AL: **(TAKING A DRINK OF BEER)** This's the first time I've seen him since I got out. I been steerin' clear of the old bunch. Make's it easier if you don't pal around with 'em. Business I got's goin' good...Got no trouble with anybody. I went it to go on like this.

JOE: Yeah.

AL: Never could figure it. Guy falls out and right away he's back with the old bunch. How y'gonna stay clean like that? You aren't. Somewhere along the line you gotta make a mistake. You're right back where you started.

JOE: How long'd it take you to learn it?

AL: I spent 4 and a half years at the joint.

JOE: Some of 'em fall harder than that.

AL: Yeah.

JOE: And they still don't learn.

(END SCENE 2)
JOE: 12:20 A.M. We called the office and Sergeants Bob Beck and Officer Art Mollinger (MOLE-NER) came out to the garage to stake out in case the suspect came back.

Frank and I took Al Woodson down to the city hall and checked the name Manny Phillips through R. and I. From the packages that were pulled, we were able to get an identification of the man who'd offered the radios for sale. We checked the information contained in the package. Phillips, who's real name was Manuel Richard Phillips had an arrest record dating back 12 years. He'd spent 1 year at Fred C. Nelles, School for boys, for car stripping when he was 14. From the time of his release, he'd been arrested on the average of once every two weeks. His age at the time of his latest release from San Quentin was given as 26. Out of that time, he'd spent a total of eight years in state penal institutions. From his package, we obtained his last recorded address. We checked it out and found that he'd moved three months ago. We checked the forwarding address he'd left. He'd moved. Finally after talking to the managers of 9 more rooming houses and apartments, we came up with his present residence. The landlady told us that Phillips apparently didn't work for a living but that he always had the money for his rent.

(MORE)
She described him as quiet and said that he usually spent a good part of the daylight hours in his room. She was unable to tell us anything about his friends or any business associates he might have. A stake out was set up on the place immediately. Because of the apparent size of the operation, it was decided not to attempt to take the suspect into custody at that time. Instead, Captain Nelson agreed that we should keep Phillips under surveillance and try to learn more about the car stripping gang. For the next week, we followed Phillips. 24 hours a day, there were at least two officers tracing his movements. On three nights, he was watched while he stripped cars of expensive accessories. The area was put under a code five, so there would be no possibility of the suspect learning he was under observation. Eleven days after the surveillance began, Phillips was observed to visit a large marine supply house in San Pedro. The next night, July 6th, he drove up to the place at 11:37 P.M. He parked his car in front of the gate and dropped a large bundle over the fence. Immediately afterwards, he returned to his room. The following morning at 8:06 A.M., we met with Sergeant Beck in Capt. Nelson's office.
NELSON: What'd you find out about the ownership of the supply yard?

JOE: License was issued to a Harry Swenson.

NELSON: How 'bout him.

FRANK: We checked the name through the eye bureau. Nothin' on him, there.

JOE: Waitin' now to hear from Brereton.

NELSON: Uh-huh. How 'bout the yard itself...learn anything about it?

JOE: Nothin' that stands out. Place caters to small boat owners. Sells motors...sails. They got some kind of arrangements with a dry dock company to handle the other work.

BOB: We checked them. Far as we can find out, they're straight.

NELSON: How many men has this Swenson got workin' for him?

JOE: Frank...you've got the figures on that.

FRANK: Yeah...(LOOKS THROUGH NOTE BOOK) It's here someplace...

BOB: We checked them out. None of 'em have any kind of a record.

NELSON: Beck, you and Mollinger come up with anything?

BOB: Not that you haven't got. We staked out on the yard every night since we found it. Hasn't been a night that passed that some car hasn't made a delivery of some kind. We've got the license numbers of all the cars. They've all been checked out. We know who they are and where to find 'em.
JOE: We've had a tail on Swenson every minute. He must have eyes in back of his head. Soon as one of our men falls in step he knows it. Way he's acted, there isn't a thing we can prove.

NELSON: What's the D.A.'s office say about it?

FRANK: We had lunch with Alexander yesterday. Laid out all the evidence we had.

NELSON: Yeah.

FRANK: Told us if we took Swenson to court with what we've got they'd laugh us out of town.

NELSON: Where does that put you?

JOE: Not much further than we were... we know who's behind the ring... we know where they're operating from. Big thing now is to find the plant. Unless we can produce the stolen merchandise... we haven't got a case that'll stand up.

NELSON: No leaks about the plant?

JOE: Not that we can find. Everybody that's been near Swenson's place has been tailed. Twice a week there's a truck that leaves the yard. No way of tellin' what's in it. The times we've followed it... we've lost it.

NELSON: How 'bout a bug. Can you get one into Swenson's office?

JOE: I don't know how. No way of gettin' him out of there long enough to install one. Night watchman's always on the premises. We're not sure he isn't in on it too.
NELSON: So where do you stand on it?

JOE: You're guess is as good as ours Skipper. Alexander says that without finding the plant, we can't take 'em to court. We've used every trick in the book to get 'em to lead us to it. Not one of 'em has worked.

FRANK: They haven't left a thing open. They're playin'it real smart.

NELSON: How many men involved in the operation?

JOE: Near as we can figure 12. That's not counting Swenson or the night watchman.

NELSON: You been in the business long enough to know it then.

JOE: What's that?

NELSON: When there's that many men workin', there's gotta be a leak someplace. Find it.

(END SCENE 3)

(END ACT 1)

GIRNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO

Oct. 20, 1953

SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 GIBNEY: At cigarette dealers...(SOUND - CASH REGISTER)
2 In vending machines...(SOUND - COIN AND PLUNGER)
3 At supermarkets and stores...coast to coast --
4 WYMAN: Chesterfields, please. 
5 FENN: Smokers by the thousands....Yes, smokers by the
6 thousands are now changing to Chesterfield....The only
7 cigarette ever to give you...One -
8 GIBNEY: Proof of low nicotine....highest quality...A matter
9 of record.
10 FENN: Two - the only cigarette ever to give you this proven
11 record with smokers. Again and again, over a full year
12 and one-half.....a group of Chesterfield smokers have
13 been given thorough medical examinations. The doctor's
14 reports are again a matter of record. 
15 GIBNEY: No adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from
16 smoking Chesterfield.
17 FENN: A responsible independent research laboratory
18 supervises this continuing program.
19 Chesterfield - Best for me...Best for you.
For the next week, a close surveillance was kept on Swenson's Marine Supply Yard, but there were no breaks. Kickbacks from George Brereton in Sacramento and from Washington D.C. didn't disclose any previous criminal record on the suspect. During the week, on Tuesday, July 11th and on Thursday, July 13th, a large stake truck left the yard. The back of the truck was covered with a large piece of canvass so that we were unable to see what was in it but we were reasonable sure that it contained stolen merchandise. In scouting the neighborhood for a possible place to establish a more workable stakeout, we came across an empty office on the second floor of the building directly across the street from the Swenson's place of business. Officers equipped with binoculars maintained a constant watch on the activities in the yard. After another week, the events that had been seen were reported to Assistant District Attorney Adolph Alexander and he stated that if we could get pictures of the operation, we might be able to make a case that would stand up in court. Monday July 17th, we met with Sergeant Putoff in the crime lab.

PUTF: How far are you gonna have to be from the subject?
JOE: Second floor across the street.
PUTF: Gonna be able to take all of the pictures during the day?
FRANK: Don't think so Putoff. Most of the activity runs after 9 at night.

PUT: Uh huh. Best bet would probably be Infra-red then. We can shoot it with a 4 by five.

JOE: How 'bout light?

PUT: Is there any sort of a telephone pole or traffic signal in front of the place?

JOE: Yeah...way I remember it there's a phone pole about 10 feet to the left of the gate as you face the yard.

PUT: We can tie the lights to that then.

JOE: Any chance that they could be spotted?

PUT: Outside. We can put 'em up pretty high. Be regular lamp reflectors with heavy infra-red filters. If you know they're there and look for 'em you're gonna be able to see 'em.

FRANK: Any chance of takin' movies?

PUT: Yeah...we can swing that. Life magazine's been experimenting with a new fast film. Results I've seen with it are pretty amazing. All you need is one street light. We can use that.

FRANK: If you've got to string the infra-red lights wouldn't it be better to shoot the movies on that kind of film?

PUT: You'd get something. The film's pretty slow though. Be better to use the stuff Life's come up with.

JOE: How long will it take you to set it up Putoff?

PUT: How careful do we have to be?

JOE: Guy's are pretty cagou. They get any idea at all and we're dead.
Uh huh. Well, we can have a couple of men go out in the morning. We can outfit 'em as linemen. They should be able to have the rig ready for you by tomorrow night.

We can start shooting pictures then.

Should be able to, yeah.

Good. Say is Jay Allen around?

I think he's over in court this morning.

Well, maybe you can help us out here too.

What is it?

We're tryin' to figure some way to tail a truck. We been trying to find the plant those guys are usin for a couple of weeks. We can't get near 'em. Wondered if Jay might have any ideas.

Probably use Fluorescent paint. That oughta do it.

What's the gimmik?

Tie a can of transparent fluorescent laquor to the back of the truck. Punch a hole in the can, then all you gotta do is follow the drops.

You punch a hole in the can won't all the stuff run out.

There're a couple of brands on the market. They've got enough viscosity so the paint'll stay in the can. Regulate the frequency of the drops by the size of the hole.

Can you see it?

Not without an ultra violet lamp. Tie one of those to the hood of your car and you got it made.
JOE: You got the equipment here to do it?

PUT: Yeah.

JOE: Well, have Jay give us a call when he comes in huh?

PUT: Right. He'll know more about it than I do. Be able to give
give you all the dope.

JOE: Okay.

PUT: I'll get right on the other for you.

JOE: Thanks Putoff.

PUT: How long you been after this bunch?

JOE: Let's see, we got the assignment on ... June 13th.....

that'd make it over a month.

PUT: Lotta time.

JOE: Maybe now we'll have something to show for it.

(END SCENE 4)
The following morning, Tuesday, July 18th, two men from the crime lab installed three one thousand watt lamps in front of the Marine supply yard. The reflectors were equipped with heavy infra red filters. Trial pictures from our position across the street indicated that whatever pictures we got would be recognizable enough as to be admitted in a court of law. The new fast film was obtained and sixteen millimeter cameras were installed in the window of the office across the street from Swensons. We talked with sergeant Jay Allen in the crime lab and he went to work on the use of the fluorescent paint. After experimenting, he was able to come up with the correct size hole in the bottom of the can so that a single drop of the lacquer would drop every twenty feet. A portable ultra violet lamp was obtained and was ready for immediate installation on our car. For the next three nights we sat in our vantage point and photographed all activity on the suspects promises. The pictures were shown to Adolph Alexander in the District Attorney's office and he told us that they would play a large part in the prosecution of the case however he said that if we could come up with the hiding place of the stolen loot, a conviction would be assured. Tuesday Morning, July 25th, 3:15 A.M. Frank and I took the can of fluorescent paint and climbed the fence into the supply yard.

**SOUND: NIGHT NOISES, FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL.**
JOE: (SOTTO) Back here.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: STEPS IN CLEAR FOR A MINUTE AND THEN A CRASH AS FRANK KICKS A PIECE OF IRON. STEPS STOP.

FRANK: (EXCLAMATION AS HE KICKS PIECE OF METAL) Lousy thing...I didn't see it.

JOE: Better hold it a minute.

WATCH: (OFF) Who's there?

BEAT

JOE: (SOTTO) Watchman.

FRANK: Yeah...better get back in the shadows.

SOUND: THE TWO OFFICERS MOVE BACK ON THE GRAVEL AND THEN STOP.

WATCH: (CLOSER) C'mon out...I know you're there.

BEAT

WATCH: (CLOSER) C'mon now...who is it?

BEAT

SOUND: WE HEAR THE WATCHMAN FADE IN. HE GET'S CLOSE ON MIKE AND THEN FADES OFF.

PAUSE

JOE: Close.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Let's go. Truck should be back in the shed.

SOUND: THEY GET UP AND MOVE ALONG A GRAVEL PATH FOR A LITTLE BIT

THEN STOP.

JOE: Here it is.

FRANK: You wanna hang it...I'll keep a eye out.
JOE: Right.

SOUND: WE HEAR JOE SLIDE UNDER THE TRUCK. HE WORKS QUICKLY AND Q U I E T L Y T H E N S L I D E S O U T.

JOE: All set.

FRANK: How bout the stopper in the can?

JOE: Got it in place. First bump should knock it out. After that we got it made.

FRANK: Let's hope.

JOE: Gotta work...let's get out of here. And Frank.....

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: Watch your feet.

(END SCENE 5)

JOE: Tuesday night at 11:35 P.M. stake truck pulled out of Swenson's Marine Supply yard. Sergeant Bob Beck, Frank and I were parked in an alley down the street. We let the truck get a good twenty minute start on us and then the ultra violet lamp was attached to the hood of our car. Frank started the motor and we pulled out onto the street.

SOUND: SOUND OF CAR MOTOR SLOWLY.

BOB: (IN BACK SEAT) Spot anything yet?

JOE: (LOOKING) No.

FRANK: Maybe the laquer dried up around the cork. Held it in place.

JOE I dunno.

FRANK: Here's the corner...which way?

SOUND: CAR SLOWS MORE.
1 JOE: Let's take a chance straight ahead.
2 FRANK: Right.
3 SOUND: CAR PICKS UP SPEED.
4 PAUSE
5 JOE: Nothin up this way....better turn back.
6 FRANK: Okay.
7 SOUND: HE MAKES A U TURN AND WE HEAR THE CAR.
8 JOE: Try it to the left.
9 SOUND: CAR TURNS CORNER.
10 BOB: (FROM BACK SEAT) How 'bout it?
11 JOE: Go on up a little more Frank.
12 FRANK: (GRUNTS)
13 PAUSE WHILE WE HEAR CAR RUN.
14 JOE: There it is.
15 BOB: (LOOKING)... Yeah... lit up like spring street on Dollar
16 Day.
JOE: (NARRATING) For the next thirty-five minutes we followed the trail left by the fluorescent paint. From time to time, we'd lose the trail but we'd always pick it up again. The truck followed the main highway up from San Pedro to Santa Monica, then turned left up Santa Monica Canyon. The trail wound around up toward Sunset Boulevard and turned to the left. About one mile from the beach, the drops indicated that the truck had left the main street and turned onto a private dirt road. Half a mile along the road the trail stopped in front of a large wooden building in the middle of a field. We turned off the car lights and went up to the place. The blinds on the windows were drawn but there were lights on in a front room. Sergeant Beck covered the rear of the building and Frank and I went up to the front door.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK CLIMB A COUPLE OF WOODEN STAIRS QUIETLY THEN COUPLE OF STEPS ACROSS PORCH. NIGHT NOISES IN B.G.

FRANK: Set?

JOE: Yeah.

SWEN: What are you doin' in here?

JOE: Police officers...you're under arrest.

SWEN: For what?
JOE: Is there anybody else in the building?

SWEN: What're you arresting me for?

JOE: You wanna check with Beck?

FRAN: Right.

SOUND: HE WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM.

SWEN: What're you doin' comin' in here like this. You've got no right to come around kickin' doors in.

JOE: Save it Swenson.

SWEN: How do you know my name?

JOE: We been watchin you for a month. Now is there anybody else in the house?

SWEN: No.

JOE: You own this place?

SWEN: I'm not answering anything until I see a lawyer.

JOE: Call it any way you want. We can find out.

SOUND: FRANK FADES IN.

FRANK: Place is clean Joe. Nobody here. Back rooms are full of stolen stuff. Radios...heaters...tires. Looks like it's all here.

SWEN: You got no right in here. I'm gonna see my lawyer.

JOE: You do that Swenson...

SWEN: What's the charge?

JOE: Burglary.

SWEN: And you think you can make a charge like that stick?

JOE: We got all the evidence we need.
SWEN: I got a life size picture of me goin' to jail.
JOE: Don't worry about it, mister.
SWEN: Huh?
JOE: We'll have that too.
MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

GIBNEY: On December 12th, trial was held in Department 97, Superior
Court of the State of California, in and for the County
of Los Angeles. In a moment, the results of that trial.

FENN: Now here is our star, Jack Webb.
WEBB: (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Now, here is our star - Jack Webb.

Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, we'd like to express our appreciation to all of you who have made our Dragnet theme song so popular. Whenever or wherever you hear it, we hope it'll remind you to try our Chesterfields ... to join the thousands who are changing to Chesterfields and getting the one cigarette that's low in nicotine, highest in quality. Chesterfield ... Best for me ... Best for you.
All other members of the gang were taken into custody and were brought to trial. Harry Ralph Swenson along with his accomplices was tried and convicted of 14 counts of Burglary in the second degree and received sentence as prescribed by law. Burglary in the second degree is punishable by imprisonment in the State penitentiary for a period of not less than one nor more than fifteen years.

Fenn: Watch an entirely new Dragnet case history each week on your local NBC Television station. Please check your newspapers for the day and time. (BEAT) Chesterfield has brought you Dragnet transcribed from Los Angeles.

(FATIMA HITCH HIKE)