DRAGNET - RADIO
9-15-53

NBC #212 CHESTERFIELD #44

1 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"

2 GIBNEY: Sound off for Chesterfield.

3 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"...DRUM ROLL

4 GIBNEY: Low in nicotine...highest in quality...best for you.

5 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES

6 GIBNEY: Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

7 MUSIC: DRAGNET THEME

8 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about
to hear is true. The names have been changed to

9 protect the innocent.

10 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

11 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned
to Robbery Detail. A hold up man has robbed the owner

12 of a neighborhood grocery store. The victim was beaten

13 unmercifully with a sawed off shot gun. The assailant

14 escaped into the city without a trace. Your job...

15 find him.

16 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
Before you buy your next pack of cigarettes, think this over......A doctor has been examining a group of Chesterfield smokers, with special attention to the nose, throat and sinuses. His latest report...After a full year and a half...says - No adverse effects from smoking Chesterfield. Don't you want to try a cigarette with a record like this? Chesterfield ... regular or king-size ... they're low in nicotine ... Highest in quality ... Best for you.
Draget, the documented drama of an actual crime. For
the next thirty minutes, in cooperation with the
Los Angeles Police department, you will travel step
by step on the side of the law through an actual case,
transcribed from official police files. From beginning
to end...from crime to punishment... Draget is the
story of your police force in action.

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD.

SOUND: HEAVY RAIN HITTING THE PAVEMENT. UNDER LAST FEW LINES,
WE HEAR JOE'S STEPS RUN THROUGH THE RAIN. FAR OFF
TRAFFIC BG.G. VERY LIGHT.

JOE: It was Wednesday, February 18th. It was raining in
Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of
Robbery Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is
chief of detectives, Taad Brown. My name's Friday. The
office had called me at 3:46 A.M. and by the time I got
dressed and down in front of my apartment, it was 3:59
A.M. when Frank got there...(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN)...to
pick me up.

SOUND: JOE SLIDED INTO CAR, AND CLOSES DOOR. WE HEAR THE
RUSTLE OF HIS TRENCH COAT AND THE SLAP OF WINDSHIELD
WIPERS ON THE CAR. AS HE SLAMS THE DOOR, FRANK PUTS THE
CAR INTO GEAR AND IT MOVES FORWARD.

FRANK: Took me a little longer to get here than I figured...
FRANK: Which is the best way to get there from here?
J O E: Guess go down the freeway and cut over Aliso.
F R A N K: Yeah. Sure comin' down.
J O E: Wonder how long it's gonna keep up.
F R A N K: Any guess is a good one. The weather bureau says they
don't see the end of it.
J O E: (GRUNTS)
J O E: (REACHING INSIDE HIS COAT.) Yeah. Here.
F R A N K: (TAKES IT) How 'bout a match?
J O E: Yeah.
S O U N D: HE LIGHTS THE MATCH.
F R A N K: (WHILE JOE IS GOING THROUGH THE MATCH BUSINESS) Sure
wish they'd put a lighter in these cars. (HE LIGHTS THE
CIGARETTE AND EXHALES) Thanks. Who called you...the
hospital or the office?
J O E: Office. Said that Bailey had come to...that we might be
able to talk to him.
F R A N K: Sure hope we can get something out of him...(FAST) Hold.
S O U N D: BREAKS SLAMED ON...CAR SKIDS...AS UNIT 1K30 stops, we
hear HORN FROM OTHER CAR AS IT PASSES.
FRANK: Darn fool...drivin' like that in this rain.

JOE: They'll get him.

FRANK: Hope he's able to know it.

JOE: Better use the light and siren Frank. We may not have much time.

FRANK: Huh?

JOE: Way the Skipper put it to me on the phone.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: They don't know if Bailey's gonna live.

END SCENE
Raymond Bailey was 62 years old. He owned and operated a small neighborhood grocery on the corner of Witman and Beacon Streets. Two days before, on Monday night, a man had entered the store and at the point of a sawed off shotgun, had robbed Bailey. After emptying the cash register and the safe, he'd slugged the elderly man with the barrel of the gun and fled. Bailey had been rushed to Georgia Street receiving hospital and then transferred to the County Hospital for treatment. For the past two days, he'd been under heavy sedative and had been in a coma. He was suffering from a skull fracture, broken jaw as well as cuts and bruises. His condition was listed as critical and we'd left word to be called the minute he regained consciousness. 4:26 A.M. we got to the hospital and went up to the fourth floor. We met and talked with the doctor who'd been taking care of Bailey. He told us that the patient had just been given another shot to ease the pain and would probably drop off to sleep. We went into the hospital room and walked over to the side of the bed. It was a few minutes before the old man started to talk.

(WEAK AND TIRED, NO PAIN) I'll tell you what I remember. All seems kinda far away. Like I read about it in a book. Not like it really happened to me.

If you'd just tell it in your own words sir.
1 BAILEY: What time is it?
2 FRANK: It's a quarter to five Mr. Bailey.
3 BAILEY: Who's that?
4 FRANK: I'm Frank Smith.
5 BAILEY: You a policeman too?
6 FRANK: Yes sir.
7 BAILEY: Oh. Quarter to five huh. That day or night?
8 JOE: In the morning sir.
9 BAILEY: Uh huh. I sure been out.
10 FRANK: If you'd tell us what happened sir.
11 BAILEY: How many of you are there in here?
12 JOE: Just the two of us.
13 BAILEY: Way they got my head all bandaged...can't see. Say officers?
14 JOE: Yes sir.
15 BAILEY: The doctor said this was wednesday. Is that true?
16 JOE: Yes sir. Wednesday the 18th.
17 BAILEY: Can't figure where the time's gone. It can't be, Wednesday. Why do you have to agree with them. Why don't you tell me for true.
18 FRANK: You've been asleep for a couple of days.
19 BAILEY: Really?
20 JOE: Yes sir.
BAILEY: Been pretty sick huh?

JOE: Yes sir.

BAILEY: Uh huh. Seems like every time I turn around they give me another shot. Takes the pain away but it makes everything seem so far away. Like nothin' was really happening to me.

JOE: Yes sir. Would you go on with the story?

BAILEY: Yeah. This fella came in Monday night. I was rainin and there wasn't much business. I was figurin' on closin' when he came in. He took one of the carts and started to pick up stuff off the counter.

JOE: Yes sir.

BAILEY: Say would you give me a drink of water please? Awful thirsty.

JOE: I'm not sure whether we're supposed to do that Mr. Bailey.

FRANK: I'll check with the nurse Joe.

JOE: Right.

SOUND: FRANK EXITS THE ROOM. SWINGING DOOR...NO LATCH.

JOE: He'll be right back.

BAILEY: It's alright. You'll see.

JOE: Probably is sir...but we have to be sure. You want to go on?

BAILEY: Yeah. Well, fella picked up a lot of stuff. He had this shopping bag with him. Hung it on the cart. I figured that I'd have to check the bag when he got to the check stand. We've had a lot of shoplifting lately.
FRANK: Nurse says it's okay Joe.

JOE: Uh huh.

BAILEY: He musta been in the store about 20 minutes. Just took his time. Browsed around...read the labels on the cans.

FRANK: Couple of times he came over to me and asked where he could find things. I'd tell him and he'd go back and start browsin' again.

SOUND: FRANK ENTERS THE ROOM.

FRANK: Nurse says it's okay Joe.

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE TAKES THE TOP OF A METAL DECANTER AND POURS A GLASS OF WATER.

FRANK: Glass straw there on the table.

JOE: Oh yeah.

SOUND: HE PICKS UP THE STRAW AND Puts IT IN THE GLASS.

JOE: Here you are Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY: Thanks. (HE TAKES A SIP OF THE WATER) Tastes good, cool.

JOE: You want any more?

BAILEY: Not right now.

SOUND: JOE Puts THE GLASS DOWN ON A METAL TRAY.

JOE: Go ahead sir.
BAILEY: Well, after he'd looked the store over he came up to
the check stand. I checked out the stuff he had. Came
to over five dollars. Picked out all kinda things.
Most of 'em imported.

JOE: Uh huh.

BAILEY: I added the stuff and it came to a little over five
dollars. I forget exactly how much. A little over five
dollars.

JOE: Yes sir.

BAILEY: After I got everything all totaled up, I asked him if
I could put it in the shopping bag for him. I didn't
want to come right out and ask to see in it. After all,
he mighta just moved into the neighborhood, and
haven't got that many regulars that I can insult 'em.

FRANK: Uh huh.

BAILEY: That's when he pulled the gun. Pulled it right out of
the shopping bag.

JOE: You saw that it was a shotgun?

BAILEY: Yeah. Barrel was short. I guess it'd been sawed off. He
pointed it at me and told me to give him the money in
the cash register.

FRANK: Do you remember exactly how he said it Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY: Huh?

FRANK: Do you remember the exact words he used?
BAILEY: (THINKING) I think it was..."Okay Pop...this is a stick up...don't make any trouble and you'll be alright."
Near as I can remember...that's what he said.

JOE: You want to go on?

BAILEY: I told him that it was a foolish thing he was doin'.
Told him that it was wrong but he did it anyway. Made me give him all the money. Then he made me open the safe and give him the money in that. Just a little safe.

FRANK: How much money did he take Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY: I can't be sure. I'd guess about 5 hundred dollars.
Somewhere's around there. There was 350 in the safe.
I know that. Must have been around another hundred and fifty in the cash register.

JOE: He take any checks do you know?

BAILEY: No...he just took the money. Paper and silver. Just the money.

JOE: Alright sir.

BAILEY: Then he told me to lay down on the floor. To stay there for five minutes and not to move.

FRANK: Uh huh.

BAILEY: I was gonna do it. I wasn't gonna give him any trouble.
Money doesn't mean that much to me. You get to be my age...62 ... and it's more important that you're alive than how much money you have. A lot more important.
JOE: Yeah.

BAILEY: Well, I was just gonna do like he said and Mrs. Colton came into the store. She's one of the regulars. She saw this fella with the gun and she let out a scream. I tried to tell her to keep quiet but before I could say much of anything, this fella turned around and hit me with the gun. Hit me just about as hard as he could. I kinda remember the sirens comin' but after that it's kinda hazy. Like it didn't really happen to me. Like I read about it.

FRANK: Can you give us a description of the man?

BAILEY: Yeah. Guess I can. Before I do though...

JOE: Yes sir.

BAILEY: Would you tell me what time it really is?

JOE: It's 4:50 Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY: Wednesday morning?

JOE: Yes sir.

BAILEY: I don't think it's very nice of you two fellas to play a joke like this on an old man. Seems like you could be honest. If I had my watch, I could tell myself.

JOE: We're telling you the truth about the time Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY: Alright...you have your little joke. But I don't think it's funny at all.
FRANK: Can you tell us how old the man was?

BAILEY: 'bout 24...26.

FRANK: How Tall?

BAILEY: Tall as me. I remember because I could look right over straight at him. That'd make him five and eight. Right about that.

JOE: Was he heavy or slight?

BAILEY: I couldn't tell too well. He had a big over coat on.

JOE: Uh huh. How 'bout his coloring?

BAILEY: Dark complected. Had dark eyes.

JOE: How 'bout the color of his hair?

BAILEY: I could just see at the temples. It was black. He had this hat on...had it pulled down.

FRANK: Was he clean shaven?

BAILEY: Yeah...yeah he was.

JOE: Any marks or scars?

BAILEY: Had a little mole on the side of his nose. Small little one.

JOE: Which side of his nose?

BAILEY: Well when he was facing me it was on the left so it'd be on his right. Yeah the right side.

JOE: How 'bout this hat what color was it?
BAILEY: Grey. Light grey. There was a stain around the sweatband.

Had a black ribbon on it.

JOE: And the coat?

BAILEY: That was a black. Looked real heavy and it was all wet.

Shoulders were all wet.

FRANK: Did he have anything different about the way he talked?

An accent or something like that?

BAILEY: No. Say, how 'bout the things he picked out. You get any finger prints from them.

JOE: No sir, he must have taken them with him. Would you know the man if you saw him again Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY: You bet I would. I'll remember that face till my dyin' day. Won't ever forget it.

JOE: Did you ever see this man before?

BAILEY: No...never did.

JOE: D'ya know if he drove a car?

BAILEY: I don't think so. Way he was so wet when he came in, he musta walked a ways. Like I said...his shoulders were just soakin' wet.

JOE: We'd like to have you look at some pictures when you feel a little better Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY: You just bring 'em on. If you got a picture of that young hoodlum..I'll know it.
JOE: Alright sir. We'll be back to see you. You oughta try to get some sleep.

BAILEY: I suppose so. Last couple of minutes you fellas been gettin' further away. Seems like none of this is happening to me. Like I'm just dreamin' it.

FRANK: We'll be back to see you sir. Is there anything you need?

BAILEY: No...not a thing.

JOE: Well, g'bye Mr. Bailey. Get some rest now.

BAILEY: I'll do that. Say...one thing you could do for me.

JOE: What's that?

BAILEY: Would you ask the nurse to come by. I think the joke is funny but you fellas carried it on to far. I'd like to know what time it really is.

FRANK: Alright Mr. Bailey. we'll send her in.

BAILEY: Thanks.

JOE: Bye sir.

FRANK: 'bye.

BAILEY: G'bye.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK LEAVE THE ROOM. (NO CATCH ON THE DOOR)

THEY WALK DOWN THE CORRIDOR AND STOP.

JOE: Pardon me?
1 NURSE: Yes?
2 JOE: Would you check Mr. Bailey. He'd like to know what
3 time it is.
4 NURSE: He's been asking the same question the last two days.
5 He won't seem to believe any of us.
6 JOE: You know where we can find Dr. Cardell?
7 NURSE: Just down the hall...Two doors past the turn.
8 JOE: Thank you.
9 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK DOWN THE HALL, SLIGHT ECHO.
10 JOE: Like to find out when he'll be able to look at the mugs.
11 FRANK: Yeah. Good description.
12 JOE: Uh huh. Gonna make it easier.
13 SOUND: STEPS STOP.
14 JOE: I guess this is it.
15 FRANK: Two doors past the turn.
16 SOUND: JOE TAPS AT THE DOOR.
17 CARD: (OFF, THROUGH DOOR) Come in.
18 SOUND: JOE OPENS THE DOOR, AND THE TWO OFFICERS WALK IN.
19 JOE: Sorry to bother you again Doctor.
20 CARD: It's alright. What can I do for you.
JOE: When would it be possible for Mr. Bailey to look at some pictures for us.

CARD: That's a difficult question to answer Mr. Friday.

JOE: Sir?

CARD: With the way he's reacting to treatment, I think he'll be alright. At least he'll live.

JOE: Yes sir.

CARD: But he'll never see again.

END SCENE 2
JOE: 5:30 A.M. we got to the city hall. We got out a
supplementary broadcast and an A.P.B. carrying the
description of the suspect. We asked the staats office
to make a run for us on the information the victim of the
holdup had given up. They said they'd be able to give
us a list of possibles by 10:30 that morning. We checked
through the oddity file to see if there might be something
in the records on the small mole on the suspect's nose.
There were several cards turned over to us, but none of
them matched the rest of the description we had. 6:30 A.M.
we went across the street and had breakfast, and then
came back to the office and put in a call to the hospital
to check on Bailey. The doctor told us that he was
sleeping comfortably and appeared to past the critical
point. For the next hour, Frank and I checked through
the mugg books to see if there were any recent parolees
who matched the description given us. We came up with
nothing that would help us in getting an identification
of the suspect. The woman customer of the store mentioned
by Bailey in his report of the crime, had been questioned
thoroughly but she was unable to give us any information
on the hold-up man. She was unable to give us a concrete
description of the thief. She'd been shown the mugg
books but after looking at them, she'd stated that she
was more confused then than she had been before looking
at them. 10:30 A.M. we got the results of the run from
the staats office.

(MORE)
There were 17 names on the list. All men who matched the
description of the suspect and had at one time or another
used the same M.O. he'd used in holding up Bailey. It
took us two days to check them out and at the end of 48
hours, we were no nearer apprehending the thief than we
had been before. 7:58 A.M. Saturday morning, I checked
into work.

JOE ENTERS THE ROOM.

Hi Joe.

Mornin', Frank.

One of the best investments I ever made.

(LITTLE OFF) Huh?

This trench coat. Sure given me a lot of wear.

If you only used it this week...you'da gotten your money's
worth.

Sure is the answer to the drought question.

I been weaP69 that plastic coat of mine so long I'm
beginning to feel like a package of frozen food.

Yeah.

JOE ENTERS HIS LOCKER AND OPENS THE DOOR. HE HANGS UP
THE COAT UNDER.

Anything in the book?
FRANK: No. Talked to Stoner this morning. Thought for a minute he had something for us.

JOE: Huh?

FRANK: They picked up a kid down on 7th yesterday. Tried to heist a liquor store. Manager pulled a gun and held him. Stoner answered the call. Thought at first it might be the guy we're looking for.

JOE: Didn't check out huh?

FRANK: No. Kid just got in town yesterday morning. Broke, hungry. Figured this was a way to get a stake I guess.

JC: Anybody hurt?

FRANK: No. This is the fifth time somebody's tried to knock over the store. Manager finally got tired of it and bought a gun.

JOE: Good way to get hurt.

FRANK: Yeah. Try to tell 'em. Let the thieves have the money. Don't cause any trouble. There are still a few of 'em that want to be heros.

JOE: Where they got the kid now?

FRANK: Over at the city jail. Stoner says he's really down. Comes from a good family in the middle west. Just got tired one day and shoved off. Hitch hiked out here.

JOE: He armed when they picked him up?

FRANK: No... just had his hand inside his coat pocket, looked like he had a gun.
JOE: Maybe someday they'll learn.
FRANK: Don't think you or I'll be around to see it.
JOE: Probly not. Say.. I got to thinking about the Bailey thing last night.
FRANK: Yeah.
JOE: What he said about the suspect bein' soaked.
FRANK: Uh huh.
JOE: Doesn't seem that anybody'd walk far in that rain.
FRANK: Nobody in the neighborhood has seen him before.
JOE: We got an idea he didn't drive a car up to the place.
FRANK: Yeah.
JOE: Maybe he took a cab.
FRANK: Possible.
JOE: Might have gotten out a block or so from the store and then walked to it. Y'wouldn't have to walk very far to get soaked, way it was comin' down that night.
FRANK: Makes sense.
JOE: It's a place to start anyway. We haven't got anything else.
FRANK: What'dya figure.
FRANK: No Joe - Bailey didn't say exactly that. He said the shoulders on the coat looked wet. But that woman customer - Mrs. Colton - she told us that the guys coat looked dry except at the shoulders.

JOE: That's the point I'm trying to make here - if just his shoulders were wet - the way the rain was coming down - he couldn't have walked far and come in out of it that dry, could he?

FRANK: There's no bus or street car lines within 6 blocks of Bailey's store.

JOE: We know he doesn't live close to the store. He had to come in a car.

FRANK: Nobody saw one.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Well, it's happened before -- I guess it's the same thing you're thinking.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Could've taken a cab, huh?

JOE: Maybe.

FRANK: Well, let's run it down.

JOE: Better'n standing still.

(END SCENE 3)
1 JOE: Check the way bills on that date. See if any cab dropped a passenger off within a couple of blocks of Bailey's store about the time of the holdup. We might be able to come up with where the guy came from.

5 FRANK: Sure a long shot.

6 JOE: Well, once in a while they come in.

END SCENE 3
There are twenty two taxi-cab companies listed in the phone directory all serving the downtown Los Angeles Area. Each of these companies may have from 6 to several hundred cabs in service at any given time. Each driver might make as many as 6 trips an hour. In wet weather, the cab traffic is almost double that of a normal day. As a result of the number of possibilities, Frank and I spent the next week going through driver's way bills, checking for a cab that dropped a customer near the corner of Virgil Avenue and Bimini Place, at approximately 9:30 P.M. on the date of the robbery. After checking the reports, we came up with one trip that looked good. A driver had picked up a passenger at the corner of Mariposa and Wilshire boulevard and dropped him one block from Bailey's store, waited for him then driven him downtown. We checked with the traffic manager of the cab company and found that the driver could be located at a cab stand out on Wilshire boulevard. Frank and I drove out to see him. We gave him the description of the suspect and asked if he'd ever seen anyone who matched it.

Hard to be sure. Y'pick up so many people y'know.

Yes sir. But if you can remember...it's pretty important.

Uh huh. Y'say I dropped this character off on Bimini Place?

That's what the weighbill says.
DOUG: Uh huh. Yeah. I remember the night. Got a trip out to the valley. Airport. Got stuck out there. Hadda wait for an hour before I could get the cab started. Points got wet.

JOE: Yes sir.

DOUG: Wife was sure sore. I got out of the car to see what I could do to get started. Got my shoes all set. Brand new pair of Argyle socks she'd knitted for me. Shrank all up. Can't wear 'em at all. Sure sore about it.

JOE: Yes sir. But do you remember this man?

DOUG: Yeah...yeah I remember him. Little guy. I picked him up out on Wilshire I remember because he wanted out on a corner I thought it was funny that he didn't want me to let him out in front of where ever it was he was goin'.

JOE: Did you wait for him?

DOUG: Yeah, He gave me a sawbuck and said for me to wait. I dropped the flag and ... I guess it was about half an hour later he come runnin' back to the cab. Jumped in and told me to take him down to 1st and Spring. I let him out there. I remember him good now. Had a big shopping bag.

JOE: You know where he went when he got out of the cab out on Bimini?

DOUG: No. I think it was in an apartment out there. Way the rain was comin' down, I didn't stick my head out and watch him.

FRANK: How 'bout when you dropped him off downtown? You see where he went then?
DOUG: No. I just dropped him off and right away I picked up this fare for the airport.

JOE: You think you'd know this fella if you saw him again?

DOUG: Not sure. He wore his hat kinda down over his face. Dark in the back of the cab. I might know him...then maybe I wouldn't.

JOE: Like you to come downtown and look at some pictures. See if you can spot him.

DOUG: Sure. I gotta get it cleared through the dispatcher first.

FRANK: We can take care of that.

DOUG: What's this guy done. Something pretty bad huh?

JOE: We wanna talk to him.

DOUG: Goin' to a lot of trouble just to talk to a guy. C'mon.. you can tell me...I won't spread it around. What's the beef. What's he done?

JOE: Be better if we talked to him about it.

DOUG: Okay. If that's the way you wanna play it. I don't want to get nosey.

FRANK: I'll get you cleared with the dispatcher.

DOUG: Okay.

JOE: Like you to show us the apartment you think the man might have gone into.

DOUG: Sure...glad to do anything I can to help. Say..about these pictures..

JOE: Yeah?

DOUG: Sure was dark that night. I hope I can point him out.
END SCENE 4

JOE:  Yes sir...so do we.

JOE:  We took the cab driver downtown and he went through the mugg books but he was unable to come up with an identification. The neighborhoods where he'd picked up the suspect and where he'd dropped him were checked. None of the people in the vicinity could tell us anything. The usual channels of information were checked, they yielded no new information. It had been 10 days since the hold up and we were no nearer to finding the suspect than we'd been the day after the robbery. Another week passed without results. The thief had dropped from sight, and we still had no idea who he was. On Tuesday March 10th, we got the answer.

SOUND:  SQUADROOM B.G. HOT SHOT PHONE RING.

JOE:  (MOVING) I'll get it.

SOUND:  JOE GET'S TO THE PHONE AND PICKS IT UP. BEAT THEN HE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

FRANK:  Anything?

JOE:  Yeah...he just hit again.

END SCENE 5
JOE: The description and the M.O. the thief had used was the same he'd employed in holding up Bailey. During the following three days, he hit three more times. Each time, he got away without a trace. From the information we were able to get, it became apparent that he was using taxi cabs to get to, and leave the stores of the victims. We checked the cab companies and got their full cooperation. They agreed to help us as much as they could, but explained that with the tremendous volume of business they handled, it would be almost impossible to check every passenger the drivers carried. We got out printed descriptions of the suspect, giving detailed information of the hat and coat he wore, the shopping bag he carried and the fact that he asked the drivers to wait for him. Another week passed without result. The bandit had stopped operating. Thursday, March 19th, three additional teams of men were assigned to the case and a rolling stake out was set up in the general area where the hold-up men had been working. Additional cars were planted at the cab stands along Wilshire Boulevard and in the vicinity of 1st and Spring streets. Another two days passed. On Thursday, March 21st, Frank and I were staked out at the cab stand at the corner of Wilshire and Teeward. 8:46 P.M.

SOUND: SLIGHT OFF TRAFFIC. CAR RADIO IN B.G.

FRANK: Looks, like it's gonna rain again.
JOE: Yeah. Clouds been movin' in all afternoon.
FRANK: Sure cold.
JOE: Uh huh.

VOICE: (ON RADIO) Attention all units. All units. 9648 Eldon Place. A 211. Code three. All units in the vicinity of 9648 Eldon Place, a 211, code three.

JOE: Let's go.
FRANK: GRUNTS.

SOUND: FRANK TURNS ON THE SWITCH AND STARTS THE CAR. AS THE CAR MOVES FORWARD, HE TURNS ON THE SIREN.

JOE: Coupla blocks over.
FRANK: Right...hold on

SOUND: THE CAR TURNS THE CORNER FAST.

JOE: (LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW) This is 9400...should be two blocks down.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: CAR SIRENS

JOE: Hold it Frank...there's a cab headed this way.

FRANK: You see who's in it?

JOE: No...he's pullin' over to the other side. I'll take a look.

SOUND: CAR SLOWS SLIGHTLY.
1 JOE: Looks like it might be.
2 FRANK: Wanna check it?
3 JOE: Yeah.
4 SOUND: THE CAR MAKES A U TURN IN THE STREET AND PICKS UP SPEED.
5 FRANK: Cab's taking off. You see it?
6 JOE: Yeah up ahead...just turning off on Wilshire.
7 FRANK: Hope we don't loose him.
8 JOE: One man in the back seat.
9 FRANK: You get a good look at him when we passed?
10 JOE: Not too good. Hat...pulled down. That's about all.
11 SOUND: THE CAR TURNS OFF ONTO WILSHIRE. WE HEAR THE SCREAM OF
12 BRAKES AS FRANK TAKES THE CORNER.
13 FRANK: Got him?
14 JOE: Yeah...there he is up ahead.
15 FRANK: Probably pulled the gun on the driver.
17 FRANK: Looks like he's headed for Mac Arthur park.
18 JOE: Yeah.
19 SOUND: THE CAR PICKS UP SPEED.
20 JOE: Turned right.
1 FRANK: Hold on.

2 SOUND: THE CAR TURNS THE CORNER AND THEN SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

3 JOE: There's the cab.

4 SOUND: THEY GET OUT OF THE CAR AND RUN TO THE CAB.

5 REED: (FAADING IN) I couldn't stop. He said he'd kill me if I did. He had the gun pointed right at me.

6 FRANK: You see where he went?

7 REED: Yeah... he ran over there (INDICATES) into the park.

8 FRANK: I'll check it.

9 SOUND: HE TAKES OFF RUNNING.

10 REED: I didn't know what it was all about. He said that if I didn't keep drivin' he'd kill me.

11 JOE: It's alright. You stay here, I'll be right back.

12 REED: Yeah sure.

13 SOUND: JOE RUNS ACROSS THE STREET AND INTO THE PARK.

14 FRANK: (OFF) Joe?

15 SOUND: JOE STOPS AND WAITS FOR FRANK TO WALK TO HIM.

16 JOE: Yeah. You see him?

17 FRANK: No. He made it. Better get a call out on him. Came up with this though. Might make him easier to take.

18 JOE: Huh?
1 FRANK: His shotgun.

END SCENE 6

END ACT 1

2 GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the documented story of your police force in action.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
SECOND COMMERCIAL

ACTRESS: It's so satisfying to know that my Chesterfield is low in nicotine - highest in quality.

GIBNEY: Chesterfield ... low in nicotine ... highest in quality.

A fact proved by chemical analyses of the country's six leading cigarette brands.

FENN: And it's so satisfying to know that a doctor, who has been making thorough examinations, especially of the nose, throat and sinuses, reports no adverse effects from smoking Chesterfields.

GIBNEY: His report is a part of a program supervised by a responsible research laboratory and is based on thorough bi-monthly examinations of a group of Chesterfield smokers over a period of a year and a half.

FENN: That's eighteen full months now. Don't you want to smoke a cigarette with a record like this? Regular or king-size...

ACTRESS: Chesterfield is low in nicotine ... Highest in quality.

Best for me ... Best for you.
A dragnet of Mac Arthur park was ordered. The surrounding streets were checked but apparently the suspect had made good his escape. The crime lab crew was called and they came out and went over the cab for physical evidence. In the back seat of the car, we found the shopping bag the thief had carried. It was a plain brown paper bag with heavy cord handles. There was no way of tracing it. In the bottom of the bag under several cans of food, there was a sales slip with a pencil notation. One of the prices that had been rung up, had apparently been wrong and after the total had been made, a credit to the customer had been deducted. There was no market name on the slip, no address. Just the pencil notation. The shotgun was checked for fingerprints but those that were found were so badly smudged that they were useless. The serial number was checked with gun records and we found that the gun had been reported stolen three months previously. We went out and talked to the man who'd made the report but he couldn't help us. Lee Jones made photographs of the serrated edge of the sawed off barrels and they were booked as evidenced. We checked at the store that had been robbed, but they told us the sales slip wasn't theirs. Monday, March 23rd. We started out to find the store that had made out the sales slip. We checked all of the smaller grocery stores in the area where most of the cabs had been picked up. It took us the better part of three days. On Wednesday afternoon, we stopped at a small delicatessen at the corner of 3rd and Leeward streets.
The manager told us that he didn't recognize the slip but said that it could have come from their cash register. He asked us to wait while he called his wife. She came over to the store and we showed her the receipt.

SOUND: SLIGHT OFF MIKE TRAFFIC.

MARIE: (LOOKING) Yes...yes that's one that I made out. The customer bought four cans of tomato sauce and I made a mistake on the register. I overcharged him one cent on each can. He noticed it and made quite a scene. It was pretty embarrassing. I apologized and gave him a credit.

MARIE: Do you know the man?

MARIE: Yes...he comes in quite often. Once or twice a week.

FRANK: He live in the neighborhood would you know?

MARIE: No...I can't tell you that. He just comes in and then leaves.

JOE: Uh huh. You know his name?

MARIE: No I don't.

FRANK: He drive a car?

MARIE: I've never seen him in a car. He usually walks in and get's what he wants and then walks out.

JOE: He come in with anybody else?

MARIE: No...always alone.

JOE: And you don't know if he lives around here?
MARIE: I told you "no." What's he done...what's this all about?

FRANK: We want to talk to him ma'am. When do you think he'll be back?

MARIE: Well...this is Thursday...he might be in this evening...

maybe tomorrow.

JOE: What time does he usually come in?

MARIE: Mostly in the late afternoon...early evening. Is there something I can do...you have a message I can give him?

JOE: No ma'am...we'll give it to him.

END SCENE 7

JOE: We called the office and told them where we were. Sgts. Murphy and Rafferty were sent out to help us cover the place. They'd stopped by the business office and brought out two shot guns for us. Frank and I checked the store for someplace to stake out. The only place we could find where we could keep the entire store under observation and yet not be seen ourselves was on top of the large refrigerator that held frozen foods and dairy products. Murphy and Rafferty took up their positions outside of the store and we waited. At 5:30, it started to rain again. There was no sign of the suspect. 7:00 P.M. Still no sign of him and the rain got heavier. 8:30...9:00 P.M.

SOUND: OFF MIKE SOUND OF CARS ON WET STREET. RAIN ON SIDEWALK.

HUM OF REFRIGERATOR.
I FRANK: Everytime this thing switches on, it feels like the dentist is after my teeth.

3 JOE: (GRUNTS)

4 FRANK: Sure not much room up here.

5 SOUND: HE TRIES TO GET IN A COMFORTABLE POSITION.

6 FRANK: There just isn't one.

7 JOE: Huh?

8 FRANK: There isn't any way a man can lay on the top of an icebox and be comfortable.

10 JOE: Yeah.

11 SOUND: THE RAIN CONTINUES.

12 SOUND: WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS ENTER THE STORE.

13 MARIE: (SLIGHTLY) Evening.

14 EARLE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yeah.

15 MARIE: Glad to see you back.

16 EARLE: Huh?

17 MARIE: I thought you might be mad about me over charging you the other day. You looking for anything special tonight?

19 EARLE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) No. Just a couple of canned things. I can get 'em.

21 MARIE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Sure is raining.

22 EARLE: Yeah.

23 JOE: (QUIETLY) Looks good.

24 FRANK: Yeah.

25 JOE: Wait till he comes over this way. We can jump him then.
FRANK: Right.

SOUND: WE HEAR EARLE WALK TOWARD WHERE FRANK AND JOE ARE HIDING.

WE CAN HEAR THE GROCERY CART SQUEAK.

BEAT WHILE EARLE COMES CLOSER.

JOE: (FAST) Now.

SOUND: WE HEAR JOE AND FRANK JUMP OFF THE TOP OF THE ICE BOX.

EARLE: What's goin' on?

FRANK: Watch it Joe...

SOUND: EARLE FIRES AT JOE. THE BULLET CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS IN THE REFRIGERATOR. THERE ARE A COUPLE MORE SHOTS AND EARLE TURNS AND RUNS.

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: OFF WE HEAR EARLE GO THROUGH THE DOOR. JOE AND FRANK FOLLOW, AS THEY GO THROUGH THE DOOR. THE RAIN COMES IN FULL.

FRANK: There he goes.

JOE: Police officer...hold it up.

BEAT

FRANK: He isn't gonna stop.

SOUND: JOE FIRES AT EARLE.

JOE: You see Murph and Rafferty?

FRANK: Yeah...they're across the street.

JOE: Looks like he's going in the apartment.
SOUND: JOE AND FRANK START TO RUN AFTER EARLE. AS THEY GET TO
THE DOORWAY OF THE APARTMENT THEY SLOW DOWN SLIGHTLY.

JOE: Take it easy. Should be in here.

SOUND: THEY APPROACH THE DOOR TO THE APARTMENT. AS THEY DO,
WE HEAR A SHOT FROM OFF MIKE.
FRANK: He is.
JOE: Cover me.
FRANK: Right.

SOUND: JOE WALKS INTO THE ENTRANCE AND PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN.

PAUSE THEN A COUPLE OF FAST SHOTS FROM OFF.

JOE: Give it up mister.

EARLE: Get away from me cop. You come after me and I'll kill
you.

JOE: Come on downstairs, you'll save yourself a lot of trouble.

SOUND: EARLE FIRES AND THEN JOE FIRES A COUPLE OF TIMES. WE
HEAR EARLE REACT AS HE IS HIT AND THEN HE TUMBLES DOWN
THE STAIRS. JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS.

FRANK: (FADING IN) You okay Joe?

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND SHAKES EARLE DOWN.

FRANK: He's still alive.

JOE: You wanna call the ambulance?
FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES TO THE DOOR AND EXITS

EARLE: (COMING AROUND) Who told you...who tipped you off?

JOE: You did?

EARLE: I never talked in my life.

JOE: You did once.

EARLE: Huh?

JOE: About four cents.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On July 16th, trial was held in Department 96, Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment, the results of that trial.
DRAGNET RADIO
SEPT. 22, 1953

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 WEBB: This is brief -- but I think very much to the point.
2 Chesterfield is the only cigarette that gives you proof
3 of low nicotine - highest quality. That's what I want
4 in my cigarette. That's what you should look for in
5 yours. Chesterfield....regular or king-size........
6 Best for you. Try them.
7
Earle Russell Craig was tried and convicted on three counts of robbery in the first degree and one count of assault with a deadly weapon. Robbery in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for a period of not less than five years. Assault with a deadly weapon is punishable by imprisonment for a period not to exceed 10 years.

Watch an entirely new Dragnet case history each week on your local N.B.C. television station. Please check your newspaper for the day and time. (BET) Chesterfield has brought you Dragnet transcribed from Los Angeles.

(FATIMA HITCHHIKE)