

2000
SCHEDULE

LUCKY STRIKE

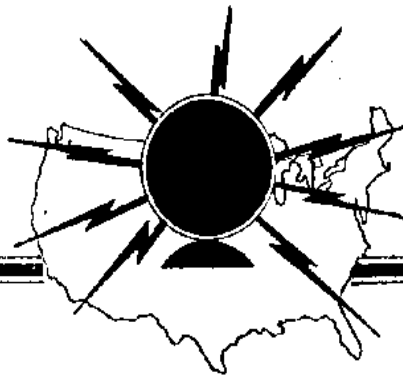
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MARCH

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, MARCH 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.

This is the night that Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen delves into his past and digs out more of his truly astounding adventures....And now while he is busy digging, let's turn things over to Abe Lyman and his orchestra.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

PRO-22 AM-12-32

A1X01 0186583

ANNOUNCER:

Good evening, everybody, we play first -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you -- that was fine.

Whenever you step up to your tobacconist's counter you hear folks saying, "LUCKIES, please".....you hear it the country over -- "Give me a pack of LUCKIES, please." It's because there is so much extra enjoyment in a LUCKY STRIKE....because every LUCKY is full to the brim with the fragrant, full-flavored character of fine tobaccos enriched and made mellow-mild by "TOASTING".....Yes, my friends, it's because LUCKIES please so many millions of smokers that you hear that request for smoking pleasure everywhere - "LUCKIES, please!"

Jack "Baron Munchausen" Pearl is standing in the shadow of the wings with his good friend, Cliff "Sharley" Hall..... ready to reveal to us some of the greatest experiences of his life.... dating back to the time when he was the world's foremost sharpshooter. Of course, the Baron is an authority on bull -- o-r rather bull's-eyes....so it is indeed an honor and privilege to introduce.... His Royal Marksmanship.....The Baron Munchausen..

(FIRST PART -- "THE CRACK SHOT")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Well, Baron, that was very interesting, and if I may say so, very educational. We'll be looking forward to hearing more about that later in the program....Now if your Highness has no objections, we'll see what Abe Lyman and his boys have for us.

ANNOUNCER:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very nice, Abe Lyman - we'll call on you again in just a moment.

North Carolina - aristocrat in the art of gracious hospitality and tobacco growing! In your today's newspaper you'll see a picture of a happy couple in this lovely land....sunny fields of waving tobacco and a pillared mansion....And here, as in hundreds of great plantations throughout the Southland, the Cream of the Crop is selected for LUCKY STRIKE - to make that delicious blend of sterling cigarette character that adds so much to the joy of smoking a LUCKY. And of course, in gracious North Carolina as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES please!" They please because of the character of their fine tobaccos....they please because of the smooth, tempting mellow-mildness that "TOASTING" imparts -- Character and Mildness! Why not light a LUCKY, right now....and you, too, will say "LUCKIES please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we'll all go back to Abe Lyman and his Orchestra from the Paradise Restaurant....they're ready to take us through a few foxtrots.

ANNOUNCER:

And here they are -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, boys, that was fine....And now here's that old master of sharpshooters, both plain and fancy....the renowned Baron Munchausen. Go right ahead, Baron, shoot the networks.

(SECOND PART -- "THE CRACK SHOT")

ATX01 0188586

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl endeavoring to explain another knotty problem to Cliff Hall. Incidentally, these two congenial companions continue their never-ending argument this week on the state of the Capitol Theatre here in New York, and they'll join us here again next Thursday night at this same time.....But right at this moment there's dancing to be done and music to be poured out of a bevy of fiddles, saxophones and a choice collection of trumpets.....so you dance while Abe Lyman takes care of the music.

ANNOUNCER:

And we continue with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's great music. I'm sure a lot of listeners enjoyed it.

You folks have told us how pleasant it is to enjoy a LUCKY. In two words you've told the whole story of LUCKY STRIKE when you say, "LUCKIES, please." It's because every LUCKY STRIKE gives you the delicious character of choice tobaccos (you'll see that firm, white LUCKY STRIKE ash that's so distinctive a mark of tobacco quality) and it's because every LUCKY STRIKE gives you the distinctive, tempting, mellow-mildness imparted by "TOASTING." LUCKIES are always such pleasant company - because "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

Now, for a quick trip back to the dance floor where Abe Lyman's talented lads are waiting to serenade us -- here we are.

THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXVI

"THE CRACK SHOT"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 2, 1933

ATX01 0188589

EPISODE XXVI

"THE CRACK SHOT"

PART I & II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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EPISODE XXVI

"THE CRACK SHOT"

PART I

CHARLEY: Now, please, do me a favor -- Baron -- look here -

BARON: No, sir, I won't even take a peek.

CHARLEY: Will you please listen to common sense?

BARON: No sir! Why should I make myself common?

CHARLEY: I mean will you listen to reason?

BARON: I only like 'em in rice pudding.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Reasons?

CHARLEY: I didn't say raisins! I said reason! You say you came down from Boston on a blunderbuss.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: And I say you're mistaken. It was a motor bus.

BARON: Is that so? Well for the last time - the first thing I want to say is - at last I found out at first that, at first the last thing in the first place is at last I -----you see that?

CHARLEY: See what?

BARON: I chewed zix packages of chewing gum.

CHARLEY: What about it!

BARON: I'm all gummed up!

CHARLEY: Let's get back to our argument, Baron. You say you came down from Boston on a blunderbus.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Whereas you meant you came down in a motor bus.

BARON: Is that so? (LAUGH) Did you come down with me?

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: -----you wasn't there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So I came down from Boston on a blunderbuss!

CHARLEY: But a blunderbuss is an old-fashioned gun -- and old-fashioned musket -- and you couldn't have ridden on a gun.

BARON: I was ----who said I rode on a gun?

CHARLEY: You said you rode on a blunderbuss, didn't you?

BARON: Sure -- My ticket was for the red bus but I got on the blue bus --

CHARLEY: Your ticket was for the red bus and you got on the blue bus?

BARON: Yes -- I made a blunder! So I came down from Boston on a blunder bus.

CHARLEY: Oh, I see. I see.

BARON: Thank goodness, you got your sight back.

CHARLEY: What were you doing in Boston?

BARON: I was shooting traps.

CHARLEY: You were shooting what?

BARON: I was --- is it going to be that kind of a night?

CHARLEY: Please repeat what you said, Baron.

BARON: I said I was shooting traps.

CHARLEY: Do you mean you were trap shooting?

BARON: Sure ----how many times must I tell you:

CHARLEY: You were shooting at inanimate targets.

BARON:hello?

CHARLEY: You were proving your markemanship shooting at saucer shaped brittle discs called clay pigeons catapulted into the air by means of an automatic mechanism.

BARON:HOME AGAIN!

CHARLEY: I didn't know you knew anything about guns, Baron.

BARON: Sure -- every man in my family knows guns.

CHARLEY: They're gunmen.

BARON: Ye ----please. No insults.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - no offense.

BARON: Even my poppa has his own special gun.

CHARLEY: Your poppa has his own special gun?

BARON: Yes, sir.

CHARLEY: What kind of a gun is that?

BARON: A pop gun --- and you see this pistol here?

CHARLEY: The one in your belt? Yes -- a horse pistol, isn't it?

BARON: Sure -- I had it since it was a baby.

CHARLEY: A baby?

BARON: A Colt.

CHARLEY: There's no sight on that gun, Baron.

BARON: I-----could I beg your difference?

CHARLEY: I said there's no sight on your gun. You know what a sight is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- I married one!

CHARLEY: I mean a gun sight, a device to guide the eye in aiming - to get an accurate visibility.

BARON: -----what a man.

CHARLEY: Without the sight, how do you aim?

BARON: I aim to please my customers.

CHARLEY: I suppose you spend a lot of time on the rifle ranges?
BARON:Could you come closer?
CHARLEY: I said you no doubt spend a lot of time on ranges.
BARON: No sir -- I hate them.
CHARLEY: What?
BARON: Stoves.
CHARLEY: Not stoves! Ranges! Rifle ranges!
BARON: Oh! -- shooting galleries.
CHARLEY: Yes.
BARON: Sure -- always I am there. Last night I was shooting at a sheeps nose.
CHARLEY: A sheeps nose?
BARON: A calfs ear - a cows lip.
CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean a bulls eye?
BARON: That's it! A bulls eye!
CHARLEY: You were shooting at a bulls eye?
BARON: Yes --- this shooting gallery was run by a man whose father was a gunner.
CHARLEY: The man's father was a gunner?
BARON: Yes -- he was s son of a gunner. He bet me nine thousand dollars that he was a better shot as me.
CHARLEY: How much?
BARON:seven hundred dollars.
CHARLEY: Are you sure it was seven hundred?
BARON: Well, to make sure let's split the difference.
CHARLEY: All right.
BARON: It was a dollar and a half.
CHARLEY: Perhaps seventy-five cents.
BARON: A quarter.
CHARLEY: He bet you a quarter he was a better shot than you.

BARON: Ten cents he bet.

CHARLEY: The bet was ten cents -- that's much better.

BARON: So it was nine thousand dollars!

CHARLEY: All right, the bet was nine thousand dollars.

BARON: You believe that?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So it was a nickle!

CHARLEY: A nickle.

BARON: It could even be less.

CHARLEY: What was the bet all about?

BARON: Seven hundred yards away was those -- what you call them?

CHARLEY: I suppose you mean clay pipes, clay pigeons, glass balls and so forth.

BARON: I----What was that last one?

CHARLEY: And so forth.

BARON: No ---we didn't have any of those.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: He picked up his gun, stood on his head, shot at one of those pigeons and knocked it down - this pigeon hit the next one and the whole row of sixty seven pigeons fell down ---

CHARLEY: He struck a pigeon at seven hundred yards and knocked down sixty seven other pigeons.

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: That was what I call a lucky strike.

BARON: (LAUGH) Thank you!

CHARLEY: You're welcome.

BARON: You get your check in the morning.

CHARLEY: This fellow is evidently a dead shot.

BARON: He-----who am I?

CHARLEY: I said he's a dead shot.

BARON: Don't be zilly -- he's not even sick.

CHARLEY: Did he win the bet?

BARON: No sir -- I picked up a shooter.

CHARLEY: A rifle.

BARON: I-----Who did what?

CHARLEY: You picked up a rifle.

BARON: A gun!

CHARLEY: Yes - a rifle - you know what a rifle is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- last Thanksgiving I won a turkey at a rifle.

CHARLEY: No, no! That wasn't a rifle! That was a raffle.

BARON: Please ----you can't fool me.

CHARLEY: What do you mean I can't fool you?

BARON: Raffles was a crook.

CHARLEY: Oh, please, Baron understand! A rifle is a fire arm - a raffle is a game of chance. If you won a turkey you got it at a raffle.

BARON: Is that so? Well it happens I shot the turkey with a rifle!

CHARLEY: All right - arguing is a waste of time.

BARON: (LAUGH) My wife put it in the turkey dressing.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Tyme.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I'm afraid something wines you.

BARON: Wines me?

CHARLEY: Stouts you.

BARON: What is its?

CHARLEY: Beers you,

BARON: Sharley, is it possible you mean something ails me?

CHARLEY: That's it! Ails you!

BARON: (LAUGH)-----So you're telling jokes now.

CHARLEY: Let's get back to the shooting gallery.

BARON: Sure -- I picked me up a rewolwer.

CHARLEY: A revolver,

BARON: A rewolwer.

CHARLEY: No, Baron -- not a rewolwer - a revolver.

BARON: (LAUGH) I always get my wees and wobble yous mixed up.

CHARLEY: You picked up a revolver and what did you do?

BARON: I jumped up in the air - did two somersaults -- landed on my neck - shot the gun and hit my mark.

CHARLEY: You jumped up in the air - did two somersaults - and hit your mark.

BARON: I hit four marks.

CHARLEY: You hit four marks.

BARON: Yes sir - Groucho, Chico, Harpo and Zeppo.

CHARLEY: Will you please talk sense.

BARON: Sure -- but you won't understand it.

CHARLEY: I'll try to --- You evidently shot at a target -- now just what was it?

BARON: A pipe -- it was one hundred and zixty fife yards away and I ----

CHARLEY: How far away?

BARON: (LAUGH) Pick your own number. I took my gun in one hand and a newspaper in the other.

CHARLEY: A newspaper?

BARON: (LAUGH) A Mirror --- and pulled the trigger and --
pouf! bing went the pipe.

CHARLEY: A marvelous shot.

BARON: (LAUGH) A pipe! I remember once I was shooting down
at Coney Island.

CHARLEY: What were you shooting down there?

BARON: I was shooting the chutes.

CHARLEY: Shooting the chutes?

BARON: Yes -- and I was --

CHARLEY: You didn't need a gun for that.

BARON:Am I expected?

CHARLEY: I said you didn't need a gun to shoot the chutes - to
be propelled down a watery incline at a great velocity-
into a pool.

BARON: I used to shoot that too.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Pool! One night I was shooting Kelly pool with a
fellow named Murpht in Hoolihans, when in walked Casey
and --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron - to be candid I don't know what
you're talking about.

BARON: (LAUGH) Who does?

CHARLEY: Will you please explain just what you were shooting at?

BARON: The eight ball and I was making a combination -

CHARLEY: No - no! I mean what were you hunting for - with
your gun?

BARON: Oh -- that time?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: I was duck shooting.

BARON: Yes ----I was in a cant see.

CHARLEY: A cant see?

BARON: A cant look.

CHARLEY: A blind.

BARON: (LAUGH) How you guess! ----and along came eleven million ducks.

CHARLEY: Eleven million ducks?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Marvelous.

BARON: Ducky! -- so I grabbed my rusty shot gun.

CHARLEY: Your trusty shot gun.

BARON: -----did you ever see my shot gun?

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: So its rusty.

CHARLEY: All right, its rusty.

BARON: And I went bing, bang, with both kegs.

CHARLEY: Both kegs!

BARON: (LAUGH) Barrels.

CHARLEY: And of course you shot down the eleven million ducks.

BARON: No sir! I missed them.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me.

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Well that is a relief.

BARON: But I hit zix million geese what was chasing the ducks.

CHARLEY: Six million geese were chasing the ducks?

BARON: Yes -- you see the ducks owed the geese a bill and was trying to duck it.

CHARLEY: Of course, I'm supposed to believe that.

BARON: Have you got something else to do?

CHARLEY: No, I haven't.

BARON: So believe it. But with me was a sharp shooter.

CHARLEY: A sharp shooter?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Who was that?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me Hugo is in again?

BARON: You can't keep him out. This was when he weighed over two hundred pounds.

CHARLEY: That's a lot of weight for a shooter.

BARON: That's my Cousin Hugo -- he's a big shot.

CHARLEY: I suppose Hugo has done a lot of shooting.

BARON: Sure -- mostly at the moon. He even goes out with a camera.

CHARLEY: With a camera -- what for?

BARON: Snap shots ---and you know what else he shoots?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Crap! And last week one night he went out with a nine shooter.

CHARLEY: A nine shooter!

BARON: Yes -- he wanted to kill a cat. I never will forget the time he killed a cat with a dollar shot.

CHARLEY: Killed a cat with a dollar shot?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What kind of a shot is a dollar shot?

BARON: A buck shot. Not so long ago we was out shooting and Hugo hit a chicken at eighty-five hundred yards.

CHARLEY: I can't believe it.

BARON: I can take you to the place and prove it.

CHARLEY: You can prove that your Cousin Hugo hit a chicken at that distance?

BARON: Yes sir.
CHARLEY: How?
BARON: Eggs marks the spot! And the funniest thing was --
(LAUGH)
CHARLEY: What?
BARON: What Hugo said to the lady what owned the chicken farm.
CHARLEY: What did he say?
BARON: On her door was a sign -- family's supplied and Hugo
said --
CHARLEY: Well come on, what did he say?
BARON: He said -- (LAUGH) Give me a wife and four children.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXVI

"THE CRACK SHOT"

PART II

CHARLEY: Now just a moment, Baron -- you say with one shot you hit a deer in the left hind leg and also in the head?

BARON: Yes sir, you see I was --

CHARLEY: Wait -- How could you possibly have hit him in the left hind leg and in the head with one shot?

BARON: (LAUGH) He was scratching his ear.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: No ----itch! I did it with an ignorant bullet.

CHARLEY: An ignorant bullet? What kind of a bullet is that?

BARON: A dum dum.

CHARLEY: Speaking of crack shots, Baron, in my estimation the best shot was the one made by William Tell.

BARON: Are you telling me?

CHARLEY: He shot an apple off his son's head.

BARON: That's nothing. I shot a banana off Hugo's head.

CHARLEY: You shot a banana off Hugo's head?

BARON: Yes. Hugo was standing zeven miles away--

CHARLEY: How many miles?

BARON: Two blocks --

CHARLEY: With a banana on his head?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What in the world was he doing with a banana on his head?

BARON: Would you like to know?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Write him a letter and ask him. With one shot I hit the banana and split it in half.

CHARLEY: You split the banana in half?

BARON: Yes - and that's how it got its name?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Banana split.

CHARLEY: Where did all this happen, Baron?

BARON: In Modest Mable.

CHARLEY: In Modest Mable?

BARON: Timid Mary - Bashful Lizzie -

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you mean Cheyenne?

BARON: That's it -- Shy Ann.

CHARLEY: What were you doing in Cheyenne?

BARON: I was at a forty pound shooting roast beef.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what a forty pound shooting roast beef is?

BARON: (LAUGH) A big meat. Also there was that great shooter- Pittsburg Jim.

CHARLEY: Pittsburgh Jim?

BARON: Philadelphia Jake, Poughkeepsie George.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Do you mean Buffalo Bill?

BARON: That's it! Biffalow Boof!

CHARLEY: Buffalo Bill,

BARON: Bufflebow Biff, Blowabof, baf, biffle.

CHARLEY: Buffalo Bill!

BARON: Bliff-a-baf -----Deadwood Dick.

CHARLEY: What are you talking about? Deadwood Dick has been dead for years?

BARON: So it was Livewood Benny. He was shooting at glass balls.

CHARLEY: Fancy that!

BARON: No, fancy shooting. He hit eighty six out of ninety.

CHARLEY: Eighty six out of ninety?

BARON: Yes, but I beat him.

CHARLEY: You beat him?

BARON: Sure -- out of ninety I hit one hundred and twenty seven and I-----

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron. If you are shooting at ninety how could you hit a hundred and twenty seven?

BARON: (LAUGH) I've been trying to figure that out myself. One of the best shots at the stake --

CHARLEY: At the stake?

BARON: (LAUGH) At the meet.

CHARLEY: Meat again.

BARON: Three times a day. One of the best shots was there a man named Potts.

CHARLEY: A man named Potts!

BARON: Yes -- The minute I heard his name I knew he was a gambler.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: His first name was Jack.

CHARLEY: Jack?

BARON: Yes -- Jack Potts. Got it?

CHARLEY: Yes -- I've got it!

BARON: Hold it. He had a gun in each hand and one in the other---

CHARLEY: He had what?

BARON: -----Are your ears shut?

CHARLEY: I didn't understand what you said, Baron.

BARON: I said he had a gun in each hand and one in the other---

CHARLEY: That's preposterous. According to you the man had three hands, and people only have two hands.

BARON: He had a deck of cards.

CHARLEY: He had a deck of cards!

BARON: Yes and he dealt himself another hand.

CHARLEY: Baron, you'll be the death of me yet.

BARON: Why not! -- He had with him a gunman named Smith.

CHARLEY: A gunman named Smith?

BARON: Yes -- gunsmith -- He was a Major General in the army.

CHARLEY: Major General.

BARON: Yes. He got me awful sore.

CHARLEY: Made you mad.

BARON: No, Major General.

CHARLEY: I mean the Major General made you mad, he made you angry.

BARON: The Major General made me major -- Major -- Let's call him a lieutenant.

CHARLEY: All right -- he was a lieutenant -- what happened?

BARON: He and me was shooting at eagles -- he shot down six and I shot down twenty eight.

CHARLEY: You shot down twenty-eight eagles.

BARON: And fourteen buzzards.

CHARLEY: Fourteen buzzards.

BARON: Yes -- and how he buzzed! It made him so mad he slapped me in the face with a glove.

CHARLEY: Slapped you in the face with a glove?
BARON: Yes -- at first I thought it was just a kid.
CHARLEY: Why?
BARON: It was a kid glove --
CHARLEY: I see.
BARON: I felt! Now I got mad.
CHARLEY: What did you do?
BARON: I said -- You must meet me on the field of honor.
CHARLEY: And did he?
BARON: No -- I had no field and he had no honor.
CHARLEY: How did it wind up?
BARON: It was ---could you spell that again?
CHARLEY: I said how did it all wind up.
BARON: It wasn't a clock.
CHARLEY: I know it wasn't -- I mean how did the affair wind up.
BARON: It didn't wind up - it ran down.
CHARLEY: Ran down?
BARON: Yes --- we ran downtown and had a good time.
CHARLEY: I see.
BARON: Again you see -- (LAUGH) Your eyesight is getting better and better.
CHARLEY: And then what?
BARON: I did some more shooting.
CHARLEY: Some more shooting -- What did you shoot?
BARON: My bank roll.
CHARLEY: What has shooting a bank roll got to do with marksmanship?
BARON: What has it got to do with it?
CHARLEY: Nothing.

BARON: You know that?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So why do you ask me? We went to a hall.

CHARLEY: You went to a hall?

BARON: Yes -- Not a Cliff Hall.

CHARLEY: Nnot a cliff hall.

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Of course you know that's my name.

BARON: Sure - and I know why you was named Cliff.

CHARLEY: You know why I was named Cliff?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Why was I named Cliff?

BARON: Just for a bluff, well, anyhow we sent to a hall.

CHARLEY: What kind of a hall?

BARON: What is that you call when people are -- er -- you know - not smart ----kind of stupid.

CHARLEY: Dense?

BARON: (LAUGH) That's the kind of a hall it was.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: A dense hall.

CHARLEY: A dance hall.

BARON: Sure. There started an argument and a feller was shot.

CHARLEY: A fellow was shot.

BARON: Yes - by a man who was half shot.

CHARLEY: Who was the man who was shot?

BARON: His name was McGrew.

CHARLEY: Not Dan McGrew.

BARON: sure - and he----

CHARLEY: Pardon me Baron but Dan McGrew was shot in the Yukon

BARON: -----I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: I said, Dan McGrew was shot in the Yukon.

BARON: No sir -- he was shot in the neck, And he fell down on the bar room right on his face.

CHARLEY: Right on his face.

BARON: Yes ---and that's how they come to write that poem.

CHARLEY: What poem?

BARON: The Face On The Barroom Floor.

CHARLEY: Baron, you're going too far.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't worry -- I got car fare. I'll come back.

CHARLEY: Let's get back to your shooting -- What do you say?

BARON: By me that's two letters.

CHARLEY: Two letters?

BARON: O and K.

CHARLEY: Okay?

BARON: Sure -- that's better than three letters.

CHARLEY: What three letters?

BARON: I-O-U!

CHARLEY: Will you please get back to the subject in hand.

BARON: Sure -- so I went to the manicurist and I said --

CHARLEY: The Manicurist?

BARON: Yes and I said --

CHARLEY: What has a manicurist got to do with what we're talking about?

BARON: The nails.

CHARLEY: The nails?

BARON: Sure -- the subject on hand -- so I----

CHARLEY: No! No. When I said the subject on hand I meant what we were talking about -- shooting!

BARON: I----was I shooting, Sharley?

CHARLEY: You certainly were -- for the last fifteen minutes you've been shooting off your mouth.

BARON: Sure I-----Snapping again!

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron. Just what was the best shot you ever made?

BARON: I once shot a fly - a great shot.

CHARLEY: What's so great about that?

BARON: He was six miles away.

CHARLEY: A fly six miles away?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: How in the name of common sense could you see a fly six miles away?

BARON: I didn't see him.

CHARLEY: Then how did you know he was there?

BARON: I heard his wings flapping.

CHARLEY: Impossible! Absurd! You can't make me believe a tale like that.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I heard the flies wings flapping.

CHARLEY: A11 right -- you heard the flies wings flapping. And you hit him.

BARON: In the left eye.

CHARLEY: The left eye? Why Baron, a fly has millions and millions of eyes.

BARON: -----please-- the big number belongs to the Baron.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, go on.

BARON: Beside the fly was sitting a flea..

CHARLEY: A flea.

BARON: Yes -- so I picked up a clam and put it in my gun and--

CHARLEY: A clam? In your gun?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: I needed the shells.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My clam. I put the shells in the gun.

CHARLEY: You loaded the magazine.

BARON: I was -- Could you ring me up again.

CHARLEY: I said you loaded your magazine.

BARON: (LAUGH) Who's talking about newspapers?

CHARLEY: What's the use?

BARON: I lifted my gun to my shoulder - took aim and fired.

CHARLEY: And hit the flea.

BARON: No-----I hit my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: You hit your Cousin Hugo?

BARON: Yes -- the flea was on him -- the bullet went right through his arm and hit my Aunt Sophie.

CHARLEY: Now let me get this -- the bullet passed through Hugo's arm and hit your Aunt Sophie.

BARON: Yes -- and she had Hugo arrested.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: She said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: She said what?

BARON: (LAUGH) This will knock you apartment.

CHARLEY: Apartment?

BARON: Flat.
 CHARLEY: Well come on -- what did she have him arrested for?
 BARON: She said----it was through him she was shot.
 CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
 BARON: Oh, Sharley!

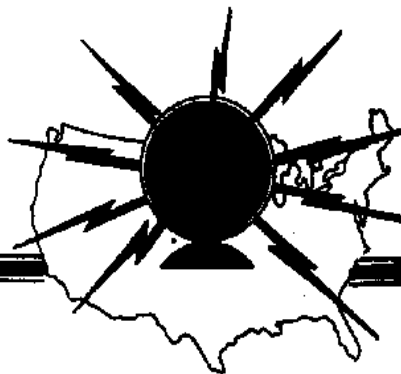
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
 3/2/33

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, MARCH 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 in the Magic Carpet Theatre, Mr. LUCKY STRIKE will present a true story dramatized from the files of the New York Police Department.....this case deals with "The Out of Town Gang" who invade New York.....in just a few minutes we'll follow into swift action two fast moving friends of ours, Detectives Barry Rudd and Mack,...but first we're going to travel swiftly to Jack Denny and his Orchestra from the Hotel Waldorf Astoria....hello Mr. Denny!

PRO-33-44-12-33

RTX01 0188612

DENNY:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, we hope that you'll like -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

You can always be sure of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine, delicious quality, for LUCKY STRIKE keeps constantly on hand a huge reservoir of up to \$100,000,000. worth of the world's choicest tobaccos - a great insurance policy on your smoking pleasure. And you can always be sure of LUCKY STRIKE'S smooth, mellow-mildness -- for every LUCKY STRIKE is "TOASTED" -- purified and enriched by an exclusive process. Fine tobaccos at their very best -- that's why "LUCKIES Please!" ----

Now, come with us to front row center, in the Magic Carpet Theatre...the house lights are going down and the curtain is rising as we wave a signal to Colonel Dominick Henry, Former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police.

COLONEL HENRY:

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

(FIRST PART -- "OUT OF TOWN GANG")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So ends the first act. Detectives Barry Rudd and Mack have some good clues, but it remains to be seen, or perhaps we should say heard, whether they can link them up with the reckless murderer, Charles Cunningham. We'll go right into the action with Barry Rudd and Mack a little later in the program....meanwhile, let's listen to Jack Denny and his lads. All right, Jack!

JACK DENNY:

We invite everybody to dance to -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Today fashionable folk from all over the world are gathering at Monte Carlo for the famous Flower Carnival...and in today's newspapers you will see a picture of just such a gay and happy couple at this famous resort. At Monte Carlo, as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please," For LUCKIES offer you the tempting flavor and the full, smooth quality of the finest tobaccos-- the Character of the "Cream of the Crop." But that's not enough. A cigarette should be mild. And so these fine tobaccos are given the famous "TOASTING" Process. It is "TOASTING" that makes LUCKIES mild - just as surely as fine tobaccos give LUCKIES character. It's because of this LUCKY combination that "LUCKIES Please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

There's music and thrills ahead....so let's not delay....
there's Jack Denny and here we go!

JACK DENNY:

This time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Jack....see you later....right now we go into
the final act of "The Out Of Town Gang." For those of you who
missed the first act....may we tell you what has gone before.
Charles Cunningham, who escaped from a Baltimore prison, killing
a guard, has boldly established his gang headquarters in New York.
He and his gang have committed two daring jewel robberies in broad
daylight, and Cunningham ruthlessly shot Tim Garrett, a member of
his gang, and left him to die in a churchyard. Now let's hear
what happens next ----

(SECOND PART -- "OUT OF TOWN GANG")

ATX01 0188615

HOWARD CLANEY:

For his reckless disregard of society, Charles Cunningham paid the ultimate penalty....the other members of his gang are now serving terms in prison.

Next week we'll bring you another actual case taken from the files of the New York City Police Department....and now, tonight, for the benefit of all you dancer lovers, that law-abiding citizen, Jack Denny, gathers his boys around him and pours out the melody.....Go ahead Jack!

JACK DENNY:

You dance while we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Folks who smoke LUCKIES know what a pleasure it is to smoke a cigarette so well-filled with fine tobaccos -- tobaccos that have character....and to know that they can always count on LUCKIES' true, delicious mellow-mildness because "IT'S TOASTED." That's why you folks who know the pleasure of smoking LUCKIES have given us the phrase heard wherever cigarettes are asked for -- "LUCKIES, Please!"

Back we go to Jack Denny, the genial maestro who plays nightly for New York's elite in the subdued surroundings of the lovely Empire Room in the Hotel Waldorf Astoria...he's waiting now to play, in his own inimitable manner, for the millions of radio friends all over the country.....Mr. Denny!

JACK DENNY:

Here we go with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

And thus another LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close --
 don't forget Thursday is the night that Jack Pearl recites his
 marvelous adventures as the Baron Munchausen, and we dance to the
 rhythms of the famous musical comedy bandmaster, Al Goodman.

So until Thursday then, goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
3/7/33

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIX

"OUT OF TOWN GANG"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 7, 1933

***** *****

***** *****

ATX01 0188618

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIX

"OUT OF TOWN GANG"

PARTS I AND II

INVESTIGATION BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

DRAMATIZATION

BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

BARRY RUDD

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM

DETECTIVE MACK

TIM GARRET

INSPECTOR

RALINI

SEXTON

MR. VAN LIEUW

1ST LADY

CLERK

2ND LADY

WOMAN CUSTOMER

IRENE

MAN CUSTOMER

KAPPER

SERGEANT

MCCORMICK

GANGSTER

NIGHT CLUB MANAGER

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ATX01 0188619

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIX

"OUT OF TOWN GANG"

PART I

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE
CARS.....STAND BY.....OUT OF TOWN GANG.....
REAL PEOPLE.....REAL PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....
A REAL CASE.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE
COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....LUCKY STRIKE
MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO HOTEL
SUITE OCCUPIED BY GANGSTERS.....IN MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

(DOOR IS CLOSED HASTILY)

IRENE: (FADES IN. SHE IS PERTURBED) Charley.....Charley!

CUNNINGHAM: What's the trouble, Irene?

IRENE: Look....look at what's in the paper!

(RATTLES PAPER)

CUNNINGHAM: I don't see any declaration of war. Let me have it.

(PAPER RATTLES)

IRENE: There.

CUNNINGHAM: Thanks. Sit down - pull yourself together.

IRENE: Oh, read it! Read it!

CUNNINGHAM: Oh, Yeah. "BALTIMORE PRISON GUARD DIES IN HOSPITAL."

That's it, all right.

IRENE: But it says -- it says---

CUNNINGHAM: I see what it says. "Authorities will redouble efforts -- to apprehend Charles "Pretty Boy" Cunningham, escaped convict, who will be charged with the murder of the slain prison keeper." Well.

(DRILY) Publicity.

IRENE: Charley, if they catch you, they'll take you back and---

CUNNINGHAM: Catch me! They can't even fine me, Irene!

IRENE: But everywhere we go, you'll be hunted.

CUNNINGHAM: Hunted, but not caught. What do you think I've got between the ears, baby----oatmeal? Now you lam out of here. Blow yourself to the movies. There's a business man waitin' to see me in the next room.

IRENE: But Charley, you've got to be careful!

CUNNINGHAM: (PATIENTLY) Listen, Irene. If I was smart enough to bust that Baltimore jail, and land on the big time in New York, I guess I'm smart enough to keep in the clear. Now you beat it for a while, and quit worrying. After I get through with my business we'll all go down to the Chanticleer and celebrate.

IRENE: And you won't take any chances?

CUNNINGHAM: Only what I have to. (KINDLY) Beat it now, Irene. Later on we'll paint the town.

IRENE: (FADING) (SIGH) Oh. (RESIGNED) All right, Charley.
(DOOR IS CLOSED)

CUNNINGHAM: (RAISES VOICE) Hey, Joe!

(DOOR IS OPENED QUICKLY)

GANGSTER: (FADES IN) Yeah, boss?

CUNNINGHAM: Is that fence still waiting? Has he looked over the stuff we picked up last night?

GANGSTER: Yeah.

CUNNINGHAM: All right, tell Ralini and Garrett to bring him in.

GANGSTER: O.K.

CUNNINGHAM: And, Joe.

GANGSTER: Huh?

CUNNINGHAM: You and the rest of the boys had better wait outside in the hall. Just in case.....see?

GANGSTER: I get you, Pretty Boy..

CUNNINGHAM: Never mind that "Pretty Boy" stuff. Just do what I tell you!

GANGSTER: (FADES) Sure, sure. Hey, you guys....bring that fence in here..

GARRETT: (FADING IN) This way, Kapper -- the boss is ready to talk to you..

KAPPER: (FADING IN) Well, I've looked over the stones, Cunningham. You've a magnificent lay-out there. Mag-nificent.

RALINI: (FADES IN) I show them all to him, Boss. Just like you say.

KAPPER: And a mighty nice assortment it is. Mighty nice.

CUNNINGHAM: (UNMOVED) Yeah? What's it worth to you, Kapper?

KAPPER: Of course, you understand my difficulties.

CUNNINGHAM: I'm askin' yuh how mich?

KAPPER: I wouldn't be able to go any higher than -- wait now, let me think. I'll give you the top price.

GARRETT: Whatever it is, I want my cut bigger than last time.

RALINI: Ah, shut up, Garrett -- you make bother the boss. You make bother Mr. Kapper.

GARRETT: Yeah?

CUNNINGHAM: Be quiet, mugg. Well, Kapper, how about it? I haven't got all night.

KAPPER: All right, Mr. Cunningham, here's my offer. For all the stones you've showed me -- fifteen grand.

CUNNINGHAM: (INSULTED) Cut the funny business. I ain't got time to kid with you.

KAPPER: (THINKS HE CAN GET BY TALKING TOUGH) I'm not kidding, Cunningham. You're new to this town and you're smart. And so I'm willing to give you a break. I ain't any more interested in kidding than you are. Remember, them stones are pretty hot.

CUNNINGHAM: You better take another look at the layout, Kapper. And you better say "twenty grand" after you look.

KAPPER: Listen, my time's valuable. I thought I'd come up here to make a deal -- not have a wise yokel tell me how to run my business. Let me out, boys.

CUNNINGHAM: (DEADLY) Wait a minute, sucker.

KAPPER: What is it, rough stuff? I expected that. You won't find a nickle on me.

CUNNINGHAM: Keep him away from that door, Ralini!

RALINI: I get you, Pretty Boy. He don' get past me.

KAPPER: I told you the truth, Cunningham, so help me. Fifteen grand is the outside best you can get -- anywhere. It's not me only. Anywhere in New York, fifteen thousand bucks is the most that swag is worth!

CUNNINGHAM: You'll go to twenty. This is the last time I'll ask you.

KAPPER: (TERRIFIED) Hey, look out now! What you doin'? Put up that gun!

CUNNINGHAM: (LAUGH) Put up that gun!

GARRETT: Chief, for God's sake! Cut it out! Don't do it, I tell ya!

CUNNINGHAM: What are ya doin', Garrett? Let go of me!

GARRETT: (STRUGGLING) Do you wanta see us all burn, Pretty Boy? Drop that gun! Drop it!

(SOUND - THUMP AS PISTOL DROPS TO CARPETED FLOOR)

RALINI: What you doin', Garrett? Take-a your hands off the boss!

CUNNINGHAM: (WHITE RAGE) What's the idea, Tim? You an' Kapper sweethearts?

RALINI: Don't-a get sore, Chief -- don't-a get sore!

GARRETT: (BREATHING HEAVILY) I saved you from -- making a chump of yourself. And maybe fryin' us all in the chair. That's all. Listen, Pretty Boy -- this is New York!

CUNNINGHAM: Yeah....you're right....thanks. Guess I lost my head for a minute. What a break for you, Kapper. Ralini?

RALINI: Yeah, boss?

CUNNINGHAM: See that Mr. Kapper gets home.

KAPPER: (STILL SCARED) I can get home all right. Thanks just the same.

CUNNINGHAM: All right...let him go, boys...we'll finish this deal some other time.

KAPPER: (FADING NERVOUSLY) Sure thing, Cunningham -- just let me know --- I'll do the best I can. I always do. Whew!

(DOOR IS OPENED AND CLOSED HASTILY)

RALINI: Say! That's almost the time we have trouble, no?

GARRETT: (GRUNTS) We don't need you to tell us that.

RALINI: You! You got a nerve all the same -- to grab-a the boss.

CUNNINGHAM: Cut it out, Ralini. He was all right. If I'd croaked the fence there'd have been hell to pay. We are new to the big time and we got to watch our step.

(SMOOTHLY) You sit tight and watch the joint.

Garrett and I are going for a walk to talk things over. Come on, Tim. (MOVES AWAY) The night air -- will do you good.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. TRAFFIC NOISE. FADES TO BACKGROUND OF QUIET STREET.
 2. FEET OF CUNNINGHAM AND GARRETT ON SIDESTREET.
 3. ORGAN BACKGROUND, VAGUELY ECCLESIASTICAL MUSIC.

CUNNINGHAM: (FADES IN) What church is that, Garrett?
GARRETT: The Advent, must be, yeah -- Church of the Advent.
CUNNINGHAM: Guess the organist must be practicing for tomorrow morning, huh?
GARRETT: (WATCHFUL) Yeah, That's it.
CUNNINGHAM: Why not stop a while and listen, huh?
GARRETT: Stop and listen.....what's the idea, Pretty Boy?
CUNNINGHAM: (INSTANTLY TURNS COLD AND HARD) This is the idea, rat. And you better get a pencil and write it down. There's only one boss in my mob and that's me.
GARRETT: Sure...sure, Pretty boy. That's good here. I'll stay in line. I won't cross you again.
CUNNINGHAM: I'll say you won't, Garrett. I'll say you won't!
GARRETT: (AGONIZED TERROR) Hey! What are you----

(SEVERAL SHOTS. GARRETT GROANS AND COLLAPSES.)

(WE HEAR CUNNINGHAM'S FEET RUNNING OFF.)

(ORGAN MUSIC SWELLS AND FADES INTO)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAFFIC NOISE
2. CHURCH BELLS.

1ST LADY: My goodness. There go the bells. Do hurry, Anna, or we shall be late for service.
2ND LADY: You really should come at least ten minutes ahead, Dr. Arbuthnot has simply -- (BREAKS OFF IN SUPPRESSED SCREAM)
1ST LADY: What's the matter, Anna? (ALSO SPIES GARRETT'S BODY)
Oh! Oh -- that man -- lying there----
2ND LADY: He's been hurt!

1ST LADY: Sexton! Sexton! Oh, come quickly!
SEXTON: (FADE IN) Why, what's the matter? What's the trouble, ladies?
1ST LADY: That man, there, in the churchyard!
SEXTON: Dear me! How appalling! (AS IF BENDING CLOSER) Dear me! This is awful!
2ND LADY: Is he hurt, Sexton?
SEXTON: No. He's dead!
2ND LADY: (GASPS)
SEXTON: Somebody shot this man and tumbled him over the wall into the churchyard!
1ST LADY: Anna, I'm afraid I'm going to be sick!
SEXTON: Come, ladies, come into the church. You can sit down there, and I'll notify the police.

(AD LIB OUT - SEXTON AND TWO WOMEN MURMURING
IN SURPRISE AND HORROR)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT.
2. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

INSPECTOR: Now, Mr. Van Lieu, tell Detective Rudd all you can remember about the robbery. Mr. Van Lieu is senior partner of Van Lieu and Cannon, the jewelry firm, Barry.
VAN LIEU: (SLIGHT CLIPPED FOREIGN ACCENT) I will try to tell him everything about it, Inspector. Gott. If I liff to be a million I will not forget vun least little thing.
BARRY: I can understand that Mr. Van Lisuw. How many men were

VAN LIEUW: I think there vere six, maybe seven. That iss not counting the fellow who stood in the door.

BARRY: They worked with a look-out, eh? That would seem to indicate that the gang is an experienced professional mob, don't you think Inspector?

INSPECTOR: Right, Barry.

BARRY: The police report says the thieves left you tied up behind the counter with your clerk. How were you fastened together, Mr. Van Lieu?

VAN LIEUW: With handcuffs.

BARRY: That's a new wrinkle. Did they threaten you with any violence?

VAN LIEUW: Not with violence exactly, Mr. Rudd. Only the big fellow said if we moofed or made a sound he would blow our heads off!

BARRY: The big fellow -- the boss of the mob, you mean?

VAN LIEUW: Yes, sir -- he was the man that told them to what to do. And the way they vorked -- smooth, and quick -- like machines! Many times I think they must have come into my store, to know it so well.

BARRY: You mean you remember seeing some of the men before, eh?

VAN LIEUW: That's right, Mr. Rudd. The big one had been looking at some rings, every day for a week.

BARRY: In that case you may be able to help us identify him later on.

VAN LIEUW: You think you can catch this fellow?

BARRY: He won't get away with this daylight stuff much longer. I can guarantee that.

VAN LIEUW: (RISES) Well, if you have read the police report, I think you know all I know. They come in one at a time like customers, and then quick as a flash -- guns and handcuffs! And a big car outside. What could I do?

INSPECTOR: I'm going to put Mr. Rudd in complete charge of the investigation, Mr. Van Lieuw and I think we can promise results -- you and the other New York jewelers who've been held up.

VAN LIEUW: Thank you, Inspector. (AT DOOR) Good day. Good day, Mr. Rudd.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

INSPECTOR: Well, Barry?

BARRY: That's the fourth hold-up in two weeks, isn't it?

INSPECTOR: Yes. That's the point.

BARRY: What did they get from Van Lieuw?

INSPECTOR: He valued the stuff they took at seventy-five thousand dollars.

BARRY: Well! These boys are flying pretty high.

INSPECTOR: And it's up to us to bring 'em down! I tell you, Barry --

(DOOR IS OPENED)

SERGEANT: (FADES IN) Beg pardon, Inspector.

INSPECTOR: What is it, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: Detective McCormick from Baltimore is outside, sir.

INSPECTOR: What does he want?

SERGEANT: Wants to talk to you about an escaped convict -- thinks he might be in New York.

INSPECTOR: Well, all right, ask him to wait just a minute, please.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir,

(CLOSES DOOR)

INSPECTOR: As I was saying, Barry -- we've got to break up this jewel robbery epidemic! I'm giving you a free hand. Go the limit.

BARRY: It doesn't sound like an easy assignment, Chief. I guess Van Lieu was right when he said they worked like a machine. From what the reports say they're a well-drilled, well-disciplined mob. And they must be from out of town. Otherwise we'd have a line on them by now.

INSPECTOR: You've got to get a line, Barry, somehow. Take Mack with you.

BARRY: Mack's working on an identification case -- you know the dead man found in Advent churchyard?

INSPECTOR: Well, we'll get some one to take it over. I want you to work together on this.

BARRY: Nothing could suit me better, sir. I'll get word to him now.

INSPECTOR: Good. And, Barry --

BARRY: (OFF) Yes, sir?

INSPECTOR: Good luck.

BARRY: (CHUCKLES) Mack and I'll try to make our own good luck. But thanks, sir, just the same.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE SIREN.

2. TRAFFIC NOISE.

WOMAN CUSTOMER: (FADES IN)...such lovely emeralds, That's my birthstone, you know,

CLERK: Is that so? Well, I don't think there are any better in New York. These stones are very choice.

MAN CUSTOMER: Yes, I can see that. How do you like this one, dear?

CLERK: You have a good eye, sir. That's really one of the finest emeralds of the lot --

MAN CUSTOMER: You Fifth Avenue jewelers certainly have good things.

CLERK: Well, you see we have really a market for the very finest gems---and---and -- Oh Lord!

MAN CUSTOMER: What's the matter, young man -- are you ill?

WOMAN CUSTOMER: Oh, Harry, look -- (SCREAMS)

CUNNINGHAM: (FADES IN RAPIDLY) Shut up, you! Keep your trap closed, lady, and keep your hands up!

MAN CUSTOMER: See here! You can't ---

CUNNINGHAM: (BUSINESSLIKE) Ralini, we can't waste time. Get this mugg!

RALINI: (FADES IN QUICKLY) Close-a your face, guy.

MAN CUSTOMER: Wait a minute -- for the love of --

RALINI: All right! You ask-a for it---

(SOUND OF HEAVY BLOW AND FALL)

(WOMAN SCREAMS)

(BACKGROUND REACTION)

CUNNINGHAM: (TENSE) Now, quiet -- quiet, everybody! I don't want no more noise, see?

(HE GETS COMPLETE SILENCE)

Joe, first take care of the clerk!

JOE: Yeah, boss,

CLERK: Oh, please, listen --

JOE: Shut your face.
(CLINK OF HANDCUFFS)
I got a pair of bracelets for you, guy.

CUNNINGHAM: Throw him on the floor. Tape his mugg so he can't holler. And if he tries to argue, kick his face in.

JOE: Yeah -- get down there, you!
(THUD AND SMOTHERED EXCLAMATION AS CLERK IS TOSSED BEHIND COUNTER)

CUNNINGHAM: All right, Ralini? You tendin' to business? Never mind that green stuff -- grab the diamonds!

RALINI: I already got 'em, Pretty Boy! They're beautiful!

JOE: Hey, chief, look at the crowd around the door there! How we goin' to get out?

CUNNINGHAM: I'll show ya! This'll flatten 'em!
(FIRES VOLLEY OF REVOLVER SHOTS)
(PEOPLE SCREAM AND GASP)
Ah! See that! Six shots in the ceiling and they're outta the way. All right, Ralini?

RALINI: I got all-a de diamonds, chief.

CUNNINGHAM: That's the boys. Come on now -- all at once -- all of us --

JOE: Where to, boss? Where we goin' for the getaway?

CUNNINGHAM: (AS HE FADES) Where we goin'? We're goin' for a ride -- right -- up the middle -- of Fifth Avenue! Show some speed!
(POWERFUL AUTO ENGINE STARTS AND RUNS RAPIDLY. KLAXON HORN WIDE OPEN. FADES OUT.)

ATX01 0188632

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XIX

"OUT OF TOWN GANG"

PART II

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE
CARS.....STAND BY....."OUT OF TOWN GANG.....
NEW YORK DETECTIVES AND MACK.....FOLLOW TRAIL
OF JEWEL ROBBERS.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC
CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO OFFICE OF
DETECTIVE BARRY RUDD.....POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....
NEW YORK.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

MACK: Well, Barry, that's a funny one.

BARRY: Yes, it is rather. It begins to look like your identification case of the body in the Advent Churchyard and the jewel job are connected, all right, Mack.

MACK: I wish we had more of a line on this Tim Garrett.

BARRY: Well, let's see, Get out that notebook of yours and have a look at what we've already turned up.

MACK: All right. First thing is, fingerprints from the dead man are the same as prints taken after the hold-up of the Van Lieu jewelry store.

BARRY: Exactly -- so this dead man must have been a member of the stickup gang we're looking for.

MACK: And I'll bet he --

BARRY: Hold on a minute, Mack. We know this dead man's name is Tim Garrett and we've just received a stray indication, he comes from Baltimore. There may be something to my theory that the jewelry store mob is from out of town.

MACK: Well sure -- so why don't we go right to the Rogue's Gallery and --

BARRY: (INTERRUPTING) There's no hurry, Mack. Take it easy -- don't get all hot and bothered.

MACK: Well, what's on your mind, Barry?

BARRY: I want to talk to Detective McCormick from Baltimore.

MACK: McCormick? Is he in town?

BARRY: Yep, looking for that Pretty Boy Cunningham who broke jail and murdered a guard down there.

MACK: Well, what about it? That just sounds like routine stuff to me.

BARRY: He might be interested in this Tim Barrett, Mack.
Anyway, it's an angle we ought to cover.

(DOOR IS OPENED)

MACK: Well, after all, Barry, we're not working on a Baltimore
jail break. The case we've been assigned to is right
here in New York.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

McCORMICK: (FADES IN) Hello, boys.

MACK: Why -- hello, Sam. We were just talking about you.

McCORMICK: What have you got for me, Barry?

BARRY: McCormick, do you know anything about a man named
Tim Garrett?

McCORMICK: Sure. We know him. Tough.

BARRY: Then you'll be interested to hear that he was killed
the other night.

McCORMICK: (INTERESTED) Here in New York?

BARRY: Right. Cards and a letter found on the body gave us
the name. Now the reason we're interested in Garrett
is that we've connected him with the mob that's been
getting away with these daylight jewel robberies.

McCORMICK: Where's the connecting link, Barry?

BARRY: In a general check-up it turned out that his finger-
prints were the same as a set we uncovered in one of
the robbed jewelry stores.

McCORMICK: Say -- you boys are doing all right. How'd you know
he came from my town?

BARRY: Routine, Sam, as Mack calls it. Abandoned automobile
reported by the Traffic Squad. When they went through
the car they found a certificate of ownership in the
name of Tim Garrett, of Baltimore. It seemed like more
than a coincidence.

McCORMICK: You found a car, you say?

MACK: Sure. What about it?

McCORMICK: But -- what did you do with it?

BARRY: We're just letting it sit right where it was. We figure some one may try to drive it off. Whoever it is, we'll want to talk to.

McCORMICK: Barry, listen -- you've got to move fast! You've got to keep on your toes!

BARRY: Why is that, Sam?

McCORMICK: Listen! The guy I'm after -- Pretty Boy Cunningham, the murderer -- was Garrett's buddy back in Baltimore. Why, Garrett was Cunningham's right-hand man for years before the Big Shot went to prison.

BARRY: (TENSE) You're sure of that, McCormick?

McCORMICK: Absolutely!

BARRY: All right, Mack. It means there's a good chance that Pretty Boy Cunningham is in on our own jewelry mob! A bold resourceful crook, smart enough to get out of jail and cover his tracks -- organizes a new mob and tries to ruin the jewelry business in the whole city of New York. Huh! I'll say he's a Pretty Boy.

McCORMICK: Sure, sure, Barry -- but we've got to get to that car, and watch it -- all the apartment houses and hotels nearby, too!

BARRY: Don't worry, Sam. Keep your shirt on. We've been watching that car night and day ever since it was spotted. When the break comes -- if it comes -- and we'll be on hand as soon as anybody.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT.

2. TRAFFIC NOISE - FADES OUT.

IRENE: They're still there, Charley. Two men.

CUNNINGHAM: Well, I can't run 'em off the street, can I?

IRENE: I'm nervous.

CUNNINGHAM: Well, there's no reason to be, Irene.

IRENE: But those men....just standing there.

CUNNINGHAM: All right, so they're cops. So what? They don't know where I live.

IRENE: Oh, why doesn't Tim come back and take his car away?

CUNNINGHAM: Oh, it's the car that worries you, eh?

IRENE: You're not allowed to leave automobiles around in the street, Charley -- and something like that might just attract their attention. I mean, the police.

CUNNINGHAM: You think Tim stole that car? Well, he didn't. He paid out good dough for it. He's gone off somewhere -- and left it in the street. All right, that's his worry.

IRENE: I wish it wasn't there.

CUNNINGHAM: All right -- I'll take it away.

IRENE: Oh, no -- don't go near it, Charley. Please -- you've got to be careful.

CUNNINGHAM: (BLUSTERING) Oh, for Pete's sake. I've made this town roll over and play dead. There's nothing you could think of I couldn't get for you. So why don't you stop blubbering about "being careful!" If I'd been careful, would I be where I am? Better ask the guard that tried to stop me breaking out of the can! Better ask Tim -- (BREAKS OFF SHORT) Never mind. Just don't get in my hair.

IRENE: (BEGINNING TO WEEP) Charley, let's not go anywhere tonight. Let's just ----

CUNNINGHAM: (CALLOUSLY) Ah, turn off the water-works. Listen. I'm going to roll that buggy out of the street -- if it is collecting cops I don't want it in my front yard.

IRENE: And you'll get rid of it?

CUNNINGHAM: I'll say I will. Ralini and me will take it down to the Chanticleer, park it outside, pass the word to the boys -- and when we come out -- there'll be a nice new car waiting at the curb.

IRENE: And you will be --

CUNNINGHAM: Ye-es, I'll be careful. (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) So long, Baby -- next time we go for a drive we'll look like an ad from the auto show.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR DRIVING THROUGH TRAFFIC.
2. STREET NOISES.

MACK: Doggone it, Barry -- I wish I could do something.

BARRY: You can wait. That's what we've both got to do.

MACK: If I could just punch somebody in the jaw it would be a relief.

BARRY: Calm down, Mack. If you crave action you'll get plenty before this job's done.

MACK: But look, Barry -- why can't we just go right through those apartment hotels on the street where the car's sitting? I'll bet we'd turn up this Pretty Boy in one of 'em.

BARRY: No, we can't start a wholesale search. First place, it's unfair to innocent citizens, and second place, it would be a dead tip-off to Pretty Boy. We've just got to wait.

MACK: How long?

BARRY: Say, am I going to have to get you a jigsaw puzzle?

MACK: Jigsaw puzzle!

BARRY: You know as well as I do, Mack, that one of the big parts of crime detection is covering the criminal and letting him make the next move. Cunningham won't stay quiet much longer. It's not in his nature.

MACK: Well, he'll stay quiet for a long time if I ever find him.

(TELE PHONE RINGS)

BARRY: I'll take it.

(LIFTS RECEIVER)

(SLIGHTLY OFF AS HE TALKS INTO PHONE)

Detective Rudd speaking. Oh, hello, Officer Malone. Yes. You don't say so? Good. Stand by till Mack and I get there. Right.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

All right. They've come out of cover!

MACK: The Pretty Boy?

BARRY: In person. Our men spotted him and one of his gangsters getting into the abandoned car. Trailed 'em to the Chanticleer night club on West 53rd Street. Pretty Boy and his pal are in there now.

MACK: But we can't just walk in there! We'd be spotted in a minute by the doorman, and he'd pass the word upstairs so that Cunningham could get away.

BARRY: We won't just walk in -- we'll wait outside.

MACK: (GROANS) More waiting!

BARRY: (CHEERFUL) Yes, even if it takes all night! Come on, Mack. We're going to see a little night life -- from the outside!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT.
2. TRAFFIC NOISE.
3. DANCE MUSIC AS PLAYED IN NIGHT CLUB - SMALL ORCHESTRA BACKGROUND.

RALINI: (FADES IN ON LAUGH)sure, that's-a right, boss. You make them all look sick.

CUNNINGHAM: Stick with me Ralini and there's no telling how far we'll go. And just as long as you remember who's boss, you'll have no trouble.

RALINI: Sure, I know who's the boss -- it's you.

CUNNINGHAM: That's the kid. Nos you see why they call me Pretty Boy. I always treated you pretty, didn't I,

RALINI: Sure, boss. Say -- what's-a the manager want?

MANAGER: (FADES IN) We took care of that matter for you, Mr. Cunningham.

CUNNINGHAM: What did you get me?

MANAGER: Eight-cylinder job.

CUNNINGHAM: Hear that, Ralini?

RALINI: Sure -- that's good.

CUNNINGHAM: How about the other car?

MANAGER: The boys took it.

CUNNINGHAM: To the river, eh?

MANAGER: Something like that. I wouldn't know. You don't need to worry, that's all I was told to say.

CUNNINGHAM: O.K., Tod. I'm not putting you on the pan. Where'll I find the new one?

MANAGER: Right by the front door, Mister Cunningham. You can't miss, Battleship grey and almost big as the whole navy.

CUNNINGHAM: (CHUCKLES) You can manager more things than nightclubs, Tod. And would you believe it -- my wife was worried about that other car! (LAUGHS) I think we'll have some wine, Ralini.

MANAGER: Sure thing, Mr. Cunningham. Coming right up. Waiter -- here----

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MUSIC FADES OUT.
2. DOOR IS SHUT.
3. STREET NOISES.

VOICE: Good night, Mr. Cunningham. That's your car -- right there at the curb.

CUNNINGHAM: Thanks. Get in, Ralini -- I'll take you for a little spin around the park before breakfast.

RALINI: That's a good idea, boss.
(HEAVY AUTOMOBILE DOOR IS OPENED.)

CUNNINGHAM: Let me get myself back of this wheel. (MAKES EFFORT)
Oke.
(DOOR IS SLAMMED)

CUNNINGHAM: What a bus this is. Got more nickle and glass than a barber shop.

(STARTS ENGINE - VERY POWERFUL SOUND.)

(CUT-OUT EFFECT IF DESIRED AND PRACTICABLE)

Get that instrument board, Ralini. Class, eh?

RALINI: Say, boss -- take a look in that mirror there!

CUNNINGHAM: Ain't it a peach? Oh -- I get what you mean. Those are cops! And that's a police car, right across the street!

(SOUND - BIG CAR STARTED VIOLENTLY & SUDDENLY)

RALINI: What we do, Chief?

(SIREN COMES IN ALMOST IMMEDIATELY IN BACKGROUND)

CUNNINGHAM: Hang on! We'll run away from 'em! Unlimber your gun!

RALINI: Yeah, if I don't fall outta thees car! Santa Maria! That's-a red light there, Pretty Boy!

CUNNINGHAM: The devil with it!

(POLICE WHISTLE)

We made it!

(SHOTS IN BACKGROUND)

RALINI: That traffic cop he's a start to shoot!

CUNNINGHAM: How about the ones in the car?

RALINI: They're driving like crazy. They're gettin' close.

CUNNINGHAM: Well what's your gun for, dummy? Dust 'em off -- dust 'em off!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

RALINI: Look out -- that cross-street! (GASPS)

(TIRES SCREECH ON ASPHALT AS CAR SKIDS. BURST OF KLAXON TOOTING. SHOUTS.)

What's-a matter, Pretty Boy? You gone nuts?

CUNNINGHAM: Whadya mean? I pulled around the corner. Makin' that turn ought to throw the cops way behind.

RALINI: Don't do so good. They turn too --

CUNNINGHAM: Yeah? Well, here's where we run for it!

(ENGINE NOISE HIGHER)

That's all she'll do!

(POLICE TRAFFIC WHISTLES & SHOUTS)

RALINI: Look where you're drivin'! -You kill us both! For God's sake!

CUNNINGHAM: They're coming alongside. Duck Ralini! I'm going to skid her sideways!

(SHRIEKING OF BRAKES)

MACK: (SHOUTING) Stop that car -- pull it up there!

BARRY: (OFF) Pull up, boys, or we'll run you right into the curb!

(BRAKES SHRIEK AGAIN)

(MODERATELY HEAVY CRASH)

(ENGINE & SIREN EFFECTS STOP.)

CUNNINGHAM: We'll have to shoot it out, Ralini -- that cop's car was too fast.

RALINI: Don't put up fight, Pretty Boy! We be killed!

CUNNINGHAM: Stand up and shoot, you rat!

MACK: (OFF, GETTING CLOSER) Throw down those guns, you two! Drop 'em!

CUNNINGHAM: Come and get 'em!

BARRY: (ALSO COMING IN) Look out for Cunningham, Mack! He's going to shoot.

MACK: Oh yeah? Try that on your piano, punk!

(BURST OF REVOLVER FIRE)

ATX01 0188644

RALINI: Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

MACK: All right, drop that rod!

RALINI: There she is -- there she is!

BARRY: (STRUGGLING) Give me your gun, Cunningham! Let me have it!

MACK: Lock out, Barry!

(SOUND OF BLOW AND GROAN FROM CUNNINGHAM)

MACK: Attaboy! Right on the jaw!

BARRY: Here, Mack, quickly. Get those revolvers.

MACK: O.K. Right with you.

BARRY: Cunningham's coming to again. Let's get the handcuffs on both of them right away.

MACK: Come on, you. All right, Cunningham, stick your mitts out. From what I hear, you boys are interested in handcuffs!

CUNNINGHAM: (GETTING BREATH) Yeah? How long do you guys think they'll stay on me?

BARRY: Long enough to get you to headquarters, Cunningham, Don't worry about that.

CUNNINGHAM: Headquarters!

BARRY: (EASILY) Oh, we won't keep you there, Pretty Boy, we won't keep you there. All we're going to do is send you back to Baltimore and you can figure out for yourself what's going to happen to you.

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: CHARLES CUNNINGHAM RETURNED TO MARYLAND....TRIED
FOR MURDER OF PRISON GUARD.....CONVICTED....HANGED.
.....OTHER MEMBERS OF GANG.....ROUNDED UP BY
POLICE.....NOW SERVING PRISON SENTENCES.....

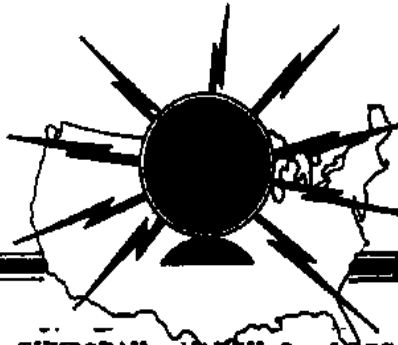
(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
3/4/33

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, MARCH 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....

Tonight we again welcome his modesty the Baron Munchausen.....but first we'll hear from Al Goodman and his Orchestra, celebrated for his many musical comedy successes. With him tonight are Jean Sargent, Grace and Charley Herbert, Robert Rains and a chorus of mixed voices. Mr. Goodman's first group includes -- (TITLES)

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

ATX01 0188647

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al Goodman, those melodies were great.

It's like the symbol of quality on sterling silver - that little circle on your cigarette with the words "LUCKY STRIKE" inside.. That is a symbol of tobacco quality the world over - it stands for a perfect, balanced blend of the finest tobaccos grown.... tobaccos that have a unique character, a delightful flavor that is enriched and made deliciously mellow-mild by "TOASTING".....A cigarette with that symbol of quality - LUCKY STRIKE - upon it, is always pleasant company, for in every fragrant puff - "LUCKIES, PLEASE!"

Now the Baron is waiting to say a word or two. In recounting his various adventures, the Baron has always attempted to marshal the facts carefully, and get down to the TRUE value of things in such a way that these little Thursday night lectures may be, not only interesting, but genuinely instructive.....so it is very fitting tonight that he discusses a problem of great interest to each and every one of you.....it is entitled "You and Your Income Tax." Ladies and gentlemen, that renowned authority and old Income Tax expert.....the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "INCOME TAX")

ATX01 0188648

HOWARD CLANEY:

Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave us to return a little later in the program.....and now let's turn our attention to Al Goodman and his musical troupe, who play for us this time --(TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's fine Al Goodman, thanks. We'll call on you again in just a moment.

To that sunny beach at Biarritz, gay, cosmopolitan travelers come from all over the world.....And here you will find happy people reveling in the sun. There's a striking picture in your newspaper today of a smart, fashionable couple at Biarritz. How aptly this picture is entitled "LUCKIES Please!" For in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please." LUCKIES have character..... LUCKIES are mild. And there's a reason for both -- the Cream of the Crop made pure and delicious, because "IT'S TOASTED." No wonder, the whole world over, you'll hear that happy phrase, "LUCKIES Please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here is Al Goodman to take you into the captivating rhythms of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

All right, Al, now you can lay aside your baton and listen with the rest of us to the Baron Munchausen. When the Baron started to talk tonight it was his intention to tell us the proper procedure in filing an Income Tax....and then he met Sharlie. Now the Baron has a few difficulties of his own....but nothing has ever stopped him yet....so let's find out how he is getting along. Here he is....his royal modesty....the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART - "INCOME TAX")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That climaxes another episode in the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen. Next week at this time, he will be back with us again to fill Mr. LUCKY STRIKE'S prescription, by giving America that darn good laugh they needed so much. But there is still a full evening ahead for the rest of us while Al Goodman plays -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks very much Al Goodman, it's tunes like those help make life worth living.

LUCKIES offer you distinctive character -- tempting flavor and the full, smooth quality of the finest tobaccos. But more than that! As millions know -- "IT'S TOASTED."....the famous process that makes LUCKIES deliciously mellow-mild. That is why, when folks ask for a cigarette, they say "LUCKIES, Please."....And when they smoke that LUCKY, they say with delight, "LUCKIES Please!"

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

May we say a word here about our program for Tuesday.....on that night we'll dramatize another thrilling case from the files of the New York City Police Department.....also on that program Ted Weems and his orchestra will provide the dance music.....all of which brings us back to Al Goodman and his orchestra.....Al is on the director's stand now and he is ready to begin with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That, my friends, concludes another LUCKY STRIKE Hour.....on Tuesday we will present in the Magic Carpet Theatre, a case taken from the official records of the New York Police Department.....and the music of Ted Weems and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra.

So until Tuesday then.....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
3/9/33

ATX01 0188652

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXVII

"INCOME TAX"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 9, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXVII

"I N C O M E T A X"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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ATX01 0188654

"THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXVII

"I N C O M E T A X"

PART I

CHARLEY: What in the world is that big package you're carrying,
Baron?

BARON: Sand paper.

CHARLEY: Sand paper?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What are you going to do with all that sand paper?

BARON: File my income tax.

CHARLEY: File your income tax?

BARON: Sure --- you see the fifteenth is the final fig.

CHARLEY: The final fig?

BARON: (LAUGH) The last date.

CHARLEY: Quite true.

BARON: And I got to fix up my excursion.

CHARLEY: Your excursion!

BARON: Round trip -- My come back.

CHARLEY: Do you mean your return?

BARON: That's it! My return!

CHARLEY: Have you got it computed?

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: Have you calculated, itemized and enumerated compensations
you received, and deducted therefrom allowable
expenditures and other exemptions?

ATX01 0188655

BARON:Here we go!

CHARLEY: Did you make it out?

BARON: Make it out? (LAUGH) I can't even make it in! It's like a jigsaw puzzle with pieces missing.

CHARLEY: What do you mean?

BARON: I can't get it to fit! It's driving me naily.

CHARLEY: Driving you naily?

BARON: Tacky.

CHARLEY: Tacky?

BARON: Screwy! I'm going bolts! I'm --

CHARLEY: Just a moment! Did I hear you say you were going bolts?

BARON: Was you listening?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Then you heard it.

CHARLEY: But I don't understand it.

BARON: Is it my fault you're dumb.

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, explain what you mean by saying you're going bolts?

BARON: What is on the end of a bolt?

CHARLEY: A nut.

BARON: That's what I'm going!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Nuts!

CHARLEY: Do you want me to help you out?

BARON: Help me out? (LAUGH) Help me in!

CHARLEY: Very well -- Where is your income tax return blank?

BARON: In my pocket.

CHARLEY: Is it individual?

BARON: It's a -----I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: I said is it individual?
BARON: No ---- it's in my pocket.
CHARLEY: I mean is it an individual or a joint return?
BARON: Please-----I got nothing to do with joints!
CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but when I said a joint return, -
I wasn't referring to a disreputable, despicable
establishment.
BARON: (LAUGH) -----as if I didn't have enough trouble!
CHARLEY: I'll make it plainer -- is this your own personal
return or does it include your wife?
BARON: My wife includes herself in everything.
CHARLEY: I mean a joint return of husband and wife. Has the
Baroness an income?
BARON: No -- with her it's all outgo.
CHARLEY: Were you living with your wife on the last day of
your taxable period?
BARON: Yes and no.
CHARLEY: What do you mean "yes and no?"
BARON: There's no living with that woman.
CHARLEY: Where are your records?
BARON: In my phonograph.
CHARLEY: I mean your books, you keep books, don't you?
BARON: No sir -- when I borrow a book I return it.
CHARLEY: I mean accounting books, a day book, cash book,
ledger?
BARON: No sir.
CHARLEY: You have no books?
BARON: Only one.
CHARLEY: What is it?

BARON: The telephone book.

CHARLEY: You evidently are not well versed in mathematics?

BARON: Who's talking about singing?

CHARLEY: No. No! Mathematics - for instance suppose you lent me one hundred dollars and I promised to pay you back ten dollars a week - how much would I have given you at the end of a month?

BARON: Nothing!

CHARLEY: Please, Baron - that isn't fair. You don't seem to know the fundamentals of arithmetic.

BARON: Maybe not, but -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: But what?

BARON: I know you.

CHARLEY: I resent that, Baron. I never cheated you out of one cent.

BARON: I'm only fooling, Sharley. You are as honest as the day is long.

CHARLEY: You bet I am.

BARON: Did you notice how short the days are lately?

CHARLEY: This isn't getting your income return out -- tell me what is your income?

BARON: About four o'clock in the morning.

CHARLEY: No, Baron -- I mean your financial income. How much money did you make in 1933?

BARON: Let me see -- two, eight, four, ten, one, three, seven, eleven -- Sixty million dollars!

CHARLEY: Sixty million dollars? You're going to pay a terrific tax.

BARON: No!

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON: So my income was a dollar and a quarter.

CHARLEY: Now, look here, Baron - before we go any further - the answers on this return must be the truth and nothing but the truth.

BARON: You don't think I would tell a fib, Sharley, do you?

CHARLEY: Oh no -- certainly not. I know for a fact you are another D.C.

BARON: D.C?

CHARLEY: Washington.

BARON: -----please! The Baron makes the funny answers.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron. Let's return to your return.

BARON: Sure I-----that's another funny answer.

CHARLEY: You must have it made out and turn it in or you'll be down at the Collector's office on the fifteenth standing in line -- in single file.

BARON: I couldn't stand in single file.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I'm married.

CHARLEY: Will you please stop punning and get down to cases?

BARON: Sure -- how much a case?

CHARLEY: Now listen, Baron -- do you want me to help you or not?

BARON: (LAUGH) Why not?

CHARLEY: What was your gross income for 1933?

BARON: Sixty million dollars.

CHARLEY: Sixty million dollars?

BARON: And forty two cents.

CHARLEY: Sixty million dollars and forty two cents. What was your net income?

BARON: -----Could I have another portion?

CHARLEY: I said what was your net income?

BARON: Net income?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Well, one day I got five thousand mackerals, four hundred sea bass, eight hundred flounders --

CHARLEY: Wait! Wait! What in the world are you talking about?

BARON: My net income! I ketched the fish in my net.

CHARLEY: Will you please understand? Your net income is the amount of money left after your expenses have been paid.

BARON: Oh -- that small thing.

CHARLEY: Small thing?

BARON: Sure -----all I had left was zeventy five cents.

CHARLEY: I can't believe it.

BARON: You can't believe anything.

CHARLEY: What became of your money?

BARON: Well -- a lot went for entertaining.

CHARLEY: Entertaining?

BARON: Yes -- for instance, one day, one week, for two months last year, I was --

CHARLEY: Whoa! ---- Let's get this straightened out.

BARON: Is something crooked?

CHARLEY: Maybe not crooked, but something is badly bent.

BARON: That's it!

CHARLEY: That's what?

BARON: I was on pleasure bent!

CHARLEY: What were you doing?

BARON: I invited four hundred friends to a fox hunt.

CHARLEY: Were you hunting with dogs?

BARON: I was ---- please don't insult my friends.

CHARLEY: I mean did you use dogs to track the fox?

BARON: No sir -- a feller once told me it takes a fox to catch a fox.

CHARLEY: That's an old saying.

BARON: Sure -- so I got my father and ----

CHARLEY: Your father?

BARON: Yes-----he's a sly old fox --

CHARLEY: A sly old fox.

BARON: Foxy -- he's so foxy he invented a dance.

CHARLEY: A dance?

BARON: Sure -- the fox trot. He was --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron -- if we continue this way you'll never get your return in -- and do you know where you'll land?

BARON: Sure -- in Pacifa.

CHARLEY: Pacifa?

BARON: (LAUGH) Atlanta.

CHARLEY: Yes sir -- in the Federal Prison at Atlanta.

BARON: In a buy.

CHARLEY: A buy?

BARON: A cell.

CHARLEY: Baron, I don't mind telling you that you're driving me frantic with your incoherentsy.

BARON: -----What came up?

CHARLEY: Your rambling and illogical conversation has me in a ferment, a mental tempest, I'm going berserker.

BARON: Get two tickets and I'll go with you.

CHARLEY: Oh, what's the use?

BARON: Also I had expenses when I was down in Palm Beach.

CHARLEY: Palm Beach -- on business?

BARON: Yes sir --

CHARLEY: What was the source of this expense?

BARON: Apple.

CHARLEY: Apple?

BARON: Sure -- apple sauce. I didn't make any money.

CHARLEY: No money?

BARON: Not a tickle -- for two years I was lying under the palms.

CHARLEY: You were lying under the palms.

BARON: Yes sir I-----I was sitting in a chair.

CHARLEY: You were sitting in a chair under the palms?

BARON: Yes -- those were the palmy days.

CHARLEY: Didn't any profits accrue from this investment?

BARON: -----could you back fire?

CHARLEY: Didn't any profits accrue?

BARON: Sure, they got it on my yacht.

CHARLEY: Who got it on your yacht?

BARON: The crew.

CHARLEY: That's a deduction.

BARON: -----what kind of a duck?

CHARLEY: That comes under the head of salary and salary is a deduction.

BARON: No sir.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, no sir?

BARON: Salary is a vegetable.

CHARLEY: That's celery! Celery is a vegetable.

BARON: So is cabbage.

CHARLEY: Evidently you made a cruise on your yacht.

BARON: Sure. I went to sing a foot.

CHARLEY: Sing a foot?

BARON: (LAUGH) Singapore.

CHARLEY: Was that a business trip?

BARON: Yes, I went there to get monkeys.

CHARLEY: Monkeys. Well, what have monkeys to do with business?

BARON: Monkey business.

CHARLEY: What did you want monkeys for?

BARON: I wanted to get monkey glands.

CHARLEY: Monkey glands? What for?

BARON: To build up that station in New York.

CHARLEY: What station?

BARON: The Gland Central Station.

CHARLEY: Baron, you are bearing me down.

BARON: Stick around, Sharley, and I'll lift you up.

CHARLEY: What did that trip cost you?

BARON: More than you would believe.

CHARLEY: I believe it.

BARON: Thank goodness for that.

CHARLEY: Well, whatever it was that's a deduction. We're certainly making a lot of headway with your income tax return.

BARON: Let's turn it upside down.

CHARLEY: Turn it upside down?

BARON: Yes -- and get to the bottom.

CHARLEY: Very well -- we'll start all over. First we'll take your dependents -- how many dependents have you?

BARON: One.

CHARLEY: One?

BARON: Yes, my belt.

CHARLEY: Your belt isn't a dependent.

BARON: Is that so? What do you think my pants depend on?

CHARLEY: I mean people who look to you for support.

BARON: Oh -- grafters!

CHARLEY: Relatives!

BARON: (LAUGH) The same thing!

CHARLEY: Do they depend upon you through force of mental or physical defect?

BARON: Through force of habit.

CHARLEY: I see -- it's a charity.

BARON: It's a nuisance.

CHARLEY: Have you any children?

BARON: Why not?

CHARLEY: Are they minors?

BARON: No -- salesmen.

CHARLEY: I mean are they under age?

BARON: One is under age and the other one is -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: The other one is what?

BARON: Under arrest!

CHARLEY: Under arrest? What for?

BARON: He stuck up a bank.

CHARLEY: Stuck up a bank?

BARON: Yes sir -- he was driving a truck and backed it into the front door.

CHARLEY: Backing a truck into a bank doesn't constitute a stick-up job.

BARON: This one did.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: The truck was loaded with glue!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) I'll have to give you credit for that one.

BARON: For the glue?

CHARLEY: Yes -- it's a sticker.

BARON: (LAUGH) The feeling is mucilage.

CHARLEY: Besides your children and relatives, Baron, have you any other dependents?

BARON: One.

CHARLEY: One?

BARON: Sure - it's hanging on my wife's neck.

CHARLEY: What's hanging on your wife's neck?

BARON: De-pendant.

CHARLEY: I'm not even going to stop to argue about that one.

BARON: (LAUGH) -- Keep going.

CHARLEY: Have you any bad debts?

BARON: Only one.

CHARLEY: One?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Does he owe you money?

BARON: He owes me more as money - he owes me his life.

CHARLEY: How come?

BARON: For what he said down at Atlantic City last summer - when they was holding the bathing beauty contest.

CHARLEY: What did he say?

BARON: Some one asked him "How do you like bathing beauties?"

CHARLEY: Some one asked him how he liked bathing beauties?

BARON: Yes-----and he said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What did he say?
BARON: He said -- (LAUGH) this will hardwood you.
CHARLEY: Hardwood me?
BARON: Parquet you.
CHARLEY: Parquet me -- what are you trying to say?
BARON: Floor you!
CHARLEY: Oh, come on -- tell me -- what did Hugo say when they
asked him if he liked bathing beauties?
BARON: He said----
CHARLEY: What?
BARON: I don't know -- I never bathed any!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXVII

"I N C O M E T A X"

PART II

CHARLEY: Did I understand you to say you did not pay your 1931 income tax, Baron?

BARON: No sir -- you see I took a trip to the old country.

CHARLEY: Did you make a return?

BARON: Sure -- but not on the same ship.

CHARLEY: I mean did you make a return before you left or did you wait until you came back to make your return?

BARON: I was-----Are you starting something?

CHARLEY: No, I just want to know if you made your return or not.

BARON: Am I here?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So I must have made my return, ain't it?

CHARLEY: I might have known - because income tax deputies at the pier are under orders not to let any one leave the country without first making their return. Many people think they can make their return when they return whereas they must make their return before they leave.

BARON: (LAUGH) What a delicious night for a murder!

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! Something just struck me!

BARON: Not just -- but you can expect it!

CHARLEY: You're talking about your return from abroad and I'm talking about your income tax return -- I'm sorry --

BARON: That's all right, Sharley - one good return deserves another.

CHARLEY: Getting back to your current income tax return ----- did you receive any royalty?

BARON: Sure-----Kings and queens used to come to my house every day.

CHARLEY: No, no! I mean royalty from books, plays, patents, inventions and so forth.

BARON: Yes, sir. From one invention I got zeventy nine thousand dollars.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: An automobile that goes zix hundred miles an hour.

CHARLEY: Are you going to stand there and ask me to believe that?

BARON: Where would you like me to stand to ask you to believe it?

CHARLEY: I wouldn't believe it no matter where you were standing.

BARON: Would you believe it if I was sitting?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Would you believe it if I was lying?

CHARLEY: You are!

BARON: -----What an accident you could meet with?

CHARLEY: You can't tell me an automobile can attain a speed of six hundred miles an hour.

BARON: Is that so? Well it can go even faster.

CHARLEY: What in the world kind of a motor has it got?
BARON: It hasn't got any motor.
CHARLEY: No motor?
BARON: No, sir.
CHARLEY: What makes it go?
BARON: (LAUGH) I often wonder.
CHARLEY: Let it go.
BARON: (LAUGH) Try and stop it.
CHARLEY: Any income from rents?
BARON: Just a little.
CHARLEY: How much?
BARON: Ninety four thousand dollars.
CHARLEY: That's a lot.
BARON: No - house -- a repent house.
CHARLEY: You mean a pent house.
BARON: Same thing.
CHARLEY: Same thing?
BARON: Sure --- when you rent a pent house and pay the rent
you repent the rent of the pent - rent - and the rent
for the bent, sent -- it was a basement.
CHARLEY: A basement?
BARON: Yes -- a pent house with broken arches.
CHARLEY: Did you receive any bonuses?
BARON: Every week I got them in my zup.
CHARLEY: Every week you got what in your soup?
BARON: Zup bonus.
CHARLEY: I'm talking about a gratuity, a gift! A gift!
BARON: Sure -- the cook gift 'em to me. One day he gift me
a bone what weighed twenty two pounds and I-----
CHARLEY: Please, Baron -- drop it.

BARON: I did -- and my dog got it -- and when the dog got
the bone -

CHARLEY: Will you please stop talking about the bone?

BARON: You don't want to hear about the bone?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: All right -- I won't make any bones about it.

CHARLEY: Let's see about your other deductions. Did you pay
any interest?

BARON: No -- I never pay interest.

CHARLEY: You never pay interest?

BARON: Not even to your conversation.

CHARLEY: Then I'd rather stop talking.

BARON: (LAUGH) If you stop talking -- you'll stop eating.

CHARLEY: What was your overhead expense?

BARON: Thirty one thousand dollars.

CHARLEY: That's a big overhead - What was it for?

BARON: Balloons.

CHARLEY: Balloons? What did you do with balloons?

BARON: Raise prices. But I cut the balloons out.

CHARLEY: You cut the balloons out?

BARON: Yes ---After you use them awhile balloon tires --
(LAUGH) Get it?

CHARLEY: Yes, I got it. Any other expense?

BARON: Yes -- carbolic.

CHARLEY: Carbolic? What in the name of common sense is
carbolic expense?

BARON: Poisonal.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron! I won't swallow that.

BARON: I hope not.

CHARLEY: Did you have any losses?
BARON: Plenty.
CHARLEY: What were your losses?
BARON: Mother-in-laws, sister-in-laws, my, son-in-laws --
CHARLEY: No, no -- hold on! I mean financial losses. Did you invest money and lose it?
BARON: Yes sir -- zix hundred dollars.
CHARLEY: How did this happen?
BARON: I sent a suit to be dry cleaned.
CHARLEY: You sent a suit to be dry cleaned?
BARON: Yes -- and the zix hundred dollars was in the suit and I didn't get it back.
CHARLEY: How do you figure that money invested?
BARON: Because it was in the vest.
CHARLEY: Baron -- of all the tales you've told that is the best.
BARON: No -- no vest! That tailor was a smart man.
CHARLEY: Why was the tailor a smart man?
BARON: Because he owed a lot of money and now they can't find him.
CHARLEY: Why not?
BARON: I left zeventeen pairs of pants in the place to be pressed.
CHARLEY: Seventeen pairs of pants.
BARON: Yes and he took all the pants and set fire to them.
CHARLEY: Set fire to the pants?
BARON: Yes -- he burnt his breeches behind him.
CHARLEY: My word!
BARON: My pants!

CHARLEY: What other expenditures did you have?

BARON: Well - I traveled.

CHARLEY: On business?

BARON: No -- on trains.

CHARLEY: I mean was the traveling in connection with business?

BARON: Sure -- a man asked me to get him a trunk.

CHARLEY: A trunk?

BARON: Yes ---- so I took the train to India and I---

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron. You don't travel to India by rail -- you travel by boat.

BARON: I know, but the sea was very rough and I was on the rail all over.

CHARLEY: Why did you go to India for a trunk?

BARON: Because that's where there are elephants and they have the best trunks. When I got there I met a feller who was wearing a Concert Lizzie.

CHARLEY: A Concert Lizzie?

BARON: An Orchestra Mabel.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, before you go any further. Do you mean a bandana?

BARON: That's it! A bandana! We traveled for seventy eight months.

CHARLEY: How many months?

BARON: Four days. Then we found the rails of an elephant.

CHARLEY: The rails?

BARON: The tracks. We followed the tracks for sixteen weeks.

CHARLEY: How many weeks?

BARON: Again four days. The minute the elephant saw me he tried to run away.

CHARLEY: You shot him?

BARON: No. I picked up a club and hit him on the tail.

CHARLEY: You picked up a club and hit him on the tail?

BARON: Yes, that was the end of the elephant.

CHARLEY: That's a wow!

BARON: No, an elephant!

CHARLEY: How much did it cost you to get this elephant?

BARON: Ele-phant hundred dollars.

CHARLEY: Baron, you're driving me crazy.

BARON: (LAUGH) That happened long ago.

CHARLEY: You can't tell me that you poked up a club and killed an elephant by striking him on the tail. That would be an impossible feat. You can't make me believe it.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: NO, but your Cousin Hugo was and he told me you didn't do it.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't believe Hugo, he's a big fibber.

CHARLEY: I would like to take you up on that, Baron.

BARON: Not now - Later on you can be an elevator boy.

CHARLEY: What do you mean an elevator boy?

BARON: You can take me up.

CHARLEY: Let's forget about it. Did you give anything to charity?

BARON: You have no idea.

CHARLEY: What was it?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Will we ever get rid of your Cousin Hugo?
BARON: Never. He sticks like adhesive plaster.
CHARLEY: What do you mean like adhesive plaster?
BARON: He sticks till it hurts. Oh, wait, Sharley. I forgot to tell you I made some more money.
CHARLEY: How?
BARON: Selling holes.
CHARLEY: Selling holes?
BARON: Yes ---- to bakeries.
CHARLEY: What for?
BARON: For doughnuts.
CHARLEY: That's ridiculous, absurd. You can't sell holes for doughnuts.
BARON: You don't believe it?
CHARLEY: No, I do not.
BARON: So I sold the holes for buttons.
CHARLEY: I'm not going to argue with you.
BARON: Now you're showing change of a dollar.
CHARLEY: What?
BARON: Some sense.
CHARLEY: Before we go any further, Baron, I want to impress upon your mind that you will have to swear to these incomes and deductions.
BARON: I wouldn't.
CHARLEY: What do you mean you wouldn't?
BARON: I never swear.
CHARLEY: I mean you will have to go before a Notary to make it legal.
BARON: -----Could you push into me?

CHARLEY: I said to make it legal. You know what legal is, don't you?

BARON: Sure, the American National Bird.

CHARLEY: Will you please understand -- You'll have to make an affidavit.

BARON: After who?

CHARLEY: Not after who. An affidavit, a venue, an acknowledgment that the facts stated are not false or fraudulent -- but under oath are as asserted.

BARON: -----You're commencing at the finish.

CHARLEY: I'm afraid this is all beyond me. My adive is to put your income tax return in the hands of a C.P.A.

BARON: Could you please duplicate that?

CHARLEY: Surely, you know what a C.P.A. is?

BARON: Surs. Can't pay anything.

CHARLEY: You'll pay and like it.

BARON: I may pay but I won't like it. Besides I'll make my wife pay.

CHARLEY: Why make your wife pay?

BARON: Because the woman always pays.

CHARLEY: What's the use, Baron. This whole affair about your tax is making me sick.

BARON: It made my Cousin Hugo sick too.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: He's a collector.

CHARLEY: Does he collect income tax?

BARON: No, carpet tacks.

CHARLEY: Carpet tacks!

BARON: And finger tacks.

CHARLEY: Finger tacks?
BARON: Thumb tacks.
CHARLEY: Baron, you're taxing my nerves,
BARON: I'll see that you're paid for it. Anyhow the whole business made Hugo sick and he went to see an income doctor.
CHARLEY: What do you mean an income doctor?
BARON: A doctor who taxes his patients. And the doctor told Hugo to put a plaster on his chest.
CHARLEY: The doctor told Hugo to put a plaster on his chest?
BARON: Yes and -- (LAUGH)
CHARLEY: And what?
BARON: Sometimes I think Hugo is broken --
CHARLEY: What do you mean broken?
BARON: Cracked.
CHARLEY: What makes you say that?
BARON: Because when the doctor said put a plaster on your chest --
CHARLEY: Well, what did he say?
BARON: He said -- This will inflate you.
CHARLEY: Inflate me?
BARON: Blow you up.
CHARLEY: Well, come on, tell me Baron when the doctor told Hugo to put a plaster on his chest, what did he say?
BARON: He said, doctor I haven't got a chest will it be all the same if I put it on my trunk.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

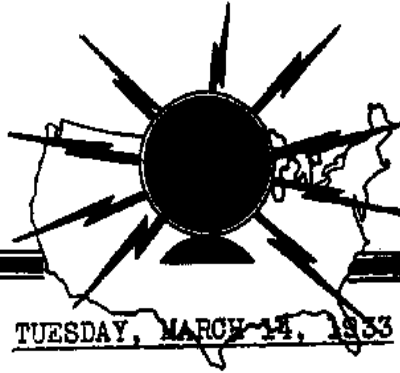
WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen****
3/8/33

ATXO1 0188676

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, MARCH 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 curtain rises in the Magic Carpet Theatre on a dramatization called the "Wayne Poison Case," taken direct from the official records of the New York Police Department.....and in just a few minutes we'll follow detectives Barry Rudd and Mack into the thrilling details of this fine example of crime detection...But first we're going to visit Ted Weems and his Orchestra from the Hotel Pennsylvania. Here's Ted now, all ready to play -- (TITLES)

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

ATX01 0188677

HOWARD CLANEY:

Always, on one's private list of things that please, the enjoyment of a mild and mellow LUCKY STRIKE stands high...for always, in LUCKIES, you'll find the fine character of choice tobaccos... And always, you will find the delicious mellow-mildness that LUCKY STRIKE imparts by its famous "TOASTING" Process. That's why, whenever fastidious smokers get together, it's always "LUCKIES Please!"

Now we're in the Magic Carpet Theatre for the first act of the "Wayne Poison Case."...the footlights are brightening the edge of the great curtain as we signal Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police.

COLONEL HENRY:

All of the facts of this dramatization have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department,... they are authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these cases will realize that Crime Does Not Pay.

(FIRST PART -- "WAYNE POISON CASE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So we reach the intermission of our drama. The murderer has not yet been caught.....but in a short while we'll learn how Barry Rudd and Mack follow the clues.....Meanwhile let's enjoy the music of Ted Weems and his boys as they play -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

In song and story, the famous Blue Grass region of old Kentucky is celebrated for its thoroughbred horses and fine Burley tobacco.....And in your newspaper today, you'll see a picture of a happy couple enjoying this mild and lovely scene out in that beautiful country where fine Burley tobacco is grown to take its place in that unique blend of LUCKY STRIKE. How well they know, in old Kentucky, the fine character of LUCKY STRIKE'S tobaccos -- for there, as in every corner of the world both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please!" Because every one wants a cigarette that has character....and every one wants the mellow-mildness imparted by "TOASTING" -- you'll hear this happy phrase repeated everywhere -- "LUCKIES Please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here we go back to the lilting rhythms of Ted Weems and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. This time Ted leads us into --

(TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Ted.....now we're just in time to catch the second act of the "Wayne Poison Case." Here's a summary of the first act.....Dr. Raymond Pierce married Margaret Wayne, the heiress of a large fortune. Shortly after the death of Margaret's mother, her father died and left all of his wealth to Margaret and her brother, Edward. An anonymous telegram was sent to Edward advising them to have an autopsy performed on the body of their father. Prompted by the urging of Martin Green, the family lawyer, Margaret and Edward yield and the autopsy is performed, revealing that the body contained a quantity of arsenic. Barry Rudd and Mack are assigned to the case... While searching Dr. Pierce's office they find a recently used book with a marker in a chapter on arsenic. As our story opens now, they are closely watching the activities of Dr. Raymond Pierce.

(SECOND PART -- "WAYNE POISON PLOT")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Raymond Pierce failed in his sinister plot to divert the Wayne fortune into his own hands, and that failure brought him to the electric chair.....one more victory on the side of the law and the abrupt end of another career of crime. Next week at this time we'll again bring you a case from the official files of the New York Police Department.....

And now here are Ted Weems and his Orchestra..... That means another dance or two, so we start with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

How well they go together -- a friendly cigarette and the joy of a happy moment! And how often you have heard folks ask for their favorite cigarette with the words, "LUCKIES, please." When they light up their LUCKY STRIKE -- you'll hear them say happily "LUCKIES please!" You'll find that LUCKIES please because of character -- the fine character of choice tobaccos; and LUCKIES please because of mildness -- the mellow-mildness of "TOASTING." Because LUCKIES are such pleasant companions -- "LUCKIES please!"

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Ted Weems and his Orchestra from the grill of the Hotel Pennsylvania continue the dancing with --- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That, ladies and gentlemen, concludes another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. On Thursday night we again welcome royalty to our midst as that noble Baron from the House of Munchausen fills your homes with the genial warmth of his humor, and Abe Lyman and his Orchestra flood your loudspeakers with melody.

So until Thursday then.....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/chilleen
3/14/33

EPISODE XI

"THE WAYNE POISON CASE"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 14, 1933

ATX01 0188683

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XX

"THE WAYNE POISON CASE"

PARTS I AND II

INVESTIGATION BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

RADIO DRAMATIZATION

BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

BARRY	LUELLA DAVIS
MACK	VIRGINIA GREY
DR. RAYMOND PIERCE	HOBBS
MARGARET PIERCE	MESSENGER BOY
EDWARD WAYNE	MARTIN GREEN
MR. WAYNE	SERGEANT

GREENPORT POLICEMAN

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ATX01 0188684

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XX

"THE WAYNE POISON CASE"

PART I

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE
CARS.....STAND BY....."THE WAYNE POISON CASE".....
REAL PEOPLE.....REAL PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....
A REAL CASE.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE
COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....LUCKY
STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....
TO OFFICE.....OF DR. RAYMOND PIERCE.....
IN MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

PIERCE: Mr. Wayne, I'd better speak to you very frankly. As your physician not as your son-in-law.

WAYNE: Come, come, Raymond. You look as if you were going to burst into tears. Nothing can be serious as all that.

PIERCE: You've had a very narrow escape, Mr. Wayne.

WAYNE: You don't need to tell me that. The last attack nearly carried me off. But I licked it, tho. Good and plenty.

PIERCE: But I want you to promise me you'll be extremely careful in the future.

WAYNE: Well, now, haven't I always? You'd have a long look to find an old man who takes better care of himself than I do, Raymond.

PIERCE: (ENGAGING FRANKNESS) Don't you see, sir? You're more than just a patient to me. Margaret's devoted to you. Why, when you were sick it nearly killed her, too.

WAYNE: She's a dutiful daughter. Both my children, so loyal. It really touched me to think of Edward coming all the way from Indiana.

PIERCE: Ye-es.

WAYNE: Well, tut, tut. I'm an old man -- I've had a happy life, mostly. And now that my wife's gone, I'm ready too, when my time comes.

PIERCE: But we hope you'll be with us for many years, Mr. Wayne.

WAYNE: (CONTINUING) I know you'll look after Margaret, she's a good wife to you. And Edward's a good boy, a hard worker. But just the same, the first thing I did when I recovered from that last attack was to have my will looked over.

PIERCE: (PLEASANTLY INTERESTED) Your will, sir?

WAYNE: It's all in order. Now that Ella's gone, it reads half to Edward and half to Margaret. That'll be about a million apiece. Enough to keep them all their lives. Enough to get them into plenty of mischief, too, I daresay.

PIERCE: Look here! Have you told any one about this?

WAYNE: Yes, I've told my children. Edward and Margaret -- I wanted them to know. Might as well have 'em prepared for all the salesmen who'll call on 'em.

PIERCE: (GRAVE) I want to speak to you very sincerely, sir. The moment you begin to feel unwell again -- if you do -- (WITH GREAT EARNESTNESS) Will you send for me?

WAYNE: You're the first person I'd call for, Raymond.

PIERCE: That's what I hoped you'd say. Now, don't worry, Mr. Wayne -- get lots of rest, and you'll have no more trouble.

WAYNE: That's a prescription I don't mind having filled -- good day, my boy -- good day.

PIERCE: Good bye, sir -- take care of yourself.

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR IS CLOSED.
2. STREET TRAFFIC NOISE.
3. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

GREEN: Naturally, Mr. Rudd, the first place I came was Police headquarters here in New York. And, as you already know the Inspector sent me to you and Mr. Mack as the detectives best qualified to solve the case.

BARRY: We'll try to help you out, Mr. Green. But you'll have to tell us everything very frankly or we won't get anywhere.

MACK: I'll say so. I still don't see what it's all about.

GREEN: Well, Mr. Mack, suppose I go right back to the beginning. You see, I've been the Wayne's family lawyer for more years than I feel like telling you.

MACK: Yep, family lawyer -- couldn't be anything else.

GREEN: Mr. Wayne died here in New York at the home of his daughter. Well, of course he was to be buried in the family plot in Indiana.....and Edward Wayne and I went on ahead to make the funeral arrangements. Mr. Wayne's daughter and her husband, Dr. Pierce, were to follow, bringing the body with them. Early yesterday morning, Edward and I stood on the station platform at Wayneville, waiting for ----

(DISTANT LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE)

(SLIGHT STATION BACKGROUND)

GREEN: ...Only a couple of minutes more, Edward. That's the train all right --

EDWARD: Yes -- I hear it.

GREEN: And by the way, Edward -- while we're alone here -- you know I'm not much on sentiment, but I want you to know you have my sympathy.

EDWARD: (IRONICALLY) Thanks.

GREEN: You must be brave for your sister's sake. This seems to have been a great shock to her. Your mother's death, and now your father going only six weeks after.

EDWARD: Would you mind not discussing my mother?

GREEN: All right, Edward, as you please. I only want to----

MESSENGER: (APPROACHING THEM) Mr. Wayne. Mr. Wayne?

EDWARD: Here, boy.

MESSENGER: Mr. Edward Wayne? Telegram.

EDWARD: Thanks, boy.

MESSENGER: (FADING) Thank you, sir.

GREEN: Why don't you open it?

EDWARD: It's addressed to me, isn't it?

GREEN: (SHREWD) That's why I should think you'd read it, Edward.

EDWARD: (GRUNTS) (OPENS ENVELOPE)
(PAUSE)

GREEN: Why, what's the matter?

EDWARD: (SULLEN) It's -- uh -- not signed.

GREEN: Let me see.

EDWARD: This is the devil of a thing! Don't bother, Green, don't bother.

GREEN: But that's what I'm here for. Let me see what the trouble is, Edward.

EDWARD: Oh -- all right.

GREEN: (READS) "EDWARD WAYNE, WAYNESVILLE, INDIANA.
SUSPICIONS AROUSED -- DEMAND AUTOPSY -- KEEP TELEGRAM
SECRET." From New York, and unsigned!

EDWARD: IF that's a joke, it's a darn poor one.

GREEN: We'll take it seriously, Edward.

EDWARD: What do you mean?

GREEN: I'm going to ask Coroner Wheelock to perform an
autopsy.

(TRAIN BEGINS TO COME IN)

EDWARD: See here, Green. He's my father, and

(TRAIN DROWNS HIM OUT AS IT PUFFS INTO STATION
AND STOPS)

(SOUND OF PASSENGERS GETTING OFF TRAIN)

GREEN: Here they come ----hello, Doctor.

PIERCE: (FADING IN) Hello, Mr. Green -- nice of you to meet
me.

EDWARD: How's Margaret, Raymond?

PIERCE: Keeping her chin up, aren't you, dear?

MARGARET: (FADES IN) Hello, Eddie. Thanks for coming down.

EDWARD: Margaret, there's been -- there's a telegram.

PIERCE: Well, we won't bother about messages of condolence
now -- the right time for that will be this evening
after the funeral.

GREEN: Hold on, Doctor. There isn't going to be any funeral.

EDWARD: Say, what's the idea?

GREEN: Just keep quiet for a moment, Edward. Doctor, look
at this telegram. I have no authority. It's up to
you people.

PIERCE: This is a strange thing.

MARGARET: What is it, dear?

PIERCE: An anonymous telegram, advising us to have an autopsy. But, of course, the body has already been embalmed.

GREEN: Nevertheless, I think you should have the autopsy performed if only for your future peace of mind.

PIERCE: There's something in that, Mr. Green.

MARGARET: Oh, it's so dreadful.

PIERCE: We'll never be sure dear, unless we investigate fully.

GREEN: That's it. How about you, Edward?

EDWARD: Why ask me? You and the doctor will do what you want to anyhow.

MARGARET: Edward! How can you say things like that?

PIERCE: Now, now -- remember the boy's overwrought. We're all tired and nervous. Come Margaret, the car is waiting.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR FADES.

BARRY: (FADES IN) The autopsy was held at once, I suppose?

GREEN: Yes, Mr. Rudd. Coroner Wheelock did the job and he's an honest man or my name's not Martin Green.

MACK: What was his report?

GREEN: Gentlemen -- my poor friend Zenas Wayne had in his body enough arsenic to have killed eight men!

MACK: Arsenic! What do you know, Barry?

BARRY: (THINKING IT OVER) Arsenious oxide - sweet to the taste, but highly poisonous. That's why they call it the murderer's poison, Mr. Green. How much money was at stake?

GREEN: Why, since you ask it, Mr. Rudd - my client left an estate of over two million dollars!

BARRY: He left a will?

GREEN: Drew it myself.

BARRY: Who were the heirs?

GREEN: The money goes equally to Edward Wayne and his sister, Mrs. Margaret Pierce.

BARRY: Then their names go in your notebook, Mack. Yes -- and the next of kin would benefit too. Is Edward married?

GREEN: No.

BARRY: Well - Margaret is - so we'd better get in touch with Dr. Pierce.

GREEN: The doctor's a high type of man. You must have seen him play tennis - he ranks pretty high nationally.

MACK: Oh, is it that Dr. Pierce, huh?

BARRY: (THOUGHTFULLY) I've seen him play at Forest Hills. Well, Mr. Green, it's a curious case.

GREEN: Curious! How about that unsigned telegram? I call that something stranger. Who could have sent it?

BARRY: Since it came from New York, we may be able to trace it. However, the first thing is to get in touch with the local authorities back in Wayneville.

GREEN: What can they do?

BARRY: They'll institute a thorough check-up on the surviving members of the Wayne family --

GREEN: Now, Mr. Rudd.....

BARRY: It's not pleasant, but it's necessary. You know these people as clients and friends -- but Mack and I must think of them as possible suspects in a crime committed within our jurisdiction. Now, one thing more -- who were the members of Mr. Wayne's household here?

GREEN: He lived in an apartment hotel, but kept his own maid -- a colored woman named Luella Davis.

BARRY: Note that too, Mack. We don't want to miss a possible trick-- poisoners are hard to trace and convict. You say Mr. Wayne's wife also died suddenly, and recently, Mr. Green?

GREEN: Only six weeks ago.

BARRY: Could that have been by poisoning, too? Well, we'll only consider the more recent death for the time being.

GREEN: This is the worst thing I've run into, ever. All I can say is, I leave the investigation up to the authorities.

BARRY: All right, Mr. Green -- we'll start our end of it right now. Get your hat, Mack -- and we'll take a taxi-ride uptown.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TAXI AND NEW YORK TRAFFIC - HORN.
2. DOOR WITH BUZZER OPEN AND CLOSE.

MISS GREY: (FADE IN) I tell you, Dr. Pierce isn't in -- he's out of the city. Didn't you see the sign in the waiting room?

MACK: Yes Miss -- That's why we looked in here -- just to be sure there was nobody around.

MISS GREY: The doctor's gone to attend a funeral in Indiana.
But I can make an appointment if you wish. He'll probably be back in time for the tennis tournament.

BARRY: I'm afraid you don't understand, Miss.

MACK: We're not sick, lady. We're from headquarters.

MISS GREY: (CALMLY) Headquarters -- Police? What do you want?

BARRY: We're just making a call. Nothing to be alarmed about. You're Dr. Pierce's assistant, aren't you?

MISS GREY: Yes.

BARRY: You're a registered nurse?

MISS GREY: I am.

BARRY: May I ask your name?

MISS GREY: Virginia Grey.

BARRY: Mrs. or Miss?

MISS GREY: Miss Grey.

BARRY: And I'm sure you don't mind if we look around the office, do you?

MISS GREY: (SLIGHT HYSTERIA) Mind? I don't care what you do!
(FADES) Do anything you like -- I don't care!
(DOOR SLAM)

MACK: Say.....I don't think we made a hit with that nurse, Barry.

BARRY: Don't worry, Mack. She'll probably get over it.

MACK: Well, it's a nice office, anyway.

BARRY: And the Doctor has a fine library, too. (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) Look at these titles; "Gray's Anatomy" -- "Tropical Diseases"--(SNIFFS) All dusty. Of course, you can't play tennis and keep up your studies, too.

MACK: Say -- what are you looking for, Barry?

BARRY: (CALM) Oh -- just looking, Mack -- just looking:....
(QUICK) Here's something!

MACK: What?

BARRY: (COMING BACK TO MIKE) The only book in Doctor Pierce's library that isn't covered with dust! Therefore -- the only book he's looked at recently!

MACK: The title says -- "WOOD'S PHARMACOLOGY."

BARRY: Yep -- Volume II. And look at this! Look where the book opens -- with this blotter between the pages as a mark!

MACK: (READING & CATCHING ON) Well, I'll be ---

BARRY: Page 324 -- do you see what it says? "ARSENIC. Effects on human system. Poisonous effects!"

MACK: Mighty suspicious place for the Doc to leave a bookmark, ain't it, Barry?

BARRY: Suspicious! More than that, Mack. It makes me morally certain that Pierce murdered his father-in-law by arsenic poisoning.

MACK: Yeah, but can we prove it?

BARRY: We've got to prove it. If we don't neither Mrs. Pierce nor her brother Edward Wayne is safe. There's no way of telling who's next on the Doctor's list.

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XX

"THE WAYNE POISON CASE"

PART II

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE
CARS.....STAND BY....."THE WAYNE POISON CASE".....
LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....
TO OFFICE OF DETECTIVE BARRY RUDD.....POLICE
HEADQUARTERS.....NEW YORK CITY.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

MACK: (COMING IN) Well, I picked him up, Barry.

BARRY: Good boy, Mack. Any trouble?

MACK: No. I was right there when he got off the train at Pennsylvania station. His wife wasn't with him, but I recognized the Doctor. He's the tennis player, all right.

BARRY: Did he see you?

MACK: Not till I wanted him to. I tailed him right to the taxicab entrance, and when he took a cab, I got the next one in line.

BARRY: Then where to?

MACK: He stopped at a drugstore in Seventh Avenue and put in a call for Wildcrest-4, 7092. They're looking that up for us now in the number directory.

BARRY: Fine. Go on.

MACK: Next stop was the doctor's bank. I didn't want to hang round too close, but I could see he was taking out some big dough -- large bills, and quite a stack of them. That'll be the getaway money, huh?

BARRY: We'll have to wait and see.

MACK: Well, anyway, that was the last stop before he headed for home. And at the door of the apartment house,--I button-holed him.

BARRY: What did he say?

MACK: Huh! You better talk to him yourself.

BARRY: All right -- bring him in.

BARRY: Oke. (FADES)

(OPENS DOOR)

In here, Doctor -- if you please.

ATX01 0188698

PIERCE: (FADES IN) Is this the man who's to interview me?

MACK: That's right -- Detective Barry Rudd.

PIERCE: (NOT UNPLEASANT) Oh. I've heard of you, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Sit down, Doctor, will you please?

PIERCE: Just a moment. First, I wish you'd define my status.
Am I under arrest?

BARRY: No, Doctor. I just wanted to meet you, and have a
little chat.

PIERCE: I appreciate that, Mr. Rudd, but really --

BARRY: You treated your father-in-law, up to the time of his
death, did you not?

PIERCE: Yes.

BARRY: You know the results of the autopsy performed in
Indiana?

PIERCE: Certainly.

BARRY: Then as Mr. Wayne's physician, you ought to be able
to account for the presence in his body of a large
quantity of arsenic.

PIERCE: Well, certainly: - I am able to account for that.

MACK: Huh?

PIERCE: The arsenic found in Mr. Wayne's body was not, as
you seem to believe, introduced while he was alive.

MACK: Huh? Come again, Doc.

PIERCE: My dear man -- that arsenic was in the embalming
fluid. I told them so out in Indiana.

BARRY: Embalming fluid, eh? Of course you know that's
contrary to law. Was that why you looked up "Arsenic"
in your copy of Wood's Pharmacology?

PIERCE: Yes. The undertaker confessed to me that he was using this illegal product. It aroused my interest, so I looked it up in one of my reference books.

BARRY: I understand, doctor.

PIERCE: And now gentlemen -- since I'm not under arrest -- I wonder if you'd excuse me?

BARRY: You're in a hurry?

PIERCE: Mr. Rudd, this grilling you've subjected me to hasn't been very pleasant -- on top of the shock of a death in the family. And as it happens I'm playing in a tennis tournament this afternoon at Forest Hills. I'd really like to get some rest before the match.

BARRY: Well, Doctor, we shan't keep you.

PIERCE: Thanks. (FADES) This way out? Oh, yes. Good morning.

(OPENS AND CLOSES DOOR)

MACK: Shall I follow him, Barry?

BARRY: No need, Mack. I've already arranged for two men to trail him all day -- you'd better stick with me.

MACK: Well, all right. Golly, I wonder if he's really going to play that match?

BARRY: Yes, and he'll probably win it. He has nerve.

MACK: I guess you need it to be a doctor.

BARRY: He's no more a doctor than I am. He is the smoothest, most dangerous murderer I have ever talked to -- but he's not a doctor.

MACK: Huh? What do you mean, Barry?

BARRY: While you were gone I looked up this gentlemen's record. He claims to be a graduate in medicine from the University of Edinburgh. The fact is, he was there two months, forged a diploma, took it to South Africa, and hung out his shingle.

MACK: Why, that low-down quack.

BARRY: His record out there was distinctly unsavoury and the British C.I.D. ran him out of the country. Back here in New York he had the first real break of his career -- married an heiress and managed again to palm himself off as a physician. But I guess his only patients were his wife's parents, - and you know what happened to them.

MACK: Barry -- we've got to take this guy -- grab him and hold him!

BARRY: Easy, Mack. Remember, a poisoner is a hundred times more dangerous than a gunman. When we take this fellow, we've got to have absolute proof of his guilt.

(DOOR OPENED)

MACK: What's up, Sergeant?

BARRY: Hello! Got something for me?

SERGEANT: (FADING IN) Report on that telephone number, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Fine, let's have it.

SERGEANT: Here you are, sir.

(CLOSES DOOR)

BARRY: Listen, Mack: "WILDCREST-4, 7092." 8 BEACH STREET,
GREENPORT, L.I. - LISTED UNDER NAME OF HOBBS --
ARTHUR -- UNDERTAKER!"

MACK: Undertaker -- could he be the guy that embalmed old
Mr. Wayne, Barry?

BARRY: Right -- I got it off the death certificate! Now, why
would the Doctor want to telephone him?

MACK: Nothing to do but ask the undertaker, Barry.

BARRY: That's it. And just to make things doubly sure, I'm
going to call the police department at Greenport,
and ask them to keep their eye on Mr. Hobbs until
we get there.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. PHONE BELL RINGS AND FADES.
2. POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN.
3. WIND AND WAVES.
4. MOTOR BOAT EFFECT.

POLICEMAN: That's his boat down there, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Where -- oh, yes. Over on that lonely strip of beach.
That's a strange place to go.

POLICEMAN: Yeah....I guess Hobbs is up to something. I figured
he was as soon as you called from headquarters.

MACK: Watch it, officer, or the tide will carry us too far.
Better head direct for sure.

POLICEMAN: That's what I'm doing Mr. Mack. Well, sir, let me
tell you the rest of it. I hadn't any sooner than
started to watch Hobbs' place, when a big limousine
drives up, with two detectives tailin' it in a taxicab.

BARRY: The doctor beat us out, Mack. I was pretty sure he would.

MACK: What happened then, officer?

POLICEMAN: One man gets out of the limousine, goes in and talks to Hobbs. Next thing, off goes the man, out runs Hobbs, gets in his boat, and starts off down the bay. I figured the best thing was to have a boat ready for you fellows to follow him in.

BARRY: Look -- there's a man coming to the boat on the beach! Is that the undertaker?

POLICEMAN: (TAKING A LOOK) That's him, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: All right -- shut off your engine and beach us alongside.

POLICEMAN: O.K.

(ENGINE OUT)

BARRY: Look sharp, Mack -- I'm going to have a gun handy when I talk to this fellow!

POLICEMAN: Hold fast -- we're goin' aground!

(LONG SCRAPING NOISE AS BOAT RUNS UP ON BEACH)

BARRY: All right, Mack -- come on. (CALLING) You! Wait a minute -- keep away from that boat!

MACK: (FADES IN) Right with you, Barry!

HOBBS: (FADES IN) Say! What is this -- a stick-up? You've got the wrong man if it is! I got nothing!

BARRY: Don't be alarmed about that. We're detectives from New York City.

HOBBS: Detectives! Then you can't be after me, I'm Hobbs the undertaker. Everybody knows I'm honest.

BARRY: Mr. Hobbs, how about the money the Doctor gave you?

HOBBS: What doctor? You must be crazy.

BARRY: You've just taken a bribe from Dr. Pierce. Several thousand dollars, I imagine. He drew it out of his bank this morning and he just came out here to give it to you!

HOBBS: (LAUGHING) That's a funny one. What would the doctor want to bribe me for?

MACK: TO have you fake some embalming fluid with arsenic in it, you wise benny!

HOBBS: Wait a minute, wait a minute. What are you cops trying to do -- frame me? Arsenic in embalming fluid ain't legal. I'd lose my license.

BARRY: I imagine you wouldn't worry about that with the doctor's money stored away. Now -- where is it, Hobbs?

HOBBS: Listen -- I'm telling you there ain't a penny on me.

MACK: Chances are he came out just to ditch the dough somewhere, Barry. How about that -- you? What did you come here for?

HOBBS: I'm not talkin'.

BARRY: Well, you can take your choice, Hobbs. Produce that money, turn it over, and tell us how you got it -- or stick with Dr. Pierce and go up the river for murder!

HOBBS: Murder -- I'm not mixed up with anything like that!

BARRY: You will be if you don't watch your step, believe me.

HOBBS: O.K., Mister. I'll tell what I know. (OFF) Come over here. I got the money buried under a tree. That's what I came out here for.

MACK: Buried under a tree? What do you think you are, Captain Kidd?

BARRY: Captain Kidd was a piker compared to this fellow, Mack. How much is it?

HOBBS: Nine thousand dollars. (FADING) I'll get my spade and pick. They're over here.

MACK: Well, what's next, Barry?

BARRY: I'll run over to Hobbs' office with him and take a record of the denominations and serial numbers of the bribe money to check at the Doctor's bank. That will be all we'll want from Hobbs -- for the present.

MACK: And how about Doctor Pierce, Barry?

BARRY: (DECISION) We can safely take him into custody now. That'll be your job. Look for him at Forest Hills, and tell him it's probably the last tennis match he'll ever play.

MACK: O.K., Barry -- I'll be glad to put the cuffs on that bird!

BARRY: All right, go to it -- meanwhile, after I've finished Hobbs here, I'll take a run to Harlem and see if I can locate that colored maid, Luella Davis -- just in case her story might be worth listening to. On your way boy -- I'll meet you at headquarters!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR BOAT FADES.
2. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

PIERCE: I protest against this outrage! I came down before -- voluntarily! What do you mean by dragging me here again!

GREEN: Now Doctor -- this isn't a constructive attitude.

BARRY: Quite right, Mr. Green. Pierce, you demanded to have your lawyer here -- so we sent for him. He's just given you some sound advice.

PIERCE: I demand to know why you're holding me, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: You're under arrest -- charged with the murder of your father-in-law.

PIERCE: Perfectly preposterous. I've explained fifty times before that arsenic was in the embalming fluid.

BARRY: Pierce, the undertaker is prepared to swear that you gave him a bribe to mix arsenic in the legal embalming fluid to bolster your alibi!

PIERCE: What undertaker are you talking about?

BARRY: Arthur Hobbs to whom you paid nine thousand dollars in currency drawn from your bank this morning!

PIERCE: Nobody saw the money pass!

BARRY: How about my detectives watching through the window? I have their report right here!

PIERCE: Detectives! How about my word against theirs? Don't you think a doctor has any standing in the community?

BARRY: He certainly has. But that doesn't help you, Pierce -- we know about your medical credentials!

PIERCE: Oh. (CHANGING COURSE) Well, I never tried to practice in New York, of course.

BARRY: Unless the patients were wealthy and elderly relatives, eh?

PIERCE: If you mean Mr. Wayne, you can't possibly show that I ever gave him any poison!

BARRY: As a matter of fact, you took good care of him, didn't you?

PIERCE: Certainly I did!

BARRY: You hated to see him suffer, didn't you?

PIERCE: Of course.

BARRY: A real doctor couldn't have been kinder?

PIERCE: That's the point exactly.

BARRY: All right. Just a minute. (OFF)

(OPENS DOOR)

Come in, Miss Davis.

PIERCE: Who's that?

GREEN: Why it's Luella! Mr. Wayne's maid.

LUELLA: (FADING IN) Yes suh, Mister Green -- it's me!

BARRY: Sit down, Miss Davis.

LUELLA: Yes, suh. My goodness, there's the doctor. Hello, Doctor?

PIERCE: Hello, Luella. How are you?

BARRY: Now, Miss Davis, anything that you tell us here, you're prepared to swear to in court, aren't you?

LUELLA: Sho am. I wants to help the Doctor.

MACK: He'll need it, sister, he'll need it.

LUELLA: Go 'long now, de doctah am de bes' an' kindest man alive.

BARRY: And he took good care of old Mr. Wayne?

LUELLA: Yes, suh! He just tend to him night and day!

BARRY: And he gave him something for those pains, too, didn't he?

LUELLA: Sho did! Bless his heart.

PIERCE: Now just a minute --

MACK: Be quiet, you! This ain't a tennis match.

BARRY: Never mind, Mack. Go ahead, Miss Davis.

LUELLA: Huh?

BARRY: About the doctor, and how kind he was. He knew that old folks don't like the taste of medicine, didn't he?

LUELLA: Yes, suh! Ole Mr. Wayne, he jus' hate it. So the doctor, he come out in the kitchen ev'y night, and fix up Mr. Wayne's tray for him. And the doctor put de little white soothing powder in the soup -- and he put some more in the tea, so that the po' ole gentlemen -- why what's the matter, doctor?

PIERCE: (RAGE & FURY) You fool! You black idiot. I'll kill you -- I'll---

MACK: (SPRING TO ACTION) Go easy there!

(STRUGGLES)

GREEN: Pierce -- Pierce -- you've gone mad!

LUELLA: (YELLS)

BARRY: That's right -- hold him, Mack!

PIERCE: Take your hands off me. Let me go, I tell you!

MACK: I've got him -- he can't move now!

PIERCE: All right. All right, gentlemen. You have got me. You win. Where do we go from here?

BARRY: The first stop is the Tombs, Mr. Pierce. Take him away, Mack.

MACK: O.K. Come along, "Doctor."

PIERCE: All right. All right, you needn't tug at me, my good man.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

BARRY: You may go too, if you like, Miss Davis. And thank you.

LUELLA: Glory be! I'se glad to go! Day to you, suh. 'Scuse me.

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED HASTILY)

BARRY: Well Mr. Green, it was her testimony clinched our case.

GREEN: Mr. Rudd, you've built up the most impregnable case I've ever seen. There's nothing I could or would do for Raymond Pierce now.

BARRY: (THOUGHTFUL) I believe the next victim on his list would have been Edward Wayne -- then his own wife Margaret, with Pierce inheriting from them both.

GREEN: It makes me shudder when I think of it. And only that telegram to warn me that Zenas Wayne had not died naturally. I wonder -- I shall always wonder -- who it was sent that message.

BARRY: Then you shall wonder no more, Mr. Green.

GREEN: Eh?

BARRY: It was the nurse -- the Doctor's associate, Virginia Grey.

GREEN: Why --

BARRY: I suppose she'd been mixed up in his business quite a few years, but when she found out what he was doing to the Waynes, it was a little too much.

GREEN: But why would she have ever been in with him, Mr. Rudd?

BARRY: She loved him and he jilted her to marry the heiress from Indiana.

GREEN: But how do you know?

BARRY: When Mack and I first called at the Doctor's office, she flew out of the room in hysterics. I gave her time to calm down, went back and talked to her again, and today she volunteered her story. She only proved to me again the truth of a very old proverb -- "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE WAYNE POISON CASE.....FAKE PHYSICIAN RAYMOND PIERCE...PUT ON TRIAL FOR MURDER OF HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.....CONVICTED.....SENTENCED TO DEATH IN ELECTRIC CHAIR.....EXECUTED.....

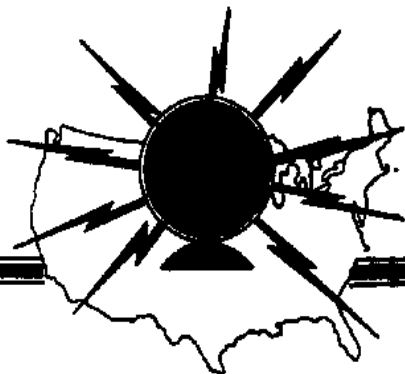
(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

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have CHARACTER
and MILDNESS"

THURSDAY, MARCH 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.....

This is the night that Jack Pearl joins us and relates his marvelous adventures as the Baron Munchausen. But before the noble Baron takes his place in the center of the stage, we'll hear from Abe Lyman and his Orchestra. They're going to play first -- (TITLES)

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

ATX01 0188711

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks very much, Abe Lyman, that was fine.

When a friendly hand proffers you a cigarette, how natural to notice the brand -- and when that cigarette bears the gold seal of LUCKY STRIKE -- how pleasant to accept! For LUCKIES are always pleasing....they always assure you the fine Character of choice tobaccos -- and always, the delicious mellow-mildness imparted by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. That's why smokers everywhere say "LUCKIES Please!"

Now ladies and gentlemen, may we present Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen, aided and abetted by Cliff "Sharley" Hall. The Baron's life is like an open book.....but nobody ever read the chapter he's going to discuss tonight. So you that have your heroes in the field of athletic endeavor, prepare to lose them now..... for here comes his Royal Shyness, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "SPORTS")

HOWARD GLANEY:

There goes the Baron Munchausen, but he's only half finished for the evening.....in a few moments he'll continue....And now let's get back to Abe Lyman and his boys from the Paradise Restaurant who entertain us with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD GLANEY:

That's the kind of music that makes dancing a pleasure, Abe Lyman -- thank you.

This month hundreds of happy travelers sailed away for a cruise to the Mediterranean. In your paper today you'll see two such gay people, pictured at the Island of Madeira, port of call for these smart Mediterranean cruises.....They are smoking a LUCKY as they enjoy this mild and delightful scene. How true it is that in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please." You'll hear people saying it everywhere -- when they ask for a cigarette, it's "LUCKIES, Please" -- and when they light their LUCKY STRIKE - it's "LUCKIES Please!" Because of the fine character of LUCKY STRIKE'S choice tobaccos -- and because of the mellow-mildness imparted by "TOASTING" - it's always "LUCKIES Please!"

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

ATX01 0188713

HOWARD CLANEY:

Abe Lyman takes us into the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

All right Abe.....this is where the Baron Munchausen steps blithely before the assembled multitude and continues his discussion of champions, past and present.....in other words, the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "SPORTS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Amid that laughter and applause Jack Pearl makes his exit until this time next week.....And here we go to Abe Lyman and his talented trumpeters.....This time they play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine Abe, we'll be back for more in less than a minute.

I'll leave it to your own taste, my friends, to discover the fine tobacco flavor in every LUCKY.....the delightful character of the choicest, most carefully selected leaves. And I'll leave it to your own judgment to recognize instantly the true mellow-mildness that's imparted to these fine tobaccos when they are "TOASTED." I'll leave it to you to discover the pleasant companionship there is in every LUCKY STRIKE - and I am sure that with your very first puff you'll say "LUCKIES Please!"

It's time again for Abe Lyman to climb upon the conductor's stand and treat us to another supply of melody. He's all ready now, to play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

So ends another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. On Tuesday night we'll present a dramatization from the official records of the New York Police Department known as "The Case of the Silver Elephant." Also on that program we'll dance to the music of Jack Denny and his Orchestra from the Hotel Waldorf Astoria.

So until Tuesday then.....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilloen
3/16/33

ATX01 0188716

THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHAUSEN

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXVIII

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 16, 1933

ATX01 0188717

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXVIII

"SPORTS"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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ATX01 0188718

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXVIII

"S P O R T S"

PART I

CHARLEY: My dear Baron!: Is that a baseball suit you're wearing?

BARON: What does it look like? A kimona?

CHARLEY: And as I live you have everything that goes with it, too, haven't you?

BARON: Sure, I got a ketchup glove and --

CHARLEY: A catcher's mit.

BARON: Yes and a mask-----wait I got to take it off.

CHARLEY: Here I'll help you..

BARON: Thanks -- that's better -- I felt like I was on the inside looking out..

CHARLEY: Like you were in jail.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: An old familiar feeling..

BARON: Yes-----you're commencing.

CHARLEY: No offence, Baron - Continue.

BARON: Also I got a new bat.

CHARLEY: It's a dandy.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Where's your old bat?

BARON: (LAUGH) She's home. See this?

CHARLEY: That's a fly swatter.

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BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What are you going to do with it?

BARON: Swat out flys. And in my pocket I got a piece of fly paper.

CHARLEY: A piece of fly paper!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I suppose that's for catching flys?

BARON: Sure I -----please! The Baron was supposed to make that answer.

CHARLEY: My apologies, Baron! But what does that X on your shirt signify?

BARON: That's the ball club I was playing with down in Florida.

CHARLEY: What club was that?

BARON: The Yankees!

CHARLEY: The Yankees! Then you should have a Y on your shirt.

BARON: I know, but the man didn't have any more Y's so I took an X.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: No - (LAUGH) X.

CHARLEY: I mean if you needed a Y, why did you take an X?

BARON: Because X is the next thing to a Y.

CHARLEY: X is the next thing to Y?

BARON: Sure. U-V-W-X-Y-Z ----Zee?

CHARLEY: Yes I see. So you were playing with the Yankees.

BARON: Yes sir, and I'll never forget the first game. There was two out, three men on base when up walks the crust.

CHARLEY: The crust?

BARON: The flour and water, the dough.

CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean the batter?

BARON: That's it! The batter. The champion Home Run Maker of the world!

CHARLEY: Babe Ruth!

BARON: Baby Ruth -- (LAUGH) The Baron!

CHARLEY: You are the champion?

BARON: For years!

CHARLEY: Go on with the game, Baron!

BARON: Well, sir --- the score was very close.

CHARLEY: Very close.

BARON: You have no idea -- it was six to forty two, and when--

CHARLEY: Hold on! Six to forty-two isn't a close score.

BARON: Maybe it was eleven to eighty five.

CHARLEY: That's not close either.

BARON: What would you call a close score?

CHARLEY: Well -- two to one, three to four, four to five.

BARON: So it was a quarter to six.

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: The pitcher pitched a ball -- and Sharley, it came at me so fast you couldn't see it.

CHARLEY: It got by you.

BARON: Don't be zilly -- nothing gets by the Baron.

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: I hit it a smaker! Up in the air it went! Up, up!

CHARLEY: Very high I suppose.

BARON: High? (LAUGH) Zeven thousand feet up in the air was a balloon.

CHARLEY: A balloon! What about it?

BARON: -- the ball went right through it.

CHARLEY: Went through the balloon? At seven thousand feet?
BARON: Sure - and killed a flock of geese what was flying
eight thousand feet above the balloon. Then it-----
CHARLEY: Please, Baron! Geese don't fly at a height of
fifteen thousand feet!
BARON: Was these your geese?
CHARLEY: No, they were not.
BARON: So----that's that! I had my eye on the ball and ---
CHARLEY: Your what?
BARON: -----Are you with me or am I alone?
CHARLEY: I want to make sure I heard you correctly.
BARON: I said I had my eye on the ball, my eye ball on the
ball -- is that plain enough?
CHARLEY: No, it is not.
BARON: So that's settled. The ball kept on going and went
sailing into a cloud.
CHARLEY: Hit the sun and traveled on to the moon.
BARON: (LAUGH) Sure-----who told you?
CHARLEY: Some hit.
BARON: Some sock! And I made two home runs.
CHARLEY: How in the name of common sense could you have made
two home runs?
BARON: (LAUGH) I hit the ball with two bats.
CHARLEY: Two bats at the same time?
BARON: Sure.
CHARLEY: I never saw a man hit a ball with two bats.
BARON: (LAUGH) ----You should have been there, Sharley.
CHARLEY: And you can't tell me you ran around the diamond
twice without stopping.
BARON: No -- I didn't. I ran around once.

CHARLEY: That's better.

BARON: Then I ran home, had my zupper, came back and ran around again.

CHARLEY: Of course I'm supposed to believe that?

BARON: Shoot yourself, Sharley.

CHARLEY: Shoot myself!

BARON: Did I say shoot yourself?

CHARLEY: You did -- I hope you didn't mean it.

BARON: No -- (LAUGH) but it's not a bad idea.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron! I never suspected you of animosity.

BARON: -----hello?

CHARLEY: I never suspected you of emnity, antipathy, I always banked on your sincerity, staunchness and comaraderie.

BARON: -----The train is late tonight.

CHARLEY: Say you didn't mean it.

BARON: Would you believe it?

CHARLEY: Yes, I would!

BARON: Hurray! At last you believe me!

CHARLEY: Now tell me, how did the whole thing end?

BARON: The ball came down in the blonds.

CHARLEY: In the blonds!

BARON: (LAUGH) Bleachers! And the umpire yelled -- "Chicken."

CHARLEY: You mean foul.

BARON: Same thing. That got a boy in the bleachers mad and he threw a pop bottle at the umpire.

CHARLEY: Threw a pop bottle at the umpire!

BARON: Yes -- it was a flask.

CHARLEY: Excuse me, Baron, but a flask is not a pop bottle.

BARON: Is a flask a bottle?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So it was a pop bottle.

CHARLEY: How could a flask be a pop bottle?

BARON: Because the boy got it out of his pops' pocket.

CHARLEY: Let is slide.

BARON: (LAUGH) It did! Right off the bumpire's head,

CHARLEY: The Bumpire's head? You mean the umpires head.

BARON: Please -- you wouldn't argue if you saw the bump.

CHARLEY: Then what occurred?

BARON: The Captain walked up to the bumpire with a bat in his hand, gave him an argument and the bumpire said it was a fair ball.

CHARLEY: He changed his mind.

BARON: Yes ----but the Captain had to knock it into his head. The next man up was the worst batter in the world.

CHARLEY: The worst batter in the world.

BARON: Yes - and (LAUGH) Who do you think it was?

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: -----Would you please stay in your own back yard?

CHARLEY: But it was Hugo, wasn't it?

BARON: Sure -- I knew it before you did. Well to shave a long story close -- the pitcher pitched a ball six feet over Hugo's head.

CHARLEY: Of course he didn't go for it.

BARON: Sure he did -- Hugo loves high balls.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me he hit a ball six feet over his head!

BARON: Sure -- Hugo uses a bat twelve feet long.

CHARLEY: I never heard of a bat that big.

BARON: (LAUGH) He's been on bigger bats than that. Anyhow he hit the ball and could have made a home run but he didn't.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: He forgot where he lived. He started running, the left hand right fielder in the center threw the ball---

CHARLEY: Whoa!. Who threw the ball?

BARON: The short stop -- he threw it to the third baseman, but he didn't catch it.

CHARLEY: It was a wild throw.

BARON: No, it was a tame one.

CHARLEY: Then why didn't the third baseman catch it?

BARON: Because he was playing a fiddle.

CHARLEY: The third baseman was playing a fiddle?

BARON: Sure -- he was a bass fiddler. But he put down his fiddle.

CHARLEY: And picked up the ball.

BARON: What did you think? A saxophone? He picked up the ball and put Hugo out.

CHARLEY: Hugo was off his base.

BARON: (LAUGH) For years.

CHARLEY: That made three out.

BARON: Sure ----so the Captain took a new pitcher off the stove and --

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: -----Why did you have to come into my life?

CHARLEY: Will you please repeat..

BARON: I said the Captain took a new pitcher off the stove.

CHARLEY: Now what was a pitcher doing on a stove?

BARON: Warming up.

CHARLEY: I see, he was limbering up.

BARON: Sure -- when he got in the pitcher's box he would keep moving around for fifteen minutes before he pitched a ball.

CHARLEY: What kind of a pitcher was he to be moving around like that.

BARON: A moving pitcher -- and he would keep talking.

CHARLEY: I see -- he was also a talking pitcher.

BARON: Yes he -----please the Baron makes the wheezes.

CHARLEY: My error!

BARON: My wheezes!

CHARLEY: You can have them.

BARON: Thank you, I-----there you go again!

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, tell me about this pitcher -- was he good?

BARON: Yes and no.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, yes and no?

BARON: When my Cousin Hugo was at the bat he pitched a fast, swift ball and hit Hugo on the head.

CHARLEY: My goodness! That was terrible.

BARON: Sure -- it flattened the ball right out.

CHARLEY: I'll bet your Cousin Hugo was angry.

BARON: He was as mad as an April wig.

CHARLEY: An April wig?

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean a March hare.

CHARLEY: What did he do about it?

BARON: He picked up the grand stand and threw it at the pitcher.

CHARLEY: Whoa! Baron! Hold on! That's one of the silliest, craziest tales you ever told! Why only Hercules could accomplish a thing like that.

BARON: I know - but he wasn't there that day. So my Cousin Hugo did it.

CHARLEY: You couldn't make me believe it in a thousand years.

BARON: You won't stand for the grand stand?

CHARLEY: No! I will not!

BARON: All right, Sharley, rather than argue with you I'll put the grand stand back where it was.

CHARLEY: That's better.

BARON: But he threw something.

CHARLEY: Well, what did he throw?

BARON: He threw a fit.

CHARLEY: A fit?

BARON: He was mad! He started to bawl out the pitcher but the umpire told him to hold his tongue.

CHARLEY: The umpire told Hugo to hold his tongue.

BARON: Yes - and Hugo said --- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What did he say?

BARON: He said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Well, well -- come on, Baron - when the umpire told Hugo to hold his tongue, what did he say?

BARON: He said -- (LAUGH) I can't -- it's too slippery.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXVIII

"S P O R T S"

PART II

CHARLEY: You seemed to be in a great hurry this morning,
Baron, were you running for a train?

BARON: No, I was training for a run.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you're a runner.

BARON: A runner! (LAUGH) I hold the record for the
hundred yard period.

CHARLEY: Period?

BARON: Coma, semicolon.

CHARLEY: Do you mean dash?

BARON: That's it! The hundred yard dash!

CHARLEY: What did you make it in?

BARON: Pajamas.

CHARLEY: Pajamas? What are you talking about?

BARON: I was running in my sleep.

CHARLEY: You mean you were walking in your sleep.

BARON: No sir -- walking is too slow for me when I'm running.

CHARLEY: What is your time for a hundred yard dash?

BARON: About half past twelve.

CHARLEY: I mean how fast do you run it in?

BARON: Eight seconds.

CHARLEY: Do you mean to tell me you can run a hundred yards in
eight seconds?

BARON: Sure -- backwards.

CHARLEY: Backwards!

BARON: Yes sir ----frontwards I do it in four seconds.

CHARLEY: You're too fast for me.

BARON: I'll slow up a little.

CHARLEY: I wish you would.

BARON: One time in the old country we had a criss run
country cross --

CHARLEY: A cross country run.

BARON: A run country crumb cross --

CHARLEY: A cross country run.

BARON: A country cross dumb run, bum -- we were running in
the city.

CHARLEY: You were running in the city! Come on, Baron, be
serious. What were the prizes?

BARON: The prizes was matinee fifty cents and a dollar at
night.

CHARLEY: I didn't say prices! I said prizes!

BARON: Oh, you mean the give aways?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Well, the first prize was nothing.

CHARLEY: Nothing!

BARON: Yes - and the second prize was twice as much.

CHARLEY: That's a lot of money.

BARON: Sure----you couldn't spend it. Everybody was running
for the prizes except my Uncle Louie.

CHARLEY: What was your Uncle Louie running for?

BARON: For Mayor. We started off!

CHARLEY: Across country!

BARON: Yes ----I took it easy, but oh did they start running wild.

CHARLEY: The other men.

BARON: No - the deuces. Suddenly----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! What do you mean the deuces were running wild?

BARON: Did I say deuces?

CHARLEY: You did.

BARON: (LAUGH) How zilly -- I mean the trays.

CHARLEY: What is this? A poker game or a race?

BARON: Who cares? -- Before we had run eight hundred miles I was leading.

CHARLEY: Eight hundred miles?

BARON: Yes -- that was the first lap.

CHARLEY: The first lap!

BARON: Yes ----When we got to the zeventeenth lap I was still leading.

CHARLEY: Hold on -- eight hundred miles to a lap and you're now at the seventeenth lap!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: That's thirteen thousand six hundred miles.

BARON: Yes --- we only had fourteen more laps to go.

CHARLEY: I quit!

BARON: So did everybody else except one feller -- he was a good runner.

CHARLEY: He was a good runner!

BARON: Sure - but no wonder.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: (LAUGH) He was a son of Chief Running Water.

CHARLEY: What was an Indian doing in your country?

BARON: Would you like to know?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Run after him and ask him - When we got to the twenty first lap I got a little tired.

CHARLEY: I shouldn't wonder.

BARON: Then why do you?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: I couldn't - I was tired so I laid down.

CHARLEY: You layed down!

BARON: Yes -- there I was lying asleep.

CHARLEY: You weren't too tired for that?

BARON: No I-----What a nuisance you can be.

CHARLEY: I suppose you lost the race?

BARON: No sir -- I only slept two hours --

CHARLEY: Only two hours.

BARON: Yes -- just a nap. I got up and started running again and passed the Indian at the twenty fifth lap.

CHARLEY: You must have done some spurting!

BARON: No sir -- I never spurt.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I was once arrested for spurting in the subway. Anyhow, when we got to the twenty-ninth lap he quit.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because he stopped!

CHARLEY: Well why did he stop?

BARON: Because he quit!

CHARLEY: Keep going!

BARON: I did-----and I won the race and the first prize.

CHARLEY: Which was nothing!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Well I'm glad the race is over.

BARON: It isn't over yet.

CHARLEY: Not over yet?

BARON: No -- I turned around and ran back again.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: The second prize -- another time I ran --

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, stop running -- rest yourself and tell me, do you indulge in other sports?

BARON: Do I indulge in other sports - (LAUGH) I wish I had my coat on.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: I'd laugh up my sleeve... There isn't a sport or a game that the Baron doesn't play.

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about football?

BARON: Do I----(LAUGH) Why I used to be a hansom cab.

CHARLEY: A hansom cab!

BARON: A buggy, a horse and carriage.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean a coach?

BARON: That's it! A coach. And besides I played with the biggest colleges.

CHARLEY: Did you ever play with Notre Dame?

BARON: -----I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: I said did you ever play with Notre Dame?

BARON: (LAUGH) Never with the girls -- only the boys.

CHARLEY: What colleges did you play with?

BARON: Well once I was playing up in the lock dish.

CHARLEY: Lock dish?

BARON: (LAUGH) Yale Bowl.

CHARLEY: That's in New Haven.

BARON: Why not?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron!

BARON: Yale was playing Princeton.

CHARLEY: Who were you playing with?

BARON: Yale.

CHARLEY: What position did you play?

BARON: Let me see -- in the first half I was left, - left --

CHARLEY: Left end?

BARON: No - I was left out - in the second half I was a back.

CHARLEY: Full back? Half back?

BARON: No - I was away back. Just before the game came to a finish I got the ball and did I run! I was tickled.--

CHARLEY: Tackled!

BARON: But they couldn't stop me. Even my own team tried to stop me.

CHARLEY: Your own team!

BARON: Yes sir, but I kept running -- and never stopped till I made a touch down.

CHARLEY: Good for you!

BARON: The crowd threw chairs at me --

CHARLEY: You mean cheers!

BARON: No sir -- chairs -- You see when I kept running I didn't stop till I got to the Polo Grounds in New York and I made the touch down for Harvard.

CHARLEY: Good night!

BARON: (LAUGH) My goodness - you go to bed early, don't you?

CHARLEY: Speaking of football, do you know anything about soccer?

BARON: -----Could we have another conference?

CHARLEY: I said, soccer, soccer!

BARON: -----Are you calling me names?

CHARLEY: Never mind, let it go. How about hockey, did you ever play it?

BARON: Sure -- When I was in school I played hockey so much the truant officer told my father --

CHARLEY: Wait! Not hockey! Hockey!

BARON: Oh, hockey!

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: The pawnbroker's game.

CHARLEY: We'll pass that one up also. Do you know anything about tennis?

BARON: Tennis -- (LAUGH) -- That's my racket.

CHARLEY: Your racket?

BARON: Sure -- I once hit a tennis ball so hard it went eight thousand feet up in the air -- went through a balloon and --

CHARLEY: Hold it!

BARON: What's the matter?

CHARLEY: A short while ago you told me the same thing about a baseball.

BARON: Did I?

CHARLEY: Yes -- how do you account for that?

BARON: Let me see -- Could you come to my house Sunday?

CHARLEY: Yes, why?

BARON: I want to check up on it.

CHARLEY: I'll be there.

BARON: You know what I am good at, Sharley?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Pitching horseshoes.

CHARLEY: I'm pretty good at it myself. I once pitched --

BARON: That's nothing.

CHARLEY: I didn't tell you yet.

BARON: Still nothing. I once pitched four horse shoes right on the peg.

CHARLEY: What's so wonderful about that?

BARON: The peg was zix miles away.

CHARLEY: The peg was six miles away?

BARON: Maybe seven and a half.

CHARLEY: And you pitched four horse shoes on to the peg?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: That is utterly impossible! I don't believe it!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! I was not.

BARON: So I pitched four horse shoes on the peg zix miles away -- and do you want to know something?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: I pitched them without even taking the shoes off the horse.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron! Have a little pity.

BARON: No, thanks, I'm not thirsty.

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about a gym?

BARON: -----Could you turn that on louder?

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about a gym -- gym?

BARON: What's his last name?

CHARLEY: A gymnasium! Gymnastics!

BARON: Oh, there's two Jim's!

CHARLEY: Will you please understand! Gymnastics - athletic exercises. Did you ever skip the rope?

BARON: No, but I skipped the gutter.

CHARLEY: Did you ever box, wrestle, use the parallel bars, rings, vaulting horse, punching bag, pulling weights, rowing machine?

BARON: -----Are you selling something?

CHARLEY: Did you ever do any heavy weight lifting?

BARON: A little -- one time I picked up a two thousand pound safe.

CHARLEY: A two thousand pound safe?

BARON: With one hand --

CHARLEY: Some feat!

BARON: Some hand! And I held it up for two days.

CHARLEY: YOU held up a two thousand pound safe in one hand for two days?

BARON: On one finger! And a picture to prove it lies on my desk.

CHARLEY: More lies!

BARON: -----We'll come-back-to that later. Lifting runs in my family - even my Aunt Sophie is a lifter.

CHARLEY: Probably a shop lifter.

BARON: -----Twice we'll come back.

CHARLEY: Does Sophie lift heavy weights?

BARON: No -- heavy faces.

CHARLEY: I suppose your Cousin Hugo is also a great lifter?

BARON: (LAUGH) I betcher he told you.

CHARLEY: No, I just surmised it. Is he a good lifter?

BARON: A good lifter! (LAUGH) He'll lift anything you leave laying around.

CHARLEY: I mean heavy weight lifting -- hold up heavy things.

BARON: Sure -- once he held up a train.

CHARLEY: He's a train robber.

BARON: -----Could you back out of my garage?

CHARLEY: What's the matter now?

BARON: It wasn't a railroad train. It was the train on my Aunt Sophie's dress.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, I misinterpreted your remark.

BARON: I once saw a man lift up a block of marble what weighed two hundred pounds, - put it on his head and then pick up a piano in one hand and one of my wife's biscuits in the other.

CHARLEY: Let me get this - you saw a man lift a two hundred pound block of marble, place it on his head and then he picked up a piano in one hand and one of your wife's biscuits in the other!

BARON: Yes -- the biscuit was the heaviest. And I'm not going to say it was my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: You couldn't say it was your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: Why not?

CHARLEY: Because it was my Uncle Henry.

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: It was my Uncle Henry.

BARON: Ha, ha! So you're ringing in the family!

CHARLEY: And what's more, one time he lifted the Statue of Liberty out of the water so they could repair the foundation.

BARON: Is -- that -- so?

CHARLEY: Yes -- of course you don't believe it?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure I do.

CHARLEY: YOU DO! Why?
BARON: Because - (LAUGH) I was there, Sharley!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

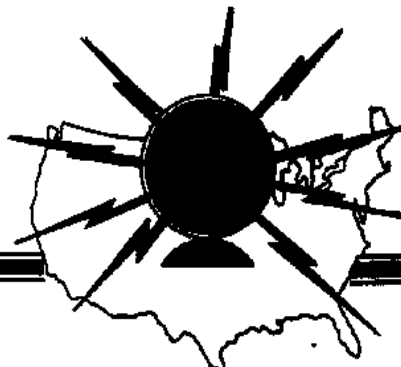
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
3/13/33

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"

TUESDAY, MARCH 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 in the Magic Carpet Theatre we bring to you a dramatization called "The Case of the Silver Elephant," taken direct from the files of the New York Police Department. Also tonight we'll dance to the music of Jack Denny and his Orchestra from the Hotel Waldorf Astoria. Jack is ready now, so first of all let's swing into -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

WFO-25-11-1933

ATX01 0188739

HOWARD CLANEY:

Like a good tune well played, the pleasing, fragrant blend of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobaccos is always in harmony. You'll find pure smoking pleasure in the Character of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobaccos.....and in the delicious mellow-mildness that "TOASTING" imparts. In every puff you'll find a harmony of smoking enjoyment, for always "LUCKIES Please!"

In the Magic Carpet Theatre the great stage that stretches from coast to coast is being set for "The Case of the Silver Elephant." The first act is about to begin as we introduce to you, Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police.

COLONEL HENRY:

All of the facts of this dramatization have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department, and are authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these cases will realize that crime does not pay.

(FIRST PART -- "THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That brings down the curtain on the first act of tonight's drama.....we'll learn the outcome of this case later in the program.....but here, we turn to Jack Denny and his Orchestra, as they continue the dancing with --- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

In the snowy fastnesses of St. Moritz, Switzerland, smart people gathered in the past month to watch the cream of the winter sports.....and in today's paper you will see a happy couple in this world-famous winter resort....they are about to light a LUCKY, for there, as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please!" Whenever folks want the utmost in cigarette enjoyment, they ask for "LUCKIES, please".....and when they light up that cigarette they say joyfully, "LUCKIES Please!" Because of the distinctive character of choice tobaccos.....because they're made deliciously mellow-mild by "TOASTING" -- it's always "LUCKIES please!"

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

ATX01 0188741

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's Jack Denny, the smiling maestro from the Hotel Waldorf Astoria's lovely Empire Room. All right Jack, how about --

(TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Jack -- now join us in the front row of the Magic Carpet Theatre for the final act of "The Case of the Silver Elephant."

Pink Hanigan, was employed by Topalian, a silversmith, to steal a rare little silver elephant from Dr. Grosvenor. He visited the Doctor as a patient and underwent a physical examination. Later he returned to the Doctor's office with his two henchman, Mike Rowley and Karlson. After overcoming the Doctor, they stole the silver elephant and the remainder of the Doctor's collection of antique silver. The trio are traced to Brooklyn and while attempting to escape, they kill one policeman and mortally wound another. Karlson is captured by the wounded patrolman, but Hanigan and Rowley escape.

Now as our story begins we'll follow Detectives Barry Rudd and Mack into action.

(SECOND PART -- "THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thus "The Case of the Silver Elephant" is completed....
a little elephant with diamond eyes that led one man to murder and
to the electric chair, and his accomplices to forty years imprisonment.

Next week we'll present another of these gripping
cases from the official records of the New York Police Department.

Right now, however, we'll all dance while Jack Denny
and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's the secret of LUCKY STRIKE'S distinctive
character -- every LUCKY STRIKE tobacco buyer selects none but the
very Cream of the Crop -- the choicest leaves for flavor, for ripeness,
for fragrance.....a sterling quality throughout! And because it's
just as important that these choice tobaccos shall be mild - milder
than Nature alone can make them -- every golden shred is "TOASTED."
That's the secret of true mellow-mildness! If you want fine tobacco
character and true mildness -- you'll find "LUCKIES Please."

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Once again it's time for Jack Denny to call his musical lads together, so he starts them off with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

So another LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close. On Thursday night Jack Pearl occupies the center of the stage as the Baron Munchausen, and Al Goodman and his Orchestra provide the dance music.

So until Thursday then.....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
3/21/33

EPISODE SIX

"THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 21, 1933

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XXI

"THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT"

PARTS I AND II

INVESTIGATION BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

RADIO DRAMATIZATION

BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

BARRY RUDD

PINK HANIGAN

DETECTIVE MACK

TOPALIAN

DR. ARTHUR GROSVENOR

KARLSON

MR. HARTLEY

MIKE RAWLEY

MISS GRIMM

PATROLMAN DAY

INSPECTOR

PATROLMAN HALLAM

VOICE

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ATX01 0188746

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPIISODE XXI

"THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT"

PART I

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE CARS....
STAND BY....."THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT.".....
REAL PEOPLE.....REAL PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....A
REAL CASE.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER
EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....
PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO OFFICE OF DR. ARTHUR
GROSVENOR.....ON PARK AVENUE.....NEW YORK CITY.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

ATX01 0188747

GROSVENOR: Take a look at this, Hartley -- I don't think you've seen it before.

HARTLEY: (APPRECIATIVE) Oh, very nice -- very fine.

NURSE: Well, it just looks like a teapot to me.

HARTLEY: How can you say such a thing, Nurse? This "teapot" -- as you call it -- is one of the finest pieces of Georgian silver I have ever seen.

GROSVENOR: (TOLERANTLY) Miss Grimm doesn't take my silver collection very seriously, you know.

NURSE: I often tell the doctor he ought to give up his practice entirely.

HARTLEY: Why, Miss Grimm?

NURSE: Then he could devote all his time to collecting antique silver.

GROSVENOR: (LAUGHS) Oh, no -- I'll keep on practicing as long as there's a patient to come to my door. That's my duty, as a physician. Collecting is only pleasure.

HARTLEY: It's a pleasure to look over your collection, at any rate, Grosvenor.

GROSVENOR: (CHUCKLES) By the way -- you haven't paid your respects to a friend of yours!

HARTLEY: Friend of mine?

GROSVENOR: Yes -- the elephant! (FADES) I'll take it out of the cabinet for you.

(OPENS LIGHT DOOR)

(OFF) Here -- here it is.

HARTLEY: What beauty -- what beauty -- just run your fingers over it, Miss Grimm.

NURSE: (PLEASANTLY) Oh, you don't have to sell me on the elephant, Mr. Hartley.

-8-

HARTLEY: Who knows where it came from -- who knows what artist shaped it from the solid metal?

GROSVENOR: There, Miss Grimm -- see what it is to be a connoisseur.

(BUZZER)

NURSE: (FADING) That's some one in the waiting room, Doctor.

(DOOR IS OPENED AND CLOSED)

HARTLEY: You know she is really right, Grosvenor. You ought to retire. You've earned a good rest.

GROSVENOR: Nonsense, I shan't retire till they come to cart me off permanently.

(DOOR IS OPENED)

NURSE: (FADING IN) Doctor, it's a young man.

GROSVENOR: What's his difficulty?

NURSE: He's -- he's so strange. Bright red hair -- and such a curious manner.

GROSVENOR: What did this odd young man say he wanted?

NURSE: He says he wants a physical examination.

GROSVENOR: A-all right -- bring him in.

NURSE: Yes Doctor. (FADES) In here, please.

HANIGAN: (FADES IN) Thanks. Is this the operatin' room?

GROSVENOR: Hello, young fellow. Want me to look you over?

HANIGAN: Yeah.....I want you to test the old pump, Doctor.

GROSVENOR: Very well -- you shall be accomodated.

HARTLEY: Hadn't I better --

GROSVENOR: No, no, Hartley -- stay where you are. Nurse, take this young man into the examination room and get the fluoroscope ready.

NURSE: Yes, doctor. This way, please.

HANIGAN: Yeah. I'm right with you.

(DOOR IS OPENED)

GROSVENOR: Wait for me, Hartley. (FADES) This won't take long.

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. FLUOROSCOPE.

2. STREET NOISES.

3. DOOR WITH LITTLE BELL OPENED AND CLOSED.

TOPALIAN: (FADING IN) Well, did you see it Pink?

HANIGAN: Sure I did, Topalian -- a little silver elephant with diamond eyes.

TOPALIAN: De doctor -- he don't keep it locked up, 'eh?

HANIGAN: Nah. When I walked intah his office he was showin' it to another screwy old duck.

TOPALIAN: Ah, good, good. Then you can get it for me -- right away, yes?

HANIGAN: Sure, Topalian -- and I'm going to scoop up the rest o' that silver junk, too.

TOPALIAN: Don' be crazy, Pink.

HANIGAN: Crazy! I'm crazy like a fox.

TOPALIAN: Don' be a fool -- you don' know what you talk about.

HANIGAN: I know what I seen in the doctor's house -- the whole joint is stacked up with solid silver -- there must be a ton of it there.

TOPALIAN: Leesten! You leave that othair stoff alone! Jost the elephant -- you get that for old Topalian and he pay you well.

HANIGAN: Oh, I'll get you your elephant, all right.

TOPALIAN: Who you have to help, hah?

HANIGAN: A couple of boys I can trust -- Karlson and Mike Rawley, if you want to know.

TOPALIAN: That's nice. They're good boys.

HANIGAN: Yeh. If anybody gets in our way, they'll say it with lead.

TOPALIAN: And the little elephant -- you be careful with that, hah?

HANIGAN: What for?

TOPALIAN: Son of a pig! Because it is beautiful that's what for. I like to keep it perfect.

HANIGAN: Yah mean you just want it? You ain't goin' to pass it on?

TOPALIAN: You don' get that through your head, hey?

HANIGAN: (BEARING DOWN ON SHRINKING OLD MAN) I get this -- there's big dough in Dr. Grosvenor's collection. If you don't want your out of it, that's all right with me. All you got to do is lie low and run your silversmith business. (LAUGHS) Well, I got itching fingers, Topalian. Guess I'd better pick up the boys and see my doctor.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. STREET TRAFFIC NOISE.
2. TAXI MOTOR AND HORN.
3. DOOR WITH BUZZER OPENED AND CLOSED.

NURSE: Oh - Good afternoon, Mr. Hanigan -- you're back soon.

HANIGAN: Yeah, sure.

NURSE: Are these men friends of yours?

HANIGAN: Yeah....they want to see the doc too.....

NURSE: Well, just sit down. (OFF) I'll tell the Doctor you're here.

(CLOSES DOOR)

KARLSON: (AS THOUGH SLOW AND HEAVY) Say, Pink! That dame took a good gander at all of us. Do yah think it's safe?

HANIGAN: O' course it's safe. Whadda we care?

RAWLEY: Whadda we care? And have that nurse identifyin' us to the cops? I care plenty.

HANIGAN: Listen, Rawley, there's a million guys in this town like us -- my red hair and all. So why wait till after dark? Fix it so they'll open the door for yah, and smile when you walk in. Then you'll get somewhere in the racket.

KARLSON: I don't want no trouble with the cops.

HANIGAN: That's what I'm telling yah, Karlson. I'm a daylight man. None of this falling over the furniture and turning on burglar alarms for mine.

RAWLEY: Somebody's coming, Pink!

(DOOR OPENED)

HANIGAN: O.K.

GROSVENOR: (FADING IN) Hello, young man -- I haven't any report for you as yet.

HANIGAN: You can take that report and frame it, Doc. That ain't what I'm after.

GROSVENOR: No? Then what do you and these friends of yours want?

HANIGAN: (VICIOUS) Stand against that door, guy!

KARLSON: And close your face!

NURSE: (SCREAMS)

HANIGAN: Rawley, make that dame shut up -- sock her if she croaks again!

GROSVENOR: You unspeakable scoundrel! Clear out of my office!

HANIGAN: Fill the bags, boys -- the stuff in the cabinet -- and Karlson, you clean out the next room!

KARLSON: (FADES) O.K., Pink, I'll clean it out.

GROSVENOR: After my silver collection, eh? Don't you know you can't dispose of --

HANIGAN: Close your lip, goat-face!

GROSVENOR: But you can't even --

HANIGAN: I'm through with listenin', Doc!

(MAKES EFFORT)

(SOUND OF HEAVY BLOW IS HEARD)

(SCREAM FROM NURSE)

(DOCTOR GROANS AND SLIPS TO THE FLOOR: THUD)

I can't be bothered with your lip!

NURSE: You brute! He's an old man!

HANIGAN: Any more outta you, sister, and you'll get slapped with the old persuader.

KARLSON: (RUSHING IN) Hold on, Pink! Hold it -- I got the stuff!

HANIGAN: Yeh? How about you, Rawley?

RAWLEY: I'm set -- I got a bag full of silver. Everything in the room!

HANIGAN: O.K., boys -- rise and shine!

RAWLEY: (OFF) You said it!

KARLSON: (OFF) Let 'er buck, chief.

HANIGAN: (FADING) Keep your heads, boys -- we're all O.K. -- run for the taxicab on the corner! And if anybody tries to stop us -- shoot!

(DOOR SHUTS)

(SOUND OF PHONE)

NURSE: Operator - get me the police department -- quickly,
quickly -- please -- (FADES)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TAXI MOTOR RACING, FRANTIC BLASTS OF HORN;
2. NEW YORK CITY TRAFFIC BACKGROUND.
3. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

WOMAN: I tell you, officer, I must see the Chief Inspector
at once.

OFFICER: I'm sorry, madame. He's in conference now with
Detective Barry Rudd. Soon as he's through you can
see him.

WOMAN: (FADING) All right then. I'll wait.

INSPECTOR: (FADES IN)understand me, Barry, you're both on
special duty till this case is closed.

BARRY: All right, Inspector. Mack and I'll stick with it.

INSPECTOR: I hate to call you in on your day off; but I think
this is a job that's cut out for you.

MACK: That's good here, Inspector. I'd like to get hold
of the guy that slugged the old doctor.

INSPECTOR: His condition is not serious; furthermore, these
crooks were so confoundedly bold that their ringleader
allowed Dr. Grosvenor two chances to look him over.

BARRY: The leader -- the red-haired chap, eh?

INSPECTOR: Right. Now, there's another angle for you to work
on; the nurse ran to the window when they made the
getaway and noted the number of the taxicab they were
using.

BARRY: Taxicab bandits? Stolen car?

INSPECTOR: Apparently it was a cab they were operating under a phony license. At any rate we've broadcast an alarm for it over the precinct teletype system, along with a general description of the three men, furnished by the nurse.

BARRY: I'll say that fellow has gall -- daylight stuff! We'll show him he's picked the wrong town for that, eh, Mack?

MACK: Yeh, Barry, but he sounds like a smart rat to me.

BARRY: Visiting the doctor for a physical examination so he could look the place over, eh? Yes, that's more than average brains for a crook.

INSPECTOR: You're right, Barry. This lad is flying mighty high. So it's up to you to --

(TELEPHONE, UNUSUAL SHARP BUZZ, RINGS INSISTENTLY)

Wait a minute! Emergency call -- sit tight!

(SEIZES TELEPHONE RECEIVER)

Chief Inspector's office! Right, speaking! What's that? O.K. That's fine. You stand by and Detectives Rudd and Mack will join you at once. Right!

(DASHES RECEIVER BACK ON HOOK)

Report from Patrolman Day, Brooklyn. He just spotted the taxicab. It pulled up on his beat and let out three men answering the descriptions. Patrolman Hallam is with Day. The men entered the house and Hallam is covering the back entrance!

MACK: In Brooklyn, eh? We can shoot right across the bridge.

BARRY: Sure. We can get there in five minutes, Inspector!

INSPECTOR: That's just what I want you to do! Here's the address on this slip of paper. Back up those two patrolmen and watch out for fireworks!

BARRY: All right, sir. Come on, Mack. I'm going to show you where Steve Brodie took his chance!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR CLOSED SHARPLY.

2. POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN.

DAY: (CALLS, LOW & EXCITED) Hallam -- Hallam!

HALLAM: (FADING IN) Yeah.....what is it, Day?

DAY: They're comin' out the front way....

HALLAM: Guess they saw me round back, eh?

DAY: Yeah -- look! They're on the porch now.

HALLAM: They look like tough monkeys all right.

DAY: Watch yourself, Hallam. We don't want to be targets for a mob of punks.

HALLAM: Watch them. Here they are.

DAY: We got to stop 'em. Here goes. (CALLS) Just a minute there, you fellows.

HANIGAN: What's the matter, officer?

DAY: What have you got in those canvas bags?

HANIGAN: Here? Laundry.

RAWLEY: We're laundrymen, officer, see? Only we got the wrong address.

HALLAM: Let's have a look at that laundry, if you don't mind.

KARLSON: Oh, God. Scram, boys.

DAY: Wait a minute, you -- stick around.

HANIGAN: Show the officers what we've got, boys. Burn 'em!

DAY: Watch it! Look out, Hallam!

(BURST OF SHOTS)

RAWLEY: How do you like that, copper?

(GROANS)

(COUGHS)

HALLAM: I'LL show you, you crooks --

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

DAY: I'm -- hit -- Hallam -- (COUGHS) Get 'em....get 'em..
get.....

HANIGAN: Never mind the old guy -- he's down. Burn the other
one, boys.

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

HALLAM: You can't stop me -- shoot all you want.....

(SIREN IN DISTANCE)

HANIGAN: Listen! A squad car -- run guys! Take it on the lam.

HALLAM: No you don't. No you don't -- I got you....I got you.

KARLSON: Leggo -- leggo -- lemme go! Hey, Pink, he's hangin'
onta me -- I can't make it ---

HANIGAN: (IN DISTANCE) Yeh? Well, so long, Karlson. Pick up
your feet there, Rawley -- and hang on to those bags...

(SIREN UP, WITH MOTOR EFFECT, AND STOPS)

(POLICE AD LIB GETTING OUT OF CAR)

BARRY: (DASHING IN) Hallam -- are you hurt?

HALLAM: Hello, Mr. Rudd -- They --- they plugged me -- but I
got this one -- I hung on to him.

MACK: That's the boy, Hallam. Get on your feet, you!

KARLSON: Listen -- don't do nothing to me -- don't do nothing--
I give in.....

MACK: You'd better, you yellow----

BARRY: All right, Mack, I'll take charge of the prisoner.
You get Patrolman Hallam here to the hospital as fast
as you can.

MACK: O.K. Barry, and how about Day?

BARRY: No use. There's nothing we can do for him now,
except notify the coroner. He was killed, Mack, in
the performances of his duty.

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: CAN NEW YORK DETECTIVES.....RUDD AND MACK.....ROUND
UP LEADER AND OTHER MEMBER....OF RUTHLESS GANG.....
FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR.....OVER SILVER TRAIN TO
STRANGE CONCLUSION.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XXI

"THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT"

PART II

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE CARS....
STAND BY....."THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT".....
NEW YORK DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK.....FOLLOW TRAIL OF
REMAINING GANG MEMBERS.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET....
PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO OFFICE OF DR. ARTHUR
GROSVENOR, NEW YORK CITY.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

BARRY: There's no doubt, Doctor, that the men who stole your silver collection are also the murderers of the two policemen in Brooklyn. Patrolman Hallam, the second officer, died this morning.

GROSVENOR: I read about that....a terrible thing. But how can you be certain those gunmen were the robbers who came to my office, Mr. Radd?

MACK: It works this way, Doc -- Patrolman Day spots the taxicab with the number your nurse reported. He sees three guys inside -- one of 'em fat, one small and wiry, and one a big fellow with red hair.

BARRY: Those are the general descriptions your nurse furnished when she gave the alarm.

MACK: And just to make it doubly sure, the guys are acting suspicious and packing two big canvas bags -- just like the ones they threw your silver into.

GROSVENOR: I see, gentlemen.

BARRY: As it is, all we have now is the captured member of the gang. Like most of 'em in a spot of this kind, he's afraid to talk, except to admit that his name is Karlson. He has a minor criminal record and no known associates.

MACK: Y'see if poor Bill Day hadn't spotted 'em, they'd have left your silver right there in the vacant house and then come back for it when they figured that the case had cooled down.

GROSVENOR: But that's the point, gentlemen! It would be absolutely impossible for those men to dispose of their loot in any market, at any time!

MACK: Huh? Come again. Doc?

BARRY: I think I understand. Your collection of silver is so well known that the individual pieces would be recognized by any dealer. That's it, isn't it?

GROSVENOR: Exactly! They might as well try to sell the Mona Lisa!

BARRY: (REGRETFULLY) Then, I'm afraid they'll melt the silver down, Doctor.

GROSVENOR: Oh, they couldn't! Why, the value of the silver doesn't approach the intangible esthetic value of the collection!

BARRY: These men don't care about esthetic values, Dr. Grosvenor. They're greedy for one thing -- ready cash. Maybe that's the way we'll catch them.

GROSVENOR: How, Mr. Rudd?

BARRY: Naturally they'll need^a silversmith with a smelter. Therefore, our logical move is to have every silversmith in the city quietly investigated by plainclothes men....and that's just what I've done -- they're working on the assignment now.

GROSVENOR: But Mr. Rudd! That's such a laborious process! And wouldn't the guilty person conceal---

BARRY: I know it sounds far-fetched -- but Mack and I may be able to draw a few deductions from the precinct detectives' reports. It's the only way we can get in immediate touch with every silversmith in greater New York -- and we've got to work fast.

GROSVENOR: Well, gentlemen -- I needn't tell you that I wish you luck!

MACK: Thanks, Doc.

BARRY: We may call on you to help us later on. In the meantime, Mack, we'd better make a fast run to headquarters. Some early reports may have come in on the investigation.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN.
2. DOOR WITH BELL OPEN AND CLOSE.

TOPALIAN: Oh -- You have not made trouble, eh? Look at me, my friend! I say you are beegest fool I have evair deal' with!

HANIGAN: I got the stuff, didn't I, Topalian?

TOPALIAN: The stoff! The stoff! Pink, five meelion times I have tol' you, eet is not possible to seel these theeng!

HANIGAN: Why not, Topalian? Scared it's too hot?

TOPALIAN: Thees seelver -- eet ees well known! Nobody will handle eet for us. Eenstead -- maybe Topalian go to jail! And maybe you go to the electric --

HANIGAN: (HARD) Never mind! Keep your trap shut.

TOPALIAN: Ah...you theenk Karlson won' talk, eh?

HANIGAN: He won't tell 'em a thing. Anyway, he don't know much. I made my deal with him separate, see? That's the kind of smart guy I am.

TOPALIAN: Then listen to thees, smart guy -- the police have already been here!

HANIGAN: Huh? They find anything?

TOPALIAN: No, no -- I had just buried the stoff in the back yard.

HANIGAN: Good. Sent 'em away, hah?

TOPALIAN: Eef was just one man, a detective. He look over my stock, apologize for disturb' me, and go away.

HANIGAN: Well, then we're in the clear. You're white-haired with the cops, and we can go to work.

TOPALIAN: To work?

HANIGAN: If we can't sell the Doctor's junk the way it is, we'll melt it up and sell it by the pound.

TOPALIAN: What -- melt theess beautiful theeng?

HANIGAN: You heard me. You got a furnace here. Go out in the backyard and dig up the stuff.

TOPALIAN: Ah -- that ees not right, Pink!

HANIGAN: You talk like you'd never melted anything for me before. Come on, get that furnace going!

TOPALIAN: Eef I only had hired somebody weeth brains -- instead of you!

HANIGAN: I got all the brains we'll need -- and from now on I'm running this, understand, Topalian?

TOPALIAN: It make trouble sure!

HANIGAN: (DANGEROUS) You remember what happened to them cops?

TOPALIAN: (QUAILING) Sure, sure....I melt the seelver. All but the little elephant, eh?

HANIGAN: You'll melt that too!

TOPALIAN: No, no! That I keep for myself, yes?

HANIGAN: You'll keep nothing! See? We don't want no evidence lying around. Not any. Get it?

TOPALIAN: (GIVING IN) Even the elephant. All right. I do what you say, Pink.

HANIGAN: That's more like it. Now I gotta go out and get somethin' to eat. While I'm gone, start up that smelter...because when I come back, I want to see all that silver in bars, -- and that goes for the elephant too!

TOPALIAN: (ORIENTAL CRY OF GRIEF)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR CLOSED.
2. CLANK of FURNACE DOOR, FIRE BURNING, HEAVY MOLTEN LIQUID BUBBLING.
3. DOOR WITH BELL OPEN AND CLOSE.

TOPALIAN: No -- no -- you excuse me please! I poor honest man. I tell other detective. He say "O.K."

BARRY: Yes, we've just been talking to that "other detective" ourselves. As a matter of fact, I sent him here.

TOPALIAN: I run honest beesiness -- I nevair have trouble before.

MACK: Well, maybe you won't have it now. We just want you to do a little explaining, Topalian.

TOPALIAN: Yes, please? What?

BARRY: Mack, take a look in the backyard while I talk to him.

MACK: (FADES) OK. Barry.

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED)

BARRY: You asked what we want you to explain, Topalian. Well, here's the first thing. I see you've just melted a big batch of silver in your furnace there. Where did you get the metal?

TOPALIAN: Please, I don't tell. That ees beesiness.

BARRY: If it's honest business, why won't you tell?

TOPALIAN: I like keep beesiness private, please.
(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED RAPIDLY)

MACK: (HASTENING IN) Say, Barry.....there's a hole in the ground out there and a pick and shovel lying beside it.

BARRY: Good, Mack. That checks.

TOPALIAN: I make garden out there. You know -- grow onions?

MACK: Boloney! What kind of onions do you plant in a hole four feet deep?

BARRY: Topalian, I'll be frank. My partner here and I are after the gang that stole Dr. Grosvenor's silver collection. I've had men check up all the silversmiths and the detective who visited you reported that you had earth on your hands and clothing!

TOPALIAN: Oh -- I'm sorry....I go wash up now.....

BARRY: Stay right where you are! When the precinct man told me you had fresh earth on your hands, that meant just one thing to me -- you'd been digging. That's an unlikely occupation for a silversmith -- unless he'd been hiding something in the ground!

TOPALIAN: Please -- I do nothing wrong!

BARRY: (CONTINUING) And now, when we drop in on you, we find a fresh batch of molten silver in your smelter and an empty hole in your backyard! You'd better come clean, Topalian!

MACK: (EXCITED) Wait a minute! Barry!

BARRY: Yeah?

MACK: Somebody coming upstairs -- outside!
 (SOUND -- WALKING UPSTAIRS)

BARRY: All right. Have your gun ready! Topalian, you keep
 still!
 (DOOR FLIES OPEN -- BELL RINGS)

HANIGAN: Oh -- what's this? Company?

MACK: Look, Barry -- at his hair! It's red!

BARRY: Who're you, young fellow?

HANIGAN: Who wants to know?

MACK: Look out, Barry! He's grabbin' for --

BARRY: He's got a gun there, Mack!

MACK: I'll get him!

HANIGAN: Yes, you will, you----
 (GUNSHOT)

BARRY: I've got his wrist -- Get the gun, Mack.

HANIGAN: What're ya doin' -- What're ya doin' --

BARRY: Hold still -- hold still. No use to struggle --

MACK: I'll take that gun, you wise rat!

HANIGAN: Say what is this? What's the idea of jumpin' all over
 me?

BARRY: If you're the man I think you are, we want you for
 robbery and for murder!

HANIGAN: I'm a guy lookin' for work. I don't know what you're
 talking about. Leggo o' me!

BARRY: Not a chance. We've plenty reason to hold you on
 suspicion.

HANIGAN: Because o' red hair? I heard what your pal said.
 Listen -- there's a thousand brick-tops in this town!

BARRY: Yes....but this establishment with a pot of melted silver on the fire is no place for one of them to walk into! So I think we'll just take you up to the Doctor Grosvenor's office -- and let him take a look at you.

SOUND INTERLUDE: POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN.

GROSVENOR: (FADES IN) He certainly looks like the man, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: You mean you can't say positively he is the man, Doctor? You see, with the silver melted we have no evidence, and must depend on identification.

GROSVENOR: Well.....I'd better explain myself. I'm sure of one thing -- the chap who came here for a physical examination later came back and robbed me. But I'm not certain that it was this young fellow.

MACK: Why aren't you sure, Doc?

GROSVENOR: To tell you the truth, there's been so much excitement in the last few days that I find it very hard to recall exactly what his face looked like.

HANIGAN: Well, then where do you guys get off? Who is this old guy anyway? I never saw him before.

MACK: You can just keep quiet.

GROSVENOR: He does look familiar, Mr. Rudd -- but you tell me the silver thieves were guilty of murder too -- I wouldn't want to send a man to the chair unless I were positive.

BARRY: How about your nurse, Miss Grimm? She witnessed the hold-up. Can't you bring her in to look at this fellow?

GROSVENOR: I'm afraid not. She's a high-strung girl, and the excitement brought on a nervous breakdown. She'll be in the sanitorium for at least two months.

MACK: And by then, perhaps she'd have forgotten, Barry!

HANIGAN: All right, coppers. You got nothing to go on. Come on -- Come on, turn me loose -- I got business.

GROSVENOR: Hold on a minute. I gave a physical examination to the man who was here!

BARRY: (EAGER) Yes?

GROSVENOR: At his own request, I looked him over thoroughly in the fluoroscope. If I describe a peculiarly shaped fracture in the clavicle -- the collar-bone -- that I observed on the man who posed as a patient, and if we find that this young man has that same malformation, would that be satisfactory identification?

BARRY: I'll say it would! Can you fluoroscope him right now?

GROSVENOR: Yes, certainly.

BARRY: Take off his coat and shirt, Mack!

MACK: Sure -- hold still, you -- (AD LIB BETWEEN MACK & HANIGAN AS MACK REMOVES SHIRT)

GROSVENOR: (OVER AD LIB) I'll turn on the fluoroscope.....
(ELECTRIC APPARATUS, FAINT BUZZING, ETC.)
And I'll let you make the observation, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Fine -- then there'll be no doubt about it.

GROSVENOR: Get him in front of the machine.

HANIGAN: (STRUGGLING) How do I know what he's gonna do?
He'll----

BARRY: Hold him still, Mack.

GROSVENOR: You see the shoulderblade there?

BARRY: Yep----

GROSVENOR: If this is the right man, you will notice, in the part of the clavicle to your left, a dark malformation about three inches in from the shoulder socket. You will see two transverse lines, indicating that the break was a compound fracture which healed along the lines which appear a little darker than the rest of the bone structure. (PAUSE) Mr. Rudd, do you see such a fracture?

BARRY: I certainly do! Doctor, are you prepared to make an X-ray photograph of this man's shoulder, and show it in court?

GROSVENOR: That can be done certainly!

BARRY: Then your identification will stand and nobody on earth can shake it. Put his shirt on, Mack.

HANIGAN: Listen you guys -- listen here -- I know what the law says, or I wouldn't be in the racket. You got to have evidence to pinch me, and you can't put your hands on any evidence that I stole the doctor's silver junk!

GROSVENOR: (ANGUISHED) That means he's melted it!

HANIGAN: You bet it's melted -- every scrap of it -- and that screwy elephant, too!

BARRY: Oh, now, you're willing to talk!

HANIGAN: Plenty!

BARRY:

Well, you can't help yourself, Hanigan. You made your fatal mistake at the same time you were pulling your brightest stunt -- pretending you wanted a physical examination when you came here to locate the silver elephant!

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: "THE CASE OF THE SILVER ELEPHANT"....THIRD MEMBER OF GANG AND DISHONEST SILVERSMITH ALSO BOUNDED UP.... PINK HANIGAN TRIED FOR MURDER IN FIRST DEGREE..... FOUND GUILTY.....ELECTROCUTED.....ACCOMPLICES..... NOW SERVING SENTENCES.....FORTY YEARS EACH.....IN PENITENTIARY.....

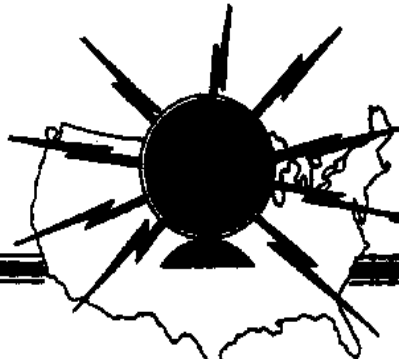
(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/chilleen
3/17/33

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, MARCH 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 dance orchestras and the famous LUCKY STRIKE thrills.....

Tonight Jack Pearl steps into the spotlight in the role of the Baron Munchausen, but before he joins us, let's hear from Al Goodman, the talented band master of musical comedy fame who has with his orchestra this evening an imposing array of artists, including Jean Sargent, Grace and Charlie Herbert, Robert Simmons, and a chorus of mixed voices.....so here we go with -- (TITLES)

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

ATX01 0188771

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al Goodman, that was fine.

There's a wealth of friendly smoking enjoyment in every LUCKY STRIKE.....And in every LUCKY there's the welcome pleasure of true mildness. That's because the sterling Character of LUCKY STRIKE'S choice tobaccos is enriched and made really mellow-mild by "TOASTING". You'll find that no matter how many you smoke, "LUCKIES PLEASE!"

Now, my friends, may we introduce to you an eminent scholar and a gentleman who climbs tall mountains in short trousers.... his Royal Modesty, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE MOUNTAINEER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl and his patient friend, Cliff Hall, leaving us to return a little later in this program....and now here's Al Goodman ready and waiting to take you back to the dance floor with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great music Al Goodman....we'll be back for more in just a moment.

From the sun-kissed hills of Smyrna, Turkey -- where sweet waters grow the choicest Turkish tobacco, -- that's where LUCKY STRIKE gets some of those aromatic Turkish leaves that make the "sauce" of the LUCKY STRIKE blend. In today's papers you'll see a picture of this sunny land, with a happy couple enjoying a LUCKY STRIKE -- for even in far-off Turkey, as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES PLEASE." They please because of the sterling Character of their fine tobaccos -- and they please because of the mellow-mildness imparted by "TOASTING" yes, always and everywhere, it's "LUCKIES PLEASE."

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Al Goodman again brings you his own distinctive interpretation of modern dance music as we hear -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al, now you can climb down from the director's stand and let the Baron Munchausen do some climbing of his own..... ladies and gentlemen.....that world famous mountaineer, the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "THE MOUNTAINEER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So there goes Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen,
until this same time next week.....and this is where we go into the
rhythms of Al Goodman and his masters of melody as they give us --

(TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very good indeed Al Goodman, thanks.

What puts character in a cigarette? The quality
of the tobaccos. LUCKY STRIKE'S tobaccos are carefully selected
for quality, for tenderness, for distinctive flavor.....fine choice
tobaccos.....the "Cream of the Crop." That's why LUCKIES have
character! And LUCKIES are truly mild -- because these fine
tobaccos are "TOASTED." When folks want a mellow-mild cigarette,
they ask for "LUCKIES, please" and with their first puff, you'll
hear them say, "LUCKIES please!"

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Now Al Goodman and his talented troupe continue
with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thus another LUCKY STRIKE Hour comes to a close,
tonight you have heard Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen, and with
Al Goodman's orchestra, the voices of Jean Sargent, Grace and Charlie
Herbert, Robert Simmons, and a mixed chorus.

On Tuesday night we'll bring you another case from
the files of the New York Police Department, and the music of Vincent
Lopez and his orchestra.

So until Tuesday then.....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/chilleen
3/23/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

(THIRD DRAFT)
3/22/33

FEATURING

JACK _____ PEARL

EPISODE XXIX

"THE MOUNTAINEER"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 23, 1933

ATX01 0188777

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIX

"THE MOUNTAINEER"

PART I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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ATX01 0188778

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIX

"THE MOUNTAINEER"

PART I

CHARLEY: That's a mountain climber's outfit you're wearing, isn't it, Baron?

BARON: Sure, it is.

CHARLEY: Are you going mountain climbing?

BARON: What do you think I put it on for? To peddle fish?

CHARLEY: Hardly. Where are you going?

BARON: I got a date with Kate Smith.

CHARLEY: A date with Kate Smith?

BARON: Yes -- I'm going to meet her -- when the moon comes over the mountain.

CHARLEY: I see -- and you dressed for the occasion.

BARON: Sure -- I want to be on the top of the mountain when the moon comes over.

CHARLEY: Suppose its a cloudy night and there is no moon, what then?

BARON: (LAUGH) I'll talk to it.

CHARLEY: You'll talk to the moon?

BARON: Sure -- I'll say - "Oh, you must come over!"

CHARLEY: What's that hanging from your belt?

BARON: A pair of my wife's bedroom slippers.

CHARLEY: Why are you taking along a pair of your wife's bedroom slippers?

BARON: Because a feller told me to get to the top of this mountain I got to have mules.

CHARLEY: My dear, Baron! The man didn't mean bed-room mules-- he meant live mules - animals.

BARON: Oh, animule mules!

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) Ain't I a donkey?

CHARLEY: You certainly are.

BARON: Sure I ----please! The Baron insults himself, himself

CHARLEY: Mountain climbing is a perilous pastime that requires endurance and diligent observance.

BARON: -----hello?

CHARLEY: I said the art of ascending mountains and attaining summits difficult of access is hazardous, and requires ceaseless vigilance.

BARON: -----WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: I once climbed Mount McKinley.

BARON: (LAUGH) A molehill.

CHARLEY: A molehill? Why Mount McKinley is 20,300 feet high.

BARON: A pebble.

CHARLEY: What do you mean a pebble?

BARON: In my country we got what you call high mountains.

CHARLEY: DO you know what a mountain is?

BARON: Sure----a hill on stilts. One of the mountains is 89,666 feet high.

CHARLEY: 89,666 feet?

BARON: And four inches.

CHARLEY: Ridiculous! The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, it rises to a height of 29,120 feet.

BARON: It rises to that?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) My mountains are higher sitting down.

CHARLEY: I suppose you're going to tell me you climbed up this big mountain.

BARON: No, I didn't.

CHARLEY: Thank goodness for that.

BARON: The one I climbed was 2,000,000 feet high.

CHARLEY: You climbed a mountain 2,000,000 feet high?

BARON: On one foot!

CHARLEY: Baron, I regret to say I discredit your statement.

BARON: I don't care what you do with my statement as long as you believe me.

CHARLEY: But I don't believe you.

BARON: And I don't believe you!

CHARLEY: What do you mean you don't believe me?

BARON: I don't believe you don't believe me -- and if you believe I believe you don't believe I believe you, don't believe I---

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! Do you know what you're talking about?

BARON: No! Do you?

CHARLEY: No! I do not!

BARON: So we're even!

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: I was climbing with a big party.

CHARLEY: A big party?

BARON: Yes, sir.

CHARLEY: How many people were there in the party?

BARON: One. And when we----

CHARLEY: Hold on -- You just said you were with a big party.
BARON: I was----he weighed over three hundred pounds. Half way up the mountains we was walking on the edge of a fake, and---
CHARLEY: You were what?
BARON: -----Have you got your fingers in your ears?
CHARLEY: I heard what you said, but I don't understand.
BARON: I said we was walking on the edge of a fake.
CHARLEY: A fake?
BARON: A bluff!
CHARLEY: Oh, a bluff.
BARON: Sure --
CHARLEY: Walking on the edge of a bluff is very dangerous.
BARON: Not for me -- I'm a good bluffer.
CHARLEY: There's no doubt about it.
BARON: -----did you throw something at me?
CHARLEY: Continue with your story, Baron.
BARON: Where was I?
CHARLEY: You were walking on the edge of a bluff.
BARON: Sure --- I was walking along by myself when zuddenly---
CHARLEY: Wait! -- What became of the man who was with you?
BARON: (LAUGH) He fell off the bluff while we was arguing.
CHARLEY: That's silly.
BARON: No - slippery.
CHARLEY: Weren't you attached to each other by a rope?
BARON: Sure we was.
CHARLEY: Then when he fell off the bluff how is it you didn't go along with him?
BARON: He didn't invite me.

CHARLEY: I mean how is it you weren't carried along by his weight?

BARON: He didn't wait -- he kept going.

CHARLEY: Will you please understand me, Baron -- if you were attached to each other by a rope and he fell off a bluff how is it you remained on the bluff?

BARON: Well, you see I -- we -- that is -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What are you laughing about?

BARON: Its the funniest thing -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What is?

BARON: That story I heard last night -- Once there was two Irishmen and one of them --

CHARLEY: Never mind the story -- I don't want to hear it.

BARON: Would you like to hear the story about a big fish?

CHARLEY: No! I don't want to hear any story!

BARON: You'll be sorry - because the Baron is a great story teller.

CHARLEY: Are you telling me?

BARON: Ye-----please -- the Baron makes the wise snaps!

CHARLEY: Come on, tell me how is it the man didn't carry you over the bluff with him?

BARON: (LAUGH) Once upon a time there was two Irishmen and --

CHARLEY: Now, wait a minute -- you've been getting away with a little too much lately -- but this time I demand an explanation -- if you were attached to the man by a rope why didn't you fall with him?

BARON: Because -- you see -- I was --- Why did I ever mention that rope?

CHARLEY: I don't know -- answer my question.

BARON: Well, you see the rope was -- it was -- when the rope it -- what a terrible fuss you're making over a little piece of rope!

CHARLEY: Got you cornered this time, haven't I, Baron?

BARON: No sir! The Baron is always in a round house.

CHARLEY: In a round house?

BARON: Yes -- he can't be cornered.

CHARLEY: Then explain why the man didn't drag you over the bluff with him if you were attached to each other by a rope?

BARON: (LAUGH) Very zimple -- When he started falling a wind came along and cut the rope.

CHARLEY: A wind cut the rope?

BARON: Sure -- it was a cutting wind!

CHARLEY: Well I'll be hanged.

BARON: (LAUGH) I hope so! (LAUGH) I got out of that one all right.

CHARLEY: What became of the man?

BARON: Well, sir -- zixty thousand feet below was a deep pistol.

CHARLEY: A what?

BARON: -----Are you someplace else?

CHARLEY: Will you please repeat what you said?

BARON: I said zixty thousand feet below was a deep pistol, a gun -

CHARLEY: What in the world are you talking about?

BARON: A canyon.

CHARLEY: Oh, a valley.

BARON: He wasn't there.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: Rudy.

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: When the man was about thirty thousand feet down I yelled "Stop!"

CHARLEY: You yelled "Stop."

BARON: Yes --

CHARLEY: Of course he couldn't.

BARON: (LAUGH) He did!

CHARLEY: Do you mean to tell me the man stopped -- in mid air?

BARON: Sure - and he looked up and said "What do you want" and I said --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, Baron -- let's get this straightened out.

BARON: Is something twisted?

CHARLEY: Not only twisted, but distorted, convoluted and anfractuous.

BARON: (LAUGH) The last one would be enough.

CHARLEY: Will you please inform me how the man stopped falling and talked to you from a distance of thirty thousand feet?

BARON: You want to be informed?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Dial 4 - 1 - 1.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: You'll get information.

CHARLEY: Go on with your story, Baron.

BARON: The man said "What do you want?" and I said "Move over a little to the left and keep going".

CHARLEY: Of course I'm supposed to believe that.

BARON: Why not? You don't think the Baron would spoof, do you?

CHARLEY: I should say not! But why did you tell him to move to the left?

BARON: Because in the valley I saw a mountain spring.

CHARLEY: A mountain spring!

BARON: Yes -- and when he hit the spring he bounced back and landed on the bluff.

CHARLEY: Some bounce!

BARON: Some bluff!

CHARLEY: I know it is.

BARON: Sure it ----Must you make answers?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, continue.

BARON: When the man found out he was safe he jigsaw puzzled.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, he jigsaw puzzled?

BARON: He went to pieces, He wasn't able to walk.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I carried him to a cave - and Oh Sharley, was I frightened.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: From the cave came terrible noises.

CHARLEY: Wierd noises.

BARON: Awful! I started to run away -- I looked back - and there, coming out of the cave was - was --

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My cousin!

CHARLEY: What was Hugo doing in the cave?

BARON: (LAUGH) Hugo's a cave man! So I said to Hugo, Hugo, this man must be carried to the bottom -- carefully, without any slipping.

CHARLEY: What you should have done was to put the man on the back of a sure-footed jackass.

BARON: I did -- and away went Hugo with the man on his back.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I climbed to the top of the mountain.

CHARLEY: Two million feet?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: You must have been fatigued..

BARON: -----Could I have another sample?

CHARLEY: I said you must have been fatigued, exhausted, jaded.

BARON: No - I was just tired. And oh, did I have sore oysters.

CHARLEY: Sore oysters?

BARON: Clams - no, wait! I got it.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Muscles! While I was resting along came a feller playing a flute.

CHARLEY: Playing a flute? Two million feet above the level of the sea?

BARON: Sure -- he was a high f'lutin' feller. And who do you think he was?

CHARLEY: My Uncle Henry!

BARON: Ye----will you please keep your family out of this?

CHARLEY: I was only fooling, tell me, who was the fellow?

BARON: My nephew Philip.

CHARLEY: I didn't know you had a nephew.

BARON: I just found it out myself! He said "Hello Unk!"

CHARLEY: Unk!

BARON: Yes - Unk! And not something what sounds like it!
He said, "Hello Unk" and I said "Hello Punk."

CHARLEY: Punk!

BARON: I mean, Philip -- I said "What are you doing up
here? And he said "I answered an advertisement."

CHARLEY: An advertisement?

BARON: Yes - the advertisement said -- Wanted a young man
to start at the bottom and work himself up and here
I am.

CHARLEY: Baron, do you think I'm short on brains?

BARON: -----Once over please?

CHARLEY: Do you think I'm short on brains?

BARON: (LAUGH) Not by a long shot. Well sir, Philip didn't
get the job so we took a taxi and started for home.

CHARLEY: Where in the world did you get a taxi from?

BARON: I telephoned for it.

CHARLEY: Telephoned? From the top of the mountain?

BARON: Sure -- I leaned over the edge and called on up.

CHARLEY: Baron, I don't know what to say.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's a break for me. Anyhow, we started
down the mountain in the taxi -- two hundred miles
an hour.

CHARLEY: How many miles an hour?

BARON: Zeventy eight.

CHARLEY: That's better.

BARON: Two hundred miles an hour. Zuddenly we came to a
piece-a-press.

CHARLEY: A precipice.

BARON: A press-a-puss.

CHARLEY: A precipice.

BARON: A puss-a-press, a prass-a-plus - a ----Maybe we didn't
come to it yet.

CHARLEY: You came to a precipice - go on.

BARON: The shover couldn't stop the taxi.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: His brakes was like my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Like your Cousin Hugo?

BARON: Yes -- they wouldn't work.

CHARLEY: WHAT happened?

BARON: We went over the - the --

CHARLEY: The precipice.

BARON: (LAUGH) You took it right out of my mouth.

CHARLEY: And I suppose you crashed to the ground?

BARON: No sir -- we went sailing down as nice as could be
and landed without even a bump.

CHARLEY: Preposterous, The taxi couldn't have gone over a
precipice and land without even a bump! I won't
believe that!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So the taxi went over the piece-a-press and landed
without a bump!

CHARLEY: Will you please explain how this was possible?

BARON: Sure -- the taxi had -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What did the taxi have?

BARON: (LAUGH) This will hand you a stocking.

CHARLEY: A stocking?

BARON: A sock!

CHARLEY: Come on Baron - tell me what did the taxi have that
made it possible to sail through the air and land
without a bump?

BARON: It had -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: It had what?

BARON: (LAUGH) Balloon tires!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIX

"THE MOUNTAINEER"

PART II

CHARLEY: I suppose you've had many exciting experiences while mountain climbing, Baron?

BARON: More as many. Once I was climbing a mountain before breakfast when down came rushing an after lunch.

CHARLEY: You were climbing a mountain before breakfast when down came rushing an after lunch?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: I can't see any sense to that.

BARON: (LAUGH) You can't blame your eyesight on me. This after lunch came rushing down the mountain --

CHARLEY: Wait! I've got it! You mean an avalanche, a land slide, a glissade, a mass of ice and snow precipitated down a declivity.

BARON: -----how you must suffer?

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: The after lunch hit me - knocked me down and I was buried under tons of ice!

CHARLEY: My goodness! Weren't you killed?

BARON: Sure I-----What do you think you're talking to -- a ghost?

CHARLEY: How did you ever get out from under tons of ice?

BARON: I played a game of pinochle with the ice.
CHARLEY: You played a game of pinochle with the ice?
BARON: Sure ----and I let the ice do all the melting.
CHARLEY: Of course you know I don't believe it.
BARON: Of course you know I don't care whether you do or not.
CHARLEY: What was the name of the mountain?
BARON: Sunfish top.
CHARLEY: Sunfish top?
BARON: Perches tip, pickerels point --
CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean Pikes Peak?
BARON: That's it! Peaks Pike!
CHARLEY: Pikes Peak!
BARON: Pokes Spike, Speaks Pick -- the Catskill Mountains!
CHARLEY: Now tell the truth what mountain was it?
BARON: Be Careful!
CHARLEY: Be careful of what?
BARON: Of nothing!
CHARLEY: Of nothing?
BARON: Sure -- that's the name of the mountain.
CHARLEY: Be careful is the name of the mountain?
BARON: Sure -- Lookout!
CHARLEY: Oh - Lookout Mountain! -- That's in Tennessee.
BARON: For years.
CHARLEY: It was on Lookout Mountain that the famous "Battle of the Clouds" was fought.
BARON: I was in it.
CHARLEY: Nonsense -- that battle took place in 1863 -- seventy years ago -- you weren't born yet.
BARON: (LAUGH) It must have been my father.
CHARLEY: You told me your father never came to America.

BARON: Well, it was somebody in the family.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: How old is Hugo?

BARON: Forty two.

CHARLEY: If Hugo is only forty two how could he have fought in a battle seventy years ago?

BARON: He never would tell me. You see my Cousin Hugo is a---

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron -- let's stop talking about your cousin -- let's forget your cousin.

BARON: Okay - from now on Hugo is the forgotten cousin.

CHARLEY: What other mountains did you climb?

BARON: The Alups.

CHARLEY: The Alps.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Swiss Alps?

BARON: -----what is it?

CHARLEY: Swiss? Swiss? Swiss?

BARON: Are you trying to sneeze?

CHARLEY: I'm trying to find out what Alps you climbed. Was it the Swiss Alps, the German Alps, the Australian Alps, the French Alps --

BARON: (LAUGH) I climbed them all.

CHARLEY: All?

BARON: Sure -- in two days.

CHARLEY: Impossible! Why you couldn't climb any one of them in two days.

BARON: Who says so?

CHARLEY: I say so.

BARON: Did anybody else say so?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So I climbed them all in two days.

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way.

BARON: The highest ones I climbed was in Switzerland.

CHARLEY: The Swiss Alps, Noted for glaciers.

BARON: -----could you come back?

CHARLEY: I said glaciers - you know what a glacier is, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- a man what puts in windows.

CHARLEY: No, no! That's a glazier! I'm talking about a moving field of ice formed in regions of perpetual snow gaining velocity with its momentum.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Choose your exit now.

CHARLEY: Did you see any glaciers?

BARON: See any? (LAUGH) I lived on one for six years.

CHARLEY: For six years?

BARON: And three weeks.

CHARLEY: What did you do for food? What did you live on?

BARON: Echos.

CHARLEY: Echos?

BARON: Sure -- I used to go hunting for echos every day.

CHARLEY: I'll bet this is going to be good.

BARON: (LAUGH) Leave it to me. There wasn't a day passed that I didn't come back with fifty or sixty echos.

CHARLEY: What did you do with the echos when you got them?

BARON: I fried them.

CHARLEY: Fried them?

BARON: Sure -- didn't you ever eat a fried echo?

CHARLEY: No, I never had that pleasure.

BARON: Some day I'll ketch some for you and cook them.

CHARLEY: That'll be fine. How do you catch an echo?

BARON: With bait.

CHARLEY: What kind of bait?

BARON: Language.

CHARLEY: You use language for bait?

BARON: Sure -- you see when you go hunting for echos, you can't see where they are.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: So you holler out a lot of language and the echos hollers back - and this way you find out where they are hiding and then all you have to do is go over and shoot them.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm not going to give you an argument.

BARON: Who ask you for one? Also I hunted flying cheese.

CHARLEY: What in the world kind of cheese is flying cheese?

BARON: The kind what swisses through the air.

CHARLEY: I never heard of it.

BARON: My goodness -- you never heard of Swiss cheese?

CHARLEY: Yes -- but I never heard of it flying.

BARON: Well you're hearing it now -- The minute a cheese is born they teach it to swim.

CHARLEY: To swim?

BARON: Sure, a cheese must first learn to swim before it can fly.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because if you shoot it over a lake, and it falls into the water and it can't swim it would drowned.

CHARLEY: Whew!

BARON: Please - this is Swiss cheese not Limburger, My grandfather was an expert Swiss cheese hole maker.

CHARLEY: How did he make the holes?

BARON: With a shot gun. He used to flock a flock of flying cheese for weeks and --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron - I don't wish to hear any more about cheese.

BARON: Okay -- from now on the Swiss is the forgotten cheese. That makes two pieces of forgotten cheese.

CHARLEY: Two pieces of cheese?

BARON: Sure - the Swiss and my Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Let's get back to mountain climbing. How did you get off the glacier?

BARON: By accident.

CHARLEY: By accident?

BARON: Yes - one night I couldn't find my feet.

CHARLEY: What do you mean you couldn't find your feet?

BARON: I lost my footing -----and I slid off.

CHARLEY: You slid off the glacier?

BARON: Yes -- and did I go sliding! Over mountains, valleys, slopes.

CHARLEY: Slopes.

BARON: And ridges, and stoves -

CHARLEY: Stoves?

BARON: Ranges - and loose leaf books.

CHARLEY: Loose leaf books?

BARON: (LAUGH) Ledges! I kept sliding for days.

CHARLEY: For days?

BARON: For weeks.

CHARLEY: For weeks?

BARON: For months. For --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron -- you're going too far. You'll have to stop!

BARON: (LAUGH) I did! I slid off a cliff and into the window of a funny looking house.

CHARLEY: A chalet. (SHALAY)

BARON: -----I beg your riddle?

CHARLEY: A chalet, chalet.

BARON: Are you talking about yourself?

CHARLEY: Why no -- a chalet is a mountain side house in Switzerland.

BARON: (LAUGH) As if I didn't know. I crashed through a window into a room where a lot of fellers was singing. They evidently were yodelers.

CHARLEY: They evidently were yodelers.

BARON: -----Could you whistle that again?

CHARLEY: I said they evidently were yodelers. Don't you know what a yodeler is?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure -- a Swiss Hill billy!

CHARLEY: I suppose they greeted you with open arms.

BARON: (LAUGH) They greeted me with open feet --

CHARLEY: Don't tell me they threw you out!

BARON: No -- they kicked me out!

CHARLEY: What did you do then?

BARON: I climbed up to the glacier again.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: I forgot my hat.

CHARLEY: Do you mean to tell me that after sliding down from the top of a mountain you climbed back to get a hat?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Well, I'll just say four words --

BARON & CHARLEY: (IN UNISON) I don't believe it!

BARON: (LAUGH) I knew it was coming.

CHARLEY: And what's more you couldn't make me believe you climbed back for a hat if you talked your head off.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Perhaps I was.

BARON: I-----Hello?

CHARLEY: I said perhaps I was and then again perhaps I wasn't.

BARON: Please---make up your mind! Was-you-there? Or was-you-not?

CHARLEY: I was --

BARON: You was?

CHARLEY: Not!

BARON: So I climbed back to the top of the mountain and got my hat.

CHARLEY: All right - you got your hat.

BARON: And my umbrella! Well sir - that finished my mountain climbing for that day.

CHARLEY: That day!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: You just got through telling me it took you days to slide down so how could you climb back and return in a day?

BARON: Do you want to know?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) Looks like you're going to dial 4-1-1 again.

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: By this time I was tired and thirsty.

CHARLEY: I believe it.

BARON: -----no foolin!

CHARLEY: No foolin'. Continue, Baron.

BARON: I went to an inn and drank eighty four glasses of beer.

CHARLEY: Eighty four glasses of beer?

BARON: That was the first round.

CHARLEY: The first round!

BARON: Yes -- on the second round I drank sixty eight yachts.

CHARLEY: Yachts?

BARON: Ships, sailing boats.

CHARLEY: Do you mean schooners?

BARON: That's it schooners! Oh, Sharley, there is nothing so delicious as a cold schooner of beer.

CHARLEY: Well, we'll soon have our schooner.

BARON: The schooner the better. Well anyhow -- from there I went home and my Aunt Sophie was so glad to see me she gave a big dinner.

CHARLEY: A big dinner.

BARON: Twenty different kinds of meat.

CHARLEY: Hash.

BARON: Ye--please the laughing answers belong to the Baron.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry - proceed.

BARON: Also she made up fourteen hundred sandwiches - put them on a plate and gave them to Hugo to serve.

CHARLEY: Hugo is in again.

BARON: Where there is food there is Hugo. Well sir Hugo took the plate of sandwiches in a revolving door.

CHARLEY: Why in the name of common sense did he take them in a revolving door?

CHARLEY: Why in the name of common sense did he take them in
a revolving door?

BARON: Because Sophie told him to pass the sandwiches
around.

CHARLEY: I suppose he ate his fill.

BARON: No sir, he didn't eat a thing.

CHARLEY: Not a thing?

BARON: No -- Hugo said he don't enjoy eating any more.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I asked him and he said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: He said he don't enjoy eating any more because -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron - Hugo said he don't enjoy eating any
more because what?

BARON: Because -- (LAUGH) it spoils his appetite.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

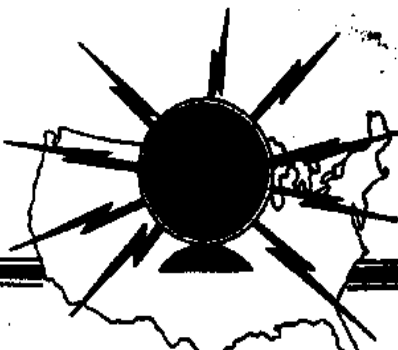
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3/22/33

ATX01 0188800

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, MARCH 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.....

In the Magic Carpet Theatre tonight we will present a dramatization of a case called "The Gold Standard Gang" taken from the official records of the New York Police Department. First, however, we invite you to dance to the music of Vincent Lopez and his orchestra from the Sea Glade of the Hotel St. Regis. Vincent starts us off with--

(TITLES)

()
()
()
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()

ATX01 0188801

HOWARD CLANEY:

When folks first discover the extra smoking enjoyment there is in a LUCKY - have you ever noticed how they enjoy passing the discovery on to their friends? They like to offer them the distinctive Character they've discovered in LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobaccos.....they want their friends to know the delicious mellow-mildness of "TOASTING." It's a joy to discover something extra good, and pass it on to your friends.....and because LUCKIES are made for pleasure from beginning to end, you'll hear folks say -- "Here -- try a LUCKY.....LUCKIES Please!"

Now it's curtain time in the Magic Carpet Theatre and the stage is set for the first act of "The Gold Standard Gang", so we call on Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police.....Inspector Henry.

COLONEL HENRY:

All of the facts of this dramatization have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department..... they are authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that for obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these cases will realize that crime does not pay.

(FIRST PART -- "THE GOLD STANDARD GANG")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And there we have two criminals who "outsmarted" themselves....but their chief is still to be apprehended and, as yet, the gold has not been found....later in this program we'll hear the second act unfold and follow Barry Rudd and Mack into the thick of the action....but now, let's follow Vincent Lopez and his boys through a few fox trots, beginning with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Lake Louise, set like a gem in the Canadian Rockies, lures thousands of pleasure seekers....and in today's papers you will see a picture of this lovely spot, with a happy couple at the tea hour enjoying a mild and mellow LUCKY. Where Lake Louise mirrors her snowy peaks, as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please." LUCKIES give you the joy of fine tobaccos, rich in Character....and the pleasure of real mildness -- mellow-mildness -- imparted by toasting. Wherever folks want the finest in cigarettes, you'll hear them ask for "LUCKIES, please." And when they taste the smoking joy that's wrapped in every LUCKY STRIKE -- they always say "LUCKIES please!"

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

ATX01-0188803

HOWARD CLANEY:

Vincent Lopez and his orchestra from the fashionable Hotel St. Regis continue with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Vincent....now we have to hurry to the Magic Carpet Theatre for the final act of "The Gold Standard Gang." In the first act we met Neville Courtleigh, an Englishman, and Slats Hogan and Jasper Cone, his two henchmen. Courtleigh engineered a daring gold robbery from an assaying firm in Brooklyn and took the stolen bags of gold bullion to his hide-out, preparatory to smuggling it into Europe and to a silver standard country, where it would be worth far more than its present par value. Hogan and Cone double cross Courtleigh and force him to give them the bullion, just as he is being warned against them by Hogan's girl "Blossom." While Hogan and Cone are attempting to smuggle the heavy bags on to a tramp steamer, they are caught by Barry Rudd and Mack, who had set a close watch on all outgoing ships. The bags are opened and are found to be filled with brass.....Courtleigh is still in possession of the gold bullion and Hogan and Cone have blundered into the police trap....so the curtain rises and the show goes on.

(SECOND PART -- "THE GOLD STANDARD GANG")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Courtleigh was clever, but not quite clever enough, and he and the other members of his gang are serving prison sentences of forty years each....the gold was recovered and returned to the owners.

Next Tuesday night we'll bring you another of these cases taken direct from the official records of the New York Police Department.....and now on with the dancing.....here's Vincent Lopez and his orchestra all ready to play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

On the giant transcontinental planes of the United Air Lines, as passengers travel in roomy luxury a mile above the earth, LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are served exclusively....for in this most modern mode of travel, it's natural that a modern cigarette should be preferred.....and the management has found that LUCKIES are chosen because they offer the distinctive Character of choice tobaccos, and because they give the benefit of that most modern step in cigarette manufacture -- the mellow-mildness imparted by "TOASTING." That's why, on the great air liners of the United Air Lines, as everywhere, it's always "LUCKIES Please."

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0188805

HOWARD CLANEY:

Again we go back to Vincent Lopez and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra who play for us this time -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That Ladies and Gentlemen concludes another LUCKY STRIKE Hour. On Thursday night at the same time we bring Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen and Abe Lyman and his orchestra,
So until Thursday then..... goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
3/28/33

EPISODE XXII

"THE GOLD STANDARD GANG"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 28, 1933

ATX01 0188807

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XXII

"THE GOLD STANDARD GANG"

PARTS I AND II

INVESTIGATED BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

RADIO DRAMATIZATION

BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

NEVILLE COURTLEIGH

BARRY RUDD

SLATS HORGAN

DETECTIVE MACK

JASPER CONE

CAPTAIN EGSTRUM

BLOSSOM SHAFER

WILLIS

TRUCK DRIVER (IRISH)

REPORTER

GUARD I

VOICE I

GUARD II

VOICE II

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ATX01 0188808

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XXII

"THE GOLD STANDARD GANG"

PART I

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE
CARS.....STAND BY....."THE GOLD STANDARD GANG".....
REAL PEOPLE.....REAL PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....
A REAL CASE.....AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE
COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY.....LUCKY STRIKE
MAGIC CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO GANGSTER
HANGOUT.....IN BROOKLYN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

HORGAN: How much longer does he expect us to hang around here?

CONE: We can afford to wait, Horgan.

HORGAN: Yeah?

CONE: Figure it this way; the Englishman is smart -- but you and me are going to be just a little bit smarter.

HORGAN: The old double-cross?

CONE: That's right, Slats. We'll let Courtleigh show us how to get the stuff -- but when it's time to split, we'll give him the stand-off.

HORGAN: Say -- do yah really think he can get into the joint, Jasper? It's sure loaded with guards.

CONE: Absolutely burglar-proof -- the Fortress, they call it. But Courtleigh claims that don't mean a thing to him.

HORGAN: I'd like to burn that guy. Maybe I will, when this job's over.

CONE: He's worth money to us. If he tries to get rough when the pay-off comes, then you can let him have it.

HORGAN: I still don't like the setup.

CONE: What's wrong?

HORGAN: Well, look at it this way, Jasper. If we ditch this Englishman, how can we find a fence that handles this kinda stuff?

CONE: Fence? We don't want no fence in on this deal. We want to get it outta the country, see, Slats?

HORGAN: Yeah -- that's where we're gonna need Courtleigh.

CONE: The stuff don't have to go clear to the other side. Listen. How about the rum boys off St. Julienno Island? That's outta the United States, ain't it? Well, believe me, those boys know every angle that Courtleigh does.

HORGAN: Oh -- well -- maybe you're right, Jasper. I'd sure like to gyp that heel. Always talkin' sarcastic.

CONE: He'll be gypped all right -- but remember, Slats -- don't say nothing about this to Blossom.

HORGAN: What's Blossom got to do with it?

CONE: She might tip him off.

HORGAN: What do ya mean? Blossom's my babe. She'll play along with me. With me, and nobody else, get it?

CONE: Well, I wouldn't go shooting off my face in front of her.

HORGAN: (DANGEROUS) Listen, Jasper -- if you got a piece to speak - go ahead. If you ain't -- lay off crackin' wise!

(DOOR IS OPENED AND CLOSED)

COURTLEIGH: (FADES IN) What's the quarrel about this time? Well -- speak up!

HORGAN: Giving the orders again, huh Courtleigh ?

COURTLEIGH: Simply because I happen to be in command. Care to take over, Horgan?

HORGAN: You can go kiss a pig.

COURTLEIGH: This waiting has shortened your temper, my friend. I think I can offer a remedy.

CONE: (QUICK) Something doing, Nevvy?

COURTLEIGH: Yes -- right now.

CONE: (SUSPICIOUS) Why right now?

COURTLEIGH: (AIRILY) Because it happens to be a very foggy day. And the newspaper says it will last till nightfall.

HORGAN: (EXASPERATED) The guy's nutty, Jasper.

CONE: (PARTIALLY GETTING IDEA) No-o. I don't think so. What's the angle, Nevvy?

COURTLEIGH: (COLDLY) Just Courtleigh to you, Cone. Now as to your question, there isn't any "angle." Have you boys got guns?

HORGAN: Sure. O'Course.

COURTLEIGH: (QUICK COMMAND) Then we'll start out now -- and inside an hour, I rather think we shall be rich. So (IRONICALLY) make ready -- my merry men all. (FADES) This way.

(DOOR OPEN)

CONE: (FADING) Well, might as well go along, Slats. This is it.

(DOOR CLOSED QUICKLY)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR IN LIGHT TRAFFIC
2. FOGHORNS
3. MUFFLED TROLLEY GONGS
4. LIGHT GARAGE BACKGROUND

WILLIS: (FADES IN) Stack 'em up, boys. That's right -- we've nearly got this truck loaded.

DRIVER: I sure hate to be workin' like this on a Saturday afternoon.

WILLIS: Well, Tim -- it can't be helped. This load of gold has to go out on time. You know that.

DRIVER: Well, Mr. Willis, if I was the president of this company --

GUARD I: Dry up, Tim. Swing those bullion bags.

WILLIS: This is a rush order for Gross and Company, the manufacturing jewelers on Maiden Lane. They just phoned again.

ATX01 0188812

DRIVER: You'd think this was the United States Mint, instead
of a private assaying firm.

WILLIS: (SOOTHINGLY) Sure, I know, Tim -- tell you what'll
we'll do. You've almost got a load now. We'll all
take a hand. Come on, you guards, help us out here---
Then we'll let the rest wait for the other truck.

GUARD II: Up she goes there --
(THUD)
Say, those are heavy bags.

GUARD I: Four hundred ounce bars, kid -- how'd you like to
have one o' them for a keepsake?

GUARD II: That would put me on the gold standard for the rest
o' my life! (LAUGHS AT OWN JOKE)

WILLIS: How about it, Tim? All set?

DRIVER: (SLIGHT DISTANCE OFF) Yes, Mr. Willis!
(SOUND -- TRIES MOTOR)

WILLIS: All right, Guard -- get up there.

GUARD I: O.K., Mr. Willis.

WILLIS: Wait till I lock the truck.
(METAL DOOR SLAM - KEY IN LOCK)
All right.
(MOTOR MOVES OFF)
Open the garage door, Ned.

GUARD II: (OFF) Wait a minute.
(MOTOR THROTTLED DOWN)
(SOUND -- GARAGE DOOR PUSHED BACK)
O.K. -- let 'er go, Tim.
(ENGINE THROTTLED UP)

DRIVER: (FADING OFF) So long, boys.

(MOTOR FADES OFF)

GUARD II: Well, there he goes down the street. It's a bad night, all right.

WILLIS: (IN FULL) Shut the door, Ned -- don't let that wet fog in here -- this concrete floor is cold enough as it is.

GUARD II: Yes, sir. I'm closin' it now.

(DOOR PARTLY CLOSED - SLIDES PART WAY BACK)

COURTLEIGH: (SUDDEN) All right, lads -- in with you! Quickly now!

GUARD II: Hey, what's this?

COURTLEIGH: Hands up, you! Come on, boys -- come on!

WILLIS: Hey! See here now, we ---

COURTLEIGH: Quiet, there! Horgan!

HORGAN: Yeah?

COURTLEIGH: Close that door!

HORGAN: Yeah -- look out, Jasper.

CONE: Pull her to.

(DOOR SLIDES SHUT)

WILLIS: Go after 'em, now! It's a robbery!

COURTLEIGH: Congratulations, old boy! You've guess it!

WILLIS: Get your guns out! Don't let these crooks get away with this!

GUARD II: Here goes -- line up over there, or I'll shoot --

COURTLEIGH: Get that fellow, Horgan! Don't let him pull that trigger.

HORGAN: Come on, Jasper!

(GUARD IS SUBDUED IN STRUGGLE)

WILLIS: You highbinders, I'll --

COURTLEIGH: Now, now! Keep away from that burglar alarm, old boy! Back against the wall!

CONE: We got this guy. What next, Courtleigh?

COURTLEIGH: Tie him up -- and tie him securely!

HORGAN: Yeah.....hand me that tape. I'll plaster his kisser.

CONE: That's not what I meant. We ain't in the strongroom yet, Courtleigh!

COURTLEIGH: As it happens, we shan't need to bother. Look on the floor, Cone.

CONE: Ah! They got a load waitin' for the truck, huh?

HORGAN: Say, that's a break!

COURTLEIGH: Righto -- a lucky break -- just like the fog that covered us when we came into the garage. There's all we can carry in those bags on the floor. So gather in the gold, boys -- gather it in!

WILLIS: No -- no you don't -- I don't care what happens! You're not --

COURTLEIGH: Stop! Don't shoot that man, Cone! Don't make a bloody row!

WILLIS: I'll yell till the place comes down on your ears. Hey! Help! Help! Help!

COURTLEIGH: Just tap with your life preserver, Jasper.

CONE: I catch on.

(BLOW AND GROAN FROM WILLIS -- SLOW FALL AGAINST WALL AND FLOOR)

COURTLEIGH: (VENOM AND MALICE) Ah, good....serves him right! The hysterical idiot. Now, lads, no more time to waste. Lift those bags.....

HORGAN: (GRUNTING) Yeah...yeah...whatcha think I'm doin'?

CONE: Boy -- look at it! Gold -- Gold!

COURTLEIGH: No time to look either, Jasper. Shoulder it. Come on now -- come on -- Have we got it all? (FADES)

HORGAN: I'll say. We ain't even leavin' carfare!

COURTLEIGH: That's the spirit. Now for the door! And when we get outside, don't show haste. Walk -- don't run -- to the car!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. GARAGE DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.
2. MOTOR CAR AND HORN
3. OFFICE BACKGROUND.

BARRY: Well, come into my office, Fritz, where it's quieter. I'll be glad to tell you anything I can in there.

REPORTER: Thanks, Mr. Rudd. City Editor says if we don't carry an interview with the detective on the case, the story's a wash-out.

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED)

(FADES IN) Hello, Mr. Mack!

MACK: How's the kid Fritz? What's on your mind?

BARRY: His City Editor wants a story on the gold bullion theft over in Brooklyn, Mack.

MACK: Oh, yeah? Where's the news in that?

REPORTER: Well, say, Mack -- the report we got says that the gold was in bricks, and was worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. If that's true, it must be pretty near a record.

BARRY: It's true all right -- we just checked the amount.

REPORTER: Well say, Mr. Rudd -- Has the Police Department any idea where it went to?

BARRY: (GOOD HUMORED) If we had, we'd go get it. But I know it. But I know this, Fritz. It can't stay hidden. Gold's no good till it's hauled out of hiding -- it's no good to anybody, just lying around.

REPORTER: Do you think the robbery was an "inside job?"

BARRY: I doubt it. The employes of the refinery are all bonded, and most of them have worked there for years.

REPORTER: But the bullion's bound to be recovered?

BARRY: Yep. The gang will have to dispose of it -- fine some way of turning it into money. Otherwise they will have had all their work for nothing.

REPORTER: Well, I suppose I could make something out of that. Do you mind if I write up what you said?

BARRY: Not at all. So long as you don't quote me. You won't be giving the crooks any news!

REPORTER: O.K., Mr. Rudd -- (FADES) many thanks for the story. So long, Mack.

(DOOR CLOSED)

MACK: O.K. Fritz. What's the dope on the case, Barry? Watch all fences and known disposers of stolen goods, huh?

BARRY: We'll do that as a matter of routine. But I wonder, Mack. I don't know of any fence big enough to try disposing of three hundred pounds of gold.

MACK: Say, that's something! -

BARRY: If he tried it, he'd have to write the value of the loot way down. Now, if there are any brains in this gang -- and there must be or they'd never have broken in to the Fortress -- they'll try to cash in on a foreign market.

MACK: Foreign market?

BARRY: Been reading the papers recently, Mack?

MACK: Sure. Do I look like a dummy?

BARRY: Well, just think it over. What happened when several of the European countries went off the gold standard? The price of the metal skyrocketed. It's worth more than half as much again in those countries than anywhere else in the world!

MACK: And that's what you figure these bennies are aiming at, huh?

BARRY: Doesn't it sound reasonable? But in order to reach this high foreign market -- the thieves will have to smuggle their loot out of the United States!

MACK: Sure!

BARRY: And that's what we're going to prevent!

MACK: Yeh? How?

BARRY: First, watch the railway stations. And along with that we'll have a check-up on every ship in New York harbor -- especially tramp steamers, and especially those that are docked or anchored on the Brooklyn side! So come on -- we've got a date to talk things over with the Harbor Police!

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN.
2. TRAFFIC NOISE.
3. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

BLOSSOM: (FADES IN) Nevvy! Listen -- I got something to tell you.

COURTLEIGH: Hello, Blossom! I say -- it's good of you to drop round.

BLOSSOM: Listen -- for God's sake -- I run all the way here to tell you this --

COURTLEIGH: Sit down and keep your chin up. Everything's all right, you know!

BLOSSOM: Everything is not all right. That's what I'm trying to tell you, Nevvy.

COURTLEIGH: Well! You have got the wind up.

BLOSSOM: Oh, don't just sit there -- you've got to do something! Listen -- they're goin' to double-cross you -- Jasper Cone and Horgan.

COURTLEIGH: Yes, really?

BLOSSOM: They're coming here to get the gold -- take it away from you -- steal it!

COURTLEIGH: (IMPETURABLE) Well, it's the sort of thing one could expect from them, Blossom.

BLOSSOM: But you've still got time --

COURTLEIGH: Now -- don't get yourself all upset.

BLOSSOM: (PASSIONATELY) Don't let them get away with it, Nev! Why if it wasn't for you, nobody would have anything.

COURTLEIGH: (SIGNIFICANTLY) Don't worry.
(SOUND - WINDOW RAISED SUDDENLY)
What's that?

HORGAN: (OFF) It's me -- Slats Horgan, Courtleigh -- in the window. Don't turn around. I've got you covered!

BLOSSOM: Oh, Nev!

COURTLEIGH: All right -- all right. Just be careful with the gun, old boy.

HORGAN: Come on in, Jasper. I got everything under control.

COURTLEIGH: Jasper too, eh? How delightful. You needn't have climbed the fire escape, you know. The door's not locked.

HORGAN: (IN FULL) All right, wise guy. All right.

CONE: (IN FULL) And keep your hands up, too!

BLOSSOM: You see, Nev? I told you these two sneaks would show!

HORGAN: Oh, so you tipped him off, huh? Well, it's lucky you got here too late! Else we'd have two of you to burn down, instead of just one!

BLOSSOM: (GASPS)

CONE: Go easy, Slats -- all we want's the gold.

COURTLEIGH: You are welcome to your share at any time, my lads.

CONE: We'll take your share, too, Nevvy. And that'll save you gettin' your head blown off.

HORGAN: If you come through fast. Now where is it?

COURTLEIGH: (COOLY) Where do you suppose?

HORGAN: (IN RAGE) I ain't gonna stand for any more stalling! Grab him, Jasper.

CONE: Yeah -- I guess you're right!
COURTLEIGH: Don't touch me, you filthy bounders.
BLOSSOM: (SCREAMS)
HORGAN: (STRUGGLING) There -- there -- tie him to the bed.
Jasper, use the sheets.

(SOUND OF RIPPING CLOTH)

CONE: Yeah -- tight round his throat, too.. All right --
O.K. Now look here, Courtleigh -- you better come
through and come through fast. Horgan here is
spoilin' to give you the works, and I got this sheet
right around your windpipe.

COURTLEIGH: (GASPING) I say -- go easy -- no need to choke me.
You know. You'll find the stuff where we left it --
in the closet.

CONE: Oh, I thought you'd have buried it by now.

COURTLEIGH: No, no old boy -- what's the use?

HORGAN: (OFF) It had better be where you say.

(OPENS DOOR)

Say! He's tellin' the truth! It's here, Jasper --
in the same bags we got it in!

CONE: All right, then -- you grab one pair -- I'll take the
other -- and we'll get it down to the car, and if you
know what's good for you, Nevvy, you won't try to
stop us.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR SLAMS.
2. RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS.
3. MOTOR AND HORN.

MACK: I don't see the use of waiting around here all night, Barry.

BARRY: If we get a call from the harbor police, it will probably concern some vessel near the Brooklyn shore. So the best place for us to be is right here at Brooklyn Police headquarters.

MACK: Sure -- if we get a call!

BARRY: The harbor patrol is doubled tonight, Mack. If anything suspicious develops, we'll hear of it right away. And then there might be some action.

MACK: Anything would be a relief.

BARRY: (CHUCKLE) Want me to send out for a detective story for you, Mack?

MACK: Go wan!

(TELEPHONE RINGS)

BARRY: Oh -- oh! Watch it! I told them to put only emergency calls on this wire.

(SEIZES RECEIVER)

Hello -- Barry Rudd speaking! Yes...yes, Sergeant. Good. East River? Yes, what name? Get this Mack. The "North Star" tramp steamer. Good. You hold on and we'll be right with you! (REPLACES RECEIVER)

MACK: Did they spot anything?

BARRY: Maybe. The harbor patrol reports two men in a small boat going aboard the tramp steamer "North Star" -- anchored in the East River off the Navy Yard -- and they say these fellows are carrying several small canvas bags!

MACK: That sounds good -- when do we start?
BARRY: Right now -- there's a squad car waiting, and a police launch at the pier! So come on, Mack. Let's make it snappy.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN.
2. STEAMBOAT WHISTLE AND SHIPS BELL.
3. LAUNCH AND MOTOR.

BARRY: (FADES IN) There she is -- the "North Star." Shut off the engine.

VOICE: Yes, sir.

(MOTOR OUT)

BARRY: Grab that rope ladder, Mack.

MACK: O.K., I got it.

BARRY: All right, up with you --

MACK: Right. (FADES) Here I go!

BARRY: Keep the launch alongside, and maybe a couple of you better come on deck with us.

VOICE: O.K. Barry. Malone, you and Johnson go along.

(VOICES ANSWER)

BARRY: (FADING) We may have some passengers to take back.

(OFF) Keep going, Mack -- right on deck.

MACK: O.K. Barry. Here, want me to give you a hand?

(VOICE SHOUTS IN SWEDISH)

EGSTRUM: (FADES IN) Say, vat you fallers do here, huh?

BARRY: (FADES IN) Are you in command of this vessel?

EGSTRUM: Yah. Cap'n Egstrum, that's me.

BARRY: Well, Captain, we're the police. Mack, take a look around will you?

MACK: Right, Barry. Let's have your flash, Malone.

EGSTRUM: Well, tell me vat you want on my ship, vill you?

BARRY: Certainly. According to our information, two men came aboard just a few minutes ago carrying small canvas bags. We want to see what's in the bags, and we want to talk to the men.

EGSTRUM: Ay don't know vat you---

VOICE: (OFF) Look here, Mr. Mack!

MACK: Huh? Well, I'll be -- hey, Barry! Here's the canvas bags! Somebody dropped 'em right in the middle o' the deck!

BARRY: All right. See what's in 'em. Now, Captain -- you've no business taking cargo aboard after you've cleared. You know that, I suppose?

EGSTRUM: Look. Ay ban good feller. Ay don't vant trouble with police.

BARRY: Watch your step, then. It looks like you're headed for some. You're cleared for St. Julienne Island, the Customs men tell me?

MACK: Hey, Barry! Over there! Look! Making for the rail!

BARRY: Malone! Johnson! Stop those men!

CONE: Come on, Horgan! We can make it!

BARRY: Fire over their heads, Mack!

(SEVERAL SHOTS)

VOICE I: Get your hands up you two! Reach for the stars!

VOICE II: All right -- come along -- we've got you covered!

HORGAN: Don't shoot, officer -- don't shoot!

VOICE I: You're in this party, too, handsome. Get 'em up!

CONE: All right, all right. Don't get in a lather, copper!

BARRY: Trot 'em over here, boys.
(AD LIB TO MIKE)
Now -- are you two fellows the ones who brought those canvas bags aboard?

CONE: Us, officer? Certainly not. We're A.B's who just signed on this ship. They belong to the skipper.

EGSTRUM: Hey! You ban one big liar. Dey yust brought demselves on board now, mister. Und dot's de truth!

HORGAN: Willya shut up, squarehead?

BARRY: Never mind that. Mack, have you finished looking over the bags?

MACK: (OFF) Yeh. Just now. Say, Barry?

BARRY: Yes?

MACK: (FADING IN) Was this stuff supposed to be gold?

BARRY: Isn't it?

MACK: It's nothing but bars of old brass. Take a look at one.

BARRY: Brass! By all that's holy. Mack -- you're right!

CONE: Let me look, let me look, will you, copper?

BARRY: Help yourself!

HORGAN: It is brass? Is it brass, Jasper, huh?

CONE: Yeh.

HORGAN: Well, by the --

CONE: Shut your trap, will ya? I get it now. It's you and me are the fall guys. You and me Horgan are the ones who got the double cross!

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: THE GOLD STANDARD GANG.....WHERE IS LOOT OF GOLD
THIEVES.....WILL NEW YORK DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK....
PICK UP TRAIL OF MASTER CRIMINAL.....FOLLOW LUCKY
STRIKE HOUR.....FOR CONCLUSION....HIGH OVER EAST
RIVER.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XXII

"THE GOLD STANDARD GANG"

PART II

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS....STAND BY....ALL POLICE CARS....
STAND BY....."THE GOLD STANDARD GANG".....NEW
YORK DETECTIVES.....TRAIL GOLD THIEVES WHO WERE
TRICKED BY LEADER.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC
CARPET.....PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO APARTMENT OF
GANG LEADER.....IN BROOKLYN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

COURTLEIGH: So you've come back, eh? I thought you would. You've had a proper taste of getting on without me, haven't you?

CONE: Listen, Nev -- Courtleigh -- we admit that, see? We're sorry we got out of line.

HORGAN: Yeah, that's right, chief.

COURTLEIGH: (LOOKING THEM OVER) What a miserable pair of swine you are, to be sure.

CONE: (PLACATING) Now, listen -- there's no use taking that attitude.

COURTLEIGH: I'm in a position to take any attitude I like, Jasper. You tried to do me in, and by rights, I should chunk you. However, -- Curious as it seems, I can use you.

CONE: Say -- that's great.

HORGAN: Well -- if we're buddies again -- where's that gold?

COURTLEIGH: Don't trouble about that, old boy. You see, I knew jolly well you'd try some rotter's trick, so I just put the swag away. The bars of brass I had made some time ago in case we ever got a call from the police. Now that you beggers have walked into their arms the whole matter's devilishly complicated. But when things quiet down a bit we'll try running the treasure trove into Manhattan.

HORGAN: Manhattan -- what's the idea?

COURTLEIGH: The Brooklyn waterfront is being closely watched -- that's why they picked you up. Getting the gold out, will be a most delicate and complicated smuggling operation -- but one which I am quite prepared to tackle.

CONE: Sure, you can do it all right -- but where do we come in?

COURTLEIGH: I shall need you to carry luggage.

CONE: Luggage?

COURTLEIGH: Exactly. My plan is to have three small steamer trunks made -- light but strong. Each to have a false bottom roomy enough for a hundred pounds of the gold. Then we shall start -- from different addresses -- to different parts of Europe. We'll have to disguise you fellows, too. Cone, you'll be a business man. And Horgan, I'll make you an immigrant returning to the old country.

HORGAN: Never mind the kidding.

COURTLEIGH: I'm not "kidding" -- it's the only way we can do the job.

CONE: That's gonna cost like blazes, Courtleigh.

COURTLEIGH: Certainly my friend. Why not? The metal's worth a hundred thousand dollars at par -- only fancy what we'll get in a rising market abroad!

CONE: (REVERENTLY) More than a hundred grand...we were fools to get tough with you, Courtleigh.

HORGAN: Yeh -- but why don't he tell us where he got the stuff, Jasper?

COURTLEIGH: Oh, take him away, Cone. Wait. This point. Undoubtedly the police are following you.

HORGAN: What do ya mean? They turned us loose, -- told us to beat it.

COURTLEIGH: Of course. It's no crime to load old brass on the deck of a steamer. But don't underestimate the detectives. They only let you go so they could follow you. Therefore, don't come to see me again.

HORGAN: Don't come near yah -- and you with the gold! Oh, no-- not much!

COURTLEIGH: I can't move it without your help, you bloody imbecile! Cone, for God's sake, get this man away.

CONE: What's the idea, Horgan? Want to queer the deal?

HORGAN: (DOGGED) Wait a minute -- how about Blossom?

COURTLEIGH: I'll look after her.

HORGAN: Nothin' doin'. I ain't going to stand for it.

COURTLEIGH: You complete idiot! Don't you understand I shall need some one to carry a message to you when the time comes? Who can we trust but Blossom?

CONE: He's right, Jasper. We don't want to let anybody else in on this. He's right.

HORGAN: Where's Blossom going to stay?

COURTLEIGH: I've rented her a room in the house next door. Now if you've quite finished cross-examining me, I suggest that you get along. I'll let you know when you're needed.

HORGAN: I don't go for---

CONE: (AS THOUGH HERDING HIM OFF) Come on, Horgan -- do like he tells you. See you suddenly, Courtleigh.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR CLOSED.
2. MOTORCAR AND KLAXON (FADES OUT)
3. STREET TRAFFIC NOISES -- FADE OUT)
4. STEPS MOUNTING STAIR -- HEAVY KNOCK ON DOOR.

ATX01 0188830

BLOSSOM: Yeah? Who's there?

HORGAN: (OUTSIDE) It's me, Blats Horgan.

BLOSSOM: Well....just a minute. I'll unlock the door---

(UNLOCKS DOOR)

(OPENS DOOR)

All right -- come in.

HORGAN: (FADING IN) How are yah, Blossom?

(DOOR IS CLOSED)

BLOSSOM: All right. How about yourself?

HORGAN: That depends.

BLOSSOM: Listen, you know you've got no business here. The cops are probably still following you.

HORGAN: That's what Courtleigh says! The dope! I been keepin my eyes open. There's nobody trailin' me.

BLOSSOM: Well, anyway, it gets me nervous, you comin' here. Speak your piece -- and blow!

HORGAN: Say -- who're you takin' orders from?

BLOSSOM: Nobody! But you're takin' yours from Neville Courtleigh.

HORGAN: A' right. Now I'm gonna tell you something. I'm through with Courtleigh, and I'm through with that punk Jasper Cone. He's downstairs waitin' -- and he can wait till he rots. From right now -- I'm on my own. And you're comin' with me, Blossom!

BLOSSOM: You got it all figured out, haven't you?

HORGAN: I'm going to grab that gold and bale out of here! Courtleigh told us how to get rid of it -- and I can do that just as good as he can.

BLOSSOM: Maybe so. But how are you going to get your hands on

HORGAN: That's easy. You're gonna tell me where it is!

BLOSSOM: Brother, all I got to tell you is "Scram."

HORGAN: (HARSH) Oh -- so that's the pay-off, huh?

BLOSSOM: (BEGINNING TO GET FRIGHTENED) I mean'-- even if I knew where it was, I wouldn't tell you, Slats!

HORGAN: You know where it is. Don't try to stand me up.

BLOSSOM: Keep away -- Slats! Keep away from me!

HORGAN: You think I forgot the double-X you pulled before when you tried to tip off Courtleigh? Oh, no! Not me! Tell me where that stuff is or --

BLOSSOM: (SMOTHERED SCREAM)

HORGAN: If you holler you dizzy skirt -- I'll choke the daylight out of yah --

(DOOR OPENED QUICKLY)

.....
What's that --

BLOSSOM: Nevvy -- Nevvy --

COURTLEIGH: Well, a spirited scene! You going on the cinema, old chap?

HORGAN: (AS THOUGH WHIRLING TO MEET HIM)

(BLOSSOM GASPS AND SOBS IN BACKGROUND)

This is O.K. wit' me. You're the guy I'm lookin' for.

COURTLEIGH: (QUIETLY) Horgan, I've met beauties in my time -- but never one like you. You've come back here -- when I told you expressly not to -- and you've brought the police.

HORGAN: (CUTTING HIM OFF) Listen, Courtleigh -- where's that gold? Where is it?

COURTLEIGH: Does the word -- "police" mean nothing to you? Don't you understand English? Look out that window.

HORGAN: Huh?

COURTLEIGH: Why do you think I'm here? Because there's a carful of detectives parked right across the street. I spotted them from my window, and ran to warn Blossom.

HORGAN: (CUTS THE SPEECH THOUGH OFF - AT WINDOW) You're right! It's the cops!

BLOSSOM: Oh Nev -- what's going to happen? Tell me!

COURTLEIGH: Don't worry, dear. If we're not surrounded -- we 've still a chance. My car's in the alley. Horgan, you get ready to lend a hand -- with the gold!

HORGAN: Gold?

COURTLEIGH: Are you deaf, too? Open your trunk, Blossom.

BLOSSOM: All right, Nevvy, I will.

(SOUND - SNAPS BACK TRUNK LOCK)

(LIFTS LID)

HORGAN: It's in there -- in the trunk?

COURTLEIGH: (CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT AND VEXATION) Yes. Yes! Yes!

HORGAN: Then listen, Nevvy. I'll call Cone -- I left him downstairs -- (FADES TO DOOR) (CALLS) Jasper.

Jasper --

COURTLEIGH: (AS HORGAN CALLS CONE) Help me lift out these trays, Blossom --

BLOSSOM: Yeah, I'm doin' the best I can, Nev---

COURTLEIGH: (FRANTICALLY PULLING THINGS OUT OF TRUN) Throw that stuff on the floor -- oh, why can't I die? -- That fool, that fool! Ah, here we are!

CONE: (RUSHING IN) What's the matter -- what's wrong, boys?
COURTLEIGH: (DESPERATELY COOL) Police out front -- we're going
to run for my car! Give us a hand here, Jasper.
CONE: What's that -- in the trunk?
COURTLEIGH: It's the gold, of course. Bear a hand, Horgan --
quick -- quick --

(AD LIBS AS HORGAN AND CONE GRAB UP BAGS)

(COURTLEIGH CONTINUES) And a couple of bags for me
to carry -- there -- we have it. Downstairs, men,
and into my car --

BLOSSOM: Nev. How about me? What shall I do?

COURTLEIGH: Stay here and keep your mouth closed whatever the
blighters ask you. We'll give you a buzz from
Manhattan -- if we ever get there!

(DOOR SLAMMED)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTORCAR & KLAXON RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED.
2. SIREN - COMES FROM DISTANCE, GETS CLOSER, FALLS
BACK.
3. MOTOR BACKGROUND FOR DIALOGUE - SIREN HAS FADED OUT;
BRIDGE TRAFFIC BACKGROUND ALSO IN.

CONE: No one following us now, Courtleigh, that I can spot.
COURTLEIGH: We've run them off, boys, we've run them fairly off!
Once across the bridge we're safe as archbishops!
HORGAN: We're comin' to the bridge now.

COURTLEIGH: Good old Brooklyn Bridge. Take the fast traffic lane, Horgan.

HORGAN: Yeah -- that's what I'm doin'.

(KLAXON)

(CALLS) Git over, you!

COURTLEIGH: Careful! I shouldn't care about a smashup now. Well, we've pulled it off after all, lads. We'll twist through those streets in the lower East Side and then I'll depend on you chaps for some sort of hide-out.

CONE: What then, Courtleigh?

COURTLEIGH: We'll blow up the gold market like a jolly balloon. Yes, we've come off handsomely!

(SIREN IN DISTANCE)

HORGAN: Listen -- what's that?

(SIREN - FAINT IN DISTANCE)

CONE: It's them, all right. Can you lamp 'em, Courtleigh?

COURTLEIGH: Yes, it's the police car! They're just coming on the bridge.

(SIREN LOUDER)

CONE: Step on it, Horgan! Push her down to the floor!

HORGAN: That's what I'm doin'! This is all she'll do!

COURTLEIGH: All right, Horgan! Snap her over. Drive in front of that truck!

HORGAN: What! That's over in the slow lane.

COURTLEIGH: It's nearest the rail too! You do as I tell you? To the right! To the right!

(KLAXONS BURST OUT)

CONE: Great God, Courtleigh -- there'll be a smash-up.

COURTLEIGH: What's that to us?

HORGAN: Stop?

COURTLEIGH: Do as I say -- stop!
(BRAKES SCREAM AS CAR IS STOPPED)

COME: What's the idea, Nev?

COURTLEIGH: Don't stop to argue. Over the rail with this gold --
quick!
(SIREN OUT)

HORGAN: You're gonna heave over the gold?

COURTLEIGH: Yes -- yes -- throw it over -- we're caught, don't
you see? If you don't want to go to jail toss over
the stuff!

CONE: He's right, Horgan. Come on -- lift this bag!

COURTLEIGH: (FADING IN) That's it -- that's it -- hurry boys, over
she goes --

HORGAN: (GRUNTING) I hate to do this -- wow -- what a drop!
(CAR STOPS WITH SCREAMING BRAKES)

MACK: It's them, all right, Barry!

BARRY: (IN DISTANCE) Hold up there! Take it easy, you men!

COURTLEIGH: The police are getting out of their car. Hurry, for
God's sake --

CONE: (FADING IN) Here's the last bag!

COURTLEIGH: Over with it!

CONE: There!

COURTLEIGH: And just in the nick of time, too! Here's the bobbies.

BARRY: (FADING IN) Hands up, boys -- don't reach for those
guns! Frisk 'em, Mack!

MACK: Yeah, I'll do that. Huh -- this baby's got a cannon,
all right -- and so has -- this one --

BARRY: These two are the gold brick boys sure enough. And
their pal here's a new one.

COURTLEIGH: Gold? (LAUGHS) I'm terribly sorry, old man -- I'm afraid you're just too late.

BARRY: Afl in the river, eh?

COURTLEIGH: Something of the sort. Quaint, isn't it?

BARRY: Quaint! Sergeant!

VOICE: Yes, Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: Call headquarters immediately, and ask 'em to send a police launch and divers down the river here right away. We'll stay to mark the spot.

VOICE: O.K. Mr. Rudd.

BARRY: We'll have that gold up, my friend. We'll have it up if we have to dredge the whole East River.

COURTLEIGH: Yes, but right at the moment you can't hold us -- you haven't an ounce of evidence and you'll have to let us go.

BARRY: Let you go? I wouldn't think of it. If reasonable suspicion and witnessing your attempt to get rid of evidence isn't enough for you, then we'll just take you along for carrying concealed weapons and reckless driving on Brooklyn Bridge. All right, Mack -- put them in our car -- and we'll ride slowly to headquarters.

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: "THE GOLD STANDARD GANG" STOLEN GOLD...RECOVERED BY POLICE DIVERS...FROM BEDS OF EAST RIVER...AND RESTORED TO OWNERS...MEMBERS OF GANG...NOW SERVING SENTENCES...FORTY YEARS EACH...IN STATE'S PRISON.....

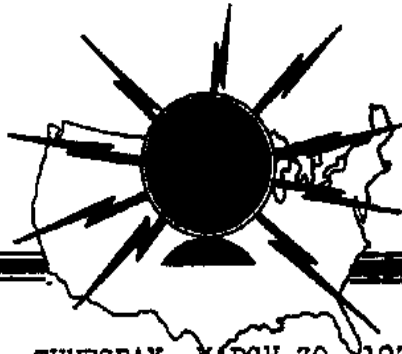
(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

WILLIAMSON/FARR/chilleen
3/23/33

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, MARCH 30, 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....

This is the night that Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, pours another of his amazing adventures into the microphone and the ear of his friend Sharlie. He'll be with us in a few minutes....so let's dance first while Abe Lyman and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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

ATX01 0188838

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Abe Lyman, that was fine.

Among smart, cosmopolitan folk, you'll hear of LUCKIES in many languages -- but the meaning is always the same -- "LUCKIES Please!"....For people the world over want a cigarette with Character.....and Mildness. LUCKY STRIKE'S rich, delightful Character comes from that mellow, balanced blend of fine tobaccos. And these splendid tobaccos are truly mild! Because every fragrant shred is "TOASTED." That's why folks the wide world over say -- "LUCKIES Please!"

Now here's the Baron Munchausen, who is about to discuss his astounding experiences as an inventor, thoughtfully omitting all scientific words and phrases of over ten syllables..... this is bound to be interesting, for no one surpasses the Baron when it comes to inventing.....so ladies and gentlemen, his Royal Shyness, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE INVENTOR")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that, Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall make their exit until a little later in the program....and right here Abe Lyman takes the stage and leads his boys in -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's great Abe, we'll be back for more in just a moment.

Lifting its snowy crown high in the air, Fujiyama, sacred mountain of Japan, beckons travellers from all over the world to view its splendor. In today's paper you'll see a photograph of this famous mountain of the East -- and of a happy pair of travellers enjoying a cigarette in the shadow of its snowy peak. In the land of the rising sun, as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please." They please because of the character of their fine tobaccos....they please because of the mildness imparted by "TOASTING." And when folks once ask for cigarettes with the words "LUCKIES, please," you'll hear them say forever after, "LUCKIES please!"

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

ATX01 0188840

HOWARD CLANEY:

Abe Lyman and his orchestra from the Paradise
Restaurant play for us this time -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Abe, now it is high time that we heard
from the man who numbers among his many inventions such things as
The Golden Gate, The Grand Canyon and the Yellowstone Parking Place,
to mention only a few. Here he comes now....that great inventor.....
the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE INVENTOR")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thus we've heard another episode from the checkered career of the Baron Munchausen. He'll be back with us at this same time next week.....and now Abe Lyman is getting ready to persuade you to dance.....with his rhythmic arrangements of -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

All right, Abe Lyman, thank you.

I would like to read you an interesting letter we have received from Miss Wanda Toscanini, daughter of the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, it says: --

To the Manufacturers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes:

Gentlemen: Here is a remarkable commentary on the quality of Lucky Strike cigarettes, which I noticed while attending the International Horse Show of Art, at the Knoedler Galleries here in New York for the benefit of the Social Service of Memorial Hospital. Like myself, hundreds of people at the show were thrilled by this remarkable exhibit...it is a fascinating show both for art lovers and for those who love fine horses. And among the distinguished connoisseurs who were present it was quite noticeable how many of them, when they smoked a cigarette, invariably chose Lucky Strike. It is quite true that among fastidious people, the quality of Lucky Strike cigarettes is particularly appreciated.

Very truly yours,

(WANDA TOSCANINI)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Thank you, Miss Toscanini. As you say, particular smokers everywhere appreciate the fine character of LUCKY STRIKE'S choice tobaccos and the delicious mildness of "TOASTING." It was from such people that we borrowed that happy phrase, "LUCKIES please!"

Abe Lyman and his orchestra continue the dancing with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

So ladies and gentlemen, another LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close. On Tuesday night we bring you a case from the official records of the New York Police Department, called "Gunmen's Holiday".....also on that program Jack Denny and his Hotel Waldorf Astoria Orchestra will provide the dance music.

So until Tuesday then.....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
3/30/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE KXX

"THE INVENTOR"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MARCH 30, 1933

ATX01 0188844

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXX

"THE INVENTOR"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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ATX01 0188845

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXX

"THE INVENTOR"

PART I

CHARLEY: Now, just a minute, Baron --

BARON: No, sir! Never yet, since, after, now or before in my life did I ever saw such a people like you! You are the----

CHARLEY: Will you please hold your horses?

BARON: Whoa! --- I --- who's driving horses?

CHARLEY: I mean control yourself! Be calm, forget your wrathful indignation and asperity.

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: Forget your acrimoniousness, umbrage and irasibility.

BARON: -----Here we go!

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron! Let's get down to brass tacks.

BARON: Go, and sit on one.

CHARLEY: Sit on what?

BARON: A tack.

CHARLEY: Why should I go sit on a tack?

BARON: I want you to get the point!

CHARLEY: What point?

BARON: The point of understanding.

CHARLEY: As I understand it, you claim to be an inventor.

BARON: I'm an inventor whether you understand it or not?

CHARLEY: What did you ever invent?

BARON: Well, my latest invention is this hat I am wearing --
the safety street crossing hat.

CHARLEY: The safety street crossing hat?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What's the idea of all those numbers on it?

BARON: That's the safety part.

CHARLEY: I don't see the connection.

BARON: My goodness, Sharley -- don't you know that old
saying -- there is safety in numbers. Also I invented
a safety razor.

CHARLEY: A safety razor?

BARON: Yes, sir -- it is absolutely impossible to cut yourself
with my razor.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: It has no blade --

CHARLEY: No blade?

BARON: No blade -- you see --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! How can you shave with a razor
that has no blade?

BARON: You can't.

CHARLEY: Then what good is it?

BARON: It's no good! I invented it for men with big beards.

CHARLEY: Men with big beards don't shave.

BARON: (LAUGH) I know it.

CHARLEY: That razor is senseless,

BARON: No -- bladeless. I also invented a drink to get rid
of unwelcome company.

CHARLEY: A drink to get rid of unwelcome company?

BARON: Yes -- one drink and they pass out.

CHARLEY: Speaking of drinking, Baron - what do you think about beer being legalized?

BARON: (LAUGH) Looks like we are going "bock" to nature.

CHARLEY: I suppose you're living in "hops" that we will.

BARON: Sure----please, the Baron makes the comical snickers.

CHARLEY: What else did you invent, Baron?

BARON: Well, I once invented a skate.

CHARLEY: A roller skate or an ice skate?

BARON: Yes---with this skate I---

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - was it a roller skate or an ice skate?

BARON: Sure -- you could even ---

CHARLEY: Will you please answer my question? Were these skates you invented equipped with wheels or with blades?

BARON: Both -- also they had wings.

CHARLEY: Wings?

BARON: Sure -- with my skates you could travel on the ground, on the ice and in the air.

CHARLEY: I never heard of such a thing.

BARON: Sure not -- I only made one pair. I'll never forget the day I tried them out---

CHARLEY: Were they practical?

BARON: -----push closer please!

CHARLEY: I said were the skates practical?

BARON: No -- nickle plated. I was skating in Central Park--- it was a very hot summer day -- when suddenly in front of me comes an automobile. What did I do?

CHARLEY: How should I know?

BARON: You shouldn't -- weel, sir, I pushed a button, went sailing over the automobile and landed on the lake.

CHARLEY: In the lake.

BARON: No - on the lake - the ice, and I went ice skating---

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron - you just got through telling me it was a hot summer's day and now you say you went ice skating.

BARON: Sure ---you see when I went flying over the automobile- I didn't have nothing else to do so I flew around the world and when I got back it was winter.

CHARLEY: That's so utterly ridiculous I'm not even going to waste time discussing it.

BARON: You mean you don't believe it?

CHARLEY: No, I do not.

BARON: Would you believe it if I showed you moving pictures of the trip?

CHARLEY: Yes. Did you make moving pictures?

BARON: Zeven hundred reels.

CHARLEY: I'd love to see them.

BARON: And I'd love to show them to you, but for one thing.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: I lost them.

CHARLEY: I might have known. What else did you invent, Baron?

BARON: Smokeless tobacco.

CHARLEY: Smokeless tobacco!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What kind of tobacco is that?

BARON: Chewing. One time I was in my shop corneting here and there.

CHARLEY: Corneting here and there?

BARON: Tromboning about - violining in circles.

CHARLEY: Do you mean -- fiddling around?

BARON: That's it! I was fiddling around! When I got an idea for perpetual motion.

CHARLEY: An idea for perpetual motion?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What gave you the idea?

BARON: (LAUGH) My wife was talking---

CHARLEY: Incessantly!

BARON: No -- in English. So I said maybe you better take a little trip, so I can work -- so she went to the West Indies,

CHARLEY: Jamaica?

BARON: -----I beg your reply?

CHARLEY: I said, Jamaica?

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- she went of her own accord. And while she was away I invented perpetual motion.

CHARLEY: What is the modus operandi?

BARON: Its a-----are you sick?

CHARLEY: Why, no -- I never felt better in my life.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's too bad.

CHARLEY: Answer my question, Baron -- what is the modus operandi of this contraption of yours involving perpetual motion?

BARON: Why don't you squeeze your words into smaller spaces?

CHARLEY: Very well -- I'll make it more explicit, more lucid, transpicuous and comprehensive.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's much better.

CHARLEY: What force was behind this invention of yours to cause it to move perpetually?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo?

BARON: Sure----you see, I gave him a tennis racket.

CHARLEY: A tennis racket?

BARON: Yes -- and he stands outside of your bank.

CHARLEY: My bank? What for?

BARON: To sock that check you gave me, everytime it bounces-- and oh, Boy! Is that perpetual motion!

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron -- but this is hardly the time or place to discuss personal affairs - let it go for another time.

BARON: Another time! (LAUGH) It went six times already! It's an excursion check!

CHARLEY: What do you mean, an excursion check?

BARON: (LAUGH) It goes and comes back.

CHARLEY: This is getting to be a nuisance.

BARON: So is your check.

CHARLEY: Will you please drop it?

BARON: Sure. Will you pick it up?

CHARLEY: YES! The first thing in the morning! And what's more I'll pay you one hundred percent interest and also give you a bonus of five times the amount of the check!

BARON: (LAUGH) Now I'll tell one. I once invented a machine to make wool.

CHARLEY: Wool is made from fleece.

BARON: -----Could I misunderstand you once more?

CHARLEY: I said wool is made from fleece -- fleece comes from sheep.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be zilly --- fleece comes from dogs! These machines turned out eighty six tons of wool an hour!

CHARLEY: Eighty six tons of wool an hour!

BARON: The small machines,

CHARLEY: The small machines.

BARON: Sure -- the bigger ones turned out eleven million tons of wool.

CHARLEY: An hour?

BARON: In twenty minutes.

CHARLEY: Baron, my mind is wandering.

BARON: (LAUGH) It can't go far.

CHARLEY: What did you do with all this wool?

BARON: I sold it.

CHARLEY: What is wool worth today?

BARON: A five and ten cent store.

CHARLEY: I mean what did you get for the wool?

BARON: Camphor balls ---you see---

CHARLEY: Never mind - let it go.

BARON: Speaking of machines, I got one what makes those -- what do you call those things what sink in the water for men to work in?

CHARLEY: Caissons!

BARON: Sure -- kay-shons.

CHARLEY: Caissons!

BARON: Kayshons.

CHARLEY: No, Baron -- not Kay-shons, Caissons.

BARON: -----Kay shons!

CHARLEY: All right - Kay-shons. But you didn't invent them.

BARON: I invented the kind I make.

CHARLEY: WHAT kind is that?

BARON: They are made from fabric.

CHARLEY: I see --- you invent fabrications.

BARON: Sure, its ----could you please be unfunny?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Suppose I told you I'm inventing an automobile without wheels -- what would you say?

CHARLEY: I wouldn't say a word.

BARON: So I'm inventing a wheelless automobile. This automobile --

CHARLEY: Baron -- what you are saying is going in one ear and out the other.

BARON: Sure -- there's nothing there to stop it. This automobile will have no wheels and --

CHARLEY: How in the world will it travel on the ground?

BARON: (LAUGH) I haven't figured that part out yet.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm afraid you're wasting a lot of breath.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't worry - I got a lot left. One of my best inventions was for bakeries.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: A milk cigar.

CHARLEY: A milk cigar?

BARON: Sure -- for making cream puffs -- Also for bakeries I invented an alarm clock bread.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what kind of bread that is?

BARON: Self raising. When the alarm clock goes off the bread rises ----and besides the sound of the bell is used to make cake.

CHARLEY: The sound of the bell is used to make cake!

BARON: Yes sir --

CHARLEY: That to me is positively idiotic.

BARON: To you?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) Of course.

CHARLEY: What kind of cake can be made from the sound of a bell?

BARON: Coffee rings!

CHARLEY: You must have made a lot of money on your bakery inventions.

BARON: Sure -- there's lots of dough in cake and bread.

CHARLEY: Did you ever try to invent an unrefillable bottle?

BARON: Try? - (LAUGH) I did.

CHARLEY: You actually invented an unrefillable bottle?

BARON: Yes sir. Experts tried to refill my bottle and couldn't do it.

CHARLEY: It must have been a wonderful bottle!

BARON: You have no conscription --

CHARLEY: I have no conception.

BARON: (LAUGH) Whatever you haven't got.-- This bottle was so unfillable that -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: That what?

BARON: You couldn't fill it in the first place.

CHARLEY: Then it was no good.

BARON: Sure its good -- I got it home now.

CHARLEY: If you can't get anything into the bottle what in the world good is it?

BARON: I use it for a nut cracker.

CHARLEY: A nut cracker?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Are you fond of nuts?

BARON: Only one.

CHARLEY: What nut is that?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo -- I was --

CHARLEY: What has Hugo got to do with a nut cracker?
BARON: When he gets fresh I crack him on the nut.
CHARLEY: Don't tell me Hugo doesn't deport himself properly.
BARON: He don't have to--
CHARLEY: He don't have to?
BARON: No -- the government deported him twice.
CHARLEY: What for?
BARON: For years.
CHARLEY: I mean, what was the charge?
BARON: There was no charge -- he got it free.
CHARLEY: Will you please understand? What did Hugo do that caused the government to deport him?
BARON: He flirted with a woman.
CHARLEY: That's not a serious charge. You've flirted in your day, haven't you?
BARON: No sir! Never in my day did I ever flirt.
CHARLEY: Never in your day?
BARON: Never, but I put in some pretty good nights.
CHARLEY: Did you wife ever catch you flirting?
BARON: Once -- and I caught her flirting too.
CHARLEY: What did you do?
BARON: (LAUGH)-----I
CHARLEY: Well, come on -- you caught your wife flirting and she caught you flirting and what did you do?
BARON: We got married.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXX

"THE INVENTOR"

PART II

CHARLEY: Invention and science have made wonderful strides,
Baron.

BARON: Jumps!

CHARLEY: Only today I read that doctors are operating on young
boys heads to make them better boys.

BARON: (LAUGH) When we was boys it was just the opposite.

CHARLEY: Think of the wonderful things that have been
accomplished by our eminent horticulturists.

BARON: -----What's his name?

CHARLEY: Horticulturist -- one versed in the art of vegetation--
off-times producing freakish botanical conglomerations.

BARON: -----What could be sweeter?

CHARLEY: Did you ever go in for that sort of thing, Baron?

BARON: Only once -- I planted goats in a wheatfield and --

CHARLEY: You planted what?

BARON: -----Maybe I should write you a letter?

CHARLEY: What did you say you planted?

BARON: Goats!

CHARLEY: Billy goats? Nanny goats?

BARON: What do you think? Over goats?

CHARLEY: What was the idea of planting goats in a wheat field?

BARON: I wanted to raise buckwheat.

CHARLEY: Of course your experiment was a failure.

BARON: (LAUGH) A very successful one.

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: The goats ate up the wheat.

CHARLEY: They must have been well bred.

BARON: Sure they----Will you have yourself arrested?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron -- proceed.

BARON: Another time my Cousin Hugo took a pine tree and a weeping willow and planted them together.

CHARLEY: Is Hugo a grafter?

BARON: (LAUGH) He's been grafting for years.

CHARLEY: On trees?

BARON: No -- on me.

CHARLEY: I mean is he a student of tree surgery?

BARON: Sure -- he's a D.H.

CHARLEY: D.H. Doctor of Horticulture?

BARON: No -- Dead head.

CHARLEY: What was his idea in grafting a pine tree and a weeping willow?

BARON: He wanted to raise a new kind of strawberry.

CHARLEY: You can't raise strawberries from trees!

BARON: (LAUGH) He found that out. I was the one who made the successful grafting.

CHARLEY: I heard you were a big grafter.

BARON: Sure I ----is that a compliment or an insult?

CHARLEY: Why, Baron -- you don't think for a moment that I would insult you, do you?

BARON: You couldn't.

CHARLEY: I know it.

BARON: I-----Must you tell jokes?

CHARLEY: My apologies -- go ahead.

BARON: I was once out in Green Gravel Forest and I---

CHARLEY: Green Gravel Forest?

BARON: Pink Pebble Woods -- Blue Rock Garden --

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean Yellowstone Park?

BARON: That's it! Yellowstone Park! It was there I got the idea to graft tramps to a weeping willow.

CHARLEY: Graft tramps to a weeping willow?

BARON: Sure --- and when I----

CHARLEY: Just a moment! What in the name of common sense could come from tramps grafted to a weeping willow?

BARON: -----Tear bums! My goodness, Sharley - I nearly forgot.

CHARLEY: Nearly forgot what?

BARON: To remember not to forget to tell you about my bad egg finder.

CHARLEY: Another invention of yours?

BARON: Yes -- one time I ate a bad egg and I was lying at the point of death --

CHARLEY: You kept it up to the last minute.

BARON: Sure---Maybe I better play solitaire.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: I was lying -- I was sick!

CHARLEY: You were ill -- due to a bad egg.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: That was too bad.

BARON: No---only one was bad - the other was good.

CHARLEY: I mean it was too bad you were sick, ailing, invalided, prostrated, incapacitated.

BARON: -----I had a headache.

CHARLEY: Due to the bad egg.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Where did you get the egg?

BARON: From a duck --- he told me it was fresh.

CHARLEY: Whoa! Did I understand you to say the duck told you the egg was fresh?

BARON: Sure -- the duck said --

CHARLEY: Now, look here, Baron. I like to humor you and all that sort of stuff but I can't let you get away with a talking duck.

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: No, and you can't make me believe it -- a duck don't talk and you know it.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

BARON: No, I was not!

BARON: So the duck talked!

CHARLEY: Well, all I can say is -- when I hear it I'll believe it.

BARON: You come with me to Washington and you'll hear it.

CHARLEY: Washington?

BARON: Yes sir -- we'll have to go soon because this talking duck will soon be extinct.

CHARLEY: What kind of a duck are you referring to?

BARON: A Lame Duck.

CHARLEY: Oh -- I got it now, you got the egg from an erstwhile office holder.

BARON: That's what I have been trying to tell you ---Well, anyhow I was lying on my couch.

CHARLEY: Still lying!

BARON: Sure I ----I was sitting up!

CHARLEY: On your couch?

BARON: Yes -- and I nearly drowned.

CHARLEY: Nearly drowned --

BARON: Yes---

CHARLEY: How come?

BARON: I fell in the spring.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: No, couch! So I decided to invent a bad egg finder.

CHARLEY: Did you succeed?

BARON: The Baron never flops -- I got a glass box.

CHARLEY: Transparent?

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: The box was transparent!

BARON: No -- you could see inside. And in it I put an egg.

CHARLEY: You put the egg in the glass box?

BARON: Eggsactly --- for zix months I watched that egg---

CHARLEY: You watched an egg for six months?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: That's unbelievable.

BARON: Oh yeah? -- Well it so happens I once watched an egg
for twenty years -- a hard boiled egg!

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: No -- your Uncle Henry!

CHARLEY: On with your tale, Baron.

BARON: After zix years watching --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! You said you watched the egg for six
months.

BARON: Sure---because it was still fresh.

CHARLEY: How could you tell the egg was fresh?

BARON: One day I said, "Eggie how do you feel" and the egg said "None of your business."

CHARLEY: The egg said that?

BARON: Yes -- it was a very fresh egg -- so I waited for six years, and---

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, drop the egg.

BARON: I did -- (LAUGH) That's how I found out it was bad.

CHARLEY: I don't know what to say, Baron.

BARON: (LAUGH) That 's fine.

CHARLEY: I can't make you out.

BARON: Please, Sharley -- don't try to make me out -- just take me in.

CHARLEY: I've been taking you in for months and what have I -----
to show for it?

BARON: Three meals a day, a car and a hotel suite and forty more pounds. .

CHARLEY: You're a cure.

BARON: You look it.

CHARLEY: Are there any other things you invented that you haven't told me about?

BARON: Sharley -- I could talk about things I invented for years.

CHARLEY: No doubt -- but who'd listen?

BARON: I-----Step inside, please.

CHARLEY: You said you could talk about your inventions for years and I said -- no doubt, but who'd listen -- I wouldn't--

BARON: You wouldn't!

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Well - when you stop listening---(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: When I stop listening, what?

BARON: You'll stop eating.

CHARLEY: I'll not go into a controversy over that.

BARON: I got a big one in my house.

CHARLEY: A big what?

BARON: Controversy -- its full of plants, and flowers, and--

CHARLEY: That's a conservatory!

BARON: (LAUGH) As if I didn't know. For my constoveatary I--

CHARLEY: Conservatory.

BARON: Consomme -- sa - story - sa--

CHARLEY: Conservatory.

BARON: Constorystove - a terry - stuff a ----My hot house!

CHARLEY: All right -- your hot house. What about it?

BARON: I invented an ant chaser.

CHARLEY: AN ant chaser?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Ants are bad for plants.

BARON: Sure -- one ant used to strip all my plants of flowers every day, and so I---

CHARLEY: Wait -- one ant did this?

BARON: Sure - so I invented the ant chaser.

CHARLEY: I'd like you to tell me about it.

BARON: I'll tell you about it whether you like it or not.

CHARLEY: Go ahead.

BARON: I got a live mouse and tied it to a rose bush and when the aunt came up to get the roses the mouse jumped up, frightened the ant and---

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron - please! Hold on! Who ever heard of a mouse frightening an ant?

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: All right -- I'll prove it -- I'll let you talk to the ant.

CHARLEY: Let me talk to the ant?

BARON: Sure -- my Aunt Sophie!

CHARLEY: Baron, you're impossible.

BARON: So is my Aunt Sophie. But she made a good invention, too; so did my Aunt Tilly and my Aunt Minnie, and--

CHARLEY: Don't tell me your ancestors were inventors,

BARON: No -- Not my aunts sisters -- just my aunts.

CHARLEY: What did your aunt Sophie invent?

BARON: A washing machine.

CHARLEY: A machine for washing clothes.

BARON: No -- for washing necks!

CHARLEY: Washing necks?

BARON: Yes---it was also a dry cleaner.

CHARLEY: A dry cleaner.

BARON: Yes -- dry as hard as she could it wouldn't clean.

CHARLEY: The dry cleaner wouldn't work?

BARON: No -- it was all wet. She called it "Hugo."

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because it was useless.

CHARLEY: Hugo seems to be on the pan tonight.

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a pan-ick! Always he is making bad breaks.

CHARLEY: Bad breaks.

BARON: Yes -- last night he made eleven bad breaks.

CHARLEY: What did he say?

BARON: Not a word.

CHARLEY: If he didn't say a word how did he make eleven bad breaks?

BARON: He dropped a tray with ten soup plates.

CHARLEY: What was the eleventh break?

BARON: What he said to my tailor.

CHARLEY: What did he say?

BARON: My tailor was measuring me for an overcoat and -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Measuring you for an overcoat?

BARON: Yes -- and the tailor said "I'm going to give you a belt in the back" and Hugo said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What did Hugo say?

BARON: He said -- (LAUGH) This is going to make you feel like a closing door?

CHARLEY: A closing door?

BARON: Slam you.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what Hugo said when your tailor said he was going to give you a belt in the back?

BARON: He said -- "If you give him a belt in the back I'll give you a crack on the jaw."

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

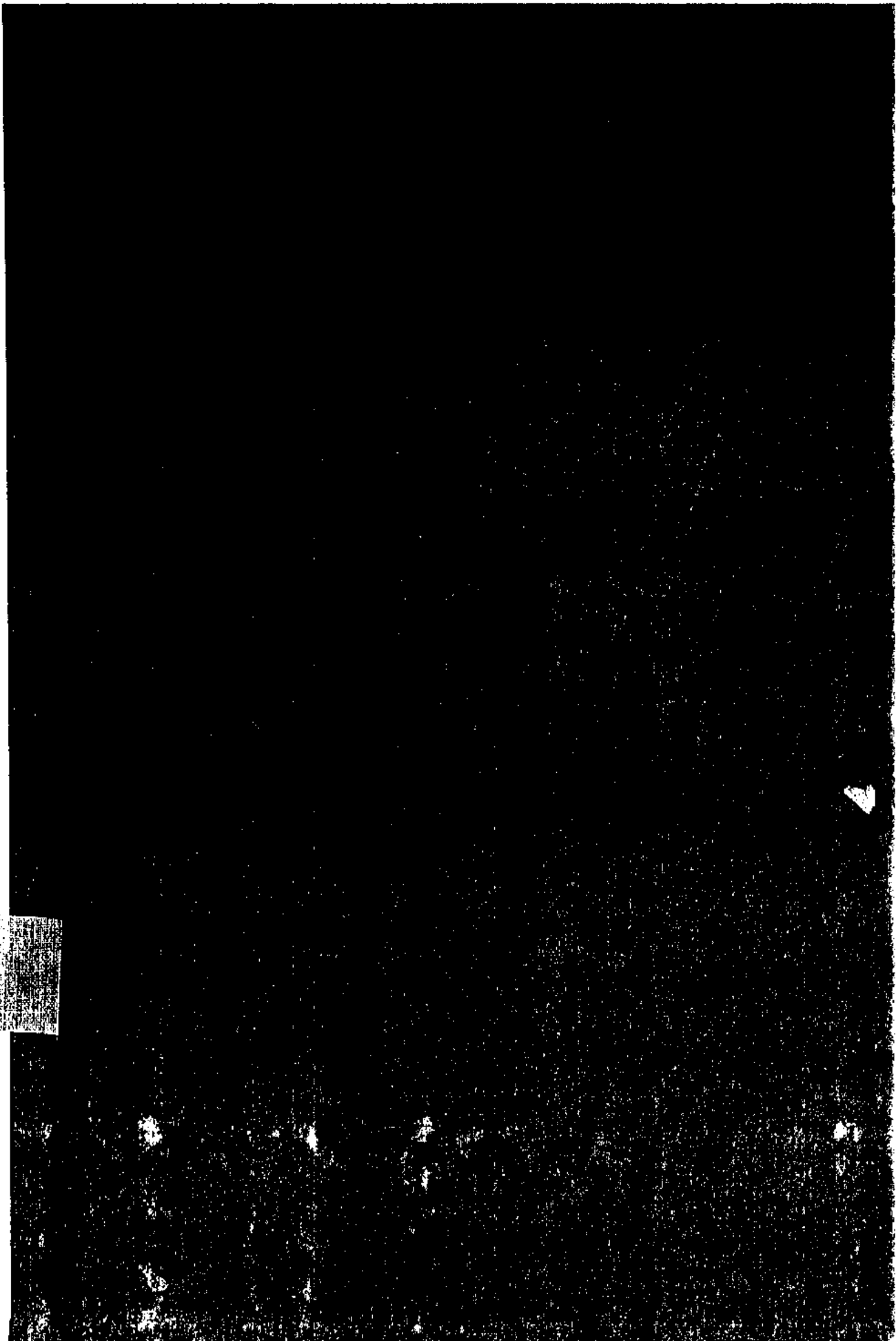
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
3/29/33

ATX01 0188864

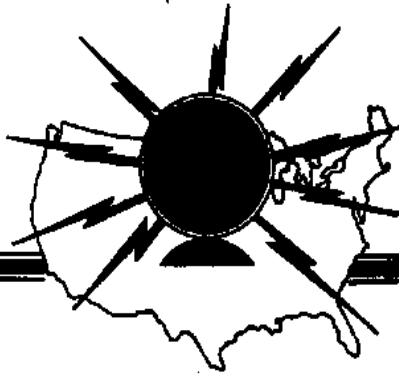
APR 11 1954



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, APRIL 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.....

"Gunman's Holiday"...that's the title of tonight's case from the official records of the New York Police Department.... in just a few minutes we'll take you into the Magic Carpet Theatre for the opening act of this thrilling dramatization....first you have a date with Jack Denny, the maestro from the Hotel Waldorf Astoria....so everybody dance while he plays -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

PRO-15-445-32

ATX01 0188866

HOWARD CLANEY:

You've probably noticed it yourself -- in homes where pleasant people gather.....LUCKIES are always within reach! It's because LUCKY STRIKE brings folks the distinctive character of choice tobaccos.....because every LUCKY offers the pure mellow-mildness of toasting. People who enjoy the pleasure of tobaccos at their best always have LUCKIES handy -- for they know "LUCKIES Please!"

Now we're going into the Magic Carpet Theatre....so get settled comfortably and listen while this drama of the underworld and the police, unfolds....here is Colonel Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York City Police....Inspector Henry.

COLONEL HENRY:

All of the facts of this dramatization, which we have called "Gunman's Holiday," have been taken from the official records of the New York Police Department and are authenticated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. This is a true story, except that for obvious reasons fictitious names have been used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney believes that all who hear these cases will realize that Crime Does Not Pay.

(FIRST PART -- "GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY")

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is a dangerous quarry that Barry Rudd and Mack are hunting....a gang that stops at nothing.....they've already shot down five people and they are still at large....later on in this program we'll follow the swift action of this unusual case..... and now if you would like to dance, join the rest of us while we go calling on Jack Denny and his orchestra.....they begin with --

(TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

They call it the "Paris of the West Indies" -- gay Havana, increasingly smart, increasingly interesting.....and in today's newspapers you'll see a photograph of a happy couple strolling there, enjoying a mild and mellow LUCKY. Everywhere you go -- at cosmopolitan Havana as in our own homeland -- discriminating smokers prefer LUCKIES. Why? For one thing, because of their fine, fragrant tobaccos. People the world over want a cigarette that has Character. Second, because these fine tobaccos are "TOASTED" for true mildness. LUCKIES offer you mildness -- and Character too! That's why "LUCKIES Please!"

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

ATX01 0188868

HOWARD CLANEY:

Jack Denny and his orchestra from the beautiful Empire Room of the Hotel Waldorf Astoria continue with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now for the last act of "Gunman's Holiday"....Lumps McGowan and his two gunmen Kramer and Valzano attempt to take two of their friends from a prison detention ward by force....they fail but kill a guard while escaping. The police are "tipped off" to the hideout of the gang and trap them there. In the ensuing gun battle McGowan and Valzano escape, but Kramer and a policeman are killed. McGowan blames Frankie Raddo, an uptown gangster for "tipping off" the police. They turn machine guns on Raddo in a crowded street and kill three innocent children....Raddo escapes. Detectives Barry Rudd and Mack have traced the killer's car to Valzano, but they have no other clue of the gunmen's present whereabouts. And so our story goes on.....

(SECOND PART -- "GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY.")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Courage and determination are something the gangster can't face....he works best against the defenceless....McGowan died as suddenly as his innocent victims, and the other members of his gang paid the penalty for their crimes. Barry Rudd fearlessly walked into a hail of bullets, but fortunately he was not fatally wounded....that is just another example of the courageous police action that makes so true the phrase, Grims Does Not Pay.

And now we leave the Magic Carpet Theatre and go back to Jack Denny and his boys, who play for us this time -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

After all, folks smoke a cigarette for just one reason -- to enjoy themselves. That's why, in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please!" LUCKIES give the enjoyment of fragrant, full-flavored tobaccos.....a distinctive Character and a smooth, delicious mellow-mildness that's imparted by "TOASTING." When folks want a truly fine cigarette, you'll hear them ask for "LUCKIES, please.".....For they know that always, "LUCKIES please!"

HOWARD CLANEY:

And at this point we turn again to Jack Denny and his orchestra from the Hotel Waldorf Astoria. All right, Jack, how about -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That, ladies and gentlemen, concludes another LUCKY STRIKE Hour....join us at the same time on Thursday night, when we'll hear from Jack Pearl alias the Baron Munchausen and Al Goodman, who will have with him, all his talented music makers.

So until Thursday then....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
4/4/33

EPISODE XAFPI

"GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

APRIL 4, 1933

ATX01 0188872

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XXIII

"GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY"

PARTS I AND II

INVESTIGATED BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

DRAMATIZATION BY

FINIS FARR

AND

GREGORY WILLIAMSON

CAST:

LUMPS MCGOWAN

VALZANO

KRAMER

ROSE

PATROLMAN GILLESPIE

HOSPITAL NURSE

"MOOSE" HENDERSON

TOMMY'S MOTHER

STREET SCENE VOICES

COUNTRY BOY - 12

BARRY RUDD

MACK

SERGT. HICKS

TROOPER LAMBERT

TROOPER GLENN

DETECTIVE PRENTICE

FRANKIE RADDO

SAM - 14

TOMMY - 6

MARGERY - 7

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ATX01 0188873

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XXIII

"GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY"

PART I

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY...ALL POLICE CARS....
STAND BY....."GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY!.....REAL PEOPLE...
REAL PLACES.....REAL CLUES.....A REAL CASE.....
AUTHENTICATED BY POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD P.
MULROONEY.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....
PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO DETENTION WARD OF LARGE
HOSPITAL.....IN NEW YORK CITY.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

MCGOWAN: All right. This is th' waiting room. Sit down, guys.

VALZANO: Say, ain't there no guards around, Lumps?

MCGOWAN: Never mind about guards, Valzano.

KRAMER: I thought de detention ward was just the same as jail.

MCGOWAN: Listen, Kramer -- the less you think, the better chancet we got to spring these guys.

VALZANO: I wish I could see a guard. I don't like to know they're here and not to see 'em.

MCGOWAN: Keep your hands on that gun inside your pocket. That'll steady you down.

VALZANO: Santa Maria! Let's get it over with.

KRAMER: Look at the spaghetti eater, Lumps. He's shakin' like jelly.

MCGOWAN: Well, he'll shake lead on anybody that gets in our hair. Now take it easy boys -- don't let this nurse get wise.

NURSE: (FADES IN) Were you men waiting for some one?

MCGOWAN: Yeah, miss. We'd like to visit a couple o' the patients.

NURSE: It's after visiting hours, long after. I'm sorry, but they're very strict about that in the Detention Ward.

MCGOWAN: We got two friends here. They ain't hurt bad. It wouldn't do them no harm to let us see 'em.

NURSE: Who are your two friends?

MCGOWAN: You don't have to worry about that. Let us in the ward and we'll know 'em.

NURSE: I'm sorry, but it's out of the question. If you'll come back tomorrow during regular visiting hours, and fill out the proper form --

MCGOWAN: (HARDER) I guess we won't wait.

NURSE: It wouldn't do any good.

MCGOWAN: You don't get me. We'll see our buddies right now.

NURSE: What's the matter? Are you drunk?

KRAMER: He never touches a drop, lady.

NURSE: (CALLS) Gillespie! Gillespie!

GILLESPIE: (FADES IN) Yeah...yeah...what is it, Miss Rowe?

NURSE: Will you explain to these men about the visiting hours?

GILLESPIE: They making any trouble?

MCGOWAN: Not yet, buddy.

GILLESPIE: Go on, boys -- take a walk. I'll run you in if you hang around this waiting room any longer.

NURSE: (SCREAMS LINE) Gillespie - lookout! Lock out!

MCGOWAN: Come on, boys!

(BURST OF REVOLVER SHOTS)

GILLESPIE: I'm -- you -- you -- (CHOKES)

(SOUND OF BODY FALLING)

MCGOWAN: That cooked his hash. Nice and brown. Now -- open that gate, nurse, or you'll get the--

VALZANO: (INTERRUPTING) Lumps -- no! Dio mio -- look there!

KRAMER: Yeah - Comin' down the corridor!

VALZANO: More guards! More guards, Lumps!

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE: (OFF) This is right, boys. All right, you men. Stand still!

(DOOR OPENS)

KRAMER: An' jeeminy -- there's another one!

DOCTOR: (FROM DOOR) What's all this disturbance?

NURSE: Doctor, be careful! Be careful!

DOCTOR: This way, quickly!

KRAMER: They got us out off, Lumps. They got us!
MCGOWAN: Oh no, they ain't. The window, birdhead, the window!
KRAMER: How about the boys inside?
MCGOWAN: To the devil with them -- let 'em get out themselves---

(AD LIB FROM GUARDS AS THEY CLOSE IN)

Come on -- right thru the glass. Jump!

(GLASS CRASH)

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE: There, they go -- across the lawn!
DOCTOR: Wanted to break into the prison ward --
NURSE: They shot Gillespie, Doctor! They killed him!
AUTHORITATIVE VOICE: They're getting in a car! You see? Come on -
outside -- quickly (FADING) We may be able to head
them off----

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR AND KLAXON, SPEEDING.
2. TRAFFIC NOISE BACKGROUND; FADE OUT.
3. INSISTENT RINGING OF TELEPHONE.
4. RECEIVER IS LIFTED QUICKLY.

BARRY: Homicide squad. What? All right, Sergeant, put him
on the line. Hello? Yes, this is Detective Barry
Rudd speaking. A tip -- on the hospital shooting?
Certainly we're interested. Go ahead. Yes...yeah.....
I see. Apartment at 410 West 80th street. Three
men -- one woman. Yes, it sounds like the straight
goods, all right. (ASIDE TO MACK) Did you get that
address, Mack?
MACK: (LOW VOICE) Yeah, I got it, Barry.

BARRY: You think that's the mob we're after, do you? Oh, you know it is, eh? who's speaking? Oh, you don't want to tell that? All right, you'd better give me the reason for -- hello! Hello. (TO MACK) He hung up.

(REPLACES RECEIVER)

I'll have 'em try to trace that call, anyway.

MACK: On the hospital shooting, huh? How about the tip? What do you think of it?

BARRY: Just what I think of any tip Mack -- probably good for nothing. On the other hand we can't afford to overlook any bets. Gillespie, that detention ward guard died this morning so that makes the men who shot up the waiting room guilty of murder.

MACK: Sure. I get that all right.

BARRY: Well, Mack, tipster says the gang who did it is hiding out at that address you took down,...and he says there's a woman up there too. So let's report this call to the Chief right away and see if he'll give the word for us to go up and investigate.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE MOTORCAR AND SIREN.

2. FEET TRAMPING UPSTAIRS.

PRENTICE: (FADING IN) This floor, Barry?

BARRY: That's right, Prentice. Down this hall. You and Mack follow along.

MACK: How do we rout 'em out?

BARRY: Well, taking it for granted that these are the people we want, we'll get the drop on them the minute they open the door. If they refuse to open up, we'll have to find some other way.

PRENTICE: But if they do come out in the hall, we grab them, eh, Barry?

BARRY: Yes. Now let's see -- Mack, you and Detective Prentice stand here by the stairs -- in case some one makes a break for a getaway.

PRENTICE: How about you?

BARRY: I'll take the door.

PRENTICE: Better let me do that, Barry!

BARRY: No, you stay where you are.

MACK: Don't worry, Prentice -- you'll have plenty to do, if anything breaks.

BARRY: Keep back, boys. Now we'll find out what's what.

(KNOCKS ON DOOR)

Hello inside there! Anybody home?

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

MCGOWAN: What do you want?

BARRY: Lumps McGowan!

MCGOWAN: Get your dukes up, Rudd!

BARRY: Not a chance. You can----

(SOUND OF BLOW)

(GROAN FROM BARRY)

MCGOWAN: I got him with me pistol butt. Here's where we scam, muggs.

BARRY: Mack, Prentice, here they are!

KRAMER: Huh! There's more of 'em, Lumps!

VALZANO: Cops! Cops!

MCGOWAN: What about it? We drive right past 'em -- down the stairs!

PRENTICE: Wait a minute, you boys -- not this way. Take it easy.

MCGOWAN: The devil you say!

PRENTICE: Hold it up, you ---

VALZANO: Lumps, he's got me! (STRUGGLING) Let go, let go, you -- (ITALIAN WORD)

KRAMER: This way -- run!

MCGOWAN: Go ahead then, Kramer! I'll cover you, Valzano. Hands off that guy, cop --

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

(PRENTICE GASPS AND FALLS)

MACK: Barry, Barry -- they plugged Prentice! He's down!

BARRY: All right, Mack -- let's give 'em everything!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

KRAMER: (IN DEATH AGONY) O-oh-oh....I'm shot! They----

(SOUND OF BODY FALLING DOWNSTAIRS)

MCGOWAN: Downstairs, Valzano! DOWNSTAIRS! Shake your feet!

(SOUND OF MAN RUSHING DOWNSTAIRS)

VALZANO: (FADING) I'm coming, Lumps.

(DOOR SLAMS OFF MIKE)

MACK: They got by, Barry -- we only dropped one of 'em!

BARRY: Mack, run to the telephone and call an ambulance -- then get headquarters to spread the general alarm! This crook is dead....but if we hurry we may be able to save Prentice.

- SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN - AMBULANCE BELL.
2. LOW CAFE BACKGROUND - PIANO PLAYING.

ROSE: But why do you have to clear out, Lumps? I don't see why.

MCGOWAN: Town's too hot right now, Rose. Don't ask me no more.

ROSE: Aw, gee -- that's a rotten break.

MCGOWAN: Kind of like the big burg, don't you, kid? The bright lights, and the stores? Huh? I'll say you do!

ROSE: (FLARING OUT) I only want to keep nice looking so you won't be ashamed of me!

MCGOWAN: Sure, I ain't kicking, Rose. We'll come back to it -- we'll be back.

ROSE: Lumps -- you're in big trouble, ain't you?

MCGOWAN: Right now. But it's only temporary, kid. Don't worry.

ROSE: Then why can't I go back to the apartment?

MCGOWAN: Listen, kid -- I know you don't read the papers -- and I ain't spillin' a thing -- even to you. Except this -- keep away from the 80th street place. We had an argument up there -- a misunderstanding and right now that joint'll be lookin' like the Policeman's Ball. You get me?

ROSE: O.K., Lumps. -- I'll stay away. (WITH FEELING) But I don't want to stay away from you, honey boy.

MCGOWAN: It's got to be.

ROSE: Oh, why can't we live like other folks?

MCGOWAN: (HARSH LAUGH) You're askin' me. Beat it now, Rose.
Go back to your Ma for a month or two.

ROSE: Across the river?

MCGOWAN: Yeh. I'll let you know when it's time for our
comeback.

ROSE: (WITH PASSION) God, I hate to leave you, baby.

MCGOWAN: Go wan -- it ain't forever. (ROUGHLY AFFECTIONATE)
Get outta here, now -- I got to talk with Valzano.

ROSE: Where you goin' to be?

MCGOWAN: I'll let you know. And the minute the heat goes off
you can come up there.

ROSE: (CONTROLLING TEARS) All right, Lumps. So -- so long.
(FADES TO DOOR DURING LINE)
(DOOR CLOSED)

MCGOWAN: (SAVAGELY) Hey -- you at the piano!

VOICE: Huh?

MCGOWAN: Cut that music. Things are tough enough without a
load of that around.

VOICE: O.K., Lumps. (MUSIC HAS STOPPED)

VALZANO: (FADING IN) Well, boss. How Rosie take it, huh?

MCGOWAN: O.K. But I'll tell you something, Valzano. Before
I breeze out o' town, I'm goin' to set off some
firecrackers -- a whole pack of 'em. The boy who put
me in the spot's gonna get his.

VALZANO: Oh.....I'm sick.....

MCGOWAN: What's the matter?

VALZANO: Already two we put the bite on for nothing. First
at the hospital...a cop in uniform...Then the
detective.....

MCGOWAN: We're still alive, ain't we?

VALZANO: Listen, boss -- I'm shaking. They got Kramer -- next time it's us.

MCGOWAN: Get a drink and pull yourself together!

VALZANO: Drink - pah! That do no good.

MCGOWAN: Listen to me, Valzano. We're still in the racket, and we got our angles to protect. Things are tough now on account of tanglin' with the bulls and the uptown mob all at once.

(VALZANO STARTS TO SPEAK)

Now, wait a second, I want to ask you something. How do you think the muggs in blue got wise to the 80th St. place?

VALZANO: How do I know?

MCGOWAN: On a tip-off. One of the uptown boys. Raddo.

VALZANO: Frankie Raddo!

MCGOWAN: I got it straight. He telephone headquarters and told 'em he knew where to locate the bennies what did the hospital shooting.

VALZANO: Oh -- that rat!

MCGOWAN: Think he's gonna get by with it? Before we blow we're gonna brighten that wise monkey's guts with a lot o' daylight. That'll show his whole mob where we stand-- That we ain't through and we're comin' back.

VALZANO: Frankie Raddo -- he's a hard men to get. He stay inside all a' time.

MCGOWAN: Not all the time. I know that guy like a book, and he comes out! Once a day -- in front of his Social Club on 109th street. Around about five in the afternoon, when there's lots of people passing by.

VALZANO: Sure -- that's a reason. Too many people around for him to get shot.

MCGOWAN: (GRIM MEANING) That's what he thinks.

VALZANO: Huh?

MCGOWAN: Never mind the people -- get Raddo!

VALZANO: (WHISTLES) When, boss?

MCGOWAN: (GRIM FINALITY) This afternoon. Come on -- we gotta be movin'.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. PIANO STARTS UP, PLAYS, FADES OUT.
2. CLOCK CHIMES FIVE.
3. STREET TRAFFIC BACKGROUND. FADES FOR SCENE.

SAM: Lemonade? Lemonade -- penny a glass!

MARGERY: (FADES IN) Look at Sam! Come on, Tommy, he's got a lemonade stand.

TOMMY: (FADES IN) Gimme some, Sam, will you? Gimme some lemonade!

SAM: You kids keep out o' the way -- you'll drive off the customers! Lemonade! Lemonade!

TOMMY: Aw, gimme some! Sammy, please.

MARGERY: Sam's an old stingy! Sam's an old stingy!

SAM: Ah, for Pete's sake!

RADDO: (FADES IN) (NOT VERY ITALIAN, JUST A SUGGESTION)
Go on - set 'em up for the kids, Sammy -- this is on me!

SAM: Oh, hello.....

RADDO: What are you gettin'?

SAM: It's a penny a glass -- Mr. Raddo.

RADDO: Give 'em all they can drink-- and keep the change.

MARGERY: Gee -- a quarter!

SAM: Thanks, Mr. Raddo.

RADDO: Ah, forget it -- you and me are in the same line --
selling drinks. (CHUCKLES) (FADING) You got a
swell location - in front o' my social club.

MARGERY: (IMPRESSED) Sammy, my mother says that Mr. Raddo
is a racketeer!

SAM: That's what I'm gonna be when I grow up.

MARGERY: You are not. You're just trying to be scary.

SAM: Ah, shut up. Here's your lemonade, Tommy.
(SOUND OF DIPPING OUT GLASS OF LEMONADE)

MARGERY: Mine too - Mr. Raddo said I could have some too!

TOMMY'S MOTHER: (OFF) Tommy!

TOMMY: Yeah, ma?

TOMMY'S MOTHER: Come in now. It's time to get ready for supper.

TOMMY: Gee, ma -- lemme finish this glass of lemonade.

TOMMY'S MOTHER: Well....hurry up though....
(AUTOMOBILE ROARS INTO SCENE. BRAKES SCREAM)

MARGERY: Gee -- it's awful good, Sam.

RADDO: (OFF) Hey you kids! Duck! Get out o' the way.
(FUSILLADE: (A) MACHINE GUN.
(B) BARKS OF SHOTGUN FIRE
(C) CRACKING OF GLASS ON SAM'S
LEMONADE STAND
(D) CHILDREN SCREAM

TOMMY: Mother! Mother!
(ANOTHER BURST OF SHOTGUN AND MACHINE GUN FIRE.
CHILDREN'S SCREAMS OUT. MOTORCAR STARTS QUICKLY
AND ROARS OUT. WIDE OPEN - HORN BLOWING)

TOMMY'S MOTHER: (FADES IN QUICKLY) Tommy! Tommy! Oh, my God!
(SOBS)

(AD LIB, OMNES - PANIC IN STREET.)

MAN'S VOICE I: Did you see that?

WOMAN'S VOICE I: Get the license number! Write it down!

MAN'S VOICE II: Look -- those kids -- they shot those kids!

TOMMY'S MOTHER: Tommy -- speak to Mother. Tommy -- Tom----

MAN'S VOICE II: It's that lady's little boy -- he's all over
blood.

MAN'S VOICE I: They tried to get that fellow standing over there!

WOMAN'S VOICE II: Police! Murder! Oh! Police! Oh, my God!

(BREAKS DOWN)

MAN'S VOICE II: Albert -- come quick -- look at these kids --
they're shot!

MAN'S VOICE I: I was standing right here when they come up to
the curb!

MAN'S VOICE II: Look Albert -- that little girl -- she's killed
I guess!

WOMAN'S VOICE II: Let me see -- oh-aggh--oh! Aggh! (AS THOUGH
SICKENED)

WOMAN'S VOICE I: Three little children they killed! Oh -- the--

MAN'S VOICE I: Murderers! I was standing right here -- they
almost hit me!

TOMMY'S MOTHER: (FADING) Tommy -- my little boy --

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. AMBULANCE BELL, FADES INTO:
 2. CHURCH BELL, TOLLING
 3. ORGAN MUSIC: (SUFFICIENTLY HELD TO GET AWAY
FROM STREET PANIC SCENE.)

CLERGYMAN'S VOICE: (AGAINST MUSIC)I am the resurrection....
and the life....sayeth the Lord -- He that believeth
in me.....

(FADES QUICKLY)

(ORGAN MUSIC UP AND OUT)

(OFFICE BACKGROUND)

(DOOR SLAMMED)

MACK: (UPSET) I've been 18 years on the force, Barry, but
this thing gets me....Why if I could get my hands
on those baby-killers, I'd --

BARRY: (SOLEMN) Wait a minute, Mack -- we'll never break
this case unless we go after it calmly.

MACK: Calm! Listen, Barry---

BARRY: (QUICKLY) D' you see Governor Roosevelt's statement
this morning? Here it is -- he calls the baby
killing "a damnable outrage," but he goes on to say
that "righteous indignation won't catch gangsters."
And Mack, the governor's right...this is the one time
in the world you and I have got to keep cool.

MACK: (CALMING DOWN) Yeah, sure...kids of my own...you
know.....

BARRY: Sure, sure....Now here's what we're up against.
We've got to get hold of Lumps McGowan and the
surviving members of his mob. We know he was mixed
up in the hospital shooting. Well, that cost Prentice
his life. That makes two major crimes for McGowan
and Company right there and now this terrible thing.

MACK: Have you got it on him straight for what happened?

BARRY: I've got two strong indications. First: that wild burst of shooting on 107th street was meant to cut down Frankie Raddo, standing in front of his social club. There's been a feud on between Lumps and the uptown mob Frankie belongs to for quite some time.

MACK: Sure. I've checked that angle myself.

BARRY: I wouldn't be surprised if Raddo was the man who telephoned in the 80th street tip on the hospital killing. Anyway, he's been putting it over Lumps and his crowd and this must have been their attempt at revenge.

MACK: That sounds right to me, Barry.

BARRY: Then, here's one more -- the license number an eyewitness reported on the murder car. The report on it came in while you were out at lunch.

MACK: Yep -- what's turned up?

BARRY: (SOLEMN) Mack, that car was the property of -- Nick Valzano!

MACK: Valzano -- the bite? The killer for McGowan's mob?

BARRY: (QUICK AND DETERMINED) Right! So there's no shadow of doubt that he's the man we're after for three crimes! And don't forget this -- he is the most vicious and ruthless hoodlum we've ever had to deal with. So when we run him down, don't let him beat you to it. Draw first -- and give it to him!

ATX01 0188888

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: "GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY"....WHAT WILL BE END OF
BLOODY TRAIL....LEFT BY INHUMAN MURDERERS.....
HOW WILL NEW YORK DETECTIVES RUDD AND MACK.....
CAPTURE HOODLUM GANG.....FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE
HOUR.....FOR CONCLUSION OF THRILLS AND HEROISM...

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE XXIII

"GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY"

PART II

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL POLICE CARS.....STAND BY.....ALL POLICE
CARS.....STAND BY....."GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY".....
NEW YORK DETECTIVES.....GRILL INTENDED VICTIM.....
OF MURDER GANG.....LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....
PROCEED AT ONCE.....TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....
IN MANHATTAN.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

HICKS: Come on. Don't keep us here all night, Raddo.

RADDO: I can stay here as long as you can.

HICKS: Yeah? Maybe we'll take that out of you, too!

RADDO: I ain't seen you do it.

MACK: Come through, Frankie -- you're wastin' time. You know where McGowan's hidin' out -- don't you?

HICKS: Sure you do! Sure you do! Come on -- spill it!

RADDO: What you mean, McGowan? Who's he?

MACK: Oh, so you never heard of Lumps McGowan, huh? Where you been, Frankie, all your life?

RADDO: I been run my club on hundred-seventh street.

MACK: Yeah...and I suppose McGowan was helping you? I suppose you two was buddies, huh?

RADDO: How many times I gotta tell you I don't know McGowan?

MACK: Couple more times and you can figure where it'll get you.

RADDO: You can' make me talk, cop.

HICKS: Oh...no?

RADDO: (SNARLS) I got nothing to say.

HICKS: Well see -- about that. (SLIGHT PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENED)

Here's Barry Rudd, Mack.

BARRY: (FADES IN RAPIDLY) Hello, Hicks -- Mack. Get anything out of this fellow?

MACK: Not a thing, so far.

BARRY: (NOT UNKIND) Doesn't want to take us into his confidence, eh? Well, let's see if we can't appeal to him. Listen, Frankie. You want to help us get the men who shot those little children, don't you?

RADDO: That's your business, not mine.

BARRY: Wait a minute, Frankie. I've heard some pretty tough things about you -- but I've always had a notion that down underneath you were fairly white. I believe you're going to come through now.

RADD: What you want to know, Rudd?

BARRY: We're looking for Lumps McGowan. Where's his hideout?

RADD: No -- no. I know nothing about it.

BARRY: You're sure of that, Frankie?

RADD: Yeah.

BARRY: You didn't give me a tip-off over the phone about McGowan and an address in 80th street?

RADD: (UNEASY CHUCKLE) Who me? I never talk.

BARRY: (TIRED) All right, boys. I thought I could get somewhere with him, but it's no use. Kick the scared rat out.

HICKS: This way, you....

RADD: (FADING) Sure...I'm coming...so long, cops.

HICKS: Scram.

(DOOR CLOSED)

MACK: What do we do now, Barry?

BARRY: (DISCOURAGED) Hanged if I know, Mack. Frankie could have given us a clew, but he's too scared. It's one thing to telephone a tip to the police -- and another to see the machine guns blazing at you. But he's fought McGowan too long not to have some idea which way he'd run.

HICKS: Yeah and him bein' so scared, Barry, that shows that Lumps is still dealing himself a hand, somewhere.

BARRY: Right, Sergeant. But where? Well...(THINKING HARD)
we can't sit here idle, while McGowan digs in deeper,
wherever he is. So, come on, boys!

MACK: Come on? Where to?

BARRY: We'll go back to the flat in 80th street!

MACK: But that's already been looked over twice, Barry!

BARRY: I know it, Mack -- but maybe the third time will get
us off the mark!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN.
2. WALKING UPSTAIRS.
3. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

MACK: Well, Barry, if I live to be a million, I'll never
forget what the inside o' this joint looks like!

BARRY: Wait a bit,..there must be something here we've
overlooked. Sergeant Hicks, you came up with the
finger-print squad, didn't you? Did they try
everywhere for impressions?

HICKS: Sure thing, Barry -- but the prints were all too
blurred and confused -- on top of each other, and
all that.

BARRY: Still, as I remember your report, you felt certain the
apartment had been used by three men and a woman?

HICKS: That's the way it looked from the bum impressions we
were able to pick up.

BARRY: (THINKING) The woman of course would be the one
that Raddo tipped us off to. I'd like to lay a bet
she's not with McGowan now. He wants to move fast and
lie low -- can't be bothered with a woman.

MACK: That makes sense all right.

BARRY: Well....let's take another look here. Say, you know this lady must be well turned out. Look at those gowns! Look at the labels, Mack -- all expensive shops, you see, and the clothes of a pretty young woman.

MACK: Yeah....I see....

BARRY: I can imagine her dressing up for Lumps McGowan, making herself fine in these expensive clothes and I'm just wondering.

MACK: What, for Pete's sake?

BARRY: How did she get a full-length view of her costume in this small mirror -- the only one in the apartment?

HICKS: She turned it down, I guess.

BARRY: That's what "I guess" too, Sergeant Hicks. The mirror's adjusted now so the lady could see her feet and the way her skirt was hanging. I wonder what she did when she wanted to look at her hat!

HICKS: Say! I get what you mean.

BARRY: Blow some fingerprint powder along the edges of this mirror, Sergeant, and see what you get!

HICKS: Right! Just let me get my stuff.

MACK: Do you think he can get something there?

BARRY: What do you see?

HICKS: (DISAPPOINTED) Ah....no luck.....

MACK: The devil!

BARRY: Wait a second.

HICKS: Say! I'm wrong! Here's a couple of prints,--beauties!

BARRY: Great!

HICKS: Right and left thumb -- a woman -- and absolutely perfect impressions!

MACK: Hot dog, Barry! This is more like it! Now we've got something to work on!

BARRY: You bet we have. It looks like we've picked up the trail. Through the looking-glass, you might call it, Mack.

SOUND INTERLUDE: POLICE MOTOR AND SIREN; TRAIN & WHISTLES.

MCGOWAN: (FADING IN) All right, Rose....come on back here, then.

ROSE: (FADING IN) I couldn't stand to stay away any longer, Lumps.

MCGOWAN: I guess it was my fault for tellin' you where I was at.

HENDERSON: Is this the babe you was tellin' us about, Lumps?

MCGOWAN: Yeah. My wife, Rose, shake hands with "Moose" Henderson. He's one of the boys from Albany. Found me this shack to hide out in.

ROSE: Gee. That was white of you, Moose.

HENDERSON: That's all right, kid. Lumps and me have done business before.

VALZANO: (FADES IN) Huh? Rose! Where'd you come from?

ROSE: (WITH DISTASTE) None of your business, you punk.

MCGOWAN: Ah, cut that stuff out. This is a tough spot for all of us.

VALZANO: (ALARMED AT HIS TONE) What's the matter? They can't find us here, can they, boss?

MCGOWAN: Only if they followed Rose.

ROSE: Oh, Lumps. How could they?

MCGOWAN: Listen all of you. This mob is hot -- redhot, with three big raps against us. Who do you think's gonna be on this case? Some rookie? Naw -- the brains of the cops -- the cream! Only a mug thinks them guys ain't smart.

ROSE: But they wouldn't know who I was.

MCGOWAN: They got ways of finding out. That's why I told you to stay low in Jersey.

HENDERSON: Nobody's gonna walk in here, Lumps, without talking first. Up on the hill -- nothin' but short grass around the joint -- how they gonna take you? Even if they was to spot the place.

MCGOWAN: (SOMBRE) They ain't taking me to no Big House. There won't be no Last Mile for Lumps McGowan. If they try to -- it's gonna be tough for somebody.

VALZANO: Dio Mio! I wish I was back in the old country.

MCGOWAN: It's too late now to sing the blues, Valzano, Come on, everybody, We may as well go in and eat.

(THEY AD LIB A FADEOUT)

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1.MOTORCYCLES DASH UP AND STOP.
2.FEET ON GRAVEL.

BARRY: Here comes the other state trooper from town, Mack.

LAMBERT: (FADING) Trooper Lambert reporting.

GLENN: O.K., Lambert -- we're working with Detectives Rudd and Mack from New York, you know.

MACK: And there's a beautiful job out out for us, too, brother.

BARRY: That frame house on top of the hill is where we've located Lumps McGowan and members of his mob, Lambert.

LAMBERT: I see.

BARRY: I was just telling Trooper Glenn how we picked up the fingerprints of McGowan's wife in an apartment they occupied in New York City. Well, then it turned out the girl had always loved finery -- even before she hooked up with this prosperous hoodlum.

GLENN: Oh, she had a record, eh?

BARRY: Yes -- two cases of shoplifting. That's how we identified her. Last offense, she was paroled in care of her parents over in Jersey -- and so we watched the address till she led us to Albany and finally here. Now all that's left is to take these fellows out of that house up there.

MACK: (IRONICALLY) Sure, nothing at all. I'll do it myself tomorrow before breakfast.

BARRY: (LAUGHING A LITTLE) I must warn you both that this man Lumps McGowan is absolutely ruthless. He'll shoot the minute he sees your State trooper's uniforms.

GLENN: O.K. Maybe we'll shoot the minute we see him.

BARRY: Now, here's my suggestion for a plan of attack. Glenn, you take a position back of the house, and cut them off if they try to escape that way. Lambert, you guard the driveway in front, and have your motorcycle ready in case they get to a car.

GLENN: All right, Mr. Rudd -- if that's what you think is best.

BARRY: You understand they mustn't see your uniforms so Mack and I'll try the front of the house. You take that hedge there beside the driveway, Mack, and creep around it. I'll go thru the field and trust to the angle of the house to shield me.

MACK: That grass in that field looks mighty short to me.

BARRY: It'll be all right. All set, men?

GLENN: Right.

LAMBERT: I'm set.

BARRY: All right, let's get to our posts, then.

(TROOPERS FADE ON: 1. Watch yourself there in the drive. 2. When those babies come out...)

MACK: Listen, Barry, let me go thru the field.

BARRY: No, Mack -- I want first crack at McGowan myself.

MACK: (SUDDENLY) BARRY -- look! There's Lumps himself -- coming out of the house!

BARRY: You're right, Mack -- I wonder if he's spotted us -- no, I see what he's doing --

MACK: Connecting a hose! What for, I wonder?

BARRY: Look there -- he's going to wash his car! (FADES)
We've got to move fast, Mack, from now on, or else he's going to see us.

SOUND INTERLUDE: SPLASHING OF WATER ON CAR.

COUNTRY BOY: (FADES IN) Say, Mister -- watcha doing?

MCGOWAN: What's it look like?

COUNTRY BOY: Gee, that's a big car!

MCGOWAN: You're a pretty wise kid, too, aincha?

COUNTRY BOY: Sure.

MCGOWAN: See what you think this!

(SPLASH)

COUNTRY BOY: (WHINING) Ah, gee! You got me all wet! I'll tell my pa on you!

MCGOWAN: I'll bet he's a big shot!

COUNTRY BOY: Say, mister, how did your car get all those little holes in it?

MCGOWAN: (VERY DANGEROUS) Listen, kid, you're askin' too many questions. Now get offa this place, see?

COUNTRY BOY: Ah, gee....that's a heck of a way to treat a fellow....

MCGOWAN: Get off this place, you hear me?

COUNTRY BOY: (STARTING TO FADE) Well, anyway, Mister, what's that man doin'?

MCGOWAN: Huh? What man?

COUNTRY BOY: Crawl in' through the grass over there!

MCGOWAN: (INSTANTLY) Crawl in' through th'---

COUNTRY BOY: Hey! Watcha gonna do with that pistol? (FADES RAPIDLY) Gosh! I'm going to tell my pa!

BARRY: (FADES IN QUICKLY) McGowan, put that gun down. We've got you this time!

MCGOWAN: You've got nothing but a bad break. Merry Christmas, Rudd!

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

(BARRY GROANS)

There's your gun gone...shot right outta your hand!

How'd ya like it?

BARRY: You didn't get this other gun, Lumps!

(SINGLE SHOT)

MCGOWAN: (GROAN AND QUICK COLLAPSE)
(SCREEN DOOR SHUTS. SOUND OF FEET RUNNING
ACROSS PORCH.)

HENDERSON: (FADING IN QUICKLY) Valzano -- This way -- it's cops!
Look out for that one there!

BARRY: Stand where -- you -- are -- (BEGINS TO COLLAPSE)

VALZANO: (FADING IN) Lumps got him! He's goin' over. Santa
Maria! It's Barry Rudd. Beat it quick Henderson
around the side!

MACK: Not around this side! Get back there! Hold it, boys!
(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

HENDERSON: (FADING) All right, Valzano -- we'll run away from
'em -- around the house here!

TROOPER LAMBERT: (FADING) Take it easy, take it easy, you guys!
No way out around here.
(TWO SHOTS)

VALZANO: A trooper! We're caught! Henderson.

MACK: (DISARMING HENDERSON) You bet you are. Let's have
that gat, big fellow!

HENDERSON: Go ahead -- take it. You turkeys ain't got nothin'
on me.

MACK: We'll go into that later. Got the other one, Lambert?

LAMBERT: Yeah -- he's not going to hurt anybody now!

VALZANO: Don't shoot no more, Mister. I'm gonna be sick.

MACK: All right, Lambert, hang on to these fellows. Barry's
hurt. (FADES SLIGHTLY) I've got to see what's wrong---
How about you, old-timer?

BARRY: (FADES IN WEAK BUT INDOMITABLE) Say, Mack....

MACK: Where'd he get you, Barry? Is it bad?

BARRY: Never mind me, right now. How about -- how about --
 MACK: Oh -- I get what you mean. (FADES AND RETURNS)
 I'll take a look. (WHISTLES) He's done for Barry.
 One shot -- it drilled him right between the eyes.
 BARRY: Then everything's all right, Mack. We did what we
 said we'd do. We got -- Lumps McGowan.

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: "GUNMAN'S HOLIDAY".....LUMPS MCGOWAN INSTANTLY
 KILLED IN GUN BATTLE....DETECTIVE BARRY RUDD
 SEVERELY WOUNDED.....SURVIVING MEMBERS OF GANG
 NOW SERVING LONG SENTENCES.....IN PENITENTIARY...

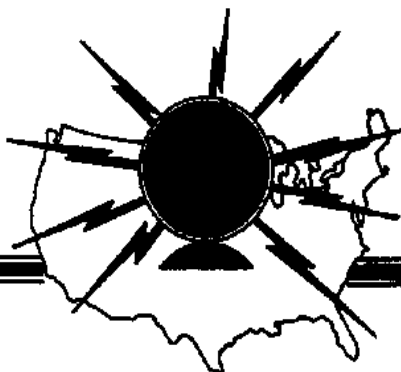
(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

FARR/WILLIAMSON/Chilleen
 3/30/33

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, APRIL 6, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight, we hear from that all-star combination of rhythm and melody headed by Al Goodman, the talented band-master of musical comedy fame, who starts us off with -- (TITLES)

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

ATX01 0188902

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was fine Al Goodman, thank you!

What puts Character in a cigarette? The quality of the tobaccos! LUCKY STRIKE'S tobaccos are carefully selected for quality, for tenderness, for distinctive flavor.....the finest, most carefully selected tobaccos grown. And LUCKIES are truly mild -- because these fine tobaccos are "TOASTED" -- mellowed and purified by the exclusive LUCKY STRIKE process. Because of their true mellow-mildness -- because of their fine Character.-- "LUCKIES Please!"

Now my friends, here comes the Baron.....as fine a gentleman as ever waved a trout fly.....and during the last few days, when many a fisherman's thoughts were turning to his equipment, the Baron was busy looking over his line.....and WHAT a line.....yards and yards.....he's going to unreal it right now, being careful, of course, not to get the hook.....his Royal Modesty.....the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE ANGLER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that, Jack Pearl and his shadow, Cliff Hall, leave the stage until a little later in the program.....and meanwhile we go back to the musical ministrations of Al Goodman....this time they include -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great music....Al Goodman....don't go away....we'll be right back for more.

Georgia -- home of champion golfers and fine tobaccos! Georgia! The smiling land that's famed in song and story.....In today's newspapers you'll see a photograph of a happy couple down in sunny Georgia, enjoying a fine cigarette between rounds on the golf links. In Georgia, as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please." In Georgia, where fine tobaccos grow, they know it's the "Cream of the Crop" that gives LUCKY STRIKE its delightful Character.....and they've found that Toasting makes LUCKIES really mellow-mild. Wherever folks enjoy a fine cigarette, you'll hear them say, "LUCKIES, please,"....for they know that always, and everywhere, "LUCKIES Please!"

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

ATX01 0188904

HOWARD CLANEY:

Al Goodman and his orchestra continue the dancing
with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al, now you can turn the spotlight over to the Baron as he comes to the front with a few helpful hints for anglers. The Baron is descended from a long line of fishermen... in fact it has often been said that every fisherman the world over is related to the Baron.....but here is the genuine, the one and only, Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE ANGLER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So Jack Pearl makes his exit....he'll join us again at this same time next week....and now let's listen to Al Goodman's distinctive interpretations of modern dance music, beginning with --
(TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very nice indeed, Al, thanks.

When you're among people who know how to enjoy the good things of life....have you noticed how often you'll hear those two words, "LUCKIES please!" How it adds to one's pleasure to light up a delicious LUCKY!.....to taste the fragrant full-flavored character of the choicest tobaccos grown; to enjoy the pure, mellow-mildness that is given to these fine tobaccos by "TOASTING." Wherever you are -- whatever you're doing -- you'll find, as millions have, that "LUCKIES Please!"

HOWARD CLANEY:

Again, its time for dancing, and Al Goodman weaves those intricate musical patterns as we hear (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That ladies and gentlemen, brings another LUCKY STRIKE HOUR to a close.....next Thursday night at the same time, the Baron Munchausen will be with us again, and we'll dance to the music of Abe Lyman and his orchestra.

So until next week then.....Goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
4/6/33

"THE MODERN BARTON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXXI

"THE ANGLER"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

APRIL 6, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXI

"THE ANGLER"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

NOTE:

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ATX01 0188909

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXI

"THE ANGLER"

PART I

CHARLEY: Well, well, Baron -- all dressed up in an aviator's outfit, going flying?

BARON: No -- fishing.

CHARLEY: Why dress for flying when you're going fishing?

BARON: Because I'm going fly fishing.

CHARLEY: Fly fishing? Where?

BARON: In the rain clouds.

CHARLEY: What kind of fish can you catch in the rain clouds?

BARON: Rainbow trout -- Also I am going after flying fish.

CHARLEY: You mean to say you fish from an airplane?

BARON: Sure -- I fly over the ocean and when I see a college of fish, I-----

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - not a college of fish - a school of fish.

BARON: No sir -- I only go for the big ones.

CHARLEY: The big ones!

BARON: Yes sir -- I can tell big ones the minute I see them.

CHARLEY: You can tell big ones without seeing them.

BARON: Sure I -- you're starting before we commence.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - continue.

BARON: If I don't see a college of fish I go for the smaller ones.

ATX01 0188910

CHARLEY: School fish.

BARON: No -- kindergarten. When I locate the fish I write them letters.

CHARLEY: Write them letters?

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean -- I drop them a line.

CHARLEY: What do you use for bait?

BARON: Bootblacks.

CHARLEY: Bootblacks?

BARON: Shiners. I remember once I was fishing for a doctor fish and I----

CHARLEY: Did I understand you to say doctor fish?

BARON: Did it sound like I said doctor fish?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So that's what I said.

CHARLEY: But what in the world is a doctor fish?

BARON: A sturgeon. I was fishing for sturgeon when I happened to see a class of sad fish --

CHARLEY: A class of sad fish.

BARON: Yes and --

CHARLEY: Hold on -- now you are in a jam.

BARON: -----Could you approach me again?

CHARLEY: I said you're in a jam.

BARON: In a jam with the fish.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So it was jelly fish. I was---

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Please! We're getting in deeper and deeper.

BARON: (LAUGH) Let's go to sleep.

CHARLEY: Go to sleep?

BARON: Asleep in the deep. You see I ---

CHARLEY: Will you please desist punning.

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: I said will you please discontinue jesting, quibbling, being jocular, jocose and facetious.

BARON: -----WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: You said you saw a class of sad fish.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What is a class of fish?

BARON: Part of a school. --

CHARLEY: And what, may I ask, are sad fish?

BARON: (LAUGH) Bluefish.

CHARLEY: Well, strike me pink!

BARON: No -- Blue! Well sir, the minute I saw the fish I threw out my full back.

CHARLEY: Full back?

BARON: Half back, quarter back.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean your tackle?

BARON: That's it! My tackle.

CHARLEY: Your fishing tackle.

BARON: Yes -- and right away I got a strike.

CHARLEY: Right off the reel.

BARON: No -- right off the hook.

CHARLEY: That was a lucky strike.

BARON: Sure it ----please, the Baron makes the sales talk.

CHARLEY: Go ahead with your story.

BARON: The fish I hooked weighed zix hundred pounds.

CHARLEY: Six hundred pounds!

BARON: Yes -- it was an I.O.U.

CHARLEY: An I.O.U?

BARON: F.O.B. -- No wait! I got it a C.O.D.

CHARLEY: A cod!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: And it weighed six hundred pounds?

BARON: To the ounce. He was what you call a political fish.

CHARLEY: A political fish?

BARON: Yes -- he had a strong pull. His pull was so strong that he pulled me out of the airplane.

CHARLEY: You're kidding!

BARON: No - kidding. Well sir I had more pull than him -- so I pulled him into the boat and I---

CHARLEY: Whoa! You just said the fish pulled you out of an airplane and now you say you pulled him into a boat.

BARON: Sure -- and when I pulled him in I---

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Will you please account for the boat?

BARON: Why not? (LAUGH) So I pulled him into the boat and I was---

CHARLEY: But you haven't told me yet where the boat came from?

BARON: Do boats come from Europe?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: From China?

CHARLEY: Yes -- Boats come from all over the world.

BARON: (LAUGH) So take your choice. When I pulled him in the boat I saw he was all dressed up in evening clothes and a high hat so I----

CHARLEY: Do you mean to tell me a cod fish was attired in evening clothes and a high hat?

BARON: Sure - he was of the codfish aristocracy! He was going to a ball.

CHARLEY: A ball?

BARON: (LAUGH) A fish ball -- So he said "Baron if you let me go I'll give you fifty dollars."

CHARLEY: The cod fish said that?

BARON: Sure --

CHARLEY: I never knew a cod fish could talk!

BARON: Neither did I -- I didn't want to argue with him because just then up came a policeman fish.

CHARLEY: A policeman fish?

BARON: A carp. -- so I said "Okay caddy" and he gave me the fifty dollars.

CHARLEY: The cod fish gave you fifty dollars?

BARON: And ninety cents.

CHARLEY: Why the ninety cents?

BARON: What do I care. So-o,o,o - I let him go.

CHARLEY: So-o, o, o? -----

BARON: Yes, so, o, o, o.

CHARLEY: I bet I know who says that --

BARON: (LAUGH) You win. The next fish I ketches was a --

CHARLEY: Not ketches, Baron - the next fish you caught.

BARON: I was -- could I beg your speech?

CHARLEY: I said the word isn't ketches - it's caught.

BARON: You caught that?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So, it's ketches.

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: No sir -- it's caught.

CHARLEY: All right, the word is caught.

BARON: Not the word, the fish.

CHARLEY: What fish?

BARON: It was a skate.

CHARLEY: A skate?

BARON: Sure -- he also asked me to let him go -- but all he wanted to give me was two dollars.

CHARLEY: Two dollars.

BARON: Yes -- he reminded me of somebody I know.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Why did he remind you of your cousin Hugo?

BARON: (LAUGH) He was a cheap skate.

CHARLEY: Now, now, Baron, that's not fair.

BARON: So he offered me eighty six dollars.

CHARLEY: Eighty six dollars?

BARON: Yes -- is that fair?

CHARLEY: Eighty six dollars is fare to Frisco.

BARON: Sure I ----must you be funny?

CHARLEY: My apologies.

BARON: I don't want them!

CHARLEY: You're welcome.

BARON: Thank you. Anyhow, along came another skate.

CHARLEY: That made two skates.

BARON: Yes and I --

CHARLEY: A pair of skates.

BARON: Sure, it -- maybe you better tell the jokes.

CHARLEY: Again I offer my apologies.

BARON: And again I accept to refuse them.

CHARLEY: You what?

BARON: I----don't you hear good?

CHARLEY: Yes -- but what do you mean by "I accept to refuse them."

BARON: Don't you know?

CHARLEY: That's it! You slay me!

BARON: -----please! The Baron makes the funny boners.

CHARLEY: Boneheads generally do.

BARON: Sure -- What's happening tonight?

CHARLEY: I'm sure I don't know.

BARON: In a minute I'll leave you apartment fish.

CHARLEY: Leave me apartment fish? What's that?

BARON: Flat!

CHARLEY: Flat fish.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: In other words you'll leave me to flounder.

BARON: Ye-----Will you stop crabbing?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Where was I?

CHARLEY: You were fighting with a lobster.

BARON: That's what I was saying. Well sir this lobster was ninety zix feet long.

CHARLEY: How long?

BARON: -----What do you care?

CHARLEY: All right - he was a big lobster.

BARON: And he chased me.

CHARLEY: The lobster chased you.

BARON: Yes sir -- but I fooled him.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: I jumped on a horse.

CHARLEY: A horse? Where did you get the horse from?

BARON: The sea..

CHARLEY: The sea?

BARON: Sure -- a sea horse - and I put on my fish riding suit and --

CHARLEY: No, I do not.

BARON: (LAUGH) What a dumbox!

CHARLEY: I won't argue.

BARON: Me too. Zuddenly up comes a lobster.

CHARLEY: A lobster.

BARON: A big one. I didn't like him.

CHARLEY: You didn't like the lobster?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: He wanted a dollar and a half of the two dollars.

CHARLEY: He was very shell fish.

BARON: Ye---will you stop making wise snaps?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry -- proceed.

BARON: But I wouldn't give him the money.

CHARLEY: You wouldn't.

BARON: No sir -- I'm no lobster. So we had a fight.

CHARLEY: You and the lobster?

BARON: Yes - and he bit me with his Christmas.

CHARLEY: Bit you with his Christmas?

BARON: (LAUGH) His sandy claws.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: That's what I said, and I sent for my lawyer.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: To cut out the lobster clause.

CHARLEY: Baron, you snow shoe me.

BARON: Snow shoe you?

CHARLEY: Ski me.

BARON: What is this?

CHARLEY: Toboggan me.

BARON: Is it possible you mean I slay you?

CHARLEY: What in the name of goodness is a fish riding suit?
BARON: A riding halibut.
CHARLEY: MAMMA!
BARON: PAPA! I was riding to shore when along came a moocher.
CHARLEY: A moocher?
BARON: A mimmie.
CHARLEY: A minnie?
BARON: Sure -- Minnie the Moocher, and she said --
CHARLEY: Now, wait Baron - I'm sorry, but I can't take any more.
BARON: (LAUGH) That proves it..
CHARLEY: Proves what?
BARON: You can't take it..
CHARLEY: What happened then?
BARON: The sea horse tossed me off his back, threw a wave at me and said "so long."
CHARLEY: Threw a wave at you and said "So long?"
BARON: (LAUGH) Yes -- he waved me, goodbye -- I thought my life was gone but I saved myself.
CHARLEY: HOW did you save yourself?
BARON: I reached in my pocket and found a piece of soap.
CHARLEY: A piece of soap?
BARON: Yes -- you know -- where there's life there's soap -- so I took the soap and rubbed it all over me.
CHARLEY: You rubbed the soap all over you?
BARON: Yes and -- (LAUGH)----
CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: I washed myself ashore.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXI

"THE ANGLER"

PART II

CHARLEY: Now just a moment, Baron! Do you mean to tell me you once caught a fish that was wearing eyeglasses?

BARON: That's what I said.

CHARLEY: Will you tell me what kind of a fish it was?

BARON: A speckled trout. They melt in your mouth.

CHARLEY: Speckled trout?

BARON: No! Butter fish. For this kind of fish you use a line without a doughnut.

CHARLEY: Without a doughnut.

BARON: (LAUGH) Without a sinker -- To ketch this fish I had to cast out zeven hundred feet.

CHARLEY: You had to cast out seven hundred feet?

BARON: Sure and I----

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I think you are equivocating.

BARON: -----what's the paragraph?

CHARLEY: I said I think you are prevaracating, quibbling, evading the truth.

BARON: You mean the Baron is fibbing?

CHARLEY: Call it that if you will.

BARON: Sharley, fibbing is not honest and with me - honesty is the best policy.

CHARLEY: True -- but evidently your policy lapsed.

BARON: Sure it -- Could you be someplace else please?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: To ketch this fish I had to cast out seven hundred feet.

CHARLEY: That's a big cast.

BARON: Sure -- I had nine hundred singers, and dancers, forty zix prima donnas, eighty five tenors --

CHARLEY: What are you talking about?

BARON: The cast -- it was the biggest show on Broadway and I---

CHARLEY: What is this?

BARON: (LAUGH) Excuse me -- that was another cast. Well, anyhow I cast out and hooked into a fish what had no money.

CHARLEY: I know the answer to that one.

BARON: You do?

CHARLEY: Yes -- it was a poor fish.

BARON: (LAUGH) No sir - He was in the boat.

CHARLEY: Who was in the boat?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Then what was the fish that had no money?

BARON: Sure! And I --

CHARLEY: Come, come, answer my question.

BARON: I -- er -- One time I was fishing for sun fish in the moonlight when I---

CHARLEY: Hold on!

BARON: I did and the sunfish --

CHARLEY: Got you this time, haven't I?

BARON: Got me, what?

CHARLEY: Caught!

BARON: No sir, I got the fish caught.

CHARLEY: Now wait! You're not getting away this time. What was the fish that had no money?

BARON: Oh! Him?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) ---- He didn't smell fishy.

CHARLEY: He didn't smell fishy?

BARON: That's what I said.

CHARLEY: Well how does that make him a fish without money?

BARON: (LAUGH) He didn't have a scent.

CHARLEY: I give up!

BARON: (LAUGH) So did the fish. While we was fishing Hugo rigged up his fifteen thousand dollar fishing pole and --

CHARLEY: His what?

BARON: -----am I annoying you?

CHARLEY: Not in the least. But what was your last remark?

BARON: I said Hugo rigged up his fifteen thousand dollar fishing pole.

CHARLEY: I never heard of a pole worth that much money.

BARON: Did you ever hear of Paderewski?

CHARLEY: Why, yes.

BARON: He's worth more.

CHARLEY: What about it?

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a Pole. Well, anyhow - Hugo chucked out his line and bing! He gets a wig bell.

CHARLEY: A wig bell?

BARON: A mustache watch - a beard bracelet -

CHARLEY: I've got it! A herring!

BARON: That's it a hair-ring! Hugo ketches him and played him for seven days.

CHARLEY: Seven days?

BARON: Yes sir --

CHARLEY: That's odd.

BARON: He was ----hello?

CHARLEY: I said playing a fish for seven days is odd.

BARON: So he played him for eight days -- that's even.

CHARLEY: He played the herring for eight days?

BARON: What do you think he was playing, a piano?

CHARLEY: And then what?

BARON: Hugo went deaf.

CHARLEY: What made him go deaf?

BARON: The fish got away.

CHARLEY: What in the name of common sense had the fish getting away to do with Hugo going deaf?

BARON: (LAUGH) He lost his herring.

CHARLEY: Great mackerel!

BARON: No -- great herring! And Hugo lost his pole besides.

CHARLEY: The fifteen thousand dollar pole?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Quite an expensive loss.

BARON: (LAUGH) What he cares.

CHARLEY: Hugo must be worth money.

BARON: Sure -- he's worth twenty thousand dollars in Arizona.

CHARLEY: Twenty thousand dollars in Arizona?

BARON: (LAUGH) Dead or alive.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, did you ever catch a sucker?

BARON: Please, don't let's talk about him any more.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: My cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: I was referring to a fish.

BARON: So was I. Listen, did I ever told you about the time I ketched a Hollywood fish?

CHARLEY: A Hollywood fish?

BARON: A star fish -- I was out in a boat when up sneaks a rock bass.

CHARLEY: A rock bass?

BARON: Yes - and he started throwing rocks at the boat.

CHARLEY: I'm supposed to believe that?

BARON: Sure -

CHARLEY: Well, I don't! And you can't convince me!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So - we won't talk about it. Anyhow I said "Roxey - this has got to stop."

CHARLEY: You asked the Rock Bass to stop throwing rocks?

BARON: Sure -- I said, "Stop Rocking the Boat" and he said --

CHARLEY: Just a minute, Baron -- suppose we forget the rock bass.

BARON: Okay! The bass besses by!

CHARLEY: Did you ever catch a shark?

BARON: Once -- he was all by himself.

CHARLEY: The shark was all by himself?

BARON: Yes - he was a lone shark!

CHARLEY: And you caught him?

BARON: Sure -- with the bait I had you always can catch loan sharks.

CHARLEY: What bait did you use?

BARON: Ten per cent. Also once I caught a big meow.

CHARLEY: What in the world is a meow?
BARON: A cat fish.
CHARLEY: I suppose to catch the catfish you used a Mickey?
BARON: What do you mean Mickey?
CHARLEY: Mickey, the Mouse.
BARON: (LAUGH) Now you're tuning.
CHARLEY: What do you mean I'm tuning?
BARON: Cartooning.
CHARLEY: Baron, with this conversation we're getting nowhere.
BARON: What's the difference, we got no place to go.
CHARLEY: Let's get back to fish and fishing.
BARON: Right. We'll get in the swim, and speaking of swimming, I hope soon our good President will get his billiard.
CHARLEY: His billiard?
BARON: His pool.
CHARLEY: Oh, swimming pool.
BARON: You know, Sharley, he's a good President but not a good fisherman.
CHARLEY: Not a good fisherman.
BARON: No. He won't stand for anything that sounds fishy.
CHARLEY: He's not like you.
BARON: I-----, Sometimes you must come to my country.
CHARLEY: By the way, Baron, what is your country?
BARON: Holland.
CHARLEY: Oh, you're a Hollander?
BARON: I was the big noise in Holland...
CHARLEY: What do you mean the big noise in Holland?
BARON: I could holler louder than anybody there..

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, we certainly have deviated from our subject.

BARON: -----Who is it?

CHARLEY: We have gotten away from our topic, theme, debatable point, problem, resolution.

BARON: -----Why don't you put music to your words?

CHARLEY: What was the biggest catch you ever made, Baron?

BARON: If I tell you you won't believe it.

CHARLEY: I don't suppose I would.

BARON: So I'll tell you. One time I was fishing for a bargain fish.

CHARLEY: A bargain fish?

BARON: (LAUGH) A sail fish.

CHARLEY: A very hard fish to catch.

BARON: Not for the Baron.

CHARLEY: Naturally, I suppose you caught hundreds of them.

BARON: No, I did not.

CHARLEY: I'm glad to hear you say that.

BARON: I caught thousands!

CHARLEY: Thousands!

BARON: Millions!

CHARLEY: You caught millions of sail fish.

BARON: Yes sir -- Once I threw out a net and in it I got four million sail fish.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My fish!

CHARLEY: What did you do with all that fish?

BARON: (LAUGH) I put 'em on sale.

CHARLEY: What did they bring?

BARON: Flies. One of the sail fish tried to get away.
CHARLEY: Tried to get away?
BARON: Yes -- He went sailing.
CHARLEY: Over hills, dales, valleys and mountains, - around
the world and back again.
BARON: (LAUGH) Sure - Who told you?
CHARLEY: I guessed it.
BARON: (LAUGH) My guest.
CHARLEY: And in the finish you caught him?
BARON: No! I didn't!
CHARLEY: Was you there, Baron?
BARON: I-----Hello?
CHARLEY: I said, "Was you there?"
BARON: No, I was not.
CHARLEY: So in the finish you caught him.
BARON: Do you believe it?
CHARLEY: Yes.
BARON: So I didn't!
CHARLEY: All right, you didn't.
BARON: Sure not.
CHARLEY: But I know who did.
BARON: I ----you -- who did?
CHARLEY: My Uncle Henry!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

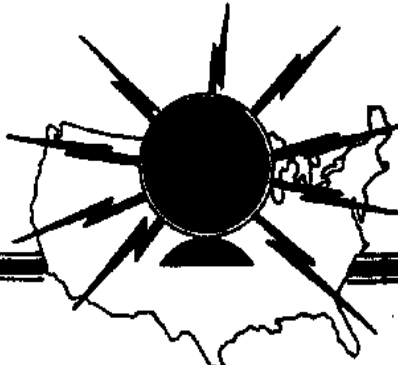
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
4/5/33

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, APRIL 13, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

First tonight, we'll call on Abe Lyman who has his talented troupe all ready to give us -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Abe Lyman, those melodies were great!

Have you noticed that when folks once ask for "LUCKIES, please".....they are just about sure to keep right on smoking LUCKIES -- for they find that always, "LUCKIES Please!" They please because of that delightful flavor so many of you have noticed -- the smooth, rich quality of the finest tobaccos, perfectly blended and deliciously mellow-mild because every golden shred is toasted. Why not light up a LUCKY right now -- enjoy fine tobaccos at their best -- and you, too, will say, "LUCKIES Please!"

Now the Baron is waiting.....there's a clear track ahead, so here he goes in a discussion of his experiences as a railroad man.....ladies and gentlemen.....the Baron Munchausen..

(FIRST PART -- "THE RAILROAD MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That laughter and applause signals the exit of Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall until a little later in this program, and here we turn to Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra from the Paradise Restaurant....they play this time -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine, Abe Lyman, you can give us some more in just a moment.

On a lovely island set in the blue Mediterranean, musicians, artists and authors gather from all over the world -- the famous isle of Majorca. In today's papers you'll see a picture of a happy pair at this famous resort, enjoying the cigarette that's a favorite the world over -- LUCKY STRIKE. In far-off Majorca, as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please". The finest tobaccos grown -- that's where LUCKIES get that distinctively pleasing Character. And every LUCKY is deliciously mellow-mild because "IT'S TOASTED." Yes, my friends, wherever you go, you'll find this fine cigarette adding to people's pleasure...for always and everywhere, "LUCKIES Please."

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Abe Lyman, that master craftsman of modern dance music, raises his baton and sweeps us into -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Abe, and now here's the Baron, so all aboard as he gets under way with his railroading adventures..... we give you his Royal Shyness, the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE RAILROAD MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So the Baron's train comes to a stop as he reaches the end of the line.....and we're off to Abe Lyman and his orchestra, so everybody dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

It's a pleasure to dance to those tunes Abe, thank you.

There are just two things everybody wants in a cigarette.....Character -- and mildness. LUCKY STRIKE'S unique Character comes from the choicest of fine, flavorful tobaccos..... But more than that -- there's the mildness that's imparted when those tobaccos are "TOASTED." Mellow-mildness and distinctive Character -- because every one wants those two things in a cigarette, you'll hear people saying "LUCKIES Please!"

HOWARD CLANEY:

Abe Lyman again takes the conductor's stand and
treats us to -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That ladies and gentlemen, brings another LUCKY
STRIKE HOUR to a close.....at the same time next Thursday night,
Jack Pearl will join us again, also on that night we'll dance to
the music of Al Goodman and his orchestra.

So until next Thursday then.....Goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
4/13/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXII

"THE RAILROAD MAN"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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RTX01 0188934

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXXII

"THE RAILROAD MAN"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

APRIL 13, 1933

ATX01 0188935

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXII

"THE RAILROAD MAN"

PART I

CHARLEY: HEL-LO, BARON!

BARON: GOOD-BYE, SHARLEY!

CHARLEY: Why good bye?

BARON: I got to get my engine out of the railroad yard.

CHARLEY: My word, Baron! Don't tell me you're a railroad engineer!

BARON: Why not?----My father was a railroad man.

CHARLEY: Your father was a railroad man?

BARON: Sure -- and I followed in his tracks. I was everything from President to crack walker.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron -- You mean track walker.

BARON: Who was the walker, you or me?

CHARLEY: Why, you.

BARON: (LAUGH) So I was a crack walker.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what a crack walker is?

BARON: Sure -- I used to walk up to the trains and crack the wheels with a hammer.

CHARLEY: You'd strike the wheels with a hammer?

BARON: Yes sir. For zix years I did this.

CHARLEY: What was the idea of striking the wheels with a hammer?

BARON: (LAUGH) I often wondered.

CHARLEY: Railroading must be very fascinating?

BARON: You have no idea. I remember once I was running a train from president to president and I--

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron. What do you mean you ran a train from president to president?

BARON: From Washington, D.C. to Lincoln, Nebraska. It was a he train.

CHARLEY: A he train!

BARON: Sure and we was --

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what a he train is?

BARON: (LAUGH) A mail train. We was going three hundred miles an hour --

CHARLEY: Three hundred miles an hour!

BARON: On one track.

CHARLEY: One track!

BARON: The left one! On the right track we was going three hundred and four miles an hour.

CHARLEY: That's utterly impossible! At that rate the right side of the train would reach its destination before the left side.

BARON: (LAUGH) It did! Here am I, in the engine taxi.

CHARLEY: Engine taxi?

BARON: (LAUGH) IN the cab -- blowing the whistle so hard the toot could be heard for zeventy miles.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Heard for seventy miles!

BARON: Yes sir --

CHARLEY: Your're darn tootin'!

BARON: Sure I -- please! The Baron toots the tooters.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, continue!

BARON: And I was ringing the bell.

CHARLEY: You were ringing the bell?

BARON: Yes -- it was raining.

CHARLEY: What about it?

BARON: The bell was ringing wet. This bell was fifty six feet high and --

CHARLEY: Fifty six feet high! I never heard of a bell that large.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's too bad. It was a monkey bell.

CHARLEY: A monkey bell?

BARON: A gorilla bell.

CHARLEY: What kind of a bell is a gorilla bell?

BARON: The kind that goes "King Kong - King Kong."

CHARLEY: That's a moving picture.

BARON: (LAUGH) This was on a moving train. Suddenly I saw another train coming towards me.

CHARLEY: Head on.

BARON: -----Once over please?

CHARLEY: I said, head on! Your train and the oncoming train were approaching each other head on.

BARON: Sure -- they had their ears on too -- Well sir I---

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Who had their ears on?

BARON: The engines.

CHARLEY: The engines?

BARON: Sure -- engineers. Well sir, I could see we was going to smack.

CHARLEY: Wreck.

BARON: So I --- what is it?

CHARLEY: You saw you were going to wreck.

BARON: Did you see it?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So I saw we was going to smack.

CHARLEY: All right, smack.

BARON: What did I do?

CHARLEY: Why ask me?

BARON: Because there is nobody else here to ask.

CHARLEY: Well what did you do?

BARON: I wrote a letter to the engineer of the other train and said, "Dear Sir, if you'll stop your train I'll stop mine" -- and he---

CHARLEY: Whoa! I'll not go for that!

BARON: You don't have to go for it. I'll send some one else. Anyhow, the other engineer answered my letter and said--

CHARLEY: Please, Baron! Will you tell me where in the name of common sense you got time to write letters?

BARON: (LAUGH) From the table.

CHARLEY: What table?

BARON: The time table.

CHARLEY: I'm not even going to argue.

BARON: That's fine. Anyhow, the other engineer answered my letter and said "Dear Baron, I can't stop because my train is late; will you please get off the track and let me pass."

CHARLEY: That's a good one too.

BARON: (LAUGH) I got better ones.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I jumped my train off the track and let him pass.

CHARLEY: And then I suppose you immediately got the train back on the track and continued on your way.

BARON: No, I didn't. You see when I jumped the track I ran into a field of tomatoes.

CHARLEY: A field of tomatoes?

BARON: Yes - and oh! Sharley, was my face red!

CHARLEY: No doubt.

BARON: I was nine hours behind time -- I had to make it up.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: So I filled the locomotive with the tomatoes.

CHARLEY: Filled the locomotive with tomatoes?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: So I could ketch up. Well, to shrink a large story the boat got in on time.

CHARLEY: The boat? You were talking about trains.

BARON: Sure. Boat trains.

CHARLEY: Well, I'll be darned!

BARON: That's fine, old sock.

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron - did you ever meet with a wreck?

BARON: I was ----Could you serve that again?

CHARLEY: I said, did you ever meet with a wreck?

BARON: (LAUGH) I married one!

CHARLEY: I mean a casualty.

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: A casualty, catastrophe, - a disastrous mishap, an unpropitious calamity.

BARON: -----better late than never.

CHARLEY: In other words----

BARON: Never mind other words - you used enough.

CHARLEY: Were you ever in a train wreck?

BARON: Sure - Once I was hauling a carload of Liza May.

CHARLEY: Liza May!

BARON: Jemima perhaps, Lindy maybe.

CHARLEY: Hold on! Is it possible you mean dynamite?

BARON: That's it! Dina Migh! I was taking a carload of dynamite to a convention.

CHARLEY: To a what?

BARON: -----Are you asleep?

CHARLEY: Where did you say you were taking the carload of dynamite?

BARON: To a convention.

CHARLEY: What kind of a convention was it?

BARON: What kind would you like it to was?

CHARLEY: I don't care what kind it is.

BARON: Then what are you worrying about?

CHARLEY: I just asked out of curiosity, - inquisitiveness happens to be one of my idiosyncracies.

BARON: -----Are you commencing again?

CHARLEY: Never mind, let it go.

BARON: I was taking the dynamite to a convention of tire salesmen.

CHARLEY: What in the world did they want dynamite for?

BARON: They was going to have a big blow out.

CHARLEY: Of course you want me to believe that?

BARON: Have you got anything else to do?

CHARLEY: No, I have not.

BARON: (LAUGH) So believe it.

CHARLEY: I won't -- I won't believe you were taking a carload of dynamite to a convention.

BARON: Would you believe a carload of T.N.T?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: Would you believe it was a carload of five canvas circus beer.

CHARLEY: Five canvas circus beer?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what five canvas circus beer is?

BARON: (LAUGH) Three and two tents.

CHARLEY: Well, well! That's good.

BARON: (LAUGH) It could be better.

CHARLEY: On with your story, Baron.

BARON: Where was I?

CHARLEY: On your way to a convention with a load of something or other.

BARON: I know -- a load of dynamite.

CHARLEY: The dynamite is still with us.

BARON: Sure -- according to the last report.

CHARLEY: Well what happened?

BARON: I ran into a forest fire.

CHARLEY: A forest fire?

BARON: Yes --- and you know what happens when a fire and dynamite meet without an appointment?

CHARLEY: The train was blown to pieces I presume.

BARON: It was blown to pieces without your presume.

CHARLEY: It's a wonder you weren't blown to pieces also.

BARON: Oh, I was all broken up.

CHARLEY: What became of the train crew?

BARON: Well, I heard from the conductor two weeks later -- he said he was blown six hundred feet in the air.

CHARLEY: Six hundred feet?

BARON: Yes -- and he was very happy about it.

CHARLEY: Happy about being hurled six hundred feet in the air!

BARON: Sure -- it was the first raise he got in years.

CHARLEY: How about the fire?

BARON: I was -- what fire?
CHARLEY: The forest fire.
BARON: Is that still burning?
CHARLEY: I guess it is.
BARON: (LAUGH) Let it burn.
CHARLEY: Baron, I can't figure you out.
BARON: (LAUGH) Then there is only one thing to do.
CHARLEY: What's that?
BARON: Count me in. Well, anyhow, I jig sawed the locomotive.
CHARLEY: What do you mean, you jig sawed the locomotive?
BARON: I put it together.
CHARLEY: Are you telling me you put a locomotive together after it was blown to pieces?
BARON: Are you listening?
CHARLEY: Yes.
BARON: So I'm telling.
CHARLEY: Well, I don't believe it! That is positively the most impossible tale you've ever told me, and you couldn't convince me regardless.
BARON: Was you there, Sharley?
CHARLEY: Suppose I say yes.
BARON: So I----suppose you mind your own business? I said, was you there, Sharley? So say yes or no.
CHARLEY: All right -- what would you like me to say?
BARON: Good bye!
CHARLEY: Do you wish me to leave?
BARON: No!
CHARLEY: Then why should I say good bye?
BARON: Don't you know?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So what are you picking on me for?

CHARLEY: We're certainly holding a fine inane conversation.
Let's get back to railroading. Was your train ever held up?

BARON: For hours.

CHARLEY: I mean by bandits, train robbers.

BARON: Sure -- once I was held up by Jimmy Jesse, Jesse Johnny -

CHARLEY: Jesse James.

BARON: Yes sir and I---

CHARLEY: Hold on - Jesse James has been dead for over fifty years.

BARON: You don't say so.

CHARLEY: I do say so.

BARON: My goodness -- it only seems like last week. The robbers got into the express car and stole ninety million dollars.

CHARLEY: How much?

BARON: -----a few cents.

CHARLEY: That's better.

BARON: Ninety million dollars.

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: It went -- but I got it back.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: I put on full steam and chased them up an alley.

CHARLEY: You chased the bandits up an alley with the locomotive?

BARON: Sure -- and when I cornered them in the alley I said--
(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: You said what?

BARON: Alley opp! And they dropped the bag of money and started doing handsprings.

CHARLEY: Handsprings.

BARON: Sure -- they was acrobats.

CHARLEY: I thought you said they were train robbers?

BARON: Can I help what you think? Then I took the bag back to the train and opened it, turned it upside down and out fell -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: The ninety thousand dollars!

BARON: No -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Well, what fell out of the bag?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXII

"THE RAILROAD MAN"

PART II

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, did you ever run a bus?
BARON: Don't be zilly, Sharley - Nobody can run a bus.
CHARLEY: What do you mean, nobody can run a bus?
BARON: Because he pays the salary.
CHARLEY: Who?
BARON: The bus.
CHARLEY: I'm not talking about a boss -- I said a bus -- a motor bus.
BARON: Oh - (LAUGH) An overgrown taxicab.
CHARLEY: Call it that if you will.
BARON: (LAUGH) I will.
CHARLEY: Did you ever run one?
BARON: One? (LAUGH) Thousands! I remember once I was driving a bus from New York to New York and I----
CHARLEY: Stop!
BARON: I can't! This bus makes no stops. So I---
CHARLEY: Hold on! Will you please explain what you mean by driving from New York to New York?
BARON: It was a round trip. .
CHARLEY: That'll be enough of that. .
BARON: (LAUGH) I think so too.

CHARLEY: What was the biggest run you ever made, Baron?

BARON: That was on my favorite engine -- number six, six six.

CHARLEY: You liked engine number six, six six?

BARON: Yes sir -- I was crazy about six, six, six.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: It had six appeal. I even loved the coal car -- it was so sweet.

CHARLEY: So sweet!

BARON: Yes -- tender.

CHARLEY: I got it! Coal tender.

BARON: Sure. I used to walk into the railroad yard and say "Boys bring out that good old copper mule."

CHARLEY: Copper mule?

BARON: Tin donkey -- steel pony.

CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean, iron horse?

BARON: That's it! Iron horse. And out would come my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo?

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean the Iron Horse.

CHARLEY: I thought there was a mistake.

BARON: Sure -- Hugo couldn't be an Iron Horse.

CHARLEY: Certainly not.

BARON: He couldn't be any kind of a horse. (LAUGH) His ears are too long.

CHARLEY: By the way, is Hugo a railroad man?

BARON: Sure -- he was railroaded four times.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me Hugo is an ex-convict.

BARON: No sir! He's an ex-coal man.

CHARLEY: An ex-coal man?

BARON: Yes -- he collects ashes. Also he was the biggest fireman on the railroad.

CHARLEY: The biggest fireman!

BARON: Yes sir -- he used to get fired every week.

CHARLEY: You still haven't told me about your best run -- what was it?

BARON: One of them was when I was working on the fountain.

CHARLEY: The fountain?

BARON: (LAUGH) The Penn. I was hauling a car that was frightened.

CHARLEY: A car that was frightened?

BARON: A freight. On this trip I had seventeen hundred cars.

CHARLEY: Seventeen hundred cars!

BARON: And a caboose! I had box cars, coal cars, refrigerater cars.

CHARLEY: Frigidaire, Baron?

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: I said Refrigerator cars.

BARON: Rerateafriga, frafrigafrasta---

CHARLEY: Refrigerator.

BARON: Rater-- friga -- ice box cars!

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Also pots and pans cars and---

CHARLEY: Wait! What is a pots and pans car?

BARON: (LAUGH) A kettle car. Ketched you that time, didn't I?

CHARLEY: Yes you did. I suppose you also had cars like your head.

BARON: Sure I----what's coming?

CHARLEY: I said I suppose you also had cars like your head.

BARON: What kind of car is that?

CHARLEY: Flat!

BARON: Ye --- Maybe you ain't so funny.

CHARLEY: I was only joking, Baron, proceed.

BARON: One car was filled with skins.

CHARLEY: Hides.

BARON: And -- Excuse you please?

CHARLEY: I said hides.

BARON: Who hides?

CHARLEY: Animal hides.

BARON: Why are they hiding?

CHARLEY: Not hiding! Animal hides -- skins from which shoes are made.

BARON: Shoes are made from banana skins also.

CHARLEY: From banana skins?

BARON: Sure. (LAUGH) Slippers. Forty-nine cars was loaded with green peas, sixty eight with carrots, six hundred cars was loaded with onions and --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron -- don't tell me you had six hundred cars of onions, you couldn't have had, and you know it.

BARON: Please, Sharley, the Baron knows his onions! When I started I had zeventeen hundred and one cars.

CHARLEY: Seventeen hundred and one?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What was that odd one?

BARON: The last car -- the Appendix car.

CHARLEY: The appendix car?

BARON: Yes -- but I cut it out. Well sir, we was running slow,

CHARLEY: Slow!

BARON: About a hundred and zix miles an hour.

CHARLEY: That's slow?

BARON: (LAUGH) For me. When zuddenly I looked at the sheep grappler.

CHARLEY: The sheep grappler?

BARON: The lamb holder, the calf grabber.

CHARLEY: Possibly you mean the cow catcher?

BARON: That's it! The cow catcher! On the cow catcher was a cow.

CHARLEY: How did it get there?

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: I said how did the cow get on the cow catcher?

BARON: Are you anxious to know?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) Take it up with the cow. Just then we came to a bridge over a river -- on the bridge was a train loaded solid with potatoes.

CHARLEY: Potato solid.

BARON: Per -- Some day I'm going to laugh right in your face.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: On the top of the last car was a tramp.

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: Your Uncle Henry!

CHARLEY: A couple of puns.

BARON: A couple of bums!

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: The tramp stopped the train! My train hit it, the bridge broke and all the cars fell in the water.

CHARLEY: All the cars?

BARON: And the cow!

CHARLEY: And when the cow and all those vegetables hit the river the natives had beef stew for weeks.

BARON: Sure! Who told you?

CHARLEY: I was there, Baron.

BARON: I-----come back, please?

CHARLEY: I said, I was there when it happened.

BARON: Is that so? Well its preposterous! Unbelievable! And you couldn't make me believe that if you stood on your head.

CHARLEY: Was you there, Baron?

BARON: No, I was not.

CHARLEY: So it happened.

BARON: All right I won't argue, I----Say what is this? Are we turned around?

CHARLEY: It looks that way.

BARON: (LAUGH) It sounds that way.

CHARLEY: Tell me, did you ever run a passenger train?

BARON: Yes sir -- I ran an express train what made four hundred miles an hour.

CHARLEY: That's as fast as lightning.

BARON: (LAUGH) It was the lightning express.

CHARLEY: Was it a well equipped train?

BARON: Yes sir -- it had a policeman car.

CHARLEY: Policeman car?

BARON: (LAUGH) Club car, chair car and dining car.

CHARLEY: And I suppose you had an observation?

BARON: -----could you step closer?

CHARLEY: I said, I suppose you had an observation?

BARON: Yes -- but the doctor said I was all right and when I got out of the hospital --

CHARLEY: No, no! I mean an observation car -- the last car of the train.

BARON: This train didn't have a last car.

CHARLEY: Didn't have a last car?

BARON: No, we took it off.

CHARLEY: Even so the one on the end was the last car, wasn't it?

BARON: No -- we divorced two cars.

CHARLEY: Divorced two cars?

BARON: Sure -- uncoupled them.

CHARLEY: Listen -- regardless of how many cars you took off the end car was the last.

BARON: No sir -- it was the first.

CHARLEY: How could it be the first?

BARON: We was running backwards.

CHARLEY: Backwards! I don't believe it.

BARON: Sideways.

CHARLEY: Ridiculous!

BARON: Would you believe the train was standing still?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So it was running backwards!

CHARLEY: Go ahead.

BARON: I can't.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: The signals are against me.

CHARLEY: What signals.

BARON: Semaphores.

CHARLEY: Semaphores?

BARON: Sure -- sem are for red and sem are for green.

CHARLEY: You'll kill me yet.

BARON: (LAUGH) I know it. Here we go.

CHARLEY: We're off.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: The signals are all right now.

BARON: Sure -- they're feeling much better. This was a non-stop train between New York and Chicago.

CHARLEY: No stop between New York and Chicago?

BARON: Yes -- so when we got to Omaha, I---

CHARLEY: Hold on! You don't touch Omaha between New York and Chicago.

BARON: I know it, but I was going so fast I couldn't stop at Chicago.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: I----did you cut yourself?

CHARLEY: No -- go on.

BARON: So when I got to San Francisco, I --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! What about Omaha?

BARON: (LAUGH) I passed that long ago. So when I got to Los Angeles --

CHARLEY: Now you're in Los Angeles!

BARON: Sure -- I travel. A man got on the train without a ticket.

CHARLEY: Without a ticket!

BARON: Yes -- and I said I got to have your ticket so I can punch it and he said I don't use tickets! I'm a movie star and I travel on my face.

CHARLEY: So what did you do?

BARON: I punched his face.

CHARLEY: Did he come back?

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- he didn't have a return ticket. Well sir, on the next trip I noticed the tracks was loose.

CHARLEY: The road bed was evidently in bad condition.

BARON: Sure -- so the railroad sent out a chambermaid to fix it.

CHARLEY: A chambermaid?

BARON: A road bed fixer.

CHARLEY: I see.

BARON: And who do you think it was?

CHARLEY: If you say it was your Cousin Hugo I'll die.

BARON: (LAUGH) What kind of flowers do you like?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: So Hugo fixed the road bed --

CHARLEY: Hugo understands all about ties I suppose.

BARON: Sure -- mine. And my shirts too.

CHARLEY: I mean railroad ties.

BARON: He wears them too. Well sir, he fixed the road bed his way, which I knew was wrong.

CHARLEY: No good.

BARON: Terrible. It was soft and muddy.

CHARLEY: Some bed.

BARON: Some mud! The minute the train hit the spot it went gerfluey!

CHARLEY: Derailed.

BARON: -----What's the number?

CHARLEY: The train left the track.

BARON: Sure -- you couldn't keep track of it -- and the train threw Hugo out and he landed in the mud bed. Yes----

CHARLEY: That was a dirty trick.

BARON: Sure it -- If what I'm thinking happens to you -- so long.

CHARLEY: What took place when Hugo landed in the muddy mud bed?

BARON: He hollered for help.

CHARLEY: He yelled for help.

BARON: Yes -- but I wouldn't help him.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I said (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: You said what?

BARON: I said -- (LAUGH) You made your own bed -- so lay in it.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

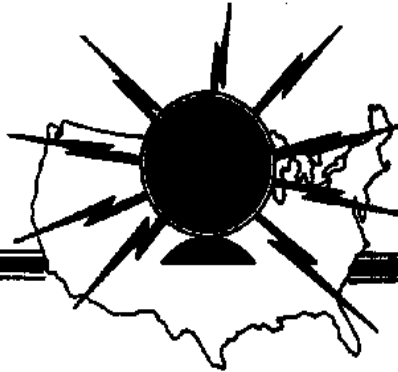
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
4/13/33

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, APRIL 20, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight we'll dance to the music of Al Goodman, one of the foremost band masters of musical comedy.....and right now he is leading his all-star combination into -- (TITLES)

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

ATX01 0188956

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al Goodman, those melodies were great.

The wide world over, people want a cigarette that has character....and mildness. That's why they choose LUCKIES. The "Cream of the Crop" -- in those four words, you have the reason for LUCKIES' character -- the distinctive character of fine tobaccos that sets them apart from all other cigarettes. And because these choice tobaccos are "TOASTED" -- LUCKIES are truly mellow-mild. And that's why the wide-world over -- "LUCKIES Please!"

Now the Baron is waiting patiently to take up the evening's discussion of gardening.....so you gardeners who have buds about to burst into bloom, rush out and tell them to wait until the Baron finishes his lecture on Botany.....maybe they have been blooming the wrong way all these years.....in any event the Baron is bound to have a better method, or at least a bigger method.....here he is now.....the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE BOTANIST")

ATX01 0188957

HOWARD CLANEY:

And there go Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall until a little later in the program when they'll be back to continue their botanical discussion.....so in the meantime let's dance while Al Goodman weaves the melodies. This time we'll hear -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine, Al Goodman, we'll be back for more in just a moment.

Carolina...waving fields of tobacco, and the joy of a mellow, mild and fragrant cigarette -- there is a picture of pleasure! In your newspaper today, you'll see a happy couple in South Carolina, famous for its fine tobaccos. There, as in every corner of the world, both here and overseas, wherever you find joy in life, 'tis always "LUCKIES Please." You'll find that LUCKIES please because of choice tobaccos, carefully blended into a fragrant harmony -- that's LUCKY STRIKE'S distinctive Character! And what a treat to enjoy the smooth, friendly mildness LUCKY STRIKE alone offers -- because "IT'S TOASTED." When you ask for "LUCKIES, please, you are sure of perfect smoking pleasure -- for always, "LUCKIES Please!"

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

ATXQ1 0188958

HOWARD CLANEY:

Al Goodman and his orchestra continue with -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

All right Al.....this is where the Baron steps before the microphone and implants in our minds a few novel and interesting ideas on the care and nourishment of the flowers that bloom in the spring tra la.....Ladies and gentlemen we take pleasure in presenting that big tree and plant man, the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE BOTANIST")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That burst of laughter and applause speeds Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall on their way.....for tonight they are leaving on a tour of the southern and western states and next week they'll join us from the stage of the Palace Theatre in Dallas, Texas..... and now let's get back to this evening's dancing. Al Goodman raises his baton and swings us into the rhythms of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Nice music, Al Goodman, thank you.

After all, you folks smoke a cigarette for really just one reason -- to enjoy yourselves. And we believe that is why so many people prefer LUCKIES. For LUCKIES afford the enjoyment of fragrant, full-flavored tobaccos -- and the smooth, delicious mellow-mildness imparted by the exclusive "TOASTING" Process. That is why wherever people enjoy Character and Mildness in a cigarette -- it's always "LUCKIES Please!"

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Again we go back to Al Goodman, who is all ready to give us his musical interpretation of -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That ladies and gentlemen concludes another LUCKY STRIKE Hour,.....next week at this time Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and Paul Whiteman and his orchestra will join us from Dallas, Texas.

So until next Thursday then.....Goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
4/20/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXXIII

"THE BOTANIST"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

APRIL 20, 1933

ATX01 0188962

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXIII

"THE BOTANIST"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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ATX01 0188963

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXIII

"THE BOTANIST"

PART I

CHARLEY: That's rather a peculiar plant you're carrying, Baron,
what is it?

BARON: An electric bush.

CHARLEY: An electric bush?

BARON: Yes, sir.

CHARLEY: What kind of a bush is an electric bush?

BARON: Current! -- (LAUGH) How's that?

CHARLEY: Shocking!

BARON: Ye-----don't start so soon.

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about plants, Baron?

BARON: (LAUGH) Could you turn around, please?

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: I want to laugh behind your back.

CHARLEY: Why not laugh while looking me in the face?

BARON: (LAUGH) That I do all the time.

CHARLEY: Well what is all this laughing about?

BARON: Because you ask me if I know from flowers!

CHARLEY: Well, do you?

BARON: I know more about flowers than the flowers themselves.

CHARLEY: I expected you to say that.

BARON: Then you're not disappointed.

CHARLEY: In other words you're a botanist.

BARON: -----hello?

ATXO1 0188964

CHARLEY: I said you're a student of the science of botany --
the biology dealing with the evolutionary history
of members of the vegetable kingdom!

BARON: (LAUGH).....IT'S HERE!

CHARLEY: Of course you know all about vegetables, also.

BARON: Yes, sir --- everything that grows - I know them
backwards.

CHARLEY: From the roots up.

BARON: Ye --- is it going to be that kind of a night?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, proceed.

BARON: I was a botanist when I was six years old.

CHARLEY: When you were six years old?

BARON: Yes sir. We used to play boton, boton, who's got
the boton - and always I had it. I was --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - the game is button - button who's
got the button!

BARON: Who says so?

CHARLEY: I say so.

BARON: (LAUGH) So I'm right. My whole family was botanists
from away back.

CHARLEY: Your ancestors.

BARON: -----Could I have another treatment?

CHARLEY: I said your ancestors were botanists.

BARON: Not my aunts, sisters, but one of her brothers was --
He was a great one.

CHARLEY: A great botanist!

BARON: Yes -- his name was Mower.

CHARLEY: Mower?

BARON: Yes -- his first name was Lawn.

CHARLEY: Lawn?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) Lawn Mower ----and was he a cut up!
He got a prize for raising the biggest bush in the
country.

CHARLEY: A big bush?

BARON: Big? (LAUGH) It took forty two barbers to trim it.

CHARLEY: Barbers?

BARON: Sure and he was --

CHARLEY: Just a moment! Where did he raise this bush?

BARON: (LAUGH) On his chin.

CHARLEY: Oh, a beard!

BARON: (LAUGH) Alfalfa! They used to trim it with a pair
of flowers.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! What do you mean they trimmed his
beard with a pair of flowers?

BARON: (LAUGH) Narcissus! I remember once I planted eggs --

CHARLEY: And up came egg plants.

BARON: Sure I --- please! The Baron makes the comical
quibbles.

CHARLEY: My apologies.

BARON: Also once I planted collie dogs.

CHARLEY: Collie dogs!

BARON: Yes -- and up came cauliflowers.

CHARLEY: Ow, wow!

BARON: No -- bow wow!

CHARLEY: And I suppose you planted kittens and raised pussy
willows?

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- cactus! One of my best plants was
the eraser plant.

CHARLEY: Eraser plant?
BARON: Yes.
CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what kind of a plant you can get erasers from?
BARON: (LAUGH) Rubber plants.
CHARLEY: Erasers from rubber plants! I don't believe it.
BARON: And rubber bands.
CHARLEY: Rubber bands! That's stretching things too far.
BARON: (LAUGH) -----Snap out of it!
CHARLEY: That's nonsense.
BARON: Is that so? I guess you don't know anything about plants and flowers and ----
CHARLEY: WHY, Baron! I'm an authority on the subject.
BARON: -----What have you got?
CHARLEY: I said I'm an authority. You know what an authority is, don't you?
BARON: (LAUGH) Sure -- a policeman.
CHARLEY: No! NO! An authority is one who's knowledge of any specific subject is unchallenged and uncontradicted.
BARON: -----you're playing a double header tonight.
CHARLEY: I once planted water.
BARON: Planted water?
CHARLEY: Yes.
BARON: And what came up?
CHARLEY: Water lilies.
BARON: My word!
CHARLEY: My lillies! I also planted baby oars, thousands of them.
BARON: Thousands of baby oars?
CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: And what came up?

CHARLEY: Millions of orchids. Another time I planted five hundred thousand sun flowers in the moonlight and --

BARON: Wait a minute.....Maybe you better be the Baron.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - proceed.

BARON: You see this medal here?

CHARLEY: Yes -- rather ornate.

BARON: Sure I -- What is it?

CHARLEY: I said its rather ornate, ornamental, decorative.

BARON: (LAUGH) How you can make up words.

CHARLEY: What did you get the medal for?

BARON: For raising vines.

CHARLEY: For raising vines?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: What kind of vines?

BARON: Port, Sherry, Claret, Champagne --

CHARLEY: Hold on! Those are wines.

BARON: That's what I said -- vines.

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: (LAUGH) It's all gone -- seven hundred barrels.

CHARLEY: Speaking of vines -- what do you think of ivy?

BARON: (LAUGH) Oh, she's all right but I know nicer girls.

CHARLEY: I'm talking about ivy vines!

BARON: (LAUGH) I thought you was talking about Ivy Rosenblat.

CHARLEY: She's a nice girl.

BARON: A honeysuckle. She got married last week.

CHARLEY: She did?

BARON: Sure --

CHARLEY: Did she marry one of her own kind?

BARON: No, she married a man.

CHARLEY: Of course she married a man! Did you ever hear of any one marrying a woman?

BARON: Sure -- I did. Anyhow they went on a salad honeymoon.

CHARLEY: A salad honeymoon?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What's a salad honeymoon?

BARON: (LAUGH) Lettuce alone.

CHARLEY: Tell me of some of the other vegetation you raised, Baron?

BARON: Let me see -- Oh, yes -- once I planted pansy seeds.

CHARLEY: Pansy seeds?

BARON: Yes and -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What are you laughing at?

BARON: (LAUGH) What do you think came up?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me Hugo is a flower!

BARON: No -- he's an old potato.

CHARLEY: An old potato?

BARON: Yes -- but a sweet potato.

CHARLEY: You evidently like your Cousin Hugo?

BARON: Sure -- especially when he workds.

CHARLEY: What does he work at?

BARON: (LAUGH) Intervals.

CHARLEY: He's not a botanist!

BARON: Sure -- he's got a nursery.

CHARLEY: A nursery?

BARON: Yes, sir.

CHARLEY: What does he nurse?
BARON: (LAUGH) Nickles.
CHARLEY: Nickles?
BARON: (LAUGH) He's a nickle nurser. But one thing he did do.
CHARLEY: What was that?
BARON: He raised peonies.
CHARLEY: Peonies?
BARON: Yes sir -- as big as horses.
CHARLEY: Hold on, Munchy.
BARON: I --- hold on who?
CHARLEY: Hold on, Munchy.
BARON: Please -- familiarity breeds -- breeds -- it breeds something!
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, in the future I'll be more formal, urbane, show more deference in my salutation of your royal modesty, and in conclusion --
BARON: It's all right -- call me Munchy. Anyhow, I was only fooling -- You can call me what you like.
CHARLEY: That's fine.
BARON: Sure.
CHARLEY: But I don't think you'd like it.
BARON: I----are you commencing again?
CHARLEY: No indeed. How about those peonies you were talking about?
BARON: Like I told you, they was as big as horses.
CHARLEY: But I always thought peonies only grew to a height of one foot. How did he grow them as big as horses?
BARON: He fed them horse radish.
CHARLEY: Who do you think is going to believe that?

BARON: (LAUGH) What do I care.

CHARLEY: Where did he raise those peonies?

BARON: Down in seven a glance.

CHARLEY: Seven a glance!

BARON: Eight a view, nine a look.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you mean Tennessee?

BARON: That's it! Ten-a-see! Also there I tried an experiment.

CHARLEY: An experiment?

BARON: Yes -- I was living on the top floor so in my room I made a garden.

CHARLEY: You made a garden? In your room?

BARON: Sure -- and in the garden I planted some nuts and dill pickles.

CHARLEY: Now what in the name of common sense did you expect to grow from nuts and dill pickles?

BARON: Daffydils -- Well sir, on top of that I put sixty tons of fertilizer.

CHARLEY: Fertilizer? In a room?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Whew!

BARON: (LAUGH) That's what everybody said! And what do you suppose came up?

CHARLEY: Daffodils.

BARON: No - (LAUGH) The landlord! Outside of the house I had another garden.

CHARLEY: Another garden?

BARON: Yes sir -- it was thirty nine painful teeth.

CHARLEY: Thirty nine painful teeth?

BARON: (LAUGH) Acres! I was out one day picking flowers --

CHARLEY: What do you like to pick best of all, Baron?

BARON: Ukeleles. This day I was out for dandilion.

CHARLEY: You usually are.

BARON: Sure I -- I couldn't laugh at that.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) I told that joke to your wife and she laughed.

BARON: Sure -- She's got a great sense of humor.

CHARLEY: She must have, if she married you.

BARON: I-----what risks you take!

CHARLEY: On with your tale, Baron.

BARON: Sure -- my what?

CHARLEY: You tales!

BARON: Are you trying to make a monkey out of me?

CHARLEY: Why no -- I mean on with your story.

BARON: That's different. Where was I?

CHARLEY: Out for dandilion.

BARON: I-don't-like-the-way-you-say-that.

CHARLEY: But you were out for dandilion, weren't you?

BARON: (LAUGH) Let's make it spinach.

CHARLEY: All right - it was spinach. It must have been a vegetable garden.

BARON: Sure -- one of the vegetables jumped up and bit me.

CHARLEY: A vegetable bit you?

BARON: Well -- not exactly bit me - it snipped me.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what kind of vegetables can snip?

BARON: Parsnips.

CHARLEY: You certainly have raised some wonderful vegetation and flowers.

BARON: Hugo did even better.

CHARLEY: What did he raise?

BARON: Otis.

CHARLEY: You mean lotus.

BARON: I mean Otis.

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, lotus is a flower - Otis is an elevator.

BARON: Well, that's what he raised.

CHARLEY: Oh, I see -- he was an elevator man.

BARON: Sure -- He said there was money in it.

CHARLEY: Money in running an elevator?

BARON: Yes and he said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: If I wanted to invest money to come around to his elevator and -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: He'd let me in on the ground floor.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXIII

"THE BOTANIST"

PART II

CHARLEY: So you admire the boutonniere I'm wearing, Baron.
BARON: -----hello?
CHARLEY: You said you admired this boutonniere.
BARON: (LAUGH) Please, Sharley -- you can't fool me.
CHARLEY: What do you mean I can't fool you?
BARON: That's not a buttons ear -----it's a flower.
CHARLEY: Certainly it's a flower! It's a carnation.
BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be zilly! That's a Rundunderbum.
CHARLEY: A what?
BARON: I-----Could you come to court with me tomorrow morning?
CHARLEY: Yes, - why?
BARON: (LAUGH) I want to get you a good hearing. I said the flower is a Rodsarun-down-der-bum.
CHARLEY: Hold on! I've got it! You're trying to say Rhoden-droden-don --
BARON: (LAUGH) You're trying to tell me what I'm trying to say and you can't say it yourself.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I stumbled.
BARON: Stumbled? (LAUGH) You collapsed.
CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Let's continue, Baron.

BARON: (LAUGH) It's no use, Sharley -- just like I told you last week -- we got to break your words up in smaller pieces.

CHARLEY: What flower were you talking about?

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe I better change it.

CHARLEY: No -- what was it?

BARON: I said the flower you are wearing is a Rumdumrodendumb.

CHARLEY: A Rhododendron.

BARON: (LAUGH) You got it that time.

CHARLEY: But it's not a Rhododendron -- it's a carnation.

BARON: And I say it's a Dendoroaderum - blum - plum -

CHARLEY: Wait a minute -- spell it.

BARON: R-H-D-O-D-U-D-O-N-U -----it's a buttercup.

CHARLEY: All right, it's a buttercup.

BARON: I once had a field of buttercups that was so big they wasn't butter cups.

CHARLEY: The buttercups were so big they weren't buttercups?

BARON: No, sir.

CHARLEY: Well, what were they?

BARON: Butter tubs!

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My tubs!

CHARLEY: And I suppose the butter tubs were full of butter.

BARON: I was -- how smart you are not getting to be.

CHARLEY: On with your narrative, Baron.

BARON: -----My what a tive?

CHARLEY: Your narration, a detailed summary of consequential facts relative to the incident.

BARON: (LAUGH) You'll trip yourself yet.

CHARLEY: Please continue -- you say the butter tubs were not full of butter.

BARON: Sure not! That's zilly! They was full of butter fish.

CHARLEY: Butter fish!

BARON: Sure --- with butter sauce.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: Would you believe butter scotch?

CHARLEY: Scotch?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Now you're getting close.

BARON: Sure I ----are you reading joke books?

CHARLEY: Continue, Barry.

BARON: I-----What is this? First Munchy and now Barry?

CHARLEY: I apologize, it won't happen again. They're just nick names.

BARON: I don't like that name either.

CHARLEY: What name?

BARON: Nick!

CHARLEY: Getting back to the butter fish, I don't believe they were in the tubs.

BARON: Would you believe buttermilk?

CHARLEY: No! No! No! No! No! No!

BARON: Please, answer my question.

CHARLEY: I said NO!

BARON: What would you believe was in the buttertubs?

CHARLEY: Peanut butter.

BARON: -----did you ever see the inside of a hospital?

CHARLEY: No, why?

BARON: (LAUGH) I just wanted to know.

CHARLEY: Come now, Baron, tell me, what was in the butter tubs - no fibbing.

BARON: (LAUGH) No fibbing?

CHARLEY: No fibbing.

BARON: No fibbing, no eating.

CHARLEY: Come on, tell me.

BARON: You want the truth?

CHARLEY: The truth and nothing but the truth.

BARON: Sharley, this is one time I give in to you.

CHARLEY: Thank goodness for that.

BARON: In the first place there was no butter tubs.

CHARLEY: I didn't think there was.

BARON: And in them was no butter fish.

CHARLEY: That's more like it, Baron. Now, what grew on these butter cup plants?

BARON: Butter tubs full of butter fish!

CHARLEY: Never mind - let's talk about some other flowers.

BARON: I love flowers.

CHARLEY: So do I -- what is your favorite flower, Baron?

CHARLEY: Wall flowers?

BARON: Sure -- you can have so much fun with them.

CHARLEY: Ture -- but that's not a plant flower -- you can't pick 'em.

BARON: (LAUGH) No, but you can neck 'em. I unce met a wall flower I loved and I-----

CHARLEY: Baron! I'm surprised! You're a married man!

BARON: Do you have to remind me of it? I loved this flower and --

CHARLEY: Just a moment! Didn't your wife object to your love for this girl?

BARON: No ---- you see, she was a botanist also.

CHARLEY: The girl was also a botanist?

BARON: Yes -- and ours was a sort of ----botanic love.

CHARLEY: I see -- your love did not take root.

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- she just took beer.

CHARLEY: Beer?

BARON: Sure -- root beer.

CHARLEY: We shouldn't jest about flowers, Baron. They are symbolic of chivalry, friendship, and love. From the menial clover to the tulip, the jonquil, the iris, the rose, the gardenia, the orchid, the violet --

BARON: I wish I had one now.

CHARLEY: A flower?

BARON: No! A big custard pie!

CHARLEY: Did you ever stop to realize the many uses flowers are put to? Perfumes, ornaments, decorations, offerings upon every occasion, weddings --

BARON: Weddings! I can see my wife on her wedding morn.

CHARLEY: With her orange blossoms!

BARON: No. She didn't have orange blossoms.

CHARLEY: What did she have?

BARON: Grape fruit and coffee.

CHARLEY: Grape fruit and coffee!

BARON: And ham and eggs! Eighteen pieces of toast, twelve pickled herrings, sixteen pork chops.

CHARLEY: Pork chops!

BARON: (LAUGH) Excuse me -- that was a typographical error.
It was sixteen mutton chops and --

CHARLEY: Now hold on Baron! No woman could eat that much at one meal and I know it.

BARON: You know it.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) But you don't know my wife.

CHARLEY: Just the same, I don't believe it.

BARON: Did you pay the check?

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: So you wasn't there, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Who said I wasn't?

BARON: -----I beg your come back?

CHARLEY: I didn't say I wasn't there.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: I might have been.

BARON: Can't you make up your mind?

CHARLEY: Let me see -- 'm -- I'll take it up with my secretary when he comes back.

BARON: Where is your secretary?

CHARLEY: At present he's serving ten years in Sing Sing.

BARON: So my wife ate all I said -- and also a plum pudding!

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way.

BARON: My way? (LAUGH) You should see what she weighs.

CHARLEY: Getting back to flowers -- they are always acceptable as a birthday gift.

BARON: Sure -- today I sent a basket to my Aunt Sophie.

CHARLEY: Is it her birthday?

BARON: Yes sir -- the sixth one this year.

BARON: Sure -- every time she needs something she has a birthday.

CHARLEY: And this time you decided to send her a basket of flowers.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: What is her favorite?

BARON: Corned beef and cabbage.

CHARLEY: Corned beef and cabbage?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: That's not flowers.

BARON: Are you telling me?

CHARLEY: Then why did you send a basket of corned beef and cabbaged instead of flowers?

BARON: The florist wouldn't trust me so I had to go to the butcher.

CHARLEY: I'll not swallow that?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sophie will.

CHARLEY: Did you ever interest yourself in wild flowers?

BARON: Wild flowers? (LAUGH) I tamed them.

CHARLEY: Tamed them?

BARON: Sure -- I used to get the wildest wild flowers and train them to do tricks. Even beans I trained.

CHARLEY: Beans?

BARON: Yes sir -- I trained one bean to jump two hundred and sixty feet.

CHARLEY: You trained a bean to jump two hundred and sixty feet?

BARON: Yes sir and he --

CHARLEY: Just a second! What kind of a bean was it?

BARON: (LAUGH) A Mexican jumping bean. And I was --

CHARLEY: Wait! I've heard of Mexican jumping beans but I never heard of one jumping that distance -- and I've been around a lot.

BARON: (LAUGH) You should travel more.

CHARLEY: Ridiculous!

BARON: Did you ever hear of jumping nuts?

CHARLEY: No - and there is no such thing as a jumping nut.

BARON: Is that so? (LAUGH) Did you ever hear of men jumping off Brooklyn Bridge?

CHARLEY: Yes, I did.

BARON: Well, if they ain't nuts, I am.

CHARLEY: I agree with you.

BARON: -----What was that snapper?

CHARLEY: I agree that the bridge jumpers were a bit balmy,

BARON: (LAUGH)-----You sneaked out of that one all right.

CHARLEY: Speaking of nuts -- did you ever have much to do with fruit?

BARON: Frucht?

CHARLEY: Not -- frucht! Fruit! Apples, pears, peaches.

BARON: Beaches.

CHARLEY: Peaches! Not beaches! Beaches are sandy shores - and you don't find peaches on sandy shores.

BARON: (LAUGH) You should have been to Atlantic City with me last Zummer.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) I wasn't referring to that kind of a peach.

BARON: (LAUGH) I was.

CHARLEY: Baron, Baron! Don't tell me you flirt.

BARON: (LAUGH) I have my spells.

CHARLEY: Did you ever study the banana?
BARON: For years.
CHARLEY: For years?
BARON: Yes -- you should hear me play -- I got a self-playing panana that is the ----
CHARLEY: Hold it!
BARON: (LAUGH) I'm going to try, but I think they're coming for it tomorrow.
CHARLEY: I'm not talking about a piano! I said banana -- fruit.
BARON: Oh -- those yellow cucumbers.
CHARLEY: Similar in shape.
BARON: Sure -- I grew a special banana in my back yard.
CHARLEY: You had a back yard?
BARON: Zixteen square miles.
CHARLEY: That's not a yard -- it's a county.
BARON: Sure -- my county home.
CHARLEY: Oh!
BARON: What is it?
CHARLEY: I said, oh!
BARON: No sir, it's paid for. In my yard I grew a banana so big it took forty five men three weeks to carry it zeven miles and put it on a freight car eight hundred feet long.
CHARLEY: I'm not even going to argue about that one.
BARON: Sensible boy. From this banana I got eleven million gallons of banana oil.
CHARLEY: Eleven million gallons!
BARON: Yes sir.
CHARLEY: That's a lot of banana oil.

BARON: Sure I -- maybe I didn't hear you good?
CHARLEY: Let it go, Baron.
BARON: Now comes the unbelievable part...
CHARLEY: Oh, we haven't gotten to that yet.
BARON: No ----you see my Cousin Hugo---
CHARLEY: Oh, Hugo is with us again.
BARON: Try and get rid of him.
CHARLEY: What about your Cousin Hugo?
BARON: He was thirsty.
CHARLEY: He was thirsty?
BARON: (LAUGH) Always -- so what did he do?
CHARLEY: I suppose he drank up the eleven million gallons of
banana oil!
BARON: (LAUGH) That's exactly what he did --
CHARLEY: I give up.
BARON: So did Hugo! He used to go places every night but the
banana oil made him so sick that he --- (LAUGH)
CHARLEY: Well, well, come on! The banana oil made him so sick
that he what?
BARON: (LAUGH) He -- he hasn't been anna where since!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

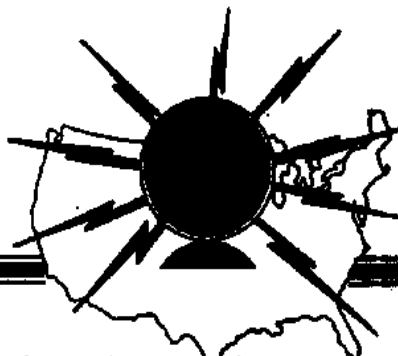
WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
4/18/33

ATX01 0188983

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, APRIL 27, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight Jack Pearl is here in Dallas, Texas, and with him is Paul Whiteman, who right at this moment has his talented troupe collected around him and is waiting to swing you into the rhythms of -- (TITLES)

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

ATX01 0188984

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine, Paul Whiteman, thank you!

Here's the formula for LUCKY STRIKE'S distinctive quality -- Time -- Fine Tobacco -- and Toasting! First it takes years of aging and mellowing the finest of ripe domestic and Turkish tobaccos. Then "It's Toasted" -- the extra benefit that makes LUCKIES truly mild. Mellow-mildness and distinctive Character.....for these two reasons that happy phrase is used everywhere -- "LUCKIES Please!"

Now my friends, here comes the Baron and from the look of his uniform he's going to talk about a fireman, a fire engine, or a fire-fly.....ladies and gentlemen we give you his Royal Modesty, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE FIREMAN")

ATX01 0188985

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that, Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave the stage until a little later in the program, and here we turn our attention to Paul Whiteman and his orchestra as they play for us -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

All right, Paul Whiteman, thanks, we'll be back for more in just a moment.

Think of the finest golden-brown leaves that expert tobacco planters can raise.....then consider a constant store of more than \$100,000,000 worth of these choice, perfect tobaccos -- and you'll have the reason for LUCKY STRIKE'S unique, distinctive Character. But don't think of that as all of LUCKY STRIKE'S goodness.....for these fine tobaccos are "TOASTED" -- purified..... made delightfully mellow-mild by that famous LUCKY STRIKE Process. When you think of their true mildness.....their sterling Character -- you'll see at once why "LUCKIES Please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now we go back to that combination of rhythm and melody, headed by the one and only Paul Whiteman. This time we hear -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Paul, and now the Baron is burning with impatience to continue his breathless adventures as a fireman..... so may we present that extinguished fire-eater, the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE FIREMAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave us until this time next week when they'll join us again, from Chicago.....and here we go back to the distinctive dance rhythms of Paul Whiteman, which include -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was great Paul, I'm sure everybody appreciated those tunes.

A famous philosopher once said, "it's the little things that make life worth while." How true that is of smoking a cigarette! What a thrill of pleasure there is in lighting up a LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette, and enjoying its rich, mellow-mild goodness! LUCKIES bring you the pleasure of fragrant, choice tobaccos -- the finest that money can buy, carefully selected and aged, then "IT'S TOASTED" -- the process that makes LUCKIES truly mild....mellow-mild. In every little detail, you'll find that "LUCKIES Please!

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES OVER)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Paul Whiteman takes us back into the dancing with --

(TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, another LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close. Tonight's program was broadcast from the stage of the Palace Theatre in Dallas, Texas.....next week at the same time Jack Pearl will join us from Chicago with Ted Weems and his orchestra.

So until next Thursday then.....Goodnight.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

This program has come to you from Dallas, Texas, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

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AGENCY/chilleen
 4/22/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXIV

"THE FIREMAN"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

APRIL 27, 1933

ATX01 0188990

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXIV

"THE FIREMAN"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.....JACK PEARL

CHARLEY.....CLIFF HALL

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ATX01 0188991

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXIV

"THE FIREMAN"

PART I

CHARLEY: So you're a volunteer fireman, Baron?

BARON: That's what I was, Sharley,

CHARLEY: You are to be complimented! Risking your life fighting fires without remuneration or compensation!

BARON: -----hello?

CHARLEY: I said you are to be commended for jeopardizing your life and waiving monetary return or the equivalent.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----we're off before we started.

CHARLEY: It's marvelous of you to offer your services gratis, free, for nothing.

BARON: Sure it is! When I volunteer, I volunteer.

CHARLEY: No doubt.

BARON: But I quit.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: I didn't get paid.

CHARLEY: I heard that firemen are a jolly bunch, always out for a good time.

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) -- they raise blazes.

CHARLEY: Speaking of blazes -- I suppose you attended some pretty big fires in your time, Baron?

BARON: You said it! I remember one fourth of July we was sitting in the fire house when suddenly in came Big Ben.

ATX01 0188992

CHARLEY: Big Ben?

BARON: (LAUGH) An alarm! Quick as a flash we got ready and in half an hour we started out.

CHARLEY: Quick as a flash you got ready and in half an hour you started out!

BARON: Sure - and we.--

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! What held you up for half an hour?

BARON: We had to finish a game of bridge.

CHARLEY: I see -- the bridge game was more important than the fire!

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure -- Fires you can always find but good bridge hands are hard to get. Well, anyhow, it was a terrible, big, blazing fire!

CHARLEY: A veritable furnace.

BARON: -----I beg your stuff?

CHARLEY: I said it was a veritable furnace, a terrific conflagration, a roaring inferno!

BARON: -----A FIRE!

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: You could see this fire for miles and miles.

CHARLEY: I suppose the whole sky was lit up!

BARON: No -- there was only one thing lit up.

CHARLEY: What was it?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Cousin Hugo was lit up?

BARON: Sure -- he was full of fire water.

CHARLEY: Is Hugo a fire man?

BARON: Sure -- he's got a fire record.

CHARLEY: A fire record?

BARON: Yes -- he's been fired more times than anybody else --

CHARLEY: Tell me about this big fire, Baron.

BARON: Sure -- when we got to the fire we had to go back.

CHARLEY: You had to go back to the fire house?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: (LAUGH) We forgot to bring along the fire engines.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My engines! And when we came back with the engines the whole building was flaming.

CHARLEY: And I suppose it was smoking!

BARON: What do you think it was doing? Chewing?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: The building was seven hundred and two stories high.

CHARLEY: Seven hundred and two stories high!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Are you sure you're not inflating that?

BARON: Please -- this is a building, not a tire.

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: It went.

CHARLEY: It burned down.

BARON: No -- it burned up. While it was burning I heard a woman cry for help.

CHARLEY: You heard a woman cry for help!

BARON: Yes -- She lived on the six hundred and sixty sixth floor.

CHARLEY: She was a high liver.

BARON: Sh -----Please! Let the Baron snap the snappers.

CHARLEY: I acquiese.

BARON: -----Once over, please?

CHARLEY: I said I acquiese.

BARON: That's your own private business --

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: Where I was?

CHARLEY: A woman on the six hundred and sixty sixth floor was calling for help.

BARON: My goodness! Is she up there yet?

CHARLEY: I guess she is.

BARON: I got to get her down! What did I do?

CHARLEY: Who knows?

BARON: (LAUGH) Me! I yelled for the hook and soap bubbles.

CHARLEY: Hook and soap bubbles?

BARON: (LAUGH) Hook and ladder -- but it wasn't there.

CHARLEY: What became of it?

BARON: The driver went home for his supper.

CHARLEY: And took the hook and ladder truck with him?

BARON: Sure -- it was too far to walk.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I got a rope, tided it around my neck and started climbing up.

CHARLEY: It must have taken you quite some time!

BARON: Zix minutes.

CHARLEY: Six minutes! To climb six hundred and sixty stories? - Impossible.

BARON: (LAUGH) I suppose also preposterous!

CHARLEY: Ridiculous!

BARON: Unbelievable.

CHARLEY: Inconceivable!

BARON: Incredible!

CHARLEY: PARALOGICAL!

BARON: (LAUGH) You found a new one!

CHARLEY: And you couldn't knock it into my head with a sledge hammer.

BARON: (LAUGH) Who wants to spoil a good sledge hammer.

CHARLEY: I never heard of such climbing.

BARON: From my country comes the best climbers in the world.

CHARLEY: What makes them such wonderful climbers?

BARON: You see -- the minute children are born the pappas tells them of the wonderful climate.

CHARLEY: The wonderful climate.

BARON: Yes -- and for years that's all they hear -- climate, climate --- so every time they see a pole, a tree, a building or a mountain -- they do it.

CHARLEY: Do what?

BARON: Climb it.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: Well, anyhow, I reached the window from where I heard the woman cry for help, looked in and who do you think the woman was?

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo.

BARON: Sure he -- I said a woman!

CHARLEY: My error. Who was the woman?

BARON: You'll never guess.

CHARLEY: Greta Garbo?

BARON: No! You're cold!

CHARLEY: Mae West?

BARON: Getting warmer.

CHARLEY: Lilyan Tashman?

BARON: Warmer still.

CHARLEY: Marlene Dietrich?

BARON: Ice cold!

CHARLEY: I give up, who was she?

BARON: (LAUGH) I don't know - I never saw her before in my life. Well, sir, I tied the rope to the rowdiater.

CHARLEY: Radiator!

BARON: Row-diater.

CHARLEY: Not Row- ra!

BARON: Row.

CHARLEY: Ra --Radiator.

BARON: Row -- steam pipe!

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: She weighed three hundred pounds.

CHARLEY: Three hundred pounds.

BARON: Yes -- so I picked her up, put her on my back and slid down the rope.

CHARLEY: You're not going to ask me to believe you slid down a rope with a three hundred pound woman on your back?

BARON: You wouldn't believe it?

CHARLEY: No, I would not.

BARON: Would you believe a hundred and fifty pounds?

CHARLEY: Well -- yes, I'd believe one hundred and fifty pounds.

BARON: (LAUGH) So I made two trips.

CHARLEY: Baron, you'll wreck me yet.

BARON: (LAUGH) So I hope. The fire kept getting worse and worse -- the men was getting tired and hungry.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: So I said, "Boys, go home and have your Christmas dinner and come back" and I --

CHARLEY: Here! Hold on! When you started this story you said you answered the alarm on the fourth of July and now you're talking about Christmas.

BARON: Sure -- it was burning for months and months. So the boys went home for dinner.

CHARLEY: And of course they took all the apparatus with them!

BARON: Sure -- but the hook and ladder came back.

CHARLEY: The hook and ladder? Oh yes -- the fellow who went for his supper!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: He went for supper in July and returned in December.

BARON: Yes -- he's got a big appetite. But he's a nice feller -- his name is --- let me see -- it starts with a Z.

CHARLEY: Zachary?

BARON: No!

CHARLEY: Zadok, Zeno?

BARON: I got it! --

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Zeymore!

CHARLEY: Seymour!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Seymour is spelled with an "S" not a "Z".

BARON: Please - the Baron makes his own spelling.

CHARLEY: Have it your way.

BARON: And he came from Zweden.

CHARLEY: He was a Swede!

BARON: All his life. While we was talking I heard another cry for help.

CHARLEY: Another woman!

BARON: No, a man. He was on the roof.

CHARLEY: On the roof!

BARON: Sure -- He lived in a pest house.

CHARLEY: A pent house!

BARON: Same thing. This time I had no rope.

CHARLEY: You were out of luck.

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- out of rope. But I saw a big icicle from the roof to the ground! What did I do?

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you climbed up the icicle!

BARON: (LAUGH) I'm glad I don't have to tell you -- when I reached the man I tied him to the top of the icicle.

CHARLEY: A few seconds ago you said you didn't have a rope.

BARON: That was a few seconds ago.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Well as time flies, things happen.

CHARLEY: I won't argue.

BARON: So I tied the man to the icicle and yelled down to Zeymore.

CHARLEY: The Swedish fellow!

BARON: Yes -- I yelled to him to build a fire under the icicle.

CHARLEY: To build a fire under the icicle!

BARON: Sure -- and he did, and the icicle started melting and in four minutes the man was safe on the ground.

CHARLEY: In four minutes!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: It took him quite some time to reach the ground.

BARON: -----who is it?

CHARLEY: I said four minutes was quite a long time for him to reach the ground.

BARON: (LAUGH) So he reached the ground in a minute and a half.

CHARLEY: That's more like it -- that's more like yourself.

BARON: Thank you.

CHARLEY: But I know it's a colossal fabrication.

BARON: Again I thank you. Well, there was me on the roof and no more icicles.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I yelled for a net.

CHARLEY: You yelled to your Swedish friend.

BARON: Sure -- so he got a long pole with a net on the end of it.

CHARLEY: I never heard of a net on a pole.

BARON: You're hearing it now. Anyhow I jumped --

CHARLEY: And landed in the net!

BARON: No, I missed the net.

CHARLEY: And hit the pole?

BARON: (LAUGH) No, the Swede. Just then up came Peterkin.

CHARLEY: Who's Peterkin?

BARON: One of my best men.

CHARLEY: One of your best men?

BARON: Sure -- Peterkin do anything. He was rolling a barrel of benzine.

CHARLEY: A barrel of benzine?

BARON: Yes - he said let's make it a good fire - so he rolled the barrel into the cellar of the building.

CHARLEY: That was a dangerous thing to do.

BARON: (LAUGH) He found that out.

CHARLEY: Did it explode?

BARON: What do you think it did? Jumped up and kissed him?

CHARLEY: What happened to Peterkin when the benzine exploded?
BARON: Nobody knows.
CHARLEY: Why?
BARON: Because --
CHARLEY: Because what?
BARON: (LAUGH) He hasn't benzine since.
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXIV

"THE FIREMAN"

PART II

CHARLEY: You know, Baron, the burning of Rome must have been a terrific fire.

BARON: That was a beauty.

CHARLEY: I'll bet it was.

BARON: You have no idea what a hard time I had putting it out. I was --

CHARLEY: Here! Hold on! That happened in the year sixty four.

BARON: My goodness! Was it that long ago?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) And I remember it so well.

CHARLEY: Oh, come Baron, stop spoofing and tell me some more of your experiences as a fireman.

BARON: Well -- I once had my own fire company.

CHARLEY: Your own apparatus.

BARON: Sure -- I had a engine, a stocking cart --

CHARLEY: A stocking cart?

BARON: (LAUGH) Hose cart. A comical truck.

CHARLEY: A chemical truck, equipped with extinguishers, smoke masks and so forth.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: And I suppose you also had pulmotors.

BARON: -----What's your trouble?

CHARLEY: Pulmotors, you certainly know what a pulmotor is?

BARON: (LAUGH) Oh sure -- I know the both of them.

CHARLEY: The both of them?

BARON: Sure -- Potash and Pulmotor. And I had a ladder and hook.

CHARLEY: A hook and ladder!

BARON: A ladder and hook!

CHARLEY: You're saying it backwards.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's the only way it could run.

CHARLEY: The only way it could run?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) Every time it went to a fire people thought it was coming back. Also I had a water tower.

CHARLEY: A very efficient and essential mechanical contrivance.

BARON: -----Could I have that in short hand?

CHARLEY: I said the water tower is an efficient device invaluable and very efficacious where conflagrations at great height are impregnable with ordinary equipment.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Do you sleep in the public library?

CHARLEY: -----I beg your stuff?

BARON: -----Now what's gonna happen?

CHARLEY: -----Once over, please?

BARON: Wait a minute! Are you me or am I you?

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) I was only punning, Baron - you enjoy puns, don't you?

BARON: Sure -- but only with my coffee.

CHARLEY: Tell me about this water tower you had?

BARON: It was eleven hundred and forty two feet high and could throw a stream of water zeventy five miles at the rate of three hundred and eighteen gallons in two and a half seconds over a mountain twenty one thousand five hundred and nineteen feet high.

CHARLEY: Would you mind repeating that, please?

BARON: I couldn't. One time I got a call to put out a forest fire six hundred miles away.

CHARLEY: Where was this?

BARON: In ailing in hullabaloo.

CHARLEY: Ailing in hullabaloo?

BARON: Not well in uproar, sick in loud racket.

CHARLEY: Wait! Do you mean Illinois?

BARON: That's it! Ill-in-Noise. - What did I do?

CHARLEY: Faced your apparatus to the spot.

BARON: No sir -- I stood my water tower outside my door, turned on the water and put out the fire.

CHARLEY: Six hundred miles away?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: One more like that and you'll put me out.

BARON: (LAUGH) So I'll tell one more. Once I --

CHARLEY: Never mind! That one will last me for a while. You must realize I don't believe your story.

BARON: (LAUGH) You must realize I don't care whether you do or not.

CHARLEY: Such a feat is utterly impossible. You couldn't put out a fire six hundred miles away and you know it!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So I put out a fire six hundred miles away.

CHARLEY: All right, we won't bandy words.

BARON: I was ----what is it?

CHARLEY: I said we won't bandy words. You've heard that before, haven't you?

BARON: No. (LAUGH) I heard of bandy legs but not bandy words.

CHARLEY: Go on with your story.

BARON: One night I was lying asleep.

CHARLEY: Even sleep don't stop you.

BARON: No I ----could you meet me in a dark alley tonight?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: I was ly---I was laying! Laying!

CHARLEY: Asleep.

BARON: What did you think? An egg?

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: A false alarm walked in.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, a false alarm walked in?

BARON: (LAUGH) Your Uncle Henry!

CHARLEY: My Uncle Henry is not a false alarm!

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a ringer for one.

CHARLEY: What did he want?

BARON: He was talking for an hour before he could remember what he came for -- then he remembered he wanted to tell me something.

CHARLEY: What was it?

BARON: (LAUGH) His house was on fire.

CHARLEY: My goodness!

BARON: By the time we got there it was going strong.

CHARLEY: Burning fast!

BARON: Like a house afire -- I saved eighteen lives.

CHARLEY: Eighteen lives?

BARON: (LAUGH) Two cats. The fire kept burning for forty eight hours and --

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron ---My Uncle Henry's house couldn't burn forty eight hours, it's too small.

BARON: Would you believe twenty four hours?

CHARLEY: Yes and no further argument.

BARON: All right -- let's call it a day. The next day I was having my fireman's lunch when I --

CHARLEY: Just a second -- what is a fireman's lunch?

BARON: (LAUGH) Cheese and fire crackers --

CHARLEY: Cheese and fire crackers?

BARON: (LAUGH) Smoked herring with burnt toast -- when I smelled smoke.

CHARLEY: Coming from the smoked herring!

BARON: Sure it ----who asked you to be funny?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry. Where was the smoke coming from?

BARON: The fire house.

CHARLEY: The fire house?

BARON: Yes -- the fire house was on fire.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I ran out on the street and turned in an alarm.

CHARLEY: Why didn't you use your own apparatus to put out the fire?

BARON: No sir! I put out other peoples fires why shouldn't somebody put out mine.

CHARLEY: Not a bad idea.

BARON: When the fire engines came they wanted to turn the hose on my fire house but I wouldn't let them.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I just had it painted.

CHARLEY: I see -- you didn't want to spoil the paint job.

BARON: Sure not.

CHARLEY: SO you let the fire house burn down instead.

BARON: No sir.

CHARLEY: How come?

BARON: I went upstairs where the fire was and I recognized it right away.

CHARLEY: You recognized the fire?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) It was an old flame of mine.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: My flame! When the fire saw me it felt ashamed.

CHARLEY: The fire felt ashamed - how could you tell?

BARON: (LAUGH) It got red and started to run.

CHARLEY: This is getting good.

BARON: Now comes the unbelievable part.

CHARLEY: Oh, we haven't come to that yet?

BARON: No - you see, when the fire started running I tried to catch it but it got away.

CHARLEY: The fire got away?

BARON: Yes -- I saw it get away.

CHARLEY: Now how in the name of common sense could you see a fire get away?

BARON: I opened the window and saw the fire escape.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm at a loss for words.

BARON: (LAUGH) What could be sweeter! I'll never forget the day I went out with my fire boat.

CHARLEY: Oh, you had a fire boat also?

BARON: Sure -- it was fourteen hundred and forty two feet long, and --

CHARLEY: Now, hold on, Baron! That's carrying a thing too far.

BARON: I----who said I carried it?

CHARLEY: I mean saying your fire boat was fourteen hundred and forty two feet long --

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: No -- the steamship "Majestic", - one of the largest ships afloat is only nine hundred and fifty six feet long.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's not my fault.

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: It did -- it sailed Monday -- with my boat I used to sail around and put out fires on rivers.

CHARLEY: River crafts, warehouses and so forth.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Likewise wharfs!

BARON: -----louder and funnier, please?

CHARLEY: I said wharfs, wharfs, -- wharfs, wharfs!

BARON: Are you barking at me?

CHARLEY: No! Wharfs! Where boats are tied up.

BARON: Oh, ducks!

CHARLEY: Docks!

BARON: Dukes!

CHARLEY: Docks, piers, wharfs!

BARON: You're back from where you started. Well, anyhow, once I had a big warehouse fire.

CHARLEY: What kind of a warehouse was it?

BARON: A frankfurter warehouse.

CHARLEY: A frankfurter warehouse?

BARON: Yes -- what a blaze! I mustered out all the men.

CHARLEY: You mustered them all out? Why?

BARON: Because with frankfurters you got to have mustard.

CHARLEY: And sauerkraut.

BARON: Sure -- why don't you just listen?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, proceed,

BARON: It was a sad sight.

CHARLEY: A sad sight?

BARON: Yes -- the frankfurters was in a panic -- mamma frankfurters with baby frankfurters in their arms was standing at the windows screaming for help --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute!

BARON: Big, strong, frankfurters was shoving them aside and jumping out of the windows into the river.

CHARLEY: Hold on!

BARON: The river was full of swimming frankfurters.

CHARLEY: Will you stop!

BARON: Such yelling for help you never heard! One frankfurter yelled ---

CHARLEY: Will you please stop!

BARON: What's the matter?

CHARLEY: Who ever heard of frankfurters talking?

BARON: Sure they talk - but it don't amount to much.

CHARLEY: Oh, it don't.

BARON: No -- just a lot of boloney.

CHARLEY: I give up.

BARON: Well sir, I tried to squirt water on the fire but the slippers wouldn't work.

CHARLEY: The slippers?

BARON: (LAUGH) The pumps. Just then who do you think boarded the boat?

CHARLEY: The King of Siam.

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- he came later.

CHARLEY: Well, who boarded the boat?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Is Hugo with us again?

BARON: (LAUGH) Not again -- yet! He said "Baron, what's burning?" and I said "frankfurters" and he said --
(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Well, what did he say?

BARON: (LAUGH) You're gonna feel like a ten pin.

CHARLEY: Like a ten pin? Why?

BARON: (LAUGH) This is gonna bowl you over.

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, tell me, when you told Migo that frankfurters were burning, what did he say?

BARON: He said -- (LAUGH) Hot Dogs!

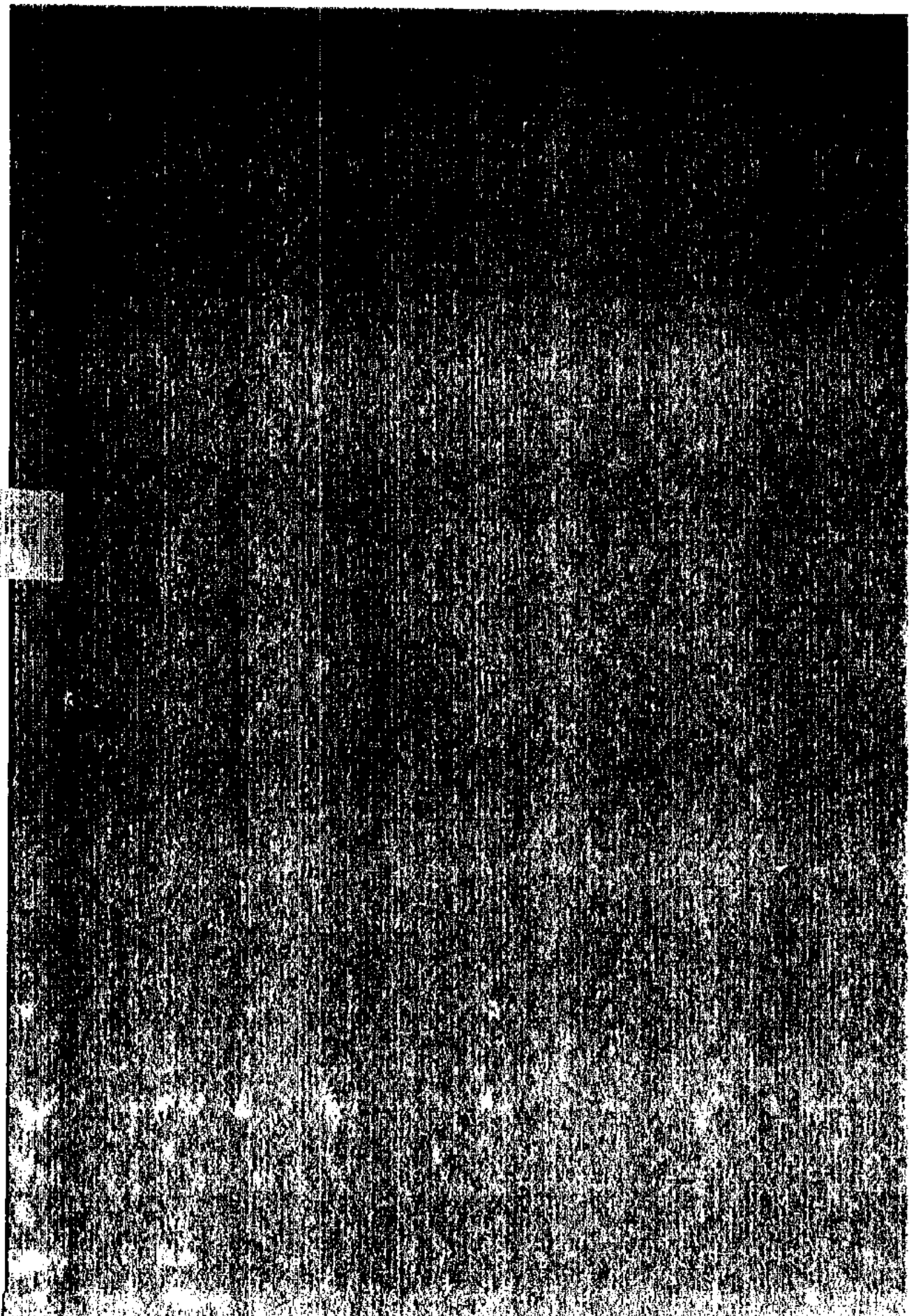
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
4/21/33

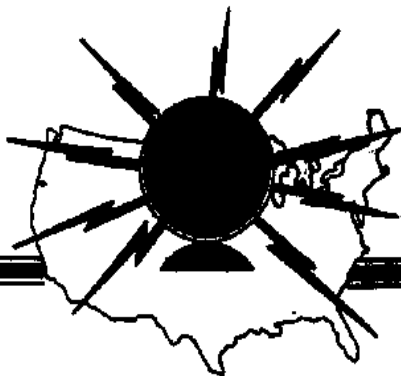
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THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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"

THURSDAY, MAY 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.....

Tonight here in Chicago, Ted Weems and his Orchestra are all ready to start the evening's festivities - so let's get out on the dance floor and into the rhythms of -- (TITLES)

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

NO-20-4M-2-22

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HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Ted Weems, that was fine!

Folks like LUCKIES because they have the Character of the world's finest tobaccos, firmly rolled into one delicious, balanced blend. And folks appreciate LUCKY STRIKE'S true mildness, brought about by accurate, patient science -- "IT'S TOASTED." Character and mildness - two qualities that can't be copied - and because you get them both in LUCKIES - LUCKIES Please.

And now, here is the Baron waiting to launch forth in a thrilling discussion of his life among the ferocious animals of the jungle....he has on his hunting suit....munching an animal cracker, waving a monkey wrench and wearing a bunch of tiger lilies. Ladies and gentlemen, the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "THE ANIMAL MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

There go Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall.....but they'll be back a little later in the program. Meanwhile we're going to call on Ted Weems and his musical troupe, who give us this time --
(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great, Ted Weems, we'll be back for more in just a moment!

We don't rely merely on the world's choicest tobaccos to make your LUCKY STRIKE truly mild and delicious. The Cream of many Crops - choice and fragrant - is only the starting point. We give those rich, ripe mellow tobaccos the benefit of the famous "TOASTING" Process. And that makes a big difference....for that gives every LUCKY STRIKE its delicious mellow-mildness! That's why it's always a pleasure to smoke a LUCKY. Say - why not do it right now? Light a LUCKY.....and see how LUCKIES please!

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

ATX01 0189014

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ted Weems and his Orchestra continue the dancing
with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Ted.....Now that great authority on
wild animals is approaching -- so may we present.....Baron
Tarzen Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "THE ANIMAL MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave us until this same time next week.....and right here we turn to Ted Weems as he plays -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very nice, Ted Weems, thanks.

After all, the final test of a cigarette is in the smoking. When you light a LUCKY, the distinctive flavor tells you that your LUCKY STRIKE brings you the finest tobaccos grown..... and the smooth, mellow-mildness tells you that every golden shred of tobacco in that fine LUCKY STRIKE blend is toasted -- the process that imparts true mildness. Every day -- all over the world the result is always "LUCKIES Please!"

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Here we go back to Ted Weems and his Orchestra, and they take us into the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

So ladies and gentlemen, another LUCKY STRIKE Hour draws to a close. Tonight's program was broadcast from Chicago, Illinois. Next Thursday night Jack Pearl will join us from New York City. So until Thursday then, good night!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

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

AGENCY/chilleen
4/29/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

"THE ANIMAL MAN"

EPISODE XXIV

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MAY 4, 1933

ATX01 0189018

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXV

"THE ANIMAL MAN"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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ATX01 0189019

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXV

"THE ANIMAL MAN"

PART I

CHARLEY: So you're going to the jungles of Africa, Baron?
BARON: Yes sir --- I'm going to bring 'em back alive.
CHARLEY: You're going to bring animals back alive?
BARON: What do you think I'm going to bring back alive?
Dead herring?
CHARLEY: What are you going after, Baron?
BARON: Well, first I'm going after lion.
CHARLEY: Do you have to go after it now?
BARON: -----you're starting early.
CHARLEY: My apologies, Baron, continue.
BARON: During my career as a bring 'em back aliver, I have
ketched the biggest lions in the world.
CHARLEY: The biggest lions in the world!
BARON: Yes sir -- that's all I go after, - the big ones.
CHARLEY: You're a big lion man.
BARON: Sure, I'm-----Please! The Baron is a self insulter.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry -- I suppose you know all about animals,
Baron?
BARON: (LAUGH) You're a good supposer. I know who's zoo
in the who.
CHARLEY: You know who's what in where?
BARON: -----Are we too far apart?

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CHARLEY: I didn't understand what you said, Baron.

BARON: I said I know zoos zoo in the who -- zoos who's in the zoos -- who's zoos in the who's----

CHARLEY: Just a moment -- Do you mean you know who's who in the zoo!

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure ----I got my tongue twisted around my eye tooth and I couldn't see what I was saying.

CHARLEY: In other words you're a zoologist.

BARON: -----hello?

CHARLEY: A zoologist. A student of zoography. The science pertaining to the biology and phylogenesis of the animal kingdom.

BARON: -----WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: What is your favorite animal, Baron?

BARON: (LAUGH) Roast beef.

CHARLEY: Roast beef?

BARON: And mashed potatoes.

CHARLEY: I'm referring to live animals.

BARON: Oh -- before they're cooked!

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Dumb animals?

CHARLEY: Yes----what's your favorite dumb animal?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Please be serious, Baron, and tell me what is your favorite animal?

BARON: Tiger.

CHARLEY: You picked a coocoo.

BARON: No sir! A tiger!

CHARLEY: Did you ever get any?

BARON: Any? (LAUGH) I remember once I went to India.

CHARLEY: That's in Asia.

BARON: (LAUGH) I wouldn't be a bit surprised. I had an order to get sixty tigers, eighty five elephants, seventy four Rhin-oscar-horses.

CHARLEY: Rhinocercus.

BARON: Yes, and a Hippo-bottle - of - mustard.

CHARLEY: A hippopotamus.

BARON: Sure----

CHARLEY: Who were you getting these animals for?

BARON: The New York Zoola-bylogic-abeligal garden.

CHARLEY: The what?

BARON: -----you can be so annoying.

CHARLEY: Who did you say you were getting the animals for?

BARON: The New York Zoola-bottle of boozical -- zoological --- the menagerie!

CHARLEY: Tell me about your trip to India, Baron?

BARON: Well sir -- I landed in Coolidge Carver.

CHARLEY: Coolidge Carver?

BARON: (LAUGH) Cal-cutter----and from there I went to Vagabond Inlet.

CHARLEY: Vagabond Inlet?

BARON: Hobo gulf, tramp cove --

CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean Bombay?

BARON: That's it! Bumbay! There I met a bunch of Zulu guides and I was --

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron - Zulus are natives of Africa -- so you couldn't have met any in Bombay.

BARON: Did the Zulus write you a letter and say they didn't meet me?

CHARLEY: Why, no.

BARON: So I met a bunch of Zulus in Bums-bay!

CHARLEY: As you say.

BARON: The Chief's name was ---let me see---what was his name.

CHARLEY: Was it that famous Zulu Chief Senzangokona Dingiswayo?

BARON: -----I beg your static?

CHARLEY: I said was it Chief Senzangokona Dingiswayo?

BARON: (LAUGH) That's-hard-to-say. Anyhow he said he had two kinds of guides.

CHARLEY: Two kinds?

BARON: Yes -- One I could have for nine rupees a day and the other for fourteen rupees.

CHARLEY: Why the difference in price?

BARON: He said, "The fourteen rupee ones always get tigers--they are very lucky, which ones do you want?"

CHARLEY: And you naturally said, "Luckies, please!"

BARON: Sure I ----please! The Baron makes the advertising.

CHARLEY: My error!

BARON: My advertising! Well sir, I started out and the first thing I ran into was a lion fifty six feet long and I was ----

CHARLEY: Hold on Baron! The biggest lion ever captured or shot was under fifteen feet from nose to tip of tail. So the lion you met couldn't have been fifty six feet long.

BARON: Did you meet the lion or did I meet the lion?

CHARLEY: I believe you did.

BARON: You believe that?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) -----This time I win! The lion was fifty
zix feet long.

CHARLEY: Fifty six feet long!

BARON: The one on my right!

CHARLEY: The one on your right?

BARON: Yes -- the one on my left was even bigger.

CHARLEY: Possibly seventy five feet long!

BARON: (LAUGH) And zix inches. What did I do?

CHARLEY: I haven't the faintest idea.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's fine. I took out a newspaper and
started to read, and just as I----

CHARLEY: Hold on! Do you mean to say with a lion on your
right and a lion on your left you stopped to read a
newspaper?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) ---I'm a great one for reading between
the lines!

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: I finished reading and as I went after the lion on the
left, the lion on the right left. That left the left
lion left, so I left the left and tried to get the
right before he left. But he mounted a horse and got
away.

CHARLEY: The lion mounted a horse?

BARON: Sure----he was a mountain lion. And he weighed twenty
two hundred pounds, so I----

CHARLEY: Whoa! Wait! How could you tell his weight if he got
away?

BARON: (LAUGH) That's how I could tell.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: (LAUGH) He got a weigh. Well, sir, I went after the other lion.

CHARLEY: The one left on the left.

BARON: (LAUGH) Right. I grabbed him by the Vermont.

CHARLEY: The Vermont?

BARON: The Rhode Island, the New Hampshire --

CHARLEY: Do you mean you grabbed him by the mane?

BARON: That's it! The Mane! And I swung him over my head forty seven times -- flung him in the air and he landed in one of my cages in a village twelve miles away.

CHARLEY: Absurd! Impossible! And you couldn't make me believe it if you stood on your head.

BARON: Please --- The Baron is not an acrobat.

CHARLEY: The idea of flinging a twenty two hundred pound lion a distance of twelve miles.

BARON: You wouldn't believe this?

CHARLEY: No! I will not!

BARON: Was you-----

CHARLEY: WAS I WHAT?

BARON: (LAUGH) Never mind. -- Maybe you was.

CHARLEY: Baron, I want you to acknowledge that your resume of this adventure is an erroneous, unmitigated fabrication.

BARON: -----Why must you always sock out those jaw breakers!

CHARLEY: Grandiloquence is expected of a finished speaker.

BARON: You are a finished speaker?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Will you do me a favor?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: (LAUGH) Finish!

CHARLEY: Very well, on with your story, Baron.

BARON: Next I got twenty one leopards.

CHARLEY: Did you have much trouble capturing them?

BARON: In spots.

CHARLEY: What else did you get, Baron?

BARON: Thirty nine gernues.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron --- not gernues -- gnus. The "G" is silent.

BARON: The same as in whiz.

CHARLEY: The same as in whiz?

BARON: Sure --- gee whiz!

CHARLEY: Nonsense. As I said before the "g" is silent, it's not gernues, -- it's gnus!

BARON: (LAUGH) That's news to me. Also I got a pair of money deer.

CHARLEY: Money deer?

BARON: Sure -- doe and buck! And besides I ketched the biggest tiger what was ever ketched.

CHARLEY: How big was he?

BARON: You wouldn't believe it if I told you.

CHARLEY: I don't suppose I would.

BARON: So he was even bigger than I didn't tell! And, oh, did he put up a fierce fight.

CHARLEY: He was ferocious.

BARON: -----Could you make me another offer?

CHARLEY: The tiger was vicious, savage, infuriated, ruthless, truculent.

BARON: -----Maybe I should send for a doctor?

CHARLEY: Follow through, Baron.

BARON: He jumped ninety feet and landed on my back.

CHARLEY: Upon my word!

BARON: No -- upon my back!

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I bit him.

CHARLEY: You bit the tiger!

BARON: Twice -- I gave him twenty five cents.

CHARLEY: Twenty five cents?

BARON: Two bits. Then he bit me, and I bit him - then we bit each other----

CHARLEY: It was a bitter fight.

BARON: Sure I-----Must you make comical suggestions?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry; tell me Baron were you injured in the fracas?

BARON: -----I beg your interference?

CHARLEY: I said were you injured in the fracas?

BARON: No----(LAUGH) in the leg. Well sir, we kept biting each other for zix days.

CHARLEY: Preposterous!

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

CHARLEY: Wait, please! You just got through saying six days, didn't you?

BARON: Sure --- we was biting each other for zix days -- and we was hungry so we stopped to get a bite to eat -- by now the tiger was tired.

CHARLEY: So am I.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's fine. He yawned -- and when his mouth was wide open I stuck my head in it.

CHARLEY: You stuck your head in the tiger's mouth?

BARON: And made a speech.

CHARLEY: That is positively incongruous and I won't believe a word of it!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Was I where?

BARON: I-----Where I was?

CHARLEY: Perhaps I was and then again perhaps I wasn't.

BARON: Will you please find out so I can get my head out of the tiger's mouth!

CHARLEY: Come to think of it I was not there!

BARON: So I put my head in the tiger's mouth and made a speech.

CHARLEY: Have it your way.

BARON: He tried to answer me back and his words and my words got stuck in his throat and strangled him to death.

CHARLEY: Then you didn't bring him back alive!

BARON: No, he fooled me. But I got even.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: I took him to an animal stuffer.

CHARLEY: A taxidermist.

BARON: Sure I-----What did I missed?

CHARLEY: A taxidermist -- one skilled in the art of taxidermy.

BARON: Oh -- (LAUGH) Now I know.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: As much as I knew before.

CHARLEY: Let it slide.

BARON: After he was stuffed I took him home and did I get even with him.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: (LAUGH) I took him out in the woodshed and I-----
(LAUGH)
CHARLEY: And you what?
BARON: (LAUGH) I knocked the stuffing out of him!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXV

"THE ANIMAL MAN"

PART II

CHARLEY: Now let me understand you, Baron, you say while you were in Africa you spent a lot of time in Lawrence. I know Asia pretty well but I never heard of a place called Lawrence.

BARON: (LAUGH) Did I saw Lawrence?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean Tibet.

CHARLEY: That's north of India.

BARON: For years.

CHARLEY: What were you doing up in Tibet?

BARON: I was after golf animals.

CHARLEY: Golf animals?

BARON: (LAUGH) Lynx.

CHARLEY: A carnivorous genus of mammal of the family Felidae.

BARON: (LAUGH) -----always kidding.

CHARLEY: Who were you getting the lynx for, Baron?

BARON: A chain store. Also a circus man wanted a wild ass.

CHARLEY: A wild ass?

BARON: Yes --- but I couldn't get him one.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: He was working.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo. So instead I brought him back some wild Parasol Sixes.

CHARLEY: Wild parasol sixes?

BARON: Umbrella sevens, walking stick eights.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean canines?

BARON: That's it! Canc-nines!

CHARLEY: Wild canines of Tibet.

BARON: Wild shoes.

CHARLEY: Shoes! Are you off again?

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean wild dogs.

CHARLEY: That's better.

BARON: Sure -- while I was looking for the wild dogs I came across a wild boar.

CHARLEY: You were having a wild time.

BARON: Sure I----please! The Baron serves the laughing gas.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, proceed.

BARON: I watched him eating for zeventeen hours without stopping.

CHARLEY: The boar was eating continuously for seventeen hours?

BARON: Yes --- (LAUGH) he was making a pig of himself. But the minute he saw me he came for me.

CHARLEY: He made a dash for you! He leaped, jumped, rushed, ran, flew, lunged, precipitated himself at you with great force and velocity.

BARON: Are you through?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So he walked over to me. And oh, did he bore me?

CHARLEY: With his tusks?

BARON: No -- with his conversation.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me the boar spoke to you!

BARON: Sure -- he told me all about the medal he was wearing.

CHARLEY: Do you mean to say the boar was wearing a medal?

BARON: Sure -- he said he----

CHARLEY: Just a moment! Will you please tell me where in the world the boar got the medal?

BARON: (LAUGH) -----in the Boer War.

CHARLEY: For goodness sakes.

BARON: (LAUGH) No -- for bravery. It seems he was in a battle and-----

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, I don't wish to hear any more about the boar.

BARON: It's boring you.

CHARLEY: Very much. Go to the dogs.

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: I said, go to the dogs.

BARON: I wa-----go there yourself!

CHARLEY: I mean go back to your story about the wild dogs.

BARON: Oh----- (LAUGH)-----I thought you was asking me to go places.

CHARLEY: You were saying you brought back some wild dogs for a circus man.

BARON: Sure --and he put one in front of every one of his side shows.

CHARLEY: Why did he put them in front of the side shows?

BARON: (LAUGH) They're great barkers. Also I got some fine monkeys.

CHARLEY: You know Baron, they say we are related to monkeys.

BARON: (LAUGH) You can't give them much of an argument on that.

CHARLEY: I resent that remark, Baron! There are no monkeys in my family.

BARON: (LAUGH) There is one!

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: (LAUGH) Your Uncle Henry!

CHARLEY: Now, look here! I'll not stand for my Uncle Henry being called a monkey!

BARON: I take it back---he is not a monkey.

CHARLEY: I accept your apology.

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a gorilla.

CHARLEY: So is your grandfather.

BARON: So is your grandfather's great grandfather.

CHARLEY: And so is your great grandfather's father's great grandfather.

BARON: And so is ----wait a minute---(LAUGH)-- We're ringing in strangers.

CHARLEY: Did you bring back any elephants?

BARON: I was going to bring one back but he couldn't bring his clothes along.

CHARLEY: Couldn't bring his clothes along? That's ridiculous in itself -- but why couldn't he bring his clothes along?

BARON: (LAUGH) Somebody stole his trunk.

CHARLEY: Did you find any antelope?

BARON: -----I beg your excuse me?

CHARLEY: Antelope, did you find any antelope?

BARON: (LAUGH) I was after animals - not fruit.

CHARLEY: Not cantelope! Antelope. Did you bring back antelope?

BARON: Why should I bring back antelope when I got Aunt Sophie?

CHARLEY: Let it ride.

BARON: I remember once I was down in Coney Islands hunting in an alley.

CHARLEY: What were you hunting for in an alley?

BARON: Alleygators -- when suddenly I seen my Cousin Hugo being chased around by lions, tigers, elephants, bears, giraffes, leopards -- and when I looked again the animals was being chased by Hugo.

CHARLEY: By George!

BARON: No - by Hugo.

CHARLEY: Did the meanagarie break loose?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Then how did these animals and Hugo come to be chasing each other?

BARON: (LAUGH) He was on a merry-go-round!

CHARLEY: Oh! Wooden animals.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: They wooden hurt anybody.

BARON: No, they-----Why don't you go into vaudeville?

CHARLEY: Why? Do you think I'm a wit?

BARON: (LAUGH) Not even a half.

CHARLEY: After that I think we'd better return to our original subject.

BARON: That's what I say. -- (LAUGH) ---I--What was the subject?

CHARLEY: Zoology, the science pertaining to the biology and phylogenesis of the----

BARON: Hey! Wait!

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

BARON: One dose of that a night is enough. Don't be a Winchester.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, don't be a Winchester?

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be a repeater.

CHARLEY: Then let's talk about horses.

BARON: Horses?

CHARLEY: Yes---I have a stable with the finest and fastest steeds, mounts, mares, stallions, colts---

BARON: Whoa! Hold your horses!

CHARLEY: Don't you like horses?

BARON: No sir! I fooled around the horses for twenty years and I got enough of them.

CHARLEY: You followed the races!

BARON: (LAUGH) No-----the horses. It's better we talk about the time I was in Turkey.

CHARLEY: What were you doing in Turkey?

BARON: (LAUGH) Looking for turkey.

CHARLEY: Why were you looking for Turkey if you were in Turkey?

BARON: Because I wanted turkey.

CHARLEY: What are you talking about?

BARON: Turkey.

CHARLEY: I don't get it.

BARON: (LAUGH) I got it.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Turkey.

CHARLEY: I still can't get it.

BARON: What a dumkopf! I went to Turkey to get turkey!
Duck, goose, turkey!

CHARLEY: Oh, you went to Turkey the country -- to get turkey
the fowl.

BARON: Sure -- I went to get a Turkey turkey.

CHARLEY: Now you're talking turkey.

BARON: I-----what was I talking about before, mud hen?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: The turkey I was after was very hard to find - so I
hired fifteen Turkish Turkey turkey guides and we
went on the desert looking for them.

CHARLEY: Fifteen Turks and you on the desert!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Fifteen Orientals and one Occidental.

BARON: -----What's your pleasure?

CHARLEY: I said fifteen Orientals and one Occidental on the
desert.

BARON: Occidental?

CHARLEY: Yes -- the Turks who were there were Oriental and you
were Occidental.

BARON: Occidental nothing! I was there on purpose.

CHARLEY: All right, let it pass.

BARON: After traveling sixty five thousand seven hundred and
fifty four miles we---

CHARLEY: Just a moment - how many miles did you travel?

BARON: (LAUGH) Zeven.

CHARLEY: To tell the truth I don't believe you even traveled
that far.

BARON: Zeven is too big for you?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Try a zix and zeven eights. We have them in all styles and colors and if it-----

CHARLEY: What are you talking about now?

BARON: (LAUGH) Who knows?

CHARLEY: I know you didn't travel sixty five thousand seven hundred and fifty four miles.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe it's just as well. Anyhow we came to an owjacks.

CHARLEY: An ow' Jacks?

BARON: Oo! queens, ah! kings --

CHARLEY: Do you mean oasis?

BARON: That's it! Oasis! There we found a feller what had zix million turkeys! So I sent Hugo to bargain with him.

CHARLEY: I thought Hugo was working.

BARON: (LAUGH) That was on page two -- Hugo went to get the turkeys but came back without them.

CHARLEY: Couldn't he strike a bargain?

BARON: No - he said the man wouldn't talk turkey.

CHARLEY: He wouldn't talk turkey? Why?

BARON: Because -----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Well, because why?

BARON: (LAUGH) He was a vegetarian!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

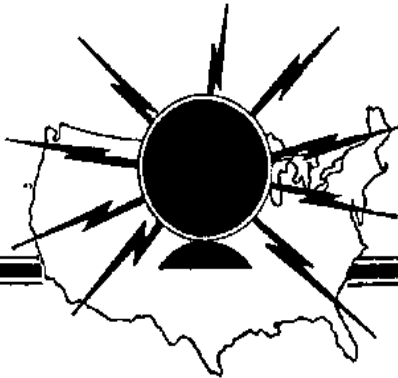
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
4/27/33

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, MAY 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.....

And tonight we'll dance to the music of Abe Lyman and his talented trumpeters, who start us off now with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

PRO-33-4M-2-33

ATX01 0189039

HOWARD GLANEY:

Thank you, Abe Lyman, that was fine.

It takes the average person about seven minutes to smoke a cigarette. But it takes a lot less than seven minutes to discover those facts about LUCKY STRIKE. You'll find with your first few puffs the delicious, distinctive quality of fine tobaccos.....and with your first few puffs you'll discover the fine, smooth mellow-mildness imparted by TOASTING. That's the reason folks everywhere say LUCKIES Please.

Now out of the wings steps the regal Baron, the last of a long and noble line of knights, and tonight he's all ready to discuss the days of the knights.....those troublesome times when every lady had golden hair and was chased by a dragon or two, at least once a week.....So may we now present.....his Royal Shyness.....the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "A KNIGHT FOR A NIGHT")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave us until a little later in this program when they'll return to continue their discussion. And meanwhile let's call on Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra from the Paradise Restaurant. They play this time -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great music Abe Lyman - we'll be back for more in just a moment.

Today, on over 30,000 billboards in American cities, on many millions of back covers of the highest grade magazines, you people can see a striking painting done by one of America's leading illustrators -- John LaGatta. Mr. LaGatta pictures a young man strumming a banjo - serenading a beautiful girl. There are only a few words on the poster - "Of Thee I Sing" -- and at the bottom of the picture "It's Toasted." Only a few words - but in them is a wealth of meaning! "Of Thee I Sing" - how aptly the words fit the mood of millions of LUCKY STRIKE smokers! When they're speaking of the distinctive character and the smooth, mellow-mildness of LUCKIES - how often folks feel like singing the praises of this fine cigarette! They have found that LUCKIES please - because "IT'S TOASTED."

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Abe Lyman and his purveyors of melody continue
with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And now my friends, we introduce to you again a
royal and noble knight who has ridden to the wars in defense of
home, happiness and Cousin Hugo. Ladies and gentlemen, the Baron
Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "A KNIGHT FOR A NIGHT")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So Jack Pearl and his good friend, Cliff "Sharley" Hall, make their exit. They'll join us again at this time next week.....And here we go to Abe Lyman and his orchestra, and they take us into the dancing with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Abe Lyman, those tunes make dancing a pleasure.

As folks down South know so well, LUCKY STRIKE obtains none but the choicest tobaccos - the very Cream of the Crop for LUCKIES. That's why LUCKY STRIKE always has that delightful flavor - the quality of the finest tobaccos, made deliciously mellow-mild because they are toasted. To enjoy fine tobaccos at their best - light a LUCKY.....for always, LUCKIES Please!

This is where we call on Abe Lyman who swings us into the rhythms of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so another LUCKY STRIKE Hour comes to a close.
Next week at the same time Jack Pearl will join us from Chicago with
Paul Whiteman and his orchestra.

So until next Thursday then.....good-night!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
5/11/33

RTX01 01B9044

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXXVI

"A KNIGHT FOR A NIGHT"

PART I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MAY 11, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPIISODE XXXVI

"A KNIGHT FOR A NIGHT"

PART I & II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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ATX01 0189046

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXVI

"A KNIGHT FOR A NIGHT"

PART I

CHARLEY: What in the world are you wearing a knight's helmet for, Baron?

BARON: (LOUD UNINTELLIGIBLE JABBER)

CHARLEY: Will you please take it off so I can understand what you're saying?

BARON: (LOUD UNINTELLIGIBLE JABBER)

CHARLEY: Here, I'll help you remove it.
(METALLIC SOUNDS)

CHARLEY: There you are!

BARON: (LAUGH) Now I know how it feels to be canned.

CHARLEY: Now tell me, Baron, what's the idea of the knight's helmet?

BARON: Well, you see, Sharley, in the old days my people was knights.

CHARLEY: In the days of knights.

BARON: Sure ----They was knights in the days too.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: That's where that song comes from.

CHARLEY: What song?

BARON: Night 'n day.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: (LAUGH) -----You're ouching early tonight. Anyhow, every year I pick out a night to be a Knight - and that night I dress up like a knight - and it so happens that to night is the night I'm a knight.

CHARLEY: You're imbued with the spirit of nitre.

BARON: Sure I----- (LAUGH) you can have it back.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Your ouch!

CHARLEY: You say you dress up like a knight but I don't see you adorned with armor. You're wearing a letter carrier's suit.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's it!--

CHARLEY: That's what?

BARON: My suit of mail.

CHARLEY: That's silly. Haven't you anything a knight wears?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: A night shirt.

CHARLEY: Incidentally you should be mounted on a spirited steed, a fiery old charger; where is it?

BARON: -----once closer please.

CHARLEY: Where is your old war horse?

BARON: (LAUGH) She's spending the week end with her mother.

CHARLEY: I'm talking about a horse! A knight's horse!

BARON: Oh -- (LAUGH) ----I had one last night.

CHARLEY: Had one what?

BARON: (LAUGH) A night mare. I ate pickled herring and whipped cream and I was --

CHARLEY: Please, Baron! That's not a bit interesting.

BARON: (LAUGH) I found that out this morning.

CHARLEY: Were these medieval ancestors of yours Don Quixotic knight-errants?

BARON: -----hello?

CHARLEY: Were they chivalrous, gallant cavaliers, or inexorable combatants - factotum?

BARON: -----WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: At any rate, I suppose they were very brave knights.

BARON: Even braver! We have a picture in one of our family owlbaums of --

CHARLEY: In your what?

BARON: -----Are your ears on a vacation?

CHARLEY: I didn't understand what you said.

BARON: I said we got a picture in one of our family owlbaums!

CHARLEY: Oh, albums!

BARON: Owlbaums!

CHARLEY: Not owl -- baums, al-bums! al-bums - bums!

BARON: Sure I --- please we got no bums in our owlbaums!

CHARLEY: You keep them separate.

BARON: Yes ----NO!

CHARLEY: We won't argue! Who is it a picture of?

BARON: My ancestor, the Baron Onzbock, of Schmeer.

CHARLEY: The Baron Onzbock, of Schmeer?

BARON: (LAUGH) He was a case.

CHARLEY: A case?

BARON: (LAUGH) A Schmeer case. He served as chief knight to the king.

CHARLEY: He gave the king night service.

BARON: Yes he ----must you be comical?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, continue, Baron.

BARON: One night the king got a letter from another knight.

CHARLEY: A night letter!

BARON: Sure it ----Maybe I better gag you.

CHARLEY: It won't be necessary, I'll do the gagging.

BARON: -----You must be eating a lot of eggs.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: You're so full of yokes!

CHARLEY: Carry on, Baron.

BARON: This knight wanted Onzbocks job --- so the king told Onzie he'd have to fight for it.

CHARLEY: The job would go to the victor!

BARON: -----Could you come back?

CHARLEY: The victor. You know what a victor is?

BARON: Sure----(LAUGH) -- a phonograph.

CHARLEY: No, no! The champion, the winner!

BARON: (LAUGH) Why not? Well, sir, Onzbock went looking for Calabash Meershaum.

CHARLEY: Calabash Meershaum?

BARON: That was the knight's name. And oh, Sharley! Was he a bad egg!

CHARLEY: Wasn't Onzbock afraid to tackle him?

BARON: No! (LAUGH) For Onzie, Meershaum was a pipe. That night it was blowing a gale - but that didn't stop Onzie! --

CHARLEY: Being a brave knight he went right out into the gale.

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: That made him a bird.

BARON: He-----A bird?

CHARLEY: A night-in-gale.

BARON: -----Why don't you write for the funny sheet?

CHARLEY: I apologize, Baron, proceed.

BARON: He knew Meershaum's hang out.

CHARLEY: His rendezvous.

BARON: -----His what a voo?

CHARLEY: His rendezvous, resort, haunt, point of convergence.

BARON: -----His hang out!

CHARLEY: All right, his hang out.

BARON: It was a bar-room -- and when Onzie walked in -- there was Meershaum and eight other knights.

CHARLEY: In the bar room.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Onzie made the tenth.

BARON: Yes -- it was like a play.

BARON:)
CHARLEY:) (IN UNISON) What play?

BARON:)
CHARLEY:) (IN UNISON) Ten nights in a barroom!

BARON: (LAUGH) You see? The Baron can snap the snappers also.

CHARLEY: Well, you didn't catch me napping!

BARON: No -- (LAUGH) but I ketched you snapping.

CHARLEY: On with your story, Baron.

BARON: Onzbock ordered drinks for the crowd.

CHARLEY: Drinks for all.

BARON: Yes and after they had 'em he jabbed his sword into one of the knights and made him pay the bill.

CHARLEY: Jabbed his sword into one of the knights and made him pay the bill?

BARON: Sure-----(LAUGH)----he stuck him for the drinks. That made the others mad.

CHARLEY: No doubt.

BARON: They started throwing chairs, tables, bottles --
Somebody hit Onzie on the head with a battle axe!
Onzie socked Meershaum on the chest with a club --
bit one feller's ear off and kicked another fellers
eye out! Then the fight started.

CHARLEY: Oh, it hadn't started yet!

BARON: No-----they was just rehearsing. Well sir, it was
a "nobody pays."

CHARLEY: What do you mean a "nobody pays?"

BARON: (LAUGH) A free for all -- Onzie finished them all
except Meershaum.

CHARLEY: Meershaum was still on his feet!

BARON: No --- on his back --- and Onzbock was standing on
his stomach.

CHARLEY: Standing on Meershaum's stomach!

BARON: Whose stomach do you think he was standing on? His
own?

CHARLEY: Hardly.

BARON: And he was just going to finish him when Meershaum
said, "Spare me, I am weak, I haven't had a thing to
eat in three days." So Onzie stopped fighting.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because -- (LAUGH) -- the doctor told him never to
fight on an empty stomach.

CHARLEY: Good night!

BARON: Pleasant dreams. Well sir, zuddenly Meershaum blew a
whistle and in ran one thousand and one knights.

CHARLEY: Preposterous! I never heard of a group of one
thousand and one knights.

BARON: (LAUGH) You never heard of -- one thousand and one Arabian nights?

CHARLEY: Yes -- but those are stories, and you're not telling stories.

BARON: See? You're starting to believe me now! So in ran one thousand and one Arabian nights.

CHARLEY: All right, have it your way.

BARON: They was running in alone screw driver.

CHARLEY: Alone screw driver?

BARON: Bachelor saw, unmarried chisel.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean single file?

BARON: That's it! Zingle file!

CHARLEY: One thousand and one men in single file!

BARON: Yes sir -- Onzbock put his back to the wall.

CHARLEY: The odds were against him.

BARON: No -- the wall was -- he pulled out his automatic and he-----

CHARLEY: Hold on! They didn't have automatics in the Middle Ages! So I'll not believe that.

BARON: Would you believe a shot gun?

CHARLEY: NO!

BARON: A rewolver?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: A cap pistol!

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Would you believe a bean shooter?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: You would! So he pulled out his automatic -- and went after them!

CHARLEY: He wanted to go down fighting.

BARON: No -- (LAUGH) he wanted to go downtown -----but they wouldn't let him. So he pulled the trigger and the gun went Crosby.

CHARLEY: What do you mean the gun went Crosby?

BARON: It went -----BING!

CHARLEY: Oh, boy!

BARON: No, Bing! It struck the first knight in the neck, kept on going and went through the necks of the others and killed every one of them.

CHARLEY: That is positively the most fantastical tale I ever heard.

BARON: Now comes the doubtful part.

CHARLEY: Oh, there's a doubtful part to this story.

BARON: It's possible ----in the excitement Meershaum ran out the door -- around the corner and into his house -- up five flights of stairs and hid under a bed.

CHARLEY: He got away!

BARON: No sir! Onzie fired again and the bullet followed Meershaum, and hit him just as he got under the bed. Well sir, when --

CHARLEY: Wait! Please! How in the world could a bullet go around a corner, enter a house, travel up five flights of stairs and kill a man under a bed?

BARON: You see -----(LAUGH) ----Well sir, when Onzbock came home the king ----

CHARLEY: Never mind the king! What about the bullet?

BARON: The bullet?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON: (LAUGH)-----The king was so glad to see Onzie that ho---

CHARLEY: I don't give a hoot about the king! I want to know about the bullet.

BARON: It was -----What a pest you can be!

CHARLEY: I'll even grant that the bullet did what you said it did-----

BARON: (LAUGH) So that's settled. When the king saw Onzie he---

CHARLEY: But I insist you explain how the bullet knew where to find Meershaum.

BARON: How the bu----(LAUGH)----Very zimple. You see, before Onzie fired the bullet he----(LAUGH)-----was he a smart man.

CHARLEY: What did he do?

BARON: He wrote Meershaum's name and address on it!

CHARLEY: Wrote Meershaum's name and address on the bullet?

BARON: Sure-----and all the bullet had to do was look at it and it knew where to go.

CHARLEY: That is absolutely the wildest tale ever told! And only the biggest sap in the world would believe it.

BARON: He does!

CHARLEY: Who does?

BARON: (LAUGH)----My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXVI

"A KNIGHT FOR A NIGHT"

PART II

CHARLEY: Will you please repeat what you were just trying to tell me, Baron?

BARON: I said one of my ancestors was a Saturday Knight.

CHARLEY: A Saturday Knight?

BARON: Sure------(LAUGH)-----A Knight of the Bath. His name was Count Cluck.

CHARLEY: Count Cluck?

BARON: Yes----and he was one of the biggest men of his time.

CHARLEY: He was a big cluck!

BARON: Sure he-----is that an insult or a compliment?

CHARLEY: What did it sound like?

BARON: It sounded like a snapper!

CHARLEY: On with your story, Baron.

BARON: One day the Count got on his horse and went for an Eddie.

CHARLEY: An Eddie?

BARON: (LAUGH) A canter. He was going to call on his lady love.

CHARLEY: Was he in love with a lady?

BARON: What did you think? A donkey?

CHARLEY: Was she of the peerage?

BARON: -----hello?

CHARLEY: Was she of the peerage?

BARON: (LAUGH) No----She came over first class. Her name was Charlotte Russe.

CHARLEY: Charlotte Russe?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Of the French Nobility?

BARON: No ----(LAUGH)-----French pastry. Her father was a baker.

CHARLEY: I suppose she was well bred and had a lot of dough.

BARON: Ye-----snap goes the weasel.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Her father was a heavy drinker.

CHARLEY: The baker was a heavy drinker!

BARON: Yes----- (LAUGH) -- he always had a bun on. He wanted Charlotte to marry Prince Hamburger, because he liked him best.

CHARLEY: I see----Prince Hamburger was his stake.

BARON: Sure he was his stea-----What size muzzle do you wear?

CHARLEY: Muzzle!

BARON: Yes!----I'm gonna get you one.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: To keep you from snapping!

CHARLEY: Don't bother. After that inopportune inuendo I have no alternative but to discontinue my humorous repartee.

BARON: -----Spring is here!

CHARLEY: Tell me more about Count Cluck?

BARON: Sure----On his way to see his lady bird he stopped at an iron foundry to have his suit pressed.

CHARLEY: To have his suit pressed?

BARON: (LAUGH) His suit of armor! This suit weighed six hundred and forty pounds.

CHARLEY: Wait!

BARON: Sure -- that was the weight and he---

CHARLEY: I mean, hold on! No man could wear a suit of armor that weighed six hundred and forty pounds!

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: No, I do not!

BARON: Please, I haven't got time to argue -- for once in your life believe me.

CHARLEY: All right --- I'll believe the armor weighed six hundred and forty pounds.

BARON: (LAUGH) That relieves me of a great load. Well sir, when he got down off his horse and out of the armor he yelled "Hallelujah, I'm a bum."

CHARLEY: When he got down off his horse----

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: And out of the armor---

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: He yelled, "Hallelujah, I'm a bum."

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: (LAUGH) He was glad to be down and out! When he went to empty his pockets he found that his pockets had been picked.

CHARLEY: Now how in the world could any one pick the pockets of a suit of armor?

BARON: (LAUGH) With a can opener. With out money he couldn't have his suit pressed - so he decided to wait till he met Charlotte -- then he could do it.

CHARLEY: Do what?

BARON: (LAUGH) Press his suit----(LAUGH) -- get it?

CHARLEY: Yes, I got it. You're doing a bit of snapping yourself, tonight.

BARON: (LAUGH) I have my elastic moments. Just as he got his armor on -- who was coming down the mountain?

CHARLEY: I have no idea!

BARON: (LAUGH) I know it. It was Prince Hamburger.

CHARLEY: The Count's rival!

BARON: Sure----He was fourteen miles away and --

CHARLEY: Just a minute! How could the Count have seen Prince Hamburger fourteen miles away?

BARON: He didn't see him.

CHARLEY: Then how did he know it was the Prince?

BARON: He heard him whispering to one of his men.

CHARLEY: Heard him whispering? Fourteen miles away?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Now see here, Baron! What do you think I am?

BARON: Please, Sharley --- (LAUGH)----let's remain friends.

CHARLEY: I'd be crazy to give credence to a fairy tale like that.

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: NO!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So-----

CHARLEY: Was YOU there, Baron?

BARON: Ye-----no! I was not!

CHARLEY: So we're even!

BARON: No sir! It was told me by a man who was there!

CHARLEY: Who was the man?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Impossible! That happened in the middle ages, so how could he have been there?

BARON: Because----(LAUGH)---Hugo is a middle age man.

CHARLEY: Baron, your tall tales are getting in my hair.

BARON: (LAUGH) Get a shampoo. Down the mountain came Hamburger with seventy five archers.

CHARLEY: Seventy-five archers!

BARON: Yes----When they was eleven miles away the Count picked up seventy five stones and threw them at the archers.

CHARLEY: Threw stones a distance of eleven miles?

BARON: Sure----for the Count that was just a stones throw. Every stone hit an archer and knocked him down ---and Prince Hamburger couldn't walk any further.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: (LAUGH) On account of his fallen archers.

CHARLEY: Ouches!

BARON: No----arches. What did the Count do next?

CHARLEY: Don't ask me ----I'm speechless.

BARON: (LAUGH) Thank goodness for that. He ran away.

CHARLEY: Wait a minute - a moment ago you said he couldn't walk.

BARON: Did I said he couldn't run?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So he ran,

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: When he was eighteen miles away the Count threw a spear at him.

CHARLEY: When the Prince was eighteen miles away?

BARON: Yes----this spear had a rubber point.

CHARLEY: A rubber point?

BARON: Sure---when it was nine miles away the handle stopped--
but the point kept going.

CHARLEY: The rubber point kept going!

BARON: Yes---it stretched out the other nine miles.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but that's stretching a point too
far.

BARON: Sure it-----one more and I get the muzzle.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: The point struck a hole in the Prince's armor and
Ethel Barrymore.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, Ethel Barrymore?

BARON: That's all there is, there isn't any more.

CHARLEY: Now, let's get this straight. The Count hurled a
rubber pointed spear a distance of eighteen miles and
it struck a hole in the Prince's armor?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: That's what I call a Lucky Strike!

BARON: Sure it-----Please! The Baron was supposed to say
that!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, on with your narrative, Baron.

BARON: Suddenly from out of the woods comes running a young
girl.

CHARLEY: A young girl.

BARON: A child --- about eighty nine years old.

CHARLEY: A child----eighty nine years old!

BARON: Sure----(LAUGH)----She was in her second childhood.
She said, "Oh sir Knight, will you help a lady in
distress" and the Count said -- (LAUGH) --

CHARLEY: What did the Count say?

BARON: He said, (LAUGH) -- I'd help a lady in any kind of a
dress.

CHARLEY: She was in peril.

BARON: NO-----in pink.

CHARLEY: What was the trouble?

BARON: She was being chased by a dragon.

CHARLEY: A dragon?

BARON: Yes, ---He was eleven hundred feet long -- had seven
hundred feet with claws like butcher knives and hundred
of teeth in a mouth as big as a barn and from his nose
was shooting fire.

CHARLEY: EU - RE - KA!

BARON: -----I whata?

CHARLEY: I said Eureka! Eureka!

BARON: (LAUGH) It must be that garlic I had for zupper. This
dragon was working for a bad king.

CHARLEY: He was one of the king's retainers.

BARON: -----Could I have another slice?

CHARLEY: A retainer! Don't you know what a retainer is?

BARON: Sure----- (LAUGH) --- one of those round things you
get beer in.

CHARLEY: No, no! You get beer in a container, not a retainer.

BARON: (LAUGH) Who cares what they get beer in as long as
they get it!

CHARLEY: Get back to the dragon, Baron.

BARON: Are we still draggin' that dragon around?
CHARLEY: Yes----What did the Count do?
BARON: He threw a lot of words at the dragon and they cut him in pieces.
CHARLEY: The words cut the dragon in pieces?
BARON: Sure----(LAUGH)---they were cutting words.
CHARLEY: I surrender.
BARON: So did the dragon. The lady was so grateful that she threw a flower at the Count.
CHARLEY: Throw a flower at the Count!
BARON: Yes -- but the flower hit him on the head and knocked him out.
CHARLEY: I suppose you're going to tell me she forgot to take the flower out of the pot.
BARON: No sir, she----(LAUGH)----
CHARLEY: She what?
BARON: (LAUGH) She forgot to take the flour out of the barrel!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

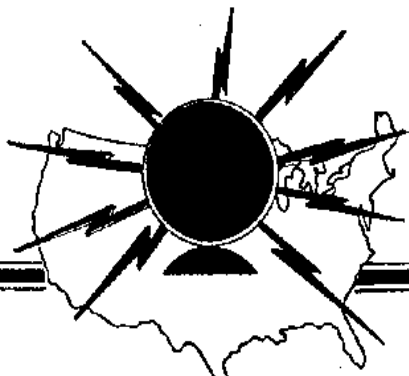
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
5/10/33

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, MAY 18, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Jack Pearl is here in Chicago tonight, and with him is Paul Whiteman, who right now is waiting to begin the dancing with--

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

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RTX01 0189064

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great music, Paul Whiteman, - thank you.

Down in the Southland they're mighty proud of their finest lots of tobacco.....the "Cream of the Crop" they call them - and that means the finest tobaccos grown. "The Cream of the Crop" - in those four words you have the reason for LUCKY STRIKE'S sterling quality. The choicest tobaccos grown are chosen for LUCKY STRIKE.... and then "TOASTED" for true mildness. That's why, North or South, East or West, you'll hear folks say "LUCKIES Please!"

And here comes the Baron, prepared to explain in his own frank and simple manner all about his life in the Army. He's getting ready now to turn the heavy artillery on Sharley -- so let's find a comfortable seat in the front line trenchesWe present, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE MILITARY MAN")

ATX01 0189065

HOWARD CLANEY:

So there go Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall, but they'll return to continue their discussion a little later in the program. Meanwhile we'll dance as Paul Whiteman weaves those intricate musical patterns that have made him famous. We'll hear now --(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Paul Whiteman, we'll be back for more of those melodies in just a moment.

"I Like What You Like" is the title of the latest LUCKY STRIKE painting now appearing on the back covers of America's leading magazines. It shows a man and a girl both enjoying a LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette - "I Like What You Like" the girl is saying to her escort -- and how true that is of millions of women! LUCKY STRIKE is a man's cigarette, true - but how women like the distinctive quality of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobaccos, as well as the mellow mildness that's given to every LUCKY when it's toasted. "I Like What You Like".....everywhere, every day, men and women alike find that "LUCKIES Please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra continue with --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Paul.....Now the Baron is marching to
the front as the zero hour approaches. He's in the Army now.....
There's the microphone, and here he goes over the top with a gun
in each hand and a sword in the other.....Ladies and gentlemen.....
the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE MILITARY MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that, Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall make their exit until the same time next week, when they'll again join us from Chicago.....And now here we go back to Paul Whiteman and his distinctive arrangements of modern dance music, which include this time -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was fine Paul Whiteman, thanks.

It's a joy to discover something extra good -- and pass it on to your friends.....and that's why so many folks will say "Here - have a LUCKY!".....They've discovered that LUCKIES have a delicious and distinctive character, that's born of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. And they've discovered that LUCKIES have a unique mellow-mildness that's imparted when these fine tobaccos are "TOASTED." In every LUCKY there's extra smoking pleasure. That's why folks everywhere say "LUCKIES Please!"

HOWARD CLANEY:

Paul Whiteman and his company of melody take the center of the stage as they bring us -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thus another LUCKY STRIKE Hour comes to a close.....

Next week at the same time the Baron Munchausen with_____

_____and his orchestra will again join us from Chicago.

So until next Thursday then.....Goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

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

AGENCY/chilleen
5/16/33

ATX01 0189069

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXVII

"THE MILITARY MAN"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXXVII

"THE MILITARY MAN"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

MAY 18, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXVII

"THE MILITARY MAN"

PART I

CHARLEY: Well, Baron -- you put your foot in it again, didn't you?

BARON: Who foot their put in it? Who?

CHARLEY: You! I invited you to the Navy Club dinner to make a speech about the Navy heads, didn't I?

BARON: Sure-----A speech about Navy Heads -- that's what I speched about.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Navy Beans!

CHARLEY: Exactly! And when Commodore Ling asked if you knew the name of the biggest cruiser you said, "Uncle Henry!"

BARON: Did he say, cruiser?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) I thought he said, Boozer!

CHARLEY: Another thing ----why attend a navy dinner in an army uniform?

BARON: This is not an army uniform!

CHARLEY: Well, what is it?

BARON: A soldier suit.

CHARLEY: They're synonymous.

BARON: -----Hello?

RTX01 0189072

CHARLEY: Synonymous! A word or phrase having the same
 significance, implication, purport or interpretation.

BARON: -----WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: Just why do you wear a soldier suit?

BARON: Because I'm not a sailor.

CHARLEY: Are you a soldier?

BARON: Sure -- Soldiers run in my family.

CHARLEY: The soldiers in your family run.

BARON: Sure they -- You mixed up my words!

CHARLEY: You mean you come from a military family?

BARON: Yes sir! All my family are fighting fools!

CHARLEY: They're fools!

BARON: Sure I -----please! Put the fighting in front of the
fools!

CHARLEY: I concur.

BARON: -----Could you retreat?

CHARLEY: I said I concur, acquiese, coincide!

BARON: (LAUGH) -----every man for himself!

CHARLEY: In other words, your relatives know the smell of
powder.

BARON: The men and the women.

CHARLEY: The men and the women?

BARON: Sure-----the men face the powder and----- (LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: The women powder the face.

CHARLEY: Baron, that joke has whiskers.

BARON: (LAUGH) So have some of the women.

CHARLEY: By the way, Baron -- you were born in Holland,
weren't you?

BARON: (LAUGH) From the very first day!

CHARLEY: According to statistics Holland has no standing army - so how is it your family are such great fighters?

BARON: Because they fight for other countries.

CHARLEY: I see -- soldiers of fortune.

BARON: -----I beg your proposition?

CHARLEY: They who follow a career in the hopes of encountering adventures regardless of the dire consequences that may eventuate.

BARON: (LAUGH) And then came the war!

CHARLEY: What countries did they fight for?

BARON: Well -- eighteen hundred of them enlisted in the A.E.F.

CHARLEY: The American Expeditionary Forces!

BARON: Sure -- they was dentists!

CHARLEY: Eighteen hundred dentists!

BARON: Yes sir -- and when the British and French heard about it, they said it.

CHARLEY: Said what?

BARON: (LAUGH) The yanks are coming. One of my family proved himself a big hobo.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron -- you mean a big hero.

BARON: Pardon me, Sharley -- the Baron knows what the Baron means! He was a big hobo.

CHARLEY: Who was that?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo! One day I said, "Huey" --

CHARLEY: Huey!

BARON: Yes -- I call him Hugo for short and Huey for long! Ketch it?

CHARLEY: I ketch.

BARON: I said, "Hooley" --

CHARLEY: Now he's Hooley!

BARON: Now? -- (LAUGH) -- Always! I said, "Hooley, you must fight for the colors!"

CHARLEY: You told him to fight for the colors!

BARON: Yes -- and by golly, he did.

CHARLEY: He joined the army!

BARON: No --- the painters union.

CHARLEY: Hugo must be a pacifist!

BARON: -----Could you step inside, please?.

CHARLEY: He's a pacifist. One who likes peace..

BARON: Sure --- he eats them by the cans full.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Peas.

CHARLEY: Why didn't he go to war?

BARON: He said the noise of shooting gives him a headache.

CHARLEY: He doesn't like the cannon's roar!

BARON: He don't even like oysters that way.

CHARLEY: What way?

BARON: Raw!

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: He's afraid of the shells.

CHARLEY: Hugo evidently was a coward!

BARON: No -- he was just scared stiff! The first time he saw a tank he said "Garbo."

CHARLEY: What do you mean, he said "Garbo?"

BARON: "I tank I go home." And now he's a general.

CHARLEY: A general!

BARON: Sure -- a general nuisance! All day he lies around the house and tells stories..

CHARLEY: He lies around telling stories!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: It runs in the family.

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

CHARLEY: I apologize, Baron -- continue.

BARON: Hugo can tell sixty stories a minute.

CHARLEY: Sixty stories a minute! Why that's one story a second!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: He's a second story man.

BARON: Sure I-----Please! The Baron makes the wheezes!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry -- I suppose your other relatives covered themselves with glory?

BARON: No -- with medals.

CHARLEY: They brought home the bacon.

BARON: -----duplicate, please?

CHARLEY: I said they brought home the bacon!

BARON: -----Not to my house. The bravest of them all was my Uncle Ignatz.

CHARLEY: Your Uncle Ignatz?

BARON: Yes -- he came back wearing the Crow-ex de Jerry.

CHARLEY: The Croix de guerre.

BARON: Sure -- the gair de crew, de crow, de coo-coo, cow de--- a medal!

CHARLEY: A wonderful medal -- only awarded for exceptional heroism.

BARON: He was a hero all right.

CHARLEY: What did he do?

BARON: He married a widow with zixteen children.

CHARLEY: Stuff and nonsense!

BARON: No --- boys and girls!

CHARLEY: You can't make me believe he got a medal for that.

BARON: Well -- he should have.--

CHARLEY: To receive that medal one must perform an act of
bravery!

BARON: He did!

CHARLEY: Oh, he did?

BARON: Sure -- one day the general told Ignatz to take an
ammunition truck across a river where there was no
bridge and no boats.

CHARLEY: How did he get the ammunition truck across?

BARON: He put it on his back and swam across - and when he --

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! That's ridiculous! Preposterous, an
utter impossibility!

BARON: You think so?

CHARLEY: I know so!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So he swam across the river with a truck on his back!

CHARLEY: Swam across the river with a truck on his back.

BARON: And a cannon under each arm!

CHARLEY: Baron, you have me giddy.

BARON: (LAUGH) Giddy ap!

CHARLEY: How about you, Baron? Were you ever in a big battle?

BARON: Was I? -- (LAUGH) -- Last Monday I was in the battle
of my life!

CHARLEY: Last Monday?

BARON: Yes -- I came home at five in the morning -- and was I
battled! My wife started shooting off her mouth and---

CHARLEY: Wait! I mean a battle of armed forces.

BARON: Oh, sure! I was also with the A.E.F. '

CHARLEY: You were?

BARON: Yes sir! I was in the trenches for three years and never was wounded once!

CHARLEY: You came out of the trenches without a scratch.

BARON: Don't be zilly -- you can't come out of the trenches without a scratch.

CHARLEY: Did you do much fighting?

BARON: Not the first six months.

CHARLEY: And I bet you were itching for action.

BARON: Itching -- but not for action.

CHARLEY: Ouch!

BARON: No - itch! Then one day the general ordered me to blow up the enemy's ammunition base.

CHARLEY: That was dynamite.

BARON: Sure it -----Must you make comicalities?

CHARLEY: I apologize, proceed.

BARON: I was crawling over the beauty parlor.

CHARLEY: The beauty parlor?

BARON: (LAUGH) No man's land -- when I saw over me a ridge-didge-abull.

CHARLEY: A dirigible!

BARON: Didge-bridge-ible, dibble.

CHARLEY: Dirigible!

BARON: Der-budge a beer a kabibble, ibble -- a balloon!

CHARLEY: A balloon.

BARON: Sure -- the balloon was dropping tramps.

CHARLEY: Tramps?

BARON: (LAUGH) Bums! So I made one jump and landed in a shell hole.

CHARLEY: You made a hole in one.

BARON: Sure I----are you trying to putt -- one over?

CHARLEY: No indeed.. I was helping you out in a fairway -- so come out of the rough, and tee off.

BARON: ----Are we on a battle field or a golf course?

CHARLEY: Follow through, Baron.

BARON: In the hole was one of the enemy.

CHARLEY: You were both in the same boat.

BARON: No --- in the same hole. Without a word he socked me over the head with a gun butt.

CHARLEY: Hit you over the head with a gun butt?

BARON: Yes -- I'll never forget it.

CHARLEY: Gun butt not forgotten.

BARON: Sure it -- he should have hit you!

CHARLEY: Did he hurt you?

BARON: Hurt me? He made a notch in the top of my head.

CHARLEY: He was a top-notchier.

BARON: He ----was you born in a humidor?

CHARLEY: Hardly -- what happened then?

BARON: I grabbed his gun -- broke it in half and shot him!

CHARLEY: Nonsense! He couldn't have been shot with half a gun.

BARON: (LAUGH) So he was half shot. Well sir, I got to the ammunition base, climbed up on the roof, dropped a match down the skylight and poof! The whole business was blasted to pieces!

CHARLEY: What became of you?

BARON: I held on to a smoke stack and was blown safely back to my lines.

CHARLEY: By jiminy!

BARON: Not by chimney! By Zmoke stack!

CHARLEY: You couldn't make me believe that if you talked your head off.

BARON: (LAUGH) -----The Baron is not going to lose his head
over you.

CHARLEY: And I don't believe the ammunition base was blasted
to pieces.

BARON: Is that so? Well, ask Walter Winchell -- he knows
all about it.

CHARLEY: Now how in the world would Walter Winchell know about
it?

BARON: Because it was -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Because it was what?

BARON: (LAUGH) A blasted event!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXVII

"THE MILITARY MAN"

PART II

CHARLEY: So you're organizing an army of your own, Baron?
BARON: Yes sir!. An army of zix hundred and zixty million men.
CHARLEY: Six hundred and sixty million men!
BARON: In the first division.
CHARLEY: The first division.
BARON: In the papoose grass!
CHARLEY: The papoose grass?
BARON: Kiddie hedge, baby bush!
CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean Infantry!
BARON: That's it! Infantry!
CHARLEY: Soldiers on foot!
BARON: Sure --- (LAUGH) -----a standing army. Also I will
have eighty thousand men in the hair service.
CHARLEY: In the air service!
BARON: Hair service!
CHARLEY: Aviators!
BARON: No, barbers!
CHARLEY: Why eighty thousand barbers?
BARON: To shave the beards off the men's faces.
CHARLEY: To shave the beards off the men's faces!

BARON: Yes sir -- in my army there'll be no beating about the bush! My soldiers will carry umbrellas instead of guns.

CHARLEY: Umbrellas instead of guns?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What kind of soldiers would you call them?

BARON: (LAUGH) Storm troops.

CHARLEY: My soul!

BARON: My soldiers! I will have forty thousand men in the calories.

CHARLEY: The calories! Wait! You possibly mean the cavalry!

BARON: Sure -- the gallery.

CHARLEY: Cavalry!

BARON: -----On horses!

CHARLEY: Mounted men!

BARON: Jockies! Every man will have fruit on his head and the --

CHARLEY: Fruit?

BARON: (LAUGH) Plums!

CHARLEY: Oh, plumes, plumage, plumose, appendages!

BARON: (LAUGH)-----horsefeathers! Zeventy zeven hundred men will be toughened up to take care of the cannons.

CHARLEY: Sort of hardening of the artilleries!

BARON: Sure the ----you're speaking in a funny vein tonight!

CHARLEY: You'll need a very apt man to command your colossal army, Baron!

BARON: (LAUGH) ----I got him.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: (LAUGH) -- Me!

CHARLEY: That's foolish -- and I wouldn't be a fool if I were you.

BARON: -----I beg your explanation?

CHARLEY: I said I wouldn't be a fool if I were you!

BARON: (LAUGH) If you was me ---- you wouldn't be!

CHARLEY: Where did you ever learn military tactics?

BARON: -----Come again?

CHARLEY: Where did you acquire your military acumen, discernment, sapient sagacious perception?

BARON: (LAUGH) Why not?

CHARLEY: Is it possible you learned it at North Spike?

BARON: North Spike?

CHARLEY: South Edge!

BARON: What is this?

CHARLEY: East tip!

BARON: Do you by any chance mean West Point?

CHARLEY: That's it! West Point!

BARON: (LAUGH) You stuck me that time!

CHARLEY: I stuck you?

BARON: Sure -- with the Westpoint!

CHARLEY: I'm a graduate of West Point, Baron!

BARON: (LAUGH) That's not my fault!

CHARLEY: True --- but how about giving me command of your army!

BARON: No sir! The Baron is the boss -- but I'll make you my assistant.

CHARLEY: You'll make me second fiddle!

BARON: I was --- what's the instrument?

CHARLEY: I'll play second fiddle!

BARON: (LAUGH) I'm organizing an army -- not an orchestra!

CHARLEY: Speaking of armies and soldiers -- Napoleon was a great general.

BARON: (LAUGH) A cadet.

CHARLEY: A cadet!

BARON: Sure ----Julius Gerzuntheit was better as him.

CHARLEY: Julius Gerzuntheit?

BARON: (LAUGH) Julius Sneezeit.

CHARLEY: Julius Ceasar! Famous Roman General!

BARON: I was a roamin' general too.

CHARLEY: You were a Roman general?

BARON: Yes sir -- I used to roam from place to place.

CHARLEY: You must have been in some big engagements?

BARON: (LAUGH) I was in one engagement that cost me eleven thousand dollars.

CHARLEY: An engagement cost you eleven thousand dollars!

BARON: Yes sir -- She sued me for breach of promise.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron -- but I was referring to warfare!

BARON: I was in that too!

CHARLEY: You were?

BARON: Sure ----One time I was in Grascramaboswicka.

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON: Sure! They was having a polite war.

CHARLEY: A polite war?

BARON: (LAUGH) A civil war. I forced the enemy back to a duck farm.

CHARLEY: A duck farm?

BARON: Yes - they ran out of ammunition and started firing eggs.

CHARLEY: Firing duck eggs?

BARON: Ex-zactly! My men kept ducking them -- but every time an egg hit a man he showed a yellow streak!

CHARLEY: Did your men run?

BARON: No, but the eggs did -- some of them wasn't so young!

CHARLEY: Your men?

BARON: No, the eggs -- I said, "boys don't fire until you see the white of their eggs."

CHARLEY: Their eggs?

BARON: Their eyes! In the finish I scrambled them.

CHARLEY: You capture their fortress?

BARON: I was ----come home please.

CHARLEY: You captured their fortress -- you know what a fortress is, don't you?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure -- a female fort! First they sent out a man with a flag of truce.

CHARLEY: A flag of truce?

BARON: Yes -- (LAUGH) -- they wanted to exchange two generals for a can of condensed milk!

CHARLEY: You had them starved out!

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I gave them a can of cream and told them to evaporate.

CHARLEY: Did they?

BARON: Sure -- they had one egg left and they -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: They what?

BARON: They beat it! When we got there all we saw was young ducks.

CHARLEY: Ducklings!

BARON: Duckies!

CHARLEY: Little duckes!

BARON: Yes -- My men was hungry so they ate them up.

CHARLEY: All the little duckes?

BARON: Sure --

CHARLEY: That was shameful.

BARON: Don't be zilly -- they had to eat -- and after all -- that's why duckes was born. Well sir, after that we had a peace conference.

CHARLEY: How did the peace conference wind up?

BARON: (LAUGH) In a fight.

CHARLEY: They remained belligerent!

BARON: I was-----what's the matter?

CHARLEY: They remained belligerent! ambigious, bellicose, pugnacious.

BARON: (LAUGH) ----how you work yourself up!

CHARLEY: I suppose you gave them an ultimatum!

BARON: No ----I gave them a scallion!

CHARLEY: A scallion?

BARON: Sure -- I knew my onions.

CHARLEY: Plain to see!

BARON: Plain to smell ----One morning I was out with zixty policemen.

CHARLEY: On the dawn patrol?

BARON: (LAUGH) The police patrol -- I got ketched.

CHARLEY: You got caught. How come?

BARON: I sneaked into one of their watch factories.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: I wanted to get acquainted with their movements.

CHARLEY: But you were caught and you got the works?

BARON: Sure I-----silence is golden!

CHARLEY: True.

BARON: With you its brass!

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: I was ketched and chucked into prison.

CHARLEY: Did you escape?

BARON: Am I here?

CHARLEY: Why, yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) So I escaped.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: Outside of my cell was a hundred years.

CHARLEY: A hundred years?

BARON: (LAUGH) A century.

CHARLEY: A sentry!

BARON: Sure --- He was in a tower -- but I didn't care.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: (LAUGH) That was his lookout. So one day while he wasn't looking I sawed the bars off my window.

CHARLEY: You sawed the bars off of your window?

BARON: Yes -- when zuddenly I heard the bungler!

CHARLEY: The bugler!

BARON: The bungler!

CHARLEY: Who are you talking about?

BARON: My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Hugo was with you?

BARON: Always -- he came to one of the bars and stopped.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: A drink.

CHARLEY: DOES Hugo drink?

BARON: (LAUGH) He floats!----the sentry nearly got us but I shot him with my father's pistol.

CHARLEY: Your father's pistol?

BARON: (LAUGH) My pop gun! -----Then Hugo and I jumped on a fish and got away.

CHARLEY: Hold on! How could you jump on a fish and get away?

BARON: (LAUGH) On the scales!

CHARLEY: That's sounds fishy.

BARON: -----Why don't you start a Punch and Judy show?

CHARLEY: On with your story, Baron.

BARON: Well sir, I got back to my army and found they were being bombarded by a fat Lena.

CHARLEY: A fat Lena?

BARON: A stout Lizzie! A large Becky!

CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean a Big Bertha?

BARON: That's it! A Big Bertha! So what did I do?

CHARLEY: I don't know.

BARON: (LAUGH) You don't know anything! I walked up to Bertha and says "stop the hiccoughs!"

CHARLEY: The hiccoughs?

BARON: The belching! And Bertha said, "Look here Munchy"----

CHARLEY: Now just a moment, Baron -- I'll not stand here and take that.

BARON: Pick your standing room! Anyhow, the Big Bertha yelled, "Look here, Munchy -- I wouldn't pick on you only I've been discharged and I'm all shot to pieces."

CHARLEY: The cannon yelled that at you?

BARON: Sure -- the cannon roared. To shrink a long story I had to send for my Cousin Hugo.

CHARLEY: Hugo is in again!

BARON: Try and get him out!

CHARLEY: What did Hugo do?

BARON: I told him to put Big Bertha on a train and take her away.

CHARLEY: You told Hugo to put the Big Bertha, the cannon, on a train and take her away?

BARON: Sure, but he couldn't do it.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Because he ran into the back yard of a laundry and there was------(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: There was what?

BARON: A wash out on the line.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
5/16/33

ATX01 0189089

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

() - ()
9:00 to 10:00 P.M. C.D.S.T.

MAY 25, 1933

THURSDAY

(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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight here in Chicago, Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra are waiting to begin the evening's dancing, so let's start with (titles)

CLANEY:

Those melodies were great, Vincent Lopez, thank you!
In every LUCKY STRIKE - there's a story of fine, sterling character...A romance of choice, sun-ripened, tender tobaccos grown with painstaking care in a thousand sunny fields... a story that ends happily when these choice tobaccos are made deliciously mellow-mild by "Toasting". To millions of you who reach for a LUCKY this story is quite familiar - you give it your own delightful title when you say "LUCKIES Please!"

ATX01 0189090

Now get ready for one of the greatest explorers of all times to relate his astounding adventures. I am speaking of none other than the Baron, who, just in case you don't know it, has discovered places that most of us never even thought of..... Ladies and gentlemen, his modesty, the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART - "THE EXPLORER")

CHARLEY: No fooling, Baron -- are you really and truly going on an exploring expedition?

BARON: As sure as I'm standing here talking to you, Sharley.

CHARLEY: Don't be so sure you're talking to Charley.

BARON: You see I -- -- Hello?

CHARLEY: Maybe I'm not Charley.

BARON: Don't be zilly! I could recognize your face by looking at the back of your head!

CHARLEY: You could?

BARON: Sure -- -- any time and any place you would be -- even if you wasn't there!

CHARLEY: Well it so happens there are three men in our family who look identically alike! Charley, Dick and Harry -- triplets.

BARON: I was -- -- what lets?

CHARLEY: Triplets. Surely you know what triplets are?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) -- Chewing gum!

CHARLEY: No, no -- triplets are three people of one family who are born at the same time.

BARON: Oh! Twins and one extra portion!

CHARLEY: Yes -- -- I could be Charley, Dick or Harry.

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe I could be somebody else too.

CHARLEY: Certainly - - - you could be one of hundreds of different people, thousands, millions!

BARON: Please! - - - the adding machine belongs to the Baron.

CHARLEY: Not to see if you can tell which of the triplets I am I'm going to test your sagacity.

BARON: - - - - - Could you buzz me again, please?

CHARLEY: I said to see if you can tell if I am Charley, Dick or Harry I'll test your sagacity, keenness of discernment, faculty of percipency - - -

BARON: (LAUGHS) - - - Thats enough.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: You're Charley!

CHARLEY: Couldn't fool you, could I, Baron?

BARON: You said my brother's bridge work.

CHARLEY: I said your brother's bridge work?

BARON: (LAUGH) A mouth full!

CHARLEY: Getting back to my first question, Baron - - are you really going exploring?

BARON: Yes sir - I'm going to the north pole.

CHARLEY: To the north pole?

BARON: Sure - - I'm going to cut down the North Pole and take it down to the South Pole and then I'll - -

CHARLEY: Hold on! You can't cut down the North Pole and take it to the South Pole.

BARON: So says so?

CHARLEY: I say so.

BARON: Who asked you to say so?

CHARLEY: Nobody.

BARON: So keep quiet!

CHARLEY: Very well - I'm not going to argue with you tonight.

BARON: (LAUGH) --- a Midsummer Night's Dream!

CHARLEY: All I'd like to know it -- just why you want to cut down the North Pole and take it to the South Pole.

BARON: Because --- business has not been so good lately and I have to do something to make both ends meet.

CHARLEY: I'm not going to say one word!

BARON: I was - - - - maybe you're not Charley!

CHARLEY: I suppose you'll next tell me you discovered the North Pole.

BARON: (LAUGH) Now ain't that funny?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: (LAUGH) That's just what I was going to tell you.

CHARLEY: That is the super-fib! The North Pole was discovered by Robert Peary in 1909.

BARON: Sure --- (LAUGH) --- that was me traveling under another name.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm aflounder!

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be a fish!

CHARLEY: All I can say is you couldn't make me believe that you discovered the North Pole if you talked until doomsday -- you know you didn't do it!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not.

BARON: So I discovered the North Pole!

CHARLEY: All right - you discovered the North Pole.

BARON: And the South Pole.

CHARLEY: The South Pole?

BARON: Sure --- and the equator!

CHARLEY: That's a hot one.

BARON: - - - - - please, no jingles.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, proceed.

BARON: There is where I made a lot of money!

CHARLEY: How did you make a lot of money at the Equator?

BARON: Well --- coming from the North Pole to the South Pole I brought along some bergs.

CHARLEY: Ice bergs!

BARON: ----- What do you think, The Goldbergs?

CHARLEY: What in the name of common sense did you do with icebergs on the Equator?

BARON: (LAUGH) The people down there wanted to go on the cold standard.

CHARLEY: The cold standard!

BARON: Sure so I sold them the icebergs for one million dollars.

CHARLEY: You got one million dollars for the icebergs?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: A cool million.

BARON: - - - - - please the Baron makes the snappy snickers.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Well sir, I got a beer and sailed south, and I ---

CHARLEY: A beer?

BARON: (LAUGH) A schooner!

CHARLEY: A sailing vessel.

BARON: Sure --- one night the wessel ---

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, vessel -- not wessel.

BARON: Wessel.

CHARLEY: On, vess, vess -- vessel!

BARON: Wess, was you in the wessel?

CHARLEY: Why no?

BARON: So it was a schooner!

CHARLEY: Okay, on with your sail!

BARON: We was sailing for months - When one night we got ketched in the ice.

CHARLEY: You were frozen in.

BARON: For six years.

CHARLEY: By jove!

BARON: No, by ice!

CHARLEY: What did you do during all that time?

BARON: We played cards.

CHARLEY: Cards?

BARON: (LAUGH) Freeze out! But our food gave out.

CHARLEY: A serious matter.

BARON: Sure -- especially when you're hungry.

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I saw a little light miles and miles away -- so we started out -- something told me we'd find food there -- and we did.

CHARLEY: That was instinct.

BARON: We was -- -- whats who?

CHARLEY: Instinct! It was premonition.

BARON: No -- (LAUGH) It was beef stew. An Eskimo was cooking it and when I knocked on the door he --

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! Eskimos are natives of the North not the South.

BARON: This kind of eskimos you find all over.

CHARLEY: What kind of an Eskimo was he?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: What in the world was Hugo doing in the Antarctic regions?

BARON: He was in the real estate business.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me who'd be sap enough to buy a real estate in the Antarctic?

BARON: Only one I know of.

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo!

BARON: No -- (LAUGH) Your Uncle Henry.

CHARLEY: What in the world was he doing there?

BARON: (LAUGH) He bought sixteen of Hugo's ice huts.

CHARLEY: Igloos.

BARON: No, Hugos. But he was so surprised and glad to see me he knocked over the beef stew.

CHARLEY: That was stoo bad.

BARON: -- -- -- It was not bad stew, it was good -- and the worst part was that the good stew was so hot it melted the floor -- went through -- disappeared and it was the last thing to eat in the house!

CHARLEY: A pretty kettle of fish!

BARON: No -- a kettle of stew! That got me mad! So I walked out to look for a cook.

CHARLEY: A cook.

BARON: Sure -- and oh! was it cold -- two hundred diplomas below zero --

CHARLEY: Diplomas?

BARON: (LAUGH) Degrees. It was --

CHARLEY: Wait, Baron -- please! It couldn't have been two hundred degrees below zero!

BARON: Sharley, I could bring you Arthur to prove it.

CHARLEY: Arthur who?

BARON: Arthur mometer! I was running through a blinding buzzard.

CHARLEY: Blizzard!

BARON: Buzzar.

CHARLEY: A buzzard is a bird! A blizzard is a snow storm!

BARON: (LAUGH) This was a bird of a snow storm! Well sir -- I ran and ran and ran -- and where do you suppose I wound up?

CHARLEY: At the North Pole.

BARON: Sure I ---- Sharley! Are you trying to make a fibber out of me?

CHARLEY: My dear Baron -- If I wanted to make a fibber out of anyone, you'd be the last one I'd come to.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's fine, well I ---- wait! That's not so fine!

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron -- get out of that blizzard -- I'm catching cold.

BARON: (LAUGH) I'm getting cold feet myself.

CHARLEY: Where did you wind up?

BARON: In ---- let me see -- what is the name of that place -- it starts with a Z.

CHARLEY: Z? Zanzibar?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Zuyder Zee?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Zululand?

BARON: Wait -- I got it.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Ziberia.

CHARLEY: Siberia! Thats in Asia!

BARON: (LAUGH) Unless they moved it.

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me how you got from the Ant-
arctic to Siberia?

BARON: (LAUGH) When I got to Ziberia --

CHARLEY: I want to know how you got to Siberia.

BARON: (LAUGH) --- It was a beautiful day.

CHARLEY: Never mind the day! How did you get there?

BARON: (LAUGH) Well, I started running faster and
faster -- then I got to rushin'.

CHARLEY: You got rushin'.

BARON: Sure -- When I was rushin' I came to Siberia.

CHARLEY: Thata a whopper!

BARON: That's a stopper! But when I got there I didn't
know where I was.

CHARLEY: You didn't know where you were?

BARON: No sir -- so I went to a house and a lady came to
the door and I said, lady I am a lost wolf and she
said -- (LAUGH) -- --

CHARLEY: She said what?

BARON: She said, "What, is the wolf at my door again?"

CHARLEY: She resorted to a bit of banter -- as it were.

BARON: -- -- -- Are we on a party line?

CHARLEY: On with your story, Baron.

BARON: I said, "I mean I don't know where I'm at -- Is this the antarctic?" ans she said --- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: You asked her if it was tha Antarctic and she said what?

BARON: She said --- (LAUGH) ---- No! Its your Aunt Sophie.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

END OF PART I

CLANEY:

Yes, that was Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall who are leaving the stage now to make a quick exploration of Chicago, but they'll be back a little later in the program....Meanwhile, Vincent Lopez is going to parade his talented array of saxaphones, violins and trumpets before the microphone as we hear (titles)

CLANEY:

Fine Vincent Lopez, we'll be back for more dancing in just a minute.

The Governor of a great state, in the midst of the stress of business, recently told newspaper men "I've been smoking full blast and working hard...I feel fine". The men who are giving America a "new deal" know the enjoyment there is in a fine cigarette. How especially pleasant it is to smoke a cigarette that has mildness -- and Character too! In LUCKY STRIKE you will find this happy combination -- the Character of choice, fragrant tobaccos, carefully blended -- and the true mellow-mildness imparted by "Toasting". Everywhere you'll hear folks saying "LUCKIES Please!"

(STATION BREAK)

CLANEY:

Now Vincent Lopez takes us into the rhythms of
(titles)

CLANEY:

Thank you, Vincent... and right here we again
present the distinguished guest of the occasion.....that modern
Columbus and dare-devil explorer, the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART - "THE EXPLORER")

CHARLEY: You say you have traversed, encircled and
circumnavigated both hemispheres in your scientific
research expeditions.

BARON: (LAUGH) ----- After that you can go home!

CHARLEY: That wouldn't displease me one bit, Baron.

BARON: ----- Hello?

CHARLEY: To be frank, I'm losing patience standing here
listening to your unbelievable fabrications. What
has it gotten me?

BARON: A home in the country, an automobile, four or five
meals a day and indigestion.

CHARLEY: I was only joking, Baron --- I wouldn't want to be
away from you for the world.

BARON: And I don't want you out of my sight, Sharley.

CHARLEY: I appreciate that, Baron.

BARON: (LAUGH) Not until you pay me that fifteen dollars
you owe me.

CHARLEY: My word.

BARON: My fifteen.

CHARLEY: Baron --- it slipped my mind.

BARON: (LAUGH) Put ashes on it! -- and slip it to me tonight!

CHARLEY: I'll make a note of it.

BARON: I ----- NO SIR -- I want no notes! Cash and carry, thats me.

CHARLEY: All right! All right! Don't get excited!

BARON: Yow, I, --- who's getting excited! Who? I -- not so! Never I get sighexit! I am so cool as a coocumber.

CHARLEY: As cool as a what?

BARON: I was ---- did you tune me out?

CHARLEY: I didn't understand your remark, Baron.

BARON: I said I am as cool as a cool-kmunger, a kumber-cooler, a -- a pickle!

CHARLEY: Thats fine -- now we can return to our topic. You told me a short while back that among your discoveries are many deserts -- which have been named after you.

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Munchausen Deserts?

BARON: (LAUGH) No ---- barren deserts.

CHARLEY: Barren deserts!

BARON: Sure -- I discovered one small one what was eighty thousand miles long.

CHARLEY: Eighty thousand miles long?

BARON: And twice as wide.

CHARLEY: Unbelievable, preposterous and I wont even argue about it.

BARON: (LAUGH) And I wont even ask if you was there, Sharley.

CHARLEY: At any rate the desert was barren.

BARON: Very — one day I was shooting the rapids when --

CHARLEY: Now, hold on! I'm not going to let you get away with that!

BARON: With what?

CHARLEY: You said the desert was very barren and now you say you shot the rapids.

BARON: Sure — (LAUGH) — jack rapids.

CHARLEY: Oh rabbits!

BARON: Sure — I shot thirty zix hundred.

CHARLEY: You shot thirty six hundred rabbits.

BARON: (LAUGH) And one cow.

CHARLEY: What was the cow doing in the desert?

BARON: It was --- you are the most inquisitive people!

CHARLEY: Let the cow go!

BARON: (LAUGH) Its gone. Well sir, — on my way back I ran into an orchestra of thirty five hundred and ninety nine Arabs.

CHARLEY: An orchestra of thirty five hundred and ninety nine!

BARON: (LAUGH) A big hand. The Chief held up his tree and he said

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! What do you mean the Chief held up his tree?

BARON: - - - - Will you please understand English?

CHARLEY: Will you please speak it! You said the Arab Chief held up his tree.

BARON: Sure — his palm!

CHARLEY: I give up.

BARON: (LAUGH) Not you! Anyhow, he said "Moch-kove-ga-sha kov - a - srag - mong - punta - perzuke".

CHARLEY: What in the world does that mean?

BARON: (LAUGH) Stop!

CHARLEY: He wanted you to stop!

BARON: Sure --- he wanted to steal my rapids - but I wouldn't give them up.

CHARLEY: You didn't want to part with your thirty six hundred rabbits!

BARON: No sir! So they went for me! They chased me for miles and miles! Knocked me down! Hit me with clubs and rocks.

CHARLEY: Were you hurt?

BARON: I was --- Sometimes you're not so funny! Was I hurt! I was lying at the point of death.

CHARLEY: You kept it up to the last minute.

BARON: Sure I --- -- -- did you was born in a deck of cards?

CHARLEY: Born in a deck of cards? Why ask me that?

BARON: Because as a joker you're the king at raising the deuce to the queens taste and making a Jack out of me!

CHARLEY: I apologize, Baroom.

BARON: I ----- Baroom!

CHARLEY: Baron, baron!

BARON: Please! When you say baroom, speak easy.

CHARLEY: But tell me how did you get out of your difficulty with the band of Arabs?

BARON: Well you see -- there was thirty five hundred and ninety nine Arabs and I had thirty six hundred rapids -- so I gave one to each and they let me go.

CHARLEY: You were lucky,

BARON: Sure -- I escaped by a hare.

CHARLEY: What other exploring have you done, Baron?

BARON: Well, I went looking for the fountain of youth.

CHARLEY: Went looking for it?

BARON: And found it.

CHARLEY: Impossible! Ponce de Leon tried to find that mythical fountain and failed.

BARON: (LAUGH) He had the wrong address.

CHARLEY: He searched for it in Florida.

BARON: Sure -- and it wasn't there.

CHARLEY: Where did you find it -- if you did?

BARON: If I did, I did! And I did!

CHARLEY: Well, where?

BARON: First Knit Jacket --

CHARLEY: First Knit Jacket?

BARON: Just out wool shirt -- Fresh sweater --

CHARLEY: Are you trying to say New Jersey?

BARON: That's it! New Jersey!

CHARLEY: You found the fountain of youth in New Jersey?

BARON: Yes sir! I had my grandfather with me.

CHARLEY: How old a man is your grandfather?

BARON: Just a young fella - ninety four years old.

CHARLEY: A mere child.

BARON: Sure -- he took one drink from the fountain and right away he became a lad of sixteen.

CHARLEY: On one drink!

BARON: Yes --- on the next drink he became a boy of ten ---
and on two more what do you think he became?

CHARLEY: An infant.

BARON: No -- (LAUGH) A monkey!

CHARLEY: He took an overdose!

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) and now I got to get another
fountain to make him right.

CHARLEY: A fountain to make him right,

BARON: Sure -- I must feed him pens.

CHARLEY: Feed him pens?

BARON: (LAUGH) Fountain pens!

CHARLEY: What about the fountain of youth?

BARON: Oh, that dried up -- all the old maids for miles
around came with pails, buckets, tin cups ---
everything and drank the fountain dry.

CHARLEY: What are they doing now?

BARON: (LAUGH) Rooling hoops and skating in Central Park!
Hugo took a drink and he's back in school in the
same class he left when he was fifteen years old.

CHARLEY: What class is that?

BARON: (LAUGH) The kindergarten.

CHARLEY: Well Baron, I must say you've made some marvelous
discoveries and I want to take this opportunity to
compliment you.

BARON: Sharley, my thanks comes from the bottom of my
heart.

CHARLEY: But I don't believe one word that came out of your
mouth.

BARON: (LAUGH) So don't believe what came out of the
bottom of my heart.

CHARLEY: And another thing! When I heard you was going away
I sent you a beautiful traveling bag --- but you
sent it back to me.

BARON: I know it, Sharley - but don't be mad.

CHARLEY: Well why did you send it back?

BARON: Such a bag cannot be in my house.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Because --- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Well come on, tell me why can't that bag be in
your house?

BARON: Because its --- (LAUGH ---

CHARLEY: Its what?

BARON: Pig skin!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron.

BARON: Oh, Sharley.

END OF PART II

CLANEY:

Amid that laughter and applause Jack Pearl and his
sparring partner Cliff Hall leave us until the same time next week,
and we turn our attention to Vincent Lopez who plays now (titles)

CLANEY:

Thank you, Vincent, I'm sure a lot of people enjoyed dancing to those tunes.

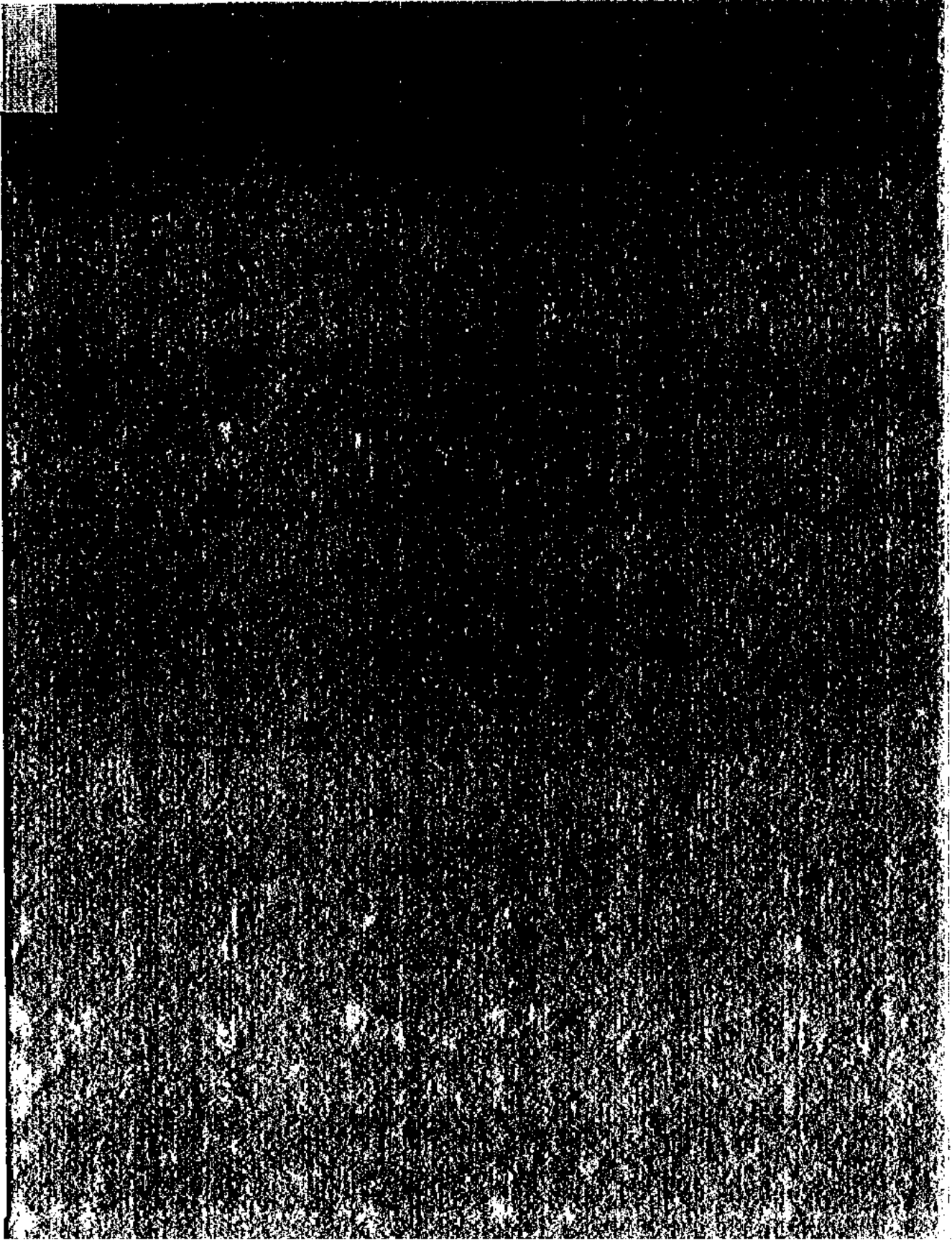
Look at the tobacco in a LUCKY STRIKE cigarette. . . . You see firmly rolled strands of choice, golden-brown leaves. . . . but actually, you are looking at a blend of more than fifty of the world's most expensive tobaccos. Not just two - or three - or four different species of tobaccos, but more than fifty, there in that unique LUCKY STRIKE blend! And for true delicious mellow-mildness, every choice leaf is "Toasted" - the process only LUCKY STRIKE affords. This delicious selection of choice tobaccos, in this perfect mellow-mildness. . . . is the reason smokers the world over say, "LUCKIES Please!"

And so another LUCKY STRIKE Hour comes to a close. . . . Next week Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, will again join us from Chicago. So until next Thursday then. . . . good night!

pmp -- 2:45 P. M.
May 24, 1933.

ATX01 0189107

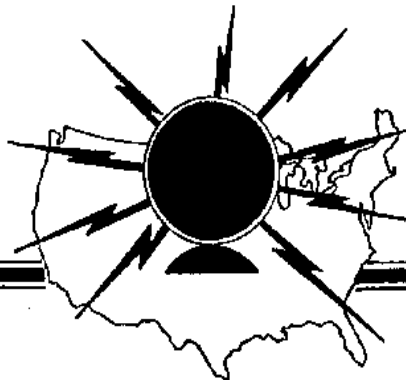
STONE



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, JUNE 1, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight from Chicago we bring you first Ted Weems and his orchestra....so here we go with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

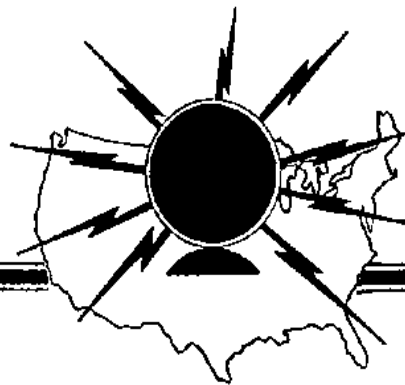
NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

ATX01 0189109

THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

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(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

PRO-33-4M-2-33

ATX01 0189110

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you for those melodies, Ted Weems.

There's really an extra helping of tobacco goodness in every LUCKY STRIKE. To reach for a LUCKY means to get not only the delicious flavor that comes of the choicest golden-brown tobaccos - but every LUCKY STRIKE brings you the extra joy of true mildness - the unique mellow-mildness that "TOASTING" imparts! Whenever folks want a cigarette with distinctive Character....and delicious mellow-mildness - you'll hear them ask for "LUCKIES, please".....for they know how LUCKIES please!

And now for the Baron.....he's ready to talk.....and what's more, he's here to tell you about the time when he was Chief of the Mounted Police.....Those were the days.....He's roamed the 48 states and then some to get his man.....So we present now, his Modesty, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART --- "THE MOUNTIE")

ATK01 0189111

HOWARD CLANEY:

That ovation you just heard was for Jack Pearl and his inseparable companion, Cliff Hall.....they'll come back to you later.....and now we'll call on Ted Weems and his talented troupe for

-- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great music, Ted Weems, thank you!

Here is a bit of news about you smokers. A research organization has just discovered that six out of every ten of you who prefer LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, have been smoking LUCKIES by preference for more than three years. That is a marvelous compliment! For after all, it takes real quality to win and hold so many friends. LUCKY STRIKE has always given smokers the finest, the choicest of tobaccos, whose distinctive Character is enriched and made deliciously mellow-mild by "TOASTING". When you light a LUCKY you will always find this supreme quality -- for always, "LUCKIES Please!"

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

ATX01 0189112

HOWARD CLANEY:

Now Ted Weems and his Orchestra flood your loud
speakers with melody as they play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Ted Weems.....And here, ladies and
gentlemen.....is where that fluent, eloquent linguist speaks to
you.....that ambassador of good-will.....that adventurer and
soldier of fortune.....the celebrated Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE MOUNTIE")

HOWARD CLANEY:

With that, Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave us until
this time next week.....And right here there's dancing to be done,
so Ted Weems gives us -- (TITLES)

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Fine Ted Weems, we'll join you again in less than a
minute.

We buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all
the world - but that alone does not explain why folks everywhere
prefer LUCKY STRIKE, for people the world over want a cigarette that
has Character.....and Mildness. LUCKY STRIKE'S unique Character
comes from the choicest of fine, flavorful tobaccos.....More than
that - there's the mildness that's imparted when those tobaccos are
"TOASTED." It's for these two reasons, - Character and Mildness -
that people the world over reach for a LUCKY - for always, "LUCKIES
Please!

"THE LUCKY STRIKE HOUR"

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXIX --- PART 1

"The Mountie"

() -- ()
9:00 to 10:00 P.M. C.D.S.T.

JUNE 1, 1933

THURSDAY

CHARLEY: I say. Baron! Isn't that the uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police you are wearing?

BARON: That's what it is, Sharley!

CHARLEY: Are you a Northwest Mounted?

BARON: ----- I'm a Northwest dismounted.

CHARLEY: What do you mean dismounted?

BARON: (LAUGH) I lost my mount!

CHARLEY: You lost your horse?

BARON: What do you think I was riding -- a nanny goat?

CHARLEY: How did it happen?

BARON: I was on the track of a horse thief!

CHARLEY: On the track of a horse thief?

BARON: Yes -- -- I was on the lookout for him -- -- and while I wasn't looking out he stole my horse from where I had him tied.

CHARLEY: From where you had him tied?

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: He stole the horse from right under your nose!

BARON: Sure I -- -- please! The horse wasn't tied to my nose!

CHARLEY: I mean he appropriated the animal most audaciously.

BARON: -- -- -- -- Hello?

ATK01 0189116

CHARLEY: He had the colossal impertinence and effrontery to purloin the guarduped regardless of your close proximity.

BARON: - - - - - WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: Tell me about it, Baron!

BARON: Well sir, the whole thing started up in Skas-ka-canaka-scratch.

CHARLEY: Saskatchewan.

BARON: Sask-skass-koo-kanka.

CHARLEY: Saskatchewan.

BARON: Soow-otach - sker - - - - Toronto!

CHARLEY: Toronto!

BARON: Sure - - - - how many times must I tell you?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: A feller by the name of Horseneck Nick broke into a stable and stole sixteen hundred horses.

CHARLEY: Stole sixteen hundred horses?

BARON: And a pig.

CHARLEY: A pig?

BARON: Yes - - if it hadn't been for the pig we wouldn't have known he stole the horses.

CHARLEY: You wouldn't have known he stole the horses?

BARON: No sir - - - but the pig squealed on him.

CHARLEY: I see.

BARON: So the Inspector called me into his office. Right away I knew something was up.

CHARLEY: You smelled a rat.

BARON: No - - (LAUGH) - - - the inspector --- and he said "Munchy" and I said, "What is it, Specky?"

CHARLEY: You called the inspector, "Specky?"

BARON: Sure - - - (LAUGH) - - - he wore specks.

CHARLEY: Didn't he resent being called "Specky?"

BARON: No - - (LAUGH) ---- there was no flies on him,
And besides we was very formula.

CHARLEY: Familiar!

BARON: I - - - - formula!

CHARLEY: Familiar!

BARON: (LAUGH) Have it my way. I said, "What is it,
Specky?" and he said, "I got a case for you!"

CHARLEY: He had a case for you.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Scotch or Rye?

BARON: It was - - - - Why don't you stick to beer?

CHARLEY: I'll do that, Baron.

BARON: He said, "you will have to go after Horseneck Nick".

CHARLEY: He assigned the job to you.

BARON: Sure - - - because Horsenick Nick was a tough egg
and a bad onion.

CHARLEY: A tough egg and a bad onion!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: A sort of Western sandwich!

BARON: Sure he - - - - please! The Baron makes the humor.

CHARLEY: In other words, Nick was a desperado.

BARON: A killer! It was nothing for him to kill three
men before breakfast, zix before lunch and maybe
eight or nine after dinner.

CHARLEY: He took life easy.

BARON: Sure he - - - - How did I ever come to meet you?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: -- -- -- Where was I?

CHARLEY: Fishing!

BARON: Sure -- -- -- as I chucked over my line and I -- -- --
who's fishing?

CHARLEY: My error, Baron -- -- -- you were talking to the
Inspector. What did he say?

BARON: He said, Munch, go out and get your man.

CHARLEY: The Inspector said, "Go out and get your man!"

BARON: Yes. He said "Get your man even" --- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Even what?

BARON: (LAUGH) Even if it's a woman.

CHARLEY: "Get your man", is the slogan of the Northwest
Mounted.

BARON: Yes sir! Was I afraid, Sharley? Ask me, was I
afraid?

CHARLEY: Were you afraid?

BARON: (LAUGH) Why ask foolish questions? Sure not!
I got my blood hound and picked up the penny.

CHARLEY: The penny?

BARON: (LAUGH) The scent --- and I got on his tail.

CHARLEY: His tail?

BARON: His trail -- -- -- you get me all mixed up!

CHARLEY: On with your tale, Baron!

BARON: He was -- -- -- not tail! Trail!

CHARLEY: Well, on with your trail!

BARON: I came to his cabin in the woods --- on the door was a note what said, "I'll be back in three months".

CHARLEY: A three months note.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: He was banking to return.

BARON: Yes sir, he --- Maybe you better be the Baron.

CHARLEY: Again I implore you to continue.

BARON: Well sir, I decided to wait.

CHARLEY: For the return of Horseneck Nick!

BARON: Sure --- I didn't expect anybody else. --- so I went to sleep for two months.

CHARLEY: You slept for two months!

BARON: And three days.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: You don't?

CHARLEY: No! You can't tell me you slept for two months and three days --- I'll go for the three days but not for the two months.

BARON: (LAUGH) I'm not going to lose any sleep over you.

CHARLEY: All right, you slept for two months and three days.

BARON: Then three months later, just as I was going to leave - comes back Nick.

CHARLEY: In the nick of time.

BARON: Sure he ----- must you be funny?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: Right away he comes after me with a club --- so I picked up a club and went after him and we started clubbing each other.

CHARLEY: You became clubby!

BARON: Sure --- I'll let that one pass.

CHARLEY: Thanks.

BARON: You're welcome. Then we started chasing each other around.

CHARLEY: You chased each other around.

BARON: In a circle,

CHARLEY: In a circle!

BARON: Sure --- he pulled out a gun and started shooting--- so I pulled out my gun ---

CHARLEY: And you started shooting also?

BARON: No sir. I was ---

CHARLEY: Just a moment --- if you were chasing each other in a circle and he was shooting at you, why didn't you shoot at him?

BARON: Because I'm a square shooter! --- We kept running for weeks.

CHARLEY: How long?

BARON: For days.

CHARLEY: How long?

BARON: For hours!

CHARLEY: That's better!

BARON: For weeks! Suddenly I reached out and socked him on the head with my gun.

CHARLEY: Did you knock him out?

BARON: No --- but he was dazed.

CHARLEY: Dazed!

BARON: Yes --- he started to get up so again I hit him!

CHARLEY: I suppose he was dazed again!

BARON: Yes --- and it made me very happy.

CHARLEY: Those were the happy days!

BARON: Sure he --- why don't you write for the joke books?

CHARLEY: I apologize, Baron.

BARON: I was just going to put on him the handcuffs when he yanks out a bowie knife.

CHARLEY: A bowie knife!

BARON: Yes sir and --- as quick as you could count seventy five thousand six hundred and forty one he came for me.

CHARLEY: With the bowie knife!

BARON: Yes but I was too quick for him --- in less time than you could count sixty six thousand three hundred and seven I pulled out my boxie.

CHARLEY: You had a bowie knife also?

BARON: Sure -----

CHARLEY: Do you know how to handle a bowie knife?

BARON: I've taken a stab at it --- Zoom! We come together.

CHARLEY: Ad you engaged in combat.

BARON: We was --- Could you have a relapse, please?

CHARLEY: You engaged in combat, struggle, conflict, you were at odds ends.

BARON: (LAUGH) - - - - - We had a fight.

CHARLEY: You had a fight.

BARON: Yes sir - When suddenly up comes forty of his men.

CHARLEY: Out of a clear sky.

BARON: No - - - out of a taxicab! What did I do?

CHARLEY: I'm sure I don't know.

BARON: (LAUGH) I'm sure too --- I grabbed a mop.

CHARLEY: A mop?

BARON: Yes sir --- and I started to clean them up. I slopped them down right and left.

CHARLEY: You mopped up.

BARON: (LAUGH) And down! I was just winning when up comes ninety six more of his men.

CHARLEY: Ninety six more.

BARON: Sure --- now I had a fight on my hands.

CHARLEY: No doubt.

BARON: I went after them.

CHARLEY: You waded in.

BARON: I was --- I beg your suggestion?

CHARLEY: I said, you waded in!

BARON: (LAUGH) I was fighting! Not swimming --- I went after them --- this time I used a shot gun.

CHARLEY: A shot gun!

BARON: Yes --- I fired one shot and it fell to pieces.

CHARLEY: The shot gun was all shot to pieces.

BARON: Sure it --- that could be funnier.

CHARLEY: I know it.

BARON: Lucky for me it started to rain.

CHARLEY: Why was that lucky for you?

BARON: Because it turned cold and I ----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! You said luckily for you it started to rain and it turned cold.

BARON: Sure ----

CHARLEY: Will you please explain that to me?

BARON: (LAUGH) Why not? --- You see when it turned cold the rain started to freeze, and became hail stones.

CHARLEY: I see.

BARON: So I said, "Hail, hail the gang's all here".

CHARLEY: Hail, hail, the gang's all here.

BARON: Yes -- so I picked up my shot gun ---

CHARLEY: A moment ago you said it had fallen apart.

BARON: A moment ago I said that.

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) I had it fixed since then. So I picked up the shot gun and loaded it.

CHARLEY: With shells?

BARON: No --- I didn't have any shells.

CHARLEY: What did you load it with?

BARON: Hail stones.

CHARLEY: You loaded the shot gun with hail stones?

BARON: Yes sir --- and I fired at the gang --- hit everyone of them in the head with a hail stone and every one of 'em died.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm afraid you're not telling the truth.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be afraid.

CHARLEY: Let me get this straight. You loaded the gun with hailstones -- fired -- hit every one of the gang in the head with one of the hail stones and they died.

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Of what?

BARON: (LAUGH) Water on the brain!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley! (END OF PART 1)

PART 2

CHARLEY: What brought you to Chicago, Baron.

BARON: A train.

CHARLEY: I mean what was your objective?

BARON: -----Could I have another dose please?

CHARLEY: What's your reason?

BARON: I ----- is that all?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) You ran out of words, didn't you?

CHARLEY: In a way. You know, there are times when one's vocabulary is limited to the extent of a specified amount of wordage, phrases, derivatives and the general lexicon and glossary of the English language.

BARON: (LAUGH) Why did I bring that up?

CHARLEY: But that's not answering my question. Why are you in Chicago?

BARON: To represent the Northwest Mounted.

CHARLEY: At the Fair?

BARON: Sure ----

CHARLEY: Fair enough.

BARON: Yes I ---- You're starting snappers again.

CHARLEY: You've been over to the Fair grounds I take it.

BARON: I've been over to the Fair grounds, whether you take it or not.

CHARLEY: Some Fair, isn't it?

BARON: Fair? ---- (LAUGH) ---- a punch and judy show!

CHARLEY: What do you mean, a punch and judy show?

BARON: You heard me what I told you. In my country I had what you call a Fair.

CHARLEY: Bigger I suppose.

BARON: Bigger? -- (LAUGH) -- even the bill was bigger.

CHARLEY: The bill? What bill?

BARON: The bill of fare! I could take this fair and put it in the corner of one of the buildings of my fair and have enough room left over for zix more fares of cars.

CHARLEY: Of cars?

BARON: -- (LAUGH) -- car fares.

CHARLEY: Now you're ranting.

BARON: I was ----- hello.

CHARLEY: I said you're ranting, raving, talking incoherently and inanely.

BARON: (LAUGH) The same to you and many of them.

CHARLEY: Did you see the Hall of Science?

BARON: See it? -- (LAUGH) I built it.

CHARLEY: No you didn't.

BARON: Do you know who did?

CHARLEY: No, I do not.

BARON: So I built it.

CHARLEY: I suppose you also built the Electrical Display Building.

BARON: Is it a big one?

CHARLEY: One of the biggest in the Century of Progress.

BARON: (LAUGH) I did that in my spare moments.

CHARLEY: And the Fine Arts and Crafts Building -- you built that also I presume.

BARON: (LAUGH) Why not? As long as I'm building I might as well go through with it all.

CHARLEY: Well all I can say is you are telling me one of the most colossal fibs you ever did yet.

BARON: You mean you don't believe it?

CHARLEY: I do not.

BARON: Sharley, this is preposterpuss! Inconceivable, unheard of and derickulous.

CHARLEY: Regardless of what it is - I don't believe you built the buildings at the Fair.

THE BAND: (IN UNISON) --- one high pitched voice)
VAS YOU DERE, SHARLEY?

BARON: I ----- What the ----- please! You fellers stay in your own department. Blow the blowers and fiddle the fiddles and leave the funny boners to the Baron.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Sort of put one over on you, didn't they, Baron?

BARON: No sir! Not on me. Nobody puts over the over, over the Baron. I remember once I went into a restaurant and ordered scrambled eggs.

CHARLEY: Scrambled eggs?

BARON: Yes --- the cook got the order wrong and I arrested him.

CHARLEY: What for?

BARON: (LAUGH) Poaching. He pulled out his lunch room gun and I was ----

CHARLEY: Just a moment! Baron --- what is a lunch room gun?

BARON: (LAUGH) An automat.
CHARLEY: An automatic.
BARON: Sure --- and he started shooting.
CHARLEY: Did he hit you?
BARON: No --- but fourteen of the bullets did ---
CHARLEY: Fourteen of the bullets hit you?
BARON: Right in the chest.
CHARLEY: My word!
BARON: My chest!
CHARLEY: Didn't they kill you?
BARON: Sure I --- am I here?
CHARLEY: Yes --- come to think of it you are.
BARON: Oh --- You got to come to think of it.
CHARLEY: Silly of me to ask that question, wasn't it?
BARON: Speak for yourself, Sharley.
CHARLEY: What occurred after the leaden missels entered your anatomy and inflicted the injury.
BARON: We was --- (LAUGH) Maybe we better quit right now.
CHARLEY: What happened?
BARON: I picked the bullets out.
CHARLEY: You picked the bullets out?
BARON: Yes --- it was a big load off my chest.
CHARLEY: Then what?
BARON: He ran out of the place.
CHARLEY: And I suppose you were on his heels.
BARON: --- Who?
CHARLEY: You were on his heels.
BARON: They wasn't there.
CHARLEY: Who wasn't there?

BARON: His relations. But I followed him.

CHARLEY: Naturally --- you had to get your man.

BARON: You said it! I didn't know which way he went till I got to the railroad station.

CHARLEY: At the railroad station you picked up his tracks.

BARON: Yes I ---- sometime you must come to my country.

CHARLEY: Continue Baron.

BARON: He made for the North Wood.

CHARLEY: He would.

BARON: Sure he --- must you be comical?

CHARLEY: Continue, please.

BARON: I followed him for sixteen months.

CHARLEY: Up in the North Woods?

BARON: Yes...I was without food --- starving --- I had to live on lodges and clubs. I was ----

CHARLEY: Hold on --- what lodges and clubs are up in the North Woods?

BARON: (LAUGH) Elks and Moose --- One day I ---

CHARLEY: Did you see any Caribou?

BARON: I was ---- what's your what?

CHARLEY: Did you see any Caribou? Caribou.

BARON: (LAUGH) No ---- There was no moving picture people up there. One day I came to a trappers camp.

CHARLEY: A trappers camp?

BARON: Yes ---- they was trapping sable.

CHARLEY: A sable is a small carnivorous mammal.

BARON: Did I ask you?

CHARLEY: No --- But it's a fact. Sables are related to the Martens.

BARON: (LAUGH) They're my neighbors.

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: The Martens. Anyhow I came to the trappers camp and I said "Has anybody here seen Muggsy the Roach?"

CHARLEY: Muggsy The Roach?

BARON: That was the name of the feller I was after.

CHARLEY: I see.

BARON: And all the trappers yelled "No, we did".

CHARLEY: No, we did?

BARON: Sure that's what he said.

CHARLEY: There was only one trapper?

BARON: Sure --

CHARLEY: You said trappers before --- that's plural --- and one is singular.

BARON: (LAUGH) He was a singular plural. Anyhow he said "Yes I saw him".

CHARLEY: WHOA! You just said he said "No, I didn't see him".

BARON: (LAUGH) He changed his mind.

CHARLEY: He changed his mind.

BARON: Sure --- because on one of the traps I saw Muggsy's wrist king.

CHARLEY: Wrist King?

BARON: Hand Queen, pinkie princess ---

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean finger prints?

BARON: That's it! Finger prints. Then he said "I guess he must be over the the Knuckle!

CHARLEY: What was the Knuckle?

BARON: (LAUGH) A joint --- so I went to a jewelry store to call him up.

CHARLEY: Why to a jewelry store?

BARON: (LAUGH) I wanted to give him a ring --- I called him up eleven hundred and forty three times and got no answer.

CHARLEY: You called him eleven hundred and forty three times and got no answer?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: That sounds phoney.

BARON: Sure I --- maybe we better keep at a long distance.

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: At last I got him.

CHARLEY: Oh the phone?

BARON: Sure --- and I said "Muggsy, wait where you are --- I'll be right over to arrest you"

CHARLEY: You told him to wait where he was as you were on your way over to arrest him?

BARON: Sure ----

CHARLEY: That was silly.

BARON: (LAUGH) I found that out --- because when I got there he was gone.

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: So once again I went to the Railroad station.

CHARLEY: And picked up his tracks?

BARON: I was --- you said that before.

CHARLEY: All right --- you picked up the scent.

BARON: We said that too.

CHARLEY: How about the trail?

BARON: That was also used.

CHARLEY: Well what did you pick up?

BARON: (LAUGH) You'd be surprised. Well sir, I came to a field and there I saw an Indian squash.

CHARLEY: An Indian squaw.

BARON: Squash.

CHARLEY: You mean Indian squaw, not squash.

BARON: Can you make pie out of an Indian squaw?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So I mean squash.

CHARLEY: Oh! A squash-a pumpkin.

BARON: ----- a what-kin.

CHARLEY: A pumpkin --- don't you know what a pumpkin is?

BARON: Sure --- (LAUGH) --- a young pumpernickel.

CHARLEY: No! No! A pumpkin is a specie of genus Cucurbita --- a nearly globular gourd --- more generally oblong or ovoid in shape --- widely cultivated cucurbitaceous vine of ---

BARON: Wait --- I made a mistake. It was an onion.

CHARLEY: If it was an onion, I'm through talking.

BARON: You're through talking?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH) So it was a squash! And what did it weigh?

CHARLEY: Well, prize squash never exceed eighty pounds in weight.

BARON: I'll squash that! This one weighed seven hundred pounds.

CHARLEY: I don't believe it.

BARON: I know it. I was going to pass it by when it burst open.

CHARLEY: It burst open?

BARON: Yes ---- and out popped -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Out popped what?

BARON: (LAUGH) My cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Don't tell me.

BARON: (LAUGH) I must. I said "Hugo what are you doing in a squash" and he said ---- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: No he didn't say "what", he said "I was making a squash pie".

CHARLEY: He was making a squash pie?

BARON: Yes ---- and some of the pie got in his eye and he couldn't make it.

CHARLEY: He was pie-eyed.

BARON: Sure he was --- I'll take that up at the next meeting. He said "I'm wanted by the police".

CHARLEY: Hugo was wanted by the police?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Did he commit a crime?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Then why was he wanted by the police?

BARON: Because ---- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, tell me if Hugo didn't commit a crime, why was he wanted by the police?

BARON: Because —— (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Because what?

BARON: They wanted him to be a policeman.

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

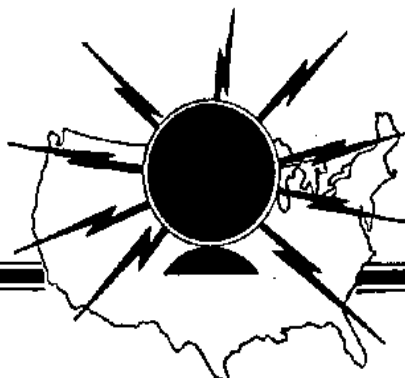
BARON: Oh Sharlie!

(END OF PART TWO)

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, JUNE 8, 1933

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight we hear from an all-star combination of rhythm and melody headed by Al Goodman, the talented musical comedy band master, who starts us off first with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

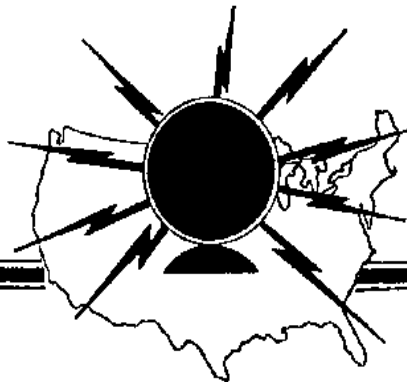
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ATX01 0189135

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NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

PRO-22-4M-2-55

RTX01 0189136

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was fine Al Goodman, thank you.

(BULLETIN)

As the huge crowd waits for the bell opening the fourth round, there are tiny flares of matches in the dark throughout the Stadium.....among the thousands there, LUCKY STRIKE is a favorite. As everywhere throughout the country, folks reach for a LUCKY to get the flavor of the finest tobaccos and the unique mellow-mildness of "TOASTING." As everywhere, people say "LUCKIES Please."

Now for the man of the hour.....the celebrated Baron... he is here tonight to talk about his adventures on the high seas..... so let's hear from him before he get's off on another tack....ladies and gentlemen, that old salt, the Baron Munchausen!.....

(FIRST PART -- "THE SKIPPER")

ATX01 0189137

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl with his good friend Cliff Hall... but he isn't through talking yet.....he'll be back a little later in the program.....Meanwhile we go back to Al Goodman and his all-star troupe.....this time they give us -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great music Al Goodman, and we'll have more of it in just a moment.

Men aren't the only ones who know LUCKIES are better. Women know that there's always a good reason for everything. And when a cigarette is so unusually mild, so pure and fine tasting as LUCKIES are - what other reason but "TOASTING" could there be? You don't have to be told that fine tobaccos play an important part. But to a woman a cigarette is a personal thing. When her lips touch it she wants to be sure not to offend her sense of feminine daintiness. We men have our reasons for saying "LUCKIES Please," but with a woman it's the welcome purity as well as the flavor and mildness that "TOASTING" imparts. So reach for a LUCKY - for always "LUCKIES Please!"

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Al Goodman and his orchestra continue the dancing
with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al.....And right here, we call the Baron and
his friend Sharley up here on deck. The Baron is remembering
tonight his adventures as a sailor. So listen while he tells them
to you in his own words....Sharley, of course, can be depended upon
to try and sink the ship. May we present his Modesty, the Baron
Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE SKIPPER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And there he goes.....Jack Pearl, the genial Baron....
he'll keep his date with you again next week at this same time.....

And now let's listen to Al Goodman's distinctive interpretations of

-- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al Goodman, it's a pleasure to listen to those
melodies.

Smokers will tell you that there's a hidden charm in
every LUCKY. You won't discover it merely by examining the fine
golden-brown tobaccos. It's more than the fine flavor that these
tobaccos give you -- it's the unique mellow-mildness and welcome
purity imparted by TOASTING. And it's because of this extra quality
that smokers everywhere reach for a LUCKY -- for always LUCKIES Please!

(CONTINUES OVER)

RTX01 0189140

HOWARD CLANEY:

Al Goodman leads us into the rhythms of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so, ladies and gentlemen, another LUCKY STRIKE

Hour comes to a close. Next week at this same time Jack Pearl

will be back with us again.

So until next Thursday then, goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

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***** *****

AGENCY/chilleen
6/8/33

ATX01 0189141

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXXX

"THE SKIPPER"

PART I & II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JUNE 8, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXX

"THE SKIPPER"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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RTX01 0189143

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXX

"THE SKIPPER"

PART I

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me why you're skipping the rope,
Baron?

BARON: I got two reasons, Sharley -- two reasons.

CHARLEY: Two reasons why you're skipping the rope?

BARON: Yes sir -----in the first place I'm a Sea Captain.

CHARLEY: A sea captain!

BARON: A skipper -- and in the second place its my doctor's
orders.

CHARLEY: Your doctor ordered you to skip the rope?

BARON: Well -- not exactly in those words, but he gave me
some medicine and said I should take it one day and
skip the next.

CHARLEY: In all seriousness, Baron, are you a mariner?

BARON: -----Hello?

CHARLEY: A seafarer, a navigator, pilot. Interested in things
nautical, things aqueous!

BARON: -----WE'RE OFF!

CHARLEY: In other words, are you really a seaman?

BARON: You never saw such a seaman as you see when you see me.

CHARLEY: You've commanded some big ships, I presume?

BARON: Big!-----(LAUGH) I remember one boat I had what was
nine thousand feet long.

ATX01 0189144

CHARLEY: How long?

BARON: It was -- didn't you hear what I said?

CHARLEY: Yes, I did,

BARON: Then why do you ask me again?

CHARLEY: Because I wanted to make sure I heard you aright. You said the boat was nine thousand feet long?

BARON: And twelve inches.

CHARLEY: Nonsense! There never was a boat, an ocean liner, a cruiser ----as big as that,

BARON: Did I say it was an ocean liner or a cruiser?

CHARLEY: No, you did not.

BARON: So the boat was nine thousand feet and twelve inches long.

CHARLEY: What in the world kind of a boat was it?

BARON: A row boat.

CHARLEY: Just a canoe.

BARON: Yes, it-----a what?

CHARLEY: -----don't you hear good?

BARON: Sure I do! But you can't tell me such a size boat is a canoe!

CHARLEY: You don't believe it?

BARON: Never.

CHARLEY: So it was a skiff!

BARON: A skiff?

CHARLEY: Yes -- I remember once I had a small cat boat.

BARON: A small cat boat!

CHARLEY: A kitten -- it was so small that all we could use was a crew of eighty men and we were----

BARON: Just a moment! You couldn't have a cat boat so small and besides if you did you couldn't use a crew of eighty men.

CHARLEY: So it was smaller and I had a crew of a hundred and six men.

BARON: That's better.

CHARLEY: One day we were sailing for over two months and I was ---

BARON: Wait! ----I think the pages are mixed up!

CHARLEY: Really?

BARON: Sure -- you're saying what I should say and I'm saying what you should say -- and we're both saying what we shouldn't say and what we say is not what what we should each say.

CHARLEY: You don't say?

BARON: Sure I -----I do say! Here -- you give me your pages and I'll give you mine.

CHARLEY: As you say.

BARON: Please -- no more saying!

CHARLEY: So what happens?

BARON: Anything!

CHARLEY: Naturally.

BARON: Artificially! Where was we?

CHARLEY: You were telling me how you became a cowboy.

BARON: Sure I ----- Who's a cowboy? I'm a sea captain.

CHARLEY: Oh, a sea captain!

BARON: Sure -

CHARLEY: Then you've been to sea.

BARON: Sure I ----Where do you think I sailed my boats on land?

CHARLEY: How should I know?

BARON: I sailed them in the ocean, the seas, lakes, rivers----
water!

CHARLEY: That's possible.

BARON: You think so?

CHARLEY: Yes I do.

BARON: That's very sweet of you. ----Now we're getting some
place.

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON: Why-----You're the most particular person. What do
you care where we go as long as we get there.

CHARLEY: All right, have it my way.

BARON: Thank you.

CHARLEY: You must have had some marvelous experiences during
your career as a sea captain, Baron?

BARON: You have no idea. One time I was sailing a ship and
oh boy, was it a song!

CHARLEY: A song!

BARON: Stormy Weather! The waves was zix-seven hundred feet
high.

CHARLEY: I never heard of waves that high.

BARON: Well you're hearing it now. They were washing the
cards.

CHARLEY: The cards!

BARON: The deck! What did I do?

CHARLEY: Tell me.

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) I went up on the teeth.

CHARLEY: The teeth?

BARON: (LAUGH) The bridge -- I yelled -- "Boys take all the looking glasses out of the state rooms and chuck them in the water.

CHARLEY: You ordered the crew to take all the looking glasses out of the staterooms and throw them in the water.

BARON: Yes ----and they did, and the minute the looking glasses hit the water the waves disappeared.

CHARLEY: The sea became like a mirror!

BARON: Sure it --- who asked you to make the comical answers?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - but what about the looking glasses.

BARON: (LAUGH) We'll look into them later.

CHARLEY: Did the ship founder?

BARON: I was -- Could I be obligated?

CHARLEY: I said, did the ship founder?

BARON: Did the ship found who?

CHARLEY: Not found - founder! Wreck! You know what a wreck is, don't you?

BARON: (LAUGH) I married one.

CHARLEY: Will you please understand? Did the ship sink?

BARON: Fall down in the water?

CHARLEY: Yes -- call it that.

BARON: Sure -- it went right to the bottom.

CHARLEY: Were you saved?

BARON: I-----Am I here?

CHARLEY: Yes, you are.

BARON: (LAUGH) So maybe I was saved.

CHARLEY: How did you manage it?

BARON: As we was zinking I gave each of the crew a box of soap powder.

CHARLEY: A box of soap powder!

BARON: Yes and ---(LAUGH)---

CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: We washed ourselves ashore.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron! Please! Don't ask me to believe a yarn like that.

BARON: Do I have to ask you now?

CHARLEY: That's utterly impossible! Preposterous! Inconceivable! Unbelievable! You know you couldn't possibly have been washed ashore with soap powder.

BARON: Wash you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! I wash not!

BARON: (LAUGH) I didn't think you did! But just the same we washed ourselves ashore!

CHARLEY: All right - you washed yourselves ashore,

BARON: On a carnival island.

CHARLEY: A Cannibal Island.

BARON: A carnival island.

CHARLEY: Now what in the world is a carnival island?

BARON: A Coney!

CHARLEY: A Coney?

BARON: (LAUGH) Coney Island.

CHARLEY: At that rate you were off the Atlantic Coast.

BARON: Sure -- right near California.

CHARLEY: Hold on! California is on the Pacific Coast.

BARON: Is that my fault?

CHARLEY: But if your ship sank off the Pacific Coast how could you have come ashore on the Atlantic Coast?

BARON: With a net.

CHARLEY: With a net?

BARON: Sure -- a Coast to coast net work.

CHARLEY: I give up.

BARON: There I met a feller who had a bargain boat.

CHARLEY: A bargain boat?

BARON: (LAUGH) A sail boat --- We went for a moving picture director, and as we --

CHARLEY: Wait, Baron --- please -- this is one time you have me stumped.

BARON: -----What is that stumped?

CHARLEY: You have me confused, confounded, perplexed, disconcerted, bewildered, flustrated --

BARON: (LAUGH) One would be enough.

CHARLEY: Please explain what you mean when you say you took a sailing vessel and went for a moving picture director?

BARON: (LAUGH) A Cruze!

CHARLEY: Again I give up.

BARON: (LAUGH) You give until it hurts. Anyhow, we came to a dock and who was sitting there?

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Aunt Sophie.

CHARLEY: Your Aunt Sophie was sitting on the dock?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: What in the world was she doing there?

BARON: (LAUGH) Covering the water front.

CHARLEY: Reporting the water front news for a newspaper!

BARON: Sure -- She wanted to know where I was going and what I was going to do.

CHARLEY: She has a nose for news.

BARON: She's got a nose for anything -- and I said -- (LAUGH)
-- "Sophie, I'm going to sail around the world."
CHARLEY: You told her you were going to sail around the world.
BARON: Yes and she said -- (LAUGH)
CHARLEY: She said what?
BARON: (LAUGH) That's you all over! --- That day I left.
CHARLEY: You left.
BARON: Right! I sailed around the world in eighteen days.
CHARLEY: How long?
BARON: Zeven weeks.
CHARLEY: How long?
BARON: Four months.
CHARLEY: How long?
BARON: Nine years!
CHARLEY: That's better,
BARON: Eighteen days!
CHARLEY: You circumnavigated the world in eighteen days!
BARON: -----I beg your difference?
CHARLEY: You claim you circumnavigated the world in eighteen
days - you actually traversed, journeyed,
circumambulated, sailed, toured, covered the four
corners of the hemisphere in the short space of time
you mentioned?
BARON: (LAUGH) What a strangle hold you've got on language!
CHARLEY: In other worlds, you claim you cruised around the world
in eighteen days.
BARON: No, Sharley -- Like George Washington I cannot tell a
lie.
CHARLEY: Who says so?
BARON: I-----Me!

CHARLEY: You didn't make the trip in eighteen days?
BARON: No sir.
CHARLEY: I didn't think you did.
BARON: I made it in sixteen days.
CHARLEY: Sixteen days! Impossible!
BARON: Fifteen days.
CHARLEY: Unheard of.
BARON: Fourteen days.
CHARLEY: Absurd!
BARON: Twelve.
CHARLEY: Piffle!
BARON: Ten.
CHARLEY: Tommyrot and to hear you talk that way makes me very unhappy.
BARON: How many days would make you happy?
CHARLEY: Well -- let's say -- three hundred and sixty six days.
BARON: A year?
CHARLEY: Yes --
BARON: So it was three hundred and sixty six days.
CHARLEY: That's more like it.
BARON: Now let's sing.
CHARLEY: Sing what?
BARON: (LAUGH) "Happy Days Are Here Again."
CHARLEY: Baron, I'm afraid you're crazy!
BARON: (LAUGH) Me too!
CHARLEY: Candidly, I don't think you have any knowledge of the sea.
BARON: (LAUGH) Did you ever see me eat?
CHARLEY: Yes -- I did -- and I might add that you eat rather fast.

BARON: That proves it!

CHARLEY: Proves what?

BARON: You can tell I'm a sailor by the way I "gob" my food. Ketch?

CHARLEY: Yes -- I ketch! But all this talk has gotten us nowhere. At the start of our conversation you said you were a skipper but up to now you haven't proven it.

BARON: You want proof?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: All right -- tonight I am sailing for Europe in an elfen ship.

CHARLEY: An elfen ship?

BARON: An imp vessel, a goblin schooner.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean a ferry boat?

BARON: That's it! A fairy boat! On the boat I'll have fixed up for you a bed room -- what a bed! Silk covers, lace pillow slips, satin blankets -- that's what you'll have in your bed on my boat.

CHARLEY: That's the bunk.

BARON: Sure its --- a hammock you'll get!

CHARLEY: Don't be angry, Baron -- I was just jesting; nothing would please me more than to sail with you.

BARON: And nothing would please me more than to have you sail with me -- but for one thing!

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: I'm not sailing!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

ATX01 0189153

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXX

"THE SKIPPER"

PART II

CHARLEY: You say you also commanded a battleship, Baron?

BARON: Yes --- but don't talk about it.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: (LAUGH) She might be listening in.

CHARLEY: I mean a warship.

BARON: Oh that -- (LAUGH) sure. I was the skipper of the Atlantic Squabrum --

CHARLEY: The Atlantic what?

BARON: Squabrum -- bram -- brim -- bum -- braum -- the ships!

CHARLEY: Oh, the Atlantic Squadron!

BARON: Sure -- why must I repeat?

CHARLEY: That's quite an honor!

BARON: (LAUGH) It's a job.

CHARLEY: Where did you get your naval education?

BARON: In New Jersey.

CHARLEY: What part of New Jersey?

BARON: Orange!

CHARLEY: Did you ever see service?

BARON: -----Could I be obnoxious?

CHARLEY: Did you ever see service, action? Were you ever in a naval engagement?

BARON: Maybe yes and maybe no:

CHARLEY: What do you mean, maybe yes and maybe no?

BARON: Well -- it happens like this. On day while I was the skipper of the fleet the sailors turned sheepy.

CHARLEY: The sailors turned sheepy?

BARON: (LAUGH) Muttony.

CHARLEY: Mutinous! They mutinized, kicked over the traces as it were!

BARON: (LAUGH) They got fresh. So I said, "Boys who started this?" and one feller spoke up and said "I did."

CHARLEY: One spoke up and said "I did?"

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: He was frank.

BARON: No -- (LAUGH) -- He was my Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo!

BARON: Nobody else but.

CHARLEY: What was he doing on the battle ship?

BARON: He made a mistake.

CHARLEY: A mistake?

BARON: YES -- (LAUGH) He thought it was a bottle ship.

CHARLEY: What about the mutiny?

BARON: I killed that.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: I put Hugo in irons.

CHARLEY: In irons!

BARON: Yes -- and for once in his life he made good.

CHARLEY: How come?

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a pants presser.

CHARLEY: What about the other sailors?

BARON: I gave them a dirty deal.

CHARLEY: A dirty deal!

BARON: Yes -- I made them swab the deck.

CHARLEY: You put them to work.

BARON: From the starboard to the sherry.

CHARLEY: The Sherry?

BARON: The port! Zuddenly, what happened?

CHARLEY: I don't know.

BARON: So I'll tell you -- up comes a submarine.

CHARLEY: From the bottom?

BARON: When comes submarines from the top?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: And it shoots at us a torpedo.

CHARLEY: A torpedo!

BARON: From a mile away -- Right away I jumped into the ocean and I swam out to the torpedo.

CHARLEY: Some swim.

BARON: (LAUGH) A plunge! In six seconds I was up to it.

CHARLEY: In six seconds you swam a mile and came up to the torpedo.

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Where did you learn to swim?

BARON: (LAUGH) In the water -- and I ketched the torpedo in my hands.

CHARLEY: In your hands?

BARON: Yes sir -- and oh, Sharley did it burn.

CHARLEY: It made you smart.

BARON: I was -- what's your answer?

CHARLEY: The friction made you smart.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be zilly -- I was smart before that. I turned the torpedo around and what do you think?

CHARLEY: It went back the way it came - hit the submarine and sank it.

BARON: (LAUGH) Somebody told you.

CHARLEY: Of course you know I don't believe it, Baron.

BARON: (LAUGH) Of course you know I don't care whether you do or not, Sharley.

CHARLEY: Still in all, if you really are a sea captain, you must have met with some exceptional abstruse, recondite and phenomenal experiences.

BARON: (LAUGH) Words that mean nothing.

CHARLEY: During your career as a skipper did you ever hear of the Flying Dutchman?

BARON: Hear of the Flying Dutchman -- (LAUGH) -- I sold him his aeroplane!

CHARLEY: Nonsense! The Flying Dutchman is supposedly a phantom ship.

BARON: Did you ever see it?

CHARLEY: No, I did not.

BARON: (LAUGH) So you got no argument!

CHARLEY: Far be it from me to try and argue with you, Baron.

BARON: I'm glad to hear you say this Sharley, because after all I am the Baron, of the nobility.

CHARLEY: Don't worry, Baron -- I know your (you're) rank.

BARON: Sure I'm -- I don't like the way you said that.

CHARLEY: Did you ever have a naval engagement to speak of?

BARON: Sure -- I was running a blockade -- seventy five battleships was guarding the harbor.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because.

CHARLEY: Because why?

BARON: Because I had to get through.

CHARLEY: You said that before.

BARON: So I say it again.

CHARLEY: Were you carrying contrabrand of war?

BARON: I was ---what's the announcement?

CHARLEY: Were you carrying contrabrand of war -- food stuff, munitions and such?

BARON: No sir! Not me!

CHARLEY: Well, what were you loaded with?

BARON: I was loaded with --- don't get personal.

CHARLEY: I mean, what was your boat loaded with?

BARON: That's different! All it was loaded with was cows, 'n pigs, 'n horses, 'n lambs, 'n ---

CHARLEY: A cattle boat.

BARON: Sure -- tea, 'n coffee, 'n soup, 'n beer, 'n---

CHARLEY: Now what are you talking about?

BARON: The kettles!

CHARLEY: I said cattle! Not kettle!

BARON: (LAUGH) What you say don't count! Also I had on board an ox!

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo!

BARON: (LAUGH) Your Uncle Henry!

CHARLEY: Your Aunt Sophie!

BARON: Your sister Tillie!

CHARLEY: I have no sister Tillie!

BARON: Well, if you had one!

CHARLEY: But I haven't.

BARON: Have you got a niece named Sarah?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: So it was my sister in law Jenny.

CHARLEY: What was she doing there?

BARON: Milking a cow.

CHARLEY: Why was she milking a cow?

BARON: Because it wasn't a goat.

CHARLEY: Do goats give milk?

BARON: No -- you got to take it from them.

CHARLEY: That's an old joke.

BARON: It was an old goat. While this was going on the General of the Naval Reserves was making an inspection of the boat.

CHARLEY: The General was making an inspection of the boat!

BARON: Sure -- and he was eating dinner -- and Hugo brought him a plate of soup.

CHARLEY: Is Hugo a waiter?

BARON: (LAUGH) For years.

CHARLEY: On tables?

BARON: (LAUGH) Who knows -- so the General said "I can't eat this soup." So what did Hugo did.

CHARLEY: What did he do?

BARON: He brought the General another plate of soup -- and the General said "Hugo, I can't eat this soup."

CHARLEY: Again!

BARON: Sure - and also another time.

CHARLEY: You mean to say Hugo brought the third plate of soup and the General said, he couldn't eat it.

BARON: Exactly.

CHARLEY: Was it bad?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Sour?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Well, well, it's a pity he couldn't eat it.

BARON: Because --- (LAUGH) he --

CHARLEY: Because what?

BARON: He didn't have a soup spoon! So he said, "I'll take a glass of milk instead.

CHARLEY: The General said that?

BARON: Sure -- Hugo is a beer drinker. And down into the hold of the ship went the general.

CHARLEY: He must have been a nuisance.

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) ---a general nuisance! And who did he see milking a cow?

CHARLEY: Not Hugo!

BARON: No sir!

CHARLEY: Not Henry!

BARON: No sir!

CHARLEY: Not Sophie!

BARON: No sir.

CHARLEY: Not Jenny?

BARON: No sir.

CHARLEY: Well, who did he see?

BARON: (LAUGH) Me!

CHARLEY: You were milking a cow?

BARON: Sure -- and he says, "Baron, what's the idea? Why are you not at the front and I said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Come on -- when the General saw you milking the cow and said why weren't you at the front, what did you say?

BARON: I said -- (LAUGH) -- Because there is no milk at that
end.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Charley!

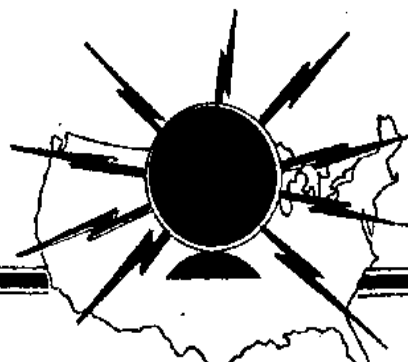
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
6/8/33

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, JUNE 15, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight we'll dance to the music of Al Goodman, one of the foremost bandmasters of musical comedy.....Right now he's leading his talented company into -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

ATX01 0189162

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great music, Al Goodman, thank you!

Have you ever happened to wonder why "TOASTING" is so important to LUCKY STRIKES? It's really on account of you -- you smokers. For "TOASTING" plays a bigger part than you might think in making LUCKIES so mild and fragrant and pure. Remember, your cigarette comes in rather close personal contact with you, and if it weren't for "TOASTING'S" purifying heat, even LUCKY STRIKE'S choice tobaccos could scarcely be as mild, so pure. So you see what a big part "TOASTING" has in making "LUCKIES Please!"

Well, here comes the Baron....prepared to discuss in detail all of his great exploits as a sportsman.....When the great outdoors calls, the Baron answers.....And right at the moment he's the answer to a golfer's prayer.....so let's listen.....ladies and gentlemen, the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "THE OUTDOOR MAN")

ATX01 0189163

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl and his caddy, Cliff Hall...they'll
be back with us a little later in the program....In the meantime
let's dance while Al Goodman weaves the melodies. This time we hear---

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks, Al Goodman, we'll have more of those melodies in
just a moment.

In your newspaper today you will see a LUCKY STRIKE
advertisement featuring the latest summer style for women. The young
lady is saying "You don't have to tell me a thing about Toasting."
Like so many women, she probably doesn't know just how the "TOASTING"
process works....but she certainly knows enough about the good it
does. To women, a cigarette is personal -- so when a woman lights a
LUCKY and tastes its fine, pure tobacco fragrance....when she smokes
LUCKIES in any number and still finds them cool and mild....frankly,
she doesn't care much how "TOASTING" works -- just so long as she can
keep on saying - and mean it. "LUCKIES Please."

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

HOWARD CLANEY:

Al Goodman and his orchestra take us into the rhythms of --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al.....and right now, my friends, we have with us a renowned figure in the sporting world.....an expert on hiking, high-jumping and sleep-walking.....his Modesty, the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "THE OUTDOOR MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That burst of laughter and applause signals the exit of Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall. Next week at the same time they'll return to us again.....And here we go back to Al Goodman and his distinctive dance arrangements of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

All right, Al Goodman - thank you!

Like the smile of an old friend, the mellow Character of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobaccos is always welcome.....because in those choice, flavorful tobaccos is a wealth of fragrant, friendly smoking enjoyment. And in every LUCKY STRIKE you have the true pleasure of real mildness.....For those choice tobaccos are "TOASTED" -- pure mellow-mildness is assured by that mellowing, purifying treatment only LUCKY STRIKE gives. Yes, it's a pleasure to meet such friendly mildness....such delightful character - that's why "LUCKIES Please!"

ATK01 0189166

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

It's time for another dance or two....(so Al Goodman)

continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thus another LUCKY STRIKE Hour comes to a close. Next week Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, will be back with us again.

So until next Thursday then, goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

***** *****

***** *****

AGENCY/chilleen
6/15/33

ATX01 0189167

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

6/15/33

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXXXI

"THE OUTDOOR MAN"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JUNE 15, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXXI

"THE OUTDOOR MAN"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

NOTE:

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RTX01 0189169

CHARLEY: What's the longest drive you ever made?

BARON: From New York to Hollywood, I was-----

CHARLEY: You drove a golf ball from New York to Hollywood?

BARON: Don't be zilly ---(LAUGH) ---A car.

CHARLEY: I'm talking about a golf ball.

BARON: (LAUGH) I misunderstood you.

CHARLEY: I thought so. You wouldn't have the nerve to ask me to believe you drove a ball from New York to California, would you?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure not.

CHARLEY: I didn't think you would.

BARON: But I once drove a ball from California to China!

CHARLEY: Ridiculous!

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: Positively not! It's preposterous! Unbelievable! Undeniably and unemphatically inconceivable!

BARON: (LAUGH)-----FORE!

CHARLEY: And under no circumstances! Under no conditions, could you, under oath undermine my understanding by undertaking to under --

BARON: (LAUGH) ---Now I know where you come from.

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON: The underworld!

CHARLEY: Please, Baron -- Don't insult my intelligence.

BARON: (LAUGH) Such a little thing to speak about.

CHARLEY: The longest drive on record was under () yards. And I understand that under the conditions ---

BARON: Will you please come out from under?

CHARLEY: Do you know anything at all about golf?

BARON: Do I know anything about golf -- (LAUGH) -- Did you ever hear of Bobby Jones?

CHARLEY: Bobby Jones? Yes?

BARON: Gene Sarazen?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Walter Hagen?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: They play good golf?

CHARLEY: I'll say they do.

BARON: (LAUGH) I teached them.

CHARLEY: Hosh!

BARON: No ---golf.

CHARLEY: How about Johnny Goodman -- who just won the open championship.

BARON: He's good too.

CHARLEY: You acknowledge that?

BARON: Sure -- he's also one of my poopils.

CHARLEY: Pupils.

BARON: Poopils.

CHARLEY: PUPILS!

BARON: Poopils. Pippils, Poppils ---- SCHOLARS!

CHARLEY: At that rate you must play a fair game yourself.

BARON: (LAUGH) I don't like to brag.

CHARLEY: That's a well-known fact.

BARON: Sure its --- no cigar-scasm, please.

CHARLEY: No what?

BARON: -----Are your ears buttoned?

CHARLEY: I didn't quite get what you said, Baron.

BARON: I said no cigar-cig-kasty-kism ---- no saz-zig-scag-skog----
Don't Get Fresh!

CHARLEY: Far be it from me.

BARON: (LAUGH) Me too!

CHARLEY: But you do play golf?

BARON: -----What do you think I'm going to do with these golf clubs? Milk a cow?

CHARLEY: You can't milk a cow with golf clubs!

BARON: (LAUGH) -----No! But I could kill a jackass!

CHARLEY: Good gracious, Baron! You're not figuring on committing suicide, are you?

BARON: -----Maybe. You don't know it, but you ain't got so long to live!

CHARLEY: But you do play golf.

BARON: At zeven o'clock -- Daylight Shaving Time.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, Daylight Shaving Time?

BARON: When the high-class barbers play golf.

CHARLEY: I see -- you play with the shaving cream of society.

BARON: Sure-----CADDIE!

CHARLEY: What do you generally go around in?

BARON: Pajamas.

CHARLEY: I mean how many strokes do you make the eighteen holes in?

BARON: Eighteen!

CHARLEY: In what?

BARON: -----are you someplace else?

CHARLEY: Are you going to stand there and try to make me believe you make every hole in one?

BARON: Where would you like me to stand?

CHARLEY: I wouldn't believe it, if in the next second you stood on your head.

BARON: (LAUGH) The Baron makes no quick turnovers.

CHARLEY: No living man could make eighteen consecutive holes in one.

BARON: Is that such? I know a man what made nine hundred holes one after the other in one day.

CHARLEY: Who in the world was that?

BARON: A doughnut maker!

CHARLEY: Where did you learn to play golf?

BARON: In Mexico.

BARON: AND CHARLEY: (IN UNISON) The Golf of Mexico.

CHARLEY: I knew that was coming.

BARON: (LAUGH) Me too! Down there I got my own tiger.

CHARLEY: Your own tiger?

BARON: My own mountain lion, leopard, -----

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean your own lynx?

BARON: That's it! My own links.

CHARLEY: Your private golf links!

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Is it a good course?

BARON: (LAUGH) Of cause.

CHARLEY: What's par?

BARON: -----I beg your wordage?

CHARLEY: What's par?

BARON: (LAUGH) My mother's husband.

CHARLEY: I mean how many shots are allowed the player to make the eighteen holes in?

BARON: Well, the first one is six.

CHARLEY: How far a drive is it?

BARON: No so far -- about eighteen hundred and forty one yards.

CHARLEY: An par is six?

BARON: (LAUGH) He's older than that -- and the --

CHARLEY: I'm talking about the amount of strokes from the tee to the first hole -- you say its six!

BARON: Yes, but I made it in less.

CHARLEY: You make a birdie.

BARON: -----Once over, please?

CHARLEY: A birdie, birdie, birdie.

BARON: (LAUGH) Are you flirting with me?

CHARLEY: Don't you know what a birdie is?

BARON: Sure -- a sparrow!

CHARLEY: A birdie is a hole scored in less than par! A eagle is a hole scored in two less than par.

BARON: Par?

CHARLEY: Tes, par.

BARON: (LAUGH) The old man is getting a break tonight. I remember once I played a buzzard.

CHARLEY: What in the name of common sense is a buzzard?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Aunt Sophie.

CHARLEY: Now, now, Baron, that's not a nice way to talk about your Aunt Sophie.

BARON: I was only fooling -- Sophie is okay.

CHARLEY: Does she play golf?

BARON: Play it?----(LAUGH)---She invented it.

CHARLEY: Don't talk silly -- golf was originated in fourteen hundred and one.

BARON: (LAUGH) How time flys?

CHARLEY: How is her form?

BARON: She's -- please! Don't get so personal.

CHARLEY: I mean her game. How is her game?

BARON: Her game is all right, but she spoils mine.

CHARLEY: How come?

BARON: Well, for instance yesterday -- I was standing by the tee.

CHARLEY: You were about to tee off.

BARON: Yes --- and she said ---

CHARLEY: She said what?

BARON: She said, "Baron, would you like lemon with your tea?"

CHARLEY: That unnerved you!

BARON: It made me sour! Honestly, Sharley, tears came to my eyes -- I couldn't see to get in position.

CHARLEY: Into your stance.

BARON: -----Who's what?

CHARLEY: Tears came to your eyes while you were trying to get your proper stance.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: In other words, you were stancing with tears in your eyes.

BARON: Yes I-----Please! The Baron makes the nifties!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron - proceed.

BARON: Well sir, I socked the ball --- for two hundred and zeventy nine yards.

CHARLEY: A good sock!

BARON: Sure --- then I socked it again for two hundred and ninety four yards.

CHARLEY: A pair of good socks.

BARON: Yes ---Why don't you draw funny cartoons?

CHARLEY: Again I apologize, Baron.

BARON: This time I went away off to one side of the course.

CHARLEY: Out of bounds -- in the rough.

BARON: Sure -- down in a gully fourteen hundred feet deep.

CHARLEY: You were lying in the rough!

BARON: Sure-----Who said I was lying?

CHARLEY: Didn't you just say you were lying in the rough!

BARON: Not me! The ball!

CHARLEY: I see --- even your golf balls lie.

BARON: Sure----(LAUGH)----Murder must be a pleasure!

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, follow through.

BARON: I took another sock at the ball.

CHARLEY: You sure are a socker.

BARON: I'm ----say that again!

CHARLEY: I said you sure are a socker.

BARON: Sometime we'll go further into that. Anyhow I took a sock at the ball and missed.

CHARLEY: I can't believe it.

BARON: It's a fact! I didn't hit the ball! But what did I hit?

CHARLEY: A rock?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: WHAT in the world was Hugo doing in the rough?

BARON: (LAUGH) Looking for lost balls!

CHARLEY: Is Hugo a golfer?

BARON: No -- but he can make any hole in one.

CHARLEY: Hold on! You say Hugo is not a golfer but he can make any hole in one?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) ----in one hour! So I put the ball on Hugo's head, and made a chip shot.

CHARLEY: A chip off the old block!

BARON: Yes and ---must you always be a smart Axel?

CHARLEY: Sorry! What happened?

BARON: The ball flew up the gully and landed right in front of a bull.

CHARLEY: A bull!

BARON: Yes -- I hit the ball, and it passed right over the bull.

CHARLEY: Right over the bull!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?
CHARLEY: No, I was not.
BARON: (LAUGH) Then somebody told you!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

BARON: Yes -- you believe it passed over the bull?

CHARLEY: That's pass - a - bull.

BARON: -----Benjamin Franklin!

CHARLEY: What do you mean Benjamin Franklin?

BARON: Go fly a kite.

CHARLEY: What did you do after the song?

BARON: -----What song?

CHARLEY: After the ball was over.

BARON: I----(LAUGH) -- How they laughed when I sat down at the piano.

CHARLEY: Come on, tell me.

BARON: I hot the ball so hard it went eleven miles past the hole.

CHARLEY: How many miles?

BARON: -----Two!

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: One.

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: Eleven! Take it or leave it!

CHARLEY: Let it go. What then?

BARON: I took my butter --

CHARLEY: You took your putter!

BARON: My butter.

CHARLEY: Putter, putter --- you were about to putt.

BARON: But--

CHARLEY: Putt, putt, -- putt --- put, putt----

BARON: What are you? A motor boat?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: I clunked the ball -- zim! Zom! What did it do?

CHARLEY: Passed over another bull -- a flock of sheep -- a lake -- a river -- a mountain and rolled into the hole eleven miles away!

BARON: (LAUGH) He's a good old skate. It was while skating that Hugo met his girl friend.

CHARLEY: Really!

BARON: Yes -- he was ice skating on the lake in Central Park.

CHARLEY: It was winter.

BARON: It was ----do you think water freezes in the summertime?

CHARLEY: I don't know, Baron -- I'm a stranger around here.

BARON: (LAUGH) One more like that and you'll be stranger around here than you are now.

CHARLEY: Tell me how Hugo came to meet his girl friend while skating?

BARON: It seems he and she was afraid to speak to each other.

CHARLEY: They hadn't been properly introduced!

BARON: No -- and this day they was both skating on the lake and when she came up beside him -- she fell down.

CHARLEY: She fell for Hugo!

BARON: -----Who says so?

CHARLEY: But she did fall.

BARON: And how! Then they spoke to each other.

CHARLEY: Her fall broke the ice.

BARON: Ye---Why do you make yourself such a nuisance?

CHARLEY: I meant it gave them an opening to get into conversation.

BARON: Sure -- that filled Hugo's bosom with hope.

CHARLEY: He had a hope chest!

BARON: Yes, he --- Now look here, Sharley! This joking business has got to come to a continuation! It must either quit or stop.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron -- and rather than you become incensed I shall refrain and defer from all jocular jesting, jocosse drollery, blithe waggishness and --

BARON: (LAUGH) Wait!

CHARLEY: What now?

BARON: I'll take the incense.

CHARLEY: As you say. Did you ever do any bicycle riding, Baron?

BARON: Did I? --- (LAUGH) --- You heard of the last six day bicycle race?

CHARLEY: Yes, I did.

BARON: I won it in four days. I was ---

CHARLEY: Just a moment. How could you possibly win a six day race in four days?

BARON: My partner was a great fish seller.

CHARLEY: A great fish seller?

BARON: (LAUGH) A great peddler ---- And besides, we trained in the greatest bicycle town in the country.

CHARLEY: What town is that?

BARON: Wheeling. I remember another time---

CHARLEY: Never mind, Baron ---- forget it.

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe its just as well.

CHARLEY: What other outdoor sports are you familiar with?

BARON: Hiking.

CHARLEY: A very healthful pastime.

BARON: Yes sir -- One time I took my dog and went for a hike.

CHARLEY: You have a dog?

BARON: A wonderful dog -- he knows as much as I do.

CHARLEY: Just a dumb animal.

BARON: Yes-----a smart one!

CHARLEY: My error!

BARON: My dog! We hiked nineteen thousand miles in two days.

CHARLEY: How many miles?

BARON: -----Are you paying attention?

CHARLEY: Yes----but I can't believe my ears!

BARON: (LAUGH) You should teach them to hear the truth.

CHARLEY: Do you mean to tell me that in two days you covered nineteen thousand miles?

BARON: And four blocks.

CHARLEY: Who do you think is going to believe that?

BARON: (LAUGH) You.

CHARLEY: Not on your life.

BARON: Do you want to eat next week?

CHARLEY: Surely.

BARON: So you better believe it.

CHARLEY: I'm not going to argue.

BARON: (LAUGH) So you'll eat. Well sir, I was away up on a mountain when I ran out of food --- What did I do?

CHARLEY: Why ask me?

BARON: (LAUGH) I don't know ----I was wandering around when just by luck my dog struck a trail.

CHARLEY: That was a lucky strike.

BARON: Sure it-----please. The Baron is the press agent.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry.

BARON: We followed the trail and came to a cabin -- walked in and who do you think was there?

CHARLEY: If you say your Cousin Hugo I'll faint.

BARON: (LAUGH) Get out your smelling salts. There he was -- I said "Hugo, I am starving -- give me something to eat" and he said, "Do you like fish?"

CHARLEY: He asked you if you liked fish!

BARON: Yes-----and I said, "sure I like fish." So he said -- (LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: Come around Friday.

CHARLEY: Didn't he have any food in the place for you?

BARON: Sure----we had roast----er----roast----let me see ---what was that roast we had?

CHARLEY: Roast pork?

BARON: (LAUGH) You got me mixed up with somebody else.

CHARLEY: Perhaps it was roast ham?

BARON: (LAUGH) STILL Mixed -- it starts with a "W".

CHARLEY: A "W"?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Weak fish?

BARON: No.

CHARLEY: Wiener wurst?

BARON: No-----I got it.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Weal!

CHARLEY: Veal!

BARON: Weal!

CHARLEY: All right, it was weal!

BARON: Yes sir ----and Hugo said "Let's sit down to the table."

CHARLEY: And we'll eat the weal.

BARON: Ye-----Lamb chops!

CHARLEY: And mashed potatoes.

BARON: Gravy.

CHARLEY: Spinach.

BARON: Salad.

CHARLEY: Coffee.

BARON: Custard Pie!

CHARLEY: And ice cream.

BARON: (LAUGH) Thank goodness that dinner is over.

CHARLEY: What did you do then.

BARON: We went out and played a game of golf.

CHARLEY: Oh, we're back to golf again!

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure -----once it gets you try and get away from it.

CHARLEY: A short while ago you told me Hugo didn't play golf!

BARON: (LAUGH) He learned since then.

CHARLEY: He picked it up quickly.

BARON: He picks up a lot of things quickly.

CHARLEY: He does?

BARON: Sure --- never leave your watch laying around.

CHARLEY: What kind of a game of golf does he play?

BARON: Well, not so good as me.

CHARLEY: I suppose not.

BARON: He plays a fifty eight and----

CHARLEY: Whoa! You can't tell me that! No one could play eighteen holes in fifty eight.

BARON: Who said holes?

CHARLEY: Didn't you just say he plays a fifty eight?

BARON: Sure----He plays a man fifty eight years old!

CHARLEY: That's different.

BARON: The trouble with him is when he hits the ball it goes sideways.

CHARLEY: He slices it.

BARON: -----What's the question?

CHARLEY: He slices the ball.

BARON: (LAUGH) He cuts it in pieces. And when he does this he gets mad:

CHARLEY: He loses his temper.

BARON: Terrible -- one time he was playing with his girl friend and when he sliced the ball she laughed -- so he ups and hits her with a putter.

CHARLEY: Hit the girl friend with a putter!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Disgraceful.

BARON: That's what I say.

CHARLEY: He should have used a niblick.

BARON: Sure he ---- Some day we'll meet in the rough!

CHARLEY: Hugo should learn the etiquette of the golf links.

BARON: That's just what I told him. I even bought him such a book ---- but he wouldn't read it.

CHARLEY: He wouldn't read it?

BARON: No----so I said, "Hugo, you don't appreciate books because you never wrote one yourself and he said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: He said, "No -- and I never laid an egg but I'm a better judge of an omelet than a hen.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

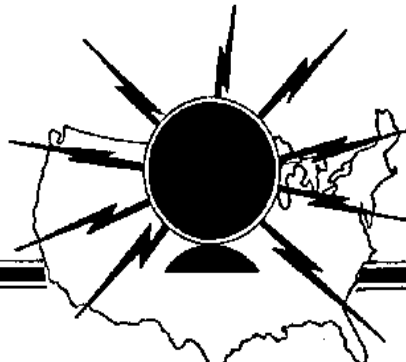
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
6/15/33

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, JUNE 22, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight we'll dance to the music of that famous musical comedy bandmaster, Al Goodman, who leads his all-star combination into -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

PRO-25-4M-2-33

ATX01 0189184

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you for those melodies, Al Goodman, that was fine.

We don't expect very many of you folks actually to understand "TOASTING" -- but we know that millions of smokers enjoy what "TOASTING" does. They like the fine quality of LUCKIES -- their mellow-mildness, -- and their purity means a lot.....and so they say, simply, "I like mine Toasted" - and reach for a LUCKY -- for always "LUCKIES Please."

Ladies and gentlemen, we now introduce the main bout of the evening.....the Royal Baron and Sharley.....they're coming out to their corners now,....and right here is the gentlemen with the boxing gloves.....The Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE FIGHTING MAN")

ATX01 0189185

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was a draw.....Jack Pearl led with several long rights and Cliff Hall countered with an abundant flow of language that almost ruined the noble House of Munchausen.....A little later in the program they'll go into the second round.....Meanwhile, let's listen to Al Goodman and his Orchestra as they play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very nice, Al Goodman, thank you.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Women know that it takes a really fine cigarette to please a man. And since so many men whose judgment women value smoke LUCKIES.....naturally, millions of women reach for a LUCKY, too. True, women enjoy LUCKIES' fine tobacco quality and their delicious mildness. But their real reason, they tell us, is perhaps a trifle feminine. Men may not appreciate this as much as a sensitive woman - but women are particularly grateful to "TOASTING" for that comforting assurance of purity. I've talked to many women about this - remember, a cigarette becomes an intimate thing to a woman, because it touches her lips. And so, perhaps, that is every woman's reason for saying "LUCKIES Please!"

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

ATX01 01B9187

HOWARD CLANEY:

Al Goodman and his talented company continue with --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

All right, Al.....Now the Baron is all ready to go
another round with his sparring partner Sharley. So settle down
in your ringside seats and wait for the bell while we present his
Royal Shyness.....The Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "THE FIGHTING MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that, Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave us
until the same time next week.....And right here Al Goodman takes
us into the rhythms of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Great music, Al.....in just a few seconds we'll ask
for more!

To the lakes, to the mountains or the seashore -
here's a timely hint to all of you who are planning your vacation
now: Tuck a carton of LUCKY STRIKES in your vacation bag.....So
that wherever you are, you can always reach for a LUCKY.....always
enjoy the distinctive flavor of its fine tobaccos, the mellow-mildness
of Toasting. Wherever you go, you'll find that folks reach for a
LUCKY - for always "LUCKIES Please!"

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

RTX01 0189189

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Al Goodman and his Orchestra play for us this time --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so another LUCKY STRIKE Hour comes to a close.

Next week at the same time Jack Pearl, with Al Goodman and his
Orchestra, will join us again.

So until Thursday then.....goodnight!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

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**** ****

**** ****

AGENCY/chilleen
6/22/33

ATX01 0189190

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XXXII

"THE FIGHTING MAN"

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JUNE 22, 1933

ATX01 0189191

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXII

"THE FIGHTING MAN"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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ATX01 0189192

"THE MODERN BARON MÜNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXXII

"THE FIGHTING MAN"

PART I

CHARLEY: What's the idea of the fighting togs, Baron?
BARON: Because tonight, Sharley, I am fighting one of the
best fighters what ever fought a fight.
CHARLEY: Not Jack Sharkey?
BARON: No sir!
CHARLEY: Carnera?
BARON: No!
CHARLEY: Max Baer?
BARON: No!
CHARLEY: Schmeling?
BARON: No!
CHARLEY: Well, who?
BARON: (LAUGH) My Cousin Hugo!
CHARLEY: No!
BARON: Yes sir!
CHARLEY: Are you and Hugo at beerheads?
BARON: -----Hello?
CHARLEY: I said are you and Hugo at beerheads?
BARON: Beerheads?
CHARLEY: (LAUGH) I mean loggerheads!
BARON: (LAUGH) -----So you're going to tell the jokes
tonight?

CHARLEY: In all seriousness, Baron-----are you and Hugo really going to resort to fisticuffs?

BARON: I-----to whatsty guffs?

CHARLEY: Fisticuffs! Blows, a hand to hand scrimmage, conflict, fracas-----

BARON: (LAUGH)-----WE'RE OFF.

CHARLEY: What are you going to fight about?

BARON: About two hours.

CHARLEY: I mean-----why are you going to fight ---for what reason?

BARON: A dollar and zixty four cents.

CHARLEY: A dollar and sixty four cents?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I don't get that.

BARON: (LAUGH) Hugo got it!

CHARLEY: Hugo got it?

BARON: Yes-----I had it laying around my house and he took it-----

CHARLEY: He took the dollar and sixty four cents?

BARON: Yes-----and when I asked him why----he said he wasn't feeling well and----- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: He said he wasn't feeling well, and what?

BARON: He thought the change would do him good.

CHARLEY: I'm surprised to think Hugo would stoop to pick up a dollar and sixty four cents.

BARON: He didn't have to stoop -----it was on the mantlepiece! and besides he is going around telling people I am a fibber!

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Yes sir! And half the people are believing him.

CHARLEY: Only half?

BARON: Ye------(LAUGH) It only goes to prove.

CHARLEY: To prove what?

BARON: A brainy man and an idiot should never be partners.

CHARLEY: Thanks for calling me a brainy man, Baron.

BARON: Sure I-----this is gonna be a good night!

CHARLEY: Are you sure Hugo took the money?

BARON: Yes sir --- I was on the porch and he was inside --
suddenly for no reason he pulled down the shade.

CHARLEY: He pulled down the shade?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Just for a blind.

BARON: Yes he----Maybe I better go home.

CHARLEY: Far be it from such, Baron. But tell me, just why
did Hugo take the money? Isn't he working?

BARON: Sure-----he's not working in a bakery making bread.
He is-----

CHARLEY: Just a moment! What do you mean, he's not working in
a bakery making bread.

BARON: (LAUGH) He's loafing.

CHARLEY: I see-----He's in the dough.

BARON: Ye------(LAUGH) He kneads it!

CHARLEY: That's a rye one.

BARON: (LAUGH) No-----a white one!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) I made a pun and you gave it a twist.

BARON: Sure it -----Will you please roll out of the bakery
shop?

CHARLEY: Okay Baron, but I'll say just one more thing.

BARON: What's that?

CHARLEY: You take the cake!

BARON: (LAUGH) You take it ----I'll take pie,

CHARLEY: This is a lot of senseless talk, Baron.

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure----but the less sense we talk the more dollars we get.

CHARLEY: Tell me the truth, are you really going to fight Hugo?

BARON: Yes sir -----to the finish!

CHARLEY: What kind of a fighter is he?

BARON: (LAUGH) A booze fighter.

CHARLEY: I mean is he a heavy weight, a middle weight, a welter weight, a light weight ---

BARON: (LAUGH) He's an underweight!

CHARLEY: An underweight?

BARON: Yes and no.

CHARLEY: What do you mean, "Yes and no?"

BARON: Well, we had two weighing machines in my house, he weighed on one and I weighed on the other and we argued so much I decided to part with them.

CHARLEY: You came to the parting of the ways.

BARON: Yes, we-----why don't you be a clown in a circus?

CHARLEY: Candidly, I don't think you or Hugo know a thing about fighting.

BARON: Is that so? Well it so happens we come from a family of fighters.

CHARLEY: Prize fighters?

BARON: All kinds of fighters, fire fighters, bull fighters, gun fighters---

CHARLEY: Not gun fighters!

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: Who, in your family was a gun fighter?

BARON: My papa.

CHARLEY: Your daddy!

BARON: My father!

CHARLEY: Your pater!

BARON: My old man!

CHARLEY: In other words -- you're a son of a gun---fighter!

BARON: Sure I-----(LAUGH) Always belittlin'!

CHARLEY: No offense intended, Baron.

BARON: You know Sharley ----sometimes you are very funny.

CHARLEY: Really!

BARON: Yes-----TO LOOK AT!

CHARLEY: Baron! I'm surprised! I may not be an Adonis or an Apollo but you will admit I am a faultless dresser. -- A modern Beau Brummel.

BARON: -----Come back please?

CHARLEY: A modern Beau Brummel----elegant and exact in the matter of dress without ostentation or pretentious parade.

BARON: (LAUGH) WE'RE OFF AGAIN!

CHARLEY: In other words -- I claim I am a Beau a la mode.

BARON: Sure you-----What kind of mud are you?

CHARLEY: Not mud! Mode! A beau a la mode -- you know what beau a la mode is, don't you?

BARON: Sure-----(LAUGH) ---Pot roast and gravy.

CHARLEY: That's beef a la mode! Beef, beef, beef.---

BARON: (LAUGH) Always beefing.

CHARLEY: What's the use. Let's get back to fighting.

BARON: That's what I say.

CHARLEY: You never did any real prize fighting, did you?

BARON: Real prize fighting -- (LAUGH) -----I knocked out John L. Sullivan.

CHARLEY: You knocked out who?

BARON: -----Why don't you have your ears overhauled?

CHARLEY: Did I understand you to say you knocked out John L. Sullivan?

BARON: I knocked him out whether you understand it or not!

CHARLEY: Ridiculous! That's so silly I won't even talk about it.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's beautiful! We fought with bare knuckles in an open lot.

CHARLEY: Open what?

BARON: Open your ears! I said an open lot.

CHARLEY: Ah-----an outside ring.

BARON: Yes, the weather was below zero.

CHARLEY: That's nothing.

BARON: I-----what's nothing?

CHARLEY: Zero.

BARON: Sure -----(LAUGH)-----College Humor!-----In the eighty second round I knocked him for a row of ash cans.

CHARLEY: You knocked him for a row of ashcans?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: That put him in the dumps.

BARON: Sure he ----Why don't you knock yourself out?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: In the next round I hit him a top sirloin.

CHARLEY: A top sirloin!

BARON: (LAUGH) An upper cut and down he went again.

CHARLEY: And out?

BARON: No - he was saved by the Bert Lahr.

CHARLEY: What do you mean he was saved by the Bert Lahr?

BARON: By the -----"Gong, gong, gong."

CHARLEY: I quit!

BARON: So did he ----in the ninety seventh round -- I hit him in the mouth -- right over the heart --

CHARLEY: Hold on -- how could you hit him in the mouth over the heart?

BARON: (LAUGH) His heart was in his mouth ----and down he goes for the king.

CHARLEY: The king?

BARON: The prince, the Baron.

CHARLEY: Do you mean he went down for the count?

BARON: That's it, the count!

CHARLEY: Preposterous, silly, unbelievable and everything synonomous of inanity.

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe you don't believe it?

CHARLEY: OF course I don't believe it -- the whole thing is a farce.

BARON: Farce you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I farce not.

BARON: So it was a musical comedy.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Charley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXXII

"THE FIGHTING MAN"

PART II

CHARLEY: To hear you talk, Baron, one would think you know all about every kind of fighting?

BARON: Why not?----(LAUGH) -----I wrote books on fighting.

CHARLEY: You wrote books on fighting?

BARON: Yes sir --

CHARLEY: Where are they?

BARON: In the liarbrary!

CHARLEY: In the liarbrary?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: They would be there.

BARON: Sure-----Sometime you must come to my country.

CHARLEY: I suppose the books on fighting are well bound!

BARON: The finest binding in the world.

CHARLEY: Bound in Morocco!

BARON: (LAUGH) -----NO --- in America. In the books I tell of all kinds of fighting.

CHARLEY: All kinds!

BARON: Yes sir -- especially bull fighting.

CHARLEY: Bull - fighting.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: You should be right at home with the bull.

BARON: Sure I----(LAUGH)-----comes another time.

CHARLEY: Did you ever do any bull fighting, Baron?

BARON: Sharley, I once fought a bull what weighed seven thousand pounds.

CHARLEY: That's a lot of bull.

BARON: I know it, he----Will you please stop snapping snappers.

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: They starved him.

CHARLEY: To make him mad.

BARON: Yes-----the morning of the fight came----it was fifty nine minutes after seven.

CHARLEY: Fifty nine minutes after seven!

BARON: Yes and he ran out -- and in one minute-----

CHARLEY: He ate the clock.

BARON: He-----Tune out!

CHARLEY: What then?

BARON: He ran for me.

CHARLEY: You evidently were the toreador.

BARON: What a door?

CHARLEY: Toreador, picador, matador----

BARON: (LAUGH) Cuspidor!

CHARLEY: Let it go.

BARON: The bull rushed at me - once, twice, three times.

CHARLEY: You were in the bull rushes!

BARON: Yes I-----What a wheezer you turned out to be.

CHARLEY: What happened then, Baron?

BARON: What do you suppose?

CHARLEY: You probably met the bull with drawn sword, waved your red shawl, he charged you, you made a quick step aside-- he turned -- and as he did you gave him the fatal thrust and put him hors de combat to the cries of the cheering multitude!

BARON: (LAUGH) I could say it in less words.
CHARLEY: Say what in less words?
BARON: I stabbed him!
CHARLEY: All right you stabbed him!
BARON: That was the end of the bull.
CHARLEY: I'm glad of that.
BARON: (LAUGH) Me too. I remember another big fight I had.
CHARLEY: With another bull?
BARON: No----there's no bull to this.
CHARLEY: No bull!
BARON: No sir -- this was a fight with a tiger.
CHARLEY: A tiger?
BARON: Yes-----I met him one day in the jong - gulls.
CHARLEY: In the jungles.
BARON: Jong-gulls.
CHARLEY: Jungles! Jungles! Jung!
BARON: Jong! -
CHARLEY: Jung!
BARON: (LAUGH)-----in the woods!
CHARLEY: All right, the woods ----and what happened?
BARON: He made a jump for me.
CHARLEY: Why?
BARON: Because -- how do I know?
CHARLEY: Did you attack him? Assault him, try to exterminate him?
BARON: I-----In the woods I met a tiger!
CHARLEY: And what happened?
BARON: I grabbed him by the neck and started to choke him.
CHARLEY: That's you, Baron.

BARON: Yes its-----what's me?

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Always choking.

BARON: (LAUGH) ----If what I'm thinking happens, you won't be here tomorrow.

CHARLEY: Come on ---what about the tiger?

BARON: FOR six hours we fought for eleven days.

CHARLEY: For six hours you fought for eleven days.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: And after the eleven days for two months you continued for a year.

BARON: (LAUGH) It's funny how you find things out.

CHARLEY: How did the fight come out?

BARON: I got him on his back -- tied his four feet together and chopped off his head.

CHARLEY: You tied his four legs together, and chopped his head off.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Did you kill him?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----No----but I made him feel kind of sick.

CHARLEY: No doubt.

BARON: So he picked up his head and ---

CHARLEY: Whoa!

BARON: What's the matter?

CHARLEY: If you had the tiger's four legs tied and you chopped off his head, how in the world could he pick it up?

BARON: (LAUGH) With his teeth.

CHARLEY: Baron, you'll kill me yet.

BARON: (LAUGH) I hope so. Well sir, the tiger-----

CHARLEY: I don't want to hear any more about the tiger.

BARON: So I'll tell you about another fight I had.

CHARLEY: What fight was that?

BARON: A fight with a tiger.

CHARLEY: Will you stop talking about tigers!

BARON: So it was a shark.

CHARLEY: A shark?

BARON: Yes-----I was out swimming and up comes a shark and he went after me.

CHARLEY: A man eating shark?

BARON: He-----do I look like a woman? --- he made a snap for me, but missed-----

CHARLEY: Too bad.

BARON: Ye-----how unfunny you can sometimes be.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry Baron, continue your story.

BARON: He came for me so many times I thought there was more sharks.

CHARLEY: A school of sharks.

BARON: (LAUGH) A college ----but he was all by himself.

CHARLEY: He was a money lender.

BARON: Ye-----a money lender!

CHARLEY: A loan shark.

BARON: Sure-----How did I ever come to meet you?

CHARLEY: What about the shark, Baron?

BARON: I ketched him by the tail, swam ashore, banged him against a rock and killed him.

CHARLEY: That's what you say.

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: But I know for a fact, nothing like that ever happened!

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: Would you believe it was a whale?

CHARLEY: I should say not.

BARON: A cod fish?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: A sardine?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: So it was a shark!

CHARLEY: All right, but it sounds fishy.

BARON: Sure its ----What they catch fish in to you?

CHARLEY: What do you mean - what they catch fish in to me?

BARON: (LAUGH) NETS!

CHARLEY: What other fights did you have, Baron?

BARON: The biggest fight was with Hugo.

CHARLEY: Hugo is in again.

BARON: Always----One day he painted my door with black paint.

CHARLEY: Hugo painted your door with black paint?

BARON: Yes --- and I said, "Hugo! Go and never darken my door again!"

CHARLEY: Why did he paint your door with black paint?

BARON: Because he didn't have white.

CHARLEY: And that caused a fight?

BARON: Yes-----so I sent for my lawyer.

CHARLEY: Your attorney.

BARON: Yes --- a big one -- his name is Cannon.

CHARLEY: A big shot.

BARON: He's ----why do you keep snapping snappers?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, continue.

BARON: The day the case came up he was spifficated.

CHARLEY: He was what?

BARON: -----Stewed.

CHARLEY: Inebriated.

BARON: (LAUGH) Cockeyed.

CHARLEY: He came to the court plastered.

BARON: Yes he --- that's not a bad one?

CHARLEY: Then what?

BARON: The judge threw the case out of court.

CHARLEY: The judge threw the case out of court!

BARON: (LAUGH) And the lawyer too.

CHARLEY: Disgraceful.

BARON: Terrible -- Right away he went to a speakeasy -- fell into a barrel of twenty year old whiskey and drowned.

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Awful!

BARON: Beautiful!

CHARLEY: What do you mean beautiful?

BARON: He died in good spirits.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

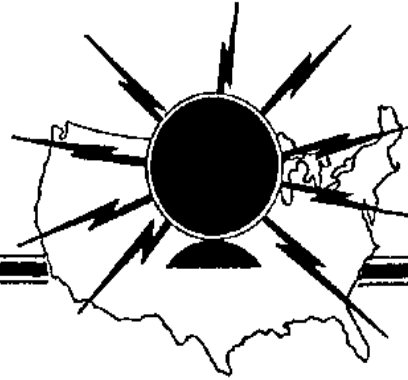
(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/childteen
6/21/33

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"

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 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 of the world's finest dance music and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Tonight we'll dance to the music of Al Goodman, the well-known musical director of many of Broadway's hit shows. He starts us off with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

PRC-20-4M-2-33

ATX01 0189207

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al Goodman.....that music was great.

Today, on the back covers of leading magazines, and on 30,000 billboards throughout the country, you will see a painting by the famous artist Hayden Hayden, entitled "No More Need Be Said - It's Toasted." To a LUCKY smoker, those words tell the whole story. LUCKY STRIKE smokers know that the finest tobaccos give that distinctive flavor to their cigarette.....And because they appreciate purity and true mellow-mildness - when you tell them "IT'S TOASTED" - no more need be said!

Now we introduce the man of the hour.....a gentleman with a message.....so listen carefully while he pours it into the microphone.....His Royal Modesty, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART --- "HOLLYWOOD BOUND")

ATX01 0189208

HOWARD CLANEY:

So far, so good. At the risk of becoming reminiscent Jack Pearl is explaining to Cliff Hall at some lengths his adventures in the Hollywood studios.....later on in the program he'll come back...
Meanwhile let's dance while Al Goodman and his orchestra play --

(TITLES) -

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Very nice Al Goodman....don't go away.....we'll be
back for more in just a moment.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATK01 0189209

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

A woman told us recently: "My husband introduced me to LUCKIES. He had no objection to my brand of cigarettes. But, one day he asked me to try his. Well, I did -- and I've been saying "LUCKIES PLEASE" ever since. And it's not merely because LUCKIES taste fine and are ever so mild. Let me tell you the real reason. My cigarette is a personal, intimate thing with me. After all, it touches my lips - and as I take pride in my sense of daintiness, naturally "TOASTING" means to me even more than it does to a man..... For purity is something very precious to a fastidious woman." And so, like so many millions of others, this young lady reaches for a LUCKY - for always LUCKIES Please!

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

ATX01 0189210

HOWARD CLANEY:

Al Goodman and his combination of rhythm and melody

give us this time -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al.

Now we bring the famous Baron to the front again.....

tomorrow he's taking Sharley with him to the West Coast.....but

tonight he's explaining to him in his own inimitable manner just

what lies in Hollywood. Here he is, the one and only Baron

Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "HOLLYWOOD BOUND")

HOWARD CLANEY:

That ovation speeds Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall on their way. As they leave the stage we wish them the best of luck..... until they join us again next fall.....And now let's get on with this evening's dancing. Al Goodman raises his baton and swings us into the rhythms of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks for those melodies, Al Goodman.

With your very first puff on a LUCKY, you'll recognize a distinctive charm - a difference from other cigarettes. It's more than the fine flavor of perfectly blended tobaccos....it's the cool, delightful mellow-mildness imparted by "TOASTING." Discover it for yourself! Reach for a LUCKY - for always LUCKIES Please!

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES OVER)

ATX01 0189212

HOWARD GLANEY

Al Goodman gives us his musical interpretations of ---

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD GLANEY:

That, ladies and gentlemen, concludes this LUCKY STRIKE Hour and our present series of broadcasts. After a brief vacation from the air this summer, Jack Pearl will join us again in the fall.

So until then, reach for a LUCKY - for always LUCKIES

Please.....good-night!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
6/29/33

ATX01 0189213

THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN

EPISODE XXXXIII

"HOLLYWOOD BOUND"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST:

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

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ATX01 0189214

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

"HOLLYWOOD BOUND"

EPISODE KXXXIII

PARTS I AND II

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

JUNE 29, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXXIII

"HOLLYWOOD BOUND"

PART I

CHARLEY: Well, Baron, here we are -- our last night on the air -----until we meet again in the fall.

BARON: That's what it is, Sharley.

CHARLEY: We've been together forty three weeks.

BARON: Yes sir -- and I want to take this opportunity to thank all my listen-iners, to apologize to my Cousin Hugo for ribbing him so much and to my Aunt Sophie for not suing me and your Uncle Henry too. And last but not least -- I want to thank you Sharley, for your wonderful support and co-operation.

CHARLEY: It's been a pleasure, Baron.

BARON: We have had our arguments and little differences, but -- it was all for fun.

CHARLEY: And checks.

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure----You would put in a snapper.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: If there is anything I said to you I shouldn't have said I'm sorry -- because deep down in my heart I got a feeling for you, Sharley.

CHARLEY: And I for you, Baron.

BARON: And I-----I-----

CHARLEY: Why, Baron! Are you crying?

RTX01 0189216

BARON: No, no ----I-----I'm just sweating, I guess.

CHARLEY: Come, come, Baron, don't give away.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't worry, I never give anything away.

CHARLEY: There's a lot of Scotch in you.

BARON: (LAUGH) No sir -----Rye! But all joking aside, Sharley - I'd like to ask you a question, but I'm afraid you'll get mad.

CHARLEY: Why should I get mad?

BARON: Because it's very personal. All the time we have been together I wanted to ask you but I-----I. Maybe I better not ask.

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron ----tell me, what is it?

BARON: You won't get mad? Sure.

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: Well the question is -----its -----

CHARLEY: The question is what?

BARON: WAS YOU THERE, SHARLEY?

CHARLEY: WAS I WHERE?

BARON: ANY PLACE?

CHARLEY: NO I WAS NOT!

BARON: (LAUGH) That's all I want to know.

CHARLEY: Now you're happy.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: And we part good friends.

BARON: Who said we part?

CHARLEY: You're leaving for Hollywood tomorrow to make a picture, aren't you?

BARON: Sure-----but I'm taking you with me.

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: Yes, sir.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron -- I'm overcome! I can't believe it.

BARON: (LAUGH) You never believe anything I say, but this time I prove it. I got your tickets and tomorrow morning we fly to the Coast.

CHARLEY: Well I-----I don't know what to say, Baron -- I'm in such a state of trepidation, so agitated and flustered-- hysterically fervent, hectic, estatic --

BARON: (LAUGH) One more word and I tear up your ticket.

CHARLEY: I just wanted you to know how happy you've made me, Baron.

BARON: You'll be even happier when you get out there.

CHARLEY: I'M sure I will.

BARON: We will live at my house in Malibou Beach.

CHARLEY: Malibou Beach -- that's quite a colony, isn't it?

BARON: Yes sir -- all the big Maliboozers live there.

CHARLEY: I suppose you go in for aquatic sports.

BARON: -----could you untie that?

CHARLEY: Aquatic sports ----national exercise, marine nautical pastimes, controlled by Aquarius, the eleventh sign of the Zodiac, from which was derived the word Aqua.

BARON: Ock what?

CHARLEY: Aqua, aqua, aqua-----

BARON: Are you imitating a duck?

CHARLEY: Water sports -- swimming, fishing, boating --

BARON: (LAUGH) ----How you detour! Sure we got 'em. Right off my beach I got a raft eleven hundred feet square.

CHARLEY: A raft eleven hundred feet square!

BARON: Yes sir --

CHARLEY: That sounds impossible! Ridiculous.

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: Why, Baron! I wouldn't doubt your word for the world!

BARON: I-----Sharley! Are you zick?

CHARLEY: No.

BARON: You believe the raft is eleven hundred feet square?

CHARLEY: Yes ---I do.

BARON: So it's twenty seven hundred feet square.

CHARLEY: That's possible.

BARON: It's----(LAUGH)----Maybe the world is coming to an end.

CHARLEY: What about the raft, Baron?

BARON: Every day it is crowded with friends of mine ---- thousands of them.

CHARLEY: You have a big raft of friends.

BARON: Sure, I----(LAUGH)----once a loon always a loon.

CHARLEY: Nonsense, Baron! You'll outgrow it.

BARON: I know it----not me! You!

CHARLEY: Oh! I'm a loon!

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: I agree with you, Baron.

BARON: -----What's going on here?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: Also I got a yacht ----sixteen hundred feet long.

CHARLEY: A yacht sixteen hundred feet long!

BARON: Yes----and I suppose you don't believe it?

CHARLEY: Don't be silly -- I saw a picture of it.

BARON: You-----one of us is going daffy!

CHARLEY: Possibly you're on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

BARON: Sure-----YOU!

CHARLEY: Oh me!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I guess you're right.

BARON: Again you believe me.

CHARLEY: Most emphatically.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Looks like its my night, tonight.

CHARLEY: You've been to Hollywood before, Baron?

BARON: Sure ----I made that famous picture "The Roman Nose."

CHARLEY: "The Roman Nose?"

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: That was a big feature.

BARON: Sure it-----please -- the Baron makes the jolly jungles.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry -- on with your tale.

BARON: Also I was in the "Pig Parade."

CHARLEY: The what?

BARON: -----Am I playing solitaire?

CHARLEY: I'm afraid I didn't understand you, Baron.

BARON: (LAUGH) Why be afraid?-----I said I was in the "Pig Parade."

CHARLEY: Oh, "The Big Parade" ---the battle picture.

BARON: No sir -- The "Pig Parade" -- the cattle picture.

CHARLEY: I never heard of it.

BARON: That's not my fault. I played the leading part.

CHARLEY: The pig!

BARON: Yes I-----Why don't you go into a coma?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: I played in that picture, "Beautiful Apartment."

CHARLEY: Beautiful Apartment?

BARON: Wonderful boarding house - gorgeous furnished rooms.

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean "Grand Hotel?"

BARON: That's it! "Grand Hotel."

CHARLEY: What part did you play?

BARON: (LAUGH) The part of Kringelein.

CHARLEY: Why Baron! That part was played by Lionel Barrymore!

BARON: (LAUGH) That's what people thought -- but it was me!

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Yes, sir.

CHARLEY: That's hard to believe, Baron.

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: You know I do.

BARON: I-----Maybe it's the heat! Anyhow, one day the director came up to me and he said, "Mr. Barrymore ---

CHARLEY: He really thought you were Lionel Barrymore.

BARON: Sure -- he said, Lie---

CHARLEY: He said, Lie---

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Had he known who you were he wouldn't have had to ask you to.

BARON: No, he---(LAUGH) What a joker! You should be with Joe Miller.

CHARLEY: The great jokesmith?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: He's dead.

BARON: (LAUGH) I know it! The director says "There is a man outside to you" and I said, "What kind of a man?" and he says, "A blind man!"

CHARLEY: A blind man!

BARON: Yes -- and I said, "Tell him he can't see me."

CHARLEY: You turned down a blind man?

BARON: He was blind drunk!

CHARLEY: That's different! Did you know him?

BARON: Sure -- He used to work in my mattress factory.

CHARLEY: In your mattress factory?

BARON: Yes --- he was a mattress tester, but I discharged him.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: (LAUGH) For laying down on the job.

CHARLEY: What drove him to drink?

BARON: A taxi cab, he-----

CHARLEY: No, no----I mean what was the reason he resorted to liquor?

BARON: A woman!

CHARLEY: A woman?

BARON: Yes -----he was in love with her -- and he asked her to share his lot.

CHARLEY: He asked her to share his lot?

BARON: Yes, and she said----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: She said, what?

BARON: Sure -- if you put a house on it.

CHARLEY: That was a wise crack.

BARON: Yes ----but he got back at her.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: He said, I'll give you anything you want.

CHARLEY: He was a nice man.

BARON: No----a butcher. So she says "All right, get me a dress for around the house."

CHARLEY: A dress for around the house!

BARON: Yes, and ----now it comes.

CHARLEY: His wise crack.

BARON: His snapper.

CHARLEY: His pun!

BARON: Get back!

CHARLEY: REPARTEE.

BARON: Joke.

CHARLEY: Witty remark.

BARON: Quibble!

CHARLEY: Wise crack!

BARON: (LAUGH) Back from where we started.

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron, tell me ----When she said "get me a dress for around the house" what did he say?

BARON: He said ----(LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: Sure -- (LAUGH) ---How big is the house?

CHARLEY: Some very funny things must happen while shooting a picture, isn't it so?

BARON: You have no idea! But in all the time I was out there the funniest thing I saw was while I was making that hit picture Fifty Ninth Street.

CHARLEY: Forty Second Street.

BARON: Please ----I know what street I'm on.

CHARLEY: Have it your way. What was this very funny thing you saw?

BARON: We was working on the set and --- (LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: You were working on the set and what?

BARON: (LAUGH) It was the funniest thing I ever saw in my life ----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Oh, come on, Baron----you were working on the set and you saw the funniest thing in your life.

BARON: Yes----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What was it?

BARON: (LAUGH) ----My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XXXXIII

"HOLLYWOOD BOUND"

PART II

CHARLEY: By the way, Baron, who's going to direct your picture?

BARON: The greatest director in the world!

CHARLEY: Who is that?

BARON & CHARLEY: (IN UNISON) My Cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: I expected that.

BARON: (LAUGH) So you wasn't disappointed.

CHARLEY: I didn't know Hugo was a director.

BARON: Sure-----He's the head director at the Emjim Studios.

CHARLEY: What studio?

BARON: Emjim.

CHARLEY: I never heard of it.

BARON: Why, Sharley! I'm susprized! Emjim is one of the biggest studios on the Coast.

CHARLEY: How do you spell it?

BARON: M. G. M.

CHARLEY: Oh, M - G - M!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: And Hugo is a director there?

BARON: Yes, sir.

CHARLEY: What does he direct --- comedies, educationals, features --

BARON: (LAUGH) He directs people to the elevator.

CHARLEY: He directs people to the elevator..

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: And he's going to direct your picture?

BARON: Yes sir.

CHARLEY: It had better be good.

BARON: It better be or there'll be no more.

CHARLEY: No more pictures?

BARON: (LAUGH) No more Hugo.

CHARLEY: Does he know anything about moving pictures?

BARON: He knows not only about moving pictures, but also about moving pianos.

CHARLEY: No, no, Baron! I mean is he familiar with motion picture technique?

BARON: -----What's the strange interlude?

CHARLEY: Does he know anything about directing pictures, does he understand cameras?

BARON: Sure ---he used to take pictures for the cherry happenings.

CHARLEY: The cherry happenings!

BARON: The strawberry -- what's going on -- the grape - it's now taking place.

CHARLEY: Do you mean current events?

BARON: That's it! Current events!

CHARLEY: A newsreel camera man.

BARON: Yes -----one time he took a picture from the top of Eiffel Tower.

CHARLEY: That's in Paris.

BARON: (LAUGH) Since it was built ---and while he was on the top he saw the country for miles around.

CHARLEY: He saw the country for miles around from the top of Eiffel Tower!

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: He got an eye-full.

BARON: Sure he-----things don't look so good for you.

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: Another time he took a picture of a big fire.

CHARLEY: Where was the fire?

BARON: At the bottom of a lake.

CHARLEY: A fire at the bottom of a lake!

BARON: Yes ---- and what a fire. They had a terrible time putting it out.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: They couldn't get any water.

CHARLEY: At the bottom of the lake.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I'm supposed to believe that?

BARON: Sure-----Don't you?

CHARLEY: Ordinarily, I wouldn't, but coming from you, I do.

BARON: I-----Are you falling in love with me?

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: Then there was the time when Hugo-----

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but if its all the same to you I'd rather not hear any more about Hugo.

BARON: (LAUGH) Me too.

CHARLEY: I'd rather hear of some of your picture experiences.

BARON: Did I ever told you about the time I doubled for Dollar Jones?

CHARLEY: Dollar Jones?

BARON: (LAUGH) Buck Jones!

CHARLEY: No, you did not.

BARON: Well, in this scene he was supposed to jump off a cliff -- on a horse.

CHARLEY: Jump off a cliff on a horse!

BARON: Yes-----well sir, when it came time he backed out and I had to take his place.

CHARLEY: You took the horse's place!

BARON: Sure I-----Why must you make snickers?

CHARLEY: Is it possible I misunderstood you, Baron?

BARON: Sure you did.-----and you hurt my feelings.

CHARLEY: My apologies!

BARON: My feelings!

CHARLEY: You didn't take the horse's place?

BARON: No sir.

CHARLEY: I didn't think so.

BARON: Sure not, I couldn't!

CHARLEY: I know it-----a horse is an intelligent animal.

BARON: Sure he's----(LAUGH)----I won't say anything now, Sharley, but every dog has his day.

CHARLEY: Have patience, Baron, yours will come.

BARON: I know it, I-----I am not a dog.

CHARLEY: I didn't say you were.

BARON: You better not.

CHARLEY: Like the horse, a dog is also an intelligent animal.

BARON: Sure he's -- you'll hear from my lawyer!

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what took place?

BARON: I got on the horse and jumped off the cliff -- it was a sixty nine hundred feet jump.

CHARLEY: You were on a horse and you jumped off a cliff -- sixty nine hundred feet high!

BARON: Yes-----

CHARLEY: Baron, you are fibbing.

BARON: (LAUGH) So, at last you don't believe me!

CHARLEY: No----because, I know for a fact it was a jump of ninety seven hundred feet.

BARON: It-----MAMMA!

CHARLEY: After the jump where did you and the horse land?

BARON: Zix miles away --- by a gully.

CHARLEY: By gosh!

BARON: No -- By gully. Away we galloped! Over hills, valleys, mountains, for zeven months.

CHARLEY: You rode the horse for seven months?

BARON: And zix days.

CHARLEY: Seven months and six days.

BARON: I could make it nine months and fourteen days.

CHARLEY: As far as I'm concerned you can make it six years and eight days.

BARON: And you wouldn't believe it?

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Maybe I better take some pills!

CHARLEY: What was the finish, Baron?

BARON: What do you think?

CHARLEY: You rode the horse so hard that he grew whiskers, tripped over them, broke a leg and you shot him.

BARON: You think that is what happened?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: Why?

CHARLEY: Because, I was there, Baron.

BARON: Oh, you was there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Yes, was you there, Baron?

BARON: Was I where?

CHARLEY: Where I was?

BARON: Where was you?

CHARLEY: Where was you?

BARON: In the same place.

CHARLEY: So we were both there.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----let's cut paper dolls.

CHARLEY: I've been doing that ever since we started working together.

BARON: Is that so?

CHARLEY: Yes-----

BARON: Yes?

CHARLEY: Yes! Yes, yes, yes!

BARON: (LAUGH) Just a "yes" man.

CHARLEY: How is your social standing in Hollywood, Baron?

BARON: The best ----in my house you will find every night people like Clark Cobble.

CHARLEY: Clark Gable.

BARON: Norma Clipper.

CHARLEY: Shearer!

BARON: Yes---Gretta Oigarbo.

CHARLEY: Greta Garbo ----a big girl in pictures.

BARON: A big smoke-----Edmund High.

CHARLEY: Edmund High?

BARON: (LAUGH) Lowe --- and his pal Victoria McLaughlin.

CHARLEY: Victor McLaughlin.

BARON: Sure - and Jean Harlow.

CHARLEY: The platinum blond.

BARON: Yes, the ploppinum blomb.

CHARLEY: Platinum blond.

BARON: Plipenum blimb, plob ---She's got yellow hair! and Wally Budweisery.

CHARLEY: Wally Budweisery?

BARON: (LAUGH) Beery----Sidney Sylvia, Cagney, Arliss, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, Crusoe.

CHARLEY: Crusoe?

BARON: (LAUGH) Robinson -- Beebe Daniels - Ben Lyons.

CHARLEY: Ben Lyons.

BARON: Boy -- how I love Lyon.

CHARLEY: Are you telling me?

BARON: Sure I----up to the last minute. One day I had for tea Mary Pitchfork, John Gibley, Zazu Spitts,

CHARLEY: Pitts.

BARON: Please -- I know what she does and Adolphe Menjow.

CHARLEY: Menjou.

BARON: Menjow.

CHARLEY: Jou.

BARON: Jow.

CHARLEY: Jou ---Menjou -- Menjou

BARON: (LAUGH) Oakiel

CHARLEY: All right, let it go.

BARON: Kate Smith.

CHARLEY: Kate Smith is a big woman in Hollywood.

BARON: (LAUGH) Kate Smith is a big woman anywhere. When the tea was served I asked Elsie Janis how many lumps of sugar she wanted.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me Miss Janis was there also.

BARON: Sure and hundreds of others.

CHARLEY: My stars!

BARON: My friends --

CHARLEY: And Miss Janis asked for two lumps of sugar.

BARON: So what did I do?