

EPISODE IV - PART I

"THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY"

OFFICIAL STORY OF CASE

By
G. F. ZIMMER
(SPECIAL AGENT 5)

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(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES CLEAR THE WIRES SPECIAL
AGENT SPECIAL AGENT FIVE THROUGH COURTESY
OF J. EDGAR HOOVER DIRECTOR UNITED STATES
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
YOU ARE PERMITTED TO RELATE AUTHENTIC STORY
"THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY" BASED ON CASE 81 - 727
FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, D. C. SPECIAL
AGENT FIVE PROCEED.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

SPECIAL AGENT FIVE:

Special Agent Five talking "The Lamar Bank Robbery".....
Real people Real Places Real clues a real case.....
For obvious reasons, fictitious names are used throughout Our
case begins in the city of Lamar, Colorado, in the lobby of one of
the city's leading banks.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

CARMICH: Hello, Norman.

CHURCH: Why — John Carmichael! Well, well! Sit down, John.

CARMICH: (HUMOROUSLY) Thanks. But you look pretty busy —

I don't like to bother a bank president, you know.

CHURCH: Not at all, John, not at all — I'm delighted to see you! (CALLS) Oh, Frank!

FRANK: Yes, Dad?

CHURCH: I want you to meet an old friend of mine, John Carmichael.

FRANK: How do you do, sir?

CHURCH: John, this is my son Frank.

CARMICH: My boy, how are you?

CHURCH: I've made Frank cashier, here in the bank.

CARMICH: That's fine. Following right in your father's footsteps, eh?

FRANK: (PLEASANTLY) Well, trying to.

CHURCH: They tell me you've sold your ranch, John?

CARMICH: Yes, I expect to be in Lamar during the next few months. You see, I'm putting my Western office here, and —

FRANK: (TENSE) Wait a minute! Father.

CHURCH: (ANNOYED) Eh, eh? Go on, John, I —

FRANK: Father. Something wrong.

CHURCH: Eh?

FRANK: At the teller's cage. Three men. It's a hold-up.

CHURCH: Down on the floor, John. Looks like shooting. Oh, why doesn't that teller kick the burglar alarm?

FRANK: Quiet, Dad. They're watching us.

CHURCH: Keep back, son.

JAKE: (SHORT DISTANCE OFF) Put up your hands, everybody! Up. And keep 'em up!

CHURCH: Kick that alarm, you fool!

JAKE: Charlie, get those guys by the Prexy's desk!

CHARLIE: Yeah. (FADES IN ON): Back up there -- back up and shut up!

JAKE: Harry, get in there and scoop up the dough.

HARRY: (SAME DISTANCE OFF AS JAKE) I got you, Jake. It's right behind the counter.

CHURCH: I warn you, sir --

CHARLIE: (ON MIKE) Keep your hand outa that desk, old man, if you know what's good for you.

FRANK: Father -- look out! Don't take a chance - please.

(DESK DRAWER OPEN)

CHURCH: I'll handle this, Frank. Now -- you -- Put down that gun!

(SHOT)

CHARLIE: Yeah?

(SHOT)

How do you like that?

CHURCH: (GROANS) You.....(COUGHS) I'm.....

(CRASH AS CHURCH TOPPLES AGAINST OFFICE CHAIR AND FALLS TO FLOOR)

CARMICH: Frank -- they've shot your father! He's killed!

CHARLIE: Shut up or you'll get the same!

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CARMICH: Where are you going — Frank! Frank!

FRANK: (PASSION AND GRIEF) I'm going to get the shotgun
and blow this guy to the devil.

CHARLIE: Wait a minute, you! Where you going?

JAKE: (FADING IN) Never mind the kid, Charlie, let him go —
we got the dough now — let's get out. Here —
the side way — hurry up, Harry! Toss me that
satchelful of coin!

HARRY: Comin' at yah!

JAKE: O.K., Harry, I got it. Now keep these people covered
while we get out to Jerry in the car.

CHARLIE: Watch out for that kid, Jake. Here he is again.

FRANK: (FADING IN) Don't duck. Don't run. Stay here —
and take it!

(ROAR OF SHOTGUN)

JAKE: (AWED) Holy God. A shot gun. Run, Charlie —
beat it!

CHARLIE: (FADING) This way, Jake — after me. Right thru
here

JAKE: (FADING) With you, kid. (CALLS BACK) Harry, get
that guy!

HARRY: There's another barrel to that cannon, huh? Well —

(PISTOL SHOT)

that'll stop yah!

FRANK: (WEAKLY) You don't get away either.

(ROAR OF SHOTGUN)

HARRY: (SCREAMS) Jake! Charlie! He got me! He got me
in the face (FADES) Wait a minute — wait for
me wait for me

(DOOR SHUTS)

(CROWD COMES CLOSER)

CARMICH: After them -- after those men -- they're murderers!
WOMAN: Good -- Lord -- oh -- oh -- what's happened here --
CARMICH: Those three men killed Mr. Church and his son --
WOMAN: Oh -- oh --
CARMICH: But Frank wounded one of 'em -- quick, they went
this way -- look, through the window -- they're
climbing in that automobile -- but they can't get
far with that wounded man -- (BEGINS TO FADE) Hurry,
hurry out this door. Call the sheriff - Send for
the police -----

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. MOTOR CAR RUNNING FAST. HORN BLOWING.
2. TELEPHONE BELL.
3. RECEIVER IS LIFTED.

MISS RUSSELL: Doctor Ward's office. Oh, yes. He'll call in the
morning -- he said you'd be all right till then.
Yes, I'll tell him.

(RECEIVER REPLACED)

DR. WARD: Who was that?
MISS RUSSELL: Mrs. Marley again.
DR. WARD: (CHUCKLES) Well, she doesn't need to worry.
MISS RUSSELL: People seem to think you're the only doctor in the town
of Dighton, the way they rush you. Why don't you try to
get some rest now while you can?
DR. WARD: (TIRED) I'd like to -- I'd like to rest for a week.
MISS RUSSELL: It's almost nine o'clock. I don't think there'll be
anything more tonight.

DR WARD: Neither do I. You run along home and get some rest yourself. You're already to go, aren't you?

MISS R: Yes, I am Doctor, if you really think --

DR. WARD: I really think that we're about to call it an evening. Don't waste time talking to me now.

MISS R: Well, I will go then. If you're sure ---

(BUZZER)

Oh --- there --- some one in the reception room.

DR WARD: No -- no, Miss Russell. I'll attend to whoever it is. You go on out this door. You need sleep, girl. It's all right.

(BUZZER)

MISS R: Well - thank you, doctor. (FADING) Good night.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

DR WARD: Good night. (DIFFERENT DOOR OPENS) How do you do, sir?

JAKE: (FADING IN) Say -- is the doctor in?

DR WARD: I'm Doctor Ward. What's the trouble?

JAKE: I need a doctor bad. Something's happened to one of the boys.

DR WARD: The boys?

JAKE: On the ranch. Tractor accident.

DR WARD: What happened?

JAKE: All cut up and hurt bad. Round the face.

DR WARD: By a tractor?

JAKE: (A BIT UGLY) Sure. By a tractor.

DR WARD: All right, young man. Where's the ranch?

JAKE: We -- took him away.

DR. WARD: Well, tell me where the injured man is, and I'll go to him.

JAKE: Naw -- I'll take you.

DR. WARD: My car's outside. If you don't mind, we'll go in that.

JAKE: O.K. I'll ride along. But make it snappy, will you?

DR. WARD: My bag is there on the table. (FADING) We have to take that along, you know. All right now, young fellow, here we are. Let's be on our way.

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.
2. MOTOR CAR STARTS AND RUNS AT MODERATE SPEED.

DR. WARD: That's the last bandage...there....there you are.

HARRY: (GROANING) Oh - oh --

DR. WARD: All right, old man -- I'll give you something.

HARRY: I can't get any rest -- I can't sleep --

DR. WARD: Don't worry. You lie quiet, and you'll get to sleep all right.

HARRY: (GROAN TRAILS OFF) Yeah....Thanks, Doc.

DR. WARD: (REFLECTIVELY) Yes, you'll make no trouble. And now I'd like to talk to your friends.

JAKE: (FADING IN) Yeah? O.K., Doc -- here we are.

DR. WARD: Who's this other man?

CHARLIE: (FADING IN) Oh, I'm Charlie. I'm Jake's brother.

DR. WARD: I see. Well, boys, I suppose you want the truth about your pal.

CHARLIE: That's right, Doc.

DR. WARD: He'll sleep a while now -- but he won't live two days.

JAKE: Huh?

DR. WARD: Three days at most. And furthermore, the nature of his wounds has shown me what kind of "tractor" hurt him. I'd say it was about a twenty-gauge tractor.

CHARLIE: How's that, Doc?

DR. WARD: You men must think I'm an idiot. You come to my office after dark. You bring me out here to a shack on the edge of a canyon. You show me a man with his face full of powder and buckshot. And you expect me to believe that you're honest farmers. Why, I know every rancher within forty miles. And I've never seen you three before.

JAKE: Don't worry, Doc -- you won't see us again, neither.

DR. WARD: (PERCEIVING THE DANGER) Eh? Just a minute -- I'm only telling you you can't get away with it. This man is going to die and his death has got to be reported.

JAKE: O.K. But you ain't gonna do the reporting.

DR. WARD: Why not?

JAKE: Because you'll be dead yourself!

DR. WARD: Why, gentlemen --

JAKE: Turn around, doc.

DR. WARD: You can't do --

JAKE: Plug him, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Yeah.

(SEVERAL SHOTS)

JAKE: He won't do any reportin' -- or identifyin'.

CHARLIE: Yeah, and what now?

JAKE: Open the door. We gotta try to get him out of sight.

CHARLIE: O.K. Where'll we take him?

(DOOR OPEN)

JAKE: Put him in his car first of all. Grab his feet.

CHARLIE: Yeah. An' what good 's that gonna do?

JAKE: You'll catch on in a minute. Come on, don't stall.

This guy's heavy.

CHARLIE: I'm comin'. What good's puttin' him in the car
gonna do?

JAKE: We'll give it a shove over the cliff into the canyon,
see?

CHARLIE: That's a good idea, Jake.

JAKE: Yeah. They'll never find him. Charlie's re.

CHARLIE: Here we are. Open that window and take off the brake.

JAKE: Say -- this window's stuck. Try the door on your side.

CHARLIE: O.K. (DOOR OPENS) Yeah -- it works all right.

JAKE: Then take off the brake and give the buggy a shove.

CHARLIE: Yeah. (MAKES EFFORT) Here she comes.

JAKE: And there she goes ... (FADING) So long, doc, huh?
(LAUGHS)

- SOUND INTERLUDE:
1. RUMBLING AND CRASHING AS AUTOMOBILE RIPS AND THUMPS DOWN STEEP SIDE OF CANYON.
 2. SOUND OF TYPEWRITERS.
 3. FADE IN POUNDING ON DESK.

LANE: If you please, Mr. Carmichael -- you don't need to batter my desk to pieces.

CARMICH: Sheriff, I don't care a whoop for your desk. What I want is action.

LANE: You'll get it, as soon as we can give it to you. Remember, there's another angle to this crime beside the killings in the bank, and the robbery.

CARMICH: WHAT do you mean?

LANE: The murder of Doctor Ward over near Dighton, Kansas.

CARMICH: And that's why you're holding back on your investigation? That's preposterous.

LANE: I wonder. Figure it out for yourself. Three men enter a bank here and commit a robbery, in which the bank-president and his son are killed, and escape. But -- during the escape -- one of them is shot. You told me so yourself.

CARMICH: Yes. Go on.

LANE: Very well. The bandits can't move on account of the condition of the wounded man. They have to get a doctor. They find him in Dighton, over the border in Kansas. He goes with them, and is forced to treat the fellow who was shot. Then, to cover their tracks and avoid an alarm, they kill the doctor. And here's the important point, Mr. Carmichael -- the coroner tells me that Dr. Ward was murdered within three hours of the bank robbery here.

CARMICH: By George -- there might be something to your theory.

LANE: I'm sure there is.

CARMICH: All the more reason, then, to get busy. Lane, you're sheriff of Prowers County -- the ranking peace officer in the city of Lamar. Well, all I can say is, if you'd seen what I saw there in the bank -- you wouldn't be just sitting here. Why, they shot down Norman Church and his son like dogs, Sheriff! Like dogs!

LANE: I know. Uh---Mr. Carmichael -- we have got some prisoners.

CARMICH: What!

LANE: Held on suspicion only -- a man named Herman Conger who has a criminal record -- and three of his pals.

CARMICH: Then why hasn't any one been allowed to look at them for identification?

LANE: I'll show you why. (FADES) I'll open this window.

(OPENS WINDOW)

(MOB GROWL)

You hear that?

(CLOSES WINDOW)

(FADING BACK) You heard them? There's a big crowd outside -- they're well under control now -- but they'll hang round this courthouse all night if they think the men are inside. That's why I'm holding my prisoners so close.

CARMICH: But surely you'll let me see them.

LANE: If you'll promise to say nothing about it till feeling has died down in town.

CARMICH: I won't promise anything. I demand that you let me see this man.

LANE: All right, I'll tell you something else. So far we have found only one piece of tangible evidence in the crime.

CARMICH: What's that?

LANE: A fingerprint sent to us by the experts over the border in Kansas.

CARMICH: A fingerprint? Where was it?

LANE: Taken from the glass in the window of Dr. Ward's car.

CARMICH: Well?

LANE: They sent us a copy of it. It doesn't check with Conger's prints -- or with those of his friends.

CARMICH: That means nothing. The murderers weren't the only people that had access to the doctor's car and you know it.

LANE: Don't tell me my business, Mr. Carmichael.

CARMICH: Excuse me -- but remember -- I saw my old friend shot down.

LANE: Yes -- I understand. I'll -- (CALLS) Oh, Sam!

SAM: (OFF) Yeah, Sheriff?

LANE: Bring in Herman Conger.

SAM: (OFF) Yes, sir.

(OPENS DOOR)

SAM: (FADING IN) This way, Herman.

LANE: Sit down, Conger.

CONGER: Yes, sir.

LANE: Just be easy. Er, turn your face toward the light.

(PAUSE) Well, Mr. Carmichael?

CARMICH: (SUDDENLY) That's the man! I'd know him anywhere.

CONGER: For God's sake!

CARMICH: Sheriff, he's the one you want -- the man who shot Norman Church!

CONGER: I didn't do it -- Sheriff, you know I didn't do it.

CARMICH: He knows you're a criminal, with a criminal record.

CONGER: I've done my time -- I ain't concealing it -- but this job -- no! Not me. Never. Never. Never.

LANE: Well, where were you, Herman, when it happened?

CONGER: Out at my place, with the boys you took with me at the poolroom.

CARMICH: They your only witnesses?

CONGER: Yes.

CARMICH: Well, Sheriff?

LANE: It does look bad. And you're absolutely sure, this is the man?

CARMICH: Absolutely.

CONGER: (AGONIZED) How can he be sure when it wasn't me -- honest to God, it wasn't me.

LANE: S-s-h -- keep quiet, son. Take it easy. Don't forget that crowd outside.

CONGER: What'll I do? My God, what'll I do?

LANE: Wait till your case comes to court, son -- and pray that the jury'll believe you. All right, Sam -- take him back again.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: WHAT WILL BE FATE....OF HERMAN CONGER AND OTHER INNOCENT MEN....MISTAKENLY IDENTIFIED....AS LAMAR BANK MURDERERS....FOLLOW LUCKY STRIKE HOUR...FOR THRILLING CONCLUSION.....

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

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"SPECIAL AGENT FIVE"

EPISODE IV - PART II

"THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY"

***** Geo. F. Zimmer
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(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES CLEAR THE WIRES ... SPECIAL AGENT
FIVE "THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY" BASED ON CASE 82 -
717 FILES OF UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION...
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE WASHINGTON, D. C. PROCEED
WITH CASE AT RANCH OF CHARLIE AND JAKE MAYER

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

(FADE IN SMALL ORGAN AND MRS. MAYER SINGING GERMAN HYMN - "EIN FESTE BURG.")

JAKE: (CALLING) Cut out that noise, Ma. Charlie and me want to talk.

MA MAYER: Ach, so. Jah.

(ORGAN OUT)

CHARLIE: Ah, what's the matter, Jake? Leave her alone, cantcha?

JAKE: (FADING IN) Beat it, Ma. Go get supper ready.

MA MAYER: So soon, you want to be eating yet?

JAKE: Yeah. I'm going to cut outta here tonight.
Ten-thirty train.

MA MAYER: Jake you're not leaving?

JAKE: What did it sound like? Listen, ma, don't stand there like a dummy -- I gotta eat quick.

MA MAYER: Ach mein kind, -- you stay here. Stay here, Jake.
If you go away it makes trouble, maybe, trouble like the time before --

JAKE: (QUICK AND HARSH) Shut up! I told you not to talk about that!

MA MAYER: (WEAKLY) Jake.....

JAKE: Get outta here before you make me sore.

MA MAYER: (FADING OUT) Yes, Jake -- whatever you say --

(DOOR)

CHARLIE: What's eating yah, Jake? Ma don't mean no harm.

JAKE: Ah, she's all the time throwin' it up to me I been in the stir.

CHARLIE: Well, you was, wasn't yah?

JAKE: Sure and I'm never goin' back.

CHARLIE: If you stay right here and keep outta trouble you ain't.

JAKE: Stay here? -- nah. We're gonna split that two grand from the Lamar Bank job and I'm gonna head for some big town -- where I can have a decent time.

CHARLIE: Yeah -- that's jail bait. Wait a while longer. Remember -- them two bank stiff's died -- and the doc too.

JAKE: Well, they're gettin' Herman Conger for it, ain't they?

CHARLIE: Yeah ... but I ain't restin' easy till they spring the trap on him.

JAKE: They got him an' the other guys on trial, ain't they, with the whole county hollerin' for a conviction. What more do you want?

CHARLIE: It listens too easy.

JAKE: Well who's gonna drag us into it? Harry Flanagan was the only guy that knew, and he died just like the Doc said he would ...

CHARLIE: Except Jerry.

JAKE: He just drove the car, anyway, we know he's O.K.

CHARLIE: I'll believe we're safe when Conger and his two pals get hung -- not before.

JAKE: All right, sit here and rot. I want my cut o' that dough and I'm gonna take it, see?

CHARLIE: O.K. Sure, Jake! It's right here, where we left it --
(OPENS DRAWER)

back o' this junk in the side drawer. Here, Take it.

JAKE: I'll just peel off a couple of grand to start me.

CHARLIE: Don't want to carry no more, huh?

JAKE: That's it, Charlie. You can send me the rest when I get located.

CHARLIE: Where to?

JAKE: I'll write to yah -- same address we always use.

CHARLIE: O.K.

JAKE: Tell you what I'll do -- I'll just slip out without sayin' nothin' -- I don't want Ma hollerin' around and givin' me the bellyache.

CHARLIE: You better beat it while Ma's still in the kitchen, then.

JAKE: Yeah. (FADING) So long, kid. (AT DOOR) I'm headin' for the big Rock Candy Mountains.

CHARLIE: So long, Jake. See you in jail.

JAKE: Not me, kid -- not in jail. (LAUGHS)

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED QUICKLY)

SOUND INTERLUDE: TRAIN RUNNING WITH LONG BLASTS OF WHISTLE.

POLICE CHIEF: What's your name, young man? All right, talk up now.

JAKE: Ah, who wants to know?

POLICE C: Can't remember your name, huh? Maybe a few weeks on our rock pile would bring it back to yah.

JAKE: Ah well, what's the odds? Sure. I'll tell yah. My name's Benjamin Franklin Stewart.

POLICE C: Yeh? All right.

(PEN SCRATCHING)

Benjamin Franklin — Stewart. Where you from, Benny.

JAKE: New York.

POLICE C: Yeh? Well, Benny, you better go right back to New York — we sure don't want your kind in Stockton, California.

JAKE: Well, what you got against me — what's the idea o' puttin' me under arrest?

POLICE C: Suspicion o' being a vagrant and no visible means o' support.

JAKE: Yeah, well, that's pretty big-league, ain't it?

POLICE C: We're going to turn you loose, Benny — and send you outta town. But first I'll take your fingerprints.

JAKE: Oh, no — not me — not me. No fingerprints. Not this afternoon.

POLICE C: Oh, no? Gimme yer hand.

JAKE: Hey — leggo my wrist — leggo me —

POLICE C: That's right — stick it on this inkpad — there — thumb — one, two, three, four — gimme your left hand. That's it, thumb first — and — the fingers — right. All right, Benny — you can scram.

JAKE: What -- what you gonna do with those prints?

POLICE C: Ah, nothing, nothing -- if you hadn't acted so tough I wouldn't even of taken them. It's just a matter of routine. We file 'em, for Washington. Bureau of Investigation. All right, go on -- get out of town!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. TRAIN RUNNING OVER TRACK.
2. TYPEWRITER

PRESTON: These the last of the California prints, Louie?

LOUIE: Yes, Mr. Preston.

PRESTON: I suppose you'd like to go then?

LOUIE: No, sir.

PRESTON: Louie, you're a remarkable boy. Sometimes I believe you have a secret ambition to grow up to be a fingerprint expert.

LOUIE: I'd rather work here in the Identification Division than any other place in Washington. Yes sir.

PRESTON: I'm surprised you say that after finding out what a dull life we lead.

LOUIE: Gee, I don't think so.

PRESTON: Well, let's see, what have we got? Oh, yes -- here's man who was arrested on suspicion out in Stockton, California. That suspicion was pretty well founded, Louie -- he'd certainly been in jail before.

LOUIE: Gee -- that's a fine set of points. Where was he in jail before?

PRESTON: Oklahoma State Penitentiary, 1916. Served a year for burglary. He seems to have had a change of name, -- in Oklahoma he wasn't Benjamin Franklin Stewart he was Jake Mayer. And that happens to be his real name, too -- comes from Colorado. You'd be surprised how hard it is to get into a penitentiary under a phony name.

LOUIE: But how can you tell for sure it's the same man?

PRESTON: Well, take the magnifying glass and look at these two right index finger prints, one from California, one from Oklahoma -- They're exactly the same. And the catalogue classification of the California print can't help but take us to the other. And there you are. We add one more chapter to Mr. Mayer's criminal record.

LOUIE: Should I put these prints back?

PRESTON: Yes. I mean, no.

LOUIE: Huh?

PRESTON: Louie, I have a feeling that I've seen that fingerprint somewhere else.

LOUIE: Well -- sure -- once from Oklahoma, and once from California.

PRESTON: Yes, that must be it. Put them away.

LOUIE: Yes, sir.

PRESTON: Wait.

LOUIE: Yes, sir?

PRESTON: I'm positive I've seen that print somewhere else.

LOUIE: Well, gee, Mr. Preston -- we've got three million of 'em here.

PRESTON: Louie, fingerprints are like faces -- no two alike -- and they stick in your mind sometimes, the same way. Why can't I remember! Well -- never mind. Let's get on with the rest of these.

LOUIE: O.K.

PRESTON: Let me have the file on -- (SUDDENLY) Say! I've got it! I've got it!

LOUIE: Got what?

PRESTON: The fingerprint -- the print from California -- I knew I'd seen it before -- Louie -- get me that single fingerprint from Dighton, Kansas -- you know -- the one they took from that murdered doctor's car!

LOUIE: Dighton, Kansas -- yes, sir!

PRESTON: Hurry, hurry --

LOUIE: Here it is --

PRESTON: Fine -- now, let's take a look --

LOUIE: What do you think?

PRESTON: It's the same one -- the same one -- there isn't a doubt of it! I memorized the Dighton print when it came in -- just in case it should turn up again!

LOUIE: So what?

PRESTON: Boy, don't you read the papers? Don't you know they've got four men on trial for their lives for the murder of the Doctor and the bankers in Lamar? Well, the man who left this fingerprint, and the man who was arrested in California and the man who served time in Oklahoma are the same person! Jake Mayer! And he's not even suspected of the crime!

LOUIE: You mean they've got the wrong men?

PRESTON: You bet they have! Four innocent men -- and this will prove it.

LOUIE: Gee! How!

PRESTON: Grab that phone and call up the chief -- but first throw me an official telegraph form -- we must wire Colorado!

LOUIE: Gee -- did you say the Identification Division wasn't exciting? Oh boy!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DIALLING OF TELEPHONE

2. FADE IN TELEGRAPH KEY

CARMICH: You're not sure yet, are you, Sheriff?

LANE: No. I still don't like it.

CARMICH: Well, I'm convinced, and the District Attorney's convinced and so are the other citizens of Lamar who identified the criminals. That's enough, isn't it?

LANE: Mr. Carmichael, you know as well as I do that this kind of witness identification is hysterical and apt to be wrong. Beside, no one has explained the fingerprint.

CARMICH: Nobody needs to.

LANE: There were four men in the crowd that robbed the bank --- four only. Therefore --- the fingerprint on Doctor Ward's car ought to check with a print from one of these four or else the Doctor himself. And the fact that it doesn't throws reasonable doubt on the supposition of their guilt --- and I don't care how many judges and juries don't agree with me.

CARMICH: That's a fine way for an officer to talk!

LANE: (GRUNTS)

CARMICH: Well I just dropped in to say hello. Guess I'll be going now.

LANE: Oh --- stay and have a cigar, Carmichael. No hard feelings, after all --- are there?

CARMICH: (RELAXING) Of course not, Sheriff --- we just happen to disagree, that's all.

LANE: Well, I tell y-----

(TELEPHONE)

(LIFTS RECEIVER)

LANE: (CONTINUES) Hello, Sheriff Lane's office. Yep. What! Telegram from the Director of the United States Bureau of Investigation at Washington? O.K. -- Read it. What! "HAVE JUST MADE IDENTIFICATION -- FINGERPRINT -- FROM CAR OF DOCTOR WARD -- MURDERED NEAR DIGHTON, KANSAS -- PRINT IS THAT OF JAKE MAYER -- WHO SERVED JAIL TERM -- OKLAHOMA PENITENTIARY -- 1916 -- DISCOVERY INDICATES -- MEN AT PRESENT HELD -- INNOCENT OF CRIME." I'll say it does -- I'll say it does!

(THROWS BACK RECEIVER)

You heard that?

CARMICH: Yes! How does that affect--

LANE: Conger and the other prisoners? Means we'll halt the trial while I go out and grab the right men! Sam! Sam!

SAM: (FADING IN) Yeah, Sheriff?

LANE: Call the deputies and the riot car -- take along the shotguns and the tear gas!

SAM: Where to?

LANE: We're going out to the Mayer ranch. Know where it is?

SAM: Sure -- over by the Colorado-Kansas border. I'll get the boys.

CARMICH: What about these Mayers?

LANE: They've lived out there a long time. Tough customers -- Jake's away from home, but maybe his brother Charley will talk! And my money says that Charlie will know where Jake has gone!

CARMICH: You think you can make a case?

(SIREN STARTS UP, OFF)

LANE: I'll have a try at it, anyhow!

(LIFTS RECEIVER)

And before I go, I'll get the D.A. to -- hello, hello, operator? Get me the District Attorney, will you? Oh, all right, then, call him at home. But hurry, will you? This is important.

(MECHANICAL FADE)

SOUND INTERLUDE: AUTOMOBILE AND SIREN, FADE OUT.

(BRING IN SOUND OF PARLOR ORGAN, MA MAYER SINGING SAME HYMN)

CHARLIE: Get another tune, can't yah, ma?

(MUSIC OUT)

MA MAYER: Ach, jah -- I got many hymns, Charlie. This one I sing the night Jake go away.

CHARLIE: Jake never was much a hand for that kinda music.

MA MAYER: But he's a good boy -- isn't he Charlie -- he iss a good boy, nein?

CHARLIE: Ma, you know Jake's no good. What's the useah kiddin' about it?

MA MAYER: Ah vell...I know him more better than you, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Ugh, huh. Lay offa me now and lemme read the paper, Ma.

(RATTLING OF NEWSPAPER)

(PAUSE)

I get a laugh.

MA MAYER: Vat, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I get a laugh outta this chump Herman Conger. They're certainly gonna hang him and his pals for shooting the Lamar bankers and that doctor

MA MAYER: Ach, such a terrible t'ing -- don't read about it, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Why not?

MA MAYER: That poor boy -- maybe he was like Jake vunce -- you know, he haff trouble, undt dey hound him and hound him --

CHARLIE: Ah, forget it.

MA MAYER: Poor boy -- nobody cares vat dey do vit' him --

CHARLIE: Listen, will you -- (SUDDENLY) Hey! There's somebody outside -- on the porch! Put out the light!

MA MAYER: (STUPIDLY) Vat you say?

(DOOR OPENED SUDDENLY)

CHARLIE: Hey what is this? What do yah ---

LANE: (FADING IN) Stand up, Charlie. Get away from that table and keep your hands in the air. Come on in, Sam -- tell the rest of 'em to wait outside.

SAM: (FADING IN) O.K. Sheriff.

MA MAYER: Vat iss it please?

LANE: I want to ask your son a few questions, ma'm.

CHARLIE: What about?

LANE: Where's your brother Jake?

CHARLIE: HOW should I know?

LANE: Search him, Sam.

SAM: Yes, sir.

CHARLIE: You ain't gonna find nothing on me.

SAM: He's got a knife.

LANE: What else?

SAM: A letter.

LANE: Let's have a look. Thanks.

(OPENS ENVELOPE)

Umm. This letter ends up -- "will write you again next week" and it's signed, "Jake."

MA MAYER: Vat iss it? A letter from Jake? V'y didn't you tell me?

CHARLIE: Dry up, willyah?

LANE: But it don't say where he is -- Jake's gettin' cautious, looks like. You got any more letters from him?

CHARLIE: Naw.

LANE: Sam, all we've got to go on is the postmark. See, it says "Branson, Missouri."

SAM: That's right, Sheriff.

LANE: (A GENERAL MAKING PLANS RAPIDLY) Now, first we'll get Charlie under lock and key at the County Building-- on suspicion of bein' an accessory. While we're there we'll telegraph the officials at Branson, Missouri to look out for anybody mailing letters to this postoffice box in Lamar --

SAM: Yeah, that's O.K. -- but how can we pick up Jake if he is in Missouri?

LANE: We'll get the necessary papers while we're at the courthouse -- and then we'll charter a plane -- and fly after him! Come on, Sam -- there's no time to lose!

SOUND INTERLUDE: 1. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
 2. AIRPLANE ENGINE, ENGINE TURNED OFF, GLIDE
 TO GROUND IF DESIRED.

POLICEMAN: ... We've been on the look-out ever since your message came in, Sheriff Lane. The Chief assigned me to the job, and I've been watching this post office ever since.

LANE: Nothing doing yet, eh?

POLICEMAN: No -- but the other letter was mailed about this time.

SAM: If Jake's still in Branson, Sheriff, I'll bet he's waiting till just about now to come out. I reckon he likes it kind of dark.

LANE: Yep. Postoffice will close in about five minutes. I certainly hope Jake is going to keep his promise and mail that letter to Charlie.

POLICEMAN: Say -- you fellows got guns?

LANE: Of course.

POLICEMAN: The chief told me this Jake Mayer is supposed to be a bad boy.

LANE: He is, all right.

SAM: Here comes somebody.

POLICEMAN: Look like your man?

LANE: I can't tell.

POLICEMAN: Well, if he mails a letter to Lamar, our man inside will put a card in the window there.

SAM: He's gone in the postoffice now.

LANE: I wish I could have had a better look at him.

POLICEMAN: That don't matter -- all we need to do is watch for that card in the window.

SAM: He's been in there long enough to mail a package now.

LANE: (QUIETLY) There it is. The signal. The card in the window. Keep your hands on your guns, boys.

SAM: He's comin' out.

POLICEMAN: Hey. You.

JAKE: (OFF) Yeah?

LANE: Come over here, mister.

JAKE: (FADING IN) What is it? What you birds want?

POLICEMAN: This your man, Sheriff?

LANE: Yep, the boy I'm looking for. Jake Mayer, you're under arrest.

JAKE: What for?

LANE: Murder in the first degree.

SAM: Look out -- he's reachin' for his gun!

JAKE: I'll burn you --

POLICEMAN: Not tonight, buddy.

(SHOT)

JAKE: (WOUNDED) You've -- you've -- hit me --

POLICEMAN: Sorry, Sheriff -- I had to drop him. I'll call an ambulance. (FADES)

LANE: I reckon he made a mistake when he tried to pull that gun.

SAM: What'll we do, Sheriff?

LANE: We'll take him over to the hospital, Sam. And when we get him there, we'll take his fingerprint -- right hand, index finger -- and send it to the Bureau of Investigation in Washington. My guess is, it'll check with what they've already got and show pretty clearly just who is the guilty man.

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

VOICE: CLEAR THE WIRES....CLEAR THE WIRES....JAKE MAYER DIES IN HOSPITAL ON FOLLOWING DAYFINGERPRINT REVEALS HE WAS ONE OF MURDERERS HIS ACCOMPLICES CONFESS ... ARE TRIEDAND SENTENCED TO BE HANGED INNOCENT MEN RELEASED AND EXONERATED CASE 82 - 717 UNITED STATES BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, CLOSEDASSIGNMENT COMPLETEDTHE LONG ARM OF THE FEDERAL LAW REACHES EVERYWHERE CRIME DOES NOT PAY

(WIRELESS BUZZ)

Geo. F. Zimmer
120 West 57th St.
New York City

OFFICIAL STORY OF CASE

By

G. F. ZIMMER
(SPECIAL AGENT 5)

11/22/32