partner, with her. They're smart, those two. The jobs they've pulled prove it, even tho they've been small, and with no bloodshed. But if I know crooks, pretty soon they're going to go after the blue chips in the game. And then -- unless we stop them first -- somebody's going to get hurt!

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. POLICE SIREN ONCE
  2. STREET NOISES
  3. DOOR OPENS AND BHUTS

ATX01 0269409



DOLLY: How much from Angelo, Jimmy?

JIM: Hundred and fifty.

DOLLY: All that trouble -- for a lousy yard and half!

JIM: What's the matter with a yard and half?

DOLLY: It ain't enough -- that's what's the matter!

JIM: We been doing all right.

DOLLY: Well, I'm for fewer jobs -- and more money.

JIM: Don't crowd your luck, baby. So far, we've done fine. Plenty of good jobs -- and we ain't had to use the guns once.

DOLLY: Plenty of good jobs -- and you! Jimmy, we're pikers -- we got to get out-a the retail and into the wholesale!

JIM: Yeah -- but you never oughtta crowd your luck. Not when it's holding good.

DOLLY: Luck -- you call this luck -- one room in a Brooklyn boarding house?

JIMMY: I know, honey -- it ain't much -- but we got to lay low.

DOLLY: Well, this is low all right. This landlady is drivin' me nuts.

JIM: Soon as we get enough dough -- we'll go South -- Florida, or somewheres -- and then we'll have the best you bet.

DOLLY: Kid, you're wrong. We got to keep up this livin' in dumps -- until we're set for the big get-away, to South America, or Europe, or some place.

JIM: Suppose we do?

DOLLY: (VEHEMENTLY) I'm sick of it! And I ain't going to do it a minute longer'n I have to!

JIM: Well. . . say, Dolly --- you don't mean that --- you're sick of me, do you?

DOLLY: I'm still here, ain't I? I still go for you, Jimmy, in a big way. Think I'd have married yah if that wasn't so?

JIM: (RELIEVED) Ah. . . gee, Dolly. . . that's great. What do you want to do? Whatever it is -- I'll help yah.

DOLLY: I want to get out of this dump. Quick. It's getting me. One good job, and we can beat it. We can say good-bye to this bum town -- and that nosy landlady. I'll leave her something to think about, you can count on that.

JIM: Yeah....sure. But what's the big job, kid?

DOLLY: A payroll. The Watkins Manufacturing Company, in the Bronx.

JIM: But, Dolly, listen - - -

DOLLY: Listen yourself. I don't want you to be yellow. I want you to have guts.

JIM: Sure - but a payroll's out of our class!

DOLLY: Don't you read the papers? Haven't you heard o' the blonde bandit? There's nothin' out o' my class, Jimmy.

JIM: But ---

DOLLY: This is a cinch. I know a fellow that used to work at the Watkins factory. He told me the payroll gets to the manager's office at twenty minutes of eleven every Saturday morning.

JIM: (SHAKEN) Tomorrow morning. . .

DOLLY: Now you're beginnin' to catch on. Tomorrow morning, we rent a car -- drive to the Watkins Company and hang around till the bank messenger and his guards have gone away. And then. . . we just walk into the manager's office. . . and help ourselves.

JIM: It's -- it's a big job, Dolly.

DOLLY: I'll say it's a big job, Jimmy. And if anyone tries to stop us -- this time we'll shoot -- and shoot to kill.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WESTMINSTER CHIME 3/4 HOUR  
2. TELEPHONE BELL RINGS  
3. RECEIVER UP

MISS H: Watkins Manufacturing Company -- Manager's Office. Oh, good morning. No, I'm sorry, Mr. Olsen is busy just now. Oh, let me see -- it's a quarter of eleven now -- why don't you call back about noon? Yes. Thank you. Good-bye.

(PHONE RECEIVER ON HOOK)

OLSEN: That's right, Miss Hayes. I don't want to take any phone calls till I get the payroll out.

MISS H: Do you want Mr. Marcus to help you?

OLSEN: Yes. Get him in here, will you?

MISS H: (SLIGHTLY FADED) Abe! Mr. Olsen wants you.

MARCUS: (FADING IN) So you're telling me! I've registered.

OLSEN: Better close the door to the outer office, Abe.

MISS H: (STILL FADED) I'll do it.

(DOOR SHUTS)

MARCUS: Well, paying off the wage-slaves, eh, Mr. Olsen?

OLSEN: Slaves, nothing. This is good money we're paying at the factory. Open the safe, will you?

MARCUS: So I ups to the safe, and --

OLSEN: Now, now. Out the comedy and get the safe open.

MARCUS: All right, all right.

(SOUND OF SAFE TUMBLERS CLICKING)

OLSEN: Now let me see. Have you the pay-envelopes, Miss Hayes?

MISS H: (FADING IN) Yes. Here they are, sir.

OLSEN: Put them over on the table, please. Where's the list of employees?

MISS H: I put it right with the envelopes.

MARCUS: Safe door's open, Mr. Olsen.

OLSEN: All right. The bag with the money's in the second compartment. Give it to me.

MARCUS: I got it. Here you are, Mr. Olsen.--

DOLLY: (OFF STAGE) Say, listen -- where's the manager?

OLSEN: Who's that outside?

DOLLY: Come on, Jimmy. We got no time to wait around here.

JIMMY: (ALSO FADED) Yeh. I'm right with you, baby.

MARCUS: Say -- I wonder who it is! Do you know those voices, Miss Hayes?

MISS H: No, I don't --

DOLLY: (FADING CLOSER) This way -- and in the door, Jim.

OLSEN: (LOW AND DISTINCT) Abe -- hide that money! Take that money-bag and put it on the floor -- under the safe -- under -- do you hear me?

MARCUS: Yeh. Yeh. I get it, Mr. Olsen. She's under.

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

DOLLY: Here we are, Jimmy. Now -- which one of you birds is the manager?

OLSEN: Why -- er --

DOLLY: Come on -- come on -- who's the boss?  
OLSEN: Me. I am.  
DOLLY: All right. Just keep your hands up! You too, over by the safe.  
MARCUS: Who, me?  
DOLLY: Yes, you? Up with 'em. You, too, girl.  
MISS H: Look -- look -- it's the blonde bandit!  
DOLLY: In person. All right -- Manager?  
OLSEN: Y-yes --  
DOLLY: Hand over the payroll money to my boy-friend here!  
OLSEN: (STALLING) I - uh - it - uh - it hasn't come!  
DOLLY: Oh, yeah? Pay envelopes on the table? Safe, door open? Jimmy, look in the safe!  
JIM: That's what I'm doin'.  
DOLLY: Pull that junk out of it -- hurry up! We'll be caught if you don't hurry!  
JIM: (SOUND - PAPERS AND BOOKS HURLED FROM SAFE TO FLOOR)  
Nothing in here but a lot of papers and books.  
DOLLY: The money isn't there?  
JIM: Not a cent.  
DOLLY: Listen, you -- manager! Where's that payroll?  
OLSEN: It hasn't come from the bank yet.  
DOLLY: You're stalling -- come on, now --  
MARCUS: That's the truth miss, it ain't here yet!  
DOLLY: Who asked you?  
OLSEN: Honest -- it don't get here till -- twelve o'clock.  
JIM: We know you're lyin'. We saw the bank messenger, and the guards leave five minutes ago - - -  
DOLLY: And if you don't tell us where that dough is -- we'll shoot! Do you get it?

MAROUS: Say, listen, you two can't get away with this!  
DOLLY: Let go of my arm, kid!  
MAROUS: I got her! I got the girl, Mr. Olsen! You grab the  
feller!  
OLSEN: Miss Hayes! Miss Hayes -- run for help!  
MISS H: Help!

(DOOR OPENS)

(FADING) Help -- robbers -- bandits -- help --

JIMMY: Here -- come back here, you --  
DOLLY: Don't go after her, Jimmy! We got to work fast right  
here. You tell us where the dough is, manager -- or  
we'll kill you!  
OLSEN: Don't shoot -- Don't shoot -- it ain't here -- I tell  
you -- it ain't --

(SOUND OF A BLOW. GROAN FROM OLSEN)

JIMMY: I didn't dare shoot, kid. Too much noise -- I socked  
him instead --  
DOLLY: Jim, this kid's got me by the arms -- I can't throw him  
off --  
MAROUS: You bet you can't -- I got you -- you ain't goin' to  
escape --

(BEGIN CROWD FADE IN)

MAROUS: (STRUGGLING) Oh no -- you can't get rid of me --  
DOLLY: Jimmy -- Jimmy! Give it to him!

(TWO DELIBERATE REVOLVER SHOTS)

(GROAN AND FALL FROM MAROUS)

MISS H: This way! They're in here! Robbers -- the blonde  
bandit!

DOLLY: Jim -- let's stay and fight for it -- make 'em come  
across with that payroll!

JIM: No -- too late! Too many of 'em! You run for the car,  
while I cover the crowd with the guns!

DOLLY: We can't make it out the door. Come on through the  
window. We'll back up to it -- Follow me --

JIM: O.K. (CALLING) Keep back -- keep back -- you guys --  
(GLASS CRASH)

That's the stuff, kid. Now, jump, Dolly!

(CROWD AD LIB FADES IN)

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE BLONDE BANDIT. . . HOW WILL NEW YORK  
DETECTIVES. . . TRACK GIRL AND BOY. . .  
WHO SHOT CLERK. . . IN ATTEMPTED PAYROLL  
ROBBERY. . . STAND BY. . . LUCKY STRIKE  
HOUR. . . FOR FINISH THAT HOLDS SURPRISE.

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE.

\* \*

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XII

"THE BLONDE BANDIT"

PART II

\* \*

(POLICE SIREN - FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . ALL  
POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . THE BLONDE  
BANDIT. . . DARING GIRL CROOK. . . AND  
MALE COMPANION. . . SHOOT CLERK IN  
ATTEMPTED HOLD-UP AND ESCAPE. . . POLICE  
DEPARTMENT ASSIGNS DETECTIVES RUDD AND  
MACK TO CASE. . . LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC  
CARPET. . . PROCEED AT ONCE. . . TO  
TAXICAB CROSSING BROOKLYN BRIDGE. . .

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)



(SOUND BACKGROUND -- TAXICAB MOTOR NOISE)

MAACK: What's the idea of running over to Brooklyn, Barry?

The shooting was pulled at a factory in the Bronx.

BARRY: Mack, crooks don't work in their own back yards.

The Bronx is the last place I'd expect to find this pair.

MAACK: Yes, but why Brooklyn?

BARRY: It's not much more than a hunch, when you pin me down to it. I've been reading police reports from every precinct in the metropolitan district.

MAACK: But you think you've got a lead?

BARRY: Here's the dope: -- the landlady of an obscure Brooklyn lodging house has complained to the cop on her beat about a pair of troublesome roomers.

MAACK: (INTERESTED) Yeah?

BARRY: They had a fight -- the landlady and the two lodgers -- and then the couple skipped out, neglecting to pay their board bill. The landlady -- naturally enough, -- tells the policeman that her ex-guests were both tough, ugly customers.

MAACK: Sure -- but that kind of thing happens in every day.

BARRY: Right, Mack. But in this case -- there is one particular angle -- that interests me. Now in about a minute, when we get to the lodging-house, you'll see what it is.

MAACK: Oh. Well, might be something to it.

BARRY: I hope so. You see, I called up the patrolman who made the report -- and he's an unusually smart fellow, let me tell you. He noticed the same thing I did, and had the same idea as to its possible importance.

MACK: Who is he, Barry?

BARRY: Post. Patrolman Harold Post. -- and I miss my guess if it won't be "Detective" before very long. All right, driver -- turn here, and stop down in the middle of the next block --

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TAXI MOTOR UP AND FADE OUT  
2. KNOCKS ON DOOR  
3. DOOR OPENS

POST: Hello, Mr. Rudd -- you got over here quick!

BARRY: If this lead turns out to be good, it'll be because we followed it fast. You know my partner, Detective Mack -- Patrolman Post?

MACK: How are you?

POST: I know Mr. Mack by sight, of course.

BARRY: Now, Post, how about Mrs. Dugan?

POST: She's just in the other room, sir. (FADING) Right through this door --

BARRY: (FADING) Come on Mack.

POST: (FADING IN) Here we are. Mother Dugan, this is Detective Rudd. Will you tell him all about it?

DUGAN: Indeed and I will!

BARRY: Right from the beginning, if you please....

DUGAN: Yes, sor. It was about eight months ago.....this couple came here and took the back room on the next floor up. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, they said their name was. Right from the first there was trouble -- never did I get anything but black looks from them -- especially that girl. She was a bad one, I'm convinced o' that.

MACK: And did she have blonde, bobbed hair?

DUGAN: She did not. Straight and dark it was!

MAACK: Too bad, Barry --

BARRY: Never mind, go on, Mrs. Dugan.

DUGAN: Well, came day before yesterday -- and I brought them a bill, for two week's rent -- last week's, and next week's in advance, for 'tis a rule of my house that --

BARRY: Never mind, Mrs. Dugan -- just tell us what they did.

DUGAN: Yes, sir. Well -- they as good as told me that they'd no intention of payin'. So I said to that girl, I said -- and it's my belief she's the worse of the two of 'em -- I said, I'll slap the sassy face of you! And she turns around as cool as the devil, and laughs at me -- laughs, your honor!

BARRY: So what did you do?

DUGAN: Well, sir -- they were all packed and ready -- they'd carried their bags downstairs -- and just the one little bag still to pack, sir.

MAACK: You thought they were going to run out without paying you, eh?

DUGAN: I did and I looked round for something I could hold for the rent. I saw a picture, in a silver frame -- and that I grabbed hold of! 'Twas a picture of the girl!

BARRY: Did she try to get it back?

DUGAN: She fought like a hell-cat -- but I was too much for her -- though she scratched me with them long cat's nails! You can see the scratches -- right here!

BARRY: And how did she get away?

DUGAN: Well -- the husband, he had already gone downstairs -- and the girl, after she'd scratched at me, grabbed up the little bag, and run down after him.

BARRY: But did you keep that picture?

DUGAN: (FIRMLY) I most certainly did -- and here it is.

BARRY: Thank you, Mrs. Dugan. You've helped a lot! Now, Post, you say the couple then took a taxicab from the stand at the corner. Have you got the cab driver here?

POST: Yes indeed, Mr. Rudd. (CALLS) Oh, Schwartz!

SCHWARTZ: (COMING IN) Yes sir.

BARRY: We'll only keep you a minute.

SCHWARTZ: Ah, that's all right.

BARRY: Did you take two young people away from this block day before yesterday in your cab?

SCHWARTZ: Yeah, I did.

BARRY: Where did they go?

SCHWARTZ: To the Gaxton Hotel, Times Square, Manhattan. I don't get many Manhattan calls -- that's how I remember.

BARRY: All right -- take a look at this picture. Recognize the girl?

SCHWARTZ: Sure. She was the girl that I took to the hotel -- along with the man; but I knew 'em anyhow -- lived here at Mother Dugan's, both of 'em.

BARRY: Very good -- and thank you.

SCHWARTZ: (GOING AWAY) Aw, that's O.K.

b (SOUND - DOOR)

BARRY: Post, you're absolutely right in your hunch about this picture. You've done good work.

POST: Thanks, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: And now, Mack -- I want you to do something in a big hurry.

MAACK: What's that?

BARRY: Take this picture --

MAACK: Yeah --

BARRY: -- take it down to Angelo's restaurant and see if he can identify it as the girl that stuck him up!

MAACK: Right!

BARRY: Wait a minute. After you've done that -- join me at the Gaxton Hotel in Times Square! And move fast, Mack -- will you?

MAACK: (FADING) Sure thing.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

BARRY: Now, do you see where we stand, Post?

POST: I'm not sure, sir -- I think so.

BARRY: If Angelo identifies that photograph, we'll know that the present hide-out of the girl who robbed him is the Gaxton Hotel in Manhattan. And -- here's what's important -- the description of the man with her and every ear-mark of the job -- indicates that she's the same girl who held up the Watkins Manufacturing Company -- The Blonde Bandit!

POST: Except that in the photograph her hair is straight and dark.

BARRY: I may be all wet, Post --, but I figure the other signs outweigh that discrepancy. And just on the chance that Angelo will identify the picture, I'm going over to the Gaxton right now -- as fast as my taxi will get me there.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TAXI MOTOR FAST WITH HORN BLOWING  
2. DOOR OPEN AND SHUT

PORTER: (FADING IN). Was you the detective, suh? Lookin' fo' me?

BARRY: Yes, porter. Here's what I want to know. The clerk tells me there was a Mr. and Mrs. Fisher registered here at the Gaxton. Do you remember handling their baggage?

PORTER: Yassuh, ah does. They had a brand new trunk. But they ain't heah now. I las' seen 'em when they was leavin'.

BARRY: Did you notice anything about them?

PORTER: No suh. Dey was jes' a couple o' people in a hurry, suh.

BARRY: In a hurry, eh? How was the lady dressed?

PORTER: Well she hab on a fur coat down about to the knees -- right bout heah, an --

BARRY: What kind of fur? Sealskin?

PORTER: Ah doan rightly know. De black shiney kind. And she hab a grey dress wid beads on it.

BARRY: Was she a blonde or brunette?

PORTER: Huh?

BARRY: I mean what color was her hair? Light or dark?

PORTER: Oh. I doan remembah dat suh. She gib me half a dollah, dat's all ah kin recollect. But she ain't heah now, sah.

BARRY: I understand that. Now about this trunk -- It was sent down from their room packed and you took charge of it. That right?

PORTER: Yassuh.

MAACK: (FADING IN QUICKLY) Barry! Say, Barry!

BARRY: Hello, Maack. What's the word? You're all out of breath.

MAACK: I've been burning the pavement getting here. What do you know, Barry? Angelo identified the picture!

BARRY: Good.

MAACK: He said he'd never forget the girl -- and the way she looked at him when they stuck him up.

BARRY: Fine. Now let me have the picture for a second. Thanks. Porter, I want you to take a look at this.

PORTER: Yassuh. Ah'm lookin'.

BARRY: Do you recognize that girl?

PORTER: Yassuh. Dat's Mrs. Fisher, suh -- de lady w'ut hab de trunk. But she ain' heah now, suh. She's gone.

BARRY: All right, porter. Just one thing more, now.

PORTER: Yassuh?

BARRY: Can you remember where Mr. and Mrs. Fisher told you to check their trunk to? Think hard, now.

PORTER: Ah doan hab to think suh. Ah remembahs. It was Jacksonville -- Jacksonville, Florida.

BARRY: O.K. Come on, Maack. We're heading South.

SOUND INTERLUDE: TRAIN RUNNING ALONG -- COMING TO STOP.

MATHER: (DOUBTFUL) Well -- we're following your instructions, Mr. Rudd.-- anything you say. We want you to know the Jacksonville police department is absolutely at your disposal.

BARRY: That's appreciated, Captain Mather. We have to work cautiously because these people are very shrewd --

MAOK: Well just the same, Barry, I think -- we ought to have a general round-up -- bring in all suspicious characters. And I'll bet a hat the blonde bandit and her boy friend would be among 'em.

BARRY: No, Mack. Remember how they lay low in Brooklyn? Well, they'll be doing the same thing here.

MATHER: I see your point, Mr. Rudd -- and we've been canvassing the lodging house district, just as you asked us to.

BARRY: I think that's best for a while.

MACK: All the same, Barry, I think --

(TELEPHONE BELL)

MATHER: (SOUND - LIFTS RECEIVER) Police headquarters, Captain Mather speaking. Oh, yes -- Kane. What's the report? What! (ASIDE) He's found 'em. (BACK IN RECEIVER) Where are they, Kane? Yes. Yes -- right! Keep watching -- don't let them see you -- we'll be right over.

(SOUND - REPLACES RECEIVER)

That was one of my men, Mr. Rudd -- he's located them -- just as you said, in a lodging house!

BARRY: All right, let's get over there!

MATHER: (CALLING OUT) Sergeant! Order all available men to come with me.

VOICE: (OFF) Yes sir!

MATHER: Have you boys got guns?

MACK: I've got two 45's.

BARRY: We're set.



MATHER: We'll surround the house -- I'll have plenty of men for front and back.

BARRY: Right! And then you and I and Mack will go in and get 'em! Let's go!

SOUND INTERLUDE -- MOTOR AND RIOT CAR SIREN

DOLLY: Jimmy -- look -- look outside -- they've found us! We're trapped! It's the cops!

JIM: We can get away. We've got to run for it, Dolly.

DOLLY: Look -- no, keep back from the window -- see 'em getting out of the car?

JIM: How about the back window and the fire-escape -- quick!

(SIREN OFF STAGE)

DOLLY: (OFF) No use -- there's a crowd of 'em in the alley!

JIM: (OFF) Over here -- quick, Dolly! Down the back stairs!

DOLLY: (COMING IN) Hurry! We'll make it yet!

JIM: (IN FULL) Stand away while I open the door!

(SOUND - DOOR)

(CROWD -- AD LIB FADING IN)

(SOUND -- HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS)

(SOUND -- DOOR SLAM)

JIM: They're coming up the back stairs! Inside, quick!

(SOUND -- ANOTHER DOOR SLAMMED)

DOLLY: They got us! Oh, Jimmy -- we're sunk. They've got us.

(SOUND -- MEN TRAMPLING UP STAIRS)

JIM: Not yet! Not yet we're not! I'll lock the door!

(SOUND -- CLICK OF LOCK)

Let 'em bust down the door and see what they get!

DOLLY: Jim! No! -- put up the guns -- It's no use --

JIM: What do ya mean - it's no use?  
(SOUND -- KNOCKING)

MATHER: (OUTSIDE BUT DISTINCT) Open up in there! Open up --  
it's the law!

JIM: Lie on the floor, kid -- out o' the way -- let me tend  
to them! I'll show 'em.

MATHER: (OUTSIDE) Come on. Come on -- and open this door --  
or we'll break it down!

JIM: (CALLING OUT) Go ahead and try -- yah dumb coppers!  
Try it -- and see what you get --

DOLLY: Jim, you can't! It's no use, I tell you!

JIM: Hey -- w'atcha doin' Dolly -- Holdin' on to me -- get out  
o' the way so's I can shoot!

DOLLY: Ya poor sap -- don't you see they got us? Yah want to  
make it any worse?

JIMMY: Leggo! You used to talk about me bein' yellow. I'm  
gonna show you now I ain't. Leggo! When they come  
through the door, I'll give it to 'em. . .

MATHER: (OUTSIDE) All right, boys, break down the door. Let's  
go in --  
(SOUND OF DOOR BEING SMASHED DOWN)  
(ONE SHOT -- VERY LOUD)

DOLLY: (CRYING OUT) No -- Jimmy -- No!

BARRY: Hold it -- hold it, Captain Mather -- don't shoot!

JIMMY: Listen Dolly -- for the love of God --

MACK: Look at that, Barry -- she's holdin' herself in  
between the boy and us --

DOLLY: (WITH SLIGHT SOB) Sure -- that's right -- I don't want  
you to shoot him --

MAACK: Better watch him -- he's still got the guns --

DOLLY: You're not goin' to hurt Jimmy --

JIMMY: Dolly -- get out o' the way -- get out o' the way --  
willya --

DOLLY: No, I won't. I'm the one they want. Listen -- I'm  
the one you're lookin' for. I'm the blonde bandit  
-- I did the job up in the Bronx in New York -- and  
I'm the one who shot the clerk.

JIM: That ain't so. It's a lie. She's just sayin' that  
to cover me. I did the shootin' -- she was just  
along on the job -- I'm the feller you boys want.

BARRY: We'll want you both, I'm afraid. Now put those guns  
down, Jimmy. Put 'em down.,

JIM: You won't touch Dolly?

BARRY: No.

JIM: All right. There's the gats.

(SOUND OF GUNS FALLING TO FLOOR)

BARRY: That's it. Mack, will you take charge?

MAACK: O.K. But say, Barry! How can this girl be the blonde-  
bandit -- she looks like that picture -- her hair ain't  
blonde or bobbed -- it's dark and straight.

BARRY: Right. But look on the dresser, Mack.

MAACK: Well, I'll be hanged. A blonde wig.

BARRY: That's it -- isn't it, Dolly Fisher?

DOLLY: I told you it was. We won't make any trouble for you  
now. You got us an' we'll take the rap for what we  
done. But afterwards --

BARRY: Yes, Dolly?

ATK01 0269428

DOLLY:

Afterwards, when we get out -- me an' Jimmy are goin'  
to begin life all over again.

BARRY:

That's the idea, Dolly -- and let me give you some  
advice -- When you do -- begin it right.

POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT

\* \*

ATK01 0269429

R VOICE:

THE BLONDE BANDIT; . . . DOLLY AND JIMMY  
FISHER. . . SENTENCED TEN TO TWENTY  
YEARS IN PRISON. . . YOUNG CLERK MARCUS  
RECOVERED FROM WOUNDS. . . PATROLMAN  
HAROLD POST RAISED TO GRADE OF  
DETECTIVE, . . . FOR GOOD WORK. . .

POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT

RADIO CAR VOICE:

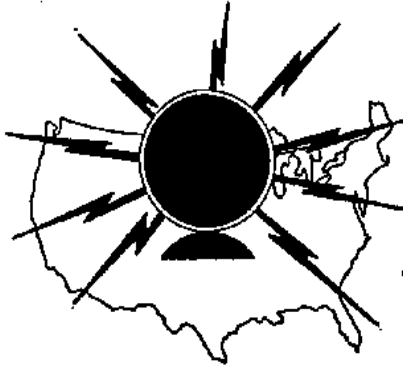
O.K. O'KEEFE.

EJ - 8/30/32

ATK01 0269430

# 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, SEPTEMBER 8, 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 -- here comes the trip the Magic Carpet promised you -- an excursion into the land of laughter. We had a raft of letters answering our inquiries as to your desires in diversion and it all boiled down to this: "What America Needs is a Darn Good Laugh."

You may remember last Thursday night's program when we went to Berlin, Germany. You may also recall how we brought back on our return trip the modern Baron Munchausen, soldier of fortune, adventurer par excellence and raconteur of renown. Later tonight we will be able to announce him.

Tonight is distinguished for yet another reason. It marks the debut on the Magic Carpet of Ferde Grofe, one of the leaders of American popular music. As composer and arranger, he has lead the way for some years now and it is good to know that he has a band of his favorite talented lads -- so let's go get them -- for the first time on the Magic Carpet. So don't crowd -- there is plenty of room up front as we all pile in on Ferde Grofe and his boys ---

ON WITH THE DANCE, (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

The dance begins with -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

ATX01 0269432

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot --  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ferde, let me be the first to congratulate you as I know your fans will by mail. This is your first trip on the Magic Carpet, Ferde, and I merely want to point out that it is our custom to stop right here while Howard Claneey says a few words --

HOWARD CLANEY:

Attila -- the scourge of God! Even after fifteen hundred years we shudder at the barbaric cruelty of Asia's most dreaded plunderer, whose raw, savage tribesmen laid all Europe waste. That was Nature in the raw - and every one knows that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." It's true of tobacco, too -- and raw tobaccos have no place in your cigarettes. They are not present in LUCKIES -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world -- but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "IT'S TOASTED!" That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.



WALTER O'KEEFE:

And here's where we all sit down on the Magic Carpet and gladly absorb a liberal dosage of laughing gas. Mr. Lucky Strike looked into the crystal ball and found out that America's crying need was a darn good laugh. So tonight he brings to the microphone Jack Pearl, alias the Baron Munchausen, famous the world over for his amazing adventures. Ladies and gentlemen -- meet the Baron Munchausen.

(1ST HALF -- PEARL SCRIPT "FISHING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen -- that was Jack Pearl, alias the modern Baron Munchausen, who leaves the microphone under protest and insists that he have a further hearing later on in this same program. Therefore, you may stand by for a wee bit while the Baron ransacks his memory for further dope and data. Meanwhile, it is time to be listening to some of the musical magic that pours from the baton of Ferde Grofe, whose orchestra is receiving its baptism of fire on tonight's program. As I remarked the other night, the figure of Grofe is unique in the American musical scene. Not only has he produced marvelous arrangements in modern style of other composer's brain children, but he has many fascinating compositions of his own. So, as you kick your heels up with a hey nonny nonny and a hot cha cha, study the pattern of musical embroidery that Mr. Grofe weaves into your dance music.

ATX01 0269434

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Very well then -- here we go -- nudging the tops of the buildings, peeking in on the penthouses, Winchelling all the windows and hurrying helter skelter, or maybe just helter, right back to Ferde Grofe ----

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

All ready, Mr. Pilot, here comes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you very much, Ferde, and here my dear fellow, the Magic Carpet turns the half-way point, looks backward, looks forward and listens to Howard Glaney for a few seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

---STATION BREAK---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Grofe -- here's where your pilot pulls the curtain back and lets the audience in on some inside dope. The artistic performance of certain people is often tied up with one conspicuous contribution, but in Ferde Grofe we have a musician who has contributed to the success of the music of others but also had time to gain a name as a composer. Ferde, although your "Grand Canyon Suite" is comparatively a newcomer, I know the audience will enjoy hearing it -- for here, ladies and gentlemen, is a piece of descriptive music that will amaze and amuse you. One of the movements in this Suite is called "On the Trail." Pay close attention to it -- you will hear the burros clop clopping it up the mountain side, you will hear them stall, you will hear them stop by a spring for a drink of water, but why should I keep rambling on -- the music speaks for itself -- so here's where the Magic Carpet follows Ferde Grofe up the trail, through the "Grand Canyon Suite."

ON WITH THE SHOW! (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

(HERE THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS "ON THE TRAIL")

ATX01 0269436

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I hope, ladies and gentlemen, that you enjoyed your journey on the back of those burros with Ferde Grofe's On The Trail. What America needs is a darn good laugh, and so the Magic Carpet makes a trip into the land of laughter -- into the realm of fantasy -- as again we turn the microphone over to that celebrated soldier of fortune, Jack Pearl, alias the modern Baron Munchausen, who will relate some of his extraordinary and almost unbelievable experiences. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Baron Munchausen --

(SECOND PART -- BARON MUNCHAUSEN)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

My friends -- that was Jack Pearl, alias the modern Baron Munchausen, addressing you in the interests of mirth and laughter. Jack Pearl is the celebrated comedian of many a Broadway musical show and is the ambassador of good will who visits you each Thursday night at this time and relates some of his extraordinary experiences. Don't fail to keep your appointment with this lovable character Thursday week.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269437

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

And now we turn from His Excellency, the Baron, to his Excellency - Ferde Grofe. So let's hop on the Magic Carpet and look down on Grofe and his outfit. Look at those tubas; look at those French horns; look at that celeste; look at that brass section full of trombones and cornets; look at that merry, rotund leader with the magic baton in his pretty little pink hands -- fall off -- every one.

ON WITH THE DANCE FERDE GROFE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANNOUNCER:

Again we swing into the dance -- this ' , playing

-- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Now the Magic Carpet takes that short and speedy hop back to the pilot's feet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was Ferde Grofe making good in a big way -- that was Ferde Grofe worming his way into the heart of the Lucky Strike family in his first broadcast on the Magic Carpet. You will hear him again in a few seconds but meanwhile Howard Claney has something to say.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Press dispatches from all over the country tell of women entering more into politics this year than ever before -- modern Miss America is an active citizen, and she has the modern viewpoint -- in cigarettes as in everything else. That's why American women have made LUCKY STRIKE their choice because LUCKY STRIKE is modern....because it is the only cigarette that enjoys that famous purifying process, described by the words "IT'S TOASTED!" -- because it is the mildest of all cigarettes. To show our appreciation of this preference we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties an attractive little bridge card, one of fifty problems worked out by the famous bridge expert, Milton C. Work. This is our way of thanking American women for their choice of LUCKIES as the mellow-mildest of all cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All right now, Miss America, I will admit that you are soigne but let's see how light you are on your feet. After all you certainly are lucky in your choice of orchestras tonight because Ferde Grofe is right up on the top flight in this or any other tournament of talent. Look at that fringe on the Magic Carpet -- it is wagging like my dog's tail and wants to go -- so here we go over the gargoyles of Gotham and slide right down into the lap of Grofe --

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE)    OKAY AMERICA!

ATX01 0269439

ANNOUNCER:

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

(TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to its starting place --

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL SUPPLY CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/8/32

ATK01 0269440

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING JACK PEARL

EPISODE NO. I

"FISHING"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

\* \* \*

ATX01 0269441



"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING JACK PEARL

EPISODE NO 1

"FISHING"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL  
CHARLEY.....STRAIGHT MAN  
MRS. FLOWERCASE.....(ABOUT THREE LINES)  
BUTLER.....ONE LINE

NOTE:

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ATX01 0269442

FADE IN ON

People talking and laughing, etc. with music underneath -- which FADES OUT at dialogue.

BUTLER: The Baron Munchausen!

MRS. FLOWERCASE: (IN SURPRISE) The Baron Munchausen?

CHARLEY: Yes -- a direct descendant of the famous Baron Munchausen -- the most colossal liar in the world.

MRS. F: My word!

CHARLEY: Ssh! He's coming over to us. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Hello, Baron!

BARON: Sharley! Well, well, well and a couple of more wells, a lake and an ocean -- how are you?

CHARLEY: I'm fine, thank you, Baron. Allow me to present Mrs. Flowercase.

BARON: Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Sourface.

MRS. F: Happy to know you, Baron. But I must run along. You don't mind, do you?

BARON: Mind? Huh -- it's a pleasure.

MRS. F: See you later. (LEAVING THE MICROPHONE) Cheerio!

BARON: Cherry pie! Say, Sharley, tell me something -- who's that fellow over there who pronounced me when I came in?

CHARLEY: Why, he's the butler.

BARON: Do me a favor, will you? Tell him he's old enough to wear long pants.

CHARLEY: (LAUGHING) I'll do that, Baron. I haven't seen you in a long time -- how have you been?

BARON: Fine, Sharley, fine -- if I felt any better I'd be sick. I don't have to ask how you feel because you look mar-villerus. You're all sun-brown -- your face looks like a technicolor. Have you been on a vacation?

CHARLEY: Yes, I've been on a vacation. I was on a fishing trip.  
BARON: Fishing! Oh, do I love fishing!  
CHARLEY: Why, Baron, I didn't know you were an angler.  
BARON: I -- what?  
CHARLEY: I say, I didn't know you were an angler.  
BARON: I'm not an angler -- I'm an Elk. What kind of fish you was ketching on your trip, Sharley -- what kind?  
CHARLEY: Flounders.  
BARON: I mean fish -- what kind of fish you was ketching?  
CHARLEY: I told you -- flounders.  
BARON: (LAUGHING) That's bait.  
CHARLEY: Don't be silly -- these flounders weighed from four to five pounds each.  
BARON: Still bait.  
CHARLEY: What do you mean -- bait?  
BARON: Just what you heard me. Where I used to fish we used six, seven, even eight pound flounders for bait.  
CHARLEY: Where did you fish?  
BARON: Up in Skoshish Novis.  
CHARLEY: Where?  
BARON: Up in Skoshish Novis.  
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I don't get it.  
BARON: What's the matter, Sharley -- is there something wrong with your hearing. I told you I was up in Skoshish Novis.  
CHARLEY: Wait, I have it -- you mean Nova Scotia.  
BARON: Yeh -- you took the word right out of my mouth -- that's the place -- and there's where you get fish. It was nothing for me and my boy Owgust to jump in a boat and row over to the Catalina Islands and --

CHARLEY: (INTERRUPTING) Here, here -- wait a minute, Baron.  
The Catalina Islands are on the Pacific Coast.

BARON: I know -- but this was before they moved them. Well,  
anyhow, we used to take a motor boat and row out to a  
shiff --

CHARLEY: Row out to what?

BARON: You know - de shiff - de big shiff ---

CHARLEY: You mean a ship, a boat, a vessel --

BARON: Please - one is enough -- so we used to take a motor  
boat and row out to the shiff --

CHARLEY: (INTERRUPTING) Baron -- please -- let's get this  
straightened out. You say you took a motor boat and  
rowed?

BARON: Yes -- and when we got out to the shiff --

CHARLEY: (INTERRUPTING) Just a moment -- regarding this motor  
boat -- wasn't the motor functioning?

BARON: The motor was -- what is that functioning?

CHARLEY: Was the motor in good condition -- in good running  
order?

BARON: Oh, sure, sure -- it was one of those what you call --  
boil canners. (AD LIB)

CHARLEY: You mean oil burners.

BARON: Yeh. (LAUGHING) I got the peddler before the  
push-cart. What I mean is - it was one of those spit  
boats.

CHARLEY: One of those what?

BARON: Spit boats -- spit boats.

CHARLEY: Baron - I'm sorry - I don't know what you're talking about.

BARON: It's the boat -- the noise it makes - you know - spit - spit - spit -

CHARLEY: Well, if the motor was in good condition, why did you row out to the ship?

BARON: Because the best the motor could do was one hundred miles an hour -- and I could row faster.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

BARON: Well, anyhow, when we got to the fishing shiff --

CHARLEY: (INTERRUPTING) Was it a fishing smack?

BARON: Smack? Huh -- it was much bigger -- it was a sock! When we got there they pulled up the -- er -- you know -- that thing what holds the shiff to the downstairs of the ocean --

CHARLEY: You mean they weight the anchor.

BARON: No, they didn't weight it, but I should say it weight at least a ton. And when they got it on deck one of the sailors picked it up and --

CHARLEY: (INTERRUPTING) Hold on, Baron -- don't tell me a sailor picked up an anchor that weighed a ton?

BARON: Was you there?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: Well, he picked up the anchor -- with one hand -- and with the other hand he opened the hatchet --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron -- you mean the hatch.

BARON: Ye -- I -- why did I ever meet you? Why must you always argue --

CHARLEY: I'm not arguing, Baron, but there is no such thing on a ship as a hatchet -- you mean the hatch -- the hatch -- where they put the cargo.

BARON: Don't be foolish, Sharley -- no cars go there -- it was a shiff -- not a garage -- Well, as I was saying, he picked up the anchor and chucked it down to the bottom of the shiff.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, -- but I don't believe it.

BARON: If I wasn't telling it to you I wouldn't believe it myself. But, anyhow -- when the anchor hit the bottom of the shiff -- what do you suppose happened?

CHARLEY: I'm ready for anything. What happened?

BARON: It went right through the bottom. And now comes the funny part. When I think of it I have to laugh myself sick.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: They had to pull the anchor up again.

CHARLEY: What about the hole in the bottom of the ship -- didn't the water rush in?

BARON: Did it rush in! You never saw so much water -- tons and bushels.

CHARLEY: What did you do about it?

BARON: We knocked a hole in the side of the shiff and let it run out again.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! And then I started fishing. I took a nine pound flounder and played amateur night.

CHARLEY: What do you mean -- amateur night?

BARON: I gave him the hook. And when I got the nine pound flounder on the hook --

CHARLEY: Now, listen, Baron, you know as well as I do that you don't use nine pound flounder for bait.

BARON: Was you on this fishing trip with me?

CHARLEY: Why no -- certainly not.

BARON: So I put a nine pound flounder on the hook and chucked the line overboard. What happened? Zoom! Bang and another Zoom! The first thing I got was a whale!

CHARLEY: My dear Baron -- do you expect me to swallow that?

BARON: No, Sharley -- I don't expect you to swallow a whale -- the only man who ever did that was Jonah. I started to pull the whale in --

CHARLEY: (INTERRUPTING) I know for a positive fact that a whale cannot be caught on a flounder. Whales rush into a school of sardines and devour thousands of them at a time.

BARON: They -- the whales? -- they rush into a school of sardines and devour thousands at a time?

CHARLEY: Absolutely.

BARON: My goodness! How do they get the cans open?

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, understand me. I'm talking about live sardines in schools. Surely you have seen sardines in schools?

BARON: No -- but I've seen a lot of dead herring in colleges. Well, after I ketches the whale I went after a puffeduffer --

CHARLEY: A what?

BARON: My goodness! Don't you hear good? A puffeduffer. Didn't you ever heard of a puffeduffer?

CHARLEY: Never. What kind of a fish is that?

BARON: A very exclusive fish. He swims backwards to look where he's going to see where he came from.

CHARLEY: Why -- that's very clever.



BARON: Puffeduffers don't mix with the other fishes -- no sir. They swim by themselves and that's why they are very hard to catch. To catch this fish you have to use cake for bait.

CHARLEY: Cake! What kind of cake?

BARON: Fish-cake.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! It took me nine days -- but at last I got one -- a small one.

CHARLEY: A small one.

BARON: Yes -- about seventy-five pounds.

CHARLEY: Oh, a baby one!

BARON: Sure, it didn't look like it was even born yet. Why, I was going to throw it back. And now comes the hard part -- that is the cooking of the puffeduffer.

CHARLEY: Difficult I suppose.

BARON: Oh, you have no idea -- in the first place you got to cook a puffeduffer alive -- on a piece of plank.

CHARLEY: On a piece of plank?

BARON: Yes. You lay him on the plank and you sing to him until he falls asleep.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! Then you quickly open the oven and push the plank in and close the door. When the oven gets hot the puffeduffer wakes up -- because puffeduffers do not like heat. They are strictly a cold water fish. He runs around to turn off the heat, but can't find the place -- he becomes exhausted and lays down on the plank again. In a few hours he is burnt to a crisp --- then you open the oven -- take out the puffeduffer, throw him away and eat the plank.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

PART II

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

(SOUND OF LAUGHING)

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron -- you're a case!

BARON: What is that?

CHARLEY: I said -- you're a case.

BARON: Oh no -- you flatter me by eleven bottles -- By the way, Sharley -- did I ever tell you about the time I was fishing for seals?

CHARLEY: You don't fish for seals, Baron.

BARON: Oh, I didn't use a line! No sir -- I used a net -- and on the first haul I got ninety-two seals.

CHARLEY: Ninety-two seals! In the net?

BARON: No -- gross -- only ninety net.

CHARLEY: What do you mean?

BARON: I had to throw two of them away.

CHARLEY: What was wrong with the two?

BARON: They were imitation seal -- just dyed muskrat.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! But the best thing I ever ketched was a mermaid.

CHARLEY: You're not going to tell me you caught a mermaid!

BARON: Sharley, you don't think I'd lie, do you?

CHARLEY: Why, no, Baron, certainly not. How did you catch the mermaid?

BARON: It was like this -- eight years ago I was shipwrecked on a de-sert island.

CHARLEY: You mean a desert island.

BARON: I said a de-sert island.

CHARLEY: But there's no such thing as a de-sert island, Baron.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Of course I wasn't there.

BARON: Then it was a de-sert island.

CHARLEY: All right -- have it your way -- I s a de-sert island.

BARON: I was on this desert island --

CHARLEY: Oh --

BARON: Why can't you ever agree with me? I was there for three months and all I had to eat was cocoanuts -- and you know, Sharley, when a man eats ocoanuts for three months he's bound to go nuts. So I made a fish-line out of grass, tied on a piece of cocoanut and chucked it into the water -- and the first think I ketched was a mermaid.

CHARLEY: Please, Baron -- don't ask me to believe that.

BARON: Why, Sharley, you don't think I would lie, do you?

CHARLEY: I should say not! But when you tell me you caught a mermaid -- well, it sounds a little fishy.

BARON: She wasn't a fishy -- she was a mermaid. And oh, Sharley, was she beautiful! Right away I fell in love with her -- and she fell in love with me. Every day she used to dive in the ocean and come back with an armful of muscles, oysters and finan haddie.

CHARLEY: Finnan Haddie.

BARON: Maybe it was cod-fish -- anyhow, we used to cook them on the beach and oh, Sharley, for six months life was just one fish after the other. We used to play house -- she was the mamma and I was the papa.

CHARLEY: Oh -- that's cute.

BARON: Isn't it? I have my moments. At night we would kiss each other so long -- and she would dive into the water and go to sleep on the bed of the ocean and I'd lay on the sand -- full of love -- and fish.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron.

BARON: Oh Charley. One morning she came ashore with a mock turtle.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron -- there's no such thing as a mock turtle.

BARON: Excuse me, Sharley. I don't like to argue but was you there that morning?

CHARLEY: No I wasn't.

BARON: So she came ashore with a mock turtle --

CHARLEY: Oh - now --

BARON: What's the matter? You think I would exag -- exag--

CHARLEY: The word is exaggerate.

BARON: You think I would do it? Well, this mock turtle came ashore, and she made me some mock turtle soup. While we were eating it a ship came to anchor and I was rescued.

CHARLEY: That was a lucky break wasn't it?

BARON: Sure but when I said goodbye to her it broke my heart--- and hers too. Because you know Sharley, I couldn't take her on the ship with me. So we said goodbye --

CHARLEY: It must have been a sad parting.

BARON: You can't imagine. She cried and said: "Something tells me that some day we'll meet again." That was eight years ago, Sharley, tell me something -- am I sweating or crying?

CHARLEY: Looks to me like you're crying.

BARON: I guess I am -- because I feel sad, Charley -- so sad.

CHARLEY: Why should you feel sad after eight years?

BARON: Because I never expected to see her again -- I had almost forgotten her -- but this afternoon --  
(SOB)

CHARLEY: Come, come, Baron -- don't give way -- pull yourself together. What happened?

BARON: (SOBBINGLY) I -- I -- opened a can of kippered herring and -- and -- and one of them jumped up -- kissed me -- and said: -- "Hello, papa!"

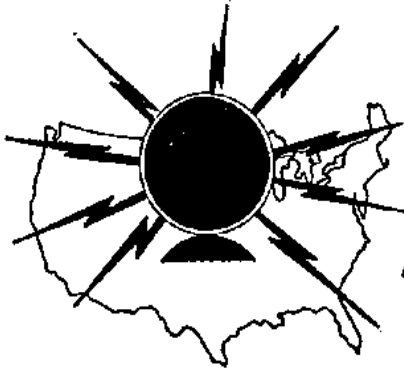
CHARLEY: Oh Baron.

BARON: Oh Sharley.

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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, SEPTEMBER 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:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, as I see new faces come upon the Magic Carpet, I begin to feel like any pilot feels who has flown thousands and thousands of miles. Since I took over the controls three months ago, we have done plenty fine and after having a long talk with Mr. Lucky Strike, I realize that my Summer was merely an apprenticeship to tune me up for the Fall ahead. There is one thing that I knew would happen. I felt certain with the first broadcast by Hal Kemp from Chicago, that his speedy return to our midst would be inevitable. This has happened. The letters have poured in asking for a repeat of this Southern gentleman's big melodic moments. Inasmuch as Hal has just won his spurs on the Magic Carpet, he will share headline honors tonight with that well established favorite from California -- Anson Weeks -- so first of all -- let us go get Hal Kemp and I do hope he sings that opening chorus from the Pulitzer prize play "Of Thee I Sing" called "Wintergreen for President" -- so grab yourself a seat on the Magic Carpet -- open your ears -- open your eyes -- open your hearts to Hal Kemp, who is waiting for us as we sweep across the skies -- come out of a tail spin -- and sit down at his feet in the lovely Trianon Ballroom. Happy landing everybody -- and --

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

ATX01 0269457



CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Welcome to Chicago, where Hal Kemp and his orchestra  
will play -- (TITLES)

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet now flies the familiar route from  
Chicago back east.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mr. Kemp you have covered yourself with glory and  
that goes for the yokels who sing all the vocals. The family wants  
to be remembered to Saxie -- to John at the piano -- to Gus and to  
Skinny -- the four horsemen of the air waves. Pick you up later,  
Hal, but meanwhile -- let's pick up Howard Claney, who has very  
little to say, but it's important.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Into the valley of death rode the six hundred!"  
What a stirring picture that calls to our minds! The Charge of the Light Brigade! When a regiment of England's crack horsemen was blotted out by the ruthless fire of overwhelming numbers in the furious battle of Balaklava! There was Nature in the Raw for you! And there you see another piece of evidence that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." Apply this homely truth to the cigarette you smoke. Remember that raw tobaccos have no place in your cigarette. 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:

So far, so good, my fellow travelers -- that last lyrical and musical folderol and fiesta furnished by Hal Kemp was only an appetizer. Now the Magic Carpet, like a horse raring to go to his own barn is rushing it across country to visit Anson Weeks in San Francisco -- Anson Weeks, old favorite of LUCKY STRIKE dancers. We're not gonna stop -- but there's Cleveland below -- Hello Toots.... Detroit on the right.....there's Davenport down there by the Mississippi...tip your hat to Denver...put on your ear muffs..... we're going over the Rockies...and now we land sunnyside up at the feet of Anson Weeks and his Mark Hopkins Hotel Orchestra.

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

ATX01 0269459

ANSON WEEKS:

Good evening, this is Anson Weeks in San Francisco,  
where the Mark Hopkins Hotel Orchestra plays -- (TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet flashes high above San Francisco and  
speeds across the continent back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Anson Weeks, mi amigo, playing from San  
Francisco and we'll have more of that later. Meanwhile, we'll let  
you catch your breath for awhile and I have a couple of things to  
do myself. How are you? For instance, I have to get my music  
ready. Remember when you were a kid, you used to carry it to a house,  
rolled up in a leather case....well....I didn't have to be coaxed to  
sing then and I haven't got to be coaxed now. I feel like singing,  
but Howard Clane feels like talking...He has some words of wisdom  
so -- MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Surely these words serve, in a great measure, to explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I have had some mighty interesting mail in the last couple of weeks and a lot of people want me to take off my shoes and sing that hill billy again "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." But I am saving that for Thursday night, when we'll all be in a light, trapezy mood listening to the adventures of Jack Pearl, alias the Baron Munchausen, on the LUCKY STRIKE Hour. Meanwhile, keep your gracious, patient ears open while I sing a guy lament of two lovers who just couldn't say good-bye.

(MR. O'KEEFE SINGS "WE JUST COULDN'T SAY GOOD-BYE.")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was your pilot, ladies and gentlemen, just getting over a vicious cold on a Coast to Coast hook-up and is today a red letter day in New York history -- I ask you.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269461

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

You out-of-towners who've gotten lost in the old New York subway system should visit us now -----today we open the new one called the Eighth Avenue Subway -----and it is so luxurious that I forgot myself ----asked the porter to make up the lower berth and wake me at 125th Street. You can't imagine what a load it is off my mind to have the new subway open. Since 1925 I have been a subway excavation hole looker-inner-at and it has aged me beyond my years ----today I squander a brand new nickel on this glorious, luxurious new underground railway and take my word for it, ladies and gentlemen, it is still the subway ----Well, enough of this chatter, we've got to travel and in about two seconds we should be way out in Chicago, Illinois where Hal Kemp is playing for you. Here we go along the shore of Lake Erie, tip your hats to Toledo, smile down on Gary and grab your partners as we vault gracefully over the State line and drop in on Hal Kemp.

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

You're back in the Windy City again where Hal Kemp and his orchestra will play -- (TITLES)

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

15

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

From Chicago, the Magic Carpet shoots back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Bully, bravo, huzzah, and hurrah, hurray and hooperdooper. In other words, Kemp, we think you're a little bit all right as our British cousins say. As I recall, Hal, you used to be very generous with the lads in your band so why not buy a round of LUCKIES for them all while Howard Claney passes on some very stout and sound advice.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Today, women in all walks of life enjoy the taste and relaxation that lies in a fine cigarette. LUCKY STRIKE is proud that it's purifying process paved the way to greater enjoyment for millions. "TOASTING" gave America a truly mild cigarette. A cigarette that's free of raw tobaccos. And so it became the favorite cigarette of American women, just as it is the favorite of the men. As a token of our appreciation we have placed in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties a fascinating problem in bridge. Fifty of these problems have been devised for you by that famous expert Milton C. Work. If you get one, you'll want them all. A small thing, this bridge card -- but actions speak louder than words -- and it is our way of saying "Thank you, ladies, one and all, for your recognition of LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest of cigarettes!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, the Magic Carpet is waving in the breeze. The nose of our sturdy craft is heading into the wind and pointing straight across the country to the other seaboard. So take one swift peek at the new Rockefeller Center.... now over Pittsburgh...we stopped there last week.....tonight we fly on....go right past the Windy City this time....over the Missouri River,...thread our way through the peaks of the Rockies. The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet rolls into San Francisco like a tidal wave loaded down with ten million people who want to dance....so it is

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

ANSON WEEKS:

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

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

ANSON WEEKS:

Now the Magic Carpet dashes eastward from the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT -- OPTIONAL)

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

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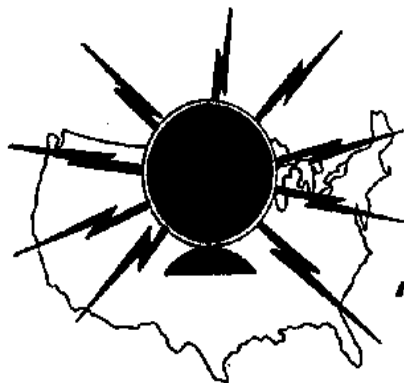
AGENCY/O'KEEFE/Chilleen  
9/10/32

ATX01 0269465



# 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, SEPTEMBER 13, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening Uncle Sam and my greetings for your better half. And now with the glad-handing over for the evening, your Pilot will get to work, warm up the Magic Carpet and let her roam up over the air-waves and into the realm of adventure.

Tonight, as you jolly well know without my telling you, happens to call for another one of our thrilling dramas of crime. These quick glimpses into the underworld have become established in the hearts of all America as the Cops and Robbers stories....and the one slated for this program will be, I think, very much to your taste my hearties. It's called the Motor Parkway Murder....the slaying on that beautiful ribbon of road that hurries out through the heart of Long Island....we'll take you there later but let's start off the evening with the well-known bang and call for a musical salute from that big favorite from the Waldorf Astoria.....Jack Denny and his lads. Did you ever dance up on that Starlight Roof....ah it's a delightful pleasure...so imagine you're going there....going there on the Magic Carpet. Look out Denny here we come, so sound your A and --

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

Everybody out on the dance floor as we play -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot,

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You have just had an appetizer of music served up piping hot by the suave urbane Jack Denny. But now it's time to listen to Howard Claney. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Do you remember, in Jack London's thrilling story "The Call of the Wild".....that savage battle between the half-wild Alaskan "husky" and a vicious wolf? That was "Nature in the Raw" and how well Jack London knew that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild". It's true of raw tobaccos as well. That's why raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes! They are not present in LUCKIES....the mildest cigarette you ever smoked. We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world -- but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "IT'S TOASTED." That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

ATX01 0269468

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now for the fireworks ladies and gentlemen...with tonight's mystery thriller. Every time we stage one of these cops and robbers stories we prove the same old proposition that crime does not pay. For instance, tonight this sketch is founded on facts in the Police files of Nassau County on Long Island, and New York City. It is known as the Motor Parkway Murder...in other words, you're in for a ride.....didja hear me....a ride....the Magic Carpet is going to give you a trip in the death car...right in the back seats with the killers and the victim....then we'll let you watch Barry Rudd the dependable...the methodical....the successful gather the strands of loose evidence into a blanket of evidence on the lads that gets 'em....Here's where I flip the many millions of you right into the sturdy arms of Colonel Dominick Henry, Former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York Police, who is here because Commissioner Mulrooney picked him out for the job. Take care of them all Inspector.....

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

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The case which you are about to hear has been dramatized from facts in the official records of the Nassau County and the New York Police Departments, and is authenticated by New York Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, and Inspector Harold King of Nassau County. This is a true story, except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime does not pay."

(FIRST PART -- "MOTOR PARKWAY MURDER")

ATX01 0269469

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, as my dear Aunt Mame used to say it takes all kinds of people to make the world"....and as for those snakes in the grass Hienie and Shiek....you can have them. I don't want any part of them. So now you can sit back and rack your brains on the solution.

Let's look at the picture and get a panoramic view of it all.....reading from left to right X marks the spots where they found Feeney's body....then you've got a pair of thugs on each side of Kitty.....and of course "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." In the French Police System....when a crime comes up the Police always holler out "Cherchez la femme"....Search for the woman. Maybe Barry Rudd will get something there. Stand by for the solution of this mystery....watch Barry use only a watch and chain, some bullets to track down his man. You'll have a short intermission from our cops and robbers story....we'll come back to the case within a half hour....but right now look over the crowd and pick yourself an opponent. The LUCKY STRIKE family is going to a dance...up we go... higher higher.....higher I tell you now over you go and down we shoot... what's that getting bigger and bigger....why it's Jack Denny's smile so let's greet him with a lusty gusty

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

JACK DENNY:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Denny has been straining his baton to keep your feet shuffling, ladies and gentlemen, and now while you pause and pick out another partner we'll give you Howard Claneey with some real big news!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The manufacturers of Certified Cremo Cigars agree with President Hoover and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt that prosperity will return when the expenses of government are reduced. It is beyond our power to reduce government expenses, but in our own field we gladly do our bit. Here's a most important announcement for cigar smokers -- twenty words -- no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

We are very happy to make this important announcement to the millions of smokers who want a fine, long-filler cigar of modest price. Certified Cremo at five cents has for years been America's greatest cigar value. Now at FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT -- THREE FOR TEN CENTS -- Certified Cremo ushers in a new and still greater cigar value. This is made possible by our tremendous reserve of fine long-filler tobacco, our modern up-to-the-minute methods of manufacture and our large volume sales. The great savings thus effected are now passed on to you. No matter where you live, in city, country, town or village, you will find Certified Cremo Cigars of the same fine uniform quality that you have always enjoyed...the same in size and the same famous Perfecto shape. Finished under glass for your sanitary protection...Certified Cremo - NOW - FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT -- THREE FOR TEN CENTS.

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now ladies and gentlemen...time is flying by and so we head into the wind, poke our nose into the clouds and start out in the darkness to look again for Jack Denny. He's got the place you've got the time...and all God's ohillun got wings...so up up up you go on the Magic Carpet and then down again for another informal call on Denny.

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

ATX01 0269472

JACK DENNY:

And the dance does go on with -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

Get ready Walter, here comes your Magic Carpet.

(over music) ...

WALTER ALBERT:



WALTER O'KEEFE:

There's no question but what tonight's thriller proved its proposition. Kitty blew up under shrewd questioning.... gave the names of the two supposed thugs....and the score at the finish chalks up another victory for law and order with the two criminals locked away in prison for a long long time. If they want to be criminals when they get out....those two lads will have to use wheel chairs....they'll be plenty old. And so our weekly cops and robbers story is over and it proves as usual that crime does not pay....Tune in next Tuesday and we'll take you on another trip.

Now.....Miss America is going to dance with Joe College....Ma's gonna dance with Pa....creditors and debtors will all join hands....ah there's no limit to the idea....up on the Magic Carpet....as we sweep over Manhattan and look for a soft spot to land. We're out to find Jack Denny of the Waldorf-Astoria Roof.... up there he plays for the elite of New York and he's ready to play for you all right now.

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

JACK DENNY:

Swing your partners as we play -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

Back to the man at the controls flies the Magic  
Carpet!

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good work Denny and stand by....we've got more in  
store for you...but here's the place for Howard Claney to lift his  
voice. Howard...the microphone is yours.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Modern America -- more air-minded than ever these  
days! From Chicago comes news that more people -- men and women  
alike -- rode last month in passenger planes than ever in history.  
The smart American woman is just as modern as her husband or  
sweetheart -- instinctively she chooses the modern, up-to-the-minute  
thing, in cigarettes as in everything else. That is why American  
women everywhere have chosen LUCKY STRIKE -- the modern cigarette.  
As one distinguished-looking woman put it: "I prefer LUCKIES, and  
so do my daughters." It is in appreciation of this overwhelming  
choice by the women of America, that we have placed in every tin of  
LUCKY STRIKE Fifties, an attractive little bridge card, one of  
fifty problems worked out by the famous bridge expert, Milton G.  
Work. This is our way of thanking American women for their choice  
of LUCKIES as the mellow-mildest of all cigarettes.

ATX01 0269475

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Come on lads and lasses let's see if you can take it....  
let's see if you've got the breath for another breathless dash across  
the rooftops of little old New York to Jack Denny. Wait for the  
boat....look pleasant....see the birdie....ah you're a picture of  
content and expectation....shove your right foot forward and keep  
time with Mr. Denny.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

We swing right into the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

Now the Magic Carpet makes one fast flight right back  
to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All out....this is the end of the line...the Denny boys have picked up their bats and ball and won't play any more. The crime thriller is over...the lights are going out all over our Magic Carpet Theatre of the air and the electricians are out in front of the theatre sticking up a new name in lights for Thursday night. Come one come all....to what Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has christened "Laugh Night." My boss sounded out popular opinion and came back with the discovery that what America needs is a darned good laugh. So he sent the Magic Carpet out and found Jack Pearl, alias the modern Baron Munchausen. The Baron will face the microphone Thursday night and relate some more of his almost unbelievable adventures and George Olsen will bring his Ethel and that band of horn-tooters led by Fran Frey into your home....and Mr. Claney and I will, as usual, lead the cheering squad. Meanwhile I'm going home to train for the event so I'll be saying Goodnight to you all.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/13/32.

ATX01 0269477

60-154-XIII

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIII

PARTS I AND II

"THE MOTOR PARKWAY MURDER"

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1932

\* \* \* \*

ATX01 0269478

SU-154-XIII

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIII

PARTS I AND II

"THE MOTOR PARKWAY MURDER"

CAST:

BARRY	SHEIK CARSON
MACK	HUGO
INSPECTOR PRINCE	JACK DAVIS
FRANK FEENEY	KITTY MANNING
HEINIE SCHLAGER	JANITOR
1ST AVIATOR	CAPTAIN ROGERS (U.S.S. LYNN)
2ND AVIATOR	

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ATX01 0269479

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIII

PART I

"THE MOTOR PARKWAY MURDER"

(SIGNATURE .. POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

ALL POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . ALL  
POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . THE MOTOR  
PARKWAY MURDER. . . REAL PEOPLE. . . .  
REAL PLACES. . . REAL CLUES. . . A REAL  
CASE. . . INVESTIGATED BY TOM CURTIN. .  
AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER  
EDWARD P. MULROONEY AND INSPECTOR HAROLD  
KING OF NASSAU COUNTY. . . LUCKY STRIKE  
MAGIC CARPET. . . PROCEED AT ONCE. . .  
TO GANGSTER'S HANGOUT. . . IN MANHATTAN.

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

(SOUND - A DOOR SLAMMED HARD)

SHEIK: (BREATHING HEAVILY) Anybody follow us -- in the hall?  
HEINIE: (ALSO BREATHING HARD) No -- we're safe -- this time.  
KITTY: What's the matter with you guys?  
SHEIK: It's Feeney -- he nearly got us in a jam.  
KITTY: (QUICKLY) Is he hurt?  
HEINIE: Naw. Him and me and the Sheik here is tryin' to pick up a car in Foist Av'nah; we're woikin' on the lock when I spots John Law toinin' the corner. And then --  
SHEIK: I hollers "scram" to Feeney!  
KITTY: Be quiet, Sheik -- let Heinie tell me.  
HEINIE: The Sheik says "Beat it", like he told yah. . . but that don't go wit' Feeney.  
KITTY: Yes. . . go on --  
HEINIE: So he pulls out a gun and shoots at the oop.  
SHEIK: An' I says to Heinie -- "Let's get out o' here!" And --  
KITTY: (INTERRUPTING HIM) And here you are.  
HEINIE: Do yah blame us?  
KITTY: (THOUGHTFUL) No, Heinie -- I can't say I do.  
HEINIE: That guy Frank Feeney is askin' for trouble -- beggin' for trouble.  
SHEIK: And I'd like to see him get it!  
HEINIE: Sure you're right, Sheik -- the kid's right, Kitty. When Feeney pulled this mob together, we was goin' to work on cars an' stick-ups -- strictly on the quiet -- and no rough stuff! Now what? The minute he sees a copper, he starts throwin' lead -- and fixin' to send us all to the hot spot! Well, that stuff don't go.  
(TAKES A MOMENT) And besides ---



KITTY: (WHEN HE HESITATES) Yeah?

HEINIE: I'm sick of Feeney and having him tell me where to head in!

SHEIK: Yeah -- that goes with me too.

HEINIE: There ain't no reason why Feeney should run our crowd instead of you an' me.

SHEIK: You said it, Heinie.

KITTY: You wouldn't talk like that if he was in front of you.

HEINIE: Wait'll he gets here. ---

KITTY: I don't blame you for feelin' sore -- but you guys tellin' Frank Feeney where to get off -- that's a laugh.

HEINIE: (ANGERED) Oh, I get it. He's got you dizzy.

KITTY: What of it?

HEINIE: Don't be a sap.

KITTY: What do you mean, Heinie?

HEINIE: I may as well give yah the needle now -- you've asked for it.

KITTY: About Frank?

HEINIE: It's another dame, another dame, yah dummy! Ohoese, it's took you a long time tah get wise.

KITTY: I don't believe it. You're lying!

SHEIK: No he ain't -- not this time. I seen her. A big blonde.

HEINIE: Yah didn't expect any different, did yah, Kitty?

KITTY: You're liars -- both of you!

SHEIK: Come on -- grow up! Grow up! You're twenty-one.

KITTY: And you -- you smooth snake-in-the-grass -- You're --

(SOUND - DOOR OPENED QUICKLY)

FEENEY: (IN DOOR - OFF) What's the trouble? What's all the hollering about?

KITTY: Frank!

(SOUND - DOOR CLOSED SMARTLY)

FEENEY: (COMING IN) Yeh, baby -- it's me all right.

KITTY: They said you -- they said you had trouble with a cop.

FEENEY: No trouble. I thought I could drop him -- but it was too dark, I missed.

KITTY: And you're -- all right? They didn't follow you, or anything?

FEENEY: I got away. But (NASTILY) yah should ha' seen the boy friends lam out o' that street when the law showed up. You guys should ha' been in the Olympics.

HEINIE: I ain't shootin' it out with any cop -- unless I have to.

FEENEY: No -- I guess you ain't shootin' it out -- with anybody.

HEINIE: What's the meanin' o' that crack?

FEENEY: It means you're yellow -- sweetheart.

SHEIK: Listen, Frank --

FEENEY: You too, Sheik. You boys are a good team. . . for a relay race.

HEINIE: A' right -- that's enough.

FEENEY: (PICKING HIM) That's enough what?

HEINIE: Me and the Sheik -- we're through with yah -- we're kissin' ya good-bye.

FEENEY: What am I supposed to do? Break out cryin'? Who do you guys think you are?

HEINIE: (DOGGEDLY) We're quittin' -- that's all.

FEENEY: Go ahead. I can get guys like you for a dime a dozen.

HEINIE: Start gettin' 'em, then.

FEENEY: Well, it's up to you --- but my advice is -- forget it. I'm goin' on another job right now; and you can come if you want to.

KITTY: Another job, Frank? I thought you said we was goin' to Hugo's tonight?

FEENEY: Sure, baby -- after I finish. I'll tell yah what yah can do. . . go on over to Hugo's -- and wait for me there.

KITTY: I don't want to go alone.

FEENEY: How about takin' Heinie and Sheik?

KITTY: Maybe they don't want to go.

HEINIE: (SIGNIFICANTLY AND SLOWLY) Why sure -- we'll go.

FEENEY: O.K. You mugs wait for me at Hugo's -- and we'll have a party. (AS HE MOVES OFF) And say -- take good care o' Kitty!

(SOUND -- DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED BRISKLY)

KITTY: Well, has that guy got the Indian sign on you!

HEINIE: (MAKING PLANS) Shut up, Kitty. Listen, Sheik. . . we'll go over to Hugo's. . . and we'll take Kitty with us, like he said. . . When Feeny comes in. . . we'll get him drunk. . . . good and drunk. . . and then. . . we'll have him. . . the way we want him. . . , an' afterwards you an' me will be the head guys.

KITTY: Yeah? Suppose I tell him about all this?

HEINIE: (SLOWLY AND DISTINCTLY) You'll tell. . . nothin'! Come on, Sheik -- we'll need a drink before we settle this.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. ACCORDION PLAYING  
2. ACCORDION PLAYING FADES  
3. SMALL CLOCK STRIKES TWO

DAVIS: Two o'clock. Say, Hugo, know what that would be on board ship?

HUGO: What?

DAVIS: On board ship that would be ( ) bells.

HUGO: Did you learn to play the accordion on the ship, sailor?

DAVIS: Yeah, during my first hitch. There was a little Eyetalian kid on the same battle-wagon. He taught me.

HUGO: You play pretty good.

DAVIS: Thanks, Hugo.

(SOUND - DOOR BUZZER)

DAVIS: (CONTINUING) Who's that? A customer?

HUGO: (MOVING AWAY) I'll see.

(SOUND - SLIDES BACK SHUTTER)

Oh, hello, Mr. Schlager. Come in.

(SOUND - OPENS DOOR)

DAVIS: (COMING IN) How are ya, Hugo. Come on, Kitty.

KITTY: (COMING IN) Is Frank Feeny here yet?

HUGO: No, ma'am.

SHEIK: (COMING IN) Well, we'll wait for him.

HUGO: (MOVING AWAY) You like this table.

HEINIE: (IN FULL) Yeah, it's all right. Sit down, Kitty.

Sheik, take the weight off your feet.

HUGO: What would you like to drink?

HEINIE: Scotches. Right?

KITTY: O.K. with me.

HUGO: (GOING AWAY) Yes, sir. Right away.

HEINIE: Well. . . Feeny oughtta be here soon.

SHEIK: Nothin' to do but wait.

HEINIE: When he shows up -- keep him drinkin -- but don't get tight yourself. Get the first drink into him -- and the rest will be easy.

KITTY: What kind of a frame-up is this?

HEINIE: The sheik and me -- are gonna take Feeney for a ride!

KITTY: A fat chance you got -- I'm going to tell him to look out for you mugs.

HUGO: (FADING IN) Here's your order, sir.

(SOUND - SETS DOWN THREE DRINKS)

HEINIE: O.K. And when Mr. Feeney comes in, bring another one right away.

HUGO: (GOING AWAY) All right, Mr. Sohlager, I'll do that.

HEINIE: Now what's this about tippin' Feeney off, Kitty?

KITTY: You heard me.

HEINIE: Listen, girlie -- he's playin' you for a sap. Get wise. Get wise.

KITTY: If I thought he was. . .

HEINIE: Yeah? What?

DAVIS: (COMING UP) 'Scuse me, folks -- would you like to have a drink with a sailor?

HEINIE: (COLDLY) No.

DAVIS: Come on -- have a drink with the navy.

SHEIK: Nothing doing -- beat it, pal.

DAVIS: Well -- no offense. Just thought maybe you'd like to have a drink with the navy.

HEINIE: Ah, get lost, will yah!

DAVIS: (ABASHED) 'Scuse me -- (AD LIB FADE OUT, MUTTERING APOLOGIES)

(SOUND - DOOR BUZZER)

HEINIE: I'll bet that's Feeney.

HUGO: (OFF) (SOUND - SLIDING PANEL) Come right in, sir.  
(SOUND - DOOR)

HEINIE: It's him. Remember, Kitty -- no cracks.

FEENEY: (COMING UP) Hello, mugs. How are yah -- baby?

KITTY: I'm all right.

FEENEY: What are yah lookin' so sunk for? Goin' to a funeral?

KITTY: I'm all right.

HUGO: (COMING IN) This is for you, Mr. Feeney.  
(SOUND - SETS DOWN DRINK)

FEENEY: Well, ain't that nice? All right, mugs, here's lookin' at yah.

KITTY: Frank -- don't drink that.

FEENEY: I'm dry. Lay off me, kid.

KITTY: Wait a minute. I mean this. I want to ask you something . . . before you drink that booze.

FEENEY: All right. What's on your mind?

KITTY: Have you been fooling around with another girl?

FEENEY: Well, for crime out loud! What's it to yah?

KITTY: I want to know.

FEENEY: Yah ain't gonna be happy till you find out everything, are yah?

KITTY: Never mind about bein' happy. I want to know.

FEENEY: All right, kid, I'll tell yah. You got no strings on me -- and never did have! Now if you don't like that you know what you can do.

KITTY: All right. You know your stuff, Frank. You got 'em all stopped. Come on, Sheik and Heinie -- let's drink! To the wise guy!

HEINIE: Yeah -- come on, Frank -- drink hearty!

FEENEY: Down the hatch! (DOWNS DRINK) Aggh! Not bad!

HEINIE: Have another.

FEENEY: Put up your dough. I'll buy this time. Take a look at that.

SHEIK: Say! Where'd you get the roll?

FEENEY: The job I just pulled, kid -- the job you and Heinie wouldn't work on.

HEINIE: How much was it?

FEENEY: Nine hundred bucks, sweetheart. Hey, Hugo!

HUGO: (COMING UP) Yes, Mr. Feeney?

FEENEY: Hugo, I just put over a deal -- on a couple of friends o' mine. So cut open the champagne, will yah?

HUGO: Yes, Mr. Feeney -- right away. (FADES) Right away.

(SOUND - ACCORDION PLAYING)

FEENEY: Hey!

(PLAYING STOPS)

You -- you with the squeeze box -- come over here.

DAVIS: (COMING IN) Did yah want me, mister?

FEENEY: Sure. Sure, I did. Listen, sailor -- keep that music goin' -- and you can have all the drinks yah can cold.

DAVIS: Honest?

FEENEY: Sure -- you hear me. What do yah say?

DAVIS: Mister, I don't know what your name is -- but you're sure going to hear music!

FEENEY: (GAYLY) My name's Feeney, son. Now go ahead and strike up the band.

SOUND TRANSITION: ACCORDION PLAYS, FADES OUT.  
CLOCK STRIKES FIVE

ATX01 0269488

HEINIE: Feeney. Feeney,  
SHEIK: He's passed out.  
KITTY: So's the sailor.  
SHEIK. But we gotta wake Feeney up -- I don't wanta hafta drag  
him out -- he's too heavy.  
HEINIE: Wake him up -- that's easy. Just slap his face.  
SHEIK: Aw -- I don't wanta do that. --  
KITTY: Then I will. With pleasure.

(SOUND -- A HARD SLAP)

FEENEY: (FOGGED WITH LIQUOR) What's th' idea? Who hit me?  
KITTY: Wake up, Frank -- it's five o'clock. Time to go.  
FEENEY: Where's 'at sailor -- get'm to play music.  
HEINIE: Nah, it's time to scram. Come on. Help him up, Sheik.  
SHEIK: Here you come, Frank. That's right -- up on the dogs.  
FEENEY: Where we goin'?  
SHEIK: Just home, that's all. Come on. (FADES) Lean on me,  
pal. . . I'll help yah. . .  
KITTY: Well? What about it, Heinie?  
HEINIE: (AGAIN THE GENERAL LAYING PLANS) We got an hour till  
daylight. We'll take you home first -- and then -- the  
wise guy goes for his last ride.

SOUND TRANSITION - MOTOR RUNNING

MOTOR FADES DOWN FOR DIALOGUE

HEINIE: A' right, Sheik. That's the airport up ahead - we don't  
wanta go there. Turn into this side road.  
SHEIK: Yeah.

(MOTOR SLOWER)

HEINIE: We can't do nothin' till we get out of sight from the  
Motor Parkway.

ATX01 0269489



SHEIK: O.K.

HEINIE: Hey - stop here.

SHEIK: I got yah.

(SQUEAK OF BRAKES)

HEINIE: We got to work fast, because it's gettin' light already.

SHEIK: Watcha doin'?

HEINIE: Liftin' Feeney's gat out of his pocket, kid. I don't want no -- accidents. Open the door.

SHEIK: Yeah.

HEINIE: Throw him out.

SHEIK: Won't he wake up?

HEINIE: Will you do what I tell yah?

SHEIK: Sure -- sure --

HEINIE: I don't want blood all over the car -- see? Now come on, hurry it up -- roll the deadhead out.

SHEIK: A'right.

(SOUND -- TUMBLING THUMP AS FEENEY IS ROLLED OUT OF CAR)

FEENEY: (INCOHERENT MUTTERING. SOUNDS LIKE) Hey, who done that, get out o' my way, etc.

HEINIE: Lie still, Feeney.

FEENEY: Who's at?

HEINIE: I'm gonna plug yah with your own gat, Feeney. Quit rollin' around.

FEENEY: (INCOHERENTLY) Round -- and round -- and round --

SHEIK: (AWED) Cheese -- but Feeney's drunk. Look at 'im.

HEINIE: Yeah.

(SOUND. THREE DELIBERATE SHOTS)

SHEIK: Heinie, is he -- ??

HEINIE: It's the works, kid. Now let's see what he's got on him.

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SHEIK: The roll's in his pants pocket.

HEINIE: Yeah -- I already got the roll. I'll just lift this -- watch and chain -- outta his vest, too. Now give me a lift -- we'll lift him over the stone wall there -- intah that long long grass and they won't find him for weeks -- Hurry up -- we ain't got much more time. it's practically daylight.

SHEIK: Yeah, I'm comin' --

(SOUND - AEROPLANE MOTOR - DISTANT)

You grab his arms. Say, he sure looks funny, don't he?

HEINIE: Never mind about his looks, kid.

SHEIK: Uh-huh.

(SOUND - AEROPLANE MOTOR COMING IN)

HEINIE: Say -- Sheik -- didn't you ever see an aeroplane before? Quit starin' like a rube -- and get a-hold of this mug's feet!

(SHEIK AND HEINIE FADE OUT)

SOUND INTERLUDE: AIRPLANE MOTOR - LOUD THEN FADES

1ST AVIATOR: Harry! Say Harry!

2ND AVIATOR: Huh?

1ST AVIATOR: Look! Look down there!

2ND AVIATOR: What is it?

1ST AVIATOR: Two men -- heaving something over a wall!

2ND AVIATOR: Where?

1ST AVIATOR: Over by the road!

2ND AVIATOR: I see them! Say! We'd better land -- and report this!

1ST AVIATOR: You bet we had -- turn her back -- turn her back to the airport.

2ND AVIATOR: Right -- that's what I'm goin' to do.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AEROPLANE MOTOR UP VERY LOUD  
2. POLICE SIREN ONCE.

INSPECTOR PRINCE: (FADES IN)

. . . the two aviators had seen them pushing the body into the long grass, and ten minutes after they landed, Nassau County police had the body at the morgue for preliminary autopsy.

BARRY: That was quick work, Inspector.

INSPECTOR: The first thing I did, of course, was to take the dead man's fingerprints -- and send copies into New York City Police headquarters. But I must say, I didn't expect Detectives Rudd and Mack to be in my office the very same morning!

BARRY: (PLEASANTLY) You see, Inspector Prince -- we've been interested in this fellow for quite a while.

INSPECTOR: And -- you've identified him, Mr. Rudd?

BARRY: Yes. Your man is a notorious gangster generally known as Frank Feeney.

INSPECTOR: Frank Feeney, eh? Say -- it's a mighty fortunate thing those aviators spotted the attempt to hide the body!

BARRY: I think that's the only break we'll get. Of course, this has all the ear-marks of a gangster feud -- one man taken for a ride by two others -- But when you try to build a case -- you've got your work out out for you.

INSPECTOR: Well, the bullets may help -- and while they're getting 'em for us, perhaps you'd like to look over the clothes Feeny was wearing when he was killed.

BARRY: I certainly would.

INSPECTOR: The stuff is all here on this table.

BARRY: I see -- let's have a look, Mack. Well -- that's a good suit.

MACK: I'll say it is.

BARRY: Feeny always dressed pretty well, didn't he?

MACK: He could afford to -- his gang worked a smooth stick-up racket.

BARRY: Was anything found on him, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: Nothing, except these.

BARRY: Well -- five revolver cartridges.

INSPECTOR: They were in the side pocket of his coat.

BARRY: I see -- and 38 calibre, too. Gangland's favorite. No gun, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: No gun -- either on or near the body.

BARRY: That's odd. Now let's take a look at this vest, Mack.

MACK: What's that going to prove?

BARRY: I don't know yet. But look here.

MACK: What at?

BARRY: At the inner edge of these two lower vest pockets -- you see?

MACK: What about them?

BARRY: Don't you see a tiny rip on each one?

MACK: A couple of threads gone -- yeah.

BARRY: Do you know what caused that?

MACK: Why -- I couldn't say.

BARRY: Look at your own lower vest pockets.

MACK: Well, there's my watch and chain there, and --

BARRY: That's it -- look closer.

MACK: Well, I'll be darned!

BARRY: See what I mean?

MAOK: A watch-chain -- dragging on Feeney's vest pockets -- busted off a couple of threads -- just like my watch-chain has on mine!

BARRY: Exactly. Now, Inspector, I don't suppose you found a watch and chain on Mr. Feeney, did you?

INSPECTOR: No, nothing of the sort and I noticed this funny angle of the missing watch myself.

BARRY: Then it's reasonable to suppose that Feeney's murderers took his watch and have it in their possession now -- we can't be certain, of course, but we can assume it.

MAOK: Well, that's something -- and I'll tell you something else.

BARRY: O.K. Shoot.

MAOK: This Feeney had a girl -- one of several -- named Kitty Manning. A dizzy little dame, fond of the bright lights. She might know something about what happened last night.

BARRY: Yes, she might. Let's look it up, Maok, because our clues are unpleasantly scarce. A missing watch -- five revolver cartridges -- and a girl's name. That's all we have.

INSPECTOR: And when the autopsy's over Mr. Rudd we'll add something to that.

BARRY: You mean -- the bullets that killed him, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: Right. The medical examiner's probing for them now. But even so -- we certainly won't have much to go on.

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

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE MOTOR PARKWAY MURDER. . . WILL DETECTIVES  
RUDD AND MACK. . . TRACK DOWN KILLERS. . . FROM SLENDER  
CLUES. . . STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE HOUR. . . FOR THRILLING  
MAN HUNT. . .

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O. K. O'KEEFE!

\* \* \* \* \*

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIII

PART II

"THE MOTOR PARKWAY MURDER"

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . ALL  
POLICE CARS. . . STAND BY. . . THE  
MOTOR PARKWAY MURDER. . . NOTORIOUS  
GANGSTER TAKEN FOR RIDE BY CONFEDERATES  
. . . DETECTIVES SEARCH FOR GIRL FRIEND  
OF SLAIN MAN. . . LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC  
CARPET. . . PROCEED AT ONCE. . . TO  
HALLWAY IN WEST SIDE TENEMENT.

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

\* \* \*

BARRY: This the place, Mack?

MAACK: Yeah -- they tell me that's her room at the end of the hall.

BARRY: Good work.

MAACK: I knew I'd get a line on her if I made the rounds of the dance joints. This lady sure likes the bright lights.

BARRY: Well, let's find out what she knows.

MAACK: O. K., Barry, this way.

(SOUND -- KNOCKING)

(SOUND -- DOOR IS OPENED)

Miss Kitty Manning?

KITTY: That's right. What about it?

BARRY: Miss Manning, we're detectives from headquarters, and we want to ask you about a man known as Frank Feeney.

KITTY: Yeah? Well, I don't know anything about him. You've come to the wrong place.

BARRY: You don't deny that you were often seen with him at night clubs and speakeasies, do you?

KITTY: I don't know anybody named Feeney. I'm a working girl and I don't go to speakeasies. So I guess you've made a mistake.

BARRY: You may find yourself in trouble, Kitty. Frank Feeney was murdered.

KITTY: Well -- what's that got to do with me?

BARRY: You're sure you know nothing at all about it?

KITTY: I'm positive.

BARRY: Well. . . all right. We're sorry to have bothered you. Come on, Mack.



MACK: (NOT GETTING IT) Come on?

BARRY: Yes. We mustn't bother this lady any longer. (FADING)  
Good-bye, Miss Manning.

KITTY: (ELATED) So long!  
(DOOR CLOSES)

MACK: Hey -- what's the matter with you, Barry? Why, that  
girl is --

BARRY: Quick -- no time to talk, Mack. Follow me, now. Right  
back into that room!  
(DOOR BURST OPEN)

KITTY: Oh! What do you mean by this -- you --

BARRY: Never mind, Kitty. We just pretended we were leaving to  
see what you'd do. We're not quite so dumb as you think  
we are.

MACK: I'll say we're not.

BARRY: Now, young lady, give me what's in your hand.

KITTY: No -- I won't do it -- it's mine --

BARRY: Kitty, from where I stood in the door, I could see a  
man's watch and chain lying on that table. As the  
door was swinging shut, I saw your hand move toward  
them. Give them to me.

MACK: Come on. Come on.

KITTY: Well -- here. What do you want with them?

BARRY: It's a beautiful watch, isn't it, Mack?

MACK: Yeh -- you bet.

BARRY: It would go nicely with that smart suit of clothes  
Frank Feeney was wearing.

MACK: That's what I been thinking.

BARRY: Let's open the case, and see what we find.

KITTY: Look out, now -- if you bust that watch, I'll sue you!

BARRY: All right, Kitty, I'll take the chance. Look here, Mack.  
What do you think of this?

MACK: A picture of Feeney and Kitty Manning -- in the back of  
the watch. I'll say this girl knows something.

KITTY: Well -- it is Feeney's watch -- sure. What's the matter  
with that, you nosey dicks? He gave it to me!

BARRY: Mack, did you ever hear of a man giving a woman his own  
watch? Can't say I ever did.

MACK: Me either, Barry.

BARRY: It just isn't done -- especially by a man who has money  
to spend for feminine trinkets -- to give to his girl  
-- trinkets like those ear-rings -- and that little  
wrist-watch you're wearing, Kitty. So you can say he  
gave it to you -- if you like -- but I'll still believe --  
the man who killed him gave it to you!

MACK: And my bet says -- a jury will believe the same thing,  
Kitty.

KITTY: You can't prove anything -- you can't arrest me!

MACK: Oh yes we can! Unless you tell us everything you know.

KITTY: Well -- I -- I --

MACK: Come on -- don't stall!

BARRY: Go easy, Mack -- She's going to talk -- aren't you, Kitty?

KITTY: Well -- listen. The night that Frank was bumped off --  
I was with him -- over at Hugo's speakeasy -- until five  
o'clock in the morning. By that time he was drunk --  
and Heinie Schlager and Sheik Carson took him off in a  
car and that's all I know -- so help me! Honest -- I  
don't know anything more.

(CONTINUED OVER)

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KITTY:(CONT) I saw Heinie the next day when he gave me the watch. Since then I ain't laid eyes on either of 'em -- and that's the truth,

BARRY: All right, Kitty. I'm willing to believe it is. But before we go, there's one more piece of information I want to get. What's the address of this Hugo's speakeasy you were in the night Feeney was killed?

KITTY: Hugo's? It's -- I don't recall right off. But I got a card to it in my pocketbook. You dicks wait here a second, and I'll give it to you.

SOUND INTERLUDE: POLICE CAR MOTOR AND SIREN

BARRY: Let's get to the point, Hugo. Have you seen Sheik Carson, or Heinie Schlager, or the girl in here since that night?

HUGO: No, Mr. Rudd -- it's like I told you -- but I did see Sheik and Heinie again that same night -- or morning, I guess you'd call it.

MACK: All right, tell us about that.

HUGO: Well I keep open all the time -- never close -- and about an hour and a half after the three men left -- two of them came back. They were Heinie Schlager and Sheik Carson.

BARRY: And what did they say?

HUGO: They said they wanted big drinks -- straight rye -- and Sheik Carson -- he was sick to his stomach an' nervous. Well, there was a sailor in my place, asleep. But when these two guys began drinking at the bar, he wakes up, and tries to horn in on them.

BARRY: So what happened -- a fight?

HUGO: No, sir -- they talked to him for a while, and then this Heinie Schlager pulls a gun out of his pocket and offers to sell it to the sailor for five dollars. And the part I don't get is -- he had a big bankroll and didn't need five dollars no more than you do.

BARRY: He had a roll, eh? Mack, how much money did they find on Feeney?

MACK: Not a dime, Barry.

BARRY: Uh-huh -- it's a point. Well, getting back to the pistol, Hugo. Did the sailor buy it?

HUGO: Yes, sir -- for two dollars -- he didn't have no more dough.

BARRY: Do you know what ship the sailor was from?

HUGO: (WITH SOME PRIDE) Sure -- I make him identify himself before I let him in my place. He was off the United States Cruiser Lynn - L-Y-N-N. She sailed that same morning so now she'll be two days out on her way to Porto Rico.

BARRY: U.S. Cruiser Lynn, eh? Well, Mack, we'll radio the captain to hunt for that gun. . . and Inspector Prince and I will catch up to them by seaplane to help 'em lock.

MACK: How about me, Barry?

BARRY: You better stick in New York -- so you'll be where you can follow up whatever leads we may get and follow 'em fast! Now, let's get started.

SOUND TRANSITION: 1. SEA-PLANE MOTOR, HOLDS STEADY AND FADES OUT  
2. SEA EFFECTS -- WIND AND WAVES

VOICE: Captain Rogers -- Inspector Prince and Detective Rudd.

ROGERS: Sit down, gentlemen.

BARRY: Thank you, Captain. I hope you didn't mind our rather unusual radiogram.

ROGERS: It was somewhat unusual, sir. And to my mind, it's unusual too that you state that this revolver -- which you admit you have never seen -- will probably be a 38 calibre weapon. I didn't know detectives really went in for that sort of thing.

INSPECTOR: Well, there are two reasons for thinking the weapon is a 38, Captain. One is that the man whose death we are investigating had five 38 cartridges in his pocket -- and the other is, that he had three -- in his body!

ROGERS: So from that you deduce that the man was killed with his own gun? Extraordinary.

BARRY: Captain, have you found the gun?

ROGERS: Well, I don't know whether I've found the gun, gentlemen -- but I've found a gun that doesn't belong to the ship's stores.

BARRY: Then I'd be very much obliged if you'd show it to us.

ROGERS: Right here in the drawer of my desk.

(SOUND - DRAWER OPENING)

There you are, gentlemen. I hope it will be of some use to you.

BARRY: (EAGERLY) Yes -- it's a 38 all right, Inspector!

INSPECTOR: And when we check with the bullets from Feeney's body -- we may have something!

BARRY: Right, Now, Captain -- May I talk to the man who brought this pistol aboard?

ROGERS: I thought you'd want to see him -- so I've had him taken out of the brig. He's outside.

(SOUND LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

Hello -- send in Davis, please.

(SOUND - REPLACES RECEIVER)

(SOUND - DOOR OPENED)

DAVIS: (FADING IN) Seaman Davis reporting, sir.

ROGERS: At ease, Davis.

DAVIS: Thank you, sir.

ROGERS: Now these gentlemen are from the police.

DAVIS: (GULPING) The police -- yes, sir.

ROGERS: They want to know about the 38 that was found in your kit.

DAVIS: (FRIGHTENED) Y-yes, sir.

BARRY: (KINDLY) Davis, you bought this gun from two men in a speakeasy, didn't you?

DAVIS: Yes, sir.

BARRY: Do you remember another man, who was with them when they were in the speakeasy before?

DAVIS: Yes, sir -- Feeney, his name was.

BARRY: Well, Feeney's dead. He's killed. And we think the other two shot him.

DAVIS: Shot Frank Feeney? Say -- that's a dirty shame -- beg pardon, sir, but Feeney was a fine fellow -- yes, sir.

BARRY: Why do you say that -- did he buy you a lot of drinks?

DAVIS: No, sir, it wasn't the drinks -- but the way he acted about the glove.

BARRY: (AMAZED) What glove? What are you talking about?

DAVIS: Well, sir, I was at the table with the three guys an' the girl - talking an' playing the accordion and Frank Feeney had a fur-lined gloye, the odd one from a pair -- he'd lost the other one. So he said -- "I ain't gonna throw this glove away -- I'll keep it for the one-armed janitor, at the waterfront place".

BARRY: For the one-armed janitor -- at the waterfront place. Say, Inspector! Did you hear that?

INSPECTOR: You bet I did, Barry. I think it's a lead.

BARRY: You bet it is. The best one yet. Captain Rogers, may I ask you one more favor?

ROGERS: Anything, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Before the Inspector and I hop off in our seaplane, I'd like to send a radiogram, to Detective Mack back in New York. Is that possible?

ROGERS: Certainly. Of course. Come right along, sir, and I'll introduce you to "Sparks".

SOUND TRANSITION: 1. WIRELESS TRANSMISSION BUZZING  
2. SEAPLANE MOTOR, STEADY, THEN OUT.  
3. PIER NOISES: WHISTLES, TAXICABS

MACK: Barry --- here I am.

BARRY: Hello - Mack - I didn't see you at first. The pier's pretty crowded.

MACK: How are you Inspector Prince? Did you get the gun?

INSPECTOR: We certainly did, Mack. And I'm going directly to Nassau County headquarters to have our ballistics expert check the bullets that killed Feeney with the barrel of this gun.

BARRY: If they agree, Inspector, we'll have a strong link between Heinie Schlager and the murder.

INSPECTOR: Right, Barry -- so I think I'll be getting along.

BARRY: O.K. Inspector.

INSPECTOR: (AS HE GOES) I'll get in touch with you later.

BARRY: So long. And now, Mack -- did you find my one-armed janitor?

MACK: You bet I did!

BARRY: Fine! Where?

MACK: Well, first I started looking for tenements near a waterfront -- and I narrowed in down to the 57th street neighborhood in Brooklyn -- Then I went over every house in that region with a fine-toothed comb -- and sure enough -- there is a one-armed janitor in one of them! Funny little Irish feller, he is.

BARRY: Gon on -- go on!

MACK: I had a talk with him just before I came here to meet you -- and he says -- there are a couple of guys living there -- that might be crooks hiding! He says there used to be three of them -- but one of 'em went away!

BARRY: Have you got the car?

MACK: Right over there.

BARRY: O.K., Mack -- we'll hop into it -- that janitor's a man we want to talk to.

SOUND TRANSITION: POLICE MOTOR CAR AND SIREN

JANITOR: Yes, sir -- there's two of 'em -- two men. They live right upstairs, in the front room.

BARRY: Are they home now?

JANITOR: No, sir -- but generally they come in about this time.



MACK: (SUSPICIOUSLY) How do you know -- are you always here in the front hall when they show up?

JANITOR: No, sir -- but I hear 'em kick the door.

BARRY: Kick the door? What do you mean by that?

JANITOR: Well, the big one, the older fellow -- he always kicks open the door before he comes in -- and I think he's got his hand on a gun, under his coat -- that's what it looked like the times I've seen him.

BARRY: Sounds like they're crooks all right, doesn't it, Mack?

JANITOR: Well, he sure does kick that door clear back against the wall. Yes, sir. Wait, I'll show you. (OFF) Like this.

(SOUND - DOOR KICKED OPEN)

BARRY: Then what?

JANITOR: He goes up them stairs.

BARRY: Mack -- if it's Heinie and he's as wary as all that, we're in for trouble.

JANITOR: Beggin' yer pardon, sir -- that's him now, comin' up the street!

BARRY: What? Got out of the way so I can see. Mack -- that's Heinie all right -- and -- say -- he's got his pal Sheik walking about 30 paces behind him.

JANITOR: They always walk like that so they cover each other.

BARRY: Then we've got to grab the first one without any shooting so as not to scare off the guy who's following!

MACK: Say, Barry. Leave them to me -- I've got an idea.

BARRY: What is it?

MACK: See that stair landing -- it's dark as pitch. I'll get up there, hear Heinie kick open the door, and count steps till I know he's just comin' round the turn of the stairs. And then I'll just dive with all my weight and he'll be smothered.

BARRY: Well -- it might work -- get up there and count the steps.

MACK: Right.

(SOUND - SIX STEPS: OLUMB. . . SQUEAK. OLUMP. . . SQUEAK)

(OFF CALLS BACK)

Six steps.

BARRY: The janitor and I will wait under the stairs. And don't shoot unless you have to.

(SOUND - DOOR)

(PAUSE)

(SOUND - DOOR KICKED OPEN AS BEFORE)

(STEPS MOUNT STAIRS - AFTER FOURTH STEP, A PAUSE, AS THOUGH HEINIE WERE SUSPICIOUS. THEN HE MAKES LAST TWO STEPS AND MACK CRASHES DOWN ON TOP OF HIM. STRUGGLE)

BARRY: (RUSHING UP) Got him? Got him, Mack?

MACK: (BREATHING HARD) Yeah -- yeah -- he's all right --

BARRY: Hold your hand over his mouth, so he can't yell.

MACK: Yeah -- I am --

BARRY: Keep him back there in the corner -- I'll take care of the other one.

JANITOR: He's comin', now, sir --

BARRY: All right, Sheik Carson. . . Take it easy!

SHEIK: (COMING IN) Wha -- what's the matter? Who're you?

BARRY: Detective Rudd, from headquarters -- so don't do anything rash. I'm arresting you -- and your pal here -- for the murder of Frank Feeney!

SHEIK: (SHAKEN) Feeney. . . but, . . . listen you guys are all wet -- you can't --

BARRY: Save it, Sheik. You'll have your chance to talk later. Mack, you and the janitor watch these boys. I'm going to step down to the corner and telephone head quarters for the wagon.

\* \* \*

(SIGNATURE - POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE MOTOR PARKWAY MURDER. . . INSPECTOR PRINCE  
CHECKS BULLETS WITH GUN. . . FROM CRUISER LYNN  
. . . HEINIE AND SHEIK CONVICTED OF MURDER. .  
IN SECOND DEGREE. . . NOW SERVING SENTENCES. .  
IN PRISON.

(SIGNATURE - POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

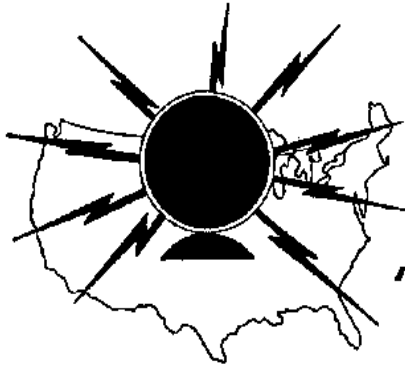
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# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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."**

---

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 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:

Ladies and gentlemen....You've heard 'em say "As Maine Goes...so goes the Nation." Well, I don't know but I think it all boils down to this. The Yankees have a better chance than the Chicago Cubs to get the popular vote this Fall. And football's just around the corner, which just goes to prove one thing....you can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't take a trip on the Magic Carpet of a Thursday without running into that distinguished gentleman from Germany....the famous Baron Munchausen...who will speak to you later in this same meeting on an important question of the day....He will enter into a one-man debate and prove that what America needs is a darned good laugh.

At the same time we are lucky to announce that George Olsen has brought along his Ethel so it looks like a big evening.... because after all George has gotten together a great band....this is a real orchestra....Righto then....we're on our way....ten million strong....and don't worry about Olsen carrying Maine or Ohio or the Far West...he'll carry the forty eight states including Ethel Shuttah and Fran Frey as we sweep over the air waves on the wings of melody.

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:

Mr. and Mrs. America....and you too Miss America..... you have just been listening to George Olsen and his orchestra with Ethel Shuttah singing the vocal. Fran Frey decided to sit that one out so Ethel is one up at the turn, but they'll fight it out nip and tuck....or maybe just nip....later on. Meanwhile we'll listen to Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Historians agree that the Fall of Constantinople was one of the great battles of all time! And certainly a titanic exhibition of human cruelty. Five thousand defenders of the city were savagely slaughtered by a barbaric horde of 250,000 men under the fierce Mohammed the Second. Nature in the Raw is seldom mild. And that is why millions of smokers agree that raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES. That's why they are 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.

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Last week for the first time the Magic Carpet brought into every American home one of the greatest adventurers of all time. After all Life is just a bowl of political speeches at this time of year and what the country needs is a darned good laugh....so LUCKY STRIKE puts forth its candidates for national honors...Jack Pearl, alias the Modern Baron Munchausen, soldier of fortune extraordinary. Ladies and gentlemen....I give you his excellency, the Baron.

(MUSIC LOUD AND QUICK - THEN SOFT)

(FIRST PART --- PEARL SCRIPT "HUNTING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen you have just been listening to Jack Pearl -- alias the modern Baron Munchausen. A little later on in the program we will return to the Baron, but right now we will return to Nature's nobleman....better known as Ethel Shuttah's husband....I wish you all could see Olsen now surrounded by Miss Shuttah and Fran Frey....so let's drift over the theatre district.... your imagination is your ticket....the Magic Carpet is your vehicle.... look at Broadway....like a slender vampire winking her eyes at you.... hold your head and hold your balance as we land once again at the feet of George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

ATX01 0269513



GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we will play -- (TITLES)

(  
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(

GEORGE OLSEN:

Walter, the Magic Carpet is on its way. Here it comes.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Olsen....take it easy....we'll need you later...  
and now ladies and gentlemen an important announcement. The next  
voice you hear will be Howard Glaney's.

HOWARD GLANEY:

Mayor Joseph V. McKee of New York City has instituted  
an economy program in the affairs of the world's largest city.  
Certified Cremo also has instituted a great economy program. A  
moment of your time....twenty words....no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE:

America's biggest cigar value....Certified Cremo now  
five cents STRAIGHT....three for ten cents...same quality....same  
size....same shape.

(DRUM ROLL)

ATX01 0269514

HOWARD CLANEY:

Economy is the watchward of the day...and once again Certified Cremo Cigars set the pace. This amazing value is made possible by our ability to purchase our long-filler cigar tobacco in enormous quantities and by our modern up-to-the-minute manufacturing facilities. The great savings thus effected are now passed on to you. Everybody now can smoke a fine long-filler cigar... Certified Cremo -- FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT -- THREE FOR TEN CENTS!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And so ladies and gentlemen your pilot turns the corner of the hour and heads into the evening once again. By the way there was an item in the New York Times yesterday from Poona India having to do with good old Mahatma Ghandi....the well-dressed man of India. He has just started a hunger strike and even as he starts to strike his dentist has put the finishing touches on the new set of teeth. It just goes to prove that the Mahatma has a sense of humor that is as strong as his safety pin.

But all of this has nothing to do with Olsen..he doesn't dress like that...he gets two pair of pants with every suit....the extra pair he gives to Fran Frey....and Olsen is a man of ingenuity.... just what he'll pull out of his bag of tricks you can never tell so let's pop in on him now and investigate. Hop up on the Magic Carpet one and all....we're up over Times Square...and as we do a tailspin and loop the loop we land at the feet of Olsen all ready to hoof our heads off.

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

ATX01 0269515

GEORGE OLSEN:

Up on your feet everybody, this dance includes --

(TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now for that short and speedy hop back to the pilot's feet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was George Olsen ladies and gentlemen...the expert thrower backer of the Magic Carpet. Mr. Olsen will join the party later but now it's incumbent on me to present again the distinguished guest of the occasion...the celebrated Baron Munchausen... Ah what a war record that fellow had during the war... he fought, ha, he fought plenty but they finally made him join the army.....and now we're to hear from him...Jack Pearl, alias the modern Baron MUNCHAUSEN. I give you the baron.

(LAUGHTER)

(SECOND PART -- PEARL SCRIPT -- "HUNTING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

My dear customers....that was Jack Pearl, equally well-known as the Modern Baron Munchausen....his address speaks for itself. This famous ambassador of good will, has played the love interest in countless shows on Broadway....and no one played a comedy love interest better. Each Thursday night the Baron holds an "at home" on the Magic Carpet so don't fail to attend his soiree at this same time next Thursday. And now let's go for a mess of music. Look below you in your minds eye....it's Park Avenue..... look at those apartment houses lined up like a regiment of guardsmen... and look at that string of lights straight ahead....no....excuse it please....they aren't lights they are Olsen's teeth in a big broad smile of welcome.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

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

(TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Our pilot's waiting, so we flash right back to him.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks George...and thanks to you Ethel. It was my intention to get up on the Flying Trapeze tonight but I wouldn't let them put it up -- I was afraid the Baron would swing on it, so I have decided to wait until Saturday before attempting to go hill-billy and stand around the studio in my bare feet singing "The Man On The Flying Trapeze." By the way, ladies and gentlemen....it's Howard Claney's turn to speak and here he is.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tomorrow smart Los Angeles society will gather for the big outdoor event of the season - the Los Angeles Country Fair.... If you could be there you would see distinguished gatherings at the horse-show -- the races -- all the swanky affairs that mark this brilliant event. And, of course, you would notice there, as everywhere, how many smart men and women are enjoying the mildest of cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE. We feel highly complimented that American women, who have instinctive taste for the finer things, have made LUCKY STRIKE their favorite. LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now Miss America ....you're on your own....it's leap year so pick yourself a partner for the next dance...roll back your rugs and tables and let 'em see what you can do along with the help of dance music of the highest order. Here we go!

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

ATX01 026951B

GEORGE OLSEN:

And we being that dance music with -- (TITLES)

(  
(  
(  
(  
(

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now we start on our separate ways. The Magic Carpet takes you all back to the Pilot and my boys and I climb aboard our train. (TRAIN SIGNATURE)

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And so ladies and gentlemen.....the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet comes to a graceful landing and your pilot prepares to roll it up until Saturday night.....Incidentally our spies have reported on the opening of the New Eighth Avenue Subway.....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269519

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Taking a leaf from the book of Hollywood the city staged a magnificent opening with a special midnight performance. The gates were opened at one minute after twelve....at two minutes after twelve the first complaint was made....a woman said she had been waiting twenty minutes for a train. At twelve three A.M. a gentleman in a high silk hat parked his new Rolls Royce at the curb and made a brief statement....He said, "This is a fine subway." After this wisecrack he got back into his Rolls Royce and drove away. At twelve thirty the first joke was pulled about the new subway. Jack Pearl, after watching thousands of people pile through the turnstiles observed dryly, "This fellow's got a good thing here." At one o'clock the subway guards ran through signals, held a light scrimmage, and demonstrated several new toe holds and hammerlocks for the rush hour. At nine o'clock in the morning a politeness exhibition was put on for school children. The first question asked was "Should a man who is carrying two babies in arms, two bottles of milk, two packages and suitcases....give up his seat to a lady." Nobody knew the answer so class was dismissed. Promptly at eleven o'clock all heads were bared and a moment of silence observed in honor of the forgotten man. Ten minutes later the forgotten man was found in a telephone booth.....the door of which had jammed. An intimate lunch was laid at twelve noon with covers for thirty thousand....The Veterans of the Eighth Avenue Subway Lovers and Stander Uppers Society introduced a resolution inquiring indignantly as to the reason for Mayor McKee using the Seventh Avenue Subway.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269520

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

A riot seemed near but cool heads prevailed and pointed out that Mayor McKee probably had nothing against the Eighth Avenue subway but that the Seventh Avenue Subway was nearer to his destination.....the City Hall. So then a further resolution was introduced to have the City Hall moved over to Eighth Avenue.

My spies got no further information so let's drop the whole thing. Thanks for dialling in, and this is your pilot saying good night to you all.

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/15/32

ATX01 0269521



6U-166-II

(A)

(SECOND DRAFT)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE II

"HUNTING"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE

SEPTEMBER 15, 1932

\*\*\*\*\*

ATX01 0269522

SU-166-II

(B)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE II

"HUNTING"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....

CHECK GIRL.....(About three lines)

HEAD WAITER.....(About seven lines)

\*\*\*\*\*

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RTX01 0269523

SU-166-II

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE II

"HUNTING"

\*\*\*\*

(DATA FOR ANNOUNCEMENT BY MR. O'KEEFE.)

The Magic Carpet now takes us to the dining room of one of New York's most exclusive hotels. The Baron is entering the place -- let us listen in and see if the Baron has any new lies to tell, etc., etc.

\*\*\*\*\*

(FADE IN ON MUSIC WHICH FADES OUT AT DIALOGUE)

BARON: No, no, please -- I will not give you my hat. I tell you I won't. This derby is a very valuable hat.

CHECK GIRL: But I'll give you a check for it, sir.

BARON: I don't take checks--not even good ones.

CHECK GIRL: I'm sorry -- but you cannot enter the dining room with your hat.

BARON: Oh, is that so! Me, the Baron Munchausen can't -- Where's the boss, the manager, the head waiter, the cook, the dish washer --

CHECK GIRL: Here comes the head waiter.

HEAD WAITER: Good evening, sir.

BARON: Same to you and many happy returns of the day.

HEAD WAITER: Is there something I can do for you?

ATX01 0269524

BARON: Well, you can scratch my back -- but we'll let that go for another time. I got a disappointment here with a friend of mine and this young lady wants to take away my hat.

HEAD WAITER: Well, it will be perfectly safe -- you can get it on your way out.

BARON: That's the way I got this one -- on the way out -- I picked up this derby hat when I left the summer home of the Prince of Wales last winter. It was won by one of his horses.

HEAD WAITER: A hat won by a horse?

BARON: Yes - he was a derby winner. I was riding him when he won it. It was a great race -- on that famous race track Elevator.

HEAD WAITER: Elevator!

BARON: (LAUGHINGLY) Excuse me, I mean ups and downs. There was eleven million people there that day and oh, how they cheered me --- when I was left at the post. But I wasn't worried and neither was Gerzundheit - that was the horse's name -- his real name was Sneezer but they called him Gerzundheit for short. Well anyhow - they were off! It wasn't until the rest of the horses was in the home stretch that gerzuntly got started - he made one leap and zoom! He past them -- and came in the winner! But he wouldn't stop! He kept running-- over valleys, dills, dales, farms, towns, citys! Jumping fences, stone walls, buildings -- nothing could stop him - We came to the English channel - did he stop?

(BARON CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269525

BARON: (CONTINUES) No sir, he swam right across and kept going until we reached Switzerland - we came to the Alps - he gave one jump and went over them and we landed in France -- by this time I was tired - so I pulled him up, got him a shave and a shampoo and we both got into an areoplane and went back to the prince - to get the derby. And that, my dear friend, is the reason I never let go of this hat. If I go in the hat goes with me.

HEAD WAITER: Very good, sir -- have you a reservation?

BARON: Have I a rese ---- say, do I look like an Indian?

HEAD WAITER: You don't understand -- I mean, do you want a table?

BARON: Do I want a table -- do I -- what is this, a restaurant or a furniture store? I told you I got a disappointment here with a friend.

HEAD WAITER: May I ask what his name might be?

BARON: It might be Jake -- but it ain't -- it's Sharley.

HEAD WAITER: Charley what?

BARON: Not Charley what -- Charley Hall.

HEAD WAITER: Oh, Mr. Hall! Why yes, he's here -- -- waiting for Baron Munchausen -- do you happen to be the Baron?

BARON: I don't happen to happen -- I am.

HEAD WAITER: I'm sorry, Baron. I'll take you to Mr. Hall's table. Walk this way.

BARON: I can't walk that way -- you're bow-legged.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

(SOUND: MOVING CHAIR)

CHARLEY: Baron!

BARON: Charley!

CHARLEY: Well, I'm certainly glad to see you -- but you know you're late, don't you?

BARON: I couldn't help it Sharley, I had an accident.

CHARLEY: What kind of an accident.

BARON: I had a punture in my tire.

CHARLEY: How did you get the puncture?

BARON: I ran over a bottle.

CHARLEY: That was carelessness on your part. While driving didn't you see the bottle?

BARON: No -- it was in a man's pocket.

CHARLEY: Sit down, Baron.

(SOUND: MOVING CHAIRS)

I'm just starting my dinner. Won't you join me?

BARON: No thanks, Sharley, I just had breakfast -- but what is that you're eating -- what is it?

CHARLEY: It's a steak.

BARON: A steak? It looks like a chicken coquette.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron -- this place has the reputation of serving the biggest steaks in town.

BARON: Maybe in this town -- but in my town they serve steaks so big that if they had horns you could enter them in a bull fight.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! But tell me where have you been?  
I was looking for you all over nowhere and couldn't  
find you some place.

CHARLEY: I have been on a hunting trip.

BARON: Hunting! That's fine sport, Sharley, fine sport.  
For what you was hunting -- for what?

CHARLEY: Mountain lions.

BARON: Mountain lions! Sharley, I'm positively surprised  
on you -- the idea of shooting those nice  
pussy-cats!

CHARLEY: Pussy-cats! Why, Baron -- a mountain lion is a  
ferocious animal.

BARON: Ah! You make me to laugh! Where I hunt they have  
mountain lions for children to play with.

CHARLEY: Come now, Baron, you don't expect me to believe that,  
do you?

BARON: Oh, Sharley! You don't think I'd exaggerate, do  
you?

CHARLEY: Certainly not -- but I never heard of a mountain lion  
being a household pet -- for children to play with.

BARON: Did you ever heard of my great-grandfather?

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: So where I hunt they have mountain lions for children  
to play with.

CHARLEY: Where in the world do you do your hunting?

BARON: Well, my last hunting trip was in the jungles of  
Africa.

CHARLEY: You mean the jungles of Africa.

BARON: Yes -- in the jingles of Africa.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron -- the jungles of Africa -- the jungles.

BARON: Was you with me, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I was hunting in the jingles of Africa.

CHARLEY: All right, Baron, we won't argue -- have it your way -- it was the jingles of Africa.

BARON: Thank you -- as I was saying -- my last hunting was in the jungles of Africa -- and what's more I bring 'em back alive.

CHARLEY: What did you ever bring back alive?

BARON: Three dead elephants.

CHARLEY: Just a moment! You say you bring them back alive and then you say you brought back three dead elephants. How do you explain that?

BARON: Well, you see, Sharley, I bring 'em back alive if I have to kill 'em to do it.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

--END OF PART I--

ATX01 0269529



"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"EPISODE II - PART II"HUNTING"

\*\*\*\*\*

CHARLEY: Baron you slay me.

BARON: What's that?

CHARLEY: I say you slay me - you kill me!

BARON: You know - that's not a bad idea. Charley -- I never forgot one day I took seven guides and went into the jungles for big game.

CHARLEY: How big?

BARON: Oh, very big -- a five dollar limit.

CHARLEY: A five dollar limit! What are you talking about?

BARON: (LAUGHINGLY) Excuse me, Sharley -- I got miscellaneoust -- I was thinking of a poker game. But the animals I went after really were big game.

CHARLEY: How big?

BARON: Very large -- very large. I was showing the guides where the big game was when suddenly ----

CHARLEY: Baron! Please permit me to correct you. You weren't showing the guides -- the guides were showing you.

BARON: I beg to excuse you, Sharley, but these guides -- were they your relations, your cousins, uncles, nephews---?

CHARLEY: Certainly not, Baron.

BARON: Did they have any communication with you?

CHARLEY: Why no.

BARON: So I was showing the guides where the big game was. The first thing we came across was a boa contradictor -- he was lying in the sun ----

ATX01 0269530

CHARLEY: Sorry to interrupt you, Baron, but you mean a boa constrictor.

BARON: Yes -- a boa ---- why did you ever come into my life? I tell you it was a boa contradictor -- a snake -- a small one.

CHARLEY: A small one.

BARON: Yes -- about two blocks long.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! I didn't want to bother with it because I was after big game, so I kept going. All of a sudden I saw standing in front of me a polar bear --

CHARLEY: A polar bear? In the jungles of Africa.

BARON: Yes -- and when I saw the polar bear ----

CHARLEY: Pardon me, my dear Baron -- that's impossible -- polar bears are never found in the jungles of Africa -- they live in the Arctic regions -- on ice-bergs.

BARON: I know it -- but this one slipped -- and slid down.

CHARLEY: Baron! Don't ask me to believe that!

BARON: You don't think I'd fool you, do you, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not, Baron.

BARON: So there was the polar bear. I raised my gun -- fired and missed -- but just the same I made him run.

CHARLEY: You made him run?

BARON: Yes -- but he couldn't catch me. I ran right into a flock of laughing hyenas -- and oh, Sharley -- were they laughing! I guess they must have been telling jokes to each other.

CHARLEY: It's a funny thing about the laughing hyena, Baron -- he only eats once a month -- only drinks once a month -- and only see his wife once in two months.

BARON: Eats once a month -- drinks once a month -- and only sees his wife every two months?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Well, for the love of Mike, what has he got to laugh about? Well -- the next thing I ran across was a Rochester.

CHARLEY: A what

BARON: A Rochester. Maybe it was a Syracuse.

CHARLEY: This is one time you have me stumped, Baron. I can't fathom out what you mean.

BARON: You know -- one of those animals with the big head and a couple of horns.

CHARLEY: My dear Baron, you don't mean a buffalo?

BARON: (LAUGHING) That's it, Sharley. I couldn't think of it -- but I was in the neighborhood. He was fighting with a lionaise --

CHARLEY: Do you mean a lioness?

BARON: Why do you waste my time -- the lionaise was trying to protect her puppies.

CHARLEY: Cubs.

BARON: She was trying to protect her -- what did you say?

CHARLEY: I said she was trying to protect her cubs.

BARON: Maybe they were cubs -- maybe they were white books -- I won't argue. I was going to go in and separate them from fighting -- when up came a leopard to help the Albany --

CHARLEY: You mean the buffalo.

BARON: Yes -- but the lionaise went after that leopard and knocked the spots out of him.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! The fight attracted all the animals in the jungles -- hippo-pos-tum-uses, rhinos-horses, kangaroosters, zeburas -- Sharley, you never saw so many animals in a zoo! This was one time I was frightened -- because they started to charge me.

CHARLEY: Charge you?

BARON: Yes -- like a lot of bill collectors. So what did I do?

CHARLEY: I haven't the faintest idea, Baron. What did you do?

BARON: I picked up a shot gun -- took aim and fired -- and it exploded -- one barrel went to the left and killed the rhinos-horses, the hippo-pos-tum-uses and the leopard -- the other barrel flew to the right and killed the kangaroosters and the zeburas -- the ram-rod flew out and killed the lionaise -- the concussion of the gun threw me backwards and I fell on a raccoon and killed him.

CHARLEY: A raccoon?

BARON: I thought it was a raccoon -- but later on I found out it was a college boy wearing an overcoat.

CHARLEY:

Baron you certainly have a lot of courage to tell a story like that. You must be a brave man.

BARON:

Brave -- do you see these three medals -- I got those for bravery.

CHARLEY:

Bravery?

BARON:

But not while hunting. I got these for jumping.

CHARLEY:

What did you get this one for?

BARON:

Jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge.

CHARLEY:

And what's this one for?

BARON:

Jumping back.

CHARLEY:

And this one?

BARON:

Jumping back.

CHARLEY:

Now wait a minute, Baron -- You told me you got this one for jumping back.

BARON:

Yes, but I had to make it in two jumps.

CHARLEY:

Oh, Baron!

BARON:

Oh, Sharley!

\*\*\*\*\*

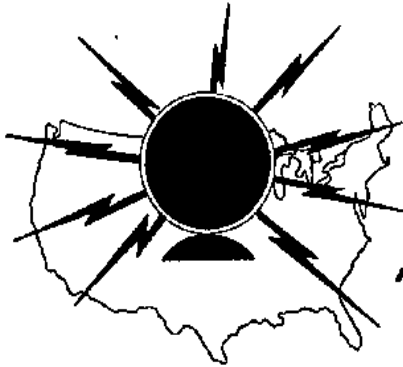
WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen  
9/13/32

ATK01 0269534

ATX01 0269535

# 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. . . . WEF and  
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

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

---

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen....this is the Man on the Flying Trapeze....swinging from the cross bar in his bare feet before settling down in the cockpit of the Magic Carpet to take you for a buggy ride out to the Mid-West.....The Carpet is going to dance back and forth tonight between Milwaukee, Chicago....and little old New York. Lopez speaking will salute you from Milwaukee and from Chicago will come a new voice and a new band on the Magic Carpet..... Frankie Masters, a clever personable lad who has a tremendous following in the Windy City. Tonight Frankie makes his bid for All American Honors, so let's give the lad a big welcome and wish him luck.

I was looking up the aeroplane routes to the Windy City the other day....and I find you can leave Newark early in the morning....say at nine o'clock and meet your wife in Chicago at three thirty in the afternoon.....It's a fast age we live in me hearties....but of course the Magic Carpet is the fastest route available between here and anywhere. Let's dash out of Manhattan now...over the Hudson...out of Newark...over Harrisburg..... Pittsburgh....yes and a lot of other swell burgs.....here you are back home again in Indiana....you're over the line....you're in the loop.....and here's your new friend Frankie Masters.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

We're in Chicago, where Frankie Masters and his Terrace Garden Orchestra start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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



CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

From the shores of Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean the Magic Carpet dashes back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Frankie....let me be the first to congratulate you.... and let ME let YOU in on a custom of the LUCKY STRIKE family. Every now and then we pause in our headlong flight....and in that brief pause Howard Claney has his little say.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Nature in the Raw" was never so vividly portrayed as in that horror-filled dawn of 1775 when the bloodthirsty savages fell on the advance guard of Ethan Allan's gallant "Green Mountain Boys" who afterwards so gloriously captured Fort Ticonderoga.

"Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild," - and, as among men, so among plants. . . 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.

ATX01 0269538

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS TO SINGING "A RAINY DAY!")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Mike's boy Walter, my dear listeners inners and I hope you weren't tuner outers.....I sang that song only to give Vincent Lopez a few more minutes with his men to give them a pep talk before blowing the whistle and starting the game. Because the next man to carry the ball will be Lopez. Vincent some time ago went out on tour but if he thought for one moment that he could lose Mr. LUCKY STRIKE he's all wrong. Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has been trailing him everywhere.....and finally tracked him down in the Shrayder Hotel in Milwaukee where our operatives are holding him now.....let's go get him in a jiffy.....in a trice.....in anything you want to wear but we're travelling. Out over those ever-loving Alleghanies.....let's go by Cleveland.....I want to say hello to some one there....now out across Lake Erie....over to Detroit..... over that Michigan Peninsula....ah there's nothing like a good peninsula.....now another water jump....Lake Michigan....and right into the Shrayder Hotel.

ON WISCONSIN..ON WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT LOPEZ(WHISTLE)  
OKAY, MILWAUKEE!

ATX01 0269539

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Hollo everybody, Lopez speaking, from the Shrayder  
Hotel in Milwaukee where we play -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Magic Carpet heads out of Milwaukee and speeds  
eastward, back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Muchas grathias, Saynor Lopez.....and there's no need  
for me to tell you Vincent to stand by for the next announcement.  
It's different, though, Vince.....Howard Claney has important news  
for you -- Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Certified Cremo Cigars in this year 1932 makes this vital announcement to every man who enjoys a fine cigar....twenty words....no more, no less.

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE:

America's biggest cigar value....Certified Cremo now five cents STRAIGHT.....three FOR ten cents....same quality....same size....same shape..

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The year 1932 - extra value is today's demand!  
Because of its tremendous popularity, the makers of Certified Cremo now offer you this fine cigar at an extraordinarily low price. The same high quality....the same famous Perfecto shape....the same size... the greatest cigar value ever offered to the American public.....  
Certified Cremo -- NOW FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT -- THREE FOR TEN CENTS!

--STATION BREAK--

ATX01 0269541

WALTER O'KEEFE:

If your watch is correct that should be about the half-way-mark on tonight's trip over the air. Here's another spot where we make a quick hop skip and a jump....back again to the shores of Lake Michigan....but this time....we settle to the South and trip the light fantastic to the musical measures of Masters..... Frankie Masters....who is the answer to a dancer's prayer. Poking its fringe into the Indian Summer breeze ye Carpet strikes a speedy gait as we leave Pennsylvania behind and race across Ohio....into that dear old Indiana....past Fort Wayne....past South Bend....past Gary....up the outer drive that Chicago is so proud of....circle over the Art Institute and swoop right down in a happy landing on this new LUCKY STRIKE lad. Strike out for yourself Frankie Masters.

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Frankie Masters and his Terrace Garden Orchestra continue from Chicago with -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Again the Magic Carpet takes that speedy hop out of Chicago and back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS AFTER RETURNING FROM CHICAGO INTO  
-- "THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gents....that was the Broadway Hillbilly....  
and now while I pick the hay out of my ears and try to act once  
again like a city chap.....I'll turn you over to Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Talk about burning up a golf course! That exactly  
what \_\_\_\_\_ did today in winning  
the National Amateur Golf Championship of the United States.

---

\_\_\_\_\_ . The young folks sure are having their  
day in sports this year. America is proud of them, and LUCKY  
STRIKE is proud that the young folks have selected it as their  
favorite cigarette. Trust them to know mildness! The reason for  
LUCKY STRIKE'S mildness is simple as A-B-C....it contains no raw  
tobaccos! "TOASTING" sees to that! So no wonder the young folks...  
the old folks.....all kinds of folks say LUCKIES are the mildest,  
the mellow-mildest cigarette in all the world!

ATX01 0269543

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now back to Milwaukee....I was thinking of it Thursday when I read a new book written by Bob Brown called "Let There Be Beer" .....and I was thinking of the beer that made Milwaukee famous. It's tough to read the book.....But why talk about it. Let's go there..... You're over Lake Michigan....dear listener inners....and there's Milwaukee straight ahead of you....there's the Shrayder Hotel..... there's Vincent Lopez and now you're in for it.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, MILWAUKEE!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor of the Shrayder Hotel in Milwaukee, we play -- (TITLES)

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Magic Carpet flashes high over Milwaukee and speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now ladies and gentlemen, we have come to the end of the road....and until Tuesday night we'll be busy setting the stage for another mystery drama....another of our cops and robbers stories....that have gotten America by the Ear. This week the story will deal with a very smooth gentlemen known as the Society Burglar.....an oily Raffles who invades the inner circle of society and even while he's kissing the hand of a dowager you'll see him figuring how much her bracelets are worth. To balance off this thriller we'll have Lew Conrad and his orchestra. Of course, next Thursday we will again present Jack Pearl, alias the Baron Munchausen who will tell more of his extraordinary adventures and give America that darn good laugh we need so much. So that's the line-up my friends....take it easy over the week-end.....I'm going to put on my hat and go home. Till Tuesday night then, goodnight and good luck!

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/17/32

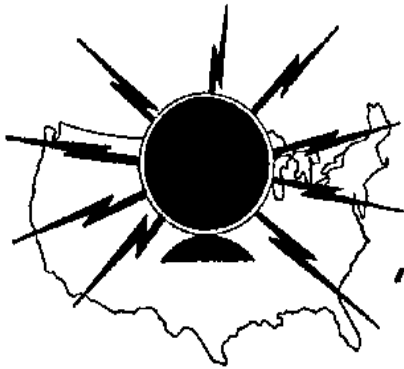
ATX01 0269545



ATX01 0269546

# 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."

---

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 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. On each program,  
Walter O'Keefe is the Pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen.....a happy Choosday greeting to you one and all. Again the Magic Carpet starts on another week of what Mr. LUCKY STRIKE calls "Those famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills." Tonight of course we have our "cops and robbers story".....our drama of crime and oriminals.....our mystery thriller taken from the files of the New York Police Department. Then we have another thrill for you.....we have a band of horn-tooters you haven't heard in quite some time....I refer to none other than Lew Conrad, a Back Bay lad from Beacon Hill, Boston.

Lew and his boys are in New York playing on the Hotel Pennsylvania Roof and they can do a lot to a tune....so let's up and at 'em and we'll give no quarter....we'll settle for fifteen....we're on our way in a burst of glory....Get you up on ye Magic Carpet and sit thee doon.....you're in for a dance and let's give a great big hand to Lew Conrad as we land at his feet.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

LEW CONRAD:

Good evening, everybody, this is Lew Conrad and his Musketeers inviting you all to dance to -- (TITLES)

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

LEW CONRAD:

Now we flash the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That, ladies and gentlemen, was Lew Conrad and his Musketeers. We'll hear them again later but right now we'll let him get measured for a bust in the Hall of Fame and listen to Howard Claney who will speak briefly.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Nature in the raw is seldom mild." Today, in hundreds of newspapers throughout the country millions will see a vivid portrayal of this well-known truth. It is a famous artist's painting of a crouching leopard, whose fierce fighting power and relentless hunt for prey make him the terror of every beast in the African jungle. A forceful example that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild!" True of the leopard...and true of tobacco. 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.

ATX01 0269549

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All right now Mr. and Mrs. U.S.A.....open wide your ears and keep your nerve because this mystery thriller will test it. You're going to meet a bounder, a blackguard, a badman of the most sinister type. This Cops and Robbers Story is known as the "Society Burglar"....and it deals with one of those smooth oily crafty cunning criminals, of the higher order....He moves with all the electric speed of a cat....he can see in the dark, this Raffles, Against society he puts forth his wits....against law and order..... against Barry Rudd. Does he win or does he lose? Pay close attention while the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet theatre rolls up the curtain and plays this thrilling drama right in your own living room. It's another case where New York's Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney, shared the problem and the credit with a county outside greater New York....In Nassau County Abram W. Skidmore, chief of Police, Inspector Harold King, and District Attorney Elvin N. Edwards helped track down this society burglar and it's exciting to watch 'em do it. As the Magic Carpet hides in the shrubbery of this beautiful Long Island estate I turn over the controls to Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police who will take care of you.

ON WITH THE SHOW KIND SIR (WHISTLE) OKAY INSPECTOR HENRY!

ATX01 0269550

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The case which you are about to hear has been dramatized from facts in the official records of the Nassau County and the New York Police Departments, and is authenticated by New York Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, and in Nassau County by Abram W. Skidmore, chief of police, Inspector Harold King and district attorney Elvin N. Edwards. This is a true story except that for obvious reasons fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that crime does not pay.

(FIRST PART -- "THE SOCIETY BURGLAR")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well what do YOU think. Your guess is good as another's. One thing about this story tonight is perfectly clear.... it's got plenty of suspense. Burke certainly went at his problem like a field marshall.....he cut off the telephone wires....locked up guests and servants....used no light at all except his flashlight .....it gives rise to certain questions naturally....was it an inside job?....well mull that over for a while....argue it out among yourselves and see how close you are to the solution.....then watch Barry Rudd stalk his prey in the second act....mind you that second act is not very far off....less than a half hour on this same program so stand by while we turn a couple of corners on a speedy trip back to Lew Conrad and his Musketeers. So come on dance and enjoy yourselves as I flip the trusty Magic Carpet to Lew Conrad and his boys from the Hotel Pennsylvania Roof.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

LEW CONRAD:

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

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

LEW CONRAD:

Now we take that short and speedy hop back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

ATX01 0269552

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Conrad....congratulations. Forgive me son...I merely wanted to say that the gang around the studios who are listening in are nodding to each other and saying, "Swell huh?" Now Lew, take it easy...here's where Howard Claney says something of importance. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Certified Cremo -- the cigar Vice-President Marshall had in mind when he made his famous remark -- has this startling announcement for every smoker...twenty words -- no more, no less.  
(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE:

America's biggest cigar value....Certified Cremo now five cents STRAIGHT,...three FOR ten cents....same quality.... same size....same shape.  
(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This great step is made possible by our tremendous reserve of fine long-filler tobacco, our modern up-to-the-minute methods of manufacture and our large volume sales. The great savings thus effected are now passed on to you. No matter where you live -- in city, country, town or village -- you will find Certified Cremo the same uniform quality that you have always enjoyed.....the same in size....the same famous Perfecto shape..... And here is mighty convincing evidence of what America thinks of Certified Cremo at its new prices - a telegram from one of the heads of a great organization operating hundreds of stores all over the country: --

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269553



HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

"American Tobacco Co.

111 Fifth Avenue.

RUSH ALL ORDERS CERTIFIED CREMO/SINCE CREMO BECAME  
FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS OUR SALES HAVE  
JUMPED BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS/IMPERATIVE WE HAVE  
SUFFICIENT STOCK AS PUBLIC HAS ALREADY RECOGNIZED THAT  
CREMO AT THESE NEW PRICES IS THE MOST OUTSTANDING VALUE  
IN AMERICA. (SIGNED) J.C. Thompson, Walgreen Company.

---STATION BREAK---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All right, Lew Conrad.....again it's your cue to  
launch forth over the air waves and set the feet of millions in  
motion while others sit it out and have a smoke. You got Rhythm,  
Lew m'lad, and that's what this hour wants...it wants melody....it  
wants mirth....it wants youth.....it wants you.....

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

LEW CONRAD:

And this time our Musketeers begin the dance with

-- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

LEW CONRAD:

Get ready Walter, here comes your high flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now, Lew Conrad sit down and have one of my cigarettes ...and we'll wind up the Society Burglar. You remember how the wealthy Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton were robbed in the middle of the night of thousands of dollars worth of gems and jewelry....you remember Burke, the suave thief....you remember how he gave Alice his fiancée a beautiful ring and told her when to wear it....well let's see how smart he really is.....Let's see if he can outwit Barry Rudd and his pal Mack.....Crooks may quarrel and fall out..... but their opponents the police stick together in the face of everything. Right then, Mr. and Mrs. Mystery Lover.....the Magic Carpet goes scooting up to One Hundred and Sixteenth Street... up through Traffic.....and back you go into the Police Car.

ON WITH THE SHOW (WHISTLE) OKAY POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART -- "THE SOCIETY BURGLAR")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well its another game where Barry Rudd walks home with the ball.....it's another illustration of the fatheadedness of crooks....candidly Burke sounded like a clever man....one who could control his underlings and keep them filled up with the spirit of co-operation but....no....he tries to cut away....to go it alone....wants to be elegant....and winds up wrecking his own life and planting a deep wound in the heart of his lady love. The wiser they are....the harder they fall....this is the Fifteenth Cops and Robber Story....the fifteenth time we've proved the same truth.....that crime does not pay.....Next Tuesday we'll stage another for you....at this same time. It's called the "Gang in Blue Glasses." Watch for it.

Now, Miss America I invite you to dance....I invite you to get up and dance a phantom dance...you in your home....I here in the studio....both of us joining the other millions who go for Lew Conrad in a big way. Hold my hand Toots and I'll show you the town....There's the Central Park Casino.....the one and only Fifth Avenue....There's the Central Park Zoo....and here's your friend Lew Conrad who will play for you.

ON WITH THE DANCE CONRAD (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

LEW CONRAD:

We continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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

LEW CONRAD:

The Magic Carpet speeds over our heads and dashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Take it easy Lew and relax. Here's where Howard Clancy gets in a few words on something of interest to every one. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here comes the debutante season! Soon thousands of charming young American girls will be making their bows to society! Tomorrow, in fact, a large party will be given in the fashionable suburb of Darien, Connecticut, for two debutantes. Young folks are mighty critical of their cigarettes and so we regard it as a splendid compliment that the young men and women of America have chosen LUCKY STRIKE as their favorite. They have found real quality in LUCKY STRIKE -- the flavor of the finest of fine tobaccos.....the mildness that can be present only when raw tobaccos are absent. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE. That's why they are so mild. Young America wants more for its money and that's just what the tins of LUCKY STRIKE Fifties give them....together with fifty of the finest, mildest cigarettes that money can buy.....LUCKY STRIKE -- it's mild because "IT'S TOASTED."

ATX01 0269557

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Howard Claney Uncle Sam...he took only  
a couple of seconds so I'll pattern my own conduct after his....  
we'll shoot the Magic Carpet into high and go out after Lew  
Conrad....a young man and his band well worth listening to....so  
it's a matter of seconds and he'll tap out the beat and cry

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

LEW CONRAD:

The dance does go on as our Musketeers play --

(TITLES)

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

LEW CONRAD:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

ATX01 0269558

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So it ends my friends...so it ends...another trip... another marvelous excursion where Mr. LUCKY STRIKE provides the dancing and thrills. If you haven't been home by your radio on the last two Thursdays you've probably been balled out by your neighbors for missing a good thing. You've probably been told about Jack Pearl, alias the Baron Munchausen. On two successive Thursday nights the Baron has stepped into the spotlight and gathered to himself millions of friends in the LUCKY STRIKE family. And why not? Why not ahm askin' yoh.....the boss scanned the mail, the papers, the handwriting on the wall and found out that what America needs is a darned good laugh. You can get it Thursday night by tuning in on Jack Pearl....going through a most amazing, unbelievable series of adventures as the Baron Munchausen. With him Thursday night will be Ferde Grofe....hurried back to the microphone after his debut two weeks ago. Ferde Grofe, his band and his arrangements rang the bell of popular favor so we wanted him back here in a hurry....time's up....that's all I've got to say except good night and good luck.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/20/32

ATX01 0269559

SU-154-XIV

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIV

"THE SOCIETY BURGLAR"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

SEPTEMBER 30, 1938

--:-----

ATX01 0269560

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIV

"THE SOCIETY BURGLAR"

PART I and II

-:-:-

CHARACTERS:

BARRY RUDD	ALICE
MACK	MAID
MRS. NETTLETON	INSPECTOR
MR. NETTLETON	OSCAR
BURKE	ROBERTS
BOB	SERGEANT

NOTE:

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SU-154-XIV

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIV

"THE SOCIETY BURGLAR"

PART I

\*\*\*\*\*

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY....ALL POLICE CARS...  
 STAND BY.....THE SOCIETY BURGLAR....REAL  
 PEOPLE.....REAL PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....  
 A REAL CASE.....INVESTIGATED BY TOM CURTIN.....  
 AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD  
 P. MULROONEY AND INSPECTOR HAROLD KING OF  
 NASSAU COUNTY.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....  
 PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO MAGNIFICENT NETTLETON  
 ESTATE.....ON LONG ISLAND.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

MRS. N: Peter --- Peter, do you hear me? Peter, wake up!

NETTLETON: (YAWNING) Ho-hum, what d'ye want?

MRS. N: There's some one moving around outside the window. I can hear him.

NETTLETON: Who'd be moving around this time of night? Nonsense--- It's your imagination, Emily. Try to get back to sleep again.

MRS. N: I'm certain I hear some one.

NETTLETON: (YAWNING) Goodnight.

(PAUSE)

MRS. N: (WITH EXCITEMENT) Peter -- look there----look-----

NETTLETON: Huh?

MRS. N: There in the window----it's the top of a ladder-----

NETTLETON: I say! What in blazes----

BURKE: (FADING IN) Quiet! Mr. Nettleton, I advise you and your wife to keep perfectly still---otherwise you will be shot!

NETTLETON: What the----Stop shining that flashlight in my eyes!

MRS. N: Peter----take care! He has a gun in the other hand!

BURKE: I most certainly have. And when we get to know each other better I'll show you the medals I've won for marksmanship. In the meantime, if you'll just remain in your beds, I'm sure you will find it all quite painless.

NETTLETON: What's the meaning of this---this outrage---what are you doing in my house!

BURKE: Now, now, Mr. Nettleton, is that any way to talk? I'm only conducting myself like any good guest--making myself perfectly at home. (WHISTLES SHARPLY)

ATK01 0269563

MRS. N: Oh! Good gracious!

BURKE: Don't be alarmed, madam -- merely a signal to my assistant who is waiting halfway down the ladder. A quaint character whom we will call Bob. I'm sure you'll like him.

MRS. N: What are you after? What do you want? My jewelry?

BURKE: Dear me, Mrs. Nettleton---you're positively psycho!

MRS. N: You--you disreputable bandit! You thug!

BOB: (FADING IN) Mahzit, boss?

BURKE: It's charming. Our hostess was just speaking a few words of welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton---Bob. Bob, Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton----

MRS. N: Look----what's that he's carrying. Oh, good heavens---

BURKE: Now, now -- don't be alarmed. I assure you he uses that sledge hammer only in moments of emergency. Bob, while I keep 'em covered, you take a look over the bureau and dresser. You can put the hammer down.

BOB: Where's the light switch? I can't find it.

BURKE: No -- no lights. We'll stick to using the flashes.

BOB: O.K. (FADING) Some gent's diamond cuff links on the table here.

BURKE: Splendid. They ought to come in handy.

BOB: And say -- this here bureau is lousy with all kinds o' sparklers. Come here and take a look, chief.

BURKE: No, I'll just keep my eye on the delightful old couple. There's no telling what a man like Mr. Nettleton would do if I were careless enough to turn my back. And by the way, Bob, when you finish there, the lady is wearing a very handsome ring. What is it, ma'am, a sapphire?

ATX01 0269564

MRS. N: Please -- I beg of you -- let me keep this ring! It's my husband's birthday present to me.

BURKE: Well, well, all these years -- and the honeymoon not over! I'm sorry, Mrs. Nettleton -- but that ring is really too good for me to pass up-----

MRS. N: Please --- what are you going to do?

NETTLETON: Look here you----

BURKE: Bob----take care of him, will you?

BOB: All right, all right, guy, rest easy -- stay where you are----

(NETTLETON GRUNTS)

BURKE: Now---hand over the ring----

MRS. N: Please---please----you're hurting me---I'll give it to you---let me take it off myself-----there---there you are-----

NETTLETON: You---you brutal scoundrel!

BURKE: Tut, tut, sir. Let me compliment you on your taste. This square sapphire set among these diamonds is really a work of art. It's the sort of thing I've been hoping I'd come across. Now, Bob, did you clean up the room otherwise?

BOB: Yeh, I did.

BURKE: Did you get the pearl necklace?

BOB: Yeh, it was in that leather box on the dresser.

BURKE: Good. That leaves us one more thing to do. Slide back that tapestry across the room, there, and see if the safe is where we expect to find it.

BOB: (FADING) O.K.

(SOUND OF TAPESTRY SLIDING ON ROD)

Yep. Right here, chief. But she's locked up tighter than a drum.

BURKE: That's where Mr. Nettleton comes in. He's going to tell us the combination.

NETTLETON: But the safe is broken. It hasn't been open in a year. That's the only reason my wife's jewelry was out in the room. I give you my word of honor - it's empty. There's nothing in the safe.

BURKE: Is that so? Well, I don't believe you. Bob, pick up the sledge-hammer. Bust open the safe.

BOB: Sure.

(SOUND OF HEAVY POUNDING)

MRS. N: Merciful heaven - this is frightful-----

NETTLETON: No, Emily -- no it's not. I don't suppose you thieves stopped to realize that noise has undoubtedly wakened our guests and servants -- and that they've called the police!

BURKE: Really, Mr. Nettleton, you must take us for amateurs. For your information, the guests and servants are locked in their rooms----and all the telephone wires are cut.

(SAFE DOOR CRASHES IN)

BOB: I got it, boss.

BURKE: Well?

BOB: I'll be doggoned. Not a blooming thing inside.

ATK01 0269566

BURKE: Mr. Nettleton, I apologize. I should have taken your word for it. All right, Bob, let's go. My friends, unless you wish me to do something drastic, you won't make any attempt to follow us. And now---thank you for a profitable visit.....I wish you---pleasant dreams!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE MOTOR STARTS AND FADES OUT  
2. HYSTERICAL HUBBUB OF PEOPLE ON NETTLETON ESTATE.  
3. POLICE SIREN ONCE.

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SERGEANT: Detectives Rudd and Mack from New York, Inspector Prince.

INSPECTOR: Fine. I've been expecting them. Good morning, Barry. How are you, Mack? (AD LIB GREETINGS) You boys certainly got here quickly --- and I want to thank you for coming.

BARRY: Don't mention it, Inspector. Thank you for letting us in on it. There's not a doubt in my mind but what there'll be a New York City angle to this robbery sooner or later.

INSPECTOR: Yes. It's the logical place for the thieves to get rid of the loot.

MACK: Right. Say, has anything new happened since you telephoned Headquarters?

ATX01 0269567

INSPECTOR: Nothing much. I've been out to the Nettleton estate, and my boys have been over it with a fine tooth comb. There's not a clue or a fingerprint.

BARRY: How about identification?

INSPECTOR: Nothing doing. Neither Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton nor any one else got a good look at the crooks. They worked with flashlights, and kept in the dark themselves. I confess I'm afraid this is going to be a slow one to break.

MACK: Yeh, that's right, Inspector. Just wait for some of the jewelry to turn up, eh?

BARRY: I wonder if we'll have to do that, Mack.

MACK: Huh? What do you mean?

BARRY: Just this. From what the Inspector's told us we know that those thieves were pretty well informed. They had the lay-out of the house at their fingertips and they knew that the Nettletons had had a big entertainment that evening.

INSPECTOR: It was in the social columns of the papers, Barry.

BARRY: All right, then, rule that part out. But how did they know about the safe hidden behind the tapestry, if they weren't working with an inside tip-off man?

MACK: Say, Barry, that's right!

BARRY: Worth thinking about anyway---and worth following up maybe as a hunch. Let's get the Nettleton's to look over the New York Rogues Gallery, Inspector. Perhaps they won't be able to recognize the crooks themselves there---but if they can spot anybody they think they've ever seen before---it might lead us to a clue.

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ATX01 026956B

SOUND INTERLUDE: STREET SOUNDS

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(SOUND OF ALICE WEeping)

BURKE: Alice----Alice---please stop----please----

ALICE: I---I know it's silly---but--I--I can't help it----

BURKE: What have I done, dear? What is it?

ALICE: What have you done? (STARTS WEeping AGAIN)

BURKE: Was it--last night?

ALICE: I waited and waited for hours---until long after it was too late to go to the theatre ----and then when I finally phoned your apartment---some perfectly awful man answered and said you weren't there--oh, I was so worried---

BURKE: That must have been Oscar.

ALICE: Who's Oscar?

BURKE: No one of any importance. Listen, Alice---we'll go to the theatre tonight, instead---shall we?

ALICE: Lawrence---please---please----don't you understand? It's not going to the show--it's--it's----Oh, don't you see?

BURKE: No, dear. I don't. I don't at all.

ALICE: I suppose it will strike you as very childish and feminine. But I---I believed you cared something about me, Lawrence. I didn't think you'd break an engagement with me so casually ---without letting me know-----as if I meant nothing,----

BURKE: Alice, dear heart----you're everything to me---- everything in the world----you know that----I don't have to tell you.-----



ALICE: Then--why---

BURKE: It was business. I couldn't see you last night.  
There was something I had to do.

ALICE: What?

BURKE: I---I can't tell you that.

ALICE: Lawrence, if we're going to be married, certainly I  
should know what your business is---something about  
it, anyway -- you've never told me----

BURKE: Alice--I--I'm changing my business. What's past is  
all done----and please don't ask me to talk about it.  
After tonight, we'll never keep anything from each  
other. Darling---will you share a secret with me  
now?

ALICE: What is it?

BURKE: Give me your hand. No-----No, your left hand---

ALICE: It's a ring!

BURKE: Yes -- the ring. But don't wear it except when we're  
alone together until after we're married. I have a  
reason for asking.

ALICE: A square sapphire---surrounded by diamonds! Oh,  
Larry, it's so lovely!

BURKE: Not one tenth as lovely as you at this moment, sweet---  
I----

MAID: (FADING IN) Mrs. Downes---

ALICE: Oh, Lottie. What is it?

MAID: Sorry to bother you, ma'am, but this note just came  
for Mr. Burke----

ALICE: A note?

BURKE: Let me have it, Lottie. Who brought it here?  
MAID: Well, I don't like to say nothin'---but he was the dirtiest man I ever hope to see. Looked like a tramp, he did.

(SOUND OF NOTE BEING OPENED)

ALICE: What is it, Lawrence? Who'd be writing you here?

BURKE: It's--It's-- nothing----

ALICE: You're so strange tonight. You said we'd have no more secrets. I want to know what that note says. I mean it, Larry.

BURKE: Well, let the maid go.

ALICE: That's all, Lottie.

MAID: (FADING) Yessum.

(DOOR SHUTS)

BURKE: Here.

ALICE: (READING) "Chief-----Oscar raising the devil about the split. If you don't want trouble with the cops you better come right away to the Hundred and Sixteenth Street place." And it's signed "Bob Adams." Who's he?

BURKE: Bob? He's -- uh --- my assistant---he----

ALICE: What does he mean-----"trouble with the cops"?

ALICE: Lawrence---what is it? Where are you going?

BURKE: I think I'd better run out and see what the trouble is, dear, about Bob and Osoar.

ALICE: This -- I don't know what to think. I--I'm frightened, Larry---

BURKE: Sweetheart--please--don't worry. I tell you there's nothing for you to be frightened about. You just forget it all, Alice. Everything's going to be all right.

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ATK01 0269571

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPEN AND SHUT;  
2. POLICE CAR MOTOR AND SIREN FADE IN.

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MRS. N: (FADING IN) Now, Peter, don't try to shush me. I'm sure about that picture. Who else could it have been?

NETTLETON: Emily, one of your greatest faults is jumping to conclusions. You---

MRS. N: I suppose I was jumping to a conclusion the night I told you I heard some one outside the window?

NETTLETON: That's absolutely beside the point.

MRS. N: Oh, is it? Well, I'm certain I recognized that photograph, and I'm going to speak to Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: (FADING IN) Excuse me, Mrs. Nettleton, I couldn't help but overhear a portion of your conversation. Did you find one of the thieves in the Rogues Gallery?

NETTLETON: Now, Emily, remember that you don't want to make a lot of trouble for a man who may be perfectly innocent--

BARRY: Mr. Nettleton---but any clue however slight is of value to us. If there's any one in the Rogues Gallery whom your wife thinks she knew, she should tell us.

MRS. N: Well, Peter? What shall I do?

NETTLETON: We must be guided by her, Rudd, I think.

MRS. N: Well, it was last year while Mr. Nettleton was abroad. I hired a new chauffeur, but after two months I had to discharge him. Oscar something or other his name was--- I forget what he called himself. But his picture was there in the Rogues Gallery under the name of Oscar House!

BARRY: (CALLING) Oh, Mack.

ATX01 0269572

MACK: Yeh, Barry?

BARRY: Get the files and all possible information as to the whereabouts of Oscar House. He's in the gallery---- Mrs. Nettleton picked him out.

MACK: (FADING) Right.

BARRY: Thank you, Mrs. Nettleton. I hope this will prove important.

NETTLETON: I only trust my wife hasn't sent you on a false lead---

BARRY: Don't worry, sir. If it's false--we'll soon find out and discard it. But right now, it's the most promising clue we have toward the recovery of your stolen jewels.

\*\*\*\*\*

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE SOCIETY BURGLAR....WHAT WILL BE FATE....OF GENTLEMAN CROOK....WHO ROBBED SOCIETY MATRON OF GEMS....STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...FOR CONCLUSION....FILLED WITH HUMAN INTEREST AND EMOTION.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

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ATX01 0269573

SU-154-XIV

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIV

"THE SOCIETY BURGLAR"

PART II

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RADIO-CAR VOICE:

ALL POLICE CARS....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE CARS...  
STAND BY.....THE SOCIETY BURGLAR....SMOOTH  
CROOK HOLDS UP LONG ISLAND ESTATE....FLEES WITH  
FORTUNE IN JEWELS....NEW YORK DETECTIVES.....WORK  
ON CLUE OF DISCHARGED CHAUFFEUR.....LUCKY STRIKE  
MAGIC CARPET....PROCEED AT ONCE....TO CROOKS'  
HANGOUT.....ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH STREET.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

ATX01 0269574

BURKE: And now, I trust I've made myself so clear you both understand me?

BOB: You mean you're quittin' the racket, Chief? Cuttin' it out right when you been takin' the richest hauls in the game?

BURKE: You've finally got it, Bob. I'm quits. I'm through.

BOB: Well, fer crime out loud. Barnum was right.

BURKE: You understand it, too, Oscar?

OSCAR: Listen, Burke, I don't give a whoop about what you do. I want my share o' the split. I give you the layout o' the house, an' told you where the safe was, an' I want mine.

BURKE: You've got yours, Oscar.

OSCAR: Huh?

BURKE: That safe was empty---it didn't do us any good. There's nothing more coming to you.

OSCAR: Listen, Burke. I know you're holding out that ring the old lady was wearing. Bob told me.

BURKE: That's your business, is it, Bob?

BOB: Well, gee, that ring's so hot it's risky. You ought to get rid of it.

BURKE: Shut up. From right now on -- keep out of my affairs. I don't want to set eyes on either one of you again. If you ever see me on the street, or any place else, don't speak to me---you understand? I've washed my hands clean of this whole business.

OSCAR: Not till you peddle that sapphire an' make your divvy-ups square, you ain't----

BURKE: Sit down, Oscar.

OSCAR: That's worth ten grand if it's worth a dime and---

BURKE: Do you want me to blow you full of holes?

OSCAR: Well, I----

BURKE: That's it. Sit down. Until I walk out of this room, I'm still the head man ---remember that. Now, Oscar--- did you fix up the car as I told you to?

OSCAR: Yeh, I did. Like a sap.

BURKE: That's just as well. You're a better mechanic than a jewel thief. Bob, as long as my hack seems to be here, I'll run you down to the depot.

BOB: To the depot, boss?

BURKE: That's it. You know too much about me. I'm uneasy while you're in New York. With Oscar, it's different. If he makes any more noise about that split he understands what he'll get. All right now. Let's see what trains they have for you.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.  
2. AUTOMOBILE MOTOR AND HORN FADE IN AND OUT.  
3. POUNDING ON DOOR.

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MACK: (OUTSIDE) Come on in there, open up. Open the door.

OSCAR: Who is it? What do you want?

MACK: (OUTSIDE) Don't stall. Open up, it's the police.

OSCAR: (FRIGHTENED) All right-----all right.  
(SOUND OF BOLT SLIPPING BACK--DOOR OPENING)

MACK: That's better, Oscar. O.K., Barry. Come on in.

OSCAR: Hey---what do you guys want? I ain't done nothin'.

BARRY: Is that so? Well, House, we're not so sure of that.

OSCAR: What do you mean?

MACK: How about the jewel robbery at the Nettleton estate?  
Come on, now. Spill it.

OSCAR: I don't know nothin' about it. I don't know nothin'  
at all.

BARRY: Oscar, you don't deny, do you, that you worked for two  
months under an assumed name as chauffeur for Mrs.  
Nettleton, until she let you go?

OSCAR: What if I did? That's nothin' to hang a guy for, is  
it? You ain't got anything at all on me.

BARRY: Is that right? Get out the bracelets, Mack. We'll  
take Oscar along.

OSCAR: What's the charge? What for?

MACK: What do you suppose for? For violation of parole,  
maybe---if we find a gun in this room for violation of  
the Penal Code of 1897 ---maybe just under suspicion  
of being an accomplice in the Nettleton affair. Now,  
what you got to say to that?

OSCAR: I didn't do the job -- honest.

BARRY: That's all right, Osoar. Mack and I don't even think  
you did. But we do know pretty well that you were in  
on it. And if you don't want to spend a little time  
in the Tombs, you'd better talk up.

OSCAR: Well, now, I----

MACK: Come on, come on.

OSCAR: Listen, you guys can't----



BARRY: Don't waste time Oscar. Are you going to tell what you know, or are you coming with us?

OSCAR: Well, put up them handcuffs. I'll talk. I been cheated and swindled in this deal, anyway. Grab chairs, and sit down, you cops. I'm gonna show that guy somethin', I guess. I'm gonna show him that double-crossin's a game that two guys can play as well as one.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE CAR MOTOR AND SIREN IN AND OUT.

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BARRY: (FADING IN) And that's the finish of the story, Inspector. He gave me a description of the car, a description of the man Lawrence Burke, and the name of the young woman to whom he's engaged.

INSPECTOR: And who is she, Barry?

BARRY: Mack has it in his book.

MACK: The name of the woman is Downs, Inspector. Mrs. Alice Downs. She has a place out here somewhere.

INSPECTOR: Out here, eh? Will you pass me that directory, Barry?

BARRY: This one?

INSPECTOR: If you please. It's the complete directory of the county. Let's see-----D---Davis, Dawes, Dingley, Downs----here we are---Downs, Mrs. Alice. Residence, Shore Road, Larch Lake.

MACK: That's it, Inspector. We go out there, eh?

INSPECTOR: Are we sure that it's this Mrs. Downs, Mr. Rudd?

ATX01 0269578

BARRY: There you have us, of course. There's only the word of Oscar House, an ex-convict. Of course, there's no reason why he should give us a bum steer. On the other hand, there's no reason why he should not.

MACK: But it's a lead, Barry! By golly, Inspector! We got to follow it up!

INSPECTOR: Yes, Mack. I'm inclined to agree with you. And if District Attorney Roberts will go with us to see Mrs. Downs, I'm certain there won't be any kick from any one. I'll put in a phone call for him right now.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. SOUND OF PHONE BEING DIALED.  
2. AUTOMOBILE MOTOR FADE IN AND COME TO STOP.

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INSPECTOR: Well, here we are. That's the bungalow right there.

ROBERTS: Hm. A car parked out in front. I wonder if it has anything to do with the case?

MACK: Anything to do with the case? Say, Mr. Roberts, it is the case. The number on those license plates checks with what Oscar House gave us back in town.

ROBERTS: We should proceed cautiously, then, I imagine?

BARRY: Indeed we must, Mr. Roberts. The car probably means that Burke is inside.

MACK: We better surround the house and kick in the door.

ROBERTS: No, gentlemen. With only the word of an ex-convict to go on, that wouldn't be fair to Mrs. Downs. We'll have to walk up and ring the doorbell, I'm afraid.

MACK: And that'll give 'em the chance to slip away or shoot--- or both!

ROBERTS: We'll have to chance it just the same, Mr. Mack. Well, here goes.

(SOUND OF BUZZER. FOLLOWED BY DOOR OPENING)

MAID: Yes? What do you want?

ROBERTS: Good afternoon. Is Mrs. Downs at home?

MAID: Yes, she is, but-----

ROBERTS: All right, men. Follow me quickly.

(AD LIB FADING FROM MIKE)

ALICE: Who is it?

ROBERTS: I'm sorry to cause this disturbance, Mrs. Downs. I'm District Attorney Roberts of Nassau County.

BURKE: Alice---I---if you'll excuse me, I think I'll----

BARRY: Stay where you are please. For the time being no one will be allowed to leave the room!

ALICE: How dare you burst in this way, and order my guest about? Mr. Roberts, what's the meaning of this intrusion?

ROBERTS: Mrs. Downs, we certainly intend no discourtesy, but for reasons that I haven't time to explain, we must ask you a few questions. In the first place, is this gentleman Mr. Lawrence Burke?

ALICE: Of course. He's my guest here.

ROBERTS: How long have you known him?

ALICE: Why, for about three years.

ROBERTS: Another thing---how well do you know him?

ALICE: Mr. Roberts, I really don't understand this---but Mr. Burke and I are engaged to be married.

ROBERTS: Burke, what's your occupation? What do you do for a living?

BURKE: I---well, Alice, you may intend to put up with this sort of thing, but I certainly don't. It's none of your business, Roberts.

INSPECTOR: Excuse me sir, but I've just noticed something. Mr. Rudd, have you spotted the ring on her engagement finger?

MACK: Have we spotted it?

BARRY: We've been staring at it ever since we came into the room. That sapphire is very beautiful, Mrs. Downs.

ALICE: Oh, thank you.

INSPECTOR: Do you mind if Mr. Rudd looks at it more closely?

BURKE: Alice -- be careful! These men are probably gem thieves, masquerading as officers of the law!

ROBERTS: Never mind, Mrs. Downs. Let him examine it, please. Well, Mr. Rudd?

BARRY: It's hard to be wrong about such a conspicuous piece of jewelry, Mr. Roberts. I'm pretty sure this is the sapphire ring stolen from Mrs. Nettleton.

ALICE: (LAUGHING) How absurd. Why, Lawrence gave this to me.

ROBERTS: You---love him very much, don't you Mrs. Downs?

ALICE: (SIMPLY) Yes, I do.

ROBERTS: And does he love you?

BURKE: Why---why, of course!

ROBERTS: Then what have you to say about the ring? Where did you get it?

BURKE: I--I bought it from a man in the Pennsylvania station. He said he was broke and needed the money.

ROBERTS: Who was the man?

ATX01 0269581

BURKE: I---I don't remember.

ROBERTS: Mrs. Downs, I'm sorry. But until Mr. Burke regains his memory, we'll have to place you under arrest as the receiver of stolen property.

ALICE: What?

BURKE: See here---you can't get away with that!

INSPECTOR: Oh yes we can. Do you want me to put the handcuffs on her, Mr. Roberts?

ROBERTS: Go to it, Inspector. You see, Burke? You see what a mess you've made of things?

BURKE: It's---it's a frame-up-----you fellows haven't got a thing on Alice----you can't arrest her.

ALICE: Gentlemen, I'm sure it's a dreadful mistake. Don't worry about it, Larry. I'll be glad to go with Mr. Roberts to prison or anywhere else, to prove your innocence!

ROBERTS: Burke, are you going to let her do that? Are you going to let this girl who loves and trusts you suffer for your crime?

BURKE: I have nothing to say.

ROBERTS: Very well. Inspector, now you may put the bracelets on her.

ALICE: Larry----don't---don't look that way----everything will be all right---don't worry, Larry---I----

BURKE: Wait --- This must stop. Don't you touch Mrs. Downs, officer. You can save those bracelets for me. I'll confess.

ALICE: Larry!

BURKE: Oh, I'm sorry, Alice. It was wrong of me to go on deceiving you---but you've been suspicious for a long time, haven't you? That's why you were sticking up for me now, wasn't it? Because inside you knew I was a common sneak thief -- and you wanted me to have my chance to get away?

ALICE: (WEEPING) Larry--Larry----I----

BURKE: Well, it's all over now, I guess. It looks like you, win the game, Mr. Roberts---you and your detectives. I'm the one you want, all right. I committed the Nettleton robbery---and the other jewel crimes on Long Island that have been giving you trouble. I'm the guy the newspapers have been calling "The Society Burglar."

ALICE: Oh, Larry---why weren't you honest with me? Why didn't you tell me? I have money enough for both of us, and---now---(BREAKS INTO FIT OF WEeping)

BARRY: And now it's all over. Well, Burke, the hardest of you have a soft place somewhere---and that's usually how we land you.

BURKE: Mr. Roberts, I've saved you trouble. Will you do me one favor?

ROBERTS: What is it, Burke?

BURKE: Let's get out of here---quick. I---I think I'm game enough---but I can't stand any more of this---

ROBERTS: All right, Burke---go ahead. Goodbye, Mrs. Downs.

(ALICE'S WEeping CONTINUES)

BARRY: Come along, Maok. Poor girl!

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ATX01 0269583

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE SOCIETY BURGLAR....LAWRENCE BURKE CONVICTED  
ON OWN CONFESSION.....SENTENCED TO TWENTY-FIVE  
YEAR PRISON TERM....IN AUBURN....HIS PAL BOB  
ADAMS....LATER TRACKED DOWN AND CONVICTED....NOW  
SERVING LONG TERM IN SING SING.....

(SIGNATURE; POLICE SIREN IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

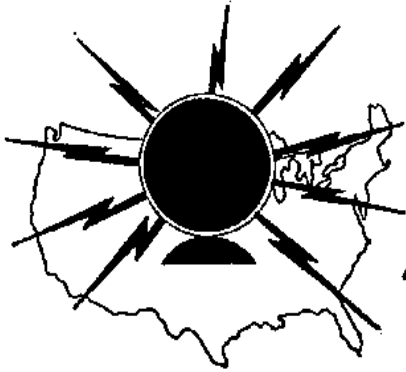
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G.WILLIAMSON/chilleen  
9/12/32

ATX01 0269584

# 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, SEPTEMBER 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:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,...Tonight there's a gala gala and really I'm not stuttering....I repeat a gala gala on the Magic Carpet. Two weeks ago a couple of talented gentlemen each in his own field, reached out for the Lucky Strike family.....their success was immediate. So I am happy to announce that later on in this program Jack Pearl, alias the Modern Baron Munchausen, will step into the spotlight and hand you your laughs for the evening. Meanwhile one of the most brilliant of our orchestra leaders will serenade your ears. Ferde Grofe is also on the program so let's get on the Magic Carpet and go right after Ferde without any further talk. Up you go.....the millions of you.....down you go at his feet.

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

ANNOUNCER:

The dance begins with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was Ferde Grofe tossing the Magic Carpet back with one hand while with the other he counted out the last beat for his band of musicians. Thank you very much Ferde and it might be a good idea here to pause, all of us, and listen to what Howard Claney has to say. Mr. Howard Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Fort Dearborn Massacre! Do you recall that story of raw, heartless treachery by a band of vicious Miami Indians, who massacred the settlers with inhuman ferocity? As in the past, so today -- "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- and for just that reason, 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.

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ATK01 0269587

WALTER O'KEEFE:

What America needs is a darned good laugh. The boss found that out by keeping his ear to the ground and his eyes on the skies. So with that proposition to begin with he went about solving it and in the solution of it found the man he needed. Although he has been on the program only two weeks, Jack Pearl has already made a lot of friends, as he recites his amusing adventures as the modern Baron Munchausen. Here he is again ladies and gentlemen -- I give you the Baron!

(FIRST PART -- BARON MUNCHAUSEN -- "ADVENTURES")

ATX01 0269588

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Pearl my dear customers....walking off in a burst of laughter (and applause) after going over the top as the Modern Baron Munchausen. To be truthful about it, the Baron is not through. He's got a lot on his mind and you're going to get it later in this same program willy nilly or maybe I should say William William.....maybe I should drop the whole thing and get back to our conductor....our conductor tonight, as you know, is Ferde Grofe, one of the fathers of Jazz.....Nobody has done more to make a lady out of Jazz than Ferde Grofe has. He has given her that polish and finesse. He does it with arrangements of interesting tunes.....I have no idea what he is going to play now but we can leave it up to Ferde.....I know the situation is still in hand..... all right then, here's where the Magic Carpet wraps you up as my dear Aunt Mame used to say, "As cozy as a bug in a rug," and sweeps across the skies to the feet of Ferde Grofe....to the hands of Ferde Grofe.....to the band of Ferde Grofe.....Ferde, I am talking about you.....so

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

ANNOUNCER:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

All ready, Mr. Pilot, here comes the Magic Carpet....  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you very much Grofe....we have reached the  
half way mark.....let's take time out and darn little time as  
Howard Claney makes an important announcement.

HOWARD CLANEY:

News for every cigar smoker in America!.....An  
announcement by Certified Cremo.....twenty words....no more, no  
less.

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE:

America's biggest cigar value.....Certified Cremo  
now five cents STRAIGHT.....three for ten cents.....same quality....  
same size.....same shape.

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

With this announcement, the benefit of a tremendous reserve of fine, long filler tobaccos, and modern sanitary manufacture, is passed on to fifty million smokers! From coast to coast they're seizing the chance to get this great new cigar value.....dealers are flooding our offices with telegrams -- let me read you just one, from the head of a great retail organization:

"AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY ONE ELEVEN FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK -- URGENT MAKE CERTAIN ORDERS ON CERTIFIED CREMO  
COME THROUGH PROMPTLY....OUR CERTIFIED CREMO SALES HAVE  
MORE THAN TREBLED LAST TWO WEEKS....CIGAR SMOKERS HAVE  
DISCOVERED THAT CREMO AT NEW PRICE IS GREATEST VALUE IN  
CIGAR HISTORY.....(SIGNED)-- F. J. GRIFFITHS, PRESIDENT,  
PENNSYLVANIA DRUG COMPANY."

This telegram is only one of hundreds from dealers everywhere. Wherever you are -- city or village - you may take advantage of this great offer. Remember -- you can get Certified Cremo now at five cents straight -- three for ten cents.

--STATION BREAK--

ATX01 0269591

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, we come now in our trip over the air waves to a very colorful spot. Ferde Grofe, a great arranger and a greater composer, has turned his talents to some very interesting music in the last few years. His Grand Canyon Suite on this same program two weeks ago was one of the hits of the evening.....and so tonight he brings forth another one of his original compositions, The Mississippi Suite. In the Mississippi Suite there are four movements....the last of which is a brilliant, exciting, descriptive piece of writing that pictures the color and the rhythm of the famous Mardi Gras of New Orleans. Let your imagination have a holiday and take you down Old Man River to New Orleans to the Mardi Gras and to Ferde Grofe's band playing their sweet heads off.

ON WITH THE MUSIC FERDE....(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

(NOTE: GROFE PLAYS NUMBER WITHOUT FURTHER INTRODUCTION - "MARDI GRAS")

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, that's that. There you had the Mardi Gras as painted in the vivid music of Ferde Grofe and his boys.....what lies in store for you now I really can't say because I don't know myself.....I do know however that you're in for a good time and you're in for a lot of laughs because here's where Jack Pearl, better known as the Modern Baron Munchausen, steps up to the mike and tells you a thing or three. Ladies and gentlemen, his Excellency the Baron, may he jest in peace.

(SECOND PART -- MUNCHAUSEN "ADVENTURES")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Pearl, ladies and gentlemen, the modern Baron Munchausen of these Thursday night clambakes of ours. At this same time next week the Baron will again return to the mike, ready to give you another darn good laugh....but the time has come for Ferde Grofe and his orchestra to play another salty, tasty, tempting bit of dance music....so get you up on your feet and have yourself a gavotte as Grofe's guest.

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

ATX01 0269593



ANNOUNCER:

Again we swing into the dance...this time playing --

(TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Now the Magic Carpet takes that short and speedy hop back to the pilot's feet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

(MR. O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO SONG "LET'S TURN OUT THE LIGHTS AND GO TO SLEEP")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was Herman Hopfeld's new song sung by the Broadway hill billy, Mike O'Keefe's boy Walter. I have given my all, my friends....so I will beg your pardon while I catch my second breath and turn the microphone over to Howard Claney.

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to its starting  
place.....

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now before dispatching you and sending you along,  
I want to hold on to your ear for a few more seconds to give you  
some more good news....On Saturday night the Magic Carpet will throw  
the spotlight on a couple of talented people who have been great  
favorites here in New York and also over in London. I doubt if  
any one in the operetta field is better known than the romantic  
couple, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. The success of Miss  
Herbert and Mr. Halliday is all wrapped up in famous shows like  
The Desert Song, New Moon and My Maryland, to mention only a few.  
They will sing some of the song hits from these shows and at the  
same time also introduce to the American public one of the  
outstanding songs from the London operetta in which they have been  
playing just recently. So ladies and gentlemen, I hope you plan  
on having a date with your pilot and his new candidates for radio  
fame, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday when we all get together  
Saturday night for a good old-fashioned fol de rol and fiesta.  
Well I guess that's about all....time I was getting home....so  
I'll wind it all up by saying good night.....

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

\*\*\*\*\*

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/22/32

ATX01 0269595

HOWARD GLANEY:

What a brilliant sight it was at Havre De Grace yesterday -- the Fall opening of Maryland's famous racetrack. There was a distinguished crowd of men and women in the stands..... and as cigarettes were lit a few minutes before the race was started, it was noticeable how many of these smart men and women had brought with them that colorful red and green package of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Trust these exacting and fastidious people to choose the finest, in cigarettes as in everything else. American women as well as men have recognized LUCKY STRIKE as the mellow-mildest of cigarettes,..,LUCKY STRIKE the mildest cigarette you ever smoked -- mild because, "IT'S TOASTED."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

For the benefit of those who came late for class, let the professor explain that this is laugh night on the Magic Carpet with Jack Pearl.....and it is also dance night with Ferde Grofe. Ferde has taken some more songs, dressed them up in their very best arrangements....and is ready to trot them forth now for your amusement and diversion so --

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

ANNOUNCER:

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

(TITLES)

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

SU-166-III

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

(THIRD DRAFT)  
9/19/32

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

(FOURTH DRAFT)  
9/21/32

EPISODE III

"ADVENTURES"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

SEPTEMBER 22, 1932

\* \* \* \* \*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\* \* \* \* \*

ATX01 0269597

(B)

SU-166-III

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE III - PART I and II

"ADVENTURES"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

\*\*\*\*

CAST:

THE BARON.....JACK PEARL  
CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL  
TAXI CHAUFFEUR.....W.K. WELLS  
TRAIN CALLER.....W.K. WELLS

\*\*\*\*\*

NOTE:

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ATX01 0269598

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"EPISODE III"ADVENTURES"PART I

\*\*\*\*\*

(FADE IN ON)

(SOUND: AUTO HORN)

TAXI C: Taxi, Mister, Wanna Taxi?

BARON: Is it for nothing?

TAXI C: Certainly not!

BARON: That's fine -- Take me to the Lock-a-della wanna Railroad.

TAXI C: To where?

BARON: The Della-wocker-Lanna -- Say what's the matter? Don't you hear good?

TAXI C: Sure I do. But I didn't catch it.

BARON: I was -- you didn't catch what?

TAXI C: The railroad.

BARON: I -- who chucked a railroad at you?

TAXI C: I mean I didn't get you - I didn't understand what you said.

BARON: My goodness! That's the trouble with this country, too many foreigners. I said take me to the Locka-della wanna --

TAXI C: Say, do you mean the Delaware Lackawanna?

BARON: Certainly! How many times must I tell you?

TAXI C: Okay.

ATX01 0269599

CHARLEY: (COMING UP TO MIKE) Oh Baron! Baron! Wait a minute!

BARON: Who is this? -- Sharley! Well, well! If I'm not enjoyed to see you! Where are you going?

CHARLEY: To the D. L. & W. Station

BARON: The W. L. & W!

(W & V -- WEAKFISH ROUTINE)

BARON: That's exactly where I am going. Jump in and we go together.

CHARLEY: Very kind of you to give me a lift, Baron.

BARON: Why shouldn't I give you a lift? I'm your biggest booster! Oh Shover.

TAXI C: Yes, sir.

BARON: Step on the mules and don't spare the horses.

TAXI C: Okay, Governor.

(SOUND: MOTOR)

BARON: (LAUGHING) Is that funny, Sharley?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: He thinks I'm the governor!

(BOTH LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What train are you making, Baron?

BARON: The six seventy eight, I'm going to --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but there is no such time as six seventy eight.

BARON: I must ketch this.....Hello?

CHARLEY: I said, there is no such time as six seventy eight.

BARON: Are you ketching this train?

CHARLEY: Why, no.

BARON: So I'm ketching the six seventy eight!

CHARLEY: Very well, Baron, we won't argue - it's the six  
seventy eight. Where are you bound for?

BARON: Cincinapolis. I gotta a--

CHARLEY: Just a moment Baron, I didn't quite get that.

BARON: I -- Why did I ever meet you?

CHARLEY: No offense intended, Baron - I simply didn't get  
the name of the town.

BARON: I said I was going to Cincinnapolis -- You see I --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but there is no such place as  
Cincinnapolis.

BARON: Was you ever there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I wasn't.

BARON: So I'm going to Cincinnapolis!

CHARLEY: Very well, we won't argue.

BARON: I am going to see my brother.

CHARLEY: OH, you have a brother!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What's your brother's name?

BARON: That's funny, he's my brother too.

CHARLEY: Your own brother and you don't know what his name is?  
Would you know him if you saw him?

BARON: Sure I would know him.

CHARLEY: Well that's something. Would he know you?

BARON: He should -- it's his suit I'm wearing. But you  
know, Sharley, he's not a bit like me.

CHARLEY: Not a bit like you.



BARON: No. You can't believe a word he says. Every week he sends me a telegram asking for a hundred dollars, two hundred dollars, three hundred dollars -- I tell you Sharley it becomes monops - monop --

CHARLEY: Monotonous.

BARON: I -- you two.

CHARLEY: You say your brother wires every week for hundreds of dollars?

BARON: Every week.

CHARLEY: Well, what in the world does he do with all the money?

BARON: I don't know -- I don't send it to him.

CHARLEY: When do you expect to return to New York, Baron?

BARON: I expect to come back next Wednesday.

CHARLEY: What did you say?

BARON: Wednesday!

CHARLEY: You mean Wednesday.

BARON: Yeh, yeh, in the center of the week.

CHARLEY: No Baron, Wednesday. Wednesday named after the God Wodini!

BARON: Don't be zilly! Wednesday is named after Tuesday.

CHARLEY: All right, tell me what time of the day do you expect to get back.

BARON: Oh, maybe 9 o'clock.

CHARLEY: Nine o'clock A.M. or P.M.?

BARON: What?

CHARLEY: Does your train get in 9 o'clock A.M. or P.M.?

(BUSINESS) Wait a minute. Will you please tell me - Does your train get in 9 o'clock A.M. or P.M.?

ATX01 0269602

BARON: Please, that's not nice!

CHARLEY: What's not nice?

BARON: Now, please, I don't like that. I know what that is.

CHARLEY: All right, what is it?

BARON: About the traveling salesman!

CHARLEY: Ridiculous! Listen, Baron, I'll make this a little more clear to you. Does your train arrive at 9 o'clock before noon or afternoon?

BARON: That's good. (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me the time of day your train arrives?

BARON: I told you 9 o'clock.

CHARLEY: Well, 9 o'clock A.M. or P.M.?

BARON: No, no, A.Z..

CHARLEY: What do you mean A.Z.?

BARON: After Zupper!

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley!

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, what have you been doing?

BARON: Oh, I forgot to tell you! I opened up a bird store.

CHARLEY: You don't say so.

BARON: I did say so -- but don't mind me.

CHARLEY: No, Baron, listen. When I say "You don't say so" that's merely an expression of surprise as if I said "You don't tell me."

BARON: But I did tell you! I told you I have got a bird store.

CHARLEY: All right. You have a bird store.

BARON: And oh Sharley, what canaries I got! Zeventeen million! And every one of them ---

CHARLEY: Hold on Baron - you're taking in a little too much territory.

BARON: You don't think for a moment that I would deceive you, Sharley, do you?

CHARLEY: Certainly not, but if you get right down to exact figures you know you haven't got seventeen million canaries.

BARON: Have you seen them, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I haven't.

BARON: So I got zeventeen million canaries!

CHARLEY: Have you an aviary?

BARON: I got a ----Have I got a what?

CHARLEY: An aviary.

BARON: I won't know till my xray pictures come back. These canaries I got are the finest singers and talkers and --

CHARLEY: Talkers! You mean to say you have canaries that can talk.

BARON: Yes sir - the young ones - Every time I have a sale I hang the young ones outside and they say "Cheap - cheap."

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley! You know, Sharley a funny things happens the other day - a lady comes into the store and asks me "how can you tell the difference between a mamma canary and a papa canary" - and I says --

CHARLEY: Do you know, Baron, that's been bothering me for a long time also. How can you tell the difference?

BARON: Very zimple, very zimple. All you do is put two worms in the cage.

CHARLEY: Two worms.

BARON: Yes, a mamma worm and a papa worm. Now -- the canary that picks up the mamma worm -- that's the mamma canary. And the canary what picks up the papa worm - why, that's the papa canary, - very zimple, very zimple --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron. That sounds simple, but how can you tell the difference between a mamma worm and a papa worm?

BARON: One time I was -- sometime I must meet your family.

CHARLEY: Come, Baron, tell me -- how can you tell the difference between a mamma worm and a papa worm?

BARON: Sharley, I am a man who has birds -- to find out you got to ask a man who has worm --

CHARLEY: What!

BARON: I mean who sells worms!

ATX01 0269605

CHARLEY: Baron, if you think that I would believe a story like that, you must be awfully dumb.

BARON: What! Me! The Baron Munchausen - you call me dumb - a schooler -- a philosopheller - and don't tell me its different. You say I am dumb. Why I speak every language in the world but Greek --

CHARLEY: You're a linguist.

BARON: No, I'm a German, but I speak every language but Greek.

CHARLEY: Do you speak Spanish - Italian - French --

BARON: No, they are all Greek to me.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART ONE)

SU-166-III

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE III - PART II

"ADVENTURES"

\*\*\*\*\*

(FADE IN ON:

TRAIN CALLER: (AD LIB ENDING WITH:) Minneapolis and St. Paul -  
all aboard!

(SOUND: STARTING OF TRAIN)

CHARLEY: (RUNNING UP TO THE MIKE) Hold it! Wait! Just  
a minute!

TRAIN CALLER: Sorry mister -- you're too late.

CHARLEY: But this is the Baron Munchausen and he must make  
that train.

TRAIN CALLER: He'll not make this one. Once that gate is closed --  
it's closed. Them's orders.

CHARLEY: Baron, it looks like you're out of luck - you  
missed your train.

BARON: Well - I didn't miss it by much. Look out you don't  
miss your train.

CHARLEY: Don't worry - I won't.

BARON: Where are you going, Sharley, where?

CHARLEY: I'm going away for a week end.

BARON: Something the matter with your head?

CHARLEY: Ye - Why no -- I'm going hiking.

ATX01 0269607

BARON: Hiking? What is that hiking?

CHARLEY: Walking -- I expect to cover about twenty five miles.

BARON: Oh, you are going for a stroll.

CHARLEY: A stroll! I said twenty five miles.

BARON: I heard you - That's what I call a nice little walk before breakfast.

CHARLEY: Come now, Baron -- you know you're joking.

BARON: You don't think I would exaggerate, do you, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Why no, Baron, not in the least.

BARON: One morning I walked fifty miles before breakfast.

CHARLEY: Hold on, you know you didn't walk fifty miles!

BARON: Was you with me, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: So I walked fifty miles. And that is nothing. I am also a splinter.

CHARLEY: A what?

BARON: I said I -- maybe you never should have been born. I said I was a splinter -- a man what runs --

CHARLEY: Oh, you mean a sprinter!

BARON: I -- your hearing is improving.

CHARLEY: You've done some running?

BARON: Running! (LAUGHS) I once ran thousands of miles without stopping.

CHARLEY: You ran thousands of miles without stopping?

BARON: Yes sir -- Of course I didn't run all the time -- only in the day time. In the night time I walked.

CHARLEY: My goodness - When did you sleep?

BARON: In the night time -- I walk in my sleep.

CHARLEY: Oh, I see, you're a sonambulist.

BARON: I was a -- must you insult me!

CHARLEY: Insult you! Why I only said you're a sonambulist.

BARON: I know what you said -- I don't know what it means but please don't say it again.

CHARLEY: Very well, Baron. I'm sorry. Go on with your story.

BARON: I was running across the prairie -- it was pitch dark -- I couldn't see my hand behind my back --

CHARLEY: Who could see their hands behind their back!

BARON: A man running backwards -- When before I knew it I ran into a band of Indians.

CHARLEY: A band of Indians!

BARON: Yes sir and I --

CHARLEY: What tribe?

BARON: And when -- Hello?

CHARLEY: I said what tribe?

BARON: Who's talking about tripe? I said Indians.

CHARLEY: You don't understand, Baron. I mean what tribe of Indians did you run into? What breed?

BARON: Oh, you mean what brand?

CHARLEY: Well, call it that if you wish.

BARON: They was -- now let me see -- I know the name so well I forget it -- it's on the tip of my tongue -- Look, Sharley, can you see it?

CHARLEY: No Baron, I can't. But perhaps I can help you. What letter of the alphabet does the name of the tribe begin with?

BARON: You mean the buch stop!



CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: It begins with a Z.

CHARLEY: That should be easy -- there are many names beginning with Z.

BARON: No, they only need one.

CHARLEY: Well, let's see. Zanzibar, Zodiac, Zabisco?

BARON: Please, no -- These are Indians not crackers! Not Z like you said, I mean A.B.C.

CHARLEY: Oh, you mean C. -- Cherokee, -- Chickasaw --  
Cheyenne --

BARON: No, I got it!

CHARLEY: What is it?

BARON: Sioux!

CHARLEY: You mean Sioux Indians?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Good night!

BARON: All right, sue me. The minute they saw me they let out a whoopee -- and the whole tripe started after me.

CHARLEY: The whole tribe.

BARON: Yes the -- you can be so annoying.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, continue.

BARON: I heard a zoom -- and a war club flew past my ear -- I turned around and ran backwards -- and as they threw the war clubs I ketched them -- they didn't know I used to be a juggler.

CHARLEY: A juggler.

BARON: One of the best -- for years I used to ketch Indian clubs. Well, Sharley, to make a short story quicker they ran out of clubs -- so I started chasing them throwing clubs and when I ran out of clubs I threw trumps and the first thing --

ATX01 0269610

CHARLEY: Trumps!

BARON: I mean spades -- no wait -- Excuse me -- that's another story. Well the first thing you know I had them Indians running so fast they burned up the ground -- and set the prairie on fire. The Chief jumped on his horse and tried to get away -- I ran after him -- grabbed the horse by the tail, yanked him back. The Chief fell off! I picked up the horse and threw it right in the chief's face.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, Baron. Please don't tell me you picked up a horse.

BARON: Was you there?

CHARLEY: Certainly I wasn't.

BARON: So I picked up the horse and threw it in the Chief's face and I said, "Chief that's a horse on you."

CHARLEY: Oh Baron.

BARON: Oh Sharley.

CHARLEY: My word, Baron, that was some adventure.

BARON: That's nothing. I had even a better adventure as that.

CHARLEY: You don't tell me.

BARON: Oh, I must tell you. It was about the middle of July.

CHARLEY: The middle of July.

BARON: Well not exactly the middle, it was this side of the middle - It was the 4th of July. By the way, Sharley, do you know why is the 4th of July?

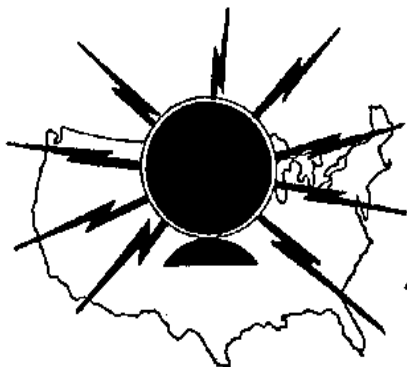
CHARLEY: What's this, a riddle?

BARON: I said -- Hullo?

CHARLEY: I said, is this a riddle, a conundrum, an enigma?

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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



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

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

---

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 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!!

BARON: (LAUGHS) Please -- some other time. I'm asking do you know why is the 4th of July?

CHARLEY: No, I don't -- Why is the 4th of July?

BARON: That's right.

CHARLEY: What's right?

BARON: Why is the 4th of July?

CHARLEY: What in the name of good common sense are you talking about?

BARON: You're so dumb -- Look -- J is the first, U, is the second, L, is the third and Y, is the fourth of July.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron.

BARON: Oh, Sharley. Well, anyhow, I was crossing the mountains when suddenly behind me sneaked up a big bear -- It weighed at least five tons.

CHARLEY: A monster bear.

BARON: No sir, a cinammon bear. He started after me. Oh, Sharley, did I run!

CHARLEY: You were in a tough spot!

BARON: You have no idea! I ran until I got to a piece-apress.

CHARLEY: A precipice.

BARON: A presser -- I once shot a feller for less.

CHARLEY: I just wanted to correct you, Baron, it was a precipice,-- a bluff.

BARON: This was no bluff -- it was the real thing -- and, at the bottom was a lake -- It looked like I was ketched -- The bear was getting closer and closer -- There was only one thing to do, and I did it.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: I jumped.

CHARLEY: Now you know, Baron, no one could possibly make a jump like that and live!

BARON: Was you there with me, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly I wasn't there.

BARON: So I jumped, and the bear jumped too - I swam across the lake -- with the bear swimming after me - Luckily it was a small lake.

CHARLEY: A small lake!

BARON: Yes, about 11 miles wide. When I got on shore I ran - and he ran too -- in fact we both ran - And the funniest thing - we made a complete circle and I found myself back on the piece-a-press where I started from.

CHARLEY: The same spot where you started from!

BARON: Yes - You understand me, don't you?

CHARLEY: Well, as I understand it you followed a circumferential trail?

BARON: Please -- From now just say yes or no!

CHARLEY: All right, yes! You came back to the precipice.

BARON: Tank you!

CHARLEY: And what did you do then?

BARON: The same as I did before -- I jumped -- and the bear jumped too -- and broke through the ice and was drownded. When I got --

CHARLEY: Here, here, Baron! Just a moment! You said this bear was chasing you in July, now you say he broke through the ice. How do you account for that?

BARON: Excuse me -- I forgot to tell you that the bear chased me from July to December.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron.

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen  
9/22/32

ATX01 0269615

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well my dear listeners inners.....We told you they'd be here.....they are here.....those two young people of charm and talent....two new aspirants for the affections of America by way of the Magic Carpet.....Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday..... a romantic couple.. More about them later.....but meanwhile we have music in the air for the dancing of young America. It comes from a couple of old timers on the LUCKY STRIKE Hour.....Jimmy Grier of Los Angeles and Charlie Agnew of Chicago. First of all let's shoot across country to the City of the Angels in Southern California.....we haven't heard Jimmy Grier since the night of the Olympic party....We're off! Right by Cleveland with a fast howdeyedoo....over Chicago where Agnew is tuning up....now out over the prairie country...over the Rockies....there's San Bernadino.... Pasadena....and

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

We're in Los Angeles at the Biltmore Hotel where we begin the dance with -- (TITLES)

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

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet flashes eastward from Los Angeles and back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well Jimmy it's good to hear you again....you're still on your mettle in excellent fettle....and Jimmy in a moment or two you can sit in on the evening's surprise....meanwhile here's the voice of your old friend Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Carthage must be destroyed!" With that savage war-cry the relentless enemies of Carthage ravaged and burned the classic city and blotted out all human life in the year 146 B.C. -- another historic instance of the fact that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." We have applied that truth 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.

ATX01 0269617



(IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT STRINGS OF ORCHESTRA  
START "ROMANCE." AFTER EIGHT BARS THEY FADE DOWN AND CONTINUE  
VERY SOFTLY BEHIND O'KEEFE.)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You know Mr. Lucky Strike's Magic Carpet is truly magic. We have a stage in the center of it on which we can change the settings whenever we like and on that stage tonight Mr. Lucky Strike presents two romantic figures, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. You lovers of operetta will recall them as those stars who created the leading roles in the musical shows "The Desert Song," "New Moon" and "My Maryland" to mention just three. They have just returned from a long engagement in London where they were equally as popular as they have been in New York. As they sing for us, imagine our stage setting. You will see the spacious veranda and the large front door of an old Southern colonial mansion as Miss Herbert sings "Silver Moon" just as she did in "My Maryland." Then our scene will shift to the desert sands of Morocco outside an arab tent where Mr. Halliday will sing "One Alone" just as he originally did in "Desert Song." Then our stage setting will change again to a drawing room of French style in romantic old New Orleans, in a scene from "New Moon" in which they both appeared. The curtain is up.....and the spotlight shines on Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(MISS HERBERT AND ROBERT HALLIDAY SING "SILVER MOON," "ONE ALONE,"  
AND "ONE KISS.")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday just finished singing a medley of song hits from their former successes. You will hear them again later in this same program....but meanwhile the Magic Carpet has that Saturday Night restlessness and must be going places and doing things.....we're bound for Chicago.....to pick up the lad known as Charlie Agnew.....so out over Northern New York we streak.....Syracuse....Rochester....Buffalo....over Lake Erie....past Toledo....over Lake Michigan and right in on Charlie Agnew.

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Charlie Agnew and his orchestra welcome you to Chicago with -- (TITLES)

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet is headed east....  
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Charlie Agnew in Chicago who will return later in this same party. In a moment or two we'll be racing over the Rockies and back to California but meanwhile we will pause here in New York while we listen to our spokesman Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Certified Cremo's cigar factories are now working night and day! The number of workers has been tremendously increased. This great increase in production has been made possible by the news contained in the following announcement.... twenty words....no more.....no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE:

America's biggest cigar value....Certified Cremo now five cents STRAIGHT.....three FOR ten cents....same quality..... same size....same shape.

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Not only is Certified Cremo made of fine long-filler tobacco....not only is it made in the perfect shape that denotes the highest cigar quality....but it is also the only cigar in all the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection. Certified Cremo -- five cents straight -- three for ten cents!

---STATION BREAK---

ATX01 0269620

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Again we hit the trail to the Golden West Uncle Sam ....grab your lady by the hand, have her settle on the Magic Carpet as we streak across the wide open spaces for the other seaboard....from one coast to another....under the Hudson through the Holland Tunnel....out of Newark....over Pennsylvania....Ohio.... Howdy Illinois....Iowa you come too....evening to you Omaha....now up up the lot of you over the pearly peaks of Colorado and down the other side where we put up at the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles.

ON WITH THE DANCE JIMMY GRIER....(WHISTLE) OKAY CALIFORNIA!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

The dance does go on with Jimmy Grier and his orchestra playing -- (TITLES)

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

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

We send the Magic Carpet from the Pacific Coast back to the Atlantic.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The Magic Carpet is back in New York and look! -- there in the center of it is another romantic stage setting and in the spotlight on that stage we see Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS EIGHT BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADES DOWN TO BACKGROUND BEHIND O'KEEFE.)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

As we told you before, Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday have just returned from a very successful engagement in London where they played the leading roles in "Waltzes in Vienna," a musical play based on the life of Yohann Strauss. Let's imagine we are back in London. We are attending a performance of "Waltzes in Vienna," where we hear them singing one of the outstanding songs of that operetta, called "Mists of the Morning." Then our Magic Carpet will change the setting and again we will be in that scene from "Desert Song" outside the Arab tent where we will hear "Wanting You." The next scene will be the deck of a pirate ship, an old sailing vessel, where the rigging of the sails, the coils of rope on the deck and the blue of the open sea will be the background as Miss Herbert sings "Lover Come Back To Me" just as she introduced it in "New Moon." The curtain is up, and the spotlight shines on Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(MISS HERBERT AND MR. HALLIDAY SING "MISTS OF THE MORNING,"  
"WANTING YOU" and "LOVER COME BACK TO ME.")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Those were new voices on the Magic Carpet Uncle Sam....one of your nieces Evelyn Herbert....and one of your nephews....Robert Halliday....I'm glad to tell you they'll be with us again next Saturday night and now another voice comes to you.... one you know well....the voice of Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Southampton -- that lovely old summer colony at the very edge of the Atlantic Ocean was the scene today of an important wedding....A gathering of prominent men and smart fashionable women. In places where quality is the most important consideration, you will find LUCKY STRIKE the choice of discriminating smokers. They have found that money cannot buy a milder, more delicious cigarette than LUCKY STRIKE, and the reason is obvious. Not only does LUCKY STRIKE use the very finest tobaccos the earth can grow, but LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in all the world that's "TOASTED." There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE....No wonder that folks all the way from Southampton on the Atlantic to Seattle on the Pacific say "There's nothing like a LUCKY for mildness."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well Mr. and Mrs. America....it's time you had yourselves another dance and if you'll pardon my pointing we can get a honey out there where the West begins....out in Chicago on the shores of Lake Michigan....out where the Cubs are a little brighter....out where the handshakes a little tighter....out where the West begins....Let's up and away and scoot over them there now Alleghenies (Phew what grammar).....out across the middle West.... over the Boul Mich....and right back into the arms of Charlie Agnew and his boys.

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

You're in Chicago again where Charlie Agnew and his orchestra will play -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It's the end of the trail....the end of the road....  
the ball is over....the orchestra boys are packing up their  
instruments and union cards....fini le guerre....in other words  
we're just about through. In closing let me spread the tidings for  
next week.....On Tuesday we've got another drama of crime and  
criminals.....This new cops and robbers story is known as "The  
Gang in Blue Glasses." It's a big thrill. Don't miss it. Then  
Thursday again we will present the Modern Baron Munchausen....alias  
Jack Pearl the favorite funny fellow of Broadway and on Next  
Saturday night Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday will appear again on  
the Magic Carpet stage of romance. Now unless you've got something  
to say that's all there is till Tuesday. Goodnight to you all.

-----  
(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

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

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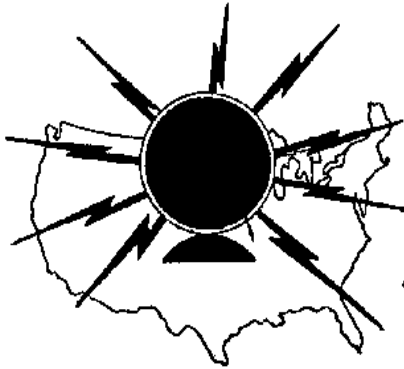
AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/24/32

ATK01 0269625



# 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, SEPTEMBER 27, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well well well well and hello every one....Let's ring up the curtain on tonight's parade of amusement. This is, as you already know, the big mystery thriller night on the Magic Carpet..... the night we play right in your home a drama of crime and criminals that packs a wallop from its very opening....It's called "The Gang in Blue Glasses."

But.....first of all.....how's for a dance? Tonight we want you to imagine yourself on that lovely Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria where Jack Denny reigns supreme. Imagine the quiet efficient service....the subdued lights.....the happy couples out on the floor drinking in a great big draught of Denny....even as you and I. Keep that picture in mind now as the Magic Carpet gathers you in from the four points of the compass and drops you at Denny's 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:

Now we take that short and speedy hop back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Denny ladies and gentlemen....and I read by the papers that he's going to take a quick trip down to Bermuda next week for a bit of vacation.....If he wants to he can tune in down there and I know darned well that he'll recognize the next voice.....Mr. Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

In the raw dawn of Rome's ruthless power, history tells of the raid on the Sabine women -- the Roman warriors' ruthless capture of the Sabine village for the express purpose of carrying off its women. And time and again history gives us examples of that great truth -- "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." We emphasize this fact, because it applies equally to tobacco -- "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." -- and 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.

ATK01 0269628

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All of which brings us up to the piece de resistance... the big hair raising thrill of the program tonight...our mystery murder story. This cops and robbers story is known as "The Gang in Blue Glasses." ....with a group of highwaymen and stickup artists who preyed on the town with a certain degree of success and then with characteristic muddleheadedness over-reached themselves in ambition....put their feet into a mess that had disastrous consequences. Here's where you watch a gang reach into a more or less happy home....into the home of a crook who's paid the penalty and wants to go straight.....Watch this fellow's bad bad angel get in his devilish work.....and let's go after the trail without any more words. Before we toss the Magic Carpet right into a den of the underworld, here's your old friend Colonel Henry....Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of New York City Police.....

ON WITH THE SHOW KIND SIR...(WHISTLE) OKAY INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

All the facts of the story you are about to hear have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department and are authenticated by Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney. It is a true story, except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime Does Not Pay."

(FIRST PART -- "THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES")

ATX01 0269629

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It's sad isn't it....I mean the mental weakness and viciousness of these so-called master minds. They get in a tight spot and start blazing away at innocent victims.....Of course Nick is the weakling....or he would not have been deaf to his wife's pleadings that he keep to the straight and narrow path.....Will he hold true to the gangster tradition and keep his mouth shut....in the hospital....or will he blurt out the truth to Barry and Mack..... stick around and later in this same program we'll solve it for you with the help of Barry Rudd. But right now (as Chevalier says) the plans call for a gavotte.....a scottische.....a polka.....a fox trot or what have you.....anyway you're in for a dance and it's Jack Denny's orchestra who will ladle out the rhythm for you so listen carefully and when Denny beats out that one two it's

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

JACK DENNY:

The dance goes on with -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Denny, just keep this up and you can't tell what'll happen. And now let us listen to an important statement by Mr. Clanev.

HOWARD CLANEV:

My friends -- here is without question the greatest announcement in cigar history. Twenty words -- no more, no less.

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

America's biggest cigar value.... Certified Cremo now five cents STRAIGHT,... three FOR ten cents.... same quality.... same size.... same shape.

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEV:

Greater value is the order of the day.... and once again Certified Cremo Cigars sets the pace. This amazing value is made possible by our ability to purchase our fine long-filler cigar tobacco in enormous quantities and by our modern up-to-the-minute manufacturing facilities. The great savings thus effected are now passed on to you. Everybody now can smoke a fine long-filler cigar at a modest price..... Certified Cremo - NOW five cents STRAIGHT -- three FOR ten cents!

--STATION BREAK--

ATX01 0269631

WALTER O'KEEFE:

This is Mike's boy Walter again, ladies and gentlemen.. steering the Magic Carpet into dance music and the bloodcurdling thrills in our cops and robbers second act. You can either smoke for a little bit or dance this one while they're setting the stage for the big conclusion. The dancing tonight is the same that the four hundred flock to the Waldorf Astoria for. It's Jack Denny and his boys who are playing for Yoh all.....so here we go in a cloud of stardust and --

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

JACK DENNY:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Denny and now rest your baton for a while as the Magic Carpet goes back on the chase in our crime thriller. For those who just got in from the office and missed the opening innings of the game let me explain that you now have a front row seat and as the curtain goes up you will see enacted before your ears a story of guns and guilt and guys and girls and gangs..... it's a mess. The Gang in Blue Glasses has been doing alright until they run into a stout-hearted banker who won't take it from them so in the shooting melee that follows one of the bandits gets shot.....he's wounded.....he's in the hospital..... and now you'll see Barry Rudd pick up the scent and unravel the mystery. See you after this act.....but meanwhile it's

ON WITH THE SHOW...(WHISTLE) OKAY POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART -- "THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES")

ATX01 0269633



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well the strain is over.....We'll meet Barry Rudd again next week -- and in the meantime Uncle Sam....why don't you dance with your daughter....don't be a wallflower Toots....tonight's your night with Denny.....Jack Denny, the reason why the starlight roof of the Waldorf is always so crowded. Let's all enjoy his liltng serenade and dance our troubles away.

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

JACK DENNY:

And we continue the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(  
(  
(  
(  
(

JACK DENNY:

Again the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet starts its lightning trip back to the pilot's feet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Merci beacoup Denny or as our French friends would have it....thanks very much. I don't think you're TIRED enough for a vacation, Jack...think you better stick around, and by the way fellow....we'll call on you in a little while but here is Howard Claney at the microphone. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The World Series! -- As those magic words "Play ball!" ring across the diamond at the opening game tomorrow -- thousands of fans will be on the edge of their seats -- cigarettes in hand -- ready for the big thrill of the season! And as always, where Americans gather, you'll find that among men and women the favorite cigarette is LUCKY STRIKE -- the mellow-mildest of cigarettes. We are particularly proud that American women have selected LUCKIES as their favorite, -- LUCKY STRIKE the mildest cigarette in all the world -- mild because "IT'S TOASTED."

--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Howard Clancy Mr. and Mrs. America... pausing for a moment and a brief one, and now with no further ado... let's have some musical didoes and doings. Let's all jump on the Magic Carpet and scurry and hurry right back to the feet of the Waldorf Astoria idol.

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

JACK DENNY:

Choose your partners everybody. This dance includes -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

JACK DENNY:

Get ready, Walter, here comes your high flying  
Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/27/32

ATK01 0269636

SU-154-XV

(A)  
MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XV

"THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

SEPTEMBER 27, 1932

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ATX01 0269637

SU-154-XV

(B)

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XV - PART I AND II

"THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES"

\*\*\*\*\*

CAST:

BARRY RUDD

ROSE

MACK

MR. JACOBS

"BRAINY" KECK

PIETRO MANELLI

NICK BRONSKY

NURSE

"LANKY GROGAN

WHARTON

VOICE

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ATX01 0269638

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XV

"THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES"

PART I

\*\*\*\*\*

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE  
CARS.....STAND BY.....THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES..  
REAL PEOPLE....REAL PLACES....REAL CLUES.....  
A REAL CASE.....INVESTIGATED BY TOM CURTIN.....  
AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD P.  
MULROONEY.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....  
PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO APARTMENT OF NICK BRONSKY..  
ON LOWER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

\* \*  
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\* \*

ROSE: You're home early, Nick.

NICK: Yeah. They -- they laid me off.

ROSE: Oh -- Nick!

NICK: But....don't worry, Baby. It's a good thing. Now that I ain't tied down, I can go after the big dough!

ROSE: No, Nick! You misn't! That brings trouble sure!

NICK: Ah, you're just nervous, Rose. Listen: night before last, I had a talk with Brainy Keck.

ROSE: And didn't he make trouble for you before?

NICK: That wasn't Brainy's fault, Rose. Things went wrong, they caught us, and somebody had to take the rap.

ROSE: And it was you, Nick -- you -- not this Keck! He didn't go to jail! He ain't got a convict record against him! It was you!

NICK: Sure -- and now he's going to make it up to me.

ROSE: When you came out of jail, Nick -- you promised me you would never have anything more to do with him!

NICK: Yeah, I know....I was goin' to try to go straight, Rose....But what's the use? It 'ould always be the same -- get a job, work steady for a while, and then -- they find out about you -- and the lay-off comes.

ROSE: But I've got something -- a little bit saved up -- and I'll work till you get another job. The next one maybe they won't lay you off, Nick.

NICK: There ain't going to be any next job -- except the next one I do for Brainy Keck. He's got it all figured out.

ROSE: (AGONIZED) Figured out -- oh, you've gone in with him already?

NICK: Yeah -- and I've already made some dough, too. Yesterday afternoon kid -- I wasn't workin' at the shop. I was out with Brainy and picked up more coin for half an hour than I'd 'a' made in a year at that bum machine shop!

ROSE: Has he paid you yet?

NICK: Nah -- he's comin' here to do it.

ROSE: Nick -- don't take the money -- we'll get along some way -- but don't you take that money!

NICK: Ah, forget it.

(KNOCKING)

Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

KECK: (FADING IN) Why, hello, Mrs. Bronsky! It sure is a treat to see you!

ROSE: (COLDLY) I'M not saying the same, Mr. Keck.

KECK: (EXPANSIVELY) Come on in here, Lanky, and meet the folks.

GROGAN: (FADING IN) O.K., Boss --

KECK: You know Nick Bronsky -- he was with us last night.

GROGAN: Sure.

KECK: Well, this here's his ball and chain. Mrs. Bronsky, meet Lanky Grogan.



GROGAN: Haryah, Mrs. Bronsky.

ROSE: Mr. Keck, what is it you want, please?

KECK: We come to talk business with your husband. He's back in the racket now. I got something for him -- something he's gonna carry from now on.

NICK: What is it?

KECK: This gun, Nick. Go on, take it.

NICK: A 45. Say, that's a real cannon.

KECK: Yeah, Nick -- I'm against shootin' -- except when you have to. But then -- shoot 'em so they'll stay down. That's why I got you guys the 45's.

ROSE: You hear him, Nick? You hear what he's saying? And he's supposed to have brains! Why, if they just catch you with that gun -- that'll be enough to send you away!

KECK: But they ain't gonna catch him, see?

ROSE: That's what you say!

KECK: Listen -- I'm doin' Nick a favor -- and you, too. There's no dough goin' straight along with the suckers-- you know that. If you want the coin you gotta be in a racket.

ROSE: So you wait till Nick is laid off from his job -- then you come and tempt him. You know he'd never listen to you if he had steady work.

KECK: Say, somebody's been kidding you. Nick wasn't laid off -- he quit.

ROSE: What!

KECK: He quit -- to get back in the racket!

ATX01 0269642

ROSE: Is it so, Nick?

NICK: Well -- ah, listen, honey -- it's perfectly safe.

ROSE: Nick, why didn't you tell me the truth?

NICK: I didn't want you to worry, that's all.

ROSE: Worry!

KECK: He just didn't want to bother you, Mrs. Bronsky. Now don't you fret, Nick is going to do fine from here on. I'll show you. Lanky!

GROGAN: Yeah, boss?

KECK: We're goin' to cut Nick in for yesterday's job -- right now. Opn up that bag!

GROGAN: O.K.

(PULLS BACK ZIPPER)

I got a zipper on this poke, boss. So it opens quick!

KECK: Thanks. Now, Nick -- and you too, Mrs. Bronsky -- give a look. This is the kind of dough you want to play for -- not that coffee and cake money Nick was gettin' at the shop. What they pay off on these days is brains -- and they pay plenty.

ROSE: (SHARP CRY) Oh!

KECK: There's eight grand here -- eight grand in small bills that the cops'll never trace.

NICK: Is this the dough from -- yesterday?

KECK: Yep -- the cap factory pay-roll. And here's your cut, Nick. Take it.

NICK: Gee -- thanks -- guess I will.

ROSE: Nick!

NICK: Hub?

ROSE: Don't touch that money -- it's trouble! It's --  
trouble!

NICK: Ah, come on, Rose.

ROSE: Nick -- on my knees -- down on my knees I'm asking  
you -- don't take it!

NICK: Listen, Rose. Cut it out.

ROSE: I see what it brings, Nick -- I'm telling you now  
what it brings --- trouble -- jail -- somebody --  
getting killed!

NICK: (UNEASILY) Say.....Rose -- for crime out loud --

KECK: Come on, Nick. Stick the roll in your pocket --  
it's more than a grand -- and there's plenty where it  
came from. All we got to do is -- take it!

NICK: O.K. Thanks, Brainy. Well when do we start?

KECK: This afternoon -- a job in the Bronx! You and me and  
Lanky is goin' over to Mike's place for a beer, and  
we'll talk it over with the rest of the boys there.

NICK: O.K. -- let's move!

ROSE: You're going with them, Nick?

NICK: Sure, what's it look like?

ROSE: There ain't nothing I can say to stop you!

NICK: Not a thing -- so you stay here and rest easy -- till  
I get back! Come on, boys -- let's get over to Mike's  
place.

(AD LIB FADE)

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR IS CLOSED.  
2. AUTOMOBILE SPEEDING AWAY, FADES OUT.)

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ATK01 0269644

POLICE VOICE: Detective Mack is waiting outside, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Thanks, sergeant. Ask him to step in.

POLICE VOICE: Yes, sir.

(DOOR OPENS)

MACK: (FADING IN) Hello, Barry.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BARRY: Sit down, Mack. Take a look at this file of reports.

MACK: Uh -huh. -- I know what they're about. The gang in blue glasses.

BARRY: Right, Mack. This hold-up in the cap factory was the fifth job they've pulled. The witnesses have all remarked on the heavy blue glasses the men wore as a disguise.

MACK: And they've perfected the stolen-car trick -- I've got that in my notebook. Each job they go on, they use a stolen car. After the get-away, they simply abandon the car, leaving no clues for police to work on.

BARRY: Yes, they're clever, all right. It's a new gang -- the blue-glass stunt has never been worked before ----- and it's a smooth working mob. Probably the head man is a little smarter than the average crook.

MACK: He's not smart enough to leave the guns at home. They shot a salesman and a stenographer at that wallpaper warehouse last week.....

BARRY: You're right, Mack. A gun-toting crook is stacking the cards against himself. But just the same -- these people are going to be hard to catch.

ATX01 0269645

MACK: Yeah -- even those fingerprints we found at the cap factory were no good!

BARRY: Evidently the people who left them have no criminal records. Which makes our work all the harder.

MACK: So what do you plan to do?

BARRY: Just wait for developments. That's all we can do. The gang in blue glasses has been lucky so far. But maybe on their next job, they'll slip up.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STREET NOISES  
2. GLASSES AND BOTTLES: SOUND OF POURING.

\*\*\*\*\*

KECK: Listen, you guys: I've spotted a perfect lay-out.

GROGAN: Where is it, boss?

KECK: The Manelli Bank -- up in the Bronx. An easy joint to take, and I'm telling you, it's crammed with dough.

NICK: How do we work it, Brainy?

KECK: Well, we drive up there -- see? Two cars -- they're waitin' outside in the alley now. Lanky and Nick and I go in the first car -- Herman and the rest of the boys tail us.

NICK: And when we get to the bank?

KECK: Put on the blue glasses before you go in. After that, keep the guns out and take your cues from me.

NICK: The guns, Brainy?

ATX01 0269646

KECK: That's to keep the caps in line -- but no shootin' unless they start it. Lanky and I will grab the dough -- and Nick, you cover us till we get out the door. The rest of you guys, keep 'em all quiet, and if anybody comes in while we 're workin' -- take care of 'em. Get it?

(AD LIB: Yeah, sure thing, etc.)

KECK: Now I got a plan o' the bank here -- it's just a little joint, and we'll have no trouble -- but anyhow I want you guys to look it over before we start out. Spread it on the table, Lanky.

GROGAN: O.K. boss.

KECK: Take a look, you guys. Then we'll get going.

(KNOCKING)

Who is it?

VOICE: It's me -- Mike.

KECK: What do you want, Mike?

VOICE: There's a lady here -- to see Nick Bronsky.

NICK: Ah, it's my wife. She heard us say we were coming here.

KECK: That's all right, Nick. You better talk to her.

(RAISES VOICE) All right -- let her in.

(DOOR OPENS)

ROSE: (FADING IN) Nick -- I want to see you.

NICK: Well, here I am.

(DOOR CLOSES)

KECK: What can we do for you, Rose?

ROSE: You know what -- let my husband go!

KECK: Let him go? We ain't keepin' him!

ROSE: Nick -- you hear what he says, Nick? You can go -- he ain't holding you!

KECK: But all the same -- I'd say he was in too deep to quit. How about it, Nick?

NICK: Listen, Rose -- I know what I'm doing. Don't get in my hair. Run along. Beat it.

ROSE: Oh, you think maybe I'll cry and go down on my knees again? No, Nick -- I ain't going to cry.

NICK: Then what do yah want?

ROSE: (TENSE AND QUIETLY TRAGIC) I'm trying can I save you yet before it's too late, Nick.

NICK: Well...you better get a drink from Mike and beat it. I don't need savin'.

ROSE: When you took the money, Nick -- I knew there was no more hope -- but I thought maybe -- God would help me -- so I come to ask you just once more -- don't go with these people.

KECK: (CRAFTY, HARD) Don't come unless you want to, Nick -- but remember -- there'll be no squealin' on this mob -- whether you come with us or not. Do you get that, Mrs. Bronsky?

ROSE: I'm not going to squeal on you.

KECK: All right then -- remember it -- and you won't have no trouble. You guys ready?

(AD LIB: Yeah, O.K., etc.)

KECK: Then let's go. We're goin' to bust in to the bankin' business! How about it, Nick?

NICK: I'm with you, Brainy. So long, Rose.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: MOTOR CAR RUNNING FAST, THEN OUT.

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WHARTON: (HESITANT, DOWNTRODDEN LITTLE MAN) Is this Mr. Manelli?

MANELLI: (PLEASANT) I'm Pietro Manelli Junior -- dad's out of town. Anything I can do?

WHARTON: Mr. Manelli -- my name's Wharton.

MANELLI: (RECOGNIZES THE NAME) Oh. Sit down, Mr. Wharton.

WHARTON: Thank you. I wanted to -- to see you about my note.

MANELLI: Yes?

WHARTON: We -- I'm going to have to have some more time.

MANELLI: That's why you didn't make last month's payment?

WHARTON: Y-yes, sir.

MANELLI: We were worried about you, Mr. Wharton. Thought you might be in trouble.

WHARTON: I just -- I didn't -- I thought -- not being able to pay, I'd better not say anything at all.

MANELLI: Why didn't you tell us you were in the hole? Dad and I would have been glad to help.

WHARTON: To help?

MANELLI: Why, certainly -- we'll take care of you!

WHARTON: It's -- it's -- well, the oldest girl, she's had to go to the dentist about her teeth, we hadn't counted on that, and my mother's been doctoring steady since last spring. So we --



MANELLI: That's all right. But just keep in touch, will you -- so we'll know how you're getting on?

WHARTON: And I can take a little more time, Mr. Manelli?

MANELLI: (VERY PLEASANT) Why, of course, you can.

WHARTON: Oh, thank you!

MANELLI: Not at all -- we're not worrying -- why should you?

WHARTON: God bless you, Mr. Manelli!

MANELLI: It's the way we do business, Mr. Wharton -- that's why dad put his desk out here on the floor, instead of behind a door marked "Private" -- so we could get to know the people that use the bank. Now you go back to your store, and don't worry. We'll carry you till you get on your feet. Good day, Mr. Wh--

WHARTON: (TENSE) Mr. Manelli!

MANELLI: What!

WHARTON: Look at those men coming in the door!

MANELLI: Yes!

WHARTON: Six of them -- and -- they're all wearing blue glasses.

MANELLI: (CLEARLY) They don't look so good. Get behind this desk, or you may get hurt.

WHARTON: They've got guns!

MANELLI: They're thugs, all right.

KECK: (FADING IN) Put up your hands! Stand against that wall!

MANELLI: Look here, you -- you can't --

KECK: Stand against that wall, and get your hands up! Get in that cage there, Lanky -- and grab that dough!

WHARTON: (LOW VOICE) Stand still, Mr. Manelli - please - or they may kill you.

MANELLI: (GATHERING HIS FACULTIES) No -- they're not watching me now -- they're only thinking about where the money is----

WHARTON: (TERRIFIED) Mr. Manelli! What are you going to do?

MANELLI: Get the gun out of dad's desk -- and shoot it out with these crooks!

WHARTON: Oh -- you'll be killed!

MANELLI: No, I won't -- and here's something you can do -- when the shooting starts -- crawl around the corner into the cashier's cage -- and pull down the burglar-alarm lever under the counter. Got it?

WHARTON: Y-yes, sir -- I wouldn't do it for anybody but you, Mr. Manelli.

MANELLI: But don't expose yourself. Now I'm going -- to reach for that gun.

(DRAWER OPENED)

NICK: Hey -- you! Whacha doin'! Whatcha doin'?

MANELLI: I'm -- pullin' this trigger!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

Get out o' this bank -- you lousy crooks!

KECK: Plug him, Nick! Lanky -- beat it out the door!

(MORE SHOTS)

(BURGLAR ALARM RINGING)

The burglar alarm -- that's the burglar alarm -- run you guys -- run for the car!

NICK: Beat it, Lanky -- beat it! Into the car -- I'll cover you!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

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ATX01 0269651

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. BURGLAR ALARM FADES OUT.

2. MOTOR CAR RUNNING FAST, FADES UNDER DIALOGUE.

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KECK: Get up on the back seat, Nick -- you don't have to stay on the floor.

NICK: I -- I can't move, Brainy.

KECK: Can't move? Whadda yah mean?

NICK: I'm -- I'm hit, I guess.

KECK: Where? Where is it?

NICK: I caught one in the neck -- musta ploughed into me spine, I guess. I can't move me legs.

LANKY: What's it, Nick -- you hurt?

KECK: You keep drivin', Lanky -- I'll take care o' this.

NICK: Lissen, Brainy -- you better -- t'row me out o' the car. I -- ain't any more good to yah.

LANKY: Horse collar -- we got to get him to a hospital, Brainy.

BRAINY: Yah don't have to tell me that -- but we got to get to a hospital that's plenty far from the Manelli bank! See?

LANKY: Yeah, I see.

KECK: All right, then. We got to get back to Manhattan. Drive to Third Avenue -- and 149th Street.

LANKY: O.K.

KECK: Now you lay back, Nick -- take it easy -- we're gonna get you to a doctor just as soon as we can.

NICK: (WEAKER) Thanks -- Brainy. I hope I ain't spoiled -- the getaway -- for ya-----

(MOTOR NOISE UP, THEN FADES AGAIN)

KECK: One more block, Nick -- and we'll be there.  
LANKY: How's he holdin' up, Chief?  
KECK: He's weak -- but he's game. Listen, Nick -- I'm takin'  
all the letters out o' yah pockets -- and the label  
off yah suit -- so's they can't identify yah -- see?  
NICK: I won't talk to 'em.  
KECK: Sure you won't.  
NICK: And don't -- take me inside the hospital. Just --  
leave me on the sidewalk.  
KECK: Maybe we better, at that. Pull up here, Lanky.

(MOTOR OUT)

Open the door.

(AUTOMOBILE DOOR)

NICK: Don't worry, guys -- I won't tell 'em anything.  
KECK: That's all right, Nick -- we know you won't.  
NICK: And -- and thanks for bringin' me here.  
KECK: Forget it. Here, Lanky -- take his feet. That's  
right. Now lay him down on the sidewalk. That's got  
it. Not back in the car -- (FADING) and step on  
it, Lanky.

(CAR STARTS UP)

KECK: (FADING OUT) So long, Nick -- so long --

(MOTOR SOUND UP AND OUT)

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES....HOW CAN DETECTIVES  
RUDD AND MACK....TRACE CRIMINALS WHO ATTEMPTED  
BANK ROBBERY.....WILL THEY IDENTIFY....WOUNDED  
GANGSTER....IN HOSPITAL.....STAND BY LUCKY  
STRIKE HOUR....FOR THRILLING FINISH.....

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

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

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SU-154-XV

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XV

"THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES"

PART II

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS....STAND BY....ALL POLICE CARS....  
 STAND BY....THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES.....NEW YORK  
 DETECTIVES....INTERVIEW BRAVE YOUNG BANKER.....  
 AND RECEIVE....IMPORTANT CLUE.....LUCKY STRIKE  
 MAGIC CARPET....PROCEED AT ONCE...TO STREET IN  
 CHELSEA NEIGHBORHOOD, MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT.)

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(BACKGROUND -- STREET NOISES)

BARRY: There's only one clue, Mack -- the straw hat that Pietro Manelli grabbed off one of the bandits.

MACK: And you think the man at the hat store may be able to tell us something about the person that bought it.

BARRY: Exactly. Of course, it's a slim chance -- but it's all we've got.

MACK: Well -- here's the hat store -- we may as well go in.

BARRY: Yes -- "I. Jacobs" the sign says -- so we'll see what Mr. Jacobs has to say. Open the door, Mack.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE - SHUTS OFF TRAFFIC NOISE)

JACOBS: (FADING IN) Good afternoon, gentlemen -- what can I do for you?

MACK: We want you to tell us something about this hat.

JACOBS: The hat -- so what's the matter with it?

BARRY: Nothing. We're from the police.

JACOBS: The police! So what's the matter, please?

BARRY: I simply want you to identify this hat. Take it out of the bag, Mack.

MACK: Sure thing.

(RUSTLING OF PAPER SACK)

Here you are.

BARRY: Did it come from your shop, Mr. Jacobs.

JACOBS: Let me see. Hmm. Yes, that's my label. And that's a fine hat, too -- leghorn straw! You don't see many like that.

BARRY: Well, in that case, perhaps you can remember who bought this one.

ATK01 0269656

JACOBS: Why -- certainly I can -- and I'll tell you why! I didn't sell only one of these hats, but I sold three all together! Eight ninety-five, reduced from twelve, they was --

BARRY: You sold three! To the same person?

JACOBS: No, no -- to three young men -- they came in together-- and how they looked at themselves in the mirrors there!

BARRY: Pretty particular about their dress, eh?

JACOBS: Oh, they were nice-dressed young fellers -- and they bought already the three fine leghorn hats, all alike.

BARRY: Well, that is a help, Mr. Jacobs -- thanks. Now I wonder if I could use your telephone.

JACOBS: Certainly -- it's right here.

BARRY: Good.

(LIFTS RECEIVER. DIALS HEADQUARTERS NUMBER --

(AS DIALLING CONTINUES:)

I'm calling headquarters, Mack -- I want them to have this information about the hats. We'll ask them to keep on the look-out for -- hello, Police Headquarters? This is Barry Rudd speaking. Let me speak to -- what? An important message for me? All right, let's have it. Yes. Ys. At 149th and Third Avenue, oh?...Taken to the hospital nearby? Good -- I'll get right up there. Have a couple of men meet me at the hospital. Right. Good bye.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

Mack -- they've found a lead for us -- a dying man, gunshot wound in the neck, found at 149th and Third Avenue!

ATX01 0269657



MACK: Aw, but the robbery occurred four miles away, in the Bronx! Where's the connection?

BARRY: It's worth looking into, Mack, and I'll tell you why! Manelli is confident he shot one of the gangsters -- so until we find out differently, every man who turns up with a gunshot wound, will have to prove that he is not the fellow that Manelli shot! Thanks for your help, Mr. Jacobs!

JACOBS: Mr. Rudd, it's a pleasure --

BARRY: Come on, Mack! We're going to visit that wounded man!

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: MOTOR AND POLICE SIREN. FADES OUT.

\*\*\*\*\*

NURSE: In here, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Thank you, nurse.

(DOOR SHUTS)

Well, how do you feel, young fellow?

NICK: (WEAK BUT INDOMITABLE) Not so good.

BARRY: Well -- the doctors will do the best they can for you. So I wish you'd do something for us -- tell us your name.

NICK: What do yah want to know my name for?

BARRY: Let me put it like this. They're checking on your fingerprints now. So if there's any record at police headquarters, we'll find out about you anyway. And if there isn't any record, there's no reason why you shouldn't tell us,

NICK: That's -- no good.

ATX01 026965B

MACK: Well how did you get that wound? Tell us that, anyway.

NICK: Sure. I was riding on the lower West Side of Manhattan with two guys. They said their names were Jimmy -- and Johnny the Bug. That's all I know about 'em.

MACK: And they pumped the lead into you?

NICK: Yes.

MACK: What for?

NICK: They said -- I'd squealed on 'em. But that ain't so -- I don't squeal on nobody.

BARRY: Where were you when you were shot?

NICK: On West Street.

BARRY: That's a pretty crowded street. It's funny we didn't get any report of the shooting.

NICK: Well, I can't help that.

(DOOR IS OPENED)

NURSE: (FADING IN) Here's a message for you, from headquarters, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Thanks, Nurse. Will you see what it says, Mack?

MACK: O.K.

(OPENING ENVELOPE)

Hmm. Barry, the report from headquarters says that this man is Nick Bronsky and he's done three years.

BARRY: There! You see, Nick -- we found out after all. So why not tell us what really happened to you? (PAUSE)

(NOT UNKINDLY) Don't feel like telling us, eh? Well-- that means we'll have to find out some other way.

MACK: He's sure shut up tighter than a clam.

BARRY: Well, no use talking any more. Nurse?  
NURSE: Yes, Mr. Rudd?  
BARRY: Where are this man's clothes?  
NURSE: Right in the next room, sir.  
BARRY: All, right -- we'll have a look at them (FADING) Come on, Mack -- no use staying here.

(DOOR OPENS)

(FADING IN) You know, Mack -- there was good stuff in Bronsky once. Too bad it's all gone to waste.  
MACK: Yeah. He's close-mouthed, all right.  
BARRY: Maybe we can find out more from his clothes than we could from him. Let's take a look.  
MACK: O.K. There's the clothes spread out on that bed.  
BARRY: I'm looking for the hat.  
MACK: That's right! Say -- look at it there -- on the chair!  
BARRY: Boy, what a break! That hat's exactly like the one we showed to Mr. Jacobs!  
MACK: Then Nick was in the hold-up!  
BARRY: He sure was -- and when we tell him we know it -- maybe he'll talk!  
MACK: Personally, I doubt it. Should we try him again?  
BARRY: (FADING OUT) Yes -- that's all we can do -- try. Come along.

(DOOR OPENED)

BARRY: (FADING IN) Now, listen to me, Nick. We're certain now that you were mixed up in the Manelli bank stick-up. How about it?

MACK: (OFF) Not very chatt, is he? Listen, Nick -- we got a hat just like yours, up at the bank -- you and your two pals had been fitted out with 'em, at Jacobs' hat shop in Chelsea -- isn't that right? (PAUSE)

BARRY: (GENTLY) Nick, this won't help you. It won't help you or your gang. What do you know about the Manelli job? (PAUSE) (FADING) Well, come on, Mack. You're right -- Nick won't talk.

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED)

MACK: Say, what are we going to do, Barry?

BARRY: According to his lights, he's a good kid. He's loyal to his gang. My guess is that there must be at least one person in the world that's loyal to him. Our job is to wait till that person shows up.

MACK: Here at the hospital, you mean?

BARRY: Exactly. You stay here, Mack, and check every caller or telephone message Nick Bronsky gets. I'm going to headquarters to report about the hats to the Chief Inspector. I'll be back as soon as I can -- but until then -- you're in charge!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE AUTO AND SIREN FADES OUT.  
2. KNOCKING ON DOOR.

\*\*\*\*\*

ROSE: Who is it?

KECK: (OUTSIDE) Open the door, Rose. It's me -- Brainy Keck.

ROSE: Come in then.

(DOOR OPENED)

ATX01 0269661

KECK: (FADING IN) Come on, Lanky. Make it snappy.

LANKY: Here I am.

(DOOR CLOSED)

ROSE: Don't say a word, before I ask you this question: is this Nick?

KECK: Whadda yah mean?

ROSE: Is this Nick -- where it says in the paper?

(RATTLES NEWSPAPER)

"Unidentified man -- picked up at 149th Street and Third Avenue." Is it? Is it? Tell me!

KECK: Yes. It's Nick all right.

ROSE: Is it as bad as the paper says?

KECK: I don't know.

LANKY: He was shot, Mrs. Bronsky -- they got him in the back of the neck.

ROSE: (STEADILY) Yes? So what are you coming here for?

KECK: Why -- we thought you'd wanta know.

ROSE: That ain't why you came -- you wouldn't care if I never found out!

KECK: Listen -- we're riskin' our necks to pass the word to yah!

ROSE: Yes, but it ain't for my sake! So what you want? Tell me quick -- I ain't got time to waste!

LANKY: Well, we was just thinkin' --

KECK: I'll tell her, Lanky. Get this, Rose -- if you're thinkin' o' squealing -- forget it -- and forget it quick.

ROSE: I'm not going to tell on you.

LANKY: And another thing, Mrs. Bronsky -- stay away from that hospital.

ROSE: What!

KECK: He's right -- keep away.

ROSE: You tell me that Nick is there -- dying, maybe -- and you think I'll stay away -- just because you tell me to? You must be crazy.

KECK: Rose, if you know what's good for you, do like we tell you. Come on, Lanky. Let's be going.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.  
2. TAXICAB MOTOR RUNNING - SLOWS UP AND STOPS.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
(BARRY AND MACK READ SCENE IN LOW VOICES)

BARRY: That's the dame, Mack -- coming out of Nick Bronsky's room. The nurse says she's been crying inside there.

MACK: She looks plenty sad right now, too.

BARRY: I'm afraid there isn't much hope for Nick, from what the doctor tells me.

MACK: This girl's his wife, I guess.

BARRY: Yes -- or his sweetheart.

MACK: How long was she in there with him?

BARRY: Half an hour -- doctors wouldn't allow any longer time.

MACK: Then should I go up and ask her some questions?

BARRY: No, I think not, Mack.

MACK: What'll we do, then?

ATX01 0269663

BARRY: Follow her. See where she goes. My guess is that somehow she'll help us solve this case.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TAXICAB MOTOR, AS BEFORE.  
2. KEY IN LOCK. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

\*\*\*\*\*

ROSE: (GASPS) Oh!

KECK: Didn't expect us to be waiting for you -- did you, Rose?

ROSE: What are you doing in our apartment, Brainy Keck?

KECK: We wanted to hear how Nick was gettin' along, Rose. How is he -- feelin' any better?

ROSE: Nick -- what do you care about Nick?

KECK: You were up to see him, weren't you?

ROSE: Is it your business?

KECK: I'll say it is -- but you don't need to answer, if you don't feel like it. Because I know you were there!

ROSE: And that's your business, huh?

LANKY: Rose, you got your warnin' -- we told you to stay away from that hospital -- maybe you thought we was joking?

ROSE: I'm not saying I didn't go.

KECK: Sa-ay. I don't think you got the idea yet. What do you think, Lanky?

LANKY: Put her wise, put her wise.

KECK: Rose, I told yah there was to be no squealin' -- not with Nick up there breakin' his heart to keep from puttin' us in a spot.

ROSE: Nick! Nick tryin' to save you -- he doesn't owe you anything!

KECK: Maybe not -- but you do!

ROSE: What would that be please?

KECK: When you went to that hospital it was all the same as squealin' -- the cops'll check on you as sure I'm standin' here! So before they can get to yah -- to talk to yah -- Lanky and me are gonna fix yah -- so yah won't be able to talk to 'em!

LANKY: Right now, chief?

KECK: You tell 'em, Lanky. Use your knife.

LANKY: Right here.

KECK: All right. Come 'ere -- Rose.

ROSE: No -- no -- keep away!

(SCREAMS)

KECK: Keep quiet! Keep still, you little rat ---

(DOOR OPENED QUICKLY)

BARRY: (FADES IN QUICKLY) Come on, Mack! Watch it -- watch it, there -- don't move, any of you -- Mack -- keep these two men covered. And look out -- one's got a knife.

KECK: Hey -- what's the idea! What is this?

BARRY: Never mind, I'll take that knife -- and a look in your pocket, too. Ah -- I thought so -- a pair of blue glasses.

KECK: And what does that prove? What are you after, anyhow?

MACK: Them blue specks just mean we want you for the Manelli bank job, good-lookin'!



OK:

Oh, yeah? Well I don't know nothin' about it.

BARRY:

Just a minute -- I'll take that hat your partner wearing, too.

LANKY:

Huh? What do you want wit' my hat?

BARRY:

It looks very much like one that belongs to Mr. Nick Bronsky -- and if I'm not mistaken, you and he bought them together at Jacobs' hat store.

KECK:

Yeh -- what if he did? What you coppers hangin' on to me for. These glasses don't prove anything -- you've got no evidence against me ---

MACK:

Is that so? I'll bet a month's pay the hat we picked up in the Manelli bank is goin' to fit you -- handsome! And that'll give us just about enough dope for a conviction! What do you say, Barry?

BARRY:

You're right, Mack -- put the cuffs on them -- and we'll take these boys downtown.

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

THE GANG IN BLUE GLASSES...NICK BRONSKY DIES IN HOSPITAL...OTHER MEMBERS OF GANG ALL ROUNDED UP... NOW SERVING...FIFTY YEARS EACH...IN PRISON.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

O.K. O'KEEFE!

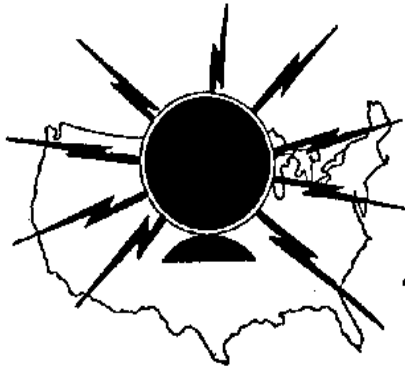
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FARR/chilleen  
9/16/32

HTX01 0269666

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras  
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(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

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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 I don't know what you people have got to say.... but this week is turning out fine. That fight Monday night between Walker and Schmeling was great.....Mayor McKee threw out the first ball in the World Series yesterday.....and Saturday all the big football elevens in the country are going to answer the whistle for another campaign. Life, my dear listeners, is just a bowl of excitement.....and now to make our cup of happiness run over into the saucer.....here is this evening.....and a merry one it promises to be on my word as a pilot. We're going to tune you in on the modern Baron Munchausen, Jack Pearl....an amazing fellow who will recite the amazing tales of his amazing adventures to you and rest his case. Then every now and then we'll shoot the Magic Carpet over to Abe Lyman. Abe was telling me he is giving up all theatrical engagements for a year to devote himself to radio exclusively.....so now he's on his mettle....he's out to win his letter for the honor of the school.....he's going to play as he has never played before so watch your balance carefully as the Magic Carpet goes into high and parachutes the lot of you right down at Abe Lyman's feet.

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

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening, everybody, this is Abe Lyman and as the Magic Carpet settles down we start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

Here goes the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.....

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Abe Lyman, ladies and gentlemen, riding high on the Magic Carpet on his welcome return to our midst. He will be with us all evening....but we come to the time when Howard Claneey gives us his brief message. Mr. Claneey!

HOWARD CLANEY:

If you have seen Frank Buck's thrilling motion picture "Bring 'Em Back Alive," you no doubt remember the vicious battle between the enraged tiger and the giant python. That, ladies and gentlemen, truly was nature in the raw. Nature in the Raw is seldom mild and 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:

Now we turn to the man of the hour....the modern Baron Munchausen, better known in the hits of Broadway as Jack Pearl. You've heard Jack as much as I have....and you know those delicious stories he tells. I wouldn't be the one to question him because he has a perfect defense.....he would say, "Well, Walter....was you dere" and I'd be stuck, so let's have the Baron for his first tale. He and his friend Charley are at an airport. I give you his Excellency.....the Baron.

(FIRST PART --- "AVIATION")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Pearl, Mr. and Mrs. America....who is now being greeted up and down Broadway with the title of Baron..... due to his amusing portrayal of Baron Munchausen on these Thursday broadcasts. He has great ideas on America....he has great ideas on Europe.....and the relations between the two...Tonight he pointed out to me that our first settlers came from Europe....and that's about the last settling we've HAD from there. Later on tonight on this program the Baron will return to the microphone and speak for himself but now there's dancing in the air....music is right around the corner....music from the baton in the good right arm of Abe Lyman who will lead his boys. Abe and his boys are dressed in the height of fashion and the same goes for their music....so let's get a great big order of it and have ourselves a time.....

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

ATX01 0269670

ABE LYMAN:

Yes Walter, the music we're going to serve this time includes -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

Climb aboard everybody, the Magic Carpet is off on its lightning trip --

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

This is the seventh inning stretch as we World Series fans say.....this is where we take a little breath and go on to the enjoyment of the rest of the game. While you pick out your partners for the next dance you might pause a moment because this is where Howard Claney makes an announcement of importance. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Extra value to smokers everywhere!...twenty words -  
no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's a telegram from an official of one of  
America's greatest store systems:

"SHIP AT ONCE ADDITIONAL 200,000 CERTIFIED CREMOS...  
CREMOS CERTAINLY JUMPED IN SALES SINCE NEW PRICE....  
CONGRATULATIONS ON NATION-WIDE PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE OF  
SUCH GREAT VALUE." SIGNED, L. GOLDVOGEL, VICE-  
PRESIDENT - D. A. SHULTE, INC.

And here's a telegram from an official of another  
great retail organization:

"RUSH FIFTY THOUSAND CREMO CIGARS TO OUR YORK  
WAREHOUSE AS WE ARE ENTIRELY OUT...WE HAVE TODAY  
CHECKED ACTUAL SALES OF CREMO CIGARS AND FIND THEY  
HAVE INCREASED FOUR AND ONE-HALF TIMES SINCE PRICE  
HAS BEEN REDUCED." SIGNED, CARL MITCHELL,  
PEOPLES DRUG STORES, INC.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269672

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

And the reason for these two telegrams and countless others is the amazing value of Certified Cremo....same quality..... same size,...same shape -- now five cents straight ....three for ten cents.

(DRUM ROLL)

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

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Here's where we round the bend and make the turn into the home stretch fellow riders of the Magic Carpet and in a little while we'll hurl it back to Abe Lyman, -- a home boy if ever I saw one. Ah with your imagination as your ticket look at New York now,...not the New York of Broadway.....the magic of Fifth Avenue.....the stateliness of Park Avenue.....no let's get a new blant. Imagine the hundreds of thousands of homes in Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx and suburbs.....yes and picture hundreds of thousands of radios tuned in.....all right all you New Yorkers join hands with America North, South, East and West and go into your dance with Abe Lyman.

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

ABE LYMAN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

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



ABE LYMAN:

Now the Magic Carpet dashes back to the pilot's feet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Lyman....and here ladies and gentlemen....is where that fluent, eloquent linguist speaks to you....that ambassador of good will....that soldier of fortune and adventurer, the Baron Munchausen also known to his fans as Jack Pearl. Ladies and gentlemen....the Baron....I give him to you.

(SECOND PART -- "AVIATION")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Baron....In case any of you just tuned in may I explain, my dear customers, that you have just missed the modern Baron Munchausen, alias Jack Pearl, -----speaking the King's English to his hearts content and we hope....yours. The Baron has become a fixture on these Thursday night parties and we'll be happy to announce him at this same time next week. If the children are at all backwards in learning their English grammar don't fail to tune in on Jack and find out everything that's wrong. Now take just a trip around the corner.....to Radio City.....look at that new Roxy Theatre....and that new office building, one of the largest in the world.....well they're not open yet so make an about face and right back to Abe Lyman and his boys.

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

ATX01 0269674

ABE LYMAN:

All right everybody, you dance while we play --

(TITLES)

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(  
(  
(  
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(  
(

ABE LYMAN:

Get ready Walter, here comes the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well done Abe....and here, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to pass on the news about our Saturday night's program....if you were not home last Saturday night by now you have doubtless heard of the debut on the Magic Carpet of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, a romantic couple from the operetta stage. Again next Saturday night the Magic Carpet will throw the spotlight on these famous stage stars who will conjure up romantic pictures in song. But right here it's time to pause while we hear from Howard Claney. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Back they come from Europe -- those fortunate travelers who have enjoyed a summer in Paris, the Riviera, Venice, Switzerland, and other fascinating sections of the Old Continent. Today, a whole shipload of distinguished people arrived back in New York on a distinguished boat -- the new S. S. Manhattan, America's newest liner! Travelers tell us that on the modern ships, the passengers prefer the modern cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE, which has made the one outstanding advance of the last 15 years....the "TOASTING" Process -- which put an end to raw tobaccos. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES; that's why they're the mildest of cigarettes. They're bound to be! And so they're an overwhelming favorite with discriminating smokers on each side of the Atlantic -- and on the ships that ply between!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now Uncle Sam there isn't a moment to be lost..... minutes are golden and Abe Lyman and his orchestra are the big spenders of the moment so back goes the Magic Carpet to them and in we go on 'em like a family reunion.

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

ABE LYMAN:

We continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now, my friends, I think the game will have to be called on account of darkness and with a few seconds to spare before the curtain rings down on our show your pilot would like to get a story off his chest. I went out to the Madison Square Garden the other night to see Moxie Schmeling write finish to the hopes of Mickey Walker.....it was a swell fight by the way.....and I was thinking of a story that Walter Winchell told me last Spring.....it deals with a poor downtrodden prizefighter....a sort of stumblebum... who had spent most of his adult life lying face down on the canvas picking the rosin out of his eyes and listening to the chirp of little birdies counting up to ten. So finally his manager booked him for one more fight. In taping up his hands in the dressing room he put in the left glove of his dumb protegee everything but the cornerstone of the Empire State Building. There was tinfoil..... there was a horse-shoe....there was everything to make that left the deadliest punch in the ring and he told his boy to "Use that left.... go out there and forget everything else....but USE YOUR LEFT." The fight started and his opponent started to mop up the ring with him... he slugged him, he mauled him....he lambasted him all over the premises and our hero never once used the left. As the gong rang ending the round he was belted into his corner where his manager screamed in his ear "Use your left, you dummy, your left....why don't you use your left?

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

To which the poor guy replied, "USE it....I can't even lift it".....And I guess that's about all.....so unless you've got something to say we'll call it a day. Goodnight.

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
9/29/32

ATX01 0269678

SU-166-IV

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

(THIRD DRAFT)  
9/26/32

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE IV

"AVIATION"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

SEPTEMBER 29, 1932

\* \*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\* \*

ATX01 0269679

EPISODE IV

PART I and II

"AVIATION"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

\*\*\*\*\*

CAST:

THE BARON.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

\*\*\*\*\*

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EPISODE IV

"AVIATION"

PART I

\*\*\*\*\*

(FADE IN ON:

BARON: (AD LIB ENTRANCE) Why do you always argue with me, Sharley. Why do you always want to be the Smart Alexander! I tell you ---

CHARLEY: (AD LIB ENTRANCE) I tell you, you can't do it. They won't let you, etc.

BARON: I know what I know and I know --

CHARLEY: But I tell you, Baron, you can't take that dog on the airplane. It's against the rules. Besides dogs don't belong on an airplane!

BARON: Well, this dog does.

CHARLEY: Yes? What kind of a dog is it?

BARON: An airdale.

CHARLEY: An airdale?

BARON: Sure -- see the tail spin?

CHARLEY: But they won't allow it on the plane.

BARON: They must! She and me have been pals for six years-- never have we been separated since she fell through the skylight in my roof.

CHARLEY: Fell through your skylight?

BARON: Yes -- I left the skylight open one night and it rained cats and dogs and she fell in.



CHARLEY: Baron, you must think I'm a half wit.

BARON: You flatter yourself by fifty percent. I say this dog goes with me.

CHARLEY: Well, maybe they'll let you take him along; but they'll stick him in the fuselage.

BARON: No sir! They don't stick my dog mit nusilege.

CHARLEY: Not nusilego - fuselage - in the back of the plane.

BARON: I accept your apology.

CHARLEY: What's the dog's name?

BARON: Her name is - now ain't that funny? I can't think of her name - let me see --

CHARLEY: Once I had a dog like this one - his name was Buster.

BARON: No it ain't Buster -- now what is her name --

CHARLEY: Buster wasn't as fat -- he was much leaner.

BARON: That's it! Lena! That's her name!

CHARLEY: Well, before we go aboard I'll see the steward and fix it so she'll be well taken care of.

BARON: Sharley, if you do this you will have my life long grab-a-tude.

CHARLEY: Gratitude.

BARON: Please --- don't spoil it.

CHARLEY: All right, Baron.

BARON: Is that the steward? The fellow with the bras buttons?

CHARLEY: No - he's the pilot.

BARON: My brother Ow-gust is a pilot!

CHARLEY: (OW-GUST - GUS ROUTINE)

BARON: I guess you never was to my house -- but anyhow  
Ow-gust is a pilot!

CHARLEY: On an airplane?

BARON: No -- on a farm!

CHARLEY: A pilot on a farm!

BARON: Yes -- When they cut the hay the boss tells Ow-gust  
to pile it here and pile it there!

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley! But tell me, Sharley, what are you  
doing here?

CHARLEY: Flying to Chicago -- and you?

BARON: I go further -- I'm going to China.

CHARLEY: You're going where?

BARON: I -- Are you starting already? What's the matter  
with your hearing?

CHARLEY: There's nothing the matter with my hearing, Baron,  
but you certainly aren't flying to China.

BARON: Don't tell me -- here it says right on the ticket --  
China!

CHARLEY: That's Cheyenne!

BARON: That's how you say it -- but to me it's China.

CHARLEY: Have it your way. What is your seat number?

BARON: Zix.

(SIX - SIX ROUTINE)

CHARLEY: Right next to me -- I'm sitting by the window -- do  
you want to change seats?

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BARON: No thanks - it's a funny thing; every time I look out the window of an airplane I get dizzy -- Why is that Sharley? What makes me dizzy?

CHARLEY:

(DIZZY ROUTINE)

BARON: I know -- but what makes me dizzy?

CHARLEY: Suppose we discuss it at another time, Baron.

BARON: That's municipal with me.

CHARLEY: You're looking fine, Baron, really you are.

BARON: Sharley, I feel so well, at times I think something is wrong with me.

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, don't become a hypochondriac.

BARON: When I -- did you make a noise?

CHARLEY: I said don't become a hypochondriac.

BARON: (LAUGHS) Not me -- I belong to enough lodges now.

CHARLEY: Is this your first flight, Baron?

BARON: Don't be zilly! I hold the world's endurance record.

CHARLEY: You hold what?

BARON: I -- Why don't you see an ear doctor.

CHARLEY: I heard what you said, Baron, but I can hardly believe it.

BARON: You don't think I'd fool you, Sharley.

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: I was up in an aeroplane for five months.

CHARLEY: For five months! Impossible.

BARON: Was you with me, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: So I was up for five months!

CHARLEY: Very well, I'll take your word for it.

BARON: Flying above the clouds --

CHARLEY: At what altitude?

BARON: When I -- It's too bad we are acquainted.

CHARLEY: Now, don't get peeved, Baron. I only asked at what altitude you were flying -- how high up?

BARON: Oh, about sixty, seventy thousand feet.

CHARLEY: I'd like to believe that, Baron.

BARON: Me too. Well sir -- after I was flying two months I ran out of gas and oil --

CHARLEY: And you were forced down.

BARON: And I was -- did I ask you anything?

CHARLEY: Why no. But you said you ran out of gas and oil and naturally you had to come down.

BARON: No sir! I stayed up in the air for three months more.

ATX01 0269685

CHARLEY: Nonsense! You couldn't stay up without fuel!

BARON: Did somebody telephone you, write to you,  
Can you imagine it?

CHARLEY: Why no!

BARON: So I stayed up for three months more!

CHARLEY: But that's against the law of gravity!

BARON: This was before the law was passed.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley!

CHARLEY: How did you come down, Baron?

BARON: In a parachuter.

CHARLEY: Oh, you mean a parachute!

BARON: I -- public enemy number forty two.

CHARLEY: I suppose you jumped and opened the parachute.

BARON: I jumped but I didn't open it.

CHARLEY: Didn't open it! Why not?

BARON: It wasn't raining.

CHARLEY: Baron that is positively unbelievable. The idea of  
a man jumping out of a plane without opening his  
parachute and living to tell the tale.

BARON: Am I living, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly you are.

BARON: So I jumped!

CHARLEY: All right, we won't argue. Where did you land?

BARON: In the China Sea -- hundreds and hundreds of miles from the Island of Borneo.

CHARLEY: Borneo! That's in the Australiasian Archipelego.

BARON: It's in -- was that the telephone?

CHARLEY: No. It was me. I said the Australiasian Archipelego.

BARON: Did I ask you where it was?

CHARLEY: No -- you didn't! I told you of my own volition.

BARON: You are too smart for one man - you should incorporate.

CHARLEY: When you landed in the sea what did you do?

BARON: I started to swim!

CHARLEY: Weren't there any boats in sight?

BARON: One - a motor boat! It was going about 60 knots an hour but I passed him!

CHARLEY: Sixty knots an hour and you passed him?

BARON: I not only passed him - I swam around him. The second time I swam around I yelled "Hey, can't you go any faster than that?"

CHARLEY: Faster!

BARON: He yelled back. "I can go faster but I must stay with the boat." I said, "how far is the nearest land from here?" He said "twenty miles." I said "in what direction!" He said "straight down!" Well, Sharley, to discontinue my story I swam for two days and two nights!

CHARLEY: How were you rescued?

BARON: I wasn't -- I saved myself! It was on the third morning -- I battled my way through the brokers --

ATX01 0269687

CHARLEY: You mean breakers!

BARON: Yes, breakers - But I also battled with brokers in my day - and I landed on the island.

CHARLEY: That was some swim!

BARON: I have done better -- And when I got on shore I met all the wild men of Borneo.

CHARLEY: The wild men of Borneo!

BARON: Yes -- and the wild women too.

CHARLEY: Wild women? I didn't know they had wild women in Borneo.

BARON: Oh! Plenty! And are they wild? They got beautiful eyes, cute little noses, tiny ears -- but they have no mouths.

CHARLEY: Hold on, let me get this right. You say the wild women of Borneo have beautiful eyes, noses and ears -- but they have no mouths.

BARON: That's what I said -- they have no mouths.

CHARLEY: How in the world do they talk?

BARON: They can't -- that's what makes them wild.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley!

-----  
(END OF PART I)

ATX01 0269688

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE IV

"AVIATION"

PART II

\*\*\*\*\*

(FADE IN ON:

(BARON & CHARLEY LAUGHING)

CHARLEY: Baron, you tickle me!

BARON: I will, if you tickle me first.

CHARLEY: You were talking about flying over mountains.

BARON: Yes, I was flying over the mountains when I heard one of them calling to its son.

CHARLEY: You heard a mountain calling to its son.

BARON: Yes sir. It was calling, "Oh Cliff, Oh Cliff."

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! That was when I was making a trip to the North Pole in a dirigible.

CHARLEY: In a what?

BARON: In a -- Why don't you wear glasses so you can see what I'm saying -- I said I was making a trip to the North Pole in a dirigible.

CHARLEY: Oh! You mean a dirigible.

BARON: (LAUGHS) In a balloon

CHARLEY: I never knew you made a trip to the North Pole, Baron.



BARON: Sharley, I am a man who don't talk about himself.

CHARLEY: I noticed that. But tell me about your trip.

BARON: One night I was looking at a movement picture --

CHARLEY: A motion picture.

BARON: Yes, a -- you have a great sense of humor.

CHARLEY: Continue Baron.

BARON: I was looking at this picture --- it showed the trip  
what was made by dat feller -- you know -- Eagle.

CHARLEY: Eagle?

BARON: Sea gull --

CHARLEY: Sea gull? What in the world are you talking about?

BARON: Pelican.

CHARLEY: Those are birds.

BARON: That's him! Byrd!

CHARLEY: Admiral Byrd?

BARON: Yes -

CHARLEY: He flew to the Pole.

BARON: I did it five years before him - in fact I took the  
Pole with me and put it there.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm sorry, but I've come to the conclusion  
that you are crazy.

BARON: I'm crazy?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Are you all right?

CHARLEY: I certainly am.

BARON: Then I'm glad I'm crazy - I say I put the pole there -

CHARLEY: And I say you didn't!

BARON: Was you with me, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So I put the pole there!

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way.

BARON: You are starting to believe me now.

CHARLEY: Oh, yes indeed.

BARON: Four men from an undertaker shop helped me carry the pole.

CHARLEY: Four men from an undertaker shop?

BARON: Yes -- pole bearers.

CHARLEY: Good night!

BARON: What's the matter? Are you going to bed -

CHARLEY: Why no, Baron -- When I said good night I just meant it as an exclamation of surprise - an idiomatic phrase as a retort to an incredible statement.

BARON: I was -- Maybe I'm talking to somebody else.

CHARLEY: Come, Baron, continue with your story.

BARON: Well sir -- I'll never forget that day -- Oh, was it cold?

CHARLEY: I suppose it was bitter, biting, piercing cold.

BARON: One is enough. It was so cold we couldn't talk to each other.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Because as the words came out of our mouths they froze.

CHARLEY: The words froze?

BARON: Yes sir -- we had to build a fire to thaw out the words to hear what we was talking about.

CHARLEY: Am I supposed to believe that?

BARON: You don't think I would spoof you, Sharley, do you?

CHARLEY: Oh, no! I should say not.

BARON: Well, we started to go back -- but - when we looked for the airplane it was gone.

CHARLEY: What became of it?

BARON: The wolves ate it up!

CHARLEY: Wolves ate up the plane! Ridiculous!

BARON: You never heard of such a thing?

CHARLEY: Never!

BARON: So the wolves ate up the plane! Maybe you don't know it, but wolves don't like fancy food - but they are crazy about plain food.

CHARLEY: You're beyond me, Baron.

BARON: Stick around - I'll be back. The wolves was come after us but I recognized the leader and talked him out of it.

CHARLEY: You recognized the leader and talked him out of it.

BARON: Yes - he was the wolf who was at my door for two years. Now the next thing to do was to get some place - to some -- some --

CHARLEY: Some habitation.

BARON: Some -- Maybe you can't help it.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: The nearest place was twenty six hundred miles away -- but we got there.

CHARLEY: Did you mush?

BARON: Did we -- what was the answer?

CHARLEY: I said did you mush?

BARON: Don't be silly, we had no girls with us. Think of it Sharley, miles of broken up ice.

CHARLEY: Ice floes.

BARON: I -- speak please.

CHARLEY: I said ice floes.

BARON: Sure -- so does water. After eleven months we come to mountains of ice.

CHARLEY: Icebergs.

BARON: Yes -- all we had to live on was fish.

CHARLEY: What kind of fish?

BARON: Roast beef.

CHARLEY: Where did you get the roast beef from?

BARON: Don't be so technical. It looked like we was lost -- when we came up to another berg.

CHARLEY: Another one.

BARON: Yes - and I said to the berg, "Can you tell me where we can --

CHARLEY: Hold on Baron, do you mean to say you spoke to an iceberg?

BARON: Not an iceberg -- This was a Ginsberg! An Eskimo.  
I ask him where we could get food and he took me to  
his gigilo.

CHARLEY: His Igloo.

BARON: Why don't you just listen?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, go on.

BARON: Well -- after dinner he gave us tennis rackets and  
we --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron, what in the name of common  
sense would any one do with tennis rackets in the  
frozen North?

BARON: You put them on your feet so you can walk in the  
snow.

CHARLEY: Do you mean snow shoes?

BARON: If I do its my business -- After two years we reached  
a place where we got another plane and started home --  
sad to say I lost one of my men.

CHARLEY: That was too bad. How did it happen?

BARON: Through airplane poisoning.

CHARLEY: Airplane poisoning?

BARON: Yes -- all he took was one drop.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley!

CHARLEY: The aeroplane is certainly a great invention, Baron.

BARON: Thank you -- when I first invented it I didn't think  
it was going to be a success.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron -- don't tell me you invented the  
flying machine? I know for a fact that the Wright  
Brothers invented it.

BARON: Two wonderful men, but was you with them when they invented it, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Why, no.

BARON: So I invented the flying machine. And what's more next week I'm going to build a flying machine out of paper.

CHARLEY: A flying machine out of paper?

BARON: Yes -- fly paper.

CHARLEY: Baron -- I'm bewildered.

BARON: You've got nothing on me. But speaking of fly paper reminds me of another invention I got.

CHARLEY: Another one?

BARON: Yes sir -- I invented it when I was up with the Eskimos. One night we was in a Giglo --

CHARLEY: Not giglo Baron, Igloo -- that's the second time I corrected you on that.

BARON: The second time.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Who ask you to even correct me the first time.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, proceed.

BARON: We was in the gigilo -- and don't correct me the third time -- we was eating ice cream -- when all of a sudden a fly fell into my plate.

CHARLEY: A fly? In the frozen North! I never heard of it.

BARON: Well you're hearing it now. If there is anything I hate it's flies - so what did I do?

CHARLEY: I haven't the faintest idea.

BARON: You wouldn't have -- I invented a fly trap.

CHARLEY: A fly trap?

BARON: Ssh -- not so loud -- I don't want the flies to hear about it.

CHARLEY: How does it work?

BARON: Well, the first thing you do is get a rope.

CHARLEY: A rope!

BARON: Yes -- you get the rope -- throw one end in the air and leave it there -- you know, some ropes have two ends --

CHARLEY: So I've heard.

BARON: So you cut the other end off -- then on top you put a small iron cage and inside a small piece of cheese -- and on the bottom you put a plate of ice cream -- the fly comes walking along, cane in hand -- he suddenly hears the cheese -- he starts up the rope -- enters the cage -- but he knows not where to go therefrom - Now comes the technique.

CHARLEY: The technique.

BARON: I know a lot of big words -- Well while the fly is trying to get out of his --

CHARLEY: Dilemma?

BARON: No, she's got nothing to do with this - the fly is trying to get out of his --

CHARLEY: Predicament.

BARON: Why don't you keep your love affairs to yourself -- while the fly is trying to get out of his trouble -- that's it -- trouble -- I start climbing up the rope -- when I get half way up I cut a small piece out of the middle -- now the fly don't know this --

CHARLEY: The fly don't know it?  
BARON: No, and I don't tell him.  
CHARLEY: You don't speak fly --  
BARON: Not a word - that makes it all the better - fly  
starts down the road - comes to the open space -  
falls into the plate of ice cream and is frozen  
stiff!  
CHARLEY: Marvelous!  
BARON: Ridiculous!  
CHARLEY: That invention should net you a fortune!  
BARON: It will! Do you want to buy any stock?  
CHARLEY: No, thank you, Baron. I have all the money I'll  
ever need and I'm proud to say I started life a  
barefoot boy.  
BARON: Do you think I was born with shoes on?  
CHARLEY: Oh Baron!  
BARON: Oh Sharley!

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(END OF PART II)

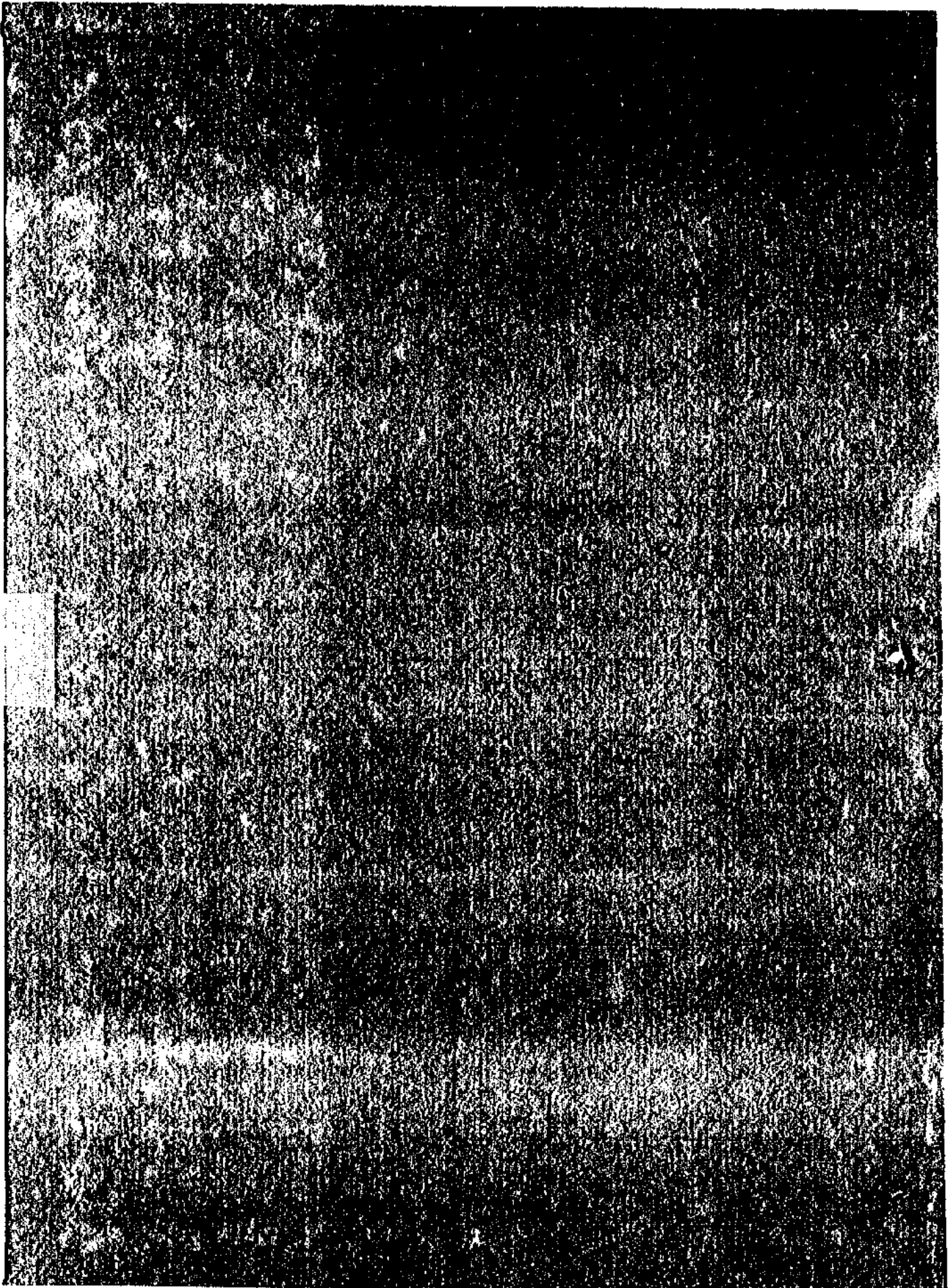
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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen  
9/27/38

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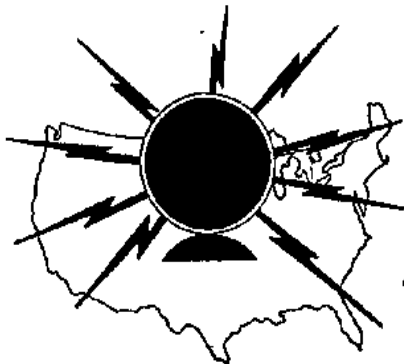


OCTOBER



# 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."**

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1938

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.....I hope you're riding high on the crest of the wave because Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has elaborate plans to wind up the week with a Pulitzer Prize winning program.....Tuesday you had thrills.....Thursday was laugh night.... and so to round out the variety tonight the air will be filled with Romance as Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday of the operetta stage serenade you. In two distant cities two great orchestras are waiting to sound off so let's get the first one.....Phil Harris in Los Angeles and then we'll pick up Vincent Lopez in Chicago.... You're bound for the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles....that beautiful room that has been the cradle of radio stars and the rendezvous of the screen celebrities.....over the plains and over the highlands.... we skid down the other side of those ever present Rockies and slide down Wilshire Boulevard to the Ambassador Hotel.

ON WITH THE DANCE PHIL HARRIS...(WHISTLE) OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

We're in Los Angeles at the Cocoanut Grove where Phil Harris and his Orchestra start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Now the Magic Carpet speeds out of Los Angeles and heads eastward back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Harris, I'm glad to meet you....your first time in our midst....and I'm speaking for a lot of listeners when I pat you on the shoulder and say "Bravo." We'll give you another bravo later but now we'll listen a minute while Howard Claney speaks.  
Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Indian Battle cry! That blood-curdling war whoop of ferocious savages struck terror into the hearts of the settlers in the raw, wild country of early America. Well they knew "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- and careful were their precautions against raw nature! In tobacco, "Nature in the Raw is never mild" -- and careful must be the precautions against getting raw tobaccos 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.

(IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT STRINGS OF ORCHESTRA START "ROMANCE". AFTER FOUR BARS THEY FADE DOWN AND CONTINUE SOFTLY BEHIND O'KEEFE)

ATX01 0269701

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Maybe at some time or other you listeners have been backstage in a theatre and marvelled at the working of a revolving stage. The scene changes in ten seconds or so....but the Magic Carpet stage is changed in no time at all. Right out there in the spotlight are Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday....a romantic pair from the stage of operetta. First try to imagine the picture as they sing "When You're in Love You Waltz" from the picture "Rio-Rita".. the lights are dimmed down...and against that rich, tropical setting they sing their hearts out....then "The Thrill is Gone"...it was a very effective staging in silhouette.....the two lovers outlined against the deep blue behind them while the rich baritone of the lover bewails a lost love.....and then the scene shifts to the cry of lament that Helen Morgan sent up around the world when she asked the question in song "Why Was I Born." There is the setting..... and the spotlight shines on....Miss Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING -- ("WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE YOU WALTZ")  
("THE THRILL IS GONE")  
("WHY WAS I BORN")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Those were the voices of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.....two stars of operetta who have come to join the LUCKY STRIKE Family on Saturdays. Later in the same program they will return but now the Magic Carpet must leave New York and rush across country to Chicago.....the Windy City....the home of the brave and the free and the Cubs.....and out there tonight there's a bit of a celebration.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269702

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Vincent Lopez is opening in the Congress Hotel in the glorious new supper room designed by Joseph Urban, the great artist, in vivid colors who gave so much to the great Ziegfeld shows. Imagine a room jammed with first nighters....imagine the sleek head of Mr. Lopez above the dancing couples....imagine the gowns....imagine the girls....Here we go over Newark....Columbus....South Bend..... Chicago....right up the outer drive....across Grant Park and into the Congress Hotel.

ON WITH THE DANCE VINCENT LOPEZ....(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Good evening, everybody, Lopez speaking in Chicago where we play first -- (TITLES)

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet dashes across Lake Michigan and speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Vincent, and I hope you got the wire I sent for your opening. We wish you all the luck in the world son...now go on with the festivities till we call on you again. Meanwhile Howard Glaney has an important announcement to make. Mr. Glaney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Twenty words of reason -- the reason why Certified Cremo is more than ever America's favorite cigar! Twenty words -- no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

From an official of one of America's great retail store organizations comes this telegram:

"RUSH FIFTY THOUSAND CERTIFIED CREMOS....DETROIT SMOKERS APPRECIATE THAT CERTIFIED CREMOS AT NEW PRICE GREATEST CIGAR VALUE IN HISTORY....WE ARE PLEASED WITH TREMENDOUS INCREASE ON CREMO SALES IN OUR STORES.....BEST WISHES" (SIGNED),  
N.S. SHAPIRO, PRESIDENT, CUNNINGHAM ECONOMICAL DRUG STORES.

We are receiving many similar telegrams and the reason for them all is the amazing value of Certified Cremo....the same high quality.....same size....the same famous Perfecto shape.... Certified Cremo now five cents straight....three for ten cents.

(DRUM ROLL)

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

WALTER O'KEEFE:

From New York to Los Angeles to New York to Chicago....  
to New York and now back to Los Angeles again... That's the way the  
Magic Carpet has traveled tonight. The pace that thrills I call  
it....after all it's Saturday night.....you deserve some relaxation...  
you deserve some swanky dance music so let's go back to the land of  
the movie stars.....out over the Santa Fe Trail....howdee Albuquerque  
.....hey there Phoenix I wrote you yesterday....now into the land  
of the oranges....dear old California.

ON WITH THE DANCE PHIL HARRIS....(WHISTLE) OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor  
of the Coccoanut Grove here in Los Angeles Phil Harris and his boys  
play -- (TITLES)

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

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Across the continent from the west coast to the east  
speeds the Magic Carpet,

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you Herr Harris.....and in behalf of all the boys and gals let me thank your boys for rising to the occasion so handsomely. Have Mark Kelly, the oracle of Southern California send me the dope on the football odds out there....and now the scene is shifting....again we call on Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADES DOWN AS  
RACKING BEHIND O'KEEFE)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

This time they serenade you with hits of last year and former years. The scene is along the quai in the "Cat and the Fiddle." Maybe you remember the wandering minstrel who wove through the crowd, guitar in hand, singing the "Night Was Made For Love.".....it was a grand setting for a grand song....then if your memory goes back still farther you can remember the vivacious Fritzi Scheff in the musical show "The Duchess" when she sang "Cupid Tell Why." When the "Blossom Time" that famous operetta based on the life of Franz Shubert "The Song Of Love" which re-enacts the romantic love scene at the first meeting of the hero and the heroine. Very well then you have a mental picture of the scenes as the songs are sung....up goes the curtain....and amber spotlight picks out the two lovers on a bench under the street lamp and you hear Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT & HALLIDAY SING: --("THE NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE")

("CUPID TELL WHY")

("THE SONG OF LOVE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

For the second time....for the second week you have been listening to the new voices of the Saturday program on the Magic Carpet. Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday....favorites and idols of the operetta lovers everywhere. But now, the next voice is that of Howard Clansy. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Today, at Harvard....Princeton....Notre Dame..... California.....on scores of college campuses the football season opened....every team was watched carefully by the thousands of students in the stands.....And at every game, you'd notice that these modern young Americans, men and women alike, had along with them a pack of LUCKIES -- the modern cigarette. Today, Miss America is every bit as modern as her brother -- that's why, on college campuses everywhere, you'll notice that these smart young women carry with them the mildest of cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE. Young America has made LUCKY STRIKE its favorite -- because LUCKY STRIKE is truly the mildest of all cigarettes -- mild because "IT'S TOASTED."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Before zooming over the airwaves to Lopez in Chicago, let your pilot look into the Crystal Ball and prophesy the immediate future. Tuesday night the Magic Carpet will dramatize another thriller....another mystery story....known as "The Case of Slippery Baxter." Thursday night we play host again to Jack Pearl, the modern Baron Munchausen who will tickle your funnybone....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269707

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

.....But now we've got another quick junket over the clouds and down through them to Vincent Lopez who is opening out in the Congress Hotel in Chicago.....Imagine a beautiful room..... come on Miss America get into the mood.....imagine a beautiful band playing beautiful music,.....and imagine the man on your arm,.....He may not be an Apollo.....but his heart is true....he goes for you and the fellow's dying to dance.

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And the dance continues in Chicago from the Urban Room of the Congress Hotel as we play -- (TITLES)

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Eastward again flies the Magic Carpet back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Of course, football will always remind me of Rockne and the fund of football stories Rock always had for banquets, pep meetings, or any occasion where a laugh was needed. He told about one of his football candidates who was a cross between a dancing man and a tough guy, who asked to be excused from football practice once because he had been invited to sing at a Tea Party for the Ladies Aid Society in South Bend. So Rock excused him from practice. The following week the boy came up to him and explained that he had to miss practice again because the Glee Club was going to sing in Elgin, Illinois, and he had to do those romantic tenor solos. This happened several times before the middle of November and each time the boy, with social instead of muscular inclinations, had a valid, ready excuse - a Tea Party, - a banquet, - a Glee Club date, - or a marshmallow roast. So consequently he never got into one of the big games. At the close of the season they played the Army in New York. Each time the kid asked Rock to let him get into the game Knute answered "not now, I am saving you." Once each quarter he begged to be allowed to give his all for Notre Dame, but the coach always answered "no, I am saving you." The last time this tea-hound asked to get into the fray and Rock answered he was saving him, the lady yelled out in exasperation - "Saving me, saving me, what are you saving me for." And Rock squelched him with the following answer - "Oh you - I am saving YOU for the Junior Prom!"

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269709

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Well I guess that's about all and unless you've got something to say, I'll call it a day. Goodnight!

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(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

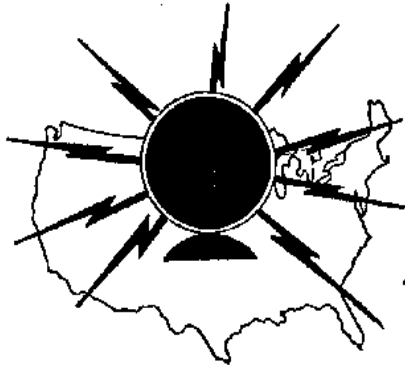
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ATK01 0269710

# 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, OCTOBER 4, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Here's a big wide sweeping good evening to you all in the four corners of the United States and to any one who's listening in over the borders or out on the seas. I hope you're all ready, Uncle Sam, for an hour of "SOLID COMFORT." Tonight's program is great.....it's complete. We have another cops and robber story....."The Case of Slippery Baxter".....and for additional spicing and taste we've got a newcomer to the Magic Carpet but a well-known Crown Prince of Jazz....Roger Wolfe Kahn. This lad ....and I hope he won't mind<sup>my</sup>/calling him lad (After all I'm old enough to be his brother but that's out because he's got a brother Gilbert).....well this lad is bounded on the North South East and West by talent....by musicians who know their sharps and flats and cadenzas. So let's go get them for the first time..... just sit tight on the Magic Carpet and we'll pick you all up, roll you all down.....and stand you up ready for a fox trot at the feet of Mr. Kahn.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Now the Magic Carpet speeds back to the pilot.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'Keefe!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

My dear listener-inners and tuner-louders that was Roger Wolfe Kahn.....long one of America's ace leaders, he put his band through their first canter of the evening. Now that your appetite for them has been whetted.....I like that word.....so I'll say it again, whetted.....we'll pause for a few seconds and hear tonight's message from Howard Clancy. Mr. Clancy!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A muttered insult - a flash of steel - and in raw fury the bloodthirsty nobles of the old French court rushed at each other in a raging duel to the death....There was "Nature in the Raw" for you! And "Nature in the Raw Is Seldom Mild." If you want a mild cigarette, we urge you to avoid tobacco in the raw. 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.

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ATX01 0269713



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now for the show my friends.. Here....my hands are full of tickets....pick out as many as you need....and file into the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet theatre where our cast of actors led by Barry Rudd and his faithful Mack will give you your share of thrills as they handle the Case of Slippery Baxter. This fellow Baxter was what they call a tough customer and (as his name implies) a slippery one. In and out of jail, in and out of prison, in and out of the hands of the police he slipped and slithered as oily as an eel. Part actor, part devil.....he had mental equipment worthy of a better life and it will give you a kick to watch his wits pitted against Barry Rudd, -- a great sleuth of the New York Police. The lights go down now....the curtain rises and I flip the Magic Carpet to your old friend Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police.

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

INSPECTOR HENRY:

All the facts of the story you are about to hear have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department and are authenticated by Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime Does Not Pay."

(FIRST PART -- "THE CASE OF SLIPPERY BAXTER")

ATX01 0269714

WALTER O'KEEFE:

There you are ladies and gentlemen....Here's one of the craftiest....one of the smartest....one of the most inventive crooks. Poor Hubbard meant well but he reckoned without Chuck and Pete. After all their leader Slippery was of no use to them in prison.....he could lead them into plenty of thievery on the outside, so they planned and succeeded in effecting his release. Incidentally it was quick work....accurately timed....any one who has taken the trip from Grand Central up to One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth knows they had to work fast. Does he get away with it? Does he manage to elude Barry and Mack? Well.....we'll see what we will see later in this same program. For a while we'll leave you up in the air on the solution and then show you what happened....and while you argue it out or figure it or guess about it we'll have a tune or two from Otto Kahn's musical son Roger. His boys are ready..... HE'S ready, the fringe of the Magic Carpet is trembling in the autumn breeze, so upsadaisy and away you go with a happy landing right under his baton.

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

ANNOUNCER:

This time Roger Wolfe Kahn and his boys play --

(TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Roger, your attack is perfect. Go into a huddle with your men about the next group and Howard Claney will speak to those listening in. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now at last cigar smokers can smoke a truly fine cigar -- for less money! Here's how - in twenty words - no more, no less.

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

From coast to coast smokers by the millions are seizing the chance to get this great new cigar value - the benefit of a tremendous reserve of choice long-filler tobaccos and modern sanitary manufacture, passed on to every Certified Cremo smoker. Here is evidence from one of the heads of a great retail organization - a telegram received today:

"Please ship additional 100,000 Certified Cremos....Our store managers amazed at phenomenal increase in Cremo Sales.....Cigar smokers know that Certified Cremo same size and quality at this new price is truly great value.....(Signed).....  
Samuel Becker, Silver Rod Stores, Inc."

Remember - wherever you are, city or village, you can get Certified Cremo at five cents straight - three for ten cents.

(DRUM ROLL)

-----station break-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Catch a second breath Mr. and Mrs. America....you too MISS America.... Here we turn the halfway point in the hour and go out in search of more music....more thrills....more entertainment. While invisible stage hands are readying everything for our second act, we'll drop in on Roger Wolfe Kahn and his band. Roger, in case you don't know it, plays a dual role in music....he's conductor but he's also composer.....it was he who wrote the big hit "CRAZY RHYTHM" and others....right now he's intent on conducting so let's dance.

ON WITH THE DANCE, MAESTRO KAHN..(WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA

ANNOUNCER:

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

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

ANNOUNCER:

Again we take that speedy hop back to the pilot.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Rogers....you can take time out and tell that trombone player to rest while I usher Uncle Sam and the All-American family back to their seats for the second act of the "Case of Slippery Baxter." Pardon me, all you who were on time for the first act, but I'd like to take a sentence or two to explain to those who weren't lucky enough to be home when we started..... Tonight's "cops and robber" story deals with a slippery criminal..... the police catch him, handcuff him and still he does a Houdini and gets out. He's out now.....he's loose and Barry Rudd is after him. Nobody knows where he went so watch Barry solve this tangle. See you after this act for a smoke in the lobby, but now it's

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

(SECOND PART -- "THE CASE OF SLIPPERY BAXTER")

ATX01 0269719

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well Uncle Sam.....that's that. Wig, disguise, age, German accent and all.....Slippery was still no match for Barry Rudd. There's nothing more to say about Slippery except to add one little P.S. or postscript that proves crime does not pay. Slippery Baxter was returned to prison and is now serving out an accumulation of sentences that will keep him there for life.

Now let's go back to a bit of dancing.....and tonight this bit of dance music is by Roger Wolfe Kahn who was musical when he was a mere baby. His brother Gilbert was telling me that when he used to stand up in his crib as a baby he used to love pulling at the bars of the crib as if he were playing a harp..... the rest is history. So here's a great musician leading a great band.....kick up your heels and dance any old way you like. You're only young once.

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

ANNOUNCER:

And the dance does go on with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Roger.,.,.,Now for a few seconds Howard Claney will take over the microphone. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tonight a score of New York's smart society debutantes are rehearsing for one of the big events of the social season.,.,.,the Charity Fashion Show to be given next Thursday in the famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. It is noticeable that these discriminating young women are as careful in their choice of cigarettes as they are in the smart, modern styles they select -- they have made LUCKY STRIKE a favorite because they know it is a modern cigarette, made extra mild by that most modern step in cigarette manufacture -- the "TOASTING" Process. Young American everywhere chooses LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest cigarette because "IT'S TOASTED."

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was the voice of Howard Claney, ladies and gentlemen.,.,and inasmuch as Howard spoke briefly I'll do likewise and get the Magic Carpet giddily on its way. Pull that furpiece around your neck Miss America.,.,the air is crisp.,.,honestly I don't know why you gals don't catch your death of cold.,.,all right now feel that wind in your face as we hurry over the October skies to the feet of Roger Wolfe Kahn.

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

ATX01 0269721



ANNOUNCER:

Without further ado Roger Wolfe Kahn continues the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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ANNOUNCER:

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

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well ladies and gentlemen....the lights are coming up all over the house....the show is over...the orchestra has tooted its last tune, and before rolling up the Magic Carpet for the night let me make an observation about the rest of the week in our travels. Thursday night the boss has designated as laugh night and so we'll call on Jack Pearl, known far and wide as the modern Baron Munchausen who will talk of his adventures, and they're amazing. In perfect English.....well nearly perfect, Jack unwinds his tales and they're well worth your time. George Olsen will share the honors with the Baron. Then on Saturday night we will again present in the spotlight that romantic couple from the operetta stage, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday who will sing their songs in their own way. At the same time we will call upon Chicago for the inimitable Ben Bernie, the old Maestro -- Yowza, Yowza and Yowza -- I hope you like it -- Saturday night. Now unless you've got something to say let's call it a day. Goodnight.

ATX01 0269722

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

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10/4/38.

ATX01 0269723

SU-154-XVI

(A)

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVI

"THE CASE OF SLIPPERY STARBUCK"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 4, 1932

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ATX01 0269724

SU-154-XVI

(B)

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVI

"THE CASE OF SLIPPERY STARBUCK"

PART I and II

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CAST:

BARRY	HUBBARD
MACK	PETE
SLIPPERY STARBUCK	CHUCK
PEGGY STARBUCK	DAN
MAIZIE KLING	OLD GERMAN WOMAN

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ATX01 0269725

SU-154-XVI

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVI

"THE CASE OF SLIPPERY STARBUCK"

PART I

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(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE CARS...  
STAND BY.....THE CASE OF SLIPPERY STARBUCK.....  
REAL PEOPLE....REAL PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....  
A REAL CASE.....INVESTIGATED BY TOM CURTIN.....  
AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD P.  
MULROONEY.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....  
PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO OFFICE OF DETECTIVE  
BARRY RUDD.....POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....NEW YORK  
CITY.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

ATX01 0269726

BARRY: Good evening, Mack. Sit down. I've got important news.

MACK: Yeah? What about, Barry?

BARRY: Slippery Starbuck.

MACK: Starbuck, huh? We've been trying to get a line on him for two months.

BARRY: That's right. Ever since he made that spectacular escape from Blackwell's Island.

MACK: What is it? Has something turned up?

BARRY: Well....maybe. Did you ever hear of Maizie Kling?

MACK: Maizie Kling? Why, sure. The nightclub hostess.

BARRY: That's the woman I mean. She's waiting outside now. I want you to be here while I talk to her.

MACK: Sure thing.

(TELEPHONE RECEIVER LIFTED)

BARRY: Hello? Ask Miss Kling to step in, will you? Thanks.

(TELEPHONE RECEIVER REPLACED)

MACK: Say, Barry, what's she got to do with the Starbuck case?

BARRY: Nothing, probably. But here's a thing that will surprise you, Mack. Maizie is working for us now, on the outside.

MACK: Well, I'll be a -----

BARRY: Watch it -- here she is now.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAIZIE: (FADING IN) Hello -- Mr. Rudd. Well -- well -- well -- if it isn't Detective Mack!

MACK: Hello, Maizie. How are you?

ATK01 0269727

BARRY: Sit down, please, Miss Kling.

MAIZIE: Thanks. Say, boys, I've got a hot tip for you!

BARRY: Fine -- let's have it.

MAIZIE: Slippery Starbuck has been seen -- hanging around the Riverledge Cabaret!

MACK: What?

BARRY: The Riverledge Cabaret, eh?

MAIZIE: Yes. He's been there for the last two nights -- trying to make a hit with Doris Kelly.

MACK: Oh, yeah -- and who's Doris Kelly?

BARRY: (BREAKING IN) Not his wife, eh, Maizie?

MAIZIE: I'll say she's not his wife.

MACK: That makes it interesting.

MAIZIE: Yes -- and I know his wife Peggy pretty well -- used to be in the same chorus with her.

BARRY: That was before Slippery married her, eh?

MAIZIE: (WITH EMPHASIS) Yeah. And here's the funny thing, Mr. Rudd. When I told Peggy about what Slippery was up to -- she never gave me a tumble!

BARRY: (SURPRISED) She didn't care?

MAIZIE: Just laughed.

BARRY: (KEENLY) Well now -- wait a minute -- what does this Doris Kelly do at the Riverledge Cabaret? Sing or dance?

MAIZIE: No -- she ain't a puffermer, Mr. Rudd. She's the cashier!

BARRY: (KEEN) What! Cashier?

MAIZIE: Yeah! Haven't you ever been to the Riverledge?  
BARRY: No -- but I'm going now! Come on, Mack! And bring  
your gun! With Slippery Starbuck at large, and  
making up to a night club cashier -- there's no  
telling what may happen!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE MOTOR CAR AND SIREN  
2. CABARET MUSIC FADES IN.

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BARRY: (TENSE AND QUICK) Don't go in yet, Mack -- stand  
here in the door!  
MACK: Yeah....  
BARRY: Do you spot him?  
MACK: Yeah -- at the corner table by the orchestra.  
BARRY: That's Starbuck all right.  
MACK: Who's that other guy with him?  
BARRY: Looks like Dan Grody to me. Worked on one of  
Slippery's jobs a year or so ago -- but the judge  
let him off.  
MACK: Oh yeah? Shall we grab 'em?  
BARRY: Yes -- come on!  
(MUSIC -- OUT QUICKLY)  
MACK: Wait a second --- look!  
BARRY: They're getting up!  
(CROWD HUBBUB)  
MACK: Hey, Barry -- for the luvva mud. Those two guys are  
headin' for the cashier's cage! It's a stick-up!

ATX01 0269729



BARRY: We'll stop it -- get your gun out, Mack!

SLIPPERY: (OFF) Take it easy, folks -- all we want is the cashier's box.

BARRY: (FADING IN) Stand back -- and put your hands up, Starbuck!

MACK: (FADING IN) Back against that table, you two!

SLIPPERY: Cops! It's the cops, Grodey!

BARRY: Put down those guns!

SLIPPERY: (MAKING EFFORT) Ughh -- my gun's jammed! Get him, Dan!

BARRY: No you don't!

(SLIPPERY IS KNOCKED DOWN WITH GUN BUTT - STRUGGLE)

MACK: Give me that gun, you!

DAN: The devil I will!

(SHOTS)

(DAN GROANS AS BULLET STRIKES HIS ARM)

BARRY: That's the stuff, Mack -- I think the fight's out of them now.

DAN: What did ya do? What did yah do to Slippery? Have yah killed him?

BARRY: No -- just put him to sleep with my revolver butt. How about you, now? Are you hurt?

DAN: (WHINING) It's me arm...this here other cop plugged me.

BARRY: Well, that'll be taken care of. I'll watch these men, Mack -- you go down and send for the wagon.

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ATX01 0269730

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. SIREN  
2. POLICE MOTOR AND AMBULANCE BELL

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HUBBARD: It was a quick trial, Mr. Rudd.  
BARRY: That's right, Warden -- Slippery Starbuck was convicted of attempted robbery and violating the Sullivan act. So now we're turning him over to you.  
HUBBARD: And I'll have to take him right back where he came from -- up the river.  
BARRY: You know what type of man he is? Cultured - smooth -- speaks several languages --  
HUBBARD: And clever -- very clever.  
BARRY: Of course, they wouldn't have sent a deputy warden to chaperone an ordinary crook. But I'd like to add something. - Starbuck is not only clever -- he's dangerous.  
HUBBARD: Oh, I don't think he's so tough.  
BARRY: Hubbard, he's a bad man and all that his name implies -- Slippery. He's escaped twice from prison.  
HUBBARD: Not from our prison, he ain't.  
BARRY: Well, you be extra careful till you get him there.  
HUBBARD: I'm always careful, Mr. Rudd.  
BARRY: All right -- I'll turn the prisoner over to you.

(LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

Hello? Send in the prisoner -- Slippery Starbuck, please.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

You know, Warden -- I have this Starbuck sized up as a potential murderer -- that's how he impresses me.

ATX01 0269731

HUBBARD: Well, guess I can handle him all right. I'm used to killers, potential or otherwise.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MACK: (FADING IN) In here -- Slippery. Over to the desk, there.

SLIPPERY: I can see -- thank you just the same.

MACK: Don't get smart, either.

SLIPPERY: Go on! What would you do -- put me in jail?

HUBBARD: Hello -- Starbuck.

SLIPPERY: Well -- if it isn't the assistant head man himself, come to take me back to the Big House. Thanks, boys. It's a compliment!

BARRY: Better handcuff him, Warden. You've just time to make your train.

SLIPPERY: Well, another nosey cop telling the Warden his business, eh?

BARRY: Yes -- I've warned him, Slippery. He's prepared for any trick you may have up your sleeve.

SLIPPERY: Thanks. Now I'll warn you. Don't think I'm going to stay in the lock-up. I'll be out -- and I'll be back!

BARRY: Yes?

SLIPPERY: And when I'm back -- I'm going to fix you and this other dick here!

BARRY: You're just tipping us off, eh?

SLIPPERY: And there's three cops up at the 104th Street house that will get theirs at the same time.

MACK: (BELLIGERENTLY) Says you!

ATX01 0269732

BARRY: Don't let him bother you, Mack. It's getting pretty close to train time. Better take him along, Hubbard.

HUBBARD: O.K., Mr. Rudd. Come on, Slippery. Me an' you're goin' byc-bye.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNNING THROUGH STREETS.  
2. STATION NOISES: VOICES: "PORTER, RED CAP?"  
"WHEN IS THE NEXT TRAIN FOR STAMFORD?"  
"TRACK FOURTEEN, THIS WAY."

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CHUCK: Here they come, Pete. See 'em?

PETE: Yeah, Chuck. Slippery's handcuffed to de copper. Say - it's the assistant warden from up the river!

CHUCK: Keep back, then. He might spot us.

PETE: Nah, he ain't lookin' around.

CHUCK: They're stoppin' to get a newspaper.

PETE: Yeah -- I bet Slippery ast him for it -- he's nuts on readin' about hissself.

TRAIN ANNCUNGER: Poughkeepsie local -- Hastings-on-Hudson, Dobbs Ferry, Irvington, Tarrytown, Soarborough, Ossining, Peekskill, Poughkeepsie -- track eighteen.

CHUCK: There's the train. The one they're goin' on.

PETE: Yeah -- and Slippery and the warden is comin' this way.

CHUCK: Duck behind this pillar -- and after they go through the gates -- we follow 'em!

PETE: We'll hide in the next car behind 'em till the train pulls out.

CHUCK: Yeah, but duck -- duck!

PETE: Yeah. They can't see me.

HUBBARD: Come along, Slippery. Don't stall.

SLIPPERY: Aw, what's the rush. I ain't gonna look at this place again for a while.

HUBBARD: Say -- what are you hunting for?

SLIPPERY: Nothing! Nothing. Let's go.

CHUCK: O.K. -- they're through the gates now. Come on, Pete.

PETE: I'm comin'. Say -- are yuh sure Tim will have the car at 125th Street?

CHUCK: I'm coitain. This is all planned out as it can't miss. Get a move on, will you?

(THEY FADE OUT, AD LIB)

TRAIN ANNOUNCER: Poughkeepsie local -- 'bo-ahd!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN EFFECT - ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE STARTING UP.

2. TRAIN RUNNING ALONG.

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SLIPPERY: Say -- Warden?

HUBBARD: Yes, what is it?

SLIPPERY: It's awfully hot in this train -- don't you think so?

HUBBARD: Why, yes -- it is a bit warm.

SLIPPERY: I wonder if I could take off my overcoat?

HUBBARD: Nothing doing.

ATX01 0269734

SLIPPERY: Ah, gse -- you might as well be comfortable -- don't you think so, Mr. Hubbard?

HUBBARD: You should have figured that out before you ever got in a fix like this. And remember -- it's just as uncomfotable for me as it is for you, handcuffed together like this.

SLIPPERY: Then why don't we both take off our coats? You know me, Mr. Hubbard -- you know I'm all right.

HUBBARD: Well....you'll have to stay in this seat, though.

SLIPPERY: Why, sure! Of course I will.

HUBBARD: Hold up your wrist.

SLIPPERY: Yes, sir.

(CLICK OF HANDCUFF)

HUBBARD: I'm leavin' this cuff on your wrist -- but I'll unfasten the part that's on mine. Take off your coat -- then I'll lock it again.

SLIPPERY: Yes, sir. Sure.

HUBBARD: Guess I'll take my coat off too.

SLIPPERY: Let me help you.

(LOCOMOTIVE ELECTRIC TRAIN EFFECT SLOWS DOWN)

HUBBARD: Thanks.

SLIPPERY: I'll put it up on the rack for you, along with mine.

(REACHING) -- there. There we go.

HUBBARD: Sit down, Starbuck -- we're gettin' into 125th Street.

SLIPPERY: Yes, sir.

HUBBARD: I don't want anybody to see you with that cuff unfastened. Give me your wrist.

(TRAIN NOISE OUT)

ATX01 0269735

SLIPPERY: Say -- wait till I light a cigarette -- will you?

HUBBARD: What's the matter with you? What are you doing?  
Give me your wrist, Starbuck!

SLIPPERY: (CLEARLY AND FIRMLY) Chuck! Pete! Sock him!

HUBBARD: Huh? Hey, what's up -- what is ----

(A TERRIFIC BLOW CRASHES ON HUBBARD'S HEAD)

(HUBBARD GROANS)

CHUCK: The train's stopped..Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street --  
this way Pete -- quick!

PETE: Hop to it, Slippery! We gotta leg it!

SLIPPERY: Wait till I grab my coat -- O.K. -- run like the  
devil -- out of the car and down the platform.

VOICE: Hey -- where you goin'? I seen you! You're the  
prisoner on this train!

SLIPPERY: Out of the way!

PETE: Jump on the platform here, Starbuck!

SLIPPERY: Here I come!

CHUCK: Never mind this crowd -- keep movin'! Tim has the  
auto waiting right downstairs.

VOICE: Stop -- stop those men! They're makin' a get-away!

PETE: Down the stairs -- quick!

(THREE MEN RUSH HEADLONG DOWN IRON STAIRS)

CHUCK: Here's the car, Slippery -- get in it!

SLIPPERY: Jump in! Step on it, Tim --

(CAR DOOR SLAMMED)

(MOTOR STARTS UP)

VOICE: (FADING IN AFTER THEM RAPIDLY) Stop those men -  
stop them -- one of them's an escaped prisoner --  
they're in that taxicab -- get the number of that  
cab -- get the license number -- call the police --  
(MOTOR NOISE SWELLS AND FADES OUT)

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RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE CASE OF SLIPPERY STARBUCK....SMOOTH CROOK  
ON WAY TO PRISON.....ESCAPES FROM TRAIN AND  
STATION....LEAVING DEPUTY WARDEN WITH FRACTURED  
SKULL.....STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE HOUR....FOR  
BREATH-TAKING FINISH OF MODERN MANHUNT.....  
(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KSEFE!

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVI

"THE CASE OF SLIPPERY STARBUCK"

PART II

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RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE  
CARS.....STAND BY.....THE CASE OF SLIPPERY  
STARBUCK.....NEW YORK DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK.....  
ASSIGNED TO TRACK DOWN FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.....  
LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....  
TO APARTMENT OF PEGGY STARBUCK.....UPPER WEST  
SIDE, MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

PEGGY: I'm telling you, Maizie Kling, Slippery's where the cops will never lay a finger on him.

MAIZIE: Well, they're sure looking for him.

PEGGY: And have been for three months -- you'd think they'd give it up pretty soon.

MAIZIE: Peggy, you ought to know by now that they never give up.

PEGGY: And they'll never find Slippery, either.

MAIZIE: But -- of course you know where he is, don't you, Peggy?

PEGGY: What do you think?

MAIZIE: Well, he sure did get himself in the papers. Here I could use some of that in my business -- and I never bust into print.

PEGGY: Slippery's in the papers because he's done something worth writing about!

MAIZIE: Yeah? A lot of people have skipped out of jail.

PEGGY: Not like Slippery, though -- gee Maizie -- he's a wonderful guy.

MAIZIE: Listen, Peggy -- I want to tell you for your own good, you ought to break away from him.

PEGGY: Break away?

MAIZIE: Yeah -- you'll get nothin' but grief and headaches with a man in rackets that Slippery has played -- in and out o' jail -- cops on the lookout for him. Your husband! Think it over kid, before it's too late.

PEGGY: Say, Maizie, what are you tryin' to pull off?

ATX01 0269739

MAIZIE: I like you, kid -- I don't want to see you get in wrong, that's all.

PEGGY: Is it? Say -- you must have me figured as an awful Dumb Dora.

MAIZIE: Me? Of course not, Peggy. I think you're smart. That's why I'm telling you this.

PEGGY: Yeah? Then I'll tell you something -- and you can carry it right back to Barry Rudd!

MAIZIE: To Barry Rudd?

PEGGY: You didn't think you were getting away with it, did you, Maizie?

MAIZIE: (FRIGHTENED) But -- Peggy --

PEGGY: I know you've been stool-pigeoning for him. I've known it from the first.

MAIZIE: Well -- I haven't told him anything about Slippery -- honest ----

PEGGY: Got any more jokes?

MAIZIE: Listen, Peggy -- we've been friends for a long time, and --

PEGGY: You needn't worry -- I haven't tipped Slippery off -- and I'm not going to.

MAIZIE: Th-thanks.....

PEGGY: But here's what I was goin' to tell you before -- and you'd better write it down if you think there's any chance of forgettin' it.

MAIZIE: What, Peggy?

PEGGY: Listen -- I know the dicks are watching this place night and day -- I've seen this guy Maack out in front every morning for a week -- and I know they've been following me -- over to that tenement in East 170th Street.

MAIZIE: They're followin' you, Peggy?

PEGGY: Yes, and don't pretend you didn't know it. They think I'll lead 'em to where Slippery is. Well, that stuff's out. I go up to that dump on A Hundred Seventieth Street to see my sister-in-law, and I'm sick and tired of havin' them trail me.

MAIZIE: Well, gee, Peggy -- I haven't got anything to say about what the cops do.

PEGGY: Oh, yeah? Well, you can tell 'em why I go there anyway. My sister-in-law, get it? And if that weren't perfectly on the level, I wouldn't give it to you, would I? As if Slippery had to hide from the bulls in a tenement house! Why, where he's layin' low he can get any luxury he wants just by phoning to the desk. That's how smart he is -----too smart for Barry Rudd and all the rest of them --- too smart for the whole detective division----

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STREET NOISES AND SOUND OF HEAVY WAGON.  
2. KNOCKING ON DOOR -- DOOR IS OPENED.

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MACK: Excuse me -- I'm making a survey of the building.

WOMAN: (STUPID OLD GERMAN) Vat iss dis please?

MACK: This is ----East 170th Street, isn't it? I'm making a survey of the building.

WOMAN: Vat, please?

MACK: I'm looking for the sister-in-law of a Mrs. Peggy Starbuck. Do you know her?

WOMAN: No, please.

MACK: Did you understand my question?

WOMAN: No, please.

MACK: Now listen, lady -- you know the people in this building, don't you?

WOMAN: Ich wohne ja hier erst seit, January. Ich weiss nicht, und hab' nichts getau.

MACK: Aw, for the luvva Pete, can't you talk English?

STARBUCK: (FADING IN - AS OLD MAN) (GERMAN ACCENT) Vell, vell - Vat is de matter here? Vat iss de trouble, young man?

MACK: Oh, say, Pop -- do you speak this lady's brand of German?

STARBUCK: Ve vill see -- maybe I can help you. (TURNS TO WOMAN) Frau Schumann, Vas ist denn? Versteht er sie nicht?

WOMAN: Ja, Herr Vogel, Ich versuche im biezubringen dass Ich nichts von diesem. Haus weiss.

STARBUCK: Young man, Mrs. Schumann says she doesn't know anything about the people in the house. That right, Mrs. Schumann?

WOMAN: Jah -- jah -- das ist richtig, Herr Vogel.

STARBUCK: But if you're looking for any one -- maybe I can help.

MACK: Say, maybe you can -- that's all right, Mrs. Schumann, I won't bother you any more.

WOMAN: Ach -- das is goot. Dumkopf!  
(SLAMS DOOR)

STARBUCK: Well, now. Tell me vot you vant, young man -- ask old Vogel -- He helps every one here.

MACK: Well, pop, I'm afraid you haven't got what I want -- this is the top floor, and yours is the last flat, in this house. So I guess I may as well call the whole thing off.

STARBUCK: Vat thing?

MACK: Oh....I'm a special collector for the telephone company....but I think I got the wrong address..... must have been 117th Street instead of 170th.

STARBUCK: (GENIAL CHUCKLE) Ho - ho, you don't fool old Vogel, young man. I bet you're from the police!

MACK: Think so, do you?

STARBUCK: Old Vogel he keeps open his eyes, yes? I tell you young man, in this great city, you see many stranche t'ings. Jah, jah. Many stranche t'ings. So maybe somebody in this house, is on the wrong side vunce mit de law, yes?

MACK: Dream away, Pop -- you're not even warm. But thanks for helping with the old woman, anyhow.

STARBUCK: Don't mention it, my boy -- don't mention it.  
MACK: (FADING) So long, and don't take any wooden nickels.  
STARBUCK: (CHUCKLES) Don't worry, young man -- I won't. I  
won't.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.  
2. CLOCK STRIKES TEN.  
3. MOTOR CAR DRIVES UP AND STOPS.

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BARRY: Hello? That you, Mack?  
MACK: Yeah. It's me, all right.  
BARRY: Any luck?  
MACK: No -- I covered the whole building and finished by  
eight o'clock this evening -- I've been waiting here  
for you ever since.  
BARRY: Did the sister-in-law turn up?  
MACK: Not a sign.  
BARRY: All the same -- all the same -- I think our trail  
runs through that tenement building.  
MACK: Well, we might get search warrants, if you say so,  
and do it all over again.  
BARRY: No. Too much inconvenience for innocent, harmless  
people, Mack. We've done enough in questioning them.  
MACK: And in the meantime, what about Slippery?  
BARRY: We'll pick up the lead somehow...maybe, we can catch  
him coming in some time when Peggy's here. I know  
she's seeing him -- somewhere. And this is the  
likeliest spot -- because we've seen her going in  
several times.

ATK01 0269744

MACK: (DERISIVELY) Yeah -- to see her sister-in-law!

BARRY: And you didn't find any trace at all, eh? Well, tell me about the people you did find.

MACK: Oh, decent folks, mostly Germans.

BARRY: Anybody in the least unusual?

MACK: A funny old bird with thick glasses -- looks like he might have been somebody once.

BARRY: German too?

MACK: Yeah. He was all tickled with himself because he spotted me for a cop.

BARRY: He spotted you, eh?

MACK: Yeah, and did he crow!

BARRY: Say, I'd like to see that old man.

MACK: Well -- you'll have a chance to, in about half a minute.

BARRY: What do you mean?

MACK: Well, I know a little more about him than he thought -- watching this neighborhood the way I have been. And every night about this time he comes out to get the early editions of the morning papers.

BARRY: Well, well -- why would he do that I wonder?

MACK: Why not? (SEES SOMETHING) Hey. There he comes. Down the steps.

BARRY: (LOW VOICE) Poor old fellow. Got a game leg, I guess from the way he hobbles along, leaning on his cane.

MACK: (LOW VOICE) He's going to the newsstand down on the corner.



BARRY: (LOW VOICE) You know, Mack, that old man looks interesting. You stay here -- I think I'll stroll over to the corner too -- and have a talk with him.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: STREET NOISES.

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BARRY: Good evening, sir.  
STARBUCK: Good evening, young man.  
BARRY: Fine night, isn't it?  
STARBUCK: Yess -- it iss beautiful -- and it iss beautiful also to think of thiss great city full of millions of people -- all of them, maybe, enjoying disss night ohust like ve enjoy it now.  
BARRY: You seem to be quite a philosopher.  
STARBUCK: Oh, yess....yess....I read as much as I can....  
BARRY: As much as you can?  
STARBUCK: My eyes -- they are not good any more, young man.  
BARRY: Well, that's too bad.  
STARBUCK: But your eyes -- they ought to be good, nein?  
BARRY: Yes, they're still all right.  
STARBUCK: Then I wonder if you would read this telephone number for me -- on this piece of paper. I haff to make a phone call now -- while I am out-----  
BARRY: All right -- let's see it --  
STARBUCK: Thank you -- thank you, young man...  
BARRY: Here -- hold it up higher so I can see --  
(HISS OF AMMONIA GUN)  
OH -- my eyes! Hey! Mack -- Mack!

ATX01 0269746

MACK: (FADING IN) What's the trouble? What's happened, Barry?

BARRY: Grab him -- grab him -- he blinded me with an ammonia gun!

MACK: Who?

BARRY: The old man -- it's Slippery Starbuok!

STARBUCK: You bet it is, Mack -- put up your hands! Put 'em up, I tell you!

MACK: Put up my hands? Oh, Yeah?

(ONE SHOT -- STARBUCK GROANS)

BARRY: What happened? Who's shot? Remember I can't see -- Mack -- was it you -- or --

MACK: Don't worry, Barry, I'm not shot. But I caught Slippery in the shoulder. Now -- you -- drop your gun! Stand against that wall there -- and don't move -- while I see what's wrong with Barry!

BARRY: There's nothing wrong except -- give me your handkerchief to wipe my eyes --

MACK: Here you are.

BARRY: Thanks -- I didn't fall for the telephone gag -- but there was an ammonia gun concealed in the cane. I wasn't looking for it. That's a new one, Slippery.

SLIPPERY: Yes, I thought it up myself.

BARRY: You might take off that wig, and let Mack have a look at you.

SLIPPERY: Why not? It looks like you've got me again.

MACK: Well, it's a disguise that fooled me, all right -- but how'd you know, Barry?

BARRY:

Well, Mack, when you told me he spotted you as a detective it struck me as a little strange. But when he started out after the paper, and you said it was a peculiarity of his, it made me definitely suspicious.

MACK:

Why, Barry?

BARRY:

Because hurrying out at this hour of night to get the first edition of the morning papers is a sort of unlikely thing for any old man to do, especially a philosophic old foreigner of the appearance of the fellow we saw coming down the steps.

MACK:

Say, Barry -- that's right!

BARRY:

So I figured he was worth talking to, anyway. Well, at that Starbuck didn't get his morning paper. You keep him covered, Mack, and I'll step over and buy one. Perhaps it will help to keep Slippery out of mischief while we're taking him down to headquarters.

\*\*\*\*\*

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

THE CASE OF SLIPPERY STARBUCK...WOUND INFLICTED BY DETECTIVE MACK NOT FATAL.....STARBUCK RETURNED TO PRISON....THIS TIME TO SERVE OUT.....A LIFE SENTENCE.....

(POLICE SIREN)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

O.K. O'KEEFE!

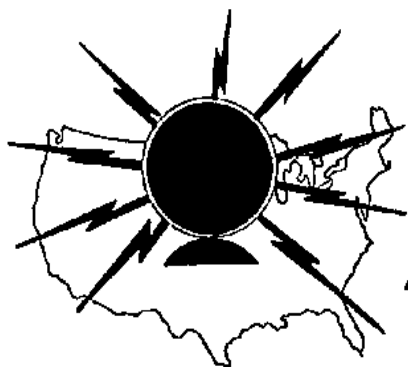
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FARR/chilleen  
9/27/32

ATK01 0269748

# 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, OCTOBER 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:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, we are here because we are here because we are here. In other words, viz., to wit, e.g., i.e., in other words, or to be explicit, we are here tonight because what America needs is a darn good laugh, and if you feel like sitting over in a corner and enjoying your grouch, just turn your face to the wall, so that you won't spoil the party for the rest of us -- the rest of us in this case being Jack Pearl and George Olsen cutting up capers and tooting tunes for everybody in these United States whose hearing is good and whose morale is high.

So there you have it in a nut-shell, or if you don't like it in a nut-shell, I can't help it, because Mr. LUCKY STRIKE said, "Walter, get the crowd dancing and laughing." We'll let Baron Munchausen bide his time while we get Ethel Shuttah's husband to earn his daily bread. So Olsen, I am paging you - you and Fran Frey and Ethel and Paul Small, on your mark, get set and go --

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) All out! All out! All out on the dance floor while we play --- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Hold tight, everybody! The Magic Carpet's flying high!

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam and Miss America (that same Miss America whose maiden name is Miss Columbia) Of Thee I Sing Baby, so does George Olsen, of the Hotel New Yorker Grill and his surrounding cast of bus boys. Here is the spot where we stop for the first time and listen to Mr. Howard Claney. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Outnumbered 20 to 1! And yet, in the famous battle of Plassey, birthplace of England's Indian Empire...the British General Clive and a handful of men were able to defeat the raging hordes of blood-thirsty natives, attacking in raw, savage fury. Nature in the raw is seldom mild. What is true of man is true of tobacco. In tobacco, nature in the raw is never mild. That's why raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES...no wonder 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.

ATX01 0269751

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I don't know how you people are enjoying the political campaign, but as you know, MR. LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides because we figure that America's crying need is a good eighteen-carat laugh. So as our contribution to the gaiety of the nation, we present an amusing fellow who tells some amazing tales, the great Baron Munchausen, or, if you are up on your home work for this Thursday night, night school and you are quick about your studies, you know I am referring to Jack Pearl. Here he is, ladies and gentlemen -- I give you his Excellency, the Baron!!

(ORCHESTRA -- ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE)

(JACK PEARL -- FIRST HALF -- "YACHTING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So far so good, my dear customers, and that's just a beginning. What I am driving at, in my round-about-way, is that the Baron will be back later, but now let's get on with the didoes and doings of the dance. About a week ago George Olsen and his troupe of trained entertainers moved into the Hotel New Yorker, here in town, and threw an opening party that the natives are still talking about. All the celebrities were there in abundance in evening clothes -- or maybe I should say, in evening clothes in abundance - or maybe I ought to let the whole thing drop; but my spies came running to me the next day and said - "My dear boy, that was an opening as was an opening.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269752

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

You would have gotten a lump in your throat if you had heard Irving Berlin get up on the floor and sing his own songs." And my dear people, THAT IS NEWS, because it's many years since Mr. Berlin performed in public. I figured it out that he must have been carried away by George Olsen's music, and I feel it will have you all up on your feet, singing your own songs for the next few minutes. Hold tight on the Magic Carpet while we make a happy landing and shout out, "Ten million strong,"

ON 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 O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Olsen, and thanks too for your troupe of trained entertainers. At this point the Magic Carpet, instead of speeding, over the air waves, stops and has a brief rest while Howard Clancy makes an important announcement.



HOWARD CLANEY:

Fifty per cent more cigar enjoyment for your money, gentlemen! This good news is brought to you in an announcement of twenty words.....no more.....no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This amazing new value in America's favorite cigar is made possible by huge purchases of fine leaf tobacco, and by up-to-the-minute manufacturing methods. Smokers everywhere are taking advantage of it. Let me read you this telegram from one of America's greatest retail organizations that tells of the tremendous demand for Certified Cremos at their new price.

"CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS AT NEW PRICE ON DISPLAY IN ALL OUR STORES HANDLING TOBACCO THROUGHOUT UNITED STATES....CREMO SALES JUMPED IMMEDIATELY....PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE AGAIN PROVES THAT THIS COUNTRY APPRECIATES REAL CIGAR VALUE....KEEP ALL ORDERS ROLLING REGULARLY!"  
(SIGNED) C. A. WALTER, SUPERVISOR TOBACCO DIVISION,  
SEARS-ROEBUCK & COMPANY, CHICAGO.

This great cigar value is yours now -- Certified Cremo -- FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT -- THREE FOR TEN CENTS!

-----station break-----

ATX01 0269754

WALTER O'KEEFE:

This is your pilot, ladies and gentlemen, and don't be nervous now as we take off and swoop over the country side, or perhaps I should say the city side, to George Olsen, who will treat you to a fox-trot in the modern manner.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

We invite you to dance this time to the rhythm of --

(TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

All right, Walter. Carry on --

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Olsen. Sit your well-tailored form down, while the LUCKY STRIKE family enjoys a gathering of the clans. Tonight, as you know, George, we are welcoming to our midst our foreign cousin, the Baron Munchausen. The Baron Munchausen, Jack Pearl, if you MUST know, has just got his second wind, and accompanied by his traveling companion, Mr. Cliff Hall, he will relate some more of his extra-ordinary adventures. So my dear listeners, with a hey nonny nonny and a hotchacha, I give you the Baron.

(SECOND PART - "BARON MUNCHAUSEN" - "YACHTING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Pearl, ladies and gentlemen, our foreign cousin, often times called "The Great Baron Munchausen." He is, as you know, a regular visitor to these Thursday night LUCKY STRIKE Hours and let me remind you that he will be our guest next Thursday night, at this same time, when we will roll the Magic Carpet right up to your door. Having had your quota of laughs for the evening, my charts now call for a romantic excursion into the world of dance music, where George Olsen is king, Ethel Shuttah is queen and Fran Frey is prince charming in the vocal choruses. Just imagine for a minute that you're knee deep in celebrities at the Hotel New Yorker Grill, while we walk up to Olsen and cry out as one man -

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

At this point ladies and gentlemen, I have good news to spread, but I will give the floor for a few minutes to Howard Claney. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The gardens of a beautiful estate at Cold Spring Harbor on Long Island were opened this afternoon to a smart and fashionable gathering -- lovers of flowers and plants and trees who delighted in seeing how the hand of man can add to the beauties of Nature. Among these distinguished visitors, it was noticeable that LUCKY STRIKE was a favorite when cigarettes were passed around. These discriminating people have found out for themselves how "TOASTING" also adds to the good things of Nature. Even the most perfect tobacco leaf ever grown contains certain impurities. If a cigarette is to be mild, if it is to have the fullest, richest flavor, certain of these impurities must be removed. And that is the task of LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process! Only LUCKIES have this famous purifying method. And so it's easy to understand why LUCKIES are the mildest, the mellow-mildest cigarette in all the world.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Your pilot speaking again, ladies and gentlemen, and here let me, too, make an important announcement. On Saturday night the Magic Carpet will bring to you, for the first time, the grand old man of radio, Ben Bernie, the old maestro, and all the lads. Yousah, yousah, yousah, and we hope you'll like it -- Bernie being "it" in this game of tag.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269757

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Nor is that all. We will also throw the spot-light on that romantic couple, from the operetta stage, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. Don't fail to sit in for the latest quips of the quipping old maestro and the songs of Herbert and Halliday. There is still time for some more dancing, and if you ask me, -- or even if you don't ask me, -- I'd say that this was Olsen's cue to give his all for all of you. So cuddle together, while the Magic Carpet sweeps back to the lucky man of the Lucky Hour, George Olsen!

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

The dance goes on with -- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Back to the pilot speeds the Magic Carpet.

(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  
10/6/32

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RTX01 0269759

SU-166-V

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

(THIRD DRAFT)  
10/5/32)

JACK PEARL

EPISODE V

"YACHTING"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 6, 1932

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ATX01 0269760

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE V

PART I and II

"YACHTING"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

\*\*\*\*\*

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"EPISODE V - PART I"YACHTING"

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CHARLEY: (AD LIB) YOU shouldn't have said it, Baron! I'm surprised, really I am.

BARON: (AD LIB) It's always the same with you. You must argue, you can't help it.

CHARLEY: You positively embarrassed me! I should have never brought you on this yacht.

BARON: Me? The Baron Munchausen I - you - when?

CHARLEY: Just now, in the dining salon. When the lady on your left asked how you liked the hostess, what did you say?

BARON: I said I like 'em on the half shell.

CHARLEY: She didn't say oysters! She said Hostess! Meaning Mrs. Van Devere, the lady whose guests we are aboard this yacht.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's good too.

CHARLEY: Why, you don't even know how to behave on a yacht.

BARON: Well, I only learned to be a gentleman on land.

CHARLEY: And what in the world possessed you to ask the steward to serve your ice cream first?

BARON: Well, you see, Sharley I felt upset.

CHARLEY: You felt upset!

BARON: Yes, so I thought I'd eat my dinner backwards.

CHARLEY: Ridiculous! And that wasn't the only faux pas you made.

ATX01 0269762

BARON: Sure I -- did you say something?

CHARLEY: I said you made another faux pas, - a social error, another inane blunder.

BARON: Why don't you come out and fight in the open?

CHARLEY: Did you ever read Emily Post's book on etiquette?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Have you read Renseller's "Social Code"?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Did you ever read "The Correct Thing" by Amelia Ames?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Well, what have you read?

BARON: I have red underwear - and besides, I don't need no edikater books. I can behave myself in the best company at their worst.

CHARLEY: Then why did you comment on the ham?

BARON: I didn't put anything on the ham but mustard.

CHARLEY: No, no. Mr. Van Devere said the ham had been cured last week -- and what did you say?

BARON: I said it must have had a relapse.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley! Listen, you think I made a fussy papa? Did you heard what the man at the next table said to his wife when they served the cocoa?

CHARLEY: No, I did not. .

BARON: Sure you didn't! You only hear when I made a social blunder buster.

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: His wife said her cocoa was cold.

CHARLEY: Her cocoa was cold.

BARON: Yes - and her husband said - "If your cocoa is cold put on your hat."

CHARLEY: (LAUGHING) Baron - that's a very old joke.

BARON: Well - He was a very old man.

CHARLEY: I suppose you thought that was a very clever Bon Mot.

BARON: ---Hello?

CHARLEY: I said a very clever bon mot! A witty repartee, a piquant, adroit reply.

BARON: .....Maybe an asperine would help you.

CHARLEY: No, thank you, Baron. I feel fine. And who wouldn't after that wonderful dinner. Did you notice that great big turkey?

BARON: Did I! (LAUGH) She was making eyes at me all night.

CHARLEY: I'm talking about the turkey on the platter in the center of the table!

BARON: Oh! I thought you meant that old turkey in the red dress.

CHARLEY: Flirting - eh?

BARON: Oh, I have my moments.

CHARLEY: But getting back to the turkey --

BARON: The one on the table.

CHARLEY: Yes - it came from the Van Devere farm and was killed for this occasion, which, by the way, is Mr. and Mrs. Van Devere's tenth wedding anniversary.

BARON: That's a shame, Sharley - a shame.

CHARLEY: What's a shame?

BARON: To murder a poor turkey for something that happened ten years ago.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) You will have your little joke, but take a look around, Baron -- this is some yacht, isn't it?

BARON: Yacht. (LAUGH) A canoe.

CHARLEY: A canoe! What are you talking about? This yacht is one hundred feet long.

BARON: Still a canoe. I got what you would call a yacht.

CHARLEY: Really? I didn't know you owned a yacht!

BARON: Oh, I'm crazy about ships.

CHARLEY: What kind of ships?

BARON: Potato ships.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley!

CHARLEY: But tell me about your yacht. How big is it?

BARON: Oh, a small one, Two thousand feet long.

CHARLEY: Nonsense, Baron! A yacht couldn't be that long.

BARON: Did you ever see my yacht, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: So it's two thousand feet long.

CHARLEY: Very well, it's two thousand feet long. How many decks has it?

BARON: Five hundred penochle decks - two hundred poker decks - fifty pairs of dice und ten roulette tables.

CHARLEY: You certainly provide amusement for your guests - what is your favorite game?

BARON: Oh Sharley I would rather you didn't mention it.

CHARLEY: Come on tell me, what do you like to play?

BARON: Post Office.

CHARLEY: How big a crew do you carry?

BARON: Oh, a small crew -- Sixteen hundred men.

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: ....Maybe it's your tonsils. I said I carry sixteen hundred men.

CHARLEY: A crew of 1600 men? That's unheard of. How do you feed that many men?

BARON: We got two hundred waiters.

ATX01 0269766

CHARLEY: That's eighteen hundred men.

BARON: Und each waiter has got a bus boy.

CHARLEY: That's all Greek to me.

BARON: They're all Greeks to me too

CHARLEY: How do you provide quarters for that many men?

BARON: Before we start out we take along a lot of small change. You don't think I'm making this up, do you, Sharley?

CHARLEY: I should say not! Tell me, Baron. What is the modus operandi of your yacht?

BARON: Are you singing?

CHARLEY: No, I'm not singing -- I said, what is the modus operandi? What propels the yacht - what power makes it go?

BARON: The Captain! - He rings a bell and the engineer --

CHARLEY: No, no! Please understand. What is the motive power? Steam, oil, electricity --

BARON: OH, what pushes it through the ocean.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGHS) I didn't understand you -- why it's, you see -- on this yacht I -- How do you come to ask me such a personal question? It's my yacht and how it goes is my business.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry -- I was just curious to know the motive power of such a huge vessel -- is the motor a turbine?

BARON: ----Could you let me have the name of your nearest living relative?

ATX01 0269767

CHARLEY: Why Baron. I only asked if it's a turbine - you know what a turbine is, don't you?

BARON: Sure! a hat!

CHARLEY: You're thinking of a turban!

BARON: That's not all I'm thinking of -- and maybe it's better if you go away from me before it's too late!

CHARLEY: The boat must have an engine, hasn't it?

BARON: Sure - How would it go?

CHARLEY: Well, has it Deasel engines?

BARON: Yes that's the engines - Deasel

CHARLEY: How do you know?

BARON: Well, somebody wanted me to put in other engines - und the captain said These'll do.

CHARLEY: Now I know how your boat runs.

BARON: Sure. When the captain wants to start the yacht he goes to the steerage --

CHARLEY: To the steerage --

BARON: Maybe I don't speak your language.

CHARLEY: I understand what you said, Baron, but you can't tell me you start a boat from the steerage.

BARON: Who can't tell you?

CHARLEY: You can't.

BARON: (LAUGHS) I just told you.

CHARLEY: Go on. We won't bandy words.

BARON: Did somebody come in?

CHARLEY: No. I simply said we won't bandy words - you've heard the phrase before, haven't you?

BARON: Never. I heard of bandy legs but not bandy words.

CHARLEY: Go on with your story, Baron.

BARON: Well sir, the captain goes up to the steerage.

CHARLEY: You mean he goes down to the steerage.

BARON: I said up.

CHARLEY: But the steerage is below - so how could he go up?

BARON: Is the Captain your brother?

CHARLEY: Certainly no.

BARON: Did he ever write and tell you how he starts my boat?

CHARLEY: Why no.

BARON: So the Captain goes up to the steerage!

CHARLEY: All right - have it your way.

BARON: And when he gets up to the steerage he takes hold of the steerage wheel --

CHARLEY: Wait! Hold on - I think I understand you. He goes to the bridge.

BARON: ..... What is the complication?

CHARLEY: The bridge -- he goes to the bridge.

BARON: Sometimes - but he plays a very bad game. Well anyhow he pulls the bell once to go ahead -- twice to go backwards, three times to go up and four times to go down.



CHARLEY: Up and down!

BARON: Yes -- I forgot to mention that my yacht is also an airship and a submarine.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Und on land we put wheels under it and it's an automobile.

CHARLEY: Great Ceasar! Do you expect me to believe that?

BARON: Why not? I do!

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm a daze.

BARON: It's kind of foggy around me too.

CHARLEY: To be frank, I'll bet you can't even spell yacht.

BARON: Is that so? I can spell yacht and have a couple of rowboats leaft over. Charley look at those nice pigeons.

CHARLEY: Those aren't pigeons - they're gulls.

BARON: They're pigeons.

CHARLEY: They're gulls.

BARON: Well, gulls or boys, they's still fine pigeons.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley!

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(END OF PART I)

EPISODE V - PART II"YACHTING"

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(FOUR BELLS - SHIP BELLS)

BARON: My goodness - one o'clock already.

CHARLEY: No Baron, that's four bells - ten o'clock. Ten o'clock and all's well.

BARON: Except me. I don't feel so good.

CHARLEY: Oh you don't feel so good.

BARON: No, I must be seasick.

CHARLEY: Oh, I see, you've got mal de mer,

BARON: I got some knives and spoons too.

CHARLEY: Do you mean to say you took some knives and spoons from the dinner table. Why did you do that?

BARON: Well I didn't like the other souvenirs.

CHARLEY: Baron you shouldn't do that. Why -- the Van Deveres are important people. Why their ancestry dates back to the earliest settlers.

BARON: They got nothing on me. My anteaters landed here on a hen.

CHARLEY: Landed on a hen?

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean Plymouth Rock.

CHARLEY: That's news to me, Baron.

BARON: To me too -- and so we're even.

CHARLEY: Those early settlers were a brave and hardy lot -- they faced many problems --- and suffered many headaches---

BARON: Yeah -- that's what started Setler's powders.

CHARLEY: Mr. and Mrs. Van Devere are a charming couple - a very happy couple -- I remember the night they eloped and were married by a Justice of Peace.

BARON: From the noise I heard coming from their stateroom this morning they were married by the Secretary of War.

CHARLEY: Oh, every man and wife have a few words now and then.

BARON: Maybe he had a few --- but she didn't give him a chance to use them.

CHARLEY: It's not nice to talk that way about your host and hostess.

BARON: Oh, I wouldn't say anything wrong about them, Sharley. She's a perfect lady and he's a fine fellow, a gentleman, a good scout.

CHARLEY: He certainly is.

BARON: And a crook!

CHARLEY: A crook!

BARON: He's so crooked he could go to sleep on a cork screw.

CHARLEY: I can't believe it? What did he do?

BARON: He sold me a machine for one of my factories and now he wants me to pay for it.

CHARLEY: That's fair enough, isn't it?

BARON: No sir! When he sold it to me he guaranteed that in six months the machine would pay for itself.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Why, Baron, I see you have two new medals.

BARON: See 'em, Sharley? A silver one and a gold one.

CHARLEY: What did you get the silver one for?

BARON: For singing.

CHARLEY: And what did you get the gold one for?

BARON: For stopping.

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, tell me more about your yacht -- did you ever make any long trips?

BARON: Long trips! One year I was away for three years.

CHARLEY: For three years?

BARON: Und when my time was up I got a new suit and ten dollars ---

CHARLEY: BARON!

BARON: Excuse me, that was another trip.

CHARLEY: Let's confine ourselves to your yacht.

BARON: Oh my yacht. Once I went in my yacht on a three year booze.

CHARLEY: Booze!

BARON: I mean cruise -- cruise! Sharley, that was some trip! This time I used my big yacht.

CHARLEY: A bigger yacht than the two thousand footer!

BARON: Makes that one look like a skiff.

CHARLEY: Baron, you stagger me.

BARON: I'm getting a little dizzy myself. I will never forget the day we sailed out of New York and headed for Lock East.

CHARLEY: Lock East? Where's that?

BARON: In Florida.

CHARLEY: Look East? IN Florida? You don't by any chance mean Key West?

BARON: Key West -- that's it.

CHARLEY: That's different, but continue.

BARON: It was a beautiful summer day, the sun was shining, not a cloud in the sky,

CHARLEY: An ideal day.

BARON: Yes -- it was pouring rain.

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! You said it was a beautiful summer day, sun shining, not a cloud in the sky, and now you say it was pouring rain -- How do you explain such an elemental phenomenon?

BARON: Well, just for that -- it was snowing. Are you trying to start an argument?

CHARLEY: Why no! But how do you account for it?

BARON: Account for it? Sharley, I am an adventurer - to find that out you must see an accountant.

CHARLEY: All right.

BARON: Well sir, we sailed down the bay -- passing ferry boats, tug boats, excursion steamers --

CHARLEY: Excursion steamers.

BARON: Tank you. We passed some of those boats what carry tramps.

CHARLEY: Do you mean tramp steamers?

BARON: Tank you. And then we passed a bottle ship.

CHARLEY: A battle ship! There's no such thing as a bottle ship.

BARON: Is that so? This time you get no tank you. It was a bottle ship. A Revenue Cutter was chasing it and they were throwing the bottles overboard.

CHARLEY: Oh, now I get it -- a rum runner.

BARON: Yes - bum runner -- a run bummer - a -- see? You got me all mixed up!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry - go on with your tale.

BARON: We sailed on for zix, zeven months.

CHARLEY: Didn't you touch any port?

BARON: ----Hello?

CHARLEY: I said didn't you touch any port?

BARON: No sir -- I only drink near beer.

CHARLEY: I mean seaport -- didn't you come to anchor?

BARON: No, we came to Italy -- to Venice --

CHARLEY: To the city of canals.

BARON: Yes - and we got off at the Canal Street Station and changed to the Brooklyn Subway and --

CHARLEY: Here! What are you talking about?

BARON: Excuse me -- that was another long trip.

CHARLEY: When you were in Venice did you see the gondolas?

BARON: I looked them up. But they weren't home. The next day we sailed into there Metageranium Sea --

CHARLEY: The Mediterranean.

BARON: Metageranium.

CHARLEY: Mediterranean.

BARON: -----Why didn't I pick a river!

CHARLEY: And where did you land next?

BARON: At the rock of giblets.

CHARLEY: The rock of giblets?

BARON: The one that's got the life insurance advertisement on it.

CHARLEY: The Rock of Gibraltar.

BARON: That's the feller! And then we went into the Indian ocean.

CHARLEY: How did you know it was the Indian ocean?

BARON: It was all full of Indian feathers.

CHARLEY: I see.

BARON: When we ran into a squaw.

CHARLEY: You mean a squall.

BARON: Was you ever been in the Indian ocean.

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So it was a squaw and one night we ran into a Russian-cane.

CHARLEY: A what?

BARON: A Russian-cane, a fast cane -- a --

CHARLEY: A hurricane?

BARON: That's it, and, Oh Sharley! was it in a hurry! What a storm! -- some of the waves were four miles high.

CHARLEY: Four miles high! Baron, please!

BARON: Are you losing confidence in me, Sharley?

CHARLEY: I should say not.

BARON: That's some consolation - well sir, one of the waves washed a sailor overboard.

CHARLEY: Washed a sailor overboard!

BARON: Yes -- it was the first time he had been washed in months. Anyhow what did I did?

CHARLEY: What did you di? Don't you know the king's English?

BARON: -----Who are you asking for?

CHARLEY: I said, don't you know the King's English?

BARON: Certainly -- so is the queen. Anyhow, what did I did?

CHARLEY: I suppose you jumped overboard and saved him?

BARON: That I couldn't do, because I had just eaten two dozen doughnuts.

CHARLEY: You ate two dozen doughnuts!

BARON: Yes - and you know Sharley, the ocean is no place for a man full of sinkers -- so instead I threw him an anchor.

CHARLEY: An anchor! I'll bet that helped him a lot.

BARON: I couldn't tell -- It was pitch dark - we couldn't see him - so we gave him and the anchor up for lost.

CHARLEY: That was too bad.

BARON: Terrible - because it was a brand new anchor -- but the next morning -- (LAUGH) Sharley, this will knock you unconscious.

CHARLEY: It will?



BARON: I hope so. Next morning we heard a shout -- and there he was swimming after the ship with the anchor under his arm.

CHARLEY: Baron, that is absolutely, positively impossible - No man could swim with an anchor under his arm.

BARON: Did you see him, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly I didn't.

BARON: So, he was swimming with the anchor under his arm! And he was kind of peeved - he yelled - "If somebody don't throw me a rope I'll drop the anchor." Sharley, there wasn't a piece of rope on the yacht - it had all been washed overboard.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I chucked him a tube of shaving cream and a brush and saved his life.

CHARLEY: How in the world did the shaving cream and the brush save his life?

BARON: He made a ladder and climbed aboard.

CHARLEY: Tell me Baron, you've done a lot of travelling, which spot tickles you most.

BARON: Under My arm ---

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley!

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(END OF PART II)

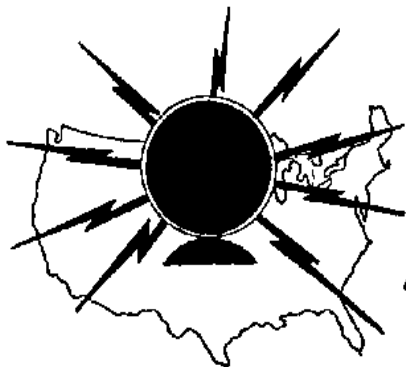
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WILLIAM K. WELLS/  
10/5/32 / chilleen

ATX01 0269778

# 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."**

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 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, here's where Mike's boy, Walter, gets down to business for this Saturday night strawberry festival. Tonight marks the debut of a fellow named Bernie, whose maiden name was Ben, the old maestro. Ben's in Chicago, where the lovers of the dance break down the doors of the College Inn night after night, to listen to Ben sing. What a crooner! In New York the spotlight will be blue, amber, sunset red or what have you, as that romantic young couple, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, sing again through the colorful scenes of past operetta successes. But now let's take the Magic Carpet to Chicago to get Bernie -- Hew to the line and let the quips fall where they may. A week ago tonight, after the broadcast, I hopped a plane at Newark and flew all night to the windy city, so let's take the same route, over Allentown, Bethlehem, the steel country, with a stop at Bellefonte for fuel, on to Cleveland for coffee and a sandwich, a quick stop at Toledo for a LUCKY (by the way, they let you smoke them in the plane). Over Indiana we go, now let's bank the Magic Carpet over on its side, as we swoop down Randolph Street, into the Sherman Hotel, down to the College Inn, and into the arms of Ben Bernie. Yousah, yousah, yousah!

ON WITH THE DANCE, OLE MAESTRO (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES FIRST MUSIC GROUP)

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BEN BERNIE:

Now the Magic Carpet flashes eastward back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Ben, and thanks, too, for forgetting that we had a date last Monday at two o'clock. That was Ben Bernie, ladies and gentlemen, the old date forgetter, and all the lads right on time for their first visit with the LUCKY STRIKE family. Sometimes I suspect this windy city wisecracker of having a ghost writer, otherwise the whole Bernie family is well endowed with wit. It's quite a family too, what with Ben, Dave, Jeff, Herman -- well to explain it very simply, if you got all of Bernie's brothers on one side of the street you'd have enough people to watch a street parade go by. Remind me to forget about Bernie and tell you about Dave later. Meanwhile, it's Howard Claney's turn to speak.

MR. CLANEY!

ATX01 0269781

HOWARD OLANEY:

The mighty Rhinoceros has been called "The Juggernaut of the Jungle" -- for neither man nor beast can stand before his fierce and irresistible charge. You don't have to tell a jungle explorer that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- And raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES-- that's why they are 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.

(IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT STRINGS OF ORCHESTRA START "ROMANCE." AFTER 4 BARS THEY FADE DOWN AND CONTINUE VERY SOFTY BEHIND O'KEEFE.)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, here we go on a flight of imagination, into the realm of Romance, guided there by Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, the Prince and Princess of the American operetta stage. First they will sing a lovely song from the operetta "The Student Prince." Of course, as you recall the situation, the Prince was a student who falls in love with the humble, lowly serving maid. "Deep In My Heart" is the song they sing together -- whereupon we bring back memories of the Countess Maritza. Perhaps you remember, the scene of that operetta....the garden of a Princess, and the young nobleman, hiding his identity as a laborer, insinuates himself into her good graces. She, finding out who he really is, denounces him, and at the end of the lovers' quarrel, with true gypsy abandon, he turns to his men, and says "Play Gypsies, Dance Gypsies," to help the hurt in his heart. Then the scene changes once more to a lovely lady who in her later years is recalling the love for her husband, a gypsy violinist who gave his life for her when he was killed in a duel. The song is "Ziegeuneir" from Bittersweet. The spotlight shines on Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(MISS HERBERT AND ROBERT HALLIDAY SING ("DEEP IN MY HEART")

"PLAY GYPSIES DANCE GYPSIES")

"ZIEGEUNEIR")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, you've just been listening to Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, two stars of the operetta stage, who bring you their romantic songs on Saturday night. We'll hear them later, but meanwhile we've got to solve the problem of the mad wag Bernies. Wit really runs in the family, and Ben hasn't got all of it, -- for example, there is Brother Dave, also an orchestra leader, also a dub golfer. In August Dave was playing golf, and on one of the tees he was introduced to a very prominent radio executive as Mr. Bernie, the orchestra leader. The big official, thinking that he was meeting Ben and not dreaming for a moment that two brothers in the same family could play such terrible golf, said "I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Bernie. I'm very glad you'll start on the air for us in September. We want to make you happy, and if there's any favor, -- mind you, any favor, don't fail to call on me." So brother Dave put a plug in for himself by saying, "Well, thanks very much. And by the way, I've got a kid brother Dave, who has got an orchestra and he is marvelous, you should get him."

Now let's go back to Chicago. Back to the Sherman Hotel, where the College Inn is jammed to the doors, I hope! Up on the Magic Carpet all you hoofers, -- back over Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and to your old friend Ben Bernie.

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

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES SECOND MUSIC GROUP)

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BEN BERNIE:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now ladies and gentlemen, let's understand each other about this, -- you've been listening to Ben Bernie, the old yousah, himself, a gentlemen, a scholar, a golfer, but a baritone. He sings like he plays golf. In other words, he has yet to break a hundred or pick a winner. Ben, my boy, give Pat Kennedy a slap on the shoulder and listen while Howard Claney makes an important announcement. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A message from your local Certified Cremo dealer! twenty words -- no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

ATX01 0269785



HOWARD CLANEY:

Thousands of dealers in Certified Cremo Cigars are broadcasting that message -- cooperating to put over that great plan of economy which results in a benefit to millions of smokers! Here's a wire from one great retail organization -- it speaks for itself of Certified Cremo's great popularity:

"PLEASE SEND 250,000 ADDITIONAL CREMOS....NEW PRICE IS CREATING A SENSATION IN OUR STORES.....NEED CIGARS AT ONCE.....PLEASE RUSH"...(SIGNED) LIGGETTS DRUG STORES, T. B. JACKSON, MANAGER CIGAR DEPARTMENT.

That was only one of many hundreds of rush orders for Certified Cremo. The whole country recognizes Cremo's amazing value at its new price. It's yours, Mr. Smoker....this fine quality long filler cigar.....the greatest cigar value in America. Certified Cremo now five cents straight -- three for ten cents.

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

WALTER O'KEEFE:

For the benefit of those who just tuned in, let me explain that you are now members in good standing of the LUCKY STRIKE family, enjoying a Saturday night jamboree, in which Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday sing romantic songs, and the dance music comes from none other than Ben Bernie in Chicago, who is as popular there as the Cubs were along in August.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269786

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Ernie Byfield was telling me last Sunday that Ben walked into his office, last Thursday week, and said "Well, Byfield, I want to congratulate you on my return." And so it is, ladies and gentlemen, imagine you are in the College Inn. The Magic Carpet will pay for the cover charge, so enjoy yourselves and

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

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES THIRD MUSICAL GROUP)

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BEN BERNIE:

Again the Magic Carpet dashes out of Chicago and back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADES DOWN TO BACKGROUND BEHIND O'KEEFE.)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

In case you've lost track of yourself, Uncle Sam, let me remind you that you're back in New York, and as the strains of ROMANCE fill the air the spotlight man, on the Magic Carpet, turns his lamp on Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, singing a medley of songs from operettas. The stage is a scene from the "Desert Song," another triumph by Sigmund Romberg. Our heroine confronts the RED SHADOW, pistol in hand. He says to her "Here is my heart, there is the pistol. Go ahead and shoot me." At the end of the song she falls in his arms. Then to another Romberg tune, the first act finale of "Maytime;" the scene is a lovely garden. They dig up the earth and plant the maytime tree, and sing a lovely song - "Sweethearts". Then to Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet," and the song "I'll See You Again." The heroine is the pupil of the dance instructor, but class distinction interferes with their marriage. The song speaks for itself. The show is about to start and the lights play upon Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(MISS HERBERT AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- ("THE DESERT SONG")  
("SWEETHEARTS")  
(I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Those were the voices of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, popular idols of the operetta stage at home and abroad. We pause for a moment, while Howard Clancy says a few words.

HOWARD CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Exactly one month from today, millions of voters will go marching to the polls to elect a president of the United States. Early indications show that more voters - men and women alike - will go to the polls than ever before. America is proud of the fact that women, as well as men, have an equal voice in the Government. And LUCKY STRIKE is proud that these discriminating smokers -- men and women alike - have chosen LUCKIES as a favorite. Every one wants a mild cigarette...And Americans have found true mildness in the one and only cigarette that's "TOASTED"....the cigarette that's free of raw tobaccos! That is why Americans everywhere vote LUCKY STRIKE the mildest, the mellow-mildest of cigarettes!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now back to Chicago, ladies and gentlemen, and here, Indiana, let me ask you what the big idea was last Monday night. I flew out of Chicago just about the time you were having dinner and over dear old South Bend you handed me a thunderstorm. Was my face white! I thought I was going to drop in on you unexpectedly. But listen ladies and gentlemen, the magic carpet has smooth sailing all the time, well, practically all the time. And we're Bernie bound, so help me. We're floating over Chicago, there is the Boul Mich. Look at that big sign at the top of the Sherman Hotel. Let's register there, and tell them to charge the bill to Bernie.

ON WITH THE DANCE OLD YOUSAH...(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

ATX01 0269789

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES FOURTH MUSIC GROUP)

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BEN BERNIE:

High over Chicago flashes the Magic Carpet and  
speeds back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

After the ball is over  
With its glitter  
And its glory  
The Magic Carpet pilot  
Wants to tell you a  
Bedtime story.

We are listening to Eddie Guest O'Keefe at the end of a  
program of Ben Bernie's music. On my first broadcast, back in the  
middle ages, I told a yarn about Ben and myself, and I hope you  
will pardon me if I repeat it. We were both down in Florida last  
winter, taking the cure, while the horses were taking the both of  
us, but particularly Ben.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

One day at Hialeah Park there was a horse in the fourth race called "Ben Bernie," named after that famous Kentucky Colonel from the south, suh, who was raised in the blue grass country of New York's east side. The betting commissioners down there, after each race, used to refer to Ben as "the forgotten man." Well, out of loyalty to my old friend Ben, the human being (I hope) I backed Ben, the horse, for all the money I had. Fifty yards from the finish he was away out in front and looked like a sure winner. The crowd set up a roar and hollered yay, Ben Bernie, yay Ben Bernie, and boy! Breeding will tell...breeding will tell...the horse got so excited, he turned around, faced the grandstand and said, "I hope you'll like it, and lost the race." Well, Uncle Sam, that's the way we feel. We hope you liked it tonight, and unless you've got something to say, I wish you 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.

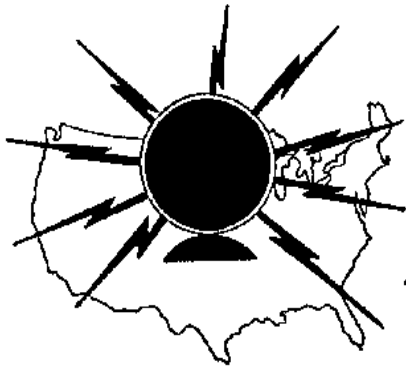
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/8/32

ATX01 0269791

# 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, OCTOBER 11, 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 well well well....yes and a couple more wells for good measure. Tonight the Magic Carpet is almost like the horn of plenty.....it's flowing all over the place with promise. First of all we've got another crime thriller....what America has, itself, labelled "The cops and robbers stories." The title is one that's full of meaning.....and we'll go into it later. Meanwhile whet your appetite for a thriller known as "The Headache Gang."

Tonight the dapper Don Juans and the svelte soignee sirens of the Upper Crust begin begging the headwaiter at the Grill Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania for a ringside table the better to see the celebrities and to hear the music of young Master Kahn.... master musician. The Wolfe is at your door....one Wolfe that is always welcome....in other words Roger Wolfe of the Fifth Avenue Kahns who salutes you one and all and challenges you to a brisk and sprightly fox trot.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra begin the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

X



ANNOUNCER:

Now we send the Magic Carpet on its speedy trip back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well done Roger Wolfe Kahn.....and America wishes you well on your opening tonight at the Pennsylvania, but meanwhile Howard Claney has something interesting to tell you. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Ride 'em, Cowboy!" That's the famous rodeo cry of the west.....and in newspapers throughout the country you'll see a thrilling picture of a cowboy being hurled from the back of a ferocious bucking broncho. It's inspired by an actual photograph at the Ski Hi Stampede, Monte Vista, Colorado.....How well it illustrates the undeniable truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild!" -- Remember, when you see it, 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:

Which brings us up to the show, ladies and gentlemen... this is the spot where we roll the Magic Carpet up to the theatre door and play across the boards of your living room as thrilling a Cops and robbers story as we've had to offer you. Tonight's playlet is in two acts and is known as "The Headache Gang.".....Belasco used to set the mood for a play by dimming the lights and striking a gong.....imagine that gong.....in a second or two the curtain will rise and here I send you to your weekly guide....Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police.

ON WITH THE SHOW KIND SIR.....(WHISTLE) OKAY INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

All the facts of the story you are about to hear have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department and are authenticated by Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney. It is a true story, except that for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime Does Not Pay."

(FIRST PART -- "THE HEADACHE GANG")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

There's the first act, ladies and gentlemen. What's going to happen to Mrs. Stone who is held with her son over in Jersey? Stand by for the solution.....it will come later in this same program.....so don't fail to catch the second act within a half hour.

Meanwhile the fringe of the Magic Carpet is waving in the breeze and ah reckon there's music in the air....music from the Crown Prince of Jazz....Roger Wolfe Kahn... So imagine you're in the Grill Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania.....it's the opening night there.....rub your elbows with the Four Hundred and enjoy yourselves.

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

ANNOUNCER:

This time Roger Wolfe Kahn and his boys play --

(TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

X

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That my dear friends, was Roger Wolfe Kahn.....  
leading his musical men all through the labyrinth of cadenzas.  
Now ladies and gentlemen, we present Mr. Howard Clanev.

HOWARD CLANEV:

Cigar smokers of America -- here is news about  
Certified Crevo -- that fine quality, long-filler cigar -- twenty  
words -- no more -- no less.

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

ATX01 0269797

HOWARD CLANEY:

Certified Gremo is made of fine, nut-sweet, long-filler tobaccos in the famous Perfecto shape. The only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection. Millions are seizing the opportunity to get Certified Gremo at this new price -- Every day we are receiving hundreds of telegrams from dealers -- here is one of them received today:-

"TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN OUR CERTIFIED CREMO SALES PROVES CIGAR SMOKERS IN MISSOURI KANSAS AND OKLAHOMA WILL VOTE STRAIGHT TICKET FOR CERTIFIED CREMOS..... WE ARE FORCED TO INCREASE ORDERS WEEKLY.....AND ARE PLEASED TO OFFER THIS OUTSTANDING VALUE TO OUR CUSTOMERS." -- (SIGNED) CROWN DRUG COMPANY,  
J. S. WATKINS, PRESIDENT.

Time does not permit the reading of any more telegrams but cigar smokers of America appreciate this big value in a fine quality cigar -- Certified Gremo now five cents straight -- three for ten cents!

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

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Your pilot again, mi amigos. Next we're going to hear dance music by Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra just as they play at the Hotel Pennsylvania. There will be soft lights..... silken gowns....sleek tuxedos...and sweet music. Take a trip on the wings of your fancy via the Magic Carpet and imagine that you yourself have a ringside table and are just getting up from your table for a dance.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269798

WALTER O'KEEFE (CONTINUES)

Tell the waiter to bring the coffee back later.....  
it'll get cold while you're out there tripping it.....righto  
then.....we're on our way.

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

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet lands at our feet the dancing  
continues with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Again we take that short and speedy trip back to  
the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Roger Wolfe Kahn, ladies and gentlemen..... playing a tune or two for you while invisible stage hands ready the sets for the next act.....the concluding act in our crime melodrama entitled "The Headache Gang." For the benefit of those who came late let me make a brief resume. The fine Italian hand of a Machiavelli moves through this playlet in the person of Boss Galway who has instructed his men to rob a warehouse containing a hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of aspirin. They cache their loot in a garage and when there is danger of a robber's wife, Mrs. Stone, giving away the conspiracy Galway and his men shanghai the lady to an isolated spot in New Jersey. Let's watch Barry Rudd go after them now.....let's see if he can unravel the mystery and apprehend the culprits.....Meet me in the lobby later.

ON WITH THE SHOW..(WHISTLE) OKAY POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART -- "THE HEADACHE GANG")

ATX01 0269800

WALTER O'KEEFE:

As they used to say in school.....Q.E.D.....and the problem is solved. Barry, as relentless as death or taxes, overtook his quarry in their rural retreat and the gang got the limit in sentences. May I point out, here, (as I have had occasion to every Tuesday night in these cases) that Crime Does Not Pay.....and the best laid plans of mice and men aft gang agley....as the poet Robbie Burns phrased it.

Now let's hop the Magic Carpet back to the maestro of the evening, Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Pennsylvania Hotel Orchestra, who's all ready to go.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Swing your partners to the tune of -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and dashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Roger.....we'll need you still more but this spot in the program is given over to Howard ClaneY....Mr. ClaneY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

What a gay and colorful scene -- as smart society gathered yesterday at swanky White Sulphur Springs for the Autumn tennis tournaments! Scores of distinguished men and women watched the matches -- and it was noticeable how many had selected LUCKY STRIKE as their favorite.....because it offers the delicious flavor of fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos made still finer and better by "TOASTING" -- that extra secret process that makes LUCKIES truly mild. Throughout America you will find that discriminating people have chosen LUCKY STRIKE because it is the mildest of all cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Howard ClaneY ladies and gentlemen....he didn't take very long....and I'll take my cue from him. In other words let's make it snappy on our way back for another order..... maybe this is the fifth helping....of Roger Wolfe Kahn's music. Miss America you certainly look in the pink tonight....so let's make the rest of the crowd envious as we foot it neatly around the room.

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

ATX01 0269802

ANNOUNCER:

And without further ado Roger Wolfe Kahn and his  
orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANNOUNCER:

Again, back to the pilot's feet goes the Magic Carpet.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Which brings us up to the finish.....my dear  
listeners inners.....to the finish of Roger Wolfe Kahn's music for  
the night. And that's only the Tuesday program....ahead of us lies  
a week of amusement and music with the programs planned by Mr.  
LUCKY STRIKE for Thursday and Saturday.

To the veteran listeners it won't be news to know  
that Jack Pearl will be here Thursday, but it's bound to be  
appetizing news. Jack Pearl, the modern Baron Munchausen, will  
step into the spotlight Thursday night and do his best to massage  
your funny bone and make you forget your troubles with that darn  
good laugh that America needs so badly. With Jack on the Magic  
Carpet that night will be Abe Lyman's orchestra.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269803

MANHATTAN

EPISODE XVI.

"THE HEADACHE GANG"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 11, 1932

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ATX01 0269804

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Then on Saturday night again we will present those two singers of romantic songs, the King and Queen of the Operetta Kingdom -- Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. On their program the orchestras will be Hal Kemp playing from Chicago, and Ted Fiorito from San Francisco.

And, by the way, when the gong strikes midnight it will be exactly four hundred and forty years from the day that Columbus discovered America.....So Happy Columbus Day to you, and unless you've got something to say we'll wind things up for the evening. Good night!

\*\*\*\*\*

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/11/32

ATX01 0269805

(B)

SU-154-XVII

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVII - PART I and II

"THE HEADACHE GANG"

\*\*\*\*\*

CAST:

BARRY	JOE
MACK	NORRIS
BOSS GALWAY	SERGEANT KENNY
SPIDER WILKES	WATERS
LEFTY BRYAN	GANGSTER
JASPER STONE	WAITER'S VOICE
FLORENCE STONE	VOICE
BOBBY	

\*\*\*\*\*

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ATX01 0269B06

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPIISODE XVII

"THE HEADACHE GANG"

PART I

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(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS....STAND BY....ALL POLICE CARS....  
 STAND BY.....THE HEADACHE GANG.....REAL PEOPLE...  
 REAL PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....A REAL CASE.....  
 INVESTIGATED BY TOM CURTIN.....AUTHENTICATED BY  
 POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY....  
 LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE....  
 TO WAREHOUSE OF AMALGAMATED DRUG COMPANY.....IN  
 MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

JOE: Overtime for you, ain't it, Mr. Norris?

NORRIS: Yeah -- had to stay to check over those bills of lading.

JOE: Well, that's the way it goes, I guess.

NORRIS: Get here when it's dark -- when it's dark you leave.

JOE: Well, it's a great life, Mr. Norris -- that's what my wife says, anyway.

NORRIS: (PREOCCUPIED) Yep, guess that's right.....  
(AN ELECTRIC GONG RINGS)  
.....What's 'at gong ringing for?

JOE: It's the loading door.

NORRIS: Wait. Don't open it..

JOE: Wasn't you expecting a truck?

NORRIS: No. This is a heck of a time for a truck to get here, anyway.

JOE: But Mr. Norris, it would be as much as my job's worth not to --  
(GONG RINGS AGAIN)  
-- see?

NORRIS: Take a look first, out of the small door.  
(OPENS DOOR)

JOE: Say -- it's a truck, all right.

LEFTY: (FADING IN) Well, what's the matter? What's the trouble in there? Open the truck door -- I ain't got all night.

JOE: Listen, buddy -- that door don't open unless I say so.

LEFTY: Oh, so you're the watchman?

JOE: Yeah. That's it.

LEFTY: Well, how about a little service?

ATX01 0269808

JOE: I didn't hear nothing about a truck comin' here tonight.

LEFTY: A' right -- Le' me use the telephone.

JOE: What for?

LEFTY: To call up your boss -- and tell him yah wouldn't le' me in the warehouse!

JOE: (SHAKEN) What do you think, Mr. Norris?

NORRIS: I don't know....what have you got in the truck, driver?

LEFTY: Aspirin.

NORRIS: We've had a lot of shipments of aspirin today, Joe.

JOE: Well, I ain't gonna argue with him any more.

LEFTY: O.K. Get the truck door open.

JOE: Look out of the way a minute.

(OPENS HEAVY SLIDING DOORS)

All right! Come ahead there!

LEFTY: (CALLS) Back her up, Spider!

(ROARING OF HEAVY TRUCK'S MOTOR AS IT BACKS INTO WAREHOUSE)

(MOTOR CUT OFF)

SPIDER: (FADING IN) O.K., Lefty -- get the boys and start workin'!

JOE: (AMAZED) Say -- Mr. Norris! Those guys are wearing masks! And -- the truck's empty!

SPIDER: So's your head if you start squealin', punk! Stick up your hands! Up!

JOE: You be careful of that gun, now, Mister. It might go off.

SPIDER: Yeah, It might, Lefty!

ATX01 0269809



LEFTY: Yeah?

SPIDER: Tell the boys to grab this other guy!

LEFTY: O.K. Take it easy, you. Don't try nothin' fancy ---

NORRIS: Look out -- leave me alone -- I didn't----

LEFTY: Get him.

(AD LIB, BRIEF: Hold on, you. Don't get excited. Keep way from that door.)

SPIDER: Throw 'em both in the storeroom -- lock the door -- and throw away the key.

LEFTY: In there, you guys.

JOE: Now, listen --

NORRIS: You can't --

(SLAMMING DOOR CUTS OFF THEIR PROTESTS)

(KEY IS TURNED IN LOCK)

SPIDER: All right, guys, move. Load that truck.

(AD LIB: O.K. -- We're movin'. Sure, sure. Lots of time.)

(BACKGROUND FOR REST OF SCENE -- MEN LOADING TRUCK)

SPIDER: We're gonna have a sweet time makin' our getaway, Lefty.

LEFTY: What's wrong?

SPIDER: The guy that gets the truck for us sent this big baby instead o' two regular size ones. Just the one truck, see? So we'll hafta leave the back open, run out the tailboard, and use ropes to get all the stuff into it. Now, come on you guys -- hurry up. Come on -- snap into it -- get this truck loaded and let's get out of here.

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ATX01 0269B10

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. TRUCK MOTOR ROARING.
  2. TELEPHONE RINGS.
  3. LIFTS RECEIVER.

\*\*\*\*\*

BARRY: Hello -- Detective Rudd speaking. The watchman from the Amalgamated Warehouse? Good, send him in, please.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

That's our watchman, Mack, from the warehouse robbery last night.

MACK: Yeah? I wonder what he knows about it.

BARRY: That's what we'll find out.

(DOOR OPENS)

Come in. You're Joe Matthews, aren't you?

JOE: Yes, sir. That's my name.

BARRY: Sit down, Joe. We'll only keep you a minute. I suppose you know what the stuff that was taken last night was worth?

JOE: No, sir.

BARRY: A hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of aspirin was the haul. That's why I want you to describe the men who came into your warehouse last night.

JOE: I couldn't give you much of a description, Mr. Rudd. They all wore masks, except the first fellow that talked to me.

BARRY: And what did he look like?

JOE: Well -- now -- young fellow -- light hair, I guess. Dressed like a truck driver.

ATX01 0269811

BARRY: Not much to work with, eh, Mack?

MACK: I'll say not. Don't this guy remember anything?

BARRY: Well, you remember that the robbers had one truck,  
Joe?

JOE: Yes, Mr. Rudd --- and it was a big one.

BARRY: Well, Joe, we won't need you any longer. Thank you  
for dropping in.

JOE: Yes, sir -- always glad to help out, Mr. Rudd.

(FADING) Goodbye, sir.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BARRY: That watchman's an honest man, Mack, but he hasn't  
helped much to put us on the trail of Boss Galway.

MACK: Boss Galway -- what are you talking about?

BARRY: That's the name of the head man in the mob we're  
after.

MACK: Go on! How do you know?

BARRY: I'm inclined to go along with the theory that every  
big time criminal has his trade mark -- and leaves  
it on every job.

MACK: And so what?

BARRY: Boss Galway specializes in robbing drug warehouses.  
His methods are always the same and he never goes  
after a load that's worth less than a hundred grand ---  
and he specializes in headache remedies.

MACK: The headache gang,....what a racket. And where did  
Galway put his mark on last night's job?

BARRY: The gang drives up with an empty truck and bluffs  
the watchman into letting them in. That's Galway's  
method.

MACK: Got anything on him in the records?

BARRY: Not a thing.

MACK: Hasn't he even been to headquarters?

BARRY: Sure -- but a squad of clever lawyers has always got him off.

MACK: What are we going to do then?

(TELEPHONE RINGS)

BARRY: Excuse me a minute.

(RECEIVER IS LIFTED)

Detective Rudd speaking. Yes....Yes, go ahead, Patrolman James,....I see.....what?.....where was this?....near the city line, in the Bronx, you say?

(ASIDE TO MACK) This is a cop with a tip on the warehouse job....yes, go on....I've got that..... Martin Road....yes.....big truck.....loaded down..... yes.....what's that!.....you bet it's important..... a dead end street, you say.....right, Patrolman James,....thank you -- very much!

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

This cop reports back that he saw a big truck, loaded down, turn into Martin Road in the Bronx early this morning.

MACK: Yeh -- I heard that part of it. It's a dead-end street, he says, eh? How does that help us, Barry?

BARRY: The men in the truck must have known that -- don't you think so?

MACK: Why, say! If they did know it -- maybe they're still out there -- maybe that's where they were going to!

BARRY: Exactly, Mack. We'd better get out to Martin Road and have a look around -- right away!

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ATX01 0269813

-3-

SOUND INTERLUDE: POLICE MOTOR CAR AND SIREN.

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MACK: (FADES IN AS THOUGH WALKING UP TO BARRY) You're right, Barry....this is about the only place a truck could have unloaded. There's no other place with a big enough garage.

BARRY: "Jasper Stone, paint shop." --- the sign says, and see that big garage under the house?

MACK: Yeah -- the shop and the house are connected.

BARRY: We'll go up to Mr. Stone's door and ask a few questions.--- if any one's at home. Come on -- up the steps.

MACK: O.K.

(THEY MOUNT THE STEPS)

BARRY: (LOWER VOICE) And one thing more -- let me do the talking. I want to try out an idea.

MACK: Sure. Shall I ring the bell?

BARRY: Right.

(DOOR BELL, INSIDE, FAINT)

MACK: Here comes some one -- sounds like a woman's footsteps--

(DOOR IS OPENED)

MRS. STONE: Well, what is it?

BARRY: Say, aren't you, Mrs. Stone?

MRS. STONE: Well?

BARRY: (CONFIDENTIAL) You understand we can't use names, Mrs. Stone -- but -- the head man sent us out here.

MRS. STONE: What are you talking about?

BARRY: The big shot. He told us to wait here - for the word to carry away the stuff.

ATX01 0269814

MRS. STONE: You must be crazy, Mister -- I don't know anything about it.

BARRY: Wait a minute, lady -- we're from the chief. You know.

MRS. STONE: (WITH VENOMOUS DISLIKE) I suppose you mean Boss Galway!

BARRY: Yes, ma'am. That's it!

MRS. STONE: Well, the sooner you take that stuff away the better I'll like it! What do you suppose the neighbors think -- with trucks coming and going at all hours of the night -- and you fellows hanging round all the time?

BARRY: Well, we can't help that.

MRS. STONE: Oh, I know there's no use talking to you -- you gangsters!

BARRY: The boss is takin' care of your husband, isn't he?

MRS. STONE: As if that made any difference! Jasper Stone was a decent self-respecting man before he took up with your crowd -- you and your Boss Galway!

BARRY: That's too bad, ma'am.

MRS. STONE: And our son Bobby, fourteen years old, and beginning to notice things and ask questions. I wish you and Galway and all your gang would leave my husband alone!

BARRY: Well, maybe after we get this load out, Mrs. Stone.

MRS. STONE: It's funny your coming round today. I thought Jasper said tomorrow night they were going to crate up the stuff.

BARRY: Tomorrow night did you say?

MRS. STONE: Yes, that's what I understood.

BARRY: Well, come to think of it, I -- say, Mack. Was it tonight or tomorrow night the boss told us to be here?

MACK: Why, tomorrow night -- sure -- sure that's what I been tryin' to tell you.

BARRY: Well, it's my mistake then -- sorry to have bothered you, Mrs. Stone. We'll be back -- tomorrow night.

MRS. STONE: Gangsters!

(SLAMS DOOR)

BARRY: All right, Mack -- We learned what we needed to know. Now let's get back to headquarter's in a hurry.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE CAR MOTOR AND SIREN  
2. CLOSING OF HEAVY SLIDING DOORS.  
3. HAMMERING OF NAILS ON BOXES.

\*\*\*\*\*

LEFTY: All right, you guys -- hop to it. The boss says we can't leave this stuff laying around the paint shop any longer.

GANGSTER: What d'yah want us to do foist, Lefty?

LEFTY: Grate up that headache medicine -- all them packages, see?

GANGSTER: Yeah.

LEFTY: We got to get three truckloads out of here tonight. So get movin'.

GANGSTER: All right, boys -- get to work.

LEFTY: (SENSES SOMETHING WRONG) Say, wait a minute!

GANGSTER: Huh? What's the matter, Lefty?

ATX01 0269816

LEFTY: There's somebody in the paint shop! I can hear 'em!

GANGSTER: Yeah? Hey -- hey -- it's the cops --

(DOOR OPENED QUICKLY - EMERGENCY SQUAD ENTERS -  
AD LIB CONFUSION)

BARRY: Line up, boys -- you're under arrest!

LEFTY: Under arrest? What for?

BARRY: You'll soon find that out. Sergeant!

VOICE: Yes, Mr. Rudd?

BARRY: Take these boys upstairs and give 'em a ride.

VOICE: O.K., Mr. Rudd -- this way, you!

LEFTY: Hey! You can't get away with this stuff.

BARRY: Oh -- leave this one here, Sergeant. He seems to be  
the head man. I want to talk to him. And Mack --  
find Jasper Stone, will you?

MACK: You bet, Barry -- all right -- all right -- upstairs  
the rest of you.

(AD LIB OUT - GANGSTERS & POLICE)

LEFTY: Well, Rudd, what's the big idea? Why the pinch?

BARRY: Where's Boss Galway?

LEFTY: (LAUGHING) I never heard of him.

BARRY: No? What's your name?

LEFTY: Lefty Bryan.

BARRY: What were you doing here?

LEFTY: Me and the boys come here to shoot craps.

BARRY: With hammers, nails and packing boxes?

LEFTY: Yeah!

MACK: (FADES IN) In here, Jasper -- Mr. Rudd wants to see  
you.



STONE: But I tell you, I don't know anything -- I don't know anything at all. You better let me go.

BARRY: Stone, how about the cases of headache remedies in the back of your shop? I thought you were in the paint business.

STONE: I am. I'm a house painter.

BARRY: But harboring a little stolen property on the side, eh?

STONE: Well -- if it's stolen I didn't know it! I just rented the space to a -- to a certain party -- he told me it was stock he'd bought at a bankrupt sale.

MACK: Was the certain party among the men that were in here?

STONE: No sir! I ain't seen him since I rented the space to him ---

BARRY: All right, Mack -- send for the wagon.

STONE: But listen, Mister.

BARRY: I'm sorry. But the things you and Lefty Bryan have told me don't clear you of suspicion. I'll have to take you along.

MACK: Here's the Sergeant, Barry.

BARRY: Good. Take these men down to headquarters.

VOICE: Yes, sir. This way, boys. Step lively.

STONE: I'm telling you---

LEFTY: Forget it, Stone. We'll be taken care of.

VOICE: All right, all right. Stop talking and get along with you.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

BARRY: (TENSE) Mack -- are Mrs. Stone and Bobby in the house?

ATX01 0269818

MACK: No -- Stone told me he'd sent them to the movies.  
BARRY: Yes -- where?  
MACK: At the Avalon, up on the corner of Martin Road.  
BARRY: We need her for a material witness!  
MACK: I see -- with Mrs. Stone to testify about the stuff  
bein' left here --  
BARRY: And to identify the members of the gang -- we'll have  
a case.  
MACK: Say -- we've just got to have the lady -- haven't we?  
BARRY: I'll say we do. We'll wait right here quietly till  
after the Sergeant has taken the prisoners away...and  
then we'll talk to her when she and Bobby get home  
from the movies.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STREET NOISES.  
2. LIMOUSINE MOTOR IDLES IN, RUNS QUIETLY.

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GALWAY: Is this the place, Spider?  
SPIDER: Yes, Boss. That's the movie theatre, right across  
the way --  
GALWAY: I'm trusting you, Spider.  
SPIDER: It's no kidding, Boss. I got it all figured. When  
the old lady and the kid come out -- we'll talk to  
'em.  
GALWAY: You're a smart boy, Spider.  
SPIDER: Never mind the compliments, Boss. After this job  
is on ice, you can say it with that green stuff.

GALWAY: (PATRONIZINGLY) You know, I get a great kick out of you, Spider. You got brains.

SPIDER: Yeah?

GALWAY: And by the way -- the boys that Rudd threw in the hoosegow -- you're taking care of them?

SPIDER: We're doin' everything we can -- I guess we can get bail all right.

GALWAY: That's good. They can't touch me -- of course -- but I like to take care of the boys too. I don't like my boys to sit in the hoosegow -- the associations ain't good for 'em.

SPIDER: (PREOCCUPIED) Yeah -- that's being looked after.....  
say! Show's out! See the people?

GALWAY: (HARD) Where's the Stone woman? I wouldn't like to of made a trip for nothing, Spider.

SPIDER: She ain't come out yet .....no, wait a minute....no....  
yeah!.....give a look!

GALWAY: Where?

SPIDER: See that dame with a kid beside her -- over there; they're eatin' popcorn.

GALWAY: Yes, I see now.

SPIDER: We got 'em. (CALLS) Mrs. Stone. Oh, Mrs. Stone.

MRS. STONE: (FADING IN) Yes? What is it?

SPIDER: Get in the car, Mrs. Stone.

BOBBY: What for? Why do you want us to get in your car, Mister?

SPIDER: Never mind, kid. Do like we tell you.

MRS. STONE: What do you want?

SPIDER: I got a message from your husband.

ATX01 0269820

MRS. STONE: What is it? Has something happened?

SPIDER: Yeh, that's it. Stone is pinched and laying in the jug --

MRS. STONE: (SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH) Oh!

SPIDER: Now this here is Boss Galway....he's goin' to get your old man out.

GALWAY: That is, I will -- if you'll help me, Mrs. Stone.

MRS. STONE: Well -- what do I have to do? Tell me.

GALWAY: I want you to forget all about the deals I been making with your husband.

MRS. STONE: You want me to keep quiet?

GALWAY: If you start talkin' -- it'll be tough for your old man.

MRS. STONE: All right. I'll keep still. I won't say anything.

GALWAY: Well just to help you do that -- the Spider and me are going to take you and Bobby over to Jersey till this thing blows over.

MRS. STONE: Oh -- no -- please --

BOBBY: I don't wanna go to Jersey.

GALWAY: I said we'll take you to Jersey -- to a quiet place in the hills -- until my lawyers beat this case.

SPIDER: Get in the car.

MRS. STONE: I don't like this. I'm frightened.

BOBBY: Don't be scared, Ma. I'm here.

SPIDER: Get in the car, both of youse.

MRS. STONE: Well -- get in, Bobby.

SPIDER: That's better. You too, Mrs. Stone.

(CAR DOOR CLOSED)

ATX01 0269821

BOBBY: Mamma! I don't want to go with these men. I want to go home.

GALWAY: You'll go home when I'm good an' ready to let you, sonny -- you and your ma. All right, Spider. We got no time to lose. Step on it.

(LIMOUSINE STARTS UP)

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE HEADACHE GANG...WITH STAR WITNESSES IN HANDS OF CRIMINALS...HOW CAN DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK...TRACK DOWN MASTER-MIND...OF GANG... STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...FOR SENSATIONAL FINISH.....

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

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MANHATTAN PATROL  
EPISODE XVII -- PART II

"THE HEADACHE GANG"

\*\*\*\*\*

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE  
CARS.....STAND BY.....THE HEADACHE  
GANG.....WITH STAR WITNESSES MISSING.....  
NEW YORK DETECTIVES.....WITHOUT CLUES.....  
LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT  
ONCE.....TO OFFICE OF DETECTIVE BARRY  
RUDD.....POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....NEW  
YORK CITY.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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BARRY: Yes....Mrs. Stone and Bobby are gone, all right.  
But take a look at this, Mack.

MACK: Oh, the report from the magistrate's court -- says  
all six of the gang held in \$40,000 bail apiece!  
That'll take care of 'em.

BARRY: Except for Boss Galway. He knows we can't touch  
him -- yet.

MACK: So he's living in the open -- in a new Park Avenue  
apartment.

BARRY: And I'm certain he knows where our two star  
witnesses are. Yes, and I'm willing to bet that  
the man who's looking after them is Spider Wilkes,  
Galway's chief lieutenant.

MACK: How do you know that?

BARRY: Well, we've located every known member of Galway's  
crowd -- and the Spider is the only one who isn't in  
jail or walking around openly because we've nothing  
to hold him on.

MACK: So you figure from that, the Spider must be hiding  
out somewhere with the old lady and the boy.

BARRY: Exactly, and he'll kill them both before he'll let  
them talk.

MACK: We've got to keep that from happening, Barry.

BARRY: I should have said Spider is the only member of the  
gang unaccounted for except for one man. He's not  
very important, but he's also out of sight.

MACK: Well, who is he?

BARRY: Myer Jacobs, a punk bookmaker who hangs around Times  
Square.

MACK: He's connected with Galway's mob?

BARRY: Yes -- I haven't been able to trace him for the last couple of days. That probably means he's under cover. Meanwhile, the Boss gives himself airs, lives like a millionaire, and employs an English butler.

MACK: A butler, eh? Pretty flossy.

BARRY: Yes, though the man's not above suspicion himself, as he served time in an English jail. Well -- I've got detectives watching in front of Galways apartment building. He can't move without our knowing it.

MACK: We've got to find Mrs. Stone, Barry. Otherwise we'll never have a prayer of convicting those guys we caught -- let alone Boss Galway.

(TELEPHONE BELL)

Shall I get it?

BARRY: Will you please.

(RECEIVER IS LIFTED)

MACK: Hello -- Detective Mack speaking...yes...go on! What's that? At the Inn, on 47th Street? You're sure about it? It's Herman from the Broadway Squad. He says this guy Myer Jacobs has been located -- eating lunch in a restaurant on 47th Street. He's the one you were telling me about, isn't he? Galway's man?

BARRY: He's the one, all right.

MACK: So what do we do?

BARRY: Let's take a look -- what do you say?



MACK: Fine. Hello - Herman -- don't let Myer Jacobs out of your sight -- No -- Barry and I'll be right there---  
So long.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. PHONE HUNG UP.  
2. POLICE SIREN AND MOTOR.  
3. RATTLE OF DISHES.

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WAITER'S VOICE: That's Table Four, sir -- over by the wall.  
BARRY: Yes -- I see.  
WAITER'S VOICE: Shall I tell the gentleman you're here, sir?  
BARRY: (WRYLY) No -- you needn't bother.  
WAITER'S VOICE: (FADING) Thank you, sir.  
MACK: Is that the guy, Barry?  
BARRY: Yes. It's Myer Jacobs.  
MACK: Shall I grab him?  
BARRY: No, I think not, Mack. Go up to Galway's apartment instead.  
MACK: Huh? Are you kidding me?  
BARRY: Not a bit of it. I'm going to put in a phone call -- from the restaurant here.  
MACK: Who to?  
BARRY: Right through to Boss Galway. Hurry up, Mack -- get up to his apartment -- join the men waiting there -- and when the Boss comes out -- follow him.  
MACK: How do you know he'll come out?  
BARRY: It all depends on how this phone call works. It's a chance -- but I'm taking it. Beat it now, I'll try to get there myself in time to join you.

ATX01 0269826

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- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN.
  2. SQUIRTING OF SODA SIPHON.
  3. CLINK OF ICE IN GLASS.

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GALWAY: (RELAXED AND EASY) Not too much soda, Waters --  
don't drown it -- don't drown it, now ----

WATERS: No, Mr. Galway. I'm taking care.

GALWAY: Taking care! You know, Waters -- I get a great kick  
out of you.

WATERS: Yes, sir?

GALWAY: You give me many a laugh, kid.

WATERS: I am glad to have afforded satisfaction, sir.

GALWAY: Pull up a chair. That is -- if you'd like to have  
a drink.

WATERS: (RELAXING) Like to? -- well, rather.

GALWAY: Sit down -- that's more like it.

(THROUGH ENSUING SPEECH -- WATERS MAKING DRINK  
FOR HIMSELF)

You know, when I started out, Waters, I was just a  
punk.

WATERS: Oh, no sir ----

GALWAY: Now look at me -- livin' like a dook -- and with a  
real English servant, too!

WATERS: The English servant is somewhat shopworn, I'm afraid.

GALWAY: Yeah -- you've done your bit of time in the lock-up.  
That's where I'm smart. I've never seen the inside of  
a jail -- and I'm never goin' to. The law can't touch  
me. I'm bigger than the law!

ATX01 0269827

WATERS: I say -- I should like to drink on that, sir.

GALWAY: (PLEASED) O.K., kid -- I know how yah mean it. Stick with me, boy, and you'll see a lot o' good livin'.

(PHONE RINGS)

WATERS: It's the telephone, sir. (FADING SLIGHTLY. RECEIVER UP) Yes? It's for you, Mr. Galway. A Mr. Myer Jacobs calling.

GALWAY: Yeah? Oh, hello, Myer....what do you know....say, listen, Myer....talk so I can understand you....oh, you're in the telephone booth, huh....well, talk up, for God's sake.....what's wrong? Jacobs, for crime out loud....spit it out....what!.....they've arrested Spider Wilkes.....when....yeah, an hour ago....and they're after you....then keep out o' sight! Yep, beat it -- g'bye.

(SLAMS BACK TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

The Spider is pinched, and something had better be done about those two witnesses.

WATERS: I understand, Mr. Galway.

GALWAY: I'll bet you do. I'll kill 'em if I have to. (THOUGHT STRIKES HIM) Wait a minute! That call may have been a phoney! It didn't sound any too much like Jacobs!

(LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

GALWAY: Hello, Operator? I want you to trace the call that just came in on this phone. You can't do it? What do you mean, you can't do it? This is Mr. Galway speaking -- Mr. Frank X. Galway -- get it? Oh, you still can't do it, huh? Now listen -- girlie -- this is important -- and there's a hundred bucks in it for you -- so snap into -- oh -- you'll connect me with the chief operator, huh? To the devil with the chief operator!

(SLAMS BACK RECEIVER)

Waters -- I can't get anything out of 'em. We'd better go out and see for ourselves. Get me my overcoat -- the new yellow one.

WATERS: Yes, sir. Right away.

GALWAY: And tell 'em to have the car ready -- but you drive it.

WATERS: Yes, sir.

(LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

The garage please. This is Mr. Galway's apartment. Please have the roadster ready in front of the house at once....Mr. Galway is going out.....

(MECHANICAL FADE)

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE SIREN AND MOTOR NOISE FADES IN.  
2. SIREN OUT -- MOTOR NOISE CONTINUES.

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MACK: Which way is he heading, Sergeant Kenny?

ATX01 0269829

KENNY: For the Ramapo Hills.

BARRY: More speed, driver -- he's getting ahead of us.

VOICE: Yes, sir. We're doing all we can, now.

BARRY: I'm glad we picked you up in Hoboken, Sergeant -- we may have trouble -- and we need a representative of the Jersey police along.

KENNY: I'll do anything I can, Mr. Rudd -- but say -- which one's Galway?

MACK: The man in the yellow overcoat. The one who's driving is the Englishman.

BARRY: We're lucky he fell for my phone call -- otherwise we'd never have been this far on the trail.

KENNY: But he knows you're after him now.

BARRY: Oh -- certainly. He's plenty smart.

MACK: Look out! Look out! He's pulling into the curb!

BARRY: Pull up! Stop this car!

(SCREAM OF BRAKES)

KENNY: We've gone past him, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Out of the car, quick! (FADING) Follow me, boys --

MACK: (FADING IN) They're backing up.

KENNY: (FADING IN) Trying for a getaway --

BARRY: (WARNING) Watch it! He's going to shoot!

(SHOTS)

MACK: Let 'em have it, Sergeant!

(SHOTS)

KENNY: I dropped him -- Galway! I got Galway, Mr. Rudd.

MACK: I'll say you did. The Englishman will listen to reason now. He's stopped the car.

BARRY: Keep him covered, Mack. (CALLING) Come over here, you! And keep your hands up!

ATX01 0269830

WATERS: (FADING IN) Don't shoot, gentlemen, don't shoot,  
for the love of Heaven!

BARRY: Frisk him for an extra gun, Mack.

MACK: Yeah....say....the Sergeant sure did get Galway.....  
right in the heart I guess -- sort of spoillin' that  
nice yellow overcoat....ain't it?

BARRY: It had to be done. But we can't waste time here. .  
Galway may be dead, but we've still got to get Mrs.  
Stone and the boy.

MACK: Yeh, and we want to pick up Spider Wilkes, too --

WATERS: Spider Wilkes? Oh, I say! Then that phone call  
wasn't on the level -----The Boss was right!

BARRY: Not right enough to save his life, or to keep you out  
of trouble Waters!

WATERS: I say -- I'm not in on this -- strike me pink if I am.

MACK: Don't worry, young fellow. You're in it plenty.

WATERS: But I tell you-----

BARRY: Waters, wait a minute. This won't get you anywhere.  
Galway's dead, and you've got a prison term ahead of  
you. Now the best thing you can do is guide us to  
where Spider Wilkes is holding Mrs. Stone and Bobby.  
How about it?

WATERS: Well -- It doesn't much matter now, I dare say. Put  
Mr. Galway's -- uh -- put him in your car and get in  
ours. The Spider may not shoot when he sees the  
Boss's touring car coming in to the yard.

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ATX01 0269831

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR RUNNING AND HORN. MOTOR FADES  
BEHIND DIALOGUE.

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BARRY: This the house here, Waters?  
WATERS: Yes sir. The cottage at the end of the lane.  
BARRY: All right. Slow down. Sergeant Kenny, you and Mack  
and I will crouch down in the back of the car out of  
sight. Have your guns ready.  
KENNY: Right, Mr. Rudd----  
MACK: O.K. Barry.  
BARRY: Now - pull up in front of the house.  
WATERS: Right-o, sir.  
(MOTOR OUT - BRAKES APPLIED)  
BARRY: (LOW VOICE) Give the signal.  
WATERS: Yes, sir.  
(AUTO HORN)  
BARRY: Keep low, boys. Quiet.  
(PAUSE)  
(A DOOR OPENS)  
SPIDER: (FADES IN) Waters -- what's the idea? Where's the  
Boss?  
WATERS: Hello Spider. The Boss wasn't able to come.  
SPIDER: Yeah? -- Well -- what's up -- what are you actin'  
so screwy for?  
BARRY: It's all over. The game's up. You're under arrest,  
Spider Wilkes.  
SPIDER: Huh? Where'd you come from?  
BARRY: Never mind. I advise you to give up quietly, --  
Sergeant -- there's your man.

ATX01 0269B32

KENNY: Thanks, Mr. Rudd. I can take care of him.

SPIDER: It's all right, buddy -- I ain't making no moves.

MRS. STONE: (FADING IN) What is it? -- what's the trouble -- oh, it's you two gangsters who came to the house, I remember you. Please -- can't you let me go now?

BARRY: We certainly can, Mrs. Stone -- and your son too, You see, we're detectives not gangsters -- and here's a uniformed policeman to prove it.

MRS. STONE: Oh, thank God -- thank God!

BARRY: Everything's all right now, Mrs. Stone -- and everything will be -- that is, if you'll testify against the men who kidnapped you and ruined your husband. Will you do it?

MRS. STONE: Testify -- I should say I will! I'll tell all I know about Boss Galway and his roughnecks!

BARRY: Fine -- fine! Well, Mack --

MACK: Yeah, Barry?

BARRY: It looks like our work is over. Thanks to Mrs. Stone, at last, we've completed our case.

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE HEADACHE GANG....JASPER STONE TURNS STATE'S EVIDENCE.....SPIDER WILKES GETS FORTY YEARS.... HEAVY SENTENCES FOR OTHER GANGSTERS....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

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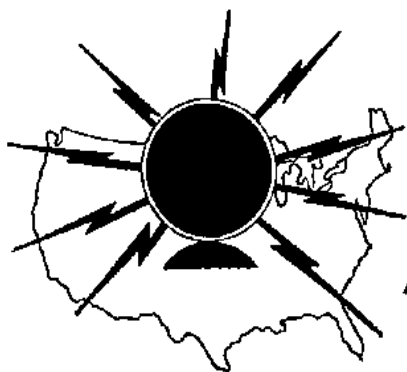
FARR/chilleen  
10/8/32

ATX01 0269833



# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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



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

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

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen....how did you like Columbus Day and did you have a good time. That's good....Now we're getting into the four hundred and forty first year on this here continent and gosh! how time flies! Columbus couldn't have had much fun, way back when.....there was no Magic Carpet in them there dark days....Jack Pearl couldn't even talk and Abe Lyman couldn't wave a baton.

Don't tell me you haven't heard. Why my dear people - tonight the Magic Carpet is given over to those two fellows.....Abe Lyman is the comedian and Jack Pearl leads the orchestra.....no I got that wrong.....Jack Pearl leads and Abe Lyman and the comedian is the orchestra.....no..no..no let's start all over again.....Jack Pearl is the comedian.....who impersonates the great Baron Munchausen with his mythical marvelous yarns.....and Abe Lyman, known to his creditors, as Honest Abe (after his namesake George Washington) is the gentleman who leads the orchestra. There he stands, ladies and gentlemen, six feet tall.....full of cadenzas, sharps, flats....oh lots of flats.... but he's Lyman right or wrong. Let's go get him without any more adoo....no that's final.....you've had enough adoo for one evening so --

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

ABE LYMAN:

We start the dance with -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

The Magic Carpet's flying high!  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Abe Lyman my dear friends. I have nothing to add but praise and having praised you Abe - I have nothing further to say, but here's Howard Claney who has. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

In that wild scramble of covered wagons in the Colorado Gold Rush of 1858, the greatest peril was the terrible Indian Raid - a sudden swoop of bloodthirsty savages, attacking the wagon trains in raw, barbaric ferocity. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild".....How well those pioneers learned that truth! And how well it applies 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 blending, are 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.

ATX01 0269836

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So it goes, my dear listeners.....From Lyman to  
Claney to your Pilot....and now we'll pass the microphone to Jack  
Pearl alias the Baron Munchausen. I don't know about your politics  
but as regards that Tuesday night in November let me say this....  
what the country needs is a darned good laugh and when you write in  
a name on your ballot it might not be a bad idea to write in the  
name of Baron Munchausen.....better known to this generation as  
Jack Pearl. The Baron is driving up in a great big new automobile.  
There he is in his goggles and duster, -- ah, yes, AND medals!  
I give you his Excellency, --- the Baron.

(FIRST PART -- JACK PEARL SCRIPT "MOTORING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Pearl, my dear customers, - Jack Pearl  
alias the Baron Munchausen carrying you through the maze of his  
amazing adventures. Don't think for one minute that the Baron is  
stopped or confused or taken aback.....Later he will return to  
this same microphone in this same program in this same hour on this  
same night so stand by and give your funnybone a relief while we go  
out after Abe Lyman.....the gentleman who is the maestro of the  
hour. There's a lot could be said about Lyman but there's hardly  
time so why not simplify it by chasing the talented tot up his own  
alley and getting the best he's got to give us.

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

ATX01 0269837

ABE LYMAN:

The dance goes on with -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

ABE LYMAN:

All right, pilot, take the controls!

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Abe Lyman....and here, son, let me point out that it's an old American custom to stop here for a minute and listen to what Howard Claney has to say. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Certified Cremo brings this vitally important news to every man who enjoys a fine, high quality cigar....twenty words -- no more, no less.

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

ATX01 0269838

HOWARD CLANEY:

Millions of smokers have seized the opportunity to obtain Certified Cremo cigars at their amazing new price! Here is another of the many telegrams from prominent dealers throughout the country. It is from Kansas City, Missouri and it tells its own story:

"CERTIFIED CREMO AT FIVE CENTS THREE FOR TEN CENTS IS SELLING SENSATIONALLY.....ITS ALREADY PROVEN ITSELF TO BE THE MOST AMAZING SELLER EVER HANDLED IN OUR CIGAR DEPARTMENT.....WE ARE GLAD TO OFFER SUCH AN OUTSTANDING VALUE TO OUR CUSTOMERS.....STANDING ORDERS HAVE ALREADY INCREASED OVER FORTY PER CENT".....(SIGNED) KATZ DRUG COMPANY,  
S. KATZ, CIGAR BUYER.

Remember -- Certified Cremo cigars are made of delicious, nut-sweet tobaccos, all long-filler, rolled in the famous Perfecto shape....and Certified Cremo is the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection.

-----STATION BREAK.....

WALTER O'KEEFE:

A couple of evenings ago I was talking to an old friend of mine, Pee Wee Byers, who is a bit of a philosopher in his own right. Pee Wee said, "Walter, cows don't sing like nightingales, but nightingales don't give milk." Now we wouldn't think for a minute of going to Abe Lyman for the laugh of the evening we talk about, but assuredly Lyman can hand us that everloving music in great big generous helpings, so how about an order of it mi amigos.

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

ATX01 0269839

ABE LYMAN:

Everybody dance as we play -- (TITLES)

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(  
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ABE LYMAN:

Here's your high flying magic carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now Lyman you can take it easy....you can relax.....  
you can light a LUCKY while we are entertained by our royal cousin...  
the Baron Munchausen. Ladies and gentlemen this is where we turn  
over the microphone to America's new heart throb....Jack Pearl -  
he's ready to talk....what's more....he's not ambitious to do  
anything else except give America a darned good laugh. So I give  
you his Excellency, The Baron!

(SECOND PART -- JACK PEARL SCRIPT - "MOTORING")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Jack Pearl ladies and gentlemen, who is rapidly being recognized as radio's greatest comedian. As you know, our foreign cousin is a regular visitor to these Thursday night soirees.....ah I love a good soiree....he'll be back here at the same time next week. Don't fail to keep your date with this man who is a master of mutilating English.....but rain or shine, listen in. And now back to Abe Lyman and his Orchestra. Dream and dance while you're under the spell of Lyman's music.

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

ABE LYMAN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

Here comes the Magic Carpet, Pilot! Reach for it!  
(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Sit thee doon Uncle Sam,....one of your nephews has something important to say so let's give him the microphone. Mr. Howard Claneys!



HOWARD CLANEY:

Today a smart crowd of golf enthusiasts watched two former national women champions fight it out in the final round of the annual golf tournament at Hot Springs, Virginia.....On tee and fairway, as a gallery followed the contestants, it was noticeable that LUCKY STRIKE was a great favorite when cigarettes were passed around. Wherever smart men and women gather LUCKY STRIKE, the mildest cigarette -- is the most popular --- for it's free from raw tobaccos, the only cigarette in the world employing that famous purifying process described by the phrase "IT'S TOASTED." It is because of this extra, secret process that LUCKY STRIKE is recognized everywhere as the mellow-mildest of all cigarettes.

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ATX01 0269842

WALTER O'KEEFE:

By the way ladies and gentlemen.....let me put in a word here for what Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has planned for Saturday night's fiesta. Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday will again fill the air with romance when they sing on the Magic Carpet stage and that sentimental gentlemen from Noath Calina Hal Kemp and his band of bandits will broadcast from Chicago. As if that isn't enough, we're going to shoot the magic carpet out to the Pacific Coast and pick up Ted Florito and his orchestra from San Francisco.

Tonight, however, the musical big shot of the occasion is Mrs. Lyman's Abe who will again serenade your ear drums and get your whole being in time with his riotous rhythm. Get up and dance Papa.....it's good for all that ails you so --

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

ABE LYMAN:

And the dance goes on with --

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

ABE LYMAN:

Back to the Pilot flashes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Okay to you Ape.....and thanks for the ride laddies.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, unless you've got something to say,  
I'll wish you goodnight!

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(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/13/32

ATX01 0269844

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

(THIRD DRAFT)  
10/11/32

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE VI

"M O T O R I N G"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 13, 1932

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ATX01 0269845

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE VI - PART I and II

"MOTORING"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

\*\*\*\*\*

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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EPISODE VI"MOTORING"PART I

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(AUTO HORN)

BARON: Sharley! Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Well, well, my dear Baron. And in a new car!  
Where are you bound for?

BARON: I'm going to the Ratskiller Mountains.

CHARLEY: Ratskiller Mountains?

BARON: Mouse-killer.

CHARLEY: Maybe you mean the Catskills?

BARON: That's it! I knew it was some kind of a household  
pet.

CHARLEY: Why go to the mountains at this time of the year?

BARON: Doctor's orders. He said I got to go to the mountains  
for my liver.

CHARLEY: Really!

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

CHARLEY: What's funny about it?

BARON: I didn't know my liver was up there.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Say, that's a nifty looking car. Did you buy it  
F.O.B.?

BARON: No. I.O.U.

ATX01 0269847

CHARLEY: Looks like it has speed.

BARON: Not so much - just a hundred miles an hour.

CHARLEY: One hundred miles an hour! I call that speed.

BARON: See that fellow in the car behind me?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: He can go a hundred and ten miles an hour.

CHARLEY: Faster than you?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Who is he?

BARON: The man from the finance company.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, what did you do with that old dilapidated truck you had?

BARON: I divorced her.

CHARLEY: I'm talking about your old automobile.

BARON: I thought you meant my wife. I had a lot of trouble with that car, Sharley. One day I was taking my wife to the country.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute -- you just said you were divorced.

BARON: This was wife number two.

CHARLEY: Married again, eh?

BARON: Yes -- I'm a glutton for punishment. Well, she was going to the country so I put her in the back seat -- with the rest of the excess baggage -- and took the wheel.

CHARLEY: You drove.

BARON: Not very good. I told you I was driving my wife. I stepped on the starter but it wouldn't work.

CHARLEY: The starter wouldn't function.

BARON: .....DID you drop something?

CHARLEY: I said the starter wouldn't function -- it wouldn't turn the motor over.

BARON: Why do you have to tell me, when I told you!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry - but you could have started the motor by hand.

BARON: By hand?

CHARLEY: Certainly, where was your crank?

BARON: I told you she was sitting in the back seat.

CHARLEY: Did you try choking her?

BARON: Once -- but she called a cop.

CHARLEY: I mean the car -- flood the carburator -- choke her.

BARON: Choke her! Sharley, I strangled her - but it was no use.

CHARLEY: And you didn't try to crank it by hand?

BARON: Oh -- you mean wind it up -- in the front?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Sure, that's what I had to do.

CHARLEY: And did the motor turn over?

BARON: Turn over! It did a flip flop, a hand spring and a somersault!

CHARLEY: But at least you got it started.

BARON: Sure - I let it run for an hour and oh! did the radiator get mad.

CHARLEY: The radiator got mad?

BARON: Terrible mad -- it was boiling over. Well, at last I got going. The first place I stopped at was a filling station.

CHARLEY: You needed gas.



BARON: No -- this fillin station was a restaurant -- my wife was hungry and I had to fill her up.

CHARLEY: (LAUGHING) I see.

BARON: While I was eating I heard -- "Bang!"

CHARLEY: You had a blow out.

BARON: No -- just a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

CHARLEY: What caused the bang, Baron?

BARON: It was very dark so I left my headlights burning, and oh! was that funny! (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: I can't see anything funny in that.

BARON: (LAUGHING) That's because you don't know the answer - a feller on a bicycle saw my headlights -- he thought they was two motor cycles and -- (LAUGHS)

CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: He tried to pass between them.

CHARLEY: My word! He must have gotten a good bump.

BARON: Right from the bumper. Something else happened that night.

CHARLEY: Something else?

BARON: Yes - I was speeding along a dark road -- when I went biff! boof! boff! into a wagon loaded with hay-- and knocked it over.

CHARLEY: Well! Well!

BARON: Hey, hey! Oh Sharley! Was the farmer angry.

CHARLEY: I'll bet he was.

BARON: We argued for two hours - he was getting hoarse.

CHARLEY: Getting hoarse.

BARON: I could hardly hear him so I gave him a drink. Just then a State Trooper came up. He said, "Ah, an accident, whose fault was it? I said, "Don't ask me, smell his breath."

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CHARLEY: And did he?

BARON: Yes -- and he said "Where did you get the turpentine."  
After he left we argued for another hour and in the  
finish I had to pay him twice as much as the hay and  
the wagon was worth.

CHARLEY: I suppose he was perfectly satisfied.

BARON: Oh, he was pickled tink -- tickled pink -- but his  
wife was terrible mad. Oh, Sharley, was she mad.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because all the time we was arguing she was under  
the load of hay.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Well, I just made a long motor trip and I'm glad to  
say I didn't have a mishap.

BARON: Where was you was, Sharley?

CHARLEY: I drove from New York to Quebec, then West to  
Vancouver crossed over to the States, touched Frisco,  
Los Angeles, then East, stopping at El Paso, New  
Orleans and up to the Coast back to New York.

BARON: You went for a little spin.

CHARLEY: A little spin! Why I covered over fifteen thousand  
miles.

BARON: I do that to warm up the motor of my touring car.

CHARLEY: How fast can your touring car travel?

BARON: Once I drove it zix hundred milos an hour.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron -- there isn't a car in the world that  
can go six hundred miles an hour.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I drove it six hundred miles an hour!

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way. Tell me, Baron, how many cylinders has your car?

BARON: Forty nine.

CHARLEY: Forty nine! Unheard of! Who'd ever build a car with forty nine cylinders.

BARON: Did you ever hear of the Forty Niners?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Well -- they built it!

CHARLEY: Forty nine cylinders! How can you say that?

BARON: I could say even more.

CHARLEY: Don't! Please! What's the horse power of the car?

BARON: I don't know -- I never counted the plugs. One day a man approached me and asked me to go into the big automobile race at Indianapplepies.

CHARLEY: Indianapolis.

BARON: .....Why don't you just listen.

CHARLEY: Very well -- continue.

BARON: I said I'd race if there was money in it -- so we made a verbal contract.

CHARLEY: A verbal contract.

BARON: Yes - a verbal contract that if I won he would give me one million dollars.

CHARLEY: How much?

BARON: Twelve dollars.

CHARLEY: That's better.

BARON: Better than nothing. Well, sir, came the day of the race -- we all lined up and "Boom" went the starter's pistol.

CHARLEY: And you were off.

BARON: The other cars but not me.

CHARLEY: WHY not you?

BARON: I was reading a snappy story and wanted to finish it.

CHARLEY: A snappy story?

BARON: Yes -- it was about a dog.

CHARLEY: Do you want me to believe the race started and you sat reading?

BARON: Why not?

CHARLEY: Because it's preposterous.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: You know I wasn't.

BARON: So I was reading.

CHARLEY: And lost the race.

BARON: Don't be reduckulous -- When I finished the story the other cars were twelve laps to the good.

CHARLEY: Some lead!

BARON: I stepped on the commencer --

CHARLEY: The starter!

BARON: The beginner. And ZIP! -- I was off -- five, six, seven, eight, nine hundred miles an hour --

CHARLEY: Going like the wind.

BARON: No, but the cars I passed were -- and then I started going fast.

CHARLEY: Faster than nine hundred miles an hour?

BARON: Much faster.

CHARLEY: Baron, you'll kill me yet.

BARON: That's not a bad idea. I made up the twelve laps and then I hit a bump -- skidded and went right through the grand stand.

CHARLEY: That put you out of the race.

BARON: No sir! The car kept going - out on the highway! Over mountains and Rudy's --

CHARLEY: Rudy's? What are Rudy's?

BARON: You know -- between two mountains.

CHARLEY: Valleys!

BARON: You got it! Valleys! Whitemans, Olsens, Lymans, Bernies --

CHARLEY: Hold on! Those are bands!

BARON: .....Hello.

CHARLEY: I said those are bands.

BARON: I had bands with me also.

CHARLEY: You had bands?

BARON: Sure -- brake bands. Anyhow I kept on going! In circles.

CHARLEY: In circles.

BARON: Yes -- and got back to the track in time to win the race by a square tire.

CHARLEY: By a spare tire?

BARON: Yes -- I forgot to tell you - I race my car backwards.

CHARLEY: Backwards!

BARON: Sometimes sideways. But when I want to collect my money the man wouldn't give me a cent.

CHARLEY: What about your verbal contract?

BARON: That's the sad part.

CHARLEY: Sad part?

BARON: Yes - I found our verbal contract wasn't worth the paper it was written on!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) What did you do?

BARON: What could I do? I filled up my car with Agnes and went home.

CHARLEY: With Agnes?

BARON: Lizzie - Minnie - Stella - Elsie.

CHARLEY: Do you mean Ethyl?

BARON: That's her!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!-

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"EPISODE VI - PART II"MOTORING"

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CHARLEY: WELL, Baron, I must be on my way.

BARON: Oh, stick around a little longer.

CHARLEY: I really can't I'm going on another motor trip and my Rolls is waiting.

BARON: Your what is waiting?

CHARLEY: My Rolls.

BARON: So is my coffee --

CHARLEY: I'm referring to my specially built Rolls -- it cost me seventy thousand dollars.

BARON: Please Sharley - I'm the Baron Munchausen - not you!

CHARLEY: Very well - I'll say no more. Tell me, Baron, what did you do about the second hand car you wanted to buy for your brother?

BARON: I went to that friend of yours in Brooklyn who sells useless cars.

CHARLEY: Used cars.

BARON: Same thing.

CHARLEY: Didn't you see anything you liked?

BARON: I certainly did -- She was looking at a roadster.

CHARLEY: I mean did you see a car you liked?

BARON: Only one - but I didn't like it.

CHARLEY: You saw a car you liked, but you didn't like it -- That's a goofy answer.

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BARON: It was a goofy car.

CHARLEY: What kind of a car was it?

BARON: A foreign car.

CHARLEY: Foreign cars are considered to be very good.

BARON: Maybe, but not for my brother.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: He can only drive in the English language.

CHARLEY: What type car was it?

BARON: It looked like a runabout.

CHARLEY: A runabout.

BARON: Yes -- run about a mile and fall apart.

CHARLEY: He told me he had a bargain in a sedan -- did you see his sedan?

BARON: Did I see who?

CHARLEY: Not see who -- sedan.

BARON: No, I didn't see Dan -- but I saw Joe and Louie, and --

CHARLEY: Please understand, a sedan is a closed car.

BARON: No, I didn't see it -- but I looked at a Coopie.

CHARLEY: A what?

BARON: .....Maybe I owe you money.

CHARLEY: Baron, I just didn't quite understand what you said.

BARON: I said I looked at a Coopie. Coo-you--oo-pie. Coopie.

CHARLEY: You mean a coupe.

BARON: Please, Sharley, I'm talking about an automobile.

CHARLEY: Well, a coupe is an automobile, isn't it?

BARON: Stop fooling -- a coupe is a piece of hair what a bald man wears on his head.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!



CHARLEY: By the way Baron, what is your favorite model car?  
BARON: The one I got in my garage.  
CHARLEY: What type of car is it?  
BARON: A lemonzine.  
CHARLEY: A limousine.  
BARON: .....Why do I associate with you?  
CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.  
BARON: I paid ninety thousand dollars for this car.  
CHARLEY: (SNEEZE)  
BARON: Please, Sharley, ninety thousand dollars is not to be sneezed at.  
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - it wasn't intentional.  
BARON: Thank you!  
CHARLEY: I suppose your car has four brakes?  
BARON: It's got twenty four breaks -- the carburator is broke - the fan is broke - the gears are broke - I'm broke --  
CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Please! You can't tell me a car with so many broken parts will go!  
BARON: Not only it goes -- it makes eleven hundred miles an hour.  
CHARLEY: Ridiculous! It's entirely out of order.  
BARON: I know it is. If it was in order it would do twelve hundred miles an hour!  
CHARLEY: Baron, you couldn't get that momentum in a moving body. It's not in proportion to the mass multiplied by the velocity.

BARON: .....Maybe I should get you a doctor.

CHARLEY: And besides - about your brakes - You say they are broken - how do you stop the car?

BARON: Very zimple, very zimple - I run it into a fence, a house, a tree - whatever is handy.

CHARLEY: My goodness! Didn't you ever have an accident?

BARON: Only once - I took a friend for a ride -- he was going to be taken for a ride anyhow -- I told him I'd let him out of the car at the bridge - he said he wouldn't get out at the bridge.

CHARLEY: Wouldn't get out.

BARON: So he said, but Sharley, when I hit the bridge -- he went out! Right over the wind shield - straight up in the air! By the bridge was a mud hole.

CHARLEY: A mud hole.

BARON: Yes - coming down he started turning over -- I thought he was going to turn over twice but he only turned once.

CHARLEY: Just once.

BARON: Yes -- he made the hole in one!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) In golf that would cover a man with glory.

BARON: Maybe - but it covered him with mud. He was up to his knees in it -- If I hadn't pulled him out he would have suffocated.

CHARLEY: What are you talking about? A man can't suffocate up to his knees in mud.

BARON: But he went in head first.

CHARLEY: I say, Baron - has your limousine any special features?

BARON: Special features? I should hope to tell me. In the back I got the last word in radios.

CHARLEY: The last word?

BARON: Yes. I got the last word Tuesday. They said if I don't make a payment soon they'll take it away.

CHARLEY: What can you get on your radio?

BARON: Oh, at least ten or twelve dollars.

CHARLEY: I mean stations! What stations can you get?

BARON: Grand Central, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific --

CHARLEY: No, No! What Broadcasting Stations do you get?

BARON: I get China and How do you do, and --

CHARLEY: How do you do?

BARON: You know, Honolulu.

CHARLEY: Hawaii!

BARON: Fine! How are you?

CHARLEY: How many tubes has your set?

BARON: Two hundred.

CHARLEY: Two hundred tubes! It couldn't have.

BARON: Did you ever see my radio, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I never did.

BARON: So its got two hundred tubes -- and I'm adding three hundred more.

CHARLEY: Baron, you've got my brain rattling.

BARON: Mine feels kind of loose too.

CHARLEY: Let's drop the whole subject for the time being - what do you say?

BARON: I could go on for years.

CHARLEY: I know but -- just a moment, Baron isn't that a new medal you're wearing?

BARON: No! I had it a long time.

CHARLEY: Is it platinum or white gold?

BARON: It's a-lu-mi-num.

CHARLEY: It's what?

BARON: Blumm-um-ullm.

CHARLEY: Oh, aluminum.

BARON: Yes, aloma-limma-lom -- It's a nice medal.

CHARLEY: It certainly is. How did you earn it?

BARON: I was serving in the Frankfurthermainian Army when Frankfurthermania was at war with Salami in the Province of Weenie.

CHARLEY: What were they fighting about?

BARON: Oh, just a lot of baloney. One day the general called the whole army together.

CHARLEY: The whole army.

BARON: Yes - the ten of us, and he said he would give a medal to the man who brought him one of the enemy's flags.

CHARLEY: And of course you being the brave man you are, turned the trick.

BARON: Well - I don't like to talk about myself, Sharley.

CHARLEY: Of course you don't.

BARON: But I stop at nothing -- It was a beautiful summer night but pitch dark -- I couldn't hear a sound.

CHARLEY: Yes, yes, go on.

BARON: Guns and cannons and bombs was roaring all around me--

CHARLEY: Here, wait a minute! Guns, cannons and bombs roaring all around you and you couldn't hear a sound?

BARON: No sir -- I was wearing ear-muffs.

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-18-

CHARLEY: Wearing ear-muffs in summer! You can't tell me that!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: So I was wearing ear-muffs!

CHARLEY: All right have it your way. But how did you get the flag?

BARON: I sneaked over to the enemy's camp, - got ahold of the feller who took care of the enemy's flags and gave him two of ours for one of theirs.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Some hero!

BARON: Next day I heard the enemy was going to hang the feller for giving me the flag.

CHARLEY: Going to hang him!

BARON: Yes -- poor feller -- he had a wooden leg too.

CHARLEY: A wooden leg.

BARON: Yes - you know Sharley -- you can't hang a man with a wooden leg.

CHARLEY: Can't hang a man with a wooden leg? Why not?

BARON: You got to use a rope.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

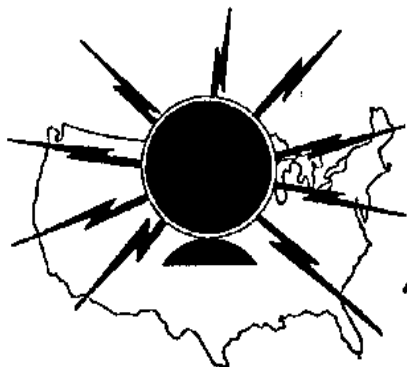
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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen  
10/11/32

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# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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



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

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

---

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 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:

Ladies and gentlemen, if I sound a little bit hoarse, excuse it please. The fact of the matter is that I spent the afternoon up at West Point cheering my head off, watching Army play Pitt, or to come clean about it, -- University of Pittsburgh, so as I say, excuse it please and now let's get on with the show. This happens to be one of those Saturdays, where the Magic Carpet gets the fidgets -- and can't stay in one place very long. Again we present Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, who will lend a touch of romance to the evening, and furthermore, we'll have the spice of two great orchestras from two distant points added to boot. We've got Hal Kemp in Chicago, and in San Francisco, your old favorite, Ted Fiorito will sound the Tocsin. So there you have it. We hope you enjoy it, and here we go on the first trek, out to the other sea coast, where the climate breeds a race of football huskies. Right past Chicago this trip. Hello Omaha. Right between the peaks of those Rockies, and down to the Golden Gate.

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

TED FIORITO:

Good evening, everybody, this is Ted Fiorito and his St. Francis Hotel orchestra in San Francisco where we begin the dance with -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

TED FIORITO:

Now the Magic Carpet leaves San Francisco and speeds eastward, back to Walter O'Keefe!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Fiorito, it's good to hear from you again, and we'll bring the family back to you later in this same program. If you ask me what I think right now I'd say it's time for Howard Claney to make an announcement. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Many a western pioneer living today -- men who rode with Buffalo Bill on the western plains -- saw that awe-inspiring spectacle of Nature in the Raw -- a raging battle between two infuriated bull buffaloes, fighting for supremacy of the herd. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- and because that great truth applies equally to tobaccos, 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.

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS

O'KEEFE SAYS:)

ATX01 0269865



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, at this point the Magic Carpet soars into the world of make-believe, into the land of romance, where Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, these favorites of American and British operetta lovers, will sing for you. One of my earliest recollections of the musical stage was seeing Kitzie Hajos, the lovely Hungarian actress, perched atop a wall, dressed like a street urchin, and singing with her velvety voice. Tonight Miss Herbert will sing "Sari" from the show by that name, and then you will hear the mellow baritone of Robert Halliday, singing a song that was such a big hit in the "Girl from Utah." It was one of Jerome Kern's grandest contributions. The title is "They Didn't Believe Me." Then stretch your imagination and picture the glorious setting of one of the grandest operettas, "The Merry Widow." From "The Merry Widow" this romantic couple will sing the duet "Vilja." The orchestra is ready, so look on the stage, where we present, -- Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(EVELYN HERBERT AND ROBERT HALLIDAY SING -- ("SARI")

("THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME")

("VILJA")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You have just listened to Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, that romantic young couple, from the operetta stage. Now we've got to go to Chicago, and I have been saving the Chicago Daily News, page one, October 5th, for just such an occasion.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269866

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

"City Greeter" George Gaw has turned song writer, -- as if there weren't enough already, what with Ben Bernie pouring the coffee and things of that order. As Robert Casey said, "Mr. Gaw's song came to him as he was seated one day at his organ, weary and ill at ease." I'll give you a rough idea of what to expect with an official welcome in Chicago.

"O'Chicago's proud to be that city of destiny  
And sends its greetings to you everywhere;  
Our hospitalities, our opportunities  
Are yours when you arrive by land or air.  
You'll feel our welcome sign all over our skyline,  
We'll greet you with a handclasp firm and true;  
And while our church bells ring, o'er three  
    million hearts will sing:  
Chicago welcomes you."

And so it is, ladies and gentlemen, Chicago will welcome you for the next few minutes. Whether Hal Kemp will sing this song or forget the whole thing, I don't know, but let's see what Hal has got on his mind and what his boys from the Black Hawk Restaurant blow out of their horns.

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Welcome to Chicago where Hal Kemp and his orchestra  
play -- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flies the familiar route from  
Chicago back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Hal Kemp, ladies and gentlemen, Chicago's  
candidate for fame in tonight's program. A little later we will  
go back after this sentimental gentleman from North Carolina, who  
is wintering in the windy city. But meanwhile, let's listen to  
Howard Claney, making an important announcement. Howard Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Welcome news to men who enjoy fine high quality  
cigars. Twenty words.....no more.....no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Certified Cremo is 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. Americans appreciate value -- and every day we are receiving scores of telegrams telling of the increased demand for Certified Cremo at the new low price. Let me read you just one:

"RUSH 50,000 CERTIFIED CREMOS.....SALES INCREASING  
RAPIDLY.....OUR CUSTOMERS REALIZE THAT AT FIVE  
CENTS STRAIGHT - THREE FOR TEN CENTS - CERTIFIED  
CREMO IS AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING CIGAR VALUE."

(SIGNED) E. N. ROCKWELL, MANAGER, KINSEL DRUG COMPANY,  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Remember, wherever you are, in city or country, you are always sure of the same fine uniform quality when you ask for Certified Cremo -- a nut-sweet, flavorful cigar, made by the most modern, sanitary methods. The only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection.

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

ATX01 0269869

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It occurred to me that some of the millions listening may have just turned on the radio, so let me give you the low down. This is the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet jumping from coast to coast and now we're bound for Ted Fiorito, the lad from the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. By the way, Ted, you're a bit of a song writer yourself, and while ago I recited the words of Chicago's song of greeting. Having nothing to do I've started one for you out on the coast. I'll do the words Fiorito and you do the music. Here's the idea, -- I hope you don't like it.

Welcome to California  
Where the climate's swell,  
We warn you,  
And Amy McPherson's a popular person,  
Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Right then, ladies and gentlemen, we're on our way back to the land of oranges and big football teams. Back to California, and remind me to tell you about the day I sat in the cheering section, and for my own protection yelled my head off for California. Back over those same Rockies, -- I imagine they are still there. Down the other side, to the shores of San Francisco Bay.

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

TED FIORITO:

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

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

TED FIORITO:

Now the Magic Carpet dashes eastward from the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The Magic Carpet has arrived in New York.

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

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Again ladies and gentlemen, the spotlight on the Magic Carpet plays upon Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday from the operetta stage. Maybe you remember that delightful show of four years ago, by Rogers & Hart. It was a smart and saucy little fol-de-rol, with a glorious score. You may remember the lovers singing that lilting melody "With A Song In My Heart." And then Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday again sing a song as it was introduced in "The Girl from Utah."

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269871

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

The title of this one is "When You're Away From The Only Girl." After which they sing a duet that will be sung as long as love lives on, the popular song "Auf Wiedersehn." There's a hush in the house, the conductor raises his baton, and we listen to Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(MISS HERBERT AND MR. HALLIDAY SING --- {"WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"}  
{"WHEN YOU'RE AWAY FROM THE ONLY GIRL"}  
{"AUF WIEDERSEHN"})

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, those were the voices of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. You will hear them again next Saturday night, but meanwhile, Howard ClaneY has something to tell you. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

This afternoon society staged one of its most brilliant spectacles - the colorful Monmouth Hunt Race Meet in New Jersey. Through woods and fields the riders flashed in gay red coats...and after the hunt was over you could see in the gathering twilight, matches flickering as the riders lit their cigarettes on their homeward ride. As everywhere, LUCKY STRIKE is a favorite among these discriminating people - the reward of the hunt for true mildness...for LUCKY STRIKE alone offers the benefits of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process -- that is why LUCKY STRIKE is truly mild. There are no raw tobaccos in LUCKIES...That is why folks everywhere recognize LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest - the mellow-mildest of all cigarettes!

ATX01 0269672

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now back to Chicago, ladies and gentlemen, where they have songs in their hearts, whenever the wind blows, and that's all the time. Let me explain to you latecomers that Chicago has gone in for Municipal song writing, and I'd like to enter mine in this artistic struggle. You, Hal Kemp, I want you to listen and see if you can fit up some music as beautiful as the thought I have.

Who could live in Chicago  
And not pen Chicago's song.  
Whenever skies above are blue  
And even when they're wrong,  
Chicago's hospitality is good for you  
and good for me.  
God save the king!

Let's go over the route your pilot is taking at midnight -- out of Newark, over Cleveland, Toledo, Gary and right back to Chicago's great favorite, Hal Kemp.

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

You're back in Chicago where Hal Kemp and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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



CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flies eastward again, back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, we come to the parting of the ways, the Magic Carpet will take it easy over the weekend in preparation for another week of music and mystery thrills. Don't forget next Tuesday, Mr. LUCKY STRIKE will have another Cops and Robbers Story for you and Ferde Grofe will furnish the music. Then on Thursday America will again get another good laugh in Jack Pearl, already established as one of radio's favorite comedians. He will tell some more amazing and amusing adventures, as the Baron Munchausen. On that program George Olsen and his official family will take over the musical didoes and doings. I hate to let Chicago corner the Municipal song writing market so by next Thursday I hope to have a song worthy of my adopted home. I've got the start of the song now. Let me give you a rough idea of it, and I hope you dislike it.

Let me sing you a song of Manhattan,  
A big and a beautiful city,  
It's a pleasure to live here and ride in the subway,  
The scenery's awfully pretty.

Unless you've got something to say, let's call it  
a day. Good night.

ATX01 0269874

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

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

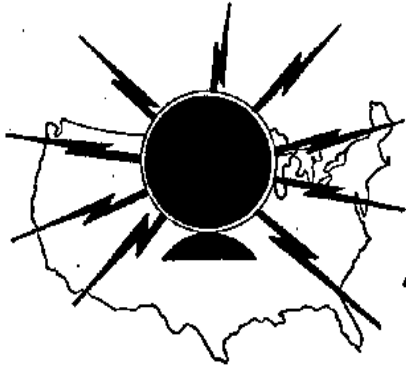
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/15/32

ATX01 0269875

# 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, OCTOBER 18, 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  
 congratulations on being alongside your radio tonight because MR.  
 LUCKY STRIKE has another "cops and robbers" story to thrill you.  
 This one has the intriguing title -- "The Dead Man in Gravesend  
 Bay." More about this later.....but meanwhile, however, the  
 Magic Carpet has another tradition....another habit common to all  
 our evenings together and that's based on the great American taste  
 for dancing, so tonight we present for your diversion Ferde Grofe  
 and his Orchestra. It was only a few weeks back that Mr. Grofe made  
 his debut.....his success was instantaneous and since then he has  
 become a proud father, so tonight he really conducts with a song  
 in his heart. Up on the Carpet, all of you, and over the skies  
 we sweep to Papa Grofe.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Ferde Grofe and his Orchestra start the dancing  
 with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Back to the Pilot flashes the Magic Carpet.  
 (WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Congratulations, Mr. Grofe....and I know I'm speaking for millions when I say that. Right at this point we present Mr. Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

As he slinks furtively through the striped shadows of the jungle, Nature herself aids the vicious tiger of Bengal in his ferocious hunt for prey.....What a perfect instance of that well-known truth -- "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild!" The tiger is an example -- and ladies and gentlemen, so is raw tobacco -- for in tobacco, Nature in the raw is never mild! -- And 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 in tobaccos in all the world -- but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard LUCKY STRIKE as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild" -- so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that LUCKY STRIKE purifying process, described by the words -- "IT'S TOASTED." That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that LUCKIES are such mild cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now, my friends, settle back in your easy chairs and let your imagination take you with us into the world of crime. Tonight's "cops and robbers" story, as I said before, deals with the case of "The Dead Man in Gravesend Bay." Gravesend Bay, by the way, is off the extreme southwestern portion of Brooklyn. The lights are going down, the curtain's rising, and I flip the controls to Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police.

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

INSPECTOR HENRY:

All the facts of the story you are about to hear have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department and are authenticated by Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that, for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these dramatizations will realize that "Crime Does Not Pay."

(FIRST PART -- "THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY")

ATX01 0269879

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, there's a situation for you....Detective Barry Rudd and Mack haven't much to work on. But Angus Ross, the fisherman, has given them a clue and maybe they can find a weak link in the alibi of Lefty and Finch. We'll learn of the success or failure of this heartless plot within a half hour.

But in the interim you can mull this over to your heart's content, or you can look around the room and pick out a dancing partner, because here the program calls again for music..... for music from the talented baton of Mr. Grofe. Looking a little bit like Old King Cole, that merry old soul, the rotund Grofe is even now awaiting the cue to get his men going - so let's have him up before us.

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

ANNOUNCER:

This time Ferde Grofe and his boys play -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

ATX01 0269880

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam, your home was host just then to Ferde Grofe, the famous composer and conductor who rolled the Magic Carpet right up your front door to deliver an order of dance music. The next voice to pay you a flying visit over the air waves will be that of Howard Claney, making an important announcement.  
Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Welcome news to cigar smokers! Certified Crema has stepped up your cigar enjoyment by stepping down the price! The story's told in 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 GLANEY:

Only because of a tremendous reserve of fine, long-filler tobaccos, and modern scientific methods of manufacture, is Certified Cremo able to offer this amazing new value in a choice, delicious cigar -- nut-sweet and flavorful, rolled in the famous Perfecto shape -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection! No wonder smokers from Maine to California are purchasing more Certified Cremos than ever before -- we have just received a telegram that tells the story of increased demand -- let me read it to you ---

"PLEASE HAVE YOUR PACIFIC COAST BRANCH RUSH US AN ADDITIONAL 50,000 CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS AT ONCE.....FOR YOUR INFORMATION OUR RETAIL STORES ARE SELLING MORE THAN FOUR TIMES AS MANY CREMOS SINCE THE PRICE IS FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT...THREE FOR TEN CENTS.....(SIGNED) JUAN LOPEZ, MANAGER, BREWSTER CIGAR COMPANY, INCORPORATED, SEATTLE WASHINGTON.

Remember, when you ask for Certified Cremo, you get a fine, high-quality cigar, clean and delicious - the only cigar in the world finished under glass.

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

ATX01 0269882

WALTER O'KEEFE:

There's a good half hour left Mr. and Mrs. Republican Democrat or what have you. Even you latecomers to the loudspeaker need not miss the music or thrills of the second half of our program. So here we go with Ferde Grofe and his Orchestra who are mighty glad to play their talented hearts out for the great American public. To visit Grofe on the Magic Carpet is a matter of a second or two so hold tight while I give him his cue.

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

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down at Ferde Grofe's feet the dance continues with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Now for that short and speedy hop back to the pilot.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you Ferde Grofe, ladies and gentlemen.....for many years one of the head men of American music but only recently honored with the title of father. See you later Ferde....we're going to hear the second act of our cops and robbers story, "The Dead Man in Gravesend Bay." For those of you who weren't home for the first act....may I tell you what has gone before. Irving Klaus and Augustus Wolfe plan a fake drowning to collect the double insurance money on Irving's life. Wolfe double-crosses Irving and bribes Lefty Greer and Kid Finch to actually kill Klaus when they row him out in Gravesend Bay. The case might have gone down in the records as an accidental drowning but for a fisherman who thinks there's something suspicious about the two men in the rowboat and reports to police headquarters. Now Barry Rudd and Mack are on the trail.

In the Magic Carpet theatre the crowd is settling back in their seats.....a hush descends on the house....as the curtain goes up on the second act.

ON WITH THE SHOW...(WHISTLE) OKAY POLICE LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART -- "THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY")

ATX01 0269884

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well they had it coming to them -- we'll have another of these thrilling stories next week, proving the same moral of this and all the weeks past....that crime does not pay.

Now you're in for a different kind of a ride, all you All-Americans.....yes and all you catching this show over the borders or out on the seas.....you're attending the biggest dancing party in the world.....the LUCKY STRIKE Dance.....held three times a week and tonight the great American foxtrotter is stepping out to the tunes of Ferde Grofe, so

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

ANNOUNCER:

And the dance does go on with -- (TITLES)

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(  
(  
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ANNOUNCER:

Get ready, Walter, here comes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Ferde....you're doing a noble job, you and your boys, and now you can turn the pages and give them their instructions while Howard Claney takes over a brief moment.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Famous and distinguished diplomats gathered last week-end in the Nation's Capitol for one of the diplomatic luncheons which are an event of the Washington Social season....Among these smart and famous people, as cigarettes are passed around at Washington social affairs, it is noticeable that LUCKY STRIKE is the great favorite, not only with Americans, but with representatives of foreign lands.....For people the whole world over seek a mild cigarette - and LUCKY STRIKE fills that need, for LUCKY STRIKE is truly mild...because it is free from raw tobaccos. Only LUCKY STRIKE offers the benefit of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process - that is why, wherever you find people who want the mellow mildest of cigarettes, there you will see that package of mild LUCKIES. "IT'S TOASTED."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And still the dance goes on, Uncle Sam, to the tunes of Tin Pan Alley which never sound better than they do when they're dressed up, embroidered, filled out and glorified by Ferde Grofe.... one of America's greatest arrangers of music....one of the country's ace conductors who even now is standing with his arm raised ready to start you dancing in the four corners of the U.S.A, so

ON WITH THE DANCE, FERDE GROFE (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ATXO1 0269886

ANNOUNCER:

This time Ferde Grofe and his Orchestra play --

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

ANNOUNCER:

Here goes the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So we come to the end of a more or less perfect day, my friends ....and I'd like to take just a moment before going out into the cruel, cruel night, to tell you a thing or three of interest. Thursday night of this week that rising star in the radio firmament, that great comedian of radio who will step forth in the person of Jack Pearl, in the role of the amazing and amusing Baron Munchausen, who will give America a darn good laugh. For our music that night we will turn to an old favorite....George Olsen. Then again on Saturday we'll bring to you Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday who will sing for you their romantic songs. On that night the orchestras will be Phil Harris playing in Los Angeles, and Wayne King who will be heard from Chicago. And now unless you've got something to say....let's call it a day. Good night!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/18/32

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ATX01 0269888

104154-XVIII

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVIII

"THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 18, 1932

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101

ATX01 0269889



MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVIII

"THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY"

PART I and II

\*\*\*\*\*

CHARACTERS:

BARRY	KID FINCH
MACK	ANGUS ROSS
JUDGE	MRS. ROSS
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	MARTIN WOOD
CLERK	REPORTER
IRVING KLAUS	POLICE LIEUTENANT
AUGUSTUS WOLFE	CONDUCTOR
LEFTY GEER	

\*\*\*\*\*

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ATX01 0269890

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVIII

"THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY"

PART I

\*\*\*\*\*

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE  
 CARS.....STAND BY.....THE DEAD MAN IN  
 GRAVESEND BAY.....REAL PEOPLE.....REAL PLACES....  
 REAL CLUES.....A REAL CASE.....INVESTIGATED  
 BY TOM CURTIN.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE  
 COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....LUCKY  
 STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....  
 TO OFFICE OF IRVING KLAUS AND AUGUSTUS WOLFE....  
 IN MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

\*\*\*\*\*

KLAUS: How much longer do we have to wait?

WOLFE: Not much longer, Irving.

KLAUS: You said we'd be rich.

WOLFE: We will be, Irving.

KLAUS: But -- I'm afraid we'll be found out --

WOLFE: Found out? What do you mean?

KLAUS: Before we can collect.

WOLFE: Why should the insurance company suspect us? (AS IF COUNTING OFF POINTS ON FINGERS): We're respectable -- our business is on the level -- and it's usual for partners to insure themselves in each other's favor.

KLAUS: (UNCERTAINLY) Ye-es -- but --

WOLFE: What's the matter, Irving? What are you afraid of?

KLAUS: I don't like -- to play dead.

WOLFE: Dead -- I'll soon bring you to life -- and I mean you'll begin to LIVE -- when we split that hundred and forty grand.

KLAUS: I don't want to stick in the mud till I'm old, I guess ---

WOLFE: Of course you don't! Irving -- Think of it! -- all the liquor and girls you want -- money to throw at the birds in the trees. (CHUCKLES) Ah, hah -- good living, boy!

KLAUS: (EAGERLY) Sure -- I know -- but when do we start?

WOLFE: (SPECULATIVELY) You are sort of anxious, aren't you?

KLAUS: I want to get it over with -- and begin to live, like you said.

WOLFE: (SNAPPING INTO QUICK DECISION) A-all right! We'll do it tomorrow morning.

KLAUS: How will we?

WOLFE: You'll go boating out in Gravesend Bay. You'll have to have a couple of people with you -- they'll be our witnesses.

KLAUS: Yes....?

WOLFE: Well, you're going to have an accident -- a sad accident, Irving. You're going to fall in the water and drown....apparently.

KLAUS: But really --

WOLFE: I'll be waiting with a motor boat to pick you up. I'll hide you in the boat and smuggle you ashore.

KLAUS: And after that --

WOLFE: You'll have to lie low for a while. I've got a place waiting for you, out in Colorado.

KLAUS: Sure, I know -- you've got everything planned. But why do I have to pretend to be drowned? I -- I don't like the water.

WOLFE: Remember, the insurance company pays double on this policy if they think you kicked off by accident -- so it's got to be "accidental", and drowning is simplest. Unless you can think of something better.

KLAUS: No -- no -- you know best, Gus. You know best.

WOLFE: Now, about the people to go in the boat with you. Got any suggestions?

KLAUS: I know two guys who would do it.  
WOLFE: Yeah? Who are they?  
KLAUS: Well -- just a couple of fellows.  
WOLFE: Listen! If we're in this together, we've got to have confidence in each other. I want to know who your witnesses are.  
KLAUS: WHY, sure, Gus, I -- why they're just a couple of pugs --- prizefighters, that's all.  
WOLFE: Uh-huh. What are their names?  
KLAUS: Lefty Geer and Kid Finch.  
WOLFE: Kid Finch -- and Lefty Geer. Where do they hang out?  
KLAUS: Fielding Athletic Club.  
WOLFE: Fielding Athletic, eh? You make a deal with them yet?  
KLAUS: No -- of course not.  
WOLFE: Then do it right now! -- Run out to the Fielding Club and tell those boys to get ready -- tell 'em you'll need 'em tomorrow morning. (EVILLY) Tell 'em you want them to watch you take a dive.  
KLAUS: All right. I can get there in half an hour on the subway. So long, Gus.  
WOLFE: So long, Irving. So long.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. SUBWAY TRAIN RUNNING THROUGH TUNNEL - FADES OUT.  
2. (FADE IN: (a) RHYTHMIC PUNCHING OF BAG, AND (b) RHYTHMIC SHUFFLING OF PUNCHER'S FEET.

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ATX01 0269894

LEFTY: (FADING IN) This here guy is Gus Wolfe, -- Irving Klaus' partner. This is Kid Finch, Mr. Wolfe.

FINCH: How are yah, Mr. Wolfe?

WOLFE: O.K., Kid. Is there a place where we can talk alone?

LEFTY: Sure -- the dressin' room. Right in here.

(OPENS DOOR)

Step in.

WOLFE: Thanks.

LEFTY: You too, Kid.

FINCH: O.K.

(CLOSES DOOR)

(GYM EFFECTS OUT)

LEFTY: Move them clothes so Mr. Wolfe can sit on the bench, Kid.

WOLFE: Never mind that -- just pay attention. I want to know what kind of deal my partner Irving Klaus made with you.

FINCH: It was private.

WOLFE: Of course -- but I'm his partner. I've got a right to know.

FINCH: He wanted us to go out in a boat wit' him.

WOLFE: And watch him pretend to drown, eh?

LEFTY: Well -- yeah. What about it?

WOLFE: How much was he goin' to give you for doing that?

LEFTY: Say -- What's it to you?

WOLFE: Well, now, boys, Irving's kind of close with money. Maybe he isn't offerin' you enough to keep you quiet about this, I don't want to see him get in trouble, that's all.

LEFTY: I'll tell yah what he's givin' us. Five hundred dollars.

WOLFE: That right, you?

FINCH: Yeah, sure.

WOLFE: (CHUCKLES) Five -- hundred -- dollars.

FINCH: What's funny?

WOLFE: Why, I've got a scheme to make you boys two thousand dollars, if you're interested. Oh yes, you heard me. I said two thousand dollars.

LEFTY: Let's hear about it. Sure, I'm interested.

WOLFE: All right...I'll tell you.....and get it straight this first time. All you have to do is this: Go out in the boat with Irving tomorrow morning just as arranged-----

(MECHANICAL FADE)

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CREAKING OF OARLOCKS.  
2. LAPPING OF WATER AGAINST BOAT.

\*\*\*\*\*

LEFTY: Well, Irving -- you couldn't have had a nicer day for it.

KLAUS: Yes -- it's good and smooth on the Bay, all right.

FINCH: Hey, Lefty -- ain't we out far enough? I'm tired o' pullin' these oars.

LEFTY: Keep pullin', Kid -- we got to get more off shore.

ATX01 0269896

KLAUS: I can't see my partner. He ought to be out here with a motorboat.

LEFTY: He's probably waitin' for yah around the point, Klaus.

KLAUS: I know one thing -- I won't go in the water till I see him.

LEFTY: Scared o' the wet, huh?

KLAUS: I don't like it so much.

(OARLOCK EFFECT - OUT)

FINCH: We're far enough out now -- I'm gonna quit leanin' on these oars right now, Lefty.

LEFTY: A' right -- I'll pull for a while.

FINCH: What's the use -- we'll just hafta row that much farther back.

LEFTY: Quit gripin', Kid, and change places with me,

KLAUS: (ALARMED) Hey -- don't stand up in the boat!

LEFTY: Well, move over, Klaus, so's I can get by yah.

KLAUS: Wait -- we're rockin'!

LEFTY: Well, you stand up too, Irving -- then we'll balance.

KLAUS: Give me your hand.

LEFTY: Oke. Grab a holt.

FINCH: Be careful there -- I don't wanna fall in the drink.

LEFTY: Get up, Klaus. Get up.

KLAUS: Lissen, go easy -- go easy, willya? This is a tippy boat --

LEFTY: Le' me get my foot over the thward here -- You keep hold o' my hand -- that's it. Now stand right where yah are -- and we'll (AS IF GIVING A HARD SHOVE) -- be all set --

KLAUS: (IN TERROR) Hey -- you're shoving me! For God's sake! Cut it out! Help!

ATX01 0269897



LEFTY: (GALLOUSLY) Leggo o' my hand -- outside -- outside!  
(HEAVY SPLASH)

KLAUS: (IN WATER, SPLASHING) Help! Help! Help!

LEFTY: O.K. He's in, Kid -- pull you dummy!

FINCH: Oh, God -- look at him -- he can't swim worth a darn  
-- I can't do it, Lefty.

LEFTY: Swing them oars or you'll go in too!

FINCH: Keep away from me or I'll crack you with this  
boat-hook, you son of a --

LEFTY: Ah, what's the matter with yah!

FINCH: I ain't gonna leave him drown -- I'm gonna throw him  
this rope!

LEFTY: Put that rope down!

FINCH: I'm gonna throw it!

LEFTY: Ah, ya dumb mugg --

FINCH: Grab it -- grab ahold, Irving!

LEFTY: I'll fix yah for this, Finch -- you've gummed things  
plenty!

FINCH: (CALLS) Hold on to the rope, Klaus -- pull yahself  
inta the boat!

KLAUS: (SPLASHING AND STRUGGLING) I'm -- pulling -- don't  
let go your end.

FINCH: He's comin' alongside. That's right -- reach that  
oar to him, Lefty.

LEFTY: Sure -- soon's he gets a little nearer. (SWINGS OAR)  
There!

FINCH: (HORRIFIED) Hey -- What are you doing!

LEFTY: I'm gonna beat his brains out with this here oar,  
that's what!

(SWINGS OAR AND HITS KLAUS SEVERAL TIMES)

ATX01 0269898

FINCH: Hey -- look out --  
KLAUS: Hey -- no -- no -- Help! Help! I can't hold on any longer! He-elp! O-o-oh! (GURGLES INTO DROWNING SPLASH) He-elp! He-elp!  
LEFTY: Lissen, kid, you give me that other oar and sit down. Sit down, get me? O.K.  
FINCH: (AD LIBS HORROR)

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SOUND INTERDUDE: 1. SPLASHES AND CRIES FADE OUT.  
2. OARLOCKS FADE OUT.  
3. FADE IN: SOUND OF FISHING DORY MOTOR.

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ANGUS: Weel, the fish are na runnin' the day. We'll be puttin' back into Gravesend, Ellen.  
MRS. ROSS: You're right, Angus. No use staying out here.  
ANGUS: Aye. We'll head for the shore.  
LEFTY: (OFF) Hey! Hey! On board the fishing boat! Hallo?  
ANGUS: Some one is callin' to us, wife. Can ye see who it is?  
MRS. ROSS: Why, it's those two boys in that rowboat. Shut off the engine, Angus, so we can hear what they're tryin' to say.  
ANGUS: Aye.  
(ENGINE EFFECT -- OUT)  
LEFTY: (CLOSER) Hey, stand by a minute, will you? We need help!

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ANGUS: (CALLING) Come up alongside!

LEFTY: O.K. Just a second.

(CARLOCK EFFECT FADES IN)

MRS. ROSS: The poor boys -- something's wrong -- they've had a scare.

ANGUS: Aye -- by the looks of their faces 't was a great one, too. (CALLS) Carefu' there -- dinna bump the sides.

LEFTY: (ALMOST FULL IN) I gotcha, pop! Throw us a line,

ANGUS: Make fast astern there! Now then! Ship your oars!

LEFTY: Yep! O.K! We gotcha!

ANGUS: Come aboard noo -- we'll tow your rowboat the while---

LEFTY: Yeah -- hop on, kid.

FINCH: I'm comin'.

(SOUND OF FEET KICKING AGAINST SIDE OF BOAT)

ANGUS: NOO then, lads -- what's yere trouble?

FINCH: Well, we've lost a fella' out of our boat.

ANGUS: What's that? What's that?

LEFTY: Yeah -- he drowned about an hour ago. We been rowin' around -- tryin' to find the body.

ANGUS: Drowned....right in front of the two of ye?

LEFTY: Gee, mister -- it was awful -- but the Kid and I, we can't swim none, ya see.

ANGUS: Did ye na throw him a rope, even?

FINCH: Yeah, we did, but -- but --

LEFTY: He was weak from strugglin' ya see, an' couldn't hold on to it. It was pretty tough watchin' him go under.

ANGUS: And ye let him drown before yere eyes...mon, mon. Still -- not bein' able to swim, I suppose yere not to blame.

MRS. ROSS: The poor boys! Of course they're not. You stop scolding them, Angus -- I'm going to fix them a pot of tea.

ANGUS: (THINKING HARD) Aye....they'll be needin' a sup o' summat stronger, I'm thinkin'?,...

MRS. ROSS: (FADES OUT) I'll go into the galley and put the water on,...

ANGUS: Say, lads, whereaboots did yere friend go under?

FINCH: Over by the point.

ANGUS: Yere sure he didn't swim ashore, eh?

LEFTY: Nah. We seen him sink.

ANGUS: (VERY REFLECTIVE) Well.....what can I do for ye?

LEFTY: Well, say -- we're all tired out from rowin' around lookin' for the body -- and when we saw your fishin' boat we thought maybe you'd give us a tow ashore, so's we can make a report o' the accident.

ANGUS: Aye, I'll do that for ye. I'd do so much for any mon. Rest here on the deck, lads, and I'll start yon engine.

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- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. PRELIMINARY WHIRLING OF ONE-LUNG ENGINE FLYWHEEL. COUGHING AS IGNITION BEGINS TO WORK. AT LAST THE MOTOR NOISE, WHICH OPENED SCENE. FADE OUT.)
  2. FADE IN OFFICE TYPEWRITER.
  3. DOOR OPENS.

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POLICE VOICE: Good morning?

ANGUS: The same to you, my guid fellow. My name's Angus Ross. I want to speak to a detective.

POLICE VOICE: What about?

ANGUS: I'll na tell what's in ma mind till I've seen a detective.

POLICE VOICE: You've got to state your business or you can't get in.

ANGUS: Na, na -- you're not a detective! You're wearin' a uniform!

POLICE VOICE: Sure, an what difference does that make? Ye can't come into this office without tellin' yer wants.

ANGUS: Hoot, mon! Ye'll na keep me oot!

POLICE VOICE: Now, lissen here, Mister -- It's a strict rule o' the department that --

BARRY: (FADING IN) What's the trouble, what's the trouble, Sergeant!

POLICE VOICE: This man wants to see a detective but he won't say what for.

BARRY: Well, maybe I can help him out. I'm Detective Rudd, sir. What can I do for you?

ANGUS: Thank ye, Mr. Rudd, thank ye -- I hae information which may be o' the g-r-reatest importance -- but that I'll leave you to decide for yersel'.

BARRY: Come over here and sit down, why don't you?

ANGUS: Thank ye, thank ye.

BARRY: Now - what's on your mind?

ANGUS: Ye've heard o' the droonin' o' Irving Klaus, no doot?

BARRY: The body that was picked up in Gravesend Bay five days ago, wasn't it?

ANGUS: Aye. Weel, I'm the mon that brought in the two that were with the lad that was drowned.

BARRY: Oh, you're Angus Ross?

ANGUS: Aye. Noo, I've been thinkin'.

BARRY: Yes?

ANGUS: I'm na a' together satisfied in ma mind.

BARRY: Go on.

ANGUS: The lads that I picked up told me they couldna swim. That was the reason their friend had drowned right in front o' the two of 'em, they said.

BARRY: Yes, it was on the police accident report they couldn't swim.

ANGUS: 'T was the way they handled their boat fer one thing. They rowed it and monaged it like p-r-retty guid watermen -- and when I told the lads to "ship their oars," they kenned what I meant. And the one lad, when he asked me to throw him a rope, he didn't ca' it a rope, but he ca'ed it a "Line," like a mon who's used to boats and the water.

BARRY: (SOBERLY) That's a shrewd observation, Mr. Ross. Wait just a minute. (CALLS) Oh, Mack!

MACK: (FADING IN) What is it, Barry?

BARRY: Mr. Ross, this is Detective Mack, my partner. Mack, there's a new angle on the Gravesend Bay drowning.

MACK: Oh, yeah? Suicide?

BARRY: It doesn't seem likely. But go ahead, Mr. Ross. What else did you notice?

ANGUS: Weel, I watchèd the two close while I was taking them to shore. One of 'em seemed to be unusually cheerfu' for one who'd just weetnessed the droonin' o' a friend. And the closer we got to shore, the more cheerfu' he became. An' the other was glum an' kept gettin' glummer. Noo, I'm weel aware that this is na what ye'd ca' evidence, but it's been weighin' on ma mind, and ah promised mysel' that I'd pass it on to the authorities.

BARRY: You did the right thing, Mr. Ross. Thank you very much.

ANGUS: (FADING) Don't mention it, Mr. Rudd, I had to get ma conscience clear. Guid afternoon.

MACK: Say -- what do you think, Barry?

BARRY: That Scotch fisherman is a pretty shrewd old boy. Give me what you've got on the Gravesend case.

MACK: Plenty, right here in my notebook. (AD LIBS TO PLACE IN BOOK) In the first place, Klaus's relatives say that he'd recently been examined for insurance.

BARRY: In whose benefit?

MACK: The family don't know. None of them, anyhow.

BARRY: Beneficiary unknown to family. Well, maybe he had a girl somewhere. What else?

MACK: The two boys who were out with Klaus when he drowned were a couple of pork-and-bean prizefighters from the Fielding Athletic Club -- you know, Marty Woods' gymnasium.

BARRY: Oh, yes. Names?

MACK: Lefty Geer and Kid Finch.

BARRY: Police records?

MACK: No, no. Nothing wrong with them. Just a couple of preliminary club fighters.

BARRY: Well -- I think we'd better talk to them just the same. But first, there's something even more important to do.

MACK: Yeah?

BARRY: Get somebody checking on that insurance that Klaus had taken out -- find out the amount and who the beneficiary was. While that's being done, you and I will go out to the Fielding Club and have a chat with those two prizefighters. Get your hat.

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(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY....WHAT WERE REAL FACTS.....OF CROOKED INSURANCE PLOT....HOW WILL DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK.....DISCOVER MURDERER..... STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR FINISH PLAYED AGAINST UNUSUAL BACKGROUND.....

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K. O'KEEFE!

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SU-154-XVIII

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XVIII

"THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY"

PART II

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RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE CARS....  
STAND BY....THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY.....  
NEW YORK DETECTIVES.....ACTING ON TIP OF  
FISHERMAN....PLAN TO INTERVIEW WITNESSES OF  
DROWNING.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....  
PROCEED AT ONCE....TO FIELDING ATHLETIC CLUB....  
ON LONG ISLAND.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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(GYMNASIUM BAG PUNCHING AND FEET SHUFFLING)

WOODS: Why, hello, Barry -- and Mack, too! Well, well -- how are you?

BARRY: We're all right, Marty -- thanks.

WOODS: And what can I do for you?

MACK: We're after a little information, Marty.

WOODS: Shoot.

BARRY: Are there two boys in your stable of pugs named Lefty Geer and Kid Finch?

WOODS: Yes - sure. Preliminary fighters. (CALLS) Say, lay off that punching bag, for minute, will you?

VOICE: (OFF) O.K., Marty.

(SOUND OF BAG OUT)

WOODS: Lefty and the Kid, you say....yes, I've had those boys for two years now.

BARRY: You know them fairly well?

WOODS: Fairly well, that's about all.

BARRY: Marty, do Lefty and the Kid know how to swim?

WOODS: I'm more interested in their boxing ability, you know.

BARRY: (INSISTENTLY) Sure, we understand that. But can they swim?

WOODS: Yes.

MACK: How do you know?

WOODS: I've had them up at my training camp in the Catskills. I've seen them go swimming every morning for two summers.

BARRY: O.K., MARTY. That's valuable information.

WOODS: Boys haven't been swimming in the -- ah -- wrong pool,

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BARRY: (KEENLY) What makes you ask that?

WOODS: Well, they've been looking sort of prosperous the last few days -- and I know they haven't made any dough around here, with the fight racket like it is.

MACK: How do you mean, prosperous?

WOODS: Well, you know -- new suits, new hats and Lefty's sporting a new watch, and this going on a trip to California; a man can't----

BARRY: Trip to California! When?

WOODS: Why, they left this morning. They were around saying g'bye to the boys.

MACK: This morning! Then we've missed 'em, Barry!

BARRY: Wait a minute! What train are they taking?

WOODS: The Century, to Chicago, they said.

BARRY: The Century.

MACK: Say -- we've still got time -- it's just pulling out of Grand Central! We'll wire ahead and catch them when the train stops at Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

BARRY: No -- too much city traffice to drive through -- we'll never get 'em there!

MACK: Then they'll slip away, sure!

BARRY: Not much, they won't. We'll head for Harmon, New York -- where the Century changes locomotives.

MACK: Say! We can make it at that!

BARRY: Yes, if we hurry -- and, oh, Marty --

WOODS: Yeah?

BARRY: You got pictures of the boys?

WOODS: Yeh -- but in fighting togs.

BARRY: No matter -- dig 'em out fast, and Mack and I'll study them while we're driving cross country!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR WITH SIREN, FADES OUT.  
2. ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE WITH TRAIN RUNNING OVER RAILS. SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS.  
3. STEAM LOCOMOTIVE CHUGGING UP SIDING.

\*\*\*\*\*

BARRY: The train's stopping now.

MACK: Do you see the boys?

BARRY: No -- but if we have to, we'll get on board ourselves, and wire the Albany police to meet us.

MACK: I'd like to grab 'em here, though.

BARRY: So would I. Look out! There's a switch engine coming up the siding.

MACK: Yeah, I see it. I wonder if they could have slipped out the other side of the train?

BARRY: They'd be run over by that switch engine if they did. See those people stepping down for a breath of air? Well, my money says the boys won't miss a chance to show off those new suits.

MACK: How about those two guys that just got off?

BARRY: That's it -- there we are! They look like the pictures all right.

MACK: Comin' this way, too.

BARRY: Heading for the first car of the train, I guess. When they walk by here -- grab them!

MACK: Right. Here they come. Hey, you!

LEFTY: (OFF) You hollerin' at me?

MACK: Yeah! Come 'ere!

LEFTY: (FADING IN - BELLIGERENTLY) What's eating you, Doc?

FINCH: (FADING IN) Come on, come on -- don't pick a scrap, Lefty!

MACK: I'll say he won't pick a --

CONDUCTOR: (OFF) Bo-ahd!

FINCH: Hey! Come on, Lefty! The train's pullin' out!

BARRY: Hold on there! Wait just a second, you two!

FINCH: (TRAIN EFFECT STARTS UP)

AND

LEFTY: Huh? What do you want? What is it?

BARRY: Never mind the train, boys.

LEFTY: Say, listen, you big palooka.

MACK: All right -- all right -- take it easy, now --

FINCH: I get it -- I get it -- they're cops! Beat it, Lefty! Run----

BARRY: Grab him, Mack! Don't let him get away.

LEFTY: Le' me go --

BARRY: Stand still, son!

LEFTY: (STRUGGLING) Lay off o' me -- Le' me catch 'at train!

(CROWD REACTION)

MACK: (OFF) Look out! Look out!

(WOMAN SCREAMS)

(WHISTLE)

Hay -- Get off that track! You'll be run over!

BARRY: (CALLS) Tackle him, Mack! Quick! That's it!  
Attaboy!

MACK: (FADE IN) Come on -- come on -- this way, you! You  
blockhead . . . . that switch engine would have gotcha --  
if I hadn't knocked you offa that track! Why doncha  
look where yer goin'?

(TRAIN EFFECT FADES OUT THROUGH HERE)

FINCH: (PANTING AND STRUGGLING) I'd rather be run over than  
let you cops get holda me --

BARRY: Now, son, we won't hurt you -- we just want to ask  
a couple of questions about the drowning of Irving  
Klaus.

FINCH: But we already told all we know. Honest - we ain't  
holdin' out a thing.

BARRY: Maybe so. But I think you'd better postpone that  
trip to California for a while just the same.

LEFTY: Ah, fer crime out loud, we don't know nuttin' --  
and there ain't any use puttin' the clamps on either,  
- see?

BARRY: Where'd you boys get the funds for this California  
trip?

LEFTY: Aw -- where do you suppose?

FINCH: We made it ourselves in the fight game. Fightin' in  
the ring.

BARRY: That won't do, Kid -- your manager just tole us it  
isn't so.

LEFTY: Well, wait a second. I'll tell yah the trut' -- we  
borrowed it.

MACK: Oh, yeah? Who'd lend you gusy that amount of coin, I'd like to know?

FINCH: Y'see it was a friend of ours -- a guy that seen us fight.

BARRY: What was the name of this generous friend?

LEFTY: Ah, never mind.

MACK: Listen, Lefty --- you're in deep enough without making it worse. Give us that guy's name!

LEFTY: Go chase yourself.

BARRY: You're making things look bad, Lefty -- for you and your friend too.

FINCH: Wait a second. I'll talk. I'll come through -- it's tough enough the way things are.

BARRY: Good for you, Kid. Let's have it.

FINCH: The guy that loaned us the dough was --

LEFTY: Shut your trap, you dirty-double-crossing -

MACK: That's enough. Go on, Finch.

FINCH: The guy was named Augustus Wolfe!

BARRY: Wolfe! Well, I'll be --

FINCH: He come to the fight club and paid us off and that's the truth so help me!

BARRY: Well, we're getting somewhere. Mack!

MACK: Yeah?

BARRY: Wait here and take these men back to town on the next train. I'm going to grab the car and drive to New York as fast as I can make it.

MACK: What for?

BARRY: I'm going to arrest Augustus Wolfe!

MACK: Huh?

BARRY: He's in on this, Mack, and I don't know yet how deep. Because he's not only financed these two boys in their attempted getaway --- but he's the beneficiary of the insurance policies on the life of Irving Klaus. (FADES) So long, Mack --- see you later.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR WITH SIREN, RUNNING FAST. (FADE)  
2. COURT ROOM BUZZ AND BUSTLE.

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CLERK: (POUNDS WITH GAVEL) All rise! Rise please! His Honor Judge McAfee is entering the court.

(SCRAPING OF FEET AND CHAIRS AS PERSONS IN COURTROOM RISE)

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! First District Court County of Manhattan State of New York is now in Session! All persons having business before this honorable court draw near and you shall be heard! (RAPS WITH GAVEL)  
Be seated.

(SCRAPING OF FEET AS AUDIENCE RESUMES CHAIRS)

Case of the People of New York versus Geer, Finch and Wolfe. .

JUDGE: Mr. District Attorney, you may continue with defendant Geer.



D.A: Resume the stand, please. (PAUSES TO ALLOW THIS TO HAPPEN) Now, Mr. Geer, you understand that since your attorney has permitted you to take the stand in your own defense, I am allowed to cross-examine. You understand that, don't you?

LETTY: Yeah.

D.A: And you know that you have been placed under oath?

LETTY: Yeah.

D.A: Very good. At this time I should like to say that I am interested solely in getting at the truth of this matter. You, your friend Kid Finch and Augustus Wolfe are jointly indicted for the same crime -- the murder of Irving Klaus. However, the degree of guilt of each of you will be considered by the jury, I am sure, if we can establish it! That's why I ask you to tell us, if you will, what really happened that morning on Gravesend Bay.

LETTY: Well -- we took him out in this boat, see?

JUDGE: By "him", you mean Irving Klaus?

LETTY: Yeah....Klaus.. Well -- part of it's true, all right-- I shoved him and he fell in the water!

(SENSATION IN COURT - CLERK RAPS WITH GAVEL)

D.A: And what happened while Klaus was struggling in the water?

LETTY: Well - the Kid threwed him a rope -- and he grabbed it -- but I wanted to get that dough -- (PAUSE)

D.A: So what did you do?

LETTY: I -- I didn't give Klaus no help, to get him back in the boat.

D.A: You gave him "no help?"

LEFTY: No, sir.

D.A: You didn't shove him, or hit him, did you?

LEFTY: Maybe I mighta -- hit him,

D.A: So he couldn't get back in the boat?

LEFTY: I didn't care if he got in the boat or not -- I wanted the dough.

D.A: Explain what.

LEFTY: It was the dough we was to get for the job -- for takin' Klaus out -- and lettin' him drown in the bay! So it wasn't my fault -- it wasn't my fault -- we was hired to do it.

D.A: Who hired you?

LEFTY: (DELIBERATELY) Gus Wolfe!

WOLFE: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) That's a lie! An outright lie, your Honor!

(SENSATION - QUELLED BY GAVEL)

D.A: That's all, Geer -- step down.

WOLFE: (FADING IN) Don't listen to that man. He's trying to save his own skin by sending me to the chair.

D.A: Mr. Wolfe, will you take the stand in your own behalf?

WOLFE: You bet I will!

JUDGE: Does defense counsel object?

WOLFE: I'm my own lawyer right now, your Honor -- and I'm asking the District Attorney to let me testify.

JUDGE: Very well, step up and be sworn.

(CROWD REACTION)

CLERK: Raise your right hand. Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

WOLFE: (EMPHATICALLY) I do.

D.A: Now, Mr. Wolfe, you have just said that your co-defendant's sworn statement was a lie. Will you explain your own statement to the jury?

WOLFE: Certainly. Lefty Geer is trying to save his own skin at the expense of mine -- he murdered Irving. I had nothing to do with it.

D.A: You entered into no conspiracy to do away with your partner?

WOLFE: Absolutely not. Oh, I'm guilty -- I'm guilty of plotting to cheat the life insurance companies -- but I never planned to have Irving really killed. Never. Never in the world.

D.A: But you admit you and your partner planned to defraud the insurance companies?

WOLFE: Yes, sir -- and I'm ready to take my medicine for that.

D.A: If your partner was not really to be killed, how were you going to make it appear that he was dead?

WOLFE: I was going to send him off to Colorado.

D.A: What part of Colorado.

WOLFE: Why -- near Denver.

D.A: What was the name of the town?

WOLFE: It wasn't a town. It was -- it was a ranch. A sort of dude ranch.

D.A: Who owned it?

WOLFE: Why -- I did know the name. I don't recall it right now.

D.A: You were staking the success of your criminal scheme on this ranch, yet you don't remember the name of the proprietor; very well. Then tell us where the ranch was.

WOLFE: Why -- I told you -- near Denver.

D.A: How near?

WOLFE: About an hour's drive.

D.A: In an automobile?

WOLFE: That's right.

D.A: What was the name of the ranch?

WOLFE: Why, ah -- it didn't have any name.

D.A: Then what was the name of the nearest post office or settlement? None nearer than Denver?

WOLFE: Ah -- I ah, forget.

D.A: Then how did you ever get to the ranch in the first place? Think hard, now -- there was no town nearby, you say?

WOLFE: Well, ah -- yes, ah -- there was a town; I remember it now.

D.A: Good, give us the name of it.

WOLFE: Grand Junction. That was it.

D.A: (IN TRIUMPH - HE HAS CAUGHT HIS MAN) Grand Junction, eh? Grand Junction, Colorado. Mr. Clerk, can you get me an atlas?

CLERK: There ought to be one on the desk.

D.A: Splendid.

CLERK: Yes, here it is. Here you are, sir.

D.A: Good. Now let's see -- California, Connecticut, Colorado -- oh, yes. Here we are. Here's the map of the state. Let me see. Grand Junction, you said?

WOLFE: (SHAKEN) Yes.

D.A: Umhm -- here it is, sure enough. Over in the western part of the state. Yes. Quite satisfactory.

(SPRING THE TRAP)

Except for this! I believe you said your dude ranch near the town of Grand Junction was about an hour's drive from Denver. You did say that, did you not?

WOLFE: Y-yes.

D.A: (IMPLACABLY) Then, your Honor, I should like to show the jury this map, -- you will see that it shows most plainly that Grand Junction, Colorado, is located at least 200 miles from the great mountain metropolis of Denver! And I ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I ask you -- is there an automobile made which will traverse that distance over mountain roads -- in the space of one hour!

(PAUSE)

Your honor, the people rest.

(CROWD SENSATION - QUELLED BY GAVEL)

JUDGE: The jury will return to their quarters. This court is adjourned until ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

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ITS ONCE OR TWICE WITH GAVEL,  
the courtroom. Clear the room....

(BUSTLE AND BUZZ OF PEOPLE GOING OUT)

REPORTER: (COMING THROUGH CROWD) Oh, Mr. Rudd -- Mr. Rudd --  
Let me thru, will you? I'm a reporter -- Oh Barry --  
Bary.....

BARRY: (FRIENDLY) Hello, Fritz -- how are you? What do  
you think of this story?

REPORTER: The D.A's got Gus Wolfe sewed up so tight he'll never  
get away. That Atlas stunt showed that the Colorado  
story was a fake; Wolfe must have been plotting to  
kill his partner all along -- That means that Lefty  
Geer's testimony is O.K. - and I bet the jury agrees  
with me.

BARRY: I hope so, Fritz. Because that's my theory of the  
case.

REPORTER: Yeh? Well, what I ran out here for Barry was a  
statement from you.

BARRY: Nothing doing, Fritz -- this is the District  
Attorney's case, not mine.

REPORTER: But there wouldn't have been any case if you and  
Detective Mack hadn't brought these boys in.

BARRY: (MOVING AWAY SLOWLY) Maybe not, Fritz, maybe not --  
but that's our job, and making statements is up to  
the district attorney. So if you want anything more  
on this, you'd better talk to him, So long.

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

CLERK:

(H)

Rise please! Clear

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

THE DEAD MAN IN GRAVESEND BAY....AUGUSTUS WOLFE  
CONVICTED.....SENTENCED TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR....  
LEFTY GEER GETS TWENTY YEARS.....IN SING SING....  
KID FINCH TURNS STATES EVIDENCE....AND IS  
ACQUITTED.....

(POLICE SIREN IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: O.K., O'KEEFE!

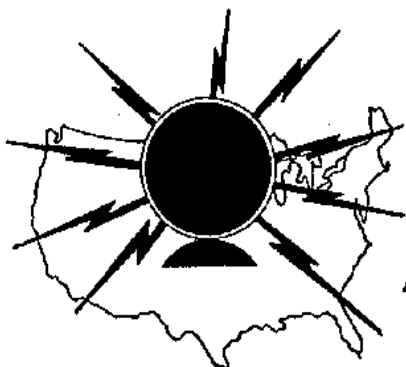
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FARR/chilleen  
10/17/32

ATX01 0269920

# 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, OCTOBER 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. On each program,  
Walter O'Keefe is the Pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!



WALTER O'KEEFE:

Tonight, the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet is going to catapult right over your threshold and into your home with just what the doctor ordered for those who stay at home of a Thursday night -- George Olsen and his Orchestra; Jack Pearl as the great Baron Munchausen.....and from force of habit I've got to say a thing or three myself. Let's do right by Olsen first. George is ready..... so let's hoist the Magic Carpet up and shoot it across the air on a long forward pass to him and his boys.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

(AFTER TRAIN SIGNATURE) All out! All out! All out on the dance floor while we play: -- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Climb on the Magic Carpet, everybody, here we go.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now about that West Point incident....don't sell the Army short during the football season. They're swell. Westbrook Pegler, the famous sports writer, stuck me up in the press coop last week and my only distraction, save for the game, was Captain Walter Wells who handles West Point publicity on the theory that the pen is mightier than the sword. The captain told me of one substitute who sat on the bench during the first game of the season and the coach never called on him. Not once did he get in the game. After it was over they weighed him.....and he had lost eight pounds. That wins the blue ribbons for enthusiasm and we'll have more to disclose later. Meanwhile let's call on Howard Claney. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Next Saturday football enthusiasts will crowd the stands throughout the country, to see some of the most important games of the season.....it will be a crucial test for a score of leading college elevens.....In the excitement of the game, and between halves, you will see in the stands that there is an outstanding favorite when cigarettes are passed around....LUCKY STRIKE is chosen by discriminating smokers everywhere because of their fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos - and because these fine tobaccos are "TOASTED" - purified by that exclusive LUCKY STRIKE process. That's why that package of mild LUCKIES is preferred by discriminating smokers everywhere as the mildest cigarette in all this world.

ATX01 0269923

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Howard Claney, ladies and gentlemen.....and this isn't. This is Mike's boy Walter carrying on for dear old LUCKY STRIKE. Wherever you're listening to your radio....,we all know one thing.....that America's crying need is a jolly good guffaw. On Thursday night we have gotten a new habit.....the Jack Pearl habit. Mr. Pearl is leading a double life these days..... going by the name of Baron Munchausen most of the time. When he dons the guise of the Baron, Jack is at his best,...and when he's at his best, he's swell. He has a new love.....the microphone. He's making up to the mike now, so let's hear what fantastic stuff he's got to pour into it tonight. I'm glad to present him.....I'm proud to give him to you....in other words, ladies and gentlemen.... relax and meet your foreign cousin.....Jack Pearl....his Excellency, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "A LIMB OF THE LAW")

ATK01 0269924

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen....that was Jack Pearl.....the All-American clown....playing the game under the name of Baron Munchausen who just ran around your right end on his way to the showers to rest up for the second act. Now let's carry on with the dancing of the evening.....and the dancing of this evening comes to you from George Olsen and his boys. There's one thing about George Olsen I like.....no arguments now.....there's only one thing about George I like.....and that's Ethel Shuttah who gives him his orders and sings his songs for him.....so let's be on our way to visit the Olsens.....Mere et pere....papa and mama to you....while they open wide the door and give us the full treatment. Olsen.... we're on our way....ten million strong so --

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we play --- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now the Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was George Olsen, ladies and gentlemen.....and for a change tonight Olsen got my name right.....and I must tell you about the forgotten woman. She was forgotten at birth when brains were passed around. Princeton played Cornell last Saturday and she made her escort arrive late. As a matter of fact, they came in to the stadium in the third quarter and her beau was pretty mad. Turning to the man next to her she chirped "What's the score please," The man replied nothing to nothing. Whereupon she turned to her boy friend and said "Oh goody goody.....we haven't missed a thing." Okay.....and now it's time to listen to Howard Claney making an important announcement.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's the news about a fine, high quality cigar that has millions of smokers cheering! 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:

From coast to coast, men who enjoy a clean and delicious cigar, have been delighted to get this new value offered by Certified Cremo -- they have found that Certified Cremo, as always, is made of choice, long-filler tobaccos....mellow and flavorful....made in the famous Perfecto shape -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection! Let me read you this telegram -- it speaks for itself of the huge demand for Certified Cremo:-

"SEPTEMBER FIGURES FOR SALES OF CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS FOR ENTIRE FRED HARVEY SYSTEM OF DINING CARS HOTELS SHOPS AND NEWSSTANDS ON SANTA FE RAILROAD AND UNION STATION OVER FOUR HUNDRED PERCENT INCREASE.....THIS IS A SPLENDID SHOWING AND WE CONGRATULATE YOU ON MAKING THESE SALES POSSIBLE."...(SIGNED) FRED HARVEY.

Wherever you are, remember -- for a fine, uniformly high quality cigar, ask for Certified Cremo -- five cents straight -- three for ten cents.

-----  
-----STATION BREAK-----  
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ATX01 0269927

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(AD LIBS INTO " COME HOME PROSPERITY - ALL IS FORGIVEN")

Now back to the foxtrotting.....gavotting....of if you must get technical, dancing. Here's where the Magic Carpet picks you up young or old.....short or tall.....fat or lean....big or small tosses you into the great American melting pot and let Olsen play the language we all understand.

ON WITH THE DANCE ETHEL SHUTTAH'S HUSBAND... (WHISTLE)  
OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you George.....we'll hear from you a little later, but this is where we present again the distinguished guest of the occasion.....the celebrated Baron Munchausen, who I'm sure, has come prepared to tell you a thing or two or three. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you his excellency the Baron.

(SECOND PART -- "A LIMB OF THE LAW")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen.....that was Jack Pearl..... better known as the Baron Munchausen since he has become a fixture of these Thursday nights on LUCKY STRIKE. At the risk of getting too reminiscent let me remind you that earlier in this same program I spoke of that visit to West Point last Saturday and the over-enthusiastic young candidate for the football team. This same boy who lost eight pounds sitting on the bench was rewarded for his enthusiasm in the second game of the season. They decided to let him get in the game.....and, of course as you know, here is a penalty for any substitute who goes in the game and talks or says anything before the first play is called. So our hero, the eager lad, goes in....in the third quarter, reports to the referee and before a play is called turns around to his team-mates and yells, "Come on fellows.....let's kick 'em right off the field." For which West Point was penalized fifteen yards. Well I've been gossiping on long enough so now let's turn things over to George Olsen.

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

ATX01 0269929



GEORGE OLSEN:

And the dance does go on with --- (TITLES)

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Olsen....and treat your better half to a  
LUCKY. We'll need you again in a few minutes but meanwhile the  
program calls for a few words from Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

From the days of the American Revolution has come the story of that horror-filled dawn when blood-thirsty savages fell upon Ethan Allan's gallant "Green Mountain Boys" of Fort Ticonderoga fame. We mention that story to illustrate the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." In tobacco, "Nature in the Raw" is never mild -- and 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:

Before we flash over to George Olsen, I am wondering if I can intrude for a moment and tell the folks what we have planned for Saturday night. On Saturday night, at this same time, my dear folks.....we will flood the Magic Carpet with Romance..... Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday will sing their romantic songs from the operettas. If you haven't anything else planned, let's make it a date. And now let's not spare a moment....let's live and let give....let Olsen give...let there be dancing in the streets and up and down the by-ways..

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Without further ado we play -- (TITLES)

(  
(  
(  
(  
(

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard, all aboard -- our train is all ready to take the boys back to the Hotel New Yorker (TRAIN SIGNATURE) All right, Walter, here's your Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was George Olsen, ladies and gentlemen...going away on that dinky train of his. Stock for Mr. Olsen's railroad used to be on the curb....but it isn't on the curb any more. It's in the gutter. One could tell all manner-of yarns here, but it happens that time is limited, so unless you've got something to say, let's call it a day. Good night.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/Chilleen  
10/20/32

ATX01 0269932

SU-166-VII

(2nd DRAFT)  
10/17/32

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE VII

\*\*\*\*\*

"A LIMB OF THE LAW"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 20, 1932

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ATX01 0269933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE VII - PART I and II

"A LIMB OF THE LAW"

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CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL  
CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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EPISODE VII"A LIMB OF THE LAW"PART I

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CHARLEY: (ENTERING) That's all well and good Baron, but --

BARON: (ENTERING) Please, Sharley, listen --

CHARLEY: If you are the great detective you claim to be, show some results,

BARON: Give me time! Remember Roman Candles wasn't built in a day,

CHARLEY: But you've been here, in Mr. De Puyster's art gallery for a week!

BARON: Yes sir! On my hands and knees -- with my magnifying glass and I can't find one single hair!

CHARLEY: Hair? Why are you looking for hair?

BARON: Didn't you say Mr. De Puyster lost his vandyke?

CHARLEY: Yes, but a Van Dyke is an oil painting -- that hangs on the wall!

BARON: No sir! A vandyke is whiskers that hangs on the chin!

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, understand it was a painting that was stolen -- painted by Sir Anthony Van Dyke. It cost twenty thousand dollars,

BARON: Twenty thousand dollars?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: He must have used a lot of paint!

CHARLEY: It was an antique.

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BARON: It was -----I beg your stuff!

CHARLEY: I said it was an antique -- you know what an antique is, don't you?

BARON: Sure! I married one.

CHARLEY: Van Dyke was a great painter.

BARON: So is my cousin - he does outside painting.

CHARLEY: Landscapes?

BARON: No, firescapes!

CHARLEY: I'm referring to works of art! Masterpieces!

BARON: He painted two of them last week!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Mantlepieces!

CHARLEY: He'll never make a reputation with that kind of painting.

BARON: Is that so? It's on account of his reputation that one of his pictures is hanging in the gallery.

CHARLEY: One of his pictures is hanging in the art gallery?

BARON: No - the rogues gallery.

CHARLEY: Look at that painting over the fireplace - isn't it marvelous?

BARON: You mean the cowboys and Indians?

CHARLEY: Yes - it was done by Remington.

BARON: My goodness! Isn't it wonderful what they can do on those typewriters!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: But what about the stolen Van Dyke, Baron? No doubt the thief will move the picture from place to place.

BARON: Then there is only one thing to do.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: Search all the moving picture places.

CHARLEY: As a detective I'm afraid you're a fiasco.

BARON: When I was ----What is that, ferlasko?

CHARLEY: A ridiculous failure, a flunk!

BARON: In nice words - you think I'm a FLOP! -- Well let me tell you something, Mr. Sharley - In my country I was for fifteen years a defective sturgeon.

CHARLEY: A what?

BARON: .....Do you ever get dizzy spells?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry.

BARON: I said I was a defective sturgeon!

CHARLEY: Oh, a detective sergeant!

BARON: Yes - and in my country a defective sturgeon is a big mucky-muck! They are treated like Royalty - like a king.

CHARLEY: Majestic!

BARON: Levithian!

CHARLEY: What was the biggest mystery you ever handled?

BARON: A plate of boarding house hash!

CHARLEY: NO, no! I mean mysterious case!

BARON: Let me see. Oh yes - the Schmere case.

CHARLEY: Schmere case?

BARON: Yes -- Mr. Schmere was the biggest cheese in the town of Liederkranz.

CHARLEY: Liederkranz. I'll bet that's some town.

BARON: Very swell -- SWELL!

CHARLEY: Swell!

BARON: Yes -- I was right the first time too.



CHARLEY: What was the case?  
BARON: His daughter had been kidder-snapped.  
CHARLEY: Kidnapped!  
BARON: Yes, and he sent for me to dissolve the case.  
CHARLEY: I didn't get that.  
BARON: No -- I got it.  
CHARLEY: I mean I didn't get what you said.  
BARON: I said he sent for me to dissolve the case.  
CHARLEY: He sent for you to solve the case.  
BARON: .....Are you asking me or telling me?  
CHARLEY: My error.  
BARON: My case. She was his youngest daughter.  
CHARLEY: His youngest - how old?  
BARON: About forty nine.  
CHARLEY: Forty nine years old!  
BARON: Just a baby. I knew the kidder-snappers had her hidden right in town.  
CHARLEY: You found that out.  
BARON: Sure - So I traveled around the world looking for her.  
CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! If you knew she was hidden in town, why did you travel around the world looking for her?  
BARON: Because her father was paying my expenses and I wanted to make the trip.  
CHARLEY: I see.  
BARON: When I got back the following year I found a mucilage.  
CHARLEY: A mucilage?  
BARON: A glue.  
CHARLEY: Oh, a clue.  
BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: After being away a year? I don't believe it!

BARON: I didn't think you would. Just the same I found one of her trunks where she dropped it.

CHARLEY: She dropped a trunk?

BARON: Yes - when she heard she was going to be kiddersnapped she tried to get away.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: So she packed two trunks - took them in her arms and jumped out the window.

CHARLEY: Just a moment! You can't tell me a woman forty nine years of age jumped out of a window with two trunks.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly I wasn't.

BARON: So she jumped out of the window with two trunks!

CHARLEY: Very well, we won't wrangle about it!

BARON: But the kiddersnappers was smart - they was standing under the window.

CHARLEY: They were waiting in ambush.

BARON: .....Who's sick?

CHARLEY: I said they were waiting in ambush.

BARON: She fell in.

CHARLEY: Fell in what!

BARON: The bush! They grabbed her, took her away and held her for rancid.

CHARLEY: Held her for what?

BARON: .....Who introduced you to me?

CHARLEY: Don't be angry, Baron. I didn't understand what you said.

BARON: I said they held her for rancid -- for money.

ATX01 0269939

CHARLEY: Oh, ransom!

BARON: Why not?

CHARLEY: How much did they demand?

BARON: A dollar and eighty five cents.

CHARLEY: I suppose her father paid it.

BARON: No - he was on the other side of the ocean and he wouldn't come across.

CHARLEY: Showing a decided lack of paternal love and emotion.

BARON: .....Hello?

CHARLEY: He was callous, stoical, imperturbable.

BARON: That's good too. (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What did the kidnappers do?

BARON: They tied her to a railroad track and stuck around to see her finish.

CHARLEY: The curs!

BARON: The muts!

CHARLEY: And you couldn't locate them?

BARON: No. I couldn't pick up their tracks.

CHARLEY: Why didn't you get a couple of bloodhounds?

BARON: I did but it was useless.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: The bloodhounds were anemic.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: Oh, you don't?

CHARLEY: No - do you believe it?

BARON: I don't have to believe it -- I'm telling it.

CHARLEY: Well you can't tell me the bloodhounds were anemic.

BARON: Was they your bloodhounds, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: Did you see them?

CHARLEY: You know I didn't.

BARON: So the bloodhounds were anemic.

CHARLEY: All right - have it your way.

BARON: But I kept on the job and at last I found them.

CHARLEY: Good! And you saved the girl!

BARON: No, I was too late. She and the kidder-snappers had starved to death waiting for a train.

CHARLEY: Baron, you must think I'm idiotic.

BARON: That's possible.

CHARLEY: Thank you.

BARON: You're welcome.

CHARLEY: Well, I suppose that ended the kidnapping case.

BARON: No sir - I got superstitious of another feller.

CHARLEY: You mean you got suspicious.

BARON: .....Maybe a tonic would help you?

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, tell me about the suspicious character.

BARON: I traced him to a house, searched it but couldn't find him. He had varnished!

CHARLEY: Vanished!

BARON: I said varnished!

CHARLEY: But people don't varnish - they vanish!

BARON: Is that so -- well this feller was a painter and he varnished! I could smell it. Just as I was leaving the bedroom I saw the bed cover move -

CHARLEY: You saw the bed cover move.

BARON: Yes. I pulled it off and there he was.

CHARLEY: The painter?

BARON: No! The under cover man! He had papers on him what proved he was the head kidder-snapper!

CHARLEY: And you arrested him?

BARON: Sure - but when his case came up the Judge let him go.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because he was deaf!

CHARLEY: Deaf!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What had his being deaf to do with it?

BARON: Everything! The law says you can't convict a man without a hearing!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

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(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"EPISODE VII - PART II"A LIMB OF THE LAW"

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CHARLEY: (ENTERING) I can't understand you, Baron,  
BARON: (ENTERING) You never understand anything! Never!  
CHARLEY: But every one was through eating dinner and you  
were still eating soup. Now, why did you keep on  
eating soup?  
BARON: Because right over me was a hole in the ceiling and  
water kept dripping in my plate and I had to keep  
eating soup to keep from drowning.  
CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Too bad, Baron - I'm full of sympathy.  
BARON: I'm full of soup!  
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!  
BARON: Oh, Sharley!  
CHARLEY: Say, this is a magnificent library. Hundreds of  
books - Mr. De Puyster must be a book worm.  
BARON: He's got nothing on me.  
CHARLEY: What do you mean?  
BARON: I'm a book snake!  
CHARLEY: A book snake!  
BARON: Yes sir -- In my library I got over twelve million  
books.  
CHARLEY: You've got what?  
BARON: .....Ha, ha! You're commencing again!

CHARLEY: Did I understand you to say that in your library you have twelve million books?

BARON: Over twelve million.

CHARLEY: That's impossible! You couldn't have over twelve million books.

BARON: Was you ever in my library, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I got over twelve million books!

CHARLEY: Have it your way.

BARON: And I read every one of them.

CHARLEY: Read every one of them! It must have taken you a long time.

BARON: Sure it did -- nearly four days.

CHARLEY: Baron! You amaze me!

BARON: I feel a little Mayonaised myself.

CHARLEY: I suppose you have all the famous authors?

(BOOK ROUTINE -- SHORT)

CHARLEY: Getting back to the stolen painting -- do you think you will be able to apprehend the culprit?

BARON: .....Maybe it's something you ate for supper?

CHARLEY: In all seriousness, Baron. Do you think you'll catch the thief?

BARON: I ketched bigger ones when I was on the New York Police Force.

CHARLEY: You were on the New York Police Force? Well I'm certainly surprised to hear that.

BARON: So am I. They gave me this medal.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: It's a long story, Sharley?

ATX01 0269944

CHARLEY: Tell it to me!

BARON: Some other time.

CHARLEY: Very well, some other time.

BARON: But as long as you insist - I'll tell it now.

CHARLEY: Go ahead.

BARON: One day the Commissioner of Police called me in his office and said "Munchy" -

CHARLEY: Munchey.

BARON: Yes -- I said "What is it Commishy?"

CHARLEY: Munchy and Commishy -- quite familiar.

BARON: Oh, we was very family. He said "Munchy I just got a case." I said - "That's fine! I'll take six bottles!"

CHARLEY: Six bottles?

BARON: No, wait -- that was a different case. I said "What is it, Commish?" and he told me to go out and pinch a gongster named "Red" Herring. Oh Sharley! was he tough!

CHARLEY: Tough?

BARON: Tougher than a Thanksgiving turkey on Christmas. That night I went to the underworld.

CHARLEY: The underworld!

BARON: The subway. I went downstairs and got hold of a couch canary.

CHARLEY: A couch canary?

BARON: A sofa sparrow, a chair chicken.

CHARLEY: Do you mean a stool pigeon?



BARON: THAT'S IT! A STOOL PIGEON! We were standing on the end of a dock -- I asked him where Red Herring was and he tipped me off.

CHARLEY: Tipped you off where to locate him?

BARON: No, he tipped me off the dock!

CHARLEY: Off the dock!

BARON: Yes -- but I hit the water with my rubber heels and bounced right back on the dock again,

CHARLEY: Baron! Don't ask me to believe that! You couldn't bounce from the water to the dock!

BARON: Was you on the dock, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Maybe you was in swimming?

CHARLEY: Certainly not!

BARON: So I bounced back on the dock!

CHARLEY: All right -- you win!

BARON: Just then along came three squabs.

CHARLEY: Stool pigeons.

BARON: No -- these were young ones -- they jumped on me! Kicked me! I took out my jack black!

CHARLEY: Black jack!

BARON: Nut cracker! And started cracking! The air was full of flying bricks, boxes, barrels, bottles --

CHARLEY: My goodness!

BARON: They used brass knuckles and knives -- I yanked out my gun and began shooting -- so did they --

CHARLEY: Oh boy!

BARON: Then the fight started.

CHARLEY: Started!

BARON: Commenced! In the finish they got me!

CHARLEY: They did?

BARON: Yes - they threw me in a car - tied my hands and feet behind my back and pushed the car into the river.

CHARLEY: What in the world did you do?

BARON: I freed myself with my teeth and I --

CHARLEY: Freed yourself with your teeth?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Are you a contortionist?

BARON: No - but I can play a saxophone!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry Baron, you can't convince me you freed yourself with your teeth!

BARON: Was you in the car with me, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Of course not!

BARON: Have you got any witnesses?

CHARLEY: No, I haven't.

BARON: So I freed myself with my teeth!

CHARLEY: As you say.

BARON: When they saw me they started to run.

CHARLEY: With you after them!

BARON: Sure - they ran from New York to Washington!

CHARLEY: To Washington?

BARON: Yes - they thought that was a capitol idea! But when they ran into a Turkish bath -- that was their finish!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: I went in and cleaned them up!

CHARLEY: Remarkable!

BARON: Impossible! There they were! Red Herring, Yellow Mike, Whitey Blue and Goneff Green!

ATX01 0269947

CHARLEY: Red, Yellow, Blue, Green! Sounds like a rainbow.

BARON: I loaded the four of them in an airplane and flew back to New York and that's why I got this medal!

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: For coming back with flying colors!

CHARLEY: Good for you.

BARON: The eight of them was put in jail --

CHARLEY: Eight? You just said there were four!

BARON: I started with four, but on the way back -- oh Sharley was it funny.

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: They ate green apples.

CHARLEY: Green apples!

BARON: And they doubled up!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

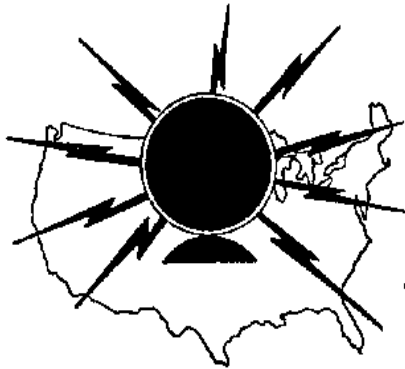
(END OF PART II)

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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen  
 10/17/32

# The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY  
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEAf and  
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**"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."**

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 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:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. And a hearty husky healthy wholesome how-do-you to you, one and all. Around Cheyenne and over the Alleghenies, the flying weather may be a little bumpy, but the Magic Carpet knows no stop lights, and it's always fair weather when we people get together. Tonight we are going to carry you away and into the land of romance, when Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday renew your acquaintance with the world of operetta. To round out the evening and make it complete we've gone to the far West for one orchestra, to the Ambassador at Los Angeles, where Phil Harris is playing. In the middle west we pick up Wayne King from Chicago. Very well then, ladies and gentlemen, here we go over the Rockies, into L.A., out Wilshire Boulevard, turn to the left and into the Coconut Grove.

ON WITH THE DANCE PHIL HARRIS (WHISTLE) OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

We are in Los Angeles at the Coconut Grove where Phil Harris and his orchestra begin the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Out of Los Angeles speeds the Magic Carpet eastward to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Harris, it's good to hear from you, and candidly, I'd love to be sitting down to dinner now in that beautiful cocoanut grove of yours. Mr. Harris, ladies and gentlemen, has probably got a pain in the back from bowing to the lovely ladies of Hollywood, who throng his place from now on until after midnight. Let's take a few moments here for Howard Claneys' announcement.

MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

When blood-thirsty barbarians over-ran Europe and plundered the beautiful city of Rome -- who doesn't remember that story of ruthless ferocity -- of "Nature in the Raw?"... "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." That is a fact on which we all agree -- And, 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.

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ATX01 0269951

(IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT, ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE," FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS O'KEEFE SAYS:)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now for a few minutes, ladies and gentlemen, the Magic Carpet will lift you out of this workaday world and into the land of romance, while Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday sing some of the unforgettable songs from the operettas. The first number of three to salute and serenade your ears comes from a show which was a great hit with the last generation, and the music will live through many more. The show was the "Pink Lady" and the song was "Beautiful Lady." Then to another show, "The Fortune Teller," while they sing "The Gypsy Love Song." More recent than these two shows is the great success "High Jinks," and the song is "The Bubble." Close your eyes now, open your ears, the orchestra is ready and we present Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING)--("BEAUTIFUL LADY")  
(THE GYPSY LOVE SONG)  
(THE BUBBLE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, you've just listened to Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, who are great favorites of the operetta stage here and abroad. They'll be back again shortly and at this point I know you will be glad to learn that we are only a few seconds away from the soft pleasing subdued music that has made Wayne King one of the kings of American music. From the New York Evening Journal I picked up an item from Tucson, Arizona, having to do with Arizona's Flying Methusalah.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269952

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

This Methusalah is the world's oldest pilot. He is seventy-four years old and his name is Charles Dickinson. He is going to attempt to fly the Pacific Ocean next Spring. Certainly, if Mr. Dickinson can do a stunt like this, you people, young or old, can come along to Chicago. I'm not the oldest pilot in the world, I just feel old at times. But it's like drinking from the fountain of youth to listen to Wayne King and his lads, who are waiting right now, at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago.

ON WITH THE DANCE WAYNE KING... (WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

And here in Chicago Wayne King and his orchestra swing into the dance with -- (TITLES)

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet dashes across Lake Michigan and speeds back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you very much, Wayne. We'll pick on you later, so be ready when opportunity knocks at your door. At this point, let's pause for a minute and listen to Howard Claney, making an important announcement. Mr. Claney!



HOWARD CLANEY:

Every cigar smoker in America will welcome this great news about a fine, uniform quality cigar! Certified Cremo tells it in twenty words -- no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

At this amazing new price, Certified Cremo offers you a delicious, fine quality cigar made of choice, mellow, long-filler tobacco, rolled in the famous Perfecto shape -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection. Smokers everywhere are taking advantage of this opportunity, -- let me read you a telegram that tells of this great response to our offer of a new price:

"RUSH US AN ADDITIONAL 20,000 CREMOS....SALES HAVE MORE THAN DOUBLED IN OUR 365 STORES SINCE PRICE REDUCTION WENT INTO EFFECT".....(SIGNED) EAGLE GROCERY COMPANY.

And here is another:

"CERTIFIED CREMO INCREASING GREATLY EVERY DAY...OUR SALES MORE THAN TRIPLED....EVIDENTLY PUBLIC REALIZES CERTIFIED CREMOS...SAME SIZE AND QUALITY AT NEW PRICE GREATEST CIGAR VALUE IN HISTORY.".....(SIGNED) DEARSTYNE BROTHER TOBACCO COMPANY.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0269954

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

No matter where you are, in city or village, you can obtain this fine, clean, delicious and uniform quality cigar -- Certified Cremo at five cents straight -- three for ten cents.

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

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now let's trek across the country once again to one of the most beautiful rooms in America. There are probably a lot of stars there, and if you stretch your imagination you can rub elbows with a lot of them.

So ON WITH THE DANCE PHIL HARRIS..(WHISTLE) OKAY LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor of the Cocoanut Grove here in Los Angeles, Phil Harris and his boys play -- (TITLES)

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

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes eastward from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL FADES DOWN AS  
BACKING BEHIND O'KEEFE)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Again the Magic Carpet lands lightly on the eastern seaboard and the strains of romance fill the air. Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, who are becoming great favorites with the LUCKY STRIKE audience, will lift their voices in song. Their first number is from the old-time success "The Red Widow." The title of the song is "I Love Love." Following that they bring back memories of the great success "Madam Sherry," and I know a lot of you will remember the haunting little song "Every Little Movement Has A Meaning Of Its Own." From "The Firefly" they draw their next number "Sympathy." So imagine the lights dimming down, imagine the spotlight picking up the lovers, the conductor raises his baton, and we give you Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING)-- ("I LOVE LOVE")  
("EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT HAS A MEANING  
OF ITS OWN")  
("SYMPATHY")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, those were the voices of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday from the operetta stage. You will hear them again at this same time next Saturday night, and before jumping the Magic Carpet back to Chicago, Howard Clancy has something to say. Mr. Clancy!

HOWARD CLANEY:

This evening, a brilliant and glamorous spectacle is scheduled at New York's famous rendezvous of society...the Waldorf Astoria.....a score of the most famous stars of stage and screen are taking part in a colorful charity fashion show,...and in this smart gathering of stage and society, LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes, as usual, are a big favorite. This is but one example of a universal truth -- discriminating smokers everywhere prefer LUCKIES,...for only LUCKIES offer the benefit of the famous and exclusive "TOASTING" Process....the Process that makes LUCKIES truly mild -- the mildest of all cigarettes.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Before going back to Chicago, ladies and gentlemen, let me give you the lowdown on something new that the Magio Carpet will give you starting Tuesday of next week. Roger Wolfe Kahn will be the Orchestra, but we've discovered a new source of excitement for those who like their mystery stories thrilling and straight from headquarters. On Tuesday night you'll get a peek, so to speak, into the files of the Department of Justice at Washington. The long arm of the Federal law reaches everywhere -- with that great secret army of crack detectives -- and "secret agents" who patrol the whole continent for Uncle Sam. The first one will be "The Alaska Killer" so don't fail to listen in on Tuesday evening. And now out over the familiar trail to Chicago, where Wayne King is playing to a packed audience at the Aragon Ballroom. Hold tight, as we speed across the cities and farms of Ohio and Indiana, up the Lake front and into the beautiful Aragon.

ON WITH THE DANCE WAYNE KING...(WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

AIX01 0269957

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

And the dancing continues from Chicago as Wayne King  
and his Orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes high over Chicago and starts  
the lightning trip back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL INSERT CLOSING)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

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

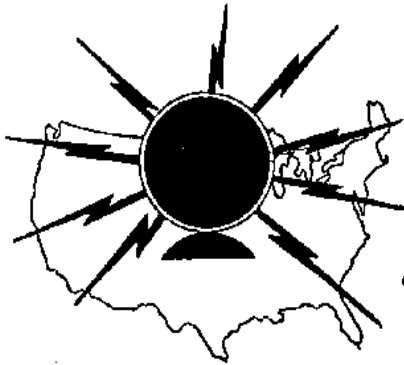
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/22/38

ATX01 0269958

# 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."**

---

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 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....only sixty-one more days in which to do your Christmas shopping. To be accurate, eight and five-sevenths weeks to iron out the stocking, hang it up and hang it all....this is getting nowhere. This is Santa Claus, children....bringing the Yuletide on ahead of time because tonight we open up a new series of "cops and robbers" stories that we did have labeled "Not to be opened till Christmas." But they're too good to keep, so tonight we will present those thrillers that come from the Government files in Washington. The title of this first playlet is "The Alaska Killer".....we'll get it in detail later, but while we set the stage for the Yukon we can open the evening in a handsome manner by letting you dance a while just to limber up. Tonight Roger Wolfe Kahn is your host for dancing. Imagine that he's thrown wide the doors of the Pennsylvania Hotel Grill room where he holds forth nightly....what's that....you're not dressed for it....don't be silly....you look marvelous, so in the door you go while we holler --

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

ANNOUNCER:

Roger Wolfe Kahn begins the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Now we speed the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Roger Wolfe Kahn, ladies and gentlemen.....  
calling me by name and now we call upon a young man named Howard  
Claney. MR. HOWARD CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Two thousand of society's smartest men and women  
gathered at swanky White Sulphur Springs last Sunday for an  
exciting battle between the Guyan and the Zane Grey Polo Teams.....  
In the gay and colorful crowd, as cigarettes were passed around  
between chukkers, you could see that, as always, LUCKIES were a  
favorite.....Smokers everywhere find that LUCKIES give them the  
delicious, tempting flavor of the world's finest tobaccos - and  
in addition, the benefit of that exclusive purifying process known  
by the words "IT'S TOASTED" -- the process which removes certain  
impurities present in all raw tobaccos -- the process that gives  
you tobaccos at their best! LUCKY STRIKE is the mellow-mildest  
of all cigarettes because "IT'S TOASTED."

\*\*\*\*\*

ATX01 0269961



WALTER O'KEEFE:

And the stage is set for the Alaska Killer, my dear audience, so take off your hats, settle down in your seats (you may smoke if you like) and we'll ring up the curtain on this new fascinating series of crime and criminals. Tonight we leave the metropolitan field and go to Washington for facts....for cases investigated by Federal agents. What we play before you tonight is the result of secret investigations.....by the Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice. There are various branches to the long limb of the law.....the stopping of dope smuggling and traffic in drugs.....the prevention of smuggling in of aliens and protection of the mails. The scope of activities carried on by these secret investigations is astounding.... and tonight's is a case in point. Alaska! The very name conjures up a picture of gold and greed....you think of hard frozen wastes with a ruthless race of adventurers seeking their ends. The Magic Carpet Revolving Stage now shifts to those icy floes.....Special Agent Five is waiting for orders and instructions are flashing through from headquarters so

ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART --- "THE ALASKA KILLER")

ATX01 0269962

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The first act is over Uncle Sam...and we're home again from the Frozen North. The Alaska Killer is still at large and several questions naturally come up in one's mind. There's a fistfull of black hair clutched in the grasp of the corpse but is that enough to establish a net of evidence? Then there's Bellows.... the hard-drinking fisherman who owned the gun. He might be an accomplice.....on the other hand he may simply be the victim of circumstances. This new reservoir of suspense and thrills is plenty deep....there are plenty more wallops in store for you so stand by....the snarl will be unravelled within a half hour.

But now it's dancing.....It's the kind of dance music that's served out nightly to the habitués of the Hotel Pennsylvania who waltz downstairs to the grill to bless their ears with the music of young Master Kahn. Roger Wolfe and the lads are ready so --

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

ANNOUNCER:

And this time Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So far it's only the shank of the evening as the classicists phrase it....there's a lot more in store for you ..... the second act of the Alaska Thriller....I mean killer....but I guess either is correct. We'll go out after Roger Wolfe Kahn again but right now Howard Claneey has something to tell you.  
Mr. Claneey!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's news to delight the heart and swell the pocketbook of every man who loves a fine, high-quality cigar! Twenty words, no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Wherever you are, you'll find in Certified Cremo a delicious, mellow, uniform quality cigar - made of choice, long-filler tobaccos...in the famous Perfecto shape -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection! Here's a telegram that speaks for itself of America's tremendous response to the new cigar value offered in Certified Cremo:

"INCREASE MY STANDING ORDER CERTIFIED CREMOS TEN THOUSAND EVERY TEN DAYS...CERTIFIED CREMO FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS HAVE UNQUESTIONABLY CREATED NEW CIGAR SALES".....  
(SIGNED) OSCAR T. OLSEN, PRESIDENT, OSCAR T. OLSEN CIGAR STORES, INC., PORTLAND, OREGON.

And here is another telegram, this time from the Texas State Fair at Dallas, which attracted an attendance of over three quarters of a million people:

"AUDIT OF CIGAR SALES AT CLOSE OF FAIR SHOWS THAT 69 PERCENT OF ALL THE FIVE, TEN AND TWO FOR A QUARTER CIGARS SOLD WERE CERTIFIED CREMOS..... WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING OF THIS CONSUMER ACCEPTANCE FROM A GROUP OF OVER THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION PEOPLE" -- (SIGNED) E. E. LOGAN, CIGAR AND TOBACCO CONCESSION, STATE FAIR OF TEXAS.

Remember -- for a fine, flavorful high-quality cigar, clean and nut-sweet - ask for Certified Cremo.

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

ATX01 0269965

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, my dear listeners.....in case some of you are bewildered or wondering what kind of party you've crashed in on, let me explain that the Magic Carpet has you in its grasp and we hope you enjoy a trip around the town tonight as the guest of MR. LUCKY STRIKE. We're slated right now for a drop-in visit at the Hotel Pennsylvania which has cradled many of our great popular orchestras. Right now a young man of many talents is the head man there,....Roger Wolfe Kahn.....who can run a band or run an aeroplane,....or run the Magic Carpet like a veteran, so let's give him the stick while he dances the millions of you over the air waves.

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

ANNOUNCER:

And the dance does go on with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Climb aboard! Here comes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now let's leave the lobby and wander back into the Magic Carpet theatre.....there....,take those two seats on the aisle, Uncle Sam and Miss America. The lights go down all over the house and the stage is almost ready for action. You certainly remember those opening scenes in mystery plays.....the moon in a window.....a howling wind.....a scream.....a shot.....a falling body and silence. There's little difference here.....but we're playing the scene in the great open spaces of the ice-locked North. You've heard the ripple of waves.....the clanking of chains:..... ship whistles and the creaking of oar-locks as boats bumped each other in the ice floes.....there's more in store for you now as Special Agent Number Five keeps on the trail. He's got a few locks of black hair as a clue.....a revolver.....and a sketchy description of the killer under suspicion. He's listening now.....Special Agent Number Five.....as orders are flashing through the air from headquarters so on with the show.

(SECOND PART --- "THE ALASKA KILLER")

ATX01 0269967

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen.....the villain in this weird story of crime got his just deserts.....they trailed him and tracked him down....he got a trial.....and wound up in the penitentiary. So concludes the first of our new series of stories that come to you from the secret investigations of the nation's crack detectives spread all over the map and taking their orders from Washington.

And now that the show is over how about a bite to eat and a dance. Here is Roger Wolfe Kahn from the Pennsylvania Grillroom, so reach out into your ice box for a sandwich.....or whatever will tickle your palate while the Kahnboy and his lads tickle your sense of rhythm.

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

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet lands at our feet Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Again the Magic Carpet flies back to the pilot.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Roger Wolfe.....tell that headwaiter we'll return again in just a few minutes and to make room for us all. Here's where Howard Claney has something to say. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Do you remember, in the famous "Jungle Book," the raw ferocity of "Bagheera" -- the black panther? In the jungle, "Nature in the raw is seldom mild"...and that is equally true of tobaccos. 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.

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ATX01 0269969



WALTER O'KEEFE:

This is your Pilot again, Mr. and Mrs. Demican and Republocrat, and pardon him for a moment if he rings the bell and pounds the drum and makes a bit of fuss over the Thursday night party that Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has up his sleeve. We've got Abe Lyman out of the big cinema palaces for the hour and Abe is one husky lad who can always make a first down when it's needed. And then there's the Baron.....ah bless the Baron.....the Baron Munchausen, who is known to the world at large as Jack Pearl..... Jack has only been on the air a few weeks, but already he has worked his way into the affections of America as a headline comedian..... and why not. Broadway knew he'd make good.....and now it's pleasant for the boss to realize that he's handling the whole country a laugh.....north, south, east, west. So tune in for the sake of your funny bone.....and now for the sake of your health and happiness, stand up and take off with the musical Maestro of the evening.....Roger Wolfe Kahn....the same band of boys who entertain the darling, dainty debutantes who crowd the Hotel Pennsylvania Grill room.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Everybody swing your partner to the tune of --

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

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and dashes  
back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(MR. O'KEEFE WILL SUPPLY CLOSING)

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/25/32

ATX01 0269971

"SPECIAL AGENT FIVE"

EPISODE I

"THE ALASKA KILLER"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 25, 1932

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SU-173-I

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE I

"THE ALASKA KILLER"

PARTS I and II

BY

GEORGE F. ZIMMER

and

BURKE BOYCE

\*\*\*\*\*

CHARACTERS:

JOHN SHALL	JACKSON
RALD DON	BELLOWS
BOATSWAIN	ORDLAW
ENDORF	TONY
MRS. GREY	DAVY
ESKIMO	WIRELESS OPERATOR
MCLEAN	

\*\*\*\*\*

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ATX01 0269973

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE I \* PART I

"THE ALASKA KILLER"

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(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR 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 ALASKA KILLER".....BASED ON CASE 22-675.....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 Alaska Killer".....real people.....real places.....real clues.... a real case.....For obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Our case begins in the lonely waters off Ketchikan, Alaska -- a day in late October.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. PUT-PUT OF SMALL GAS ENGINE ON BOAT.
  2. WASH OF WAVES AGAINST BOAT.
  3. PUT-PUT STARTS DISTANT AND DRAWS CLOSER.

\*\*\*\*\*

DON: Hi there, Shall....On board the Phoenix....

SHALL: (DISTANT) Halloo....That you, Rald Don?.....What you doing in that row-boat?

DON: Got a nice mess of fish I'm selling, Shall. Knew you were a fish-buyer, an' thought we could do some business.

SHALL: Now ain't that too bad -- just got a boat-load from the Eskimos out there on Tongass Point. On my way back into Ketchikan now.

DON: Like to talk it over with you anyhow, Lemme come on board an' show you. Have a little visit.

SHALL: Sure....Glad to have you,....Pull alongside.

(PUT-PUT STOPS)

(CREAK OF OARS)

(BOATS BUMP)

Make your boat fast,...I'll give you a hand on deck.

DON: Thanks....I got it....(GRUNTS AS HE COMES OVER SIDE)

There....Well -- looks like you're all alone, Shall... Same as always.

SHALL: Yep....Glad to have some company....Does get sort of lonely out here sometimes....I'll run you back into Ketchikan if you like. It's only about ten miles, an' you can show me your fish while we're -- oh by cracky ----

ATX01 0269975

DON: What's up?

SHALL: The fish. Down there in your boat. You forgot 'em.

DON: Let 'em stay forgot. That ain't the business I'm  
bothered with right now.....You put up your hands.

SHALL: What's that?

DON: You heard me, you old fool. Put up your hands, and  
don't raise a fuss.

SHALL: What you tryin' to do with that gun?

DON: I know what I'm doin' -- an' so do you.....You got a  
wad of cash in that box of yours on board here. I  
want it.

SHALL: My money? You want my money?

DON: Yeah. An' I'm goin' to get it.

SHALL: Not by a long sight you won't. You can't --

DON: Don't move!

SHALL: Gimme that gun! Ah!

(HE JUMPS AT HIM....THEY STRUGGLE)

DON: Fight, eh? All right, you'll get it!

SHALL: Low-down blubber-eatin' sneak-thief!.....It takes  
more'n a fight to throw a scare into me! I've fit  
be---

(A SHOT....SHALL CRIES OUT)

DON: How you like that, old man?

SHALL: You'll swing for this, Rald Don!

DON: Gimme that money!

SHALL: No!

DON: .....get my hands on you....let go my hair!.....

SHALL: .....yellow-livered walrus...Come on my boat and....

DON: .....Won't, eh?.....that.....and that.....  
(BLOWS -- THEY ARE STRUGGLING ALL THE TIME.  
BUMPING AGAINST SIDE OF CABIN, OVERTURNING  
BARRELS AND TRAMPLING ON THE DECK)

SHALL: .....never get that money.....

DON: .....you'll wish you'd never been....Now I've  
got you!.....Now I've --

(SEVERAL DULL BLOWS)

SHALL: (GROANS AND DROPS TO DECK)

DON: (PANTING, IN LOW TONE) That--settles--him. Now --  
where's he -- keep that jack?

(QUIET WASH OF WAVES AGAINST SHIP)

(HIS QUICK BREATHS SOUND FOR A FEW SECONDS,  
THEN FADE OUT)

(THE PUT-PUT OF THE BOAT'S MOTOR HAS BEEN GOING  
ON THROUGH THE WHOLE FIGHT. NOW, IN THE  
SILENCE, IT SWELLS UP BEFORE FADING INTO THE  
DISTANCE)

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SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. LONELY PUT-PUT OF BOAT'S ENGINE, FADING OUT.
2. FADE IN STORM AND WIND EFFECT.
3. SEAS AGAINST BOW OF VESSEL AND CRASHING  
OCCASIONALLY ON HER DECKS.
4. RUMBLE OF SHIP'S ENGINES.
5. SHIP'S BELL STRIKES SIX BELLS.
6. WHISTLE OF COAST GUARD CUTTER.

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ENDORF: (SWEDE ACCENT) By yumpin' godfrey, Bos'n...Every day the same thing: Up and down the coast...Bad weather -- blow -- fog -- an' nothing ever happen. Pretty soon Aye get fed up.

BOS'N: What's eating you, Endorf?....If you didn't want to go out in a blow, what'd you join the Coast Guard for?

ENDORF: Aye don't mind blow. "Oygan" is a good little ship. But Aye would like some exciterent.

BOS'N: Wait till we get out of the lee of Prince of Wales Island. You'll get plenty then. There's white water out there today. Ice floes, too.

ENDORF: Aye don't mean that. Aye see that all the time...Aye mean --

BOS'N: Stow it, guy....Wait a minute....Look over there.... Two points off the starboard bow...By Tongass Point...

ENDORF: Hello....Iss a boat.

BOS'N: Right....Lying at anchor, an' swinging in the tide. Gimme the glasses.

ENDORF: Funny place to drop a hook, bos'n. In that passage. Iss bad place.

BOS'N: Just what I was thinkin'....Say -- looks like old man Shall's boat.....The fish-buyer.

ENDORF: Aye don't see no one on board.

BOS'N: But it's his boat all right. An' she's yawin' in the tide, an' the tiller's slattin' back an' forth....

ENDORF: The old man never leave his boat like that, Bos'n.

BOS'N: Don't I know it?...Put the wheel over, Endorf, an' ring for full speed ahead...There's something wrong on that boat, and we're going to find out what it is.

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ATX01 0269978

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. ENGINE ROOM BELL JANGLES.
  2. SHIP WHISTLES.
  3. SHIP'S MOTORS RISE -- THEN STOP.
  4. ANCHOR CHAIN RUNS OUT.
  5. RIPPLE OF WAVES.
  6. CREAK OF OARLOCKS -- BOATS BUMP.

\*\*\*\*\*

ENDORF: By godfrey, bos'n....Look at her deck!  
BOS'N: Blood!....All over the place!...Trouble here all  
right -- an' plenty.  
ENDORF: Bos'n -- over this way -- on the galley deck....  
BOS'N: What?...Great Maria!....Endorf -- who is it?  
ENDORF: Old man Shall....  
BOS'N: Shall?  
ENDORF: Dead....By godfrey, bos'n -- iss terrible!...Look....  
BOS'N: Head split open...God, that's an awful thing!....  
And the boat looks as if she must have been pulled to  
pieces above deck...Tried to fight for his life,  
Endorf -- before he was killed.  
ENDORF: Poor fellow .....Poor old man...  
BOS'N: Bad a thing as I ever saw....Murdered in cold blood.  
ENDORF: Who would do it to a nice old fellow like him?  
BOS'N: Do you think I'd be standing around here if I knew?  
...I'd be making tracks after the killer....Turn the  
poor old chap over, Endorf. Maybe we can find some  
clue, anyway.....Yeah...See there? In the deck --  
buried in the wood.  
ENDORF: Iss bullet, bos'n...I dig it out of the deck, ja?

ATX01 0269979

BOS'N: No no -- leave it lay,...Don't touch anything. This is a job for the Agents of the United States Bureau of Investigation. We'll tow the boat back to Ketchikan, and turn the case over to McLean and Jackson,...They'll handle it....Now get some sail-cloth, and cover -- slack up there -- hold on --

ENDORF: What iss?

BOS'N: The old man -- look at the way his fist is doubled up. He's got something in that fist, Endorf..... Something we might want to see.....

ENDORF: Wait a minute....Aye will look.....

BOS'N: Easy now....That's it....Let's see what -- Great Marie!

ENDORF: Bos'n!....Iss hair!....Pieces of black hair!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DISTANT SOUND OF AUTOMATIC WHISTLE-BUOY.  
2. WASH OF WAVES AGAINST SHORE.  
3. KNOCK ON DOOR.  
4. DOOR OPENS.

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MRS. GRAY: Yes? Did you wish to see me?

McLEAN: I presume you are Mrs. Gray -- the missionary at this Tongass Point settlement?

MRS. GRAY: Yes. I am the missionary at the Eskimo settlement here. Can I assist you in any way?

McLEAN: I am Mr. McLean, Mrs. Gray -- Special Agent, United States Bureau of Investigation. I have been working for the past week on the murder of John Shall....

MRS. GRAY: Oh, I am so glad you have come, Mr. McLean!...You can't imagine what a terrible thing this is!...So awful a crime -- committed so near our quiet, peace-loving community!

McLEAN: I understand how disturbed you must be, of course.

MRS. GRAY: In all the years of my work here, there has been no trouble of any sort. I hope you will realize that, Mr. McLean.

McLEAN: I hope there is no trouble this time, either, Mrs. Gray. But you will realize it is necessary for me to investigate.

MRS. GRAY: Oh yes, of course. And when I heard you were coming, I asked the chief men of the village to gather here. This is our little meeting-house,

McLEAN: That's very kind of you indeed... Oh -- by the way -- when Shall's boat was found, it was lying just off this point, I believe?...Just over there in that cove.

MRS. GRAY: I -- I believe that is it, Mr. McLean.

McLEAN: Did you by any chance happen to see the boat yourself?

MRS. GRAY: You mean -- you mean -- I -- well -- well no -- not until later -- oh, a great deal later.

McLEAN: I see....You -- you don't know anything about this matter yourself, Mrs. Gray?...Anything you might wish to tell me before I investigate further?

MRS. GRAY: Oh no -- no certainly now.

ATX01 0269981

McLEAN: Thank you....Then if I could come inside....

MRS. GRAY: Surely....Just this way..

(SLIGHT MURMURS FADE IN)

MRS. GRAY: Here we are....These are the chief Eskimos of the settlement, Mr. McLean,

McLEAN: Thank you.....You're the chief men here, are you?

(GRUNTS OF ASSENT)

McLEAN: Very well....Then suppose we understand each other. I'm an agent of the United States Bureau of Investigation. There's been a murder committed here, and the government wants the man that did it.

ESKIMO: No Eskimo kill -- no.

McLEAN: Just take it easy, now....I'm not making any accusations -- yet. But we know this man shall drew \$500 out of the bank at Ketchikan -- bought some canned goods, and went on board his boat alone. And you all know what was found on the boat afterward... A bullet from a .38 calibre Colt, and some black human hairs in the dead man's hand....Black hairs, you understand....And I never yet saw a blond Eskimo.

(MURMURS)

ESKIMO: No Eskimo kill -- no.

MRS. GRAY: No, Mr. McLean!....No!....You can't stand there and say that these harmless people are in any way connected with --

McLEAN: Please, Mrs. Gray....I'm simply trying to get at the bottom of this whole affair....Now my friends, if anybody in this settlement knows anything, I advise him to tell it.

(MURMURS)

ATX01 0269982

ESKIMO: No Eskimo kill -- no.

McLEAN: Sorry, but I'm not interested in that chorus you've got memorized....I'm not saying you killed him, but I want information. And I'm warning you that if I don't get it by this time tomorrow, Jackson and I are coming in after it....That's all....Tell your people what I've said.

(MURMURS -- FADING OUT)

MRS. GRAY: Oh dear me -- oh dear.

McLEAN: I'll be going now, Mrs. Gray. Tomorrow when I --

MRS. GRAY: Mr. McLean -- wait!....I -- I can't sit by and see these Eskimos get into trouble over this terrible thing! They had nothing to do with it! I can swear to you they hadn't! I-----! Oh dear me, what am I saying?

McLEAN: MRS. GRAY -- are you quite sure you've told me all you know?

MRS. GRAY: No, no! Don't ask me, please!.....

McLEAN: I appreciate how you feel but I'm afraid I must. Why didn't you tell me before?

MRS. GRAY: Maybe I've done wrong...I -- I did see something -- the day of the murder, and then when it came out in the paper about the black hair, I've been so afraid! I told myself I'd never say a word.

McLEAN: I can assure you you'll be perfectly safe, Mrs. Gray.

MRS. GRAY: Well -- On October 20th -- the afternoon of the murder -- I saw John Shall's fishing boat going out the passage. I stopped at the window just an instant to watch him, and I saw a man in a rowboat waving to him.

ATK01 0269983

McLEAN: Shall was alone on his boat, Mrs. Gray?  
MRS. GRAY: Yes.  
McLEAN: What did the other man look like?  
MRS. GRAY: Oh dear me, he wasn't near enough for me to recognize him -- but he wasn't an Eskimo. I'm certain of that.  
McLEAN: Not an Eskimo? You're certain?  
MRS. GRAY: Oh, absolutely....He was very big -- tall -- clearly a white man. But Mr. McLean -- he did have jet black hair!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. KNOCK ON DOOR -- RAPID.

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JACKSON: Come in. Come in.  
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)  
McLEAN: Hello there, Jackson....Just got back from Tongass Point. I found --  
JACKSON: Thank Heaven you're here, McLean!....Now we can get going on this together! I've managed to locate the owner of the gun!  
McLEAN: You have! Who is he?  
JACKSON: Named Bellows....Fisherman...  
McLEAN: Fisherman, eh?....Sounds pretty good.  
JACKSON: Course it does....Perfect... Would have known the old man. Known his habits. And owns a .38 Colt.  
McLEAN: Where is he, Jackson?  
JACKSON: Here in Ketchikan.  
McLEAN: Here?  
JACKSON: Right now. Just came in from fishing. Hangs out in a back room cafe -- used to be a saloon -- the Sourdough's Hope.

ATX01 0269984

McLEAN: Looks as if I just about got back to Ketchikan in time.

JACKSON: Couldn't be better. Now you're here we can move, and move fast. Ought to be able to catch this bird, and have him under arrest before midnight.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. SALOON SCENE -- VOICES, CLINK OF GLASSES.  
2. SOME ONE DISTANT PLAYING POPULAR TUNE ON TINNY PIANO.

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McLEAN: That Sourdough's Hope....This the place, Jackson?

JACKSON: Yep. We'll go in. The bar's out in the back,  
(FLAP-FLAP OF SWINGING DOORS)  
(NOISE INCREASES SLIGHTLY)

McLEAN: Dirty kind of a dive...You know what this fellow looks like?

JACKSON: Tall --about six feet one inch -- strong -- wears a mackinaw most of the time -- boots -- dark complexion.

McLEAN: Must be the one. There's no mistake. That corresponds to the description that woman out at the Point gave me. She saw the murderer just before he got on Shall's boat.

JACKSON: Yes. Lucky you found her. Corroborates the clue of the black hairs...Easy...Here's the door to the back room.  
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)  
(THE PIANO HAS STOPPED)



JACKSON: Look 'em over, McLean.

McLEAN: There's a man. Big chap; Mackinaw -- and heavy cap on his head. See him? Second table there.

JACKSON: Come on over,

McLEAN: I'm with you.....

JACKSON: Hello, stranger....Your name Bellows?

BELLOWS: What's that to you?

JACKSON: That your name?

BELLOWS: Yeah....What's it to you, I tell you?

McLEAN: Just a little matter of a murder out here, Bellows. The murder of John Shall. Ever hear of it?

BELLOWS: You're a whang-doodlin' liar! I had nothin' to do with that!

JACKSON: We're Bureau of Investigation men, Bellows. We want to ask you a few questions about that murder.

BELLOWS: The hell you do!.....I ain't even been in town for two weeks!....I been out fishin'. You can't pin it on me!

JACKSON: That so?....McLean, take off his cap. There's not so many black-haired men around here that owns revolvers and go fishin', too,....Take it off, McLean.

BELLOWS: Hay --!

McLEAN: Jackson! Holy Pete, look at that!

JACKSON: I'll be a low-down whale-eater!....The guy's bald!

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(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: HOW WILL AGENTS OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTI  
INVESTIGATION SOLVE MYSTERY OF ALASKA KILLER.....  
FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...FOR THRILLING FINISH....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE I

"THE ALASKA KILLER"

PART II

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(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL  
AGENT FIVE.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....CASE OF  
"THE ALASKA KILLER".....PROCEED WITH CASE.....  
IN HOSPITAL.....AT KETCHIKAN, ALASKA.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FADE IN FEEBLE GROANS;

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DAVY: (WEAK, HOLLOW VOICE) I'm sorry, gentlemen -- but that's all I can tell you. I'm afraid I know less about this case than any one in Ketchikan. I have been here in the hospital since before it happened.

McLEAN: We know that, Mr. Davy. And please be assured that we are not implicating you in any way.

DAVY: I hope I have a respectable standing in my community, gentlemen.

JACKSON: It's your boat we're interested in, Mr. Davy....We find it was the only other one operating near Ketchikan at the time Shall was murdered.

DAVY: That's perfectly true.. The "Comrade" is my boat.

JACKSON: And you say you hired two men to work it for you.

DAVY: That is also true.....I was ill myself, so I employed two men -- James Ordlaw and Rald Don. They had come to Alaska for the fishing season. I had never seen them before. I have not seen them since.

McLEAN: Two men on a fishing boat....That checks with what Bellows said about lending his revolver, Jackson.

JACKSON: Begins to look that way....Did either of these two men have black hair, Mr. Davy?

DAVY: I believe one of them did....The man named Rald Don.

McLEAN: Rald Don...That's a strange name...

ATX01 026998B

DAVY: But I can't tell you where he is. I don't know. And the other man -- Ordlaw -- has gone back to the States -- to Rawlins, in Wyoming. (COUGHS)...You -- must excuse me, gentlemen....I am tired.....

McLEAN: Thank you very much, Mr. Davy. I'm sure you've given us all the help you can. I hope you will be on your feet again very soon. And now we won't bother you any further.....Come along, Jackson. There's just one place for us to follow down a thin clue like this -- and that's back in the States -- at Rawlins, Wyoming....

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SOUND INTERLUDE:

1. TRAIN FADES IN, WITH WHISTLE
2. TRAIN STOPS.
3. TAXI MOTOR AND HORN.
4. TAXI STOPS.
5. KNOCKING ON DOOR.
6. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

\*\*\*\*\*

ORDLAW: Lissen!...For God's sake, you don't think I done it?

McLEAN: We think you know something about it, Ordlaw...You were working on the "Comrade"...You admit that.

ORDLAW: Sure I admit it!...But I tell you I didn't kill the old man!

JACKSON: There were only two of you on the boat, Ordlaw. What about the other fellow? Rald Don?

ORDLAW: Rald Don!....I never said nothin' about him!....I come back here to Wyoming when the fishing season was over, and I ain't seen him since! I swear I ain't!

McLEAN: That doesn't prove you're not mixed up in it.... If you want to clear yourself, I advise you to give us a straight story. You say you didn't kill Shall. Did Rald Don kill him?

ORDLAW: Don't ask me that!....I don't know...Honest I don't!... I only know that day he ---

(HE STOPS SHORT)

McLEAN: Well?....You were with him on the boat....Just the two of you. You'd better tell us, Ordlaw.

ORDLAW: I don't know nothing, I tell you!....I didn't see nothing!....It was only what he did....

McLEAN: What he did?

ORDLAW: Yes.....

McLEAN: What did he do? Go on.

ORDLAW: The day - the old man was killed....It ain't much -- only -- it seemed kind of funny at the time, and I can't get it off my mind. I gotta talk about it I guess. It was that day in October -- see?....Our fishin' boat was lyin' near Ketchikan wharf. Don takes the dory in the morning and doesn't come back all day. It was kind of raw -- cold, with fog comin' up out of the Straits....And as I sits there in the cabin about supper-time, waitin' for Don, I hears the sound of oars.....

(HE FADES OUT)

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ATX01 0269990

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. SLIGHT LAPPING OF WATER.
  2. CARLOCKS CREAKING.
  3. FAINT PUT-PUT IN DISTANCE.

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ORDLAW: (CALLING SLIGHTLY) Hi -- Don....Don! That you?  
DON: (OFF MIKE) Shut up! Yeh, it's me.....  
ORDLAW: Hey, you bilge-barnacle....What's eatin' yuh?  
DON: (CLOSER) Shut up, I say!....Gimme a hand aboard....  
ORDLAW: Steady her!  
(BOAT BUMPS SIDE OF CRAFT)  
DON: Comin' up.....  
ORDLAW: You got a load there. What's in the gunny-sack?  
DON: Gold bricks.  
ORDLAW: Go fry an egg.....What you been doin', buying out the town?  
DON: Forget it.....Come in the cabin....Supper ready?  
(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)  
Lemme put this over here.....  
(DUMPS SACK OF CANNED GOODS)  
ORDLAW: Hey! Whatcha got in the gunnysack -- peaches -- pineapple! Gryin' out loud!.....That stuff costs money! You struck gold, or somethin'?  
DON: (FIERCELY) Lissen, you! I told you to keep your nose out of that! Now get away or you'll get hurt! An' shut yer face!.....It don't matter to you what I bring on board here -- see?  
ORDLAW: All right -- all right. I'll get supper. This fishin' business is gettin' on our nerves. Time the season ends, I'm hikin' back to Wyoming.  
(RATTLE OF PANS AND STOVE COALS)

ATX01 0269991

DON: Yeah. It's bad....,I'll pull out for Portland myself, pretty soon.

ORDLAW: Goin' to board with that Ma Post again, Don?

DON: I guess....Say, Ordlaw.

ORDLAW: Yeah?

DON: One more thing, fella....Remember -- no matter what happens, I was on this boat all day.

ORDLAW: On the boat all day? What do you mean?

DON: Just what I say. If anybody asks any questions, you and me never left the boat. And if you know what's good for you and me both -- you'll remember what I'm telling ya.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. PUT-PUT AND LAPPING OF WAVES, FADE-OUT.

\*\*\*\*\*

JACKSON: That's what happened, Ordlaw?

ORDLAW: True as I live.

JACKSON: Well, I guess that's that.

McLEAN: Absolutely.

JACKSON: Trying to set up an alibi. And all the time he's got Shall's money in his pocket and groceries in his gunnysack.

McLEAN: What about afterward, Ordlaw?

ORDLAW: He left as soon as he could, afterward.

McLEAN: For Portland?

ORDLAW: I dunno. He didn't say....But he used to talk about boardin' there with this Ma Post.

JACKSON: Looks like Portland for us, McLean.

ATX01 0269992

McLEAN: Looks that way....It's the best bet we've had so far.  
We can't afford to miss it.

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN AT FULL SPEED, WITH DISTANT WHISTLE --  
FADING OUT.  
2. STREET CAR AND STREET CAR BELL.  
3. BARBER SHOP -- SNIPPING OF SCISSORS - RUNNING  
WATER IN BASINS -- SLIGHT HUM OF MASSAGE  
VIBRATOR.

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DON: (ENTERING) Hi there, Tony.....Good morning. Howsa  
barber business?

TONY: Morning, mist' Don.....Sheesa fine this morning.  
Fine day too.

DON: I seen worse. I seen worse.

TONY: What you have this morning, Mist' Don? Shave -- lika  
always, huh?

DON: I need a haircut too, Tony....Gimme the works while  
you're at it. Face massage -- all the rest.....I'm  
steppin' out again tonight. Gotta look slick.

TONY: You go out lotsa time, Mist' Don....Spend plenty mon',  
I bet.

DON: Well, I got it to spend -- so what of it? Go ahead,  
Tony.....Get busy there.....

\*\*\*\*\*

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. SNIPPING AND BARBER NOISES FADE OUT BRIEFLY--  
THEN FADE IN AGAIN.  
2. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

\*\*\*\*\*



TONY: Yes, sir....You sit down, please...Be with you right away....

McLEAN: That's all right....I'll wait!

TONY: Dass a chair over there.

McLEAN: Thanks.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

TONY: Gōoda mornin', sir....She's all busy...You wait, huh? Is a chair by this other fella....

JACKSON: Don't want a haircut....Take a shine...I'll sit over here. Make it snappy.

TONY: Yes, sir....Shine, boy -- shine....

DON: Say -- you got an awful bunch of customers in here all of a sudden, Tony....You know these guys?

TONY: No, mista Don...

DON: Hurry up and get this lather off my face...I want to see what's goin' on here..

McLEAN: (LOW) That's him in the chair now, Jackson.

JACKSON: Right....Looks like he's getting himself prettied up and damn the expense..

McLEAN: The way we've seen him spending money the last couple of days, that five hundred won't last him long -- if he's got it.

JACKSON: Sure. And when they spend money like that, there's always somep'n wrong....Look out....Watch yourself.... He's finished now.

DON: (OFF MIKE) Thanks, Tony.....There y'are. 'S a good job.

TONY: Thanka ver' much, Mista Don.

McLEAN: There he goes....Get ready. Easy now,....

TONY: You come tomorrow, Mista Don?

DON: Sure....If you ain't got too many customers hangin' around....Be good....Bye....

(DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HIM)

McLEAN: Never spotted who we were. Now we've got a clear field.

JACKSON: Think you can get it?

McLEAN: The hair?....Sure. Take this newspaper and drop it on the floor. Use it as a cover to pick up the hair.

JACKSON: Have to work fast.

TONY: You next, mist'....All ready.

McLEAN: All right...I'll just get this paper folded so I can read it while you ----I'll -- oh -- sorry...Dropped it.

(PAPER RATTLES)

TONY: I pick him up,

McLEAN: Never mind,...I've got it....Oh -- and say -- I just remembered. I've got an appointment I clean forgot about.

TONY: Whatsammat -- you no get hairout?

McLEAN: No...Not today....Back some other time....Coming, Jackson?

JACKSON: Coming.

TONY: Hey -- wanna minut'....Itsa ten cents you owe for shine....

JACKSON: Ten cents?....Sure....Here you are....And keep the change....

TONY: Hokay, Boss...Hokay....

JACKSON: All right, McLean....Let's go!!!

(DOOR SLAMS)

TONY: Chees,...Ver' funny....No understand,...

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TELEGRAPH CLICKS.

2. TYPEWRITER KEYS, DISTANT

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JACKSON: Nothing yet, McLean?

McLEAN: Nothing yet....And between watching Rald Don and this telegraph ticker both, I don't know what I'm doing.

JACKSON: Too bad we had to send that hair up to Ketchikan by plane. Liked to have taken it myself....After that slick way you got it off the barber shop floor -- boy, I sure hated to let it out of my sight.

McLEAN: It would be worse to let Don out of our sight right now. Everything points to him....All we need is this one word from Ketchikan.

JACKSON: But that's the only thing can prove he did it... Why're they taking so long up there? We ought to hear by now.

McLEAN: They've got to analyze it first -- and compare it with the hair found in Shall's fingers. You can't hurry a thing like that....After all, when the whole case hangs on --

JACKSON: Don't you say this thing hangs on a hair -- so help me! Why don't we hear something?...The longer we wait, the worse it looks to me.

ATX01 0269996

McLEAN: It's a tricky trail we've been following, Jackson.  
And there's nothing to do now but wait. If we only  
get word that --

(TELEGRAPH KEY CLICKS)

JACKSON: There's something! What is it!

OPERATOR: I'll have it for ye in a minute, sor....

McLEAN: Is it for us? Where's it from?

OPERATOR: Hold on now, sor -- hold on -- let me get it....let  
me -- it's from Ketchikan..

BOTH: Ketchikan!

OPERATOR: And it's for you gentlemen,

JACKSON: Boy! What does it say!.....Come on -- come on!

OPERATOR: Comin' through now....the message, that is....

McLEAN: Read it, man -- read it to us!

OPERATOR: Here she is, sor....Analysis -- hair -- shows it to  
be exactly same type of hair as that found in hand  
of John Shall, murdered in this vicinity -- on --

JACKSON: That's it! That proves it!.....That's the answer!

McLEAN: There we are, Jackson! That does it!....Now, we'll  
go over to Ma Post's and pick him up.

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SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WHISTLING OF POPULAR TUNE.

2. SOUND OF CLOTHES BRUSH.

3. KNOCK ON DOOR.

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DON: That you, Ma Post?....Got that shirt you was ironin' for me?....Hurry up an' bring it in!....Just slickin' down my hair.....Gotta swell date tonight....

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Come in -- come in....Oh, I forgot....Door's locked... I'll open it for you....An' say lissen -- this is a cock-eyed mirror you got in this room. It's all cracked. I don't look so good in it. (PAUSES) -- Hey, Ma....That you out there?....Why don't you answer me?

McLEAN: (OUTSIDE) Open up, Don.

DON: Hey!....Who's that!

McLEAN: Open up, I say!....

DON: The devil I will!....Who are ya?...What ya want?...

McLEAN: All right, Jackson...Break down the door....

DON: Get away from that door! Get away!

JACKSON: Come on!...

(CRASHES AGAINST DOOR)

DON: Why you low-down, yellow-livered pole-oats---! Think you can get me that way, do ya?

McLEAN: Once more, Jackson....Together!

(DOOR SPLINTERS)

JACKSON: Look out, McLean! The gun!

(SHOTS)...

DON: Come on, you!....I got enough for both of ya!

McLEAN: Inside, Jackson! Quick!....Grab his gun!

(SHOTS)

(SCUFFLE)

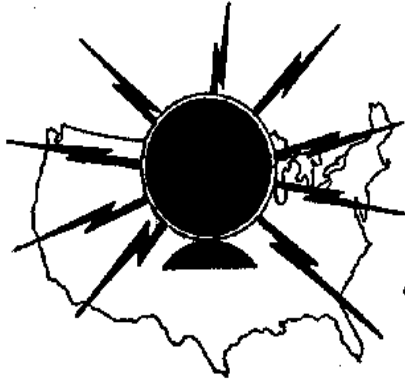
DON: Hey!

ATX01 026999B



# 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, OCTOBER 27, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen.....you'll never guess who this is.....this is the Old Man of the Mountain.....the Voice in the Old Village Choir.....Welcome to you in St. Paul, Minn..... in Phoenix Ariz.....in Kankakee Ill.....and in Seattle, Wash. Personally I'm as happy as a mothball in a clothes closet and why not.....this is the weekly Lucky Strike laugh festival....headed by Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen who is even now preparing the Munchausen that he will serve you later. Sharing the honors of the evening is that great conductor Abe Lyman who will play some of the songs of his native country. Tonight Abe stands there....six feet tall in his orchestrations....and all dressed up....he was telling me tonight that he just traded in his old tuxedo on a new suit.... and believe me,neighbor, he's the talk of the studio. At any rate a lot of things have been said about him so let's let the lad speak for himself.....he speaks via his music.....via a fellow shouldn't I don't know so let's have a gavotte.

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

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening, everybody, this is Abe Lyman starting tonight's dance with -- (TITLES)

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



ABE LYMAN:

Here goes the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Abe Lyman ladies and gentlemen,....but right now it's everybody's cue to leave off what they're doing and listen to Howard Claney. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Scourge of the Spanish Main! With raw, heartless cruelty Captain Kidd made his fierce raids on gold-laden Spanish galleons in the year 1696. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild",.... and how equally true that is of tobaccos. Raw tobaccos have no place in a cigarette! 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.

ATX01 0270002

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Your Pilot again, my dear parishioners, who just wants to remind you that what America needs is a healthy, hearty, gusty, lusty laugh that starts at your Battery and rumbles up to your Bronx. And right now.....a manly massage of the funny bone is in order from the famous Doctor Pearl. Doctor Jack Pearl has given up his maiden name and taken over a better one.....the Baron Munchausen. He's here now to tell you about his experiences in the circus....so let's drop the baby on the floor and listen to his Excellency.....the Baron!

(ORCHESTRA -- "ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE")

(FIRST PART -- "MUCH ADO ABOUT A CIRCUS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen....you have just been listening to Jack Pearl, the inventor of a new kind of laughing gas under the name of the Baron Munchausen. Accompanied by his partner in crime, Cliff Hall, who is no relation to Carnegie Hall, he has walked off the field of honor in a burst of laughter and applause. Jack will be back.....Jack will be back.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0270003

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

And in the interim.....aw gwan....get into the interim.....Abe Lyman, the whispering conductor, is whispering a few last instructions to his men who are humoring the old genius by giving him attention. So pay attention all you dancers in Shamokin, PA.....in Mobile, ALA.....in San Diego, CAL.....well pay attention while Abe Lyman does his darndest to dance you over the ether....but never under the ether.

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

ABE LYMAN:

Everybody dance as we play -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Abe Lyman ladies and gentlemen.....he's waiting for a break now and after he gets it he'll come back. But time is short and Howard Glaney has an important announcement to make.

HOWARD CLANEY:

News about a fine, uniform quality cigar that's brought joy to millions! Twenty words -- no more, no less!

(DRUM ROLL)

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER:

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

(DRUM ROLL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

These twenty words have brought smokers everywhere an increased opportunity to enjoy a mellow-flavorful, fine quality cigar -- Certified Cremo!.....made of choice long-filler tobacco, rolled in the famous Perfecto shape. From Maine to California they're seizing the opportunity, -- let me read you a telegram that gives you a glimpse of this overwhelming demand:

"HAVE CLIFF WEIL CIGAR COMPANY RUSH OUR ORDER FOR CERTIFIED CREMOS.....RICHMOND PUBLIC IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED THE FACT THAT CREMO SAME SIZE AND QUALITY AT NEW PRICE IS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE GREATEST CIGAR VALUE.....OUR SALES HAVE INCREASED TREMENDOUSLY."  
(SIGNED) SAMUEL ROSENTHAL, PRESIDENT, STANDARD DRUG COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0270005

HOWARD CLANEY:

And here is another telegram:

"CERTIFIED CREMOS AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR  
TEN CENTS ARE OUTSELLING ALL OTHER CIGARS COMBINED  
IN OUR STORE.....CIGAR SMOKERS IN AND AROUND GREELEY  
COLORADO ARE BEATING A PATH TO OUR STORE FOR THEM.....  
HAVE YOUR COLORADO DISTRIBUTOR TRIPLE OUR PRESENT  
WEEKLY ORDER." (SIGNED G. H. FUNK, BUYER,  
GRAYS CREAMERY, GREELEY, COLORADO.

Remember, for the same uniformly high quality cigar  
ask for Certified Cremo.....the only cigar in the world finished  
under glass for your sanitary protection.

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

(WALTER O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTO "I LOVE LOVE") (3:30)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now ladies and gentlemen.....Abe Lyman and his  
boys are ready to start the dancing at the drop of a hat. Just drop  
the hat nearest you, lead with your right and Mr. Lyman will do the  
rest.

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

ABE LYMAN:

And without further ado we play --

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

ABE LYMAN:

The Magic Carpet's flying high.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Abe.....that was Honest Abe Lyman, neighbors.... with a phoney flower in his buttonhole. Now get into a huddle around the radio and listen for the signals.....they call for Jack Pearl, the All-American clown to knock you all for a goal as he goes on with his inspired nonsense. The Baron Munchausen is standing in the wings.....he's ready to go on.....so I give him to you. Take him to yoh hearts. The Baron!-

(SECOND PART -- "MUCH ADO ABOUT A CIRCUS")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Uncle Sam that was Jack Pearl, your foreign cousin, traveling incog on the Magic Carpet.....but we all know he's the Baron Munchausen who has become a popular favorite of these Thursday night strawberry festivals and clambakes. He'll drop in on you again next Thursday at this same time.....and pardon me here if I put in a word about Saturday night. The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will throw a Halloween party and Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday will do the singing.....the singing of great song hits from present and past operetta successes. The orchestras will be Vincent Lopez playing in Chicago, and Jack Denny in New York.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

But now while we've got Lyman here let's get the most out of him.....and yoh Sothen folk....down Louisiana way....we're going to go on a hayride in this group:.....a real old fashioned Louisiana hayride:....so show the other 47 states how it's done Louisiana.....and now Lyman our fate is in your hands so

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

ABE LYMAN:

As the Magic Carpet settles down at our feet we play --- (TITLES)

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(

ABE LYMAN:

Climb aboard! The Magic Carpet is off on its lightning trip.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Abe Lyman the modern peanuts vendor, ladies and gentlemen.....and all his little monkeys dancing around for you blowing their whistles. Howard Claney has the next spot at the microphone and here he is. Mr. Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

This week smart New York society attended the opening of a new art gallery.....throng of distinguished people viewed the work of famous artists, and as they strolled through these modern galleries, you'd notice that many added to their pleasure, the enjoyment of a modern cigarette - LUCKY STRIKE. Discriminating people everywhere make it a point to select LUCKIES - for they recognized in LUCKIES' distinctive flavor, and in its true mildness, a quality no other cigarette offers.....a quality imparted by LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process. Millions appreciate this extra merit in LUCKY STRIKE - they ask for "that package of mild LUCKIES" -- because "IT'S TOASTED."

-----

WALTER O'KEEFE:

It's time again for Abe Lyman who is now the answer to a flappers prayer at the Capitol Theatre to step to the front and parade his talent before all you millions in Columbus, Ohio..... in Portland, Oregon.....in Montreal, Canada.....just as he does on Broadway. So hop on the Magic Carpet, as we used to say....dance your sweet heads off.

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

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ABE LYMAN:

We continue the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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(  
(  
(  
(

ABE LYMAN:

Again the Magic Carpet dashes back to the pilot.  
(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That was Abe Lyman, neighbor...And so we in New York  
have to come to a parting of the ways. You've heard Jack Pearl  
tonight assisted by Cliff Hall his traveling companion and it was  
Abe Lyman who furnished the music.....and now unless you have  
something to say.....let's call it a day. Goodnight!

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(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT -- OPTIONAL)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/27/32

ATX01 0270010

SU-166-VIII

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

(3rd DRAFT)  
10/24/32

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

"MUCH ADO ABOUT A CIRCUS"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 27, 1932

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ATX01 0270011

SU-166-VIII

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE VIII - PART I and II

"MUCH ADO ABOUT A CIRCUS"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

\*\*\*\*\*

CHARACTERS:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

\*\*\*\*\*

NOTE:

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EPISODE VIII

"MUCH ADO ABOUT A CIRCUS"

PART I

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CHARLEY: (ENTERING) I'm surprised at you, Baron! Positively surprised.

BARON: (ENTERING) Is that so? Well I'd be more surprised if you wasn't surprised than I am surprised that you are surprised.

(REMOVE BATH ROBE)

CHARLEY: Just the same, Baron I ----My word! Where did you get the leopard skin?

BARON: A leopard gave it to me for a present.

CHARLEY: Gave it to you for a present?

BARON: As I was saying, Baron, you not only surprised me tonight - you also disappointed me.

BARON: How? What? Where? Why?

CHARLEY: You insisted upon doing something at this Society Circus, didn't you?

BARON: Sure, and you asked me if I would go in the lyonaise cage.

CHARLEY: The lion's cage.

BARON: Don't be technical. I said I'd go in, didn't I?

CHARLEY: You certainly did! But when I made the announcement you refused to enter the cage.

BARON: That was your fault.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: You didn't tell me there was going to be a lion in it!  
And oh, was he swishing his tail!

CHARLEY: Wagging his tail - That meant he wanted to be  
friendly - had he been growling that would have meant  
he was going to bite.

BARON: I know that -- but he was wagging his tail and growling  
at the same time and I didn't know which end to  
believe.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, how did you like the Equestrians?

BARON: .....Hello?

CHARLEY: I said how did you like the Equestrians?

BARON: Fine, but I liked the horseback riders better.

CHARLEY: That's what I mean -- the horseback riders -- the  
Equestrians.

BARON: Oh, they was delicious - especially the girl who was  
riding bareback! Oh, Sharley, was she nice!

CHARLEY: Wasn't that a wonderful horse she was on?

BARON: I didn't see the horse.

CHARLEY: What did you think of the jumping horses?

BARON: (LAUGH) Grasshoppers!

CHARLEY: Grasshoppers! Why some of them jumped hurdles over  
eight feet high!

BARON: Still grasshoppers! I got a horse what can jump  
higher without moving.

CHARLEY: Your horse can what?

BARON: .....Did you say something?

CHARLEY: I said what can your horse do?

BARON: He can hear better than you. That's a cinch! He can jump higher than the Woolworth Building.

CHARLEY: Higher than the Woolworth Building?

BARON: Much higher.

CHARLEY: How high can he jump?

BARON: Six feet!

CHARLEY: Six feet! Why you just said he can jump higher than the Woolworth Building!

BARON: Well -- how high can the Woolworth Building jump?

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! Do you know who was also good, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: The water glasses.

CHARLEY: The water glasses?

BARON: The turn overs! The upside downers!

CHARLEY: Oh, the tumblers!

BARON: Yes - (LAUGH) the ocrobots!

CHARLEY: Acrobats!

BARON: Ocro --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron - Not Ocro -- Aero -- Acrobats!

BARON: Ocro -- oo -- flip floppers!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Have it your way.

BARON: And I liked the Siamese Twins.

CHARLEY: I noticed that -- you were paying a lot of attention to one of them, weren't you?

BARON: Oh, I have my palpitations.

CHARLEY: But when you left her you seemed out of sorts -- disappointed.

BARON: I was.

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CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: We had a date but she couldn't get away from her sister.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Hardly. Pardon me, Baron, but what is that mark on your forehead?

BARON: That! Oh, I bit myself.

CHARLEY: Bit yourself! on the forehead?

BARON: Why not? It's my forehead?

CHARLEY: Now look here, Baron! You know very well you didn't bite yourself on the forehead.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I bit myself on the forehead!

CHARLEY: How in the world could you bite yourself away up there?

BARON: I stood on a chair!

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron. Did you visit the menagerie?

BARON: Sure - I saw the Rhinehorseradish - the hippobottled-mustard, the Georgegrafter -- geography --

CHARLEY: The giraffe - with the long neck.

BARON: Yes -- in my country we had one with a neck so long that when we gave him something to eat on Monday the food didn't get down to his stomach till Saturday.

CHARLEY: He must have been awfully hungry between Monday and Saturday!

BARON: At first he was - but we fixed that.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: We fed him in advance.

CHARLEY: Did you see the panther?  
BARON: Sure, I was -- who is it?  
CHARLEY: I said did you see the panther?  
BARON: The Pentser?  
CHARLEY: No! Panther -- you know what a panther is, don't you?  
BARON: Sure - a man who makes pants. I also saw the kangarhubarber.  
CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron. Not a kangarubarber - a kangaroo - a native of Australia.  
BARON: .....Once over please.  
CHARLEY: A kangaroo - a native of Australia.  
BARON: (LAUGHING) My goodness!  
CHARLEY: What's the matter?  
BARON: My sister married one of those.  
CHARLEY: No doubt you saw the man eating tiger?  
BARON: Yes -- but I have seen something better.  
CHARLEY: What do you mean, better?  
BARON: I once saw a man eating rabbit.  
CHARLEY: A man eating rabbit? Where?  
BARON: In a restaurant -- You know Sharley, rabbits would make great arithmetickers.  
CHARLEY: Good mathematicians?  
BARON: The best.  
CHARLEY: Why?  
BARON: They multiply so rapidly.  
CHARLEY: (LAUGHING) Baron, you take the cake!  
BARON: You take it -- I'm on a diet.



CHARLEY: You know - I got a great thrill out of the high dive. Just think! That man dove one hundred feet into a tank containing only three feet of water!

BARON: Poof!

CHARLEY: Pouf?

BARON: Two poofs and a piffle!

CHARLEY: Why the poofs and piffle?

BARON: Because you are talking to a real diver.

CHARLEY: Meaning you?

BARON: Nobody else -- and but! In my country I was the Champion.

CHARLEY: Champion diver?

BARON: Yes sir - and posilutely! Once I bet a feller fifty thousand dollars on a dive.

CHARLEY: How much?

BARON: Zixty five thousand dollars!

CHARLEY: You went up!

BARON: I open and raise my own pot.

CHARLEY: That's your prerogative.

BARON: .....Have you got the hiccoughs?

CHARLEY: Why no. Tell me, what was the big bet about?

BARON: I bet him I could dive off in Hamburg and come up in New York City.

CHARLEY: And I suppose you're going to tell me you won the bet.

BARON: No sir -- I lost it.

CHARLEY: How come?

BARON: I maejudged my distance and came up in Salt Lake City.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me that, Baron! That's a fairy tale - a fantasy - it's incomprehensible!

BARON: .....You could go crazy and nobody would know the difference.

CHARLEY: It's just a myth.

BARON: A what?

(MYTH GAG)

BARON: Sure a female moth. And besides that dive was nothing. When I was with a carmell-emel -- Cannibal.

CHARLEY: A carnival!

BARON: (LAUGH) Your hearing is improving. When I was with it -- every day I used to dive from a platform six hundred feet high!

CHARLEY: How high?

BARON: .....Why don't you have your ears wired for sound?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, continue.

BARON: I used to dive six hundred feet into eighteen inches of water.

CHARLEY: Eighteen inches of water! Do you expect me to swallow that?

BARON: Not unless you're thirsty -- but just the same I did it! The last time I made the dive I nearly had an accident!

CHARLEY: An accident!

BARON: Yes - I dived off the platform without looking! Half way down I saw the tank was empty!

CHARLEY: Empty!

BARON: There was only one thing to do and I did it!

CHARLEY: What was that?  
BARON: I stopped right where I was -- turned around and jumped back.  
CHARLEY: Whoa! Baron! Please! Not in a thousand years could you turn around and jump back!  
BARON: Was you there, Sharley?  
CHARLEY: Certainly not!  
BARON: So I turned around and jumped back!  
CHARLEY: I give up.  
BARON: The crowd went wild! They cheered! They was panting with excitement.  
CHARLEY: Panting with excitement!  
BARON: And started singing the English pants song.  
CHARLEY: The English pants song! What's that?  
BARON: London breeches falling down!  
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!  
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

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

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"EPISODE VIII"MUCH ADO ABOUT A CIRCUS"PART II

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CHARLEY: (ENTERING) As I was saying, that's one of the largest elephants in captivity -- in effecting his capture two men succumbed from sleeping sickness. You've heard of sleeping sickness?

BARON: Sure -- hobo malaria.

CHARLEY: No, no. Sleeping sickness! Caused from the bite of a Tse Tse fly.

BARON: .....Hello?

CHARLEY: I said it is caused from the bite of a Tse Tse fly -- Tse Tse -- Tse Tse.

BARON: Gerzundheit. But he's a nice elephant, everybody was feeding him peanuts -- one feller didn't have peanuts so he gave the elephant a chew of tobacco.

CHARLEY: A chew of tobacco!

BARON: Yes - and the elephant hauled off and knocked him clean out of the tent.

CHARLEY: What did the man do?

BARON: He came back with a big club, walked around the elephant a couple of times and said "If I only knew which end was your face I'd break your nose."

CHARLEY: He couldn't locate the elephant's physiognomy.

BARON: .....What's your stuff?

CHARLEY: I said he couldn't locate the elephant's physiognomy.

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BARON: (LAUGH) It's a small world.

CHARLEY: I'll make it plainer, Baron. The man didn't know where the elephant's face was.

BARON: He didn't - but I do.

CHARLEY: You do?

BARON: Sure - you can't fool me. It's in front - and on it he's got two bicycle handle bars.--

CHARLEY: Those are tusks.

BARON: Trucks?

CHARLEY: No, tusks -- solid ivory.

BARON: .....What's the station?

CHARLEY: I said they are solid ivory.

BARON: (LAUGH) You're making this up out of your own head!

CHARLEY: Nonsense.

BARON: Well, anyhow, between the --

CHARLEY: The tusks --

BARON: Yes -- he's got a big, long tail --

CHARLEY: Pardon me Baron - that's not the elephant's tail -- that's his trunk.

BARON: That big shnozzle in front is his trunk?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) I guess the little one in the back must be his overnight bag.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!-

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, what do you think of our circus?

BARON: It's too small to even think about. I had what you call a circus.

CHARLEY: Really!

BARON: Well, I had sixteen hundred trapezers, two thousand bareface riders, seven hundred glowns and a menagerie.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My circus!

CHARLEY: How big was your tent?

BARON: Three miles square.

CHARLEY: Ridiculous! A tent couldn't be that big.

BARON: Was you ever in my circus, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, never!

BARON: So the tent was three miles square.

CHARLEY: Very well. How many animals did you have?

BARON: Eleven thousand.

CHARLEY: Eleven thousand animals! I can't believe it!

BARON: Well you could try.

CHARLEY: Didn't they cause you a lot of trouble?

BARON: Only once. Five hundred lions got fighting -- so I walked into the lions den --

CHARLEY: Hold on! You walked into a den in which there were five hundred lions?

BARON: Without even knocking on the door.

CHARLEY: Then tonight, why did you refuse to enter a cage with only one lion?

BARON: (LAUGH) Those were the happy days. I can see my teacher coming from the little red schoolhouse --

CHARLEY: Come, Baron! Answer me! Why did you refuse?

BARON: Well, you see Sharley, the lions now are different than the lions den.

CHARLEY: So that's it!

BARON: Yes -- and besides I only meet lions by appointment.

CHARLEY: I see - a very good idea.

BARON: (LAUGH) I just thought of it.

CHARLEY: When you entered the lions den what did you do?

BARON: I called the club meeting to order.

CHARLEY: Club? What club?

BARON: The Lions Club. And then I made a speech.

CHARLEY: You spoke to the lions?

BARON: In their own language.

CHARLEY: You mean to say you speak the lion language?

BARON: Very fludily! I also speak leopard.

CHARLEY: Leopard!

BARON: Yes -- in spots. Leopard is kind of hard, but lion for me is easy.

CHARLEY: I agree with you.

BARON: See? You're starting to believe me now!

CHARLEY: Go on with your story, Baron --

BARON: Well sir, one of the lions got mad and leaped at me.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I jumped out of the cage and ran -- with the lion after me -- I came to a swanup.

CHARLEY: A swamp.

BARON: A mudhole! I couldn't go further - I turned - there was the lion rushing at me with his mouth wide open!

CHARLEY: You were in a tough spot.

BARON: Are you telling me?

CHARLEY: What then?

BARON: I shoved my arm down the lion's throat, grabbed him by the tail, pulled him inside and he ran the other way.

CHARLEY: Baron! Please retract that statement! You know very well you didn't pull the lion inside out.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! I was not.

BARON: So I pulled the lion inside out!

CHARLEY: All right. But tell me, did you have any freaks with the circus?

BARON: Bushels! There was Joey -- a freak by accident.

CHARLEY: By accident.

BARON: Yes. Years before, his mother went to a zoo and was standing by a bear's cage when one of the bears made a swipe at her.

CHARLEY: The bear tried to claw Joey's mother.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Was she injured?

BARON: No - but terribly frightened. And when Joey was born he had bare feet.

CHARLEY: Did you have a fat girl?

BARON: Did I have a fat girl? I had a nine hundred and fifty pounder.

CHARLEY: Nine hundred and fifty pound! Oh, boy!

BARON: No, a girl - She had so many chins you couldn't tell which wrinkle was going to open when she started to talk.

CHARLEY: I often wondered what becomes of fat girls.

BARON: This one married the strong man. And oh, Sharley! Was he strong! He had a neck like a stove pipe!

CHARLEY: Big?

BARON: No, dirty. I also had an India rubber man.



CHARLEY: An Indian Rubber man!

BARON: Yes, but he got fresh and I bounced him.

CHARLEY: Of course you had midgets.

BARON: Only one. He was ten feet tall.

CHARLEY: A midget ten feet tall?

BARON: Yes sir. He was the biggest midget in the world. You should have seen my snakes, Sharley! Sixteen thousand, I had.

CHARLEY: Sixteen thousand snakes! Nobody ever saw that many snakes at one time.

BARON: Is that such? Well, after eleven drinks my uncle sees even more snakes as that.

CHARLEY: Your uncle does?

BARON: Yes sir. Once he rented a store and charged ten cents to show his snakes.

CHARLEY: Did he do any business?

BARON: Plenty! But the people didn't see any snakes so they called a policeman.

CHARLEY: Your uncle was in bad.

BARON: (LAUGH) You don't know my uncle.

CHARLEY: What did he do?

BARON: He gave the policeman a couple of drinks from his bottle and sold him a half interest in the show. One time my uncle saw pink elephants --

CHARLEY: Never mind your uncle. Tell me more about your freaks.

BARON: The best attraction I had was an egg eater!

CHARLEY: An egg eater!

BARON: Yes, - He used to eat five dozen eggs at every performance and we gave five performances a day.

CHARLEY: Five dozen eggs five times a day! Why that's three hundred eggs!

BARON: Eggactly!

CHARLEY: And he ate three hundred every day?

BARON: Yes - but he quit the job.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because I wouldn't give him time off to eat his regular meal.

CHARLEY: Did you have a bearded lady?

BARON: Did I! She was a walking mattress!

CHARLEY: Quite a hirsute.

BARON: It wasn't her suit! It was her beard. You never saw such alfalfa. To give you an idea, one day she was combing it and seventeen eagles flew out.

CHARLEY: Seventeen eagles!

BARON: An a pelican!

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: You got nothing on me! She had a son and he had whiskers too.

CHARLEY: He had whiskers also.

BARON: Yes and Sharley believe it or not -- he was the picture of his mother.

CHARLEY: What other freaks did you have?

BARON: I had a human austrianitch.

CHARLEY: Human ostrich!

BARON: He would eat anything, nails, needles, overcoats, anchors, --

CHARLEY: Pardon me for interrupting you, Baron, but isn't that a new medal?

BARON: Yes - I got it from Mr. Pfeifer --

CHARLEY: Mr. Who?

BARON: Not Mr. who! Mr. Pfeifer. Pfei ----Maybe you would like me to whistle it?

CHARLEY: Don't bother. Who is this Mr. Pfeifer?

BARON: One of the toms leading citrons.

CHARLEY: Leading citizens.

BARON: Take your choice.

CHARLEY: What did he give you the medal for?

BARON: I was in a rowboat with my sweetheart --

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you are keeping company with a girl!

BARON: What you think? A horse? She's an orange girl!

CHARLEY: An orange girl! What in the world is an orange girl?

BARON: She's always saying, "Orange you gonna take me out."  
"Orange you gonna buy me dinner."

CHARLEY: She knows her oranges.

BARON: And I know my onions! Well anyhow, I was rowing down the river when along came Pfeifer in his gernew.

CHARLEY: Cance!

BARON: A rowboat's sister. His mother-in-law was in the gernew with him.

CHARLEY: They were both on pleasure bent.

BARON: (LAUGHING) Maybe her - not him.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Oh Sharley! Was she bawling him out!

CHARLEY: Picking on him?

BARON: Like a ukelele. He got excited - lost his paddle - hit a log and his mother-in-law fell in the water.

CHARLEY: My goodness!

BARON: What did I do?

CHARLEY: Why I suppose --

BARON: Stop! Don't tell me! I know what I did! I jumped into the lake --

CHARLEY: You said it was a river.

BARON: So it was an ocean. She was going down for the sixteenth time --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, a drowning person only goes down three times and stays down.

BARON: I say she was going down for the sixteenth time.

CHARLEY: And I say she couldn't --

BARON: Will you please keep quiet before she goes down for the seventeenth time.

CHARLEY: Very well, go on.

BARON: Just as I reached her she grabbed the paddle -- right at the edge of the falls.

CHARLEY: At the edge of the falls!

BARON: Yes! It was a tough battle, Sharley, but I made it!

CHARLEY: And Mr. Pfeifer gave you the medal for saving his mother-in-law!

BARON: No! For saving his paddle!

CHARLEY: I suppose your sweetheart was proud of you.

BARON: Please - don't even mention her name! She turned from an orange girl to a Fido girl!

CHARLEY: A Fido girl? What kind of a girl is that?

BARON:

If I don't get a wrist watch I'll be mad, if I  
get a bracelet you'll get the air. And also she  
made a fool of me,

CHARLEY:

How did she make a fool out of you?

(BELL OUT OF ORDER ROUTINE)

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

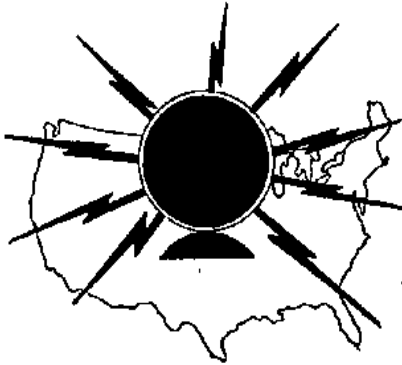
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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen  
10/24/32

ATX01 0270030

# 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."**

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 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:

Well ladies and gentlemen.....A Happy Halloween to you....and when I say Happy Halloween....I mean a Happy Halloween.... Because the holiday falls on Monday, this is the big night for the festivities. So the Magic Carpet dons a festive garb and goes around ringing the doorbells of every home in America. Let there be dancing in the streets and bonfires and bobbing for apples..... Well, we leave those events to you. Our part is to furnish the music for your barn dance or whatever it is and so we've got two All American bands waiting for the Okay to start them off; and here in the studio we have those two idols of the operetta stage, Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, who will sing you their songs of romance. Over in that stately beautiful new Waldorf Astoria Hotel, the four hundred and those who want to join the four hundred throng the corridors nightly on their way to Jack Denny and his musicians. Jack's with us tonight.....and out on the shores of Lake Michigan our friend Vincent Lopez is the big attraction at the Congress Hotel. They fixed up a new supper room for Vincent..... it has been decorated by Joseph Urban and my spies tell me it's a beauty.....so imagine those Urban blues and imagine Lopez and stop bobbing for that apple and jump for the beat.

ON WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT LOPEZ (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Hello everybody, Lopez speaking. We're in Chicago at the Congress Hotel where the dancing starts with -- (TITLES)

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Now the Magic Carpet speeds eastward back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks very much, Vincent. You made perfect arrangements for this evening. Remember me to Amos and Andy and Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy, and I hope to see you out there a week from tomorrow. Let's take time off right here, ladies and gentlemen, for Howard Claney's announcement. MR. CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Many are the tales of William the Conqueror -- that fierce giant of a man who led the powerful Norman Army in their raw, merciless onslaught against the English in the Battle of Hastings in the year 1066. There was a mighty fine example that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild." And here's another example - tobacco. 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.

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

ATX01 0270033



WALTER O'KEEFE:

For the next few minutes, ladies and gentlemen, the Magic Carpet takes flight on the wings of romance with Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday at the dual controls. Another tasty group of songs will ring in your ears and stir pleasant memories, as they launch forth on their first journey into the land of make-believe. For their first song they go back to the grand-daddy of popular American composers, the immortal Victor Herbert. Mr. Herbert's romantic Irish nature expressed itself brilliantly in the song "Sweethearts" from the operetta by the same name. Then imagine yourself sitting in the Music Box Theatre the night that John Steele made immortal, Irving Berlin's song "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody." For their third number Miss Herbert and Mr. Halliday borrow from the operetta known on the stage and screen as "The Vagabond King." It was only a couple of years ago that Lillian Roth sang this in the picture by that name. You will certainly recognize the tune when you hear it. The name is "Valse Huetgette." So the electrician throws an amber spotlight on this romantic couple....We are happy to present Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING -- "SWEETHEARTS"  
"A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY"  
"VALSE HUEGGETTE")

ATX01 0270034

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, you've just been listening to Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday, idols of operetta lovers here and abroad. In a little while they will return to the center of the stage, but meanwhile other things are in the offing, and if you were to ask me, or even if you don't ask me, I think it is pleasant to have anything in the offing, but now Mr. Denny is waiting. Jack just came back from Bermuda, all agog, in fact, agoga over his work, and tonight they're celebrating his opening in the Empire room of the Waldorf Astoria.....so let's pay attention to the debutante's best friend, as he dances you over the air waves.

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

JACK DENNY:

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

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

JACK DENNY:

We flash the Magic Carpet up Park Avenue and across town to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thank you very much, Denny. Will be seeing you later. Jack was telling me about one of the debutantes he introduced over the air. She came out in 1929 -- oh, it was a big coming-on party and out she came. That was in 1929 and she hasn't been home since. But enough of this chatter. My watch tells me that it's time for Howard Claney to make another important announcement.

HOWARD CLANEY:

To men who enjoy a fine, high-quality cigar! An important message - in 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)

ATX01 0270036

HOWARD CLANEY:

Wherever you are, you can get your share of this great new cigar value! Ask for Certified Cremo - you'll find it the same delicious, mellow, uniform quality cigar - made of choice, long-filler tobaccos....rolled in the famous Perfecto shape. Here's a telegram that tells you how America is responding to this great new value!

"WE ARE AMAZED TO FIND SINCE REDUCTION IN PRICE OF CERTIFIED CREMOS THAT THIS CIGAR HAS TRIPLED ITS SALE IN OUR NINETEEN STORES.....PLEASE SEE THAT OUR LOCAL DISTRIBUTOR SUPPLIES US IMMEDIATELY WITH AN EXTRA FIFTY THOUSAND." (SIGNED) CLYDE O. DICK, SECRETARY, RALPHS GROCERY COMPANY, INC., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

And here is another telegram:

"RUSH OUR ORDER OF OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND -- ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CREMO CIGARS.....NEW PRICE GOING OVER BIG..... SMOKERS REALIZING GREAT VALUE IN CERTIFIED CREMO." (SIGNED) GENERAL TOBACCO & CANDY COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

See your dealer now - ask for Certified Cremo at the new price -- five cents straight -- three for ten cents -- the only cigar in the world finished under glass for your sanitary protection.

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

ATX01 0270037

WALTER O'KEEFE:

This is the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet, ladies and gentlemen, heading into the autumn winds for the second half of tonight's show. What do you say we continue the Halloween Party as the guest of Vincent Lopez in Chicago. Out there Vincent is playing in the Congress Hotel looking out to the Lake. And even as I tell you this, you are crossing Grant Park and going into the Joseph Urban room, so --

OM WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT LOPEZ.....(WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And this time, here in Chicago, we play -- (TITLES)

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

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

33

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Even as the orchestra of Dr. Louis Katzman plays the melody of romance, the Magic Carpet makes a three point landing on eastern seaboard, stops for a few seconds, and then soars off again into the world of romance as the guests of Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday. This romantic couple have chosen some romantic songs for the journey. First of all, singing "The Merry Widow Waltz" by Franz Lehar. Perhaps you remember John Gilbert and Mae Murray dancing in this never-to-be forgotten scene. After that, from "The Spring Maid" you will hear "Two Little Love Bees," and then you gaze upon a Hungarian countryside, a band of gypsies idling in the sun, and the song "You're in Love" from another Lehar operetta called "Gypsy Love." Sit back and relax, let your imagination be your ticket, as the spotlights play upon Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday.

(HERBERT AND HALLIDAY SING --- "THE MERRY WIDOW WALTZ"  
"TWO LITTLE LOVE BEES"  
"YOU'RE IN LOVE")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Evelyn Herbert and Robert Halliday sang those songs you were just listening to. And right now the Magic Carpet pauses for a moment while Howard Clancy speaks. Mr. Clancy!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Tonight the Magic Carpet has brought you to the smart fall opening of the Waldorf-Astoria's beautiful Empire Room.... in a moment you will hear some more music from Jack Denny's orchestra.....And we are proud that among the distinguished society people who are attending this gay opening night, LUCKY STRIKE is so universally popular. Isn't it natural that these fashionable people should choose LUCKY STRIKE? They find in LUCKIES that perfect combination of cigarette quality.....the finest of fragrant, delicious tobaccos -- enriched and purified by the exclusive LUCKY STRIKE "TOASTING" Process which removes certain impurities naturally present in all tobaccos. "IT'S TOASTED" -- that's why LUCKIES are so delightfully mild -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Your pilot again, ladies and gentlemen, and I might point out, in fact I will point out, and pardon my pointing, Aunt Mame tells me it's bad manners. But on Saturday night in New York there are a lot of interesting places to go. The Waldorf Astoria with Jack Denny in the Title Role is one of the best. We'll join the Halloween Party there in about a half a minute, but meanwhile I want to tell you about the plan Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has for the first Tuesday evening in November. On that night we present another famous case handled by the Federal agents. This one based on files of the United States Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice in Washington, D.C., is known as "The Shasta Limited." It's the dramatization of a train robbery, it's terrible consequences, and the way the crack agents of the Department of Justice solved it.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0270040

ALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

With the turn of the switch our program will jump to Chicago, and Hal Kemp will have the music all to himself for the evening. But now it's time to bundle up and get in the buggy, pick up our police escort and shoot the Magic Carpet up Park Avenue to the Waldorf Astoria, where Jack Denny of the Just-came-home-from-Bermuda Dennys, with a shine on his shoes, a song in his heart, a tan on his face, and a baton in his hand, is giving you a smile of welcome which stretches from ear to ear. 'Ear, 'Ear, and

ON WITH THE DANCE JACK DENNY..(WHISTLE) OKAY WALDORF-ASTORIA!

JACK DENNY:

The dancing continues with --- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet speeds out of the Waldorf-Astoria, across the skyscrapers of Manhattan and back to the Pilot.

(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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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen  
10/29/32

ATX01 0270042