

NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: (Make local announcements every fifteen minutes except on dramatic programs which depend on a suggestion of thought.)

TIME: () WEAF

LUCKY STRIKE DANCE HOUR

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10:00 - 11:00 P.M.

DECEMBER 29, 1931

TUESDAY

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

HOWARD CLARKE:

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. The sponsor of this program in bringing you dance music from all over the world, feels that the picture would not be complete unless New York City's famous Harlem was represented. So tonight, we present Cab Calloway and his orchestra playing at the Cotton Club in the heart of Harlem, and from the studio, the one and only Walter Winchell, of the New York Daily Mirror, whose gossip of today, becomes the news of tomorrow. Mr. Walter Winchell!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen in every city, town, village and whistle stop between the coasts and the borders or wherever you are. And ho-dee-doh-doh Cab Calloway up there in Harlem's hotten-totten Cotton Club! I know you are happy tonight, Cab, old boy, and I am too. Good luck, kid. I say that, ladies and gentlemen - because tonight's program marks Cab Calloway's entry on a coast to coast network. So - it is an event.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES NEXT PAGE)

MR. WINCHELL: (CONTINUING)

And a coincidence, too, that Cab Calloway's first big hook-up should be on the Lucky Strike Dance Hour with us. For Cab Dalloway's Orchestra is unquestionably one of the better ones, and I'm as thrilled as Cab and his boys are - who are rarin' to go gay.

Let 'er rip, Cab! Our Lucky Strike Dance Hour magic carpet goes to the most distant places to entertain the nicest people.

ON WITH THE DANCE. OKAY, CALLOWAY!!!

(ORCHESTRA STARTS SIGNATURE AND FADES DOWN FOR ANNOUNCER ...)

HICKS:

Hi-de-hi, everybody! You're in the famous Cotton Club at 142nd Street and Lenox Avenue, New York, where the walls are painted with Southern scenes of cotton fields and old log-cabins. At one end of the dance floor is the white and green verandah of the plantation mansion, and that's where Cab Calloway and his boys are all set to play - "King Porter's Stomp", "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea", and "Nobody's Sweetheart".

(KING PORTER'S STOMP)

(BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA)

(NOBODY'S SWEETHEART)

HICKS:

Now the LUCKY STRIKE magic taxicab takes you back through Central Park to Fifth Avenue, with no danger of traffic jams, either.

OKAY, WALTER WINCHELL!

WALTER WINCHELL:

Plenty pretty, Cab Calloway - you know what I think of your rhythms - your scrapbooks must be chockfull of the poseys I've chucked you. Wait'll you see the mail that'll come from our big tribe of tuner-inners and then get a real thrill, Cab.

This is where Mrs. Winchell's Walter tries to live up to the song that Eddie Cantor sang about him last Sunday night. Stand by, Cab.

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I am indebted to Doctor David Weschler, a psychologist for this very interesting information. It is certainly to be included among the things you and I never even suspected. Dr. Weschler tested the brains of a number of supposedly "dumb" ^{chorus} girls on Broadway. He found the astonishing fact that these terpsichorines averaged higher on the Army mental tests than male college students. Here are the results of Dr. Weschler's tests. The soldiers averaged 61. The average of actors was 75 - business men, 86 - college women, 130 - college men, 127 - but the Broadway chorus girls, says the psychologist, averaged 128!! How have you been????

In fewer words, what Dr. Weschler would have us all believe is that the cuties of the shows are intelligent, and not as sappy or yappy as the boys who label them beautiful, but dumb. I always called them beautiful, but NUMB, but I had darn good reasons.

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(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES NEXT PAGE)

MR. WINCHELL: (CONTINUING)

Here's one of them - I'll never forget the chorus girl who worked for Professor Ziegfeld in Eddie Cantor's starring show "Whoppie". Wasn't she the one, though? She could wear an inexpensive dress and look as alluring as Garbo does on the screen - and when she was doing her high kicks in the frontline second from the left - she was prettier than a twenty dollar gold piece.

But she was dumber than a night club waiter is when it comes to totalling the check. She was a sleepy-head, too - and thought nothing of missing a matinee. One week, she missed them all.

So the stage-manager - who always has the final word back stage - called her down plenty. He warned her that if she missed another performance - she would be fired. Well, our beautiful - but NUMB chorus girl overslept again - and she sent Mr. Colvin, the stage manager, this telegram. "Dear Mr. Colvin - So sorry I couldn't make the matinee today, for I was suddenly stricken with appendicitus. But I will positively be around for this evening's performance!" P. S. She was fired - and today, is one of Hollywood's better known movie stars!

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And here are a few little things you probably never knew till now ... Lupe Velliss wears a wedding ring which she bought herself ... If you want to send your birthday wishes to Pola Negri, William Haines and Charles Bickford, their birthday is January first ... January third is the birthday of Marion Davies and January sixth is the day that Tom Mix and Loretta Young celebrate.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES NEXT PAGE)

MR. WINCHELL: (CONTINUING)

I said the other day that Garbo probably would start a new vogue in millinery to replace the One-eyed Connolly hat ... I didn't know at the time that Greta had started the Empress Eugeny lid - so she's the one? ... All along I've been blaming Ann Harding ... my apologies, Miss Harding ... We have a stock listed on the Exchange called "Prosperity" ... you are only allowed to do 35 miles per hour, on New York's Speedway ... I ran into Irving Berlin yesterday and he told me that the blessed event anticipated at his house, is due next month. Mrs. Irving Berlin, you know, is the former Ellen Mackay, one of the loveliest ladies in this town of mine ... Even Mr. Ripley probably won't believe this - but New York now has a manicure shop for canaries!

Some of the so-called Hollywood movie chatterers, who get their news from the misinformed, are making donkeys of themselves with their editors here in New York. Even after Greta Garbo's picture had been snapped by the New York photographers, and she was forced into an interview - some of these Ha-Ha-Hollywood writers, as late as yesterday, tried to make their bosses believe that Greta was not here, but out there. Of course, ladies and gentlemen, even in Hollywood, Garbo is rarely seen, except by her associates in the studio. These reporters from Hollywood depend upon their news about Garbo from the flicker company's press agents. And press agents, as anyone will tell you, are only bill posters in a full dress suit. Greta Garbo, as the New York papers confirmed, is still in New York, but is due back in Hollywood, January fourth, to make some more of her emotion pictures.

WINCHELL:

Here comes Howard Claney with a little piece of paper in his hand. I bet its a message from Mr. LUCKY STRIKE himself. The mike's yours -- O.K. Howard Claney!

CLANEY:

"To an opera singer the voice must always be the first consideration. When I reach for a LUCKY I do so because I have considered carefully the fact that LUCKY STRIKE gives me an all important throat protection against irritation -- against cough." That was no ordinary statement I just read to you. It is signed GUISEPPE DE LUCA -- and he is one of the foremost stars of the Metropolitan Opera House. Most of Signor De Luca's life has been devoted to the tender care of his voice -- his throat. Can you imagine what would happen if he permitted his throat to be irritated! Can you imagine what would happen if he were not careful in his choice of cigarettes! We cannot all be opera stars, but who can deny that your voice -- and my voice -- is any the less important to us! And if Signor De Luca has smoked LUCKIES for five years without fear of throat irritation, isn't that a sensible guide in the choice of cigarettes? When Guiseppe De Luca says "LUCKY STRIKE gives me an all important throat protection", he attests to the mellowing -- purifying benefits of LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process...and that is the process which assures you -- just as it assures him -- of that priceless throat protection against irritation -- against cough.

WINCHELL:

While you were talking about De Luca, Howard, you reminded me of something I heard about him, myself. Talk about studying for years to enter the medical profession -- when De Luca was only 13 he began to train that splendid voice of his. He studied singing for years and years before he was even allowed to step upon the stage. They tell me that the very first time he stepped out on the stage of the Metropolitan, he won instant favor. That was years ago, and De Luca has been a bright light of grand opera ever since.

NEXTHere's Public Enemy Number 9 -- I'm number 8, you know...He is the one, however, to blame for the chime-wave and I wish he would go to a warmer chim-ate.

-- STATION BREAK --

WINCHELL:

Get ready, Cab -- This is your second cue...Please play and sing my favorite torch tune, Cab, will ya? You know -- "Star Dust."

Ladies and Gentlemen -- Cab Calloway and his blazing band playing from the Cotton Club in New York!

ON WITH THE DANCE! OKAY! CALLOWAY!!!

HICKS:

The white-haired old colored men and mammies in those scenes painted on the walls of the Cotton Club here, seem to sway to the infectuous rhythms as Cab Calloway plays and sings. This time, they'll sway to -- "Aw You Dawg", "Star Dust" and "St. Louis Blues!"

(AW YOU DAWG)

(STAR DUST)

(ST. LOUIS BLUES)

HICKS:

The LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour dashes back from Harlem to the studio faster than you could dial our number. All we have to do is say:

"OKAY, WALTER WINCHELL!"

WINCHELL:

That's fine, Cab -- they like you a lot, boy! The wires and calls from all parts of this America of ours are coming in fast -- saying so.

This is where Howard Claney has a chat and then Simple Chime-on gives me a dirty look and then you play again, Cab. Ladies and gentlemen, Howard Claney.

CLANEY:

When we tell you "it's good to smoke LUCKIES" -- what do we mean? How can you measure goodness in a cigarette? Well, in the first place up to one hundred million dollars worth of the finest tobaccos -- the Cream of many Crops -- are constantly stored and aged to protect LUCKY STRIKE'S uniform quality. In the second place...these choice tobacco leaves are given the extra benefits of that famous and exclusive "TOASTING" Process. In the third place, the "TOASTING" Process includes the use of the beneficent, Ultra Violet Rays...That great contribution of modern science -- and let me repeat that this process is exclusively used in LUCKY STRIKE. It is because of the unsurpassed goodness of LUCKY STRIKES -- for these three important reasons -- that we tell you again and again -- and again -- LUCKIES are always kind to your throat. So reach for a LUCKY instead.

WINCHELL:

While you were selling LUCKIES, Howard, look who crashed the party! Hello Franken-chime---what am I bid for these chimes? Going, going-----GONG!!

--STATION BREAK--

WINCHELL:

That's a warning to stand by -- Cab Calloway!

The Lucky Strike Dance Hour roller-coast-to-coaster is nation-wide hook-up bound again!

Keep 'em in a merry mood, Cab. ON WITH THE DANCE! OKAY! CALLOWAY!

HICKS:

Cab Calloway climbs on the LUCKY STRIKE Coast-to-coaster with his whole Cotton Club band and plays -- "After The Storm," "Minnie the Moocher," and "Farewell Blues."

(AFTER THE STORM)

(MINNIE THE MOOCHEER)

(FAREWELL BLUES)

HICKS:

All right, everybody, get aboard the LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour downtown express -- the New York subway that flies through the air. Next stop: Walter and his Winchellingo.

OKAY, WALTER WINCHELL!

WINCHELL:

Atta, boy, Calloway. I won't be long this time -- I have an item or three to report.

Texas Guinan who has been arrested and charged so often with violating the Volstead Act, really never touches the stuff. But it took her a long time to convince the courts that she wasn't guilty of peddling hooch. I'll never forget the time they tried to give that little girl a great big hand-cuff. Her lawyer said to the judge: "Your Honor -- this woman doesn't have to sell Likker to make money. She gets three times the salary of a Supreme Court Judge!"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted the scowling judge, "Don't rub it in!"

Here's a honey of a snappy retort. In the column I would have titled it "The Squelch Swelegant." It is supposed to have been overheard near one of the breadlines in New York. A fellow who didn't have to be so snippy about it -- rebuffed a chap in distress who asked for a coin or two in this sour manner.

"You had better ask for manners," growled the big stiff.

"I beg your pardon," softly replied the unfortunate one, "I asked for what I thought you had the most of, sir."

The Bill Boyd of the stage and the screen is being pursued again. This time the pursuer is a young divorcee, whose alimony checks are bigger than the heads of girls who are making their first appearance in a Ziegfeld show. Every day for the past two weeks, this admirer of Boyd's sends him dozens of chrysanthemums-- which is certainly rushing Leap Year.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

WALTER WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

James Dunn's new girl friend, June Knight, is due in from New York from the West Coast, within the fortnight, but their friends tell you that she is not coming here to marry Mr. Dunn, who arrived the other day. Miss Knight is coming to New York merely to join a new show, she says. In other words, that they will be married is denied. Gosh, I can remember all the way back when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks told newspaper reporters that the idead of their ever marrying each other was ridiculous. They told that to the press up to 48 hours before they went hitch-hiking down a middle-aisle.

Here's something Chicago probably will thank me for...Let it be known Mr. and Mrs. United that Chicago has been slandered and libelled too long...It is not the bing-bang-boom town you've been told it is. As a matter of record, Chicago, up to last January was not the leading city for crime waves, at all. Some of Chicago's bad boys gave the town a wicked name, but here are the facts. Chicago ranks seventh in America for crime -- and is 39th on the list for homicides! I'm afraid this New York of mine leads. BOKAY! Chicago -- who's yer pal now, big town? And say, Chicago! Tell Ben Bernie that I'm sorry but that if I could think up any good jokes I'd use 'em myself.

(MR. WINCHELL CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE)

MR. WINCHELL: (CONTINUING)

You never know where you're going to end up when you start in on a newspaper ... for instance, a newspaper job led Winchell to the business end of a microphone ... and it led that famous opera star, Queena Mario, from the woman's page of the old Evening Telegram to the spotlight at the Metropolitan. Can you imagine a star of opera writing advice to housewives? Madame Mario got her job on the newspaper because she wrote a series on the care of babies - when she was sixteen years old. The cash the newspaper paid her went into singing lessons - and it sure has paid big dividends! Her name used to be Tillotson, but she changed it to Mario, because her famous teacher, Madame Sembrich, could not twist her tongue around the name Tillotson. It was good business to have an Italian name in opera - and good advertising, too. And speaking of advertising, Howard Claneey wants to tell you something.

MISS BRYANT:

Thank you, Walter. It was five years ago that Queena Mario first began to reach for a LUCKY. She writes! "I know that LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette giving me the throat protection of the "Toasting" Process - and so I stick to LUCKIES exclusively. And I'm enthusiastic about another LUCKY STRIKE feature ... your improved humidor package that opens as fast as lightning." Now, ladies and gentlemen - perhaps to some of you, it is a small thing - the choice of a cigarette - but to Queena Mario, and to many other famous men and women, who must protect their voices, it is one of those big little things - a mistake in that small matter truly might cost them their livelihood.

(MISS BRYANT CONTINUES NEXT PAGE)

MISS BRYANT: (CONTINUING)

And it's a big thing to you, Mr. and Mrs. Listener. You will find, as Queena Mario has found for the past five years, that LUCKIES are always kind to your throat - for LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants naturally present in every tobacco leaf! And because these irritants are out - banished - your LUCKY STRIKE gives you the utmost smoking pleasure - without throat rasp! Because these expelled irritants are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE - you get all the sweet and mellow goodness of the Cream of many Crops - plus that priceless protection against irritation - against cough!

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Come on, Cab! All their dancing floooooors are sprinkled with asbestos dust -- so get hot -- GO TO TOWN!

OK WITH THE DANCE! OKAY CALLOWAY!

HICKS:

The asbestos dust, as Walter calls it, on the floor of the Cotton Club will be distributed as Cab Calloway plays, this time -- "Ain't Got A Gal In This Town." and "San Sue Strut,"

(AIN'T GOT A GAL IN THIS TOWN)

(SAN SUE STRUT)

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS SIGNATURE AND FADES DOWN)

HICKS:

In the heart of Harlem, where blues are blues, we jump into our LUCKY STRIKE -- magic-taxicab, and hop across New York City back to Mrs. Winchell's bad little boy.

OKAY, WALTER!

WINCHELL:

Well, Cab -- I was on the verge of claiming you for New York -- because we've had many a fine orchestra from here, there and everywhere. But I just remembered that if New York claimed you, Cab -- Rochester, where you were born, and Baltimore, where you were raised, would put up an awful holler. Hear you soo, again, Cab -- I read some of my mail, now.

William Schwartz of Memphis Tennessee would like to know if Jimmy Durante is a Jewish boy. No, William -- Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton, Jimmy's partners who look like Italians are Joewish boys -- but Jimmy Durante, who looks Jewish -- is a spaghetti fiend.

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

Mrs. George Ryan of Montgomery, Alabama. This is for you Mr. Ryan...The expression "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" comes from Thomas Haynes Baylys "Isle of Beauty."

David Murray of Bridgeport, Connecticut would like to know the origin of the underworld term "yeggman." I'm not sure, David, but I think it comes from the Chinese word "Kekkman" Y e double K m a n. David tells me that at Yale when the college boys holler "Fire!" it means that something beautiful is ankling across the Campus. The Yale you say, David!

R.C. Lawson of Chicago. Thanks Mr. Lawson -- I used most of those chime gags, though. The best way to tell is a prizefighter is going goofy is to watch him for a few days. If he tips his hat to telephone poles -- he's punch-drunk.

Mr. William Chapman of Portland, Maine. The last I heard of the little lady -- she was with the Follies which now is touring. She's a lovely girl and very popular with the troupe, too. Yes, we have an Exterior Street in New York. Very few New Yorkers could tell you where it is, however.

It is a short and very dark street near the Rockefeller Institute, Mr. Chapman, -- over near the East River in the 60s. And on warm summer nights it is a romantic spot. The lights on the tugs and the other boats make it all very spellbinding, and if you love love, sir, especially so -- if the girl in your dreams is the girl in your arms.

WINCHELL: (CONTINUES)

And that, Mr. Chapman, and all you other tuner-inners winds up our show for tonight.

Don't forget to reach for a LUCKY STRIKE Dance Hour on Thursday night -- New Year's Eve -- when we hook-up with Paris, France. On New Year's Eve we leap back and forth -- to Paris -- then to Montreal -- for Jack Benny's crew -- and to New York for the Jack Pettis orchestra. It promises to be another exciting event in our career as was our London hook-up. So please Short Wave, be as faithful as you were when we went to London and South America.

Until New Year's Eve at the same time then -- ladies and gentlemen -- I remain your New York correspondent -- Walter Winchell -- who wants to remind you that the best part of a streak of sour luck now and then -- is that it certainly helps you to find out just which of your friends -- really are!!

HOWARD CLANEY:

(CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT)

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

AGENCY/WINCHELL/CC/Chilleen
12/29/31