

WEAF

VITALIS

REVISED

"MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"

"THE CASE OF THE PEDDLERS OF PREJUDICE"

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9:30 - 10:00 P.M.

DECEMBER 20, 1944

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: "Mr. District Attorney" - champion of the people --
defender of truth - guardian of our fundamental rights to
life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

ANNCR: Mr. District Attorney is brought to you by Vitalis and
Ipana....two famous products for the protection of good
looks. For hair that's well-groomed it's Vitalis and the
sixty second workout. For a smile that sparkles it's
Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

D.A.: (ECHO) And it shall be my duty as District Attorney not only
to prosecute to the limit of the law all persons accused of
crimes perpetrated within this county, but to defend with
equal vigor the rights and privileges, of all its citizens.

(MUSIC: -- UP FULL AND FADE UNDER)

ANNCR: Our case tonight opens in a public high school, located in one of the crowded sections of your District Attorney's city. The assistant principal of this school is seated in his office ... working. He is interrupted by a knock on the door...

(KNOCK)

STANLEY: Yes?

(DOOR OPENS)

TYLER: Hello, Mr. Stanley..

STANLEY: Oh ... hello there ...

TYLER: I heard you wanted to see me.

STANLEY: That's right ... come in, won't you?

TYLER: Okay ...

(DOOR CLOSSES .. HIS STEPS MOVE ON)

STANLEY: Sit down, Mr. Tyler.

TYLER: Thanks.

(CHAIR SCRAPE)

STANLEY: Looks like we might get a little snow before the day is over...

TYLER: Yeah .. looks that way.

STANLEY: How's our coal supply holding out?

TYLER: We should have enough to last the winter.

STANLEY: I hope you're right.

TYLER: Well, I've been janitor here over twenty years, Mr. Stanley.

STANLEY: Oh ...I wasn't doubting you.

TYLER: Was that what you wanted to see me about?

STANLEY: No... I really sent for you to ask a favor of you....

TYLER: What kind of a favor?

STANLEY: I wanted you to read a book.

TYLER: Huh?

STANLEY: It's one that we intend to use in the school...I have a copy of it right here.

TYLER: What's it about?

STANLEY: It's called, "Probing Our Prejudices". It was written primarily to make people understand the nature .. and effect of racial intolerance.

TYLER: Why should I read it?

STANLEY: It might broaden your understanding.

TYLER: Look, I don't get this ...

STANLEY: Mr. Tyler, I've received a number of complaints about you lately from some of our students.

TYLER: What do you mean? What kind of complaints?

STANLEY: They claimed that you been in the habit of calling them names ... names reflecting on their racial background.

TYLER: Who were these kids?

STANLEY: I have a list of them here.

TYLER: Let me see it.

STANLEY: That isn't necessary.

TYLER: Look, if somebody's pinnin' somethin' on me, I got a right to know who they are.

STANLEY: Very well ... here you are.

TYLER: Huh ... Sure ... Just like I thought .. these are all kids who I caught dirtyin' up the halls .. throwin' papers around ..

STANLEY: I can believe that.

TYLER: Then what if I did call them names .. what's the beef?

STANLEY: You should have called them for what they were doing ... not for what you think they are.

TYLER: Look, I told you before...I have been here over twenty years

STANLEY: (INTERRUPTING) I know, and that's why I asked you to come here and talk this over with me...You see, all of us here in the school are in a position of great trust .. we are largely responsible for the thinking and general behavior of the future citizens of this city, this country, this world. You're not a teacher, but you work here and your influence can be just as strong (PAUSE) So why don't you take this book .. read it, Mr. Tyler ...

(MUSIC: _ _)

(STEPS MOVE ON MIKE)

RICK: Joey...

JOEY: Huh?

RICK: Somebody comin' .. dinch out that butt.

JOEY: Wait! It's only old man Tyler.

RICK: Oh...

JOEY: H'ya, Mr. Tyler.

TYLER: (MOVING ON) Huh? Oh, hello, Joey ...

JOEY: Me and Rick cut class ... we wanted to grab a smoke ...

TYLER: Uhuh...

RICK: We put some coal in the furnace for ya ..it looked kinda low.

TYLER: Thanks, boys.

JOEY: You want we should go back upstairs?

TYLER: No ... stick around .. it's a pleasure to be with some of the decent kids in this school .. kids who can at least talk English ...

JOEY: What do ya mean?

TYLER: I just came from Mr. Stanley's office..he was givin' me a lecture .. like I was a twelve year old or somethin'.

JOEY: What about?

TYLER: The way I treated some of his little pupils .. I called them names, he says.

JOEY: Was he kiddin'?

TYLER: No! Some of these Hunky's around here complained to him.

RICK: Who were they?

TYLER: There was a whole list of them ... he showed it to me.. All foreigners ..names you couldn't even pronounce...

JOEY: Oh ... them ...

TYLER: What's this school comin' to anyway?

JOEY: Me and Rick was just talkin' about that ourselves.

TYLER: I should think you would be.

JOEY: We was talkin' about our football team this year .. there wasn't one American on the squad.

TYLER: Sure .. I noticed that.

RICK: Basketball teams the same way ..

TYLER: Well, I'm glad somebody is gettin' wise to what's goin' on..

JOEY: We ain't the only ones, Mr. Tyler .. lots of guys in school feel the same way.

TYLER: Then why don't you do somethin' about it.

JOEY: Do somethin'?

TYLER: Declare yourselves .. let these punks know they've gone far enough.

RICK: How could we do that?

TYLER: How many kids feel the same way you do?

JOEY: I know fifty of 'em anyway.

TYLER: If they was organized, fifty guys could throw a lot of weight.

JOEY: How do ya mean?

TYLER: Well, most of them foreigners live along Tenth Street ..
why don't ya pay them a call.

JOEY: Oh ... with our mob, huh?

TYLER: Yeah ...

JOEY: That ain't a bad idea.

TYLER: Well, do it.

JOEY: I think maybe we will ..

TYLER: Good. Open up that furnace door, Rick..

RICK: Yes, sir.

(DOOR OPENS .. FIRE UP)

RICK: There y'are .. want some coal?

TYLER: No ... I just want to burn a book.

(MUSIC: _ _)

D.A.: Say, Miss Miller....

MILLER: Yes, chief?

D.A.: I just realized...I haven't given you any time off for
Christmas shopping.

MILLER: Well, thanks .. but I'm not going to need any .. I've worked
out a very simple solution on gifts this year ..

D.A. What's that?

MILLER: I'm giving war bonds....

D.A.: Good for you ..

MILLER: Of course I did buy a couple of silly gimmicks for you and
Harrington to put in your stockings.

D.A.: Well, I certainly --

(DOOR OPENS)

HARR: Good morning, chief...Miss Miller.

D.A.: Good morning, Harrington.

MILLER: Good morning...

(DOOR CLOSES)

HARR: Oh, brother...it's gettin' cold out.

MILLER: Did you get snowed in last night?

HARR: No ... I was out in most of it ...

MILLER: Doing what?

HARR: It was all in the line of duty, Miss Miller...
headquarters called me .. I was coverin' a riot down on the
South Side..

D.A.: I read about that in this morning's paper. A gang fight
of some sort, wasn't it?

HARR: Well, that's what the papers called it ... but it was more
than that, chief.

D.A.: What do you mean?

HARR: The way I make it, these kids who raided the neighborhood
kinda figured themselves to be a junior Gestapo...

MILLER: Were kids involved?

HARR: Yeah .. they were all high school age.

D.A.: What's the Gestapo angle?

HARR: Well, the battle cry of the kids was down with foreigners.
They also smeared a few swastika's around.

MILLER: Youngsters did that?

HARR: Yeah.

MILLER: How awful.

D.A.: Were any arrests made?

HARR: A couple of kids were picked up .. I had a talk with them.

D.A.: What was their story?

HARR: They claimed that they were asked to join this thing around
their high school .. they say they were told it was just a
gang fight .. that they knew nothin' about the swastika angle.

D.A.: I see...

HARR: I had a feelin' they were tellin' the truth.

D.A.: Did they tell you who asked them to join?

HARR: Yeah ..I've got a list of names here...kids who might have been the ring leaders.

D.A.: Well, I think you ought to find them as soon as possible... the best place to start I imagine would be at the high school.

HARR: Yeah..you're right.

D.A.: This is pretty shocking when you realize that our men are fighting all over the world against oppression and intolerance..

MILLER: And this thing happens right here at home.

D.A.: Yes.

HARR: That kinda makes it our fight, chief.

D.A.: Yes, it does .. so let's get into action ... you'd better get over to that school at once.

(LIGHT FIRE CRACKLE)

(MUSIC: _ _)

JOEY: You got some more wood there, Rick?

RICK: Yeah .. These bannisters.

JOEY: Bust 'em up and throw 'em on the fire.

RICK: Don't ya think them mickeys are cooked?

JOEY: Yeah, just about .. but let's keep the fires goin' anyway.

RICK: Okay ...

TYLER: (OFF) H'ya - boys...

JOEY: Oh .. hi, Mr. Tyler.

(BOX BEING BROKEN)

TYLER: (MOVING ON) Hello, Rick.

RICK: Hi...

TYLER: I figured you might be around the lot here ...

JOEY: We're cookin' mickeys.

TYLER: Oh...

RICK: They must be done now, Joey.

JOEY: Yeah...I'll see if I can spear some out..Want one, Mr. Tyler.

TYLER: Sure..why not..ain't had a spud cooked that way in years.

JOEY: Ah .. here's one..wait till I dig it out..there y'are...

TYLER: Thanks..

RICK: There's another one right there.

JOEY: Yeah ... I see it.

TYLER: You boys got any salt on ya?

RICK: No..

TYLER: Why I'm surprised at ya...when I was a kid I always carried a shaker full right with me.

RICK: Hey...that's a good idea, huh, Joey?

JOEY: Yeah..how's it taste to ya, Mr. Tyler?

TYLER: Kinda hot..

JOEY: Bounce it around in your hands.

TYLER: I missed you boys at school today.

JOEY: We hooked.

TYLER: I figured that.

JOEY: Rick had a shiner...he didn't want no guys kiddin' him.

TYLER: I notice quite a few shiners around school today... especially on some of them foreign punks.

JOEY: Oh..

TYLER: That was a good job you kids done last night..I'm real proud of ya.

JOEY: Well...they had it comin' to them.

TYLER: Sure..

JOEY: That oughta keep 'em quiet for a while.

TYLER: It should...except for one thing..

RICK: What's that?

TYLER: That guy Stanley...

JOEY: What about him?

TYLER: A cop was over at the school today.

JOEY: A cop?

TYLER: He has a long session with Stanley..a lot of kids were called in his office for questioning.

RICK: Hey...it's a good thing we stayed away, huh?

TYLER: He'll wanta talk to ya when you get back.

JOEY: Why..has he got somethin' on us?

TYLER: I don't know.

RICK: Why do you say he'll wanta talk to us?

TYLER: Because he thinks he's a big shot, that's why! He even had me in.. Had the cop firin' questions at me.

JOEY: What's the matter with that guy?

TYLER: He's just against real Americans..chances are Stanley ain't even his real name.. probably changed it from somethin' no one could pronounce.

RICK: Hey..ya think so?

TYLER: Sure....that's why he's out to get me...that's why he'll wanta question you.

RICK: Gee...what can we do about him?

TYLER: Well...do ya wanta do somethin' about him?

JOEY: What do ya mean?

TYLER: I got an idea, if you're interested.

JOEY: Well?

TYLER: If he was to get the same treatment you gave them punks on Tenth street he'd behave himself.

JOEY: Ya think so?

TYLER: Sure...

RICK: Well...why don't you give it to him, Mr. Tyler?

TYLER: Nothin' would make me happier kid..but I had quite a run in with the guy today...if he was to get slugged on the head or somethin', they'd hang it on me in a minute.

RICK: Oh..

TYLER: There's nothin' to stop you guys from doin' it.

RICK: But wouldn't you get blamed anyway?

TYLER: Not if I had an alibi..not if I was seen some place else when it happened.

RICK: Oh..sure.

TYLER: I happen to know he's over at the school right now.

JOEY: So late.

TYLER: Yeah...he's workin' on a report or somethin' .. there ain't nobody else there with him.

JOEY: How do ya get into the school?

TYLER: I've got some keys here .. one of them opens the basement door.

JOEY: Could we borrow 'em?

RICK: Joey..

TYLER: Sure kid..this is the one for the basement.

JOEY: Swell...

TYLER: That bannister post there might come in handy.
(STOOPING) Here ... take it.

JOEY: Okay..

TYLER: Thanks for the potata.

(MUSIC: _ _)

(LIGHT FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS)

RICK: (SOTTO) Joey...

JOEY: Yeah?

RICK: I'm scared.

JOEY: Oh, stop, will ya.

RICK: I can't help it..let's go back, huh...

(STEPS OUT)

JOEY: Look, how many times do I have to tell ya, there ain't gonna be no trouble.

RICK: How do ya know?

JOEY: He ain't never gonna see who hit him.

RICK: What makes you so sure?

JOEY: Just watch and see.. Now come on.

RICK: Okay...

(STEPS IN CORRIDOR..LIGHT)

RICK: Joey...

JOEY: What is it?

RICK: What if the guy should die or somethin'?

JOEY: I ain't gonna hit him that hard.

RICK: How do you know how much it takes to kill a guy?

JOEY: Will ya let me worry about that.

RICK: (AFTER PAUSE) That's his office down there...

JOEY: Yeah..

RICK: He must still be there alright...see the light shinin'

JOEY: Uhuh.

RICK: (WHISPERING) Now what?

JOEY: Just stay put...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

STANLEY: (OFF) Yes?

(AFTER BEAT..SECOND KNOCK)

STANLEY: (OFF) Come in.

(PAUSE .. THIRD KNOCK)

STANLEY: Come in, won't you?

(FOURTH KNOCK...OFF MIKE STEPS...DOOR OPENS)

STANLEY: Look, I ...

(BLOW)

STANLEY: (GROANS)

(BODY FALL)

JOEY: (PAUSE) Come on, Rick...school's over.

(MUSIC: _ _ . : . : . .)

ANNCR: The brutal attack on the crusading school master presents an even stronger motive for your District Attorney to uncover the vicious peddler of prejudice...We will hear the next development in this timely case in just a minute...
But....

(FOOTSTEPS IN CORRIDOR)

MILLER: (CALLING..OFF) Chief...

D.A.: Oh. There you are ...

MILLER: You certainly made good time getting here.

D.A.: Well...I was lucky enough to find a cab .. Where's Harrington?

MILLER: He's down in the emergency room...that's on the right as you come into the hospital.

D.A.: Yes..I noticed it on the way in..How is the man?

MILLER: The school principal?

D.A.: Yes.

MILLER: They don't know yet .. he was still unconscious when they brought him here.

D.A.: Did you get any of the details on this thing?

MILLER: Some of them.

D.A.: What's the story?

MILLER: Well...a police man was driving past the school about an hour ago...

D.A.: That would be one a.m.

MILLER: Just about ... yes. He noticed a light on in what turned out to be the principal's office. His name is Stanley.

D.A.: Yes..

MILLER: It was so late he decided to investigate..he entered the school and found Stanley stretched out on the floor in the hall...He'd received a blow on the head.

D.A.: I see...

MILLER: The policeman called headquarters, headquarters called Harrington and Harrington called us.

(STEPS APPROACH)

D.A.: Here he comes now...

MILLER: Oh....good...

HARR: (FADING ON) Hi, chief...Miss Miller.

MILLER: How is he, Harrington?

HARR: Well...the guy is still unconscious...

D.A.: Is he badly hurt?

HARR: They're gonna take x-rays...don't know if it's a fracture or not.

MILLER: Then you couldn't find out how it happened to him?

HARR: No.

D.A.: Did you see this Mr. Stanley when you visited the school this afternoon?

HARR: Yeah...he was a big help too, chief..he's pretty strong on the subject of racial tolerance.

D.A.: I see...

HARR: The reason I called you over here at this hour is because I've got an idea that this slugging ties in some way with the investigation he helped me make.

D.A.: So you said on the phone...what do you base it on?

HARR: Well, we found out that practically all the kids involved in the riot go to his school.

D.A.: Did you discover who was behind it?

HARR: I think so, yes...Two of the kids seem to have been the ringleaders.

D.A.: Did you talk to them?

HARR: No...they didn't show up today...I got their addresses and went around to their homes...they weren't there either.

MILLER: Do you suppose they assaulted Mr. Stanley?

HARR: That I don't know.

D.A.: Well, I think we ought to find out a little more about how it happened..is any one still at the school?

HARR: I imagine there's a cop there.

D.A.: Let's go then.

(MUSIC: _ _ . : . : . : .)

HARR: Miss Miller...don't you think you should go home and get some sleep?

MILLER: I should say not.

D.A.: We'll all be going home in a minute.

HARR: Just about finished, chief?

D.A.: Yes.

HARR: Think you got anything?

D.A.: Well, this bannister might be a help...I'll have it checked for prints at the police lab.

HARR: Uhuh...

D.A.: Miss Miller...would you see if there's a phone in Stanley's office..

HARR: There is one, chief..

D.A.: Good.

MILLER: Who do you want?

D.A.: I'd like you to call the hospital...see if there've been any developments.

MILLER: Surely.

(HER STEPS FADE...SHE PICKS UP PHONE AND DIALS

UNDER FOLLOWING)

MILLER: (WE HEAR OFF MIKE PHONE TALK AFTER DIALING)

HARR: Say, I just happened to think, chief..there's a guy who could be mixed up in this thing.

D.A.: Really?

HARR: Yeah..he's the janitor here at the school...he had quite a run in with Stanley this afternoon.

D.A.: What about?

HARR: Well..he'd been baitin' some of the kids around here.. about their ancestry.

D.A.: I see.

HARR: Stanley kinda suspected that he might have helped to stir up the feeling that caused the riot.

D.A.: And that caused the run in?

HARR: Yeah.

D.A.: Well, as the janitor here .. he would have had a good chance to come in after hours and commit the assault.

HARR: Sure..I'll put him down for a visit first thing in the mornin'. I'll get ahold of those two missing kids too.

D.A.: Good...

(STEPS FADE ON)

MILLER: Chief...Mr. Stanley has regained consciousness.

D.A.: That's fine.

MILLER: And there's no sign of a fracture..just a severe concussion.

HARR: Was he able to talk?

MILLER: Yes...but he hasn't any idea who hit him.

HARR: Oh...that's great.

MILLER: He claims he just walked out here into the hall and that's all he remembers.

HARR: That don't give us much to work on.

D.A.: Well, follow up on those suspects in the morning anyway, Harrington..don't bother to come to the office..just check in if you come up with anything.

(MUSIC: _ _ . _ . _ . _ . _ . _ . _ . _ .)

(PHONE RINGS....RECEIVER UP)

MILLER: District Attorney's office.

HARR: (ON FILTER) Hi, Miss Miller...the chief there?

MILLER: Yes..just a minute..(TO D.A.) It's Harrington.

D.A.: Oh, fine.

MILLER: Here you are.

D.A.: Thanks..(TO PHONE) Morning, Harrington.

HARR: Hi, chief.

D.A.: How are you making out?

HARR: Not too good.

D.A.: No?

HARR: I already been to the school and talked to this guy Tyler...
he's the janitor.

D.A.: Yes...

HARR: He was playin' cards last night from nine o'clock on...

D.A.: I see.

HARR: He gave me the names of the people he was with, I checked
with them and they backed him up.

D.A.: Would you say they were reliable?

HARR: Yeah...no question about that...then I called the hospital
to find out from Mr. Stanley what time he thought he was
slugged.

D.A.: Uhuh.

HARR: He says it was well after ten o'clock. So that seems to
clear Mr. Tyler.

D.A.: How about those boys?

HARR: I been to see one of them, he'd already gone out.
I'm on my way to the other kid's place now.

D.A.: I received a report from the police lab on that bannister
Mr. Stanley was clubbed with.

HARR: Anything on it?

D.A.: Yes...they found a very good set of finger prints.

HARR: Hey...now we're gettin' some place.

D.A.: You check on that other boy and call me back.

(MUSIC: _)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. PAUSE. ... DOOR OPENS)

RICK: Yeah?

HARR: Hello...are you Rick Cortland.

RICK: Yeah why?

HARR: I want to see you...

RICK: What for?

HARR: I'm from the District Attorney's office.

RICK: Huh?

HARR: We can probably talk better inside..

RICK: Talk about what?

HARR: You.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

HARR: Your family home?

RICK: No..

HARR: How come you're not in school today?

RICK: I I don't feel good.

HARR: That's too bad...Well. .. I see you got your Christmas tree up.

RICK: Look, what do you want with me?

HARR: I'd like to ask you some questions, Rick.

RICK: If it's about why I ain't in school, I already told ya.

HARR: (INTERRUPTING) This is about that riot the other night... the one you and your friend Joey cooked up.

RICK: I don't know what you're talkin' about.

HARR: Look son, let's get one thing straight right now. I know you helped to start the thing...I've got proof.

RICK: From who?

HARR: About twenty kids in that school of yours.

RICK: They were lyin'.

HARR: That we'll prove later...one of the things I'd like to know now is why you started it...and where you got the idea...Want to tell me that? (PAUSE) Okay, suppose I tell you.

RICK: Look, mister...

HARR: (INTERRUPTING) Just listen a minute, son. What's the difference between you and one of those kids on 10th Street.

RICK: They're foreigners.

HARR: What's a foreigner?

RICK: Somebody who don't belong here.

HARR: Why?

RICK: Cause this is America.

HARR: Are you an American? A blood line American I mean.

RICK: Sure.

HARR: Pure Indian blood?

RICK: What do you mean?

HARR: Those are the only real Americans I know of..the rest of us all came here from Europe or Africa or Asia....

RICK: Look, I was born here, see!

HARR: So were most of those kids on Tenth Street...and as far as bein' Americans are concerned...they work at it a lot better than you do.

If you listened in school, son, you must know that this country is a democracy .. a democracy ... says that everybody gets an even break...whether he's white or colored...

HARR: Catholic, Protestant or Jew...Your little party the other
(Cont.) night went against all that.

RICK: I told ya I had nothin' to do with it.

HARR: What about Mr. Stanley?

RICK: Huh?

HARR: I suppose you had nothing to do with that either.

RICK: What ... what do ya mean?

HARR: He was slugged last night over at the school...a bannister
was found there .. that was the weapon...it had a very
nice set of fingerprints on it.

RICK: (STARTING TO BREAK) What are you tellin' me for?

HARR: Those prints will be checked against every kid in school.

RICK: why?

HARR: Cause we have an idea a kid done the job ... we also have
an idea that it ties in with that riot of yours.

RICK: No!

HARR: Look, son...you better start tellin' me the truth...

RICK: (CRYING) I didn't do it...I didn't do nothin' to Mr.
Stanley.

HARR: But you can tell me who did. Come on Rick...let's have it.

RICK: Okay...Joey..Joey..done it. But it wasn't his idea.

HARR: Whose idea was it.

RICK: Mr, Tyler..he made us do everything..he was the one who
thought up about the riot..then he got sore at Mr. Stanley..
he talked Joey into gettin' him.

HARR: Well...thanks, son...thanks for tellin' me. You got a
phone here?

RICK: Yeah ... in the hall.

HARR: I want to call the District Attorney .. have him meet us
at the school.

(MUSIC: _ _)

(DOOR OPENS)

HARR: Go ahead, Tyler.

TYLER: Okay.

(DOOR CLOSE)

HARR: This is the District Attorney

TYLER: H'ya.

D.A.: Hello.

HARR: You know Rick here?

TYLER: Yeah...Look, what's this all about?

D.A.: We're just cleaning up the final phases of the assault on
Mr. Stanley in the school here last night.

TYLER: I already told this cop where I was. Did he check up on
it?

D.A.: Yes...

TYLER: Well?

D.A.: You were playing cards alright...we believe that.

TYLER: Then what do you want..this don't concern me.

D.A.: This youngster here has told us a story...that makes me
believe it does.

TYLER: About what?

D.A.: About your part in the whole affair.

TYLER: What have you been handin' them, Rick.

D.A.: Tell him, son..

RICK: Well...

TYLER: Look...I ain't interested.

D.A.: Go ahead, Rick.

RICK: Well, I told them all about ya, Mr. Tyler..how you gave us the idea..for the riot..how ya gave Joey the bannister.

TYLER: You're lyin'!

RICK: You know I ain't!

TYLER: Listen...are you gonna take this punk's word against mine.

D.A.: We believe he's telling the truth.

TYLER: He's just tryin' to save himself.

HARR: Let us decide that.

(DOOR OPENS)

MILLER: Excuse me, chief...

D.A.: Yes...

MILLER: I think I've found what you were looking for...

D.A.: Good let me have it.

TYLER: I'm gettin' outa here.

HARR: Now wait a minute.

TYLER: I don't wanta hear no more of this! And you can't hold me here on any charge unless you've got proof.

D.A.: We have got proof, Mr. Tyler..it was just given to me.

TYLER: Huh?

D.A.: Harrington....we're taking him down to headquarters.

(MUSIC: _ _)

D.A.: Your District Attorney will return in just a moment to bring you the clue he uncovered that definitely links Tyler with the assault on Stanley.

D.A.: Well, ladies and gentlemen, first I want to tell you the clue we found that trapped Tyler...it was strong enough to indict him as an accessory to the crime. Several fingerprints were discovered on the bannister that was used to club Mr. Stanley..two of them were very large prints..much too large to belong to one of the boys.

MILLER: And when Harrington called and told you about Rick's confession you decided to check up on Tyler's prints.

D.A.: Yes....I called an expert from the police lab over to the school and he worked up some prints of Tyler that were found in the furnace room.

MILLER: And when he found they matched those on the bannister, he had me bring them right up to you.

D.A.: Yes.

HARR: I think the funny part is, chief..the reason that Tyler's prints were so clear on that bannister was because they'd been left there while he was eating a charred, baked potato.

D.A.: Yes...As for the boys...we apprehended Rick's companion Joey...I expect that both of them will be sentenced to terms in the reformatory...I shall recommend that they be given special attention there and it's hoped that they will come out useful and worthwhile citizens...

MILLER: Tell about Mr. Stanley, chief.

D.A.: He's well on the road to recovery. So, tonight's case resolved itself satisfactorily and once again proved the truth of the statement that crime never pays...However, the

D.A. problem dealt with this evening is still very much with
(Cont'd.) us...Think about it, won't you?

MILLER: Chief...I'd like to wish all of our listeners a very Merry
 Christmas...

HARR: Me too...Merry Christmas everyone.

D.A.: I'd like to join in on that...Merry Christmas to you all...
 and until next week, thank you and goodnight.

(MUSIC: _ _)

ANNCR: The names of all characters on tonight's dramatization are
 fictitious and any resemblance to names of living persons
 or actual places is purely coincidental. Our stars were
 Jay Jostyn in the title role, Len Doyle as Harrington and
 Vicki Vola as Miss Miller. The music was under the direc-
 tion of Peter Van Steeden and the author was Jerry Devine.
 And don't forget! When you think of well-groomed hair,
 remember Vitalis. When you think of a winning smile,
 remember Ipana toothpaste, Vitalis and Ipana...two famous
 Bristol-Myers products which, each week bring you "Mr.
 District Attorney".

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO FILL. . . .)