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WMAZ

CHEVROLET

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10:00 - 10:30 P. M.

DECEMBER 10, 1933

SUNDAY

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

(FANFARE)

The Orchestra opens the program with "Co, Honey".

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

1. ("OO HONEY")

ORCHESTRA)

HAVRILLA:

(UNDER MUSIC)

Before the fun begins, ladies and gentlemen, let me repeat that brief message which is appearing on thousands of billboards all over America —
"Stand by for the 1934 Chevrolet, the low-priced car with 'Knee-Action' wheels."

That was "Co, Honey", played by Frank Black and his Orchestra. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I take extreme pleasure in presenting to you once again America's outstanding false alarm, Jack Benny.

(SOUR CHORD)

JACK:

Oh well — **(LAUGHS)** Hello again, this is Jack Alarm talking or False Benny Havrilla, I quit.

HAVRILLA: Why, what's the matter?

JACK: I'm not going to work tonight - that's all.

HAVRILLA: You're not?

JACK: No.....I've asked you every week..... I've pleaded...
with you to introduce me with a little formality.....
a little dignity - -

HAVRILLA: Well Jack, I'm using as little as possible.

JACK: I know that - but you don't build me up like they do
on other programs. Here I come to the microphone, all
pepped up 'n everything, and you announce me as a
false alarm.

HAVRILLA: But Jack, I said you were outstanding.

JACK: Oh Well I didn't hear that. I'm sorry,
Havrilla....say wait a minute, what does outstanding
false alarm mean?

HAVRILLA: It means that you're no good, but you're very good
at it.

JACK: I don't know, that doesn't sound right to me.

HAVRILLA: Well for Heaven's sake, how do you want to be
introduced?

JACK: The way you'd introduce any great celebrity - like
George Bernard Shaw or The Prince of Wales, or
somebody like that.

HAVRILLA: All right.....then I'll introduce you like the
Prince of Wales.

JACK: Yes, you say that. But when?

BLACK: Soon as you fall off a horse.

JACK: That was Frank Black, folks, and he's all dressed up like one of these cardboard pictures in your family album.

BLACK: Yes, and you ought to take a screen test for Walt Disney.

JACK: Well that settles it.....So long, folks.

HAVRILLA: Where are you going, Jack?

JACK: I'm thru! (SINGS) Stormy weatherSince my gal and I ain't together ---

BLACK: Say, what's the matter with Jack tonight, anyway?

HAVRILLA: Oh, he didn't like the way I announced him, and then you had to make it worse. Now we're out of luck.

BLACK: What do you mean out of luck? I'll be master of ceremonies. Introduce me, Havrilla, and stop worrying.

HAVRILLA: Oh all right....Ladies and Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in presenting to you our master of ceremonies - that very fine artist and international favorite, Mr. Frank Black.

(SWEET CHORD)

BLACK: Hello again, this is Frank Black talking - remember, hm? - that effervescent comedian?

HAVRILLA: What do you mean, effervescent?

BLACK: Effervescent for me, there'd be no show.

JACK: (LAUGHS) That's awfully good.

BLACK: Go on. That's a better joke than you told all year.... And now, folks, did you ever hear the story about the peacock? It's a wonderful tale. (LAUGHS)

JACK: Well go ahead, tell it.

JACK: That was Frank Black, folks, and he's all dressed up like one of these cardboard pictures in your family album.

BLACK: Yes, and you ought to take a screen test for Walt Disney.

JACK: Well that settles it.....So long, folks.

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BLACK: Effervescent for me, there'd be no show.

JACK: (LAUGHS) That's awfully good.

BLACK: Go on. That's a better joke than you told all year.... And now, folks, did you ever hear the story about the peacock? It's a wonderful tale. (LAUGHS)

JACK: Well go ahead, tell it.

BLACK: Don't you get it, you dumb cluck....

JACK: I got it twenty years ago.

BLACK: And now folks, I want to tell you that this evening we have a great show with a great cast that will not grate on your nerves.....Now'm I doing, Havrilla?

JACK: Play, Frank.

BLACK: Who said that?

JACK: I did.

BLACK: Oh yeah.

JACK: Yeah.

BLACK: Well, double yeah to you!

JACK: Stand by, folks.

(START TERRIFIC FIGHT WITH CRASHES, ETC - GONG)

HAVRILLA: This fight comes to you thru the courtesy of the new 1934 Chevrolet, the low-priced car with the Knee Action Wheels.

(GONG - FIGHT IS RESUMED, ENDING IN A TERRIFIC THUMP)

JACK: Ooh!

BLACK: I'll be right home, Ma.

MARY: Hello, everybody...Hello, Alois. Where are we on the program?

HAVRILLA: Black is over there...I'm here....and Jack's on the floor.

MARY: On the floor?

HAVRILLA: Yes - Frank Black put him there.

MARY: Thanks, Frank.

BLACKS: You're welcome, Mary.

JACK: (GROANS) - Oh, oh!

MARY: Gee, I think Jack's unconscious.

PARKER: Hello, everybody....Hello, Mary darling.

MARY: Hello, Frankie dear.

PARKER: Oh Mary, I want to thank you for the great time I had over at your house last night.

MARY: That's all right, darling.

JACK: (GROANS AGAIN)

PARKER: Sweetheart, what did your folks think of me?

MARY: They didn't like you much, but that's only one family's opinion.

PARKER: But you love me, don't you, Mary?

MARY: Of course I do, sweetheart.

JACK: (GROANS LOUDER)

PARKER: Where's Jack?

MARY: On the floor - unconscious.

PARKER: Unconscious?

MARY: Yes.

PARKER: Then what are we waiting for?

(LOUD KISSING)

JACK: (GROANS)

MARY: My darling.

PARKER: Sweetheart

JACK: (GROANS)

PARKER: Kiss me.

(MORE KISSING)

JACK: (GROANS AGAIN) Play Frank, play.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

2. (LET'S DO IT

ORCHESTRA)

JACK: (WEAKLY) That was "Let's Do It", played by Frank Black and his Orchestra,

MARY: Get off the floor, Jack.

JACK: Oh, all right.....And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have a great treat in store for you lovers of the drama. Tonight we are going to offer that immortal classic of the American theatre, "Uncle Tom's Cabin". I will play Uncle Tom Mary Livingston will play Liza....and Marie Dressler will play Little Eva.

PARKER: What will I play, Jack?

JACK: You play the Cabin....Now we have not only procured the original scenery for this over-mellow dresser, but we have also engaged some of the original cast and a few of the original pieces of ice....In fact, we are going to put on the same production that toured the country for 1,765,822 consecutive performances playing under canvas....under cover — And under ten cents.

BLACK:

JACK: That's when you saw it.....This run beat Abie's Irish Rose by seventeen years, four days, and three and two-fifths seconds..... I understand there is another company still running out West but the last report is that the sheriff is gaining on them....This has always been the outstanding American play until The Three Little Pigs came along — Groucho, Harpo and Chico.....And now, folks, while we are setting the stage Frank Black, who is still glaring at me, will play "High Shoes", from "Hold Your Horses" — Play, pal.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

3. (HIGH SHOES from "HOLD YOUR HORSES")

ORCHESTRA)

JACK: That was "High Shoes", played by Frank Black and his Plantation Serenaders. And now for that immortal play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Ready, boys?
Curtain.....Music, Frank.

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "OLD KENTUCKY HOME")

EVERYONE: (SINGS)
The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
In my old Kentucky home, far away
JACK: Weep no more, my lady,
all —
Jark —
Oh weep no more today
For you now can buy the best car you ever had —
HAVRILLA: The 1934 Chevrolay.

(ROUND OF APPLAUSE)

(PHONE RINGS)

MARY: Hullo....hullo. Yes suh, dis is Uncle Tom's Cabin!...
No suh, Uncle Tom isn't home yet. This is Liza, his
secretary....Yes, Mr. Segree, I'll tell him. Good....
Bye, Sime. (HANGS UP PHONE) (SINGS) Ah yooch nim....
ah yooch nim. (PHONE RINGS AGAIN) Hullo....,who?
Uncle Joe?.....No, he's in the next cabin....Try
Harlem 6842....You're welcome. (HANGS UP)
Oh Topsy....Topsy!

BLANCHE: Yes, Miss Liza.

MARY: Did you-all see Uncle Tom dis evenin'?

BLANCHE: No, Miss Liza. Ah think he's out steppin'. (LAUGHS)

MARY: Topsy, what are you laughing at?

BLANCHE: Ah don't know. Ah just open my mouth and out it comes.

(LAUGHS AGAIN)

MARY: Well got that mop and manicure the floor.....I wonder
where poor Tom is...Uncle Tom, Uncle Tom!
Wherefor art thou, Uncle Tom?

JACK: (IN DISTANCE - SING) Ah'm comin',
Ah'm comin',
My hoid is banded low -- 'cause
Ah'm lookin' for a cigarette
For old Black Joe.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Where you-all been today, Uncle Tom?

JACK: Up at the Cotton Club, apickin' cotton...Anybody call
me today, Liza?

MARY: Yes Unk, I got a message for you. Simon Legree called
and said he was a-gwine to sell you.

JACK: Who's a-gwine to sell who, sez which?

MARY: He's a-gwine to which, sez who, sell you.

JACK: Liza, are you Liza!.....who did Simon say he was
a-gwine to sell me to?

MARY: To the Show Boat.

JACK: Well, that's a good program. But I aint a-gwine to
leave here.....What else did he say, Liza?

MARY: He said you was a good-for-nothin' lazy low-down pup.

JACK: Who's lazy? You ain't a-gwine to let him take poor
old Uncle Tom away - is you, Liza, hm?

MARY: Go away, Uncle Tom, you fascinate me!

JACK: Dat's all Ah want to know.

(LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

HAVRILLA: Good evenin', folks.

JACK: What can Ah do for you, suh?

HAVRILLA: Are these Uncle Tom's Cabins?

JACK: Yes, suh!

HAVRILLA: Well, I'm driving thru to Florida, and I'd like to rent one overnight.

JACK: Liza! have we got any cabins left?

MARY: No, Uncle Tom. They's all rented for tonight.

JACK: Ah'm sorry, Mister - Mister --

HAVRILLA: Havrilla's the name.

JACK: You're tellin' me....By the way, what kind of a car is you-all drivin', Stranger? (As if I don't know, folks.)

HAVRILLA: A Chevrolet, the most economical car in the low priced field.

JACK: Doggone it, nothing but Chevrolets driving thru here... Topsy! Topsy! find a cabin for this heah gentleman.

BLANCHE: Well shut my mouth, if it aint Mr. Havrilla...Come along, Alois. (LAUGHS)

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: (SINGS) Way down upon the Suwannee River, far far away--

(DOOR OPENS)

BLANCHE: (AS LITTLE EVA) Good evenin', Uncle Tom....Hullo, Aunt Lisa. (COUGHS)

JACK: Well if it aint Little Eva...I hardly know the old gal.

MARY: Tell me, honey lamb, how you-all feelin' dis evenin'?

BLANCHE: I feel terrible, Aunt Lisa.

MARY: You certainly look it.

HAVRILLA:

Good evenin', folks.

JACK:

What can Ah do for you, suh?

HAVRILLA:

Are these Uncle Tom's Cabins?

JACK:

Yes, suh!

HAVRILLA:

Well, I'm driving thru to Florida, and I'd like to rent one overnight.

JACK:

Liza! have we got any cabins left?

MARY:

No, Uncle Tom. They's all rented for tonight.

JACK:

Ah'm sorry, Mister - Mister --

HAVRILLA:

Havrilla's the name.

JACK:

You're tellin' me....By the way, what kind of a car is you-all drivin', Stranger? (As if I don't know, folks.)

HAVRILLA:

A Chevrolet, the most economical car in the low priced field.

JACK:

Doggone it, nothing but Chevrolets driving thru here... Topsy! Topsy! find a cabin for this heah gentleman.

BLANCHE:

Well shut my mouth, if it aint Mr. Havrilla...Come along, Alois. (LAUGHS)

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK:

(SINGS) Way down upon the Sawannee River, far far away--

(DOOR OPENS)

BLANCHE:

(AS LITTLE EVA) Good evenin', Uncle Tom....Hullo, Aunt Lisa. (COUGHS)

JACK:

Well if it aint Little Eva...I hardly knew the old gal.

MARY:

Tell me, honey lamb, how you-all feelin' dis evenin'?

BLANCHE:

I feel terrible, Aunt Lisa.

MARY:

You certainly look it.

JACK: So would you - when you're as old as Little Eva.
MARY: How old is you now, honey lamb?
BLANCHE: Well I started with this here stock company in 1874...
and I'm just beginning to feel it.
JACK: So you can't take it, eh? Well come here, honey. Rest
your head on Uncle Tom.....You look pale and all tired
out.
BLANCHE: I feel so weak.
JACK: Poor little Eva.
BLANCHE: (SCREAMS)
JACK: What's the matter, child?
BLANCHE: I think I'm goin' to die, Uncle Tom.
JACK: You aint agoin' to die, honey lamb.
BLANCHE: Yes I is goin' to die. I know what I'm doing.
JACK: Well, child, don't take it so serious. After all, we
must all go sometime or other.
BLANCHE: Oh Uncle Tom, everything is black in front of me.
JACK: That's Frank Black....Move away, Frank...
BLANCHE: Uncle Tom, I feel like I'm going now.....I'M headin'
for my last cabin.

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "LAST ROUND UP" VERY SOFTLY AND PLAYS UNDER
FOLLOWING DIALOGUE)

JACK: Oh, honey lamb, let me hold you in my arms.
BLANCHE: Uncle Tom!
JACK: Yes, child?
BLANCHE: I'm goin' to Heaven, Uncle Tom -- I'm goin' to Heaven.
BLACK: That's what you think.
BLANCHE: (SORE) What?

JACK: Frank!....Honey, you is goin' to Heaven.
BLANCHE: Everything is getting dark...I feel like I'm goin' now..
Yep, I'm goin'.....good bye, Uncle Tom..
JACK: Good bye, Angel child.
BLANCHE: Good bye, Liza.
MARY: So long, Toots.
JACK: (AFTER PAUSE) Poor little Eva, she ain't never done no harm to nobody. Ah Liza, now you and I are left all alone.
MARY: That's what I was afraid of.
BLANCHE: (AFTER SHORT PAUSE) Good bye, Uncle Tom.
JACK: For Heaven's sake, aint you gone yet?

(MUSIC STOPS HERE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Who is it?
PARKER: Tis I, the Merchant of Venice.
JACK: Venice what?
PARKER: Venice I going to sing my song?
JACK: Oh Rastus Parker! that uptwon lowdown, eh? Well drag your body right in here, Boy!

(DOOR OPENS)

PARKER: Hullo, sugar.
MARY: Hullo, sweet.
JACK: Hm, you two seem to know each other....What you-all goin' to sing, ~~Rastus~~ Rastus?
PARKER: (STRAIGHT VOICE) I'm going to sing "Mine" from that new Broadway show, "Let 'Em Eat Cake."
JACK: What, no dialect?...Play Frank. (We'll go ^{on} with the sketch later, folks.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

4. (MINE from LET 'EM EAT CAKE -- ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER)

JACK: Well Rastus, that was very good. You sure sang that song.

PARKER: Good bye, Uncle Tom.

JACK: So long, Rastus.

PARKER: See you after the broadcast, Liza.

MARY: Sure enough, honey.

BLANCHE: (WEAKLY) Good bye, Uncle Tom.

JACK: What, aint you gone yet? Ah'll be glad you when you're dead, you rascal you.

MARY: On Uncle Tom, supper's ready.

JACK: What you-all got to eat this evenin', Liza?

MARY: Some stuffed fish.

JACK: Oh good old gefilte fish, eh? Ah'll have some of that...What'll you have, Little Eva?

BLANCHE: Just bring me an aspirin.

(LOUD KNOCK)

JACK: Liza, see who dat is.

MARY: Ah think it's Simon Legree.

(ANOTHER KNOCK)

JACK: Get in the kitchen, Liza....Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLACK: Hullo, Tom.

JACK: Hullo, Simon.

BLACK: Dont get so familiar....Remember, you're a slave.

JACK: Remember, you're a slov.

BLACK: Now listen, you good-for-nothin' gigolo, you aint done nothin' round here for years, and I'm agoin' to sell you.

JACK: To who?

BLANCH: To the Warner Brothers.

JACK: The Warner Brothers?

BLACK: Yes, and I got a good offer from Fox Film, too.

JACK: Who am I - Uncle Tom or Tom Mix?.....Oh, please, don't send me away to the Warner Brothers, Massa Simon.

BLACK: I can get seven dollars a day for you, and ten dollars for you and Liza together.

JACK: Now listen here, Simon Legree, Ah, don't care what you-all does to me, but you leave dat gal Liza out of dis - you hear?

BLACK: Don't tell me what to do, you good-for-notten-rotten-totten cotten-picker!

JACK: (That's Frank Black, folks, getting all mixed up).... Well I'm not agoin', Massa. Mah soul may belong to you, but the body belongs to Fisher
(APPLAUSE AND CHEER)

BLACK: So you want to go, eh?

JACK: No, I want, Massa Simon.

BLACK: Then take that.
(CRACK OF WHIP)

BLACK: And that;
(ANOTHER CRACK OF WHIP)

BLACK: And that.
(CRACK OF WHIP)

BLANCH: Good bye, Uncle Tom.

JACK: You're telling me.

BLACK: Well now maybe you'll change your mind, you-rascal-you.

JACK: No, Ah'll run away, Massa Simon, dat's what I'll do.

BLACK: You'll run away, eh? Well my bloodhounds will get you. They're waitin' for your blood right now.

BRAD & BLANCHE: Woof - woof - woof - woof.

JACK: Those bloodhounds? - One of them sounds aenemic.

BLACK: Oh yeah? Well those dogs have never lost a scent yet.

JACK: Neither have you.

BLACK: Well, what do you say - are you going?

JACK: No....a thousand times no!

BLACK: Here, Princee. Here, Rover.

BRAD & BLANCHE: Woof - woof - woof - woof.

BLACK: Now Princee, you stay here and Watch Uncle Tom. Don't let him get away. I'm going downtown to sign the paper now!

BRAD & BLANCHE: Woof - woof - woof

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Oh, Lisa!

MARY: Yes, Uncle Tom.

JACK: Come on, Honey. We gotta get out of heah right away.

BRAD: Woof - woof.

JACK: We got to get away from dese dogs...Hullo there, how's the nice little doggie? Tell Uncle Tom, what's your name?

BRAD: (GROWLS) Princee.

JACK: Princee, and you're a bloodhound, are you?

BRAD: R-r-r-right.

JACK: Hm, smart little doggie. You must be hungry. What do you want to eat?

BRAD: Waffles - waffles.

JACK: Waffles....All right, Prince, I gotta get away from Simon Legree. Why dont you dogs stay here and enjoy yourselves? I'll tune in the radio for you. What program do you like best?

BRAD: Chevrolay!

JACK: Atta dog...Now listen Prince, I got three bones in the ice box, and if you'll let me get away, there yours!

BARKER: (GROWLS) Make it ten and you'r-r-e on.

JACK: It's a bargain...How can I get out of here?

BARKER: Aroof - aroof - aroof.

JACK: Thru the roof! Fine...Come, Liza, We're free!

EVERYONE: (CHEERS - HOORAY - APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS "DIXIELAND")

EVERYONE: Oh way down South in the land of cotton
We have pretty near forgotten.
ChevroletChevrolet.....Chevrolet,
In Dixieland.

BLACK: Curses, foiled again!

BLANCHE: Good bye, Uncle Tom.

JACK: Play, Frank.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

5. (MEMPHIS IN THE MORNING

ORCHESTRA)

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EVERYONE: (CHEERS - HOORAY - APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS "DIXIELAND")

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BLACK: Curses, foiled again!

BLANCHE: Good bye, Uncle Tom.

JACK: Play, Frank.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

5. (MEMPHIS IN THE MORNING

ORCHESTRA)

HAVRILLA:

(UNDER MUSIC)

Stand by, ladies and gentlemen. Stand by for the new Chevrolet.

In the near future, Chevrolet will present for 1934 a new model with sweeping, basic changes in chassis, body and engine.

Knee-Action Wheels? That's only the start! Chevrolet will also have a NEW wheelbase length! Now modern styling! Now bodies by Fisher! Now brakes. Now frame. And a new idea in engine design that gets results never before achieved in power and speed at low cost.

The result of all these things is a car so much better than anything you've seen so far in the low-priced field that Chevrolet confidently says:

Drive it only 5 miles and you'll never

be satisfied with any other low-priced car.

Stand by ... for the 1934 Chevrolet. The best is yet to come!

JACK:

This is the last number of the tenth program in the new Chevrolet series. Well folks, if you liked our play Uncle Tom's Cabin, tell your friends....if not, just drop the whole thing.....Oh Mary.

MARY:

Yes, Jack.

JACK:

Can I take you home tonight for a change?

MARY:

No, I'm sorry.

JACK:

Foiled again!

BLANCHE:

Good bye, Uncle Jack.

JACK:

Good night, folks.

HAVRILLA:

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

1h 12-9-33