

Havrilla
WEAF

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

CHEVROLET

NOVEMBER 5, 1933

SUNDAY

HAVRILLA: The Chevrolet program, starring Jack Benny, with Frank Black and his Orchestra.

(FANFARE)

The orchestra opens the program with "Anyway the Wind Blows" from "Shady Lady".

SEGUE INTO NUMBER

1. ANYWAY THE WIND BLOWS from "SHADY LADY")

ANNOUNCER:

If you would like to know, ladies and gentlemen, just why Chevrolet stands FRIST in sales, here's one interesting way to find out. Get in touch with a friend or neighbor who owns a current model Chevrolet that's gone 10,000 miles or more. Drive THAT car! THEN, go to your Chevrolet dealer, drive a brand NEW Chevrolet, with only a few hundred miles on it, and compare the two experiences.

In the case of some low-priced cars, that 10,000 miles would make a tremendous difference in performance. But not with Chevrolet! The new Chevrolet is built to run just as well, after many months of ~~driving~~ ^{driving}, as it does when it comes to you right off the showroom floor.

You'll be surprised how well Chevrolet retains that new-car feel - that new-car smoothness, quietness, snap and dash, after 10,000 MILES! Chevrolet outsells - because Chevrolet outlasts!

HAVRILLA: And now, ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure
in introducing to you that all American ear-ache.....
that illiterate genius....that fourth little pig,
Mr. Jack Benny.

(ORCHESTRA STRIKES A LONG SOUR CHORD)

JACK: And if I am elected, I promise to live up to the eulogy
given me by the half baked gentleman on my right.....
hello again, this is Candidate Jack Benny talking. Well
Tuesday is Election Day and I promise all you pinocle
players a New Deal.....and a new Chevrolet in every
garage. (And I'm not saying this because it's the
Chevrolet program.)

CROWD: No-o-o-o!

JACK: That was no by the entire company....well Havrilla,
I've got lots to tell you tonight.

HAVRILLA: Not me, Jack, I'm busy....tell it to Frank.

JACK: Hey Frank!

BLACK: I'm sorry. I've got my music to worry about.

JACK: Hm, what a sociable crowd.....Oh well!

JAKE: How are you tonight, Jack?

JACK: Fine...I feel pretty good.

JAKE: You look good....never saw you better in my life.

JACK: Oh, I'm all right - considering.....Of course I've
had a sort of a headache all week.

JAKE: Oh, so you're back in the market again - eh, Jack?

JACK: Yeah, but not heavy....I bought a hundred shares of
that Mae West stock.

JAKE: What's that, Jack?

JACK: Oh, it's a good stock....it's down a little now,
but it's bound to come up sometime.

JAKE: Ha, ha ha - that's good ---- say, I meant to ask you
something. You don't mind if I get a little personal
do you?

JACK: No, no - go right ahead.

JAKE: I want to ask you something about Frank Black,

JACK: You mean our orchestra leader?

JAKE: Yes, it's a little personal.....do you think he'll
mind?

JACK: Frank Black?....No, he's a swell guy. Why, he's as
white as his name.

JAKE: He is?

JACK: Certainly....say, he'd give you the shirt off of
Havrilla's back.....What do you want to know about
him?

JAKE: Well, I've often wondered if Black is his right
name - Frank Black.

JACK: No, not exactly - altho it has been legalised...Frank
Black's right name is Rach-mon-ovitch.

JAKE: Oh, Rach-mon-ovitch, oh?

JACK: Yes, and then by just changing one of the letters he
made Black out of it.

JAKE: Well, well, well....that's news to me.....And what
about you, Jack. Is Bonny your right name?

JACK: No.

JAKE: Well, what is it?

JACK: Sometime when I'm on an hour program, I'll tell you.

(DOOR SLAMS)

-4-

MARY: Hello Jack....I'm late and don't bother me. (SINGS)
Stormy weather, since my man and I ain't together.

JAKE: (That's Mary Livingstone who just came in, isn't it?)

JACK: Yeah - that's she.

JAKE: Is it true that she's crazy about Frank Parker?

JACK: Yes, she's crazy but that started before she ever met Parker.

JAKE: Say, what kind of a fellow is he, anyway?

JACK: Oh Parker? He's all right....Well, he's the type of fellow.....well, if you were keeping company with a girl in Boston, you wouldn't be sorry if he lived in Omaha....you know what I mean?

JAKE: I get it...but he sure can sing....Say, I heard he sang at Carnegie Hall the other night.

JACK: Yes, he sang there about an hour, but they wouldn't let him in....How a man can stand in a hall that long, I don't know.

JAKE: Well, there must be something nice about him if Mary is interested.

JACK: Well, you know how women are....they get interested in different things. Some of them like Pekinese dogs.

JAKE: Are you trying to compare Parker with a dog?

JACK: No, no....I just said that ---
(DOOR SLAMS)

PARKER: Good evening, folks.....Oh hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello Parker....I was just saying what a great guy you are.

PARKER: So I amoll.

JACK: (That's Parker now..)

JAKE: So that's the guy, who's got you worried - eh, Jack?
JACK: Me worried?....What are you talking about?
JAKE: Jealous, eh?
JACK: Me?...why there ain't a jealous bone in my head.
JACK: Not much.
JACK: Say, I won't take that from anybody.
JAKE: You'll take it from me and like it.
JACK: Oh, I will, eh?... Take off those glasses (SLIGHT PAUSE)
JAKE: They're off!....what are you going to do about it?
HAVRILLA: Boys, boys!....Please!.....What's the matter with you two?
JACK: Well, he's not going to pull that stuff on me.
JAKE: Me, either...Play, Frank!
JACK: (That's my line - play, Frank!)

(ORCHESTRA SEGUES INTO NUMBER)

JACK: Say, who do you think you are, anyway?
JAKE: I got as much right here as you have.
JACK: Oh yeah?

(VOICES FADE OUT)

2. ("HOW DO I LOOK" from "MY WEAKNESS" — ORCHESTRA)

JACK: That was Frank Black and his eight and twenty blackbirds playing "How do I look" - from "My Weakness".
BLACK: Say Jack, what was the idea of talking to yourself before?
JACK: Oh, I just talk to my friends...and I'm about the best friend I've got around here.
MARY: Jack, Jack - are you mad at me?

JACK: Mary, don't be foolish...why should I be mad at you?

MARY: Oh, I thought that me liking Parker...and Parker liking me might have had you burned up.....and gee, Jack, I wouldn't want to see you burned up.

JACK: Don't be silly, child. What's one girl in my life? There are a lot of fish in the sea.

MARY: Gee Jack, you wouldn't marry a fish, would you?

JACK: That's good, Mary - very funny.

MARY: Gee Jack, you shouldn't be sore at me for going around with Parker.

JACK: All right, Mary - forget about it. Go away, will you.

MARY: Oh all right, Jack, if you fool that way about it.
(WALKS AWAY FROM MIKE)

JACK: Say, Parker!

PARKER: Yes, Jack.

JACK: I had something to tell you this afternoon and I forgot all about it.

PARKER: What is it?

JACK: Well, another program spoke to me about you and they'd like to have you on it. I think it would be a great chance for you.

PARKER: What do you mean...and leave the Chevrolet program?

JACK: Yes...but this is a great opportunity.....You know, you got a little more dough and you can sing three or four songs on it.....Of course you know I mean it for your own good.

PARKER: But Jack, I couldn't think of leaving this program... Gee, I love everybody in it...Frank Black, Mary... Havrilla..and even you.

JACK: Yes, it is wonderful the way we get along...But I was just thinking of your own advancement, that's all.

PARKER: No, Jack, this is the program for me. I'm satisfied here.

JACK: All right, Parker.

PARKER: Thanks just the same.....So long, Jack.

JACK: So long..(WHISTLES "STORMY WEATHER") Say, Black!

BLACK: What is it, Jack?

JACK: I want to ask you something.

BLACK: Well?

JACK: First of all....of course you know I think your music is great - don't you?

BLACK: All right, all right, what's the idea?

JACK: And I think you're one of the finest leaders in America.

BLACK: And I think you're one of the funniest men - so what?

JACK: Then why do we need Parker?

BLACK: Oh, I see.....Well Jack, the public likes him.

JACK: Yes, I know Frank.....but why let a few million people influence you? Do you really think he has such a good voice?

BLACK: Certainly....he has quality, tone, diction and he's good to his Mother.

JACK: Well, couldn't he be good to her on some other program?

BLACK: What are you driving at? (GETS SORE) You don't mean to insinuate that we ought to fire him?

JACK: No, no, Frank, perish the thought....but I just thought that maybe we could all chip in and send him to Europe to further his musical education.

BLACK: Gee Jack, I didn't know you liked Mary that well.

JACK: No, it's not that.

CROWD: Ho-o-o-o-o!

BLACK: (SORE) Now Jack, you might as well understand one thing....Frank Parker is on this program to stay.... He's got a marvelous voice and, as far as I'm concerned, he is one of the outstanding things on our program.

JACK: But Frank --

BLACK: Drop it....And now, ladies and gentlemen, Frank Parker, our wonderful tenor...will sing "This time it's love."

JACK: Imagine a guy like that has to have such a nice voice.... everything happens to me.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER

3. THIS TIME IT'S LOVE -- ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER)

JACK: Hello folks, this is Jack Benny again...Starting with tonight's program we will have famous guest stars up here every Sunday night to tell you in their own words how the Chevrolet has helped them reach stardom in their respective professions....and now I take great pleasure in introducing to you that great Hollywood screen actress....Miss Grabba Contract.....This little lady came up here tonight of her own free will and not for the few bucks that we promised her...Miss Contract!

(ROUND OF APPLAUSE)

BLANCHE: (IN GERMAN DIALECT) Greetings, my peeblic!....I was born in Doonkopf City, Pennsylvania and I lived dere wit my family in a shack dot wasn't fit for pigs. Dere was sixteen of us children und Fadder was an awful loaver.

JACK: Hm, I see.

BLANCHE: Yes....we all had to take care of ourselves....Vell, I waited until 1917 ven I became of age.

JACK: How old are you now?

BLANCHE: Twenty-doo.

JACK: Hm, go ahead.

BLANCHE: Ven I vas of age, I commenced to lose mine dialect und found dot I could speak (CHANGE INTO RITZ VOICE) very good English, so I decided I wanted to become a picture star. I looked in the mirror and, to my surprise, found that my hair was black - jet black.

JACK: Hm, must be Frank Black's brother.

BLANCHE: So what was I to do? I must become a platinum blonde, said I.

JACK: Yes, Yes...we're getting impatient, Miss.

BLANCHE: So I jumped in my Chevrolet, went to the beauty parlor and had my hair dyed....my face lifted...and my neck dusted.

JACK: They did a bad job on your neck, Miss.

BLANCHE: Then I was ready for Hollywood. I arrived there permiloss and broke, so I took a job in a laundry..... for eight years, saved enough money to take a five-year course in acting, then I married a director and became an overnight sensation in pictures.

JACK: Very nice, Miss.....and you owe it all to —

BLANCHE: The laundry!

JACK: Hmum.

HAVRILLA: But.....you see, folks, if it wasn't for the Chevrolet that took this little lady to the beauty parlor, making it possible for her to become a platinum blonde and work in that laundry, where would she be today?

JACK: I don't know, Alois....but I think we're headin' for our last guest star.....And now, folks, we have an offering tonight which is of the better class of air entertainment... an offering to the people who love the classics....that immortal Shakespearean play, "Romeo and Juliet".....You will have to allow us a few minutes to set up the balcony, so during this interval Frank Black will play "I Love You So Much"..... Cooperate, Frank.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER -

4. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH --- ORCHESTRA)

JACK: That was "I Love You So Much" played by Frank Black and some very suspicious characters. And now for our version of Bill Shakespeare's play "Romeo and Juliet", the Gable and Garbo of yesteryear,....All right - ready, everybody! Curtain, boys....Music, Frank.

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "FRANKIE AND JOHNNY" REAL HOT)

MARY: Cleo.....Cleo.

BLANCHE: Yes'm?

MARY: What o'clock didst Romeo say he would be-est here?

BLANCHE: (COLORED DIALECT) He said he wouldst see thee 'bout seven o'clock dis evenin', Miss Juliet.

MARY: Ah, then I must make-oth haste, Cleo.

BLANCHE: Ah'll say thou must.

(SOUND EFFECT: GONG)

MARY: Ah, Cleo! tis nearly seven of the clock. I shall await Romeo on yon balcony.

BLANCHE: Yes ma'am! (INTO LAUGH)

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "FRANKIE AND JOHNNY" - DIES OUT)

MARY: Romeo....Romeo....wherefor art thou, Romeo?.....
Ah Romeo.....hear-est thee me not?

JACK: I'm coming,
I'm coming,
My head it bend-eth low.
I hear thy gentle voice a-calling
Ro - me - o.

MARY: Ah Romeo, my-est Romeo.

JACK: My-est?.....Ah Juliet, I hear thee but I see thee
not.

MARY: Here I am, Rummy.....up here on ~~yon~~ balcony....why dost
thee not come up sometime?

JACK: Yea Juliet, my love is but thine and I will flee to
thee.

MARY: Leave out the flee and come-eth alone.

JACK: Yea Juliet, I shall be with thee fort-with.

MARY: Fort-with what?

JACK: Fort-with, Texas.....Here I come, my Juliet.

(EFFECT OF ASCENDING LADDER—THUMP, THUMP)

BLANCHE: (DOES DOG BARK)

MARY: Nero!.....Nero! Lie-est thee down...Away from Romeo!

BLANCHE: (DOES DOG BARK AGAIN)

JACK: (SINGS) Get thee along, little doggie, get thee along,
get thee along.... Ah, be patient, my beloved. I shall
be with thee hence.

BLANCHE: (AS MOTHER) Julie...Julie...come-eth into the house
this minute...That follow means no good.

MARY: Nay, nay, Mother....for do I not love Romeo?

BLANCHE: Ah Julie, thou art but a silly child....Would'st thou marry yon rat?

JACK: (Hm, looks like I'm going to have trouble with yon Mother.)

MARY: Mother.....I am nuts-eth about him.

BLANCHE: Then thou art a fool, child, for he hath neither money nor pants.

JACK: (You know, folks, they didn't wear pants in those days.)

BLANCHE: Julie, thy sire forbids this marriage.

MARY: Well, tell sire to jump-eth in yon ocean and pull a wave over his head.

JACK: You tell-eth them, Julie....Ah, ten more rungs and I shall be in the arms of my fair one.

(SLIGHT NOISE IS HEARD)

What he! I am not alone on ye ladder....A shadow creep-eth before me....Hark! who go-eth there?

PARKER: 'Tis but me...Brutus Parker.

JACK: (Oh, so I'm going to have trouble with thee, too)....
Away, Brutus!

PARKER: Away thyself, Jackus.

MARY: (WHISPERS) Parker, you shouldn't have come up here tonight.....Quick, jump off the ladder.

PARKER: All right Babe, I shall meet thee later.

(LOUD THUD AS THO FALLING OFF LADDER)

JACK: (PANTING) Ah Juliet, at last I am here....here to partake-est of thy heavenly eyes...thy rouged lips...
and thy double chin.

MARY: Ah my Romeo! Thy presence here thrills me...thine eyes speak of love....and thy breath intoxicates me.

JACK: Ah, then thou know-est.

MARY: Yes.

JACK: But I did-est hear thy good Mother counsel thee

MARY: What do you mean?

JACK: I heard your Mother panning me.

MARY: Ah, worry not, my beloved, for am I not that way about thee?

JACK: Yeah....but what way art thou about Parker?

MARY: He spend-eth, Romeo...whilst thou art content with love
.....And where does that getcha?

JACK: Ah Juliet, thou art like a rare flower ———
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: Quiet, Romeo.
(ANOTHER KNOCK)

MARY: Who be thee?
(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

BLACK: Tis I, the Merchant of Venice.

MARY: Oh, just a dozen eggs and a pound of butter today.

BLACK: As You Like It.
(DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: (That sound-eth like Frank Black to me, folks)

MARY: Romeo, thou must be hungry. Would'st that I fetch thee some grub?

JACK: Okay-est...And what hast thou to eat, my precious?

MARY: Some Hamlet.....and eggs.

JACK: Ah, Hamlet and eggs....and be sure that ye sunnyside it up-eth.

MARY: Or would'st thou, perchance, care for a Welsh rarebit?

JACK: Nay, my love, for that would'st give me a Midsummers Night Dream. (Get it, folks?)

MARY: Rest here, Romeo, whilst I bring thee vittles.

HEARN: (RUBE DIALECT) Julio!.....Julio!

JACK: (Who is that)

MARY: Tis my sire....Yea, father, dost thou require my presence?

HEARN: Dost me eye...who's that guy and what's that ladder doing against our house?

JACK: Tis but your humble servant, Romeo.

HEARN: Oh, one of those foreign hill-billys, eh?....Well, you'd better stay away from my daughter!

JACK: Dost thou take-est me for a traveling salesman?

HEARN: Nay....I mean no.....darn it, you got me talking that way.

MARY: But, sire I would'st wed with Romeo....I'm tired of milking the cows.

HEARN: Oh you are, eh? Well it's better than Hanging around the porch with that gigolo.

JACK: Gigolo....egad!.....Then, sire, we shall elope forthwith and thou canst chase us to the ends of the earth.


HEARN: (INTO HEBREW DIALECT) Well I'm pretty tired tonight, so I'll start chasing you in the morning if it's all right with you....Good night, Julie.

MARY: Farewell, Daddy, farewell!

JACK: Come, Juliet...time is fleeting. We must /way.

MARY: At once, my sweet.

JACK: Then let us descend yon ladder and away with the wind in my noble chariot.



MARY: Yea Romeo, in thy noble chariot.

~~HAVRILLA:~~ Cease!

JACK: Oh yeah? For who art thou?

HAVRILLA: Commercialus Havrillus...hear-est I that thou and thy fair one are fleeing in yon chariot?

JACK: What is it to thee?

HAVRILLA: Has thou not heard of the Chevrolet-eth?

JACK: Yeah and verily! Mean-est thou with the Fisher body?

HAVRILLA: Alas, poor Romeo, and dost thee forget the no-draft-eth ventilation?

JACK: Nay nay, Havrillus, I know it well....And it is needless for thee to tell me that tis the most economical car in the small priced field-eth.

HAVRILLA: And art thou not wise that thou save-eth on gas and oil?

JACK: Art I?.....Of course-eth.

HAVRILLA: And dost thou still want to clope in thy chariot?

JACK: Nay, nay, Havrillus.....Come Juliet, the Chevrolet-eth awaits without.

MARY: Without what?

JACK: Without Havrillus....Come, let us be gone!

(AS MUSIC STARTS ---

(AUTO HORN AND MOTOR DRIVING AWAY)

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE"VERY HOT)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Friends, Romans and countrymen, I thank thee.

BLACK: Ah Jackus, what shall I play-eth now?

JACK: Playeth "My Temptation".

BLACK: Yea and verily.

JACK: Thou hast said it....Play-eth, Frank.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT: (OVER MUSIC)

The other day, ladies and gentlemen, we received a letter of friendly criticism from a Chevrolet owner, and here's the gist of what he said: "In my opinion, you people at Chevrolet, in your advertising, overlook one of the biggest points about the car - and that is: - its freedom from all the repairs and adjustments that often beset the owner of a low-priced automobile. To me, one of the greatest joys of owning a Chevrolet is that it can be driven day after day, without some little thing going wrong." Well, friends - we certainly appreciate letters like those from our Chevrolet owners. But the trouble is - there are so MANY good things about the Chevrolet, that it's impossible to put them all in one brief message. Smart Fisher Bodies! No-Draft Ventilation! Starterator! An engine that saves on gas and oil! It's all these things, put together, that make Chevrolet the popular car it is today - America's first choice by a 2 to 1 majority.

(AFTER NUMBER 25 OVER)

JACK: That was the last number on the fifth program of our new series. Well folks, I have to rush away now as I am playing in yo city of Philadelphia this week.....

Come on, Mary, we must hurry.

MARY: Yea, my-est Romeo!

JACK: All right, Mary - forget it.....Good night, folks.
See you next Sunday night.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

11/5/33-D

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ANNOUNCER:

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In the case of some low-priced cars, that 10,000 miles would make a tremendous difference in performance. But not with Chevrolet! The new Chevrolet is built to run just as well, after many months of ^{use} ~~usage~~, as it does when it comes to you right off the showroom floor. ^{Driving}

You'll be surprised how well Chevrolet retains that new-car feel - that new-car smoothness, quietness, snap and dash, after 10,000 MILES! Chevrolet outsells - because Chevrolet outlasts!

HAVRILLA: And now, ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you that all-American earache. X that illiterate genius X...that fourth little pig, X Mr. Jack Benny.

(ORCHESTRA STRIKES A LONG SOUR CHORD)

JACK: And I promise to live up to the eulogy given me by the half-baked gentleman on my right.....hello again, this is Candidate Jack Benny talking. Well, Tuesday is Election Day and if I am elected, folks, I'll see that there's a new Chevrolet in every garage. (And I am not saying this just because this is the Chevrolet program.)

CROWD: No-o-o-o!

JACK: That was "No" by the entire company.....Well Havrilla, I got lots to tell you tonight ---

HAVRILLA: Not me, Jack, I'm busy...tell it to Black.

JACK: Hey Frank ---

BLACK: I'm sorry. I've got my music to worry about.

JACK: Well folks, here I am again....Jack Benny.

JAKE: Well Jack, how are you tonight.

JACK: Oh all right....I feel pretty good.

JAKE: You look good....never saw you better in my life.

JACK: I'm all right, considering.....Of course I've had a sort of a headache all week.

JAKE: Oh say, you're back in the market again, oh, Jack?

JACK: Yeah, but not heavy.....just a hundred shares of _____ and a little gas....useful stocks, you know.

JAKE: Yes Jack.....But why _____ and Gas?

JACK: Well, in case _____ goes down again, I'll take the gas.

JAKE: Ha, ha ha - that's good, Jack.....Say, I meant to ask you something. You don't mind if I get a little personal, do you?

JACK: No, no - go right ahead.

JAKE: I want to ask you something about Frank Black.

JACK: You mean our orchestra leader?

JAKE: Yes, it's a little personal.....do you think he'll mind?

JACK: Frank Black? No, he's a swell guy....why he's as white as his name....

JAKE: He is?

JACK: Certainly.....say, he'd give you the shirt off of Havrilla's back....what do you want to know about him?

JAKE: Well, I've often wondered if Black is his right name....Frank Black.

JACK: No, not exactly....altho it has been legalized.... Frank's right name is Rach-mon-ovitch.

JAKE: Oh, that's his right name?

JACK: Yes, Rach-mon-ovitch....and then just by changing one of the letters he made Black out of it.

JAKE: Well, well, well....and what about you, Jack..... is Bonny your right name?

JACK: No, but this is only a half hour program...Say, let's drop it.

JAKE: But tell me Jack, Frank Black is quite a musician, isn't he?

JACK:

Oh yes, he took piano lessons for twenty years just so he could wave a stick at an orchestra.....You know what kills me...if the boys didn't show up tonite what would he do with that stick?

(DOOR SLAMS)

MARY:

Hello Jack....I'm late and don't bother me. (SINGS)
Stormy weather, Since my man and I ain't together...

JAKE:

That's Mary Livingstone who just came in, isn't it?

JACK:

Yeah...that's she.

JAKE:

Is it true that she's crazy about Frank Parker?

JACK:

~~No.....Parker thinks so, that's all.~~ Sho's
crazy - yes, but that started before she ever met
Parker.

JAKE:

What kind of a fellow is Parker?

JACK:

Oh, he's all right....well, he's the type of
fellow...well, if you were keeping company with
a girl in Boston, you wouldn't be sorry if he
lived in Omaha....you know what I mean?

JAKE:

But he sure can sing.

JACK:

Yes, he has a nice voice....he sings in theatres,
too, you know. About a week ago he had his nose
lifted so he could be heard in the balcony.

JAKE:

Yeah? That's good, Jack -- say, I heard he sang
at Carnegie Hall the other night.

JACK:

Yes, he sang there about an hour, but they wouldn't
let him in.....How a man can stand that long in
the hall, I don't know.

JAKE:

Well, there must be something nice about him if
Mary is interested.

JACK: Women get interested in different things.....Some of them like Pekinese dogs.

JAKE: Are you trying to compare Parker with a dog?

JACK: No, I just said that ---

(DOOR SLAMS)

PARKER: Good evening, folks...hello Jack.

JACK: Hello Parker, I was just talking about you.

PARKER: So I smell.

JACK: (That's Parker now.)

JAKE: So that's the guy that's got you worried, eh?

JACK: Me worried?...What are you talking about?

JAKE: Jealous, eh?

JACK: Me jealous?

JAKE: Yes, jealous.

JACK: Say, I won't take that from anybody.

JAKE: You'll take it from me and like it.

JACK: Oh, I will, eh?.....Take off those glasses! (PAUSE)

JAKE: They're off! What are you going to do about it?

HAVRILLA: Boys, boys! Please!.....What's the matter with you two?

JACK: Well he's not going to pull that stuff on me.

JAKE: Me, either....Play, Frank.

JACK: That's my line...Play, Frank.....Say, who do you think you are, anyway?

JAKE: I got as much right here as you have.

JACK: Yeah?

(FADE OUT VOICES)

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

2. ("HOW DO I LOOK" from "MY WEAKNESS")

JACK: That was Frank Black and his eight and twenty blackbirds playing "How Do I Look" from "My Weakness".

BLACK: Say Jack, what was the idea of talking to yourself before?

JACK: O, I just talk to my friends...and I'm about the best friend I've got around here.

MARY: Oh, Jack, Jack....are you mad at me?

JACK: Mary, don't be foolish...why should I be mad at you?

MARY: Oh I thought that me liking Parker...and Parker liking me might have had you burned up....and gee, Jack, I wouldn't want to see you burned up,

JACK: Don't be silly, child. I'm not mad. There are a lot of fish in the sea.

MARY: Gee Jack, you wouldn't marry a fish, would you?

JACK: That's good, Mary. Did you hear the one about the English Heavyweight fighter?

MARY: No Jack, what about the English heavyweight fighter?

JACK: Well, he was headin' for the last round.....up.

MARY: I give up.....what is it?

JACK: You see, Mary, he was in a fight and he didn't get knocked out. He was headin' for the last round.... up. He didn't go down. Do you get it?

MARY: I'm sorry Jack, I don't.

JACK: Oh Mary, Mary....Say Black, do you got it?

BLACK: Who wants it?

JACK: Havrilla....Havrilla....look, there was an English heavyweight fighter, and he was headin' for the last round....up.

HAVRILLA: Who was he fighting, Jack?

JACK: Never mind, Havrilla....where were we, Mary?

MARY: Right here...goo Jack, you wouldn't marry a fish, would you?

JACK: Take it from the word fish.

MARY: Okay....goo Jack, you shouldn't be sore at me for going around with Parker.

JACK: All right Mary, don't bring it up again. Everything happens for the best....Say Parker.

PARKER: Yes, Jack.

JACK: I had something to tell you this afternoon and I forgot all about it.

PARKER: What is it?

JACK: Well, Parker, another program spoke to me about you and they'd like to have you on it. I think it would be a great chance for you.

PARKER: What do you mean....and leave the Chevrolet program?

JACK: Yes Parker....but this is a great opportunity....you know, you got a little more dough and you can sing three or four songs on it,.....of course you know I mean it for your own good.

PARKER: But Jack, I couldn't think of leaving this program. Gee, I enjoy being on it. I love everybody in it... I love you...and Frank Black...and Mary.

JACK: Yeah.....goo, it's wonderful the way we got along... well Parker, I'd hate to see you go, too. But I was just thinking of your own advancement, that's all.

PARKER: No Jack, this is the program for me. I'm satisfied here.

JACK: Well all right, Parker.

PARKER: Thanks just the same. So long, Jack.

JACK: Good bye Parker....(Well, I'll try something else.)
Say, Black.

BLACK: What is it, Jack.

JACK: Say Frank, I want to ask you something.

BLACK: Well?

JACK: First of all....of course you know I think your music is great.

BLACK: Yes, I hope so.

JACK: You know, Frank, I don't think there's a better all-round orchestra in the country.

BLACK: Thanks, Jack....but what's the idea?

JACK: Oh nothing, Frank. I was just thinking your orchestra is in a class all by itself and that you're one of the finest leaders in America.

BLACK: Well that's awfully nice of you, Jack, and I think you're one of the funniest men on the air.

JACK: You really do.

BLACK: Yes Jack, I think you're great.

JACK: Well then, Frank, isn't that enough for one program?.....Why do we need Frank Parker?

BLACK: Oh, I see...but after all, Jack, the public likes him.

JACK: Yes, I know Frank, but why let a few million people influence you?.....You understand music. Do you really think he has such a good voice?

BLACK: Sure Jack....he has quality....tone....diction.... Besides, he's good to his Mother.

JACK: Well, couldn't he be good to her on some other program?

BLACK: I don't know Jack, what are you driving at?

JACK: Well Frank, I was just thinking that there would be much more time for your music and my comedy if Parker wasn't with us.

BLACK: You don't mean to insinuate that we ought to fire him?

JACK: No, no, Frank, get that thought right out of your head.....but I just thought that maybe we could all chip in and send him to Europe to further his musical education.

BLACK: Wait a minute, you're not worried about Mary and Parker....are you?

JACK: No, no.

CROWD: No-o-o-o!

BLACK: Now Jack, you might as well understand one thing... Frank Parker is on this program to stay.....He has a marvelous voice and, as far as I am concerned, he is one of the outstanding things on our program.

JACK: But Frank ---

BLACK: Drop it.....And now, ladies and gentlemen, Frank Parker, our wonderful tenor, will sing "This Time It's Love".

JACK: Imagine a guy like that has to be such a good singer... everything happens to me.

(SEQUE INTO NUMBER)

3. ("THIS TIME IT'S LOVE" -- ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER)

JACK:

Hello folks, this is Jack Bonny again....Starting with tonight's program we will have famous guest stars up here every Sunday night to tell you in their own words how the Chevrolet has helped them reach stardom in their respective professions.... And now I take pleasure in introducing that great Hollywood screen actress.....that popular Hollywood star....from Hollywood....Miss Graba Contract.....This little lady came up here tonight of her own free will and not for the few bucks that we slipped her....Miss Graba Contract!

(APPLAUSE)

(continued on page 11)

BLANCHE: (GERMAN DIALECT) Greetings! my pooblic.....I was born in Doomkonf City, Pennsylvania and I liffed there vit my family in a shack that vashn't feet for peegs. Dere were sixteen of us children und Fadder vas an awful loafer.

JACK: Hm, I see.

BLANCHE: Yes....ve all had to take care of ourselves. Vell, I waited until 1917 ven I became of age.

JACK: How old are you now?

BLANCHE: Twendy-two.

JACK: Hm, go ahead.

BLANCHE: Ven I vas of age, den I commenced to lose mine dialect und found that I could speak (CHANGE INTO RITZY TONE) very good English, so I decided I wanted to become a picture star. I looked in the mirror and, to my surprise, found that my hair was black.....let black.

JACK: Hm, must be Frank Black's brother.

BLANCHE: So what was I to do? I must become a platinum blonde, said I.

JACK: Yes, yes...we're getting impatient, Miss.

BLANCHE: I looked at the clock and saw that I only had three minutes to get to the beauty parlor to have my hair platinum hennaed....how could I make it? My friend next door owned a Chevrolet, I thought.....So I ran next door, quickly, borrowed his Chevrolet and got to the beauty parlor just in time to have my hair dyed... my face tilted a bit to the left....and my neck dusted.

JACK: They did a bad job on your neck, Miss.

BLANCHE: Then I was ready for Hollywood. I arrived there penniless and broke, so I took a job in a laundry for eight years, saved enough money to take a five-year course in acting, then I married a director and became an over-night sensation in pictures....

JACK: Very nice, Miss....and you owe it all to --

BLANCHE: The laundry!

NAVRILLA: *But*, You see, folks, that if it wasn't for the Chevrolet that took this little lady to the beauty parlor, making it possible for her to become a platinum blonde and work in that laundry, where would she be today?

JACK: I don't know, Alois....but I think we're headin' for our last guest star.....And now, folks, we have an offering tonight which is of the better class of air entertainment. ~~Let me say that whether it is a picture, stage play or an air presentation, it is not a success unless it has that love interest.....So tonight we are~~ offering to the people that love the classics that immortal Shakespearean play, "Romeo and Juliet". You will have to allow us a few minutes to set up the balcony, so during this interval Frank Black will play "Heat Wave" from "As Thousands Cheer". Cooperate, Frank.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER

4. HEAT WAVE from "AS THOUSANDS CHEER")

JACK: That was "Heat Wave" played by Frank Black and some very suspicious characters. And now for our version of Bill Shakespeare's play "Romeo and Juliet", the Cable and Carbo of yesteryear.....All right....ready, everybody.....Curtain, boys!.....Music, Frank!

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "FRANKIE AND JOHNNY" REAL HOT)

MARY: Cleo!....Cleo!

BLANCHE: Yes'um?

MARY: What o'clock didst Romeo say he would be-est here.

BLANCHE: (COLORED DIALECT) He said he would-est see thee 'bout seven o'clock dis evenin', Miss Juliet.

MARY: Ah, then must I make-eth haste, Cleo.

BLANCHE: Ah'll say thou must.

(PHONE RINGS)

MARY: Hello....hello-eth....Tis Julie speaking...methinks thou hast the wrong number....This is Bryant nine-est...four-est...six-eth...three-eth.

(HANGS UP PHONE)

MARY: Ah Cleo, tis nearly seven of the clock. I shall await Romeo on yon balcony.

BLANCHE: Yes ma'am! (LAUGHS)

MARY: Romeo...Romeo...wherefor art thou, Romeo?...Ah Romeo, hear-est thee me not?

JACK: I'm coming, I'm coming, my head it bend-eth low,
I hear thy gentle voice a-calling Ro-me-o.

(APPLAUSE)

Thank thee, Brother Romans.

MARY: Ah Romeo...my-est Romeo.

JACK: Ah Juliet, I hear thee but I see thee not.

MARY: Here I am, Runny.....up here on yon balcony....why dost thee not come up sometime?

JACK: Ah Juliet, for how canst I come up to thee?

MARY: Climb up on my bal-con-nee, Sonny Boy.

JACK: Yea Juliet, my love is but thine and I will flee to thee.

MARY: Leave out the flee and come-eth alone.

JACK: Yea Juliet, I shall be with thee fort-with.

MARY: Fort-with what?

JACK: Fort-with, Texas....Here I come, my Juliet.

(EFFECT OF ASCENDING LADDER--THUMP, THUMP)

BLANCHE: (DOES DOG IMITATION) Woof, woof,....woof-est.

MARY: Nero!....Nero! Lie-est thee down....Away from Romeo!

BLANCHE: Woof-est....woof-est.

JACK: (SINGS) Get thee along, little doggie, get thee along, get thee along...(That's our Shakespearean dog, folks)... Be patient, my beloved. I will be with thee hence.

BLANCHE: (AS MOTHER) Julie...Julie...come-eth into the house this minute...That fellow means no good.

MARY: Nay, nay, Mother.....for do I not love Romeo?

BLANCHE: Ah Julie, thou art but a silly child.....Would'st thou marry yon rat ?

JACK: (Hm, looks like I'm going to have trouble with yon Mother.)

MARY: Mother, I am nuts-eth about him.

BLANCHE: Then thou art a fool, child, for he hath neither mony nor pants.

JACK: (You know, folks, they didn't wear pants in those days.)

BLANCHE: Julie, thy sire forbids this marriage.

MARY: Well tell sire to jump-eth in yon ocean and pull a wave over his head.

JACK

You tell-eth them, Julie....Ah, ten more rungs and I shall be in the arms of my fair one.

(SLIGHT NOISE IS HEARD)

What ho! I am not alone on ye ladder....A shadow creep-eth before me....Har! who there go-eth?

PARKER:

Tis but me...Brutus Parker.

JACK:

Oh, so I'm going to have trouble with thee, too....Awⁿy, Brutus.

PARKER:

Away thyself, Jackus.

MARY:

(WHISPERS) Parker, you shouldn't have come here tonight.
..Quick, jump off the ladder.

PARKER:

All right Babe, I shall meet thee later.

(LOUD THUD AS THO FALLING OFF LADDER)

JACK:

(PANTING) Ah Juliet, at last am I here...here to partake-est of thy heavenly eyes...thy pumber four rouge lips...and thy luscious Mae West curves.

MARY:

My Rome! thy presence here thrills me...thine eyes speak of love...and thy breath intoxicates me.

JACK:

Ah, then thou know-est.

MARY:

YES.

JACK:

But I did-st hear thy good Mother counsel thee.

MARY:

What do you mean?

JACK:

I heard your Mother panning me.

MARY:

Worry not, my beloved, for am I not that way about thee?

JACK:

Yeah....but what way art thou about Parker?

MARY:

He spend-eth, Romeo...whilst thou art content with love..
And where does that getcha?

JACK:

Ah Juliet, thou art like a rare flower----

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: Quiet, Romeo.

(ANOTHER KNOCK)

MARY: Who be thee?

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

BLACK: Tis I, the Merchant of Venice.

MARY: Oh, just a dozen eggs and a pound of butter today.

BLACK: As You Like It.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: (That sound-eth like Frank Black to me, folks.)

MARY: Romeo, thou must be hungry. Would'st that I fetch thee some grub?

JACK: Okny-est....And what hast thou to eat, my precious?

MARY: Some Hamlet....and eggs.

JACK: Ah, Hamlet and eggs...and be sure that ye sunnyside is up-eth.

MARY: Or would'st thou, perchance, care for a Welsh rarebit?

JACK: Nay, my love, for that would'st give me a Midsummers Night Dream. (Get it, folks?)

MARY: Rest here, Romeo, whilst I bring thee vittles.

HEARN: (RUBE DIALECT) Julie!....Julie!

JACK: (Who is that?)

MARY: Tis my sire.....Yea, father, dost thou require my presence?

HEARN: Dost me eye...who's that guy and what's that ladder doing against our house?

JACK: Tis but your humble servant, Romeo.

HEARN: Oh, one of those foreign hill-billys, eh?...Well, you'd better stay away from my daughter?

JACK: Dost thou take-est me for a traveling salesman?

HEARN: Nay....darn it, you got me talking that way now.

MARY: But, sire, would-st that I wed with Romeo...I'm tired of milking the cows.

HEARN: Oh you are, eh? Well it's better than running around the country with that gigolo.

JACK: Gigolo....egad!.....Then, sire, we shall elope forthwith and thou canst chase us to the ends of the earth.

HEARN: Well I'm pretty tired tonight, so I'll start chasing you in the morning if it's all right with you....Good-night, Julie.

MARY: Farewell, Daddy, farewell!

JACK: Come, Juliet...time is fleeting. We must away.

MARY: At once, my sweet.

JACK: Then let us descend yon ladder and away with the wind in my noble chariot.

MARY: Yea Romeo, thou and I shall flee in thy noble chariot.

HAVRILLA: ~~Stop-eth!~~.....Cease thy ~~gigolo~~.

JACK: Oh yeah? For who art thou?

HAVRILLA: Commercialus Havrillus...hear-est I that thou and thy fair one are fleeing in yon chariot?

JACK: What is it to thee?

HAVRILLA: Hast thou not heard of the Chevrolet-eth?

JACK: Yeah and verily! Mean-est thou with the Fisher body?

HAVRILLA: Alas, poor Romeo, and dost thee forget the no-draft-eth ventilation?

JACK: Nay nay, Havrillus, I know it well....And it is needless for thee to tell me that tis the most economical car in the small priced field-eth.

HAVRILLA: And art thou not wise that thou save-eth on gas and oil?

JACK: Art I?....Of course-eth.

HAVRILLA: And dost thou still want to elope in thy chariot?

JACK: Nay, Nay, Havrillus....Come Juliet, the Chevrolet-eth
awaits without.

MARY: Without what?

JACK: Without Havrillus....Come, let us begone.

(AUTO HORN AND MOTOR DRIVING AWAY)

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE VERY HOT")

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Friends, Romans and countrymen, I thank thee.

BLACK: Ah Jackus, what shall I play-eth now?

JACK: Playeth " That Co-Ed Party".

BLACK: Yea and verily.

JACK: Thou hast said it....Play-eth, Frank.

(SCENE INTO NUMBER

5. "THAT CO-ED PARTY")

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

The other day, ladies and gentlemen, we received a letter of friendly criticism from a Chevrolet owner, and here's the gist of what he said: "In my opinion, you people at Chevrolet, in your advertising, overlook one of the biggest points about the car - and that is: - its freedom from all the repairs and adjustments that often beset the owner of a low-priced automobile. To me, one of the greatest joys of owning a Chevrolet is that it can be driven day after day, without some little thing going wrong." Well, friends - we certainly appreciate letters like these from our Chevrolet owners. But the trouble is - there are so MANY good things about the Chevrolet, that it's impossible to put them all in one brief message. Smart Fisher Bodies! No-Draft Ventilation! Starterator! An engine that saves on gas and oil! It's all these things, put together, that make Chevrolet the popular car it is today - America's first choice by a 2 to 1 majority.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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