

# Kaleidoscope

MUSIC: THEME ... IN BG

ANNOUNCER: And now, tonight's presentation of Radio's Outstanding Theater of Thrills ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT ... OUT, DURING FOLLOWING:

ANNOUNCER: ... Suspense! Tonight, we depart from the usual to bring you a play from one of the greatest authors of science fiction, Mr. Ray Bradbury. It is the story of a last voyage in a spaceship and the six men who took it. So now, starring Mr. William Conrad, here is tonight's "Suspense" play, "Kaleidoscope."

MUSIC: FUTURISTIC ... IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) She was a spaceship cargo carrier, seven years old, with over a million and a half miles lost in her wake. Within her metallic skin was the world of the crew, an atom of life, surrounded by a vast expanse of nothingness. The ship and the crew were owned by the Company, a Third Class vessel operated by Third Class personnel. And each of us hoping that, in our day, would come promotion to Second Class. Or even to First, and the great hushed passenger liners, which were also owned by the Company. The Company ran everything. There wasn't anyone else to work for. And you accepted what was given. Not gratefully, but with hope. There were nineteen of us, to begin with, on a routine voyage.

SOUND: VARIOUS BUZZING AND BEEPING FROM CONTROL PANEL, THROUGHOUT SCENE, IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) Our cargo? Seasoned lumber. I was at control on the second day out. Stone, navigator.

MUSIC: OUT

STONE: On the nose.

HOLLIS: Good.

SOUND: COM SWITCH CLICKS

HOLLIS: (INTO COM) Control. Bearing mark, Captain.

CAPTAIN: (ON COM) Right.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

APPLEGATE: (FADES IN) Hollis? Where's the Captain?

HOLLIS: In his cabin.

APPLEGATE: (ALWAYS THE CYNIC) On the bottle again, huh?

STONE: Why don't you ask \_him\_?

APPLEGATE: I don't have to, Stoney. I can smell him all the way aft.

HOLLIS: You want something, Applegate?

APPLEGATE: C tube's blowing again.

HOLLIS: It isn't showing on the indicator.

APPLEGATE: I can't help that.

HOLLIS: Wait a minute.

SOUND: COM SWITCH CLICKS

HOLLIS: (INTO COM) Captain? Control.

CAPTAIN: (ON COM) Yeah?

HOLLIS: (INTO COM) Applegate reports C tube blowing, sir.

CAPTAIN: (ON COM) Oh?

HOLLIS: (INTO COM) It doesn't show on the indicator, sir.

CAPTAIN: (ON COM) All right. I'll be right there.

SOUND: COM SWITCH CLICKS

APPLEGATE: Now what was the idea of that?

HOLLIS: What?

APPLEGATE: Telling him it didn't show. Ya tryin' to louse me up?

HOLLIS: You'd better keep check on that tube.

APPLEGATE: Who's giving orders?

HOLLIS: I am.

APPLEGATE: Oh, "Mars ash" to you, friend.

STONE: (BORED, AS USUAL) Aw, come on, Applegate. I don't wanna blow up. I've got two weeks of pay comin' when we get back.

HOLLIS: Here, give me power check, will you?

STONE: Sure.

SOUND: CLICK OF DIALS TURNING

HOLLIS: Ahh, something must be haywire with the indicator.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

CAPTAIN: (FADES IN) Get it straightened out, Hollis?

HOLLIS: Eh, she's not firing in sequence, sir. Heating up, too.

CAPTAIN: Let me see.

SOUND: CLICKING, DIALS TURNED

CAPTAIN: I don't like this.

SOUND: COM SWITCH CLICKS

CAPTAIN: (INTO COM) Rockets? This is the Captain.

STIMSON: (ON COM) Stimson, sir. It's C tube, I think. Heating the others, too. Block-off's frozen.

CAPTAIN: (INTO COM) Use emergency.

STIMSON: (ON COM) Stand by!

SOUND: ROCKET CREW'S INDECIPHERABLE VOICES OVER COM, IN BG

CAPTAIN: (IMPATIENT, TO HIMSELF) Come on. Come on.

APPLEGATE: (ON COM) Control, this is Applegate. Emergency doesn't answer. It's getting too hot!

HOLLIS: Maybe it'll answer from here, sir.

SOUND: BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ -- NO RESPONSE

CAPTAIN: (INTO COM) Applegate? Get your men out of there! Stand by to abandon!

STONE: She's going, sir. Shall I sound the alarm?

CAPTAIN: Yes!

SOUND: ALARM BELL

MUSIC: INCREASINGLY INTENSE, IN BG

CAPTAIN: (INTO COM) This is the Captain. This is the Captain! Get into your suits! You've got about two minutes, maybe less! Get into your suits! Ship is going to explode! Get into your suits! Abandon! Abandon! Get into your suits! Get into your suits!

MUSIC: DROWNS HIM OUT WITH A BIG ACCENT, THEN:

SOUND: SPACESHIP EXPLODES

MUSIC: FOR FLOATING HELPLESSLY IN OUTER SPACE, IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) The concussion cut the spaceship up the side like a giant can opener. Those of us who weren't immediately killed were thrown into space like wriggling silverfish, scattered into a dark sea; and the ship, in a million pieces, went on -- a meteor swarm seeking a lost sun.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: WEIRD RADIO STATIC, IN BG ... (NOTE: THIS EERIE, OTHERWORLDLY STATIC ACCOMPANIES ALL SUBSEQUENT DIALOGUE SCENES, EXCEPT FOR THE FINAL ONE. STATIC FADES OUT DURING MUSIC OR HOLLIS' NARRATION.)

CREW: (JUMBLE OF VOICES, OVER THEIR COMS) Captain? Hollis? Stone? Applegate? Is that you? Captain, where are you? Stimson? Who called? (ET CETERA, CONTINUES IN BG)

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) The sound of our voices calling like lost children on a cold night.

CREW: (JUMBLE OF VOICES HOLDS FOR A MOMENT, THEN SUBSIDES)

STONE: Hollis, this is Stone. Is that you?

HOLLIS: Stone? Stone, this is Hollis. Where are ya?

STONE: I don't know. How can I? Which way is up?

STIMSON: (DELIRIOUS) I'm falling. Oh God, I'm falling.

LESPERE: We're going away from each other.

CAPTAIN: Who is that? This is the Captain. Who is that?

LESPERE: Lespere.

STONE: Captain?

STIMSON: (IN PANIC) WHERE ARE YOU?!

STONE: Captain?!

STIMSON: WHERE?!

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) We were hurtling in space in every direction. And now, instead of men, there were only voices. Voices communicating by radiophone. All kinds of voices, disembodied and impassioned, in varying degrees of terror and resignation. All moving away from one another. We were wearing our sealed-tight space suits with glass tubes over our faces, but there hadn't been time to lock on the propulsion units. Not time enough. And without them we were meteors, senseless, each going to a separate and irrevocable fate.

MUSIC: OUT

CAPTAIN: (DEAD SERIOUS) This is the Captain. I want a roll call.

APPLEGATE: (LAUGHS DARKLY)

CAPTAIN: Who - who is that?

APPLEGATE: (MOCK DEFERENCE) This is Applegate -- sir.

CAPTAIN: Applegate. Next?

STIMSON: (SIMULTANEOUS WITH LESPERE) Stimson.

LESPERE: (SIMULTANEOUS WITH STIMSON) Lespere.

CAPTAIN: What? Who?

LESPERE: Lespere.

STIMSON: Stimson!

CAPTAIN: (REPEATS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT) Lespere. Stimson.

STONE: Stone.

HOLLIS: Hollis.

CAPTAIN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) There - anybody else? (NO ANSWER) Anyone else? (NO ANSWER)

STONE: Stone to Hollis. How long can we talk by phone?

HOLLIS: Well, it depends on how fast you're going your way and I'm going mine.

STONE: An hour, I make it. What happened?

HOLLIS: The rocket blew up. Didn't you feel it? That's all. Rockets do blow up. Which way are you going?

STONE: It looks like I'll hit the moon.

HOLLIS: Well, it's Earth for me.

STONE: That's nice.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) Back to old Mother Earth at ten thousand miles an hour. [X] I'll burn like a match when I hit the atmosphere. Well, Stone's going to the moon. I know where I'd like to see Applegate go.

STIMSON: (QUIETLY DELIRIOUS, OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE, STARTING AT X, IN BG) It's a long way down. Oh, it's a long way down. A long, long, long way down.

MUSIC: OUT

STIMSON: I don't want to die, I don't want to die. It's a long way down.

STONE: Who's that?

APPLEGATE: I don't know.

HOLLIS: Stimson, I think. Stimson, is that you? This is Hollis.

STIMSON: It's a long, long way and I don't like it. I don't like it.

HOLLIS: Stimson, this is Hollis. Stimson, you hear me? (NO ANSWER) Stimson?

STIMSON: Yes?

HOLLIS: Ya take it easy now ...

STIMSON: I don't want to be here!

HOLLIS: ... we're all in the same fix!

STIMSON: I don't want to be here! I'm afraid.

HOLLIS: There's a chance we'll be found!

APPLEGATE: (LAUGHS) I heard that! Oh, what a liar you \_are\_, Hollis!

HOLLIS: You shut up, Applegate!

APPLEGATE: (MERRILY) Come and make me! Come on, Hollis! Come and make me shut up!

STIMSON: I don't believe this; I don't believe any of this is happening. Not to me. It's a bad dream.

HOLLIS: Now take it easy, Stimson.

LESPERE: Heeey, you know? I don't feel so bad.

STONE: Who's that?

LESPERE: It's me, Stone -- Lespere. I was just thinking. I've had a pretty a good time. Lots o' good times. Heeey! D'I ever tell ya 'bout my wife?

APPLEGATE: Which one?

LESPERE: Who's that?

APPLEGATE: Applegate.

LESPERE: Oh, sure! How d'ya feel, Applegate?

APPLEGATE: Aw, why don't you shut up?

LESPERE: No kidding about my wife. The one on Mars. Did I ever tell ya?

CAPTAIN: (STERN) That's enough. This is the Captain. We've got to figure a way out of this. Make a plan.

APPLEGATE: "Mars ash" to you, Captain.

CAPTAIN: What? What did you say?

APPLEGATE: Aw, you heard me. Don't try pulling rank on me. You're ten thousand miles away by now.

CAPTAIN: You listen to me, Applegate--

APPLEGATE: Consider this is a mutiny of one, Captain. Hang me. Heh. Kill me. Heh. Look, I want to tell you something. Your ship was a bad ship and you were a bad captain and I hope you break wherever you're going!

CAPTAIN: I'm ordering you to stop, Applegate.

APPLEGATE: Be my guest! Order me some more. You gonna put me in chains till we land? "Mars ash" to you, Captain.

LESPERE: Hey, fellas! Lemme tell ya 'bout my wife! The one on Venus. (CHUCKLES) It doesn't matter now; I guess anybody can know now. Oh, listen, I had it real good. One wife on Mars, another on Venus, one on Jupiter! (LAUGHS) Oh, boy, what a time! Hey, Stone?

STONE: Yeah?

LESPERE: Remember the time we put into Mars port for repairs?

STONE: I remember.

LESPERE: Well, uh, that's when I met the first one. You know what those Mars girls are like. (CHUCKLES) Well ... (FADES)

MUSIC: MELANCHOLY ... IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) Lespere went on and on with his talk about his wives. An interplanetary bigamist. His money, his wonderful times, drunkenness, gambling. On and on, while we fell in space, away from each other; Lespere reminiscing on the past, happy, while he fell to his death. Space, thousands of miles of space, and a voice vibrating in the center of it. No one visible at all. Only the radio waves, quivering and trying to quicken other men into emotion.

MUSIC: OUT

LESPERE: ... I tell you, when a man's had a life like I've had, it's not so bad. Heh! Not much left for me to do, I guess.

CAPTAIN: Men, this is the Captain. I want you to know that I'm very grateful for your loyalty. You've been a good crew. Hollis, Stone, if you get out of this, I had you both posted for a promotion. It'll go through when you report. Applegate, I wish that-- (SUDDENLY CUT OFF)

HOLLIS: (AFTER A PAUSE) Captain? (NO ANSWER) Captain?!

APPLEGATE: Ten to one, a meteorite got him. Any takers?

STIMSON: Hollis! Hollis, can you think of something? Something to do?

APPLEGATE: Why ask him, Stimson? I'll tell you something to do. Make it quick, easy. Open the valve on your suit.

STIMSON: (WHIMPERS, THEN WEEPS, IN BG)

APPLEGATE: We're finished, all of us. Who cares? No one's gonna cry over me.

STIMSON: (WEEPS LOUDLY)

MUSIC: BUILDS TO AN ACCENT ... THEN IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) And we fell through space. Five of us, living. Each in his orbit of loneliness, moving away from the others. From this outer edge of my life, looking back, there was one remorse, and that - only that I - (OUT LOUD) wish I could go on living.

STONE: All dying people feel that way, Hollis.

HOLLIS: What? Oh-- Oh, Stone, I-- I - I didn't know I was thinking out loud. (PAUSE) Funny. As if I'd never lived.

STONE: Yeah, I know. I know.

APPLEGATE: Hollis? (NO ANSWER) Hey, Hollis.

HOLLIS: What is it?

APPLEGATE: 'S Applegate again.

HOLLIS: All right, what?

APPLEGATE: Let's you and me talk, huh?

HOLLIS: Go ahead.

APPLEGATE: You hate my guts, don't you?

HOLLIS: I never thought much about it.

APPLEGATE: Aw, don't give me that. You and that superior way of yours. I want to tell you something. I was the one who blackballed you with the Rocket Company five years ago. (NO RESPONSE) Did you hear me?

HOLLIS: I heard you.

APPLEGATE: Well, how does \_that\_ make you feel?

HOLLIS: Nothing.

APPLEGATE: You wanted to get to the top all your life, I know. I'll bet you always wondered what happened. Well, it was me, see? I put the black mark on you before I was tossed out myself.

HOLLIS: It isn't important.

LESPERE: Well, I had a good time. (CHUCKLES) Yes, a good thing to think about, too. Had a wife on Mars, Venus. One on Jupiter.

STONE: So you said, Lespere.

LESPERE: And I'm saying it again. I like to think about it. They all had money, too. Oh, yes, they treated me just fine. You know, once, I got drunk and gambled twenty thousand dollars -- twenty thousand dollars! -- in one night. Just like that. (CHUCKLES) Ahhh, it's been a good life.

MUSIC: MELANCHOLY ... IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) But you're here now, Lespere. I didn't have any of those things. I was jealous of you, funny little man. How did you rate it? The women, the good times? Women - frightened me. And I went into space always wanting them; jealous of you for having them. And money. And as much happiness as man could want. Well, I'm not jealous any more, though, because it's over for you just the way it is for me. Now, it's like it never was.

MUSIC: OUT

HOLLIS: (A VICIOUS OUTBURST) It's all over, Lespere! It just never was! Ya hear me, Lespere?!

LESPERE: Who's that?

HOLLIS: It's Hollis! Do you hear me?! You're out here, Lespere! Falling! Dying! It's all over! It's just as if it never happened, isn't it?!

LESPERE: No. It happened.

HOLLIS: When anything's over, it's just like it never happened! Where's your life any better than mine, now, huh?! Now is what counts! Is it any better?! Is it?!

LESPERE: Yeeees, it's better.

HOLLIS: How?! How?!

LESPERE: Because I've got my thoughts. Good thoughts. I remember.

HOLLIS: Good! What good?! What good are they?! You gonna be rescued?! You gonna live more than a few hours?!

LESPERE: I'm resting easy. I've had my turn. I'm not getting vicious at the end. Not like you.

HOLLIS: Vicious?! (SUDDENLY CHOKED WITH EMOTION) Vicious.

STONE: Take it easy, Hollis.

LESPERE: I know how you feel, Hollis. I don't take it personally. You're all right. I always thought that.

STONE: (NO LONGER BORED) Hey!

APPLEGATE: What?

LESPERE: What's the matter?

STONE: I - I can see something!

HOLLIS: Stone? Stone?

STONE: Yeah. I - I - I can see lights! They look like lights!

STIMSON: Where?

APPLEGATE: What?

STIMSON: Where?! Where are you?

LESPERE: Must be a ship. Maybe they'll see us. Which way you going, Stone?

STONE: It's lights, I tell ya. I can see 'em plain.

STIMSON: Which way? Which way? Where are ya, Stone? Where?

STONE: (LAUGHS) Guess what?

CREW: Huh? What? Stone? What? What is it?

STONE: I've got myself into a meteor swarm, little asteroids!

LESPERE: Meteors?

STONE: Yeah. I think it's the Myrmidone cluster. You know, Hollis -- the -- the one that goes out past Mars and in toward Earth once every five years. Well, I'm right in the middle!

HOLLIS: Stone? Stone?!

STONE: It's like a big kaleidoscope. That's what I thought were the lights. All kinds o' colors and shapes. Why, why, it - it's beautiful. All that metal. I'm going with 'em. They're taking me with 'em. I'll be--

HOLLIS: Stone?!

STONE: So long, Hollis. So long.

HOLLIS: Good luck, Stone!

STONE: (FADING AWAY) Ha! Don't be funny!

MUSIC: COSMIC ... IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) I looked. There was nothing. Only the great diamond and sapphire and emerald mists and velvet inks of space. And then in the sudden calmness of his going, there was a kind of wonder in the thought of Stone going off in the meteor swarm, out past Mars for years, and coming in toward Earth every five years, passing in and out, for the next million centuries.

MUSIC: OUT

LESPERE: Hollis? This is Lespere. You all right?

HOLLIS: Yes, I'm fine.

LESPERE: I can't hear you so good. You there? Hollis?

HOLLIS: This is Hollis! I'm okay! You?

LESPERE: Hollis, there must be somethin' wrong with the phone. Hollis? Can you hear me? Uh, say something, will you?

HOLLIS: Turn up the booster! Turn up your booster!

LESPERE: Hollis? Can you hear me?

HOLLIS: Yes, yes, I hear you.

LESPERE: (RELIEVED) Hey, that's fine now. Yeah. Oh - oh, I thought you were gone. Who were you talkin' to?

HOLLIS: To Stone.

LESPERE: Oh. Hey, uh, who else is around?

HOLLIS: Applegate. (CALLS) Uh, Applegate?!

APPLEGATE: I'm here.

HOLLIS: Stimson? (NO ANSWER) Stimson?!

LESPERE: Heeey, Stimson?! (NO ANSWER) I guess he's gone, too.

APPLEGATE: Lespere, can you see anything?

LESPERE: I wasn't looking, I was thinking. I figure I'll hit Mars. (LAUGHS) Mars! Wouldn't that be something if I landed in the wife's back yard? She'd get a kick out of that!

STIMSON: (UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER, INCREASINGLY MANIACAL, IN BG)

LESPERE: That's pretty funny, huh?

HOLLIS: That you, Applegate?

APPLEGATE: No. I thought it was you.

LESPERE: Hollis?

HOLLIS: No. It must be Stimson. (CALLS) Stimson?! Stimson!

STIMSON: (INSANE LAUGHTER REACHES PEAK, TERRIFIED) I wanna wake up! Mama! Mama, I wanna wake up!

APPLEGATE: (UNNERVED) Make him stop, will you?

STIMSON: (WEEPS, IN BG)

HOLLIS: Stimson?

APPLEGATE: Shut him up!

STIMSON: (LAUGHING AND WEEPING HYSTERICALLY, IN BG)

HOLLIS: Stimson?! Stimson, would you listen to me? Now, Stimson, listen to me! Applegate's right! It'll be easier! You'll open your valve! Open it! Listen to me, Stimson! Open your valve! Now! Do it now! It won't hurt! Only a second, Stimson! Open your valve, Stimson!

STIMSON: (LAUGHING AND WEEPING SUBSIDES, THEN SILENCE)

LESPERE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Hollis? (NO ANSWER) Applegate?

APPLEGATE: Yeah?

LESPERE: Has he gone?

APPLEGATE: I guess so.

LESPERE: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. (MORE UPBEAT) Heeey! (CHUCKLES) Anybody know what time it is?

APPLEGATE: (ANNOYED) Oh, what do you care?

LESPERE: What'd you say? (NO ANSWER) Applegate? The booster's fading. Uh, what did you say?

APPLEGATE: (DOESN'T WANT TO TALK) I don't know.

LESPERE: Oh, well, I guess it doesn't matter. Habit, I suppose. You mind if I keep talking? Kind o' passes the time.

MUSIC: ETHEREAL ... IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) The goodbyes, voices dying, men dying. The awareness of life, my own. What can I do? Is there anything I can do to make up for a terrible and empty life? If only I could do one good thing to make up for the - meanness I collected all these years, and didn't even know was in me.

MUSIC: OUT

APPLEGATE: Hollis? (NO ANSWER) Hollis? This is Applegate.

HOLLIS: Yes?

APPLEGATE: (NO LONGER THE CYNIC) Hollis, that was right to tell Stimson to do. I said it to make him feel bad. But you did it \_right\_.

HOLLIS: I murdered him.

APPLEGATE: No. No. No, you didn't. Listen, Hollis. This isn't good, this thing between you and me. It's - a bad way to die. Are you listening, Hollis?

HOLLIS: Yes, I'm listening.

APPLEGATE: I - I lied. I didn't blackball you. Can you hear me?

HOLLIS: Yes.

APPLEGATE: Listening to you talk, when you were saying those things to Lespere about it not mattering. And he said about you being vicious. Made me ashamed. I've been like that, too.

HOLLIS: It's all right. I understand. (PAUSE) Can you get Lespere?

APPLEGATE: No. No, he was gone an hour ago. Can you hear him?

HOLLIS: No. Last thing I heard, he - he was singing a dirty song.

APPLEGATE: Quite a guy.

HOLLIS: Yeah.

APPLEGATE: You're fading out.

HOLLIS: You, too.

APPLEGATE: What?

HOLLIS: (SUDDENLY EMOTIONAL) I - I hope everything's okay with you, Applegate. I - I hope you go to Heaven or wherever you want. I hope for you--

APPLEGATE: You're getting soft, Hollis. (JOKINGLY) Better open your valve. So long.

HOLLIS: (STILL EMOTIONAL) Take it easy, Applegate!

APPLEGATE: So long, Hollis! Don't do anything I wouldn't do. (FADES OUT)

HOLLIS: Applegate?! (WEEPS) Applegate! (AFTER A PAUSE, WEAKLY) So long.

MUSIC: IN BG

HOLLIS: (NARRATES) Any time now, I'll hit the Earth's atmosphere. I'll burn, and be scattered in ashes all over the continental lands. But I'll be put to use. Just a little bit, but ashes are ashes, and they'll add to the land. I wanted to make something of my life, to be liked, to do good for people, to make them happy. Now, it's all gone. I wish I could do a good thing. Just something for me to know about. ... When I hit the atmosphere, I'll burn like a meteor. (EXHALES) I wonder if anyone will see me.

MUSIC: FOR A BODY FALLING TO EARTH, THEN OUT

SOUND: NO MORE RADIO STATIC ... CHILD PLAYS WITH TOYS

MOTHER: (HUMS A TUNE, THEN CALLS OUT) Time for bed, sonny!

BOY: (RELUCTANT) Oookay. (SUDDENLY EXCITED) Hey! Hey!

MOTHER: Hm?

BOY: Look up there, ma! A falling star!

MOTHER: I saw it. Make a wish, dear. Make a wish.

MUSIC: FOR A SOMBER FINISH, THEN OUT

VOICE: Suspense! ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

VOICE: ... in which Mr. William Conrad starred in tonight's presentation of

"Kaleidoscope," written by Ray Bradbury.

MUSIC: OUT

VOICE: Next week, the story of two people and the terror that rode with them in the city. We call it "Back Seat Driver." That's next week on ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

VOICE: Suspense!

MUSIC: SUSPENSE CLOSING MARCH, THEN IN BG

VOICE: Suspense is produced and directed by Antony Ellis, who adapted tonight's script. The music was composed by Rene Garriguenc and conducted by Wilbur Hatch. Special technical effects by Robert Chadwick. Featured in the cast were Stacy Harris, Parley Baer, Howard McNear, John Dehner, Sam Edwards, Georgia Ellis, and Master Jonathan Ellis.

This is the CBS Radio Network!

MUSIC: MARCH CONTINUES ... THEN OUT

---

Originally broadcast: 12 July 1955

Share Page



Get a free website at Webs.com