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UA37/23 WHAS Broadcast No. 51

WHAS
Western Kentucky University
Earl Moore

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Strings and Voices "College Heights."

Moore Western Kentucky State Teachers College greets you all both great and small with the words of our college motto — —

Voices Life More Life.

Moore Life More Life is our motto and our wish for all our listeners.

Vibraphone Chords.

Moore The Western College Players present "Two Other People," a comedy written especially for radio, by Walter Stone. It is directed by Professor J. Reid Starrett.
TWO OTHER PEOPLE

A Radio Play by Walter Stone

ANNOUNCER presents TWO OTHER PEOPLE, a Comedy written especially for Radio, by Walter Stone.

"Nola"

MUSIC "MADHATTAN SERENADE" UP FULL 15 SECONDS AND FADE TO CUT

ANNOUNCER TWO OTHER PEOPLE...a boy and a girl...a night of high adventure with a promise of Romance. Such is our story which begins in a little coffee shack just around a corner off Broadway.

FADE IN ON SOUND. BUBBLE OF VOICES AND FAINT CLATTER OF DISHES

WAITER Want any pie...or anything, miss?

BETTY No, thank you, waiter...I'll have my check, please.

WAITER Okay...wait just a minute till I find that young fellow a seat...hey buddy, take this chair.

GENE (distanced) Never mind. I can sit here at the counter.

WAITER Might as well sit here. The lady won't object...will you, lady?

BETTY No...not in the least...if you'll give me my check I'll.

WAITER Sure...just a minute. Here you are, buddy...right here...let me have that box...I'll put it right here under the table...too bad we're so crowded...the place is gettin' too small for the business we're doing...I was tellin' Joe today...

BETTY Waiter! If you don't mind...my check, please.

WAITER Sure...I was tellin' Joe we ought to build on the back end...just a minute, Buddy, I'll bring you some water. (fade) Just a minute, lady.

GENE Hey, bring this lady her check...I'm sorry.

BETTY Don't bother...he won't let me get away without payin.

GENE Nor me...I guess...without a drink of water.
BETTY There's something to being a steady customer.
GENE That's a bad guess...and I can make a better one...you've never been here before either.
BETTY May I know the secret of your accurate deductions?
GENE It's very simple. If you were a steady customer you'd know I wasn't, because you never would have seen me here before.
BETTY Marvelous, Mr. Holmes.
GENE Quite elementary, I assure you.

SOUND EFFECT RATTLING OF PAPER

Would you care for part of the evening paper?
BETTY No, thank you...I still have hopes of getting my check.
GENE They don't seem to catch up with Lefty Copeland, do they?
BETTY Who are they? And why should they be interested in Lefty Copeland?
GENE They are the police...they're interested in Mr. Copeland mainly because he doesn't play nice...he steals jewels.
BETTY Really? I hadn't heard.
GENE Evidently you don't get around to the more important social events...Mr. Copeland does...he comes in like a guest and goes out like a thief with a peck of pearls, emeralds, diamonds...and other such baubles.
BETTY I'm glad.
GENE You're glad...? What about?
BETTY That I am being snubbed this season. I shan't have to take out extra insurance on my jewels. It must be very difficult for hostesses this season...what on earth do they do?
GENE Oh...they laugh and laugh because they know the police will never locate Lefty. They're all after him, though...both here and in London.
WAITER Here's your water, buddy...I'm sorry...they gotta put on more help here, that's all.
BETTY I've been wondering about my check.
WAITER Aw, sure...when a guy's got six tables to take care of...and all full...let's see now...American cheese sandwich and coffee...was that it?
BETTY Use your own judgment...it's been too long for me to remember.

WAITER You're sure you don't want any pie?

BETTY I'm positive.

GENE There's a two-bit tip in it, Waiter, if you break down her sales resistance.

WAITER Lady, the pie's on me...we got chocolate, custard, pineapple, coconut...

BETTY And apple, of course.

WAITER Oh, sure, Lady...we keep awful nice apple pie.

BETTY You may go on keeping it...I wouldn't deprive you of a single slice. Now, here are the facts: I do not wish any pie and I shall not wait any longer for my check. And you may tell that gentleman across from me that I thank him for whiling away the hours with me...and that I hope they catch Lefty Copeland. Is that all perfectly clear?

WAITER Oh...yes,m'm...it'll be thirty-five cents. Good night, lady.

BETTY (pleasantly) Good night.

WAITER Did you ever see a dame like that? Gettin' mad because I suggested pie...well, there she goes...box and all.

GENE Where did she get that box?

WAITER Right out from under the table.

GENE That's my box.

WAITER Sure, it's the one I put under there. Hurry up you can catch her up there by the cashier's stand.

GENE Just a minute...I'll (fade) put a stop to that.

VERY SHORT PAUSE

(UP) I'm sorry...but I'm afraid you've made a little mistake about that box, haven't you?

BETTY I don't think so. It's mine.

GENE I don't remember giving it to you. I brought it in here.

BETTY If this is your idea of a joke, it's a very poor one. Please don't make it necessary for me to call the proprietor.
I'm the manager...what seems to be the trouble?

This man is trying to annoy me.

None of that in here, young fella.

I made no effort to annoy the young lady until she tried to leave here with that box...which I can prove is mine.

That is absurd. I brought this box in with me and placed it under the table.

It contains your brother's dress suit, I suppose.

It certainly does not. If you must know, it contain's a lady's evening gown.

It says on the box, Freeman and Goldberg, Men's Furnishings.

Oh, so it does.

Yes, so it does.

This is making too much disturbance. I'll call the police.

No...don't do that...we can straighten it out.

Can't you keep those people from staring at us?

The box you brought in must be back there under the table. Suppose we go back and see.

You don't want the police, then?

No...and please try to keep those people from staring at this lady.

If you insist on coming in my place and making a fuss, you must expect to be stared at.

If the lady will pardon a suggestion...suppose we go back to the table, sit down and act as though it were all a joke.

I suppose these people think I was trying to steal your box.

Naturally...so let's disappoint them by casually resuming our lunch.

But I had finished.

Don't forget how highly the waiter recommended the pie.

VERY SHORT PAUSE
Is everything okay now, buddy?

There was nothing wrong. It was just one of my sister's practical jokes.

You folks got related to each other pretty quick, didn't you?

Waiter...can you keep a secret? Lulu and I are twins... orphaned at birth. Lulu was stolen by gypsies and I was bound out to the captain of a pirate ship. You see, neither of us can escape our environment...you see, the tendency to run off with things like suit boxes is just part of our nature...and now that we are honest people again...we confine our stealing to our own family...just to keep in practice and to satisfy our natural urge...do you understand?

You're sure you're not kidding?

One doesn't kid about the Sullivan family, does one, Lulu? Say "no" to the gentleman, Lulu.

No. Harold...the Sullivans are far too dangerous.

All right, waiter...and now I think Lulu will have a piece of pie.

Okay...what'll it be? Chocolate, custard, pineapple, coconut or apple?

What do you say, Lulu?

It really makes no difference.

All right, then...bring all five.

No...I'll be satisfied to try the pineapple.

Spoken like a true Sullivan...pineapple, waiter.

Pineapple she is...and what'll you have, buddy?

Make mine apple...and a cup of coffee.

(fade) Right with you, buddy.

Is this all so very necessary?

I think so...people are still staring at us.

I wonder what will happen when they find out we're the dangerous Sullivan twins?

They'll clear out...in a hurry.
WAITER  Here you are, folks. Pineapple and just plain apple. That'll be all right now?

GENE    That will be fine, waiter...clear out now...I'll call you in plenty of time for the checks.

WAITER    (fade) Okay, Mr. Sullivan.

BETTY  Well, what now..Harold?

GENE  You eat your pie...I eat mine...we smile at each other, we talk of everything from cabbages to kings until these people get tired of looking at us and leave...then we walk out together...say good-bye...and that's that.

BETTY  Let's start on kings..I know so little about cabbages.

GENE  And my knowledge of kings is limited..suppose we talk about ourselves.

BETTY  I'll begin with my life in the gypsy camp and then you must tell me about your adventures with the pirates.

GENE  Some other time..now that we're alone..could we possibly be ourselves..do you suppose?

BETTY  Would that be any fun? I imagine you've convinced yourself that there is another suit box under the table.

GENE  Oh, that isn't necessary..I believed you.

BETTY  And you are sure that I am not a victim of kleptomania?

GENE  You wouldn't have a great deal of use for one of Freeman and Goldberg's dress suits..even at the special sale price of sixty-nine-fifty, all accessories included.

BETTY  And I should be started to see you in one of Levi Brothers' Lady Betty creations at one hundred and ten.

GENE  Whew! Lady Betty's creations come high, don't they?

BETTY  Lady Betty is the sensation of the season. Levi Brothers brought her from London.

GENE  It seems like that's a lot of money for an evening gown.

BETTY  They will pay it..I don't see why.

GENE  Oh..then the Lady Betty thing doesn't belong to you? I see now..you're delivering it..you work for Levi Brother

BETTY  Yes..that's right..I work for Levi Brothers. Disappointed.

GENE  Not at all. I'm greatly relieved..something about you gave me the impression of Park Avenue, Morgan and Vander bilt all rolled into one..that's my firm on that box..Freeman and Goldberg..I've been with them seven years.
BETTY: And you're still a delivery boy?

GENE: Well, this is something special. Say...maybe we could tell our real names now.

BETTY: I rather like the name you gave me. Lulu Sullivan.

GENE: I don't think Harold is quite the correct name for a pirate.

BETTY: Harold, the bold buccaneer, and Lulu, the gypsy maid.

GENE: Say...that suggests things to me.

BETTY: What, for instance?

GENE: A couple of seats in the movies...side by side...you and I...and a South Sea Island picture...what do you say we try to find one.

BETTY: For a pirate your ideas of adventure are very limited. Wait a minute...I've got something here in my bag that may stir your imagination a little more...there...see that?

GENE: Looks like an invitation.

BETTY: It is...read it.

GENE: (reading) "Mrs. Pembroke Worthington...in honor of Miss Faith Worthington...Tuesday night, April twenty-fourth...dancing..." Why, that's tonight. Say, where did you pick this up?

BETTY: Sh! I did pick it up. I found it.

GENE: This Mrs. Pembroke Worthington is supposed to be somebody rather elegant, isn't she?

BETTY: Oh, very, very exclusive. What do you say we go?

GENE: Do you actually mean that you and I...that we...I mean...

BETTY: Why not, my bold buccaneer? It's the chance of a lifetime that may never come again.

GENE: Hold on...your ideas are a little extravagant.

BETTY: I dare you.

GENE: Lulu, my dear girl, Mrs. Pembroke Worthington gives parties only for the sort of people whose clothes we are carrying in these boxes.

BETTY: We might borrow them...just for the evening.

GENE: Say...that's an idea. All right, I'm game if you are. But, do you really think you ought to risk your job?
BETTY  I haven't had a lark for ages. Let's look at life from the inside just once.

GENE   Okay, Lulu...we'll rub shoulders with the mighty...we'll step on the toes of captains of finance...we'll sip nectar with the nobles.

BETTY  And at the stroke of twelve we'll slip away into the night.

GENE   Like Cinderella...but you'll have to be careful not to lose your slipper...we can't afford to leave any clues behind.

BETTY  I'll meet you at the Ritz at nine. Do you suppose we can leave here now...discreetly?

GENE   Waiter! You won't change your mind, Lulu?

BETTY  A Sullivan never changes her mind.

GENE   That's right. The Ritz at nine it is then. Say, Waiter.

WAITER  Okay, buddy.

GENE   One check, please.

WAITER  "I Believe in Miracles"

MUSIC "BROADWAY MELODY" 20 SECONDS AND FADE TO CUT WITH ANNCOUNCER

ANNOUNCER  Alas and alack, also alack and alas, someone should warn them, but nobody will...which is all the better...for after all this is only a story...and anything can happen in a story. For instance...if we arrive at Mrs. Pembroke Worthington's palatial home a little ahead of Lulu and Harold, we will observe Inspector Dan Riley and Mrs. Worthington peeping out from Mrs. Worthington's front window...and...well...let's listen to their conversation.

RILEY    That's him...that's Lefty Copeland, all right. There's two of 'em getting out o' that taxi.

MRS. W.  Two of them, Mr. Riley?

RILEY    Yeah...Lefty and a moll.

MRS. W.  A moll, Mr. Riley?
RILEY: Yes'm..a .. a girlfriend.

RS. W: Let me see.

RILEY: Now, Mrs. Worthington, you promised to keep calm. There, don't open them curtains too wide..that's it..about a half an inch. Look..will you? They don't even hesitate, comin' right up the steps..pretty smart, eh? Well, Lefty walk right in..the trap's all set for you.

MRS. W: He doesn't appear like a desperate criminal..why, he's so young.

RILEY: Lefty ain't much more 'n a kid.

MRS. W: You've seen him before then, Mr. Riley?

RILEY: Well..no..but..well, I had that invitation planted so nobody but Lefty could find it. It's him all right.

MRS. W: Oh, goodness, I hope there's no mistake..I'd simply die of embarrassment.

SOUND EFFECT DOOR BUZZER

RILEY: Your maid's been posted, hasn't she?

MRS. W: I did as you said. I told Foster to admit anyone..no matter what name was given..and to show whoever came into the library immediately.

RILEY: And you told her to lock the door as soon as they got inside?

MRS. W: Of course..oh, I wish I hadn't consented to this trick..I do, really.

RILEY: Nonsense, Mrs. Worthington..you're doin' society a big favor.

MRS. W: But my nerves, Mr. Riley..I do hope I can go through with it.

RILEY: This is where the Maid will bring 'em, ain't it?

MRS. W: Certainly, this is the library...

RILEY: Well..I'll go on in this next room and stay out of sight. When they come in..you give 'em the works..

MRS. W: The works, Mr. Riley?

RILEY: Aw, you know what I mean..treat 'em like they was really swells..I'll be right inside this door.

MRS. W: Are you armed, Mr. Riley?
You don't suppose I'd be goin' after Lefty Copeland with a bean shooter, do you? There they are now. Keep calm, Mrs. Worthington. Remember, I'll be right there in the next room.

Miss Lulu Sullivan and Mr. Harold Sullivan.

Oh, how do you do, Miss Sullivan..and Mr. Sullivan.

It was awfully nice of you to ask us, Mrs. Pembroke Worthington. I don't suppose you remember us.

You are friends of Faith's, no doubt..she has so many..it is simply impossible for me to know them all.

I'm afraid we came a little early.

Yes..there doesn't seem to be anyone else here.

Oh, my poor dears..I have never been placed in such a predicament..the party was called off this afternoon. This must mean you weren't notified.

Oh, Mrs. Pembroke Worthington!

But, won't you sit and chat with me awhile?

Oh, no..we mustn't take your time.

I'd like so much to talk with you.

We can call some other time.

But you must give me a chance to explain..you see, Faith was threatened with a severe cold this afternoon.

Oh, in that case, Mrs. Pembroke Worthington, we mustn't detain you.

But I must explain to you how sorry I am.

It's perfectly all right. And please tell Faith how sorry we are that she's ill.

Yes..Lulu..we'll have to run along.

So you're gonna run along, are you, Lefty? Well, it ain't gonna be quite so easy as that. I'll just lock this door to be sure.

What is the meaning of this?

He's a policeman, Lulu..we're in for it.
You just betcha, Lefty...you're in for it this time. See this gun, don'tcha? Well...get 'em up...and you, too, babe, get 'em up.

I don't understand.

Better put up your hands, Lulu.

So you don't understand, uh? Maybe you don't know who your boy friend is...well, that's reasonable. They tell me, Lefty, you got a habit of pickin' up dames to go out to these parties with you...and never lettin' 'em know who you are. Got a rod? Want to throw it on the table there...or do I have to frisk you.

I guess you'll have to frisk me, but you won't find a gun.

Come here...let me go over you...well...you're gettin' real trustin' of us, ain't you?...going around without a rod. How about the dame?

You keep your hands off her.

Talkin' right up, eh? Well...I'll see about her later...you get in that next room there and step quick.

Look here...you'd better drop this foolishness right here. You've got the wrong man...I'm not Lefty Copeland...and unless you want to be the laugh of the force, you'd better ring down the curtain on this farce...and pretty quickly.

Smart talk, uh?

Too smart for you, I guess.

Get along in that room...I'll see what you gotta say in there...away from the dame...I'll get to you later, baby, and see how your story checks with his. Keep your eye on her, Mrs. Worthington. I'll be back as soon as I'm through with this bird. March along, you.

Oh, Mrs. Worthington, you mustn't let this go any further. It's all a dreadful mistake.

Mr. Riley can be the judge of that.

But you mustn't let it get into the papers...

I'm protected against that...the detectives promised me...

But after they know the truth...oh, it's a terrific joke...and Mrs. Pembroke Worthington you must stop it...please.
MRS. W The matter is out of my hands. If the gentleman is a
jewel thief and you insisted on coming here with him,
there is very little I can do to help matters.

BETTY But he isn't a jewel thief... he isn't Lefty Copeland.

MRS. W Nonsense... the police assured me that the invitation was
placed to get into this bandit's hands... "planted" was
the word I think they used.

BETTY But it didn't get into any bandit's hands... at least the
one I have didn't. I found it in Levi Brothers store.

MRS. W There was but one invitation.

BETTY Then there was to be no party?

MRS. W I merely cooperated with the police. I considered it
time something was done to protect us all against this
Copeland person.

BETTY Then this was a trap... you merely wanted to catch Lefty
Copeland. Well, I'm sorry... you have bagged the wrong
man.

MRS. W If this man isn't the Copeland person... who is he? And
who are you, for that matter?

BETTY It would be nonsense, of course, for me to ask you to be-
lieve that either of our names is Sullivan. What we did
was utterly unconventional, I admit... I found the in-
vitation and prevailed on my friend to escort me to your
party. The gravest charge you can place against either
of us is trespassing.

MRS. W I don't know why I should want to believe you.

BETTY But you do... don't you, Mrs. Pembroke Worthington?

MRS. W I am not responsible for what they do to him.. or to you
either.

BETTY You are responsible for anything irregular that happens
in your own home... an irregularity that may make you the
laughing stock of New York.

MRS. W My dear young lady...

BETTY Unless you listen to me now I can't be responsible for
what everybody may say about you.

MRS. W You're utterly presumptuous.

BETTY Perhaps I am... but I'm only trying to save you... my friend
and myself from being targets for a lot of ridiculous
newspaper talk.
MRS. W  And yet you won't tell me your names.

BETTY  I would gladly give you my name...but I'm not prepared to state the name of my friend.

MRS. W  May I ask why?

BETTY  Surely. For the pure and simple reason that I do not know it. All I know is this...he borrowed his evening clothes from his employer and neglected to inform the store manager that he was doing so. And if that is found out...he will lose his job.

MRS. W  Am I correct in this surmisal: that the exquisite gown you're wearing was also...borrowed?

BETTY  You are. It came from Levi Brothers.

MRS. W  And that possibly you may lose your own job as a result of this borrowing? Fortunately for both of us, I am in a position to check on your story. My nephew, Sam Stewart, is a junior partner at Levi Brothers.

BETTY  Yes...I know Mr. Stewart.

MRS. W  Really? Then you won't object if I call him here to identify you?

BETTY  I suppose I shouldn't...although I'd much prefer that Mr. Stewart didn't know.

MRS. W  Naturally...Harper 1159...yes, 1159.

BETTY  You're calling Mr. Stewart?

MRS. W  Certainly I am...hello...I wish to talk with Mr. Sam Stewart.

"Dreamy Melody"

MUSIC  DESTINY WRITE  15 SECONDS AND FADE TO CUT AT DIALOGUE

GENE  That's perfectly satisfactory to you then, is it, Mr. Riley?

RILEY  Yeah...I'm satisfied your name's Gene Freeman...but will you kindly tell me what it's all about...your barging in here and callin' yourself Harold Sullivan.

GENE  I suppose it might be labeled a practical joke...it could be if it were not so serious for Lulu.

RILEY  That ain't her name.

GENE  I suppose not...but what does it matter? She'll lose her job if she's found out. Now, remember you promised not to question her.
RILEY: well...runnin' off with a lot of expensive rags ain't exactly no idle pastime.

GENE: She only wanted a little fun...life's pretty tough for shop girls.

RILEY: It's tougher for gals out o' work.

GENE: That's just it...that's why we've to hush this whole thing up...so that Levi Brothers never get next.

RILEY: Say, where did you tell her you got this suit?

GENE: She thinks I'm a delivery boy for Freeman and Goldberg...she thought I borrowed the suit...just like she borrowed the gown...oh, the suit's my own, Riley..it is, really.

RILEY: Well...it fits like it. Kind o' lucky for you you had that bill fold on you..you'd o' been in the calaboose by now...Freeman or no 'reeman. I mean havin' your name and everything in there...mmm..yes those things help.

GENE: This ten spot will help a little, too..won't it, Riley.

RILEY: It sure will..thanks, Mr. Freeman.

GENE: Now, remember, when you and I go back in that room I am not Gene Freeman...

RILEY: Hold on, what do you mean?

GENE: I mean I don't want Lulu to know I'm Gene Freeman...I don't want her to think I pulled a fast one on her.

RILEY: For another ten spot I'll tell your fortune.

GENE: Okay...shoot.

RILEY: You're gonna marry a gal named Lulu.

GENE: My gosh, Riley..I hope so.

MUSIC REPEAT DESSINNY-WALTZ 15 SECONDS AND FADE TO CUT AT DIALOGUE

MRS. W: Sam..I'm so glad you've come.

SAM: Judging from the locked doors I thought you were trying to keep me out.

MRS. W: It was Mr. Riley's idea. He was trying to keep someone in..this young lady...

SAM: Why..Lady Betty..of all people..what on earth are you doing here?

BETTY: Could I leave? You yourself mentioned the locked doors, Mr. Stewart.
Mrs. W: Just a moment, please...Sam...am I to understand that this is Lady Betty?

Sam: Hasn't she told you? Oh, good heavens, Aunt Margaret...you don't mean to tell me that it was necessary for you to rush me across town to identify Lady Betty.

Mrs. W: But she came here with Lefty Copeland...

Betty: Please...Mr. Stewart I came here with a gentleman who unfortunately was mistaken for a jewel thief. I am being held as a material witness...or something like that.

Sam: Aunt Margaret...whose idiotic idea was this?

Mrs. W: The police...Mr. Riley's...and my own, too. I'm just a silly old, meddlesome woman. Can you ever forgive me, Lady Betty?

Sam: Aunt Margaret, you've made a complete fool of yourself.

Betty: You are unfair to Mrs. Pembroke Worthington. It's surely no fault of hers that she didn't understand I am Lady Betty Conroy...or that I arrived in New York only this morning...or that Levi Brothers hope to contract for my exclusive models. You see, Mrs. Pembroke Worthington, I didn't want you to call Mr. Stewart because I knew it would strip the glamor from this little adventure of mine. I did so want to stay Lulu Sullivan for a little longer. But, now I'm afraid I must tell you that I am merely Lady Betty and that instead of being a mad, little Gypsy girl...I am only a designer of silly frocks.

Sam: "Only"! "Only a designer..." Why, Aunt Margaret, she's the top...every woman in America sobs for gowns by Lady Betty.

Mrs. W: I know there's a joke in all this somewhere...but I wish someone would explain the point.

Betty: There is a joke...but it isn't on you. I'm afraid it's on the young man we know as Harold Sullivan.

Sam: I don't know any Harold Sullivan.

Mrs. W: He's in the next room with Mr. Riley...a detective from headquarters.

Sam: Hold on...why don't you ladies start at the beginning. I feel like I'd walked in on the middle of a continued story.

Betty: You have...but it's such an old story there doesn't seem to be any need of a synopsis. Cinderella and her prince who came to the ball with a bogus invitation.

Mrs. W: Sam...what did you do with that invitation you were to leave in a convenient place for Lefty Copeland?
Why...I...By George, I forgot all about it. The truth of the matter is, I looked for it in my pocket this afternoon and couldn't find it.

Could you have dropped it on the sixth floor at Levi's...that is where I found this one.

But...Lady Betty, you didn't need that invitation to call on Aunt Margaret...it wasn't necessary.

It's continually doing necessary things that makes life such a bore...don't you think? Mrs. Pembroke Worthington, wouldn't you like to do something unnecessary...just for once? Will you ask Officer Riley to release Harold Sullivan...and to see that his employers never learn that he borrowed a dress suit from their stock to escort me to your party.

And just to think...there wasn't to be a party...it was just a trick to capture Lefty Copeland.

So I have surprised. And there never was to be a Lulu Sullivan...that was just a trick, also...to capture a thrill. But there is a young man in there threatened with the reality of losing his job. Why not a happy ending for him, too.

Yes, who is it?

(distanced) I'm comin' in now, ma'am...

Oh...it's Mr. Riley and...the young man.

Remember what I said about the happy ending.

I shall do what I can. (calls) Come in, Mr. Riley.

Well, Mrs. Worthington...I guess we made a little mistake. This lad ain't Lefty Copeland...I think we'd better let the two of 'em run along.

Lulu! Are you all right...did they bother you much?

They were awfully sweet to me...they really were.

That's good...I was worried.

I was awfully afraid for you, Harold.

Say...look...they've all gone out of the room and left us here alone...Say, it would have been tough for you, I'll bet if Levi Brothers had found out about that gown.
BETTY I was thinking about you...what would Freemand and Goldberg have done to you if Riley had taken you to headquarters!

GENE What do you suppose the idea is...all of them walking out on us like they did?

BETTY I think it was Mrs. Pembroke Worthington's idea of a happy ending for you...and for me, too, I hope.

MUSIC "There's Always a Happy Ending" 15 SECONDS AND FADE TO OUT

ANNOUNCER And so, my friends, Lulu and Harold are in your hands.... and also in your hearts, I hope. The author has left the ending to you and he hopes that you will be as generous with them as he has been. TWO OTHER PEOPLE was a presentation of ... The play is a copyrighted broadcast feature, produced by special permission of Frederick J. Ingram Publications. The cast of characters was as follows:
"Two Other People" was a presentation of the Western College Players. The play is a copyrighted broadcast feature, produced by special permission of Frederick B. Ingram Publications. The cast of characters was composed of students of Western Teachers College and was as follows: Mildred Jones, of Harlan, Kentucky, as Betty
Robert Reithel, of Spottsville, Kentucky, as Gene
Morris Vincent, of Corinth, Kentucky, as Riley
Grace Schneck, of Hammond, Indiana, as Mrs. Pembroke Worthington
Morris Adair, of Brownsville, Kentucky, as Sam Stewart
Bill Cox, of London, Kentucky, as the waiter
Pete Trimpton, of Gary, Indiana, as the restaurant manager
Hazel Oates, of Greenville, Kentucky, as the maid.

The play was directed and announced by Professor J. Reid Sterrett, who is in charge of dramas in the College. Incidental music was supplied by our studio string ensemble.

Strings
"College Heights," fading for:

Moore
The Louisville and Jefferson County alumni will hold their second annual rally in the Georgian Room of the Kentucky Hotel on January the thirtieth, at 6:30 P. M. The banquet will be followed by a dance. All former students of Western Teachers College, Ogden College, Southern Normal, Western Normal, Potter College, or any of their affiliated branches are invited to attend.

We invite you to be with us again next Tuesday at four o'clock C. S. T., when the Home Economics Department will present a program, together with musical numbers.

This is Earl Moore speaking and saying goodbye until next Tuesday and wishing you Life More Life.

(Strings up and continue)