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OCTOBER

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LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

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9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

OCTOBER 7, 1933

SATURDAY

HOWARD CLANEY:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, good evening! Lucky Days Are Here Again!

Tonight the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes welcome back to the air, Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen...together with that talented bandmaster of musical comedy fame -- Al Goodman... with Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the DeMarco Sisters.....So now, here we go with --

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HOWARD CLANEY:

So round and pure and fully packed with fine tobaccos -- that's why LUCKIES draw so easily. You've noticed it and you've appreciated the smooth, even-burning quality that is so much a part of LUCKIES' character...Round and pure -- fully packed with the world's choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- and no loose ends. That's why LUCKIES draw so easily, burn so uniformly.

And now here comes the Baron, who has been places and seen things -- at least he's been to Hollywood and that's a place where you can see.....well suppose we let him speak for himself....ladies and gentlemen, it is positively a pleasure, a privilege and a picnic to give you once again -- his modesty -- the Baron Munchausen!

(HOME COMING -- PART I)

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HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl and his partner, Cliff Hall....they'll join us again in a few minutes -- and right now, Al Goodman and his Orchestra play --

(.....)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Always the finest tobaccos -- Always the finest workmanship -- Always LUCKIES please. Why do we say "Always LUCKIES Please?" Well, one reason is that every LUCKY is made of choice, ripe tobaccos -- the Cream of the Crop. Another reason -- LUCKIES are always round, firm, fully packed -- with no loose ends. Careful examination and inspection by over 60 precision instruments and 17 alert scientists, guarantee unfailing uniformity. That's why LUCKIES draw so easily, burn so evenly -- always mild and smooth. And that's why -- "Always LUCKIES please!"

(.....)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al -- and now we present for the second time this evening -- the distinguished guest of the occasion -- that eloquent linguist and world traveler -- the Baron Munchausen!

(HOME COMING -- PART II)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Amid that laughter and applause, Jack Pearl steps out of the spotlight -- he'll be back again at this same time next week -- Now Al Goodman continues with --

(.....)

HOWARD CLANEY:

I have here on the table beside me a sheaf of fine golden tobacco leaves -- purchased by expert tobacco buyers for LUCKY STRIKE. This is good tobacco -- real good tobacco! Notice the smooth silky texture. These are the center leaves of the plant. We don't use the harsh top leaves of the plant -- or the coarse bottom leaves. Only the few choice center leaves -- no stem -- no stalk. And every LUCKY is fully packed with these choice tobaccos. Round, firm -- free from loose ends. That's why LUCKIES always please.

(.....)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE program to a close..... Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's Orchestra, and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen!

So until next Saturday then -- goodnight!

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
10/7/33

R1X01 0189235

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE I

"HOME COMING"

PARTS I AND II

BY

EUGENE CONRAD

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

OCTOBER 7, 1933

ATX01 0189236

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE I

"HOME COMING"

PART I

CHARLEY: Well well! As I live and breathe! If it isn't the Baron Munchausen back home once more!

BARON: Hello Sharlie....

CHARLEY: It must be a wonderful feeling Baron....knowing thousands of people who really love you have been waiting weeks and weeks just to hear your voice again! It must be an exhilaration superinduced by a hypothetical coagitation.....a correllary subluxation of the emotions.....it must be.....

BARON: We're off! But Sharlie....did I have a great trip back! What a country that Canada is!

CHARLEY: You came back through Canada? Then you must have come by Buffalo.

BARON: ...What's the break in the continuity?

CHARLEY: I say you must have come by Buffalo.

BARON: No....by train. Right over the Rocky Empties.

CHARLEY: The Rocky Empties? This time you've got me!

BARON: That's my hard luck! Mt's.....Mountains! Maybe you only went to school at recess?

CHARLEY: It may be news to you that I have a B.S. Degree.

BARON: Shake! I'm a boy scout myself!

CHARLEY: Did you come on an extra fare train?

BARON: Not extra fair -- just fair.

CHARLEY: Was it a fast one?

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BARON: About six hundred miles an hour!

CHARLEY: Six hundred miles an hour?

BARON: That was up hill. On the level we made good time.

CHARLEY:But there's not a train in the world that can go over a hundred miles an hour.

BARON: You came back through Canada sometime?

CHARLEY: No....I never came back through Canada.

BARON: So we was making six hundred miles an hour! Suddenly the engineer turned around in his hansom....in his taxi.....

CHARLEY: In his cab!

BARON: I was just hailing one! And he said to the policeman....

CHARLEY: To the fireman!

BARON: (LAUGH) Funny....I can never tell 'em apart. He said "To make up lost time we got to do nine hundred miles this next hour....better throw on another piece of coal!"

CHARLEY: Do you expect me to believe that?

BARON: I'm hoping for the best. We got bigger ones coming!

CHARLEY: Did you run through any of those heavy electrical storms?

BARON: Yes but....(LAUGH) I made light of 'em! One hit us coming over the Rockies....and Suddenly....right out of the sky came fifty yards of lightning.

CHARLEY: Came what?

BARON: A hundred yards of lightning.....a bolt! It passed right through the brakeman and he never noticed it.

CHARLEY: The brakeman never noticed it? Can you explain it?

BARON: Sure.....He was a non.....conductor!

CHARLEY: A non-conductor! Let's get off the train.

BARON: After you! The last half of the journey I flew.

CHARLEY: You availed yourself of aeronautical transportation?

BARON: No....I took a plane.

CHARLEY: I hope you didn't suffer with air sickness?

BARON: What else could I do with it! My stomach started turning downside over and I said to the radio operator.. "What shall I do?"

CHARLEY: And what did he say?

BARON: (LAUGH) He said "stand by for further announcements! But we finally got here and landed on President's pasture....

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON: (LAUGH) Roosevelt Field....Never will I forget the reception I got!

CHARLEY: I suppose they met you with a brass band.

BARON: Twelve hundred pieces.

CHARLEY: Twelve hundred pieces!

BARON: In the first section! Suddenly a cheer went up from a million throats.

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: A half million throats.

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: He said "Hooray!"

CHARLEY: That's better.

BARON: Not for me! At this the band starts to play....

CHARLEY: The "Stars and Stripes Forever?"

BARON: No....they only played it once. Then the Mayor steps forward and says "Baron...old boy.....

CHARLEY: Listen....you're not famous enough to be met by the Mayor.....and it happens I can check on you this time. I saw the Mayor the morning you came in....and if he was out to meet you....describe his sartorial habiliments.

BARON: Well he....Hello?

CHARLEY: How was he dressed?

BARON: I couldn't see how he was dressed....(LAUGH)....The Governor was standing in front of him!

CHARLEY: Are you quite sure the President wasn't there?

BARON: Is he a tall heavy set man with glasses?

CHARLEY: Baron....you leave me speechless.

BARON: That's all right....the Mayor made the speech.

CHARLEY: Then I suppose he presented you with the key to the city!

BARON: He offered it to me but I wouldn't take it.

CHARLEY: You wouldn't take the key to the city?

BARON: Who needs a key? Everything's wide open!

CHARLEY: Never mind!

BARON: I don't mind....I like it! Just last night I was in a shush....A keep quiet....A don't talk so loud.....

CHARLEY: You mean a speak easy.

BARON: Did I S.O.S? I went in with a close relative.

CHARLEY: A close relative?

BARON: He didn't buy once! So I said...."Listen Hugo.....

CHARLEY: Hugo! Not your Cousin Hugo! I've been wondering where he's been all the time.

BARON: That's where he's been....All the time! He drinks that ten cent whiskey.

CHARLEY: Ten cent whiskey? He shouldn't drink ten cent whiskey!

BARON: He can't stand that five cent stuff!

CHARLEY: But he's drinking slow poison!

BARON: Well....(LAUGH).....He's not in a hurry!

CHARLEY: Does he drink often?

BARON: Sure....Off'n the table....Off'n the bar....and everytime he drinks he wants to fight.

CHARLEY: He gets pugnacious....Belligerent!

BARON: Rehearse it....please?

CHARLEY: I mean....can he fight?

BARON: Can he fight! My Cousin Hugo? Think of a wild bull charging a toreador! Think of a she wild-cat defending her young!

CHARLEY: Well?

BARON: That's Hugo before he gets angry. And tough! Just to keep in training he wrestles elephants....And when he gets a toe hold on an elephant....

CHARLEY: I suppose he can throw an elephant with a half Nelson!

BARON: A half Nelson? (LAUGH) A quarter is plenty!. But he thinks he'll cut out wrestling elephants....it's getting too hard on him.

CHARLEY: I should say it would!

BARON: YAH...He can't afford to buy a new elephant every morning!

CHARLEY: Now wait a minute Baron!

BARON: Don't stop me....I'm going good! Last night we were having a argument with Primo Carnera....

CHARLEY: The heavyweight champion.

BARON: Yes....and in the middle of the argument....Hugo got absent-minded...and Carnera had to uppercut him three times before he could attract his attention! When I left him he was munching cannon balls to keep the iron in his blood.

CHARLEY: That must be pretty heating.

BARON: YAH...He had a manhole cover in one hand...fanning himself with it!

CHARLEY: Now you're going too far...Baron.

BARON: Well don't go way...I got a round trip ticket!

CHARLEY: In another minute you'll be telling me your Cousin Hugo could whip King Kong.

BARON: I couldn't match 'em...Hugo saw the picture.

CHARLEY: And that's one he won't tackle....eh?

BARON: No...he says he don't fight sissies! The last fight he had he knocked out sixteen men.

CHARLEY: Sixteen men! You mean one right after the other?

BARON: No...all at once.

CHARLEY: Hold on now!

BARON: I'm gripping!

CHARLEY: The man doesn't live who can knock out sixteen men all at once....it's absurd....it's preposterous....it's a physical impossibility!

BARON: Was you there....Sharley?

CHARLEY: Was I there? I don't even know where it was!

BARON: So they piled the whole sixteen in the middle of the floor!

CHARLEY: Yes? Well I'm not letting you get away with a yarn like that! This is one you'll have to prove. How did he knock out the sixteen men?

BARON:Then he had another fight with a big Swede in the chair factory....and he....

CHARLEY: Never mind the big Swede....How did he knock out these sixteen men?

BARON: Eighteen men.

CHARLEY: Eighteen men!

BARON: He knocked out two more while we were talking about it.

CHARLEY: Never mind the other two....What about the sixteen?

BARON: Remember....You brought this on yourself! He picked up four men in one hand....four men in the other hand... four men in the other hand.....and four men in the other hand....And knocked their heads together!

CHARLEY: Why of all the.....How could he do that when he only has two hands?

BARON: Well you see....when Hugo gets mad....he forgets all about that!

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharlie!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE I

"H O M E C O M I N G"

PART II

CHARLEY: You know..Baron..we've talked about everything but
Hollywood.

BARON: I could build that place up a little..too!

CHARLEY: I'll bet you could! But tell me....who did you work
for out there?

BARON: I worked mostly for my relatives in the food business.

CHARLEY: What part of the food business are your relatives in?

BARON: The eating part!

CHARLEY: They never miss a chance to eat...eh?

BARON: I got a call for that picture "Dinner at Eight" and my
relatives all got there at seven thirty....with napkins
under their chins!

CHARLEY: Well tell me..Baron....How did you like Hollywood as a
whole?

BARON: Until your vocabulary starts back-firing!

CHARLEY: Well I can't help that..Baron...I'm just dripping with
education.

BARON: Some day I'm going to sponge you off! That reminds me
of the last picture I made....I was a sponge fisherman
in the Indian Ocean....We borrowed it to make the
picture.

CHARLEY: YOU borrowed the Indian Ocean?

BARON: You can borrow anything these days but money! We gave 'em San Francisco Bay as security.

CHARLEY: But how did you get the Indian Ocean over here? What method did you use? It must have been very complicated.

BARON: (LAUGH) It was a pipe! The only thing....we didn't know where to put it....so we scooped out a hole in the Pacific.

CHARLEY: Scooped out a hole in the Pacific! Say...What do you think I am? A big jackass?

BARON: No...but you'll grow!

CHARLEY: Yes?...Well all summer I've been working out a scheme to get even with you...and this season I've got a match for every story you can tell.

BARON: Never mind the match..Sharlie...I use my lighter!

CHARLEY: I'm going to give you yarn for yarn.

BARON: I'll be darned if you do!

CHARLEY: For instance....I know a family of pigs who can walk who can talk and they look just like people.

BARON: Sharley....Why bring your family into this?

CHARLEY: My family! Do you know who my family are? My father is one of the world's greatest sculptors.

BARON: A sculptor? (LAUGH) He certainly made a bust out of you!

CHARLEY: Is that so? Well remember...I don't have to be a clown.. a buffoon....to make a living. Brains is what I'm selling.

BARON: What are you selling...Sharley?

CHARLEY: I'm selling brains!

BARON: Well why don't you start showing some samples? But Sharley...we shouldn't quarrel this way.

LEY: You're right..Baron..we shouldn't quarrel this way.
: No...I know a better way! I tell you about the time I
went whale fishing in the China Sea.
EY: But Baron..there are no whales in the China Sea.
: There will be before I get through with this story!
EY: Incidentally...where is the China Sea?
: It's East by North West of the....Must you know?
EY: I'd like to.
(LAUGH) So would I!
Y: Very well...we'll proceed with the quest of the getacean
marsupial mammal.
First we...clean it up and I'll use it!
Y: That name means whale.
It should...it's big enough! I am now headed for the
whaling grounds on a Chinese railroad.
: Are you sure it's a Chinese Railroad?
I can tell by the wash out on the line. When I
arrived....I hired two Chinese sailors...both yodlers.
: What makes you think they were yodlers? What were their
names.
Hi Lee...And....Hi Lo!
: If they were Chinese how could you talk to them?
I used to work in a crockery store...I picked up a lot
of broken china!
Next you bought a boat.
Don't hurry me...please. I bought a bargain boat.
A bargain boat?
There was a big sale on it!
A big sail on it! Listen Baron....Don't you know
pun is the lowest form of humor?

BARON: (LAUGH) You got to stoop to conquer! Well...we sailed and sailed and sailed and sailed and....

CHARLEY: Wait! That's enough sailing!

BARON: I'm getting a little sea sick myself. All at once we spied a patch of oil on the water!

CHARLEY: A whale! A whale!

BARON: Yes, A.....did I told you this story before...Sharley? I got so excited my head was in the ocean.

CHARLEY: Your head was in the ocean?

BARON: It must have been....it was swimming! Then I suddenly realized I'd forgotten to bring any bait.

CHARLEY: Bait? You don't bait a whale..harpoon him! Harpoon him!

BARON: Listen...if you don't like the way I'm catching this whale....write to the sponsors!

CHARLEY: So what did you do?

BARON: I grabbed a piece of chop suey and put it on the hook. I was so excited I forget whether it was the chop or the suey I used!

CHARLEY: But whales don't go for chop suey!

BARON: This is a Chinese whale! But I didn't expect to catch a great big whale with a little piece of chop suey. So I caught a sardine.

CHARLEY: A sardine!

BARON: Any objections? Stop butting in or get off the boat! I shouldn't have brought you along in the first place!

CHARLEY: Go on with the story.

BARON: So I caught a sardine but I left him on the hook...and quicker as a wink a sword fish swallowed him. Then one two three....a sail fish swallowed the sword fish... A tuna fish swallowed the sail fish and a shark swallowed the tuna fish...And I had 'em all on the hook.

CHARLEY: Why that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of!

BARON: Except one.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: (LAUGH) You swallowed the whole story! But here was a meal the whale couldn't resist....And with one gulp he swallowed the whole business.

CHARLEY: A whale can't swallow a shark. It's throat is no bigger than a baby's.

BARON: This whale had his tonsils out. But then the fun began. Realizing he was hooked....he spun around and jerked me right off the boat onto his back....and off through the ocean he went at a mile a minute.

CHARLEY: How fast?

BARON: Two miles a minute.

CHARLEY: You just said a mile a minute!

BARON: He's picking up speed! And there I am standing on his back.

CHARLEY: I always understood a whale's back had a slippery substance all over it.

BARON: That's a lot of whale oil! Then a lucky thing happened. The whale got so scared he lost his memory and forgot how to swim.

CHARLEY: The whale forgot how to swim?

BARON: Do you mind? So I started to row him to England.

CHARLEY: Ah....But where did you get the oars?

BARON: I took a couple that you've been sticking in!! By the time we got to England he was crying.

CHARLEY: Crying?

BARON: I could see the whale blubber! So I picked him up in my arms and carried him to the one person who would understand him.

CHARLEY: Who was that?

BARON: (LAUGH) The prince of whales!

CHARLEY: And you say you carried this whale? Do you realize what a whale weighs?

BARON: (LAUGH) My back was lame for a week!

CHARLEY: And I suppose the prince elevated you to the knighthood!

BARON: That was just my luck....the elevator wasn't running that day.

CHARLEY: That's a whale of a fish story Baron...how does it finish?

BARON: I wouldn't disappoint you! The prince gilded the whale and put him in the gold fish bowl.

CHARLEY: Not for the salary I'm getting..Baron! That's one too many. How could they get a whale in a gold fish bowl?

BARON: They put him in hot water and he shrank!

CHARLEY: Shrank! Why of all the ridiculous..unbelievable... unequivocal.....

BARON: Er....Sharley....

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Don't make me ask you again! And stop tearing your collar and pulling your tie. What will your wife say if you go home all mussed up.

CHARLEY: My wife?

BARON: Yes...like my Lena...What a particular woman! If I get one little spot on my clothes or on the tablecloth ...does she give it to me!

CHARLEY: Well I'm boss in my home...I can dirty my clothes or the tablecloth or the whole house if I want to and she doesn't care a bit. That's the kind of a wife I've got!

BARON: By golly...Sharley...I wish I had a dirty wife like yours!

CHARLEY: Oh Baron!

BARON: Oh Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

EUGENE CONRAD/chilleen
10/6/33

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LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

WNAF

OCTOBER 14, 1933

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9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

SATURDAY

HOWARD CLANEY:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen -- the LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner, Cliff Sharley Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the DeMarco Sisters -- So now here we go with --

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

In making LUCKIES we actually discard 86% of the tobacco plant because we use only the fine center leaves -- no stem, no stalk. And each LUCKY comes to you fully packed with ripe, mellow, choice tobaccos -- so round, so firm -- and no loose ends. Is it any wonder that LUCKIES are always so mild, so smooth?

Now for the man of the hour -- the celebrated Baron, who is here tonight to discuss a few of the high-lights of his most amazing adventures -- So may we present, his modesty, the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART - PEARL SCRIPT)

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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 Al Goodman for ---

(_____)

CLANEY:

These days, smokers pay more attention to their cigarettes. Naturally they're talking about the way LUCKIES are made -- always so round, so firm, and fully packed; - brimful of the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, and without loose ends. That's why LUCKIES draw easily, burn evenly and are so mild -- so smooth. Always the finest tobacco, always the finest workmanship, always LUCKIES please.

(_____)

CLANEY:

Thank you Al Goodman -- and right here, ladies and gentlemen -- is where we turn the spotlight on that eminent scholar and ambassador of good-will -- the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART - PEARL SCRIPT)

CLANEY:

And there goes Jack Pearl until this same time next week -- Now Al Goodman continues with --

(_____)

CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE program to a close. Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's Orchestra and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen. So until next Saturday then -- good night!

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:McB:10/14/33

RTX01 0189253

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

"THE DOG CATCHER"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

OCTOBER 14, 1933

*** **

RTX01 0189254

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE 2

PART 1

"THE DOG CATCHER"

CHARLEY: Why, Baron! What's the idea of that uniform you're wearing and that net you're carrying and where in the world did you get that dog?

BARON: (LAUGH) I just ketched him!

CHARLEY: Just caught him?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: I don't get it, Baron.

BARON: (LAUGH) You don't have to ... I did.

CHARLEY: I mean the connection. What is it all about?

BARON: Read what says on my hat.

CHARLEY: Let's see Dog Catcher!

BARON: (LAUGH) That's me!

CHARLEY: Well, well! So you've gone to the dogs!

BARON: Sure I ----- you're commencing early with the snappers.

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but I didn't mean to be scurrilous.

BARON: I-----Hello?

CHARLEY: When I used the colloquial phrase "gone to the dogs" I did not mean that you had become inefficacious, subverted or gone to perdition and dilapidation.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Home again!

CHARLEY: What kind of a dog is he?

BARON: A Boston Police Dog!

CHARLEY: A Boston Police Dog?

BARON: (LAUGH) ----- A Boston Bull!

CHARLEY: He don't look like a police dog to me.

BARON: Ssh! Not so loud! He's a stool pidgeon.

CHARLEY: Who do you catch dogs for?
BARON: People who lose them.
CHARLEY: I should think people who lose dogs would advertise for them in the papers.
BARON: (LAUGH) What's the use ----- dogs can't read.
CHARLEY: Are you a dog lover, Baron?
BARON: (LAUGH) I like you ----- you see I -----
CHARLEY: Hold on! You're not referring to me as a dog, I hope!
BARON: No-----I should say not.
CHARLEY: Thanks for that!
BARON: A dog is an intelligent animal.
CHARLEY: I know, I -----Please! Sharley makes his own jokes.
BARON: I accept your apology.
CHARLEY: Do you know anything about dogs, Baron?
BARON: I should ----- since I've been married I have lead a dogs life.
CHARLEY: Please be serious, do you know anything about great danes?
BARON: I married one!
CHARLEY: You married a great dane?
BARON: (LAUGH) I thought you said a great dane!
CHARLEY: You must have had some exciting experiences catching dogs.
BARON: You have no idea! ~~I remember one day I was chasing a dog for six months.~~
CHARLEY: One day you were chasing a dog for six months?
BARON: Yes!
CHARLEY: There's no sense to that .
BARON: I know it-----he was an air plain dog.

CHARLEY: I suppose you're going to tell me it was an airdale.

BARON: No------(LAUGH)-----a sky terrier. When the people what lost him found out he was gone they felt terrible,----- it was a shame.

CHARLEY: A dog gone shame.

BARON: Yes. I-----Maybe it's too warm in here for you.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, Continue.

BARON: Well sir. I got track of him.

CHARLEY: You picked up his scent.

BARON: I-----what's the quotation?

CHARLEY: I said you picked up the dogs scent.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's another story. Anyhow I finally located him.

CHARLEY: Where?

BARON: He was stopping at the Hotel Ritz.

CHARLEY: The Sky Terrier was stopping at the Hotel Ritz?

BARON: Yes-----He was putting on the dog. When he found out I was after him, he burned up!

CHARLEY: The dog burned up?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Hot dog!

BARON: Yes he-----who's gonna tell the jokes tonight?

CHARLEY: My error -- proceed, Baron.

BARON: Well sir, when I got to his room he was packing his trunk.

CHARLEY: The dog was packing his trunk?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: I never heard of an animal with a trunk.

BARON: Did you ever hear of an elephant?

CHARLEY: Why, yes!

BARON: That's all I want to know. The dog was packing his trunk--- so I said Sky ----- you got to come with me. With that he jumps out the window and goes down the fire-escape.

CHARLEY: The dog went down the fire-escape?

BARON: On one leg. And just as he ---

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron-----are you trying to insult my intelligence?

BARON: Don't let's talk about small things. Down he went and me after him. For nineteen days I chased him!

CHARLEY: Nineteen days?

BARON: And two hours.

CHARLEY: Preposterous!

BARON: Monotonous! By this time we was in California.

CHARLEY: You mean to say you chased him clean across the country?

BARON: Across the country, but not so clean. Just when I was going to put the net over him, he whistled.

CHARLEY: The dog whistled?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: You don't think I'm going to believe that, do you?

BARON: Ripley!

CHARLEY: What do you mean, Ripley?

BARON: Believe it or not. When he whistled up come five million dogs.

CHARLEY: Five million dogs?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: I didn't know there were that many dogs in the country.

BARON: (LAUGH) You know it now. All kinds of dogs! Poodles, Fox terribles, Eskimuts, blood hounds, collices, low price dogs ---

CHARLEY: What do you mean low priced dogs?
BARON: Sheep dogs. One dog gave me a bite on the foot-----
one of those long dogs with the long legs.
CHARLEY: Whippet?
BARON: -----could you serve that again?
CHARLEY: I said Whippet!
BARON: (LAUGH) No-----I just kicked him in the shins.
That started the other dogs and they all came after me.
For eighty zix hours I fought them ---- and oh, was
I tired!
CHARLEY: Dog tired.
BARON: Yes, I ----- could you leave the name of your
nearest living relative?
CHARLEY: On with your story, Baron.
BARON: Dogs was on the left of me, dogs on the right of me,
dogs in back of me ---- and what do you think was in
front of me?
CHARLEY: Dogs?
BARON: No -----cats!
CHARLEY: Cats?
BARON: Millions!
CHARLEY: Where in the world did the cats come from?
BARON: The mountains!
CHARLEY: What mountains?
BARON: The Catskill mountains!
CHARLEY: But the Catskill Mountains aren't in California!
BARON: They are tonight. And to make it worse it started
raining.
CHARLEY: Raining?
BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Cats and dogs!

BARON: Sure I -----maybe a hot water bottle would help you.

CHARLEY: What then, Baron?

BARON: The cats and dogs came after me. What did I do?

CHARLEY: I don't know and I don't care!

BARON: (LAUGH) So I'll tell you. They started jumping on me-----biting, scratching, clawing-----suddenly out of the woods comes sixty five thousand squirrels.

CHARLEY: Sixty five thousand squirrels?

BARON: And a chipmunk!

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm dizzy!

BARON: I knew that for years. The squirrels saved me!

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: They said "We are hungry".

CHARLEY: The squirrels said that?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Talking squirrels?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: And I suppose with them was a singing blue fish, a dancing owl, and an acrobatic pelican!

BARON: (LAUGH) Somebody told you.

CHARLEY: Rave on, Baron!

BARON: The head squirrel said "If we save you, will you give us something to eat". So I said "Yes!"

CHARLEY: Baron, you amuse me.

BARON: (LAUGH) You look funny to me too. Well to make a short shory long-----

CHARLEY: To what?

BARON: To make a short lory strong ----- to shot a strong lory
----- let's forget it!

CHARLEY: I acquiesce!

BARON: -----what's the intelligence?

CHARLEY: I said I acquiesce!

BARON: (LAUGH) that's your own private business. Anyhow the
squirrels chased away the cats and dogs.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: (LAUGH) I haven't figured that out yet.

CHARLEY: Thank goodness for that.

BARON: Then the squirrels said "what have you got for us to
eat."

CHARLEY: You promised to feed them.

BARON: Sure, --- so I said "Do you want roast beef." And they
said "No" --- so I said "How about chicken, lobster,
clams ---- and they said "NO". "Well what do you want"
I asked and they said --- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Come on Baron, tell me. When you asked the squirrels
what they wanted to eat, what did they say?

BARON: They said----- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What!

BARON: NUTS.

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE 2

PART 2

"THE DOG CATCHER"

CHARLEY: You know, Baron, in all the excitement of your home-coming last week I never did get the real lowdown about your trip to Hollywood. I suppose you had a marvelous time.

BARON: Sharley, you have no idea! Horse backing, golfing, fishing, house parties, beach parties-----they was the best. Oh! how I used to love to lie on the beach!

CHARLEY: You would!

BARON: Sure-----must you be a clown?

CHARLEY: No offense intended, Baron!

BARON: And the trips to the Cats-in-the-Leana Island.

CHARLEY: Catilina Island!

BARON: Yes---what a place!

CHARLEY: Beautiful I suppose.

BARON: It's the cats! And Agua-----quel---aquant---aquell---

CHARLEY: Agua Caliente.

BARON: You took it right out of my mouth. And such gambling there!

CHARLEY: Don't tell me! On my last trip to Caliente I won two hundred thousand dollars on the horses, three hundred and fifty thousand at roulette, five hundred and fifty five thousand playing blackjack-----making a total of one million, one hundred and five thousand.

BARON: Please! The big numbers belong to the Baron!

CHARLEY: Don't you believe I won that amount?

BARON: Sharley, I would hate to doubt the veracity of your assertion or your probity.

CHARLEY: Please! The big words belong to Sharley!

BARON: (LAUGH) I've been saving those words for a long time. Also I went to the races.

CHARLEY: And you probably won twice as much as I did.

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be zilly-----I won the race track!

CHARLEY: What other places did you visit, Baron?

BARON: Well, I was in San Pedro!

CHARLEY: That's where all the battle ships are!

BARON: I love battle ships-----especially the old ones.

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about old battle ships?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----I married one!

CHARLEY: Did you attend any of those wild Hollywood parties?

BARON: (LAUGH) Every night! But the best party of all was the one they gave me before I left.

CHARLEY: A farewell party.

BARON: Yes! And such a party! Everybody was there!

CHARLEY: The who's who of Hollywood.

BARON: Yes-----all the big ser-lobbs!

CHARLEY: Ser-lobbs?

BARON: (LAUGH) Celebs! There was that lovely lady of the screen Marie Dressler. What a hit she made in her picture "Steamship Lizzie."

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, it's "Tug Boat Annie."

BARON: How particular you are about the size of a boat. And there was Hot Gibson.

CHARLEY: Hoot!

BARON: I-----could I have a retake?

CHARLEY: Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!

BARON: What are you? An owl?

CHARLEY: His name is Hoot Gibson!

BARON: (LAUGH) Who gives a hoot. And also was there Roscoe Ates.

CHARLEY: A fine actor.

BARON: And a fine feller! I was at his house one night for dinner.

CHARLEY: At Roscoe Ates house for dinner?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Dinner at Ates!

BARON: Sure I ----- How did I ever come to meet you?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: He wanted to take me up to the Painted Desert.

CHARLEY: Did you ever see the Painted Desert?

BARON: See it ----- (LAUGH) ----- I painted it.

CHARLEY: Let's go back to the party. Who else was there?

BARON: Edmund High!

CHARLEY: Edmund High?

BARON: (LAUGH) I went up too far! I meant Edmund Lowe!

And there was Marlene Detriech, Joan Crawfish, Crusoe,---

CHARLEY: Crusoe?

BARON: (LAUGH) Robinson-----Helen Twelvetrees.

CHARLEY: Twelvetrees!

BARON: (LAUGH) I didn't mean to make small of her and Alice South.

CHARLEY: Alice South?

BARON: Bessie North, Minnie East -----

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean Mae West?

BARON: That's it! Mae West! Come up and see me some time.

CHARLEY: Seems like all the big stars were there!

BARON: All of them-----and I gave each star a gold cigarette case full of cigarettes.

CHARLEY: You gave each star a gold cigarette case full of cigarettes?

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: Lucky stars!

BARON: No, Lucky Strikes!

CHARLEY: It must have been a marvelous affair.

BARON: You can't imagine. It went on all day -----and then dinner! And what a dinner!

CHARLEY: Sumptuous!

BARON: No-----Chicken. At the table was nineteen hundred people.

CHARLEY: Wait, Baron-----I'm about overfed. You couldn't make me believe you could seat nineteen hundred people at a table at a house party.

BARON: Sharley, when I come to think of it I made a mistake.

CHARLEY: I thought you did!

BARON: There wasn't nineteen hundred people.

CHARLEY: I'm sure there wasn't!

BARON: There was twenty six hundred!

CHARLEY: Now wait a minute, Baron! Please don't ask me to believe that! You know you couldn't possibly seat that many people at a table.

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So there was twenty six hundred people at the table-----for two cents-----I make it more.

CHARLEY: Alright-----there were twenty six hundred people at the table.

BARON: And two waiters!

CHARLEY: Two waiters served twenty six hundred people?

BARON: Sure-----what do you think it was? A cafeteria?

CHARLEY: I'm not going to argue.

BARON: You're getting smarter every day. Well sir, the party broke up at four o'clock N.M.

CHARLEY: What in the world is 4 o'clock N.M.?

BARON: (LAUGH) Next morning. When I went to drive my car I was groggy!

CHARLEY: Had you been drinking?

BARON: Not much, I had thirty five cocktails.

CHARLEY: Just a nip.

BARON: A sample. But was I goofy!

CHARLEY: After the thirty-five cocktails.

BARON: Yes---I couldn't drive.

CHARLEY: Why didn't you have your chauffeur drive?

BARON: (LAUGH) He had forty five! Anyhow I started off-----the street was full of celebrities going to their cars----- I stepped on the gas and bang-----I hit a man.

CHARLEY: A celebrity?

BARON: One of the biggest!

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: Guess!

CHARLEY: Clark Gable?

BARON: No!

CHARLEY: James Cagney?

BARON: No!

CHARLEY: John Barrymore?

BARON: No!

CHARLEY: I give up, who?

BARON: (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Well, come on-----toll me who was the big celebrity
you hit?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----MY COUSIN HUGO!

*** **

(END OF PART 2)

10/14/33-D

ATX01 0189267

WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1933

(SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Charlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the DeMarco Sisters. So now here we go with --

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Every one knows that a long, firm, white ash results from perfect-burning, fine tobaccos. Notice the ash on LUCKY STRIKE. See how even, how firm, how white. That long, white ash is the unmistakable sign of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine tobacco quality -- fully packed -- and no loose ends. Always the finest tobaccos -- always the finest workmanship -- always LUCKY'S please.

We bring you now, the man of the hour -- the celebrated Baron -- who is remembering tonight his adventures in the Antarctic -- those frigid days and nights that he spent with Eskimos, polar bears and icebergs -- Ladies and gentlemen -- his royal shyness -- the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION")

ATX01 0189268

RTX01 0189269

HOWARD CLANEY:

And there go Jack Pearl and his shadow, Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- they'll come back to you later -- And right now we'll call on Al Goodman for --

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

One thing you can always be sure of -- the LUCKY STRIKE you buy today is identically the same in quality, in mildness, as the LUCKY STRIKE you buy at any future time anywhere. The reason is -- every step in the making of a LUCKY STRIKE is a step towards uniformity. There are over 60 precision instruments for this purpose. That's why every LUCKY STRIKE is so round, so firm, so fully packed -- no loose ends....always mild and smooth.

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Al Goodman -- And now the Baron is parking his snow shoes and preparing to step into the spotlight to continue his Antarctic discussion -- So we give you now -- that eminent iceman from the South Pole -- THE BARON MUNCHAUSEN!

(SECOND PART -- "ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that Jack Pearl leaves us until the same
time next week -- Right here Al Goodman continues with --

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE Program to a close.
Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's Orchestra and
another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are
grateful for the overwhelming public appreciation of this weekly
program, and for the privilege of bringing you, in the person of the
Baron Munchausen, the popular favorite of America's radio audience.
Thank you and goodnight!

(THEME)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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**** ****

AGENCY/chilleen
10/20/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE III

"ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

OCTOBER 21, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

EPISODE III

"ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION"

PART I

CHARLEY: My goodness, Baron! You look like you're all dressed up for the frozen North!

BARON: (LAUGH) This time I fool you, Sharley --- I'm dressed up for the frozen South!

CHARLEY: The frozen South? What's the idea?

BARON: You don't think I'm gonna let Byrd make a sucker out of me, do you?

CHARLEY: You mean you're going to try to beat Admiral Byrd to the South Pole?

BARON: (LAUGH) I can do it without trying!

CHARLEY: Have you had any experience in Antarctic expeditions?

BARON: -----Hello!

CHARLEY: Are you familiar and acquainted with the conditions one meets in delving, exploring and traversing the frigid terlane at the Southern apex of the earth?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Who's afraid of the big bad cow?

CHARLEY: Please understand me, Baron, do you know anything about the South Pole?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----My zister married one.

CHARLEY: Your sister married a what?

BARON: Not a what! A soused pole----

CHARLEY: Do you mean a native of Poland?

ATX01 0189273

BARON: Yes. And the night they got married, oh, Sharley --
was he soused?

CHARLEY: He's a drinker?

BARON: No ---(LAUGH) ---He's a Barber.

CHARLEY: The Pole is a barber?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: A barber Pole!

BARON: Sure-----Why must you always be a snapper?

CHARLEY: Forgive me, Baron-----continue!

BARON: He is a small barber!

CHARLEY:)
BARON:) (IN UNISON) Just a little shaver!

BARON: (LAUGH)----That time we snapped together!

CHARLEY: I suppose you've been to the South Pole before!

BARON: Not only the South, but also the North, the East and
the West Poles!

CHARLEY: What are you talking about? There are no East or
West Poles!

BARON: Sure not! I chopped them down!

CHARLEY: But the East or West have no axis.

BARON: (LAUGH) I brought along my own axes. The last time
I was to the South Pole I nearly didn't come back.

CHARLEY: Too bad you did.

BARON: Sure I-----More snapping.

CHARLEY: On with your story, Baron.

BARON: I was crossing the Sahara desert when I -----

CHARLEY: You were crossing the what?

BARON: -----Am I wasting my time?

CHARLEY: Did you say you were at the South Pole crossing the
Sahara desert?

BARON: Sure-----

CHARLEY: That's in Africa!

BARON: This was before they moved it!

CHARLEY: I give up!

BARON: I was crossing the desert----climbing over the icebergs--

CHARLEY: Icebergs on the Sahara desert?

BARON: Big ones!

CHARLEY: Do you know what an ice berg is?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: I piece of water frightened stiff!

CHARLEY: Baron, you'll kill me yet.

BARON: (LAUGH) I hope so!

CHARLEY: You ran into Icebergs.

BARON: That's what I said!

CHARLEY: And I suppose ice floes!

BARON: -----I beg your privilege.

CHARLEY: I said ice floes!

BARON: (LAUGH) ---So does beer. Oh, was it cold!

CHARLEY: I suppose it was below zero!

BARON: -----What's the complication?

CHARLEY: Zero! You know what Zero is, don't you?

BARON: Sure-----he played a violin while Rome was burning.

CHARLEY: No, no! Zero is naught, cipher, nothing! Zero is nothing.

BARON: (LAUGH) What a lot of talk about nothing.

CHARLEY: In any event it was very cold.

BARON: Well, to give you an idea ----they had a statue of Columbus.-- you know the one I mean --- with both his hands up.

CHARLEY: With his hands extended in the air!

BARON: That's the one. Well, it was so cold he had to put his hands in his pocket.

CHARLEY: Now, look here, Baron ---You don't expect me to believe a statue put its hands in its pocket, do you?

BARON: Sure. I got nothing else to do.

CHARLEY: Well I don't believe it.

BARON: Would you believe he sat on his hands?

CHARLEY: No! It's asking too much of me. A thing like that couldn't possibly happen and you know it!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So he put his hands in his pockets!

CHARLEY: Alright ----it was so cold he put his hands in his pockets!

BARON: And he put on woolen underwear!

CHARLEY: Woolen underwear.

BARON: And a hot water bottle.

CHARLEY: I'll get nowhere arguing with you.

BARON: (LAUGH) Then you won't need a return ticket. Well sir ----I was rowing across the lake-----

CHARLEY: Rowing across what lake?

BARON: (LAUGH) ----any lake!

CHARLEY: Baron! You've got me groggy! First you're at the south pole, then you're on the Sahara desert -- with icebergs and now you're on a lake! Will you please fathom that out for me?

BARON: Sure. (LAUGH) The icebergs played pinochle and turned the desert into a lake.

CHARLEY: How in the name of common sense could icebergs playing
pinochle turn the desert into a lake?

BARON: (LAUGH) They all had good hands and melted!

CHARLEY: I give up!

BARON: While I was crossing the lake up swims a mouse.

CHARLEY: A mouse!

BARON: You know, --- one of those fellers with a hat rack on
his head.

CHARLEY: A moose!

BARON: (LAUGH) And zeven hundred woodpeckers.

CHARLEY: Just a moment! Woodpeckers don't swim!

BARON: (LAUGH) Right now they swim or sink! The mouse ---

CHARLEY: Not mouse! Moose!

BARON: Just for that it was a Rochester!

CHARLEY: A Rochester?

BARON: A Syracuse-----an Albany-----

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean a Buffalo?

BARON: That's it! A Buffalo! (LAUGH) I was in the
neighborhood!

CHARLEY: I never heard of a Buffalo in a lake.

BARON: (LAUGH) This was a water Buffalo. Quick as he sees
me he comes after me.

CHARLEY: The Buffalo?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: What about the woodpeckers?

BARON: (LAUGH) They'll be here in a minute. Suddenly the
Buffalo jumped off the bridge and-----

CHARLEY: Whoa!

BARON: And he was-----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! What is this about a bridge? Where did
that come from?

BARON: (LAUGH) It sneaked in. He jumped into the canoe --
upset it and there I was in the water! I didn't know
where I was!

CHARLEY: You were floundering!

BARON: -----Could I have your objection?

CHARLEY: You floundered!

BARON: (LAUGH) This is not a fish story. I started to swim---
just as I am only five miles from shore -- what do I
see following me?

CHARLEY: The woodpeckers!

BARON: Sure I-----what woodpeckers?

CHARLEY: The ones that went after you on page six!

BARON: (LAUGH) They got drowned on page seven! What was
coming after me?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Seals!

CHARLEY: Seals?

BARON: Eighty five hundred and forty one thousand six hundred
and twenty nine!

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: (LAUGH) I forgot the number-----what did I do?

CHARLEY: I'm ready for anything!

BARON: (LAUGH) You won't be disappointed! --- I picked up my
bean shooter.

CHARLEY: Your bean shooter!

BARON: Yes, I've bean carrying one for years.

CHARLEY: You've bean carrying a bean shooter for years.

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Now you're pulling the snappers.

BARON: (LAUGH) I have my moments.

CHARLEY: Well, what did you do with the bean shooter?

BARON: I hit every one of the zeals on the bean and killed them.

CHARLEY: I'm surprised at you, Baron! Destroying such useful animals.

BARON: Useful?

CHARLEY: Yes --- don't you know they skin seals and women get their fur coats from them?

BARON: No!

CHARLEY: Yes---

BARON: (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: What are you laughing at?

BARON: What you said!

CHARLEY: I said that they skin seals and women get their fur coats from them.

BARON: (LAUGH) It's the funniest thing!

CHARLEY: What is?

BARON: I've been a zeal for years and never knew it!

(END OF PART ONE)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE III

"ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION"

PART II

CHARLEY: Now look here, Baron ----

BARON: Will you please don't argue with me.

CHARLEY: I'm not arguing, but there are some things you say I just can't go for.

BARON: You don't have to go for them-----**(LAUGH)**----I'll bring 'em to you.

CHARLEY: You say after traveling miles and miles over ice fields you came to a village?

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: The natives had no tobacco, but they were smoking?

BARON: That's what I said!

CHARLEY: If they didn't have any tobacco will you please tell me what they were smoking!

BARON: **(LAUGH)** Fish!

CHARLEY: They were smoking fish?

BARON: Sure-----and they was arresting fish.

CHARLEY: Arresting fish?

BARON: Canning them! And also they was making cakes.

CHARLEY: Smoking fish, canning fish and making cakes?

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: What kind of cakes?

BARON: **(LAUGH)**----Fish cakes! The night I arrived they gave a big ball for me.

CHARLEY: A big ball?
BARON: (LAUGH)---a fish ball. And besides a dinner.
CHARLEY: A fish dinner, I suppose!
BARON: Yes -- and what a fish dinner!
CHARLEY: What's your favorite fish, Baron?
BARON: Goulash.
CHARLEY: Goulash isn't a fish!
BARON: I know it but it's my favorite. First they served me
sixty five drunken herring!
CHARLEY: Drunken herring?
BARON: (LAUGH) Pickled.
CHARLEY: Don't tell me you ate sixty-five herring!
BARON: (LAUGH) And a cod fish! Also we had halibut, blue
fish, mackerel, sea bass, smelts, black fish, weak
fish --- and then we had -----(LAUGH)
CHARLEY: Then you had what?
BARON: Fish! Was that a dinner!
CHARLEY: Sounds fishy to me!
BARON: Sure it -----maybe you better go to bed.
CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron!
BARON: After the dinner the two Irishmen got up and said----
CHARLEY: Two Irishmen? What two Irishmen.
BARON: The ones what gave me the fish dinner!
CHARLEY: Who were they?
BARON: (LAUGH) Finn and Haddie!
CHARLEY: Baron, you've got me on the verge of a nervous
breakdown.
BARON: (LAUGH)----What a break for me. Well sir, Finn and
Haddie said "So long, Baron, we hope you got to the
North Pole safe."

CHARLEY: North Pole? I thought you were at the South Pole!

BARON: (LAUGH) What you think is none of my business!-----
anyhow I left them feeling good --

CHARLEY: Full of enthusiasm!

BARON: (LAUGH) No---full of fish! For zeventy five days I
fought my way through a blizzard!

CHARLEY: Where did you run into a blizzard?

BARON: In Brazil! So I-----

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, wait! They have no blizzards in
Brazil!

BARON: (LAUGH) They got one now! Oh, was it snowing!
Some of the snow flakes was weighing over fifty
pounds!

CHARLEY: Over fifty pounds?

BARON: Yes-----now comes the unbelieving part!

CHARLEY: Oh, we haven't come to that yet!

BARON: (LAUGH) Not for a lont time ----one of the snow flakes
hit me on the head and down I went!

CHARLEY: Of course you want me to believe that!

BARON: Why not! I got nothing else to do!

CHARLEY: I may as well tell you now that I'm getting to the
stage where I'm going to stop believing.

BARON: (LAUGH) Stop believing, and you stop eating. Well
sir, down came a two hundred pound snow flake!

CHARLEY: It's snowing harder now than it was before.

BARON: Sure-----some of the flakes was even heavier!

CHARLEY: 'S-now use!

BARON: I-----murder must sometimes be a pleasure!

CHARLEY: On with your fable, Baron!

BARON: I was ready to give up when up comes a Zulu.

CHARLEY: A Zulu?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Where in the world did the Zulu come from?

BARON: (LAUGH) The zoo! ---With him he had a wolf ---the wolf was chewing a piece of wood.

CHARLEY: The wolf was chewing a piece of wood?

BARON: Yes---(LAUGH)---he was a timber wolf! So I said "Oh, Grandpa, what big eyes you got," and the Wolf said, "They are good to see with my dear," and I said --- "What a big mouth you got and-----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! It was Little Red Riding Hood who said that!

BARON: I beg your interference?

CHARLEY: It was Little Red Riding Hood who said that.

BARON: (LAUGH) Was she there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Maybe she was!

BARON: (LAUGH) So I got a witness. Well sir, I got on the ship.

CHARLEY: Now you're on a ship!

BARON: Sure--- a dog ship.

CHARLEY: A dog ship?

BARON: A bark. For nineteen months the ship was battling through the ice!

CHARLEY: Ice? In Brazil?

BARON: (LAUGH) Don't be zilly ---By now we was in Skosh's Novis.

CHARLEY: In where!

BARON: (LAUGH) Pick your own place.

CHARLEY: Do you mean Nova Scotia?

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe that's her name. Following the ship was a wall-rus.

CHARLEY: A what?

(NOTE: AD LIB)

BARON: Oh, Sharley, did he have two buck teeth!

CHARLEY: Not buck teeth, Baron ----those are tusks!

BARON: He was-----I beg your obsession!

CHARLEY: Tusks! Tusks! Tusks!

BARON: (LAUGH) Gerzuntite!

CHARLEY: What happened then, Baron?

BARON: The valrus kept following the ship----

CHARLEY: He evidently was hungry!

BARON: Sure ----so we chucked over everything that was left
from the table.

CHARLEY: Everything that was left from the table?

BARON: And a box of lemons.

CHARLEY: A box of lemons?

BARON: Yes ----still he wasn't satisfied.

CHARLEY: He was a bear for food!

BARON: (LAUGH) No --- he was a valrus ---even we threw him
a chair.

CHARLEY: A chair!

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: And still he wasn't satisfied?

BARON: No! So the captain said "Baron, it looks like he's
a man eater and the only thing that will satisfy him
is a man. Throw him one."

CHARLEY: The captain told you to throw him a man?

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: Did you do it?

BARON: No! Instead I threw him ----(LAUGH)----

CHARLEY: Instead you threw him what?

BARON: (LAUGH) My cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Hugo!

BARON: Yes----Zix weeks later we was fishing and ketched the Valrus!

CHARLEY: Not the same one?

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: How did you know it was the same one?

BARON: Because we opened him up and----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: You opened him up and what?

BARON: There was my cousin Hugo----(LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: Your Cousin Hugo?

BARON: Yes----(LAUGH)-----sitting on the chair making lemonade!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART TWO)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
10/18/33

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

()-()
9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

OCTOBER 28, 1933

SATURDAY

(THEME)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, The Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the De Marco Sisters. So now here we go with --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

When smoking a LUCKY have you noticed the long white ash? That's the sign of fine, choice Turkish and domestic tobaccos. And have you noticed how fully packed LUCKIES are with these choice tobaccos -- rolled right -- so round -- so firm -- so fully packed -- and no loose ends. ALWAYS the finest tobaccos, ALWAYS the finest workmanship, ALWAYS LUCKIES please.

The Baron is getting ready to take-off in a discussion of his aeronautical experiences -- So we present now -- the high-flying Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART --- "THE AIR MAN")

ATX01 0189286

HOWARD CLANEY:

And after making that three-point landing the Baron side-slips into the wings until a little later in the program.....And now we turn to Al Goodman for --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The very heart of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine quality is choice tobaccos -- ripened by warm sunshine, rich soils and gentle rains. Right now up to one hundred million dollars worth of fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos, the Cream of the Crop, are aging and mellowing for the makers of LUCKY STRIKE. For only a special selection of choice tobaccos is used in making your LUCKIES so round, so firm and fully packed -- free from loose ends. The reason why LUCKIES are always the same in mildness, smoothness, in delicious taste.

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you, Al Goodman -- And now the Baron steps blithely before the microphone and prepares to put friend Charlie through a few loops, tail-spins, and nose-dives ---So we give you now that celebrated Airman -- the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE AIR MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall bow out of the spotlight,
and Al Goodman continues with --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE program to a close.
Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's Orchestra and
another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are
grateful for the overwhelming public appreciation of this weekly
program, and for the privilege of bringing you, in the person of the
Baron Munchausen, the popular favorite of America's radio audience.
Thank you and good night!

(THEME)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
10/27/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE IV

"THE AIR MAN"

PARTS I & II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

OCTOBER 28, 1933

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE IV

"THE AIR MAN"

PART I

CHARLEY: Is that an aviator's outfit you're wearing, Baron?

BARON: What does it look like? A kimona?

CHARLEY: Are you going flying?

BARON: What do you think ----deep sea diving?

CHARLEY: Hardly, but where you're concerned, Baron, people can't tell what impossible thing will happen.

BARON: Is that so?----Well, I can tell 'em!

CHARLEY: And how you can tell 'em!

BARON: Sure I-----QUIET Please!

CHARLEY: I wasn't aware that you were interested in aeronautics!

BARON: -----HELLO!

CHARLEY: I didn't know that you were cognizant of things appertaining to the fundamentals of aeronautics or had any knowledge of the complicated, scientific and mechanical devises and Modus operandi of crafts that soar the upper stratus!

BARON: (LAUGH)-----WHERE'S ELMER?

CHARLEY: Do you know anything about dirigibles?

BARON: -----what's the complication?

CHARLEY: Dirigibles! A craft with compartments filled with hot air and gas.

BARON: (LAUGH) -----Please-----Keep my wife out of the argument.

R1X01 0189290

CHARLEY: I'm talking about a great big inflated balloon!

BARON: (LAUGH) ---That's hor.

CHARLEY: Let it go! Do you know anything about Bombers?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sometime you must meet him!

CHARLEY: Who?

BARON: (LAUGH)----MY COUSIN HUGO!

CHARLEY: Your cousin Hugo is a Bomber?

BARON: (LAUGH) I thought you said Bummer!

CHARLEY: Is he a flyer? Has he a pilot's license?

BARON: Sure----he's been a pilot for years!

CHARLEY: Really?

BARON: Yes sir!----On a farm!

CHARLEY: A pilot on a farm?

BARON: Sure ----he would pile it here and pile it there, and---

CHARLEY: That's an old joke!

BARON: He's an old pilot!

CHARLEY: In all seriousness, Baron ----does Hugo do any flying?

BARON: Sure----he makes non-stop Moth flights!

CHARLEY: Non-stop Moth flights?

BARON: Yes sir, he----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Will you please tell me what a non-stop Moth flight is?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----From coats to coats! One time Hugo ---

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron ---but I'd rather not hear any more about Hugo!

BARON: (LAUGH) Either would I.

CHARLEY: I'd rather hear about your own flying experiences.

BARON: Well ----One time I flew around the world sixteen times!

CHARLEY: One time you flew around the world sixteen times?

BARON: For over two hours!

CHARLEY: That don't make sense!

BARON: I know (LAUGH) but it makes conversation!

CHARLEY: If you had accomplished a flying feat like that it would have been in the papers!

BARON: It was in the papers!

CHARLEY: What papers?

BARON: (LAUGH) Fly papers!

CHARLEY: Of course you expect me to believe that?

BARON: (LAUGH) If you do it will save a lot of argument.

CHARLEY: Alright ---you flew around the world sixteen times.

BARON: (LAUGH)----You can be so sweet. Well, sir, for seventy two hours I was flying upside down and I-----

CHARLEY: Upside down? For seventy two hours?

BARON: Yes and I-----

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! You're going too far! No one in the world could fly upside down for that length of time!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! I was not!

BARON: So-----Quiet please!

CHARLEY: After that my mouth is shut!

BARON: (LAUGH) That's fine! I flew and flew and flew --for days! My first landing was in Ber--mooder.

CHARLEY: Bermuda!

BARON: Ber--mooder!

CHARLEY: Not mooder ----muda. MU---MU.

BARON: MOO----MOO!

CHARLEY: MU!

BARON: MOO-----what are we? A couple of cows?

CHARLEY: On with your flight, Baron!

BARON: Twenty minutes later I landed in London. Five minutes later I had to come down in Calcutta!

CHARLEY: You flew from London to Calcutta in five minutes?
BARON: Yes!
CHARLEY: Another impossible feat!
BARON: Who's talking about feet? Down I came in Calcutta!
CHARLEY: For fueling?
BARON: No sir --- no fueling -- it was strictly business!
CHARLEY: On with your story, Barry.
BARON: Sure I-----BARRY!
CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, that was a slip of the tongue.
BARON: Put ashes on it so it won't slip again!
CHARLEY: I'll do that, Munchy!
BARON: I-----MUNCHY!
CHARLEY: Again I apologize!
BARON: In one minute you're gonna run out of apologies.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry!
BARON: Eight minutes and four seconds after I left Calcutta,
I was in Atlantic City, four minutes from then I was
in Spain and where do you think I was six minutes and
nine seconds later?
CHARLEY: Flying over Ireland; making a loop that brought you
over France and then went into a tailspin that landed
you in Australia!
BARON: (LAUGH) It's funny how you find things out.
CHARLEY: You certainly get around, Baron!
BARON: (LAUGH) I travel fast!
CHARLEY: I'll say you do!
BARON: You don't have to say anything ----just listen!
CHARLEY: What happened then?
BARON: I put my motor to full speed ---up I went, up-----
CHARLEY: What type of motor was your plane equipped with?

BARON: A South American motor!

CHARLEY: A South American motor?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: What in the world is a South American motor?

BARON: (LAUGH) Five thousand revolutions a minute! Up I went! Up! Up! Up! Up!

CHARLEY: Have you got the hiccoughs?

BARON: Sure I-----Quiet please!

CHARLEY: My error, Baron!

BARON: Up I went ----right above me was a big cloud ----but I didn't see it.

CHARLEY: Was your visibility bad?

BARON: I was-----did somebody come in?

CHARLEY: I said was your visibility bad?

BARON: (LAUGH) I don't know ----I didn't see the ex-ray pictures yet!

CHARLEY: No, no, Baron! I mean your vision. How was your vision?

BARON: She was gorgeous!

CHARLEY: Will you please understand me? How was your sight?

BARON: (LAUGH) She wasn't with me!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, but I won't be able to stand this honey long.

BARON: Please----- (LAUGH) ----no politics! Well sir, there, over me was the big cloud ----I tried to steer the plane but the steerer wouldn't steer -- so what happened?

CHARLEY: You landed on the cloud!

BARON: No-----I missed it and landed on the moon!

CHARLEY: Landed on the moon?

BARON: Yes----and the man who owns it said: "Welcome, Baron!"

CHARLEY: The man who owns the moon?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: Who in the world owns the moon?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Mr. Mooney! We had a drink together!

CHARLEY: No doubt it was Moonshine!

BARON: Sure-----some day you're gonna wake up in a hospital.

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron!

BARON: Well, to cut up a long story in small pieces, I said:
"Mooney I got to get back to earth." So he gave us
two parachutes.

CHARLEY: Us? Who was with you?

BARON: (LAUGH) My cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Is he in again?

BARON: (LAUGH) Not again ----YET! I said: "Hugo, here's
where we jump from the moon." And he said: "Not me,
I'm not Mae West!"

CHARLEY: Not Mae West?

BARON: Yes, and I said: "What do you mean you're not Mae
West?" and he said----- (LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----I'm no angel!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

ATX01 0189295

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

EPISODE IV

"THE AIR MAN"

PART II

CHARLEY: Please, Baron! Don't let's get into another controversy!

BARON: Please! I know what I know, and I know air pilots can do anything birds can do!

CHARLEY: Anything birds can do?

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: Can they sit on a picket fence?

BARON: I-----why don't you stay in your own department?

CHARLEY: To hear you talk one would think you've done some stunt flying!

BARON: Stunt flying? (LAUGH) I remember once I was flying sixty miles high and I was-----

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! You couldn't have attained that altitude. It's possibly beyond the strathosphere!

BARON: -----Could I have a carbon copy?

CHARLEY: Beyond the strathosphere----the unexplored regions as yet unconquered!

BARON: -----Why don't you keep your mouth shut?

CHARLEY: But no one ever heard of any flyer ever reaching that altitude.

BARON: (LAUGH) I've kept it a secret!

CHARLEY: How in the world did you ever get up that high?

BARON: I had forty planes and forty rockets.

CHARLEY: Forty planes and forty rockets?

BARON: Yes sir! I flew one plane till I ran out of gas--- then I tied myself to a rocket and shot up to another plane and when that one ran out of gas I shot myself to another plane -- I shot myself forty times!

CHARLEY: Too bad one of the shots didn't take effect!

BARON: I know it, I-----maybe we better call it a day!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, proceed!

BARON: When I left one of the planes, the pilot made one of the biggest nose dives I ever saw!

CHARLEY: A big nose dive?

BARON: You have no idea what a nose dive!

CHARLEY: Who was the pilot?

BARON: (LAUGH) Jimmy Durante!

CHARLEY: Oh, please, Baron! I don't want to appear critical, but your conversation at times doesn't make good sense.

BARON: (LAUGH) I know ---but it makes a good living!

CHARLEY: Now tell the truth, Baron, just how high did you actually soar?

BARON: I wasn't sore!

CHARLEY: I mean how high up did you go?

BARON: Well, the glider was about-----

CHARLEY: Glider? What glider?

BARON: The one I was flying in!

CHARLEY: A moment ago you were on rockets, shooting from airplane to airplane.

BARON: A moment ago?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON: (LAUGH) Now it's different.

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm numb!

BARON: (LAUGH) I knew that for years! Suddenly up comes a storm! Oh, Sharley, a terrible storm!

CHARLEY: Wind storm, rain storm, hail storm -----

BARON: (LAUGH) One is enough!

CHARLEY: What happened?

BARON: The glider started to break up in pieces! I tried to hold on to the handle but I was blown away ---- Oh, was I mad?

CHARLEY: You flew off the handle!

BARON: Sure I-----maybe I'd better tie you up!

CHARLEY: Keep going, Baron!

BARON: (LAUGH) Try and stop me! Well sir, I stepped on the gas and the airplane shot away like a shot-----

CHARLEY: Here! Wait! What airplane?

BARON: The one I made while I was gliding!

CHARLEY: Do you mean to say you made a plane while you were gliding?

BARON: Sure-----I always do!

CHARLEY: I see----you make 'em up as you go along!

BARON: Sure it's-----maybe an aspirin would help you!

CHARLEY: A couple wouldn't hurt you!

BARON: I know it, I-----change that to Poison!

CHARLEY: Very well -----how will you take it?

BARON: I'll-----not for ME! For YOU!

CHARLEY: Don't excite yourself, Baron! You're liable to get high blood pressure!

BARON: (LAUGH) Not me!-----I'm aenemic!

CHARLEY: Getting back to the subject, Baron. You say while you were gliding along in the storm you built an airplane?

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me where you got the wood from?

BARON: It was raining pitchforks!

CHARLEY: Raining pitchforks?

BARON: Yes-----so what did I do?

CHARLEY: Who knows?

BARON: (LAUGH) I do!----I broke off the forks and used the handles!

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm spinning!

BARON: That's alright with me, old top!

CHARLEY: Even if you did use the pitchfork handles for wood----- what did you do for canvas?

BARON: I shot some ducks!

CHARLEY: Ducks?

BARON: (LAUGH) Canvas backs.

CHARLEY: I give up! To be truthful, Baron, I don't know how to handle you. I try to handle you from a severe end and I burn up -- I try to handle you from a kind end----- again I burn up.

BARON: That's the trouble!

CHARLEY: What's the trouble?

BARON: (LAUGH) You're burning the handle at both ends!

CHARLEY: What's the use!

BARON: I was flying above the clouds when I got thirsty!

CHARLEY: Thirsty?

BARON: Yes -----so I stopped for some milk.

CHARLEY: Where did you get milk above the clouds?

BARON: (LAUGH) On the milky way!

CHARLEY: I see-----and I suppose you drank it out of the dipper?

BARON: Sure I-----Quiet please!

CHARLEY: Rave on, Baron!

BARON: The following month the storm let up.

CHARLEY: You were flying a month?

BARON: And three weeks, two days and forty minutes ----I ran out of gas and oil and where do you suppose I was?

CHARLEY: Who cares?

BARON: (LAUGH) Not me! I was flying over the Lizzie Carrot ocean!

CHARLEY: Lizzie Carrot Ocean?

BARON: The Julie Cabbage Lake -----The Minnie Lima River-----

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean the Carribean Sea?

BARON: That's it ----The Carrie-bean Sea! There on the water was a woman in another plane!

CHARLEY: Amphibian?

BARON: (LAUGH) No ----Aunt Sophie. She gave me enough gas and oil to get me back home----here----to you.

CHARLEY: I hate her for that!

BARON: I------(LAUGH)-----she don't like you so much either! Well sir, the submarine got going----

CHARLEY: Submarine? Where did that come from?

BARON: (LAUGH) I don't know, but it's here. When I got the submarine in the air----

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron, you're going too far! You know as well as I do that you can't fly a submarine! And what's more you weren't where you said you were!

NOVEMBER

ATX01 0189302

WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

NOVEMBER 4, 1933

SATURDAY

(THEME)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the De Marco Sisters. So now here we go with --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Always the finest tobaccos and only the center leaves. Not only from our own Southland -- but from Turkey -- from Greece -- from all over the world -- the Cream of Tobacco Crops are gathered for LUCKY STRIKE. And only the center leaves are used -- no stem, no stalk. Each LUCKY STRIKE is fully packed -- firmly rolled. Even the ends of the cigarettes are filled -- brimful of choicest tobaccos. No loose ends -- that's why LUCKIES draw so easily -- burn so evenly.

And at this point, the Baron steps before the assembled multitude to discuss lion hunting in all its phases -- and we might add, that nothing phases the Baron -- So ladies and gentlemen, we give you -- the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "LION HUNTING")

ATX01 0189303

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that Jack Pearl leaves us, but he's only half finished for the evening, so we'll come back to him later.....

And now we turn to Al Goodman for --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

It would delight you to open a LUCKY STRIKE and examine the long, golden strands of fine tobaccos. To notice how fully packed it is -- how free from annoying loose ends. Every LUCKY STRIKE is a blend of the world's choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- finely shredded -- long and evenly cut. That's why every LUCKY draws so easily, burns so smoothly. ALWAYS the finest tobaccos -- ALWAYS the finest workmanship -- ALWAYS LUCKIES Please.

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al Goodman -- Now we'll pass the microphone to the man of the hour -- that eloquent linguist and old lion hunter -- the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "LION HUNTING")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave the stage and Al Goodman continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE Program to a close. Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's orchestra and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are grateful for the public appreciation of this weekly program with the Baron Munchausen.

Thank you and good night!

(THEME)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chillseen
11/3/33

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE V

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

"THE LION HUNTER"

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 4, 1933

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ATX01 0189306

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

EPISODE V

"THE LION HUNTER"

PART I

CHARLEY: So you're going away, Baron?

BARON: Yes, Sharley! It's too quiet around here ----I'm
going to travel, I'm-----(SNEEZE)

CHARLEY: I see----you've got the wanderlust!

BARON: No----(LAUGH)-----That's a cold in the head!

CHARLEY: I mean the nomadic instinct in you is calling you to
fields anew.

BARON: -----Hello!

CHARLEY: Adventure is beckoning you! You cannot resist the
call of the wild! Running the gauntlet of peril and
placing your life in jeopardy seems to be one of your
idiosyncracies!

BARON: -----Spring is here!

CHARLEY: Where do you contemplate going?

BARON: TO the Jungles!

CHARLEY: Hunting for tigers, leopards, and so forth, I suppose.

BARON: No! I'm a big lion man!

CHARLEY: Everybody knows that!

BARON: Sure it's-----Please! The Baron makes the snappers.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry. Tell me, Baron, what type gun do you use?

BARON: I don't use a gun.

CHARLEY: You hunt lions without a gun?

ATX01 0189307

BARON: Always---I use a big long spear with a big sharp point.

CHARLEY: You hurl a spear at them?

BARON: Sure.

CHARLEY: Do you always hit them?

BARON: (LAUGH) That's according to Hoyle---Also I use putty blowers --- with the funny jiggers with the feathers.

CHARLEY: Blow guns with darts?

BARON: (LAUGH)-----darts right! To use them takes a lot of wind.

CHARLEY: You've got it!

BARON: Sure I-----sometimes you must come to my Country.

CHARLEY: I meant that as a compliment, Baron. To use a blow gun one must be able to blow hard.

BARON: Sharley, I'am the champion blower of the world!

CHARLEY: Are you telling me?

BARON: I-----who's telling the jokes tonight? You or me?

CHARLEY: Don't misunderstand me, Baron, I was coinciding with you.

BARON: Well, co-in-side-and don't come out!

CHARLEY: I'm not going to argue with you, Baron. I'm more interested in how you kill lions with a spear and blow gun.

BARON: Well, one time I was hunting lions and I came to a cave ---in the cave was sixteen lion pirates.

CHARLEY: Pirates?

BARON: Yankees-----White socks-----

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you mean CUBS!

BARON: That's it! CUBS! And also was there the Mamma lion.

CHARLEY: The lioness!

BARON: I was-----Could I have a side order?

CHARLEY: Lioness! Lioness!

BARON: (LAUGH) WHO'S talking about potatoes?

CHARLEY: Not lionaise! Lioness! The female of the specie!

BARON: (LAUGH) Have it my way. Anyhow the lionaise took one look at me and roared!

CHARLEY: Laughed right in your face!

BARON: Sure and I was-----maybe I should have you arrested!

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: The papa lion wasn't home, he was at the club, so I----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! The papa lion was at what club?

BARON: (LAUGH) The Lions club!

CHARLEY: Maybe I should have you arrested!

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe a-rest would do us both good.

CHARLEY: Possibly ----but continue with your lion story.

BARON: Sure, I-----I don't like the way you said that.

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron ----tell me what happened?

BARON: Suddenly home comes the papa lion! Oh, was he a swell lion!

CHARLEY: A dandy lion.

BARON: -----Maybe I'm in the wrong place.

CHARLEY: What happened, Baron.

BARON: -----With him came sixty six more lions.

CHARLEY: Sixty six more lion?

BARON: Yes---some was twenty yards long, some thirty yards long, some forty yards long.

CHARLEY: That's a lot of lion!

BARON: Sure it's----(LAUGH) Let's talk about elephants.

CHARLEY: No----stick to your lion, Baron.

BARON: -----This is gonna wind up in a murder!

CHARLEY: Please go on, Baron.

BARON: I jumped on the back of the twenty yard lion! After me comes the other ones! What did I do?

CHARLEY: I suppose you----

BARON: You don't have to tell me! I know! I took my blower, and I went -- poof! And down went the sixty-six lions!

CHARLEY: With one poof.

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Poof!

BARON: Ye-----don't you believe it?

CHARLEY: Sure---I've got nothing else to do!

BARON: That's fine----lemme see---where was I?

CHARLEY: On the back of the twenty yard lion.

BARON: Yes-----I was on the twenty yard lion! I had the ball----down the field I ran----the crowd was cheering--- I was tackled ----down I went----

CHARLEY: Here! Hold on! A moment ago you were talking about wild game! Now you're talking about football!

BARON: That's a wild game too! I saw the Princeton-Yale game and the Harvard----

CHARLEY: Will you please forget football and stick to your lion.

BARON: Sure I-----again I say I should have picked elephants.

CHARLEY: Did you also dispose of the lion you were on?

BARON: No, I fell off.

CHARLEY: The water wagon?

BARON: Yes-----the lion!

CHARLEY: My error.

BARON: And before I knew it he was eighteen miles away. So I took my spear and threw it at him.

CHARLEY: Don't tell me it reached him!

BARON: Reached him?----(LAUGH)----it passed him!

CHARLEY: Passed him?

BARON: Yes sir -----and went three miles further!

CHARLEY: Baron, you're going to drive me crazy sooner or later.

BARON: (LAUGH) The sooner the better. Well sir -- the spear struck a rubber tree. And what happened?

CHARLEY: It went through the tree, turned around, flew toward the lion, struck him and killed him!

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe you better be the Baron!

CHARLEY: Isn't that what happened?

BARON: NO SIR! It couldn't! Such a thing would be impossible. Preposterous!

CHARLEY: Was you there, Baron?

BARON: I-----what's going on tonight?

CHARLEY: I was only joking, Baron, keep going!

BARON: The spear hit the rubber tree and did what your last check did!

CHARLEY: What my last check did?

BARON: Yes-----it bounced back! The handle hit the lion on the head and knocked him out.

CHARLEY: Baron, that story is a knockout!

BARON: Sure, its-----we'll take that up at the next meeting! I tied him up and put him on a train.

CHARLEY: Ah! A trained lion!

BARON: Sure he-----MADMA!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron, continue.

BARON: In the baggage car was an elephant.

CHARLEY: Checking his trunk!

BARON: Yes-----PAPA!*

CHARLEY: Again I'm sorry, Baron!

BARON: The baggage man was afraid of my lion, so I said:
"Don't be afraid of him he was brought up on milk."
and he said -- (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Come on, you said don't be afraid of the lion, he was
brought up on milk and he said what?

BARON: He said: "So was I but----- (LAUGH) -----I eat meat
now!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE V

"THE LION HUNTER"

PART II

CHARLEY: Wandering through the jungles must be very entrancing. The quietude, the solitude -----far away from the hectic, impetuous activity and turmoil of civilization.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----AND THEN CAME THE DAWN!

CHARLEY: But it's true, isn't it, Baron?

BARON: Yes sir----I have walked through the jungles and heard the chirping of the birds and the chattering of the monkeys-----and Sharley, never you saw such monkeys! Almost human!

CHARLEY: I can believe that!

BARON: (LAUGH) Looks like we're starting to agree.

CHARLEY: According to the Darwinian theory our ancestors came from monkeys.

BARON: That I know!

CHARLEY: Personally I think that's ridiculous, but when I see some people making perfect monkeys of themselves, I think perhaps he was right.

BARON: Sure he-----what are you looking at me for?

CHARLEY: No offense intended, Baron ----but if the cap fits you, wear it.

BARON: I don't wear caps! You wear it!

CHARLEY: Oh, No----my ancestors were English and didn't come from monkeys.

ATX01 0189313

BARON: They was English and didn't come from monkeys?

CHARLEY: No---they came from Wales! I have quite a family tree. My ancestors sprang from peers!

BARON: That's a family tree?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON: (LAUGH) A bush! My ancestors sprang from docks!

CHARLEY: Let's forget our antecedents and get back to your hunting. What other animals have you hunted?

BARON: Well, once I went after a Poofinwoofer.

CHARLEY: A what?

BARON: -----Are you wearing earmuffs?---I said a Poofinwoofer.

CHARLEY: What in the world is a Poofinwoofer?

BARON: It's a cross between a Zebra and a codfish with a face like a rabbit. He runs backwards -- to where he's going -- to see where he came from.

CHARLEY: I'm not going to try and figure that out.

BARON: I got on his trail and for months I stalked him.

CHARLEY: Stalked him for months.

BARON: Yes-----but I couldn't ketch up with him, so I gave up.

CHARLEY: You figured there was no use stalking!

BARON: Sure I-----Why don't you go home?

CHARLEY: My apologies, Baron, you couldn't find the Poofinwoofer so what did you do?

BARON: I went after geese!

CHARLEY: Did you have any luck?

BARON: Fair. I saw a flock of eighty four hundred so I picked up my blower and with one blow I brought them all down!

CHARLEY: Oh, no you didn't!

BARON: You don't believe it?

CHARLEY: I should say not!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: I was hunting geese one time and I----

BARON: Please! Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: I had a high-powered shot gun with me -----above me was a flock of geese-----

BARON: PLEASE! WAS YOU THERE, SHARLEY?

CHARLEY: They were flying high, so I----

BARON: WAS YOU THERE, SHARLEY?-----YES OR NO?

CHARLEY: Was I where?

BARON: Was you----- (LAUGH) -----I forgot!

CHARLEY: You were shooting geese!

BARON: Geese?----- (LAUGH)-----Ducks!

CHARLEY: What became of the geese?

BARON: They flew away while we was talking! Anyhow along comes walking forty two hundred ducks!

CHARLEY: Forty two hundred ducks?

BARON: (LAUGH) And a pidgeon!

CHARLEY: What was the pidgeon doing with the ducks?

BARON: (LAUGH) You'll have to take that up with the pidgeon. -----I picked up my blower and blew!

CHARLEY: You're blowing again!

BARON: Sure-----Was your father a clown?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: I blew and down falls the whole bunch!

CHARLEY: It's marvelous how you can blow.

BARON: Sure-----Pick your flowers now!

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: Well, there was the time I went after gorillas----- I was walking in the jungles, when I ran into a bunch of them-----looked to me like they was talking business.

CHARLEY: Monkey business!

BARON: Yes------(LAUGH)-----Maybe I'm wrong.

CHARLEY: Pardon the intrusion!

BARON: The head gorilla was holding in his hand, live snakes.

CHARLEY: What was he doing with the snakes?

BARON: Would you like to know?

CHARLEY: Yes.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Call him up! He was talking to the other gorillas.

CHARLEY: He was holding a pow-wow!

BARON: No ----he was holding the snakes!

CHARLEY: You saw the snakes?

BARON: Millions!

CHARLEY: You had the D.T's.

BARON: Sure-----now look here, Sharley! You are going too far! One more snapper and you and me quit!

CHARLEY: You don't mean that, Baron!

BARON: I do mean it!

CHARLEY: But this is my bread and butter!

BARON: Well, you butter be better bred!

CHARLEY: I'll do that, Baron, from now on I'll just listen. What about the gorillas?

BARON: I was just going to get them when the head gorilla gave each one a snake.

CHARLEY: Gave each one a snake.

BARON: Yes-----and they saw me and snaked away!

CHARLEY: What's the use?

BARON: Did I ever tell you about the time I was hunting a wild jackass?

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you were looking for yourself?

BARON: Sure-----BREAD AND BUTTER!

CHARLEY: I shouldn't have said that, I'm sorry.

BARON: I apologize. Anyhow I was hunting for a wild jackass. Suddenly I see one ----and he sees me and starts to run! For nineteen days I chased him!

CHARLEY: Nineteen days? I won't believe that!

BARON: Would you believe eighteen days?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Fourteen days?

CHARLEY: NO!

BARON: Would you believe he chased me?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON: So I chased him for nineteen days.

CHARLEY: I give up!

BARON: (LAUGH) I didn't! I kept chasing him. When I thought he was in range I picked up my gun.

CHARLEY: You said you didn't use guns!

BARON: (LAUGH) Not for lions but jackasses must be shot!

CHARLEY: I see!

BARON: Watch out! There he was! I raised my gun to fire! But lucky I didn't!

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: It wasn't a wild jackass!

CHARLEY: YOU said it was!

BARON: I thought it was! It ran like one, acted like one and looked like one, but when I got close I saw it wasn't.

CHARLEY: What was it?

BARON: It was----- (LAUGH)-----
CHARLEY: It was what?
BARON: (LAUGH)----- MY COUSIN HUGO!

(END OF PART II)

*

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chillcen
11/1/33

WEAF

THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

()-()
9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

NOVEMBER 11, 1922

SATURDAY

(SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the De Marco Sisters. So now here we go with ----

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Always the finest tobaccos - and only the center leaves. Not only from our own Southland - but from Turkey - from Greece - from all over the world - the very cream of tobacco crops are gathered for LUCKY STRIKE. And only the center leaves are used - no stem - no stalk. Each LUCKY STRIKE is fully packed - firmly rolled. Even the ends of the cigarettes are filled - brimful of choicest tobaccos. No loose ends - that's why LUCKIES draw so easily and burn so evenly.

And now, we bring forth the Baron, who has been saving lives both here and abroad for a long, long time -- in other words, he is now about to offer a few helpful hints to life savers -- so without further introduction, we give you -- his modesty, the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "THE LIFE SAVER")

ATX01 0189319

HOWARD CLANEY:

That was Jack Pearl, entertaining you as the Baron Munchausen -- he's leaving the stage now with his friend Cliff "Sharlie" Hall, but they'll be back shortly -- Meanwhile let's listen to Al Goodman and his Orchestra play --

(_____)
(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

So round and firm and fully packed with fine tobaccos - that's why LUCKIES draw so easily. You've noticed it and you've appreciated the smooth, even-burning quality that is so much a part of LUCKIES' character.....Round and firm -- fully packed with the world's choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos - and no loose ends. That's why LUCKIES draw so easily, and are so mild -- so smooth.

(_____)
(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al Goodman -- Now the Baron takes the spotlight to continue his discussion of life savers and life in general -- here he is again -- his Royal Shyness, the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "THE LIFE SAVER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

Amid that laughter and applause, Jack Pearl leaves us,
and Al Goodman continues with --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE Program to a close.
Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's Orchestra and
another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are
grateful for the public appreciation of this weekly program with the
Baron Munchausen.

Thank you and good night!

(SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
11/10/33

ATX01 0189321

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE VI

PART I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

"THE LIFE SAVER".

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 11 1933

ATX01 0189322

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE VI

PART 1

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what that rig you're wearing represents, Baron?

BARON: What it looks like?

CHARLEY: Let me see --- a mounted policeman's trousers and puttees, a bathing shirt, a fireman's hat----and what's that wrapped up bundle?

BARON: A preserve lifer!

CHARLEY: A what?

BARON: I-----let's stand closer together tonight.

CHARLEY: All right! Now tell me----what's in the bundle?

BARON: A preserve lifer!

CHARLEY: I still don't get it.

BARON: A server perlifer---a perseverer lifter---serpeave---a perve ----

CHARLEY: Oh! A life preserver!

BARON: That's what I said.

CHARLEY: What does it all mean, Baron?

BARON: I'm a life saver!

CHARLEY: A life saver!

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: What flavor?

BARON: Feffermit, Lemon,-----What is this? A drug store?
I said I'm a lifesaver!

CHARLEY: But why the fantastic attire?

BARON: Because I save people on land and sea!

CHARLEY: I SEE!

BARON: Sure-----and don't start so soon with the flippery!

CHARLEY: I went, Baron. Proceed.

BARON: I'm a volunteer life saver!

CHARLEY: A volunteer life saver ?

BARON: Absolutely.

CHARLEY: You mean you offer your services gratuitously?

BARON: I was -----HELLO?

CHARLEY: You waive remuneration, compensation and monetary return.

BARON: I -----Have again!

CHARLEY: In other words you get no salary.

BARON: Not a cent! When I volunteer, I volunteer!

CHARLEY: Marvelous!

BARON: But I quit!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: I didn't get paid.

CHARLEY: I suppose you've saved many lives in your day.

BARON: (LAUGH) And in the night too. Over forty two thousand people I have saved!

CHARLEY: You saved over forty two thousand people?

BARON: And a cow. I remember one night me and the other life savers were sitting in the bank.

CHARLEY: Bank? What bank?

BARON: The saving bank, I was -----

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! Where was this life saving station situated?

BARON In Pittsburgh. We was -----

CHARLEY Hold on! Pittsburgh is over three hundred miles from the ocean!

BARON: I know-----but this night it was high tide!

CHARLEY: HELP!

BARON: (L) I haven't got time to save you know. Anyhow I was lying on my bunk.

CHARLEY: Who was listening to you?

BARON: All the boys, I-----people have disappeared for less!

CHARLEY On with your story, Baron!

BARON: I was ly-----I was sitting on my bunk.

CHARLEY: What bunk?

BARON: My bunk! Don't you know what my bunk is?

CHARLEY: Oh! I'm well acquainted with that!

BARON: Sure I-----MY BED!

CHARLEY: Alright, your bed.

BARON: It was raining cats and dogs!

CHARLEY A big storm, a hurricane, a tempest, a deluge.

BARON: -----CATS AND DOGS!

CHARLEY: Let it rain!

BARON: Sixty miles off shore was a shiff in trouble!

CHARLEY: How did you know the ship was in trouble?

BARON: I heard a cry for help!

CHARLEY: Sixty miles away?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: Baron, I'm getting overfed!

BARON: Go on a diet! I said: "Boys, look at that shiff, it's zinking!"

CHARLEY: You could see the ship sixty miles off shore?

BARON: Not

CHARLEY: Then how did you know it was there?

BARON: I could hear the people walking on the deck! I said:
"Boys, out with the life line gun!"

CHARLEY: A gun that propels a life line across a ship.

BARON: Sure--- Well sir they shot the line out but it only
reached half way!

CHARLEY: Did you launch a boat?

BARON: There was no time for lunch!

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: The only thing there was to do!

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: I dived into the ocean! I had to fight my way through
millions of tons of water!

CHARLEY: Breakers, reefs, rocks, shoals, tideways, whirlpools!

BARON: Sure I-----Who's telling this story, you or me?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Baron!

BARON: I came to swift currents! What currents! You never
saw such currents!

CHARLEY: They were the berries!

BARON: Yes-----SILENCE PLEASE!

CHARLEY: Swim on, Baron!

BARON: I did. At last I got to where the line was.

CHARLEY: You swam thirty miles out to sea?

BARON: On my back!

CHARLEY: That's the most impossible thing I ever heard of! It's
ridiculous! And you know you didn't do it!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So I swam thirty miles out to sea!

CHARLEY: Alright, let it go!

BARON: I dived down and got the line! Now comes the unbelievable part!

CHARLEY: Oh, we haven't come to that yet?

BARON: No-----up comes a big mackerel!

CHARLEY: A big mackerel?

BARON: Yes-----and I said: "Mac tow me out to the shiff!" and he did.

CHARLEY: I'll take that with a grain of salt!

BARON: You don't have to-----it was a salt mackerel!

CHARLEY: Keep going, Baron!

BARON: Sharley, what a terrible looking shiff it was. Old, rusty, broken down ---

CHARLEY: A tramp steamer.

BARON: -----I beg my answer.

CHARLEY: It was a tramp --- a tramp.

BARON: (LAUGH) A bum! I pulled the big rope on board and made it fast, then I yelled: "Send out the breeches buoy!"

CHARLEY: Of course they heard you!

BARON: Sure --- I holler loud!

CHARLEY: I noticed that when you were presented with the dinner check last night.

BARON: Sure it -- sometimes you aint so funny.

CHARLEY: Forget it, Baron.

BARON: I yelled: "Send out the breeches buoy," and (LAUGH)

CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: My cousin Hugo ---

CHARLEY: Oh, he was there!

BARON: He's everywhere!

CHARLEY: You yelled: "Send out the breeches buoy" and what happened?

BARON: (LAUGH) Hugo sent out his pants!

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: Sure-----but we got the other breeches buoy and I got everybody to shore!

CHARLEY: Good work!

BARON: On the last trip was a lady and me----- just as we got near shore she fell out!

CHARLEY: She fell out?

BARON: Yes----and was being washed out to sea!

CHARLEY: My goodness! What did you do?

BARON: Lucky I had with me a piece of soap so I jumped over, swim to her and -----(LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: Come on, Baron,-----the lady was being washed out to sea, you jumped over with a piece of soap and what?

BARON: I------(LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: Well, well,-----what?

BARON: I washed her back!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART ONE)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE VI

PART II

"THE LIFE SAVER"

CHARLEY: So you really were a mounted police officer, Baron?

BARON: Sharley, I got records!

CHARLEY: From what phonograph company?

BARON: From the -----you're getting flippy again!

CHARLEY: Just a pun, Baron. Come to think of it you were always fond of horses!

BARON: I love them! All my family are horse lovers!

CHARLEY: I suppose they're very fond of you.

BARON: Sure they-----will daylight ever come?

CHARLEY: Just another pun, Baron!

BARON: Will you do me a favor?

CHARLEY: Gladly, what is it?

BARON: Take your puns and dunk them in your coffee!

CHARLEY: I'll do that. But you were fond of horses.

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: By the way, whatever became of that terrible looking nag you had?

BARON: (L) We're still married!

CHARLEY: I'm talking about that old kicker!

BARON: (L) So am I!

CHARLEY: Please be serious! The gray mare.

BARON: Oh, him! I used him when I was on the police force. On the police force I did some great life saving!

CHARLEY: Tell me about it, Baron.

ATX01 0189329

BARON: Well, there was the time I saved a man's life.

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: I was riding along when from the sixteenth floor of a house I heard a man yelling: "Help! Help! Save me!" so up the steps goes me and the horse!

CHARLEY: The horse went up sixteen flights of steps?

BARON: Yes sir!

CHARLEY: He was a high stepper!

BARON: Sure he-----Why don't you step in the lake?

CHARLEY: On with your fable, Baron.

BARON: I jumped off the horse and busted open the door and there was an old man and young man. The old man was hollering: "My wooden leg hurts me! My wooden leg hurts me!" and I -----

CHARLEY: Nonsense! A wooden leg couldn't hurt a man!

BARON: Is that so? Well it so happens the other man was hitting him over the head with it! Just then out of another room comes twenty eight gongsters!

CHARLEY: Not gongsters-----gangsters! A gong is a bell!

BARON: They came with bells on. Each one had a restaurant gun!

CHARLEY: A restaurant gun?

BARON: (L) An automatic! I pulled out my white henry-----

CHARLEY: White henry?

BARON: Blue George-----Brown Joe-----

CHARLEY: Hold on! Do you by any chance mean your black-jack?

BARON: That's it! My black-jack! They started shooting, but I rushed them! With one swish of my blackjack I knocked out six-----I rushed again and down went twelve----- on the next rush out goes ten!

CHARLEY: You were doing a rushing business!

DARON: Sure I-----(L)-----do your folks expect you home tonight?

CHARLEY: Yes, why?

DARON: (L) They're going to be disappointed!

CHARLEY: At any rate you saved the old man's life.

DARON: Yes, but------(L)-----it's the funniest thing.

CHARLEY: What was?

DARON: In my excitement I knocked him out too!

CHARLEY: Some life saver!

DARON: That's nothing! When I was a fireman, that's when I saved lives!

CHARLEY: What was the biggest rescue you ever made, Daron?

DARON: That I will never forget! It was in a stock brokers building----two hundred and ninety seven stories high!

CHARLEY: Now wait a minute, Daron! When you talk about a building two hundred and ninety seven stories high, you're asking me to believe an utter impossible, fanatical-----

DARON: Please, Sharley! After I put the fire out I'll argue with you.

CHARLEY: Alright, go ahead!

DARON: What a fire! Stock certificates, securities, bonds all burning up!

CHARLEY: Sort of a bon----d fire!

DARON: Yes-----why don't you wear a muzzle?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Daron! Continue!

DARON: Every office was burning but one.

CHARLEY: How was that?

DARON: It was full of watered stock! I grabbed a ladder---
put it against the wall-----

CHARLEY: And you scaled it!

DARON: Sure I-----I beg your station?

CHARLEY: You scaled the ladder.

DARON: You see it-----I was a fireman! Not a fish peddler!

CHARLEY: Let it go!

DARON: While I was climbing up a lot of hot cinders fell down
my back.

CHARLEY: I'll bet that burned you up!

DARON: Sure I-----if you interrupt this fire again you get
fired!

CHARLEY: Fire away, Baron!

DARON: Eighteen hundred people I brought down in eighteen
minutes!

CHARLEY: What made you so slow?

DARON: I-----choose your exit now!

CHARLEY: I was only joking, Baron. You say you brought down
eighteen hundred people in eighteen minutes?

DARON: And fourteen safes!

CHARLEY: Don't ask me to believe that!

DARON: Who asked you? I thought everybody was out of the
building when I saw a man at a window eighty nine stories
up, ready to jump.

CHARLEY: My word!

BARON: I yelled: "Wait, I'll get the net!"

CHARLEY: For him to jump into?

BARON: What did you think? To go fishing? So up the ladder
I went-----with the net!

CHARLEY: You took the net up with you?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: So he wouldn't have to jump so far. When I got there
I saw it was one of my own men----who do you suppose
it was?

CHARLEY: Your cousin Hugo!

BARON: (L) This time I fool you!----Hugo is not a fireman.

CHARLEY: Hugo isn't a smoke eater?

BARON: No------(L)-----just a herring eater!

CHARLEY: Well, who was it?

BARON: My crook and ladder man!

CHARLEY: Hook-----Not crook!

BARON: Please-----I know him better than you. I yelled:
"Jump" and he did-----right into the net!

CHARLEY: It's a wonder he didn't pull you off the ladder!

BARON: He did! Down we went-----turned forty two somer-
saults and hit the sidewalk!

CHARLEY: My goodness! Weren't you seriously injured?

BARON: I don't know my lawyer never told me!

CHARLEY: Well, strike me pink!

BARON: (L) Any color you want. Well sir, the fire was out
so we took the engines home and to give the horses
a rest we put them out in the field.

CHARLEY: You used horses?

DARON: Sure-----automobiles get to fires too quick and don't give them a chance to burn!

CHARLEY: Good night!

DARON: That's what I said to the horses. Anyhow during the night along comes a flock of grass hoppers and ate up the horses.

CHARLEY: My goodness!

DARON: And when I got there in the morning, what do you suppose they was doing?

CHARLEY: I can't imagine!

DARON: They was------(L)-----

CHARLEY: Come on, Daron-----during the night the grasshoppers ate up the horses and when you got there in the morning what were they doing?

DARON: (L) Pitching horseshoes to see who'd get the harness!

CHARLEY: Oh, Daron!

DARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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11-8-33

ATX01 0189334

WEAF

THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

()-()
9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

NOVEMBER 18, 1933

SATURDAY

(SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the De Marco Sisters. So we'll start with-----

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

In making LUCKIES we actually discard 86% of the tobacco plant. Because we use only the fine center leaves -- no stem-- no stalk. And each LUCKY comes to you fully packed with ripe, mellow, choice tobaccos -- round and firm -- no loose ends. Is it any wonder that LUCKIES are always so mild -- so smooth?

Now, let's hear from the Baron, a gentleman, a scholar, and a fancy roller skater -- ladies and gentlemen we give you -- the Baron Munchausen on wheels.

(FIRST PART -- "ROLLING ALONG")

RTX01 0189335

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that off his mind Jack Pearl skates back into the wings until a little later in the program -- and right here, we call on Al Goodman and his orchestra for --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

These days, smokers pay more attention to their cigarettes. Naturally they're talking about the way LUCKIES are made. Always so round, so firm and fully packed. Brimful of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos -- and no loose ends. That's why LUCKIES draw easily, burn evenly and are so mild -- so smooth. Always the finest tobaccos.....always the finest workmanship..... always LUCKIES please.

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al Goodman -- we present again, the Baron, who will deliver another timely address from the top of a pair of roller skates -- we bring you now -- his Royal Shyness, the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "ROLLING ALONG")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave the stage, and
Al Goodman continues with --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE Program to a close.
Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's Orchestra and
another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are
grateful for the public appreciation of this weekly program with
the Baron Munchausen.

Thank you and good night!

(SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
11/17/33

ATX01 0189337

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE VII

"ROLLING ALONG"

PART I

(BARON ENTERS ON ROLLER SKATES, HANGING ON TO CHARLEY, SLIPPING AND SLIDING-----AD LIB.)

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron! Look out! Wait a minute! You'll break your neck.

BARON: It's my neck and I can break it if I wanna!

CHARLEY: Come on! Get those skates off! Here---I'll help you. Stand still! You're slipping!

BARON: I'm not slipping! The floor is slipping!

CHARLEY: There you are!
(SKATES OFF)

How's that?

BARON: (LAUGH) Looks like I'm on my feet again!

CHARLEY: Now tell me -- what are you doing on roller skates?

BARON: Training for a race!

CHARLEY: A roller skate race?

BARON: What do you think? A dog race?

CHARLEY: It's possible.

BARON: Sure I-----You're beginning!

CHARLEY: But you can hardly stand on skates.

BARON: Is that so? Well it happens I am the fastest roller skater racer of the world!

CHARLEY: Really! How fast can you skate?

BARON: Eighteen miles a minute!

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CHARLEY: How fast?

BARON: Are your ears buttoned? I said, eighteen miles a minute!

CHARLEY: Absurd! One couldn't possibly attain such meteoric impetus!

BARON: -----HELLO!

CHARLEY: According to kinematic research that impellent momentum in a human body is not in pragmatistical proportion to the mass multiplied by the velocity.

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Sic him, Buster!

CHARLEY: And even so that dynamic speed would be dangerous.

BARON: Not for me! When I race it's always safety first!

CHARLEY: I see! You're a safety ray-aer!

BARON: Sure it's-----please! The dialect belongs to the Baron!

CHARLEY: My apologies!

BARON: I was once in a race with the shampion skaters from all over the world,----they wanted to beat me!

CHARLEY: They were out to get your scalp!

BARON: Ye-----they were skaters! Not Indians!

CHARLEY: To be sure!

BARON: Each one wore two skates.

CHARLEY: Naturally!

BARON: Except me!----I wore only one!

CHARLEY: One skate?

BARON: Yes sir!----but, Oh Sharley, was that a good skate I was wearing!

CHARLEY: You had a good skate on!

BARON: Sure I-----Maybe we better sing.

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron!

BARON: Well sir -----the race started! It was a twenty mile race! The others dashed away, but I just rolled along!

CHARLEY: Nonchalantly, as it were.

BARON: -----Could you backfire?

CHARLEY: You rolled along listlessly, without effort, or exertion sans ebullition!

BARON: (LAUGH)-----Bite him, Buster! Suddenly I came over the top of a hill and I started rolling faster! Nineteen and a half miles away I saw the other skaters!

CHARLEY: And it was a twenty mile race?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: They had a little lead on you!

BARON: (LAUGH) For a few seconds! I gave another push with my foot and rolled still faster! Full of steam!

CHARLEY: You were a steam roller!

BARON: Ye-----MAMMA!

CHARLEY: On with the race, Baron!

BARON: Just as the others was three yards from the finish, I got to the bottom and ----

CHARLEY: You hit rock bottom.

BARON: -----PAPA!

CHARLEY: Roll on, Baron!

BARON: I hit the rock -- bounced over their heads and finished first!

CHARLEY: Preposterous! Unbe-----

BARON: WAIT!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: NO, I was not!

BARON: (LAUGH) Then save your words! I was going so fast I couldn't stop! I hit another rock -- flew up seven hundred feet and came down on a frozen lake!

CHARLEY: On a frozen lake?

BARON: Yes----I started to skate and I was-----

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron! You can't roller skate on ice!

BARON: (LAUGH) I found that out! I rolled into a hole in the ice and landed on the bottom of the lake! For eleven miles I skated----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! You skated on the bottom of the frozen lake?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Oh no! You'll have to change that one!

BARON: Please----no exchanges made on Saturday night! I happened to look up and what did I see?

CHARLEY: A flying cow.

BARON: Ye----no such thing! I saw an Indian fishing through a hole in the ice! So I got an idea.

CHARLEY: Marvelous!

BARON: Sure----How would you like to take a ride in an automobile built for six?

CHARLEY: An automobile built for six?

BARON: An ambulance!-----SICKS-----get it?

CHARLEY: MAMMA!

BARON: (LAUGH) That time I snapped the snapper!

CHARLEY: What about the Indian fishing through the hole in the ice?

BARON: Is he still fishing?

CHARLEY: Don't you know?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure----I grabbed his line and gave it a jerk!

CHARLEY: You gave the fishing line a jerk?

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

CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: He thought he had a poor fish and pulled me up!

CHARLEY: He wasn't disappointed!

BARON: No, he----why don't you take a sleeping powder?

CHARLEY: Was the Indian surprised?

BARON: Sure----he said: "My goodness! Who are you?" and I said: "The Baron Munchausen!" and what do you think he did?

CHARLEY: He threw you back again!

BARON: Yes,-----He did not!

CHARLEY: My error!

BARON: He said: "You're a little stiff with the cold!"

CHARLEY: He said, "You're a little stiff."

BARON: Yes.

CHARLEY: He recognized you!

BARON: He-----QUIET PLEASE!

CHARLEY: No offense, Baron -- what did the Indian do?

BARON: He said: "Stay here and I will jump ashore and get some wood and build a fire!"

CHARLEY: He was a good samaritan.

BARON: (LAUGH) I don't know what tribe he belonged to. Well near the shore was a big hole in the ice!

CHARLEY: Your story is full of holes tonight, Baron!

BARON: Sure I-----if I only had a machine gun I'd make more holes!

CHARLEY: Again I apologize.

BARON: I said: "You can't jump to shore!" and he said: "I claim I can make it in two jumps."

CHARLEY: He was a claim jumper!

BARON: Yes,-----I hate you!

CHARLEY: Don't stop, Baron.

BARON: He said, "I'll make one jump to the edge of the hole and one jump over the hole."

CHARLEY: One to the edge and one over?

BARON: Yes----I said: "I'll bet you a thousand dollars you can't do it."

CHARLEY: Did he take your bet?

BARON: Sure----But on the first jump he landed in the hole.

CHARLEY: He made a hole in one!

BARON: }
CHARLEY: } (IN UNISON) YAMMA!

BARON: He yelled: "Help me!" I yelled: "First give me the thousand dollars!"

CHARLEY: The money he bet?

BARON: Yes----He said: "That bet was a joke, I was only fooling."-----He was a rarebit.

CHARLEY: A rarebit?

BARON: (LAUGH) A welcher!

CHARLEY: }
BARON: } (IN UNISON) PAPA!

BARON: Again he yelled: "Come on! You ain't gonna let me lay here are you?" And I said: "Sure, you----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: You said: "Sure you" -----what?

BARON: (LAUGH) You made your bet----lay in it!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE VII

"ROLLING ALONG"

PART II

CHARLEY: You say you've done other racing also, Baron?

BARON: Sure-----I got this medal for racing!

CHARLEY: What kind of racing?

BARON: (LAUGH) Racing a family!

CHARLEY: Be serious, Baron! What other kind of racing have you done?

BARON: Every kind you could mention!

CHARLEY: Were you ever in a chariot race?

BARON: I was-----I beg your merchandise?

CHARLEY: Were you ever in a chariot race?-----You know what a chariot is, don't you, Baron?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure-----Chariot begins at home.

CHARLEY: Why, Baron! Don't tell me you never heard of chariot races! Like the famous chariot race at the Circus Maximus in Rome that was won by Ben Hur!

BARON: Heard of it----- (LAUGH)-----I was a bookmaker there----- I was laying ten to one on Ben Hur and-----

CHARLEY: What are you talking about? That happened over one thousand years ago!

BARON: (LAUGH) My goodness!---and it only seems like last summer!

CHARLEY: That's as far as we'll go with that!

BARON: When I was up in the frozen lake, I-----

CHARLEY: By the way, Baron, what lake was it?

BARON: Lake Plastered!

CHARLEY: Not Lake Plastered! Lake Placid!

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: That's in New York State.

BARON: (LAUGH) For years. When I was there I won a lower price race.

CHARLEY: A lower price race?

BARON: To pay less -----To get it cheaper-----

CHARLEY: Do you mean Toboggan!

BARON: That's it! To bargain! That was a race! I had a sleigh ninety four feet long!

CHARLEY: A sleigh ninety four feet long?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Baron, you slay me!

BARON: Sure I----- (LAUGH) -----what could be sweeter?

CHARLEY: I never heard of a racing toboggan sled ninety four feet long.

BARON: That wasn't the sled I won the race with!

CHARLEY: Oh, it wasn't?

BARON: No-----the racing sled was only four feet long!

CHARLEY: Ah! That's better! Now we're getting down to real facts.

BARON: Sure-----on it I carried eighty five people and we----

CHARLEY: That's ridiculous! You'd be sitting on each other's neck!

BARON: (LAUGH) We were! At the start I was last, when suddenly I came over the top of a hill ---nineteen and a half miles away I saw the other racers----just as they were three yards from the finish-----

CHARLEY: Baron-----

BARON: I hit a rock-----bounced over their heads and----

CHARLEY: Baron! Please! You said that before!

BARON: Huh!

CHARLEY: You said the same thing about roller skating!

BARON: (LAUGH) Somebody must have mixed up these pages-----
Where was I?

CHARLEY: I don't know!

BARON: Well, anyhow I won the race!

CHARLEY: Of course you did!

BARON: But the sled turned over and everybody was lying in the snow!

CHARLEY: Everybody was lying in the snow?

BARON: But me!

CHARLEY: What was the matter? Did you lose your voice?

BARON: I------(LAUGH)----You're heading for the last roundup!

CHARLEY: There's a lot of snow up there, isn't there, Baron?

BARON: You have no idea! The snow was piled up so high around my house that I used to wear snow shoes when I went to bed!

CHARLEY: You used to wear snow shoes when you went to bed?

BARON: Sure------(LAUGH)-----and sometimes skis!

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me why?

BARON: (LAUGH) I walk in my sleep!

CHARLEY: Bah!

BARON: (LAUGH) Sorry but the bars are closed. Anyhow one night I was walking in my sleep and walked right off a precipuss!

CHARLEY: A precipice! A bluff!

BARON: This was no bluff, it was on the level! Over I went and I landed in a snow bank up to my knees in snow!

CHARLEY: Up to your knees in snow?

BARON: Yes sir -----and if a feller passing by hadn't pulled me out I would have suffocated to death!

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron, but you can't suffocate to death up to your knees in snow!

BARON: Is that so?.....It happens I went in head first!

CHARLEY: My dear Baron, one more like that and I'll pass out.

BARON: (LAUGH) I'll tell two more. I remember once I was----

CHARLEY: Please, Baron, let's get back to racing.

BARON: Sure-----you know, Sharley, I only lost once race in my life?

CHARLEY: You really lost a race?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: I can't believe it!

BARON: See!-----even when I tell the truth you don't believe me.

CHARLEY: Tell me about it, Baron.

BARON: It was an automobile race. I had the fastest car on the track.

CHARLEY: You would have!

BARON: It was two thousand horse power and----

CHARLEY: Just a moment! How did you know it was two thousand horse power?

BARON: (LAUGH) I counted the plugs! The cars was lined up! We got the signal-----BANG!-----the race was on! I stepped on the commencer!

CHARLEY: The starter!

BARON: Yes----

CHARLEY: And shot right to the front!

BARON: No sir! I didn't budge! Again I stepped on the beginner-----no use!

CHARLEY: You didn't budge!

BARON: Not an inch! I jumped out-----lifted up the engine hood
and what do you think I found?

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: (LAUGH) My cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Under the engine hood?

BARON: (LAUGH) Fast asleep! I said, "Hugo, what are you
doing here? And he said: "Let me sleep, I'm so
tired!" All I do is work, work, work!

CHARLEY: I didn't think Hugo ever worked.

BARON: Either did I, so I said: "How long have you been
working?" and he said------(LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: He said what?

BARON: He said------(LAUGH)-----

CHARLEY: Come on! You said "How long have you been working and
he said, what?

BARON: (LAUGH) I start tomorrow!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
11/17/33

ATX01 0189349

WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

()-()
9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

NOVEMBER 25, 1933

SATURDAY

(SIGNATURE)

HOWARD GLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the DeMarco Sisters. And so we begin with --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD GLANEY:

So round, so firm, so fully packed. LUCKIES draw easily - burn evenly. It's easy to see why so many people prefer LUCKY STRIKE. LUCKIES are fully packed with long strands of choice tobaccos, round and firm to the very tips. That means LUCKIES always draw easily, always burn smoothly. It also means no annoying loose ends to cling to lips or mess up pockets and purses. And every day more and more folks are showing their appreciation by saying "LUCKIES please." Always the finest tobaccos -- always the finest workmanship -- always LUCKIES please.

And at this point the Baron steps before the microphone to recount a few of his adventures as a bird hunter -- while his friend Sharlie gives him what is generally known as "the bird." So -- ladies and gentlemen, we give you the Baron Munchausen!

(FIRST PART -- "THE BIRD HUNTER")

ATX01 0189350

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that Jack Pearl leaves us until a little later
in the program. And right here Al Goodman plays --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The very heart of LUCKY STRIKE'S fine quality is choice
tobaccos -- ripened by warm sunshine, rich soils and gentle rains.
Right now, up to \$100,000,000 worth of fine Turkish and domestic
tobaccos, the Cream of the Crop, are aging and mellowing for the
makers of LUCKY STRIKES. For only a special selection of choice
tobaccos is used in making your LUCKIES so round, so firm and fully
packed -- free from loose ends. The reason why LUCKIES are always
the same in mildness, smoothness, in delicious taste. "It's TOASTED"
for throat protection - for better taste.

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al Goodman -- And now we again bring you the
Baron, the world-famous authority on bird hunting and fancy dancing --
here he is -- His Royal Shyness, the Baron Munohausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE BIRD HUNTER")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave the stage and Al Goodman continues with --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE Program to a close. Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's orchestra and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are grateful for the public appreciation of this weekly program with the Baron Munchausen.

Thank you and good night!

(SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
11/25/33

ATX01 0189352

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE VIII

"THE BIRD HUNTER"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 25

1 9 3 3

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ATK01 0189353

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"
EPISODE VIII ---- PART I

"THE BIRD HUNTER"

(SHOTS ON SNARE DRUM)

CHARLEY: (YELLING ON WAY TO MIKE) Hey, there! Look out! Look out! (AT MIKE) Put down that shot gun! What's the idea?

BARON: I'm going bird hunting.

CHARLEY: That's no reason you should shoot me, is it?

BARON: No, but ----it's not a bad idea!

CHARLEY: That's a terrible looking dog you have! What kind is it?

BARON: That's Buster! He's a setter pointer!

CHARLEY: A setter pointer?

BARON: Yes! He sets in the kitchen all day and points at the ice box.

CHARLEY: He looks like a wire hair terrier, and a wire hair can't scent a bird.

BARON: He don't scent them, he hears them!

CHARLEY: Hears them?

BARON: Sure----he's wired for sound!

CHARLEY: Where are you bound for, Baron?

BARON: Trap shooting!

CHARLEY: You're going to shoot at inanimate targets!

BARON: -----Hello!

CHARLEY: You are going to prove your accurate marksmanship by disintegrating into atoms, brotton discs catapulted from an automatic mechanical device.

ATX01 0189354

BARON: (LAUGH)-----SIC HIM BUSTER!
(SOUND -- DOG BARK)

CHARLEY: Here! Take him away! I'm afraid of dogs or anything
I see that looks like a dog!

BARON: (LAUGH) How frightened you must get when you shave!

CHARLEY: Get him out of here.

BARON: Alright ----(SING) ----"Run along little doggie, run
along."
(SOUND -- DOG WHINE -- FADE OUT).

CHARLEY: Are you good at shooting clay pigeons.

BARON: Well the last time we was shooting, you had to hit
the bird in two shots, but I hit mine in one!

CHARLEY: You hit the bird in one less than par?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: That was a birdie!

BARON: Sure I-----please! The Baron cracks the crackers!

CHARLEY: I apologize! Do you ever hunt live birds?

BARON: Sure----once I shot a buzzard----he was eight miles
away-----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! How could you tell it was a buzzard,
eight miles away?

BARON: He gave me a buzz----I took aim and with one bullet I
hit him in the left foot and in the head at the same
time. He was-----

CHARLEY: Hold on! How could you possibly have hit him in the
left foot and head at the same time?

BARON: (LAUGH) He was scratching his ear!

CHARLEY: You must be a crack shot!

BARON: The best! Every time I shoot at a target I hit a
sheep's nose.

CHARLEY: A sheep's nose?
BARON: A calf's ear!.....A cow's lip!.....
CHARLEY: Do you by any chance mean a bull's eye?
BARON: That's it! A bull's eye! Tomorrow I am going to
Jersey for wild turkeys, and when I-----
CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron-----There are no wild turkeys in the
State of Jersey! Only tame turkeys!
BARON: Last week they was tame, but not now!
CHARLEY: WHY not?
BARON: They found out they was being fattened for Thanksgiving,
and they went wild!
CHARLEY: I feel sorry for the poor turkey, Baron!
BARON: Me too! He gets it in the neck, and loses his head,
then they pan him behind his back, roast him, knock
the stuffing out of him, cut him to the heart, and
pick on him for weeks!
CHARLEY: Turkey is the Thanksgiving dinner "piece de resistance,"
BARON: -----Could you play that piece again, please?
CHARLEY: The "piece de resistance! The course par excellence,
dear to the heart of the epicurean and connoisseur
of viands.
BARON: -----Why don't you tear up your dictionary?
CHARLEY: I suppose you'll get your turkey, Baron.
BARON: Sure!----And zix thousand besides.
CHARLEY: Six thousand?
BARON: Yes----I promised some friends I'd bring each one back
a turkey.
CHARLEY: You have six thousand friends?
BARON: (LAUGH) Twice as many----but the others don't eat
meat.-

BARLEY: They're vegetarians!

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

CHARLEY: They are vegetarians -----you know what a vegetarian is, don't you?

BARON: Sure-----a horse doctor!

CHARLEY: No! No! That's a veterinarian!

BARON: Please! I know what that is!

CHARLEY: You know what a veterinarian is?

BARON: Sure-----a man who was once a soldier!

CHARLEY: Let it go!

BARON: The last time I went for wild turkey, I didn't get any.

CHARLEY: You went on a wild goose chase!

BARON: No-----*(LAUGH)*-----wild turkey chase! I only saw one turkey and he was a duck, and I was-----

CHARLEY: Whoa! What do you mean the turkey was a duck?

BARON: Well-----he was a turkey, but I threw a rock at him and made him duck!

CHARLEY: I give up!

BARON: *(LAUGH)* Not me! He weighed three hundred pounds!

CHARLEY: Three hundred pounds?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: That's a lot of boloney!

BARON: *(LAUGH)*-----That's a lot of duck! I grabbed him by the legs and he lifted me right up in the air and flew up the Hudson River.

CHARLEY: Hold on, Baron-----

BARON: I did-----he must have been a jail bird.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: He flew right into Sing Sing prison.

CHARLEY: With you hanging on to his legs?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: I don't believe it, and I don't believe he flew into Sing Sing prison!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Was I where?

BARON: In Sing Sing prison?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: (LAUGH) I heard different.

CHARLEY: To be frank, Baron, I don't think you know a thing about birds.

BARON: Is that so? Ask me about 'em! From eagles to hens!

CHARLEY: Alright ----hens. What kind of a hen lays the longest?

BARON: A dead hen!

CHARLEY: That's enough!

BARON: Speaking of hens----I crossed my hens with parrots to save time.

CHARLEY: Crossed your hens with parrots to save time?

BARON: Sure----I used to waste a lot of time hunting for the eggs, but now----

CHARLEY: Now what?

BARON: The hens walk up to me and say -- I just layed an egg -- go get it!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHHAUSEN"

EPISODE VIII

PART II

"THE BIRD HUNTER"

CHARLEY: What other species of birds have you hunted, Baron?
BARON: Well, in Portugal, I got geese!
CHARLEY: What kind of geese?
BARON: Porcha--geese! Also once I got crazy birds!
CHARLEY: Crazy birds?
BARON: (LAUGH) Cookees! But the best ones was Crapshooter
birds!
CHARLEY: WHAT in the world are Crapshooter birds?
BARON: (LAUGH) Birds of "Pair-a-dice."
CHARLEY: Did you ever shoot a loon?
BARON: Please----don't bring him into it.
CHARLEY: Who?
BARON: (LAUGH) My cousin Hugo!
CHARLEY: Does Hugo hunt birds?
BARON: Just one!
CHARLEY: What's that?
BARON: (LAUGH) Old crow! How he loves his old crow!
CHARLEY: Don't tell me he's a hard drinker.
BARON: No----(LAUGH)----he takes it very easy!
CHARLEY: Did you ever shoot pheasants?
BARON: -----Once over, please!
CHARLEY: Pheasants! Surely, you know what pheasants are?
BARON: Sure---poor people in the old country who work on
farms!

CHARLEY: They're peasants! Pheasants are birds!

BARON: Oh, them! Sure I shot over eleven hundred one
afternoon last winter.

CHARLEY: Impossible! Pheasants migrate in winter!

BARON: -----Could you come closer?

CHARLEY: I said, pheasants migrate.

BARON: (LAUGH) That's their own personal business. I will
never forget the time I was hunting down in
When-is-a-Woolsey.

CHARLEY: When-is-a-Woolsey?

BARON: (LAUGH) I mean When-is-a-Wheeler!

CHARLEY: Venezuela, South America.

BARON: Yes! I got lost in the woods-----for seven days I
lived on one slice of bread.

CHARLEY: How did you exist on one slice of bread for seven days.

BARON: (LAUGH) It was whole week bread. The next day I
came to a little stream of water.

CHARLEY: A creek.

BARON: A little stream of water!

CHARLEY: Well, isn't that a creek?

BARON: No----- (LAUGH) -----a creek is a feller who runs a
restaurant!

CHARLEY: Have it your way!

BARON: In the water was a Indian slipper snake!

CHARLEY: Will you please tell me what an Indian slipper snake
is?

BARON: (LAUGH) A Moccasin! I ketched it and trained it to
catch birds.

CHARLEY: Wonderful!

BARON: Impossible! One day I was walking in the woods when I heard a funny noise.....I looked up and saw a nest in a tree with a big black bird flying around it.

CHARLEY: Most likely a hawk.

BARON: -----once over please?

CHARLEY: A hawk! Hawk! Hawk!

BARON: Have you got a fish bone in your throat?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron.

BARON: I called Tillie.

CHARLEY: Who's Tillie?

BARON: Tillie, the snake!

CHARLEY: A peculiar name.

BARON: A peculiar snake! Well sir, we climbed the tree to the nest and what do you think was in it?

CHARLEY: Your cousin Hugo?

BARON: (LAUGH) Sure enough! Just as Tillie ketched the black one, another bird flew up and landed on Hugo's head.

CHARLEY: What kind of a bird?

BARON: A woodpecker!

CHARLEY: He knew where to get a good meal!

BARON: Sure, he-----please. You must not insult my cousin Hugo. Never! Understand!

CHARLEY: I understand!

BARON: That's my pleasure. I said: "Hold steady Hugo and I will shoot the woodpecker off your head."

CHARLEY: Ala William Tell.

BARON: -----Who tell?

CHARLEY: William Tell. William Tell.

BARON: William Tell my foot! I'll tell it myself. Before I could shoot, the woodpecker flew away screaming!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: (LAUGH) He broke his bill on Hugo's head!

CHARLEY: That's hard to take, Baron!

BARON: That's what the woodpecker said.

CHARLEY: Did you ever get any tropical birds?

BARON: Well, once I tried to shoot a lyre!

CHARLEY: You tried to commit suicide!

BARON: Ye-----A LYRE BIRD!

CHARLEY: My mistake!

BARON: I ran into thousands of them!

CHARLEY: Thousands of lyres?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: A sort of a family reunion.

BARON: -----QUIET PLEASE!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry.

BARON: The lyres flocked all around me.

CHARLEY: Birds of a feather flock together!

BARON: Sure-----maybe a turkish bath would help you!

CHARLEY: On with your feathery tale, Baron!

BARON: Just then, down flies a big vulture!

CHARLEY: Vulture!

BARON: Wolture!

CHARLEY: Now wol-----vul, vul, vulture!

BARON: Wolture, wol---wil---val-----EAGLE!

CHARLEY: An eagle?

BARON: Yes! He was over thirty five feet high!

CHARLEY: He was not, and you know it!

BARON: Was you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON: I------(LAUGH)-----then you saw him?

CHARLEY: Yes----and he wasn't thirty five feet high! He was sixty seven feet high, with a wing spread of a hundred and twenty yards and a beak fifteen feet long and-----

BARON: PLEASE! I am the Baron!

CHARLEY: Pardon me.....I was carried away,

BARON: One more like that and you will be!

CHARLEY: What happened then, Baron?

BARON: I tried to shoot him, but he got behind a piece of tree what was sticking up out of the ground!

CHARLEY: You couldn't hit him because he was behing the piece of tree?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: He had you stumped!

BARON: Sure-----SHUT UP!

CHARLEY: As you say!

BARON: At last I got an aim on him, and fired! The gun exploded----one barrel flew to the right and killed zix hundred Who's Who's!

CHARLEY: Who's who's?

BARON: You know-----who's who! Who's who!

CHARLEY: Oh, owls!

BARON: Sure! The other barrel flew to the left and killed zeven hundred gulps!

CHARLEY: WILL you please tell me what gulps are?

BARON: Swallows! The ramrod flew over the eagle's head and killed eighty five alligators, and the concussion of the gun threw me backwards-----I fell on eight hundred porcupies and-----

CHARLEY: And what?

BARON: I couldn't go any further!

CHARLEY: You fell on eight hundred porcupies and couldn't go any further?

BARON: No!

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I got stuck!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

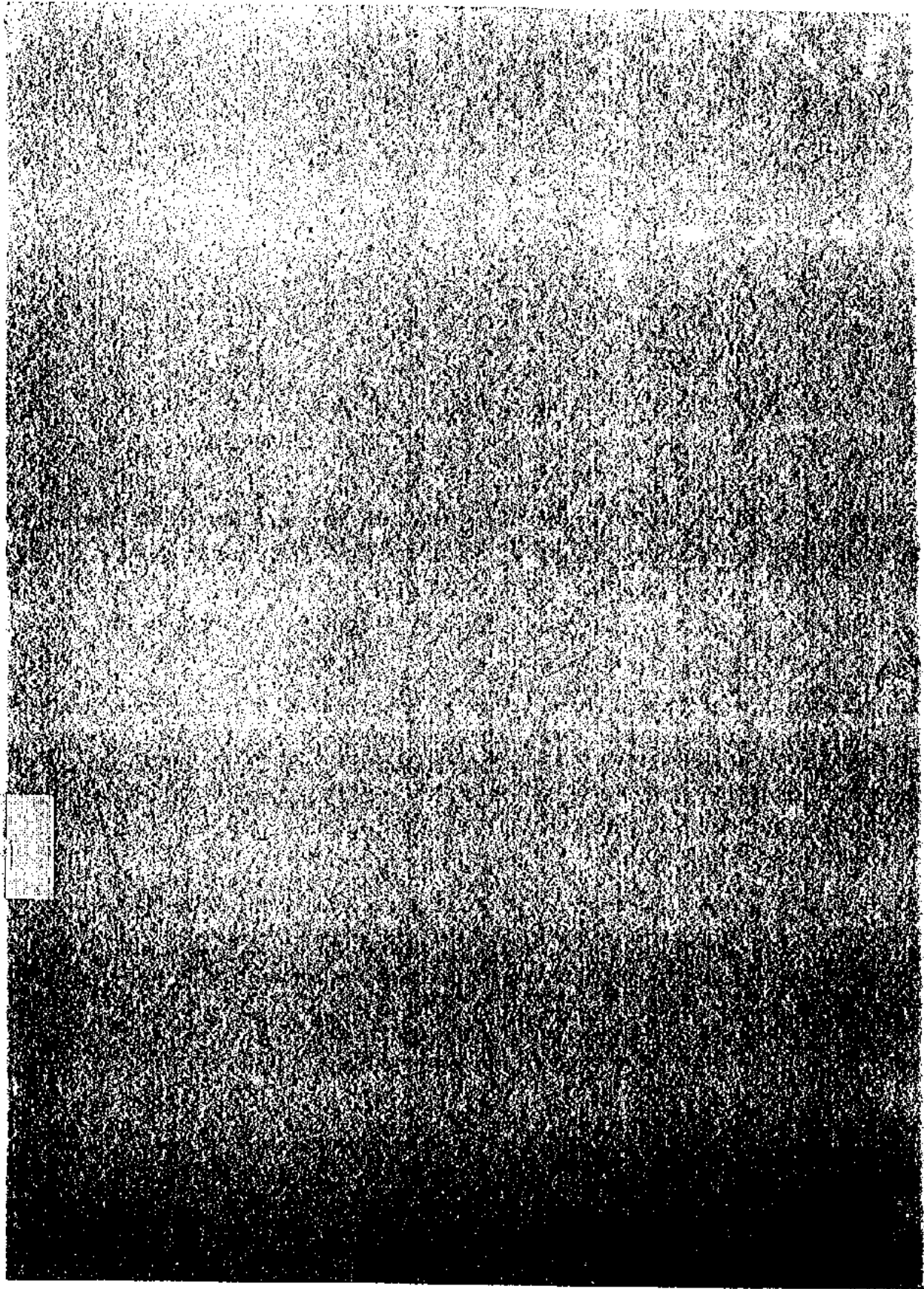
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
11/23/33

ATX01 0189364



DECEMBER

WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

()--()
9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

DECEMBER 2, 1933

SATURDAY

(SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the DeMaroo Sisters. And so we begin with ----

(_____)
(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Always the finest tobacco - and only the center leaves are used for your LUCKY STRIKE. Good tobacco - tobacco with a smooth, silky texture - these are the center leaves. We don't use the harsh top leaves of the plant - or the coarse bottom leaves. Only the few choice center leaves - no stem - no stalk. And every LUCKY is fully packed with these choice tobaccos. Round, firm - free from loose ends. That's why LUCKIES always please.

We bring you now, the man of the hour -- the celebrated Baron -- who is about to take up a discussion of his life on the gridiron, while Sharlie holds that line -- Ladies and gentlemen -- his Royal Shyness -- the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "FOOTBALL")

ATX01 0189366

HOWARD CLANEY:

And there they go -- Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall, but they'll be back shortly. Meanwhile we'll listen to Al Goodman and his Orchestra as they play --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

So round and pure and fully packed with fine tobaccos -- only the center leaves. That's why LUCKIES draw so easily. You've noticed it and you've appreciated the smooth, even-burning quality that is so much a part of LUCKIES' character....Round and pure -- fully packed with the world's choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- and no loose ends. That's why LUCKIES draw so easily, burn so uniformly.

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al Goodman -- and there goes the whistle -- the Baron is taking the kick-off on the 5-yard line -- he's at the 50 -- the 75 -- the 150 -- and here he is right at the microphone -- We give you that old football hero, the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "FOOTBALL")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so, Jack Pearl leaves us and Al Goodman continues with---

(_____)
(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE Program to a close. Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's Orchestra and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are grateful for the public appreciation of this weekly program with the Baron Munchausen.

Thank you and good night!

(SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
1/2/33

ATX01 0189368

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE IX

"F O O T B A L L"

PARTS I & II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

DECEMBER 2nd, 1933

*

ATX01 0189369

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE IX

PART I

"FOOTBALL"

CHARLEY: That's a swanky looking football suit you're wearing, Baron.

BARON: Swank you, Sharley, swank you.

CHARLEY: Do you play football?

BARON: I Wa-----Would I be dressed like this to play PING-PONG?

CHARLEY: Hardly. You like to play football, I presume.

BARON: I love it! I'm crazy about football.

CHARLEY: You get a big kick out of it.

BARON: Sure, I-----You're putting your foot in it early.

CHARLEY: I didn't think you possessed the essential tenaciousness and stability for such strenuous exertitation.

BARON: ----- Could we go into a huddle?

CHARLEY: I wasn't aware you were endowed with the physical tonicity or indurate stamina for athletic agonistics.

BARON: (BLOW WHISTLE) ----TWO DOWN AND TWO TO GO!

CHARLEY: Where are you going to play?

BARON: At Chrysanthemum saucer.

CHARLEY: Chrysanthemum saucer?

BARON: Lilac Dish-----Pansy Plate-----

CHARLEY: Wait! Do you mean Rose Bowl?

BARON: That's it! Rose Bowl!

CHARLEY: That's in Pasadena, California.

BARON: Sure-----unless somebody moved it.

ATX01 0189370

CHARLEY: A tremendous stadium with a capacity of one hundred and ten thousand. Paid admissions for each game amount to from three hundred to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or one million six hundred and fifty thousand dollars for five games and----

BARON: Please!-----The big numbers belong to the Baron!

CHARLEY: Have you played there before?

BARON: Thousands of times. I will never forget the time I played there with Lock College.

CHARLEY: Lock College?

BARON: (LAUGH) YALE! What a game!

CHARLEY: What position did you play?

BARON: In the first half I was left----er----left ----

CHARLEY: Left end?

BARON: No-----I was left out! In the second half I was a back.

CHARLEY: Full back?-----Half back?----

BARON: Yes, their quarterback got the ball and as he tore back, U jumped on the back of the quarterback -- He tried to hold back, but fell back -- so grabbing the ball back I made a comeback from away back with a terrific kick back!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) Some playback!

BARON: The ball landed in Los Angeles and I-----

CHARLEY: Just a moment! You kicked the ball from Pasadena to Los Angeles?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: Impossible! No one in the world ever kicked a football that distance! And I know you didn't!

BARON: Was---you there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! And neither was you!

BARON: I know, I-----It's mutiny! That's what it is mutiny!
Am I insenced! Am I humilated!

CHARLEY: All right! All right -- you kicked the ball from
Pasadena to Los Angeles.

BARON: And it rolled up into Beverly Hills---just where I
wanted it to go.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: I thought the goal was there.

CHARLEY: I see----you thought there was goal in them thar hills.

BARON: Sure I-----QUIET PLEASE!

CHARLEY: Don't kick, Baron!

BARON: I did kick! I kicked the ball again.

CHARLEY: Right back into Pasadena, I suppose.

BARON: No, sir!

CHARLEY: Thank goodness for that!

BARON: It went over Pasadena and landed in Mexico!

CHARLEY: Incredible!

BARON: No,----in Mexico. Well, sir, I ketches the ball and----

CHARLEY: Where did you catch it?

BARON: In Pasadena.

CHARLEY: Pasadena?

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: You said the ball landed in Mexico.

BARON: It did----but it hit a rock and bounced back.

CHARLEY: I'll let that go for a minute! Now tell me how did you
get back from Beverly Hills to Pasadena in time to
catch the ball?

BARON: I ran back.

CHARLEY: You ran back?

BARON: Sure, I ran around the hills, around Los Angeles, around one town after the other, around Pasadena,-----

CHARLEY: You're giving me a run around!

BARON: Yes, I-----Please! The Baron smacks the smackers.

CHARLEY: Keep Running, Baron!

BARON: I did. My breath was coming in knickerbockers----

CHARLEY: In knickerbockers?

BARON: (LAUGH) Short pants! I got to the field----on the twenty yard line I ketchd the ball and started to run!

CHARLEY: Oh, you haven't started running yet!

BARON: No----I was just getting warmed up. Zuddenly I was tackled, and I found myself lying on the ground with the whole bunch lying on top of me.

CHARLEY: You were lying on the ground and the whole bunch were lying on top of you?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Baron, I can't imagine any one topping you no matter where you were lying.

BARON: Sure it-----Your absence would be a pleasure!

CHARLEY: Please continue.

BARON: One of the other team got the ball from me! Down the field he went with me after him! Just as he got to the five yard line I grabbed him --- got the ball---gave him a bump and knocked him right past the two posts.

CHARLEY: You knocked him for a goal.

BARON: -----TIME OUT!

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: I made a run of two hundred yards and I was----

CHARLEY: Hold on! You only had to run a hundred yards to make a touchdown.

BARON: I know----but I made two touchdowns.

CHARLEY: Two?

BARON: Sure---After I made one for us I ran back and made one for them!

CHARLEY: WOW!

BARON: That's nothing! I was once playing on the soag college team and I----

CHARLEY: Soag college? What college is that?

BARON: Poo-Poo-Purdue. We was playing against I.O.U.

CHARLEY: I.O.U?

BARON: N.Y.U.---(LAUGH)---I had alphabet noodles for supper and mixed up my letters.

CHARLEY: Letters forget it!

BARON: Ye-----SIX HIM BUSTER!

CHARLEY: On with the game, Baron!

BARON: I had the ball, and Oh did I make a run! I was tickled----

CHARLEY: Tackled!

BARON: Sure---but they couldn't stop me! Even my own team tried to stop me!

CHARLEY: Ho!

BARON: Yes---but I kept going and didn't stop till I made a touchdown!

CHARLEY: Good work!

BARON: The crowd threw chairs at me!

CHARLEY: Cheers!

BARON: No-----chairs! You see I kept on running till I got to Philadelphia and I made the touchdown for Princeton.

CHARLEY: Princeton?

BARON: Sure----they was playing Capitol---

CHARLEY: Capitol?

BARON: (LAUGH) Washington!

CHARLEY: Didn't the referee put up a holler?

BARON: A holler!--(LAUGH)---You should have heard him YALE!
He wouldn't STAN'FORD!

CHARLEY: I suppose he shot his mouth off and raised hail---
COLUMBIA!

BARON: You have no idea what came out of DART-MOUTH! You
couldn't write it with a PENN! Ah--me! You killed the
game.

CHARLEY: Arme you killed the game.

BARON: Yes---And I said---

CHARLEY: NAVY say die!

BARON: Ye-----MA-LAI!

CHARLEY: Then what?

BARON: He wanted me to pay all bets, but I didn't.

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: I couldn't a FORDAM!

CHARLEY: You couldn't a-----PA PA!

BARON: He said you'll suffer for this. He blew his whistle
and up ran sixteen thousand freshmen..

CHARLEY: Sixteen thousand freshmen?

BARON: Yes---so I ran away.

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: Because I didn't want to-----(LAUGH)

CHARLEY: Come on! You ran away from the freshmen because you
didn't want to what?

BARON: (LAUGH) SOPHO-MORE!

CHARLEY: That's done it! I suggest we quit!

BARON: All right----HARVARD - Your way!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE IX

PART II

"F O O T B A L L"

CHARLEY: You look worried, Baron, what's the matter?
BARON: I got to see my lawyer right away! I got to sue Cornell
College.
CHARLEY: Sue Cornell College?
BARON: Yes---I got a telegram from them what says: "Want you
to play on our team next week---bring suit!"
CHARLEY: (LAUGH)----Why, Baron! They don't mean legal suit,
they want you to bring your football suit.
BARON: Oh,----(LAUGH)-----That suits me!
CHARLEY: You're apparently well known in the football world.
BARON: Why not?-----I used to be a hansom cab!
CHARLEY: A Hansom Cab?
BARON: A Horse and Buggy-----A carriage----
CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean a coach?
BARON: That's it-----a coach!
CHARLEY: Where did you learn about the game, Baron?
BARON: In my college!
CHARLEY: What college was that?
BARON: The Shoe College!
CHARLEY: The Shoe College?
BARON: (LAUGH)----Oxford!
CHARLEY: Oxford College! A grand seat of learning that has
turned out men of rare intellectual poise and culture.
Literati, intelligensia, and cognoscenti.

BARON: (LAUGH) He was good, too. But they turned one man out who was a dumb-ox.

CHARLEY: Who was that?

BARON: (LAUGH) My cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: Is Hugo a college bred man?

BARON: (LAUGH) Not even a biscuit! But what a football player!

CHARLEY: Where did he learn to play?

BARON: With the Villanova College floor cleaners.

CHARLEY: Villanova College floor cleaners?

BARON: (LAUGH)----the scrubs. And oh, how they put that villian over!

CHARLEY: He made good?

BARON: Even better. In two weeks he was captain of the Varsity team!

CHARLEY: Oh no he wasn't! I heard different.

BARON: Who told you?

CHARLEY: My Uncle Henry!

BARON: (LAUGH)----My goodness! Is Uncle Henry back with us again?

CHARLEY: Yes and he told me Hugo never played on the Villanova Varsity team!

BARON: VARS IT HE there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! He varsity not!

BARON: Then please keep him out of the continuity.

CHARLEY: But Henry is a great football player!

BARON: A great football player?

CHARLEY: A marvel! One day he was playing a game with Pittsburg, Michigan, and Syracuse, when he---

BARON: Hold on! What team was he on?

CHARLEY: Chicago, and he---

BARON: Wait a minute! One team can't play three other teams at the same time! It's ridiculous, unheard of! Prissaposterpous.

CHARLEY: Was you there, Baron?

BARON: No I-----Wait a minute! You're reading my part!

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) So I am. I'm sorry! Let's get back to Cousin Hugo.

BARON: There was one play Hugo made that I will remember until I forget it!

CHARLEY: What play was that?

BARON: A forward pass, flying wedge, spinner center plunge end play!

CHARLEY: My word! That's almost all the plays in one!

BARON: Sure----he don't waste any time.

CHARLEY: I can tell that.

BARON: The score was zix hundred and fifty four to eight.

CHARLEY: Pretty close game.

BARON: Sure. The players were in a puddle.

CHARLEY: A huddle!

BARON: A puddle! It rained the night before and they were standing up to their knees in mud.

CHARLEY: Oh, now it's clear.

BARON: Clear my eye! It was muddy! What did Hugo do?

CHARLEY: I haven't the faintest idea!

BARON: That's fine! He got the sigelen-----

CHARLEY: Signal!

BARON: Siligal!

CHARLEY: Signal!

BARON: Gillasigle---lun---sig--a-----THE NUMBERS!

CHARLEY: The signal!

BARON: Sure, the silly,.....Please. Don't start again!

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: Anyhow, he got the ball.

CHARLEY: The pig skin!

BARON: -----The what?

CHARLEY: The pig skin!

BARON: (LAUGH) Not in my family!

CHARLEY: But footballs are made of pig skin.

BARON: Who ask you?

CHARLEY: Let it go!

BARON: Hagg got the ball and---

CHARLEY: What position was he playing?

BARON: He was a back!

CHARLEY: You're not going to say away back again, are you?

BARON: No----- (LAUGH) -----He was a drawback!

CHARLEY: No doubt!

BARON: Well sir, down the field he goes with the ball, just as he got to the goal-----

CHARLEY: Tell me, Baron, what ever became of that motor boat you had?

BARON: I sold it-----just as he got to the goal-----

CHARLEY: It was a dandy boat!

BARON: A beauty----just as he got to the goal----

CHARLEY: How fast could it go?

BARON: Eighty miles an hour-----just as he got to the goal-----

CHARLEY: Did you ever enter it in a race?

BARON: Sure-----just as he got to the goal----

CHARLEY: I suppose your boat won!

BARON: Sure-----just as he got to the goal-----

CHARLEY: Who was running it?
BARON: My cousin Hugo-----just as he got to the goal-----
CHARLEY: What happened?
BARON: The tide changed, so he gave the football full speed
ahead and just as he brought the boat to the five yard
line he was tackled by a half back wave and down he
went for a loss of ten yards and-----what's going on
here?
CHARLEY: What's the matter?
BARON: I'm talking football and you've got me in a boat race!
CHARLEY: Did I get you confused?
BARON: Confused!----You got me nuts!
CHARLEY: That's too bad----because you wanted apples, didn't you?
BARON: Sure----(LAUGH)----let's cut paper dolls!
CHARLEY: Did Hugo make a touchdown?
BARON: NO! The horse came in last!
CHARLEY: What horse?
BARON: My bicycle!
CHARLEY: Baron, I'm afraid you're crazy!
BARON: Are you alright?
CHARLEY: Why yes!
BARON: (LAUGH) Then I'm glad I'm crazy.....Anyhow, that was
the end of the first half.
CHARLEY: What did Hugo do in the second half?
BARON: He didn't play in the second half!
CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: The rubber rubbed his back with alcohol and----(LAUGH)
CHARLEY: And what?
BARON: He sprained his neck trying to lick it off!
CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!
BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

*

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
11/30/33

ATX01 0189382

WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

()-()
9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

DECEMBER 9, 1933

SATURDAY

(SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, the Leaders Trio and the DeMarco Sisters. So now here we go with ----

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Always the finest tobaccos and only the center leaves. These days, smokers pay more attention to their cigarettes. Naturally they're talking about the way LUCKIES are made. Always so round, so firm and fully packed. Brimful of the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos - and no loose ends. That's why LUCKIES draw easily, burn evenly and are so mild -- so smooth. "IT'S TOASTED" for throat protection - for finer taste.

And at this point, we bring you the Baron, the world famous newsreel man, in fact the most famous, - and right now he's about to shoot a few scenes and possibly "Sharlie" -- So ladies and gentlemen, we give you the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "THE NEWSREEL MAN")

ATX01 0189383

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that Jack Pearl leaves us, but he's only half finished for the evening so we'll join him later -- Now Al Goodman and his Orchestra play --

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

It would delight you to open a LUCKY STRIKE and examine the long, golden strands of fine tobaccos. To notice how round, firm and fully packed it is.....free from annoying loose ends. Every LUCKY STRIKE is a blend of the world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- only the center leaves -- finely shredded -- long and evenly cut. That's why every LUCKY draws so easily -- burns so evenly.

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thank you Al Goodman -- now we'll pass the microphone to as fine a gentleman as ever turned a camera crank -- in other words -- His Modesty, the Baron Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "THE NEWSREEL MAN")

HOWARD CLANEY:

So Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall leave the stage as Al
Goodman continues with --

(_____)
(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE Program to a close.
Next week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's orchestra
and another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

The manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are
grateful for the public appreciation of this weekly program with
the Baron Munchausen.

Thank you and good night!

(SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

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AGENCY/chilleen
12/8/33

ATX01 0189385

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK

PEARL

EPISODE X

"THE NEWSREEL MAN"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

DECEMBER 9, 1933

*

ATX01 0189386

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE 1

PART I

"THE NEWSREEL MAN"

CHARLEY: You're late, Baron! What detained you?

BARON: I sprained my ankle and could hardly walk.

CHARLEY: That's a lame excuse!

BARON: Sure its-----you're commencing!

CHARLEY: How did you sprain your ankle?

BARON: I tripped over my newsreel camera!

CHARLEY: Don't tell me you're a newsreel cameraman!

BARON: Sure!

CHARLEY: Well, that's real news!

BARON: No-----newsreel! You see I went down to the race track to get a picture of the Spire Dash!

CHARLEY: The Spire Dash?

BARON: The Tower run-----The Belfry pursuit,-----

CHARLEY: Do you mean the Steeplechase?

BARON: That's it! The Steeple-chase! I tied my camera on the head of a horse and got on the horses back.

CHARLEY: What was the idea?

BARON: I wanted to get a picture of the favorite winning the race.

CHARLEY: I see!

BARON: I entered my horse in the race-----

CHARLEY: With camera on his head?

BARON: Sure-----well sir, in the homestretch the favorite was a quarter of a mile in the lead!

CHARLEY: Some lead!

ATX01 0189387

BARON: Yes, but I was right behind him!

CHARLEY: You must have had a fast horse!

BARON: Fast?-----Well, to give you an idea-----just as the favorite was two feet from the finishing line, my horse shot past him and won the race!

CHARLEY: Baron! I'm surprised!

BARON: So was the horse! He stumbled and fell down ----- right on top of me!

CHARLEY: That was a horse on you!

BARON: Sure it-----keep out of the snapper department, please!

CHARLEY: I'm sorry! Tell me, Baron, isn't the life of a newsreel man a most sagacious and hazardous one?

BARON: -----HELLO!

CHARLEY: He must always be on the qui-vive to photographically depict interesting events or catastrophes without trepidation, n'est-ce pas?

BARON: -----REPEAL!

CHARLEY: Let it go!

BARON: One time I was looking for news and I-----

CHARLEY: Just a moment, Baron-----what's that piece of rope looped around your neck?

BARON: -----A little NOOSE I just picked up!

CHARLEY: Well, I'll be hanged!

BARON: -----I hope so! I was looking for news, when I saw a terrible railroad smackup! And did I get a picture?

CHARLEY: YOU got a picture of the calamitous wreck?

BARON: -----repeat please!

CHARLEY: You got a picture of the terrible wreck?

BARON: Sure----she had it taken the day we was married.

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Excuse me!-----That was another wreck!

CHARLEY: How did the catastrophe happen?

BARON: I proposed to her and she said: "yes."

CHARLEY: I'm talking about the railroad wreck.

BARON: Oh, that one! It was a loaded kettle car.

CHARLEY: A cattle car----loaded with cows, steers, sheep----

BARON: A Kettle car! Loaded with water kettles, tea kettles, coffee kettles.

CHARLEY: Oh, a freight!

BARON: Ye-----who's afraid? Not me! Why once I got a picture from the top of the Empire State building.

CHARLEY: Which is twelve hundred and forty eight feet high.

BARON: Yes, but I was higher!

CHARLEY: Higher?

BARON: Sure-----I was standing on the flag pole!

CHARLEY: With a motion picture camera?

BARON: -----and a sound truck! I was just going to take the picture when something told me a storm was coming up.

CHARLEY: How could you tell?

BARON: A strong breeze was blowing on my face!

CHARLEY: You got wind of it!

BARON: Sure I-----let's play marbles!

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron!

BARON: Sure enough, up comes the storm and it blew me right off the flag pole.

CHARLEY: My word! What did you do?

BARON: I didn't know what to do till I was half way to the ground.

CHARLEY: And then?

BARON: I took two reels of pictures and-----

CHARLEY: You took pictures while you were falling?

BARON: Sure-----I had nothing else to do. So I-----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute, Baron. Will you please tell me how you accomplished this unbelievable feat and lived to tell it?

BARON: Why not?-----**(LAUGH)**-----That's what I'm here for! You see after I took the pictures, I turned around and jumped back on the pole again.

CHARLEY: Ridiculous! No mortal being could fall from a flag pole, stop in mid air, take a motion picture, and jump back again!

BARON: WAS YOU THERE, SHARLEY?

CHARLEY: No, I was not!

BARON: So-----**QUIET PLEASE!**

CHARLEY: I'll not argue.

BARON: Now comes the unbelievable part!

CHARLEY: Oh, we haven't come to that yet?

BARON: No-----in my hurry I forgot my camera.

CHARLEY: Where was it?

BARON: Between the thirty first and thirty second floors-----

What did I do?

CHARLEY: You jumped down----grabbed the camera, and jumped up on the flag pole again!

BARON: Sharley, you're a big fibber!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: You was there all the time!

CHARLEY: I was not!

BARON: Then how did you know exactly what I did?

CHARLEY: Now look here, Bar-room!

BARON: -----BAR-ROOM!

CHARLEY: I can't swallow anymore! Every time you tell a tall tale I choke! Choke! Choke!

BARON: Please -----the Baron makes the chokes!

CHARLEY: And before I believe the one you just told me, you'll have to show me the newsreel!

BARON: That would be the simplest thing in the world, only---

CHARLEY: Only what?

BARON: I forgot to put film in the camera!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE X

PART II

"THE NEWSREEL MAN"

CHARLEY: Now look here, Baron-----
BARON: No sir! I ketched you in a fib! And I don't like
that! I don't like any man what fibs!
CHARLEY: You hate yourself!
BARON: Ye-----SEE! I----you-----we-----
CHARLEY: Take it easy! Don't get excited!
BARON: I never get excited! I come in here a lamb and you
make me go out a lion!
CHARLEY: You go out alyin' without my assistance!
BARON: Sure its-----I HATE YOU!
CHARLEY: Forget it, Baron, and tell me more of your
experiences as a newsreel cameraman.
BARON: Then keep your mouth! Once I took a newsreel from
the top of the Eiffel Tower.
CHARLEY: That's in Paris.
BARON: Day and night! I was up on the top, looking down!
CHARLEY: On top of the Eiffel Tower, looking down?
BARON: Yes!
CHARLEY: I'll bet you got an eyeful!
BARON: Sure I-----one more and you get a hand full!
CHARLEY: I apologize! Continue!
BARON: Half a mile from the tower was a big fire!
CHARLEY: A conflagration!
BARON: No, a FIRE! Such big flames you never saw. They was
all around me!

CHARLEY: And the fire was a half^a/mile away?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: That's a hot one!

BARON: You have no idea how hot! In one minute my hair was on fire!

CHARLEY: By the way, Baron, where did you get that suit?

BARON: In London-----Just as my hair got on fire-----

CHARLEY: The coats a little tight, isn't it?

BARON: Yes-----Just as my hair got on fire-----

CHARLEY: You should have the buttons moved.

BARON: I will-----Just as my hair got on fire-----

CHARLEY: And the trousers shortened.

BARON: I know it-----Just as my hair got on fire-----

CHARLEY: When did you buy that funny looking suit?

BARON: Just as my hair got on fire-----

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I moved the buttons on the fire and shortened my hair until the water was too tight at the bottom of the pants and-----say, what is this? A fire or a fitting?

CHARLEY: Oh, yes! The fire! Tell me about it.

BARON: It's all over!

CHARLEY: All over?

BARON: Sure-----they put it out while you was altering my suit!

CHARLEY: Aren't you afraid to photograph fires, Baron?

BARON: Not me! I even took a picture on the top of Mount Wer-slew-veus.

CHARLEY: Vesuvius!

BARON: Wer-wuz-you-wuz?

CHARLEY: Vesuvius!

BARON: Wer-sue-me-us!

CHARLEY: Not wer-sue! Vesu--Vesu!

BARON: VESU there, Sharley?

CHARLEY: No! I was not!

BARON: So, that's settled. I was sitting on the edge of the----you know----the edge-----

CHARLEY: The edge of the volcano.

BARON: I was-----could I question your answer?

CHARLEY: The edge of the volcano! You know what a volcano is, don't you?

BARON: Sure-----a place where they do vulcanizing.

CHARLEY: (LAUGH) That's a knock out!

BARON: No----- (LAUGH) -----a blow out! Anyhow I sat there and took pictures----just as I left my seat and walked away I hear a rumble----I looked behind me and where do you think the rumble was coming from?

CHARLEY: {

BARON: { IN UNISON) -- THE RUMBLE SEAT!

BARON: (LAUGH) We was neck and neck that time! It was coming from the volcano -----also came smoke.

CHARLEY: It was starting to erupt!

BARON: I knew dis!

CHARLEY: Ah! You're a nudist!

BARON: Sure I----maybe I don't speak your language! When I say Knew dis, I don't mean nudist, I mean knew dis, I----knew what I knew!

CHARLEY: Alright-----NU?

BARON: AH! A LANSMAN!

CHARLEY: Keep going, Baron!

BARON: Suddenly up shot a shower of lava-----down it came all around me! Around my legs and arms! Around my neck was lava.

CHARLEY: Like a lavalier!

BARON: Ye-----you ain't got so long to live!

CHARLEY: Let it go!

BARON: I was up to my neck in lava! Lucky for me a girl came along with a shovel!

CHARLEY: A girl with a shovel?

BARON: Yes---her sweetheart was buried under the lava and she wanted to dig him out!

CHARLEY: I see----she wanted to dig her lava out of the lava!

BARON: Yes, she-----MAMMA!

CHARLEY: Don't stop, Baron!

BARON: Well sir, she came up to me-----standing up to my neck in lava, and she said: "I feel terrible sorry for you." And I said: "You'll feel sorrier for your lover." And she said: "Why?" And I said: "Because, I'm standing on his shoulders."

CHARLEY: Did she dig you out?

BARON: Sure, and also her lover, and who do you think it was?

CHARLEY: {

BARON: { IN UNISON) -- MY COUSIN HUGO!

BARON: (LAUGH) We're having a close race tonight!

CHARLEY: What was Hugo doing there?

BARON: Making newsreels!

CHARLEY: Is he a cameraman?

BARON: For years! But no more!

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Last Tuesday night the boss sent him out to get pictures of the repeal celebration.

CHARLEY: That was some celebration!

BARON: Yes---but such small glasses of beer for ten cents!

CHARLEY: True! But in a short time, we'll get a big glass of beer for a nickle!

BARON: (LAUGH) The schooner the better!

CHARLEY: Repeal was a good thing! A few more repeals wouldn't hurt!

BARON: You're right ----but one thing can never be repealed!

CHARLEY: What's that?

BARON: Bananas!

CHARLEY: I guess you're right! But what about Hugo?

BARON: Where did he go?

CHARLEY: You said the boss sent him out to get pictures of the repeal celebration!

BARON: Sure, the boss said: "Come back with lots of pictures and lots of news----full of news!"

CHARLEY: Full of news!

BARON: Yes----and next morning, Hugo walked in stewed to the eyes!

CHARLEY: Intoxicated?

BARON: Piffleated! And without one reel of pictures or om bit of news!

CHARLEY: Terrible!

BARON: Oh, was the boss mad! He said: "What's the idea?
Didn't I tell you to come back full of news?"-----
And Hugo said: "Full of news? I thought you said
full of booze."

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

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WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
12/8/33

WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

()-()
9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

DECEMBER 16, 1933

SATURDAY

(SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, Alice Dawn and the Leaders Trio. So now here we go with-----

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

So round, so firm, so fully packed. LUCKIES draw easily -- burn evenly. It's easy to see why so many people prefer this famous cigarette. LUCKIES are fully packed with long strands of choice tobaccos, so round and firm to the very tips. That means LUCKIES always draw easily, always burn smoothly. It also means no annoying loose ends to cling to lips or mess up pockets and purses. And every day more and more folks are showing their appreciation by saying "LUCKIES Please." Always the finest tobaccos - and only the center leaves.

And here he is, that soldier of fortune and adventurer -- the gentleman who, single-handed, has raised armies and sunk navies. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you, that old war machine -- the Baron Munchausen.

(FIRST PART -- "A MAN 'O WAR")

ATX01 0189398

HOWARD CLANEY:

And so Jack Pearl leaves us until a little later in the program -- Now Al Goodman and his orchestra play --

(_____)
(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

On every fine tobacco plant there are only a few leaves that we buy for LUCKY STRIKE. Not the top leaves -- because those are under-developed, Not the bottom leaves -- because those are inferior in quality. We select only the center leaves -- because the center leaves are the mildest and fully ripe for perfect smoking. Only the center leaves are used in making LUCKIES - so round, so firm, so fully packed -- free from loose ends that spill out, that cling to lips. Is it any wonder LUCKIES are mild and smooth? And remember, "IT'S TOASTED" -- for throat protection - for finer taste.

(_____)
(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Thanks Al Goodman -- And this scene opens in the front line trenches, the zero hour approaches and once again the Baron is going over the top with Sharlie -- Here he comes -- Napoleon Blown Apart Munchausen.

(SECOND PART -- "A MAN O' WAR")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall make their exit
as Al Goodman continues with ---

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that brings this LUCKY STRIKE to a close. Next
week at this time we'll again hear Al Goodman's orchestra and
another episode from the hectic life of the Baron Munchausen.

Thank you and good night!

(SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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AGENCY/chilleen
12/16/33

ATX01 0189400

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK PEARL

EPISODE XI

"A MAN O' WAR"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

DECEMBER 16TH.
1 9 3 3.

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ATX01 0189401

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XI

PART I

"A M A N O' W A R"

CHARLEY: That's quite an elaborate military uniform you're wearing, Baron. Are you going to a fancy dress ball?

BARON: No sir, - - - - I'm going to war!

CHARLEY: War? What war?

BARON: I don't know-----I didn't pick one out yet.

CHARLEY: Didn't pick one out yet?

BARON: No-----but I think I'll go to Soused America.

CHARLEY: South America! The hotbed of revolutions!

BARON: Yes! They got a nice healthy revolution in Tropicola.

CHARLEY: They have?

BARON: Yes ----the vice president and president are fighting.

CHARLEY: Who is the president?

BARON: That's what they're fighting about!

CHARLEY: What side are you going to be on?

BARON: The outside!

CHARLEY: The outside?

BARON: I think so ----you see, I'm a little afraid of that revolution.

CHARLEY: Then you had better remain neutral.

BARON: Absolutely!-----Besides I'm getting an army together for the postmaster.

CHARLEY: The postmaster! Who is he fighting?

BARON: The president and the vice president!

CHARLEY: Who is the postmaster?

ATX01 0189402

BARON: That's what he's trying to find out!

CHARLEY: Of course you realize that if you fight for him you become a belligerent!

BARON: -----HELLO!

CHARLEY: Engaging in the hostilities makes you a contentious combatant, a bona fide, solemn, controversial participant.

BARON:and then came the war!

CHARLEY: Were you ever in a revolution, Baron?

BARON: In one of the biggest.

CHARLEY: Where was it?

BARON: In Frozen-----

CHARLEY: Frozen?

BARON: Cold-----shivering-----

CHARLEY: Is it possible you mean CHILE?

BARON: That's it! CHILE!

CHARLEY: How did you get involved in the revolution?

BARON: Through a man named Captain Simons. I met him in-----
er-----what's the name of that place? Lemme see-----
it starts with a Coo.

CHARLEY: It starts with a what?

BARON: He was-----am I talking to myself?

CHARLEY: I didn't get it, Baron!

BARON: I said the name of the place starts with a Coo!

CHARLEY: Oh, "Q"

BARON: Ye-----not "O-Q"-----Coo! Wait! I got it!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Coo-ba!

CHARLEY: Cuba!

BARON: Sure-----Captain Simons was a full-of-blisters!

CHARLEY: A full of blisters?

BARON: A gun smuggler.

CHARLEY: Oh! A filibuster! A contrabandist! A gun runner!
A freebooter!

BARON: -----One at a time! Anyhow I helped him smuggle to
the rebels sixty six thousands cannons, forty five
thousand machine guns, two hundred thousand rifles
and a million rounds of ammunition.

CHARLEY: Ridiculous! There isn't a boat afloat that could
carry that cargo!

BARON: Is that so? Well it happens my boat was lying in the
harbor.

CHARLEY: Your boat was lying in the harbor?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Even your boat is doing that now!

BARON: Sure it's-----SILENCE PLEASE!

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: After we got the stuff ashore-----Captain Simons said:
"Who will volunteer to deliver it to the rebels?"

CHARLEY: Captain Simons said that?

BARON: Yes-----he looked me straight in the eye and for no
reason I said "I will."

CHARLEY: Captain Simons hypnotized you.

BARON: No---he gimonized me! Well sir, I rushed to do the
job.

CHARLEY: With gusto!

BARON: No-----by myself! The rebels was on the other side of
the Amos mountains, so I-----

CHARLEY: Amos Mountains?

BARON: -----Andes! So I picked up the stuff and started
up the mountains-----

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! Do you mean to say you picked up the whole cargo by yourself?

BARON: -----With one hand!

CHARLEY: NO, I WAS NOT!

BARON: I-----you was not what?

CHARLEY: I WAS NOT THERE!

BARON: You see I-----WHO ASKED YOU?

CHARLEY: I did! I did! Who has a better right? Flay me! Torture me! Throw me to the lions! Kill me if you will, but I shall still refuse to answer!----- (LAUGH)

BARON: (LAUGH)

BAND: (LAUGH)

BARON: Hey! Wait! What the-----what is this?

CHARLEY: Pardon me, Baron! I went off my lines!

BARON: You went off your nut!

CHARLEY: Forgive me.

BARON: Sure I-----where was I?

CHARLEY: Starting up the mountain!

BARON: Exactly! Half way up one of the enemy's soldiers was waiting for me.

CHARLEY: In ambush?

BARON: No----in uniform! He fired shot after shot at me!

CHARLEY: Shot after shot!

BARON: Yes, but I zigzagged!

CHARLEY: Zigzagged?

BARON: Yes, because when you zigzag you never get hit!

CHARLEY: I see!

BARON: Twenty two of his bullets hit me and I-----

CHARLEY: Hold on! You just said you zigzagged!

BARON: Sure-----but I zigged when I should have zagged and I
zagged when I should have zigged!

CHARLEY: And he hit you twenty two times?

BARON: The first day!

CHARLEY: The first day!

BARON: Yes-----he was shooting at me for nine days!

CHARLEY: Preposterous!

BARON: Monotonous!

CHARLEY: Didn't you shoot at him?

BARON: Sure----but after three days I ran out of ammunition!

CHARLEY: What did you do?

BARON: I went over and I borrowed some from him!

CHARLEY: Good night!

BARON: Don't go yet, it's early! I shot over four hundred
bullets at him and hit him in a different spot every
time! Then I had to give up!

CHARLEY: You had no more bullets left!

BARON: No-----he had no more spots left! Two weeks later
I arrived at the rebels camp and just as I delivered
the guns and ammunitions, the whole business exploded!
The rebels started singing and they-----

CHARLEY: Just a moment! The arms and ammunitions blew up and
the rebels started singing?

BARON: Sure----that's where that song came from!

CHARLEY: What song?

BARON: -----FAREWELL TO ARMS!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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ATX01 0189406

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XI

PART II

"A M A N O' W A R"

CHARLEY: So you like to fight wars, Baron?

BARON: Sure-----I come from a fighting family-----gun fighters, sword fighters, Indian fighters-----one of them was the best fighter what ever was!

CHARLEY: Indian Fighter?

BARON: No-----Booze Fighter!

CHARLEY: Who is that?

BARON: -----My cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: He likes bottles better than battles.

BARON: -----Demijohns he likes!

CHARLEY: Doesn't he take any interest in warfares?

BARON: No --- only bill o' fares. I got him in the standing army - but they threw him out!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: He was always sitting down.

CHARLEY: Is he a pacifist?

BARON: -----Could you retreat please?

CHARLEY: A pacifist! Does he like peace?

BARON: Sure-----he eats them by the cans full!

CHARLEY: What?

BARON: Peas! But he did one good thing for the country.

CHARLEY: What was that?

BARON: He moved to the city!

CHARLEY: YOU know, Baron----I've never had the pleasure of meeting Hugo.

BARON: It's not such a pleasure!

CHARLEY: Where is he now?

BARON: Who knows? One day he's here and one day he's there.

CHARLEY: He's a rover!

BARON: Ye-----please! Hugo is not a dog!

CHARLEY: Don't misunderstand me, Baron! I mean he's a wanderer, a roamer, a bird of passage-----

BARON: A BUM!

CHARLEY: Poor Hugo----always on the pan!

BARON: It's his own fault!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: He's a pan handler!

CHARLEY: Get away from him.

BARON: I've been trying for years!

CHARLEY: Let's get back to the revolution in South America.

BARON: All right -- we're back.

CHARLEY: I suppose the rebels were glad to get the arms and ammunition.

BARON: Yes-----and I got there just in time to save General Carny!

CHARLEY: Who was General Carny?

BARON: The rebel chief! The people in Chile tried to con him into quitting, but I wouldn't let them do it!

CHARLEY: You wouldn't let Chile-con-carny!

BARON: NO, I-----BEANS!

CHARLEY: Proceed, Baron.

BARON: That afternoon everybody was taking a sleep.

CHARLEY: A siesta!

BARON: I was-----I beg your stuffing!

CHARLEY: Siesta? Siesta?

BARON: No -----I called but she wasn't home.

CHARLEY: Let it pass.

BARON: We was all taking a sleep when the bugle sounded.

CHARLEY: The call to arms!

BARON: NO-----to feet! Twenty yards over our heads was a big bombing plane!

CHARLEY: Only twenty yards above you?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Fancy!

BARON: No-----plane! The pilot was just going to chuck out a big stick of dynamite! In five seconds everything would be over in a few days!

CHARLEY: In five seconds everything would be over in a few days?

BARON: Maybe a week!

CHARLEY: That sounds silly!

BARON: Sure-----but do I know what I'm saying when I'm excited?

CHARLEY: Oh, you were excited!

BARON: Excited? I jumped up and down! And in my excitement I jumped so high, I landed in the plane!

CHARLEY: Don't tell me!

BARON: I must! The pilot was a Russian!

CHARLEY: A Russian?

BARON: Yes! So I rushed him! Grabbed the stick of dynamite and took it away from him!

CHARLEY: What did you do with it?

BARON: I threw it down to the boys in the camp!

CHARLEY: Good gracious! Didn't you blow up the camp?

BARON: No-----but the dynamite did! The Russian came rushin' at me with a knife, yelling: "Just for that I'll carve yer!"

CHARLEY: I love it!

BARON: I-----what?

CHARLEY: Russian caviar.

BARON: -----Even if it's raining you should be shot at sunrise! Just as he raised his knife-----

CHARLEY: Don't you like caviar?

BARON: Sure-----just as he raised his knife-----

CHARLEY: It's marvelous with chopped onions.

BARON: I know it-----just as he raised his knife-----

CHARLEY: Do you like it on crackers or toast?

BARON: Crackers!-----Just as he raised his knife-----

CHARLEY: I like it on toast..

BARON: What do I care-----just as he raised his knife-----

CHARLEY: I could eat a ton of it!

BARON: Go ahead!-----Just as he raised his knife-----

CHARLEY: Well, what did he do?

BARON: He cut the toast and made a ton of caviar bombers out of the cracker dynamite with the camp-----shut up!

CHARLEY: What about the knife?

BARON: Who cares! The war is over!

CHARLEY: Over? When was peace declared?

BARON: While you was stuffing yourself with caviar!

CHARLEY: I suppose they celebrated the declaration of peace!

BARON: And how! In the public square was thousands of people! Bands was playing! Flags was waving! The air was full of-----

CHARLEY: Caviar!

BARON: Ye-----what a night for a murder!

CHARLEY: Carry on, Baron!

BARON: Then came the unveiling of a statue!

CHARLEY: The unveiling of a statue?

BARON: Yes-----and when the veil was torn off, I thought the people would die laughing!

CHARLEY: Why?

BARON: It was the statue of the funniest, craziest, silliest looking man I ever saw! And who do you think it was?

CHARLEY: Your cousin Hugo!

BARON: No-----If you had been there I would have pointed to the statue and said-----

CHARLEY: And said, what?

BARON: Is stat-ue, Sharley?

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K. WELLS/childen
12/14/33

ATX01 0189411

WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

()-()
9:00 -- 9:30 P.M.

DECEMBER 23, 1933

SATURDAY

(SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

The LUCKY STRIKE Program, presented by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, with Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen, and his partner Cliff "Sharlie" Hall -- together with Al Goodman's famous orchestra and Robert Simmons, Alice Dawn and the Leaders Trio. Tonight marks the final broadcast of this series featuring Jack Pearl and his illustrious friends. And now Al Goodman plays: --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

On every fine tobacco plant there are only a few leaves that we buy for LUCKY STRIKE. Not the top leaves - because those are under-developed. Not the bottom leaves - because those are inferior in quality. We select only the center leaves - because the center leaves are the mildest and fully ripe for perfect smoking. Only the center leaves are used in making LUCKIES - so round, so firm, so fully packed -- free from loose ends that spill out, that cling to lips. Is it any wonder LUCKIES are mild and smooth? And remember, "IT'S TOASTED" - for throat protection - for finer taste.

And now here comes Santa Claus and he seems to bear a striking resemblance to the Baron -- he's even got Sharlie with him. If this isn't Santa Claus, then ladies and gentlemen, we give you his first assistant -- the Baron Munchausen.
(FIRST PART -- "MERRY CHRISTMAS")

ATX01 0189412

HOWARD CLANEY:

You've been listening to the Christmas adventures of Jack Pearl -- who has run out the stage door with Cliff Hall to feed his reindeers. He'll be back a little later. And now Al Goodman plays--

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Even though you're travelling three miles a minute, a mile above the earth on a giant New York to California airplane, you'll find a mild, smooth LUCKY STRIKE right at your elbow. The great United Air Lines, with its famous 19 and 1/2 hour coast-to-coast service, has found such a large number of its patrons prefer LUCKIES, that today LUCKY STRIKES are served exclusively on these great planes. Their passenger lists include captains of industry, stage and screen stars, hundreds of persons whose names are news.... people who recognize and appreciate the cigarette that is always so round, so firm, so fully packed....the cigarette made of the finest tobaccos, only the center leaves -- LUCKY STRIKE.

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Two nights before Christmas and down through the house
Came the Baron and Sharlie and Hugo, that souse.
And out on the stage there arose such a clatter
That the Baron ran out to see what was the matter
And here he is -- his modesty, the Baron Munchausen!

(SECOND PART -- "MERRY CHRISTMAS")

HOWARD CLANEY:

And with that, Jack Pearl leaves the stage and Al Goodman continues with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This concludes the series of broadcasts of Jack Pearl, otherwise known as the Baron Munchausen, and his friend, Cliff "Sharlie" Hall. We wish at this time to thank Mr. Pearl and Mr. Hall for the splendid entertainment they have given to our coast-to-coast audience. To Al Goodman and his famous dance orchestra, to Robert Simmons, Alice Dawn and the Leaders Trio, we also express our sincere appreciation. We are sure you will join us in wishing them all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. And ladies and gentlemen, for Christmas and for always may the best of good things be yours.

(SIGNATURE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AGENCY/chilleen
12/23/33

ATX01 0189414

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

FEATURING

JACK

PEARL

EPISODE XII

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

PARTS I AND II

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

FOR

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

DECEMBER 23RD.
1 9 3 3.

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ATX01 0189415

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"
EPISODE XII PART I
"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

CHARLEY: Well, well, Baron! All dressed up like good old
Cris Kringle himself! Big white bushy beard and all!
(UNINTELLIGIBLE GIBBERISH)

BARON: What?
(UNINTELLIGIBLE GIBBERISH)

CHARLEY: Wait a minute! I can't understand a word you're
saying! Come out from behind that bushy beard-----there
-----isn't that better?

BARON: Sure----(LAUGH)----and it only goes to prove.
To prove what?

CHARLEY: A word in the mouth is worth two in the bush!

BARON: No, no --- a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!

CHARLEY: Sure!
A proverbial saying embodying a practical precept!
-----HELLO?

BARON: A sententious phrase---the veracity and conformity to
conviction having never proven it an erroneous maxim!
-----MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CHARLEY: Did you buy many Christmas gifts, Baron?

BARON: A million!

CHARLEY: How many?

BARON: Forty six thousand!

CHARLEY: I don't believe it!

BARON: Twenty seven hundred!

CHARLEY: I still don't believe it!

ATK01 0189416

BARON: Would you believe eleven hundred and seventy two?
CHARLEY: No!
BARON: So we might as well go back to a million!
CHARLEY: All right! You bought a million gifts!
BARON: Each one cost a dollar!
CHARLEY: You spent a million dollars!
BARON: Sure----a dollar down and a dollar a week!
CHARLEY: Do you mean to say an installment house let you have
a million dollars worth of merchandise payable one
dollar down and one dollar a week?
BARON: Yes, sir!
CHARLEY: Why, at that rate they'll have to wait about two
thousand years for their money!
BARON: (LAUGH) That's their worry!----and besides, I'm
honest----I won't run away.
CHARLEY: What all did you buy, Baron?
BARON: Well, first on the list was my wife.
CHARLEY: Naturally!
BARON: Sure----second on the list was my wife.
CHARLEY: You said your wife was first!
BARON: She's second too! For her I got a Spanish say Jack.
CHARLEY: A Spanish Say Jack?
BARON: A French Say Jim-----an Italian Say Joe-----
CHARLEY: I wonder if you mean a Russian Sable?
BARON: That's it a Russian Say-bill!
CHARLEY: A very expensive fur!
BARON: Yes sir! That fur comes from away up north!
CHARLEY: That's fur, fur away!
BARON: Sure it's-----WE'RE OFF! Also I bought her a
bridge set!

CHARLEY: I thought she didn't play bridge.
BARON: She don't.
CHARLEY: Then what will she do with a bridge set?
BARON: Eat!
CHARLEY: Oh, I see----I suppose she needs them.
BARON: You said a mouthful! To my Uncle McPherson I'm giving----
CHARLEY: Whoa! To your Uncle who?
BARON: Goldberg!
CHARLEY: That's better! McPherson is scotch!
BARON: That's good too. To him I'm giving a smoking jacket.
CHARLEY: A smoking jacket?
BARON: Yes----it's still smoking.
CHARLEY: What do you mean, it's still smoking?
BARON: I got it at a fire sale. To my niece Fanny who lives in Florida, I sent ice skates.
CHARLEY: Ice skates? To Florida?
BARON: No! To Fanny!
CHARLEY: But they don't have ice in Florida!
BARON: I know----so I also sent her the ice to skate on!
CHARLEY: You sent her ice? To Skate on?
BARON: Sure---a whole river! I bought one cheap from an ice man who was getting rid of his frozen assets.
CHARLEY: Do you want me to swallow that?
BARON: (LAUGH) Not unless you melt it! To my nephew Ignatz, who lives in Greenland, I sent an electric fan. To my cousin Tillie who lives in South America I sent ear muffs.
CHARLEY: You believe in picking presents according to places people live!

BARON: Sure----I like to do that!

CHARLEY: Well, I live in New York, what would you like to pick for me?

BARON: (LAUGH) Flowers!

CHARLEY: Let's forget the presents!

BARON: Impossible! I got to deliver them tonight.

CHARLEY: Tonight! To Florida, Greenland, South America-----

BARON: And all points west!

CHARLEY: How in the world are you going to do it?

BARON: Well you see, I got a sleigh and nine hundred reindeers.

CHARLEY: You've got what?

BARON: A horse and wagon!

CHARLEY: I don't believe you have nine hundred reindeers.

BARON: How many would you believe?

CHARLEY: About four!

BARON: All right, ---I got four hundred reindeers and----

CHARLEY: No! Not four hundred! Four! Four!

BARON: -----Are we playing golf?

CHARLEY: Four reindeers!

BARON: If I said four, would it please you?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON: So I got nine hundred and four reindeers!

CHARLEY: Where did the other four come from?

BARON: They was born while we was arguing. These reindeers can travel like, like----

CHARLEY: Lightning!--

BARON: Faster! They can make two hundred miles in two minutes and-----

CHARLEY: Impossible! Preposterous!

BARON: Was you--

CHARLEY: Was I what?

BARON: (LAUGH) Maybe you was!

CHARLEY: You can't make me believe your reindeers can make two hundred miles in two minutes.

BARON: What would you believe?

CHARLEY: Nothing!

BARON: All right! They can make it in nothing! My first stop will be a stone's throw from here.

CHARLEY: A stones throw?

BARON: Yes----eighty nine miles!

CHARLEY: Now, wait! You can't throw a stone eighty nine miles!

BARON: Did I say I threw it?

CHARLEY: No!

BARON: So why pick on me?

CHARLEY: Continue, Baron!

BARON: There I got to leave a box of dog soap!

CHARLEY: Who's the dog soap for?

BARON: -----My cousin Hugo!

CHARLEY: What's the idea of giving Hugo dog soap?

BARON: Because he turned out to be a dirty dog! He played me a mean trick!

CHARLEY: Was he justified?

BARON: No----just a bum!

CHARLEY: What malignant act did he perpetrate?

BARON: -----Once over please?

CHARLEY: What did he do to arouse your animosity and acrimonious acridity?

BARON: You see I-----Your christmas present is a simplified spelling book.

CHARLEY: Never mind me!

BARON: I never do!

CHARLEY: Come on, tell me, what did Hugo do?

BARON: He stole my only box of Christmas labels.

CHARLEY: Christmas labels?

BARON: Yes-----but he's being punished for it!

CHARLEY: How?

BARON: He went to the hospital last week expecting to be gone only a few days, but in his hurry getting dressed, one of the labels got stuck on him, and he won't be out until New Years!

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: Because the label said----

CHARLEY: The label said what?

BARON: DO NOT OPEN UNTIL CHRISTMAS!

CHARLEY: Oh, Baron!

BARON: Oh, Sharley!

(END OF PART I)

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ATX01 0189421

"THE MODERN BARON MUNCHAUSEN"

EPISODE XII PART II

"M E R R Y C H R I S T M A S"

CHARLEY: You say last Christmas you played Santa Claus on a ship?

BARON: Yes-----I was talking to the runner-----

CHARLEY: Talking to the runner?

BARON: The jumper-----the hopper-----

CHARLEY: The skipper!

BARON: The skipper! His name was Herring!

CHARLEY: Skipper herring!

BARON: -----GO FISH! He said: "We got lots of children on the boat, who will be disappointed if they don't see Santa Claus----will you be him?"

CHARLEY: He wanted you to be Santa Claus?

BARON: Yes----and I didn't want to disappoint the kiddies, because I was once a kiddie myself.

CHARLEY: I know it!

BARON: I-----you believe me?

CHARLEY: Yes!

BARON: (LAUGH) The world must be coming to an end! Well sir, there was no chimney on the boat so I decided to come down the smoke stack.

CHARLEY: By jiminy!

BARON: No-----by smoke stack! When I got in the funnel the kids heard me.

CHARLEY: They heard you getting into the funnel?

BARON: Yes, and they yelled-----

CHARLEY: Now the fun'll begin!

BARON: Ye-----MAMA!

CHARLEY: I apologize, Baron. What did the children yell?

BARON: They yelled; "Here comes Claus Santa!"

CHARLEY: Santa Claus!

BARON: Claus Santa!

CHARLEY: You're saying it backwards!

BARON: That's the way I was coming down!

CHARLEY: Keep coming!

BARON: In the funnel I couldn't see my hands before my face!

CHARLEY: Why not?

BARON: {

CHARLEY: { IN UNISON) I had them in my pocket!

CHARLEY: That's an old joke.

BARON: It was an old coat.

CHARLEY: What happened then?

BARON: I tried to see but my eyes kept blinking, blinking!

CHARLEY: Blinking?

BARON: Yes!

CHARLEY: Your eyes were on the blink!

BARON: Sure-----so will you be in a minute! The funnel was full of cinders! Suddenly one of them flew in my eye!

CHARLEY: A cinder flew in your eye?

BARON: Yes-----it weighed forty pounds.

CHARLEY: Just a moment! How could a cinder forty pounds fly in your eye?

BARON: You would like to know?

CHARLEY: Yes----

BARON: Take it up with the cinder! Well sir, the forty pound cinder-----

CHARLEY: That'll be enough about the forty pound cinder.
BARON: You don't want to hear about it?
CHARLEY: No! It's a "sin-der" mention it.
BARON: Sure it's-----How did I come to meet you?
CHARLEY: What next, Baron?
BARON: Also the funnel was full of coal dust!
CHARLEY: Soot!
BARON: -----what's the matter?
CHARLEY: Soot! Soot! Soot!
BARON: Gerzundheit!
CHARLEY: Soot! Coal dust! Soot!
BARON: All right, soot-----some soot was here and some soot
was there.
CHARLEY: Ah, a summer soot!
BARON: Ye-----it can't last much longer! Just as I was
near the bottom, somebody started the fire!
CHARLEY: In the furnace?
BARON: Where do you think? In the ice box?
CHARLEY: Pass it up!
BARON: Up shot the flames!
CHARLEY: You were in a hot spot!
BARON: Yes sir, I was mad! I-----
CHARLEY: Fit to burn!
BARON: Sure I-----
CHARLEY: Sizzling!
BARON: Yes, I-----
CHARLEY: Aflame with anger!
BARON: Sure I-----who's telling this? You or me?
CHARLEY: Skip it!

BARON: I tried to climb up! I couldn't! Flames was roaring
all around me!

CHARLEY: I once had a horse named Roaring Flames!

BARON: That's fine!----flames was all around me----

CHARLEY: Do you like horses?

BARON: Sure-----flames was all around me-----

CHARLEY: What kind?

BARON: With four legs-----flames was all around me-----

CHARLEY: All horses have four legs!

BARON: I know it-----flames was all around me-----

CHARLEY: It's silly to even mention it!

BARON: Who cares-----flames was all around me-----

CHARLEY: I owned a stable full of horses!

BARON: I still don't care----flames was all around me----

CHARLEY: Do you bet on horses?

BARON: Sure-----flames was all around me-----

CHARLEY: I've got a good thing in the second race!

BARON: Stick it in your left eye----flames was all around
me-----

CHARLEY: What flames?

BARON: In the second race on a horse with four legs named
Santa Clause riding a funnel full of cinders on a
-----WAS YOU THERE, SHARLEY?

CHARLEY: NO, I WAS NOT!

BARON: SO, A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

(END OF PART II)

WILLIAM K.WELLS/chilleen
12/23/33

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RTX01 0189425

WEAF and WJZ

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST
OF
METROPOLITAN OPERA "MIGNON"

()-()
1:55 to APPROX. 5:00 P.M. DECEMBER 30, 1933

SATURDAY

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. We are speaking to you from Box 44 in the grand tier of the Metropolitan Opera House New York City.

To all lovers of music, and to the nation-wide audience of New York's Metropolitan Opera Company, this broadcast is dedicated by the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. It is a great pleasure, a great privilege and a great honor for LUCKY STRIKE to bring you this broadcast.....We could think of no finer entertainment to bring you than this season's repertoire of Grand Opera by the world renowned Metropolitan Opera Company, for we are firm believers in the inherent good taste of the American public. And may we mention that taste -- good taste is an inherent quality of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.....

ATX01 0189426

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

This afternoon you are to hear the Metropolitan Opera Company present the famous French opera "Mignon," with the leading roles taken by the following cast of famous artists:

MIGNON -- Lucrezia Bori
PHILINE -- Lily Pons
WILHELM MEISTER -- Tito Schipa
LOTHARIO -- Leon Rothier
LAERTE -- Angelo Bada
JARNO -- Paolo Ananian
FREDERIO -- Gladys Swarthout
ANTONIO -- James Wolfe.

This three act Opera by the renowned French dramatic composer Ambroise Thomas is based upon Goethe's novel Wilhelm Meister. The action of the first two acts takes place in Germany. The action of the third takes place in Italy. The time is the close of the eighteen century.

The opening scene is a courtyard of an old German Inn. To the left one side of the Inn faces the audience. At the first story of the building, glass doors open upon a balcony from which an exterior flight of steps descends to the court. To the right there is a shed. The courtyard itself contains many tables and arbors. When the curtain rises you hear where the townsfolk are making merry. The old minstrel Lothario soon enters and tells how he has wandered everywhere seeking his long lost child. A band of Gypsies appear and dance for the guests.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The leader of the band Jarno goes over to an open Gypsy cart, awakens a beautiful Gypsy maiden who has been sleeping on some straw, and commands her to do her so-called "Egg Dance." This little maid is Mignon. She has had enough ill treatment and she refuses to dance. Her Gypsy leader threatens to beat her. The old minstrel tries to protect the girl, but he is pushed aside. Finally a good looking young travelling student, Wilhelm intervenes and rescues Mignon. All this has been witnessed from the little balcony by Philene and Laerte, two members of a troupe resting at the Inn on their way to the Castle of a Neighboring Prince where they are to give a performance. They come down to the courtyard and make themselves known to Wilhelm. Wilhelm asks Mignon to tell him about herself, her home and family. She can only dimly recall her childhood. She remembers however having been stolen by Gypsies. When he asks her the name of her native country, she replies with one of the loveliest arias of the Opera, Connais tu le pays. (Knowest thou the land where the orange trees bloom.) Wilhelm judges from her song that her homeland is Italy.

Jarno the Gypsy leader again appears and offers to sell Mignon for what he paid for her. Wilhelm closes the bargain and Mignon has her freedom. Lothario would like to take her with him, but Wilhelm fearing she might meet with further persecution consents to allow her to follow him (Wilhelm) in the guise of a page.

As they all take leave to meet at the neighboring Prince's home where the actors are to give their play, Wilhelm having been invited to come along by the actress Philine with whom he has fallen in love much to the sorrow of Mignon, for she has fallen in love with him. That's the story of the first Act of Thomas' great Opera Mignon, which we are about to hear.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

As I look about me, in the orchestra, in the boxes of the diamond horseshoe and the grand tier, and in the balconies I see the fresh eager faces of hundreds of young music lovers awaiting the overture. I daresay many have come from miles around and some of them will be found standing in the rear, at the sides of the orchestra and balconies, throughout the entire performance and applauding vigorously at every opportunity.

Mr. Hasselmans, the famous French conductor, has just entered the Orchestra pit. We shall now hear the well-known overture made up in the main of two of the famous arias in the work - Mignon's lovely quiet flowing "Connais tu les pays" from the first Act, and Philine's brilliant polonaise "Je suis Titania" from near the close of the second Act.

(FIRST ACT -- "MIGNON")

(CURTAIN CALLS AT CLOSE OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are honored by the privilege accorded them, of broadcasting the Metropolitan Opera to the public of the United States.

LUCKY STRIKE hopes you enjoy these broadcasts as much as its sponsors enjoy sending them to you.

(CONTINUE OVER)

RIXO1 0189429

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

We are proud of LUCKY STRIKE'S superior quality. Here is one reason for it. In LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes we use always the finest tobacco -- Turkish and domestic -- and only the center leaves. Not the top leaves, because those are under-developed. Not the bottom leaves -- because those are inferior in quality. Only the center leaves -- because the center leaves are the mildest and fully ripe for perfect smoking. And so, as you enjoy the fine qualities of this famous opera, "Mignon," we trust that a LUCKY STRIKE will add to your pleasure.

During the intermissions between the acts of the opera, many of the patrons and young music lovers promenade thru the long carpeted corridors, eventually making their way to the smoking room where one hears various comments on the performance and the stars. Many an anecdote has been told in this famous room. And certainly many a conversation today is about Miss Lucrezia Bori, Miss Lily Pons and Miss Gladys Swarthout.

With the opera each week the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE have arranged to give you new and graphic human interest stories of the men and women whose voices you hear and of all the others - composers, conductors, directors - who make the opera a grand and living pageant.

John B. Kennedy, famous as an interviewer of the famous - who has talked with and written about more celebrities than any other American writer - will tell these tales. Mr. Kennedy:

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Speaking to you not as a Phantom of the Opera - I happen to weigh 185 pounds - but as a Phantom of the Opera - whether we sit in front at the Metropolitan or before the radio listening to "Mignon" -- we, the audience, are the fourth wall of the grand show of grand opera. We hear, and when we go there we see, what happens between the other three walls.

It's my mission to tell you something of the tragedies, the comedies, the trials and triumphs - as frequent and as fascinating in the real lives of the singers as of the characters they portray.

You have just heard three brilliant women, Lucrezia Bori - Lily Pons - and Gladys Swarthout - three beautiful as well as brilliant women. Yet there were agonized moments for all three when it was doubtful that they would ever sing again.

Lily Pons, the dainty and demure young lady from Southern France where she was born in a house by the shores of the Blue Mediterranean - on her debut at the Metropolitan made the greatest hit of any French diva, since Calve, yet just five years before that triumph Lily Pons was bedridden with an illness that threatened her very life. For two years she was helpless; then slowly her delicate system crept back to health.

She commenced to sing at concerts. Parisians heard her at seven French resorts and word went back to the French Capitol that here was a discovery. She was summoned to the Opera Comique for an audition.

Yes, yes, they told the pretty Miss Pons, you'll do.

Miss Pons is pretty but businesslike. She has learned that an artist need be - to remain an nourished and not an needy artist.....

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

-7-

PONS: Terms she queried.

Why said the gentleman of the Opera, we'll be reasonable. We won't charge you as much as others. You're so young and so good.

Miss Pons wrinkled brows that wrinkle rapidly "You mean" she said "there is no cachet - no fees?"

"No, no" they said. "There is a small fee - for us"

"No, no" said Miss Pons,

She departed. Later the astute Gatti-Casaza of the Metropolitan, having heard of her, sent for her - to come all the way to New York for an audition. She came, she sang, she conquered -- We understand why.

Gladys Swarthout touched the edge of tragedy one critical night in her native Kansas City. This fine young contralto -- whose voice was almost as mature as it is now. When she was merely thirteen had made her debut with a choir but insisted on a public appearance. That was contrived. She stood before a large and quizzical audience. You know that one about a prophet in his own country. It applies to profetesses too.

Lifting her voice in that colorful song My Cavalier, she reached for a high note, her tone faltered and broke. Heads nodded negatively. She heard somebody mutter; Too bad - not enough power.

Gladys blazed in her beauty, stood her ground and did an unprecedented thing. She went back to the beginning of the song and carried it through magnificently. She won.

ATX01 0189432

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Perhaps the cruelest trial came to Lucrezia Bori. Imagine a brilliant brunette with a glorious talent, acclaimed in Europe and America - her career scintillating and secure. Imagine such a glamorous person suddenly stricken voiceless. Miss Bori had never imagined it. But it happened. Her voice was broken, her throat barren of song - --as tragic as a great painter stricken blind.

What did Lucrezia Bori do when Doctor after Doctor could do nothing. The greatest told her that she must remain silent for a year -- not even a whisper from her - then there might be a chance for her voice to come back. Otherwise only a miracle could mend it.

Miss Bori - living the richly patterned life of well rewarded artistic success - had to decide her own fate.

She was made of stubborn spirit. Besides greatness she had courage.

You've heard that name Lucrezia before, in history, Lucrezia Borgia and Bori is the Spanish rendering of the Italian Borgia.

Lucrezia Bori is descended from the respectable branch of the Borgia's of Italy.

It was a medieval tradition in Italy that when the powerful Borgia's didn't like you, they invited you to dinner and put things in your soup or poisoned your wine. It was one of those fine old world families - old underworld families where you went in as a guest and came out as a ghost.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Miss Bori inherited their aristocracy but not their animosity. When her voice vanished she began silent exile in Spain, in a convent in Andalusia where brown and brooding mountains shut in like prison gates.

There she lived an utterly simple life. Week after week, month after month, her mouth opened only for the simple needs of an ascetic life. She did not utter a word. What she wanted she asked for by writing on tablets.

Her sole outdoor recreation was climbing mountain trails on mule-back. Peasants grew accustomed to this handsome young woman riding along through their villages. She avoided escort, because that tempted talk. The Peasants called her the silent lady -- with a good deal of admiration because the Peasant women are notoriously garrulous talkative.

Miss Bori recalls terrible hardship when she began to serve that sentence of silence. Then the habit of muteness grew upon her -- as it does upon those involuntary prisoners in the grim bastille on devil's island where the convicts are masked and forbidden to utter a word during decades of incarceration.

But she prayed in patience, disciplined herself in all things and through arduous exercise of riding mountain trains built up senewy strength. Month by month, her silent year crawled past, until each of the twelve was ripped from the calendar. Then to her bitter disappointment she felt no symptoms of recovery.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Stoically, she determined to consult the specialists again, although without much hope. One morning, troubled at heart, but striving to revive fading hope with the brave assurance that hope only begins to be a virtue when all things seem hopeless -- One morning she started on her mule ride over a familiar mountain trail.

She came to a high point in the hills, when the mule slipped and staggered on small stones - all but throwing her off to destruction over a precipice. She shrieked in fright, tugged back the mule - and both were safe.

She heard herself praying.

Very soon a radiant young woman amazed the peasants of the countryside. She greeted them joyfully, sang snatches of song in tongues they could not understand.

From then on they called her no more the silent lady. They called her the singing lady.

Lucrezia Bori returned to triumph again in Milan, Paris, London and New York - her voice better than ever before, her strength steeled by the rigorous discipline of her retirement.

That kind of courage is admirable.

Grand Opera, being the best in dramatized music is part of the cultural environment of mankind. Sometimes we feel it when we don't recognize it -- for Grand Opera is a source of Grand Larceny for many of the Tin Pan Alley popular song composers who take tunes where they find them without taking the trouble to acknowledge it.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Music is an essential part - human culture, of even the most primitive people and places, even where literacy is low we find such native and genuine culture as hill-billy songs, and from City tenements come Radio sounds of the finest troubadours.

Music is not only for the classes but for the masses -- Opera is the same to the listener in gingham or overalls as to the listener in the diamond horse-shoe. The concord of sweet sound conquers all, because it fills the persistent yearning for beauty in the human soul.

ATX01 0189436

MILTON GINGS:

You have just heard John B. Kennedy, well-known magazine writer and radio commentator, speaking to you during this intermission. You will again hear John B. Kennedy during the intermission between the second and third acts of the opera when he will tell you some interesting facts about the great opera house.

Referring again to today's opera Mignon you will recall that at the end of the first act just given at the Metropolitan our friends in the story agreed to meet at the Prince's castle where the actors are to give a performance. When the curtain rises on the first scene of the second act, which we are about to hear, we see an elegant boudoir, a door at the back, doors at the sides, to the left a window, to the right a fireplace and mantel. There are sofas and easy chairs and seated before a dressing table with all its luxurious toilet articles is Philine, preparing for her part as Titania in the coming performance. Laerte enters and chats with Philine. Soon Wilhelm enters. Mignon, disguised as Wilhelm's page, jealously watches from the doorway. Wilhelm calls her in and treats her with kindly indifference and as she pretends to fall asleep before the fire, she watches Wilhelm as he makes love to Philine. The lovers finally leave for the show and Mignon, still brooding, looks about the room with interest and finally sits at the dressing table and begins to powder and rouge her face hoping she can make herself just as attractive as Philine. Then, as she steps into the wardrobe to don one of Philine's gowns, Frederic, the young light-hearted nobleman in love with Philine, enters by way of the window. He sings the familiar and charming Rondo gavotte "Me voici dans sou boudoir." "Here I am in her boudoir." (This is the second best known number from the opera.)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Wilhelm returns in search of Mignon. He meets Frederic in the room. The men accuse one another of wrongdoing and are about to draw swords when Mignon emerges from the dressing room and rushes between them, attired as she is in one of Philine's gowns. Frederic retires laughing and Wilhelm sadly tells Mignon she must leave him. He doesn't want any more embarrassing situations. Philine enters - Mignon fiercely tears the lace from the costume of Philine's which she has been wearing. Laerte in his stage costume as Prince Thesus announces that the play is about to begin and they leave. Frederic jealously watches the two lovers go -- Mignon enters from the room now clad in her old gypsy costume exclaiming "Cette Philine, je la hais." That Philine I hate her.

The lights in the opera house have just been lowered (conversation diminishes) the applause you hear greets our conductor Louis Hasselmans. We will hear the entr'act or introduction to the first scene of the second Act of Mignon; the act which I have just described to you.

(FIRST SCENE OF THE SECOND ACT - MIGNON)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

When the curtain rises on the second scene of the second Act of Mignon we are in a park adjoining the Prince's castle. At the back is a conservatory attached to the Chateau and lighted within. To the left is a lake fringed with rushes. Music and applause come from behind the scenes. Mignon glides beneath the trees, then stops to listen. Overcome with grief and jealousy she is about to throw herself into the lake when she hears the music of Lothario's harp. Lothario thinks he may have at last found his lost daughter Sperata but soon recognizes Mignon.

MILTON CROSS:(CONTINUES)

When loud applause is again heard from within the Chateau where the play is being given and Philine is taking the leading part as Titania, Mignon turns toward the castle and with a menacing gesture, frantically wishes that lightning would set it afire. Mignon rushes off under the trees and as Lothario slowly crosses the stage and disappears in the shadows we hear him repeating distractedly "le feu - le feu - le feu - The fire.

The doors of the conservatory now open. The guests and comedians come out. The performance is over. Philine and the other members of her company are of course in their stage costumes. After many a brava and cheer from the crowd Philine joying in her success of the play sings her brilliant polonaise "je suis Titania la blonde, Titania fille de l'air - I am the blond Titania, daughter of the air -- which with its closing cadenza not only excites applause from the guests and comedians of the play gathered about her on the stage, but also from the attending audience in the Metropolitan Opera House. Mignon and Lothario now meet in the foreground off the stage and Lothario tells her that he has carried out her wish by setting fire to the Chateau. Greatly disturbed, Mignon glances about in search of Wilhelm. He sees her and hastens to her side. The jealous Philine orders Mignon to go into the conservatory and get her bouquet which she dropped on the way out. Mignon rushes into the conservatory when Laerte dashes up shouting that the stage in the Chateau is on fire. Sure enough as they turn to look, the red light of the fire is reflected from the conservatory windows. Wilhelm thrusting Laerte and Philine aside, dashes into the burning building. The glass roof of the conservatory is shattered and crashes down.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The crowd surges to the front of the stage uttering cries of terror. Lothario is the only one unmoved by the whole scene. Wilhelm at last appears bearing Mignon in his arms as the crowd cheers. He lays her gently on a grassy bank and as the curtain falls we notice, though she has fainted, she holds clenched tightly in her hands, the half burned bouquet of flowers.

(SECOND SCENE - SECOND ACT)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

And now, as the precious voices of the Metropolitan Opera stars are stilled for the moment, let us look about the famous Metropolitan Opera House. In the orchestra, as everywhere, men and women are leaving for the red and gold Metropolitan foyer. There, on every side, lights are being touched to cigarettes by this distinguished audience. Mainly LUCKIES, of course - because LUCKIES are so round - so firm - so fully packed, the tobacco doesn't spill out and there are no loose ends to cling to lips. That's because we pack each and every LUCKY full to the brim with long, even strands of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- only the center leaves -- because the center leaves are the mildest and fully ripe for perfect smoking. That's why LUCKIES always draw easily, burn evenly - and are always mild and smooth. LUCKY STRIKE - it's Toasted - for throat protection - for finer taste.

John B. Kennedy -- the LUCKY STRIKE _____
is here after a tour back stage, under stage and over stage to give you a glimpse of the sights, sounds and personnel you don't see, but that none the less make the Metropolitan. MR. KENNEDY:

ATX01 0189440

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Here in the NBC operating box at the Metropolitan Opera House there are three exceedingly busy men. Two are engineers sitting at complicated panels that look like glorified barometers - but in this case they cast but don't forecast the weather; they guide and guard the volume of the sounds of the opera to the transmitter that in turn takes it to your ears.

A skilled production man who knows his opera follows the score note by note instructing the engineers. All keenly watch the panel-board needles. This is the volume needle which every slightest sound causes to oscillate in a semi-circle. Opera singers have powerful voices and that needle must be followed every instant for fear some burst or blast of song kicks it off the board - and the opera off the air. Once the needle went dead - interrupted by a struggling cough yet a soprano sang steadily through the control box. The engineers were mystified. The production man rushed back-stage to find out what had happened. This had happened. The prima-donna had a cold. She feared for her throat and enlisted an understudy to pick up her arias from the wings if she faltered. Her throat thickened at a high point during a bravura. She signaled the wings, the understudy picked up the note, the diva cleared her throat and picked up the song from her understudy. Out front nobody knew what was going on - but that needle knew.

Go back stage at the Metropolitan before the opera begins and between the acts. You see and hear entirely different scenes and sounds.

(continued)

ATK01 0189441

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

2.

Just before the curtain rises back-stage there is a solemn hush. A scoreman in the right wing niche peers through a slanting periscope, out through the proscenium pillar to watch the arrival of the conductor.

He has the score of the opera before him. He knows his music and when the bars that mark the rising of the curtain - slowly or quickly - depending upon the tempo of the music - when those are played, he signals - the lights modulate from low to high or high to low, as the action demands, and the curtain rises.

But before the curtain rises you may go, as I did, to pay your respects to the divas, the tenors, the baritones singing in this opera. You find them very charming and silent.

Before they sing a note they jealously guard their vocal chords - begrudging even ordinary speech. Miss Bori and Miss Pons will smile at you, but they will not talk until the opera is over.

You know there is a medical theory that there are different brain controls of the vocal chords as used for singing and as used for speech. But the opera singers will not weary either control. The day before, if they can, and certainly on the day of the opera, they remain silent until they trill the scales just before singing. In front of the house just now, there is life, motion and the stimulating flow of eager faces and eager voices. Backstage just now there is bustle, the clip commands of stage managers, carpenter - foreman - and electric supervisors. Like a huge cavern lined with stalactytes on its three walls and dropping from its roof - stalactytes of green, of blue, of yellow and opalescent hue -- there are frames and fillers of the tall and cumbersome scenic sets, some must be disassembled, others reassembled during the intermission.

(continued)

ATX01 0189442

JOHN B KENNEDY:

3.

The great stage is slotted with trapdoors down which things vanish and thence which they emerge; there are winches, pulleys and bewildering riggings of cables climbing to the vast vault of the roof, more than a hundred feet above the labyrinth below stage, where dynamos drive on the mechanical life - stream of the Met.

There is room here for a three ring circus. Indeed that's exactly what this stage becomes during the Wagnerian ring, with tier on tier of stage levels and transformation effects shrouded by a steam curtain back off the footlights - the steam making a magic screen until the transformation is ready for an audience to behold.

You marvel when you see the rush and turmoil backstage, why accidents don't happen. Occasionally they do; not often. About the most serious was during a performance of Siegfried. Siegfried, the famed German tenor Taucher, strode towards the footlights, singing. He had been warned that the steam curtain would raise its vaporous screen -- and that when he saw it rising he should stand back, as a strip of trapdoor would be dropped to permit the rising of a girded curtain from below.

Siegfried, carried away by his own song, forgot the warning. The steam hissed and climbed. He stepped forward to end his aria, and down he went through the trapdoor, a drop of twenty-five feet to the concrete basement.

The audience knew nothing was amiss. But the stagemhands were startled. Their foreman dashed down to the basement. Siegfried would have to reappear in a minute on a rock fifty feet back from the footlights to serenade Brunhilde and pierce her armor with his sword.

(continued)

ATX01 0189443

JOHN B KENNEDY

4.

The foreman expected to find Siegfried dead -- or at least unconscious. Instead, Siegfried was dusting himself off.

"Get my sword," he said. "I left it on stage."

They got the sword and handed it to him as he rushed to the rack, took his position -- and sang like an archangel.

At intermission a doctor reported that Siegfried had fractured his wrist and a rib. He was the hero of the stage-hands ever after because he never complained.

That's a sample of the genuine trooping spirit of the opera. The show must go on at the Metropolitan as anywhere else.

There's clamor and clatter and dust back-stage -- order and purpose -- even when some of the performers miss their cues and do the wrong thing. That, too, occasionally happens -- principally with animal performers.

Incidentally, that's one reason they omit horses now from Mignon, the opera you're hearing. They had a fine pair of animals pull on a carriage a few years ago. The horses were patient up to a point. They stood quietly awaiting their cue -- but somehow or other they thought they had been kept waiting too long. When the cue came a high, musical note -- they dashed on stage, caroused a pair of carriage wheels on prompter's box in dead center -- nearly beheading that useful gentleman -- and imitated a non-stop express by rushing at the opposite wall.

When the Met management complained about the horses' behavior or misbehavior, the livery man remembered that he had forgotten to tell them that the horses were fed regularly at four pm. And that this, being a matinee, caused the horses to lose their horse sense at missing a meal.

Thereafter a hand-drawn sedan took the place of a carriage.

(continued)

ATX01 0189444

JOHN B KENNEDY:

5.

I'm reminded -- and I've got time to tell it -- of two other horses that gave the great Caruso a laugh --and on himself. There was -- and for all I know there may still be a fire captain named Pogi in New York. He was an opera enthusiast, a Caruso fan. He loved the opera and Caruso so much -- that since his fire-house was not in the same precinct in which the Met is located he swapped his night off with a fireman on duty at the Opera so that he could enjoy the big show.

Somebody told Caruso about this, and the great tenor, due to appear in Aida, arranged for fireman Pogi to sit actually in one of the boxes to hear him. In Aida two splendid horses appeared on the stage and remained there -- admiring themselves by their curvets and snortings, just as much as the audience admired them.

Pogi, the fireman, was entranced by the entire performance. At its finish he went backstage and a brother fireman said:

"What d'ye think of it,"

"Gee," said Pogi, "Those are the two swellest horses I ever saw inside or outside a firehouse."

There came a brilliant cascade of laughter. It was Caruso himself who had overheard the comment.

"I ran second in that race," he said -- and laughed again.

They've almost finished their attack on that scenery backstage. It's startling to see them, once the curtain drops -- rush from all corners of the stage and dismember the huge scenes -- walls vanishing, trees disappearing piecemeal, skies and hills rolled while you see through the apparent confusion the same precision, (through rehearsal) the artists display.

(continued)

ATX01 0189445

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

6.

One funny contrast, after hearing the opera in a foreign tongue, and the mixed language conversation of stars and sub-stars with their dressers - in French, Italian, and Spanish and German -- is to get an earful of the terse and graphic everyday tongue of the stage-hands and their foreman. The boys kiddingly call their foreman "maestro! The work is done while the chorus weaves and wends through running backfields of scene-shifters hauling in and setting up the sets.

Back to the front of the house - tier after tier of serried faces - this mansion of music whose old walls could talk or sing stories of the great voices that have enthralled music lovers of four generations. All kinds and conditions of men and women are here - bright-faced maturity, reviving youthful memories, and eager-faced youth - hundreds of them - sitting exquisitely bemused by the greatest of the muses. But before I tax your patience by bursting into poetry - Mr. Cross has himself to be an oral scene setter. Milton Cross --

ATX01 0189446

MILTON CROSS:

Thank you, Mr. Kennedy. John B. Kennedy has been taking you backstage at the Metropolitan Opera House, during the intermission of this operatic performance sent to you by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

(MILTON CROSS DESCRIBES THIRD ACT)

The third act, which we shall hear next, carries us to Italy, where the sick Mignon has been brought. Wilhelm, having discovered her love, which she reveals in her delirium, vows to live only for her. Lothario, no longer a minstrel, receives them as the owner of the palace, from which he had been absent since the loss of his daughter. While he shows Mignon the relics of the past, a scarf and a bracelet of corals are suddenly recognized by her. She begins to remember her infantine prayers, she recognizes the hall with the marble statues and her mother's picture on the wall. With rapture, Lothario embraces his long-lost Sperata. But Mignon's jealous love has found out that Philine followed her, and she knows no peace until Wilhelm has proved to her satisfaction that he loves her best.

At last Philine graciously renounces Wilhelm and turns to Frederick, one of her many adorers, whom to his own great surprise she designates as her future husband. Mignon at last openly avows her passion for Wilhelm. The people, hearing of the arrival of their master, The Marquis of Cipriani, alias Lothario, come to greet him with loud acclamations of joy, which grow still louder when he presents to them his daughter Sperata and Wilhelm, her chosen husband. That's the story of the third Act of Mignon which is about to begin.

(THIRD ACT - MIGNON)
(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON GROSS:

The last curtain call has been given at this performance of Thomas' opera "Mignon" filled with so much French colorfulness and grace.

This privilege of sending to your home the finest that operatic music has to offer, is deeply appreciated by the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. It is the good taste of Americans that has led to this demand for the finest in music. And in cigarettes, too, taste is everything, after all. LUCKY STRIKE hopes you have enjoyed this broadcast. And now, until next Saturday afternoon at this time, we bid you "good day" and trust that meanwhile you will have many happy moments recalling the glorious music of "Mignon",...and, perhaps, enjoying the cigarette that brings you always the finest tobaccos --- and only the center leaves-- for LUCKY STRIKE is so round -- so firm -- so fully packed.

The American Tobacco Company, manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes invites you to join them next Saturday afternoon at 1:40 P.M. E.S. Time when Wagner's great music drama "Tristan and Isolde" with the following cast:

The performance will be given right from the opening "Vorspiel" to the last extatic strain of the famous "Liebestod" or closing love death music. The artists you have heard today join with us in wishing all of you a Happy New Year. This is Milton J. Cross of the National Broadcasting Company.

/c
12/29/33

ATX01 0189448

JANUARY

BTX01 0189449

WJZ - WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

OPERA "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE"

()-()
1:40 - APPROX. 5:00 P.M.

JANUARY 6, 1934

SATURDAY

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen: We are very happy to greet you once again from Box 44 in the grand tier of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. Before the great curtain goes up, the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes wish to express their sincere thanks for the many, many wonderful letters and telegrams which you of the radio audience have sent in appreciation of last Saturday's broadcast of the opera, "Mignon." Your enthusiastic tributes more than ever confirm our faith in the American people's appreciation of the finer things of life. And LUCKY STRIKE is happy to bring to your home today another of this season's repertoire of Grand Opera by the world renowned Metropolitan Opera Company.

ATX01 0189450

MILTON CROSS:

Today's performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company is Wagner's great music drama, TRISTAN AND ISOLDA with the following cast: Artur Bodanzky, conducting.

Tristan	Lauritz Melchior
King Mark	Ludwig Hofmann
Isolda	Gertrude Kappel
Kurvenal	Friedrich Schorr
Melot	Arnold Gabor
Brangaene	Karin Branzell
A Shepherd	Hans Clemens
The Steersman	James Wolfe
Sailor's Voice	Hans Clemens

We just have time for a brief synopsis of the opening act of this famous love drama by Wagner. Tristan, a valiant Cornish knight, is bringing Isolda, princess of Ireland, over as a bride for his uncle, King Mark. He is himself in love with her, but owing to a blood-feud between them forces himself to conceal his passion. Isolda, in anger at his seeming unkindness, attempts to poison herself and him, but her attendant, Brangaena, changes the drink for a love-potion, which enflames their passion beyond power of restraint.

When the curtain rises, we see a pavilion erected on the deck of a ship. This is richly hung with tapestry and closed in at the back. A narrow hatchway at one side leads below into the cabin. Isolda sung today by Gertrude Kappel, is on a couch, her face buried in the cushions.

MILTON CROSS:

Brangaena, sung today by Karin Branzell, holds open the curtain and looks over the side of the vessel which is now only a few hours sail from Cornwall. We hear the cheery but distant voice of a young sailor singing from above at the mast-head. The sailor is Hans Clemens.

The footlights have come on; the house lights have been lowered. The applause you hear greets our conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

In just a moment this LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast will begin and you will hear the prelude to the first act which expresses the love, longing and suffering of these two fated lovers, Tristan and Isolde.

(FIRST ACT)

(CURTAIN CALLS AT CLOSE OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

It is a great pleasure to be here, and a great pleasure to tell you how deeply appreciative are the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes...appreciative of the privilege of bringing to your home this fine opera. May we express the hope that a LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette is adding to your enjoyment of this beautiful performance. Here is one merit of LUCKY STRIKE that is so noticeable and appreciated by smokers everywhere: LUCKIES are always so round, so firm, so fully packed. The tobacco doesn't spill out. The reason is: Every LUCKY is packed full to the brim with long, even strands of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. And please don't forget -- we use only the center leaves, because the center leaves are the mildest leaves and fully ripe for perfect smoking. That's why LUCKIES always draw easily and burn evenly.

(MILTON CROSS definitely says the proprietors of Lucky Strike cigarettes now present John B. Kennedy -- (THEN AD LIB Appropriate introduction)

ATX01 0189452

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

You can observe opera-lovers in their most earnest mood of loving the opera if you mix with the queues that line up on Broadway outside the Metropolitan and turn about a side-street long before performance time. These are the standees, who stand in line for long to get into the opera, and stand-up throughout the performance, in rows sometimes three deep flanking the orchestra stalls.

I followed two of these into the house - a young man and a young woman - a good-looking pair, well-dressed and evidently well-informed. They discussed the roles in Tristan and Isolde and knew who had played them before and knew also why the cast that plays the opera today is probably the greatest ever assembled to play it: because all are great singers and fine actors.

This couple I watched during two of the lovers' arias. Their eyes seemed fixed on the lean, rhythmic form of Artur Bodansky -- so tall, as he sits on his high conductor's stool in the orchestra pit, that you think he's standing up. They followed his every flowing motion, eyes gleaming. Their lips even followed the words of the singers. Here the rapturous function of fine music and fine acting was truly realized. For the Tristan and Isolde on the Metropolitan stage were no more lyrically in love than this ecstatic pair among the Metropolitan standees.

Leaving the lovers where they wanted to be left, in company with each other and with grand music, I hurried to the broadcasting box, pondering on the chances that bring young men and young women to meet and to marry - and great singers to be drawn from different worlds to the mantel of the Metropolitan for the fulfilment of their art.

ATX01 0189453

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

I thought of a scene at an opera house in Rome, Italy, of a young tenor lifting his glorious notes in a thrilling climax to his debut in "L'Amico Fritz". His song ended and there came a shattering shout:

"Bravo Foli Bravo Foli!"

Signor Foli was called for bow after bow. Here was triumph for a twenty-two year old boy. Flushed and a little awed by this amazing reception in Rome, Signor Foli retired to his dressing-room where a pair of friends instantly greeted him as "John" and told him how magnificent he had been.

"Well," said John, for this Signor Foli was known on his birth certificate as John McCormack, he used the name of his sweetheart, later and now his wife, spelling the Irish Foley with an 'i' instead of an 'ey' for his Italian debut. "Well," he said, "it will be singing, not engineering, for my career."

John McCormack had wanted to be an engineer; he had gone into entrance examinations for a Dublin college of engineering; but a choir-master heard his voice and advised him strongly to make music his career. John was dubious; but he tried it -- and the Signor Foli of Roman opera became the McCormack of the opera and of every concert stage in the world.

There's a similar play of chance in the careers of the principals in this afternoon's opera, "Tristan and Isolde." Indeed, they have a common bond, and it is this: that if they had had their own way about their early adult ambition, you would not have heard one of their voices in the opera this afternoon because they would have been elsewhere doing other things.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

The charming Gertrude Kappel, as handsome a figure of a woman as there is in Metropolitan Opera, who is generally regarded as the best of Isolde, although that does not discount from her sensational triumph in Strauss' Elektra last season -- Madame Kappel had no plans whatever to be a singer. She wanted to be a pianist. She devoted hours every day of her life from before she entered her teens to lessons and practice. She was as indefatigable as if she had peculiar genius for the piano - which she had not.

But it took Madame Kappel long to find that out. Dissatisfied with lesser verdicts on her talent, she braved the Leipsic Conservatory of Music -- an institution so eminent in orthodox music that even the janitors have to be geniuses.

Lesser professors gave her the routine lessons and the routine praise or blame. She was eager to have one hear her -- Herr Nikish the great conductor. His word she was prepared to accept as final. Most people in the field of German music had to, for if they didn't everybody else did.

Herr Nikish agreed to hear her. Her beauty would appeal even to a musical martinet like Nikish.

She waited nervously in a great hall of the conservatory, practicing scales and singing as she did so to keep up her courage. A gaunt figure loomed beside her. It was the great Herr Nikish.

"Play, my dear," he said.

She played - a Liszt piece that was not so very popular and would therefore, she thought, establish her musical erudition. It didn't. Herr Nikish suddenly stopped her.

"You will have a great career," he said. She blushed and basked at praise from a great music master. "You will have a great career, my dear," he repeated. "But it will not be at the piano."

As she paled at the verdict, he added with an encouraging smile:

"I heard you singing as I entered this room. Your voice is glorious - educate it. The opera is your sphere."

So Gertrude Kappel plunged as earnestly into the study of voice as she had into the art of the piano -- with different results. She found her meteor and became so renowned that even Madrid demanded to hear her after her first triumph at the Metropolitan some years ago.

King Alfonso of Spain sat in his royal box, entranced. After the performance of the opera you are hearing, he sent an aide to wait on Madame Kappel. The aid said his Majesty wished to bestow a decoration on her for her singing.

"Should I take it?" she asked somebody who interpreted for her. "This is my first time in Madrid. Perhaps I had better wait until I return next year."

The aid took that modest utterance back to King Alfonso, who sent back a polite but practical rejoinder:

"Accept the honor now, I may not be here next year to give it."

He wasn't. He had joined the ranks of those rulers in Europe and South America who think it very important to get a second term and then suddenly find it far more important to get their second wind.

JOHN KENNEDY:

Karin Branzell, the stately Swedish contralto, whose blonde beauty crowns the color of the Metropolitan's stage setting of Kaleidoscopic costumes and vivid action before the footlights and no less vivid eagerness on the massed faces of the audience -- Madame Branzell did not doubt it in her girlhood days in Stockholm that the gods had something great in store for her. She was going to be a leading dramatic actress.

But great actresses are rarely tall, for tallness militates, not against their acting, but against their acceptance. Just as somebody once said that if Cleopatra's nose had been a shade longer, history would have been written differently - altho Marc Anthony's nonsense made history quite as much as Cleopatra's nose -- so a couple of inches in an actresses' stature has much to do with her career, or lack of one.

But in opera that doesn't count so much. The voice is the chief virtue. And that is what makes these LUCKY STRIKE broadcasts so realistic - the faithful reproduction by modern science of these beautiful voices. Madame Branzell's native Swedish audiences heard her respectfully when she was simply an actress; they went into raptures when she turned to opera. That decided her.

As a matter of fact, neither she nor Gertrude Kappel are as large women as they look on the stage because of the heroic robes they wear in their favorite roles, like the great Fromstadt, whom Madame Kappel particularly resembles. Back-stage a little while ago I saw a blonde goddess sitting regally on a chair - and sewing. She was Karin Branzell - and sewing is her favorite diversion, next to walking around Central Park with her pugnacious wire-haired terrier who shares with a savage bark his mistresses displeasure when people mistake her for Greta Garbo.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

The same coincidence of deflection from early ambition to later achievement in a sphere they had not at first selected, marks the careers of the male principals in this opera. Ludwig Hoffman, the bass baritone, whom you will hear as the King in the second act of Tristan and Isolde - was an architect - and an architect with a hobby of amateur pugilism. He was at work making alterations in a concert hall in Vienna and heard so many singers reputed great when he knew he had just as fine a voice, that he asked for an audition - and got it. He turned forthwith from blue-prints to become one of Europe's most popular operatic and concert artists, yecept the Flying Dutchman because he uses airplanes as his chief mode of travel.

Ludwig Hoffman is one of the many men in opera who keeps himself in first-class physical condition by training as hard as if he were going to fight instead of to sing. He was caught unprepared on the night of his season's debut last year. He sang beautifully, resonantly, magnificently - but made one noticeable error - not so noticeable to the audience as to the conductor, when he reappeared after a rest between acts. He took his cue and sang, but ended with a wrong cue for somebody else. He said something about a baby when the libretto called for nothing like that. You see, between acts, a cable from Germany informed him that a little son had been born, and he had been thinking up a perfect reply - and started to sing it. And who can blame him?

Two other members of this cast would not have been of this cast had they had their way early in life. Friedrich Shoir, the baritone, started out to be a lawyer in his native Hungary, and was actually articled as clerk to a counsellor as a staff witness for signing notes until he found it far more interesting - and profitable to sing them.

ATX01 0189458

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

And Arnold Gabor, the tenor, was actually a prize-fighter until he discovered that the game had more fights than prizes and turned his talents to opera. He bears some of the carmarks of his former profession, which gave him, if nothing else, an agility that is noticeable in his quick - and alert movements on the stage. They tell a story that a large and unamiable truck-driver carting scenery to and from an opera house where Herr Gabor was performing, grew profane -- a recognized privilege of truck-drivers, but not around an opera house. The tenor cautioned him to be quiet if he couldn't be polite. The retort was one of contempt with an invitation to the tenor to go elsewhere in a hurry. That is precisely where the truck-driver started to go himself - at least he got as far as the floor with a personally-conducted right-hook from Herr Gabor.

Of all this great Metropolitan company whom coincidence united when they planned, at first, to do other things with their lives, Lauritz Melchior had actually started his career as a singer and then decided to abandon it - but for an accident that turned out to be an acquisition.

Herr Melchior is world-acclaimed as the greatest living German tenor, and perhaps the greatest that has ever lived. He is not German. He's a Dane, who left his birthplace of Copenhagen after struggling to establish himself as a minor concert singer. He went to Berlin and Vienna --- then finally took his heroically handsome person to London, where he had been booked as a baritone -- when in the course of a few months, since the booking, his voice had turned to tenor. The constant forcing of top notes sometimes does that to male voices.

ATX01 0189459

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

So he found himself unwanted in London - and with only a few shillings in his pocket. He had actually planned to take the first job that came along and give up singing as a bad job when he decided, through pure whim, to take a last good meal with his diminishing money at the Savoy Hotel.

He was sitting in that hotel-lobby, humming, as is his habit - when a distinguished-looking man approached him.

"You're a singer?" said the stranger,

"I've tried hard to be one, but I'm just giving it

up," said Melchior.

The stranger invited Melchior to his suite of rooms.

He made Melchior sing.

"You shouldn't do anything else but sing," he said.

"You need training -- and you'll get it."

This great singer's Santa Clause was Hugh Walpole, the

English novelist.

As you see Lauritz Melchior stride about the Metropolitan stage and become magnetized by his magnificent appearance and virile voice, his towering height suggests the athlete that he is. He's an adventure-lover and scorns crossing the sea if there's an airship to fly by, as he did from South

America to Friedrichshafen not long ago on the Graff-Zeppelin.

For forty-two weeks he sings in Europe and America; for the other ten weeks he hunts. Like all real sportsmen he's applied his ethic of sport to real life. When he made his debut at a matinee at the Metropolitan some seasons ago, he had the

hard-luck to make his first American bow on the same day that Marion Talley was making hers, at the night performance. He was partially eclipsed; but smilingly carried on.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

This thirty-six year old Jove has had exciting moments on and off the operatic stage. Perhaps none more so than when, on one of his favorite hunting parties at Lansitz in Northern Germany. It was towards evening and most of the party were beating through the woods bound to the hunting lodge, when one member was missed. They searched for him as darkness fell. From a distance there came a cry. Melchior, forest-wise, led the party toward the spot. Then came action - for the discovered missing member of the party had been injured by a bad fall in a rock-bottomed ditch filled with leaves. He had managed to make a little distance with a twisted ankle and had paused to rest by a tree when a stag, infuriated by the hunt, had found him. He had parried its rushes with his empty gun as best he could when help arrived. The stag's spear-like antlers drove at him. A sure shot was needed to fell the animal.

Melchior told off one of his company to create a diversion. It was getting darker and more difficult to pick the right, vital spot. But the stag turned at a man running over breaking branches and rustling leaves. His eyes gleamed for an instant in the twilight - a fatal instant, for Melchior fired - and that stag fell with a bullet-hole squarely between its eyes.

As accurate with his registers as with his rifle - Lauritz Melchior completes this company joined by coincidence on the greatest of operatic stages - the Metropolitan. Coincidence brought them together, but coincidence does not keep them together - but fine art brilliantly sustained in classic opera as you are hearing it from this LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast, faithfully reproduced on your radio, great music with all its magic intact - and inspiring.

(Milton Cross definitely says "The Proprietors of Lucky Strike Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed listening to John B. Kennedy --- (then go into description of second act)

ATX01 0189461

(STORY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

In the story of the second act of Tristan and Isolda which will begin in a few moments, Isolda has been married to King Mark but she holds stolen interviews with her lover, Tristan. King Mark has announced that he is going hunting and with his retinue he is supposed to have disappeared into the night; the far sound of his horns giving clue to his disappearance. When the curtain rises we are in a garden adjoining the palace. It is a bright and pleasant summer night. At the open door a burning torch is fixed. Brangaena is found watching the retreat of the still audible hunters. She looks anxiously back as Isolda emerges from the castle chamber in ardent animation, for she is anxiously awaiting for a secret visit from Tristan, taking advantage of the King's absence.

Brangaena warns Isolda that Melot, her pretended friend, is actually spying on them, adding that those who so suddenly persuaded King Mark to go on a night hunt are taxing their hunting skill in another game. Brangaena bitterly regrets her mixture of the love-potion, but Isolda says it is destiny. To her, the horns are but the rustling of the forest leaves caressed by the wind. Longing has eaten up all her patience, her discretion, her fear. Then against Brangaena's warning, Isolda insists upon extinguishing the torch which is the signal for her lover to steal back into the garden. She throws the torch to the ground where it slowly dies out. Brangaena turns away, disturbed, and mounts an outer flight of steps leading to the roof, where she slowly disappears. Isolda listens and peers, at first shyly, then urged by rising impatience, she mounts the steps and looks more boldly. She signs with her handkerchief, first slightly, then more plainly, waving it quicker as her impatience increases.

MILTON CROSS:

A gesture of sudden delight shows that she has perceived her lover in the distance. She stretches herself higher and higher and then to look better over the intervening space, hastens back to the highest step from which she signals again to the on-comer. As he enters she springs to meet him and they passionately embrace.

Then we have the elaborate love duet which begins

"Bist du mein?
Hab'ich dich wieder?"

"Art thou mine?
Do I again behold thee?"

And there follows one of the greatest and longest love scenes in Opera in which these two lovers sing of their joys and woes in this ecstatic, emotional, beautiful music by Wagner. Every measure of it speaks of the consuming love of these two fated mortals and about it all is woven the mystery of night.

While the lovers are reclining in oblivious ecstasy on a flowery bank, Brangaena's voice is heard from below, "Have a care, Have a care, Night yields to Daylight."

Tristan turns smilingly to Isolda and asks, "Shall I listen?" and Isolda looking fondly up at him replies, "No, let me die thus, Let the day to death surrender, then night shall shield us for aye," and we hear the love duet which begins: "O, Susse Night."
"Oh, Beautiful Night."

MILTON CROSS:

Brangaena utters a piercing cry. Tristan and Isolda remain in their absorbed state. Kurvenal rushes in with a warning cry, "Save Yourself, Tristan."

Kurvenal looks fearfully off behind him. Mark, Melot and courtiers in hunting dress, come swiftly in and pause in the foreground in consternation before the lovers. Brangaena at the same time descends from the roof and hastens towards Isolda. In involuntary shame, she leans on the flowery bank with averted face. Tristan with an equally unconscious action stretches his mantle wide out with one arm so as to conceal Isolda. In this position, he remains for sometime turning a changeless look upon the men, who gaze at him in varied emotion as the morning dawns.

Melot is violent with his accusations but the heart-torn King Mark is only bewildered and mystified. Tristan offers no explanation. He is ready to die. He asks Isolda if she is willing to die with him. When she replies that she will follow him anywhere, Tristan bends slowly over her and kisses her softly on the forehead. Melot starts furiously forward. Tristan is provoked by Melot's treachery to combat. They draw swords; Tristan drops his guard and sinks wounded into the arms of his friend, Kurvenal. Isolda throws herself upon his breast. King Mark holds Melot back and the curtain quickly falls. In just a moment you will hear the second act of the opera Tristan and Isolda, which the Proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are privileged to broadcast to you direct from the stage of the Metropolitan.

(SECOND ACT)

(CURTAIN CALLS AT CLOSE OF SECOND ACT.)

MILTON CROSS:

And now the great golden curtain of the Metropolitan has fallen on the second act of Tristan and Isolde. The intermission has begun. May we not, in this first minute of the intermission, take the opportunity to tell you a few facts about LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- for it is through your appreciation of this fine cigarette that LUCKY STRIKE is privileged to bring this beautiful opera into your home. LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are so mild, so smooth -- because we take especial care to pack every LUCKY with long, even strands of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. And we are most careful to choose only the center leaves -- Not the top leaves because those are under-developed -- Not the bottom leaves because those are inferior in quality -- Only the center leaves -- because the center leaves are the mildest leaves and fully ripe for perfect smoking. And then, too -- "IT'S TOASTED" - for throat protection - for finer taste.

(Milton Cross says - "The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes again present John B. Kennedy famous interviewer of the famous --

Mr. Kennedy:)

INTERVIEW WITH ROSA PONSELLE - JOHN B. KENNEDY

KENNEDY: Enjoying with you, ladies and gentlemen, that last beautiful scene of Tristan and Isolde, is one of the most glamorous of all Metropolitan Opera stars of all time -- Miss Rosa Ponselle. Miss Ponselle has graciously consented to appear before you. She is to star in L'Africana, the opera to be presented in the next Lucky Strike broadcast in this splendid series - on Saturday afternoon, December 13th. Make yourself comfortable, please, Miss Ponselle, as I'm going to take the great liberty of asking you a few questions.

MISS PONSELLE: Not too many, now.

KENNEDY: This is a grand performance of Tristan and Isolde, isn't it, Miss Ponselle?

PONSELLE: Magnificent. I've seldom, if ever, heard a better. As a matter of fact, this is one of my favorite operas. I'd live to sing Isolde myself.

KENNEDY: Yes. A friend of yours told me once that you were always ambitious to be a blue-eyed blonde, like Isolde - instead of a beautiful, brown-eyed, olive-skinned and almost raven-haired lady of the opera.

PONSELLE: That's quite true. That's why when I was first cast for the role of Selika in "L'Africana", which I shall sing over the air next Saturday afternoon, I was exceedingly gratified to find that I didn't have to work hard to make-up for the part.

KENNEDY: No, Selika is a dark lady of the sonata

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KENNEDY: This is a grand performance of Tristan and Isolde, isn't it, Miss Ponselle?

PONSELLE: Magnificent. I've seldom, if ever, heard a better. As a matter of fact, this is one of my favorite operas. I'd live to sing Isolde myself.

KENNEDY: Yes. A friend of yours told me once that you were always ambitious to be a blue-eyed blonde, like Isolde - instead of a beautiful, brown-eyed, olive-skinned and almost raven-haired lady of the opera.

PONSELLE: That's quite true. That's why when I was first cast for the role of Selika in "L'Africana", which I shall sing over the air next Saturday afternoon, I was exceedingly gratified to find that I didn't have to work hard to make-up for the part.

KENNEDY: No, Selika is a dark lady of the sonatas.

PONSELLE: I only had to stain my skin a shade deeper, and that made Selika, the Ethiopian Queen. But I've improved physically in the role since I played it.

KENNEDY: Physically, perhaps. There wasn't any room for improvement vocally or dramatically.

PONSELLE: Thank you. But when I first sang Selika I weighed far more than I should. Four Ethiopians, as you probably know, having seen the opera, have to carry me in on a throne and set me down in the centre of the stage. I was a little uncomfortable and had a fear that as the Princess Selika I might make a most undignified appearance by being spilled in the centre of the stage.

KENNEDY: If I may be a trifle personal Miss Ponselle, you don't appear at all formidable - in weight, I mean.

PONSELLE: No, I've cut that down - through plenty of outdoor exercise and the elimination of many of my favorite Italian dishes.

KENNEDY: Let me call time out for Miss Ponselle, for a minute, while we recall that she is the greatest of native American prima donnas of Italian extraction. Rosa Ponselle was born in Meriden, Connecticut, where she became a sort of singing Cinderella. There was once a dispute even around her cradle, when lilting sounds came therefrom which were promptly diagnosed as singing, not crying. At the age of five Rosa was singing in the choir of her church - and at the age of nine a half years she was singing solo. I should add that her name has undergone a slight transition.

KENNEDY:(CONT'D) It was originally Ponzillo - the American form, of which, befitting a native American, is Ponselle. Sometimes, in the best or at least the business-like American tradition, I've seen Miss Ponselle referred to as Rosa M. Ponselle.

PONSELLE: Please let me explain that. That middle name is Melba and I acquired it only after a struggle. As a child I was devoted to the great Australian prima donna, Nellie Melba. I studied her phonograph records and had her portraits all over my room at home. To me she was a glorious saint. So, naturally, when the time came for me to be confirmed and I had to select a saint's name as second to my own given name, I selected Melba.

KENNEDY: But, Miss Ponselle, from what little - very little - I happen to know about the lives of the saints, I never heard of one named Melba. Of course, I may not have got down as far as the M's.

PONSELLE: Neither had anybody else. They told me I couldn't take the name Melba. But I said I didn't want to be confirmed unless I could take it, so they gave in. That accounts for the middle name.

KENNEDY: And eminently worthy for one great diva to compliment another great diva.

PONSELLE: One of the most thrilling moments of my life was when I met Madame Melba in London.

KENNEDY: That was when? Shortly after your great success at the Metropolitan?

PONSELLE: Not shortly after. I didn't go to Covent Garden until I had sung in opera and concerts in my own country for more than nine years.

KENNEDY: I recall something of the tremendous acclaim following your debut at Covent Gardens.

PONSELLE: They treated me splendidly -- and none more so than Madame Melba. She was one of the grandest and friendliest women that ever lived. I never knew that a "tea" would be one of the most exciting events in my life. But that tea with Melba was.

KENNEDY: Again, let me call time out for Miss Ponselle while I explain that her fathers' business reverses in her childhood made it necessary for her to become one of the family breadwinners. Those were the last days of the Nickleodeons furnished by tuneless pianos and voiceless singers. Yet by this accident of necessity on the part of the Ponselles, a nickleodeon in Meriden was destined to have singing in it one of the most glorious voices in the world. She began singing for fifteen dollars a week. Later, she went to New Haven.

PONSELLE: There was an interlude at another picture theatre.

KENNEDY: I was coming to that, Miss Ponselle. It was all on account of an ostrich plume that was price-tagged three dollars in a millinery window. Rose Ponselle liked her first singing assignment. She also liked that \$3 ostrich plume; but she lacked the three dollars to buy what she liked. But box-office at that nickleodeon had flourished. Rivals noted. One, at a large theatre, offered Rosa \$18 a week. That would enable her to give her fifteen dollars to help support her home and have three dollars over from her first week's pay for that ostrich plume. P.S. She took the job.

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KENNEDY: (CONT'D) Then came advancement to a cabaret in New Haven -- a cabaret in that time - not long enough ago to be forgotten by any adult, was not a jazzy night-club where tired business men go to get more tired or endowed loafers try to kill time with a boomerang. It was really a concertized restaurant.

The Ponselle voice became quickly recognized. With her sister Carmella, she went on a vaudeville tour. Then New York claimed her. She went to sing at Lorber's, a popular restaurant located directly opposite the Metropolitan Opera House.

PONSELLE: Yes, and how well I know that. Many an afternoon, after I had finished singing, I would sit in the restaurant window, gazing at the Metropolitan, seeing great celebrities like Caruso, Scotti, and Galli-Curci drive up there - and wondering, wondering --

KENNEDY: She didn't wonder for long. A wise young woman, although she was making a substantial livelihood with her voice, she wasted no leisure time. She went faithfully to a vocal teacher - and as she could afford better tuition, she sought it out and paid for it. One day she enrolled with a famous tutor who heard her sing and exclaimed: Within two years you will make your debut at the Metropolitan. He was wrong, wasn't he, Miss Ponselle.

PONSELLE: Yes -- that happened within six months. You see, this tutor was enthusiastic and generous. He spoke about me to Caruso - and Caruso promised that he would come to the studio to hear me sing. He kept his promise. Caruso always kept his promises.

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KENNEDY: Yes. This is what happened next. Caruso hurried to Director Gatti-Caraza of the Metropolitan. The director had always desired to produce the Fortza el Destino -- but believed he had not the right soprano for that brilliant and fiery role. Caruso glowingly lyricized Rosa Ponselle's magnificent voice and musicianship. Within six months she smashed all tradition by making her debut at the Metropolitan as prima donna singing opposite the great Caruso.

PONSELLE: That was thrilling -- and I shall be eternally grateful to the immortal Caruso for his part in bringing me to the Metropolitan.

KENNEDY: But possibly, Miss Ponselle, the greatest thrill you had in your career was when they invited you to sing in the land of your ancestors - at the International Festival in Florence, Italy.

PONSELLE: That was gratifying. But my first song with Caruso will remain in memory as a high and exciting point.

KENNEDY: Miss Ponselle, any interviewer becomes obvious, and yet remiss if he misses the obvious, by bringing up the matter of personal romance when interviewing a handsome young celebrity of either sex.

PONSELLE: All I can reply is, Why bring that up. Not so long ago I answered in perfect honesty some questions that I thought were asked in the same spirit. I found my answers were interpreted in a way I never intended, and thousands of letters came in causing me lots of worry and a lot more work.

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KENNEDY: Romance, then, we'll put down as part of the private affairs of a public character that cannot be publicized. By the way, I feel slightly cool in this box, and you, Miss Ponselle -- look as comfortable as if you were basking down in Miami. I've observed at the Broadcasting Studios and at the Metropolitan you like to be in a cool, even a cold room, before you sing.

PONSELLE: That's just a touch of temperament -- I suppose that, descending from a warm-climated race, I tend to the opposite and like to be as cool as possible, physically and mentally, before I work.

KENNEDY: I've even heard it said that when you visit a business office the windows go up or you go out.

PONSELLE: Well, air is meant to be breathed, and I've always noticed that there's more air outside windows than inside.

KENNEDY: Since we began this interview with a few extraordinary questions, I may be forgiven if I conclude with two or three ordinary queries. You mentioned outdoor exercise as part of your personal regimen to keep fit. Which form of exercise do you favor?

PONSELLE: Walking, swimming, golf. Nothing can take me from these diversions in the summer-time when the opera and concert season are over.

KENNEDY: Let me see. I seem to remember your being the victim of an accident on a golf course that might have been serious.

PONSELLE: Indeed it might. I was walking down a fairway when I suddenly heard an impact. I didn't feel it because it knocked me unconscious.

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KENNEDY: The report at the time said it was a hard driven ball.

PONSELLE: I'm glad the report confirmed what I felt. Fortunately, that ball didn't strike me in the eye or the temple or there might have been severe injury. It struck me in the side of the head.

KENNEDY: It would be interesting to know what you said, on being revived, to the player who drove the ball.

PONSELLE: I asked him if, the next time, he would mind shouting "Fore" loud enough so that I could hear.

KENNEDY: Miss Ponselle, it's unnecessary to say, altho it's curious how unabatingly we say the unnecessary things-- that we are all pleasurably anticipating your appearance in ^{the LUCKY STRIKE broadcast of} "L'Africana" next Saturday afternoon.

PONSELLE: I look forward with pleasure to singing it. It's one of my favorite operas and one of my favorite roles-- it has such color and drama and stirring arias. I'm delighted that it has been included in this series of Saturday operatic broadcasts.

KENNEDY: Thank you, Miss Ponselle, for your amiable patience. It has been a pleasure to interview you.

PONSELLE: It has been a pleasure for me, too - and I was so afraid it would be a trial.

(STORY OF THIRD ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

At the opening of the Third Act of Wagner's Tristan and Isolda, we are in a castle garden. At one side there are some high buildings and on the other, a low breastwork and the watch tower. At the back, the castle gate. We are supposed to be on rocky cliffs, through openings the view extends over a wide sea horizon. The whole gives an impression of being deserted by the owner, badly kept and here and there dilapidated and overgrown.

In the foreground, in the garden, lies the mortally wounded Tristan, sleeping on a couch under the shade of a great lime-tree, stretched out as if lifeless. At his head sits Kurvenal, bending over him in grief and anxiously listening to his breathing. From without comes the mournful sound of a shepherd's pipe.

Presently the shepherd comes and looks over the wall.

"Kurvenal, tell me friend, does he still sleep?"

Kurvenal, turning a little towards him and shaking his head, "If he awoke, it would be but for evermore to leave us, unless Isolda comes. Tell me, no ship yet on the sea?"

"If there were I would play quite a merry tune, but tell me truly, trusty friend, why languishes our lord?"

"Don't ask me for I can give no answer. Watch the sea. If sails come in sight, play a sprightly melody."

The shepherd turns around and scans the horizon, shading his eyes with his hand. He puts the reed pipe to his mouth and withdraws, playing a sorrowful tune. Tristan awakes drowsily and Kurvenal explains how he carried him wounded and unconscious back to Tristan's own long-deserted castle in Brittany.

MILTON CROSS:

Tristan is wasting his last bit of strength in feverish fancies and ardent yearnings for Isolda; his longing one moment lifting him above his pain and the next moment bringing him to the verge of madness. Kurvenal tries to quiet him telling him that he has sent for Isolda and he will yet see her, although the melancholy air by the shepherd tells that there is no ship in sight. Tristan frantically begs Kurvenal to go to the watch tower and while hesitating to leave Tristan alone, the shepherd's pipe is heard playing a merry tune. Kurvenal springs up; he rushes to the watch tower and looks out. The ship is sighted; for a while it disappears behind cliffs; finally it enters the harbor safely. Kurvenal hastens down the steps to bring Isolda up. Tristan tossing on his couch in feverish excitement raises himself erect; tears the bandage from his wound; springs from his bed and totters forward. He reels to the center of the stage. Isolda's voice is heard calling, "Tristan, Tristan, Beloved." Isolda hastens breathlessly in. Tristan delirious with excitement totters wildly toward her. She receives him in her arms where he dies with a last sigh "Isolda."

In vain Isolda tries to revive him. Kurvenal who re-entered close behind Isolda has remained by the entrance, speechless and petrified, gazing motionless on Tristan.

From below we now hear the murmur of voices and the clash of weapons. The shepherd clatters over the wall and warns Kurvenal that another ship has landed bringing King Mark and Melot. They barricade the gate. Melot with armed men appears under the gateway. Kurvenal falls upon Melot and kills him. He then turns to resist King Mark and his followers. Kurvenal is wounded. He staggers and falls dead near the body of his friend, Tristan.

MILTON CROSS:

Brangaene tries to explain to Isolda that she has told the story of the love-potion and the King, understanding all, has come to re-unite the lovers. Isolda, however, in a state of exaltation is oblivious to everything around her and in a transfiguration of rapture we hear the heart-rending Liebestrod or Love death music as she sinks upon Tristan's body.

King Mark invokes a blessing upon the dead lovers amid the profound emotion and grief of the bystanders. The curtain falls.

This is the closing act of the Romeo and Juliet of Opera by Wagner - his Tristan and Isolda.

(THIRD ACT)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS: (CLOSING COMMERCIALS AND ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEXT WEEK'S OPERA)

The last curtain call has been given at this performance of Wagner's opera "Tristan und Isolde," filled with so much depth of feeling.

May we say again that this privilege of sending to your home the finest that operatic music has to offer, is deeply appreciated by the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. It is the good taste of America that has led to this demand for the finest in music. In cigarettes, too, taste is everything. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE hope you have enjoyed this broadcast. And now, until next Saturday afternoon at this time, we bid you "good day" and trust that meanwhile you will have many happy moments recalling the glorious music of "Tristan und Isolde." Thank you. Please remember, - always the finest tobaccos -- and only the center leaves are used to produce LUCKY STRIKE, so round -- so firm -- so fully packed.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The American Tobacco Company, proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, invite you to join them next Saturday afternoon at 1:40 P.M., E.S. Time, when Meyerbeer's great musical drama "L'Africana" with the following cast:

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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WEAF & WJZ

LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM

BROADCAST OF

OPERA "L'AFRICANA"

()-()
1:55 to Approx. 5:15 P.M.

JANUARY 13, 1938

SATURDAY

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen: We are again privileged to offer you another of the series of Grand Opera by the world's famous Metropolitan Opera Company. A broadcast direct from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are especially happy in the knowledge that these great music dramas are reaching millions of people in the far corners of our land...people who appreciate the finer things of life, and who may never have had an opportunity to personally attend a performance at the Metropolitan. Consider yourselves then, as seated with us in Box 44 in the Grand Tier, -- directly in front is the great gold curtain about to rise on today's LUCKY STRIKE broadcast of the opera "L'Africana," direct from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Today's opera is L'Africana by Giacomo Meyerbeer.

Tullio Serafin will conduct with the following cast:

Don Pedro.....Virgilio Lazzari
Don Diego.....Paolo Ananian
Ines.....Nina Morgana
Vasco Da Gama.....Giovanni Martinelli
Don Alvaro.....Alfio Tedesco
Nolusko.....Armando Borgioli
Selika.....Rosa Ponselle
Grand Inquisitor }
Grand Brahmin }Leon Rothier
Anna.....Henriette Wakefield
An Usher.....George Cehanovsky
An Officer.....Max Altglass

The plot of the story is woven around the love of two women for one man. One woman is the dark-skinned Brahmin slave queen Selika, and the other is Ines, the daughter of one of the Portuguese councillors. The lucky man, or should I say unlucky, is the Portuguese adventurer and navigator Vasco Da Gama.

The opening scene is the council chamber of the king of Portugal. Doors at the back and at each side. To the right is the President's chair, on either side of which are the seats for the Councillors. Ines, sung today by Nina Morgana, and Anna, sung by Henriette Wakefield, enter conversing. Ines, who is in love with Vasco Da Gama, the young and adventurous officer of the Portuguese navy, has been summoned by her father, Don Diego, who soon enters with Don Pedro. Don Diego tells his daughter that she is to marry Don Pedro, President of the Royal Council, adding that her lover, Vasco Da Gama, has been lost at sea.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Hearing this, Ines and Anna hurry away. An usher enters announcing the members of the Council, "Il Consiglio Signori." Don Diego, Don Pedro, the Grand Inquisitor, several Bishops, Don Alvaro and other members of the Council are heard singing "Dio che la terra venera." " " " " The Council settles down to discuss further explanations, when Vasco Da Gama suddenly appears, much to the consternation of Don Pedro and Don Diego. He has escaped alone from the shipwreck and begs a new ship to try passage again, explaining that he has brought back two slaves, members of an unknown race; and Selika, sung by Rosa Ponselle, and Nelusko, sung by Armando Bergioli, are brought in. Questioned as to their country, they refuse to tell. Don Pedro consults with the Council and incites them to disbelieve the mariner's story. Vasco Da Gama then breaks out in indignant rage against them and for his insolence he is arrested and ordered to be thrown into prison, and as the Grand Inquisitor and the others in chorus denounce hi, the curtain falls. This in brief is the story of the first act of L'Africana, which is about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The house lights have been lowered, the footlights are on; Tullio Serafin, our conductor, has just entered the orchestra pit. We shall hear the prelude to the first act of the opera, L'Africana, presented by the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

(FIRST ACT -- L'AFRICANA)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes through whose sponsorship this Metropolitan Opera Broadcast reaches you now present Mr. John B. Kennedy:

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

The strangest and strongest personality in the Metropolitan Opera is not an artist in the sense of being a singer. It is a composite personality -- in the case of this opera L'Africana to which you are listening -- a composite personality of 77 -- the Orchestra.

Here is a large group that work as an individual, with all the precision of the finest machinery, but with nothing mechanical, for their combined art is a warm, flowing stream of music. Each man of this magnificent orchestra is an artist in his own right; but all melt their individuality in the personality of the conductor whose baton is the magic wand that makes them one.

During a rehearsal the other afternoon at the Metropolitan, I saw a larger orchestra -- the largest orchestra that plays for the opera -- an organization of 96 pieces, for the opera Salome. They played steadily hour after hour. And in the middle of an exciting aria, something went wrong for a second. The orchestra pit was utterly dark. Yet the music swelled from it without an instant's hesitation. These men of the orchestra saw the conductor's white baton through the dark, and obeyed it.

I've wondered sometimes, and I suppose you have, how musicians' necessarily concentrating on the score before them, can also follow the conductor's every motion. You'll understand better how this is done, and well done, if you read a book seated in a chair and have somebody stand off a few feet from you and make signals with hands and arms. You'll see his signals and you'll read your book. The good musician has two eyes, one for the score, and one for the conductor.

Here at the Metropolitan the tradition of opera is steadfast. The conductor is commander-in-chief of every performance. He is the captain. He decides the pace of the opera. (CONTINUES)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

He makes the music that makes the opera.

The singing artists are supposed to follow him faithfully. They achieve the best results when they do. Now and again they don't -- usually by momentary forgetfulness; for human nature - even in the most glamorous opera house in the world, is still human and liable to err.

Only the other night one of the foremost singers of the Metropolitan for some unknown reason curtailed an aria. This singer did an amazing thing - jumping no fewer than twenty-four bars. If there had been just an orchestra, and a good orchestra at that -- there would have been confusion, dissonance and a ruined performance. As it was, the Metropolitan orchestra showed its mastery. It jumped those twenty-four bars with that singer and only the most expert connoisseur of the opera knew what had happened.

That is training, that is discipline - that is collective virtuosoship.

You can understand all this when you see the musical martinetts that are the musical commanders in chief at the Metropolitan. Signor Serafin, for example, who conducts the orchestra this afternoon. A fine, handsome figure of a man with a background of the highest operatic experience - at La Scala - that cathedral of the opera in Milan - at Covent Garden, London, at the palatial Opera in Paris and at Monte Carlo.

Serafin is known as the democratic conductor, because he occasionally fraternizes with the musicians; but during rehearsals - I've seen him - he's an exacting master. But his sternness during working hours is relieved by a nice sense of humor which helps the morale of his men. He had occasion to criticize a piccolo at one performance, recently. You know when one false note is blown at the Metropolitan, the directors want to know why, for perfection is the least demanded of these musicians.

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

Serafin criticised this piccolo player rather severely. The poor chap felt abashed. But he took the piece of humble pie and tried to digest it. Of course, his associates in the orchestra pit rubbed the thing in. That always happens in the best regulated families.

The orchestra men filed in for the second act. To their amazement, Serafin, who's a little forgetful at times, came up to the conductor's stand wearing his crush hat. The thin, querulous voice of the piccolo pierced through the general melange of tuning-up with a familiar musical phrase:

"Where did you get that hat?"

Signor Serafin frowned, then doffed his hat - and laughed. His rebuked piccolo player had had sweet revenge.

The conductor of the opera is not only the manager of the music. He's the cue-giver. No note is uttered unless and until he directs this to be done. Naturally, cues are sacrosanct - for on them devolves the smoothness of performance.

Artur Bodanzky, who conducted last week's LUCKY STRIKE broadcast of Tristan and Isolde, is a particularly insistent maestro in the matter of cues. He never forgives a miscue, because he never makes one. Perhaps the most agonizing moment to his life as a conductor came recently during a performance of Le Prophete. The climax and final curtain of this play is an explosion at a banquet - not of oratory, but of gunpowder, which, if not better, is at least not boring. The dinner is blown-up, the curtain drops, and the opera is over.

This explosion takes place, of course, at a cue from the conductor. At rehearsal, everything went off with especial ease -- and that's one of the superstitions at the Metropolitan as,

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

indeed, in all show business including radio - that a perfect rehearsal bodes no good, while a ragged rehearsal is prelude to a sound performance.

The drama of *Le Prophete* worked to its tragic climax. The supreme cue came for the explosion. An assistant conductor was stationed off-stage to press the button that would detonate the charge under the banquet table. Bodanzky gave the cue, his assistant pressed the button. But there was no explosion. Quickly signalling his drums to thunder, Bodanzky brought down the curtain. He wouldn't wait for applause. He rushed back-stage and demanded that assistant conductor. The poor chap was afraid. Bodanzky roared like a lion.

"What," he demanded, "what went wrong. That explosion. Where was that explosion."

The assistant conductor was pale and inarticulate.

Bodanzky's voice reached a new altitude.

"This is atrocious," he cried. "Absolutely --" atrocious -- I----".

There came a deafening explosion. A stage-hand, experimenting, had made the charge detonate. It shook back-stage -- altho out front they thought it was just another of those blasting performances that punctuate the peace and quiet of Manhattan.

The crash died away --and laughter followed. It was Bodanzky's laughing.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

That is the temperament of the true conductor. Stormy when things go wrong; but always anger neighboring mirth.

In this orchestra today there are - if cold figures mean anything, an, as a rule, they don't mean as much as we think they do -- more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of musical instruments. There are three Stradivarii, most precious of violins, which their owners would not part with for all the world.

So attached do these Metropolitan musicians become to their instruments that they carry them everywhere. A cello is beautiful to hear, but rather clumsy to carry. Yet these cello players take their cellos with them on their backs; while the violinists will not even trust any one with theirs.

The Metropolitan orchestra is a male organization. Only two women in all the years of the orchestra, have made the orchestra. Both harpists, altho the present harpist is a man. This Metropolitan orchestra is a place for stars and an incubator of stars. The violins are all concert maestro, some of them conductors in their own right. The brother of Ephraim Zimbalist is in the orchestra here today, playing a viol. From this orchestra have graduated many famous musicians, past and present -- Joseph Pasternack, the eminent virtuoso, is a former Metropolitan orchestra man, as also Franko Goldman, the celebrated conductor.

They take their music quite seriously. After the opera, they have their favorite diversions - notably a card game called Skat, which is a complicated form of bridge, if that isn't complicated enough. I understand tho to play Skat properly, you have to have the wind with you - to blow away your own poor cards and your opponents' good ones.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

A large number of Metropolitan orchestra men had to go to Philadelphia for a performance not long ago. They came so immersed in a game of Skat that they let the train ride them to Chester and scurried back to the Philadelphia opera dazed, but satisfied that they'd finished their game.

These music men are all natural players. To get on the Metropolitan orchestra list, you must have something considerably more than the saxophone in twelve easy lessons. A man must be experienced in opera and concert work either abroad or in America. He must have the qualities of musical leadership himself to be able to follow with the keenest intelligence the greatest of maestros who conduct for the Metropolitan.

A fine-looking group of men, these musicians, perhaps because they are all well fed. Follow a good musician at meal-time and he'll lead you to the places where the best meals are served.

And they have an instinct for loyalty to the conductor that treats them firmly but understandingly. They'll ride a conductor who rides them -- although this would never happen a second time at the Metropolitan.

Serafin had to conduct a difficult opera a few seasons ago. He drilled and coached his men as mercilessly as he worked himself - hours at a time, night and day, putting them through more than a score of rehearsals. One of his first violins bore the brunt of the labor in that pit; and paid for it, physically. He couldn't attend the final rehearsal. Serafin was greatly disturbed. His singing stars were hard enough to manage without a key musician being absent. You know, sometimes singing stars are erratic in pace, in song, and the conductor must blend them with the music. It's always a delicately difficult job.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

And when a musician so important as a first violin is suddenly indisposed - that terrifies the conductor.

But this man could not perform. He was in the hospital. Serafin had to rush in another man and start drilling with him. The night of the opera came - and there came to this the first violin. He took his place in the pit, to Serafin's great delight, and played from beginning to end - glowingly alert.

At the end of the opera he collapsed. The Metropolitan house physician went to him. He found that he had a temperature of just over one hundred and that he had literally escaped from the hospital to play that night.

Typical of the spirit of the talent that makes the music of the Metropolitan the glorious and gratifying sound it is.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed Mr. Kennedy;

When the curtain rises on the second act of Meyerbeer's opera L'Africana, we see the prison of the Inquisition at Lisbon. At the back of the stage is a bench. In the center is a massive column, on which is seen a map. Selika, the slave, sung by Rosa Ponselle, is watching over the slumbering Vasco Da Gama (Giovanni Martinelli), as she sings her quaint slumber song, broken here and there by a barcarolle which Vasco murmurs in his sleep. Then in a passionate aria which follows, we find that Selika has lost her heart to Vasco, who saved her and her companion, Nelusko, from a slave ship. She bends over Vasco and is about to press her lips to his forehead when she perceives Nelusko, who has meanwhile entered.

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MILTON CROSS! (CONTINUES)

She hastily rises and conceals herself behind the column. The jealous Nelusko advances thoughtfully, his eyes bent on the ground. Dagger in hand, he steals up to the sleeping Vasco and is about to stab him. Selika rushes toward Nelusko and stays his hand, reminding him that the generous Portuguese mariner after buying Nelusko at the slave market sold his jewels and arms, that he might also buy her so that she could be with him, Nelusko. Nelusko will not listen to her pleadings. He sings his aria, "Figlia dei Re," "Daughter of the Kings," telling of his devotion to her and his hatred of Vasco, whom he considers a Christian and an enemy. He again approaches Vasco to strike the blow, but Selika rushes toward Vasco and awakens him. Nelusko conceals his dagger, remains motionless for a time and then goes out, glancing passionately at Selika.

Selika and Vasco now consult the map, and she shows him the course he should have taken to discover the beautiful island of which he is in quest. It was from this lovely land of Brahma that her bark was driven by a fatal storm one day and she was thrown upon hostile shores and made a captive slave. Vasco is very grateful for this information. The prison door is opened. Don Pedro and Ines enter just as Vasco Da Gama is clasping Selika in his arms. Selika with a cry of anguish crosses the stage and approaches Ines with a threatening, envious air. Ines announces that she has obtained Vasco's release from prison and she hands him a parchment scroll bearing the royal seal, adding that they must now part forever and that hereafter he must shun her. Vasco, to allay any suspicions Ines may have about Selika, offers Selika to her as her slave. Don Pedro, who has stolen all of Vasco's maps and plans while he has been in prison, announces that he has been commissioned by the king to set out on the voyage of discovery.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

He purchases both slaves from Vasco, intending to use Nelusko as his navigator. Then he tells Vasco that Ines bought his freedom from prison by marrying him, Don Pedro. Don Pedro and Ines exit; Vasco falls half fainting on the seat; Selika is about to rush toward him, but Nelusko withholds her and compels her to follow Don Pedro. As Selika departs, she bends on Vasco a last lingering look of love and anguish, and the curtain falls.

And now the great golden curtain of the Metropolitan is about to rise on the second act of L'Africana. The intermission is almost over, and may we not in these last few moments take the opportunity to tell you a few words about LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

Only the finest of the world's choice tobaccos are used for LUCKIES,--Only the center leaves for which farmers are paid higher prices,--For they are the mildest leaves and fully ripe for perfect smoking. That's why LUCKIES are so mild - so smooth.

And now the curtain rises on the second act of L'Africana.

(SECOND ACT -- "L'AFRICANA")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this Metropolitan Opera broadcast again bring you Mr. John B. Kennedy, who will now interview one of the Metropolitan's most popular artists. Mr. Edward Johnson.

JOHNSON INTERVIEW

KENNEDY: Among the bright, particular stars of the Metropolitan Opera is Edward Johnson. He is the Canadian-Born American tenor who has more records for operatic premiers than Harry Lauder has for farewell tours.

JOHNSON: Yes, and having a splendid time listening to a splendid opera. I can't remember when I've heard sung better.

KENNEDY: Last week, Mr. Johnson, we had occasion to examine the careers of the cast that sung Tristan and Isolde, and we discovered that most of them started out to be something also besides opera singers. I believe that's true in your case. Didn't you want to be a lawyer?

JOHNSON: Not exactly. My father wanted me to be a lawyer. But I finally persuaded him to lend me \$200 to come to New York and see what I could do as a singer.

KENNEDY: With just \$200?

JOHNSON: Yes, and with a letter of introduction to a man named Smith. That's all a friend of mine knew - was that this man's name was Smith.

KENNEDY: Very helpful indeed. Have you found Mr. Smith yet, or haven't you reached twenty-eight column of Smith in the telephone directory yet?

JOHNSON: I haven't met Mr. Smith yet - but I still have the letter of introduction after all these years. I've carried it all over Italy, France and Spain and Germany and Great Britain where I studied and worked.

KENNEDY: Permit me to nutshell Mr. Johnson's biography. His first great hit was all due to a horse. He got an opportunity to sing Parsifal in Milan - at La Scala. The horse he best rode was restless. At a sudden crash of music it cut loose, jumped the footlights, nearly killing the prompter and the conductor - and dashed down the aisle, scattering the audience, until Johnson, clinging desperately to its back, pulled it short of the box-office. The incident made the front pages in Milan and throughout Italy - and people poured out to pay to see and hear the heroic tenor who had proved himself a capable jockey.

JOHNSON: That's rather a painful experience to be reminded of. You see, that horse was the gift of a prominent Italian cavalry officer to the opera company. But when the horse heard a sudden, sharp martial strain - he cut loose for the charge. That explained it.

KENNEDY: You did most of your early work in Italy -- with Puccini the composer taking a special interest in your career.

JOHNSON: I find that all the composers and all the directors take especial interest in every singer's career if you're conscientious and eager to advance.

KENNEDY: Being a ruggedly built young man, I can quite understand how the tension of first nights is no undue strain on you. How many premiers have you made?

JOHNSON: With Merry Mount, the new American opera by Janson, which we'll do at the Metropolitan next month, it will be about twenty.

JOHNSON: (CONTINUES) impressionable years - I'd have been so much further ahead. Music study should be as compulsory as the three r's, because it's a most necessary part of culture,

KENNEDY: I agree.

JOHNSON: Of course. We know the names and works of great authors if we have any literary background at all, and most of us have even in order to read a newspaper intelligently. We know Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, even Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne and Irving. It's just as necessary, don't you think, for the man or woman who pretends to any cultural standing to know something of Wagner, Verdi, Leocavallo - and the great masters of music.

KENNEDY: Certainly.

JOHNSON: And how can that best be done?

KENNEDY: The answer is easy and right -- the Opera.

JOHNSON: In Italy, they have more than three hundred opera houses - all flourishing in degree. Here the grandest music on earth has still to be missionized. People pay \$8 and \$9 to see an inferior musical comedy, with some of its best airs, perhaps, dilutes of grand opera - while opera presents not only the best music, but the best show in terms of spectacle and drama. Pardon, my earnestness; but I'm an apostle of the opera.

KENNEDY: And rightly so. I think you told me once, Mr. Johnson, that the inborn love of music is due to the fact or the theory that music was the first articulation, the first expression of the human race.

KENNEDY: Mr. Johnson's repertoire of operas, ladies and gentleman, is more than twice the number of his premiers. Indeed, I'd like to have as many in my repertoire as an opera-goer, as he has as a singer.

JOHNSON: Well, why don't you? It's easy enough. All you have to do is to come to the Metropolitan and hear them.

KENNEDY: Fine, if you can find the time.

JOHNSON: But you find the time for many other things - for movies, for football and baseball or billiards or what have you? You see those hundreds of people standing there, and these other hundreds in the cheaper seats -- why are they here on a fairly bright Saturday afternoon?

KENNEDY: Naturally, because they love the opera.

JOHNSON: Something more - they love a show - and they find the opera a better show than anything they can see elsewhere. And so it is - don't you think so?

KENNEDY: Just a moment, Mr. Johnson. You're turning the tables. I started out to do the interviewing.

JOHNSON: Tell me, what do you think is the average musical background of the average American?

KENNEDY: That depends on what we mean by average American. I'd say, offhand, that he has good taste in music, acquired through hearing good things rather than through serious application to music.

JOHNSON: That's exactly it. When I was a youngster they tried to make me study Latin and Greek and calculus-- things I didn't care a rap about me and which didn't mean anything to me at all -- save possibly a little Latin as a basis for language study. Now, had I spent all that wasted time on music study during my most

JOHNSON: Yes -- I've heard it said by scientific authority that the first musical benefactor of mankind was the man who first whistled a tune.

KENNEDY: In that case, the second musical benefactor of mankind was he who disposed of the first.

JOHNSON: I can quite understand that too. But let me make my final point - don't you think that the great music of mankind - the opera - should be a part of everybody's education?

KENNEDY: Nobody will dispute that for a moment?

JOHNSON: All right then -- don't you --

KENNEDY: Pardon me, Mr. Johnson. It's your turn to carry the ball and answer questions. After all, you're the celebrity on aerial view. I saw you as hard at work in a gymnasium yesterday as I've ever seen you work at a piano.

JOHNSON: I have a theory, you know, that a tenor should always keep in trim -- not only for his figure; but for his wind, his speed of motion and of thought. I don't think so much of a tenor who can't run a hundred yards in eleven seconds.

KENNEDY: Athletic artists are the best, then?

JOHNSON: I don't say that; but all other things being equal they're in the best condition to do their best. An hour a day in the gymnasium is just as important to me as the three or four hours a day I spend with music.

KENNEDY: And you're not afraid of going stale with all that practice?

JOHNSON: Yes - I am. That's why I vary the practice. I never study or practice an opera in the same language two days in succession.

KENNEDY: And your high-spot in memory - to get at the basic routine question?

JOHNSON: I told you that once before, Mr. Kennedy - if you'll recall.

KENNEDY: I do. It was a curiously ironic moment. For when Edward Johnson made one of his finest triumphs in Rome, the audience wondered why he took just one curtain bow - and did not come out again to acknowledge their thunderous cheers. He couldn't very well -- he had received a cable -- that his wife was dead.

JOHNSON: But that's always the way - sadness balancing our happiness.

KENNEDY: That illustrates another point. The steadily successful singers are always more or less stoics - and a stoic is one who can hop out of the frying pan into the fire while taking a bow to the cook. Thank you, Mr. Johnson.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes feel sure you have enjoyed Mr. Kennedy's interview with the operatic star, Mr. Edward Johnson.

MILTON CROSS:

Turning now to the third act of today's performance of Meyerbeer's "L'Africana," the scene represents the between decks of a large ship, with entrances to the principal cabins. We are aboard Don Pedro's vessel in the Indian Seas. Several sailors and naval officers are about. Ines is reclining on a couch surrounded by her attendants. A chorus of sailors sing, "Su, su marinar," "Up, up, ye mariners." The bell is heard announcing the morning prayer. The sailors, officers, Ines and her ladies kneel, and we hear the prayer of the mariners, "O Grande San Domenico." Soon Nelusko appears on the main deck, shouting that the wind has changed and they must keep to the north or they may be lost. He descends from the main deck, and by this time Don Pedro and Don Alvaro have entered from their cabins. Don Alvaro warns Don Pedro that Nelusko is not to be trusted as pilot. They have already lost two ships, and another storm is approaching. Don Pedro disregards the warning - and the sailors are heard asking Nelusko to sing the song of Adamastor. Nelusko gleefully sings his impressive aria, "The Invocation of Adamastor," "Adamastor...re dell' onde profonde," "Adamastor, Monarch of the Pathless Sea." The sailors prepare for the storm. A man on watch suddenly calls that a ship sailing under their own colors has just put over a boat which is rapidly pulling towards them. Nelusko is worried. He has purposely been directing the vessel off its course toward a dangerous reef where he hopes to wreck the ship and in that way also wreak vengeance on the Portuguese. The little boat pulls alongside the vessel. It is Vasco Da Gama who climbs aboard. He found means to follow them in a small vessel and has now caught up with them. He warns them that they are sailing into the very trap he himself fell into on the last voyage, and adds that the ship will fall prey to the storm and a horde of savages from

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

shore. Don Pedro, however, disregards his warning, distrusts his motives and orders him to be tied to the mast and shot, in spite of the pleadings of Ines and Selika. Before these orders can be carried out, however, the ship is suddenly invaded by Indians. The crew endeavor to drive them back but are overpowered by the overwhelming number of their assailants; and amid great confusion, the curtain falls.

So runs the story of the third act of Meyerbeer's opera "L'Africana," the act which you will hear next in this LUCKY STRIKE broadcast presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Through these Saturday afternoon broadcasts direct from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes endeavor to pay their respect to the inherent good taste of America....the good taste that has brought such overwhelming patronage to LUCKY STRIKE.

May we express the hope that while you are enjoying the Metropolitan Opera broadcast you add to that enjoyment by lighting a LUCKY.

And now we go into the third act of "L'Africana."

(THIRD ACT -- L'AFRICANA)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this Metropolitan Opera broadcast are again pleased to present Mr. John B. Kennedy, who will tell you of a part of this program that is of unusual interest.

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JOHN B. KENNEDY:

(John B. Kennedy, conditions being Okay will talk for two minutes about the big surprise that we are bringing to the American public, then we will short-wave to Honolulu where we will put the flyers on the air. At the end of this, Mr. Kennedy will again talk for three minutes about how the opera is being short-waved to the remote parts of the world.)

MILTON CROSS:

The fourth act of Meyerbeer's opera "L'Africana" contains the loveliest music of the opera. The place is supposed to be the Isle of Madagascar. The opening scene is a very colorful one indeed. We are at the entrance of an Indian temple. On the right a palace. At back, other sumptuous monuments. Selika, Nelusko, the High Priest of Brahma, Indians of various castes. We have an opening march, procession and the very colorful ballet, led by _____.

Selika and Nelusko are back on their native soil where Selika is crowned Queen. Before the High Priest she takes the oath that no stranger shall ever defile the sacred soil of Hindustan. All the Portuguese officers and sailors, we are told, have been killed, with the exception of Vasco, who was found chained to the mast. In the distance we can hear the cry of the Portuguese women who are condemned to the poisonous perfume of the Manzanilla tree. (Manohanille.)

When all have departed, Vasco Da Gama enters, followed by soldiers. Struck by the beauty of this new land, he forgets for the time that he is a captive and he sings "O Paradiso", "O, Paradise," one of the loveliest tenor arias to be found in the operatic repertoire.

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

The Brahmins and soldiers are about to set upon Vasco as a Christian and an intruder upon their sacred soil when Selika appears, followed by Nelusko, the High Priest and others. At Selika's voice, the soldiers remain motionless. Selika rushes eagerly to Vasco Da Gama. To save Vasco's life, she tells her people that she married him after he rescued her from the captive slave ship. Nelusko is astounded, but, aside, she warns him not to contradict her story, for if Vasco is condemned to death, she will die with him. At a sign from the High Priest a Brahmin fetches the consecrated book, Nelusko hesitates, but, finally overcome by Selika's glances, he swears that her story of having married Vasco is true; and all incline themselves respectfully before Vasco Da Gama as husband of their queen. Nelusko is overcome with grief at losing Selika, and, aside, he swears vengeance. After all sing praises of Brahma, they withdraw, leaving Vasco and Selika alone. These two then sing an elaborate love duet, in which Vasco, believing Inez to be dead, vows eternal fidelity to Selika.

The priests and the populace gather. The High priest raises his hand over Vasco and Selika, who kneel before him, and prepare to solemnize their union. Indian maidens surround Selika. They place a crown of flowers on her head and cover her with a veil as they sing their graceful chorus. Vasco gazes on the queen with looks of ardent affection when of a sudden a mournful strain from afar meets his ear. He recognizes the voice of Inez. Unable to control his emotion, he attempts to rush toward the side from whence the strains proceed, but a group of maidens now surround him and drag him toward Selika, who is at this moment bending her steps toward the palace, beneath the archway of gauze formed by the veils

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

of the bayaderes; and the curtain falls on the first scene of the fourth act of Meyerbeer's "L'Africana".

Great music speaks a universal language, and the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are especially grateful for this opportunity of bringing to your home these wonderful operas -- because it so fittingly expresses their appreciation of your patronage.

One of the merits of this fine cigarette that smokers talk about is this: LUCKY STRIKE is always so round, so firm, so fully packed. There are no loose ends and the tobacco doesn't spill out. The reason is -- every LUCKY STRIKE is fully packed with long, even strands of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos...That's why LUCKIES draw easily and burn evenly, and are so mild, so smooth.

And now the first scene of the fourth act of L'Africana.

(FIRST SCENE OF FOURTH ACT - L'AFRICANA)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS: (NEW MATERIAL COMING)

MILTON CROSS:

The curtain is down, and people are standing in the aisles vigorously applauding the artists of this wonderful performance. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope that you have enjoyed this glorious music as much as they have enjoyed sending it to you. Next Saturday afternoon you are invited to join us again at _____ to hear Mozart's delightful opera "Don Giovanni."

May we hope that a LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette has added to your enjoyment of today's performance of "L'AFRICANA", and that you will remember that LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are always so round - so firm - so fully packed with the finest tobaccos,--And that "IT'S TOASTED" for throat protection -- for finer taste.

(ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEXT SATURDAY'S BROADCAST OPERA)

AGENCY/JOHN B.KENNEDY/MILTON CROSS/chilleen
1/12/34.

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LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

WEAF & WJZ

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "DON GIOVANNI"

()-()
1:55 to APPROX. 5:15 P.M.

JANUARY 20, 1934

SATURDAY

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen: We greet you again from Box 44 in the grand tier of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. You are about to hear another of the series of Grand Opera by the celebrated Metropolitan Opera Company. Nothing in recent years has brought so much pleasure to the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes as this privilege of sending you these broadcasts of the world's greatest music, the opera, every Saturday afternoon. And so with LUCKY STRIKES good wishes today you will hear one of the most tuneful and stirring of the great operas. It is "Don Giovanni" by Mozart. Tullio Serafin will conduct today's performance, and the cast will be as follows:

DON GIOVANNI.....EZIO PINZA
DONNA ANNA.....ROSA PONSELLE
IL COMMENDATORE.....EMANUEL LIST
DON OTTAVIO.....TITO SCHIPA
DONNA ELVIRA.....MARIA MUELLER
ZERLINA.....EDITHA FLEISCHER
LEPORELLO.....VIRGILIO LAZZARI
MASETTO.....LOUIS D'ANGELO.

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The opera is in two acts with five scenes in each act. The intermissions between the many scenes, however, are very short, and in most cases the music carries on with but a brief interval, several arias and ensemble numbers which involve no stage action being sung in front of the curtain while the stage setting is being changed. The opera we know you will find a great treat, for Mozart's name is almost synonymous with melody. His music is always so charming, sparkling and refreshing, it is really too lovely for the escapades of the immoral and wicked Don which it portrays in this opera.

NOTE: LITERARY CLASSIC:

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Don Juan or Don Giovanni (in Italian) was a legendary figure. The idea of the character came to life it seems in a writing by Juan de la Cueva about the year 1581, and since then the character has been one of the most widely handled in poetry, literature and music. To mention just a few - Byron made a poem of it. Moliere and Prosper Merimee made use of it - Dumasmade a drama of it. Bernard Shaw made it the basis of his fantastic episode "Man and Super Man."

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

In the 17th century it served repeatedly as a theme for opera, being first used by Gluck, then by Righini, Cimarosa Albertini and many other composers. All these however, in spite of the Don Juan immorality, were eclipsed by Mozart's immortal setting which we are to hear today.

The first scene of the opera "Don Giovanni" is at night before the Commandant's palace in Seville Square. Don Giovanni has attacked Donna Anna and is taking flight. Her cries bring her father, the Commandant, who rushes in and draws swords with the Don. The Don unfortunately slays him and with his servant, Leporello, makes his escape. Donna Anna, her good friend Don Ottavio, and servants bearing torches enter and find the slain Commandant. Donna Anna, crying "Padre mio, my father," almost faints at the sight. She is consoled by Ottavio, who swears he will seek the murderer and avenge her father's death.

In the next scene we find the Don and the servant Leporello quarreling. Leporello is protesting against his master's mode of living. The Don threatens him and cajoles him. They see a woman coming, and the Don steps forward flirtatiously, only to find out she is Donna Elvira, formerly his wife. The Don weakly tries to explain why he deserted her after being married only three days. Not making any headway with his explanation, he steals away. Leporello, his servant, tells her of the Don's gallantry, and he unrolls the catalog in the aria, "Il Catalogo." Then Donna Elvira, angrily rushes off, saying she will bring the Don to justice.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The scene changes to the country, with a view of the Don's palace. Don Giovanni attempts to make love to Zerlina, a peasant girl. He begins with that well-known duet, "La ci darem la mano - la mi dirai di si!" Just then Donna Elvira returns and endeavors to lead Zerlina away from the Don, again denouncing him. To make matters worse, Ottavio and Anna enter. The Don, unrecognized, invites them to his party at the palace. At first they are deceived, but, as the Don leaves, Anna tells Ottavio she believes Don Giovanni to be the mysterious man who entered her room at night and then in flight killed her father.

In the next scene Ottavio, Elvira and Anna enter in domino costumes, wearing masks over their eyes. In the "masked trio" they disclose their plan to learn the true character of the Don.

The next scene is the beautiful ballroom in the Don's palace, with the little orchestra playing on the balcony. In this scene we hear one of the most charming minuets to be found anywhere. Mozart, you know, was supreme in the writing of this graceful dance form. During the party the Don steals away. At the height of the festivities, Zerlina, the peasant girl, is heard crying for help. The three masked people realize that the Don is a dissolute villain and the murderer of the Commandant. Zerlina escapes and throws herself upon the protection of the masked trio. Ottavio, Elvira, and Anna remove their masks and denounce the Don for his crimes. Thunder is heard foreboding his doom. The Don only laughs at his fate and escapes in the crowd.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

That, in brief, covers the story of the five scenes of the first act of today's LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast which is Mozart's opera "Don Giovanni." (DON JUAN NOTES)

The house lights have been lowered and you hear the applause greeting Mr. Serafin as he steps into the conductor's box. We shall hear the famous overture to the opera which Mozart wrote in an incredibly short time the night before the opening performance of the opera, presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

(FIRST ACT -- "DON GIOVANNI")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

In every country of the world, the goal of the singer is a tryout at the Metropolitan Opera Company. The very finest of the world's artists are assembled here at the Metropolitan....and their high artistry expresses the high ideal of the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes in their own product.

Every LUCKY STRIKE cigarette is round, firm, fully packed. No loose ends. That's because every LUCKY STRIKE is fully packed with long, even strands of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. And that's the reason why LUCKIES draw easily and burn evenly. Why LUCKIES are always mild, smooth.

We take pleasure in presenting John B. Kennedy.

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JOHN B. KENNEDY:

There seems to be some legitimate associations of ideas between an opera beautifully biographizing Lord Byron's hero, Don Juan, which makes it perfectly reasonable to introduce to you today a charming member of the Metropolitan audience who happens to double in charm as a member of the Metropolitan Company, Madame Gota Ljungborg of Stockholm, Sweden and points East and West. Madame Ljungborg - her name is spelled L-jungborg - the L being silent as in law and order - created something of a sensation when she made her debut in the fiery Valkyre three years ago at the Metropolitan.

Madame Ljungborg - are you comfortable?

LUNGBORG: Yes, quite, thank you?

KENNEDY: Madame Ljungborg is a typical beauty of her native land - tall, blonde, utterly blonde and with eloquent blue eyes.

LJUNGBORG: That is not quite the description on my passport - but I accept it just the same.

KENNEDY: Some of the critics have said that Madame Ljungborg and Madame Jeritza resemble each other. Perhaps -- each has at least two ears and a voice. But our new Swedish nightingale has a distinctive personality and style. That was acquired by natural endowment and the rigorous training of the European school.

LJUNGBORG: Yes - In Sweden it is not easy.

KENNEDY: It isn't easy anywhere; but I'm told, Madame Ljungborg that your operatic tradition in Sweden goes back for centuries --

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LJUNGBORG: Yes - even to antiquity - the seventh century - there were musical dramas sung by the Vikings - the old sagas of sea fights and sea mythology.

KENNEDY: Isn't there actually a theatre in Stockholm, or the site of a theatre, dating back to the seventh century?

LJUNGBORG: Certainly far back into antiquity. Opera has always been very popular in the Scandinavian countries. We have our own native Swedish, Norwegian and Danish works.

KENNEDY: And, of course, anybody who knows anything about music, knows about Jenny Lind. She's as much a tradition in America - where Barnum thought he'd make her famous but where, in reality, she made Barnum famous - she's as much a tradition here as she is in Sweden.

LJUNGBORG: To me she is an ideal. Altho', curiously, the first song I ever sang in public was not one of the great arias of opera or the concert classics.

KENNEDY: It was probably some Swedish folk song?

LJUNGBORG: No, it was an American song - Home, Sweet Home, by your John Howard Payne. I was in a school at Stockholm when all the little girls were invited to attend a reception for children by Queen Victoria - the late wife of our present King Gustave.

As I could then sing louder if not better than any little girl at the school, I was selected to sing this song for Her Majesty. The Queen evidently liked it for she made me the gift of five kronen - about a dollar and a quarter.

KENNEDY: I suppose you have kept that five kronen through the years as a precious souvenir of your very first debut before royalty?

LJUNGBORG: Not at all. I spent it at once with my companions in a cake and candy shop -- on marzipan principally, you know, what you call almond paste candy. It was delicious.

KENNEDY: Clings to the memory and not to the teeth. I know. I've tasted it. It's usually the ambition of a European singer to climax his or her career by appearing before royalty. We all know that familiar phrase about appearing before the crowned heads of Europe, altho' events since the war have too literally crowned the heads. But, beginning before royalty - what was your next step, Madame Ljungborg?

LJUNGBORG: To learn how to sing and to dance as quickly and as well as I could. You see, I came of a musical family - amateur not professional. My mother sang well, and my father and my four brothers played the piano very well. In Sweden, indeed, in Europe generally, ability to sing, or knowledge of some musical instrument is considered quite an ordinary part of education. Frankly, I am amazed that this is not more common in America.

KENNEDY: It's exactly enterprises like these broadcasts of the great operas that will stir the cultural impulse to knowledge of good music in America.

LJUNGBORG: Quite. I see that. In Europe I have not known of so ambitious a broadcast as an entire opera. It may have happened, but I have never heard of it. I know that when I was a youngster in Stockholm I would have swooned with delight at an opportunity to hear the opera in that way.

I used as a child to haunt the royal opera house - to sit in the gallery and live through the great roles I heard sung by the great artists.

KENNEDY: It's true, isn't it - that one particular role captivates adolescent ambition? What was yours?

LJUNGBORG: It's painful to confess, for it's the operatic role I first desired to sing, and have always desired to sing. And I can never sing it.

KENNEDY: Never is a long word and a long way.

LJUNGBORG: Yes, but I can never sing it - because I am too tall for a Japanese role - the opera is Madame Butterfly. When first I heard that sung my soul was captured. An old lady sitting beside me in the opera house saw me entranced and turned to me and said: "What is your name, little girl?" I told her, "Madame Butterfly." She frowned at me and said again: "What is your name?" And I replied - "Madame Butterfly." She wagged her head in pity. But I had great delight imagining myself Madame Butterfly. This resolved me that I should one day sing from the stage of that royal opera house.

KENNEDY: Do not gather, gentle hearers, and I suppose we can have gentle hearers if we have gentle readers - that because Madame Ljungborg is too tall for the role of Butterfly that she is excessively large. I think we pointed out once before that with the Scandinavian and Teutonic singers -- the heroic roles they play give an impression of heroic dimensions on the part of the players.

LJUNGBORG: Yes. In the Scandinavian countries, The Wagnerian Ring and the other - what you call heavy operas are especially popular because they reflect the Nordic temperament - is that the word?

KENNEDY: Quite adequate. Their mood creates the slow but majestic music of their greatest operas.

LJUNGBORG: That is it.

KENNEDY: In which opera, Madame Ljungborg, did you make your debut -- and was it especially difficult for you to get a hearing?

LJUNGBORG: Not especially difficult. It is not really difficult for any ambitious singer to get a hearing in Europe or America. The difficulty is to be accepted.

KENNEDY: Yes - the statistics of auditions for operatic candidates to acceptances of them show a ratio of about two hundred to one.

LJUNGBORG: That shows little chance, then?

KENNEDY: But always a chance. It's the same in all the arts. Many are called but few succeed in making it a calling.

LJUNGBORG: In my debut I had fear that I would not be accepted. You see, it was not really a debut. A man from Covent Garden had come to Stockholm to hear a well-known diva. She had trouble holding top-notes -- so this performance I was stationed in the wings, and when she reached the climax of an aria, I was to hold the top-note while she pantomimed the singing.

KENNEDY: You were to understudy for her vocally?

LJUNGBORG: That is it. Well, the opera began, and even though I was off-stage, I had all the excitement of being on stage, for I could hear the crash of the orchestra and the sweep of applause. The principal I was to -- to -- understudy for lifted her voice in a noble aria. She looked at the wings to give me my cue -- her voice climbed -- but something happened -- I forgot the pitch --

KENNEDY: You forgot -- really forgot?

LJUNGBORG: Truly -- I forgot, then when I tried to take the rising notes from the principal my voice seemed paralyzed. She gestured and gestured. Angrily, she stopped her pantomime and my voice suddenly soared through the song.

KENNEDY: The audience noted that, of course?

LJUNGBORG: Yes -- it placed me on what you call a spot. For that man from London seated in front came back-stage between the acts. The diva was upbraiding me for my slowness; but he came up. The diva said to him: You wish to see me? No -- it was me he inquired about, and me he engaged for Covent Garden.

KENNEDY: Then - we must parenthesize - the blue-eyed lady from the land of the midnight sun, where they alternate their recreation between skiing and singing, doing both equally well - proceeded from Stockholm to London, then to Berlin, Munich, Vienna and Paris -- the grand tour of grand opera. Her career was made - and one of the abilities that helped her most was a natural talent for tongues.

LJUNGBORG: Well, in Europe it is not considered extraordinary to know two or three languages. An opera artiste must know more than that. I have five - and the one that gave me the most difficulty in acquiring was English - which I have not fully acquired yet, altho I know enough to sing in English opera.

KENNEDY: It amazes me that there are so few miscues or slips in opera when you consider the complicated memory feats performed by the various stars in singing other than their mother-tongues, which must instinctively run through their minds.

LJUNGBORG: That is true. But what you call slips rarely occur, I think principally because of intense concentration. That is what makes grand opera, for the artist - a nervous strain.

KENNEDY: Where have you found the most enthusiastic audiences for opera?

LJUNGBORG:

It depends, I think, on the opera. Some operas have larger and more enthusiastic followings than others. Sometimes, too, we find unexpected enthusiasm for certain arias. I know I have found this in concert appearances. One enthusiast almost ruined my composure at a concert in the middle-west, when I attacked a high-C and held on to it with power. This gentleman - heard me soar to that note and stay with it and cried so that I could hear him: Hold it, Yale! I broke out laughing; but the audience fortunately appreciated the jest.

KENNEDY:

They tell me the blonde Nordic singers are particularly popular in South America.

LJUNGBORG:

I've never been there; but I am told that there is more expressive enthusiasm in South America for grand opera than anywhere. You recall that splendid story of your O'Henry which, I think, is a lesson in the cultural effect of fine music. A diva was kidnapped in a South American city by Indians who loved music. They took her to their mountain home and made her sing. As she climbed this mountain with them and sang, she was transfigured into a goddess. The Indians literally worshipped her. They threw gold at her feet and prayed her to sing. Suddenly she was rescued and taken down the mountain. As she descended her aura left her, and O'Henry, who called this tale, "A Matter of Mean Elevation" described her as sitting in a cafe, singing cheap songs.

KENNEDY:

Yes that's a striking tale with a striking moral - that fine music breeds fine emotions and these, of course, cultivate character.

LJUNGBORG: We who sing these beautiful things are consoled with that thought, for we know our voices must pass, but we hope they will live somewhere in the souls of those who hear us.

KENNEDY: They do.

LJUNGBORG: For nothing beautiful is ever quite lost. That is why I hope to see opera increase in America and everywhere, so that it is the natural ambition of everybody with a voice to sing in opera.

KENNEDY: I think it is; and if they cannot reach the heights of singing at the Metropolitan, they can reach the cultural heights of appreciation. I know a young man who was exceedingly ambitious to make the Metropolitan. He did one day - as an extra. He carried a spear in Aida. He carried it well; but was so enthusiastic about the aria, that he volunteered to join in a chorus. An assistant stage manager with either a very good or a very bad ear for song, checked him. You're here to carry that spear, he rebuked, not to sing.

Hardly encouraging to a career in opera; but it didn't discourage that young man's love of opera. He's here to prove it. He's the gentleman you will now hear - Milton Cross.

MILTON CROSS:

When the curtain rises on the second act of Mozart's "Don Giovanni", the first scene is before Elvira's house. Leporello is again complaining about his job, but the Don quiets him with the present of a purse of money. Leporello says he will stay in the Don's service if he will promise to correct his mode of living.

The Don having changed clothes with his servant, Leporello, comes to the window of Donna Elvira and sings to her again of his love, and she foolishly believes he has come back to her, and he asks her to come out of the house. While she is on her way down, the Don tells Leporello, who is wearing his master's costume, to make love to Elvira, and Leporello rather enjoys doing it. Leporello and Elvira are frightened away, and then the Don begins to serenade Elvira's maid. His singing is interrupted by the entrance of Masetto and a crowd of armed peasants searching for the Don. The Don of course is protected by his disguise.

He feigns willingness to help in the hunt and rids himself of Masetto's followers by sending them on fools' errands to various parts of the estate. Then he cunningly possesses himself of Masetto's weapons and gives him a sound beating. The Don makes off, and Zerlina, hearing Masetto's cries, runs in to help him.

In the next scene Leporello is trying to escape from Elvira, who, of course, still thinks he is Don Giovanni. In his master's cloak and hat he is soon confronted by Masetto and Zerlina, then by Ottavio and Donna Anna, who set upon him, thinking, of course, that he is the Don. He escapes the beating only after taking off his master's cloak and hat and disclosing his true identity. Don Ottavio is now convinced that Don Giovanni is the murderer of the Commandant and leaves to make a report to the officers of the law.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The next scene is a walled cemetery, in the midst of which is seen a statue of the Commandant on horseback. Don Juan leaps over the wall. "Ah, this is good," we hear him saying. "Now let them seek me. What a lovely night! 'Tis clearer than the day and seems to court me to rove about. It isn't so very late. It is not two hours past midnight.

Just then Leporello, out of breath, is heard saying from the other side of the wall, "Ah, surely it will be the death of me!"

"'Tis he," the Don says, "O Leporello!"

"Who calls me there?"

"Don't you know your master?"

And Leporello replies, "Would I had never known him."

"What's that, you rogue?"

O, it is you," says Leporello. "Excuse me."

"What is the matter?" asks the Don.

"On your account I have just been almost murdered."

"And wouldn't that be an honor?"

"Ha," replies Leporello. "Thank you, sir."

"Oh, come, come," says the Don. "I have some rare tales to tell you. Best of all I am going to tell you now."

"I suppose it is about the fair ones," interrupts Leporello.

"You are right. I met a charming creature, beautiful, young and gay, and accosting her I took her by the hand. She tried to avoid me, but after a few words she took me for -- well, whom do you think?"

"I don't know," says Leporello.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

"Why, she took me for you, Leporello. She smothered me with caresses. 'O my dearest Leporello, Leporelly my dear,' she cried. Then it struck me she must be some friend of yours. Unluckily she soon discovered me and cried aloud. People approached, and then it was time to run, and as quick as light I jumped here over the wall."

At this point the statue of the Commandant on horseback speaks: "Thy mirth shall have an end before the morning dawns."

"Who spoke there?" asks the Don.

"Ah, some spirit spoke from the other world who knows your inmost soul," says Leporello.

"Silence, thou fool," interrupts the Don. "Who goes there?"

Again the head of the statue leans forward and says: "Audacious villain, be quiet. Let the dead sleep in peace."

"Some one must be outside," says the Don. Then with indifference and contempt he looks up and says: "Isn't this the statue of the Commandant? Go over there and read the inscription."

"Oh, excuse me," says the frightened Leporello, "I never learned to read in light so pale."

"Read it, I say."

And Leporello, shaking with fear, reads: "On him who slew me I am here awaiting Heaven's revenge."

"O venerable fool of fools!" says the Don. "Tell him that I hope he will come and have supper with me this evening."

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

But Leporello, shaking from head to foot, cries, "Look, my lord, the cold marble statue inclines its head!"

The brazen Don then addresses the statue himself: "Speak, if you are able," and he mockingly adds: "Will you come to supper with me?"

And the statue answers, "Si." (YES)

"Ha," says the Don. "This ceases to be pleasant. He will be present at supper. Well, let's be off and prepare for him then." And Don Giovanni and Leporello make their exit.

Then we come to the last scene. The Don is seated at the table in his large, beautiful, illuminated dining hall. He eats and drinks and teases his servant Leporello. His private orchestra entertains him with music. Donna Elvira enters and pleads with him to mend his ways. He mocks her but invites her to join him at supper. She leaves in despair but just outside the door is heard to scream. Leporello is sent out to find the trouble. He comes in pale and trembling. "O my lord, it is the man of stone, the man in white. Can't you hear his heavy footsteps?"

There is a heavy knock at the door. The Don orders Leporello to open it, but the terrified servant refuses and hides under the table. The Don himself opens it, and the statue in white stone armor enters. The Don, though amazed, repeats his offer of hospitality, which the statue refuses. In turn the visitor asks the Don to be his guest and with wicked fortitude the Don says he will. "You hand as a pledge," says the Spectre, and the doomed man places his hand in that of the statue which closes upon it like a vise. "Repent, while there is yet time," admonishes the visitor. The Don replies that the stain of cowardly fear will never blot his name.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

"Then," cried the stony lips of the statue, "Your time has come."

Darkness enwraps him, the earth opens, and he is dragged down to hades - a fitting reward for his terrible deeds, or, as one writer puts it, "Thus do the wicked find their end, dying as they had lived."

We have just a brief moment before the curtain rises on the second act of "Don Giovanni." Just a word about LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

In all the world there are no finer tobaccos than those used in LUCKY STRIKE, for we select only the center leaves. Farmers are paid higher prices for center leaves, for they are the mildest, tenderest leaves on the tobacco plant. And that's why LUCKIES are so mild, so smooth.

And now the curtain rises on the second act of "Don Giovanni." Classic and Historic Lover of all Time - Literary Classic - Don Juan.

(SECOND ACT -- "DON GIOVANNI")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

While the stirring, closing chords of "Don Giovanni" still ring through the Metropolitan Opera House, the curtains sweep together. It has been a thrilling afternoon for the audience here, for the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, and we hope, especially for you. Next Saturday afternoon you are invited to join us again at _____ P.M. to hear Verdi's "Aida."

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes send you these broadcasts in the hope that you will, as they do, associate LUCKIES with the finer things of life, and that you will always remember that LUCKIES are so round, so firm, so fully packed with the finest tobaccos. And for throat protection, for finer taste -- "IT'S TOASTED."

MILTON CROSS:

Give name of next week's opera and cast.

AGENCY/KENNEDY/CROSS/chilleen
1/19/34

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WEAF and WJZ

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "AIDA" by VERDI

() ()
1:55 to APPROX. 5:15 PM

JANUARY 27, 1934

SATURDAY

(STREET NOISES - AUTO HORNS - POLICE WHISTLE -
LOBBY NOISES - CROWD - LIBRETTO SELLER, ETC.)

ANNOUNCER:

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes bid you welcome to another thrilling performance by the celebrated Metropolitan Opera Company. In just a few minutes you will hear the fifth in the series of celebrated operas sponsored by the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. This afternoon the Metropolitan Opera House is packed to capacity, and waiting in hushed expectation for the great curtain to rise on that most popular of grand operas "Aida" by Verdi. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope that you, who enjoy the finer things of life, will derive a real pleasure from today's performance. Tullio Serafin will conduct and the cast will be as follows:

THE KING.....Arthur Anderson
AMNERIS.....Karin Branzell
AIDA.....Elisabeth Rethberg
RADAILES.....Carlo Del Corso
RAMFIS.....Virgilio Lazzari
AMONASRO.....Armando Borgioli
A MESSENGER.....Alfio Tedesco
A PRIESTESS.....Lillian Clark.

ATX01 0189523

ANNOUNCER:

Incidental Dances by Rith De Leporte, and Corps de Ballet.

Verdi, whose full name was Fortunio Guiseppe Francesco Verdi, was born in 1813 and died in 1901. He is probably the most famous of all Italian dramatic composers. He achieved great fame chiefly in opera and these works are still among the public's favorites to-day.

Verdi was 58 years of age when he wrote AIDA at the invitation and request of the Khedive of Egypt, who wished an opera dealing with an Egyptian subject, and after the business arrangements had been made between patron and composer, a story for the libretto was found. The original idea of the plot was suggested by the French Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, who in the course of his researches had become familiar with an incident upon which the story of AIDA is founded. Ghislansoni made the Italian libretto in which Verdi himself also took a hand.

The story is laid in Memphis and Thebes in the time of the Pharaohs. The first scene is a hall in the palace of the king at Memphis.

Ramfis, the high priest, (sung by Virgilio Lazzari) speaks to Radames (Carlo Del Corso) of the hostile movements of the Ethiopians; he hints that Radames may lead the Egyptian forces against them.

(more)

ATK01 0189524

ANNOUNCER:

When the priest has gone, Radames rejoices in the hope of winning fame and glory for the sake of Aida. He sings one of the most famous of tenor arias, "Celeste Aida -- forma divina, mystico aerto di luce o fior"--- (Heavenly Aida, beauty resplendent, mysterious blending of light and flowers") --- in which he muses on the beauty of this dark Ethiopian slave girl. Princess Amneris enters, notes his joy, and hopes it is for her. Aida enters and the Princess greets her kindly, but suspects her of being in love with Radames. There is a martial strain--the king enters, preceded by his guards and followed by Ramfis, his minister, priests, Captains, etc. A messenger announces that the Ethiopians are invading the country. The priest declares Radames has been chosen by the Gods to lead the Egyptians against them, and after a great chorus all leave except Aida, who trembles to think that the one she loves is to be sent in battle against her father, Amonasro, king of Ethiopia. She wonders how she can say "Ritorna Vincitor" ("Return Victorious"), and her heart is torn between the love of Radames and the love of her father and her native land, as she sings this dramatic aria and its beautiful closing prayer, "Numi, pieta, del mio soffrir", ("Pity Kind Heaven --- To Thee I fly") (And the curtain falls on the first scene in this Lucky Strike broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.)

(more)

ANNOUNCER:

The second scene of the First Act is the interior of the temple of Vulcan at Memphis, with its mysterious light from above, its columns and statues of various deities. In the middle of the stage rises the altar with its sacred emblems. Golden tripods are emitting the fumes of incense. Priests and priestesses chant and dance before the altar -- (we are told that Verdi used two actual Egyptian themes in the harp music and the dance) -- Rademes enters, goes to the altar. A silver veil is placed on his head, and while he is being vested with the consecrated armor, the priests chant and a priestess (Lillian Clark -today) sings a beautiful obligato to the chanting chorus of priests, and with this colorful Oriental scene, the curtain falls on the second scene of the First Act, which is about to be given in this Lucky Strike Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS: The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes through whose sponsorship this Metropolitan Opera Broadcast reaches you now present Mr. John B. Kennedy:

(MUSIC)- J. B. KENNEDY - AIDA - FIRST INTERMISSION

MR. KENNEDY

This spectacular opera Aida in this series of LUCKY STRIKE Broadcasts by the Metropolitan Opera Company reminds us that this magnificence of great music had simple origin.

Centuries ago in pagan Rome there was a beautiful Roman girl named Cecelia. She was the daughter of patricians, and she became a Christian. She desired to devote her talent to the furtherance of her religion. She was a natural musician and had the genius to devise and make the first organ - a crude instrument compared to the mammoth and magnificent creations that flood the air with mighty music - but yet a source of sweet sound. Christians could meet for their rites in the catacombs silently and go undiscovered. But when Cecelia brought music to Christian services she was heard and arrested. For her offense in being one of the great musical benefactors of mankind she was sentenced to death and fed to the lions before the grinning mobs of Rome. Cecelia's name lives in the golden book of the martyrs. Indeed, she can be said to be the first martyr to music, and her lovely memory as the patroness of all Christian musicians proves again the vindicating irony of history. Her Roman murderers are dead, while she lives on in her art of music. Nero, the super-sadist of all time, who tried to crush the early church in blood and sand - he failed and the name of Christ he sought to banish among men still reigns among them serene and supreme while Nero is known only as a demented clown.

(more)

ATX01 0189527

MR KENNEDY:

Music has always been nourished by religion. The crudest vestiges of places of worship from the stone age - tell us that when man worshipped it was to the accompaniment of sound. The most primitive musical instruments were conch shells, the bones of animals cleared of marrow and pierced with holes to make wind-noises - whistles made of wood. The hum of bow-strings gave man his inspiration for the first stringed woods; while hoof beat and hollow sounds supplied him with the first idea for percussion instruments like drums made from hollowed logs with animal skins stretched across them. That is precisely what, in refined form, drums are today.

Man's passion for rhythm made music -- and music comes down to us through all the ages -- sometimes simple, sometimes, severe, sometimes barbarous and terrifying -- but music still, man's striving to express himself in sound.

If you had gone to the mountain town of St. Meur des Fosses in Northern Italy, 1022 - looked into the garden of a monastery of the Benedictines -- the gentlemen who gave the world other stimulants besides music - you would have seen a monk named Guido D'Arezzo, laboring with rubrics and scripts. He was discovering and coding the first tonic solfa scale.

True enough, there are some who dispute his discovery. All discoveries are disputed. Ptolemy the Graeco-Roman astronomer in A.D. 130 devised a rude scale.

(more)

ATX01 0189528

MR KENNEDY:

But Guido discovered the principle of vocal music; and by discovery, I mean, he made it known. Centuries ago some unknown Chinaman accidentally found out the properties of gunpowder, making it exceedingly difficult for his relatives to find the pieces of the finder. But Roger Bacon discovered gunpowder because he was the first to make it known. So to Guido we owe the principle upon which musical composition is constructed. It was he who for the first time used the lines of the staff and the intervals of space between them. He invented the F and C Clefs, the gamut the hexachord - the disoant - well, without being too technical, he gave composers their tools, and from him sprang the rich empire of modern music. They tried to make Guido a great man. Two popes held musical appreciation hours for Guido in Rome; but he taught them their scales and then quit cold for his monastery garden where he spent his days in peace and music - like a true musician.

When a great Princess of Florence summoned Guido to her court he went, but not for long.

"You are too profound", she complained to him. "I cannot learn".

"It isn't necessary for you to learn," said Guido.

"Your duty is to listen - to music."

And he left her: He left everybody, everything, but his music - refusing always and everybody to take any payment for his art.

(more)

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MR KENNEDY:

Like a true musician -- that is, like some true musicians.

So we owe this musical monk the language between the lines and above them that give us our operas, our marches, our popular and frequently purloined songs -- and our jazz. He is the father of modern music; and I wonder what old Guido would say if he could return to latter-day civilization and observe his progeny. He would applaud the chromatic scales; but he might not quite approve crooning.

But I reported in detail before on the matter. To decide once and for all whether, as the poet claimed, music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. We experimented at the zoo. We took a crooner to the cage of the man-eating tiger. The crooner crooned. When that man-eating tiger heard the crooner he turned violent. When he saw the crooner he turned vegetarian. But in all its form from the highest to the lowest, music is the universal language of mankind. In its most classic form as we hear it in opera -- and after all what do we mean by classic but that it has class -- music is the grace of man's soul in motion, his spirit made magically into sound.

MR. CROSS: The proprietors of Lucky Strike Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

AIDA -- Second Act -- First Scene

MR. CROSS: The first scene of the Second Act shows a hall in the apartments of Amneris. Female slaves are dressing Amneris for the triumphant festival. A group of Moorish slave boys are dancing, and others are waving long feather fans above Amneris while she is dressing. The slave girls are singing of how Radames defeated the Ethiopians, and is now returning conqueror. Amneris, too, is very excited over his victory when suddenly Aida enters. Amneris wrings from Aida the secret of her love by falsely telling her that Radames has been killed in battle.

Amneris' heart is now full of hatred and vengeance --- and the poor slave girl, knowing she stands but little chance against the daughter of the king, confesses that she adores Radames, and then asks Amneris to have pity on her. But Amneris only answers in rage, "Come now, assist me with the festival which approaches. I on the throne beside the king -- thou, slave, prostrate in the dust. I'll teach thee to contend with me in love."

In the second scene of the Second Act we see an entrance to the city of Thebes. In front there is a group of palms; to the right, the temple of Ammon; to the left is a throne surmounted by a canopy; at the back is the triumphal gate. The scene is crowded with people.

MR. CROSS: The king enters, followed by Ministers, Priests, Captains, Fan Bearers, Ensign Bearers, etc! Then Amneris enters with Aida and her retinue of slaves. The King seats himself on the throne, and Amneris places herself on his left. We have massive choruses, a stirring march and ballet.

The people sing to the Glory of Egypt and their champion warrior - while the priests render thanks to the Gods.

We next hear some very familiar strains played by trumpeters as the Egyptian troops come in. There are war chariots, - many ensigns - there are sacred vases and statues of the Gods brought in. A troop of dancing girls carry the captured treasures of the enemy.

Finally Radames, enters in all his glory on his white war charger. This is one of the most picturesque and spectacular stage scenes in all opera, for which Verdi wrote a magnificent march - one of the greatest ever written - the familiar famous Grand March from Aida which you have often heard in concert form.

The king then descending from the throne to embrace Radames, sings "Savior of thy country, I salute thee! Come and let my daughter with her own hand place the triumphal crown upon thy head." And Radames bows before Amneris who places the crown upon him, while the king continues, "Now ask of me what thou wish, for I swear by my crown - by the sacred Gods - nothing shall be denied thee on such a day."

MR. GROSS:

And in answer Radames says, "Deign first to let the prisoners be drawn up before thee."

The Ethiopian prisoners enter between guards, the last prisoner being Amonaszo, their king, dressed as an officer. Aida is of course greatly surprised to see her father among the captives. He sings his aria "Questa asisa ch'io vesto" -- which begins "This uniform that I wear", and in which he begs mercy for his captive countrymen.

The priests demand their death but Radames wins clemency from the king, who releases all the prisoners but Amonasro.

While all this is going on, Radames is admiring Aida, and Amneris watching them from aside is slowly burning with revenge, as she sings, "Now let that slave come. Let her come to take my love from me, if she dares." While poor Aida muses to herself, "What hope remains to me? To him - glory and the throne. To me, oblivion --" But her father, Amonasro says to her aside, "Take heart, daughter, for thy country expects happy events. The dawn of vengeance is already near."

The brilliant finale is made up of the remonstrances of the priests and people against the appeals of Amonasro and Radames, and closes with an intensely dramatic number -- a quintet set off against the successive choruses of priests, prisoners and people. "Gloria all' Egitto" -- "Glory to Egypt" -- and the curtain falls.

On behalf of the artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company may we express our appreciation for your many fine letters of compliment and good wishes. And your enthusiasm is truly a source of great pleasure to the proprietors of Lucky Strike Cigarettes, and is but one more evidence of America's inherent good taste. Please remember in cigarettes too, taste is everything.

Lucky Strike's fine quality comes from the finest tobaccos and only the center leaves. Farmers are paid higher prices for the center leaves, for they are the mildest, the tenderest, the smoothest leaves on the tobacco plant. That is why Lucky Strikes are so mild.

And now the curtain rises on the 2nd act of this Lucky Strike Broadcast of "Aida" direct from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

(ACT TWO)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this Metropolitan Opera broadcast are again pleased to present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

(SECOND INTERMISSION...AIDA...JOHN B. KENNEDY)

Back-stage at the Metropolitan Opera, this magnificent production you are hearing - Aida - is known as the Paradise of Spear Carriers. The cast of Aida is so huge and its spectacle so impressive through augmenting the normal chorus with a whole army that ample opportunity is provided for hundreds of those actors who may become opera stars but who have never had anything but thinking parts. They too face the same audience that the great artists see across the prompter's box.

Downstairs in the room where the supernumeraries await their call, clad in the costumes, for this particular opera, of ancient Egypt -- you observe scholarly men -- young men, old men, men scrupulously groomed and others who seem to regard barbers as their natural enemies.

I talked with one of the veteran spear-carriers. A refined gentleman beyond middle-years who has been spear-carrying at the Metropolitan for upwards of twenty-five years.

He told me quite solemnly that he had appeared with Caruso, Scotti, Dereszke - Molba, Terazzini and all the great.

One of Philadelphia's most distinguished citizens, he recalled, came over to New York whenever Aida was presented for the privilege of carrying a spear in it; and, according to this veteran super, there's a great Wall Street figure who has a secret in his life -- that for two seasons, before his wife found out, he indulged the private passion of spear-carrying in Aida,

It was only when his wife, accidentally a guest of distinguished box-holders, fixed glasses scrutinizingly on the spear-carriers from a diamond horse-shoe box that she recognized her husband and vetoed future appearances.

After he had told me these and many things besides, the elderly spear-carrier quite solemnly added that he would be glad to give me more details of his career at the Metropolitan when he had time. He glanced with stern disparagement at several quartettes of supers playing cards instead of studying the opera libretto, escorted me to the door of the spear-carriers' rest-room or barracks, and solemnly presented me with his card. I shall not name him, but in a corner of the card was this identification:

"Specialist at the Metropolitan Opera".

Take the chance to be a spear-carrier away from this worshipper of opera and half his life will be worthless. By giving the world Aida, Verdi gave the solace of public applause to thousands who otherwise would never have trodden the boards of opera. Verdi was lavish in his requirements of man-power for Aida. Indeed, when he gave one of the first performances of Aida in Parma, Italy -- one gentleman of Verona sent Verdi a letter complaining bitterly. "I liked the spectacle of Aida," said this gentleman, named Bertani. "But why did you let music interfere with the sweeping glory of the production. I am sending you a bill for my fare to Parma and return, and also for my supper, Because you attracted me to hear an opera when I saw only a pageant.

Verdi, who had a sense of humor, returned his disappointed customer's railroad fare on condition that he promised never to visit a Verdi opera again. The composer declined to remit the price of the supper because, he said, if you were so disappointed, how could you eat?

All over Europe and America -- are thousands of men whose aspirations for operatic glory have long since faded, but who can look back on a high moment when they marched on and off stage to the thunder of applause. There was a police officer stationed for years outside the stage entrance of the Metropolitan. He could never be persuaded to go inside and witness a scene, let alone a performance of the opera. Finally, after years and years of trying to lure him to the wings---a great gala performance of Aida was given. "You've got to see this," said men of the Metropolitan to this cop. "The last scene of Aida is the most thrilling in opera. Just take a look at it." The cop reluctantly walked back-stage. There the bursting beauty of the crowded scene smote him. Caruso sang with exstatic power. The audience arose as audiences will to the stimulating glory of a great moment. Even the stage-hands cheered as the orchestra crashed out the finale and the curtain fell. "Doesn't it thrill you?" somebody asked the cop.

He blinked his eyes, unimpressed.

"Two of them soldiers in the back-row was out of step!" was all he added to the sum of higher criticism. The great Caruso himself, while not a spear-carrier at any stage of his career, was once an extra in the sense of being a member of the chorus at the Metropolitan.

When he was to sing Faust for the first time at the Metropolitan, there was terrific demand to hear him. The chorus went out on strike -- and Faust without a chorus isn't exactly Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, but it is Faust without a chorus.

Caruso called all the principals together.

"We'll be the chorus," he said. He quickly organized them, and whichever singers were not on stage were marshalled behind the scenes to fill-in for the striking chorus: -----Caruso leading them.

The drilling and handling of a chorus of more than a hundred and supernumeraries more than double that number - even on a stage as large as the Metropolitan-- calls for patience and precision, and there are the inevitable unforeseens. One spear-carrier in the army of ancient Egypt, broke the heart of the stage-manager by walking on wearing a wrist-watch; and a bunch of college boys almost upset the entire last scene of Aida when, engaged in a body, they lifted their voices in a soldier shout and wound it up with a rah-rah-rah. But as that sounded like an Egyptian surname as well as an American campus-cry--the audience didn't mind the error as much as the back-stage marshals.

Conscious of their contribution to art are most of these gentlemen of the onsemble - because they have an amazing lack of self-consciousness to prove it. I saw myself one of them once in the march past the footlights suddenly drop his ancient Egyptian burnous to reveal a pair of two-flights up, instalment-plan pants. Coolly he kept the entire army in waiting while he adjusted matters. When the opera ended and the crowded house thundered applause, an irate assistant stage manager wildly beckoned this man out of the disbanding ranks.

"Here you!" he shouted.

"What - a curtain call?" said the spearman.

We know about the brave lad who saved Holland by staying up all night with his hand in a hole he had found in a dyke. There's one unknown hero who once saved an opera. He was rebuked by an assistant stage-manager--and assistant stage-managers have to be good rebukers, their job is to make the show move -- he was barked at for being laggard in leaving the supers' room. The stage-manager watched him hurry behind the back-drop and watched for him to take his position at the end of a line of spear-carriers. He didn't appear. Angry, the stage-manager went after him. He found the fellow braced against the cross-beam of a platform on which several principals of the opera were either seated or singing.

(CONTINUED OVER)

Belts had loosened - and that platform would surely have collapsed - with disaster to the opera, for singers were stylish stouts in those days - had this spear-carrier not spotted the fault and taken action. They offered to reward him; but all he wanted was a chance to appear again. That's the spirit of the true spear-carrier. But they cannot only carry spears they can carry crosses. I heard one say to another only this morning: "I'm too nervous to work Aida today. I'm going home." "Don't do that, " said the other. "You must never disappoint your public." So ,heroically, the spear carrier gritted his teeth and carried his spear.

CROSS:

The proprietors of Lucky Strike Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B . Kennedy.

CROSS

AIDA ----- THIRD ACT -----

In the third Act we have the banks of the Nile. There are rocks of granite and among them here and there palm trees. On the top of the rocks, half concealed is a temple dedicated to Isis. The stars are shining, and there is a bright moon.

While the chorus is singing in the temple, Amneris and Ramfis, some women closely veiled, and guards step from a boat to the shore.

Ramfis tells Amneris to come then to the temple of Isis on this the eve of her marriage and implore the favor of the Goddess, for she rules the hearts of mortals and knows every mystery of mankind.

Aida, cautiously covered with a veil, then enters the scene. "Here Radames will come. I tremble at what he may say to me. Oh! Radames, if thou comest to give me the last farewell--the deep waters of the Nile shall give me a tomb--and peace perhaps---and oblivion." And then in a lovely aria, "Oh! Cieli azzuri"----"Oh skies of tender blue"-----she sings of her native land which she fears she shall see no more. The aria (well known) opens "Oh, patria mia, mai piu, mai piu ti rivedro" -- "Oh, native land, no more, no more shall I return to thee." The aria runs up to a high "C" and closes on a high "A; natural.

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Suddenly Amonasro enters. He tells Aida he has found that she is in love with Radames. He denounces her for it but she can save herself and her country by winning Radames to treachery or by learning from him the name of the pass by which the Egyptian troops will march.

(CONTINUED OVER)

She protests but at the height of their argument Radames appears. Amonasro hides near by. There follows a love scene between Radames and Aida in which they sing of the joys that might be theirs, united in some other land. They decide to flee the country, when suddenly Aida stops and asks by what road they will be able to avoid the armed Egyptians.

"Do not fear", answers Radames, "that path through which they expect to fall upon the enemy will be deserted until tomorrow."

"What path is that?"

"The pass of Napata", answers Radames.

The secret now known, Amonasro steps from behind the palm trees where he has been hiding: "Ah, the pass of Napata. My people shall be there."

Radames is greatly excited at the presence of Amonasro and at having unconsciously given away a war secret. Amonasro, however, tells him it was the will of fate. He can desert Egypt and win love and fortune with him and Aida in Ethiopia.

It is at this crucial moment that Ammoris comes from the temple followed by Ramfis, Priests, and guards. Seeing Radames with Aida, she cries, "Traitor", --- and Amonasro, foiled in his plans, in fury rushes at her with a dagger, but is stopped by Radames, who tells Amonasro and Aida to flee.

Ramfis, the high priest, orders guards to pursue them while Radames, giving in to Ramfis, says as the curtain falls, "priest I remain with thee" --- "Sacerdote, io resto

ANNOUNCER:

And in the last few seconds of the intermission.....

It is because America so definitely associates Lucky Strike with the finer things of life, that the proprietors of Lucky Strike cigarettes, bring you these great music dramas direct from the Metropolitan Opera House. Lucky Strike gets its fine, smooth quality from the finest tobaccos and only the center leaves.

ACT 3

(CURTAIN CALLS)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this Metropolitan Opera broadcast again bring you Mr. John B. Kennedy, who will now interview one of the Metropolitan's most popular artists.

INTERVIEW - RICHARD CROOKS - J. B. KENNEDY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

There's a thirty-three year old star of the Metropolitan sitting beside me now. He's big and strong and suggests more a gridiron gladiator tackling a line than a tenor tackling to-notes.

(more)

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Richard Crooks is absolutely and unmistakably American - altho' when he sings German, Italian or French opera he has something of their native touch. His native town is Trenton, New Jersey -- and that's where you made your first appearance as a solo singer, isn't it, Mr. Crooks?

CROOKS: My first appearance as any kind of singer.

KENNEDY: He began at seven, singing in an Episcopalian Church choir. Then Madame Schumann-Heinck went to Trenton to appear in Mendelsohn's "Elijah."

CROOKS: I was nine years of age, then, and extremely ambitious. The producers of Elijah recruited choir singers in the cities they toured. They accepted me. But I had to get permission from the rector of our church. "What are you going to do in this production?" he said. "I'm going to be an angel," I said. "About time," he said. "I'll show you the sort of angel you have been." He led me to the choir loft and pointed to a brand new bench on which I had carved my initials in rather flourishing letters. "Do you realize", he said, "we have to go to the trouble of erasing those?"

KENNEDY: And perhaps Dick Crooks' career can be best epitomized by observing that the last time he stood in the choir loft of that church, his initials stared boldly at him from that same bench. Somebody had acknowledged his celebrity by removing the fill-in putty.

CROOKS: I make a pilgrimage at least once a year to that grand old church. It gave me the background of fine song I needed.

KENNEDY: You graduated from that choir to other choirs?

CROOKS: Yes, I came to New York, where I had a very fine teacher. He encouraged me to go to the opera, to this same Metropolitan. But all I could afford was a seat in the topmost tier - the Family Circle.

KENNEDY: Didn't you find it necessary to go abroad to get a thorough musical education?

CROOKS: It always is. I studied in Munich principally and sang there in concerts.

KENNEDY: How did you get your professional start?

CROOKS: That's funny. You see, I had the advantage of friendship with a very fine girl -

KENNEDY: I've been trying to pull romance into these interviews for weeks - Thank heaven it's here -

CROOKS: And how! This girl admired my voice; but she knew how to criticize it, too. After several years study, when I thought I had reached the apex, I sang in a private concert. She heard me. I expected outpourings of praise when we were alone. Instead, do you know what she said? Dick, you'd better study a little more. Now, what would you do with a girl like that?

KENNEDY: Marry her.

CROOKS: I did.

KENNEDY: With a bright daughter and son to grace the union, our young Mr. Crooks has done well domestically and professionally, thank you -- altho' there's something to be said about that son of which his father can hardly approve. The little fellow, following in father's songsteps,

(more)

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sings in another New Jersey choir and receives a stipend of fifty cents a month -- neat pocket money for a seven-year old. Last Christmas that choir was to broadcast "Holy Night". Young Crooks was urged to do his best -- to sing like his father. "Yes?" he said, "on fifty cents a month?"

CROOKS: And I didn't get that at his age.

KENNEDY: Sometimes we can't help wondering how professional careers parallel -- how long, for instance, a young doctor has to hang out his shingle before he builds a practice -- or a lawyer likewise. How long does a top-notch singer without any sensational publicizing as a prodigy, have to wait to make a living, after having made good?

CROOKS: I didn't have to wait more than three or four years. My wife and I had a tiny flat where flats belong -- in Flatbush. One night after dinner the telephone rang, and a lady who sounded to me like a female Santa Claus asked if I could sing for a symphony society in New York. I gasped with delight.

KENNEDY: But you had wit enough to be professional?

CROOKS: Oh yes. I told her to wait a moment while I looked in my engagement book.

KENNEDY: Followed business of looking in engagement book?

CROOKS: Yes - but it was spoiled by a crash. I dropped the dish I was drying at the time the lady phones.

KENNEDY: But, P.S. He got the job - and from there?

CROOKS: I pursued fame and fortune as fast as I could. I did much concert work - but my ambition was always the Metropolitan. You see, when Caruso was at his best I haunted the Metropolitan. How could that do anything else but stir a youngster with the life's aim to tread those boards and sing between these walls?

Finally, the opportunity came - and I very nearly missed it.

KENNEDY: I've heard about that from your friend Mr. Lewis of the Metropolitan. Richard Crooks was off to meet Gatti-Casazza in Europe to settle the details about Crooks singing in Metropolitan opera. Crooks had to broadcast late at night and rush to catch a liner over in Brooklyn. With a police escort they hurtled through the streets, making the six mile rush from the NBC studios to the dock in eighteen minutes! But, the last mile nearly became the last mile - just as the rocketing-car streaked to catch up with the liner's parting siren - an ambulance swerved from a side-street.

CROOKS: Everything went blank. But, thank Heaven, brakes held. The shock of that moment was the worst I've ever experienced.

KENNEDY: Yes, I have no great love for ambulances, either.

CROOKS: Mr. Gatti-Casazza met me in Europe - there I studied my Italian repertoire in Italy, my German in Munich, and my French in Paris. And here I am.

KENNEDY: Considerably here.

CROOKS: And since you haven't asked me I'll volunteer the information that of all places I like singing best in North America, because the cold climate suits my voice. In Italy last summer it was so hot I couldn't sing at all.

KENNEDY: Other tenors, like John McCormack, tell me that they have difficulty when they get into high altitudes.

CROOKS: That's true. In Denver, for instance - the climate is very bracing; but the rarified atmosphere catches you the first two or three days. It obliges a singer to work much harder. Mexico City is even more strenuous for the singer with its altitude of 10,000 feet.

KENNEDY: I'm told that about the best spot is the Hollywood Bowl.

CROOKS: Correct. I sang there once before twenty-thousand people, and only piano accompaniment. Every sound could be heard from every spot in the bowl, without any amplification whatever and without any straining on my part.

KENNEDY: Thirty-three and a star of the Metropolitan. Where, Mr. Crooks, where do we go from here?

CROOKS: That's hard to say; but I still have an ambition?

KENNEDY: To be a top tenor in Heaven?

CROOKS: Not yet - my ambition is to go out to Pebble Beach, California - to that wily and wicked golf course there. I want to play a certain hole there again.

KENNEDY: I know the one - the Sixteenth.

CROOKS: Yes, the one they call Cypress Point.

KENNEDY: I call it Exclamation Point.

CROOKS: So did I - and plenty! You know where you can play safe and mashie the ball seventy-five yards to fairway?

KENNEDY: I know.

CROOKS: Well, I tried to bang the ball on to the peninsula, with a straight carry of two-hundred and fifteen yards.

KENNEDY: And like the rest of us - you missed.

CROOKS: Twelve times in a row. A dozen new balls. Then --

KENNEDY: Kind friends led you away from there. They always do.

CROOKS: But I'm going back. I'm going to conquer that hole.

KENNEDY: Bravo, Mr. Crooks. In golf - nothing succeeds like excess. But ladies and gentlemen let me remind you you're radio is your ticket to the Metropolitan Opera.

- - -

MILTON CROSS: The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes trust you have enjoyed Mr. Kennedy's interview with the operatic star, Mr. Richard Crooks.

MR. CROSS: "But where is she?" asks Radames.
"She disappeared. We have had no more news of her."
"May the gods lead her to her native walls," adds
Radames, "may she never know my unhappy fate."
Amneris begs Radames to renounce Aida. He will not and
is ready to die for her sake and he exits surrounded by
guards.as Amneris half swoons. Turning she sees the
priests who cross the stage into the subterranean hall.
"What do I see? The fatal, the merciless ministers of
death!" and she covers her face in her hands.
And while the priests chant for justice - Amneris cries,
"He is innocent. Save him, Oh Gods!"
Radames, between soldiers, crosses the stage and
descends to the subterranean hall. Amneris listens
attentively. Then from the hall we hear Ramfis, the
high priest - "Radames, Radames, Radames, thou didst
reveal the country's secrets to the enemy."
The priests cry "Discolpati" - "Defend thyself". There
is a dramatic pause. The High priest says "Egli tace"
- "He is silent" -- the priests cry "Traditor" -
"Traitor".
The second accusation follows and then the third but
Radames is silent throughout.
Sentence is then pronounced "Radames, thy fate is
decided. Thou shalt die the fate of the infamous.
Under the altar of the angered God, the tomb will be
opened to thee alive".

AIDA - FOURTH ACT

MR. GROSS: The first scene of the last act shows the hall in the king's palace. To the left there is a gate which opens to the subterranean hall of judgment. There is a passage to the left which leads to the prison of Radames.

Amneris in a sad attitude, sings, "My rival has escaped, and Radames awaits the punishment of a traitor. He is not a traitor, even though he revealed the high secret of war. He merely wished to flee with her. They are all traitors. Death to them all! No! I shant say that. I love him. Oh, if he could love me, I would save him - here he comes."

And Radames enters guarded --- and Amneris continues, "Radames, already the priests assemble to decide thy fate. There is still a chance to free thyself from this crime. Exculpate thyself, and I will beg grace for thee from the throne.

"The judges will never hear the sound of exculpation from me," answers Radames, "before Gods and men, neither vile nor guilty do I feel. It is true my incautious lips uttered the fatal secret, but my thoughts were pure and my honor remains."

"Infamy awaits me - and thou wishest that I live? Utterly wretched hast thou made me! Thou hast taken Aida from me - killed her perhaps - and for gift thou offerest me life?"

"No, Aida lives", says Amneris. "In a desperate struggle only her father fell."

MR. CROSS: And Amneris, hearing the sentence, cries, "Buried alive in the tomb! And they call themselves ministers of heaven!" And attacking the priests as they come from the subterranean hall, "You infamous tigers!" You have done a terrible deed. You outrage earth and the gods. You are punishing a man who has done no wrong!" But the priests only answer, "E traditor - morra". He is a traitor and must die". And as Amneris exits, she cries, "Empia razza" - "Impious band. The vengeance of heaven will fall upon you!"

(END OF FIRST SCENE - FOURTH ACT)

SECOND OR LAST SCENE - FOURTH ACT

For the last scene of Aida, the stage is divided into two floors. The upper part represents the Temple of Vulcan, the second floor shows a subterranean hall or tomb.....

Radames is in the subterranean hall on the steps of the staircase by which he has descended. Above we find two priests closing the stone over the tomb.

Radames sings, "The fatal stone is closed over me. Behold my tomb. No more shall I see the light of day. No more shall I see Aida! Oh, Aida, where art thou! May thou at least live happy and never know my dreadful fate --- (EXCITED) - what was that groan - a ghost? A vision - No! It is a human shape - Great Heavens! Aida!"

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MR. CROSS: "Yes, it is I."

"Thou - in this tomb?"

"Yes my heart feeling sure of thy sentence, I stole secretly into this tomb, and here, oh Radames, afar from every human sight, let me die in thine arms!"

We hear the priests chanting above the tomb. Radames tries in vain to move the stone covering the vault. And finding that all hope is past, with desperate resignation he and Aida sing that beautiful duet, "O terra - addio" - "Farewell - Oh Earth," (one of the loveliest duets in the opera) as the priests are heard chanting above. Aida gently swoons into the arms of Radames.

Then Amneris appears in the temple in mourning robes, and prostrates herself on the stone which closes the tomb - and as the curtain falls, she sings, suffocated with emotion, "Pace t'implore".- "Pace, Pace" are her closing words. PEACE I PRAY FOR THEE OH BELOVED IN DEATH! MAY THE GODDESS ISIS OPEN TO THEE THE GATES OF HEAVEN.

" " "

ANNOUNCER: We know that you are enjoying this thrilling opera. May we hope that you are enjoying an occasional Lucky Strike cigarette also. Here in a moments time is one reason why always Luckies please. Every Lucky Strike is round, firm, fully packed. No loose ends. That's because every Lucky Strike is fully packed with long, even strands of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. And that's why Luckies draw easily and burn evenly.... why Luckies are always mild, smooth.

LAST ACTCURTAIN CALLS

ANNOUNCER: Thus ends the great performance of "Aida". The audience is still standing and applauding vigorously. The proprietors of Lucky Strike cigarettes hope that you have enjoyed the performance as much as the enthusiastic audience here this afternoon. Next Saturday afternoon we invite you to be our guests at 1:40 P M to hear "Die Walküre".

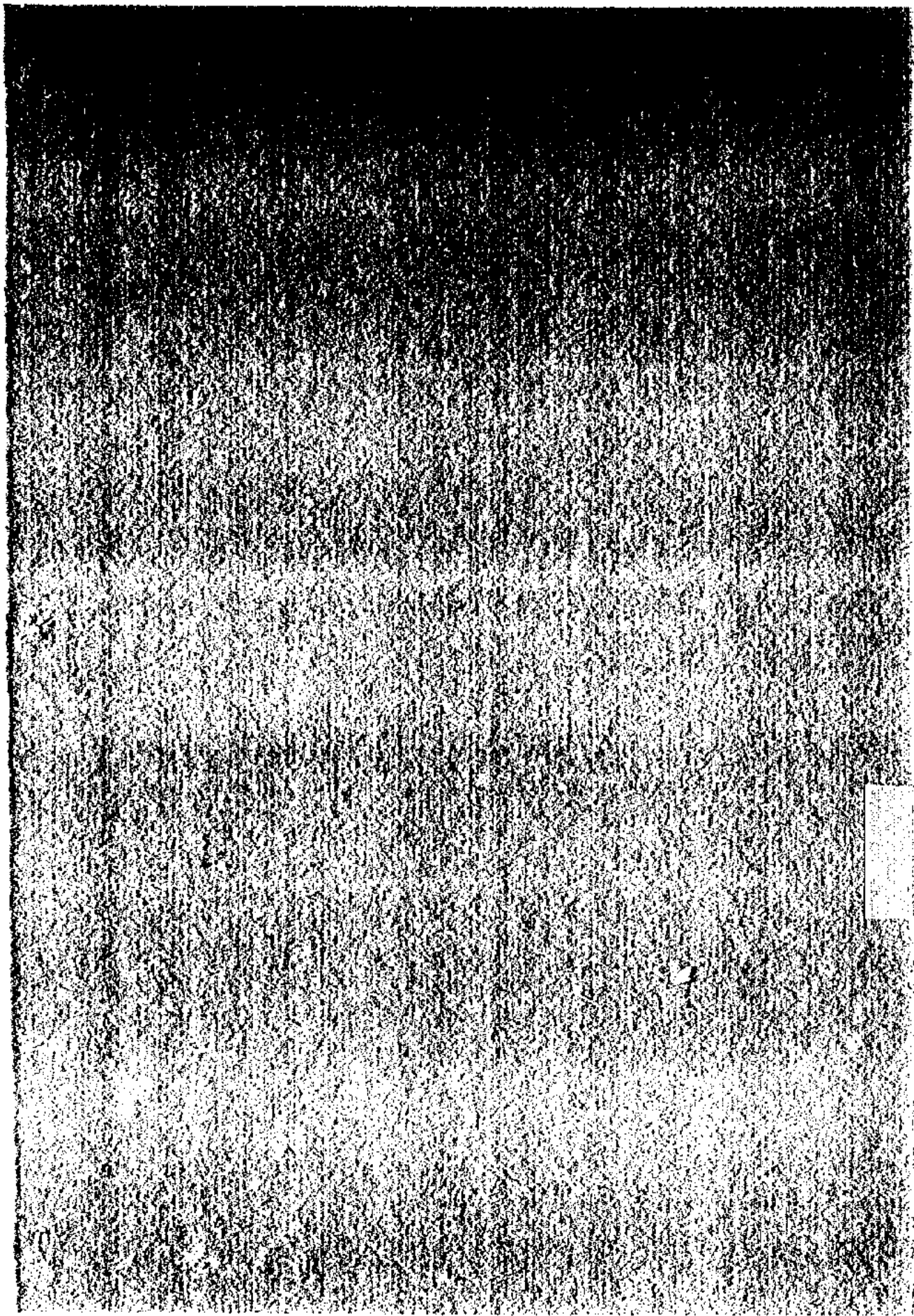
Through these Saturday afternoon broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera, the proprietors of Lucky Strike endeavor to reflect the true measure of Lucky Strike's fine quality. Each and every Lucky Strike Cigarette is always round, firm, fully packed with the finest tobaccos - and only center leaves. In addition, you know, "it's Toasted - for throat protection, for finer taste.

CAST OF NEXT WEEKS OPERATIME OF NEXT WEEKS OPERA

AGENCY:EJ:LH:KH:JG

1/27/34

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FEBRUARY

WEAF & WJZ

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "DIE WALKÜRE" - WAGNER

()-()
1:40 to APPROX. 5:15 P.M.

FEBRUARY 3, 1934

SATURDAY

HILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes greet you from the Metropolitan Opera House, where a large audience awaits this afternoon's performance of "Die Walküre." "Die Walküre" is one of the most stirring and emotional of all Wagner's operas, and the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes know that you, who appreciate the finer things of life, will be thrilled by the music you are about to hear.

Artur Bodanzky will conduct today's performance of Die Walküre and the cast will be as follows:

Siegmund.....Paul Althouse
Hunding.....Emanuel List
Totan.....Ludwig Hofmann
Sieglinde.....Gertrude Kappel
Bruennhilde.....Frida Leider
Fricka.....Karin Branzell
Helmwige.....Dorothee Manski
Gerhilde.....Phradie Wells
Ortlinde.....Margaret Halstead
Rossweisse.....Ina Bourskaya
Gringerde.....Philine Falco
Waltraute.....Doris Doe
Siegfrune.....Elda Vettori
Schwertleite.....Irre Petina

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WILTON CROSS:

Our first scene of today's opera is the interior of a primitive hut built round a great tree in which a sword has been thrust up to the hilt. Siegmund, sung today by Paul Althouse, breathlessly enters from the storm outside. Sieglinde, sung by Gertrude Kappel, not knowing him, gives him a horn of mead and treats him kindly; her husband, Hunding, sung by Emanuel List, one of the Neidungs, enters and confirms her hospitality but with suspicion. Siegmund, asked to tell who he is, describes his life in the woods with his father, a Volsung, his mother and twin sister having been carried off by the Neidungs. Today he has fought singlehanded in defense of a woman. Hunding after hearing this recognizes him as the man his tribe of Neidungs is hunting. He gives Siegmund sanctuary for the night but warns him to be ready to defend himself in the morning. Siegmund left alone broods over his misfortune, but remembers that his father had said a sword would be at hand in direct need. Sieglinde enters, having drugged her husband to sleep, and tells Siegmund of the sword in the tree, thrust there by a strange wanderer (Wotan, of course.) No one has ever been able to draw it out. She longs for some one to unsheath it and revenge her. The deer springs open, the storm has passed and now as the moonlight of a beautiful Spring night streams into the room, Siegmund sings his famous love song to Sieglinde.

"Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond, in
mildem Lichte leuchtet der Lenz" - "Winter
storms have given way to the lovely month of
May - in gentle radiance sparkles the Spring." -

One of the loveliest lyrical bits in the entire "Ring." They fall ardently in love. With a mighty effort, he plucks out the sword from the tree trunk and names it "Nothung" meaning "need."

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

He embraces her fervently as his bride for the restoration of the Volsung lineage, and the curtain falls on the first act of this LUCKY STRIKE broadcast of "Die Walküre" about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(ACT I -- "DIE WALKÜRE")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF REVIEW OF FIRST ACT -- AD LIB -- 30 SECONDS)

(The Nibelung Ring, that Series of four operas written by Wagner descriptive of the life of the Gods.)

MILTON CROSS:

Now the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes take a few moments to tell you some of the reasons why always LUCKIES please. LUCKIES are always so round, so firm, so fully packed with long even strands of the choicest tobaccos...no loose ends. That's why LUCKIES always draw easily and burn evenly....why they are always so mild and smooth.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes through whose sponsorship this broadcast reaches you now present Mr. John B. Kennedy:

MR. JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Ladies and gentlemen: You may have heard occasionally during the broadcasts of these operas a brief command that apparently has nothing to do with the score or the libretto. Permit me to explain that it has. That furtive sound is of the prompter. He's one of the several important minor functionaries without whom the opera cannot smoothly operate.

Sometimes even with them the path of smoothness is disturbed by slight detours - for even at the classical Metropolitan of the ageless hits there's the abiding hazard of human errors.

Only the other day Lawrence Tibbett had quite a surprise. He reached the climactic scene of Emperor Jones - that sharp, tragic hour of startling apparitions and demoniac torture in the black woods. His brain cracking under furies of ancient racial fright, the Emperor lifts his gun for the last majestic blasphemy of suicide.

But even suicide at the Metropolitan is arranged on cue. The cue for the Emperor Jones to become, by his own hand, the Ex-Emperor Jones, was for a colored gentleman, his body streaked with lurid paint and horns on his head, to writhe from the prompter's box and spring at the Emperor. At the dress rehearsal -- everything was perfect. The demon wriggled out of the prompter's box -- sprang at the Emperor and the Emperor shot himself.

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

At the performance it was different. Mr. Tibbett reached that soaring, searing moment of drama when the Emperor's phantom kingdom crumbles in his brain. He lifted his gun - looked at the prompter's box. No colored demon emerged. Below stage the prompter ran frantically to and fro, calling for the demon. No demon.

Mr. Tibbett didn't wait. He wheeled about. There was the demon stalking behind him. The fatal shot rang and the curtain dropped - and while the star took his curtain calls, the demon was given a different sort of call.

"Why didn't you come through the prompter's box?" he was asked.

"Pardon me, boss," he explained. "I was in that there box before. It's draughty for a gentleman without much clothes. I figured it would be just as well coming in from the back."

There are three regular prompters at the Metropolitan. In the cowed manhole centering the footlights they sit, scored libretto in hand, following every syllable of sound. Of course they do this one at a time - one man specializing in German opera, like today's Die Walkure. He is Herr Vida, a Hungarian. The others take assignments of French, Italian, English and other operas.

They know their operas thoroughly. They need to, for they work under the eyes of exacting conductors who do not easily excuse mistakes. Once the famed baritone, Scotti, had hurried to the Metropolitan on an emergency call. He hadn't rehearsed the role. He had to rely a good deal on the other artists and the prompter. Such emergencies breed excitement. The prompter forgot to prompt - once. During intermission the conductor summoned him.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

"Are you prompting or playing pinochle?" he said -- that is that conductor's favorite way of chiding a prompter.

Scotti overheard this. He came up.

"It was my fault," he said. "I didn't hear him."

"Neither did I," said the conductor, still umbraged.

"Then it's both our faults," said Scotti.

That's a hint of the camaraderie that stamps this Metropolitan as the world's foremost musical family. Everybody in the organization, from Gatti-Casazza to the remotest engine-room worker laboring in the maze-like viscera below -- everybody acts as if he were responsible for the perfection of the performance. That's Metropolitan morale.

The prompter feels a special weight on his shoulders. He certainly looks it as he pores over the score under his cowl and peers at the little periscope to his right or to his left, depending on which eye is faster - to follow the conductor in the pit behind him. The prompter beats time with the conductor, so that he can follow every bar, every phrase and cry the cue word to each singer. Once a conductor new to the Metropolitan had a little difficulty. He found that his prompter, unused to his ways, was beating just a trifle faster than he should. He sent somebody to caution the prompter about this.

"That's alright," said the prompter. "He's new to us. I'm conducting the conductor."

Make no mistake about the prompter's importance.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

But once, from what I could gather, was a prompter in his box caught off guard. And considering the opera was the enormous Gotterdamerung, it's amply excusable. Toscanini was conducting - the first time this prompter had prompted under Toscanini.

A measure came which the prompter missed - so slight an omission that only Toscanini, apparently noticed it. But he notices everything. He chided the prompter:

"It was not in my score," the prompter apologized.

"It was in mine," said Toscanini, touching his temple. For Toscanini never follows a written score. If you see him conduct at the Metropolitan or anywhere else, it is a blank sheet, not music before him. He has a prejudice against glasses, altho' he's near-sighted. He memorizes every note of music he conducts.

Right next to the prompter's box is the underground niche of the light-effectsman; who has a little man-hole through which he can pop his head to follow the scene on stage and flex his hands for effects, like an organ-player, through bristling rows of switches.

Chance and mischance everywhere hand in hand, even at the Metropolitan. One of the saddest moments for one of the smartest prompters came when the Metropolitan Company appeared in Philadelphia. A local family had a son who sang. By prayer and practice he was awarded one line to sing. He was in the wings - where the prompter stood. Friends and relatives waited breathlessly in front - for his appearance, his actual appearance with the Metropolitan Opera Company. The moment approached; but the lad was engrossed in the opera. The prompter suddenly turned to him.

"Now!" he barked.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

The boy blinked: "Now what?"

Too late - the moment had passed. He never made his appearance with the Metropolitan Company.

I'm fascinated by this art of prompting. It's a patient art - like the art of old friends giving young friends advice -- prompting them through the show of life -- which like the magnificent show at the Metropolitan must go on. But it goes on better with the proper promptings - at the proper time.

During the Opera Season, thousands of people gladly pay \$7 a seat for each performance at the Metropolitan. Of course, the price scale descends; but \$14 for two good seats is the rule.

Every Saturday afternoon your radio is your ticket to choice seats at the Metropolitan - in your own home.

May I suggest that it will repay you to look to the condition of your radio to obtain fullest enjoyment from these broadcasts? To get all the opulent music of the opera!

It's thrilling to realize how these great music dramas are reaching millions in the far corners of the land -- people who appreciate the finer things of life, and who may never have had an opportunity to attend a performance at the Metropolitan.

And may I add that in my opinion it is this appreciation of the finer things that has made LUCKY STRIKE so overwhelmingly popular.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

Turning to the second act of the Walküre the scene is a wild rocky Height, in the background a ravine. Wotan is discovered in full armor and bearing his spear. Before him stands his daughter Brunnhilde in the armor of a Walkyr. He sends her off to watch over Siegmund in the impending combat with Hunding. She vanishes singing her war cry "Ho-yo-to-ho! Hi-ya-ha!" Then Fricka, Wotan's wife appears. There is a long musical dialogue between them in which Fricka the Goddess of Marriage insists that Siegmund must die for he has fled and fallen in love with his Sieglunde, and must pay the penalty. Soon Brunnhilde's war cry is heard again and she returns. Wotan sadly relates to her the entire story of the Ring and Rheingold and tells how it has brought nothing but trouble to him. Wotan tells her that at the behest of Fricka he has to change his command and Siegmund must die instead of Hunding. When Brunnhilde threatens to disobey his orders and still shield Siegmund, Wotan gives her a solemn warning. Wotan hurries away and vanishes in the mountain paths. Brunnhilde stands for some time as if stunned and terrified. She stoops mournfully and picks up her weapons. The fleeing lovers Siegmund and Sieglinde enter. Brunnhilde appears again and hints to Siegmund of the approaching circumstances. Siegmund is not interested in Brunnhilde's suggestions. He simply wants to make sure that Sieglinde is protected. Brunnhilde finally swears not only to watch over Sieglinde but to protect him also in spite of Wotan. Brunnhilde goes off. Siegmund lays Sieglinde gently on the rocky seat, kisses her on the brow and makes ready to go.

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Vivid lightnings flash from the clouds. A terrible thunderbolt wakes Sieglinde from her dream. Hunding is heard from the rocky arch in the background. A flash of lightning lights up the rocky arch and we find Hunding and Siegmund fighting. Brunnhilde appears in the lightning hovering about Siegmund and protecting him with her shield. As Siegmund aims a deadly blow at Hunding a reddish glow comes through the clouds and Wotan appears pointing his spear at Siegmund! Brunnhilde recoils in terror at the approach of Wotan. Siegmund's sword is shivered to pieces against Wotan's outstretched spear. Hunding kills his defenseless foe, Siegmund. Sieglinde faints. Brunnhilde rushes to assist her. The two women disappear. At a contemptuous gesture of Wotan's hand, Hunding falls dead and Wotan in fury and wrath vanishes amid the thundering and lightning as the curtain quickly falls.

This in brief is the story of the second act of today's LUCKY STRIKE broadcast of the Walküre to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(SECOND ACT -- "DIE WALKÜRE")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF REVIEW OF SECOND ACT - AD LIB - 30 SECONDS)

(The Nibelung Ring, that Series of four operas written by Wagner descriptive of the life of the Gods.)

MILTON CROSS:

If you could be here in the Metropolitan, you would see hundreds of people in the audience filing slowly out into the lobby to discuss this great opera over a cigarette. They know, as you do, how well a LUCKY STRIKE goes with the finer things of life. The fine, mellow quality of LUCKIES comes from the very finest of mild, smooth tobaccos. Only the center leaves are used, for which farmers are paid higher prices, for the center leaves are the mildest, smoothest and tenderest. That is why LUCKIES are so mild, so smooth.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of these Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, again present Mr. John B. Kennedy, who will now interview the talented and beautiful Metropolitan artist, Miss Gladys Swarthout. At this moment Mr. Kennedy appears to be a trifle flustered.

KENNEDY: That's right, ladies and gentlemen - and you might be, too - that is the gentlemen part of ladies and gentlemen if you found yourself sitting face to face with a very handsome face owned by a young woman with a very beautiful voice. She's Gladys Swarthout. You may remember having heard her sing in Mignon, the first opera in this Lucky Strike series. You will also have the pleasure of hearing her sing in the premier of Merry Mount, the next opera in the series.

For the moment or for the minute and a few succeeding minutes, Miss Swarthout is going to take part in a playlet in six scenes entitled "Success." The cast, as Mr. Cross would say is as follows:

Gladys Swarthout by Gladys Swarthout

The rest including sound effects and off-stage noises -- Yours Truly.

Scene 1-----The choir of a church in Kansas City. Little Gladys Swarthout, sitting beside a church deacon shows keen interest in the antics of the soprano.

SWARTHOUT: Look at what that lady's doing?

KENNEDY: She's singing Gladys.

SWARTHOUT: Yes, but look at the way she sings. She's missing half the notes because of the way she flaps her music up and down. She should hold it straight and just move it a little with each deep breath.

KENNEDY: For quite a young girl you seem to know a good deal about singing technique.

SWARTHOUT: I know more than that soprano does.

KENNEDY: Who taught you, Gladys.

SWARTHOUT: My sister.

KENNEDY: Little Miss Swarthout became the next soprano in that church choir -- and she made it a point to hold her music correctly.

SCENE TWO: A concert hall in Kansas City, Gladys Swarthout making her professional debut. The place is packed. She comes to the platform in a charming white gown accentuating her brunette beauty. Her accompanist begins. She selects a difficult number. Gladys sings evenly and begins to rise to higher notes. Then something goes wrong. Her voice breaks. She falters. Stops. The accompanist picks up the song; but Gladys picks up the accompanist:

SWARTHOUT: I'm going back to the beginning and sing the song all over again.

KENNEDY: But you can't do that, Gladys. It isn't done.

SWARTHOUT: It's going to be done. I'm going to do it.

KENNEDY: She did. That touch of resolution spelled character as well as talent -- which brought Gladys Swarthout to

SCENE THREE: The Chicago Opera Company. A rehearsal of the Russian Opera - Boris Goudonoff. Miss Swarthout in the role of Feodore, the great Russian basso Chaliapin playing Boris.

SWARTHOUT: It's very kind of you, Mr. Chaliapin, to take all this trouble to teach me how to pronounce those Russian words. I was overawed when they cast me for Boris Goudonoff last summer. I was half-minded to go to Russia, to learn some Russian as I went to Italy and France to learn Italian and French. But there would be difficulties in getting into Russia.

KENNEDY: And far more difficulty getting out.

SWARTHOUT: I've found Russian harder to acquire than any other language of opera.

KENNEDY: Yet English is hardest of all to learn for those not born to it.

SWARTHOUT: I've devised this method of learning a language. When I find a new word, I write it down five times with its English equivalent. It's a laborious system-- but after stamping it on my memory five times - it stays there.

KENNEDY: A simple method of mnemonics -- and it works for Miss Swarthout. For there are few things or words she forgets, as we observe in

SCENE FOUR: The Metropolitan Opera, New York.

Gladye Swarthout after her debut receives a reporter---
Miss Swarthout, -- is there some purpose in the paradox of you, one of the handsomest young women in the opera, selecting the ugliest role in opera for your debut - the blind mother in Goconda.

SWARTHOUT: I didn't select - it was selected for me. But I'm just as glad. At first I thought I'd ask leave to wait until Norma was performed - Adelgisa in Norma is my favorite role. But then I remembered a resolution I had made as a student in Florence, Italy. The great vocal teacher Bostianni told me: Do the hard things first, my dear -- all will be easy after that. I resolved to follow her advice. So, you see, when they assigned me the role of the poor, ugly, blind mother -- it was hard for me to do. That's exactly why I did it.

KENNEDY: Smart philosophy. A personal question, Miss Swarthout-- are you troubled much with male mail - pardon the pun,

SWARTHOUT: Not troubled. I get some wherever I go.

KENNEDY: Do you answer it?

SWARTHOUT: As a rule. One correspondent was especially ardent and eager to meet me. I told him to meet me at Pier 59 - North River, Manhattan.

KENNEDY: That's a strange place for you to meet.

SWARTHOUT: But it isn't a bad place for him to wait. The night watchmen are conversational souls.

KENNEDY: It's time for SCENE FOUR. Central Park, New York. Gladys Swarthout has established herself at the Metropolitan. It's the afternoon of the premier of Peter Ibbetson - a freezing wind bites at the singer and her dog as they hurry through the park. She falls-- and can't get up. Her dog's barking attracts a policeman.

SWARTHOUT: It's my right ankle. I think it's broken. It hurts.

KENNEDY: We'll get you to a hospital - right away.
SWARTHOUT: NO - not a hospital. Not there.
KENNEDY: Where to - then --your home?
SWARTHOUT: No -- to the Metropolitan Opera House.
KENNEDY: That night at the premier of Peter Ibbetson it was observed that Gladys Swarthout as Mrs. Dean, hobbled a little. It was likewise observed that at the end of an aria, Lawrence Tibbett physically carried Mrs. Dean offstage. Now it's explained.

But here's SCENE FIVE -- a picture gallery in Florence, Italy, where there seem to be more picture galleries than private houses. Miss Swarthout examining invaluable portraits is observed by a young man.

SWARTHOUT: Please - is that signature Pintorello's?
KENNEDY: Yes. It's his portrait of a gentleman. Venetian.
SWARTHOUT: Thanks so much.
KENNEDY: But since I've answered a question - will you answer one?
SWARTHOUT: I'll try.
KENNEDY: You're a portrait of a lady. What is your signature?
SWARTHOUT: Oh - I begin to see what you mean.

KENNEDY: And so, SCENE SIX -- the Little Church Around the Corner, Miss Swarthout answering another question with the young man of the picture gallery in Florence.
SWARTHOUT: I do!

KENNEDY: There's time for an epilogue. It's Miss Swarthout's apartment; where she's Mrs. Richard Chapman. She's being very pleasant and very patient with this interviewer.

SWARTHOUT: You were asking me about the comparative arduousness of concert work and opera work. I think they both balance. When the opera, with the rehearsals and dress rehearsals that consume far more time than the public imagines -- when that seems hard, it's a relief to do concert work. And when the travel of concert work feels a little burdensome, it's delightful to have the opera season start.

KENNEDY: Now that that's settled, let me congratulate you on being a successful and contented young woman.

SWARTHOUT: I'm not contented. There are two or three things I want yet.

KENNEDY: My bet's that you'll get them.

SWARTHOUT: I want to find some way of softening that sprawl I make when I jump through a window in Mignon. That always worries me. I knock the breath out of myself and have to jump up instantly and sing. Is there any way to cure that?

KENNEDY: All I can think of at the moment is not to use the window but to try the door.

SWARTHOUT: The next thing I want. But perhaps I shouldn't mention it.

KENNEDY: Don't be afraid Miss Swarthout. There are only about ten million people listening.

SWARTHOUT: I want to sing Carmen some day.

KENNEDY: That means some day you will.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy's interview with the Metropolitan Star, Gladys Swarthout.

The third act of Wagner's Opera "Die Walküre" opens with the famous "Ride of the Walküre." The scene is the summit of a rocky hill, to the right a forest of fir trees, to the left the entrance to a cave. Rocks of various sizes form an embankment of the supposed precipice in the rear. Detached clouds drift swiftly past and in this scene so picturesquely portrayed at the Metropolitan, The Walkure maidens are heard in their war cry "Ho-yo-to-ho! Hi-ya-ha!" As lightning flashes from one of the clouds that drift by we see a statue of a mounted Walkyr. From her saddle bow hangs a warrior slain in fight. The Walkure are the maidens who go over the battle fields and bear the slain warriors to Walhalla, the home of the Gods. Eight of these maidens have gathered and they now await Brunnhilde before hastening to Wotan and Walhalla. Finally they see Brunnhilde in the distance, but she is bearing not a warrior but a woman, Sieglinde. She comes in breathless and as the storm clouds gather she tells how she disobeyed Wotan, who is now pursuing her. She tried to shield Siegmund against the orders of the Chief God, but Wotan himself intervened and caused his death and also the death of his foe, Hunding. She is now trying to save Sieglinde. She pleads with her sister warriors to give her one of their fresh steeds but they refuse to be drawn in to anything which might offend Wotan. Sieglinde who till now has stared hopelessly into space, starts up as Brunnhilde puts her arms about her protectingly. She wishes she had perished in the storm.

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Brunnhilde, however, bids her live for the sake of her child, and as terrible thunderclaps are heard Sieglinde pleads with Brunnhilde and the other maidens to save her.

They tell her to flee to the cave near where the giant Fafner in the form of a dragon guards the Niebelung board, for Wotan shuns that part of the forest. Brunnhilde handing Sieglinde the fragments of Siegmund's sword, Sieglinde hurries away.

A terrific storm grows in the background. A lurid glow appears in the fir trees. Between the thunder claps Wotan's voice is heard "Steh Brunhilda!" - Wait Brunhilda." The Walkure maidens fearful for Brunnhilde, ascend to the top of the peak and conceal her in their midst. "Wo ist Brunhilda - Wo die Verbrecherin" - "Where is Brunhilda - where is the traitress."

The Walkure maidens then implore Wotan to have mercy on Brunnhilde who now issues from the group. She descends humbly, but with a firm step, from the peak and stops a little distance from Wotan. "Who denounces her?"

He feels he must be severe, even though Brunnhilde has been his favorite daughter and as punishment he condemns her to a sleep from which any wayfarer may wake her. Then we have Brunnhilde's appeal - magnificent music, considered some of the greatest Wagner has written. Wotan's heart is softened somewhat and in response to the appeal of his beloved child, he agrees to surround the rock on which she is to slumber with a circle of fire so that none but a hero will brave the flames and claim her as his bride.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Then follows Wotan's abschied - the beautiful music of the farewell parting of Father and daughter. He kisses both her eyes which now close. She sinks insensible in his arms. He bears her tenderly to a low mossy bank shaded by the wide-spreading branches of a great fir tree. Once more he gazes upon her then closes her helmet. Again he looks sorrowfully at her recumbent form which he now covers with the Walkure shield. Then, with solemn determination, he goes to the summit of the rocky eminence and points the head of his spear toward a mighty rock commanding Loge, the God of fire, to encircle it. Gradually the flames begin to flicker and crackle until they surround and protect the sleeping maiden. Here in the famous magic fire music - Wagner gives full play to his marvelous descriptive powers. The leaping and flickering of the flames are most graphically painted in tones, while under this maze of descriptive movement we hear Wotan's last words of defiance, in which he proclaims that only the bravest hero will ever penetrate the flames.

And this closes one of the most picturesque incidents in the "Ring" - The last act of "Die Walküre" by Wagner about to be given in this LUCKY STRIKE broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(THIRD ACT -- "DIE WALKURE")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF REVIEW OF THIRD ACT - AD LIB - 30 SECONDS)

(The Nibelung Ring, that series of four operas written by Wagner, descriptive of the life of the Gods.)

MILTON CROSS:

As always the audience is thrilled and excited by the grand finale of Wagner's mighty opera. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE hope that all of you have enjoyed this afternoon of music as much as they have appreciated the privilege of bringing it to you, especially so since it allows LUCKY STRIKE in this way, to thank all of you for your patronage. Millions of you who already smoke LUCKIES know that every LUCKY STRIKE is always so round, so firm, so fully packed with choice tobaccos. And for throat protection, for finer taste, don't forget - "IT'S TOASTED."

(NEXT WEEK'S OPERA will be "MERRY MOUNT" and will be presented at 1:45 P.M. The cast -----")

AGENCY/KENNEDY/CROSS/chilleen
2/2/34

-WJZ & WEA

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "MERRY MOUNT"

()-()
1:45 to Approx. 5:30 P.M.

FEBRUARY 10, 1934

SATURDAY

MILTON CROSS:

(AD LIBS 10 MINUTES ABOUT PREMIERE OPERA, PEOPLE
ATTENDING, ETO.)

(PLEASE NOTE: Include in 10 minute talk this LUCKY STRIKE broadcast
of the opera "Merry Mount.")

ATX01 0189579

MILTON CROSS: (Opening Announcement)

And now a cordial welcome to the Metropolitan Opera House from the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. A great event is about to take place at the Metropolitan this afternoon -- the world premiere of the New American opera "Merry Mount" by Howard Hanson and Richard Stokes. The great opera house is packed with an excited crowd breathlessly awaiting the moment when the curtain will rise. The premiere of a new opera at the Metropolitan is always a historic event in musical art, and the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE are proud, indeed, to have the privilege of bringing this new American opera to all the millions of you who appreciate the finer things of life. Tullio Serafin will conduct and the cast will be as follows:

FAINT-NOT TINKER, a sentinel	Arnold Gabor
SAMSET, an Indian chief	James Wolfe
DESIRE Annable, a sinner	Irra Petina
JONATHAN BANKS,	Giordano Paltrinieri
WRESTLING BRADFORD, a clergyman	Lawrence Tibbett
PLENTIFUL TEWKE	Gladys Swarthout
PRAISE-GOD TEWKE, elder of the congregation	Louis D'Angelo
MYLES BRODRIB, captain	Alfredo Gandolfi
PEREGRINE BRODRIB, his son	Helen Gleason
LOVE BREWSTER	Lillian Clark
BRIDGET CRACKSTON	Henriette Wakefield
JACK PRONCE, a mountebank	Marek Windheim
LADY MARIGOLD SANDYS	Goeta Ljungborg
THOMAS MORTON, her uncle	George Cehanovsky
SIR COWER LACKLAND	Edward Johnson
JEWEL SCROOBY, a parson	Millo Picco
FIRST PURITAN	Max Altglass
SECOND PURITAN	Pompilio Malatesta

MILTON CROSS:

(AD LIBS 5 MINUTES LIBRETTO TO FIRST ACT)

(ACT I - MERRY MOUNT)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

A wave of excited discussion sweeps over the Metropolitan from the topmost gallery to the furthest aisles of the orchestra as the first act of the new All-American opera "Merry Mount" comes to its dramatic climax.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes firmly believe that it is the good taste of America that has led to this great appreciation of the finest in music, just as it is the good taste of America which has led to the great appreciation of LUCKY STRIKE -- the cigarette that is always so round, so firm, so fully packed with finest tobaccos -- and only the center leaves.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

MR. JOHN B. KENNEDY:

(AD LIBS 8 MINUTES STORY)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ATX01 0189581

MILTON CROSS:

(AD LIBS 5 MINUTE LIBRETTO TO SECOND ACT)

(SECOND ACT -- MERRY MOUNT)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

May we tell you in a few brief moments what you may expect when you ask your tobacconist for a package of LUCKIES. In LUCKY STRIKE you get the finest of mild, smooth tobaccos -- only the center leaves, for the center leaves are the mildest leaves. That is why LUCKIES are always so mild -- so smooth.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, again present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

(MR. JOHN B. KENNEDY INTERVIEWS MADAME CALLI FOR 10 MINUTES)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy's interview with Madame Galli.

MILTON CROSS:

(AD LIBS 8 MINUTE LIBRETTO TO THIRD ACT)

(THIRD ACT --- MERRY MOUNT)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF THIRD ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Curtain call after curtain call has been graciously acknowledged by the celebrated singers you are hearing today. It is a rare privilege to send you their glorious voices, especially since the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE can in this way acknowledge their gratitude to all of you for your patronage of LUCKIES. You will find LUCKY STRIKE is always a perfectly-made cigarette -- always so round, so firm, so fully packed with long, even strands of the choicest tobaccos. No loose ends. That's why LUCKIES always draw easily, burn evenly.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes again present Mr. John B. Kennedy, who will endeavor to bring to the microphone, Howard Hanson and Richard L. Stokes, composer and librettist of this magnificent opera "Merry Mount," that is having its premiere performance this afternoon.

ATX01 01895B3

(JOHN B. KENNEDY INTERVIEWS (AD LIB) COMPOSER AND LIBRETTIST, HOWARD HANSON AND RICHARD L. STOKES FROM 10 TO 15 MINUTES)

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy and the "Merry Mount" Opera Composer and Librettist, Dr. Hanson and Mr. Stokes.

MILTON CROSS:

(AD LIBS 5 MINUTE LIBRETTO TO ACT FOUR)

(ACT FOUR -- "MERRY MOUNT")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF LAST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just shared in a great musical event -- the world premier of "Merry Mount," which has come to its thrilling conclusion on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE are deeply appreciative of the privilege of bringing you this new American opera, and hope you have enjoyed all its great musical moments. And they hope also that you bear in mind some of the merits of LUCKY STRIKE: LUCKIES are always so round, so firm, so fully packed with choice tobaccos. And for throat protection, for finer taste, "IT'S TOASTED."

ATX01 0189584

MILTON CROSS:

(NEXT WEEK'S OPERA - TIME 1:45 -- AND CAST -----)

(NOTE: TALK ON MUSIC OF "FAUST")

(NOTE: EITHER MR. CROSS OR MR. KENNEDY -- OR BOTH -- TALK ON COMPOSER
AND LIBRETTIST TAKING BOWS)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
2/9/34

WEAF & WJZ

THE LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA -- "F A U S T"

()-()
1:45 to APPROX. 5:15 P.M.

FEBRUARY 17, 1934

SATURDAY

ANNOUNCER:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen! We bring you again the thrill and the splendor of Grand Opera, direct from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. These broadcasts as you know, are dedicated to the millions of lovers of fine music.....for the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes believe in the inherent good taste of the American public.....a belief which is so well borne out by the wide-spread patronage accorded to LUCKY STRIKE. This afternoon you will hear Gounod's famous opera "Faust." It will be conducted by _____, and the cast will include:

FAUST.....GIOVANNI MARTINELLI
MEPHISTOPHELES.....EZIO PINZA
VALENTIN.....LAWRENCE TIBBETT
WAGNER.....PAOLO ANANIAN
MARGUERITE.....EIDE NORENA
SIEBEL.....GLADYS SWARTHOUT
MARTHE.....HENRIETTE WAKEFIELD

The scene takes place in a town in Germany. Faust, an aged philosopher, finds that his insatiable thirst for knowledge has brought him little reward. It is night and we find him, in his study seated at a desk covered with books and parchments; an open book lies before him. He rebels at his advancing age, and sick of the study of life and his inability to unravel the secrets of nature, he is about to drink a poisoned cup when he is interrupted by the song of the harvesters exulting in the joy of life. (CONTINUES OVER)

ATX01 0189586

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

He hesitates and is again about to raise the cup in his trembling hands when he hears the Vesper song of the reapers in the fields. Of what use is prayer to him, he demands, it can't give him youth and love - their song maddens him and he calls Satan to his aid.

Mephistopheles instantly appears in the guise of a gay cavalier, and asks Faust what he desires of him. Would he like gold, glory and power? No. His heart's desires are youth with all its pleasures, he replies, as he sings "A Moi les Plaisirs" (THE PLEASURES OF YOUTH).

Mephistopheles, producing a parchment agrees to accomplish all this but in return demands the soul of Faust. The philosopher hesitates but is convinced when the Evil one conjures up for him a vision of Marguerite, and to the accompaniment of delicate music there fades into the scene the human picture of a beautiful maiden, seated at her spinning wheel. Entranced, Faust sings "O Merveille" (Oh Heavenly Vision") and signs the contract by which the devil will serve him on earth and he will serve Satan below. Faust drinks a pledge - the vision fades away and the old philosopher is at once changed into a handsome, lusty youth, who departs with Mephistopheles, singing again "A Moi les Plaisirs." The scene then changes and takes us to a mediasval town, where a Kirmess or fair is in progress and where students, led by Wagner, soldiers, men and women, young and old, are enjoying the excitement of the fair. It is a merry scene near the Inn bearing the sign of the god Bacchus. Valentin, holding a silver medal in his hand, a gift from his sister Marguerite, is about to leave for the war and commends his sister to the youthful Siebel, who is timidly in love with her. Conscious of what may happen in his absence, Valentin bids farewell to his sister in a melody of singular beauty, "Avant de quitter" (Even the Bravest Heart) perhaps better known to many in Italian as "Dio Possente." (CONTINUES)

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Into this scene enters Faust with Mephistopheles. Wagner, a student, mounts a chair and invites all to drink to the success of their armies. Then he begins to sing his song called "The Rat" but a sneer interrupts him and he looks up to find Mephistopheles asking to be invited into their midst and boasting that he has a much better song to sing. Upon invitation he launches into his fantastic aria "Le Veau d'Or" (The Calf of Gold) one of the most brilliant songs in the repertoire of the operatic bass. This stirring number will be sung today by Ezio Pinza and it always evokes applause.

Wagner offers the stranger a cup of wine, he raises it to his lips and not finding it to his taste he jumps upon the table and strikes the little cask, surmounted by the effigy of the god Bacchus which serves as a sign to the Inn and wine gushes forth. Mephistopheles fills his goblet and insultingly drinks to the health of Marguerite upon which Valentin draws his sword only to have it broken in his hand by the sinister touch of his enemy. The men now suspect the character of their visitor and in a most effective chorus turn the hilts of their swords as crosses toward the Evil one who quakes as he beholds this sacred symbol.

As he is being forced to retire Faust enters, asking the trouble. Mephistopheles changes the subject. Faust is impatient to meet the beautiful girl of his vision and if he doesn't soon produce her, he wants the contract with the devil broken. Mephistopheles promises that she will soon appear. The devil, hiding out of sight, the merrymaking is resumed. The musicians mount upon the table, the students, maidens and burghers are heard in a popular and beautiful waltz as they beat the time. Siebel enters anxiously awaiting the arrival of Marguerite. Marguerite (Eide Norena) enters.

(CONTINUES)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The young lad Siebel runs to greet her, but is interrupted by Mephistopheles who distracts his attention and forces him to go round the other way giving Faust the opportunity to approach Marguerite. Faust, flatteringly offers Marguerite his arm but she gently repulses him. She passes and he stands gazing after her enamored of her beauty. Siebel, without having seen what has occurred, is about to hurry after Marguerite but he is again confronted by Mephistopheles who makes him hustle off in the other direction. Faust complains to the devil of Marguerite's reproach. Mephistopheles laughingly tells him that he is too anxious. He will show Faust how to take the first steps in making love to a maiden and together they retire in the direction taken by Marguerite. Some of the girls noticed the meeting of Faust and Marguerite and are discussing it when the students approach and the waltzing is resumed, and the curtain falls on the first act of the opera Faust about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in this LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast.

(FIRST ACT -- "FAUST")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

And now I take a moment to tell you a few facts about LUCKY STRIKE. LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are always so round, so firm, so fully packed with choice tobaccos -- and only the center leaves. They always burn easily, burn evenly. They're mild....they're smooth.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, now present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

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JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Ladies and gentlemen: That fine but half-forgotten English novelist - Marie Corelli - wrote in her novel, *The Sorrows of Satan* - a fascinating apology for the Devil. She showed him as a much-misunderstood person.

The difference between saints and sinners is the distance of three simple letters: the difference between a state of grace and a state of disgrace. I also maintain that most of us in our tour through this vale of tears, which luckily has a few detours for laughter -- may be overtime sinners, but we're all part-time sinners. And Miss Correlli, reflecting on the devil as the head man of all evil, gave him a break showed him as a sad soul carrying out a wicked assignment - of making all the mischief in the world.

But perhaps a simpler explanation is that the mere title '*The Sorrows of Satan*' fascinated Miss Correlli. I've always suspected that Marie Correlli worked in reverse and invented titles before plots -- consider her catastrophic tale - '*The Mighty Atom*' as an example - a grimly ironic study of the futility of egotism.

But Marie Correlli had a reasonable if not a right view of Satan. John Milton, who preceded Goethe as a major poet looking into some of the minor and major activities of the devil -- gives us in *Paradise Lost* a majestic picture of Lucifer rebelling in heaven and being cast out to roam the world a torturer and tortured.

In *Faust*, Goethe expressed in colorful concreteness the chief villain of the Mediaeval Miracle Plays -- the personal Devil. Even in this modern age, to say nothing of the Middle Ages, there are places and people who believe that it is possible to do exactly what Faust does -- to make a bargain with the devil for a short-cut to fulfilment of desire.

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

The great and utterly religious Gounod became fascinated by Goethe's theme and composed his rich and surging music to fit the tale of the philosopher who committed a spiritual foul by calling on the devil to assist him in his love affairs - by selling his soul.

I recall reading not long ago a wierd tale from some Northern European country. I won't name it because I don't like retributive rebuke from any chamber of commerce. But the story was of a woman who had sold her soul to the devil. The story had it that she would stand at a cross-roads by night, that a bat would perch on her shoulder, that she would cry some wierd abacadabra three times, and that there would be a swirl in the air which she would clutch at and gold would be placed in her hand.

Mediaeval and modern mythology are filled with similar tales. They make grand, shivery stories, but I think it's best to hear them, and like them, without believing them; because if the devil were in the business of bargaining wealth for human souls there'd be more demand than supply.

Yet the conclusion is irresistible that by the common consent of mankind there is some evil spirit present in the world. All the old pagan religions are restricted in their hagiology, which is a highbrow way of saying their Who's Who among the saints. But all have ample space for the idea of an evil spirit dogging the ways of men.

The Koran and the Talmud both mention the devil as a personality. In the Garden of Eden, as described in the Book of Genesis, we find the Devil intruding on Adam and Eve, disguised as a serpent.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

Perhaps you recall a very popular chromo at the turn of the century. And while we laugh at chromos, it's just as well to remember that these old lithographs, such as Custer's Last Fight or Kitchener at Khartoum - reflect the mood not of a moment but of a generation, or they would not be popular.

This chromo was a glimpse of the life of Sir Charles Santley, the great Anglo-Irish singer. He had appeared as Faust - at Covent Garden - where in his day they not only sold vegetables when the opera was good but threw them when the opera was bad. Sir Charles was Mephistopheles in Faust. He was extremely fond of Welsh rarebit, and his wife had told him that after one particular performance of Faust she would have Welsh rarebit prepared for him at his home near Covent Garden.

Sir Charles sang his role of Mephisto. Being evening, he hopped in a hansom-cab and drove to his house. When he appeared in his living room there was panic. The household help were helping themselves to Welsh rarebit and everything else in sight because the Chatelaine of the house, Lady Santley, had been summoned elsewhere by a sick call. Sir Charles strode in dressed as Mephisto and struck terror to the hearts of the help.

That became one of the most popular pictures of a generation ago. Why? Because it showed how by the universal consent of mankind, the idea of a devil is very real. He's known by aliases. Indeed, it's fitting that the author of evil should have as many aliases as anybody else unpopular with the police. He's called the Devil, Old Nick, Satan, Mephistopheles, (as in this opera) Lucifer and The Gentleman with the Forked Tail.

(CONTINUES OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

But whatever they and we call him, he represents a real conviction of humanity for it has been expressed in all the ages of mankind - from the Orian - good man -- and Ariman, evil spirit, of Persian mythology to the serpent in Eden and the Satan who took Christ to a mountain top to tempt Him with worldly power which He rejected.

As a matter of fact, and I'll betray or at least try to portray a confidence. I believe there are personal and pernicious devils -- Otherwise, how do you account for tangling typewriter ribbons in otherwise perfect machines, how do you account for collar buttons sprawling under dressing tables, how do you account for cutting yourself with a razor, for getting a flat tire at precisely the most inopportune time -- for having non-lightable cigarette lighters -- or for getting the wrong telephone number when the genius of millions is concentrated on getting you the right one?

I'm inclined to credit poor old Faust with a true discovery. There's always the Devil on duty somewhere.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, have presented Mr. John B. Kennedy.

(ACT II -- FAUST)

As we resume our narration of today's performance of Gounod's opera, "Faust," we come now to the famous Garden Scene. This is the garden adjoining Marguerite's home. There is a wall at the back with a little door.

(CONTINUES OVER)

MILTON GROSS: (CONTINUES)

To one side is a bower, on the other a pavilion with a window. There are trees, shrubs, and so on. Siebel enters through the little door at the back and stops on the threshold of the pavilion near a group of roses and lilies. He picks a bouquet as he sings his lovely Flower song, but the flowers wither in his hands as Mephistopheles told him they would, and he throws them away. He plucks another flower and it immediately withers. He then approaches the pavilion and dips his fingers in a little fount of holy water suspended from the wall. He then plucks more flowers, and now they do not wither. He picks enough to make a bouquet and disappears amongst the shrubs. Faust and Mephistopheles now cautiously enter through the garden door. They hide in the bower as Siebel emerges from the bushes. Siebel fastens the bouquet to the door of Marguerite's pavilion. On seeing this, Mephistopheles leaves Faust saying he will return with a treasure which will be much more acceptable to Marguerite than Siebel's flowers.

Left alone, Faust muses on the beauty of Marguerite and her lovely home and we hear the appealing tenor aria "Salut Demeure Chaste et Pure" (All Hail Thou Dwelling, Pure and Holy). (Mr. Martinelli, you know, is our Faust today.)

Mephistopheles soon returns carrying a casket under his arm. He opens the casket and shows Faust the beautiful jewels within and then lays the jewel case on the threshold of the pavilion. Drawing Faust after him, they hide in the garden. Marguerite enters through the doorway in the back and advances silently. She is thinking about the good-looking young man who accosted her at the Fair. She would like to know more about him. She seats herself at her spinning wheel in the arbor and arranges the flax upon the spindle; then sings her plaintive ballad, "The King of Thule." (CONTINUES)

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

This is sung today by Eide Norena, who is our Marguerite. She finally goes to the pavilion and suddenly perceives the bouquet attached to the door. She takes the bouquet which, she is certain, must have been left by Siebel. Then she spies the beautiful casket. It is a case of flowers against jewels. Marguerite lets the bouquet fall and opens the casket which she places on a rustic seat. Then she kneels down in order to adorn herself with the jewels as she sings the ever-famous "Jewel Song." She takes out the earrings and puts them on and looks at herself in the glass. She adorns herself with bracelets and necklaces, then rises. Oh, if the handsome young man she met could only see her now.

Marthe, Marguerite's chaperon, enters, and of course asks about the jewels. Marguerite thinks that they must have been left by mistake, but Martha suggests they were undoubtedly sent by some admiring lord. Mephistopheles and Faust then advance a little from their hiding places. Mephistopheles introduces himself to Marthe and in his best and extra-kind Satanic manner tells Martha that her much loved spouse for whom she cared but little, has died and has sent her nothing but his greeting. Marguerite, meanwhile, hastily takes off the jewels and is about to replace them in the casket as Faust approaches and while Mephistopheles distracts the attention of Marthe, Faust woos the beautiful Marguerite. Mephistopheles and Marthe withdraw and we have the garden love scene between Faust and Marguerite. She confides to him her loneliness. He is all tenderness and as the enchantment of night comes upon them, Mephistopheles steals back to look upon them with satisfaction. Then we have that beautiful love duet which Marguerite starts with the words "Il se fait tard, adieu!" (The Hour Grows Late, Farewell!) He pleads with her to remain. She must go. She will see him in the morning. (CONTINUES)

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

She starts toward the pavilion and stops short on the threshold, waits a kiss to Faust and enters her home.

Mephistopheles, who has overheard everything, calls Faust a fool. He hasn't yet learned how to make love. Marguerite opens the window of the pavilion and remains with her head resting on her hand as she sings in ecstasy to the stars. Faust rushes to the window and clasps her hand. Marguerite, overcome, allows her head to fall on his shoulder. Mephistopheles opens the door of the garden and departs, laughing derisively as the curtain falls.

This is the story of the famous garden scene of Gounod's opera, "Faust" which is about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in today's LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast.

(ACT II -- FAUST)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Through these great music dramas from the famous Metropolitan Opera House, the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope to reflect the high regard they have for your inherent good taste.....and the high regard they have for the inherent fine quality of LUCKIES. Only the center leaves of the finest tobaccos are used to make each and every LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette so round, so firm, so fully packed with long, even strands of these choice tobaccos. That's why to millions of people LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes stand as one of the finer things of life.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, again present Mr. John B. Kennedy interviewing Richard Bonelli.

(JOHN B. KENNEDY INTERVIEW WITH MR. RICHARD BONELLI)

BONELLI: Faust has sentimental recollections for me, Mr. Kennedy. It was in Faust that I made my American debut in opera - so you can imagine I'm very fond of it.

KENNEDY: You know, I had always thought you were an Italian, and on looking into the records I discover that your family's lived in New York State since 1643. And it took it nearly three hundred years to produce a Metropolitan baritone.

BONELLI: Yes, and I always wanted to be a tenor.

KENNEDY: You're built for a tenor - slim and athletic-looking.

BONELLI: Well, I haven't had much chance to pack on weight. I've found in grand opera, in fact, throughout the whole profession of singing, that there are so many of us singers of similar range and quality that it's only by hard work and stick-to-it-iveness you can get your spot in the sun and hold it.

KENNEDY: That's true of all the professions, altho I've always believed that singing was harder to make the grade in than most.

BONELLI: And you're right. The chances are a thousand to one of the local singer whose friends tell him he's good - you know that 'You ought to be on the stage' bromide - the chances are a thousand to one against him coming through to Grand Opera classification.

KENNEDY: Most of them very quickly find they haven't got the quality. Yet some of them persevere, and if they're never great, they gain a livelihood - don't they?

BONELLI: Or at least they have fun.

KENNEDY: Well, they may have it. - it doesn't always happen that those who hear them do.

BONELLI: No. I found that out in my very early days when I tried to pick up bits of concert work around the country town where I lived. I hired a hall for a recital, and so billed it. About fifty people came, and after I'd sung in two foreign languages, which must have sounded exceedingly foreign - I asked the audience what popular song they would like to hear me sing. One old gentleman stood up and said: "I thought this was a recital. Why don't you recite something?" Just about that time I decided to go to Europe to study.

KENNEDY: Yes, that appears to be routine with most ambitious American singers. You get the languages better over there?

BONELLI: You get them quicker, and that's important. But first I put in an apprenticeship of spear-carrying at the Metropolitan, and you'd be surprised if I told you who told me to take singing seriously?

KENNEDY: I know whom you're going to name - Caruso. Everybody connected with the Metropolitan has a Caruso anecdote to tell. And why not? Caruso personified the Metropolitan opera, which explains that of all the great singers graduating to the Metropolitan he's the one selected for a bronze bust to memorialize him in the lobby and a bronze frieze inside the house to remind opera lovers of the greatest opera personality. But I'm crowding your story. It was Caruso, wasn't it, who encouraged you to sing?

BONELLI: Yes. I was a super in La Boheme. When I supered I always joined the chorus, although very few supers did that. I sang lustily in one chorus and observed the silent super next to me turn and study me closely. He wore a heavy beard, but there was something familiar about his visible features. When we marched off-stage he said to me, "You've got a grand voice, my boy. You may be singing solo here some day if you take care of it and get experience."

When he removed the beard, I recognized Caruso, who always had the idiosyncrasy of wanting to be a super in the opera La Boheme when he wasn't starring in it. I think Caruso must have begun his career in some small role or as a super in La Boheme in his boyhood, and he made sentimental repetitions of that early experience.

KENNEDY: From all I hear he was a bundle, and a very large bundle of sentiment.

BONELLI: Well, he certainly affected my career. I saved what money I could and went to Italy determined to study and get my training in Italian opera. You know over there, opera is a civic enterprise. Every city of any size subsidizes the opera and supports a stock company. They let in anybody with a voice. That's all the passport you need, altho you must have the voice because if you give a bad show an Italian audience will hoot you into oblivion.

KENNEDY: How long does it ordinarily take -- from beginning your vocal training abroad to making a professional debut in opera -- abroad?

BONELLI: It took me four years - and that's about average. Four years of pretty stiff work - for if you don't live fairly strictly, you're just wasting your money and time. When, finally, my teacher said I was ready for opera, I went to the city of Cavenna. I was to sing in Aida. The city operatic committee came to the dress rehearsal to pass on my quality. If they ban an opera or a singer -- the ban sticks and you just don't perform in that city. So your dress rehearsal is even more important than your premiere.

KENNEDY: It's good to know of some place where they take culture as seriously as politics.

BONELLI: Opera is a serious matter in Italy. Well, some local big-wig had a prize bull which he was very eager to have displayed as the sacred bull for the triumphal march in Aida. It was a gorgeous animal - but it done me wrong. I've heard of accidents, but I never believed one could occur on cue -- until I inhaled for my first aria in this-- a crucial test for me -- and just as I was about to burst into song - that bull beat me to the burst - it opened its throat and bellowed. That ruined the rehearsal. Everybody laughed. The conductor almost fell off his chair, and the city committee okayed us without any further ado, out of sheer merriment.

KENNEDY: Of course, you changed bulls?

BONELLI: But that story stuck to me throughout my brief career in Italian opera. They even knew about it when I went to Monte Carlo.

KENNEDY: Monte Carlo used to be as famous for singing as it was for suicides.

BONELLI: I had an amusing experience there. I was taking a fling at the tables, as I didn't have to sing for a day or two. I was lucky and won a few hundred francs, but in a series of small bets. I noticed a man noticing me. He came over. "You're Bonelli?" he said. I nodded. "We open the opera tonight and you'll sing tonight. You're too lucky to be kept waiting."

KENNEDY: You get amazingly enthusiastic audiences in Monte Carlo for opera and any theatrical production.

BONELLI: Yes, over there they chair you when you make a hit. That is, they carry you triumphantly in a chair.

KENNEDY: We ought to chair hit-makers over here - and conversely we ought to electric chair some of the boys who produce bad shows.

BONELLI: Yes, it should work both ways. But for real enthusiasm, you want to see a Cuban audience at the opera in Havana. Altho I got the wildest applause there once for something that didn't please me at all. It was in Carmen. The extras had been drinking from a bucket, which had spilled. I made my bravado dash as the toreador, jumped in the air, came down and slid through that water off stage to thunderous applause. Yes - my costume needed repairing.

KENNEDY: There are probably thousands of would-be young opera baritones, tenors, sopranos and the rest in the radio audience who'd like some practical advice from a native American who had to fight his way through to recognition.

BONELLI: Well - the hardest fight is from the teacher's studio to the stage - to get a hearing. For the rest it's the old prescription of work, once you have the basic talent. And the youngster from the start, should conserve his energy. Only the great can afford to be prodigal -- like my great hero of the opera, Tito Ruffo. There was the most magnificent baritone anybody every heard -- a rich, glorious voice - a huge voice with the biggest recorded range in the central and upper tones. But Ruffo never spared himself. In opera, when he wasn't singing solo, he'd join in the choruses with his back turned to the audience. Now a great singer like Ruffo can overdo things in that way - altho even he suffered somewhat.

KENNEDY: That's all a problem of self-discipline and prudence. What, to be more to the point, are the opportunities to get into grand opera here?

BONELLI: Not as much as when I started; but there are economic reasons for that. You see, we had touring operas here when I began. Now hardly anything tours but the films. But it will come back. Art, like opera, is long, you know, even if life is short.

KENNEDY: Yes, and it's always stimulating to know that some youngster now hearing you, will some day be heard in his debut at the Metropolitan -- the day of days, or night of night for any singer.

KENNEDY: So many letters have reached me during this LUCKY STRIKE series of Metropolitan Opera broadcasts requesting advice as to how to get into opera that it's good to have you here, Mr. Bonelli, as another concrete example of the native American singer making good through his own unaided efforts.

BONELLI: Not exactly unaided -- somebody always gives a helping hand --

KENNEDY: When they find you have talent and perseverance enough to help yourself. There's just one more question. Do grand opera stars by any chance sing in their bath-tubs?

BONELLI: Why not -- if the accoustics are good?

MILTON CROSS:

The Proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy's interview with Richard Bonelli.

(ACT III - FAUST)

The next act in Gounod's opera "Faust" is known as the Cathedral scene. Women enter the church; Marguerite enters after them and kneels in prayer. The voice of Mephistopheles is heard, forbidding her to pray. She hears demons calling her name. A tomb opens and discloses Mephistopheles, who bends over to Marguerite's ear and tells her that she is forever lost and that the demons of Hades are calling for her soul. But then in contrast we hear the sacred chorus of priests and boys behind the scene. As Marguerite gives a piercing cry, Mephistopheles disappears.

(CONTINUES OVER)

In the next tableau Valentin and the soldiers return from the war. Valentin asks Siebel the whereabouts of his sister, Marguerite, and Siebel, somewhat confused, says he thinks that she is in the church. Valentin believes that his sister is undoubtedly praying for his safe return and with the others, sings the famous "Soldier's Chorus" (Glory and Love To The Men of Old), which you all know. Valentin then suggests that Siebel and he go into the house. Siebel refuses. Valentin realizes that something is amiss. He alone enters the house. Siebel approaches the church.

Faust and Mephistopheles now enter at the back, Mephistopheles carrying a guitar. Faust moves toward Marguerite's dwelling, but hesitates. He is very remorseful for the sorrow he has brought upon the beautiful Marguerite. He would see her again, in spite of the Devil's admonitions to forget her, but Faust insists, and Mephistopheles, throwing back his mantle, and accompanying himself on the guitar, sings his grotesque serenade. When he is done, Valentin rushes from the house, draws his sword and breaks Mephistopheles' guitar. He wants to know from which of the men he shall demand satisfaction for the shame brought upon his sister. Faust, against his own best wishes, draws his sword. Valentin, taking the medalion suspended around his neck, throws it angrily away as he curses the gift which Marguerite gave him. Aside, Mephistopheles says he will repent that action for in so doing, he is throwing away his divine protection. Faust and Valentin fight. The Devil parries for Faust and Valentin falls. Mephistopheles flees, taking Faust with him. Citizens enter with lighted torches and find the wounded Valentin. Marguerite appears at the back, supported by Siebel. She falls on her knees at Valentin's side but her brother thrusts her from him.

(CONTINUES OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Valentin, supported by those around him, curses his sobbing sister and expires saying he dies really from her hand, but still dies the death of a soldier. The chorus, in a few closing measures, asks rest and peace for Valentin and forgiveness for Marguerite as the curtain falls on the third act in this Metropolitan Opera Performance of Faust about to be given in this LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast.

(ACT III -- FAUST)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF THIRD ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

In the few minutes before the curtains part on the fourth act, the colorful Metropolitan audience is chatting, smoking, scanning programs in the lobby. May we take a moment to tell you a few of the merits of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE uses always the finest tobaccos -- and only the center leaves. The center leaves, you know, are the mildest, the smoothest. And LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are always fully packed with long, even strands of these choice tobaccos. That is why LUCKIES are always so mild, so smooth.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, again present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

In San Francisco back in 1905 walkers on the sidewalks were suddenly surprised to find the sidewalks walking or trying to walk on them. Calamity and chaos plunged a beautiful city into fire and ruin.

Outside a hotel a terrified group waited. They were members of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Names they had resplendent in the history of song -- Destin, Alda, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Amato, Caruso --- but fame of any kind meant little to anybody in that hour of disaster. Baggage scattered about them, they oried with extremely valuable voices after extremely rare vehicles to convey them to the ferry so that they could find safety across the bay in Oakland.

But every moving wheel was moving elsewhere, it seemed. They, with hundreds of others were stranded.

Yet, as soon as he had extricated himself from the tumbling house where he was lodging, a young man who hold an unsung and unsinging, but none the less important job at the Metropolitan -- came on the run to the hotel where the company's stars were stopping. He was - and is - Dick Hosli - the Metropolitan's master mechanic. He counted the stars and saw that none was missing from the galaxy. Then he disappeared after cautioning them to remain where they were until he returned.

Mr. Hosli made a rapid survey of neighboring streets. He beheld, far away, a wagon being loaded or unloaded outside a store. He sprinted to it and found a butcher salvaging his damaged stock.

"How much do you want for the meat?" said Mr. Hosli.

The butcher beamed as at a visiting angel - and named his price -- fifty dollars.

"O.K." said Mr. Hosli. He paid the money.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

"I'll drive the stuff away myself," he said. And did so. At the hotel he supervised porters who took out the meat and put in the Metropolitan stars -- and the horse galloped jubilantly to the Oakland Ferry as if aware that a butcher's wagon was distinguished by conveying five or six million dollars' worth of the world's best voices.

This resourceful Mr. Hosli has been with the Metropolitan for twenty-five years. He has directed the stage setting and unsetting at the Metropolitan during all that time, and there has not been a single major accident -- something of a safety record.

During these intermissions Hosli is boss at the Metropolitan. He marshals his battalion of stage hands, numbering from forty to sixty - depending upon the heaviness of the opera -- and they obey with a minimum of sound and a maximum of speed.

His field of action is the huge stage of the Metropolitan. The stage is stippled all over with little archipelagos of brass nails. Those nails are words to the stage-hands. They tell them where the pieces of scenery are to be placed. Hosli and his skilled assistants have to know where to place the pieces of scenery for a hundred operas - some with as many as ten and eleven changes of scene.

In twenty-five years Hosli has become expert in producing any desired mechanical effect to imitate the vagaries of nature -- from a waterfall to the chirp of a cricket in midsummer.

Hosli and his men have scenes as pat in mind as the singers have their repertoire. Even when the Metropolitan Company went on tour and Hosli arrived in Atlanta to find himself loaded with full-size Metropolitan scenery for a miniature stage -- the Metropolitan stage is 90 foot front by 72 foot deep, while the Atlanta stage was only 42 by 39 -- but even under the circumstances, the Metropolitan
(OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

mechanics were not dismayed. They telescoped the scenery by cutting and bending, and later restored it when it came back home to the Metropolitan.

In addition to bossing the scenic shifts, he supervises properties - furniture, trick-effects and all the paraphernalia of the opera outside of lights and wardrobe -- even to the animals occasionally employed. The biggest bit of luck he ever had, he says, was the strange case of the stray cat. Ordinarily, anybody inclined to superstition, will tell you that a black cat suddenly intruding upon your vision is very bad medicine, indeed.

For a farm-yard scene in an opera Hosli selected a well-trained tabby cat, its owners pride - altho, as things turned out, nobody's particular joy. The cat was to walk on and nose around a bit to give a touch of authenticity to the scene. It rehearsed well because it had received plenty of schooling. When the performance was due, however, the cat went on strike. It had spotted a mousehole somewhere and neither eloquence nor force could persuade it to go on to the stage.

"We'll have to do without a cat," said Hosli, regretfully.

The curtain went up on an open barn, sheaves of wheat and other aspects of agricultural life. The singers sang their rural roundelays. Then, to everybody's amazement, a black cat stalked on the scene, its tail as stiff as a flagstaff, nosed about the straw, blinked casually at the orchestra and audience uttered an impatient meow in the middle of an aria, and strolled off unconcerned. They picked it up, they fed it cream. But the cat refused to stay. It had engagements elsewhere. It's the only performer within living memory that ever treated the majestic Metropolitan opera as a one-night stand.

(CONTINUES OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

Stencillings and stampings are on the wooden frames of each piece of scenery. Anybody can understand the abbreviations of the names of the opera - although it did seem a trifle personal at first to be confronted with three large letters - FA and apostrophe T, and under that a smaller word -- HEAD. The FA'T was a contraction for Faust and the head merely indicated a head piece of scenery. The stage mechanics read those symbols and signs instinctively -- and amid all the bustle and confusion of assembling or disassembling a scene, the cardinal rule of order prevails - of putting everything back where it came from.

When the stage is clear it resembles a severely scrambled cross-word puzzle; but when the boys get busy you soon see pattern and plan emerge from chaos.

Once the curtain drops - the stage-hand brigade attacks the scenery with eager energy. Once the curtain lifts they retire to chat or play cards - or when some special performer interests them, they lounge in the wings to listen.

Amid all the symbols and code signs on the scenery, and the markings on the walls that these men read as directions for principal pieces in enormous scenic spectacles, I ducked at a repeated call of "Heads Up" when a sky piece descends and found myself up against another wall-sign - a carved sign bitten by a pocket-knife into a brick. It was two hearts entwined, with initials in each.

"Yes," explained Master Mechanical Hosli, "One of our stage-hands was in love with a member of the chorus. Yes. They're married."

MILTON CROSS!

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy.

(ACT IV - FAUST)

The last act of Gounod's Opera, about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in this LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast is called the Prison Scene.

Marguerite, her reason gone, has been imprisoned for having killed her child. Mephistopheles would take Faust to other scenes of pleasure to continue carrying out the bond with the philosopher, but Faust cannot forget Marguerite, whom he really loves and he insists upon seeing her again. Accompanied by Mephistopheles, he gains access to the prison. Mephistopheles leaves. Faust sings out his grief and remorse. Marguerite awakens at the sound of his voice and the half-crazed girl is in ecstasy. He attempts to draw her to him. She gently disengages herself from his arms and as if dreaming, recalls the early happy scenes of their meeting. Faust begs her to flee with him. Mephistopheles re-enters and joins in his plea, still hoping to gain her soul along with Faust's. But Marguerite is now in her right mind and she recognizes Faust's companion. She shrinks from him in horror calling upon Heaven for pardon. And we soon have that brilliant, mounting trio which Marguerite begins in French with "Anges Purs" (HOLY ANGELS). Mephistopheles at the close, shouts "Condemned!" but a chorus of angels is heard singing "Redeemed!" Marguerite's prayers have been answered and she dies peacefully before the time arrives for her execution. Faust, crying out her name is overcome with grief.

(CONTINUES)

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MILTON CROSS:(CONTINUES)

The prison walls open. The soul of Marguerite is borne heavenward.

Faust gazes despairingly after her and falls on his knees and prays. Mephistopheles, deprived of his prey, turns away barred by the shining sword of an archangel as the curtain falls.

This is the closing act of Gounod's opera "Faust" about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in today's LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast.

(FOURTH ACT -- FAUST)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FOURTH ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Again -- and again -- and again the curtains have parted and stars and conductor have bowed to a delighted audience. It has been a rare privilege for the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes to bring you this superb music drama. They hope that you will have many minutes of pleasure recalling today's opera. And, they hope, too, that you will recall a pleasant fact about LUCKY STRIKE -- it is the cigarette that brings you always the finest tobaccos, and only the center leaves. The cigarette that is always so round, so firm, so fully packed. And remember, for throat protection, for finer taste, "IT'S TOASTED."

(NEXT WEEK'S OPERA -- "TANNHAUSER" -- TIME 1:35 P.M. AND CAST: --)

CROSS/KENNEDY/AGENCY/chilleen
2/16/34

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WEAF & WJZ

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

WAGNER'S OPERA "TANNHAUSER"

()-()
1:35 P.M. TO APPROX. 5:15 P.M.

FEBRUARY 24, 1934

SATURDAY

(STREET NOISES)

ANNOUNCER:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Again we are nearing New York City's famous Metropolitan Opera Company for the Saturday matinee performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company, etc.

(LOBBY NOISES)

We enter now through the double doors into the lobby of the Opera House, etc.

We pass the ticket-taker, ascend the broad stair-case to the Grand Tier and enter Box 44.

Today's opera by the Metropolitan Opera Company in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast is a performance of Wagner's "Tannhauser."

In the Spring of 1842, Wagner returning from Paris to Germany visited the castle of Wartburg in Thuringia, where he first conceived the idea of writing "Tannhauser." The plot, like that of his other opera "Die Meistersinger," has a semi-historical basis in the ancient tradition which centered around this castle where in the 13th Century Song Contests were held between the Minnesingers and Knight's poets, who sang poems and music in praise of pure love to their own harp accompaniment. Near this castle, towers the Venusburg.

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ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUES)

According to tradition, Holda the Goddess of Spring was driven to take refuge in the caverns of this mountain, near Eisenach. She afterwards became confounded with the Greek Goddess, Venus, of similar attributes and the mountain came to be called Venusburg. Venus' court was filled with nymphs and sirens who enticed people into the caverns from which they were supposed never to return. These facts form the basis of Wagner's Opera "Tannhauser," Tannhauser's struggles in mind between true and impure love for all we may know, may have been the composer's own struggles. The first performance of Tannhauser took place in Dresden in 1845. It was not an unqualified success. The scene in the Venusburg fell flat. It had no ballet in the scene when first produced. The ballet was added for the Paris performances later. The singers complained that the music was so eccentric to them it was hardly possible to sing it. The second act with the famous "Tannhauser March" fared best. Some declare that the third act was pointless and the empty recitation of Tannhauser was pronounced a bore. They were referring to the story of the pilgrimage to Rome which now holds people spell bound. The critics said Wagner had no melody, no form, and that his sort of music acted on the nerves. One called it a distressing, harassing subject. They said art should be cheerful and consoling. Why should not Tannhauser marry Elizabeth. To them the opera did not end satisfactorily, but the great Wagner, like so many other geniuses, was ahead of his time. As the years passed, we began to really understand and appreciate the mighty workings of his great musical mind. And today, he is considered a giant among those in the musical firmament.

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUES)

You are all familiar, I'm sure, with the scandal of the Paris productions of Tannhauser in 1861. Mr. Royer, director of the Imperial Academy advised Wagner to put a ballet in the work if he intended it to be a success. This Wagner at first refused. He said there was no place for it. Mr. Royer informed him it was the usual thing to do and the Jockey Club, composed of the young blood of Paris, would insist upon it and they were powerful enough to ruin the opera. Rather than give in to these people, Wagner tried to withdraw the work. This was impossible and much to his distaste, Wagner said he would put a ballet in the opening scene of the Venusburg, the only logical place for one. That didn't help the situation because the Jockey Club members always arrived late. The Ballet should be in the second act. Wagner said this was impossible and the inevitable happened. The Jockey Club ruined the performances with whistling, hisses and jeers.

According to the official record, he held 164 rehearsals, 78 with piano, 46 choral, 27 with the vocalists on the stage, but without orchestra, 4 for scenic changes and 14 full rehearsals with orchestra. After this painstaking preparation, 4 performances were planned. Wagner withdrew the work, however, after the third performance. The Jockey Club members were too powerful a clique.

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen: Once again a packed house waits the beginning of a grand opera in the famous Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. These broadcasts, sponsored by the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, are sent to you direct from the famous Diamond Horseshoe in the Metropolitan. In just a moment the house lights will dim...the huge crowd is already leaning forward in anticipation as the orchestra takes its place. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE hope that you, who enjoy the finer things of life, will have an afternoon of real pleasure listening to today's performance of the famous Wagnerian opera "Tannhauser." Arthur Bodansky will conduct and the cast will be as follows:

LANDGRAF HERMAN.....	LUDWIG HOFMANN
TANNHAUSER.....	LAURITZ MELCHOIR
WOLFRAM.....	FREDERICH SCHORR
WALTHER.....	HANS CLEMENS
BITEROLF.....	ARNOLD GABOR
HEINRICH.....	GIORDANO PALTRINIERI
REINMAR.....	JAMES WOLFE
ELISABETH.....	LOTTE LEHMANN
VENUS.....	MARIA OLSZEWSKA
A YOUNG SHEPHERD.....	EDITHA FLEISCHER

The first scene of Wagner's opera "Tannhauser" represents the interior of the Hall of Venus. In the background of this wide cave, a bluish lake is seen with sirens reclining on its bank. In the foreground, Venus is reclining on a couch. Before her in a kneeling attitude, is Tannhauser, his head resting on her knees. The whole cave is illuminated by a roseat light. In the center of the stage we have groups of dancing nymphs. (CONTINUES)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Around the mounds of the cave, there are groups reclining. Some of them join the dances of the nymphs in the course of the scene. A train of Bacchantes rush from the back of the cave in a tumultuous dance, wildly darting thru the groups of nymphs and couples. The dancers suddenly pause and listen to the singing of the sirens after which the dance resumes and rises to the wildest excitement in the famous Venusburg music.

When the frenzy is at its height, a sudden weariness comes over the dancers. The couples separate and rest near the entrance of the cave. The train of Bacchantes disappear as a mist gathers and spreads in density, gradually enveloping the groups of sleepers in rosy clouds, so that only a small space remains visible where Venus and Tannhauser are seen. Tannhauser raises his head suddenly as though starting from a dream. Venus draws him back again, caressingly. Tannhauser draws his hand across his eyes and then inspired with a sudden resolution, takes his harp and stands in an earnest attitude before Venus. At her insistence, he sings of her praise, but begs for freedom from her spell as he longs for the life he left for her. Venus, with a cry, turns away from him, burying her face in her hands. She seeks gradually to win Tannhauser's glance again, and turns toward him with a seductive smile. Sirens are heard singing in the distance. Venus again draws Tannhauser lovingly toward her and tries to charm away the restlessness. Tannhauser, in great emotion, takes his harp once more and again begs to be released. Then Venus in great fury, tells him his Christian God will never forgive him, but she lets him go. There is a fearful crash and Venus disappears.

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Tannhauser suddenly finds himself in the midst of a beautiful valley, with the sun shining and blue skies above. In the background we see the Wartburg; a mountain pass leading down from the direction of this castle. In the foreground is a shrine to the Virgin, reached by ascending a slight eminence. We hear the tinkle of sheep bells and on a high cliff sits a young shepherd playing his pipe and singing his Pastoral, folk-like tune to Holda, the Goddess of Spring. Soon the chant of the elder Pilgrims is heard as these wayfarers see their way down the mountain path on their journey to Rome. The shepherd, hearing their song, stops playing and listens reverently, then calls loudly to them, waving his cap. Tannhauser stands as though spell-bound and then deeply overcome, falls upon his knees. The procession of Pilgrims genuflect at the Virgin's shrine as they pass and move on down the mountain road. The shepherd also disappears and the sheep bells are heard fainter and fainter in the distance. Tannhauser remains on his knees as though absorbed in fervent prayer. Tears choke his voice. He bows his head low to the ground and seems to weep bitterly. From the far distance the chime of bells is heard. The Pilgrims' singing dies away while the sound of hunting horns draws nearer and nearer. The Landgrave and his retinue in hunting dress come upon the scene. Wolfram recognizes Tannhauser. Tannhauser, astonished, rises hastily and bows mutely to the Landgrave who welcomes his long lost favorite. Tannhauser speaks vaguely of having traveled in strange lands. He tries to avoid them and asks to be left alone, but Wolfram tells him that Elisabeth, the Landgrave's niece, has been mourning for him and for his minstrels ever since he left the Wartburg.

At the mention of Elisabeth's name, Tannhauser is in ecstasy and we have the music of Wolfram's impressive appeal. (CONT'D)

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Tannhauser, deeply touched, throws himself into Wolfram's arms, greets the minstrels in turn and bows in greeting to the Landgrave. In the meantime, the whole hunting retinue of the Landgrave come upon the scene. The hunters sound their horns; Tannhauser then gladly rejoins them and as they set off for the Wartburg and the coming Song Contest, the men sing in chorus "Er Hebrt Zuruck den wir verloren!" (He whom we lost, has returned!) and the curtain falls.

That is the story of the first act of Wagner's opera, "Tannhauser," about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in today's LUCKY STRIKE broadcast.

(FIRST ACT -- "TANNHAUSER")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

In this short interval between the acts of Tannhauser, the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes ask a moment of your time to tell you something of the fine quality you will find in LUCKIES. To millions of people LUCKY STRIKE is the height of good taste in cigarettes; only the center leaves of the finest tobaccos are used in LUCKIES -- the mildest, tenderest, smoothest leaves of the tobacco plant. And every LUCKY is fully packed with long, even strands of these choice tobaccos. LUCKIES please.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, now present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ATX01 0189618

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

In the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House there is a bronze bust. Not of one of the greatest composers - Wagner, Puccini or Gounod; not of a creator of great music as anybody might suppose but of an interpreter. It is a likeness of the man whose name is synonymous with grand opera - Enrico Caruso.

Besides this bronze bust you will see a frieze on the wall of the diamond horse-shoe. This, too, is of Caruso.

Such singular glory surrounding the memory of one star, when many shone and are yet shining, is inspired by, what? The gorgeous quality of Caruso's voice? No. There have been voices as great as Caruso's -- voices such as Fancelli, Giuglini and Tamagno Bonci.--

I have just come from a room in the Metropolitan that has more history than any other. In this room on a night in November, 1903 - a young man thirty years of age paced nervously waiting the call that would take him to his debut before an American audience. The opera was Rigoletto - Caruso sang the role of the Duke and Marcella Sembrich was Gilda.

The young tenor strode to the footlights, lifted his leonine head - and sang.

His reception was frenzied. The public went wild. From that moment the Caruso who was known and idolized in Italy, London and on the Riviera became the outstanding, the ruling personality of grand opera in America.

As a fledging reporter I had the privilege of meeting Caruso at the height of his active greatness. He was on one of his rare visits to Chicago, singing in a concert. I had been assigned to get some minor human interest story. It was impossible to get near him. Functionaries and flunkies turned everybody away.

(CONTINUES)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

It looked as if an average reporter was as welcome to the great singer as a sore throat.

But even the world's foremost singer had to eat. A waiter wheeling food to his suite obliged by taking in a note. The jammed corridor was amazed when Caruso himself appeared and bellowed: "Come in - " to an obscure newspaperman whom he had never seen before and would never see again. He had responded to a request for a story that meant nothing whatever to him.

That explains Caruso's enduring popularity. He was lovable because he loved life and all who lived it.

Yet -- the detours from destiny among the great are so regular that they become routine. Caruso's father was a Neapolitan mechanic who hated music. When the boy's mother wanted to buy music lessons for the son, the father promptly apprenticed him to a chemical manufacturer. By stealth Caruso's mother took him to churches in villages near Naples, so that his father would not know that he was singing.

As a youth he was summoned to the colors under the Italian conscript law. His singing about the barracks made life easy for him. The Italian love of fine song modifies even the ordinarily harsh army life. Caruso could sing himself into the softest jobs in the regiment, and did so. He liked his ease.

He wanted to sing himself out of the army. When one of the most powerful officers in his division of the Italian army was to visit the camp where Caruso was training, Caruso was assigned to sing. He knew the visiting general would want to do something for him. He planned boldly to ask for release from conscript service, which the general could grant.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

The general came, ate an excellent lunch and heard Caruso's excellent singing. The tenor sang song after song, responding to encores from all parts of the huge mess hall. When he had sung for a solid hour the general arose. He made a speech - Caruso waiting, palpitant, to hear his name mentioned by one so important. The General came to that. He mentioned Caruso when he ordered him to be put under arrest.

"My young friend," he told Caruso afterwards. "You should be kept in prison for your own good. Don't waste your glorious voice by singing endlessly in barracks. Treat God's gift to you as it deserves to be treated, with care and respect."

The first blow in Caruso's life was the death of his mother. His father married again, and his step-mother belied the sharpness of step-parents, which is traditional, altho sometimes, as in his case, traducing. For his step-mother encouraged Caruso's ambition to be a singer. She persuaded Caruso's brother to take Caruso's place as a conscript in the Italian army.

Caruso was heard in a fugitive concert one night by a baritone of some reputation -- Edouard Missiano - denied great glory as a singer himself but deserving fame as Caruso's real discoverer. Missiano persuaded Guglielmo Vergine - a famed Neapolitan voice instructor, to hear Caruso.

Trembling with nervousness Caruso went to Vergine's studio. He sang. Vergine heard - stroked his beard - told Caruso to sing two more songs - an aria from Faust and an Italian folk-song. Then he shook his head. He was a gruffly candid maestro.

"He won't do," he told Missiano - and so dismissed the greatest living male voice.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

Missiano was dissatisfied with the verdict. He taught Caruso a little himself, then took him back to Vergine. This time Vergine accepted Caruso as a pupil, but forbade him to sing in public for three years. Caruso rebelled.

A warm night in Naples with its sky of blue enamel, its powdery white cliffs and sea like crystal velvet. A young man striding on the esplanade - head bowed, unseeing gayety about him. Enrico Caruso turns away suddenly from the crowds and strides into the Nuovo Theatre. Three hours later he comes out of that theatre acclaimed after one of the most sensational debuts in Naples. The opera was L'Amico Francesco.

From success to success he climbed - to Rome, to La Scala in Milan - the hall of fame of European Opera -- to Covent Garden, through Germany and France. The Czar of Russia sent for him to sing in Petrograd and gave him the diamond cuff-links with which Czars customarily indicated their pleasure.

At the height of his European triumphs Caruso had a narrow escape - not from accident, not from illness, not from death - he had a narrow escape from himself.

You may talk, as I frequently talk - to the humblest employes of the Metropolitan opera today. Whenever they mention the name Caruso it is with a blessing on his soul: there need be no further proof that this man was magnificent of soul. He had humor, the fine militant humor without which the greatest gifts leave a man cold and inhuman.

He had a trick of waiting in the wings, tapping other stars on the shoulders or in the ribs and then hiding behind a piece of scenery to chuckle while the disturbed stars glared at one another.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

His was a prodigal talent. He would roll out with that magnetic plenitude of voice a thrilling and exacting aria, make his exit and come swinging back with the chorus, singing gloriously - never tiring. Some nights when he was not singing as a principal he would even carry a spear and sing for the love of it.

And he was utterly kind to everybody. That's the test of true greatness - consideration for the humble with whom greatness comes into daily contact.

There was an old wardrobe worker - Caruso's strenuous style was rather hard on wardrobe. He rarely sang I Pagliacci without ripping shoulder stitches. This old seamstress tenderly cared for Caruso's costumes. So he invited her to dinner.

Caruso was one of the rare bounties of nature who could touch an ordinary happening with the magic of his personality and make it an event. The public did not know for years that Caruso suffered from a chronic ailment, which he gallantly ignored but which effected his singing.

You could not stand near him when he sang without vibrating to the surging power of that voice. On that first cold morning when Lee de Forest made his infant experiment in broadcasting-- it was Caruso who broadcast. His voice traveled the ether - the first great voice to do so -- and was distinctly heard by the privileged few scattered to all points of the compass. It was Caruso's only broadcast.

Soon after that he sang at the Metropolitan one evening, and suddenly his voice failed. He retired to the little room that was his own in this great opera house. When he stepped from that room again it was never to return to it.

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

At the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, singing the Prophete - Caruso threw back his head to climb to the thrilling volume of his amazing strength. He staggered as if stricken. He was stricken. But he finished that opera.

Then for days the world waited as he lay desperately ill. In every civilized land people prayed for his recovery. In restaurants and on street corners men and women who know nothing of the full technique of his artistry were asking as if stunned: Will he never sing again?

Death supplied the answer. The great voice was made silent.

But as long as opera lives -- and that will be as long as men cherish the art that ennobles life and gives it grace -- so will Caruso's memory live -- for he gave the world the thing that shines in the world without being altogether of the world -- the touch of beauty that exalts the human because it is divine.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ACT II -- "TANNHAUSER"

When the curtain rises on the second act, of Wagner's opera "Tannhauser", we are in the hall of the Minstrels in the Wartburg. Through the spacious door at the back, we have an open view of the court and valley. It is the anniversary of the Song Festival. Elisabeth enters and joyfully greets the Hall now that Tannhauser's voice is to glorify it again and she sings that familiar and lovely aria "Dich Theure Halle." (Hail, Hall of Song.) (CONTINUES)

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Lotte Lehmann is to be our Elisabeth today. After Miss Lehmann's aria, Tannhauser, led by Wolfram enters through the open doorway at the back. For a time he stands leaning against the pillar then he thros himself impetuously at the feet of Elisabeth, Turning toward him gently, Elisabeth asks where he has tarried so long. Tannhauser, slowing rising, asks that a veil be thrown forever between yesterday and today for Heaven has wrought a change in his spirit and Tannhauser and Elisabeth are fervently reunited. Then the voice of Wolfram is heard. Tannhauser leaves Elisabeth and departs with Wolfram. The Landgrave enters. Elisabeth hastens to meet him. The Landgrave welcomes her to the place she has shunned so long and proclaims her Queen of the coming Song Contest.

The Court now gathers with much pomp. Four pages announce the arrival of the various groups of guests. The Knights and Counts and Ladies and retinue enter and are received by the Landgrave and Elisabeth. This is an inspiring and may be easily visualized as you listen to the music of the famous Tannhauser March which wells up to its tremendous climax. They all take the places assigned to them on either side of the great Hall of Song. The Minstrels enter, greeting the assemlby in stately fashion and are led to their places by the pages. The Landgrave rises and announces that Love will be the theme of the prize song in the contest. All seat themselves. The pages collect the names of the singers which each has written on a folded slip of paper. These are placed in a gold cup which is presented to Elisabeth. She draws one of the papers, hands it to the pages who read the name. Wolfram is the first name drawn. He rises and sings of the Fountain of Clean-hearted Love, for which he is well applauded by the minstrels and nobles.

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

During Wolfram's singing, Tannhauser's attitude has been one of defiance. Suddenly his expression turns to one of exquisite delight. He rises as though dreaming. He seeks the strings of his harp and an uncanny smile indicates that a strange emotion has control of him. Then he powerfully sweeps the strings, his whole being betraying that he scarce knows where he is. He doesn't even seem to be aware of Elisabeth's presence as he boastfully sings of Venus and Passion. There is general consternation in the assembly. Elisabeth is startled with conflicting emotions of rapture and anxious surprise. Biterolf arises quickly and angrily rebukes Tannhauser, but Tannhauser, with ever increasing vehemence, reiterates his view. The nobles in great excitement think he has gone mad. Biterolf draws his sword. The Landgrave, however, calls for order. Wolfram gets up, tries to calm the rising excitement by imploring Heaven's intervention. Tannhauser in the most extreme exultation declares that Venus alone can teach Love. There is a general disorder and horror. The ladies leave the Hall in the greatest dismay. Elisabeth who has listened to the strife among the minstrels with growing anxiety is the only woman who remains, pale and trembling, supporting herself against one of the wooden pillars of the royal dais. The Landgrave, Knights and minstrels leave their seats and confer together. Tannhauser to one side stands in silence a long time as though in rapture. The knights and nobles now press with drawn swords toward him and are about to kill him for his blasphemy. Elisabeth rushes between them, staying their hands and all forbear in great amazement as she shields Tannhauser. Again they try to rush upon the minstrel and again Elisabeth implores them to pardon him. (CONTINUES)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Tannhauser, now in fearful contrition, falls to the floor and overcome with shame, cries for mercy. The Landgrave, with great solemnity, steps into their midst and bids Tannhauser join a band of Pilgrims who are about to leave to seek absolution at Rome. The nobles and minstrels involuntarily modulate their gestures. Elisabeth, as though again to shield Tannhauser, places herself between him and the approaching Pilgrims as she calls attention to the comforting promise of the Pilgrim's Song, which we hear echoing from the Valley.

A sudden ray of hope inspires Tannhauser. He throws himself at the feet of Elisabeth, devoutly kisses the hem of her robe and hastens away to join the Pilgrim Band as he calls in exultation "Nach Home!" and the chorus repeats the words as the curtain falls.

This is the story of the second act of Wagner's opera "Tannhauser," which we are about to hear in today's LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House.

(ACT II -- "TANNHAUSER")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

At this moment more than 50 people -- stars, chorus, musicians -- are tremendously busy backstage, preparing every detail for the next act of Tannhauser. They hope sincerely, as we do, that you are enjoying today's performance....and may the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes express the hope, also, that many of you are finding enjoyment in a mild, smooth LUCKY. LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes you know, use only the center leaves of the finest tobaccos -- for the center leaves are the mildest, the smoothest. And every LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette is always so round, so firm, so fully packed with these fine tobaccos.

The Proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, again present Mr. John B. Kennedy in an interview with the operatic star, Charles Hackett.

JOHN B. KENNEDY - HACKETT INTERVIEW

KENNEDY: Now is the time for all good stars to come to the aid of the interviewer in this LUCKY STRIKE Series -- and the gentleman to be heard from today is Mr. Charles Hackett -- the young American tenor who created something of a sensation when he returned to the Metropolitan two or three weeks ago to sing Romeo.

HACKETT: But before hearing from me I want to refer to something I heard from you. You were speaking of Caruso after the first act. I'd like to say something about Caruso if too much already hasn't been said.

KENNEDY: There's no such thing as talking too much about Caruso. Of course, Charles Hackett had an experience with him. Everybody who's anybody in opera had. And, of course, it was a pleasant experience. It always is.

HACKETT: I met Caruso in Buenos Aires. It was my first visit to the Argentine -- where they treat Metropolitan opera singers amazingly well.

KENNEDY: Yes, Geraldine Garras once told me that in South America they almost treat divas as divinities.

HACKETT: Their opera houses are literally temples. I had finished the first act of Mignon and was on my way to a dressing room almost as large as the Grand Central foyer -- when I saw a group of gentlemen in top hats surrounding somebody who was apparently the idol of the moment.

They paid no attention whatever to me, until the man in the center of the group broke through and I recognized Caruso.

KENNEDY: I can imagine what he did. He diverted attention to you, didn't he?

HACKETT: Indeed he did. He complimented me to excess. It was his way of showing that for that night, at any rate, it was my night. Then he did much more. "You are going to New York to the Metropolitan," he told me. "You are a young singer, There are things you must learn. Also, there are things you must forget.

KENNEDY: Did he specify?

HACKETT: He studied my style. He actually came to the opera every time I sang - to help me. Finally he delivered his verdict. 'Here in South America' he said, 'you must conform to the temperament of the people. You can afford extravagances in acting. But for the Metropolitan you must be more restrained. I know. I had to change my style of acting when I came from Italy to the Metropolitan.'

KENNEDY: Extremely valuable advice.

HACKETT: Well, what better example could a young American tenor have than that of the greatest singer of all time. But before I stop talking about Caruso there's something else I must mention. It's a trifle personal, but it also serves to illustrate how splendid he was. Here was I a beginner, in South America and he set the seal on that success. When I asked him what my next step should be, Caruso said - Get married. A wife will steady you. I married - and he did me the great honor of being my best man.

KENNEDY: I've heard that South America is a fine territory for an opera singer to begin his career; but it's also slightly dangerous, isn't it?

HACKETT: IN what respect?

KENNEDY: They're so enthusiastic that the beginner runs the risk of estimating himself too highly at the start.

HACKETT: Why, yes, there's that to it. But there are checks and balances as in all human relations.

KENNEDY: Places where they can deflate as well as inflate?

HACKETT: Yes. For instance, Madrid. When the opera lovers of the Spanish capital think a performance is poor, they not only think --

KENNEDY: They throw their thoughts.

HACKETT: Yes, indeed. Once I was in quite bad voice -- that happens with everybody at some time or other. I tried to sing the scale but could only get half-way. They let me get by with that for one aria; but when a second came along, and I again sang only up to half the scale -- then I heard things.

KENNEDY: As long as they didn't heave things, you were safe.

HACKETT: Physically safe -- but you have no idea how utterly wretched it makes you feel to hear three or four thousand people concentrate on hissing you and ringing your ears with cat-calls. I stood frozen to that stage -- utterly defenseless. Then, as the boeing increased, there was a flutter of motion in the right corner of the footlight -- as if birds were flying. I looked in that direction and saw two long, white-gloved hands ceremoniously applauding me.

The boeing stopped magically. These white gloved hands belonged to Queen Victoria of Spain. Her majesty turned the sentiment of that house completely around. Afterwards she sent for me.

(CONTINUES OVER)

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HACKETT: (CONTINUES) "Don't think that that is typical of the conduct of Spanish audiences."
"I shall only think," I told her, "that what you did is typical of the graciousness of the Spanish queen."

KENNEDY: Neatly done.

HACKETT: And that isn't the only time I've been embarrassed by an audience disagreeing with me.

KENNEDY: You mean disagreeing with your own estimate of your efforts.

HACKETT: Well - altho an artist, if he's honest with himself, knows that he isn't at his best -- he hates to admit.

KENNEDY: Yes, Daniel Frohman said one of the wisest things about the theatre, whether drama or opera when he said that an actor must be an egotist. Of course, very few actors or singers really need instruction -- altho I've observed that sometimes talent is not always proportioned to self-esteem. But a good sense of self-value is necessary to any artist.

HACKETT: Of course -- if it's only professional pride. But the second time I received an overdose of hissing was in Paris, and it wasn't for being off-voice. It was simply an accident. I was singing Romeo --

KENNEDY: Which I heard you do quite artistically - and athletically at the Metropolitan.

HACKETT: (SUSPICIOUSLY) What do you mean by athletically?

KENNEDY: Referring to that street-brawl scene. You made the fight a bit too realistic. I thought you were going to kill at least one baritone that night.

HACKETT:

Well, as long as I don't kill a tenor. No, it was that street-brawl scene that caused my trouble in Paris. I rehearsed the fight scene several times, and my opponent in the fight agreed that he would have to make it as real as possible. Paris audiences like their fights to be ferocious. I had a real sword and it was heavy. We rehearsed a bit that brought me running down stage, swinging the sword over my head to deliver a coupe-de-grace to the head of my foeman.

In the excitement of the actual performance he forgot about this - and so wasn't ready to parry it when I swung the sword. It went down and came up and the blow was so hard I swung myself with it. I deflected the blow as best I could. But it struck the poor chap on the side of the head and knocked him unconscious. The audience saw and gave me the most aggressive demonstration of displeasure I ever heard at the Paris Opera. But when the poor fellow came to and took a curtain call with me and we shook hands, all was forgiven.

KENNEDY:

Since I've been broadcasting with this LUCKY STRIKE series I've come to a conclusion that I had never reached before -- that opera audiences are the most serious in any form of entertainment.

HACKETT:

Indeed. I'll never forget once appearing in Barcelona. That, as you know, is almost a border town between Spain and France. The piece I was to appear in was Manon by Massenet -- a French opera. Representations were made to me to sing the opera in Spanish, which would have been easy enough.

KENNEDY: But isn't there something in using the language of the composer. If his music can be articulated in language, certainly he must think it through in his native tongue.

HACKETT: That's very true. That's why I'm always patient with those who argue that opera should be sung always in English for English-speaking people. Even though we love our language we must recognize that there are others more musical.

KENNEDY: Altho hardly more resourceful when it comes to phrases to fit every temperament - and temper.

HACKETT: Well, I went through with this opera and sang it in French. After the performance a delegation of French gentlemen came behind to see me. They solemnly congratulated me on having insisted on singing that opera in the language in which it was originally written. I'm sure they would have been deeply offended had I sung it in Spanish.

That's how I discovered how seriously opera followers take their opera.

KENNEDY: When you see them standing for hours at the Metropolitan and following every note - glaring at every unfortunate cougher and bursting into ecstasies of applause at the end of an aria as baseball fans do when Ruth hits a home-run --- you begin, or at least I begin - to understand how vital the interest in opera is.

HACKETT: Yes, and althought it's been said before, I'll say it again - that it's a marvellous thing to make grand opera available to everybody through radio. Take my youngsters.

KENNEDY: Girls?

HACKETT: Yes. Three of them. They were reluctant to go to the opera -- they thought it should be --

KENNEDY: Louder and funnier --

HACKETT: Certainly funnier. They've been listening to the opera on the radio. Now they've become really operatic addicts. It's a grand thing to have the richest in music available at a turn of the dial.

KENNEDY: Yes -- anything that promotes a standard of culture really promotes a standard of living. Because living, after all, is creature comfort combined with culture -- and the test of culture is good taste, which fine music develops better than any other form of art.

HACKETT: If you keep on talking like that I'll turn about and interview you.

KENNEDY: You may, Mr. Hackett, but not here.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed John B. Kennedy's interview with the world-famed tenor, Charles Hackett.

ACT III - TANNHAUSER

When the curtain rises on the third act of Wagner's opera "Tannhauser" we are again in the Valley before the Wartburg as at the close of the first act. The day is declining. On the slight eminence Elisabeth is seen before the Virgin shrine in prayer. Wolfram comes down from the wooden heights; descends halfway and stops as he becomes aware of Elisabeth's presence. He muses on her incessant prayers that Tannhauser will return forgiven. As he is about to go down farther into the Valley, he hears the song of the elder Pilgrims and stops. Elisabeth arises, listening to the song. The Pilgrim's Chorus grows louder and they soon come into sight. They pass by the shrine and slowly down through the Valley, still singing. Elisabeth from her elevated position, has been seeking in the greatest excitement for Tannhauser among the returning Pilgrims. Not finding him, she again falls upon her knees and prays to the Blessed Virgin, as we hear the fervent music of Elisabeth's prayer. She slowly rises and glances at Wolfram who is approaching to speak to her. She bids him be silent and by gesture expresses to him her heart-felt thanks for his faithful love. Her way, however, leads to Heaven, where she has a high purpose to fulfill. She does not want him to accompany or follow her now, and she disappears on the footpath leading toward the Wartburg. The faithful Wolfram follows Elisabeth with his eyes for a long time. He seats himself at the foot of the hill in the Valley and begins to play upon his harp as he sings to the Evening Star to bless and guide Elisabeth.

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

This is the familiar and famous song "Oh du mein holder Abenstern" (Oh Thou Sublime Evening Star), one of Wagner's loveliest melodies. In the darkening night, Tannhauser appears in a ragged Pilgrim dress. His face is pale and drawn as he comes with faltering steps, supported by a staff. Wolfram asks how he dares return unshriven and Tannhauser declares wildly he is on the way to the Venusburg again. He tells how the Pope had absolved all the other Pilgrims but had likened him in his unholy acquaintance with the Venusburg to the Pope's own dead staff which could never again put forth leaf or flower. He could no more be forgiven than the staff could blossom. He seats himself at the edge of a rocky projection. Wolfram is about to sit beside him but Tannhauser waves him away, saying that he is accursed and he tells of his excommunication. Forsaken by all, Tannhauser only finds welcome from Venus. Yes, he is on his way again to the Venusburg. Wolfram tries to stop him in his Godless raving. Light clouds now gradually veil the scene and begin to glow in rosy light. Tannhauser calls for Venus. A confusing whirl of dancing forms becomes visible and Venus appears, reclining upon her couch. He is about to go to her. Wolfram restrains him. Tannhauser and Wolfram struggle violently. Wolfram finally breathes Elisabeth's name. Tannhauser remains as though spell-bound on the spot and repeats the name, Elisabeth, as his mind turns once more to the true and pure love of this woman. The clouds gradually darken and through them bright torchlight gleam. A chorus of men is heard singing that Tannhauser has been absolved. Venus vanishes. The clouds disappear entirely. Morning dawns and from the Wartburg, a funeral procession advances. The minstrels bring in the body of Elisabeth. The Landgrave, knights and nobles follow. Wolfram makes a gesture which moves the minstrels to set down the body, as they recognize Tannhauser. (CONTINUES)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Tannhauser is led by Wolfram to the bier and bending over Elisabeth's body, he swoons and crying "Holy Elisabeth, pray for me," he dies. All invert their torches and extinguish them. The morning light clearly illumines the scene and the chorus of younger Pilgrims is heard chanting of the miracle they have seen. The Pope's staff has blossomed, showing God's forgiveness of Tannhauser, who will now enter with Elisabeth and the blest in Heaven.

That is the story of the closing act of Wagner's Tannhauser, which will now be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in today's LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast.

(THIRD ACT -- "TANNHAUSER")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

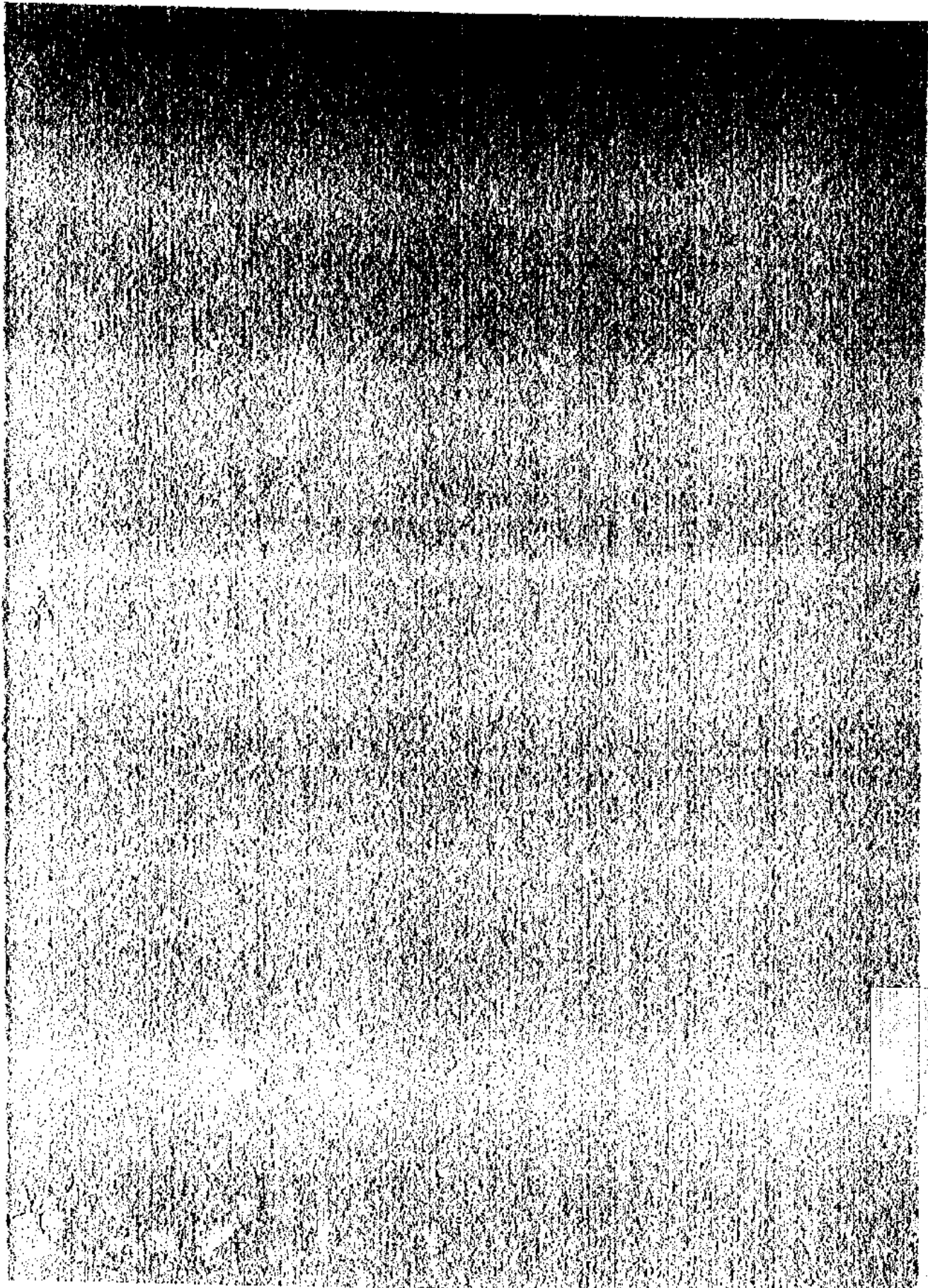
(BRIEF SUMMARY OF THIRD ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

While the audience is still on its feet, applauding and cheering for the artists in today's performance, we reluctantly bid you farewell until next Saturday. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes consider it a great privilege to bring you these Grand Operas direct from the Metropolitan; for they know that fine music appeals to the inherent good taste of America. They are happy indeed to render this service to the millions of you who appreciate the finer things of life. Before bidding you Good Afternoon, may we remind you that LUCKY STRIKE is the cigarette that brings you always the finest tobaccos and only the center leaves. And don't forget -- for throat protection, for finer taste -- "IT'S TOASTED!"

NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: Next week's opera "Lucia de Lammermoor" at 1:50 P.M. Please mention famous songs of said opera also cast.

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MARCE

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WEAF & WJZ

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"

()-()
1:50 - to APPROX. 4:30 P.M.

MARCH 3, 1934

SATURDAY

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. You are invited to join the music lovers crowding the Metropolitan Opera House, to hear this afternoon's performance. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, are happy to welcome you to a radio seat in the famous Diamond Horseshoe,....and they hope that you, who appreciate the finer things of life, will enjoy this afternoon's music drama as much as the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes enjoy sending it to you. Today's opera is "Lucia de Lammermoor," the conductor, Vincenzo Bellezza and the cast will be as follows:

LUCIA.....Lily Pons
ALISA.....Elda Vettori
EDGARDO.....Nino Martini
LORD ENRICO ASHTON.....Giuseppe De Luca
RAIMONDE.....Leon Rothier
ARTURO.....Alfio Tedsoo
NORMANNE.....Angelo Bada

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MILTON CROSS:

The story of Donizetti's opera "Lucia di Lammermoor" based on Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Bride of Lammermoor," is set in Scotland about the year 1770.

The opera opens in the gardens of Ravenswood Castle, with a group of its guards and Norman searching the tower, excitedly talking of discovering whether some stranger is not prowling around the estate on secret mischief. Lord Henry Ashton enters and tells Norman that he has lost his fortune and laments that he is still menaced by his old dispossessed enemy -- Edgar of Ravenswood. He adds that his sister Lucia can, by marrying Lord Arthur Bucklaw, restore the Lammermoor prestige and save him from political and financial ruin, but she refuses and seems to spend most of her time mourning the death of her mother. Norman relates how Lucia was rescued by a hunter from the attack of a mad bull; that every morning she secretly meets her protector at that very place near her mother's grave, and he has reason to believe that her mysterious lover is none other than their hated enemy, Edgar. At this moment the chorus of hunters returns, telling that they had seen a strange horseman dash away from the tower. Their suspicions are confirmed. It was Edgar. Sir Henry in a rage, swears vengeance on his enemy and the chorus unites in his wish.

The scene then changes to a lonely park by a haunted spring. Lucia and Alice, her companion, are awaiting a visit from Edgar. The two women, horror-stricken, draw away from the Spring. In the beautiful and dramatic aria, "Regnava nel Silenzio," Lucia begins to tell the ill-omened legend of the haunted fountain and her own dark dreams of a wretched ending to her secret love affair. Alice perceives Edgar in the distance, leaves Lucia and goes back to the castle.

(MORE)

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MILTON CROSS:

Edgar enters and announces that he must leave Scotland that night on a political errand to France. Before he goes, however, he will seek peace with her brother and seal the friendship by asking him for her hand. Lucia asks that their love still be hidden for she knows her brother will never consent. Then Edgar recites how her brother Sir Henry slew his father and robbed him of his heritage and how he had sworn revenge at his father's tomb, but Lucia's love has since changed his ire.

Lucia, in a stage of commingled love and sorrow, finally calms his raging anger. Then with sudden determination he asks her to swear to be his forever. He places a ring on her finger as a token of his plighted faith and Lucia gives him one of her rings as she pledges her undying allegiance and the act closes with a brilliant love duet as they bid each other a fond farewell.

This in brief, is the story of the first act of Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor" about to be given in today's LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

(ACT I --- "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Now in just a moment or two of this intermission, may we remind you of an important fact about LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. LUCKIES use only the center leaves of the finest tobacco plants..... because the center leaves are the mildest leaves. Every LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette is fully packed with long even strands of this fine tobacco - round, firm, and no loose ends; that is why, in a LUCKY, the tobacco does not spill out.

ATX01 0189642

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy:

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Since we've been about the back of the Metropolitan Opera House with fair diligence on occasions during the past few LUCKY STRIKE broadcasts, I've discovered that much can be learned of the opera and of the human nature it reflects and entertains, from the front of the house.

In the everyday phrase the opera is supposed to be high hat. Yet the only permanent or rather perennial high hat at the Metropolitan adorns the compact and not unhandsome head of Mr. Hugh Brown.

For nearly twenty-five years Mr. Brown has been superintendent of the Metropolitan Opera House. A lean, athletic Scot - the top hat and morning coat plus spats with which he invests himself for matinees, and the faultless full dress in which he becomes the most resplendent of ticket takers by night -- these genteel costumes must not be misleading. Mr. Brown is the bane of imposters, gate-crashers and ticket speculators.

He can block a punch and deliver a counter-blow without disturbing to the fraction of an inch the meticulous fit of his topper. He can deliver a quick knockout, then unruffled, top-hat serene, resume his duties at the door.

The mere filling and emptying of so huge an auditorium -- all done in an orderly fashion, is no mean achievement. And a watchful-eye must be kept at all times on all possible disturbances.

(MORE)

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MR. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

Sometimes the help are over-zealous -- as when a rather gruff Scottish usher spotted an old, and partially deaf lady - after taking her seat in the orchestra -- adjust an ear-trumpet of unusual size. He originated a line that has since become classic in the entertainment world when he walked softly up to her, tapped the trumpet and whispered hoarsely:

"One toot an' ye're oot!"

It's a cliché to say that the cream of the crop of New York society - indeed, of American society - passes through the Metropolitan portals. But it would not pass very far if the physical organization of the front-house management of the opera were not as efficient as the back-stage and orchestra direction.

Once, during the singing of this opera Lucia di Lammermoor, an unprecedented thing happened. The sextette were six of the greatest names in opera and they were in their greatest form. They sang resplendently, stirring a packed audience to tempestuous applause. The din was so terrific that Mr. Brown and his assistants were amazed to find traffic and other police men surging into the lobby, night-sticks drawn, ready for action.

"What's the riot about?" they demanded. "Who started it?"

The audience still shrieked and pounded.

"You're just in time for the encore," said Brown, calmly -- and the cops put up their clubs before their belligerent presence might have started something among an excited throng.

MR. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

During Hugh Brown's twenty-five years' service -- despite the diamond horse-shoe and what it connotes -- there has been no serious loss to say nothing of other vanishments of valuable property such as jewels. Brown told me himself that he once spoke to the head of the city's detective service and complimented him on the efficient way in which we and his men kept the Metropolitan clear of the dangerous element.

"Why - none of them dare enter there," he said. "The five men we have on duty in the house would consider it a personal insult for any known thief to pass those doors. It would go hard with them, that's why the crooks stay away."

On his house staff Hugh Brown had a watchman who upset the usual watchman tradition. He never stumbled over the body in a detective tale; but he detected several times, extremely valuable property. The trouble was he always liked the company of his dog -- and English setter - during his long watch from the end of the opera to seven in the morning. Brown wanted the dog kept out of the theatre. Then Brown came to his office in the Metropolitan one morning to be besieged by butlers, maids, chauffeurs of a rich opera-goer whose wife had lost a twenty-eight thousand dollar diamond brooch - at the opera. The night watchman had no telephone. When messages reached where he lived - he had gone out. He stayed out. All that day there was fuss and ferment. It was the first time anything so regrettable had happened at the Metropolitan. Everybody was questioned, nobody could do anything.

When that night-watchman showed up that night - with his dog - he was welcomed with more gusto than the greatest of the great singers.

(MORE)

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MR. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

"Did you find the diamond brooch," six voices cried.

"No, I didn't," he said - and before there were any prostrations through shock, he added: "But my dog did!"

He placed the twenty-eight thousand dollar brooch on the superintendents desk - and walked calmly away, his dog trotting behind him wagging its tail. That dog had the freedom of the opera by night from then on.

There's always excitement in front at the Opera House during a performance. The very atmosphere breeds it. But this excitement was exacting during the war, when the audience, as well as the staff, was bilingual. "I had to have the energy of a referee in those days," Mr. Brown reports. "Because war arguments among Italians, Germans, French and British would spring up instantly. We had to be ready to stop them instantly without violence, before they became violent."

But once did he resort to the police. Then, when he appeared in magistrate's court to complain against the defendant - a volatile gentleman, the magistrate dismissed Brown with a caution - he frankly sympathized with the defendant's side in war.

Women and men appear to be equally eager to avoid the quaint old custom of paying for what you get. Brown has deft technique with gate-crashers. He keeps one eye on his ticket-holders and ticket-drop and the other on the well-dressed person - out of the tail of an eye that has a particularly observant tail, he spots the would-be gate-crashers easing towards the standee sections where no ticket-stubs are required - he signals an usher and the intruder is quietly - but quickly escorted therefrom.

(MORE)

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MR. KENNEDY; (CONT'D)

One lady was so persistent a gate-crasher that they call her even within those sacred precincts - The One-Eye Connelless -- but the lad they really sympathized with was the only opera stowaway, an ingenious youngster of seventeen who yearned to see all the operas -- and hid himself in odd places after paying one admission; putting on a pair of overalls like a carpenter's helper when he had to forage outside for food and effectuate a return.

Filtering thousands of ticket-holders through those historic portals at each performance stamps faces on the memory. Even box-holders in the diamond horse-shoe occasionally forget tickets: the test comes when their guests forget the tickets. Brown admits them, gently requesting that they bring in the tickets when they find them.

He made this request of the late Robert Goelet once. Mr. Goelet didn't return to the opera for three months, when the first thing he did was to pull out the tickets he had forgotten.

"The bigger they are, the nicer they are," is Brown's genuine if unoriginal philosophy of humankind.

In his room decked with the photographs and trophies, including the first playbill of the first Metropolitan Opera performance, of Faust, in 1883 - there's a portrait of Victor Herbert with the strange autograph - "Where did you get that Hat?" in the bars of the song. Mr. Brown smiles always at references to his irremovable top hat.

"So far," he said proudly, and with a Keltic glint in his grey eye, "nobody has ever thrown anything at that hat."

"Nobody?" I said, trying to be wistful.

"Well --" he said.

(MORE)

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MR. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

It was a winter evening, and he stood in the top-hat outside the Metropolitan after a performance of Carmen. Geraldine Farrar, Caruso, Scotti and others were grouped, waiting cars to attend a supper party. Brown turned away - and a missile hit his hat. A snowball. He can't swear yet who threw it; but he heard a gay giggle from Miss Farrar that had a touch of guilt about it.

"The best of them are full of fun," he says of the stars of opera.

The touch of romance that makes the whole world grin has its place even in the smooth and undeviating routine of front-house superintendence. Hugh Brown was resting - in topper and morning coat between acts of a matinee - resting outside the house and smoking a cigarette, when a young couple suddenly appeared in a cab. They beckoned him in.

"We're getting married," the girl said, "and our best man hasn't shown up. Won't you come? You're so well dressed for the part."

Typical of the Metropolitan spirit where there may be a high hat but also a high heart.

MILTON CROSS:

The Proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

MILTON CROSS: (ACT II)

When the curtain rises on the second act of Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," we are in the apartments of Sir Henry Ashton. The act is called "The Marriage Contract." Several months have elapsed since Edgar left for France after he and Lucia pledged their mutual faithfulness. Norman tells Henry he is in possession of the letters between the lovers which he has intercepted. He hands Henry a forged letter which they have planned to give Lucia to make her believe that Edgar has been faithless and has chosen another for his bride. Norman exits. Lucia enters. She stands near the doorway then comes forward listlessly, looking fixedly at her brother. He comments on her sad and anguished expression and bids her to forget about her lover and pleads with her to accept a noble husband. Lucia will not listen to his suggestions. She tells how she has already pledged her faith to another. Then the cruel brother produces the forged letter which he almost commands her to read, saying that it will prove she has given her heart to a traitor.

With trembling hands, Lucia takes the note and reads. A chill steals over her slight form, she is about to faint, Henry runs to her assistance. She wishes she were dead. Their flowing duet is suddenly interrupted by the sound of festive music. Henry tells her the crowd are joyfully greeting Sir Arthur whom he has selected to be her husband. Henry in despair tells her that unless she consents, his own death and the ruin of the family will result for Arthur alone can save him from punishment for treason to his king. Lucia, brokenhearted, thinking it is her duty to save her brother, yet not caring for life without Edgar's love, gives a tacit consent, adding that death will soon relieve her, and she leaves the room.

(MORE)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Arthur, Norman, Knights and Ladies related to Ashton, Pages, Squites, Inhabitants of Lammermoor enter, joyfully singing of the coming marriage cementing the friendship of the Ashtons and Bucklaws. Sir Arthur asks for Lucia. Sir Henry tells him she will be in presently but bids him not to be astonished if she seems grief laden for she is still mourning her mother's death. Lucia enters, supported by Alice. Henry presents Arthur to the despondent girl. She shrinks from him but Henry whispers to her to be cautious and not ruin his plans. Sir Henry goes to the table on which lies the marriage contract. Sir Arthur signs it. Then Raymond and Alice lead the trembling Lucia to the table and scarcely knowing what she is doing she signs the deed. Suddenly the door opens, a stranger appears, his features concealed in a black cloth. He announces himself - "Edgardo." The consternation is general. Alice aided by some of the ladies leads the swooning Lucia to a seat and here begins one of the most beautiful and powerfully dramatic concerted numbers ever written - the famous sextette from Lucia "Chi mi frena in tal momento" as Edgar wonders what restrains him from drawing his sword and wreaking vengeance on his enemies.

When Edgar is shown the contract just signed by Lucia his fury knows no bounds. Edgar stifling with rage gives Lucia back her ring and demands the one he gave her; Lucia, completely bewildered, hardly conscious of what is going on, takes the ring from her finger. Edgar snatches it, throws it down and tramples it underfoot in his anger.

(MORE)

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Lucia swoons. The Knights are about to rush upon Edgar for his mad insolence, but defying them all, he throws away his sword and offers his breast for them to strike - for he'd now gladly perish. Raymond, Alice and the ladies finally induce him to flee for the sake of Lucia. That in brief is the story of the second act of Donizetti's Opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor" about to be given in today's LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

(ACT II --- "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

To bring you these musical masterpieces from the Metropolitan is a special pleasure to the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.....for in this way they are able to thank millions of you for your loyal patronage of LUCKY STRIKE -- the cigarette that is always so round, so firm, so fully packed with choice tobaccos -- and only the center leaves. When you light a LUCKY you will find that it always draws easily, burns evenly....LUCKIES are always mild and smooth.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, again present Mr. John B. Kennedy in an interview with the operatic star, Queena Mario.

JOHN B. KENNEDY INTERVIEW WITH QUEENA MARIO

KENNEDY: Ladies and Gentlemen:
Queena Mario, the Metropolitan Star due for friendly dissection today, has been traveling under false pretenses for years.

MARIO: Why, Mr. Kennedy -- I was told this was to be a friendly interview.

KENNEDY: Yes, and the best way to be friends is to know our right names, isn't it, Miss Tilletson?

MARIO: (LAUGHING) Why yes. Please let me ask a question.
Who told you my right name was Tilletson?

KENNEDY: Not a little birdie, but a big birdie -- John Charles Thomas - whom, by the way -- friends of LUCKY STRIKE -- has consented to be interviewed next Saturday.

MARIO: I heard that aside to the LUCKY STRIKE audience, Mr. Kennedy - and I'm going to make it a point to listen in, to what John Charles Thomas will have to say. He's one of the most magnetic personalities in the Metropolitan opera.

KENNEDY: Mr. Thomas' time will come -- now it's yours, Miss Mario, nee Tilletson.

MARIO: I didn't really change my name -- I simply truncated it.
It was Queena Marion Tilletson.

KENNEDY: Yes, ladies and gentlemen -- and if you had visited a farm near Akron, Ohio -- not so very many years ago -- you would have seen an infant toddling among the chickens. That infant would have been Queena Mario. Miss Mario was one of the first American singers to break the tradition that American singers must be trained outside America.

MARIO: I went to Italy to sing after joining the Metropolitan Company.

KENNEDY: Madame Sembrich, the great Metropolitan Diva, was your principal tutor in New York, wasn't she, Miss Mario.

MARIO: Yes - and a grand person. When I first went to see her she asked me what means I had to pursue vocal training. I told her I was a newspaperwoman.

KENNEDY: Yes, you used to write cheery little pollyanna bits for the Sun and the Globe. Wasn't your department called "Looking on the Synnyside?"

MARIO: Yes. How nice of you to remember that.

KENNEDY: That's easy -- they used to run it next to the agony column, the column I never miss.

MARIO: Well, when I told Madame Sembrich that I worked by day for a newspaper I thought that it might be a handicap. Not at all, she said, a girl with ambition enough to work for her vocal training, will get somewhere.

KENNEDY: I've heard that Madame Sembrich is something of a martinet as a musical instructor.

MARIO: All efficient voice tutors must be. There's only a limited time in which to develop a voice -- and a limited time for a vocal career. But Madame Sembrich has an incomparable sense of humor that always made her such a joy to work with. Just recently I was with her, on her birthday in fact, and appropose of birthdays we discussed how many women of late have reached the century mark. Whereupon to my surprise she threw a shawl upon her shoulders and with an exaggerated stoop hobbled around the room giving a perfect imitation of an old lady. "I hope this never happens to me," she said. Laughingly I thought how humorous this imitation contrasted with her perennial youth. She's a grand person and has meant much to me in my career.

KENNEDY: It's easily gathered that you owe a great deal to her.
MARIO: And a great deal to an old lady who had nothing to do with vocal training. She was a cleaning-woman at the Metropolitan. As a working girl - even with braids down my back - I'd go to the Metropolitan on my day off. I'd take a book, a cake of chocolate and myself. I'd get in by three or four o'clock in the afternoon for the night performance to avoid waiting in the long queues outside. This old lady saw me three or four weeks in succession -- then arranged for me to wait in a lounge-room while she kept a watchful eye on my place at the standee rail. "Anybody", she said, with a nice brogue, "who'll stand four an' five hours to hear the opery, belongs in the opery. You'll get there, me gal, when the highfalutin' lasses that have expensive educations, won't.

KENNEDY: Queena Mario got there. She holds the record for an All-America trained soprano at the Metropolitan -- this is her twelfth year as a principal there. But she had her tribulations. There was her operatio debut with Leon Rauthier - in Quebec - in Romeo and Juliette, Rauthier was the Friar.

MARIO: Yes -- please tell that, Mr. Kennedy. It's too painful a memory for me.

KENNEDY: Romeo went dumb before a large and enthusiastic French-Canadian audience who simply worship their opera in French and don't seem to care for it at all in any other tongue.

(CONTINUES OVER)

KENNEDY: (CONTINUES) There was no understudy - so Miss Mario had to be a Juliette without a Romeo, equivalent to Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark or the New Deal without Franklin D. Roosevelt. This Quebec audience was patient for a while, until - knowing their opera, they knew that heavy cutting was going on. Scouts outside were combing the old town for a tenor - any tenor who knew Romeo and Juliette - and the population in Quebec is eighty-thousand with possibly two operatic tenors to the square mile.

They cut and cut - and finally came to the balcony scene - which they made a mere wisp. That was enough. The audience shouted derisively. Leon Rothier of the Metropolitan now made a nice speech - in French. That saved the show. An Italian tenor had been found. The final act began -- with Juliette reclining on her tomb. A vicious storm was howling. Somebody opened a door and the wind blew Juliette's shroud into billows. At which point a cat entered and nestled next to Juliette atop the tomb. The Italian tenor was dressed by this time as Romeo - and came on to sing. The audience was rolling in the aisles at the antic of the cat. The tenor took it as a personal insult and walked off in higher dudgeon than usual -- But why keep it up?

MARIO: Yes. A painful memory. Only equalled by the time I ran into what all singers dread - the colpa dalia - the draught of icy wind that ruins the voice. It was in one of my favorite roles -- and I practiced faithfully in my room and seemed in perfect voice. Waiting to enter in the wings, I felt an icy wind. Just before my cue came, I tried my voice. (CONTINUES)

MARIO: (CONTINUES) It was dead -- just as if somebody wrapped a blanket round piano strings. I went on. The conductor gestured. He couldn't hear me. They sent for the understudy and saved the show.

KENNEDY: And what did the conductor say or do? Did he murder you?

MARIO: No - he married me, later.

KENNEDY: There seems to be a good deal of this marrying in opera.

MARIO: Well, opera's a well-regulated family -- and you know marriage always happens in thos.

KENNEDY: Since you're somewhat a self-made singer, Miss Mario, with about thirty or forty operas in your repertoire -- there must be some quality that has struck you as distinguishing the successful singer from others - some quality, I mean beside the necessary fundamental of voice and work.

MARIO: Yes there is. I think it's poise, presence of mind at all times. There's far more of that than there is of temperament in grand opera. And it counts most particularly in the small things.

KENNEDY: And those are - hearing from left to right?

MARIO: Well - in Carmen once. Geraldine Farrar was singing, and Martinelli was going to sit down to watch the dance. He reached behind him for a chair - brought it towards him to sit, gaily, bestriding the chair. But he miscalculated. The seat of the chair was away from him. He began to sit down - and those of us on stage dreaded the effect of a sudden surprise - for Mr. Martinelli. The audience would surely laugh. He sensed our anticipation - instinctively knew the chair-seat was out of reach, and gently bent himself so that he reclined on the stage. That was presence of mind and luck, too. I've had my bits of luck. Luckiest of all was when I had the thrill of my life -- singing Mikaela to Geraldine Farrar's Carmen. Jerry was a delight to work with - and so generous to beginners.

KENNEDY: It's always the test of high talent that it recognizes and helps talent in others. There's more generosity than jealousy among the truly great.

MARIO: So I've found. Miss Farrar gave me the best advice I ever had. 'Never' she said, 'Let success stop your work, for success, as well as safety, depends on vigilance. Drill and drill every day.'

KENNEDY: Of course, you do.

MARIO: Certainly. Didn't I marry a conductor, Wilfred Pelletier.

KENNEDY: Congratulations, Mr. Pelletier - and thank you, Miss Mario.

MILTON CROSS:

The Proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy interview the operatic star Queena Mario.

(ACT III)

The first part of the third act of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" is the famous mad scene, for which I know you are all waiting. When the curtain rises we are in the apartments of Sir Henry Ashton. From the neighboring rooms dance music is heard, and soon we hear the guests and followers of Sir Henry in loud shouts of jubilee that the fortunes of Arthur and Sir Henry are now united through Arthur's marriage to Lucia and no longer will they have to worry about their treacherous enemies.

Suddenly Raymond enters excitedly and looking deathly pale. He calls to them to stop their merriment and gathering them about him tells this tale of horror. He heard a groan of terror from Lucia and Sir Henry's bridgroom suite. He swiftly entered the room and there he found Sir Henry extended, death struck, and Lucia standing triumphantly over his body still waving a sword. She fixed her glaring eyes on Raymond and whispered "Where's my husband" and a smile of pleasure flashed over her pale countenance plainly showing that she was out of her mind. He has just finished his story to the horror stricken group when Lucia herself enters, her dishevelled hair coming down over her plain white dress. She is deathly pale and it is plain to see her reason has gone. She thinks she is with her true lover, Edgar. She imagines she hears his voice. Once again they are in the garden, and are about to rest by the haunted fountain when that horrid phantom again arises.

(MORE)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

In her melodious raving in this famous mad scene and aria, she dreams that she and Edgar flee the garden and are now about to consecrate their marriage at a beautiful altar bestrewn with roses. She hears the celestial choir. The censers are lighted, the tapers burn brightly. There is the priest in his splendid robes "Give me thy right hand, Edgar" she says in her delirium, "for I am thy bride forever. This blissful moment repays for all my suffering." ... The startled chorus implore heaven to have pity upon the poor maiden.... She seems to come to her right mind near the close. She realizes she is dying. She tells them to cast a flower upon her grave but not to weep for 'mid fields of azure blue she now goes to await her true lover. Her brother, Sir Henry is overcome with grief, repenting too late. Lucia falls in the arms of Alice, at the close of the famous mad scene for which Lily Pons as Lucia is always vociferously acclaimed and applauded.

The scene then changes to the wierd looking section outside the castle of Wolfscrag. An illuminated hall is seen in the distance. It is night among the tombs of the Ravenswoods. Here we find Edgar brooding over what has transpired as he sings his great tenor aria "Tombe degl'avi' miei," "Tombs of my departed sires." He does not know that Lucia has killed her husband and that she herself is dying.

A group of inhabitants of Lammarmoor enter from the castle lamenting. Edgar asks the cause of their grief and they tell him that in misery Lucia is dying; that she has been bereft of her reason ever since her forced and unhappy union with Arthur whom she murdered on their wedding night and that she still loves Edgar and calls only for him. A tolling bell is heard.

(MORE)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

A tolling bell is heard. Edgar resolves to see Lucia once more, but Raymond restrains him telling him that the bell announces Lucia's death and Edgar cries "Lucia piu non e," "My Lucia is no more."

Now realizing her faithfulness to him he apostrophizes her pure spirit, declares that he and she will not long be parted and stabs himself -- dying as the chorus about him piously prays that Heaven may pardon such human errors. So closes the last act of the tragic story of Lucia di Lammermoor by Donizetti about to be presented in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

(ACT III -- "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF THIRD ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Immediately after that last triumphant curtain call, the audience reluctantly begins to leave...and we in turn bid you goodbye until next Saturday. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed this afternoon's opera...and they hope, too, that when you are thinking of cigarettes, you will remember that LUCKY STRIKE is made of the finest tobaccos, and only the center leaves: and don't forget, too -- "It's Toasted", for throat protection, for finer taste.

(NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: Next week's opera "Pagliacci" at 1:50 P.M. E.S.T. Mention famous arias and give cast. Also "Salome."

AGENCY/KENNEDY/CROSS/chilleen
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THE LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERAS

"I PAGLIACCI"

AND

"SALOME"

()-()
1:50 P.M. to APPROX. 5:15 P.M. MARCH 10, 1934

SATURDAY

(STREET NOISES)

ANNOUNCER:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Again we are approaching the famous Metropolitan Opera House in New York City for the matinee performance by the great Metropolitan Opera Company.

(LOBBY NOISES)

We enter the historic lobby of the Opera House, purchase our librettos for the double opera bill. Perhaps take a glance at the statue of the great tenor Enrico, and look over some of the photographs of our favorite Metropolitan stars and Conductors which adorn the walls of the lobby.

(TUNING OF ORCHESTRA AND AUDIENCE NOISES)

We enter the Opera House where many of the Saturday matinee patrons have already taken their seats. Some of the members of the Orchestra are already in the pit and tuning up. We ascend the grand stair case, and now greet you from our regular box 44, in the Grand Tier. It will be our good fortune in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast today to have the pleasure of hearing two operas by the Metropolitan Opera Company. The double bill consists of "Pagliacci" by Ruggiero Leoncavallo, and "Salome" by Richard Strauss.

(CONTINUES OVER)

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUES)

We shall have an opportunity of hearing and comparing the work by a member of the Italian School produced in 1892, and an opera by the famous living Bavarian tone poet which was brought out in 1906. We would like to say a few words first about the much discussed opera "Salome" and it's composer Richard Strauss, before speaking of the well-known and loved short opera "Pagliacci", which for so many years was the faithful companion or twin of "Cavalleria Rusticana" on the bill, but which seems to share its time these days with several other operas.

The conductor of today's performance is Artur Bodanzky.

When "Salome" was first produced at the Metropolitan on January 22, 1907, many of you well remember it created a furor. It was denounced as morbid and most objectionable and especially criticized by the clergy. Nevertheless the house was sold out long before the premiere and such crowds collected that night trying to obtain admission, extra police had to be called to handle them. Those who did attend, we are told, got the thrill for which they were seeking. Many were shocked. That was in 1907 - Olive Fremstad was "Salome." Twenty-seven years elapsed. Then Giulio Gatti-Casazza announced a revival of this opera for January 13th of this year. Many notables attended and Mme. Fremstad who was the original "Salome" was among the invited guests. The opera has been given several times this year, and is now considered a monumental art work - a great mystical - if violent - drama set to magnificent music by Richard Strauss with gorgeous and violent colors of instrumentation. It is Strauss at his best. One great writer states that with the exception of Strauss' "Elektra", "Salome" is the most hectic opera, or music drama ever written and that these two works mark the end not only of a period of Strauss development but of the development of music drama in general.

(OVER)

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ANNOUNCER! (CONT'D)

The force of passionate excitement could go no further. So we are in for a real musical treat in hearing this great score interpreted for us by the famous artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and the augmented Metropolitan Opera Orchestra directed by Artur Bodanzky. This comes on the second half of our LUCKY STRIKE Operatic Broadcast.

First we shall hear Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci."

Ruggiero Leoncavallo was born in 1859 and died fifteen years ago - 1919. He was the son of a magistrate. His musical studies began at the piano. He entered the Neapolitan Conservatory. He graduated with his diploma of Maestro at the age of eighteen, and started to work on his first opera. He finished the work at Bologna and arranged for its production but at the last moment, the impresario decamped leaving the unfortunate composer almost penniless. To keep from starving he gave piano and singing lessons and played accompaniments in cafe concerts. As such an accompanist he travelled far visiting England, France, Holland and Germany - even Cairo. After many years of wandering he finally returned to Italy and presented himself to a famous publishing house with the scenario of a great trilogy dealing with the Renaissance in Italy, which he called "I Medici." He waited three years for the publishers to do something with his work, and then went to a rival concern. For this second firm he wrote the two act opera which we shall hear today "I Pagliacci" which was produced in Milan in 1892 with very great success, and quickly went from Italy to other lands. It has been a great favorite in America.

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. . . LUCKY STRIKE
 is again your host for an afternoon of grand opera direct from the
 Metropolitan Opera House. . . The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes
 are pleased indeed to bid you welcome. . . and they trust that you who
 enjoy the finer things of life will find equal pleasure in this
 afternoon's performances. There are two grand operas on today's
 program: The first, "I Pagliacci" and the second, "Salome."
 "I Pagliacci" will be conducted by Vincenzo Bellezza and the cast
 will be as follows: Later in this broadcast we will give you the
 complete cast of the opera "Salome."

- NEDDA.....Queena Mario
- CANIO.....Giovanni Martinelli
- TONIO.....Lawrence Tibbett
- BEPPE.....Alfio Tedesco
- SILVIO.....George Gehanovsky

The scene is in Calabria on the Feast of the Assumption,
 about 1865. It develops a play within a play, a tragedy within a
 farce, and concerns the domestic crisis of a group of strolling
 players, presenting the venerable story of Harlequin & Columbine, to
 the peasants of Italy.

After a brief orchestral flourish summoning our
 attention, Tonio, the clown of the troupe, sticks his head through
 the curtain and begs permission to revive the old Greek prologue.
 He steps forward as Prologue and explains that the play is a draught
 from real life, and shows that actors have their genuine, as well as
 their mimic tragedies. The purport of this famous number may be
 expressed in an inversion of Shakespeare's lines: "All the world is
 a stage, and all the players merely men and women."

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

At Tonio's signal the curtain opens disclosing a cross-roads with a rude portable theatre. The distant sounds of a cracked trumpet and a belaboured drum call the peasants together and they greet with joy the familiar characters in whose costumes Canio, Nedda, and Beppe enter in a donkey-cart. Silencing the crowd with his drum, Canio announces the play for the evening. Canio descends and boxes the ears of Tonio who loves Nedda and has hastened to assist her. The crowd laugh at Tonio who wanders off angrily. Beppe leads the donkey out and a villager invites the players to drink. Beppe throws down his whip and goes to change his clothes. Tonio says he must stay to clean the donkey. The village hints that Tonio lingers to flirt with Nedda. Canio takes it as a joke. He says it is his place to play the hoodwinked husband on the stage, but off the stage - the end of the joke would be different. He loves his wife. After kissing Nedda, he goes with the men. The other peasants stroll away to Mass on hearing the church-bell.

Nedda left alone broods over the fierce look Canio gave her. She wonders if he suspects her. The sunlight thrills her with a vague ecstasy, and she revels in the song and sport of the birds. And we hear the lovely "Ballatella"), known as the "Bird Song." At the end of her rhapsody she finds that the hideous Tonio is listening. He makes ardent love to her. She laughs him to scorn and advises him to save his love making for the stage. He pursues her, however, and she, picking up Beppe's whip, slashes him across the face with it. He curses, swears revenge, and stumbles away. Now her adorer, Silvio, a villager, steals in over the wall. In an ardent love-scene he pleads with her to leave her hateful life, and join him. She begs him not to tempt her, but promises to meet him that night when the play is over.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Tonio, having seen them, hurries away and returns with Canio. Silvio escapes, however, unrecognized in the thicket, while Tonio taunts Nedda. Canio returns just in time to hear Nedda call to the fleeing Silvio, -"Till tonight, then and forever I'll be thine." Canio demands her adorer's name. He threatens to kill Nedda, but she will not speak. Beppe rushes in and disarming Canio implores him to dress for the play as the people are even now approaching. Tonio hints that the adorer may appear at the play. Left alone, Canio sardonically bewails his bitter fate in the famous tenor aria ("Vesti la giubba.") "On with the motley! The people pay and want to laugh. If Harlequin steal your Columbine - laugh, Punchinello, and everyone will applaud. Laugh at your own frenzied love! Laugh at the woe that is rending your heart." In wild grief Canio gropes his way into the little theatre.

And the curtain falls on the first act of Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" to be given today in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(ACT I - "I PAGLIACCI")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

It is a rare and happy privilege to be able to bring to America's millions of music lovers these world renowned grand operas.....for in this way the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE are able to express their sincere gratitude for your widespread patronage of LUCKIES. You will find LUCKY STRIKES always so round, so firm, so fully packed, with long, even strands of choice tobacco. That's why LUCKIES always draw easily - burn evenly.

RTX01 0189666

MILTON GROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Come with me for a minute to higher realms of music - up so many sections of stairway at the Metropolitan that by the time you stop climbing you expect to meet not an usher, but an angel, to hand you wings and a harp and halo, to make you feel at home in Heaven.

Here is the topmost of four tiers - the ultimate horseshoe so far removed from the diamond horseshoe that it resembles more a rough-diamond horseshoe.

"The family you're looking for sits over there," whispered the usher. He indicated a front-row section, where sat five persons. The oldest and the youngest of this party sat in the center. The old gentleman was well over seventy. He had an authentic shovel beard - the Santa Claus style. The youngster of the party sat with her pretty legs saucily visible above the knee in the best - or worst ship-news picture tradition. She was all of six years of age.

"That family," said Mr. Earl Lewis, the treasurer of the Metropolitan, "has occupied the same string of seats ever since the opera house opened in 1883."

They were dollar seats -- and this family subscribed for them once a week each year. Other families buy similar dollar chairs for the entire season.

(OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Here at the Metropolitan, the third floor family circle is distinctly a family affair. The seats are moderately priced -- two dollars! and entire families reserve them for entire seasons. They are no less insistent on the same seats, at the same price, as the wealth-having, but no more music-loving patricians in the lower and more lucrative horse-shoes.

For twenty-five years Earl Lewis has managed the subscription lists and supervised the ticket sales. In all that time he had only one day off for sickness. At least that's what he said, at the time. Now he confesses it was nothing of the kind. He had been playing poker with his friends De Luca and Scotti far into the night and on the following morning an alarm-clock meant nothing in his life.

Of the seven thousand names on the Metropolitan's subscription lists, Mr. Lewis knows five thousand personally. They range from the social register, straight from Park Avenue, to families almost straight from Ellis Island. There's a family from Pittsburgh that spends opera-going week-ends in New York during the Metropolitan season. There's a matter-of-fact Cleveland business man who buys the same seat for every performance of Traviata, his favorite opera - regardless of who sings it.

There's an Italian lady who has bought the same family circle seat for fifty years, during which time Mr. Lewis of the Metropolitan has been a guest at wedding and birth feasts in that family and a mourner on occasion.

(OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

His books reveal the names of the powerful and of the poor; but it's an amazingly responsive clientele. When the most expensive show in New York history was put on -- the fifteen minute Paderewski recital for Papa Joffre, the French Field Marshal, in 1917 - the house was sold out at \$100 a seat and \$1,000 a box - in 24 hours - without one seat being sent to anybody not on the subscription list.

Also there are the inevitable misunderstandings that attach to business done largely over the telephone.

One day a gruff voice asked Mr. Lewis what opera a celebrated soprano was singing in that night.

"She's singing in Thais," said Mr. Lewis.

"I want six seats in the front row," his customer barked.

That's an order, even at the Metropolitan. Mr. Lewis was curious to see this customer. He came, a huge man wearing a hat big enough to bathe in. His friends were likewise massively masculine.

At the end of the first act they came to the box-office and demanded to see Lewis.

"What's wrong?" he asked as they scowled.

"What did you tell me she was going to sing?" the spokesman demanded.

"I said she was going to sing in Thais," said Lewis.

The big fellow rubbed his chin, then burst out laughing.

"Oh," he said. "I thought you said she was going to sing in tights."

Lewis and his associates have handled more than fifty million dollars in Metropolitan Opera money without serious error.

(OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

The thirty five original doges of the opera, who paid one hundred thousand dollars each to be box-founders -- the price of these boxes has risen as high as three hundred thousand dollars -- would be pleased, I think, if they saw how the opera they made possible in New York draws music-lovers from everywhere. Here are a group of Vassar girls seated in the Vassar box every Saturday matinee: girls from Spence and other finishing schools; boys from Yale -- and slipping in to stand where he has stood for years, an old Chinese merchant.

Of all this multitude of music-lovers at the Metropolitan there's just one who has never seen a complete opera -- he is Earl Lewis, the treasurer, and his duties of checking and re-checking preclude it. Some day he vows he's going to La Scala in Milan to see them all. He, of all men, in proof from the public's purse, knows the true democracy of fine music -- for here it is.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy.

When the curtain rises on the second act of Leoncavallo's opera "I Pagliacci" the scene is the same as the first act. It is the evening of the same day.

Beppe and Tonio beat the drum and blow the horn, and the people crowd into their places. Nedda collects the money and whispers a word of warning and promise to Silvio. The crowd grows impatient and at length the curtain of the theatre opens showing a crude little room. Nedda (as Columbine) is restlessly waiting.

(OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

The servant Taddeo is away at market. She hears someone tuning a guitar outside and the voice of Beppe (as Harlequin) is heard outside in the graceful serenade - ("O Columbina") As Columbine flutters with delight, Taddeo (Played by Tonio) enters with a market-basket and makes ludicrous love. Harlequin entering the window kicks him. Taddeo finding a rival generously surrenders Columbine and promises to act as sentinel. Columbine and Harlequin feast gaily on the food and wine fetched by Taddeo. He gives her a sleeping potion to mix with her husband's (Punchinello's) drink. Taddeo enters to warn the lovers, and Harlequin steals out of the window. Punchinello (played by Canio) enters the door just in time to hear Columbine promise to meet Harlequin at midnight. He hears his wife recite the very same words she had used in the afternoon, "Till tonight, then and forever I'll be thine." Canio's self-possession is shattered by the similarity of these words with those he had heard in real life a few hours before. He goes on with increasing difficulty. Columbine vows that no one has been with her, and Taddeo substantiates her story. Tonio lays such an ironic stress on the praise of Nedda's virtue that Canio again forgets himself and frantic with jealous rage demands the name of her friend. Nedda tauntingly calls him Punchinello, but he declares that he is a man again, not a puppet; and tells how he had taken her up as a starving orphan and loved her. He breaks down and the audience is much affected by the realism of the acting. Canio bursts out again in furious denunciation of Nedda's infidelity. The crowd applauds. Nedda volunteers to leave, but Canio says she shall not go so easily, and again demands the man's name. Nedda tries to resume the play with a flippant air.

(MORE)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Canio shrieks with rage at her manner and once more demands the name, which she solemnly swears on her mother's soul that she will not tell. Tonio appears at the back of the stage restraining Beppe. Nedda determined to escape, dashes toward the audience, but Canio seizing her stabs her. As she dies, she cries Silvio's name. Silvio draws his dagger and rushes from the audience to her aid. As he comes Canio shouts, "Ah, it was you," and stabs Silvio to death. Then turning to the horrified audience he gasps - "La commedia e finita" - "The Comedy is Finished."

And the curtain falls on this Comedy which turned out to be a tragedy - the last act of "I Pagliacci" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(ACT II - "I PAGLIACCI")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF ACT II)

MILTON CROSS:

May we take this opportunity to thank you, on behalf of the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, for your many, many messages of appreciation and praise for these broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House. It is a splendid thing to feel that one has a hand in giving the public something really fine....whether it be music or a fine cigarette. To make LUCKY STRIKE so fine, the makers of LUCKIES go all over the world.....to Turkey, to Greece, to our own Southland. The cream of the tobacco crop is gathered -- and for LUCKIES only the center leaves, for these are the tenderest, the mildest leaves. That's why LUCKIES are always so mild and smooth.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, in just a few minutes are going to give you the opera "Salome" and in the meantime they hope you will enjoy Mr. John B. Kennedy in an interview with the famed operatic and concert star, John Charles Thomas.

MR. KENNEDY:

The turning point in any career may come at any moment -- and we either turn up something worth while or get turned down by fate. After carefully examining the written and oral record of one of America's foremost musical careers -- that of John Charles Thomas - I think I've found the turning point.

THOMAS: I know exactly where it was, and when it was.

KENNEDY: Mr. John Charles Thomas in person, ladies and gentlemen.

THOMAS: My father and I were discussing my future one night after we had sung at a revival meeting -- you see my father was a Methodist minister and circuit rider, and with my mother we made a trio. I had a desire to study medicine. In fact, I matriculated for medical school. But my parents believed I had a voice.

KENNEDY: And you finally decided on a singing career -- how?

THOMAS: By tossing a coin, Heads for music, tails for medicine. That's how it was. Heads won, and I went to music. When I tossed that coin -- that was the turning point in my career.

KENNEDY: Permit me, Mr. Thomas, as politely as possible, to disagree.

THOMAS: Why, my dear man --

KENNEDY: Wasn't there a time in Baltimore, when you competed for a scholarship at the Peabody institute -- for a musical scholarship that would provide the training you couldn't afford.

THOMAS: Why - yes. And the first time I tried for the Peabody scholarship - I was beaten, and by a girl -- Mabel Garrison. The next time I tried for a Peabody scholarship --

KENNEDY: Now, Mr. Thomas -- that's the turning point. The next time you tried. The mere fact that you made a next time shows how and when you decided on your career, If you'd been rejected twenty times you would still have tried.

THOMAS: I think I would.

KENNEDY: I'm sure you would.

THOMAS: The disappointment of rejection was fully balanced by the thrill I had when I was awarded the scholarship. After studying I went to work; which is what every ambitious singer should do. I mean work. I sang in musical stock in Newark, New Jersey - at the old Olympic Park. I was lucky to get a job with that fine old trouper De Wolf Hopper, singing Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, the finest possible training. I had a lot of fun, made very little money - and ended with a repertoire, larger, I daresay, than any singer of my age or weight anywhere in the world.

KENNEDY: Let's stop here, for a moment. When I first heard you sing, it was in Maytime, a musical comedy that ran for months and months. You don't know what one man who heard you in that piece told another man.

THOMAS: Who said what to whom?

KENNEDY: John McCormack heard you and he told Gatti-Casazza that you were as fine a baritone as he had ever heard, at home or abroad.

THOMAS: John McCormack has always been my friend.

KENNEDY: Well, he's always been my friend; but he's never said that about my voice. He told me that if I came to his house to talk he was in; but if I came there to sing, he was out.

THOMAS: John and other friends urged me to go into grand opera; but I took my time about that.

KENNEDY: Before we come to that, a bit more background. Somebody who knows more about your boyhood than you think he does, told me there was one hazardous moment when little John Charles Thomas appeared most unlikely to grow up to be big John Charles Thomas.

THOMAS: Yes. There was a swimming hole at Myersdale, Pennsylvania. It was sixty-feet deep and there was a rock ledge above it from which the boys used to dive. I was always afraid to dive -- I always felt too big.

KENNEDY: Mr. Thomas weighs 190 lbs, and has seen two hundred.

THOMAS: I took a chance one day, dived -- and everything went blank. I went down three times and came up -- so witnesses told me. They couldn't reach me, and I appeared to be unconscious. Suddenly I made a wild grab at something that seemed to be floating. It was a dip of that ledge. I clung to it. That's why I'm here today.

KENNEDY: And very well nourished indeed. But that's the country for it -- where John Charles Thomas was born and raised. There are no more wholesome or hospitable people in the world than the Pennsylvania Dutch.

THOMAS: Quite right. Now, my father was born in England; but my mother was Pennsylvania Dutch.

KENNEDY: Is it true that in St. Augustine, Florida, your idea of an interesting hour or two is to help out in major operations at a hospital run by one of your friends there?

THOMAS: It's quite true. Curious hobby, isn't it?

KENNEDY: Well, there are things I can think of that are more amusing. You've visited practically all the great hospitals of Europe haven't you?

THOMAS: As many as I could without being carried in - or out of them. In Brussels, they're particularly fine.

KENNEDY: How did you come to go to Brussels?

THOMAS: I turned to a coin again.

KENNEDY: You mean to say that Mrs. Thomas let the toss of a coin decide.

THOMAS: Certainly. She suggested it. The offer came to take a three years' contract with the Royal Opera Company at Brussels, after I'd made my debut at Covent Garden in London. The money didn't begin to compare with my earnings in musical comedy. But we flipped a coin, and I took the Brussels job, and had three of the finest years of my life.

KENNEDY: King Albert was a furious opera fan.

THOMAS: Yes, indeed. And you know, a thing about King Albert that has never been sufficiently stressed - was his quite and effective sense of humor. I remember going with our Ambassador, Hugh Gibson, to a royal reception one morning. Mr. Gibson, a charmingly modest man, for some reason or other departed from routine diplomatic dress and went in military uniform. King Albert had never seen him in anything but the sober costume of diplomacy - cut-away or full dress. When he saw him in an officer's uniform, the King came up to Mr. Gibson. "Ah," he said, smiling as he stroked his moustache. "At last I meet the unknown soldier."

KENNEDY: You scored a tremendous success in Brussels opera, Mr. Thomas. But you are aware that an indictment still hangs over your head in Belgium.

THOMAS: For what - and when?

KENNEDY: The time you nearly killed Prince, now King Leopold.

THOMAS: Oh yes -- that got into the newspapers. Leopold, you know, is an expert golfer. He plays a beautiful game, and can lick any other king in the world. He can give the Prince of Wales about a stroke a hole and take him. He's a terrific driver. The eighteenth hole at the Royal Golf Club over there is 260 yards. King Leopold regularly drives the green.

KENNEDY: With a chest as broad as your mind, you hit a long ball yourself.

THOMAS: One day I hit one too long. Prince Leopold was playing ahead in a twosome. I didn't think I could reach him with my drive, so I shot. It was just one of those things -- it flew and fell level to him, then rolled ahead of him for thirty or forty yards. I hurried down the fairway. I'm terribly sorry, I said. What a spot to be in -- nearly beaming royalty on its own golf course. Leopold turned and grinned at me. Anybody who can hit that far and that straight, he said, needn't apologize. Please go through.

KENNEDY: I observed that you're versatile in sport as in singing but where do you get the time for wrestling?

THOMAS: What have you been doing -- having me watched? Who told you I was a wrestler?

KENNEDY: You're built like a wrestler, broad shoulders, slim waist. That is, like a wrestler should be built. Not like the two-ton continental clowns who go through slow-motion hippodromea.

THOMAS: I find wrestling excellent exercise for the voice.

KENNEDY: Do you find, also, that there's a limit to what strain can be put on the voice. I mean in the normal course of work. I've seen you at a prize-fight use more voice in one round than you'd use in the whole of Traviata.

THOMAS: It's funny about that. Two years ago, I traveled thirty-six thousand miles and sang 97 concerts, as well as doing radio, opera and other singing. I felt better at the end of that tough season than I have ever felt in my life.

KENNEDY: They had a hard job persuading you to come to the microphone.

THOMAS: Yes. But I like it and I'm coming back to it soon.
The response you get from radio is extremely encouraging.

KENNEDY: Yes -- fan mail is not all flattery.

THOMAS: Quite the contrary. There's some, of course.

KENNEDY: From adoring, or, at any rate, adjectival ladies.

THOMAS: Yes, God bless them. But I find valuable criticism in my radio mail -- and appreciate it.

KENNEDY: As an aside, ladies and gentlemen, it was my privilege to introduce John Charles Thomas as a star of the NBC program for the White House Correspondents' dinner in Washington last Saturday. His reception was terrific and there was a universal cry for him to sing Home on the Range.

THOMAS: It's the president's favorite.

KENNEDY: Yes. I observed Mr. Roosevelt beating time with his right hand as you sang it.

THOMAS: Yes. Two years ago at the same dinner, that is, for the same organization, I sang Home on the Range; and was notified that the Governor of Texas had made me an honorary Texas Ranger.

KENNEDY: Two years ago I sang the same song to Al Smith and he made me an honorary Texas steer.

THOMAS: It's a grand song, and my favorite as well as the President's.

KENNEDY: You used to give the Holy City quite a hearing at one time.

THOMAS: I have a sentimental regard for that song. You see, that's the song I sang when I won my Peabody scholarship.

KENNEDY: Also, when you were made a master of Arts in music by our old school, Dickinson College.

THOMAS: That's one thing I'd like to see done elsewhere -- as at my old alma mater or granma mater - Dickinson and my youth seem so long ago.

KENNEDY: Wistfully spoken for a man still far away from fifty.

THOMAS: More recognition of music means more culture. That's why America's lucky to have these opera broadcasts when other countries, supposedly more fond of music, cannot.

KENNEDY: It isn't generally known that seventy per cent of the subscription list of the Metropolitan Opera is native American.

THOMAS: I didn't know it but I'm mighty glad to hear it. The Metropolitan's a grand old place. I love it.

KENNEDY: Is it true, Mr. Thomas, that you want to go into politics?

THOMAS: Easy there. Who's been telling you all these things.

KENNEDY: I think it would be a swell idea, for a change to have a politician sing himself into office.

THOMAS: Yes, I'd like very much to get into public life -- I mean political life, in my home State of Maryland. If, when and how I do, I want you to come and vote for me.

KENNEDY: Early -- and often.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy in his interview with the operatic and concert star John Charles Thomas.

MILTON CROSS:

And now we go into the second half of this LUCKY STRIKE broadcast and present Richard Strauss' opera "Salome" with the following cast:

HEROD ANTIPAS.....Max Lorenz
HERODIAS.....Dorothee Manski
SALOME.....Goeta Ljungberg
JOKANNAAN.....Friedrich Schorr
NARRABOTH.....Hans Clemens
THE PAGE OF HERODIAS.....Doris Doe
FIRST NAZARENE.....Emanuel Liet
SECOND NAZARENE.....Hans Clemens

Those portraying the characters of the Five Jews in the Opera will be: --

MAREK WINDHEIM
GIORDANO PALTRINIERI
ANGELO BADA
MAX ALTGLASS
JAMES WOLFE

The Two Soldiers will be --

LOUIS D'ANGELO
ARNOLD GABOR
A CAPPADOCIAN.....Alfredo Gandolf
A SLAVE.....Helen Gleason

MILTON CROSS:

Richard Strauss' one-act music drama, "Salome," is a musical setting of Oscar Wilde's dramatic poem of the same name. Wilde wrote his play in French for Sara Bernhardt. Strauss used a German version by Hedwig Lachmann.

There is but one scene -- a grand terrace in the palace of Herod, the Tetrach or Roman Viceroy of Judaea, and son of Herod the Great, who caused the Slaughter of the Innocents. This is the palace which the Tetrach is said to have built for himself outside Jerusalem. The architecture is a combination of the Assyrian and the Egyptian. On the left is an ornate entrance to a festal-hall. On the right is a massive gateway leading to the outside world. Beyond the battlements in the rear we have a view of the sacred city. In the center of the terrace is seen the mouth of an old cistern, or well -- the dungeon in which Jokanaan is confined. Some soldiers are leaning on the balcony.

Narraboth, a young Syrian Captain of the Guard, is discussing with the Page of Herodias the loveliness of Salome, the daughter of Herodias and step-daughter of the Tetrach. The Page warns the infatuated soldier against his passion; he must not look at Salome or something evil will happen. Presently Salome appears in the doorway. She seeks the fresh air and moonlight. The banqueting-hall stifles her. It is the chaste moon she would gaze upon. The fragrant breezes of the Orient she would inhale. Narraboth is intoxicated by the vision of the maiden. Again the Page warns him of his folly.

(OVER)

MILTON CROSS (CONT'D)

Suddenly is heard a voice, as from a tomb - the deep voice of Jokanaan in his dungeon; Salome is startled. She asks who it is that speaks. One after another of those present - Narraboth and the soldier - describe the mysterious prisoner. "Ah!" she exclaims, "It is he who has said such terrible things about my mother!" Her slave enters with a request from Herod that she return to the hall. She refuses; she is interested in the strange prisoner and would know more about him. "Is he an old man?" "No, quite young."

Again the voice from the dungeon. She must speak with him. Narraboth and his companion declare it impossible; Herod has positively forbidden that any one speak with him. She insists. She demands. She plays upon Narraboth's hidden love for her; promises him a flower, a little green flower; even a smile. He yields at last and orders the prisoner brought forth.

Jokanaan rises from the well-like dungeon uttering strange words of imprecation. Salome is awe-struck at the sight and horrified at his speech. It is of the Tetrarch - and of her own mother, Herodias - he speaks. Her awe gives way to fascination. She would see Jokanaan closer, though his eyes are terrible. "Who is this woman gazing at me?" he asks. "Salome, the daughter of Herodias, the Princess of Judaea." "Back! daughter of Babylon!" he shouts. But his voice is music in her ears. His presence awakens strange emotions within her soul. She apostrophizes his body - He rebukes her again and again. Each time she turns upon him in fury only to grow ardent again. Jealousy seizes the young Narraboth. He rushes forward madly and kills himself, falling between Salome and Jokanaan. Jokanaan tells her to seek remission of her sins and he is lowered again into the well.

(OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Herod, accompanied by Herodias, and all the court, come forth from the banqueting-hall.

Herod calls for fruit and bids Salome eat with him. She refuses. He invites her to her mother's seat upon the throne; but she is not tired, she says. He ponders how he can allure her when again the voice of the prisoner from the dungeon is heard: "Behold, the time is come! The day is at hand." "Silence his insults," insists Herodias; "I fear no man," retorts Herod. "Then give him to those who clamor for him," she returns. Five Jews here engage Herod's attention. To Herodias's irritation they become involved in a theological discussion. They reject Jokanaan.

Again is heard the voice of Jokanaan - "What does he mean?" fearfully inquires Herod. Again denunciations of "The daughter of Babylon with her golden eyes and gilded eyelids" come from Jokanaan's prison. Again Herodias demands that Herod silence her accuser.

"He did not speak your name," pleads the coward Tetrarch, who closes his ears to both his wife and Jokanaan and bids Salome dance for him. She demurs. He offers her one treasure after another; half his kingdom if she would; anything she asks. He swears it by his gods. At last she yields after she has made him doubly swear to grant her her heart's desire.

Whereupon she dances the "Dance of the Seven Veils."

Herod is in ecstasies. "What wouldst thou have, Salome, speak!" "Forthwith," she replies gently, "on a charger of silver --"

"A charger of silver? Ha! ha!" he laughingly repeats. "What would you on a charger of silver? My treasures all belong to thee."

(MORE)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Slowly rising, looking him straight in the eyes, she utters the fatal words: "The head of Jokanaan."

Herod is terror-stricken. Herodias, gloating, applauds her daughter - her veritable offspring. The Tetrarch pleads, begs, pleads, implores. Anything, anything but that! -- his rarest gems; his precious white peacocks; the mantle of the high priest; the veil of the sanctuary; anything but the head of Jokanaan; Salome is obdurate. Nothing else will satisfy the daughter of Herodias, whose love Jokanaan has rejected.

Herod sinks exhausted to his seat. "Give her what she asks," he exclaims; "of a truth she is her mother's child." Salome approaches and leans over the cistern. Listening she watches the headsman descend; urges him on to his awful task. Presently, as the moon becomes more and more obscured, his huge black arm comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield, Jokanaan's head.

"A monster is thy daughter," hisses Herod in the ear of Herodias. "She has done well," is the mother's grim response. "Come," Herod shouts. "I feel something terrible is about to happen. Let us seek shelter in the palace, Herodias. Fear seizes me!" All reenter the banquet hall except Herod, who lingers, while a deep gloom pervades the atmosphere.

At last the moon is hidden behind a great black cloud. "Out with the torches," shouts Herod. "The moon hides! The stars are hidden! A catastrophe is upon us!" Exhausted Salome sinks to the ground. Suddenly a ray of moonlight falls upon her. It signifies the regeneration of her soul through a mighty love. Herod, turning beholds her. "Kill that woman!" he shrieks. The soldiers throw themselves upon Salome and crush her to death beneath their shields.

(ACT -- "SALOME")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF STORY OF SALOME)

MILTON CROSS:

Cheers and applause for this great opera "Salome" are still echoing from the proscenium as the time comes for us to leave the Metropolitan Opera House. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are happy to have been hosts to all of you at today's two operas....and in parting until next Saturday, they ask that you bear this fact in mind: only the center leaves of the choicest tobaccos are selected for LUCKY STRIKE. And then, for throat protection, for finer taste, "IT'S TOASTED."

NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: Give next week's opera "Peter Ibetson - give time - 1:50 E.S.T. - also cast and famous arias.

/chilleen
3/9/34

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WEAF & WJZ

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "PETER IBBETSON"

()-()
1:50 P.M. TO APPROX. 5:00 P.M.

MARCH 17, 1934

SATURDAY

(STREET NOISES)

ANNOUNCER:

Good afternoon Ladies and Gentlemen - As the guests of the American Tobacco Company, manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, we are about to enter the Metropolitan Opera House for the regular Saturday afternoon performance.

(LOBBY NOISES)

In the lobby of the Opera House, we purchase our libretto and pass through the heavy glass panelled doors into the opera foyer.

(AUDIENCE NOISES AND ORCHESTRA TUNING)

We have ascended the main staircase to the grand tier and now greet you from our regular Box No. 44.

Today's performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast is a production of the opera "Peter Ibbetson" by Deems Taylor based on the novel by George du Maurier - the libretto by Constance Collier and Deems Taylor.

The well known Deems Taylor hardly needs an introduction to the radio audience. During the second intermission of his opera today Mr. Taylor will be interviewed by John B. Kennedy.

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ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

For the present we shall confine ourselves to the musical life of this modern American genius. As a composer he is self-instructed. We have often made this remark about composers of years ago but to be self-instructed in this day and generation is an accomplishment, and Deems Taylor certainly has made an extremely good job of it. Mr. Taylor's first recognition as a serious writer in the larger forms came with the winning of first place in the National Federation of Music Clubs competition in 1913 with his orchestral composition "The Siren Song." Within the next three years he added to his output in addition to numerous songs and some studies in rhythm for piano, two cantatas, "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Highwayman" and a song cycle "The City of Joy." Then early in 1917 came his famous orchestral work "Through the Looking Glass" from which you have often heard the humorous "Jabberwocky," "The White Knight" or tag "Don Quixote" and the lovely "Garden of Live Flowers."

Then Mr. Taylor turned to the theatre and wrote the incidental music for many shows including "Liliom," "Humoresque," "Rita Coventry", "Beggar on Horseback," "Cazanova," the pantomimes, "A Man About Town," and "A Kiss in Xanadu" and the score for the motion picture "Janice Meredith."

Then came that period when America awakened to the fact that it had some really great musical talent right within it's own boundaries and that it should be fostered and given recognition.

(OVER)

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ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

With an open-minded policy and a sincere desire to bring forth the best in American music and musicians, the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company during the Winter of 1925 commissioned Deems Taylor, on the strength of his achievements in other musical forms, to compose an opera which would be promised a production. No restrictions were placed upon him. The choice of a libretto was left entirely in his hands. Two years later on February 27th 1927 the brilliant world premiere of Mr. Taylor's opera "The King's Henchman" took place at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was such a success that a few days after the premiere the Metropolitan Board of Directors commissioned Mr. Taylor to write a second opera to be produced within two years from the date of his operatic debut. He thought very seriously of using Heywood Brown's fantasy "Gandle Follows His Nose" for an operatic setting, then turned to Elmer Rice's realistic American play "Street Scene." Another year elapsed and again he changed the subject. Mr. Gatti Casazza granted him an extension, and the composer announced he would write an opera on the touching and appealing novel "Peter Ibbetson," by George du Maurier. In spite of his French name and having been born in Paris, du Maurier was a British artist and writer. His father was a naturalized British subject. After some years at a Paris school he went to London where he became an analytical chemist. But this was not to be his real life work for he had a great talent with the brush and pen and made a name for himself as a graphic humorist; this in spite of the gradual loss of sight in his left eye accompanied by alarming symptoms in his right. In spite of this handicap, the editor of London Punch, appreciating his talents, appointed him a member of his staff, counselling him, however, not to try to be "too funny" but to undertake the light and graceful business, or in other words to be

(CONTINUES OVER)

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ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

the "romantic tenor" in Mr. Punch's little company leaving a certain Mr. Keene, to sing the comic songs, as it were, with his highly trained basso. These two artists went hand in hand writing and drawing for Punch for many years.

Then late in life after enjoying fame as an artist and humorist du Maurier became more serious. One day his thoughts went back to his singularly happy childhood which was mostly spent at Passy. This was the inspiration of the story he tells us in fiction in his beautiful "Peter Ibbetson," and du Maurier became famous as a novelist. It has been presented often as a stage play and a notable production was given in 1917 with Constance Collier and John and Lionel Barrymore in the leading roles.

The work greatly appealed to Deems Taylor for an opera and with the help of Constance Collier in the structure of the play, Mr. Taylor quietly set to work on the task at his home near Stamford, Connecticut. On February 7th, 1931 this opera had its premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City before an audience which filled every corner of this institution and a marvelous ovation was given the composer and his masterpiece. It is this work which we shall have the pleasure of hearing today.

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Your regular seats in the Grand Tier of the Metropolitan Opera House are awaiting you....and the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are happy to welcome you to another broadcast of Grand Opera. It is a pleasure to LUCKY STRIKE to bring these musical masterpieces to all the millions of you who enjoy the finer things of life. Today's opera is "Peter Ibbetson." The conductor is Tullio Serafin and the cast will be as follows:

PETER IBBETSONEdward Johnson
COLONEL IBBETSON.....Lawrence Tibbett
MARY, DUCHESS OF TOWERS.....Lucrezia Bori
MRS. DEANE.....Gladys Swarthout
MRS. GLYN.....Ina Bourskaya
ACHILLE.....Angelo Bada
MAJOR DUQUESNOIS.....Leon Rothier
THE CHAPLAIN OF NEWGATE PRISON.....Louis D'Angelo
CHARLIE PLUNKETT.....Giordano Paltrinieri
GUY MAINWARING.....Millo Picco
A FOOTMAN.....Max Altglass
DIANA VIVASH.....Phradio Wells
MADGE PLUNKETT.....Grace Devine
VICTORINE.....Philine Falco
A SISTER OF CHARITY.....Elda Vettori
MANSERVANT.....Alfredo Gandolfi
THE PRISON GOVERNOR.....George Gehanovsky
A TURNKEY.....Alfredo Gandolfi

THE PEOPLE OF THE DREAM!

PASQUIER de la MARIERE.....George Gehanovsky
MARIE PASQUIER.....Dorothea Flexer
MADAME SERASKIER.....Salon Gleason.

The first act of "Peter Ibbetson" shows the Drawing Room of an English country house in the year 1855 elegantly furnished in the prevailing mode of the period. A ball is in progress, and the room is crowded, some of the guests waltzing in and out of the room through the large doorways, others are seated conversing. Near the front, is a table holding a punch-bowl and glasses.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Around this is a group including Madge Plunkett, Guy Mainwaring, Charlie Plunkett, and Diana Vivash. On the opposite side of the room is a settee, on which are seated Gladys Swarthout as the lovely Mrs. Deane, the hostess, and Lawrence Tibbett as the elegant, arrogant and conceited Colonel Ibbetson. Much against his hostess' will, Colonel Ibbetson insists upon reciting a poem of his own before the assembled guests. His nephew and ward, Peter Ibbetson, sung by Edward Johnson, arriving late, inadvertently reveals the fact that the supposedly original poem is a plagiarism. The Colonel, furious, abuses and insults him; a violent quarrel between the two is averted by Mrs. Deane's intervention. To put Peter at his ease she engages him in conversation while the other dance. He tells her of his early life in Paris with his French father, Pasquier de la Marriere, and his English mother; of little Mimsey Seraskier, his dearest childhood playmate, whom he has always loved; of the sudden death of his parents and his adoption by the Colonel, his mother's cousin. He has not seen Mimsey since he was a child, and believes her dead. The Colonel interrupts, and Peter withdraws. Boasting of his conquests the Colonel hints to Mrs. Deane that he is Peter's real father. The conversation is cut short by the arrival of some late guests, among them Mrs. Deane's dearest friend, Mary, Duchess of Towers as Lucrezia Bori enters. On her way to the dancing, Mary catches sight of Peter, and asks who he is. Hearing the name Ibbetson, she is disappointed; he reminded her, she says, of a little French boy, Gogo Pasquier, whom she knew as a child. Peter watches her, spellbound, but is too shy to meet her. The guests all go into the ballroom, leaving Peter alone. He picks up the Duchess' discarded bouquet and softly presses it to his lips.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

This is the story of the first act of "Peter Ibbetson" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(FIRST ACT -- "PETER IBBETSON")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Backstage, the singers on today's program are preparing for the next act.....may we take a moment to tell you an important fact about LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE uses only the center leaves of the finest tobacco plants. Not the under-developed top leaves -- they are too harsh; not the bottom leaves -- they are too coarse, dirt covered and sandy. Only the center leaves are used in LUCKIES -- for these are the mildest leaves -- the Cream of the Crop, they taste better. And then, for throat protection -- "IT'S TOASTED."

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ATX01 0189593

MR. JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Supposing you were given complete charge of the Metropolitan for this LUCKY STRIKE opera broadcast this afternoon; suppose you were given the stars - Tibbett, Johnson, Pons, Swarthout and the rest -- the scenery, lights, effects, chorus - and, of course, the orchestra. Suppose you were given the audience, visible and invisible, would you be ready to go ahead with a perfect production? No, dear sir or madam -- unless you had working for you at rehearsals and during performance that observing if unobservable gentleman - the stage manager.

The conductor commands and paces the show - the stage manager governs action on the stage - the props or objects in action, and the singers and pantomimes. An earnest and industrious stage manager - meaning Armando Aguni of the Metropolitan Opera Company - worries from the moment the curtain rises until it finally drops. Aguni contradicts the adage that worry is waste; he says he'd be no good whatever at his job unless he worried. But he's a husky and healthy young man, because he doesn't really worry. He watches. He misses nothing and nobody.

An American prima donna her debut - she was Jeanne Gordon, the opera Trovatore. Her success was overwhelming. The audience gave enough curtain calls to wear out two curtains. Jeanne Gordon literally staggered off the stage with fatigue from nervous exhaustion. Stage Manager Aguni saw her maid assist her to her dressing room. He busied himself for the second act. The curtain was signaled to go up. Aguni looked around for Jeanne Gordon. She was absent from the stage. He delayed the curtain and went to Miss Gordon's dressing room. He met her as she emerged not in her opera costume, but clad for the street.

(OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

So intense had been her mental excitement that it mixed-up her memory -- she actually thought her ovation had been at the end of the opera, not its beginning.

Aguini told me with a seriousness on his Tuscan face and a twitch of brows that betrays native volatility under American briskness any great anxiety "is in opera where props play a prominent part. Once, he reports, in *The King's Henchman* a chair was used supposedly in the period. A precise opera patron wrote a severe letter to the management, pointing out that in replacing a missing brass stud on the fringe of the chair's upholstery, a modern stud had been used destroying the authenticity of the chair.

And stage-manager Aguini has his hair, that is what hair he has, still jet black after nearly twenty years of that kind of watchful worrying over details like that.

In *Lohengrin* there are floating swans - rather athletic swans that swim on with a heavenly boat. The saddest moment of Aguini's life was when one of the swans floated on backwards - emulating that strange bird the Apteryk which flies backwards because it doesn't care where it's going; it wants to remember where it's been. Conveniently, a grand-sized German tenor stood where he was most useful to screen reversal from a trap-door below stage of that swan's direction.

In opera as elsewhere, mind has always these minor and uncomfortable disappointments with matter. It's the human element that excites human alertness more. In the opera *Faust* Marguerita finds her jewels and adorns herself, and gazes in a mirror, while singing a beautiful aria. Stage-Manager Aguini always took the box of property jewels to Marguerita's dressing-room so that she could arrange them as she chose.

(CONTINUES OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

During one Faust Marguerita adorned herself - sang and during an orchestral crescendo, asked distinctly for her mirror. She had left it on her dressing table. Aguni rapidly retrieved it, and as Marguerita gracefully extemporized action to take her to the wings - she was handed the mirror and the looking-glass aria began.

A slight error on the part of another prima donna in Tosca called for more resourcefulness. This lady, after killing the villain who pursued her, repents. She tells everybody in a beautiful aria that she will burn mourning candles by his ready-made bier. She takes two sticks from a huge candelabra and blows out the other candles. It's dramatically touching - excepting if and when the lady blows out all the candles without first selecting two. This lady did this. In this situation, how could she place two mourning candles beside the very dead villain? In the days of Tosca there were no matches. Stage-Manager Aguni saw the situation; saved it. That's his function. He snatched a candle from the property room shelf, stuck it in a very modern brass cup and placed it within reach of the lady so that she could continue her musical mourning by candle-light, as the opera required.

Perhaps Aguni's most exciting night came with a gala performance of Aida - when the usually amenable spear-carriers staged a revolt. Aida is the spear-carrier's big scene. They populate that opera in hundreds. But they threw down their spears and went on strike three minutes before the curtain was to rise. It was argued that their demands be granted. Anything to save the show. But Aguni didn't like revolt at the wrong moment. He called the ballet and chorus together, selected a nucleus army of spear carriers, and made that small army keep in motion walking on and off stage so that they appeared a multitude.

(OVER)

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JOHN B. KENNEDY

I wanted to know -- a case of curiosity trying to catch the cat instead of to kill it - what person or persons bothered Aguni more than any other in the continuous galaxy of grand opera stars. Without hesitation, he replied: Caruso. You cannot avoid that great name or its glamor at any time at the Metropolitan.

"Caruso," said Stage-Manager Aguni, "worried me because of his practical-joking. I was always fearful that some lesser light would imitate him and we should have to invoke discipline.

"But Caruso compensated for his joking by being strictly punctual. I never knew him to be one-minute late for a rehearsal or for a performance.

"He particularly liked having secret jokes with the chorus and the ballet. Somebody told him that the ballet girls had a sort of fraternity or sorority salute. It was a slight, sideways motion of the head with the hand raised over the right eye. Silly, but silly tricks are sometimes safety-valves for sanity.

"If one girl gave another the salute and she neglected it - the penalty was the fine of a penny. At the end of a season the girls spent the accumulated fines on a feast. Caruso said he'd like to join their secret club. They said he must be initiated by a gift of pennies - so he drew an enormous cartoon of himself and studded it with pennies.

"Then he gave the girls something else to think about. In Rigoletto one night when the girls had all to stand stiffly at attention, Caruso saluted them several times. They couldn't salute back. So he collected pounds of pennies back. Then he tried to catch them offguard when he sang La Prophete. Even as the sombrely sanctified prophet, Caruso gave the ballet salute to the girls garbed mournfully as worshippers in the Temple Scene. (CONTINUES OVER)

JOHN B. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

To his surprise, the kneeling girls slyly returned the salute.

"I pay them back their fines," said Caruso. The next morning he went to the ballet at rehearsal and gave each girl a penny - a golden penny, a two and a half dollar gold piece as his contribution to their annual feast.

"It was Caruso's splendid cooperation as the outstanding star -- and the fine cooperation of today's stars in punctuality and willingness to take direction -- that is what makes morale at the Metropolitan."

Mr. Agnini, who knows his opera by the book - and the score is right. Cooperation, teamwork with stage-management - you know that's really all that's needed in this world that's a stage where all the men and women are merely players -- that's all that's needed to make it a better stage - and a better show.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy.

(ACT II)-(SCENE I)

The first scene of the second act of "Peter Ibbetson" is the Salon of the Inn, "La Tete Noire," Paris-Passy, 1857. An old-fashioned inn parlor, plainly and sparsely furnished. The principal objects are a fireplace on one side, with a chaise lounge before it; a table; and two chairs. As the curtain rises, Achille Gregoux, the proprietor, enters, ushering in Peter Ibbetson, who carries hat, stick and overcoat. Peter, on a visit to Paris, returns to the scenes of his childhood, but finds all the old landmarks obliterated. Stopping to rest at the inn he meets there Major Duquesnois, a Napoleonic veteran who was one of the friends of his childhood. Peter greets him joyfully, but the Major, his mind dimmed by the passing years, cannot recognize him. The old soldier departs, and Peter, tired and dispirited, prepares to rest. Glancing out of the window, he is startled to catch sight of the Duchess of Towers passing in her carriage. He crosses the room and sits down upon the edge of the chaise lounge. Very slowly the room darkens. Peter sits, absorbed in thought. Then with a sigh, he rests his head wearily in his hands. After a moment thus, he turns, and lies back upon the chaise lounge. As he lies, his feet are crossed, and both hands are clasped behind his head. Thus did Mimsey tell him in his childhood to lie down if he ever wished to dream true. Peter falls asleep.

The lights come up, faintly at first, just enough to reveal a shadowy outdoor scene, with dim figures moving, then strongly enough to permit the stage easily to be seen.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

(SCENE TWO)

The scene is the Garden of "Parva Sed Apta", Passy, 1840. In the foreground, deeply shadowed, but visible, is the sleeping figure of Peter Ibbetson, still lying on the chaise lounge. Beyond is the old garden of Peter's childhood. On one side stands the apple tree, with the rustic table and chairs under it. Beyond is the iron garden fence, with a grilled gate. Beyond that, one looks over the roofs and tree-tops of Passy, straight up the Seine and faint in the distance, the towers of Notre Dame.

Seated at the garden table in the mysterious half-light is the twelve-year-old Peter, known in his childhood days as Gogo Pasquier, writing, with an open book before him. Nearby sits his young mother, Marie Pasquier, busy with her embroidery. Major Duquesnois, the grey but sturdy veteran of seventeen years previous, strolls about the garden, finally taking a seat near Madam Pasquier. Madame Seraskier enters, her arm about Mimsey, who is about Gogo's age. The mother stops, and tenderly puts her hand to Mimsey's forehead. The little girl looks up, smiles happily, then runs over to watch Gogo at work. It is a beautiful childhood scene in this lovely garden with Peter as Gogo playing with his adored Mimsey and the beloved Major Duquesnois. In his dreams he also sees himself as he now is standing beside the Duchess of Towers. We really have three Peter Ibbetsons upon the entire stage. The Duchess of Towers warns Peter that he must neither touch nor speak to the dream people; if he does, the dream will fade. Neither he nor Mary can understand why the other is there. Waking, she leaves him, telling him he is welcome to return whenever he wishes.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Peter is the unwilling witness of a scene between his mother and her cousin, Captain (Colonel) Ibbetson, in which the Captain insults her and tries to embrace her. Peter, with a cry, rushes to defend her. The dream is instantly shattered. The scene is plunged in darkness.

(SCENE III)

When the lights come on again, they reveal Peter, on the chaise lounge, stirring in his sleep. Outside, the sound of rain, and an occasional rumble of thunder. During the course of the scene the rain stops and the sun comes out.

Peter awakens at the inn just as the Duchess of Towers enters, having taken refuge from a storm. She greets him kindly, and remembers having seen him at the ball, two years before. He reminded her, she tells him, of a little French boy whom she once knew. "I was a little French boy once," says Peter. "What was your name?" she asks, breathless. "Gogo Pasquier." Suddenly he recognizes her as Mimsey. Half laughing, half crying, they rush to each other. Peter tells her of his dream. Startled, she takes up the narrative and completes it. They realize that the meeting was a real one; that while their bodies lay asleep, miles apart, their spirits met and wandered together through their dream. With an effort she regains her self-possession. Never again must they see each other, she tells him. She will never forget him, but they must not meet, even in dreams. She is not free to come to him. She turns, and without a backward glance slowly leaves the room.

(OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

This is the story of the second act of "Peter Ibbetson" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(SECOND ACT -- "PETER IBBETSON")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

You know, "one good turn deserves another;" and so it is a delightful privilege to the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE to bring you these renowned grand operas -- for in that way they are able to thank millions of you for your loyal patronage of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Smokers of LUCKY STRIKE know that LUCKIES are always so round, so firm, so fully packed with choice tobaccos -- and only the center leaves, for these are the mildest leaves. They taste better. That's why LUCKIES are always in all ways kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy in an interview with the famous music critic and the composer of today's opera - Mr. Deems Taylor.

(INTERVIEW - JOHN B. KENNEDY WITH DEEMS TAYLOR)

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Friends of LUCKY STRIKE:

I had a novel experiment walking to the Metropolitan along Broadway today. A well-known New York detective walked with me, as a friend not as an escort. He said he could guess which of the people we passed were, or were not, native New Yorkers. Not this man, he said -- Chicagoan, he knows how to walk in the wind; that one's from Boston - he's reading a book on the street; this chap's from California, he has a Hollywood look. And so on, he said Broadway strollers or stragglers were from there and everywhere but here originally. Nobody came from New York -- until, finally, we met somebody who did -- and here he is -- DEEMS TAYLOR, composer of Peter Ibbetson, our LUCKY STRIKE presentation this afternoon.

TAYLOR: Being a native New Yorker does appear to be a distinction. There are so few of us not in political office.

KENNEDY: And so very few who are big league composers.

TAYLOR: Now, Mr. Kennedy, don't you think that we, as two intelligent men --

KENNEDY: Flatterer!

TAYLOR: Don't you think that we should talk about something more important than a composer.

KENNEDY: But there isn't much that's more important than the composer when an opera's being considered. And the most important thing is how he began to compose.

TAYLOR: I started in at ten. So, you see, I'm an incorrigible case. I was a piano player at that age.

KENNEDY: A child prodigy -- and did you wear a velvet suit and play for company at home?

TAYLOR: Good heavens, no! It was enough to torture my own family which had to stand for me, rather than to make enemies of visitors. I've always been one for taking strong measures with voluntary entertainers. I've always admired that story of the old English lord - an authentic story by the way. He would stalk to a piano bench at a drawing room party and take possession of it. When anybody inquired of him: "But does your lordship play or sing?" He'd grimly reply: "No, and I'm taking good care nobody else will."

KENNEDY: We've all suffered from this amateur chamber music which sounds more like torture chamber music. But young composers must get their start even if it's only by startling others.

TAYLOR: I wrote a march at ten. It was for piano and violin -- and the reason for that was I couldn't get all the effects on the piano that I wanted with only two hands.

KENNEDY: I wrote a march even earlier than ten.

TAYLOR: Indeed!

KENNEDY: Yes, at seven -- on a drum.

TAYLOR: And your family had to move?

KENNEDY: Of course.

TAYLOR: I'm afraid mine had their troubles in explaining earlier weird sounds to neighbors. They were Spartans in the cause of art.

KENNEDY: You and William LeBaron started out quite ambitiously together at college?

TAYLOR: Oh yes. We were going to be the Gilbert and Sullivan of America. Every pair of youngsters writing words and music has the Gilbert and Sullivan combination in mind. My ambition was tempered a little by a man whose name lives on as shingly as theirs.

KENNEDY: It's always a good break when budding genius finds matured genius interested enough to give it advice.

TAYLOR: And genuine genius always gives the advice. LeBaron and I had written a musical piece for New York University production. We did these things not thinking they were being carefully watched. One night between acts, a distinguished-looking man introduced himself to me. He was Victor Herbert. You're talented my young friend, he said -- but if you seriously want to be a composer, you'll soon run out of natural effusion. You must study harmony, counterpoint and musical theory,

KENNEDY: The evidence is that you followed this advice.

TAYLOR: Yes - and Victor Herbert helped me very much in other ways. He was always generous to everybody.

KENNEDY: What happened next -- I mean the period of training.

TAYLOR: Something happened before. Charles Dillingham saw one of our college shows -- The Echo. He bought it for production. It opened in Chicago -- and closed there quite promptly. As the boys always manage to remark -- of other people's shows: the public stayed away in large numbers. But LeBaron and I worked at it during an entire summer. Then because Dillingham was being joshed for putting on a show by two college youngsters, he began changing it. He introduced dancers and special numbers. I remember Jerome Kern had a special song in our show. In fact, when the show was finally reintroduced, all that was left of my score was the opening chorus and one song. There were so many interpolated songs that when a visiting actor made the friendly remark to one song-writer in the lobby: I hope your number's a hit -- half the audience stood up and thanked him.

KENNEDY: Collaboration must be a harmony, not a babel -- so your show didn't run very long, did it?

TAYLOR: Just long enough for me to rent an apartment on Riverside Drive and buy my first pair of spats. Then it collapsed, and I was left out in the cold, looking for a job.

KENNEDY: Deems Taylor found the job. He wrote light verse for light fees --

TAYLOR: Very light fees.

KENNEDY: He wrote much of this under the pen-name, Smeed -- a reversal of his first name. He became an editor of Collier's, then a music critic.

TAYLOR: Yes -- and I often wonder what makes a critic.

KENNEDY: I'd like to know -- and stop it.

TAYLOR: That's something to think about. Excepting I have no personal complaint to make. The critics were kind to me when my first opera, The King's Henchman, was produced.

KENNEDY: Well, it was easy to be kind to -- a grand show.

TAYLOR: I'm glad you said that. It confirms what I strove for. I'd had enough experience in the theatre to make an opera a show. That's what I was able to bring to The King's Henchman. So the disappointments of early failures proved some good.

KENNEDY: How did you come to pick The King's Henchman for your first major work.

TAYLOR: I didn't. See, I tried to be smart, and by some strange favor of fortune, it turned out I was smart. It gives me a batting average of about minus .003 for smartness. I'd been a music critic long enough to make me wary in presenting an opera of my own for brickbats or bouquets. So, when it came time to write it, I thought of the best librettist I could get. She'd be an asset, whether my part held up as well as I wanted to, or not. I invited Edna St. Vincent Millay to collaborate with me. She selected the theme and story from Anglo-Saxon folk history. And away we went.

KENNEDY: All as easy as that?

TAYLOR: Dear no. Miss Millay was a swell collaborator but no speed record breaker. She sent me the first act. I set the music to it. Then I waited and waited for the second act. I sent her first wires, then telephone calls, then postcards to her home in the Berkshires. She sent me the rest of the script after keeping me waiting for weeks -- and timing it to reach me -- on April the First.

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KENNEDY:

I jumped ahead of the interview a bit in rushing at The King's Henchman. What trainers are there for composers in America -- we have plenty of good vocal trainers but not - to my knowledge, although that, has limitations - so many good teachers of composition.

TAYLOR:

Well, I didn't go to a famous man; but I did find a perfectly fine musician. His name was Kuhn and he played the second cornet in a band. But he knew music. As far as I could judge the old gentlemen thrived exclusively on whiskey and bananas --

KENNEDY:

A rather explosive - and expensive system of dietetics.

TAYLOR:

Well, he had done it for years and years and was seventy-five when I knew him. He was an amazing old man. His twin passions were Shakespeare and Bach. He didn't own a musical instrument - and he'd sit in his room for hours, alternately reading the plays of Shakespeare and the music of Bach. I owe a great deal to that fine old musician.

KENNEDY:

Coming down, or rather up to Peter Ibbetson -- how was that started?

TAYLOR:

Well, a little differently from the King's Henchman, which was really made by mail. I had always been fascinated by Du Maurier's book, Peter Ibbetson. And I saw the Barrymore brothers in the play.

KENNEDY:

Yes. I had that rare pleasure. There was one of the greatest hours in the American theatre -- the last two acts of Peter Ibbetson as the Barrymores played it.

TAYLOR:

I agree. I always was so thrilled by Peter Ibbetson that I thought of it as an opera.

KENNEDY:

What are the steps taken to change it from a play into an opera?

TAYLOR: The first is to try to acquire the rights. I couldn't even find a published copy of the play, Peter Ibbetson. But one evening at dinner at Katharine Cornell's she mentioned that the English actress, Constance Collier, owned all rights to Peter Ibbetson. I instantly conferred with Miss Collier -- and here's the show.

KENNEDY: And you seem rightfully excited whenever it's produced.

TAYLOR: More than that. I'm curiously affected by hearing my own work. In fact, at the premiere of The King's Henchman, my first opera, I was so excited that I couldn't hear the opera for the first half hour. I saw the orchestra playing, but not a sound came into my ears. Just nerves.

KENNEDY: Possibly accentuated by the realization that with the opera a success you could live at ease for the rest of your days.

TAYLOR: Oh, yeah? Don't anybody ever get the idea that composing is one of the most profitable professions. It isn't. In my feeble and fugitive excursions in the realms of art, I've found that poets and serious composers rarely make a livelihood -- at poetry or music. The by-products help, the prestige pays in other ways -- but --

KENNEDY: You mean you'll never get rich writing classics?

TAYLOR: No - altho your work may later enrich others.

KENNEDY: Yes - that's the pity of it. Altho I don't quite agree that fine poetry and fine musical composition cannot be profitable. But we won't come to blows over it. You, I observe, have notes in your hand for more music to write.

TAYLOR: Yes -- I'm planning some day to do an opera on the theme of Civil War, the essential American theme, for this country's history has been dominated by Civil War, of the Revolution and the War over Abolition.

KENNEDY: To say nothing of the minor civil war - over Prohibition.

TAYLOR: Yes - my wife and I -- by the way, she's a namesake of yours, Mary Kennedy -- are making research. I want this work to be historically accurate as well as artistically sound.

KENNEDY: Something to look forward to - for all of us. How long do you think it will take you?

TAYLOR: Perhaps a year - or more.

KENNEDY: Then don't let me delay you a minute longer - since Mrs. Taylor and your little daughter are eager to get you back - and the show must go on.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed the interview between Mr. John B. Kennedy and the composer of "Peter Ibbetson" - Mr. Deems Taylor.

(ACT III -- SCENE I)

In the first scene of the third act we are in the library of Colonel Ibbetson, a rather pretentious room, evidently belonging to a man of means. In back, is a fireplace; in front, to the right, is a divan. It is late afternoon, approaching dusk.

Mrs. Deane and her mother, Mrs. Glyn, are seated. They seem constrained and uneasy. They have come to Colonel Ibbetson's rooms to try to regain some letters that the Colonel holds. Peter arrives, from Paris, and greets them cordially. Mrs. Deane's mother, after questioning him about his parents, shows him a letter from the Colonel to her daughter. In it the Colonel declares that Peter is his natural son. The Colonel enters, and the two ladies depart. Peter confronts him with the letter, which he first repudiates, then admits. In the course of a furious quarrel, Peter strikes the Colonel with his cane and kills him.

(SCENE II)

The second scene shows the Chaplain's room in Newgate Prison, 1857. A large, bare room, with dingy whitewashed walls. In the back, a heavy door. At the left, a barred window. At right, a fireplace with a large armchair drawn up before it. A table and chair are down front. It is just before dawn.

(OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Peter is seated at the table, writing, by the light of a candle. There is the sound of a key turning in the lock, and the door opens. The Chaplain enters, dressed in a black cassock. Peter, sealing the letter, turns as he enters.

At dawn he is to be hanged for the murder of his guardian. Despite the Chaplain's appeals, he steadfastly refuses to tell why he killed the Colonel. As day breaks, and he is being led to execution, Mrs. Deane rushes in with the news that his sentence has been commuted to life imprisonment. Peter hysterically begs to be killed rather than endure a lifetime of living death. Mrs. Deane reassures him. She has brought him a message from Mary. Tell him his life has just begun. Tell him to sleep and dream true, is the message. Peter, exhausted, throws himself in the Chaplain's easy chair, and is soon asleep.

(SCENE III)

In his dream Peter goes back to the shores of Mare d'Autouil, the pond where he played as a youngster. His loved ones are all there. In the foreground is the figure of Peter, still sleep in the armchair. In back is a grassy, wooded space on the shore of a lovely pond. A cloth is spread under a tree, and around it are grouped Pasquier de la Maricore, Madame Pasquier, Madame Scrasquier, Major Duquesnois, and Mimsy and Gogo. The cloth is strewn with dishes, bottles and flowers. The group are just finishing a picnic supper. It is early evening, and the scene is flooded with the golden afterglow that comes just before dusk. Another lovely dream scene.

(OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The Major rises, makes Mme Pasquier a low bow, and waves his napkin around his head. The children applaud. All laugh. The party breaks up. Gogo produces a fishing net and invites Mimsey to join him at the water's edge. She shakes her head, and goes off with the Major to pick flowers. Gogo goes down to the pond. Madame Seraskier takes up the battledore and shuttlecock and calls Pasquier. They invite Mme. Pasquier to join them, but she smilingly refuses, opening her sewing basket and putting her finger through the toe of a small stocking. Mme. Seraskier laughs, and the two go out. Mme. Pasquier settles herself comfortably under the trees with her darning.

Peter sees himself enter greatly agitated.

Gogo comes running up to his mother to show her something he has caught in his net. She smiles, and sends him off to throw it back in the pond.

Mimsey and the Major return, bringing wildflowers, which they give to Mme. Pasquier. Pasquier and Mme. Seraskier return. Gogo runs up to his mother, who smooths back his hair and kisses him. Peter goes close to his mother and tries to make her understand that he is her Gogo now grown to a man, but the dream people neither see nor hear him. He is in despair. Suddenly he catches sight of Mary who hurries to him. She soothes him tenderly. He need not fear; she will never leave him. Every night, as long as they both live, she will come to him in their dream. They will roam the world together. Everything that she has ever seen or heard shall be his, too, to see and hear. Prison walls mean nothing; his real life has just begun. In his dreams he takes her in his arms and kisses her. The scene darkens.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

(SCENE IV)

The fourth scene is thirty years later; Peter lies in his cell in Newgate Prison. Mrs. Deane, now an elderly gray-haired woman, comes to him with a message; Mary's last words to him. But Peter already knows what news she brings, Mary is dead. The night before, in the dream, she was not there - the first time in all his years in prison. Suddenly the dying man sees Mary's face hovering above him. She has come back from death to comfort him and to take him with her. Peter falls back on his cot, motionless. Mrs. Deane hurries in with the doctor; but it is too late. Now the back wall of the cell vanishes, and in its place is the Mare d'Auteuil. Mary appears, smiling and reaching out her arms; and out of the dead boy on the cot rises Peter Ibbetson, young Peter, as we first saw him. He goes slowly to Mary, and they stand enfolded in each other's arms as the curtain slowly falls.

This is the closing act of "Peter Ibbetson" about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast.

(THIRD ACT -- "PETER IBBETSON")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF THIRD ACT)

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MII

...TON CROSS:

As the thrill and the glory of today's great music is stilled...as seats are vacated and the crowds of music lovers fill the aisles, the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes bid you farewell. They sincerely hope you have enjoyed today's performance; and they hope that, when you are thinking of cigarettes, you will remember this quality about LUCKY STRIKE: only the choice center leaves of the finest tobaccos are used in LUCKIES. And for better taste, for throat protection, "IT'S TOASTED." LUCKIES are always in all ways kind to your throat.

(NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: Give next week's opera "Lohengrin" - Time: 1:35 P.M. E.S.T. Also cast.)

/chilleen
3/16/34

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WJZ and WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE OPERA BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "LOHENGRIN"

()-()
1:35 P.M. to APPROX. 5:30 P.M.

MARCH 24, 1934

SATURDAY

(STREET NOISES)

ANNOUNCER:

Good afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen. Again we are entering the famous Metropolitan Opera House in New York City thru the courtesy of the American Tobacco Company, manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, to attend the Saturday matinee performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(LOBBY NOISES)

We are now in the opera lobby where we purchase our libretto from the man seated behind the table which is covered with Metropolitan librettos of the various operas given by this great musical institution.

(HOUSE NOISES AND ORCHESTRA TUNING)

We have entered the Opera House foyer. We have ascended the main staircase to the "Diamond Horseshoe" and then on to the Grand Tier and turn into our regular Box No. 44.

Today's opera by the Metropolitan Opera Company, is a performance of Wagner's great "Swan-Knight" music drama "Lohengrin."

(OVER)

ATX01 0189716

ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born at Leipzig, in 1813. His father, a minor civil official, died soon after his birth, and two years later his mother married an actor, Ludwig Geyer. To Wagner's consequent association with the stage in childhood has been attributed his life-long devotion to music of and for the theatre. His early musical education was far from thorough and his first attempts at composition gave scant indication of his latent genius. His first opera, "Das Liebesverbot", produced at Magdeburg, in 1836, was coolly received and has long since been forgotten. Not until "Rienzi" was produced in Dresden, in 1842, did his gifts win any considerable recognition; and when, later, he boldly undertook to reform the operatic art he was derided by the majority of his contemporaries. His life, until King Ludwig II of Bavaria came to his aid, in 1864, was an incessant struggle against poverty and hostile criticism. Had it not been for the unfailing sympathy and generosity of Liszt (whose daughter, Cosima, he married in 1870), some of his greatest works might never have been written.

Although Wagner wrote almost exclusively for the stage, his melodic, harmonic and orchestral innovations profoundly affected the trend of symphonic music.

Wagner's outstanding musical achievement was the reformation of the Opera. He abolished the "aria" and all musical elements not relevant to the plot, and invented what he called the "continuous melody" in order to maintain the dramatic continuity of the story. He adopted the idea of the leading motive (first conceived by Berlioz) and carried it out to its logical conclusion, with the result that in his "music drama," as he termed his later works, the music is not only more closely co-ordinated with the action but affords an illuminating and emotionally stimulating commentary upon it.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189717

ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

His contributions to the art of orchestration were epoch-making. He died at Venice in 1883, having seen his fondest dreams realized in the establishment at Bayreuth of his own theatre, where his works are produced each year under the most favorable possible conditions.

Wagner finished "Tannhauser" in 1844. The following year during a summer vacation at Teplitz in Bohemia, he wrote the first sketch of "Lohengrin" and the score was finished three years later. Although the two works are separated by such a short interval of time, "Lohengrin" shows an enormous advance on its predecessor. Wagner's genius was maturing rapidly, and in this work we can distinguish most of the characteristics of his later style. In it we see already the beginnings of that wonderful wordless commentary that delights us in "Tristan and the Ring." He begins to use those so-called motifs - or identification tunes, of which we have already spoken, upon which idea he later built his dramas of the Ring Trilogy. In "Lohengrin" we have the theme of the "Grail," one for "The Swan," another for "Lohengrin", one for "Elsa" etc., and whenever these things or characters are referred to in the story you find the representative theme or motive in the music.

"Lohengrin" was first performed at Weimer in 1850, under the direction of Franz Listz, who was greatly interested in it and determined to make it a success. The success of the Wagner movement in Germany really dated from that memorable night. In the next nine years the opera was given in fourteen different cities, and Wagner, who was then a political exile, is said to have remarked - "I shall soon be the only German who has not heard "Lohengrin." It was in 1861, eleven years after its first performance that he finally heard it for the first time in Vienna.

"LOHENGRIN" OPERA BY WAGNER

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. I am speaking from Box 44 in the famous Grand Tier of the Metropolitan Opera House. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes consider it a great honor to have you as their radio guests this afternoon. They know how much fine music appeals to the inherent good taste of America, and they consider it a compliment, too, that so many of you have judged LUCKY STRIKE to be the height of good taste in cigarettes. Only the clean, center leaves of the Cream of the Crop are used in LUCKIES, for the center leaves are the mildest, tenderest leaves. Then "IT'S TOASTED." Naturally, LUCKIES are all-ways kind to your throat. Our opera this afternoon is Wagner's story of Lohengrin. Artur Bodanzky will conduct. The cast will be as follows:

THE KING.....Ludwig Hoffman
ELSA.....Elizabeth Rethberg
LOHENGRIN.....Lauritz Melchior
ORTRUD.....Maria Olszewska
TELRAMUND.....Gustav Schützendorf
THE HERALD.....George Cehanovsky

Wagner's story of "Lohengrin" is a combination of several legends, including King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, the story of the "Holy Grail" and the distinctive German legend of the Knight who appears in a skiff drawn by a swan.

It tells how Lohengrin comes from Monsalvat when oppressed innocence demands a champion; how in answer to Elsa's prayers he appears as her defender and even consents to marrying her on the vow from Elsa that she will never ask his name or whence he came; and the disaster that follows with the breaking of her vow at the prompting of jealous advisors.

ATX01 0189719

(ACT I - SCENE I)

MILTON CROSS:

After the playing of the beautiful prelude, the curtain rises on a plain on the banks of the Scheldt, near Antwerp; King Henry is seated under a tall sturdy oak; near him stand the Saxon and Thuringian nobles. On the other side are Frederick of Telramund and Ortrud. The background is occupied by retainers. There is an open circle in the beginning into which a Herald and four Trumpeters advance. Trumpets sound and the herald summons order, after which the King addresses the assembly. He finds the country in a state of anarchy. Gottfried, the young son of the late Duke, has mysteriously disappeared and Telramund, the husband of Ortrud, daughter of the Prince of Friesland, claims the Dukedom, accusing Elsa of having murdered her brother, Gottfried.

The King solemnly hangs his shield on the oak. The Saxons and Thuringians thrust their drawn swords into the ground; the men of Brabant lay theirs before them, and the King declares he will not wear his shield again until judgment has been pronounced. He summons Elsa - and Elizabeth Rethberg as Elsa enters in a simple white dress with a long train of her ladies similarly attired. These remain in the background while Elsa advances slowly and timidly. She denies the charges of Telramund and when asked to defend herself and name a warrior to champion her cause, she relates in a beautiful aria, her dream of a knight in glittering white armor. 'Tis this knight of her dreams she names as her champion and she prays for his coming.

(OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

The Herald advances with the four trumpeters. Trumpets sound. There is a long pause. Elsa pleads and the summons is repeated. Another long pause and Elsa falls on her knees in prayer.

Suddenly those who stand on an elevation near the river perceive in the distance a boat, drawn by a swan, gradually approaching; a knight is standing in the boat. Most of the persons in the assembly hasten towards the river. There is great excitement. The King surveys the scene from his elevated seat. Frederick, listens with astonishment, and Ortrud, looks gloomily towards the background. Elsa listens with rapture but does not venture to look around. The swan reaches the bank with the boat, in which stands Lohengrin in shining white armor, leaning on his sword, with his helmet on his head, his shield on his shoulder, and a small golden horn at his side. Elsa, looking around, utters a wild shriek of joy at the sight of Lohengrin, on whom Frederick gazes speechless. Ortrud, who has previously retained her haughty attitude, is stricken with terror when she beholds Lohengrin and the swan. As Lohengrin dismisses the boat, the people, absorbed in expectation, suddenly become silent as he thanks his faithful swan in the lovely air "Nun sei bedankt, mein lieber Schwan." The swan departs with the boat. Lohengrin looks after it mournfully and then announces that he has come as Elsa's champion and Knight and will remain as such upon her vow never to ask his name or whence he came. After she has faithfully vowed to honor this command Frederick and Lohengrin prepare for the duel. At a signal from the Herald the trumpets sound for the combat. The King, drawing his sword, strikes it twice against his shield.

(OVER)

ATK01 0189721

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

At the first stroke Lohengrin and Frederick take their positions; at the second they draw their swords; at the third they commence the encounter. After several violent passages, Lohengrin strikes Frederick to the ground, but grants him his life.

The King leads Elsa to Lohengrin; she sinks enraptured on his bosom. The Saxon, Thuringian and Brabant nobles take up their swords and there are general acclamations for Elsa and Lohengrin as the curtain falls on the first act of Wagner's Swan Knight Opera about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(FIRST ACT -- LOHENGRIN)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

In the intermission may I take just a few seconds of that time to tell you how the tobaccos for LUCKY STRIKE are chosen? Only the clean, center leaves of the finest tobacco plants are selected. Not the under-developed top leaves -- they are too harsh; not the bottom leaves -- they are too coarse, dirt covered and sandy. Only the clean center leaves are used in LUCKIES for these are the mildest leaves -- they taste better. And then, for throat protection-- "IT'S TOASTED." You see why LUCKIES are always, in all ways kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ATX01 0189722

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When Signor Gatti-Casazza was requested to come to direct the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York from La Scala in Milan, he stipulated this: that if he came there must come with him his conductor - Arturo Toscanini -- the greatest living conductor. Also he insisted that there must be brought to the Metropolitan another Maestro -- ^JGiulio Setti, director of the chorus at La Scala, conductor of opera in Italy, South America and even at the Metropolitan; in brief, an expert.

This opera Lohengrin is a very choral opera. It wouldn't possibly be the fine opera it is without the chorus -- neither could any opera that needs a chorus be much of an opera without one. Take, for instance Peter Ibbetson, which you heard last week - the chorus was undisclosed visually -- yet their vagrant voices back-stage haunting the action of the opera, were a tensile and tangible part of the dream drama that is the subtly tragic play of Ibbetson.

Next Saturday, too, in the LUCKY STRIKE broadcast of the great French opera, Manon, you'll find the chorus both background and foreground of operatic action.

If you went to Italy, if you went to France or Spain or even Germany where mass vocal music is so much a national habit that it almost amounts to a national nuisance -- even in Germany -- or in South America where, in cities like Buenos Aires it is a high social as well as artistic compliment to be included in the chorus of the opera -- anywhere and everywhere in the world there is no such chorus as the chorus that sings at the Metropolitan.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189723

KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

A rather learned critic of the opera said in an aside to Gatti-Casazza. I'd give the world if the Metropolitan had a real Italian or Paris Opera House chorus.

"You don't have to give the world," said Gatti. "The Metropolitan has a chorus more versatile than any other."

In Milan and Rome the chorus sings all the chorals in Italian; in Paris they are all sung in French; in Berlin and Vienna in German. But at the Metropolitan the chorus sings the language of the opera being sung.

Julio Setti, the chorus maestro, explains: sitting, blandly agitated -- unnecessarily worried, as he always is, that his chorus will miss a cue. It never does. "We picked the best chorus people in Italy," says Maestro Setti -- who looks very much like Lloyd-George might look -- even to the blunt grey moustache, if Lloyd-George were a maestro instead of a politician. "We brought these chorus people to America as a nucleus. They returned to Italy between seasons, and always learned languages. They made it difficult for anybody but those willing to learn languages to make the Metropolitan chorus -- that accounts for the superior ability of this chorus to any I have ever directed."

The normal chorus, at the Metropolitan consists of 126 voices -- fifty females, fifty six males. Nearly every member of this chorus knows at least five languages -- French, Italian, German, Spanish and English. Some of them know Russian, and two of them even know Japanese. The chorus comprises singers of nine different nationalities.

(OVER)

MR. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

"A marvelous mixture of racial voices," says Maestro Setti. "Although during the war it was not always so comfortable, as some were allies and some were not."

They had groups at first paralleling the Allies and the Central Powers. But not for long. Signor Setti called them together after there had been one or two incidents - an incident at the dignified Metropolitan being nothing more serious than black looks, never anything as horrible as black eyes.

"The opera," he said, "is neutral in all wars. It survives all war. You are all here to sing, not to argue."

It's no secret at all that practically all the members of the chorus have held higher ambitions. And it's a tribute to their sanity that when a voice cannot win a place as a principal, the owner of the voice lets love of music supersede pride. Each member of this chorus, no matter what his or her unrealized ambition for operatic stardom, knows that in the chorus there is as vital a contribution to the opera as that of the most celebrated star.

There have been times, at least there has been a time, when a star of opera was saved by the chorus. When the Metropolitan went to Philadelphia one night, a famous baritone suddenly -- with the weird vagaries of fine voices - suddenly lost his. He appeared startled. His mouth opened, his face contorted the muscles of vocal projection, but there came no song. Maestro Setti signalled a young baritone in the chorus, who instantly carried on. The star on the stage went through the motions. The chorus man made the song.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189725

MR. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

They plucked that young man out of the chorus and gave him a part. They've done that on several occasions.

I cannot report, as I should like for the sake of the dramatic disunities, that some dazzling star has emerged from the opera chorus when an established singer suddenly fell ill or down a man-hole. No, they are a sober, steady company unaddicted to sensation. They take everything calmly, as do all whose training is rigorous and whose labor is long and unlimelighted.

Yet they have romance among them. During a singing of one of the great choral operas -- Le Prophete, there came a stab of sound from the chorus -- at the wrong moment. Setti, who had his back momentarily turned couldn't tell who was guilty of the error. But he was furious. It sounded like a contralto, but it might have been a tenor. At the intermission he demanded who had made the false start. A young man, one of his best singers, stood forward.

"You should know better," said Setti. "I shall suspend you for a week" -- drastic punishment at the Metropolitan.

Before the week was over Setti sent for the young tenor.

"You are reinstated," he said. "The girl you shielded confessed to me that she had made the mistake -- not you."

But the young man went away for a week, anyhow. So did the young woman. On their honeymoon.

You hear the chorus sing in, say, this opera Lohengrin. The opera takes, say, three hours, of which the chorus sings, all told, an hour. Yet they rehearse for -- how long do you think -- twenty-four hours through the week. And it's what we call in long language a work of supererogation -- beyond the line of duty. Because once when it was suddenly decided to replace an opera with another on the Metropolitan schedule, the chorus went in without any rehearsal whatever and made a splendid job of it. (OVER)

ATX01 0189726

MR. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

This opera was The Bartered Bride, one of the eighty operas, in five different languages that every member of this chorus is expected to know. And some of them know opera in Russian, even in Greek. And if Maestro Setti or anybody else wanted conclusive proof of the versatility of this chorus personnel - they had it on the night of the Bartered Bride. A group of acrobats had been hired from a circus, because this opera had a circus scene. The acrobats were delayed in arriving by a train accident. Five members of the chorus --amateur gymnasts, volunteered - and they alleyooped and hit double somersaults as well as they hit top-notes.

Many of them have followed Maestro Setti wherever he has produced opera -- and that is almost everywhere, even places as remote as Cairo, Egypt and Buenos Aires. The Khedive of Egypt and other native gentry took the chorus from Aida to sing against a background of The Pyramids. The echoes were marvelous until an Anglo-Saxon tourist who had evidently spent the night al fresco in an angle of one of the pyramids, arose and demanded to know what anybody was serenading him for?

"Most of these people have sung everywhere," says Setti. They are irreplaceable." He recalls, with an indignant flirt of the shoulders, the day that through some hoax a bevy of beauties came to the Metropolitan to join or to try to join the chorus. But grand opera has a primary distinction from any other choral work. The chorus in grand opera is expected to sing. The chorus in musical comedy is not hired for sound.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189727

MR. KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

Aspirants to the chorus are auditioned quite as regularly and rigorously as those who desire berths as principals. And the chorus must have histrionic qualifications, too. "European choruses," says Maestro Setti, are too often wooden. "The Metropolitan chorus can move - can flow," as he expresses it with the action of the opera.

And their function is even more onerous than the musicians -- who have music to guide them. The chorus have only their memories.

Persistent they are. When the rare blunder once occurred of a choral tenor singing the wrong chorus -- from Lucia during Il Trovatore, which is as bad a boner as trying to make an end run in the ninth inning of a tight ball game -- Maestro Setti sent the young man off stage in disgrace.

"You do not know your opera," he frowned.

The young man tried to reach Maestro Setti after that opera. He couldn't. Finally, at about three a.m. Setti got home from a theatre and supper -- and, I shouldn't reveal it -- card party. The young man insisted on singing his knowledge of opera over the telephone.

Toscanini gave the Metropolitan chorus its eternal accolade when, after singing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony under his direction, he bowed distinctly in their direction -- the highest praise he bestows.

The youngest member of this chorus is a pretty girl of 17 -- the next youngest a handsome lad of 18. Their average age is 30 -- But I talked with a chorus girl a little while ago. A Metropolitan chorus girl. She had just sung in German, and she tossed off phrases to fellow chorines in Italian and French.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189728

MR. KENNEDY: (CONTINUES)

She talked to me in English. A handsome, well preserved woman, I saw her rush to the wings, seize a child and hug it. You're bound to observe energetic sentiment of that kind in a chorus girl. The child was her grand-daughter.

ATX01 0189729

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

(ACT II)

When the curtain rises on the second act of the opera "Lohengrin" we are in the fortress of Antwerp. In the middle of the background is the abode of the knights; to the left the abode of the women; in the foreground, to the right, the entrance of the Minster; in the background the gate of the town. It is night; the sound of horns and trumpets is heard. On the steps before the Minster sit Frederick and Ortrud, poorly clad. Ortrud keeps her eyes fixed on the windows of Elsa's abode; Frederick looks on the ground. A long silence. Frederick suddenly rises and there follows a long musical dialogue between Frederick and Ortrud in which he reproaches his wife for not protecting him by her magic from defeat at Lohengrin's hands. His position, his property, his honor - everything is now lost. Then the balcony scene.

Elsa appearing on the balcony sings to the gentle breezes that brought her savior and loved one Lohengrin. Frederick and Ortrud hiding in the shadows plan revenge on the lovers. Ortrud will try her wiles on Elsa while Frederick will endeavor to vanquish her hero. Ortrud works on the sympathy of Elsa. She craftly insinuates that as Lohengrin has mysteriously appeared, he may just as suddenly depart but Elsa sings only of love and confidence in her deliverer. Elsa leads Ortrud into the house. The day begins to dawn.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189730

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

When it is broad daylight the Warder gives the morning signal, which is answered from a distant tower. Servants enter from the interior of the fortress. They dip pails into a well and carry them into the house. The four trumpeters appear, and after sounding the royal summons, retire. Frederick has concealed himself behind a buttress of the Minster. From the gates of the fortress and through the town gate nobles of Brabant and retainers advance to the front of the Minster and greet each other. The trumpets are sounded several times during the reading by a herald of several of the King's decrees.

A long train of ladies, richly clad enters on the way to the Minster. Elsa, magnificently attired, advances in the procession; among the last ladies who follow her is Ortrud, also richly clad, from whom the rest shrink with ill-concealed scorn, so that she appears to be almost alone, her face betraying the most violent anger. When Elsa amid loud acclamations, is about to set her foot on the first step of the Minster, Ortrud breaks from her ranks, places herself on the steps before Elsa, and compels her to retreat.

The King, Lohengrin, the Saxon and Brabant nobles, all magnificently clad enter. Lohengrin and the King press their way through the throng. Lohengrin joins Elsa and as they are proceeding to the Minster, Frederick appears on the steps before the ladies and pages, who shrink from him with horror. He accuses Lohengrin of sorcery, and demands from the King to know the stranger's name, Lohengrin declares that his name may not be told unless Elsa asks it. Thwarted in this Frederick tries to taunt Elsa. Elsa with a look of pain, turns away from Frederick, and sinks at Lohengrin's feet.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189731

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

She falls on his bosom as the organ and bells in the Minster are heard. The King conducts Lohengrin on his right, Elsa on his left, up the steps of the Minster. Elsa's glances fall upon Ortrud, who raises her hand with a threatening attitude. Terror-stricken, Elsa clings to Lohengrin, and as they are about to enter the Minster the curtain falls on the second act of Wagner's opera "Lohengrin" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(SECOND ACT -- LOHENGRIN)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

While the audience here in the Metropolitan is waiting the beginning of the next act of Lohengrin, the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes take just a moment to give you some information about these famous cigarettes. First, only the center leaves of the finest tobacco plants are used in LUCKIES, for always the center leaves are the mildest leaves, always they are clean, always they taste better. Second, it's toasted for throat protection. Third, every LUCKY is so round, so firm, so fully packed -- free from loose ends. That's why LUCKIES do not dry out. And so in all ways LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy in an interview with the famous Metropolitan coloratura soprano, Lily Pons.

ATX01 0189732

INTERVIEW BY MR. KENNEDY AND MISS PONS

KENNEDY: We begin to understand, political and other opinions aside, what they mean by La Belle France when we get a close-up of Lily Pons. Petite - chic - and --

MISS PONS: You flatter --

KENNEDY: Not at all, Miss Pons. It's quite generally recognized that Lily Pons is pretty, that Lily Pons dresses handsomely and sings magnificently.

MISS PONS: Now I suppose you ask me - How you get that way?

KENNEDY: In effect - but in the very first opera of this series we had the pleasure of giving a brief biography. Now I'd like to ask a few personal questions.

MISS PONS: How personal?

KENNEDY: Scores of people - principally ladies - have written to me asking if I could state the range of your voice. They seemed amazed by its capabilities. Would you care to tell them?

MISS PONS: (TELL THEM THE RANGE IF SHE DESIRES)

KENNEDY: Many others - and these are quite evidently people who have seen you as well as heard you - want to know if you diet.

MISS PONS: Why?

KENNEDY: Slimness, my dear. You're amazingly slender for the possessor of such an extraordinary voice.

MISS PONS: So I must diet, eh?

KENNEDY: Not essential - but do you?

MISS PONS: Yes I do.

KENNEDY: How?

MISS PONS: I eat everything.

KENNEDY: Everything?

MISS PONS: Yes -- but don't say that on the air - or they send me everything. I said once how I liked macaroni - and a big box comes to me. I cannot eat it all.

KENNEDY: But from what I'm told you made a very good attempt.

MISS PONS: I'm very fond of macaroni. You see, I am half Italian. My mother was from Italy.

KENNEDY: Let's settle this matter of diet, first.

MISS PONS: It is settled. I eat everything.

KENNEDY: How can that explain your slim figure?

MISS PONS: I eat everything...but very little of anything. That is the secret.

KENNEDY: Do you drink wine at all?

MISS PONS: Not at all. I do not think alcohol in any form is good for the voice - that is, for the coloratura voice. I like lemonade - much lemonade.

KENNEDY: And horse-back riding, I'm told.

MISS PONS: Very much. I love to ride. Except I must see the horse.

KENNEDY: Where do you like to ride when in New York?

MISS PONS: In Central Park, where I live. I like it there since I have found a horse that is friendly.

KENNEDY: Was that at all difficult. It seems to me all the horses are friendly in Central Park.

MISS PONS: The first one I saw was not friendly, I thought. It kicked around. I said to the man - no - I have not seen a horse like that before?

KENNEDY: And what did he say?

MISS PONS: The man he said, Neither has the horse seen you before, so that gives you a fifty-fifty break.

KENNEDY: Horse-back riding in Central Park - if the fiction stories mean anything, implies, sooner or later - romance. A runaway horse - a gallant rescuer. Has that ever happened to you?

MISS PONS: Once yes.. I was galloping along the path, and the horse shied at a bad motor horn and ran.

KENNEDY: You mean ran away with the reins?

MISS PONS: Yes.. But a man stopped it. A nice man also on horseback..

KENNEDY: A young and handsome man?

MISS PONS: No - a fat man on horseback who told me that I was silly to let go my reins..

KENNEDY: Was that all that happened?

MISS PONS: That is all.

KENNEDY: Well - there isn't much room for romance in that. Let me try another tack. You have enormous quantities of fan mail - don't you?

MISS PONS: Not enormous. I have much..

KENNEDY: A great deal from romantically-inclined young men?

MISS PONS: No.. Some of them write me and I like it; but my favorite is an old man in Vermont.

KENNEDY: More about him, please.

MISS PONS: He is 86 years old and he sends me the tub of maple syrup. Sweet - very sweet. I like it; but not too much at a time.

KENNEDY: I'm told too, Miss Pons - that you receive some of the strangest letters and gifts from South America.

ATX01 0189735

MISS PONS: Yes. They are enthusiastic down there. Really so that it has frightened me. I give a concert there and when I leave the theatre they surge upon me so that I am almost crushed. It is thrilling, but sometimes I'm afraid of it.

KENNEDY: One of your South American admirers sent you a very strange gift, didn't he?

MISS PONS: Ah - somebody has told you about my jaguar?

KENNEDY: Yes - a rather lively jaguar.

MISS PONS: It was a very dear jaguar. I had him for months and came to love him very much.

KENNEDY: Perhaps I can disclose something of the private life of that jaguar. Miss Pons arrived at the Grand Central station in New York one day - and the jaguar was reluctant to leave the train. He climbed to the upper berth in the drawing room and held forth there until they were on the point of putting in an emergency call for Frank Buck. Finally, sugar and a sweet soprano summons brought him out when strong men couldn't.

MISS PONS: I was very fond of him.

KENNEDY: What, ultimately, happened to that pet?

MISS PONS: I gave him to the zoo.

KENNEDY: That's a pretty good place for jaguars. There's another question I've been requested to ask you, Miss Pons - you're noted for beautiful clothes. Do you favor any special coutouriere in Paris?

MISS PONS: Not at all. I buy my clothes in America. Here the styles are very chic - and I like American designing and tailoring.

KENNEDY: And your stage costumes? You design them yourself - is that true?

MISS PONS: Yes - I like very much to do it. I like everything for a role I sing to be exactly as it should be.

KENNEDY: Once a guard in a New York picture gallery was a little suspicious about a smartly attired young woman who stood before a Gainsborough so long that he wondered whether or not she was planning to copy it or to take it. At length he asked her if he could be of any help. A nice way of inquiring what business she had there. Lily Pons told him. She was to sing in an opera of the Gainsborough period, and was studying in detail the 2nd Empire costume of this Gainsborough lady. When she stepped on the stage at the Metropolitan everything she wore, from headdress to slippers and the bracelets, was authentic second empire. That's the thorough way in which Lily Pons works.

MISS PONS: It is the only way to satisfy and to be satisfied.

KENNEDY: What's your routine of practice?

MISS PONS: Oh, I sit in a chair sometimes and look over Central Park - and sing. When I am on tour I vocalize sometimes in the trains.

KENNEDY: I'm told - and I hate to bring this up - that you're fascinated by American slang.

MISS PONS: When it is clever - yes. When it cuts corners to say what I mean - yes. But American language does not always save time. You say 'elevator' when the English say 'lift' - why is that?

KENNEDY: It may be because we like longer words and say them quicker.

ATK01 0189737

MISS PONS: I see. My friends at the Metropolitan - they like to hear me say strange words. James Wolfe is one. And there was one I will not name. When I was at a party, he told me that the nice thing to say to the hostess at the end was - you know, if she asked I hope you enjoyed yourself? That I should say - Not so hot? I said it and found out quickly what that meant. Ever since I have been on guard.

KENNEDY: I can quite understand Mr. Wolfe and the others liking to hear Americanese in so charming a French accent.

MISS PONS: Yes - but first now I find out what all the new words means. So that I can sing - Who's afraid of the big bad wolf - n'est-ce-pas?

KENNEDY: How do you keep in such surprisingly good health with all the heavy demands of opera and concert work?

MISS PONS: Oh, I ride - and I swim, too. My home at Cannes is by the sea, and my two sisters and I go swimming a great deal. And I sleep - all I can. That is the best for health.

KENNEDY: Is there any likelihood of your singing in pictures?

MISS PONS: I have not made up my mind. I love the pictures and the picture stars.

KENNEDY: It's quite apparent that everything you find in America is fairly agreeable to you.

MISS PONS: Everything - including the climate. I like cold weather.

KENNEDY: And since romance is out of consideration - what hobby have you?

MISS PONS: Hobby - what is that?

KENNEDY: Any fad or personal predilection for amusement or spare time occupation?

MISS PONS: You mean - what do I like best to do - apart from music?

KENNEDY: That's it.

MISS PONS: It is this.

KENNEDY: What?

MISS PONS: This - please sign this paper here?

KENNEDY: Why?

MISS PONS: For me?

KENNEDY: (SIGNING) Gladly - but why?

MISS PONS: Everybody ask me so often for my autograph - my signature - that I turn the tables and now I ask everybody for theirs. See?

KENNEDY: Mad'selle, you're smart.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed this interview between Mr. John B. Kennedy and the famous Metropolitan star, Lily Pons.

(ACT III)

The jubilant introductory music, to the third act of Lohengrin which you all know, expresses the merriment of the wedding festival. The curtain rises, disclosing the bridal chamber. The bridal procession, accompanied by instruments and voices, enters the room. At the right door the ladies enter, leading Elsa; at the left the King and nobles, leading Lohengrin, both being preceded by pages with lights, and we hear the beautiful and famous Lohengrin Wedding March - (Faithful and True We Lead Thee Forth) When they have reached the centre of the stage, the King escorts Lohengrin to Elsa. They embrace. Pages divest Lohengrin of his heavy upper garment, and take off his sword, which they lay on the couch, the ladies take off Elsa's outer garment. The King embraces Lohengrin and Elsa and gives them his benediction. The pages give a signal for departure. The men go off to the right, the women to the left, again singing the beautiful wedding music.

Elsa overcome with emotion sinks on Lohengrin's bosom; and we have an exquisite picture of the mutual outpouring of love in all its beauty and tenderness. By degrees, however, the insinuations of Ortrude produce their effect in Elsa's mind - why should she not know more about her husband. Lohengrin appeals to her tenderly, but in vain. The motive of warning is heard and Elsa asks the fatal question - "What is thy name - whence hast thou come?"

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

"Ah, me! what hast thou done?" cries Lohengrin. Elsa, who stands before Lohengrin, at that moment happens to see Frederick and four Brabant nobles, as they burst in to the room with drawn swords. She hurriedly hands Lohengrin his sword. He quickly draws it, and with one blow strikes Frederick lifeless to the ground. The four nobles kneel to Lohengrin in turn. Elsa swoons. Lohengrin raises Elsa and places her gently on the couch. At a sign from Lohengrin, the nobles rise, raise Frederick's body and bear it away. Lohengrin rings a bell. Four ladies enter and Lohengrin orders them to take Elsa to the King. Lohengrin exits sorrowfully through the door. The ladies lead the grief-stricken Elsa away.

The curtains fall. The sound of horns is heard. When the curtains are withdrawn, the plain of the Scheldt is seen as in the First Act. The Brabant army enters on both sides, each division led by a Count, whose standard-bearer plants his banner in the ground. Around these banners the adherents of the several leaders assemble. Boys bear the shields and spears of the Counts, squires lead the horses aside. When all the Brabant force has arrived. the King enters with his retinue, as the men of Brabant salute him. The four nobles bring Frederick's body covered over on a bier, which they set down in the centre. All look anxiously. Elsa, followed by a long train of ladies, advances with tottering steps to the foreground. The King meeting Elsa leads her to a high seat opposite his own. Lohengrin enters, fully armed, gravely and solemnly walks to the front and uncovers the body, from which all turn with abhorrence, and he tells why he slew Frederick.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189741

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

In a great aria he then reveals how he was sent by the Holy Grail from Monsalvat to champion the cause of the innocent and falsely accused Elsa. He married her on condition she would never ask his name or whence he came. She has broken the vow.... His name is Lohengrin, son of Paisefal - he must now return to Monsalvat.

Elsa is crushed, she nearly falls. Lohengrin catches her in his arms. The King and men surrounding Lohengrin implore him to remain as their leader. He cannot - the swan appears with the boat. Lohengrin sings a touching farewell to Elsa. Elsa clasps him convulsively, till at last, her strength failing, she sinks into the arms of her ladies, to whom Lohengrin confides her. He then approaches the river. Ortrud, comes to the foreground and standing before Elsa, exultingly tells how it was, she who by magic turned Godfrey, the true heir of Brabant into the swan which draws Lohengrin's skiff. The assemblage denounces Ortrud for her deceitful magic. Lohengrin, about to enter the boat, stops at the sound of Ortrud's voice, and listens attentively. He now falls on his knees, and prays in silence. Suddenly a white dove descends over the boat. Lohengrin arises enraptured, and takes the chain from the swan, which sinks. In its stead appears the youth Godfrey. Lohengrin springs rapidly into the boat, which the dove now draws off by the chain. Ortrud, at the sight of Godfrey, falls with a shriek. Elsa looks with rapture on her brother, who advances and makes obeisance to the King. All the nobles of Brabant kneel before him. Elsa again looks towards the river. Lohengrin is seen in the distance, his head bent sorrowfully leaning on his shield. All utter a wail of lamentation.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189742

MILTON CROSS: (CONTINUES)

Elsa, in Godfrey's arms, sinks lifeless as the curtain falls on the last act of Wagner's Opera "Lohengrin", about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(THIRD ACT -- LOHENGRIN)

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

What genuine admiration there is in that burst of applause that greets the close of today's opera! It is a rare pleasure to the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE to be able to bring you the finest music of this season of grand opera. Next Saturday, ladies and gentlemen, will be the broadcast of Manon, one of the most popular of all grand operas, and you are cordially invited to join us again at that time. Meanwhile, when you are thinking of cigarettes, please remember that LUCKIES are always kind to your throat - "IT'S TOASTED" for throat protection - so round, so firm, so fully packed with long golden strands of choice tobaccos, - that's why LUCKIES do not dry out. Then "IT'S TOASTED" for throat protection. LUCKIES are always -- in all ways -- kind to your throat.

(NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: Give next week's opera "Manon" - Cast and Time: 1:50 P.M.)

/chilleen
3/23/34

ATX01 0189743

WJZ & WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "MANON" by MASSENET

()--()
1:50 to APPROX. 5:15 P.M.

MARCH 31, 1934

SATURDAY

(STREET NOISES)

ANNOUNCER:

The American Tobacco Company, manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes again invite you to join us as we are about to enter the famous Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

(LOBBY NOISES)

In the lobby of the Opera House we purchase our libretto of Massenet opera "Manon" and proceed past the ticket-taker into the foyer.

(HOUSE NOISES)

We are now in the great opera house itself where we hear the tuning of some of the musicians in the orchestra and the happy babble of voices from orchestra, boxes, dress circle and balconies which are filling up rapidly with Metropolitan Opera patrons both old and young.

Jules Emile Frederic Massenet, one of the most distinguished of French composers was born at Monteaux, France, in 1842. When Massenet was six years old his father, an ironmaster and the inventor of a steel-hammer, was obliged for reasons of ill-health to leave his foundry and remove to Paris. Here his mother helped support the family by giving piano lessons and from her he received his real early musical education before entering the conservatory.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189744

ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

Massenet himself helped to earn what he could by playing triangle and drums three times a week in the orchestra at the Theatre Lyrique. He studied diligently and at the age of twenty-one won the Grand Prix de Rome for the writing of a cantata. He remained in Rome two years and in accordance with the conditions of the prize he produced a one-act comic opera. Thus he started on his brilliant musical career during which he wrote works in many forms although he is best known for his operas such as "Thais," "Le Cid," "Herodiade," "Esclarmonde" and "Manon."

When the Abbe Prevost wrote his story "History of Manon Lescaut and the Chevalier Des Grieux", he furnished material for a number of opera composers. It was selected as a text by Balfe, Auber, Massenet and Puccini. To the present generation of opera-goers the only known versions are those of the two last mentioned writers and Massenet's "Manon," which we shall hear today, seems to be far more popular than Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

Massenet's opera was first performed on the stage of the Opera-Comique in 1884. It won immediate success and was given eighty-four times that year. England heard an English version of it a year later, at which time also it had its first American performance at the Academy of Music in New York. Ten years later it entered the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House, where it still remains and where it has enlisted the services, from time to time of Sybil Sanderson, Melba, Geraldine Farrar and Frances Alda, Jean de Reszke, Earnest Van Dyke and Enrico Caruso - while our leading characters today will be Lucrezia Bori and Richard Crooks, the role in which Mr. Crooks made his Metropolitan debut last year. By many this opera is considered the masterpiece of the noted and beloved French writer. It is an opera of romance, intrigue, color, movement, costume lace, minuets, gavottes and swords. A thing of beauty to the eye and ear.

"MANON" BY MASSENET

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. On behalf of the proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, I welcome you once again to the famous Diamond Horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. LUCKY STRIKE is happy to have you as guests for this afternoon of Grand Opera. It is an honor and a pleasure to bring this fine music to all the millions of you who enjoy the finer things of life. Today's opera will be "Manon" by the famous composer Massenet, the conductor is Louis Hasselmans, and the cast will be as follows:

MANON LESCAUT.....LUOREZIA BORI
POUSSETTE.....PEARL BESUMER
JAVOTTE.....PHILINE FALCO
ROSETTE.....DOROTHEA FLEXER
DES GRIEUX.....RICHARD CROOKS
LESCAUT.....GIUSEPPE DE LUCA
COUNT DES GRIEUX.....LEON ROTHIER
GUILLOT.....ANGELO BADA
DE BRETIGNY.....GEORGE CEHANOVSKY
INN-KEEPER.....PAOLO ANANIAN
TWO GUARDS{.....MAX ALTGLASS
 {.....ARTHUR ANDERSON
A SERGEANT.....PAOLO ANANIAN
AN ARCHER.....GEORGE CEHANOVSKY
A SERVANT.....GINA COLA

ATX01 0189746

CROSS:

The opening scene of the opera represents the courtyard of an Inn at Amiens. At the rise of the curtain we find De Bretigny (sung by George Cehanovsky) standing at the door of the pavilion: Guillot (sung by Angelo Bada), a napkin in his hand, is at the foot of the steps. With their friends, Poussette, Javotte and Rosette they are shouting for the Inn-keeper to serve them their dinner. The proprietor, (Paolo Ananian) appears and glowingly describes the fine meal he has prepared for them, thereby appeasing the anger of his hungry guests. The clock strikes. It will soon be time for the arrival of the stage coach which is always cause for the gathering of the townsfolk. They enter followed by Lescaut (Guiseppe de Luca), a member of the Royal Guard, who has come to meet his cousin, Manon. The clock again strikes, and at the close of a chorus by the Villagers, the stage coach arrives. The street is filled with postillions and porters, carrying bags, boxes and valises while the passengers bustle about identifying their baggage as the chorus comments on the fuss and annoyance of travelling. Lucrezia Bori as Manon comes out of the crowd and looks about astonished at the commotion. She is greeted by her cousin Lescaut and is very much excited over her first journey which in an aria she describes for the benefit of her cousin.

The travelers and villagers leave. The scene empties gradually until only Lescaut and Manon remain. He leaves her to go in quest of her luggage and while she is alone the rich old Guillot comes out of the inn and tries to make love to her. His plans are spoiled, however, by his friends who come out on the balcony and laughingly tease him. As he rejoins his friends he whispers to Manon that he will send a coach for her later.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189747

CROSS: (CONT'D)

Lescaut returns and cautions Manon against promiscuous acquaintances and bids her not to stir from the spot until he returns from the barracks nearby where he has an appointment with two of his friends. Manon doesn't care for the scolding given her by her cousin. There is a long silence, during which she seems to be wrapt in reflection. She turns her eyes toward the pavilion. She envies the pretty girls Poussette, Javotte and Rosette and she regrets that she is being sent away to a convent and must leave the world and it's pleasures behind. The handsome Chevalier Des Grieux (Richard Crooks) enters and Manon quickly seats herself and assumes the position indicated by her cousin. At first the Chevalier does not see Manon. When he does involuntarily turn towards her he looks with astonishment, then with ecstasy, as if a vision has appeared to him. It is mutual love at first sight. Manon tells him her story. He will not hear of her going to a convent, and persuades her to elope with him. At this moment the postilion whom Guillot had previously instructed to await Manon's orders, appears. Manon suggests they use the carriage to elope. Des Grieux is about to embrace her, then recovering himself begs her pardon as he leads her to the coach and off they go.

Lescaut returns about the same time Guillot comes out of the inn. Not finding Manon Lescaut accuses the old gentleman of stealing her. Attracted by the quarrel the villagers enter. The inn-keeper explains that Manon and the young cavalier drove away in Guillot's carriage and the crowd laughs at the trick played on the rich old gentleman but Lescaut is disgusted and declares Manon will regret her actions.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189748

CROSS: (CONTINUES)

This in brief is the story of the First Act of "Manon" about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast.

(FIRST ACT -- "MANON")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes feel that in bringing you these grand operas they are expressing in some measure their gratitude to the millions of patrons of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. They would like to call your attention to the fact that LUCKIES use only the clean center leaves, for the center leaves are the mildest leaves - "they taste better." Then "IT'S TOASTED" for throat protection. And then LUCKIES are always so round, so firm, so fully packed - no loose ends. That's why LUCKIES always keep in condition - do not dry out. LUCKIES are always, in all-ways, kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ATX01 0189749

(TRANSPORTATION STORY) -- (FIRST INTERMISSION)

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

We'll set the scene in Atlanta. The Metropolitan Opera Company has had a very busy week of it. A dozen operas had been performed, and while that may appear little or limited for musicians and singers - it means hard labor and plenty of it for others.

The transportation men of the Opera must work like galley slaves to get a dozen operas packed and unpacked in terms of scenic sets, props, wardrobes and the rest -- which gives them very little rest when the opera goes on tour.

Take the item of baggage alone - which is why I brought in Atlanta. When the opera company travels - like all theatrical aggregations, the troupe baggage and the baggage of the troupers is in charge of a special squad. The head man of this squad was exceedingly busy in Atlanta. A large company of singers had gone there - and they especially the prima donnas - had amazingly varied pieces of baggage. It took the head baggage man and his three assistants about thirty-six hours without a wink of sleep, to label and assign all the baggage.

His labors concluded, the head baggage man said to his superior officer at four a.m. on the day the company was to depart from Atlanta:

"I'm going to get in a little sleep."

He retired. He slept. Came the dawn. Came two dawns. He stirred, did this head-baggage man. He awakened. He reached for the telephone. He asked the time. It was seven o'clock - but not of the day he thought. He found out when he sauntered into the dining room for breakfast, and saw that it was Monday instead of Sunday.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189750

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Charley Paddock would have run a bad second to that head baggage-man as he streamlined down Peach-tree Street to the depot. He burst into the baggage room to be greeted by a languid voice that said:

"You missed the train, mister."

So had most of the baggage.

When the company went to Hartford, Connecticut, some weeks later, this same head baggage-man stumbled into bed at another four a.m. He had bought an alarm clock and notified three telephone switchboard girls to ring him awake at seven a.m. Now very few people believe in miracles; but here's one that happened. The telephone switchboard girls rang the wrong room and the alarm clock didn't work. Result? Charley Paddock would have taken another trimming from that baggage-man as he sprinted to the Hartford station at high-noon.

He just managed to catch a train - the wrong train. When he turned up at the Metropolitan Opera House, an unwise confrere said:

"Hello, Rip Van Winkle."

Mayhem, and mayhap murder was only prevented by the intrusion of the person of a young man named Thomas Hillary.

The head baggage man of the Metropolitan has never missed a train since then - because he never goes to bed on the night or early morning when the company's on the move.

But back to Mr. Hillary. You've heard of the Phantom of the Opera. Mr. Hillary is the bantam of the Opera. He stands exactly five feet, no inches and weighs - as he puts it in his Irish-Liverpool terminology - nine stone - which, being interpreted, means one hundred and sixteen pounds.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189751

KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

Maestro Hillary - that's what his boys call him, when he isn't within arm's length - is a versatile gentleman. He can be said to double in brass-tacks, for he not only manages all the Metropolitan's transport, but he's its spokesman in making terms for hauling and overhauling of the Opera Company's tangible assets.

Let's get through with some figures quickly. They're necessary for an estimate of the big job this little man must manage. The Metropolitan has scenery for ninety major operas and a few minor ones. This scenery is stored - save for two or three operas at a time - in four warehouses. It comprises three thousand scenic drops, each seventy feet long by forty feet high to form the background of full scenes.

There are three hundred boxes of lighting effects; with more than a hundred pieces of candelabra and torch holders to illuminate operas ranging in period from Ancient Egypt to Victorian days. There are more than twenty-five hundred different pieces of furniture, and more than eight thousand different costumes, to say nothing of weapons, stuffed animals and weather-making machinery.

I almost forgot to mention the most cherished of all the properties in Mr. Hillary's charge. It's an elephant, and it plays a leading role in Aida. It also played a leading role in a police court one morning after a night before. Gay young blades of the town had been celebrating a football victory or assuaging a football defeat - it's curious how joy and grief provide excuses for similar celebrations. Strolling down the avenue - Seventh Avenue with its beautiful trees that are lamp-posts and its soothing lawns that are concrete - the boys beheld a strange beast by the light of the moon. It was an elephant thrusting its trunk into the ambient night.

KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

The boys were instantly inspired. As the elephant seemed to be all pressed up with no place to go - in a tight corner, in fact, they decided to release it. No sooner said than that elephant was undone. They rolled it out on to the street, and were playing a little play of an Indian rajah in a palauquin; when a burly police officer approached. He didn't want to play. After him came little Tom Hillary.

The still-life elephant hunters were compelled to spend their nights in dank station-house cells without any ivory at all excepting whatever nature had endowed them with under their hats.

Mr. Hillary is ever alert to guard his treasures, for he holds each prop a treasure to be guarded. He checks, too, all costumes - and only had one real raid made on the Metropolitan's wardrobe; when some of the singers were going to a fancy dress ball - and went - with the fancy dress.

"The help here is honest," says Mr. Hillary, whose been Americanized long enough since he quit as a wet steward on an ocean liner to be dry steward at the Metropolitan to use 'h' as an aspirate instead of an accident. "They'd no more think of walking off with anything than - " he was lost for a simile, which was promptly supplied-- "They'd no more think of walking off with anything, than walking on with anything, meaning the stage when in action.

It wasn't much of a simile but it served the purpose of emphasizing that the morale of the Metropolitan imbues the lowliest help as well as the highest talent.

"There are fellows here," says Mr. Hillary, re-emphasizing his emphasis, "who wouldn't work as hard for themselves in business, as they work for the Metropolitan."

KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

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ATX01 0189754

KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

"When we played in Baltimore," said he, "commuting to Washington to put on a pair of operas, we were busy all week, and how it rained - cats, dogs, whole zoos.

"When our Baltimore engagement was ended, I crawled into the hotel one morning at dawn - and four of my fellows came in after me.

"Well boys," I said. "It's just an hour for train-time. We'd better get breakfast and check out of the hotel."

"What do you mean - check out of the hotel," they chimed. "We've been in Baltimore a week, and we haven't even checked in."

Mr. Hillary and his associates hit the railroad for Boston tomorrow - adding more mileage to the Metropolitan odyssey that is an epic of achievement. I wish them well - for they are, indeed they are, hard workers.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ACT II

When the curtain rises on the second act of the opera "Manon" we are in the apartment of Des Grieux and Manon in the Rue Vivienne. There is a small writing table - a table near a fire-place. Very simple furniture. At back a window with small panes, opening on the street. Des Grieux is seated before the writing table, Manon comes softly behind him and tries to read what he is writing. It is a letter to Des Grieux's father in which he tells him of his meeting Manon and their love for each other. The two read the letter together. He is about to post the letter when a noise is heard without. The maid enters frightened, and as Des Grieux hastens to find out the trouble, the door opens. Bretigny and Lescaut in uniform enter. Some bitter words are passed in which Lescaut denounces his cousin Manon and her cavalier lover. His anger is appeased, however, after reading the letter Des Grieux has written. Lescaut and Des Grieux read the letter and while thus engaged De Bretigny warns Manon that her lover is to be kidnapped that evening by his father's order and he advises Manon to let him be taken for they'll be left penniless. His father will disinherit him. Then once she is free he De Bretigny will make her the Queen of Beauty in the coming carnival. The two visitors then depart - Manon is troubled, though Des Grieux is now full of rapture and love. He goes to post the letter to his father and while gone Manon decides that for his sake she must give him up, especially as she is not worthy of him.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189756

CROSS: (CONT'D)

Gradually she approaches the table on which the meal has been spread by the maid and she sings her aria "Adieu notre petite table" - "Farewell to the little table at which they have so often sat." Des Grieux comes back. He finds Manon distressed and weeping but she soon recovers herself and Des Grieux tells her of his plans and dreams for the future together, and we hear Richard Crooks as Des Grieux singing the lovely, quiet flowing, impassioned "Le Reve" the dream song which always evokes applause from the audience. Suddenly a low knock is heard at the door. Manon knows it's meaning. She tries to suppress her emotions! Des Grieux gently releases himself from her embrace and goes to the door. A struggle is heard. Des Grieux is gagged and dragged away. Manon rushing to the window cries "My poor Chevalier! My poor Chevalier!" - as the curtain falls on the second act of "Manon" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House.

(SECOND ACT -- "MANON")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

In this pause, between acts of "MANON", may I remind you briefly of the quality you obtain in LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are made always from clean center leaves of the finest tobacco plants. Not the under-developed top leaves - they are too harsh; not the bottom leaves - they are too coarse, dirt-covered and sandy. Only the clean center leaves for LUCKIES, for these are the mildest leaves. They taste better. Then for your throat protection - "IT'S TOASTED." And every LUCKY is so round, firm, fully packed, free from loose ends. That's why LUCKIES do not dry out.

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat - always in

all-ways.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ATX01 018975B

(SECOND INTERMISSION)

"THE METROPOLITAN ROLL OF HONOR"

MR. JOHN B. KENNEDY:

You have heard me say so much about Caruso in this LUCKY STRIKE series of broadcasts that you may as well let me say a little more.

There have been five Carusos at the Metropolitan Opera House. The first Caruso was the Caruso. He heads the roll of honor of the Metropolitan's great.

The others -- and please don't take my word for it, I'm relying on the ripe judgment of Earl Lewis, the Metropolitan Opera's treasurer -- the other Carusos are these: Rosa Ponselle, the Caruso of sopranos; Schumann-Heink, the Caruso of Contraltos; Tito Ruffo, the Caruso of baritones, and Jose Mardones, the Spaniard, the Caruso of basses.

To call anybody the Caruso of his or her vocal class is to pay the highest compliment known to the Metropolitan. And these great singers stand, by general consent among those who have spent years and years, hearing them and judging by the cold test of box-office attraction -- these stand at the top of the greatest roll of honor in fine music.

(OVER)

ATX01 0189759

KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

Yet when I asked Mr. Lewis what was the most powerful voice ever heard at the Metropolitan -- he didn't name the original Caruso, nor any of those complimented by being called the Carusos of their class. He named Hipolito Latzero -- the smallest tenor, in stature ever to sing in grand opera -- and the most enormous voice.

He stood only four-feet ten, and had a chest so huge that he had to wear a vest like a hoop-skirt. When this little fellow stood in stage center and hit a D natural, he shook every rafter in the massive Metropolitan. But Latzero was more popular in Havana than in New York -- apparently our Cuban friends like opera, as they like politics - in volume.

For volume of voice he was almost matched - on the distaff side of the Opera's roll of honor, by Lillian Nordica, the American singer - who gave conductor's considerable trouble when she was at the top of her form, to make the orchestra heard above her voice in the loftier arias of her ideal role as Brunnhilde in Siegfried.

Madame Nordica was extremely temperamental, and at one time had an open quarrel with Jean de Reszke, the great Polish singer, when De Reszke suggested that Melba -- Australia's supreme contribution to opera -- sing Wagnerian roles opposite him.

In those halcyon days of the Metropolitan there happened what does down in musical history as the great De Reszke joke. For some obscure reason war was declared on German opera. Nobody has satisfactorily explained why, and I can only speculate that there were so few fine singers in those days qualified to do justice to the magnificent German works.

(OVER)

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KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

To cap the campaign against Wagner's ring, Jean De Reszke -- the most celebrated singer in Europe, was brought over to the Metropolitan. He came with his brother, Edouard, a splendid basso.

To everybody's amazement, Jean De Reszke elected to vary his French and Italian repertoire, by singing Tristan. He was sensational in the role -- and before the end of the very season in which his appearances in New York were designed to offset German Opera, he made Wagner the social fashion and the leading content of the Metropolitan's repertoire. Irony operates in all things -- even in the Metropolitan.

Geraldine Farrar -- the beloved Jerry -- easily leads American women singers as a drawing card in Metropolitan history. When she and Caruso joined voices to sing Carmen, the Metropolitan was literally mobbed. \$100 a seat was an easy price for the scalpers. Curiously -- and it shows how operas can be as important as the stars that shine in them -- they did not similarly attract in other roles. When the Metropolitan lavishly produced Arcece for Caruso and Farrar-- the house played to a large delegation from the wood family, which, in operatic and theatrical parlance, means empty chairs.

With Caruso - in Pagliacci -- Chaliapin, in Boris Goudonoff, Miss Farrar held the record for crowded houses in a solo star role whenever she sang Butterfly. Chaliapin could have them standing in queous blocks long to hear him sing Boris, and they'd be turned away by thousands. Yet, when he sang in a much more dramatic opera -- Don Cheeote by Massenet -- he couldn't draw his cachet - or singing fee - through the box office.

(OVER)

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KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

Lawrence Tibbet, the American, has been the baritone drawing card of the Metropolitan in recent years, closely seconded by the veteran Giuseppe de Luca. Albeit, Treasurer Earl Lewis opines, that if Scotti -- the great Alessandro Scotti -- had picked his time or been elected by fate to sing at the Metropolitan without the overshadowing presence of Enrico Caruso -- he would have been a more pointed magnet.

Scotti - a fine singer with a keen sense of humor - gave a glorious performance in Pagliacci one night. The critics acclaimed him; but the greater plaudits of the audience were for Caruso.

"I went for a spring swim off Conny Island the next day," Scotti used facetiously to complain. "The press notices pleased me, and I sang gaily in the sunlight -- even in the bath-house. It was an aria from Rigoletto. It was beautiful -- until a bath-house attendant pushed his head in a doorway and growled: 'Cut out that noise!'" Scotti would conclude the tale by moaning; I am bereft. But he never was -- a charming gentleman, in retirement, he still mingles with his friends of the opera; but it is to play card games, not to sing arias.

To avoid invidious comparisons I would prefer to name the honor roll in alphabetical order, altho - on second thought, if the first can be really be called a thought - it may affront more qualified opinions much less if I pursue the honor roll in alphabetical disorder.

(OVER)

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KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

There seems no doubt that the grand old lady of grand opera, Schumann-Heinck, leads as the best of all contraltos to sing there. When Henry T. Finck, the renowned critic, went back-stage to extol her as such, she embraced him and said, simply: "I am just a German housewife."

Some of the very finest singers at the Metropolitan have not sung for long there -- through a strange public unwillingness to patronize them. The most singular instance was Florence Easton -- the English soprano. She had the widest repertoire of any singer -- reaching the astonishing total of 127 operas. The critics held her voice to a marvel -- and her acting superb. The public did not agree. She returned to England, accepting the American verdict with brave good humor.

Pertile, the Italian -- could outdraw Cigli, and Schipa wherever and whenever he sang in their native Italy; but at the Metropolitan he was -- according to the response to his appearances -- just another tenor. The same with Michael Bohnen, one of the greatest singing actors of all time. And likewise the French star, Edmond Clement. Marie Barrientos, who ranks high on the roll of honor, was not a drawing card -- neither was Maria Delna, the idol of France, a favorite of the New York Critics' but not of the opera-goers.

Lily Pons, the charming coloratura, succeeded Galli-Curci as a foreigner triumphant at home and in America.

Beginning with David Bispham -- the famous baritone -- Americans have registered well on the Metropolitan's roll of honor and found favor with their public. Perhaps without striking individual followings, they have been -- and especially now -- remain the fine, basic body of singers necessary for the Metropolitan's continuous quality: Edward Johnson, a tenor of splendid diction,

(OVER)

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KENNEDY: (CONT'D)

Bonelli -- a grand baritone -- Fred Yagel, the Brooklyn singer who saved the day or rather the night a week or two ago, when he stepped in at the last minute and sang Traviata without a moment's rehearsal. Richard Crooks of the lyric voice and the great-toned John Charles Thomas.

In art they cannot be classified by race, for fine art knows no boundaries in geography or ethnology. The great names ring sonorously in memory -- Amato, Sembrich, Bonci, Campanini, Miguel Flata -- and the glory of yesterday fuses with the glory of today as there re-echo the golden notes of Rathberg, Melchior, Schorr -- the beautiful Gladys Swarthout, pride of Missouri, Rose Bampton and Doris Doe.

Other American voices there have been to decorate the Metropolitan's roll of honor and to graduate therefrom to other spheres -- Mary Lewis, Grace Moore and Everett Marshall -- reigning in musical comedy; and peculiarly signalled to greatness by unprecedented publicity -- Marion Talley.

But on this somewhat roving roll of honor may I reserve a special place for a lady whose gracious person typifies the glamor and grandeur, the inspiring beauty of the Metropolitan. She did what nobody has ever done -- she went away a star -- to operatic silence for five long years during one of which she was literally unable to utter a sound. And she returned to achieve greater triumph than ever. She is Lucrezia Bori -- and whatever it is you may care to sip, will you join me now in a toast to the great living lady of the Opera -- Lucrezia Bori.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ACT III

To continue now with the story of Massenet's opera "Manon," the young chevalier Des Grieux believing Manon to have been faithless to him has decided to take holy orders. When the curtain rises on the Third Act we are in the reception room of the St. Sulpice Seminary. The young student Des Grieux has just delivered an address that has aroused the admiration of his audience and the ladies, villagers and nuns are heard praising his eloquence and saintly manner. His father Count Des Grieux joins in the praise but tries to dissuade his son from taking the vows. Des Grieux, brokenhearted at Manon's desertion, is firm in his resolve. His father bids him good-bye saying that he will send him some thirty thousand francs left for him as a legacy by his mother.

Left now alone Des Grieux is tormented by the vision of Manon. He cannot forget her as hard as he tries and he is heard singing the beautiful tenor air "Ah! Fuyez, douce image" - "Ah! - away - sweet image." The church organ sounds. The hour of service is announced and Des Grieux leaves.

Very shortly Manon partly veiled comes into the reception room of the seminary. She has followed Des Grieux and must see him. He enters from the rear, Manon turns and closes her veil. Des Grieux raises his eyes and cries out as he recognizes her. She is deeply penitent for her conduct and pleads with her lover for forgiveness.

(OVER)

CROSS: (CONT'D)

The young student reproaches her for her actions and tries to remain true to his determination. She weeps, implores, begs him to come back to her. Finally with great feeling he declares he can no longer struggle against her, he is overcome by his love for the girl and yields to her persuasion. He falls into Manon's arms and the two leave the seminary to resume their life together, as the curtain falls on the Third Act of the opera about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(THIRD ACT -- "MANON")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF THIRD ACT)

CROSS:

Before the curtains part for the next act of "Manon," may we suggest that you join with us here in the Metropolitan in the enjoyment of a LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette. You will find every LUCKY so round, so firm, so fully packed with long, golden strands of choice tobaccos, free from loose ends. Only the center leaves are used - round and firm and fully packed. That's why LUCKIES "always keep in condition." What a relief from loosely filled cigarettes that dry out. LUCKIES are always mild and always smooth - always, in all-ways kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy in an interview with Rose Sampton and Lauritz Melchior.

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JOHN B. KENNEDY -- INTERVIEW -- LAURITZ MELCHIOR AND ROSE BAMPTON

Mr. JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Forty three years ago in Copenhagen, Denmark, a little notice was inserted in a daily newspaper that an extraordinarily big baby boy had been born to School-director and Mrs. Melchior. Lauritz Melchior was a super-blessed event. He weighed fifteen pounds at birth -- and now, at the crest of his career, he's the finest and heaviest of the Teutonic tenors -- 250 pounds.

About twenty-three years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, a lustily crying little stranger appeared in the Bampton household -- Miss Rose Bampton.

Copenhagen and Cleveland are thousands of miles apart geographically, and in general racial constituency millions of miles separate. Yet they meet as colleagues in the Metropolitan Company: Rose Bampton:

BAMPTON: Good afternoon everybody.

KENNEDY: And Lauritz Melchior.

MELCHIOR: How do you do, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience?

KENNEDY: Since on the air, as everywhere, we follow the rule of ladies first, I'm going to ask Miss Bampton what she would like to ask Mr. Melchior.

BAMPTON: There are many things I'd like to ask Mr. Melchior. He is so obliging, and so widely experienced.

MELCHIOR: But, my dear Miss Bampton, there may be many things I cannot answer.

BAMPTON: Well, perhaps one you will answer for me. Has your height -----

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KENNEDY: Let me insert that Lauritz Melchior is 6 feet four.

BAMPTON: Yes, a giant. Has your height been any handicap in your career, Mr. Melchior?

MELCHIOR: On the contrary, it has been a great help. Altho' I think I know, my dear young lady, why you ask the question.

BAMPTON: Of course you do. I'm a tall girl.

KENNEDY: Miss Bampton is five feet ten - if that's tall.

BAMPTON: It is - for a girl.

MELCHIOR: I suppose it is. But, you see, for a man it is an advantage to be tall on the stage. For a woman, not so, especially in opera -- because most of the tenors are not tall men. And it looks awkward to see a man singing love songs to a lady inches taller than he.

Now, my height, and, indeed, my weight, is helpful to me because of the heroic roles I sing.

KENNEDY: Yes -- here in Lauritz Melchior there's an unusual combination of the physical, mental and spiritual -- His great frame and great voice are perfectly caste for heroic Wagnerian roles: which explains why he's the world's foremost singer of the Ring roles.

BAMPTON: I heartily agree. I've sung parts in the same operas with Mr. Melchior, and his powerful physique stands up marvellously under the strain of those heavy roles. He uses his height to great advantage. He also uses it - I've seen him - to have a little fun. Queena Mario is a small woman -- incidentally, she was my voice instructor. She sings opposite to Mr. Melchior in some Wagner scenes. In one the other evening, this little woman had to stroke Mr. Melchior's brow. He teased her by raising his head completely beyond her reach until she stood on tip-toe.

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MELCHIOR: (LAUGHING) I like little women. I married a little woman.

KENNEDY: Yes. The great man of opera had a great romance. Mrs. Melchior was one of Germany's favorite screen stars -- Annelora Meister, a Bavarian beauty. She was a stunt heroine in German pictures. One day in Munich she took a parachute jump from a speeding plane, and dropped right in a great garden where Melchior was studying. He studied the lady closely - and married her before they left Munich.

BAMPTON: Is it true, Mr. Kennedy or Mr. Melchior ----I don't know the etiquette of these three way interviews -- that Mrs. Melchior was probably the only European actress to decline to go to Hollywood.

MELCHIOR: Quite true.

KENNEDY: Yes. When Lauritz Melchior made a sensational success at the Metropolitan, the picture producers couldn't engage him, so they were smart enough to think of engaging Mrs. Melchior. They offered her three thousand dollars a week for two years. The Melchiors declined the offer.

BAMPTON: An exceedingly large offer to decline.

MELCHIOR: But you see -- we married each other, not our careers. And what would marriage be worth with my wife in Hollywood and me in Europe or South America. No -- we do not like money as much as that.

KENNEDY: Now we have with us a veteran --- a young veteran at that and one of the Metropolitan's newest stars - Miss Bampton - the same question goes for both. What was the biggest obstacle to success at the beginning?

BAMPTON: With me - nervousness. When I'd reach for a high note, I'd have what Queena Mario called a scared doe look. I had a hard time mastering that anxious grimace when attacking a high note. But I overcame it. Then Queena Mario said I changed the scared Doe look for the Dorothy Doe look -- Dorothy Doe is always a calm and accomplished performer.

KENNEDY: Mr. Melchior -- your greatest obstacle in beginning was --?

MELCHIOR: A shirt.

KENNEDY: A shirt ?

MELCHIOR: Yes -- a shirt.

BAMPTON: That seems awfully strange -- that a shirt should be so important.

MELCHIOR: It was very important. You see, after serving an apprenticeship at a small opera house in Copenhagen, I made a tour with another member of that company. We both had full dress suits; but there was only one stiff-bosomed shirt between us. We could not afford another. He was a raconteur, an actor - and I a singer. When I finished a group of songs, I went to the wings -- and the accompanist played, while I took off the shirt, and my companion put it on. He went out and did his turn, then the pianist played again while he took off the shirt and I put it on to sing my next group of songs.

BAMPTON: Well, that overworked the shirt, but you managed.

MELCHIOR: Yes - we managed.

KENNEDY: Until the end of the concert when you had to take bows together? What happened then?

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MELCHIOR: That was a bit embarrassing! So neither of us wore the shirt; We went on in blankets as if we had been caught in the act of changing to street clothes -- and the audience applauded.

KENNEDY: These two artists, ladies and gentlemen, have a strange coincidence in common. Mr. Melchior, now one of the greatest tenors, started out as a baritone. And Miss Bampton, one of America's leading contraltos - began as a soprano. I wonder and you may wonder, too, how those changes occur. Now we need wonder no more. Here are the answers.

BAMPTON: My voice changed gradually. I had more difficulty getting high soprano notes during high school days. I remember one very awkward moment -- when my younger brother, a violinist, and I appeared together at a school affair. His string snapped, and my high C simply wouldn't come. I thought my hopes of a singing career were over; until a veteran singer told me -- You'll never be a great soprano, and when I looked petrified with disappointment, he added: "You're going to be a contralto." And I am.

KENNEDY: Was your change from baritone to tenor surprising, Mr. Melchior?

MELCHIOR: No. It was gradual. These vocal changes are rarely sudden. As a baritone I had a high range, and went by slow degrees into the tenor class.

KENNEDY: Miss Bampton, Mr. Melchior, is an example of a home-trained American opera star. She was trained in America by an American.

BAMPTON: That is quite true. I have never been abroad. You see, I come of a hard-working family, and foreign training was not for me.

MELCHIOR: I have the impulse to make a speech now. You provoke me.

KENNEDY: }
 BAMPTON: } -----Please do.

MELCHIOR: Foreign training should not be necessary. What there should be in a great country like America, are opera houses everywhere -- in our little country of Denmark -- which is much less than half the size of New York in population, we have many small opera houses where young, aspiring singers can serve their apprenticeship. It is the same in Germany, in France, in Italy and the Scandinavian countries. One trouble with the chance for American singers, as I have observed it, is that they must start out to compete in grand opera with the picked stars of other countries at the Metropolitan. That is not quite fair. It is expecting too much.

MELCHIOR: It is like expecting a good baseball player in what you call a semi-pro league, to go up at once and play in fast company like Baby Ruth.

BAMPTON: That's very true. I know when I was a girl in Cleveland I should have loved to have had the chance to get some experience in a local opera company.

MELCHIOR: In Europe, municipalities invariably support opera. For instance, in Copenhagen, we have opera for nine months of the year. We have an opera school there, where the seasoned singers, such as myself, teach the the would-be singers. We can readily tell after a little while whether or not a voice is qualified.

KENNEDY: You're doing something of that sort here, Mr. Melchior-- aren't you?

MELCHIOR: Well, we are judging voices in what you call a contest. But we had no part in training those voices.

BAMPTON: That must be interesting, though. How many have you approved of.

MELCHIOR: Of two hundred and fifty tenors, very few have seemed to us qualified. They have voices - but no training. In a great country like America there should be ample opportunity for native talent to train.

BAMPTON: And there are so many who would welcome it. I made my first professional appearance in my home town, Cleveland, not long ago. It was an exciting time. I even felt the strain more than when I made my debut at the Metropolitan. What thrilled me most that night was wearing actual costumes worn by great opera stars. What thrilled me most at Cleveland was coming home to sing. And what impressed me most was the number of young people who asked me how they could get a chance at the Metropolitan.

MELCHIOR: That is an excellent sign -- young ambition. There are many magnificent voices in America -- I know, I have sung here for many seasons. For the sake of art they should be afforded opera schools where they can study the style of opera -- for style is most important. I myself had for years to study the style of Wagnerian opera. I could not expect to walk on the stage and by sheer force of voice be accepted as a Wagnerian artist.

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KENNEDY: With your massive presence, you'd walk on any stage and be recognized as some sort of artist.

MELCHIOR: Yes -- when I gave a concert in London once and strode towards the piano to sing -- a loud voice inquired: Who's he here to wrestle?

BAMPTON: (LAUGHING) That's one of the troubles with us tall people. We're always mistaken for athletes.

KENNEDY: Why, you are something of an athlete. You swing a hard racket in tennis.

BAMPTON: I like the game. It keeps me fit.

MELCHIOR: Outdoor occupation is necessary for a singer. I myself hunt -- anything to keep in the outdoors. But better than hunting I like to rear wild animals -- that is, to conserve them; for nature is cruel to them and mankind must be kind to them.

KENNEDY: That's very worthy, Mr. Melchior --

BAMPTON: Very kind --

KENNEDY: And a mark of the true artist, who is always eager to help other creatures -- dumb creatures or singers.

MELCHIOR: Half the pleasure of success is to help those who are trying to make a success.

BAMPTON: That's a fine philosophy, Mr. Melchior.

KENNEDY: Yes, indeed -- Heaven helps those who help themselves -- and doubly blesses those who help others. Thank you, Miss Bampton. Thank you, Mr. Melchior.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy, Rose Bampton and Lauritz Melchior.

ACT IV

The rising curtain on the fourth act of today's opera "Manon" reveals the large and luxurious hall of a great Paris hotel. The room is separated by two large bay windows from other rooms. Gaming tables are placed here and there. Games of hazard and lively conversation going on everywhere. Lescaut and Guillot are there with their friends and many a clinking sound of gold is heard as money passes hands at the tables. Manon arriving with Des Grieux, is joyously greeted by her friends with the exception, of course, of the wealthy old Guillot who is jealous of her. Manon and Des Grieux have lost their fortune and the young noble is induced by Manon to try to redeem it at the gambling table. He is reluctant to play, but yielding to Manon's insistence he sits down to a game with Guillot. Sure enough Des Grieux, with so-called beginner's luck is a constant winner and Guillot loses heavily. This arouses the anger of the old gentleman, and, already jealous of him on Manon's account, he rises and accuses his partner of cheating. Des Grieux full of wrath is about to strike him. The others hold him back and Guillot runs out vowing vengeance. Before Manon can induce Des Grieux to leave the place a loud knock at the door is heard and a command to open in the King's name. Guillot, the Count Des Grieux's father, a police officer and guards enter and Guillot pointing out Des Grieux denounces him as a gambler and a cheat and indicates Manon as his accomplice.

(OVER)

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CROSS: (CONT'D)

The Count is shocked to find his son in such a resort, and reproaches him for the life he is leading which reflects greatly upon the honor of his family. He orders his son to be led away but tells him he will be released later and the spiteful old Guillot adds that a few days in jail may teach him a thing or two. When the Chevalier asks about his Manon he is told the guards will take her where such like her should go. On hearing this Des Grieux in rage shouts at them to stand off -- he'll defend her. They disarm him. Poor Manon is siezed by the guards and though all the spectators touched by Manon's youth and beauty, beg for her release, the old count says she only gets her just deserts, and Manon fainting cries - "Ah! I'm afraid this is the end," as the curtain falls on the Fourth Act of "Manon" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(FOURTH ACT -- "MANON")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FOURTH ACT)

CROSS:

May we remind you that only the mild, clean center leaves of the Cream of the Tobacco Crop are used in making LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes so fine. Then "IT'S TOASTED" for throat protection. The long golden strands of these fine tobaccos are fully packed in a round, firm LUCKY STRIKE - free from loose ends. That's why LUCKIES "always keep in condition," do not have that objectionable tendency to dry out, an important point to all smokers. Naturally LUCKIES are always in all-ways kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy in an interview with the well-known patron of the Arts and director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Mrs. August Belmont.

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JOHN B. KENNEDY -- INTERVIEW -- MRS. AUGUST BELMONT

MR. JOHN B. KENNEDY:

A name whose artistic aura survives in the American theatre is that of Eleanor Robson -- one of the most charming stars of the American stage. Since her retirement Miss Robson --- who became Mrs. August Belmont -- has identified herself with many worthy movements for artistic and social benefit to the public. But I think none is dearer to her than the Metropolitan Opera.

The Metropolitan Opera Company must have been of similar opinion, for it invited Mrs. Belmont to become the first woman member of this Board of Directors.

Mrs. Belmont has accepted another and a minor invitation, to speak to you over this microphone. I have the honor to present Mrs. August Belmont:

MRS. BELMONT: My dear friends of the Metropolitan Opera: I'm happy to have this opportunity to say a few words: but really I've been rushed into this thing, and am a little unprepared.

KENNEDY: Could you tell us, Mrs. Belmont, something of the duties of a member of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera.

MRS. BELMONT: They're no different, of course, than the duties of a board of directors of any going concern -- the principle duty is to find ways and means of keeping the concern going.

KENNEDY: Apart from financial problems -- there are intricate questions of management, are there not?

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MRS. BELMONT: Well, the Metropolitan Opera Company is very capably managed. Mr. Gatti-Casazza and his associate, Mr. Ziegler, have under them extremely competent assistants. With every reason, European, and South American opera companies, regard the Metropolitan as the greatest opera house in the world. The skill and energy of its management makes the Board of Directors' job, much easier than otherwise it might be.

KENNEDY: Being the only woman director -- your voice in the affairs of the opera is, I should think, given considerable weight.

MRS. BELMONT: Perhaps more than it deserves. Certainly, we are a most harmonious board. It is always a pleasure to attend the meetings -- altho there have been times when the financial statements were a little saddening.

KENNEDY: It would be a good thing if every Board of Directors of any kind had a woman member. President Roosevelt set a wholesome precedent by naming one for his board of directors, the Cabinet.

MRS. BELMONT: Yes. The woman's viewpoint has been helpful in managing the opera, through rather difficult times. But I'd like, if I may, take up one topic where Mr. Melchior left off -- that is, the need of the Opera.

KENNEDY: You have found -- that is, the Board of Directors -- a happy response throughout the country to these LUCKY STRIKE broadcasts of the opera, Mrs. Belmont?

(OVER)

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MRS. BELMONT: A very happy response. It has really surprised me. Wherever I have traveled I have met with the most enthusiastic appreciation for the broadcasting of the Metropolitan Opera. So many people have told me how it has become fashionable to have opera parties. And, there have been some amusing stories sent in to us. One gentleman wrote that he was passing a congested section in Chicago, where little boys were playing on the sidewalk. One little boy, he observed, was rather rough in play. He wrestled the other boys all over the sidewalk, and knew what to do with his little fists. But in the midst of a perfectly grand brawl he stopped when his mother threw up a window and cried: "Jimmy! Come in -- it's time for the opera!" Jimmy went bounding into the house.

KENNEDY: Musical as well as muscular.

MRS. BELMONT: That is what broadcasting is doing and can continue to do -- create and satisfy the appetite for the finest music.

After all, grand opera is a necessary part of any national culture, unless we are to be utterly utilitarian; and if you want to see utilitarianism at its best or worst, go to some savage country -- or even to the jungle. There you'll find little time wasted on the artistic.

KENNEDY: I've observed that leading business men -- for instance, Cornelius Bliss -- are quick to perceive the necessity of opera as a national cultural influence.

MRS. BELMONT: Of course. I would hesitate to pronounce on what constitutes an educated man or woman; but I have little hesitation in saying that anybody is better educated if he or she has developed a liking -- not necessarily a love -- but a liking for opera.

We are really a musical people. Our racial blends are largely dominated by music-loving strains. Yet it's curious, how much smaller countries can support opera far more handsomely than we can.

KENNEDY: Mrs. Belmont, hasn't opera supported a great deal of our popular music without our being aware of it?

MRS. BELMONT: Of course, if the debt rightfully due to grand opera were paid by popular music it would be a very substantial one. There's hardly an aria in grand opera that hasn't been -- adapted.

KENNEDY: That's a pleasant substitute for stolen.

MRS. BELMONT: Well, perhaps the process of selection is subconscious at times. But there's hardly a great aria that has not appeared and reappeared in sensationally popular tunes. That proves how the original source would be loved if it were made known -- and radio is making it known.

Don't understand me as implying there is little fine native music. There's an abundance of it. Stephen Foster, Ethelbert Nevins -- and grand songs like Ol' Man River by Jerome Kern that will live as long as our language. And we have good American opera. But, we shall not attain our majority, musically, until grand opera is secure.

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KENNEDY: And it will become secure when it becomes popularly patronized.

MRS. BELMONT: Yes. That is why, as a director of the Metropolitan Company, I have welcomed popularizing of the opera by radio. I believe we shall not have to wait long to realize the fruits of this popularization in increased attendance at the Opera, in tours of the opera, in a revival of other opera companies in other large cities.

For it would be nothing short of an artistic calamity -- a loss that would be insuperably difficult to recover -- if the opera were permitted to pass.

KENNEDY: Perhaps we can adapt the French slogan at Verdun, Mrs. Belmont. It shall not pass.

MRS. BELMONT: An excellent slogan, and I'm optimistic enough to believe that opera in America will gain a wider and wider public. Opera is theatrical art at its highest.

KENNEDY: Which verdict, ladies and gentlemen, coming from a great actress, we may accept as official. Thank you, Mrs. Belmont.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed hearing Mr. John B. Kennedy and Mrs. August Belmont.

ACT V

When the curtain rises on the Fifth Act of the opera "Manon" we are on the high road to Havre. A dusty highway with a few wind-beaten trees and a mound on which some weeds are struggling for existence. The sea in the distance. It is evening. Des Grieux sitting on the ground is in despair at the thought of Manon about to be transported to a penal colony. It is along this road the prison van will pass on its way to the coast. Des Grieux and Manon's cousin Lescaut have planned to rescue her from the guards. Lescaut informs the young man that the soldiers they had hired to assist them fled when they saw the soldiers guns. Des Grieux in desperation would attack the guards alone, but is restrained by the more prudent Lescaut who has a better plan. The soldiers pay is small, they might do a great deal for a little bribe. He drags Des Grieux away and they hide themselves just off the road as a sergeant and a soldier appear. Des Grieux gives his purse to Lescaut who approaches the sergeant and hails him. He tells the officer he'd like to talk for a moment to Manon as they are of the same family. He says it is impossible to speak to her. Lescaut gives him a piece of money. The sergeant takes it and looks around to see if he has been observed. Lescaut gives him another coin and begs for just a moment with Manon, then gives him a third coin. "Well," replies the sergeant, "as soon as you speak like that you may see her. The sergeant after giving an order to an archer to remain with Lescaut commands his men to march on.

(OVER)

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CROSS: (CONT'D)

Now to get rid of the archer. Lescaut shakes out the money left in the purse, goes up to the soldier, speaks to him a moment and leads him away.

Manon soon stumbles down the road, the poorly clad girl just about drags herself along for she is exhausted. She cries out with joy, however, on seeing Des Grieux and falls in his arms. They lovingly embrace and then she falls weeping at his feet. She is a changed Manon as she meets again the man whose life she has ruined through her fickleness. Des Grieux tries to comfort her and pictures a happy life with her in some distant country to which they will flee. But Manon knows that her repentance has come too late; she reproaches herself for not having appreciated the loyal affection of Des Grieux and tenderly recalls the days they spent together - The inn - the coach - the letter - the little table - the robe he wore when she found him at St. Sulpice Seminary. Indeed, she remembers it all very vividly. Her mind wandering amidst these dreams, she says, as though falling asleep "Do not wake me. Cradle me in your arms" and she sinks back and expires in the arms of the faithful Des Grieux as the curtain falls on the last act of "Manon" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

(FIFTH ACT -- "MANON")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF LAST ACT)

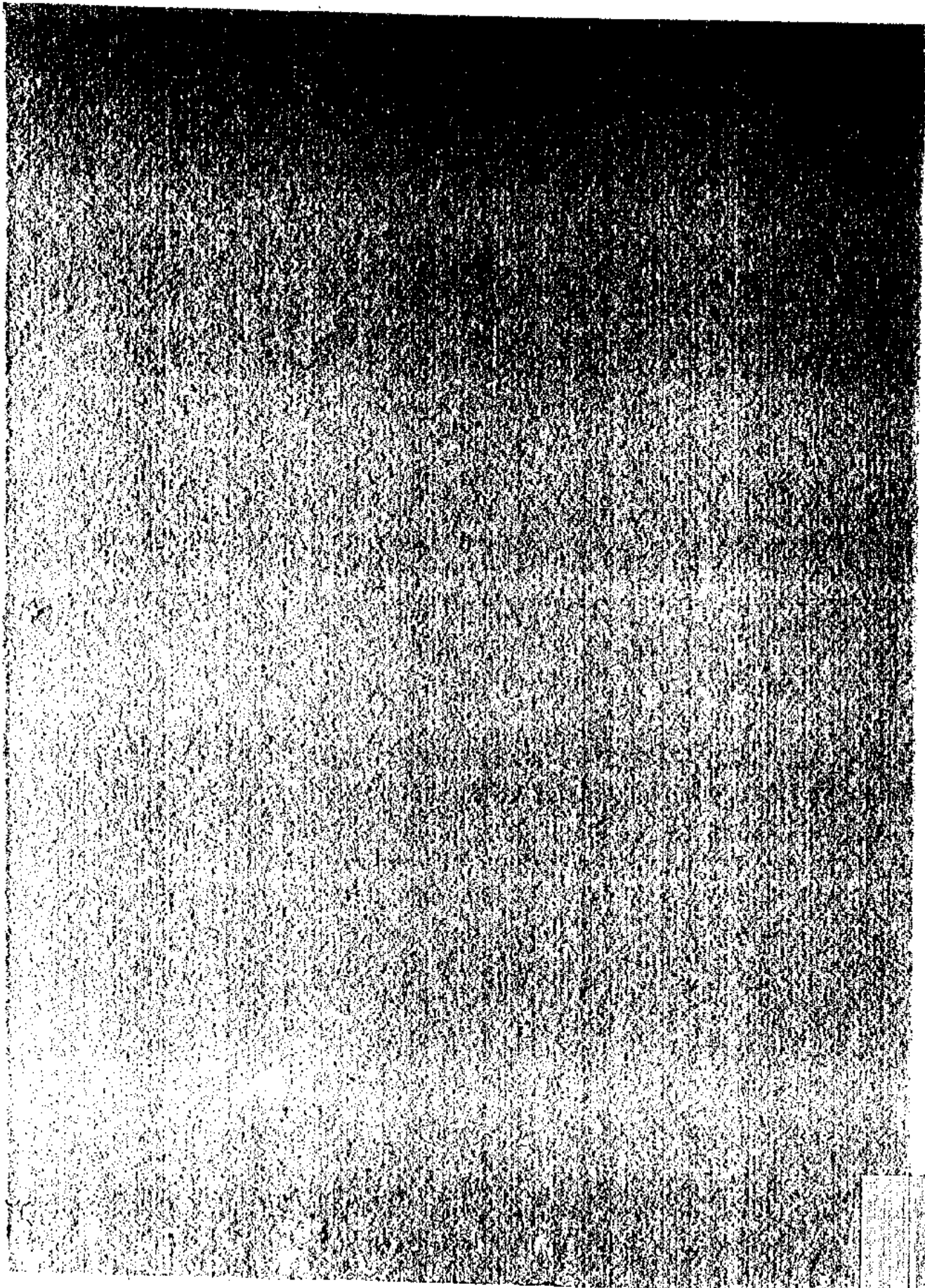
MILTON CROSS:

The footlights are dimmed.....the singers have responded to the last curtain call, and again we take leave of the famous old Metropolitan Opera House. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes hope you have enjoyed this afternoon of fine music. The opera season in New York closes today, and the Metropolitan Opera Company goes on tour. So next Saturday, by special arrangement, you will hear the renowned singers of the Metropolitan Opera Company broadcasting direct from the stage of the Boston Opera House. The Opera will be Pelleas and Melisande. The Opera will be Pelleas and Melisande. Until we join you again next Saturday, we hope you will remember that LUCKIES are always in all-ways kind to your throat. For LUCKIES use only the mild center leaves of the finest tobacco plants. Then, for throat protection, "IT'S TOASTED." Every LUCKY is round, firm, fully packed - free from loose ends. That's why LUCKIES "keep in condition" - do not dry out. LUCKIES are always in all-ways kind to your throat.

(NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: Give next week's Opera "Pelleas and Melisande."
TIME: 1:50 P.M. E.S.T.
Give cast and famous arias.)

/chilleen
3/30/34

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APRIL

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WEAF & WJZ

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

METROPOLITAN OPERA "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"

()-()

1:50 -to APPROX. 5:30 P.M.

APRIL 7, 1934

SATURDAY

ANNOUNCER:

Good afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen. The Metropolitan Opera Company on tour has been giving performances this week in Boston and we greet you today from Box 37 in the _____ of the Boston Opera House in Boston, Massachusetts.

The opera will be "Pelleas and Melisande" taken from the play of that title by Maurice Maeterlinck and set to music by the great French impressionist Claude Debussy.

Before going into the story of the opera itself, I think we should say a few words about the writers of this work whose modern tendencies in the literary and musical fields were, for a time at least, of the same accord and I believe we can readily realize why Debussy would select a play by Maeterlinck for the only opera he wrote.

Maeterlinck, a Belgian - French dramatist and poet, of Flemish extraction, was born at Ghent on August 29th, 1862. His career as an author began in 1889. He showed a strong leaning to mysticism. Whether in philosophy or drama or lyric, Maeterlinck was exclusively occupied in revealing or indicating, the mystery which lies only just out of sight, beneath the surface of ordinary life. In order to produce this effect of the mysterious, he aimed at an extreme simplicity of diction, and a symbolism so realistic as to be almost bare.

(OVER)

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ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

His plays are occupied with the spiritual adventures of souls, and the ordinary facts of time and space have influence upon the movements of the characters. We know not who these orphan princesses; these blind persons; these aged guardians of desolate castles; may be; we are not informed whence they come, or whither they go; there is nothing concrete or circumstantial about them. Their life is intense and consistent, but it is wholly of a spiritual character; they are mysterious with the mystery of the movements of a soul. In spite of the shadowy action of Maeterlinck's plays, which indeed require some special conditions and contrivances for their performance, they are produced with remarkable success before audiences who cannot be suspected of mysticism, in most of the countries:

His later works, however, present a marked contrast, inspired by a reaction against his early mystic and fatalistic tendencies:

However, it was in 1892 that he wrote his "Pelleas and Melisande" before this change came over him.

Public recognition of the masterly originality and individuality of Claude Debussy was rather slow in coming. In 1894 was heard one of his most remarkable and individual creations - the now world-famous prelude "L'Après-midi d'un faune" which could no longer leave room for doubt as to the originality of the composer. Concurrently also, his pianoforte pieces were being performed more and more. Soon followed his only opera, which we shall hear today, "Pelleas and Melisande" first heard at the Opera Comique in April, 1902. At that time it was little understood, but understanding came in due course and it was recognized as one of the most notable contributions to the repertory of the lyric stage since Wagner.

(OVER)

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ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

Debussy declared, in composing "Pelleas", he had wanted to dispense with "parasitic musical phrases." "Melody," he observed, "is almost anti-lyric and powerless to express the constant change of emotion and life. Melody is suitable only for the chanson, which confirms a fixed sentiment. I have never been willing that my music should hinder, through technical exigencies, the change of sentiment and passion felt by my characters. It is effaced as soon as it is necessary that these should have perfect liberty in their gestures or in their cries, in their joy and in their sorrow."

And these principals found exquisite expression in "Pelleas and Melisande," as carried out, of which one critic has happily observed - "It is one of the great landmarks in the history of opera; it is the summit of musical impressionism, catching every faint nuance of the words, always suggesting rather than saying, but always tense and direct and full of throbbing beauty."

And so we may understand why Debussy was interested in Maeterlinck's style of subtle suggestiveness in play writing. And from these few words about the two writers I think we know just about what to expect to hear in today's LUCKY STRIKE broadcast performance of their "Pelleas and Melisande."

LUCKY STRIKE BROADCAST

OF

"PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"

MILTON CROSS:

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes greet you this afternoon direct from the Boston Opera House, where the Metropolitan Opera Company is playing. We consider it an honor to be able, through special arrangements, to bring you this afternoon of Grand opera -- for we know how much fine music appeals to the inherent good taste of America. Today's opera will be "Pelleas et Melisande." The conductor will be Louis Hasselman and the cast is as follows:

ARKEL, KING OF ALLEMONDE.....
PELLEAS).....
 }-- GRANDSONS OF ARKEL.....
GOLAUD).....
LITTLE YNIOLD, a son of Golaud by a
 former marriage.....
GENEVIEVE, mother of Pelleas and Golaud.....
MELISANDE.....
A Physician, a Porter, Serving Women, and
Beggars.

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MILTON CROSS:

When the curtains part on the First Scene of the First Act we are in a forest of immense trees - the sunlight shining beyond.

Melisande, a beautiful young woman, sits weeping by a well in a forest when Golaud, who has strayed from the hunt and lost his way, finds her. She is frightened, has wandered far, and has lost her crown in the water. He offers to get it for her, but she will not let him, and only after much persuasion does he succeed in getting her to go away with him as night falls. The scene changes to the throne room.

In a hall of the castle Genevieve is reading to Arkel a letter from Golaud to Pelleas, telling how he found Melisande. It says that he cannot find out who she is, as she seems to have suffered some great fright and if questioned answers only by tears. She was dressed like a princess and had lost her golden crown. He tells how he married her, and that now, six months after, he is bringing her home. He asks Pelleas to break the news to his old grandfather, whose plans for his marriage he has thus disturbed. If Arkel consents to receive them Pelleas is to put a light upon the summit of the castle tower. If there is no light Golaud will sail by in his vessel and never return. Arkel says that because Golaud was so sad and lonely after his wife's death and would attend only to little Yniold, he had sent him to ask the hand of a princess, marriage with whom would settle many troubled matters of state; yet as the young man has done differently, one must bow to the inevitable and let character develop as it will. Pelleas enters weeping because his friend Marcellus has written him to come at once, for he is about to die.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Arkel reminds him that his brother is coming and that his own father lies in the room above more ill than his friend. As Arkel goes out Genevieve bids Pelleas be sure that the lamp is lighted each evening until his brother arrives. Again the scene changes.

Genevieve is walking with Melisande in the dark woods of the castle grounds when Pelleas comes upon them. He has been down to the sea, and though it is calm weather now, he predicts a storm for that very night. As they watch they see a great ship set sail, and recognize it as the one in which Melisande and Golaud came. She has a foreboding that the vessel will be wrecked. Genevieve goes to look for little Yniold, and Pelleas escorts Melisande to the castle. He tells her that he goes away that night, and Melisande questions him why he goes.

This is the story of the First Act of the opera "Pelleas and Melisande" to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company from the Boston Opera House.

(FIRST ACT -- "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIRST ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Here in Boston, as everywhere, we have found that people who enjoy the finer things of life particularly enjoy a LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette. We believe that they select LUCKY STRIKE because they have found that LUCKIES use only the clean center leaves - for they are the mildest leaves - they taste better. Then "IT'S TOASTED" for throat protection. And every LUCKY is round and firm, fully packed -- free from loose ends. That's why LUCKIES keep in condition-- do not dry out. LUCKIES are always in all-ways kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

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FIRST INTERMISSION

(BACK TO BOSTON)

Calvin Coolidge dined with the careful relish that marked his quiet enjoyment of all good things from mint-julips to jokes. As Governor of Massachusetts he was one of the guests of honor at a great banquet. There was a tenor at the banquet who came up from New York. A good tenor--not a great name nor a great voice, but one who could sing The Road to Mandalay without making you wish it was a one-way street.

He finished his song, took an encore and three bows. Then he appeared to be in trouble. He spoke to an officer of the banquet seated near Mr Coolidge. The tenor couldn't get transportation back to New York that night, and he and his accompanist had an engagement in Philadelphia the following afternoon.

Mr Coolidge overheard the tenor lamenting his luck. Mr Coolidge came to the rescue. He turned to his military aide seated at his left.

"Please commandeer a drawing room on the midnight train in the name of the Commonwealth," he said -- and resumed his cigar as tho he had not invoked the full majesty of the power of the sovereign State of Massachusetts to get a lower berth for a tenor and an upper for his accompanist.

The aide returned in a few minutes to report to the Governor that the desired accomodation had been obtained on the midnight train--altho the governor's prerogative had been necessary to take the Pullman reservation from two salesmen.

"Well," said Coolidge drily. "Two good salesmen shouldn't mind giving up a drawing-room to a good singer."

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And since there's no quotable record of what the salesmen had to say we must assume that Mr Coolidge's promotion of art over commerce was what art had every reason to expect, in Boston.

Apart from the quadrennial race for the mayoralty when the candidates are so numerous that they have to wear numbers on their backs to distinguish them from the citizens -- apart from its occasional uproars in politics, Boston, the Hub rarely becomes a hubbub save in the face of some fine artistic event.

In its early years the chill of utter Puritanism choked artistic impulse in early, Colonial Boston. But with a larger life came liberalism--artistically and politically---so that even Puritanism expanded to culminate in a party, a historic party--called the Boston Tea Party--when the stamp tax of the Kind of England was repudiated as taxation without representation and brave Boston became the hub of holy revolution.

Since then Boston has calmly assumed the authority, and wears it well, of American national culture. Its architecture is splendid in simplicity, after the chaste Doric manner--once, called Boston the Athens of America. Its art is rich and full--the home of fine schools of music, the mother of painters and poets from Sargent to Edna St Vincent Millay.

But Boston in art has the permissible eccentricities of fine art. It is a discriminating centre, a capital of true culture ---and a grand old town to visit.

25 years ago Governor Curtis Gild of Massachusetts laid the corner-stone of this opera house and made it singular because he said something that is a part of authentic American history. He spoke of the native American fondness for music -- for folk-songs, for any and every cadenced expression that truly marks and measures native sentiment.

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He told how he went to Cuba during the Spanish-American war to visit New England troops. It was Christmastide. The Cuban moon shone down through scarred palms on Yankee troops accustomed to snowy Yules. Somewhere, with the suddenness of a bright star -- somebody sang. That solo voice touched off a group. The song was that mellow Christmas anthem -- *Adeste Fidelis* -- Come all ye Faithful. Its beauty grew and spread -- troop after troop - company after company conveyed its surging hope of glory and salvation... until along a full fifty miles of front a whole army sang under an alien sky.

A gracious and grateful serenade to the Prince of Peace amid the grim chemistry of war.

A nation whose soldiers can sing hymns will never know defeat in war -- still less the more atrocious defeat of peace that marks the spurning of great art.

After sixteen years Boston hails a resurgence of national spirit by welcoming once more the great art of Metropolitan Opera. Congratulations to the courage of this Boston committee that brings back grand opera!

Louise Homer returning here to the scenes of her youth would lift her splendid contralto in joy that the cause of high art survived in splendor.

For any cause of culture is not only a cause, but a crusade. Civilization - any civilization - is to be judged by two things; the comfort it offers its people and the culture they create. We know, for instance, that a rough estimate of any civilization is whether or not it contains more beards than bath-tubs; but a finer estimate is its relative proportions of more artfulness and fine art -- of whether it has more the flavor of genius or the jungle. That is how any civilization must ultimately be judged.

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Boston typifies the best in American civilization because its influence in American artistic life has been sound -- sound to the point of being sedative. It typifies merit in art devoid of the meretricious. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Longfellow, Whittier, Henry Adams -- these men are fellows in the flavor of this old town.

And one other of whom I always think when I think of Boston: perhaps as great American as any -- Charles W Eliot, who for more than forty years was President of Harvard -- sending out three generations of Americans - leaders in business and the professions, including the two Roosevelts who went to the White House.

It was my privilege to have the last interview for publication that Dr Eliot gave -- in his ninety-fourth year. He spoke of the necessity and the growth of culture: how in old Greece he had seen women of magnificent carriage acting almost as beasts of burden in the fields. He said how the stamp of ancient culture was on these peasant women even tho the opportunity to culture was denied them.

"So whatever is done to promote true art in America is true national progress," he said.

Dr Eliot stated that either music or poetry was the first articulateness of the human race. Both are cousins in culture: poetry is music in words and music is wordless poetry. Perhaps the first musical benefactor of mankind was he who first his lips and whistled a stave: in which case the second musical benefactor was he who disposed of the first.

But here I'm philosophizing in a headquarters of philosophy - of Gantayana the psychologist of William James, the Pragmatis.

I walked across Boston Common to the Opera House ---
Boston Common is a large open space where a visitor can take plenty
of time mid-town to unscramble the Boston streets -- and saw two
newsboys hopping along to the opera. They approached a pair of
scalpers -- to sell tickets, I thought. Nothing of the kind -- they
bought tickets instead. If I may be slightly unBostonian -- Boston
is the home of the bean -- both ways.

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MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast hope that you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ACT II

When the curtain rises on the Second Act of Debussy's Opera "Pelleas and Melisande", we have what you might call a Motfield Parrish setting. A stone fountain in the centre, bright sunlight - two large overhanging trees - some beautiful slim birches and blue rippling water.

Pelleas and Melisande are sitting by a fountain in the park. She is lying upon the marble edge and leans over, trailing her hands in the water and reaching as far as she can. Pelleas asks her of her meeting with Golaud, but she tells him little except that Golaud tried to kiss her and she would not let him. She toys with the ring that Golaud has given her, her marriage ring, tossing it in her hands above the water. Pelleas protests lest she lose it, but she does not heed, and soon, just as the clock strikes twelve, it slips from her hands and falls into the depths, hopelessly gone, for the well is deep. She is much distressed, but Pelleas says that another ring will do as well. She knows better, however, and wonders what she can tell Golaud when he asks about it, and Pelleas says that she must tell the truth. The scene changes.

In their apartment Golaud is lying upon a bed and Melisande sits beside him. Golaud is telling how, while he was hunting, his horse at the very stroke of twelve o'clock suddenly swerved and dashed against a tree, and how when he recovered consciousness he felt a great weight upon him, as if his heart was crushed, but it seems there was no real harm done.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Melisande watches and tends him, but when he refuses to let her spend the night caring for him she bursts into tears. She answers his earnest inquiry by saying that she is tired of this place and unhappy, and will die if she has to stay here. He tries to draw from her the cause of her sorrow, but she does not seem to know it clearly. He thinks that Pelleas has been neglectful of her and says that he has always been somewhat peculiar, but that later he will be different. She says it is not Pelleas that troubles her.

As Golaud tries to comfort her he takes her hands, and discovers that her wedding ring is gone. She tells him that when she was gathering shells on the beach that morning with little Yniold the ring slipped off, and that the tide came up and she could not find it. He says that she does not know what that ring is nor whence it came, and he sends her at once to look for it before the next tide shall have swept it away, and tells her that he cannot sleep until it is found. He commands her to ask Pelleas to go with her, and she, very reluctant, finally goes out weeping. The next scene is in a grotto.

Pelleas and Melisande come to the entrance of a cave on the seashore, where she told Golaud she lost the ring. Pelleas invites her to enter, saying that she must be able to describe the place, but that they will have to wait for the moon to rise, as it is very dark and dangerous within, yet very beautiful, and they brought no torch. They must not, however, go many steps from the door, but will stay in the light of the entrance. She is frightened, but he takes her hand and leads her in. Soon the moon floods the entrance with light and in the dimness within the grotto they espy three old beggars, who because of the famine have taken refuge there and fallen asleep. Pelleas and Melisande hurry out and away, and he promises to bring her again. (OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

This is the story of the Second Act of the opera
"Pelleas and Melisande" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE
Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company from the Boston Opera House.

(SECOND ACT -- "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF SECOND ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

When you're thinking of cigarettes, may we remind you
that LUCKY STRIKE uses only the clean center leaves. For the center
leaves are the mildest leaves -- they taste better -- then "IT'S
TOASTED" for throat protection. And every LUCKY STRIKE is fully
packed with choice tobaccos -- round, firm, free from loose ends.
That's why LUCKIES keep in condition -- do not have that objectionable
tendency to dry out -- an important point to all smokers. Naturally,
LUCKIES are always, in all-ways kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors
of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

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GERALDINE FARRAR - KENNEDY

2ND INTERMISSION

JOHN B. KENNEDY:

Not very far from here is the town of Melrose, Massachusetts. There was a prim grammar grade teacher in Melrose, who once looked down on the ribboned heads of giggling girls and the freckled faces of embarrassed boys. She had called for song. It was the eve of Patriot's Day which commemorates the ride of Paul Revere and she wanted "My Country", 'Tis of Thee" to smite the welkin. For two minutes the welkin remained unsmitten.

"Is there none of you," she said, "can sing this simple song?"

A voice arose like a challenge - a slow, uncertain tone that steadied itself after the first, quavering bar, then climbed to a flowing treble, clear and unafraid.

Geraldine Farrar, aged ten, sang her first public song. Her boldness sprang, logically, from an ancestral strain. There was a Judith Farrar in the Eighteenth Century colony of New England Anglo-Normans. Judith fell in love with her first cousin - Nathan Farrar, consanguinal marriages being somewhat of a practice among the Farrars. Nathan also fell in love with Judith. But he was diffident, and she a Puritan lass. Leap Year perogatives were taboo among her kind, a maid proposing marriage approached the immoral in conduct. So Judith considered. One wintry morning in November when Nathan sallied forth to a magazine-cover turkey hunt, Judith followed. She raised her shot-gun and pinged Nathan through the shoulder - the left shoulder, her family archives among the Farrars detail such matters. Nathan fell, and Judith, weeping softly over the "accident", had him taken to her home,

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where she nursed him. He emerged with two gains - his health and Judith for wife.

Geraldine Farrar's grandfather was a fine singer, her father, too, although they had a Puritan dread of exploiting their talents.

At the age of twelve she was boomed as a local prodigy in Boston. Her voice was always robust. Her mother put her foot down on the prodigy appearances - she had a firm foot when it went down. They were circumstanced so that she could obtain operatic training; but her mother realized that character culture was just as important as voice culture.

She was a disciplinarian, fond, but insistent. As a child, Miss Farrar remembers how she supervised constant practice. The first time Geraldine picked up a sheet of music to sing from it in the usual concert-hall pose, her mother gently removed the music.

"That is cowardice," she explained, "a weak defence between the singer and the audience. Never read from paper when you sing. Give your hearers all there is of your personality."

"So it has always been with me," Miss Farrar told me once when I interviewed her for Colliers.

After preliminary training in Boston her mother took her to Paris. There she studied for a year under Trabadello, the Spanish master. Later on with Lilli Lehman.

At nineteen she made her debut, as Marguerite in Faust at the Berlin Royal Opera House. The Germans were amazed at a slim, vivacious American girl in a prima donna role. In Miss Farrar's words, "they were used to having their divas delivered in trucks." She scored. At that time Germany's artistic zenith welcomed all invading talent. (more)

Prince Henry of Prussia had been feted in America and Theodore Roosevelt and Kaiser Wilhelm had exchanged hearty compliments. American stock ran high, so this particularly charming American had that background to augment natural attractiveness. Aristocracy and royalty joined hands with the tune-humming Berliners to hoise her fame. Plump borschwitti of the Guards had high words as to whether or not it was one or the other she had smiled at over the scrolled footlights.

"Hospitality was the mark of the Germans in those happy days before the war," she recalls.

She made her debut in Monte Carlo - an operatic centre for the fashionable cosmopolites of Europe - with Caruso. Boheme was the piece.

The war broke out. She could have returned to Europe and shone serene; but she preferred not to take advantage of a situation that penalized their native talent. Yet the American operatic and concert seasons were not long enough to occupy all her time and talent.

"I'm a Yankee business woman," says she. "I wanted revenue for effort and fame and knew how to cash-in on opportunity. Morris Gest came to me with a proposition to go into the movies. I did."

She made Carmen in pictures - also Joan of Arc.

Thus arose the celebrated tale of how she slapped Caruso's face - a tale that has everything to recommend it but the slight particular that it never happened.

"After the motion picture had been acclaimed," she records, "I was billed for Carmen at the Metropolitan in New York. There was some amusement and speculation in the opera group. Caruso had misgivings; frankly told me so.

The impression was that I had cheapened the role by picturizing it. I reminded Caruso that the Metropolitan Company had three Don Joses, but one Carmen, and that if he wouldn't play Jose to my Carmen some other tenor would.

"We played. For the duel scene between Carmen and her rival we engaged a young woman with masses of beautiful auburn hair. This she could arrange in such a way that when I attacked her it fell in cascades and flowed and writhed about so that it gave murderous impressions.

"All this was done, and anybody who saw that performance knows how the audience responded. I lost count of the curtain calls. At the finish Caruso came up to me.

"A splendid movie Carmen," he said.

"At this point I am supposed to have struck him. As a matter of fact I kissed him.

From movies back to opera and the concert stage and fresh deluges of publicity. In Atlanta one recalls, Miss Farrar played Zaza and the newspapers roared with the protests of good Georgian burghers against her scant apparel.

"What on earth," is her comment, "did they expect Zaza to be? It's rubbish to say I shocked them in the theatre. The operagoers of the South are just as sophisticated as those up North.

All the world wondered then - and that was not so very long ago, why "Jerry" wasn't married; whether she would, and whom.

Lou Tellegen, tall, ascetic Dutch actor, was the answer. Curtains have been officially drawn across that episode. The perfect love match went the way of most over-trumpeted human events.

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"Yet I have nothing to regret," says Miss Farrar - an appealing figure now in black crepe, plumper than of yesterday, but with lines controlled. A black pearl swings about her cool, smooth neck, her hands glisten with discreet jewels; but the secret of the years shines in youthful candor on a face that has never known lipstick or brow-tweezers outside a stage dressing room or the harsh Kleig rays.

"For me, there is one solution to life - learn but lose nothing of individuality in learning. Add experience to your individual growth. If you are a woman with a profession, be virile about it, or you will not make the right kind of success. Above all things, be your best self and courageous enough to take the consequences of your decisions."

There is in that serenity about her of a woman refreshed, satisfied with life, yet ever eager to disperse of her abundant vitality.

"I was not standardized in youth. I refuse to be standardized in middle age. Standardization may succeed in industry; never in art, for every artist must be a rebel, but a rebel with reason and courage."

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4.6.34

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MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy:

ACT III

At the window of her room in one of the towers of the castle Melisande is combing her long beautiful hair. Pelleas comes by the window and hails her. They talk together and he asks her not to stay so far back but to lean out. When she does, he exclaims at her beauty, and wishes her to lean further. He tells her that he is going away on the morrow and asks her to give him her hand to kiss in farewell. She urges him to stay and when he promises to she tries to reach him her hand but cannot. As she leans out her hair falls loose over her head and about him. He is lost in its beauty and seizes it, winding it around his neck, and saying that he will not let her go. He twines it about the willow branches near. Some doves fly from the tower and about them in the darkness. Melisande is much alarmed and begs him to release her. They hear a step and Golaud approaches. Pelleas tries to free her, but Golaud comes upon them and asks them what they are doing there so late. He tells Melisande not to lean so far out or she will fall, and laughing nervously at them as a pair of children he takes Pelleas off with him.

In the vaults of the castle Golaud is showing Pelleas the great underground dungeons, where is a lake of stagnant water, the stench of which sometimes comes up and poisons the air of the whole castle. Golaud leads Pelleas to the very edge of the lake, guiding him by the light of the lantern.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Suddenly Golaud makes a misstep, the light disappears, and Pelleas, not seeing clearly, would have at another step been in the gulf had not Golaud seized his arm and drawn him back. Golaud says that the place should be walled up, for the arches of the vaults are decaying and the whole castle might some day be engulfed. As they look down the abyss together, the light of the lantern trembles in Golaud's hand, and Pelleas is alarmed at the appearance of the place and overcome by the stifling odor. They go out together in silence.

On the terrace outside the vaults they recover their breath, catch the fragrance of the garden, and see their mother and Melisande at one of the tower windows. Golaud tells Pelleas that he overheard what passed last night, that though he understands it was only child's play it must not be repeated. He says that Melisande is young and delicate and must be spared any shock.

Significantly he tells Pelleas to avoid her, but not too pointedly.

The stage changes back to the First Scene of this act.

It is twilight as Golaud with little Yniold comes into an open space before Melisande's window. Golaud questions his little son about what Melisande and Pelleas say and do when they are together. The child says that they are always together when Golaud is not about. Golaud unconsciously tightens his hold on Yniold's arm, and he cries out in pain. The father coaxes him to tell what they say, but Golaud makes little of the artless admissions, except that Melisande and Pelleas seem unhappy and that she is always weeping. Golaud asks if they never kiss each other, and the child says that they did once. When Golaud asks how it was, the child kisses him on the mouth, laughing, and then notices how gray his hair and beard are. (OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

A light shines out from the window and Golaud lifts the child up and asks him what Melisande is doing and whether she is alone. Yniold says that Melisande and Pelleas are both there, that they are standing apart motionless staring at the light. Golaud's grip upon the child makes him whimper with pain, but the father persists that he continue to watch and tell him what he sees until he is thoroughly frightened, then the father releases him, and they go into the castle together.

This is the story of the Third Act of the opera "Pelleas and Melisande" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company from the Boston Opera House.

(THIRD ACT -- "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF THIRD ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

While the audience is discussing today's opera, smoking and chatting in the lobby, may we take a moment to mention some of the fine qualities of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE uses only the clean, center leaves of the finest tobacco plants -- Not the under-developed top leaves -- they are too harsh; not the bottom leaves -- they are too coarse, dirt-covered and sandy. Only the clean center leaves for LUCKIES -- for these are the mildest leaves -- they taste better. Then for throat protection -- "IT'S TOASTED." LUCKIES are always so round, so firm, fully packed -- free from loose ends. That's why you'll find LUCKIES do not dry out. LUCKIES are always kind to your throat -- always, in all-ways.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ATX01 0189808

3RD INTERMISSION

A very fine philosopher, Arthur James Balfour, who was once Prime Minister of England, said that the first critic was most probably somebody who had something adverse to say to our first parents. Well, the caste of characters in the Garden of Eden was exceedingly limited, and the only possible critic was the sophisticated serpent. And this serpent, alias Satan, was supposed to have uttered the first criticism by pointing out an imperfection in this perfect paradise of Adam and Eve -- namely, that they didn't know enough and should improve their knowledge by eating of the tree of knowledge. While later we have learned that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, with Adam and Eve it was singularly ineffective in keeping the devil away.

Traditionally, all artists subjected to criticism have been quite willing to believe that the original critics -- the serpent of the Garden of Eden - had only one thing original about him and that was original sin.

Wilfred Winter, the foremost transatlantic dramatic critic of his day, told a story that negatively points the functions of criticism more than any learned essay. He and another dramatic critic, as a relief from the stilted rounds of more pretentious plays and players -- hied themselves from West End London to the suburbs. They dropped in on a barns-storming Shakespearean troupe playing Richard Third.

Buying two seats near the footlights -- there was no orchestra, the two critics watched, with keen interest, the entry of a long, cadaverous gentleman as the Duke of Gloucester.

"This is the 'ouse!" he bellowed.

One great critic nudged the other.

"Marvellous," he said. "Did you hear that 'Ouse?"

Both laughed. The old cockney tragedian glared across the gas footlights, his face cold and fierce with an heroic sneer:

"Yes," he bellowed at the two critics - and the rest of the audience -- three or four big men and women -- 'Ouse I said and 'Ouse I mean. D'ye think Richard the Third lived in a bloomin' apartment?"

The function of criticism is not cynical fault-finding. A cynic is one who resents the joy of others because he's forgotten how to enjoy himself.

The criticism of art should itself be an art. Many creative geniuses, notably Oscar Wilde, a trifle bitter over unkind criticism, have challenged their critics to produce better art than they. That would not be criticism, but competition. The critic is not supposed to be creative -- but constructive. Anybody can be a destructive critic. The critics job is to try to show how better things can be built out of good, and to demand that bad things be improved or abolished.

ATX01 0189810

Ill-placed praise by critics has hurt art as much as ill-placed blame. Genuine talent will survive almost anything, even torture. But stupidity raised to the heights is always monstrous.

The bulk of American criticism of music, art, books and the drama - has, unfortunately, been too much bulk and not enough qualified discrimination. But we have had some fine critics -- James Huneker, Henry T Finck, H E Kriebiel - Lawrence Gilman - W J Henderson, William F Apthorpe, Louis C Elson -- but here I'm naming names, which is always futile -- for some are bound to be missed or misplaced.

The tendency of American criticism in drama has been to show-off the critics' own cleverness, or to show-up the inadequacies of most unfavored players. The critics have power and vocabularies, but they are not always supreme. They were fairly unanimous in branding Abie's Irish Rose a failure -- but the public paid millions to see it and it had so many companies playing it that it wasn't so much a piece of national art as a part of national industry.

So, in music, they have slipped almost as often as they have scored -- if popular reception of fine art is a barometer of quality as it most certainly is of longevity, -- in the long run. But the music critics -- to a mere lay reader like myself -- seem better trained or more technical than their confreres of the drama.

Criticism should never be cruel: nor ever kind. Criticism's only compulsion is to be fair. Serious art has no place for the smart-alex who makes people smart to make a point.

A critic is as fallible as those he criticizes even tho he pose as John Ruskin did, as the ultimate authority. When James McNeill Whistler dragged Ruskin into a court, a jury, in finding a verdict for Whistler, agreed that Ruskin had a right to criticize an artist's work, but not his reputation.

Work is so tied up with reputation that the critic if he is conscientious must be extremely careful not to be harsh. It's much more charitable to ignore the incompetent than to ridicule them, and only the vicious or the vile should be anathematized.

Perhaps the test of the true critic is the modesty of his self-opinion. I've always liked James Huneker's reply to a publisher who wanted to know what he should charge for one Huneker's new books -- \$2.50 or \$1.50.

"It doesn't make any difference," said Huneker.
"Nobody will buy it."

Always, wherever I've seen them in action, much caricatured city editors of newspapers have been the most effective critics -- for I've never known a city editor to criticize a news-story for its faults without prescribing how they can be cured. That is true because useful criticism.

But while in Boston I must pay tribute to a gentleman who ranks as not only a dean among critics, but a benefactor of creative artists. More than one musician has gained by his peculiarly apt advice. Even the great Calve improved her technique at his suggestion; and I've known half a dozen writers who found this very fine writer a source of inspiration -- and guidance.

A wit who aimed his shafts to stir, not to sting. A man who delighted to help, and never deliberately hurt. He is Philip Hale, and his name will always remain blessed among the not-too frequently blessed rolls of American critics.

MILTON GROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ACT IV

In a hallway Pelleas and Melisande meet. He tells her that his father's illness has taken a turn for the better and now nothing prevents his going away, so he will start the next day. He asks her to meet him that night in the park by the fountain to say farewell. Though mystified by his manner she promises to come.

In a room of the castle Arkel is telling Melisande his regrets that the castle has been so sad ever since she came, with the atmosphere cast over it by his son's illness. He is very tender with her and hopes that now all will be changed and that she will find the happy conditions that her youth and beauty would attract to her. He kisses her forehead and tells how he has pitied her, but she says she has not been unhappy.

Golaud enters with blood upon his forehead. To Arkel's question he says that he was only scratched by thorns. When Melisande asks him to bend down that she may wipe the blood away he repulses her and demands his sword. Melisande hands it to him and trembles at the anger so clearly directed against her. He asks her why she trembles and says he is not going to kill her. He asks Arkel to note the beauty of her eyes, and how they glory in their power, but Arkel sees only their innocence. Golaud seems infuriated by her eyes, and seizes her by her hair and forces her to her knees before him, swinging her back and forth and calling her "Absalom." Arkel attempts to interfere and Golaud suddenly becomes calm, and with a veiled threat goes out. Melisande bursts into tears declaring that he hates her, and the aged and half-blind Arkel pities them both.
(OVER)

MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Near a wall of the park Yniold is trying to move one of two stones between which his ball has fallen and stuck. His attention is diverted by a flock of sheep passing. He hears them bleating piteously, apparently frightened, then notes their sudden silence, and calls to the shepherd. There is no answer, but he sees that they are not on their way to the stable though it is getting dark. Seized with sudden terror and loneliness he runs off.

That night to the fountain in the park Pelleas comes meditating. He suddenly realizes that he loves Melisande greatly, and that he must now look upon her once more and fill his memory with pictures of her to take away with him. He longs to look once deeply into her eyes and tell her all that is in his heart. She enters and he wants her to come into the shadow, but she prefers the moonlight. She says that Golaud is asleep and Pelleas complains that she came so late that they have but an hour before the castle doors are closed. He tells her that he loves her and that therefore he must go away. As he kisses her she quietly tells him that she loves him also. They find that they have each cared for the other since first they met. He can scarcely believe her, but she says that she always speaks the truth to him, that she lies only to his brother. He takes her hands in his, and would now draw her into the light that he might see her, but she shrinks into the shade. They look into each other's eyes and kiss passionately.

They are startled by hearing the great doors of the castle close and the bolts and bars slip into place. They cling together, torn between love and fear. Melisande starts up and says that Golaud is behind a tree and that he has his sword. They know that he has seen them embracing and at first pretend that they do not see him.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

Golaud advances toward them and they kiss each other desperately. He rushes forward with drawn sword and cuts down Pelleas, who falls by the fountain, while Melisande flees in terror, pursued by her husband. The curtain opens on the fourth act of "Pelleas and Melisande" about to be given in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera Company from the Boston Opera House.

(FOURTH ACT -- "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FOURTH ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

Before the conductor raises his baton for the last act of Pelleas et Melisande, may we call to your attention an important fact about LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. LUCKIES keep in condition because they are round, firm, fully packed -- free from loose ends. That is why they do not have that objectionable tendency to dry out -- an important point to all smokers. Naturally, LUCKIES are always, in all-ways kind to your throat.

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, present Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ATK01 0189816

KENNEDY FOURTH INTERMISSION LUCKY APRIL 7/34

Ladies and Gentlemen:

For the past several weeks in this Lucky Strike series of Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, we have had the pleasure of presenting for microphone interviews outstanding stars of the opera. For this, the final broadcast of this series, I propose to interview somebody of particular importance to Lucky Strike and to the Metropolitan Opera as well as to the individual stars of the opera, somebody of particular importance to me. And that is you.

During the fifteen weeks of opera broadcasts, you, the audience, have been the kind providers of voluminous mail -- to the Metropolitan Opera Company, to the proprietors of Lucky Strike cigarettes, to the National Broadcasting Company, to Mr. Milton Cross and to me.

I've had some experience with radio and radio mail -- altho I've never invited the radio audience at any time to write me. For this reason: I am constitutionally adapted more to receiving letters than to replying to them.

May I say as a simple matter of fact that in all the radio mail or audience response I have ever examined and analyzed I have not before seen any so consistently and intelligently appreciative as that impelled by this Lucky Strike series.

The only discernible shade of difference to the unanimous opinion that these operatic broadcasts have been a contribution to national culture has been some minor personal choice on the part of followers of particular stars that these stars should have sung roles assigned to others during the operas broadcast.

ATX01 0189817

The opera, to use a phrase from another sphere of art - athletic rather than aesthetic -- the opera has batted one thousand per cent.

A lady from Iowa, quite early in the broadcasts, wrote a strangely touching letter. During the Saturday afternoon singing of Aid the gorgeous strains of that opera attracted a passer-by. He was unkempt - obviously a casual.

"I don't like to call him a hoboe," said the lady, "but that he really was -- and the politest I have ever met."

Reminiscent of the tramp who called at a farm-kitchen door and begged for a meal. He finished it with relish and passed back the plate with a muttered: "Thanks!"

"What else do you say?" said the farm-wife.

"Thanks, dear," said the tramp.

All this Iowa wanderer wanted was the privilege of listening to the opera. He came the next Saturday, and the Saturday after. Then he vanished, whistling an aria from Lucia.

Out in a large Minnesota City something more realistically romantic was inspired by an opera broadcast.

"My fiancee and I," a young lady with elegant lavender note-paper confesses, "had been delaying our marriage for months. You know all about how times are, and all that. But when Lohengrin came on the air Saturday afternoon, we sat in rapture throughout. And at the stirring Bridal March - our minds were at once made up. We got married on Monday.

From Atlanta, Georgia, a thoughtful lady listener, not only sent her personal and enthusiastic encomiums on the opera broadcast, she fortified her own convincing endorsement with eloquent newspaper testimony - one especially gratifying one being the fine appreciation of the opera broadcasts by a distinguished University professor.

Opera teas, even opera bridges -- where luck, presumably, came lilting on the captivating rhythms of great arias -- were described by scores of correspondents.

But I must admit being brought to book by many. An old sourdough who sought gold in '95 out in the Canadian Northwest and was trying for gold all over again, wrote with a little asperity that he wondered why the great talent of Nellie Melba was ignored -- why all these young newcomers were being put on the air. It was explained, as tenderly as possible, that the world had changed; that the great Melba was now a cherished memory.

A charming group of ladies in California were good enough to send a picture of themselves enjoying the opera, with copies of the libretto in the hands of readers. Even from Hollywood came copious assurance that minds could be distracted from the everyday pressure of pictures in celluloid to be entertained by the tonal pictures of the air.

And I have read, with a proper touch of humility, some amendments to anecdotes recorded, some corrections on the pronunciation of proper names - for which I am duly grateful. Especially vigorous was a chorus of protest from the Pacific Coast when I mis-dated the San Francisco - er - fire, putting it a year ahead of time.

Most voluminous was the correspondence occasioned by a rather rash attempt last Saturday to name a roll of honor of the Metropolitan singers. I have heard of omissions from all sides: altho toomany say I give the reminder that the litany of celebrity was confined to Metropolitan company members past and present. But of those past I ommitted such notables as Tettrazinni, Sembrich, Calve - and the distinguished Irish-American singers, McCormack and Charles Hackett.

McCormack, the great master of bel canto, sang very little at the Metropolitan.

"It didn't take me long," he told me once, "to realize that opera called for something more than fine singing. It called for fine acting, and the only thing I care to act occasionally is the fool for my diversion."

Where, perhaps the miracle of great music works especial benevolence, there is a mid-West school for the blind. A little child was told she would have to stay in bed with a horrible cold. They put her in bed. And they kept her there for three days and wanted to keep her there three days longer. The pupils met on Saturday in their refectory to sit before a loud speaker and hear the opera. A screen by the door interrupted the performance when it toppled over. The little invalid had slipped down from the infirmary to risk a relapse but to get her opera.

From ships that pass in the night, from motor-cars riding the prairies, from Europe - even from Asia have come warm words of thanks for the opera.

You, the public, have matched the generosity of the sponsors of this series, with the generosity of your praise for them. That is the sum and substance of any possible interview I could have with you collectively.

ATX01 0189820

You have realized that American culture received impetus and substance through these broadcasts; for all things tangible and intangible form the environment that affects us mentally and spiritually - and even physically. There can be no finer environment than the finest music. That, in essence, is what this gift of grand opera to all the people has been.

MILTON CROSS:

The proprietors of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, sponsors of this broadcast, hope you have enjoyed Mr. John B. Kennedy.

ACT V

Melisande lies in bed in her chamber and a little apart stand Arkel, Golaud, and the physician. The physician says that as the wound is trivial they may be able to save her yet. Arkel is fearful and thinks her labored breathing and silence ominous. Golaud exclaims in penitent grief that he killed her in frenzy without cause -- for only a kiss between a brother and a sister. Melisande awakes and asks that the window be opened that she may look upon the setting sun. She seems to have a deep knowledge of something she will not tell. When she asks who is there, Arkel says it is some one who will not harm her, -- her husband. She asks why he does not come to her, and Golaud staggering to the bedside calls her name. He begs that they be left alone together, then he asks her to forgive him. She forgives him but he has to tell her what for. He says that he has wronged her from the first day, that his love spurred him on. Telling her that some one is about to die, that he will not live, he begs her therefore as to the dying to tell him the truth, then asks if she loved Pelleas. She says that of course she loved him, and asks where he is. Golaud tries to make her understand, and asks her if she loved him with a guilty love. She says no. He beseeches her to tell him the truth, as both he and she are going to die and there must be truth between them. She is dazed by the thought and as she seems to slip away from him he summons Arkel and the physician.

(OVER)

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MILTON CROSS: (CONT'D)

When Arkel calls her name she responds. He asks her if she would like to see her child, and brings the babe to her, but she is too weak to take it and only pities the small, crying thing. As the maidservants enter mourning, Golaud starts up angrily, but Arkel silences him, saying that Melisande sleeps and her sleep is weeping. Golaud begs once more to be left alone with her, but Arkel will not let him again disturb her. The servants kneel as Melisande's spirit passes. Golaud bursts into sobs and Arkel leads him away, marveling at the terrible mystery and pitying the poor babe whose turn it now is to live. This is the story of the last act of Debussy's opera "Pelleas and Melisande" about to be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company from the Boston Opera House in our LUCKY STRIKE Broadcast.

(FIFTH ACT -- "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE")

(CURTAIN CALLS)

(BRIEF SUMMARY OF FIFTH ACT)

MILTON CROSS:

What enthusiasm, what applause greeted the close of today's grand opera. The people of Boston have always loved and appreciated fine music.....and we hope that you, too, our radio audience throughout the country, have enjoyed this afternoon's performance. May we remind you that when you light a LUCKY STRIKE you are lighting a cigarette made of only the clean center leaves -- these are the mildest leaves -- they taste better. Then - "IT'S TOASTED" for throat protection. Every LUCKY is round -- firm, fully packed -- free from loose ends. That's why LUCKIES "keep in condition" - do not dry out -- an important point to all smokers. LUCKIES are always, in all-ways kind to your throat.

/chilleen
4/6/34

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