



Detective Drama **GEMS...**

Mid-1940s to the Mid-1990s

Issue #14 MAY 2024

Radio and TV Episodes Analyzed ... *for Writers and Editors*

Gem #43 — "[My Love But Lightly](#)" — January 31, 1962 **From HAWAIIAN EYE** (ABC-TV, 1959 to '63)

This series premiered on October 7th, 1959. It was dreamed up by some of the same guys who launched 77 SUNSET STRIP a year earlier. ABC was home to both.

Neither that network nor Warner Brothers has authorized a package with all or most of the 134 original episodes of EYE. (Why not? See Page 10, bottom half.)

But we finally have an *unofficial* yet chronological [collection](#), available from the [Reliable Media Store](#). That means EYE can now be covered by this publication.

The [Wikipedia account](#) offers a decent view of EYE. You will know and like its #2 (JAMES CONRAD as Tom Lopaka) if you were a fan of the original *Wild, Wild West*. But the regular who helps make *this* episode a Gem is [ANTHONY EISLEY](#). He had just turned 37 when it first aired. A resilient sort, and carrying certain scars.

As Detective Tracy Steele, he runs and (with Lopaka) co-owns **The Hawaiian Eye**, whose sign says INVESTIGATION and SECURITY. The firm is located in a high-end hotel called The Hawaiian Village. In a different Gem ("The Koa Man"), Steele explained the firm to a Korean War buddy posing as a conference guest:

We have a contract to furnish security offices for the Hotel... You see, things are pretty *open* in Hawaii; not much is locked. We have guards to patrol the Hotel grounds and beaches [in order] to protect the *guests* and their property [along with] these retail stores *on* the Hotel grounds... And

we furnish *plant*-protection for certain businesses in town; patrol some residential areas at night; and we make *investigations*.

Steele shouldn't have been so thorough to Mr. "Koa." But it's a big help right now: The account suggests the many story angles awaiting HAWAIIAN EYE scriptwriters.

"Expansive" especially applies to office design. The reception area opens into an area more spacious than any investigator's office you ever saw on TV or in the real world. A medium-size swimming pool looks to be about 20 feet from Tracy Steele's desk. And a smaller (it would *have* to be smaller) room is for confidential talks.

Why is "My Love But Lightly" a Gem? Because of the tortuous but mostly honest interactions of Tracy Steele and an old flame who suddenly turns up in Honolulu. Along with...the *other* guest actors. They are anything but stick figures. They convey enough to allow a viewer to imagine then both backwards and forwards in time.

He's a Notorious Jewel Thief; She's a Walking Display Case

Coco Stanford is a flamboyant jet-sweeter. We didn't see her and her entourage sweep into the lobby. Neither did Tracy Steele. But he hears about it from Lopaka: "You couldn't see the bell-boy for the luggage, pal."

The Hotel's photographer and resident "songbird" is dazzled. In this pre-feminist age, [CONNIE STEVENS](#) as Cricket Blake must've been a general delight. I missed her then, but it's never too late to admire a classic. Late? If you're under 50, you need to see what I mean. Here is Connie, not even 24, [singing the EYE theme](#), which normally depended on war drums and surfing visuals...

The rich widow Stanford has two male escorts. One of them entranced Cricket with elegant chit-chat, yet didn't want his picture taken. It's **Curt Viner**, and his name rattles Steele. He heads straight for Stanford's ample quarters — to make sure she has no illusions about Viner. Turns out she's one of his biggest admirers.

As if on cue, Viner walks in from the adjacent bungalow. He and Steele go back awhile: Paris, 1956. "He came to WARN me about you," Coco tells Curt. "GOOD for you, Steele!" exclaims Viner, as he slaps Steele's right shoulder. Steele reacts as if checking for stains. "I warned her, myself," Viner adds, "but she won't listen."

Two locations define this episode. One is The Hawaiian Village, which includes The Shell Bar. On many evenings, Cricket Blake sings there, backed by a gifted set of Hawaiian musicians. (Did any other detective show make use of a xylophone?)

The other site is The Makai Club (Mah-kah-EE), where two MORE personalities of interest are booked for multiple nights. Steele also knows *them* from Paris half-a-

decade ago. One is a beautiful French girl: **Danielle Manet** (Mah-NAY). We met her during the episode's third and fourth minutes. We also saw Steele driving to surprise her at The Makai Club; he looked pensive and vaguely irritated.

Right after lip-sync'ing a dreamy number, Manet spotted him sitting at the bar. She walked over. Without missing a beat, he ordered her favorite drink...

DANIELLE MANET: You remember.

TRACY STEELE: I'm *cursed* with a long memory.

MANET: I've *heard* you were in Honolulu, but I was not certain. It's been a long time since [she pauses, and he'll complete] —

STEELE: Since you left me for Viner. How is he, your great and good friend Curt Viner? [Dropping his volume back down] Is he with you?

MANET: No, no he isn't. [Steele will hear about Viner from Blake later.]

STEELE: Well you're a long way from Paris. Don't tell me you travel ALONE these days [sarcasm rendered as insincere humor].

MANET: How did you know I was here? Was it an accident, your coming?

STEELE: Saw an ad on the advertisement page of the newspaper. "The Makai Club Presents Danielle Manet" — I didn't think there could be two of ya.

MANET: [Slight laugh] I imagine one is enough.

The script never says what placed Tracy Steele in Paris. Only that his path crossed with Danielle Manet's. She was in her early twenties; though a decade older, he could not have been prepared for suave French rivals. The scar remains...

STEELE: [Abruptly] What are you doing in Honolulu? Why are you here?

MANET: Must there be a REASON?

STEELE: For you, there must. What's the angle? What's the GIMMICK this time?

With Continental restraint, she signaled a sad sort of displeasure: "You're so difficult to talk to." Then came a marvelous move. Steele had just put a cigarette between his lips. With perfect timing, Danielle pulled it out, put it between *her* lips, and *he* reflexively lit it. (The lighter closed with a metallic *snap*.) Then she handed his own cigarette back to him.

That trick helped "difficult to talk to" give way to warm reassurance: "Just the same, I'm so happy you came to see me." Steele was wordless for five seconds.

Then he managed his own great line: "Don't get the wrong idea. I came to look, not to touch." Great line? Not in *her* mind. She took it as a command to return to her job. He threw that barely smoked cigarette on the table. Back to the Village.

Where Might Steele Go for a Cold Splash of Truth?

The camera showed us two unidentified male faces at the Makai. One of them belongs to **Louis Bon**. We'll see him as a noble part of Danielle Manet's past. Despite being one of her back-up musicians at the Makai, Louis Bon had avoided greeting Steele. The next morning, Steele is *delighted* to see him. First time since Paris...

STEELE: You're looking great, Louis. Sit down...

BON: Monsieur — you saw Mademoiselle Manet last night.

STEELE: [Voice dropping back to normal] I saw her.

BON: That is why I have come...

STEELE: Did she send you?

BON: No, she does not know.

STEELE: [Not sarcastically] What would she ever do without you, Louis?

BON: Monsieur, I'm greatly troubled about her. I've a *feeling*, a foreboding of *evil*, about to occur.

STEELE: [Right back to detective mode] Well, she runs with evil company, Louis. What's she mixed up in now?

BON: [Very quietly, but semi-shuddering] I do not know, Monsieur.

Bon had just averted his eyes. Steele quietly counters: "You're *lying*, Louis."

BON: But I am not lying when I say that there is trouble ahead. There's *grave danger* for Mademoiselle, and [I believe] that you could *help* her.

STEELE: [Changing gears again] You're really *upset*, aren't ya?

BON: Monsieur, you do not know. I tried to protect her the *best* I know how. But you could do it better.

STEELE: [Long pause, as he stands up to pace, then half-snorts] Ohhh — I don't think so, Louis...

Bon looks to be the one person Steele came to trust back in France. Even so, he replies: "Noo, Louis. There's nothing I can do for her, not here. Not now. Not ever." But Steele makes one more try. Can Bon explain Manet's presence in Honolulu?

Nothing tangible, except a stark pledge: "With my very life, I will protect her — and it may *come* to that." And then the mournful Frenchman takes his leave.

We see Steele disoriented by people with questionable motivation. Just one (Bon) is motivated by love and loyalty. And that person's fear for Manet's safety is one more factor behind Steele's tension with her, from the first scene to the last.

Time to try Police Headquarters. The quest for tangibles produces the next well-scripted exchange. It's with [MEL PRESTIDGE](#) as Lieutenant **Danny Quon**, a solid regular during all four HAWAIIAN EYE seasons...

STEELE: I saw one of your plainclothesmen at the Hotel this morning.

QUON: So?

STEELE: Did you know Curt VINER's in the Hotel?

QUON: [Continuing to shuffle papers] Yes; I know that.

STEELE: Look, don't give me the runaround, Danny. With Viner in the Hotel, I'm *close* to the situation, whatever it is.

QUON: [Putting down those papers] Tracy — I don't want any EMOTIONAL involvements fouling this up.

Steele replies indignantly. The Lieutenant calmly replies: "Danielle Manet?"

STEELE: How'd ya find out about that?

QUON: That you had a romance with her five years ago in Paris, during one of the periods when she and Curt Viner were on the Outs? [Brief pause] Word gets around.

STEELE: Word from WHOM?

QUON: Look. Curt Viner is a notorious jewel thief. The Paris Police have a complete dossier on him and everyone *connected* with him. Naturally, that includes Danielle Manet, a long-time [slight pause] associate of Viner's.

STEELE: [With a sigh...] "Naturally." Why are they meeting here?

QUON: Ohh, I've known for some time that Felix — the world's foremost jewel fence — occasionally makes Honolulu his base of operations.

We got a glimpse of "Felix" at the Makai Club. But this is the first time a name (and it'll never be more than a *first* name) is attached to that sinister face.

Quon goes on: "I suspect that Viner *used* Coco Stanford as a cover-up for getting into Hawaii." The implication is that Viner has something to offer Felix.

STEELE: Where does Danielle fit in? [Pause] Danny, I'll find out one way or another.

QUON: Miss Manet arrived in this country several months ago through Canada. She came to Honolulu just this week.

STEELE: Why? WHY, Danny?

QUON: It's been nice seeing you, Tracy [Smiling]. Drop in again sometime.

This text suggests more tension than you see on the screen. Quon stays cordial and sometimes he smiles, but not quite in a mocking way. As if to say: "Now isn't the best time to pool our theories. Besides, I prefer working with you when you're a professional detective offering *me* something in trade."

Trade or not, Steele gets a look at the mugshot of "Felix." Lieutenant Quon is collaborative enough to offer the crook's name and that he fences stolen valuables. Steele will spot Felix, at the Makai Club (where else?), as all the European visitors are listening to a Manet number. Her song sets the table, literally, for a marvelous clash of agendas, language, and expressions.

The Guest Cast, Mid-Century Europe, and Sharp Edges

Louis Bon is rendered by an actor adept at embodying Egyptians, Moroccans and Frenchmen. But the amazing career of JAY NOVELLO didn't stop there...

"Novello specialized in playing ethnic types, sometimes Spanish, Greek or Mexican but usually Italian — not surprising, since his parents were Italian immigrants and he grew up speaking the language before he learned English." The [Chicago-born Novello](#) "got a job acting with various theater companies [and] his facility with languages got him work in radio as a dialect specialist."

"During his film career," [adds Wikipedia](#), "Novello's roles often alternated between pompous or fussy professionals and assorted ethnic characters." In Hawaii, Novello being Bon is a winning blend of loyalty, manners, and brooding. We'll even learn that he was in love with Danielle's mother, who perished during the War.

This publication has saluted Jay Novello's radio characters. Among the greatest was Inspector Pierre Marcus ("[The Lorcoe Diamonds Matter](#)") on YOURS TRULY, JOHNNY DOLLAR. And, in August 2022, his regular role as the Muslim Police Chief in Cairo, Egypt (see Gem #29, which is the middle one [in that issue](#)).

The latter series was [ROCKY JORDAN](#), and its title character was nowhere near as impressive as some of the scripts. The richer perspective had to come from Novello. As Sam Sabaaya, he often lectured Jordan, a fast-talking American...

CAPTAIN SAM SABAAYA: [Quietly] Jordan, there are things a man like you would not understand — that my people take their religion most seriously. Quite often, our emotions become strongly involved.

ROCKY JORDAN: Maybe I do understand, Sam. EVERY man has a religion, whether he knows it or not.

SABAAYA: But there ARE differences.



TOP LEFT: **Jay Novello** as the only principled man among the guest cast members ... versus **John van Dreelen**, IMMEDIATE LEFT, the fellow with whom Tracy Steele has a 2X grievance. And RIGHT: **Ziva Rodann**, the girl from Haifa with the exotic name and consistently controlled vulnerability.

Born Ziva Blechman in March of 1933, [ZIVA RODANN](#) as Danielle Manet is a mix of approach and avoid. She recounts a survivor's coming of age in war-ravaged Europe. Specifically, during Minute #19, she tells Tracy Steele of shame over what she did to survive during those years and seemingly into the 1950s.

Before I met you, I had no home, no money, nothing. The years after the War were difficult for a girl growing up. I did things I [slight pause] could not tell you. If we had married, you would have found out. I *couldn't* let that happen. Or maybe I...didn't have courage...to be honest with you.

Is Danielle Manet a tragic if sincere figure? Or a habitual manipulator? What she is saying now, to Steele, lends depth to her character — and even a bit to Viner's.

She intended to throw herself off a bridge. This was "long before I dreamed there was anyone like you." Viner somehow saw her begin to climb over the railing, ran to her, and saved her life. "Took me in, fed me, and clothed me. And when he learned Louis was my friend, he fed him too. So you see — I owe him a great deal."

[JOHN van DREELAN](#), not yet 40 in real life, is the buoyant Curt Viner. Except when anything heavy or sharp comes close. Turns out this suave thief is a *hemophiliac*. (Which made me wonder: Why doesn't he have a full beard?)

And Coco Stanford ([JEANNE COOPER](#)) is so pointed she doesn't need a table knife to rattle Viner. Besides, she claims to adore him. As opposed to her recently deceased wealthy husband: "I got SICK every time he reached for me with those wrinkled old hands, but I *did it* — and I'll do anything to get money."

Who else is on tap? Stanford's other escort in Honolulu is Robin Flynn ([FORREST COMPTON](#)). Flynn is a humorless American who seethes at Viner and is in turn treated like hired help by Stanford. And Felix? Played by [DAN SEYMOUR](#), he's the only guest actor who is wooden. Except for this retort to his co-conspirator...

CURT VINER [in a whisper but not as a threat]: My dear Felix, with your method of doing business, you are *certain* to die a *most violent* death.

FELIX [a bit less softly]: With your mode of operation, I suspect you shall PRE-decease ME.

A great script can have this many characters sound plausible while it also keep us dialed in to their motivations and options. This one does that. And here, from a U.K. site, is the original EYE line-up: Eisley, Stevens, Conrad, and [PONCIE PONCE](#).



"We've Been Through Too Much. Our Time Has Passed"

The best scene in "My Love But Lightly" has everyone at the same table. The exceptions are Lieutenant Quon (who needs his sleep) and Felix the Fence: Although in the room, he broods at the bar awaiting private time with Viner.

Miming a lush love song, Danielle Manet moves down from the mildly elevated stage and stands in front of where Steele is sitting...

*When you press me to your arms, I'm in a world apart,
a world where roses bloom... Give you heart and soul to me.*

What would YOU do if an old flame — one keeping big things from you, even now — uttered those words in a gathering of 50 or more patrons? Danielle is holding a guitar, but can't play it. She can't sing either; and the lip-sync has many giveaways. None of that's the point, though. For Tracy Steele, the point — from the beginning to the end — is navigating a pained Past and an *exasperating* set of Presents.

Accompanying Danielle on accordion...is Louis Bon. Coco is stroking Viner's check. Flynn is resenting both of them while fiddling with his cigarette case, which seems to be jammed. And Steele's face reflects consternation: Bitter memories, a set of weak but wily individuals, and not even Louis Bon ready or able to be candid.

Danielle comes over to join their table. Viner acts as if he hasn't seen her in a while (a complete lie). And Steele welcomes a chance to needle his old rival.

The topic of jewels is perfect. He compliments the ones draped around Stanford's neck. She accepts the praise — "but they're not as beautiful as the Dubois Tierra Diamonds." Does the group recall how part of that collection vanished "a couple of years ago"? — "63 matched canary diamonds...mmphh!"

Steele replies dryly: "They were never found, were they?" "Not a trace," Stanford confirms. And "the house was guarded [by] the fiercest, LARGEST watch dogs in all of France. But the dogs weren't HARMED on the night of the robbery. Now then, HOW could the theft have been accomplished?"

Steele tosses it over to Viner: "Yes — how would YOU say that it was accomplished, Viner? Hmmm?" The master thief pretends to be knocked off stride, disclaiming any specific knowledge. But he has a theory: "The attractions of a Lady dog" must have been part of the thieves' plan to disorient those vicious watchdogs. And it *would* be a good gambit — "IF she's brought to their attention." Coco laughs in admiration: "You're without a doubt the most interesting man I know."

Sitting across the table from Viner, Robin Flynn erupts: "Tell me something, Viner.

Don't you ever get TIRED of being *charming*?" Viner utters a nasty retort that includes the word "drops" and, a second later, with the cigarette case still jammed, Flynn's sharp object flies out of his hands. Viner's poise vanishes: "WATCH OUT! What are you trying to do? *You COULD'VE cut me.*" (This is the only detective episode I've ever seen where hemophilia contributes to the story line.)

"It is getting late," Danielle says. She stands up to depart. "Good night, Tracy."

Viner's rebound was rapid. He suggest that Steele "escort Mrs. Stanford back to the hotel." She replies with an edge, after hearing Viner say that he needs to stick around, in order to converse with Danielle, in her dressing room.

Once there, he tells her: "Perhaps the presence of the upright Tracy Steele is causing your moodiness." She replies: "Tonight I saw everything through his eyes. Do you know what we look like? We're cheap — common — *vulgar.*" This third descriptive is uttered in an emphatic whisper.

A tremendous argument is imminent. Danielle Manet *has* done certain things Viner needed her to do. Now she wants out. The cool and mournful Manet becomes indignant and fiery. It's a stunning inversion of the woman we think we know. Are Steele's warnings, about Viner, giving her some spine?

Other Credits and the Legacy Toll of Musical Copyrights

The actors behind the key characters — Bon, Manet and Steele primarily; and Cooper, van Dreelen and Compton in ways less deep — share the credit for the tense clarity of the story with its originator: [GLORIA ELMORE](#) (1922-81). Elmore wrote 11 episodes of [77 SUNSET STRIP](#), eight for HAWAIIAN EYE, and five for [SURFSIDE SIX](#), another early '60s ABC venture with multiple leads.

So why can't we buy those three classics with the confidence and quality one gets from a *Mannix*, *Columbo* or *Magnum* set of DVDs? On [The Home Theater Forum](#) (July 8, 2020), NEIL BROCK offered the answer: "Music, Music, Music"...

Every one of the [Warner Brothers] detective shows was **chock full of music and nightclub scenes**, especially *Hawaiian Eye*, which had Connie belting out numbers in just about every episode. **All of those songs have to be paid for and cleared** and there is just not enough of a market for 60+ year old black-and-white shows to justify the costs. While not in the same genre, other WB shows, like *The Alaskans* and *Roaring 20s* are in the same boat, as Dorothy Provine was singing in most of them.

The Home Theater website features scriptwriters and actors with an informed

interest in TV classics, including (and this is unusual) specific episodes.

Others on that site speak highly of HAWAIIAN EYE, and now we have the next best thing to studio-issue — https://reliablemediastore.com/Hawaiian-Eye-Complete-Series_p_143.html. Despite the occasional episode that has scratchy sound or grainy black and white, the Reliable Media assembly is a great value.

Early in 2024, "My Love But Lightly" could be viewed without buying 26 DVDs or paying a fee. How? A fellow with the Web moniker of "Uncle Solie" had uploaded an array of SUNSET STRIP and HAWAIIAN EYE episodes. Now he has some sort of fee-based platform, which might be a problem for non-licensed video originals.

In terms of your zeroing in on this one EYE episode, these are all I can offer...

<https://www.tvmaze.com/episodes/372586/hawaiian-eye-3x19-my-love-but-lightly>
<https://reelgood.com/show/hawaiian-eye-1959/season/3>

No-cost viewables come and go. But the Exacting Editor's [front page](#) lists all Gems in the order they were offered, with the links updated twice per year. If and when a no-charge way to see "My Love But Lightly" emerges, you'll find it there.

This Issue's URL is www.ExactingEditor.com/Detective-Gems-14.pdf

Next Issue: www.ExactingEditor.com/Detective-Gems-15.pdf

Gem #46 — "[Ancient Madness](#)" — May 9, 1985
From NIGHT HEAT (CBS and CTV, 1985 to '89)

Gem #47 — "[The Kidnapping](#)" — June 11, 1961
From THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (ABC-TV, April-September '61)

Gem #48 — "[Genesis of Treason](#)" — April 29, 1960
From [77 SUNSET STRIP](#) (ABC-TV, 1958 to '64)

Gem #44 — "The Paul Thomas Murder Case" — from [BROADWAY IS MY BEAT](#): July 28, 1949 (CBS Radio)

After a stumbling start with a weak lead, this series pulled off a fast re-launch. New York City was ditched for Hollywood. The new formula and mix would last for six years. It excelled a lot more than it misfired. Seven decades later, BROADWAY IS MY BEAT is *still* a bracing tutorial for writers trying to use concise language and character vividness to enable an audience to handle swerves and pivots.

BEAT scripts veer between clever and brilliant. The producers even managed to abandon New York City while making the new episodes sound very Big Apple.

As for the people behind the microphones? The Old-Time Radio Researchers Group has the best roster. Very little is on the Web about Mr. Calvert; and Mr. Krushchen is all-capped because as the #2 regular he's the most heard among this group...

The supporting cast included regulars Charles Calvert (as Sergeant Gino Tartaglia) and [JACK KRUSCHEN](#) (as Sergeant Muggavan), with episodic roles filled by...Irene Tedrow, Barney Phillips, Lamont Johnson, [Herb Ellis](#), Hy Averback, Edgar Barrier, [Betty Lou Gerson](#), Harry Bartell, Sheldon Leonard, Martha Wentworth, Lawrence Dobkin and [Mary Jane Croft](#).

They each interacted with Canada-born [LARRY THOR](#) (1912-76). He was "Special Detail" Detective **Danny Clover**. The OTR Researchers Group describes him as a "hardened [police officer] who worked homicide 'from Times Square to Columbus Circle — the gaudiest, the most violent, the loneliest mile in the world'."

Every episode ended with that pained description of "Times Square, Crossroads of the Nation." At least that's the way this 1950s postcard termed it...



Not of the *NATION*, thankfully; more like a compact collection of extremes. And the striking thing on *BROADWAY* is how *articulate* its shady elements sound (especially the elites). Along the way, Inspector Clover describes the terrain in ways you'd never hear from Steve McGarrett, Frank Ballinger, or Johnny Dollar...

Broadway, where the measured screaming of the Spectaculars echoes into the wilderness of the night, and their cadence is the beat of a metallic and mechanical heart. This is the rhythm of the life you're assigned on Broadway [and] there's NOTHING you can do about it. You challenge it with a whisper or a plea or a cry and there's no one to hear it...

That's not from the episode featured here. But every episode offered this kind of language — at the start, midpoint, and end — from Larry Thor. Was he working against his own radio persona? At least one Web reviewer has trouble with those lyrical accounts of the flashy yet cursed Square Mile...

I love this show, EXCEPT for the soliloquies about Broadway attributed to Danny Clover by the writers Morton Fine and David Friedkin. None of Danny's normal conversation indicates that he would be the type to think such. To me, it's just the writers "showing off."

In a way, yes. But maybe they did that because Larry Thor was vocally gifted: A lead character able to deliver local color. His writers helped him sketch Broadway as a hothouse that gave space to brassy creations and warped creators.

About Clover as a cop going about his dreary if not dangerous work, the quoted critic is right: He never would've waxed poetic. Business is business, and Broadway was no place for *this* guy to play philosopher. If anyone got even one-fifth as dramatic as *Thor* sounded about Broadway, *Clover* would've cut him off.

Danny Clover was a master at repositioning almost any communicant. He cut off witnesses and colleagues even more than Philip Marlowe did (or would if the latter ever had a colleague). Still, these 28-minute radio dramas tried for something beyond basic narration to (a) handle each scene change and (b) offer whatever veiled moral might be floated at the end.

Bottom line: Could BROADWAY have handed those tasks to *another* voice? For the investors and sponsors of this series, it's a good thing they didn't try.

The scripts of Messrs. [Friedkin](#) and [Fine](#) deserve a *second* salute for being so tangible, so objective, and therefore beyond personality, yet still able to show feeling. They equipped Thor to be micro-factual, judgmental, and distant — all in the same paragraph. This blend was a compromise that doesn't feel like one.

First example, from the August 1953 episode named after Joyce Tyler...

Out into the street, and it becomes another evening. Look away from the day, look *back* at it, and it's *darker*. A time has suddenly slipped away, and it's *another* time. It's going on night, and becomes DINNER-

time. Find a restaurant, and *enter* it, with hopes *flung high*, that THIS place, this *one new place*, [where] you've chosen to rest for a while, and to dine, had somehow been TOUCHED by the *miracle*, that HERE they were *tender* and *gentle* with food. Be assured by the waitress, who had a special knowledge of what should be ordered, and do so. And *by this special method*, have the same tired trout you pushed away last night. But the *cream soda* is cooling, and *rice pudding* nourishing. Leave the tip, and get out.

Larry Thor is using strong as well as slight emphases. He put the slight stresses at just the right place, although my italics don't do justice to the sound of the show. And the blah meal ends with our being re-centered for the next strange exchange.

Ride the streets for awhile. *Time* for thinking about, *questions* to ask yourself, about a man who was *afraid*: Philip Tyler, a man who was *scared* by the world; a man who *hated* a decision, who *ran* from his wife, to another woman. *Questions* to ask, concerning *whys* and *wherefores*. Ring a bell, onto a place lately furnished with party [goods] and Chinese puppets, and Mrs. Tyler..." "Hello, Mr. Clover."

Friedkin and Fine quickened sequences without losing flow. They also conveyed the feelings of the lead character without using egocentric language. Both objectives were achieved systematically as each BROADWAY drama progressed.

"J. Arakarian, Lapidary and Dealer in Precious Gems"

Next example is from the featured episode. Clover describes his passage into the Inner Sanctum of a business that satisfies the rich while fending off the riff-raff...

You went through a door and past the beam of an electric eye and waded through a *carpet* to a desk and an olive-skinned girl with tight black hair. You gave your name and ya got nodded past *another* beam and some carved Oriental wall hangings, to a young man: Morning coat cut to hide the lines of his *shoulder* holster, and SNEER, cut to fit the SCAR that ran from his eye to the corner of his *mouth*. Then, a *chaperoned* hike through *another* doorway — **and there he was, J. Arakarian**: Impeccable in ascot, striped pants, and a Legion of Honor ribbon in his satin lapel...

Paul Thomas works here. Thomas is the fatherless Harlem youth caught by Clover "breakin' into a store" (the kid's own wording). Sounds as if mid-century New York detectives could serve as character witnesses, or at least put in a good word.

In fact, it sounds like Clover never formally arrested Thomas. Either way, he is the reason Arakarian (and his grim Enforcer) are now colleagues of the young man.

But hold on — Clover does not make that entrance until late in the afternoon. This episode *starts* in the morning with a chance crossing of paths. Clover notices Paul Thomas approaching. Been awhile since they talked.

Paul sounds upbeat. Mr. Arakarian "has even had me bonded, so I could deliver all that jewelry and stuff." They share an update on Paul's mother. Then the clouds form: "I'm in trouble, Mr. Clover...BIG trouble." He starts to go into detail. But an obnoxious voice intrudes: "Danny Clover! How's Broadway's grabber boy..."

It's Jerry Kirk, a private investigator. Clover introduces the two, sullenly. Kirk ignores Paul and makes an edit: "DANNY...a smart detective like you should keep up. I'm not a private eye anymore." Clover: "No? Well, so long, Kirk. See you around."

Clover's knack for cutting off would strike nearly all of us as rude. In New York City, he's not that far from normal. But Kirk is even more New Yorky. "How about YOU, Danny? You still hitting the triple features in the GRIND houses, Danny?"

Clover's contempt can be heard even though he doesn't speak. Kirk plows on.

He is "in the PLUSH. Plush office, plush stipend, furnished by Acme Insurance Company. I investigate INSURANCE losses for them." This new gig "even gives me the price of a couple of tickets to *South Pacific* here." (They are standing near a line that stretches around the block, for the hit musical that, 75 years ago, was near the beginning of what would total [1,925 performances on Broadway](#).)

To avoid being late for work, Paul makes ready to dash. Kirk's bragging about his increased income and social network is over. But it has prevented, fatally, Paul from confiding in Clover. "Paul. PAUL — come back here!"

Same day, around 5 p.m., is when Paul's "big trouble" starts to catch up with Clover. "A patrolman leaned out of a squad car" and handed him a piece of paper. Urgent: Get over to the Paramount Building, 14th Floor. "I'd been there before," Clover tells us, to make the case for hiring Paul Thomas.

This time, he'll notice that fellow with the "SNEER, cut to fit the SCAR that ran from his eye to the corner of his *mouth*." Even on the 14th Floor of the Paramount Building, such a type might be handy, to dissuade robbers. And J. Arakarian has a guest: "I asked Mr. Jerry Kirk to be with us, Lieutenant Clover..."

The jeweler wants to discuss "the boy you asked me to hire." When the urbane Arakarian rolls it out too slowly, Kirk jumps in: "He's tryin' to tell you that the kid

absconded with an awful lot of jewelry...a hundred thousand dollars' worth, Danny." *Let Mr. Arakarian tell it HIS way*, Clover tells Kirk.

Arakarian says Paul Thomas "failed to deliver a *consignment* [and also] failed to let me know the reason *why*. He has been gone since this morning. Disappeared." Kirk resumes spouting. "They assign a bright eye like *you* to this, Kirk?"

Arakarian is all business: "In a matter like this, one *thinks* of insurance." Clover won't accept the premise of theft: In "a case like this, one also thinks of how maybe Paul got SLUGGED. One also thinks he coulda been ROBBED, Mr. Arakarian." Kirk balks. Clover is defiant: "Paul Thomas turns up in an alley, Kirk — *slugged* — a BET?"

Kirk is ready to put dough behind his charge. But Arakarian is out *big* money. He hands Clover a list of what disappeared. Back to Headquarters, to turn in this list, which will be in the hands of various pawnbrokers tomorrow morning. Then he's off to Harlem, to pay a call on Paul's mother, whose dwelling is...

A tenement, lighted by kerosene lamps. A tenement with barred windows, through which you can watch the moonlight darting out on the backs of hungry rats. And Harlem is a place of quiet laughter that STOPS, when it sees ya walking up the stairs to the one room, in which Paul's family of five live.

Early *Broadway*: Testing Other Voices and Clover's Persona

Paul's mom and the Inspector greet one another warmly. Clover transitions from reassuring to serious. When did Mrs. Thomas see Paul last? "This morning — he stopped by on his way to work." Does that mean he doesn't live here anymore? "No, Mr. Clover. Paul's a man now, and he needs a place of his own."

When he asks for the address, the mother is alarmed: "Is my boy in TROUBLE, Mr. Clover," said without the question inflection. Don't know; just need to see him. "It's a rooming house on 137th Street, 26th East. It's clean; you can actually see the sun. Paul *couldn't* do anything wrong. Not any MORE, Mr. Clover."

Did Paul stop by tonight? "No, but THAT doesn't mean anything. *Lots* of times he doesn't come by at NIGHT, but...he's *always* here for breakfast in the morning."

On his way to 137th, Clover is flagged by Patrolman Florio in Car 15. "I've been cruising, lookin' for you. Headquarters said you were in Harlem." On the radio, long before he'll be the office expert on pulp fiction, we hear Sergeant Tartaglia, not yet familiar to us as "Gino." Florio has been told to take Clover to a *really* low-rent address; it's close to Paul Thomas's new place. And the time is tight...

The Station got a message from the unsavory Jerry Kirk. Kirk is set to meet with Thomas at 10 p.m. He needs Clover to turn that meeting into an apprehension.

What the hell is going on? The young errand-runner who supposedly made off with \$100,000 in gems, Kirk tells him, floated a deal to the insurance company — yep, Jerry Kirk's client. "The deal Paul made was for 15 Grand." Clover is incredulous: "He got in touch with you?" That's right, says Kirk. And "he said meet him here." The kid must be acting in sync with far more seasoned operatives.

"So I got in touch with you [pause]. I'm *double-crossing* him, Danny. I called in the COPS. You wouldn't want it any *other* way." That's *one* thing Clover can agree with. "And Kirk," commands Clover as they start, "keep your gun in your pocket."

Footsteps, then entry. Hard to see. Kirk brought a flashlight. They each call for Paul. A slight noise from the basement, followed by two shots. TWO. Down the stairs they bolt, with at least Clover's gun ready. No more sounds. They advance slowly.

Kirk spots a body, behind the staircase, holding a gun. It's Paul Thomas, and he's dead. In a grieving voice, Clover states the key question: "Why was he KILLED?" Thomas was either betraying his partners, Kirk says, or they silenced him even though he followed instructions. In either case, the jewels are still missing.

Clover despises what he keeps hearing from Kirk; but he needs a solid alternative. A break emerges the next morning, via Sergeant Tartaglia: "One of the Arakarian Jewels showed up [at] Larry's Pawn Shop...10:30 last night." With the list of missing items in hand on this new day, Mr. Larry has made the connection.

In the second half, you'll hear this pawnbroker (a classic BEAT character) as well as the girl to whom he paid \$600 for an item worth two grand. Ellen West lives "on a street that might've been anywhere," Clover observes. Could've been a market street in the slums of Madrid, or Rome, or Athens or New Orleans.... Right now it was under the bridge of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad."

<https://www.oldtimeradiodownloads.com/crime/broadway-is-my-beat/paul-thomas-case-1949-07-28> — *although the audio is merely so-so*

SECOND listening option comes from Apple. Scroll down the list just a bit...

<https://podcasts.apple.com/us/podcast/ep003-the-paul-thomas-murder-case/id1642233748>

What Ellen West tells Clover can be read opposite ways. And I went from there to your listening options because very little about second halves is in these accounts. That's been this publication's design ever since April of 2020...

These write-ups map *only* the first half. The premise is that anyone who can handle **3,500+ words** is probably a writer or an editor, not a detective drama "consumer." If so, understanding the first half, in GREAT detail, lets you navigate the *second* half with a real feel for the overall script's events, actors, language, and other markers...

Anything else about this BROADWAY IS MY BEAT? Three points have to do with the episode, and the final observation is about series language overall...

- Did Paul Thomas fire, and the other gunman kill him? They found Paul "holding a gun." He really died that fast? Then why didn't Clover and Kirk race to find the other shooter, before he could flee the building? And what about time of death? Some of this fog will be cleared up later, but not all.
- This July 1949 episode has a rawness to it. The radio actor and his writers are still getting to know each other. And Inspector Clover displays a trait that won't hold. He gets that pawnbroker to proclaim his chiseling strategy against Ellen West in a manner that alienates a nervous client in the next room — and then laughs *uproariously* at the expense of both. An outburst of laughter is something I never heard from this relentless Broadway cop. Not one time, out of maybe 50 episodes. Except in this very early one.
- Clover's closeness to the victim and his mom is another standout. Paul Thomas is a young man that the Inspector assumes he put on the straight and narrow. Even if it worked, Thomas has lost his life, because Clover got him into a job that opened him up to...what? Temptation? Carelessness? Manipulation? Paul *knew* of some danger, wanted *help* from his friend and sponsor — and now? Solving *this* case will have to be personal.

The final distinction is fundamental, both in terms of how it works for an audience, and how the BROADWAY creative team stayed true to it...

It's easy to glide right past the striking way Inspector Danny Clover talks **to the listener**: The blend of rapid-fire details and sensations voiced by Larry Thor is devoid of the words "I," "me," and "mine." This lets fleeting opinions and actions come off as gritty realities. Earlier issues cited this as **the most refreshing part** of the Friedkin-Fine scripts. Go back to the examples on pages 13 and 14. If you want to develop such a skill, while also being your own real-life character, ready to make judgments, try writing a five-page letter to your best friend and never use the words **I, me, my** or **mine**... Familiar? Those *happen* to be three of the four words Beatle George Harrison got tired of hearing back in 1969. Because of Facebook and many other micro-pollutions, all four of those words are in use too much today.

Writers and editors of every type, when they're feeling blocked or bored, should download BROADWAY episodes. (Hold out for ones with okay bandwidth!) This URL offers a menu, from the hundreds that survive, and sums up the series...

<http://www.classicmysteryradio.com/broadwayismybeat.html>

Certain episodes dive into the obsessions of writers and the machinations of publishing houses. (These include the "Sybil Chase" and "[Robin Forrest](#)" cases.)

As you listen, look for the character that reminds you of a scheme, scandal, or the "opportunity" you should have let pass. Or maybe someone will sound like a long-time friend that, lately, seems too reactive; too hungry for gossip or status; or anxious for some sort of escape; or desperate for the next big haul. BEAT was a *brisk* radio series that also handled "depth." And each episode started as a script.

Gem #45 — "Beware of the Watchdog"

From [THE NAME OF THE GAME](#) — March 5, 1971 (NBC-TV)

As someone on the Web noted, this series was blessed with a big budget. Car chases are hard *enough* to film without staging them in some famous foreign city.

Another episode relies on flashbacks to World War Two. "[The Inquiry](#)" (January 17, 1969) opens with scads of extras taking over the U.S. Capitol for a defamatory hearing. The target is accused of taking \$100,000 meant for the Italian Resistance 25 years earlier, and another of the witnesses is an accuser dating back that far.

To clear his name, [GENE BARRY](#) flies to Italy. Then we watch various players say and do things on either end of a quarter-century gap. In more than one scene, urban gun battles appear to be mowing down the stuntmen.

The weirdest episode takes Barry 46 years into the future. Helped by a young Steven Spielberg, "[Los Angeles, 2017](#)" is Environmental Sci-Fi. Ecological-doom dramas did well in the early '70s, and even NAME OF THE GAME got sucked in.

Fifty years later, such scripts are still in demand. If only more creators, especially the stuffed shirts at the U.N., would *admit* that they're in the fiction business.

Gem #45 is neither visionary nor ridiculous. But it *does* have great props and atmospherics. Give credit to the design. In its own way, THE NAME OF THE GAME, much like 77 SUNSET STRIP and HAWAIIAN EYE a decade earlier, built itself a very large sandbox: A news, style and publishing empire, backed by media tools and other goodies. They help us appreciate unusual landscapes and movements.

Three lead characters with no shortage of skill or ego...

Each man represents a classic print-media role: **Publisher, Editor, Reporter.**

Glenn Howard, the Founder/Publisher, is played by [GENE BARRY](#) (photo). His platform is PEOPLE Magazine, several years before the real *People* launched. Another is CRIME Magazine's #1: **Dan Farrell** is brought to life, in a stoic though not wooden manner, by [ROBERT STACK](#). He'll wind up watching the Watchdog. And the youngest is [TONY FRANCIOSA](#) as **Jeff Dillon**, a one-time newsboy now handling hot stories assigned by Glenn Howard. But not part of "Watchdog."

Dan Farrell's CFO is Ross Craig ([MARK MILLER](#)). Craig reminds Farrell about a recent column in CRIME magazine. The writer pledged "an investigation into the sea-food *processing* industry, with special emphasis on the half-dozen largest TUNA-packers." This column is part of a regular series by **Arlen McKittrick**.

This man's "investigations" run in parallel and generate metrics. Bolstered by idealistic volunteers, he works long hours in a brick and steel warehouse-plus-lab in a non-spiffy part of Los Angeles. McKittrick & Co. are testing the reliability, safety and relative performance of products ranging from toothpaste to motorcycles.

Despite its big themes, NAME excelled at the granular. Ninety prime-time minutes (minus 15 for commercials and theme music) gave characters room to explain themselves. They usually did so thoughtfully, rather than narcissistically. As the "watch-dog," [RICHARD KILEY](#) playing McKittrick shows the rarest kind of self-centeredness; it's probably the only form that brings widespread admiration.

McKittrick has Farrell's confidence. So why is his CFO agitated? Because the biggest locally based tuna-packer is a *major ad buyer* in this magazine they run.

FARRELL: Are you asking me to edit McKittrick's column?

CRAIG: [Mixing laugh and scoff] Couldn't you at least DISCUSS it with him?

FARRELL: [In a mild seethe] McKittrick and I have an Agreement. I don't tell him what to say [and] he doesn't tell me *what color necktie* to wear...

CRAIG: [W]hat kinda logic is it for us to shoot down our own clients? ...

FARRELL: [Upping the volume] This country needs men like Arlen McKittrick. He, Nader, some of the others, are very special PEOPLE. They stir the *pot* and *blow the horn* to protect us simple-minded consumers, who forget to look at the fine print on the label...

The 1970s are underway, and this script builds on Ralph Nader's persona, at that time fresh. But product-testing as a profession is hardly new. *Consumer Reports* has already been on the scene for 40 years, as a methodical magazine that didn't need advertisers to stay afloat. And the Nader/McKittrick parallel has a few bends...

By '72, Nader was on campuses coaching independent activists. In contrast, the **McKittrick Consumer Protection Center** is Arlen's lone base. The crusader's star power is mostly local. Nothing in this episode hints at "building a movement." Technicians are natural control freaks, and movements are very hard to manage.

McKittrick works the media but he's no revolutionary. Sometimes he'll do half a dozen companies in one sector, which implies that a few either get a clean bill of health, or at least escape being trashed. But other remarks indicate that McKittrick doesn't grade on a curve; if so, each producer is getting zinged for something.

Ross Craig is rattled: "One *casual word* from him becomes a *blanket* INDICTMENT. Now THAT kind of power can be ABUSED." Craig can give Farrell no example.

It will take a while to discern what is driving Arlen McKittrick. An early guess is: Martyr Complex. He and Farrell are being threatened, and with more than notes. Farrell is antsy, for both of them. Why does McKittrick shrug it off?

Every Enthusiastic Follower Should Be Curious Like Farrell

Dan Farrell is entering the jungle of an episode that will mix the technical — how the crusader does his testing — with the emotional. It helps to lay out how tense and jagged the latter's mental course is bound to get...

- By profession, Farrell is an Editor — yet his pact with the crusader is the one business relationship where he signed away his right to edit.
- Also by profession, Farrell has to care about the \$400,000 per year his magazine receives, per year, from a large local sea-food enterprise.
- As a citizen, Farrell is a "disciple" (his word) of McKittrick — but he'll end up investigating the man's psyche as well as his Lab techniques.
- Farrell is receiving near-death threats, two of which state: "Call Off McKittrick." Call him off of WHAT? Also menacing but vague: A rooftop rifle-user puts a hole into the windshield of Farrell's Corvette.
- Farrell will seek Police help to track down the source or sources of those warnings and actions. Is more than one "enemy" involved?

Before remembering that he can just walk in — no locks on *this* Lab — Dan Farrell

knocks on its 1940s-mode thick door. McKittrick greets him with extreme dryness. Farrell would like to buy McKittrick dinner. The response is gruff. No dinner. No reason for it. Besides, a staff meeting is due to commence "in nine minutes."

Farrell pulls out a piece of "fan mail." McKittrick fluffs it off as the work of "another crank." He doesn't even get to the part saying *Tell McKittrick not to stick his dirty nose into the Cannery business*. McKittrick appears to see Farrell as a primarily a media platform. His summary of the relationship is unvarnished...

Every month, I deliver a column to you, which you agree to print. As is. Uncensored. For which you pay cash money. Said Agreement is terminable by mutual consent. No strings, no encumbrances [slight pause]. No PERSONAL infringements.

Talk about avoiding "infringements"! When publishing his own studies or sending shorter pieces to Farrell, McKittrick has NO EDITOR. Nor is anything heard about legal advisors. By avoiding infringements, McKittrick is also avoiding what today would be called Risk-Management. And Farrell has done his own skimping: A *consumer* analysis in a monthly magazine with the one-word name CRIME?

Minute #7: The two men are on ground level at least six feet below the loading doc. We see a pick-up use its lights as a signal. Somehow, scaffolding is pulled over. (Very precise timing.) They dodge it by running away from the dock — right into the path of the truck that flashed the signal. It zooms very close to both men and turns a corner to escape. By diving behind empty barrels, they avoid being hit.

It seems to be a scare tactic, albeit high-risk, rather than a murder attempt. Out of breath, McKittrick tells Farrell: "They may get me. But before they do, I'm gonna nail as many of them as I can." McKittrick *still* sounds contained and controlled.

With unreal speed, Farrell's phone call brings a team and an Officer: [JAMES B. SIKKING](#) of HILL STREET BLUES, a series 10 years in the future. "Let's see: An almost hit & run...on a dark alley...unidentified driver...and, uh, not a SOUL up on the roof."

This 1971 version of Sikking as a cop is devoid of idealism: **"It's too bad it wasn't a REAL hit and run; then we'd have something to GO on. Flecked paints on the body. Blood on the bumper. Clothing threads, you know what I mean?"**

Magazine Editor Farrell has enough contacts and resources to sidestep the Police. Start with Arlen McKittrick's bio. Assistant Peggy Maxwell (SUSAN SAINT JAMES) reads the highlights. Indiana native, Bachelor of Science degree, followed by Stanford Law School. Married 1960, divorced 1966. Doesn't own a car, uses public transportation. "This prompted [his] campaign against taxi-cab monopolies last

year" and Farrell's magazine "carried the cost of a lawsuit on that one."

More tidbits from Peggy. McKittrick doesn't smoke or drink. Prefers organic food. He refuses to accept Foundation money because most foundations have corporate donors. "Ralph Nader works the same way," Farrell tells Peggy, "and it's right."

Two people are ideally placed to enlighten Dan Farrell. One was his wife for half-a-dozen years. She might know what forces shaped the man stonewalling risk now. In this episode, that's **Ann Latham**. She is played by [NANCY OLSON](#) (born 1928), whose skill at riding horses let this script make that her current profession.

The other is his chief assistant at the Consumer Protection Center: **Terry Lanson**, played by the lovely [DIANA MULDAUR](#) (born 1938). She has been tasked to guide Farrell and Peggy on a tour of the Center. Love that nuts & bolts backdrop...

McKittrick & Co. don't start from scratch, she explains. Before taking apart any sector or produce, they spend months "compiling complaints from consumers."

What about the sea-food producers? The Lab workers will be assessing "quality, pesticide-residuum, excess filler ingredients, unsanitary packing process [along with] all the other substandard violations shoved down the consumer's throat."

The way she drips out that last set of words has an elitist's arrogance. Not even shrill, just dismissive. She can't be bothered to get angry, because it's self-evident that the targets are nearly as sub-human as are the contents of the product.

For awhile, Farrell is ready to take part in this low-key jousting...



DAN FARRELL: [Picking up a can of] Blue-Star Tuna — they up for crucifixion?

TERRY LANSON: [Smirking] "Crucifixion"? You don't catch me twice, Mr. Farrell.

FARRELL: All right, are they gonna be *investigated*.

LANSON: Among others. Might as well go for the biggest fish in the ocean, if you'll excuse the expression.

FARRELL: Is that what they call a McKittrick Principle?

LANSON: [Pausing, then even more languidly] I have a vague feeling that you're not totally on our side, Mr. Farrell.

FARRELL: On the contrary [as he plunks down the can] — I'm one of the disciples at the McKittrick *Shrine*. So much so, in fact, that I'm also interested in the other side of him. The PERSONAL side.

LANSON: Well, I'm afraid I can't help you there. It's strictly business around here...

Farrell did not contradict himself. He's a worshipper who wants to know exactly what makes the Guru tick. *Every* enthusiastic follower should be that diligent.

Lanson and Latham Each Experience a Different Side

FARRELL: Miss Lanson, I think that somebody wouldn't mind seeing myself and your boss dead.

LANSON: The accident last night.

FARRELL: Yes, among other things.

Lanson drops the self-assuredness. Yes, she heard that the Police threw up their hands. That's right, and it's why Farrell needs her help, and help from others, to come up with evidence — "his friends, enemies, people who might hate him."

LANSON: Nobody "hates" him. They hate what he *does*. There's a difference, you know [pause]. He's, uh, a *sensitive*, a very *kind* man.

FARRELL: I suppose so. It's a little strange then, isn't it, that his *wife* divorced him on grounds of cruelty.

Her mode shifts again. The edge returns, but this time it's defensive. A bit of energy shows. Lanson calls that a "legalistic phrase" used for all manner of things.

Did Lanson know Mrs. McKittrick? "No, I — I hear she was a very *attractive* woman... I also gather she wasn't much interested in his work." Did *McKittrick* tell her that? "No, he never would. He's not that kind of a man."

FARRELL: Then it's a good thing I asked *you* instead of *him*, isn't it?

LANSON: [Slight laugh] It wouldn't make any difference, because I'm going to tell him you asked.

With perfect timing, Peggy Maxwell returns from the motorcycle-testing room. "Did I miss anything?" Farrell tells her: "Something very important, Peggy. Miss Lanson was just demonstrating one of the basic principles of loyalty."

Great line! Half sporting, half barbed, and probably meant for BOTH women.

In contrast, Farrell remembers Ann Latham fondly from younger times with her and

Arlen. She returns the fondness as he draws her out, or tries to. For starters, she has no current info on any McKittrick project or people his work has angered...

The gentle way the script and its visuals take us through their outdoor exchange is striking. Farrell and Ann Latham converse while riding horses on her ranch, very slowly, while the camera is as much as 50 feet away. Most of the time, despite the distance, you can see them saying the words you are hearing.

As of 1971, a technical marvel. Then again, your analyst is a life-long audio nut.

But the real "sound" — resentment, bitterness — you might expect is not there. In fact, Ann talks lovingly of their first few years as a couple. "Some beautiful times, really. I call that his pre-Hate period, before he became Big Brother." Not as in running a police state, but scourging the forces that disrespect the Consumer.

When did things fall apart? "During our last year or two — he REALLY began hating. People started hating him back." Their divorce, she says, was mutually desired.

After the horses are back in their stables, these closing comments: "Maybe I can help. Just remember that almost everybody's who come in close contact with him over the past few years [pause] — well, there must have been moments when they all wanted to kill him." Farrell looks but does not speak. "That's right: Me, too."

With that, Ann Latham quietly walks off. She and Farrell will talk again. Not once during this reconnection did Arlen McKittrick's ex-wife show an edge.

In fact, what Farrell reports about the threats is enough to make Ann risk a visit to the Center. She and Arlen talk. We see the whole thing. She is sad, he is cordial but, as always, emotionally distant. Meanwhile, Farrell's progress is measured in inches.

Second Half Works Because of First-Half Character Depth

Ross Craig gets CRIME's nervous advertiser time with Farrell. Not enough space left to profile the Subich (*sue*-bick) Brothers, founders and co-owners of Blue-Star Tuna. But, like all the other actors in this episode, they do great with their roles.

Lazlo Subich is played by [ED FLANDERS](#) and Ernie is played by the winning [PERNELL ROBERTS](#) — for 1960s TV-viewers, Adam Cartwright in *Bonanza*. Or, if you started your prime-time absorption during the 1980s, he was *Trapper John, M.D.*

Lazlo is the bookkeeper, worried sick about what McKittrick's zealots will claim they found. Ernie is the glad-hander and relationship-deepener. In "Beware of the Watchdog, that makes Ernie Subich the 180-degree opposite of Arlen McKittrick. Yet both of the Subich Brothers are 100% committed to their enterprise. McKittrick is just as committed to his. And Ross Craig urges Dan Farrell to trust the Subichs.

When Farrell rejects their half-threat to yank the Blue-Star advertising payments unless CRIME restrains McKittrick, the elder Subich has a Plan B: He insists that Farrell and McKittrick tour the Cannery. They do. And all the information, pleading and warmth of Ernie...will be utterly wasted on Arlen.

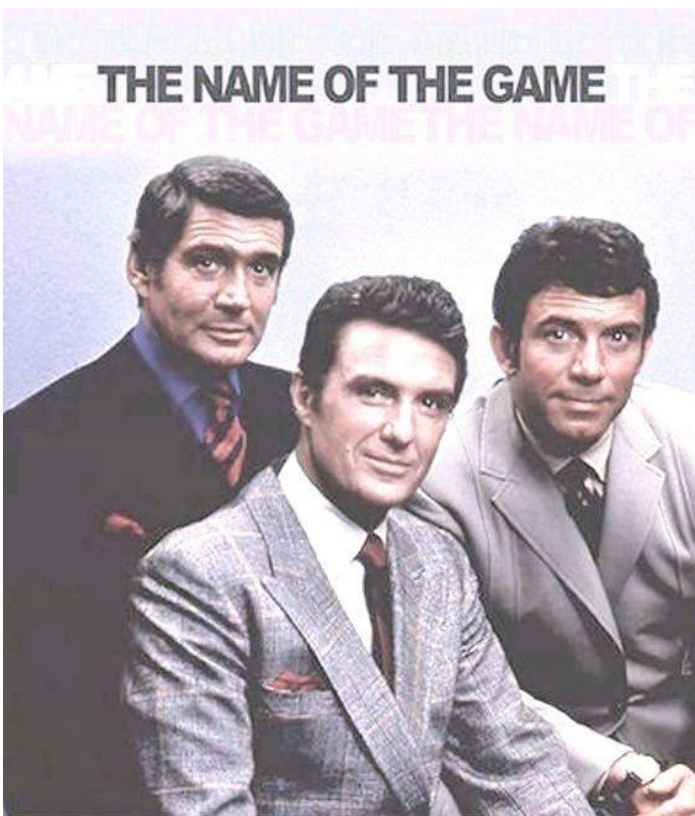
----- Closing Notes, along with Options to Own -----

I acquired 53 of the 76 NAME OF THE GAME episodes in a hit-or-miss assembly that used 13 DVDs. Two years later, a more flexible option emerged. The company offers the episodes (apparently complete) by Season — 1, 2, or 3 — at \$30 each...

<https://www.dvdplanetstore.pk/shop/mystery/the-name-of-the-game>

Here's the accompanying text, and note the final sentence's green ink: That must be where I got the idea that became this write-up's FIRST sentence...

*The Name of the Game is an American television series starring Tony Franciosa, Gene Barry, and Robert Stack that ran from 1968 to 1971 on NBC, totaling 76 episodes of 90 minutes. It was a pioneering wheel series, setting the stage for *The Bold Ones* and the *NBC Mystery Movie* in the 1970s. The show had an extremely large budget for a television series.*



Gene Barry Robert Stack Tony Franciosa

Between 9/20/68 and 9/10/71, NAME gave us 76 episodes, all of them first shown on Friday nights from 8:30 to 10. Detectives at work? No. But NAME still contributes to *Detective Drama Gems*...

Crime, dark forces and high-risk conflicts are all over the place. That lets NAME rely on several elements of detective drama, except with "unofficial detection" rather than detectives or cops. You'll see very few guns (unless an episode is recreating 1944 Italy or some Latin American coup).

In innovative ways, NAME is showing us controversies and investigations as the cost of covering troubling events in print. It's this design, rather than a few loopy scripts or various dazzling backdrops, that makes this series enticing today.