

**RADIO
CONTINUITY**

LUCKY STRIKE

**JAN. - FEB.
1933**

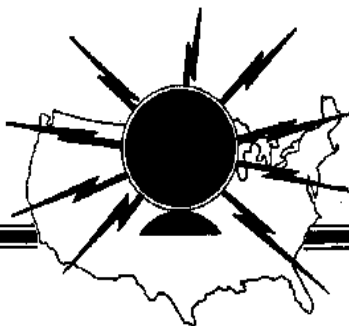
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JANUARY

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented
for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -
sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and
the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight in the Magic Carpet Theatre we present a
thrilling dramatization of "The Arizona Mail Train Hold-Up" - a real
case from the files of the secret investigation work at Washington,
D.C....but before we bring this drama of federal agents and
desperados, let's start the evening off with a dance. Ferde Grofe,
the famous composer and conductor has his orchestra all ready to
provide the music, so --

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

ANNOUNCER:

For the first dance tonight, Ferde Grofe and his
Orchestra play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine, Ferde -- that was a real thrill!...We're
happy, folks, to bring you the music of that great American composer,
Ferde Grofe...his famous work "The Grand Canyon Suite," is recognized
everywhere as a new and colorful blend of fine harmonies -- a
distinctive, modern note in American musical composition....And so
it is most appropriate that Ferde Grofe's dance tunes are brought to
you by the makers of LUCKY STRIKE....that modern, distinctive
cigarette which gives so much smoking pleasure! LUCKY STRIKE, too,
offers a distinctive, unusual note -- a unique, balanced blend of choice
Turkish and domestic tobaccos, brought together in every LUCKY in a
fragrant, delicious harmony that means real smoking enjoyment! And
LUCKY STRIKE not only gives you the finest of tender, golden tobaccos--
it gives you the true mildness that can only be imparted to those
choice tobaccos by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process - the most modern
step in cigarette manufacture! While you're listening to Ferde Grofe's
tunes -- why not light up a LUCKY, and enjoy the finest of fine
tobaccos, mellow-mild and delicious.

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Now we're in the Magic Carpet Theatre,....the curtain is rising....the house lights are dimming....and the footlights are coming up. The stage is set for the first act of "The Arizona Mail Train Hold-Up." This is a dramatization of a case taken from the United States Government files at Washington, D.C. Special Agent Five is listening for orders and instructions are flashing through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE ARIZONA MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP")

HOWARD CLANEY:

United States Postal Inspector Irwin has trailed the two train robbers to the ranch of Tom Vance. Can he prove that any of these men are guilty of the crime? A little later we'll bring you the second and final act...but right now the program calls for music from the talented baton of Ferde Grofe, so let's have it!

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

ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor, Ferde Grofe's Orchestra plays -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Back we go to the ~~man~~ at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

He is a major factor in a huge industry. He built a business from twelve men in 1902 to sixteen thousand employes today. He gave a distinct service and brought to the American motorist an excellent product at a fair price. Such a man is Harvey S. Firestone... pioneer in the automotive tire industry. Because he worked long and hard, in the cause of economical transportation; because his rubber organization reaches to the far corners of the world; and because he is a sportsman, a philanthropist and a representative of the highest type of business executive, two minutes ago, at 10:29, we flashed this telegram to Mr. Firestone:

MR. HARVEY S. FIRESTONE,
HARBEL MANOR,
MEDINA ROAD,
AKRON, OHIO.

YOU REVOLUTIONIZED THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY BY INTRODUCING
A FINE TIRE AT A LOW PRICE...YOUR PIONEERING IS NOW BRINGING
INCREASED AUTOMOBILE ENJOYMENT TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE...YOU CAN
WELL UNDERSTAND OUR OWN THRILL OF ACHIEVEMENT IN BEING ABLE TO OFFER
TO THE AMERICAN SMOKER CERTIFIED CREMO A FINE LONG-FILLER CIGAR
FINISHED UNDER GLASS AT THE UNIQUE PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT,
THREE FOR TEN CENTS.....WE HAVE PROVED TO OURSELVES AND TO CIGAR
SMOKERS THROUGHOUT THE NATION THAT A REALLY FINE CIGAR NEED NOT BE
EXPENSIVE....WITH CORDIAL GOOD WISHES

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

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

HOWARD GLANEY:

It won't be long before we come to the final act of our drama, but while the stage is being set, we'll dance again to the strains of Ferde Grofe's music. Climb aboard as he dances the millions of you over the air waves.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Everybody swing your partners to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Here comes the high flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

You're back in the Magic Carpet Theatre of the air for the last act of "The Arizona Mail Train Hold-Up." This is a dramatization of an actual case from the Federal Investigation files at Washington, D.C. Tom Vance and his son John were tracked to their ranch by United States Postal Inspector Irwin after the hold-up of the Arizona Mail Train. Bill Vance, another son, is a deputy in the sheriff's office but Tom and John Vance admit making the trail from the scene of the hold-up, claiming it was made the day before the crime, when they were riding the range. Inspector Irwin may have some important clues...he followed the trail carefully, even examining a fire which the men made.....Now our second act is about to begin.....Special Agent Five is awaiting instructions from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE ARIZONA MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Well Mr. and Mrs. America, that's the way the Federal inspectors do their job. Both Tom and John Vance wound up behind the bars and Bill Vance was on the wrong end of the bullets.

Next Tuesday we'll bring you a dramatization of another actual case, this time from the files of the United States Bureau of Narcotics, Treasury Department, at Washington D.C.....and now at this moment we're going to take a flying trip to Ferde Grofe and his Orchestra. Ferde is the maestro of the evening so we're on our way to land right at his feet.

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

ANNOUNCER:

This time Ferde Grofe and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Ferde. As the Magic Carpet flies across the country, there is another great fleet winging its way on the air lanes....Flying high above the tortuous passes of the Rocky Mountains, the great passenger planes of the Western Air Express cover in a matter of minutes the route that covered wagons followed for days and weeks....and in these ultra-modern cabin planes men and women are carried in swift luxury, everything provided for their enjoyment... It is significant that in these great modern air liners, LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are served exclusively to passengers. For it is a known fact that modern, fastidious smokers prefer the extra enjoyment of that modern cigarette -- the choice delicious blend of fine tobaccos that only LUCKY STRIKE offers....the true mildness, mellow-mildness, which can only be imparted to those tender golden leaves by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. That is why, wherever modern smokers gather, you'll always find LUCKY STRIKE is the favorite....the mildest, most delicious of cigarettes. -----

We go back into the dancing led by one of America's foremost directors and ace conductors....Ferde Grofe, whose intricate musical patterns are going to flow out of the loud speakers in every city, town and village all over the country.

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

ANNOUNCER:

We invite you to dance to the tune of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet takes that lightning trip.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

So, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the end of another LUCKY STRIKE program...but on Thursday night Jack Pearl will step forth in the role of the Baron Munchausen and relate some more of his amazing adventures.....also on that program Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra will provide the music for the dancing...Until Thursday, then, goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company,

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SU-173-X

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE X

"ARIZONA MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 3, 1933

SU-173-X

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE X

"ARIZONA MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CHARACTERS:

TOM VANCE	P. O. INSPECTOR IRWIN
JOHN VANCE	JERRY BUNN
BILL VANCE	BRAKEMAN
ADA VANCE	CONDUCTOR
SHERIFF SIMMONS	

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE X

"ARIZONA MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES...CLEAR THE WIRES...SPECIAL AGENT
 FIVE...THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....
 DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....
 DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE...WASHINGTON, D.C.....
 YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE
 "ARIZONA MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP".....BASED ON CASE.....
FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....
 DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE...WASHINGTON, D.C.....
 SPECIAL AGENT FIVE, PROCEED.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking...the story of the "Arizona
 Mail Train Hold-Up".....real people.....real places.....real clues....
 a real case.....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used
 throughout...our case begins at the Arizona ranch house of Tom
 Vance.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

JOHN: Well, what's the matter, Pa? You scared?

VANCE: No, son -- It don't scare me. But I've lived honest all my life, John. I reckon I'm too old to change now.

JOHN: Sure you've lived honest. And where did it get you? You've slaved on this ranch for sixty years and you'll die poor.

VANCE: I always treated you fair, didn't I, John?

JOHN: Sure, you did, Pa, and now I'm going to pay you back.

VANCE: I don't want it that way.

JOHN: Ah -- there ain't nothing to be afraid of. We'll stick up the train just after she crosses the New Mexico line.....Tonight. I know the place we can tag her -- just ten miles south of Guthrie. Just a comfortable ride from here, Pa.

VANCE: Son, whatever you say I still don't like it.

JOHN: There's money in that mail car. -- And there ain't no reason why we shouldn't have it. Why, we can be back here in bed four hours after it's over.

VANCE: Don't even know we could make the train pull up.

JOHN: She'll stop all right -- if we put something on the track to de-rail her!

VANCE: But John -- folks might git killed in the wreck!

JOHN: I'm not worrying. We want the sacks of mail -- the packages -- and the registered letters -- out of the baggage car.

VANCE: But John, we can't do that! That's a Gov'ment offense. And besides, Sheriff Simmons would --

JOHN: Who's going to know we done it? Ain't Bill a deputy?

VANCE: What good is that?

JOHN: Plenty. I reckon if my own brother is a deputy sheriff, I got a right to know what's going on in the Sheriff's office -- haven't I?

VANCE: Have you spoken to Bill?

JOHN: Sure. He says he don't want to be figured in on the hold-up -- but he'll let us know if the Sheriff gets on our trail.

VANCE: What if folks recognize us?

JOHN: Listen, Pa -- don't talk foolishness. It'll be dark tonight -- and what's more we'll be wearing masks.

VANCE: Masks?

JOHN: Yeah. I already -- made 'em, out of black cloth o' sis's. Give a look.

VANCE: I don't like that John -- I don't like hidin' faces.

JOHN: It's better to wear those masks than have the train conductor spot us.

VANCE: Quick -- get 'em out of sight -- here comes your sister.

JOHN: Yeah -- always around at the wrong time.

ADA: (FADING IN) What did you say, John?

JOHN: Nothin', Ada -- nothin'. Don't worry about me.

ADA: It's almost supper time. Is Bill going to be home?

VANCE: I don't know -- maybe he's held up at the Sheriff's office.

ADA: Well, then we won't wait. (CATCHES SIGHT OF MASKS) Oh.

JOHN: Well -- what's the matter?

ADA: Those black things. What are they?

JOHN: (BRUTALLY) What do you think?

VANCE: Now, daughter, it's just a joke, isn't it John?
ADA: I know your jokes, John Vance. What have you been putting up to father?
JOHN: A long sight more than you ever did. Now go on and get supper, Pa and me have got to eat hearty. We've got a lot of ridin' to do -- night ridin'!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE TIMES
2. TWO HORSES GALLOPPING OFF - FADE OUT.

VANCE: I got the hosses tethered, son. What's the next thing?

(IN BACKGROUND - HORSES STAMP AND WHINNY
ONCE OR TWICE)

JOHN: Put on your mask, Pop. And wait.

VANCE: I got the mask on....I got it on.

(TRAIN WHISTLE)

Listen!

JOHN: Yeah - that's the mail train all right. She's comin' over the New Mexico line along about now. In a minute she'll swing around the curve. The engineer won't be able to see ahead - and then bing! Right into that pile o' trees we left on the track!

VANCE: (STILL WORRIED) But Johnny -- we pile 'em up right where the track runs over a thutty foot embankment. Great grief, son. We shouldn't ought to ha' done it. We'll wreck the daylights out of her.

JOHN: Don't fret about that, Pa. The mail sacks won't bust open.

VANCE: (GRUNTS)

(DISTANT LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE: MOURNFUL AND FAINT)

(NOTE - TWO LONG, TWO SHORT - LAST TOOT PROLONGED
- CROSSING WHISTLE)

JOHN: (QUIETLY EXULTANT) She's a-comin'. Yes, sir. She's a-comin' round the mountain.

VANCE: That's her whistle for Snowden's Crossing.

JOHN: (CALM AND CONFIDENT) When the train cracks, we go for the baggage car. And you be ready to do some talkin' with that rifle, Pa.

VANCE: All right --

(CLICK OF GUN)

I'm ready. She's all loaded.

JOHN: If we have any trouble getting away, we'll say we got a gang watching in the sagebrush. We're going to get that mail -- and we ain't letting nobody stop us. Nobody!

(TRAIN FROM DISTANCE)

She's heading for that pile of ties! Watch her, Dad!

(TRAIN GETS NEARER)

VANCE: (SLIGHTLY SHAKEN) If -- if anybody's killed -- it's murder, Johnny.

JOHN: What about it? Sit tight.

(HEAVY CRASH - HISS OF STEAM - CRIES OF TRAIN CREW)

JOHN: Well, I'll be -- she didn't go off the track, Pa!
Still right side up! Well, that makes it all the
easier for us. (FADES) Come on -- and keep that gun
ready!

CONDUCTOR: (FADING IN) Sam! Sam! What's happened? What
pulled us up?

BRAKEMAN: Nothin' serious. We bumped a pile o' ties somebody
laid across the track. Lucky it's not worse. We
could ha' gone over.

CONDUCTOR: Pile o' ties, Sam? What they doin' there?

BRAKEMAN: Dunno. Maybe they been doin' some work on the track
an' got careless.

CONDUCTOR: An' maybe it's somethin' a heap sight worse than that.
This is a mighty deserted run along here, an --

JOHN: (FADING IN) All right, there, Conductor. Put your
hands up!

CONDUCTOR: I was afraid of it. It's a hold up!

JOHN: Never mind! Open that baggage car!

BRAKEMAN: (LOW VOICE) I'll run for help -- Maybe one o' the
passengers.....

JOHN: You. Brakeman. Stay where you are. Keep them
covered, Pa!

VANCE: I got a bead on you, boy -- with this here rifle.
Freeze.

BRAKEMAN: (UNCERTAINLY) Yessir. Aw right!

(SLIGHT MURMUR OF OTHER PEOPLE IN BACKGROUND
CONDUCTOR)

Look a--here, boys, you can't ----

JOHN: Listen, mister -- and you folks back there, too --
we got men hiding in the Sagebrush either side o' this
track. We got the drop on all of you! So don't try
any funny business!

CONDUCTOR: This is a mail train, and we got to go through --

JOHN: You'll go through, Conductor. But not till after you
open the door of the baggage car!

CONDUCTOR: Now, don't you go to --

JOHN: Open it!

CONDUCTOR: What else can I do, Sam?

BRAKEMAN: Yeh. You better do what he says.

JOHN: We ain't got all night. Move!

CONDUCTOR: This one here's the baggage car. (FADES SLIGHTLY)
It's right here.

JOHN: (FADES SLIGHTLY) All right, I'm following right
after you!

CONDUCTOR: (IN FULL) Here's the side door.

JOHN: (CALLS) Come over here, Pa. But keep 'em covered.

VANCE: (OFF) I'm coming.
(DOOR PULLED BACK ON ROLLERS)

CONDUCTOR: There -- confound ye.

JOHN: Get in there, Pa, and rassle mail bags -- You can put
up your rifle. I'll hold two guns on this crowd!

VANCE: All right. (MAKES EFFORT - FADES OFF SLIGHTLY) I'm
in. (FADES A LITTLE MORE) I found some mail...three,
four bags.....

JOHN: Pick 'em up!

VANCE:a possel of registered stuff.....

JOHN: Put it in your pocket!

VANCE: And a package.

JOHN: We'll take that too. Got it all cleaned out?

VANCE: Yep. All there is.

JOHN: All right -- jump down.

VANCE: (FADES IN QUICKLY) Here I am.

JOHN: (LOW VOICE) Now - get ready to pack that stuff back to the hosses when I tell you to.

VANCE: Yep.

JOHN: (RAISES VOICE) Listen folks -- you're all covered with rifles, from the brush where my gang's hiding! So after we're gone -- don't none of you make a move, for half an hour! Stick right where you are for half an hour -- or we'll pick you off as sure as I'm standing here. (LOWER VOICE) All right, Pa - let's get to the hosses. Back away -- so we keep our eyes on 'em.

VANCE: I'm comin', son, right with you. But say - (FADES) these bags are doggone heavy.

(TWO HORSES SPRING TO GALLOP - THUNDER AWAY.
FADE OUT)

BRAKEMAN: Well -- they beat it with the mail. What you going to do?

CONDUCTOR: Sam, I think he's bluffing. I don't believe there's anybody out there in the brush at all.

BRAKEMAN: Better stay here quiet, tho, and be sure.

CONDUCTOR: No, Sam. They didn't wreck us with those ties like they tried to. The old cowcatcher just knocked 'em right aside. We've got clear track in front of us and I don't see any red lights up ahead!

BRAKEMAN: (BEGINNING TO BE INFECTED WITH COURAGE) Yeah -- you mean --

CONDUCTOR: Sam, I've had this run for twenty years, and they've never held me back yet. Give me that lantern.

BRAKEMAN: What - what for? What are you goin' to do?

CONDUCTOR: I'm waving "Go ahead." Sam, we're moving on to Guthrie. We can telephone the sheriff at the county seat from there ----all 'Bo-ahd!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. LOCOMOTIVE AND TRAIN STARTING UP

2. HOOFBEATS

IRWIN: This is the trail Sheriff. No doubt about it.

SIMMONS: You're right, Inspector. Same trail we picked up at the scene of the hold-up. I tell you, we ain't so helpless out West on a case like this. Jerry Bunn here is the best tracker I ever hope to see.

BUNN: Thanky, Sheriff. But I reckon I couldn't lose this trail if I tried. It's too fresh.

IRWIN: You're all right, Jerry. I never thought I'd be this far along in one day. Why, I only got into Clifton this morning, and now this afternoon, we're already --

BUNN: (BREAKING IN) Excuse me, Inspector Irwin. We've got to pull up here. I see something!

IRWIN: Yes?

BUNN: Whoa, boss!

(HORSES TRAMPLE AND WHINNY AS THEY ARE REINED IN)

SIMMONS: What have you got, Jerry?

BUNN: Get down off your hosses here and I'll show you.

IRWIN: All right, Jerry -- right with you.

BUNN: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) Come over here, Inspector.

IRWIN: (FADING IN) Oh -- yes! They stopped here and built a fire, is that it?

BUNN: Right - Inspector - you can see the ashes.

SIMMONS: (FADING IN) Yep...and here's where the hosses stomped around when they were tethered.

IRWIN: Well our men certainly wouldn't have camped here, just a few hours ride from the hold-up.

SIMMONS: Then why did they make a fire, do you think?

IRWIN: That's what I want to figure out. It may have some bearing on the case.

SIMMONS: Shucks. They must have stopped to eat. They didn't figure on Jerry Bunn picking up the trail so quick.

IRWIN: I can see why they'd stop in this canyon, all right. It's concealed fairly well.

BUNN: It would have hid that fire good, Inspector.

IRWIN: Exactly. Well...Hm...

SIMMONS: How about the prints of the hosses' hoofs? They check up with the ones we found where the train was robbed, Jerry.

BUNN: Oh, sure, Sheriff. Here's that left hind print - with the split hoof. You see it, Inspector Irwin?

IRWIN: (PRE-OCCUPIED) Yes, same horse...same horse all right.

SIMMONS: Well then, should we be gettin' along, Inspector?

IRWIN: In just a moment. I'd like to poke around these ashes a bit.

SIMMONS: (AMUSED) Sure now -- what you going to find there, Mr. Irwin?

IRWIN: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE AS THOUGH STOOPING) I don't know - I'll have to take a look.

SIMMONS: (CHUCKLING) Well sir, I was hoping I'd see something like this, when they wired that a United States Post Office Inspector was coming down to solve the case.

IRWIN: (AS BEFORE) Something like what?

SIMMONS: A real big city detective, in action, so to speak.
Poking around in ashes for clues.

IRWIN: (RISING GOOD HUMORED) Aren't kidding me, are you,
Sheriff?

SIMMONS: Oh, no sir, no sir! (SUDDENLY) Say - did you find
something after all?

IRWIN: I can't tell - maybe yes; and maybe no.

SIMMONS: What are you putting in that envelope?

IRWIN: Just a few fragments - stuff that wasn't burned. This
fire interests me. And -- (SEES BITS OF PAPER) Oh -
ho - I think I'll take these along too.

BUNN: Say - what's that you're a-pickin' up, Mr. Irwin?

IRWIN: Several bits of paper. I may be able to use them.

SIMMONS: (CONVINCED THAT THIS IS FOOLISHNESS) Shucks. Excuse
me, Inspector, but - that won't get you very far.

IRWIN: (GOOD HUMORED) Possibly not. Well -- I think we've
done all we can with these ashes. Jerry, have you got
the trail spotted from here?

BUNN: Sure have. It leads right up the canyon.

IRWIN: All right - let's follow it. Come along, Sheriff.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. THREE HORSES GALLOP OFF. FADE OUT.
2. SOUND OF DISHES BEING WASHED.

ADA: Bill, I've got to know. If they've done anything, tell
me. Tell me now.

BILL: What's the matter with you, Ada? Who do you mean, have they done anything - Pa and John?

ADA: Yes! What were they doing last night?

BILL: How should I know?

ADA: Bill, as a Deputy Sheriff, you're sworn to uphold the law, aren't you?

BILL: Sure, Sis. That's the way the law puts it.

ADA: And if John was trying to make Pa do something - that was wrong, you'd prevent it wouldn't you? (PAUSE)
Wouldn't you?

BILL: For Pete's sweet sake - what are you yelling at me for? What's bothering you?

ADA: Bill, you and John are both my brothers. But if you were going to hurt Pa - let him get into something, I --

BILL: Pop can take care of himself. He's old enough.

ADA: All right, then. What was John doing with those masks!

BILL: (EVIL AND CRAFTY) Listen, Ada, I didn't even hear you say that. I didn't hear nothing about masks. Do you catch on?

(HORSES COMING UP OUTSIDE)

ADA: Some one coming up our road. (OFF) I'll look out the window, and see who it is! (AT WINDOW) Oh! (COMES BACK RAPIDLY) Bill - it's Sheriff Simmons.

BILL: (STUNG INTO ALARMED ACTION) Huh!

ADA: Sheriff Simmons and Jerry Bunn and a stranger!

(HORSE EFFECTS OUT - OUTSIDE)

BILL: (THINKING FAST) Ada - run quick to Pa and Johnny!

ADA: Now I know something's wrong.

BILL: Tell 'em who's here. Ah - beat it - what are you waiting for?

ADA: But if there's trouble - shooting --

BILL: There ain't any trouble! Just tell 'em the Sheriff's here that's all! Hurry up! There's nothing to be afraid of!

ADA: (FADING) I hope so.
(DOOR CLOSED)
(KNOCKING)

BILL: (CALLS) Come in, folks. Come in.
(DOOR OPENED)

SIMMONS: (FADING IN - APOLOGETIC) Howdy, Bill.

BILL: (GUARDED) Howdy, Sheriff. You leave Jerry outside?

SIMMONS: Why yes, I did. Inspector Irwin this is one of my deputies, Bill Vance.

IRWIN: (FADING IN) How do you do, Mr. Vance?

BILL: Inspector?

IRWIN: (EASILY) Yes....U.S. Post Office Department - I'm investigating last night's mail train hold-up.

BILL: You got on the job mighty quick, Inspector.
(DOOR OPENED)

IRWIN: (CASUALLY) I happened to be in this part of the country.

VANCE: (FADING IN) Well, well. Howdy, Sheriff.

SIMMONS: Hello, Tom. Sorry to bother you this way.

VANCE: Why that's all right. (FORCED LEVITY) What can I do for you? Ain't my boy Bill been attending to his duties? If that's so, I'll surely tan his hide.

SIMMONS: Ha-ha-ha. (SEES NOBODY ELSE IS LAUGHING) Uh...Meet Inspector Irwin from the Post Office Department, Mr. Vance.

VANCE: Howdy.

IRWIN: Mr. Vance, I won't waste your time. Here's why I'm calling on you. This morning the trail of two horses was picked up at the scene of the mail robbery beside the line of the Southern Pacific. We've followed that trail - and here we are.

VANCE: What do you mean?

IRWIN: The trail leads direly to your ranch.

BILL: Now look here, Mr. Inspector, have you got the crust to ----

VANCE: Hold on, Bill.

JOHN: (FADING IN) What's the trouble, Pa....anything wrong here?

IRWIN: Who's this man, Sheriff?

SIMMONS: (QUICKLY TO IRWIN) It's Johnny Vance - the other boy.

VANCE: Give me a light for my cigarette, John.

JOHN: Here you are, old timer.

(SCRATCH)

VANCE: Thank you, son. Well, Sheriff?

SIMMONS: Oh, I ain't sayin', nothin', Tom. It's the Inspector here.

IRWIN: Well gentlemen, you don't seem to like this much. Neither do I. Maybe you can say something that will make it better for all of us.

SIMMONS: Shucks. We've got off on the wrong foot somewhere, Mr. Irwin. Why, I've known these folks all my life. And Bill here's worked for me three years....reckon for once, Jerry must have made a mistake.

IRWIN: In tracking those horses? You saw the mark yourself, Sheriff. That left hind foot - with the split hoof. We picked up that same print right at the gate to Vance's place.

BILL: (CRAFTY) Oh. Sure now. I see the trouble.

SIMMONS: (HOPEFULLY) What is it, Bill?

BILL: Sure. That's one of our hosses, with a split left hind hoof. Sure it is.

IRWIN: So I supposed.

BILL: Pop and Johnny was trailing some strays yesterday afternoon....they ranged South of Guthrie quite a piece, looking for the critters....You ride near the line of the S.P. pa?

VANCE: (CATCHING ON) Why, I believe we did, Bill. I believe we did,

BILL: You see? That's where you found that trail, Mr. Inspector....That's how you come to pick it up.

SIMMONS: (RELIEVED) Well, I thought there must be some way to account for it. Of course! How about it, Mr. Irwin?

IRWIN: You mean do I accept this explanation?

SIMMONS: (ANXIOUSLY) Yes, suh?

IRWIN: Well....I do....I've got to.

SIMMONS: That's right, Inspector. O'course.

IRWIN: (MEDITATIVE AT FIRST) Ye-es, I've got to, Sheriff - it's going to take more than the print of a cloven hoof to catch the men who held up the Arizona mail!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: HAS UNITED STATES POSTAL INSPECTOR.....FOUND CLUES....
WHICH WILL LEAD TO CAPTURE OF DESPERATE TRAIN ROBBERS....
STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR FINISH OF BULLETS
AND DEATH.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE X

"ARIZONA MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE.....STORY OF THE "ARIZONA-MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP".....
BASED ON CASE.....FILES OF UNITED STATES
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....,DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE...
WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....AT
OFFICE OF SHERIFF SIMMONS.....CLIFTON, ARIZONA.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

BILL: No sir, Sheriff. I'm through. I can't work for you any more.

SIMMONS: But Bill, I haven't made any complaint.

BILL: Can't be done, Mr. Simmons. Here. Here's my badge and gun.

SIMMONS: (CONCILIATING) Now I don't want to take your badge, Bill.

BILL: I can't wear it while you're suspecting Pa and my brother John.

SIMMONS: There ain't anybody suspecting anybody.

BILL: Then what's that Federal man up to?

SIMMONS: Well, now, Bill, he just doesn't know conditions out here -- or folks. It's going to take him two weeks of poking round to get where you and I are right now.

BILL: What do you mean by that, Mr. Simmons?

SIMMONS: Of course it's ridiculous to suspect your father and brother -- pshaw -- you folks grewed up out here. But you can't tell Inspector Irwin that -- no sir. He's just got to be satisfied in his own time and his own way.

BILL: Listen, Sheriff. This Federal man is trying to make a monkey out of you. Why don't you tell him to get the blazes out of town?

SIMMONS: Why, I can't do that.

BILL: What right has he got here? You're the law in Greenlee County!

SIMMONS: Surely, Bill - but Mr. Irwin, he represents the U.S. Government and that's the law all over the country! I can't stand in his way -- even when I think he's wrong.

BILL: All right, I'm through. Here. That's the gun you gave me. And there's the badge.

SIMMONS: Bill, I hate to see you do this.

BILL: I like a man to know where he's at.

SIMMONS: You're not tellin' me how I ought to behave, are you, son?

BILL: Nope. That's your business.

SIMMONS: Then there's no hard feelings?

BILL: None at all, Sheriff.

SIMMONS: What you going to do now, young feller?

BILL: Get in my flivver and drive out to the ranch. I reckon Pa and Johnny will be interested to know I've quit my job. So long, Sheriff.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. ENGINE STARTS UP.
2. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

VANCE: Well, Bill, what did he say?

BILL: (WEARILY) He's backing up the Federal man, Pa.

JOHN: He is, huh?

BILL: Yeah....

JOHN: Did you quit your job?

BILL: I throwed down my gun and badge and walked out of the office.

JOHN: You dumb sap. You shouldn't have done that.

BILL: And let him call my bluff? Not me.

VANCE: Bill, that Federal man must be keeping something back.

BILL: Yeah....that's what I'm thinking, Pa. We got to stop him.

JOHN: (SOMBRELY) No.

VANCE & BILL: Huh? What's that, Johnny?

JOHN: I say never mind the Federal. Sheriff Simmons is the man we want to get. And we gotta do it quick before him and this Post Office feller get to thinkin' the same thing.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FADE IN TYPEWRITER AND OFFICE NOISE.

2. DOOR IS OPENED.

SIMMONS: Step into my private office, Inspector. I've got something to tell you.

IRWIN: Thanks, Sheriff -- I'll be glad to.

(DOOR CLOSED - OFFICE NOISE OUT)

SIMMONS: Sit down, sir. Well -- you've cost me a good deputy, Mr. Irwin.

IRWIN: How's that?

SIMMONS: Bill Vance has quit. Said he couldn't work for me while his folks was under suspicion.

IRWIN: That sounds like a decent way to take it.

SIMMONS: It is, sir. Shucks. You'll get to know these folks, when you've been here a spell, Mr. Irwin.

IRWIN: Know them? How do you mean know them?

SIMMONS: Most of 'em are mighty wide and big -- kind of like our country.

IRWIN: Meaning what, Sheriff?

SIMMONS: You might think the Vances would hold a grudge against me - on account of this misunderstanding. But they don't. No, sir.

IRWIN: (SKEPTICAL) How do you know they don't?
SIMMONS: Why, that's what I wanted to tell you -- they just called me up.
IRWIN: Yes? What about, if I may ask?
SIMMONS: Called me about a cattle deal. Tom Vance wants to do business with me -- Same as always. Looks like we're going to get together, again.
IRWIN: (CATCHING ON) When?
SIMMONS: Right this afternoon.
IRWIN: Where?
SIMMONS: Over the State line.....Vance's got a herd o' longhorns there.
IRWIN: Are you riding over to meet him?
SIMMONS: Yes....Sure.
IRWIN: Alone?
SIMMONS: (CASUALLY) Reckon I might take Jerry Bunn for company.
IRWIN: Good. And if you don't mind, Sheriff -- I'm coming too.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.
2. HORSES TROTTING ALONG OVER TRAIL.

(VOICES FADE IN)

BUNN: Yep, You're right, Sheriff. Sure is a pretty day.
SIMMONS: Pshaw. 'Pears like the Lord just favored this country when He made it.
IRWIN: (MATTER OF FACT) Where'd you say Vance was going to meet you, Sheriff?

SIMMONS: Most anywhere along in here. I expect he'll turn up round the next bend of the road.

IRWIN: (TO HORSE) Easy...ea-sy...say, my horse wants to drink in this creek. You stay close to the sheriff, Jerry, and don't get too far ahead.

BUNN: Yes, sir. I'll watch out. Don't know for what, tho'.

IRWIN: Well, neither do I -- for certain. (CALLS) I'll catch up with you when this "critter's" had his drink.

SIMMONS: Don't hurry.

(TWO HORSES' HOOFS TROT OFF)

(REMAINING HORSE STAMPS, WHINNIES AND GURGLES . AS IT DRINKS)

(SHOUTS, OFF, BREAK IN)

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

IRWIN: What's that? Get up -- Get up!

(HARD GALLOP)

SIMMONS: (FADE IN) Who's there! Hold on! I see you! Come back here, Bill Vance! Come back here!

(SHOTS)

IRWIN: What's up! What is it, Sheriff?

SIMMONS: Bill and John Vance! They jumped out in the road and started shooting!

BILL: (OFF) Aw right, Simmons -- goodbye, forever.

(SHOTS, OFF)

SIMMONS: That's Bill fired at me -- I'll have to drop him!

(SHOTS -- NEARBY)

IRWIN: You got him! Where's the other one?

SIMMONS: John done turned tail the first volley me and Jerry fired. He must be nigh to New Mexico by now. I can't arrest him there, an' he knows it.

IRWIN: Good Lord -- what's happened to Jerry?

SIMMONS: That yellow dog Bill Vance shot him without any warning.

(HORSE EFFECTS OUT EXCEPT FOR OCCASIONAL STAMPINGS)

IRWIN: (AS THOUGH STOPPING) Po-or fellow. He's done for. Yes...and you settled Bill's account too, Sheriff. He'll never murder any one else.

SIMMONS: I know you're right now about the Vances, Mr. Irwin. How did you get on to 'em?

IRWIN: No - I can't tell you now, Sheriff -- we've got criminals to capture. The first one's John Vance. Come on we'll have to ride him down!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. HORSES BURSTING OVER ROAD AT FULL GALLOP.
2. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.

ADA: (SAD) Pa?

VANCE: What do ye want, Ada? What are you bothering me for?

ADA: Why are you packing that bag?

VANCE: Do I have to tell you everything?

ADA: No, Pa. But let me help you, anyway.

VANCE: Will you leave me alone? I'm in a hurry, understand?

ADA: Are you going far, Pa?

VANCE: Don't know -- I can't tell you. Now, where in time did I put that.....

ADA: Right over --

(HEAVY KNOCKING, BREAKS IN)

VANCE: Eh? Who's there!

SIMMONS: (OUTSIDE) Sheriff Simmons. Open the door.

ADA: Pa, don't -- please don't do anything that ---

VANCE: Let him in. Wait! Let me kick this bag out of sight!

(KICKS LEATHER VALISE)

All right.

ADA: (AT DOOR) (OPENS DOOR) Come in, Sheriff.

SIMMONS: (FADING IN) We'll take you along, Tom. I'm sorry about it.

VANCE: What do you mean?

IRWIN: (FADING IN) I'll explain, Vance, if you like. But first I've some news for you -- bad news.

ADA: (INTAKE OF BREATH) Oh!

IRWIN: Yes, miss. I'm sorry, but it's about your brothers. John is in the county jail at Clifton -- we caught him just before he got to the New Mexico State line. And Bill -- is dead.

ADA: (SPARTAN) Go on.

IRWIN: He shot Jerry Bunn and killed him, and he tried to shoot the Sheriff too. And now, Mr. Vance, if you don't mind --

VANCE: (CRAFTY) What do you want me for? That's my two boys you're talking about -- not me.

IRWIN: All right, Mr. Vance. We'll talk it over if you like. Might as well be comfortable. Care to roll a cigarette from my makin's?

VANCE: Don't mind if I do. Thank ye. Now why do ye say I had anything to do with that robbery?

IRWIN: Light?

(SCRATCH)

VANCE: Thank ye. Well, Inspector?

IRWIN: In the first place, I've never believed your explanation of how the trail from the scene of the hold-up happened to lead to your ranch. One thing is absolutely certain -- the men that made that trail were the train robbers.

VANCE: That don't follow, mister. Not at all.

IRWIN: I'm afraid it does. You see, those men built a fire. And in that fire, I found the locks, the metal locks, from four U.S. mail bags.

VANCE: That don't link up with me or my son John. What's the matter with ye?

IRWIN: But that wasn't all I found. In the ashes of the fire, there was a bit of cardboard -- it had been around a parcel post package. On it were fingerprints. I have just compared those prints with your son John's - they are the same.

VANCE: Well, Johnny must have been riding the wrong range that night. I'm sorry to hear about it. But you're wastin' your time talkin' to me. I'm honest, been honest all my life.

IRWIN: I wish that were true, Mr. Vance.

VANCE: (SHAKEN) What say?

IRWIN: Yes. You see, I can't help but notice that when you roll a cigarette you have the habit of pinching off the end and dropping it. I picked up several pieces of paper by that fire where the locks to the mailbags were -- the ends of cigarettes that had been pinched off and dropped.

VANCE: Yeh, but I --

IRWIN: I observed this habit of yours when we were out here before -- and you did it again just now! And more than that you did it when you stood beside that fire and burned the mail sacks! You must have been rather nervous, too, and smoked a lot of cigarettes, because I picked up a good many of those ends.

SIMMONS: (SADDENED) Going to make trouble, Tom?

VANCE: (BROKEN) No, you got me, I guess. You got me. I don't rightly know what to do now.

ADA: There's nothing for you to do, father. Sit down. I'll -- I'll -- finish -- packing your bag.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: GUILTY RANCHMAN AND SON....TIREDD....CONVICTED.....
SENTENCED TO FEDERAL PENITENTIARY....CASE NO.....
CLOSED....ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.....(WIRELESS).....
THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE....
CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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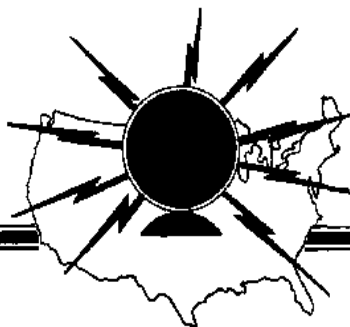
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FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
12/20/32

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills....

Tonight Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, will contribute to the gaiety of the Nation as he recalls some of his amazing experiences. A little later we'll call on the Baron, but first let's drop in where melody awaits us -- right at the feet of Abe Lyman and his boys.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY INC

PRD-22-42-12-22

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening, everybody, this is Abe Lyman, beginning
the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Good work, Abe....that was fine to dance to wasn't
it folks....and say between dances....When you touch a light to the
end of that little cylinder of pure white paper -- when you're all
set to enjoy a smooth, pleasant LUCKY STRIKE -- think for a moment
of all the care that is used to bring you these few moments of
smoking pleasure. The skill of the world's greatest tobacco experts
goes into every one of those little white tubes of golden tobacco.
Every tobacco leaf used in that distinctive LUCKY STRIKE blend is
a reason for LUCKIES' tempting flavor....for we buy only the ripest,
tenderest, most flavorful tobaccos -- the "Cream of the Crop" from
Turkey and our own Southland. And this care in selecting the
choicest of tobaccos for LUCKY STRIKE'S smooth, balanced blend is
equalled by the care we take in making LUCKIES truly mild.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

For only LUCKIES are "TOASTED" -- given the benefit of a painstaking, scientifically regulated treatment which imparts real mildness -- mellow-mildness. That's why LUCKIES are so delicious, so tempting -- why it's always such a pleasure to light up one of these fine, truly mild cigarettes.

Now, out of the wings step Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall who are known to their friends as the Baron Munchausen and Sharley. Tonight the Baron has a surprise for you.....he's going to speak of his many thrilling experiences and hair-breadth escapes in the pursuit of bugs and butterflies. The Baron is a great bug-hunter.... in fact many of his admirers affectionately call him "Bugs." He's right here now, so, ladies and gentlemen.....we give you the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE BUG HUNTER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

The eminent and scholarly Baron Munchausen has just left the stage....but he is by no means through for the evening. He'll be back in a short while to give us more of his inspired nonsense....now the Magic Carpet is impatient to be off so put on your dancing shoes everybody....we're on our way to Abe Lyman and his orchestra.

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

ABE LYMAN:

We play this time -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

The Magic Carpet starts back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thirty million people owe a vote of gratitude to the efforts of Will H. Hays, leader of the motion picture industry who for almost ten years has stuck steadfastly to the fine ideal of greater motion picture enjoyment....demonstrating once again his great organizing power and efficient service which won nation-wide acclaim when he was Postmaster General of the United States. Because he has contributed so much to the enjoyment of millions of people we have sent Mr. Hays the following telegram:

WILL H. HAYS, PRESIDENT
MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS & DISTRIBUTORS OF AMERICA, INC.
28 WEST 44TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY.

SIR

THE PRESENT DAY HIGH QUALITY OF STANDARDS ON THE SCREEN IS A TRIBUTE TO YOUR CONSISTENT EFFORTS TO IMPROVE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT...YOU THEREFORE WILL ESPECIALLY APPRECIATE THE GREAT EFFORTS WE HAVE MADE IN GIVING TO MILLIONS OF SMOKERS A NEW STANDARD OF QUALITY IN CIGARS...WE MADE THIS POSSIBLE BY OFFERING CERTIFIED CREMO AT THE UNIQUE PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS....AS A RESULT MILLIONS OF SMOKERS ARE NOW ENJOYING THE PLEASURE OF FINE LONG FILLER TOBACCO AND CIGAR PURITY....FOR CERTIFIED CREMO IS FINISHED UNDER GLASS....I HOPE YOU WILL TRY A CREMO SOON...CORDIALLY

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

That telegram has just been dispatched to Mr. Will H. Hayes. And remember, you smokers of fine cigars, there is no greater cigar value in all America than Certified Cremo, a fine quality cigar at the revolutionary price of five cents straight three for ten cents.

.....STATION BREAK.....

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's nothing but laughter and music ahead for the next half hour and we'll have the music right away. Get your boys ready Abe Lyman.....there are millions of listeners who want melody and lots of it.

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

ABE LYMAN:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

Here goes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Abe...We'll call on you again in a few minutes....but here comes the Baron with his good friend Sharley. Although the Baron is one of the world's greatest entomologists and has devoted many years to chasing bugs....he has never been caught in a butterfly net. But let's have his story. Ladies and gentlemen, may we present the famous Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "THE BUG HUNTER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl carrying you through an amazing series of his adventures as the Baron Munchausen. He'll be back with us again at this same time next week. Incidentally, on Saturday night we'll take you into the land of romance with Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday singing songs from the musical comedy and operetta stage. Also on that program Al Goodman and his orchestra will bring us the dance music...and now let's get back to the dancing...Abe Lyman and his talented trumpeters are waiting for their cue.

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

ABE LYMAN:

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

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

We're off on that short and speedy hop.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very nice Abe.....a lot of people must have enjoyed that.... by the way....Do you remember those stirring Liberty Loan posters painted by Howard Chandler Christy?.....Well, if you look on the billboards tomorrow morning, you will see another great poster done by this famous artist -- the first poster he has done since the war -- and what a fitting combination it is -- the genius of Howard Chandler Christy and the fine quality of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. It's title is "Forever and Ever." Millions of smokers, who have discovered LUCKY STRIKE'S flavorful blend of fine tobaccos, and it's true mildness, have told us that after this pleasant discovery, it's LUCKIES from now on -- "Forever and Ever!" LUCKY STRIKE will always give you that fine, smooth mildness -- mellow-mildness -- for every LUCKY STRIKE is "TOASTED." As long as rich, golden tobaccos are grown....as long as men and women gather to enjoy a fine, mild cigarette.....LUCKIES will be a favorite....."Forever and Ever" LUCKIES are a pleasure -- the finest, mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

The Magic Carpet is waiting to take us back to the dance floor.....we won't delay.....Abe Lyman has his boys gathered around him....so let's go places and hear things.

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

ABE LYMAN:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

Now the pilot carries on!

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

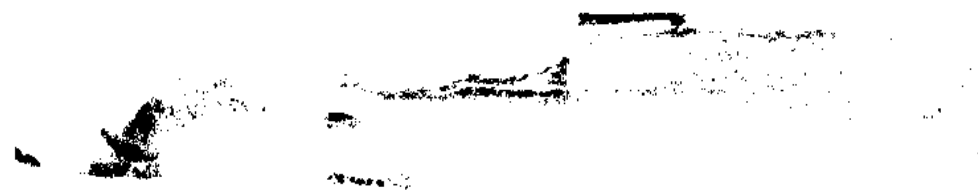
That, ladies and gentlemen, concludes another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. Please remember, on Saturday night we bring you our singers of romantic songs, Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday. The orchestra for that evening will be conducted by Al Goodman, famous musical director of many Broadway shows. Don't forget to join us.

Until Saturday then - goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
1/5/32



THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XVIII

"ENTOMOLOGY"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 5, 1933

EPISODE XVIII

"ENTOMOLOGY"

PART I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CHARACTERS:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL
CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XVIII

"ENTOMOLOGY"

PART I

CHARLEY: You seem all upset this evening, Baron.

BARON: Sharley, I'm so upset I don't know if I'm standing on my ears or walking on my neck!

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: In this evening's paper it says, "Man shoots saxophone player and flees."

CHARLEY: Man shoots ukelcclc player and flees!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: And that upset you?

BARON: Terrible! Its all right to shoot a saxophone player but why did he have to shoot the poor fleas?

CHARLEY: Let me enlighten you, Baron. In this instance "flee" means to escape, to run away. To flee.

BARON: Don't be zilly! You can't flee from a Flea.

CHARLEY: Don't you understand? Flee is to fly!

BARON: (LAUGH) Fleas don't fly! They jump!

CHARLEY: But I tell you --

BARON: You can't tell the Baron anything! I know all about fleas!

CHARLEY: You know all about fleas?

BARON: Yes sir. I had thousands of them.

CHARLEY: Why Baron! You surprise me!

BARON: Sure I had -- please! I don't mean what you mean!

CHARLEY: I apologize Baron. Forget I said it.

BARON: I'll scratch it out. It took me years to collect those fleas.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you are an entomologist?

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said are you a student of entomology? The summary of facts relative to small invertibrate animals of the class Insecta.

BARON:WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: In other words, have you made a study of insect life - does it appeal to you?

BARON: Sure -- I got insect appeal.

CHARLEY: Then no doubt you know something about the flea?

BARON: Sure -- I even know the flea song.

CHARLEY: The flea song? Whats that?

BARON: Fleas go 'way and let me sleep.

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about bugs?

BARON: Do I know anything about bugs! (LAUGH) I married one!

CHARLEY: I mean parasites!

BARON: Oh! Relatives!

CHARLEY: No, no! Water bugs, beetles, ants --

BARON: Yes! I know all about them. And also bees, and flies and lawn tennis.

CHARLEY: Lawn tennis?

BARON: Football, Rugby --

CHARLEY: Hold on! Do you mean cricket?

BARON: You got it! Cricket! Crickets are very, very smart.

CHARLEY: They have a profundity of intelligence.

BARON:what's the insult?

CHARLEY: I said they are endowed with intellectuality and acumen.

BARON:maybe you're homesick?

CHARLEY: Continue about the crickets, Baron.

BARON: Crickets are very smart.

CHARLEY: So you said.

BARON: So I know - otherwise they couldn't tell us how good or bad a show is, or a book is, or a -----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! You were talking about crickets - not critics.

BARON: Thats right! I got my bugs mixed up.

CHARLEY: Crickets are noisy, but harmless.

BARON: Some -- others are fighters.

CHARLEY: Fighters!

BARON: Yes - the Battling Crickets.

CHARLEY: I never heard of Battling Crickets. Where do they come from?

BARON: Battle Crick.

CHARLEY: I suppose you know a lot about bees.

BARON: More than the bees themselves. In my country, me and my cousin Hugo had eighty four million bee hives.

CHARLEY: You and your cousin Hugo had eighty four million beehives?

BARON: Yes sir. I had the bees and Hugo had the hives.

CHARLEY: Hugo had the hives.

BARON: For years.

CHARLEY: Did you get much honey from the bees?

BARON: Much? Sharley, if I told you you wouldn't believe me.

CHARLEY: I don't suppose I would.

BARON: So I'll tell you: Every day we got not less than --

CHARLEY: Ten thousand gallons!

BARON: I ---

CHARLEY: Twenty thousand!

BARON: I - - - -

CHARLEY: Twenty five, thirty, thirty five --

BARON: Go ahead! You can't make me mad.

CHARLEY: Forty, fifty!

BARON: I call the fifty and raise you sixty --

CHARLEY: I call the sixty and raise you seventy.

BARON: I'll call the seventy and raise you eighty.-

CHARLEY: I'll call the -- Say what in the world is going on here?

BARON: I don't know - you're dealing.

CHARLEY: Now just how much money did you average a day?

BARON: About a hundred and fourteen thousand gallons a day.

CHARLEY: One hundred and fourteen thousand gallons of honey a day? That's some average.

BARON: Its a honey. One day I was carrying a barrel of honey under my arm when I --

CHARLEY: Hold it! Wait! You cant tell me you carried a barrel of honey under your arm.

BARON: You wouldn't believe it?

CHARLEY: No sir!

BARON: Would you believe the barrel was on a truck?

CHARLEY: Yes - I'll believe that.

BARON: So I had the truck under my arm.

CHARLEY: Oh, what's the use.

BARON: Suddenly I slitched.

CHARLEY: You what?

BARON:do you understand English?

CHARLEY: Why, ves. Do you speak it?

BARON: and they hang pictures. I said I slitched.

CHARLEY: I still dont understand you, Baron.

BARON: Would you understand - "I sat down?"

CHARLEY: Yes, I'd understand that.

BARON: Well, I didn't! I slitched!

CHARLEY: All right, you slitched.

BARON: And one of the barrels fell on my cousin Hugo, and covered him with honey from head to foot.

CHARLEY: Did he get angry?

BARON: No - he was very sweet about it. We also had bees what --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but I've heard so much about bees my head is starting to buzz.

BARON: Maybe you got a bee in your bonnet.

CHARLEY: I suggest we change the subject.

BARON: Suggestion substantiated, granulated and fumigated.

CHARLEY: Substantiated, grandulated and fumigated?

BARON: (LAUGH) I read books too.

CHARLEY: I say, Baron, what do you know about caterpillars?

BARON:what a pillars?

CHARLEY: Caterpillars. You know what a caterpillar is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- what a cat sleeps on.

CHARLEY: No, no! A caterpillar is the larva of a butterfly.

BARON: The larva of a butterfly?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: My goodness! I never knew butterflies had love affairs!

CHARLEY: Come, Baron, surely you've seen caterpillars -- fuzzy little insects that crawl on leaves and --

BARON: Wait! I know what you mean!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: A worm with a raccoon coat.

CHARLEY: No doubt you know that a caterpillar becomes a butterfly.

BARON: Sure - just like a silk worm becomes a woman.

CHARLEY: A silk worm becomes a woman?

BARON: Sure - first comes the silk worm, the silk worm turns into a cocoon.

CHARLEY: That's right.

BARON: The cocoon is turned into silk.

CHARLEY: Right again.

BARON: The silk becomes silk cloth.

CHARLEY: Correct.

BARON: The silk cloth becomes a silk dress and -- doesn't a silk dress become a woman?

CHARLEY: You're right, Baron!

BARON: The Baron is always right.

CHARLEY: I suppose you've come in contact with snails, haven't you?

BARON: This time you hit the snail right on the head.

CHARLEY: What do you mean?

BARON: Every horse I ever bet on turned out to be a snail.

CHARLEY: Don't you think ants are an awful pest?

BARON: Yes -- and so are uncles, and nephews and nieces --and--

CHARLEY: No, Baron, wait! I was referring to insects.

BARON: So was I.

CHARLEY: Whats a good way to drive ants out of the house.

BARON: Insult them.

CHARLEY: Insult them?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: How in common sense can you insult an ant?

BARON: Well - first you get a chovey.

CHARLEY: A chovey?

BARON: Yes - an anchovy and you train it to catch an ant.

CHARLEY: You train an anchovy to catch an ant!

BARON: Sure - the anchovy sneaks up on the ant when he aint looking.

CHARLEY: He catches him unawares.

BARON: No, under the zink. The ant sees the anchovy and starts calling for his tanta.

CHARLEY: Whats a tanta?

BARON: Another aunt. Well sir, they start to wrestle.

CHARLEY: The ant and the anchovy wrestle?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: Would you believe boxing?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Fencing?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So they wrestle!

CHARLEY: That is positively the most unbelievable thing I ever heard of.

BARON: Was you in the immediate vicinity to the location when this incident occurred, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I regret to state I was detained elsewhere.

BARON: So the ant and the anchovy proceeded to engage in a hand to hand combat.

CHARLEY: Cheerio!

BARON: Cherry pie! When the ant becomes exzowster --

CHARLEY: Exhausted.

BARON: Exxc -- sow -- zoo --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but do you stutter?

BARON: I was -- could you move in?

CHARLEY: I said do you stutter?

BARON: (LAUGH) Only when I speak. When the ant becomes exzowsted.

CHARLEY: The word is exhausted.

BARON: I know -- but I cant say exhausted.

CHARLEY: You just said it.

BARON: (LAUGH) Mistakes will happen. When the ant becomes -- knocked out! You pick him up and tell him a joke.

CHARLEY: You tell the ant a joke!

BARON: Yes - and when he opens his mouth to laugh you slap him in the face.

CHARLEY: You slap the ant in the face!

BARON: Yes - that makes him mad.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: So mad that he jumps out of your hands, runs away swearing he will never anter your house again.

CHARLEY: Baron - that's a hard one to take.

BARON: (LAUGH) Its a hard one to tell.

CHARLEY: What about flies?

BARON: Flies -- I use to be one.

CHARLEY: You used to be a fly?

BARON: Sure - a fly by night.

CHARLEY: A fly by night?

BARON: And in the day time I published a paper.

CHARLEY: A Newspaper?

BARON: No. A flypaper. And my brother was a fly ketcher.

CHARLEY: A fly catcher?

BARON: Yes - he played left field for the giants.

CHARLEY: You still haven't proven you know anything about real flies, Baron.

BARON: Well, when it comes to flies there is nobody fierer! I know every fly what flies and some who are just learning.

CHARLEY: Then tell me - what is that strange looking fly that just landed on my hand.

BARON: Let me see -- My goodness, Sharley! That's the first time I ever seen this fly in this country.

CHARLEY: What is it?

BARON: Its a Fromageltipper.

CHARLEY: A Fromageltipper?

BARON: Yes -- commonly called the Cheese Fly.

CHARLEY: Why is it called the cheese fly?

BARON: Because it flys around for hours, for days, for weeks, and only lands on a piece of cheese.

CHARLEY: Only lands on a piece of cheese!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Well, what is it doing on me?

BARON: That you'll have to take up with the fly.

CHARLEY: But I'm not a piece of cheese!

BARON: I didn't say you was, but -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: But what?

BARON: You can't fool a cheese fly.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Charley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XVIII

"ENTOMOLOGY"

PART II

CHARLEY: That new medal is a dandy, Baron. Where did you get it.
BARON: From the Mayor of New York.
CHARLEY: From the Mayor of New York? Thats quite an honor.
BARON:Its quite a medal.
CHARLEY: What did you get it for?
BARON: For driving flies out of the city.
CHARLEY: For driving flies out of New York City?
BARON: That's what you heard me.
CHARLEY: How did you accomplish anything so magnitudious?
BARON:To err is humor - to forgive is impossible.
CHARLEY: Come, come, Baron! Tell me how did you drive flies out of New York City?
BARON: Well, first I got a big truck - and I filled it with sugar.
CHARLEY: You got a big truck and filled it with sugar?
BARON: Yes - and this way I ketched millions of flies.
CHARLEY: Its a well known fact that you can catch more flies with sugar than you can with Vinegar.
BARON: Sure - and you can ketch more moths with overcoats than you can with palm beach suits.
CHARLEY: True.
BARON: Well sir! When the truck was loaded with flies, I stepped on the gas - and drove them out of the city.

CHARLEY: You drove them out of the city?

BARON: Yes - I took them for a ride.

CHARLEY: Where too?

BARON: Chicago.

CHARLEY: That filled Chicago with flies, didn't it?

BARON: Sure -- so I got another medal.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: For driving them back to New York. And when the Mayor of Chicago pinned it on me he bit me.

CHARLEY: When the Mayor of Chicago pinned the medal on you he bit you?

BARON: Yes... he bit me good bye. Flies caused my Uncle Julius to lose his job with the Boston Simpfunny Orchestra.

CHARLEY: Now, how could flies do a thing like that?

BARON: The flies added so many extra notes on his music that he kept playing ten minutes after the orchestra stopped.

CHARLEY: What is your favorite bug, Baron?

BARON: A kissing bug.

CHARLEY: Mine is the potatoe bug.

BARON: I had a potatoe bug once but I let him go because he was too particular.

CHARLEY: The potatoe bug was too particular?

BARON: Yes -- he wanted gravy with his potatoes.

CHARLEY: I suppose you caught many butterflies.

BARON: Millions! and once a butterfly caught me.

CHARLEY: A butterfly caught you?

BARON: Yes - I was walking along Broadway and I bumped into a butterfly and I --

CHARLEY: Just a moment! What kind of a butterfly could you have bumped into on Broadway ?

BARON: A Broadway butterfly.

CHARLEY: A Broadway butterfly?

BARON: Sure -- I was a June bug and she was a wasp.

CHARLEY: What do you mean you were a June bug and she was a wasp?

BARON: I married her in June and got stung! But one night she got mad and left me.

CHARLEY: Why did she get mad and leave you?

BARON: All on account of a flying crab.

CHARLEY: A flying what?

BARON:Maybe I better hang up.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - I heard what you said but I want to make sure my ears didn't deceive me.

BARON: There is nothing the matter with your ears, Sharley, you just don't hear good. I said on account of a flying crab.

CHARLEY: I never heard of a flying crab.

BARON: See - you don't hear good. I bet you never even heard of a whistling watermelon.

CHARLEY: A whistling watermelon?

BARON: Or a laughing grapefruit.

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: (LAUGH) Neither did I.

CHARLEY: What about this flying crab. Where is its habitat?

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: Where does it colonize, breed, domesticate, thrive, exist, abide --

BARON: Hang out!

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: It is only found in Asia.

CHARLEY: In Asia?

BARON: Yes. So I went to Australia and I --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron -- if the flying crab is only found in Asia why did you go to Australia?

BARON: Because I didn't go to Japan.

CHARLEY: Japan?

BARON: Yes -- any more questions before I go to Sweden?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So I went to Spain.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! First you said the flying crab is only found in Asia, then you said you went to Australia because you didn't go to Japan before you went to Sweden and now you're in Spain.

BARON: Sure - and from Spain I went to India and from India I took a trip to Califrisco.

CHARLEY: California.

BARON: Los Angeles - through the Panama Canal to New York.

CHARLEY: You covered a lot of ground.

BARON: (LAUGH) A lot of water!

CHARLEY: Some trip!

BARON: Some water!

CHARLEY: You've traveled a lot in your day.

BARON: Sure - and in the night too. I'm what you call an earth horse.

CHARLEY: An earth horse?

BARON: A planet racer, a world galloper.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean a globe trotter?

BARON: That's it! A globe trotter!

CHARLEY: All right, Baron. Continue.

BARON: Where was I?

CHARLEY: In Spain.

BARON: Sure enough! There I saw a man standing under a balcony with a cold in the head.

CHARLEY: A cold in the head?

BARON: A guitar.

CHARLEY: Singing a lay of love to his Senorita.

BARON:Could you come back?

CHARLEY: Serenading his lady fair - an old Spanish custom.

BARON: Her name was Bermuda.

CHARLEY: Bermuda?

BARON: Yes -- an old Spanish onion. Well anyhow I stayed there for six years.

CHARLEY: What about the flying crab?

BARON: Didn't I ketch him yet?

CHARLEY: No, you did not.

BARON: My goodness! That's not attending to business.

CHARLEY: It certainly is not. And you've been half way around the world.

BARON: That's awful.

CHARLEY: Sure it is.

BARON: I must go all the way around.

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, tell me, did you get the flying crab?

BARON: Sure! Nine years later I got one in Afganigus.

CHARLEY: Afghanistan.

BARON: Afcaninkus -- gusifstaff -

CHARLEY: Afghanistan.

BARON: Stanganis -- its gas in a can.

CHARLEY: Afghanistan.

BARON: Afga - Cuba.

CHARLEY: You got a flying crab in Cuba -- after nine years?

BARON: Yes sir -

CHARLEY: And before you left you telephoned your wife you wouldn't be home for supper?

BARON: Sure, and was she mad!

CHARLEY: Your wife was mad?

BARON: Yes -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Why was your wife mad?

BARON: Because -- (LAUGH) When I got home the supper was cold.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, what are those insects that travel in swarms and eat everything in sight?

BARON: Relations.

CHARLEY: No! No!

BARON: Mosquitos.

CHARLEY: Wait - I have it, locusts!

BARON: The same thing.

CHARLEY: Speaking of mosquitos -- they are certainly a pest.

BARON: Please Sharley - don't speak bad of mosquitos,

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Because a mosquito once saved my life.

CHARLEY: A mosquito once saved your life?

BARON: Yes -- my doctor said I didn't have enough sugar in my blood and I was lying at the point of death.

CHARLEY: You were lying at the point of death?

BARON: Yes,

CHARLEY: You kept it up to the last minute.

BARON: Yes I -- that's not so funny.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron. Continue.

BARON: I was in the wilderness - miles away from sugar.

CHARLEY: You were in the wilderness far from sugar --

BARON: Yes - when along came a mosquito and saved my life,

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: He bit me and gave me a lump!

CHARLEY: You'll kill me yet.

BARON: I hope so. I'll never forget when my brother first came to America. He couldn't lay in bed. All night long he was walking.

CHARLEY: Was he a somnambulist?

BARON:could you come to see me?

CHARLEY: I said, was he a somnambulist?

BARON: No. A night watchman. One night he got a day off.

CHARLEY: One night he got a day off?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: How can a man get a day off at night?

BARON: ...Because he -- Is that worrying you?

CHARLEY: No, it is not.

BARON: So we wont talk about it. The first night he slept he couldn't sleep.

CHARLEY: The first night he slept he couldn't sleep?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: You've got that well twisted.

BARON: To get some things right you got to get them twisted.

CHARLEY: What for instance?

BARON: Corkscrews.

CHARLEY: What about your brother? Why couldn't he sleep?

BARON: Because ninety eight million mosquitos flew in the window and bit him.

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron. I know that mosquitos travel in big droves but you can't tell me ninety eight million mosquitos flew in the window.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So ninety eight million mosquitos flew in the window.

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way.

BARON: And four hundred million flew in the door.

CHARLEY: Good night!

BARON: No - it was a bad night! He kept yelling "Mosquitos - mosquitos," so I got up and covered him with mosquito netting.

CHARLEY: You covered him with mosquito netting;
 BARON: Yes - two hours later lightening bugs flew in the window.
 CHARLEY: Lightening bugs?
 BARON: Yes - and he started yelling again.
 CHARLEY: He started yelling again.
 BARON: Yes - he yelled "By golly the mosquitos are back with
 flashlights."
 CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
 BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM Z. WELLS:D
 1/4/33

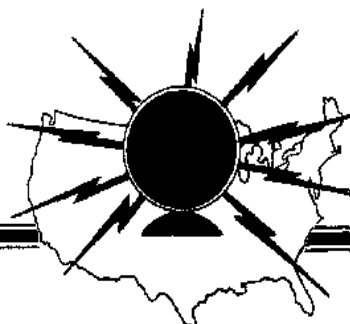
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THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight we take you into the land of romance as our two songsters, Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday bring us the hit numbers from the musical comedy stage.....and speaking of musical comedies - here's Al Goodman who has been the musical director for many of Broadway's most successful shows....so let's hear from him first.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY INC.

ANNOUNCER:

Al Goodman and his orchestra begin the dance with --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Thanks Al....for speeding those tunes to us on the Magic Carpet. That reminds me -- Think of having dinner in New York tonight -- and supper in Los Angeles tomorrow! Say, isn't it a real thrill to think that we can make that immense journey so quickly.....On the great planes of Transcontinental and Western Air-- The Lindbergh Line, men and women are crossing the country every day in swift luxury...and, of course, with every modern equipment for comfort, it is natural that these great planes should provide the modern cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE - for their passengers' enjoyment. LUCKY STRIKES are served on the Lindbergh Line - another example of the fact that the modern trend is towards the cigarette that's truly mild. LUCKY STRIKE is the favorite the whole country over because of its fine, flavorful, carefully blended tobaccos, made really mild - mellow-mild - by the famous "TOASTING" Process - the most modern step in cigarette manufacture. Why not join with those travellers flying the air lanes on the Transcontinental and Western Air - light a LUCKY and enjoy its true mildness.

("ROMANCE" FADES DOWN AS HOWARD CLANEY SAYS:")

HOWARD CLANEY:

The strains of "Romance" fill the air and the Magic Carpet brings us into a pleasant interlude of song, as Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday step into the spotlight. Their first song is "Silver Moon" from "My Maryland".....perhaps you'll remember that show -- it was produced in 1927. Going back a few years further, we'll hear "Do I Love You," one of the outstanding numbers from "Naughty Cinderella." And then the scene changes to the desert sands of Morocco outside of an Arab tent where Mr. Halliday sings "One Alone" just as he sang it in "Desert Song." So those are the songs and here are the singers....Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING: "SILVER MOON"
"DO I LOVE YOU"
"ONE ALONE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Those were the voices of Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.....that charming and talented young couple who bring a touch of romance to our Saturday night programs. They'll return in a short while.....but now the Magic Carpet is rushing us off to the dancing....over the forest of Manhattan skyscrapers we go..... to make a three-point landing right at Al Goodman's feet.

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

ANNOUNCER:

And this time Al Goodman and his orchestra play --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

We speed the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

In 1920 almost every one believed that the market for automobiles was saturated -- everybody who wanted a car had one, said the prophets, all but one man -- John J. RASKOB. He had faith in automobiles. It was Raskob's faith in America that moved the mountain of doubt and uncertainty...automobiles began to sell, and American business swung out of the post-war slump. He fought hard for his faith -- he fought for fine cars made available to every one....just as hard and as unselfishly as he fought when chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1928. He was later associated with Alfred E. Smith in the building of the great Empire State Building. Because of his constant and abiding faith in the American people, we have just sent him this telegram:

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANNEY: (CONTINUES)

JOHN J. RASKOB
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

SIR

WE, TOO, HAVE FAITH IN THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC --
LIKE YOURSELF WE HAVE PROVED THAT AMERICANS WILL INVARIABLY WELCOME
A FINE ARTICLE SOLD AT MODEST COST....SINCE WE HAVE OFFERED THAT
FINE LONG FILLER CIGAR -- CERTIFIED CREMO -- AT UNIQUE LOW PRICE
OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT, THREE FOR TEN CENTS, MORE MILLIONS OF
SMOKERS THAN EVER BEFORE HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF OPPORTUNITY TO
ENJOY A DELICIOUS HIGH QUALITY CIGAR, MADE CLEAN AND SAFE BECAUSE
IT IS THE ONLY CIGAR FINISHED UNDER GLASS....THIS MOVE MR. RASKOB
IS IN LINE WITH YOUR OWN BUSINESS PRINCIPLES AND I AM SURE YOU
WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW OF ITS GREAT SUCCESS...VERY BEST PERSONAL
WISHES

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

That telegram has just been sent to Mr. John J.
Raskob. And all you men who enjoy a fine, delicious cigar, will
likewise welcome the news of this great new value -- the utmost in
cigar pleasure is yours in Certified Cremo at 5 cents straight,
3 for 10 cents.

-----station break-----

HOWARD CLANEY:

We're on our way again to Al Goodman, one of the leading musical comedy band-masters. Al Goodman has entertained many a first night audience, but tonight the whole country is going to step to his rhythms.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Everybody swing your partners to -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Here comes the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

The scenes are being shifted on the stage of the Magic Carpet theatre for the return of Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday. One of the loveliest songs from "Rose Maid" is "Roses Bloom for Lovers" which Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday will sing first. Then our romantic couple take us back to the beginning of the century as they sing "Two Little Love Bees" from that delightful show, "Spring Maid."

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

From Victor Herbert's "Princess Pat", they choose one of the hits of a score that has lived down through the years, "Love Is Best of All." The spotlight floods the stage in a silver glow.... the orchestra of Dr. Katzman plays softly...and Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday raise their voices in song.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "ROSES BLOOM FOR LOVERS"

"TWO LITTLE LOVE BEES"

"LOVE IS BEST OF ALL")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very good, Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday. I'm sure you pleased a lot of people with those songs.

Did you ever notice, folks, that wherever you go, you'll find that people who enjoy the pleasure of really mild tobaccos are almost always smoking the cigarette with that little circle stamped on the white paper....the LUCKY STRIKE circle. Did you ever wonder why so many folks turn so naturally to LUCKIES? Is it because of fine tobaccos? Yes - partly. The choicest, most tender and fragrant leaves go into every LUCKY STRIKE....a fine flavorful blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos, carefully worked out by an exclusive recipe for smoking pleasure. But LUCKIES offer more than that - much more! In their quest of mildness, millions of smokers have found that LUCKY STRIKE supplies something extra.... the true mildness imparted by the "TOASTING" Process, that makes LUCKIES different from ordinary cigarettes! For, thanks to "TOASTING" LUCKIES give you real mellow-mildness. That's why millions, in their quest for a truly mild cigarette, always ask for LUCKY STRIKE.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Before we get back to the dancing, may I say a word about our Tuesday night program. We will present another thrilling dramatization of an actual case handled by the Federal Agents in Washington, D.C.....This case is known as "The Paid Killer," and is taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice. On that night we will also bring you Jack Denny and his Orchestra.....but let's get back to this evening's maestro, Al Goodman, whose intoxicating melodies will go right to your toes.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Without further ado Al Goodman and his Orchestra play--

(TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

We shoot the Magic Carpet back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That, ladies and gentlemen, brings another LUCKY STRIKE Hour to a close -- On Tuesday night we'll bring you a thrilling dramatization called "The Paid Killer"...and for the dance music on that program....Jack Denny and his Orchestra. Until Tuesday then -- good-night!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

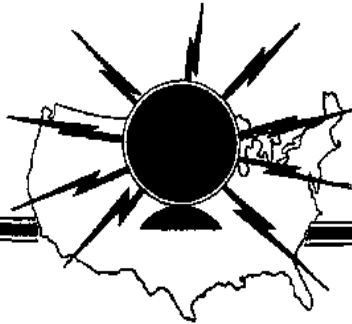
This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen - 1/6/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight we have another dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. This case is called "The Paid Killer".....it's a thrilling story of the ruthless characters of the underworld and the Federal Agents who represent law and order.

But first, let's have some dance music....Jack Denny, the genial maestro, who presides nightly in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel is all ready to pour forth the melody, so --

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

JACK DENNY:

Good evening, everybody. This is Jack Denny inviting you all to dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

We shoot the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Jack. You're making history with those tunes.

And speaking of history - in Paris recently they celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the Cigarette, and here is the interesting story about it. A hundred years ago Egyptian soldiers captured a Turkish caravan laden with tobacco; in order to smoke it they rolled it in the paper casing from their cartridges, - and so the Cigarette was born!

What a far cry it is from the rough make-shift Cigarette of a century ago to the modern Cigarette of today - LUCKY STRIKE. Today people are not content with make-shifts - they want to know they are getting fine quality and high value - and what a delight it is to people to find in LUCKY STRIKE not only the choicest of fragrant, flavorful tobaccos -- but true mildness as well; that real, delicious mellow-mildness which only the modern "TOASTING" Process can impart to fine, expensive tobaccos.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

You smokers have found in LUCKY STRIKE real smoking pleasure....
tobaccos that are packed firmly, - full weight, - rich, smooth,
truly mild smoking enjoyment! And say -- isn't it a joy to have
your tobacconist offer you two packs of LUCKIES for twenty-five
cents....today he is giving you an extra measure of value in the
finest, mildest, most enjoyable of cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And now, settle down in your easy chair.....put
out the lights and listen, as the first act of "The Paid Killer"
unfolds. This is a dramatization of a real case from the files
of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of
Justice at Washington, D.C. Special Agent Five is listening
for orders and instructions are flashing through the air from
headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE PAID KILLER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's the first act! Sam and Bruce have committed crimes in Texas and Oklahoma and are making their get-away. How will the Federal Agents get on their trail? We'll hear the final act of this drama in a short while; but now, the program calls for dancing. The Magic Carpet is off to gather us in from the four points of the compass and bring us right back to Jack Denny.

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

JACK DENNY:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A finer quality at lower cost -- Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors Corporation, is one of the first business leaders to discover that great secret. He set up for General Motors a high ideal -- of giving people finer, more beautiful cars for less money. From Cadillac to Chevrolet, the General Motors cars -- now on display in New York at Grand Central Palace and the Waldorf Astoria -- with their revolutionary no-draft ventilation, their style, rich beauty and plus values throughout, give ample proof that Mr. Sloan and his associates have attained their ideal. And that is why we have just sent Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. this wire:--

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., PRESIDENT
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
1775 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

SIR

I KNOW THAT GENERAL MOTORS HAS EMBODIED FINER QUALITY THAN EVER BEFORE IN ALL ITS LINES FOR NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE AND I KNOW YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN ANOTHER INDUSTRY WHICH IS ABLE TO OFFER THE PUBLIC FINER QUALITY AT LOWER COST.....THROUGH QUANTITY PRODUCTION IN MODERN IMMACULATELY CLEAN FACTORIES WE ARE ABLE TO OFFER CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS TO PUBLIC AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS.... MILLIONS HAVE WELCOMED EAGERLY THIS CHOICE LONG-FILLER CIGAR AT PRICE WITHIN REACH OF ALL....AS YOU HAVE PROVED GIVING FINER QUALITY TO THE PUBLIC ALWAYS BRINGS LEADERSHIP...VERY BEST WISHES

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the wire which less than five minutes ago was flashed to Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors Corporation. And remember all you men who enjoy a fine cigar -- in Certified Cremo you obtain fine quality at lower cost, for Certified Cremo is now five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Before the curtain rises on the final act of tonight's drama, let's have a few more dances.....Jack Denny and his Orchestra are waiting, so here we go.

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

JACK DENNY:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet is on its way.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The stage is set for the last act of "The Paid Killer", a dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C.

Sam and Bruce, two Chicago gunmen, are driving through Oklahoma at top speed. In Texas they did the job they were hired for - shot down and killed the District Attorney - but in Oklahoma they committed a crime that their boss, Nick, didn't know about -- they robbed the box office in a movie theatre.....so far they have eluded capture.....and now let's get on with the story. Special Agent Five is receiving orders from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE PAID KILLER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Well, the strain is over! Bruce was confronted with the evidence, and confessed to the plot and the cold-blooded killing of the District Attorney. This is just another example of the fine work of the Federal investigators.

Next Tuesday night we'll present another case from the United States Government files at Washington, D.C.....but right now we turn again to Jack Denny.....a great musician leading a great band.

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

JACK DENNY:

We continue with -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

Climb aboard, here goes the Magic Carpet.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Splendid, Jack....I hope all you listeners enjoyed those tunes as much as I did!.....And say, when you smoke your cigarette in the dark, have you noticed that the red, softly glowing tip is never longer than a quarter of an inch at a time - and yet in that tiny area is the real Pleasure Zone. What happens in that tiny, glowing zone determines your smoking enjoyment? And that is where your LUCKY STRIKE is so distinctive - so different from other cigarettes. For LUCKIES are made not only to look right but to burn right. In the first place, we select only the most fragrant domestic tobaccos - then patiently, carefully blend them with the choicest of Turkish tobaccos. That's where LUCKIES get that fine delicious character. Then these fine "Cream of the Crop" tobaccos are given the benefits of LUCKY STRIKE'S famous "TOASTING" Process... an exclusive step that brings to LUCKIES all the stored-up luscious goodness - that gives to the fine silken LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos the true, mellow-mildness which only purifying heat can achieve -- that frees the long, fragrant shreds from fast-burning, crude particles.

LUCKIES always burn slowly and evenly from tip to tip -- LUCKIES never drop sparks upon your gown. And of course you appreciate that service of your tobacconist - the price - two packages for twenty-five cents, at which he today so graciously offers you LUCKIES -- A 1933 price for the finest of all cigarettes - LUCKY STRIKE!

HOWARD CLANEY:

We'll get back to the dancing in just a moment but first let me remind you that on Thursday night we'll again have with us that distinguished personage, The Baron Munchausen, who is also known as Jack Pearl.....On that night George Olsen will furnish the dance music.....and now let's have some music.....Jack Denny is ready and waiting, so we are going to drop right under his baton.

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

JACK DENNY:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor, we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

We take that short and speedy hop.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, brings this LUCKY STRIKE Hour to a close....don't forget to tune in on Thursday night when we present Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and George Olsen's famous orchestra.

Until Thursday then -- goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/chilleen
1/10/38

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XI

"THE PAID KILLER"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 10, 1933

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XI

"THE PAID KILLER"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CHARACTERS:

BRUCE	"ACE" PENDLETON
NICK	DISTRICT ATTORNEY GRAY
AGENT DALE	POLICEMAN
AGENT RINEHART	MRS. GRAY
SAM	MOVIE MANAGER
KENT (OKLAHOMA POLICE CHIEF)	BETTY (MANAGER'S DAUGHTER)

VOICE

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**** ****

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XI

"THE PAID KILLER"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....
DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE
AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE PAID KILLER"....BASED
ON CASE NO.....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 Paid
Killer.".....real people.....real clues.....a real case....for
obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout....our case
begins in an under-world hangout on the South Side of Chicago.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

BRUCE: Well, where's he at, anyway? I ain't going to wait here all night.

SAM: He'll be here right away, Bruce. He told me to be sure and stick around.

BRUCE: This guy Nick. Where does he get off, making us wait?

SAM: Figures that he's the boss, I suppose.

BRUCE: Sure, Sam. And me and you do all the work.

SAM: We wasn't so much when Nick took up with us. I was driving a cab and you was errand boy for a bootlegger.

BRUCE: Sure, sure. And who's got guts enough to pull a trigger? You and me, pal. Not this guy Nick --

SAM: Well....you got to fix it so somebody'll pay you for pullin' a trigger, Bruce. That's where Nick comes in.

BRUCE: Yeah? I'd just as soon do my shootin' for fun. I like to make 'em fold up.

SAM: You'll get in trouble some day. You ought to go easy with that kind of stuff.

BRUCE: You ain't heard anything yet. Just wait till Nick shows up. I'm going to get him told -- and plenty!

SAM: (DOUBTFUL) You better go easy till you --

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED QUICKLY)

NICK: (FADES IN QUICKLY) Hello, boys. How's the kid, Bruce?

BRUCE: I'm all right.

NICK: You don't sound very cheerful.

SAM: He ain't feeling so good, Nick. Don't mind him.

NICK: (KEENLY) What's the trouble, kid? Do you want me to send out for a deck of Old Lady White?

BRUCE: Nah...ya can't make a hophead out o' me, Nick. I don't like the stuff.

NICK: It looks like we've got to get you a change of climate, anyway.

BRUCE: (PETULANTLY) Well, I'm sure sick of sittin' in this dumb joint. But I ain't got a chance of takin' a train out of town on account of the cops. Say -- whatcha trying to do, Nick -- kiss me bye-bye?

NICK: Don't worry, kid -- if I wanted to get rid of you, I'd hire somebody else to do it.

BRUCE: Well, you gotta do something -- or I'll go nuts sitting around here.

NICK: I'll give you the pay-off now. We're going on a little trip to Texas.

SAM: Little trip?

NICK: I've lined up a job for Bruce in a town called Bremen. Ever hear of it? Bremen, Texas.

BRUCE: Naw, I ain't never heard of it. What am I supposed to do down there?

NICK: (DISTINCTLY) You're going to kill a guy.

BRUCE: What kind of a guy?

NICK: Sure you want to know?

BRUCE: I'm askin' yah.

NICK: Well, it's the District Attorney.

BRUCE: Yeah?

NICK: The D.A. -- and you're elected to give him the bitc.

SAM: Listen, Nick -- a District Attorney! That sounds red hot!

NICK: You didn't need to know who the guy was. But everything's covered. It's easy.

BRUCE: District Attorney or no District Attorney, I guess
he'll go over when the slugs run into him.

NICK: You said it, kid. You know your stuff.

BRUCE: But I still don't see how I'm gonna get down there to
do the job. The bulls'll pick me up if I go near a
railroad station.

NICK: Listen -- that's my worry and not yours. But if it's
botherin' you I'll put you wise. Sam here is gonna
steal a car, and we'll all ride to Texas in it.

BRUCE: That's a good idea, Nick. And I got a better one.

NICK: Let's hear it.

BRUCE: If Sam's gonna cop a car for us, why doesn't he grab
my old man's? Then if anything goes wrong, maybe
I can talk the old guy out of making trouble.

NICK: Say, you're all right, kid -- you're using your head.
Did you get it, Sam? Glown on to Bruce's father's
car. You've seen it around -- the green touring job.
It's just what we'll need to get us down to Texas.
What do you say, Sam? You get me, don't you?

SAM: Sure Nick -- I'll get the car.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR STARTING UP AND RUNNING OVER ROAD.
2. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

PENDLETON: Sit down, Nick..Glad to see you.

NICK: Thanks, Pendleton. Don't mind if I do.

PENDLETON: Have a good trip?

NICK: Yeah. We drove down.

PENDLETON: That's good --- yep, that's all right. When are you ready to do your stuff?

NICK: The minute you show me five grand in cash.

PENDLETON: I got the dough right here. All the gambling house keepers in the county subscribed to the fund. But even if they hadn't I'd have put up the money myself for the pleasure of seeing that nosey so-and-so bumped off.

NICK: This guy Gray has been bothering you a lot, hasn't he?

PENDLETON: Yeah, he's spoiled all the rackets and put a lot of the boys behind bars. He's out of line -- way out of line -- and you guys are going to bring him back.

NICK: How about after we've done it?

PENDLETON: You know me -- you know Ace Pendleton. All you got to do is make your getaway. They'll never get anything out of me.

NICK: If the getaway's bothering you, forget about it.

PENDLETON: How's that, Nick?

NICK: When the D.A. dies, I'll be a long way off.

PENDLETON: Yeah?

NICK: My boys will know what to do. And if they're caught it's tough luck, but we can't help it, see?

PENDLETON: They know about me?

NICK: Never heard of you, Pendleton.

PENDLETON: Say, you are slick. My Chicago contact had it right when he called you a snake.

NICK: If I'm a snake and I let somebody else carry the rattles. Think it over, Pendleton, it's the best way.

PENDLETON: How about paying off your gunmen?

NICK: They'll get theirs when we meet after the job. Five hundred bucks apiece.

PENDLETON: (ADMIRINGLY) And you keep four grand. Boy, boy.

NICK: Get wise. Any fool can pull a trigger. But it takes brains to organize a mob.

PENDLETON: Yeah, I guess you prove that.

NICK: (BRISKLY) Well, let's get this thing set. Where does District Attorney Grey hang out?

PENDLETON: You mean his home?

NICK: Yeah.

PENDLETON: You going to get him there?

NICK: Sure -- less chance of being identified.

PENDLETON: His house is at 1200 Floral Avenue.

NICK: What time does he generally show in the morning?

PENDLETON: He always walks to work -- and he leaves the house around eight-thirty every day.

NICK: O.K. When he leaves tomorrow morning the reception committee will be waiting for him.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE DRIVES OFF.
2. FADE IN SOUND OF CHINA AND SILVER.

MRS. GREY: Won't you have another cup of coffee, dear?

GREY: Don't think I'll have time, thanks -- I ought to be going right now. It's nearly eight-thirty.

MRS. GREY: Robert, you promised me when you finished prosecuting the gambling-house keepers you'd take things a little easier. I don't see why you have to be in your office before nine o'clock.

GREY: I'm an early bird, you know, Martha. Tell you what I'll do: I'll come home about four this afternoon. How's that?

MRS. GREY: Well, it helps a little. You must mind your health Rob, not to overwork yourself. What are you looking for?

GREY: My hat. Now, where in the world did I ---

MRS. GREY: (FADING) Right where you left it. I'll get it for you.

GREY: Oh, I see. Thanks.

MRS. GREY: Here you are. Anything else? Briefcase? Papers?

GREY: No thanks, dear. Nothing else this morning. Coming to the door with me?

MRS. GREY: Of course. And you will remember about coming home?

GREY: I promise.

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. GREY: Goodbye, Rob.

GREY: Goodbye, dear. (BUSINESS OF KISS) (FADING) See you this afternoon.

(GOING DOWN STEPS)

MRS. GREY: (FADED) Have a good day.

(FADE IN AUTO MOTOR. HORN SOUNDED SHARPLY)

BRUCE: Hey there ---you!

GREY: Yes -- what is it?

BRUCE: Your name Robert Grey?

GREY: Yes. What can I do for you?

BRUCE: You can get a load of this.

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS. GREY GROANS)

MRS. GREY: (CRIES OUT) Oh--Oh--Oh! (RUNNING DOWN STEPS) Oh, Robert -- Robert----

BRUCE: (FADING) Step on it, Sam -- Step on it. So long,
sister --

(MOTOR STARTS UP AND ROARS OFF)

MRS. GREY: Stop them, in that green car --- Police --- Help---
Oh, Rob, Rob, dearest (HER WEEPING FADES)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE FADES OUT.
2. AMBULANCE.
3. CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

MANAGER: Eleven o'clock. Well, the last show's been over for
ten minutes. Have all the people left the theatre,
Betty?

BETTY: Yes, they have, Father. I just looked.

MANAGER: You put out the houselights?

BETTY: Yes, I did.

MANAGER: Well, wait a minute -- till I wrap up this money --
and we'll go home.

BETTY: Is that the week's receipts, Father?

MANAGER: Yep -- and what do you think, Betty -- it's eighteen
hundred dollars!

BETTY: Eighteen hundred! Why that's a lot!

MANAGER: Yep -- pretty good for a town the size of Wawona. It
just goes to show, if you put on the best pictures
you can get you can fill your theatre, wherever it is.
Even if it's tucked off in a little town in Oklahoma.

BETTY: Well, we've got the best movie theatre in this part
of the state, Dad.

MANAGER: That's right, Betty -- that's right. From now on you and I are going to get somewhere in the show business. Yes, sir.

(DISCREET KNOCK)

Who's that?

BRUCE: (OUTSIDE) Open up.

MANAGER: What do you want?

BRUCE: (OUTSIDE) Come on, come on -- quit stalling.

MANAGER: See who it is, Betty.

BETTY: Yes, pa.

(DOOR IS OPENED)

(SUPPRESSED SCREAM FROM BETTY)

BRUCE: (FADING IN QUICKLY) Shut up. Get in here, Sam.

SAM: (FADES IN) Yeah.

BRUCE: Close that door.

SAM: Yeah.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

BRUCE: Now, don't peep, either of yah.

MANAGER: Why -- what do you want? What is it?

BRUCE: We're on the "heist," mister. Get 'em up.

BETTY: Oh - they're -- robbers! Bandits!

BRUCE: Sam, grab that dough.

MANAGER: But it's --

BRUCE: Look at me, guy.

MANAGER: Y-yes--

BRUCE: I'd as soon kill you as wink at you. So don't start beefin'.

MANAGER: For -- for God's sake, boy -- take the money -- but don't -- don't hurt us --

BRUCE: (LAUGHS SUDDENLY) What a nice old guy. I wouldn't grab your dough, Mister, but me and my buddy are touring north -- and we need traveling expenses. So after we walk out this door you and the girl take it easy for about ten minutes. Think you can do that?

MANAGER: Y-yes, sir.

BRUCE: All right. (FADING) Come on, Sam. We'll take a walk.

(DOOR SLAMMED)

(FADES ON): You leave the car in the alley, like I told you?

SAM: (FADES IN) Yeah, it's right here. Listen, Bruce -- this wasn't no bright stunt.

BRUCE: What?

SAM: Stickin' up the movie manager.

BRUCE: Well, what kind of a break did Nick give us for bumping off the D.A.? Five yards apiece, and a car we already stole off of my old man. There's more dough here than we got from him.

SAM: He's gonna give us more in Chicago.

BRUCE: When we get there. You oughta thank me for spottin' an easy take like this here movie theatre. Oklahoma's treatin' us better than Texas done.

SAM: You'll get the law after us, you little rat.

BRUCE: With what? We ain't left no traces.

SAM: Aw rite, aw rite. We can't stand here jawin'. We gotta get back to the car.

BRUCE: O.K. Sam. Get in and give her the juice. Hello, South Chicago! Here we come!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: HOW WILL UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AGENTS
TRACK DOWN RECKLESS BANDITS.....FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE
HOUR.....FOR FINISH FEATURING BRILLIANT DEDUCTION....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XI

"THE PAID KILLER"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE.....STORY OF "THE PAID KILLER".....BASED
ON CASE NO.....FILES OF UNITED STATES
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....
WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....IN
AUTOMOBILE APPROACHING TOWN OF STRAWBRIDGE, OKLAHOMA...

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(AUTOMOBILE MOTOR AND HORN)

SAM: Bruce, Bruce for cat's sake! Slow up! We're comin' in to a town!

BRUCE: What's eatin' ya, Sam? I ain't hit anything yet!

SAM: I knew I shouldn't ought to have let you drive!

BRUCE: Don't talk to me, old-timer.. I'm in a hurry to get to Chi!

SAM: Take it easy -- take it easy, will ya? This must be the main drag -- an' -- an' say -- there's a cop on this corner ahead directin' traffic.

BRUCE: Want to get a laugh? Watch what I do to him?

(HORN)

(CALLS) Excuse my dust, Hayseed!

(POLICE WHISTLE BLOWS)

SAM: Look out! Look out for that car! Comin' around the corner!

BRUCE: I can't -- I can't --

SAM: Oh, my god -- you're headin' for the telephone pole -- the brakes, the brakes, you dummy ---

(SCREECH OF BRAKES FOLLOWED BY CRASH)

BRUCE: We hit it, huh?

(POLICE WHISTLE AND CONFUSION)

SAM: Are ya hurt, Bruce? You O.K.?

BRUCE: Sure.

SAM: Well, here comes that cop. We better leg it.

BRUCE: Can't leave the car. We gotta have it to get back to the city.

SAM: (FADING) All right, stay if you want. I'm gonna get out while I can.

POLICEMAN: (FADING IN FOLLOWED BY CROWD) Looky here, young feller. What's the matter with you?

BRUCE: How do ya mean, officer?

VOICE: T'other one beat it, Dan. Got around the corner for I could ketch up to him.

POLICEMAN: Never mind him. This one was drivin'. What do ye think this town is, a speedway? Runnin' into a telephone pole! Darn well serves ye right. Lemme see your driver's license!

BRUCE: Well, listen, officer, I ain't got it with me.

POLICEMAN: Driving without a license, hey? Where'd you get this car?

BRUCE: It's my old man's. Belongs to my father.

POLICEMAN: That's what they all say. Belongs to your father!

BRUCE: Now look here, ya dumb copper, just because you're a hick an' I'm a city guy, ya can't ---Hey, what's the idea?

CROWD: Dan's pullin' his gun! Say, who is this fellow? Dan's got his gun on him!

POLICEMAN: Now, I don't want no more of your lip, understand me?

BRUCE: Go easy, copper. Go easy with that cannon.

POLICEMAN: I'll go easy when you get out o' that car. You're goin' to come with me. (TO CROWD) One of you boys holler over to the drugstore, and tell 'em to phone for the wagon. I'm goin' to throw this kid into the lock-up until we can check on who really does own this car.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TELEPHONE RINGS, FADES OUT .
2. POLICE PATROL MOTOR AND BELL
3. TYPEWRITER.
4. DOOR OPENS.

DALE: Say, Rhinehart, you got a few minutes?

RHINEHART: Sure, Dale. What's on your mind? Come on in and sit down.

DALE: Thanks. (DOOR SHUTS) It's about a stolen car case. I've been doing some checking up, and I think I've run on to a funny one.

RHINEHART: Well, let's hear about it, Dale. Where's it from?

DALE: An Illinois car that's turned up in Oklahoma.

RHINEHART: So far, nothing unusual. Where'd we get the information?

DALE: Shot into the Bureau of Investigation on account of the inter-state angle. It seems that the kid who stole the car, or anyway who was driving it when picked up, is the son of the registered owner here in Chicago.

RHINEHART: That happens, Dale. Son steals the family car and sets out on a joy-ride.

DALE: Sure, Mr. Rhinehart, but I haven't finished yet. I sent through the fingerprints from Oklahoma to the Bureau of Identification in Washington, and it turns out he's this young Bruce kid, with a police record that would fill a book.

RHINEHART: Bruce? He was in the tabloids not long ago, wasn't he?

DALE: Yes, sir. The records say he's suspected of being the
bite -- professional killer -- for one of the big
mobs in town.

RHINEHART: Hm. Then what's he doing in Oklahoma?

DALE: That's it!

RHINEHART: Dale, it seems to me this case can stand a bit of
looking into. Where'd you say they're holding the
fellow?

DALE: Strawbridge, Oklahoma.

RHINEHART: Strawbridge, Oklahoma. All right, let's get hold of
a time-table and I'll meet you at the depot ten
minutes before train time.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. RAILROAD TRAIN.
2. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.

RINEHART: Chief Kent?

KENT: That's right, gentlemen.

RINEHART: I'm Bureau of Investigation Agent Rhinehart. This is
my associate, Agent Dale.

KENT: Oh, yes -- of course -- I got your wire. You're here
about that fellow we picked up in the stolen car?

RHINEHART: Right.

KENT: Well step into my office and we'll talk it over.

(OPENS DOOR)

RHINEHART: Thanks. Come on, Dale.

DALE: Coming.

(DOOR CLOSED)

KENT: Sit down, gentlemen.

RHINEHART: Thanks, Chief, I want to compliment the police officer who made that arrest. He used his head.

KENT: It just seemed like the thing to do, he told me.

RHINEHART: WE'VE checked your prisoner's fingerprints with the Bureau of Investigation files at Washington, and we find that the man you're holding -- or the boy, rather -- is a chap by the name of Ralph Bruce. He's only nineteen years old but he's been in jail often enough, and is suspected of being a gang gunman -- a professional killer.

KENT: He looked like a tough boy. Yes, siree, he looked like a mighty tough boy.

DALE: You see, Chief, the stolen car belongs to his father.

KENT: Well, now! That's what he said, but I didn't believe him.

RHINEHART: (SOLEMNLY) Yes, he told the truth that time --- and I'm afraid he's going to be the center of a lot of trouble, Chief.

KENT: Trouble?

RHINEHART: For you and for all of us.

KENT: Why how's that, Mr. Rhinehart?

RHINEHART: Tell me this, Chief. Have you noticed any strangers in town the last few days. An unusual number, or type, that is?

KENT: Huh?

DALE: He means strangers, that look like city men, Kent.

KENT: Might be a few drummers off the "down" train, Mr. Rhinehart.

RHINEHART: (MOVES SLIGHT DISTANCT OFF) Take a look out this window then.

KENT: All right. (SLIGHT FADE) What am I supposed to see?

RHINEHART: Notice those two young men across the street. See -- leaning against the front of the pool hall there. They're not local boys, are they?

KENT: Never seen 'em before. Well, no -- I guess they ain't from around here.

RHINEHART: (CRISPLY) I'll say they're not. Chief, those fellows are mobsters -- gunmen from the big time. I know the type so well I could spot 'em anywhere.

KENT: Well, say I --

RHINEHART: And there's a couple more down at the corner -- see 'em? I ran into those two at the soda fountain first ten minutes I was in town. An' they don't come from around Strawbridge either.

RHINEHART: Chief, I'd be willing to bet those tough customers are standing round here by your jail just because Ralph Bruce is inside it!

KENT: Say -- do you think they'll try to -- to --

DALE: Rush the calaboose? It's been done, you know.

KENT: Well, say -- thanks -- for tipping me off. Those city boys will get a lot of grief if they try to pry open this hoosegow! I'll tell you, gentlemen, I'll deputize plenty -- every able-bodied man in town. Folks here won't sit by. We'll get out shotguns an' six shooters if we have to. We don't want none of th s here racketeering in Strawbridge, Oklahoma. No sir! No sires!

RHINEHART: (DRILY) Well, Chief, I thought you'd like to know there were visitors in town. Come on, Dale -- We'd better go back to the hotel and catch a fit of sleep before the fireworks start.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STREET NOISE.
2. HEAVY METAL GATE PUSHED BACK ON ROLLERS.

VOICE: You can talk to the prisoner in here, mister.

NICK: Thanks, sonnyboy.

(GATE CLANGED AGAIN)

Well, Bruce, how's the kid?

BRUCE: (DOGGED) Say -- it's time you showed up, Nick. How about gettin' me outta here?

NICK: Don't your worry, kid. The boys are all in town.

BRUCE: Oh, yeah?

NICK: Sure. If I said the word they'd bust this can wide open.

BRUCE: They can't do it too quick to suit me. I don't like it here. Say -- how'd you get 'em to let you in?

NICK: I told 'em I was your lawyer, kid. And I am, see -- because I'm gonna fix you up.

BRUCE: I want to get out, that's how you can fix me up.

NICK: I tell ya. It's gonna be kind of hard, Bruce.

BRUCE: Why doncha turn loose the boys, give this joint the "Fourth of July" treatment and blow me out of it?

NICK: Well, I been thinking, kid. Maybe that ain't the best way.

BRUCE: What is, then?

NICK: The minute Sam brought word that you'd been caught, I started figuring angles. First thing, I said to myself -- "It won't be hard to get that kid out of some country stir." But this is Oklahoma -- and Oklahoma is awful close to Texas.

BRUCE: Well, how does it add up?

NICK: Kid, I'm going to tell you the truth -- that shooting down there is hot -- red hot. So....

BRUCE: Go on, go on....

NICK: (OUT WITH IT NOW) Why don't you take a small rap?

BRUCE: (SULLEN) What do you mean a small rap?

NICK: After all, you did do the bump-off of the Texas D.A. Well, there was more to that than I thought. And if we don't look out, some Texas ranger is going to be up here just to check on you. They tell me they're that hot to get the guy that killed the prosecutor.

BRUCE: (DOGGEDLY) What was that about taking a rap?

NICK: Listen - it's gonna be better for all of us if you can get out of sight for a while. Get in jail for a little stretch. Then when you're out, the Texas shooting will be all cooled off...they won't even remember the name of the guy that got shot. See? Take a rap for something that ain't serious, and they'll never think to connect you with something that's a long sight worse!

BRUCE: (TAKING UP THE IDEA) Hey...maybe you're right. I'm too nice a guy to burn for pullin' a trigger.

NICK: That's sense, kid.

BRUCE: Listen, I'll tell you something. While we was on our way up here, we stuck up a movie house in Wawona.

NICK: Wawona? What's that?

BRUCE: Another Oklahoma town. How would it be if I was to tell 'em I done the movie house stick-up?

NICK: (THOUGHTFUL) That sounds all right. If you can get most of the dough back, why it'll just mean a little time in the pew. You're young -- you can do it standing on your head. Besides, we might be able to spring you later.

BRUCE: Sure, I'm countin' on that.

NICK: That's the old guts, kid. You got 'em. Soon as I go, you send for the head man around here and tell him you've got a confession to make. And while you're doing that, I'll get the boys out of town before the local cops get wise.

BRUCE: O.K., Nick. So long.

NICK: (FADING) So long, kid.

BRUCE: (CALLING AFTER) So long, Nick. I'll see ya on the outside looking in --

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. IRON GATE ROLLED BACK.
2. MAN WALKING ON IRON FLOOR FADES OUT.
3. TELEPHONE BELL.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

RHINEHART: Hello. Special Agent Rhinehart speaking. Yes. Oh, is that so? Hmm--that's fairly surprising. All right, thanks very much.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

DALE: What is it? What's up?

RHINEHART: That was Chief Kent's man down at the railway station. Called to say the last two tough-guys cleared out on the noon train with tickets for Chicago.

DALE: So they gave up the idea of springing the kid, eh?

RHINEHART: So it would seem. Dale, you can bet your bottom dollar on it: There's something rotten in Denmark.

DALE: Shakespeare.

RHINEHART: I'm not kidding. Think it over yourself. Why would the headman of that mob, whoever he is, bring his torpedos down to this little burg, and then turn right around and go back again?

DALE: Search me. Changed their minds, maybe.

RHINEHART: Exactly. And why, I'd like to know. They could have broken into that jail as easily as a baby's bank. And that leads us up to young Bruce's confession.

DALE: Listen, Rhinehart, I think you're making a mountain out of a molehill. This case is closed so far as we're concerned.

RHINEHART: It is, eh? Well, Dale, why should this kid, held here on a traffic violation and stolen car charge of his own free-will confess a movie theatre hold-up -- grand larceny?

DALE: Maybe his lawyer told him to.

RHINEHART: Did the big fellow look like an attorney to you?

DALE: By Godfrey, I see what you're driving at. You think that Bruce is trying to get sent up?

RHINEHART: Absolutely. That hold-up charge is serious enough to mean a stiff sentence, and he'd never have confessed to it unless he'd been mixed up in something worse and wanted to be put out of the way for a while.

DALE: Something worse? Murder you mean?

RHINEHART: Sure, it's possible. Remember what the record says about this youngster -- suspected of being a hired gang killer.

DALE: Have there been any crimes around here he could have been in on?

RHINEHART: There's where you've got me. I've been thinking until my head aches.

DALE: Well, listen. It's not going to do us any good to sit around here. The kid's in custody, and we've recovered the stolen car. We may as well go back to town for our mental gymnastics.

RHINEHART: Dale!

DALE: What is it?

RHINEHART: Dale, I've got it! I'll bet you any amount of money, I've got it! You remember the killing of the District Attorney in Bremen, Texas? You remember his wife's description of the car the killers got away in? A green touring car, with license plates from out of the state? Well, what was this kid driving? Which way was he headed?

DALE: Say! Say, you may have something. He was heading away from Texas all right. But the gambling interests down there were supposed to have put that D.A. on the spot.

RHINEHART: All right. Suppose instead of doing the dirty work themselves they hired it done -- got a big-time gang, who turned the job over to their professional gunman?

DALE: By Jiminy! Hey, hey Rhinehart, what's up? What're you doing?

RHINEHART: Out of the way, Dale, let me get to that telephone. I'm going to put in a call down there and get Mrs. Grey, the widow, up to look at Bruce and see if she can identify him. And you better run down to the telegraph office and wire Illinois authorities complete descriptions of all the mobsters we saw here.

DALE: I'll get my hat.

RHINEHART: Dale, if we haven't cracked this case sitting right here in this room, Sherlock Holmes is a Chinaman!

(FADING) Hello----Hello, operator, get me Bremen, Texas---I want to talk with ---

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: INFORMATION GIVEN STATE AUTHORITIES.....IN TEXAS AND ILLINOIS....TO LINK BRUTAL KILLING OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY WITH CHICAGO GANG.....CASE.....UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, CLOSED.....ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE.....CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
1/5/32

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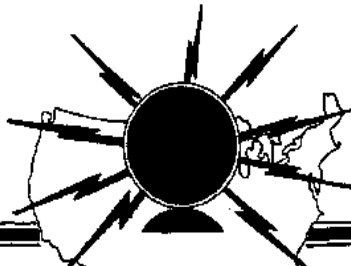
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/ohill
1/5/32

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD OLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight marks our regularly weekly LUCKY STRIKE laugh festival....headed by Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, who is assisted by his friend Sharley.....Sharing the honors tonight with the Baron is George Olsen.....George has collected all of his musical lads and is prepared to provide the dance music, so let's drop in on him first.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

GEORGE OLSEN:

(TRAIN SIGNATURE) All out! All out on the dance floor while we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Climb aboard the Magic Carpet everybody - here we go!

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

George, that was nice work -- you win another open championship for dance tunes! Oh, by the way!....I'll bet a lot of you winter-bound golfers are mighty interested in the open golf tournament that's being held down at Agua Caliente, Mexico -- that's the gay, sunny resort just over the California border, you know..... They were running off the second day's play this afternoon, and you'd see many a golfer or member of the gallery pause in his stroll along a fairway to light up a mild, delicious cigarette -- sunshine and open air seem to go mighty well with the pleasure of a smooth, flavorful LUCKY. Because LUCKIES offer such complete smoking enjoyment.....a delicious, smooth and harmonious blend of fine tobaccos....always well-filled, full weight of fine, even-burning tobacco that is truly mild - mellow-mild -- because "IT'S TOASTED."

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Another fact about LUCKIES -- haven't you noticed how greatly they are preferred by women who detest finger stain -- by women who are fastidious about their hands. And added to this fine, mellow-mild tobacco quality, you'll find that your cigarette dealer is now offering you LUCKY STRIKE at two packages for twenty-five cents -- a 1933 standard of value in mild, flavorful LUCKY STRIKE enjoyment!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now, ladies and gentlemen, standing in the wings is the man of the hour, Jack Pearl, and with him is Cliff Hall. These two arguing companions, are affectionately known to the millions of their radio friends, as the Baron Munchausen and Sharley. Tonight the Baron is going to recall some of his astounding experiences as an elephant hunter in the wilds of the terrible African jungles. Just how many of these great beasts the Baron has shot, no one can safely say....that is, no one but the Baron. So we give him to you now.

(ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE)

(FIRST PART -- "THE ELEPHANT HUNT")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Well, my friends, I hope you enjoyed yourselves,
listening to Jack Pearl. He'll come back later to continue his
discussion but meanwhile let's give our attention to George Olsen....
we're on our way back, George....ten million strong, so

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Boldly Walter P. Chrysler cut away from accepted tradition in the automobile business, by offering a car of expensive design in a low-price class. Walter P. Chrysler began as a young mechanic in a railroad machine shop....He rose to become General Manager of The American Locomotive Company, Pittsburgh -- and then, he deliberately left railroads to enter the automobile business. His tool-chest, in which he keeps the tools he first worked with on railroad engines, today has a prominent place in a special glass case in the Chrysler Tower on the 71st floor of the Chrysler Building. Because Walter P. Chrysler has always broken away from accepted tradition in business, we have just sent him this wire:--

MR. WALTER P. CHRYSLER
CHRYSLER BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

SIR:

YOU GAVE MOTORISTS A NEW STANDARD OF VALUE AND RIDING COMFORT WITH YOUR FLOATING POWER PLYMOUTH AND SO I KNOW YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN ANY GREAT ADVANCE IN STANDARD OF VALUE IN CIGAR INDUSTRY...CERTIFIED CREMO BOLDLY CUTS AWAY FROM TRADITION THAT A FINE CIGAR MUST BE EXPENSIVE...THIS SPLENDID HIGH-QUALITY CIGAR IS NOW OFFERED TO SMOKERS AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS..... MILLIONS HAVE FOUND IN CERTIFIED CREMO WORLD'S GREATEST CIGAR VALUE DELICIOUS LONG-FILLER LEAVES....FINE EXPENSIVE TEXTURE AND IMMACULATE CLEANLINESS OF THE ONLY CIGAR FINISHED UNDER GLASS...AS YOU HAVE PROVED AMERICANS ALWAYS CHOOSE THE PRODUCT THAT GIVES THEM MORE THAN ANY OTHER...WITH VERY BEST WISHES....

VINCENT RIGGIO,
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

That telegram, ladies and gentlemen, is right now on its way to Walter P. Chrysler. The message we have just sent Mr. Chrysler is important to every one of you cigar smokers -- The news that the delicious, long-filler quality of Certified Crema is now yours at five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now back to the dancing everybody - here's where the Magic Carpet picks you up and rushes you right over to George Olsen and his orchestra.

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 speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, George...We'll join you later, but now we present again the distinguished guest of the occasion..that eloquent linguist and old elephant hunter...The Baron Munchausen. Ladies and gentlemen....his Excellency, The Baron!

(SECOND PART - "THE ELEPHANT HUNT")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Amid the laughter and applause, Jack Pearl steps out of the spotlight. The Baron is a regular visitor on these Thursday night programs. He'll be back at the same time next week...and now before we dance again, may we remind you that on Saturday night Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday will bring us the hit songs from the musical comedy and operetta stage...also on that night the dance music will be supplied by Vincent Lopez, playing from Chicago and Ted Weems who will play from New York....but right now George Olsen and his Orchestra are ready and waiting to go, so let's be on our way!

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

We're off on that short and speedy hop!
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was fine to dance to George...and in between dances....I'm sure a great many of you folks are lighting up a LUCKY....Did you ever notice that tiny, red, softly glowing tip? That's where all your smoking pleasure comes from. And that's where LUCKY STRIKE differs from other cigarettes. For LUCKY STRIKE is made not only to look right, but to burn right. To accomplish this, we buy only the choicest, most fragrant of Turkish and domestic tobaccos. These we patiently and carefully blend by the only scientific blending method known -- by "TOASTING." It's toasting that blends and welds the rich aromas of these fine tobaccos until the result is one full-bodied fragrant flavor -- that gives to these tender, silken LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos their true mellow-mildness -- and that frees the long, delicious shreds from fast-burning crude particles. Light a LUCKY....Notice how it burns slowly, evenly from tip to tip -- that it never drops ashes on your clothing....There's a real service that millions of fastidious smokers appreciate. That's service in quality -- and your tobacconist gives you the additional service in value when he offers you two packages of LUCKY STRIKE for twenty-five cents -- a new deal to smokers everywhere whose fine tastes demand the finest of cigarettes.

HOWARD CLANEY:

How about another dance? George Olsen, completely surrounded by instruments, has his right hand raised to give the signal....so let the music begin....

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

And without further ado we play -- (TITLES)

(
(
(
(
(

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard, all aboard, our train is leaving. (TRAIN

SIGNATURE) Now back goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

As the Olsen train chugs away into the night, this LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close. Don't forget to join us again on Saturday night when Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday sing their romantic songs and we dance to the music of Ted Weems in New York and Vincent Lopez in Chicago.

Until Saturday then -- Goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
1/12/33

"THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XIX

"ELEPHANT HUNT"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 12, 1933

*** ***

*** ***

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XIX

"ELEPHANT HUNT"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CHARACTERS:

THE BARON.....JACK PEARL
CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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"THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XIX

"ELEPHANT HUNT"

PART I

CHARLEY: Now just a moment, Baron, I --

BARON: No Sir! I don't care what you say. It's no use --
it's --

CHARLEY: But you're all excited over nothing! Please! I
ask you! Control yourself.

BARON: You don't have to ask me! I'll ask you one question
and that's all.

CHARLEY: Very well - what's the question?

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Was I where?

BARON: Any place!

CHARLEY: No! I was not!

BARON: That's all I want to know!

CHARLEY: Then we can proceed without any further controversy.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: I said, then we can continue our usual argumentative
cycle of conversation without interruption or
disputation.

BARON:WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: I see you're all dressed up for hunting, Baron?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) I don't try to fool anybody.

CHARLEY: Why are you dressed for hunting?

BARON: Because I'm not going fishing.

CHARLEY: What are you going hunting after?

BARON: After ten.

CHARLEY: After ten what?

BARON: After ten o'clock.

CHARLEY: I mean what animal, beast, denizen of the forest?

BARON:could you play that again?

CHARLEY: What mammal or bird - zoological or ornithological specimen are you going in pursuit of?

BARON:We're off twice!

CHARLEY: Come, Baron, tell me, what are you hunting for?

BARON: Elephants.

CHARLEY: Elephants! I suppose you're all equipped for the expedition?

BARON: Sure - I got my director, camera man and two pants pressers.

CHARLEY: Pants pressers?

BARON: I mean press agents.

CHARLEY: What about your guns?

BARON: I don't need guns - my wife is going with me.

CHARLEY: You don't need guns because your wife is going with you?

BARON: Yes, when she shoots off her mouth even elephants drop.

CHARLEY: Have you ever been on an elephant hunt before, Baron?

BARON: Have I? (LAUGH) One day, for three months I was on an elephant hunt for two years.

CHARLEY: One day for three months you were on an elephant hunt for two years?

BARON: Yes -

CHARLEY: That's rather confusing, Baron.

BARON: I hope so. My cousin Hugo was with me.

CHARLEY: Your cousin Hugo?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I've heard you speak quite a lot about this cousin Hugo - what's his last name?

BARON: He was ----hello?

CHARLEY: I said, what's his last name?

BARON: (LAUGH) The one he's got.

CHARLEY: No, no, Baron - his surname.

BARON: Oh - the back part.

CHARLEY: Yes. What is it?

BARON: Katz!

CHARLEY: Katz?

BARON: Yes -- I wish he would change it.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Every time he sees me he yells, "I'm your cousin Hugo Katz! Hugo Katz! Hugo Katz!

CHARLEY: Hugo Katz.

BARON: No - I go nuts.

CHARLEY: I mean his name is Hugo Katz.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What does he do for a living?

BARON:Me!

CHARLEY: I mean what is his vocation?

BARON: The last two weeks in July.

CHARLEY: Please understand me, Baron, how is he employed. How does he earn his daily bread?

BARON: He don't eat bread.

CHARLEY: He don't eat bread? Why not?

BARON: ----He's a cake eater.

CHARLEY: Why are you taking him on your elephant hunt?

BARON: Because he's a big game hunter.

CHARLEY: A big game hunter?

BARON: Yes --

CHARLEY: What big game does he hunt?

BARON: Crap games, card games --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron -- what have crap games and card games got to do with elephant hunting?

BARON: (LAUGH) As if I care! One day I said, "Hugo, where I go, you go, Hugo" and he said "Where you go, I go" so Hugo and I now go wherever I go - So we go --

CHARLEY: Please, Baron - if you don't mind, let us drop your cousin Hugo.

BARON: (LAUGH) I've been trying to do that for years.

CHARLEY: Let's get back to elephant hunting -- what do you say?

BARON: Sharley, tonight I could say anything -- I fell in the mud.

CHARLEY: You what?

BARON: I --- are you deaf or just dumb?

CHARLEY: I heard what you said, Baron but I'm sure you are in error. You said you fell in the mud - whereas I know you meant you fell in the mood.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Was I where?

BARON: In the mud?

CHARLEY: No! I was not!

BARON: So I fell in the mud!

CHARLEY: I see. You met with an accident.

BARON: Yes - an ox-ident.

CHARLEY: An accident.

BARON: An ox-ident.

CHARLEY: The word is "accident."

BARON:who cares for words? I say it was an ox-ident.

CHARLEY: How did it happen?

BARON: I was walking up a street and there in front of me was a pud muddle. I was --

CHARLEY: A mud puddle.

BARON:I said there in front of me was a pud muddle - and I was --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron but you have the cart before the horse.

BARON: Sure, I ---did I say I was driving a wagon?

CHARLEY: No. I mean you no doubt intended to say "Mud puddle" whereas you said "pud muddle" - you had it backwards.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's the way I was walking.

CHARLEY: YOU were walking backwards?

BARON: Yes - it was a one way street and I was walking the other way.

CHARLEY: Baron! Words fail me.

BARON: (LAUGH) Thank goodness for that! I was just going to cross the street when I was stopped by a silver.

CHARLEY: A silver?

BARON: A gold, a tin, a lead, a zinc --

CHARLEY: I wonder if you mean a copper?

BARON: That's it! A copper! Who do you think it was?

CHARLEY: I haven't the faintest idea.

BARON: My cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My cousin!

CHARLEY: Is he in again?

BARON: (LAUGH) Try and keep him out!

CHARLEY: Has Hugo got anything on you, Baron?

BARON: No -- but tonight I got three things on him.

CHARLEY: Tonight you have three things on him?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: My coat, vest and pants! Anyhow I tripped and fell in the mud. I didn't know where I was.

CHARLEY: You didn't know where you were?

BARON: No - I was all muddled up. There in front of me was eight hundred elephants! What did I do? I --

CHARLEY: Whoa! Baron! Please!

BARON: What happened?

CHARLEY: That's what I'd like to know! You were telling me about crossing a street, and falling into a mud puddle and suddenly you say in front of you were eight hundred elephants.

BARON: I'll take that back, Sharley.

CHARLEY: I'm glad to hear it.

BARON: There was nine hundred!

CHARLEY: Nine hundred!

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Why Baron that's inconceivable!

BARON: Could you come back?

CHARLEY: I says that's inconceivable!

BARON: No - it was in Africa.

CHARLEY: How in the world did you get to Africa?

BARON: Did you take me?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So what do you care? There was the elephants and
 there was me! I looked for my gun and couldn't find
 it.

CHARLEY: You looked for your gun and couldn't find it?

BARON: No sir - So I picked it up and I --

CHARLEY: Wait! You just said you looked for your gun and
 couldn't find it and then you say you picked it up.

BARON: Sure -- I just found it.

CHARLEY: I give up.

BARON: Not me! I jammed a shell into the keg,

CHARLEY: The keg?

BARON: The hogshead.

CHARLEY: The what?

BARON: Wait! This time I find the word myself. Let me see
 -- what did I said?

CHARLEY: You said you jammed a shell into the keg, the hogshead-

BARON: (LAUGH) I got it!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: The barrel!

CHARLEY: Oh, the barrel of the gun.

BARON: Yes -- I pulled the trigger and killed the whole bunch.

CHARLEY: You killed nine hundred elephants with one shot?

BARON: Would you like me to make it more?

CHARLEY: I should say not!

BARON: So keep quiet! Did I ever tell you about the time I got sixteen elephants with a rope?

CHARLEY: No! and if you tell me I won't believe it.

BARON: Would you believe I got fourteen alligators with a can opener.

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: Fifteen chim-pan-zigg-zaggers with a soup spoon?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So I got sixteen elephants with a rope.

CHARLEY: All right, you got sixteen elephants with a rope. Now, tell me, how did you get them?

BARON: One time I caught eighty five hippo-bottom-busters with a fountain pen and I --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! You still haven't explained how you got the elephants?

BARON: I was -----what elephants?

CHARLEY: The sixteen elephants you caught with a rope. How did you get them?

BARON: Where will you be Tuesday?

CHARLEY: Tuesday? I don't know. Why?

BARON: Because I'll have to look it up.

CHARLEY: Frankly, Baron. I don't believe you ever caught or shot an elephant.

BARON: Is that so? Well here is a picture of my wife standing beside an elephant I shot.

CHARLEY: A very good picture.

BARON: Yes - My wife is the one standing up.

CHARLEY: Your wife is the one standing up?

BARON: Yes - I missed her.

CHARLEY: How did you get the elephant, Baron?

BARON: I was walking down the street and she flirted with me.

CHARLEY: The elephant flirted with you?

BARON: No! my wife! So I said --

CHARLEY: I wasn't referring to your wife - I was referring to the elephant. How did you get him?

BARON: Well, I was hunting Tuxedos.

CHARLEY: You were hunting for Tuxedos?

BARON: Dinner suits.

CHARLEY: Oh, dinosaurs - the sub-class of extinct reptile.

BARON: (LAUGH) Such education. I was hunting for dinner suits.

CHARLEY: But there are no more Dinosaurs, Baron.

BARON: Sure not! I killed them all!

CHARLEY: But they only existed thousands of years ago.

BARON: Don't tell me!

CHARLEY: It's true, Baron!

BARON: And it only seems like yesterday. Well sir - I was hunting for those -- what we spoke about -- when I came to a beautiful house, a magnificent house.

CHARLEY: An elegant house.

BARON: No - an elephant house -- of course at first I didn't know it was an elephant house.

CHARLEY: How did you find out?

BARON: There was some trunks on the porch. I rang the bell and Ella came to the door - So I said --

CHARLEY: Ella? Ella who?

BARON: Ella Phant. So I said excuse me miss, but is your popper in?

CHARLEY: An elephant came to the door and you spoke to her?
BARON: Sure --
CHARLEY: If you think I'll believe that I hope to die.
BARON: (LAUGH) You're dead but you're too lazy to lay down.
So I said "Is pop in?" and before she could answer
out came lolly.
CHARLEY: Lolly who?
BARON: Lolly Pop! So I took him to a speak easy and I --
CHARLEY: You took him to a speakeasy? Ridiculous! I never
heard of a speakeasy in Africa.
BARON: I'm surprised on you! Everybody has heard of "Africa
Speaks."
CHARLEY: What happened then?
BARON: He got half shot.
CHARLEY: He got half shot?
BARON: Yes -- and then I got him outside and gave him the
other half - but just before he passed out he charged
me.
CHARLEY: He charged you?
BARON: Forty dollars --
CHARLEY: Charged you forty dollars for what?
BARON: Because he ran to cover.
CHARLEY: Because he ran to cover?
BARON: Yes -- that was the cover charge -- so I jumped on
his back.
CHARLEY: You jumped on his back.
BARON:upstairs.
CHARLEY: Was he equipped with a howdah?
BARON:who did what?

CHARLEY: I said was the elephant equipped with a howdah; a covered pavillion - a partially enclosed perch, where one can nestle, sojourn or tenant comfortably at the highest point.

BARON: (LAUGH) Please, Sharley! This was an elephant - not a penthouse.

CHARLEY: Was it a seat on the elephant's back?

BARON: YES! and that's why I jumped off.

CHARLEY: Why did you jump off?

BARON: Because -- I never take a back seat!

CHARLEY: Did you get down off the elephant?

BARON:did you drop something?

CHARLEY: I said, did you get down from the elephant?

BARON: (LAUGH) Shame on you!

CHARLEY: What do you mean, shame on me?

BARON: You don't get down off an elephant.

CHARLEY: You don't!

BARON: Never! You get down from a goose!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNOHAUSEN"

EPISODE XIX

"ELEPHANT HUNT"

PART II

CHARLEY: You say you intended to go fishing instead of hunting, Baron?

BARON: That was the duplicate of my conversation, Sharley.

CHARLEY: Well, what made you change your mind?

BARON: I didn't have the argument.

CHARLEY: You didn't have the what?

BARON:some time I must meet you without an appointment.

CHARLEY: All joking aside, Baron -- just what do you mean by saying -- you decided not to go fishing because you didn't have the argument?

BARON: Because I didn't have the argument, the recitation.

CHARLEY: The recitation?

BARON: Lecture, speech --

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean debate?

BARON: That's it! I didn't have debate!

CHARLEY: Oh, the bait! The necessary adductive lure most important to decoy and charm members of the aquatic family into capture...

BARON:we're going someplace again!

CHARLEY: So in view of the fact that you did not have the customary angling contrivances, devices and contraptions required to entice said members of piscatory to you hook you decided to be a Nimrod.

BARON: (LAUGH) I wish I was a judge.

CHARLEY: Why do you wish you were a judge, Baron?

BARON: So I could give you a longer sentence than you give me.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, just how much experience have you had hunting elephants?

BARON: Well to be truthful -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What's the matter, Baron?

BARON: Something stuck in my throat.

CHARLEY: Something stuck in your throat?

BARON: Yes -- I was saying some words and one of them stalled on the way down. I was saying to be -- what was I saying?

CHARLEY: You were saying "to be truthful" I believe.

BARON: You believe that?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) Happy new year. Once I was hunting elephants when I came to a river.

CHARLEY: You came to a river.

BARON: Yes -- this river was sixty miles deep.

CHARLEY: Sixty miles deep?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: That's some river, old man.

BARON: You're talking to him.

CHARLEY: Talking to who?

BARON: Old man river!

CHARLEY: You're full of puns tonight, Baron.

BARON:could I come back?

CHARLEY: I said, you're full pf puns.

BARON: (LAUGH) and coffee!

CHARLEY: What about this deep, deep river.

BARON: It was sixty miles deep.

CHARLEY: You told me that twice.

BARON: So it was a hundred and twenty miles deep - there on the bottom I saw laying a crocodile!

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! If the river was that deep how could you see the crocodile?

BARON: It was low tide. There he was taking a sun bath.

CHARLEY: The crocodile was baking in the sun.

BARON: He was -- I beg your pleasure?

CHARLEY: I said the crocodile was baking in the sun.

BARON: (LAUGH) This was a crocodile not a cook! I tried to pass him by but I couldn't.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Some day I'll find out. With me I had fifteen hundred mustash slappers.

CHARLEY: Fifteen hundred mustash slappers.

BARON: Whiskers hitters, fig beard punchers.

CHARLEY: Bush beaters?

BARON: That's it! Bush beaters! You know, Sharley, you got to have good ones - otherwise you waste time.

CHARLEY: How do you waste time?

BARON: Beating about the bush. Anyhow we got on the other side of the river and there in the jungles I saw the railroad of an elephant.

CHARLEY: What in the name of common sense is the railroad of an elephant?

BARON: The tracks -- I followed the tracks for eight years.

CHARLEY: For how long?

BARON: A few hours -- and I came up to him -- but just as I was going to shoot him spots came before my eyes.

CHARLEY: A dizzy spell.

BARON: No - a leopard.

CHARLEY: A leopard.

BARON: Yes --

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I took a club and knocked the spots out of him.

CHARLEY: Good for you.

BARON: Bad for him.

CHARLEY: What about the elephant?

BARON: He waited.

CHARLEY: He waited until you got through with the leopard?

BARON: Sure - he had no place to go.

CHARLEY: And then I suppose you disposed of him.

BARON:what came in?

CHARLEY: I said I suppose you then disposed of the elephant, you put him hors de combat?

BARON: No - I killed him.

CHARLEY: How big was he?

BARON: Just a small one --

CHARLEY: A small one.

BARON: About ninety six tons.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I can't go for a ninety six ton elephant.

BARON: You don't have to go for him - he comes to you.

CHARLEY: What other animals did you come in contact with?

BARON: Cuff buttons.

CHARLEY: Cuff buttons.

BARON: I mean lynx. Also bookkeeper snakes!

CHARLEY: Bookkeeper snakes!

BARON: Sure -- adders. And once I went after lions.

CHARLEY: You went after lions?

BARON: Yea - but I didn't get one!

CHARLEY: No lion?

BARON: No lion.

CHARLEY: For a change.

BARON: Ye -- please! The Baron makes the wise snappers!

CHARLEY: It must be nice to stroll through the jungle.

BARON: Sure - me and my cousin Hugo did this every day.

CHARLEY: You took a tramp through the jungle?

BARON: Please! Don't insult my cousin.

CHARLEY: You misunderstood me, Baron. I didn't mean to insult your cousin Hugo.

BARON: (LAUGH) You couldn't.

CHARLEY: Well, Baron as much as I hate to, I have to leave you.

BARON: Well, Sharley, as much as you hate to - I'm glad you have too.

CHARLEY: Just one more question and I'll be off --

BARON: Without the question -- you are!

CHARLEY: Please, Baron! Be yourself.

BARON: Sharley, if I was to really ever be myself you and me would starve!

CHARLEY: Were you ever really yourself, Baron.

BARON: Yes sir. Last night!

CHARLEY: Last night?

BARON: Just before this morning! I was walking by myself along Broadway and I met two fellers.

CHARLEY: You were walking along Broadway by yourself and you met two fellows?

BARON: Yes - and one of them was me.

CHARLEY: And one of them was -- no hold on, Baron! That is the limit! You couldn't be walking along by yourself and meet yourself!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: At what time?

BARON:Wednesday!

CHARLEY: Yes! ----and so was my whole family.

BARON: I'm pleased to meet them.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron did you ever shoot a jaguar?

BARON:is somebody sick?

CHARLEY: I said, did you ever shoot a jaguar?

BARON: A yagso - was?

CHARLEY: A jaguar.

BARON: Wag yow jow ---

CHARLEY: No, no! A jaguar! Did you ever shoot it?

BARON: Shoot it! (LAUGH) I can't even say it!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

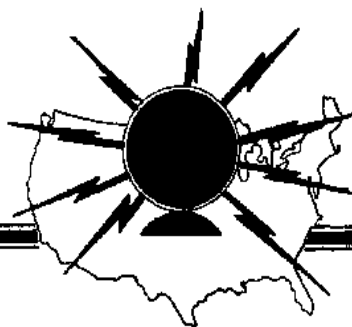
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
1/11/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight the Magic Carpet will take us into the land of romance with Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, our singers of romantic songs.....Also, from New York we'll dance to the music of Ted Weems and his Orchestra and Vincent Lopez will join the festivities from Chicago. Let's visit the windy city first. Vincent and his boys from the Congress Hotel are waiting for us.... out where the West begins so --

ON WITH THE DANCE VINCENT LOPEZ..(WHISTLE)..OKAY CHICAGO!

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY INC

PRO-25-4M-12-33

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Hello, everybody, Lopez speaking. Tonight we start the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine, Vincent. North, east, south, west, folks enjoyed dancing to those tunes.

Down in the Southland they're pretty careful connoisseurs of tobacco - they know what makes a cigarette really enjoyable. In all the smart resorts of Dixie you'll find that LUCKY STRIKE is the cigarette, for down there they know fine tobaccos. They know that none but the finest of tender, fragrant leaves are chosen for LUCKY STRIKE....they know that those rich, delicious tobaccos are blended with the choicest Turkish leaves by the only real blending method known -- by the famous "TOASTING" Process which welds those fine tobaccos into a delicious, truly mild, well-filled cigarette. And especially, folks who are fastidious about their hands and detest finger-stain, are careful to choose LUCKIES only. Really, ladies and gentlemen, LUCKY STRIKE gives you so much enjoyment -- so much real smoking pleasure. And now, at the new low price your dealer offers, there's really remarkable smoking value waiting for you -- twenty-five cents brings you two packages of delicious, mellow-mild LUCKIES.

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL -- FADING DOWN FOR BACKGROUND:)

HOWARD CLANEY:

We're entering the Magic Carpet Theatre as the strains of "Romance" signal the appearance of Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday. Their first song is "THE WALTZ DUET" from the Waltz Dream by Strauss. Perhaps you remember that delightful show... it was first produced in 1908. Then the scene changes to the setting from "New Moon" where the deck of a private ship and the blue of the open sea form the background...as Miss Rice sings "LOVER COME BACK TO ME." For the third song Mr. Halliday has chosen "ROSE MARIE" from the great Friml operetta of the same name. So there goes the curtain and the spotlight falls on Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING: "THE WALTZ DUET"
"LOVER COME BACK TO ME"
"ROSE MARIE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Our romantic young couple Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, leave us to return a little later in this LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...and now it won't take long to make the next hop. We're flashing to Ted Weems and his orchestra from the Hotel Pennsylvania.

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

TED WEEMS:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Ted Weems greeting you first with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WEEMS:

We snap the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

The clear vision, the sure judgment and masterful organizing ability of Clarence H. Mackay have given America one of the world's greatest communication systems -- the huge Postal Telegraph-Cable Company and its affiliated organizations in the International System...a living, growing tribute to the business genius of this affable, pleasant and unassuming man who is loved by every employee, who keeps a finger on every vital pulse of the vast network of Postal Telegraph system.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Because he is one of America's great business leaders, we have just sent this Postal Telegraph wire direct to the home of Clarence H. Mackay:

MR. CLARENCE H. MACKAY
3 EAST 75TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

SIR:

YOUR GREAT ORGANIZING ABILITY HAS PROVIDED EVERY AMERICAN WITH SWIFT SURE COMMUNICATION SERVICE AT MODEST COST -- AND POSTAL TELEGRAPH SERVICE HAS BEEN PARTICULARLY VALUABLE TO US SINCE RECENT ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW LOW PRICE ON CERTIFIED CREMOS HAS BROUGHT FLOOD OF TELEGRAPHED ORDERS FROM DEALERS ALL OVER COUNTRY...WE TOO STRIVE TO GIVE UTMOST IN SERVICE AND QUALITY BY OFFERING A REALLY FINE CIGAR AT PRICE WITHIN REACH OF ALL....CERTIFIED CREMO AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS IS NOW AVAILABLE AT EVERY CIGAR COUNTER IN AMERICA AND MILLIONS ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OPPORTUNITY TO OBTAIN FINE CLEAN LONG-FILLER CIGAR AT NEW PRICE...WITH THANKS FOR YOUR SERVICE WHICH HAS ENABLED US TO SUPPLY EVERY DEALER AND WARMEST PERSONAL REGARDS...

(SIGNED) VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Ladies and gentlemen, that wire has just been sent by Postal Telegraph direct to Clarence H. Mackay. The news contained in that telegram is important to every one who enjoys a fine cigar: Certified Creme with its delicious long-filler quality is now offered at five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

Now let's ride the sky....The Magic Carpet is hurling us westward again...far below the lights of the cities are flashing by. We're bound for Chicago and Vincent Lopez so --

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And this time, from Chicago, we play -- (TITLES)

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Magic Carpet shoots out of Chicago and speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADING DOWN FOR BACKGROUND)

The stage is set for romance. In the center of the Magic Carpet stand Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, who bring to these Saturday night programs the hit songs from musical comedy and operetta. From "Princess Pat" they sing one of the outstanding songs of a score that has lived down through the years, "ALL FOR YOU." Just a few seasons ago "Spring is Here" was produced on Broadway. Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday sing a number from that show which every one will remember - "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART." Then we borrow again from Victor Herbert - this time from "Rose of Algiers" and the song is "ROSE OF THE WORLD". So shut your eyes, sit back, and take a trip into the land of make-believe, as we bring you the voices of Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "ALL FOR YOU"
"WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"
"ROSE OF THE WORLD")

.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Miss Rice - thank you, Mr. Halliday.

While you're reaching for a cigarette, folks, did you ever notice this?....When you light a LUCKY, there's only a quarter of an inch at a time that is important....and that's the softly glowing tip -- the burning end....for that is the real Pleasure Zone. It is in that red, glowing zone that your enjoyment centers during those ten minutes or so of smoking pleasure with a LUCKY. And it is right there, ladies and gentlemen, in that glowing "pleasure zone" that LUCKY STRIKE is revealed as so much different from other cigarettes. For LUCKIES are made not merely to look right - but to burn right. From that small pleasure zone you draw in the smooth, fragrant smoke of the finest of Turkish and domestic tobaccos..... tobaccos sealed into a perfect, harmonized blend by the only really scientific blending process -- by "TOASTING." It is this exclusive LUCKY STRIKE process that gives to those fine tobaccos their delicious, mellow mildness, and that slow, firm, over-burning ash which never drops sparks on dainty gowns. And in this year of 1933 it's surely good news to you that your tobacconist is offering you two packs of LUCKIES for 25 cents ----an extra increase of value in the mildest, most enjoyable of cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE.

And now back again...where melody awaits us....to Ted Weems and his versatile boys.....So let's not delay.

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

TED WEEMS:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

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

TED WEEMS:

Climb aboard the Magic Carpet everybody. Here we go!

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, brings another LUCKY STRIKE Hour to a close. Please remember on Tuesday night we'll present a dramatization of another actual case from the Federal Files in Washington, D.C. This case is called "THE DOPE SMUGGLER" and is taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Narcotics. Also on that night we'll dance to the music of Anson Weeks.

Until Tuesday then -- goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

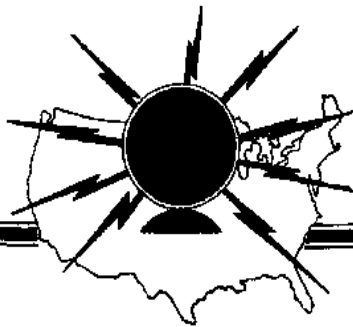
This program has come to you from New York City and Chicago, Illinois, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chillier
1/14/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight in the Magic Carpet Theatre we bring you a thrilling dramatization of "THE DRUG SMUGGLER" -- a real case taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Narcotics at Washington, D.C., but before the stage is set; we'll dance to the music of Anson Weeks and his Orchestra from the Sea Glades of the Hotel St. Regis. Here we go -- so enjoy yourselves.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

ANSON WEEKS:

Good evening, every one -- this is Anson Weeks
inviting you to dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

We flash the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Women who are careful in their choice of a smart,
fashionable gown are careful, too, not to choose just any cigarette;
you'll find LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes tucked in so many dainty evening
bags, or in the pockets of costly evening wraps, because women have
found that LUCKIES not only give them a finer, smoother taste...a
milder and more delicious cigarette...but they have noticed that
LUCKIES burn slowly and evenly -- that LUCKIES resist the tendency
to flake and drop ashes. There's a good reason for this. LUCKIES
are always well-filled -- full weight -- with long shreds of smooth,
tender tobaccos, and, as you can quickly find out by running your
finger along the smooth, even surface of the paper, LUCKIES are free
from stems and chunks that cause uneven burning and flaking ash that
falls on dainty gowns.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

So leave it to a woman to discover the extra qualities of LUCKY STRIKE'S even burning, smooth blended tobacco!.... Extra qualities, my friends, brought about because LUCKY STRIKE gives you none but the finest of choice, silky Turkish and domestic tobaccos - tobaccos welded into a delicious, mellow-mild blend because "IT'S TOASTED." And now, you can obtain two packages for twenty-five cents, of this even-burning, truly mild cigarette - LUCKY STRIKE -- a superlative quality -- a supreme value!

Now its curtain time in the Magic Carpet Theatre, and the first act of "THE DRUG SMUGGLER" is about to unfold. This case was taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Narcotics at Washington, D.C. Special Agent Five is listening for orders and instructions from headquarters are flashing through the air.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE DRUG SMUGGLER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

There you have the first act! Will the smuggler, Popenik, allow Terzo to escape with his life? We'll learn the outcome of this, later in tonight's program. Right now, however, we're on our way to Anson Weeks who is waiting to dance us over the air waves with the music that made him one of California's favorite sons and now the fair-haired boy of New York Society.

ON WITH THE DANCING' ANSON...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

ANSON WEEKS:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor, we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Every brakeman, engineer, train dispatcher, freight loader, signal man, passenger agent, conductor - in short, every man whose devotion to duty makes the railroad system of America the greatest in the world, will be interested in the telegram which we have just dispatched to General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Transportation, efficiency, movement in fast rotation -- what man in America realizes reduction in cost made possible by large production more than General Atterbury? I am privileged to read the telegram to you:-

GENERAL W. W. ATTERBURY
PRESIDENT, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,
BROAD STREET STATION BUILDING
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SIR:

YOUR RAILROAD CARRIES MORE PASSENGERS...HAULS MORE FREIGHT...
THAN ANY OTHER IN AMERICA...CONSEQUENTLY NO ONE KNOWS MORE THAN YOU
WHAT VOLUME OF BUSINESS MEANS IN IMPROVING THE QUALITY OF SERVICE
WHICH AN INDUSTRY CAN OFFER...YOU CAN WELL UNDERSTAND HOW CREMOS
ENORMOUS SALES ENABLE US TO GIVE UNIFORM HIGH QUALITY IN THIS
REALLY FINE CIGAR FINISHED UNDER GLASS AND TO OFFER IT AT THE UNIQUE
PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS...MILLIONS OF
TRAVELERS ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA'S EXCELLENT TRAIN
SERVICE AND MILLIONS OF SMOKERS ARE ENJOYING CREMOS FINE QUALITY...
DEMONSTRATING THAT QUALITY AND SERVICE ARE ALWAYS APPRECIATED BY THE
PUBLIC...CORDIALLY YOURS

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

That telegram, ladies and gentlemen, has just now been sent to General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. May I remind you again, fellow-cigar smokers -- you can now obtain a fine, high quality cigar at modest cost -- Certified Cremo at five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

We'll start the second act of our drama in a moment or two, but while you stroll back to your seats in the Magic Carpet Theatre, the music for the entre acte will be furnished you by Anson Weeks and his talented lads from the Hotel St. Regis. Let's be on our way!

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

ANSON WEEKS:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet is on its way!

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now if everybody is settled comfortably, we'll begin the final act of "THE DRUG SMUGGLER".....an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Narcotics. You remember in the first act how Terzo, the Federal under-cover man, tried to gain the confidence of the dope smuggler Popenik, and how he managed to take the toy soldier from the smuggler. That ingenious little toy contained powdered morphine, and Terzo was just telephoning his discovery to Narcotic Agent O'Connell when he was confronted by Popenik. Now the second act is about to begin.....Special Agent Five is listening for orders from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE DRUG SMUGGLER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

There you have the complete story...The Federal Agents risked their lives to secure the incriminating evidence against Popenik...but they got it, and he and his unscrupulous crew wound up behind the bars.

Next Tuesday night we'll present a dramatization of a case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, but now it's time for another dance....Anson Weeks and his boys are ready and waiting so let's give them their cue --

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Just examine for a moment that LUCKY STRIKE cigarette of yours -- not as a cigarette, but as a miniature storehouse of many, many kinds of fine tobaccos. In this little storehouse of tobacco goodness you'll find long, evenly cut shreds, firmly packed, smoothly rolled....full weight of fine, tender, silky leaves, never any heavy particles or large, bulky pieces. That, ladies and gentlemen, is why LUCKIES always burn so evenly....why they're chosen by people who dislike cigarettes that drop ashes on clothes or fine rugs. LUCKY STRIKE gives a smoothly flavorful, perfect blend of fine, fragrant leaves....Blended, my friends, in the modern, scientific way to achieve a really harmonized blend -- by that "TOASTING" Process which welds these fine tobaccos together, and makes every long, delicious shred in your LUCKY a true fellow with every other shred. It is "TOASTING" that gives you in every LUCKY STRIKE cigarette real mildness -- mellow-mildness. And your dealer now offers LUCKY STRIKE at two packages for twenty-five cents -- a new and greater value in smoking pleasure!

Before we dance again, may I remind you that on Thursday night, Jack Pearl, radio's hilarious clown, will again don the guise of the Baron Munchausen. On that same night Abe Lyman will provide the music.....And speaking of music, Anson Weeks and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra have another load of melody....so get ready America, we're going places --

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

ANSON WEEKS:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

We take that short and speedy hop back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes another LUCKY STRIKE Hour.....Join us on Thursday night for Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen.....and Abe Lyman and his Orchestra.

Until Thursday then -- goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/chilleen
1/17/33

SU-174-XI

SPECIAL AGENT

EPISODE XI

"THE DRUG SMUGGLER"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 17, 1933

17

SU-174-XI

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XI

"THE DRUG SMUGGLER"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CHARACTERS:

POPENIK	GEORGIAC (SAILOR)
TERZO	PAULOS (SAILOR)
KRAUS	AGENT O'CONNELL
MRS. TERZO	AGENT SCOTT
JOHNNY	DOBERMAN (AMERICAN DRUG DEALER)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XI

"THE DRUG SMUGGLER"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT
 FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....
 DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....
 DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE
 AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE DRUG SMUGGLER".....BASED
 ON CASE NO.....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 Drug
 Smuggler".....real people.....real places.....real clues.....a real
 case....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout....
 our case begins in New York City, at the office of Narcotic Agent
 O'Connell.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

O'CONNELL: You'll be risking your life, Mr. Terzo. I want you to realize that.

TERZO: Yes, sir. I understand.

O'CONNELL: If you get into a jam, we may not be able to do anything for you. I don't mean that we'll forget you. Far from it. But in this game, you never know what will happen. You might find yourself in a sport where you couldn't get word to this office.

TERZO: Yes, sir.

O'CONNELL: I'm telling you this because I want you to know what you're getting into, Terzo.

TERZO: I know what it is, all right -- I know what these people have been doing.

O'CONNELL: Flooding the whole United States with poisonous narcotics, making dope addicts of self-respecting citizens. Heaven only knows how they're getting the stuff in. All I can tell you is -- wait a second, and I'll call for our reports.

(LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

Hello - ask Agent Scott to come in, please. And tell him to bring the file on case.....Thank you.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

I want you to know this chap anyway.

TERZO: I'd be glad to.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

SCOTT: (COMING IN) Hello - what's on your mind, O'Connell?

O'CONNELL: Some one I'd like you to meet. Agent Scott, this is Mr. Terzo.

(AD LIB BRIEF ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTRODUCTIONS)

O'CONNELL: Scott, Mr. Terzo is going to act as our undercover man. He's going to try to help us get the goods on Popenik.

TERZO: Popenik?

O'CONNELL: That's the name of the man who's the biggest drug source we know of.

SCOTT: Here's the file on him, O'Connell. You asked to have me bring it in.

O'CONNELL: Yes, thanks. I'll pick out the main facts for Terzo before he starts out. In the first place, the fellow we want is a Greek -- that's why you'll have a little better chance of success than our regular operatives.

TERZO: I'm sorry he's a countryman of mine.

O'CONNELL: All the more reason to turn him up. He's certainly no credit to your race.

TERZO: Yes - that's true, sir.

O'CONNELL: Well....here's the man's full name, Vantcho Popenik. He's fourth officer of a freighter called Mt. Athos.

SCOTT: But so far, altho we're certain of what he's been doing we haven't been able to get a dime's worth of evidence against him.

O'CONNELL: We know he's supplying drug dealers in New York, and all over the United States. But how he gets the stuff to them -- and where he obtains his supply, we haven't the remotest idea. But it's most reasonable to suppose that he picks up his stock at some port where the Mt. Athos puts in -- Constantinople or some other Turkish City, possibly. So you see, Terzo - (MECHANICAL FADE)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STEAM BOAT WHISTLE AND WAVES. FADE OUT.
2. MUSIC BOX EFFECT - FEW BARS - FAMILIAR FOLK OR CHILD TUNE.

KRAUS: (FRIENDLY CHUCKLE) Ho -- ho, ho. He is beautiful, nein? Iss he not a brafe little soldier? De best in Constantinople!

POPENIK: You have done well, Kraus.

KRAUS: Ach, Herr Popenik, it iss my pride always to do vell. Mine vater und his vater before him -- they were masters of de toymakers' guild back in Nuremburg!

POPENIK: All right, all right. Let me look at the soldier.

KRAUS: Here he is, Herr Popenik.

POPENIK: How does it work?

KRAUS: You press de button on de bottom of his coat. See -- it is concealed - You must know where to look for it -- then when you press, the little tune plays -- and at the end of de tune de compartment in his knapsack falls open.

POPENIK: The button -- like this?

KRAUS: Jah. Das ist de one.

POPENIK: And then --

(MUSIC BOX TUNE AS BEFORE)

Yes, you're right -- the compartment flies open. Good, Kraus, good! You've carried out my idea exactly as I told you to.

KRAUS: I was glad to get de order, Herr Popenik. Dere is not much demant for European dolls here in Constantinople. Dey like better deir own kind, jah.

POPENIK: Well, my friend, you will be busy now. I'll want a gross of these dolls. Twelve dozen, you understand? And if they're as useful as I think they'll be, I'll order more next time my ship's in port.

KRAUS: Danke Schon, Herr Popenik. Danke schon.

POPENIK: Waste no time, Kraus -- the Mt. Athos sails in a week, and I want to take the toy soldiers with me --(EVILLY) to amuse my little nephews and nieces -- in New York!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STEAMBOAT WHISTLE,
2. WIND AND WAVES.
3. LIGHT CAFE BACKGROUND.

POPENIK: Listen, Doberman. You're sure this place is all right?

DOBERMAN: (OFF-HAND) Sure, O'course.

POPENIK: I don't know New York so well -- and I don't want to get in trouble with the police or Federal men.

DOBERMAN: Nobody's gonna bother you here, Popenik. This is a quiet speakeasy. Just right for you and me to talk business.

POPENIK: Well, sit down Doberman and be quiet. I put you wise.

DOBERMAN: Before you start, get this: I'm practically out of stuff. I'm selling my last dozen decks of coke tonight. If you can't fix me quick I'm going to another wholesaler.

POPENIK: Wait a minute, my friend, Wait a minute. When did I fall down on the job?

DOBERMAN: Not yet. And you ain't going to if I can help it.

POPENIK: That's the way to talk -- you got to protect yourself. And me, I have got to have protection too, Doberman.

DOBERMAN: How?

POPENIK: Money. In advance.

DOBERMAN: Yeah? How do I know it's O.K.? Who's going to guarantee you?

POPENIK: Listen my friend. I have just come from Constantinople. I have cocaine, gum opium, morphine -- all you can use.

DOBERMAN: Not me personally. I don't go for kickin' the gong around.

POPENIK: For your customers. You have just tol' me you have no more to sell.

DOBERMAN: Well, you got to find some way to get it to me. Last time we was nearly caught. Think of a better way to deliver or we can't do business.

POPENIK: Listen to me, Doberman. I have now a way to deliver that will never be discovered - never.

DOBERMAN: Great. Spill it.

(HEAVY KNOCKING OUTSIDE)

POPENIK: What's that?

DOBERMAN: Sit still. It don't concern us. We're only customers here.

POPENIK: Is it police? Is it police, you think?

DOBERMAN: I don't know. Sit quiet and nobody will bother you.

(DOOR OPENED)

POPENIK: I've got to get out of here! I've got to get out -

DOBERMAN: Be quiet, you dumb Spig. You want to attract a lot of attention?

AUTHORITATIVE
VOICE:

(OFF) Keep your seats, everybody! Take it easy, now.

DOBERMAN: (CALMLY) It's only a prohibition raid. But I wouldn't like to be searched, at that. So keep it quiet, Popenik.

POPENIK: My friend, I am serious. I've got to get out -- They can't keep me here!

DOBERMAN: Shut up. You want to get us both in a jam?

POPENIK: Doberman, I'm telling you. I can't stay here. It is stupid to take risks with the Federal Agents. They --

TERZO: (FADING IN) I beg pardon sir -- I could not help but notice you. You wish a way out of this place?

POPENIK: Do you know one?

TERZO: This way -- quick. Follow me.

DOBERMAN: (FADING) That's good -- get him out of here. Go on.

POPENIK: (FADING IN FAST) Through this door?

TERZO: Yes -- hurry....Before they see us.

(DOOR OPENED)

Now -- right down these stairs.

(DOOR CLOSED)

(MEN RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS SHORT DISTANCE)

POPENIK: Wait -- I dropped my coat! In it is something of value
---I --

TERZO: I'll pick it up for you -- here. Don't stop. We are not yet clear.

POPENIK: Thanks. Which way now?

TERZO: This door -- in here.

(DOOR)

It is a private dining room. They won't look here.

Come on in.

POPENIK: (FADING IN) Well, my friend, I thought I was in trouble that time. Thanks to you, all is well.

TERZO: No thanks at all. The Prohibition men wouldn't have bothered you. You have not been long in New York I guess.

POPENIK: Not long, You see, I'm a merchantman - fourth officer on the freight ship Mt. Athos. I was afraid the police might take names, and I wouldn't want my captain to know I'd been drinking in a speakeasy...It's lucky for me you turned up. (SUDDENLY) Say - why you bother anyway?

TERZO: Because I see you are my countryman. I too am a Greek, My name is Constantin Terzo.

POPENIK: Terzo. Terzo eh? Well you have done me a service. Vantoho Popenik is the name.

TERZO: I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Can I help you any further?

POPENIK: Well, I don't suppose so. I only want to slip out the back door - or somehow I will not attract attention.

TERZO: Perhaps you can help me, friend Popenik.

POPENIK: In what way - friend Terzo?

TERZO: Lately, I cannot sleep. I need something for my nerves. Rest....Maybe a few dreams?

POPENIK: What are you talking about?

TERZO: (EARNESTLY) Listen Popenik - I am sick -- sick...My dealer's out of stuff and I'm crazy for a deck... Dreams - rest - you understand me?

POPENIK: (VERY COLDLY) No, I don't understand you, I don't get what you mean, friend Terzo.

TERZO: No? No? Well, forget it, forget it...Look. You can go out this door here. It leads to the alley, and no one will see you...Good evening, friend Popenik.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.
2. AUTOMOBILE AND STREET NOISE BACKGROUND.
3. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

MRS. TERZO: Sit down, Constantin - supper will soon be ready.

TERZO: It's good to rest, wife. Where's Johnny?

JOHNNY: (FADING IN) Here I am, father.

TERZO: Ah, good - good. You been a good boy today - eh?

JOHNNY: Sure, father. You bet your life.

TERZO: That's good, eh? Well, run and play now - Mother will call you when it's time to eat.

JOHNNY: (FADING) Sure thing, pop.

MRS. TERZO: He gets more like American boys every day, Constantin.

TERZO: He will grow up to be a good citizen, I think so.

MRS. TERZO: Yes. And I would be very happy...except for one thing.

TERZO: What is that?

MRS. TERZO: This work that you do. Oh, Constantin - it is dangerous. That terrible man. He would kill you if he knew - he would kill you!

TERZO: Don't worry. He won't know! I haven't seen Popenik since I helped him get out from that speakeasy. You see - I'd been trailing him night and day since he landed and that was my first chance to get friendly with him.

MRS. TERZO: Friendly with a man like that!

TERZO: I suppose now I'll have to go down to his ship and try to see him again. We have no evidence against him yet.

MRS. TERZO: Didn't you say you tried to buy drugs from him?

TERZO: Yes.

MRS. TERZO: Then he must suspect you - Oh, Constantin, tell the government men you can't go on with this job - I'm afraid.

TERZO: There is nothing to fear. Popenik will never suspect his own countryman.

MRS. TERZO: (DOUBTFULLY) I hope not (SUDDENLY - SNIFFS) Oh - the supper is burning! (FADES RAPIDLY)

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

JOHNNY: (FADING IN) Father - Look! Look what I've found. Is this for me?

TERZO: What is it, Johnny? What have you got?

JOHNNY: It's a soldier - a little wooden soldier!

TERZO: Johnny - put it down - you mustn't play with that!

JOHNNY: (SURPRISED) Didn't you get it for me, Father?

TERZO: No, I did not - put it down, son!

JOHNNY: All right, Father, I'll put it on the mantelpiece.

(MUSIC BOX EFFECT BEGINS TO WORK)

Listen - it plays a tune!

TERZO: So it does....funny.

(WHEN TUNE COMES TO AN END)

See there, Johnny! That compartment in its back has opened! The music plays, and the knapsack flies open!

JOHNNY: (EXCITED) Oh, gee, yes -- and look what's inside -- a lot of white powder, Father...what is it? Is it sugar? Is it sugar, Father?

TERZO: Wait - let me look at that stuff. No, Johnny - it is not sugar - But it is evidence.

JOHNNY: What's evidence, Father?

TERZO: Johnny, please be quiet - I'll explain to you later.

(LIFTS TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

(DEAD NUMBER TO BE WRITTEN IN LATER)

Drydock 4, 8125....(PAUSE) Hello, Narcotic Bureau?
Agent O'Connell, please...Hello? This is Constantin
Terzo speaking. Mr. O'Connell, I have important news...
Last night I got acquainted with Popenik...Yes, sir...
While we were going down some stairs, he dropped his
overcoat. A wooden soldier fell out, and I picked it
up without telling him...I have just opened the wooden
soldier and I find that it has a hidden compartment-----

(BUZZER RINGS ABRUPTLY)

JOHNNY: That's some one at the front door. Shall I go father?

TERZO: Yes son...Excuse me sir - my son interrupted....as I
was saying - there is this hidden compartment, and it
is filled with powdered morphine. How much? Oh about
an ounce - I - uh---

(HANGS UP ABRUPTLY)

POPENIK: (FADING IN) Don't cut off your conversation on my
account, friend Terzo.

TERZO: Popenik! How did you get here?

POPENIK: I looked you name up in the phone book, my friend.

TERZO: What do you want?

POPENIK: Last night I lost a keepsake - a little souvenir I
carry with me.

TERZO: A souvenir?

POPENIK: A little wooden soldier....(CATCHES SIGHT OF IT) Oh--
I see that you found it and brought it home...Very
considerate of you, friend Terzo...I appreciate that,

TERZO: (WEAKLY) Not at all...not at all... - I --

POPENIK: But what's this? What's this? Some one has opened
the little soldier's knapsack? Some one has tampered
with it, eh? Friend Terzo - that is an attention -
which I do not appreciate!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WHAT WILL BE FATE OF INVESTIGATOR...WHO UNCOVERED
EVIDENCE AGAINST INTERNATIONAL NARCOTIC SMUGGLER....
STAND BY LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...FOR TENSE CONCLUSION.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XI

"THE DRUG SMUGGLERS"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE....STORY OF "THE DRUG SMUGGLER"....BASED ON
CASE NO.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE....
WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....AT
OFFICE OF NARCOTIC AGENT O'CONNELL...IN NEW YORK
CITY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

O'CONNELL: Yes...I was sure something had gone wrong Terzo, when you hung up the telephone so abruptly.

TERZO: I hoped you would -- Of course, I wasn't sure. For a minute I thought Popenik was going to shoot me in cold blood.

O'CONNELL: (REGRETFULLY) Well, it's too bad he slipped through our fingers -- Scott and I came to your house as quickly as we could -- but it wasn't quite quick enough.

TERZO: Yes -- and I had to let him take back his wooden soldier too.

O'CONNELL: That soldier trick is very interesting. Very, very ingenious.

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

Oh, hello, Scott. Sit down.

(DOOR CLOSES)

SCOTT: (FADING IN) Thanks. Hello, Terzo -- too bad our men got away.

O'CONNELL: We were just talking about that. It looks as though we're as far from getting the goods on Popenik as when we started out.

TERZO: Mr. O'Connell, I think I have a scheme to catch him.

O'CONNELL: Yes? What is it?

TERZO: Well, when he came to my house, at first he was very angry because the wooden soldier had been opened. But finally I make him believe what I try to before -- that I am an addict, a drug user, and I told him again that my dealer was not able to supply me.

SCOTT: (INTERESTED) What did he say to that, Terzo?

TERZO: At first nothing, Mr. Scott. Then he say maybe he could get me some of the stuff I wanted.

O'CONNELL: Ah, good. Excellent.

TERZO: And then....I decided maybe I could make him admit some more,...so I picked up the wooden soldier, and put it in front of him on the table. Popenik looked at it for a while, and then he said:

POPENIK: Why do you stare at me like that, friend Terzo?

TERZO: I think you want to tell me more, Popeniok.

POPENIK: What gives you that idea?

TERZO: Look -- you know I can be trusted. I helped you get away from that speakeasy in the prohibition raid. I have tried to be your friend.

POPENIK: (CONSIDERING) True.....true.

TERZO: And this little soldier...with the white powder in his knapsack,...

POPENIK: What about him?

TERZO: Friend Popenik, I think maybe you have more of these soldiers on your ship? Couldn't you let me have some of them?

POPENIK: Listen, Terzo, I'll see that you get what you need, for yourself. I advise you to let the matter drop right there. Never mind about me or what I've got.

TERZO: Yes, but -- (STOPS HIMSELF SUDDENLY)

POPENIK: Well, come on. What were you going to say?

TERZO: Why don't you meet my dealer. He says he can't get any more stuff. The Federal Agents caught the wholesaler who supplied him.

POPENIK: They did, eh? Well, the Federal Agents do not get the smart ones. Only those who are stupid. (CHUCKLES).

TERZO: You might be able to do some business - he has many customers, this dealer of mine.

POPENIK: Has he got money?

TERZO: Oh, plenty -- I know for sure. All you want in advance, and cash. He's a good one to do business with.

POPENIK: I tell you what I'll do. You bring this one to my ship -- the Mt. Athos tomorrow night -- and I'll talk to him. That is all I have to say to you right now. Good evening, Terzo.

(PAUSE)

TERZO: (FADING IN) And then he walk right out of my house, Mr. O'Connell, and I don't see him again.

O'CONNELL: But you think Popinek was finally convinced, Terzo?

TERZO: Yes, I do. And he thinks I can bring him a drug dealer to buy from him.

O'CONNELL: Well, Scott, there's where we get the evidence that's going to convict this fellow. But we'll need somebody to impersonate a narcotic seller.

SCOTT: Well - how about me, sir?

O'CONNELL: That's the point. You're just the man I had in mind, Scott.

SCOTT: O.K. -- when do we move?

TERZO: Popenik said to come aboard his ship tonight, gentlemen.

O'CONNELL: Then you'd better start right now. Get some flashy clothes and so on, so you'll look in character.

SCOTT: Yes sir, that'll be no trouble.

O'CONNELL: Where's the Mt. Athos docked, Terzo?

TERZO: Pier 22, Brooklyn.

O'CONNELL: All right then, Scott. As soon as you're set, arrange to meet Terzo at the pier. And be very careful -- remember this Popenik is a thoroughly dangerous man.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE RUNNING THROUGH STREET, STREET NOISES.
2. WHISTLES AND FOG HORNS.
3. SHIP'S BELL.

POPENIK: Well....how much you want?

SCOTT: Let's see...cocaine and gum opium...how much you got?

POPENIK: I can let you have nine hundred ounces of coke.

SCOTT: Well....how about the opium?

POPENIK: I got seventy-five pounds of gum for you -- thirty-one dollars a pound.

SCOTT: Why the extra dollar, Popenik?

POPENIK: Listen. I got plenty of people that wants to buy this stuff at any price. I only talk to you anyway because my friend Terzo introduced you. If you don't like it you better go somewhere else.

SCOTT: Well....how soon can you deliver?

POPENIK: Soon as you get the money.

SCOTT: How about later on tonight?

POPENIK: That's all right -- any time. You just get the money here -- I do the rest.

SCOTT: Will you be on the ship all night?

POPENIK: Yes -- I'm in charge of the crew that guards her.

SCOTT: That makes it convenient for everybody. But say -- I don't want to try to walk off this pier with a load of dope. You got to get me some other way to carry the stuff off.

POPENIK: I got that fixed too.

TERZO: How is that, Popenik?

POPENIK: You wait till about three o'clock this morning. Most nights the police boat stops patrolling the river before that time.

SCOTT: Then what?

POPENIK: You get small motor launch. Very small, understand?

SCOTT: All right.

POPENIK: Then you take electric torch.

SCOTT: An electric torch? What for?

POPENIK: Flash once, my friend. One flash, you understand? That is the signal -- and I will be watching on deck here. When I see the light, I will answer with the ship's searchlight.

SCOTT: O.K. -- we'll look for that signal.

POPENIK: You will come up along the starboard side. To the first port hole. Then I will collect the money -- and have a couple of sailors load the drugs on to your launch. You get me?

SCOTT: Perfectly.

POPENIK: Go, now. I will see you with the money between three and four this morning.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FOG HORNS.
2. WASH OF WATER.
3. PUTT-PUTT OF LAUNCH ENGINE.

O'CONNELL: This is going to be a ticklish job, Scott.

SCOTT: Yeah. We're taking plenty of chances.

TERZO: But I do not think he suspects anything, sir. This Popenik, he is greedy -- All he thinks of now is the money.

O'CONNELL: Well...don't forget, he's also clever. We'll have to avoid going on that ship if we can. (FRETFUL) Hang it. I wish I could have brought a strong party of agents...But there's no room for them in a small boat, and if he got wind of a raid, he might be able to dump the stuff. Do you know if there's a police boat nearby, Scott?

SCOTT: It usually stops patrolling about this time of night, according to Popenik.

O'CONNELL: Just our luck, and if we should line one up to stand by, it would make him suspicious, I suppose.

SCOTT: I'm afraid so, sir. We'd better put out bets on Terzo's plan and leave the police to their regular routine.

O'CONNELL: All there is to do, I guess.

TERZO: There she is, Mr. Scott -- the Mt. Athos.

SCOTT: Guess we'd better shut off the engine and drift alongside.

(ENGINE NOISE OUT)

O'CONNELL: Got that flashlight, Scott?

SCOTT: Yes, sir.

O'CONNELL: Then give your signal.

SCOTT: Right. One flash. There.

O'CONNELL: Does he answer?

TERZO: Yes. There it is. See?

SCOTT: He blinked the searchlight.

TERZO: We're alongside now, too.

(HOLLOW BUMP)

O'CONNELL: Push off...we're scraping the side of the boat.

SCOTT: Right. Here's the first porthole.

O'CONNELL: Grab it,

TERZO: We've stopped -- we'll stay alongside.

O'CONNELL: There's somebody at the porthole. See?

SCOTT: Hello -- Hello in there.

GEORGIAC: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) Hello.

SCOTT: (ASIDE) It's a sailor.

GEORGIAC: Popenik say -- please to give money for cargo.

SCOTT: Oh no -- If you think I'm going to give you the money, you're mistaken.

GEORGIAC: He say -- give money please.

SCOTT: Go back and tell him that won't do. I've got to see the stuff before I pay.

GEORGIAC: All right, I tell Popenick what you say. (FADES)

SCOTT: Say...the sailors must be in on it, too, O'Connell.

O'CONNELL: Yeah...I guess this little guard crew is Popenik's gang.

SCOTT: Looks like we'll have to pick them up too, then.

O'CONNELL: Popenik is the boy we want most. Let's be sure of him first.

(SOFT THUMP)

What was that?

SCOTT: A rope ladder! Somebody threw it down from the ship!
(DISTANT CALL)

TERZO: He's calling us -- Popenik.

POPENIK: (OFF) You down there.

SCOTT: What is it, Popenik?

POPENIK: Come on deck -- and bring the money.

SCOTT: (LOW VOICE) What do you say, O'Connell?

TERZO: Wait....let me go up, Mr. O'Connell. I'll get one load of the drugs -- then I'll tell him to come down here to collect his money. It is safer.

O'CONNELL: Good scheme, Terzo. Then we'll have prisoner and evidence on this boat where we want 'em.

TERZO: All right then. Up I go -- up the rope ladder, (FADES)
I'll tell him to show me the drugs.

O'CONNELL: I like that fellow's nerve, Scott.

SCOTT: Yeah, so do I. I hope Popenik falls for this. I can think of lots of places I'd rather be than the deck of that vessel.

O'CONNELL: (QUIETING HIM) Wait - be careful!

GEORGIAC: (SHORT DISTANCE OFF) Please.

O'CONNELL: It's the guy in the porthole again. See what he wants.

GEORGIAC: Popenik want Meestaire Scott to come on deck please.

SCOTT: With the money, I suppose?

GEORGIAC: He say breeng half the money and he geeve you stoff.

SCOTT: (LOW VOICE) Well....I guess that's the best we can do.
It's up the rope ladder for me, too, I guess.

O'CONNELL: All right, Scott. I'm afraid we can't play around any longer. Make him hand you the dope himself, and then grab him.

SCOTT: (FADING OUT) Yeah...if I don't...fall off this ladder...into the East River....

(BRIEF INTERLUDE OF RIVER NOISES)

TERZO: (FADING IN)very well, if you insist, friend Popenik....he will give you half the money here, on the deck.

POPENIK: That's better. You see those bags over there? That's dope -- all dope. There's enough there to hop up everybody in New York.

TERZO: You're right, sure! Well, you will get things all settled now. Here is Mister Scott.

POPENIK: So you finally come upon deck, eh?

SCOTT: (FADING IN) Listen, Popenik. How much longer do I have to wait for my order?

POPENIK: You don't have to wait at all, my friend.

SCOTT: Then what's holdin' up the parade?

POPENIK: Nothing. (CALLS) Paulos.

PAULOS: Yeah?

POPENIK: Get ready to load this feller's boat for him. Call the rest of the boys to help you.

PAULOS: Sure thing. (CALLS) Georgiac! Zalates! Valemes!
(CROWD EFFECT: GREEK SAILORS CROWDING ROUND, AD LIB.)

SCOTT: Well -- why don't they get going?

POPENIK: First you pay half the money. Then we load the boat for you, and you pay other half.

SCOTT: That's all right with me. Here you are, Popenik.
Half the jack.

POPENIK: You got the rest too? Let me see it.

SCOTT: All right. Take a look. Now start loadin' my boat.

POPENIK: (BARKS IN GREEK TO SAILORS)

SCOTT: Terzo -- what's that? What's he saying to them?

TERZO: (QUICKLY, LOW EXCITED VOICE) Mr. Scott - we're in danger! He's telling the sailors to rush us and grab the rest of the money!

SCOTT: Grab a package of that dope, Terzo, and we'll stop this right here!

POPENIK: All right, boys. Get 'em. Get that money. (SAILORS SHOUT)

SCOTT: Never mind that. Put your hands up.

POPENIK: What is this? What is the meaning of this?

SCOTT: Popenik, you're under arrest. I'm a Federal Narcotic Agent.

POPENIK: Don't make me laugh.

TERZO: Mr. Scott -- Mr. Scott -- look out in back of you -- duck -- duck --

SCOTT: What---??

(HEAVY METALLIC CLANK)

TERZO: That sailor -- he throw a crowbar at you! My God, he nearly hit you, too!

POPENIK: Men -- cut the ladder -- cut the rope ladder so he cannot get back to his boat! Too bad you cannot cover with the gun two ways at once, Mr. Agent! All right, boys----

O'CONNELL: (FADING IN) Keep back! Keep away from the top of this ladder, or I'll fire!

TERZO: O'Connell! Mr. Scott -- it's Mr. O'Connell!

POPENIK: Who are you? Where do you come from?

O'CONNELL: Never mind that! Scott, you keep Popenik covered, and I'll keep my gun on the crew. All right -- back up -- go on -- move back there!

POPENIK: You double-crosser! You are another Federal, eh?

O'CONNELL: That's right, Popenik. And if you know what's best for you, you'll submit to arrest quietly!

POPENIK: Arrest! Men, you hear that? (SPEAKS TO MEN IN GREEK)
(SAILORS GROWL)

O'CONNELL: Terzo - what's he telling them?

TERZO: He say they are ten to three. He say rush us and get the guns, but be careful not to make noise on account of the police.

O'CONNELL: He did, eh? (THREE GUN SHOTS) (SAILORS SHOUT)
Those shots were in the air. A warning! But we'll drop the next man who makes a move toward us. Terzo -- Scott -- back over this way -- keep 'em covered --

POPENIK: He is only bluffing, men. He is afraid to shoot!
Come -- all together now -- we --
(SAILORS REACT)

SCOTT: What'll we do, O'Connell.

O'CONNELL: Hold 'em off as long as we can. You and Terzo keep close.

POPENIK: Come on, men!
(POLICE BOAT SIREN FADES IN)

SCOTT: Hey - do you hear that. It's a siren!

O'CONNELL: You bet it is. And you'd better figure out where you stand, Popenik! That siren's on a police boat, heading for this vessel! Fire in the air, Scott, so they'll keep right on coming.

SCOTT: O.K.
(TWO SHOTS)

POPENIK: Police boat! But look here! What's the matter with you. You've got nothing on me -- you can prove no case against me.

O'CONNELL: So that's what you think, eh? Well, just let me --

TERZO: Mr. O'Connell -- look out.

SCOTT: He's reaching for something, O'Connell -- A gun--

O'CONNELL: Hold it, Popenik. Oh, no. It's not a gun. It's just something he doesn't want found on him. A little toy soldier he hoped to throw into the river. This cinches it, Popenik. We've got a case against you, all right.

POPENIK: It is a toy. Only a toy, I tell you.

O'CONNELL: I don't agree with you. (MUSIC BOX EFFECT) This is a container for smuggling narcotics. And when the tune is finished, the toy soldier's knapsack opens -- like this -- and we have the evidence that will convict all of you. Terzo, run forward and hail that police boat. Ask them to come alongside.

TERZO: Right now, Mr. O'Connell.

SCOTT: Say, Chief -- how did you know the patrol boat was in the neighborhood when you fired those first shots. Weren't you asking me about that as we came out here?

O'CONNELL: Yes, I was, Scott, but as it turned out, Popenik himself gave me the answer -- when he told his crew not to make noise on account of the police. I thought it might be a chance worth taking, and it seems to have turned out all right. We're out of a bad fix and we'll have this crowd locked up in plenty of time for breakfast.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: VANTCHO POPENIK AND DISHONEST SAILORS....CONVICTED,...
SENTENCED TO PENITENTIARY.....CASE NO.....
UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT
OF JUSTICE.....CLOSED.....ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.....
(WIRELESS).....THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW
REACHES EVERYWHERE.....CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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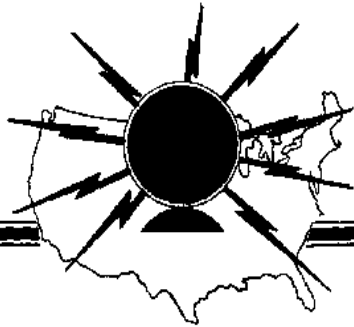
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FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
1/3/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight the Magic Carpet is loaded to the edges with music and laughter. Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, with his capable assistant, Sharley, will apply the laughing gas. But first we'll dance to the tuneful melodies of Abe Lyman and his Orchestra. So here we go!

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening, everybody, this is Abe Lyman inviting you all to dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Are you going to Florida this winter? They tell me thousands of people from all over the United States are gathered down there enjoying the warm sunshine and open air. We have just received this message from a famous resort hotel -- the Carling of Jacksonville. Here's what it says: "LUCKY STRIKE is the most popular cigarette with the guests who stay at this hotel and is used at approximately 90% of the banquets served here. An outstanding banquet recently was that of the Army and Navy Club at which LUCKY STRIKES were served exclusively." (SIGNED) C. D. MacIlwaine, Manager Carling Hotel, Jacksonville, Florida. You know, it's natural to find people all over America liking the smooth, even-burning tobacco mildness they get in LUCKIES.....they've found, in Florida as in Maine, that LUCKIES are mild, always well filled with long, silken tobaccos....they notice particularly the absence of stems and "chunks" which cause uneven burning and drop ash on clothing.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

That rich, smooth texture is due to the fine, expensive LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos....and also to the fact that those fine leaves are "TOASTED"...made even-burning as they are made mellow-mild. LUCKIES offer you the finest of cigarette quality -- and now your tobacconist offers you the greatest of cigarette value when he gives you two packages of LUCKIES for twenty-five cents.

Well, my friends, here comes Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall, or in other words, the Baron Munchausen and Sharley. Tonight the Baron cuts a swagger figure in his cowboy outfit....he looks like one of those strong silent men from the western plains.... so now ladies and gentlemen, may we present.....his modesty..... the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "COWBOY")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was our own royal cousin, the Baron Munchausen. He'll join us again in a short while...and now it's Abe Lyman's turn to speak, and he's going to say it with music.

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

ABE LYMAN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

The Magic Carpet dashes back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A more sacred duty cannot be entrusted to any man than that of defender of public health...and it is largely through the courageous crusading spirit of men like Dr. Herman N. Bundesen that a great awakening has taken place throughout the length and breadth of America to the importance of health prevention and sanitary working conditions. As President of the Board of Health of the great city of Chicago, Dr. Bundeson has fought with every power at his command for absolute sanitation in manufacturing methods, and for the banishment of archaic rules of health.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Because of Dr. Bundesen's devoted public service we have just flashed a wire to him. Let me read it to you:

DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
PRESIDENT, BOARD OF HEALTH
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SIR:

YOU ARE INTERESTED IN PROMOTING THE BENEFITS OF PUBLIC HEALTH TO THE CITIZENS OF CHICAGO AND THE NATION...WE ARE INTERESTED IN PROMOTING THE SALE OF CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS TO THE SMOKERS OF AMERICA...YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING THAT CERTIFIED CREMO IS MADE BY THE MOST MODERN METHODS AND IS THE ONLY CIGAR IN THE WORLD FINISHED UNDER GLASS...AND NOW THROUGH THE UNIQUE PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT - THREE FOR TEN CENTS - MILLIONS OF CIGAR SMOKERS ARE ENJOYING THE BENEFITS OF CREMO'S BIG VOLUME SALES WHICH MAKE POSSIBLE CREMO'S FINE TOBACCO QUALITY AND SANITARY CLEANLINESS...CONGRATULATION AND BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED GOOD WORK.

VINCENT RIGGIO,
VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Ladies and gentlemen, this telegram is now on its way to Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, President of the Board of Health of the City of Chicago. Remember, if you want an immaculately clean, delicious high-quality cigar -- ask for Certified Cremo at five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

We're on our way again....The Magic Carpet is rushing us over Manhattan's forest of skyscrapers....to make a 3-point landing right at the feet of Abe Lyman and his boys from the Paradise Restaurant.

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

ABE LYMAN:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ABE LYMAN:

Climb aboard - here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Abe....now you can sit down and listen to Jack Pearl, whom we all know as the Baron Munchausen. He's ready to tell you in his own fluent language more about his ranching experiences.....Baron, there's the microphone....so ride 'em cowboy!

(SECOND PART -- "COWBOY")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Amid the laughter and applause the Baron bows his way out of the floodlights....He'll be back at this same time next week....and now before you dance again, may we remind you that on Saturday night, our romantic young couple, Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, will bring us the hit songs from the musical comedy and operetta stage. Ben Bernis, the old maestro, will supply the dance music and his inimitable chatter,....but that's Saturday night... tonight Abe Lyman is the man of the hour....so here we go for another foxtrot.

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

ABE LYMAN:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and starts on its way.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

How about that cigarette you are smoking? Is it made to resist the tendency to flake and drop ashes? Millions of smokers have discovered that LUCKY STRIKE gives this protection. You may have noticed that LUCKY STRIKE burns with a long, white ash -- a firm ash that doesn't fall. Do you know why? Run your finger along a LUCKY and notice how smooth and even it is -- how free from jagged stem particles. Examine the ends of your LUCKY -- notice how well packed it is and free from loose ends....And if you were to cut open that LUCKY STRIKE, you'd notice how long the fine silken tobacco shreds are. But more important -- these choice Turkish and domestic tobaccos have been "TOASTED," purified so that when they burn, they burn evenly and leave a white ash -- a firm white ash that tobacco men recognize as the sign of the finest tobacco quality. It is this superior quality that makes LUCKIES so delicious to the taste-- so mellow-mild. It is this superior quality that enables you to enjoy a LUCKY without worrying about flaking ashes -- so ruinous to lovely gowns. And last but not least, it is the great demand for this superior quality that enables your dealer to offer you two packages of LUCKIES for only twenty-five cents -- a 1933 value in the world's finest cigarette.

There's still plenty of time for dancing....Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra are ready and willing to play so --

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

ABE LYMAN:

As the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor,
we play -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

We shoot the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK;

HOWARD CLANEY:

So, ladies and gentlemen, another LUCKY STRIKE Hour
comes to a close. Please remember, on Saturday night we present
Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday and the one and only Ben Bernie.

Until Saturday then -- goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/chilleon
1/19/33

"THE MODERN BARRY HENRIKSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XI

"C O W B O Y"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 19, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XX

"COWBOY"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

NOTE:

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XX

"C O W B O Y"

PART I

CHARLEY: I say, Baron - that's a real smart looking cowboy outfit you're wearing.

BARON: (LAUGH) It's bully.

CHARLEY: But why are you carrying boxing gloves?

BARON: I'm going West to punch cows.

CHARLEY: But you don't punch cows with boxing gloves.

BARON: Is that so? Well, I got high class cows and you gotter handle them with gloves.

CHARLEY: I didn't know you were interested in bovines.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: I said I wasn't aware that you were interested in bovines. The quadruped mammal bred and reared for the primary purpose of supplying meat.

BARON:WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: Have you any big cows?

BARON: Have I? (LAUGH) You should see my wife.

CHARLEY: I'm referring to beef on the hoof.

BARON: That's her !

CHARLEY: Please understand me, Baron - I mean cattle raised for the beef market.

BARON: Oh, that kind.

CHARLEY: Yes - do you go in for it in a big way?

BARON: Sharley, I am the biggest beefer in the world.

CHARLEY: You acknowledge it.

BARON: Sure I -- You're commencing with the comical snappers.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron. No offense intended.

BARON: And being the biggest beefer in the world I got the biggest cattle ranch.

CHARLEY: You would have.

BARON: Yes and ---I don't care so much for that snapper either

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm afraid at times you don't get me.

BARON: At times I don't want you.

CHARLEY: I mean you misconstrue the purport of my comments.

BARON:once over, please?

CHARLEY: You labor under the impression that I intentionally phrase my vocabulary so as to make it sound ambiguous and equivocal.

BARON: (LAUGH) Let's talk about cows.

CHARLEY: Very well. You know I have a ranch, Baron.

BARON: My goodness! I didn't know you was interested in boneyvines quarterback mammys of the primary school meat market. (LAUGH) See? Now I'm off on my own hook.

CHARLEY: Good for you!

BARON: For me too!

CHARLEY: So you didn't know I had a ranch?

BARON: Never - how big is it?

CHARLEY: About four hundred acres.

BARON: Four hundred acres (LAUGH) That's not a ranch - it's a back yard.

CHARLEY: I suppose your ranch is bigger.

BARON: I don't know exactly how big it is -- but I sent ten men out to measure it three years ago and they're not back yet.

CHARLEY: I can't swallow that.

BARON: I didn't ask you to eat it.

CHARLEY: Where is this ranch?

BARON: In Texas.

CHARLEY: What part of Texas?

BARON: Why its -- er -- you know that "Brother Can You Spare Me A Dime?"

CHARLEY: "Brother Can You Spare Me A Dime?"

BARON: Yes, the Pan Handle!

CHARLEY: Oh, the Pan Handle District of Texas.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I suppose you have a lot of cattle?

BARON: Two million heads.

CHARLEY: Two million head of cattle?

BARON: What do you think - cabbage?

CHARLEY: You must employ a lot of cowboys.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo! Alone!

BARON: No - of course not.

CHARLEY: I didn't think so.

BARON: I help him on Saturday nights.

CHARLEY: Am I supposed to believe that?

BARON: You're supposed to believe anything.

CHARLEY: Well, I don't.

BARON: (LAUGH) It makes no difference. Hugo is a great cowpuncher.

CHARLEY: How did he become such a great cowpuncher?

BARON: Drinking milk punches. He's a good roper too.

CHARLEY: A good roper.

BARON: Yes -- last week he roped me into lending him ten dollars.

CHARLEY: Is he a good horseman?

BARON: I should say! Why he even looks like a horse.

CHARLEY: Looks like a horse?

BARON: And eats like a horse.

CHARLEY: And eats like a horse!

BARON: Yes and -- lays in the hay all day.

CHARLEY: And you and he take care of two million head of cattle?

BARON: And seventy five thousand horses.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron! You'll have to let up a little. You're getting in pretty deep.

BARON: Don't worry, I'll swim out.

CHARLEY: What is the biggest worry with cattle, Baron?

BARON: Flitters.

CHARLEY: Flitters?

BARON: Little flitters - flies.

CHARLEY: Oh, gnats.

BARON: Flitters.

CHARLEY: Gnats.

BARON: Flitters.

CHARLEY: I say its gnats!

BARON: Gnats to you - Flitters to me.

CHARLEY: Let it go. Have you any prize stock?

BARON:I beg your answer?

CHARLEY: Have you any prize cows or steers.

BARON: I thought I had one but I didn't.

CHARLEY: How was that?

BARON: A feller sold me a steer that weighed over six tons.

CHARLEY: Six tons! That certainly should have been a prize steer.

BARON: He said it was, but it wasn't. It had only one ear, a broken nose and it was lame.

CHARLEY: The man put one over on you.

BARON: Yes sir -- he gave me a bum steer. It was my own fault and only goes to prove Bailey was right.

CHARLEY: Bailey was right -- you mean Barnum.

BARON: What's the difference - it's the same firm.

CHARLEY: With only you and Hugo watching the cattle are you bothered with cattle rustlers?

BARON:did somebody move in?

CHARLEY: I said are you bothered with cattle rustlers - outlaws?

BARON: No -- I'm only bothered with in-laws, My brother-in-law, my sister-in-law --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron -- I mean cattle thieves -- who steal cattle.

BARON: That's what they did.

CHARLEY: They stole cattle from you?

BARON: Yes sir -- my tea kettle, my water cattle and my coffee cattle.

CHARLEY: Please understand me, Baron. I mean cattle raiders, robbers, desperadoes, bandits.

BARON: Oh! Cow stealers?

CHARLEY: Yes - are you bothered with them?

BARON: Sure! One time me and my cousin Hugo was trotting the oven.

CHARLEY: Trotting the oven?

BARON: Running the heater, galloping the stove.

CHARLEY: Just a moment, do you mean riding the range?

BARON: That's it. Riding the range! We was riding along when we ran into a rattler.

CHARLEY: A snake?

BARON: No - a seconded handed car. In the car was a feller named One Eye Pete.

CHARLEY: One Eye Pete?

BARON: Yes -- he was acting -- you know --

CHARLEY: Sort of suspicious.

BARON: Yes - sup gish - us.

CHARLEY: Suspicious.

BARON: Soup-fishes -- buss -- he was acting funny!

CHARLEY: As if he had done something.

BARON: Sure -- he was the kind of a feller who only looks you straight in the face when your back is turned.

CHARLEY: He only looks you straight in the face when your back is turned?

BARON: Yes --

CHARLEY: How can that be done?

BARON: Suit yourself. Well sir, I said "One Eye Pete, what are you doing here on the radiator?"

CHARLEY: On the range.

BARON: No -- he was sitting on the radiator of the car.

CHARLEY: Why was he sitting on the radiator of the car?

BARON: Would you like to know?

CHARLEY: I certainly would!

BARON: Call him up and ask him.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Where was I?

CHARLEY: You were asking him what he was doing on the radiator?

BARON: That's right -- I said "One Eye Pete what are you doing standing here on the ground?"

CHARLEY: Wait a minute -- you just said he was sitting on the radiator.

BARON: Sure -- but he got down while we was talking.

CHARLEY: Some day you'll drive me coccoo.

BARON: (LAUGH) It'll be a short trip. So I said One Eye Pete what are you doing sitting in that car?

CHARLEY: Now he's sitting in the car?

BARON: Sure -- he travels fast -- so I looked him straight in the eye.

CHARLEY: You looked him straight in the eye?

BARON: Yes - the good one. And before I knew it he stepped on the gas and was off.

CHARLEY: He evidently had been guilty of a misdemeanor or crime and wasn't taking any chances of being apprehended.

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: Proceed with your story, Baron.

BARON: He was driving eighty miles an hour with me and Hugo right behind him.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron - don't tell me a horse can run eighty miles an hour.

BARON: Sure not --

CHARLEY: Then how could you and Hugo have been right behind hir'

BARON: Because our horses were each doing forty miles.

CHARLEY: What's the use of arguing?

BARON: No use. On we went -- I got a little ahead with Hugo behind me.

CHARLEY: Right on your horse's tail.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: Hugo's horse was right on your horse's tail.

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- my horse didn't have a tail. Suddenly I grabbed ahold of my Louisa.

CHARLEY: Your Louisa?

BARON: My lassy.

CHARLEY: Oh your lasso!

BARON: My piece of rope! I swung it over my head - let it go and it fell over the left wheel of the car -- One wist of my twist and --

CHARLEY: One twist of your wrist.

BARON: A quick jerk, and I pull him up!

CHARLEY: Remarkable!

BARON: Impossible! We looked in the back of the car and what do you suppose was there?

CHARLEY: I'm ready for anything.

BARON: You'll get it.

CHARLEY: What was in the car?

BARON: Twelve cows.

CHARLEY: Twelve cows!

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Was it a truck?

BARON: No - a roadster.

CHARLEY: And twelve cows were in it?

BARON: In the rumble seat.

CHARLEY: That is the most fantastic tale I ever heard! And you couldn't make me believe it if you stood on your head.

BARON: The Baron don't upset himself.

CHARLEY: No sir - that never could have happened.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No -- but my brother was.

BARON: I ---p hello?

CHARLEY: I said I was not there but my brother was.

BARON: Ah, ha. Then he would know if there was twelve cows in the rumble seat.

CHARLEY: He certainly would.

BARON: Where is your brother right now?

CHARLEY: I believe he's somewhere in China.

BARON: So there was twelve cows in the rumble seat.

CHARLEY: All right - have it your way.

BARON: Well, we took Pete to the Sheriff and the Sheriff found him guilty of cow stealing and marked him in the book as a horse thief.

CHARLEY: Just a moment - if Pete was found guilty of cow stealing why did the Sheriff write him in the book as a horse thief?

BARON: He couldn't spell cow stealing. That night the boys broke into the jail -- took Pete out to a tree --

CHARLEY: To lynch him.

BARON: Not to pick apples. They put a rope around his neck and one of the boys said "Well Pete have you got anything to say?"

CHARLEY: They asked him if he had anything to say.
BARON: Yes, and he said -- (LAUGH)
CHARLEY: Come, come, what did he say?
BARON: Well, I'll be hanged.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XX

"C O W B O Y"

PART II

CHARLEY: I say, Baron, did you ever ride in a rodeo?
BARON:Could you come back?
CHARLEY: I said, did you ever ride in a rodeo?
BARON: No -- I always use the subway.
CHARLEY: I mean did you ever do any trick riding or did you
ever break horses?
BARON: No, but the horses nearly broke me.
CHARLEY: Not race horses, wild horses, mustangs --
BARON: Oh, bucking buncos.
CHARLEY: Bucking bronchos. Were you ever in a round up?
BARON: Sure -- last night.
CHARLEY: Last night?
BARON: Yes - they backed up the patrol wagon -
CHARLEY: Not that kind of a round up! A cattle round up -
after which they hold roping and riding contests.
BARON: Oh sure, in Mexico, that's where I bought this hat.
CHARLEY: Sombrero.
BARON: Some what?
CHARLEY: Sombrero.
BARON: Some hat. I bought one for my wife also.
CHARLEY: Fedora?
BARON: No - for Lena.

CHARLEY: Did you take part in any of the contests?
BARON: Sure, there was a wild horse there no one could ride.
CHARLEY: A bad egg.
BARON: No - a bad horse.
CHARLEY: I mean the horse was a bad egg.
BARON: Sure - but I scrambled him.
CHARLEY: You tranquilized him.
BARON:Could you sing that again?
CHARLEY: You subdued, and conquered this wild, obstreperous,
vociferous, rampant beast.
BARON:life is a funny thing.
CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.
BARON: They called him Oscar.
CHARLEY: They called the horse Osoar?
BARON: Yes - he was so wild.
CHARLEY: But you broke him.
BARON: In pieces! First I got my -- my -- er - let me see--
What did I get, Sharley?
CHARLEY: I'm sure I don't know.
BARON: See! You wasn't there!
CHARLEY: No, I was not.
BARON: So I got it!
CHARLEY: What?
BARON: I don't know myself yet. It starts with a "Z".
CHARLEY: It starts with a "Z?"
BARON: Yes.
CHARLEY: I can't think of anything connected with horses that
starts with a "Z".
BARON: I got it!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Zaddle!

CHARLEY: Saddle is spelled with an "S".

BARON: My goodness - since when did they change it? Well, I put the zaddle on the horse --

CHARLEY: Didn't you have any trouble doing it?

BARON: Sure -- I had to chase him all over the plain.

CHARLEY: Fancy!

BARON: No, plain. But I ketched him - put on the zaddle -- jumped on his back and then the fun began.

CHARLEY: He started bucking.

BARON: And how! Then he went into his dance.

CHARLEY: He went into his dance?

BARON: Sure - his buck dance. But he didn't unbuckle the Baron.

CHARLEY: You stuck.

BARON: Like muller-slich.

CHARLEY: Mucilege.

BARON: Glue. I guess he must have made twenty dollars.

CHARLEY: Twenty dollars?

BARON: Twenty bucks. Suddenly he gave one terrible buck - I flew out of the zaddle and up in the air.

CHARLEY: He throw you off.

BARON: No sir! Not me!

CHARLEY: You said you flew out of the saddle and up in the air.

BARON: Sure -- but I held on to his neck and took him up with me.

CHARLEY: Wait! Let's get this straightened out.

BARON: Is something bent?

CHARLEY: I should hope to tell you. Are you trying to make me believe you could be thrown out of a saddle, grab a horse by the neck and take him up in the air with you?

BARON: For the Baron that's nothing.

CHARLEY: Well you're not going to get away with it.

BARON: Who wants to get away? I like it here.

CHARLEY: Perhaps you only went up a few feet?

BARON: No, we went higher.

CHARLEY: How high up did you go?

BARON: I don't know - but it took us two days to come down.

CHARLEY: Two days! Baron, you'll have me a nervous wreck.

BARON: That's fine.

CHARLEY: How in the world could a man and a horse stay up in the air for two days?

BARON: That's exactly what I asked the horse. Well, to make a long story monotonous I rode him until he said, "Baron, I quit, I give up!"

CHARLEY: The horse spoke to you?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Nonsense.

BARON: Horse sense! He knew I was the boss. I took him to the stable - gave him his mother --

CHARLEY: Gave him his mother?

BARON: I mean his fodder, and put him to bed. The next day I took him out --

CHARLEY: Please Baron! I don't wish to hear any more about that particular horse.

BARON: Not a word?

CHARLEY: No - let's forget him.

BARON: Okay, Sharley, he is the forgotten horse.

CHARLEY: The life of a cowboy must be very fascinating.

BARON: You have no idea. Every night we use to sit in the wide open places.

CHARLEY: Pardon me Baron - the wide open spaces.

BARON: No sir - these places was wide open. Sitting listening to the cows mooing and we'd all sing the cow song.

CHARLEY: The cow song? What's that?

BARON: When the "Moo Comes Over the Mountain" - and listen to the call of the coyonkels.

CHARLEY: Coyotes.

BARON: And the whistling of the prairie dogs.

CHARLEY: Whistling of the prairie dogs?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: That's a new one on me.

BARON: It's a new one on anybody. I'd look out on the range and see cattle lying all around.

CHARLEY: Cattle lying all around?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: You felt right at home.

BARON: Sure I -- if you leave and never come back it'll be too soon.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - continue.

BARON: Sometimes we'd go to cowboy dances.

CHARLEY: I'll bet that was a lot of fun.

BARON: You said it -- they gave prizes for dancing -- see I got this medal for toe dancing.

CHARLEY: FOR toe dancing?

BARON: Yes I danced with a girl and stepped on her toes more times than anybody else.

CHARLEY: Nice medal.

BARON: Nice girl - and from her feller I got a belt.

CHARLEY: A belt?

BARON: Right on the nose.

CHARLEY: He struck you?

BARON: Yes - and then he did something that made me see red!

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: He socked me right in the face with a big tomatoe.

CHARLEY: I bet you were mad.

BARON: Mad! I was so mad I started shooting.

CHARLEY: Shooting!

BARON: Yes - first I shot two dollars - he faded me and I made the pass.

CHARLEY: Here! Hold on, that's a crap game.

BARON: I'm getting my shooting mixed up.

CHARLEY: Well what happened?

BARON: I started shooting - but I couldn't hit him.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: He wouldn't stand still. Then he started shooting at me.

CHARLEY: He started shooting at you. Did he hit you?

BARON: No -- he didn't stand still for me so just for spite I didn't stand still for him.

CHARLEY: How did it finish?

BARON: I hit him a wallop and then we patched things up.

CHARLEY: You patched things up?

BARON: Yes - he patched his eye and I patched my nose.

CHARLEY: I say, Baron - were you ever caught in a stampede?

BARON: No sir -- I never go in those kind of places.

CHARLEY: Why Baron - surely you know what a stampede is?

BARON: Sure I know.

CHARLEY: Well, what is it?

BARON: It's a -- kind of -- that is -- it's a place -

CHARLEY: It's a herd of cattle in a wild, panicky headlong flight.

BARON: You took the words right out of my mouth.

CHARLEY: Were you ever in one?

BARON: In one? - I started one!

CHARLEY: You started a stampede?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: Well one night I was out on the range when a bull walked up and said, "Hello, Baron" and I said --

CHARLEY: Hold on! A little while ago you were talking to a horse - now you're talking to a bull.

BARON: Sure - why not? He was a nice bull.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: So it has come to this - you don't believe me.

CHARLEY: No, and nothing can convince me that you were speaking with a bull.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I was speaking with a bull!

CHARLEY: Ridiculous!

BARON: Yes? Well, if you was there you could speak to him too.

CHARLEY: Me? Speak to a bull? Are you crazy?

BARON: No sir -- this bull was a cop.

CHARLEY: A policeman!

BARON: Sure - a bull!

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, you put a fast one over on me that time.

BARON: The Baron is a fast putter.

CHARLEY: What about the stampede you started?

BARON: If I tell you about it will you believe it?

CHARLEY: Yes Baron I will - for a change I'll believe anything you tell me regardless of how absurd or implausible it may seem.

BARON: (LAUGH) Then there's no use telling it. Besides I got to attend a telegraph wedding.

CHARLEY: A telegraph wedding?

BARON: Yes, a friend of mine named Cable is marrying a girl named Postal in California.

CHARLEY: A friend named Cable and a girl named Postal are being united in marriage out in California?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I see, and why is that a telegraph wedding?

BARON: Because -----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Because what?

BARON: It's a western union.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

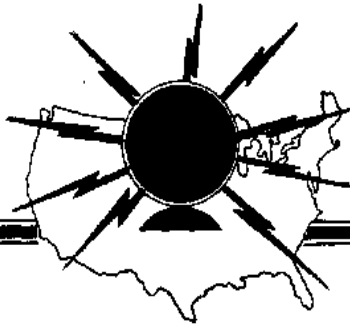
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilloen
1/18/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight from New York, we'll hear Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, our romantic singers of musical comedy and operetta songs and from Chicago, the one and only Ben Bernie....known everywhere as the old Maestro.....so let's travel to the shores of Lake Michigan and into the College Inn where Bernie reigns supreme.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY INC

PRO-25-4M-12-33

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES FIRST MUSIC GROUP)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

BEN BERNIE:

Here goes the Magic Carpet!

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Ben--take a bow for the applause of all our ten million listeners.....

Here's an interesting experiment -- try it! Hold a LUCKY STRIKE in your hand, then shut your eyes. Roll that LUCKY back and forth in your fingers. Notice how firm and well-made it is-- full weight. Notice how solidly the tobacco is packed. Run your finger down outside of the cigarette from tip to tip. See how smooth and even that little tube is -- there are no bumps -- no sharp, ragged chunks of stem -- just finely shredded, fragrant tobacco. Now -- light that LUCKY -- and as you smoke it see how evenly it burns, how firmly the ash holds and what a smooth fine textured white ash it is. That white ash, my friends, is the one great sign of the finest tobacco quality -- and millions appreciate how well that ash holds together and resists the tendency to flake and drop on clothes. LUCKIES' fine tobacco quality is born of the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos and made extra flavorful and mellow-mild by that famous "TOASTING" Process. It's "TOASTING" that makes LUCKIES the better cigarette -- as superlative in quality as it is in value, for your tobacconist now offers you two packs of LUCKIES for only twenty-five cents.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday are ready to give us in song, a few romantic glimpses of the theatre. Perhaps you remember the show "Going Up" -- it was produced in 1917 and brought forth the lilting melody that Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday will sing first -- "KISS ME". Then we go back a few years to "Frasquita" and the Franz Lehar song, "MY LITTLE NEST." From one of the greatest Romberg operettas Mr. Halliday has chosen the song for which the show was named, "THE DESERT SONG." Dr. Katzman's orchestra is setting the scene as the golden chords open the curtains on Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(RICE AND HALLIDAY SING -- "KISS ME
"MY LITTLE NEST"
"THE DESERT SONG")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we're westward bound again....to the dance floor of the College Inn and the music and chatter of Ben Bernie, the old maestro. So --

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

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES SECOND MUSIC GROUP)

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

BEN BERNIE:

The Magic Carpet starts back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Today, in every city, state and national government those men who understand sane, sound and practical economy, are the great leaders. And that's exactly why that great man of Illinois, Melvin A. Traylor, is looked upon today as one of America's outstanding citizens. His position as President of the First National Bank of Chicago was achieved by constant, painstaking practice of the principles of sane economy -- beginning when he was a barefoot boy in the hills of Kentucky -- principles he put into effect when he was a rough-and-ready bank clerk in a small Texas town. Today, financial authorities in Washington consult Melvin A. Traylor regularly on money matters -- and that's why we have just sent him this telegram:

MELVIN A. TRAYLOR, PRESIDENT
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SIR:

YOU KNOW ECONOMY FROM THE GROUND UP AND THEREFORE I KNOW YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN CERTIFIED CREMO'S ECONOMY PLAN TO GIVE EVERY CIGAR SMOKER MORE FOR HIS MONEY....THIS FINE CIGAR IS NOW OFFERED AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT, THREE FOR TEN CENTS, GIVING EVERY MAN A REAL HIGH QUALITY CIGAR AT SUCH SMALL COST THAT HE CAN PRACTICE REAL ECONOMY AND STILL ENJOY A FINE CIGAR, IMMACULATELY CLEAN -- THE ONLY CIGAR FINISHED UNDER GLASS....AS YOU WOULD EXPECT SUCH GREAT VALUE IS BEING ACCLAIMED BY MILLIONS OF SMOKERS....BEST WISHES TO YOU AND TO ALL FRIENDS IN CHICAGO...

(SIGNED) VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the telegram that has been sent from this studio to Melvin A. Traylor, President of the First National Bank of Chicago. In it we have given the news that has made millions of cigar smokers happy -- the fact that Certified Cremo is now five cents straight -- three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Magic Carpet is rushing us off to Chicago -- look below -- that's Lake Michigan -- there's Grant Park -- and over there are buildings of the great new World's Fair -- and here's the College Inn -- so thru the door we go -- to land right at Ben Bernie's feet.

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

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES THIRD MUSIC GROUP)

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

BEN BERNIE:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

As the Magic Carpet settles down gently on the eastern seaboard and the strains of "ROMANCE" fill the air, Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday again step into the spotlight. Now let your imagination carry you across the sea -- to a Hungarian wayside Inn as Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday sing "YOU'RE IN LOVE" from the operetta "Gypsy Love." Then we turn to a show which was the hit of Broadway some seven years ago - "Sunny", -- and take from the score the delightful song "TWO LITTLE BLUE BIRDS." The third number is one written by Victor Herbert from the famous show, "The Red Mill"....It's called "BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU." So those are the songs -- and here are the minstrel and his maid --

(RICE AND HALLIDAY SING: "YOU'RE IN LOVE"
"TWO LITTLE BLUE BIRDS"
"BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Miss Rice and thanks Mr. Halliday -- and here's a word to all those men and women who have enjoyed songs of our romantic couple....It's not mere accident that so many, many smartly gowned women smoke LUCKY STRIKES. There are some good reasons for it. In the first place LUCKIES have a finer flavor, a more delicious taste, a unique mildness. But here's an additional reason that is equally important. These fastidious women smoke LUCKIES because they have discovered that LUCKIES leave a firm, white ash that resists the tendency to flake and drop on clothes. There are many reasons for this even-burning quality. For one thing, we use only the most expensive -- the finest of domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD GLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Then, we toast them, which means we purify them, so that they will burn evenly, with a pure white ash. And so, when you light a LUCKY you are sure of getting a mild, mellow, even-burning smoke....you are sure that the ash will be white -- the sign of tobacco purity....you are sure that the ash will be firm -- a great protection to clothing. Every day thousands of women, and men too, are discovering this fact about LUCKY STRIKE'S superiority, and are telling their friends about it -- just as they are discovering and telling their friends about LUCKY STRIKE'S great new 1933 value -- two packages of the world's finest cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE -- two packages for twenty-five cents.

And now another fast flight to Chicago. We're going out there to hear Ben Bernie and all the lads...so let's not delay.

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

(BEN BERNIE LEADS INTO FOURTH MUSIC GROUP)

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

BEN BERNIE:

We shoot the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you and good night Ben., That brings us to the close of another LUCKY STRIKE Hour ladies and gentlemen, but before saying goodnight, may we remind you that on Tuesday we will present "THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY" -- another actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, at Washington, D.C. The dance music for that evening will be furnished by Ted Weems and his Orchestra,

So until Tuesday then -- goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS PROGRAM HAS COME TO YOU FROM NEW YORK CITY AND CHICAGO, ILLINOIS THROUGH THE FACILITIES OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

**** ****

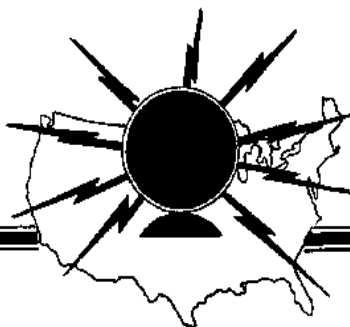
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AGENCY/chilleen
1/21/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

In the Magic Carpet Theatre tonight, we bring you a vivid dramatization of an actual case taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. This case is called "THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY," and we can promise you plenty of excitement when our drama gets under way. But first Ted Weems and his Orchestra from the Hotel Pennsylvania have music for your ears and rhythm for your toes so --
ON WITH THE DANCE TED WEEMS...(WHISTLE)...OKAY AMERICA!

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY INC.

TED WEEMS:

Good evening everybody, this is Ted Weems. Tonight we play first -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WEEMS:

Here goes the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Ted, those tunes were good news for dancing feet....Did you see this bit of news in the papers? -- the American people smoked twenty million more cigarettes last month than they did a year ago. That shows the trend of smokers everywhere -- and more and more people are discovering the enjoyment of that truly mild cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE. Here's another significant fact -- more and more smokers are discovering that LUCKIES burn with a long white ash -- without coarse stems or chunky particles. Tobacco experts recognize that firm white ash as the sign of fine, even-burning tobacco...pure tobacco -- patiently blended and given the benefit of that modern purifying process - "IT'S TOASTED." It is "TOASTING" that gives you tobaccos that are mellow-mild and flavorful... tobaccos that burn evenly and leave that firm white ash which is typical of LUCKIES only. Ladies and gentlemen, in that firmly rolled, full weight LUCKY STRIKE cigarette you will find tobaccos at their best -- and here's cigarette value at its best -- so LUCKIES are now thirteen cents a package or two packages for twenty-five cents!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we're in the Magic Carpet Theatre...the curtain is rising on the first act of "THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY" -- a real case taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. Even now instructions are flashing through the air from headquarters and Special Agent Five is waiting to receive them.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So the first act ends! The two thieving bankers seem to have made a clean steal - but why has Sheriff Garfield called in Federal Agent Franklyn? Is this one of those perfect crimes - or has the Sheriff discovered a flaw? We'll find out a little later in the program - and while the scenes are being shifted for the final act, let's flash to Ted Weems, who is all ready to start the music.

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

TED WEEMS:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WEEMS:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

"The ideal American soldier" -- with these words Theodore Roosevelt once briefly characterized that fearless leader of men, Major General Smedley D. Butler, United States Marine Corps. General Butler commanded the famous camp at Brest in France during the war, and is the only general officer to receive two Congressional Medals of Honor. He is known round the world for his daring and for his blunt, outspoken statement of the truth. In 1924, when he was given leave from the Marines to become Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia, he fought so ably and fearlessly that he had gangsters and bootleggers on the run within six months. Because he's a man of daring...because he believes in blunt statement of facts, we have just dispatched the following telegram to his home --

GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER
NEWTOWN SQUARE, PENNSYLVANIA

SIR:

BECAUSE YOU STAND FOR ACTION...FOR DARING AND FOR BLUNT OUTSPOKEN STATEMENT OF FACT I KNOW YOU WILL BE FIRST TO APPLAUD DARING IN BUSINESS AND FRANK STATEMENT OF TRUTH ABOUT ANY AND ALL PRODUCTS.....WE HAVE STATED BLUNTLY THAT A FINE CIGAR NEED NOT BE OF GREAT COST AND WE HAVE DARED TO PROVE THIS FACT BY OFFERING CERTIFIED CREMO AT UNIQUE PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS.....AS RESULT OF THIS DARING FRONTAL ATTACK ON HIGH COST OF GOOD CIGARS CERTIFIED CREMO HAS WON MORE MILLIONS OF SMOKERS THAN ANY CIGAR IN COUNTRY....SMOKERS APPRECIATE FINE LONG FILLER QUALITY OF CERTIFIED CREMO AND IMMACULATE CLEANLINESS OF ONLY CIGAR FINISHED UNDER GLASS.....WITH WARMEST PERSONAL REGARDS

(SIGNED) VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Ladies and gentlemen, that telegram is now on its way -- it will be received in a few minutes by General Smedley D. Butler. In it are the facts that have brought good news to millions of smokers -- Certified Gremo, that fine long-filler cigar, is now five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's still time for a few tunes before the curtain rises on the second act of our drama. Ted Weems' fiddlers have their bows set - and there's melody in the air - so let's swing into it.

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

TED WEEMS:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

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

TED WEEMS:

The Magic Carpet starts on its way.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD GLANEY:

And now for the concluding act of "THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY" - a dramatization based on a real case in the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation at Washington, D.C.

Cosgrove and Thompson - president and cashier of the Cherryvale Bank, hit upon the novel idea of hiring the gangster, Lou Fenton, and his two henchmen to rob their bank, and so cover up the shortage in their accounts. The robbery goes off without a hitch, but Fenton's two pals are killed in an attempt to hold up another bank later that same day. Only Fenton is left - and Cosgrove and Thompson feel much relieved. But they fail to reckon with Sheriff Garfield who has summoned Federal Agent Franklyn to Cherryvale. And now, Special Agent Five is waiting again to receive orders from headquarters as the curtain rises on the final act.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's the complete story...the Federal Agents do their work well, as both Cosgrove and Thompson discovered to their misfortune. Fenton, the only survivor of the bandits, also was captured and sent to the Federal penitentiary. Next Tuesday night we'll offer a dramatization of another case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation. But right now the program calls for a dance so we're going to drop in on Ted Weems and his boys from the Hotel Pennsylvania.

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

TED WEEMS:

Without further ado we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WEEMS:

The Magic Carpet is flying high.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Ted...and here is the thanks of every passenger on the Magic Carpet.....

At midnight last night the great liner Augustus steamed out of New York harbor for the West Indies, carrying hundreds of happy passengers with trunks full of gay, summery clothes..... white frocks and flannel trousers all ready for the enjoyment of mild, sunny days...of smoking a mild, fragrant LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette under a tropic sky. Women particularly, with their gay frocks and filmy evening gowns, are always grateful to LUCKIES, for they have found that LUCKY STRIKE'S firm white ash resists the tendency to flake. That even-burning, firm white ash is the mark of the finest tobacco quality -- and LUCKIES are made of the finest of long, silky strands of choice tobacco, firmly rolled -- no coarse stems or chunky particles. That's why LUCKIES burn evenly. LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobaccos are mellow-mild and pure because they're "TOASTED" -- that exclusive purifying process which makes LUCKY STRIKE so doubly appreciated by fastidious women who detest finger-stain. Light a LUCKY and enjoy pure smoking pleasure -- pleasure that will be increased by the knowledge that you can now obtain a package of LUCKIES for thirteen cents or two packages for twenty-five cents.

Ted Weems and his band will continue in a moment... but let me remind you first that on Thursday night Jack Pearl - better known as the Baron Munchausen - will take you into his confidence again, when he relates some more of his fantastic adventures. Sharing the program with the Baron will be the ever-popular George Olsen. But let's get back to Ted Weems...he's raising his baton now, and we're on our way!

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

TED WERMS:

As the Magic Carpet drops lightly at our feet we
play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WERMS:

Get ready pilot! We're sending back the Magic Carpet!

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so ladies and gentlemen, this LUCKY STRIKE Hour
draws to a close. Remember....Jack Pearl and George Olson will be
waiting to greet you on Thursday night - and until then - goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/shillcon
1/24/33

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XIII

"THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 24, 1933

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XIII

"THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

THOMPSON

MISS HARLEY

COSGROVE

SHERIFF GARFIELD

LOU FENTON

AGENT FRANKLIN

"SHINER" LONG

AGENT THAYER

"ALABAMA"

JOE KORNBLOOM

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XIII

"THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF
J. EDGAR HOOVER.....DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....YOU ARE
PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY "THE
CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY".....BASED ON CASE 29 - 1474
.....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
Cherryvale Bank Robbery".....real people.....real places.....real
clues....a real case.....For obvious reasons, fictitious names are
used throughout.....Our case begins in the office of the President
of the Central National Bank.....at Cherryvale, Kansas.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

COSGROVE: Thompson? Come in, come in.

THOMPSON: (OFF) Yes, sir.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

(FADES IN) What did you want to see me about, Mr. Cosgrove?

COSGROVE: Sit down. I'll tell you.

THOMPSON: (NERVOUS) Yes, sir. I, ah --

COSGROVE: (CUTS HIM OFF BRISKLY) One minute. Thompson, you've been stealing from the bank.

THOMPSON: Uh...no, sir, you must be wrong.

COSGROVE: Oh, no, I'm not. This bank is small enough for the president to have time to look over his cashier's accounts.

THOMPSON: But --

COSGROVE: Of course, you might have gone on for years without being caught. I just happened to strike the trail yesterday afternoon. Now how much is it? How much do you owe the Central National?

THOMPSON: If I -- if I make a clean breast of it will you go easy on me?

COSGROVE: Come on, now -- how much did you take?

THOMPSON: Only -- fifteen hundred dollars.

COSGROVE: Fifteen hundred, eh? You sure that's all?

THOMPSON: Yes, sir -- and I'll put it all back. I was going to anyhow, honestly I was.

COSGROVE: Put it back -- don't be absurd.

THOMPSON: Then you won't have any mercy --

COSGROVE: Mercy! (CHUCKLES) Listen, don't you think it's about time for you to wake up?

THOMPSON: What do you mean, sir?

COSGROVE: You don't think my accounts will stand up under examination, do you?

THOMPSON: You -- the President?

COSGROVE: (CALLOUSLY) Yes, of course. From now on we've got to have each other's confidence, Thompson.

THOMPSON: But Mr. Cosgrove --

COSGROVE: Sit down! There's nothing to be nervous about. I'm your friend, Thompson, I won't hurt you. Why, we're going to be as thick as a couple -- (CHUCKLES) of thieves!

THOMPSON: I guess you're right.

COSGROVE: Certainly I'm right. This bank is going to be robbed-- thoroughly robbed.

THOMPSON: How?

COSGROVE: I'm going to hire it done. It's the only way to keep the depositors from finding out what you and I have taken.

THOMPSON: (IN AMAZEMENT) But, sir, s--

COSGROVE: I was thinking of exposing you, Thompson, but unfortunately you haven't taken enough to account for the total shortage. So the only thing to do is stage a fake robbery and include what we've stolen in the loot.

THOMPSON: Who'll -- who'll do it for you?

COSGROVE: I'll show you. (FADES) There's a gentleman waiting in the inner office.

(OPENS DOOR)

Come in, Mr. Fenton.

(CLOSES DOOR)

(FADES IN) You'll want to meet my cashier - Mr. Thompson.

FENTON: (FADES IN) Sure thing, Mr. Cosgrove -- How are yah, pal?

THOMPSON: Mr. Cosgrove -- in the bank, sir, this man! Why --

FENTON: You've heard about me, eh?

COSGROVE: Come on, Thompson, we're all together now. This is Lou Fenton, bank robber and leader of the Black Mask gang.

THOMPSON: Oh, my god----

COSGROVE: Mr. Fenton has decided it's easier -- and safer -- to rob banks when the owners are in on the deal. He's going to drop round tomorrow with two of his friends, Thompson.

THOMPSON: Tomorrow? What time?

COSGROVE: When our bookkeeper, Miss Harley, is out at lunch. She might punch the burglar alarm, and that wouldn't do. A few minutes after twelve o'clock noon would be about right, Fenton.

FENTON: O.K. -- I'll bring two boys, "Shiner" Long and "Alabama."

COSGROVE: And they'll know what to do, of course?

FENTON: Sure. Sure.

THOMPSON: There -- there won't be any shooting, will there?

FENTON: Not unless somebody tries to stop us, Thompson.

COSGROVE: Tell the boys to pick up everything that's loose. We'll take care of the rest.

FENTON: They're hiding up outside of town. I'll go fetch 'em now in the flivver.

COSGROVE: All right; we'll be expecting you - at lunch time tomorrow.

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FLIVVER ENGINE PASSES OVER ROAD AND OUT OF EARSHOT.
2. CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.
3. OFFICE BACKGROUND - RHYTHMIC PUNCHING OF ADDING MACHINE.

THOMPSON: Ah...aren't you going out to lunch now, Miss Harley?
(MACHINE NOISE STOPS AS SHE ANSWERS)

MISS HARLEY: Have to run these checks through first, Mr. Thompson.

THOMPSON: Well, you shouldn't work in the lunch hour, Miss Harley. We don't expect you to do that.

MISS HARLEY: Oh, that's quite all right, Mr. Thompson....let's see... that's....

(PUNCHES MACHINE)

COSGROVE: (FADES IN. INGRATIATING) What's this, still at the adding machine, Miss Harley? Don't you ever eat lunch?

(MACHINE CONTINUES)

MISS HARLEY: Just as soon as I get this total ----

(MACHINE STOPS AS MISS HARLEY SCREAMS)

COSGROVE: Why -- what's the matter!

MISS HARLEY: Those men coming in the door.

THOMPSON: It's a hold-up, sir -- drop on the floor, Miss Harley!

MISS HARLEY: I'll do no such thing.

FENTON: (FADING IN) All right. Come on, boys -- gather up this coin!

MISS HARLEY: They're wearing masks. Black masks.

FENTON: Come on, Alabama -- move quick there! Get those people covered!

ALABAMA: I'm movin! Get 'em up thah, folks -- hold 'em up high!

FENTON: Shiner --

SHINER: Yeah?

FENTON: Freeze onto that dough!

SHINER: These bags, Lou?

FENTON: Yeah, pack 'em in that poke -- move, move!

COSGROVE: They're desperate men, Thompson ...hold quiet or they'll shoot.

THOMPSON: Yes, sir -- they've got the drop on us.....

MISS HARLEY: Mr. Cosgrove.....

COSGROVE: Yes, yes. What is it?

MISS HARLEY: The burglar alarm, under the window -- couldn't we --

COSGROVE: Don't risk it. Don't----

FENTON: (QUICK) What are you talking about there!

MISS HARLEY: You...you...thief! I'm going to -- (BUMPS INTO COSGROVE) Oh, Mr. Cosgrove I bumped into you!

FENTON: Keep away from that burglar alarm, sister!

COSGROVE: You mustn't take the chance, Miss Harley!

SHINER: All set, boss.

COSGROVE: Careful, Miss Harley.

ALABAMA: Back up to the do', you fellehs. I'll keep you covered.

FENTON: That's right, Alabama. You hold a cannon on this crowd. (FADES) Come on, Shiner.

SHINER: (FADES) Right with you, boss.

FENTON: (OFF) All right, Alabama -- come along -- run!

ALABAMA: (FADING RAPIDLY) I'm a-comin!

(DOOR SLAMMED)

MISS HARLEY: Well! Of all things---

COSGROVE: Hurry, Thompson, hurry -- we must -- we must do something! The Central National has been robbed. We must do something -- Good lord!

THOMPSON: Sit down, sir -- here, Miss Harley -- get him a glass of water -- I'll -- I'll telephone for the sheriff.

(MOTOR HORN OUTSIDE)

MISS HARLEY: Yes, quick, Mr. Thompson -- quickly. There they go!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE TEARING ALONG OVER ROUGH ROAD.
2. BANK BACKGROUND.

SHERIFF GARFIELD: And you say there was just the three of you here in the bank when it happened, Mr. Cosgrove.

COSGROVE: That's right, Sheriff.

GARFIELD: Where's the young lady -- the bookkeeper?

COSGROVE: I sent her home, Sheriff Garfield. She was all in.

THOMPSON: From the excitement, you see.

GARFIELD: I reckon there was plenty of excitement while those bandits were going through the cash.

COSGROVE: Speaking of that, Sheriff, I've a partial list here of what they carried off. First, in Liberty Bonds, there was --

GARFIELD: Just a minute, please, Mr. Cosgrove. I'd like to have some description of the robbers, first.

COSGROVE: (SEEMS VERY FRANK) Well I'd say the men were -- were just average height, Sheriff. What would you say, Thompson?

THOMPSON: Yes, I'd say average. Of course the thing that struck me was -- the masks.

GARFIELD: All masked, eh? How many men were there?

THOMPSON: There were just three --

COSGROVE: No, no, couldn't really say, we were so excited, Sheriff. There might have been two, there might have been more. Now, as to the bank's losses: this list will show --

GARFIELD: Hold on a minute, Mr. Cosgrove. If there was only two men they won't be able to put up much of a fight. The alarm's out to stop 'em now, and my guess is they've headed for the Oklahoma border. So we may be able to check those losses with the robbers' loot, some time before sundown today.

COSGROVE: (DIGNIFIED) I know what was taken, Sheriff. As president of this bank it's my duty to begin checking up the losses before the robbers are caught. If they are caught at all.

GARFIELD: Of course, of course, I'm not denying that, Mr. Cosgrove. (AS THOUGH LOOKING ROUND) Say, which way did the robbers come into the office enclosure here?

THOMPSON: Right through that swinging gate.

GARFIELD: I see. And they ran out right through the side door here?

(THOMPSON GRUNTS ASSENT)

GARFIELD: Too much of a hurry even to lock you gentlemen in the vault, I suppose?

COSGROVE: (SHARPLY) What do you mean?

GARFIELD: That's what they usually do. You gentlemen are lucky.
Not much air in that vault, is there?

COSGROVE: No. We escaped that, anyhow.

GARFIELD: Hmm. Well, 't 'won't hurt to have a look round.

COSGROVE: Sure -- go ahead.

THOMPSON: Did you say the alarm was out for the bandits, Sheriff?

GARFIELD: Yes, o'course. (FADES SLIGHTLY) Just thought I'd get everything cleaned up here before I go out myself.
Hmm. (SEES MONEY) Say! Look here! (FADES BACK)
Here's some o' the bank's money -- looks like a smart handfull of it too!

THOMPSON: Where -- where'd you find it?

GARFIELD: Over by the window -- I guess the bandits must have dropped it as they ran by!

COSGROVE: Well -- that's quite a find. I congratulate you, sheriff.

GARFIELD: Six packages of a thousand each and one of five hundred. There's sixty-five hundred that never even got out of the bank. Pretty good luck, I call it.

COSGROVE: Yes -- yes indeed. And all due to your sharp eyes, sheriff.

GARFIELD: (STILL UNCONCERNED) Uh-huh. Well, guess them bandits must be getting near the Oklahoma line by now. Sure hope they don't get through.

THOMPSON: (NERVOUSE) Where are you going, Sheriff?

GARFIELD: Me? Down to the telegraph office.

THOMPSON: What for?

GARFIELD: I'm going to send a wire for the Federal men.

COSGROVE: Federal men? Federal Agents, you mean?

GARFIELD: That's right.

COSGROVE: But you're doing splendidly -- we have no complaint to make of the way you're handling the case.

GARFIELD: I just want to be sure, Mr. Cosgrove. Well -- good day, gentlemen.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSED.
2. AUTO MOTOR RUNNING OVER ROUGH ROAD. STOPS.

FENTON: What you stopping for, Shiner?

SHINER: I'm goin' to pull into this parking space. We're over the Oklahoma line now -- I want to catch my breath.

ALABAMA: Me too. I'd ruther of run all the way than ride this car. I feel like I'd took a good whippin'.

FENTON: All right, boys. We're in no hurry. This looks like a nice little town. We'll cool off for a few minutes and then scare up some grub.

SHINER: We ain't got no other place to go, anyhow.

FENTON: What do you mean, Shiner? How about goin' on to Kansas City, and spending our out of this job.

SHINER: Our cut o' this job! You could put it in your eye!

FENTON: Yes, but look how easy it was! And safe!

SHINER: Safe for those other guys, yeah. But the cops out lookin' for us was firin' real lead. Don't you forget it.

FENTON: Sure, but we're O.K. now -- and that bank president'll fix it so we won't be bothered. The old boy grabbed his share long ago. He won't dare let 'em try to trace what we took.

SHINER: He better not.

ALABAMA: Say boys, what town is this?

SHINER: Why....it 'pears to be called "Picher."

ALABAMA: Oh, yeah....I see the sign now, oveh on the bank theh.
"Picher National Bank."

FENTON: YOU don't need to worry about the bank, Alabama.

ALABAMA: No? Listen, Shiner -- le's stick it up!

SHINER: The bank?

ALABAMA: Yeah....come on, get out, We busted open one bank
today -- le's make it two!

FENTON: You guys are crazy. Stay in this car.

ALABAMA: Shut yo' face, Fenton. Shiner an' me will knock oveh
this little bank without half tryin'. That right,
Shiner?

SHINER: All right, I'm with you. How do we work it?

ALABAMA: Just walk in and tell 'em to get 'em up! Then you
grab the money off the countehs -- and we'll be back
in the car headed out of town in anotheh minute!

SHINER: All right, come on.

ALABAMA: (FADES) Be ready to grab the dough when I draw mah
gun.

FENTON: (CALLS AFTER THEM) Hey, you crazy guys -- (SEES THEY
HAVE WALKED OUT OF EARSHOT, CONTINUES TO SELF) if you
think I'm -- gonna drive this car for you --

(FLIVVER ENGINE STARTS)

pair o' dimwits-----

(IN BACKGROUND: YELLS AND SHOTS)

(AUTO IN GEAR)

ALABAMA: (RUNNING IN) Fenton -- they done got Shiner -- They
opened up on us -- Hey, Fenton -- wait -- wait --

FENTON: Go to the devil, you sap!

(MOTOR SPEEDS UP, HORN)

ALABAMA: (FADING) Fenton....Fenton....wait.....

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR FADES OUT.

2. OFFICE EFFECT: PUNCHING OF ADDING MACHINE.

THOMPSON: Ten thousand in U.S. Liberty Bonds not registered....

(ADDING MACHINE)

Six thousand in registered United States Treasury
Savings Certificates.....

(SOUND AS BEFORE)

and county, state and municipal negotiable bonds,
thirty thousands....

(SOUND AS BEFORE, AFTER WHICH SIDE LEVER FOR
GRAND TOTAL IS PULLED DOWN)

And there's our total loss, gentlemen: sixty-eight
thousand five hundred dollars -- that's approximate...
we haven't checked over the petty cash as yet, since
we sent our bookkeeper home.

FRANKLYN: I think you're doing well to be able to get that close,
Mr. Thompson.

COSGROVE: As it happens, we were checking over a trust fund when
robbery occurred, Mr. Franklyn.

FRANKLYN: I see. (TURNS TO SHERIFF) To tell you the truth, Sheriff Garfield, there doesn't seem to be much for me to do here. Mr. Cosgrove and Mr. Thompson apparently have observed due care in protecting the funds.

Without a violation of the National Bank Act, the Bureau of Investigation would have no jurisdiction.

COSGROVE: (ON CONSIDERABLE DIGNITY) My dear sir, that's my opinion exactly. As for violation of the Bank Act, why --

THOMPSON: Mr. Cosgrove, please.

COSGROVE: Don't try to shush me, Thompson. I want to know what Sheriff Garfield means by bringing a Federal Agent into this case. If there was any suspicion of collusion or conspiracy, it should have been brought out into the open!

THOMPSON: (TRYING TO CALM THINGS DOWN) Mr. Cosgrove -- No use getting excited.

COSGROVE: No, sir! I have believed in plain speaking all my life. Now then, Sheriff: out with it. What is it about this case that you don't understand?

GARFIELD: Well, Mr. Cosgrove, you've asked for frankness. I---

(TELEPHONE BELL RINGS)

(RECEIVER LIFTED QUICKLY)

THOMPSON: Yes? This is the Central National Bank. This is the Cashier. Special Agent Franklyn? He's right here.
(TURNS BACK TO FRANKLYN) It's for you, Mr. Franklyn.

FRANKLYN: Thanks. Special Agent Franklyn speaking. Oh, yes, Thayer. Yes. Two men, you say? "Shiner" Long and "Alabama."...and both dead? I see. In Picher, Oklahoma. Umm. All right, Thayer, thanks a lot. Good bye. (TURNS TO COSGROVE) Well, Mr. Cosgrove, two of those bandits won't bother banks any more.

COSGROVE: How's that, sir?

FRANKLYN: They tried to pull another robbery over the border in Picher, Oklahoma. Both shot dead.

COSGROVE: How'd they know these men were the same ones?

FRANKLYN: A few notes issued by your bank were in their pockets. The main body of the loot must be hidden somewhere.

COSGROVE: Two men, you say? Well now, let me see....there were only two here, Mr. Franklyn.

FRANKLYN: Didn't they have a driver?

COSGROVE: I remember distinctly now....The two men who held us up were alone. One of them acted as driver after they got in their car.

FRANKLYN: In that case, there's not much to be done.....

COSGROVE: You mean the case is closed?

FRANKLYN: So far as the bandits go, yes.

COSGROVE: (PURRING) Both of them dead. That is rather final.

FRANKLYN: Of course, we'll do our best to trace the stolen bonds and money. But I can't guarantee how much we'll recover -- or how soon we'll be able to do it.

COSGROVE: (VIRTUOUS) That's quite all right, Mr. Franklyn. I shall advise my depositors that everything possible is being done, and that the case is practically concluded.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

WILL GUILTY BANKERS.....ESCAPE PENALTY FOR CONSPIRACY
AGAINST OWN INSTITUTION.....FOLLOW FEDERAL AGENTS....
IN LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....OVER TRAIL OF DETECTION.....
TO THRILLING CLIMAX.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XIII

"THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE.....STORY OF "THE CHERRYVALE BANK ROBBERY".....
BASED ON CASE NO. 29 - 1474.....FILES OF UNITED
STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF
JUSTICE.....WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE....
AT HIDEOUT OF BANK ROBBER LOU FENTON....IN OZARK
MOUNTAINS.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(KNOCKING AT DOOR)

FENTON: Who's there?

KORNBLOOM: (OUTSIDE) It's me -- Joe Kornbloom.

FENTON: Oh. Wait a minute.

(DOOR UNBARRED AND SWUNG OPEN)

Come in, Joe.

KORNBLOOM: (FADING IN) Nice place you got, Fenton.

FENTON: Nice to hide out.

KORNBLOOM: That's what I meant.

FENTON: Well, come on -- how about it? Any dough?

KORNBLOOM: I got you fifty dollars, Lou.

FENTON: Fifty dollars! What'll I do with fifty bucks? Throw it at the birds in the trees?

KORNBLOOM: Lou, you get nutting with that kind of talk. Be calm.

FENTON: Oh, fer --

KORNBLOOM: Lou, I'm telling you. Those bonds are plenty hot. And ve-ry hard to get rid of -- even for twenty percent.

FENTON: You're lying, you crook. And I know it. You can't have any trouble with those bonds. Old Cosgrove promised me himself they wouldn't try to trace 'em!

KORNBLOOM: That's the trouble. You t'ought it vas up to Cosgrove to say. Listen. They have called already the Federal Government on this job!

FENTON: Who done that?

KORNBLOOM: That's not my business. (CHUCKLES) And the Federals don't know Kornbloom, either. I'm a business man. I got to be careful.

FENTON: What should I do? Try to cash my bonds in Washington?

KORNBLOOM: You're being funny, han?

FENTON: A great fence you turned out to be. Listen, I want to take it on the lax. I want my dough for those bonds and I want it quick! You get it for me!

KORNBLOOM: So now it's orders you're giving!

FENTON: I'm supposed to rot in this shanty while you sit back and do nothing. Not much.

KORNBLOOM: (MENACING) That's enough. Trying to do you a favor, it's no use. You ain't smart enough, Lou. Get it through your head now: you're just a gunman, a crook. I'm a business man. You want the dough quick out of them bonds and I'm telling you it can't be done. The Federal men might get after me: then there'd be no dough, for nobody. Better even I should have kept the one bond I sold already.

FENTON: Well, that sounds on the level. Honest, Joe -- what should I do?

KORNBLOOM: Ah, now you're taking a leetle hadwice, hah? Ho Kay. You stay right here. Forget about them bonds.

FENTON: Huh?

KORNBLOOM: Look, Lou....in this job, who gets the big money? It ain't the poor boys that vas shot, and it ain't you. It's them bankers in Kansas.

FENTON: Yeah, but.....

KORNBLOOM: Listen. This could be a vonderful racket -- if it was vorked right!

FENTON: Racket?

KORNBLoom: I'm talling you! We got alraddy two business men that's vorking with us -- that cashier and prasident. Ho Kay. (MENACTINGLY) I'm goink to have yet a conference with those guys. It looks like maybe we all go into partnership together!

FENTON: How about me?

KORNBLoom: You stay right where you're at, Lou. I'm going to talk to those guys. I'm leavink now. So long, Lou. I'll write you a letter from Cherryvale.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN RUNNING OVER TRACKS. WHISTLES.
2. DOOR CLOSED.

FRANKLYN: Well, Sheriff...we've made a little progress, it seems.

SHERIFF: How's that, Mr. Franklyn?

FRANKLYN: One of those stolen bonds turned up in Kansas City.

SHERIFF: Well, now! How'd you get it? That certainly is remarkable.

FRANKLYN: Not at all. Federal agents have been on the look-out all over the country. Sooner or later, we were bound to turn up some of that loot. So I've come back to Cherryvale to bring the good news to Mr. Cosgrove myself.

SHERIFF: (NONCOMMITTAL) That's fine!

FRANKLYN: The bond we spotted had been disposed of in Kansas City by a fence named Joe Kornbloom.

SHERIFF: Well, why don't you arrest him, then?

FRANKLYN: We're doing better than that. We're trailing him. One of our agents has been detailed to do nothing but follow Kornbloom everywhere he goes. So far as we can tell he doesn't know we're on to him. So there's a chance he'll lead us to the source of the stolen money and securities.

SHERIFF: But the two bandits were killed, Mr. Franklyn.

FRANKLYN: Yes -- two bandits. That's the point.

(KNOCKING AT DOOR)

SHERIFF: Come in.

(DOOR OPENED)

THAYER: (FADING IN) Sheriff Garfield?

SHERIFF: Yes, sir?

THAYER: I'm looking for -- oh, hello, Franklyn. Couldn't see you from the door, there.

FRANKLYN: Hello, Thayer. Sheriff, this is Special Agent Thayer, the man detailed to follow Joe Kornbloom, the Kansas City fence.

SHERIFF: Glad to see you, Mr. Thayer. But what are you --

THAYER: What am I doing here? Well, Kornbloom's in town, Sheriff. In fact, he's right across the street -- in the Central National Bank -- talking to the cashier.

SHERIFF: With Thompson?

THAYER: That's right, Sheriff. Look out here -- you can see them through the big plate glass window of the bank.

SHERIFF: Well, gentlemen! What would you say about this?

FRANKLYN: About Thompson? Remember, he's an official of the bank. It's his duty to get those securities back. Kornbloom may be offering to sell him some information as to their whereabouts?

SHERIFF: I'll bet there's more to it than that.

FRANKLYN: (KEENLY) Sheriff, what's on your mind?

SHERIFF: Well, sir, I've had a talk with Miss Lucky Harley, the bookkeeper.

FRANKLYN: Yes?

SHERIFF: She tells me that there was three bandits in the job. Not two.

FRANKLYN: Can you trust her?

SHERIFF: She's a mighty level-headed woman. If she says three, three's right.

FRANKLYN: Then one bandit survived, in spite of what the bankers said. And this man Kornbloom --

SHERIFF: He had one of the bonds! He's the third bandit, eh?

FRANKLYN: No, no. Just the third bandit's agent, I think. Kornbloom's been suspected of disposing of stolen property for years, but I've never heard of his being involved in the robberies.

SHERIFF: I wonder -- I wonder about what he's saying to Thompson.

FRANKLYN: What are you driving at, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: (RELUCTANTLY) Well, I'm at fault, I guess. You remember when you first came to town, Mr. Franklyn, you said there'd have to be a violation of the National Bank Act before you could do anything. Course, I knew that when I sent for you.

FRANKLYN: Is that so, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: You see, when I first went to the bank, I found sixty-five hundred dollars loose that the bandits hadn't carried away. At first I was suspicious, then when I got to thinking I figured it was only a happen-so. But maybe I ought to tell you first where that money was.

FRANKLYN: All right....go on....

SHERIFF: It was in Mr. Thompson's hat!

FRANKLYN: What!

SHERIFF: Yes, sir. It had just been hidden under it like, and the hat had been knocked off the window sill.

FRANKLYN: What do you think, Thayer?

THAYER: Looks like we'd better have a talk with Thompson and his friend Joe Kornbloom, Franklyn.

FRANKLYN: Right.

THAYER: Wait! Thompson and Kornbloom are coming out of the bank now. See them! I'll run out and --

FRANKLYN: (TENSE) No, we mustn't put them on guard. Give me that phone --

(LIFTS RECEIVER)

Three-eight, please. (TO THAYER) We'll find out where they're going, Thayer.

THAYER: But it's getting dark.

FRANKLYN: They've no reason to run away. Hello, Central National Bank? Miss Harley? This is Special Agent Franklyn speaking. I'd like to talk to Mr. Thompson, please.... oh, I see....on business, eh? And Mr. Cosgrove went home early....I see. No, it's all right, thank you. Good bye.

(HANGS UP RECEIVER)

FRANKLYN: (CONTINUES) (TURNS TO OTHER MEN) Miss Harley says
Thompson has taken Kornbloom out to inspect some
property on the old Winslow estate.

SHERIFF: Winslow? That's right, the bank's the administrator.
No one's living there now, but there's a house and
some grounds. The bank's kept the place from getting
run-down looking.

FRANKLYN: Hmmm. Where is this property?

SHERIFF: Four miles north of town.

FRANKLYN: All right, Sheriff. You and I and Thayer had better
go and inspect that property, too.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE RUNNING OVER BUMPY ROAD.
2. WIND WHINE. FAINT

KORNBLOOM: Well, you got electric lights. That's something.
This ain't such a good place to talk as your office,
Thompson.

THOMPSON: Mr. Cosgrove suggested we come here.

KORNBLOOM: I dun't like it, Cosgrove.

COSGROVE: Well, I'm not going to talk with you at the bank and
that's final. I can't afford to be publicly mixed up
with you, Kornbloom.

KORNBLOOM: That's all right, pal. From now on, we're partners,
hah?

COSGROVE: In what way?

KORNBLOOM: Listen, big boy. You're in the racket now. You can't
just pull one job and quit. You got to go on.

COSGROVE: Who says so?

KORNBLOOM: (HEAVILY) I do.

THOMPSON: But we don't want to have anything to do with you.
You've got to get out of town.

COSGROVE: I'm not so sure of that, Thompson. We'll hear your proposition, Kornbloom.

KORNBLOOM: That's right, pal. Listen, you got to branch out.

COSGROVE: What are you driving at?

KORNBLOOM: I'm telling you, it's a wonderful racket. Take over some banks in other towns around here. Clean them out just the way you cleaned out the Central National.

COSGROVE: How do we dispose of the loot?

KORNBLOOM: Don't worry, Cosgrove. You leave that to me.

COSGROVE: I don't know but what you've got an idea. What I got from Central National was already gone -- all cover-up, if you see what I mean. Why, if we lined up a chain of little banks and cracked them all the same day there might be millions in it.

KORNBLOOM: That's right, pal. You're getting there.

THOMPSON: Mr. Cosgrove! We did one job -- yes, we had to, to save ourselves; but why go on?

COSGROVE: Go on, we've got to go on. This man is right.

(AUTO NOISE FAINT)

KORNBLOOM: You're talking me? (HEARS NOISE) Hey! What's that?

COSGROVE: Sounds like an automobile.

THOMPSON: Good lord! Let's get out of here!

COSGROVE: Keep still. Sit tight.

(AUTO NOISE COMES UP AND STOPS)

KORNBLOOM: Cosgrove, what you got there?

COSGROVE: A gun. Keep quiet, now. The car's stopped and they're coming in the house!

KORNBLOOM: Mein gott. Put it away. You should be like a business man.

(NOISE OF FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE)

Cosgrove, I'm talking you....hold on with that gun! It means trouble, sure.

(HEAVY KNOCK)

FRANKLYN: (OUTSIDE) Hello in there. Who's there?

COSGROVE: What do you want?

(DOOR OPENED)

FRANKLYN: (OFF) I want to talk to you people.

COSGROVE: No you don't!

FRANKLYN: Hey, he switched off the lights, Sheriff. Turn your flash on the room, quickly --

(GLASS CRASH)

SHERIFF: All right---

FRANKLYN: Some one jumped out the window! The rest of you stand where you are!

KORNBLOOM: Don't shoot, Mister!

FRANKLYN: Come on in, Sheriff. Where's the light switch?

SHERIFF: (FADING IN) I found it. Here we are.

(SOUND - OUTSIDE - SHOTS)

Listen -- Thayer must have spotted the other one!

THOMPSON: Are they -- are they shooting at him?

FRANKLYN: Just in the air, probably -- but don't you men try anything.

SHERIFF: I'm right sorry to see you out here, Mr. Thompson.

THOMPSON: This is bank property, Sheriff. Why -- Why shouldn't I be here?

THAYER: (FADING IN) All right, Mr. Cosgrove. Thru the door and into the room.

SHERIFF: (SADLY) Cosgrove, eh?

COSGROVE: (FADING IN) What's the meaning of this, Sheriff? I'll have you prosecuted, all of you!

FRANKLYN: Oh no -- I think that will be the other way round, Mr. Cosgrove.

COSGROVE: You mean that we can't come out here to show a client some property?

FRANKLYN: What idea of the property would he get after dark?

COSGROVE: That's my business, you interfering busy-body!

FRANKLYN: Well, it's bad business I'm afraid, Mr. Cosgrove, and you made it worse when you tried to escape through the window.

COSGROVE: See here, now, you've no right to infer --

FRANKLYN: Wait just a moment, if you please. Was Mr. Cosgrove armed when you took him, Thayer?

THAYER: Certainly. With this revolver.

FRANKLYN: All right. Why would an honest banker meet a known disposer of stolen goods, secretly, in an unoccupied house, carrying a gun? On top of that, why would such a banker -- if he were honest, first attempt to escape when officers of the law appeared, and then, try to gloss the whole thing over -- make it look like a legitimate business deal? What would you say, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: It looks to me like a dead give-away, Mr. Franklyn.

FRANKLYN: And I'm afraid it is.

THOMPSON: But we didn't mean to do anything -- if we help you, you'll go easy, won't you -- listen, Mr. Franklyn, I---
COSGROVE: Thompson! Shut up, you fool. We'll get out of this allright, yet.
FRANKLYN: That remains to be seen, sir. My guess says, "No" -- not after the auditors have examined your books. And now -- gentlemen, if you will come with me, we have a car waiting. I think we can assure you of a comfortable ride -- back to town.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: DISHONEST BANKERS TRIED....CONVICED....SENTENCED TO PENITENTIARY....SURVIVING BANDIT CAPTURED, CONVICTED..
CASE NO. 29 - 1474.....UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE....CLOSED.....
ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.....(WIRELESS).....THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE....CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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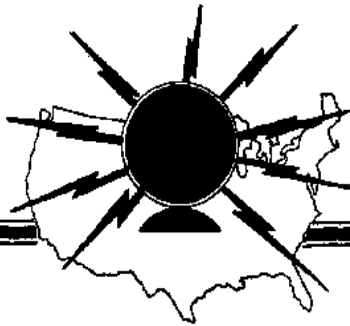
FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
1/13/33



THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight we bring you Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, who takes over the microphone on these Thursday night laugh jubilees and minces no words. George Olsen and his Orchestra will share the honors tonight with the Baron and provide the dance music. So here we come, George -- lift up those trumpets and play.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

(TRAIN SIGNATURE) All Out, all out on the dance

floor as we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Those tunes were fine George, thanks.....

What a thrill of pride for a woman to invite her friends for a formal dinner, when she has gleaming linen, a beautiful tablecloth, every appointment perfect for her table! And what a tragedy if her guests drop ashes on her lovely tablecloth! It is because women know the consequences of cigarettes that burn raggedly -- that flake and drop ashes -- that they have turned so universally to LUCKIES. Leave it to a woman to discover that LUCKIES burn with a firm, solid ash that resists flaking and dropping. And next time you smoke a LUCKY -- notice especially that the ash of LUCKY STRIKE is white -- that's the sign of the world's finest, most fragrant tobaccos -- carefully blended and purified by the most modern step in cigarette manufacture -- the "TOASTING" Process. Only LUCKIES are "TOASTED" -- that's why LUCKY STRIKE burns evenly -- gives you a mild, smooth, mellow smoke -- gives you a delicious, flavorful aroma. With all these superior qualities, isn't it gratifying to know that you can now obtain these choicest of cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE -- at thirteen cents a package or two packages for twenty-five cents.

HOWARD CLANFY:

Now stepping out of the wings are Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall - known the country over as the Baron Munchausen, and his sparring partner, Sharley. The Baron has an ax with him tonight but he doesn't intend to use it to win any arguments with Sharley. It's merely local color for the Baron's discussion of his life in a lumber camp. So we give you now -- his modesty -- the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "LUMBERJACKS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

There goes that old lumberjack - the Baron Munchausen - but he's not out of the woods yet - he'll be back a little later with more fuel to warm the cockles of your heart! In the meanwhile, there's George Olsen and his talented troupe to consider - so let's pick them up!

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

We play this time -- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet flashes back to the starting point.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Famous business leaders who ride on that world-famous train, the Twentieth Century Limited, will tell you that Fred E. Williamson, President of the New York Central Lines, is one of America's greatest railroad executives. But if you were to ask any conductor, any brakeman or engineer along the famous Water Level Route, he would tell you more -- he'd tell you that Fred E. Williamson is democratic...good-natured....and most important, he can be depended upon to go right to the point. That's why we have just sent him this wire:--

MR. FRED E. WILLIAMSON, PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING
230 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK

SIR:

EVERYONE RECOGNIZES THE FAMOUS TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED AS A STANDARD BEARER OF COMFORT SPEED AND LUXURY IN AMERICA'S GREAT TRAINS....THANKS TO YOU THE AMERICAN PEOPLE CAN ENJOY THE UTMOST IN QUALITY TRANSPORTATION AND SO I KNOW YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN GOOD NEWS OF ANOTHER GREAT INDUSTRY WHICH IS SETTING A NEW HIGH STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR AMERICA....MAKERS OF CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS ARE NOW OFFERING THIS FINE LONG-FILLER CIGAR AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS AND MILLIONS OF SMOKERS ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS SERVICE TO GET A TRULY FINE HIGH-QUALITY TWENTIETH CENTURY CIGAR -- CERTIFIED CREMO -- AT PRICES WITHIN REACH OF ALL..... AS YOU HAVE SO ABLY SHOWN WITH THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED MR WILLIAMSON IT IS THE QUALITY OF SERVICE THAT COUNTS....IN TRANSPORTATION AS IN FINE CIGARS....CORDIALLY YOURS

(SIGNED) VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

This wire, ladies and gentlemen, was sent just two minutes ago to Mr. Fred E. Williamson, President of the New York Central Lines. Every cigar smoker will recognize the importance of the news it contains - that Certified Cremo Cigars are now five cents straight - three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Let's have another dance before the Baron comes out of the woods -- we're on our way to that combination of rhythm and melody headed by George Olsen.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Swing your partners to -- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you George, that's-----well, look who's here - the Baron Munchausen....that plain-spoken gentleman from the forest... Go ahead, Baron!

(SECOND PART -- "LUMBERJACK")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, leaves us until this same time next week. Incidentally, this genial ambassador of good-will is starring on Broadway in a new show by the Gershwin's -- entitled "Pardon My English," where he dispenses hilarity to the laughter-loving theatre-goers of New York!

Now there's baton-waving to be done, and George Olsen is the man to do it -- so get ready George, we're going to land right on your doorstep.

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

We now play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks George, that was fine, we'll call on you again in just a moment!....Today hundreds of people thronged to see the scores of glistening craft on display at New York's famous Motor Boat Show...as they inspected the gleaming brass and mahogany, the shining galleys and cozy decks of modern motor cruisers, you'd notice that these people are paying particular attention to this year's new values. And if you were there today you'd notice, too, how often such people, with an eye to the finest in value, are smoking the finest in cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE -- the cigarette that offers you the greatest value in rich, ripe, expensive tobaccos -- the cream of many splendid tobacco crops. Seeing is believing, my friends -- and if you were to examine the inside of a LUCKY you'd notice long, silken strands of flavorful tobacco -- full weight -- firmly packed. And every golden shred in that delicious blend is made mellow-mild by that exclusive "TOASTING" Process. Seeing is believing -- and when you light a LUCKY you see that it always burns with a long, firm ash that doesn't tend to flake and drop on your clothes....a white ash that's the sure sign of finest tobacco quality. And now in 1933 LUCKY STRIKE brings you an extra measure of value -- for you can now obtain LUCKIES for thirteen cents a package or two packages for a quarter.

Now the Magic Carpet is here to hurry you back to the dance floor....where George Olsen and his boys are waiting to serenade you so --

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

We play now -- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard boys....gather up your instruments....our train is leaving. (TRAIN SIGNATURE) The Magic Carpet dashes down the home stretch.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That, ladies and gentlemen, concludes this LUCKY STRIKE Hour. On Saturday night, we'll bring you the voices of our romantic young couple, Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, singing the hit songs from the musical comedy and operetta stage....also on that program we'll dance to the music of Jack Denny and his Orchestra from New York City and Hal Kemp's orchestra playing in Chicago.

Until Saturday then.....goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
1/26/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXI

"LUMBERJACK"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 26, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXI

"LUMBERJACK"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CHARACTERS:

THE BARON.....JACK PEARL
CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXI

"LUMBERJACK"

PART I

CHARLEY: Now look here, Baron - just because you say its so,
doesn't make it so.

BARON: Is that so? Well I say its so - so its so!

CHARLEY: All right its so.

BARON: I say I am a lumber-jake.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - not a lumberjake - a lumberjack.

BARON: In my country Jack is Jake.

CHARLEY: You look like a lumberjack as far as your attire is
concerned but where is the balance of your accoutrement?

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: Where is the balance of your paraphernalia, equipment,
gear - implements necessary in the felling and
dismantling of the products of the timberlands?

BARON:You're commencing early!

CHARLEY: In other words, where is your axe?

BARON: Did it take all those words to say "axe?"

CHARLEY: No, that's just one. Where is your axe?

BARON: What axe?

CHARLEY: The axe you use to chop down trees.

BARON: My goodness! Do you have to have an axe?

CHARLEY: Certainly, and where is your cant hook?

BARON: Who cant hook what?

CHARLEY: Your cant hook - the implement used for canting or turning logs over. And where is your saw, and your peavey?

BARON:Could you call up again?

CHARLEY: I said where is your peavey?

BARON: (LAUGH).....she's home.

CHARLEY: Home!

BARON: Sure -- and was she peavey this morning. She said Baron --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron - I'm talking about a peavey - another logging implement.

BARON: (LAUGH) I thought you meant my wife.

CHARLEY: Well, where is your peavey, and your axe, and your saw and your cant hook and your --

BARON: That's all you say, where is your ox, where is your B.V.D's, where is your pants hook - where is this - where is that -- and you dont ask me where is the most important thing of all.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Well, where is your cousin Hugo?

BARON: In the slumber camp.

CHARLEY: In the lumber camp!

BARON: No, the slumber camp - he's still asleep.

CHARLEY: Is he also a lumberjack?

BARON: No - he's a lumber joke.

CHARLEY: Does he know anything about lumber?

BARON: Sure -- he's got a great head for wood.

CHARLEY: I mean does he know anything about trees?

BARON: He's only interested in two kinds of trees.

CHARLEY: Two kinds of trees?

BARON: Yes, pantries and poultries.

CHARLEY: If he doesn't know anything about trees, what makes him so important in your lumber camp?

BARON: He has charge of the axes - and you know what they teach you in Geography.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: That the whole world revolves around its axes. But I will say this for Hugo ... Wherever we had to go to chop down trees he accompanied us.

CHARLEY: He accompanied you?

BARON: Yes .. on the harmonica.

CHARLEY: He must be a card!

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a whole deck. One time he was --

CHARLEY: Please, Baron - if you don't mind - I've had enough of your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: So have I.

CHARLEY: Lets get back to our original subject. What do you say?

BARON: Sure -- its my favorite subject and I like to talk about it.

CHARLEY: So do I.

BARON: That's fine. I ----- What was we talking about?

CHARLEY: Why, logging and lumber.

BARON: That's right! Logging and lummerler.

CHARLEY: Lumber!

BARON: Lumbulm -- bumlur --

CHARLEY: Lumber!

BARON: Bumlum -- blumber -- bum --

~~Ally~~

CHARLEY: What's the matter, Baron you've been saying "lumber" right along, why can't you say it now?

BARON: I got a splinter in my tongue.

CHARLEY: You've got a splinter in your tongue?

BARON: Yes -- must be from that sandwich I ate.

CHARLEY: A splinter from a sandwich?

BARON: Sure -- a club sandwich.

CHARLEY: Well, getting back to logging and lumber -- I spent a season in a logging camp where the pines were over one hundred feet high.

BARON: (LAUGHS) Toothpicks!

CHARLEY: Toothpicks?

BARON: Sure -- in my country we got what we call trees.

CHARLEY: How high are they?

BARON: Some are zeventeen hundred feet.

CHARLEY: Seventeen hundred feet high?

BARON: The baby ones.

CHARLEY: Baby ones!

BARON: Sure -- the old ones are much higher.

CHARLEY: The older trees are higher?

BARON: Oh, mucher! Once a boy started to climb one of the trees when he was six years old and by the time he reached the top his whiskers got tangled up in the branches . . .

CHARLEY: Do you expect me to believe anything as fantastical as that?

BARON: (LAUGH) You never disappointed me yet.

CHARLEY: I'M sorry, but I can't go for a boy climbing a tree and by the time he reached the top he had whiskers.

BARON: Could you go for a mustach?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So he had whiskers.

CHARLEY: All right - he had whiskers. I suppose a tree of that height has a large circumference.

BARON:What's the order?

CHARLEY: I said I suppose a tree of such magnitude has an enormous circumference, periphery, the perimeter of a closed area.

BARON:,who pushed me.

CHARLEY: I'll make it plainer, Baron - the measurements around -

BARON: Oh, the waist line!

CHARLEY: All right, we'll call it that. What is the waist line?

BARON: Twenty two, tight at the hips, straight line effect, inverted plaits at the front and back, puffed sleeves and --

CHARLEY: Hold on! What are you? A lumberjack or a dressmaker?

BARON: Whats the difference?

CHARLEY: What do you mean what's the difference?

BARON: After looking at my wife's dresses, a lumberjack could be a dressmaker and her dressmaker should be a lumberjack!

CHARLEY: You still haven't told me the circumference of the tree.

BARON: Sharley, I'm afraid you wouldn't believe it.

CHARLEY: I'm afraid I wouldn't.

BARON: So I won't frighten you. I had one tree that was so high I didn't want to chop it down.

CHARLEY: You didn't want to chop it down?

BARON: No, but I wanted some of the wood.

CHARLEY: So I suppose you chopped a piece off the top?

BARON: No sir - I took a piece from the middle.

CHARLEY: That was silly, because the top part fell just the same.

BARON: No sir, it didn't. It stayed right where it was.

CHARLEY: Do you mean to say you cut away the middle of the tree and the top part didn't fall?

BARON: Exactly.

CHARLEY: That's utterly impossible. It's against the law of gravitation.

BARON:could you bounce that back?

CHARLEY: I said it's against the law of gravitation.

BARON: (LAUGH) They don't have that law in my country.

CHARLEY: I beg your excellency's pardon, but I regret to say that your statement is preposterous.

BARON: Is it possible you think I am fibbing, falsifying or otherwise?

CHARLEY: Do you want me to be frank, Baron?

BARON:Could you come again?

CHARLEY: I said do you want me to be frank?

BARON: No -- I want you to be my Sharley -- my good friend Sharley.

CHARLEY: Baron, you touch me.

BARON: I wish I could -- but no fooling, I mean it! We have our quibbles and quabbles, but I like you, Sharley, and there is nothing I wouldn't do for you.

CHARLEY: Thank you, Baron - I assure you I appreciate your attitude. In this day when one is surrounded by malevolent, and rancorous humans - it is a source of satisfaction and gratification plus delectation to know -

BARON: Wait a minute!

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

BARON: I take it back!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) I'll take that with a grain of salt.

BARON: I'll take mine with mustard.

CHARLEY: About these large trees, Baron, how did you fell them?

BARON: Oh, we had a lot of good lumberjakes - but the best and the strongest was my brother-in-law.

CHARLEY: Your brother-in-law?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What's his name?

BARON: His name is -- now ain't this percoolia -- he's my brother-in-law and I can't think of his name.

CHARLEY: That is peculiar.

BARON: That's because I haven't seen him in a long time -- I even forget his face.

CHARLEY: Then you wouldn't know him if you saw him?

BARON: Oh sure - I would know him.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: He's got my suit on.

CHARLEY: But you can't think of his name?

BARON: No -- let me see -- it starts with a "Y".

CHARLEY: A "Y" - Yates?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Yale?

BARON: No - wait! I got it!

CHARLEY: What is it?

BARON: Yoe!

CHARLEY: Yoe! Do you mean Joe?

BARON: That's it! Yoe!

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but you spell Joe with a "J".

BARON: (LAUGH) Not me!

CHARLEY: So your brother-in-law Joe was the strongest lumberjack of them all?

BARON: Yes sir -- he could take an axe and with one chop he'd knock down the biggest tree.

CHARLEY: With one chop!

BARON: And french fried potatoes.

CHARLEY: One chop and french fried potatoes?

BARON: (LAUGH) Excuse me - I was thinking of another chop.

CHARLEY: A pork chop?

BARON: (LAUGH) Not in my house.

CHARLEY: Joe must have been quite a chopper?

BARON: That's nothing -- one day he hit a tree so hard -- the axe went right through -- came off the handle - flew through the air and chopped down another tree five miles away.

CHARLEY: Baron I'm spinning.

BARON: Don't worry old top --(LAUGH) I'm spinning too. Did I tell you about the time he pulled up two trees by the roots?

CHARLEY: No! And I don't want to hear it.

BARON: All right - so I'll tell you. One day he was walking in the woods looking for a pair of shoes.

CHARLEY: He was walking in the woods looking for a pair of shoes?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Where did he expect to find them?

BARON: On the shoe tree -- Well sir, he couldn't find shoes - but he got a nice set of furs for his wife.

CHARLEY: A set of furs?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: From a fir tree.

BARON: So you was there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Why yes. Didn't you see me?

BARON: Was you wearing a green sweater?

CHARLEY: Yes,

BARON: And a yellow woolen cap?

CHARLEY: Yes,

BARON: And high laced boots? Black ones?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: And did you have a red axe with a white handle?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) I didn't see you.

CHARLEY: I didn't think you did.

BARON: I guess you was looking for your family tree?

CHARLEY: My family tree? What kind of a tree is that?

BARON: A Hall tree! Well sir, when Joe couldn't find the shoe tree he was terrible mad.

CHARLEY: He was exasperated.

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: He was in a ferment, a tantrum, wrathful, piqued and acrimonious.

BARON:How you gamble with life.

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: He was so mad he took a tree in each hand and pulled them up by the roots.

CHARLEY: Some feat!

BARON: Some roots! He grabbed one tree by the suit case —

CHARLEY: By the suit case?

BARON: The trunk -- and the other one by a leg.

CHARLEY: A leg?

BARON: A limb! Smacked them together and the air for miles around was full of sawdust.

CHARLEY: Hocey!

BARON: No -- sawdust.

CHARLEY: Baron, that sounds like a Paul Bunyan episode.

BARON:Could I have a second portion?

CHARLEY: A Paul Bunyan tale -- you've heard of Bunyan, haven't you?

BARON: Sure -- I had so many one time I couldn't walk.

CHARLEY: No, no! Paul Bunyan - the Munchausen of the Timberlands.

BARON: The Munchausen of the -- don't tell me this.

CHARLEY: It's a fact, Baron. You can get his book at the library- He tells of marvelous adventures the same as you do .

BARON: Is that so? He -- the same as me -- a Munchausen - a -- He can't do it. I'll stop him!

CHARLEY: He felled trees with his bare hands -- He broke tremendous logs over his knee -- he killed grizzly bears with a blow of his fist -- he did things you never thought of doing.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No - I was not.

BARON: So he didn't do it!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXI

"LUMBERJACK"

PART II

CHARLEY: Baron, I suppose the life of a lumberjack is rather hazardous.

BARON: You see, Sharley, I -----what was that you threw at me?

CHARLEY: I said the life of a lumberjack is hazardous, precarious, perilous - always in jeopardy.

BARON: (LAUGH) -----and then came the dawn.

CHARLEY: Were you ever in a jam, Baron?

BARON: Sure - this morning.

CHARLEY: This morning?

BARON: Yes - my wife found a letter in my pocket.

CHARLEY: I mean a log jam.

BARON: Oh, sure! One day I chopped down two million trees and I was --

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: -----Don't you hear good?

CHARLEY: Yes - but I want to make sure I heard you alright.

BARON: I said one day I chopped down two million trees.

CHARLEY: Two million trees - - in one day?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Piffle.

BARON: No - pine. When I chucked them in the river they jellied.

CHARLEY: They what?

BARON: Why don't you just listen?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, go on with your story.

BARON: I said the logs got in a jelly, a preserve, a marmalade.

CHARLEY: Oh, a jam.

BARON: Sure - you make such a fuss over one word.

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: The jam was a half a mile high.

CHARLEY: A half a mile high?

BARON: Yes - - - this I had to spread out.

CHARLEY: You had to spread the jam out?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: You're very good at spreading the jam.

BARON: Sure I - - - - - sometimes you ain't so funny.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Just then a beer came along.

CHARLEY: A beer?

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean a logger. He wanted to help me but I said "No."

CHARLEY: You said "No."

BARON: Yes - - - for small jobs like that the Baron don't need any help.

CHARLEY: Breaking up a jam of two million logs is a small job?

BARON: Sharley, I could have done it with one hand tied behind my back.

CHARLEY: Why didn't you?

BARON: (LAUGH) I didn't have any rope. Well, to bring a long story to a close up, I picked up those logs and threw them right and left, up and down, back and front! And in five minutes I broke up the jam.

CHARLEY: Baron, if you expect me to believe that you must think I'm a fool.

BARON: Sharley, I expect you to believe it.

CHARLEY: Well, I don't - no living man under the sun could - single handed-break up a jam of two million logs.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So single handed I broke up a jam of two million logs!

CHARLEY: I won't waste time arguing. Tell me, what is the biggest boom you ever saw?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Hugo? I said boom! A line of connected floating timber used to confine logs --- a boom.

BARON: (LAUGH) I thought you said "Bum".

CHARLEY: Now, now, Baron that's not a nice way to talk about your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: I was only joking. Hugo is a good fellow --- he's got a heart of gold.

CHARLEY: A heart of gold!

BARON: Yes --- and a head of ivory! But even so, one time he was one of those big silent men of the woods.

CHARLEY: When was that?

BARON: The day I knocked him speechless with an axe handle.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My handle!

CHARLEY: You know, Baron - in looking you over I miss something very important to a lumberjack.

BARON: What?

CHARLEY: Well, what do lumberjacks have in their boots?

BARON: Feet.

CHARLEY: No - I mean on the bottom of the boot.

BARON: Soles.

CHARLEY: No, no! On the soles.

BARON: Mud!

CHARLEY: Evidently you don't know, so I'll tell you - on the bottom of the boots are calks.

BARON: Corks! (LAUGH) Don't be silly. Corks are for bottles - not for boots.

CHARLEY: Not corks -- calks

BARON: Not corks - corks! -- You're good too.

CHARLEY: Calks! C-A-L-K-S. Sharp metal points to prevent slipping.

BARON: Oh -- corks!

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: That's what I said.

CHARLEY: You did not.

BARON: Well -- I meant to say it. In my lumber camp I had a special man to put on the corks. Who do you think it was?

CHARLEY: Don't tell me it was your cousin Hugo!

BARON: Sure! Who told you?

CHARLEY: Seems we can't get away from Hugo.

BARON: Nobody can.

CHARLEY: Is he good at attaching corks?

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a corker! But he should have been a stone cutter.

CHARLEY: Why should he have been a stone cutter?

BARON: He's such a great chiseler!

CHARLEY: By the way, where is this logging camp of yours?

BARON: In Kitty lawn mower.

CHARLEY: Kitty lawn mower.

BARON: Jenny Shovel, Edna rake --

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you mean Idaho!

BARON: That's it! Idaho! Up there I got all kinds of trees.

CHARLEY: What is your favorite tree, Baron?

BARON: Clam chowder.

CHARLEY: Clam chowder! That's not a tree.

BARON: What do I care. That's my favorite.

CHARLEY: My favorite tree is the cherry tree.

BARON: I once 'hopped down a cherry tree with one slap of a hatchet.

CHARLEY: You chopped down a cherry tree with one stroke of a hatchet?

BARON: Yes sir -- you know George Washington chopped down a cherry tree also.

CHARLEY: I know -- but he didn't lie about it.

BARON: That's right I -- who let you in?

CHARLEY: What do you think of Maple, Baron?

BARON: She's all right but I like Sophie better.

CHARLEY: I mean maple trees.

BARON: (LAUGH) I thought you was talking about Maple Bush. It's funny how girls have names like trees.

CHARLEY: It really is.

BARON: I know a girl named Hazel.

CHARLEY: Hazel?

BARON: Yes - she's a nut. You know, Sharley, life is just one tree after the other.

CHARLEY: How do you figure that out, Baron?

BARON: Well a girl flirts with a feller - that's coquetry, he buys her dinner - that's gallantry, they fall in love - that's poetry, they're made one by the ministry, they build a home - that's industry, and a year later --

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Infantry.

CHARLEY: Right you are, Baron, but getting back to timber - without any joking - according to statistics the annual cut of lumber in the United States from 1923 to 1928 was approximately thirty seven billion board feet - of which thirty one billion was of soft wood and six billion of hardwood.

BARON: Please.....Keep out of my department.

CHARLEY: But it's a fact ...what do you think of it?

BARON: (LAUGH) Looks like we've been eating more soft wood than hard wood.

CHARLEY: Think of the wonderful uses lumber is put to. Wood is used in the manufacturing and building of everything from a toothpick to a sky scraper.

BARON: From a plank steak to a political platform.

CHARLEY: What would the world do without wood?

BARON: What would wooden weddings do without wood?

CHARLEY: Furniture, chairs, tables ---

BARON: I don't like tables.

CHARLEY: You don't like tables?

BARON: Dining room tables.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Because a dining room table brings a dining room and a dining room brings relations.

CHARLEY: I could talk for hours without exhausting the uses to which lumber is put.

BARON: But you forgot one very important thing.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: Jig Saw puzzles.

CHARLEY: Jig saw puzzles! They've become quite a fad, haven't they?

BARON: Yes -- I had one last night that had me jiggling.

CHARLEY: A hard one to put together?

BARON: Three hundred pieces -- but I got it!

CHARLEY: You succeeded in putting the pieces together properly?

BARON: Yes sir -- and I had twenty eight pieces left over.

CHARLEY: Twenty eight pieces left over!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What did the picture look like when you finished?

BARON: I couldn't tell whether it was a battleship or a cow.

CHARLEY: I suppose, Baron, you've had some interesting experiences during your career as a lumberjack?

BARON: More as I could count. One day I was walking around the camp when I saw my cousin Hugo --

CHARLEY: Cousin Hugo is with us again.

BARON: You can't lose him.

CHARLEY: Is Hugo your cousin on your father's side or your mother's side?

BARON: Give Hugo a meal and he's on anybody's side.

CHARLEY: He likes to eat?

BARON: Likes to eat! There is only one thing he likes to do better than eat a meal.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: Eat two meals! In the morning he eats breakfast, and by the time he is finished its time for lunch, and we gotta wait for him to get through eating lunch so we can set the table for supper.

CHARLEY: Was he eating the time you met him in the camp?

BARON: No - he was boring a hole in a tree.

CHARLEY: Boring a hole in a tree?

BARON: Yes -- I said "Cuzzie" --

CHARLEY: Cuzzie?

BARON: Yes, I call him cuzzie --

CHARLEY: Why do you call him cuzzie?

BARON: Cuzz - he likes it.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: Double ouch! I said, "Cuzzie what are you making a hole in the tree for?" and he said "I want to get something out".

CHARLEY: The sap.

BARON: Ye -- please. You don't have to call him names.

CHARLEY: I wasn't calling him names. I was referring to the sap of the tree -- Sap comes from trees.

BARON: Saps comes from all over. Well, anyhow, sure enough out come dripping something sticky all over Hugo's hands.

CHARLEY: The sap.

BARON: The sa -- I say he is not a sap!

CHARLEY: I didn't say he was.

BARON: Charley, my ears are not sound proof -- I heard what you said.

CHARLEY: All right, go on with your story.

BARON: The sticky stuff was dripping out and -- -- -- I don't like anybody to call my cousin Hugo a sap because he is not a sap.

CHARLEY: All right, he's not a sap.

BARON: Please don't forget this.

CHARLEY: I wont. What about the sticky stuff?

BARON: It was dripping all over my cousin Hugo's hands.

CHARLEY: Dripping all over his hands?

BARON: Yes -- so I said "Take your hands away, you big sap."

CHARLEY: You called him a big sap.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: But just a moment ago you said he wasn't a sap.

BARON: I changed my mind. Just then I looked up and what did I see?

CHARLEY: What did you see?

BARON: A bear!

CHARLEY: A bear!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: A cinamon bear?

BARON:once over, please?

CHARLEY: I said, was it a cinamon bear?

BARON: I don't know what was his flavor -- all I know is he started sniffing.

CHARLEY: He smelled the sap.

BARON: Yes -- I got a whiff of him too.

CHARLEY: Bears are crazy about sap.
BARON: I could tell that the minute he jumped down.
CHARLEY: How could you tell?
BARON: He started running after Hugo.
CHARLEY: He started running after Hugo?
BARON: Yes - and Hugo didn't stop running till he got home.
CHARLEY: Is he going back to the logging camp with you?
BARON: No - - He's got a good job now.
CHARLEY: What is he doing?
BARON: He's a barber in a drug store.
CHARLEY: A barber in a drug store?
BARON: Yes.
CHARLEY: What are his duties?
BARON: He - - - - (LAUGH)
CHARLEY: Come, Baron, tell me what are Hugo's duties as a barber
in a drug store?
BARON: He shaves the ice for the soda fountain!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

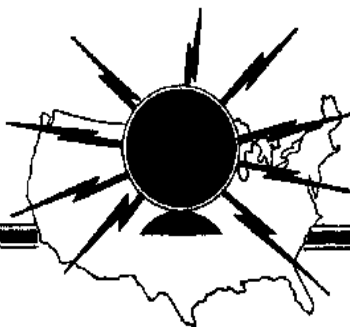
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/D
1/24/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight the Magic Carpet speeds us between New York and Chicago.....here in New York we have Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, our romantic singers of musical comedy and operetta hits, and Jack Denny and his orchestra, who will bring us the dance music from the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Right at this moment out in Chicago, Hal Kemp and his musical boys are waiting for us to join them.....so let's be off with a flip of a switch.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

ANNOUNCER:

Hal Kemp and his orchestra greet you from Chicago with

-- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet is eastward bound out of Chicago and back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Did you ever think of that little LUCKY STRIKE

Cigarette of yours as the meeting place of dozens of the world's finest tobaccos? To a tobacco expert, that's what it is - and if you were to ask him, he'd open up that little cigarette and point out to you in those long, silken strands the choicest, tenderest tobaccos - every golden shred blending perfectly with its mate....every fragrant strand aged and mellowed with the care and patience of men who know and love tobaccos. And when you light a LUCKY, a tobacco man would point out to you in the firm, white ash the sure sign of fine tobacco quality - and this firm white ash is especially appreciated by women who wish to avoid ashes dropping on filmy gowns. In LUCKY STRIKE the finest tobaccos are brought to perfection by that famous "TOASTING" Process....the process that imparts flavorful mellow-mildness. And every LUCKY is packed full weight, and firmly rolled to give you the utmost smoking enjoyment. When you consider all the wealth of pure tobacco goodness that goes into that little LUCKY STRIKE of yours - it's really remarkable, isn't it, that such a truly fine cigarette can be offered at thirteen cents, or two packages for twenty-five cents!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADING DOWN TO BACKING AS MR. CLANEY SAYS:)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The bows and strings are blending that melody into a setting of romance, as Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday make their appearance.

In their first song tonight they take you back in memory to the year of 1915 when the show "Miss Springtime" was playing on Broadway. Perhaps you can recall that scene in the second act, and the lovely waltz song "IN THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE." Then from the great Romberg operetta "New Moon" Miss Rice sings that delightful melody, "ONE KISS." Some of you may not remember that show of 1919, "THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY" but nearly every one will recognize the unforgettable song -- "I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW."

The footlights are coming up and silhouetted in the spotlight, against the backdrop are Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(RICE AND HALLIDAY SING -- "IN THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE"

"ONE KISS"

"I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday will join us again a little later in this program, but meanwhile the Magic Carpet is restless and must be going places and doing things...so let's all pay a visit to Jack Denny who is entertaining tonight in the Empire Room of the Waldorf Astoria...Here we go!

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

JACK DENNY:

Good evening, every one. This is Jack Denny inviting
you to dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

Back to the Pilot, up town and across town, dashes
the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

No name stands higher in the annals of American
industry than that of Charles M. Schwab. As an executive he is
admired; as a philanthropist, he is famed. He is an incurable
optimist, because he believes firmly in the good common sense, the
stability and the sanity of the average American. Because of these
traits of Mr. Schwab's and because of his notable insistence on "a
square deal" in associations with his employees, we have just sent
him a telegram. It left here at 10:29 Eastern Standard Time. I
will read the message. It says:

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

MR. CHARLES M. SCHWAB,
73rd STREET, RIVERSIDE DRIVE
NEW YORK CITY

SIR

MANY TIMES YOU HAVE BEEN QUOTED AS BEING THANKFUL FOR THE GOD-GIVEN GIFT OF BEING ABLE TO SEE THE GOOD IN OTHER PEOPLE AND MAKING THEM SEE THE GOOD IN YOU...YOUR FAITH IN YOUR FELLOW MEN AND YOUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SQUARE DEAL WILL ENABLE YOU TO APPRECIATE THIS WELCOME NEWS TO THE SMOKERS OF AMERICA.....THE RIGHT ARTICLE AT THE RIGHT PRICE WILL ALWAYS DO BUSINESS AND IN OFFERING CERTIFIED CREMO AT THE UNIQUE VALUE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS WE GIVE AMERICAN SMOKERS A SQUARE DEAL....CERTIFIED CREMO OFFERS FINE QUALITY..UNIQUE VALUE AND IS FINISHED UNDER GLASS..... TODAY CREMO SALES ARE THE LARGEST IN CIGAR HISTORY JUSTIFYING OUR BELIEF AND YOURS THAT GOOD COMES FROM DOING GOOD...WITH SINCERE REGARDS.....

(SIGNED) VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

That telegram, ladies and gentlemen, will in a few minutes be delivered at the home of Charles M. Schwab. Its message is also a message to every cigar smoker in America - the news that you can now obtain fine, long-filler Certified Cremo cigars at five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD OLANEY:

This is where we ride again...Over New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.....and there's Michigan and Illinois....and now we're coming into Chicago. Hal Kemp and his boys from the Black Hawk Restaurant are right down there, so --

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

ANNOUNCER:

Once again from Chicago, Hal Kemp and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS MR.

CLANEY SAYS:)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The stage is set....and the orchestra in the pit, conducted by Dr. Katzman is playing the overture as the curtain rises on another pleasant interlude of romance. Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, our romantic young couple have chosen first of all the song "I LOVE YOU", a lilting melody from the show "Little Jesse James." Following that they will reminisce again as they sing from that great success "Madame Sherry" the haunting song, "EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT HAS A MEANING ALL ITS OWN." Those of you who can remember "Madame Sherry" will also recall another successful show which was produced the same year...."Spring Maid" and the melody taken from that score...."DAY DREAMS."

(RICE AND HALLIDAY SING: "I LOVE YOU"
"EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT HAS A MEANING OF
ITS OWN"
"DAY DREAMS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's a press dispatch from Omaha, Nebraska:

Students of Creighton University who smoke were found to have an average of 87 per cent in their studies, while those who do not were found to have an average of 82 per cent,...that is, says the survey, the smokers stood higher in their classes. Now, ladies and gentlemen, of course none of us who relish a fine cigarette pretends to believe that smoking makes us more intelligent. But the fact is, the most alert of today's young people have pretty generally discovered the pleasure and relaxation there is in a fine, truly mild cigarette. Modern college men and women have found delightful enjoyment in the smooth mildness and delicious flavor of LUCKY STRIKE -- the modern cigarette. The fine, rich flavor they enjoy so much in LUCKIES is born of the choicest tobaccos -- the cream of many tobacco crops. That delightful mellow-mildness is blended into every long, golden strand of your LUCKY by the exclusive, scientifically exact Toasting Process. And when you light a LUCKY, you'll be glad to find that it burns with a long, firm ash.....a solid, white ash that resists flaking and falling on your clothes. That pure white ash is a sign of the fine tobacco quality that's packed so firmly into every LUCKY STRIKE -- the cigarette that brings you the utmost smoking enjoyment, as its new price -- thirteen cents or two packages of LUCKIES for a quarter, brings you the utmost in cigarette value.

HOWARD CLANEY:

It won't take long to make the next hop....the Waldorf Astoria isn't many blocks away and right there Jack Denny's music fits perfectly into the subdued surroundings of the beautiful Empire Room. You're on your way now, so open wide the doors Jack Denny... we're going to land right on the dance floor.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK DENNY..(WHISTLE)..OKAY WALDORF ASTORIA

JACK DENNY:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

Over Manhattan's bright lights speeds the Magic Carpet, back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so, ladies and gentlemen, another LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close. On Tuesday night we'll present "The Barton Brothers," another case taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, at Washington, D.C. The dance music for that evening will be furnished by Anson Weeks and his Orchestra.

Until Tuesday then -- goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

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

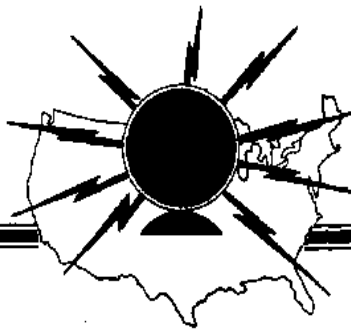
AGENCY/chilleen - 1/28/33 *****



THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

We bring you tonight a thrilling dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. This case is called "THE BARTON BROTHERS," and concerns the most vicious type of criminal....the ruthless killer....But before the curtain rises in the Magic Carpet Theatre, we'll take a quick trip to the dance floor.....Anson Weeks and his Orchestra from the Sea Glade of the Hotel St. Regis have a plentiful supply of melody...so let's call for it.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

ANSON WEEKS:

Good evening, everybody. This is Anson Weeks
greeting you with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's fine, Anson, I can just see the millions dancing to those tunes....and say....Did you see that news story telling of new, closely-guarded experiments in television, and predicting an amazing development in 1933? I wish those secret experiments were successful right now -- I could show you, right before your eyes, an important fact about the cigarettes you smoke. I would open up a LUCKY STRIKE cigarette....and I'd point out to you that even when that cigarette is opened, the tobaccos retain their firm, cylindrical shape. Try it yourself -- seeing is believing! You'll notice that every LUCKY STRIKE is well packed, full weight; that it contains long, uniform strands of tobacco -- no coarse, bulky pieces, no large, hard stems. The tobacco in your LUCKY STRIKE is the finest in the world, bought without regard for expense; aged and blended with the utmost care, made extra flavorful and mellow-mild by the famous "TOASTING" Process. But seeing is believing -- and you'll see the proof of all those facts right before your eyes when you light a LUCKY....For LUCKY STRIKE burns with firm, solid ash that resists flaking and dropping on your clothes.....a white ash, my friends, that is the unmistakable sign of the finest tobacco quality. With any cigarette, the proof is in the smoking...when you smoke a LUCKY, you'll find in its firm white ash, in its smooth, mellow mildness, the proof of the utmost cigarette quality -- now yours at the utmost in cigarette value, for LUCKY STRIKE is now two packages for twenty-five cents.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we're in the Magic Carpet Theatre....the footlights brighten the edge of the curtain....and a hush falls over the great audience. The dramatization which we are about to bring you is called "THE BARTON BROTHERS".....a real case taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, at Washington, D.C. Even now Special Agent Five is receiving instructions as they flash through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE BARTON BROTHERS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Federal Agents are spreading the net for the Barton brothers. Will they succeed in stopping the wild dash of these two gunmen? In a few minutes we'll present the second and final act of this drama, but now you have time for a few dances, so let's join Anson Weeks and his boys!

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

ANSON WEEKS:

We play this time -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A pioneering son carries on the pioneering spirit of his illustrious father! Kermit Roosevelt, President of the Roosevelt Steamship Company, Vice-President of the International Mercantile Marine Company, and an official of the United States Lines, continues in the spirit of his father, Theodore Roosevelt....to send the American Flag on great liners to every corner of the globe. It was under Kermit Roosevelt's regime that the great new S. S. Manhattan, largest ship ever built in America, was successfully launched; and her sister-ship, the S. S. Washington, is now being completed.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

CHIEF: Where?

ASSISTANT: (LOW VOICE) In the car -- that man.

CHIEF: Where?

ASSISTANT: Oh, I see now -- it's only a tramp, asleep.

CHIEF: A tramp?

ASSISTANT: Yeah. Should I sock him and wake him up?

CHIEF: No, let's move along.

ASSISTANT: (FADING) Try this next car, huh?

CHIEF: (FADING IN. DULLY) All right. Take a look.

ASSISTANT: Say, what ails you, chief?

CHIEF: Nothing.

ASSISTANT: Well, then --

CHIEF: Sam---

ASSISTANT: Huh?

CHIEF: Come back here.

ASSISTANT: Where to?

CHIEF: That other boxcar.

ASSISTANT: What for?

CHIEF: (THINKING HARD) That tramp, asleep. He's not a tramp -- and he's not asleep.

ASSISTANT: Charley?

CHIEF: There was something familiar about the sleeve of -- the sleeve of his coat. (FADES QUICKLY) Hurry!- Hurry!

ASSISTANT: (FADES IN) Here's the torch -- flash the light on him.

CHIEF: (WOODENLY) Yeh. Flash the light on him. It's Charley, all right. And -- (HORROR) Good lord, Sam! -- look what they done to him.

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Because he is a real pioneer....because he has carried on the finest traditions of American business....we have just sent Mr. Kermit Roosevelt this telegram:--

MR. KERMIT ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT STEAMSHIP COMPANY
#1 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

SIR:

WE SALUTE YOU AS A FELLOW PIONEER....JUST AS YOU HAVE DEVELOPED A GREAT STEAMSHIP BUSINESS FOR THE AMERICAN FLAG SO HAVE WE PIONEERED IN THE CIGAR INDUSTRY BY OFFERING A REALLY FINE CIGAR AT LITTLE COST....CERTIFIED CREMO AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS....CERTIFIED CREMO PIONEERED IN MODERN METHODS OF MANUFACTURE THE FIRST AND ONLY ONE TO BRING SMOKERS THE CLEANLINESS OF A CIGAR FINISHED UNDER GLASS....NOT ONLY YOU BUT ALL CAPTAINS OF YOUR SHIPS EVERY PASSENGER AND MEMBER OF YOUR CREWS CAN NOW ENJOY THE UTMOST CIGAR PLEASURE AT LOWEST COST...BEST WISHES FOR SUCCESS OF YOUR GREAT NEW STEAMSHIP THE S S WASHINGTON.....WITH KINDEST PERSONAL REGARDS.....

(SIGNED) VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Ladies and Gentlemen this telegram is even now on its way to Kermit Roosevelt, President of the Roosevelt Steamship Company. It contains news of an important advance in the cigar industry -- CERTIFIED CREMO, that fine long-filler cigar is now five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's lots of music and excitement ahead...we'll have the thrills in just a minute...but Anson Weeks and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra have the music right now, so --

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Again we sit before the great stage in the Magic Carpet Theatre.....a stage that stretches across the whole country.... and the scene is set for the last act of "THE BARTON BROTHERS", a real case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation. Kid and Floyd Barton, caught with an automobile they had stolen, were being brought back from Texas by the Sheriff of Muscogee, Oklahoma and his deputy. They overpowered the two officers, killed the deputy and left the sheriff chained to a tree. Since that time their ready guns have brought swift tragedy to any one who opposed them. In Livingston, Montana they killed a police officer and left town with a girl named Louise who had joined them there. The Barton Brothers discover that they are wanted by the Federal Agents and have decided to steal another car and keep traveling. It's dangerous business to stop these killers, but now the Federal Agents are on their trail so let's watch them work. Special Agent Five is waiting for orders from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE BARTON BROTHERS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That, ladies and gentlemen, definitely proves again that cold steel is no match for brains. The Barton brothers tried to blaze a trail across the country with bullets but their mad career came to an abrupt end.

Next Tuesday night we'll enact another case from the United States Government files in Washington, D.C....and now back to the business of dancing...here's Anson Weeks, that skilled weaver of dance patterns...whose reputation as a music-maker has followed him all the way from sunny California to New York town.... he's raising his baton now....so let's give him his cue!

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

ANSON WEEKS:

Swing your partners to -- (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet is on its ways.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Anson...that's another grand load of tunes...
we'll call on you again in just a minute.

Here's an interesting item about one of America's
crack trains -- the "George Washington" of the Chesapeake and Ohio
Railroad, the only completely air-conditioned train in the world.
To add a little touch of hospitality, the dining car steward always
passes a silver chest of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, offering every
diner the enjoyment of a fine cigarette at the conclusion of his or
her meal. How well the management knows that travelers like to
enjoy the best of smooth, mild, even-burning cigarettes! And by
serving LUCKIES the fine linen napery of the George Washington's
dining car is protected as well - for you'll notice that LUCKY
STRIKE always burns with a firm white ash that resists the tendency
to flake and drop. That, my friends, is because every LUCKY is
filled full weight with long, silken strands of the finest, purest,
most expensive tobaccos. And you can be sure that these choice
tobaccos are mellow-mild and delicious because they're "TOASTED."
That's why smokers who know what's what are so universally in favor
of LUCKIES - especially so today when your dealer offers you
LUCKIES at two packages for twenty-five cents.

About Thursday night...of course you know that's the
night when Jack Pearl struts up to the microphone with his friend
Sharley and relates his adventures as the Baron Munchausen. Between
the intervals of laughter on that program, Abe Lyman and his
orchestra will set the nation dancing...but tonight Anson Weeks is
with us...and his boys from the Hotel St. Regis are gathered around
him...so let them play!

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

ANSON WEEKS:

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

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

ANSON WEEKS:

We're off on that short and speedy hop.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the end of another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. Don't forget Thursday night is laugh night....Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen will be there and so will Abe Lyman and his Orchestra.

Until Thursday then, goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
1/31/33

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XIV

"THE BARTON BROTHERS"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JANUARY 31, 1933

**** ****

**** ****

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XIV

"THE BARTON BROTHERS"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZED BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

FLOYD BARTON	STOREKEEPER
KID BARTON	SPECIAL AGENT CARVER
SHERIFF JACK HAYES (MUSKOGEE)	SPECIAL AGENT WORTERS
DEPUTY SHERIFF TOM SIMMS (MUSKOGEE)	OFFICER FLINT MACKIE
LOUISE PRENTICE	(PHOENIX
OFFICER HAXALL (LIVINGSTON, MONT.)	MARSHAL FRASER (TEMPE,
CHIEF OF POLICE, (LIVINGSTON)	ARIZ)
ASSISTANT CHIEF, (LIVINGSTON)	MEXICAN SHEEPHERDER(LUIS)
	NURSE
	DOCTOR

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XIV

"THE BARTON BROTHERS"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER....DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE BARTON BROTHERS"....BASED ON CASE NO. 26-5190....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 Barton Brothers"....real people....real places....real clues..... a real case.....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout....our case begins in the town of Sanderson, Texas.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

HAYES: All right, boys. Just get in the car, and don't make trouble.

FLOYD: O.K., O.K., Sheriff. Don't hurry me. We got lots of time.

SIMMS: Yes indeedy. We got lots of time to take you fellows where you're going.

KID: Yeah? Where's that?

SIMMS: You know good and well, Kid Barton -- Oklahoma State Penitentiary, for stealin' this car out of Muskogee.

HAYES: And we're taking you and the car back together. Pretty cute of us, don't you figger?

KID: (LOW VOICE TO HIS BROTHER) Sit tight, Floyd, and we'll show 'em who's cute.

SIMMS: What did you say?

KID: Nothin'. Nothin'.

SIMMS: Then get in the back seat, Hayes, you and Floyd get in front. I'll sit beside you, Kid.

KID: You'll have to, if you don't want one of our arms tore off.

(CLINK OF HANDCUFFS)

You have to keep this shackle on my wrist, Sheriff?

SIMMS: Yes, I have to. Sit down.

(AUTO DOOR CLOSED)

All set up in front, Hayes?

HAYES: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) All right -- I've got Floyd right here where I reckon he can't do no harm.

SIMMS: Let's get started then.

(AUTOMOBILE ENGINE AND GEARS STARTING)

The famous Barton brothers -- on a one-way trip to Muskogee!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE EFFECT AND HORN. (FADES ON SIGNAL)

SIMMS: (FADING IN) What's the matter, Kid? Can't you sit still? No use fidgettin' around. We got a long way to go yet.

KID: I wish you'd take the iron off my wrist, Sheriff.

SIMMS: Not a chance, Kid. Forget it.

KID: Well, you ain't got any on my other hand.

SIMMS: I don't need it -- I just want to be sure you don't take wings and fly that's all.

KID: (VERY DEADLY) Yeah? Well, that's where you made a big mistake, brother.

SIMMS: Here -- what you doin'!

KID: Drawin' yo gun out of the holster, with my left hand!

SIMMS: Hayes -- Hayes -- look out----for the love of ---

(TWO SHOTS FOLLOWED BY GROAN FROM HAYES)

KID: I got him! I got him in the back, Floyd. Grab hold of the wheel, quick!

SIMMS: If you think you're goin' to get away with this --

KID: Shut up, Sheriff, if you don't want to get plugged too.

(AUTO STOPS)

Nice lonely stretch of road here. Is Hayes dead?

FLOYD: Yeah, sure.

SIMMS: Kid Barton, that was cold-blooded murder! If you think you're going to get away with it, you'll have to murder me too!

KID: Shut up, Simms, I told you once. Get Hayes' keys, Floyd.

FLOYD: I got 'em.

KID: Turn yourself loose.

FLOYD: (CLINKING METAL) That's what I'm doing.

KID: All right, get me out of this handcuff.

FLOYD: Hold still.

(CLINK OF HANDCUFFS)

There, you go, Kid.

SIMMS: You -- you pair of --

KID: Never mind about that, Simms - we know what we are.

Get out of this machine.

SIMMS: What are you going to do? Shoot me in the back too?

KID: We'll see. Get out of the car.

FLOYD: (OFF) Come on off of the road too, Sheriff.

KID: (FADING IN) Here's what to do, Floyd. Chain him to this tree with his own handcuffs. I'll drag the dead one out of the car to keep him company.

FLOYD: Put your arms around this tree behind you, Sheriff.

Come on. Come on.

SIMMS: Going to leave me here to starve, huh?

(CLINK OF HANDCUFFS)

FLOYD: We're broadminded, Simms. We don't care what happens to you.

SIMMS: You don't need to tell me that. But I'll tell you something -- you'll never get away with this. You're on top now, but somewhere, some day --

KID: (FADING IN) Yeah? Some day what?

SIMMS: The law will catch up to you.

(KID LAUGHS)

FLOYD: Don't talk to him, Kid. Th'ow the dead one down and let's hike. We've got business up the road.

BABE: Yeah, business. But we won't hike. We're going to ride from now on Floyd -- ride like the millionaires do. Come on! Get in the car.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR STARTS AND RUNS ALONG.
2. PHONE RINGS.

(RECEIVER PICKED UP)

CHIEF: Police Department -- this is the Chief speaking. Yes, good morning, sir. Yes, I heard about it first thing I came in. It makes the fourth robbery in three weeks. Well, you bet I'm goin' to do somethin' soon as I get a lead to go on. All right, sir. I'll let you know when I do. Goodbye.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

By Jiminy, that makes me mad.

ASSISTANT: Who was it, Chief?

CHIEF: The Mayor. You'd think I arranged them burglaries.

ASSISTANT: Well, folks are gettin' sort of on their ear about 'em.

CHIEF: That's what makes me sure it's out-of-town crooks doin' the mischief, Sam. In a city the size o' Livingston, with every one on the watch, we'd of heard of any suspicious strangers. My guess says it's professional thieves, an' they're travellin' in a fast car that gets 'em out o' range o' the alarm.

ASSISTANT: What you goin' to do about it, Chief?

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

CHIEF: I got Charley Haxall comin' in. He's just a kid,
but he's smart.

(KNOCK)

ASSISTANT: Want me to go to the door?

CHIEF: No. Reckon it's Charley. (CALLS) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

HAXALL: (FADING IN) Mornin' chief. Hello, Sam.

ASSISTANT: Hello, Charley. Where's your uniform?

HAXALL: Chief told me to leave it home. What's up, sir?

CHIEF: Same thing. Another burglary last night. Charley,
I'm puttin' you on plain clothes detail.

HAXALL: Fine. What do I do?

CHIEF: Just snoop around for the time being. Cover the
auto-camps an' the jungles where the hoboes hang out
in the daytime. Then go down to the freight yard at
night and keep your eyes open.

ASSISTANT: You think they'll try another box-car robbery, Chief?

CHIEF: Might. Anyway, the freight-yard's a place where they
been a couple o' times before, so we want to watch it.
Understand, Charley?

HAXALL: Sure, chief. If they're still around, I'll get a
line on 'em.

CHIEF: That's the boy; you come in here each morning and give
me a report. Livingston, Montana ain't a very big
city, but we got hoss sense. I'll be switched if
we're goin' to have crimes without tryin' to find out
who done 'em. All right, son -- beat it -- and good
luck to you.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.
2. RAILROAD ENGINE STARTS AND FADES INTO DISTANCE.

CHIEF: Doggone, Doggone, what's the matter with Charley?
ASSISTANT: I don't know, Chief. He didn't report this morning.
CHIEF: I know you don't know! Doggone. Now we got to tramp through these freight yards all night looking for him.
ASSISTANT: I wonder if Charley could have hung up with any trouble.
CHIEF: Trouble? What do you think we got? Two more boxcar robberies last night!
ASSISTANT: Yeah, I know about that.
(LONG MELANCHOLY BLAST OF LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE IN DISTANCE, FADING)
CHIEF: What's that?
ASSISTANT: Reckon that's the northbound midnight mail. She's been out 'bout four minutes...time to blow for Crawford's Mill.
CHIEF: Yeah, that's right.
ASSISTANT: Don't you think we better look through this cut o' boxcars?
CHIEF: I suppose so.
ASSISTANT: This door's open...I'll flash my torch inside. See anything?
CHIEF: \ No. (FADES) Try this one.
ASSISTANT: (FADING IN) O.K. (PAUSE) Say:
CHIEF: What's the trouble?
ASSISTANT: Who's that in there?

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN WHISTLE LONG AND MOURNFUL IN DISTANCE.
2. MOTOR CAR RUNNING OVER ROAD.

FLOYD: Listen, kid. What do you have to have this dame with us for? Why do you always drag her along? It's begging for trouble.

KID: Ah, forget it, Floyd. So far it's cops that's had the trouble -- not us.

FLOYD: You ought to've left Louise back in Livingston -- I'm telling you.

LOUISE: I don't see why we had to leave Livingston. The ladies at the auto camp were real nice.

FLOYD: Real nice, huh? Well, it's too bad the cop in the freight-yard wasn't the same way -- Real nice, huh? We ought to have left you back there.

LOUISE: Oh, is that so, you cheap gorilla!

KID: Never mind Floyd, Louise -- I won't ditch you.

LOUISE: Course you won't, honey boy.

FLOYD: (RENEWING THE ATTACK) Listen, Kid -- this dame is just one more way the police have of tracking us. Supposing they get to locking for two men and a woman-- that's easier to find than just two men.

KID: Well, that's one o' the breaks, Floyd. You can't get 'em all. It's like how was we to know a kid would come along and turn loose that Muskogee Sheriff we left handcuffed to the tree? (REGRETFUL) We could have shot him!

FLOYD: That's what I'm telling you. We ought to play safe and --

KID: Out the beefin'. Louise stays.

FLOYD: Is that right? Well, you get a load of this---

KID: Wait a minute, there's a general store by the road.
Reckon I'll pull up for a second.

(CAR STOPS)

FLOYD: What you want in the store?

KID: Matches. I want a smoke. Louise, run in and get
some matches, willya?

LOUISE: (FADING) All right, Kid. I'll be right back.

KID: (FADING) Sure. See, Floyd, I get service. You
don't.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS. SMALL BELL RINGS)

STOREKEEPER: Good day, what can I do for ye?

LOUISE: (FADING IN) All I want is a box of matches, mister.

STOREKEEPER: Tobacco counter's yonder, Miss. Matches are there.
Step over, will you?

LOUISE: (FADING) What you got over here? A postoffice, too.

STOREKEEPER: Yes, ma'am -- and I be the postmaster.

LOUISE: (GASPS) Say -- those posters there on the bulletin
board -- are they -- I mean -- well---

STOREKEEPER: What's the trouble? Recognize any o' them fugitives
from the law?

LOUISE: (CHOKING DOWN FRIGHT) Uh -- uh -- what's this one
right here?

STOREKEEPER: Let me see which one ye mean. Well, young woman, that
there's the reg'lar gov'ment handbill, posted against
these Barton Brothers from Muskogee, Oklahoma.

LOUISE: But how can the government know about them?

STOREKEEPER: Violation of the Motor Vehicle Theft Act. That makes 'em fugitives from Uncle Sam, no matter what else they done. And I understand those fellows done plenty.

(HORN IS BLOWN OUTSIDE)

LOUISE: (FEVERISHLY) Just a minute -- just a minute --

KID: (OUTSIDE) Wait a minute, Louise -- I'm comin' in, too.

LOUISE: (RAISING VOICE) Keep out! Listen.....

(SCREEN DOOR AND BELL AS BEFORE)

KID: (FADING IN) Hush your face, before I smack it for you. Hey, there, old-timer. Fetch a pack of razor blades!

LOUISE: (LOW VOICE) Kid -- look up there. You got to get out -- beat it --

KID: (WONDERING) What's --- (CATCHES SIGHT OF POSTER) Oh, that handbill. You been talkin' about it?

LOUISE: Yes. I had to know what it was.

KID: Where's your brains, you birdhead? (TO STOREKEEPER) Never mind the razor blades. I've decided I don't need a shave.

STOREKEEPER: Don't need the shave, young feller?

KID: What do you think?

STOREKEEPER: (SUDDENLY BECOMING CHATTY) Well, I'll have to take your word for it. I'm so dum nearsighted, yo face ain't anythin' but a blur acrost that counter to me. Yes, sir. My father was the same way.

LOUISE: (ALMOST COLLAPSING WITH RELIEF) Then he can't recognize you.....oh!

KID: Shut up, run for the car.

LOUISE: (FADING) All right -- Come on, quickly.

(SCREEN DOOR AND BELL)

STOREKEEPER: (FADING) Say -- don't you want the matches?

FLOYD: (FADING IN) Well, what's eating you two?

KID: (BEGINNING TO GET OVER SHOCK) Listen, Floyd. We're Federal fugitives now.

FLOYD: Huh?

KID: They got the hand bills out for car-stealin'. That means there's Federal Agents looking for us in all 48 states.

FLOYD: What'll we do?

KID: Just what we been doin'! They can't get us if we shoot first! They all fold up when the old equalizer hits 'em! Get in the car, Louise -- we'll get away from this store fast. We did too much talkin' inside.

LOUISE: Here I am.

KID: All right, Floyd, step on the button -- We'll get out o' this state and pick up a different car to go on with. And God help the first guy that tries to slow us up.

(MOTOR NOISE SPURTS UP AND OUT)

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: HOW WILL FEDERAL AGENTS HALT CRIME CAREER...OF RECKLESS YOUNG OUTLAWS?...FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR... FOR FINISH WITH TRAGEDY AND THRILLS.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XIV

"THE BARTON BROTHERS"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE.....STORY OF "THE BARTON BROTHERS".....BASED ON
CASE NO. 26-5190.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....
WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....IN CITY OF
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

KID: O.K. -- Nobody around. Open up the garage door,
Floyd.

FLOYD: Yeah. Get outta my way, Louise, and give me room.

LOUISE: Oh, stop your bossing around. I'm outta the way.

FLOYD: All right then, look out.
(GARAGE DOOR PUSHED BACK)

KID: Not so loud, Floyd. Do yah want the owner down on
us?

FLOYD: Well, what's the matter? I thought you was the
equalizin' kid. Do you want this garage opened up
or don't yah?
(PUSHES DOOR)

There. Now we can see.

LOUISE: What sort of car is it?

KID: Nash touring. Pretty red -- but if anybody don't like
it, we'll spray 'em with equalizer.

FLOYD: Well, Kid, you and me head south in this little bus,
huh?

LOUISE: How about me?

FLOYD: No, Louise, this time you lose.

LOUISE: Meaning what?

FLOYD: I've finally got the Kid around to my way of thinkin'.

LOUISE: (QUIETLY) Is that right, Kid?

KID: Yeah.

LOUISE: (HURT) Then -- O.K. If that's the way you want it,
Kid, it's O.K.

KID: Listen, Louise, it won't work -- we can't go on like
this. It would just put the whole crowd of us in the
hoosegow. Floyd and me they can't catch, because we
move and shoot too quick. With a dame along it's
different.

LOUISE: Oh.

KID: I'll be seein' you once in a while. Look. Here's some dough -- and I'll send you more when that's used up. Say, where'll you be at, anyhow? I almost forgot to ask you that.

LOUISE: I dunno. Maybe I'll try the mountains for a while.... maybe Denver.. Sure -- Denver, Colorado. Anywhere's O.K.

KID: All right, Louise. When you get there you'll find old General Delivery shaking hands with you.

LOUISE: All right. All right. Anything.

KID: Ah, snap out of it. Go down and catch yourself a train, and have a swell time in Denver. But first give Floyd and me a chance to run this car down the block and make our get-away.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNNING OUT.
2. TRAIN.
3. KNOCKING ON DOOR.

LOUISE: Who is it?

CARVER: (OUTSIDE) Miss Prentice?

LOUISE: Yes, what do you want?

CARVER: I'm a Federal Agent. May I talk to you?

LOUISE: (PAUSE) Come in. The door's not locked.
(DOOR HANDLE TURNED AND DOOR OPENED)

CARVER: (IN DOOR) I'm Special Agent Carver.

LOUISE: Who's the guy with you?

CARVER: My associate, Agent Worters.

WORTERS: How do you do, Miss Prentice?

LOUISE: Come in -- take the weight off your feet.

CARVER: We won't waste your time, Miss Prentice, and I hope we won't be forced to inconvenience you.

LOUISE: How do you mean "inconvenience?" Throw me into stir?

WORTERS: (SENSE OF HUMOR) Now that's an ugly expression, Miss Prentice. I'm sure it wasn't necessary to use it.

LOUISE: (SNIFFS) Smart guy. Spill it. What am I supposed to be guilty of?

WORTERS: Nothing. But there's a man named Kid Barton -- and his brother Floyd -- they're guilty of plenty.

LOUISE: Come again, Mister.

WORTERS: Oh, don't stall. We're not wasting your time. Why should you waste ours?

CARVER: We want to spare your feelings, Louise...but we've got to get information. Do you understand that?

LOUISE: Suppose I said I knew Kid Barton -- once.

CARVER: What we want to find out is where he is.

LOUISE: Your guess is good as mine.

WORTERS: Come on, Louise -- Why, only two months ago, in Spokane, you were travelling together. He didn't give you the air, did he?

LOUISE: For once you're right, smart guy. That's just what he did.

WORTERS: And since then, no letters have come from him, no money?

LOUISE: Ah! What's the use! Sure. He hasn't forgotten me -- But I don't see how you Government cops traced me to Denver.

CARVER: Our job is to get information, not pass it out, Louise. But it wasn't long after you and the Kid parted company, before we'd heard of it. And we figured that he'd have you hidden out somewhere -- in some medium sized city, in a second rate hotel, on a quiet street like this one!

WORTERS: So here we are.

LOUISE: Yeah. You've found me, not the Kid. And I ain't done anything.

WORTERS: You've heard plenty.

LOUISE: What about?

CARVER: The killing of that sheriff down in Texas!

WORTERS: (RAPID FIRE) And the policeman in the freight yard at Livingston, Montana!

CARVER: What about the robberies in Spokane?

LOUISE: You've got me wrong. If the boys talked, I didn't get it.

CARVER: Where are they now?

LOUISE: How should I know?

WORTERS: (SUDDENLY) It's all right, Chief. We can go now.

CARVER: Get it?

WORTERS: Yes, Phoenix, Arizona.

LOUISE: (GASPS)

WORTERS: Right, Miss Prentice? Oh, you needn't grab for your letter -- I've managed to read the date and postmark already. Why do you leave things like that lying around when you know investigators are apt to call on you?

LOUISE: (QUIET FURY) Get out of here you little rat----

WORTERS: Please -- please -- have we been unpleasant to you?
CARVER: Worters, that letter from Phoenix can mean a lot to this case if we work fast. We'll notify the police department there, and take steps to prevent Miss Prentice from communicating with the Bartons. And one thing more -- when the next train leaves here for Arizona you and I want to make a point of being on board.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN.
2. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

MACKIE: Attention of all police officers on Phoenix force is called to possible presence in city of red Nash touring car stolen and used by notorious Barton brothers, desperate Oklahoma outlaws. All police officers....cautioned to memorize licence plate numbers and model of car. Hmm.

VOICE NO. 1: What's that? Studyin' to get the reward for the Barton Brothers, Mackie?

MACKIE: I'd sure like to see those boys run out of Phoenix -- if they're really here.

VOICE NO. 2: Federal men say they're around here.

MACKIE: They're usually right. Say. Those Bartons. They're a mean pair of coyotes, I guess. (MEDITATIVELY)
Red Nash touring car,...

VOICE NO. 1: How about that reward, Mackie? Send the kids to college, huh?

MACKIE: (GOOD NATUREDLY) Sure; if I had any kids. Well, got to get going. Got a late beat this morning, and believe me it's plenty dark and chilly on those streets at 1 A.M.

VOICE NO. 3: That news around this police station?

MACKIE: No, I guess not. So long, fellows.

(AD LIB: So long, so long, Mackie --)

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MEASURED PACING OF POLICEMAN'S BOOTS ON SIDEWALK.

2. FADE IN MOTOR CAR EFFECT.

FLOYD: (DIALOGUE OVER ENGINE EFFECT) There's a cop, Kid.

KID: I can't help it. This car won't run without gas. We're gettin' low.

FLOYD: If we stop at the filling station there'll be trouble.

KID: Is there a law against buyin' a quart of gas?

FLOYD: Pull up and we'll find out.

(CAR BRAKED TO STOP AND MOTOR TURNED OFF)

Say. John Law is looking our way, all right.

KID: I'd like to take that funny expression off his pan.

FLOYD: Maybe he's trying to spot us or the car. I think I'll take a shot at --

KID: Hey -- hold that!

FLOYD: (AMAZED) Huh?

KID: You might miss. He's too far off.

FLOYD: He won't be much longer; he's walking this way.

KID: He don't know us. Remember, it's late. He probably wants to borrow a light.

FLOYD: I don't think so.

MACKIE: (FADING IN) Hey. You in the car.

KID: Yeah, what do you want?

MACKIE: Get out here, I want to take a look at you.

FLOYD: All right.

(AUTOMOBILE DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED)

MACKIE: You too.

KID: All right, don't rush me.

MACKIE: That's a stolen car you guys are driving.

KID: What makes you think so?

MACKIE: I'm not going to argue about it -- I'm telling you.

Hold out your hands.

KID: What for?

MACKIE: You'll find out. Come on, now.

KID: All right, I won't make no trouble.

(BRACELETS CLINK)

Floyd -- Quick -- while he's fixin' the handcuffs --

FLOYD: Yeah. I got him.

(ROAR OF GUN)

Jump in the car, Kid!

MACKIE: (WOUNDED) Stand where you are -- hands up -- or I'll--

(AUTO ENGINE STARTED)

KID: (FADING IN) Let him have it again, Floyd. He's still on his feet.

FLOYD: Yeah.

(SHOTS)

(CRY FROM MACKIE)

You drive, Kid. Step on the gas.

(MOTOR)

KID: Hey, that cop's picked up his gun again!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

(GLASS CRASH)

FLOYD: He hit the windshield -- get going, for God's sake,
or he'll kill us both!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

(GEAR SHIFT EFFECT)

KID: What's the matter with this car --

(POP AND HISS OF DEFLATED TIRES)

FLOYD: He got the tires -- we'll run as far as we can and
then duck out on foot.

KID: O.K. -- grab that rifle and hold tight.

FLOYD: Yeah. Half the town will be out now. Judas Priest!
Why couldn't that cop stay down?

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTO MOTOR FADES OUT.

2. AMBULANCE BELL AND MOTOR.

DOCTOR: (FADING IN) Gentlemen, do you realize that from the
standpoint of medical science this police officer
Flint Mackie, has absolutely no reason to be alive?

CARVER: As bad as that, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes, indeed, Mr. Carver -- his hanging on to
consciousness is the most astonishing exhibition of
stamina I have ever encountered.

WORTERS: We hate like the devil to bother him at all, Doctor --
but we've got to get the men who put him here.

DOCTOR: Don't worry yourself about that, Mr. Worters. The minute Flint Mackie feels that he has completed his identification of his assailants he'll let go -- (SNAPS FINGERS) like that. And a merciful thing too. His body is a mass of major wounds.

WORTERS: (REGRETFULLY) Well -- you know Officer Mackie spoke of having seen photographs of the two men on a long, narrow, cardboard circular. Of course he's referring to the handbill we issued to all police departments, and I have a copy of it here. We'd like to show it to him. Do you think it would be --

(DOOR IS OPENED)

NURSE: (SHORT DISTANCE OFF) All right, Doctor.

DOCTOR: We'd better hurry. This way, gentlemen.

MACKIE: (FADES IN) Hello, Mr. Carver.-- Mr. Worters. Got a picture for me?

CARVER: Yes, Mackie, a couple of them.

MACKIE: Want me to look at 'em now?

CARVER: If you will.

NURSE: Now just take it easy. Here I'll hold it for you.

MACKIE: Dark.

WORTERS: What did he say?

MACKIE: Dark, too dark. Can't see.

DOCTOR: Put up the shades, nurse.

NURSE: (FADING) Yes, sir.

CARVER: Are we right, Mackie? Is this your long cardboard circular?

MACKIE: I can feel it better than I can see it.

(SHADE ROLLS UP)

NURSE: (FADING IN) There the shade's up -- now you can see what Mr. Carver brought.

MACKIE: I'll -- hold it -- closer.

(PAUSE)

CARVER: Can you see it at all, Mackie?

MACKIE: Yes. (PAUSE) This is the man that did the shooting.

WORTERS: (PARENTHETICALLY) Floyd Barton.

MACKIE: This other fellow was with him, drove the car away....

CARVER: That's all we need to know -- we won't bother you any more now, Mackie. Good luck!

MACKIE: (MUTTERS SOMETHING)

WORTERS: What did he say?

CARVER: Never mind. This way, Worters.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

WORTERS: Terrible, wasn't it?

CARVER: He's a brave fellow.

VOICE: Oh, Mr. Carver?

CARVER: Yes, orderly?

VOICE: Telephone message for you from Marshall Frazer out at Tempe. He says can you go right out -- it's something important.

CARVER: Well, if it's important, we'll have to go. Tempe's just a few miles out of town. Let's hop in our car, Worters, and see what's up.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1.MOTORCAR RUNNING --

2.DOOR CLOSED.

FRASER: Special Agent Carver?

CARVER: That's right -- and this is Agent Worters.

FRASER: How are ye? I'm Marshall Fraser of Tempe. Sit down, gentlemen. This Mexican has something I want you to hear. Go ahead Luis.

LUIS: Si, senor. Leesten to me. I have heard about mon who shoot the policeman las' night in Phoenix,

FRASER: (PARENTHETICALLY) I broadcast your general alarm, Carver.

CARVER: I see -- go on.

LUIS: Now me -- I am poor sheepherder, don' amount to a damn, no? But thees morning, when I go on Tempe Butte for my sheep, I go by place where the light burn all day, all night, you sabe?

CARVER: No, I don't.

FRASER: He means the Eternal Light, the War Memorial out on Tempe Butte. It's on a cliff and you can see it for miles.

LUIS: An' while I go that way for sheep, I see two men -- two Americanos, senors,

WORTERS: What did they look like?

LUIS: I don't get so close for that, but I see one theeng -- they have a rifle weeth thex. And they move round like they afraid for something.

WORTERS: That sounds suspicious, all right, Carver. We'd better look into it. Fraser, how do you get up to this Tempe Butte?

FRASER: (THOUGHTFULLY) Well....there's three trails.

CARVER: In that case, we'll have to split, and each take one trail. There's no time to lose. You can show us where to start. If Worters or I run into the men, we'll grab them, and fire in the air for you to come and take them into custody. If you get to them first, you signal, and we'll come and back you up. Is that agreeable?

FRASER: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yes, that sounds all right. Ready, gentlemen?

WORTERS: You bet. Let's get started.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR CLOSED.
2. AUTOMOBILE RUNNING OVER ROAD.
3. WIND.
4. SOUND OF WALKING ON SHALE

LUIS: (FADING IN) Eet ees one steep trail, Senor Fraser.

FRASER: That's right, Luis. This is the steepest trail up Tempo Butte. But it's quick.

(WIND WHISTLES AROUND CRAGS)

LUIS: Look you, Senor. I am only poor dumb Mexicano, but I would not like to fall down thees clcef.

FRASER: Neither would I...but we're almost to the top.

LUIS: Gracias a Dios, Senor. I am only --

FRASER: (SUDDENLY) Hush!...Be quiet!

LUIS: Something?

FRASER: Up ahead there....standing by the edge of the butte!

LUIS: (LOW VOICE) Two hombres. The ones I see thees morning! Lookyou see the rifle?

FRASER: (GRIM) Yes, and pistols too.

LUIS: Shall I go for the other ones, Senor Fraser?

FRASER: No time. (GRIM) Here's what I'm going to do -- I'm going to draw down on 'em cold with my rifle and the first man that moves is a goner.

(SHARP CLEAN CLICK AS FRASER SETS AUTOMATIC RIFLE)

Look out for stampedes, Luis. (CALLS) You men over there! Hands up!

KID: (OFF) What's that?

FRASER: Don't raise that rifle, mister, or I'll drop you cold.

KID: (CLOSER) What is it? The Law?

FRASER: Marshal of Tempe, Arizona, Kid Barton.

KID: (IN FULL) My name ain't Barton!

FRASER: Man, I've studied that government picture o' you till I'd know you in the dark. (SHARPLY) You can drop that rifle -- drop it!

KID: Oh....all right.

(RIFLE DROPPED)

FRASER: Now Luis, pull the guns out of their bolts and throw 'em on the ground.

LUIS: Si, senor.

(GUNS THROWN ON GROUND)

FRASER: And now you can kick that artillery -- right over the cliff!

LUIS: Si.

(LUIS KICKS OVER GUNS -- THEY RATTLE AND CLATTER FOR A LONG TIME AS THEY ROLL DOWN THE CLIFF.)

FRASER: (DEADLY) How'd you boys like to take that little drop?

FLOYD: (SCARED) Listen -- we've surrendered, haven't we?

CARVER: (IN DISTANCE) (FADING IN) Hi! Hello there! Have you got 'em?

FRASER: Yes, Mr. Carver, right over here.

CARVER: (FADES IN) Come on, Worters. Hurry.

WORTERS: (FADING IN) I'm right with you. Say...these are the boys all right -- the notorious Barton Brothers. My, what a grand view you have up here. Take a good look at it, boys. You won't be back.

CARVER: Marshal Fraser, -- congratulations! We've wanted these men for a long time.

FRASER: (DRY) Well, here they are, Mr. Carver.

CARVER: (GETTING WISE) Say -- I thought that was a mighty long trail you set me on. Honestly now: didn't you take a short cut up the butte?

FRASER: Well, yes. (GRIM) You see, after what they done to Flint Mackie in Phoenix last night, I made a sort of promise that I'd capture these fellows myself if I could. Well, no use to stay here lookin' at scenery. Get movin' down the trail, boys. March!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE:

BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AGENTS PRESENT FACTS TO STATE
 AUTHORITIES IN OKLAHOMA, TEXAS, MONTANA AND COLORADO...
 FLOYD BARTON CONVICTED OF MURDER OF PHOENIX POLICEMAN...
 AND HANGED...KID BARTON CONVICTED OF MURDER OF DEPUTY
 SHERIFF.....AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.....
 CASE NO. 26 - 5190....CLOSED.....ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED...
 (WIRELESS) THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES
 EVERYWHERE.....CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

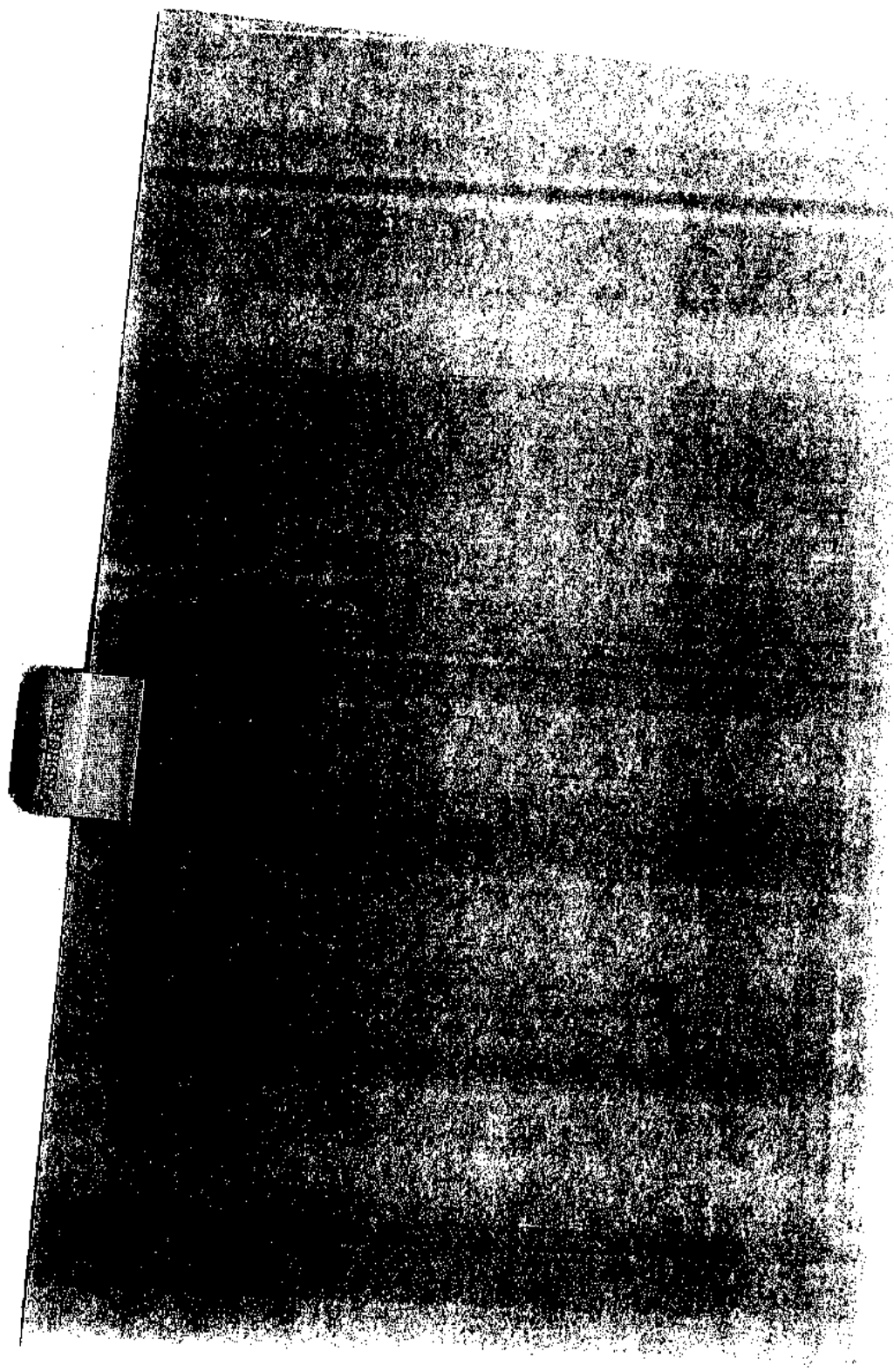
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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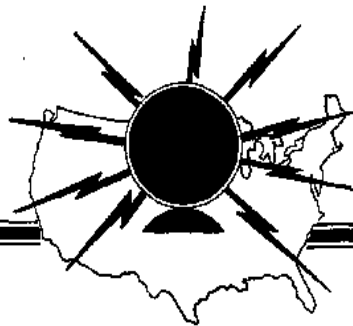




THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Jack Pearl is the leading man of tonight's show and in just a few minutes, he's going to step to the front again and blurt out some more of his truly astounding adventures as the Baron Munchausen. In the meanwhile, if you'd like to dance, Abe Lyman and his orchestra are at your disposal....let's drop in on them right now --

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

PRO-25-AM-12-22

ABE LYMAN:

42-

Good evening, everybody, this is Abe Lyman greeting
you with -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANNEY:

I wonder how many of you are having a party as you listen tonight, and dancing to Abe Lyman's music? Here's something that smart hostesses always used to dread: cigarette ashes that fall unnoticed on fine upholstery and rugs -- not through carelessness, but because some brands of cigarettes burn raggedly. It's for just that reason that women appreciate LUCKY STRIKE so much. For when you light a LUCKY you'll notice that it burns with a long, firm white ash -- an ash that resists flaking and dropping. Notice, also, that this white LUCKY ash is not streaked with dirty gray and yellow spots--that's because LUCKY STRIKE contains only the finest of long, even, silky shreds of choice tobaccos, well packed, full weight -- no jagged stems or particles that sputter or burn raggedly. LUCKY STRIKE'S perfected blend of fine, "Cream of the Crop" tobaccos is purified and made even-burning by "TOASTING", which purifies these choice tobaccos and makes them mellow-mild. It's because millions of you have discovered LUCKY STRIKE'S delicious, fragrantly mild smoking pleasure, perfected in every detail for your enjoyment, that you can now obtain this remarkable new value -- LUCKY STRIKE at two packages for twenty-five cents.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now ladies and gentlemen, we present Jack Pearl, who, from what one can gather, is known also as the Baron Munchausen.. and I might add that the Baron is daily giving out laughs to New Yorkers in his new show, "Pardon My English" which is now playing at the Majestic Theatre on Broadway....and just in case you don't know it, the Baron has gained an enviable place in society both here and abroad.....few members of the upper strata have ever been able to boast of such adventures as the Baron is going to speak about tonight.....may we now give you.....his royal shyness, the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "SOCIETY")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That burst of applause signals the exit of the Baron Munchausen but don't be alarmed, he'll be back as soon as he collects some more data on his experiences in high society....and while he's doing that, we'll flash over to Abe Lyman and his talented trumpeters from the Paradise Restaurant. Here comes the whole crowd of us, Abe...ten million strong....so --

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

ABE LYMAN:

We play this time -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

When he was sixteen years old, Carl R. Gray got a job in a remote railway station of the Union Pacific...he paid the telegraph operator \$5 to teach him the Morse Code...he became Baggage Master, expressman, chief clerk -- from there the rise of Carl R. Gray to the Presidency of the Great Union Pacific Railroad was a matter of applying his extraordinary capability to every job that came to his hand. Today, Carl R. Gray is known among the railroad men as one of the greatest of transportation executives -- he literally "knows the business from the ground up." And because he is one of America's great executives, we have just sent in the Morse Code he learned as a youngster, this wire to Carl R. Gray.

MR. CARL R. GRAY, PRESIDENT
UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY
1416 DODGE STREET
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

EVER SINCE PIONEERING DAYS WHEN UNION PACIFIC TOOK THE LEAD IN LINKING EAST AND WEST THE GREAT RAILROAD OF WHICH YOU ARE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN RECOGNIZED BY THE PUBLIC AS STANDING FOR THE UTMOST IN TRAVELLING COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE FOR ITS PATRONS...CERTIFIED CREMO TO THE CIGAR SMOKER LIKEWISE STANDS FOR THE UTMOST IN QUALITY AND VALUE...NOW WE ARE ABLE TO SHARE WITH THE CIGAR SMOKING PUBLIC THE BENEFITS OF LARGE SCALE PRODUCTION BY OFFERING CERTIFIED CREMOS AT THE NEW LOW PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS.... CREMO TODAY IS LARGEST SELLING CIGAR IN THE WORLD PROVING THAT WHETHER IN TRAVELLING COMFORT OR IN CIGAR VALUES THE PUBLIC ALWAYS APPRECIATES THE BEST.....

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

That, ladies and gentlemen, is the telegram which just two minutes ago was sent from this studio to Carl R. Gray, President of the Union Pacific Railways. I would like to call your attention to the facts we have wired Mr. Gray -- that Certified Gremo today offers smokers the world's greatest cigar value at five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

It's time again for Abe Lyman to parade his fiddles, saxophones and oboes before the microphone....just as he puts them through their paces on Broadway...so let's not delay!

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

ABE LYMAN:

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

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

ABE LYMAN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Abe....now you can relax while we call on Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall....but those are their maiden names.... every one knows them as the Baron Munchausen and Charley....the Baron has been discussing a few highlights of his social career. And now a dapper figure is stepping out of the wings....the spotlight shines on the glistening white of his shirt front and his coat tails are dragging behind him. Ah, it can be none other than the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "SOCIETY")

HOWARD GLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl relating his adventures as the Baron Munchausen. He'll join us again at this same time next week....and now before the dancing starts again, may we remind you that on Saturday night we'll have with us Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, that young couple who lend a touch of romance to the program.....also, Al Goodman, foremost bandmaster of musical comedy, will furnish the dance music....but that's on Saturday night. Tonight, Abe Lyman is the man of the hour and he's ready and waiting to set your feet tapping so --

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

ABE LYMAN:

We invite you to dance to -- (TITLES)

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

ABE LYMAN:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Abe, I'm sure a lot of people enjoyed those tunes....

You know, my friends, that little LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette of yours is just like a little museum of rare, expensive tobaccos. Hundreds of the finest tobacco-growing centers contribute to every LUCKY.....the cream of thousands of planters' crops is selected, without regard for expense; then carefully aged and mellowed, and firmly, evenly rolled into your LUCKY STRIKE. You'll notice that LUCKY STRIKE contains full weight of finely shredded, long strands of tobacco, free from jagged stems and large pieces. And when you light your LUCKY - you'll notice that those evenly packed tobaccos burn evenly as well. They burn with a long, firm white ash, an ash that resists the tendency to flake and drop on clothes or fine linen table cloths. That firm, evenly-colored white ash is the sign of the finest of pure, choice tobaccos; tobaccos blended and made mellow-mild by the famous "TOASTING" Process - that extra, purifying treatment which is so much appreciated by women who despise yellow fingerstains. Women with an eye for values appreciate, too, the fact that dealers are now offering LUCKY STRIKE at two packages for twenty-five cents - greater value than ever in the finest of cigarettes!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we go back to the dancing led by Abe Lyman, a smiling young man who has rhythm and melody right at the tip of his baton....all right, Abe, take us into a brisk and sprightly foxtrot.

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

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

Until Saturday then -- Goodnight!
Robert Halliday, and Al Goodman and his Orchestra.
SPRIKE Hour. On Saturday night we'll bring you Gladys Rice and
That, ladies and gentlemen, concludes this LUCKY

HOWARD CLARKE:

The Magic Carpet flashes down the home stretch.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

ABE LYMAN:

(
(
(
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We continue with -- (TITLES)

ABE LYMAN:

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXII

"S O C I E T Y"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FEBRUARY 3, 1933

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXII

"S O C I E T Y"

PART I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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EPISODE XXII

"S O C I E T Y"

PART I

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, what do you think of this week end party?

BARON: Its very weak, Sharley, very weak.

CHARLEY: I don't see how you can say that. We've played golf and tennis - been yachting and motoring - dining and dancing --

BARON: I know, but there's something missing.

CHARLEY: Something missing? What?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: You feel lonesome for your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: Yes, and sorry.

CHARLEY: Sorry, why?

BARON: The last time I saw him things looked terribly black to him.

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: He fell in a coal hole.

CHARLEY: That's too bad -- but getting back to this week end party you will admit we are mingling with the elite.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: People of the upper strata, exclusive, coterie par excellence of eminent and distinguished celebrities of high social status.

BARON:WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: Don't you think the people here are real clubby?

BARON: Yes, but I was at a house last week where the people was more clubby.

CHARLEY: What house was that?

BARON: The station house.

CHARLEY: What were you doing in a station house?

BARON: A feller had me arrested for giving him a high score in a bridge game.

CHARLEY: Had you arrested for giving him a high score in a bridge game?

BARON: Yes - I made a wrong play - he called me a name and -
(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: I gave him a grand slam!

CHARLEY: Where did this happen?

BARON: Last week end --- at the Van Schnozels.

CHARLEY: At the Van Schnozels?

BARON: Yes -- they was giving a coming out party for their daughter.

CHARLEY: A coming out party?

BARON: Yes - and every time I looked at the daughter's evening gown I thought she would.

CHARLEY: Would what ?

BARON: Come out. -- She was all in white.

CHARLEY: All in white?

BARON: Yes - white gown, white slippers, white stockings, white gloves - everything was white.

CHARLEY: Everything was white!

BARON: Yes -- except her neck.

CHARLEY: Her neck wasn't white?

BARON: (LAUGH) It was black.

CHARLEY: How do you account for that?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo was necking with her when he came out of the coal hole.

CHARLEY: He should have washed up.

BARON: He didn't, and now he's washed up with the Van Schnozels.

CHARLEY: The Van Schnozels are big social lions, aren't they?

BARON: Big ---- if they was any bigger they'd be elephants. All the time I was there I didn't eat any breakfast or lunch.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Because I only had dinner clothes. On Saturday night they gave a special dinner for me.

CHARLEY: Because you were the guest of honor?

BARON: No - because I was hungry.

CHARLEY: I hear they use different period dining room furniture for every dinner.

BARON: Yes -- last week everything in the dining room was Louis the Fourteenth.

CHARLEY: Everything was Louis the Fourteenth?

BARON: Except the table.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: Hugo the first.

CHARLEY: Hugo the first?

BARON: Yes - he was the first one to get there.

CHARLEY: He made himself conspicuous?

BARON: No -- he made himself a sandwich. Between Hugo and me was sitting a cross-eyed woman.

CHARLEY: A cross-eyed woman?

BARON: Yes - she was talking to Hugo and eating out of my plate.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My plate! When they served the chicken she was gabbing about Taxi-nox-groceries.

CHARLEY: She was gabbing about what?

BARON:Was we disconnected?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I didn't get what you said.

BARON: I'll send it to you again.

CHARLEY: Do.

BARON: I said when they served the chicken the cross-eyed woman was gabbing about Taxi-nox-groceries.

CHARLEY: Oh, Tecknocracy.

BARON: Sure -- and Hugo was eating it up.

CHARLEY: Her conversation?

BARON: No - her chicken.

CHARLEY: Who else was there, Baron?

BARON: Well, there was Mrs. Spooky.

CHARLEY: Mrs. Spookey?

BARON: Yes. She's a Prit-u-liss-tiss.

CHARLEY: A Spiritualist.

BARON: A spea-u-tizzle-fist.

CHARLEY: Spiritualist.

BARON: Sprit-a-tuller-list-tiss-it -- Maybe we better not talk about it.

CHARLEY: She's a Spiritualist.

BARON: Sure -- how many times must I tell you.

CHARLEY: Is she a good Spiritualist?

BARON: Just medium.

CHARLEY: Did she hold a scance?

BARON:Could I be inquisitive?

CHARLEY: Did she hold a seance - did she commune with the spirits?

BARON: And how! (LAUGH) We had to hide the bottle.

CHARLEY: No, no. I mean did she do any spirit slate writing and table knocking and so forth?

BARON: Oh, sure - she told every one to put their hands on the table.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: And every one's hands was on the table except my Cousin Hugo's.

CHARLEY: Where were his hands?

BARON: In my pockets.

CHARLEY: What happened when you all had your hands on the table?

BARON: It went up in the air and came down with a crash.

CHARLEY: The Spirits moved it!

BARON: No -- Hugo kicked it! Also there was Nicky Anspach.

CHARLEY: Nicky Anspach -- let's see; he married a Checker champion, didn't he?

BARON: Yes -- and now every time he makes a move she jumps him.

CHARLEY: Is he henpecked?

BARON: Henpecked! (LAUGH) He's henbitten. He's got matrimonial dyspepia.

CHARLEY: Matrimonial dyspepia?

BARON: Yes -- his wife doesn't agree with him. Sunday night we had a high time.

CHARLEY: A high time?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: We went up in an aeroplane.

CHARLEY: Speaking of aeroplanes -- the girl who sat opposite you at dinner tonight is Kathryn McGlinn the famous aviatrix.

BARON:Could you come inside?

CHARLEY: She's a flyer. She flew around the globe.

BARON: That's nothing -- Essie swam around the globe.

CHARLEY: Who's Essie?

BARON: My gold fish.

CHARLEY: And sitting next to her was J. Norman Montague, a great bear hunter.

BARON: Great bear hunter! Poof! The Baron is the great bear hunter.

CHARLEY: Do you hunt bear?

BARON: No -- I always wear a fur coat.

CHARLEY: I mean bear -- the animal.

BARON: Sure -- I remember one time I was hunting up in Lizzie Vichy.

CHARLEY: Lizzie Vichy?

BARON: Julie Seltzer, Carrie White Rock --

CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean Minne-Sota?

BARON: Minnie Soda! That's it! I was up in the woods of Minniesoda looking for bear.

CHARLEY: Grizzlies?

BARON: -----Could I have that again?

CHARLEY: Grizzlies, grizzly bears.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be zilly -- grizzly wasn't a bear -- he was a man.

CHARLEY: A man?

BARON: Sure -- he said "Go West young man, go West."
CHARLEY: It was Greeley who said that.
BARON: Well somebody said it. And besides its got nothing to do with what I'm talking about.
CHARLEY: You brought it up.
BARON: So I'll take it down again.
CHARLEY: Very well, proceed with your story.
BARON: I was looking for a bear and as I was walking in a field I saw a false friend.
CHARLEY: A false friend?
BARON: A snake in the grass -- and Oh, Sharley, was he a big snake?
CHARLEY: How many feet?
BARON: Don't be zilly.
CHARLEY: What do you mean, don't be silly?
BARON: A snake hasn't got feet.
CHARLEY: I mean what was the length of the snake?
BARON: Oh -- a hundred and zixty feet, I should say.
CHARLEY: You should say?
BARON: Yes - but I won't.
CHARLEY: I'm glad of that.
BARON: Because it was longer. The minute he saw me he got fresh.
CHARLEY: He got fresh!
BARON: Yes -- he stuck his tongue out at me.
CHARLEY: Was it a venomous viper?
BARON:pardon my English?
CHARLEY: I said was it a venomous viper?
BARON: No - it was a windshield viper -- the windshield was full of snow and the viper wouldn't work so I stepped on the gas and --

CHARLEY: Hold on! You were telling me about a snake and then you switched to an automobile. What's the idea?

BARON: Was it your automobile?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON:what happened?

CHARLEY: You asked if it was my automobile and I said "yes."

BARON: (LAUGH) That's the time I fooled you.

CHARLEY: You fooled me?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) there was no automobile there.

CHARLEY: I didn't think there was. What about the snake?

BARON: Didn't I kill him yet?

CHARLEY: No, you did not.

BARON: (LAUGH) My goodness -- I'm late. Well anyhow, the minute he stuck out his tongue I knew he was going to walk out on the job.

CHARLEY: He was going to what?

BARON:Why don't you come on my side of the fence?

CHARLEY: You said the snake was going to walk out on the job, now, just what do you mean?

BARON: He was going to strike!

CHARLEY: Oh, strike.

BARON: Sure! He was a union snake. And what do you think happened?

CHARLEY: I expect anything.

BARON: You won't be disappointed. He wanted all the other snakes to strike with him, -- so he blew a whistle.

CHARLEY: The snake blew a whistle?

BARON: Twice.

CHARLEY: That's out!

BARON: I'll bring it back again. The snake blew a whistle and out of the woods came zeventy-five thousand snakes.

CHARLEY: Seventy-five thousand snakes?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but were you imbibing that day?

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: I say, were you imbibing?

BARON: No - I was in Minnesoda.

CHARLEY: And you mean to tell me you saw seventy-five thousand snakes come out of the woods?

BARON: Sure -

CHARLEY: That is the height of exaggeration and you couldn't make me believe it if you talked till doomsday.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So out of the woods came seventy-five thousand snakes!

CHARLEY: Seventy-five thousand snakes!

BARON: And an alligator.

CHARLEY: I have my doubts.

BARON: I have my snakes. When I saw them I was surprised.

CHARLEY: I don't doubt it.

BARON: I said "Snakes alive!"

CHARLEY: You mean you said Sakes alive!

BARON: Please -- the Baron knows what the Baron says. I said "Snakes alive!"

CHARLEY: Why did you say "Snakes alive?"

BARON: Because they wasn't dead. They surrounded me and started to wind up.

CHARLEY: To coil.

BARON: Yes -- and the minute I saw them coil I got an idea.

CHARLEY: You got an idea?

BARON: Sure -- that could happen.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I threw a piece of wire at them.

CHARLEY: What good did that do?

BARON: The wire got mixed up in the coils -- made a short circuit and killed every one of them.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm at a loss for words.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't worry -- I'll lend you a few.

CHARLEY: Never mind - let it go. Getting back to the dinner table -- did you notice the lady sitting next to me?

BARON: That wasn't a lady! That was my Aunt Sophie!

CHARLEY: Not on my right - on my left! That was Mrs. Van Dyke -- you've heard of Mrs. Van Dyke?

BARON: Sure -- the bearded lady.

CHARLEY: No, no! Mrs. Van Dyke -- you can find her in the Social Register.

BARON: You can always find my Aunt Sophie in the register too.

CHARLEY: The Social Register?

BARON: No -- the cash register.

CHARLEY: Mrs. Van Dyke is the wife of Randolph Van Dyke -- the polo player. In fact he's an authority on polo.

BARON: North or South?

CHARLEY: North or South, what?

BARON: Polo.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron? Don't you know what polo is?

BARON: Sure -- golf on horseback! I once played polo with the man who invented the game.

CHARLEY: The man who invented the game? Who was that?

BARON: Marco Polo.

CHARLEY: Marco Polo has been dead over six hundred years.

BARON: That's his own fault. Do you know who was that man sitting next to me?

CHARLEY: You mean the bald headed gentleman?

BARON: Yes -- that was Venitos -- the millionaire.

CHARLEY: Not Gene Venitos the millionaire furrier?

BARON: SURE -- and would you believe it -- two years ago the wolf was at his door.

CHARLEY: The wolf was at his door?

BARON: Yes sir -- that's how he got his start.

CHARLEY: What do you mean?

BARON: He let the wolf in -- killed him -- sold his skin and went into the fur business.

CHARLEY: Tell that to the marines!

BARON: (LAUGH) I did!

CHARLEY: For a young man, he's very bald.

BARON: It's funny how that happened.

CHARLEY: How did it happen?

BARON: He was once chased by a pack of wolves.

CHARLEY: Chased by a pack of wolves?

BARON: Yes -- he ran for miles and miles.

CHARLEY: For miles and miles!

BARON: Yes - a couple of times the wolves nearly got him but he kept on going.

CHARLEY: Kept going?

BARON: Yes -- but he ran so far that when he got home he was bald.

CHARLEY: When he got home he was bald?

BARON: Sure -- and it only goes to prove -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Only goes to prove what?
BARON: To prove that -- (LAUGH)
CHARLEY: I don't see anything to laugh at.
BARON: (LAUGH) You don't know what I know.
CHARLEY: Come, on, Baron - the man ran so far that when he got home he was bald and that goes to prove what?
BARON: Keep going and you're bound to come out on top.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXII

"S O C I E T Y"

PART II

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, it sure feels good to be on the crest of a wave in the whirlpool of society, bobbing up and down in the social swim.

BARON: I had one this morning.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: A bath.

CHARLEY: No, no -- I mean hobnobbing with people of culture and finesse -- people with lots of savoir-vivre.

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: Savoir-vivre. That's French for a lot of good breeding.

BARON: Flooey, blooey.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: That's English for a lot of boloney.

CHARLEY: You don't understand, Baron -- to make it plainer -- discriminating people of sociological significance.

BARON: (LAUGH) If that's plainer you might just as well keep it fancy.

CHARLEY: Surely you know what a polished gentleman is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- a feller who just had his shoes shined.

CHARLEY: Speaking of shoes -- I noticed you limping -- what's the matter?

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BARON: Sure -- a feller who just had his shoes shined.

CHARLEY: Speaking of shoes -- I noticed you limping -- what's the matter?

BARON: My shoes hurt me!

CHARLEY: Aren't they big enough?

BARON: Sure, but not for my feet.

CHARLEY: Why do you buy shoes that are too big for you?

BARON: They're not my shoes.

CHARLEY: Not your shoes?

BARON: No -- I'm breaking them in for my cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Can't Hugo break in his own shoes?

BARON: Not today.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: (LAUGH) He's breaking in a pair of new shoes for me.

CHARLEY: You're breaking in a pair for him and he's breaking in a pair for you?

BARON: Yes -- (LAUGH) We're giving each other a break.

CHARLEY: And speaking of breaks -- you made a pretty bad break at the dance this evening.

BARON: I made a bust?

CHARLEY: You sure did -- when you came off the dance floor with Mrs. Stallion.

BARON: Mrs. Stallion? ---Oh! You mean that big horse I was dancing with?

CHARLEY: She is rather stout.

BARON: Stout? (LAUGH) She's two of the finest women I ever met.

CHARLEY: I think she has a case of obesity.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: I said she has a case of obesity.

BARON: Is it pre-war?

CHARLEY: You don't understand me, Baron: I mean she's obese; corpulent, bulky.

BARON: FAT!

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: You know, Sharley -- before the dance I tried to hug her around the waist.

CHARLEY: Did you succeed?

BARON: Yes -- but I had to make two trips.

CHARLEY: When she was dancing with you she seemed light on her feet.

BARON: Yes -- (LAUGH) But I was expecting any minute she'd light on her neck.

CHARLEY: Just the same you shouldn't have made the break you made.

BARON: What break I made?

CHARLEY: Well, when you came off the floor, she said while she was dancing she felt like she was treading on air.

BARON: Yes -- she said that.

CHARLEY: And what did you say?

BARON: I said -- (LAUGH) That wasn't air you was treading on -- it was my feet.

CHARLEY: Imagine her feelings!

BARON: Imagine my feet!

CHARLEY: Luckily our hostess, Mrs. Skerett saved the situation.

BARON: She saved somebody's job?

CHARLEY: . No! The embarrassing situation -- She led Mrs. Stallion to the reception room and gave her a punch.

BARON: I should have taken a sock at her myself.

CHARLEY: What do you think of our host and hostess -- Mr. and Mrs. Skerett?

BARON: I think they are very hospital.

CHARLEY: You mean, hospitable.

BARON: No sir - hospital - they make me sick.

CHARLEY: I'm surprised to hear you say that, Baron. Mrs. Skerett is well posted on the conventionalities of society - She is considered an arbiter.

BARON:did you drop something?

CHARLEY: I said she is considered an arbiter, arbiter!

BARON: I don't care who bit her! I don't like her - and I don't like her husband either. I think he drinks mucilage?

CHARLEY: What makes you think he drinks mucilage?

BARON: He's so stuck up!

CHARLEY: He is a little stiff.

BARON:once over, please?

CHARLEY: I say he's a little stiff.

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a big stiff!

CHARLEY: But they did serve a great big, wonderful dinner.

BARON: (LAUGH) A snack!

CHARLEY: A snack?

BARON: Sure -- in my country I once served what you call a dinner.

CHARLEY: A course dinner?

BARON: (LAUGH) Of course.

CHARLEY: How many courses?

BARON: Eight hundred and sixteen.

CHARLEY: Eight hundred and sixteen courses?

BARON: And two hundred kinds of dessert.

CHARLEY: Absurd! Ridiculous! Unheard of! Unbelievable!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So keep your mouth! I gave a week end party that lasted two years.

CHARLEY: A week end party that lasted two years? I don't believe it!

BARON: Two months.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: Two weeks.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: Would you believe two days?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So it lasted two years.

CHARLEY: Baron, you must think I have a clouded perception.

BARON:Could you refresh my memory?

CHARLEY: I said you must think I have a clouded perception, - in a state of puerility, - senile dementia.

BARON:It's my own fault.

CHARLEY: In other words you think I'm a numbskull.

BARON: (LAUGH) What a mind reader you are! At this week end party was over eighty million people.

CHARLEY: Eighty million people!

BARON: Yes, and they --

CHARLEY: There aren't eighty million people in your country.

BARON: Did you count them?

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: So don't be so sure -- there was people there from all over the world.

CHARLEY: From all over the world?

BARON: Yes -- even from Cups and Saucers.

CHARLEY: Cups and Saucers?

BARON: Plates, dishes!

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean China?

BARON: That's it! China! What a party! It started --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but I can't go for that party.

BARON: I----who invited you?

CHARLEY: And if you don't mind I'd rather not hear any more about the party.

BARON: Not even the first part of the party?

CHARLEY: No, or the second part of the party.

BARON: Then the contract is broken?

CHARLEY: What contract?

BARON: Between the party of the first part and the party of the second part.

CHARLEY: Oh, come, Baron -- let's get back to the dinner.

BARON: I'm not hungry.

CHARLEY: I mean the conversation about the dinner -- did you like the hors d'ouvers!

BARON:could I borrow that again?

CHARLEY: I said did you like the hors d'ouvers?

BARON: Where was they sitting?

CHARLEY: The hors d'ouvers! The appetizers! To whet your appetite.

BARON: I wet my appetite before dinner.

CHARLEY: You did?

BARON: Sure -- I jumped in the swimming pool

CHARLEY: How did you like the soup?

BARON: Soup! (LAUGH) Dish water!

CHARLEY: Dish water?

BARON: Sure -- My aunt Sophie makes what you call zup! When I go to her house I have to eat ten or twelve plates.

CHARLEY: Is it obligatory?
BARON:Hullo?
CHARLES: Is it obligatory?
BARON: No -- Mulligatawney.
CHARLEY: I think the soup we had tonight was delicious, and
so was the fish.
BARON: Fish? When did we have fish?
CHARLEY: Right after the soup.
BARON: I didn't get fish! I got a piece of leather.
CHARLEY: Leather! That was filet of sole.
BARON: Mine was filet of heel.
CHARLEY: I guess you wouldn't know a good piece of fish if you
ate it.
BARON: Is that so? It so happens I know all about fishes!
CHARLEY: All right, what's a trout?
BARON: A feller who gives tips on race horses.
CHARLEY: Not a tout -- a trout! Rainbow trout, brook trout,
brown trout----
BARON: Oh, trout!
CHARLEY: Yes, trout.
BARON: I use to ketch them in Michigan.
CHARLEY: You caught trout in Michigan?
BARON: Sure.
CHARLEY: What part of Michigan?
BARON: De-trout.
CHARLEY: You'll slay me yet.
BARON: That's something to look forward to. I know about
cod fish, and halibut, and herring and --
CHARLEY: Those are common, everyday fish. How about tarpon,
barracuda, bonita, --

BARON: I know them backwards!

CHARLEY: How about queen fish?

BARON: Queen fish?

CHARLEY: Yes -- a very fine food fish caught on the Pacific Coast.

BARON: Sure -- I know her well. Also I know what is kingfish.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: A friend of Amos and Andy.

CHARLEY: Let's forget the dinner.

BARON: Okay - the dinner is over.

CHARLEY: Were you in the drawing room last night when Captain Dan Powers was telling us the story of his life?

BARON: No - I never go in drawing rooms.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I can't draw.

CHARLEY: Now you're joking.

BARON: If I am I don't know it.

CHARLEY: Well, anyhow, Captain Powers has the reputation of being the greatest whaler in the world.

BARON: Who did he ever whale?

CHARLEY: He didn't whale people - he caught whales - You know what a whale is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- a sardine that got a break.

CHARLEY: A whale is a large cetacean, a vivaparous mammal.

BARON: (LAUGH) A fish by any other name would smell just as sweet.

CHARLEY: He was telling us about a whale that yielded over two hundred barrels of oil.

BARON: (LAUGH) A smelt!

CHARLEY: A smelt!

BARON: Sure -- I once caught a whale what was a whale of a whale.

CHARLEY: You would.

BARON: I did. Once I was on a whaler when we ran into a whale.

CHARLEY: Just one whale!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I thought whales traveled in schools.

BARON: Sure -- but this one was playing hockey. Well sir, I picked up my poonharp.

CHARLEY: Harpoon!

BARON: Poonharp!

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but you're saying it backwards.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's the way I was holding it.

CHARLEY: All right, continue.

BARON: I raised the harpoon --

CHARLEY: Now its harpoon.

BARON: Sure - I turned it around - gave it a fling and twenty minutes later it landed in his back.

CHARLEY: Twenty minutes later!

BARON: Sure -- when I flung the harpoon he was twenty miles from the boat.

CHARLEY: Baron, that's the daddy of them all.

BARON: No -- it was the mamma of them all. Well sir, to make a long story reduced - we got him on the boat - cut him open and what do you think we found inside?

CHARLEY: I suppose you're going to tell me you found Jonah inside.

BARON: Don't be foolish!

CHARLEY: Well, what did you find?

BARON: (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What are you laughing at?

BARON: At what we found inside.

CHARLEY: Well, what did you find?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

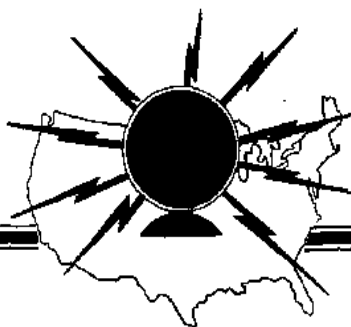
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
1/31/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday load the Magic Carpet with the spirit of romance as they bring us the song successes from the great musical shows of yesteryear. Our bandmaster tonight is Al Goodman who is famous for his modern dance arrangements. So let's call for the music and trip the light fantastic.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

ANNOUNCER:

Al Goodman and his Orchestra begin the dancing with--

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Thanks, Al, those tunes were great for dancing.....

There are houseparties and gay, good times on many college campuses tonight...it's the week-end after final examinations and students are taking full advantage of a few days' holiday. At these gay dances you'd find that the girls have made a discovery -- they have a decided preference in cigarettes because they've found that LUCKY STRIKE gives a welcome protection to their filmy gowns. These college women have found that, unlike other cigarettes, LUCKIES always burn evenly, with a long, firm ash that resists flaking and dropping on their lovely frocks. Notice that, next time you smoke a LUCKY....and notice, too, that this solid, even LUCKY STRIKE ash is always white -- the sure sign of the finest, most costly tobaccos. You'll find in your LUCKY none but these choice strands of fine tobaccos, never any large chunks or stems...every strand long and silky, every LUCKY packed firmly, full weight. And when you smoke that LUCKY, you'll discover the delicious, mellow-mild flavor that is born of fine tobaccos made extra delicious and smoothly mild by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. Every mellow-mild LUCKY is planned from start to finish to give you the greatest amount of rich smoking pleasure.

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS MR.

CLANEY SAYS:)

HOWARD CLANEY:

As "Romance" fills the air, Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday turn back the pages of the calendar for memories of some of the famous musical productions of Broadway's past. Their first song is taken from Act I of that success of 1917 - "Maytime." The scene is the meeting of the hero and heroine as they sing "SWEETHEARTS." Then, from "Little Miss Bluebeard," a production of a few years later, Miss Rice has chosen the delightful melody "SO THIS IS LOVE." About three years ago Mr. Halliday was starring in a musical show called "Princess Charming" and tonight he re-lives the part of the swash-buckling Captain Torelli as he sings "I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU" just as he sang it in the original production. Dr. Katzman's orchestra is setting the scene as the spotlight shines on Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "SWEETHEARTS

"SO THIS IS LOVE"

"I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Our romantic couple, Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, leave us until a little later in this program...and now we're bound for Al Goodman, one of the foremost conductors of musical comedy orchestras. Here we go to land right at his feet.

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

ANNOUNCER:

And this time Al Goodman and his orchestra play --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet is on it ways.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Down in Virginia they call Harry F. Byrd "The greatest Governor since Thomas Jefferson." The legislative session that followed his inauguration as Governor in 1926, was one of the most remarkable in the legislative annals of the Old Dominion. Virginians were thrilled as Governor Byrd put through bill after bill improving the state government....he carried everything before him and effected a saving of more than \$800,000. a year by consolidating 100 different agencies into twelve departments. By revising the tax system he brought more new industries to Virginia than any other state in the Union. Virginia survived 1931 with a surplus and found it unnecessary to increase any taxes for efficient, modern methods of government. We have just sent him this telegram:

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

HON. HARRY F. BYRD
WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

SIR:

YOU HAVE PROVED THAT A GOVERNMENT PROPERLY RUN CAN
GIVE FINER SERVICE AT LESSER COST....WE HAVE PROVED THAT A
BUSINESS CAN GIVE THE PEOPLE FINER QUALITY AT LESSER COST BY
OFFERING CERTIFIED CREMO AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS...
I KNOW YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS NEW VALUE STANDARD IN THE
CIGAR INDUSTRY WHICH GIVES EVERY SMOKER IN AMERICA A FINE
LONG-FILLER CIGAR IMMACULATELY CLEAN AT MODEST COST....I AM SURE
YOU WILL AGREE THAT GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS ALIKE SHOULD GIVE THE
GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER...WITH CORDIAL WISHES.....

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

This telegram, ladies and gentlemen, is now on its
way to the home of Ex-Governor Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. Its
message is important not only to Governor Byrd, but to every man
who enjoys a fine, long-filler cigar -- the fact that Certified
Crema is now five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Climb aboard the Magic Carpet to ride high over the
bright lights of Manhattan....we're circling over Al Goodman and his
orchestra...and now we drop in where melody awaits us.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Back to the Pilot speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS MR.

CLANEY SAYS:

HOWARD CLANEY:

For the next few minutes the Magic Carpet takes flight on the wings of romance guided by Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday. First, they bring you back to 1915 and Kalman's great show "Miss Springtime" as they sing "JUST A LITTLE BID FOR SYMPATHY." Then we'll hear the ever-popular favorite "LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING" which was the hit song from "SALLY.".....Perhaps you can remember that glorious show "Blossom Time," based on the life of the composer, Franz Schubert, and that scene in the garden as the two young sweethearts meet and sing "THE SONG OF LOVE."

Those are the melodies and here are Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "JUST A LITTLE BID FOR SYMPATHY"

"LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING"

"THE SONG OF LOVE.")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al.

On the backs of magazine covers this week, you'll notice a beautiful picture by one of America's famous artists, Penhryn Stanlaws. Mr. Stanlaws' painting brings out with the genius that is all his own, the delightful quality of a sparkling, lovely American girl. The title of the picture is "Mildness and Character," and it is published by the makers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. That title, "Mildness and Character," applies equally, my friends to LUCKY STRIKE -- as all of you who smoke LUCKIES know so well. You've undoubtedly noticed it yourself - the fragrant, full flavored, character of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine, expensive tobaccos....and the true mildness that only LUCKY STRIKE offers. Every ingredient in the smooth, distinctive LUCKY STRIKE blend of choice tobaccos is chosen because of its fine, sterling character -- And then this tempting deliciousness is enriched and purified by the famous "TOASTING" Process -- that exclusive treatment which makes tobaccos really mild--mellow-mild. And when you light a LUCKY, you'll be pleased to find it burns with a firm, white ash that resists dropping on clothes -- a white ash that is the unmistakable sign of fine, expensive tobaccos. No wonder folks everywhere agree that LUCKY STRIKE is the mellow mildest, the finest of all cigarettes!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Before we go back into the dancing, may I remind you that on Tuesday night we'll present another thrilling dramatization of an actual case handled by the agents of the United States Government. This case, known as "The Twenty Year Clue," is taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. With this dramatization on Tuesday, we'll hear the music of Jack Benny and his Waldorf Astoria Orchestra.....but tonight we're dancing to the syncopations of Al Goodman and his boys, and we're going to call on them again right now.

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

ANNOUNCER:

Al Goodman continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANNOUNCER:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Another LUCKY STRIKE Hour approaches its close. On Tuesday night we'll bring a thrilling dramatization called "The Twenty Year Clue," and for the dance music on that program - Jack Denny and his Orchestra.

Until Tuesday then -- goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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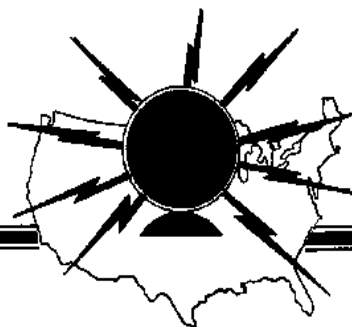
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AGENCY/chilleen
2/4/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight we present "THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE"...another in our series of dramatizations based on actual cases from the files in Washington, D.C., and while the audience is filling the Magic Carpet Theatre, let's go calling on Jack Denny and his grand band from the Empire Room of the Hotel Waldorf Astoria. Here we go..... so enjoy yourself!

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

JACK DENNY:

Good evening, everybody -- this is Jack Denny.

Tonight we play first -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet speeds back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Jack.

Well, it's happened at last! One of New York's best-known stores has just had a style show featuring - what do you think? - trouser-suits for women! A certain famous German movie star is said to be responsible for this fashion....and the New York women who visited the show were certainly intrigued by the idea. It looks as if men can't keep a good thing for themselves any more. It was men who first discovered LUCKIES, you know -- men who first realized how delicious a "toasted" cigarette could be. And yet today, they are women's favorites, too. Women have found out about LUCKIES' distinctive, flavorful goodness - the smooth, rich quality of the finest tobaccos, firmly packed - full weight. And because every delicious shred is "TOASTED," LUCKY STRIKE'S choice tobaccos are truly mild - pure - better in every way. Women have discovered, too, that LUCKIES always burn with a long, firm ash that resists the tendency to flake and drop on their clothes - and how welcome a quality that firm ash is, whether a woman be dressed in the latest thing in tweeds or a dainty evening gown!

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

When you smoke a LUCKY, notice that this firm ash is white -- the unmistakable sign of really fine tobaccos. Why not light up a LUCKY right now - enjoy all the smoking pleasure that's yours in that little tube of choice LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos!

Now we're in the Magic Carpet Theatre....that great playhouse where every one can view the stage from his own comfortable chair in the living room. The first act of "THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE" is about to begin.....the dramatization of a real case taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. Special Agent Five is receiving instructions as they flash through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

If there is any honor among thieves, John Emmett never heard about it. Now that the Federal Agents are on his trail, can he continue to violate both the code of the underworld and the laws of organized society? We'll learn the outcome of this case later in tonight's program, but in the meanwhile, we're off to Jack Denny and his orchestra who are waiting to flood your loudspeaker with melody.

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

JACK DENNY:

Everybody dance while we play -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD GLANEY:

Some men know Vincent Astor as a vigorous, able officer in the United States Navy during the war,...some know him as a great sportsman, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club -- whose famous cruising yacht the "Nourmahal" is now on a fishing expedition off Nassau. Scientists know Vincent Astor for his many expeditions and scientific cruises. And all who have met this straight-thinking, energetic head of the Astor family in America know him as a hard, continuous worker whose motto is "Follow a thing through - and see that it is well done." That is why we have just a minute ago sent this radiogram to Vincent Astor.

MR. VINCENT ASTOR
ABOARD STEAM YACHT "NOURMAHAL"
CRUISING OFF NASSAU BAHAMA ISLANDS

SIR

IN ALL YOUR ACTIVITIES YOU MAKE SURE THINGS ARE DONE WELL FROM BEGINNING TO END....BECAUSE WE FOLLOW EXACTLY THIS PRINCIPLE IN MANUFACTURE OF CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS I KNOW YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN NEW FORWARD STEP IN OFFERING THIS FINE CIGAR TO AMERICAN PUBLIC.... CERTIFIED CREMO STARTS WITH FINEST LONG-FILLER TOBACCO IS ROLLED IN FAMOUS PERFECTO SHAPE THEN FINISHED UNDER GLASS FOR SANITARY PROTECTION...AND NOW TO GIVE EVERY ONE CHANCE TO ENJOY THIS FINE CIGAR AT LOW PRICE WE OFFER CERTIFIED CREMO AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS....THE FINAL STEP IN GIVING AMERICANS A REALLY FINE CIGAR AT MODEST COST.....CORDIALLY

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. GLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

This is the radiogram, ladies and gentlemen, which is now flashing through the air on its way to Vincent Astor, cruising off the Bahama Islands. In this message you will find the news that has brought Certified Cremo leadership in the cigar industry -- the fact that fine, long-filler Certified Cremos are now five cents straight, three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

The program calls for dancing and that means we're going to drop in on Jack Denny, the genial maestro from the Hotel Waldorf Astoria, so --

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

JACK DENNY:

Swing your partners to -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and starts back to the man at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's the curtain call.....so let's leave the lobby of the Magic Carpet Theatre and get back into those front row seats for the final act of "THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE," a dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation.

John Emmett is being hunted as the leader of a trio of gunmen who shot down and killed the storekeeper on an Indian reservation in South Dakota. Emmett double-crossed his two henchmen, Fred Mays and Curley Logan, and they, captured by the Federal Agents, confessed to their part in the crime, naming Emmett as the ring-leader. Federal Agents Davis and Osborne are searching the Indian reservation for clues that may lead them to the fugitive. Now Special Agent Five is receiving instructions from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

When John Ezmett changed his name, he expected to be rid of the Federal Agents, but he couldn't change his character, and his blustering vanity marked him just as clearly as the tattooed initials on his arm labeled him a thief and a murderer.

Next Tuesday night we'll bring you another case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. Right now, however, we'll give you the music that has made Jack Denny one of the big reasons why members of New York's "400" flock nightly to the Waldorf-Astoria.

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

JACK DENNY:

Now we play -- (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet starts on its way.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

Did you know, ladies, that the styles of the gay nineties are going to be the latest thing in evening gowns for 1933? Here's an article by one of America's leading fashion experts, predicting ruffles and lace, lustrous satins and chiffons...what a joy to a woman to wear such a gown, gay and colorful -- and what a tragedy to have such a lovely new gown ruined by falling ash from a cigarette! If that has ever happened to you, you'll appreciate the fact that LUCKY STRIKE leaves a firm white ash that resists the tendency to drop and flake on clothes. Tobacco experts recognize that firm, white ash as convincing proof of LUCKY STRIKE'S superior quality. Money cannot buy finer, more fragrant tobaccos than go into LUCKY STRIKE....And money cannot buy a more scientific method of purifying those tobaccos...of imparting delicious mellow-mildness. LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process gives to those fine tobaccos the purity that is especially valued by women who detest yellow cigarette stains on dainty fingers. Is it any wonder that increasing millions of smartly dressed women as well as men smoke LUCKIES? In all respects, LUCKY STRIKE gives you the utmost in smoking pleasure!

Now back to the dancing, but first may I remind you that on Thursday night Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, again steps to the microphone and relates more of his inspired adventures. Anson Weeks and his musical troupe will share the honors with the Baron on that program...but now, Jack Denny has his boys gathered around him and they're ready to play.

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

JACK DENNY:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

(

)
(

)
(

)
(

)
(

)
(

)

JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet flashes down the home stretch.
(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, brings us to the close of another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. Don't forget, on Thursday night, we'll bring you Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen and Aneon Weeks and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra.

Until Thursday then.....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
2/7/33

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XV

"THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FEBRUARY 7, 1933

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XV

"THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

CURLEY LOGAN	HALF-BREED JOE
FRED MAYS	LUCY BEAR
JOHN EMMETT	AGENT OSBORNE
MR. KERWIN	AGENT DAVIS
MRS. KERWIN	SHERIFF
UNCLE IKE	VOICES

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XV

"THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....DIRECTOR UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY OF "THE TWENTY YEAR CLUE"..... BASED ON CASE NO. 70 - 1307.....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 Twenty Year Clue".....real people....real places....real clues.... a real case....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout....our case begins at Rapid City, South Dakota, in the year 1916.....at a hall in which a dance is being held.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(MUSIC BACKGROUND: "OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL" or "ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND." ORCHESTRA IS PIANO, FIDDLE AND TRAPS WITH COWBELL, ETC. VERY PROMINENT.)

EMMETT: Hello, kiddo.

LUCY: Why...I don't know you.

EMMETT: Sure you do. You've just forgotten, that's all.

LUCY: I'm sure I've never seen you anywhere. Skiddoo----
just because I'm an Indian, you needn't get fresh.

EMMETT: Who's getting fresh.? Go way back and sit down.
Why, I think you're a swell doll.

LUCY: Say, you've got your nerve.

EMMETT: Aw, Lucy -- you can't have forgotten me so soon.
Here -- look.

LUCY: Look at what?

EMMETT: On my arm -- see?

LUCY: (GASPS) Oh!

EMMETT: (IN TRIUMPH) See? There's the tattoo mark -- the
letters you put there yourself.

LUCY: "J.E." -- and you're -- you're John Emmett!

EMMETT: Nobody else! And you're Lucy Bear!

LUCY: Yes, but --

EMMETT: That was eight years ago when I was a cowpuncher.
Remember- I got caught on the ranch by a snowstorm,
and your father took me in -- Remember?

LUCY: Of course I do!

EMMETT: And how you tattooed my initials on my arm for me one
afternoon?

LUCY: Yes, indeed.

EMMETT: Well, here I am; on my way to Canada.

LUCY: To Canada? What for?

EMMETT: I'm going to join up in the army there and go across to fight Kaiser Bill.

LUCY: (REGRETFUL) Oh.

EMMETT: You don't like that, Lucy?

LUCY: No....I don't.....

EMMETT: Well....maybe I might stay here....If I thought it was worth my while.

LUCY: (MURMURS) Worth your while, John?

(MUSIC SWELLS)

EMMETT: Listen, they're playing a bunny-hug! What do you say, baby doll? Let's dance!

LUCY: (HAPPY LAUGH, FADES QUICKLY)

(MUSIC COMES UP IN BURST OF PREHISTORIC JAZZ, FADES OUT)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1, CLOCK STRIKES NINE TIMES.

KERWIN: Nine o'clock New Year's Eve.

MRS. KERWIN: That's right, Alvin.

KERWIN: Certainly hope 1931'll be a better year than 1930.

MRS. KERWIN: We didn't do so badly, Alvin.

KERWIN: The Lord be thanked. We've been mighty lucky, Clara, mighty lucky.

MRS. KERWIN: The Indians have done a right smart lot of trading with us. And the townspeople, too.

KERWIN: There's an advantage having your store on Reservation territory. It gives the Indians confidence in you.

MRS. KERWIN: (PIOUS) At least we've kept up our heads and not been beholden to others for our keep. I pray God things will go as well next year.

KERWIN: 'Course they will. (FADES) Well, guess I'll lock the front door.

(SOUND OF LOCKING -- COMES BACK)

(OPENS CASH REGISTER)

Now, soon as I finish counting today's cash we can go to bed.

MRS. KERWIN: Yes, Alvin.

(SOUND OF KNOCKING AT DOOR)

Who could that be?

KERWIN: Say -- that must be the meat man -- holiday's made him late. I guess. You let him in, will you?

MRS. KERWIN: Give me the key.

(UNLOCKS DOOR)

(DOORS OPEN)

(SCREAM)

KERWIN: What in --

EMMETT: (FADING IN) Shut up. Both of you. Shut up.

KERWIN: (BRAVE) Here, here now -- what's this?

EMMETT: Hop inside, Curley, Fred --

CURLEY: (FADES IN) Coming up.

FRED: Yeah --

EMMETT: And close that door!

(DOOR SLAMMED)

All right, both o' you old folks -- stick up your hands!

KERWIN: You get out of here, you no-account, ornery.

EMMETT: Can that. Draw your guns, boys.

MRS. KERWIN: Alvin, be careful!

KERWIN: You scoundrel!

EMMETT: Hey old man -- get away from that gun rack!

CURLEY: He's reachin' for the shotgun, boss.

EMMETT: Fred -- Curley! Get him -- sock him!

FRED: I got him. I'll bust his head with this revolver butt.

(STRIKES TWO BLOWS)

KERWIN: You....you can't stop me, I'll---

MRS. KERWIN: Alvin!

CURLEY: He's still movin'.

FRED: He's still goin' for the gun, boss.

EMMETT: All right..let him have it then -- Both of you!

(FOUR SHOTS RING OUT)

MRS. KERWIN: Alvin! Alvin! (FADES) Oh....oh....merciful God.

EMMETT: Stop the old woman! Where's she goin'?

(DOOR SLAMS)

FRED: Too late, boss. She ducked out the back way. Gone for help.

CURLEY: She'll have the whole town down on our necks. We better scam, Emmett.

EMMETT: Not till I've got that dough -- that's what we came for and that's what we're going to get! Hand me that axe!

CURLEY: O.K. -- here you are.

EMMETT: I'll just --

(STRIKES HEAVY BLOW)

break open --

(STRIKES HEAVY BLOW)

this cash register -- and we'll be on our way.

(STRIKES HEAVY BLOW)

There she is -- scoop up that coin, Fred.

FRED: Right --

(JINGLE OF MONEY)

it's in de bag.

EMMETT: Good. Now we can scam, Curley. (FADES) This way,
boys. Hurry it up.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNNING OFF RAPIDLY.

2. AD LIB EXCITEMENT -- FADES.

OSBORNE: They shot him down, Davis, murdered him, while he was
trying to protect wife and his property.

DAVIS: (YOUNGER) City crooks, you think?

OSBORNE: Well, I'll tell you. It's evident that -- (LOWER
VOICE) never mind right now. Here's the old lady.

DAVIS: Oh -- how do you do, Mrs. Kerwin?

MRS. KERWIN: Yes, that's who I am, young man.

DAVIS: I'm Special Agent Davis of the Bureau of Investigation,
Mrs. Kerwin -- and this is my superior, Agent Osborne.

MRS. KERWIN: I see.

OSBORNE: Since the crime was committed on Indian Reservation
Territory, Mrs. Kerwin, we are in charge of the
investigation.

MRS. KERWIN: Are you going to ask me a lot of questions?

OSBORNE: (HUMANELY) No, Mrs. Kerwin, not just now. Except
this. The three men who came here -- you had a good
luck at them?

MRS. KERWIN: (CONTROLLING SELF) Yes, sir -- right under that
light they were standing.

OSBORNE: You could identify them?

MRS. KERWIN: (STRONGLY) Yes, indeed.

OSBORNE: Fine. Then we won't bother you any more at present.

MRS. KERWIN: You can look at anything you want in the store.
(MOVES AWAY) But I think I'd better lie down now.

(DOOR CLOSED)

DAVIS: Pretty game, isn't she?

OSBORNE: Poor old soul. Well, not much we can do for her now. Might as well get back to work. I'll tell you one thing, Davis. There was head-work among the crooks who committed this crime.

DAVIS: What makes you say that?

OSBORNE: They picked this store that deals mostly with Indians, and is located on the Reservation. That puts 'em outside the jurisdiction of the local peace officers.

DAVIS: So while we were getting here, they had time to complete a nice getaway.

OSBORNE: That's it. And another thing, Davis, this telephone is dead. And so is every phone in the town of Lead, South Dakota.

DAVIS: Huh! How come?

OSBORNE: They cut the trunk line...must have done it just before they pulled the job. So when Mrs. Kerwin was able to get help, the phones were no good.

DAVIS: Sounds like somebody was trying to bring in gang methods to the reservation, Osborne. How'll we stop him?

OSBORNE: Well, if they've left this part of the country, there's nothing you and I can do, at the moment. So, until we hear otherwise, we'll work as if those murderers were hiding out nearby. We'll cover every place that there's a chance of their going -- The pool halls, the pawnshop, cheap lunch joints. (FADES)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CLOCK TICKING.
2. MOURNFUL SINGING: "LET SIXTEEN GAMBLERS
COME CARRY MY COFFIN -- I'M A POOR
COWBOY, I KNOW I DONE WRONG."

(CURLEY IS SINGING)

FRED: Say, for Pete's sake, Curley...cancha lay off that singing?

CURLEY: What else is there to do?

FRED: Well...get something cheerful, then.

CURLEY: I don't feel cheerful. Because I know I done wrong.
(CHUCKLE)

FRED: How much longer do you think we'll have to wait for Emmett?

CURLEY: We've been here two days. Two beautiful days! I'll say Half-Breed Joe's flop-house ain't the ritz.

FRED: And not a word from him.

CURLEY: I wonder if Emmett's run out on us?

FRED: (CONVINCING HIMSELF) He couldn't have -- we made him leave the dough with us.

CURLEY: Yeah. And it's supposed to still be here, Fred.

FRED: What do you mean, supposed to be?

CURLEY: I've been thinking...why would Emmett have to go on ahead of us, to fix up a getaway? Why couldn't we go together? We grabbed that dough together, didn't we? Listen. That guy Emmett. He's got a handful of "gimme" and a mouthful of "much obliged."

FRED: (LAUGHING IT OFF) Agh, you're crazy, Curley. The dough's still right where it was, in the cigar box under that loose board, ain't it? Ain't it?

CURLEY: (CASUAL) We might look and see.

FRED: (PANIC) Say, if he's double-crossed us.

CURLEY: Lift up the board, Fred.

FRED: Yeah.

(PULLS UP BOARD)

CURLEY: Got the cigar box?

FRED: Yeah -- I can just reach it. Here it is.

CURLEY: Let's take a look inside.

FRED: Empty! That skunk! He's run off and left us high and dry!

CURLEY: He out-smarted us. We should have known.

FRED: I'd like to get my hands on --

CURLEY: I'll tell you, Fred. Emmett's going to be kind of hard to find.-

FRED: Well -- ain't he some kind of relation to Half-Breed Joe?

CURLEY: Yeah -- by marriage, what I hear. He's a squaw-man -- married to an Indian woman.

FRED: (VENGEFUL) Then we'll see what we can find out about white men with Indian wives. We'll track him down!

CURLLEY: All right, Fred. O.K. But first we got to get a grubstake. Emmett's left us stoney.

FRED: Yeah, we've got to eat, huh?

CURLLEY: And I know how we'll do it. Get your gun.

FRED: My gun?

CURLLEY: Yeah -- that's right. Get your gun, and come with me.

(DOOR CLOSED)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE DRIVES UP AND STOPS.
2. AUTOMOBILE DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

EMMETT: All right, Joe. I'll get out here by the side of the road. You've given me a good lift.

JOE: Oh, that's all right, Emmett -- tell you the truth, I'm glad to get you out of my place.

EMMETT: You don't like to have me round, hey? What kind of a tribe did I marry into, anyhow?

JOE: I think you're one bad actor, John.

EMMETT: Sorry I married your cousin, aren't you? Well, take a look at this then.

JOE: What?

EMMETT: Five bucks, Joe. Go ahead, take it -- it's yours.

JOE: What for?

EMMETT: For giving me the lift.

JOE: Well....thanks. Say, that's a big bankroll you got, Cousin John.

EMMETT: (HARD) Never mind about that! I gave you more than the ride was worth, didn't I?

JOE: Yes, but --

EMMETT: All right. Forget the rest of it. And say.

JOE: Yeah?

EMMETT: When you get back to your flop-house in Lead, you better throw those two kids out.

JOE: You mean Curley Logan and Fred Mays?

EMMETT: Yep, throw 'em out.

JOE: But what for?

EMMETT: (CHUCKLES) Ask 'em for room rent and you'll find out. They're broke.

JOE: Say, I --

EMMETT: Well, Joe, you've done me a big favor. But you better get along now. Maybe you'd rather not -- see which way I'm going. Understand?

JOE: Oh -- Yes, I understand, John. I get you.

(MOTOR STARTS UP AND RUNS OUT OF EARSHOT)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR IS OPENED.
2. SHOP BELL TINKLES.
3. SOUND OF RAPPING ON GLASS COUNTER.

UNCLE IKE: (FADING IN) Well. Be patient yet. I'm comink.

CURLEY: Hurry it up, Uncle. We ain't got all day.

UNCLE IKE: You're in a hurry yet, young feller? So what's so important, hah?

FRED: None of your business, Ikey. Look. What'll you give us on these?

(THUMP AS FRED PUTS GUNS DOWN ON COUNTER)

UNCLE IKE: (COLDLY) Guns, ha?

CURLLEY: Yeah, we want to put 'em up the spout. How much?

UNCLE IKE: Hmm. Lot's take a look yet. Hmm. Smith and Vesson, forty-four. Oy, Colt, forty one. Hmumum.

FRED: Well?

UNCLE IKE: Leesten, boys. I can't geeve you notting on dese guns.

FRED: (UGLY) Oh, no?

UNCLE IKE: Geeve a look once in the weendow -- I got already a hundred guns --

FRED: Yeah, I see 'em.....

UNCLE IKE: And geeve a look, boys, on the odder side of the weendow.

CURLLEY: Hey - Fred -- those two guys are cops! Starin' in at us. Listen, Uncle, where's the back door to this joint!

(DOOR OPENED QUICKLY - SHOP BELL JANGLES EXCITEDLY)

DAVIS: (FADING IN QUICKLY) Wait a minute boys -- don't rush off!

OSBORNE: (ALSO COMES IN RAPIDLY) And never mind about those guns -- you leave them right where they are -- on the counter.

CURLLEY: What is this a pinch?

DAVIS: (PLEASANTLY) We'll hold you for questioning, sonny -- we're Federal Agents.

CURLLEY: Well is it a crime to be broke and go into a pawnshop?

OSBORNE: (WEARILY) Listen, son. You can forget all that stuff...it won't get you to first base in our league.. now, Mr. Margolies, these men were trying to pawn the guns on the counter?

UNCLE IKE: Dot's right.

OSBORNE: A forty-four and a forty-one. Exactly the calibres we're looking for. The guns ought to check with the bullets from Mr. Kerwin's body.

DAVIS: You had the right idea, watching the pawnshop, Osborne.

OSBORNE: When I suggested it, I certainly didn't think these lads would try to pawn the guns they did the shooting with. That's a break for us.

FRED: Listen, you cops -- this ain't our fault. He told us to do it.

OSBORNE: Wait a minute, kid -- what's your name?

FRED: Fred Mays.

OSBORNE: And who's this one?

CURLEY: They call me Curley. Curley Logan.

OSBORNE: Well boys -- how about the third man? Is he the one that "told you to do it?"

FRED: He told us that Curley and me would be big racketeers. It's his fault the old man was shot -- he said for us to let him have it.

DAVIS: Sounds like this fellow is the one you were talking about, Osborne, who did the head-work.

OSBORNE: Yeah, and he left these boys in good shape, didn't he? Well, let's get moving -- we'll have to locate the big fellow before our case is closed.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WILL FEDERAL AGENTS....SUCCEED IN CAPTURING.....
MURDEROUS BANDIT.....WHO DOUBLE-CROSSED PALS.....
FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR CONCLUSION WITH
UNEXPECTED PUNCH.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JOE: Come in.

(DOOR OPENED)

John Emmett! Are you crazy!

EMMETT: (IN DOOR) Shut up.

(DOOR CLOSED)

(FADES IN)

Keep quiet.

JOE: You must be crazy to come here -- listen, the Federal Agents are in town.

EMMETT: So I hear. You been talkin' to 'em, too.

JOE: (CRAFTY) Yeah....and maybe I got something you'd like to know, Cousin John!

EMMETT: Let's have it.

JOE: Well, the Federals pinched Curley and Fred.

EMMETT: Yeah?

JOE: And they told the cops that you'd had something to do with the killing down at Kerwin's store.

EMMETT: Go on.

JOE: Say, Cousin John....don't you think this is worth something? Maybe you got another five dollars, huh?

EMMETT: (COLD ANGER) Why -- I'll show you what you'll get---

(SOUND OF CHOKING)

JOE: John -- for God's sake -- I didn't mean nothing -- you're choking --

EMMETT: All right! Now give me the straight dope and forget about trying to shake me down.

JOE: Well, the Federal cops came up here next morning,
because the boys told 'em this was the hideout. And
they talked to me, two Federal men.

EMMETT: What did you tell them?

JOE: I just said that I'd driven you up near Clearwater.

EMMETT: Yeah? What else?

JOE: Well, they wanted to know what relation we was, so
I told 'em you'd married my cousin Lucy Bear.

EMMETT: All right, they can go talk to Lucy if they want to.
She ain't seen me in ten years.

JOE: Sure, John, sure.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Who's there?

VOICE: Joe -- Joe!

JOE: Yeah?

VOICE: The two Federal cops -- they've come back -- and
they're comin' upstairs.

JOE: Great grief! You hear that, John?

EMMETT: Yes, I hear.

JOE: The Federal men! They'll be in this room in another
minute.

EMMETT: Yes, but I won't be. I'm goin' through this window,
Joe.

JOE: Can you get away? Can't they follow you?

EMMETT: Listen, Half-Breed. All they got on me is a name --
they've never seen me, and they never will.

JOE: Just a name?

EMMETT: Yeah -- John Emmett. And from now on -- John Emmett is
dead! (FADES SLIGHTLY) Take a good look, pal. You'll
never see him again. Me for the window.

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WINDOW RAISED.
2. HEAVY KNOCKS - FADE OUT.
3. MOTOR CAR RUNNING OVER ROAD.
4. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

- DAVIS: Your husband is wanted for a serious crime, Mrs. Emmett -- murder.
- LUCY: I'm afraid John never was much good. But you understand, I haven't seen him for years.
- OSBORNE: So your cousin told us.
- LUCY: Then what use can I be to you?
- DAVIS: If you could just tell us anything about your husband that happens to come to mind. You see, all we have on him is a description and a slight idea of his character. When we catch him, we may have trouble making identification.
- LUCY: Well.....John used to be very quick on his feet. Sometimes he would get into fights in saloons or pool halls. I remember once he fought two men and injured them badly. He was so quick, you see.
- OSBORNE: Rough-and-tumble expert, eh?
- LUCY: And then he -- he always had big ideas.
- DAVIS: Sort of a promoter?
- LUCY: Well, yes -- and he said people were "slow" if they were honest or worked hard.
- OSBORNE: Umum-hum. Go on.

LUCY: Well...I can't think of much more about him. Somehow I just remember how quick he was, and what a beautiful dancer. We became engaged at a dance, you see. (DREAMILY) I didn't know who he was, till he showed me the initials tattooed on his wrist. His initials, J.E.

OSBORNE: Tattoo marks?

LUCY: Yes -- I put the initials there myself, when I was a girl.

OSBORNE: I see -- (ASIDE TO DAVIS) - all right, Davis.
(CONTINUES TO LUCY) Thank you for your patience, ma'am.

LUCY: I don't know whether I've been any help or not.

OSBORNE: (FADING) You've been a lot of help. Good day, Mrs. Emmett.

(DOOR)

SOUND INTERLUDE: MOTOR CAR RUNNING OVER ROAD.

FADES LOWER FOR FOLLOWING DIALOGUE.

OSBORNE: That tattooing gag is going to be our salvation when we catch him.

DAVIS: If we do.

OSBORNE: Half-breed Joe tells us that Emmett has changed his name. Very well. But he can't change his character. You know that, Davis.

DAVIS: Sure -- and we can't put his character in jail, either.

OSBORNE: Consider this fellow. What is he? A blowhard who's hung around cheap saloons all his life. That's where he threw away the charm that attracted Mrs. Emmett.

DAVIS: And where does that put us?

OSBORNE: Well, I figure Emmett's criminal career is motivated by vanity -- the same vanity that made him have the initials tattooed on his arm. He wants an audience -- some one to strut before; that's why he went back to Joe's lodging-house and almost got caught for his pains.

DAVIS: (GETTING IDEA) And now you think he's dug up a new gang of listeners somewhere else?

OSBORNE: Exactly. We know he hasn't a car -- so he can't get out of this immediate region unless he goes by train. All we need to do is have the local peace officers keep a weather eye on the railroad depots and the sort of places he's liable to frequent -- and I think we'll be talking to John Emmett before very long.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR SOUND SWELLS AND FADES OUT.
2. POOL HALL BACKGROUND: CLICKING POOL BALLS, ETC.

VOICE: There's a shot for you, Buck! Think you can make it?

EMMETT: Sure I can make it. Wait a minute -- somebody hold my coat.

VOICE II: I'll hold it, Buck.

EMMETT: That's right, pal. Wait'll I roll up my sleeves. Now then -- where's my cue?

VOICE: Here you are, Buck?

EMMETT: All right, chalk her up.

VOICE: O.K.

EMMETT: And if I make this -- I'll buy everybody a drink!

OMNES: That's the stuff! Good for old Buck! He's a card,
etc.

EMMETT: Everybody, see. And that goes for you strangers, too.

OSBORNE: Yeah?

(SILENCE)

EMMETT: Say...don't you think I can make this shot? Listen
-- you two guys been sitting there since dinner time.
You ought to know by now I can make any shot!

OSBORNE: (EVENLY) All right. Just be sure you call it, that's
all.

EMMETT: Where's that cue?

VOICE: Right here, Buck.

EMMETT: Gimme room -- gimme room. See what I'm gonna do?
(EMMETT MAKES COMPLICATED SHOT - CLICK, CLICK,
CLICK.)
(OMNES - ENTHUSIASM)

EMMETT: How about that, boys? How about it? All right --
Let's have those drinks, Benny.

VOICE: Coming right up, Buck.
(AD LIB GENERAL ENTHUSIASM)

EMMETT: (FADING IN) Say -- ain't you guys drinking?

OSBORNE: No. Not tonight.

EMMETT: Listen, I like to know where I'm at...Are you guys
with me or against me?

OSBORNE: I'm afraid we're against you.

EMMETT: Huh?

OSBORNE: (WATCHFUL) Yes. You see, we're Federal Agents.....

(REACTION)

DAVIS: And you're John Emmett -- wanted for murder!

EMMETT: (DEADLY) Cops. Might have known. (ASIDE TO CROWD)

Keep back, fellows, keep out of this.

VOICE: (FRIGHTENED) There's gonna be shootin'. There's gonna be....

(CROWD QUIET)

DAVIS: Watch it, Osborne -- He's going to make trouble.

OSBORNE: Duck.

(GLASS CRASH)

DAVIS: Throwing billiard balls, eh?

OSBORNE: Do you think that's nice?

EMMETT: Keep away. Keep away.

OSBORNE: I'll grab him, Davis, you --

DAVIS: Get him away from that table. Don't let him kick you.

OSBORNE: Yeah, I'll tackle him.

(MAKES EFFORT AS THOUGH LEAPING AT EMMETT)

(HEAVY CRASH OF GLASS AND WOOD)

DAVIS: There goes the cigar counter. Hold him, Osborne.

EMMETT: You're goin' to get it -- both of you!

(BREAKS BILLIARD CUE OVER KNEE)

(CROWD MUTTERS IN TERROR)

VOICE: (MATTER OF FACT) He's breaking a billiard cue....

look out, you fellers!

DAVIS: Put that cue down, Emmett.

EMMETT: I'LL beat your head off if you come near me.

DAVIS: Put it down, I tell you!

OSBORNE: Don't shoot, Davis -- too many people here.

(AS HE LEAPS UP BEHIND AND SEIZES UPRAISED FRAGMENT OF CUE.) Take it easy, Emmett....easy! Come on, Davis -- I've got him!

EMMETT: (STRUGGLING) Leggo....leggo! Leggo of me, you---

(STRUGGLE)

(BACKGROUND: "It's the sheriff. Oh, my God.")

SHERIFF: Gentlemen! Mr. Osborne! Can I help you?

OSBORNE: No thanks, Sheriff.....we've got him subdued now....

DAVIS: Yeah....Soon as I snap these on him.

(HANDCUFFS)

That'll keep him from throwing billiard balls around, anyhow.

SHERIFF: I'd have come in to help you gentlemen sooner, but you said --

OSBORNE: You helped us enough when you reported this suspicious character, Sheriff. And if you'd come upstairs, he might have wised up. As it is, we've John Emmett under arrest where we want him.

EMMETT: John Emmett -- that ain't me! My name's Buck Simpson -- ask any of the boys round here.

OSBORNE: Buck Simpson, eh? Not with the initials J. E. on your wrist -- the initials your own wife put there years ago.

EMMETT: That don't link me up with murder -- you can't prove that it does.

OSBORNE: Oh, yes, we can John -- The initials take us to your wife, and she connects you with her Cousin Half-breed Joe -- and that means you were the third of three criminals who used his place for a hide-out.

EMMETT: That don't identify me! You got to identify me, see!

OSBORNE: I think that Mrs. Kerwin's widow and your two pals
you double-crossed will be glad to identify you,
Emmett. Now, Sheriff, if you can furnish a car --
I think we'll all go for a little ride.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: KILLER JOHN EMMETT.....AND TWO CONFEDERATES.....TRIED
.....CONVICTED.....SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT....
IN FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.....CASE NO. 70 - 1307.....
FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....CLOSED.....ASSIGNMENT
COMPLETED.....(WIRELESS)THE LONG ARM OF THE
FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE.....CRIME DOES NOT
PAY.....

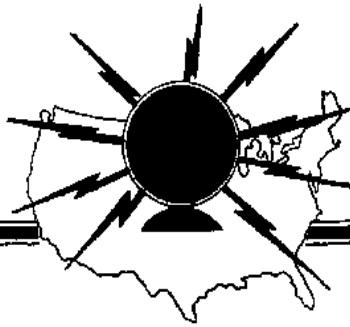
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
1/27/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Jack Pearl is our privileged guest tonight as he again makes his bow as the Baron Munchausen...that amazing fellow who recites his amazing adventures on these Thursday night programs. But first of all, here's Anson Weeks and his orchestra from the Sea Glade of the Hotel St. Regis to contribute the dance music. So let's swing into their rhythms.

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

ANSON WEEKS:

Good evening, every one, this is Anson Weeks and his boys greeting you with -- (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

We speed the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Anson.

Although it doesn't look so awfully complicated, my friends, actually a LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette is just about as delicately, perfectly adjusted as a fine radio set.....When you touch a match to your LUCKY, you are, in effect, tuning in on all the stored tobacco goodness that's so firmly, carefully packed inside. The smooth, mellow flavor of golden Virginia tobacco springs to life -- and the rich, winery goodness of choice leaves of Kentucky burley...the spice and aroma of fine, Turkish tobaccos adds the "sauce" of the blend. But you know, ladies and gentlemen, all those firmly packed strands of silken tobaccos couldn't give you their true, perfect goodness unless they were perfectly mated...expertly blended together by the finest blending method science ever devised.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

And the "TOASTING" Process, fellow smokers, imparts the pure, delicious mellow-mildness you know so well -- that makes every LUCKY STRIKE such a joy to smoke!

Jack Pearl, the man of the hour, is standing just off stage with his friend, Cliff Hall. These two partners in argument are affectionately known everywhere as the Baron Munchausen and Charley. Earlier this evening the Baron thought back over his checkered career and finally decided to discuss his Egyptian excavations. While the Baron has never claimed to have known King Tut intimately, we have no way of definitely telling just how far back the Baron's memory goes.....so suppose we let him speak for himself.....ladies and gentlemen, his modesty, the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "ARCHAEOLOGY")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Yes, that was Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen.....
he's leaving the stage now but he'll be back in a short while.....
and right here we turn our attention to Anson Weeks.....Anson's
been expecting us.....so we'll drop the Magic Carpet right at
his feet.

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

ANSON WEEKS:

We play now -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fighting against the competition of foreign companies, Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, preserved for America her rightful share in the world's oil trade. And now, Mr. Teagle has won the gratitude of Americans by his splendid direction of the fight against the forces of depression. We have just dispatched a telegram to Mr. Teagle -- I'll read it to you.

MR. WALTER C. TEAGLE, PRESIDENT
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY
26 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

SIR:

ALL AMERICA APPLAUDS YOUR ABLE DIRECTION OF THE FIGHT AGAINST DEPRESSION.....JUST AS YOUR COUNTRYMAN LOOK TO THE GREAT OIL COMPANY OF WHICH YOU ARE PRESIDENT FOR INDUSTRIAL LEADERSHIP SO DO CIGAR SMOKERS LOOK TO CERTIFIED CREMO FOR LEADERSHIP IN CIGAR VALUES.....THEY KNOW THAT CERTIFIED CREMO..... THE ONLY CIGAR IN THE WORLD FINISHED UNDER GLASS STANDS FOR THE HIGHEST CIGAR QUALITY.....WE FEEL CERTAIN YOU WILL APPROVE OUR ACTION IN SHARING WITH SMOKERS THE BENEFITS OF LARGE SCALE PRODUCTION WHICH ENABLES US TO OFFER THIS FINE HIGH QUALITY CIGAR AT A NEW LOW PRICE OF FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT THREE FOR TEN CENTS..... SINCERELY YOURS.....

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

This telegram, ladies and gentlemen, was sent a few minutes ago from the studio here to Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. It conveys the news that Certified Cremo is now sharing the benefit of large scale production by offering this fine, long-filler cigar at five cents straight -- three for ten cents.

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Let's have another dance before the Baron returns to the stage.....we're on our way to the rhythm and melody of Anson Weeks so --

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

ANSON WEEKS:

Everybody dance -- (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Anson, and now here's the Baron Munchausen.
He's about to launch forth in a lively discussion of Archaeology
in all its phases and we might remark that nothing phases the
Baron.....we take pleasure in presenting.....his Royal Shyness.....
the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "ARCHAEOLOGY")

HOWARD CLARKE:

That was Jack Pearl reminiscing again about his life as the Baron Munchausen....He'll join us at this same time next week. Incidentally, on Saturday night Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday will bring us some romantic moments from the theatre, and Ben Bernie, the old Maestro, will be on hand with an abundant supply of dance music and cheerful chatter....but now there's dancing to be done and music to be played so we're off to Anson Weeks.

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

ANSON WEEKS:

You dance while we play -- (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and speeds back to its starting point.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very good, Anson, we'll call on you again in just one minute.

A cigarette is a friendly smoke, isn't it?...When you're gathered together for a party, or a game of bridge -- every smoker knows the enjoyment there is in a good cigarette! But very often you'll hear some one complain of cigarette ashes that flake and fall unnoticed on clothes. Women particularly dread these little tragedies of falling ash -- and so it's natural that women have been among the first to discover that LUCKIES burn with a long, firm white ash -- a white ash that resists the tendency to flake and fall on lovely gowns. That firm, even-textured white ash, my friends, means that the tobaccos in your LUCKY STRIKE are the very finest grown....Tobaccos made mellow-mild and delicious by the famous "TOASTING" Process. It is this modern purifying treatment, you know, that is such a boon to women who detest unsightly yellow stains on the fingers. Won't you join us, right now, in a friendly enjoyment of this mellow-mild, delightful cigarette -- light a LUCKY!

We're ready for another fast trip back to Anson Weeks....At the smart Hotel St. Regis, fashionable New Yorkers dance nightly to Anson Weeks' music, but now the whole country is going to step to his lilting melodies.

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

ANSON WEEKS:

Now we continue with -- (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The Magic Carpet speeds down the home stretch.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Another LUCKY STRIKE Hour comes to a close. On Saturday night, we present our romantic couple Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, and the inimitable Ben Bernie, the old Maestro. Until Saturday then, goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

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FEATURING

(FINAL DRAFT)
2/9/33

JACK PEARL

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FEBRUARY 9, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIII

"ARCHEOLOGY"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIII

"A R C H E O L O G Y"

PART I

CHARLEY: Let me understand you, Baron -- you want me to get you a shovel - is that right?

BARON: Yes, Sharley - I have got to have a shovel right away.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: My Aunt Sophie is giving a dinner party and she asked me to dig up a few friends.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron - that's just a figurative speech -- you don't dig up people - you look them up.

BARON: Is that so? Well it happens I have dug up people.

CHARLEY: You've dug up people?

BARON: Yes sir -- in Egypt.

CHARLEY: Oh -- mummies.

BARON: Sure -- and pappies.

CHARLEY: I didn't know you were a scholar of antiquarianism.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: I didn't know you were interested in archeology. The art that deals scientifically with the remains of ancient human activities -- the excavating, conserving and restoring of antiquities for posterity.

BARON:it's commencing.

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about ancient relics?

BARON: (LAUGH) I married one.

CHARLEY: Please understand me, Baron - I'm referring to antiquated things, preserved, petrified, ossified.

BARON: Oh, I know what you mean.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo?

BARON: Sure -- was he ossified last night!

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron -- Will you do me a favor?

BARON: Sure - how much?

CHARLEY: No, no - I mean don't talk about your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: Why not? He talks about me.

CHARLEY: I don't care. He's getting on my nerves.

BARON: He's been living on his for years.

CHARLEY: Do me a favor and don't mention his name tonight.

BARON: All right -- on one condition.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: That you don't mention words that even you can't

CHARLEY: Very well.

BARON: If you chuck big words at me I'll chuck my Cousin Hugo at you.

CHARLEY: Agreed. Tonight my verbose vocabulary, colloquialisms and phraseology will be depleted of all academic grandiloquence.

BARON: MY COUSIN HUGO! MY COUSIN HUGO! MY --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! I surrender!

BARON: I got another cousin I could talk about too.

CHARLEY: Another cousin?

BARON: Sure -- I got a cousin in Milwaukee.

CHARLEY: That's a song.

BARON: They wrote a song about Hugo also.

CHARLEY: What song?

BARON: (LAUGH) Where you go - etc.

CHARLEY: When will you stop going into harangues about Hugo?

BARON: When you stop going into huddles with Webster.

CHARLEY: Webster is a necessity! But what is Hugo?

BARON: A kibitzer.

CHARLEY: Being an archeologist, you no doubt know the origin of speech?

BARON: Sure -- From the first word -- and I know whose gonna have the last word!

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: My wife!

CHARLEY: The origin of speech - (that is articulate words) - is speculative among linguistic scientists and etymologists.

BARON: Do you want to hear some more about my Cousin Hugo?

CHARLEY: NO!

BARON: Then throw those words back in the encyclopeanut Brittle Tannica and speak Ing-gulch!

CHARLEY: Speak what?

BARON:See? How do you expect me to understand your words when you don't understand mine?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - won't you repeat what you said?

BARON: I said speak Ing-gulch! The Ing-guleh lank-witch of what I speak very flooey!

CHARLEY: I see -- you know the King's English.

BARON: Sure - so is the Prince of Wales.

CHARLEY: Now, regarding the origin of speech - do you wish to discuss it?

BARON: I am.

CHARLEY: You're what?

BARON: Disgusted! I don't want to hear no more speech about speech.

CHARLEY: All right - tell me of some of your findings in your pursuits of archeology.

BARON: Well sir, one time I was up in Asia under eighteen.

CHARLEY: Asia under eighteen?

BARON: (LAUGH) Asia Minor -- up there I heard where I could find an old fossil.

CHARLEY: An old fossil?

BARON: Yes -- And I'm not going to say it was my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Thank goodness for that.

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a young one.

CHARLEY: What kind of a fossil was it?

BARON: The fossil of a six hundred pound salami.

CHARLEY: A six hundred pound salami?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: That's a lot of salami.

BARON: Sure, and -- please! The Baron snaps the snappy snappers.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry. Where were you told you could find this salami fossil?

BARON: In Babylon.

CHARLEY: In the ruins of Babylon!

BARON: Yes -- you see Salami is boloney and this boloney belonged to the Bablonian Age.

CHARLEY: Babylon is in Mesopotamia.

BARON: I-----hello?

CHARLEY: I said Babylon is in Mesapo-potamia.

BARON:did you slip?

CHARLEY: I said Babylon is in Mesopotamia. In Mesopotamia!

BARON: The way you say it it's in a mess of something. To get there I had to first go to Satchel Parent.

CHARLEY: Satchel Parent?

BARON: Valise father -- suitcase papa --

CHARLEY: Wait! Is it possible you mean Bagdad?

BARON: That's it! Bagdad! (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Bagdad, on the banks of the Tigris.

BARON:Could I come in?

CHARLEY: I said Tigris -- you know what the Tigris is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- the wife of a tiger.

CHARLEY: No, no! The Tigris is a river.

BARON: (LAUGH) As if I didn't know! Anyhow when I got in Bagdad I felt bery comfortable.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because it's the home of the Magic Carpet.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My carpet!

CHARLEY: Some marvelous bas-reliefs have been found in Babylon.

BARON:once over please?

CHARLEY: I said some marvelous reliefs have been found in Babylon.

BARON: I got a great one.

CHARLEY: You did?

BARON: Yes sir -- I was digging for weeks and I got a terrible headache.

CHARLEY: A terrible headache?

BARON: Yes -- so I took an asperin and got it.

CHARLEY: Got what?

BARON: A great relief.

CHARLEY: I'm talking about tablets!

BARON: What do you think an asperin is, a watermelon?

CHARLEY: I mean Bronze, Copper and stone tablets -- old slabs!

BARON: Old what?

CHARLEY: Old slabs!

BARON: (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What are you laughing at?

BARON: I thought you said something else.

CHARLEY: Did you dig up any pottery?

BARON: Charley, I got the biggest pot what was ever got!

CHARLEY: A big pot?

BARON: Yes sir -- there was over six hundred dollars in the pot before I raised it and I --

CHARLEY: What are you talking about?

BARON: (LAUGH) Excuse me - that was another pot.

CHARLEY: Another pot?

BARON: A jack pot.

CHARLEY: What about this particular pot you dug up?

BARON: It was a "vaise."

CHARLEY: A "varz."

BARON: A "vaise."

CHARLEY: A "varz."

BARON: A vaize.

CHARLEY: A varze! A varze!

BARON: Varz, you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I varze not!

BARON: So the varze was a vaise!

CHARLEY: All right - the varze was a vaise. Let's drop it.

BARON: I did.

CHARLEY: You did, what?

BARON: Drop it! And it broke in half.

CHARLEY: Too bad.

BARON: Two pieces. And out of it dropped a piece of policeman wire.

CHARLEY: Policeman wire? What kind of wire is that?

BARON: Copper - proving that in those days they had telephone and telegraph.

CHARLEY: Impossible -- wire wasn't invented until the fourteenth century.

BARON: Would it make you happy if I didn't find wire?

CHARLEY: Yes, it would.

BARON: So I didn't find wire.

CHARLEY: So the Babylonians didn't have telephone or telegraph.

BARON: Sure they did.

CHARLEY: How could they -- without wire.

BARON: (LAUGH) Wireless.

CHARLEY: My dear Baron - do you expect me to believe a tale like that?

BARON: Did you expect me to tell a tale like that?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So we're even. I remember one day I was digging for nights.

CHARLEY: One day you were digging for nights?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I don't get that one.

BARON: That's your fault. Suddenly I came to a lot of flour.

CHARLEY: A lot of flour?

BARON: Yes -- and out of the flour for days I dug nights.

CHARLEY: Out of the flour you dug Knights?

BARON: Yes -- and one of them had a cap.

CHARLEY: A cap? What kind of a cap?

BARON: A night cap.

CHARLEY: A night cap?

BARON: Wait -- I take back the cap.

CHARLEY: You take back the cap?

BARON: Yes -- it was a hood.

CHARLEY: I still don't know what you're talking about -- will you repeat?

BARON:could you pass the mustard?

CHARLEY: I said will you repeat?

BARON: Did Shakespeare repeat?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: (LAUGH) So why should I?

CHARLEY: All right, don't!

BARON: So I will. I said I was digging in flour and I found a knight with a hood.

CHARLEY: When did all this happen?

BARON: When knighthood was in flower.

CHARLEY: Now, just a moment, Baron -- there were no knights in the days of Babylon.

BARON: Sure there was no nights in the days -- the nights was in the nights.

CHARLEY: I'm referring to Knights of Chivalry, brave knights, big knights.

BARON: I had one Saturday.

CHARLEY: One what?

BARON: Big night.

CHARLEY: I mean knights that rode the countryside on their chargers.

BARON: I had a charger Saturday night too.

CHARLEY: A horse?

BARON: No -- a taxi -- and oh, was it a charger.

CHARLEY: Baron, I think we better do with the knights what we did with the vase, drop it.

BARON: No sir. I'm on the water wagon.

CHARLEY: On the water wagon?

BARON: Yes. Not another drop tonight.

CHARLEY: What else did you dig up, Baron?

BARON: Old jokes.

CHARLEY: I've noticed that. Some of them sound like the vintage of B.C.

BARON: Some of them are B.H.

CHARLEY: B.H. What's B.H.?

BARON: Before Hugo.

CHARLEY: I thought you promised you wouldn't mention Hugo again.

BARON: I have to because Hugo was with me when I was digging.

CHARLEY: Oh, is Hugo a good digger?

BARON: A good digger! You should see him dig into a plate of goulash.

CHARLEY: Where in the world did Hugo ever learn to eat so much?

BARON: In college!

CHARLEY: In college? What college?

BARON: Eton! He took six courses.

CHARLEY: Six courses?

BARON: Yes - soup, fish, chicken --

CHARLEY: Baron! Please! What in the world has all this got to do with archeology?

BARON: Do you know?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So what are you picking on me for?

CHARLEY: I honestly don't believe you ever did any excavating.

BARON: Is that so? Well I got moving pictures to prove it.

CHARLEY: Archeology pictures?

BARON: No - R.K.O. Pictures. I got one what shows me painting by the Pink Sea.

CHARLEY: The Pink Sea? Do you mean the Red Sea?

BARON: Yes, but when I was there it was pink.

CHARLEY: And I suppose you are going to tell me you painted it red.

BARON: Don't be zilly. But I know what I did to the Dead Sea.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: I -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Well, well -- you what?

BARON: This will knock you blow out!

CHARLEY: Knock me blow out?
BARON: Flat!
CHARLEY: Come on, tell me, what did you do to the Dead Sea?
BARON: I killed it!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: OH, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIII

"A R C H E O L O G Y"

PART II

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron. You say you came to a river and in the river was floating a head.

BARON: Yes sir -- a head was floating in the river and it was singing a song.

CHARLEY: Will you pardon me, Baron, if I say I doubt the veracity of your statement?

BARON: I don't care what you say about my statement as long as you believe it. I say the head was singing a song.

CHARLEY: Now, what song could the head have been singing?

BARON: I Ain't Got Nobody.

CHARLEY: Where did you come across this miracle?

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: I said where did you come across this miracle?

BARON: Who said anything about a mackerel?

CHARLEY: Nobody. I said miracle. Do you know what a miracle is?

BARON: Sure -- a small mirror.

CHARLEY: Nonsense! A miracle is an almost unbelievable spectacle, a thaumaturic phenomenon.

BARON: (LAUGH) I guess we went to two different schools.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, where did this happen?

BARON: On the River Green.

CHARLEY: The River Green?

BARON: (LAUGH) The Nile.

CHARLEY: You were in Egypt.

BARON: Yes -- but I didn't know it until I hit the head of the river.

CHARLEY: The head of the river.

BARON: Yes -- I hit the Nile right on the head.

CHARLEY: Where were you coming from?

BARON: The Souse.

CHARLEY: The South.

BARON: No sir -- the Souse.

CHARLEY: What do you mean - Souse?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: So Hugo was also in Egypt?

BARON: Yes sir -- in fact he was the biggest in Egypt.

CHARLEY: Biggest what?

BARON: G'p! Anyhow, to get to where we wanted to come to - we had to go to where we went to to get to where we was going and --

CHARLEY: Whoa!

BARON:Hello?

CHARLEY: I said whoa!

BARON: Where is it?

CHARLEY: Where is what?

BARON: The horse?

CHARLEY: Baron, you're over my head.

BARON: (LAUGH) I'll climb down. You see I --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute. - Where did you want to get to?

BARON: The Susie Canal.

CHARLEY: The Suez Canal.

BARON: Why not? But when I got there the canal boats
wasn't running and I couldn't get on the other side.

CHARLEY: You couldn't get on the other side?

BARON: No -- So I got on the other side and --

CHARLEY: Hold on! You're just after telling me you couldn't
get on the other side.

BARON: Sure - there was no boats.

CHARLEY: Then how did you get over?

BARON: I jumped over.

CHARLEY: You jumped over the Suez Canal?

BARON: Twice.

CHARLEY: Twice?

BARON: Sure - first to see if I could do it - and the second
time to make sure.

CHARLEY: But the Suez Canal is over two hundred feet wide -
a man couldn't possibly make a leap like that.

BARON: Not always, but this happened to be a good year for
leaping.

CHARLEY: A good year for leaping?

BARON: Sure - it was leap year.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, but you can't make me believe you jumped
across the Suez Canal.

BARON: Suez you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I Suez not.

BARON: So I jumped across the Suez Canal.

CHARLEY: All right, you jumped across the Suez Canal.

BARON: With Hugo on my back. And when we got on the other
side we took an automobile and went across the Desert.

CHARLEY: The Sudan?

BARON:I beg your language?
CHARLEY: The Sudan?
BARON: No, it was an open car.
CHARLEY: No, no, I mean the Sudan -- the desert in Southern Egypt.
BARON: Sure -- there is where I dug up a dog-a-brush.
CHARLEY: A dog-a-brush?
BARON: A catacomb.
CHARLEY: A catacomb -- Tomb of a Pharoah.
BARON: To Whom of a What-o?
CHARLEY: A Pharoah -- an Egyptian King.
BARON: Of course. All around me was lying mummies.
CHARLEY: All around you were lying mummies?
BARON: Yes.
CHARLEY: You ancestors.
BARON: Sure I -- Am I being insulted?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry - tell me is it true, when they mummified the Egyptian Kings they put their earthly belongings in the tombs?
BARON: Absolutely. They put in weapons, food, money --
CHARLEY: Why money?
BARON: To pay their way across the piece of wood.
CHARLEY: Across the piece of wood!
BARON: The poles - the walking canes --
CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Do you by any chance mean the Styx?
BARON: That's it! The Styx! And also they put in a dried ham.
CHARLEY: They call that a gammon..
BARON:,could you come closer?

CHARLEY: A dried ham is a gammon.

BARON: (LAUGH) I took one out and they made me put it back.

CHARLEY: You took out a gammon and they made you put it back?

BARON: Yes, and that's the way the game started.

CHARLEY: What game?

BARON: Backgammon.

CHARLEY: You can't make me believe that.

BARON: You never can.

CHARLEY: Never can what?

BARON: Make believe.

CHARLEY: One doesn't have to make believe when authentic facts are at hand. For instance -- the unearthing of King Tut was a marvelous achievement.

BARON: King Tut.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Tut, tut -- that was nothing.

CHARLEY: I suppose you've done better.

BARON: Yes sir - last night.

CHARLEY: What do you mean?

BARON: I got three kings and a pair of queens.

CHARLEY: I am not talking about cards. I'm talking about mummies - get my words right --

BARON: (LAUGH) Okay! Mummies the word.

CHARLEY: What else did you find in the catacombs?

BARON: I found eleven million lazy people.

CHARLEY: Eeleven million lazy people?

BARON: (LAUGH) Idols!

CHARLEY: Oh, Egyptian Deities!

BARON:Where are we?

CHARLEY: I said Deities! Graven images, Baal, Moloch,
Juggernaut, Buddha.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's what they did to Aunt Sophie when she
sang last night.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Boomed her.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, Baron. How do you come to talk about
your Aunt Sophie when I'm talking about Deities?

BARON: I should have spoken about my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Why Cousin Hugo?

BARON: Because he once had them.

CHARLEY: He once had what?

BARON: The D.T's.

CHARLEY: Oh, what's the use. While you were in Egypt did you
visit the Pyramids?

BARON: I called on 'em but they wasn't home.

CHARLEY: The Pyramids! The Pyramids! That have been standing
for thousand of years.

BARON: Standing for thousands of years?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: My goodness! Why don't they sit down?

CHARLEY: Let it go -- Did you see the Sphinx?

BARON: Yes -- and I got homesick.

CHARLEY: Why did you get homesick?

BARON: It reminded me of my Aunt Sophie.

CHARLEY: The Sphinx is considered an enigma - is Sophie an
enigma?

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- anemic.

CHARLEY: Baron, you're wearing me out.

BARON: Don't worry - I'll wear you in again.

CHARLEY: What was the best thing you took out of Egypt?

BARON: A train.

CHARLEY: They didn't have any trains 5000 years ago.

BARON: Did I say so?

CHARLEY: You certainly did. You said you took a train out of Egypt.

BARON: Sure. How do you suppose I got out of there, on roller skates?

CHARLEY: Oh, you mean you left there by train?

BARON: Yes, because I had to go to gravy.

CHARLEY: To gravy?

BARON: Fat, lard, suet.

CHARLEY: Now where are you trying to get to?

BARON: (LAUGH) I got it!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Greece!

CHARLEY: What did you go to Greece for?

BARON: To roam.

CHARLEY: Oh, you went to Rome.

BARON: Yes, I went to roam to Greece to roam, and while I was roaming in Greece --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, Baron. You're traveling too fast for me. Once second you're in Greece and the next you're in Rome. Rome is in Italy. Now just where were you?

BARON: In Little Neck.

CHARLEY: Little Neck. That's on Long Island Sound.

BARON: For years.

CHARLEY: What were you doing in Little Neck?

BARON: That's the home of the greatest diggers in the world.

CHARLEY: What in the world do they dig for in Little Neck?

BARON: Little Neck clams.

CHARLEY: What have clams got to do with archeology?

BARON: Do you know?

CHARLEY: No, I do not.

BARON: Well, when you find out, tell me.

CHARLEY: What's the matter with you tonight, Baron, you're talking at random, illogical, incongruous, fallaciously and paralyoal?

BARON: Stop!

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

BARON: One more word and I'll chuck my Cousin Hugo right in your face.

CHARLEY: Will you please get back to the subject. Just where were you and what were you doing?

BARON: I was in Rome.

CHARLEY: Rome!

BARON: That's the place where Cleopatra made her X.

CHARLEY: Made her X.

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean her mark.

CHARLEY: Oh, Marc Anthony. Also the home of Ben Hur, the famous chariot racer.

BARON:I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: Ben Hur the chariot racer. Now don't stand there and tell me you don't know what a chariot is?

BARON: Please, I could stand anywhere and tell you what it is.

CHARLEY: Well, what is a chariot?

BARON: Something that begins at home. It was in Rome where I dug up a whole city.

CHARLEY: What city?

BARON: Chicago.

CHARLEY: Why Chicago is not in Rome, it is in the United States.

BARON: (LAUGH) That suits me.

CHARLEY: How did you get from Rome to Chicago?

BARON: (LAUGH) You have no idea how I travel when I dig.

CHARLEY: Are you going to tell me that you dug all the way through the earth and came out in Chicago?

BARON: I was, but you saved me the trouble.

CHARLEY: Of course you know I don't believe it.

BARON:Would you believe Pittsburgh?

CHARLEY: No, I would not.

BARON: What town would you believe I came out in?

CHARLEY: I wouldn't believe you came out in any town. You can't buffalo me.

BARON: That's where I came out.

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON: Buffalo.

CHARLEY: I give up.

BARON: If you do, it'll be the first time you ever did. While I was digging I came to the place where they dug out the sausage.

CHARLEY: What sausage?

BARON: Weiners.

CHARLEY: Weiners?

BARON: Sure - that beautiful woman.

CHARLEY: Oh, you mean Venus - a great picce of statuary now on exhibition in the National Museum at Rome.

BARON: I saw the statue of Venus when I was there and it had the zilliest sign on it.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: Hands off.

CHARLEY: Archeologists have given the world some marvelous statues.

BARON: Yes, but the greatest statue in the world was not dug up.

CHARLEY: What statue is that?

BARON: The Statue of Liberty.

CHARLEY: Quite true, Baron. A grand statue presented to the United States by France; symbolic, latent, indicative and characteristically significant of --

BARON: Look out!

CHARLEY: For what?

BARON: You are bumping right into my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Nevertheless the Statue of Liberty is a work of art. Imagine 155 feet high.

BARON: And the hand is only eleven inches.

CHARLEY: Eleven inches!

BARON: Sure, they was going to make it twelve inches but changed their mind.

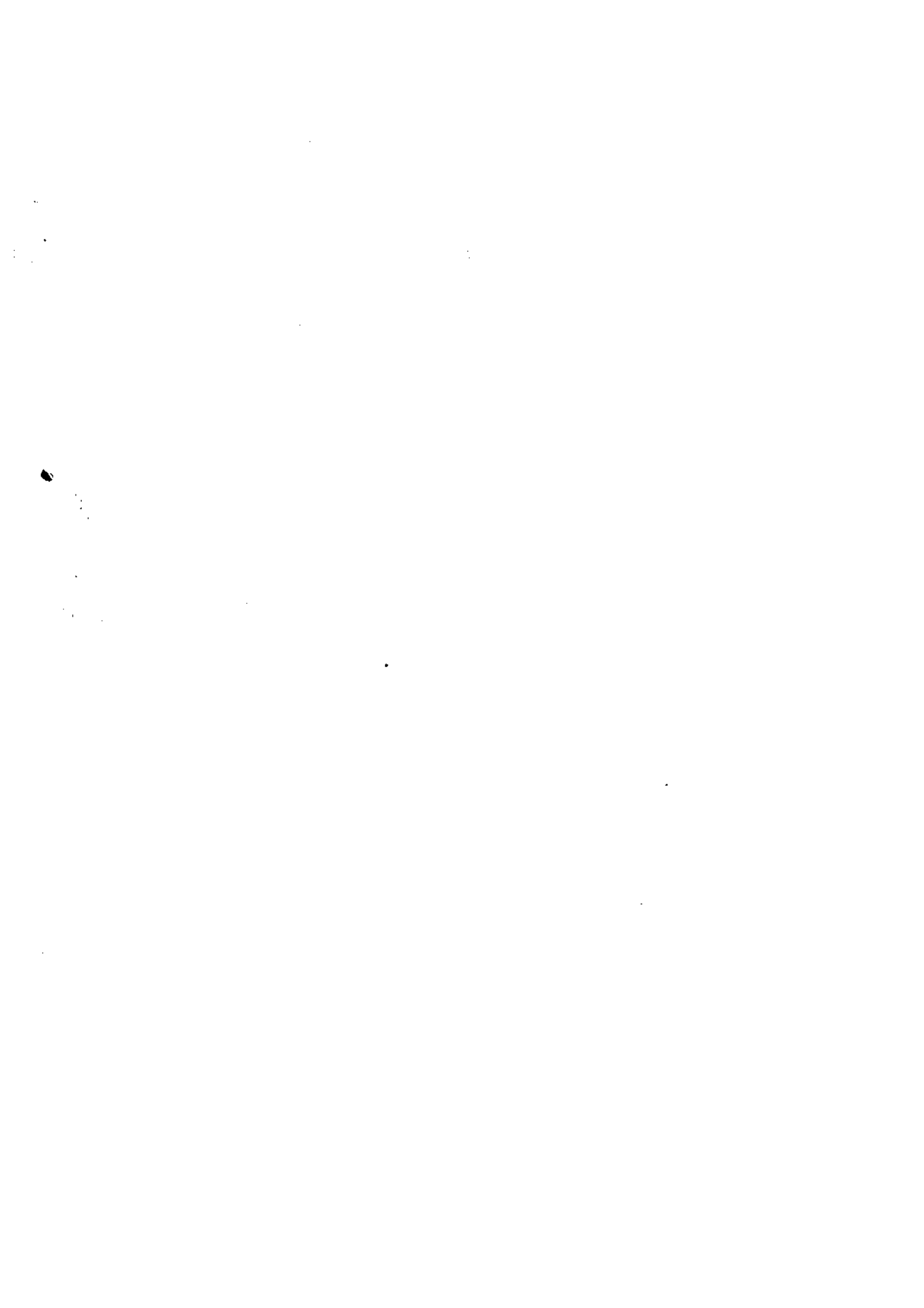
CHARLEY: Why did they change their mind about making the
hand twelve inches?
BARON: Because -- (LAUGH)
CHARLEY: Because what?
BARON: Because if they did -- (LAUGH) get the smelling salts
ready.
CHARLEY: Why, are you going to faint?
BARON: No! -- you are!
CHARLEY: Cut out this nonsense, Baron and tell me why didn't
they make the hand of the Statue of Liberty twelve
inches?
BARON: Because if they did - (LAUGH) the hand would have
been a foot!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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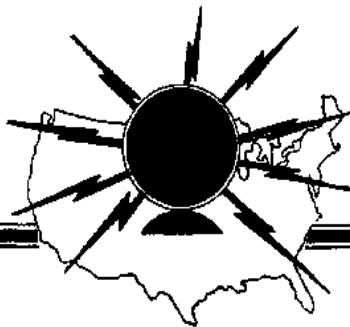
WILLIAM K. WELLS/chillien
2/3/33



THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.

The Magic Carpet tonight carries us swiftly between New York and Chicago. In New York we'll hear Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday, singing romantic songs from musical comedy and operetta. In Chicago, Ben Bernie is holding forth in the popular College Inn... he's ready to welcome all of us there right now and dispense his music and good cheer, so --

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES FIRST MUSIC GROUP)

(

_____)

BEN BERNIE:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Did you know, ladies and gentlemen, that if you were to try to bring together all the tobaccos that are assembled in one LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette -- why, it would take you more than three months of constant traveling! You would visit dozens of tobacco centers in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia -- selecting the finest of their smooth, mellow leaves....You'd travel clear to Turkey for those spicy, aromatic leaves that add so much to LUCKY STRIKE'S goodness....You'd visit beautiful Kentucky for those rich, winy leaves of choice Burley tobacco.....And even then, my friends, you'd have to wait almost three years while those tobaccos were slowly aging and mellowing.....until the time came to give them that final and most important step....the famous "TOASTING" Process which imparts the true, delicious mellow-mildness that's so much a part of the enjoyment of LUCKY STRIKE. When you consider all the time, and the care, and the wide experience that goes into preparing one little LUCKY STRIKE for your enjoyment -- why, it's no wonder, is it, that LUCKIES give you so much pleasure! LUCKIES, please!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADING DOWN FOR BACKING AS MR. CLANEY SAYS:)

HOWARD CLANEY:

We drift into the spirit of romance as Dr. Katzman's Orchestra weaves the background for Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday.

About fifteen years ago "Fiddlers Three" was one of the very successful musical productions on the Great White Way, and tonight for their first song, Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday have chosen the outstanding number from that show, "Can It Be Love At Last?" Oscar Strauss' "Chocolate Soldier" was produced soon after the turn of the century and brought forth the lovely melody that will never be forgotten, "My Hero." Then we turn to a musical comedy of more recent years - Cole Porter's great "Fifty Million Frenchmen" and the hit song "You Do Something To Me."

Now the spotlight follows Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday to the center of the stage.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "CAN IT BE LOVE AT LAST"

"MY HERO"

"YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Miss Rice...thank you, Mr. Halliday. We'll pick you up again in a little while.....now we're westward bound to the dance floor of the College Inn, where Ben Bernie reigns as the old maestro, so --

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY CHICAGO!

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES SECOND MUSIC GROUP)

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

BEN BERNIE:

The Magic Carpet speeds out of Chicago and back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

All the world admires and respects a thoroughbred. Marshall Field III is primarily known as the third generation of a famous lineage, the founder of an internationally-known banking house, and a thoroughbred in the fullest sense. Breeder of famous horses and dogs, hunter and polo player of the first rank, leader in philanthropic and civic endeavor, we are about to flash him this wire:

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

MARSHALL FIELD
38 WALL STREET
NEW YORK CITY

SIR:

YOUR KEEN APPRECIATION OF FUNDAMENTAL VALUES IS INSPIRING TO ALL WHO KNOW YOU AND SO I'M SURE YOU WILL BE VASTLY INTERESTED IN AN INDUSTRY WHICH IS LIKEWISE ACTING ON YOUR PRINCIPLE OF PROGRESS.... MAKERS OF CERTIFIED CREMO CIGARS ARE GIVING REAL 1933 VALUE TO EVERY SMOKER BY OFFERING THIS FINE FULLY THOROUGHbred LONG-FILLER CIGAR AT FIVE CENTS STRAIGHT, THREE FOR TEN CENTS.....EVIDENCE OF OVERWHELMING SUCCESS OF THIS FORWARD LOOKING PRINCIPLE IS SHOWN BY TREMENDOUS DEMAND FOR CERTIFIED CREMO AT NEW PRICE.....ANOTHER PROOF....MR. FIELD,..THAT YOUR POLICY OF LEADERSHIP ALWAYS WINS....CORDIALLY.....

VINCENT RIGGIO
VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

In just thirty seconds I'm going to send this telegram direct to Marshall Field, III. With it goes a message that's important to every cigar smoker: Certified Cremo, that fine, high-quality cigar, is now five cents straight, three for ten cents.

-----station break-----

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Magic Carpet is rushing us to Chicago on the wings of the winter wind....to the cheerful warmth of Ben Bernie's humor and the brisk and sprightly tempos of his music.

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

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES THIRD MUSIC GROUP)

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

BEN BERNIE:

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

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

(FOUR BARS OF "ROMANCE" UP FULL, FADING DOWN AS CLANEY SAYS:)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here in New York the Magic Carpet changes the scene to a setting of romance and again Gladys Rice and Robert Halliday are ready to raise their voices in song.

First, they take you back to that musical extravaganza "Bambo and the unforgettable song "April Showers." Then Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday borrow from Victor Herbert's "Orange Blossom" as they sing the perennial favorite "A Kiss In The Dark." It was just two seasons ago in June that New Yorkers flocked to the opening of that gay and colorful show, "The Band Wagon," and tonight from that presentation, we'll hear "Dancing In The Dark."

Now, here are Miss Rice and Mr. Halliday.

(MISS RICE AND MR. HALLIDAY SING -- "APRIL SHOWERS"

"A KISS IN THE DARK"

"DANCING IN THE DARK")

HOWARD CLANEY:

The campus of Dartmouth College up in New Hampshire is a scene of happy festivity tonight -- it's the climax of the famous Winter Carnival up there on the Campus -- skaters, hockey players, ski jumpers and winter sportsmen of all varieties have been competing for the past two days -- and right now the carnival's winding up in a series of gay fraternity dances. Say, you winter sportsmen -- you know how well a flavorful, delicious LUCKY goes with the exhilaration of those outdoor winter sports! And how well it goes, too, with the enjoyment of a gay party! Women particularly, with your beautiful, party gowns -- I know you appreciate LUCKY STRIKE -- for you have found that LUCKIES burn with a firm, solid ash -- an ash that resists the dangerous tendency to flake away or fall suddenly on filmy gowns, and the ash is white -- the sure sign of the finest tobaccos, smooth and mellow. Fine tobaccos for character -- "TOASTING" for mildness -- for these two reasons folks everywhere say "LUCKIES, please."

Now we're taking another lightning trip to Chicago. Out there in the College Inn on the shores of Lake Michigan, Ben Bernie is waiting with all the lads - so let's not delay.

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

(BEN BERNIE INTRODUCES FOURTH MUSIC GROUP)

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

BEN BERNIE:

The Magic Carpet is eastward bound.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

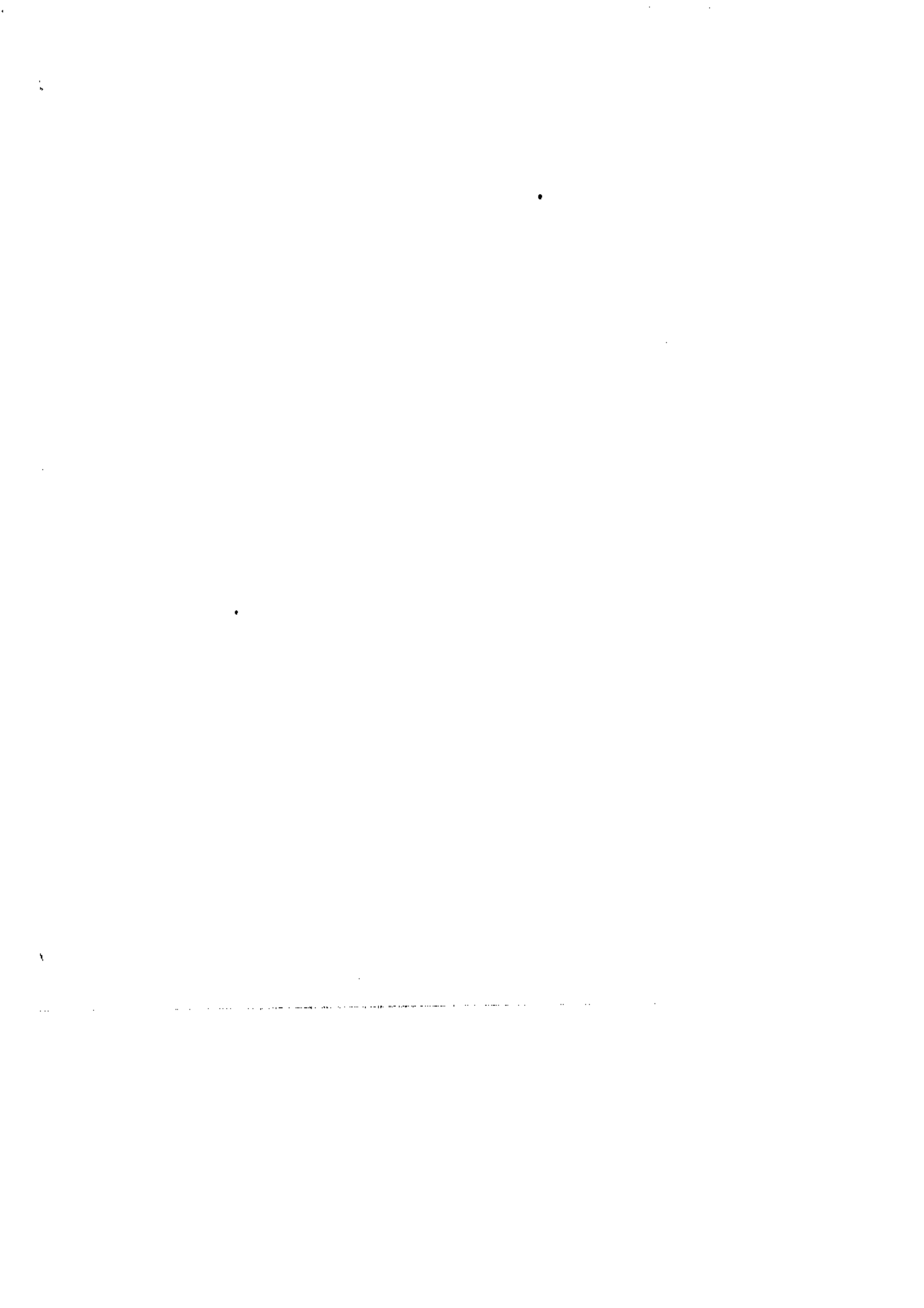
As this LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close may we remind you that on Tuesday night we'll present "Murders at Sea" -- another thrilling case taken from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. Also on that program Ted Weems and Orchestra will provide the dance music.

So until Tuesday then, goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

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

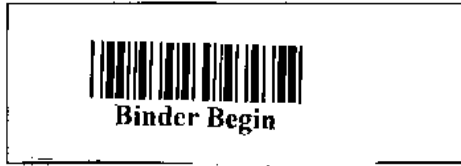
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BW PREP SHEET

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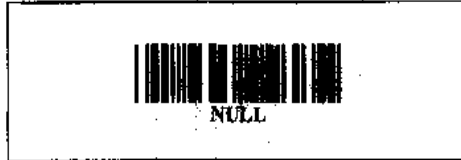
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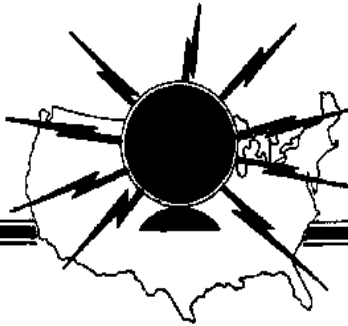
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THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

We've reserved seats for everybody tonight in the vast auditorium of the Magic Carpet Theatre and as soon as you're all seated comfortably, we'll begin "Murders At Sea," the dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C.....but now Ted Weems and his orchestra from the Hotel Pennsylvania are ready and waiting.....so let's give them their cue.

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

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

TED WEEMS:

Good evening everybody - this is Ted Weems inviting
you to dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WEEMS:

We flash the Magic Carpet back to the Pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD GLANEY:

You can't mistake character in a man - in a woman -
or in a cigarette. In LUCKIES you get the character of the world's
most fragrant, delicious tobaccos, and you get the true mildness that
results when these fine tobaccos are enriched and purified by
"TOASTING." Character and Mildness - that's the LUCKY combination.
And so for these two reasons, you hear folks everywhere say "LUCKIES,
please" when ordering their cigarettes, and "LUCKIES, please" when
smoking them.

It's curtain time in the Magic Carpet Theatre and the
stage is set for the dramatization of "Murders at Sea"....a real case
from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation at
Washington, D.C. Even now Special Agent Five is receiving instructions
as they flash through the air from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(FIRST PART -- "MURDERS AT SEA")

HOWARD CLANEY:

The forces of organized crime have won the first encounter with the Federal Agents, but can they continue to go their ruthless way and escape detection? We'll learn the outcome of this case a little later in the program....and here we leave the Magic Carpet Theatre and start back to the rhythms of Ted Weems and his talented trumpeters. Here we come, Ted, so --

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

TED WEEMS:

Everybody dance while we play -- (TITLES)

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

TED WEEMS:

Here goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

In your newspaper today you'll find a gorgeous picture of a happy couple basking in the sunny warmth of Florida's smartest resort - beautiful Palm Beach -- that delightful rendezvous of pleasure-seekers. It's taken by one of America's famous photographers, and the title is "LUCKIES, Please!" "In every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always 'LUCKIES Please.'" And so at Palm Beach, with its lovely gleaming sands, its gay, colorful cabanas set amid the sheltering palms.....it's smart fastidious folk who know how to enjoy the best.....As you strolled among them on the smooth white beach, you'd hear those two words many and many a time -- "LUCKIES please!" "LUCKIES please!" -- the moment you light a LUCKY you'll recognize the reasons instantly - the fragrant, full-flavored character of LUCKY STRIKES fine tobaccos, and the tempting, delicious mellow-mildness that is yours because these fine tobaccos are "TOASTED." Only LUCKIES offer these two benefits, and for these two reasons, Character and Mildness....."LUCKIES, Please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now the orchestra is getting ready to play the music for the entre' act led by Ted Weems of the Hotel Pennsylvania here in Manhattan. Imagine you're there as we say --

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

TED WEEMS:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

()
()
()
()
()

TED WEEMS:

Now the Magic Carpet starts on its way.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

As we go back into the Magic Carpet Theatre for the final act of "Murders At Sea," let's review the first act briefly. A racketeer called "Ten-strike" Chandler, established his headquarters on an island in the Bahamas and has smuggled everything forbidden into the United States, including aliens. While attempting to bring in a load of six Chinamen, Chandler's henchman, "Sport" Duncan, was overhauled by a Coast Guard cutter. He black-jacked the leader of the Chinamen and threw him overboard with the others who were sewed up in burlap bags. The Coast Guard men found nothing when they searched the smuggler's cruiser, but "Sport" Duncan faces the task of returning to Chandler and reporting the loss of the cargo. Now Special Agent Five is receiving orders from headquarters.

(WHISTLE) ON WITH THE SHOW!

(SECOND PART -- "MURDERS AT SEA")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's another mile-post in the unending war between the criminals and the Federal Agents. Chandler and Duncan who went their way, casually snuffing out human lives....paid with their own.... and "Squeaker," their accomplice, was sent to the Federal penitentiary. Next Tuesday night we'll bring you another dramatization of a case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C.....and here and now we turn our attention to the dancing, which brings us to Ted Weems and his orchestra.....so let's not delay.

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

TED WEEMS:

Swing your partners to -- (TITLES)

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

TED WEEMS:

The Magic Carpet flashes over our heads and starts back to the man at the controls.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

We'd like to take this opportunity of thanking all you people for giving us that happy phrase, "LUCKIES Please! We've heard you say it the country over -- a joyous expression of the pleasure you've found in LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- "LUCKIES Please!" And we've taken the words right out of your mouth...for nothing so well expresses the enjoyment that awaits a discriminating smoker in LUCKY STRIKE. LUCKIES afford something no other cigarette gives you -- the rich, distinctive Character of choice, fragrant tobaccos, perfectly blended....and the true mildness that can only be imparted to those fine, golden leaves by the famous "TOASTING" Process. For these two reasons - Character and Mildness - you hear folks everywhere say "LUCKIES Please!"

Before we go back to Ted Weems and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra, may I remind you that on Thursday night Jack Pearl again relates more of his adventures as the Baron Munchausen and Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra will furnish the music for the dancing....but let's get on with tonight's program....Ted Weems is raising his baton now, and that means we're off for another load of melody so --

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

TED WEEMS:

The dancing continues with -- (TITLES)

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

TED WEEMS:

Down the homestretch speeds the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY NEW YORK!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That, ladies and gentlemen, brings another LUCKY STRIKE Hour to a close -- join us on Thursday night in a load of laughs with Jack Pearl and a dance with Abe Lyman.

Until then -- goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

AGENCY/chilleen
2/14/33

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVI

"MURDERS AT SEA"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FEBRUARY 14, 1933

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*** ***

CHARLEY: Bismark?

BARON: Sure -- I said "Bismark."

CHARLEY: Who were you talking to?

BARON: The herring.

CHARLEY: The herring?

BARON: Sure -- it was a Bismark herring. I said "Bismark," was I flirting?" and the herring looked at me and --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron -- I hope you're not going to tell me the herring spoke to you.

BARON: Sure not --- he couldn't.

CHARLEY: I know it.

BARON: He was pickled! So my wife --

CHARLEY: Excuse me, Baron, but I don't want to hear any more about your wife.

BARON: (LAUGH) You haven't got anything on me.

CHARLEY: Let's get back to my question - did you ever find any wrecks - sunken ships?

BARON: Sure -- more as I can tell you -- one time I was diving in the Baseball of Florida --

CHARLEY: The Baseball of Florida?

BARON: The Tennis of Panama. The Hockey of Cuba --

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you mean the Gulf of Mexico!

BARON: That's it! The Golf of Mexico! I was walking along on the bottom when I met a chambermaid.

CHARLEY: A chambermaid?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What in the name of common sense was a chambermaid doing on the bottom of the ocean?

BARON: Taking care of the oyster beds.

CHARLEY: You'll kill me yet!

BARON: (LAUGH) What could be sweeter.

CHARLEY: Speaking of oysters -- there's where pearls come from.

BARON:is that so?

CHARLEY: Yes, do you know anything about pearls?

BARON: (LAUGH) I'm slightly acquainted with them.

CHARLEY: Then you know that a pearl starts life as a parasite?

BARON: (LAUGH).....We're having beautiful weather.

CHARLEY: And when a pearl is cut in half it resembles an onion in structure.

BARON: (LAUGH).....let's talk about clams.

CHARLEY: My favorite subject....Clams are a genus of marine bivalve mollusks having a soft unsegmented body protected by a calcereous shell.

BARON:Maybe its better we talk about coccoanuts.

CHARLEY: What have coccoanuts to do with deep sea diving?

BARON: What have you to do with coccoanuts?

CHARLEY: Nothing.

BARON: So rest in peace.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm afraid we've come to the parting of the ways.

BARON: What's the matter?

CHARLEY: I've come to the conclusion that a jackass and a horse cannot work together.

BARON: Please Sharley ----don't call me a horse.

CHARLEY: Oh what's the use! Let's talk about something else.

BARON: Something funny.

CHARLEY: All right - something funny - What will we talk about?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron -- please don't get Hugo into this discourse.

BARON: I must -- because he was with me on my most important diving trip.

CHARLEY: What trip was that?

BARON: Didn't you heard about it?

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: How your education has been neglected -- Well, it was this way -- one night about three o'clock in the afternoon while I was having my breakfast one morning something happened in the evening.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, Baron - did I understand you to say that one night about three o'clock in the afternoon while you were having breakfast something happened in the evening?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: That's very confusing and it will have to be ironed out.

BARON: Sure I ----What do you think it is? Wet wash?

CHARLEY: I mean you'll have to decide just when the episode you are going to refer to took place.

BARON: Do you care when it took place?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So what the ---

CHARLEY: Er. er! Burnie, Burnie.

BARON: Lyman. Lyman.

CHARLEY: Now tell me what took place?

BARON: I was once diving for a bottle of schnapps.

CHARLEY: Diving for a bottle of schnapps?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Where did you expect to find it?

BARON: (LAUGH) IN Davey Jones' Locker --

CHARLEY: Good night!

BARON: (LAUGH) Pleasant dreams. When I got to the locker
the locker was locked.

CHARLEY: The locker was locked!

BARON: Yes, it was just my lock - so I said to Hugo-----

CHARLEY: Oh Hugo was there?

BARON: Sure - (LAUGH) Hugo is every place - so I said to
Hugo - let's get a car and drive up to Albany under
the Hudson River.

CHARLEY: Drive a car under the Hudson River?

BARON: Sure-----

CHARLEY: What in the world kind of a car can you drive under
the Hudson River?

BARON:A Hudson. Well sir, Hugo drove that car so
fast that it took my breath away.

CHARLEY: He drove you with abandon.

BARON: No, with me.

CHARLEY: I mean he drove you impetuously, imprudently. He
drove you hard.

BARON: He drove me nuts!

CHARLEY: Now, look here, Baron -- I think I've stood for a
lot ----and I'll be glad to stand for me - but when
you tell me you drove on the bottom of a river in an
automobile -- well -- I just won't believe it.

BARON: Was -- you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: I said I was there! And we didn't drive an automobile
under the Hudson River.

BARON: What did we do?

CHARLEY: We went home and went to bed.

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure ----and while you was sleeping I --
(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: You what?

BARON: I drove the automobile under the Hudson River.

CHARLEY: Have it your way.

BARON: Then we came upon a mudscow.

CHARLEY: A sunken mudscow?

BARON: Yes - so instead of schnapps we drank milk.

CHARLEY: Where did you get the milk from?

BARON: The muds cow.

CHARLEY: You got milk from a mud scow?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: And I suppose you got a cat from a cat boat, a light
from a lighter, a pie from a pilot ship, and beer
from a schooner!

BARON: Sure! Who told you? And do you know what I got
from a motor boat?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Launch!

CHARLEY: Baron, you're a scream!

BARON: What's the charges?

CHARLEY: I said you're a scream.

BARON: (LAUGH) I make myself heard. Anyhow I said Hugo
I want to go home in a hurry so "put on steam."

CHARLEY: You said "Put on steam."

BARON: Yes and Hugo----- (LAUGH) he's such a dummox.

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: He looked at me so zilly and said "Steam?" and I said
"Yes - don't you know what steam is?" and he said --
(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: He said - (LAUGH) This will knock you bird clock.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, knock me "bird clock?"

BARON: (LAUGH) Cooooo!

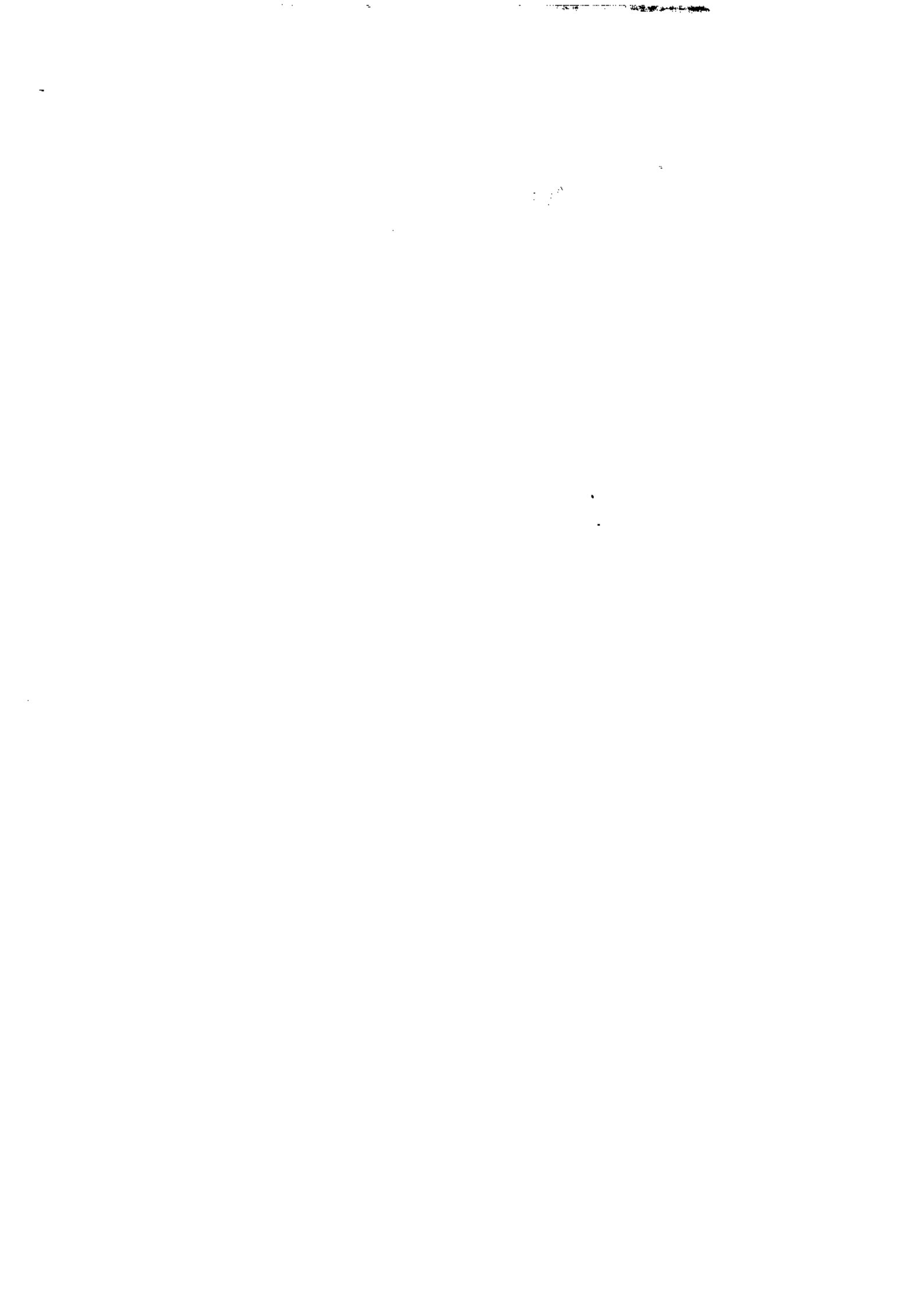
CHARLEY: Come on, Baron - when you asked Hugo if he knew
what steam was what did he say?

BARON: He said "Sure -- (LAUGH) Steam is water gone crazy
with the heat."

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

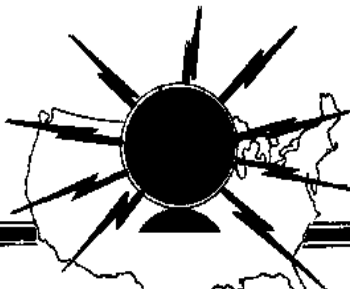
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THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD GLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills....

In the Magic Carpet theatre tonight we'll unfold a real and vivid story called "KILLERS AT LARGE".....a dramatization of an actual case which comes from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C..... In just a few minutes we'll begin the first act, but right now we're going to take you all to Don Bestor, the young man who presides over the orchestra in the Silver Grill of the Hotel Lexington here in New York. So let's all troupe out on the dance floor and hear from Mr. Bestor.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

DON BESTOR:

Good evening, everybody, this is Don Bestor greeting you with --- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's a delightful story wrapped up in every LUCKY STRIKE.....It's a story of character....of the delicious, refreshing character of sun-ripened, tender tobaccos grown with patient care in a thousand sunny fields. And it's a story of mildness -- true mellow-mildness - achieved when these choice tobaccos are purified by "TOASTING." Character and mildness - only in LUCKIES do they meet. Character and mildness - that's the delightful story in every LUCKY STRIKE -- a story of cigarette enjoyment that millions of smokers sum up in two words -- "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

Now we're in the Magic Carpet theatre where the stage is being set for the first act of "Killers At Large.".....the dramatization of a case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation at Washington, D.C.....Special Agent Five is receiving instructions as they flash through the air from headquarters.

(FIRST PART -- "KILLERS AT LARGE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Elair and Whistling Dan are still keeping ahead of the Federal Agents...and answering all questions with the smoking mouth of a revolver barrel. When will the Federal Agents pick up their trail.....and can they stop them before they do more vicious shooting? We'll continue this case later in tonight's program, but in the meantime we're on our way to Don Bestor and his Orchestra..... All right, Don, flood those loudspeakers with melody.

DON BESTOR:

We play now -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Virginia in the morning! Bright and early, just as the sun is glinting over waving fields of tobacco, you'd hear the stirring call of the hunter's horn, the eager cry of the hounds off on a fox hunt in this lovely land - Virginia in the morning! In Today's papers you'll see a gay couple watching the start of one of these hunts - a photograph taken in Albermarle County, Virginia - home of the Virginia aristocracy and the world famous Virginia tobaccos. The happy couple in this photograph are enjoying an early morning cigarette - for in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

And how well, throughout the Southland, they know the fine character of LUCKIES' golden-brown tobaccos - that distinctive, unmistakable character made deliciously mellow-mild by "TOASTING." Character and mildness - it's for these two reasons that you'll hear that happy phrase everywhere - "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Before the final act begins in our Magic Carpet Theatre tonight, let's have some more music -- music that flows smoothly under the baton of Don Bestor -- go ahead Don!

DON BESTOR:

We continue with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's the curtain call for the final act of "Killers At Large"...a dramatized case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. Whistling Dan Denton and James Blair escaped from a federal prison camp. After stealing a car they wounded a Deputy Sheriff who attempted to stop them, and later, in cold blood, killed the proprietor of a filling station. So far Blair has been the leader of the pair, but Whistling Dan is beginning to fear the consequences of Blair's nervous trigger finger. Now as the curtain rises, Special Agent Five is receiving his instructions from headquarters.

(SECOND PART -- "KILLERS AT LARGE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that's that! James Blair thought he was too smart to be caught, but he went the way of all smart criminals when he tried once too often to shoot his way out of a tight place. Whistling Dan Denton was electrocuted, and Ace Gentry went to prison after discovering that his idol had clay feet.....Next Tuesday night we'll present another case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, at Washington, D.C.

And now, back to the dancing. Don Bestor and his Orchestra from the Hotel Lexington are ready and waiting to play, so let's call on them!

DON BESTOR:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Every time you raise a LUCKY to your lips, you place yourself at the receiving end of the world's greatest smoking enjoyment. For here is tobacco that has character. The delicious, appetizing flavor tells you; and the long, firm ash tells you -- a white ash that tobacco experts recognize as a mark of sterling tobacco quality. And here is fine tobacco that has mildness - the true smooth mellow-mildness of "TOASTING". My friends, every LUCKY is a reservoir of complete smoking enjoyment. It has character. It has mildness. And for these two reasons you too will say - "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVII

"KILLERS AT LARGE"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

WARDEN	APPLEBAUM (German)
WHISTLING DAN DENTON	MINNIE
JAMES BLAIR	SALLY COY
DEPUTY SHERIFF RICHARDS	COUNTY DETECTIVE HANLEY
ACE GENTRY	POLICEMAN
SPECIAL AGENT RANKIN	LIEUTENANT
SPECIAL AGENT BLYTHE	VOICE
VOICE I	SHERIFF ALEX McCRIMMON
VOICE II	VOICE III

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVII

"KILLERS AT LARGE"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FEBRUARY 21, 1933

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVII

"KILLERS AT LARGE"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH
COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....DIRECTOR....UNITED
STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....YOU ARE PERMITTED
TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY.."KILLERS AT LARGE".....
BASED ON CASES NO. 54-1982 AND 54-1983.....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 "Killers
At Large".....real people.....real clues.....a real case.....for
obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout.....our case
begins at a Federal Prison camp in a Southern state.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(STEAM WHISTLE HOWLING IN SHORT, FRANTIC BLASTS)

(SHOOTING -- FEW BURSTS OF AUTOMATIC RIFLE FIRE)

(BARKING OF DOGS -- OFF)

(MEN RUNNING IN HEAVY BOOTS)

VOICE I: An escape! Two prisoners escaped!

WARDEN: Got out by the cook-house there! Fetch those dogs here!

VOICE II: Come on, you dogs!

VOICE III: Who was it -- who got away, Warden?

WARDEN: Sam - Fred - bring those coats here!

(VOICE RESPONDS)

VOICE III: Let the dogs smell 'em! That's what you want, huh?

VOICE II: Must be.

WARDEN: Reckon the fugitives are off in the brush there! They wouldn't dare try the road!

(BARKING OF DOGS COMES IN FULL)

WARDEN: All right! Show these coats to the bloodhounds.

VOICE II: Whoa there! Hold them leashes!

(DOGS BARK)

VOICE III: They've got the trail already, goes right through the barbwire!

WARDEN: Yes sir! Hold up the barbwire so the dogs can get through!

VOICE I: They sure got a hot trail! Them convicts can't get far, not with these hounds after 'em.

WARDEN: (CALLING) All right, go after 'em. Fred - Johnny - get your guns and go with 'em.

VOICE II: Yes, Warden.

(DOGS BEGIN TO FADE OUT)

WARDEN: (CALLING AFTER THEM) If you have to shoot - shoot to kill!

VOICE III: Warden, the Sheriff's on the phone. I got him out of bed to tell him about it.

WARDEN: Oh. Thanks. Come on in the office, Slim!

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED)

Hello -- Sheriff? You get the news? Yep, we know who it was -- just finished checking over. Two men escaped -- Whistling Dan Denton and James Blair. But don't worry, Sheriff, we've already got their trail. All right, I'll call you when we got more news of 'em. Right.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

VOICE III: Sheriff getting out a posse, Warden?

WARDEN: Well, that's up to him. Personally, I'd say "Don't bother about a posse."

VOICE III: No?

WARDEN: No. Nobody's ever escaped from this prison camp -- and nobody's going to. Get your gun, Slim, and we'll go out with the rest of them.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOGS BAYING - FADE OUT.
2. AUTO EFFECT FADES IN.

DENTON: (FADES IN WHISTLING "FRANKIE & JOHNNIE")

BLAIR: Well, that was easy. We were fools to stay there as long as we did.

DENTON: (WHISTLING) (COMES TO WITH A JERK) Wha'd you say, Blair?

BLAIR: We were fools to stay in a prison camp of beaver board and barbed wire when it's so easy to break away and steal a car.

DENTON: If you ask me, I think we're fools right now to be driving along the highway, instead of laying low.

BLAIR: We really ought to have pocket-money, Danny, and there's only one way to get it. Soon as we do, we can run for my home town in Kentucky. They've got some caves there that are good for hiding out.

DENTON: Say, have we passed the state line, yet?

BLAIR: Been in West Virginia since dawn. Look around, Denton -- how do you like it?

DENTON: Looks just like any other state to me. But keep your eye on the road.

BLAIR: Don't worry. Get out the map, and find out what town we're coming to.

DENTON: All right....wait a minute, now.....
(SOUND - MAP PAPER RATTLES)
Here it is....is this where we're at?

BLAIR: Yeah.

DENTON: Then the next town must be Point Pleasant.

BLAIR: That's where we'll stop and eat.

DENTON: O.K. My stomach thinks my throat is out.

BLAIR: Point Pleasant. Nice place - such a lovely name.

DENTON: Ah, whadda yah talking about?

BLAIR: (SEES DEPUTY) Who's that in the road there?

DENTON: You better stop! He's waving at us!

BLAIR: Yes, he's signalling all right.

DENTON: If we don't stop, it'll look wrong, Blair.

BLAIR: Why not stop? Get your gun ready.

(SOUND _ BRAKES CAR TO STOP)

RICHARDS: (FADES IN) That's right. Pull up, boys, and let me look you over.

BLAIR: Brother, what's that rifle for?

RICHARDS: I'm a deputy sheriff in this county. Let me look at your driver's license. I don't remember seeing you boys before.

DENTON: That's easy. We've never been here before.

BLAIR: What should we do, deputy? Get out of the car?

RICHARDS: How about that license?

BLAIR: I'll get it -- it's right here - certainly -

RICHARDS: Hey! Put down that gun!

BLAIR: Why, sure - of course -

(REVOLVER SHOTS)

(DEPUTY SHERIFF GROANS)

Hang on, Danny -- we're moving! Here's where we take a run-out powder.

(AUTO ENGINE ROARS UP - FADES AS BACKGROUND FOR LINES)

DENTON: Say...did you kill that guy?

BLAIR: What difference does it make?

DENTON: (PROFESSIONALLY SHOCKED) What difference! The devil you say!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DANNY WHISTLES
2. AUTOMOBILE ENGINE SWELLS AND FADES.
3. SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER.

BLAIR: Well, Danny -- it's cozy here. I'll say that for the place. (IRONIC) My old Kentucky cave.

DENTON: It ain't healthy, Blair. Listen to that water dripping.

BLAIR: If you know a better cave, go to it.

DENTON: Huh?

BLAIR: Let it pass. Care for a little double solitaire?

DENTON: Naw, I hate cards.

BLAIR: Oh come on. You can't expect me to sit here with nothing to amuse me but your whistling.

DENTON: You're a funny guy, Blair. I don't get you.

BLAIR: Really?

DENTON: I don't know. The way you shot that deputy back in West Virginia.....

BLAIR: What was wrong with that, Sweetheart?

DENTON: Well, perhaps, if we'd talked to him.....

BLAIR: Who wants to talk?

DENTON: And I don't think we should have abandoned the car.

BLAIR: After what we did to it, no one will ever recognize that car. We're clear in another state and safe in this comedious little hole in the ground.

DENTON: How are we gonna know what goes on outside?

BLAIR: My little pal, Ace Gentry will take care of it.

DENTON: Yeah. What's his angle?

BLAIR: Forgive me, but I think he admires me.

DENTON: Come again.

BLAIR: Danny, Ace Gentry is a hero-worshipper. Well, you're looking at his hero.

DENTON: Yeh? There's just one thing I don't like about you, Blair -- that's everything.

BLAIR: You've got a lot of guts to say a thing like that to me.

DENTON: Say, watch yourself now.

BLAIR: Don't worry. If I shot you, it would be in the back.

DENTON: Now I'll tell you -- (STOPS) Listen. Somebody coming.

BLAIR: I think it's my little friend. (CALLS - LOW) Ace?
Is that you?
(GENTRY FADES IN BREATHLESS)

GENTRY: Listen, Jim -- Jim!

BLAIR: What's the trouble? The devil playing checkers on your coat-tails?

GENTRY: Jim, you've got to get out, quick!

BLAIR: Why? Party of tourists coming through our cavern?

GENTRY: No -- the Federal men are in town!

DENTON: (BEGINS TO WHISTLE "PRISONERS' SONG")

BLAIR: Federals!

GENTRY: Yes, and they're watching me too.

BLAIR: Maybe this cave isn't as cozy as I thought. Have you talked to them?

GENTRY: If they try to get anything out of me, I'll shut up like a grave!

BLAIR: That's the boy, Ace. When did the Federal dicks show up?

GENTRY: This morning -- this is the first chance I've had to get here.

BLAIR: They're in town because they know I used to live here - that's sure. Looks like I put the old burg on the map, eh?

GENTRY: But the first place they'll look for you is here, Jim. Here in the caves!

BLAIR: All right, Ace, I can never thank you enough for this.

GENTRY: Gee -- that's all right, Jim. Forget it.

BLAIR: Come on, "Music." Get your hat. You and I had better pick up another car and go bye-bye.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WHISTLING FADES OUT.
2. WATER DRIPPING EFFECT -- FADES OUT
3. MOTOR CAR EFFECT STARTS AND FADES AWAY.

RICHARDS: Well, here's the car, gentlemen. Frankly, I don't see how it could possibly be the one.

RANKIN: The men that shot you were driving a blue machine, you say deputy?

RICHARDS: That's right, Mr. Rankin.

RANKIN: What do you make of the car, Blythe?

BLYTHE: A repaint job if ever I saw one.

RANKIN: Well, chip the finish a bit and see what you find.

BLYTHE: Right.

RANKIN: When was this machine found, deputy?

(SOUND - TAPS OF LIGHT HAMMER)

RICHARDS: Couple days after the shooting, Mr. Rankin. Fact is, I found it myself. That bullet they shot into me just hit my shoulder and knocked me over.

RANKIN: That's lucky; from what you say, those boys were plenty tough.

RICHARDS: Yes, sir, that's right -- But I don't think this is their car. Theirs was blue.

BLYTHE: Blue, eh? Well, take a look. Where I've been working.

RICHARDS: Well! What do you know about that?

BLYTHE: Yes, but how about those licenses, Mr. Blythe? That car had North Carolina tags - and these say Virginia.

BLYTHE: Changing to stolen license plates isn't much of a trick. Got the engine serial number yet, Rankin?

RANKIN: (SLIGHT DISTANCE) It's been scratched a little, but I make it out. Here, I've copied it on this bit of paper, Blythe.

BLYTHE: Let's see -- thanks -- hmm. O.K. It checks.

RANKIN: Good stuff.

RICHARDS: What is it, gentlemen? Have you got a clue?

BLYTHE: Deputy, I think we know who the men that shot you were.

RICHARDS: Say, you Bureau of Investigation fellows work fast. I don't see how you can figure it out, just from what's here.

BLYTHE: Oh, there's no great mystery about it. The night before you were shot, there was a break from a Federal prison camp in North Carolina. The men who escaped were two criminals known as "Whistling Dan" Denton and James Blair.

RICHARDS: How does that tie up?

BLYTHE: Near the prison camp, same night as the escape, this car was stolen. The engine serial number tells us that.

RANKIN: So it seems reasonable to suppose that the men who took it were the two escaped convicts, don't you think so?

RICHARDS: Well yep, guess those were the men all right. But -- excuse me, Mr. Blythe - I still don't see where just findin' the car gets us. That don't show where the men are.

BLYTHER: It gives us a lead. Because the highway through here is the main route to Kentucky, and there's a town out there where James Blair used to live. We sent agents out several days ago, just on the chance he may have gone to earth nearby. But right now, I'd call that chance almost a certainty!

RANKIN: Don't you think we ought to wire Kentucky to double up on the search, now that we've got something definite?

BLYTHER: Good idea, Rankin. Hop in and we'll run into town to the telegraph office. Coming along, deputy?

RICHARDS: You bet I'm coming, Mr. Blythe. I want to help you fellows all I can. I sure hope you catch them dirty crooks.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTOMOBILE STARTS AND RUNS OUT OF EARSHOT.
2. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

APPLEBAUM: So. There iss no business yet, Minnie?

MINNIE: Sure, dummkopf. Ten gallons while you're eating breakfast already.

APPLEBAUM: Sehr gut! Ach! A vunderful location we got for a filling station, Minnie.

MINNIE: Jah. All the time we have good luck since we come to America.

APPLEBAUM: And you ain't sorry then?

MINNIE: Sorry! Ach, Herman! In Leipsig how could we have already our own business and money in the bank? In America iss much better, jah!

(MOTOR CAR EFFECT BEGINS TO APPROACH)

APPLEBAUM: You're a smart girl, Minnie.....
(MOTOR CAR EFFECT COMES IN FULL AND STOPS)

MINNIE: Herman -- look, customers.

APPLEBAUM: Jah. I got dem. (FADING) Good morning, sir. It's
a nice morning, jah?

BLAIR: (FADES IN) You don't say so. Ten gallons, please.

APPLEBAUM: Jah, right away, sir.

BLAIR: No hurry, young fellow.

APPLEBAUM: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) No, no, I fix you right up.
(GAS PUMP EFFECT THROUGH HERE)

DENTON: (WHISTLING SAD TUNE)

BLAIR: (LOW, SMOOTH AND MATTER-OF-FACT VOICE) The man's
an imbecile Danny. I wonder if he'll be cheerful
when we stick him up?
(WHISTLING STOPS)

DENTON: Watch yourself, Blair. There's no need for shooting.

BLAIR: Just be helpful, Danny. That's all I ask of you.
Hello -- look at the Fraulein.

MINNIE: It iss Frau....Frau Applebaum.

BLAIR: Oh, married, eh?

MINNIE: Yes, please.

BLAIR: How do you look in black, Frau Applebaum?

DENTON: For God's sake, Blair! (A COMMENT RATHER THAN AN
INTERJECTION.)

MINNIE: (UNCOMPREHENDING) Was iss das?

BLAIR: You'll understand later.

DENTON: But I tell yah, you screwy guy, we don't need to --

BLAIR: Quiet -- here he is.

APPLEBAUM: (FADING IN) Ten gallons, sir, all set. Shall I look
at de oil?

BLAIR: (EVENLY) No. Look at this.

MINNIE: (GASPS) Herman -- it's a gun!

BLAIR: Keep still you. Danny, take the dough out of that cash register.

APPLEBAUM: Vat iss - vat iss --

BLAIR: Hurry it up, Danny.

DENTON: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) Don't rush me. I got to ring it open first.

(SOUND - STRIKES CASH REGISTER KEY TO OPEN DRAWER)

BLAIR: Oh, Danny -- make it register "No Sale."

MINNIE: It's robbers, -- verbreschen. Herman!

APPLEBAUM: You can't get away vith diss! Get out! Stop it! Diss is America!

BLAIR: All right -- this is the Fourth of July.

(VOLLEY OF REVOLVER SHOTS)

MINNIE: (SCREAMS)

BLAIR: Come on, Danny, come on -- you've got the money! Show a little interest, will you?

DENTON: (UNNERVED) Yeh but -- but -- you've killed him!

BLAIR: (FEIGNED SURPRISE) No! Why -- so I have. Well, isn't that a pity, Danny?

(MOTOR CAR EFFECT STARTS AND FADES OUT QUICKLY)

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WILL KILLERS.....FIND NEW VICTIMS.....BEFORE FEDERAL AGENTS.....TRACK THEM DOWN.....FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....THROUGH AMAZING DEVELOPMENTS.....TO BREATH-TAKING CONCLUSION.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVII

"KILLERS AT LARGE"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE.....STORY OF "KILLERS AT LARGE".....
BASED ON CASES NOS. 54-1982 AND 54-1983.....
FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....WASHINGTON, D.C.....
PROCEED WITH CASE.....AT TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.....
SMALL TOWN IN WEST VIRGINIA.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SALLY: Number please -- Yes, right away, ma'am. Number please -- 70 - yes. Number --

RANKIN: (FADING IN) Can I get a line right away, Miss? I want to get through a hurry call to Bardsville.

SALLY: Yes sir, right away. Anybody in particular you want to talk with?

RANKIN: The chief of county police.

SALLY: Oh -- you mean, Dan Hanley? Use that phone there. I'll put you right through.....

RANKIN: Thanks, Miss.

SALLY: Hello. Hello, Bardsville? Put me on 26, will you, operator? (TO RANKIN) Just a minute. (TO TELEPHONE) Hello? (TO RANKIN) Go ahead, sir.

(LIFTS RECEIVER)

RANKIN: Who's this? Chief Hanley? O.K. This is Special Agent Rankin, Chief. Yes. Have you a pencil handy? I've got important information for you. Are you all set? Well, according to the latest word, Whistling Dan Denton and James Blair are headed for your section of the country. Yes, I thought you'd be interested. Well, here's the dope. Just a few hours ago two men answering their description, driving a grey Dodge roadster held up a filling station near here, killing the proprietor. What? Oh, yes -- fine boys. But his wife got their license number -- grey Dodge roadster -- Number K--13-707. Yes, that's it. Keep your eye peeled, Chief -- you're the next good stop along the highway. And Hanley, -- take care of yourself. The boys would as soon shoot as wink at you. So long.

(RECEIVER CLICK)

Thanks very much, miss.

SALLY: (DEMUURELY) My name's Sally Coy.

RANKIN: Well, thanks for good service, Sally. What are the charges?

SALLY: Gee -- are those two murderers really loose around here, Mr. Agent?

RANKIN: They're loose all right. And I've a feeling there's going to be trouble before we take them in. So figure up that toll like a good girl, Sally. I've got to be stepping along.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNS ALONG ROAD AND FADES OUT.
2. WIND BLOWING.

BLAIR: What's the matter, "music?" I haven't heard a trill out of my little canary all day. It makes this shack even more dismal.

DENTON: Never mind that stuff, Blair.

BLAIR: (QUIETLY, DEADLY) Don't address me in that tone of voice, you bad-tempered thug.

DENTON: O.K. It's time we had this out. I'm going to tell you something.

BLAIR: I'm all attention. You may proceed.

DENTON: Yeh? One more crack and I'll --
(KNOCK ON DOOR)
What's that? Who's hanging around outside?

BLAIR: That sounded like a cop's knock to me, Denton.

DENTON: But how could they --

BLAIR: (COOL) Somebody must have traced the Dodge.

DENTON: I told you that car stuff would --
(MORE KNOCKING)

BLAIR: Don't argue now -- get your gun ready.

DENTON: Yeah -- you'll shoot us both right into the hot seat with --

(MORE KNOCKING)

BLAIR: Come in. That door isn't locked.

(DOOR IS QUICKLY OPENED)

HANLEY: (FADES IN) Hello, boys. Don't move either of you. And don't try any monkey business.

BLAIR: Yes? Who're you?

HANLEY: My name's Hanley, boys. I'm Chief of the county detectives around here.

BLAIR: Well, we congratulate you, of course.. Perhaps that's what you dropped in for?

HANLEY: Now, now, cut it out. That your car outside there?

BLAIR: Car? Listen, Chief -- we're just a couple o' poor, jobless fellows who ----

HANLEY: (CUTTING IN) Put down that gun, mister. I know how you got that filling station man.

BLAIR: Now, Chief, be reasonable. How can I put down this gun?

HANLEY: Put it down or I'll shoot it out of your hand.

BLAIR: All right. You get him, Danny!

DENTON: Here goes!

(SOUND - SHOTS. HANLEY GROANS AND COLLAPSES.)

HANLEY: You yellow---yellow---(COUGHS, ETC. STOPPING QUICKLY)

BLAIR: Well, that's one for you, Danny.

DENTON: Yeah. He's down all right. I don't mind it, when it's got to be done.

BLAIR: Is that what you were going to "have out" with me, Tarzan?

DENTON: I'll say it is! Listen, Blair, I'm tough -- but
you -- you're a son of a --

BLAIR: (BREAKING IN) Who's keeping you here, Danny?

DENTON: You said it! Nobody!

BLAIR: And you're leaving?

DENTON: Right now! Those Federals have trailed our second
car and I'm blowing. We got to get out of these
country places into some city where we can lose
ourselves.

BLAIR: Stay out of cities, boy. Man was made to frolic
among the daises and the butterflies.

DENTON: You wise hunk of boloney!

BLAIR: Listen, Danny, I'm heading for my old Kentucky home.
They already looked there once. They'll never think
of going back. Act sweet, and I'll take you with me.

DENTON: You'll take me no place. I'm going to hop a main
line freight car for Cincinnati, and hide out in the
West End somewhere. What do you think of that?

BLAIR: Why should I worry? So long, Danny. I hope you don't
burn.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.
2. POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT.

RADIO VOICE: All police cars.....stand by.....all police cars.....
stand by.....emergency report....Cincinnati radio
squads seven and eight proceed at once.....to freight
yard in West End...Notorious fugitive,..Whistling Dan
Denton....reported in hiding...near spur of B. & O.
railroad....This prisoner must be taken dead or alive,....

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT.
2. POLICE CAR MOTORS WITH BELLS AND SIRENS FADE IN AND OUT.
3. FREIGHT YARD BACKGROUND.

LIEUTENANT: Go easy in here, boys. He might be back of any o' them freight cars.

POLICEMAN: Reckon he might try to get up that bank, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: (PESSIMISTIC) Yeah, prob'ly. Anything to make it harder. Now get this whole cut o' freight cars surrounded. He's probably sittin' in one of 'em with a cannon as big as your hat.

POLICEMAN: The boys already went around back, Lieutenant. We're all set to get him out -- if he's in there.

LIEUTENANT: All right, all right. You got papers to hold this fellow on?

POLICEMAN: You bet I've got 'em.

LIEUTENANT: Good. We sure don't want him cuttin' up around here. Well, come on boys, let's get it over with. (FADES) Follow me.

POLICEMAN: (FADING IN) One car at a time, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: Sssh!

(THE MOURNFUL WHISTLING OF DANNY DENTON IS HEARD. LOUDER AND LOUDER.)

(LOW VOICE) It's him. Whistling Danny.

POLICEMAN: (LOW VOICE) There he is, setting in the sun by that box car.

LIEUTENANT: Yeah. Look out, now, these punks will do anything.
So help me, if he reaches for a gun I ain't going
to count up to ten. (CALLS) Hey. Hey, good-lookin'.
Yes, you. Come over here!

POLICEMAN: Look out, boys! He's trying to get up the bank.
(CONFUSION -- SHOUTS IN BACKGROUND)

LIEUTENANT: (CALLS) Pull him down offa there, men. Be careful
now! That's right. Pack him over here.
(AD LIB: POLICEMAN DRAG DENTON UP TO POINT
WHERE LIEUTENANT IS STANDING.)

LIEUTENANT: Well. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, trying to get
away like that?

DENTON: (SNARLING) Ah...can't a man take a walk?

LIEUTENANT: Naw. Not today. This the right fellow, Jerry?

POLICEMAN: Yes sir! I've looked at enough pictures of him to be
sure of that.

DENTON: Listen, copper, you can't hold me -- You got nothing
to go on -- see?

LIEUTENANT: Don't you believe it, Denton. I've got a detainer
right here that will keep you out of trouble until
they get Blair under arrest. Then you can stand
trial together. How'll that be?

DENTON: Ah, for --

LIEUTENANT: Come on -- come on. I win the argument, whatever you
say. Get Denton into one of these cars, boys, and
let's go.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE CARS SPEED UP AND DRIVE AWAY.
2. WIND EFFECT HOWLING FAINTLY.

RANKIN: That the house up there, Sheriff McCrimmon?
McCORMON: That's right, Mr. Rankin. Ace Gentry's cabin.
RANKIN: Well, Blythe -- there's a light in it.
BLYTHE: So far, so good, eh?
McCORMON: But look here, Mr. Blythe and Mr. Rankin -- just that light don't prove James Blair's inside.
RANKIN: Well, Sheriff, there's no harm in taking a look. The stolen car they used in the gas station killing was traced to this town -- Blair's old home. We find his pal, Ace Gentry, hanging about with no visible means of support. When we try to question Gentry, he gets sullen and refuses to answer.
BLYTHE: And that puts him in line for a second visit, Sheriff. It's reasonable suspicion. Yes, I think we might drop in at the cabin up there on the hill.
McCORMON: Well, all right then, gentlemen. Let's take a look then. The path's over here. And we'd better go quiet as we can.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MEN WALKING OVER GRAVEL.
2. WIND.

GENTRY: Golly, listen to that wind, Jim.
BLAIR: (EASY AND COMFORTABLE) She blows, Ace. She blows.
GENTRY: Gee -- I wouldn't be sittin' there so cool, Jim -- not me, if there was a price on my head.

BLAIR: Maybe the price is too high for the cops to collect.

GENTRY: Well, they didn't get anything out of me.

BLAIR: That's a pal. Maybe some day I can do something for you, Ace. (LAUGHS) They can look through those caves till the water rots their bones -- I'll lie snug up here. Toss on another log.

GENTRY: Yeah....

(SOUND - DROPS LOG IN FIRE)

There. Now tell me some more about your experiences, Jim.

BLAIR: Which ones?

GENTRY: The time you was in the Klondike.

BLAIR: (LYING) Oh, yes -- the Klondike. Well, there was a nugget, Ace, a nugget as big as -- (STOPS. PAUSE)

GENTRY: Yeah?

BLAIR: (EVENLY) Some one on the porch.

GENTRY: Good lord -- what'll we do?

BLAIR: Sit still.

GENTRY: But Jim -- listen --

BLAIR: Quiet.

(HEAVY BLOWS ON DOOR)

McCRIMMON: (OUTSIDE) Open the door!

BLAIR: You'll have to let 'em in. That door's no good. Watch it -- here they come!

(THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

(HOWL OF WIND)

(IN WHISPER) Stand up, Ace!

GENTRY: What do you men want?

(HOWL OF WIND - DOOR IS SLAMMED)

McCRIMMON: Who's this fellow with you, Gentry?

GENTRY: Now listen, this is just my Cousin from West Virginia.

That's all he is!

RANKIN: Be quiet, kid. Blair -- if you've got a gun, put it on this table.

BLYTHE: And hurry it up -- we're not fooling.

BLAIR: You men must be crazy!

McCRIMMON: Look out, Mr. Rankin! He has got a gun!

BLAIR: All right, Ace, boy -- stand up and take it!

GENTRY: Hey - Jim -- let go of me! Don't hold on to me!

RANKIN: He's using his pal for a shield!

BLAIR: That's it! Hold still, Ace -- if they start shooting--
you'll stop lead.

GENTRY: Jim -- let go of me -- I'll be killed!

BLAIR: That's it!

(SOUND - SHOTS)

What do you think of that?

McCRIMMON: You murderer!

(SOUND - SHOTS - YELP FROM GENTRY)

BLAIR: It looks like that was a good shot -- (CHOKES)

(UNINTELLIGIBLY).....Sheriff.....

RANKIN: Got Blair all right -- How's the boy?

McCRIMMON: He's all right, Mr. Rankin. He broke away when I pinked him.

GENTRY: (AGGRIEVED) He held me in front of him while you were shooting!

BLYTHE: Is Blair dead?

RANKIN: He'll never commit another crime, Blythe.

GENTRY: (OVERCOME WITH DISILLUSIONMENT) God! And I thought
he was my pal.

RANKIN: A fine pal you picked out. You're lucky you're not
dead, Gentry. Come on, Blythe -- let's get to a
phone and tell 'em they can stop looking for Blair.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: SURVIVING KILLER....WHISTLING DAN DENTON.....TRIED
FOR MURDER OF COUNTY DETECTIVE....CONVICTED.....
SENTENCED.....ELECTROCUTED.....BOY ACE GENTRY
SENTENCED TO TERM IN PRISON.....CASES NOS. 54-1982
AND 54-1983.....CLOSED....ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.....
(WIRELESS).....THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW
REACHES EVERYWHERE.....CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

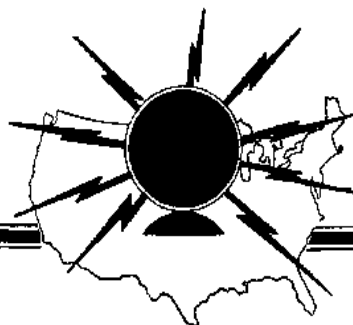
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
2/17/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.

Tonight we are going to call on Jack Pearl who, in the role of the Baron Munchausen on these Thursday night programs, distributes gaiety and mirth all over the country. First of all, however, we have a date with Abe Lyman and his Orchestra, so let's keep it. MR. LYMAN:

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

4M-12-32

ABE LYMAN:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is Abe Lyman. Tonight we play first -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Abe Lyman, that was fine.

How often, when you're in a crowd, you've seen one man who stands out from the rest -- whose clear, calm look, the line of his jaw, the set of his shoulders -- everything about him reveals an exceptional character. Character -- it's a quality you can spot anywhere.....and it's character, too, that sets one cigarette apart from others. You'll recognize it instantly in LUCKY STRIKE -- the distinctive character of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobaccos. And how you'll enjoy the unique mellow-mildness that's given to LUCKIES by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. Only LUCKIES afford these two distinctive qualities -- Character and Mildness.....and for these two reasons, "LUCKIES Please!"

The Baron Munchausen has just arrived with his good friend Sharley. There is no doubt about the Baron's subject for tonight...He has a diver's helmet cocked jauntily over both ears and he's dragging some 50 fathoms of hose....So without further introduction, may we present.....that deep-diving dare-devil....The Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "DEEP SEA DIVING")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall are leaving the stage. They'll return later in this program to continue their discussion... And at this point, we turn things over to Abe Lyman and his boys from the Paradise Restaurant...it's your turn, Abe.

ABE LYMAN:

Now we play -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's very nice, Abe Lyman, very nice.

How many of you people noticed in your newspapers today that beautiful picture of a happy couple on the famous Grand Canal of Venice, Italy? Say -- don't you wish you were there? What a thrill to glide smoothly over the rippling waters of this enchanted spot, guided by singing gondoliers. Romance!...the joy of living! How fitting that the title of this joyous picture is "LUCKIES Please!" In every corner of the world -- both here and overseas -- wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please!" They please the taste...they please the throat. Because LUCKIES have Character and Mildness - the distinctive character of the world's finest tobaccos, carefully selected, aged and mellowed. And the unique mildness imparted when these fine tobaccos are "TOASTED." For these two reasons, Character and Mildness, you'll hear smokers all over the world say "LUCKIES Please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

We have time for a dance or two before the Baron comes out of the briny deep.....So we'll shoot the Magic Carpet right under the lifted baton of Abe Lyman.

MR. LYMAN:

We continue the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Abe.....Now the Baron Munchausen is going to tell us more about the strange sights and sounds that he encountered during his marvelous explorations of the ocean floor..... It's indeed a pleasure to give you.....His Royal Modesty.....the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "DEEP SEA DIVING")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl entertaining you as the Baron Munchausen. He'll visit us again at the same time next week..... In the meantime, the Baron continues to star in "Pardon My English" playing at the Majestic Theatre on Broadway.....And now here's Abe Lyman who is also playing on Broadway...but as a master craftsman of rhythm.....Give us some of it now, Abe.....

ABE LYMAN:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

In the dictionary of smoking there are two words that tell the complete story of cigarette enjoyment. LUCKIES PLEASE!.... Two words with a double meaning. LUCKIES, please -- heard wherever cigarettes are bought -- and LUCKIES PLEASE -- heard wherever cigarettes are smoked. Whichever way you say it -- LUCKIES PLEASE - because LUCKIES have character and mildness - the distinctive character of the world's finest tobaccos and the true mildness of "TOASTING." It is for these two reasons - Character and Mildness - that all the world says -- LUCKIES PLEASE!

Here we go back to Abe Lyman and his Orchestra who are waiting to serenade you with melody!

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXIV

PARTS I AND II

"DEEP SEA DIVING"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FEBRUARY 16, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIV

"D E E P S E A D I V I N G"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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"THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIV

"D E E P S E A D I V I N G"

PART I

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me, Baron - just what is the idea of walking around dressed up in a deep sea divers outfit?

BARON: (UNINTELLIGIBLE DIALOGUE)

CHARLEY: Wait! You can't talk with that divers helmet over your head -- here, let me take it off.

(SOUND - METAL ON METAL)

CHARLEY: There you are, Baron.

BARON: Thanks Sharley, (LAUGH) That's a big load off my mind.

CHARLEY: That diving suit must be heavy, Baron.

BARON: You have no idea - but there is one thing I am thankful for.

CHARLEY: What is that, Baron?

BARON: That it ain't got two pair of pants.

CHARLEY: Now, tell me, Baron, why are you wearing this deep sea diving outfit?

BARON: Because I'm going diving.

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON: Over at my friend Shultze's house.

CHARLEY: Diving? At Shultze's house?

BARON: Yes -- he called me up and said he was in deep water, and asked me to help him out.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but when Shultz said he was in deep water he meant he was in trouble.

BARON: He said he was SUNK!

CHARLEY: What seems to be the matter?

BARON: I don't know - so I put on my diving suit.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because I want to get to the bottom of it.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: Did I step on your foot?

CHARLEY: No, -- my intelligence.

BARON: (LAUGH) Such a small thing to talk about.

CHARLEY: Did you ever do any real deep sea diving, Baron?

BARON: Did I? (LAUGH) One time I was diving in the Pa-stiff-ticket Ocean.

CHARLEY: The Pacific.

BARON: The Piff-tick-stick.

CHARLEY: Pacific.

BARON: Pa-sick-stiff-tick-- The Slipperymissis River!

CHARLEY: The Slipperymissis River?

BARON: The Mississloppy, the --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Now you're getting into deep water. Just where were you diving? In the Pacific Ocean or the Mississippi River?

BARON: (LAUGH) Pick out one and drown the other.

CHARLEY: I believe you are trying to tell me you were diving in the Pacific Ocean.

BARON: Sure - how many times must I say it?

CHARLEY: What were you diving for?

BARON: Sponges.

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about sponges?

BARON: Do I know anything about sponges? (LAUGH) Some time you must meet my relatives -- they are the biggest spongers --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron, I'm speaking of the species Euspongia.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: The elastic, resilient porous mass of interlacing fibers forming the internal substratum of certain marine animals.

BARON:HERE WE GO!

CHARLEY: In what part of the Pacific were you diving, Baron?

BARON: Off the coast of Are You Well --

CHARLEY: Are you well?

BARON: How have you been - how do you feel --

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean Hawaii?

BARON: That's it! Howaii!

CHARLEY: Hawaii!

BARON: Fine -- how are you?

CHARLEY: Not so good.

BARON: That's fine too. Well sir, the first day I got there I couldn't dive.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: A school of halibut was swimming on top of the water and I couldn't get through them.

CHARLEY: Halibut are strictly a bottom fish.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Then how could there have been a school on top?

BARON: (LAUGH) This was a high school.

CHARLEY: What did you do?
BARON: I waited till the next day.
CHARLEY: And then you did your diving?
BARON: No - I couldn't -- the waves was too high.
CHARLEY: The waves were too high?
BARON: Yes, one of them went up a thousand feet.
CHARLEY: A thousand feet!
BARON: Yes sir -- and it stayed there. I was --
CHARLEY: Hold on! You say a wave rose to a thousand feet and stayed there?
BARON: Sure -- it was a permanent wave.
CHARLEY: Do you think I believe that?
BARON: (LAUGH) Do you think I care? The next day I dived down sixty five hundred feet.
CHARLEY: Now wait, Baron. You couldn't have gone down sixty five hundred feet and you know it. So tell the truth, just how deep did you dive?
BARON: Do you want the real truth, Sharley?
CHARLEY: Yes. How deep did you dive?
BARON: Sixty five hundred feet.
CHARLEY: All right - go ahead.
BARON: And when I got to the bottom I met King Spitoon and he said --
CHARLEY: Whoa!
BARON: No -- he didn't said "Whoa" he said --
CHARLEY: Wait! In the first place the name is not Spitoon -- its Neptune and in the second place you couldn't have met Neptune because he's mythical.
BARON: That's what you say.
CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So I met him.

CHARLEY: All right - you met him.

BARON: He asked me to go to a ball game.

CHARLEY: A ball game! At the bottom of the ocean? Ridiculous!

BARON: Don't say that - they got more ball clubs there than we got here.

CHARLEY: More?

BARON: Sure -- didn't you ever hear of twenty thousand leagues under the sea?

CHARLEY: Yes, but that's a story.

BARON: So is mine! And I'm going to stick to it.

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: He had two tickets for the clam stand.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - not clam stand - grand stand.

BARON: (LAUGH) That proves it.

CHARLEY: Proves what?

BARON: You wasn't there.

CHARLEY: Quite true.

BARON: So it was a clam stand. Next to me was sitting a sword fish.

CHARLEY: A sword fish was sitting next to you?

BARON: Yes - and he was flirting with a minnow.

CHARLEY: The sword fish was flirting with a minnow?

BARON: Sure - he was a gay old blade.

CHARLEY: I'll bet this is going to be good.

BARON: I hope so. I got into an argument with him.

CHARLEY: About what?

BARON: In the second inning a little shrimp made a whale of a hit -- but the umpire who was an old skate, made a fluke by calling it a strike! The swordfish started to grab -- said the umpire was a lobster and yelled "give that wall-eyed pike the hook!

CHARLEY: What did you think of the decision?

BARON: I thought it smelt.

CHARLEY: A pretty kettle of fish.

BARON: Ye -- are you coddling me?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, continue.

BARON: Well sir, we was packed in the clam stand like sardines and when the swordfish started to flounder around I yelled "come off your perch, you poor fish."

CHARLEY: More fish.

BARON: No -- poor fish. With that he made a stab at me with his sword --

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I ran away.

CHARLEY: You ran away?

BARON: Sure, I didn't have a gun or a knife on me.

CHARLEY: You were in a precarious position.

BARON:what's the number?

CHARLEY: I said you were menaced, imperilled, threatened with disastrous consequences.

BARON: (LAUGH) After I take care of the swordfish I'll take care of you.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: He came after me --

CHARLEY: The sword fish pursued you.

BARON:maybe you better go home.

CHARLEY: I'll make it plainer - he chased you.

BARON: Sure -- he was nearly up to me when I ran into a sunken woof.

CHARLEY: A sunken woof? Now what's that?

BARON: A shiff.

CHARLEY: A ship? What in the world kind of a ship is a woof?

BARON: Its a --- a -- what does a dog do?

CHARLEY: Bark.

BARON: That's what it was -- a Bark! I climbed on the bark, ran into the cabin and slammed the door in the swordfish's face.

CHARLEY: You were safe.

BARON: No sir! Inside the cabin was an Octoface.

CHARLEY: An octoface?

BARON: I mean - Octopuss.

CHARLEY: An octopus!

BARON: Yes -- he was glad to see me.

CHARLEY: How did you know he was glad to see you?

BARON: He wanted to take me in his arms - but just by luck I fooled him.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: I found a match in my pocket - struck it and the light frightened him away.

CHARLEY: That was a lucky strike.

BARON: Ye ----please! The Baron makes the advertising of the cigarettes.

CHARLEY: My apologies.

BARON: My cigarettes. In the meantime the sword fish had sawed his way into the cabin.

CHARLEY: Sawed his way into the cabin?

BARON: Yes - and was he sore! So was I! So I pulled out my gun and killed him.

CHARLEY: Just a minute! A while ago you said you didn't have a gun.

BARON: So I killed him with a knife.

CHARLEY: You also said you didn't have a knife.

BARON: Did I say I didn't have a pin?

CHARLEY: No, you did not!

BARON: So I killed him with a pin.

CHARLEY: Do you mean to tell me you killed a swordfish with a pin?

BARON: Sure -- and it only goes to show --

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: That the pin is mightier than the sword.

CHARLEY: Baron, that's so preposterous that I am not going to waste any time arguing.

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe it's just as well.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, how did you ever come to take up diving?

BARON: It was born in me.

CHARLEY: Born in you?

BARON: Yes -- from the day I was born I had water on the brain.

CHARLEY: I suppose you started diving at an early age?

BARON: No -- I waited until I was two years old.

CHARLEY: Diving at the age of two? I don't believe it.

BARON: Would you believe four?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Six, eight, ten, twelve?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: What age would you believe?

CHARLEY: Well -- about eighteen.

BARON: (LAUGH) It's the funniest thing --

CHARLEY: What is?

BARON: I was exactly eighteen when I started diving --

CHARLEY: I suppose you started in diving at the bottom and worked yourself to the top?

BARON: No sir! I started from the top, and worked myself to the bottom.

CHARLEY: But before you got to the bottom, from the top, you had to start at the bottom, didn't you?

BARON: No! I had to start at the top to get to the bottom of the top! And I was on top when I was at the bottom and -- What are we doing? A jig saw puzzle?

CHARLEY: Forget it. Regarding the sponges you told me you were diving for -- did you get many?

BARON: About eighty-five boat loads.

CHARLEY: Eighty-five boat loads of sponges?

BARON: That's all.

CHARLEY: What did you do with them?

BARON: I sold all but one -- it's the finest sponge you ever saw.

CHARLEY: A fine sponge.

BARON: Yes -- it's all dried up now, but if you come to my house I'll put it in water.

CHARLEY: Why put it in water?

BARON: I want you to see something swell. (LAUGH) Ketch on?

CHARLEY: Yes - I catch on. But what did you do with the rest of the sponges?

BARON: I sold them to bakeries.

CHARLEY: Bakeries? What do bakeries use sponges for?

BARON: Sponge cake.

CHARLEY: I don't believe that, Baron, and incidently I don't believe you got eighty five boat loads of sponges.

BARON: Is that so? Well it happens I had with me the greatest sponger in the world.

CHARLEY: The greatest sponger in the world! Who was that, Baron?

BARON: Its -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Come on, tell me, who is the greatest sponge in the world.

BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIV

"D E E P S E A D I V I N G"

PART II

CHARLEY: Pardon me for being inquisitive, Baron, but just what is the idea of wearing that sport shoe suspended from your neck?

BARON: Sharley, that sport shoe is my college pin.

CHARLEY: Your college pin?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What college?

BARON:Oxford!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, while diving did you ever find a wreck?

BARON: (LAUGH) I found a wreck without diving.

CHARLEY: What wreck was that?

BARON: If its all the same to you I'd rather not talk about her.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: My wife.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron! Don't tell me you and the Baroness had words.

BARON: Sure - but she used hers all up - she didn't give me a chance to use mine.

CHARLEY: She didn't?

BARON: No -- I still got 'em.

CHARLEY: So you're on the "outs."

BARON: No - we're on the "ins."

CHARLEY: On the "ins."

BARON: Sure -- She's got it in for me and I've got it in for her.

CHARLEY: How did it all come about, Baron?

BARON: She's jealous.

CHARLEY: Jealous? Of whom?

BARON: The mermaids. One day last week I came up from the bottom of the sea and what do you think she found on my shoulders?

CHARLEY: Don't tell me she found a hair!

BARON: No-----a herring!

CHARLEY: A herring!

BARON: Yes -- you see I went down in the sea to see a sea lion.

CHARLEY: You went down in the sea to see a sea lion?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I see.

BARON: Sure I -----please! The Baron makes the funny answers.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, continue.

BARON: So when I was coming from the sea lion I --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, did you say you were coming up from the sea lyin'?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: You couldn't wait until you got to the top.

BARON: No, I-----are you looking for trouble?

CHARLEY: Again I apologize, proceed, Baron.

BARON: When I came up she okcoosed me of flirting with the---

CHARLEY: She what?

BARON: She-----are we too far apart?

CHARLEY: What did she do, Baron?

BARON: I said she okcoosed me of -----

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron -- the word is not okcoosed---
it's accused.

BARON: -----could you play that again?

CHARLEY: Accused, accused.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's all I want to know.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: You've got a cold in the head. Well sir, to shrink
a long story -- she okcoosed me of flirting with the
mermaids.

CHARLEY: She accused you -- accused you -- accused you.

BARON:will you stop sneezing in my face.

CHARLEY: I'm not sneezing! I'm trying to give you the proper
pronunciation of the word.

BARON: Please -- don't lets have words about words. I know
how to pronounce words the same as -- as -- (SNEEZE)
Ah, ah -- cues! Achues!

CHARLEY: Now you've got the pronunciation!

BARON: Pronunciation my foot! Now I got a cold!

CHARLEY: On with your story, Baron.

BARON: Sure, I --- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

BARON: What story was I telling?

CHARLEY: You came up from the sea with a herring on your
shoulder and your wife accused you of fliring.

BARON: Yes -- so to prove I wasn't I said "Bismark"-----

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVI

"MURDERS AT SEA"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

SPECIAL AGENT RANDOLPH	"SQUEAKER"
SPECIAL AGENT CLEVES	"SPORT" DUNCAN
COAST GUARD LIEUTENANT GORMAN	"TENSTRIKE" CHANDLER
COAST GUARD BOATSWAIN MALONE	CHINAMEN
SAM DALY	VOICE

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SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVI

"MURDERS AT SEA"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE....THROUGH COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER....DIRECTOR, UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION....YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY "MURDERS" AT SEA"....BASED ON CASE NO. 45 - 361.....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 "Murders at Sea".....real people.....real places.....real clues.....a real case....for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout.... our case begins in the city of Miami, Florida, in the office of Special Agent Randolph.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

RANDOLPH: I couldn't talk for publication, Sam.

DALY: Why not, Mr. Randolph?

RANDOLPH: Well, in the first place, we like to keep the Bureau of Investigation out of print. Then, too, it might be premature.

DALY: (IN ANNOYANCE) Ah! Don't be so conservative.

RANDOLPH: I will tell you in confidence, Daly, I think we've won.

DALY: Turned back their boats, eh?

RANDOLPH: I don't blame you for liking the story. This man was established down there like a pirate king, ruling a little Treasure Island!

DALY: Which island was it?

RANDOLPH: Somewhere in the Bahamas, Daly.

DALY: Yeh. That's a lot of help.

RANDOLPH: Yes, like a pirate king. And I'll bet more than one poor devil had to walk the plank, too.

DALY: And you're asking me not to write a story, Mr. Randolph! Why, look....

(DOOR OPENS)

CLEVES: (IN DOOR) Hello, Randolph -- hello there, Sam.

DALY: Hello, Mr. Cleves..

RANDOLPH: Come in, Jack. Daly here says he wants to print a story about that smuggling ring in the Bahamas.

DALY: They say there's one man back of the whole thing.

CLEVES: According to our information he's a big time racketeer from New York. "Tenstrike" Chandler, his name is.

DALY: "Tenstrike", eh?

CLEVES: Yeah. And that's what he thought he had down here. He set up his headquarters on one of the Islands and started out in the smuggling business.

DALY: What was he running in, exactly?

RANDOLPH: Liquor, dope, stolen goods and contraband, alien stowaways and counterfeit U.S. money. That's about all.

DALY: "An Empire of Crime," exclusive story by Sam Daly: Boy, I wish you'd let me go ahead on it.

RANDOLPH: Take it easy, son. We think we've smashed him -- but in this game, it never pays to say you're sure of anything.

DALY: Well then, what makes you think you've queered Tenstrike's racket, Mr. Randolph?

RANDOLPH: The Coast Guard Cutter from Fort Lauderdale is faster than any boat he has -- and her Captain knows these waters better than any pilot Chandler's been able to hire.

DALY: So?

CLEVES: So we've relieved Tenstrike's men a lot of little things they had no business having. For instance -- there was a crowd of Chinamen; well, they're back in China now. There was about three tons of counterfeit money -- you never saw such a layout; and there was a shipment of dope we stopped only the other night.

DALY: It certainly sounds like you've smashed 'em. How about giving me the go-ahead, Mr. Randolph?

RANDOLPH: These crime trusts attract crooks and grafters from all over the world. We think we've broken this one up, but for all we know, "Tenstrike" may be recruiting new forces right now. So you'd better wait, Sam, until we're sure.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WIND AND WAVES.
2. STEAMBOAT WHISTLES.
3. MAN WHISTLING "CASEY JONES".
(WHISTLING STOPS SUDDENLY)

SQUEAKER: Hey -- where you going?
DUNCAN: Into this house. Where'd you think?
SQUEAKER: Brother, where you from? This house belongs to "Tenstrike" Chandler.
DUNCAN: That's who I'm lookin' for. Get out of my road.
SQUEAKER: Go slow, brother! You got to fix me first. Take it easy or I'll ram this knife in your kisser.
DUNCAN: Put up the frog stabber. You're not going to run me out of here.
SQUEAKER: Is that right? Why, this whole island belongs to Tenstrike. Tonight, you can be laughin', gettin' drunk, and runnin' after the girls -- but Tenstrike says the word and in the morning you're feeding barracudas.
DUNCAN: Tenstrike won't feed me to no fishes, buddy.
SQUEAKER: No? Who are you?
DUNCAN: I don't tell you. I tell the Big Shot.

CHANDLER: (SOFT POWERFUL VOICE, NEARBY) You're right fellow.
Always get to the top if you can. Bring him up here,
Squeaker.

DUNCAN: What is this?

SQUEAKER: That's the boss, you monkey. Go up on the porch.

(WALKING UP STEPS)

CHANDLER: (FADING IN) Sit down, fellow. Squeaker, bring two
rum swizzles.

SQUEAKER: (FADING), Yes, boss -- right away.

CHANDLER: Go on -- sit down, sit down. The chair ain't wired.
Sit down, I told you.

DUNCAN: You Tenstrike?

CHANDLER: Did I ask you to call me by any name?

DUNCAN: All right, Tenstrike.

CHANDLER: Huh?

DUNCAN: Remember Big Angelo, and the Five Pernts, back in
New York?

CHANDLER: Big Angelo? You knew him?

DUNCAN: Worked for him three years. He told me to look you
up.

SQUEAKER: (FADES IN) Here's the drinks, boss.

(GLASS RATTLE)

CHANDLER: O.K....now get lost.

SQUEAKER: (FADES OUT) Yeah, boss -- you tell 'em.

CHANDLER: How do you like my valay? They call him "Squeaker"
on account of his voice.

DUNCAN: Where I come from, you get guys like that for ten
cents on the dollar.

CHANDLER: Is that so, Duncan?

DUNCAN: Huh?

CHANDLER: Sport Duncan. Am I right?

DUNCAN: Sure, that 's me. But how---

CHANDLER: Wait a minute, Pal. Do you think I'd of let a guy I didn't know all about get this close to me? The boys have been watching you since you blew into Havana. I got your record from way back.

DUNCAN: Yeah?

CHANDLER: Yeh Sport, I been looking for a mugg like you.

DUNCAN: Keep talkin'.

CHANDLER: I just hadda fire my general manager.

DUNCAN: General manager?

CHANDLER: That's right -- I'm organized like a business.

DUNCAN: What did you fire him for?

CHANDLER: Because he didn't deliver. He was lettin' that Coast Guard patrol turn him back. So I hadda fire him. And when I fire 'em they're through for good....get it?

DUNCAN: How much does the job pay?

CHANDLER: A hundred grand a year. Or two hundred thousand my money.

DUNCAN: Your money?

CHANDLER: You have to pass it.

DUNCAN: I'll take the hundred. What's the job like?

CHANDLER: It's tough. I ain't lyin' to you.

DUNCAN: And the idea is, you don't do no work yourself. You just sit here drinkin' rum swizzles and gettin' fat.

CHANDLER: Whadda you mean, fat?

DUNCAN: (TOLERANTLY) Look at the pot on yah -- Well I guess money and easy livin' always soften a guy.

CHANDLER: Listen, Sport. Because I hire the hand-labor done, that don't mean a thing. I got it organized to give me time for outside interests. Like tonight you find me readin'. Now another night, it might be art, or music, see?

DUNCAN: Music?

CHANDLER: Sure. Inside the house there, I got what I bet you never saw before.

DUNCAN: Yeah? What?

CHANDLER: An electric violin player! All you got to do is drop in a slug, and it plays the fiddle for you. "Turkey in the Straw", "Melody in F", and "My Rosary."

DUNCAN: What am I supposed to do, Tenstrike? It don't make no difference to me how you blow your coin.

CHANDLER: (COLD) Maybe not, Sport -- I'm just telling you. You'll have plenty o' work to keep you busy. You can figure the job's already started. First thing I want you to do, get the fast cabin cruiser tuned up. Then you'll drop down by Caicos Passage, and pick up a load of...next thing, you'll fun for...and.....
(FADES OUT)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WAVES AND WIND.
2. THROBBING OF POWERFUL ENGINES.
3. WIND ON DECK.

DUNCAN: How's she headin', Squeaker?

SQUEAKER: If it don't blow no harder we'll hit the coast in a half hour.

DUNCAN: Then we dump six Chinamen, and back to Bahamas. A hundred grand a year. This racket is a pipe dream.

SQUEAKER: Sure, Sport - if nothin' don't go wrong.

DUNCAN: How can it? Beat it back to the engines now, and tell that boss Chinaman I wanta talk to him.

SQUEAKER: (FADES) Keep your fingers crossed.

CHINAMAN: (FADES IN) Excuse me, please. Evlything all right now, please?

DUNCAN: Sure. You couldn't have a nicer day for it.

CHINAMAN: How soon please Chinamen get United States?

DUNCAN: Half an hour, pal -- and that's what I want to tell yah about. You know what you're supposed to do?

CHINAMAN: Chinamen sewed up in sack - you unload. When get dark, Chinamen get out of sacks.

DUNCAN: That's it. I'm gonna put the others ashore at an old shack near Fort Lauderdale. You can hang around till night comes and then sneak in and turn 'em loose. Get it?

CHINAMAN: That light, Mister Duncan.

DUNCAN: Your five boys all sewed up in the bag?

CHINAMAN: Yes, Mister Duncan -- Chinamen all leady.

DUNCAN: Well, it may be a little stuffy but they can stand it.

CHINAMAN: Yes, please.

DUNCAN: Something else -- if any boats come near us along shore, you keep low. They might spot you and get suspicious.

CHINAMAN: Yes, Mister Duncan, all light, I do that.

DUNCAN: Oke. Now scram into the cabin; we're gettin' too close on shore as it is.

SQUEAKER: (FADES IN EXCITED) Sport -- Sport. Hey -- beat it,
you chink!

(CHINAMAN FADES AD LIB)

DUNCAN: Yeah? What's up?

SQUEAKER: Take a look over there.

DUNCAN: That boat?

SQUEAKER: Yeah...she's a coast guard cutter.

DUNCAN: Between us and the open sea...and she looks fast.

SQUEAKER: Plenty fast. That's the boat that cut us down before.
When she takes the bone in her teeth, God help you....

DUNCAN: She's comin' our way, too.

SQUEAKER: Makin' ready to hail us when they git close enough.
Sec?

DUNCAN: (MAKING UP HIS MIND) All right, give me some speed!
Drive those engines!

SQUEAKER: You can't run away from that government boat -- she's
greased lightnin'.

DUNCAN: I'm boss here, you rat -- Do as I say! Full speed
ahead.

SQUEAKER: (FADES) You'll get a pound of lead through the hull,
that's what you'll get, you banana-picker.

SOUND INTERLUDE: ROAR OF ENGINES SWELLS UP,

DUNCAN: (CALLS) All right, Squeaker....half speed.

(ENGINE NOISE FADES)

DUNCAN: (CALLS. Fang. Ho Fang.

CHINAMAN: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) Yes, Mister Duncan?

DUNCAN: Come 'ere -- I wanta show you something.

CHINAMAN: (FADES IN) What trouble, Mister Duncan?

DUNCAN: No trouble -- Keep on your hands and knees...Crawl around the deck house here. Keep out of sight.

CHINAMAN: Yes, please?

DUNCAN: Here are you pals, all piled up in their burlap bags, see?

CHINAMAN: They be on shore soon, Mister Duncan?

DUNCAN: Yeah, that's right. Look over the side there.

CHINAMAN: Yes, please? What is that, Mister Duncan?

DUNCAN: (DELIBERATELY) That's a blackjack.

(SOUND - VICIOUS THUD. SIGHING GROAN FROM CHINAMAN. SCRAPING AS UNCONSCIOUS BODY GOES OVER SIDE, AND A SPLASH.

Squeaker -- Squeaker -- this way!

SQUEAKER: (FADING IN) Whadda you want?

DUNCAN: Hurry up, you dummy -- hurry up! Help me heave these other Chinamen over the side!

SQUEAKER: Heave 'em over?

DUNCAN: Yes, that government boat will be alongside any minute now...move! move!

SQUEAKER: But in them bags the Chinamen can't swim!

DUNCAN: (CONTEMPTUOUS IRONY) You're telling me, Squeaker -- you're telling me. Get busy, there!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WATER, WAVES AND WIND.

2. POWERFUL DIESEL ENGINES OF CUTTER FADE IN.

GORMAN: Boatswain!

MALONE: Aye, sir.

GORMAN: Hail the cruiser. Tell him to stand by.

MALONE: Aye, sir. (CALLS IN DEEP VOICE) On board cabin
cruiser! On board cabin cruiser! Stand by!

GORMAN: Half speed ahead.

(BELL JINGLES; COAST GUARD CUTTER ENGINE FADES)

MALONE: Stand by. We're coming alongside there.

DUNCAN: (OFF) Come ahead. Who's stopping you?

GORMAN: Jump on his deck -- I'll follow you, Malone.

MALONE: (FADING) Right, sir.

(WIND AND WAVE FADES UP BRIEFLY)

(SOUND: THUD)

GORMAN: (FADING IN) All right, here we are.

DUNCAN: (FADING IN) That's right, boys. Come on board.
Anything I can do for you? Anything missing?

GORMAN: I'm Lieutenant Gorman of the United States Coast
Guard. Mind if I take a look in your cabin?

DUNCAN: Naw -- look all you want. Squeaker, show the loocy
around.

MALONE: (FADING IN) Nothing there, Lieutenant...I've just
been in. No use your looking too.

GORMAN: Everything's O.K., eh?

MALONE: Right, sir.

GORMAN: Well, it seems that we owe this gentleman an apology.

DUNCAN: Aw, that's all right -- I know you haven't seen this
boat of mine before.

GORMAN: Thanks for your cooperation, all the same. Come on,
Malone -- we'll go back to the cutter.

DUNCAN: So long, you guys.

MALONE: (OFF) So long!

(SHIP'S BELL RINGS)

(CUTTER ENGINE UP AND OUT)

SQUEAKER: (FADING IN) Well, the Coast Guard guy was right.
Nothing on this boat now to make a pinch for.

DUNCAN: You're right. I'm not going to let the Coast Guard
catch me with the goods the first trip out. Now we
got it fixed so they don't suspect us.

SQUEAKER: What do you aim to do now, Sport?

DUNCAN: Go back to the Bahamas and report to the boss. Go
on -- give her the gun.

SQUEAKER: (EERILY OMINOUS) Aw- rite. But say, you look happy,
Sport. When you tell Tenstrike you've lost that load
of Chinamen what do you think he's gonna do...kiss
you?

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: HOW WILL FEDERAL AUTHORITIES...PICK UP TRAIL OF
RUTHLESS MURDERERS...AND SMUGGLERS.....FOLLOW LUCKY
STRIKE HOUR.....TO CONCLUSION OF ACTION AND SURPRISES.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVI

"MURDERS AT SEA"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE.....STORY OF "MURDERS AT SEA"...BASED ON CASE
NO. 45 - 361.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE...WASHINGTON,
D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....AT HEADQUARTERS OF
SMUGGLER GANG.....ON ISLAND....IN THE BAHAMAS.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

CHANDLER: Come in, Sport. Come in.

DUNCAN: (OFF) Yeah, here I am.

CHANDLER: Shut the door.

DUNCAN: (OFF) Yeah.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

What's the row, Tenstrike?

CHANDLER: Nothing. I just wanted to have a little talk with you. It was too bad about those Chinamen.

DUNCAN: Yeah, they're pushin' up the coral now, huh?

CHANDLER: I can stand that. I was thinking of the money.

DUNCAN: Listen, Tenstrike, you can write that off. Now I got it fixed so the Coast Guard thinks our cabin cruiser is on the level, see?

CHANDLER: Sport, you know I'm beginning to believe you ain't much of a business man. My overhead goes on just the same, you know.

DUNCAN: What's half a dozen Chinamen?

CHANDLER: That ain't the right attitude, Sport. When I started out did I look at things that way? I'll say I did not.

DUNCAN: So what?

CHANDLER: So now I'm a rich man with people to work for me and a fine house to live in. Look around. That chair: cost me four hundred dollars, and it's worth it!

DUNCAN: Yeah, well...what, Tenstrike. Quit talkin' like a butter and egg man. I got business to attend to.

CHANDLER: Yeah...my business....

DUNCAN: What's wrong, pal?

CHANDLER: Wrong, pal? Why nothing, nothing. It's a pleasure to talk to somebody from New York again, that's all. My other general manager was a Chicago boy. I tell you what we'll do. Rum swizzles and we talk about old times, huh? Angelo? Five Pernts? That's the boy!

DUNCAN: (FALLING FOR IT) Sure Tenstrike, I wouldn't mind a little drink.

CHANDLER: All right, so you do me a favor.

DUNCAN: What?

CHANDLER: See my mechanical fiddle player over by the wall?

DUNCAN: Sure.

CHANDLER: I'm out of slugs. Put in a nickel, will yah?

DUNCAN: Sure, why not. (OFF) Want some music, hey?

CHANDLER: Yeah. Drop it in. The slot's down there at the side.

DUNCAN: Here she goes.

(CLICK AND MOVEMENT OF CLOCKWORK. MECHANICALLY PLAYED FIDDLE BEGINS TO GRIND OUT "MELODY IN F.")

There you are, pal.

CHANDLER: Keep facin' that way, Sport. Keep facin' that way.

DUNCAN: (SEES HE'S OUTMANEUVERED) Yah wanta have my back to yah, Tenstrike? Is that it?

CHANDLER: That's it, Sport. Don't turn around. Ya wouldn't wanta look at me -- now.

(ROAR OF REVOLVER FIRE)

(GLASS SMASHES IN AND MECHANICAL FIDDLE-PLAYING STOPS ABRUPTLY. THE MACHINE HAS BEEN BROKEN BY THE BULLETS.)

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED HASTILY)

SQUEAKER: (FADING IN RAPIDLY) What's the matter -- what's the matter, boss?

CHANDLER: I just fired my general manager.

SQUEAKER: Looks like barracuda meat.

CHANDLER: That's right, Squeaker. And by the way, order another o' them fiddle machines from Chicago, will yah?

SQUEAKER: Sure boss. But say -- who's going to take this mugg's place?

CHANDLER: I will.

SQUEAKER: You, Tenstrike?

CHANDLER: You heard me. From now on, I'll take charge. And I'll sink that Coast Guard patrol before I let 'em stop me.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WATER, WAVE AND STEAMBOAT WHISTLES.
2. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

RANDOLPH: You say you're suspicious, Lieutenant Gorman. Then why did you allow the vessel to leave United States waters?

GORMAN: Well, there was nothing aboard her, Mr. Randolph, and the men seemed all right, though they did look tough. It was what we found afterward that I've come to report.

RANDOLPH: Are you getting all this, Cleves?

CLEVES: Absolutely. What was it you found, Lieutenant?

GORMAN: Well, Mr. Cleves, just about sundown, we passed the place where we'd come alongside the cabin cruiser. Boatswain Malone was on look-out duty and he suddenly turned and called to me:

(ENGINE AND WATER EFFECT)

MALONE: Lieutenant! Lieutenant Gorman!

GORMAN: (COMING UP) Yes? What is it, Boatswain?

MALONE: Take a look out there, sir.

GORMAN: (STRAINING) Wait a minute....yes....hmm.....

MALONE: Something floating, sir....

GORMAN: You're right! (CALLS) Give her half speed there!

(BELL JANGLES - MOTOR NOISE FADES)

MALONE: I'll get a boathook.....

GORMAN: Right. Turn off the engines!

VOICE: Aye, aye, sir!

(BELL JANGLES AGAIN)

(ENGINE NOISE OUT. NO SOUND EXCEPT WATER
AGAINST THE CUTTER'S SIDES.)

MALONE: Here's the boathook, Lieutenant.

GORMAN: Stand by. It's drifting down on us.

MALONE: (REACHING) I've -- got it--

GORMAN: Haul it alongside. Say -- It's a man!

MALONE: Yeah....

GORMAN: (MAKING EFFORT) Hold my arm while I get hold of him--
that's it -- pull -- Here he comes. Drowned.

Chinaman. Been dead for just a little while, I'd say.

MALONE: Right, sir -- as sure as I'm standing here.

GORMAN: Hmm. Hmm. Where could he have come from? Maybe that
cabin cruiser wasn't as innocent as we thought, Malone.
I'm going to take this up with the Bureau of
Investigation in Miami. Let's get back to port right
away. (CALLS) Full speed ahead!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. BELL JANGLES, MOTORS ROAR.
2. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

GORMAN: (VOICE FADES IN).....And so here I am, Mr. Randolph.
My opinion is the people on the cruiser had a load of
alien Chinese aboard, and threw them into the sea to
drown when we came up to them.

RANDOLPH: If you're right, what's their next move Lieutenant?
They'll figure they got away with it so that you don't
suspect their cruiser, eh?

GORMAN: That's it. They might open up and start operating
more boldly.

CLEVES: That's our chance, Randolph. We ought to go out with
Lieutenant Gorman on his next patrol. We ought to
make sure who that boat belongs to.

GORMAN: I was hoping you'd suggest coming out with us.

RANDOLPH: Nothin' else for us to do -- law says we have
jurisdiction over crimes committed on the high seas
on board American vessels.

CLEVES: (GAY) In other words, a sea voyage ahead for you and
me, Randolph.

RANDOLPH: (GRUMPY AND MATTER OF FACT) Yeah. Get your hat.

CLEVES: Cap, Randolph -- yachting cap. We're going on a ship,
man -- not a trolley car.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. WATER, WIND AND WAVES: STEAMBOAT SIRENS.
2. SOUND OF LOADING SHIP AT WHARF.

CHANDLER: Come on, come on -- get moving. Set up those automatic rifles on the deck there.

VOICES: (BACKGROUND RESPONSE)

SQUEAKER: Those guns look like the real stuff, Tenstrike.

CHANDLER: You're telling me, Squeaker? They're the latest model, air-cooled. If any Federal men hang up with us we'll turn the hose on 'em.

SQUEAKER: The other stuff's on board.

CHANDLER: How many cases?

SQUEAKER: Ten, I didn't want to load us down.

CHANDLER: That's right -- it ain't the load I'm interested in -- I just want to show those guys they can't stop me! I ain't gonna have my shipments interrupted.

SQUEAKER: That's the way to talk, boss. But that Coast Guard boat is mighty fast on the water. Don't forget...

CHANDLER: What are you, a wise monkey all of a sudden? If I ask for your advice you'll know I'm crazy. Shut your yaup.

SQUEAKER: No offense. I was just --

CHANDLER: (BREAKING IN) Let it go. Get on this deck and cast off that line. You and me are makin' this run alone, Squeaker.

SQUEAKER: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) O.K. We're clear now.

CHANDLER: All right. Give her the gas....

(ROAR OF ENGINES)

We're comin', Key West...and believe me we're going to get through!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR ROAR..

2. COAST GUARD CUTTER ENGINES.

CLEVES: Right around here you talked to the other boat, is that right, Malone?

MALONE: That's right, Mr. Cleves. You can tell why they'd head this way -- there's a straight run ahead for the harbor, and Palmetto Point there gives 'em shelter another half mile in. Do you see, Mr. Randolph?

RANDOLPH: Yes, this must be the smugglers' ocean lane, all right.

GORMAN: (COMES IN) Randolph -- Cleves!
(RANDOLPH AND CLEVES AD LIB QUICK REACTION)
The cabin cruiser up ahead there! Just around the point, and coming this way!

MALONE: Looks like he's running for the point, sir.

RANDOLPH: Is he within earshot?

GORMAN: He'll know if we hail him, of course.

RANDOLPH: Then tell him to heave to, Lieutenant.

GORMAN: (CALLS) On bo-ard cruiser -- on board cruiser!
Heave to! Come alongside.

RANDOLPH: He's not stopping.

GORMAN: All right. Take that rifle and put a few shots across his bows, Malone.

MALONE: Aye, aye, sir!
(THREE RIFLE SHOTS)

CLEVES: He's coming around now, all right. Pulling right over to us, see?
(ENGINES OF CHANDLER'S CRUISER ROAR UP)

GORMAN: Say those fellows have machine guns there! Look out!
Look out!
(BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE)
(MEN SHOUT)

MALONE: They hit me! Oh lord --

GORMAN: Maloné's down -- for God sake duck! Duck, Mr. Randolph -- down on the deck!

RANDOLPH: How's the boatswain...?

GORMAN: I'll see. (FADING) Malone, what's happened?

MALONE: Hit me in the shoulder, sir -- knocked me over --

CLEVES: Don't worry boy, we'll get 'em.

GORMAN: Look out -- he's going to make fast alongside!
(LONG BUMP)

CLEVES: Keep your head down till we see what he's up to.

RANDOLPH: Come on, Cleves. Lieutenant, you stay here and protect this wounded man.

CLEVES: Where we going, Randolph?

RANDOLPH: Over the top of the deckhouse. Follow me, quickly!
(SCRAMBLE)

There they are -- keep those machine guns covered.

CLEVES: (CALLS) You -- you by the machine guns -- get away from that. Come over here by the rail.

CHANDLER: (FADING IN) Just go easy, funnyface.

RANDOLPH: Watch the fellow with the machine gun. Don't take your eyes off him, Cleves!

CHANDLER: (IN FULL) Well, what do you punks want?

CLEVES: I want to ask you what do you mean by carrying machine guns on that cruiser. Who do you think you are -- the navy?

CHANDLER: I wouldn't know who I was.

RANDOLPH: Careful! Cleves -- Look out!
(REVOLVER SHOTS)
(GROAN -- FROM CLEAVES -- AND FALL)

RANDOLPH: Good lord, Cleves -- here, I'll pull you in back the deckhouse.

CLEVES: Thanks, Randolph.

RANDOLPH: How bad is it, boy?

CLEVES: (BADLY OFF) It's -- I'm all right -- go on and get those guys. (GROANS)

CHANDLER: (FADING IN) All right -- that should teach you something, wisenheimers! Get up. Keep your hands in the air.

RANDOLPH: Look here! You've killed this man!

CHANDLER: What about it? Keep those hands up!

RANDOLPH: Do you realize what you've done? He's dead!

CHANDLER: You -- you in the uniform -- movie usher --

GORMAN: All right -- what is it?

CHANDLER: Stand over here beside 'um. Keep your hands up too. Squeaker.

SQUEAKER: Yeah?

CHANDLER: Come on over on deck here. I want you to hold the gun on these guys while I see if they got anybody in the engine room.

SQUEAKER: I getcha. Right with you, Tenstrike.

GORMAN: Tenstrike!

RANDOLPH: Tenstrike Chandler?

CHANDLER: Who were you expecting? Mahatma Ghandi?

SQUEAKER: (FADING CLOSE) Here I am, boss. Keep my eye on these two, eh?

CHANDLER: Yeh. I'll look below. I'm going to plant some dynamite down there and blow this ship to the devil -- with a free trip to Davy Jones Locker for all concerned.

RANDOLPH: (CALLING) Don't shoot, boys -- we want him alive.
It's Tenstrike Chandler!

CHANDLER: Huh--what're you---

RANDOLPH: Come on Gorman! Take a chance! Quick!
(SOUND OF SCUFFLE AND TWO BLOWS. A SHOT OR TWO)

CHANDLER: Give it to 'em, Squeaker! Let 'em have it!

SQUEAKER: I can't! I can't aim, boss!
(GROAN FROM CHANDLER)

RANDOLPH: All right, Gorman -- he's down -- go for the other one!

GORMAN: Drop that gun, you! Drop it!

SQUEAKER: Luvva Mike -- take it -- take it --

RANDOLPH: Get down on the deck there beside Chandler.

SQUEAKER: Griminy, don't you guys care about guns or nothin'?
How'd this happen?

RANDOLPH: Never mind the talk. We'd better stay where we are,
Gorman, and keep Tenstrike covered. The effects of
that sock I landed on his jaw seem to be wearing off.
(CHANDLER MUTTERS INCOHERENTLY)

GORMAN: Did he get Cleves, Mr. Randolph.

RANDOLPH: Yes. In the lung.

CHANDLER: (COMING TO) Huh. Where--where am I? What's
happened?

RANDOLPH: Nothing's happened yet, Chandler. Plenty's going to---

CHANDLER: Wait, now. Wait! How about a little deal -- you and
me -- I'll make things right --- I'll---

RANDOLPH: Save your breath. You won't be making deals from now
on, Tenstrike. Oh, you're smart, all right. Smart
enough to run the biggest smuggling ring in the world
and to shoot down a Federal agent in cold blood----
but not quite smart enough not to turn your head when I
yelled that the boys were waiting for you with guns---

CHANDLER: And they weren't there at all, eh? All right, Mr. Agent, you win this trick. But remember, I got a swell racket -- I'm in a sport where I can --

RANDOLPH: You're in a spot where you can't do a thing. We're putting you on trial for murder---murder on the high seas. I'll leave you to figure what's going to happen to your swell racket. Gorman?

GORMAN: Yes, Mr. Randolph?

RANDOLPH: How's the boatswain? Is he in shape to run the engine?

GORMAN: Oh, yes, certainly. He connected with a flesh-wound. But everything's set.

RANDOLPH: Fine. We'll make fast to Chandler's boat and tow it in. After that, it's full speed ahead. We don't want to waste time in getting these heroes ashore.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: LEADER OF SMUGGLING RING...PLACED ON TRIAL FOR MURDER OF FEDERAL AGENT....CONVICTED....EXECUTED.....HIS ACCOMPLICE....TRIED..... ONVICTED....AND SENTENCED TO PENITENTIARY.....CASE NO. 45 - 361....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION...DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE... CLOSED....ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED...(WIRELESS).....THE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE..... CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

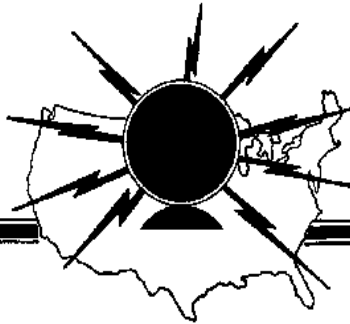
(WIRELESS BUZZ)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
2/4/33

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest orchestras and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight Jack Pearl brings us another of his almost unbelievable experiences as the Baron Munchausen. But before he takes over the microphone, we're going to call on Al Goodman, one of the foremost bandmasters of musical comedy. Here he is now, all ready to swing you into his rhythms.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY INC.

*RO-25-4M-12-33

ANNOUNCER:

The dancing begins with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Al Goodman, that was great.

Character - the character of LUCKIES' fine golden-brown tobacco...where does such tempting, fragrant deliciousness come from? In the Southland they know. They know that only the finest, most fragrant and delicious tobaccos are chosen for LUCKY STRIKE.

Character - it's in every appetizing shred of LUCKIES' perfect blend! And because these choice tobaccos are "TOASTED" - LUCKIES are made truly mild. Character and Mildness - it's you folks who have discovered these two supreme LUCKY STRIKE qualities, who have given the world that happy phrase "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

=====

Now here is the Baron Munchausen. He is about to reveal some of his most amazing experiences as a gold digger....not of the Broadway variety....but of the hardened desert type. So may we now present that grizzled prospector, the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "THE PROSPECTOR")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl and his friend Cliff Hall...who are known everywhere as the Baron Munchausen and Sharley. They'll be back with us again in a little while. And now we're off to Al Goodman and his Orchestra.....they've been waiting for us, so let's not delay.

Mr. Goodman, and his talented purveyors of melody!

ANNOUNCER:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was very nice indeed, Al Goodman.

There is nothing more hauntingly beautiful than lovely Lake Como, that sparkling gem of Italy's pleasure resorts! There you'll find those happy folk who know the joy of nature's beauty spots...and in your today's newspapers you'll see just such a couple gazing out over the moonlit beauty of Lake Como as they enjoy an after-dinner cigarette. How appropriate that this picture is called "LUCKIES PLEASE!" For in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES PLEASE." What a joy it is to find that perfect combination that means real cigarette pleasure....the character and mildness of LUCKY STRIKE! Character born of finest tobaccos. And mildness - fine, smooth, mellow-mildness - that comes when these fine tobaccos are "TOASTED." For these two reasons - character and mildness - "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

The Baron will join us in just a moment or two....but first we'll listen to the musical patterns of Al Goodman, that skillful arranger and conductor of modern dance music. All right, Al.

ANNOUNCER:

We invite everybody to dance to -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Al Goodman. Now you can sit down and listen to the Baron Munchausen.....He is going to explain just how he struck gold in various parts of the country. The Baron has lived the life of a real prospector.....tramping across deserts and over mountains with only a frying pan, a curling iron, a pick and a gas stove.....So, ladies and gentlemen, may we give you now.... his royal modesty, the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE PROSPECTOR")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That laughter and applause marks the exit of the Baron Munchausen until this same time next week.....he'll be with us then.....so make a note of it.....And now let's get back to Al Goodman and his orchestra.....they're ready and waiting to set your feet tapping, so let them play!

ANNOUNCER:

And we do play. This time -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al, and thanks to all your musical troupe..... we'll pick you up again in a few seconds.

Much better than I can, folks, your own taste tells you that there's a big difference in cigarettes.....and your throat tells you the same thing! When you light a LUCKY your taste says joyfully "LUCKIES have character!" Your throat says gratefully, "LUCKIES are truly mild." Every LUCKY STRIKE you smoke reveals the delicious, refreshing character of smooth, flavorful tobaccos..... And every LUCKY STRIKE tells you of LUCKIES' unique mildness - achieved when these choice tobaccos are "TOASTED" -- purified by LUCKY STRIKE'S secret process. For these two reasons - character and mildness - folks all over the world say "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES OVER)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

There's still plenty of time for dancing. Al Goodman is standing knee-deep in instruments, arrangements and vocalists..... You play, Al, and we'll dance.

ANNOUNCER:

All right then.....everybody out on the dance floor while we play -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. On Tuesday night we'll bring you a thrilling dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice at Washington, D.C. Also on that program _____ will provide the music for the dancing.

So until Tuesday then, goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/Challenor
2/23/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNOZARTE"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXV

"THE PROSPECTOR"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FEBRUARY 23, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXV

"THE PROSPECTOR"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....,CLIFF HALL

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"THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXV

"THE PROSPECTOR"

PART I

CHARLEY: My dear Baron! Will you please tell me where you're going with those four shovels?

BARON: I'm going to a bridge party.

CHARLEY: What in the world are you taking four shovels to a bridge party for?

BARON: I want to bid four spades!

CHARLEY: Now you're poking fun at me.

BARON: Please, Sharley -- I never took a poke at you in my life.

CHARLEY: True, Baron - you never did.

BARON: (LAUGH) But I'm living in hopes.

CHARLEY: Come now, tell me - Just what are you going to do with those shovels?

BARON: I'm going after gold.

CHARLEY: I see-----you're going prospecting.

BARON:what specting?

CHARLEY: Prospecting - excavating -- in anticipation that ultimately you will unearth a profundity of that precious, metallic element.

BARON:WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: Did you ever do any mining before, Baron?

BARON: For years.

CHARLEY: What did you mine?

BARON: My own business.

CHARLEY: I mean did you ever mine for metals -- for ores -- gold, silver, copper, iron ores?

BARON: Sure -- and wooden ores.

CHARLEY: Wooden ores?

BARON: Yes sir, I was --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! Where in the name of common sense did you ever find wooden ores?

BARON: In row boats!

CHARLEY: Will you please be serious?

BARON: Sure -- I got nothing else to do.

CHARLEY: Did you ever find gold?

BARON: Did I ever find gold! Did I -- (LAUGH) Could you lend me your face?

CHARLEY: Lend you my face? What for?

BARON: I want to laugh in it! Did I ever find gold! (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Well, did you?

BARON: Millions of tons.

CHARLEY: Millions of tons of gold?

BARON:Are we talking about goulash?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So I found millions of tons of gold.

CHARLEY: I never heard of such a thing.

BARON: Well you're hearing it now!

CHARLEY: Where did you find all this gold?

BARON: In Oh, lofty, oh!

CHARLEY: In Oh, Lofty, Oh?

BARON: Oh, top, oh -- Oh, way up, oh! --

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean Ohio?

BARON: That's it! Ohio!

CHARLEY: But my dear Baron -- gold was never discovered in Ohio.

BARON: Sharley, they discovered in Ohio what was even better as gold.

CHARLEY: Better than gold?

BARON: Yes sir -- because if they didn't discover what they discovered in Ohio, they wouldn't have discovered America.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: Columbus!

CHARLEY: Will you please come down to earth?

BARON:am I in a balloon?

CHARLEY: No, but you're talking as if you ~~were~~ were up in the air.

BARON: (LAUGH) At last!

CHARLEY: What do you mean, at last?

BARON: I'm over your head.

CHARLEY: Now -- all joking aside -- did you ever do any gold mining?

BARON: Sharley, I once had the biggest mine in Cannonville.

CHARLEY: Cannonville? I never heard of it.

BARON: (LAUGH) Just a boom town -- I had a mine that I called my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: You called your mine "My Cousin Hugo?"

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: (LAUGH) It didn't pay -- also I had another one.

CHARLEY: What was the name of that one?

BARON: "My Past."

CHARLEY: "My Past?"

BARON: Yes -- but I gave that up.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Well I ---- (LAUGH) I didn't want people digging into my past.

CHARLEY: I see -- figuratively speaking there are pages in your past you'd rather not talk about?

BARON: (LAUGH) Pages! Chapters! But I didn't care because there was a lot of other mines to choose from.

CHARLEY: You had your pick.

BARON: No -- I had my shovel -- so I picked out a silver mine.

CHARLEY: A silver mine!

BARON: Yes sir -- and the first day I dug -- I dugged out a fox.

CHARLEY: A fox, out of a silver mine?

BARON: Sure -- a silver fox -- and also I found silver in the stones.

CHARLEY: In quartz?

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: Silver is found in quartz. You know what quartz is, don't you?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure -- two pints.

CHARLEY: No, no! Quartz is a form of silica in hexagonal crystals or crystalline masses.

BARON:here we go again.

CHARLEY: Why did you pick out a silver mine?

BARON: Because a man in New York asked me to rush some silver to him. Five minutes after I found the silver he got it.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron -- do you mean to say you found silver in Ohio and five minutes later it was in New York?

BARON: Sure -- and the --

CHARLEY: How in the world did the silver get from Ohio to New York so quick?

BARON: (LAUGH) It was quick silver. Also I had another mine -- a gold mine.

CHARLEY: A gold mine.

BARON: Yes and one day I was digging and I came to a cave.

CHARLEY: A cave.

BARON: Yes and what do you think it was full of?

CHARLEY: Gold!

BARON: No -- silence.

CHARLEY: Full of silence?

BARON: Yes -- so I brought up the gold --

CHARLEY: Hold on -- you said the cave was full of silence and then you say you brought up gold.

BARON: Sure -- it's the same thing. Everybody knows that.

CHARLEY: Knows what?

BARON: Silence is golden.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm losing patience.

BARON: (LAUGH) So is my doctor.

CHARLEY: Frankly, I don't think you know anything about mining.

BARON: I suppose you do.

CHARLEY: Yes sir - I am a miner.

BARON: Do you vote?

CHARLEY: Why yes.

BARON: Then you are not.

CHARLEY: Not what?

BARON: A minor.

CHARLEY: I mean a gold miner! I worked in the best mine in the State of Oregon -- the Evening Star.

BARON: I worked in the Evening Star in Hoboken.

CHARLEY: A gold mine?

BARON: No, a newspaper.

CHARLEY: What has a newspaper got to do with mining?

BARON: Do you know?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So what are you picking on me for?

CHARLEY: Let it go - but I still say I don't think you know anything about gold mining.

BARON: Is that so? Well I was once mining in a gold mine and I found fish.

CHARLEY: Fish? -- in a gold mine?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What kind of fish?

BARON: Gold fish. I was mining there for years and was ready to give up when just by luck I struck gold.

CHARLEY: You made a lucky strike.

BARON: Ye -- please! The Baron makes the publicity.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: In this gold I found pieces of silver cotton.

CHARLEY: In the gold you found pieces of silver cotton?

BARON: Sure -

CHARLEY: I never heard of that.

BARON: You never heard of silver threads among the gold?

CHARLEY: Yes - but -

BARON: See -- you're starting to believe me. Well, sir, out of that mine I took tons of gold.

CHARLEY: You struck a bonanza.

BARON:am I outside?

CHARLEY: I said you hit a bonanza.

BARON: Who's talking about fruit?

CHARLEY: Please understand, Baron, a bonanza is a mother lode.

BARON:Could I have that again?

CHARLEY: A bonanza is a mother lode, the biggest lode of all.

BARON: (LAUGH) No sir, the biggest load of all was the one my Cousin Hugo had last Saturday night.

CHARLEY: A load of gold?

BARON: No, a load of beer.

CHARLEY: Nonsense, Baron, beer is a thing of the past.

BARON: I know, but it'll saloon be back.

CHARLEY: Come, Baron, let's get back to the gold mine. Just how much gold did you dig out?

BARON: I dug out one lump of gold that weighed zeventy five thousand tons.

CHARLEY: Seventy-five thousand tons! That's lot of hoocy.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's a lot of gold.

CHARLEY: What did you do with it?

BARON: I gave it to my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because Hugo has been waiting on me for years.

CHARLEY: Waiting on you for years?

BARON: Yes and I figured he was worth his wait in gold.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: Two ouches!

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, besides digging for gold did you ever do any panning?

BARON: Sharley, I am the champion panner of the world.

CHARLEY: Where did you do most of your panning?

BARON: In my parlor.

CHARLEY: In your parlor? You can't pan gold in a parlor.

BARON: I wasn't panning gold, I was panning my relatives.

CHARLEY: I mean panning for nuggets.

BARON: Sure - that I did up in the nozen froth.

CHARLEY: In the where?

BARON:Did you go home?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I didn't get what you said.

BARON: I said I was in the nozen froth.

CHARLEY: The frozen North.

BARON: Sure - the Rosen moth, the Moezin Cloth, - the ----I was up where it was snowing.

CHARLEY: That's okay with me.

BARON:Who ask you?

CHARLEY: Go on with your story, Baron.

BARON: One night I got caught in a gizzard.

CHARLEY: A gizzard? You mean a blizzard -- you ran into a blizzard.

BARON: No sir -- it ran into me. Some of the snow flakes weighed sixty pounds and --

CHARLEY: Whoa! Baron! Pull up.

BARON:I beg your remark?

CHARLEY: I said pull up.

BARON: Who's fishing?

CHARLEY: You can't tell me the snow flakes weighed sixty pounds.

BARON: I can't tell you.

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: (LAUGH) I did!

CHARLEY: Just the same its ridiculous, a snow flake couldn't weight that much and you can't make me believe it.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So the snow flakes weighed zixty pounds each.

CHARLEY: All right, they weighed sixty pounds.

BARON: The small ones!

CHARLEY: The small ones!

BARON: Yes -- the big ones weighed eighty nine pounds.

CHARLEY: You're sure of that?

BARON: Yes sir -- one of them hit me and knocked me down.

CHARLEY: A snow flake hit you and knocked you down?

BARON: Yes -- and for two nights I was lying under the snow.

CHARLEY: You were lying under the snow!

BARON: Sure --

CHARLEY: Even the snow didn't stop you.

BARON: No, I-----that's not so comical.

CHARLEY: I accept your apology, Baron.

BARON: Thank you, I -- who's apologizing?

CHARLEY: Will you please go on with your story?

BARON: Yes, but not more wise splits.

CHARLEY: Splits?

BARON: Cracks.

CHARLEY: Very well.

BARON: To make small of a large story I came to a place and claimed a stake.

CHARLEY: You staked a claim.

BARON:Who's telling this, you or me?

CHARLEY: You are, but you don't claim a stake, you stake a claim.

BARON: Is that so? Well, this happens to be a restaurant and I claimed a steak.

CHARLEY: Oh, why didn't you say that in the first place?

BARON: I did say that in the first place, but all they had
was chops.

CHARLEY: I quit.

BARON: You can't quit.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: The whistle didn't blow yet.

CHARLEY: Will you please talk sense.

BARON: Sharley, don't I always talk sense?

CHARLEY: Yes -- nonsense.

BARON: Sure -- what is your favorite flower?

CHARLEY: Come on Baron, tell me, what did you do after you
had your steak?

BARON: I ate a piece of pie.

CHARLEY: I mean where did you go?

BARON: I called up my brother-in-law Moe.

CHARLEY: I didn't know you had a brother-in-law named Moe.

BARON: Sure -- he's one of the biggest men up in the North.

CHARLEY: Really?

BARON: Sure -- did you ever heard of S,K?

CHARLEY: S.K. Who?

BARON: S.K. Moe.

CHARLEY: Baron, Baron! Have a heart.

BARON: No, thanks I just had a steak. Well sir - I got Moe
and he got a sleigh and dogs and we went on our way.

CHARLEY: You went mushing?

BARON:could you push that at me again?

CHARLEY: I said you went mushing.

BARON: Don't be zilly -- We had no time for girls, but we
had a big night.

CHARLEY: A big night?

BARON: Yes. It was six months long, and one day during the night the sleigh broke down.

CHARLEY: One day during the night the sleigh broke down!

BARON: Sure and I --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, I don't want to interrupt your story, but I believe you said it was a night and it was six months long. So where does the day come in?

BARON: (LAUGH) I forgot to tell you.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: All that night I was in a daze.

CHARLEY: Let it go. What did you do when the sleigh broke down?

BARON: We got on an icicle.

CHARLEY: You got on an icicle?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what kind of an icicle you both could have gotten on?

BARON: An icicle built for two.

CHARLEY: Do you know what an icicle is, Baron?

BARON: Do I know - do I - (LAUGH) Any child in kindergarten knows what an icicle is.

CHARLEY: What is it?

BARON: A piece of water frightened stiff.

CHARLEY: I won't argue the point.

BARON: You couldn't.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: We broke it off.

CHARLEY: It must have been pretty cold up where you were?

BARON: Cold - it was a hundred and sixteen degrees down stairs up.

CHARLEY: It couldn't be. The thermometer can't go that low.
BARON: You have no idea how low Arthur can go.
CHARLEY: Arthur who?
BARON: Arthur Mometer. It was the lowest of the lowest.
CHARLEY: It was below zero.
BARON:Who is it?
CHARLEY: I said it was below zero. Zero! You know what zero is, don't you?
BARON: Sure - the feller who played the fiddle while Rome was burning.
CHARLEY: No, no. That was Nero. I'm talking about zero. Zero. Nothing.
BARON: (LAUGH) You're doing a lot of talking about nothing.
CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, just where did all this take place?
BARON: Up in -- in -- It's the funniest thing I can't think of the name. But my wife knows it.
CHARLEY: Your wife knows it?
BARON: Yes. I wish I could remember it.
CHARLEY: Why don't you call her up and ask her?
BARON: That's it.
CHARLEY: What?
BARON: Alaska!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXV

"THE PROSPECTOR"

PART II

CHARLEY: You say your grandfather was in the California gold rush, Baron?

BARON: Yes sir -- he was fortyeight of the fortyniners.

CHARLEY: Fortyeight of the fortyniners?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Will you please explain that?

BARON: With pleasure -- you see some of the fortyniners was thirty fivers, and some was twenty sixers, and one forty niner was a fifty twoer -- but my grandfather was a forty eighter going on forty niner so that made him a forty eighter of the forty niners - but he was as good as the twenty twoers and thirty fivers and could go fifty fifty with the forty niners -- and --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! I'll take your word for it.

BARON: He was what you call a cake in face.

CHARLEY: A cake in face?

BARON: A bread in nose -- a pastry in eye.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean a Pioneer?

BARON: That's it! a pie in ear! He crossed the prairie in and open wagon.

CHARLEY: Why didn't he travel in a covered wagon?

BARON: He couldn't afford the cover charge.

CHARLEY: I suppose he traveled through Death Valley?

BARON: (LAUGH) Before it was even sick.

CHARLEY: How did he make out in California?

BARON: I don't know -- I haven't heard from him lately.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me he's still alive.

BARON: Why not?

CHARLEY: Because if he was fortyeight years old in eighteen forty nine he would now be one hundred and thirty two years old.

BARON: (LAUGH) Just a kid. You know, Sharley, he could tell where there was a gold mine by just reading the top of the ground.

CHARLEY: By reading the top of the ground?

BARON: Yes sir -- he was a mind reader.

CHARLEY: Now just a moment, Baron -- being a mind reader is one thing - but a mine reader, well that's another matter.

BARON: That's it!

CHARLEY: That's what?

BARON: Mind over matter -- Where ever was gold, he found it -- once he found gold in a goose.

CHARLEY: In a goose?

BARON: Yes sir -- the goose what layed the golden egg and --

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, you're becoming incoherent.

BARON:Could I be inquisitive?

CHARLEY: You are talking incoherently -- you're talking at random.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be zilly -- I'm talking at you. Also he was the one who discovered gold on dishes.

CHARLEY: Gold on dishes?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Now, what in the world kind of gold is gold on dishes?

BARON: Plated. And besides that he found the burgs.

CHARLEY: The burgs? What burgs?

BARON: The Goldbergs.

CHARLEY: My goodness!

BARON: My grandfather!

CHARLEY: Let's forget your grandfather. What do you say?

BARON: By me that's my tailor.

CHARLEY: By you that's your tailor?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Now what's this? By you that's your tailor?

BARON: Suits me.

CHARLEY: Baron I'm afraid I'm falling to pieces.

BARON: (LAUGH) Pull yourself together. Only one thing more I want to tell you about my grandfather.

CHARLEY: All right. What is it?

BARON: One day he found a mine that tickled him.

CHARLEY: He found a mine that tickled him?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What kind of a mine was that?

BARON: A feather mine.

CHARLEY: A feather mine!

BARON: Yes --- he was walking along when he tripped and fell in a hole and landed on sixteen thousand tons of feathers.

CHARLEY: He fell in soft.

BARON: Ye --- Men have been hung for less.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: The feather was very crooner.
CHARLEY: Very crooner?
BARON: Singer.
CHARLEY: Singer?
BARON: (LAUGH) I mean -- Downey.
CHARLEY: That's done it! -- the next thing you'll say is
he found this mine in a Rudy.....
BARON: What do you mean, a Rudy?
CHARLEY: A valley.
BARON: Sure ----how you can dig 'em up. Well sir --
CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but do you realize we've drifted
away from our subject?
BARON: The Baron always realizes.
CHARLEY: Did you say realize or real lies?
BARON:Why don't you write a joke book?
CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, tell me more now of your mining
experiences.
BARON: Did I ever told you about the time I was up in the
Clowndike?
CHARLEY: The Klondike? No, you did not.
BARON: Up there I was digging in a mine for eleven years.
CHARLEY: Eleven years?
BARON: Yes sir -- Maybe it was twelve.
CHARLEY: Twelve?
BARON: Yes -- dozen matter.
CHARLEY: In eleven years you must have dug up a lot of dirt.
BARON: It was scandalous.
CHARLEY: What was scandalous?
BARON: The dirt I dug up.

CHARLEY: I mean earth -- you must have dug up a lot of earth.

BARON: You have no idea how much I dug up out of that hole.

CHARLEY: What did you do with it?

BARON: I dug another hole.

CHARLEY: Another hole?

BARON: Yes - and I put the dirt from the first hole in the second hole.

CHARLEY: What did you do with the dirt you got out of the second hole?

BARON: I put it in the first hole.

CHARLEY: Just a second.

BARON: No, just the first.

CHARLEY: I mean -- wait a second! If you put the dirt from the first hole in the second hole and the dirt from the second hole in the first hole, I can't see how you got rid of the dirt.

BARON: You don't know the half of it.

CHARLEY: The half of what?

BARON: The whole!

CHARLEY: Let it go. What I'd like to know is after all this digging did you get any gold?

BARON: If I told you how much you wouldn't believe it.

CHARLEY: I don't suppose I would.

BARON: So I'll tell you -- I took out six hundred million dollars worth of gold.

CHARLEY: Six hundred million dollars worth of gold?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: There isn't that much gold in the United States Mint.

BARON: I didn't dig it out of the mint -- I dug it out of the mine.

CHARLEY: Baron, I've had enough -- I can't stand it.

BARON: Neither could the gold.

CHARLEY: Neither could the gold what?

BARON: Standard.

CHARLEY: Please talke sense or I'll go to the bug house.

BARON: (LAUGH) If I talk sense you'll go to the poor house.

CHARLEY: Come on, get back to your story.

BARON: Where was I?

CHARLEY: Down in a mine digging up millions of dollare worth of gold.

BARON: You don't believe that?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So up I come!

CHARLEY: Thank goodness for that!

BARON: And what's more I'm not going to tell you of any more mines I dug.

CHARLEY: You're not?

BARON: No sir -- I'll leave no more openings for you. From now on I only speak of the mining I did on top.

CHARLEY: Very well, proceed.

BARON: One time I was mining for Kalsie.

CHARLEY: Kalsie? What in the world is Kalsie?

BARON: Kalsie is what you find in Kalsomines. This mine was owned by my Aunt Tilly.

CHARLEY: Who's Aunt Tilly?

BARON: My Uncle's wife.

CHARLEY: Well who's your uncle?

BARON: My Aunt Tilly's husband. He's a Count.

CHARLEY: A Count.

BARON: Yes -- before they was married a duke, a lord and even a king proposed to her.

CHARLEY: A duke, a lord and a king.

BARON: Yes - but she turned them down and took 1, 2,3,4,5,6, 7,8,9,10.

CHARLEY: What do you mean she took 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10.

BARON: She took the count.

CHARLEY: She took the Count?

BARON: Yes -- their marriage was a knockout.

CHARLEY: I'm not interested in their wedding.

BARON: Either was my Aunt Tilly - until the day the Count got blown to pieces.

CHARLEY: The Count got blown to pieces?

BARON: Yes -- at the Kalsomine -- you see we had there one rock that was so big we had to use dynamite.

CHARLEY: Dynamite?

BARON: The Count had a stick of dynamite in his hand and a cigar in his mouth.

CHARLEY: A stick of dynamite in his hand and a cigar in his mouth?

BARON: Yes -- he lit the dynamite with the cigar and --(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What are you laughing at?

BARON: This is the blow off.

CHARLEY: What do you mean the blow off?

BARON: He put the cigar under the rock and the stick of dynamite in his mouth.

CHARLEY: Good gracious - he must have been blown to pieces.

BARON: He was -- his arms was one place - his legs another place - his head some place else and (LAUGH) this will knock you a cork screw.

CHARLEY: A corkscrew?
BARON: A twister.
CHARLEY: What's that?
BARON: What my Aunt Tilly said.
CHARLEY: What did she say?
BARON: She said --
CHARLEY: Come on, tell me, what did she say when she found
his arms in one place, his legs in another place and
so forth.
BARON: She said --
CHARLEY: What?
BARON: That's my husband all over.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
2/21/33

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CRIMINAL JACK BUCKLEY.....RETURNED TO PENITENTIARY....
 POLICE RECOVER LOOT.....CROOKED CIVILIAN EMPLOYEE
 SENTENCED.....TO TERM IN FEDERAL PRISON.....
 CASE NO. 55 - 9871.....FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU
 OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE...CLOSED.....
 ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED.....(WIRELESS).....THE LONG
 ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE.....CRIME
 DOES NOT PAY.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

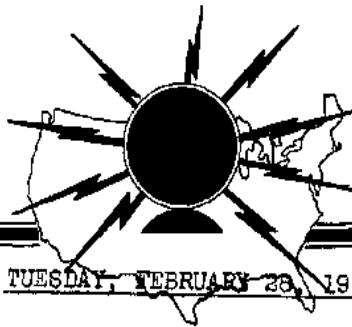
FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
 2/24/33



THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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

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



"LUCKIES
have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.

Tonight we invite you to be our guests in the Magic Carpet Theatre where we'll present "Criminal and Wife," a dramatization of an actual case from the files of the United States Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, at Washington, D.C. But first, how about a dance or two with Anson Weeks and his Orchestra from the Seaglade of the Hotel St. Regis? Step out into the spotlight, Anson, and meet a few million listeners.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

PRO-28-44-12-23

ANSON WEEKS:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, my boys and I
greet you with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

In some men and women you'll recognize it instantly -
character - you'll see it in all their actions, by every little
gesture and mannerism. And in LUCKY STRIKE you'll recognize the
fine, sterling character of choice, golden tobaccos -- and you'll
see the proof of it in LUCKIES' firm white ash. Every LUCKY STRIKE
gives you character, and mildness -- true mellow-mildness that's
made possible because only LUCKY STRIKE is "TOASTED." Character --
and mildness. That's why LUCKIES stand out from other cigarettes.....
and that's why folks everywhere say "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

Now in the vast Magic Carpet Theatre the curtain is
rising on the first act of the thrilling dramatization called
"Criminal and Wife.".....based on a case from the files of the
United States Bureau of Investigation. Special Agent Five is
receiving instructions as they flash through the air from headquarters.

(FIRST PART -- "CRIMINAL AND WIFE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So far Buckley's well-laid plans have been carried out smoothly....he has escaped from prison and released his wife..... but what will his next step be? We'll learn that, and more, later in tonight's program.....and right now let's all get out on the dance floor and swing into the lilting syncopations of Anson Weeks and his boys. Go ahead Anson.

ANSON WEEKS:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Blue Pacific waters....a canter beside the grim old cypresses of that lovely 17-mile drive at Del Monte, California -- what a thrill of joy there is in this place of beauty and lavish sunshine! And in your newspapers today, you'll see a happy couple making the most of this delightful spot. The photographer caught them as they were lighting a LUCKY and the picture is called most appropriatedly, "LUCKIES PLEASE!" And so it is - in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES PLEASE." In every friendly puff on a LUCKY you will taste the full, rich goodness of the choicest tobaccos - patiently aged, carefully blended - a character all their own. And in every friendly puff you enjoy the mellow-mildness of fine tobaccos that are "TOASTED" -- purified by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous process. Because you'll enjoy their mellow-mildness....and appreciate their character.....you, too, will say, "LUCKIES PLEASE."

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here we come Anson, so gather those musical lads around you and play. Ladies and gentlemen, the young maestro from the Hotel St. Regis....Anson Weeks.

ANSON WEEKS:

We continue the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

As we file back into the Magic Carpet Theatre for the final act of "Criminal and Wife," let's glance over our programs and review the first act. Jack Buckley, a prisoner in a federal penitentiary, persuaded James Dawson, a civilian employee, to help him escape. Buckley succeeded, and Dawson was forced to flee with him to avoid capture. Together they managed to release Buckley's wife, Edith, from the women's reformatory where she was serving sentence. Now Buckley has planned a hold-up to make them all rich. As the curtain rises, Special Agent Five is receiving instructions from headquarters.

(SECOND PART -- "CRIMINAL AND WIFE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That completes another case and one more assignment for the agents of the United States Bureau of Investigation -- Jack Buckley was returned to the Federal Penitentiary, and James Dawson was sentenced to a term in prison. Next week at this same time we'll bring you another thrilling story of crime and criminals, and the forces of law and order.

And here we go back to Anson Weeks who is waiting to bring you another load of melody. It's your turn, Anson.

ANSON WEEKS:

Now we play -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

What fun it is to come to a party where every one seems to be glowing with the spirit of youth, the joy of living! It makes you feel joyously, vibrantly alive the moment you enter the door! And it's among such gay, joyous folk that you'll hear most often that happy phrase "LUCKIES PLEASE." LUCKIES have character and mildness -- the delicious character of choice tobaccos.....And the mildness of "TOASTING". Character and mildness - two very good reasons why "LUCKIES PLEASE."

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

(A)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVIII

"CRIMINAL AND WIFE"

PART I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

FEBRUARY 29, 1933

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Here may we remind you to expect a visit on Thursday night from Jack Pearl, a royal baron from the House of Munchausen. Also on that program, Abe Lyman and his famous Orchestra will bring you the dance music.....that's the schedule for Thursday night..... Tonight the man of the hour is Anson Weeks with his Orchestra from the Hotel St. Regis. Let's have the tunes, Anson.

ANSON WEEKS:

Everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

(

)
(

)
(

)
(

)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so, ladies and gentlemen, this LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close. Don't forget on Thursday night we'll have with us Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and Abe Lyman & Orchestra. Until Thursday then, goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

AGENCY/Chillean
2/28/33

(B)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVIII

"CRIMINAL AND WIFE"

PARTS I AND II

OFFICIAL STORY BY GEORGE F. ZIMMER

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

JACK BUCKLEY	SPECIAL AGENT ROSS
EDITH BUCKLEY	SPECIAL AGENT LEONARD
JAMES DAWSON	COLONEL MATTHEWS
WARDEN PRINGLE	JUPITER
"HONEST JOHN" HANPHY	DETECTIVE LUDLAM
CONVICT	OLD TRUSTY

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-1-
SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVIII
"CRIMINAL AND WIFE"

PART I

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE.....SPECIAL AGENT FIVE.....THROUGH
COURTESY OF J. EDGAR HOOVER.....DIRECTOR UNITED
STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....YOU ARE PERMITTED
TO RELATE AUTHENTICATED STORY "CRIMINAL AND WIFE".....
BASED ON CASE NO. 55 - 9871.....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 "Criminal
and Wife".....real people.....real places.....real clues.....a
real case.....For obvious reasons, fictitious names are used
throughout.....our case begins in a Federal penitentiary.....the
scene is the prison library.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

DAWSON: Oh, it's you, Buckley.

BUCKLEY: Sure -- it's me.

DAWSON: (OLDER, LESS CERTAIN) You -- spend a lot of time here?

BUCKLEY: You mean in the library? Naturally I do. That's where they assigned me to work. Want me in the machine shop, working for you?

DAWSON: I dare say you wouldn't find that so pleasant.

BUCKLEY: It doesn't make any difference to me where they put me.

DAWSON: You shouldn't take that attitude, Buckley. That'll get you nowhere.

BUCKLEY: Oh, yes it will. Right -- outside -- this prison.

DAWSON: You shouldn't talk that way to me.

BUCKLEY: Oh, you're only a civilian foreman -- not a regular keeper. You know I don't get a chance to talk very much -- to anybody, in here.

DAWSON: Buckley, you seem an intelligent man for a criminal.

BUCKLEY: Yeah -- and you seem fairly smart, too -- for a shoe shop foreman. What do they pay you, Dawson?

DAWSON: Why -- thirty-three hundred a year.

BUCKLEY: And how long did it take you to work up to that?

DAWSON: Ten years.

BUCKLEY: Ten years. I've got an idea I'll show you the color of some real dough.

DAWSON: Buckley -- you're insane. I won't listen.

BUCKLEY: How would you like to make sixty-eight thousand dollars?

DAWSON: Sixty-eight thou----

BUCKLEY: (CUTS IN) That's all I've got in cash -- hidden outside and it's all yours, Dawson -- if you want it.

DAWSON: Oh, but I -- I can't listen to this any longer --

BUCKLEY: What did you come here for if you didn't think I had a proposition? You know where we stand.

DAWSON: But you can't get away -- it's been tried before.

BUCKLEY: Not by a man with brains. What do you think I'm going to do? Hike over the wall and run for it? Not me.

DAWSON: This is going to make trouble sure.

BUCKLEY: Wait a minute, Dawson. If you're not interested in sixty-eight grand, you can forget the whole thing. But I'm going to get out of this jail -- see? Want to go tell the warden?

DAWSON: N-no.

BUCKLEY: I've got a few jobs to do before they put me underground. You know where they've put my wife? In the Women's Reformatory. I'm going to spring her if I have to blow up the joint. Now how about it? I'm offering you big money, Dawson.

DAWSON: (CAPITULATING) Well.....what do you want me to do?

BUCKLEY: Your part is simple. Tomorrow night, after the machine shop closes down.....(FADES)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STEAM-QUITTING WHISTLE.

2. FEET OF CONVICTS TRAMPING OFF FROM WORKSHOP.
(AD LIB -- "Quitting Time.")

3. HAMMER BLOWS ON NAILS AND WOOD.

DAWSON: Nail her up good, boys -- nail her up good.

OLD TRUSTY: We ain't supposed to do this.

CONVICT: We're supposed to quit workin' when that whistle blows.

DAWSON: Listen, boys -- you quit when I say so.

OLD TRUSTY: I been a trusty round this prison for twenty years....
never heard o' anythin' like this before.

DAWSON: Am I foreman of this shop?

OLD TRUSTY: Sure.

DAWSON: Then take your orders from me and you'll have no
trouble.

OLD TRUSTY: Well, what are the orders?

DAWSON: I want you boys to pack this box over to my house.

OLD TRUSTY: Over to your house -- oh, no!

DAWSON: It's inside the walls, ain't it? All right! Close
your lip.

OLD TRUSTY: Nope. There's something wrong.

DAWSON: Listen. If you've been a trusty here so long, you
ought to know the ropes. Now I can make it mighty
easy around this shop for you boys -- or I can make it
plain hell. Take your pick.

OLD TRUSTY: Either way, it leaves the kid here and me out on a
limb, huh?

DAWSON: Listen, I'll tell you what's in that box. It's nothing
but a dynamo out of the shop here.

OLD TRUSTY: A dynamo?

DAWSON: Sure. (FRANKLY) Yes, I'm takin' a little profit on
the side. Why not? It's only stealin' from the
government. And if you boys do me the favor of
carrying the box over to my house, I'll do you a
favor some day.

OLD TRUSTY: Oh -- the old army game.

DAWSON: That's it. Now you're catching on.

OLD TRUSTY: Well -- all right. We got to do it anyway, kid. Lift
up that end of the box.

CONVICT: (LIFTING) Say -- how many dynamos you got in here?

DAWSON: Never mind -- get moving. (FADING) I'll open the door for you.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. HEAVY SLIDING DOOR ROLLS OPEN AND SHUT.

2. TWO CONVICTS FEET WALK HEAVILY OFF.

3. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

ROSS: Warden Pringle?

WARDEN: Yes?

ROSS: I'm Special Agent Ross of the United States Bureau of Investigation. This is my associate, Agent Leonard.

LEONARD: How're you, Warden?

WARDEN: You're here to check on the escape, of course, gentlemen. Glad to see you. Sit down.

ROSS: Thanks.

WARDEN: I suppose you'll want to start your investigation at once?

LEONARD: It's already completed, Warden.

WARDEN: What!

ROSS: Yes. We know how Jack Buckley got away.

WARDEN: Why, that's hard to believe!

LEONARD: He had a confederate -- the civilian foreman of the machine shop.

WARDEN: Jim Dawson? But look here! He's a steady, honest fellow. Are you sure?

ROSS: The night Buckley disappeared, this foreman made his head trusty and another convict nail up a heavy box and carry it over to his house. Now there isn't much doubt that Buckley was in this box -- and that later on the forman smuggled him out.

WARDEN: That's only conjecture. Maybe Dawson can explain.

ROSS: The two convicts didn't like the looks of the job, so Dawson insisted that there were a couple of dynamos from the shop in the box which he planned to sell on the outside.

WARDEN: Well, even if that was true, it isn't so serious as helping a man escape.

LEONARD: I'm afraid it wasn't true, Warden. You see, we've counted the dynamos in the prison machine shop -- and none of them are missing.

WARDEN: Well, the only thing to do is bring Dawson in here and let him face his accusers. I still feel there must be some explanation. (TAKES UP TELEPHONE AND LIFTS RECEIVER) Put me through to the machine shop. Yes. Warden Pringle speaking...hello? Send the foreman to my office at once.....what's that?.....what?...very well. I see.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

(SOLEMNLY) Gentlemen, perhaps you're right. James Dawson hasn't reported for work, and they haven't been able to get him at his home either.

ROSS: Skipped out already, eh? Well, it won't be much of a job to find him. But as for Buckley -- I'm afraid that's going to be a tougher proposition.

LEONARD: And the worst of it is, Warden -- nobody can tell what Buckley will be up to before we find him and bring him back.

WARDEN: What course of action will you take?

ROSS: Notify Bureau of Investigation Agents all over the country -- and tell them to watch for the two men, because probably Buckley and Dawson will stick together for a while, anyway. Come on, Leonard -- let's get out the alarm.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TELEGRAPH KEYS CLICKING. (FADES OUT)

DAWSON: You mean -- there never was any sixty-eight thousand dollars, Buckley?

BUCKLEY: No, of course not. And even if there was, what makes you think I'd give you any?

DAWSON: But you promised.....

BUCKLEY: My promise has nothing to do with it. Your being fool enough to help me get out of that prison was just a break for me. You're a natural fall guy, Dawson, and I was smart enough to see it.

DAWSON: (PITEOUS) But you aren't going to -- let me down, are you?

BUCKLEY: NO, I guess I can find a use for you.

DAWSON: But -- I mean -- even if it was only a little bit --

BUCKLEY: If what was only a little bit?

DAWSON: Why -- if you could only give me a little something in cash -- enough to get me West, maybe, for a new start.

BUCKLEY: Say, I'm only in this town because the reformatory's here where they got Edith locked up. Don't get the idea we're going West?

DAWSON: I mean....I've thrown away my career.....

BUCKLEY: Career!

DAWSON: Well, it was all I had! Till you came along!

BUCKLEY: And now you're behind the eight-ball, eh?

DAWSON: You've got to help me -- you've got to help me, Buckley.

BUCKLEY: I'll help you if you help me. But from now on you've got to work in my racket. That honest pan of yours may come in handy.

DAWSON: Oh Lord, why did I get into this?

BUCKLEY: (UNMOVED) Don't ask me. But we'll cash in if you don't forget that pious look.

DAWSON: Haven't you got any heart at all, Buckley?

BUCKLEY: Yeah....for my girl....my wife. (BITTER) Locked in that reformatory. We're going to get her out Dawson... you and me -- tonight.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. CLOCK STRIKES - TEN.
2. FAINT WIND.

BUCKLEY: (LOW VOICE) Keep swinging that saw.

DAWSON: (LOW VOICE) Somebody will hear.....

BUCKLEY: Swing it!

(SOFT NOISE OF SAWING BEGINS)

That's good -- we'll cut this last bar like cheese.

DAWSON: If they spot us on this wall with the searchlight, we'll both be shot.

BUCKLEY: This ain't a penitentiary, Dawson -- this is a reformatory, for women. There aren't any machine guns here.

DAWSON: I wouldn't want to take any chances on that.

BUCKLEY: (TENSE) Wait.

(SAWING STOPS)

A guard.

(FOOTSTEPS PASS)

DAWSON: (WHISPER) All right?

BUCKLEY: Go ahead.

(SAWING AGAIN)

It's lucky for that keeper he didn't look this way.

DAWSON: Go easy with that gun, please!

BUCKLEY: (SUDDENLY) That's enough -- you've sawed through the bar -- Look out you fool!

(IRON CLANK)

Now you've waked up the whole joint! There comes that guard again -- if he spots us I'll drill him!

DAWSON: (WHISPER) Keep low! He's flashin' his light! Oh my goodness!

BUCKLEY: Sssh!

(FOOTSTEPS COME BACK, PAUSE, GO AWAY)

Well! He saved his life, keepin' that flashlight away from this window. Now you stand by, Dawson -- ready with that rope ladder.

(RAISES VOICE SLIGHTLY)

Edith. Edith. What's the matter baby?

EDITH: (FADES IN) Jack!

BUCKLEY: Quiet.

(WIND EFFECT MOANS)

EDITH: (SMOTHERS COUGH)

BUCKLEY: What's the matter?

EDITH: (SHIVERING) It's -- it's so cold, Jack.

BUCKLEY: Coughing, eh, kid? They must have been tough to you here!

EDITH: Jack, are you sure this is the right thing to do? I--

BUCKLEY: Of course, baby. Now we're set! Now we're together again, we've got the whole world in our mitts. Whaddya say, Dawson?

DAWSON: Huh?

BUCKLEY: (LAUGHS) Well, hold that rope steady anyway -- and we'll climb down. Then we'll make for the car and our getaway -- because I've got a job lined up that will put us on easy street for life! Even you, Dawson. All of us!

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WHAT IS DESPERATE SCHEME.....OF ESCAPED CRIMINAL.....
WILL HE BE ABLE TO AVOID CAPTURE.....BY AGENTS OF
LAW.....FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....FOR THRILLING
CONCLUSION.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE

EPISODE XVIII

"CRIMINAL AND WIFE"

PART II

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES.....CLEAR THE WIRES.....SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE.....STORY OF "CRIMINAL AND WIFE".....BASED ON
CASE NO. 55 - 9871.....FILES OF UNITED STATES
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.....DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.....
WASHINGTON, D.C.....PROCEED WITH CASE.....AT
RESIDENCE OF COLONEL HUBERTUS MATHEWS....LUCERNE,
MISSISSIPPI.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

BUCKLEY: Are you Colonel Matthews?

MATTHEWS: That is correct, sir.

BUCKLEY: Colonel Hubertus Matthews?

MATTHEWS: Ye-es?

BUCKLEY: By Golly, Colonel -- put 'er there! I'm Tom Stewart from the Lazy-J Ranch, Pioneer, Nebraska!

MATTHEWS: Oh -- Mr. Stewart! Oh, yes. Well, I'm delighted to see you. Won't you come in for a spell?

BUCKLEY: I'd sure like to, Colonel. And my daughter's outside in the car.

MATTHEWS: I remember her. I'll go out and escort her in.

BUCKLEY: No, no, Colonel. I'll call her.

(OPENS DOOR)

Edith. (CALLS) Edith.

EDITH: (FADING IN) Yes, dad?

BUCKLEY: Step up here, daughter, I want you to meet Colonel Matthews, that your mother has talked of so much.

MATTHEWS: Why, I don't believe I recall meeting this young lady.

BUCKLEY: (CHUCKLES) That's right, Colonel. This is my other daughter.

MATTHEWS: (COURTLY) Well, well, young lady. You are even more attractive than your sister.

EDITH: (FAINT COUGH) Thank you, Colonel.

MATTHEWS: What's the matter here? Coughing? That won't do! Jupiter! Jupiter!

JUPITER: (OLD FUNNY NEGRO) (FADES IN) Yassah, Marse Matthews.

MATTHEWS: Hurry now, Jupiter. I swear you're the slowest old man ever lived.

JUPITER: Yassah, yassah.

MATTHEWS: Fetch a cordial for this young lady! And tell them there's company for supper.

JUPITER: (FADES OUT) Yassah - she put the big pot in the little one dis time.

MATTHEWS: I hope you don't mind Jupiter -- he's a good old man. I sort of take care of him and he takes care of me.

BUCKLEY: Well, now, Colonel -- don't go to any trouble on our account.

MATTHEWS: Oh, but you've got to stay for supper and tell me how you happen to be in our part of the world.

BUCKLEY: Well, sir -- my daughter here has been ailing a little and we're on an auto trip for her health. When my wife told me how nice you'd been to her Colonel, I promised myself if I ever passed through your town I'd stop off and thank you.

MATTHEWS: (ROGUISH) Your wife's a mighty attractive lady, Stewart.

DAWSON: (FADES IN) Excuse me, boss -- do you want me for anything right now?

BUCKLEY: My chauffeur, Colonel. (RAISES VOICE) NO -- come back later, Dawson.

DAWSON: Yes, sir.

BUCKLEY: But stay around so I know where you are.

DAWSON: Thank you, sir.

(CLOSES DOOR)

JUPITER: (FADES IN) Here you are, Miss. You drink this. Old Jupiter know that fix you.

EDITH: Oh....thank you.....

BUCKLEY: Go on. Drink it, my dear.

MATTHEWS: A charming young lady, Stewart -- a charming young lady.

JUPITER: Scuse me, Colonel -- but dey askin' fo you in de kitchen.

MATTHEWS: All right, Jupiter, right away. If you'll forgive me, Stewart?

BUCKLEY: Why absolutely.

MATTHEWS: I'll be back in just a minute. Meanwhile, make yourselves at home.

BUCKLEY: Sure thing, Colonel -- we'll do that.

(MATTHEWS AND JUPITER AD LIB FADE OUT EXIT)

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

(CHANGE OF TONE) Now, Edith -- we've got to work fast.

EDITH: Are you sure he's fallen for it, Jack?

BUCKLEY: Listen, this is a pipe dream. I tell you, with my own ears I heard him give the invitation.

EDITH: But he didn't invite us.

BUCKLEY: No, as soon as I heard him ask that dame and her daughter on the train for their names I knew I was listening to angel voices.

EDITH: But he may have seen you in the train and be suspicious. Maybe he's gone for the police, now.

BUCKLEY: He doesn't suspect anything -- he's just gone out to see that they fix us a mess of Southern fried chicken. This serves him right for speaking to strange dames on railroad trains. How's he to know we ain't related to the people he asked down here?

EDITH: Oh, Jack, I still don't see the sense to it -- (COUGHS FAINTLY)

BUCKLEY: Here -- cut out that coughing. That don't sound like a ranchman's daughter! I'll tell you the sense of coming here. Right over in that little old-fashioned wall safe is a collection of jewelry that's worth seventy-five thousand bucks!

EDITH: Oh....so we're....

BUCKLEY: You didn't think we came for the Southern fry, did you? Watch the door for me now while I pry open this old antique. Then we'll grab the stuff and scam.

EDITH: How can you be sure that's where he keeps the jewelry, Jack?

BUCKLEY: Listen, baby, I'm nothing if not thorough. Last nite while you was sleeping I came down here for a look. That wall-safe is the only place in the house where you'd put a piece of jewelry worth more than five bucks. So I'll -- just put these clamps on the door -- and set this lever --

EDITH: Good lord, Jack!

BUCKLEY: It's a can-opener, baby, you've seen 'em before --

EDITH: Oh, look out -- somebody's coming!

BUCKLEY: I can't help that. This safe comes open now! Hold tight!

(MAKES EFFORT)

(SOUND -- SCREAM OF METAL AS "CAN-OPENER" DRAWS
OUT BOLTS OF DOOR - IRON THUD -- AS DOOR FALLS)

Now -- let your eyes get a load of what we came for, baby!

MATTHEWS: (FADING IN) Stewart -- what's going on here -- what's the meaning of --

BUCKLEY: Close your trap, yokel.

MATTHEWS: Mr. Stewart, you're a robber, sir?

BUCKLEY: What headwork! (CALLS) Dawson!

DAWSON: (APPROACHING) Yes, sir?

BUCKLEY: Get the car ready for a fast run outta here.

DAWSON: (FADES OUT) All right, I'll start the engine.

MATTHEWS: Put that jewel-case down, sir.

BUCKLEY: Do you want to get hurt, old man?

MATTHEWS: You scoundrel!

BUCKLEY: (SHOVING HIM ASIDE) Get out of my way!

JUPITER: (FADING IN) Heah, man -- don't you hurt de Colonel!

(AUTO ENGINE EFFECT OFF)

BUCKLEY: Oh, there's two of you, huh? You're not going to gang on me, you murderers!

(HE CALLOUSLY KNOCKS THE OLD MAN DOWN)

JUPITER: Look what yo' doin', white trash!

BUCKLEY: Maybe they don't have blackjacks down here. How'd you like to meet up with one?

(SOUND OF BLOW - JUPITER COLLAPSES)

(EDITH CRIES OUT)

BUCKLEY: Come on, Edith, baby. None of that. Out to the car -- quick. Dawson, get ready to step on her. Let's go!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. AUTO EFFECT UP AND OUT.
2. TRAIN EFFECT - FADES OUT.
3. FEET ARE HEARD RUNNING UPSTAIRS. DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN.

BUCKLEY: Quick, Edith, we got to beat it -- we got to get out of New Orleans!

EDITH: What's happened, Jack?

BUCKLEY: (BREATHING HARD) Let me see if anybody's followed me.
(PAUSE) No, I guess I shook them off. This town's too hot.

EDITH: But what's the matter -- where's Dawson?

BUCKLEY: (SNARLS) Hah...it's all his fault! You know my scheme to raise the cash to get us North where we can hock the jewelry?

EDITH: You mean about the check?

BUCKLEY: That's it. We went around to Dawson's lodge hall -- Dawson, he was a life member, too -- and I had the phoney check all fixed up to pass.

EDITH: What happened?

BUCKLEY: They were on the look-out for him -- it seems the Federals knew he belonged to the lodge -- and probably tipped off all the branches. Before I got wise, the place was full of cops.

EDITH: Jack - what did you do? How did you get away?

BUCKLEY: I gave Dawson a shove and yelled "Stop thief" as loud as I could, and then ran like the devil.

EDITH: But did they arrest Dawson?

BUCKLEY: Yeah, I guess they're sweatin' him now. Hurry up, Baby -- we've got to lam!

EDITH: Where to?

BUCKLEY: North. One of the big towns.

EDITH: But if they've picked up Dawson, they can identify you!

BUCKLEY: Not when I take another name, Baby.

EDITH: (COUGHS)

BUCKLEY: Hey! Cut that out!

EDITH: Just changing -- your name -- won't help --

BUCKLEY: This is different -- this isn't any bum alias, I did some quick thinking in that lodge hall, kid. I got an angle.

EDITH: But how --

BUCKLEY: You'll see. I've got credentials now. So get moving, Edith, will you? That Crescent Limited leaves in half an hour. We got to be on board.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN EFFECT.
2. DOOR BUZZER.
3. SPY HOLE OPENED.

HONEST JOHN: Well, whadda you want here?

LUDLAM: Are you "Honest John" Hanphy?

HONEST JOHN: Yep.

LUDLAM: Then open up. Come on, I'm a Philadelphia police officer.

HONEST JOHN: Oh. Just a minute.

(UNBARS AND OPENS DOOR)

Come in.

LUDLAM: What's the idea of operating a joint like this?

HONEST JOHN: We're quiet an' respectable here.

LUDLAM: Yeah -- the "quietest" -- most "respectable" speakeasy in Philadelphia.

HONEST JOHN: Listen, officer, I sure don't want to make trouble.

LUDLAM: Then sit down and listen to me.

HONEST JOHN: Sure -- sure.

LUDLAM: You ever see anything like this before?

HONEST JOHN: Let's see. A lodge button, ain't it? We-ell.....

LUDLAM: You belong to that lodge, don't you?

HONEST JOHN: We-ell, yes.....

LUDLAM: A lot of the members come in here, don't they?

HONEST JOHN: I wouldn't say no.

LUDLAM: How about a member named Richard Wallace?

HONEST JOHN: Hmm.....

LUDLAM: Don't stall. I'm working with the United States Bureau of Investigation on this case. If you don't answer me you'll find yourself talking to Uncle Sam.

HONEST JOHN: All right -- I know a Richard Wallace.

LUDLAM: He identified himself with a membership card in your lodge?

HONEST JOHN: I wouldn't have let him in the joint if he hadn't shown me something like that.

LUDLAM: Well, you'll be interested to know he's an escaped convict. He and a pal of his tried to pass a bad check in the New Orleans branch of your lodge. Well, he was so smart that he stole a membership card off one of the office desks -- in the name of Richard Wallace. The Federal Agents traced him clear up here to Philadelphia by that stolen card. Now do you catch on?

HONEST JOHN: Hmm. You know, he used to be here every day -- just sitting and brooding-like with his drink. But lately he's just been having me send the stuff over to him.

LUDLAM: What's the address?

HONEST JOHN: Oh, well, of course, I --

LUDLAM: (HARD) Come on!

HONEST JOHN: (BACKING DOWN) All right, officer. No offense. Wait here. I'll get it for you.

SOUND INTERLUDE: AUTOMOBILE PASSING THROUGH CITY STREET, WITH
 TRAFFIC NOISES.

ROSS: (QUIET) That's his door, right there.

LUDLAM: I guess he's home too, Mr. Ross -- neighbors say he
 hasn't gone out in weeks, except for meals.

LEONARD: So far as he knows, there's no reason for him to lie
 low. I don't understand why he's stayed so close
 here.

ROSS: We'll know more after we've talked to him. Knock on
 the door, Leonard.

LEONARD: Here goes....But remember Buckley's a tough one, so
 keep back....don't let him fire through the door.

 (KNOCKS ON DOOR)

 Come on, in there. Open up!

 (PAUSE)

LUDLAM: Maybe we'll have to break it down.

ROSS: Wait a minute. See if it's locked.

LEONARD: That's an idea.

 (TURNS KNOB)

 Well, I'll be darned! It's open!

 (OPENS DOOR)

LUDLAM: Look out there!

LEONARD: Come on in, quickly.

BUCKLEY: (FADING IN) What are you guys after?

ROSS: We're after you, Jack Buckley. The Warden wants you
 back in the penitentiary.

BUCKLEY: Listen, I don't know who you are -- I've never been
 in a penitentiary.

ROSS: Sorry, Buckley -- we know your picture too well.

BUCKLEY: My name's Richard Wallace.

LEONARD: Don't flash that lodge card -- we know where you stole it. That was right after the Matthews jewelry job in Lucerne, Mississippi, wasn't it?

BUCKLEY: Well, what am I up against? Tell me?

LUDLAM: I'm a Philadelphia detective, Buckley. Why don't you come down to police headquarters with me?

BUCKLEY: To clear myself. Sure. Why not. I'll just --

ROSS: Look out -- look out for the gun!

(SOUNDS ~ SHOTS ~ SCUFFLE)

LUDLAM: I've got him -- grab that rod!

LEONARD: O.K. -- I've got it.

ROSS: (WHISTLES) That was a close one. Say -- I think he's still going to put up a scrap.

BUCKLEY: (SNARLS) Yeah, you bet I'll put up a scrap. I'll -- (PAUSES AND CONTINUES WITH SPIRIT GONE) Oh, what's the use? I guess you guys are too smart. And I thought I was the wise monkey. I took that chump Dawson and made a bum crook out of him -- and I hauled my wife around the country till she caught pneumonia and died.

LEONARD: Died? Your wife's dead, Buckley?

BUCKLEY: She's buried here in Philly. You can check it up if you want to. (BITTERLY) I even had to use an alias on her tombstone.

ROSS: We'll check it all right, Buckley. But probably it was the best way out, for her at that. Come on, boy, come along. Let's go back and see the Warden.
