

RADIO
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LUCKY STRIKE

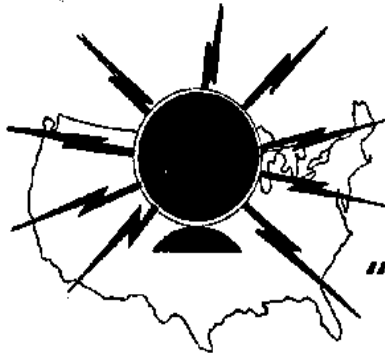
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APR. NINE
1932

APRIL

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEAF and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1932

(THEME SONG -- "One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour, presented for your pleasure, by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes....sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, also your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, of the New York Daily Mirror, whose gossip of today, becomes the news of tomorrow!

MR. WALTER WINCHELL!!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America, Alaska, Canada and Honolulu!....And hello there, Maurice Chev-al-yay and the rest of your crew out there in Hollywood -- who feature Mr. Lucky Strike's hour tonight....Here's to ONE HOUR WITH YOU!

And to you, Jimmy Grier, and your orchestra -- welcome home to the Lucky Strike Dance Tour -- It will be more exciting -- to me -- I am sure -- hopping across the continent, again -- instead of keeping the magic carpet right here in New York -- as we have been doing for the past two shows.

And, before I forget to report it, ladies and gentlemen -- don't forget to reach for a LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour on Tuesday night next....For, I'm going to pilot you all back across the Atlantic again -- to another grand band -- the Jack Payne Orchestra playing from London, England!.....London came over in the marvelous manner the last time we had them, you know.

Here we come, Jimmy Grier, out to your Golden State!..... Loaded with one of the morriest of the tuner-inner tribes! Throw me to the skies, Mr. Lucky Strike!....And let me go gay!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES

WILSON:

Welcome to California again, Lucky Strike dancers. You're in the famous Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles where Jimmy Grier and his orchestra will play ----(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

WILSON:

Back across the continent from Los Angeles back to Walter and his Winchellingo, the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet flies with a flash and a (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Plenty pretty, Jimmy Grier -- plenty pretty You must know what the Lucky Strike staff thinks of your crew, -- they keep appointing you the Los Angeles outfit -- and that's the best boost of the lot, isn't it? Is Chev-al-yay there yet? Send your scouts out for him and his gang, and stand by for a few moments, Grier -- I have an edition to feed to the panting presses...And then we play leap-frog with the Rockies and you, again.

Preston Sturges, the "Strictly Dishonorable" and "Child of Manhattan" author, is now on the high seas -- bound for Paree -- to reconcile with Eleanor Hutton, his gorgeous wife....The wild reports that made the rounds yesterday that Mayor Walker might be a fatal victim of that radium poisoning which killed another, are to be dismissed....And he wishes that his friends, who have been alarmed, are so notified....It is the hope, too, of Mr. Leonard Sillman, the playwright, that the reports that he would wed Sylvia Sydney -- be stifled.....Sillman and Betsy Beaton, the lovely daughter of the columnist, Kenneth C. Beaton, have completed their plans to make a New York preacher \$2 richer in the fall.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Helen Morgan, the piano-decorator, and Louis Alter, the composer, are romancing in the blazing manner.....Miss Morgan's real last name, by the way, is Riggin.....Among other trivia which excited some of the local editors early this week was that if Grant Withers was a good boy -- that Loretta Young might re-marry him..... Well, maybe so -- but Mr. Withers appears very, very happy with his newest and most steady companion -- Sally Starr, who opens in "Angels Don't Kiss" a new play, next week.

The printed remarks by Vicki Baum, the author of "Grand Hotel,"-- that Gary Cooper had spurned her offer of \$3 to dance with him on the liner while coming over -- inspired some caption-writers to call Gary a gigolo -- which he certainly isn't.....The prettiest of the photos without a frame, they tell me, is that one of Maureen O'Sullivan and Hardie Albright.....And that the blessed event due again over at the John Barrymore-and Dolores Costello dwelling -- is expected in June.

They would have the New York editorial rooms really believe -- that there was nothing serious to the Lowell Sherman -- Ethelind Terry combination -- and that Jack Oakie's favorite person is the beautiful Helen Collins, the niece of Austin Parker, ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins.....All of which shows you what a merry-go-round it is out there in Hollywood -- where they reach for a gold ring instead of a brass one.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

MR. WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

I told recently -- by way of the column -- how Lupe Vellis turned her back on a cafe entertainer in New York -- who attempted an impersonation of Garbo.....When I asked Lupe why she snubbed the imitator that way -- Lupe, who was burning to a crisp -- said that Garbo was her idol -- and that she could never forgive any one, who even tried to be like her I thought that Lupe was taking it a little to heart -- and said so....Then, Lupe revealed that she wasn't alone in worshipping some one who really inspired others....And she told me that Joan Crawford thinks so much of Marlenah Dietrich -- that on Joan's kerchiefs -- one y see a likeness of the German beauty embroidered in a corner... s is all very nice -- I know -- for it indicates that Hollywood is nt a place where the snobs come to snub each other....They wait until they come to New York.

Some of us were reminiscing over the tables at the Cotton Club last night -- and an old-timer recalled the struggle of the late Frank Bacon....The veteran player, told us that on the opening night of "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety Theatre -- that the house was jammed to the doors -- and by 9 p.m., the curtain had not yet lifted.... John Golden, the producer, became frantic and rushed back stage to Bacon's dressing room...."Good heavens, man!" barked Golden, "do you realize that you have kept a Broadway first-night audience waiting for thirty minutes?"

"That's nothing," calmly answered the talented and weary Bacon, "they've kept me waiting for 30 years!"

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

However, Frank was such a knockout in that play -- that for the first and only time in the history of Broadway -- a parade was held in an actor's honor -- with Frank Bacon being the reason.

When a pest or an intoxicated nuisance gets in her hair, Texas Guinan has a code to summon the night club bouncer -- she merely laughs and then yells: "How many R's are there in 'murder'?".... If you have that kind of a heart -- you can walk up the Woolworth Building in 15 minutes -- 1320 steps....The New York policemen have to pay for their own service revolvers...and for every bullet they shoot at you.....The island on which Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were stuck -- is now inhabited by 298 persons -- but I wouldn't bet on it If you don't think New York isn't a wild town -- then hear this fact -- Many years ago - a street car was actually stolen from a car barn -- and it hasn't been located yet! And to show you that the town is getting louder and funnier -- there is a stock in Wall Street known as "Prosperity!"

The little gal who passes around the cigarettes in one of New York's high-hat supper clubs, told me the other yawning that the Park Avenue boys and girls had one favorite cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE. And here's Howard Claney to tell you why!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Wherever fashionable society gathers -- in the smartest supper clubs or basking in the sun at swanky Palm Beach -- amongst discriminating people you'll find that when cigarettes are passed around LUCKIES are the outstanding favorite....they add that little final touch that makes one "correct." LUCKY STRIKE is the truly "smart" cigarette because it has a distinctive quality no other cigarette offers -- the extra quality imparted by that famous and exclusive "TOASTING" Process. In LUCKY STRIKE you get an extra helping of the pure, delicious quality of the world's finest tobaccos... that extra goodness which goes in when the "TOASTING" Process takes out certain impurities naturally present in all tobacco leaves. In LUCKIES you get an extra-mellow-mildness that only the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays could make possible. There's more smoking value in LUCKIES than in any other cigarette in all the world! That's the reason why discriminating people choose LUCKIES -- that's why they prefer LUCKIES to all other cigarettes.

MR. WINCHELL:

That's the second flash back to California and the Jimmy Grier orchestra -- so flip that switch, Howie!....Maybe we'll hear Che-val-yay this time!....Here we go -- right over Kokomo, Trinidad, and Tia Juana -- to cry:

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

WILSON:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet has landed in Los Angeles. No, Walter, I've looked around and I don't see Maurice or Jeanette MacDonald or Genevieve Tobin or Charlie Ruggles. But don't worry about it. I'm sure they'll be here. Maybe they'll arrive while Jimmy Grier and his orchestra play: -- (TITLES)

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WILSON:

The coast-to-coast special is off! From Los Angeles back to Walter Winchell!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

MR. WINCHELL:

Delightful, Jimmy Grier, that's just what Mr. Lucky Strike ordered!....You mark time for another few minutes, Jimmy, boy.--

The battle of the ballots is on! Political experts predict that April will reveal one of the biggest of the political battles in 1932's great presidential campaign. More than one-third of the delegates to one party's convention will be nominated in nine important state conventions.. And so next Tuesday LUCKY STRIKE brings you the National Political Rally -- that great news service that gives you both sides of the exciting struggle..

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Next Tuesday you will hear from a leading Republican -- the Honorable John Q. Tilson, Congressman from the State of Connecticut and formerly Republican Floor Leader of the House of Representatives. Mr. Tilson will speak to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. On Thursday night you will hear from a leading Democratic candidate for the Presidency, the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of the State of New York, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Remember, LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides -- we offer the facilities of this coast to coast radio program to both historic parties, giving each an equal opportunity to present to the radio audience the vital question of the day. We do not know in advance what the speakers are going to say, for in this National Political Rally free speech is the rule. We are proud to offer this great news feature to the American public every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

-- STATION BREAK --

WINCHELL:

And now once again -- from coast to coast, -- to get another cheerful little airful of the Jimmy Grier group.

Hello there, Fort Wayne!....Oklahoma City and San Diego... This is Pilot Winchell and the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet from Everywhere!

ON WITH THE DANCE JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES:

WILSON:

From Los Angeles, next you hear Jimmy Grier and his orchestra playing for the popular Donald Novis singing "One Hour With You."

(CHEVALIER, MacDONALD, TOBIN and RUGGLES PROGRAM HERE.

(AT END OF SONG "THREE TIMES A DAY," CHEVALIER GIVES

(TURNOVER CUE.)

MAURICE CHEVALIER:

It's getting late. We all bid you goodnight. Nat Finston, please give us a chord, now, altogether. (WHISTLE) OKAY, WALTER WINCHELL!

WINCHELL:

You know my word for anything grand, Maurice. Swelegant, Chev-al-yay, Swelegant. A bow to you, Monsieur, and an orchid to Jeannette MacDonald and Genevieve Tobin. And, Charley Ruggles, thanks for those tips. I won't tell a soul. In my column a few days ago I remarked about the marvelous job somebody did when they made those great big Chev-al-yay heads which decorate the fronts of the Rivoli and Rialto theatres here in New York. You ought to see them, Maurice. They look just like you and I know they're admired by the people who are crowding the gates of those theatres to see "One Hour With You." And do me a big favor, Maurice, please...Tell Marie Dressler that my mail is heavy about her condition -- they all want to know if she is as fit as a Kriesler fiddle, again -- and for Marie to let me know at once. Thanks.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

I juggle another bit of wordage here -- and then make way for Jimmy Grier again.

It is among the facts -- that some of the better stories come out of the movie sector on the west coast....I don't know what a lot of us would do for material without that source...Take the one about Fred Fisher, the songwriter, for example....Fred was among the brigade that went to Hollywood when the theme song idea was the vogue...His first assignment was merely to write some incidental tunes for a talkie....One of the scenes, however, proved so tense and so compelling that the emotional Fisher shrieked: "It is simply marvelous, absolutely marvelous. That scene doesn't call for incidental music -- it calls for a symphony -- do you hear me -- a symphony!"....And then in the next breath, he added: "Boy, bring me a pencil!"

And they shoot dice!

In response to a request I have tried to answer a riddle called: "What Becomes of the 'Follies' Girl?"....Well, here are a few of the replies: Dolores -- one of Mr. Ziegfeld's loveliest -- married wealth and now lives in Paris Marion Davies, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill and Ina Claire, after battling long for recognition, are now acknowledged as movie top-notchers.....Mary Lygo took her own life....May Murray still is cashing in on her good looks, and her investments have been wise...Jean Ackerman married a broker last year and is getting plump....Jacqueline Logan still rides high in public favor....Jessie Reid made a brilliant marriage...Mae Daw married happily and retired gracefully.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Flo Leeds had a miserable time of it -- until recently when the breaks turned sweet...Martha Mansfield, poor thing, died too soon, after she crashed the movie heavens...Myrna Darby had success almost within her reach -- when she succumbed....Tragedy stalked the beautiful Olive Thomas....Marion Roberts paid a heavy penalty, but is doing all right now, and Kay Laurel perished in London from poisoning.....Claire Luce -- Gladys Glad and Peggy Fears climbed the highest mountains, however.

And here are a few of those tricky items that are easier to write than to read or hear.....Frixample: They are now selling a salt-shaker which cannot be tipped over, and they were designed especially for the superstitious....If your thumb turns back -- that means you're an obstinate person....Women's feet are two sizes larger than they were 20 years ago -- the better to kick you with, my dear.... Your club membership card, bankbook, car license, etcetra, are not nearly so good for identification purposes at the post office -- as are the initials in your hat.....Mary Garden moved out of a swanky hotel because there were angels on the walls....James Marshall, according to legend, who first discovered gold in California -- received a pension from the State in his old age -- and he needed it! It was Jenny Lind, the operatic canary, who first named it "the parlor car....The ex-Kaiser still owns a lot of Philadelphia -- and the best cure for insomnia is a lettuce and onion sandwich -- or, as you were about to interrupt, a paragraph like this,

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The other night at an opening, Percy Hammond, the critic, who enjoys calling his colleagues -- "aisle actors" -- walked out on the show during the middle of the last stanza....As Hammond walked out he put on his hat....This aroused a grumbler, who said: "Look at that! Only a critic would put on his hat before all these ladies and gentlemen!"

"Oh, I don't know," snapped a listener, "he's probably showing his contempt for the audience as well as the play!"

I like Percy Hammond...He was the first of the big-timers to give me a tumble when I hit Park Row a decade ago....And it is his counsel not to always be too good....."For," said Hammond, who's been at it over 30 years, "when you get too good -- then your pretty good stuff seems rotten!"

At the Madison Square Garden fights the other night -- I noticed that Mayor Walker had no uniformed men pushing people out of his way when he made his exit....Jimmy merely rubbed shoulders and knees with the rest of us, although there were several cops near him-- as a matter of routine.

The crowd retarded his progress, of course, but it didn't matter....Later, I said to him: "That's the first time I ever saw you make an exit from a crowded place. Most officials who take their jobs seriously would have had the cops push and punch the crowd away."

"I never let them push or punch them," said His Honor, "they might be Democrats!"

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Wherever I go on my job as a newspaper reporter, I hear more news about extra value these days....and here's Howard Claneey to tell you another bit of good news.

HOWARD CLANEY:

The greatest battle the automobile industry has ever seen is on -- the contest between three great manufacturers of low price cars to give you, Mr. and Mrs. America, the most for your money. These great manufacturers know that Americans today demand extra value. And it is because of that demand for more value that LUCKY STRIKE has become America's favorite cigarette. You get many "extras" in LUCKY STRIKE that no other cigarette can offer -- extra benefits made possible by the famous and exclusive "TOASTING" Process. You get an extra helping of the pure goodness of the world's finest tobaccos, which goes in when the "TOASTING" Process expels certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf. You get extra mildness -- mellow-mildness -- which results from the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays. It is the extra, secret "TOASTING" Process that makes LUCKY STRIKE the purest, most delicious of cigarettes -- the cigarette that is always kind to your throat! Because no other cigarette is "TOASTED" -- no other cigarette can offer you so much for your money...in purity -- in delicious mellow-mild flavor...and in precious throat protection!

WINCHELL:

And now for the last lap, and Jimmy Grier's final bow tonight out there on the gayest of the coasts. Oh, how I wish I could be there -- incognito, I mean.

Here we come, Grier!.....By way of the Northern route, this time, to salute Bismarck, Anaconda and Alameda!....Three of the towns that sheltered me away back WHEN!

ON WITH THE DANCE! JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

WILSON:

Jimmy Grier and his orchestra again carry on the Lucky Strike dance with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

WILSON:

Leaving San Francisco and California far behind the Magic Carpet flashes on its eastward trip back to Walter Winchell!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WINCHELL:

Thanks for all things, Jimmy Grier -- that's turning in another excellent account of yourselves...Hear you the next time we make your town, again -- and please give my good wishes to those out there who will take them. And now for the air-mail:

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Elinor Dority of Portland, Maine this is for you, Elinor: "The Cuban Love Song" was barred in Cuba...They argued that the picture belittled them and as a result they would have no part of it....That's quite true what I had in the column about Milestone and "The Front Page" profits -- He told it to me, himself.

Mrs. E. C. Williams of Milwaukee: Never in the history of Broadway have there been so few electric signs...It sure is a sign of the times, Mrs. Williams, and our Main Street has never seemed so gloomy at night, before. There were 27 weddings in filmland last year, and 16 divorces -- a pretty sour percentage, isn't it?

Helen Connover of Pattersonville, New York: They call it Block-Aid in New York City, but it is an off-spring of the Man-A-Block-Plan....Richmond, Virginia is the latest city to adopt it. Okay Richmond!

Mrs. R.R. Miller of Santa Anna, California: The estimated listening audience is about 18 million -- quite a bunch...If I don't think about you all, I'm all right, but when I visualize that great audience I get what is laughingly called -- a terrific attack of marbles in the mouth -- and my face gets terribly pink when that happens, Mrs. Miller....I think it gets redder when I realize that the old microbe is laughing his head off in Chicago...Oh, well -- he who laughs last -- has heard Bernie's jokes before.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And that, ladies and gentlemen, sums up tonight's LUCKY STRIKE flight around the continent and to Honolulu....Don't forget our show for Tuesday night, please -- when we hookup with Jack Payne's fine band in London, England -- which will share the magic carpet with Joe Moss and his delightful crew playing from New York.

And don't forget, Mr. and Mrs. America next Tuesday night we again bring you that unique news feature -- the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers for the National Political Rally will be Congressman John Q. Tilson of Connecticut for the Republicans and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York for the Democrats. Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day.

Until Tuesday night at the same moment, then -- I remain, your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell -- who thinks that the best line yet is the reminder that the President of Today is the POSTAGE STAMP OF TOMORROW!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

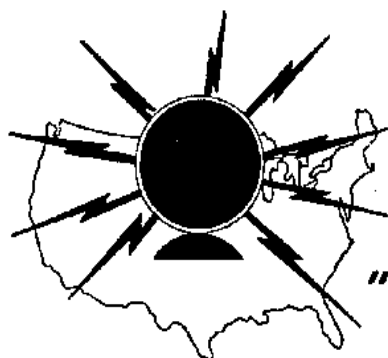
The Lucky Strike Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, and Los Angeles, California, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/WINCHELL/Chilleen
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The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEA and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal Refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour, presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes. Tonight's Lucky Strike Dance Hour will again attempt to defy space and time -- for tonight we are taking you to London, England, where you will hear Jack Payne and his famous Band -- and from New York, one of America's dance groups -- Joe Moss and his Orchestra, also, your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, of the New York Daily Mirror -- whose gossip of today, becomes the news of tomorrow.

MR. WALTER WINCHELL!!

Good evening, America -- and good morning, England, where the time now is 3 ante meridian. This is Pilot Winchell of Mr. Lucky Strike's Magic Carpet -- who, a little later tonight, will bring millions and millions of Americans and Canadians -- to hear your very popular Jack Payne orchestra. And here's hoping hard that old man static isn't erratic -- and that the show will unfold as we've planned. First, we're going to hear from our New York stars -- Joe Moss and his blazing crew, and then our Magic Carpet with no regard for time or space, shakes hands with you, England. So stand by, please, while Joe Moss delights us with -- (TITLES) _____,

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

WINCHELL:

Fine, Joe Moss. That's starting off a big night in the big-time manner. This is where I unravel an item or so -- and then we start on our international flight to London and Jack Payne. Stand by, Joe.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL:

Mrs. T.L. Perkins of Dallas, Texas -- I tried letting you know in the column yesterday that I located your daughter, Dorothy, along the Broadway Scene....But this way of relieving your anxiety is swifter, I am sure....Dorothy is safe and well -- and she tells me that she is writing you....You're perfectly welcome, Mrs. Perkins.... Armand and Madeline Kaliz of the magic lanterns, would appreciate having stifled -- the erroneous report that they were On The Verge -- as set forth by one of the misinformaniacs Armand and Madeline are now in New York celebrating their first anniversary -- and this is to say: "Congrats!".....The William Kendell and Louise Brooks spark has gone out -- with Master Kendall packing his bags this week or next to go to the West Coast and forget....Miss Brooks, there are four of them in the public eye, you know, is the pretty brunette with the bangs.....The silliest of the new diversions in New York is "The Sleeping Marathon" which takes place in a store window....The sponsor of it has suffered from insomnia for years.....Lila Lee's heartbeats still thump for John Farrow, who is in London, from where he makes those costly trans-atlantalk calls to Hollywood, almost daily..... There is talk again that Ona Munson and Ernst Lubitsch may make some preacher \$2 richer, after all.

Iris Adrian, one of Mr. Ziegfeld's prettiest persons, and Texas Guinan's brother, Thomas -- are on fire.....Clark Gable hasn't all the good luck in the world -- his movie employers kept him from accepting \$10,000 for one week's stage work in Manhattan.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Bobbe Arnst, the bride of Johnny Weissmuller, who crashed the movie heavens with his splendid performance in the "Tarzan" flicker, will remain in California -- while Johnny comes to Broadway to awe the feminine contingent.....This is part of the contract -- and is not to be misunderstood by the news collectors.....As indicated over this network ever so many times -- Garbo, according to the news dispatches of this morning, has already applied for her passport.... And no one can get her to say whether she intends returning or not.

We have our tragedies along Broadway that the papers sometimes never hear about.....This off-stage drama concerns a one-time gorgeous show girl, who was loved by a very rich man....Her mother, however, wasn't impressed by his wealth....She wanted her daughter to marry a boy from the neighborhood....And without letting her girl know about it -- the mother went to the suitor's offices and said: "My daughter isn't of age -- and I will certainly oppose her marriage to you -- unless you take care of me for the rest of my life and give me \$100,000 before you marry her."

The man was stunned He decided that it was a gold-digger's plot -- between the girl and her mother -- and he broke the engagement right then and there.....The girl never got over the pain and the shock of it -- eventually losing her mind.....When they found her lifeless form the other week-end -- the papers were told that she perished because of strenuous dieting to reduce her once lovely figure...A few of us, however, happen to be in "on the know" -- and this is to let the chap know that she wasn't in on the plot.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

If and when Corinne Griffith returns to Hollywood -- it will not be to resume her movie career -- but to peddle her houses in Beverly Hills and Malibu Beach.....Walter Morosco, her husband, is prospering in London, which is where Corinne has climbed the slippery social scale....And so they will remain in Britain indefinitely..... Betty Compson and her heart, a broker, are keeping their intimates guessing.....Although one of us can recall Betty's statement to the press, -- as follows: "One marital adventure is enough for me. I'll never marry again!".....Oh, well....They always say that -- until Cupid asserts himself.....One of the more amusing observations from the magic lantern belt tells us that the butlers have formed a union to which a wisenheimer adds: "Heaven help the stars -- the extras can open their own doors!".....The Honorable James Durante is with us, again, but only for a brief stay....He is practicing poise for his appearances in Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Cleveland and other cities -- where he hopes the natives will come to watch him get nervous.

The sponsor of the surprise birthday party for Professor Jessell last Sunday night was --- as you've probably guessed -- Norma Talmadge, one of his pet subjects.....Both vigorously deny -- however -- that there will be any serious merger.....It will pain the local admirers of Buddy Rogers to learn that his heart is not in New York -- and that on the Sabbath dawning, Buddy enriched the coast-to-coast phone service by swapping pretty wordage for one hour and six mintes....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The censors in New York have violently opposed the showing of "Scarface," which is reported to be a masterful movie -- and Samuel Untermyer, the noted lawyer, will take the matter to the courts to prevent any interference.....It will be among his arguments that the flicker merely reproduces a number of the massacres by outlaws, all of which have been reported on the front pages -- and that in the provinces, where "Scarface" is now being shown, everybody agrees that it will harm no one but the desperadoes at whom it is aimed.

Among other things that break the monotony of the Broadway routine -- is a true story like this.....Samson, one of the better known night club waiters, is a poor but honest fellow....Therefore, when he found a man's wallet, containing \$400 under a table the other midnight -- he immediately turned it over to his boss.....A little later, the man who lost it returned and said he was robbed while in the place.....However, after he convinced the boss that the wallet was his -- it was returned to him....And then -- even after he got it back -- he kept mumbling that he couldn't have lost it -- that it was taken from his hip pocket....And so saying he gave Samson -- the honest waiter -- a measly \$5 tip....To which Samson make the gesture swelegant -- by placing a cigar in his mouth and lighting it with the reward.

And now the city editor of this radio newspaper turns over the microphone to the man from the business office.

HOWARD CLANEY:

An important executive of a New York department store stated recently that people can no longer be sold on price alone. What they want today is quality at a price! LUCKY STRIKE knows this statement to be true. The smoker's demand for the highest possible quality at a reasonable price has helped make LUCKY STRIKE the leading cigarette of the world. Its fine quality comes down to two things: the finest tobaccos money can buy, plus "TOASTING". It is this additional and exclusive process that makes LUCKIES such a superb cigarette. "TOASTING" expels certain impurities that Nature conceals in every tobacco leaf. When it does expel them, it protects your throat, improves the flavor, and makes room for extra tobacco goodness. This valuable throat protection, this richer taste, this extra measure of quality clearly prove what we have so often told you.

→ "LUCKIES give you more for your money --- FAR more for your money --- than any other cigarette offered for sale."

WALTER WINCHELL:

Now, if everybody's all ready, we're on our way to England. Be good now, Mr. Static, I'm betting on you. Come on you North American Continentals -- let's take the northern route -- the air line favored by those fearless fellows who've made aviation history, and let's make England a local stop again!

Here we go -- right up the Atlantic Coast -- waving hello to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia -- and then over the seas to shout:

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK PAYNE (WHISTLE) OKAY, LONDON!

LONDON ANNOUNCER:

Welcome to Great Britain and to London, Lucky Strike Dancers. It's rather early in the morning here, but Jack Payne and his band are quite impatient to join your dance with: (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

LONDON ANNOUNCER:

Now we return the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet across three thousand miles of water from England of the Old World to the United States of the New -- from Picadilly to Broadway and back to Walter Winchell. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WINCHELL:

Top hole, Jack Payne, that was plenty dandy....It was nice to get acquainted with you and your boys this way -- hear you again a little later, Payne. This is where we tune in on the Joe Moss Orchestra in New York, after which we hop across the Big Puddle to you, again. Stand by, England!

And now for a few more contagious melodies from Joe Moss and his sizzling song and dance experts....You stand plenty high with the LUCKY STRIKE audience, Joe Moss.-- I've been reading your mail again, but don't let it fluster you.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The Joe Moss crew, ladies and gentlemen, will toy with;

(TITLES) _____,
_____, _____,

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

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

WINCHELL:

Very Okay, Joe Moss --- very! Stand by a bit, Joe --- this is where I prepare my editorials.

--STATION BREAK--

WINCHELL:

The battle of ballots is on! Every day the papers report political skirmishes. Soon the heavy artillery will appear on the scene. And so the National Political Rally takes you right up to the war-front where you voters can get first-hand information on the attacks and counter-attacks of the two great parties. In bringing you this news service, Lucky Strike takes no sides. On Tuesday nights it presents a Republican speaker. On Thursday nights, a Democratic speaker. We do not know in advance what statements our eminent guests will make.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031576

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Tonight, under the auspices of the Republican National Committee, we present the Honorable John Q. Tilson, Representative in Congress from the State of Connecticut. Congressman Tilson has served the people of his district for 22 years, and for six years had the distinction of leading his party in the House of Representatives. He is generally known as "Colonel" Tilson, having served in the Spanish War and on the Mexican Border in 1916. Born in Tennessee, the son of a veteran in the Confederate Army, John Tilson came East to work his way through Yale University. Two years ago, the "Colonel" proudly saw his own son become editor of the Yale Daily News. His daughter is one of the three women who are licensed radio operators in the State of Connecticut. It is a great pleasure to introduce this distinguished political leader -- Congressman John Q. Tilson of Connecticut:

(CONGRESSMAN TILSON SPEECH)

WINCHELL:

Congressman John Q. Tilson has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. On Thursday night, you will hear Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, who is at present the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination as President of the United States. Governor Roosevelt will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Once again, across the Atlantic to the Jack Payne crew playing from Britain -- where it now is 3:30 in the dawning....Be a good boy, Mr. Short Wave -- and go stand in a corner -- until we get through tapping our tootsies to Jack Payne's tempos.

Come on W. Hanes of Richmond, Virginia -- I've saved this spot for you, sir....Sit next to Delmar Adams of Prescott, Arizona, and Mildred Chalmers of Boston Let that magic carpet go gay, Mr. Lucky Strike -- here we go -- right past the Azores and Canary Islands-- over Spain, Portugal and France to Flash:

ON WITH THE DANCE! JACK PAYNE! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LONDON!

LONDON ANNOUNCER:

Welcome again to London, Lucky Strike Magic Carpet, and welcome to your millions of American passengers. Jack Payne and his Band now play for you: (TITLES)

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

LONDON ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet pauses above London, for a moment and now it's starting its lightning trip across England and the Atlantic Ocean back to the United States and Walter Winchell. (WHISTLE)
OKAY, NEW YORK!

WINCHELL:

That's duplicating the success of the Hylton outfit, Jack Payne -- congrats, old fellow, congrats!....I'm sure the tuner-inners were delighted with your rhythms, and that your mail will be sugary... Happy dreams to you, London -- we're just getting started over here, where Spring has sprung.

And now for the last edition:

One of the most colorful of the New York rendezvous is a fashionable whoopee--asylum on Park Avenue -- where they star a woman bouncer....Let me repeat that, please -- I said -- a WOMAN bouncer! I imagine they have a man bouncer, too -- to handle the unruly male stewards -- but I've been around this town a lot -- and that 's the first bouncer I've seen in skirts....Before the sun came up -- I saw the woman who keeps peace in the place -- go into action...She took a very noisy and obnoxious girl by the neck and tossed her down a flight of stairs!

"Gee, whiz!" I said, after I caught my breath, "that's pretty rough stuff, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't!" snapped the femme bouncer, " we have to handle objectionable people that way -- or they give the place a bad name. And when a man or woman annoys others here -- they soon find that there are only two steps leading to the exit -- the top step, and the bottom one!"

Here are some items I hope you haven't heard before ...That a bottle found under your table in a night club, restaurant or speakeasy -- gives the readers no evidence that you have been indulging. But a flask does!.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031579

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The Broadway Association's Entertainment Committee is headed by Mr. Campbell -- the undertaker.....The superstitious prizefighters never cross their legs between rounds.....And the knockout punch doesn't hurt.....Stamps are legal payment for anything up to a dollar.... You can be fined for kissing a girl in a taxi....You cannot count up to fifty million in a lifetime....And there is a law stopping you from watching that young lady across the way with your opera glasses, but there is also a law by which you can force her to pull down her shades.

Here's an observation that floored me....One of those reckless-with-money whoopee-makers -- threw a party in a gay place that lasted until sunup the other morning...The waiters, musicians and entertainers were each tipped \$20, the bus boys received ten each, the head waiter \$50 and the dozen chorus girls were each presented with a brand new century note....The spender's bill for alleged wine and caviar sandwiches totalled \$1100, but before it was paid -- his bodyguard, who also doubles as his chauffeur, stood by to see that his master wasn't gypped on any item....In fewer words, the bill wasn't settled -- until this good man Friday okayed matters.

This bodyguard-chauffeur and all around faithful, incidentally, who sees his boss throw money away -- receives a weekly wage of \$60....Yes, sir, the Broadway zoo is the most interesting of the menageries.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Now that the Spring exodus to Europe is about to start, there'll be many a vacant place in the stay-up-late spots along Broadway. But if we had the chance to go -- Boy! wouldn't we all?

HOWARD CLANEY:

Spring -- that's THE SEASON to be in Paris. The Majestic-- the Leviathan -- the Europa -- the Ile de France -- and other great liners will carry over those smart....discriminating...Swanky people who know the right time to be in the right place, and the right way to get there! And they know the right cigarette. The stewards on the transatlantic liners will tell you that more travelers smoke LUCKIES than any other cigarette. People who could spend any amount of money find that they get in LUCKY STRIKE two exclusive, unique features found in no other cigarettes - regardless of price. These two features are that distinctive "TOASTED" flavor and that priceless throat protection afforded by the "TOASTING" Process. This extra secret LUCKY STRIKE Process expels certain impurities that nature grows into every tobacco leaf. With these impurities removed, the flavor's improved, your throat is protected, and there's room for more tobacco goodness...pure mellow-mild goodness. That means greater enjoyment for you -- greater value for you. No wonder that discriminating people....fastidious people - who think of their throats, and demand the most for their money - prefer LUCKY STRIKE to any other cigarette in the whole wide world!

WINCHELL:

That's your lead, Joe Moss -- to show them your versions
of - (TITLES) _____,
_____, _____,

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

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

WINCHELL:

Consider yourselves thanked in the breathless manner,
you Joe Moss Faithfuls....and chalk another "A" on your report cards...
I think I have enough moments to spare -- to salute some of the
crowd -- and then we'll call it another LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour.

Earle Hardin of Tulsa, Oklahoma: I feature the movie
players because they are best known, Earle....And because my first
editor kept reminding me that names always make news And when
you have a national audience -- you have to keep talking about the
people they know -- or something might happen, catch on?....The
premiere of "Grand Hotel" has been deferred in New York until
April 12.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Mrs. R.E. Henderson of Carrollton, Ohio: Zelma O'Neal is married to Anthony Bushnell, an English actor...."Time On My Hands" was originally in "Smiles" a Ziegfeld show, but it aroused no enthusiasm-- until it became a hit in England....Vincent Youmans composed it....Dorothy Knapp is now a model in a New York store.... You're welcome.

Grace Grey of St. Louis: Yesterday's birthday was Carmel Myers' and today's is Spencer Tracey's....If that critic said that I called Ben Bernie a ham -- he is mistaken....I never called Bernie a ham, Miss Grey...I merely said -- that every time the old microbe saw two fried eggs -- he tried to climb on the plate with 'em!

And that, Miss Grey, and all you other charming tuner-inners -- winds up Mr. Lucky Strike's airful for tonight On Thursday night -- the old magic carpet will Winchelleap to Buffalo, where Jack Vanentine and his crew will play, and to Chicago for Ted Weems and his bandsmen. Tonight you heard the Honorable John Q. Tilson, Congressman from Connecticut, speaking under the sponsorship of the Republican National Committee. Next Thursday night you will hear Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. So until Thursday night, at the same time, then -- I remain, your New York Correspondent, Walter Winchell -- who sees by the papers that Congress expects to raise 25 million dollars by a tax on cosmetics....In other words, girls -- YOUR face is THEIR fortune. Goodnight.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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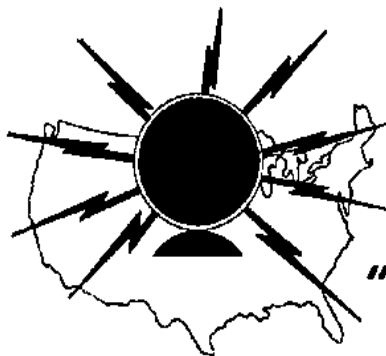
The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, Washington, D.C., and London, England, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/WINCHELL/Chillean
4/5/32

ATX01 0031584

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. : : : WEAF and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1932

(THEME TUNE - ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately Followed By Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour, presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes, - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and tonight we bring you two great orchestras, one from Buffalo, New York, and one from Chicago, Illinois, also your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, of the New York Daily Mirror, whose gossip of today, becomes the news of tomorrow!

MR. WALTER WINCHELL!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Well done, Valentine -- just the way we like it -- Consider yourself most welcome, stranger -- and while you're resting, Jack, please say Hello to my paper there, the Buffalo News....I put my first edition to press right here -- and then after we've heard from Ted Weems out in Chicago -- we return for you and your boys again.

The Daniel Conway -- Peggy Barnum fire is beyond control Mrs. Chev-al-yay is with us again, in the sotto voce manner....And Harold Mackey, the Dartmouth hero, and Gloria Shea are Romeo and Julieting without a balcony.

Mrs. George Jessel, it appears, has decided not to give George what he has been seeking for months....Unless certain conditions are met, but he is reluctant.....They have been married to each other, you know, three times -- but it just won't take..... The Sloan Young--Marie Conkwright romance is among the inspirations where the Broadway bulbs are brightest.....Gary Cooper's will power is stronger than most of us believed -- he avoids the places where Lupe might be.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031587

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Among other amusements not listed on the playbills at the Metropolitan Opera House is that off-stage feud between La Ljungberg, the newest of the canaries, and Lauritz Melchior, the German tenor..... She sings with her back to him -- and you notice it all the more in "Tristan", which contains more torrid love episodes than any other opera.....The Kip Rhinelanders, who once hogged most of the space on the local front pages -- during a bitter war in their respective hearts --- have resumed being civil to each other.....The William Glasons of Chicago have exploded and Mr. Glason is soothing his wounded heart with an action against one of the furriers there, to the tune of \$100,000.

After telling people in a book how to live to be 150 -- Paul Sautell died at 47.....Betty Lee Cooper, whose betrothal to Kaley Bragg, has been stifled -- has gone to Havana to cry it out.... It's a lead over at the Walter Joyces of the New York Times....Murrell Finley, who used to glorify the Ziegfeld shows, is back on Broadway after two years of wedded bliss in Hollywood And it is news, I think that Gandhi has been forced to enlarge his secretarial staff, handicapped as he is, because he gets more fan mail than any other well-known person in the world....Yes, even more than Mickey Mouse -- who entices more mail than any movie rival.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031588

WALTER WINCHELL:

The Lita Grey Chaplin--Georges Carpon-tee-aye spark hasn't faded, as some of the gazettes would have you believe....Crane Wilbur's marital ambitions are being held up by his current wife, Beatrice Blinn, who won't consent to the absolute melting idea..... James Cagney, who is here, to get acquainted with the role of the columnist -- in the movie version of "Blessed Event" -- keeps shadowing the various columnists to ape their frailties...Cagney has managed to catch up to all of the commentators, except one....I'm bashful that way.....Betty Compton, I see by the Paris correspondent, is still dabbling in politics -- having called on the President of the French Republic.

They keep saying that the Don Alvarado and Marilyn Miller merger is being plotted for the near future -- but please don't quote me.....And that Bert Lowm, the orchestra pilot, who was recently released from the shackles -- will blend with Carlyne Miller in New York on the 11th.....The Phil Plant--Margie Finley breach-of-promise feud will be settled out of the courts.....And among other sad stories is the one about the chap who went to Hollywood to make a living playing practical jokes on the stars....He was successful at it for a while -- until all the worthwhiles out there got to know him and his tricks....Then, of course, his business curdled -- and he was on the verge of wondering where his next meal was coming from..... Suddenly, the juicy breaks came -- he got a role in the "Scarface" flicker -- and they say his contribution steals the honors from the star -- but the New York censors refuse to permit its showing here -- and now nobody will know of his ability in his newest field.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031589

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And now, folks, here's Howard Claney, to tell you about LUCKIES.

HOWARD CLANEY:

One of America's leading magazines has increased the size of its pages without increasing the cost.....everywhere, in every business, the big news of the day is "extra value." And it's because LUCKY STRIKE is recognized as the extra value in cigarettes, that it has become America's favorite. When you reach for a LUCKY you get the extra benefits only the "TOASTING" Process makes possible. You get an extra measure of the pure goodness of the world's finest tobaccos, which goes in when the "TOASTING" Process expels certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf. You get extra mildness, mello-mildness, because every shred of that delicious tobacco is given the benefit of modern Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE is recognized as the purest, most delicious of cigarettes -- the only cigarette that gives you the extra value of fine tobacco quality plus throat protection.

WALTER WINCHELL:

And now to the Illinoy sector -- to tune in on another LUCKY STRIKE favorite, Ted Weems and his rootin'--tootin'ers....Come on Irene Castle, whose birthday it is today -- sit next to Mrs. Winchell's Walter, who has growing pains, today too....Meet J. Allen Thomas of Enid, Oklahoma, Irene, and this is Shirley Wall of Armstrong, British Columbia....Let's go gay!

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED WEEMS (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

This is Ted Weems in Chicago, greeting all you Magic
Carpet passengers with: (TITLES)

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TED WEEMS:

Now I start you on your eastward flight back to Walter
Winchell (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Plenty of pep, Ted Weems -- that's doing Chicago proud....
Stand by a bit, Ted, I prepare my editorials here and then I have
another cue to hurl at our newest headliner. And now, ladies
and gentlemen -- the National Political Rally, the nationwide news
service -- brings you a Democratic candidate for president -- the
Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of the State of New York!
We do not know the subject of Governor Roosevelt's speech, but we
are sure that it will be of the utmost interest to every American,
Democrat or Republican. LUCKY STRIKE never knows in advance what
its guests have to say. It takes no sides, but it gives you both
sides, for LUCKY STRIKE belongs to all America. On Tuesday night
the National Political Rally presents a Republican speaker. On
Thursday night a Democrat. We are indeed proud to present on this
radio program tonight Governor Roosevelt.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

There are many legends about Franklin D. Roosevelt, growing out of his long public service to the nation....many of us remember his splendid work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the war....his long and winning fight against illness and the willing self-sacrifice with which he responded to his party's call to run for the Governorship of New York in 1928. And so, under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee, you will now hear the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt.

(GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH)

WALTER WINCHELL:

You have just heard Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally will be Congressman Frank Crowther of New York for the Republicans and Charles Michelson of the Democratic National Committee for the Democrats.

---STATION BREAK---

WALTER WINCHELL:

This is where you get yourself ready, Valentine, up there on the route to Niagara Falls....And keep them in the Happy-go-Lucky-Strike mood!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK VALENTINE (WHISTLE) OKAY, BUFFALO!

BUFFALO ANNOUNCER:

As the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet pauses again in Buffalo
we swing into the dance with -- (TITLES)

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BUFFALO ANNOUNCER:

Up goes the Magic Carpet far above Buffalo and Lake Erie,
speeding back to the Atlantic Ocean. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

That's clicking in the big-time manner, Jack Valentine --
very nice, indeed....Hear you again in the near future, Jack...Keep
happy. And now once again back to Mayor Cermak's city on Lake
Michigan and Mrs. Weem's young man, Theodore.....Come on Jack White
of Scranton, Pennsylvania -- let's hitch the magic carpet to the
stars!.....Here's your cushion, Maxine Hand of Long Beach, California!
.....And yours, Ida Burnside of Neenah, Wisconsin....Let's fly!

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED WEEMS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

Here we are again in Chicago where we'll play: (TITLES)

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(

TED WEEMS:

Look out you high flying clouds. The magic carpet is leaving Chicago and it's Winchell-bound. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WINCHELL:

Very ducky, Teddy -- and so forth....Keep your resin handy, Weems --- I only do a few air-c-graphs here -- and then we put you chaps to work, again.

And here are some fillers that the newspapers usually hide in the corner so you won't see them....To wit; If your sideburns are lower than the corner of your eye, fellas, it means you are eccentric -- or a tango dancer at heart.....If I were to say: "This was the most unkindest out of all" I'd get countless letters telling me that I was an ignoramus -- yet the ungrammatical crack appears in "Julius Caesar" from the pen of Bill Shakespeare....Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose famous poem containing the lines: "Laugh and the world laughs with you --- weep and you weep alone" -- received a mere \$5 for it from the New York Sun in 1883 In radio parlance -- a "beard" is a thick talker -- or a person whose words get tangled up in the listener's "whispers".....Beer was once dark and sweet...I just put that in to make you thirsty.....The reason speak-easy bartenders put as little sugar as possible in your "Old-Fashioned" cocktail is so you won't get silly too soon....In England a sissy is called a "Mint"....And that you never notice the splinters in the ladder of success -- until you start sliding down.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Among other things I never saw until one day last week was a Cat and Dog Cemetery -- and I made a note of a marker over one kitty's resting place. The marker read: "All the rest of my friends are cats -- but this cat was my friend!".....MEOW!

Maybe the laughing soup is getting better, I'm not sure.... But there they sat in the dimly-lit corner of a hot-spot the other 5 a.m., next to my table -- and from their talk you couldn't help but hear that they were to be parted on the morrow....Her mother, violently opposed to him -- was taking the girl to Europe -- never to see him, again -- or something like that.....It was all very melodramatic -- between swallows, I mean.....Suddenly they caressed each other madly -- they didn't care who was looking....He was on the verge of tears, and he vowed that he would never forget her..... "Well," said the girl, "then let me make certain --" and so saying -- she pressed her burning cigarette on the back of his right hand -- and held it there for what seemed to me like hours....The scar, she then explained, would remind him of her for all time....Then she made him press his cigarette on the back of her hand --- and that was too much for me, so I took the next drink -- without a chaser.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And if you haven't had your irony today -- have this ironic item....One of the nicer places in the furious 50s off Broadway is a replica of the late Stanford White's mirror in the old Madison Square Garden apartments.....The rendezvous in the 50s is governed by Jack Clifford, who married Evelyn Nesbit -- long after Miss Nesbit divorced Harry Kendall Thaw -- who killed Stanford White -- for paying to ardent attention to Evelyn.

And here's the irony -- the rendezvous' best customer for years has been -- Harry K. Thaw!

Broadway certainly has its army of characters -- all of whom -- will fit into a book some day -- if my files never burn One of the more fascinating members of the Broadway fraternity, frinstance, is Maizie King, a shrewd person, with good looks, too..... Maizie is unquestionably the richest of the cigarette salesgirls -- in fact -- she owns this and that hatcheck concession in the various gay places....Besides selling Luckies, she will sell you a gardenia for a dollar a petal, or a bag of salted nuts for what have you?..... If you grumble: "Gee, that's a little steep, isn't it?" Maizie shames you into paying her pretty prices pronto by saying (so that your girl can hear, of course): "Very well, big spender -- I'll match you for it!"

I've never known her to come in second, yet.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

I get most of this news I've been telling you, on Broadway after dark -- but during the daytime, New York's main stem is really Fifth Avenue....that's where you'll see all the smart people in their swanky tall millinery.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Whether you see them strolling along Fifth Avenue, or playing golf at the smart resorts in West Virginia, you can always spot the really smart people because they're correct to the last detail -- correct in their choice of cigarettes they have made LUCKY STRIKE their favorite cigarette because LUCKY STRIKE gives them a distinctive quality no other cigarette offers -- the extra goodness imparted by the extra secret "TOASTING" Process. It is this process that expels certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf, and makes room for an extra measure of pure delicious tobacco goodness -- made more delicious and mellow-mild by modern Ultra Violet Rays. It's no wonder that fastidious, discriminating people everywhere choose LUCKY STRIKE....for It's smart to get the most for your money! And only LUCKY STRIKE gives the extra value that comes from that famous and exclusive "TOASTING" Process.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Stand by, Big Town -- the magic carpet is yours in a moment....Come on, America, let's ride in the skies and cry:

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED WEEMS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

This is Ted Weems again and we continue the dance with: --

(TITLES)

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TED WEEMS:

And now, the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet leaves Chicago and starts its lightning hop back to Walter Winchell. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Thank you, Ted Weems -- pat yourselves on the shoulder for me....I acknowledge a salute or two here, and then proceed to worry about Saturday night's menu.

G.B. Sprague of Great Falls, Montana: The War Against Depression is the American Legion's pet subject these days and nights... Fargo, North Dakota, did nobly by it, pledging \$598,915 dollars, so congrats, Fargo!....The Legion tells me it has already found jobs for 430,000 men and women....And that certainly is something to cheer about.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATK01 0031598

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Milton Rice of the Veteran's Hospital, Washington, D.C.:
The girl on the front cover of the magazine you mention is named
Boots Mallory....She's a Ziegfeld gal -- but she's married, Milton...
Get better soon, fella.

Billy Thompson of Dallas, Texas: Mr. Chev-al-yay's wife
was the former Yvonne Vallee -- no, she's no kin of Rudy....She's
in New York, by the way -- having just arrived from Melancholywood.

Edwin Reynolds of Santa Monica, California: Yes, the
Roosevelt for President Campaign in Massachusetts, under Mayor
James M. Curley of Boston -- has incorporated the slogan, OKAY,
AMERICA! Here Comes Roosevelt..
You're welcome, Edwin.

Anna Marie Strong of Hillsdale, Michigan: Yes, tomorrow
is the birthday of Mary Pickford: She may be reached at the Essex
House, New York.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

William Nolan of Wheeling, West Virginia: I can be blamed for more things, William....I wasn't the one -- it was John Medbury who said that about Ben Bernie....John said that he had invented a new gadget that would thrill every radio listener....The invention being a machine that would play one of Ben Bernie's fiddle solos three times, and then automatically explode!

Good old Ben. His brains are marvelous. They start functioning the moment he wakes up, and do not stop until he gets before a microphone.

And that, ladies and gurtax payers -- concludes Mr. Lucky Strike's Dance Hour for tonight....On Saturday night -- and this is big news -- for most of you -- the magic carpet will Winchell leap to Pittsburgh -- to welcome a great favorite back home -- that handsome bridegroom -- WAYNE KING!.....And, don't forget, Mr. and Mrs. America -- next Tuesday night we again bring you that unique news feature -- the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers for the National Political Rally will be Congressman Frank Crowther for the Republicans, and Charles Michelson of the Democratic National Committee for the Democrats! Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day!..... So until Saturday night -- at the same time, then -- I remain your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell -- who found out that the trouble with most people is that they get the right number -- but the wrong answer.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

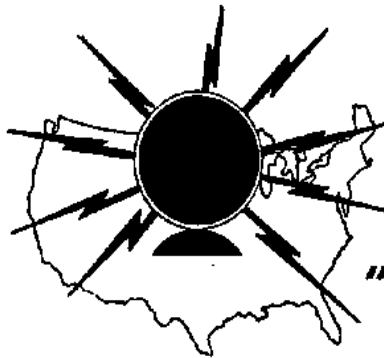
The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, Boston, Massachusetts, Chicago, Illinois, and Albany, New York, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/WINCHELL/Chilleen
4/7/32

ATX01 0031601

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEAF and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1932

(THEME SONG -- "One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of Lucky Strike
Cigarettes....sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras, also your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, of
the New York Daily Mirror, whose gossip of today becomes the news
of tomorrow.

MR. WALTER WINCHELL!!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Star Spangled Banner, Canada and Honolulu! And welcome back to the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet -- Wayne King and your too long absent melody magicians -- with whom I began all this nonsense over six months ago!

How's the old boy, Wayne?....And those contagious and dreamy rhythms that I know I'll be glad to hear, again?

Give the blushing bridegroom a great big affectionate embrace, ladies and gentlemen -- and then we'll be Pennsylvania-bound to enjoy his cadenzas and crescendoes!

Throw us to the clouds, Mr. Lucky Strike!

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING! (WHISTLE) OKAY, PITTSBURGH!

PITTSBURGH
ANNOUNCER:

Pittsburgh again welcomes the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet and its millions of passengers. I'm sure they're all anxious to hear their old friend, Wayne King. Won't you tell every one what you're going to play, Wayne?

WAYNE KING:

I certainly will, but first let me say: Thank you, Walter Winchell! And now we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

PITTSBURGH
ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet starts on its way back to Walter Winchell
with a flash and a (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Still packing the same old wallop, aren't you, Wayne King?
.....That's giving the Lucky Strike tuner-inners what they go for,
big-timer....welcome home. You remember the way we routine our shows,
don't you?.....We flash you again right after the first edition....
Stand by, Wayne.

Sally Starr, formerly of the flickers, and now of the local
stage -- would be pleased no end, she says, if it were made known that
she isn't a bride -- as was indicated in various gazettes during the
week.....The D.B. Allens, she was Gladys Parker, have exploded in
the dignified manner....His intimates along the Hollywood scene, who
have been worried about Winnie Sheehan, one of the shrewdest minds on
the Fox staff, will be relieved to learn -- that Sheehan is
convalescing at an up-state health farm -- after his severe breakdown...
Fred Astaire's plans to ankle up an altar have definitely soured --
and the latest report on his sister Adele's middle-aisling with Lord
Cavendish is scheduled for June.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Here's a novelette without names, but it's true....A decade ago her husband was comfortably fixed....But even when she had money she always feared poverty -- and so when she was abroad, she always picked up bits of fine lace and stored them away ... "Some day," she always said, "I may be able to sell this lace and not be dependent on any one".....Her husband left her penniless a few years later, and her sons couldn't contribute much support...So the refined and handsome widow now peddles that lace to brides of the society sector, who pay her handsomely for the lovely handiwork...But when the newspapers chronicle the weddings they always report: "The bride wore a bit of lace from her grandmother's trousseau."

The Steve Donaghues, he's the famous jockey, are preparing front-page news.....Joseph Schildkraut and Marie McKay are trousseau-shopping....Mrs. Richard Strongman, and Edward Ritten, a trumpeter in a Paris cafe are plotting to make some preacher \$10 richer....I say \$10 instead of \$2 -- because several gentlemen -- have complained that the expression has been taken seriously by too many altar-bound couples -- and times are tough enough.....Edward and Nancy Van Vleck, of our socially-registered division, who filled papers six months ago, are friendlier than ever -- and go to Hayfair together these Saturday nights....Elissa Landi's newest heart -- is George McIntyre, a New Yorker.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Lucille Paige of the "Vainities" ensemble and M. Kramer, the hotel impresario are on fire.....Irene Franklin is very ill..... It's a new son over at the Terry Rohans, the mother was the former Dorothy Dane of the chorus.....Some of the New York dailies yesterday referred to June, the London actress, as the former Lady Inverclyde.... This is a reportorial inaccuracy -- June still is a noblewoman -- her application for a decree having been denied recognition by the British courts.....That Buddy Rogers boy keeps enticing the better knowns with his new orchestra.....Night before last, Buddy's applauders included such charming persons as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mrs. Maurice Chev-al-yay and Mrs. Clark Gable -- three little girls whose husbands are too busy.

The Adolphe Menjous who returned from a holiday in the old country, the other morning -- still hold hands right out loud in the public places -- proving that some Hollywood mergers can last--- and this is to add that their adoration is refreshing to observe..... And among other unusual items is the one that tells of the beautiful friendship struck up between Lila Lee, who was the former Mrs. James Kirkwood, and Kirkwood's second frau.....Now that it appears to be a fact -- that Garbo is actually going back to Sweden soon -- the few intimates she has in New York, offer a plausible reason.....And they do not believe Greta will retire from the screen....It is their argument that she is returning to retrieve what is left of her heavy investments in a company that recently collapsed...The head of which committed suicide and whose passing upset many a bankroll even on this side of the big pond.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031606

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The new well-known clown name of Joe Zilch -- which nearly every one is using as a gag -- is really the name of Ida May Chadwick's husband:

I get some stiff competition on this program from my friend, Howard Clancy. His news often has more kick in it than mine. Here's where he gives you a sample:

HOWARD CLANCY:

It was in 1889 that Ward McAllister, the great leader of New York society, made up a list of 400 people to be invited to a ball given by Mrs. William Astor. If Mr. McAllister were to list today the 400 leaders of New York's social and financial life, you would find that more of these 400 discriminating people smoke LUCKY STRIKES than any other cigarette. LUCKIES are the choice of people who know the art of living...who love the niceties of life...who demand the finest of everything regardless of price. These people have found that even if they paid a dollar a package they could not buy a finer, purer, mellow-milder cigarette than LUCKIES. They have found that LUCKIES have an exclusive, distinctive feature that sets it apart from all others -- and that is "TOASTING" -- the process which removes certain impurities that lie hidden in every tobacco leaf. That's what makes LUCKIES gentle to your throat -- that's what makes its fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos taste even more fragrant, more delicious -- that's what makes room for an added measure of tobacco quality. And that's why -- where money doesn't matter -- LUCKIES are far and away the favorite cigarette.

WALTER WINCHELL:

And now for another swift flight aboard our internationally known magic carpet back to Wayne King and his crew.

Our honored guests on this trip, Wayne, are Mr. and Mrs. M. Bright of El Dorado, Kansas, Mrs. D.C. Dann of Willoughby, Ohio, and Mary Smith of San Francisco.

Here we go! Right over the Palisades and then the Horseshoe Curve to cry:

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING! (WHISTLE) OKAY, PITTSBURGH!

PITTSBURGH ANNOUNCER:

We're again in Pittsburgh in the Hotel Schenley at the annual ball of the famous Anatole Club, whose membership is composed largely of the Alumni of Carnegie Tech and the University of Pittsburgh. Swing into the dance every one as Wayne King and his Orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

PITTSBURGH ANNOUNCER:

Now we flash across Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and over the bright lights of Walter Winchell's Broadway (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

-8-

WALTER WINCHELL:

Swelegant isn't the word for it, Wayne King, but it'll have to do until I can think of a better one....Hold it a bit, Wayne---

We've made the front page, Mr. and Mrs. Tuner Inner! Your National Political Rally appeared right smack up on Page One yesterday. Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's speech on the Lucky Strike program was headlined in the New York Times, the Chicago Tribune, the Boston Herald, the Washington Post, and practically every other daily paper of importance in the country! That shows the intense interest in politics! That proves this unique news service is giving you what you want to hear -- a discussion of the burning questions of the day! And we've only started on our long list of prominent speakers. Next Tuesday night you will hear Congressman Frank Crowther of New York for the Republicans, and on Thursday night you will hear Charles Michelson of the Democratic National Committee speak for the Democrats. Lucky Strike is absolutely neutral. We have no more idea than you have of what our speakers are going to say. Our only aim is to perform an interesting and important service to the great American public, which has done so much for Lucky Strike!

--STATION BREAK--

ATX01 0031609

WALTER WINCHELL:

Paging Billie Lee Godden of Emmetsburg, Iowa -- and Louis Pearce of South Bend, Indiana....Come on, Billie Lee and Lou -- I've saved these seats for you....Right next to Doris Hampton of Philadelphia -- she's Wayne-King-mad, too.....As who isn't....Let's leap!

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING! (WHISTLE) OKAY! PITTSBURGH!

PITTSBURGH ANNOUNCER:

Wayne King carries on in the Hotel Schenley here in Pittsburgh with (TITLES)

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PITTSBURGH ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet now takes it's tri-state hop back to Walter and his Winchell-lingo (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

That's keeping the show going at a breezy clip, Wayne King. What an appropriate last name yours is!...You get another rest here, Wayne -- until Walter unravels a yarn or two.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031610

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Among other sights that burn me up and knock me cold is the scene that happened in one of the cafes the other middle of the night...One of those chaps - who owns a gaming casino in the South - and who has no regard for money - because his profits are always tremendous - gave away thousands of dollars to the entertainers and waiters ...When he ran out of century notes -- he peeled off five-hundreds - until the newspaper men looking on - became a little ill... This comes under the heading of miracles - considering that Broadway hasn't encountered a spender like him in ever so long a spell....And he's the one who greets everybody with Miss Guinan's famous welcome: "Hello Sucker!"

His type always recalls the late Diamond Jim Brady. When his pals reminded Brady that he was being a chump by giving his money away so freely, Diamond Jim always responded with: "It's a lotta fun - being a sucker - mister - when you can afford it!"

It's more fun, if you asked me, giving it to the distressed.

A group of baseball writers were amusing each other last night by relating anecdotes. The most amusing one, I thought, concerned Andy Cohen, who clicked on the diamond....When he replaced Hornsby on the Giants a few years ago - Andy said that he took a lot of heckling while training in the South....Every time Cohen came up to bat - his tormentors cat-called him and made remarks, about his trying to replace Hornsby!

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

One day with two out and two men on the bags, Cohen socked the ball, which missed the fence by inches....It went for a triple, at any rate...When Andy finally crossed the home plate on the following single - he shouted to his hecklers: "And how was that, huh? It just missed the wall by inches!"

"Aw, applesauce!" snapped the belittler, "if Hornsby had hit it, it would have gone over!"

I see by this morning's papers that Sally O'Neal's sister, Molly O'Day, announces that Arthur Loew will be her brother-in-law.... The first hint of which -- you tuner-inners heard at least a month ago.....The Hoot Gibson--Sally Eilers disturbance --- which startled their admirers here when some of the commentators brought up the subject yesterday -- is only a lover's tiff -- I am assured.....I sincerely hope so.....Count Bonde, whose kinsmen in Sweden are said to rate higher than the Royal Family there, and Paul Thibault, a rich Yankee widow, are blazing in the romantic manner.....And Ethel Barrymore's boy, Sammy, and Fredericka Gallatin of the Park Avenue tribes are ditto.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And here are some fragments from the memory of a former song-and-dance man....Who goes back at least ten years to reminisce, but they are pleasant recollections....The State-Lake Theatre in Chicago, where the line formed as early as 9 a.m.....The collegiates at Ann Arbor, who lined up at the stage-door and stole your girl right off your arm...The best steaks in the land, for only 30 cents, too, in Denver....The chap on the Lansing, Michigan paper, who said that my dancing was as graceful as a duck out of water....With Harry Langdon on the bill at the Orpheum in Madison, Wisconsin...Loew's Greeley Square Theatre in New York, where the management let the paid audience watch you rehearse your music cues...The spotlight man at Beloit - who wrote songs on the side.....Lexington, Kentucky during martial law....The time in San Francisco when a friend brought John P. Medbury back stage to peddle dialogue, and I predicted that Medbury was a fine wit and would make New York in 2 years...He beat me back by six months...O.K. Samuels, the critic in New Orleans, who is a house-wrecker by profession....Oshkosh, the most kidded town in the country at the time, but really a happy engagement....Jacksonville, where when it was too hot you didn't have to play a matinee....The beautiful women in Dallas...The long ride from Long Beach, California to Salt Lake....Those great big baked potatoes with oodles of butter for only a dime on the Great Northern trains....The fellow who ran the gambling casino in Los Angeles - and a pawnshop right next door Durham, North Carolina, without fare home - and the sign back stage in Missoula, Montana which read: "Don't tell us what you did in New York - DO IT HERE!"....The good old days - may they never come, again!

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031613

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

There's talk of a new musical comedy on Broadway that will seat you in the front row center for one dollar. I hope they hire a big theatre -- they'll need it for all those customers who know a value when they see it! And speaking of value, that's Mr. Howard Clancy's pet subject.

HOWARD CLANCY:

In every tobacco leaf, lavish nature mixes both good and bad. It conceals certain impurities even in the choicest, most expensive grades. You can't cultivate out these undesirable parts.... you can't ripen them out...you can't blend them out...but you CAN "TOAST" THEM OUT! And that is what LUCKY STRIKE does...For "TOASTING" removes certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf. Thus modern science works with Mother Nature to give tobacco an infinitely greater value....a broader usefulness to man! The removal of these impurities gives you the added value of throat protection....the increased value of finer flavor...the extra value of more tobacco goodness! And so, because it uses not only the best in nature, but also uses the most modern methods in science, LUCKY STRIKE gives you more for your money -- far more for your money -- than any other cigarette in the world!

WALTER WINCHELL:

And now for the final bow to Wayne King and his orchestra
out where my paper is the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING! (WHISTLE) OKAY, PITTSBURGH!

PITTSBURGH ANNOUNCER:

Wayne King and his boys are all ready, so we'll go right
into: - (TITLES)

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WAYNE KING:

This is Wayne King wishing everybody Lucky Days, and now
I think our announcer, Phil Stewart, wants to say a word.

PITTSBURGH ANNOUNCER:

Yes, Wayne, I do. In fact, five words "So Long" (WHISTLE)
OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

That's returning to the fold, Wayne King -- with a lively
list of lovelies....It was nice to hear you and your boys, again,
headliner -- and I'm sure I speak the sentiments of our great big
tribe.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031615

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And now to return a salute or so.

Edward Murray, of Braddock, Pennsylvania: That Philips Holmes and Florence Rice were very much in love, was relayed over this network ever so many editions ago, Edward....Sally O'Neil returned from abroad Thursday....Jack Coogan owned his first car when he was six years old.

Russell Grahame of Cambridge, Mass.: Gable's nickname is "Dutchy" and Marian Marsh is really christened "Violet Krauth"... I cannot tell you which of the stars run off with the "Grand Hotel" honors -- I haven't seen it yet, Russell, it doesn't open here until the 12th.

Ruth Hutton Young of Des Moines, Iowa: I gave credit in the column to Jimmy Durante for popularizing the expression "Hot-Cha" -- I didn't say he created it, Ruth.....Clara Bow is married to George F. Beldam -- that's Rex Bell's real handle..... Today's birthday in the movies is Tom Meighan's.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Faye Maxlener of Decatur, Illinois: Yes, a Mr. Frank Wilstach of the Will Hays office gathers the best similes of the year and publishes them.....The best in a long time, I think, is Charles G. Shaw's....it goes this way: "As full of questions as a jealous lover."

E.K. Ventner, Jr., of Luray, Virginia: Thanks for the clipping, Ventner. Very interesting....Ladies and gentlemen, the clipping from Ventner, Junior, is about the old microbe, Ben Bernie-- and it says among other things, that when Bernie was a little boy, he played violin solos in a nickelodeon where the sign out front read: "Hear Ben Bernie...It's worth a nickel just to hear him play!"

As a matter of fact, ladies and gentlemen, IT STILL IS!

And that, Mr. and Mrs. America, concludes tonight's LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour until next Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night.... Our stars for Tuesday night will be two great New York bands, George Olsen's Crew, and our loyal friends, Jack Denny and his bandsmen..... And please remember -- on Tuesday night we again bring you the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign, presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Tuesday night's speaker will be Congressman Frank Crowther for the Republicans, and on Thursday night you will hear Charles Michelson of the Democratic National Committee for the Democrats..... Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day..... Until Saturday night, then, at the same time, I remain, your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, who just found out that the city of Northampton, Mass., where Mr. Coolidge lives - has a sense of humor. It named a movie house after him by calling it - "The Calvin" But the theatre features TALKIES! (GOODNIGHT!)

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

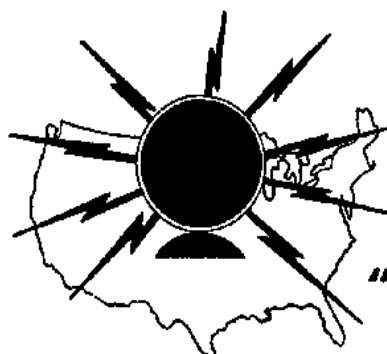
The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/WINCHELL/Chilleen
4/9/32

ATX01 0031618

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEAF and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus Of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" With Vocal Refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour, presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, also your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, of the New York Daily Mirror, whose gossip of today, becomes the news of tomorrow!

MR. WALTER WINCHELL!!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast-and-Border-to-Border!....Mr. Lucky Strike has adopted another new son - George Olsen and his popular New York tooters - to whom the headline honors belong.

Tonight marks the Olsen band's debut on the magic carpet - but they know their way around this network of ours, I am sure..... George and his boys have been places before - and have done grand things - since Fannie Brice first discovered Olsen in Portland, Oregon, many seasons ago.

So welcome to the Lucky Strike Dance Hour, newest of the bright stars, and go decorate the skies with rhythm and melody!

ON WITH THE SYNCOPATION, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE)

OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Here we are at last on the Lucky Strike Dance Hour! I was beginning to think that with the programs coming from Cuba, South America and Europe, I would have to take our band back to Sweden to get a Lucky -- broadcast.

This is George Olsen speaking, and now that we're finally here, this is what we're going to play: (TITLES)

(YOU CAN MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES)

(I LOVE A PARADE)

(IS I IN LOVE?)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All right, everybody, hop on the good old Magic Carpet,
Here we come. (WHISTLE) OKAY, WALTER WINCHELL!

WALTER WINCHELL:

That's making a honey of a start, George Olsen - thanks
for giving the show that swelegant pace After I wind up my first
stanza of nonsense, you get your next cue....Stand by, Olsen - I
won't be long - it just seems long.

Although the local gazettes were so notified by their
Hollywood correspondents -- that Molly O'Day had given out the
statement that her sister, Sally O'Neill, would marry Arthur Loew --
Molly urges me to say that she didn't.....Because it brought on a
series of headaches for all concerned, especially for Molly, and I
trust this makes her happier.....But I must add, Molly -- that your
New York correspondent had nothing to do with the original report.....
The Horace Liverights, she was Elise Bartlett, the former wife of
Joseph Schildkraut, have come to one of those understandings....Mrs.
Von Sternberg has dropped her two suits against Miss Dietrich.....
The current guess in Hollywood is that Ginger Rogers will become
Mervyn LeRoy's bride in June....Pola Negri now sleeps with a revolver
under her pillows, for some reason or other.....It should interest
Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett and Betty Bronson to know that in the
Will Hays New York Office -- there are stenographers who look just
like them.....According to Larry Reid, Mary Pickford is taking piano
lessons, at this day and age....Ambition was aroused in many a
listener at the Friars the other midnight....when James Cagney, one
of the honored guests -- confessed that in 1918 -- he was a bell-hop
in that actor's club...It was also Cagney's observation that their
manners had improved a lot since then.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031621

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

I know I shouldn't go into a lather anymore, about what some people think of the current crop of New York dramatic critics -- but it affords me material, and after all, that's what I seek in my daily rounds....One of the better producers came out with another scolding the other day, and said that the first-nighters go to the new play, merely to see what is the matter with it....I prefer to think that we go to them to be entertained....And when we report that the show is not a good one, we should be thanked instead of spanked.... What the managers and producers overlook is that the critic represents the newspaper -- the newspaper represents the people -- and that critics are assigned to the shows to keep showmen from misrepresenting their presentations.

Agnes Hill, one of the Washington, D.C. belles, who was going to middle-aisle it there with an attorney -- has changed her mind again.....Sedano, the continental dancer, at one of our smarter hotels, is Miss Hill's favorite person, now.....Lubitsch and Estelle Taylor had a lengthy gab-fest on the coast Friday night -- probably plotting something in the way of a come-back.....Cecile Clancy, a Detroit beauty, who was one of the ten models selected by Chanel, is the secret bride of Al Shayne, the canary.....And, in case you missed the column, Jean Acker, who was Rudy Valentino's first bride, has changed her name to Gennica Churchill -- and her hair, which is now blonde....Fred Waring denies the published report that Dorothy Lee is his secret bride, but he admits she is now New York bound and him.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031622

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The Constance Cummings -- Carl Laemmle, Junior, romance is still raging....The Talullah Bankhead -- Joel McCrea combination appears to be exaggerated -- London is excited about the report, but Talullah chuckles at it in the derisive manner....Lupe Vellis offered one of her most graceful gestures the other night back stage at the Ziegfeld Theatre....Lupe, who has more fur coats than she needs -- gave one away to a chorus girl in the show....She told all the kids to jot down their names on slips of paper....Then one of the slips was drawn from a hat -- the lucky winner receiving the costly decoration....The coat is worth \$5,000.

I dislike to discourage any one, but these statistics, I think, ought to be made better known....I mean, regarding the heavy migration of young girls to Hollywood, who think they are second Joan Crawford or Garbos....According to one authority, movie jobs were fewer in 1931 than in the past half dozen years...For instance, -- of the 17,500 "extras" registered in the major casting bureau out there -- only 218 earned a living wage.....And they averaged but two days a week....619 of them averaged one day a week -- In fewer words, approximately 17,000 extras in Hollywood worked less than one day a week during the year of 1931....So Stay home, girls, where you may be more certain of three squares a day.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

I see by a California contemporary that Joan Blondell and George Barnes have finally made a marriage statement -- and that Joan and George will be married in New York and the Little Church Around The Corner....But they didn't say what year!.....It is also an interesting item, I think, that Tom Mix has named his most beautiful horse "Clara Bow"....Her admirers are reminded that today is the birthday of Virginia Cherrill....And I think the most amusing line in Eddie Cantor's new book: "Your Next President" is this: "My hat is in the ring -- and anything you throw in it will be greatly appreciated!"

Hi there, Howard Claney -- let's have the lowdown on what the high-hat set is doing these days!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Down at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, the smart set is gathered today for the opening of the Mason and Dixon Golf Tournament in which leading members of the social set are taking part. And at smart gathering places such as this, you will find that discriminating people have one choice in cigarettes -- LUCKY STRIKE. It is easy to understand why smart and fastidious people prefer LUCKIES, for where ordinary cigarettes stop, LUCKY STRIKE continues to pour in smoking value with that most modern step in cigarette manufacture, the exclusive LUCKY STRIKE process. It is this great process that brings scientifically regulated heat and mellowing Ultra Violet Rays to every shred of this fine Turkish and Domestic tobacco, and by driving out certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf, makes room for an extra helping of the pure delicious tobacco goodness that millions enjoy! And this process, which gives you so much more honest smoking value than any other cigarette can offer, is summed up in two words -- "IT'S TOASTED" -- the phrase that smart and discriminating people know as the symbol of the greatest cigarette value in the world!

WALTER WINCHELL:

And now once again, back to our newest orchestra -- the George Olsen top-notchers...Meet Mrs. Madelon MacArthur of Chicago, George -- and Drexel M. Jackson of Calico Rock, Arkansas!...And this is Fred Thompson of the U.S. Veterans Hospital at Gulfport, Mississippi

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Okay, yourself, Walter, we are starting right now. In our next group you will undoubtedly remember the first number which is "Who." Then "I Miss You In The Evening" - "I Know You're Lying" and "Ooh That Kiss." By the way, the same vocal trio -- Fran Frey, Bobby Berger and Bob Rice -- will sing "Who."

(WHO)

(I MISS YOU IN THE EVENING)

(I KNOW YOU'RE LYING)

(OOH THAT KISS)

GEORGE OLSEN:

And now for the short hop back to our New York correspondent (WHISTLE) OKAY, WALTER WINCHELL!

WALTER WINCHELL:

That's bringing the magic carpet back in the breezy manner, Olsen -- thanks for your help....Go catch your breath for a while, George -- I have my editorial to write.

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER WINCHELL:

The State of Illinois went to the polls today to choose delegates for the Republican and Democratic National Convention.... May the best man win! And tonight, to every State in the Union, Lucky Strike brings the National Political Rally -- that front page news feature that gives you both sides of the great political question of the day. On Tuesday night, it presents a Republican....on Thursday night a Democratic speaker. Lucky Strike takes no sides, but gives every listener the opportunity to judge both sides. We do not know in advance what statement our eminent guests will make. Tonight, under the auspices of the Republican National Committee, we present the Honorable Frank Crowther, Representative in Congress from the State of New York. Congressman Crowther has been a member of the important Ways and Means Committee for ten years out of the fourteen that he has served his country in the United States Congress. In Washington he is known as the outstanding supporter of the Protective Tariff Policy....In his home town of Schenectady, New York, he is also known as a musician and as a painter, whose work has received much favorable comment. It is with much pleasure that we present this versatile American statesman and distinguished leader of the Republican party -- Congressman Frank Crowther of New York.

(CONGRESSMAN CROWTHER SPEECH)

WALTER WINCHELL:

Congressman Frank Crowther of New York has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee.

(WALTER WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

On Thursday night, you will hear Charles Michaelson of the Democratic National Committee who will speak under the auspices of that committee.

Here's your next signal, George Olsen!....But wait until R. Nagle of San Francisco gets aboard, and Mrs. Ethel Kay of Port Orchard, Washington! There now, we're nation-wide-bound again, Mr. Lucky Strike!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now that the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet is safely landed at our feet we would like to give you our explanation of how music is made. Here we go --

(MAKING MUSIC)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Get up on your toes, Walter, here's the signal that starts the Magic Carpet hopping. (WHISTLE) OKAY, WALTER WINCHELL!

WALTER WINCHELL:

First-rate, George Olsen -- that's sounding your "A" Mute those trumpets for a moment or two -- I go into my second stanza here -- then I'll pick you up on the late watch, George.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031628

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Among other difficult to believe tales of the town is the one that happened recently over at the home of the Walter Wangers.... Mr. Wanger is a movie executive and his wife, the former Justine Johnstone, once glorified the Ziegfeld shows....They hired a new maid, a Swedish girl, who had an abundance of charm and class...After a week of watching the new maid dust this and that -- or sweep the floors -- Wanger told his wife he couldn't stand it -- meaning, that he couldn't stand watching so beautiful a person wasting her gorgeous self dusting things.

So they fired her -- but not until they got one of the better musical comedies to put her in the show girl division....In a few years hence, she probably will be one of your movie idols, considering that the Wangers are -- what they are -- in the amusement world.

Speaking of conditions in Hollywood as I was in the first edition -- there is this gag to tell about Violinsky, one of the nimbler wits, who stranded Broadway for the alleged gold coast.

It was a very hot day in Hollywood, and Violinsky was without a coat or hat....Along came another New Yorker, who said: "Isn't this marvelous weather, though? Out here you don't have to wear a hat!"

"In New York," groaned Violinsky, "I'd have a hat!"

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

One of my favorite clowns, you must know by now, is Arthur Bugs Baer....His clowning, it seems to me, invariably is packed with common sense....Take the time when a woman booking agent for a club in Cleveland called on Baer....She urged him to come to Cleveland and address an advertising club. "How much would you want?" she asked him.

"My price would be exactly \$1,000," he replied.

"I'm afraid," the woman said, "that \$1,000 is too high for us. Do you really think, Mr. Baer, that any speaker is worth \$1,000?"

"No, I do not," Bugs chirped, "personally I think I'm only worth \$10. But my expenses back and forth would be about \$90."

"We'd be willing," said the woman eagerly, "to pay you \$100."

"No sale," flipped Baer, "I must get a thousand -- \$10 for me -- \$90 for expenses -- and \$900 for having to listen to those other doggone speeches!"

Here are a few of those items that the newspapers usually employ to fill up gaps between stories...Billie Burke's real first name is Ethel....Broadway, in the city limits is about 15 miles long-- but any native will tell you it runs for 8 blocks...The term "moving picture" was coined in 1897 by Thomas S. Tally of Los Angeles.... Incidentally, most old and worn-out movie films are sold for the silver which can be recovered from the emulsion on them.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The word "acrobat" is from the Greek -- and it means to skip on tip-toe.....In 1900 there was one pair of silk stockings for every 245 females....Now there are five pair for every member of the unfair sex, including children,....And Douglas Fairbanks, senior, once got on the nerves of George M. Cohan, who advised Doug to go into the movies -- to get rid of him.

In my department I tell you about the Beautiful-Beautifuls to whom Nature has been so generous. Now let's turn you over to Mr. Claneys department and let him tell you how generous Nature is with tobacco.

HOWARD CLANEY:

When Bountiful Nature showers down her gifts on man, she expects us to do some of the work. She leaves it to us to increase the value -- the usefulness -- of her products. In every tobacco leaf she gives us the job of taking out certain impurities. This is difficult. Only science can make tobacco truly pure. You can't wash out certain undesirable parts...you can't age them out, but you can "TOAST" them out. And LUCKY STRIKE does this through its exclusive secret, scientific application of heat -- the "TOASTING" Process -- and LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette among more than 40 different brands that uses this process. Your throat can tell the difference.....your taste can tell the difference.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031631

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Mother Nature and Father Science are a team that can't be beaten. By combining the delicious goodness of fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that Nature provides, and the purity that Science provides, LUCKY STRIKE makes tobacco milder, mellow-milder -- pure -- makes smoking far more enjoyable! And that means it gives the smoker more for his money than any other cigarette.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Okay, George Olsen!....Let's go to town, big-timer, and meet all those millions of tuner-inners -- including Leonard Hechtman of Swissvale, Pennsylvania, and Dudley Reid of Valley Junction, Iowa!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now for all of you millions of listeners to whom Walter introduced me, we bring you first Ethel Shutta and Frank Frey, singing "Gosh Darn," which is followed by "Somebody Loves Me" featuring our trio again.

(GOSH DARN)

(SOMEBODY LOVES ME)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Even if I had gone to Sweden and started the Magic Carpet back to New York the thrill wouldn't have been any greater than right at this moment as I shout (WHISTLE) OKAY, WALTER WINCHELL!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Congrats, George Olsen, for so fine a musical menu - You certainly furnished a delightful show -- Glad you were with us.

This is where I look over some of my love letters, George.

Jean Vincent, Lindwood, Maryland -- thanks for your nice note, Jean. Charlie Chaplin is on his way home, now -- by way of the Hawaiian Islands. He is expected back in May. I met Cagney for the first time the other 3 o'clock in the dawning. He's a very pleasant guy.

Joyce Allan of Binghamton, New York -- Thelma Todd has resumed that name, dispensing with the "Alison Lloyd" that was pinned on her....She denied the Ronald Colman heart-attack months ago. Say hello to the Binghamton Sun for me, please.

W.M. Glenn of Tampa, Florida -- The big objection to that gangster picture in New York, Mr. Glenn -- is that at the finish -- the outlaw is seen slaying dozens of cops -- and most audiences out of town cheered that scene. This worried the censors, who want the ending changed.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Victor Ernest of Fontana, Oklahoma: Don't you believe that legend about Bernie and Winchell -- Mr. Ernest ...We just treat each other like a distant relative....As a matter of fact, business has been so bad with Bernie he has quit giving out bum checks.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes tonight's LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour....On Thursday night our headliners will be Tommy Tucker and his bandmen, playing from Chattanooga, and our friends, Gus Arnheim and his Crew, who furnish the music from Cincinnati..... Tonight you heard the Honorable Frank Crowther, Congressman from New York, speaking under the sponsorship of the Republican National Committee. Next Thursday night you will hear the Honorable Charles Michaelson, of the Democratic National Committee, speaking under the auspices of that Committee.....So, until Thursday night, at the same time, then, I remain your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell --- who found out a long time ago -- that the grouchers who grumble how much they hate the world -- never pause to realize -- that the world doesn't care!

(SIGNATURE)

-17-

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"YOU CAN MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES" from "HOT CHA" and
"WHO" from "SUNNY" were played by special permission of the copyright
owners.

The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York
City and Washington, D.C., through the facilities of the National
Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/WINCHELL/Chillean
4/12/32

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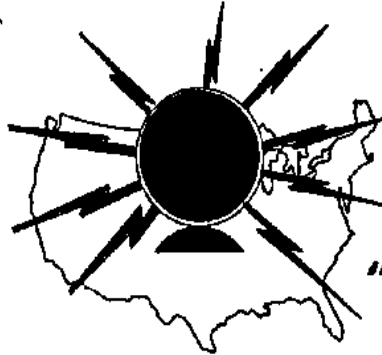
"WINCHELL Additional" -- "To be used if necessary"

WALTER WINCHELL:

One of the more interesting Broadway characters is Hils T. Granlund, better known as "N.T.G." ... Granlund was one of the earlier radio personalities, by the way, but he gave it up -- because he preferred sleeping until he felt like getting up.... Nowanights, he serves as a messer of ceremonies at a Broadway hot-spot, where they have lots of good ideas -- but they don't wear many clothes -- and he is Broadway's only real butter-and-egg-man.... Because, he owns a huge farm in Jersey, from where he supplies nearly all the night clubs in New York with their butter, eggs and milk....The milk, of course, being used in coffee....But most interesting about Granlund is that he also boasts of the greatest address book in the world -- and the Ziegfelds, Whites and Shuberts have their respective choruses filled from his choir of lovely ladies....He is truly Broadway's Merchant of Venus.

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1932

(THEME TUNE -- ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour, presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and tonight we bring you two great orchestras, one from Cincinnati, Ohio, and one from Chattanooga, Tennessee, also your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, of the New York Daily Mirror, whose gossip of today, becomes the news of tomorrow!

MR. WALTER WINCHELL!!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North, South, East and West!....
And salutations and greetings to you, Cincinnati and Chattanooga --
the newest cities to climb aboard the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet.

Hello, there Ohio!....We haven't been out your way in some
time to recruit an orchestra....So to make up for it -- I'm going to
pilot the crowd out there for the first of tonight's hops.

That's the initial flash to welcome Gus Arnheim and his
crew back to their favorite camp....Here we come, Gus -- all the way
from Bagdad-on-the-Hudson to shout:

ON WITH THE DANCE, GUS ARNHEIM! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CINCINNATI!

CINCINNATI ANNOUNCER:

Cincinnati welcomes the Magic Carpet, and Gus Arnheim and
His Orchestra, here in the Netherlands Plaza Hotel, greets you Lucky
Strike Dancers with: (TITLES)

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CINCINNATI ANNOUNCER:

Flashing east-ward the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet shoots
back to Walter and his Winchellingo. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

That's returning to the fold in the Happy-go-Lucky Strike-manner, Gus Arnheim -- welcome home, big-boy I....You're splitting tonight's headline honors with Tommy Tucker playing from Chattanooga, Tennessee.....After your New York correspondent winds up the first stanza, and we get Tucker, we flash you, again. Stand by, Gustave.

Sally Eilers, who arrived in town the other day for a holiday, lost no time in informing all the busybodies on the papers that they had been making sour guesses on her domestic life..... Sally said it was just a minor tiff, and I told her that while she still was on the train, I had helped crush the idle chatter as best I could on this network.....Frances Williams, the song star, whose elopement last year with Lester Clark, was among the Broadway events -- put herself back in circulation in Chicago secretly about ten days ago....As a contrast in Broadway romance -- let's chuck our congratulations to the Florenz Ziegfelds on their 18th Wedding Anniversary...Mr. Ziegfeld thought it would amuse me to know ~~that when Ed~~ and Billie Burke were married -- Broadway predicted that it wouldn't last six months.....It should make Miss Garbo happier to learn that the movie oracles in New York agreed that her performance in "Grand Hotel" is her best yet -- and that none of her confreres in that flicker, steal the honors from her at any time, as was hinted in the advance reports.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

S. S. Van Dine, the author of all those excellent mystery stories, found himself on the spot the other day.....It seems that his cook was mysteriously poisoned, and when the police urged Van Dine to offer the tiniest clue --- he confessed that he had no idea which way to start tracking the guilty one.

Tala Birrell, who is now among the Hollywood-heaven crashers, was Harleah Dietrich's understudy in the old country -- and now looka!.....Among other sad news items is that John Barrymore, whose salary used to be \$200,000 a picture, now rates a mere \$125,000.....Connie Bennett's husband, the Marquis, wears two platinum band wedding rings, according to my deputies, and Frederic March and Hooseer Chev-al-yay wear gold ones, now and then..... Mrs. Chev-al-yay, incidentally, is soloing it back to Paree..... I finally found out who is to blame for the popularity of the saxophone....He is Clyde Dawn, who started his career in 1919 with the late Art Hickman in San Francisco.....Up to that time, an authority says, no musician had ever featured the instrument -- and then Clyde had to come along.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Those of us on the papers who pick up anecdotes here and there and about all sorts of people, no matter their race or nationality, feel that our clowning with the Scotch hasn't been exaggerated.....Yesterday the New York dailies told a wild story about a fellow, who summoned the police reserves to his home -- claiming that a robbery had taken place...The cops arrived in the pronto manner, with guns drawn, and surrounded the place...Then when they questioned the alleged victim on how much was thefted -- he said: "Twenty-five cents. I put it on the dresser drawer when I went to sleep and it was gone when I got up."

And not one of the papers emphasized the fact that his name begins with Mac.

And to prove that truth is often stranger than fiction, hear these facts: A man in Boston threw his landlady out of a second story window three times when she demanded her rent -- and after the third time -- she got angry and decided to have him arrested.....At St. Joseph, Missouri, when a jury panel was drawn for the trial of Walter J. Powell and his wife, charged with murder, it contained the name of their alleged victim, John Brown, a former constabule, and a worn dollar bill which bobbed up in a Durant, Oklahoma, bank, bore the following notation: "The last of a \$100,000 fortune spent on wine, women and song."

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031641

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Here's news that puts that wisecrack "don't take any wooden money" back in the moth-balls! Out in the little town of Tenino, Washington, they actually have wooden money, put out by the Chamber of Commerce when the local bank went pfft!-- and it's as good as gold, backed by all the town's moneybags! As a matter of fact, you can buy more for those wooden dollars than you could for the round silver ones three years ago....because....today, you get more for your money!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's right, Walter -- and it's because America demands additional value for every penny that LUCKY STRIKE has come to the front as the leader among cigarettes! LUCKY STRIKE'S unequalled goodness starts with the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, mellowed for three whole years. And where ordinary cigarettes stop, LUCKY STRIKE continues to pour in smoking value with the most modern step in cigarette manufacture...the exclusive LUCKY STRIKE Process. It is this great process that brings scientifically regulated heat and mellowing Ultra Violet Rays to every shred of that delicious tobacco, and by driving out certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf, makes room for more tobacco goodness. And this process, which gives you so much more honest smoking value than any other cigarette can offer, is summed up in two words -- "IT'S TOASTED" -- the phrase that stands for the greatest cigarette value in the world today!

WALTER WINCHELL:

And now to greet the Tommy Tucker toe-ticklers in Tennessee...That's crossing those teasing T's, Tommy Tucker -- and they thought that I'd trip, too!.....Tush-tush and a tut-tut!

Meet Bubbles Barnett of Covington, Kentucky, Tucker -- and William Connor of Vancouver, B.C.

ON WITH THE TENNESSEE TEMPOS, TOMMY TUCKER! (WHISTLE)

OKAY, CHATTANOOGA!

CHATTANOOGA ANNOUNCER:

Welcome, every one, to Chattanooga, in sunny Tennessee, where Tommy Tucker and his orchestra in the Patten Hotel, swing into the dance with: (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHATTANOOGA ANNOUNCER:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet makes a fast jump from one famous spot to another -- from historic Lookout Mountain just out of Chattanooga, to the Statue of Liberty just off Winchell's Broadway (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Very well done, Tucker -- your arrangements fell on willing ears up this way You get a rest here, Tommy -- this is where I prepare my editorial.

Tonight...the 14th mass meeting of the National Political Rally -- Lucky Strike's news service to voters which has made the front pages of America's greatest daily papers, and which has fascinated millions of our citizens who are keen to get their political information straight from headquarters. Lucky Strike is completely impartial. On Tuesday nights it presents a Republican speaker. On Thursday nights -- a Democratic speaker. We give you BOTH sides -- and that's what every fair-minded voter wants! We do not know in advance what statements our guests will make until we hear them, as you do, over the air. Tonight we present Mr. Charles Michaelson, publicity director and a member of the Democratic National Committee. Where newspaper men gather, many consider Mr. Michaelson the greatest political reporter that Washington has ever known. Over a period of twenty years, he covered practically every big news story that broke in America. Charles Michaelson says he received his education in mining camps, cow camps, newspaper offices, and South American revolutions. He looks like a burly Scotchman, laughs like a well-fed Irishman, and plays bridge like a professional! So, as one newspaper man to another, I say "Glad to have you with us, Charles Michaelson, and we know you'll have plenty to tell us." Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Charles Michaelson....

(CHARLES MICHAELSON'S SPEECH)

WALTER WINCHELL:

You have just heard Mr. Charles Michaelson speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally will be Congressman Joseph L. Hooper of Michigan for the Republicans and Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland for the Democrats.

And now back to Gus Arnheim and his blazing band of buglers!.....Come on, Barbara Miller of Dedham, Massachusetts. -- and meet Harry Myers of Hastings, Michigan, and June Kennedy of Seattle.....How's that for making neighbors out of strangers?

THROW IT IN HIGH, GUS ARNHEIM! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CINCINNATI!

CINCINNATI ANNOUNCER:

From Cincinnati, Gus Arnheim and his boys continue the Lucky Strike Dance as they play -- (TITLES)

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

CINCINNATI ANNOUNCER:

Climb aboard everybody, the Magic Carpet is on its way.
Here we go (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Plenty dandy, Arnheim....That's keeping the show going at a gay clip.....Now I pilot that army of tuner-inners back to Tennessee to get another portion from our newest orchestra.

Take this oushion next to me, Frances White of Atlanta, Jo-Jah....and you take this one -- Annette Smith of Santa Anna, California!

ON WITH THE DANCE, TOMMY TUCKER! (WHISTLE) OKAY,
CHATTANOOGA!

CHATTANOOGA ANNOUNCER:

Again in Chattanooga at the Patten Hotel, where Tommy Tucker carries on with; -- (TITLES)

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CHATTANOOGA ANNOUNCER:

And now we dash back from the Tennessee River to the Hudson, from Chattanooga's Market Street to Walter Winchell's Broadway. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Grade A stuff, Tommy Tucker -- your initiation came off in splendid style, sir....Consider yourselves applauded lustily.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031646

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

This is where Pilot Winchell turns paragrapher, again.

Among other diverting characters along our Broadway is Nils T. Granlund, affectionately known by his initials -- N.T.G..... Many of you probably remember him from the days when radio was young... He was, in my opinion, one of the better messer of ceremonies...These midnights -- he confines his activities to announcing a cafe show -- where they have lots of swelegant ideas -- but they don't wear many clothes Granlund is really the Main Stem's only legitimate butter-and-egg-man, not in the slang sense -- but because he runs a farm in Jersey -- and supplies most of the night clubs with their dairy needs...It is quite a combination -- being a gentleman farmer by day, and a gay guy by night....His prize possession is the greatest address book in the world -- from which he can summon the prettiest chorus girls in the land Ziegfeld and the other producers often urge him to cast their musical show backgrounds...In fewer words, Nils is really our Merchant of Venus.

Speaking of chorus girls offers me this opportunity to remind you all that many of the lassies of the ensembles are no longer weighed in the balance and found wanton...Most of them nowadays are every inch the lady and several have such unusual side lines -- that their severest critics are stumped One of them, for example, a winsome and beautiful person, rarely joins her co-workers for an after-the-theatre spree...Like that dancer I told you about recently-- this chorus girl conducts a Bible class at an uptown Episcopal Church every Sabbath morning....Her name is Frances Mildern.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031647

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Here's a little irony for you....Josephine Baker, who used to play bits in the shows here went to Paris a few years ago where she remains an outstanding favorite....Before she left the States, Josie prevailed upon Johnny Hudgins, a dancer, to teach her the Black Bottom, which was the rage at the time.... The dance routine that Johnny taught Josie helped her considerably to achieve the success she still enjoys....And here's the reward for Johnny....Eventually, he booked to dance over there -- and he suffered his first failure in his career -- chiefly because the critics and public -- accused Johnny of pilfering Josie's dance routines!

New York's One-Eyed Connolly, or champion gate-crasher, if you prefer, is Tammany Young, of whom you've probably read....Tammany, it appears, is the chap, who crashes more opening nights without paying, than any other citizen.... He never fails to get in -- even when the town's most important men and women offer any premium for a ticket -- and are turned away for lack of room....I wondered what it was that opened doors so easily for Tammany, and I asked several managers for the answer. Most of them said that they didn't know -- but that they felt it would be "bad luck" if they turned him down....Later Tammany told me, that he started that rumor himself years ago, and it has worked ever since.

In other words, Tammany Young has seen more bad shows than you, you or you!

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (Continues)

Among other trivia that you hear in a day, includes the one about Gerald Gregory Ginzburg, a merchant, who was on the verge of a nervous breakdown....His friends warned him that overwork would lay him low -- and his doctor finally told him to take a rest and by all means -- keep his mind off business!

"Go to a ball game tomorrow," said the doctor, and then come to me and tell me how you enjoyed it -- but remember, don't think in terms of business, at any time!"

The following sundown Ginzburg ankled into his doctor's office. "Well", said the doc, "tell me how you liked the game. How many people would you say were there?"

"I dunno exactly," said Ginzy, "I should say about 300 gross!"

Now let's hop across the studio to Mr. Howard Claney, who takes care of the business end of our program.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Every town and city has them....people whose judgement we all respect! Perhaps the group in your community includes a famous judge.....a well-known manufacturer..... a noted surgeon....the president of the woman's club....and others of such high grade calibre! They do things right they are critical in their taste.....they demand the best of everything! And that, most certainly, extends to their cigarettes! Among discriminating smokers, more people favor LUCKY STRIKE than any other cigarette in the world! Why? Because "IT'S TOASTED!" Which is another way of saying that LUCKIES are more enjoyable to the taste -- FAR more enjoyable to the taste -- and far more friendly to your delicate membranes! "TOASTING" takes out certain impurities that Nature hides away in all her tobaccos. Until these undesirable parts are eliminated, you can't know the true flavor, the real richness, the full fragrance of the world's choicest tobaccos! And LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos ARE the choicest! It's easy to see why LUCKIES are the favorite cigarette of those particular, critical smokers in your community. For LUCKIES are the finest, purest, mellow-mildest cigarette that money can buy!

WALTER WINCHELL:

And now for the grand finale, Gus Arnheim, before we call it another Thursday night...I've been favoring the gals all evening, Gus, so this time get acquainted with Donald Adams of Kansas City, Kansas -- Emmett Jones of Norman, Oklahoma, and Harry Harris of Buffalo!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GUS ARNHEIM! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CINCINNATI!

CINCINNATI ANNOUNCER:

And for the Grand finale, as Walter calls it, Gus Arnheim directs his orchestra to the rhythms of: (TITLES)

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

CINCINNATI ANNOUNCER:

Now the Magic Carpet bids farewell to Cincinnati and speeds back to WALTER WINCHELL (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WINCHELL:

That was as good as gold, Gus.....I mean --- better than gold!.....Thanks for all things from the Lucky Strike tribe....I wind up the proceedings now with some of my mail.

John Hope of New Castle, Pennsylvania: It wasn't my luck to see any of the world series games last season, John....But Pepper Martin's exciting playing made just as exciting reading for me -- and I don't agree that Pepper will prove to be a flash in the pan....He's an all-around star on the diamond --- watch and see.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Art Oleson of Omaha, Nebraska: -- I ran a story about those Ubangi Savages in the column the other morning.....They are now appearing with the circus in New York.....Their morals are very high, Oleson -- and they are easily shocked at some of the antics of the allegedly civilized locals.....

Florence LeMay of Troy, New York: As far as I know the Norman Foster -- Claudette Colbert merger, is still as romantic as ever....You mustn't believe everything the boys on the papers jot down, Florence.

Ben Bernie, somewhere in America: Lissen here, you old mice-trap -- I'm wise to what you and your gang have been doing.... Some of my friends caught you fooling around a LUCKY STRIKE billboard near Ft. Wayne the other night They said you tried to black out the microphone in my hand and insert a Lily....Is that the human thing to do, you microphoney????

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And that you one-night stand player, and ladies and gentlemen -- winds up Mr. Lucky Strike's Dance Hour for tonight... On Saturday night the magic carpet will play Leap-Frog with the Rockies, again -- on the way to Los Angeles, California, and the Jimmy Grier band....And, don't forget, Mr. and Mrs. America -- next Tuesday night we again bring you that unique news feature -- the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers for the National Political Rally will be Congressman Joseph L. Hooper of Michigan, for the Republicans, and Governor Albert O. Ritchie of Maryland for the Democrats! Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day!.....Until Saturday night, at the same time, then, I remain, your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell -- who thinks that prosperity is closer to that corner -- because the song-writers have stopped writing those cheer-up songs!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

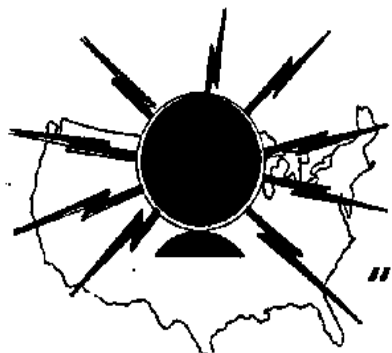
The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, Cincinnati, Ohio, Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Washington, D.C., through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/WINCHELL/RC/Chilleen
4/14/32

ATX01 0031653

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1932

(THEME SONG - One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with Vocal Refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras, also your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, of
the New York Daily Mirror, whose gossip of today, becomes the news
of tomorrow!

MR. WALTER WINCHELL!!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. United States, Canada and Honolulu! And greetings to you, Jimmy Grier and your most popular crew of melody-magicians, out there on the California coast!

Tonight, in the Coconut Grove, where Jimmy and his boys are playing, Station KFI, which is part of Mr. Lucky Strike's network, is celebrating their tenth anniversary. They tell us that ten years ago the first national remote control broadcast originated right where we're going tonight. Just ten years ago -- and now looka what the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet has been doing for the past six months.

Here we go....Mr. and Mrs. Tuner-Inner!. -- right across the continent again in the snap of the finger manner!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Here we are in Los Angeles in the famous Coconut Grove where Jimmy Grier and his Orchestra start the Lucky Strike Dance with:

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Back across the continent flashes the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet from Los Angeles and California to Walter and his Winchellingo.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Welcome back to the magic carpet, Jimmy Grier...You certainly represent my boss, Mr. Lucky Strike, in a Grade A Vogue.

You're familiar with the arrangement of the show, I'm sure, Jimmy -- you've been playing it quite a spell for us now..... This is where Mrs. Winchell's Walter delivers his first edition -- and then we go gay, again, with you, Grier!.....Stand by, please.

All that chatter recently about Sue Carol purchasing tiny garments is true -- but they are for her secretary's baby....Mabel Johnson and Fred Beetsen of the movie sector will be married on the 27th....Virginia Bruce and Robert Young are holding hands out loud... As are Maxine Cantway and Jack White and Herna Kennedy and Tom Keene... I hear that they have been having quite a time shooting some of the scenes in Ann Hardin't latest flicker, "Westward Passage"....Her husband in that movie is named Harry -- and there is a phone conversation in which Ann cries: "Harry, Harry, you cannot leave me! You are all I have in the world!"....That episode had to be taken a dozen times without result, for Ann, you know, is playing a similar drama off the screen -- and it touched her deeply.....So much so, that the company was dismissed at mid-day, and Ann sent home to have a good cry.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Vic Hansen, the Syracuse coach, and Dorothy Burns of that city, are plotting an elopement for the near future....Claire Ray, recently melted from Charles Carnevale, is now the adored of Robert Harrison -- and wedding bells are ringing in her sun-tanned ears, again....And that Cupid guy tells me that William Faversham and a Montclair heiress are also golden-band shopping.

Among other little things I never knew till last night, include these engaging facts -- That Dr. Plimpton, who invented the roller skate, got a million dollars for his patent The man who first placed a rubber tip on lead pencils received \$100,000 a year.... It was Harvey Kennedy who got two and a half million dollars for thinking up the shoe lace, and the umbrella brought six people ten million smackers.....In the late 90s a lad named Archibald Everett went broke in the stock market, and decided to desert civilization He wound up in Arorai, one of the Gilbert Islands, where they made him king...Upon his return here in 1911 he told of having two hundred or more wives, all of whom worked and made him richer..... In Siberia they sell you milk on a stick -- yes, you guessed it -- they freeze it on....The female of the speakies is noisier than the male...And that the Hall of Fame was established to perpetuate the names of worthies, but the doner's name remains unknown.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Those of you who are annoyed at the theatre by people who talk incessantly during the show, will appreciate the following squelch that took place at one of the openings the other night..... A group of talkers buzzed and buzzed during a tense scene and all the stares of their neighbors couldn't stifle their chattering.

It remained for one woman, however, to turn the trick..... She turned to those who were annoying and politely said: "I beg your pardon -- but I can't hear a word you're saying -- because of those actors on the stage."

The Friars are planning another Frolic which will go on tour this time -- and when it comes your way -- be sure and see it for genuine entertainment.....Chinning about the Friars Frolic reminds me of their last show and of a story in which George M. Cohan starred.

Mr. Cohan had closed a new and successful play out of town -- just to come to New York and help his club put over another hit....Cohan who is the club's Abbott, had written the annual affair, and naturally he wanted to see it unwind in the big-time way..... Imagine then, his annoyance, when a comedian came an hour late.... "I'm sorry, George," he alibied, "I had to break away from the swellest gal!"

"Really?" sarcastically replied Cohan, "and do you know -- I had to break away from the swellest family?"

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

You may have heard this human tale before...It came to my desk only the other day....It deals with little Jackie Cooper, one of the prime reasons why the movies have such a hold on the public... When they were making "The Champ" -- Jackie was having one of his off-days, as who hasn't?.....He just couldn't cry when they wanted him to....King Vidor, the director -- was desperate....He pleaded with the young star to open his tear-ducts, -- but his urging was futile...."I'm trying, Mr. Vidor," said Jackie, "but I don't feel like crying, I'm sorry."

The director gave up....He turned to an assistant, and asked him to do what he could with Jackie....A few moments later, the assistant went over and patted Cooper on the back in the tender manner...."Mr. Vidor is quitting this picture," said the assistant, "and he is going to tell the boss that you are a rotten actor, Jackie."

That did it....Jackie broke down and wept furiously....And that's the scene -- on the observation car platform -- that jerked at your heart.

And now I'll ask Howard Claney to hold the fort while I duck out and light a Lucky!

HOWARD CLANEY:

All of us know people who are critical....discriminating... quick to detect certain qualities! They know a good thing when they see it...taste it....and smell it. They're connoisseurs. The French have a word for them....SWAH-NYAY....and SWAH-NYAY means meticulous.... careful...particular even to the last detail. You know them -- they're the class of people which so solidly prefers LUCKIES. They're discriminating without the taste -- the flavor of their cigarette, they appreciate the choice tobaccos - the world's very finest -- that go into LUCKY STRIKE. They're careful about the delicate membranes of their throats -- so they appreciate the purity of LUCKIES! They value that secret scientific method which drives out certain impurities that Nature hides away -- deep in every tobacco leaf. The more SWAH-NYAY -- the more critical a smoker is, the more you can be certain that he or she smokes LUCKIES. For every comparison -- every test -- every experiment will reveal that LUCKIES are the finest, purest, mellow-mildest cigarette that Nature and modern Science can produce!

WALTER WINCHELL:

And now back over the States to where the stars twinkle in the daytime, too...Come on Bob Riser of Ruston, Louisiana, be my guest on the magic carpet -- and you, too, Eleanor Murphy of Rocky River, Ohio, and Amand Hansen of Tacoma, Washington!

Let's ride, America!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

The time is 7:18, the place is the Cocoanut Grove and
Jimmy Grier's tunes are: (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Again the Magic Carpet dashes over the Rockies --
eastward bound to Walter Winchell. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Well done, Grier, well done....You rate another rest,
here Jimmy, while Pilot Winchell goes into his editorials.

The Welfare of your business.....the price you pay for
everything you use....your happiness....your peace of mind...are all
tied up with the great political issues which will be fought out in
the 1932 presidential campaign! You want the facts...straight from
the leaders of the nation....and straight from the shoulder. And
that's what Lucky Strike aims to give you in its National Political
Rally -- the special news service presented on this program. We
merely act as hosts to our distinguished speakers, and -- as a good
host should be -- we are completely neutral! We believe there are
two sides to every question. We have nothing to say about what our
speakers say.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Remember, on Tuesday nights a leading Republican, and on Thursday nights a prominent Democrat! For next Tuesday night the Republican National Committee has selected Congressman Joseph L. Hooper of Michigan to be your speaker. And for next Thursday night, the Democratic National Committee has chosen Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland to address you. We are proud to perform this service for the people of America, who, in a short span of years, have made LUCKIES the favorite cigarette of the nation!

And now for another non-stop hop back to the Grier group out there in the Golden State....You ride with us this time, Bill Orrance of Sioux City, Iowa, and Peggy Crawford of Seattle....Meet R.O. Miller of Laramie, Wyoming! And then let's go gay!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Taking Walter's advice Jimmy Grier and his boys go gay with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet flies out of Los Angeles to land in its home port, right at Walter Winchell's feet. (WHISTLE)
OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

That's keeping the menu interesting, Jimmy Grier -- please thank them all for their enjoyable contribution to Mr. Lucky Strike's Dance Hour.....Stand by a bit, Jimmy -- I have my second stanza to do right here and then we salute you, again.

Here is a story that should be christened "Smart Money".... A chat with a prominent sportsman, revealed that his record for losing money is \$1,620,000 -- which he asserts he dropped in a dozen days.... Nick told me that he lost \$240,000 playing his first game of bridge... When Meusel dropped the fly that cost his team a world series -- Nick lost \$175,000....He lost \$132,000 on Dempsey when Jack fought Tunney at Philadelphia and the rest of the coin was won from him on this and that game of chance.

His bridge-game loss, however, has the most interesting ending....It was his first try at the game...It was auction-bridge at 5 cents a point....But the game got so hot it wound up being played for \$12 a point....The lad who won it from him is the brother of a well-known orchestra leader, and he hasn't gambled since. Instead he retired for life on the winnings!

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

One of the nifties that amused me comes from the Hollywood sector....In which Jeannette MacDonald supplied the retort swelegant, and it happened this way....It appears that some movie impresarios were discussing the basing of salaries on types...Thus, a butler on the screen would receive the wages of a butler in real life, and so on.

"That's okay with me, " Jeannette is supposed to have niftied, "you see -- my specialty is playing Queens'."

I trust none of you mind me talking shop -- I mean about the newspaper business...But over at one of the major news services recently, the higher-ups asked the staff to submit a list of authors whose works they would especially recommend....To make better reports out of cubs....The concensus was taken and the list was placed on the bulletin board -- and the names included Dickens, Stevenson, Chekhov and several others....But these newspapermen, in their desire to (aid [?] reports) better their standards of reporting omitted one of the greatest of them all, and I urge them to add his name to the list and chuck the other names away....I refer to O. Henry.

The mail often brings some engaging queries such as this one that came a few days ago...One listener hoped that I could tell him the origin of the mother-in-law joke....Well, that's a difficult assignment, I'll admit...I asked some of the local yokels if they knew -- and I came away with this alleged origin of the mother-in-law gag.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

One of the famous Rice Brothers who were comedians, they told me, was really devoted to his mother-in-law -- and while playing in a Southern city many seasons ago -- he received word that she had passed away....The grief-stricken actor urged the theatre manager to release him from his contract, but the manager refused...That night Mr. Rice walked onto the stage in his funny clothes, but his eyes were filled with tears...."My heart is heavy," he told the audience, "I do not feel funny, I feel awful -- my dear dear mother-in-law just died."

The robust laughter that followed his mournful speech lasted fully a minute -- and the Rice Brothers decided to keep the speech in their act, which always got a lusty laugh.

Thus, the so-called origin of the mother-in-law anecdote.

Here are some of those stranger than fiction pieces

One hour after a chap met a lovely girl at a party he proposed marriage....To his amazement, she accepted and they eloped....When her very rich father learned of the sudden marriage to the stranger, he summoned the lad...."She isn't of age and I am terribly upset," said the old gent. "I'll put a million dollars in the bank in your name if you will consent to an annulment."....The fellow agreed, but instead of squandering the easily earned million -- he started a string of hotels a few years ago -- and today, they say, that million has brought him fifteen millions.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

A similar lucky break happened to another New Yorker, but this chap was a two-timer...The fates, however, were kind to him..... He gave an heiress the swift chatter while the moon was full and she married him that night.

Her father was furious and engaged detectives to look him up....A few months later the detective reported that the man was a bigamist and that he had stranded a wife in Russia....All of which the suave groom denied, of course....He argued that his enemies were plotting to humiliate him....But the detectives went to the old country and located his wife....They brought her back here to confront him....But the two-timer's luck didn't fail him....At Cherbourg, while waddling up the gangplank -- his wife died of a heart attack.

And now that I've had my say, let's let Howard Clancy have his!

HOWARD CLANEY:

What Nature gives is one thing -- what man does with it is another!- Even Mother Nature's most bountiful gifts can be made more delicious -- can be given greater value -- by the hand of science. This is especially true of tobacco. For all tobacco leaves contain certain undesirable parts that are unfriendly to delicate membranes. Nature herself cannot remove them...ripening cannot remove them...but "TOASTING" DOES remove them! Only LUCKIES have this great scientific process. LUCKIES created it, only LUCKIES HAVE it. That's why only LUCKIES have the true, rich, purified deliciousness of the world's finest tobaccos! And so we say that when your money buys LUCKIES, you get more for your money than you can get from any other cigarette.

WALTER WINCHELL:

And now for the last of tonight's leaps back to the contagious rhythms of Master Grier and his greats.

Let's fly, Mr. Lucky Strike, right over those snow-capped Rockies into the sunny land to cry:

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Now, in that sunny land west of the Rockies, Jimmy Grier and his orchestra play: - (TITLES)

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

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

And now we speed the Magic Carpet across the broad land
of ours, from ocean to ocean, from sunset into night. (WHISTLE)
OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER WINCHELL:

That's playing a grand show, Grier -- as usual, let me
add.....I think I have just enough seconds to answer a letter or two....

Hurley G. Moore of Des Moines, Iowa: Thanks for your
letter, Hurley....Today was Charley Chaplin's birthday and tomorrow
is Mary Brian's.....The War Against Depression, which the American
Legion started, has put over a half million men back to work....I've
mentioned the Legion's part in that drive a lot, here.

E.J. Mumford of New Orleans, La. --- According to the
records, 102 people came over on the Mayflower.....Bernie denies that
his jokes were in the same cargo, by the way.

Bob Fender of Del Monte, California: -- As a matter of
fact, recent reports had Jack Gilbert worth more than a million, but
I'm not sure about his plans, Bob...

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Mrs. Anne Brown of Powell River, British Columbia -- thanks very much, Mrs. Brown...Ginger Rogers assures me that she isn't contemplating a wedding in June or even July.....Dorothy Mackaill denied that blessed event report.....Tom Mix's daughter was christened after Tom -- her name is Thomasina.....Yes, that's the same Lillian Roth who was in "The Love Parade" -- she now stars in the major movie houses here.

And that, ladies and gentlemen winds up tonight's Lucky Strike Dance Hour....Next Tuesday night the headliners will be Irving Rose and his bandmen playing from St. Louis and Coon Sanders and his Crew from Chicago....And please remember -- on Tuesday night we again bring you the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign, presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Tuesday night's speaker will be Congressman Joseph L. Hooper of Michigan for the Republicans, and on Thursday night you will hear Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland for the Democrats.... Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day....So until Tuesday night, at the same time, then, I remain, your New York Correspondent, Walter Winchell, who found out a long time ago -- that things are so quiet down in Wall Street -- that you can hear the dividends pass.

(SIGNATURE)

-17-

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLARKE:

"OF THEE I SING" from the Show "OF THEE I SING" and
"SHE DIDN'T SAY YES" from "THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" were played by
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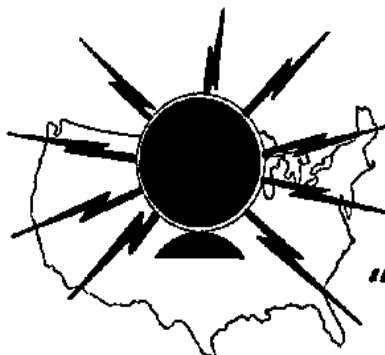
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The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, APRIL 19, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD OLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour, presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of Lucky Strike cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras from Chicago and St. Louis! We regret to announce that your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, will not be with us this evening. As a result of his untiring devotion to his many duties, Mr. Winchell has been ordered by his physician to take a much needed rest. We know that you join with us in wishing him a speedy recovery. Tonight, an able son of Broadway steps into his fellow-columnist's shoes! Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal who will pilot the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet! Millions of people are familiar with Mr. Sobol's fascinating column, which appears in more than forty important papers throughout the nation. And so, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast, let us present the skipper of the Magic Carpet, Mr. Louis Sobol!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Here's my right hand, you good old United States, and thanks for accepting it. Before I steer this Lucky Strike Magic Carpet to Chicago where Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders will hop on with us for a gay twirl through space -- and to the Jefferson Hotel at St. Louis to pick up Irving Rose and his tuneful team-mates, let's travel to the bedside of Walter Winchell and wish him speedy recovery. The Broadway that reads and the radio public which listens will miss Mrs. Winchell's energetic boy Walter, but the doctors assure us it won't be long now before he'll be back on his busily travelling feet again. As for myself, I trust from the bottom of my heart, that you'll like me one half as well as you did Mr. Winchell.

Now, let's see if I can get this Magic Carpet off to Chicago and the Coon-Saunders merry music-makers. Giddap, Magic Carpet....

ON WITH THE DANCE, COON-SAUNDERS (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

JOE SAUNDERS:

Well, well, here's the good old Magic Carpet in Chicago. We haven't seen it since we left New York. This is Joe Saunders, and Coonie and I carry on from the College Inn with -- (TITLES)

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JOE SAUNDERS:

Pile on that wonderful Magic Carpet, everybody. It originated years ago in Bagdad but there are many years of service in it yet. So here we go out of Chicago and back to Louis Sobol. (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

I love you for that -- Joe -- and you, too, Carleton. Chicago hasn't stifled the thrill of your melodious arrangements which used to thrill us back here in blase Manhattan. But hold fast, boys. Old Marse Sobol empties some of his cargo of chatter on the dear old patient public here and then we flash St. Louis and you Irving Rose.

Now, perhaps you of Chicago and St. Louis, of Buffalo and Salt Lake City, of cities south, north, west of the point from which I speak, don't know Dorothy Dell -- she's scarcely eighteen and last year was Ziegfeld's baby star in his Follies -- but the lad who's secretly courting her is known to all of you, I'll wager. I mean Jack Dempsey, who far from being disillusioned with the smashup of his second marriage is evidently eager to embark upon a third venture -- or adventure, if you care to put it that way. In the meantime, the name of his beautiful ex-wife, Estelle Taylor of the flickers, is being linked with that of sundry gentlemen but take it from me, she's still heart free. By the way, I understand, the University of Chicago has just issued a tome of philosophy authored by the late Milton Sills and to me, the most touching piece in it is a beautiful poem which Sills wrote and dedicated to "My Beloved Doris" -- Doris Kenyon, his widow, of course.

A Jean Harlowish blonde of Broadway is the widely publicized lass, Claire Ray, who not so long ago parted from the person and the wealth of Charles Carnevale, not without considerable court fuss and the resulting and perhaps not unwelcome newspaper publicity. Well, just the other day came the news that Claire and a Broadway son were preparing to elope in the pianissimo manner. Robert Harrison, is the gentleman and he admitted it to me the night before last but when being the dutiful and careful reporter that I am, I asked Claire, she shrugged two dimpled shoulders and protested vehemently that there was no truth to it.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Which reminds me that over Boston way there seems to be some confusion about the marital status of the social registered lass, Alicia Rodgers. There's a "D" in that name, those of you who are exacting. Her mama, it seems, insists Alicia is the bride of the Marchese Lorenzo Solari, but the pappy of the Marchese insists just as staunchly, 'tain't so. You probably don't care for statistics any more than I do but if you're training your son to succeed Mr. Hoover, perhaps you'd better consider first the lucrative field of cartooning and illustrating. These wires would stagger under the weight of the figures if I were to tell you what some of our leading gentlemen of the drawing pencils earn. Fellows, I mean, like Bob Ripley -- you know, the Believe It or Not genius; Percy Crosby, Skippy is his creation; Billy DeBeck, papa of Barney Google, and his anemicnags; Sidney Smith, who may try to land Andy Gump in the presidential throne; Rube Goldberg, creator of Boob McNutt and other gargoyles panned lads -- I could go on and name another dozen -- all of them earn from \$100,000 to a quarter of a million dollars a year, thanks chiefly to wide syndication. These fellows do their daily stint for newspapers and to hear them tell it, they'd rather be the children of adagio dancers. You hear less about the chaps who draw for the magazines, but did you know, for instance, that Dean Cornwall lures as much as \$1500 for his double-spreads in oil and that Henry Raleigh, conceded one of the highest-priced illustrators, pockets as much as \$1200 for a single sketch. The highest priced designer is Edwin Booth, who specializes in frontispieces and, earning close to \$100,000 a year, is another famous cover artist, Harrison Fisher, while the prolific John Held, Jr., nicks the heaviest dent in the magazine comics. When you arrive at Who's Who recognition, it's usually Rockwell Kent who does your bookplates. Another of the cover artists -- he rates from \$1,000 to \$1500 for each of his offerings -- is Joseph Leyndecker, which recalls to me the time he was sitting in a restaurant on Broadway and spotted a pretty girl at an opposite table. Hastily he sketched her features. A waiter, peering over his shoulders, snatched the picture from his hands and took it over to the girl. A few seconds later he returned and handed the artist a crumpled banknote. It was for \$5!

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

The co-starring of John and Lionel Barrymore in the flickerized version of Grand Hotel is a rare example of how well brothers can get along, even though they're in the same profession. I mean just that -- I say rare -- because you won't find it usually true of these children of the stage and screen. Charlie and Sid Chaplin are far from friendly, Ernest and David Torrence stick their tongues out at each other, Noah and Wallace Beery, fine actors both, resent being linked in the same picture, and of course, it's no secret that Victor and Leopold McLaughlin are bitter feudists. The members of the gentler sex are more compatible. Joan and Constance Bennett for instance, Norma and Connie Talmadge, Sally O'Neill and Mollie O'Day.

And now Howard Glaney has something very important to ask you?

HOWARD CLANEY:

Do YOU INHALE? We repeat: DO YOU INHALE? Why is this vital question so much avoided by other cigarettes. Ever since LUCKY STRIKE created that special process for purifying fine tobacco and told the full facts about cigarette smoking -- the industry has been in an uproar. For LUCKY STRIKE has dared to mention things that were considered taboo -- in the cigarette trade. For years generally there has been a striking avoidance of mention of the word "inhale" in cigarette advertising. Why? Goodness only knows! Because everybody inhales! Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. That's why it's all-important to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean -- to be sure you don't inhale certain impurities. Do you inhale? Only LUCKY STRIKE has dared to raise this vital question -- because it gives you the protection you want ... because certain impurities concealed even in every fine tobacco leaf are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created it. Only LUCKIES have it! "IT'S TOASTED." Your throat protection against irritation -- against cough.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, let's go, you of the North of the South, of the East and of the West -- for a quick and merry ride on this Lucky Strike Magic Carpet to gay St. Louis where Irving Rose has been waiting patiently.

ON WITH THE DANCE, IRVING ROSE (WEISTLE) OKAY, ST. LOUIS!

ST. LOUIS ANNOUNCER:

Welcome to St. Louis, Lucky Strike Dancers where Irving Rose and his orchestra here in the Jefferson Hotel, play -- (TITLES)

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ST. LOUIS ANNOUNCER:

Now we speed out of St. Louis across the Mississippi River and eastward back to Broadway and Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Grand, Irving -- and don't think I'm not sincere. I'm a musician too, Irving -- I took three lessons on a Hawaiian guitar. Hold Fast, fellow -- Coon-Saunders and their merry music makers out in Chicago are ready to burst in on us again. Zip! Quicker than a flash of lightning we're whizzing on -- and look below but don't get dizzy. There's WilkesBarre, there's Cleveland -- and there's the Great Lakes and whoa!

ON WITH THE DANCE, COON-SAUNDERS (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

JOE SAUNDERS:

Yes indeedy, we're right here in Chicago at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman where we continue the Lucky Strike Dance with: (TITLES)

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JOE SAUNDERS:

Ready! Let's go, everybody, we're leaving in a hurry. Manhattan's waiting and so is our pilot, Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Nice! Swell! Grand! Coon-Saunders, and now tell the boys to take a little rest. Ol Marse Sobol's going to have his say here.

--STATION BREAK--

ATK01 0031677

LOUIS SOBOL:

Again we present the National Political Rally, that special feature of our program that brings you red hot news and first hand statements straight from the leaders of the nation! You hear these prominent men outline their thoughts as they wish you to receive them and the subjects and points of view are their own. LUCKY STRIKE does not know in advance what statements these famous speakers will make. LUCKY STRIKE knows no party -- LUCKY STRIKE is all-American. On Tuesdays we present a leading Republican. On Thursdays, a leading Democrat. Tonight we have the honor of introducing Congressman Joseph L. Hooper of Michigan. Having served four terms in the House of Representatives, Congressman Hooper is now a member of the very important Committee on Banking and Currency, which is playing so vital a role in the affairs of the nation today! Congressman Hooper is noted for his brevity. As a young prosecuting attorney, he was trying a man accused of stealing, of all things, a buggy whip! The defendant maintained he had picked up the whip to kill a rat. When Joseph Hooper addressed the jury, he said only one word: "RATS!" The man was convicted! The longest speech the Congressman has made in the house was only twenty minutes! Into his few minutes of time tonight, we are sure he will crowd a great deal of information, and so we are pleased to present Congressman Joseph L. Hooper!

(CONGRESSMAN HOOPER'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Congressman Joseph L. Hooper of Michigan has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee.

On Thursday night, you will hear Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, who will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031678

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

The Magic Carpet -- the good, reliable Magic Carpet's waiting. Hop aboard and let's go. Over the air highways to St. Louis -- and if you're bumped occasionally, what of it? --If you're bumped high enough you'll land in the clouds over St. Louis. Are you there, Irving Rose?

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, ST. LOUIS!

ST. LOUIS ANNOUNCER:

Yes, your Magic Carpet arrived safely in St. Louis and Irving Rose and his orchestra are right here in the Jefferson Hotel where they play: (TITLES)

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ST. LOUIS ANNOUNCER:

And now, St. Louis bids the Magic Carpet farewell as it flashes from the Mississippi River to the Hudson and Louis Sobol.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Cheerio and good-luck to you, Irving and we'll be seeing you again one of these days. And you, riders of this Magic Carpet, do you mind if we come to a halt again while I speak to you, from the bottom of what they laughingly call my heart.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031679

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now I hope if Mrs. Vincent Astor is listening in, she won't object if I expose a few of her idiosyncracies. She bears, as you know, the foremost name in what we call society, in spite of which, she has never owned a tiara. She never has more than 24 guests for dinner and rarely occupies her box in the golden horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House. A shy retiring woman, she detests ostentation and usually contents herself with wearing a small, insignificant rope of pearls. Newport bores her although she owns one of the grand palaces at the snooty Rhode Island watering place. She is annoyed with fellows like Mr. Sobol when her name appears in his column. At her beck and call is a luxurious private railroad car and one of the newest, largest and costliest yachts in the world but she rarely uses the private car or the yacht and though she has a fleet of motor cars, usually drives around in an inexpensive town car which she bought back in 1928. She likes to dance but prefers the waltz to the newer, livelier catch-as-catch-can dances. She's a great granddaughter of Alvin Adams, founder of the Adams Express Company and possesses a huge private fortune. Unlike Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt and others of her fashionable group, she owns no race horses. What I like about her is that she's one of the few social leaders who has added to her staff of servants since this thing we call depression and has boosted the wages of those in her service for more than ten years. Black is her favorite color for day and evening wear and she still wears her hair in a fluffly, youthful manner.

One Manhattan night club, at least boasts this distinction, that its star entertainer is probably the only member of the British aristocracy, working in an American night rendezvous. Beatrice Lillie, I mean, of course, Lady Peel, wife of Sir Robert Peel and while there has been talk that the pair aren't as friendly as they once were, you may discount any and all rumors that they're going to separate legally. Not at this time, at any rate. I like Bee Lillie's own version to me of how she got her start on the stage.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031680

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

It seems when she was a kid of 10 back in Toronto, she spotted a combination wrist watch and handcuff in the window of a drug store and decided she must own it. In order to get it, however, the sign announced that she'd have to be the most popular girl in town -- a decision that rested upon the number of popularity votes she could obtain. So she went out and hustled for votes -- and got them -- and won the watch. In order to find time to do that, she played sick from school, day after day. "My success in acting this sick role convinced me I was destined for a stage career," she assured me.

By the way, the next time you buy a magazine from a blind newsdealer run your hand over the cover and you'll feel a series of perforations that'll probably puzzle you if you're of the puzzling kind. They stumped me, too, until I learned that it's Braille, E-R-A-I-L-L-E, which means that it is merely the name of the magazine and the price punctured in the cover in Braille code which can be read by the finger touch and so prevents blind newsdealers from being gypped.

Here's where I step aside in favor of that very important fellow from the business department, Mr. Howard Clancy.

HOWARD CLANEY:

In every city, in every country, there are certain fine shops which cater to those people who want the best of everything. The clientele of these exclusive shops are critical...discriminating... keen judges of quality. In France, such folks are called connoisseurs, and the French have a word for them - SWAN-YAY, meaning fastidious.... appreciative of the fine points...immaculate to the last detail! Every investigation we have made among this class of people reveals that more of them smoke LUCKIES than any other cigarette. For they are quick to recognize the finer quality of the expensive tobaccos we use in LUCKY STRIKE. They are quick to find that LUCKIES are so much gentler on the delicate membranes of the throat. They appreciate the benefits of that secret purifying process which removes certain undesirable impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf. The more critical, the more SWAN-YAY the smoker is...the more likely that he or she has found LUCKIES the mildest, the mellow-mildest, most enjoyable cigarette that money -- any amount of money can buy.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now for one quick hop to Chicago and the Coon-Saunders boys who have been holding fast.

ON WITH THE DANCE, COON SAUNDERS!(WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

JOE SAUNDERS:

This is Joe Saunders again and once more we swing into the dance in Chicago with these tunes: - (TITLES)

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JOE SAUNDERS:

Eastward Ho! The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet is dashing
back to land right at Louis Sobol's feet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, Joe! Thank you, Carl! And if you have time,
call me up -- and we'll smoke a LUCKY while we chat over the phone!
And that, you grand old United States and you millions of LUCKY
STRIKE Dance Hour listening-inners draws the curtain down on tonight's
program but Thursday night is just around the corner and then we'll
hop to Cleveland for Don Bestor and his band and to Jack Denny,
playing right here in my own New York.

Tonight, you heard the Honorable Joseph L. Hooper,
Congressman from Michigan, speaking under the sponsorship of the
Republican National Committee. Next Thursday night, you will hear
the Honorable Albert C. Ritchie, Governor of Maryland, speaking
under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. LUCKY
STRIKE is non-partisan -- all-American. It brings you both sides.

Until Thursday night, then, you grand public, Ol Marse
Sobol bids you good night and promises to return to pilot the Magic
Carpet again -- with or without his rubbers, depending upon the
weather. Good night, Ladies and gentlemen!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

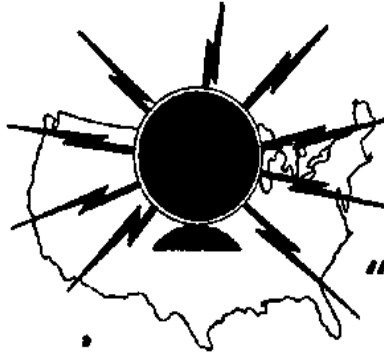
The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, St. Louis, Missouri, Chicago, Illinois, and Washington, D.C., through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
4/19/32

ATX01 0031684

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of Lucky Strike
cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras from New
York City and Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York
Evening Journal! - - -

MR. LOUIS SOBOL:

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK DENNY! (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

JACK DENNY:

[illegible]

JACK DENNY:

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

You leave me breathless, Jack! That's getting us off to a whale of a start. Now you hold fast, Jack, while Ol' Massa Sobol lays aside his Lucky, and interrupts to announce that the romance between Carl Laemmle, Junior, and Constance Cummings, she of the wide orbs and the tip-tilted nose, is packed away on ice although only the other week, we were all sure they were going to parade to the altar. The synthetically shy Greta Garbo, contrary to reports, didn't lose a single kopek in the recent Ivar Kreuger crash, but she did zlitch for pah-lenty, take it from me, in a series of investments which went kerflooie in the past six months. Maybe that's why she's going to Europe for that six months rest. The Borrah Minnevitchees filled the bassinet early Monday morning with a gal who'll carry the tag, Lydia Ellen, until she decides to change it. Borrah, you know, is the lad who conceived the idea of the harmonica orchestra which has become famous throughout the world and for a year and a half he was secretly merged to Betty Bruce, the actress, until they simply had to tell. Arthur Loew and Sally O'Neill are still laughing off the report of their rumored betrothal but the fact remains that they're inseparable these days, and Sally even went to the trouble to doll her hair up a-la-Helen Morgan the other night -- a tribute, perhaps, to the famous warbling gal who preceded her in the affections of the lad. Because of the persistency of the reports that Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes are straining at the marital leash due to the rumored attentions of George Brent, Ruth and Ralph are making it their business to appear everywhere in public together with Brent.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATK01 0031687

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

You needn't believe the yarn that Ann Harding and Harry Bannister have patched up and will share the same roof together. Their friends would like to see that happen -- but the breach, at present, is too wide. Say, that reminds me -- remember how we all snickered when John Drinkwater about a year ago burst out with a eulogistic biography of genial Carl Laemmle --- "He greased the palm of the Britisher plenty for that," we insisted. Well, maybe so, maybe so -- but what of it? I've just learned that the original John Jacob Astor hired a fairly well known scribbler to turn out a similar job for him. Washington Irving, no less. Oh yes, did you read too, that Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor had fallen into each other's arms, shed tears of repentance and gurgled sweet words of forgiveness to each other with the result that they might hop on the marital merry-go-round again! Apple-sauce! Dempsey is still courting Dorothy Dell -- by wire and long distance -- just as I reported faithfully Tuesday night.

And now, there is a question before the house...all right, Howard Clancy - you have the floor, and the microphone.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Of every man and woman - of every smoker - I would like to ask a very simple question ... do you inhale? Ladies and gentlemen, I repeat ... do you inhale?

INTERRUPTION: Why bring that up?

HOWARD CLANEY:

Why bring that up? That's exactly what the cigarette trade asks. And well may they ask, for inhaling is a subject which has been noticeably absent from cigarette advertising generally. Why? Goodness only knows! Because everybody inhales...every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws in from a cigarette. Think then how all-important it is to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean - to be very sure that you don't inhale certain impurities. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has dared to raise this vital question because it has solved the problem. It gives you the protection you want...because certain impurities concealed in even every fine tobacco leaf are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created it and only LUCKIES have it. Fifty million smokers can't be wrong. So whether you inhale knowingly or without realizing it, safeguard those delicate membranes... Your throat protection against irritation - against cough - is assured by that famous phrase - "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, all aboard the Magic Carpet. Hop on, folks -- and let's go. On to Cleveland! Where Don Bestor and his musical melodeers are waiting to greet us with their sympathetic syncopations. Come on, America!

ON WITH THE DANCE, DON BESTOR! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CLEVELAND!

CLEVELAND ANNOUNCER:

Greetings, Lucky Strike Dancers, and a handshake to you,
Louis Sobol. We welcome you all to Cleveland and to the Silver
Slipper where Don Bestor and his Orchestra play: (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CLEVELAND ANNOUNCER:

And now for the flash that sends us dashing out of
Cleveland and back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Just as I expected, Don, only the best from Bestor. Take
a little rest here, Don -- we're flying back to you again before
the evening's over. Right now, Ol' Massa Sobol will become serious
for a moment.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Ladies and gentlemen, direct from the front line trench of politics, we now bring you the National Political Rally...great leaders of both parties giving you their messages in person, so that you can be the judges in the great battle of the ballots. LUCKY STRIKE brings you this unique radio news service every Tuesday and Thursday. On Tuesday evening we present a Republican speaker under the auspices of the Republican National Committee; on Thursday a Democratic speaker sponsored by the Democratic National Committee. LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides, is not affiliated with either party.... we do not know in advance what statements these famous speakers will make to you listeners. Tonight we have the honor of bringing you Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, the famous Democratic leader and a man mentioned strongly as a candidate for the presidency of the United States. Every one knows Governor Ritchie's famous stand on prohibition. He is on the wet side, in favor of control of liquor by the States and an ardent advocator of the State's rights in all things. In his own words, Governor Ritchie stands for "A Government of law in place of a Government of men." Governor Ritchie is the only man elected to serve as Governor of his state for fifteen consecutive years. He is serving his fourth consecutive term at present, as Governor of the State of Maryland. And so it is our great pleasure to bring you tonight, this outstanding leader of the Democratic Party, Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland!

(GOVERNOR RITCHIE'S SPEECH)

ATX01 0031691

LOUIS SOBOL:

You have just heard Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally will be Mrs. Alvin T. Hert for the Republicans, and Representative Mary T. Nolan of New Jersey.

--LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT--

LOUIS SOBOL:

The Magic Carpet's on its way again. Back to Mad Manhattan and Jolly Jack Denny. You'll have to go some, Jack, to top that last musical potpourri, but you can do it, fella -- the Dennys never give up. We're on our way, right over Manhattan's skyscrapers!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK DENNY! (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

JACK DENNY:

From far above New York's swirling traffic the Magic Carpet flashed, right on to the dance floor of the Waldorf-Astoria, and while it's unloading its passengers we'll play: (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

Now for that speedy hop straight up Park Avenue and over to Fifth, where our pilot's waiting.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Dee-lic-i-ous, fella. Grand! Listen, Jack, you and your boys join America and me. We're off for another hop on this good old Lucky Strike Magic Carpet for a quick flight to Cleveland where Don Bestor and his boys have been holding fast. Over Pennsylvania and look, there's Youngstown; and ah! here we are.

ON WITH THE DANCE, DON BESTOR! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CLEVELAND!

CLEVELAND ANNOUNCER:

Yes, here you are, Louis -- right in Cleveland, where the couples are waiting to dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CLEVELAND ANNOUNCER:

Out of Cleveland and Ohio, we shoot faster than the speed of light, right back to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Oh, was that sweet --- and was that grand -- and has Don Bestor one of the best bands in the land? You tell 'em! Excuse me, please, now, while I smooth down my hair, straighten my jacket and turn to the Social Register to the name of another famous society leader. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Although she led Newport society for years, she never owned a villa there until recently and has fewer jewels than any member of her set. There was only one woman she ever feared socially - her sister, the late Mrs. Ogden Goelet. She usually wears her silvery-grey hair encased in a wide band of silver cloth. Whenever she entertains at her home, 640 Fifth Avenue, she streams a strip of red carpet across the pavement. She cares nothing for clothes -- and doesn't care who knows it -- or says it, but she has a horror of reporters and is the least photographed woman in America. She's entertained more royalty and semi-royalty than any other American hostess and has all her servants attired in maroon livery. She sends out invitations that read, "Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, at home." She only occupies her box in the golden horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House on gala occasions, rarely attends the theatre but has a fondness for movies and frequently has private showings of films in her home. She's considered a great snob by her enemies and a gracious hostess by her friends. Rarely goes to weddings unless they're in the family and dislikes long yachting trips but enjoys travelling in her private railroad car. She's exceedingly popular with those in her employ but very unpopular with tradespeople. She's "cut" if you know what I mean -- more Vanderbilts than any other New York hostess. Doesn't care for politics but likes dogs -- and has the smallest in the social ranks -- canines, that is, not pedal extremities.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031694

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

....She's one of the few hostesses who still has flunkies in attendance and is extremely regular in her church attendance but never, to my knowledge, has put her foot inside a New York night club. She thinks all newspaper cameramen ought to be turned over to the cops. She uses very little -- many times -- no makeup and frequently strolls on Fifth Avenue unrecognized by the thousands, upon thousands who are impressed by the mere mention of her name.

Did you know that the fellow who wrote all those Frank Merriwell and Dick Merriwell years -- almost a thousand years ago it seems, is still alive. His pen name was and is Burt L. Standish but he's really Gil Patten and he's a tall, broad-shouldered, white-haired, athletic-looking chap who although he writes expertly of hard sports like baseball, football, rowing, etc. -- has never seen a baseball game and devotes himself only to one sport -- chess. The spot on East 45th Street here in New York where Nathan Hale was executed is now, ironically enuf, a slaughter house, and many of those Liberty Bell souvenirs which they peddle near the mint in Philadelphia are made in Germany.

And while I have the time, let's travel down Memory Lane with a few people you all know. Maurice Chevalier's father was a house painter and when he died, Maurice's mama had to go out and scrub floors. The boy with the stiff under lip was fired from his first stage job in something called "The Concert of the Three Lions" in Paris.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031695

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Harold Lloyd's first picture job consisted of rolling down one of San Francisco's 45-degree-angle hills. When Anna LaHiff was assigned to a leading role in a high school play she asked them to bill her as Nancy Carroll. She's been Nancy Carroll ever since. Later when she took three screen tests in succession, she was told "Sorry, Miss Carroll, your face is too round," so by way of revenge she became a newspaperwoman and her first interview was with Hal Skelly with whom she was destined to co-star when the picture people finally decided that perhaps her face wasn't too round after all. Billie Burke first met Flo Ziegfeld on New Year's eve at a costume ball. Ziegfeld was dressed like a tramp but rushed out, removed his ragged costume and returned in evening dress -- to make an effective impression on her. He did -- they've been married for years. Texas Guinan was schooled at a little convent in Waco, Texas -- and the shy little girl who occupied the room opposite her was Mabel Willebrandt. Helen Morgan sang in a choir of a church at Danville, Illinois and a grocer's boy named Danny was her first love because he used to let her ride on the wagon seat while making deliveries. She became a cracker packer in the National Biscuit Company factory and later worked in the telephone company in Montreal. Chosen Miss Mount Royal, she came to Manhattan and applied for a job in the chorus of the Follies -- but they turned thumbs down on her. So she became a star instead.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Ladies and gentlemen, just as LUCKY STRIKE honestly endeavors to please you with these programs, so in that smart-looking red and green package it offers you the utmost conscientious effort to cigarette perfection...and here's Howard Olaney to tell you about it.

HOWARD OLANEY:

In your own city or town - who are the people who really set the style...who make a restaurant or a night club the smart place to go...who patronize none but the smartest shops - the people of good taste and good judgment who know and demand the best? Among this smart set in every city and town, you will find that LUCKY STRIKE is the prime favorite...for these are the people who appreciate most the exclusive qualities of LUCKY STRIKE. They relish the delicious flavor LUCKIES give them - the flavor of choice, carefully blended, mellow-mild tobaccos, gathered from the far corners of the earth! They appreciate LUCKY STRIKE'S scientific purity .. achieved by that exclusive LUCKY STRIKE process which takes out certain impurities present in all tobacco leaves. No wonder LUCKY STRIKE is so generally the choice of people who want the best - the purest and most delicious of cigarettes, with extra smoking value in every pure, fragrant puff!

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now -- back to Jack Denny -- good old patient Jack Denny with the smile that never fades.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK DENNY! (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

JACK DENNY:

And my boys and I carry on with -- (TITLES)

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JACK DENNY:

Get ready, Louis, the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet is leaving the Waldorf-Astoria for its lightning hop back to you.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thanks, Jack Denny, that's carrying on in the A-1 manner. You and Don Bestor certainly furnished us with a delightful show. I'll be hearing both of you again sometime soon, fellows.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Ah-ah--how ol' massa Sobol does carry on. Here it is with a few seconds to go -- so let that, Papa and Mama America, bring our Lucky Strike Dance Hour to an end -- for tonight. But Saturday night -- we flash, George Olsen and his bandsmen playing from New York City. And don't forget, Mr. and Mrs. America -- next Tuesday night we again bring you that unique news feature -- the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers for the National Political Rally will be Mrs. Alvin T. Hert; for the Republicans, and Representative Mary T. Norton of New Jersey for the Democrats! Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day! And so, until Saturday night, your Magic Carpet pilot, the lad of the Soboloose tongue bids you goodnight, good luck and even God bless you. Good night.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"THERE I GO DREAMING AGAIN," from "HOT CHA" and "SWEET LITTLE STRANGER" from "SMILING FACES" were played by special permission of the copyright owners.

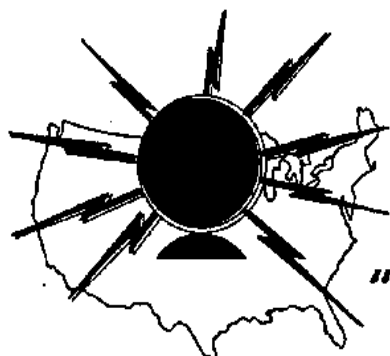
The Lucky Strike Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, Cleveland, Ohio, and Washington, D.C., through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
4/21/32

ATX01 0031699

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL:

LOUIS SOBOL:

-2-

Well, here we are again Mr. and Mrs. America with the balm of spring in the air and George Olsen and his rollicking rhythmeteers waiting right here in Manhattan while we go flying on this LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet -- from East to West and North to South, gathering millions and millions of LUCKY STRIKE dancers. So let's not delay! Get ready America, we're riding!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Good evening everybody, this is George Olsen and tonight we play first: -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet hops right back to its pilot. (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good for you, George, there's no stopping us now. Say, keed, remember what you once told me about your early years of adolescence. The cockiness and jauntiness in your step as you used to walk down the main boulevards of Portland, Oregon and stare at the sign over a certain Building -- it read "Who Moves the World" -- Olsen Of Course." -- that was your dad it meant...he ran a fleet of moving vans -- but it covers you, too, boy -- for you move me mightily with the sweet lilt of your melodies.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031701

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now hold fast, George. Ol Massa Sobol's diving into his own little specialty now. Every second counts on this program -- just as it does on a metropolitan newspaper. For instance when an important event is about to break, it's customary to have a set of headlines prepared -- thus when Edison was sinking, headlines were readied reading, Edison Dying -- Edison Dies -- etc., which reminds me of the story of the small town editor who was running for Mayor. Before the election he had two headlines prepared. One read "Elected!" The other read "Fraud." Well, there's no fraud, believe me, in the news that seeps through to me that Clara Bow, the dynamic red-head -- or is she blonde now -- I lose track of these important details -- and her stalwart bridegroom have had a terrific spiff -- and the reason is rather comical. Back here in Manhattan, some of the gossipeekers who like to put two and two together and make five insist that the Roger Wolfe Kahn's (he's the son of Banker Otto Kahn) are having a terrific case of the pouts because of young Mrs. Kahn (she was Hannah Williams) yearn to return to the stage. Young Kahn has asked me to state that not only hasn't there been a quarrel but that his bride doesn't care two whoops about warbling before the footlights again. It appears, that Jack Warner having arrived back in Brawlywood announces he's going to stand pat on his contract with Jimmy Cagney and Jimmy, just before he left here assured me just as staunchly he's going to stick to his guns and get what's coming to him so it's a merry battle and I'm taking no side bets. If by the time I tell you this Joan Bennet hasn't already been named honorary colonel of the 347th Field Artillery in Los Angeles -- she will be shortly.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031702

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

It seems the F.A. located in L.A. wants Joan as its colonel because of her S.A. -- and by the way, don't leap to rash conclusions when I tell you that Janet Gaynor is moving bag and baggage into the home of John McCormack -- take my word for it, there's no scandal -- she's simply rented the house. Say -- I like Al Jolson's explanation of why a certain famous cinemamadchen shuns autograph hounds -- there's a good reason -- she doesn't know how to write. From London, I receive an interesting tidbit. Personal checks given out by slim Eddie Windsor, Prince of Wales, are rarely cashed when made out for small amounts -- say for a pound or two. The people to whom they're issued usually have them framed.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Howard Claneey has a very important question to ask!

HOWARD CLANEY:

A very simple question, Ladies and Gentlemen -- Do you inhale? I repeat: do ... you ... inhale?

VOICE:

Say, I wonder why other cigarettes are silent on this question?

HOWARD CLANEY:

Mr. and Mrs. Smoker, and don't you wonder too? Really now -- why are other cigarettes silent on this vital question? Do you inhale? Seven out of ten people know they do. The other three inhale without realizing it. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has dared to raise this vital question...because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? Remember -- more than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. Do you inhale? Of course you do! So be careful. Safeguard your delicate membranes! For your throat protection -- against irritation -- against cough -- is assured by the famous process described by the two words "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

We're off again. Everything gives way as we hop aboard the Magic Carpet. We're vaulting through the star-lighted avenues of space! On and on and on we fly, and now --

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Unload your guest Magic Carpet -- And now all you charming people, dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Here's the way we flash from continent to continent, city to city, and from Olsen to Sobol. Ready! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL

LOUIS SOBOL:

George that's wonderful -- you and your boys sure can pour out the melodies. By the way, George, do you remember that winsome blonde lady who during the rehearsals of a Ziegfeld show used to complain to Ziggy that your music was too loud. Well, remember he told her to go to you and complain to you direct -- and she did -- and what did you do? Let me tell the folks -- you went ahead and married her. My regards to Ethel Shutta. Well, hold fast, fellow m'lad. Ol Massa Sobol feels a more serious mood coming on.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

You were right on the scene, ladies and gentlemen, when a big news story broke on Thursday evening. It came about while you attended another meeting of the National Political Rally, brought to you on this program. In his speech to you, Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland made many statements of such importance that the papers of the nation hurried them into headlines yesterday. That shows we're giving our audience what they want -- red-hot political news delivered personally by the outstanding personalities of the day. Remember, every Tuesday night we present a Republican speaker. Every Thursday night a Democratic speaker.

Next week both parties are proving their recognition of the great and constantly increasing part that American women are playing in the political life of the nation. For next Tuesday night the Republican National Committee has selected its Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, to be your speaker. And for next Thursday night, the Democratic National Committee has chosen Representative Mary T. Norton of New Jersey to address you. LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides. It believes there are two sides to every question. We do not know in advance what our speakers are going to say. Free speech is the rule for all. Our only aim is to perform for each and every citizen a timely, interesting and important service. We are proud to perform this service for the people of America, who in a short span of years have made LUCKIES the favorite cigarette of the nation.

--LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT--

ATX01 0031706

LOUIS SOBOL:

Don't stop us now, you whining winds, you brawling breezes -- the Magic Carpet halts at nothing in its mad march through the air! On to Manhattan, where George Olsen and his musical crew are waiting. Let's fly!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

That's getting here fast, Louis, so we'll start immediately with: (TITLES)

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(.....)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Look out, Louis! Here comes the Magic Carpet (WHISTLE)
OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Su-well, George! Wonderful. And now, George, I feel like exposing this Mayor of New York, Jimmy Walker. Everybody knows he dashed off that ditty, "Will You Love Me In December as You Do in May" and he's never been able to live it down but did you know, that he also wrote a mammy song long before Al Jolson started wearing out the knees of his pants. That was back in 1907 and was called "Black Jim." The chorus led off with the line, "Down de Lane Mammy's Coming with Black Jim."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

In 1906, the sentimental fella turned out something called, "Kiss All The Girls For Me" and the year before that "I Like Your Way" which piled up a sale of 100,000 copies. Then he wrote one, "After They Gathered The Hay" on the cover of which appeared the likeness of a young gal with this caption, "Introduced by the petite comedienne, Janet Allen." He married that gal.

Tonight, I've thumbed the pages of the Social Register and dug out the name of Mrs. August Belmont. She's one of the few former actresses who married into the Social Register set -- and stayed there -- she used to be, perhaps, you remember, the famous Eleanore Robson. There's no pretense about her. She uses no makeup -- and has permitted her hair to become snow-white. She wears the plainest of clothes. She and Lady Mendl -- (Lady Mendl used to be Elsie de Wolfe) are the only former actresses who have won membership in the Colony Club, New York's most exclusive feminine organization. She's now devoting all her time to securing funds to aid the unemployment situation. What I like about her is that she consistently turns down offers running up in the thousands of dollars per week to return to the stage. Cholly Knickerbocker, one of the country's leading society reporters, tells me that she has picked Katherine Cornell as her favorite actress today -- but always had the greatest admiration for the late Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. She has always declined to take part in any theatrical entertainment, claiming she put the footlights behind her when she became the wife of the late August Belmont. She's given up her great villa in Newport which she inherited from Mr. Belmont and spends her summers quietly on her farm up in the Berkshires.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

The wiseacres predicted she would strive to attain social honors after her marriage with Mr. Belmont but she snapped her fingers at the smart set -- and were they impressed! Although born in England, she rarely crosses the ocean for vacations in the Old World. She's fond of the opera but dislikes the ostentation of the Belmont box in the golden horseshoe and so she's disposed of the box and subscribed to two seats in the orchestra. Doesn't like the cinema -- or musical comedies. Her greatest stage success was in Zangwill's play, "Merely Mary Ann," and she played her last performance at the Montauk Theatre in Brooklyn in "The Dawn of Tomorrow." She announced her engagement in an unusual way. After the final curtain, she called her company together and presented Mr. Belmont, announcing she was going to marry him. Belmont smiled -- and then presented each member of the cast a check for two weeks' salary.

Now let's go up the gangplank of a famous ship, and into the smoking room with Howard Chaney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

On Tuesday morning that great ocean liner -- the Leviathan -- will raise its gangplank on her first spring trip to Europe. Aboard will be a colorful gathering of notable travellers...citizens of the world...people who have been places...people who are discriminating in their tastes! If you were to ask the chief steward of the Leviathan about the cigarettes the passengers smoke, we believe he would tell you that LUCKIES are the overwhelming favorite! Discriminating people choose LUCKIES for two reasons! First, they want the very finest, mildest of tobacco, and they get it in their LUCKY STRIKE! Second, they want a cigarette that is friendly to the delicate membranes of their throats! They have found that no other cigarette gives them the protection of LUCKY STRIKES! famous purifying process, which removes certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf -- even the mildest, the choicest! Critical smokers find that there's no other cigarette as pure, as mellow-mild, as delicious, as the one and only cigarette that's "TOASTED!" -- and that means LUCKY STRIKE.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, once again, we whirl away on this Magic Carpet to George Olsen, Here we come, George!

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And here we are, ready to play: (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN: (AFTER OLSEN'S TRAIN SIGNATURE)

The Olsen express is speeding away, but here's the wonderful Magic Carpet that beats the fastest trains in the world. (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Sweet -- and Lovely, George -- and I know that before long, you'll be perched on this Magic Carpet again for all America to hear and applaud.

Ola Massa Sobol must check out now and bring this Lucky Strike Dance program to an end -- for tonight.

I'll be back again with you Tuesday night, ready to pilot the flighty Magic Carpet again on its lightning journeys to the Anson Weeks crew in San Francisco and Al Gillette and his band in Portland, Oregon. And please remember -- on Tuesday night we again bring you the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign, presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Tuesday night's speaker will be Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, Vice-Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and on Thursday night you will hear Representative Mary T. Norton of New Jersey for the Democrats....Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day....Until Tuesday night then, the Bloated Plute of Broadway, skips merrily on his way to his favorite haunts in the hope that when he returns to you Tuesday night, he may have a few pleasant surprises for you in the way of newsy tidbits and whatnots. Good night!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"SHE DIDN'T SAY YES" from "CAT AND THE FIDDLE"; "DRUMS IN MY HEART" from "THRU THE YEARS", and "SAY" from "HOT CHA," were all played by special permission of the copyright owners.

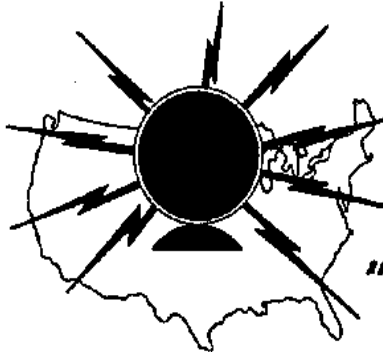
The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
4/23/32

ATX01 0031712

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1932

(THEME SONG - One Chorus of "Happy Days Are Here Again" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras, one from
San Francisco, California and one from Portland, Oregon -- and Mr.
Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL:

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening, you great big grown-ups of America! And you little Lucky children who haven't gone to bed yet! Hop on this impatient LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet! We're flying high over the Rockies to San Francisco, where Anson Weeks and his harmonious heroes are waiting to greet you with syncopatic strains! So let's zip down the Appalachian Mountains - slam across the Mississippi Valley and up over the Rockies to land at the Golden Gate with the cry -

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet flies with the speed of lightning but lands without a jerk. This is Anson Weeks talking from the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco where we'll start the dance with -- (TITLES)

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(_____)
(_____)
(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

And now -- Coast to Coast! California to Manhattan! Anson Weeks to Louis Sobol! (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A loud cheer and a huzza for you, Anson. The combined United States Fleet is just outside your door, so give my regards to all the gobs. And now, rest your dancin' feet, America, while we have an intimate chat about our great and near great neighbors. From one of my snoopy deputies in London yesterday, came a cable reporting that all is not well, as the saying goes, between the Michael Farmers -- who doesn't recall that Mrs. Michael Farmer was once Gloria Swanson? -- and still is, I presume. At any rate, they squabbled openly before a group of friends at a party -- and called each other names right out loud which is just a good old-fashioned domestic custom and probably their own business. Check off about the 15th of October on your calendar for on or about that day the pulchritudinous Helen Twelvetrees will fill a bassinet, with the wholehearted approval, of course, of her hubby, Frank Woody. They might tag the youngster, I presume, Thirteentrees and thank me for the suggestion.

By the way, isn't it true that no actress of importance in the history of the frolicking flickers -- in the past twenty years -- has had twins or better? I haven't seen any newspaper account of the recent kidnapping of Joseph Von Sternberg, the director. He was nabbed and returned within 24 hours on the payment of a \$15,000 ransom.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031715

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

You dog fanciers needn't be disturbed by this but it's a fact that before the Boxer rebellion, any Chinese, except a number of royalty, found possessing a Pekingese was subject to decapitation. Speaking of China, I've just received a letter from Shanghai -- from Robert L. Ripley, the Believe-It-Or-Not Sage, enclosing a clipping from a Hongkong paper -- in English, of course, how else would I be able to read it? -- in which a gent points woefully to the unhealthy "pedatory, parasitic ascendancy" of Hongkong's women-folk. Then follows an appeal that drastic steps be taken to return the men of Hongkong to their former state of supremacy. It amuses me to see this outburst by a Hongkong citizen, occupying two full columns on the first page, while a murder of a woman and her child is relegated to about four inches at the bottom of page 2.

Mrs. James P. Donahue, the daughter of the late Five and Ten Cent store, Frank Woolworth -- and the social registered Mrs. David Dows, who have been great pals lately, will be closer than that shortly. Mrs. Donahue's laddy boy, Woolworth, and Mrs. Dows' debutante lass, Evelyn, are carrying the flaming ember for each other with the march to the altar only a matter of time. I like the sign they have over a synagogue at Manhattan Beach here which proclaims, "Few men have ever reached heaven -- because they have made the sky the limit."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now, for a minute or so, let's travel Down Memory Lane with a few folks. Flo Ziegfeld ran away from home when he was 15 and joined Buffalo Bill's show. He did fancy shooting -- taking pot shots at glass balls and was a huge success, he thought, until his papa came along and took him home. He started the Dollies in 1907 with Leon Erroll as his first star. Fannie Brice, he snatched from a burlesque show with the tempting offer of \$75 a week. Jimmy Durante, the lad of the Schnozzola, was a professional fighter twenty-three years ago and his record was one fight -- two knockouts. He got both -- one in the ring and the other when he got home. Sophie Tucker used to work in a cafe where her salary was \$15 a week and a bonus. The bonus was a handful of coins the patrons used to throw at her -- sometimes. By the way, cruising along Broadway these nights, I'm convinced that Auctions speak louder than words.

Here's where Howard Glaney gives you the latest news on the finest cigarette you ever smoked....go ahead, Howard.

HOWARD GLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen: Do you inhale? I ask your indulgence, for I repeat Do you inhale?

VOICE: Oh, oh -- here goes the last "sacred cow" in cigarette advertising.

HOWARD OLANEY:

You are right. My friends, that is the last "sacred cow." Inhaling has long been an "untouchable," a subject "taboo" in the tobacco trade, a "sacred cow." Why? Goodness only knows, for everybody inhales, every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Do you inhale? Lucky Strike has dared to raise this vital question, for it has solved the problem because in every tobacco leaf, even the finest, the mildest, Nature hides away certain impurities which when not removed are unkind to the delicate membranes of the throat. That is why it is all important to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean, to be sure that you don't inhale certain impurities. And since, knowingly or unknowingly, we all inhale some part of the smoke from our cigarette, it is for that reason that Lucky Strike developed the great scientific process which removes certain impurities. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it. Do you inhale? Remember, more than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. So whether you inhale knowingly or unknowingly, safeguard those delicate membranes of your throat.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, for the first time, the Magic Carpet flies to Portland, Oregon! Tonight Al Gillette and his clean shaven lads of melody, make their bow to the LUCKY STRIKE Dance public! We're off to Portland in the great Northwest! That's a long way from here but we'll get there in a jiffy! Make your bow with a bang, Al Gillette!

ON WITH THE DANCE, PORTLAND! (WHISTLE) OKAY, OREGON!

AL GILLETTE:

This is Al Gillette telling you the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet has arrived in Portland, Oregon, where we swing into the dance with: (TITLES)

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AL GILLETTE:

Now, the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet, quick as a flash, makes the coast to coast hop back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

You've made the grade with us, Al. Welcome to our midst! The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet is certainly on the jump tonight! It pauses in New York only long enough for me to tell you that we're off to the coast again -- to the Golden Gate - to California, the land of sunshine -- back to the tempting rhythms of Anson Weeks' Crew!

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS!(WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ATX01 0031719

ANSON WEEKS:

This is Anson Weeks again, in San Francisco, where we're all set to play: (TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

We're eastward bound again like a streak of lightning, Here we come, Louis Sobol! (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

As usual, Anson, fine! Fine! Grab my calloused hand for that music. And don't go 'way. We'll be hearing from you later.

--STATION BREAK--

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now....The National Political Rally!

When "votes for women" was the cry, many a man said that women wouldn't use the vote even if they had it...But -- in the last presidential election, more women voted than ever before! And now, in the thick of the presidential battle of 1932, it is fitting that we bring you, in the National Political Rally, two women speakers, each a leader of her party.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Tonight we present a prominent woman member of the Republican party. On Thursday night you will hear a woman leader of the Democratic party. LUCKY STRIKE takes neither side, but presents to you both sides impartially, in this great news service. This evening, the speaker on this National Political Rally will be Mrs. Alvin T. Hert of Kentucky, Vice Chairman of the Republican National Committee, which is sponsoring tonight's address. During two presidential campaigns Mrs. Hert has been in active control of the organization of Republican women throughout the country. Although she is a typical daughter of the blue-grass State of Kentucky ... a woman of beauty and charm....she is known everywhere as one of the wisest political campaigners in her party ... the first and only woman to hold the position of Vice Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Much of the interest which American Women are now taking in politics is due to her long and intelligent effort. It gives us great pleasure to present this eminent Republican and able Political leader, Mrs. Alvin T. Hert of Kentucky.

(MRS. HERT'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Mrs. Alvin T. Hert has just spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee, of which she is Vice-Chairman.

On Thursday night you will hear Mary T. Norton, Congressman of New Jersey, who will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031721

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now for another coast-to-coast ride on the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet! Blow those whistles! Ring those bells! And clear the sky! The far North-west is waiting to give us music from Portland!

ON WITH THE DANCE, AL GILLETTE! (WHISTLE) OKAY, OREGON!

AL GILLETTE:

This is Al Gillette in Portland -- beautiful Portland in beautiful Oregon. The Lucky Strike Dance continues with: (TITLES)

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AL GILLETTE:

Portland bids you adieu now. All you fellows of the American Legion, we'll see you at your convention here next September, or sooner if you can make it. And all the rest of you, Portland will welcome you anytime. All right, Louis Sobol, take it away!
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

There you are! Good work, Al Gillette! Hope we hear from you soon again. And now, you passengers of the Magic Carpet, let's rest here by the wayside of America while your pilot, the Bloated Plute, clears his dainty throat and informs you that the reason part of one of Joan Blondell's eyebrows is snowy white is because several years ago a spider fell on her face while she was in bed and frightened her into hysterics. One of the wealthiest heiresses of the world -- she rates next to Doris Duke -- is Barbara Hutton whom I've been seeing lately in the company of Gary Cooper at night spots. But don't jump to conclusions -- it's not a romance -- the romantic moment in Gary's rather feverish life these days is a Countess -- who, by the way, will leave with Mary Pickford for the coast Thursday to spend some weeks at Pickfair.

Greta Garbo, they tell me, is really a very sick woman and my friends inform me that even after a very simple dramatic scene, she emerges in a wringing perspiration -- wringing wet. It's this nervous illness -- and not her traditional loneliness, that forces her to deny herself to people, they insist.

Here's another little story about my friend, Jimmy Durante. He goes in for loud, raucous shirts and there was one -- a brown striped affair, that he wore for months and finally he was shamed into disposing of it. So he sent it to the Salvation Army. Back it came to him two days later with this polite note, "Sorry, but we have no use for this awning."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031723

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Saturday, I believe, I discussed Mrs. August Belmont. Tonight, let me tell you about her sister-in-law -- Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont -- who has borne two of the greatest names in American society, having been Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt before marrying the late Mr. Belmont. She has built and discarded more sumptuous homes than any other New York-Newport social leader and once emerged victorious from a bitter social tilt in Newport with her then sister-in-law, the dowager Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

She is the richest member of the Belmont family today and long was interested in American politics, giving generously of her time and fortune to the campaign which won suffrage for the women of the U.S.A. She lives more or less permanently in a great French chateau which has an 8-foot wall to insure her privacy. She dislikes jewelry and has the same dressmaker today that she patronized forty years ago. She has never bobbed her hair, but wears it in the youthful pompadour manner. It was she who was responsible for leaving the entire Vanderbilt family in society. She gave a large fancy ball shortly after her marriage to Willie Vanderbilt for the Viscountess Mandeville -- mother of the present Duke of Manchester which clinched the Vanderbilt position in New York society. Mrs. Belmont was a poor, unknown southern girl from Alabama at the time of her meeting with Mr. Vanderbilt but she has lived to be acclaimed a most powerful factor in American society. She owns Marble House, a great white marble palace in Newport but she declines to occupy the place, insisting it's damp and dreary and once she offered it to the United States government as a summer white house for the Presidents of the United States. The offer was declined. Despite her more than three score and ten years, she keeps in close contact with the social activities on this side of the Atlantic.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031724

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

For years she as an intimate of Marie Dressler, the movie comedienne and was responsible for introducing Miss Dressler to society in New York and Newport.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And now a brief travelogue on tobacco by Mr. Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here's a note I've just received from Mr. Tom Terriss, the famous globe trotter who has been around the world six times - a seasoned traveler if there ever was one. "Dear Mr. Lucky Strike," writes Mr. Terriss, "you may be interested to know that I have smoked the finest of Turkish tobacco in the palace of the Sultan at Constantinople, and I have enjoyed the rare flavor of Egyptian tobacco at the dinner table of the British Resident Governor in Cairo. In fact, I've smoked more than twenty-five kinds of cigarettes blended of many unusual tobaccos. And that includes cigarettes made of the splendid leaf that is grown in our own Southland. But in none of these cigarettes, have I found milder, finer, more flavorful tobacco than I find in Lucky Strike."

Thank you, Mr. Terriss. LUCKIES are blended of thirty-seven different kinds of such choice tobaccos as you yourself have smoked in the far corners of the world. No Turkish Sultan or Virginia tobacco planter can enjoy a finer cigarette than your LUCKY STRIKE. Indeed neither can enjoy its equal - for LUCKY STRIKE combines the best of both.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, straight as the crow flies - if a crow can fly that far - but with the speed of a ray of light, the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet heads west again to land in California!

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Anson Weeks in San Francisco at the microphone only to
tell you that we'll play: (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

This is Anson Weeks inviting you all to come to San
Francisco again, and sending the famous Lucky Strike Magic Carpet
back to Louis Sobol! (WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Again thank you, Anson Weeks, and again hats off to your
delightful music. And now you millions of delightful people of the
East and the West and the South and the North, the Lucky Strike Dance
Hour has come to a close -- for a breathing spell only -- because
we'll be right back here again Thursday night when we'll dance to the
music of two great favorites -- Jack Denny in New York, and Ted Weems
in Chicago.

Tonight you heard Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, speaking under the
sponsorship of the Republican National Committee, of which she is
Vice-Chairman. Next Thursday night, you will hear Representative
Mary T. Norton of New Jersey, speaking under the auspices of the
Democratic National Committee. Lucky Strike is non-partison --
all-American. It brings you both sides.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Your next date with Lucky Strike, then, is for Thursday night and in closing may I say that Walter Winchell has safely arrived in California and is enjoying a complete rest, and on his behalf I want to thank his many well-wishers for their thousands of letters and telegrams. Good night.

cOo

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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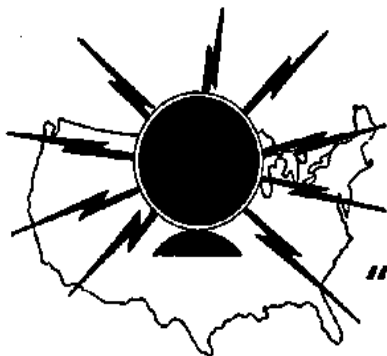
The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York City, San Francisco, California, Portland, Oregon and Washington, D.C. through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
4/26/32

ATX01 0031728

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras, one from
New York City and one from Chicago; and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New
York Evening Journal! - - -

MR. LOUIS SOBOL:

LOUIS SOBOL:

Hi! Hello! How d'ya do! And how are ya! Keep your radios on full blast! And get ready to trip the light fantastic which is only our quaint way of saying "Come on, let's dance! You can't resist it! Why? Because tonight TWO of Mr. Lucky Strike's favorite sons, - Jack Denny and Ted Weems - will keep your feet busy. Let's start in Manhattan with Jack Denny and his crew at the famous new Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Everybody ready?

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK DENNY! (WHISTLE) OKAY, WALDORF
ASTORIA!

JACK DENNY:

This is Jack Denny in the Empire Room of the Waldorf Astoria where we begin the dance with: (TITLES)

(
(
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(
(
(

JACK DENNY:

Now climb on the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet and zip "up Park Avenue to 55th and over to 5th Avenue!" and you'll be there like that! Or like this!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, Jack Denny! You will be with us again in a few minutes. Here's where Ol' Massa Sobol lulls them to sleep with the soothing soporific of his gossipy gab. You hear of the great wealth and luxury of many of the movie folk but every one is not always successful and prosperous even in the movies. Remember pretty Sigrid Holmquist who used to lure important doremi in Brawlywood before the flickers became loquacious? -- Well, she's floating around London, these days, poor gal, looking pretty sad -- and broke..... Lita Grey Chaplin, who already has drawn two years advance settlement money from the melancholy clown of the movies, has now appealed for another year's advance, claiming she's down to her last sou -- and Chaplin's lawyers have thumbed down her request thus far.

I saw a well-known society lad at one of New York's favorite rendezvous, the El Garron, shortly after I staggered out of this Studio Tuesday night -- Gene Tunney-- and watched this former king of the ring, dance daintily with Polly Lauder, his delightful frau. Tunney, I'm informed, is really serious about making one more return to the roped arena -- not from a newly inspired yen for the plaudits of the fight fans -- but because he really needs the money. He's lost heavily in investments -- mostly in foreign exchange -- and the three-quarters to a million dollars that might fall his way for a few mitt-wavings in the ring looks mighty good to him. You remember how, for a while, vague rumors seeped through that Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver were in a state of constant pouts at each other. Well, a cable from London would seem to refute that.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

I'm informed that Adolphe is a genuine success in England society, the snooty darlings of Mayfair taking to him because he's so American -- that should hand you a snicker -- and also because they're intrigued by the quaint way his wife speaks of him as Mr. Menjou and to him as "Ay-dolph." Kathrine's favorite drink has helped, too -- she fills a high brandy glass -- one of those round quart affairs -- half full of brandy and half full of champagne and have the Britishers gone for that! -- don't ask! What's this I hear about the budding romance between Mel Shauer, Adolph Zukor's nephew, and Elizabeth Goldbeck, the fan magazine writer sizzling on the Hot Stove of Romance? Which reminds me of the coryphee who boldly announced her intention of marrying an aged gent worth several million dollars. "It's a real love match," she insisted, and when her skeptical pals scoffed, she chirped, "I mean just that. When I say love, I mean love. I adore money!"

I hear Irene Dunne is planning to return to the Ziegfeld folk following the completion of her picture, "Thirteen Women" and that, although Marion Nixon has a millionaire husband and a long term Fox feature contract, her father pleaded in court he didn't have enough money to pay \$50 back alimony. I hope by this time, Buster Keaton, that you've licked those flue germs and perhaps it'll give you a chuckle to learn that Tom Mix, being sued now for \$3,500 by an artist, piped up that not only didn't he order the portrait of himself but that his mug wasn't worth any such amount. Jack Oakie's pet superstition they tell me, is sleeping thirteen in a bed.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

For a brief jaunt down Memory Lane, Lew Tellegen, once the husband of Geraldine Farrar, was a prize fighter in his youth and won a decision in the ring over the giant negro, Sam McVey, but had to quit fighting when his opponent discovered he had a "paper" face. One of his outstanding experiences, he once told me, was when he rented a room in Paris cheaply because they told him a crazy poet had committed suicide there. He learned later the crazy poet was Oscar Wilde. Ted Lewis first introduced his famous song, "When My Baby Smiles At Me" which utilizes the laughing trombone -- at Rector's in 1918. And it was Joe Frisco, the stuttering comedian, who was responsible for that high-hat with which Lewis is identified these days. Frisco, walking into Rector's one night, lifted the battered stove-pipe chapeau off the doorman's dome and slapped it on top of Lewis's head. It took Lewis two years of concentrated effort to learn to juggle that hat -- and, incidentally, it's still the same one he wears today. Maurice Chevalier while playing in Paree was notified that an American gentleman wanted to say hello to him. The gent was Douglas Fairbanks and Chevalier told me some months ago that it was because he liked Fairbanks and his ways so much and believed them to be typical of all Americans, that he first decided to come to this country. I don't imagine he's ever regretted it. Harry Richman's fondest recollection is of the time he was invited to lunch with President Calvin Coolidge at the White House. But when he arrived there, Coolidge protested apologetically that he wasn't hungry and couldn't eat a thing -- So Richman, being polite, had to forego his lunch, too.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031733

LOUIS SOBOLO: (CONTINUES)

Here's where Howard Claney gives you smokers something to think about!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen -- DO YOU INHALE?

1ST VOICE:

That's easy to answer.... "I smoke, but I don't happen to inhale!"

2ND VOICE:

You may think you don't -- but indeed you do!

HOWARD CLANEY:

And that's just it! How many hundreds of times have you heard people say, "I don't inhale!" They mean, of course, that they don't inhale consciously! for the fact is that 7 out of 10 people inhale knowingly, and the other 3 do so unknowingly. All of us breathe in some part of the smoke we draw from our cigarette! And so, all of us inhale. How important it is then to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean -- to be sure you don't inhale certain impurities! Do you inhale? Of course you do and LUCKY STRIKE has deliberately chosen to bring this much-avoided subject out into the open ... because its famous purifying process takes out certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves! LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? Remember -- more than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. Safeguard those delicate membranes! Your throat protection is assured by those two important words -- "IT'S TOASTED."

ATX01 0031734

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, Papa and Mama America, were off on a whirl through space on this Lucky Strike Magic Carpet. West-ward bound. On and on to cheery Chicago where Ted Weems and his Weemsical Musical Wonders are primed to sound off their Message of Magical Melodies.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED WEEMS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

This is Ted Weems greeting you from Chicago. Grab your partners and dance to -- (TITLES)

(
(
(
(
(

TED WEEMS:

And now, the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet shoots from Chicago back to Broadway and Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Ted Weems, I bow my head in shame, but honestly this is the first time I, personally, have heard you on the air -- and let me tell you I missed something and I mean that. No wonder your orchestra is such a favorite. But hold fast, fella, the Magic Carpet's taking off again! Whoops! A short jump in Mirthful Manhattan to Jack Denny!

ON WITH THE DANCE! (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

And the dance goes on at the Waldorf Astoria with -(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

We leave the Waldorf now. Hey, there, Doorman! Open wide the doors! Here comes the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

As Walter O'Keefe says, Jack, those were as toothsome and tempting a trio of tidbits as ever these eager ears have enjoyed. I mean, if you must know, it was swellicious. Hold fast, boy - we're coming back to you soon.

---STATION BREAK---

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now another session of the National Political Rally -- another news flash from the Nation's Capital, delivered to you personally by a leading political figure of the day, Mrs. Mary T. Norton, Congresswoman of New Jersey. We are as curious and as anxious as you to know what our distinguished speaker will say tonight, but we can't tell you - because we never know in advance what our famous guests on this program are going to say.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031736

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Free speech and fairness to all are the only two rules on this program. On Tuesday nights we present a Republican speaker. On Thursday nights we present a Democratic speaker. We take no sides. (PAUSE) Woman's place may be in the home, but there's also a place for her in politics, as proven by the career of Congresswoman Mary T. Norton, whose success in political life is revealed by the fact that she is now serving her fourth term in Congress. Mrs. Norton was the first woman ever named Chairman of a Legislative Committee in the history of the country. As head of the important Committee of the District of Columbia, she is known as the "Mayor of Washington." And so it is a great pleasure to introduce that able orator and successful political leader, Congresswoman Mary T. Norton of New Jersey.

(MRS. NORTON'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

You have heard Mrs. Mary T. Norton, Congresswoman of New Jersey, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally will be Governor James Rolph of California, for the Republicans, and _____ for the Democrats.

And now, westward ho! Hop on, you hi-flyin' passengairs, the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet's off with a swish and a swoop! And look! I'm dizzy from the speed of it all, but here we are circling over the Loop of the Windy City and back to Ted Weems.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED WEEMS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

And now from the heart of Chicago's great south side,
comes music - music known by the titles: -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WEEMS:

Ted Weems, again, in Chicago, giving the Lucky Strike Magic
Carpet a fast start back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOLO:

Thank you, Ted Weems. -- That - if you ask me - and even
if you don't -- is MUSIC! Now, if you'll hold fast while the
Magic Carpet rests, your pilot, Ol Massa Sobol will pour out his
warped soul again. Now that the link between Tom Gallery and Zazu
Pitts is definitely severed, Hollywood seems to believe that Madge
Evans will succeed her although I had the idea that Madge's heartburn
was a certain pretty well-known New York lad. By the way, Natacha
Rambova, Rudolph Valentino's widow, bobbed up at Majorca over the
other side recently (gold turban, long earrings, white face, scarlet
lips and all) and demonstrated her business ingenuity by buying
8,000 pairs of shoes -- the Majorcans make grand shoes -- at 50 cents
a pair, which she confided to friends of mine in London that she was
going to take to Hollywood to sell at the low price of \$3 a pair.

(MR. SOBOLO CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

I met Helen Costello last night -- she's the ex-Mrs. Lowell Sherman -- and she looked mighty pretty and happy but asked me to deny vigorously the report that she was involved in a romance with Harold Haas of Manhattan -- or with any other gentleman for that matter. Just a heart free gal at this moment, she insists.

Mrs. John R. Drexel, Senior, I am sure you will be glad to hear of her, is the only member of international society who scorns all other gems in favor of turquoise jewelry. She has completely burned her social bridges behind her as far as America is concerned and prefers the life in Paris where she is one of the leaders of the American set. Years ago, society pages bubbled with her activities at the time she sought to be identified with the four acknowledged social leaders, Mrs. Oliver H.P. Belmont, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and Mrs. Ogden Mills. It was she who was responsible for establishing the Drexel name as something to contend with in New York and Newport social circles and she used to devote her vast income from the Drexel millions to lavish entertainments. She was formerly Alice Troth of Philadelphia. During the season, she entertains every Sunday night at the same table at the Fitz in Paris, never having more than twelve guests on the theory that a large party produces vague general conversation -- two vague and too general to be interesting. As I've said, she lives in Paris and the mansion she occupies was once owned and redecorated by Mrs. Jay O'Brien -- whose present husband was at one time the husband of Mae Murray.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Here's news that startled Broadway t'other p.m. Just as the hardened critics had declared the theatre season just about dead and gone, word flashed along the Main Stem that a hit show had arrived.... "Another Language," it's called -- you should have heard that first night crowd give it a hand!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Amid all the glamor, the flare and excitement of a Broadway first night...as that colorful audience streams into the lobby between acts, you'll see brilliant gowns, jewels, smart and distinguished men and women....there's a hubbub of voices -- critics in fierce arguments...leaders of finance, of industry, of fashion -- all lighting cigarettes in the short time between curtains. And you'll notice, as cigarettes are passed around in this gay and colorful crowd, that there's one great favorite -- LUCKY STRIKE. It's natural -- for these are people of instinctive good taste and critical judgment. They relish the flavor and aroma of that exclusive blend of fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos that LUCKY STRIKE Affords, and they appreciate the extra deliciousness -- the scientific purity -- that is imparted by that famous LUCKY STRIKE process, which removes certain impurities in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves! "IT'S TOASTED," and so those fine, expensive tobaccos are made even more delicious, even more mellow-mild. No wonder LUCKY STRIKE is the outstanding choice of critical and exacting smokers everywhere!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Back in gay, giddy Manhattan again we linger on the Magic Carpet, awaiting the strains of Jack Denny's melting melodies.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JACK DENNY! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JACK DENNY:

We invite you to join all the dancers in the Empire Room at the Waldorf, as we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

On the radio baseball diamond the lineup calls for Jack Denny, pitching, and Louis Sobol behind the plate. Ready, Louie, here it comes!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A whirlwind finish, that Jack, and on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Coast to Coast, I thank you and trust we'll hear from you again in the near future.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOLO: (CONTINUES)

All you collegiate people will be interested to know that on Saturday night we'll have the music of Eddie Nybower and his Harmony Kings from the Athens Club where a dance follows the great track meet at Des Moines, Iowa, which attracts the country's leading athletes and which is famously known as the Drake Relays. This will be coupled with the stirring tempos of Joe Moss' orchestra in New York. And don't forget, Mr. and Mrs. America -- next Tuesday night we again bring you that unique news feature -- the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers for the National Political Rally will be Governor James Rolph of California, for the Republicans, and _____ for the Democrats! Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day!

And now another sparkling Lucky Strike Dance Hour has come to an end -- but the curtain rises again promptly at 10 o'clock Saturday night at which time Ol Massa Sobol, cleanly shaven and perhaps attired in his new spring suit and high hat will return to pilot the Magic Carpet again, which reminds me that people who wear high hats seem to forget that most high hats are collapsible. Until Saturday night, then, good night.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY

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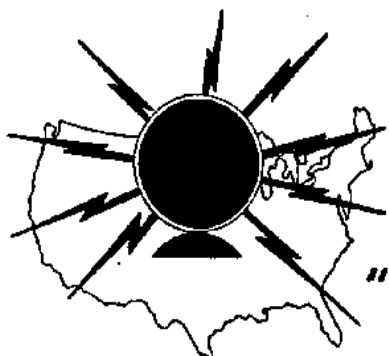
The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York
City, Chicago, Illinois, and Washington, D.C., through the facilities
of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen/RC
4/28/32

RTX01 0031743

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEAF and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1932

(THEME SONG -- "One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras, one from
New York City and one from Des Moines, Iowa; and Mr. Louis Sobol
of the New York Evening Journal! ---

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Ladies and gentlemen of America -- come on all, drag your dancing shoes out of the closet and prepare to annoy your neighbors, for tonight the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour brings you two superb dance orchestras: Joe Moss and his Musical Mossqueteers in Modest Manhattan -- and Eddie Nybower and his royal Harmony Kings out in Des Moines, Iowa. Grab your partners, ladies and gentlemen -- all to the center -- get set and LET'S Go Gay!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

Good evening, every one, we start the LUCKY STRIKE Dance with -- (TITLES)

(
(
(
(
(

JOE MOSS:

Get ready, Louis, here comes the Magic Carpet --
(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

You're a Moss who gathers no Stones, Joe, to put it in my own naive way, but while you're pondering over that, consider the devastated feelings of Earl Carroll as he learns that Flo Ziegfeld's revived "Showboat" moves into the theatre that until recently, bore his -- Carroll's name -- the theatre of his dreams -- the theatre that was to have been a permanent monument testifying that the Carroll name and Carroll ambitions had meant something on Broadway. The irony is, of course, that it had to be Ziegfeld, his bitter rival, who now moves into what is considered one of the most beautiful play houses of the legitimate stage. There's drama for you!

Richard Barthlemess who voluntarily took a drastic salary cut on his two years' contract with Warner Brothers may be thrilled to learn that his former wife, Mary Hay, once a film actress of no little merit, has turned song writer and is selling her songs.

Over in England, they're calling a certain Captain -- he's married to one of the two richest girls in England -- her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten being the other ---- to repeat, they're calling him the "Man Who Wouldn't Take a Hint" because in spite of repeated rebuffs he persisted in running for Parliament and was finally nominated a few nights ago by 93 votes against 86. The resentment against him is based chiefly on rumors that he lacked heroism during the world war, that he made love to many women -- and that a beautiful American society woman killed herself for love of him.

L. Wolfe Gilbert, the famous songwriter has stirred up quite a controversy because of his recent letter to me which I printed in my column in which he credits himself with the lyric of the popular tourist song, "Mama Don't Want No Peas An' Rice an' Cocoanut Oil."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031746

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

A number of letters from Nassau insist that that ditty has been a folk song in the Bahamas for years -- although it originated in Jamaica. On the other hand, I have a copy of the song sheet which distinctly states that it is the song-hit jingle of the Bahamas -- and knowing Wolfie Gilbert as I do for an honest craftsman, I have an idea that he assembled the jingles, polished them, wrote new verses, and never intended to have people think otherwise. It's all a tempest in a teapot anyway to a fellow like me who sings in one note only.

Game little Lila Lee -- plucky little Lila -- is still a pretty sick girl but insists upon working. However, on the orders of physicians, she is now taking long rests after each picture to prevent a recurrence of her recent ailment.

Boris Karloff, (you know the fellow who took the part of the Frankenstein monster) -- spends five hours daily making up as a man with a broken neck, they tell me. A waste of time, if you ask me, because I know certain gents around Broadway who guarantee they'll break my neck the second they meet me.

Out here in Manhattan, Billy Minsky has girded his loins to fight single handed the business men and producers and clergymen who protest that his burlesque enterprises aren't helping to elevate the tone of the Broadway terrain nor for that matter the minds of those who witness the antics of his undraped gals. Minsky is a colorful character -- a former newspaper man whose first assignment on the now defunct Morning World was to interview the late J.P. Morgan. He finally got into the financial titan's inner office and even had Morgan say hello to him after which the financier said, "Excuse me for moment, I'll be right back. Minsky waited for hours but Morgan never returned.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031747

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

It was Minsky, too, who working on the notorious Whitmore murder case together with Winnie Sheehan, solved the mystery by tracing a label on an overcoat near the scene of the murder.

Al Woods who made a fortune producing melodramas and then lost it all promises to come back to the producing fold again next season. He once told me an interesting incident. A fellow, named Joe Williams, came into his office one day with a play which he insisted was just built for Marjorie Rambeau. Woods read it -- and agreed -- and then urged Margie to read it. She returned it the following day with the caustic comment that it was the worst play she'd ever read and wouldn't play in it if she starved. So the property passed into other hands and an unknown little girl took the leading role. The play was "Rain" and it made the late Jeanne Eagels.

I bump into Gus Edwards a lot these days and nights -- a stouter, more placid Gus than the chap who was fired by Joe Weber and Lew Fields years ago and went out on his own and produced a vaudeville act with a bunch of kids whom he picked out of alleyways and hallways and out of their mamma's arms. Among those kids were George Jessel, Bert Wheeler, Georgie Price, Groucho Marx, Lila Lee, Helen and Grace Menken, and Eddie Cantor. Gus wrote "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" for Lillian Lorraine and composed the famous Democratic theme song, "Tammany," turning the song out in collaboration with Vincent Bryan in thirty minutes during a smoker given by the National Democratic Club.

FIRST VOICE:

Will you have a LUCKY?

SECOND VOICE:

Certainly - Thanks. (MATCH STRIKES, PAUSE, SOUND OF EXHALE)

FIRST VOICE:

Say, you surely take in a big mouthful! Do you inhale?

SECOND VOICE:

Of course, I inhale - don't you?

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's typical, my friends...wherever smokers gather - sooner or later up pops the question "Do you inhale?" And when you stop to think a moment - of course you do - you know you inhale! Every smoker inhales - knowingly or unknowingly - for every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. And since you do inhale, think how important it is for your cigarette smoke to be pure and clean. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has dared to raise this subject so much avoided by the cigarette trade because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! -- So we say: safeguard your delicate membranes -- LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED!"

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, hop on the Magic Carpet and let's whiz away with a bang over Buffalo. There's turbulent Lake Erie below -- and look, Chicago looms in and out of sight -- and whoops -- here we are at our landing spot, Des Moines, Iowa. Welcome to the LUCKY STRIKE dance fold, Eddie Nybower and your boys.

ON WITH THE DANCE, EDDIE NYBOWER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, DES MOINES!

DES MOINES ANNOUNCER:

Here we are in Des Moines at the Athens Athletic Club -- where tonight the leading collegiate athletes of the mid-west are attending this dance, after a strenuous day at the Drake relays. Come on Eddie Nybower, salute them with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

DES MOINES ANNOUNCER:

And now we start the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet flying eastward to Louis Sobol --

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, Eddie, and shake the hands of all the star athletes there with you tonight. I hear the track meet today was a terrific success. But hold fast now, fella, we'll pick you up a little later.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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MR. SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

Just 143 years ago today -- on April 30, 1789 -- George Washington was inaugurated as first President of the United States. And today, we are in the thick of the great political campaign to decide who will be the next President. In every state in the Union, politics is in the air...the battle between two historic parties is on! And in the midst of this campaign LUCKY STRIKE brings you, every Tuesday and Thursday, the National Political Rally....both sides of the important questions of the day presented by the great leaders of both parties. On Tuesday night, this special news service offers you a Republican speaker, sponsored by the Republican National Committee....and every Thursday, a Democratic speaker, under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next Tuesday night you will hear from one of the outstanding Republicans of the West, Congressman Arthur M. Free, from President Hoover's home district in California. And next Thursday evening, the Democratic National Committee has chosen Congressman John McDuffie of Alabama, Democratic whip of the House of Representatives and Chairman of the Special Economy Committee. Remember, in these National Political Rallies, LUCKY STRIKE gives you both sides -- for LUCKY STRIKE belongs to all America!

--STATION BREAK--

LOUIS SOBEL:

The Magic Carpet's sailing back to Manhattan again where Joe Moss and his Melodious Moss-lems are tuning up. Swish-h! And here we are.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE LOSS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

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JOE MOSS:

Fine, Louis! That's getting here in the speedy manner --
now we'll play: -- (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

Now we send the Magic Carpet shooting right back to its
pilot -- (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Okay, again, Joe Moss -- trust you not to let us down.
Now you grand and patient public, would it annoy you to learn that
the chimpanzee which Gary Cooper brought back from Africa and for
which he engaged a special room in Hollywood -- is named Tallullah,
after Tallullah Bankhead, something, I imagine which won't strike
her as particularly amusing.

Beau Broadway points to the irony of the fact that just
as the Zasu Pitts-Tom Gallery divorce crashed into the news prints,
the Saturday Evening Post carried a yarn, stressing the happy home
life of the Gallerys. This has been a distressing season for the
fly-by-night producers around Manhattan who heretofore, were always
successful in seducing a bankroll from some susceptible business man.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

"Angels" we call them in our Broadway parlance and one of the standing quips around this section was that a Theatrical Angel is known by the COMPANIES he keeps. Despite his papa's edict, Carl Laemmle Junior is wooing Constance Cummings again and while it has nothing whatever to do with the romance, I'm rather amused by Robby Jones pet and perhaps only pun -- you know the one about the golf professional's daughter who became a laundress and starved to death because her pappy warned her never to press with her irons. Silly isn't it -- but it's grand to be silly these days and I'm all for it. And by the way, I've been receiving hundreds of letters since becoming pilot of the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet and am honestly endeavoring to answer each and every one of you but in the meantime let me tell Katherine Harrison of Richmond, Virginia that what I said was this: Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, annoyed at the reports that they are breaking up because of the attentions of George Brent were now being seen everywhere together -- with George Brent as the third number of their party. To Mrs. Mabel S. Whitbeck, Craryville, New York -- the name is spelled S-O-B-O-L and I don't sell gas. I didn't say Greta Garbo received back the money she had invested in Ivar Kreuger enterprises -- I said she lost no money in those enterprises. To George Murphy, Detroit -- Whoever told you Joan Crawford had a glass eye is cah-razy. They're perfect, irremovable orbs -- and I mean perfect. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Clark Lake Highlands, California -- I blush and thank you and will do what you request.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson is the only living child of that greatest of American social leaders, the late Mrs. William Astor. She lives in a handsome stone mansion in 64th Street near 5th Avenue but rarely entertains there. She's never taken her social position seriously notwithstanding that she is the sister-in-law of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and the aunt of the Duchess of Roxburghe (pronounced rocksburr). She cares little for the dictates of Fashion and frequently wears her evening gowns for three seasons, a fact which should interest all American husbands. She is never photographed for publication. She owns many blocks of New York real estate and endeavors to keep in personal contact with most of her tenants. A shrewd business woman, she has increased her vast inheritance many times due to her sagacity in personally administering her fortune, and due to the loyalty of her employees, stimulated by her fair and generous treatment of them. Her views are in direct contrast with those of her late mother who ruled society with an iron hand and who established the "400."

You don't hear much lately of that famous gate crasher one-eyed Connolly --too many other eager gentlemen have stolen the thunder away from him. One famous story they tell of Connolly is of the time he was acting as an agent for a famous sporting goods company, but true to his creed, rode on in a freight car. He was plucked from the freight car by the gendarmes and deposited in the Illinois state lockup at Joliet. The following day he bade the warden farewell and a day later the sporting goods company received this message from him. "Stopped off at the state prison overnight and signed up the warden for the prison team's baseball uniforms. Measurements being forwarded by special delivery. Connolly."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

And now, all you folks from Salem, Massachusettes to Salem, Oregon -- here's Howard Claney with a message for every one of you!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Where's the smartest place to go in your town - the exclusive restaurant - the favorite night club - the smart set's gathering place? In New York, one of the smartest rendezvous is the exclusive River Club on the fashionable East Side. There, amid the hum of voices ... the flash of jewels and the brilliance of the latest Paris gowns...as the gay and colorful younger set dines and dances...you'll notice that when cigarettes are called for, it's almost always LUCKY STRIKE - just as it is in the smartest rendezvous in your community. People of fine judgment - of culture and instinctive good taste everywhere - are the ones who appreciate most the exclusive qualities of your LUCKY STRIKE. That delicious blend of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos - that scientific purity and extra delicious goodness imparted by the famous LUCKY STRIKE Process - these distinctive qualities have won millions of discriminating smokers! "IT'S TOASTED" - that means finer flavor - and it means that certain impurities hidden in even the finest tobacco leaves have been removed. "IT'S TOASTED" - that's why those smart and cultured people who demand the best, always insist on LUCKY STRIKE - the purest and most delicious of cigarettes!

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now the Magic Carpet whirls us off to Iowa and to Eddie Nybower again. Climb aboard, you millions of grand people. I'm going to let 'er ride!

ON WITH THE DANCE, EDDIE! (WHISTLE) OKAY, DES MOINES!

DES MOINES ANNOUNCER:

Once again the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet makes a safe landing in the Athens Athletic Club, where Eddie Nybower and his orchestra are ready to play: -- (TITLES)

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DES MOINES ANNOUNCER:

Des Moines bids farewell to all of you LUCKY STRIKE Dancers. It's been a great day here -- we've seen the famous Drake relays and we've welcomed the wonderful LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet! And now we speed it back to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you and good night, Des Moines and Eddie Nybower. And now the Magic Carpet dashes madly off again -- back to Manhattan and --

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

And we're ready and waiting Louis, to play: -- (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

Now, it's your turn to get ready, Louis, because we're hopping right over to you --

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thanks, Joe Moss! And that, my friends -- and my relatives -- of the good Old Youessay, Honolulu and Canada, spells finis to another LUCKY STRIKE Dance Program. Take care of yourselves over the weekend and don't run short of LUCKIES -- Ol Massa Sobol will be back on Tuesday night to pilot the Magic Carpet to California to hear Jimmy Grier in Los Angeles and Ted Fiorito in Culver City. And please remember -- on Tuesday night we again bring you the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign, presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Tuesday night's speaker will be Congressman Arthur M. Free from President Hoover's home district in California for the Republicans and on Thursday night you will hear Congressman John McDuffie of Alabama for the Democrats....Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day.....

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Until Tuesday night then, when I return to you - Good
Night! I am now leaving the studio with my carton of LUCKIES under
my arm.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"YOU CAN MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES" from "HOT CHA",
"WHO" from "SUNNY", and "MONA LISA" from "BOW BELLS" were all played
by special permission of the copyright owners.

The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to you from New York
City and Des Moines, Iowa, through the facilities of the National
Broadcasting Company.

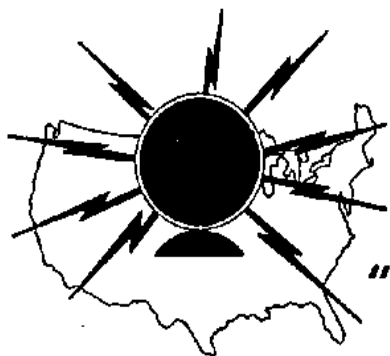
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MAY

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEA and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1932

(THEME SONG --- "One Chorus Of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with
vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras from
California and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A topping good evening to you, America's grandest air public. We're going to do some fast and snappy travelling tonight on the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet, hovering chiefly around the sun-kissed and caressed slopes of the California Coast where our genial friends Jimmy Grier in Los Angeles and Ted Fiorito in Culver City await the signal to go. And how' they'll go! -- and how your dancing feet will go, as they sound out their mellow melodies. Get set now, you dancing folk, from Coast to Coast. We're at our first landing depot -- Los Angeles and Jimmy Grier.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

We're in Los Angeles, at the Cocoanut Grove, where Jimmy Grier and his boys swing into the dance with -- (TITLES)

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LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

And now we flash across the continent on the good old LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet from the Golden State of California to Broadway and Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Let's smoke a Lucky on that, Jimmy, for take it from me you've found the Key to our hearts and now hold fast, pal- Ol Massa Sobol, in his typically boyish way, must bare his naive but slightly waspish soul.

Well, June Collyer and Stuart Erwin will be ready to receive your congratulations sometime in August when their bassinet will have a new tenant. Incidentally, since apparently the women of American are beginning to look toward Hollywood instead of Patee for their fashions these days, it might interest you to learn that Janet Gaynor bobbed her hair for the first time the other day and that others of the picture colony who had their looks sheared were Joan Marsh, Myrna Loy, and Mary Carlisle, indicating that the long hair idea is drooping again.

An interesting figure here in Manhattan's so-called society and Broadway life is Tommy Manville, Jr. -- heir to plenty millions. Well, Tommy (he's of the clan which made its millions in asbestos) is a susceptible swain -- the kind who prefers blondes and for the past six months, the thump in his heart has been the petite ex-Follies and Guinan gal, Norma Taylor. They were going to be married three months ago and something happened and Norma went to Havana. When she came back, they patched up and I duly reported again in my column that the pair were twosomeing. Well, it's my sad duty to report for the second time that Tommy Manville and Norma Taylor are going their separate ways again and the little blonde Norma doesn't seem to be perturbed that again she's stepped out of potential millions.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

After years of separation, Aileen Pringle has finally decided to legally sever the tie that binds her to Matt Moore, the Cinemarogue and I understand that Mary Brian whose name was erroneously linked with that of Ken Murray, the vaudeville comedian, is back on ogling terms again with the effervescent Jack Oakie. One of the things, picture studios have to contend with is what to do in the event they lose permanently or temporarily the services of their stars. As a preparedness move, RKO, for instance, has a girl named Julia Hayden whom, it's grooming to step into Ann Harding's shoes in the event the Harding name has been blasted because of the pending divorce. Warner's have a girl named Gloria Shea who's on the Joan Blondell type and will step in in the event Joan squawks again about her contract. It also has Bette Davis to do the roles originally intended for Marion Marsh and planned to fit her into them in the event Marion who has been very ill was unable to return to work. Now that Marsh has been released Bette is getting the assignment. At Paramount, they have a good-looking young fellow named Randolph Scott as a sort of Damocles sword to swing over Gary Cooper's head. In other words, the curtain must always go up -- the king or queen is dead -- long live the king or queen. Incidentally trying to keep up with these marriages and divorces of present day stage and society folks reminds me that Earl Carroll once quipped that the modern girl regards the wedding bell as just another dinner gong.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

After years of separation, Aileen Pringle has finally decided to legally sever the tie that binds her to Matt Moore, the Cinemarogue and I understand that Mary Brian whose name was erroneously linked with that of Ken Murray, the vaudeville comedian, is back on ogling terms again with the effervescent Jack Oakie. One of the things, picture studios have to contend with is what to do in the event they lose permanently or temporarily the services of their stars. As a preparedness move, RKO, for instance, has a girl named Julia Hayden whom, it's grooming to step into Ann Harding's shoes in the event the Harding name has been blasted because of the pending divorce. Warner's have a girl named Gloria Shea who's on the Joan Blondell type and will step in in the event Joan squawks again about her contract. It also has Bette Davis to do the roles originally intended for Marion Marsh and planned to fit her into them in the event Marion who has been very ill was unable to return to work. Now that Marsh has been released Bette is getting the assignment. At Paramount, they have a good-looking young fellow named Randolph Scott as a sort of Damocles sword to swing over Gary Cooper's head. In other words, the curtain must always go up -- the king or queen is dead -- long live the king or queen. Incidentally trying to keep up with these marriages and divorces of present day stage and society folks reminds me that Earl Carroll once quipped that the modern girl regards the wedding bell as just another dinner gong.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen: Ever since LUCKY STRIKE created that special process for purifying fine tobaccos and told the full facts about cigarette smoking - the industry has been in an uproar. For LUCKY STRIKE has dared to mention things that were considered taboo in the cigarette trade. You may have noticed a striking avoidance generally of the word "inhale" in cigarette advertising. Well, today in most of America's leading newspapers, a startling question has greeted American smokers....do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has dared to ask -- do you inhale?

VOICE:

I'll say it's daring....and I wonder why this vital question is so much avoided by other cigarettes.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Why? Goodness only knows! For everybody inhales - knowingly or unknowingly. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. That's why it's all-important to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean - to be sure you don't inhale certain impurities. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has chosen to raise this vital question - for it gives you the protection you want.... because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it!

LOUIS SOBEL:

You know if I were to tell you the titles of all the songs that Ted Fiorito has written, I'd be talking so long we wouldn't have time to hear his orchestra play but I think I should take you down Memory Lane and remind you that Ted has written many big nation-wide hits, as "Charley My Boy," "No, No, Nora," "After You've Gone," "Laugh Clown Laugh" and "King For A Day." You've probably sung his songs! Now dance to his music!

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO!(WHISTLE) OKAY, CULVER CITY!

CULVER CITY ANNOUNCER:

Welcome to Culver City, all you Lucky Strike Dancers. You're guests at the Frolics Cafe where Ted Fiorito and his orchestra will play -- (TITLES)

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CULVER CITY ANNOUNCER:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet is eastward bound from California back to the Atlantic Coast and Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A shake of the hand to you and the boys, Ted, and hold fast now while the restless "Magic Carpet" takes off again -- for California, but this time to Los Angeles and Jimmy Grier and his Orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Jimmy Grier and his orchestra carry on with -- (TITLES)

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LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Cross-continent again goes the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet -- back to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Fine, Jimmy Grier, take a rest now. We'll hop back to you a little later.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And now we dart into the political fray...right into the midst of one of the most important battles for the presidency the nation has seen in all its 143 years! From the platform of the National Political Rally, we introduce tonight Congressman Arthur M. Free, the representative from President Hoover's home district in California. We don't know what Congressman Free will talk to you about, but we are sure it will be interesting, and to the point. We never know in advance what our distinguished speakers will talk about, for free speech is the rule on these programs! LUCKY STRIKE is impartial -- it takes no sides! On Tuesday nights it brings you a famous Republican speaker. On Thursday nights it brings you a leading Democratic speaker. Tonight, then, we have the pleasure of presenting the Honorable Arthur M. Free, who has not only served in Congress for the last twelve years, but has had the distinction of being nominated by both the Republican and Democratic parties in every single election. After Arthur Free graduated from Leland Stanford University, he served for fifteen years as city and district attorney in Santa Clara County, California. And so we are pleased to present this distinguished speaker who has been a public servant for over a quarter of a century -- Congressman Arthur M. Free of California!

(CONGRESSMAN FREE'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Congressman Arthur M. Free of California has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee.

On Thursday night you will hear Congressman John McDuffie of Alabama, who will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

Now! The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet is off again. Back to the Golden State of California -- to Culver City -- for the music of Ted Fiorito and his Orchestra!

OF WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO!(WHISTLE) OKAY, CULVER CITY!

CULVER CITY ANNOUNCER:

You're in Culver City again, where Ted Fiorito tells me that he and his boys will next play -- (TITLES)

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CULVER CITY ANNOUNCER:

And now another coast-to-coast hop -- from Culver City and glorious California to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOLO:

Thank you, Ted, and thank your boys for me -- and good night to you unless you'd like to hold fast with the rest of us while I collect my scattered thoughts and have another chat with my neighbors -- and perhaps my friends, kind hearted Mr. and Mrs. America -- and a warning to you little Americans -- Don't do what Jackie Cooper did. They gave him a makeup composed of chocolate and powder to effect a wornout expression. Well, Jackie ate the makeup and was ill for two days.

Something that amuses me is the sign in the window of a Chinese laundry out on Amsterdam Avenue here. If you pass by you can see three Chinamen busily at work pressing shirts, but the sign in the window announces proudly, "We also do expert typewriting."

A Follies girl who made good in her own way is Peggy Fears, once one of Ziegfeld's glorified. She married A.C. Blumenthal, millionaire realtor and close friend of Jimmy Walker of New York, and for awhile seemed quite content occupying luxurious quarters, wearing expensive sables and dazzling jewels until a few months ago when she suddenly turned producer and brought out a play called "Child of Manhattan" starring Dorothy Hall. Now Peggy is planning to enter the producing ranks with a vengeance and has a series of plays ready for next fall with the following stars under contract -- Helen Menken, Mary Duncan, and Queenie Smith, and she tells me if her plans go through, she'll have Ina Claire as the star in a Viennese comedy. Meanwhile, my mail keeps piling up and having a heart of gold I can't forego this occasion of acknowledging a few of the letters.

(MR. SOBOLO CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

To A. Sobel (he spells his name with an "E" which I don't --) out in Beloit, Wisconsin. Thank you for your bouquet and kind wishes. The only information I can give you now is that I was born in New Haven, Connecticut, have been a newspaper man seventeen years, was a commissioned officer in the army, am married to a redheaded girl and have a blonde daughter, smoke four packages of LUCKIES daily and swear profusely in four languages -- all of them English.

Lee Keene, Chicago: Only the names of personages nationally known will be used.

Ernie Okie, St. Louis, Mo....Perhaps, Irving Rose will be back with us in the near future.

Jerry Horwin, Hollywood, California -- I'm overwhelmed and please, on my behalf thank the entire group. The Greta Garbo information in my first broadcast was authentic.

Homer Sudduth, editor of the Southern Radio News, Birmingham, Alabama -- Hogan Hancock will be on this hour in the near future.

Moe Brice, New York -- Congratulations to you and Mrs. Brice on your silver wedding anniversary. And to my mother, operated upon today in Grace Hospital, New Haven -- God bless you and take you through successfully.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

With an income of almost \$5,000 a day, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is certainly no pauper but in spite of her tremendous wealth, and her recognized social position, one of her chief interests in life is her work as a sculptress. She was born to position and opulence being the former Gertrude Vanderbilt, eldest daughter of the dowager and late Cornelius Vanderbilt. When she married Harry Payne Whitney, the social wiseacres predicted a marital disaster for the union, but from their marriage in August 25th, 1896, until Mr. Whitney's death a couple of years ago, they were among the happiest of society's married couples. Mrs. Whitney has more than a million dollars worth of jewels but you rarely see her wearing them. Besides art, she is interested in sports, and is of course vitally interested in the race track. She rarely uses her home in Newport but usually retires for about a few weeks each spring and autumn to her camp in the Adirondacks. She is madly devoted to her children and is usually referred to as the most adored woman in all society. Like most of the Vanderbilt clan she is adverse to personal publicity.

Now let's visit one of the swanky New York night clubs with Howard Claney!

HOWARD CLAWAY:

Let's look in at the exclusive Pierrette, that smart after-the-theatre rendezvous in New York's famous Hotel Pierre! Let's mingle with the leading lights of the screen, stage, finance and society.....gorgeously gowned women....distinguished looking men! A smart, sophisticated gathering, indeed. Note the cigarettes on the tables! Look at all those green, red and gold packages of LUCKIES! Another proof that discriminating people everywhere.... people who know good tobacco....people who could afford any price for a cigarette...prefer LUCKIES! Critical smokers can tell in an instant that LUCKY STRIKE is made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos the earth can grow! And they quickly recognize that LUCKIES are friendlier to the throat! They've found that LUCKY STRIKE not only searches the markets of the world for the finest tobaccos, but also calls on Science to further improve these tobaccos! LUCKY STRIKE'S famous purifying process removes certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf -- even the mildest, the finest! That's why smoking connoisseurs say -- you simply can't know how delicious, how pure, how mellow-mild a cigarette can be until you've smoked the one and only -- LUCKY STRIKE -- "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now -- we fly back to the coast again -- on and away on the Magic Carpet, and look, we've scarcely started before we're there. In Los Angeles!

ON WITH THE DANCE, JIMMY GRIER!(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOS ANGELES!

LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

Yes, no mistake! This is Los Angeles, where Jimmy Grier puts artistic touches to the dance with -- (TITLES)

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LOS ANGELES ANNOUNCER:

And now, Jimmy Grier bids you adieu as the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet flashes from Los Angeles back to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Goodnight, Jimmy -- goodnight and thank you. The Lucky Strike Dance program comes to a close now -- until Thursday night, of course, when we hop to George Olsen and his crew playing here in good old Manhattan.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Tonight you heard Congressman Arthur M. Free of California, speaking under the sponsorship of the Republican National Committee. Next Thursday night you will hear Congressman John McDuffie of Alabama, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. LUCKY STRIKE is non-partisan -- all-American. It brings you both sides. Hold fast, then, Mr. and Mrs. America until Thursday night when Ol' Massa Sobol promises to return to you, chipper and gay, to pilot the magic carpet again. Good night.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD GLANEY:

"DRUM IN MY HEART" from "THRU THE YEARS" was played by special permission of the copyright owners.

This program has come to you from New York City, Los Angeles and Culver City, California, and Washington, D.C., through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

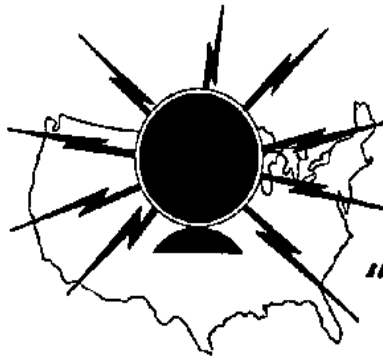
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The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1932

(THEME SONG - One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL:

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening, every one. You bet "Happy Days Are Here Again" for tonight the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will hover over mirthful Manhattan. Come on everybody, while the Nation dances to the merry tunes of the irrepressible genius of melody - George Olsen and his happy-go-lucky crew. Let's not delay.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Greetings, LUCKY STRIKE dancers. This is George Olsen, stopping only long enough to tell you that we play first -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

And now, the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet flashes right back to its starting point.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

After that, George, nothing can hold us back from having a gay evening. Now, gather around me, ladies and gentlemen - rest your dancing feet, smoke your LUCKIES and let me have your generous attention, for here is how the story goes tonight.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now, over in Gay Paree is that widely publicized lass, Mabel Boll, with her jewels and her chateau. She's evidently forgotten the first trans-atlantic air-passenger, Charley Levine who's in seclusion here in New York, and who at one time was so romantically connected with all her activities; and that perhaps is as it should be since she's now the Countess Porceri (porcheri), but what puzzles me is that her husband, the Count, is here in New York and cabling her frantically for permission to return to her in Paree.

Incidentally, another gal whose name used to appear regularly in the magazine sections of our best papers - Jean Nash - with the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in the world -- has gone into seclusion in the Riviera where she lives quietly now with her husband, Paul Dubonnet (dubonnay) and her baby.

With the arch exponent of synthetic platinum blondness having dyed her hair a dazzling - almost passionate red -- Jean Harlow, I mean -- hair dressers are predicting that the red head craze will return again this fall.

No one seems to know just why Joan Crawford and her special cook have fled to the desert for ten days and Doug Fairbanks, Junior, is keeping mum.

I don't know whether this is generally true but here in the huge Medical Center, the operating rooms are located above the seventeenth floor and the section is labelled the "fly-line." It derives its peculiar tag from the fact that the seventeenth floor rises just above the soaring limit of flies and mosquitoes.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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MR. SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Out on the coast where in spite of what I told you some broadcasts ago, they still insist that Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes are on the brink of a separation, they're commenting on the irony of the fact that Forbes has opened in the play entitled "Let Us Divorce." Just for the records, by the way, Carmel Myers' bassinet should have its new tenant by the first week of June -- and now the latest of the screen stars to win a gold military eagle is Ann Harding who's to be made an honorary colonel, although, just as I've told you previously, Joan Bennet is already one and therefore outranks her.

Because Michael Farmer and Gloria Swanson reside at number 10 Farmstreet in London, they're now called the Farming Farmers of Farm Street, which is a British idea of a hilarious gag. The picture people usually fight shy of revealing characters with pronounced deformities -- and I'm not forgetting, of course, that appearing mal-formed was the late Lon Chaney's chief ace in the hole, nor the impressive performance John Barrymore gave as the man who had his leg nipped off in "Moby Dick." But as a rule, producers fight shy of the practice and so it'll be interesting to see how the public will greet "Tiger Shark" in which Ed Robinson will be seen as a man with one arm - the other being torn off by a shark in a dramatic scene. Prices of meals have drooped here in Manhattan and out in your town, too - they've had to - but here's something that has come to my attention -- not a single one of the university clubs in this city has altered its prices from what they were two years ago -- and one club has even added a 10 per cent assessment for service.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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LOUIS SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

Sam Shipman, the famous playwright - and by the way, he's just recovering from a serious operation - used to hang around New York's East Side, and it was there he met Leon Trotsky who was starving at the time hanging around cafes trying to sponge a meal. He treated Trotsky to a lunch one day and the grateful fellow promised him that some day he'd give him Moscow for a present. Trotsky never kept his word.

And now I turn you over to Howard Claney, who'll give you something to turn over in your mind!

HOWARD CLANEY:

When Lucky Strike first raised that vital question "Do You Inhale?", the cigarette trade quickly asked "Why bring that up?"

VOICE:

And still the cigarette trade asks: "Why bring that up?"

HOWARD CLANEY:

Well -- Why NOT bring that up? Everybody inhales -- knowingly or unknowingly! Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. That's why it's all-important to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean -- to be sure that you don't inhale certain impurities. Do you inhale? Lucky Strike has dared to raise this vital question -- for it has solved the problem! It gives you the protection you want...because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. "IT'S TOASTED." LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! "Fifty million smokers can't be wrong!" So whether you inhale knowingly or unknowingly -- safeguard your delicate membranes!

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now the Magic Carpet's off to points North, South and West -- whirling you millions of LUCKY STRIKE listeners back here to Manhattan and George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now once again, into the dance with: -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Get ready, Louis, we're on our way. It's a short hop,
but a fast one.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Fine George Olsen -- fine. Stand by for a while.

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

LOUIS SOBOL:

Ladies and gentlemen - the National Political Rally - that great news event that flashes across the United States, the latest word from those leaders of both parties who are making history in the 1932 presidential campaign. Tonight, we present a leading Democrat, under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.... next Tuesday night, a leading Republican, sponsored by the Republican National Committee. LUCKY STRIKE gives you both sides, and free speech is the order of the day -- we never know in advance what any of our distinguished guests will say.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

MR. SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Most of you will recognize the name of tonight's speaker - the Honorable John McDuffie, United States Congressman from Alabama, one of the leaders in Congress's great effort to effect economies in government....As the Democratic whip of the House of Representatives, Congressman McDuffie works night and day in the interest of his country. But that is nothing new for him - at the age of twenty-four, John McDuffie won his first political victory - he was elected by a large majority to the Alabama State Legislature. Since then his career has been one of constant service to the people. For the past thirteen years he has been a member of Congress from Alabama. It is our great pleasure to present to you tonight, the Honorable John McDuffie of Alabama!

(CONGRESSMAN McDUFFIE'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

You have just heard Congressman John McDuffie of Alabama, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally will be William W. Doak, Secretary of Labor, for the Republicans, and _____, for the Democrats.

And now back to George Olsen again for another gay orgie of dance-provoking melodies. On your toes, George, millions of listeners are on their way.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

If those millions of listeners are ready, so are we -
ready to play: (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

It's your turn to be on your toes, Louis - here comes the
LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now hold fast, George, Ol Massa Sobol has his second
wind now and if you'll hold my LUCKY for a minute or two, I'll
gather the listeners of America around me again and we'll discuss
a few people we all know.

John D. Rockefeller's will, I've been given to understand,
has one interesting clause. It urges married members of the
Rockefeller dynasty to cherish and respect each other and to avoid
misunderstandings which might lead to divorce.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

In order to combat the high salary problem, studios are signing their players on forty or forty-two week contracts and permitting them to work elsewhere during layoffs. That's how Constance Bennett, Richard Arlen and Ann Dvorak, to name a few instances, have been able to fatten their private bankrolls. Arlen, for example, grabbed himself a role in "Tiger Shark" which will raise his earning power above what it would have been if he had been given a substantial raise at Paramount under the old conditions. Connie Bennett was able to add \$300,000 to her exchequer in this fashion. By the way, after experimenting a few weeks, I learn that Horace Liveright, the former publisher and Elisa Bartlett, his wife, and the ex-wife of Joseph Schildkraut, have softened up somewhat toward each other - you may remember they separated as man and wife a few weeks ago - and now there's some talk of a reconciliation and another try at the marital merry-go-round. Texas Guinan has gone to Europe and we'll miss her around here. One of the last things she said to me before she sailed was "Louie, do you know what's the difference between the old-fashioned and the modern gal. Well, the mid-Victorian lass swoons -- the up-to-date flapper simply passes out."

Paul A. Brown of da Moin, Iowa takes me to task for mispronouncing the name of his town. He informs me it should be pronounced da moin, like lotta coin - and that's the way I'll pronounce it in the future. And thank you, Mr. Brown. And Alice Jones of Oregon also insists that I pronounce it Oregon to rhyme with ton and won and son, which I shall, Alice, s'help me I shall.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now although she's 75 years old, Miss Elisabeth Marbury is an important lady of society, you may believe me. She's annoyed when you spell her given name with a "z" instead of an "s" and for years has been the connecting link in New York between society and the theatre. She amassed a sizeable fortune as a play agent and for years handled all the play manuscripts of the late Clyde Fitch, James M. Barrie and Pinero. She sleeps only six hours a night and does most of her writing (correspondence, etc.) between the hours of 4 and 7 a.m. Although she's fascinated by beauty shop circulars, she never uses cosmetics but she smokes almost incessantly and was one of the first women with names in the Social Register to smoke in public. She still wears a mid-Victorian pompadour, rarely drinks alcoholic beverages, but is a hard worker for the repeal of prohibition. Incidentally, she's one of the best housekeepers in New York and insists people become old only when they become bored. It was she who started the late Vernon Castle and Irene on their road to fame and fortune. She has crossed the Atlantic more than 75 times, is a close friend of Mayor Jimmy Walker who calls her "grandma" and she loves that -- and always insists, and seriously, too, that she'd like to be a Broadway columnist because she knows more real Broadway gossip - authentic gossip - than any three of us put together. She's famous for squelching snobs and has no sympathy with those who cater to foreign titles. Her three closest friends, are Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Senior, Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and Lady Mendl, the former Elsie De Wolf.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Her first business experience was when as a debutante she raised chickens in an incubator in her bedroom until her horrified papa and mama discovered the makeshift farm. She is the only woman in the Social Register who belongs both to the exclusive Colony Club and the more mixed political organization, Tammany Hall.

Here's where Old Marse Sobol goes out and lights a LUCKY! Say, Howard Claney, you're wanted on the microphone!

HOWARD CLANEY:

This afternoon I strolled into the magnificent new Waldorf Astoria on Park Avenue, where you will find so many notables ...so many of New York's leaders of finance, business and society...people of means -- of taste -- of judgment -- people who demand the best of everything! I was interested to see so many of them smoking LUCKIES -- and so I asked several of these smokers the reason for their preference. Here is what one gentleman told me: "I have smoked all kinds of tobaccos all over the world -- including the rarest and most expensive! So I think I'm a good judge! I believe that the tobaccos in LUCKIES are the finest a man can find in a cigarette." And that is a fact, ladies and gentlemen -- LUCKY STRIKE is blended of thirty-seven of the choicest, most fragrant tobaccos that warm sunshine and fertile soil can grow. Then "IT'S TOASTED" -- which means that certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf are removed! That not only makes LUCKIES friendly to your throat, but mild, extra mild, mellow-mild ... the finest cigarette you ever smoked.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet is gathering everybody from Coast to Coast - bringing them back to good old New York. George Olsen and his boys are eagerly preparing to sound out their final potpourri of melodies. Get ready to dance as you've never danced before.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet is here at our feet as we play -- (TITLES)

(
(
(
(
(

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now, Magic Carpet, your pilot's waiting, so on your way with a Flash and a (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you and good night, George - and thank you, too, you great American public for sticking close with us tonight. The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to an end again until Saturday night, when Ol Massa Sobol will return to pilot the Magic Carpet anew on its lightning-like flights through space to Ted Weems and his bandmen in Chicago, and to Clyde McCoy in Louisville, Kentucky, where we join in the festivities following the world-famous Kentucky Derby.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And don't forget, Mr. and Mrs. America - next Tuesday night we again bring you that unique news feature - the National Political Rally - the live issues of the Presidential Campaign presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers for the National Political Rally will be William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor, for the Republicans, and _____ for the Democrats! Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day! Keep high until Saturday night then, Mr. and Mrs. Coast to Coast, and remember there is no cover charge for sitting on top of the world. Good night!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"THERE I GO DREAMING AGAIN" from "HOT CHA" was played by special permission of the copyright owners.

This program has come to you from New York City and Washington, D.C. through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

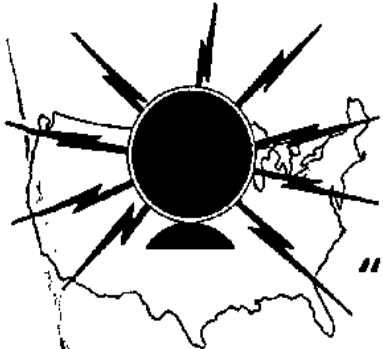
AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen

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ATX01 0031789

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour,
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras, one from
Louisville, Kentucky, and one from Chicago, Illinois -- and Mr.
Louis Sobol, of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL:

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening, you happy people of America and those of you who picked the wrong horse at the Kentucky Derby today. Our LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet is speedier than the fleet _____ (Name of Derby Winner) and always noses in where tingling, sparkling dance music is the stake. Tonight let's make it the favorite to come in first with a bang, at the post in Louisville, Kentucky. Come on America -- we're dashing southward to Clyde McCoy and his coy, capering cavaliers -- to join in the festivities following today's great Derby.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CLYDE MCCOY! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUISVILLE!

LOUISVILLE ANNOUNCER:

Welcome to Louisville everybody. We've had a great day today and a great Derby, so join the dancing throng here in the Brown Hotel as Clyde McCoy and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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

LOUISVILLE ANNOUNCER:

And now we flash out of the blue grass country and Louisville back to Broadway and Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

You've jockeyed us off to a terrific start, Clyde, now hold fast to the line while the old massa, Colonel Sobol, who never won a kopok on a race in his life, recites his little bit.

Broadway is shrugging its shoulders and arching its eyebrows over the reported impending divorce of Roger Wolfe Kahn, son of the financier and Hannah Williams, the former musical comedy warbler. Now, it was only three weeks ago that Roger, after I printed a line intimating that a break was near, came to me and told me there wasn't anything to the report -- simply that Hannah would not return to the stage and that only when she did return to the stage, could I safely say that the Roger Wolfe Kahns were severing the link that binds. I duly reported that to you, as you may recall. Well, apparently Hannah has decided that the footlights are more appealing than the soft lights of the Kahn mansions -- and there you are. Helene Costello suddenly departed from New York Thursday afternoon in order to be on hand in Hollywood Monday when Lowell Sherman's suit against her for cruelty is aired. Among the June elopements, you may chalk down that of Claudia Morgan, daughter of Ralph Morgan, the well-known actor and Charles Butterworth, the droll comedian. A piece of good fellowship -- and sportsmanship, when you get right down to it -- thrilled some of us Thursday night. Russ Columbo, the crooner and his orchestra opened at a local inn (and by the way, we'll have Columbo and his orchestra on with us within a week or so).

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Well, most of Broadway turned out for the shindig and among those called upon for a bow was Art Jarrett, one of Columbo's closest rivals. Jarrett not only took the bow but consented to sing and there he stood chanting a torch ballad while his rival, Russ Columbo, played the violin accompanying him. It's as if I were to ask one of my bitter columnistic rivals to sit down to the typewriter and type out my column while I dictated it to him. Hey, hey!

These snooty folks of wealth are queer people. Take the Anthony J. Drezel, Juniors, for instance. They've moved into an ornate domicile in Paree -- the most fantastic house in the city, built a couple of centuries ago -- but because it would mean tearing down rare antique walls, they're getting along with old fashioned plumbing -- and suffering nobly.

A romance is being hinted now between John Gilbert -- once the perfect lover -- on the screen I mean -- and the willowy, sad-eyed Virginia Bruce, who is to play opposite him in a picture. Despite those rumors, Peggy Shannon, the cinemabeaut and her husband, Alan Davis, who've been separated for sometime, are not planning a divorce -- not right away at any rate, they insist. I wonder if they know that one of the original Connecticut blue laws decreed that married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Something happened yesterday that makes me want to grovel in the dust. For some time, in my daily column, whenever I felt a bit dyspeptic, I'd cast mild slurs at a famous financial leader in Manhattan. A few days ago I wrote about a little showgirl in a night club revue here who wanted to go home to her sick ^{MATHEW} whom she hadn't seen in a year -- but couldn't because it would take about \$70 for the round trip and she didn't have that amount. Yesterday, in my mail came a check for the amount from the gentleman I had constantly maligned with an explanatory note asking me to cash it and give the proceeds to the girl but under no circumstances to reveal his identity. Speaking of John Gilbert as I was a few seconds ago, did you know that he and Will Rogers are bed rivals -- I'm speaking of cactus beds -- and fans, I understand from all over the world send them rare specimens.

And now while we have a little time, let's go down memory lane for a glimpse into the past of a few people. Helen Menken, the stage star, acquired her famous grace of hands from being obliged to talk sign language to her deafmute father and mother. People used to think she was a mind reader because she seemed to be able to read their thoughts, not realizing that many of us in thinking, unconsciously form the words with our lips and Helen is an expert lip reader.

Martin Beck, fond of so-called big-time vaudeville came across a team composed of a crippled lad in a wheel chair and his partner who had a fetching stage personality.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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MR. SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

The partner was Al Jolson and Beck hired the team of Jolson and Palmer for \$125 a week, releasing Jolson later to the Shuberts when he had the audacity to ask \$500 a week for his services. It was Beck who conceived the idea of luring the great Sarah Bernhardt into vaudeville and the famous tragedienne opened her American tour at the Majestic Theatre in Chicago at a weekly salary of \$7000. The Duncan Sisters stepped out of a chorus to go to work for Gus Edwards at what they considered a fabulous wage -- \$80 a week -- for both of them.

This afternoon -- the greatest racing classic of America was run -- the famous Kentucky Derby....and the winner, ladies and gentlemen, was _____, winning in the time _____. Here's to _____.

(Name of Horse)

HOWARD CLANEY:

At Churchill Downs this afternoon...as the most famous figures in the "sport of kings" gathered excitedly just before the Derby...in that brilliant, colorful picture -- gay frocks, bright parasols, famous owners of famous horses eagerly discussing the race...you could see there, as at every brilliant assemblage, that more LUCKIES were smoked than any other cigarette. And deservedly so -- for no other cigarette - no matter how much it might cost -- can give people of taste and distinction the exclusive features found in LUCKY STRIKE. These finest, mellow-mild tobaccos -- from the largest supply of fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos in the world....the scientific purity and the delicious flavor imparted by LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive process -- these are qualities which LUCKY STRIKE and only LUCKY STRIKE affords. And because that famous purifying process removes certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves -- LUCKY STRIKE is delicious....mellow-mild....pure--the choice of smart people everywhere -- LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, whoops, we're off. Westward bound, if you're in the East -- Eastward bound if you're in the west. On to Chicago, the Magic Carpet hurls us through space -- to Chicago where we greet our old friend, Ted Weems and his gay gang of melodeers. On your dancing toes, America, Get Set to travel.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED WEEMS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

Good evening, LUCKY STRIKE Dancers. This is Ted Weems in Chicago, and for our first musical group we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WEEMS:

Now we speed the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet eastward, flashing back to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Well done, Ted Weems, and thanks a lot. Now hold fast a bit.

Who's going to win the election? Which party will be in the driver's seat in November? That's what we'd all like to have inside information about! And that's why LUCKY STRIKE brings you the National Political Rally which has proved such a big hit with the listeners on this hour. Straight from the generals of the two great political armies -- in their own words -- come the latest and most important political developments of the day. On Tuesday nights we present a Republican speaker....On Thursday nights a Democratic speaker. LUCKY STRIKE belongs to neither party. It belongs to the entire American public...to each and every citizen. We do not know in advance what our speakers will say. We invite them to talk about whatever will please them and will please you.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

For next Tuesday night the Republican National Committee has selected as your speaker, a member of President Hoover's cabinet, the Honorable Wm. N. Doak, Secretary of Labor of the United States. For next Thursday night the Democratic National Committee has selected the Honorable Tom Connally, United States Senator from Texas. LUCKY STRIKE renders this unique political news service to the people of America in appreciation of the fact that in a short period of time American smokers have made LUCKY STRIKE the favorite cigarette of the Nation!

--STATION BREAK--

LOUIS SOBOL:

We're off again -- Our Magic Carpet with the largest passenger list in the world. We're speeding on and nothing can stop us -- to Kentucky Derby land. Hold tight everybody while we soar high above the thousands of race fans who turned out to witness today's racing classic. We're going to swoop down into Louisville and cluster around Clyde McCoy and his eager bandsmen.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CLYDE MCCOY! (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUISVILLE!

LOUISVILLE ANNOUNCER:

Once again Clyde McCoy and his orchestra carry on from the Brown Hotel in Louisville with -- (TITLES)

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

LOUISVILLE ANNOUNCER:

Now, Louisville bids farewell to all you Magic Carpet passengers, as it starts you on your lightning trip back to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Nice music, Clyde McCoy. Thank you and goodnight to you.

Jack Pickford, now recovering from his nervous collapse of a few weeks ago is taking the sun cure at the beach and trying to forget presumably the smashup of his romance with Mary Mulhern, now no longer his wife, but soon to be the bride of Ed McCarthy of these parts. Incidentally, as I may have told you, Mary Hay, once the wife of Richard Barthlemess, and a screen actress of no mean merit in her day, has turned song writer and her latest, something called "Old Jim Flannagan's Gal" is being used as the basis of a picture and it occurred to me what a strange freak of irony it would be, if by some long chance, Barthlemess was cast in the leading role. You've heard the expression, "The ghost walks today" meaning it's payday. It seems to have originated many years ago when a certain, pallid, sepulchral-voiced gent was angeling a musical comedy. Because of his ghastly appearance, the members of the cast tagged him "The Ghost" and since it was his habit to drift around back stage just before the pay envelopes were handed out, they got into the habit of chanting, "The ghost walks today." One day he failed to make his appearance and the cast was notified that the show was folding up and furthermore there'd be no pay envelopes that night which prompted one of the wits to remark lachrymosely, "Well, I guess the ghost ain't walking today."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031799

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Ronald Colman, the handsome cinemagum, has a first cousin named Ronald Colman, too -- and not only that, he looks almost like a twin to the screen star, so the picture Colman, I've been given to understand, has made a deal with his English relative whereby in return for a monthly pension, the latter agrees never to become an actor.

By the way, some of the women here in Manhattan are throwing matinee cocktail parties at which they assess every guest who attends, from a quarter to a dollar per drink -- the money being turned over for the Black Aid. If you don't favor cocktail parties, you might try the same thing at your bridge or poker parties, kitting off after each round for a grand cause.

A wire from Bill Moyes of the Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, insists that the Northwest is clamoring for Ole Massa Sobol's blood because he insisted over the air that George Olsen was born in Culver City, California. I never said so such thing. Olsen was born in Portland, Oregon, and I don't blame the Portlanders for claiming him.

Anna McVeigh Wilson -- Howard Claney is really his name and perhaps if you write him a letter he'll tell you the truth about himself. I can't -- I've got to remain on good terms with him.

Madeline Weitz, the Bronx -- Greta Garbo is not dead and a girl named Geraldine Dworak has not assumed her name and place. Don't believe everything you read.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL:(CONTINUES)

I. Rafkin, Liberty, New York -- While it's true a few rumors have drifted in from the coast that Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor are on fire again, the fact remains that Estelle is now auctioning off the home and the furniture she and Jack shared.

Although her husband is one of the richest men in the world, world, wealth doesn't mean much to Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Junior, -- as the former Abby Aldrich, she was born to tremendous wealth herself. She side-steps the social merry-go-round and only on the rarest occasion entertains at her great town house in 54th Street, just off Fifth Avenue. She's a shy woman and detests publicity, dresses simply and inexpensively and while she devotes a great deal of her time to charitable activities, rarely permits the use of her name to be connected with them. She personally directs all the departments of her vast household in New York, the country estate up at Pocantico Hills and the summer villa at Seal Harbor, Maine, and frequently does her own marketing for the kitchen, preparing the day's menus herself. Above all things she has a real sense of humor, is human and democratic in all her contacts. Her greatest achievement is the rearing of six healthy children whose heads have not been turned by the money they may inherit.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, MR. HOWARD CLANEY!

HOWARD CLANEY:

It's important -- so important to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean -- to be sure that you don't inhale certain impurities.

VOICE:

Inhale -- say, I've been waiting to hear about that for years!

HOWARD CLANEY:

That's exactly what the public says -- but the cigarette trade says -- "Why stir up a hornet's nest?" In fact, for years there has been generally a striking avoidance of the word "inhale" in cigarette advertising. Why this avoidance of such a vital question -- for the fact is that knowingly or unknowingly we ALL inhale -- Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Do you inhale? Of course you do. LUCKY STRIKE has dared to raise this vital question -- for it has solved the problem! It gives you the protection you want.... because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process -- and only LUCKIES have it! So whether you inhale knowingly or unknowingly -- safeguard your delicate membranes! LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

The minutes fly by and the restless Magic Carpet waits impatiently to speed us off again to Chicago and Ted Weems. Let's go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED WEEMS! (WHISTLE) OKAY! CHICAGO!

TED WEEMS:

My boys and I continue the dance in Chicago, this time playing --- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

TED WEEMS:

Again the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet starts its eastward journey from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Okay again, Ted Weems -- and thank you and thank your boys -- and thank you, too, you gorgeous listening public of America. The time has come to say goodnight as the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour retires until Tuesday when we'll hear Vincent Lopez playing in New York and the Anson Weeks crew in San Francisco. And please remember -- on Tuesday night we again bring you the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign, presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Tuesday night's speaker will be William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor, speaking for the Republicans and on Thursday night you will hear Senator Tom Connally of Texas for the Democrats.....Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And by the way, Ted Weems, before you leave us, do you know why I was fired out of my first newspaper job? The editor sent me out to collect the names of all the men of note in town and I came back with a list of musicians. Ride high, over the weekend, America, and keep smiling. Good times are ahead! Until Tuesday night -- Goodnight.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

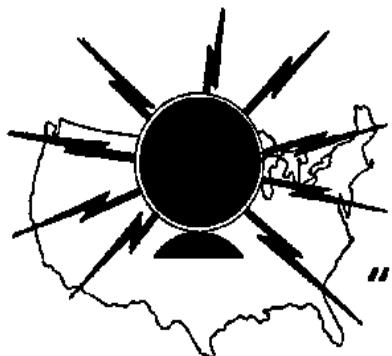
HOWARD CLANEY:

This program has come to you from New York City, Chicago, Illinois and Louisville, Kentucky, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
5/7/32

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEAf and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1932

(THEME SONG — One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

FORWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Lucky Strike Dance Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes — sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras from California and New York, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Let's shake hands across the air, Papa and Mama America. Tonight we make the coast-to-coast jump from Vincent Lopez in New York to Anson Weeks in San Francisco. Climb on the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet all you grand listeners. We're dashing to the Hotel St. Regis in New York. Come on, everybody! Vincent Lopez and his melody men await the signal to start us on our dancing rounds.

ON WITH THE DANCE, LOPEZ! (WHISTLE) OKAY, ST. REGIS!

LOPEZ:

Good evening, everybody, this is Lopez speaking. We're in the Sea Glades of the Hotel St. Regis where we play -- (TITLES)

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LOPEZ:

And now we take that lightning hop right over 55th Street.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That's the stuff that keeps your toes a tingle, Vincent. Now settle back in your easy chairs, ladies and gentlemen, smoke your LUCKIES and let Ol Massa Sobol soothe you with the soft strains of his chattery chant. Tonight I bring you a romance straight from Hollywood -- a sweet and lovely romance.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

When the beautiful Evelyn Knapp lay in the hospital with her broken back sustained in that auto accident months ago, a handsome chap was constantly at her bedside -- Donald Cook, no less. Merely out of friendship you understand -- but the friendship developed into love and right after I announce their engagement tonight -- which I do now -- they're going to come out and admit it openly. Romance of a different type is in store for the pulchritudinous and stately Mary Astor -- Mrs. Dr. Franklin Thorpe in whatever private life she can claim -- for Mary is off to Tahiti where she's expecting to meet the stork.

The high light of the annual minstrel of the Friars here Sunday night at the Metropolitan Opera House was the appearance of Mayor James J. Walker as one of the actors which reminds me, when one of the famous comedians came on for his turn, Maury Paul, the noted society chronicler sitting in back of me, leaned over to whisper, "You know what I like about that fellow, Louie. All his stuff is extemporaneous. He never writes it out in advance -- He can't write!"

Theodore Dreiser is finally getting around to complete the trilogy which he started back in 1912. Always a leisurely craftsman, Dreiser completed his book, "The Financier" sometime in 1914, followed it up with the second of the series, "The Titan" in 1920 or thereabouts and now, in 1932 is beginning to labor on the third and final volume of the trilogy, something to be called "The Stoic" which he promises to deliver in 1935. One of Dreiser's quips, I remember, was his answer to a friend who put the age old moth eater question to him, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night" to which Dreiser replied, "That was no lady -- that was material."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

Some months ago Slim Summerville, a screen comic adopted a baby but kept the matter quiet, avoiding all publicity -- the story leaked out, however, and, as is usually the case in such matters, the gossipers developed and disseminated their own imaginative version of the adoption. Friends of Summerville have asked me to state that the only reason he wanted it kept quiet is that he was afraid the baby's parents would attempt to reclaim it.

By the way, I got a letter the other day from Tom O'Brien -- remember him? -- He was one of the three buddies in the picture, "The Big Parade" -- Jack Gilbert and Karl Dane were the others -- O'Brien played the part of Bull, the Corporal. He begs me to pronounce it Lohse-Ong-Gell-Lez and confides that he now owns a ranch out in Santa Monica, California where he raises Walnuts, Apricots and Alfalfa.

Meanwhile rumors persist that Greta Garbo is through as a screen star -- something I find it hard to believe -- and that while Metro is grooming Karen Morley as her successor in the event she doesn't return, Garbo's manager, Harry Edington has already started negotiations to bring Marlene Dietrich under his wing.

I'm going to take you down Memory Lane tonight to Morris Gest -- poor Morris Gest, erratic genius of the theatre -- and now pretty well out of the picture. David Belasco was having a little dinner part at a Childs restaurant in New Haven years ago and invited Gest to join him because there were 13 at the table and Belasco was superstitious.

(MR. SOBEL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

MR. SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

Gest fell in love with the little girl sitting opposite him -- Belasco's daughter -- and married her. When the idea for staging "The Miracle" came to him he went to Otto Kahn, talked to him for three hours and came away with Kahn's pledge of one quarter of a million dollars to back him. Gest once blackened up his face and body and played the part of a wild man in a cage on the Boston Commons. The day after President McKinley died, he put up a canvas at the Buffalo Exposition, painted the name of Czolgosz, the assassin on it and sold three baseballs for a dime to throw at him.

During the World War a young, eager-mannered fellow approached Carl Laemmle and asked him for one half hour of his time. He took fully two hours to relate his woes -- it seemed every one hated and avoided him because he was German. All he wanted was a chance to show his genius by turning out a picture, the idea for which he outlined. "Blind Husbands" was the tag of the picture and he insisted he could make it for \$5000. The next day, he admitted it would take \$10,000. The picture actually cost \$53,000 but it made Eric Von Stroheim. Later, Von Stroheim turned out "Foolish Wives" for Laemmle at a cost of more than a million dollars.

Now let's step around the corner to Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street with Howard Chaney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

This afternoon a fascinated group of art lovers attended the new Modern Museum in New York to view the competition for the murals on the walls of Radio City and the Chicago World's Fair. It was indeed a smart, colorful gathering. Obviously, here were people of taste, of discrimination. They know a good painting when they see it, and evidently they know a good cigarette -- for more people in this group smoked LUCKY STRIKES than any other cigarette. People of fine judgment have discovered that the choice Turkish and domestic tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE are the finest that money can buy. Many of them have taken the trouble to find out why LUCKIES are so thrilling to the taste, and so friendly to the throat. They have all arrived at the same conclusions: first, LUCKIES used only Nature's most perfect tobaccos; and second, "IT'S TOASTED" - which means that certain impurities found in even the mildest, most expensive tobaccos are removed! It means you get pure, mellow-mild tobacco goodness, and it means that, whether you inhale knowingly or unknowingly, LUCKIES protect your delicate membranes. That's why smart and cultured people insist on LUCKY STRIKE - in every way the perfect cigarette!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Take a deep breath, you air-public of America and hop on while Ol Massa Sobol pilots this eager LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet swiftly to San Francisco. A long time favorite awaits us -- Anson Weeks and his tune-tossers. Away we go like a bolt of lightning, gathering breakneck speed as we travel. California, here we come!

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO

ANSON WEEKS:

Good evening, Lucky Strike Dancers, this is Anson Weeks in the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, and we're ready to play -- (TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

Now the Lucky Strike roller-coast-to-coaster shoots us right back to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Hold fast, now Anson -- but you dance-minded folk, keep your dancing feet set -- and hop onto the Magic Carpet once more for we're whirling back to Maudlin Manhattan again and Vincent Lopez.

ON WITH THE DANCE, (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOPEZ.

LOPEZ:

Once again from the Hotel St. Regis we swing into the
dance with: -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

LOPEZ:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet starts it's short northern
flight -- from the Southeast corner of 55th Street to the northeast
corner.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Sweet and lovely, Vincent -- and now tell your men to
take time out.

-- STATION BREAK --

LOUIS SOBOL:

How will the "doubtful states" swing in the election next November? ... Will it be as close a race as that in 1916, when California swung the balance of power and upset all the predictions? These and other questions are on every tongue... Politics is in the air... And LUCKY STRIKE brings you the red-hot political news of the day -- the National Political Rally! Tonight we present another great leader, the Honorable William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor of the United States, speaking under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. On Thursday night you will hear the Honorable Tom Connally, United States Senator from Texas - speaking under the sponsorship of the Democratic National Committee... LUCKY STRIKE brings you both sides equally, and to each speaker it assures free speech - we never know in advance what our distinguished guests will say. Tonight's speaker is known to thousands in the ranks of organized labor as "Bill Doak of the railroads." He began as a humble yardman for the Norfolk and Western Railway; his career has been one of constant battles - not for himself, but for his brother railway workers. He rose in the ranks of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen until, at the time he was called to serve in President Hoover's cabinet, he was one of Labor's outstanding leaders. It gives us great pleasure to introduce to you tonight, this great friend of the working man - the Honorable William N. Doak, United States Secretary of Labor.

(MR. DOAK'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Secretary of Labor, William N. Doak, has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee.

On Thursday night you will hear Senator Tom Connally of Texas, who will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

Here we go again! All aboard the Magic Carpet. Don't wait to tie your dancing shoes for the Magic Carpet loses no time. We're dashing madly back across this wide continent to San Francisco and Anson Weeks.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Here we are again in San Francisco and here are the tunes we're going to play: (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet flashes high above San Francisco and the Golden Gate, and now it starts the eastward journey back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, Anson -- that was a grand and tuneful job -- hear from you sometime soon. And now, Mr. and Mrs. Coast to Coast, if it won't bore you, will you permit the loquacious but kind-hearted Bloated Plute to pile off a few things from his chest. The army of autograph fiends has reached such vast proportions that no celebrity is safe from them these days and of course, most of the celebrities are vain enough not to mind. What strikes me amusing is that the lads and gals are now congregating around restaurants where they know people with names are likely to dine. Yesterday for instance at 1 o'clock Harry Richman and Irving Berlin stood outside of Lindy's, a well known Broadway restaurant where theatrical folk hang out. Well, they hadn't been chatting for more than a few seconds when a drove of these autograph pests descended upon them. Just then, along came a big, stout gal -- Tess Gardella, better known as Aunt Jemima but they ignored her until she piped up plaintively, "Let me sign one of them dere things, too -- I'm Mitzi Green". Such fun!

Ruth Chatterton sails off for Europe for three months after she completes her current picture but Hubby Ralph Forbes won't go along. They're hinting now at a romance between Gilbert Roland, once Norma Talmadge's Big Moment, and pretty Loretta Young but it seems a strange coincidence to me -- I'm so skeptical these days -- that the pair are about to be featured in a picture called "Life Begins".

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL:

The wealthy Philip D. Armour's, I understand, are living in a garage which might indicate anything but doesn't. They simply decided to move their lares and penates into the ample garage quarters until their new forty-room house in Lake Forest is completed.

A snicker to most of us in these parts is the sign in a speakeasy in the Fertile Forties begging the patrons not to dance because it has no dancing license.

The non-stop airplane flight around the world which was announced some weeks ago to take off from Roosevelt Field here some time in June -- won't, the sponsors backing out at the last moment.

Mae Weinberg, Atlantic City -- If Madge Evans is married to James Dunn, it's one for my book, Mae. As a matter of fact, Dunn is now travelling the romantic route with Maureen O'Sullivan. Sylvia Sidney is not engaged to Carl Laemmle, Jr. -- Laemmle's heart throb of the moment is Constance Cummings.

Mrs. E. Birnie -- Philadelphia -- The Magic Carpet traveled to Philadelphia on March 19th. Be patient, we'll be there again for an orchestra.

And by the way, to the hundreds of you who have written in asking for autographs and photographs, please give me a little time and I'll oblige you -- although why anyone would want a photo of my gargoyle features is beyond me.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBEL:

Now let's take a few seconds out to hear the meat of the matter from Howard Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Here is an honest question that demands an honest answer: Why have other cigarettes been silent on the vital question of inhaling?

VOICE:

That's what I'd like to know - why have they been silent?

HOWARD CLANEY:

Do you inhale -- Of course you do. We all inhale. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Seven out of ten of us know we do. The other three inhale without realizing it. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has dared to raise this vital question....because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process. Only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? Remember - more than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for test, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. Do you inhale? Of course you do! So be careful - for truly this message is for you. LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now while the Magic Carpet still lingers in Manhattan, let's get set on our dancing toes again. We're hopping to Vincent Lopez and his melodious lads.

ON WITH THE DANCE, (WHISTLE) OKAY, VINCENT LOPEZ!

LOPEZ:

Continuing from the Sea Glades of the Hotel St. Regis, we play -- (TITLES)

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LOPEZ:

Now for the quick jump! Get ready everybody, here we go!
(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you -- and good night, Vincent. The dance is over, Mr. and Mrs. America, but the melody lingers on and will burst out anew Thursday night when Ol Massa Sobol returns to pilot the Magic Carpet on its flights to the Jack Denny Orchestra and to Russ Columbo and his Orchestra, both playing from New York City.

Tonight you heard Secretary of Labor, William F. Doak, speaking under the sponsorship of the Republican National Committee. Next Thursday night you will hear Senator Tom Connally of Texas, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. LUCKY STRIKE is non-partisan -- all-American. It brings you both sides.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Although I'm very much a part of this great main stem they call Broadway, I can't help but thinking that when you knock the "B" out of Broadway it becomes simply a Roadway. See you Thursday night. Good night.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE" from "CAT AND THE FIDDLE", "DANCING IN THE DARK" from "BAND WAGON", "DRUMS IN MY HEART" from "THRU THE YEARS", "MONA LISA" from "BOW BELLS", and "OF THEE I SING" from the show "OF THEE I SING", were all played by special permission of the copyright owners.

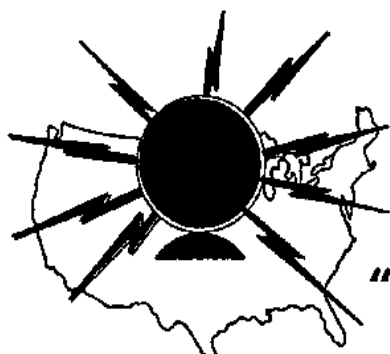
This program has come to you from New York City, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, and WASHINGTON, D.C., through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/SOBOL/RC/Chilleen
5/10/32

ATX01 0031819

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1932

(THEME SONG - One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Just a second to bid you all good evening -- a second only for the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet is hovering over Manhattan where it will linger tonight as two noted Metropolitan orchestras sing out their enticing melodies. So you of the East, the West, the North and the South, dance and be merry. For tonight we greet an old friend, Jack Denny and his musical Denny-tasses, and a newcomer to the Lucky Strike Hour but not to the air waves -- Russ Columbo and his colorful Crew. And now, we're on our way to the Waldorf-Astoria where Jack Denny awaits us.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

Good evening Lucky Strike Dancers, this is Jack Denny welcoming you to the Empire Room of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria where we play -- (TITLES)

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JACK DENNY:

And now we speed the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet up Park Avenue and over to Fifth. (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Clap hands for you, Jack - you've pushed this program off to an electric start. Now here's one for your book and I wish I had known it Tuesday night when we had Vincent Lopez on with us. Believe it or not, Lopez, famous "Hello everybody" and all, is now heavily in the throes of a romance -- an unusual romance, the lass being a versatile newspaper columnist, Alyce Siemens, the female Sobol of the Boston American. It all began when Lopez was playing in Boston recently and the outspoken Siemens gal 20 seconds after she had met him for the first time, snapped sharply to the orchestra leader, "You're a grand musician, Mr. Lopez -- but I think you use the wrong makeup for the platform." And that was the beginning of a beautiful romance as we sentimentalists like to put it.

Some weeks ago, I was the first to report that all was not as it should be in the Hoot Gibson-Sally Eilers domestic menage and shortly thereafter, the pulchritudinous Sally arriving in Giddy Gotham confided to friends and columnists that Mister Sobol was as wrong as the fellow who bet on Brandon Mint because he thought it had something to do with the treasury, and was a sure money bet in the Kentucky Derby. Well, all I know is that I've been reading in the papers, the last few days that Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers are separating and I'm just crazy enough to believe what I read sometimes if the pictures are nice. But what I'm getting at is this -- One of Sally Eiler's closest pals -- the pretty Marion Nixon and her handsome husband are now reported drifting, too. It must be in the air.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

After her next picture, I've been given to understand, Constance Bennett and her Marquis will sail off to Europe to build a chateau in France and then after Constance completes her contracts here, the pair intend to take up permanent residence Overthere -- or at least, they think they'll make it permanent.

Incidentally, George Brent whose name has been involved so constantly in the Ruth Chatterton-Ralph Forbes mixup, is now squiring the petite Bette Davis everywhere as another step toward squelching the rumors -- and perhaps, what is more to the point, because he's genuinely interested in the Davis gal.

Well, Helene Costello got her divorce, as you know -- and the reason she got it so quickly is a few things she was going to speak right out loud and tell in court, which Lowell Sherman decided might just as well be left unsaid, but what interests most of us is that Helene's real heart-throb now is a wealthy young New Yorker, Phil. Rosen and when marriage bells ring out again for the pretty Helene, the indications are that the personable young Mr. Rosen will walk to the altar steps by her side.

The thigh-tossing, provocative Gilda Gray -- is now being married in the regal manner by the wealthy young Freddy Mougey of Brookline, Mass., who I understand has been trying to urge her to forsake the stage -- Did you know, by the way, that the reason Achmed Abdullah, the famous writer, affects that monocle over his right eye is simply because the sight in that eye is bad.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

A few fragments, ladies and gentlemen, from our Memory Lane album.

One of the prettiest girls in a Gus Edwards revue years ago was a lass named Anna Lehr. Now she has a daughter, equally as beautiful who's making rapid strides in the audible flickers. Ann Dvorak, I mean.

Billy Rose, famous producer and song writer, met Fannie Brice in 1927 and she didn't like him because she thought he looked too cynical and he didn't like her on general principles. But he wrote a song for her, "Mrs. Cohen on the Beach" and it gave her the snickers so she said, "Yes, I'll marry you, Billy, what can I lose?" and she did, in 1929, Mayor Jimmy Walker pronouncing the fatal words and the comedian, Jay Brennan acting as both best man and bridesmaid with the famous wit, Bugs Baer as general assistant.

Gilbert Patten years ago signed a contract to turn out a series of stories at the rate of 20,000 words every seven days for which the compensation was to be \$50 a week. He tagged the hero Frank Merriwell and the stories proved such a sensation he's been writing Merriwell yarns ever since -- but he rates considerably more than \$50 a week now.

A nice little girl in New Haven, Conn. snubbed Rudy Vallee, because as she explained to him (he was then playing in a moving picture theatre orchestra) "Rudy, you're a swell fellow but you're going to end your days tooting a saxophone and what future is there in that?"

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

The experts in crew racing are pointing out the Yale Crew as the big favorite to represent Uncle Sam in the Olympic games, since that husky Yale eight won their three-length victory over Columbia and Penn last Saturday. But Syracuse and Princeton won the same day, and that fight to carry the stars and stripes is going to be a close one, take it from Mr. Sobol!

HOWARD CLANEY:

In clubs and fraternities on dozens of college campuses.... Yale, Harvard, Princeton..at Purdue -- at California and Washington... as students drop in and excited discussions begin about the big crew races next month - you'll notice that there's a big favorite in cigarettes...that famous package of LUCKIES is passed around more often than any other cigarette. College men have mighty clear cut ideas about the kind of cigarette they want - it must be the very finest - perfectly blended and perfectly made. Their critical taste recognizes in LUCKIES the choicest of Turkish and domestic tobaccos. And college men and women recognize another measure of goodness that only LUCKY STRIKE offers - the delicious mellow-mild flavor imparted by that famous LUCKY STRIKE process which removes certain impurities that nature hides in all tobacco leaves. It is this pure, mellow-mild goodness that makes LUCKY STRIKE the finest cigarette in all the world....the choice of college men and women, and of discriminating smokers everywhere, because "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now our active Magic Carpet makes one short leap from Fifth Avenue and 55th Street right over the skyscrapers of Broadway to a rural point a few miles away where Russ Columbo and his men of melody await us at the Woodmansten Inn.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, RUSS COLUMBO!

ANNOUNCER:

Here we are in the Woodmansten Inn where Russ Columbo and his orchestra swing into the dance with -- (TITLES)

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ANNOUNCER:

Now the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet leaves our dance floor and flashes over Pelham Parkway, back to Manhattan!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, Russ Columbo -- hold fast now and you, my dancing friends of America, clamber on the Magic Carpet. Let's fly back to the Waldorf-Astoria and start our dancing rounds anew.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

All right, Louis. We'll start those dancing rounds, with

-- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JACK DENNY:

Carry on Louis we're streaking out of the Waldorf-Astoria,
right back to you.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Fine, Jack Denny - Fine. Stand by for awhile.

--STATION BREAK--

LOUIS SOBOL:

Now let's talk about your pocket-book....your peace of mind...the welfare of your family - Remember it was a famous Democrat who said "The trouble is the the average citizen does not take an active interest in politios," and so let's hear that prominent Democrat, United States Senator Tom Connally of Texas, talk about our government from his point of view. He is our guest tonight at the National Political Rally - that big news feature brought to you on the LUCKY STRIKE programs. We do not know in advance what Senator Connally is going to talk about. LUCKY STRIKE is absolutely impartial - unprejudiced one way or another. On Tuesday nights we present a leading Republican speaker....on Thursday nights a prominent Democratic speaker. Senator Tom Connally of Texas looks just like you think he looks. He is a typical Texan law-maker, over six feet in height, with flowing, waving hair, and wears the large black hat that characterizes the Westerner. Ever since he graduated from the law school of Texas University, he has been in political life. He served in the Spanish American War, and during the World War left his seat in Congress to join the United States Army. Today he is a conspicuous personality in the Senate as a member of the powerful Finance Committee, which shapes up legislation on that big question of the day - Uncle Sam's revenue. It is a great privilege to introduce the Senator from Texas - the Honorable Tom Connally!

(SENATOR CONNALLY'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

You have just heard Senator Tom Connally of Texas speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally will be Congressman Charles L. Underhill of Mass. -- for the Republicans, and Congressman Charles R. Crisp of Georgia, for the Democrats.

Again the Magic Carpet takes off on a quick flight to Woodmansten Inn -- and Russ Columbo -- 20 miles in three seconds -- Zip! We're off -- and Zip! We're there.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, RUSS COLUMBO!

ANNOUNCER:

Again Russ Columbo and his boys continue the dance from the Woodmansten Inn, as they play: -- (TITLES)

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ANNOUNCER:

Here we go, right back into the midst of Manhattan's bright lights. (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, Russ Columbo.

And now, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast, Ol Massa Sobol who was never one to tell bedtime stories, being one of those Broadwayard lads who'd split his last dollar with you -- if you lend it to him first -- will do his 2nd stanza here.

A commercial note of interest is that Woolworth's will shortly retail a complete camera taking small sized photographs at 10 cents each, the deal with the inventor, I understand, having been closed a few days ago. The report around these parts that Doris Duke, reputed to be the wealthiest heiress in the world, was engaged to be married to New York State Senator Elmer F. Quinn having proved to be groundless, it occurs to me that three important heiresses of the country are still pretty much heart free. The other two are Barbara Hutton, who'll come into something like \$40,000,000. (40 millions) and Nancy Jones of Washington, whose papa, one of the country's leading coal magnates, has a fortune conservatively estimated at \$50,000,000 merely as a tip to some eligible bachelors.

Incidentally, I wonder what's become of the reported secret engagement of Paddy De Sico, whose folks made a fortune by convincing America that Broccoli was more palatable than spinach -- and Vivian Tobin?

These speakeasies with their signs just slay me. The latest is the one on mirror in back of the bar of a dive here which makes this pathetic appeal, "Let's Bring Back Beer."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031830

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Incidentally, James Joyce's "Ulysses" which has been barred from this country for years is to be published in this country shortly by the Random House which insists that it will fight the legal ban against it as being unwarranted by law. If the publishers win out, it will mean that many of the books printed on the other side but barred from this country can be printed here -- something I'm afraid that will disturb those ratty-eyed lads who demand fancy prices for off-color literetic tomes.

In answer to a few letters:

Cameron C. Stineman, Washington, D.C. -- I have no recollection of stating that some one in Washington had bought a distinctive looking car which was the only one of its kind in the territory.

Albert McCarthy, New Haven, Conn: - There have been reports, of course, published in some of the columns that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were separating but both have denied it vigorously and whenever the occasion presents are constantly together.

Alice Conover, Cleveland, Ohio: - Alice Joyce is married to James B. Regan, Jr., son of the gentlemen who for years operated the famous Knickerbocker Hotel here.

George Godfrey, Salt Lake City, Utah: - There is no truth to it. When Charley Chaplin rewed, you can bet your own paper will have the news. It's difficult for a fellow like Chaplin to rewed secretly.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

One of the actors most constantly in demand whenever some one is wanted to portray the role of Abraham Lincoln is Frank McGlynn, who so closely identifies himself with the Lincoln roles, that he walks, sleeps, talks and chews in the great Emancipator manner and they say that if you ask him to do something he considers objectionable, he'll gaze at you steadily out of his Lincolnian eyes and murmur, "Do you think Abraham Lincoln would have done that?" It was just such a remark that prompted one of the local wits to retort, one day, "Frank, you'll never be completely happy until you're assassinated!"

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now let's spend a few seconds with Howard Claneey!

HOWARD CLANEY:

We don't believe in idols, in fetish, in the voodoo in this country, and LUCKY STRIKE doesn't believe in them in cigarette advertising. We talk about anything that concerns the welfare of the smoker! And that goes for the subject of inhaling!

VOICE:

Inhaling...Oh - Oh - here goes the last "sacred cow" in cigarette advertising!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Yes, inhaling has long been a sacred cow, an "untouchable" a subject taboo in the tobacco trade! Why?....Because in every tobacco leaf - even the finest, the mildest - nature hides certain impurities which, if not removed, are unkind to delicate membranes. And since, knowingly or unknowingly, we all inhale some part of the smoke from our cigarette - LUCKY STRIKE developed that great scientific process which removes certain impurities. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? Remember - more than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now be your gayest and dance away your cares for here we go again to Jack Denny and his effervescent tunesmiths.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

Once again in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria.
This time we play - (TITLES)

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

JACK DENNY:

Now we bid farewell to the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet as it speeds on its way. (WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That's finishing up with a bang, Jack -- Thank you and so Mr. and Mrs. America be prepared to join us again Saturday night when Ol Massa Sobol will be back at the wheel to pilot the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet to George Olsen and his orchestra, playing in New York City.

And don't forget, my friends - next Tuesday night we again bring you that unique news feature - the National Political Rally - the live issues of the Presidential Campaign presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers will be Congressman Charles L. Underhill of Massachusetts, for the Republicans, and Congressman Charles R. Crisp of Georgia, for the Democrats! Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day!

Until Saturday Night then keep a song in your heart and a LUCKY near at hand. Good night all.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD GLANEY:

"LOVE IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY" from "OF THEE I SING",
"BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA" from RHYTHM MANIA,
and "YOU'RE BLASE" were all played by special permission of the
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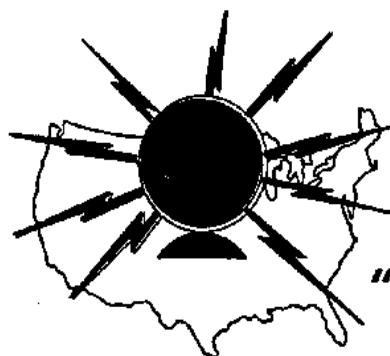
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AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
5/12/32

ATX01 0031835

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras and Mr. Louis Sobol of The New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Mr. and Mrs. America, good evening! The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet makes its happy landing in Manhattan tonight. We're riding to George Olsen and his faithful melody chefs who have prepared a menu of tasty tuneeful tidbits for your pleasure. Here we go everybody from border to border and coast to coast to bring you all right back here to George Olsen. Let's travel!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN, (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Good evening, LUCKY STRIKE Dancers, or perhaps by this time I should say "Good Evening LUCKY STRIKE friends," but anyway this is George Olsen saying "How-do-you-do and how are you everybody!" Tonight we play first: -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

And now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet is off again to land right at our pilot's feet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Whango, George! That's serving it nice and hot. Now hold fast a bit.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Out here in Manhattan the romance between the dark-eyed, vivacious Lupe Velez and the wealthy Bert Taylor which was going great guns has apparently struck a terrific snag, for the night before last I saw Bert at the snooty Central Park Casino sitting with several ladies and gents of the social set, while a few tables away was the electric Lupe with Johnny Weismuller and during the evening neither Lupe nor Bert had anything to say to each other until toward the close when the little Mexican sweetheart suddenly shouted across to Taylor, telling him what she thought of him in no uncertain terms. It's a way we have here on Broadway -- always frank and open and to the point.

Out on the coast, the gay and pretty Dorothy Jordan confesses that her much publicised romance with Don Dillaway is going the icy route. What should definitely check the imaginative outbursts of a few of the gossiping fraternity who have been trying to link the pulchritudinous Elissa Landi with sundry lads of the screen and stage is the fact that her handsome English hubby, John Lawrence is arriving on the coast to live with her in the new \$60,000 mansion recently purchased by the Landi gal.

One chap who sometimes wishes he weren't making quite so much money is George Arliss who not only has to pay income taxes in this country but in England as well, which on top of his voluntary out in salary -- I think it was from \$80,000 to \$60,000 -- doesn't leave him very much money.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031838

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

George O'Brien, the Fox star seems fated to remain a bachelor -- perhaps it's only a coincidence that the four sweet gals who were at different times under contract to the Fox organization and were reported engaged to O'Brien at different periods, of course -- were all given their releases from their contracts. In the order of romance and release -- the four were Olive Borden, Marguerite Churchill, Conchita Montenegro and Cecilia Parker. Credit little Sydney Fox with plenty of pluck -- take it from me. After plunging over a hundred foot embankment in her car and miraculously escaping death, she flew to San Francisco the following morning to see her brother in the Navy who's leaving for a three year cruise. Speaking of pluck, let me pay a tribute to the people of the stage and screen who refuse to let age dampen their ardor or ambitions and who keep right on going. What brought this home to me forcibly was watching the aged Eddie Leonard going through his blackface routine the other night with all the spirit of a 17 year old youngster. The years haven't hurt Sophie Tucker. Marie Dressler is unbeaten by time. Trixi Friganza, Cissie Loftus -- even Eva Tanguay are still going along staunchly. And the shy, Maude Adams came out of her retirement recently. Speaking of age, reminds me of the time when a young gallant purred softly to Alice Duer Miller, the famous novelist -- "You know, you don't look a day over 45." "I'm nearer 50," replied the novelist dryly. The gallant refused to be subdued. "Well, then, he chirped, "It must be because adversity has passed you by that you've retained your youth so remarkably." -- "Adversity has not passed me by," sniffed Mrs. Miller indignantly, "Why there were many times in my life when I was down to my last \$1000."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

I can understand now why that philanthropic millionaire whom I mentioned a few broadcasts ago as sending me a check for \$70 to give to a little night club girl who wanted to go home to see her mother in Dallas, Texas, asked me to withhold his name. Since making the announcement over the air, I've received almost 60 letters from other little girls all of whom have suddenly decided they'd like to go home to see their mothers.

...And now, let's hear what Howard Clancy has to say:

HOWARD CLANCY:

Twenty-one American women presented at court this week to King George and Queen Mary of England. As these important figures in American social life awaited their turns, many of them undoubtedly relieved the tension by smoking cigarettes. LUCKIES are by no means strangers in the royal houses of Europe. For, all over the world, discriminating, fastidious smokers have found LUCKIES to be the finest cigarette that shillings, francs or any other coinage can buy. The tobacco used in LUCKIES simply could not be better. And none are quite so pure. For LUCKIES -- and only LUCKIES -- are "TOASTED" ... which means that certain impurities found in even the mildest tobacco leaves are removed! And so LUCKIES are kind to your delicate membranes! The finest of fine tobaccos plus "TOASTING" makes LUCKY STRIKE the purest, mellow-mildest, most delicious cigarette you ever smoked.

LOUIS SOBOL:

Now collect yourselves on this Magic Carpet, wherever you are -- and let's swoop down on Manhattan again for another round of dancing to the merry melodies of George Olsen and his orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Here's where we take that lightning trip on the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Hey, hey, fella! That's going at it with the old Olsen pep. Take your breathing spell now, mister.

And now -- Mr. and Mrs. Voter -- all you Americans in big cities and small towns who are going to mark those "X's" on the ballots next November -- who's your candidate for presidency -- how do you stand on the great questions that have your Uncle Sam all hot and bothered? It's what you say that counts down in Washington. And to help you decide those burning issues, LUCKY STRIKE will bring you that famous National Political Rally again next week.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

On Tuesday night you will hear from Congressman Charles L. Underhill of Massachusetts, speaking under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. On Thursday, Congressman Charles R. Crisp of Georgia, speaking under the sponsorship of the Democratic National Committee. LUCKY STRIKE gives both the historic parties an equal opportunity to present their views in the campaign for the presidency. LUCKY STRIKE is neutral...it belongs to both parties -- to every American. We do not know in advance what our speakers will say, for free speech is the rule in these political rallies. LUCKY STRIKE brings you this radio news service, in appreciation of the overwhelming demand of Americans for LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

--LOCAL---

LOUIS SOBOL:

And while the Magic Carpet still clings to its post in Manhattan, let's lay aside our LUCKIES, fling off our petty worries and go gay again with George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

We continue the dance with: (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

And now our pilot is waiting, so let's all climb aboard and flash that LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet back to him.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Atta boy, George. You're handing it to us hot and heavy tonight -- but we can take it -- and love it. It's time for Ol Massa Sobol to deliver another oration at this point, so settle back, Papa and Mama Coast to Coast for a brief session with the great and the near great.

Both Broadway and operatic circles are still buzzing with the staunch stand taken by Benjamino Gigli, the operatic tenor in refusing to take a salary cut at the Metropolitan Opera House. He's being condemned by many -- upheld by others. Gigli, however, insists that as long as he can go into the picture houses for half a year at \$7000 a week, he'd be silly to turn it down -- since he feels that his talents can be served to the public just as well in the picture houses as in the more conservative opera house. His associates however feel differently and have come out and said so, to which Gigli's answer is still, \$7000 a week is \$7000 a week.

James Barton, the comedian, has built a baseball diamond on his property in Long Island specially for the kids of the neighborhood whom he equips out of his own purse with uniforms and bats, merely for the thrill of being the umpire.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

In one of the all night rendezvous several toads' hops from Times Square, if you inspect the silverware, you'll see it engraved U.S. Naval Academy. George Raft, the cinamrogue and Billie Dove are reported to be the central figures of Hollywood's newest romance which reminds me that when the genial Georgie a few seasons ago was in New York, long before he thought he'd make the grade in Hollywood, he used to pull me aside every so often and say, "Louie, do me a favor, will you? Whenever you get the chance -- see if you can't write something nice about Mollie O'Day. Maybe you can use a picture of her." Nothing that concerned Mollie was too good -- for George thought she was a grand gal -- and now here he is, one of the up and coming gentlemen of the cinema while pretty Mollie is still trying to stage a comeback.

A few seconds here to answer a few letters:

B. J. Connors, Birmingham, Alabama: Simply addressing the screen stars to Hollywood, California, will bring your notes to them.

Miss Anne Leahy, New York: You can reach Gus Edwards at the Hotel Astor in New York.

Muriel Roberts, Los Angeles: - puts me in my place by writing that the reason there's no cover charge for sitting on top of the world is because most of us have paid it -- and how we've paid it -- long before we get there.

George Johnson, Hartford, Connecticut: Nancy Carroll is married to a tall, handsome lad named Bolton Mallory who was until recently, editor of the humor magazine, Life.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031844

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, widow of the famous iron and steel magnate, is the mistress of the largest private home in all New York and has the income from one of the largest fortunes in the world. She also owns a great castle in Scotland. She was Louise Whitfield when she married Mr. Carnegie on April 22, 1887. It was a happy marriage up to his death. No well-dowered American family, with the exception of the Rockefellers has given away more millions than the Carnegies and Mrs. Carnegie now insists that her grandchildren, the offspring of her only daughter, Mrs. Roswell Miller, be reared to understand that inherited wealth carries with it the obligation to assist the needy and less fortunate. She enjoys singing with the People's chorus -- but the other singers do not know she's the Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. There are said to be 4500 families in the New York Social Register, but of these probably not more than the members of 50 families have ever been welcomed on the other side of the famous Carnegie portals. Today, her hair is white -- she is small in stature -- she dresses simply and while she possesses some handsome jewels, she rarely wears any but the most inexpensive trinkets.

Lately, at the El Garron, one of the swanky Manhattan night clubs, an elderly gentleman has been arriving alone, who never orders anything except a glass of water, but usually buys out almost the entire stock of the flower girl's gardenias and places them on his table.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

MR. SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

It reminds me of the story they once told about the erratic Oscar Wilde, who entering a restaurant in Paris, summoned the headwaiter and brusquely ordered him to send out at once for a bunch of violets. "But won't the monsieur order something to eat now?" asked that dignitary. "Please do as I've ordered. Get me a bouquet of violets." The headwaiter shrugged his shoulders but sent out for the flowers and fifteen minutes later placed the violets in the poet's hands. Wilde rose to his full height, sniffed feverishly of the flowers for a second or two, tossed the bouquet on the table, looked proudly around the room and exclaimed, "Ah, I have dined!" and stalked out of the restaurant.

Right here, Howard Claneey wants to get a few things off his chest.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Do you smoke a cigarette occasionally or do you smoke one after the other? No matter how many you smoke -- be sure you don't inhale certain impurities.

VOICE:

Gosh -- now that cat's out of the bag!

HOWARD CLANEY:

For years the subject of inhaling has been strikingly avoided in the tobacco industry. And no doubt for a very good reason! But is that reason good for you? You have a right to know -- for knowingly or unknowingly -- you do inhale!

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Everybody inhales...every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has chosen in the smoker's interest to raise this vital question, for LUCKIES give you the protection you want...because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! "IT'S TOASTED" -- your protection -- for delicate membranes!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Once again we gather in mirthful Manhattan for our final dance festival with George Olsen and his Olsenaders.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now as the wonderful Magic Carpet settles down we play:

(TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Watch out Louis, we're leaping right over to you, and we're riding fast.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Again let me thank you, George Olsen. You never fail us. Now the Magic Carpet leaves Manhattan reluctantly to deposit its millions of passengers back to their homes throughout the country but we'll all be together again Tuesday night -- with Ol Massa Sobol ready to steer the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet to Montreal for Charlie Dornberger and his bandsmen, and to Chicago to hear the soothing melodies of the Wayne King crew. And please remember -- on Tuesday night we again bring you the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign, presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Tuesday night's speaker will be Congressman Charles L. Underhill of Massachusetts for the Republicans and on Thursday night you will hear Congressman Charles R. Crisp of Georgia for the Democrats....Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day.

And now, as for me, I'm off to my dentist, whom I so playfully call, "The Tarzan of the Aches." Until Tuesday evening, Good night!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

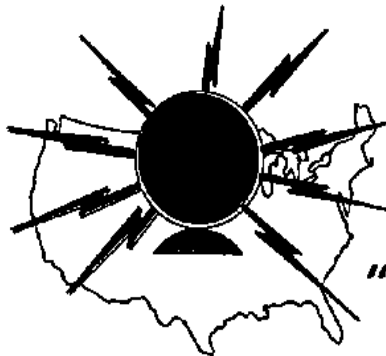
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AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
5/14/32

ATX01 0031848

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1932

(THEME SONG -- ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras, one from Chicago, Illinois and one from Montreal, Canada, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!!

LOUIS SOBOL

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of North America -- and all you lucky folks on ships sailing out of American ports tonight, good evening. A grand night outdoors and just as grand indoors for us who are about to hop on this LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet for a gay, giddy series of flights to Charles Dornberger and his orchestra in Montreal, Canada. But first the magic carpet is all set to hop to our old friend Wayne King and his monarchs of melody in Chicago. We're off -- riding high and fast -- gathering momentum as we speed on to our first landing post -- Chicago and Wayne King.

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

WAYNE KING:

Good evening, Magic Carpet riders. This is Wayne King pausing only long enough to greet you and turn you over to our announcer who'll tell you what we'll play.

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

And Wayne King starts us dancing with -- (TITLES)

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CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet flashes out of the Aragon Ballroom and Chicago, eastward bound to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That was a royal set of melodies Wayne King. Settle back now while I discuss a little of this and a little of that with kindness towards all - and mallets for none - unless deserved.

Over in England, the book of the moment is something called "No Decency Left" and the author's name is given as a lady known as Barbara Rich. Well, Barbara Rich is really Robert Graves, famous English poet and author, and Graves is now separated from his wife, daughter of the famous artist, William Nicholson.

Incidentally Corinne Griffith must have been in seventh heaven over the swanky turnout for the premiere of her first English film, "Lily Christine," in London recently - the performance was for charity and Lady Furness, Gloria Vanderbilt's twin sister, sponsored it. Well, the Prince of Wales was there and so was Prince George. If you're at all interested in British gossip, you'll probably get a ripple all the way down your spine when I tell you that Lord Warwick is escorting his former fiancée around again, Margaret Whigham, and you have no idea what a furore that causes over London tea cups. Oh, well, let's get back to the good old Youessay.

Ernst Lubitsch, heart free for the nonce - if you go in for nonces -- is pretty much the man about town in Brawlywood these nights and early ayems -- being most frequently either with Phyllis Clare or with Estelle Taylor.

In Boston, they hint that the lovely daughter of Mayor James Curley is on the verge of a real romance and incidentally, those signatures of the Mayor on the billboards around the Hub City terrain aren't the same as those he scrawls on checks and letters.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (Continues)

The gay and perennially youthful Marie Dressler after all these years has made her first real estate investment - a home in Beverly Hills.

The Prince of Wales is haunted by the fear of becoming fat in his old age as did his grandpapa and his great grandmama - which explains why he goes in for such strenuous exercising. His present diet is first, a sole, simply fried, garnished with half a lemon - next a meat course (either grilled steak or roast lamb or beef) without potatoes - and then a cheese souffle, followed by a small cup of black coffee.

I don't know what started me off on this track but as long as we're discussing food, let's expose a few other folks. Lloyd George prefers buttermilk to other beverages; George Bernard Shaw will eat any vegetable except asparagus; Tom Douglas, the moving picture actor, eats practically nothing but celery; Harry Richman, the singer, goes heavy for a dish known as cheese blintzes, and the late Edgar Wallace used to drink 40 cups of tea a day.

Mitzi Green, who has been going great guns in vaudeville, is being recalled to play the title role in "Little Orphan Annie" and I understand Jackie Cooper's mama, after his present contract is completed - and it still has some years to run - will take the precocious lad out of pictures and make him take a two year schooling holiday, perhaps abroad.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (Continues)

By the way, a few years ago, Ol Massa Sobol turned out a play which ran about two weeks on Broadway. Critics were unanimous in acclaiming it - as the worst play in a decade, but it did some people a lot of good and I'd like to tell you about it. First of all, the lad who played the part of the juvenile got so disgusted with the play and the author, that he vowed he was going to quit the stage - and he did. His name is Robert Montgomery and he's doing pretty well, they tell me, in the movies. Before him, another chap tried out for the part. He quit after a week or two and look what happened to him! Monroe Owsley was his name - and he's not so bad in the pictures either. A lady who had nothing to do but walk around on the stage went over to her hotel suite - this was after the play closed down - took a shower and got scalded. She sued and won something like a quarter of a million dollars. That was Juanita Hansen, whom you may remember as one of the first of our silent screen heroines. As for the author, they threw him out of the newspaper business and he was forced to become a columnist. Just a sad story.

Manhattan is still complaining that the trouble with the stage here is that there are too many theatres. Well, I guess that's so, but I know that recently reading a book devoted to the history of the theatre, there was a paragraph in which it was pointed out that back in 1810 when there were only three legit houses in all New York, a writer had complained that the trouble with the theatre situation was not the high prices but the fact that there were too many theatres.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031853

LOUIS SOBOL: (Continues)

A minute or so with our Memory Lane Album. A youngster whose sister had made good alone, wanted to step out on his own and play the violin. "I'll work", he told the vaudeville producer, "for whatever you think I'm worth". He got \$8 at the end of his first week. When he complained, another actor on the bill asked him "What's the extra dollar for?" The young violin player was George M. Cohan.

Estelle Taylor, at the age of 12, was desperately in love with a lad of 14. She had only one doubt about the boyfriend. He was such a meek kid. She wanted a hero. "Supposing", she said, "there was a fire and I was being burned to death, would you climb up and save me so we could live together ever after happily?" "Sure, I would", said the boy. Estelle didn't know whether to believe him or not but took it for granted that if the occasion demanded, he would measure up to snuff. Two weeks later, the boy went to his death trying to save a friend from drowning.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

And now, a long distance microphone call for Mr. Claneey!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Let me ask, right here in the studio, a very important question...oh, Mr. Sobol, Mr. McAvity, Mr. Petrie, just a moment.... do you inhale?

LOUIS SOBEL:

Sure I do - all the time!

THOMAS McAVITY:

Me too - I always inhale!

HOWARD PETRIE:

Not me - I smoke, but I don't inhale!

HOWARD CLANEY:

You may think you don't inhale, Mr. Petrie, but indeed you do! Seven out of ten smokers know they do. The other three inhale without realizing it. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Think, then, how important it is to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure - is clean - that certain impurities have been removed - protect your delicate membranes. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has dared to raise this much-avoided subject.....because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process, and only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? More than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

No time to waste now, Mr. and Mrs. America. Forget your baggage but be sure you have your supply of LUCKIES. Hop on, now, the Magic Carpet's impatient to get off. Zip, we're on our way -- northward -- to gay Montreal and Charlie Dornberger's Merry Melody Men.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE DORNBERGER (WHISTLE) OKAY, MONTREAL!

CHARLIE DORNBERGER:

This is Charles Dornberger welcoming all you LUCKY STRIKE dancers to the Mount Royal Hotel and Montreal, where we play, (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHARLIE DORNBERGER:

Here comes that border-jumping Magic Carpet, dashing back from Montreal to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A round of applause for you on that, Charlie, but hold fast fella, the Magic Carpet's flying ahead full blast again, -- westward now to Chicago -- westward to Wayne King.

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Once again in Chicago we continue the dance with --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Now we leap out of Chicago back to Manhattan and Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A swell job, Wayne, and thank you. Now it's your turn to hold fast.

(FEW BUGLE NOTES OF REVEILLE) Enlist in the war - the war against depression. Take part in politics! Let the National Political Rally, which you hear on the LUCKY STRIKE programs, help you decide which way you're going to vote. We aim to give you a clear-cut picture of the political scene....impartial....neutral... favoring neither side! On Tuesday nights we present a leading Republican. On Thursday nights a prominent Democrat. We do not know in advance what statements our eminent guests will make!

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Tonight we introduce that staunch Republican Congressman from Massachusetts - the Honorable Charles L. Underhill, often called "the Watchdog of the Treasury" because of his efforts to save the taxpayer's money. Congressman Underhill well knows the value of a dollar, for he has made his own way since he was twelve years old. For ten years he served as a blacksmith. And today "the smith a mighty man is he," for Congressman Underhill is a member of many of the most important committees of the House of Representatives. His judgment is tempered by 22 years of public service! And so we are proud to present the gentleman from Massachusetts - Congressman Charles L. Underhill!

(CONGRESSMAN UNDERHILL'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Congressman Charles L. Underhill of Massachusetts has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. On Thursday night you will hear Congressman Charles R. Crisp of Georgia, who will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet getting off with a bang -- speeding through the air highways and byways back to Montreal and Charlie Dornberger. On your dancing toes, America.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLES DORNBERGER (WHISTLE) OKAY, MONTREAL!

CHARLIE DORNBERGER:

And now we are all ready to play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHARLIE DORNBERGER:

Now, the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet leaps high over the Canadian border and speeds southward to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Hey, hey, mista! That's serving it in the tasty manner. Charley, has it ever occurred to you that many a girl who marries a man with money to burn discovers eventually he wasn't such a good match! Or am I getting behind my depth. At any rate, stand by and listen to Ol Massa Sobol for a spell.

Out in the picture colonies, the one topic of discussion these days seems to be weight reducing. Every one's going in for it - and I don't want to mention names, but at any rate it seems weight around the middle nowadays is just so much weight around the neck where success is concerned. Mae Clark, the cinema pretty, now recovering from her nervous breakdown, will take off shortly for either Hawaii or Tahiti.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

They tell me that the marriage of Donald Davis, son of the famous playwright, Owen Davis, to Dorothy Mathews, the actress, depended chiefly on the sale of a play. Donald, it seems, did an adaptation of Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth" with his father, selling it to the Theatre Guild - and with a certain amount of success to be expected because of the Guild connection - to say nothing of the advance royalty check - Donald decided that now was the time to get married - and he did. A new and unusual club meets in the backroom of a cigar store near the Battery - here in Manhattan. It's called the Panamaniacs and membership is limited to those who have been in at least two foreign countries. Mostly writers and seafaring men belong and only one kind of drink is served - martini cocktails.

Now to answer a few letters:

John H. Lyk, Leavenworth Prison, Leavenworth, Kansas - I wish I were in a position to tell you whether General Smedley Butler plans to run for president as a "wet" or as a marine, and not being on speaking terms with Henry Ford, I'm afraid I can't tell you just how much his garden costs him annually.

Oliver M. Crosby, Amesbury, Massachusetts - I simply stated that Russ Columbo had graciously accompanied his rival, Art Jarrett, on the violin when Jarrett just as graciously got up to sing at Columbo's opening at a roadside inn here.

Janet Linn, Salt Lake City, Utah - You must be thinking of Dolores Del Rio. Lupe Velez at present is starring in a Ziegfeld production.

Alice Grusson, Chicago, Illinois - It was Wallace and not Noah Beery, who was once Gloria Swanson's husband.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031860

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

The shy, retiring and benevolent matron, Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, is one of the few members of the once socially glorified Gould family who still holds her own in Gotham's fashionable world. She was born Helen Miller Gould, daughter of the famous, much feared Jay Gould, and in her eyes he could do no wrong. She was a great favorite of her father and along with her brother, the late George Jay Gould, was permitted to share all of his financial secrets. In her earlier days she had innumerable offers of marriage, but declined them, insisting her place was at her father's side. Society, today, interests Mrs. Shepard little. She still administers a large fortune. She has a Fifth Avenue residence. She attends the opera occasionally - seldom goes to the theatre, and invites only her closest and oldest friends to her simple, unostentatious dinners - and always rides in an automobile described as a "vintage vehicle." She hasn't been abroad in years - her summers usually being spent in Lyndhurst up on the Hudson and at the house erected on the original Gould land at Roxbury. Most of her income she devotes to charity. Deeply religious, Mrs. Shepard regards gambling as an unpardonable sin and every Christmas she sends her young nieces and nephews a new copy of the Bible. Mrs. Shepard cares nothing for the dictates of fashion. The Goulds trace their descent from Major Nathan Gold, a native of Edmondsbury, England, who emigrated to Fairfield, Connecticut in 1646.

That wind's up Ol Marse Sobol's second edition, but I've left room in my radio column for another item of news from Howard Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

This afternoon, several hundred people who love flowers, visited a beautiful estate on Long Island. The hostess kindly opened her gardens that other lovers of flowers might share the beauty of the spring blooms, the budding green of the lawns and shrubbery. Here indeed was a gathering of cultured, discriminating people! They know flowers and plants...they are versed in the horticulturist's art! We would like to have these people inspect the prize tobaccos that are used in LUCKY STRIKE. They would quickly recognize what tobacco experts know to be a fact: that LUCKY STRIKE uses only the finest of fine tobaccos. Then "IT'S TOASTED" -- which means that certain impurities present in even the mildest of tobacco leaves are removed! That's why LUCKIES are kind to your delicate membranes! That's why LUCKIES are so pure, so mellow-mild, so unusually delicious. And that's why at fashionable garden parties, and the other meeting places of the smart set, you'll find that LUCKIES are far and away the favorite of discriminating smokers.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now on to Chicago, we fly again -- The Magic Carpet is speeding its happy crew -- to Chicago and Wayne King for our final dance festival. Come on everybody!

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Here we are in the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago where Wayne King and his boys continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet is on its way, from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean. Here we go!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good night, Wayne -- Goodnight to you and Thanks. My friends, that is all there is -- there is no more, -- but Thursday night will find us collecting again for another hour of music and merriment and breezy chatter with Ol Massa Sobol piloting the Magic Carpet ten thousand feet above New York City where we'll hop aboard of all things a real airplane to hear Marion Hardy's high flying crew. Ride with us on Thursday night because the Magic Carpet is going to take off from the top of the Empire State Building as it scales the dizzy heights above Manhattan. And in addition, we'll hear Joe Koss and his bandsmen playing in New York.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Tonight you heard Congressman Charles L. Underhill of Massachusetts speaking under the sponsorship of the Republican National Committee. Next Thursday night you will hear Congressman Charles R. Crisp of Georgia, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. LUCKY STRIKE IS non-partisan -- All-American. It brings you both sides, so until Thursday night, keep smiling, America and reach for a LUCKY. -- GOOD NIGHT.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

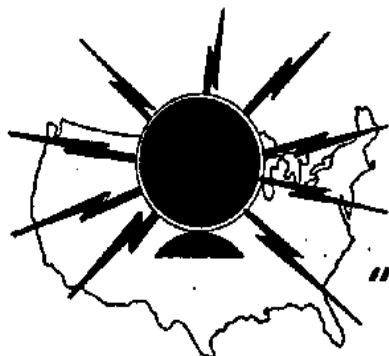
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AGENCY/SOBOL/RC/NC
5/17/32

ATX01 0031864

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1932

(THEME SONG -- ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL
REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour presented
for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes --
sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras!
Tonight, we bring you two orchestras, one in the sky, and one on the
ground, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!!

LOUIS SOBEL:

Good evening America! Tonight's the night when we're flying high! Even now as I'm talking to you, there's a plane flying over the very heart of Manhattan and in it is the newest of the orchestras to join the ranks of Mr. Lucky Strike's dance parade. We're in touch with 'em up there by short wave, but more about that later. Before we jump to the plane let's get in step by dancing to the music of one of our old friends -- Joe Moss and his peppery Moss-tard crew.

ON WITH THE DANCE, (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

This is a time for flying high and for speed so we get right into the dance with, -(TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

All right, Mr. Sobol. There's a start. Now tell us more about the airplane you mentioned.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBEL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Okay for you, Joe -- and bless every musical finger of your musical crew. I'll tell you all about the sky-riders in just a couple of minutes but hold fast now -- and all you papas and mamas gather around and let's talk things over. Let's talk, for instance, about a grand little romance. The girl is Dorothy Verrill, a writer, daughter of the famous explorer, Alpheus Hyatt Verrill to whom Who's Who devotes about a column of space -- and the boy is Russell Rhodes, a close friend of the Prince of Wales and for years in the diplomatic service abroad. He chucked the whole career over to become an actor -- and now he and Dorothy Verrill are going to elope on June 1st in the public manner.

A report emanates from Paris that Charlie Chaplin is going to marry again -- a countess they say -- but only a few months ago one of his closest friends told me that I could safely say at any time that Chaplin, already twice divorced, will never wed again-- and so I'm saying it -- how safely, of course, I don't know. And, incidentally, Estelle Taylor is insisting to friends that she and Jack Dempsey will never rewed.

Polly Moran, that droll comedienne, they tell me, had her irregular teeth fixed so that you could use them for a toothpaste ad but instead of being tickled, the studio officials went into a fret and fume, insisting it spoiled her comical smile, so now she has hollow false teeth just like her old ones, which she slips over the new ones -- that makes everybody happy.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

A romance seems to have cropped up between the beautiful Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, and Onslow Stevenson. Even blase filmdom was somewhat shocked, they tell me, at the appearance on Malibu Beach the other day of two young actresses in cellophane bathing suits --- which are said to be just the thing to guarantee painless tanning. Just what the censor's idea might be on the subject, however, I'll have to leave to you. By the way, one press agent has handed me a chuckle. The fellow who handles the mimeograph in the exploitation of Boris Karloff's name calls the Golden State "Karloffornia".

Sherwood Anderson is finishing up his first novel in seven years -- the last one was "Dark Laughter" and this one will be called "Beyond Desire" and when it's in the hands of his publishers at the end of this month, he's sailing off to Russia. I don't know whether he's aware of it but authors whose books are translated into Russian, don't get a nickel of royalty from Sovietland unless they go there and spend the money in that country.

Let's travel down Memory Lane with another author -- the famous Richard Halliburton. Because of a railroad strike he walked 400 miles from Hull to London in 1919. He was a dancing master in Paris. He climbed the Matterhorn in Switzerland but forgot to write a book about it. He was shanghaied by pirates off the coast of Hong-Kong and jailed in Gibraltar as a spy. He swam the Hellespont, ran the marathon over the original route, finishing the last seven miles in a taxicab, but what interests me chiefly is that he swam the Panama Canal and was assessed on a tonnage basis because he followed the ship route. His fee was 36 cents but it cost the government \$4,000.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And now, all you smokers, put on your thinking caps, and consider what Howard Claneey has to say about inhaling!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Wonder why cigarette advertising generally avoids the question of inhaling? One of the mysteries in cigarette advertising has been the apparent fear of the word "inhale." It seems rather foolish - for everybody inhales - whether they realize it or not....every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Think, then, how important it is to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure -- is clean -- that certain impurities have been removed -- protect your delicate membranes. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has dared to raise this vital question...because when you smoke LUCKIES your delicate membranes get the protection no other cigarette affords. All other methods have been made old-fashioned by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process. Only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? Of course you do! So truly this message is for you.

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now, your Magic Carpet goes out for an altitude record instead of distance. We're travelling up into the heavens to hear Marion Hardy and his high-flyers playing dance music in the latest approved sky-riding style. But let's not make it all in one hop. We'll go to the highest spot in New York first...Get ready for the take-off.

(WHISTLE) OKAY EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!

ATX01 0031869

JAMES WALLINGTON:

This is James Wallington in the Empire State Building. I'm on the _____th floor of the world's tallest structure. Looking down, I can see the million lights of Broadway and the twinkling lights up there in Central Park, and all the rest of the lights which stretch on and on to the north, where New York City fades into Westchester. To the south are the lights of lower New York! There's Chinatown over there, Greenwich Village and the Bowery! To the west - the lights of New Jersey on the other side of the Hudson River, and on the river itself the lights of the ferries and the ships and tugs leading out into the Harbor, where the Statue of Liberty stands a welcoming figure at the gate of the U.S.A. Looking up, I see the wing lights of the 18 passenger Eastern Air Transport Plane No. NC 735 K - which is carrying Marion Hardy and his orchestra; and if old man short-wave is with us we'll hear them from way up there over Manhattan. The Magic Carpet is rarin' to fly, from the world's tallest building to our plane in the sky!

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY NC 735 K !

BEN GRAUER:

This is Ben Grauer up in the bi-motored Eastern Air Transport Plane with Marion Hardy and his orchestra. In addition to the orchestra and NBC engineers, there's our pilot Gilbert Waller up there at the controls, and a very attractive hostess who's been serving us sandwiches and LUCKIES as we circle over Manhattan. It's a real thrill to look down on the great Metropolis and to realize that down there, as well as all over America, you folks can dance to music which is really coming to you from out of the air.

(MR. GRAUER CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031870

BEN GRAUER: (CONTINUES)

And now Marion Hardy and his orchestra carry us into the
dance with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

BEN GRAUER:

And now, back to earth after your dance in the heavens.
The Magic Carpet flashes down from this plane back to Broadway
and Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, TERRA FIRMA!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A delicious novelty that, Marion Hardy -- and a grand
sensation to those of us listening down below. We'll hear from you
again in that grand plane of yours, but now relax and light a
LUCKY while the Magic Carpet dashes over to Joe Moss, whose society
favorites will give us another thrill.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

And the dance DOES go on with -- (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

The Magic Carpet is on its way again.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Swell, Joe - grand. And now, you and your boys take time out.

Remember those great battle cries of past political campaign? -- "He kept us out of war"...."Back to Normalcy"... "Keep cool with Coolidge?" Wonder what the "Battle Cry of the Republic" will be this year? Politics is in the air -- and now, the 24th National Political Rally goes on the air!

Tonight our guest speaker is that great democratic fighter, Representative Charles R. Crisp of Georgia, an acting chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means. On Tuesday nights we bring you a leading Republican speaker. Tonight and every Thursday night we bring you a leading Democrat. LUCKY STRIKE is neutral..... This is an impartial news service...You actually hear the front page news on politics!

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

We do not know what Representative Crisp will say to you tonight - but we know it will be of vital interest to every single American. When Representative Crisp leapt to his feet on the floor of the House of Representatives in February and furiously attacked the plan he dramatically termed "Soak the Rich" as a futile effort to balance the budget, his name flashed across the entire country and became a symbol of bold and fearless statesmanship. Since then this great Democrat has fought with every muscle and sinew in the day and night battle to give America a balanced budget. "I have burned every bridge behind me," he told his colleagues, "no matter what the personal political consequences may be, I am going to advocate levying sufficient taxes to balance the budget," and now ladies and gentlemen, you will hear the voice of one of your most distinguished representatives, an eminent parliamentarian, the Honorable Charles R. Crisp of Georgia.

(CONGRESSMAN CHARLES R. CRISP'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

You have just heard Congressman Charles R. Crisp of Georgia speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally will be Congressman Willis O. Hawley of Oregon, for the Republicans, and the Honorable Claude G. Bower for the Democrats.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now - up we go again, on the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet to that plane in the sky. But first, let's hear from our look-out at the highest point of New York.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!

JAMES WALLINGTON:

This is James Wallington again, near the top of the world's highest structure. The Eastern Air Transport Plane KC 725 K has been cruising around over our heads waiting for their next signal to send down music from the sky! The Magic Carpet is ready for the take-off! Hang on! Here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, (WHISTLE) OKAY, KC 725 K !

BEN GRAUER:

And here in the plane, sailing around in space as they play, Marion Hardy and his orchestra blaze forth with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

BEN GRAUER:

Now from the Eastern Air Transport Plane high above New York, the Magic Carpet flashes down out of the sky to return to earth. Happy landings!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

It must be great up there above the clouds on a night like this. Right here, we ought to thank the Weather Man and old man short-wave for being so good to us - and, of course, thanks to all of you in the plane who helped give us a good show. And now, let's chat a bit.

Remember just the other broadcast I asked whatever had become of the engagement between Paddy Desico, the polo player and Vivian Tobin, the screen and stage pretty? Well, I've found out -- the romance has gone smash -- and Paddy has just returned from the Coast--heartfree. A little bit of irony. Lewis Stone who once confided that red-headed women left him cold -- completely cold -- is to play a principal role in, of all things, "Red-Headed Woman." Incidentally there's no truth to the report that Norma Shearer has let her hair grow long during the past six months -- it's the wig she wears for the picture "Strange Interlude."

A familiar three-some around Manhattan these days is Edmund Loew, Victor McLaglin and Fifi D'orsay who have merged for an act being shown here. The tall McLaglin still has his attractions for the youngsters. I saw a crowd of almost 50 following him around the other day.

An interesting story concerns a gentleman in New Haven, Connecticut. For three years, three wealthy nephews of his in this city, each forwarded \$10 a week to him for his support. He had two grown-up children but they refused to help him so these nephews, as I've said, sent him \$10 each every week. A few months ago, the uncle died. He left a little over \$4,500 -- or practically the entire amount the nephews had contributed to his support in the three years. The money was willed to the children who had refused to support him.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031875

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And now let's answer two or three letters here:

Helen Blair, Washington, D.C. -- As I've said several times, both Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes vehemently deny plans for a divorce.

Olive Crosby, Amesbury, Massachusetts. -- You must be mistaken. As a matter of fact, Russ Columbo and I are personal friends, -- and I was the very first New York newspaperman to call attention to him and his possibilities. I'm sure he himself will tell you there is no feud between us.

Janice Crampton, Waco, Texas -- As far as I know, there is absolutely no truth to the report. Sentimentalists like to imagine that the romance between Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor still survives in spite of their respective marriages but close friends of theirs tell you that isn't so.

Mrs. Peter Goelet Gerry was the widow of George W. Vanderbilt, grandson of the famous Commodore Vanderbilt when she married Mr. Gerry whose social position has been as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar -- even before the Vanderbilts climbed into social prominence. She was the beautiful Edith Dresser, daughter of a gallant retired army officer and at the time of her first marriage was considered the most beautiful bride of the season. She is a lovely, dignified woman, well liked in her high social circle and not given to ostentation. She frequently motors to Newport during the summer season to visit in the colony in which she was so popular as a girl. Always she is pointed out as the woman who has borne with dignity and charm two of the greatest names in American society.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Do bankers lead a tough life! The Board of Governors of the Investment Bankers Association just had a convention --- and where do you suppose the poor fellas had to go to attend it? White Sulphur Springs - one of the swankiest resorts in the East....a real beauty spot up in the West Virginia Mountains. Wotta life!

HOWARD CLANEY:

If you had looked in on those hundred leading bankers as they held their final session last night, you undoubtedly would have noticed how many of them were smokers of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes. Discriminating smokers - people who recognize quality instantly - are the ones who give LUCKY STRIKE its highest praise. They relish the delicious flavor that comes from the finest blend of tobacco in the world....They enjoy the extra mellow-mildness that's imparted when that famous LUCKY STRIKE process removes certain impurities hidden in every tobacco leaf. It is these smart and exacting smokers who have given LUCKY STRIKE its reputation as the finest cigarette at any price -- LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

Once again, the Magic Carpet lingers in Merry Manhattan as Joe Moss and his Musical Mossbacks prepare to set our dancing feet a tingle again.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

Get ready, Louis. The Magic Carpet is headed your way again.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Fine, Joe -- and Thank you for contributing to a gay evening. Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast, the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet will travel to Chicago for Charlie Agnew and his orchestra and to New York City where we'll hear Vincent Lopez and his bandmen.

And don't forget, ladies and gentlemen, next Tuesday night we again present the National Political Rally - the live issues of the Presidential campaign presented by the leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers will be Congressman Willis C. Hawley of Oregon for the Republicans, and the Honorable Claude G. Bower for the Democrats. Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

4-15-
LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

As for me, I'm off to meet another columnist -- you know what they say when two egotistical columnists get together, it's a case of an I for an I, if you get what I mean. See you Saturday night then. Good night.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD GLANEY:

"LUCKY IN LOVE" from "GOOD NEWS", "MY LUCKY STAR" from "FOLLOW THRU", "MANHATTAN MADNESS" from "FACE THE MUSIC", and "BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA" from "RHYTHM MANIA" were all played by special permission of the copyright owners.

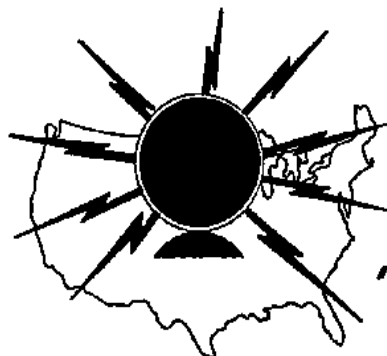
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AGENCY/SOBOL/RC/NO
5/19/32

ATK01 0031879

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEAf and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras from
Chicago and New York, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening
Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Well, here we are all together again for an hour of mirth, melody and merriment. The champion gloom chaser, the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet, is on its way to collect its millions of passengers. We swoop down over the Hotel St. Regis roof -- and ah! who's that dark-haired lad waving the baton? Why, it's Vincent Lopez, my friends and relatives. Strike up the band there, fella.

ON WITH THE DANCE, VINCENT LOPEZ! (WHISTLE) OKAY, ST. REGIS.

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Hello everybody, this is Lopez speaking from the roof of the Hotel St. Regis. Tonight we play first -- (TITLES)

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VINCENT LOPEZ:

And now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet is on its way, right across 55th Street and back to our pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Nice work, fella -- that's keeping us in the happy mood! A world that dances has not time for petty worries and frets.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Welcome news is that Renee Adoree, the pretty little film star, after a brave battle has now been pronounced cured by the Arizona Hospital and returns next week to Hollywood to start her picture career again.

Colleen Moore, now happily married to my friend, the blond Al Scott of New York -- stipulated in her movie contract that she was to be granted two vacations of six weeks each a year -- wisely making that condition because she didn't intend her marriage to grow cold because of long separations from her husband whose work requires him to be in Manhattan most of the time.

Helen Morgan, now starring in Ziegfeld's revived "Showboat" made her first appearance together with Arthur Loew again at one of our swankier rendezvous Thursday night and speaking of "Showboat," it's being shown as you know in the cathedral that Earl Carroll built as a permanent monument to himself only to lose it and have to suffer the additional agony of seeing his bitter rival, Flo Ziegfeld, move in. Well, I remember when Carroll opened the theatre originally, how all the storekeepers in the neighborhood had great big welcome signs in their windows to Earl Carroll. A fickle mob, for the same windows and the posts on the street were lined with welcome signs to Ziegfeld.

Just what the situation is between handsome Johnny Weismuller and pretty Bobbe Arnst, no one knows exactly -- neither caring to deny nor confirm the report that they've about decided to separate.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

By the way, you alert folks out in Hollywood -- maybe you can tip me off -- I'm 3000 miles away and it makes it difficult some time to get all the facts but what's this I hear about Zazu Pitts and Edward Woodhall purring and cooing in the accepted sentimental fashion? And Lois Wilson and Winslow Felix, the polo player?

Did you know, by the way, the idea of postpaid envelopes originated early in the reign of Louis 14th with a chap named De Valfyer, who established a private penny post back in 1563, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters.

Down Memory Lane for a minute or two, if you don't mind. Victor McLaglin was in Capetown, South Africa, when he heard the first news of the World War. So he left immediately for England -- with his brother, Fred, to enlist -- and there they met six other brothers and all eight of them enlisted together. Victor was made a lieutenant and was sent to Mesopotamia where he went through a number of exciting engagements with the Arabs and Turks and was finally made a provost marshall of Bagdad. In Mesopotamia, he fell in love with a beautiful Arabian girl -- daughter of a wealthy Arab who owned 1,000 camels. Victor spoke the Arabic language like a native and his intention was to return to London to be demobilized and go back to Mesopotamia, marry the Arabian girl -- in fact become an Arab. He didn't however. On March 10, 1909 he fought Jack Johnson a no-decision bout in Vancouver, B.C....His first big role was as Captain Flagg in the flickerized "What Price Glory."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Bert Lahr, now the star of Ziegfeld's "Hotcha" was induced to enter the burlesque ranks as a comedian back in 1917 for the munificent weekly salary of \$35.

George Bancroft was a Western Union messenger boy who fought for the chance one day to deliver a telegram to a rising young actor named George M. Cohan. Cohan gave him a quarter which he guarded zealously through days of famine, fighting for coffee and rolls. Years later, meeting Cohan, Bancroft took out a \$100 bill, tore it in half and gave George the other half -- telling him he'd like to have him remember it. Whereupon, Cohan took out a \$100 bill too, tore it in half, tossed one part to Bancroft and shouted, "You can't show me up. Now we'll each have a headlight for our autobiography, if any."

A word to the wise smoker is sufficient -- and here's Howard Claney to give it to you!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Wherever smokers get together these days -- sooner or later up pops the question "Do you inhale?" And it's a wise smoker who knows the answer! For, knowingly or unknowingly, every smoker inhales -- every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. And since you do inhale, think how important that your cigarette smoke is pure -- is clean -- that certain impurities have been removed -- Protect your delicate membranes. Do you inhale? No question about it! And LUCKY STRIKE has chosen to raise this long-avoided subject...because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

Only LUCKIES have it! Remember -- more than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED!"

LOUIS SOBOL:

The Magic Carpet is off. Up and away it dashes madly towards Cheery Chicago. We're riding high, wide and fast. And I mean fast -- to Chicago and Charlie Agnew's musical crew.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE AGNEW!(WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

We're in the Marine Dining Room of Chicago's famous Edgewater Beach Hotel, where Charlie Agnew and his orchestra play --
(TITLES)

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CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet speeds us out of Chicago and back to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

One grand hoorah for you, Charlie. Hold tight now, I've got to hop on this Magic Carpet without delay and speed back to Manhattan and Vincent Lopez. Here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, (WHISTLE) OKAY, VINCENT LOPEZ!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And here you are Louis, on the Hotel St. Regis Roof, where
all your Magic Carpet riders can dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

All aboard everybody, we're riding faster than a streak
of light.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Wow! That's speeding us along, Vincent. And now hold
fast a bit.

---STATION BREAK---

LOUIS SOBOL:

What an election this is going to be! Democrats will be
voting for Republicans, and Republicans will be voting for
Democrats. Part of each party is dry, and part of each party is
wet. Some of the Democrats want a low tariff...the others want a
high. Some of the Republicans think the way out of the depression
is by spending money...others think it is by saving money. More
than ever, it's necessary to get the facts before you vote. That's
why we invite you to attend the National Political Rally every
Tuesday and Thursday night on the LUCKY STRIKE program.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031886

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

On one night we bring you a Republican speaker, on the other a Democratic speaker. LUCKY STRIKE belongs to all America... it leans neither to one side nor the other. Our speakers can say whatever they see fit to say. We know nothing about their speeches until they go over the air. On next Tuesday night -- Congressman Willie O. Hawley of Oregon will speak for the Republicans, and on next Thursday night you will hear the Honorable Claude C. Bowers, the keynote speaker of the Democratic Party in the 1928 campaign! LUCKY STRIKE offers the American people this service in appreciation of the fact that America has made LUCKY STRIKE its favorite cigarette.

Quick, you LUCKY STRIKE fans, jump on -- the Magic Carpet's bursting with energy tonight as it speeds off again -- to Chicago and Charlie Agnew.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE AGNEW (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Once again in Chicago at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Charlie Agnew and his boys continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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(_____)
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CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Eastward, ho! The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet flashes back to Broadway and Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Swell, Charlie! Thanks! Oh hum! Ol Massa Sobol's bubbling over with thisa and thata tonight -- just a garrulous gabber -- but I've got to get it out of my system. Rochelle Hudson enjoys the distinction of being the entire graduating class of the world's smallest high school -- the R.K.O. school -- she's been the only pupil in the past two years and is receiving a diploma recognized by the state institutions. They're getting after reckless Clark Gable to cut out his polo activities -- too many accidents, which reminds me what's become of the Prince of Wales' favorite pastime, he hasn't fallen off a horse in years.

Now, if you're tired of Rembrandts or Zorns or Whistlers, here's a novel decorative scheme employed by a prominent Park Avenue social light and his flaming better half here in Manhattan. Each had been divorced thrice before the present merger. So, in a gold frame in the center of the east wall of their living room, hangs their wedding license. And surrounding it, discreetly distanced, hang six black frames containing their respective divorce papers. A charming set-up -- and restful to the eyes.

I may be terrifically late on this -- it's so hard keeping up with everything these days but they've just relayed Groucho Marx' declaration to me, "Most temperamental women are 100 percent -- ninety percent temper and ten percent mental", and if you've heard it before what of it. We all grow old sometimes -- and a certain amount of respect is due age.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

It just thrills me to death to have someone write me from Germany informing me there are between 45 or 50 American soda fountains in Berlin with Chocolate the favorite drink -- and that if you want to be sure your oysters are fresh when you order them in restaurants -- and this is a silly time to tell you this, considering the oyster season is over -- be sure to order them on the flat shell because flat shelled bivalves must be freshly opened before serving. That isn't true of the other kind which can be kept on ice for a day or two after being opened without spoiling -- but then you stand a much better chance of finding a pearl in the non-flats.

Night clubs here, with two exceptions are panicky at the continued slump in patronage -- in one of them, the other night, there were only two couples but things aren't much better in London. Ciro's for instance, London's oldest night club, is making a last desperate stand for life. A glamorous place during the war and a favorite haunt of the Prince of Wales, -- it's been going down-hill for years -- so they redecorated it and the main room, once considered among the most elegant of its kind in Europe, is now hung with fishing nets, lobster pots and what not and they have a French orchestra and singers and waiters dressed as fishermen.

To the girl who asked me to give this information without revealing her name: Jack Dempsey's nose was remodeled in 1926 by Dr. Schireson of Chicago.

Veronica Joan Bosch, Chicago, Illinois -- Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers are reported separated but whether the separation is temporary or permanent, only time will tell.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Margaret Johnston, Pittsburgh, Pa. -- As far as I know, no one is officially engaged to Jean Harlow.

George Crampton, Providence, R.I. -- I'm sorry but I can't give you the schedule of orchestras for next month.

Margaret Mary Rohe, Lock Haven, Pa. -- Floyd Gibbons has been back in New York City for several weeks.

And now Howard Claney's got a news note from Paris for us!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Travelers returning from Paris tell us that LUCKIES have hit the peak of favor with the smart set at Ciro's, the Opera, and the famous beach along the Riviera. Their word for "American cigarettes is LUCKY STRIKE. This is a compliment, indeed, for in France, LUCKIES cost about twice what they do in America! The reason for this preference? Because discriminating smokers realize that the tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE are the finest that can be procured in any cigarette in all the world. In fact, they're finer! For certain impurities have been removed, impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf ever grown. Nature put them there. But TOASTING takes them out! That's how the expensive tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE are made even mellow-milder, even more delicious to the taste, and far friendlier to your delicate membranes. That's why LUCKY STRIKE is the choice of so many discriminating smokers -- here and abroad -- everywhere!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Impatient as ever, the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet now skips over like a flash across the street to the St. Regis Hotel and Vincent Lopez. Lay aside your LUCKIES, Dancing America -- and let's go.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ST. REGIS. (WHISTLE) OKAY, VINCENT LOPEZ!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And having landed in the Hotel St. Regis, the Magic Carpet settles down while we play -- (TITLES)

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VINCENT LOPEZ:

Now for the signal that starts us on our breathless hop.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

My thanks to you and your boys, Vincent. And now I must bid you goodnight for the hour has passed swiftly and pleasantly for all of us. Hold fast to your high spirits and optimism, Mr. and Mrs. America, over the weekend until Tuesday night when Ol Massa Sobol returns to pilot the faithful Magic Carpet again -- to George Olsen and his tuneful crew, playing right here in good old New York.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And please remember -- on Tuesday night we again bring you the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign, presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Tuesday night's speaker will be Congressman Willis C. Hawley of Oregon for the Republicans and on Thursday night you will hear the Honorable Claude C. Bowers for the Democrats....Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day.

Good night.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

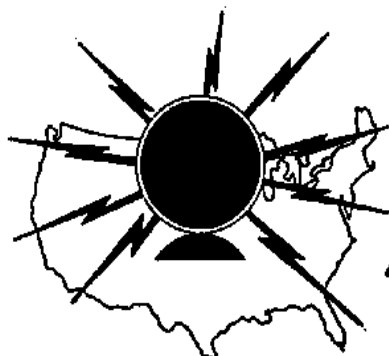
"THE NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE" from "CAT AND THE FIDDLE", "OF THEE I SING" from the show "OF THEE I SING", "LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE" from "FACE THE MUSIC", and "DO THE NEW YORK" from "FOLLIES 1931" were all played with the special permission of the copyright owners.

This Program has come to from New York City and Chicago, Illinois through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/SOBOL/NO
5/21/32

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1932

(THEME SONG -- ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL
REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We're all together again for a gay, fascinating hour of merry melody -- chatter and whatnot. The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet, lightning express of the air, is rushing from every city, village and hamlet of this great Youessay right here to Mirthful Manhattan where our amiable friend, George Olsen and his Olsenaders are prepared to pour out their stirring melodies. Into your dancing shoes, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast and --

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Good evening, everybody. This is George Olsen inviting you all to step off the Olsen express and on to the dance floor. Swing your partners to the tune of -- (TITLES)

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(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

And now, climb on the Magic Carpet -- here we go right back to our pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Atta boy, George. That's the stuff to keep the pulse astir and the feet amovin'. And now reach for your Luckies while Ol Massa Sobol steps into the rostrum to chat a bit and gab a bit and tell a few tales in and out of school.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031894

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Last Saturday night, I observed that no one was quite certain of the present marital relationship between Johnny Weismuller here in Manhattan at present and Bobbe Arnst, his wife, out on the Coast. Well, Bobbe has just rushed a wire to me setting the situation clear. "We are divinely happy," she writes, "and as for me nothing could make me divorce him. My marriage is forever outside of that. I don't believe in anything remotely connected with divorce. I adore and idolize Johnny Weismuller." And that, anyway you regard it, is that.

The scrumptiously vivacious Lilyan Tashman has flitted into Manhattan and put a few of us skeptics into our respective but highly proper places by clinging to the arm of Edmund Lowe in the affectionate manner. At the Cotton Club Sunday night, they kept kissing each other and whispering into each other's ears. Evidently the Lowe-Tashman affiliation is in no danger of a smashup, rumors to the contrary.

Will Rogers received California's first eight cylinder Ford Saturday with a personal inscription on a gold plate inside from Henry and Edsel. Remember me telling you about Rochelle Hudson, the entire graduating class of the world's smallest high school -- she's one of the crop of newer picture gals -- well, she's purring and cooing in the open manner with Hal Franklin, son of the theatre producer.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Peter Arno, the famous cartoonist and gay little Sally O'Neill are twosomeing around in giddy Manhattan -- which gives you -- or should -- an idea of how unstable the great and the near great are in their romances for not so long ago Peter's name was being linked to that of Florence Rice, dtr. of Grantland Rice and Sally, as you must remember, was being brided to Arthur Loew -- and now here we have Loew traveling around with Helen Morgan again -- and -- well, it's just a dizzy merry-go-round and if you can make heads or tails of any of it please come here and take my job.

In Washington, D.C. -- not that it'll disturb Congress particularly or affect the income tax plan -- the pretty Jane McHarg and Homer Byington Junior -- both leading social Registerites -- will take that longest march in the world shortly -- the parade to the altar but in St. Louis, two other Social Register darlings, Betty Menton and Alfred Platt have ice-cubed their flaming romance.

Now here's an amazing story that's just come my way -- it concerns a multimillionaire and his wife and her maid -- and I've been asked not to use the names. They live out in Long Island -- and a few weeks ago, while the maid, who had been in the matron's service about two months, was combing her hair, the woman looked through the mirror and something about the maid's face terrified her. She got up went into her husband's room and told him to go in and look. He did -- came back in a hurry -- told her to go back and let the girl continue on her hair. In the meantime, he summoned the police. When they arrived they found the maid still working on the woman's hair -- they looked at the millionaire puzzled.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031896

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

"Arrest that man!" he ordered. It was a man who had posed as a woman for two months and after his arrest, plans to the entire house, location of the secret safes, etc., were found in his possession. Just a clever thief -- but because they wanted no publicity, the charges were handled quietly.

For our Memory Lane jaunt tonight, I'd like to take you back about 25 years to give you an idea of what was exciting us in those days. Owen Kelly, famous Philadelphia churchman and temperance advocate was missing and they were charging Public Safety Director Smyth with being lukewarm in his search for him. Dowie announced he was going to build a second Zion City on the Gulf of Mexico. Harry K. Thaw gave a dinner -- this was in 1905 -- to 40 showgirls-- which was known as the \$10,000 beauty dinner at Sherry's and acting as hostess was Evelyn Nesbit. Johann Hoch, the Chicago Bluebeard, was being sought by wireless -- and were they excited about that -- wireless, no less -- Hoch a chemist and man of mystery, was said to have 31 wives, all of them dying strangely. Queen Alexandra took her first auto ride and loved it -- she urged the chauffeur to drive faster so he hit it up at the terrific pace of 15 miles an hour and the newspapers went wild about that. Broadway heard that Joe Weber and Flo Ziegfeld after a 25 weeks partnership had parted and that Sam Bernard was to be Weber's partner. The Czar of Russia spared Maxim Gorky's life. In New York the police began to war against Sunday shows and the Beef Trust was found guilty. Charles Eliot, Harvard president, attacked football, charging it was a cruel, ruthless and unfair game. Raymond Hitchcock was arrested and hauled into court for traffic speeding -- he was going 20 miles an hour. A sensational operatic singer named Enrico Caruso was the talk of the day.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031897

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And now this LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet takes a short trip to the cigarette counter -- here's Howard Claney ready to tell you about LUCKIES.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Let sleeping dogs lie!" So said the cigarette trade when first we raised the subject of inhaling. But dodging an important issue is not LUCKY STRIKE'S policy! Let's have a frank discussion on a subject that has long been "taboo!" Do you inhale? That question is vitally important....for every smoker inhales - knowingly or unknowingly. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette! And the delicate membranes of your throat demand that your smoke be pure, clean -- that certain impurities have been removed. No wonder LUCKY STRIKE chooses to raise this vital question! For LUCKIES bring you the protection you want...because LUCKIES' famous purifying process removes certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! LUCKY STRIKE -- "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

Bango! The Magic Carpet swirls over Manhattan again while skyscrapers poke their fingers at us. We're on our way to George Olsen and his musical crew. Here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE. (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And here we go, Louis, with -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Now for the flash that sends us dashing on our way.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

It's a gift, George -- and thank you a lot. Now hold fast.

Lights will be shining from the windows of the Senate wing of the Capitol Building down in Washington every night this week -- the nation's leaders, Republican and Democratic alike, are laboring night and day to iron out the all important tax and budget measures, by the end of the week. These are the measures that concern every citizen -- his home, his welfare, his pocketbook. They will be the real issues of the presidential campaign in 1932, and to give you a clear, complete picture of the political scene we bring you, every Tuesday and Thursday, the National Political Rally. Tonight you will hear from that great Republican leader, Congressman Willis C. Hawley of Oregon. On Thursday night you will hear from the Honorable Claude C. Bowers, famous as the keynote speaker of the Democratic party in their 1928 convention.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides -- it gives both sides equal opportunity in these political rallies to present their views -- we do not even know in advance what statements our distinguished guests will make! Tonight's speaker, the Honorable Willis C. Hawley, United States Representative from Oregon, is famous throughout the country as one of the authors of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Law. Ever since Congressman Hawley gave up his position as President of a Western university to enter politics, he has stood staunchly for the development of home industry as the keynote to prosperity. "Don't rock the boat" is his motto. As a member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives he is one of that group which has been striving through all the turmoil of plan and counterplan for balancing the budget. It is with great pleasure that we introduce to you tonight one of the country's leading statesmen -- the Honorable Willis C. Hawley of Oregon.

(CONGRESSMAN HAWLEY'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Congressman Willis C. Hawley of Oregon has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. On Thursday night you will hear the Honorable Claude C. Powers, who will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

Get ready, Sweetheart America, the torpedo-paced Magic Carpet is streaking thru the skies. Zip! We're off!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Once again we continue the dance, this time we play --

(TITLES)

(_____)

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(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All ready, Louis? Here comes the high flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That set of melodies was a honey, George. You and your boys rate a rest after that -- and this is where Ol Massa Sobol starts. I've just been checking up on all my reports from the Coast on Randolph Scott's romantic activities and I find that entered in the lists are Joan Marsh, Martha Sleeper, Frances Lee and Maureen O'Sullivan -- that is, up to broadcast hour tonight which would indicate that Scott must have some appeal. In the meantime, Gilbert Roland is dividing his time between Billie Dove -- when she's not out with George Raft -- and with Loretta Young -- and, of course, it's all very gay and if it isn't important -- it's at least something to talk about. You might say -- in Hollywood, it's short life -- but not a marry one, if you get what I mean and even if you don't.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031901

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

I don't know how it is in your town, but here along Broadway almost every other store is an orange juice or pineapple juice or strawberry juice cubicle -- you know, all in nice, cold white tile which reminds me of Joe Lewis' famous observation about the inebriated gentleman who went to sleep in one of these places and woke up the next morning to find nothing but clean, white tile staring him in the face. "Good-night," he shrieked, "I'm dead."

One of the best dressed women in this country these days is Grace Hegger Lewis, who kept more or less in the background when she was the wife of Sinclair Lewis but after her divorce from him -- did she come out? And how? Wrote a best seller and is working on another book. A story they tell about Sinclair Lewis, by the way, that's always appealed to me is the time he drove his car into a carefully trained hedge of a neighbor when he was living in Washington. An appallingly long stretch of shrubbery was ruined and Lewis, sensing that a damage suit might result, walked into the owner's house the following morning to straighten the matter out. His eyes fell upon a copy of "Elmer Gentry" which he had just turned out and he sighed with relief. Picking up the book, he scrawled an inscription upon the flypiece, signing name in full with a grand flourish and then turning to the man, chirped easily -- "There you are, my good fella. That should settle the matter satisfactorily." But somehow, it didn't.

You curious folks who want to know things:

Hurley G. Moore, Des Moines, Iowa -- As far as I know, Johnny Hines is NOT married.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Tom Thomas, Pittsburgh, Pa. -- Dorothy Lee is in Hollywood.

Mrs. Gertrude Jeffries, Nodaway, Mo. - For obvious reasons, I can't mention the names over the air -- but they are not divorced yet.

Mary E. Diszta, Lorain, Ohio -- The girl I mentioned as Vincent Lopez's current Big Moment is a Miss Alyse Siemens, a columnist on the Boston American.

Hannan Dyeer - Norfolk, Connecticut -- I did work on a Bridgeport paper -- but it wasn't the Bridgeport Post.

An extremely active woman in politics is Mrs. J. Borden Harriman who makes her permanent home in a rather quaint old house in the District of Columbia, but is still considered very much a part of Gotham's mayfair. She was a Florence Jeffrey Hurst and an acclaimed belle of her society in the late eighties. Her only child, Mrs. Harriman Russell, is the close friend of Mrs. Vincent Astor and they're usually termed the "Gold Dust Twins" of present-day society. Mrs. Borden Harriman was one of the small group of ladies who founded the most exclusive woman's club in America - the Colony, and was its first president until 1916 when she resigned. Back in 1928, I believe it was - she published her memoirs in a book called "From Pinafores to Politics."

Here's where Howard Clancy turns reporter and gives you the latest society news!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Right now at New York's famous and fashionable Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, there is a brilliant and colorful scene in progress -- the George Washington Inaugural Ball. It's a gay and fascinating picture -- if you could be there you'd see white wigs, ruffles, laces, frills and furbelows -- blue continental uniforms swinging gracefully to the strains of the old-fashioned Virginia Reel. But you'd notice one strikingly modern note...The most modern cigarette in America -- Lucky Strike -- is a great favorite among the "400" -- as it always is where smart and discriminating people gather. Smokers who demand the very best always appreciate the delicious, mellow-mild flavor which is imparted to LUCKIES by that famous purifying process -- the process which removes certain impurities hidden in every tobacco leaf. Smart and fastidious smokers consider LUCKY STRIKE the smartest cigarette....because it's pure -- mellow-mild -- delicious. The finest cigarette you ever smoked.

LOUIS SOBOL:

One more mad and merry ride on the Magic Carpet -- in and out and around Manhattan. We're riding to George Olsen!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

As the Magic Carpet settles down at our feet we play --

(TITLES)

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(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

And now our pilot's waiting so let's take that short and speedy hop.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

And with the last strains of your delightful melodies still tingling in our ears, George, I bid you good-night -- and thanks. Another gay evening goes into our Album of Memories, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast, but save a clean, wide-open page for Thursday night when Ol Massa Sobol and the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will venture forth again to guide you to another lively hour.

For on Thursday night the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will hop to Russ Columbo and his Orchestra playing in New York City, and to the Anson-Weeks Crew in San Francisco.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Tonight you heard Congressman Willis O. Hawley of Oregon speaking under the sponsorship of the Republican National Committee. Next Thursday night you will hear the Honorable Claude O. Bowers, speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. LUCKY STRIKE is non-partisan - All-American. It brings you both sides. So here I leave you while I go out and suffer bravely but silently in a night club where at least, the waiters, accept my tips without scoffing and where it takes more than a silver lining to console the gold-diggers. Good night.

(SIGNATURE) -----

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

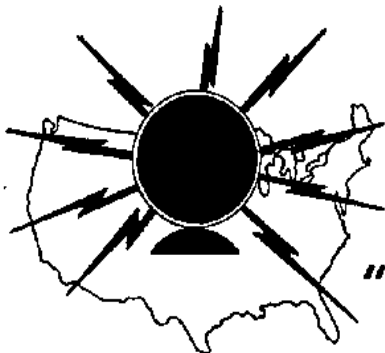
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AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
5/24/32

ATX01 0031906

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1932

(THEME SONG - ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL
REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras from
San Francisco and New York, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York
Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Coast to Coast -- how are you all this evening? Our air express, the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet, is rarin' to go! So hop on wherever you are! Let's ride -- high and fast! We're westward bound to the Golden Gate -- and our gay friend, Anson Weeks and his Melody Men.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS!(WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO'

ANSON WEEKS:

Good evening, every one. This is Anson Weeks greeting you from San Francisco and the Mark Hopkins Hotel where we play first, -- (TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

And now we start the Magic Carpet on it's speedy eastward trip, back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Fine, fine, lad -- that's starting us off high, fast and handsome. Rest your dancing feet, Papa and Mama America, for Ol Massa Sobol's simmering over tonight with his newssy tidbits (as I like to call them in my naive way) of the great and the near great.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now I don't expect you to be unduly disturbed about the friction that's arisen between Mister Jack Dempsey and Mr. Ted Hayes which almost ended in a gay session of fisticuffs the other night out on the coast -- all over the pulchrituninous raven-haired Lina Basquette who was constantly with Hayes until Mister Dempsey arrived on the coast.

Now so many people who aren't even on speaking terms have written in begging for definite information on the forthcoming Joan Blondell-George Barnes nuptials that I'm simply compelled to burst out in a rash and inform you that the merger will take place right here in giddy Manhattan in the Little Church around the Corner. Joan, incidentally, has bought a \$12,000 sailboat on which they'll take their honeymoon cruise and that's a snicker to me because I can remember back in the days when Buddy Blondell was in town here, she'd reach for the smelling salts when you even suggested a ride in a rowboat -- but perhaps that's because the suggestion came from the wrong person.

Which reminds me, Doug Fairbanks, Junior, and Robert Montgomery cut their yachting trip short because both went through the pangs of mal-de-mer all the time out. And by the way, young Fairbanks deserves a great big hand -- have you read the yarns he's turning out for the Saturday Evening Post and Liberty?

Now, all you nice honest people who work for a living by the sweat of your palms or brows or both will be tha-rilled simppuhly to death when I inform you that at one of the snootiest hotels in New York -- they serve breakfast for dogs -- regardless of pedigree -- at 50 cents a plate with no dessert or coffee, and speaking of dessert, Jean Harlowe in a confiding moment wants to know who this Pittsburgh fellow is she's been reported engaged to -- never having met him or for that matter any of his relatives.

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

The entente cordiale re-established between Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers is a pleasing note in this feverish age where the proper thing to do, apparently, is to leave your husband even before you marry him and the gracious angle in the Eilers-Gibson reconciliation is that it was effected through Hoot's eleven year old daughter whom he adores and whom Sally idolizes, too.

Say, I hear Mickey Walker's going to turn picture actor -- they want to feature him in a flicker to be tagged Madison Square Garden and by the way, will you please take Ol Massa Sobol's solemn word that some of these published reports that Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory were on the verge of a split-up is apple sauce of the sour variety -- believe me, not a word of truth to it -- and at the present time, not even any danger of it. They are genuinely in love with each other and if you could have watched them together when they were in New York you wouldn't require my reassurance.

I'm going to put some of you old-timers to a real test this time -- the other night I took you back 25 years -- this time, we're going to slide down Memory Lane -- setting the pages back 50 years. Barnum's elephant "Emperor" stampeded through Troy, spreading terror and excitement with the assistance of an astute press agent. A fellow named Nat Goodwin was rehearsing for "Black Flag" and Dan Frohman, youthful manager of Madison Square Theatre announces that his house would be kept on ice during the summer and that a young man named David Belasco, author of "Hearts of Oak" would become stage manager.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031910

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

The Saratoga season opened and all the swells of the town turned out -- Russell Sage, a Wall Street millionaire was there, and here and there, an observant Sobol of his day observed Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Clara Louise Kellogg, Senator Bixby and Boss Tweed. Rather than compromise his sweetheart, Lewis Mills, son of the famous pianist of the day, S. B. Mills, went through a midnight marriage with his fiancée, Emmie Laty when the two missed the last train from Long Beach to New York. Ah, my fine gals and leds -- them was gallant days -- back in 1882. A beautiful girl named Lily Langtry completed her first season at the Teather Royal in Nottingham, England and there was a terrific complaint against the blood and thunder melodrama infesting the theatre -- "penny dreadfuls" they called them and you should get a load of the stirring editorial Phillipies directed against them. I wonder how some of Mae West's plays would have gone in those days. A robber had held up Kate Simmons, a famous actress at Bar Harbor and a reward was offered of \$5000 for a highwayman with steely blue eyes and a nickel-plated revolver.

A wedding that got first page attention in every paper throughout the world was that of Mlle. Berthe Marie de Rothschild of the Frankfort Rothschilds to Prince Alexandre Wagram, and Mme. Helen Modjeska after two and a half years abroad returned to New York and among the notables she entertained at the old Clarendon here was Oscar Wilde.

And now LUCKY STRIKE'S star salesman is going to tell you why it's so wise to reach for a LUCKY instead!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Really now - how often have you wondered why the subject of inhaling has been generally avoided in cigarette advertising? It's almost an "untouchable" subject...yet seven out of ten smokers inhale knowingly - and the other three inhale unknowingly! Why the mystery? Why the silence? For we all inhale - each and every one of us breathes in some part of the smoke from our cigarette. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has chosen to bring up this vital question - for LUCKIES have the answer! LUCKIES assure you the clean, pure cigarette you want....because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process, and only LUCKIES have it! "Fifty million smokers can't be wrong!" They know those famous words "It's Toasted" means protection for your delicate membranes.

LOUIS SOBOL:

Now for the swiftest hop in the world -- speedier than the blink of an eye -- The Magic Carpet flashes its millions of LUCKY STRIKE passengers to Woodmansten Inn, 20 miles out of Manhattan where Russ Columbo and his crew of musicaleers are waiting to sound out their tantalizing tunes. Here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, (WHISTLE) OKAY, RUSS COLUMBO!

ANNOUNCER:

We're on the dance floor of the Woodmansten Inn
where Russ Columbo and his orchestra play, -- (TITLES)

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ANNOUNCER:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet streaks out of the
Woodmansten Inn and back to Manhattan.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

You tell it to us with music, Russ -- and we love it,
but now hold fast while America clambers aboard the Magic Carpet
for another whirlwind ride through the skies across the continent
again to San Francisco and Anson Weeks.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Once again in San Francisco we continue the dance
with -- (TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

Climb on the wonderful Magic Carpet, everybody,
we're traveling from ocean to ocean, back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That was a dish fit for a king, Anson, thank you.
Now hold fast.

--STATION BREAK--

LOUIS SOBOL:

The conventions are coming! It won't be long now!
The Socialists are gathered this week in Milwaukee. The Republicans
and Democrats will meet in a few weeks. Then watch the fireworks!
Tonight LUCKY STRIKE presents to you a speaker who has set off
plenty of political firecrackers. Claude G. Bowers is not only a
great thinker on the subject of public affairs, but is one of
America's leading historians. He is the man who made history books
best sellers! His volume entitled "Jefferson and Hamilton" has been
called one of the best written books on history ever published. In
the last presidential campaign, Mr. Bowers had the distinction of
being the keynote speaker of the Democratic Party. Today, in
addition to his political activities, he is chief editorial writer
for one of New York's biggest evening papers - the New York Evening
Journal! We don't know what Mr. Bowers will say, but if it's as
interesting as what he writes, you'll be glad you tuned in on his
speech! I would like to point out again that LUCKY STRIKE is
impartial. It favors neither one side or the other.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

On Tuesdays we present a Republican speaker. On Thursdays, a Democratic speaker. So tonight I take great pleasure in introducing a fellow newspaperman, a great historian, and a leading Democrat -- the Honorable Claude G. Bowers!

(CLAUDE G. BOWERS' SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

You have just heard the Honorable Claude G. Bowers speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally will be Secretary of War, Patrick J. Hurley for the Republicans and Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, for the Democrats.

Make way for the Magic Carpet, you air currents and skyscrapers and hello up there, you moon and you stars. We're on our way -- all America -- madly but eagerly toward Woodmansten Inn and Russ Columbo.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, RUSS COLUMBO!

ANNOUNCER:

Here we are in the Woodmansten Inn, and this time Russ Columbo and his boys play -- (TITLES)

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ANNOUNCER:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet shoots high over
Pelham Parkway and speeds toward Manhattan.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, Russ -- and goodnight to you and the boys --
and now I want to talk to you in a confidential manner. I want
to tell you, for instance, that they've been flinging a young chap
named Bradford Montgomery off the premises of Greta Garbo's estate
and the incident is amusing because the only reason the fellow was
forcing an entrance was that he had heard that Greta had confided
to Clark Gable that she wished she knew how to fry hamburgers, and
Bradford Montgomery being an expert in this, wanted to show her how.

Something that must hand Bert Lahr a snicker is that,
although I don't even know whether the chap finished public school,
the dignified seniors of Columbia University have voted him one of
the three best comedians of the American stage.

George Raft, the good-looking screen menace is back
in town, and admits he's been carrying the torch for Billie Dove --
in fact, he tells me that the night I announced it over the air, he
and Billie listened in together on the Coast.

Automobiles are selling from \$1 up at a harlem parking
station here. Yesterday a Ford model sold for \$6 -- don't ask me
the year of its birth -- and one 1926 car of the better make at \$35.
Incidentally while the sweet little pirates in the night clubs
assess you \$1 for your gardenia -- giving you a smile gratuitously --
out on the street corners here they're now selling them at 2 for a
nickel.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031916

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Interesting to me are the sites on which some of our night clubs here stand. For instance, the Greenwich Village Inn in Sheridan Square. The site was once occupied by two adjoining boarding houses, listing among their boarders Edwin Booth, the famous tragedian; Eugene O'Neill who wrote one of his plays here, Henrik Willem Van Loon, -- Willard Huntington Wright, better known as S. S. Van Dine, fashioner of mystery yarns -- all at different times, of course. And right where the Villagers now dance in this same inn, a wedding took place years ago linking an ambitious song-writer and a pretty singer. They became Mr. and Mrs. James J. Walker.

Not very much time left folks, but I can answer a few of your letters:

Annalee Vivienne Witmer, Mackinac Island -- Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas -- but raised in Kansas City.

Barbie Taussig, Chicago, Ill. -- As I've announced on previous occasions, that's a red wig Jean Harlow's been wearing --

Joseph Crysedale, Toronto, Ontario -- "Palmy Days" was the name of Eddie Cantor's last picture. I can't tell you how much money Eddie possesses at this time.

Katherine Sullivan, Providence, R.I. -- You don't imagine how annoyed I am because static interfered with your reception that night, but what I said was that Georgie Raft, back in the days when he was in New York, used to beg me to mention Mollie O'Day in my column whenever the occasion demanded.

In my travels about town, I've noticed that most of the debutantes are strong for LUCKIES. Howard Claney's going to tell you why!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Today, young women from every corner of America are gathered in Los Angeles for the national conference of the Junior League. These young socialites are the leaders in their localities... women who represent the intelligence, the good taste, the best qualities of the younger generation. At this meeting of debutantes, and young matrons, you would no doubt find LUCKIES in more handbags than any other cigarette. For LUCKIES are Young America's favorite cigarette - as you most certainly know they are All America's favorite cigarette. And for the simple reason that the tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE are the finest that can be procured in any cigarette in all the world. In fact, they're finer! For certain impurities have been removed -- certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf ever grown. Nature put them there. But "TOASTING" takes them out! That's how the expensive tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE are made pure - mellow-mild - more delicious to the taste, and far friendlier to your delicate membranes.

LOUIS SOBOL:

Let's gather, folks, and on our way. The Magic Carpet's off on its final skyrocket dash through space - to San Francisco and Anson Weeks. Zip!

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

And as the Magic Carpet settles down on the dance floor of the Mark Hopkins Hotel here in San Francisco, we play --
(TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

Again we start our transcontinental hop from the West Coast to the East.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now it's my turn to say goodnight to you, too, Anson Weeks, and a loud cheer for your grand contribution to this program. This is curtain time for tonight's LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour, Mr. and Mrs. America -- but the curtain'll rise Saturday night for another of our gay, smash-hit shows -- with Ol Massa Sobol piloting the Magic Carpet to Smith Ballew and his Orchestra in Valley Stream, Long Island, and to the Joe Moss Bandsmen in New York City.

And don't forget, my friends -- next Tuesday night we again bring you that unique news feature -- the National Political Rally -- the live issues of the Presidential Campaign presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Next week's speakers will be Secretary of War, Patrick J. Hurley, for the Republicans, and Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York for the Democrats. Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031919

14
LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Hold fast, America, until Saturday night - Goodnight.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"THERE I GO DREAMING AGAIN" and "YOU CAN MAKE MY LIFE
A BED OF ROSES" from "HOT CHA" and "SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC" from
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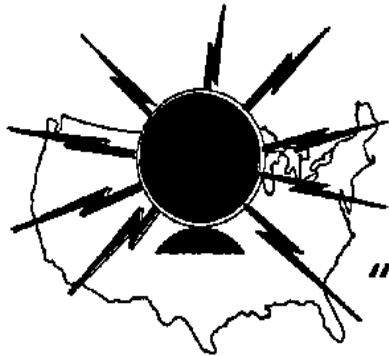
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AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
5/26/32

ATX01 0031920

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1932

(THEME SONG -- ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras -- and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening, Mr., Mrs. and Miss America! The impatient LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet is set to go -- and you get set to go, too -- for we have a gay carefree evening in front of us. Ready! We're off -- not far - only a Tom Thum hop over to the Hotel Pierre Roof where smiling Joe Moss and his Musical Moslems await us. Into your dancing shoes, America.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

And up here at the Pierre Roof looking out over New York's famous Central Park, we start the dance with -- (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet shoots down Fifth Avenue.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Great, Joe Moss, great -- put down your baton now and snatch a LUCKY while Papa and Mama Coast-to-Coast settle back in their rocking chairs and Ol Massa Sobol chatters a bit.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now, all you lovely people weren't at all surprised when you picked up the papers and read of Virginia Bruce's engagement to John Gilbert, and why should you be - since you heard it right from the lips of Ol Massa Sobol weeks ago -- on May 7th to be precise. Well, of course, it's no longer news that the handsome Jimmy Dunn and the Lovely June Knight have sliced their engagement into teeny weeny little bits, as we he-men like to put it, but here's something to nibble on - June's going to marry out of her profession - a Hollywood Business man named Harold Goggs.

Mary Astor has changed her mind about welcoming her prospective heir - or heiress - under the fair skies of Hawaii -- instead she's sailing back to California - where the skies are just as fair - so that the child can boast in years to come -- I'm a Native Son. Not that I want to dive into a vital statistical orgy, but George Lewis, the picture leading man, and his wife Mary Lou Lohman, will be shopping for their bassinet sometime in August, and Florence Vidor will be due for congratulations on or about the last week of July.

There are just as many broken hearts in Brawlywood as there are broken lights on Broadway, take it from me -- and one of the boys carrying his heart around in fragments these days is Ricardo Cortez, the handsome fillum fellow, as the result of the marriage of Glen Helen Winnet, Los Angeles society girl, who was squired devotedly by the dark-eyed Cortez during the past year.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031923

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

By the way, you know that expression they use in the picture field - you know "on the lots" -- it's mildly interesting, I think, to learn its derivation. It seems that the old Lasky Company, headed by Jesse L. Lasky, had a small barn studio with a skylight that let sunlight into the scenes. Exteriors were filmed on a vacant corner adjoining that barn -- and whenever visitors arrived at the studio and asked for a star or Lasky or director Cecil B. deMille, the visitors would be told "They're over on the lot" - meaning the vacant lot.

Information drifts my way that Charlie Chaplin has, in one Hollywood bank, the sum of two million dollars in the drawing account -- but hasn't drawn a check on it for more than two years. Mind you - in the checking account - whereas if it had been in savings at the customary, say, 3-1/2 per cent, Chaplin would have earned on it something like \$142,250. in two years - and if my figures are somewhat screwy - blame it on my feeble mathematical mind, but don't rob me of the pleasure of day-dreaming what I could do with 2 million dollars at my disposal. O boy, o boy.

Kathryn Ray - the little firebrand showgal, sailed suddenly for Europe again last week to rejoin her Macoco, as he's known. This is one of the most fascinating romances of the age -- This Macoco of Coco, as he's known, is really Martin W. Alzaga -- millionaire South American - and the romance between him and the tempestuous Ray gal has been going on for years. They fight - and she comes back. They cable undying love to each other - and she flies back to his arms.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Joan Bennett tells me the reason she's in motion pictures today is that following her divorce from Fox, she was flat broke and had to get a job or starve, refusing to toss herself and baby on the family -- so when Papa Richard Bennett told her he could place her in a show in New York, she said Okay - and took it - although she had set her heart upon becoming an interior decorator.

Another trip down Memory Lane -- 25 years back - and you find that one of the bi-local department stores was selling women's sable squirrel set for \$9.74, and that Josef Hofmann, just graduating from the boy prodigy class, gave a concert at Carnegie Hall playing 25 Chopin preludes lasting three hours. Henry Hutt and Harrison Fisher began a beauty feud - Hutt insisting his wife was the ideal beauty, and Fisher that his model, a Catherine Clements, was the beauty of beauties. Hans Wagner, shortstop of the Pirates - headed the National League for the fifth time with a batting average of 350. E. H. Harriman declared the financial crisis was over and said it taught a lesson - "Do not capitalize on Hope."

A Mrs. Ada Jaffray McCickar, aged 50, eloped with 30 year old P. Tappe, announcing that people seldom marry for love any more. Elizabeth Sherley, Kentucky beauty, jilts Tom Shevlin, famous Yale football player, and announced betrothal to Herbert Harriman. Jimmy Britt exploded the theory that a fighter once whipped by an opponent can never come back, beating Nelson in 1907 after being licked by him in 1905. This was what Broadway had to offer in the way of stars and plays 25 years ago. John Drew in "My Wife" -- Margaret Illington in "The Thief" -- Robert Edeson in "Classmates" -- Dustin Farnum in "The Ranger" -- Fritzie Scheff in "Lille. Modiste" -- Eddie Foy in "The Orchid " -----

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031925

LOUIS SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

---Raymond Hitchcock in "A Yankee Tourist" -- Frances Starr in "The Rose of the Rancho." A stirring ad announced Ford's latest runabout -- Model S - if it's a Ford it's ahead - a year ahead -- equipment includes side and tail oil lamps, French tube horn and storage battery.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Everywhere, you'll meet some smokers who tell you they don't inhale! They feel sure about it. And yet - they certainly do inhale - whether they know it or not. For every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has chosen to raise this vital question...because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process, and only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? Remember - more than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBEL:

A swift dash now -- aboard the Magic Carpet -- to the Pavillon Royal in Valley Stream, L.I. -- where one of the tallest band leaders - Smith Ballew and his melodious Ballew-hoosers are ready to sound off.

ON WITH THE DANCE, SMITH BALLEW (WHISTLE) OKAY, VALLEY STREAM!

ANNOUNCER:

As the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet settles down on the
dance floor of the Pavillon Royal here at Valley Stream, L.I.,
Smith Ballew and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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ANNOUNCER:

Now the Magic Carpet flashes over Long Island back
to Manhattan.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Nice work, Smith -- and thank you. We'll be back to
you again in a few minutes but now hold fast while dance-minded
America leaps aboard the Magic Carpet again for the short hop back
to the Pierre Roof and Joe Moss.

ON WITH THE DANCE. (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

Once again from the Pierre Roof we continue the dance
with -- (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

And now, the Magic Carpet takes off from the Pierre Roof and high above Fifth Avenue it flashes down to 55th Street.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you Joe -- and now hold fast.

---STATION BREAK---

LOUIS SOBOL:

The Socialist Party votes for "repeal!" That was the big news from the Socialist Convention this week - and in every voter's mind arose the question: What will the two major parties do on this vital issue? What fierce battles will flare across the front pages when the two big Conventions assemble next month? To give every man and woman a clear idea of the great problems of the day, LUCKY STRIKE again next week, offers the facilities of this broadcast to the two historic parties. On Tuesday evening you will hear from the Honorable Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War, speaking for the Republicans; on Thursday the speaker will be the Honorable Robert Wagner, United States Senator from New York, speaking for the Democrats. In these National Political Rallies LUCKY STRIKE gives equal opportunity to both sides - free speech is the rule....LUCKY STRIKE never knows in advance what its distinguished guests will say -- except that they will have a message of great interest to every American!

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Again the active Magic Carpet gets off to a greased lightning start and hey, hey -- we're swooping down into the tree sentineled precincts of Valley Stream, Long Island.

ON WITH THE DANCE, SMITH BALLEW!(WHISTLE) OKAY, VALLEY STREAM!

ANNOUNCER:

And Smith Ballew and his Orchestra do go on with the dance, playing - (TITLES)

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ANNOUNCER:

From the Pavillion Royal out on Long Island back to Broadway flies the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That's the stuff, Smith - thanks a lot. Well, I've just got a wire from Au Gallup, New Mexico, that long-legged Charlotte Greenwood, the funny musical comedy gal - and her hubby, Martin Broones - will land in New York tomorrow, stay here a week - and then heigh ho off to Europe for a long second honeymoon.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Dorothy Burgess, the film star, wants the whole world to know now that her engagement to Clarence Brown is a thing of the past and a snicker to me is that Ferenc Molnar, famous playwright, whose studio in Budapest is crowded with arty antiques and who does his extensive scribbling on a huge renaissance desk taken from a famous Italian palace, writes by the light of six candlesticks - bought in Woolworth's five and ten!

Jed Harris, the lad who a couple of seasons ago ran a stake of about \$2500 up to a million or more by producing a series of smash hit plays - and then lost it all again in plays that weren't smash-hits - is reading a few for next season, I hear, which he hopes will put him back into the money again. I've always liked one story about Harris - and it's not a new story by any means.- During the heyday of his success, he was once offered \$10,000. a week to join a leading cinemafirm. He hesitated. Finally, he said "Make it \$20,000 a week." The executives went into a huddle, returning shortly - "Very well, Mr. Harris," they agreed, "we've decided to accept your terms." The Boy Producer smiled and reaching for his hat, murmured, "Thanks a lot - but I can't accept. I simply wanted the thrill of turning down a million dollars a year."

The height of candor, take it from me, is the sign on an east side clothing store which announces brazenly "Fifth ANNUAL Fire Sale!"

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Broadway -- will know whom I mean. Up until last year, a certain professional man always produced at least one play a season. To date, all of his plays have been financial flops, but he doesn't mind particularly -- he just takes his licking and goes back to his profession to accumulate enough money for another play. Years ago, he was madly in love with a young actress. It was a torrid affair while it lasted, but the break came finally when she lost her heart to another lad. In the flare-up that followed, she told him she never wanted to see -- or hear of him again. "You must go your way -- I'm going mine. Forget me just as I'm going to forget you." The man brooded. The image of her crowded his heart like a swollen finger in an undersized ring. He couldn't forget her. He was determined that she should not forget him. And so it is that every so often he produces a play. His name appears in big bold type on the posters and in the advertisements. He doesn't care what the critics say as long as they link his name with the play. As long as his name is up in the lights and in print, he feels that she must be aware of his existence. It's his form of revenge -- and he's happy though it's keeping him broke.

And now -- come on, Howard Claney -- what's the latest shipping news?

HOWARD CLANEY:

Hundreds of social celebrities strolled gaily down the gangplank of the great liner Franconia yesterday -- home after a cruise around the world. These leaders of American social affairs had had the opportunity to smoke the finest tobaccos all over the world -- yet it was noticeable how many of them reached in their pockets for a pack of LUCKIES as they stepped ashore....They had chosen LUCKY STRIKE as the finest cigarette in all the world -- and rightly so! For LUCKY STRIKE is a unique blend of more than forty of the world's finest and most expensive tobaccos! You can trust those discriminating world travellers to select that distinctive, mellow-mild flavor that only LUCKIES have...the pure flavor that's imparted by LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive process which removes certain impurities Nature puts in every tobacco leaf. If you were to travel all over the world -- you too would find no finer cigarette at any price than LUCKY STRIKE -- the choice of smart people everywhere because "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

On your way, Magic Carpet -- All America's riding high and fast - here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

This time from the Pierre Roof, we play -- (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet now makes the short but fast jump back to headquarters.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Again thank you, Joe - and again, good-night. The Saturday night LUCKY STRIKE dance program is at an end - but for tonight only - for Tuesday night will find us, ready for another sparkling hour of dance music and chatter - when we'll hear Ted Florito and his Orchestra from San Francisco, California.

And please remember - on Tuesday night we again bring you the National Political Rally - the live issues of the Presidential Campaign, presented by the outstanding leaders of both parties. Tuesday night's speaker will be Secretary of War, Patrick J. Hurley, for the Republicans, and on Thursday night you will hear Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York for the Democrats. Tune in and get both sides of the current questions of the day.

Over the weekend, Sweetheart America, you go your way -- and I'll go mine - but on Tuesday night, we'll get together again and you and your pilot, Ol Massa Sobol, can compare notes. Good-night.

ATX01 0031933

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"ON THE ROOF OF MANHATTAN" from "FACE THE MUSIC"
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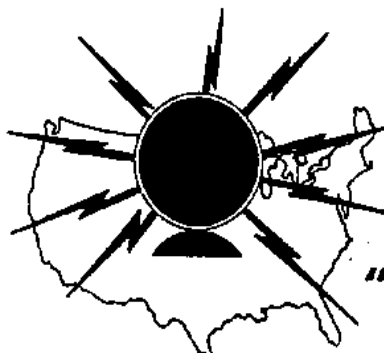
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AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
5/27/32

ATX01 0031934

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1932

(THEME SONG -- One Chorus of "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" with vocal refrain. Immediately followed by Announcer.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and Mr. Louis Sobol of The New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening, America. Tonight the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet flashes between New York and the Pacific Coast seaport -- San Francisco, so climb aboard you millions and millions of gay people and let's go. And now we go straight to the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco where Ted Fiorito and his fearless Fioritonesmiths await to start us on our dancing rounds.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Here we are in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco where Ted Fiorito and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

And now we start the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet across the continent from San Francisco back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

My hand across the continent to you Ted Fiorito and now hold fast. Settle back into your easy chairs, Mr. and Mrs. Border to Border while I chatter a bit.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now, it appears the reported romance between Lou Holtz, famous comedian, and the pulchritudinous Evelyn Groves, well-known Broadway beauty, which has been exciting us around these parts is just another one of those things for yesterday, Evelyn cabled me from Paris (and Holtz is over there, too, by the way) asking me to deny emphatically that anything stronger than friendship existed between them -- or would. The gay plans of a group of Broadwayites for a welcome home party to Harry Green, the comedian, who has been playing in England, may as well be called off for Green cabled me today that he's been signed for a picture over there and will remain in London for some weeks to come. Out there on the Coast, I suppose many of you are putting two and two together to get your five on the reported rift between Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, all because the handsome Charley has been visiting various resorts without his grand-looking wife, and by the way I hope you were all duly impressed by the confirmation in the newspapers of my warning to you not to take the Dempsey-Lina Basquette romance too seriously.

The newest note along penthouse row here in Manhattan is the fad for utilizing those dinky little lemonade wagons for bars. You know the kind I mean -- those crazy little carts that you see on the streets labelled "Lemonade -- 5 cents a glass" -- well some enterprising gent bought up a lot of them and peddled them to the playboys around here and they're all the rage.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

They tell me that Norma Talmadge has more than \$2,000,000 in real securities or cash and that if her divorce with Joe Schenck does go through, under the California law he'll be entitled to half of that -- although, of course, under the same law, she'll be entitled to half of his property too, and what that's worth I don't know -- and I rarely try to guess because I'm an expert at guessing wrong.

With these balmy summery days warming up our old veins, it's a shame that romance should flee -- but it's my duty to report that it has fled -- as far as the pretty Mae Clark and Cameraman Henry Fruelich are concerned but perhaps, things are being evened up by the frequency with which Estelle Taylor and Jan Rubini, famous concert violinist are being seen together. Jan even admits he's saying it with music, romanticising the soft-eyed Estelle in song -- and such song.

Now, of course, there's long been talk of a motion picture featuring the Royal Family of Broadway -- the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel I mean and now that Ethel is out on the Coast, the picture starring the three will get under way but ironically enough, the most natural ballyhoo line -- that is "The Royal Family of Broadway" will have to be eliminated from advertising because a previous comedy drama used the title and confusion might arise -- it'll just about break the hearts of the publicity purveyors.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Incidentally, Ann Christy, the Wampas Baby Star and featured Mack Sennett actress, is celebrating her birthday tonight with a Lucky Strike party -- that is, the entertainment will consist chiefly of this broadcast so all you friends of hers back East here might send her a wire and thank me for telling you.

Sometime ago, when he was back East, I ran into Eddie Cantor and he seemed very enthused about the fact that several magazines were negotiating for articles and stories from him at a price per word that would turn you and me dizzy -- particularly me, for I've been writing all my life -- and it got me to thinking that here was a fellow who started out to be a singing comedian and is becoming almost as well known as an author of funny little midget tomes and what not. Then take Will Rogers, for instance -- he was just a lariat tosser who could chew gum without showing his teeth. First he became a Ziegfeld star and then a high-priced syndicate paragrapher -- to say nothing of a movie actor and even a radio chatterer. A fellow named Harry Rosenthal seemed fated to end his days as a thumper of piano ivories when along came the play "June Moon" and transformed him into a comic star. Albert Einstein had visions of becoming a concert violinist and became instead one of the world's leading scientists. Charles G. Dawes and Jimmy Walker aspired to become song writers and you know what happened to them. Herbert Hoover didn't have to stick to engineering all his life and Gene Tunney became a member of society and pal of George Bernard Shaw. Calvin Coolidge dreamed of the days when as a successful lawyer he might average -- say \$25,000 a year and lo and behold he became President of the United States, and then a columnist for a time and an insurance agent.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031939

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

I don't know that there's any point to this but there ought to be a moral hidden away in it somewhere and if you can figure it out please wire me postpaid and we'll let it go at that.

By the way, you'd be surprised how some of our leading aviators have an aversion to other forms of transportation. Charles Lindbergh has an overwhelming dislike of elevators in tall buildings and hates subway trains. Clarence Chamberlain goes sick to the tummy every time he tries to ride a bicycle. Commander Byrd, a navy man, can't be induced to enter a canoe. On the other hand, we know a writer who fainted dead away on his first airplane trip -- they laffed at him but he went right home, sat down to his typewriter and tapped out a thrilling yarn that netted him \$500. He's been writing air stories ever since -- but he's never entered another plane.

And now --- Howard Claney, the microphone is yours.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Do you inhale? We do not criticize others. We merely call your attention to the fact that the vital subject of inhaling has been generally avoided in cigarette advertising. Is this question too revealing for other cigarettes? Why? What's there to be afraid of? Everybody inhales? Seven out of ten smokers inhale knowingly - the other three do so without realizing it. From your side - you want to be sure that the smoke you breathe in is pure and clean - free from certain impurities. But from the manufacturer's side - he should be sure of giving you this protection. And if he is sure - he need not worry about the question: "Do you inhale?" LUCKY STRIKE has chosen to raise this vital question..... because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process, and only LUCKIES have it! LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

Again the Magic Carpet whirls over valleys, streams and mountains -- high over cities, towns and hamlets - across the continent to Ted Fiorito in California.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

As the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet settles at our feet
in the St. Francis Hotel, here in San Francisco, Ted Fiorito and his
boys continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Here we go on the LUCKY STRIKE roller coast-to-coaster
back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Sweet and lovely, Ted, and now hold fast.

--STATION BREAK--

LOUIS SOBOL:

Tonight we present on the National Political Rally
the Secretary of War of the United States -- the Honorable Patrick
Jay Hurley...one of the greatest speakers in American political
life.....a strong leader in his party....and a staunch friend of
President Hoover! Today there is no stronger advocate of the Man
in the White House than Secretary of War Hurley.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And so we call on this leading Republican to state his party's side of the case. On Thursday we offer the floor to United States Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, who will speak for the Democrats. LUCKY STRIKE is neutral. It takes no sides, but gives you the news from both sides. It has no voice in what the speakers talk about. So tonight, we present the man who is known to Army men all over the world as "Pat"...the man who was a "mule skinner" in a coal mine when only eleven years old...who rode the western plains as a cowboy...who served as attorney for the Choctaw Indians...who got actual experience for his present position as an officer on the battlefields of Europe...the man whose chin is as firm as General Pershing's...and whose hair is as unruly as Will Roger's, his fellow Oklahoman! We are proud to introduce, ladies and gentlemen, the United States Secretary of War - Patrick Jay Hurley!

(SECRETARY HURLEY'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Secretary of War Jay Hurely has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. On Thursday night you will hear Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, who will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES OVER)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Ready, America? Hop on then -- the Magic Carpet's on its way once more -- three thousand miles by the air-line route. We're speeding on to Ted Florito -- and Golden California.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO! (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Once more from San Francisco Ted Florito and his Orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet dashes from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That's the stuff and that's the spirit, Ted -- now I feel an outburst of chatter coming on, so stand by please.

Harry Bannister, deposed husband of Ann Harding, I hear, is being seen everywhere with Wanda Lyon who is not an actress; and, by the way, Lucille Brown and James Flavin who play romantic leads in serials, are ready to announce their engagement any day. On June 3rd, Doug Fairbanks, Junior will fly over to visit Joan Crawford on an island off California where they'll celebrate their third wedding anniversary.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031944

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Say, this might interest you people in San Francisco. When Nikolia Sokoloff, famous symphony orchestra leader, was conducting the San Francisco symphony, one member of the ensemble was a constant headache to him. He was always a beat behind the baton. Finally, Sokoloff threatened to fire him unless he started on time. For two nights, thereafter, the violinist tried to obey instructions - he didn't fall behind. Instead he was always one beat ahead! So Sokoloff called him aside and purred "Young man, perhaps you're an excellent violinist - but you have no business playing in an orchestra. You should be a parlor soloist. You are fired - and may some one bless you - I can't." So Paul Whiteman was fired - and had to form his own orchestra.

Greta Garbo's manager, Harry Edington, is escorting pretty Barbara Kent around these nights on the coast. Incidentally, the casting of Cary Grant for one of the male leads opposite Marlene Dietrich in her new picture brings about an odd situation. Randolph Scott had his heart set for this part, they tell me, and was almost certain he'd be elected - but instead Grant got it - and the irony is that only a week or so ago, Grant and Scott took a house together - and now of course, people are wondering whether this will cause an estrangement. Speaking of Great Garbo, did you know she had what you call "fluctuating eyes" - that is, they're dark blue in the morning - but fade to the palest blue at the end of each day. I'm not particularly impressed personally because many a day I've come out of the house with nice clean, green eyes and returned late at night with one or two black eyes.

You curious people who want to know things:

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Arnold Stolz, Hamilton, Ohio - Yes, Clara Bow's back at work - in a picture entitled "Call Her Savage" for Fox.

Carl Chase, Evanston, Ill. - Onslow Stevenson may be reached by addressing him in Hollywood, California.

Mary Schmukler, New Rochelle, N.Y. - That must have been three other persons. Great Garbo did not appear at the Hippodrome in person last week.

Robert J. Barrett, New York -- Thanks for your interest. If I ever get around to it, perhaps "My Down Memory Lane" personalities will go between book covers and I'll advise you.

Do you know - In India, the gents of the loinclothes and turbans and their lady friends are just as rabid collectors of autographed photos of screen stars as any of us here and heroine worshippers in this country. An enterprising firm sells form letters in English in which space is left to fill in the star's name and that of the applicant. The concern does a grand business, I understand, but the statistics are what interest me chiefly. Still leading all other stars in requests from these people in India, is the late Rudolph Valentino.

Joe E. Brown - the screen comic with the huge mouth - isn't sensitive about it -- in fact, he attributes his success to its capaciousness - just like Jimmy Durante does to the Cyrano de Bergerac proportions of his schnozzle -- well Joe, underwent a triple operation the other day and here's how he described his tonsil removal - "the doctor," he said, "a swell chap, just climbed into my mouth and lifted 'em out."

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATK01 0031946

LOUIS SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

An interesting figure, in the colony out in Hollywood, take it from me, is Eugene Thackeray who's grandpapa was some punkins in his day - maybe you remember, he wrote "Vanity Fair," "The Virginian," "Henry Esmond" and others -- well, Eugene's a literary fellow too - he was once political correspondent for the now defunct World - and at present is working on the screen version of "Washington Merry Go Round." Well, it appears he has such a high sense of what we call ethics that his contract specifically states that his employer can be enjoined from giving him screen credit unless he gives his consent. It was he who suggested that they rename a Washington story - Capitol Punishment.

Now let's go places and see things with Howard
Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Yesterday.... a gala event at the fashionable Turf and Field Club at the Belmont Park track on Long Island ...all the color and excitement that precedes a big race! Smart-looking women dressed in the latest sport clothes...distinguished looking men! In this club, the membership reads like a list of the famous "400." If you were with these people yesterday, you would find that more of them smoke LUCKIES than any other cigarette. And for the simple reason that LUCKIES are the finest cigarette that money - any amount of money - can buy. LUCKIES use only the finest tobaccos.... tested...checked...inspected at every stage of its journey from field to factory.....

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

But that alone would not make LUCKIES so pure...so delicious! It takes more than that. For impurities are present in even the mildest and richest of tobacco leaves. Nature puts them there. Certain impurities must be removed and LUCKY STRIKE, and LUCKY STRIKE alone, removes them through the exclusive "TOASTING" Process! That's why LUCKIES are pure - mellow mild -...so friendly to your delicate membranes! LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED" -- the finest cigarette you ever smoked.

LOUIS SOBOL:

One last swift ride aboard this Magic Carpet, folks - we're dashing straight across the Continent.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

And here at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, Ted Fiorito and his Orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet shoots high above San Francisco and the Golden Gate, and speeds eastward to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And with that, let me say good-night to you, Ted - and thanks to you and to your grand orchestra. We've reached the end of another gay evening of LUCKY STRIKE music and chatter, Mr. and Mrs. America -- but unlike most good things which come to an end, ours starts all over again - Thursday night to be exact, when Ol Massa Sobol with his hair neatly brushed, his shoes shined and chattering tongue oiled with newsy tidbits, will return to pilot the Magic Carpet to Joe Moss and his bandsmen here in New York, and to Wayne King and his melodious crew in Chicago.

Tonight you heard Secretary of War, Patrick Jay Hurley, speaking under the sponsorship of the Republican National Committee. Next Thursday night you will hear Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. LUCKY STRIKE is non-partisan -- All-American. It brings you both sides.

Until Thursday night then - Good night.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"OF THEE I SING" from the show "OF THEE I SING" and "YOU CAN MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES" from "HOTOHA" were played by special permission of the copyright owners.

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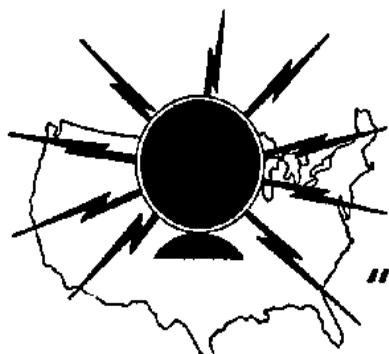
AGENCY/SOBOL/Chillien - 5/31/32

ATX01 0031949

JUNE

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1932

(THEME SONG - ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras from Chicago and New York, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening you June brides and bridegrooms and all you other happy people. The lightning caravan of the air --- The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet -- will dash back and forth between Manhattan and Chicago tonight so prepare for a gay evening of sparkling music and sprightly chatter. First the Magic Carpet swings us above Fifth Avenue to the Hotel Pierre Roof and Jolly Joe Moss. Here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, AMERICA! (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

Good evening, everybody. This is Joe Moss, pausing only long enough to tell you that we play first -- (TITLES)

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JOE MOSS:

And now we start the Magic Carpet dashing right back to our pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That's cracking the musical whip for us, Joe and much obliged. Now let's see what we can dig out of the news mills to discuss while Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast settle back and enjoy their LUCKIES in leisure.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Well, for one thing I hear Edna Murphy, the pretty screen star, will file her divorce papers paving the way for severing the tie that binds her to Director Mervyn LeRoy some time next month but I'd much rather tell you that Joan Carter Waddell, pretty redhead, rehearsing now in a show back East here, will become the wife of George Meeker, the well-known actor sometime in the fall.

The fact that Norma Shearer has been named official hostess to the swimmers in the forthcoming Olympic games is interesting in view of the fact that it was in trying out for the Olympic diving team at the Hotel Shelton here in New York years ago, that Norma was first seen as a picture possibility by an astute movie producer -- and given her first screen job.

Say, here's an odd bit. The outstanding old men stars -- you know, fellows who invariably are seen as aged men in the pictures -- are all young fellows in their late twenties or thirties -- Chic Sale -- Seth Parker and Andy Clyde.

There's no let up in this craze of autographs -- I've told you often enough I guess of the great army of these autographhounds who gather around at every important opening night or invade the dressing rooms of the stars and even the private homes of prominent people figuring in the news of the day but a great many important people have the fad, too -- Papa Carl Laemmle, for instance--who has one of the largest collections of autographs of distinguished personages in the world -- and Ben Turpin who has eight books filled with the signatures of famous persons and is half way through his ninth book.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Here 's something for you people to think about. Not so long ago, a group of well-dressed, dignified people gathered at a local hotel in New York here -- oh! I should say there were about fifty of them in all. Men and women, apparently of position -- and there was nothing to distinguish them particularly from other groups, except that if you observed closely enough, you noticed that many of them had younger people at their sides -- guiding them by the arms. There needn't be any mystery about this -- they were all blind. One of them is the head of a leading wholesale house. Another is a sales manager. Several of them are lawyers. The others hold positions of importance despite their affliction. The meeting lasted several hours at the end of which each pledged himself or his firm to help the unemployed of the city. What interested me chiefly, though, was the wording of one of the resolutions passed -- this one--"Resolved that we will do everything in our power to relieve the distress of New Yorkers less fortunate than ourselves." Get that -- blind people who want to help folks -- less fortunate than themselves. Believe me -- that should give most of us food for thought.

Well, Estelle Taylor's playing in hard luck, isn't she? She sprained her back the other day and now they're taking ex-rays in fear that there may have been a rebreak of that old broken collar bone.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Another ramble down Memory Lane, folks -- way back fifty years -- and you find that the paragraphers of that day were wondering how Lillian Russell could have a diamond necklace worth \$7,000 on her \$80 a week salary until an astute newspaperman learned that it was made of paste and worth \$75.

Adelina Patti, noted operatic star, was getting threatening letters not to sing Marguerite in Faust under pain of death and on top of that Madame Nicolini was on her way from Europe to interrupt the affair between Patti and the tenor Nicolini. Broadway was all excited about the beauty feud between Lillian Russell and Lily Langtry -- John McCaull of the Bijou Opera House was ready to put up \$10,000 that Lillian was more beautiful and Oscar Wilde was writing epigrams to prove there could be no more exquisite beauty than the Jersey Lilly. The fads of the day were colored dresses for bridesmaids -- silk purses knitted to represent baby's socks -- imported dresses with hip pads -- little boys instead of girls were being used for bridal processions -- dressed in white velvet suits with Irish lace collars and cuffs. Milk was selling at 7 cents a quart and the city was planning to investigate the extortionate high price -- and eggs were retailing at 15 cents a dozen.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, Howard Olaney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Do you inhale? Can any question be simpler? And yet - what a furore it has created! The cigarette trade feels that the public has been let in on a sacrosanct secret! "You've upset the apple cart," they say. Why such anxiety? Certainly the public doesn't fear the question - for everybody inhales - knowingly or unknowingly ... every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has chosen to raise this vital question.....because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by LUCKIES' famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process, and only LUCKIES have it! Remember - more than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes! LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED!"

LOUIS SOBOL:

Now the Magic Carpet whirls off into space - on to Chicago, with all America on its capacious back. We're flying high and pretty now, folks - zip! Over the historic loop to Wayne King and his Monarchs of Melody.

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Here in Chicago, in the Aragon Ballroom, Wayne King
and his Orchestra join the dance parade with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

All aboard everybody, the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet
is speeding out of Chicago, eastward to Louis Sobol!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A dish fit for a king, Wayne, take it from me -- but
here we go again -- to the Pierre Roof on another MAGIC CARPET flight
to Joe Moss. We're on our way, America.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JOE MOSS:

Once again the Magic Carpet takes that short and speedy trip down 5th Avenue.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Great stuff, Joe Moss, now hold fast.

--STATION BREAK--

LOUIS SOBOL:

In three separate states great political campaigns are being conducted by airplane -- in every state in the Union speeches are being made, not from a soap-box to reach hundreds - but through a microphone to reach millions ... that's how the battle of the ballots is being waged - in the style of 1932! And tonight we bring you again the greatest political rally of them all....LUCKY STRIKE presents over the air the great leaders of the two famous parties - on Tuesday nights a Republican, on Thursday nights a Democrat. LUCKY STRIKE takes neither side - we don't even know what our distinguished guests will say to you. Tonight we introduce one of the Nation's greatest Democrats -- Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York - a man who has fought his way to the top from the very sidewalks of his native New York. Back in 1928 Senator Wagner raised a solitary voice calling upon the Nation to prepare to meet the depression. Several of these Wagner Acts are now law - others are being considered by Congress. And today, when the great question before the people is how to restore employment, Senator Wagner is again in the thick of the fight to secure legislation that will aid the worker.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATK01 0031958

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

You will now hear from this distinguished Democrat -
Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York!

(SENATOR WAGNER'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

You have just heard Senator Robert F. Wagner of New
York speaking under the auspices of the Democratic National
Committee. Next week the speakers for the National Political Rally
will be Secretary of Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde for the
Republicans, and the Honorable James M. Cox for the Democrats.

Back to Chicago we fly again - it's only a skip and
a hop when you're aboard this Magic Carpet. Here we go, right
through the clouds.

ON WITH THE DANCE, WAYNE KING! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Now that the Magic Carpet has dashed into the Aragon
Ballroom here in Chicago, Wayne King and his Orchestra get ready to
play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

And now, the Magic Carpet streaks out of Chicago, over the Great Lakes and back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A grand job tonight, Wayne, and thank you -- and thank you boys. And now, Sweetheart America, please bear with me while I confide a few facts - pertinent and impertinent - important and unimportant.

As I told you sometime back, Joan Blondell and George Barnes will marry back East here -- in the Little Church Around the Corner, according to their present plans -- but that's not all. Joan now insists that unless her hubby-to-be gets the camera assignment to shoot the picture "Central Park" which is to be made here in Manhattan late in summer, she won't appear in the picture but will quit the screen and raise a family.

Out on the coast, Harvey Hicks, passenger agent for the Union Pacific, confides that his local office and the offices of other transcontinental lines have been flooded with letters from people anxious to know on what train and when, Greta Garbo was to leave Los Angeles for New York, on her way to Europe. Hicks was even offered money for the information by Garbo fans who wanted to buy tickets for the same train.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

I spotted the soft-eyed, exotic Pola Negri at Woodmansten Inn the other night - she was wearing some sort of pink creation and kept her eyes on Russ Columbo constantly. Finally he came over to her and both giggled like a couple of love-sick school kids - and then both went out together. I'd like to imagine that here is a new romance in the budding -- but I'm getting pretty skeptical lately -- but it would be a grand team-up - for publicity purposes anyhow.

You know - in these chats with you - I've confined myself mostly to people whose names are pretty well known - I have to do that because practically every radio fan in the country listens to this LUCKY STRIKE program - and Mamie Doakes and John Zilch, no matter how interesting they may be to their own select set, would mean nothing to most of you people. But I do want to comment on a person - a nobody when it comes to a name - and I won't even identify him because it wouldn't mean anything. But he's a salesman in a clothing store here and I got into a conversation with him some time back - an aimless conversation in which I gathered that he was married, had two kids and led a fairly routine life. Every other day he left the store at 6 and was home at 7. Read for an hour and then he and his wife would go over to a movie - or occasionally to a cut-rate show. Other nights, he worked until 10:30. On Sunday he and the family visit his wife's mother in Stamford, Connecticut. Once a month, perhaps, he joins the boys in a penny ante poker game. "Sounds kind of wholesome," I remarked, "but isn't it pretty dull?" I asked.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031961

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

"Not to me," he answered, "I've never been happier. I spent ten years in prison for killing a fellow in a drunken brawl - I've been out six years now - and believe me, the kind of life I lead now is a daily thrill."

Say, Howard Claney, tell us about that big horse show that opened yesterday up in Tuxedo Park.

HOWARD CLANEY:

It certainly was a brilliant gathering of society - and what a colorful scene! Beautiful horses...gleaming surreys... steeplechase riders in bright red coats...leaders of New York society gathered at exclusive Tuxedo Park to watch the show....And in the gay and fashionable picture, you'd notice that the colorful red and green package of LUCKIES fit perfectly - as always where discriminating people gather, LUCKIES were a big favorite. It's among these smart people - to whom price wouldn't matter as long as they got the best - that LUCKIES matter most. Those choice, expensive LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos, carefully and expertly blended, are especially appreciated by smokers with a fine taste for fine tobaccos. And that delicious "TOASTED" flavor adds a quality no other cigarette in the world can give - the quality of tobaccos that are pure -- tobaccos from which certain impurities are removed by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous purifying process. Wherever you go, you'll notice that smart people always choose the truly smart cigarette - the finest that nature and science can produce - LUCKY STRIKE!

"IT'S TOASTED" -- the finest cigarette you ever smoked!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Now, we hover over Manhattan once again. We're riding uptown to Joe Moss.

ON WITH THE DANCE. (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

And here on the Pierre Roof, high above Manhattan, we continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JOE MOSS:

Now the Magic Carpet hops from the corner of 61st Street to the corner of 55th Street.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That listened great to me, Joe -- thank you -- and goodnight. If you've looked at your clocks, Papa and Mama America, I needn't tell you that the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour has come to an end again. A merry evening as usual -- and another one in store for us Saturday night for Ol Massa Sobol will be right back at the helm of the Magic Carpet again, ready to pilot you to George Olsen here in New York.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, beginning June 14th and every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night thereafter, you will hear the big new LUCKY STRIKE hour; the famous dance orchestras will continue but, in addition, on Tuesday nights you will hear mystery, melodrama and thrills, in stories of famous cases of the New York Police Department. Thursday, June 16th, will mark the return of your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, who is again in excellent health and spirits. On Saturday, June 18th, Bert Lahr, one of America's greatest comedians will make his first regular microphone appearance in a series of hilarious comedies called "For the love of Tootsie." The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will be piloted by Walter O'Keefe, star of the "3rd Little Show." So, remember, Tuesday, June 14th is the night the big show starts.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"SELECTIONS from "SHOW BOAT" and "STRIKE UP THE BAND" from the show "STRIKE UP THE BAND" were played by special permission of the copyright owners.

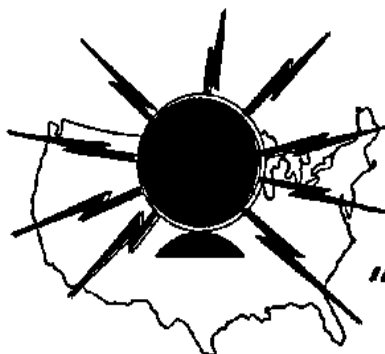
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AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
6/2/32

ATX01 0031964

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1932

(THEME SONG -- ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL
REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras, and Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Well, here we are, all together again, Mr. and Mrs. America - Good evening to you. Tonight the Magic Carpet dashes madly to all points South, North, East and West to collect you and speed you back to Manhattan where our popular musical son, George Olsen and his lively melody men await us. Here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Everybody out! Here's the station and there's the
LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet! And that's something to dance on. So
everybody dance while we play -- (TITLES)

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(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

And now hold tight, we're speeding back to our pilot!
(WHISTLE) OKAY. LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Well, I guess that proves it, George - we're in for a gay time. I hate to spoil the festivities with my inane chatter, but life is like that - some one always spoiling things - and I feel in a grand spoiling mood tonight what with this bit of chatter to spill and that bit of gossip, but at least it'll give you all a chance to sit back and smoke your LUCKIES in comfort.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Well, now something to rock society circles is that the extremely wealthy and social Mrs. Barclay de Coppet will marry for the third time, Wednesday, June 8th - the bridegroom to be - John Lord Boatwright. George Raft, after a week in his old haunts along Broadway, took his reluctant departure today and will be back with you people on the Coast shortly to start on his new picture contract. Over in London, Gloria Swanson is insisting to friends that she wouldn't mind staying for a couple of years, but the report is current that she's really due back in the Youessay before another month elapses.

Well, the Doug Fairbanks, Juniors, celebrated their third wedding anniversary yesterday, and his gift to her included a diamond necklace with a pear pendant emerald, a moonstone bracelet, a gold mesh bag and other things; but I can't seem to learn what she presented to him, although my wife tells me, a man's a sap to expect a gift from his wife - it's enough she's married to him and stays married to him. I've been reading in the papers, by the way, that Greta Garbo has removed everything from the studio - indicating she wasn't planning to come back - but that's not so - she left practically everything except a few important personal belongings - so evidently, she has no idea of retiring, as seems to be the impression.

An interesting romance out on the Coast seems to have arisen between pretty Anita Page and Doctor Cyril Wright, a handsome chap, whom she met in a hospital a year ago when her mother was ill.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Well, the cut-out puzzles - those old jig-saw thingamajigs that they used to give us kids to keep us occupied and quiet - have suddenly become the rage again. The late Woodrow Wilson loved to work them out, and President Hoover takes a hand at them every so often. Otto Kahn is a cut-out puzzle fan, and I learn that Louis B. Mayer and Sam Goldwyn, the movie emirs, are fanatics at the pastime. Neil Hamilton puts at least one together every week - glueing them into place and saving them - to prove he's really done it. Connie Bennett, Joan Bennett, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford - all have gone for puzzle craze - and incidentally, they're not the cheap little ten-cent and quarter ones that we used to get. These cost anywhere from five dollars to \$75.

I hear Sheila Terry, Warner Brother actress, and Eph Asher, one of the Universal executives are at the melting, purring and cooing stage; and Norman Foster has again written to friends in Manhattan here, denying that he and Claudette Colbert have actually separated - or are planning to - apart from their present plan of occupying separate apartments.

Wealthy people have strange economies. John D. Rockefeller who gives away dimes freely, likes to use backs of envelopes and scrap paper for odd notes. Colleen Moore saves ribbons from packages. Constance Bennett tears stamps from enclosed envelopes - I mean - you know - the kind of letters that read "Enclosed find self-addressed, stamped envelope." Joan Crawford saves paper bags, and Ann Dvorak collects pins - but, of course, you needn't take some of these film stars too seriously on their economies - it makes good copy to be considered eccentric in some respects.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031968

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Groucho Marx, a practical joker off stage and screen, as well as on, has a dozen men and women who aren't speaking to him these days. The other day, up at Lake Arrowhead where there are sunbaths for the women and sunbaths for the men - he exchanged the signs,--and a couple of the men bathers invaded the ladies sun baths and came out hurriedly to an accompaniment of feminine screams - and were almost tossed out of the hotel up there, too, until the situation was sized up.

And now, here's Howard Claney. Go ahead, Howard.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"I smoke -- but I don't inhale!" you hear many people say. But the facts prove that we ALL inhale -- knowingly or unknowingly. You may say "No" but the facts say "Yes" -- For we all breathe in some part of the smoke we draw from a cigarette. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE can meet the issue fairly and squarely. For it has solved the problem. Its famous purifying process removes certain impurities that are concealed in even the choicest, mildest tobacco leaves. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! And since you do inhale, make sure -- make absolutely sure -- your cigarette smoke is pure and clean -- protect your delicate membranes. "IT'S TOASTED" --This famous process is your protection -- against irritation -- against cough. "IT'S TOASTED" - is your assurance of the purest, the mellow-mildest, the finest cigarette you ever smoked - "LUCKY STRIKE."

LOUIS SOBOL:

Just the snap of the finger - and the Magic Carpet makes one grand swoop over Manhattan's skyscrapers.

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

We continue the dance this time with -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Here's the flash that sends us dashing on our way.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Better than ever, George, your golf scores don't affect the quality of your grand music, take it from me. But hold fast for a brace of seconds, fella.

---STATION BREAK---

LOUIS SOBOL:

The last meeting of the National Political Rally, ladies and gentlemen, will take place on the LUCKY STRIKE program next Thursday night. . This feature has been a huge success! It has brought you the political news you are so anxious to hear. Its usefulness has been proven by the thousands and thousands of letters we have received. But now that the political conventions are almost at hand, we are sure you will receive adequate news service from other sources. We are proud to have been able to present to you on this program the distinguished leaders of the two historical political parties -- the outstanding men of the hour in the direction of the affairs of our nation....a veritable "Who's Who in American Politics!" Next week will be the last week of the National Political Rally...On Tuesday night we present the United States Secretary of Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde, who will speak for the Republicans. On next Thursday night you will hear the Honorable James M. Cox, former Governor of Ohio and Democratic nominee for the Presidency of the United States in 1920. So tune in Tuesday and Thursday nights for two straight-from-the-shoulder discussions of the burning questions of the day, by two of America's most colorful political leaders.

And now, the Magio Carpet, gayly alive with its merry passenger list of LUCKY STRIKE fans swings madly around the isle of Manhattan - one second we're over the fringe of the Hudson - now we skirt the East River - there's the Statue of Liberty - and

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Now, as the wonderful Magic Carpet settles down, we
play -- (TITLES)

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(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

And now, here we go - it's not a long hop, but it's
a fast one.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

You and your boys rate a long rest after that, George,
and Mr. LUCKY STRIKE is using me as the stop gap - or would you
prefer it to be stop-gab? Well, well, the affair between Marilyn
Miller and Don Alvarado is beginning to take on that rose-colored
aspect -- you know, when people begin to whisper - "Don't they look
nice together" and gossiping paragraphers begin snooping around the
license bureau to see if the pair's put something over on them.
Poor Ricardo Cortez' sunburn is apparently more serious than was at
first supposed, and the dark-eyed lad's pretty ill.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Well, I see where Joseph Schildkraut, the actor, has remarried and I don't know how Elise Bartlett feels about it - she was the former Mrs. Schildkraut who married Horace Liveright, the ex-publisher some time ago - and then separated from him a few months later, but it does recall to me the time a charming lass tossed amorous orbs at Schildkraut. It was at a party in Hollywood, and at the time he was starring in some picture - I've forgotten the name, "Do you know," she purred, "with your charming personality and your distinguished features, you really ought to go into the movies."

"Lady," screamed the star, "my name's Joseph Schildkraut!"

"Oh," she smiled consolingly, "that's simple - just change your name!"

By the way, one of our Broadwayites has an ingenious, though expensive method for bringing his friendship with gals to an abrupt curtain. He'll send the lass a beautiful gown with instructions that she must wear it that night to a shindig which he's tossing especially for her. Arriving at the party she's horrified to find three or four other girls wearing the identically same dress. You can take it from me, it's the end of a beautiful friendship - it never fails.

Rare sister love for you -- Pretty Dorothy Appleby - she was the impetuous young heroine in "Young Sinners" - well, last week, she gave a quart of her blood to save the life of her sister, Queenie Appleby - and say, Don Ricardo has deserted you picture people out on the Coast and is back east here under his real name - David Percey.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATK01 0031973

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

There may not be much to this writing game - but I know this - Anna S. Kinsolving who a couple of years ago married John Nicholas Brown, the world's wealthiest bachelor - once wrote an article for the Baltimore Sun, labelled "How to Handle Husbands" -- and see what it got her.

A case of loyalty is that of the four authors who made a fortune for Arthur Hammerstein - and themselves in the good old days - I mean the quartette who created the smash hit "Rose Marie." Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, Herbert Stothart, Rudolph Friml and Otto Harbach -- well the four of them are going to help their old boss back to his financial feet. Hammerstein's rights to his property have lapsed, but the authors who are still in the money are going to give a great portion of it back to him to help finance the revival of "Rose Marie" - and incidentally, Rene Rose, who was Arthur Hammerstein's secretary in those palmy days, is now the successful operator of a popcorn stand in the West 30's although just what it is to be a successful popcorn operator, I swear I can't tell you.

Now let's go over into the social sector with Howard
Claney!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Today the society photographers were busy as bees at an important wedding in a fashionable church on Park Avenue. Can't you just see the scene? The canopy and carpet stretched across the sidewalk....the gleaming automobiles at the curb...and the tingle of excitement a wedding always creates! At the reception after the ceremony, when cigarettes were passed around, you would find that most of the distinguished guests would reach for the LUCKIES! People of taste...of culture...of discernment are quick to recognize in LUCKY STRIKE the unusual flavor of truly fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos. Yes, and it's a genuine flavor -- the true flavor of the choicest, mellow-mildest tobaccos...for certain impurities naturally present in even the finest, mildest tobaccos are removed by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous "TOASTING" process. That's what makes LUCKIES such a grand treat to the taste -- and so friendly to your delicate membranes. LUCKY STRIKE -- "IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

And now for our last ride on the Magic Carpet tonight -- let's go -- one swift mad whirl and we're there!

ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And here we are, all ready to play -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Once again we start the high-flying Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, George -- and goodnight. Another LUCKY STRIKE Dance Program swings to its close -- just a brief intermission, though -- simply over the weekend, for we'll be back again for another hour of music and chatter Tuesday night with Ol Massa Sobol to pilot you to Anson Weeks in San Francisco, and to the Russ Columbo bandmen in New York. And now, Mr. Howard Claney has an important announcement for you.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, beginning June 14th and every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night thereafter, you will hear the big new LUCKY STRIKE hour; the famous dance orchestras will continue but, in addition, on Tuesday nights you will hear mystery, melodrama and thrills, in stories of famous cases of the New York Police Department. Thursday, June 16th, will mark the return of your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell. On Saturday, June 18th, Bert Lahr, one of America's greatest comedians, will make his first regular microphone appearance in a series of hilarious comedies called "For The Love Of Tootsie." The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will be piloted by Walter O'Keefe, star of the "3rd Little Show." So, remember, Tuesday, June 14th, is the night the big show starts.

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

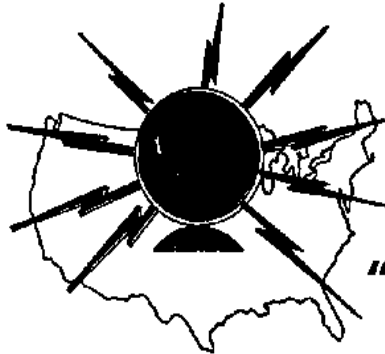
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AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen
6/4/32

ATX01 0031977

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEAf and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1932

(THEME SONG -- ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras, from San Francisco and New York, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. If I seem a little breathless, forgive me -- the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet's unusually high spirited this evening and eager to take off on its cross-continent flight. So hop on, Mr. and Mrs. Coast to Coast. And away we spurt -- clear across the country. Ah! There's San Francisco where Anson Weeks and his sons of syncopation await us.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS, (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Welcome to San Francisco! This is Anson Weeks and you're in The Mark Hopkins Hotel where we are all set to play --
(TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

And now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet dashes across the continent again -- from San Francisco to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That was great. Hold fast Anson, while Ol Massa Sobol goes into his song and dance.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

It may or may not be news to you that Clarence Stroud of the famous Stroud twins has remarried Beth Dodge of the equally famous Dodge twins -- the remarriage taking place in San Francisco -- and this time Beth insists they'll stay married, regardless of outside interference. But what I'm trying to bring out is that several years ago, before her marriage to Clarence, Beth was frequently seen in the company of Max Hoffman, Junior, son of the famous dancer, Gertrude Hoffman and for a time most of us fancied this was a real romance. Well, Max finally married Thelma White, the beautiful blonde dancer -- they're separated now and this is the point. Thelma is the former wife of Claude Stroud, the other twin. It's all very complicated -- but it provided plenty of crisp paragraphs for the news bloodhounds of Broadway.

Well, the Richard Dixes will leave on their belated honeymoon shortly as soon as he finishes his next picture and Honolulu and Tahiti will be the locale. By the way, I've been telling you that Zazu Pitts has been seen frequently in the company of Edward Woodhall -- but she insists now that she's not in love and will never marry again -- she says she means just that -- she'll never marry again.

Hollywood got itself all excited the other night when Harry Edward and Frank Joyce were seen at a night club with two blondes -- and rumors fled faster than this Magic Carpet travels -- but it needn't have. The ladies were the wives of the gentlemen -- wearing platinum wigs over their own brunette hair.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031980

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Lina Basquette now insists she and Jack Dempsey will really wed -- making a grand liar out of Ol Massa Sobol -- apparently -- but will you please believe me when I tell you -- that, knowing certain things, I still maintain that the Basquette-Dempsey alliance is just one of those things you needn't take too seriously.

I've supposed you've seen those frequent references to Gary Cooper's chimpanzee which he brought back from Africa -- "Yoluca," they call him -- but Gary named him Tallullah -- and calls him Tallullah -- the press department changing the name for their own announcements because they didn't want to offend Tallullah Bankhead.

A dog died the other day -- in Long Island -- and I mention it only because he was the first dog to appear in the movies -- "Trump" was his name and he was 14 years old. Last year, you may have seen him when he staged a "come-back" in the Johnny Farrell golf shorts. Every year, his owner, Clyde Elliott used to take him on expeditions to Africa but this year left him home.

Willie K. Vanderbilt is beaung Mrs. Cecil Pim around over at Le Touquet famous French resort and my London correspondent tells me that the other night at the Casino there, she saw the two together having a gay time. Gilbert Miller, famous producer was also there and the best dressed woman was Renate Muller, famous German film star. Major Metcalfe, equerry to the Prince of Wales, took the honors as the best dressed man present and wore something new in dress shirts -- a pique affair with extra-heavy ribs, laundered soft with a turned down soft collar. New there, perhaps, but I've seen the same effect here in Manhattan.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031981

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Boy Scheftel, the golfer, playing chemin de fer, had one good bank which netted him \$32,000 and another which gave him \$24,000. And an interesting character was a pudgy little man, five feet high -- a Signor Loria -- He's the man who cured the Duke of York from stuttering for which he received something like \$30,000 -- every farthing of which -- excuse me if I go altogether English -- he blew in at this very Casino. A few years ago, at this place, checks of visitors to the total of more than a \$1,000,000 were cashed -- out of which, only about \$200 were found worthless. This year close to \$150,000 in bad checks have been passed -- among them being one from a cousin of the Ex-King of Spain. The French authorities who aren't soft in the matter of rubber checks, sentenced the royal gent to six months in jail but he didn't serve the sentence, repaying the money and convincing them that he had given the check in good faith, money which was being smuggled to him from Spain had been seized by the new government, causing him to be temporarily short of funds.

And now that I've had my say, let Howard Glaney have his!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Do you inhale? We're really not asking you -- we're telling you! Seven out of ten smokers inhale knowingly -- the other three inhale unknowingly! LUCKY STRIKE can meet the issue fairly and squarely. For it has solved the problem. LUCKIES' famous purifying process removes certain impurities that are concealed in even the choicest, mildest tobacco leaves. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? Of course, you do. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. And since you do inhale, make sure - make absolutely sure - your cigarette smoke is pure -- is clean - that certain impurities have been removed! Protect those delicate membranes! LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED" - the finest cigarette you ever smoked!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A short, quick flight now. Bango - your Magic Carpet's off and whango - it's there - at Woodmansten Inn up in Westchester, just a few miles away - where Russ Columbo, handsome Russ Columbo and his melodious musicaleers, are ready to greet us. Into your dancing shoes, America - and

ON WITH THE DANCE, RUSS COLUMBO (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

WOODMANSTEN ANNOUNCER:

And as the Magic Carpet comes to rest at the
Woodmansten Inn, Russ Columbo and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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WOODMANSTEN ANNOUNCER:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet hops from the
Woodmansten Inn back to Broadway.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good for you, Russ -- and now hold fast while the
Magic Carpet, all steamed up for a long distance flight, shoots
clear across the country -- like that -- to San Francisco and
Anson Weeks, again.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Once more on the West Coast, our Orchestra swings
into the dance. This time, with -- (TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

Here goes the Magic Carpet again - from the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

A cheer - clear across the continent for you, Anson Weeks - and now hold fast.

--STATION BREAK--

LOUIS SOBOL:

Just one week from tonight, 4500 Republicans will be gathered in the huge Chicago stadium for the Republican National Convention. Battles on the leading issues of the day will be fast and furious in that arena....And tonight, in the next-to-the-last of LUCKY STRIKE'S nation-wide Political Rallies, we bring you a famous Republican, a great spokesman for the Administration - the Honorable Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture. Tonight a Republican - on Thursday night a leading Democrat, for LUCKY STRIKE gives each of the great political parties equal opportunity. We never know in advance what our distinguished guests will say to you. I only wish you could see tonight's speaker as he talks to you - for Secretary Hyde has a magnetic personality - an infectious smile - a brilliant sense of humor. When he was Governor of the State of Missouri, Mr. Hyde won many a point for his state by his sharp and forceful arguments on the public platform.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031985

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

As Secretary of Agriculture, he has carried his message of cooperation direct to the farm states, and has won thousands of farmers by his brilliant "stump speeches." Secretary Hyde's recent move to give Federal aid to rural roads, and his constant close cooperation with the Federal Farm Board are typical of his direct and practical methods of aiding agriculture. We take great pleasure in presenting to you the Honorable Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture.

(SECRETARY HYDE'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

Secretary of Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde, has spoken to you under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. On Thursday night you will hear the Honorable James M. Cox, who will speak under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee.

And now, climb up, folks -- and don't take too long about it for the Magic Carpet hates to wait. One quick ride -- we'll be there -- Woodmansten Inn with Russ Columbo.

ON WITH THE DANCE, (WHISTLE) OKAY, RUSS COLUMBO!

WOODMANSTEN ANNOUNCER:

Russ Columbo and his Orchestra at the Woodmansten
Inn continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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WOODMANSTEN ANNOUNCER:

And now the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet returns to
Manhattan.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, Russ -- and good night to you. But not
to you, Mr. and Mrs. Border to Border -- not by a long shot. I've
just got my second wind.

The penalty of being rich or being in the public eye
-- think of it -- Ann Harding has to pay out \$450 monthly for
protection for her child -- she has a night gateman, a night
watchman, and a day watchman -- this in addition to her staff of
servants. And Marlene Dietrich pays out plenty, too, for protection
-- as do a great many of our film stars.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Beautiful Helen Barclay, wife of McLellan Barclay, the famous artist, has probably the most unusual wedding ring I've ever seen. Inside is a miniature engraving of a lake with a log cottage and trees. It is a reproduction of the lake where she and her husband met -- she's the original Barclay girl, you know.

Back here, they're talking about a reconciliation between young Roger Wolfe Kahn and his wife, Hannah Williams -- with overtures being made by the lad who's quite heartbroken about the smashup of his romantic marriage with the singing gal.

In night clubs here -- and I suppose in other big cities throughout the country -- it is customary when some celebrity enters for the orchestra to play the song most popularly associated with him. George M. Cohen, rarely frequents night clubs but when he does, the band immediately plays, "Give My Regards to Broadway." Jimmy Walker is always associated with "Will You Love Me In December As You Do In May." Al Jolson with "M-a-m-m-y." The sight of a megaphone brings Vallee to mind immediately and whenever Pat Rooney is around, you'll be sure to hear them play, "East Side, West Side."

By the way, Jackie Cooper is the youngest cop in the world. He's been made an honorary member of the New York Police Department and of the Chicago Police Department.

Starting in July, they tell me, they're changing the prohibition procedure around those parts -- hereafter, it seems, the owners are going to be arrested and jailed instead of the practice of arresting and fining employes.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Whatever else you may say about Clara Bow -- she's a determined gal. Living on her ranch, she's fighting a game battle against flesh. At present she tips the scales at about 140 -- and her fight now is to melt off at least 30 pounds to be herself.

And now Ol' Massa Sobol makes way for Ol' Massa Claney -- who's a society reporter in his spare time! Go ahead, Howard!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Last night hundreds of New York's smart and sophisticated people gathered for a gay party aboard the great liner Leviathan as she lay in New York Harbor....It was like a reunion of world travellers...many of these people had journeyed to the far corners of the earth....and if you had been there you would have noticed that in this brilliant gathering LUCKY STRIKE was a great favorite in cigarettes. Many of those enjoying a LUCKY as they strolled about the deck last night had smoked fine tobaccos all over the world. So, of course, they should appreciate that unique blend of the world's finest tobaccos that is gathered in every LUCKY STRIKE -- choice, expensive tobaccos that are made finer, pure, mellow-milder by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous process, which removes certain impurities that Nature conceals in even the finest tobacco leaves. Wherever you go -- among smart, discriminating and experienced smokers everywhere -- you'll find that LUCKY STRIKE is the great, outstanding favorite -- for it is the finest, mellow-mildest cigarette in all the world! LUCKY STRIKE -- "IT'S TOASTED!"

LOUIS SOBOLO:

Get set to go, America. Our last whirlwind dash
across the continent to Anson Weeks.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ANSON WEEKS! (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

You're here in San Francisco, and my boys are here
all ready to play -- (TITLES)

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ANSON WEEKS:

Once more the Magic Carpet makes the coast-to-coast
non-stop hop. Come again to San Francisco.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOLO:

Thank you -- and good night, Anson. And you, papa and
Mama America -- I needn't tell you -- but this is curtain time again
for the LUCKY STRIKE HOUR. Be sure, however, to be prompt for the
rise of the curtain again Thursday night when Ol Massa Sobol will
pilot the Magic Carpet and its huge passenger list to Chicago for
Charlie Agnew and his Orchestra, and to Valley Stream, Long Island
for Smith Ballew and his Orchestra. And now, Mr. Howard Olney has
an important announcement for you.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, beginning June 14th and every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night thereafter, you will hear the big new LUCKY STRIKE Hour; the famous dance orchestras will continue but, in addition, on Tuesday nights you will hear mystery, melodrama and thrills, in stories of famous cases of the New York Police Department. Thursday, June 16th, will mark the return of your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell. On Saturday, June 18th, Bert Lahr, one of America's greatest comedians, will make his first regular microphone appearance in a series of hilarious comedies called "For The Love of Tootsie." The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will be piloted by Walter O'Keefe, star of the 3rd Little Show." So, remember, Tuesday, June 14th, is the night the big show starts!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"OF THEE I SING" from the show "OF THEE I SING" and "THERE I GO DREAMING AGAIN" from "HOTCHA" were played by special permission of the copyright owners.

This program has come to you from New York City, Washington, D.C. and San Francisco, California, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

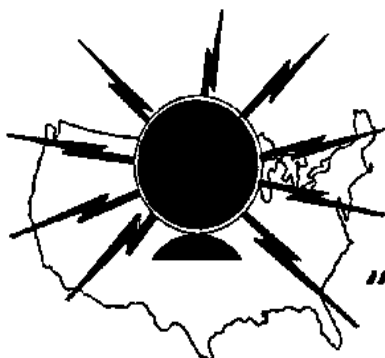
AGENCY/SOBOL/Chilleen

6/17/55

ATX01 0031991

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1932

(THEME SONG -- ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL
REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD OLNEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras! Tonight, we bring you two great orchestras from
Chicago and New York, and Mr. Louis Sobol of the New York Evening
Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOLO!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Happy evening, folks. This is where we drop our burdens and leap aboard the frisky LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet for a long, fast and merry ride. Ready? Here we go. Chicago-bound and boy! are we travelling - there's no stopping this Magic Carpet once it gets under way. Hold on. We're heading for Chicago - where Charlie Agnew and his lively Agnewstics start us off on a gay and tuneful evening.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE AGNEW (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Here we are in Chicago at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, where Charlie Agnew and Orchestra greet you with -- (TITLES)

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CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

And now the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet speeds out of Chicago and back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good? You're perfect, fella - and hand a posy of praise to your talented musical slaves for me.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

And now, ladies and gentlemen of America - Ol Massa Sobol, his lips close to the mike, chants his chattery lay with no purpose at all except to soothe your jaded nerves.

Now, I know you'll be thrilled no end to learn that Howard Hughes, the youthful cinema impressario has gifted Marion Lansing with a dazzling diamond ring - Marion's a N'yawk society gal - and whether she's the newest romantic moment in the life of the young fellow, I leave to you to figure out. Big Victor McLaglin when he gets off the train at Hollywood will walk smack into a \$10,000. damage suit being tossed at the huge fellow by a Thomas Hughes who charges McLaglin roughed him about unnecessarily in a movie scene.

Out here where the Hudson and the East Rivers sneer at each other, Paul Whiteman made a swanky debut last night at which all our best people were present. Paul, you know - or don't you - is going to be a pappy some time in November when Margaret Livingston has promised to present him with an heir or heiress - or perhaps both.

I get so many letters asking me about the fads or hobbies of well-known people that perhaps this would be a good spot to mention a few. Harrison Fisher, famous illustrator, is a bug on penguins - drawings of them, metal statuettes of them - stuffed penguins - penguins in any form - except live ones. Bebe Daniels collects shields, armors, swords and daggers - Colleen Moore, caricatures by famous artists. Hoot Gibson has a rare collection of guns and pistols worth thousands of dollars.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Kenneth McKenna and Kay Francis have a collection of George Bernard Shaw's works - not only his books and plays and stories - but his earlier newspaper criticisms and articles. Wallace Beery collects fishing paraphernalia, and Lilyan Tashman - hands, modelled, sculptured or painted.

I know a chap in town here who has a reputation for being the king of good sports and free spenders - and yet - his gross expenditure during a year in the way of entertainment is about \$200. Early in his career he adopted a policy and has adhered to it. Twice during the year he makes it his business to attend some group gathering at a restaurant where they are sure to be a few celebrities and at least one or two newspapermen. When the painful moment arrives, he reaches for the entire check - for every one - and pouts fearfully unless you permit him to pay. At the most, the bill doesn't go over \$100 - and the free mouth-to-mouth advertising that results couldn't be bought for ten times the price.

The hardest-luck little gal in the show business - Agnes O'Laughlin. I don't think any show girl's gotten more publicity - more attention in the public prints and yet she's dead broke and in desperate circumstances. It was about five years ago when Walter J. Kingsley - connoisseur of Broadway girls - selected her as the perfect chorus girl of the day. She was in the heyday of her glory then - an outstanding Ziegfeld beauty. Men - of wealth and position flocked about her - and everything was rosy and swell. One day there was a party which ended in a minor brawl - and because Jack Dempsey happened to be present, the story broke into print and Agnes O'Laughlin was featured.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0031995

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Shortly after, she met Rudy Vallee - fell in love with him and when the romance died out, ill-advised, she instigated a \$100,000 breach of promise suit against him. More publicity. When Jack Legs Diamond was shot, his sweetheart, Marion Roberts, then a dressing-room mate of Agnes' at the Ziegfeld show, fled to Agnes for refuge. Again the O'Laughlin girl's name figured in unsavory publicity. And so they have her stamped as a girl who goes to parties which break up in brawls - a girl who sues prominent men for breach of promise - a girl who gave shelter to a gangster's sweetheart. As a result, still one of the best showgirls on Broadway, no producer has a job for pretty Agnes O'Laughlin. To me - it's kind of pathetic - but it's a typical Broadway story.

Say here's a chance for a couple of good-looking twins to break into the movies. The RKO studios having been searching for weeks for nineteen or twenty year old twins for two choice roles in their picture "Thirteen Women" - and if you happen to be twins and send in your combined pictures, you may get the chance of your life - and perhaps thank me.

Here's something I didn't know - and perhaps you didn't either. Ann Harding learned that as long as her name stays on the side of her airplane in letters a certain height, she'll be allowed a big income tax deduction on account of using the plane for advertising purposes - but on the other hand, she can't take secret trips in her plane - because her name on the machine would give her away - and if she takes off her name altogether, she doesn't get that income tax reduction. -----

Silence may be golden....but not when the public is entitled to know the facts! And here's Howard Glaney to give you the facts about cigarettes!

HOWARD CLANEY:

When the truth hurts - it's only natural to avoid the subject! Inhaling has long been an "untouchable" topic in cigarette advertising. And no wonder! In every tobacco leaf -- even the finest, the mildest -- nature hides certain impurities which, when not removed, are unkind to delicate membranes! And since, knowingly or unknowingly, every smoker inhales some part of the smoke from his or her cigarette, LUCKY STRIKE developed that great scientific process which removes certain impurities. LUCKIES created that process and only LUCKIES have it! Do you inhale? More than 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, basing their opinions on their smoking experience, stated that LUCKIES are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED." Your protection -- against irritation -- against cough -- your assurance of the finest cigarette you ever smoked!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Ready for another trip, folks? A short flight -- to Valley Stream, L.I. -- and I haven't time to tell you more than that because even as the words tumble out of my mouth we're on our way -- to tall Smith Ballew and his bandsmen.

ON WITH THE DANCE, SMITH BALLEW -- (WHISTLE) OKAY, VALLEY
STREAM!

SMITH BALLEW:

This is Smith Ballew and as the Magic Carpet pauses
in the Pavillion Royal here in Valley Stream we play -- (TITLES)

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SMITH BALLEW:

Now we dash out of Long Island, from Valley Stream
to Manhattan!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

That's tilting this program to a grand high pitch,
Smith -- and thank you. Now the Magic Carpet takes off again without
delay -- and whizzes breezily out of Manhattan westward toward
Chicago and Charlie Agnew.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE AGNEW! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

And the dance goes on in Chicago as Charlie Agnew
and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

The LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet speeds eastward from Chicago back to Louis Sobol.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Nice work, Charlie Agnew. And now hold fast.

---STATION BREAK---

LOUIS SOBOL:

Now let's get a seat way up front for the last meeting of the National Political Rally! Tonight's the last night! LUCKY STRIKE originated this service, but now that the great conventions are at hand, we are sure you will secure adequate news from other sources. On Tuesday night we presented Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde for the Republicans. Tonight we present Mr. John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Democratic party, and the first big business executive chosen to direct a national political organization. Mr. Raskob is famous in politics for his management of Alfred E. Smith's campaign for the Presidency in 1928. He is famous in business as the former chairman of the Finance Committee of the General Motors Corporation, and as vice-president of the vast Du Pont enterprises. Mr. Raskob started his career as a stenographer at \$5 a week. He gives one the impression of being shy - even bashful. But he says what he thinks, and he thinks a great deal. We don't know what he will talk about tonight, but as a newspaperman I will tip you off that John J. Raskob always has some news to tell! Mr. Raskob!

(MR. RASKOB'S SPEECH)

LOUIS SOBOL:

You have just heard the Honorable John J. Raskob,
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee....Thank you, Mr.
Raskob.

We're off again, Mr. and Mrs. Coast-to-Coast. -
Magic Carpetouring to Valley Stream. We may knock off the tip of
a skyscraper in our flight, but what of it - it's speed we're after
- and speed we're getting, and how! Zip! Here we go!

ON WITH THE DANCE, SMITH BALLEW! (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

SMITH BALLEW:

Once again in Valley Stream in the Pavillion Royal,
we continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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SMITH BALLEW:

Now the Magic Carpet flashes high above Valley
Stream - over Long Island Sound and back to Manhattan.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Goodnight to you, Smith Ballew - and thank you. But
you might stick around a minute or two with the rest of America while
Ol Massa Sobol ladles out a little chatter.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0032000

LOUIS SOBOL:

Well, as I predicted last week, Edna Murphy finally filed her suit for divorce from the youthful director, Mervyn LeRoy, and the settlement effected out of court provides her with \$1,000. a month as long as his salary remains what it is at this time.

Achmed Abdullah, famous writer, tells me that the Afghans are very much like the Irish - in fact, he says they have the same basic language, customs and temperament and I like a certain story he tells of an episode which took place during the Afghan rebellion in the north of India. Brigadier General O'Moore Craigh, a noted Irish warrior, was in charge of the British troops. To facilitate operations in the treacherous hills, tanks were employed. During the hottest of the fighting, a delegation of Afghans approached the General with the message that their chief considered the use of the tanks highly unsportsmanlike and not cricket, and that unless the British recalled them at once, the Afghans would immediately stop fighting. So O'Moore, gallant Irishman that he was, promptly withdrew the tanks - and the war went on!

I've managed to dig through the pile of mail that's been accumulating and with Mr. LUCKY STRIKE'S permission, will answer a few of you now.

Miss G. West, Providence, R.I. - Eddie Cantor's first name originally was Isadore.

Jean Austin (no address given) - Phillip DeLacy - still appears in pictures - he can be reached at 904 Guaranty Building, Hollywood.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBEL: (CONTINUES)

Alice Kimball, Detroit, Mich. - George Olsen's teeth are his own - I give you my word, he told me so.

Herr Louie, St. Petersburg, Fla. - Pearl White has retired from the movies and is in Paris - with plenty of money to keep her going. Bobby Vernon is still in Hollywood.

Mrs. R. F. Peterson, Temple, Texas - The Sobel referred to is Bernard Sobel, Flo Ziegfeld's press agent and author of Burlesque. No relative of your present New York reporter. He won't even pay my bills.

Miss E. McMurray, Hamburg, N.Y. - Ozzie Nelson, the orchestra leader, is not married - if he is, he's been holding out on me.

On Madison Avenue here in the 120's there is a Russian club dedicated to the great day when the Soviet government is to be overthrown and the empire restored. Here former princes and dukes and counts assemble, and over their cups of "chi" - tea, if you insist, lay plans for the reorganization of the monarchy. The man who waits on your table in the little Russian restaurant you frequent is a duke at this club and, perhaps, the man elected to be the Prime Minister when the "great day" comes, if it ever does. Your doorman may be a prince scheduled to head the secret police. Full formality of rank is observed at the rendezvous and a mere count would no more think of speaking out of turn when a prince holds the floor than you would of sassing a head waiter. It just isn't done. Wherefore you may imagine the embarrassment of a certain proprietor of a barber shop who recently joined the club to learn that as a count he was obliged to make deep obeisance to the vice-president, a high ranking priest slated to head the Duma - who by day worked for him as barber of chair No. 3.

LOUIS SOBOL:

Now let's run around to a few college commencements with Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Graduation! What an exciting time this is in many of the great colleges and universities! Eager young graduates are straining at the bit to test their mettle against the world! The "old grads" are back for class reunions, joyfully renewing acquaintances at the old school. And as they stroll around the campus, more of them smoke LUCKIES than any other cigarette! LUCKY STRIKE has been tested for quality on many a college campus, and has been tested for purity in many a college laboratory! Any scientific test confirms what the delicious taste of a LUCKY will tell you -- that certain impurities, naturally present in even the finest tobacco leaf, has been removed. "TOASTING" expels them! With certain impurities removed, you can really enjoy the true, natural flavor of the finest of fine tobaccos. And your delicate membranes are protected against irritation. That's why the college men and women of America and other discriminating smokers who have made a study of cigarettes, have found LUCKY STRIKE to be the purest, mellow-mildest cigarette that Nature and Science can produce.

LOUIS SOBOL:

She's off! The Magic Carpet with all America aboard speeds through the air avenues in a bee line for the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago -- and Charlie Agnew.

ON WITH THE DANCE, CHARLIE AGNEW! (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Yes, we're in the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago
and this time Charlie Agnew and his boys play -- (TITLES)

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CHICAGO ANNOUNCER:

Again the Lucky Strike Magic Carpet rides high, from
Lake Michigan to the Atlantic Ocean.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Shake on that, Charlie -- and Goodnight. That's all
there is -- there is no more, Mr. and Mrs. Coast to Coast -- not
until Saturday night, that is -- when Ol Massa Sobol will be back
again to pilot the Magic Carpet -- and to turn out for the occasion
for after Saturday night, your chattering friend Mister Sobol
relinquishes the wheel to other capable hands.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the big new Lucky Strike Hour
will begin next Tuesday night. The Magic Carpet will continue to
bring you the most famous dance orchestras of the world; but, in
addition, on Tuesday nights you will hear mystery, melodrama and
thrills, in stories of famous cases of the New York Police Department.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0032004

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

On Thursday nights you will hear your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell. On Saturday nights, Bert Lahr, one of America's greatest comedians, will give you hilarious comedies called "For the Love of Tootsie." On each program the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will be piloted by Walter O'Keefe, star of the "Third Little Show." So remember, next Tuesday is the night the big show starts!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

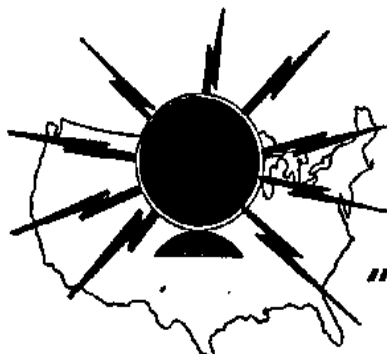
"DRUMS IN MY HEART" from "THRU THE YEARS" was played by special permission of the copyright owners.

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AGENCY/SOBOL/chilleen
6/9/32

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and the one and only Walter Winchell



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. • • • WEAF and

ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1932

(THEME SONG - ONE CHORUS OF "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" WITH VOCAL REFRAIN. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY ANNOUNCER.)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour
presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES - sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance
orchestras, and Louis Sobol of the New York Evening Journal!

MR. LOUIS SOBOL!!!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of America! Tonight, LUCKY STRIKE'S lightning express of the air, the Magic Carpet whirle us to the Hollywood Gardens out Pelham way, where George Olsen and his Olsenaders are prepared to serve us singing syncopations to set our dancing toes atingle. So gather yourselves on the Magic Carpet, you of the East, the West, the North and the South - and let's go!

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Good evening, everybody. This is George Olsen greeting you from the Hollywood Gardens, the largest open air night club in the world, where we play first -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

And now the Magic Carpet takes off from the dance floor of the Hollywood Gardens and dashes over Pelham Parkway back to Manhattan.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

The same old pep - but the melodies are grand, George - and thanks for getting us off to a gay start.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now let's see what we can turn out of the chatter mill tonight. Well, all of you old enough to stay up to listen may be impressed by the information that as soon as Edna Murphy's divorce from Mervyn Leroy, the cinema director, is in her hands, the vivacious sorrel-topped Ginger Rogers will succeed her as Mrs. Leroy, and I trust live happily ever afterward. A thrill to me, personally, is the information I receive that Charlie Chaplin will be back within the fortnite and start work immediately on his next picture - with the staff already being signed up. As I understand it, Chaplin will adhere to his policy of silence - but only for himself - all other members of the cast will talk, which makes me wonder just what sort of role Charlie plans to play. It doesn't make much difference - whatever it is - it'll be Charlie Chaplin and that's enuf for me.

Well, the old Nickolodeon days are coming back - here on the Bowery there's one house which charges a nickel admission, and you should get a load of the raucous posters outside advertising the picture - and out on the coast plans are under way to open a whole string of these five-cent movie houses.

I'd like to tell you about a man who is truly one of the world's great pianists - I'd rank him, personally, with Josef Hoffman and Paderewski and the late DePachmann. That, of course, is a matter of opinion, but he was great enough at least to be able to charge \$100 for a half hour or less - and get it without a whimper. He's old now. But he saved his money and he's earned a tidy sum in the past forty years or so. Enough in fact, to retire a few years ago and live abroad.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Now, it so happened that his brother-in-law was a multi-millionaire and time and again he'd approach the musician and implore him to invest his money in stocks which would triple or quadruple his fortune. The pianist would shake his head and say, "Ach, what for? What do I want with too much money. My son is married and happy. My daughter is married and she's happy, too. I have enough income to take care of the rest of the family. Don't bother me with plans for more money." He was finally persuaded, however, and then came that Wall Street crash, and the millionaire brother-in-law lost his millions and the aged pianist his nest egg. On top of that, the marriages of his son and daughter struck snags and they came back to live with him. And so, now at an age when he should be permitted to devote all his energies to compositions and to the enjoyment of the fruits of his profitable and enviable careers, this old man has started all over again - giving lessons and appearing on the concert stage. Life can give you a mean slap sometimes.

A snicker to me, by the way, is the boyish reaction of the artist who painted Clark Gable's portrait. Gable didn't like it and refused to accept it, so the artist went over it and repainted the ears to an extra large size, whereupon Lew Cody took it.

By the way, just so all you ambitious folk won't be discouraged by reverses and obstacles, I'd like to cite the case of Mary Roberts Rinehart whose scribblings to date have netted her a fortune in the seven figures, they tell me, without preventing her from being a devoted mother and good wife to her physician husband.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

LOUIS SOBOLEW: (CONTINUES)

She's famous, of course, for a great many novels and short yarns - particularly the ones having to do with the adventures of her lovable woman character, Tish. Mrs. Rinehart, herself, tells how she was asked by Harper's to submit a story - so she sent them her first Tish story, only to have it returned with a formal rejection slip. Undiscouraged, she sent it to the Saturday Evening Post, a magazine she hadn't dared try, and was rewarded with an immediate acceptance, a check and a request for more. Weeks later, after the story had appeared in the Post, she received a letter from the editors of Harper's. The Tish story in the Post was exactly the type they wanted. Would she please write something of that sort for them. Hey, hey!

Now gather around, all you smokers, and get a little food for thought from Howard Claneey.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Really now -- why have other cigarettes generally steered clear of this vital subject -- or dropped it like a hot potato? We mean the subject of inhaling! Nothing could be more important to every smoker. For we all inhale. Each and every one of us breathes in some part of the smoke from our cigarette. Do you inhale? LUCKY STRIKE has dared to bring up this vital question -- for LUCKIES have the answer! LUCKIES assure you the clean, pure cigarette you want...because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by that famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process. Only LUCKIES have it! Safeguard your delicate membranes. "Fifty million smokers can't be wrong!" "IT'S TOASTED" -- which is another way of saying: LUCKY STRIKE is the purest, mellow-mildest cigarette you ever smoked!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Up you go, folks, on this Magic Carpet and don't let anything stop you from joining us for we're going on a lively ride through the skyways and highways again - 23 miles out of Manhattan - to the Hollywood Gardens again - and George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE, AMERICA (WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Here goes the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet high over Long Island Sound, speeding back to Manhattan.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

I kinda like that, Mister Olsen - but wait a minute - I have a hunch Howard Claney has something on his mind. What is it, Howard?

HOWARD CLANEY:

The tobacco in that LUCKY STRIKE you smoke is part of a carefully selected one hundred million dollar supply ... the world's choicest collection of Turkish and domestic leaves ... selected by experts who search the far corners of the earth. That's one big reason your LUCKY is so mellow-mild....so laden with flavor....so delicious. The other reason is - "IT'S TOASTED!"

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

LOUIS SOBOL:

Again, Mr. and Mrs. Border-to-Border, the Magic Carpet swings into action with a bang. We're heading north to George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Once again we continue the dance from the Hollywood Gardens with -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Hold on everybody, we're riding back yo Manhattan's bright lights.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

It's a pleasure to stand by, George, and listen to you and your grand musical outfit -- I've been smoking my LUCKY and collecting my notes in the meantime, and this is how the story goes.

Margaret Livingston (Mrs. Paul Whiteman) has asked me to deny, so all her friends will know, once and for all, that all those neat little yarns appearing lately announcing the impending arrival of an heir or heiress to the Whiteman fortunes is all a lot of hooy -- she put it more politely of course -- in other words, the Whitemans are not in the market for a bassinet.

The William Powells -- the missus is Carole Lombard -- placed their magnificent home for rent with a realty company and promptly forgot about it in the stress of other things. Well, the realtors went ahead and rented the place but forgot to advise the Powells -- and out they had to go, bag and baggage on eighteen hours notice. Most annoying. Poor little Ola Lane's going to the hospital next week to divorce a pouting appendix, and I rather like Jack Oakie's suggestion that in these hard times, the studio ought to advertise Marlene Dietrich's million dollar legs and cut the prices in half at the box office.

Incidentally, the latest film holdout was Dickey Moore, the child actor who has a boy's natural aversion to washing his ears, so he had to spend an entire day being bathed in front of the camera.

They had some pretty wild stories around here about Lilyan Tashman and the serious injuries she suffered in an auto crash -- but I saw Lilyan at Paul Whiteman's opening the other night at the Biltmore and her injuries consisted of a bruise over the lip about the size of a quarter of a dime.

(MR. SOBOL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0032013

LOUIS SOBOL: (CONTINUES)

Talk about the height of optimism -- there's a blind beggar usually making his beat at 48th Street and Madison Avenue here who carries this sign around his neck: "Cheer up - it might be worse!"

Constance Bennett, I'm informed, receives something like twenty proposals of marriage monthly, from fans who disregard the fact that she's already married. She has on hand at present a collection of almost seventy-five photographs of ambitious young and old gents who would like to be her husband - most of whom confess they're pretty well broke, but who insist that with her money, she'd be surprised how happy they could be with her.

Say, Howard, what's the low-down on high society these days?

HOWARD CLANEY:

High society seems to be going even higher -- in fact, it's taking to the air in a big way! Tomorrow, for instance, you'll see pretty debutantes zooming their own planes, looping the loop, racing -- expert pilots all of them performing for a big charity Air Carnival out at Curtiss Field, Long Island. These younger members of New York's "400" are modern from the ground up -- and when they land their planes, you'll notice how many of them reach into a pocket of their smart flying togs for a modern cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE.....

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0032014

HOWARD CLANEY:

LUCKIES are the choice of smart, modern young Americans the country over...for LUCKIES not only give these discriminating smokers the choicest of delicious, mellow-mild tobaccos...they give a modern improvement no other cigarette offers.-- that famous and exclusive LUCKY STRIKE purifying process! It is this process which removes certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves. LUCKIES created that process and Only LUCKY have it. Wherever you see smart, up-to-the-minute young Americans, you'll notice that LUCKY STRIKE is the great favorite...the finest, purest, most modern^{of}/cigarettes--"IT'S TOASTED."

LOUIS SOBOL:

Get aboard for your last Magic Carpet flight tonight, ladies and gentlemen. One mad dash - and again we swoop down over Hollywood Gardens and George Olsen. Into your dancing shoes, America and --

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And the dance does go on with -- (TITLES)

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(_____)

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(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

We're Manhattan bound once more, back to our pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, LOUIS SOBOL!

LOUIS SOBOL:

Thank you, George - and this is my goodnight to you and appreciation of your grand music. And now, Mr. and Mrs. America, the time has come for Ol Massa Sobol to bid you goodnight and goodbye, for with this program, I step out of the pilot's seat of the faithful LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet to make way for a new pilot. I want, at this time, to thank you millions of LUCKY STRIKE fans - from the bottom of my heart I want to thank you - for your cordial and generous reception of me in the few weeks during which I have temporarily filled the place left vacant by the illness of your original New York correspondent, Walter which - you have been very nice to me, and I appreciate particularly the thousands of warm letters that have reached me from all parts of the country. I wish to thank, too, MR. LUCKY STRIKE for the honor he has bestowed upon me in selecting me for this temporary post - and for the privilege it has afforded me in talking to the world's largest air audience. And before I leave you, let me wish the principals of LUCKY STRIKE'S new series of programs all the lucky in the world - and I know you'll join with me in that. Howard Olaney is waiting to speak to you - so Mr. and Mrs. America, Goodnight and thank you!

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the big new LUCKY STRIKE Hour will begin next Tuesday night. The Magic Carpet will continue to bring you the most famous dance orchestras of the world; with in addition, on Tuesday nights you will hear mystery, romance and thrills, in stories of famous cases of the New York Police Department. On Thursday nights you will hear your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell. On Saturday nights, Germany, one of America's greatest comedians, will give you hilarious comedies called "For The Love of Missie." On each program the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet will be piloted by Walter O'Keefe, star of the "Third Little Show." So remember, next Tuesday is the night the big show starts!

(SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

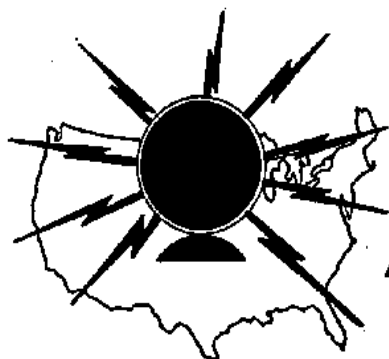
"WHO" from "SOME BODIES" and "HOTCHA" were played by special permission of the copyright owners.

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AGENCY/SBOL/Chilleen
6/11/32

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes! This inaugurates the great new series of LUCKY STRIKE thrills. During each week we will bring you sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and a new pilot of the Magic Carpet, Walter O'Keefe, star of the "Third Little Show," and, in addition, the melodrama and mystery of real New York police cases on Tuesdays, your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays, and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian on Saturdays. We introduce the new pilot, Mr. Walter O'Keefe!

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

How are you Uncle Sam and HOW is the Missus? This is one of your nephews, Uncle Sam, just one of your own boys -- Walter O'Keefe, and I'm sitting right on top of the world if I DO say so myself, - and I certainly DO say so myself - and WHY NOT? Why not I ask you? The other day Mr. LUCKY STRIKE swept down Broadway, lifted me up on the Magic Carpet, flew me over to Fifth Avenue and said, "Walter, get off Broadway, get out into the great open spaces.. jump into the driver's seat of the Magic Carpet and take the whole continent for a joyride. How about it Walter?" I said "OKAY LUCKY STRIKES ... it's a deal." And LUCKY STRIKES handed me my driving license and yelled, "You're on your own ... OKAY O'Keefe." So Uncle Sam, there's the story. Get the missus, get the youngsters, get the neighbors, get the spirit, get the thrill of a ride on the Magic Carpet. Did you hear me say RIDE Uncle Sam ... well that's what you're in for ... a wild exciting ride up the highways and down the byways in search of music, melody, mirth, merriment AND melodrama. Oh honestly, we've got a melodramatic knock 'em down and drag-em-out on this program that packs a wallop like that famous one two punch of Jack Dempsey's, but I can't spare time to tell you now because YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY...and tonight all roads lead to Chicago, the dear old Windy City, where the Republican Party has got Miss Prosperity in the pulmotor to shoot some life into her. She isn't dead, ladies and gentlemen -- she just fainted and I'll bet by now she's down on the floor of the College Inn dancing to the contagious music by Joe Sanders and his Nighthawks.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUED)

There's a lad for you ... he was the toast of Kansas City...
he has been the toast of little Old New York, and right now he's the
toast of the Windy City on Lake Michigan. In other words, HE IS
THE TOAST. So now the Magic Carpet picks up and gives you Joe
Sanders and his band on toast.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE SANDERS (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

JOE SANDERS:

Welcome, Magic Carpet and welcome to you, Walter O'Keefe!
And welcome everybody to the city of the conventions, and to the
College Inn where we'll play -- (TITLES)

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JOE SANDERS:

Ready for the fast hop from Chicago to New York? Fine!
Then, let's go!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Joe, my lad, that was swell...sweet and sassy, Sanders,
sweet and sassy. I'd like to be in Chicago with you Joe and attend
that Republican Convention. What a thrill! They say that the
country has got to be put back on its feet....that's all...just put
business back on its feet. So they will probably nominate a
chiroprapist.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

I understand that tomorrow all the delegates are going to get together for a combination taffy-pull and clambake...They are all going down to the Stock Exchange and lay a wreath of flowers on the tomb of the Unknown Broker.

But enough of this nonsense...here is Howard Claney who will give you a few suggestions for the next leg of our flight. Hit it Howard.

HOWARD CLANEY:

When you step up to a cigarette counter, of course, you want a modern cigarette - the finest, the most modern your dealer can offer. So, before you purchase any cigarette, consider this unassailable fact: All other methods of cigarette manufacture have been made old-fashioned by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous purifying process. LUCKIES created that process, and only LUCKIES have it! It is this process that gives you in LUCKIES the best of the world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, by removing certain impurities that Nature hides in even the finest tobacco leaves. And how important it is to be sure that your cigarette smoke is pure, is clean - that certain impurities have been removed. For, of course, you do inhale - every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. When you smoke LUCKIES your delicate membranes get the protection no other cigarette affords. LUCKY STRIKE is pure.....extra mellow-mild.....because "IT'S TOASTED!"

ATX01 0032021

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Come on, Uncle Sam - pull that chair a little closer, open up those ears and I'll fill 'em full of good news. THE MAGIC CARPET now whips you over the skyscrapers of New York and where are you now ... WHERE ARE YOU ... why you're hanging on the edge of the new Waldorf Astoria Roof ... and looks who's there. There he is..... Jack Denny playing for hundreds and hundreds of the exclusive Four Hundred at the Annual Charity Ball. In you go, over the window sill, look out for your head, Uncle Sam .. and now dance your sweet head off,

ON WITH THE DANCE AT THE CHARITY BALL (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

We're on the Waldorf Roof. Everybody's on the dance floor for -- (TITLES)

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JACK DENNY:

The Magic Carpet is impatient! It's on its way!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Denny, my lad, you win the blue ribbon hands down, hands up, hands across the sea. I imagine if we ever let you go back to Montreal that you'll be knighted Jack ... SIR to youse guys. Can't talk to you till later Jack ... Uncle Sam is my guest and I'm staging a three ring circus for him. Ah ladies and gentlemen, we've taken you all over the world in search of entertainment. This marvelous, miraculous MAGIC CARPET has wiped out Time and Space by quick excursions to England, Germany, France, South America and the four points of the continent ... BUT toNIGHT we've even found a new field of thrills. Here's where we loop the loop, slip into a tailspin and dump you right into the clutches of the Underworld. You'll hear revolvers crackling and sputtering like a forest fire. HERE you have murder and mystery it's got everything..... EVERYTHING.....I tell you. It's going to make your hair stand on end.....YEES.....and if you haven't GOT any hair don't be surprised if your toupee.....TOUPAY....takes off and flies up into the chandelier.

Sitting beside me in the pilot seat is one of America's authorities on crime detection, Mr. Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York Police Department. Inspector Henry's record as a police officer includes many mentions of his bravery in capturing criminals but he is probably most famous for his cleaning-up New York's tough tenderloin district. He is here at the request of the Police Commissioner of New York City, the Honorable Edward P. Mulrooney. Take over the controls, kind sir!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The stories which you will hear as a regular part of this program each Tuesday night are dramatizations of real police cases taken from the files of the New York Police Department. Everything in these programs is real life except that for obvious reasons fictitious names are used throughout. Commissioner Mulrooney has generously placed at the disposal of the sponsors of this program the complete records and files of each case. The Commissioner hopes that by presenting these stories, every member of this vast audience will not only be entertained, but will again be impressed most forcibly by the fact that crime does not pay. These dramas will reproduce the loud speaker voice as it is heard in the police cars. The New York Police Department has gone to considerable expense and effort in perfecting the use of radio for direct communication with police cars, and they are enthusiastic about the results; so it is fitting that the science of radio which brings these thrilling stories to you, is also being used successfully in the prevention and detection of crime in the City of New York.

FIRST PART - "MANNINGTON CASE"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Whew....Whaddye mean OKAY O'KEEFE.....I call it a mess. Why....why it's the most unheard-of thing I ever heard of. First of all they murder a cop....then poor Mrs. Schinker, the landlady of the boarding house...has to go and burn those pies of hers. I suppose in the next installment Detective Barry Rudd will come in disguised as a Tomato Surprise on a short wavelength Eastern Standard Time. Speaking of time, I'm thinking of you people out there on the sun-kist slopes of California....four hours behind our time here...I can see the picture. Sitting down to a dinner with a table full of those luscious vegetables from the Imperial Valley and here LUCKY STRIKE brings you a murder, a blonde, and some burned apple-strudel for dessert. Go right on with your dinner, California -- this mystery will be solved later in this hour. We'll untangle this mess before you get to the coffee and cigarettes, but UPSADAISY everybody....bundle up and get in the buggy....THE MAGIC CARPET can't stop now....It's in high, rushing you right back to the College Inn in Chicago where Joe Sanders and his Nighthawks have been listening in on this awful murder. They have caught the spirit of this thing and so for their first number they will murder "Hello Gorgeous" by special permission of the composer.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE SANDERS (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

JOE SANDERS:

(WITH A LAUGH) You call it murder but we call it dancing - dancing to "Hello Gorgeous" and - (TITLES) We're off!

(HELLO GORGEOUS _____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JOE SANDERS:

And if you call THAT murdering music, Walter O'Keefe,
let's hear what you do to the English language!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Joe....I never heard you play so well before. I think it
must be that crowd of Republicans around dear old Chi....Say Joe.....
there's a little bit of Winchell in all of us. I just heard a rumor
about the new Republican slogan for this campaign....find out if it's
true....what the country needs is a good laugh and this slogan should
give it to them. The slogan is as follows: "Don't swap toboggans
while you're sliding down hill." Find out Joe...but meanwhile
let's you and I lie down and rest while Howard Claneey uses twenty
seconds...no more, no less....to talk about the LUCKY STRIKE
Platform.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Your LUCKY STRIKE brings you a choice selection of more
than forty choice tobaccos from all over the world --- Every leaf
carefully aged and blended, then "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous LUCKY
STRIKE purifying process which makes LUCKY STRIKE pure, delicious,
extra mellow-mild.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Howard that's talking Turkey or maybe it's just good old-fashioned United States.....and now you Americans, young or old, hot or cold, the MAGIC CARPET under the direction of that old Armenian rug-maker, O'Keefe, once again skedaddles over the skies and dumps you into the lap of the Four Hundred at the Waldorf Astoria and they're having a whale of a time or may I never know good times again. For the benefit of those who were late for class, let the professor remind you that Jack Denny is playing for that huge Charity Ball given ever year for the benefit of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children....no men allowed. So come on Mr. and Mrs. U.S.A. ...put on your toe slippers or wear hob nails.... who cares....it's a free country.....and the MAGIC CARPET takes no sides. Here you go pell mell....or maybe just PELL....right onto the Waldorf Astoria Roof.....So

ON WITH THE CHARITY BALL (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

Pell OR mell, you're on the Waldorf Roof where we'll play
-- (TITLES)

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JACK DENNY:

Up Park and over to Fifth Avenue goes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

O'Kay right back at you Denny....You certainly win some kind of a cup for the way you came down the home stretch on that trip. Break training, Jack....take time out and reach for a LUCKY instead of a Charity Ball while I gather my old friends and my new friends on the MAGIC CARPET and toss them back into the loving arms of the underworld. By the way, ladies and gentlemen, if you DO light a LUCKY now be careful....don't forget all about it and let it burn right down to your fingers because for the next few minutes you're going to forget home and mother and the first-of-the-month's bills in the supreme thrill of watching New York's smartest detectives hot on the trail of the cop-killers. You already know about the policeman that's been murdered, you remember the way that snaky blonde dashed off for the train...heaven only knows that the solution is.....not even Evangeline Adams....but come on boys and gels, let's get in at the finish. Hop on, grab on, clutch on..... but GET on the MAGIC CARPET while we swoop down on the files of Police Headquarters in New York City. Look out! Here it comes! On with the show, Detective Rudd!

(SMALL WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE CAR!

PART II - "MANNINGTON CASE"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

How do you like it Uncle Sam....how DO you like it? That was blood and thunder....bad boys, blondes, and bullets. Well on Saturday night we're going to give you a different kind of a wallop because I'm going to take you right into the headquarters of Comedy and leave you there on the carpet --- ROLLING all over with laughter at Bert Lahr, the craziest clown on Broadway.....You'll roar, you'll roll, you'll ROCK with laughter, for when Bert cuts loose with his first broadcast you'll take a new friend right into your home.

But I can't stop now....we've got to hop it and hustle back to Chicago where that big convention is in progress. This year, out there, they miss one of their great idols, Calvin Coolidge, the life of the party; but tonight the delegates who are not busy nailing down the planks in the platform are down in the College Inn dancing a delightful delegate dervish to the music of Joe Sanders and his nighthawks....so here we go....whee....and a couple of more whees....why looka Uncle Sam...looka looka looka.... there we are flying over my old stamping ground, South Bend...there it's GONE....What's that water...why it's Lake Michigan.... here's Randolph Street....here's the Hotel Sherman....here's the College Inn....here's where I dump you off. Happy landing.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE SANDERS (WHISTLE) OKAY, CHICAGO!

JOE SANDERS:

And at the College Inn, you hop out on that dance floor and we play -- (titles)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JOE SANDERS:

Off goes the Magic Carpet once more. Keep up the good pilot work, Walter O'Keefe, and everybody come to Chicago again!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well done, Joe Sanders....well done! Now you and the boys go to the showers and get a good rub down so that you can play through that convention. And incidentally, ladies and gentlemen, if you want a little lesson in platform making let's all convene and light up while Howard Claney of the LUCKY Claney's sound the keynote. Howard do a neat job.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Right this minute a gay throng is enjoying the opening supper dance of the roof garden of the swanky Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue! Music by your old favorite - Jack Denny! It's a grand party for a grand cause....charity! We've just had a telephone call telling us: first, that the event has drawn a splendid gathering of New York's elite - and second, that more packages of LUCKIES are evident on the tables than any other cigarette! People who want the best of everything have found that the best of everything goes into LUCKY STRIKE! The finest of fine tobaccos....the purest of pure cigarette papers....and the most modern of scientific methods. LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive process removes certain impurities naturally present in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaf. That's why in LUCKIES you get only the purest, mellow-mildest of choice Turkish and domestic tobacco -- LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

So say we all of us and rightly so. Now the Magic Carpet is gathering momentum....it's picking up speed....are you cosy?.....Don't crowd, plenty of room up front....and away we go in a cloud of star dust, back to the Waldorf Astoria Roof where New York's Four Hundred want to dance, even as you and I.

ON WITH THE CHARITY BALL (WHISTLE) OKAY, JACK DENNY!

JACK DENNY:

And we're using that Star Dust to make the Waldorf floor even finer, so you'll glide gracefully as we play -- (TITLES)

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JACK DENNY:

And now, LUCKY STRIKE dancers, is it Okay for me to say in your behalf that we all congratulate the new pilot for his expert handling of the Magic Carpet? (SLIGHT PAUSE) Good! Then let's all say it together.

(WHISTLE) (All men of orchestra shout) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Gee, that's nice of you, Jack Denny. Thanks. And thank you, Uncle Sam, and the missus, for taking tonight's ride with me. The excitement, the thrills, the kick you all got out of tonight's joyride will do you the world of good...it's the sort of thing that keeps you young. Personally, I had a whale of a time up in the Pilot's seat for the first time. I promised you I'd show you something different - warned you I'd steer the Magic Carpet into new fields of entertainment but listen, ladies and gentlemen -- to quote Al Jolson "You ain't heard nothin' yet." On Thursday night we're all going to sit down on the carpet you and I and Mr. LUCKY STRIKE.....and we're going to throw a big welcome home party to the Crown Prince of Prattle and Tattle....the one and lonely Walter Winchell, the man who made Ben Bernie famous. So tie a string around your finger to remember that on Thursday night, at this time, we'll bring to the microphone on his triumphal home-coming, Walter Winchell, the grand old man of the air. And speaking of Bernie as I was.....I must tell you a little bedtime story about Ben and myself down at Hialeah Park in Florida during last winter's racing season. There was a horse in the fourth race one day called "Ben Bernie"....named after that famous Kentucky Colonel from the South, suh....the old Maestro who was raised in the Blue Grass Country of New York's East Side. Purely out of loyalty to my old friend Ben, the human being (I hope), I backed Ben, the horse, for all the money I had. Fifty yards from the finish he was away out in front and looked like a sure winner. The crowd set up a roar and hollered "Yeah Ben Bernie....Yeah Ben Bernie." And BOY!

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATK01 0032032

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Breeding will tell....breeding will tell. The horse got so excited he turned around, faced the grandstand and said "I HOPE you like it!" and lost the race. Well Uncle Sam that's the way I feel.....I hope you liked it tonight. There's such a thing as pushing a good horse too far, and the same goes for the Magic Carpet. Now your new pilot, Walter O'Keefe, flies it home with him - so we're off! Goodnight everybody....and REMEMBER....I WOULD like to hear from you.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This program has come to you from New York City and Chicago, Illinois, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
6/14/32

ATX01 0032033

SU-154-I

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE I - PART I

"THE MANNINGTON CASE"

ORIGINAL RADIO DRAMALOGUE

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

CHARACTERS:

BARRY RUDD: Star New York City detective...Wealth of background and success gets him all kinds of difficult and unusual cases.....In early forties and wrapped up in his work.....Thorough in detail, but can flash into action...Confidence and command even in quieter shadings of voice. (CONTINUING CHARACTER)

MACK: Barry's loyal but impatient partner...Blustery and roughish and emotion-expressing in contrast to Rudd... New Yorkese accent....Must contrast with Barry because in many of these dramas listeners will learn of clues through conversation of Barry and Mack. (CONTINUING CHARACTER.)

MANNINGTON: Policeman...Off duty....Loyal to his calling in a crisis.

WHITEY: Leader of hold-up...About twenty-eight...Force and decision in few sentences he utters.

TYSON: Bird of a feather.

TONY: Italian dialect...Owner of 103rd Street restaurant.

GRACE JACKSON: A young married woman whose Forest Hills home is in striking contrast to her Times Square companions.

HER MOTHER:

MRS. SCHINKER: German dialect....Manhattan landlady.

POSTMASTER: Up-state rural.

WADE: State Trooper.

LEFTY:

ATX01 0032034

SJ-154-I

"MANHATTAN PATROL"

EPISODE I - PART I and II

"THE MANNINGTON CASE"

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

BARRY RUDD	TONY
MACK	WADE
MANNINGTON	LEFTY
WHITEY	POSTMASTER
TYSON	MRS. SCHINKER
GRACE JACKSON	HER MOTHER
MRS TRUMBULL	VOICE

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SU-154-I Part I

MANHATTAN PATROL

"THE MANNINGTON CASE"

PART I -- EPISODE I

(OPENING OF SERIES BY POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY)

(SIGNATURE: -- POLICE SIREN - FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

All...Police cars...Stand by....All.....
Police cars....Stand by.....The Great
Mannington Case.....A real case....Real
people....Real clues....Real places.....
Direct from Police Headquarters.....
Investigated by Tom Curtin...Cooperating
with.....Police Commissioner Edward P.
Mulrooney....Lucky Strike Magic Carpet....
Proceed at once.....To Tony Ginita's
restaurant.....West 103rd Street.....
Manhattan.

(POLICE SIREN -- FADES IN AND OUT)

(FADE IN ON RESTAURANT NOISE BACKGROUND)

ATX01 0032036

SCENE ONE: A RESTAURANT ON WEST 103RD STREET...AFTER MIDNIGHT.

MANNINGTON: Well, Tony, that's good food on a cold night. I
feel a lot better.

TONY: The best-a food for twenty blocks, Mr. Masterson.
Must-a be-a nice to sit comfortable like-a this
without the uniform.

MANNINGTON: I'll say it is, Tony. After being on my feet all
day it's swell to sit back and let somebody else do
it for a few hours.

TONY: You betcha....Nobody would-a know you are a cop now.

MANNINGTON: Business seems to be pretty good after midnight.
Plenty of dough in here.

TONY: Yes...All good-a customers.....

MANNINGTON: Tony, who's that bird over in the corner...The blond
guy?

TONY: He's-a called.....Whitey, I think.

MANNINGTON: Know him?

TONY: Well...he's-a come in here sometimes.

MANNINGTON: Whitey, huh?.....I seen him some place.

TONY: (ALARMED) Look-a.....Look-a.....l'amor di Dio.....

(TABLE CRASH)

WHITEY: (OFF SCENE RAISING COMMANDING VOICE) Stick 'em up....
Every one of you....Stick 'em up, I tell you!

TYSON: (OFF SCENE RAISING VOICE) And line up there against
the wall....All of yuh.....

WHITEY: Frisk 'em, Lefty, while we keep 'em covered.

TONY: (LOW CAUTIONING VOICE INTO MIKE TO MANNINGTON) Don't-a
don't-a Mr. Mannington.....

MANNINGTON: (LOW VOICE INTO MIKE) Get out of the way, Tony, so I can make a dash across the room.....

TONY: (LOW ENTREATY) But no, no....Do not take-a the gun out....You can no fight-a the three.....

MANNINGTON: Get out the way....They can't get away with this.

WHITEY: Come out here, Tony! An' you over there with him.... Stick 'em up.....

MANNINGTON: (JUMPING UP AND DARTING ACROSS ROOM) Stick 'em up yourself!

WHITEY: Let him have it, Tyson!

(BANG...BANG, BANG.....BANG....WOMAN SCREAMS)

MANNINGTON: (GROANS) Oh...oh, Tony, they've got me...(WHISPER) They've got me.....

(WOMAN SOBS HYSTERICALLY)

(TERRIFIED MURMUR OF VOICES)

WHITEY: Keep quiet, all of yuh!

(SILENCE)

(WITH VICTORIOUS LEER) You see what that bird got for buttin' in....stand still and keep your hands up.

TONY: (HORROR STRICKEN) You've-a shot a cop...You've -a shot a cop.....

WHITEY: (RAUCOUSLY SURPRISED) O-h....So he's a bull, is he? Get his rod, pal.....

TYSON: Got it....And here's his shield....want it?

WHITEY: Yeah---take it-----I can use that. (TURNING TO LEFTY) And you Lefty, frisk 'em clean over there....Get everything.

TYSON: The cop's still breathing....But I've got his gun and shield.

WHITEY: O.K. Quick, now....Back Tony over to the box and make him open up.

TYSON: Step on it, Tony....Get that box open.

TONY: Don't-a shoot.....I open it.

(SOUND OF CASH REGISTER)

TYSON: Spill the coins right into this bag, Tony.

(CLINK OF COINS INTO BAG)

LEFTY: I got a ticker off every one of 'em and every dollar they'll shed. The suckers is clean....chief!

WHITEY: Have you cut the wires?

LEFTY: Sure, I out 'em.

WHITEY: All right.....Scram!.....Out the door, quick! -

(WARNINGLY TO CROWD) And if any one of yuh puts his head out afterwards I'll blow it off....See?

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

SOUND INTERLUDE: (ROAR OF AUTO STARTING OFF IN LOW...SHIFT TO SECOND....SHIFT TO HIGH.....TOOT-TOOT OF HORN....RUNNING ALONG.....TOOT-TOOT....RUNNING ALONG....FADE.....)

SCENE TWO: SAME RESTAURANT....SHORT TIME LATER.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(MURMUR OF VOICES)

TONY: (NERVOUS SUSPICIOUS EXCITEMENT IN VOICE) Who's that
just-a come in?

VOICE: Barry Rudd.

TONY: Barry Rudd, he's the best-a detective in-a New York...
Hello, Mr. Rudd.

RUDD: Hello, Tony.

TONY: The police got-a here queeck....One of them he take-a
names and the big-a boy guard-a the door. Not-a one-a
person get out.

RUDD: Except the birds who did the shooting....Where's
Mannington?

TONY: In the back-a room, Mr. Rudd....On the big-a table....

RUDD: Dead?

TONY: Not-a yet.....

RUDD: This way?

TONY: Yes....(PAUSE) (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

The poor-a fellow....There he is....(PAUSE)

RUDD: Hello, Matty.

MANNINGTON: (DYING) Hello, Barry....

RUDD: The ambulance will be along in a minute, Matty.

MANNINGTON: I won't need it, Barry....Don't touch me....Don't
move me an inch or I can't hold on....

RUDD: Do you think you're dying, Matty?

MANNINGTON: They got me all right....they took my gun...they took my shield....I'll have to hurry....I.....

RUDD: Do you know who he was, Matty? Can you describe him?

MANNINGTON: About twenty-eight....American.....hundred and seventy pounds...smooth shaven....Nifty clothes....

(PAUSE)

RUDD: Did you ever see him before?

MANNINGTON: I think....I....I think I seen him around 50th and Broadway.....

RUDD: Take it easy, Matty.

MANNINGTON: Tony....said....he was....Tell them not to turn out the lights, Barry.....

RUDD: Take it easy, Matty....I'll talk to Tony later....

MANNINGTON: Tony said he was called "Whitey"....Say, Barry, maybe you'd better send for a.....

SOUND INTERLUDE: (SYMBOLIC TOLLING BELLS....SLOWLY PLAYING FEW MEASURES OF "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.")

SCENE THREE: TELEPHONE BOOTH.

BARRY: Hello, hello, Mack!.....How about that Hunting-Case watch? Did you get the number?.....Fine....And the number of Matty's gun?.....Good....(ACTION) Then hop in a taxi and head for Convent Ave. and Elm Street as fast as you can....I've located the hideaway of Whitey and his pal!

(SNAPS RECEIVER BACK ON HOOK)

SOUND INTERLUDE: (TAXI MOTOR STARTS -- SWELLS -- AND THEN FADES DOWN. TAXI SLAMS ON BRAKES AND STOPS....FAST OPENING AND SHUTTING OF DOOR.)

SCENE FOUR: LODGING HOUSE ON CONVENT AVENUE.

MACK: How much does that clock say, Driver?

DRIVER: A dollar sixty.

MACK: O.K.

(TAXI MOVES OFF)

BARRY: Good work, Mack, I didn't think you'd make it so soon. Here's the house, right here!

MACK: What did you say the landlady's name is, Barry?

BARRY: Mrs. Schinker.

MAACK: Is she all right?

BARRY: Yes. (RINGS BELL) But be ready to draw fast in case we run into Whitsy and his pal.

MRS. SCHINKER: (AFTER OPENING DOOR) Good afternoon, gentlemen. I have a large room vacant right on this floor....Come in!

(CLOSES DOOR)

RUDD: Any of the roomers in?

MRS. SCHINKER: Not now.....

RUDD: Sure?

MRS.SCHINKER: (TRACE OF ANXIETY IN VOICE) Positive....Why?

RUDD: I'm not going to beat around the bush, Mrs. Schinker. We know you are an honest woman. We're a couple of detectives and we want some information.

MRS.SCHINKER: But....But...But.....

RUDD: It's all right. Take a good look at this picture. Have you ever seen this face before?

MRS.SCHINKER: Why, that's Mr. Murray!

RUDD: Hm....These fellows change their names easier than their faces.

MRS.SCHINKER: Ya, him and Mr. Taylor have occupied that room for more than a year.

RUDD: Good....Take me to their room.....

MRS.SCHINKER: They ain't here no more....Last Sunday night they suddenly told me they was leaving for Florida.

RUDD: What time?

MRS.SCHINKER: Between eight and nine.

RUDD: What part of Florida?

MRS.SCHINKER: I don't know.

RUDD: What about forwarding their mail?

MRS.SCHINKER: They didn't say nothing about that.

RUDD: What telephone did they use?

MRS.SCHINKER: My family phone.

RUDD: Coin box?

MRS.SCHINKER: No....We each wrote down our calls when we made them and settled up at the end of the month.

RUDD: Would you mind letting me see that telephone note-book, Mrs. Schinker?

MRS.SCHINKER: (FADING IN) This is it -- right here.

RUDD: Thank you. Let's pick out the calls they made...Mm... m....Boulevard - 4232....Mm...Boulevard 4232..... That's running along pretty frequently through here the past two weeks. It seems to be the only number they've called more than once.

MRS.SCHINKER: That's a ten cent call....Out in Forest Hills.

RUDD: Get the dope on that number, Mack.

MACK: (FADE) Right, Barry.

RUDD: And now, Mrs. Schinker, tell me, did you ever hear either of these men call anybody by name when telephoning to Forest Hills?

MRS.SCHINKER: Ya, I did.

RUDD: Man or woman.

MRS.SCHINKER: Always a woman....They called her Grace.

MACK: (EXULTANTLY....SOMEWHAT OFF SCENE) I got it, Barry. It's down in my note-book,.

MRS. SCHINKER: (SUDDEN ALARM) Can you excuse me one minute, gentlemen? I have my pies in the oven....

RUDD: Certainly, Mrs. Schinker.....All right, Mack, what did you find out about that Boulevard number?

MACK: The name is Frank Jackson....

RUDD: (HEIGHT OF SPECULATIVE INTEREST) And a fashionable suburb....Now what kind of a tie-up can a fellow like Whitey have out there.....

MACK: Want me to go out there, Barry?

RUDD: No....You stay here and get everything you can from Mrs. Schinker....get a description of Whitey's pal. Then check up on the stolen jewelry again.

MACK: What are you going to do?

RUDD: (OPENING DOOR....PEP IN VOICE) Come out side a minute.
(CLOSES DOOR)

I'm going to get out to Forest Hills fast on that Grace Jackson clue....I'll get in and have a talk with her somehow....Among other things, I want to see whether she's attractive or not....and how much!

(TAXI FADES IN)

Hey, taxi!

(TAXI DRAWS UP AND STOPS)

RUDD: (FAST ACTION) So long, Mack....I'm going out over the Queensboro bridge....Get in touch with me through Headquarters when you're finished.

SOUND INTERLUDE: (HOLLOW RUMBLE OF TRAFFIC OVER THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE ABOVE EAST RIVER...BACKGROUND OF HARBOR CRAFT HORNS AND WHISTLES.....)

SCENE FIVE: GRACE JACKSON'S HOME IN FOREST HILLS

MOTHER: Well, Grace, I think I'd better be starting back to Jamaica.

GRACE: All right, Mother....I'll just keep right on packing, if you don't mind.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

GRACE: (TENSELY) That's the front door! I don't want to see anybody now. Mother, don't let them see you from the window.

MOTHER: (OFF MIKE LOOKING OUT WINDOW ON PORCH) He's a nice looking man, whoever he is....Maybe he's the one who telephoned. The one who owes Frank money....

GRACE: Oh! Well, perhaps I'd better see him!

(DOOR BELL RINGS AGAIN....PAUSE WHILE SHE GOES TO DOOR AND OPENS IT....AD LIB INDISTINCT VOICE OUTSIDE....THE STRANGER STEPS IN HALL AND DURING FEW SENTENCES FADE INTO MIKE WITH HER.)

RUDD: Waters is my name, Mrs. Jackson. As I was telling you on the telephone, I want to see your husband.

GRACE: But I told you that my husband is in Florida.....

RUDD: O-h....So that's what you were trying to tell me..... That connection was bad. I thought you said he was going to Florida. That's unfortunate because I'm not often in New York.

GRACE: I'm sorry....Is there anything I can do?

RUDD: I'm afraid not, Mrs. Jackson. I've owed him some money for some little time but I don't know just how much. When is he getting back?

GRACE: Not until March.

RUDD: Makes it sort of lonesome for you, having him away so long, doesn't it?

GRACE: Yes, but I'm going to Florida myself.

RUDD: Oh, really! Soon?

GRACE: Next week.

RUDD: Fine....(WITH A LOOKING AROUND TONE OF VOICE)
This is a mighty comfortable home you have here, Mrs. Jackson. Looks as though Frank hasn't been missing that money much that I've been owing him.

GRACE: If you don't know how much you owe him, I'll be glad to take a part payment and give you a receipt.

RUDD: (DRAWLS) N-o....I've got to have a talk with Frank first to straighten out a few little things. Perhaps, I can do it by mail. If you'll just give me his address, I'll get in touch with him.

GRACE: (MUTTERING AS SHE WRITES) All right...I'll just jot it down for you! (PAUSE) 41 Roberts Street, Miami Beach, Florida.....There....Now if you'll excuse me, I expect some friends for tea.

RUDD: I understand....(FADE) I must be moving along myself anyhow....(SIGNIFICANTLY) Maybe I'll be seeing you again, Mrs. Jackson?

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)....(PAUSE)

MOTHER: Grace, why did you tell him that you were going to Florida next week when you're leaving tonight?

GRACE: (NERVOUS TENSENESS, EXCITED) Because I don't believe in telling anybody my business. (DETERMINATION) Besides, I've decided to go sooner than tonight. I've got my bags packed and I'm going to leave right now!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (TRAIN SOUNDS....CHUG-CHUG OF LOCOMOTIVE...WHISTLE...CLICKETY-CLICK ON RAILS....AND REPEATS TO GIVE EFFECT OF LONG JOURNEY....FADE IN....FULL.....FADE OUT.....)

SCENE SIX: TELEPHONE BOOTH AT FOREST HILLS

(SOUND OF TELEPHONE RECEIVER OFF HOOK AND COIN RINGING INTO BOX)

MACK: (TREMENDOUSLY EXCITED) Hello, hello, operator.... Gimme Spring 3100....And make it snappy, will you operator?....(PAUSE)....Hello, Headquarters...This is Mack of the Broadway Squad. Give me the Squadron.. Barry Rudd....Yes, and rush it, will you? (PAUSE) Hello, Barry? Say, have you got Grace Jackson with you down at Headquarters?....(FLABBERGASTED) You haven't?....Well, she's gone!....Yes, she's gone! (SLAMS RECEIVER BACK ON HOOK)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

The Great Mannington Case....Did Grace
Jackson really go to Florida?...Just where
have Whitey and Tyson gone?....Has Barry
Ridd overlooked some hidden clue?...Stand
by....Lucky Strike Dance Hour...To pick
up broken trail to hidden murderers.....
Stand by.....

(POLICE SIREN)

O.K. O'Keefe

(END OF PART I)

SU-154-I Part II

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE I -- PART II

"THE MANNINGTON CASE"

(POLICE SIREN)

RADIO-CAR VOICE:

All....Police cars....Stand by.....All....
Police cars....Stand by.....The Great
Mannington Case.....Patrolman Mannington
killed.....In restaurant hold-up....Police
making every effort to locate murderers --
Whitey and Tyson.....Only clue leads to
Grace Jackson.....Lucky Strike Magic
Carpet.....Proceed at once.....To
Detective Barry Rudd's apartment.....

(POLICE SIREN)

ATX01 0032050

SCENE SEVEN: BARRY RUDD'S APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN

MACK: (DISGUSTED) Well, it's four days, Barry, since Whitey's dame gave you the slip in Forest Hills.

RUDD: Yes....and I'm more convinced than ever that she's gone to join Whitey....wherever he is. We've simply got to locate her!

MACK: So I suppose I gotta go back to Forest Hills to gather rust and icicles for another night.

RUDD: What's the matter, Mack, want a night off or something?

MACK: No....I want a night on....on the job....Where the job is. And that's in Miami, Florida, not out in Forest Hills watching a deserted house.

RUDD: Not quite deserted, is it, Mack?

MACK: Except for that Swede Kitchen canary...She ain't said four words in four days.

RUDD: Somebody has trained her carefully. (SIGNIFICANTLY) And because she is well trained, she's worth watching. That's why I'm keeping that house watched twenty-four hours a day.

MACK: And in the meantime somebody else grabs off all the glory and all the sunshine in Miami...where Mrs. Grace Jackson is just about pulling into right now. And where Grace is, we'll find Whitey and Tyson. (CLIMAX OF DISGUST) So what's the use of going on and watching that house.

RUDD: (WITH DECISION) I'm watching it because everybody else is watching Florida...just as Whitey and Tyson and Grace Jackson want them to do...If that girl had intended to go to Florida, she wouldn't have gone to such pains to get out of town so quickly.

MACK: That's just a guess, Barry.

RUDD: All right. (QUICK CHANGE OF PACE) What do you call this?

MACK: Mm....looks like a department store sales slip.

RUDD: Read the items...

MACK: One skiing cap...One pair of skates....Well?

RUDD: Not much use in Miami, are they?

MACK: No....But....

RUDD: That ski-cap and those skates were bought by Mrs. Grace Jackson the day before she beat it.

MACK: Say...where did you get this slip?

RUDD: Picked it up in the living room out there when she was writing her husband's Florida address for me.

MACK: Do you think she fell for that story?

RUDD: No....I just used it to get inside the house so I could study her style....She has a lot of it....

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND RUDD PICKS UP

RECEIVER)

Hello....Hello....Oh, that you, Levine?

MACK: (SURPRISED) Levine? What the blazes...Has Lena closed up the house and gone off to Florida, too?

RUDD: Yes...Yes...Great work, Levine. No...No need of hanging around out there any more...Sure...drop over.

(HANGS UP RECEIVER)

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MACK: (EXCITED) What's happened, Barry? What's happened?

RUDD: (SNAPPING INTO ACTION) Levine saw Lena leave the house with a package and followed her....She didn't mail it in Forest Hills but got on the train for Penn Station....Levine trailed her to the Main Post office, where she sent the package Parcel Post -- Special delivery.

MACK: Did he get the address?

RUDD: Of course...The package has been sent to Mrs. Grace Jackson,...And get this.....the address isn't Miami, Florida.

MACK: Where is it?

RUDD: It's Old Forge.

MACK: (AMAZED) Old Forge?

RUDD: (TRIUMPHANT PUNCH) Yes...Up in zero weather in the woods near Moose River...Up where skiing caps and skates come in handy. How soon can you get your grip packed, Mack?

MACK: (EAGERLY) It's packed...Except that I'll pull out the bathing suit and stick in a pair of ear-laps and an oil stove....Let's go!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (WINTER SOUNDS...TINKLE OF SLEIGH BELLS AND HORSES' HOOFS AND FROZEN SNOW...REPEATS.)

SCENE EIGHT: POST OFFICE NEAR OLD FORGE

VOICE: Hello, Postmaster....Got a letter for Joseph A. Dean?

POSTMASTER: Dean....D-e-a-n.....

Here you are. Here's your mail Mrs. Trumbull.

MRS. TRUMBULL: Thank you, Mr. Osgood...Pretty cold winter, ain't it?

POSTMASTER: Third day in a row under zero...(RAISING VOICE) How's Daniel's lumbago?

MRS. TRUMBULL: Not good enough to let him shovel a path around the house...He says it ain't, anyway....Goodbye....

POSTMASTER: Goodbye, Mrs. Trumbull....(DOOR CLOSSES...PAUSE)

Anything you gentlemen want? I'm going to close the postoffice now.

RUDD: Yes...But we didn't want to ask about it until we were alone with you. You're the Postmaster?

POSTMASTER: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Yes....What can I do for you?

RUDD: (WINNINGLY) You can be a big help to us, Mr. Osgood.. My name is Barry Rudd...Mack here and I are New York detectives and we're going to take you into our confidence.

POSTMASTER: Oh you are?....Well, before I take you into mine, I'll have to have some proof you're what you say you are.

RUDD: Absolutely right, Mr. Osgood. Show him your papers and shield, Mack...Here are mine.

POSTMASTER: (MOSTLY CONVINCED AS HE MUTTERS OVER PAPERS BUT NOT ENTIRELY) Mm...Well...I guess you're what you say you are...But you never can tell these days....I've been readin' about that New York Policeman who was shot in a hold-up a week ago. Those murderers even took his shield and revolver.

RUDD: Well, these shields were issued to us, don't worry! .

POSTMASTER: Y-e-s....I'm satisfied you chaps are what you say you are...You know, as some of us was a-saying the other night over at Van Auker's Tavern, bandits like them have got to be caught. .

RUDD: That's what we think.

POSTMASTER: Yes, sir, because once criminals can get away with shootin' up the Police, what's going to happen to Law and Order. .

RUDD: Well, how about helping us to get on the trail of the boys who killed Patrolman Mannington?

POSTMASTER: (AMAZED) Me? Me help you? Why those boys are down in Florida. .

RUDD: Who told you that?

POSTMASTER: The newspapers....

RUDD: I see! Well, we have some other ideas about that! A special delivery package was mailed to Mrs. Grace Jackson from New York yesterday. Did she get it?

POSTMASTER: (MORE AMAZED) Why...why, yes....But...but....

RUDD: How long ago?

POSTMASTER: About two hours! She owns a bungalow out in the woods past Old Forge on the River Road. .

RUDD: Anybody with her?

POSTMASTER: Two men.

RUDD: Did you get a good look at them?

POSTMASTER: Yes...They came in to stamp their feet and get warm while Mrs. Jackson was signing for the package and talkin' to me. .

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RUDD: Here, take a good look at this picture...Is that one
 of 'em?

POSTMASTER: (PAUSE) By the jumpin' Jake, it is! The same cocky,
 stuck-up face...Sort of looked on me as a hick....

RUDD: (COMEDY PLAY) N-no!

POSTMASTER: Yes! The other one was shorter and a mite heavier,
 with freckles.

MACK: (WITH EAGER SNIFF OF COMBAT) They're the boys
 we're after, all right.

POSTMASTER: (FLABBERGASTED) But...But I don't understand it....
 Mrs. Jackson is a nice girl, with good looks and a
 good reputation and plenty of money...Doesn't seem
 as if she'd be associatin' with gunmen....

RUDD: (WITH DECISION) Well, she is! Now look here, Mr.
 Osgood, let's understand one thing...Not one word
 to anybody about this.

MACK: Not even to your wife!

POSTMASTER: Count on me, boys...(FADE) Excuse me while I just go
 back and get my keys...

BARRY: (CUTTING THROUGH TO DECISION) Tell you what we'll do,
 Mack....We'll go out by the lake and get a line on
 that bungalow this afternoon....And then I'm for
 dropping down on it with a couple of State Troopers
 tomorrow at dawn!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (HOWLING BLASTS OF WINTER WIND)

ATX01 0032056

SCENE NINE: BUNGALOW AT DAWN...RUDD, MACK AND TWO STATE TROOPERS
HAVE DRIVEN OUT AND ARE DOING LAST BIT ON FOOT.....

1. APPROACH TO BUNGALOW PLAYED IN CAUTIOUS VOICES
2. INSIDE BUNGALOW VOICES ARE FAST, TENSE AND ON THE
ALERT ALWAYS.

SOUNDS: (FEET CRUNCHING IN DEEP SNOW)

MACK: Pretty hard going in this snow, Barry.

RUDD: (VOICE OF CAUTION) Shh----. There's the bungalow
right ahead. Let's hold up a minute.

TROOPER WADE: Yeah...They can certainly pick up the four of us if
we wake them up.

RUDD: One of you troopers...you, Rogers,...watch the outside
of the house...and you, Wade, follow Mack and me.

MACK: (SOBERLY) Barry, there's just one thing I want to
say....

RUDD: What is it, Mack?

MACK: When you and me crash the door, let me go first.....
You've got brains, and if anything should happen you'd
be a lot more loss than I'd be...

RUDD: Ah...Forget it, Mack...Forget it. Ready, everybody?

VOICE: Ready.

WADE: Ready.

RUDD: All right...Let's move fast...and remember...quiet.

(LONG PAUSE, BROKEN ONLY BY MACK CRUNCHING INTO
DEEP SNOW)

RUDD: Steady, Mack.

(DOG BARKS)

MACK: (ALARMED) Holy Mackerall! That's done it! We've got to rush it now, boys.

RUDD: Come on!

VOICE: (OFF SCENE) Who's that?

RUDD: Take the door, boys!

(FAST RUSH OF THREE PAIR OF FEET ACROSS PORCH AND TERRIFIC CRASH AS THEY CATAPULT THEMSELVES THROUGH DOOR)

MACK: (EXCITEDLY) There he is, in the bed, there!

RUDD: Jump him!

MACK: (THROWING HIMSELF ON FIGURE IN BED) I've got him.

TYSON: Let me up.

MACK: It's Tyson.

RUDD: (IN COMMAND) Pin him...Come on, Wade, - Whitey must be in the back room.

(BANG FROM REAR ROOM)

WADE: Look out, Rudd.

(BANG, BANG FROM REAR ROOM)

RUDD: Ouch!

MACK: (ANXIOUSLY) Did he get you, Barry?

RUDD: Only in the left hand...(RAPIDLY) But it's too late to rush him,..Stay out of range of the passageway, Wade. Help Mack put the cuffs on Tyson...I'll keep the passageway covered. If we can't get into the back room yet, we'll mighty well see that Whitey can't get out.

MACK: (ROUGHLY) Stand still in the corner, there, Tyson.

TYSON: (COMPLAINING) It's cold...Let me get my clothes off the bed. I'll go along peacefully....There's no crime I've committed. You boys have busted into the wrong place...Let me get my clothes before I freeze...

MACK: All right, but be quick about it.

RUDD: (CLICK OF COMMAND) Stop! Stand where you are, Tyson. I'll keep him covered, Mack, while you pull that bed out from the wall....

MACK: All right...Here goes...

(THUD OF HEAVY REVOLVER DROPPING TO FLOOR)

RUDD: See what that was that dropped to the floor, Mack...

MACK: (PICKING UP REVOLVER) It's a thirty-eight Colt.

RUDD: I thought he was after more than his clothes. Now clap the cuffs on him.

(CLICK OF HANDCUFFS)

MACK: I got him...They're on!

RUDD: (RAISING VOICE) We've got Tyson, Whitey...So you might as well surrender.

WHITEY: (DEFIANTLY FROM BACK ROOM) Come in and try to take me!

RUDD: (DETERMINEDLY) All right, we'll go in...March in there, Tyson, ahead of us....

TYSON: I won't....

MACK: (ROUGHLY THRUSTING HIM TOWARD PASSAGE CONNECTING FRONT AND BACK ROOMS) Get up there....Step up there, Tyson. We're going to march in for your pal Whitey behind you.

TYSON: (HALTS AFTER TWO STEPS...ALARM AND PROTEST IN VOICE)

I won't go...I won't go another step. You're murdering me without a chance for an even break...

MACK: A swell break you birds gave Mannington for his life.

Come on now...March....(PAUSE)

(SUDDEN FUSILLADE OF SHOTS AND SHATTERING OF GLASS AS RUDD HAVING SLIPPED OUT AND AROUND TO WHITEY'S WINDOW STARTS SHOOTING IT OUT WITH HIM...TEN SHOTS IN ALL...RUNNING THROUGH NEXT TWO SPEECHES)

WADE: (WHEN SHOOTING BEGINS) What's that? Where's Barry?

Hey...Barry!

MACK: Where'd he go?...Hey Barry...(EXCITED)

(GROAN AND THUD IN BACK ROOM...THEN MOMENT OF COMPLETE SILENCE...FIRST BREAK IN SILENCE WHEN RUDD HURRIES BACK ACROSS PORCH INTO ROOM)

RUDD: (FADING IN) It's O.K., boys, I got him coming out the window. Where's Mack?

WADE: He went into the back room.

MACK: (RAISING VOICE FROM BACK ROOM) You sure got him, Barry. (RETURNING TO OTHERS AND FADING IN RAPIDLY) He's dead, all right.

RUDD: Anybody else in there with him.

MACK: No.

RUDD: Then bang on that other door and tell my friend, Mrs. Jackson, to come out.

(DOOR OF THIRD ROOM OPENS)

GRACE: (INDIGNANTLY) You don't have to tell me...What do you mean by breaking into my bungalow?

TYSON: Say, what do you birds think you're going to do to me?

RUDD: You're under arrest, charged with the murder of Patrolman Mannington...And we're going to arrest Mrs. Jackson as an accomplice!

GRACE: An accomplice! How ridiculous! Your whole breaking into my bungalow is ridiculous. Why, you're the man who called himself Waters when you came to my home in Forest Hills....

RUDD: That's right. Remember you invited me to call on you in Florida.

GRACE: I am going to Florida.

RUDD: Oh, no, you're not...You're going with us to New York where your friend Tyson's going to face a jury.

TYSON: (DEFIANTLY) There isn't a jury they can get together that'll convict me. You haven't a scrap of evidence!

RUDD: Oh, no? How does it happen that Mannington's gun was parked alongside your bed.

TYSON: (WITH DEFIANT LAUGH) How are you going to prove that that's Mannington's rod?

RUDD: By the number on it.

TYSON: There's no number on it.

MACK: (DISGUSTED) That's right, Barry. He's filed the number off.

RUDD: W-e-l-l...Here's something that he didn't file the number off.

GRACE: Give me that watch...It's my husband's.

RUDD: Then why did you throw it out the window into the snow?

MACK: (SURPRISED) She did that, did she?

RUDD: Yes...But I had the luck to be slipping around the house for Whitey just when she threw it out.

GRACE: (VIOLENTLY) I didn't throw that watch out...I was frightened and opened the window to jump out...My husband's watch was on the sill and fell out.

(TIGERISH) Give it to me!

RUDD: (STERNLY) Stand where you are, Mrs. Jackson. Keep your eye on her, Wade. (SIGNIFICANTLY) This is a gold hunting-case watch...and there was a gold hunting-case watch stolen from one of the customers in Tony's restaurant the night of the hold-up...Have you got your note-book there, Mack?

MACK: Sure.

RUDD: Look up the figures on that watch and let's check them with this one.

MACK: Here's the arithmetic...Case number 8-8-0-6-3.

RUDD: That's right - 8-8-0-6-3.

MACK: And the number of the movement is 6-600-4-0-6.

RUDD: 6-600-4-0-6. That checks all right.

MACK: A bookkeeper couldn't balance the figures prettier.

RUDD: (SHARPLY..AS TYSON MAKES QUICK ATTEMPT TO THROW OFF HAND CUFFS AND GET AWAY) Oh, no, you don't, Tyson!

TYSON: (GASP OF EFFORT) Let go of me....

RUDD: NO use pulling on those bracelets, Tyson...Come on, let's get back to New York where this watch will tell a lot more than time to a jury!

RADIO CAR VOICE:

The Mannington Case...Grace Jackson talked
freely...On long ride to city...Tyson
convicted...Paid supreme penalty...Next
week....Chase with Barry Rudd...Over two
continents after amazing criminal.....
Stand by.....

(SIGNATURE: POLICE SIREN)

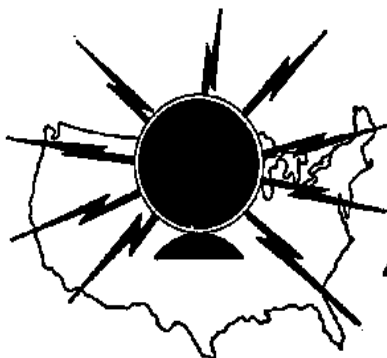
O.K., O'KEEFE!

CURTIN/Chilleen
6/8/32

ATX01 0032063

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes! Three times each week we bring you the new series of LUCKY STRIKE thrills -----sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and in addition the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian on Saturdays. On each program we present the new pilot of the Magic Carpet, Walter O'Keefe who is at the controls now.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Howdeyedo and how ARE you my friends and a merry good evening to all. Greetings to you Mr. and Mrs. Republican in convention in Chicago.....to Mr. and Mrs. Democrat who will honeymoon there later in the month.....and to Mr. and Mrs. EVERYBODY whether they're Democrats or Republicans or something else again. As you know the Magic Carpet takes no sides one for all and all for Lucky Strikes. Tonight your joyride sweeps over and beyond the Rockies to noble romantic old San Francisco where Anson Weeks and his orchestra are rarin to go. Then back it comes to Joe Moss, the old MOSSstro of Manhattan.....AND...Ladies and gentlemen.....AND there really is a Santa Claus after all because Walter Winchell is back home....Walter Winchell....who never lets his left ear know what his right ear is hearing.

So all aboard everybody....the Magic Carpet is on its way...grab on Indianapolis....wait a minute....Omaha wants to come...up we go....up UP UP over the Rockies and right to the Golden Gate.

ON WITH THE DANCE ANSON WEEKS (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

ANSON WEEKS:

Welcome, Pilot O'Keefe on your first landing in the Golden State and welcome Magic Carpet passengers. This is Anson Weeks in San Francisco, talking just long enough to tell you that we will play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

ANSON WEEKS:

From the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean speeds the Magic Carpet back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I'll take a chance on dancin Anson...any old time you play...Relax now Weeks...go out on the balcony and look at that beautiful bay and its boats. We'll call you on the carpet later. Just light up that cigarette in your hand...you lucky guy...I've got a job ahead of me. And it's a pleasant job, ladies and gentlemen, I'm introducing an old friend of mine....and an old friend of yours too....the King of the Columnists, the great god of gossip. Y'know in the last four years two men have made good as columnists in a big way....the other one was Calvin Coolidge of Northampton...oh....and I'm sorry that Mr. Coolidge stopped writing those daily PEP talks for the papers. Let's hope he starts soon again. Meanwhile I have here at my side Mrs. Winchell's pride and despair. Of course I knew Walter years ago....long before he became Americ's FOURTH GREATEST INDUSTRY. I never saw him looking better than he does right now. Hey California....look what your ever lovin sunlight did to the pale face of our White Haired Boy. Come on Walter....you tell on them.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Okay, America! Okay O'Keefe! Thank you, Walter -- for your affectionate welcome -- and thank you -- Mr. and Mrs. United States -- for letting me into your homes, again...It is good to be back -- feeling refreshed -- if only to stop the wild legends that made the rounds about my brief illness.

I wasn't that sick, really....I was weary of a pretty steady grind -- and needed some relaxation -- which I certainly got in hospitable California, where to my amazement, the people whom I've written and gabbed about, were too nice to me.

Let it suffice then, you loyal Winchelladies and gentlemen -- to thank you for your cheerful and comforting letters...And to repeat that I am thrilled being your New York correspondent once more -- and to find that Mr. LUCKY STRIKE has given me several new brothers and sisters -- to make the job less difficult....And a salute to you, Louis Sobol -- for the expert manner in which you juggled the microphone, and kept our great big tribe of tuner-inners informed.

And so to release the first edition -- with a cheerful item -- one that surely will delight his countless friends -- who have been rooting for him for years....Since the bitter breaks fouled him....The Warner Brothers have contracted to star Fatty Arbuckle in six two-reelers....This is, indeed, pleasant news -- for Fatty, once the favorite clown of the screen, has been a most unhappy chap too long...Congrats Fatty boy -- and happier days.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

If Mr. Roosevelt gets the nomination -- the vice presidency will be offered to Governor George White of Ohio... Connie Bennett dropped \$60,000 in that Beverly Hills bank collapse... Or, to be exact.--only two weeks wages....Jim Londos, the wrestling champ, has been floored by Cupid -- the popular Greek's heart being a lassie well known for her dramatics with the Vagabond Theatre of the Junior League in Baltimore....The romance of Randolph Scott, the handsomest of the new screen heroes, and Martha Sleeper has soured -- and Dorothy Burgess, the ingenue, is now Randolph's new girl.....Jimmy Cagney has made good his threat -- and stranded Hollywood on the Sabbath morning -- snubbing the \$1400 per week agreement -- which certainly won't be easy to get, again -- in these fickle times....Howard Hughes, the magic lantern impresario, whose recent hit was "Scarface," is plotting a merger with the attractive "Tim" Lansing, a Park Avenue debutante.

Jack Oakie and Susan Fleming, the only chorus girl to retire from the New York stage and go to Hollywood with a fortune in cash, are on fire....Cwilli Andre, the new RKO Garbo, has strict orders from her employers to keep away from parties and public functions, and thus arouse the curious in the Maude Adams and Garbo manner....And because they both continue to have their residences in California -- that State refuses to recognize any divorce between Ann Harding and Harry Bannister.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Among my other hosts on the west coast were Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck....Barbara was pretty glum because Leonard Hall, an interviewer for a movie magazine, had belittled her husband in print -- and she vowed that as soon as she arrived in Manhattan she would bruise Mr. Hall's good looks....And because I know that Barbara packs a pretty punch -- I so warned the writer upon my return in my Daily Mirror Department....but Mr. Hall wants to reconcile, and in his letter, he said that he sincerely hoped Miss Stanwyck was on the level -- for to quote him, "I'd rather be popped on the nose by that lovely creature -- than receive the amorous favors of three-quarters of feminine Hollywood."

There now, Barbara, how can you be angry with an orchid like that?

It pleased me no end, to discover when I was out there, that the deportation proceedings against Lyda Roberti had been dropped -- and that Lyda has been given a six months extension.... It pleased me I say, for your Lucky Strike reporter argued long and loud against Uncle Sam dispossessing the lovely Polish girl, who would have no one to go home to over there, having no kin in the old country....And because Lyda is such a clever comedienne, and hands us all a good laugh (which we all need more than taxes) I can see no sound or sane reason why America six months hence, wants to send her away, and break her heart.

And now, while the next edition is being jotted down -- here is Mr. Lucky Strike's other Walter -- OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks for all the secrets, Walter....I won't tell a soul. As one Walter to another -- as one okayer to another it's great to hear the old Winchellingo again and how here's Howard Claney who'll tell us about some more things going on around this town.

HOWARD CLANEY:

On a smooth, green lawn -- under bright colored awnings -- society will gather next Saturday in one of New York's most fashionable suburbs for the colorful Westchester County Fair....And in the midst of all the gala events...at the bridge tables and under the gaily striped tents -- you'll notice that these smart people usually have on hand that smart package of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. That is typical of discriminating smokers everywhere -- their very mildness means LUCKY STRIKE'S overwhelming popularity...that mild delicious blend of choice Turkish and domestic tobaccos is relished everywhere....and everywhere that extra mellow-mildness and the pure delightful flavor of LUCKIES is appreciated. Only LUCKY STRIKE can give you this - for only LUCKY STRIKE employs that famous purifying process which removes certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf. That is why exacting smokers -- connoisseurs of the best -- have made LUCKY STRIKE their cigarette. "IT'S TOASTED."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All right everybody we're all ready to go places again, and say - I have just had a report from the Committee and I'm sorry for poor Mayor Cermak of Chicago. When the convention opened he gave the Republicans the KEY to the city of Chicago. Now He's in a mess because he doesn't know just what to do when the Democrats come to town....but I was talking to a prominent Democrat today and he isn't worried about getting the key to the city....he says the town is wide open anyway. The committee will report back later but in the interim....and I LOVE being in the interim.... Uncle Sam and the Missus want to trip the light fantastic so let's pick up some of those Republicans in Chicago....they want to ride.... yes and what's more they'd love to give the Democrats a ride too. So now the Magic Carpet picks you up and rushes you across the roofs of Manhattan to Joe Moss the old MOSStro...

ON WITH THE DANCE JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY, U.S.A!

JOE MOSS:

Yes, Walter this is Joe Moss and these are the tunes --

(TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JOE MOSS:

Hang on, here goes the high flying Magic Carpet..

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Moss old man we hand you the nomination by acclamation... unanimously the LUCKY STRIKE voters want you to run for another term...we'll notify you later. Oh I love these conventions....I heard that Republican Glee Club singing yesterday...singing a number that will probably be the theme song for the Republicans in the coming campaign...."JUST ONE MORE CHANCE." And I say...I know a lot of you people who are getting the convention on the air-waves are wondering what to do when they play the Star Spangled Banner.... Whether to stand up or sit down. I managed beautifully this morning.. when they started playing the National Anthem I was lying flat on my back in the tub so I simply stood up and took a cold shower. Today they appointed a committee to notify the President that he has been nominated. Can't you imagine what a shock the news will be to him when it finally reaches Washington. Heigh-ho everybody... Here's the committee on Smoking back from its deliberations. I want you to hear it's chairman, Howard Claney, who has the floor for twenty seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Each and every LUCKY STRIKE is made of the finest tobacco money can buy...choice mild, fragrant leaves from the most fertile regions of Turkey and our own great Southland...carefully selected -- blend by blend -- from LUCKY STRIKE'S vast supply and up to one hundred million dollars of the world's finest tobaccos. Then"IT'S "TOASTED!" Mellow-mild....laden with flavor....delicious!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

On guard everybody...before we start the Magic Carpet off on another junket I want you to meet an honored guest on the trip tonight. He is the associate town counsel of Saugus Massachusetts and his name is Charles E. Flynn,...CHARLES E. FLYNN, ladies and gentlemen....a man with a sense of humor that's a beauty. I read in the papers about that new dog of his....he's got a little puppy and he has christened him "Prosperity." Prosperity because he's always around the corner and he never knows WHICH corner. Give the gentleman from Massachusetts a hand for giving the country a laugh. Accept our congrats Mr. Flynn and hop up on the magic Carpet with us....DO bring Prosperity along with you.....This big happy family wants to dance so back to the State with the Golden Gate....quicker than Floyd Gibbons can say Albuquerque New Mexico we flash from one seacoast to the other...ah that's cool....feel that breeze...there it is staring you right in the face.... California...San Francisco....The Mark Hopkins Hotel...and Anson Weeks once more.

ON WITH THE DANCE WEEKS (WHISTLE) OKAY, CALIFORNIA!

ANSON WEEKS:

Once again from the Mark Hopkins Hotel, here in San Francisco, we continue the dance with (TITLES)

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

ANSON WEEKS:

The Lucky Strike Magic Carpet flashes high above San Francisco and the Golden Gate and speeds eastward to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good work Anson....now I know what California means when they speak of you as one of their Favorite Sons. We here in New York have our favorite sons....too...so drop whatever you're doing everybody...lift that hair off your pretty little ear, Miss America.. get those ears wide open and hang out a green light in front of them because now the Magic Carpet brings you a cargo of chatter direct from Walter Winchell who is really more chinned against than chinning Whaddye know Walter....and let ME listen too.

WALTER WINCHELL:

There is a story for the various city editors, I think, in the report about Mr. Sol Wurtzel, one of the magic lantern prominents...Mr. Wurtzel, who recently returned from the old continent in the interests of Fox Films - brought back his daughter - a pretty girl, who had been in a convent in France....Mr. Wurtzel has taken her from that convent - to prepare a movie career for her.. And speaking of cinema giants - here is some sad news for them.... Mr. William Fox, the former chief of that flicker firm - will soon be a star-witness at Washington before the Senate Committee on Banking - and his testimony will humiliate dozens of former colleagues whose stock stunts made to many investors poor.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

When I saw Bobbe Arnst, whose husband is Johnny Weissmuller, the Ape Man, Bobbe was worried about the comments in the papers that she and her Tarzan were on the verge of a parting.....She denied this vigorously, and asserted that they both understood each other and what their respective careers meant to their happiness.... And so I pass that along to you all to ease the pangs of a bride of a year, whose husband over night became star -- left to the mercy of sudden success, and the adoration that goes with it.

Although June Knight's incessant companion in the Manhattan late spots is Art Jarrett, the radio canary, the long distance wires to Jimmy Dunn keep humming....Joan Marsh and Jerry Horwin are acting silly about each other, as are Sheila Terry and the Universal Company's Mr. Asher....And Cary Grant, one of the better of the newer screen actors, and Janet McLeod a pretty person, are sighing in unison.

The various editors probably will be interested to learn that Patricia Harper, one of the better looking red-headed women, and Jesse Lasky, Junior are cupiding in the oh-dear-me manner -- and that Nancy Torres is secretly married to a noted Mexican bull-mangler....Philip Plant, one of New York's richest playboys, who once was wedded to Constance Bennett - will marry the former Mrs. Edna Dunham...That is - after that \$250,000 breach of promise action brought by Margie Finley, the dancer - is settled out of court.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0032075

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Lois Moran, who jilted the screen for the New York stage, has changed her mind again about Douglass Montgomery - for nowanights, after theatre-time, Lois Moran is the adored of a prominent socially registered money-honey....Everybody, it seems, is under the impression that Ginger Rogers of the magic lanterns will shortly become the bride of the recently melted Mervyn LeRoy -- the director-- but when I asked Ginger about it - she said: "Every one appears to know more about it than I do -- as a matter of fact - Mr. LeRoy hasn't even asked me yet"....Well, perhaps Mervyn hasn't - but if theirs isn't an ideal love-match -- then it will do until one comes along....If Russell Gleason has forgotten Mary Brian for another pretty face - none of us have so been notified....When Mary decided against romance in favor of what she prefers calling her career - and gave up young Gleason -- he carried his wounds gracefully And that he was deeply hurt there is no doubt among his intimates out there, where they tell you that Mary Brian was Russell Gleason's sincerest affair of the heart....There is this to report, too, about one of Hollywood's recently middle-aisled couples, and while it probably will be vigorously denied, I am reliably informed that it is a fact -- Miss Garbo's favorite director, Edmund Gouling, and his practically brand new wife - Marjorie Moss, the internationally renowned dancer - have foundered, and are dwelling apart.

And that Mr. and Mrs. America is my signal to return you to Mr. LUCKY STRIKE'S other Walter....Until next Thursday night, then, at the same time -- I remain your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, who knows a feller who is so suspicious of his wife - that he erected a new home - and all the closets had signs hung

12-11
"STREET CARS DO NOT STOP HERE."

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Many thanks Walter, for that Winohelloquence. Keep your big ear to the ground until you come back next week with more of those bully bulletins of yours. But now ladies and gentlemen, let me again introduce Mr. Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Of course you want to inhale a mild cigarette....but what do you mean by "mild"? Most cigarettes are made under sanitary conditions! But mildness is another matter -- to LUCKY STRIKE it can mean only one thing: that certain impurities naturally present in even the finest tobacco leaf have been removed by LUCKY STRIKE'S famous purifying process. LUCKIES created this secret heat process. Only LUCKIES have it. A vital protection to your delicate membranes for you do inhale...you do breathe in part of the smoke you draw from your cigarette. And so we say in your interest, remember 20,000 physicians, after LUCKIES had been furnished them for tests, and basing their opinions on their own smoking experience, have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes! LUCKY STRIKE is mild, mellow-mild because "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And now Mr. and Mrs. U.S.A. I want to tell you a thing or three....I want to slip in a little news about the big fun-fest on Saturday night....really mi amigos, it will be a festival of foolish fol de rol and flapdoodle and the Magic Carpet gets you a seat in the first row on the aisle.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

We in New York love a guy named Bert Lahr....We love him because we've laughed at him for years. As my Aunt Mame used to say...he's a clip, he's a sketch, he's a cut-up who keeps you in stitches. Saturday night this crazy clown will stand on his head for the whole country....I have already seen him do his stuff in the studio and he's a riot. Remember the curtain goes up at this same time Saturday night. And now may I have the gavotte with you Miss America....What? You're gonna dance wit de guy what brung you...Righto...but save the last dance for me. Hop on that Magic Carpet, lads and lasses, grab your partners...here we go helter skelter...or maybe just helter right back like a rolling stone to gather Joe Moss and his musical magicians.

ON WITH THE DANCE JOE MOSS....(WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

And this time we play -- (TITLES)

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

JOE MOSS:

Climb aboard everybody, we're riding back to our pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks Joe Moss....my gratias, merci beaucoup, hoi polloi and e pluribus unum. And thanks everybody for that snowstorm of wires and letters after my first broadcast. I love this new job and I hope you're enjoying the buggy ride too, and tonight before I roll up ye olde Magic Carpet till Saturday I want to pass on one more yarn about Columnist Calvin Coolidge, the Sage of Northampton. Northampton loves its leading citizen, as they should, and I hear they plan erecting a monument right in the public square where all those tourists pass through. It will express all that Mr. Coolidge stands for...it's a silent Policeman. But to get to the bedtime story, of course, as you know, when the Ex-President left Washington he joined the New York Life Insurance Company and of course there is a routine to go through when you start in. They asked him "Mr. Coolidge have you ever held down a steady job for any length of time. The answer was silence. Again they said "Have you ever stuck to one position very long" and again the answer was thunderous silence. So his questioner barked "What was your last job?" The answer was "President." "Where" the man asked and the answer was "Washington." Uh huh....what did you do before that?" And Mr. Coolidge answered "I was Governor!" Where? And he answered "Boston, Massachusetts." What did you do before that? "I was Mayor." Where? "Northampton." At this point the questioner jumped up and hollered "Listen Coolidge...we don't want any fly-by-nights or rolling stones in this organization.

(PAUSE)

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE (CONTINUES)

Now gwan to bed...that's where I'm going...at all
Saturday night your pilot, Walter O'Keefe, goes away for a rest
with a promise to answer those wires and letters. Goodnight to
you one and all.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

"BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA" from "RHYTHM
MANIA" and "MANHATTAN MADNESS" from "FACE THE MUSIC" were played
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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/WINCHELL/chillieen
6/16/32

ATX01 0032080

EPISODE # 1

FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

CAST

BERT	FIRST MAN
TOOTSIE	SECOND MAN
MAN ATTENDANT	THIRD MAN
ANNOUNCER	MUSICAL DIRECTOR

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Form R-78

ATX01 0032081

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"ANNOUNCER:

It affords me great pleasure to announce the radio debut of one of New York's favorite comedians, star of a current Broadway musical comedy hit -- MR. BERT LAHR, in a series of episodes entitled, "FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE." Tootsie is Bert's sweetheart. She is a singer in a night-club. Bert's one aim in life is to secure a position that will make it possible for him to marry Tootsie and take her out of that environment. He has had the courage to tackle all kinds of jobs, but, unfortunately, Bert is a "Jack of all trades, and master of none."

Tonight, while he and Tootsie were listening-in on the radio, Bert suddenly decided that he would apply for a job as radio announcer.

And so we find Bert and Tootsie outside the National Broadcasting Company building in New York City.

FADE IN ON

BERT LAHR: Here's the place, Tootsie -- see the sign on the door -- National Broadcasting Company.

TOOTSIE: I think it's silly for you to go in, Bert. I'm sure they won't give you an audience.

BERT: I don't want an audience -- I want a job -- that's what I want -- a job.

TOOTSIE: I don't want to discourage you, Bert -- but I think you're making a fool of yourself.

BERT: Who's making a fool of yourself -- who?

TOOTSIE: You're making a fool of yourself.

BERT: I am not. Besides that's fine discouragement to give a fellow who's trying to make good for the girl he loves. Sometimes I think you don't love me -- that it's only infatuation.

TOOTSIE: Don't say that, Bert. You know I love you. And I do want you to make good.

BERT: That's all I wanted to know, Tootsie -- that's all I wanted to know. Now I can go forth and concrete the world. All my life I'd had failure on the right of me and failure on the left of me -- but this time I'm foolin' 'em -- I'm standing in the middle. Why? Because your my insensitive -- that's what you are -- my insensitive. Come on -- let's go in.

TOOTSIE: I can't, Bert. I must be getting to work.

BERT: Work! Gee, I hate the thought of you working in that night club -- As soon as I make good we'll get married and I'll take you out of that life. There'll be no more getting to bed at five in the morning. You know why? Because you'll be getting up at four -- that's why.

TOOTSIE: Getting up at four?

BERT: Yes -- to 'tend to the chickens. We're going to have a chicken farm. Wouldn't you love to live on a chicken farm, Tootsie?

TOOTSIE: Oh, I'd love it.

BERT: Sure you would -- and you're gonna. Wait and see -- wait and see. You run along. Meet me back here in half an hour and I'll give you the good news. Boy! Are we gonna have a chicken farm!

TOOTSIE: Good-bye, Bert -- and good luck.

(MUSIC)

BERT: Good-bye, Tootsie -- see you later, Tootsie -- so long,
Tootsie, atta girl Tootsie -- my Toosie!

FADE IN ON:

(A MUSICAL NUMBER, INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF RUNNING
FEET DRAWING NEARER AND NEARER)

MAN ATTENDANT: Hold on, there! Come back here!

BERT: Lemme alone! Stop your pushin' -- stop your shovin'!

ANNOUNCER: Here! Here! What's the meaning of this?

MAN ATTENDANT: This fellow insisted upon coming in here. I tried
to stop him, but he got away from me.

ANNOUNCER: Who are you?

BERT: Lahr is the name -- Lahr -- do, re, me, fa, so, Lahr --
the sixth letter in the musical alphabet.

ANNOUNCER: Well, I must say you have a colossal nerve
interrupting this program.

BERT: That's all right -- that's all right. Many a night
you've interrupted my supper.

ANNOUNCER: How did you get in here?

BERT: How did you?

ANNOUNCER: That's my business.

BERT: Well, I'm in business for myself too.

ANNOUNCER: Why this is terrible -- forcing your way into this room.
Just what is your object?

BERT: I don't object to nothing -- not a thing. I want to be
a radio pronouncer -- a pronouncer -- that's what I want
to be -- a pronouncer.

ANNOUNCER: You mean an announcer.

BERT: Don't change the subject.

SU-153-I

-4-

ANNOUNCER: (LAUGHING) Why you can't even speak the King's English!

BERT: I don't need the King's English! I make up my own. I got words the King never used yet.

ANNOUNCER: This has gone far enough. Take him out, Joe.

MAN ATTENDANT: Come on, young fellow. Outside.

(NOISE OF SHUFFLING FEET)

BERT: Take your hands off of me! Let go of the physical structure!

MAN ATTENDANT: Beat it before I crack you across the shins with this club.

BERT: See here! Where do you come off to get clubby with me. My goodness! Such familiarity breeds consent.

ANNOUNCER: Take a tip and do as you're told. Get out!

BERT: As if I'd stay. You couldn't beg me to stay. I can tell when I'm not wanted. I can see the handwriting on the ceiling.

MAN ATTENDANT: Come on -- go on home -- go on home!

(NOISE OF SHUFFLING FEET)

BERT: See here -- you don't have to push me -- I know where I live. And don't get rough -- don't get rough. Remember, you catch more vinegar with flies than you can with ketchup.

MAN ATTENDANT: Out! And keep out!

(NOISE OF SHUFFLING FEET AND DOOR SLAM)

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and Gentlemen: I wish to apologise for this unavoidable interruption. I assure you it will never happen again. We will continue with our program.

ATX01 0032085

(QUARTETTE SINGS ONE VERSE AND CHORUS OF A NUMBER.
AS THEY START TO SING THE SECOND CHORUS, DISCORDS
ARE HEARD.; THEY COME FROM BERT)

ANNOUNCER: Boys! Please! Just a moment!

(QUARTETTE STOPS SINGING)

ANNOUNCER: You're singing off key. I never heard such discords --
such utter lack of -- who's that under the piano?

(SCUFFLING NOISE FROM UNDER A PIANO)

ANNOUNCER: Catch him! Don't let him get away!

(SCUFFLING NOISE FROM UNDER A PIANO AND THE SOUND OF
OBJECT STRIKING SOUNDING BOARD AND KEY BOARD)

MEN'S VOICES:

NO. 1, Get him, Bill!

NO. 2, I've got him!

NO. 3, Come out of there, you!

BERT: Leggo my leg! Leggo my leg! You're choking me!

WOMAN'S VOICE:

NO. 1: Come on out from under that piano.

BERT: I can't, one of the pedals is stuck in my ear.

MAN'S VOICE:

NO. 1. All together, boys -- pull him out.

(SCUFFLING NOISE AS BEFORE)

BERT: (PROTEST AD LIB)

ANNOUNCER: See here! You were told to keep out of here, weren't you?

BERT: What about it? What about it? Remember the old adverb:

"When the mountain wouldn't come to Mohammed, what did he
do? He went to the seashore -- that's what he did -- he
went to the seashore -- and that's why I'm here. I want
to make good for Toothie, the girl I love.

ANNOUNCER: Oh, so you're in love?

BERT: I'm suffocated with it!

ANNOUNCER: Love is a wonderful thing.

BERT: You said it!

Two beats with but a single mind

Two thoughts that heart as one.

ANNOUNCER: (LAUGHING) You have that a bit twisted, I believe.

BERT: What's the difference? The sediment is there -- the
sediment is there. Give me a chance, will you -- for
the love of Tootsie give me a chance.

ANNOUNCER: I really shouldn't -- but -- oh -- I don't know -- all
right -- I'll try you out.

BERT: Atta boy! You won't be sorry -- wait and see. There'll
be some goings on -- some goings on!

ANNOUNCER: Shh!

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

Ladies and Gentlemen: Again I apologise for the
interrupted program.

BERT: Oh, boy, some fun -- some fun!

ANNOUNCER: The post found his way in again --

BERT: Jolly times -- happy days! Merry moments!

ANNOUNCER: He doesn't seem to be crazy -- but evidently I am because
I'm going to give him a chance. Perhaps he has
something.

BERT: I got everything!

ANNOUNCER: Please stand by. Now, young man, tell me just what you
can do.

BERT: One of my best things is called "Scrambled Scandals".
Hot stuff! Right off the broiler and sizzling! And it's
comical too!

ANNOUNCER: Scrambled Scandals!

BERT: Yeh -- all about the big eggs in town. For instance, Mr. and Mrs. Yoke who have been married for twenty years were engaged last night.

ANNOUNCER: Just a moment! What kind of an item is that? Mr. and Mrs. Yoke are already married and last night they were engaged. That's silly.

BERT: It's not silly -- they were engaged in an argument. Get the point, get the idea, get the catch? Wait a minute -- I gotta laugh.

(GONG, GONG, GONG)

ANNOUNCER: Is that a sample of Scrambled Scandals?

BERT: Yeh -- but you ain't heard nothing yet!

ANNOUNCER: I've heard enough of that.

BERT: I'm glad you like it.

ANNOUNCER: What else can you do?

BERT: I prove that truth is stranger than fiction. I call it: "Believe it or you don't have to" -- get this one, get this one: A man swallowed a twenty dollar gold piece and coughed up a ten and two fives. How's that one, boy, how's that one?

ANNOUNCER: Hold on. Let me get that straight. A man swallowed a twenty dollar gold piece and coughed up a ten and two fives?

BERT: That's it -- that's what I said -- you heard me.

ANNOUNCER: How was it accomplished?

BERT: It made him sick so he went to Europe for the change. I guess that ain't comical, huh? Wait a minute -- I gotta laugh again.

(GONG, GONG, GONG)

ANNOUNCER: What's funny about that?

BERT: Maybe it's better we don't discuss it. And I sing too.

ANNOUNCER: We had a sample of your singing a little while ago and I don't mind telling you it was pretty sour.

BERT: Why wouldn't it be sour? Look at the pickle I was in. The piano player had his foot on my Adams apple and besides I can't sing with a sextette.

ANNOUNCER: That wasn't a sextette. It was a quartette.

BERT: Don't try to kid me. I can count -- there was four of them -- and I can't sing in bunches.

ANNOUNCER: Do you sing all alone?

BERT: Do I sing all alone! Do I ----- listen!

(SINGS "ALL ALONE")

ANNOUNCER: No, no. You don't understand. What I want to know is do you sing all by yourself?

BERT: And how!

(SINGS: "ALL BY MYSELF")

ANNOUNCER: Wait, wait! That's enough.

BERT: You ought to hear the finish! I got a note that goes so high it comes back frostbitten.

ANNOUNCER: What is your register?

BERT: Oash.

ANNOUNCER: I mean your range! What are your lowest and highest notes?

BERT: Thirty and ninety days.

ANNOUNCER: Out out the kidding. Is your voice trained?

BERT: No, it's still running wild. But I got a brother who sings better than me -- he sings omelettas.

ANNOUNCER: No, no -- operettas.

BERT: I said omelettas -- every time he sings he comes home covered with eggs!

ANNOUNCER: What are your favorite songs?

BERT: Alibis.

ANNOUNCER: You mean lullabys -- songs that mothers sing to their babies.

BERT: I mean alibis! Songs that husbands sing to their wives.

ANNOUNCER: We have no room for that type of song.

BERT: You don't need much room -- just a telephone booth -- that's where they're sung from. There's a good one! Oh boy! Am I hysterical!
(GONG GONG GONG)

ANNOUNCER: If that's the limit of your ability, I think we had better call things off.

BERT: Wait a minute! Something just hit me!

ANNOUNCER: No such luck.

BERT: I got a brand new song, brand new! Hot off the press.

ANNOUNCER: That sounds promising. What is the title?

BERT: Just a Gigolo.

ANNOUNCER: Brand new! Why that song was written several years ago.

BERT: Sure it was, but I wrote a new adversion of it and do I put it over! Do I vabble it!

ANNOUNCER: All right. Let's have it. I'll announce you. Ladies and ---

BERT: Just a moment. As brother pronouncer to brother pronouncer -- you don't have to pronounce me -- I'll pronounce myself.

ANNOUNCER: (LAUGHING) Okay! Go ahead.

BERT: Hello, somebody! Hy'a folks, people, audience, multitude and listeners inners! Are you hearing? Are you hearing? If not, please write and let me know how you are enjoying my program. And now, my dear, invincible audience, I will open my ripertory with a song that is considered a piece of masterpiece. A song that swept the country like a vacuum cleaner -- a song who's title became a household word to every man, woman, child and husband. A song that raised me from obscurity to the pinochle of success: And the name of that song is -- is -- and the name of that song -- say, what's the name of that song?

ANNOUNCER: Just a Gigolo.

BERT: As if I didn't know!

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS INTRODUCTION)

(BERT SINGS)

ANNOUNCER: (ON CUE) Here! Hold on! Stop!

BERT: Leave alone -- I'm just getting my second wind

(BERT SINGS)

ANNOUNCER: That's terrible! Joe, Jack, Jim! Take him away!

(A RUSH OF FEET -- A SCUFFLE)

THE VOICES:

NO. 1: Come on, you!

NO. 2: Outside!

NO. 3: Shove off!

(BERT KEEPS ON SINGING AS HE LEAVES THE MIKE)

ANNOUNCER: Lock all the doors! Post a guard! Make sure he does not get in again!

(BERT'S VOICE, STILL SINGING, FADES OUT)

ANNOUNCER: I will not stop to apologise, but I promise you that our program will not be interrupted again. And now we hear (NAME OF BAND AND NUMBER GROUP)
(THE BAND GETS WELL UNDER WAY WHEN SUDDENLY WE HEAR SOUR NOTES FROM A PICCOLO. THIS IN TURN IS PICKED UP BY THE CLARINET AND SO ON UNTIL THE WHOLE BAND IS PLAYING A CONGLOMERATION OF SOUR NOTES.)

ANNOUNCER: Hold it!

(THE BAND STOPS PLAYING)

ANNOUNCER: What's the matter? What happened?

BAND DIRECTOR: The piccolo player threw us off.

ANNOUNCER: Who's playing the piccolo? Where is he?

BAND DIRECTOR: He's sitting in the back.

ANNOUNCER: Stand up! Who are you?

BERT: (SINGING)

(JUST A GIGOLO, etc. AND KEEPS SINGING)

ANNOUNCER: He's in again! Out with him! And this time make it through the window!

(A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE TAKES PLACE, MEN YELLING -- CHAIRS AND INSTRUMENTS UPSET, etc.)

BERT: (YELLING AD LIB)

Lemme go -- where do you get that stuff -- hold on -- cut it out!

(A GLASS CRASH IS HEARD)

MEN'S VOICES:

NO. 1: That settles him!

NO. 2: He's out for good!

NO. 3: You won't see him again!

(FADE OUT)

FADE IN ON:

(SOUND OF HEELS CLICKING ON THE SIDEWALK -- THEY COME TO A STOP)

TOOTSIE: Why, Bert! What are you doing sitting on the sidewalk?

BERT: Just resting, baby -- just resting.

TOOTSIE: Well, how did you come out?

BERT: On my neck, Tootsie -- on my neck.

TOOTSIE: I'm sorry, Bert -- but don't lose heart. Your break will come. In the meantime, face the world with a smile.

BERT: With a smile. Say, listen Tootsie, with encouragement like that from you I'll face the world with a laugh.

(GONG, GONG, GONG)

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN ON:

ANNOUNCER:

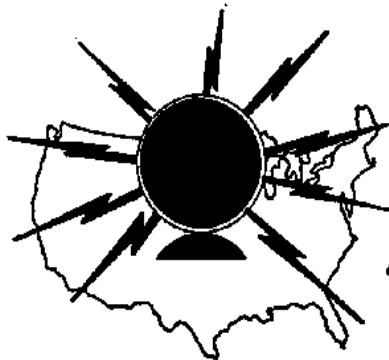
Spurred on by Tootsie, Bert starts looking for another job. Let us hope he finds one. Tune in next Saturday night at the same hour and I promise you his efforts to make good "for the love of Tootsie" will be packed with laughter.

EJ. - 6/4/32

ATK01 0032093

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. · · · WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the new series of LUCKY STRIKE thrills ----sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and in addition the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian on Saturdays. On each program we present the new pilot of the Magic Carpet, Walter O'Keefe, who is at the controls now.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well well well....now for a lot of good clean fun.
Greetings Mr. and Mrs. America I hope you're well....I hope you're
happy....I hope you're ready for another romantic ramble through
the summer skies. Mr. Lucky Strike is certainly the Santa Claus
of the summer season and inasmuch as the reindeer is out of date
we're going to take the balmy evening air on that famous Magic
Carpet that sees all, knows all, and goes all places. Tonight
Bert Lahr, the Ziegfeld star, is going to deliver those didoes and
doings of his and to make it a perfect evening George Olsen and his
hornooters are going to hold up their end...or make both ends
meet...or end it all or something. I don't know. What's the
difference? We're over Manhattan....look at it Uncle Sam.....
isn't it beautiful all embroidered with lights...and there's Olsen
with his name out in lights....let's drop in on him.

Let her go and ON WITH THE DANCE, GEORGE OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY,

AMERICA!

(OLSEN'S TRAIN SIGNATURE)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Everybody out, end of the line, it's the end of the riding
but just the beginning of the dancing -- which you'll do to the
strains of -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

That's the first instalment and the expert pilot can tell you what's next.

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Olsen I love your attitude....I love your attitude. You and the boys....I love you. I love your wife....Ethel Shutta. Oh shuttah your mouth O'Keefe. This is no time for an argument. It's time to announce the Lucky Strike Platform....With a plank that calls for a planked steak for every one and a cigarette to boot. Listen to what Howard Claney has to say about it all.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Everybody's doing it!" Seven out of ten smokers inhale knowingly - the other three inhale unknowingly. Everybody's doing it -- every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette. Do you inhale? Of course you do! Then of course you want to inhale the mildest cigarette. And that means LUCKY STRIKE! It's mild because "IT'S TOASTED." We use the finest, mildest tobaccos in all the world. But we recognize the fact that every tobacco leaf - regardless of quality - contains certain natural impurities. And it is LUCKY STRIKE'S "TOASTING" Process that removes certain impurities. That's why everybody, everywhere, regards LUCKIES as the mildest of cigarettes. And that's important to remember -- for if you smoke, you inhale. So protect your delicate membranes! LUCKY STRIKE is mild because -- "IT'S TOASTED."

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen,...I'm a lucky guy!..You should see my cup of happiness....It's slopping right over into the saucer because I'm going to take you all backstage in the Ziegfeld Theatre. That's "tops" in the world of amusement and sitting right up on top of that heap is one of the funniest fellows in the world... Bert Lahr. He's the crazy comedian who originated the "boy, oh, boy, oh, boy" type of comedy which has been copied by other successful comedians. All you need to know about the story which is called "For the Love of Tootsie" is that Bert Lahr is trying to get a job. Tonight while he and Tootsie were listening to the radio, Bert suddenly decided he would apply for a job as radio announcer. But let's hear the story direct from Bert himself. Here goes the Magic Carpet....down the alley to the stage door. Hey Mr. Doorman don't stop us....We've all got passes....show us to Bert's dressing room....in we go!

ON WITH THE SHOW FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE. (WHISTLE) OKAY BERT LAHR!

(BERT LAHR SKIT FROM ZIEGFELD THEATRE)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

GONG GONG GONG GONG Congratulations Bert Lahr. Radio needs you baby....just like you need Tootsie. Ladies and gentlemen, next Saturday night maybe Bert will find a job in another episode "For the Love of Tootsie"...what a tender affair of the heart.... ah my friends, it's touching....it's beautiful...it's really the saga of a man's love for a maid and that's what the country needs right now...a good five cent saga. Well no matter...we'll pass that up....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

The Magic Carpet is running away with me...hey you...hold on there Margaret....I don't care if you did lose a hairpin...don't lose your head. Here we go....up up up,....right over that forest of skyscrapers to our friend George Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE GEORGE OLSEN! (WHISTLE) OKAY U S A!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And the dance DOES go on in a hurry with -- (TITLES)

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GEORGE OLSEN:

Time out now while the Magic Carpet flies back to the pilot!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Time out nothing! We go right on. George I kick it to you. Time cannot wither nor custom stale your magic music so what the Hail Columbia I'm going to take a moment out while Howard Claney tells you what this is all about, in twenty seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

When you smoke a LUCKY, you are smoking the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos that money can buy...the mildest, most fragrant tobaccos that Mother Nature can grow. But the greatest reason for LUCKY STRIKE'S mildness is because "IT'S TOASTED." Folks everywhere say that LUCKIES are the mildest cigarettes they ever smoked.

---STATION BREAK---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen....the convention is over in Chicago but the newspapers out there still have a lot of amusing news. I just read about a twenty-three year old lad named Joseph Bulak.... Joseph Bulak of Connecticut Street, Gary, Indiana who was stopped by the police three days ago while driving his car on Buffalo Avenue. The coppers had reason to stop him because attached to the back of his sedan were a railroad crossing gate and two red lanterns. When the police stopped him he explained that he planned to build a railroad. It will be interesting to follow Mr. Bulak's career but I think he's on the wrong track because it would be cheaper to buy one on the stock market. But LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides. Wet or dry any guy can ride our carpet through the sky so let's swoop down on George Olsen and his boys.

ON WITH THE MUSIC, OLSEN. (WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Out of the sky and onto the dance floor where you can do
all those fancy steps of yours to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(NOTE: IN MIDDLE OF THIS GROUP, THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE COMES
AT END OF NUMBER)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Very good, George.

GEORGE OLSEN:

Walter I love your attitude but you've really been holding
out on us. You've been talking your head off on the Magic Carpet
this week....but so far you haven't sung a song for us.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

George I'm too modest....I'm bashful....I want to be
coaxed.

GEORGE OLSEN:

I'll coax you.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

That's white of you Olsen...you do that and I'll coax you..
we will coax each other...just a couple of coaxers...You see George
I'm not a crooner...I'm not a tenor...I'm not a whispering
whatchamaycallit...I'm simply a baritone a half breed baritone but
I've had my tonsil out.

GEORGE OLSEN:

Tell me about your operation.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

No, but I'll give you an X-Ray photograph of them autographed by my night nurse. George I want to sing an old song... I've always enjoyed singing it. It was written by Jerome Kern for the show called "THE GIRL FROM UTAH"....It's entitled "They Didn't Believe Me."

GEORGE OLSEN:

Okay, O'Keefe....

(O'KEEFE SINGS "THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME")

GEORGE OLSEN:

Thanks Walter. Very good. You WERE holding out on us and now back into the dance with (TITLES)

(OLSEN FINISHES DANCE GROUP)

GEORGE OLSEN:

The pilot is back at the controls of the Magic Carpet
so --

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks George Olsen...you're the Lucky Man of the Hour and I'll bet you're getting round shouldered running to the bank with the money you're making. You and the boys can go back to that game of hopscotch...while Howard Claney says a word or three.

HOWARD OLANEY:

June...the month of brides, and this afternoon...the wedding of weddings....two famous families joined in marriage in a beautiful church on Long Island's North Shore! At the reception afterward, a society reporter tells us, it was remarkable to see how many of the guests preferred LUCKY STRIKE to any other cigarettes -- including the most expensive! The connoisseurs of smoking prefer LUCKIES for their fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos-- and they prefer LUCKIES because they're mild! The mildest cigarette in the world....mild because "IT'S TOASTED." Which means that certain impurities naturally present in even the finest tobacco have been removed! No wonder that folks in every city, town and hamlet in the land say that LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest cigarette they ever smoked!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Heigh-ho everybody...also HI DEE HIDEH HOH...with a good old hooper dooper. This is my third night in the pilot's seat of the Magic Carpet and I'm beginning to get the hang of the thing. I know what you want...you want to dance....so dance it is..... Come on....come on....up on your feet.....don't sit back there like a wallflower.....that's the attitude.....wait for the beat and lead with your left.

ON WITH THE DANCE, MR. OLSEN (WHISTLE) OKAY YEWUNITED STATES!

GEORGE OLSEN:

Yes, SIR, and this time we'll mangle -- (TITLES)

(

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(

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(

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(

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GEORGE OLSEN:

And now all aboard, all aboard (etc. - Olsen train signature)

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Mr. Olsen. Well, ladies and gentlemen....thanks for the buggy ride.....I hope none of you dropped off and went boom. Over the week-end I'm going to take the Magic Carpet to the cleaners.....you housewives know what a big party can do to a carpet.... Well, Tuesday it'll be back all cleaned up and in the pink of condition ready to gather you all up and carry you to the ringside at the big new bowl just built out on Long Island by Madison Square Garden. There you'll hear the "One, two! He's in, he's out! A left, a right! He's up, he's down!" ----of the Sharkey-Schmeling bout, which will decide the heavyweight championship of the wor-r-rld! So, don't be late Tuesday night. Have a pack of LUCKIES in your pocket or a tin of fifties on the table and get in at the start when Mr. LUCKY STRIKE, true to his tradition of bringing you the latest, the finest and the best in cigarettes and air entertainment, orders the Magic Carpet right into the Sharkey-Schmeling fight. In fact, I've heard that they're not going to use canvas on the floor this time, but instead the two heavyweights will do battle right on the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet itself. But there'll be plenty of room for you, too, because the two huge NBC networks will merge to carry this glorious brawl right into your parlor - no matter where you are. LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides - may the best man win, standing up!

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE (CONTINUES)

And speaking about taking sides, tonight back with Bert Lahr at the Ziegfeld theatre, I recalled one of those grand stories about one of those gorgeous glorious glamorous girls. As you know, the chorus girls do most of that hoofing and dancing while the big beautiful show girls simply walk around showing more pretty curves than the Lincoln Highway. This girl didn't know very much....she didn't even suspect anything....and one morning at rehearsal she showed up with a ribbon around her left knee...not on the right.....just on the left knee. Bobby Connolly, the dance director, stopped the rehearsal and yelled to her "Hey you...what's that ribbon on your left leg for?" So the beautiful lady looked a little embarrassed and said "Well, it saves a lot of trouble. When you tell me to lead off first with my left foot, I don't want to waste any time thinking." Now gwan to bed....that's where I'm going...so till Tuesday night when we all get together for the big fight, your pilot Walter O'Keefe goes away for a rest.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
6/18/32

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(A)

JUNE 25, 1932

"A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT PROGRAM"

FEATURING

BERT LAHR

in a series of episodes entitled:

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

EPISODE II ----- "THE PET SHOP"

(THIRD DRAFT)

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

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FORM R-78.

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(B)

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

SECOND EPISODE -(THIRD DRAFT)

"THE PET SHOP"

--00000--

CAST:

BERT

TOOTSIE

ANNOUNCER

PROPRIETOR OF PET SHOP

FIRST CUSTOMER (Man)

SECOND CUSTOMER (Old Maid)

THIRD CUSTOMER (Dutchman)

FOURTH CUSTOMER (Woman)

-----:~::~:-----

ATX01 0032106

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"EPISODE II"THE PET SHOP"

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ANNOUNCER:

And now -- BERT LAHR in the second episode of the series entitled: "FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE." Last week, if you will remember, Bert applied for a position as radio announcer, and wound up by being ejected from the studio. But spurred on by his sweetheart, Tootsie, he went hunting for another job -- and found one -- this time in a pet shop. And here we find Bert in the midst of dogs, cats, birds, monkeys, pets of every description -- like a fish out of water. He doesn't know what it's all about, but that doesn't stop Bert. He'll tackle anything to make good -----"For the Love of Tootsie."

(MUSIC -- DIMINISHING AND FADING OUT AT DIALOGUE)

(SOUND: BARKING, HOWLING AND WHINING DOGS
SINGING AND CHIRPING BIRDS
SQUAWKING PARROTS
CHATTERING MONKEYS, etc.)

(FADE OUT)

PROPRIETOR:

Before I give you the job are you sure you understand all about birds and animals.

ATX01 0032107

BERT:

Do I understand about birds and animals -- do I understand? Why I speak their language. I used to work in a zoo once -- and what did they have? What did I take care of? Lions, tigers, hippopotamuses, walruses, wood-peckers and other vipers. Do I know anything about birds and animals? You make me laugh.

(GONG, GONG, GONG)

PROPRIETOR:

That's all right in a zoo -- but how about domestic animals?

BERT:

Domestic or imported -- it makes no difference to me.

PROPRIETOR:

Well, I'll give you a trial and if you make good I'll keep you on.

BERT:

Atta boss, atta boss! And I'll make good -- wait and glance and look and see if I don't. You know why? 'Cause then I can marry my Tootsie and settle down on a chicken farm --

PROPRIETOR: (ENCOURAGING)

Marry and settle on a chicken farm! Well, well! That's fine. Have you made any headway?

BERT:

Have I made any headway? I got the girl and three eggs. One of 'em is hard-boiled -- not the girl -- one of the eggs -- one of the eggs.

PROPRIETOR: (LAUGHS)

That's a good start. Well, familiarize yourself with the stock while I go to lunch -- you won't have time to go to lunch so I'll send you in a plate of hash.

BERT:

Hash!

PROPRIETOR:

Yes. And I'll also send in half a fried chicken.

BERT:

Fried chicken! Now you said sumpin'! Now you're conversing!

PROPRIETOR:

Feed the chicken to the Maltese cat in cage three.

BERT:

Just a minute! Just a minute! The cat gets the chicken -- and I get the hash?

PROPRIETOR:

Yes.

BERT:

Does the cat eat hash?

PROPRIETOR:

Yes -- why?

BERT:

I just wanted to know -- I just wanted to know.

PROPRIETOR:

One thing more. See that canary in the white cage?

BERT:

You mean the canary color canary?

PROPRIETOR:

Certainly! That's the best bird in the place -- a prize winner. Isn't it a beauty?

BERT:

It's a bird! It's a bird!

PROPRIETOR:

I'm entering it in the bird show today -- so clean the cage thoroughly.

BERT:

Where will I put the canary while I'm cleaning out the cage?

PROPRIETOR:

In another cage of course!

BERT:

That's just what I was gonna do, just what I was gonna do.

PROPRIETOR:

Well, I'll be going.

(SOUND: PARROT: "Goodbye, goodbye" Laughs)

BERT:

Wass 'at? Wass 'at?

PROPRIETOR:

That's a parrot -- the one in the blue cage -- a very bright bird. Everytime the bell on the door rings and some one enters the place he yells: "Customer!"

BERT:

Now ain't that cute, ain't that cute!

(SOUND: PARROT: "Baloney!")

BERT:

Balo-----say! He's kind of fresh too, ain't he?

PROPRIETOR: (LAUGHING)

Sometimes. Well, I'll be on my way.

(SOUND: PARROT: "Goodbye, goodbye")

(SOUND: Door bell and closing door)

BERT:

Hello, Polly -- hello, hello!

(SOUND: PARROT: "Hello, hello")

BERT:

Boo-----boop-----a-----doop.

(SOUND: PARROT: "Boo--boop--a--doop")

BERT:

Say, you're full of pep.

(SOUND: PARROT: "You're full of soup")

BERT:

Ye-----is zat so, is zat so! Well, don't get personal!
Be a lady -- or a gentleman -- or whatever you are.

(SOUND: PARROT: "Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo")

BERT:

You, that's who! You! If I didn't have to clean out this canary's cage I'd give you a slice of my mind.

(SOUND: PARROT: "Ha, ha, ha!")

BERT:

Ah, hush your face!

(SOUND: Rattle of cage and flutter of wings)

BERT:

Come on, canary, don't be afraid --- I won't hurt you. Atta birdie. I'll put you in this nice big cage.

(SOUND: Opening and closing of wire door)

(SOUND: Door bell and closing door)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer")

BERT:

Yes, sir -- what can I do for you?

FIRST CUSTOMER: (A man)

Have you a police dog?

BERT:

Have I a police dog! Have I a police dog! I got a sergeant, that's what I got -- a sergeant.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Let's see him.

(SOUND: Rattle of chain)

BERT:

Come on, sargy -- atta boy, sarg. Look at him! Some dog!
Some canine!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Say, are you sure that's a police dog?

BERT:

Am I sure? Am I sure? Why he was born in a patrol wagon!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

He don't look so hot.

BERT:

Why should he? He's not a hot dog -- he's a police dog --
a police dog.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

He doesn't look like a police dog to me.

BERT:

That's because we shaved off his coat this morning -- he
was promoted -- he's a plain-clothes man.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Does he like children?

BERT:

Does he like children? He's crazy about children. He's got six of his own.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

I mean will he eat off a child's hand?

BERT:

He'll eat off a leg, an arm an ear! And is he smart! Ask him questions -- ask him questions! If the answer is "yes" he'll wag his tail up and down -- if the answer is "no" he'll wag it sideways.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

What are you talking about? He has no tail. What happened to it?

BERT:

He wore it off answering questions.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

I'm afraid he won't do!

BERT:

Back to the station house, sarg -- back to the station house.

(SOUND: Chain and wood)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

What I want is a good watch dog.

BERT:

Why didn't you say so? Here's just what you're looking for. Just the thing.

(SOUND: TOY DOG BARK)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

That tiny little thing? What in the world kind of a watch dog do you call him?

BERT:

A wrist watch dog.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Say, you're wasting my time! Have you got a bloodhound?

BERT:

Have I got a bloodhound! Wait'll you see him!

(SOUND: Rattle of wire netting)

Here'ya, boy, atta boy! Look at him! Ain't he a la-la?

FIRST CUSTOMER:

He doesn't look like a bloodhound.

BERT:

Can I help it if he's anaemic?

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Will he pick up a scent?

BERT:

Will he pick up a cent! He'll pick up a half a dollar.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

He looks like one of the original blood-hounds that chased Liza across the ice.

BERT:

He is -- he is! And he would have caught her too ----only for one thing.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

What was that?

BERT:

He got cold feet.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Ridiculous.

BERT:

Is zat so? Is zat so? You try chasing a woman across the ice in your bare feet -- you'll find out!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

No use wasting any more time -- I'll go down to the dog pound and get me a dog.

BERT:

Why go there? That's where we get ours.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

They look it. Good morning.

BERT:

Good afternoon!

FIRST CUSTOMER: (FROM A DISTANCE)

Good night!

BERT:

Thank goodness that day is over.

(SOUND: Door bell and closing door)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer! Customer!")

BERT:

Just a minute, lady, 'till I put away this cow.

(SOUND: Rattle of chain and chain on wood)

Something I can do for you?

SECOND CUSTOMER: (A Woman)

Yes. What have you in the shape of a black cat?

BERT:

A black kitten.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

A black kitten! Oh, my! How funny!

(LAUGHS SHRILLY AND CONTINUES TO DO SO)

(SOUND: PARROT laughs)

BERT:

Aw, shut up!

SECOND CUSTOMER: (STOPS LAUGHING SUDDENLY)

Sir!

BERT:

I wasn't talking to you, lady. I was talking to that unripe canary with the Roman nose.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

May I see the kitten?

BERT:

Sure you can see it, sure you can.

(SOUND: WOOD SCRAPING AGAINST WIRE NETTING)

Here y'ar, pussy, come on pussy cat. Looka that lady! Look at the puss on that puss!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Oh, it's a darling. How much is it?

BERT:

It's worth ten -- we're asking eight -- but we'll take five.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Oh, dear -- I do want it -- but I only have three dollars with me.

BERT:

That's all right, lady -- that's all right. I'll owe you two, I'll owe you two.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Oh, thank you -- and I want some catnip. But it must be the best. I got some at the Peter Pet Shop and it wasn't a bit good.

BERT:

Know why? 'Cause they get their catnip from a bootlegger -- that's why. It's cut stuff. Our stuff is ninety proof! One taste of our catnip will make a kitten wanna walk up to a bull-dog and slap him right in the face.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

I think I'll try some.

BERT:

Well, I don't know how it will work on you.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Sir!

BERT:

On the cat! On the cat!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

You're a scream.

(LAUGHS)

(SOUND: PARROT laughs)

BERT:

I hope you choke.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Sir!

BERT:

Not you! I was talking to the green canary again.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

My error. Well, thank you and goodbye.

BERT:

Goodbye. Thanks for intruding. Thanks for intruding.

(SOUND: DOORBELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer!")

(SOUND: DOG BARKING)

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Quiet, Yulius! Quiet!

(SOUND: Two dogs barking ending in a fight)

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Here! Stop it! Stop it!

BERT:

Say, what's the idea! What's the idea! If your dog wants to fight take him over to Madison Square Gardens.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Is dot so? Vell here he is it and here he stays.

BERT:

What do you mean, here he stays -- what do you mean?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Two veeeks ago I boud dis dog in dis place and the boss guaranteed dot he was a bird-dog -- but he ain't!

BERT:

He is a bird, he is. Look at the feathers sticking out all over him.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Horsefeathers! Yesterday I took him out hunting and he wouldn't touch a bird. Not one bird would he touch.

BERT:

Sure he wouldn't. You've got to cook 'em for him. You've got to cook 'em.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

I don't want him. Give me an exchange mit something else.

BERT:

How about an aeroplane dog?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Vots dot a aeroplane dog?

BERT:

A sky terrier -- you ought to see his tail spin. Is that comical! Is that jocular! Is that a witticism!

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Bah! I got no time for such foolishment. Have you got a speaking carrot?

BERT:

A speaking what?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

A speaking carrot -- vat says: "Bolly wants a krekker!"

BERT:

Do you mean a parrot?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Sure -- a carrot.

BERT:

OH, boy -- is that humoresque -- wait a minute, I gotta laugh.

(GONG, GONG, GONG)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Gong, Gong, gong" -- keeps it up)

BERT:

Hey! Stop stealin' my stuff! Stop stealin' my stuff!

THIRD CUSTOMERS: (LAUGHS)

Dot's a schmart carrot -- does he speak it der English Langkitch?

BERT:

Better than you do -- better than you do!

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Oh! I see vat I vant -- give me dot funny looking monkey.

BERT:

What funny looking monkey -- where?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Right in front of you.

BERT:

That's not a monkey! That's me in the looking-glass -- that's me!

(SOUND: PARROT: GONG, GONG, GONG")

BERT:

Shut your face -- shut your mouth -- shut your beak!

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Ach -- I guess it's no use. I come back when the boss is
he . Good-bye.

BERT:

Goodbye, farewell, reservoir, and scam!

(SOUND: Dog Bark)

HEY! Wait a minute! You forgot the sea lion!

THIRD CUSTOMER: (From a distance)

Here Yulius! Come Yulius!

(SOUND: DOG BARK -- DIMINISHING IN DISTANCE)

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "CUSTOMER, CUSTOMER!")

BERT:

How do you do?

FOURTH CUSTOMER: (Woman)

How do you do. I want three perfectly matched singing
canaries.

BERT:

That's something we haven't got.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Why, there are four perfectly matched birds in a cage in
the window. Give me three of them.

BERT:

I'm sorry, lady, I'm sorry -- that's a quartette and I can't split 'em up. How about four pigeons?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Pigeons! I detest pigeons!

BERT:

Shh! Not so loud. See that pigeon on the stool.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Yes.

BERT:

Be careful what you say in front of him -- he's a stool pigeon.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

How silly. Have you a real good singer?

BERT:

Have I got a real good singer! Have I got a singer! I got one right from the Metropolitan Opera House.

(SOUND: Cage being placed on counter)

BERT:

Sing, birdie, sing!

(SOUND: Canary singing)

BERT:

How's 'at, lady, how's 'at?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

It sings beautifully, but I don't want that bird.

BERT:

Why not? Why not?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

It has only one leg.

BERT:

Well, what do you want? A singer or a dancer?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

See here! I haven't time to listen to silly jokes. I want a bird that's out of the ordinary. Have you any magpies?

BERT:

No, ma'm. Only blueberry and custard.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Will you please talk sense? Suggest something novel -- a feathered pet that will look cute in a hanging cage.

BERT:

An ostrich.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

An ostrich!

BERT:

Yes -- or a mud-hen.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Ridiculous.

BERT:

Wait a minute! I got it! Just what you want!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

What?

BERT:

A turkey buzzard! Are they cute! Are they sweet! Are they delicious!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Oh, never mind the bird. Let me see --- what else was it I wanted? Oh, yes. Something unique for the aquarium.

BERT:

An octopus!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Certainly not! How are your polly-wogs?

BERT:

Fine thanks -- how are all your relations?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

You're impossible! Good-day!

BERT:

Good-day -- come around tomorrow -- maybe I'll have a nice red herring!

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer!")

TOOTSIE:

Hello, Bert.

BERT:

H'ya, Tootsie! H'ya girlie! H'ya, baby! My Tootsie.

TOOTSIE:

I'm on my way to rehearsal. I thought I'd drop in to see if you got the job.

BERT:

I got it, baby -- and it's some job -- some job!

TOOTSIE:

Oh, I'm so glad. I do hope you'll hold it.

BERT:

Leave it to me, baby -- I'll hold this job for life -- maybe longer. We'll soon be getting married and then -- do you know what we're gonna have?

TOOTSIE:

The chicken farm!

BERT:

You said it! And oh, boy! Are we gonna have plenty of eggs! Our chickens will be layin' eggs day and night -- day and night! Know why? 'Cause I'm gonna feed 'em cake!"

TOOTSIE:

Cake?

BERT:

Yes -- layer cake. I been lookin' around, Tootsie, and did I see a swell little farm! Gee, it's pretty! It sets in a little vale in the heart of a valley right on the side of a mountain near a hill. And what a cute little house -- surrounded by trees and bushes and scrubbery -- and the land is well irrigated, so we'll have a truck farm too.

TOOTSIE:

What will we raise on the truck farm, Bert?

BERT:

Trucks. You know -- vegetables, flowers, spinach, and such. And I got a great idea, Tootsie. I'm going to mix corn and lima bean seeds together and oh, boy, will we have succotash!

TOOTSIE:

What a glorious picture you're painting, Bert!

BERT:

And I ain't through paintin' yet. At night when the sun has set -- and it sets just two miles from the house -- we'll go strolling down the lane, watching the trees climb over the moon-beams, chasing rainbows through the humidity of the beautiful summer skies-- if you know what I mean?

TOOTSIE:

I do, Bert, and it's just too wonderful for words!

BERT:

I know all the words, baby, but I don't know where to put 'em.

TOOTSIE:

I understand, dear. It will be our paradise!

BERT:

You said it, Tootsie -- you said it! Happy times! Jolly moments! Some fun! Some goin's on!

TOOTSIE:

Oh, you don't know how happy I am!

BERT:

Me too, I'm so happy I could sing.

(SINGS: "Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries")

(SOUND: Dogs start howling)

BERT:

Listen to that harmony! Even the dogs are full of romance -- and such.

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer!")

BERT:

Here comes the boss.

TOOTSIE:

I'd better go.

BERT:

No, wait. I want you to meet him. Oh, boss -- this is Tootsie--Tootsie let me produce the boss.

TOOTSIE:

How do you do.

PROPRIETOR:

Glad to know you.

BERT:

Tootsie's the girl I'm gonna marry -- and are we gonna have a chicken farm! Say, listen ----

PROPRIETOR: (LAUGHINGLY)

Some other time, Bert. Right now I'm in a hurry to get my prize canary over to the Bird Show. Did you clean the cage?

BERT:

Not yet. I was too busy! Oh, boy, did we do a big business!

PROPRIETOR:

That's fine. Where's the bird?

BERT:

In the wooden cage.

PROPRIETOR:

Why, there's a cat in that cage! Where's the canary?

BERT:

In the cat! In the cat!

PROPRIETOR:

You idiot! You imbecile! That's the only bird
enter in the show! What will I do?

BERT:

Enter the cat! Enter the cat!

PROPRIETOR:

Get out of here! Get out! And don't come back!

BERT:

That's just what I was gonna do. And what's more, I will
go through! I resign! Come on, Tootsie.

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(MUSIC: FORTE -- DIMINISH)

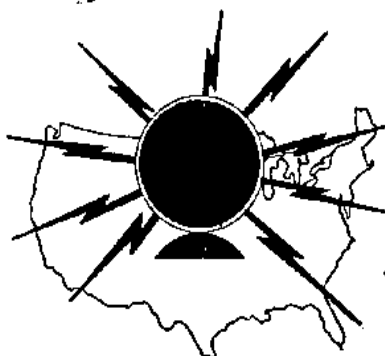
ANNOUNCER:

Poor Bert -- fired again! But don't worry -- he'll
rustle up another job. Wait and see. Tune in at the same time
next Saturday night and follow Bert's hilarious adventures in his
efforts to make good "For The Love Of Tootsie."

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
6/17/32

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. : : : WEAf and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

(SHARKEY-SCHMELING FIGHT CONTINUITY)

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! The LUCKY STRIKE Hour, presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Tonight, we bring you the blow-by-blow description of the Schmeling-Sharkey world's championship bout direct from the ringside at the new Madison Square Garden Bowl. In a few minutes the battle will be on, so be ready to enjoy it with the compliments of Mr. Lucky Strike and with, we hope, a handy supply of LUCKIES - the mildest cigarette you ever smoked. LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED." Now the Pilot of the Magic Carpet, Walter O'Keefe, takes you on the first leg of your world's championship journey.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hello there, Mr. and Mrs. Fight Fan. I warned you I'd steer the Magic Carpet into new fields of radio thrills and here's another one! It's almost time for the bell in the trim and tidy saucer where the big battle of brawn and bingo-bango is being anxiously awaited there by an excited crowd of 60,000 people. They say the bowl is jammed but don't let that worry you. The Magic Carpet will carry millions, yes, and I mean millions right to the ring. Wherever you are, I'm sure it will give you a kick to know that both huge N.B.C. networks are hooked up together and this broadcast will be heard from Maine and Quebec to Alaska, and from Cuba and Florida to Honolulu. Is this a broadcast? YES, this IS a broadcast! It won't be long now, but wait! Let's have one word about our regular Tuesday night thriller.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE: (POLICE SIREN)

All police cars stand by. All police cars stand by. The famous Craddock Case scheduled for tonight will be heard NEXT Tuesday night. The thrilling Craddock Case NEXT Tuesday night, authenticated by New York's Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney, who has 600 of "New York's finest" handling the crowd of 60,000 men and women in the big bowl on Long Island, keeping order and protecting them against petty thieves and pick-pockets. Remember, next Tuesday night, the famous Craddock Case, but tonight - the big fight!

(POLICE SIREN) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Yes, SIR, that's right! You know, each Tuesday night, as part of the LUCKY STRIKE Hour, we have a dramatization of a real case taken right out of the files of the New York Police Department.....But, here! I'm talking too much! I'm just as anxious as you are to get out to the fight! Your old friend and benefactor, Mr. Lucky Strike has a reserved seat for you, you, you AND you, so let's go! Come along! Out to the ring where Jack Sharkey is going to try to knock the crown off the head of Max Schmeling, the Teuton Terror! So now right through the thousands of automobiles, right through the gates, right through the milling crowd and into the ring itself the Magic Carpet sweeps you one and all. May the best man win!

ON WITH THE EXCITEMENT (WHISTLE) OKAY, GRAHAM McNAMEE!

(BROADCAST FROM RINGSIDE CONTINUES UNTIL McNAMEE GIVES CUE, --

"OKAY, O'KEEFE!")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

I don't know where to start my "thank you's." OKAY! Mr. Schmeling and Mr. Sharkey for a great battle. Okay even though it wasn't a K-O. OKAY! Graham McNamee and Charles Francis Coe for a marvelous microphone reporting job! OKAY! Mr. NBC and all you stations from here to Honolulu, for all your help, and last, but not least, OKAY, MR. LUCKY STRIKE, for giving every radio listener a ringside seat.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

They all appreciate it I know and if it were only possible for them to yell back at me, we'd all join, all the millions of us would join, in one mighty shout, "OKAY MR. LUCKY STRIKE!" You're a champion, too, in more ways than one. Because LUCKY STRIKE means "The best" in the manufacture of cigarettes. OKAY AMERICA!

(NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: -- In event fight finishes prior to eleven P.M. local announcement here for synchronization.)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

After all that excitement, you and I need a rest and so does the Magic Carpet. And good-night!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

LUCKY STRIKE -- the mildest cigarette you ever smoked --- mild, because "IT'S TOASTED!"

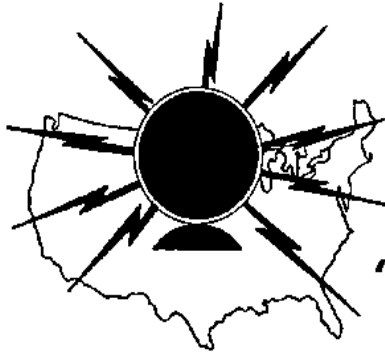
This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/chilleen
6/21/32

ATX01 0032137

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P. M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the LUCKY STRIKE thrills -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and, in addition, the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays; and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian, on Saturdays. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Hello, Hello, Hello, Mr. and Mrs. U S A --- let me wish you a pleasant good evening as June draws on towards summer. June.... the month of romance, roses, June Brides and the start of the hay-fever season. I've got it....remind me to give you a good old-fashioned sneeze one of these nights and you'll realize how well off you are. It's not the thing to talk about now...I've got the situation well in hand and with my goggles and my linen duster, I'm up in the pilot's seat of the Magic Carpet about to take off and hitchhike across the country, gather you all together and bring you back to Joe Moss and his lads in Manhattan....and then when you're all tuckered out from dancing you can park yourselves around the loudspeaker and get a load of Walter Winchell who will chatter chin and gossip over the back fence of America and give you the lowdown on the higher ups. But let's hit the trail....Don't bother about your hair Gertrude....oh you look alright....don't be an old killjoy....up you go on the carpet....

ON WITH THE DANCE. (WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

The dance begins with -- (TITLES)

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

JOE MOSS:

That's the end of the first dance. No time for an encore, so --

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Attaboy, Joe Moss. Speed's the keynote so let's hop along. Incidentally, ladies and gentlemen, today is the birthday of the Prince of Wales, England's Prince Charming. But we, in America, have a Crown Prince, too -- the Crown Prince of Prattle and Tattle, Walter Winchell. Right at my side is the bronzed and brawny Winchell, the Samuel Pepys, or Peeps ("Peeps" is right) of today, who knows who's doing what and why. Squeal on 'em, Walter.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Tuner-Inner -- let's go to press!

Virginia Cherrill, who won all that front page space sometime ago with the report that she would become the bride of William Rhinelanders Stewart is now the Big Moment in the life of William Hollingsworth.....Edna Purviance, the one-time leading ingenue for Charlie Chaplin, has a new lease on life, for want of a better pun.....Her most recent heart trouble revolves about Rex Lease, recently melted from Elinor Hunt, the former Ziegfeld dolly.... Ivan Lebedeff, the director, has changed his mind, again...No longer is Molly O'Day his favorite person...Molly has been succeeded by another darling of the screen named Jean Sorel -- and the most interesting of the romantic reports is that Helene Costello, the former Mrs. Lowell Sherman, is now being adored by John Drew Colt -- who is really her nephew, considering that sister Dolores is wedded into the Barrymore tribe -- and Master Colt is Ethel Barrymore's son.

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

The long-time, but fervent friendship between Norma Talmadge and George Jessel is better explained with this news.... In the Fall, it appears, Master Jessel will co-star with Norma in a new play from the Sam Shipman studios....It hasn't been titled yet -- but I did learn that it will deal with Hollywood -- and is intended as the answer to that devastating cruelty about that glamorous city, "Once In A Lifetime."

In fewer words, the new opus will show Hollywood at its best, and reveal that it is not what Rudyard Kipling says it is.... And in this new show, which will glorify the romance of The Irving Thalbergs, Miss Talmadge will portray Norma Shearer (who is Mrs. Thalberg) and Jessel will be seen as the most popular of the magic lantern impresarios, Mr. Thalberg.

Incidentally, the Paris newspapers apparently never heard of Jessel, for they all refer to him as Miss Talmadge's "bodyguard."

Jimmy Durante wires me that he and his bride of 11 years are this week celebrating their wedding anniversary - and if that fact was made known, says Durante, it would help crush the reports that their romance has faded...There it is, James, hurled to the heavens - over the largest coverage that radio can offer - and you're very welcome.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Among other semi-secret marriages that the front pages haven't as yet recorded -- is that one between Vic Fleming, the director, and Joan Blair....They made a Tia Juana preacher \$2 richer several week-ends ago....I see by the papers that Lina Basquette will be the leading lady in Mr. Dempsey's "Knockout Revue" -- and now I am convinced that all that romantic chatter was merely another trick to entice exploitation...The local gazettes have worked themselves into a lather trying to check up on the rumor that Loretta Young is in town incognito -- being rushed here and there by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Junior....The rumor doesn't excite your New York correspondent so much as that one which definitely couples Harpo Marx with the lovely Eileen Percy.

The New York chatter relates that the rich Billy Leeds and Olive Hamilton are nearer the Altar than ever -- for his latest gift to Miss Hamilton, who was formerly an Atlantic City phone girl, is a diamond ring containing only 48 karats.....Gertrude Vanderbilt, who was the honey of the late William Fallon, the famous attorney, is doing a book to combat "The Great Mouthpiece" movie -- which she asserts revealed Fallon as he certainly wasn't....I admire her devotion to his memory, at any rate.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Here are some things you probably never knew till now!.... That William Tell never shot an apple off anybody's head...He never existed!.....That one added to one doesn't always make two, -- try adding one drop of mercury to one drop of mercury - and SEE WHAT HAPPENS!.....That if you run over and kill a man with your car in Switzerland - you have to support his family the rest of your life....That Diogenes, who sought the honest man, was himself arrested for making counterfeit money!.....That in Caesar's time they put "guys on the spot" - as revealed by Shakespeare in Act Four of Antony's speech.....And here's one that perhaps Mr. Ripley won't believe - an oil company in Tulsa, Oklahoma last week actually surprised its employes by raising their wages 10 per cent, because, said the oil company, business justifies it!

And with that comforting news item - I return you to Mr. LUCKY STRIKE'S other Walter, until the ink on my next edition gets as dry as some politicians would have you believe they are!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Walter, you said one and one won't make two. Well, maybe you're right. But what do two Walters make? Ah, ha, let's you and I take a little vacation now and figure that out. And speaking of vacations, Here's Howard Clane, our vacation expert.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Where are you going to spend your vacation this summer? At the seashore? Or at some far-off, isolated spot in the mountains? Make sure that wherever you go you have an ever-ready supply of the world's finest cigarette - LUCKY STRIKE. When you pack your bag, slip in a tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties that convenient, metal humidor keeps your LUCKIES firm, round, ever-fresh -- always in perfect condition. What a fitting vacation companion a LUCKY STRIKE makes - with its mild, clean smoke as pure as the country air you breathe....for LUCKY STRIKE, made of the finest tobacco, is the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, made so of course by that famous LUCKY STRIKE Process which expels, throws out, removes -- certain impurities that Mother Nature hides in every tobacco leaf. Wherever you may be how good it is to taste and inhale the mellow-mild fragrance of a LUCKY. And don't forget your tin or tins of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties -- LUCKY STRIKE - "IT'S TOASTED" - the mildest cigarette you ever smoked.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(WITH A SIGH) Ah, yes! Vacations. Things to do! Sports in the daytime and then, those balmy summer evenings -- a mellow moon -- twinkling stars -- lanterns hung around a dance floor -- a beautiful girl in your arms -- and music, sweet music. Oh, Joe, let's dance -- no, no, no, I don't mean you and me. I mean, "Play! And everybody dance!"

(WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

You can't refuse when Walter paints such a picture, so
dance to -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

JOE MOSS:

From the summer dance floor, the Magic Carpet hops back
to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Fine, Joe, fine! A few minutes ago, ladies and gentlemen,
I mentioned the birthday of the Prince of Wales. Today he's
thirty-eight and he's still a bachelor. America likes the Prince....
he's a grand fellow. Of course that's on hearsay...they wouldn't
let me into Buckingham Palace. Of course, I've been presented at
court...but I was presented by a policeman with a summons. They did
SO want to see me. Well I hear the Prince can speak six languages...
six foreign tongues he's mastered...but so far he hasn't learned to
say whoa to a horse. The Prince of Wales is one of the world's
famous bachelors...and with the new bill for taxation it looks as
if the bachelor...any bachelor in America...must pay for his fun.
Of course there should be a tax on bachelors...there's one on dogs.
The tax on dogs is \$2 and the tax on bachelors ought to be at least
\$5 because...a bachelor is more than twice as dangerous.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

MR. O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

I'm all for the idea...I know a couple of old bachelors and I'd love to see them running around wearing a leather collar and a brass tag around their necks. We could have a place like the dog pound...all bachelors lost, strayed or stolen would be held there for three days and if nobody turned up to claim them on the fourth day we could drown them. ALL in favor say Aye...and thank Mr. Dooley for the idea. Wait a minute, right now, it might be a good idea for me to pipe down while Howard Claney pipes up. Mr. Claney...front and center.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Every smoker inhales! For every smoker breathes in some part of his or her cigarette smoke! That's why it's important to choose a cigarette that's truly mild! LUCKY STRIKE -- it's mild because "IT'S TOASTED!" Certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf have been removed! And that's why folks everywhere say LUCKIES are the mildest cigarette they ever smoked!

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Before I steer the Magic Carpet again I can't help telling you that today in the paper I saw a picture of a very famous antique...an old old gent who came from Constantinople to visit America two years ago...maybe you remember...Zaro Agha...one hundred and fifty seven years old....Eastern Daylight time. He has been married twelve times...and had three sets of natural teeth and is now breaking in another set for a friend. Now, how could a fellow...even over in Turkey...marry twelve times? I guess it's because of that old Turkish custom.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

You've seen those pictures of the young Turkish women... they wear veils over their faces until they're married...a sort of mosquito netting over the pan...so that explains why Zaro Agha married twelve times...he's a big boy at heart who never got over playing blind man's buff. But now the child's play is over and the dance is on again. Magic Carpet, proceed at once to the dance floor!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, JOE MOSS!

JOE MOSS:

Off the magic carpet! Everybody, come onto the dance floor while we play -- (TITLES)

(
(
(
(
(

JOE MOSS:

Here's the high-flying Magic Carpet, Walter.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Joe Moss. You know, that Magic Carpet comes so fast sometimes I have a hard time putting on the brakes. Now to the very center of it steps Winchell, Sir Walter Winchell, who's saving all his money these days. He should. When television comes in and we can see everything too, Walter doesn't want to have first place in the headline.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

So open that big American Ear, ladies and gentlemen, while the great mouthpiece speaks his little piece. I'm not nervous Winchell...how are you?

WALTER WINCHELL:

In the opening stanza tonight I told of an Oklahoma company which raised salaries 10 per cent -- and there is this cheerful report to add to that one -- that over a dozen banking houses in the Wall Street sector last week -- re-hired from 10 to 25 per cent of their laid-off staffs - apparently having found that well-known corner!.....Broadway hot-spots however, are having a trying time of it - for their greatest annoyance is now a young detective - who was formerly in the chorus of a Ziegfeld show - and he is making numerous raids on the illegal places that once let him run up bills... When he returns from his current world-tour Robert Ripley, the Believe-It-Or-Not man, will ankle up a middle-aisle with Marcheta Nicholai, whose name certainly wouldn't suggest that she is a colleen, which she is....And that Cupid feller tells me that wedding bells are being tuned for the merger of Damon Runyon, the well-known sports writer - to Patrice Gridier, a dancer from Yucatan.

I trust the Des Moines, Iowa tuner-inners did not believe the story that broke there the other day - in which three vagrants were jailed....They told the police that their names were Al Smith, Jim Reed and Walt Winchell....The New York papers, however, would be funny and they played those tags up in headlines - and I can just imagine how disappointed a lot of people were, when they discovered that those names were fictitious.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

There is this to make a note of --- before I forget...And that is that Mr. LUCKY STRIKE'S grand cooperation with the famous Man-A-Block Plan has succeeded more than any of us ever anticipated... For the American Legion now reports that since the plan was adopted nearly one million men have been put to work.....All of us on this hour certainly are happy over that fact - and we are grateful to all those cities and towns that fell in line.

You probably have read in the papers that the Jack Gilbert-Virginia Bruce wedding bells are being tuned -- and that some of the west coasters have been so mean as to infer that the romance is strictly another publicity trick.....Well, I don't believe that it is -- for Gilbert has been decorating Virginia's arms with bracelets that contain the kind of ice which never melts -- and you know what that means....When George Raft was here he did the town with Sally O'Neil -- and all I could think about as I observed them in the cozy corners, was that before Raft became such a favorite, he adored Sally's sister, Molly O'Day....This Saturday will signal the marriage in Hollywood of Eunice Chapin, who writes engaging novels, to John Larkin, also a writer, who met Eunice when she was the editor of a prominent New York magazine.....After an absence of three months Colonel Lindbergh is again in activity -- resuming his research work for the Rockefeller Institute.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

George M. Cohan is without a doubt the outstanding hero of the stage and screen, - because of his great talents and because he is such a generous person...His weekly payroll, any one will tell you around Broadway, is over \$1000 weekly, - all of that coin going to former colleagues of the stage, who now are distressed.... Mr. Cohan, in fewer words, continues to help those who once helped him climb to the heights....But what I started out to say was that there are several people in Hollywood, who are mighty glad he is again in their midst - for when Cohan was there ten years ago he - he divided \$10,000 of his salary with the cast after the picture was finished Of thee I sing, Georgie!

Speaking of big money, as so few people are these days, Connie Bennett has turned down \$20,000 per week to make personal appearances....Because, says Connie, it would disturb her peace of mind, and she is afraid to face an audience...Lupe Velez was due to arrive back in her California this evening, where Bertrand Taylor of New York's top-hat set, hopes that Gary Cooper is too busy to notice....For Lupe, according to Mayfair talk, told Taylor that while she was home, she would consider his proposal.....In response to the queries from all over the states about what does Garbo intend doing, if anything - there is this to chronicle - the MGM firm is willing to pay her the stiff raise in wages she demands-- and Greta is marking time before she decides....Her manager, however, states that Garbo will leave the country at the end of this month - and he ought to know....But he adds, she probably will return before the New Year, and that's something to comfort her admirers.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

.....It will interest you, I think, to learn that when I was out there, officials of that flicker firm said that Marie Dressler was their champ attraction, so far as box office returns are concerned, and that Joan Crawford ran second, Norma Shearer third and Greta fourth.

And that, Mr. and Mrs. America, winds up my nonsense for tonight. Until next Thursday night at the same time, then, I remain your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, who was in the parade which welcomed home Amelia Earhart through the financial district - where they no longer throw ticker tape - but stocks and bonds!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And if that's really so, Walter, I'll bet you and Ben Bernie grabbed the job of sweeping up. And now we turn from Winchell's column to Howard Claneys column on the sports page.

HOWARD CLANEY:

The battle of the champions is on - the famous National Open Golf Championship started today out there on the greens and fairways at Fresh Meadow Country Club, Long Island...And say - the galleries saw some grand golf as they followed champion and challengers around those tricky 18 holes....Among those present, of course, was the champion of cigarettes - LUCKY STRIKE. Trust those sport lovers and society leaders out there on the course to choose the mildest of cigarettes! They recognize in that distinctive LUCKY STRIKE blend of fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos a flavor no other cigarette offers.

(MR. CLANEY CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

HOWARD CLANEY: (CONTINUES)

But what they appreciate most is that extra mildness -
mellow-mildness - imparted by the famous LUCKY STRIKE process...that
exclusive process which removes certain impurities concealed in even
the finest tobacco leaves. No wonder the majority of discriminating
smokers everywhere make LUCKIES their standby! LUCKY STRIKE is the
mildest cigarette you ever smoked -- mellow-mild because "IT'S
TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Listen all you people out on the Western ranches...and all
of you on the Southern plantations...there's a big parade here in
New York.....Manhattan has gone Joe Moss....and where Joe plays
you'll see the big shots of Broadway....rubbing elbows....and trading
long lefts with the Park Avenue crowd as Joe Moss ladles out a
lovely lilt....it's a Grade A Lilt...but the best is none too good
when you're on the Magic Carpet...so stick with Abou Ben Ali O'Keefe
of the Persian O'Keefes while we hop it back to Joe Moss and his
band.

ON WITH THE DANCE, JOE MOSS (WHISTLE) OKAY, AMERICA!

JOE MOSS:

This time, we'll play -- (TITLES)

(
(
(
(
(

JOE MOSS:

And now, the Pilot of the Carpet will sing "Home, Sweet Home".

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

You can't kid me about singing Joe Moss. Just for that I WILL sing - but not now - a week from tonight. Now you can go out to the ice-box and, by the way, let's tip the hat to Gainesville Alabammy....a town of four hundred people....and Mayor Norwood who found the town treasury in such a healthy state that he's giving away ice free to every one in town this summer. Oh, the ice man is a nice man....he delivers every day. The housewives love to see him...cause they never have to pay. "Are you hearin, folks, are ya hearing?" Doesn't that remind you that Saturday night the Magic Carpet brings you that mad insane crazy zany Bert Lahr, the Broadway clown, who goes through fire and water "For the Love of Tootsie." Saturday night on the LUCKY STRIKE HOUR. Reach for it!.....and now for a bed time story. It has to do with the lovely dumbbell who turned nineteen and blossomed into a very gorgeous gal. With no education at all she was knocked off her pins when Ziegfeld signed her as a dancer at seven hundred and fifty a week. She just couldn't be ritzy enough to live up to that big salary. So when the show broke in Boston...she spent a month there and picked up an accent like the Bostonians with a very broad A. But still she felt she needed something more to live up to her seven fifty a week.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

So she hired a maid... a personal maid... and then she strutted like a grand dame in Society. Sometime another girl in the show ran onto the stage before the curtain went up and cried out "Oh Grace, have you got a pin?" Whereupon the lovely ritz dumbbell drew herself up in her haughtiest high hat manner and said "I'm very sorry....but my maid is out at present and I DON'T know where the PINS IS."

Don't forget that on Saturday night we've got a date with Bert Lahr and George Olsen's Orchestra. Sweet dreams to you....one and all.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD OLANEY:

"MANHATTAN MADNESS" from "FACE THE MUSIC", "BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA" from "RHYTHM MANIA"; "WHO" from "SUNNY" "MATE FOR TWO" from "NO NO NANETTE" and "YOU CAN MAKE MY LIFE A BED OF ROSES" from "HOT CHA" were all played by special permission of the copyright owners.

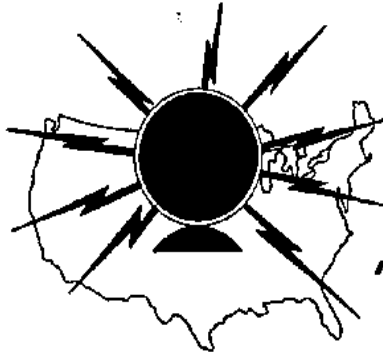
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AGENCY/WINCHELL/O'KEEFE/chilleen
6/23/32

ATX01 0032154

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the LUCKY STRIKE thrills ----- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and, in addition, the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays, and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian, on Saturdays. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening and greetings, ladies and gentlemen...this is the Pilot of Ye Magic Carpet saluting the All American family from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from seacoast to seacoast. As my Aunt Mame used to say "Life is just a bowl of conventions" and to paraphrase (and ask any one who knows me if I'm not an enthusiastic paraphraser)....well to paraphrase the popular song "The Democrats are still without a sweetheart now with summer coming on." So a special greeting to you Jeffersonian gentlemen and ladies who are pitching your tents in Chicago tonight for the opening of the convention on Monday. Hop on the Magic Carpet, my friends, --- and be the guest of Mr. Lucky Strike while we all dance and Bert Lahr, radio's new clown, goes a little bit mad and crazy "For the Love of Tootsie." But meanwhile, how about a tonic? How about a dance? How about a pick-me-up? All right, we WILL pick you up -- pick you up and put you all on the Magic Carpet so you can travel eastward to hear George Olsen and his orchestra -- that great aggregation of horn-tooters and string-pickers which nightly delights the crowds that flock to the Hollywood Gardens up in New York Westchester section. Now the Magic Carpet squeezes into George Olsen's train and there you are.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

(GEORGE OLSEN'S TRAIN SIGNATURE)

GEORGE OLSEN:

All out, all out, I hope you weren't crowded on our trip
but if you were, get out on the dance floor now and limber up while
we play --- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Walter, here comes the Magic Carpet.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Olsen, you win the Pulitzer prize with a side order of
Wurlitzer. I'm the type of listener who enjoys those novelty songs
of yours and I want to make a suggestion. Please in one of your
future programs give us a spirited rendition of the Wall Street
song....the stock market anthem....the one that goes "All of Me....
why not take all of me." But as they say at the twelve mile
limit....let's get down to cases. What do you want? What do I
want? What does everybody want? Howard Claney has the answer to
that.

HOWARD CLAXEY:

Everybody wants a mild cigarette! Plenty of flavor.... plenty of taste....but mild. LUCKY STRIKE believes there is only one way to make a cigarette truly mild -- and that is to start with the most tender, most delicious tobaccos -- the finest Turkish and domestic leaf that money can buy! But that's only the start! Then LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive purifying process removes certain impurities that Nature hides in every tobacco leaf regardless of quality! That's why millions of folks from Maine to California say LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest cigarette they ever smoked. Keep that in mind, for if you smoke, you inhale -- you breathe in some part of the smoke from your cigarette. So protect your delicate membranes. LUCKY STRIKE -- it's mild because "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

This is O'Keefe again, my dear customers of the Hartford Connecticut branch of the O'Keefes....better known on the radio as the Man Without a Contest. Tomorrow morning I'm going to have breakfast in my bed and read those Sunday papers about the Democratic doings out on the shores of Lake Michigan. I like to start reading the Sunday papers on Sunday....and one time....I remember it well...I finished them up on Wednesday. I was just reading today about one of the delegates to the convention who arrived in Chicago this morning. He went to the Sherman Hotel and at the desk he asked for the Credit Manager....When the Credit man came he handed him a little square package and said "Here.... here are four bottles of RED INK...Please give them to the bookkeeper - he'll need it. I think we'll be here for four weeks."

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Well LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides....Are we Republican or are we Democratic?.....Are We WET or ARE WE DRY.....You bet we are! There's only one thing on which I take sides and that's Bert Lahr and his love of Tootsie. Take sides? Why I HOLD my sides when he gets going with his comical capers. By the way, he'll be in the center of the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet in about fifteen or twenty minutes.

And now there's a rumor floating around here that Olsen and the boys are ready to put the ball in play again, so let's give 'em the whistle. Up on the Magic Carpet Helen...make your husband get off his base and dance the way he did when he was courting. Let's circle the Magic Carpet over Manhattan and make a three point landing right on George Olsen's shoulders.

ON WITH THE DANCE, ETHEL SHUTTAR'S HUSBAND (WHISTLE) OKAY,
NEW YORK!

GEORGE OLSEN:

My shoulders are broad but I don't think I can carry the whole load. So get out on the dance floor, everybody, while we play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

GEORGE OLSEN:

Here comes the Magic Carpet, Walter, as fast as Gene Sarazen's drives!

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

And that's fast! I know you can take it or leave it Olsen. Let's see if you can take it. Now about your golf, George, I think the Greens Committee should pass special laws for you. Olsen, ladies and gentlemen, knows it's an old scotch game...he's the scotchiest of the scotch...you want to reach for cracked ice and other things...he makes short drives...fifty yards or so.... he doesn't want to lose the ball. As a golfer he's a great scene-shifter so if you need any advice on how to excavate, write to your Congressman or call upon your neighborhood grocer or nearest druggist. But tut-tut.....let's have another tut-tut on the house. Mister LUCKY STRIKE has made a definite stand on one thing..... smoking....so while I go out and inhale on my own hook Howard Claney will take twenty seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

Every LUCKY STRIKE you smoke is a delicious blend of the world's choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos -- made extra mild -- mellow-mild -- by that famous LUCKY STRIKE process which removes certain impurities hidden in every tobacco leaf. That's why people everywhere are talking about the mildness of LUCKIES. LUCKY STRIKE is mild -- because "IT'S TOASTED!"

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now ladies and gentlemen, we come to the Man of the Hour... the LUCKY Man of the Hour.....Bert Lahr. All you need to know to follow Bert Lahr (and if you follow him long enough you'll wind up chasing butterflies in the subway).....well all you need to know is that the story is called "FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE." He wants a job....last week he tried to crash the gate as a radio pronouncer... and he wound up looking through the want-ads for a new idea. Tonight finds him in a pet-shop in the midst of dogs, cats, birds, monkeys - pets of every description including the owner. So let's get out on the Magic Carpet.....out in the open air of America's Main Street and then hide behind the gold fish bowl while Bert makes faces at the animals.

ON WITH THE SHOW, FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE! (WHISTLE)

OKAY, BERT LAHR!

(BERT LAHR -- "PET SHOP")

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well, the cat's out of the bag and Bert Lahr's out of a job, but we're not out of music! Not by a long shot -- George Olsen's music is here and the Magic Carpet, too, to get us on the dance floor in a hurry.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

We swing right into the dance with -- (TITLES)

(
(
(
(
(

GEORGE OLSEN:

The Magic Carpet flashes back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

While George Olsen was handing out such inviting music, I've been wondering if Bert Lahr will get a job. By the way, see that you stay near a loud speaker next Saturday night to hear how Bert solves his business problems (and such a business) for the love of Tootsie. You know, the unemployment problem started in my own family. My brother Jack was the first fellow to lose his job three years ago. It was a swell job too...he only worked one day a year. He was an egg hider on Easter Sunday. Last year he hid the eggs so well that he couldn't find them himself. So he's lost that job...and he's got a new one. He's a big pillow and mattress man - with blankets on top, but they took away his pillow and mattress so now he's sleeping on a couple of political planks...but LUCKY STRIKE takes no sides....neither does my brother....he sleeps on his stomach...

Aw let's drop it....and let's pick up Howard Clancy who is a man of few words.

ATX01 0032162

HOWARD CLANEY:

Vacation days are here! Days of dancing, hiking, swimming, golfing, tennis. To make sure of an ever ready supply of the world's finest cigarette, slip into your bag that tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, that convenient metal humidor, cellophane wrapped, that keeps your LUCKIES firm, round, fresh and in perfect condition. We know that you'll appreciate the clean, mild smoke of LUCKIES -- the mildest cigarette in all the world. It's mild because "IT'S TOASTED." Certain impurities that Nature hides in every tobacco leaf have been removed by LUCKY STRIKES' purifying process. And so, wherever you go, take along an ample supply of the mellow-mildest cigarettes you ever smoked. Take along a tin or several tins of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mr. and Mrs. USA it's time we hustled back to see George Olsen paint the clouds with sunshine. So grab your partners and swing 'em round, but don't rattle the driver. I need all my wits about me....both of them....so let's loop the loop on the Magic Carpet and land feet first under the baton of that old batoneer Dr. Olsen.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY, GEORGE OLSEN!

GEORGE OLSEN:

And this time we'll play -- (TITLES)

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

GEORGE OLSEN:

All aboard! All aboard! (OLSEN'S TRAIN SIGNATURE) Now, while we dash back to the Hollywood Gardens on our train, the Magic Carpet flies back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

All out....it's the end of the line. Watch your step.... and thank Mr. Olsen...that's the attitude. That's the attitude. I'm going to take the Magic Carpet away over the week-end and use it as surf board in Oyster Bay. Just a word about Tuesday night... as you know the Magic Carpet pokes right through the files of the New York Police Department and gives you a dramatization of one of New York's most sensational crimes....The Graddock Case - a very famous case with clues that lead in all directions. You'll hear all about it on the LUCKY STRIKE Hour next Tuesday night. And now in closing I want to tip my hat to a young chicken fancier of Cherryfield Maine....a lad named Angus Robinson. He's a radio fan and he discovered that by turning on the radio in the hencoops in the morning before dawn, that he gets his hens to lay more eggs. He has had great results so you farmers may profit. He had one old hen who was very lazy and she used to see spots before her eyes when she got on a street car....they couldn't do a thing with her till they tuned her in on George Olsen's Band and she got so excited that she flew up into the nest and laid six eggs, three egg cups and two egg plants in four minutes flat.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

Then there was a giddy roman... island red...
she doesn't want me to use her name...but she's a Bing Crosby fan
and every time he croons "I Surrender Dear" she turns out a dozen
hard boiled eggs all ready for the picnic with napkins to match.
The last case concerned a stubborn old hen with whom they couldn't
do a thing....when she listened to Bert Lahr she went completely
cuckoo and poked her head in the sand under the impression that she
was an ostrich in a pet-shop. But they got the program she needed...
they tuned her in on Charles Francis Coe broadcasting the fight last
Tuesday and she got so excited she walked right up to a rooster and
traded long lefts with him. Coe was talking so fast that she took
his tempo and she laid 144 strictly fresh eggs before the tenth
round. Now they're having her wired for ham and bacon. Good work,
Master Robinson.

Now, you're on your own....and old man O'Keefe flies the
Magic Carpet out to Oyster Bay until next Tuesday night. Good night
everybody.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
6/25/32

ATX01 0032165

-11-
(FINAL DRAFT)

"A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT PROGRAM"

FEATURING

BERT LAHR

in a series of Episodes entitled:

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

EPISODE II

"THE PET SHOP"

BY

WILLIAM K. WELLS

---000---

FOR LUCKY STRIKE HOUR

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1932

---000---

ATX01 0032166

SU-153-II

(B)

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

SECOND EPISODE - (FINAL DRAFT)

"THE PET SHOP"

--ooo--

CAST:

BERT	FIRST CUSTOMER (MAN)
TOOTSIE	SECOND CUSTOMER (OLD MAID)
ANNOUNCER	THIRD CUSTOMER (DUTCHMAN)
PROPRIETOR OF PET SHOP	FOURTH CUSTOMER (WOMAN)

----:::----

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ATX01 0032167

SU-153-II

(1)

"FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE"

EPISODE II

"THE PET SHOP"

---ooo---

ANNOUNCEMENT: (FOLLOWED BY)

(SOUND: BARKING, HOWLING AND WHINING DOGS
SINGING AND CHIRPING BIRDS
SQUAWKING PARROTS
CHATTERING MONKEYS, ETC.)

ATX01 0032168

PROPRIETOR:

Before I give you the job are you sure you understand all about birds and animals.

BERT:

Do I understand about birds and animals -- do I understand? Why I speak their language. I used to work in a zoo once -- and what did they have? What did I take care of? Lions, tigers, walrusses, wood-peckers, sea gulls and other vipers. Do I know anything about birds and animals? You make me laugh.

(GONG, GONG, GONG)

PROPRIETOR:

That's all right in a zoo -- but how about domestic animals?

BERT:

Domestic or imported -- it makes no difference to me.

PROPRIETOR:

Well, I'll give you a trial and if you make good I'll keep you on.

BERT:

Now you're talking boss! Now you're talking! And I'll make good -- wait and glance and look and see if I don't. You know why? 'Cause then I can marry my Tootsie and settle down on a chicken farm --

PROPRIETOR: (ENCOURAGING)

Marry and settle on a chicken farm! Well, well! That's fine. Have you made any headway?

BERT:

Have I made any headway? I got the girl and three eggs -- three eggs.

PROPRIETOR: (LAUGHS)

That's a good start. Well, familiarize yourself with the stock while I go to lunch -- you won't have time to go to lunch so I'll send you in a plate of hash.

BERT:

Hash!

PROPRIETOR:

Yes. And I'll also send in half a fried chicken.

BERT:

Fried chicken! Now you said sumpin'! Now you're conversing! Now you're conversing!

PROPRIETOR:

Feed the chicken to the Maltese cat in cage three.

BERT:

Just a minute! Just a minute! Will that cat eat hash?

SU-153-II

-4-

PROPRIETOR:

Yes -- why?

BERT:

I just wanted to know -- I just wanted to know.

PROPRIETOR:

One thing more. See that canary in the white cage'

BERT:

You mean the canary color canary?

PROPRIETOR:

Certainly! That's the best bird in the place -- a prize winner. Isn't it a beauty?

BERT:

It's a bird! It's a bird!

PROPRIETOR:

I'm entering it in the bird show today -- so clean the cage thoroughly.

BERT:

Where will I put the canary while I'm cleaning out the cage?

ATX01 0032171

PROPRIETOR:

In another cage of course!

BERT:

That's just what I was gonna do, just what I was gonna do.

PROPRIETOR:

Well, I'll be going.

(SOUND: PARROT: "Goodbye, goodbye" SCREECH)

BERT:

What kind of a beast is that! What kind of a beast is that?

PROPRIETOR:

That's a parrot -- the one in the blue cage -- a very bright bird. Everytime the bell on the door rings and some one enters the place he yells: "Customer!"

BERT:

Now ain't that cuticle, ain't that cuticle!

(SOUND: PARROT: "Baloney!" (SCREECH) "Baloney")

BERT:

Balo-----say! He's kind of fresh too, ain't he?

PROPRIETOR: (LAUGHING)

Sometimes. Well, I'll be on my way.

(SOUND: PARROT: "Goodbye, goodbye")

(SOUND: Door bell and closing door)

BERT:

Hello, Polly -- hello, hello!

(SOUND: PARROT: "Hello, hello")

BERT:

Boo-----boop---a-----doop.

(SOUND: PARROT: "Boo--boop--a--doop")

BERT:

Come here and let me scratch your head.

(SOUND: PARROT: SCREECH)

(SOUND: RATTLE OF CAGE)

BERT:

Ouch! You bit me! You bit me! That's a fine way to show your grassitude! Why don't you be a lady -- or a gentlemen -- or whatever you are?

(SOUND: PARROT: "Ha! Ha! Ha!")

BERT:

Ha! Ha! yourself and see how you like it. If I didn't have to clean out this canary's cage I'd give you a slice of my mind! Come on canary --

(SOUND: RATTLE OF CAGE AND FLUTTER OF WINGS)

BERT:

Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. Atta birdie! I'll put you in this nice big cage.

(SOUND: OPENING AND CLOSING OF WIRE DOOR)

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer")

BERT:

Yes, sir -- what can I do for you?

FIRST CUSTOMER: (A MAN)

I'm looking for a good police dog. Have you got one?

BERT:

Have I a police dog! Have I a police dog! I got a sergeant, that's what I got -- a sergeant.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

I'd like to see him.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF CHAIN)

BERT:

Come on, sargy -- atta boy, sarg.

(SOUND: GROWL)

BERT:

Look at him! Some dog! Some quinine!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Say, are you sure he's a police dog

BERT:

Am I sure? Am I sure? Why he was born in a patrol wagon!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

He don't look so hot.

BERT:

Why should he? He's not a hog dog, -- he's a police dog --
a police dog.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Huh? - He doesn't look like a police dog to me.

BERT:

That's because we shaved off his coat this morning -- he
was promoted -- he's a plain-clothes man.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Does he like children?

BERT:

Does he like children? He's crazy about children. He's got six of his own.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

I mean will he eat off a child's hand?

BERT:

He'll eat off a child's leg, an arm an ear! And is he smart! Ask him questions -- ask him questions! If the answer is "yes" he'll wag his tail up and down -- if the answer is "no" he'll wag it sideways.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

What are you talking about? He has no tail. What happened to it?

BERT:

He wore it off answering questions.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

No -- I'm afraid he won't do!

BERT:

Back to the station house, sarg-- back to the station house.

(SOUND: BARK AND FADE)

(SOUND: CHAIN AND WOOD)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

What I really want is a good watch dog.

BERT:

Why didn't you say so? Here's just what you're looking for. Just the thing.

(SOUND: TOY DOG BARK)

FIRST CUSTOMER:

That tiny little thing? (LAUGHS) What in the world kind of a watch dog do you call him?

BERT:

A wrist watch dog -- a wrist watch dog!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Say, you're wasting my time! Come on get down to business. Have you got a bloodhound?

BERT:

Have I got a bloodhound! Wait'll you see him!

(SOUND: RATTLE OF WIRE NETTING)

here'ya, boy, atta boy!

(SOUND: GROWL)

BERT:

Look at him. Ain't he a la-la?

FIRST CUSTOMER:

A bloodhound? Huh -- He doesn't look like a bloodhound.

BERT:

Well, he might be a little anaemic -- he just got over a nervous breakdown.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

He evidently has just gotten over something. Will he pick up a scent?

BERT:

Will he pick up a cent! He'll pick up a half a dollar.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

He's an old boy -- he looks like one of the original bloodhounds that chased Liza across the ice.

BERT:

He is -- he is! And he would have caught her too ---
only for one thing.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

What was that?

BERT:

He got cold feet.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

Ridiculous.

BERT:

Is zat so? Is zat so? You try chasing a woman across
the ice in your bare feet -- you'll find out!

FIRST CUSTOMER:

No use wasting any more time -- I'll go down to the dog
pound and get a dob.

BERT:

Don't be silly. Why go there? That's where we get ours.

FIRST CUSTOMER:

They look it. Good morning!

BERT:

Good afternoon!

FIRST CUSTOMER: (FROM A DISTANCE)

Good night!

BERT:

Thank goodness that day is over.

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer! Customer!")

BERT:

Just a minute, lady, 'till I put away this cow.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF CHAIN AND CHAIN ON WOOD)

(SOUND: GROWL)

Something I can do for you?

SECOND CUSTOMER: (A WOMAN)

Yes. What have you in the shape of a black cat?

BERT:

A black kitten.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

A black kitten! Oh, my! How funny!

(LAUGHS SHRILLY AND CONTINUES TO DO SO)

(SOUND: PARROT Laughs)

BERT:

Aw, shut up!

SECOND CUSTOMER: (STOPS LAUGHING SUDDENLY)

Sir!

BERT:

I wasn't talking to you, lady. I was talking to that unripe canary with the Roman nose.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

May I see the kitten?

BERT:

Sure you can see it, sure you can.

(SOUND: WOOD SCRAPING AGAINST WIRE NETTING)

Here y'ar, pussy, come on pussy cat. Looka that lady! Look at the puss on that puss!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Oh, it's a darling. How much is it?

BERT:

It's worth ten -- we're asking eight -- but we'll take five.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Oh, dear -- I do want it -- but I only have three dollars with me.

BERT:

That's all right, lady -- that's all right. I'll owe you two, I'll owe you two.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Oh, thank you -- and I want some catnip. But it must be the best. I got some at the Peter Pet Shop and it wasn't a bit good.

BERT:

Know why? 'Cause they get their catnip from a bootlegger-- that's why. It's out stuff. Our stuff is ninety proof! One taste of our catnip will make a kitten wanna walk up to a bull-dog and slap him right in the face.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

I think I'll try some.

BERT:

Well -- er -- I don't know how it will work on you.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Sir!

BERT:

On the cat! On the cat!

SECOND CUSTOMER:

You're a scream.

(LAUGHS)

(SOUND: PARROT laughs)

BERT:

I hope you choke.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

Sir!

BERT:

Not you! I was talking to the green canary again.

SECOND CUSTOMER:

My error. Well, thank you and goodbye.

BERT:

Goodbye. Thanks for intruding. Thanks for intruding.

(SOUND: DOORBELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer!")

(SOUND: DOG BARKING)

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Quiet, Yulius! Quiet!

(SOUND: TWO DOGS BARKING ENDING IN A FIGHT)

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Here! Stop it! Stop it!

BERT:

Say, what's the idea! What's the idea! If your dog wants to fight take him over to Madison Square Gardens.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Is dot so? Vell here he is it and here he stays.

BERT:

What do you mean, here he stays -- what do you mean?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Two weeks ago I boud dis dog in dis place and the boss guaranteed dot he was a bird-dog --- but he ain't!

BERT:

He is a bird, he is. Look at the feathers sticking out all over him.

THIRD CUSTOMERS:

Horsefeathers! Yesterday I took him out hunting and he wouldn't touch a bird. Not one bird would be touch.

BERT:

Sure he wouldn't. You've got to cook 'em for him. You've got to cook 'em.

THIRD CUSTOMER:

I don't want him. Give me an exchange mit something else.

BERT:

How about an aeroplane dog?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Vot is dot, a aeroplane dog?

BERT:

A sky terrier -- you ought to see his tail spin. Is that comical! Is that jocular! Is that a witticism!

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Bah! I got no time for such foolishment. Have you got a speaking carrot?

BERT:

A speak--a--a--a speaking what?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

A speaking carrot -- you know vat says: "Bolly wants a krecker!"

BERT:

Do you mean a parrot?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Sure -- a carrot.

BERT:

OH, boy -- is that humoresque -- wait a minute, I gotta laugh.

(GONG, GONG, GONG)

(SOUND: PARROT: "GONG, GONG, GONG -- GONG, GONG, GONG")

BERT:

Hey! Stop stealin' my stuff! Stop stealin' my stuff!

THIRD CUSTOMER: (LAUGHS)

Dot's a schmart carrot -- does he speak it der English Langkitch?

BERT:

Wassat? Wassat?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

I said does he speak it der English Langkitch.

BERT:

Better than you do -- better than you do!

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Oh! Vait! I see vat I vant -- give me dot funny looking monkey.

BERT:

What funny looking monkey -- where?

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Right in front of you.

BERT:

That's not a monkey! That's me in the looking-glass -- that's me!

(SOUND: PARROT: LAUGHS)

BERT:

Shut your face -- shut your mouth -- shut your beak!

THIRD CUSTOMER:

Ach -- I guess it's no use. I come back when the boss is here. Good-bye.

BERT:

Goodbye, farewell, reservoir, and scam!

(SOUND: DOG BARK)

HEY! Wait a minute! You forgot the sea lion!

THIRD CUSTOMER: (FROM A DISTANCE)

Here Yulius! Come Yulius!

(SOUND: DOG BARK -- DIMINISHING IN DISTANCE)

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer!")

BERT:

How do you do?

FOURTH CUSTOMER: (WOMAN)

How do you do. I want three perfectly matched canaries.

BERT:

That's something we haven't got.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Why, there are four perfectly matched birds in a cage in the window. Give me three of them.

BERT:

Not a chance, lady -- not a chance -- that's a quartette and I can't split 'em. How about four pigeons?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Pigeons! I detest pigeons!

BERT:

Shh! Not so loud. See that pigeon over there? Be careful what you say in front of him -- he's a stool pigeon.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

How silly. Have you a real good singer?

BERT:

Have I got a real good singer! Have a got a singer! I got one right from the Metropelican Opera House.

(SOUND: CAGE BEING PLACED ON COUNTER)

BERT:

Sing, birdie! Do your stuff! Do your stuff!

(SOUND: CANARY SINGING)

BERT:

Listen to that symphoneyical twittering! Listen to it!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

It sings beautifully, but I certainly wouldn't buy that bird!

BERT:

Why not? Why not?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

It has only one leg.

BERT:

Well, what do you want? A singer or a dancer?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

See here! I haven't time to listen to silly jokes. I want a bird that's out of the ordinary. Have you any magpies?

BERT:

No, ma'm. Only blueberry and custard.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Will you please talk sense? Suggest something novel -- a feathered pet that will look cute in a hanging cage.

BERT:

How about an ostrich.

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

An ostrich!

BERT:

Yes -- or a mud-hen. They're pretty, they're pretty!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Ridiculous!

BERT:

Wait a minute! I got it! Just what you want!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

What?

BERT:

A turkey buzzard! Are they cuticle! Are they sweet!
Are they delicious!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Oh, never mind the bird. Let me see -- what else was it
I wanted? Oh, yes. Something unique for the aquarium.

BERT:

An octopus!

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

Certainly not! How are your polly-wogs?

BERT:

Fine thanks -- how are all your relations?

FOURTH CUSTOMER:

You're impossible! Good-day!

BERT:

Good-day -- come around tomorrow -- maybe I'll have a nice red herring!

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer!")

TOOTSIE:

Hello, Bert.

BERT:

H'ya, Tootsie! H'ya girlie! H'ya, baby! My Tootsie!

TOOTSIE:

I'm on my way to rehearsal. I thought I'd drop in to see if you got the job.

BERT:

I got it, baby -- and it's some job -- some job!

TOOTSIE:

Oh, I'm so glad. I do hope you'll hold it.

BERT:

Leave it to me, baby -- I'll hold this job for life -- maybe longer. We'll soon be getting married and then --- do you know what we're gonna have?

TOOTSIE:

The chicken farm!

BERT:

You said it! And oh, boy! Are we gonna have plenty of eggs! Our chickens will be layin' eggs day and night -- day and night! Know why? 'Cause I'm gonna feed 'em cake!"

TOOTSIE:

Cake?

BERT:

Yes -- layer cake. I been lookin' around, Tootsie, and did I see a swell little farm! Gee, it's pretty! It sets in a little vale in the heart of a valley right on the side of a mountain near a hill. And what a cute little house -- surrounded by trees and bushes and scrubbery -- and the land is well irrigated, so we'll have a truck farm too.

TOOTSIE:

What will we raise on the truck farm, Bert?

BERT:

Trucks. You know -- vegetables, flowers, spinach, and stuff. And I got a great idea, Tootsie. I'm going to mix corn and lima bean seeds together and oh, boy will we have succotash! Will we have succotash!

TOOTSIE:

What a glorious picture you're painting, Bert!

BERT:

And I got a lot of paint left, too! At night when the sun has set -- and gee, Tootsie, it sets just two miles from the house -- we'll go strolling down the lane, watching the trees climb over the moon-beams, chasing rainbows through the humidity of the beautiful summer skies -- if you know what I mean?

TOOTSIE:

I do, Bert, and it's just too wonderful for words!

BERT:

I know all the words, baby, but I don't know where to put 'em. I don't know where to put 'em.

TOOTSIE:

I understand, dear. It will be our paradise!

BERT:

You said it, Tootsie -- you said it! Happy times! and merry moments! Some fun! Some goin's on! I'm so happy I could sing.

(SINGS: "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN")

(SOUND: DOGS START HOWLING)

BERT:

Listen to that harmony! Even the dogs are full of
romance -- and such.

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

(SOUND: PARROT: "Customer, customer!")

BERT:

Here comes the boss.

TOOTSIE:

Oh! I'd better go.

BERT:

No, wait. I want you to meet him. Oh, boss -- this is
Tootsie -- Tootsie let me produce the boss.

TOOTSIE:

How do you do.

PROPRIETOR:

Glad to know you.

BERT:

Tootsie's the girl I'm gonna marry -- and are we gonna
have a chicken farm! Say, listen --

PROPRIETOR: (LAUGHINGLY)

Some other time, Bert. Right now I'm in a hurry to get my prize canary over to the Bird Show. Did you clean the cage?

BERT:

Not yet. I was too busy! Oh, boy, did we do a big business while you were gone!

PROPRIETOR:

That's fine. Where's the bird?

BERT:

In the wooden cage.

PROPRIETOR:

Why, there's a cat in that cage! Where's the canary?

BERT:

In the cat -- in the cat.

PROPRIETOR:

You idiot! You imbecile! That's the only bird I had to enter in the Show! What will I do?

BERT:

Enter the cat! Enter the cat!

PROPRIETOR:

You fool! I've trained that bird for months and you --
you -----Get out of here! Get out! And don't come back!

BERT:

That's just what I was gonna do. And furthermore and
heretofore do you want to know something? I quit! I'm through!
I resignee! Come on, Tootsie!

(SOUND: PARROT: "GOODBYE, GOODBYE"-- LAUGHS)

(SOUND: DOOR BELL AND CLOSING DOOR)

BERT:

Fired again, Tootsie! Fired again! And just when I
thought everything was going to be hunky dory!

TOOTSIE:

Don't lose heart, Bert -- don't be discouraged. You'll
find another job -- a far better one. I know you will. And
everything will come out all right. Wait and see. Remember, Rome
wasn't built in a day.

BERT:

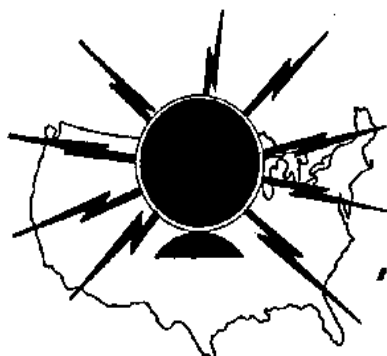
You said it, Tootsie -- you said it! My father always
told me if you don't succeed the first time, make hay and you'll
gather moss.

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

WILLIAM K. WELLS/chilleen
6/25/32

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY • THURSDAY • SATURDAY

10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the LUCKY STRIKE thrills --- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and, in addition, the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays, and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian, on Saturdays. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, -- and on top of that a hearty hello and howdeedoo? Two weeks ago tonight the Republicans started their little argument, a week ago tonight Jack Sharkey and Moxie Schmelling settled their differences and tonight in Chicago all the good democrats are holding a festival to announce the engagement of their sweetheart, -- whoever he may be. Of course you may not like the man that either party picks for you but there's one consolation.....only one of them can be elected. Whichever way the convention goes let's give them our good wishes,..they're trying to do a good job.

The Magic Carpet living up to its campaign promises brings you tonight a real mystery thriller....a drama founded on facts in the New York Police Files, and our music tonight comes from the other coast, the sun-kissed coast of California, so right now if you're wondering what that giddy feeling is...it's the Magic Carpet lifting you up....playing leap frog with the Rockies and introducing you to Ted Fiorito and his orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE). OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

As the Magic Carpet settles down here in San Francisco Ted Fiorito and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

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SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Now we flash across the continent back to Walter O'Keefe.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The Magic Carpet is back in New York. I'm certainly getting a lesson in geography sending it out across country. I see the cities, the fields, the mountains and the forests but I'm not the only expert on such things. Howard Claney has a word about Nature lovers.

HOWARD CLANEY:

A beautiful estate near Chicago was opened today to lovers of shrubs, green lawns and flowers! We, too, would like to invite these same ladies and gentlemen to inspect another display of the glories of Nature...the world's greatest collection of fine Turkish and domestic tobaccos....the mild, fragrant leaves that go into LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. We would like to show these people how the "Toasting" Process draws out certain impurities that Nature hides in even the most delicate tobacco leaf. Then they would know why discriminating smokers...why folks in every city, town and hamlet are talking -- talking about the mildness of LUCKY STRIKE! Made of the mellow-mildest of fine tobaccos...then "IT'S TOASTED".... LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest -- the finest cigarette you ever smoked!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Now, we're on our way again! I take Uncle Sam and the missus, his nephews and nieces, and knock their peace of mind to pieces. Uncle Sam, a few years ago in New York I lived on Washington Square. There was a proud aristocratic mansion across the way...it looked like a happy home...and was until a band of international thieves and cut-throats stepped in and almost wrecked it. Headlines blared from the front pages...an alarm went out all over the country - all over the world - and the New York Police Department turned loose the defenders of the law...their crack detectives who went after the criminals hammer and tongs. So tonight the true exciting hysterical events of that crime are dramatized for you. In the pilot seat with me is one of our great American Authorities on crime detecting....a man who has won his spurs in many a struggle with the tough guys of the underworld. Mr. Dominick Henry, former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York Police Department is no stage detective...he's the real thing....and he speaks from experiences and is here by request of the Police Commissioner of New York, Edward P. Mulrooney ...so let's turn over the Magic Carpet to his steady hand.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, INSPECTOR HENRY!

INSPECTOR HENRY:

The story you will hear tonight concerns a very famous case, which we will call the "Craddock Case," a brutal crime committed by a most dangerous murderer in the home of a celebrated international banker in New York City. Everything in these dramatizations of real police cases from the files of the New York Police Department is real life except that fictitious names are used throughout. By placing at the disposal of the sponsors of this program the complete records and files of each case, Commissioner Mulrooney hopes that every member of this vast audience will again be most forcibly impressed by the fact that crime does not pay.

(FIRST PART CRADDOCK CASE)

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet is on its way again --

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

With you as our only orchestra tonight, Florito, I should be singing "You're My Everything".....You ARE everything in the music field tonight, Ted, but that isn't the whole story. There's a tobacco field, too, from which - but here's Howard Claney who will relieve me for 20 seconds while I make sure that the ten prisoners in the vault are not getting on each other's nerves. Mr. Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

If you smoke, you inhale! You breathe in some part of the smoke from your cigarette! Isn't that the best reason in the world for choosing the mildest of cigarettes? Everywhere you go, you hear folks say that LUCKY STRIKE is the mildest cigarette that money can buy! Mild! Yes, it's mild because "IT'S TOASTED!"

--STATION BREAK--

WALTER O'KEEFE:

By the way ladies and gentlemen....and I address these remarks to all of you who live outside the city of New York....as you know New York is the greatest summer resort in the world...or that's what they say....I've got my own ideas.....but honestly I enjoyed a treat the other day that's awaiting any and all who come to town this summer. By all means do this if you come to town....Go up to the top of the Empire State Building. It's a kick! You go up one hundred and two stories....highest in the world...well you go up in these high speed elevators...that is YOU go up first and your stomach follows afterwards.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

And up at the top the view is marvelous but those offices on the seventieth to eightieth floors. How are they going to rent them. Suppose you're walking down Fifth Avenue...and you look up at the building. You can't see a For Rent sign in a window that far away. I heard that Al Smith is afraid the Empire State Building is getting lonesome....so now he's going to erect another one next door that's exactly the same....just to keep it company.

Tell you more later but let's relax...put on your Old relaxer Annie....borrow some floating power from the Magic Carpet.... it lifts you up....WHUP...like that and where you are, I ask you.... RIGHT....Back in San Francisco with Ted Fiorito.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Yes, here you are in San Francisco where we'll play --

(TITLES)

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SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

From the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic speeds the Magic Carpet --

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Good work, Florito. I'll toss it back in a few minutes, Ted, but while you stroll out on the balcony and look at the lights of San Francisco, Mike's boy Walter is going to take his countrymen on the Magic Carpet back to the world of thieves and murderers and safecrackers and detectives. Some of you were probably putting out the milk bottles or chasing away a bill collector a little earlier when we dramatized the first part of that famous New York mystery thriller....The Craddock Case. A band of international criminals are headed by a smooth oily bird named Henri. You know when you first meet Henri.....you don't like him. Really.....you don't like him at all....but after you know him a while you hate him. Here's where we take a hop skip and a jump right back into the midst of the ten people who were all locked up in an airtight vault. What happens to them?....Do they wind up happy? Does the VAULT comes out happy? I don't know....let's see....here we go....Come on Magic Carpet...that's it....right on the running board of that police car.

ON WITH THE CASE, DETECTIVE RUDD (WHISTLE) OKAY, POLICE
LOUDSPEAKER!

(SECOND PART -- CRADDOCK CASE)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Aw....that's too bad. The party was just getting rough when it broke up. Candidly I don't think that Henri was such a bad fellow after all....any man who will stand up at a bar and buy drinks for everybody in these times is a sort of hero. But as my dear Aunt Mame used to say, "That's Life...and you can have it!" Of course, Thursday night it isn't life.....it's Winchell, Sir Walter Winchell. On Saturday night....it's Bert Lahr....who does everything for the Love of Tootsie. So on Saturday night at this same time....lie in the tub, enjoy your bath, and blow bubbles of laughter up as Bert goes through another crazy experience "FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE!"

As the barbers say "Next"....and next in this paradise of diversion for you is another polka, another schottische, another gavotte, that will make you wish you had seven league boots to cover more ground.

ON WITH THE DANCE, TED FIORITO.(WHISTLE) OKAY,SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Polka, schottische or gavotte -- you can do all of these as Ted Fiorito and his orchestra play -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

The Magic Carpet goes coast to coast back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Fiorito, just relax in your corner, but don't go 'way! Your evening isn't over yet, old boy....my evening isn't over either... and as for Howard Claney (y'know Ted I really think that's a stage name.....I think he's a Clancey at heart)....Well anyway Mr. Claney will talk about a great value.

HOWARD CLANEY:

America knows a good thing when it sees it....and a good thing today is the LUCKY STRIKE tin of fifty....the Flat Fifties.... a great convenience....a great value...and a sure way to have an ever-ready supply of fresh, firm, perfectly conditioned cigarettes wherever you go! Fifty of the mildest cigarettes you ever smoked, as folks everywhere from Maine to California agree. Truly mild, because certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf have been removed by the exclusive LUCKY STRIKE Purifying Process! It's mild because "IT'S TOASTED." Folks in every town and hamlet in the country are talking about the mellow-mildness of LUCKIES. So next time you buy cigarettes, and when you go on your vacation, ask for those convenient, economical tins of fifty....the LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

The next topic is that of the dance. There comes a time in the life of every man when he gathers into his arms a lovely luscious lallapalooza and says "let's dance." Now, like the kids used to say when they played Hide and Seek...Come in...Come in, wherever you are! The Magic Carpet is reaching out for you and you and you....get on it, lads and lasses, and away we go once more to the Golden Gate and Ted Fiorito's great crew.

ON WITH THE DANCE FIORITO (WHISTLE) OKAY, SAN FRANCISCO!

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

And at the Golden Gate Ted Fiorito and his orchestra swing
into the dance with -- (TITLES)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

(_____)

SAN FRANCISCO ANNOUNCER:

Ted Fiorito and his boys and San Francisco bid you adieu.
(WHISTLE) OKAY, NEW YORK!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Mr. Claney, pass out the loving cups and thank Ted Fiorito
and his boys on behalf of every one from the rock-ribbed coast of
Maine to the sunny shores of California. Remember ladies and
gentlemen Thursday night is Winchell's night...Saturday night brings
you another magic carpet-ful of laughs with Bert Lahr who does
everything for the Love of Tootsie. Bert and I were discussing
Hollywood the other night and I remember the kick I got out of the
Cinema City when I landed there along with the birth of talking
pictures. It was wonderful to see them handle the difficulties that
came with sound. To give you an example....we were shotting a
picture where the leading lady came in followed by the villain...she
managed to put up a great defense...and having dumped him out of the
window she put on her Robe de Nuit (Nightgown to you) and had to go
to sleep.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE

Of course the microphone was up over the bed and it picked up everything....just like Winchell's ears. And she snored...it was awful. But they were equal to the emergency. They found a new invention called the Snorer's Harmonica....a simple little thing that you clamp on the nose of any one in the family who snores. It's marvelous because when the snorer snores in rhythmic snoring -- you have this harmonica there....and it plays "Piccolo Pete."

Try out that harmonica tonight on a snorer or snoree...
I'll be seeing you Thursday. Till then, good night!

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY:

This program has come to you from New York City and San Francisco, California, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY/O'KEEFE/chilleen
6/28/32

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WALTER O'KEEFE:

Of course the microphone was up over the bed and it picked

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE II

"THE CRADDOCK CASE"

(THIRD DRAFT)

LUCKY STRIKE

TUESDAY, ⁷⁸JUNE 21, 1932

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE II

"THE CRADDOCK CASE"

(Second Draft)

by

D. THOMAS CURTIN

CHARACTERS:

BARRY RUDD: Star New York City Detective...Wealth of background and success gets him all kinds of different and difficult cases....In early forties and wrapped up in his work....Thorough in detail, but can flash into action....Confidence and command even in quieter shadings of voice....A general American voice in contrast to Mack's New Yorkese accent. (CONTINUING CHARACTER)

MAOK: Barry's loyal but impatient pal,...Blustery and roughish and emotion-expressing in contrast to Rudd. New Yorkese accent...Must contrast with Barry because in many of these dramas listeners will learn of clues through conversation of Barry and Mack. (CONTINUING CHARACTER)

HENRI, "THE MARGUIS"
A character of characters...A prized butler in rich American families and a master criminal in the Police Books of Paris....Must have masterful, flexible confident voice of a leader in contrast to the piping snarling voice of "the Jockey"...The same perfect poise whether he is ingratiating himself with rich old ladies or planning with his gang to rob them, or mock them or murder them....And a charm that was irresistible to the ladies....In the late thirties.

FRANK, "THE JOCKEY"
Born in Marsailles but brought up on English island of Malta...A slight English lilt in contrast to Henri's slight French lilt...A thin scratchy voice to go with his under size and nickname of "the Maltese Cat"....Not Cockney

SU-154-II

(B)

MR. CRADDOK: Aristocrat of New York bankers....Virile,
strong-minded in spite of his 69 years.
MRS. CRADDOCK: Also an aristocrat....In sixties...Subject to
heart attacks.
JOYCE: Henri's girl....American girl....
BRADINI: Member of Henri's gang....Slight Italian accent.

(NOTE: These characters have very few lines and can be
doubled, especially in servant mob effect.)

NEW YORK INSPECTOR

PREFECT OF PARIS POLICE

FRENCH DETECTIVE

VOICES OF CRADDOCK SERVANTS

ATX01 0032213

MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE II - PART I and II

(SECOND DRAFT)

"THE CRADDOCK CASE"

BY

D. THOMAS CURTIN

CAST:

BARRY RUDD	MR. CRADDOCK
MACK	MRS. CRADDOCK
HENRI, "THE MARQUIS"	JOYCE
FRANK, "THE JOCKEY"	BRADINI
NEW YORK INSPECTOR	PREFECT OF PARIS POLICE
FRENCH DETECTIVE	VOICES OF CRADDOCK SERVANTS

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FORM R-78.

ATX01 0032214

SU-154-II

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MANHATTAN PATROL

EPISODE II

"THE CRADDOCK CASE"

PART I

(SIGNATURE -- POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: All....Police Cars.....Stand by.....All.....
Police cars....Stand by....The Mysterious
Craddock Case....A real case.....Real people....
Real Clues.....Real Places....Direct from
New York Police Headquarters --- investigated
by Tom Curtin --- authenticated by Police
Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney.

LUCKY STRIKE MAGIC CARPET.....Proceed at once....
To room on Ninth Avenue.....Manhattan -----

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

ATX01 0032215

SCENE ONE: A ROOM ON NINTH AVENUE.

(DOOR SUDDENLY THROWN OPEN)

HENRI: (WITH CONFIDENT LAUGH OF A MAN WHO HAS OUTWITTED
ANOTHER MAN) Ha, ha.....So there you are, little
Frankie!

FRANK: What's the matter? Why did you open the door so
quick before I could knock?

HENRI: To see whether your ear or your eye was at the
keyhole.

FRANK: But...but Henri, you didn't hear me?

HENRI: No, not a sound...But I felt you.....(SHARPER TONE)
Come in. (DOOR CLOSES) Sit down...I've got work
tonight for a cat like you.

FRANK: I'm a jockey, not a cat.

HENRI: Your friends call you the Maltese Cat behind your
back.

FRANK: (CHALLENGING SNARL) Who?....Who calls me a Maltese
cat? Because I grewed up on the island of Malta, is
that it?

HENRI: Never mind....Thank Buddha, you're a cat, not an
elephant...Not one sou would I pay tonight for the
biggest elephant in the world....But -- if my
Maltese cat will crawl just where I tell him to crawl
-- well --

FRANK: Come on, Henri, come on an' speak out....Where's the
mansion we are going to crack into?

HENRI: Off Washington Square....

FRANK: Who lives there?

HENRI: John Craddock.

FRANK: (SURPRISED) You mean Craddock, the banker?

HENRI: Yes.

FRANK: But that house is guarded with extra heavy doors and locks and bolts and iron spear fences....I looked it over many's the time an' decided I could never bust it.

HENRI: You are right...You couldn't.

FRANK: An' how are you goin't to move around in there without havin' an alarm yelled out a window on yer. There's a flock of servants.

HENRI: (SUAVE CONFIDENT CLICK) Eight, to be exact...And Mr. and Mrs. Craddock total ten.

FRANK: An' not one of 'em's to get out or we're dished.... It's a huge house....Front door, back door, basement door an' skylight to roof --- awl to guard.

HENRI: You add nothing to my information.

FRANK: But there's only three of us.

HENRI: You will wish there were only two, or maybe one when the time comes to divide the profits.

FRANK: But just how are three of us goin' to pull such a big job?

HENRI: Have faith in my genius, Frankie....And, tomorrow afternoon we stroll serenely from the Craddock mansion with a rajah's ransom in jewels.

FRANK: (INCOMPREHENSIBLY) Tomorrow afternoon?

HENRI: Yes. A leetle after one o'clock.

FRANK: Not a chance....Why, there'll be a couple of thousand people in the park right across the way. We can never do the Craddock mansion in the daylight!

HENRI: (SMOOTH TONE OF INVINCIBLE ASSURANCE) Nevertheless, that is precisely what we shall do...We go before dawn and hide....Many hours we hide..

FRANK: But how are we going to get in?

HENRI: (BUOYANTLY) Ah, that is why I select the Maltese cat....Frankie, you know the little round iron cover on the sidewalk in front of each house?

FRANK: Yuh mean the cover they takes off when they're puttin' in coal?

HENRI: Yes...Tomorrow morning at four o'clock I lift the coal cover and the cat will go down the chute...Then I put back the cover.

FRANK: (AMAZED) But you cawn't get the cover off in the first place. There's a rope from the inside of the cover that runs down the curved chute and's tied to a staple in the cellar..

HENRI: (SIGNIFICANTLY) But the Craddock cover will lift up.

FRANK: How do you know it will?

HENRI: Because I cut the rope myself yesterday when the men were putting in coal!

FRANK: Well, I'll be blowed!

HENRI: And so, at four o'clock tomorrow morning -- when the streets are most quiet and the night most dark -- you and I will be at the coal chute! (SLOWLY) At four, in the morning!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (FOUR MEASURED STROKES OF CLOCK BELL)

SCENE TWO: AT THE COAL HOLE.

(VOICES OF CAUTION BUT DISTINCT...NOT WHISPERED)

HENRI: Not a person in sight, Frankie...Not even a milkman.

FRANK: Here's hopin' a copper don't come round the corner...
Which coal cover is it?

HENRI: One...two...three...Here, this one.

FRANK: I've got the screwdriver...I'll pry her up and slide
her back.

HENRI: Bon...And I'll be getting out the grease.

(LOW GRATING SOUND OF IRON COAL COVER AGAINST CEMENT
SIDEWALK.)

FRANK: Good....It comes.

HENRI: (WARNINGLY) Quiet...Quiet...Quick now and I'll
smear the grease on your shoulders.

FRANK: (UNEASILY) The hole looks too small...

HENRI: Not for a Maltese cat....Courage!...(QUICKER PACE)
No, no, no...Do not go feet first...Go head first.

FRANK: But suppose I get jammed where the chute curves?

HENRI: You won't...Put your hands in front as to dive and I
push your feet with my stick....And here is the
skeleton key.

FRANK: Goodbye, Henri...Be sure to push hard on my heels....

All right...I'm off. (MUFFLED) Push...push...

HENRI: (WITH SATISFACTION) Bon!

(LOW GRATING SOUND OF COVER BEING DRAWN BACK OVER
COAL HOLE)

SOUND INTERLUDE: (A MILK WAGON RATTLING DOWN SILENT STREET WITH HORSES' HOOFS CLEAR ON ASPHALT IN SLOW TROT...
FADE IN....FULL....FADE OUT.....

SCENE THREE: PARK OPPOSITE CRADDOCK HOUSE.

HENRI: (FADING IN) That you, Bradini?
BRADINI: Si, did-a little Frankie get-a through the coal chute?
HENRI: Yes...More than one half hour ago...We must watch sharp now for the signal. You have the masks?
BRADINI: Here they are!
HENRI: Bon!
BRADINI: And the jewels -- you are sure they are there?
HENRI: (RIPPLING CONFIDENCE) Ha...Do not worry...They are in the house.
BRADINI: But perhaps the best-a-jewels are hidden away so we no can find them....Maybe we better grab-a- the silver.....
HENRI: The jewels are hidden away...Hidden so well no thief could ever find them. (PROUDLY) But Henri, the Marquis, will find them very queeck!
BRADINI: (EXCITED) Look-a....Look-a....the light...the light!
HENRI: The signal light...it come...it go...Now we know Frankie has made open the basement door...Ready.... Cross the street...Remember, not a sound once we are inside....
BRADINI: Right-a, boss...I stay-a close to you..

HENRI: Yes, keep close to me from the basement down into the cellar...There we hide until I give the word at one o'clock thees aftairnoon.

BRADINI: One o'clock? Why do we have to wait so long?

HENRI: (SOFT TRACE OF A LAUGH) One o'clock...You shall see..
(EVEN SPACING OF WORDS) The perfeck hour! The hour when all the servants will be together -- eating lunch -- in their dining room!

SOUND INTERLUDE:

SCENE FOUR: SERVANTS DINING ROOM IN CRADDOCK HOME.

(EFFECT TO BE PRODUCED IS OF EIGHT SERVANTS OF BOTH SEXES ASSEMBLING IN THEIR DINING ROOM AT ONE O'CLOCK FOR THE MIDDAY MEAL...TALK AND JOKES AND LAUGHTER AS THEY PULL UP CHAIRS TO TABLE.

MALE VOICE: I'm glad we're having roast beef today. I'm hungry.

FEMALE VOICE: Pass the celery, Walter....

FEMALE VOICE: I'm in luck with the weather this time...It's the rest of the day off for me.

MALE VOICE: (LAUGHS) Ha, ha, ha...I heard a funny one last night.

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

HENRI: (SNAPPING COMMANDS WITH PRECISION) Up with your hands...(WOMAN SCREAMS) Shut up! (SERVANTS QUIET DOWN) Back-up there against the wall, all of you!

FRANK: I'll run me mitts over the men and see whether they have any guns, Chief.

HENRI: Bon! Bradini, help Frankie to search these charming people.

BRADINI: Si, boss!

HENRI: Not one person missing. It was very nice of you to all be here when we call.

FRANK: They're all O.K., Chief -- not a gat in the outfit.

HENRI: Bon! Now we will escort our guests into the wine-room

FRANK: Come on, you blokes -- make it snappy!

BRADINI: Come on - come on - get a move on!

(EIGHT SERVANTS MOVE MURMURING THROUGH REAR DOOR OF DINING ROOM)

(DOOR SLAMS)

HENRI: Frankie, come with me -- upstairs fast to the library.

FRANK: (WHISPERED FADE) Right, Chief.

HENRI: (WHISPERED FADE OUT) Quiet...Stay close to me.

(DISTINCT PAUSE...ACTION RESUMES UPSTAIRS)

MRS. CRADDOCK: I feel better today, John...My heart seems stronger...

MR. CRADDOCK: (SYMPATHY AND LOVE FOR WIFE IS THE MAINSPRING OF HIS LIFE) My dear, that's the best news in the world for me...

MRS. CRADDOCK: All that I want, John, is to get well, so we can have a few more happy years together...

MR. CRADDOCK: (CHEERILY) We'll have them, dear....Now don't overtire yourself too soon.

MRS. CRADDOCK: (SCREAMS IN TERROR) John! Oh, John!

HENRI: (CRACK OF COMMAND) Put up your hands, Mistaire Craddock!

MRS. CRADDOCK: John...John...Don't fight them....Do what they say or they will kill you.

FRANK: We sure will....Keep your hands up, mister.

HENRI: Queeck..Frankie---I'll press the gun into his back... Search him---take his key-ring.

(MRS. CRADDOCK SOBS) (FRANKIE AD LIBS SEARCH)

FRANK: No gun on him, chief....but here's his watch an' his wallet.

CRADDOCK: (EXASPERATION) Now will you take that pistol out of my back....

MRS.CRADDOCK: Oh, John...Oh, John, what's he going to do to me?

FRANK: I want them earrings...Hold still an' I won't hurt yuh.

MRS.CRADDOCK: (MOANS...THEN PLEADS) Oh, please, please...Take the money and the watches, but these old earrings belonged to my Mother....

FRANK: (WITH SATISFACTION) There...one of 'em off!

CRADDOCK: You brute! You --

MRS.CRADDOCK: Oh, please don't take my earrings...Please....

HENRI: (SNAP) Take one! Leave her one! ..(VOICE SHIFT)
Now get up, Madame. (ACCENT SECOND SYLLABLE)
March her downstairs...And you...Mistaire Craddock, march!

CRADDOCK: Keep your dirty hands off my wife, you cowards!

HENRI: (UGLY TONE FOR FIRST TIME) Enough from you...Go downstairs, queeck...or I kill you.

MRS. CRADDOCK: We'll go...We'll go...Come, John, please.

(THE FOUR MOVE DOWNSTAIRS)

FRANK: (GRUFFLY) Step along...step along.

MRS. CRADDOCK: (BREATHING HARD) I can't go any faster....I...

CRADDOCK: (DESPERATELY) In heaven's name can't you see my wife's an invalid?

HENRI: Do not stop...March to the back basement, where you have the big vault to store so many precious wines.

(PAUSE) (SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS)

(OPENS ORDINARY DOOR TO BACK BASEMENT)

SERVANTS: (AD LIB MEDLEY) Oh, Mr. Craddock...Oh, Mrs. Craddock.

CRADDOCK: So you've rounded up all the servants, too, have you?

HENRI: Just a precaution, Mr. Craddock! Bradini, you have taken all their keys?

BRADINI: Cleaned 'em, boss.

HENRI: Bon! The key to the vault...give it to me...There...

(A-PLAY-TO-THE-GALLERY NOTE COMING MOMENTARILY

INTO VOICE) And now -- (PUTS KEY IN COMBINATION)

The key turns...ah...the door is open!

CRADDOCK: Why didn't you say you are after my wines?

HENRI: (SUPERIOR LAUGH) Oh, no, no...We leave all the wines to you...(COMMAND) Now march in there, all of you!

SERVANTS &
CRADDOCK: (INVOLUNTARY GASPS OF HORROR)

(GANG COMMANDS FOLLOW RAPIDLY ONE ON ANOTHER)

FRANK: (ROUGHLY) Get in there smart, or we'll shoot you and throw you in...

BRADINI: Move-a...Move-a

SERVANTS: (PROTEST IN TERROR BUT ARE DRIVEN BACK INTO VAULT
UNTIL ONLY CRADDOCK AND WIFE LEFT OUTSIDE TO FACE
FOUR GUNMEN)

HENRI: (PUNCH) You also, Mr. Craddock...into the vault!
And you, Madame!

CRADDOCK: Good God, man, you're not going to lock us all in
there?

HENRI: Get in there, both of you.

CRADDOCK: (LAST DITCH STAND) But this vault is concrete and
steel...It's air-tight...You're murdering ten of us
if you put us in there,...

HENRI: Get in...Get in...

MRS. CRADDOCK: Mercy...I beg you on my knees...

CRADDOCK: This is fiendish...Two hours in there and we'll all
be dead....

MRS. CRADDOCK: Rob the house...But have mercy...(FALTERING) Mercy...

CRADDOCK: My wife is an invalid..I appeal to you in the names
of your own mothers...

FRANK: (TAKING HOLD OF MRS. CRADDOCK) Come on, caw'n't waste
any more time....Get up off your knees, get....

HENRI: Throw them in....Queeck!

(MR. AND MRS. CRADDOCK ARE THROWN AMID LAST
DESPERATE INCOHERENT PROTESTS INTO THE VAULT)
(SLAM OF HEAVY METALLIC DOOR...MUFFLING ALL
PROTESTS...VERY SHORT PAUSE...TO GIVE FULL EFFECT
OF DOOR HAVING CLOSED.)

HENRI: (SHARP COMMAND IN WHICH IS MINGLED NOTE OF
SATISFACTION OF WORK WELL DONE) Bon!...Now to work...
Follow me!

ATX01 0032225

(POLICE SIREN)

RADIO VOICE: What hope....For ten prisoners...In air-tight vault...
Just who is....This mysterious Henri?.....Stand by...
Lucky Strike Dance Hour....To unravel an almost
perfect crime.

(POLICE SIREN)

O.K. O'KEEFE

SU-154-II

MANHATTAN PATROL

PART II

"THE CRADDOCK CASE"

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

RADIO-CAR VOICE: ALL...Police cars....Standy by.....All....
Police cars.....Standy by.....The
Mysterious Craddock Case.....Lucky Strike
Magic Carpet.....Proceed at once....To
Detective Barry Rudd's apartment.....

(POLICE SIREN FADES IN AND OUT)

SCENE FIVE: BARRY RUDD'S APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN

(FAST-MOVING, AS DETECTIVES PREPARE TO RUSH OUT
ON CASE)

MACK: Where are we headin' for, Barry?
BARRY: John Craddock's home...fast as I can throw my clothes
on.
MACK: You mean that old banker who likes you?
BARRY: Right....Bandits rounded up him and his wife, and all
the servants....Locked them in the air-tight wine
vault...(VOICE SHIFT) Pull me a shirt out of that
drawer, will you?....Then they lotted the house and
made a get-away....
MACK: How about the crowd in the vault?

ATX01 0032227

BARRY: They'd have been done for if the bandits hadn't left a broken penknife and a dime on old Craddock...Almost a miracle, but he managed to unscrew the lock with them....

MACK: Couldn't have been much of a safety vault door and lock...

BARRY: It was built to keep people out, not in...(VOICE SHIFT) Throw me that coat....Thanks....There's only one man in the world pulled that job.

(OPENS DOOR)

Come on....And he's been in my book for five years!

(DOOR SHUTS)

SOUND INTERLUDE: -- TAXI(WITH FADE)

SCENE SIX: LIBRARY IN CRADDOCK HOME.

CRADDOCK: (STILL BREATHING NERVOUSLY HARD FROM ORDEAL) My poor wife...I tell you, Mr. Rudd, that even if she recovers from this shock, she'll live in terror unless those ~~three~~ devils are captured....

BARRY: The whole department's after them...from the top to the bottom! Every tunnel, bridge, railroad station, automobile, ferry boat out of Manhattan's being watched....

CRADDOCK: That leader's a cunning ruthless fiend...The way he could strut and pose while committing murder.....

BARRY: They'd have been done for if the bandits hadn't left a broken penknife and a dime on old Craddock...Almost a miracle, but he managed to unscrew the lock with them....

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CRADDOCK: That leader's a cunning ruthless fiend...The way he could strut and pose while committing murder.....

BARRY: Just the point I want to know, Mr. Craddock...Had what the French call the grand manner, did he?

CRADDOCK: Yes, the braggart...And he knew the house as well as we do...Knew how to open the paneled safe for our jewels...Even got my revolver out of its hiding place in the dummy book over there.

BARRY: There's only one man, Mr. Craddock, who could have done a job like this -- and that's Henri Doree! The butler who walked out on you five years ago with ten thousand dollars worth of jewelry -- including Mrs. Craddock's pendant with the Hungarian cross of diamonds.

CRADDOCK: (EMPHATICALLY) That's what my wife says...

BARRY: Don't you think so?

CRADDOCK: I...I'm...not sure... Er....This man was masked -- but he seemed big for that butler. Henri Doree was under a hundred and fifty pounds. This brute must have weighed over a hundred and eighty

BARRY: (SIGNIFICANTLY) Prosperous criminals have been known to add thirty pounds in five years....And I'm satisfied in my own mind that even by two years ago Doree had put on considerable weight.

CRADDOCK: (SHARP INTEREST) What do you mean?

BARRY: I mean I see the same carefully plotted touch, the same grand manner in a French butler, who used a telescope in a barn out in Indiana to spot a jewel hiding place in the summer home where he worked. He and the jewels are still missing. No finger prints, of course, - but I got a description of him from the woman he robbed,....

CRADDOCK: Um....Well --

BARRY: I can't prove it yet to anybody but myself -- But I'd
bet my life that Indiana butler is the same butler
who walked out of here five years ago....And the
man who carried out this job today!

CRADDOCK: (COMING THROUGH TO CONVICTION) Maybe, you're right,
Mr. Rudd.....

BARRY: And then ... out in San Francisco there was a
stick-up leader who strutted (DOOR OPENS) -- in a
grand manner. He --

MACK: (EXCITED) Hello, Barry Big news, Mr. Craddock...
We got one of 'em...Chased him into a cellar....

CRADDOCK: (ANXIOUSLY HOPEFUL) Was it the leader?

MACK: No such luck, Mr. Craddock.

BARRY: (WITH SNAP) Did he talk?

MACK: Told how they got in.....

BARRY: Did he tell who planned the job?

MACK: (EMPHATICALLY) He did not! He swears he only joined
the gang a few days ago -- He says the leader was the
most mysterious man he ever knew!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (MEASURED CLANG OF POLICE GONG ON FAST
MOVING PATROL....FADE IN....FADE OUT.)

SCENE SEVEN: HEADQUARTERS

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

INSPECTOR: Hello, Barry,

BARRY: Good morning, Inspector...Anything new on the case?

INSPECTOR: There certainly is! That phantom butler has bobbed up in another place....This time he's written a letter mailed from Texas....Read it.

BARRY: (READING) "Dear Commissioner,

I know you do your best to get me.

But you fail. It is not your fault. I am quicker -- see -- quicker, than you. Your friend whom you will never get,

Henri.

(GOING ON REFLECTIVELY AND IMPRESSIVELY) Mm-m....
the same grand manner!INSPECTOR: Yes...A hundred grand....of brass!

BARRY: That letter convinces me all the more, Inspector, that you ought to send me to San Francisco.

INSPECTOR: Just why, Barry?

BARRY: Because I'm sure Henri Doree lived out in California under the name of Alphonso Sanchez ... The fellow led a stick-up last year with the same grand manner and strutting that Henri Doree showed in the Craddock case and the Indiana case. (SIGNIFICANTLY) He got off, but the police got his finger prints.

INSPECTOR: How are you going to prove that Alphonso Sanchez and Henri Doree really are the same man?

BARRY: Through Sanchez's girl, I hope...Her name is Joyce---er---something or other. Some of the local boys can put Mack and me in on some of her parties....

INSPECTOR: (COMING THROUGH TO DECISION) All right, go to it! See what you can uncover in Frisco!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (PLAYER PIANO OR PIANO OR RADIO KNOCKING OUR PEPPY MUSIC AT HILARIOUS PARTY...CUING DIRECTLY INTO MIDST OF PARTY.)

SCENE EIGHT: JOYCE'S APARTMENT....BACKGROUND OF HILARITY OF MIXED VOICES...AT OPENING JOYOUS TONES ARE ON SCENE BUT FADE PARTLY OUT BY TIME BARRY AND MACK BEGIN DIALOGUE ...MUSIC FADES.....

VOICE:(FEMALE) (AMID LAUGHTER AND GENERAL VOICES) Another little trip to the punch bowl....

VOICE:(MALE) Where's Joyce? Looking up more photographs?

VOICE:(FEMALE) (CATISH) Yes...She'll be back to her baby pictures trying to please Barrington..

(FADE OUT RETREATING VOICES...MUSIC FADES TO PIANISSIMO)

BARRY: (SNAP) Mack, come over here in the corner, quick....

MACK: (DISGRUNTLED) The third night in a row with Joyce and this wild gang!

BARRY: Listen -- while they're all going out for another drink....I've got Joyce pulling out every photo she's ever had taken of herself....

MACK: What are you tryin' to do? Kid her into thinkin' she's in line for a beauty prize?

BARRY: Sure...if it's the way to land that pendant picture She still has it...I know she has....

JOYCE: (WELL OFF SCENE...RAISING VOICE) Oh, hon-ey?
(NOTE: BY MIDST OF BARRY'S NEXT SPEECH ANOTHER "OH, HONEY" HALF ON SCENE)

MACK: (DISGUST) Meaning you, Barry..

BARRY: (CLEAN OUT...FAST) If that picture shows up get between me and that fellow over there who's been watching me....

JOYCE: (FULL INTO SCENE) Here are some more pictures, boys, but they are not all new....

BARRY: Fine...Spread them all out on the table!

JOYCE: But you can't see them all at once...They're so different...Aren't you going to look at each one after all the trouble I've been to rummaging them out of drawers and everywhere?
(CROWD MILLING BACK BUT STRICTLY SUBORDINATE TO DIALOGUE)

BARRY: (AMIABLY) Count on me to do that, Joyce...Say that's a peach of a profile...that one...

MACK: (PLAYING UP TO BARRY'S ENTHUSIASM) Yes -- but if you ask me -- this one in the bathing suit wins by a neck!

VOICE:(MALE) (BIT OFF MIKE) At least....

BARRY: Maybe you're right...Anyway I'd take this for third choice, this for fourth....

MACK: And this for fifth....That one's not so hot!

JOYCE: You don't like this one?

BARRY: Not so well as the others...Maybe because I think you shouldn't hide such a neck as yours with jewelry(EXAMINING PICTURE) What kind of a pendant is this, anyway? I never saw you wearing it?

JOYCE: Oh, I don't know...Just some crosses and diamonds.

VOICE:(FEMALE) Her big boy gave it to her -- but when he went she traded it....

BARRY: Oh, well, I think the one I picked first is the winner.....(STARTLED) Oh -- (AS ALL PICTURES DROP TO FLOOR) I'm sorry!

MACK: That's a fine thing to do, Barry, dropping Joyce's photos all over the floor!

JOYCE: That's all right....

MACK: Here, I'll pick them up....

BARRY: No --- I will....There!

MACK: (FEIGNING BANG OF SURPRISE) Say, Barry, look at the time.

BARRY: What -- one o'clock?

MACK: Sure...And that fellow waiting for you down at the hotel since midnight....

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) It's early yet.

JOYCE: Let him wait....

BARRY: (PUTTING ON ASTONISHMENT) What? Let that moving picture man wait?

JOYCE: Oh -- well, perhaps you'd better see him...(CHUMILY)
And you won't forget to speak to him about me, will you, honey?

MACK: (EMPHATICALLY) Your hat, Barrington!

BARRY: I'll give you a break, Joyce...Come on, Macklyn...
Goodnight, Joyce....(FADE) Goodnight, everybody....
(CHORUS OF GOODNIGHTS AS DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...
SLIGHT PAUSE MICROPHONE FOLLOWS ALONG WITH
BARRY AND MACK DOWN CORRIDOR)

BARRY: (CHANGING TO QUICK LOW TONE TO MACK) Never mind the elevator, Mack....This way....Down the corridor....
(SAME DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES BEHIND THEM....
HURRYING FOOTSTEPS)

VOICE: (ROUGH...FADING IN FAST) Just a minute, you guys!

BARRY: What do you want?

VOICE: Say, I've forgotten more about shuffling cards than you birds ever knew...Gimme that picture you dealt into your pocket....

MACK: (SWINGS ON HIM AND KNOCKS HIM DOWN) Get out of the way! Oh you won't? Then take this!

VOICE: (GROANS)
(THUD OF BODY FALLING)

BARRY: Good work, Mack. Let his friends pick him up...Keep moving....

MACK: You bet!

BARRY: Five years ago Henri the butler fades out of New York with Mrs. Graddock's Hungarian cross of diamonds....

MACK: And gives it to his girl in California...

BARRY: After changing his name to Alphanso Sanchez....

MACK: Now for the finger prints of Henri Doree -- alias Alphanso Sanchez.....

BARRY: (TREMENDOUS SATISFACTION) And those finger prints will go after the missing butler all over the world!

MACK: Back to Manhattan for us!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (SUGGESTION OF LONG TRAIN RIDE FOR BARRY AND MACK....TRAIN ROLLING ALONG....FADE IN...FADE OUT COMPLETELY AS TRAIN NEITHER CUES DIRECTLY OUT OF LAST SCENE NOR DIRECTLY INTO NEXT BUT DENOTES TIME AND DISTANCE)

SCENE NINE: HEADQUARTERS...NEW YORK

INSPECTOR: (PEPPY AT TELEPHONE) Headquarters talking...Tell Barry Rudd to come to the phone, will you?....Good morning, Rudd...Inspector Ross speaking...We're not going to let you stay here in New York very long...Your good work in Frisco has brought big news from Paris...Yes... Heard from Graddock yesterday...His wife is still terrified that Henri will come back to murder or kidnap her...You and Mack had better pack your bags right away. You're sailing for France Wednesday night!

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SOUND INTERLUDE: (SHIP AT SEA...EIGHT BELLS STRUCK IN QUICK
PAIRS WITH EVENLY SPACED PAUSES BETWEEN
PARIS...AS LAST BELL STOPS COMES THE LONG
BLAST OF LINER'S NOON WHISTLE)

SCENE TEN: OFFICE OF PREFECT OF POLICE...PARIS

PREFECT: (WELCOME) Good morning, Monsieur Rudd...Welcome to
Paris!

BARRY: Thank you, Monsieur le Prefect.

PREFECT: You had a pleasant crossing?

BARRY: Very pleasant...Sorry the boat train was late...

PREFECT: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) I have magnificent news for you,
Monsieur Rudd...The finger prints of Henri Doree fit
per-fect-ly one of the most clever and dangerous
criminals of France.

BARRY: What's his real name, Prefect?

PREFECT: Mouret...He is a murderer....Twelve years ago we
exiled heem for life to our penal colonie in Guiana....
After two years there he escaped to your country..

BARRY: Have you any idea where he is now, Prefect?

PREFECT: We suspect he is close to Paris...Money came to the
undertaker to bury his father...The latter died in
poverty in a little village...Detectives watch but
the son does not come...

BARRY: Not Henri the Butler...he's a little too clever for
that. You have a girl clue, haven't you, Prefect?

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PREFECT: Yes...A girl who loved him before he was sent to Guiana. She lives still in Paris...We watch her always. -- (TELEPHONE RINGS) ... Excusez...(VOICE SHIFTS AS HE PICKS UP TELEPHONE) Hello, hello.... (AMAZED) Non?...non...Admirable...Manifique! (HANGS UP PHONE) (TO BARRY....EXCITED) The girl -- she receive a strange message today.....And now she leaves the city by omnibus to Gourney..

BARRY: (ON THE JUMP) Gourney?...Fine! Mack and I will hop in a taxi and beat that bus out there!

SOUND INTERLUDE: (FADE IN FRENCH TAXI...RUN ALONG...FADE OUT COMPLETELY)

SCENE ELEVEN: FIELD, BUSHES AND INN IN GOURNEY..

MACK: (NETTLED) Damn this pasture!

BARRY: (CAUTIONING) Don't stand up, Mack, or they'll spot you..

MACK: It's pretty near dark...(VOICE SHIFT) Say, the Prefect wasn't so strong for you picking me up and rushing out here, was he?

BARRY: Aw, well, you can't blame him...Look! Henri the Butler's saying goodbye to the girl....

MACK: She's going back across the field to get the bus.
BARRY: And he's heading for that little inn by the river...
Come on...
MACK: Let's beat it along the hedge to the gendarmes.
(PAUSE)
BARRY: There's one of them....Sst! Jacques?
JACQUES: (A VOICE) Monsieur?
BARRY: Where are the two other boys?
JACQUES: They will follow him into the inn.
MACK: There...he's gone in now....
JACQUES: (IMPATIENT) Pardon! I must be at the door....
MACK: And we'll stick with you...
(THEY MOVE UP)
BARRY: There they go in...Let's get up fast to the window...
(REACH WINDOW) Sssh...Quiet...it's open...

(NOTE: ALL VOICES BUT THE THREE AT WINDOW ARE RAISED AND SOMEWHAT
OFF SCENE.)

VOICE:(MALE) (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Ah -- the Captain returns....
VOICE:(FEMALE) (WELCOME NOTE) Good evening, Monsieur le Capitaine!
HENRI: (GRAND MANNER) Good evening, my friends. Come up
to the bar, all of you, and drink to my good health!
MIXED VOICES: Bon!....Viv le Capitaine!
DETECTIVE: (IN-ROOM...COMMAND-IN VOICE) Pardon, ladies and
gentlemen Remain please, where you are!
MACK: (CLOSE TO MIKE) Can you beat that for a polite way
to take 'em!

HENRI: All the people are going to drink with me...And so
are you two ----

DETECTIVE: Stay where you are everybody...We place this
murderer under arrest!

VOICES: Murderer?
(GENERAL EXCITED AD LIB)

DETECTIVE: Come quietly Gabriel Alphonse Mouret!

HENRI: (THE LAST GRAND GESTURE) Gentlemen, ladies -- I
raise my glass....I drink my toast alone -- (CRASH --
HENRI HURLS GLASS AT DETECTIVE...MISSES....AND IT
SHATTERS ON WALL)

DETECTIVE: Hold him...Hold him!

HENRI: (SNARL...STRUGGLE) Let go! Both of you!

MACK: (INTO MIKE) He's throwin' 'em both off....

BARRY: Look out -- he's pulling his gun...
(BANG.....BANG.....)

MACK: He's loose...Plug him, Barry....
(BANG) (LOUDER)

That stopped him...They've got him...Yep, it's all
over with Henri now.

BARRY: And it's all over with Mrs. Craddock's fears.....
Tonight, at last, she will sleep without dreading
that Henri the Butler is stealing back into
Washington Square.

(POLICE SIREN)

RADIO-BAR VOICE:

The Mysterious Cradock Case... Henri the
Butler Recovered from wound...Paris court
sent him...Back to Guiana for life...Frankie,
the Jockey...Caught in Marseilles...
Extradited to New York....Convicted.....
Next week...The Great Poison Plot...Hear
coolest of criminals...Match wits....With New
York Detectives.....Stand by.....

(POLICE SIREN - FADES IN AND OUT)

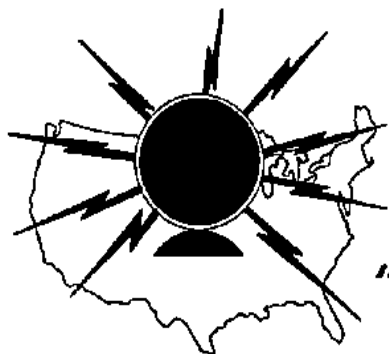
O.K. O'KEEFE!

D. THOMAS CURTIN/chilleen
6/18/32

ATX01 0032242

The LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

60 Modern Minutes with the world's finest Dance Orchestras
and Famous LUCKY STRIKE News Features



TUESDAY · THURSDAY · SATURDAY
10 to 11 P.M. . . . WEA and
ASSOCIATED NBC STATIONS

"LUCKIES are always kind to your throat."

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1932

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

HOWARD CLANEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, the LUCKY STRIKE Hour presented for your pleasure by the manufacturers of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Three times each week we bring you the LUCKY STRIKE thrills -- sixty modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and, in addition, the melodrama and mystery of real New York Police cases on Tuesdays; your New York correspondent Walter Winchell on Thursdays, and Bert Lahr, Broadway's craziest comedian, on Saturdays. On each program, Walter O'Keefe is the pilot of the Magic Carpet.

MR. WALTER O'KEEFE!!!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(RAP OF GAVEL) Ladies and gentlemen, this is the more or less permanent chairman of the LUCKY STRIKE convention. The session this evening is being held in nearly every home in the country. There is perfect harmony among our delegates, we HAVE no arguments because we all agree on one candidate, -- MR. LUCKY STRIKE. He is the favorite son and unanimous choice. Our Magic Carpet covered platform is a program of popular entertainment.....dance music plank furnished by the delegation of Alfalfa Vince Lopez and a rousing spreadeagle address to the convention assembled by Senator Walter Long-ears Winchell, chairman of the gossip committee. Now while we call the roll the leader of the New York delegation will be heard from. The Chair recognizes the leader of this outfit....he needs no credentials....so the Magic Carpet carries you to Alfalfa Vince Lopez and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE)..OKAY LOPEZ.

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Hello everybody, Lopez speaking. Tonight we play first --
(TITLES)

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

VINCENT LOPEZ:

And now, we start the Magic Carpet back to its pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

While Leader Lopez and his music committee go into a huddle to vote on their next numbers I want to call for a report from the Chairman of the Gossip Committee.....Senator Walter Big-Ears Winchell, the man without a secret. Walter as you know is the King of the Columnists.....As somebody once said, "A columnist is a fellow who lives by other people's wits"....Who was it Walter.....you tell on 'em.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North, South, East and West -- let's go to press! The current legends that come out of the Hollywood sector, at least offer several new romantic combinations.... And to those of us who paragraph patter for the papers -- the Hollywood heat-waves invariably make the hottest news....Most interesting of the new Romeo and Juliet items is that one which blends the names of Ina Claire and George Cukor.....How true the rumor is that they are plotting a merger -- I don't know -- as we rush over the air-waves --- but George is Ina's exclusive escort -- and in Hollywood that means something to arouse the news-collectors... Her divorce from John Gilbert is final in August. But what most of us along Broadway would prefer knowing is the name of the beautiful person, who now manages to occupy the attention of Ricardo Cortez.... Rick keeps teasing the West-coasters by introducing his newest heart--- merely as "Mrs. Hemingway"---and to the wisenheimers -- that is a camouflage.....(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

.....Henry Edington, who is Greta Garbo's manager and confidante has finally faltered....Her name is Barbara Kent, one of the lovelies from New York who recently inspired the Hollywood moguls.

After all these years -- the Owen Moores have come to one of those perfect understandings -- and Thelma Todd seems serious about Pat de Cicco, a Long Island lad, whose father invented broccoli -- that ritzy form of spinach In spite of the news that Greta Garbo dropped all that money in that Beverly Hills bank smash-up -- she spurned an offer of \$50,000 for one week's appearance at the Roxy Theatre in New York....I like her reason for turning down the heaviest sum of money ever offered any entertainer... Greta said that she couldn't think of accepting such a sum to do nothing -- and that there wasn't enough money in the world -- to get her to disillusion those who liked her.....You probably are wondering how any theatre can afford to spend that much coin on one star..... Well, the Roxy has the distinction of enticing \$168,000 in one week with that grand flicker: "The Cock-Eyed World" -- and they were sure that Garbo could attract more than that.

Other romances include that one which merges the name of Rouben Mamoulian, the stage director with Myrna Loy's -- and Jack Oakie's girl this week is Toby Wing.....Frances Dee and Charles Royer have the tremors for each other, and Norma Markwell's current delight is Constance Cummings, or she was until half past nine last night, Pacific Coast time.....

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

When you see the soon-due movie "What Price Hollywood?" here is something to remember.....In that flicker Connie Bennett does some expert screaming -- but Connie, it appears, screens better than she can scream....That is, she cannot scream loud, unless newspapermen get on her nerves....And so she employs a professional screamer, whose name is Alice Doll....Miss Doll, by the way, also screams for Kay Francis and Ruth Chatterton.

Rip Van Winkle wouldn't be able to sleep very long in those Catskills -- now that a 400 acre estate at Highland Park, New York, has been taken over by a nudist colony....Editors who are always on the alert for unusual stories about unusual characters are directed to interview the original Frankie of the famous Frankie and Johnny song, who now is in Seattle blacking boots. She is 75 years of age... The talk persists that Babe Ruth will become the manager for the Boston Red Sox.....The Babe, himself, vigorously denies it, but he does admit that he hopes some day to manage a big league nine -- and around the Broadway spots they are offering odds that he will pilot the Red Sox -- and next season, at that!

To my desk comes the depressing report that Eva Tanguay is on the west coast and most unhappy....Eva, who was vaudeville's First Lady, for many prosperous years -- needs her friends now more than ever -- and it is my hope that some of those booking agents she helped make rich will get together and give her the lift she certainly rates And times being what they are -- one of the Coney Island side shows --now includes the wife of the late Legs Diamond....Mrs. Diamond sells her photographs there at two-bits per.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Noel Coward, one of the better wits of the theatre; is having himself a time these days -- sending his movie star girl chums postcard photos all the way from London....The photos are of the Venus de Milo -- you know, the lady without any arms, and Coward inscribes them in this manner; "This is what happens to little girls who bite their nails!".....The condition of Flo Ziegfeld, who has been ill a long time, is now reported very grave at his Hastings-on-the-Hudson mansion. So now -- I return you to Mrs. O'Keefe's little boy, Walter, who has just named his new dog "Meadows" -- so that the neighbors will think he has a butler!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

While Walter steps aside to gather another mouthful of gabby goulash for later in this same session I'd like to introduce one who has been selected to deliver our keynote address. The Chair....that's me....and incidentally they might get me a more comfortable chair....well the chair recognizes Howard Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

At the beach these days,...at picnics....on auto trips.... in hundreds of thousands of homes....everywhere you go...you'll see those handy tins of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties! America has gone for the tin of fifty in a big way! And no wonder! It's economical..... it's handy.....it's a metal humidor that keeps your LUCKIES fresh, firm, in perfect condition! It seals in all that delightful fragrance.....all that pleasing aroma of the world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos! Inside each tin, you'll find fifty of the mildest cigarettes you ever smoked! Mild - you bet LUCKY STRIKE is mild! Because "IT'S TOASTED"....because certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf have been removed! All America is talking about LUCKIES as the mild cigarette....and talking about the convenience of the handy tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties! So next time you buy cigarettes, or when you go on your vacation, ask for those handy, economical tins of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Listen to that demonstration ladies and gentlemen....the keynote speech has electrified the convention (RAP OF GAVEL) Your chairman just rapped for order.....and one of the excited delegates just took a rap at the chairman. Both boys are in the center of the ring....Sharkey just missed a long left jab at the Referee's chin. Wotta fight! Wotta fight! The parade is forming....The Alabama banner is out in front....Man o' War is being ridden hard as they come into the stretch. There's Gene Tunney...the forgotten Man....he's reminiscing over old days in Chicago....He's on the Floor....He's on the Floor....One...two...three....four....five.....

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER O'KEEFE(CONTINUES)

....six....seven....eight....nine.....ten....eleven....twelve.....
thirteen.....fourteen.....Listen to that racket....let's join it....
let's get behind the New York delegation The Magic Carpet now
takes you right into the center of the stadium....get in step....
there's Alfalfa Vince Lopez leading the Big Parade.

ON WITH THE DANCE (WHISTLE) OKAY SENOR LOPEZ!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Here is the report of the dance committee: Resolved, that
we play -- (TITLES)

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(NOTE: PLAYS ONE OR TWO SELECTIONS. THE FOLLOWING
DIALOGUE GOES INTO MIDDLE OF THIS DANCE GROUP)

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Vincent....I feel a song in my heart....maybe it's
somewhere else....but I'd like to sing it.

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Okay O'Keefe....what's the name of it.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Well I think I ought to explain it first. You see I got married last week and right here and now I'd like to thank a lot of friends and well-wishers who wired me....I got one wire from Al Boasberg that read "May your wife always have Walter on the knee!" Had a swell wedding Vince....high class in every respect....in fact it cost me ten dollars to hire suits for the ushers....After it was over people started to throw things...I never knew how much my friends liked me until I got hit back of the ear with a horseshoe.....luckily they had removed the horse. And there must have been a bargain sale on rice....DID THEY throw rice. I had rice in my shoes....rice in my pockets...rice in my vest....rice down my collar...oh and rice in my hair. I couldn't get the rice out of my hair for days in fact we had rice pudding for breakfast....rice pudding for dinner.....rice pudding for supper...finally my wife and I lost our taste for the flavor. The rice pudding was flavored with hair tonic. After the wedding we had a reception at the bride's home and a pleasant time was had by all....I was a sort of innocent bystander...I was just there....like a tourist....no one was paying any attention to me and I was paying half the bill....in fact I still owe my mother-in-law seven dollars. There I was wandering around timidly and out of place....trying to keep out of the way of all the relatives who were crying on the bride's shoulder. I noticed one fellow who was receiving even LESS attention than I was....well....I wanted to make him feel right at home....I wanted him to know that I was more than a stick of furniture so I went up to him...misery loves company....and I spoke to him with that VOICE WITH A SMILE. I forgot my aching heart and said "Have you kissed the bride? He said, "No! Not lately."

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER O'KEEFE: (CONTINUES)

So I want to sing....not for the June brides but for all the grooms...please have the boys play "HERE COMES THE GROOM!"

(O'KEEFE SINGS "HERE COMES THE GROOM" FOLLOWING WHICH LOPEZ CONTINUES DANCE GROUP)

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Yes, there goes the groom back to the Pilot's seat on the Magic Carpet and we continue the dance with -- (TITLES)

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VINCENT LOPEZ:

The Magic Carpet flies back to the pilot.

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks to you Alfalfa Vince. Let's rest the Magic Carpet for a minute. We find the convention is still dizzy....but our Keynoter will get their undivided attention. There's no question of a two-thirds rule as we are all one hundred per cent in favor of Howard Claney's candidate. Mr. Claney -- twenty seconds.

HOWARD CLANEY:

In every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties there's a fascinating test of your skill at bridge....a bridge that's complete in miniature.....And in every tin of LUCKY STRIKE Flat Fifties, you'll find fifty of the mellow-mildest cigarettes you ever smoked! LUCKY STRIKE it's mild because "IT'S TOASTED."

---STATION BREAK---

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(GAVEL) The Intermission is over and we proceed with the nominations. I nominate Lopez. All in favor, say

(WHISTLE) OKAY, VINCENT LOPEZ!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

Lopez speaking. I accept the nomination and promise you that we'll play -- (TITLES)

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VINCENT LOPEZ:

That's the report of the music committee. What's next on the Magic Carpet, Walter?

(WHISTLE) OKAY, O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(GAVEL) Well, before the delegates stage another parade we must recognize the Chairman of the Gossip Committee....Senator Walter Large Ears Winchell....the Scrappy Warrior. The Senator of Slam comes to bat for his second inning....in other words we go from KEYNOTE to KEYHOLE. MR. WINCHELL.

WALTER WINCHELL:

Editors will probably be excited by the news of the next trans-atlantic flight -- which is being secreted plotted by Bill Ulbrich....He will attempt a non-stop hop to Rome very soon -- which isn't news, anymore, of course....But this is....his co-pilot will be an attractive person, named Edna Newcomber....And to make their flight a little different from all the others -- when they fly over Florence, Italy, Edna will make a parachute landing....Reporters may confirm at the Floyd Bennett Field.

The sudden decision of Lily Damita to chuck Sydney Smith for Gilbert Roland didn't surprise her intimates in New York, who anticipated the crash of that duet.....But Lily is due in town very shortly -- and a lot of us think her trip will be made chiefly to check up on how she rates with her real heart....One of the Vanderbilt tribe, over whom Lily was silly two years ago in Paree -- until the rich clan interfered and talked her out of it....Love, however, listens to no reason.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

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WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

I don't know why -- but his pals call the Prince of Wales -- "Steve" -- and among other unimportant things I never knew till yesterday is that Billie Burke's real first handle is Ethel....Hoot Gibson is still in a fret because some chump introduced him as James Dunn....Was Gibson embarrassed? You could have hit him with an egg -- and cooked it.....One of the reasons I enjoy my job is that it often affords me the privilege of giving the deserving the break they rate....Take the case of an obscure chap in this New York of ours.....His name is Abraham Sonn, and he's a taxi-driver.....He saved the lives of three children the other day by stranding his cab and stopping a runaway horse up in Harlem....and not a line about it has been mentioned in any of the local gazettes....Therefore I report it now -- so that his name will not go unsung!

It's tough to be famous, is right....Marlene Dietrich has to pay \$135 a week for police protection -- and now her husband has been threatened by outlaws....Agnes Franey, one of the Follies dollies will marry George Baker and honeymoon on the other side of the Rockies....Mary and Doug are being seen together more than ever -- which has crushed all the small talk you may have heard.....And Constance Carpenter, the ingenue, is back in London where she inspired a songwriter to write the newest hit -- which is named "You're Blase".....After the song was accepted for publication -- Connie married him.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

If you don't think that all the talk that goes on at political conventions isn't a waste of time -- then hear this fact... If one and a half million people talked for 12 months -- the energy of the sound would be equal to that required to boil water for a cup of tea!.....The one political item, however, which arrests my attention is the one concerning Ernest Albright, who is now running for office in Oklahoma.....Ernest, was formerly a page boy in the House of Representatives and is a rabid bonus-seeker, too -- having headed the contingent of 225 veterans from the State.....The Pola Negri -- Russ Columbo fire is beyond control.

Here's one of those novelties you pick up now and then while making the rounds of the town.....It happened, they say, about 20 years ago, when she was a saleslady in a women's ready-to-wear shop here.....One day the boss quarreled with her - and losing his temper, he threw a heavy object at her -- which struck her in the face - leaving an ugly wound As a result she is scarred, ruining her lovely looks....Her friends at the time urged her to sue the boss for damages, but she refused.....The boss was so grateful that he elevated her to the job of buyer....In no time she revealed such great business acumen - he had to make her a partner.... Today the store is a famous one in New York where she still may be seen with the horrible scar -- her price for OPPORTUNITY AND SUCCESS!

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

His intimates assure me that if Al Smith doesn't get what he's after out in Chicago -- then he will positively run for Mayor of New York in 1933 --....This is most interesting -- considering that Al once warned Jimmy Walker that the office of Mayor in New York was the graveyard of political aspirations.

And now to return a salute or two or three:

Ben Frank, Los Angeles: You're very welcome, Mr. Frank. But I don't sing -- Mr. O'Keefe does.

C. E. Johns of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce: Sorry for the delay, Mr. Johns -- I've been away and only recently got back. Congrats, anyway on what Seattle has done for the unemployed.

Cecilia Rector of Denver -- That story is only a legend. But there is some talk that Mr. Chaplin may interfere and prevent his children from becoming movie actors.

And that Mr. and Mrs. Tuner-Inner concludes my chatter for this evening....Until next Thursday night, then, I remain your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell, who just found out -- that in the old days there was a law against prize-fighting -- and it seems to me that most of our heavyweights have just heard about it.

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen.....That was Walter Cheerful-Little-Earful Winchell, the Town Tattler, who brings Broadway into your own backyard - as if you didn't have enough junk in your backyard now! Walter told you a lot of secrets and Howard Claney has a secret, too, but he'll tell it to you. Howard has on his white pants and blue coat and all he needs to take command of a yacht is a Commodore's cap. Tell us about the boats, Commodore Claney.

HOWARD CLANEY:

"Malabar Tenth" wins over twenty-three other yachts in the big ocean race from the United States to Bermuda! Among these yachts were many of America's finest sailing vessels....and on board of them were a distinguished group of America's leading yachtsmen. Another assemblage of discriminating people! In such distinguished gatherings LUCKY STRIKE comes in way ahead of other cigarettes..... Way ahead in the preference of critical smokers....because it's way ahead in quality.....way ahead in mildness! The finest of fine tobaccos -- of course! But more -- the one great advance in cigarette manufacture in the last fifteen years....the famous LUCKY STRIKE purifying Process.....which removes certain impurities naturally present in even the mildest tobacco leaf! "TOASTING" makes the best tobacco taste better...."TOASTING" makes LUCKY STRIKE the mildest, mellow-mildest cigarette that any tobacco connoisseur has ever been able to discover! LUCKY STRIKE -- It's mild because "IT'S TOASTED!"

WALTER O'KEEFE:

(GAVEL) Now back to the serious but pleasant business of dancing, ladies and gentlemen....All aboard the Magic Carpet...from coast to coast....from border to border...hop you on, one and all while Vincent Lopez who is really running the Musical Air Mail of America takes you for another joy ride.

ON WITH THE DANCE...(WHISTLE) OKAY AMERICA!

VINCENT LOPEZ:

We play this time -- (TITLES)

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VINCENT LOPEZ:

And now, the LUCKY STRIKE Magic Carpet flashes back to the Pilot - -

(WHISTLE) OKAY O'KEEFE!

WALTER O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Vincent Lopez....and thank all the lads. Be seeing you soon. I've got to take the Magic Carpet home to rest it up for Saturday night when Bert Lahr, the new clown of Radio, will try to get himself a new job FOR THE LOVE OF TOOTSIE. Y'know, a little earlier in the program I made mention of that brand new marriage of mine and I've really got to pass along the prize remark of the year.

(MR. O'KEEFE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINSTON (CONTINUES)

...in Hartford we have an old fashioned ice box with the pan underneath for the dripping water. Last night I turned to the youthful bride around midnight and said, "Well, darling... did you empty the pan under the ice box?"

She said, "Yes, dear... I put fresh water in it."

So with that I have adjourned... (GAYEL)... here goes the Magic Carpet until the same time Saturday night... goodnight everybody.

(MUSICAL SIGNATURE)

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OPTIONAL)

HOWARD CLANEY

"SHE DIDN'T SAY YES" from "THE FIDDLE" and "BED OF ROSES" from "MORCHIE" and "THE BIRD" and "THAT'S WHY DARKIES WERE BORN" from "SCANDALS" and "NEW SUN IN THE SKY" from "BIRD WAGON" and "WHY DO I LOVE YOU" and "OLD MAN RIVER" from "SHOW BOAT" and "OF THESE I SING" from "THE SING" were all played with the permission of the copyright holders.

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AGENCY/O'KEEFE/Chillien
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