

(REVISED)

W. H. Hamilton
WEAR

CHEVROLET PROGRAM

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

MARCH 18 1934

SUNDAY

HAVRILLA: Your Chevrolet dealer presents Jack Benny - with
Frank Black and his Orchestra.

(FANFARE)

The orchestra opens the program with "I Feel Like A
Million Dollars."

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

1. ("I FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS" ORCHESTRA)

ANNOUNCER:

Remember - ladies and gentlemen - all knee-action
wheels are not of the same type. In the low priced
field, only Chevrolet has the special, patented, type
of knee action that's fully enclosed, solidly
protected against wear and tear and exposure by a
rugged, steel housing. Chevrolet's knee-action
consists of two gigantic shock absorbers, built into
the frame. They're simple. They're absolutely safe.
They give you the famous gliding ride at its
smoothest and best, along with shock-proof steering,
free from shake and shudder. And, best of all,
they're absolutely reliable. Chevrolet's whole
reputation for dependability stands solidly back of
these fully-enclosed knee action wheels - exclusive
to Chevrolet in its field.

HAVRILLA:

That was "I Feel Like A Million Dollars" played by Frank Black and his Orchestra. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I was about to present Jack Benny to you but I just found out that something has happened to him which I'd rather not mention here. However, we will do the best we can without him. So now Frank Black --

MARY:

Oh Alois, Alois -- Mr. Havrilla, tell me what's happened to Jack.

HAVRILLA:

Nothing, Mary....nothing to worry about.

MARY:

Tell me what's happened, please.

HAVRILLA:

Well Mary, I hate to tell you - but it seems that Jack went out of his mind and they just took him to a sanitarium.

MARY:

(SCREAMS) Oh! this is horrible. This is terrible.

HAVRILLA:

Yes, I think fighting a duel with Frank Black and then spending a night in the haunted house, was too much for him.

MARY:

Yes, and buying that round of drinks didn't help matters.

HAVRILLA:

No.

PARKER:

What's the matter, Mary?

MARY:

Jack's been taken to a sanitarium.

PARKER:

Sanitarium.....why, I was just talking to him this afternoon.

BLACK:

When did this all happen?

HAVRILLA:

Just a little while ago.....It's only two blocks from here. Let's go over and see poor Jack.

CROWD:

Sure - let's go.....Come on, Mary, etc.

(ORCHESTRA - PLAYS REPRISE TO FIRST NUMBER SOFTLY - THEN FADES OUT)

PARKER: This must be the place, Mary.

BRAD: What can I do for you folks?

MARY: We want to see Mr. Jack Benny. He's a friend of ours.

BRAD: Right this way. Follow me.....There he is...in that padded cell. You can only stay five minutes.

BLACK: I wonder if we can talk to him.

HAVRILLA: Yes, but be careful what you say.

MARY: (WHISPERS) I better talk to him first.

(FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Hello, Jack....don't you know me? I'm Mary Livingston

JACK: Why Mary....how are you, dear?

MARY: Why er....why er....don't you know where you are, Jack?

JACK: Yes, Mary. I'm in a sanitarium.

MARY: (WHISPERS) Gee, Alois, he seems perfectly sane. They shouldn't have him in here.

HAVRILLA: Wait, I'll find out....How are you feeling, Jack?

JACK: Fine, Alois. I never felt better in my life.

HAVRILLA: Well er.....well er....then why have they got you in here?

JACK: I don't know, Alois. All I know is I'm here, that's all...Oh hello, Parker.

PARKER: Hello, Jack.....I'm awfully sorry to see you here.

JACK: That's all right, Parker. They'll find out their mistake.

MARY: (WHISPERS) Say Frank, you ask him a few questions.

BLACK: Sure.....Jack, you remember me - don't you?

JACK: Certainly, Frank Black.....Did you bring that fruit for me, Frank?

BLACK: Yes.

JACK: Then stop eating it.

CROWD:

(LAUGHS AT THIS)

BLACK:

There's nothing the matter with you, Jack. What have they got you in here for?

JACK:

Darned if I know....Say Frank, there are a lot of people here who don't belong. See that fellow in the next cell?

BLACK:

Yes, Jack.

JACK:

Notice how quiet he is? Never opens his mouth and doesn't interfere in anything.

BLACK:

What's the matter with him?

JACK:

He thinks he's Vice-President Garner.

CROWD:

(ALL LAUGH)

MARY:

But you don't think you're somebody else - do you, Jack?

JACK:

No, Mary. Of course not. I'm Jack Benny.

MARY:

Well, I'm going to see the Superintendent and make him let you out....Where's the Superintendent?

JACK:

In the third cell....He just got thru with his Income Tax....He's been hollering numbers all day.

BLACK:

But there must be something wrong with you, Jack.

JACK:

Tell me - did you lose your money in Wall Street?

BLACK:

Certainly not. I never lost a cent.

JACK:

Is it a sweetheart?

Don't make me laugh. I never have any trouble with women.

BLACK:

But you must be here for some reason.

JACK:

I tell you - there's no reason. It's all a mistake.

HAVRILLA:

But is is not a mistake to buy the 1934 Chevrolet,
the most dependable car in the low priced field...
with its Blue Flame Engine, its Knee Action Wheels
and it's Fisher no-draft ventilation.

JACK:

(SCREAMS) Ach! That's it - the advertising. Don't
do that Alois -- Take him away -- take him away!

PARKER:

Hold him - hold him.

MARY:

Jack - - oh Jack!

(SEGUE INTO)

2. ("NASTY MAN")

ORCHESTRA)

JACK: That was Frank Black and his boys playing "Nasty Man" from the motion picture "George White's Scandals".....and now, ladies and gentlemen, I want to apologize for going off my nut. And right now I'm out on a parole. After all, as Shakespeare once said, the whole world's an asylum and w're all crazy about something or other. For instance, take the different nationalities -- one is crazy about spaghetti.....another is goofy about herring.... Winchell is that way about Bernie.....Einstein is crazy about his relatives.....and that's the way it goes Say Frank, isn't there something in the world you're crazy about?

BLACK: Yes, hazel nuts ..I eat them all day.

JACK: There you are, folks. There's a nut that's nuts about nuts.....Everybody has a weakness.....take Mary Livingston.....Mary, what are you crazy about?

MARY: I'm crazy about Clark Gable.

JACK: Oh, does he know it?

MARY: No.....That's what makes me crazy.

JACK: Now we're getting some place.

PARKER: Say Jack, can I get in on this?

JACK: Sure, Parker. What are you crazy about?

PARKER: Garlic.

JACK: Garlic.....Say that reminds me, Parker, I wish you'd only be crazy about it on week days.

PARKER: Why all opera singers eat garlic. In fact, it's the secret of my success.

JACK: Well if you think it's a secret, you are crazy.

MARY: Well, what's wrong with that? I like garlic, too.
I eat it all the time.

JACK: Mary, why do you eat garlic when you know it smells
so bad?

MARY: I tried eating roses, Jack - but they don't taste a
bit good.

JACK: All right, Mary.

HAVRILLA: Let's hear from you, Jack. You must be crazy about
something. What is it?

JACK: Well, Alois, I'm a collector of coins. That's my
hobby. I save rare old coins.

BLACK: Yes, when they get in your pocket, they become rare.

MARY: And before they come out again, they're old.

JACK: Is that so?

BLACK: Yes.....I'd like to see one of your coins make a
personal appearance.

JACK: Oh yeah? What about that round of drinks I bought
last night?

BLACK: Round of drinks? Why I paid for those.

JACK: Can I help it if you picked up the check while I was
out phoning?

MARY: Jack, there was no telephone in that place.

JACK: Well that's my story, and you'll have to give me time
to change it.

BLACK: I thought so.

JACK: So what?

BLACK: Oh nothing.

PARKER: (PAUSE) Oh well.....lackedaday!

HAVRILLA: I think so.

MARY: (PAUSE) Awful dull night - isn't it, Jack?

JACK: Yup.....Nothing to talk about. Anything new, Havrilla?

HAVRILLA: Well yes...the new 1934 Chevrolet is.....

JACK: Oh yes?.....So long, boys.

HAVRILLA: Where are you going, Jack?

JACK: Back to the sanitarium.

MARY: Play, Frank.

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER)

3. (ORCHIDS IN THE MOONLIGHT ..from "FLYING DOWN TO RIO"

ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Frank Parker singing "Orchids in the Moonlight" from the motion picture "Flying Down To Rio" -- and now, ladies and gentlemen, again this week we received a fan letter. And if all the fan mail we get here were placed end to end, it would reach twice around Durante's nose....what other program can say this?

MARY: Here's the letter, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes....This is from way out West in Arizona....It says, MR. JACK BENNY,

CARE OF STATEN ISLAND FERRY BOAT.

(Hm, they must have found out about my vacation). It says:- DEAR MR. BENNY:-- Altho it costs us nothing to listen to you on the radio, we still feel cheated. In fact if all the half hours we've spent listening to you were placed end to end, they would reach --

MARY: Twice around Durante's nose.

JACK: How did you guess it, Mary?.....We live out here in Arizona where men are men and women are the gosh darndest things, and we would like to see you put on a real he-man play of the wide-open spaces - a real Western thriller.

(SIGNED) CAL CRAWFORD AND OUTFIT,

Delancey Gulch, Arizona.

JACK: Hm. so they want a Western play, eh? Well, we will not put on a Western play tonight. It's too much bother on such short notice.

BALDWIN: Telegram!...Telegram for Mr. Benny.

JACK: Here you are, boy....Let me have it....Hm, JACK BENNY,
NBC STUDIO, NEW YORK. HOPE YOU RECEIVED OUR LETTER
ASKING YOU TO PUT ON A WESTERN PLAY....DON'T FAIL US....
Cal Crawford.

MARY: You see, Jack, they insist on it.

JACK: It's impossible. We can't do it.

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Mary, answer that phone.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

MARY: Hullo.....Hullo.....yes..... Yes, Mr. Benny
received your telegram and letter asking him to put on
a Western play.....All right, I'll tell him.....
Good bye.

(HANGS UP PHONE)

JACK: All right if that's what they want.....Never let it
be said that the Chevrolet program can't put on a
Western play.....Parker, go out and get a hundred
horses and some saddles.

PARKER: Yes, Jack.

JACK: Havrilla, round up a couple of thousand head of cattle.

HAVRILLA: Okay.

JACK: And you, Mary - you dig up some cactus.

MARY: How about a pin cushion? It's the same thing.

JACK: Okay - as long as it's Western.....And now, folks,
as it takes quite a while to build a ranch, Frank
Black, who thinks Shy Anne is a bashful girl.....will
play "Pony Boy." Okay, Frank.

BLACK: Yippee.

JACK: All right, Frank, play --

(SEGUE INTO --

Fourth Routine

-10-

JACK: That was "Pony Boy," played by Frank Black and his Orchestra. And now for our great play of the Golden West, "Arizona." The first scene takes place on the Benny "Z" Ranch in Poison Gulch, Arizona.....the toughest spot between Phoenix and Ashfork..... Curtain!.....Music, Frank!....

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME")

JACK: Hey wait a minute, wait a minute, Frank. We're not going out that far - just Arizona.

BLACK: Oh pardon me.

(ORCHESTRA PICKS UP "ORCHECHOYNA - BLACK EYES")

JACK: (SINGS) Arizona.....Arizona.....That's better.
That's fine music they write out West.

COWBOYS: (START "GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIE")

CROWD: Yippee! Yippee! (LAUGH AND APPLAUSE)

(DINNER GONG)

JACK: Well, ther goes the old dinner bell....Come on, boys.
Let's get some chow into us.

BALDWIN: That's a good idea, boss. Ah'm starved.

PARKER: Me, too.

JACK: Who said that?

PARKER: Ah did.

JACK: When did you join this here outfit?

PARKER: Ah checked mah saddle in yesterday.

JACK: What's your name, son?

PARKER: Jones.

JACK: Not Buck Jones?

PARKER: No, his little brother Fifty Cents.

JACK: Oh, Half Buck....that's a two-bit joke.....Well, boys, let's go in. I'm so hungry I could eat a bar.

PARKER: A chocolate bar?

JACK: No, a grizzly bar....that's the way we talk in the West.

BLACK: West Virginia.

JACK: Yes, and let's keep Mae West out of this too..... Well, boys, let's go in and put on the feed-bag.

COWBOYS: (SING "GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIE")
(SHUFFLING OF FEET) (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: You know we got a Chinese cook out here now....Hey, Lum Fong, what have we got for supper tonight?

BRAD: Lom foey - oong gow - san toy - hong tow - suey.

JACK: Hm, beans again.....Well, I want to tell you something. I'm not satisfied with your cooking.

BRAD: All right then, vy don't you got another Chinaman?

PARKER: Hey, boss, is that ther a Chineese cook?

JACK: Yes, but he's been listening to the Rise of the Goldbergs so much it finally got him.....Come on, boys, sit down. The soup's here.

(WE HEAR THE SCRAPING OF CHAIRS - DISHES)

JACK: Ah see that you fellows are all slicked up tonight. Ah don't reckon it's because mah niece is coming in today from back East.

CROWD: No-o-o-o.

JACK: She's a-coming to stay out here at the ranch with us for a while.

PARKER: They tell me she's a mighty purty gal.

JACK: Yes, and ah don't want any of you rough cowhands a-shinin- up to her. (SOUND OF GUZZLING SOUP) Say, Curley, stop broadcasting that soup.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Hello, Ken. Where you been all day?

BALDWIN: Oh, just a-spinnin' mah rope. Ah spun it six hours without stopping.

JACK: Why?

BALDWIN: To keep a hole in the center of it.

JACK: Now we're getting some place.....Well, the six-fifteen ought to be in purty soon....Say Curley. I want you to go down to the dee-pot, meet mah niece, and bring her out to the ranch. Her name's Mary.

BRAD: (HEAVY VOICE) Okay, boss.....Yippee!.....yippee!

(WE HEAR HORSE'S HOOFS GALLOPING OFF)

JACK: (I think the horse left first).....Well, fellers, let's have a little tune.

CROWD: Sure. Come on, boys.

COWBOYS: (PLAY "BUFFALO GALS")

(LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it, fellers....(MUSIC VERY SOFT).....Come in!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Oh, Sheriff Havrilla of Carbollic County.....How are you, Share?

HAVRILLA: Okay, Kyote Jack. How's things on the ranch?

JACK: Not bad tall....Put down your saddle and make yourself to home.

(HEAVY THUD)

JACK: How about a little snort?

HAVRILLA: Don't mind if ah do. Ah'll have a little iodine.

JACK: All we got is peroxide. Help yourself.

HAVRILLA: Listen here, Kyote, have you been a-brandin' your cattle lately?

JACK: Just a minute, boys....(MUSIC STOPS ENTIRELY).....
What's that, Sheriff?

HAVRILLA: Ah said - have you been a-brandin' your cattle?

JACK: Ah used to brand them with a red-hot iron, but ah had to cut it out.

HAVRILLA: Why?

JACK: Smoke got in their eyes.....So now ah jes' use a rubber-stamp.....Say, Sheriff, what made you ask?

HAVRILLA: Well ah'll tell you. Ah saw some of your stock on the Columbus Circle ranch this afternoon. In other words, ah think someone's been a-rustlin' your cattle

JACK: Oh yeah? Well ah'll check up on mah herd right away ...Hey, Canyon Pete!....Have we been a-missin' any cattle lately?

BRAD: (LIGHT VOICE) Yes, boss. Last month we lost fifty head.

JACK: Ah don't care about the head. The best meat's in the middle.

HAVRILLA: Well, ah'm jes' a-warnin' you.....that's all.

JACK: Ah reckon ah better go out and check up on those critters.....Ah'll be right back, boys.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE)

CROWD: (MAKE NOISE OF CATTLE)

(SHARP WHISTLE IS BLOWN)

JACK: Come on, cattle. Line up.

CROWD: (MORE CATTLE NOISES)

(ANOTHER WHISTLE)

JACK: Attention!.....I'll call the roll....Henry.

(MOO).....John (MOO).....Frank.

BLACK: Moo.

JACK: Hm, that sounds familiar.....Spike (MOO).....

Clarence.....Clarence!

PARKER: Moo to you.

JACK: Oh, moo to you, too.....Sam!.....Sam!.....Oh,
absent eh?Richard!.....Richard!....hm, the
C. C. Ranch has got Sam and Richard. So they've been
a-rustlin' my cattle, eh? Well they ain't a-gettin'
away with it!

(WE HEAR JACK'S FOOTSTEPS)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES QUICKLY)

JACK: Boys.....Boys, what do you think has happened?

CROWD: What.....What?

JACK: Our cattle's been took!

CROWD: No, no!

PARKER: What do you think we ought to do?

JACK: Ah don't know....Let's have another tune.

COWBOYS: (PLAY "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN")

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

BRAD: (HEAVY VOICE) Hey boss, ah brought your niece, Mary.
Here she is.

JACK: Well, well, well,.....Hullo, Mary.

MARY: Hullo, kiyoodle.

JACK: It's Kyote, Mary.

MARY: Oh.

JACK: Tell me, gal, how's things back East?

MARY: Oh, fine.....You remember the Hudson River?

JACK: Reckon ah do. What about it?

MARY: It's still running.

JACK: Well, ah'm mighty glad things are moving along.....
How's the Automat, Mary?

MARY: They certainly do miss you.....So this is the
ranch-house, eh?

JACK: Yes, this is the old ranch-house.

MARY: Gee, last week it was a haunted house and looks the
same to me.

JACK: Quiet, Mary.
(LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hullo, stranger. What can ah do for you?

BRAD: Say, my car just broke down and I'd like to borrow
your ranch.

JACK: But this is a cattle ranch.

BRAD: Pardon me. I thought this was a monkey ranch.
(DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Shut that door and keep those jokes off this ranch.

HAVRILLA: You see, if he owned a Chevrolet that couldn't have
happened.

JACK: Right, Sheriff.....Oh Mary, this is our Sheriff.....
Sheriff, this is mah niece from back East.

MARY: Hullo, Alois.

HAVRILLA: Hi-yuh, Mary.

JACK: Hm, looks like you two met before.

HAVRILLA: Well, Kiyote, what are you a-goin' to do about those cattle of yours?

JACK: Ah plumb forgot that.....Ah'm a-goin' to ride over to the C.C. Ranch and get back our stock.

MARY: Better be careful, Kiyote. Curley's been telling me about the bad man over on that ranch.

JACK: Oh yeah?.....Who owns that outfit, Sheriff?

HAVRILLA: Rattle Snake Black.

JACK: That guy, eh? Hm, just a tenderloin.....er, tenderfoot.....Well ah'm a-goin' over thar mahself. Ah can handle him alone!

CROWD: Atta boy, Kiyote!

JACK: There ain't room in Arizona for both Rattle Snake Black and me!

HAVRILLA: Yeah.....he said that too.

JACK: Come on, Pete. Saddle up mah broncho.

MARY: How about Groucho and Chico?

JACK: No, just the broncho.....Say, Sheriff, how do I get to that Columbus Circle Ranch?

HAVRILLA: You ride down Lenox Road until you get to Harlem Creek....then you go thru Central Park Canyon to Columbus Circle.

JACK: Hm, ah can take the subway and get thar quicker.

(DOOR OPENS)

BALDWIN: You hoss is ready, boss.

JACK: Well, reckon ah better get a'goin'.....Hey Pete, bring me mah five-gallon hat.

BALDWIN: You only got a gallon left.

JACK: Ah'll take that.....So long, boys. Ah'll get Rattle Snake Black single-handed!

CROWD: Atta boy.....Yippee! Yippee!
 (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)
 (JACK'S FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD OUTDOORS)

BRAD: (HORSE NEIGH)

JACK: Whoa, Dynamite....Whoa!....Take it easy.

MARY: Come on, mount him, Cowboy.

BRAD: (ANOTHER NEIGH)

BALDWIN: Say boss, ah forgot to tell you that horse ain't
 never been rode before.

JACK: Well, I never rode a horse before, either.....so
 we'll start in together.

BRAD: (SNORT AND NEIGH)

JACK: Oh yeah? Say Sheriff, do I have to get those two
 cows back?

HAVRILLA: Sure you do, Kiyote, for the honor of your outfit.

JACK: Oh all right.

BRAD: (GIVE ANOTHER SNORT)
 (SOUND OF HORSE PAWING GROUND)

JACK: Whoa, Dynamite, whoa.

MARY: Come on, ride him, Cowboy! Yippee!

BRAD: (MORE NEIGHS AND SNORTS)

JACK: Well, I'm on him anyway.

BRAD: (CONTINUES MAKING NOISE OF A HORSE)

JACK: Whoa...whoa.....It's funny how a horse that's so
 full of hay can be so hard to sit on.

MARY: Do you always have trouble with horses?

JACK: Yes...Last summer at Saretoga I didn't win a bet.

BRAD: (MORE HORSE SOUNDS)
 (MORE PAWING)

JACK: Whoa, there, horsey. Be nice now. Poppa give oats
.....(Hm, a fine way to advertise Chevrolets.)

BRAD: (SOUNDS OF HORSE GET LOUDER AND WILDER)
(WE HEAR HEAVY PAWING SOUND - FOLLOWED BY
THE DULL THUD OF A RIDER BEING THROWN)

MARY: My heavens! Jack fell off his horse.

HAVRILLA: Look out! He's stepping on him.

MARY: Dynamite is now riding Jack. Ain't that cute?

JACK: (GROANS)

HAVRILLA: Wait.....I think he's hurt.

MARY: Oh poor Jack.....Jack, are you hurt?

COWBOYS: (SING IN BACK GROUND VERY SOFTLY) ("Bury Me Not On
the Lone Prairie")

JACK: (GIVES ANOTHER GROAN)

MARY: Jack....Jack.....Oh Sheriff, see if you can
revive him.

HAVRILLA: Get some water - quick!

JACK: (GROANS AGAIN)

MARY: Here you are. Drink this.....Speak to me. It's
Mary.

JACK: Mary, take a letter.

MARY: Yes Jack.....But wait till I get this horseshoe out
of your ear.

JACK: No, leave it there. It might be lucky....Take a
letter.

MARY: To whom?

JACK: Rattle Snake Black.....Dear Rat!
You've taken my cattle, but do you think I'm sore?
No! You can have the ranch, the horses, and my
five-gallon hat too. Signed - Kiyote Jack.

MARY: Is that all?
JACK: No.....P.F.
MARY: P.F.?.....What's that?
JACK: Play Frank!

(SEGUE INTO NUMBER - -

5. (COFFEE IN THE MORNING from motion picture "MOULIN ROUGE --

ORCHESTRA)

(OVER MUSIC)

JACK:

That was the last number of the 24th program on the 18th of March. Well folks, our time is up now and we'll be with you again next Sunday night. And, in parting, all I can say is -- (INTO SONG)

I'd love to spend

This half hour with you --

MARY:

That's all he will spend.

JACK:

Good night, folks.

HAVRILLA:

This program has come to you thru the courtesy of the Motor Car Dealers in your community who represent the 1934 Chevrolet.

(FANFARE)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

lh
3-18-34