

Generic Radio Workshop Script Library [\(BACK\)](#)**Series: Suspense****Show: Ghost Hunt****Date: Jun 23 1949**

MUSIC: Theme

NARR: Now...Auto-Lite and its 60,000 dealers and service stations present --

MUSIC: WOODWIND CHORD

NARR: SUSPENSE!

MUSIC: UP

NARR: Tonight...Autolight brings you Mr Ralph Edwards in... Ghost Hunt! A Suspense play produced and directed by Anton M. Leader

MUSIC: Sting

COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: THEME

NARR: And now...Autolight presents Ralph Edwards..in a tale well-calculated to keep you in...Suspense!

MUSIC: Sting

MUSIC: (upbeat big band music - music stops)

SMILEY: Yeah! Didn't that leave you high, huh? Left me feeling tree-top tall! That was Louie Armstrong's "I can't give you anything but love." And that's all for the Hot-n-Mellow Hour tonight!

MUSIC: (new exciting music begins and plays over top of the following speech)

SMILEY: Yes! Yes! Yes! This is Smiley Smith, your favorite disk jockey I hope I hope here at the Hot-n-Mellow Hour home for the season. I'll be back again tomorrow night, minus the music, but with a little surprise for you. Tomorrow night, Friday night, as you know is Stunt Night here at station WXP and have I got a stunt for you! Last week, you remember, I

planted my wire recorder in the steam room at a ladies Turkish bath and let you listen in on the playback, remember? (Chuckle)

Well tonight, as soon as I leave the studio do you know where I'm going? Hmmm? Your friend Smiley is going to spend the night in a haunted house on a spoo-o-o-o-k hunt. You heard me, a spook hunt in a haunted house. I'm bringing my little wire recorder along with me and if you tune in tomorrow evening at this time you'll learn what it's like to spend the night in a haunted house. Ain't that somethin'? (spooky laugh) A real haunted house, no kidding! Four people are know to have committed suicide there!

So tune in tomorrow night and share a real thrill with your old pal Smiley "I must be crazy" Smith. Goodnight!

MUSIC: (upbeat music fades into ominous organ music)

FX: (sound of a car engine, plays underneath entire scene)

MCDONALD: Care for a cigar Mr. Thorpe? I've got some cigars in the dash there...

THORPE: No.

MCDONALD: Well there's no reason to carry a chip on your shoulder Mr. Thorpe.

THORPE: Oh, really? Well I don't like this fool stunt.

MCDONALD: Why, I don't see it as a fool stunt at all, I really don't. I think it's the only way you're gonna unload this house. Ordinary selling methods won't work in a case like this. Now don't forget the reputation saddling this house -- 4 suicides since 1939. You know what people call it... the Death Trap.

MR. THORPE: Yes, it's a lot of nonsense.

MCDONALD: Sure but try to convince people of that. Anyway, when this disc jockey offered me the chance to kill all these rumors about the death tr -- about the property -- naturally I jumped and took him up on it. Especially since it don't cost a cent.

THORPE: You're sure about that? I'm not liable for a penny?

MCDONALD: Not a cent. "We're doing him a favor letting him use the place," he said. Thanked me for the chance last night when I drove him out here. So one hand washes the other, as the feller said. He gets a chance to pull off a stunt and the

wire recording will prove to people that the property is A-number-1, and we increase the chance of selling the place.

THORPE: Well, as long as it doesn't cost me anything.

MCDONALD: Not a thing. He's using his own recorder and I'm paying for the rental of a couple of walkie-talkies he hooked up to it.

THORPE: Well, what about this uh... Reed? Does he charge anything?

MCDONALD: He comes gratis, too. Doctor Reed is a -- whatchama call it -- psychic investigator. Belongs to a couple of societies that do nothing but hunt ghosts. He showed me articles he'd written about it in some magazines.

FX: (car engine stops, sounds of sea on cliffs - far away)

MCDONALD: Well, here's the house. Looks real nice in the sunshine, don't it? Man, smell that sea breeze.

MR. THORPE: You don't have to sell me. Well, let them know we're here.

FX: (car horn)

MCDONALD: Huh. Probably asleep. Up all night and everything.

FX: (car horn)

THORPE: Well why don't they come out? You think they've gone?

MCDONALD: I told them last night I'd pick them up around 11. SMITH! SMITH! HEY SMILEY! Dr. Reed!

FX: (car horn)

MCDONALD: Yeah, fast asleep I guess, we'd better go and wake them up.

FX: (sound of 2 car doors being opened and closed. 2 people walking through gravel. Sound of shoes on a wooden porch.)

THORPE: Course, they may have taken the bus back to town.

MCDONALD: Oh, no, no it's a two mile hike back to the main highway.

FX: (front door opens, the sound of a wire recorder clicking from a distant room)

MCDONALD: SMITH! Hey... Smiley? Where are you? Wake up!

THORPE: You don't suppose... do you?

MCDONALD: Oh, no no no. Smith? Dr. Reed?

THORPE: What's that -- that clicking noise from in there?

FX: (footsteps)

MCDONALD: Why that's his wire recorder, he left it running. These machines cost a lot of money. Doesn't he care if he uses up his batteries?

THORPE: Well, where is he, and where is this Reed?

MCDONALD: Maybe they're up stairs. Smith! Hey! Anybody home?

FX: (footsteps throughout the next scene)

THORPE: They must have walked to the highway and taken the bus.

MCDONALD: Well he wouldn't have left his machine.

THORPE: WELL WHERE ARE THEY THEN? WHERE ARE THEY!?

MCDONALD: Don't get excited Mr. Thorpe!

THORPE: DON'T TELL ME NOT TO GET EXCITED! If something's happened to them in my house I'm liable!

MCDONALD: You try this side, I'll try that one...

THORPE: Alright. (door opening) Smiley? Smith? Smith? (PAUSE) Oh! McDonald, come here!

MCDONALD: What? (sound of feet running) Oh no! Reed! Dr. Reed! No, don't touch him, Mr. Thorpe, you'll get your hands all...

THORPE: Blood! Is... he... dead?

MCDONALD: I can still feel his pulse but we better get him to a hospital fast.

MUSIC: (Musical Interlude)

FX: (sound of one man, pacing back and forth)

MCDONALD: Care for a cigar, Mr. Thorpe?

THORPE: No, no thanks.

MCDONALD: Why not try to relax? The nurse said Reed would be alright as soon as he had a blood transfusion.

THORPE: You told the radio station to be sure and call us as soon as they had any word about Smith?

MCDONALD: Yes, I told 'em. Why don't you sit down?

THORPE: Oh, I'm all at sixes and sevens. What do you suppose happened out there last night?

FX: (sound of a recorder being set up)

MCDONALD: Well, we're going to know in just a second, just as soon as I can get this recorder set up.

THORPE: You don't suppose Smith and Reed got into a fight, do you?

MCDONALD: There. A fight? I don't know...

FX: (click and whirl of recorder playing. Recorder noise plays then fades out gradually)

THORPE: Well, what's wrong...won't it work?

MCDONALD: Yeah, it works, take it easy.

FX: (faint sound of surf in the background)

SMILEY: Testing... one two three. Testing... one, two, three. All set Dr. Reed? Mister McDonald? Eh? Okay, here we go.

This is Smiley Smith speaking, Smiley Smith the ghost hunter. I don't know whether to hope if this will turn out to be a success for the sake of the program, or a failure for my own sake. Anyway, all of the preparations have been made now, and it's up to the spooks. I'd better tell you where we are. Right now we are standing on the lawn of a house about 12 miles above Malibu beach. The ocean is a hundred feet away, straight down. The house is perched on a cliff, and there's a sheer drop of about a hundred feet right into the old Pacific. Maybe you can hear the surf pounding -- I'll turn up the volume.

FX: (Surf pounding rapidly grows louder then fades away entirely.)

SMILEY: Hear it? Now. I'm going to have you meet two gentlemen who are here with me. Incidentally we are the only people around for miles and miles. First, I'd like you to meet Doctor Clarence Reed of the British and American Psychical Research Guild. Doctor Reed is a famous investigator of psychic phenomena, and I'm very honored to be associated with him on this ghost hunt. He's smiling in an embarrassed sort of way.

REED: You're much too kind, Mr. Smith.

SMILEY: Doctor Reed has conducted experiments in this field with such great believers in spiritualism as Oliver Lodge and Arthur Conan Doyle. He looks a bit like Santa Claus -- he's short, stocky -- you don't object, do you Doctor Reed?

REED: (Coughing) No. No, indeed.

SMILEY: And he has a magnificent white beard! A truly great beaver! Doctor Reed is so enthusiastic about ghost hunting that he got out of a sickbed this evening to be with us.

REED: (Coughing) Excuse me. My lungs. I was... gassed in the First World War.

SMILEY: Yeah. Well, anyway Doctor Reed and I are here on the lawn looking at the house... can't see much, it's around oh... eleven PM now. Seems to be a rambling sort of house, two stories high. Since it was built there've been four suicides here. Is that right?

MCDONALD: (very faint) That's right.

SMILEY: Now into the mike.

MCDONALD: Four suicides since 1939.

SMILEY: I better tell'em who you are so they won't think you're a ghost, eh? Standing with the doc and me is a real estate agent - Mister Charles McDonald. He handles this property and he can tell you a lot more about it than I can.

MCDONALD: Well, the house was built by a man named Martin. Toby Martin. An orange grower. Built the house as a wedding present for his wife. A month after they moved in, she took her own life. On the day of her funeral he committed suicide the same way. There have been two other cases since then, and I-

SMILEY: Did they all jump into the ocean?

MCDONALD: Yeah. All four of them - right over there. The last one was actually seen doin' it. 'Bout three years ago. He was seen running like all get out toward the edge of the cliff and he was shouting and laughing and yelling as though there was people beside - running right along with him!

SMILEY: You kidding?

MCDONALD: No, it's a fact. He was laughing and yelling and running and when he got to the edge, right over there, he jumped and never came above water.

SMILEY: As good an argument against cold baths as ever I've heard! (Laughs)

MCDONALD: Since then, people just refuse to live in this house. Silly, I call it. Anyway if you and Doctor Reed find any sign of a sppok I'll get the owner to pull the house down and rebuild.

But if you don't find anything, I'm hoping this will convince folks that here's a real buy! Well, okay, Mr. Smith. You and the doctor are on your own. I'll be by in the morning to pick you up around eleven.

SMILEY: Goodbye Mr. McDonald. I hope there's something left for ya to pick up in the morning, ha-ha! Well, it's almost pitch black, folks. I guess Doctor Reed and I ought to begin. I don't believe in ghosts, never have, but what I say is this: if you're dead set on looking for them this is a dandy place to do it.

FX: (Sound of car driving away)

SMILEY: So long! Mister McDonald just checked out... and then there were two. Well, three... oh, my dog. Oh yeah. Folks, I have my dog Jeff with me. He's a wire-haired terrier, he's three years old and he can talk! Say hello, Jeff, c'mon Jeff, say hello... c'mon... (pause) Well, anyway he's a wire haired terrier and he's three years old. Eh, should we go inside now Doctor Reed?

REED: I was about to suggest it.

SMILEY: Now, how do we hunt ghosts, doctor? How do we do it, huh?

FX: (Sounds of people walking across porch)

REED: We don't really hunt them. If there should be any in the house, they will come to us.

SMILEY: How cozy.

REED: And please, not ghosts. Do not refer to them as ghosts. We know them as apparitions.

SMILEY: Apparitions. I'll remember. I've no desire to hurt their feelings. Where ghosts are concerned, I say live and let live!

FX: (sound of a key in lock, door squeaks open)

SMILEY: Well, we've opened the front door now, maybe you heard the hinge squeak a little. Now we're standing here looking in. Can't see much. Smells sort of musty and damp.

FX: (dog begins whining, continues all through following passage)

SMILEY: What's the matter, Jeff? What's the matter, boy? Jeff! Ah, c'mon now, c'mon. My dog seems to object to entering this house... he has all four feet braced and he's straining

against the leash!

REED: Perhaps he senses something we don't.

SMILEY: Like apparitions, maybe?

REED: Yes. It's not unusual. Animals lack the veneer of sophistication we humans possess. They are more sensitive to such emanations.

SMILEY: Yeah well... c'mon Jeff, stop this nonsense. He probably smells a mouse or a rat or something. C'mon Jeff! We're going in whether you like it or not.

FX: (Dog begins barking loudly then whining again)

SMILEY: There's a short entrance hall and over there at the end of it is a flight of stairs leading to the second floor.

FX: (Dog barks. Sound of walking across wooden floor.)

SMILEY: Jeff! And over here to the left is what seems to be a large reception room. We're entering this large room now. There are windows over there, French windows, and through them I can see the ocean.

The electricity hasn't been turned on so... all I have to see by is a flashlight. Not a very powerful one at that. Dr. Reed is now adjusting his walkie-talkie, it's hooked up to my recorder so he can cut in while he's hunting, and tell us what he's found. Here's a few words from Doc before he sets forth on his investigation through the house.

REED: Ladies and gentlemen. (Coughs) Mr. Smith has introduced me as a ghost hunter. He spoke, I think, in a spirit of skepticism and levity. I'd like to assure you all that my purposes here are serious. I have spent my entire life seeking reliable proof of the appearances of apparitions.

SMILEY: Have you ever seen any? Ever?

REED: I have seen phenomena which leads me to believe in the possibility of their existence although, I have never seen any. I account myself sensitive to the evidence of their existence. This house, for example, affects me profoundly. It doesn't seem to affect you in the same way.

SMILEY: I'm not too happy about all this, if that's what you mean.

REED: You are not psychic and therefore are not sensitive to these matters as I am. I imagine the question that is in the minds of those of you listening to us is: Shall we find

apparitions? I don't know. But I feel they are here and that they are evil. I sense danger. I shall soon know.

FX: (sounds of footsteps walking away)

SMILEY: Doctor Reed's leaving the room now. Going to make a tour of the house. First thing I'm going to do is open the windows and let some fresh air in!

FX: (sound of window opening)

SMILEY: Ahhhh, feels better already! Cooler anyway. I know that - AAAAGH! What was that?! A bat! A bat just flew into the room! I think it was a bat, and not a bird -- I didn't actually see it, just it's shadow as it fanned my face. There it is again! It touched me as it passed.

FX: (Dog barking, sound of dog running away)

SMILEY: Jeff! Jeff! Come back here. Jeff you fool dog! Come back here!

Doctor Reed.

Doctor Reed!

DOCTOR REED!

MUSIC: Sting

ANNCR: For Suspense, Autolight is bringing you Mr. Ralph Edwards in radio's outstanding theatre of thrills..Suspense!

MUSIC: Theme

NARR: And now...Autolight brings back to our Hollywood soundstage Ralph Edwards as Smiley Smith in "Ghost Hunt"... a tale well calculated to keep you in...Suspense!

SMILEY: Jeff! Jeff! Come back here. Jeff you fool dog! Come back here!

Doctor Reed.

Doctor Reed!

DOCTOR REED!

FX: Click of walkie-talkie each time Reed speaks

REED: Reed speaking. What is it, Smith?

SMILEY: Jeff has run off! My dog! He jumped through the window and ran off.

REED: Oh. Well, so! I told you he sensed something about this house, didn't I?

SMILEY: Yeah, you want to come and see if you can determine what is was exactly that set him off?

REED: Soon. I'm making my way slowly up the stairs toward the second floor now. I'm halfway up. I'll be down with you soon.

SMILEY: Well folks... my dog's run away. You probably heard him howling. He jumped through the window and took off. Never did anything like that before. Frightened by the bat, I guess. Personally, alone here in this big room, I can understand how he must have felt. This isn't a cheerful spot by any means. I may not be psychic, but I sure have a feeling this house doesn't want us here.

REED: Reed again. (Coughing) Excuse me. I have something of great interest to report. I am now standing in an alcove on the second floor, trying to recover my breath. As I reached the head of the stairs I felt what I think is a definite psychic manifestation. I felt, suddenly, as though I had been punched in the solar plexus... that's the only way I can describe it. At the same time I began to perspire. Now my head is still swimming slightly... I have difficulty in swallowing. My pulse rate is around a hundred and ten at the minute. The sense of evil is very strong. I feel very... what shall I say... profoundly depressed.

SMILEY: You... want me up there?

REED: No, I prefer to remain up here alone. The presence of a disbeliever such as you might interfere with my investigation.

SMILEY: Folks, I'd like you to get a picture of what it's like here. Very quiet for one thing. I've never been in such a quiet place. And it's pretty dark. No light except for my flashlight. Tell you what... you go now and douse all the lights you have on. Go ahead, put out the lights and that will give you a clearer feeling of how it is here with me. Go ahead, put out the lights.

FX: (squeaking)

SMILEY: Hey. (nervous laugh) Did you hear that? Real estate agent told me I'd probably hear rats and mice in the walls. Well, I can certainly hear them now. Even you can hear them, I think, it's as though --

REED: Doctor Reed speaking. I've been working my way toward the front room. The one directly above the one in which Mr. Smith is now. Now, the vibrations have become stronger, more and more pronounced as I approach it. I think I am on the verge of an important discovery.

SMILEY: Important discovery! Did you get that?

FX: (Faint footsteps from the room above)

SMILEY: Now I can hear Doctor Reed moving about in the room above. I don't suppose you can. Have a try anyway, huh? Hear him? I hope he finishes his investigation soon because quite frankly, I'd like to get out of here. I can well imagine people becoming unhinged in this place. Right now, I find myself pretty jumpy. Not being very brave am I? It's being alone in this room down here that does it. It's this darned old house. I mean, you know, the atmosphere is so very...

REED: I wish only to make this hurried report before continuing with the investigation in this room. I have carefully sounded out all the parts of this room and the emanations are most strong from what appears to be a closet, before which I am now standing. As soon as I open the door to this closet I will have, I think, a thing of great interest to communicate. I find no key to the lock and so I will attempt to remove the hinges with my pen knife. And I will tell you what I find when I open it.

SMILEY: I'll tell you what it would cost to get me to open that door. In the basement of Fort Kno- (gasps) There's that bat again! It seems to like me, the way it keeps -- each time it passes, it touches my face, or my neck... with it's wings. Smelly things... bats. I don't suppose they bathe very often, if at all. I wonder how -- GET AWAY YOU BAT! That bat'll be the death of me! Hey, it's like a jingle isn't it? Bat'll be the death of me, the death of me the death of me, bat'll be the death of me... it isn't far from ... London. No that isn't the way it goes. Come down to queue... in Lilac time, in Lilac time! Come down to queue in Lilac time for it isn't far ... boy I haven't thought of that since I was a kid in grammar school. Gee, I had a lonely childhood when you come right down to it. I mean, -- well, that's my affair isn't it? Yes it is. It certainly is.

REED: I have succeeded in removing the hinges to the door. And I find inside that it is not a closet but much larger. It is, I think a dressing room. I have not yet been inside, but I am about to enter.

SMILEY: Uhhh... what was I talking about? Oh yes, bats! Well, the bat flying back and forth in this room --

FX: (There is crash from the room above)

SMILEY: Did you hear that? Did you hear it? Doctor Reed must have knocked something over in the dressing room. A chair, huh? Yeah, a chair. A heavy chair by the sound of it. This chair, or whatever it was, must have fallen right -- fallen right over my head. That's the way it sounded. I -- I can see a small stain forming on the ceiling right over my head. (Gasps) SOMETHING ran across my foot just then! A rat I think it was, I have always hated rats. Most people do, of course. That stain up there bothers me. It has gotten so big, so soon. I think I'll take a chance and bother Reed and ask him what it is. Doctor Reed? Reed? Can you hear me? Are you all right? Hello? Well, he didn't answer. I think he's just a little bit deaf. Think so. What do you suppose he's found, huh? I'm afraid this is rather dull for you listeners. I'm not finding it so, of course --

FX: (Reed coughs a lot from upstairs room)

SMILEY: There. I heard him cough. Did you hear that cough? I hope he's alright, he got out of a sickbed to come here this evening, ya know. He was gassed during the First World War and this place is starting to get on my nerves just a wee bit, just a teensy-weensy bit.

REED: (coughing violently) R-R-Reed sp-speaking, I --

SMILEY: Hello?! He switched off. That's a bad cough he's got. I feel so lonely. Been alone so much of my life. Not so much now, of course, but when I was younger I was alone so much of the time. You know, struggling to get ahead, living in a hall bedroom, wondering where my next meal was coming from. I get the blues just remembering it. Seems sad, young people having to spend so much time alone. Sad for old people, too, of course. I'm saying "of course" a lot, of course I am. Hey, that stain on the ceiling, it's grown amazingly. It's actually beginning to drip, I mean, form bubbles. They'll start dropping soon. Colored bubbles, they seem to be. Odd shaped stain - like a body lying on it's back with it's arms stretched out. It's cheerful! I'll certainly advise Mr. McDonald to have this place torn down. I'll go upstairs in a minute or two to see how Doctor Reed is making out. You know, listeners, I really believe I'd go completely crazy if I had to stay here much longer!! It wears you down! That's exactly what it does, it wears you down! It's so close and

musty in here I feel sort of...trapped. Don't know why I said that - that's what they call this place you know, The Deathtrap. There, what did I tell you, that stain started to drip drop. Drip drop. Drip drop. Drip drop. I'll catch the next one in my hand and let you know -- (Terrible gasp) Reed! Doctor Reed!!

FX: (Sound of man running up steps)

SMILEY: I'm going upstairs now, listeners. I'm afraid something has happened to Doctor Reed! I'm not kidding, now, I mean this is on the level! Which room could it be now? Right? left? No, right, right. This is it, I think --

FX: (Sound of a door opening)

SMILEY: Well, evening gentlemen. And Madame. I'm so glad to see you. I was just aching to see somebody... anybody. I've been so lonely down there. Now, what have you done with the doctor, huh? I know, I know he's been hurt. See the color of the bubble on my hand? What have you done with him?

FX: (Sound of slow footsteps)

SMILEY: Make way, gentlemen please, make way. Well, if this isn't the funniest - the funniest darn thing! (maniacal laughter) This can't be Doctor Reed lying here! He didn't have a red beard! Now don't crowd me gentlemen, don't crowd me, please! Huh? You want me to go where with you? You want me to do what? Speak up gentlemen! To the cliffs? Down to the cliffs? You mean right now?! (crazy giggle) Well, alright! If you'll come with me! I don't want to be alone anymore! You will come with me? All of ya? All four of ya? You too ma'am? Oh good! C'mon then -- to the cliffs! To the cliffs! To the cliffs! To the --

FX: (Sound of tape running out)

THORPE: He... jumped over the cliff. He jumped over the cliff. McDonald! He jumped over the cliff!

FX: (Sound of a door opening)

NURSE: Mr. McDonald, Mr. Thorpe. You may come in to see Doctor Reed now.

THORPE: What?

NURSE: Doctor Reed is conscious. You may see him now.

FX: (Sound of nurse walking away, joined by other men's steps)

THORPE: Is -- Is he able to talk?

NURSE: Just for a few minutes.

FX: (Sound of another door opening)

NURSE: In here.

FX: (Sound of door closing)

REED: Come in, come in, gentlemen.

THORPE: How are you, Doctor Reed?

MCDONALD: We've been waiting to see ya.

REED: Yes, and I must apologize, gentlemen. I had a most unfortunate accident. Hemorrhage.

THORPE: A hemorrhage?

REED: Yes. My lungs, you know. Now gentlemen --

MCDONALD: Hemorrhage? Doctor Reed, what happened in that house? What happened to Smith? We've just been listening to a playback of the recordings you made out there.

REED: Smith? Isn't he with you?

THORPE: We've just heard the recording, Doctor Reed. Smith jumped over the cliff. Into the ocean.

REED: Oh, that poor boy.

THORPE: Doctor Reed, will you please tell us what happened? From what we heard on the recording, there were ghosts in that house.

REED: Ghosts? I didn't see any ghosts.

MCDONALD: But Smith, what about him?

REED: If he went over the cliff, it was fear that drove him over.

MCDONALD: But --

REED: Gentlemen! I didn't see any ghosts! As for that unfortunate young man... who can say now...WHAT he saw. Or THOUGHT he saw.

MUSIC: UP TO CLIMAX

NARR: Thank you, Ralph Edwards, for displaying your versatility by appearing as a guest star on Suspense.

COMMERCIAL

NARR: And now here again is Ralph Edwards.

EDWARDS: I want to thank Tony leader and his great cast of actors for making my appearance on Suspense a very pleasant "Consequence." (chuckle) Like all of you, I'm a great Suspense fan, and I'm looking forward to next week when radio's outstanding theatre of thrills brings you Joseph Cotten in "The Day I Died," another gripping study in ...

MUSIC:Theme

NARR: Suspense! Tonight's Suspense play was adapted for radio by Walter Newman from an original story by H.R. Wakefield with music composed by Lucian Morovec and conducted by Lud Gluskin. The entire production was under the direction of Anton M. Leader. Make it a point to listen next Thursday to Suspense, radio's outstanding theatre of thrills. Remember next Thursday, same time, is Joseph Cotten in "The Day I Died." This is CBS -- the Columbia Broadcasting System.