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APRIL

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

~~"DESIGN FOR HAPPINESS"~~

WOR

April 11th, 1938

6:45 - 7:00 PM

WILLARD: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

BOONE: (CHANT) 1st Sale ... 32 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 33 - 38  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

WILLARD: Naturally the independent tobacco experts, like the auctioneer you just heard, know who buys what tobacco ... with these experts - "with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies two to one!"

(ORGAN: "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" ... FADE UNDER ANNOUNCEMENT)

WILLARD: Lucky Strike presents a brand-new program — ~~"Design for Happiness"~~ with Buddy Clark, America's newest singing star. ~~"Design for Happiness"~~ *It* will come to you over this station three days a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at this same time, ~~It is designed for your happiness,~~ *and presented* by the makers of Lucky Strike cigarettes.

("HAPPY DAYS" THEME UP AND OUT)

WILLARD: Up in a cabin in the Sierras - not very long ago - Clark Gable first heard over the radio that same "Chant of the Tobacco Auctioneer" you listened to a minute back. Wally Beery and Spencer Tracy were there, too, and here is what Clark Gable tells us about their reactions ...  
QUOTE ... And the three of us - all three Lucky Strike smokers - agreed that, if tobacco experts like that auctioneer smoke Luckies two to one - well - it's pretty good proof Luckies have the ~~stuff~~ *goods!* UNQUOTE. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Yes, Mr. Gable, we think so, too. And we also think ~~that~~ the fact that you yourself have smoked Luckies six years proves something. It ~~proves~~ that Luckies are not only good-tasting but easy on the throat ... For here is something for every smoker to consider ... Clark Gable's voice and throat are under constant strain due to his acting career.

ATX01 0214278

Since he finds Luckies easy on his throat, they surely will be easy on your throat, too. Ask for Lucky Strike — the only cigarette that offers you the throat protection of the process "It's Toasted."

(ORGAN: SPECIAL THEME UP AND FADE FOR)

~~WILLARD: And now "Design for Happiness" starring Buddy Clark.~~

(HOLD MUSIC TWO SECONDS ... THEN OUT)

WILLARD: There is a section of New York City lying north of Columbus Circle and west of Central Park where the old brownstone mansions of Manhattan's aristocracy have, with the passing of the years, been converted into rooming and boarding houses much favored by actors and musicians of today. Such a place is the establishment of Mrs. Kathleen Donovan in whose front parlor window hangs a neatly-lettered card bearing the legend "Rooms and Board" supplemented in larger type by the statement that "Vocalizing and Practicing Are Permitted from 9:00 AM to 12:00 PM."

*our show opens*  
In the dining room of Mrs. Donovan's Boarding House, *where* Lilly, a little English maid-of-all-work, is busy with her morning tasks.

LILLY: (FADING IN ... SINGING OFF KEY IN HIGH SOPRANO) "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at my si-i-i-ide ... And of all 'oo hassembled within those walls that I was the 'ope and the pri-i-i-ide ... I 'ad riches ..."

MRS D: (FADING IN) You're off key, Lilly.

LILLY: (UNPERTURBED) Yes, mum.

MRS D: Have you finished dusting the sideboard?

LILLY: Yes mum.

MRS D: Then get the step ladder and start in on the plate-rail.

LILLY: Yes mum.

(SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS)

MRS D: Answer the door, first.

LILLY: Yes mum. (FADING)



MRS D: (CALLING) And if it's a peddler, we don't want any.

LILLY: (OFF) Yes mum ... I mean ... no'm.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MRS D: (CALLING) Reuben! (CALLS AGAIN .. VOICE BREAKS) Reuben!

REUBEN: (OFF ... NEGRO DIALECT ... SIMILAR TO "STEPIN FETCHIT")

Yassum, Mrs. Donovan ... was you callin' me?

MRS D: (CALLING) Did the groceries come yet?

REUBEN: (OFF) Yassum!

MRS D: (CALLING) How's the lamb?

REUBEN: (OFF) Yassum!

MRS D: (CALLING) Yassum indeed! I said, how's the lamb!

REUBEN: (OFF) Aw! It's all right!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MRS D: Oh -- that man!

LILLY: (FADING IN .. EXCITEDLY) Oh, Mrs Donovan ... Mrs Donovan ...

MRS D: Who was it?

LILLY: It's a lodger, mum ... I mean .. hit's a gentleman wot's lookin' for lodgin's.

MRS D: What does he play?

LILLY: I dunno. He aint carryin' any kind of hinstrument wiv 'im. But 'e's waitin' in the front parlor ... and oh, 'e's ... 'e's beautiful, mum!

MRS D: Very well - get on with your work, child.

LILLY: Yes'm. (OFF)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MRS D: (WITH FORMAL ELEGANCE) Yes?

JIMMY: Good morning. You're uh ...

MRS D: I'm Mrs Donovan ... the proprietress.

JIMMY: Well ... ~~I mean~~ ... your sign .. I saw your sign in the window and ...

MRS D: Are you a musician?

JIMMY: Well ... not exactly, but ... uh ... that is to say .. I'm a singer, I mean ... I've come to New York to study.

MRS D: (FRIENDLY) Oh, I see. Well, I've several singers here at the present time. What kind of accomodations were you looking for?

JIMMY: Well - something ... that is .. somewhere .. where .. I could sleep .. and ... practice .. and ...

MRS D: Would you be wanting a room with or without a piano?

JIMMY: Well - with a piano, if I could .. ~~that is~~ ..

MRS D: The only vacancy with a piano is a 'share' ... but he's a fine young man ... neat as a pin and I'm sure there'd be no objections on that score ...

JIMMY: (PUZZLED) I beg your pardon?

MRS D: Mr. Spatafaculi. He's the second floor parlor front. If you'll come with me, I'll be glad to show it to you.

JIMMY: Why - sure. I mean .. but first .. Well, how much ... uh ..

MRS D: It'll be fifteen dollars a week ... that's for the room and board .. and, of course, with the piano.

JIMMY: Well, I guess that'll be all right.

MRS D: Never mind your bags. I'll have them brought up. (CALLS) Lilly!

LILLY: (ON MIKE) Yes mum!

MRS D: Oh there you are! Fetch up the gentleman's bags.

LILLY: Oh yes, Mrs. Donovan.

JIMMY: Oh no ... I'll carry them ...

LILLY: That's all right, sir — I'm much stronger than I looks, sir.

JIMMY: Yes, but these .. they're pretty heavy .. they're full of music <sup>here</sup> I've got 'em.

MRS D: Now if you'll come this way.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... OFF SOUND OF SAXOPHONE RUNNING SCALES)

MRS D: The saxophone is Mr. Burton in Three.

(SOUND: OFF SOUND OF FLUTE RUNNING SCALES)

MRS D: And the flute's Mr. Winkler ... He's back in four.

(SOUND: CLOSER SOUND OF HARP RUNNING RAPID CLASSICAL ARPEGGIOS)

MRS D: The harp's Miss Foster ... she lives here in six .. that'll be right across the hall from you ... charming young lady ... three seasons in Chatauqua. This is the room.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

LILLY: It's hall right, mum. Mr. Spatafaculi went out early this mornin'.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MRS D: Here you are, sir. Good north light and a fine airy room. Lilly ... take the gentleman's suitcases.

JIMMY: Oh that's all right.

MRS D: Of course ... if the room is satisfactory.

JIMMY: Why yes -- it looks all right I guess.

LILLY: This'll be your bed over 'ere, sir. Mr. Spatafaculi sleeps in the other one.

MRS D: Never mind, Lilly. And this'll be your dresser and that closet ~~there~~ is for your clothes. And that'll be fifteen dollars in advance, please.

JIMMY: Why p- all right. Here you are - I think that's right.

MRS D: Thank you. I'll send up your receipt later.

JIMMY: Oh don't bother -- I don't need a receipt.

MRS D: Just a matter of business principle .. that's all. And I forgot to mention it - I require references here. Just what was the name?

JIMMY: *Clayton*  
~~Gabot~~ ...uh... - James ~~Gabot~~ *Clayton*

MRS D: And you say you've come to New York to study voice?

JIMMY: Why ...uh .. yes.

MRS D: Have you already got a teacher? <sup>There's</sup> a Mr. Borelli living here.

JIMMY: Well .. my aunts have already made arrangements with a Mr. Cantabello.

MRS D: Emilio Cantabello!

JIMMY: Why yes.

LILLY: Emilio Cantabello! Then you're studying for the hopera!

MRS D: Never mind, Lilly ... Why, that's splendid! Then I'm sure you'll get along very well with Mr. Spatafaculi .. he's interested in the opera too.

JIMMY: (DISMALLY) Oh -- well - that's -- that's fine.

MRS D: (BRISKLY) Well, you seem to be a clean-cut young man -- so I suppose your references'll be satisfactory. The bathroom's at the end of the hall ... Those are your towels on the rack there by your dresser .. and the cloth hangin' on the hook there is for shoes. Breakfast is served from seven thirty to nine thirty and supper from six to eight. So, just make yourself at home and consider yourself one of the family. We're all a big happy family here. And now, I'll go down and make out your receipt. (FADES)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JIMMY: Say -- say -- what are you doing?

LILLY: I'm just unpackin' for you sir. Puttin' your things away. Why, sir?

JIMMY: You don't have to do that - I can take care ...

LILLY: I know. It aint exactly customary 'ere in Hamerica, sir. But it's the way we does back 'ome and hit seems more friendly and ... well .. more welcomin'-like ... that is, if you don't mind, sir?

JIMMY: No -- I don't mind -- but I wont know where anything is.

LILLY: I'm puttin' your socks and 'andkerchiefs sir, and the bits of hodds and hends in the two hupper drawers 'ere - ~~there~~ <sup>all comin'</sup> - and the shirts in the second drawer, sir.

JIMMY: Well, that's fine ..

LILLY: And your underthings, 'ere in the next drawer, sir ... Oh! These pyjamas is real silk, aint they?

JIMMY: Well ... I don't know .. I guess they are. Here I can take care of that all right ... you don't need to ...

LILLY: Oh, it aint no trouble at all, sir . In fact, hit's a privilege, sir!

Makes things more 'ome-like .. you bein' a stranger 'ere in the city and ... away from your own womenfolk 'n' all .. that is .. you aint married, are you sir? <sup>me?</sup>

JIMMY: Huh ... who? <sup>me?</sup> Oh no, I should say not. (CHANTEL SUBJECT) So ... this

SOUND: is the piano ... (RUNS FINGER DOWN KEYBOARD. STOPS ON FLAT DISCORDANT RUBBER PAD NOTES) <sup>see</sup> What's the matter with this thing?

LILLY: Oh, that must be Pagliacci, sir ... or Figaro or Lucia. They will hide in 'ere, sir ... Scat! Out with you!

(SOUND: CATS MEOW)

LILLY: Ts! Ts! Will you look at that, sir... all three of 'em, sir -- They don't do them strings no good sir, either. Sleepin' on 'em like that. Stretches 'em, I says.

JIMMY: Those three cats -- do they live here? I mean in this room?

LILLY: They belongs to Mr. Spatafaculi, ~~sir~~... your roommate, sir. He ~~found~~ 'em last Christmas Eve - a year ago - three little shiverin' horphans in an alley - and 'e brought 'em 'ome. We 'ad to feed 'em with a heye-dropper, ~~sir~~ I 'opes you like cats, sir.

JIMMY: Well - I haven't got anything against cats ... that is .. but three ...

LILLY: Oh, you'll get used to them, sir. ~~Mah~~ there - come down off Mr. <sup>Clayton's</sup> ~~Gabot's~~ bed! He didn't invite you up there ... shoo! Will you look at 'em, sir! Bold as brass, they are.

JIMMY: Oh, that's all right .. I don't mind. (STRIKES SEVERAL CHORDS ON PIANO) Well, it hasn't got a bad tone .. without the cats. (PLAYS A FEW ARPEG\* GIOS)

LILLY: Oh, you play the piano beautiful, sir.

JIMMY: Oh, I just <sup>play</sup> ~~fiddle~~ around enough to accompany myself.

LILLY: Oh sir! Could you sing somefin' ... from one of your hoperas?

(SOUND: MUSIC STOPS SUDDENLY)

JIMMY: What!

LILLY: One of the arias from - oh - The Toreador Song from Carmen ... That's one of me favorites.

JIMMY: Well ... uh ..

LILLY: Well, you are 'ere in New York to study for the hopera under Signor Cantabello? Or didn't I 'ear you aright?

JIMMY: Well - uh -- sure ... but ..

LILLY: Oh, come on, sir! Don't be bashful ... I fairly dotes on hoperas!

JIMMY: Well -- all right ... (SINGS)

MRS D: (OFF) Lilly!

LILLY: Oh, that's Mrs. Donovan. I'm sorry, sir - But p'raps some other time, sir?

JIMMY: Yes - some other time -- ~~maybe~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JIMMY (AT PIANO) ... SINGS "MAMA, I WANNA MAKE RHYTHM" (BOARD FADE ON REPRIS OF CHORUS)

WILLARD: And so Jimmy ~~Gabot~~ <sup>Clayton</sup> comes to Mrs. Donovan's Boarding House where we leave <sup>(Theme in)</sup> him until Wednesday at this same time. <sup>(Theme finish)</sup> Don't forget - this brand new program starring Euddy Clark comes to you three times a week, Monday Wednesday and Friday, at this same time.

WILLARD: We bring you the verdict of the highest court in Tobaccoland!

(SOUND: WOODEN HAMMER)

WILLARD: The three presiding judges this evening will deliver their own opinions ... First, Mr. Connor W. Sycoc!

1st MAN: I operate the Banner Tobacco Warehouse in Durham, North Carolina. My warehouse has a capacity of 300,000 pounds of tobacco -- but even on the very best days, not more than 30% of that tobacco is good enough for Lucky Strike. That's less than one basket in three ... proof that Lucky Strike buys the best tobacco only. I've smoked Luckies for ten years now.

(SOUND: WOODEN HAMMER)

WILLARD: Second judge is Mr. Harry R. King ...

2nd MAN: I've been 17 years buying tobacco. I've invested around \$648,000.00 for my own account as an independent tobacco buyer. No a knowledge of tobacco is part of my business equipment. I've smoked Luckies for 8 years now because I'm convinced that the tobacco Lucky Strike buys gives me the best smoke for my money.

WILLARD: And the third judge -

(SOUND: WOODEN HAMMER)

WILLARD: Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.

BOONE: (CHANT ... ~~THREE~~<sup>8</sup> SECONDS) As a tobacco auctioneer I've chanted that same chant at tobacco markets in Georgia, ~~South Carolina~~, North Carolina and <sup>Kentucky</sup> Tennessee. I've sold more than 18 million pounds <sup>last season</sup> ~~this year~~ and <sup>I've</sup> ~~the~~ seen Lucky Strike get the prettiest tobacco at the auctions. That's why I ~~the~~ smoke <sup>myself</sup> Luckies ~~ever since~~.

WILLARD: Warehousemen, buyers, auctioneers — yes, they represent the highest court in Tobaccoland. That's why Lucky Strike believes you, as a smoker will be interested in this fact ... Sworn records show that among these independent tobacco experts Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined.

(SOUND: WOODEN HAMMER)

WILLARD: Sworn records show that with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one.

(ORGAN: "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN")

THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

*All the characters in this dramatization are purely fictitious and represent no living persons. Any similarity to living persons is purely coincidental.*

*The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program is Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Ky.*

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

BUDDY CLARK SHOW

WOR

April 13th, 1938

6:45 - 7:00 PM

WILLARD: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

BOONE: (CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 38  
2nd Sale ... 31 - 36  
3rd Sale ....34 - 39

WILLARD: Naturally the independent tobacco experts, like the auctioneer you just heard, know who buys what tobacco ... with these experts - "with men who know tobacco best -- it's Luckies, two to one!"

(ORGAN: "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" ... FADE UNDER ANNOUNCEMENT)

WILLARD: Lucky Strike presents a brand new program -- with Buddy Clark, America's newest singing star. It will come to you over this station three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at this same time, and is presented by the makers of Lucky Strike cigarettes.

(HAPPY DAYS THEME UP AND OUT)

WILLARD: When you buy any product, you have a right to know ... "Is this product made of the best material? Is it basically good?" Now we have two answers to that question as regards Luckies. The first you heard just a moment ago ... The men who know tobacco best -- independent experts like the auctioneer -- smoke Luckies two to one. And we want you to realize that this is not a claim but a fact. Sworn records show that, among these independent experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined ... So there is our first answer to the question: "Are Luckies made of the best material? Are they basically good?" Perhaps you can guess the second answer yourself, for it is the best answer of all for any product. Buy a carton of Luckies today ... try them for a week and let your taste tell you why. The men who know tobacco best, smoke Luckies two to one.

(ORGAN: SPECIAL THEME UP & FADE FOF)

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WILLARD: And now \_\_\_\_\_ with Buddy Clark as Jimmy Clayton, the hero of our story, who has come to New York to study singing. Attracted by the advertisement for Mrs. Donovan's boarding house in the west seventies which says "Vocalizing and Practicing Permitted from 9:00 AM to 12:00 PM" Jimmy rented a room there, a room which he is to share with another of Mrs. Donovan's boarders -- Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi, whom he has not met yet.

It is later that evening just before dinner and Jimmy is awaiting the appearance of his new roommate ...

ROCCO: (OFF .. SINGING LUSTILY SEVERAL PHRASES FROM "LARGO IL FACTOTUM")  
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)  
ROCCO: (STOPS IN MIDDLE OF SONG ... SHORT PAUSE) Hah! Good evening. (HE HAS VERY SLIGHT TRACE OF ITALIAN ACCENT)  
JIMMY: Why ... er ... good evening!  
ROCCO: (SARDONICALLY) It was a good evening ... or was it ... is it not?  
JIMMY: Why ... yes ... I guess it is ... or was ...  
ROCCO: Hah! So - you guess it was. Tell me before I call the police and have you thrown out -- who are you ... a stranger ... what are you doing in my room?  
JIMMY: Well ... Mrs. Donovan .. that is ... Well, as far as that goes, what are you doing in my room?  
ROCCO: Mama mia! Your room!  
JIMMY: Well ... half of it. Say, are you Mr. Spatafaculi?  
ROCCO: That depends.  
JIMMY: Depends -- on what?  
ROCCO: On whether you are here from my tailor -- the loan office, or ... Who are you?  
JIMMY: I'm supposed to share this room with you -- that is, I was supposed to share it.

ROCCO: What do you mean 'was?'

JIMMY: Well .. I'm a little bit particular about whom I share a room with.

ROCCO: Particular? Splendid! Good! Then ... I accept you. If you are particular, it is perfect, because no one who is not particular can share the same room with Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi ... My hand.

JIMMY: Okay.

ROCCO: But wait. Do you like ... cats?

JIMMY: (WITH A SMILE) Oh ... you mean the ones that sleep in the piano there? Why - sure ... I like cats ... I like all animals.

ROCCO: Good! But I did not get your name.

JIMMY: Jimmy Clayton.

ROCCO: Jeemy! That is a good name ... You may call me Rocco. Now tell me ... you like music, no?

JIMMY: Well sure I do ... that's why I'm here in New York.

ROCCO: What do you play?

JIMMY: Well I ...

ROCCO: What instrument?

JIMMY: Well, I don't play any instrument. I fiddle around a little bit on the piano when I accompany myself.

ROCCO: Oh. So you are a singer, eh?

JIMMY: Well ... I'm trying to be a singer.

ROCCO: Let me see your larynx.

JIMMY: My what?

ROCCO: Open your mouth.

JIMMY: (WITH MOUTH OPEN) All right.

ROCCO: Hm! Not bad ... but considerably undeveloped. Come over to the piano — there are other ... and better ... tests.

JIMMY: Tests for what?

ROCCO: For singing, of course. (STRIKES SEVERAL HEAVY CHORDS ... STOPS WITH CRASHING DISSONANCE) My Friend -- I am calling you that because you are about to share the same room with me, therefore I am giving you the benefit of the doubt and calling you "friend." I don't do that with everyone ... Well?

JIMMY: Well ... er ... what?

ROCCO: I just said I do not do that with everyone.

JIMMY: Well sure ... of course ... I appreciate it.

ROCCO: (HE SPEAKS THE FOLLOWING TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF CASUAL PLAYING OF APREGGIOS, RUNS, CHORDS, ETC ... SAGELY ALBEIT SOPHOMORICALLY) My young friend ... although I am not many years your senior ... as a matter of fact I think perhaps I am younger than you are. In actual years I am very young ... (PUNCTUATES THIS WITH CHORD) ... I have lived in this great city of New York for many years ... years whose days were long. I have climbed to the top ... and climbed to the bottom ... I have tasted the sweets of success ... and the bitterness of failures ... I, my friend, have been in New York City ... for 10 years.

JIMMY: Gee ... did you come over from Italy just ten years ago?

ROCCO: That's right. (PUNCTUATE WITH CHORD ... CONTINUES PLAYING) But what I am trying to tell you is that I know life. (CHORD ... CONTINUES PLAYING) And I am offering you ... free ... gratis ... and for nothing the benefit of all my experience.

JIMMY: That's very nice of you, Mr. Spatafaculi -- er ... Rocco. I appreciate it.

ROCCO: So ... you want to sing.

JIMMY: Well yes ... that's what I came here for.

ROCCO: What is your range?

JIMMY: Well ... I'm not sure.

ROCCO: You call yourself a singer and you are not sure of your range! Lis-

ten -- my range is from here ... (HITS NOTE) ... to here. What do you think of that?

JIMMY: Well ... I think that's pretty good.

ROCCO: Pretty good! You bet it is pretty good. My friend ... my grandfather, Garibald Spatafaculi, had a range from here ... (HITS NOTE) ... to here (PIANO) ... and some day I will exceed even that! The Spatafaculi's have had better than three octave ranges for seven hundred years! Now ... I'm going to test you with a very simple song that little babies can sing in Italy ... First I show you how. (SINGS CHORUS OF TOSELLI'S SERENADE FINISHING ON SUSTAINED HIGH NOTE ... DOESN'T SING IT TOO WELL BUT NOT TOO BADLY) How is that?

JIMMY: Gee - that's swell!

ROCCO: Of course. I know that -- but it is you who are being tested ... not Spatafaculi ... Come on ... (STRIKES OPENING ARPEGGIO) You know this song, of course ... or do you?

JIMMY: Well I ... I know the tune but I'm not - sure - about the words ...

ROCCO: Never mind the words ... let me hear the la-la-la ... Come on.

JIMMY: Do you mind if I accompany myself?

ROCCO: No of course not. Come on --

JIMMY: All right. (JIMMY SINGS SWING CHORUS OF TOSELLI'S SERENADE ... INTERPOLATING HOT LICKS.)

ROCCO: No ... no ... no! (RISING CRESCENDO) Sangue do potato!

JIMMY: Well -- gosh ... I'm sorry.

ROCCO: You are sorry! You are sorry! Do you know what you have done? Even my three cats - look at them - Figaro, Pagliacci, and Lucia - they are all hiding under the bed! Even my cats recognize the ultimate in sacrilege! You have insulted my three cats ... you have insulted the entire Italian people .. and me too! Forgive me if I leave you. I must go out and walk under the sky ... under the

stars ... and try to forget ...

JIMMY: Well ... wait a minute ... It's cold out tonight. You'd better take your coat.

ROCCO: What do I care for coats? What difference does it make? I thought I had found a friend ... a lover of music.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

ROCCO: Who is there?-

BETTY: (OFF) It's me, Rocco ... Betty.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCCO: Oh Betty ... come in ... come in. I want you to meet my very dear friend -- my new roommate. Miss Bruce ... Mr. Clayton.

BETTY: How do you, Mr. Clayton?

JIMMY: How are you -- It's a pleasure.

ROCCO: Miss Bruce lives on this floor also ... She is not a musician but she is studying painting with the Art Students League. She is a person with a very sympathetic soul ... who loves good music.

JIMMY: You mean -- you're an artist?

BETTY: Well ... not yet ... but some day I hope to be one.

ROCCO: And some day she will be one ... because the fire of ambition is always a bright flame in the life of Miss Betty Bruce. Is that not true, Betty?

BETTY: You make it sound very dramatic, Rocco - but I'm afraid you're exaggerating.

JIMMY: Oh now ... I'm sure he's not .. that is ...

BETTY: What makes you so sure?

JIMMY: Oh well ... I didn't mean ...

ROCCO: Betty - I'm going to tell you a very sad thing about this young man. He has just broken my heart.

BETTY: No!

ROCCO: But yes ...He tells me he comes here to be a singer so I think how nice it is to find someone who loves music and who is also going to be my roommate. We sit down to the piano and you know what he does to the Serenada di Toselli?

BETTY: Why yes ... I heard what he did to it?

ROCCO: Then you heard it?

BETTY: Yes -- that's why I knocked on the door. He woke that old tune up and brought it to life.

JIMMY: Well .. thank you ...

ROCCO: Sangue de potato! I am surrounded by philistines!

BETTY: You're a fine one to talk about philistines ... you with that dance band of yours.

JIMMY: Have you got a dance band?

ROCCO: Please ... please do not mention it.

BETTY: Of course he's got a dance band. That's the way he makes his living - so don't you fall for his line about the sacredness of classical music.

JIMMY: How many pieces have you got in your band?

ROCCO: From eight to fifteen ... depending ...

JIMMY: Depending?

ROCCO: Depending on how many of them have their instruments out of the pawn shop.

BETTY: (LAUGHS) Never mind, Rocco ... some day you'll be a great singer and won't have to bother with dance bands ... But tell me, Mr. Clayton ... what do you do besides swing Toselli's Serenade?

JIMMY: Oh, I didn't mean to swing it. As a matter of fact ... I came to New York to study voice -- that is .. to learn how not to swing opera.

BETTY: Oh!

ROCCO: To learn how not to swing opera! Can you imagine such a thing!

How could you learn to swing it in the first place!

BETTY: Never mind, Mr. Clayton...I think you have a grand voice...

JIMMY: Well - thank you but I don't see how you can say that when you haven't ...

BETTY: I know...I haven't heard you really sing, but that's what I came in here for ... so ... well ... do you mind?

JIMMY: Of course not ... but ...

BETTY: Oh, please .. go on ... sing anything.

JIMMY: But .. Why sure .. that is .. do you really want me to?

BETTY: I really do.

JIMMY: Okay. (TO LIGHT ACCOMPANIMENT WHICH HE IS SUPPOSED TO PLAY. SINGS "MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF YOU" ... JUST ONE CHORUS)

ROCCO: (WHEN SONG IS OVER) Hm! That is fine, Jeemy ... I think you got something there.

BETTY: I know you've got something there!

(ORGAN: THEME)

WILLARD: And so Jimmy Clayton meets his roommate and another lodger at Mrs. Donovan's Boarding House. (PAUSE)

What is the most that you can ask of a cigarette? Well, Lucky Strike's answer is simply -- smoking enjoyment, and Luckies are manufactured with that one idea in mind. That is why we buy the choicest center leaf tobacco for Luckies, because we know that its finer flavor will add to your smoking enjoyment. And our exclusive process "It's Toasted" is an extra step we take for exactly the same reason -- because you will enjoy the flavor of that fine tobacco more if certain harsh throat irritants are removed. These irritants, naturally present in all tobacco are not present in Luckies, because the "Toasting"

(MORE)

WILLARD: process expels them -- drives them out. The result is that Luckies are a light smoke easy on your throat. Good to the taste -- kind to the throat -- isn't that just about all you can want in a cigarette? Ask for Lucky Strike -- a light smoke. (PAUSE)  
Don't forget ... this brand new program with Buddy Clark comes to you three days a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at this same time.

(ORGAN: "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN")

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program is Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.

THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

BUDDY CLARK SHOW

WOR

April 15th, 1938

6:45 - 7:00 PM

WILLARD: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

AUCTIONEER: (CHANT) 1st Sale ... 32 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 31 - 36  
3rd Sale ... 33 - 38

WILLARD: Naturally the independent tobacco experts, like the auctioneer you just heard, know who buys what tobacco ... with these experts - "with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!"

(ORGAN: HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN ... FADE UNDER ANNOUNCEMENT)

WILLARD: Lucky Strike presents a brand new program -- with Buddy Clark, America's newest singing star. It will come to you over this station three times a week -- Monday, Wednesday and Friday -- at this same time, and is presented by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.  
(HAPPY DAYS THEME UP AND OUT)

COMMERCIAL #1

COMMERCIAL #1

WILLARD: A few short years ago ... Lanny Ross was an ambitious young singer working for success and happiness ... just like the Jimmy Clayton of our story. One lesson Lanny Ross learned early was the importance of taking care of his throat. Because he learned this lesson ... and learned it well ... Lanny was able to win his way to success and happiness. And on his climb to the top ... Lucky Strike cigarettes were his constant companions! Lanny says ... "I began to smoke Luckies way back when I was a member of my college Glee Club. It's a real comfort whether or singing or not, to know they'll be easy on my throat." Now what Lanny Ross says proves a good deal ... for remember, Lanny's voice and throat are under the constant strain of an active singing career. And since he finds Luckies easy on his throat, they surely will be easy on your throat, too. So follow his example ... ask for Lucky Strike ... the only cigarette that offers you the throat protection of the process "It's Toasted."

WILLARD: And now ... \_\_\_\_\_ starring Buddy Clark as Jimmy Clayton, the hero of our story who has come to New York to study voice and has taken a room in Mrs. Donovan's boarding house which he shares with another of Mrs. Donovan's musical boarders, one Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi. It is after dinner that same evening and the boys of Spatafaculi's dance band are gathered for rehearsal in Jimmy's and Spatafaculi's room ...

(SOUND: FADE IN AD LIE MUSICIANS TALKING IN BACKGROUND ... SLIGHT CLATTER OF CHAIRS AND RACKS ... TUNING OF INSTRUMENTS ... SUBDUED THROUGHOUT SCRIPT)

JIMMY: Gosh, Mr. Spatafaculi ... why, you've got a big band.

ROCCO: Yes, Jimmy -- far too many tonight to crowd into this room ... (RAISES VOICE) Boys! Boys! Please! And use the ashtrays ... Sangue de potato! Who dropped that cigarette in the piano.

JIMMY: I'll get it, Mr. Spatafaculi. There ... it didn't hurt anything.

ROCCO: Madre mia! To think that I ... Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi ... am the leader of this herd of musical goats!

JIMMY: Goats?

ROCCO: Yes, goats. How many of them do you think have any appreciation or understanding of opera?

JIMMY: Well -- opera's allright, I guess ... but you can't make a whole meal out of... well ... soup, for instance. People like pie, too.

ROCCO: Soup! So you think opera is soup.

JIMMY: Well, opera could be soup and popular music could be pie. I mean ..

ROCCO: Why could not the opera be pie and the popular music the soup? It sounds more like soup.

JIMMY: Well then ... roast beef. It's just a ... well .. a figure of speech.

ROCCO: Now that is more like it. Opera is roast beef. Popular music is pie ... But listen to me, Jimmy. The thing I am trying to tell you is people eat too much pie! And I ... a grandson of Garibaldi Spatafaculi ... have to sing the chorus for this pie. I am the a la mode on top of the piece of pie! Me ... a Spatafaculi!

JIMMY: Well ... gee ... I think it would be great ... I mean ...

ROCCO: Good! Then you do it.

JIMMY: You mean sing in ... in your band?

ROCCO: Why not? You like it. You do it. I don't like it. I don't do it. We both happy then.

JIMMY: Why ... certainly ... that is, if you really want me to.

ROCCO: If you were sitting on a red hot stove and somebody wants to take your place ... why not?

JIMMY: (LAUGHS) Well ... sure ... I'd be glad to.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSERS)

BETTY: (FADING IN) Rocco!

ROCCO: Oh ... hello Betty. (HE IS IN LOVE WITH HER) Miss Bruce ... may I present Mr. Jimmy Clayton ... my roommate ... and also the person who is going ~~how~~ to sing in my band.

BETTY: How do you do, Mr. Clayton. And congratulations, Rocco. Gail tells me that Mr. Clayton has a very beautiful voice.

JIMMY: Gee ... did ... did she say that?

BETTY: Yes ... and that's not all she said so I decided to come over and investigate this paragon of beauty and musical genius.

ROCCO: Oh now Betty ... don't do that. Look how you are making him blush. He looks like a firecracker which is going to explode.

BETTY: I'm sorry ... but all joking aside, Gail Foster is very much impressed with you ... and as far as I can see she hasn't exaggerated in the least.

ROCCO: Well, Betty ... first wait and hear him sing. He is going to furnish the apple pie for the musical meal ... Now you go way over there in the corner and sit in that big chair. You can hear better if you are not so close to us.

BETTY: All right ... (FADES SLIGHTLY OFF) Your audience is here ... so strike up the band.

ROCCO: (RAISES VOICE) All right, boys ... we'll do number 74 ... and see if you can play it ~~this~~ time so the publishers will recognize it. (LOWERS VOICE ... TO JIMMY) Here is a lead sheet ... Now listen, Jimmy ... remember who our audience is ... So sing this song as if you meant it ... every word of it ... for Miss Betty Bruce ... because you see, Miss Betty Bruce and me ... well ... sing it for me to her. You see?

JIMMY: Well I ... I think I do ... I'll do the best I can.

ROCCO: (RAISES VOICE) All right ... on the downbeat.

("LOVE WALKED IN (2 CHORUSES) . . . . . JIMMY & ORCHESTRA)

BETTY: (APPLAUDS) (FADES IN) Oh, that was splendid, Mr. Clayton!

JIMMY: Thank you ... but gosh ... I wish you wouldn't call me "Mr. Clayton." Everybody calls me Jimmy.

ROCCO: Just a minute now ... not too fast ... I don't care if Miss Gail Foster calls you Jimmy ... but ...

JIMMY: Gosh ... I didn't mean ...

ROCCO: Miss Bruce is the young lady across the hall who plays the harp ... the classical harp ... and although you are here to study the opera, I don't think you are one of us ... that is, in your heart.

BETTY: Oh, don't be silly, Rocco! A person can love the opera and popular music, too.

ROCCO: Yes, a person can love both of them but a person cannot sing both of them.

JIMMY: I don't see why not.

ROCCO: You see ... he has no soul.

BETTY: I think you have a very nice soul ... and I think you sing very well, Jimmy.

ROCCO: Sangue de potato! What is this power you have over women. Two minutes after you meet them they are calling you by your first name. After you know them a week what will they be calling you?

BETTY: (LIGHTLY) Well - maybe you'd better wait a week and find out, Rocco.

ROCCO: (SLOW BURN) Betty - you are forgetting ... (TRANSITION) Oh! You are making a joke ... (SIGH OF RELIEF) Then that is different ... Go back and sit down and Jimmy will sing another song for you ... from me to you with love and kisses.

BETTY: All right, Rocco . . . (LIGHTLY, AS SHE FADES) But mind that jealousy ... You're hard enough to get along with when you're nice!

ROCCO: Ah. Tsk! Tsk! Isn't she marvelous, Jimmy? What a sense of humor!

JIMMY: She's ... she's wonderful but .. say ... doesn't Gail ... I mean, doesn't Miss Foosterever drop in at rehearsals.

ROCCO: Never mind ... never mind about Gail. Now you are singing love songs for me to my girl. Your time will come later. (RAISES VOICE) All right, boys -- Number 82 ... And Betty ... listen good .. (LOWERS VOICE) Now, Jimmy ... give! On the downbeat!

(MUSIC: ORCHESTRA GETS OFF TO A SOUR START .. SHARP RAPPING OF BATON)

ROCCO: Boys! Boys! (SLOW BURN) Of all the ignorant .. the stupid .. horrible ... terrible .. terrific ... un .. un .. unmusicianly .. (RELAXES - SAYS VERY SOFTLY) We will now start again, and all of you please play the same number and try to start together ... On the downbeat.

("PLEASE BE KIND" (2 CHORUSES) . . . . . JIMMY & ORCHESTRA)

BETTY: (FADING IN) Well, Rocco .. I think you've made a very important addition to your band.

ROCCO: I think so too. Jimmy - you have a job ... When we get one.

JIMMY: Gosh ... thanks.

ROCCO: But take care ... never let Cantaballo find out about this.

BETTY: Emilio Cantabello!

ROCCO: Yes -- Jimmy is going to study voice under the great maestro himself.

BETTY: Then you're interested in an operatic career?

JIMMY: Well - that is to say ... my aunts are. I mean ..

ROCCO: What do you mean ... your aunts?

JIMMY: Aunt Amaryllis and Aunt Eloise.

BETTY: But I don't understand.

ROCCO: Never mind -- never mind. Jimmy -- do I understand from you that you do not like an operatic career?

JIMMY: Well ...

ROCCO: (CALLS) Boys ... the rehearsal is over ...

BOYS (AD LIB) How come ... what's the matter ... etc.

ROCCO: Never mind .. never mind. I have important business to attend to ... Now please leave at once and break as little furniture as possible in going out.

JIMMY: Why ... what's the matter?

ROCCO: I have the most magnificent idea that any Spatafaculi ever had .. Listen!

(ORGAN: THEME)

COMMERCIAL #2

COMMERCIAL #2

WILLARD: Here is the chant that sold more than <sup>18</sup> 8 million pounds of tobacco this year at tobacco markets in Georgia, ~~South Carolina~~, North Carolina and Kentucky. (CHANT 10 SECONDS) And here is the man behind that chant - the famous tobacco auctioneer - Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky. Mr. Boone has a comment to make about those two words - "Sold American" - with which you just heard him and his chant ... F. E. Boone.

BOONE: Well, it's just this. At the tobacco auctions where I sell to all the cigarette companies, I always have a kind of personal feeling about "Sold American." Because it means Lucky Strike has bought another batch of the kind of tobacco I myself prefer to smoke. I like Luckies because I like the tobacco that's "Sold American" -

WILLARD: Thank you, Mr. Boone. "Sold American" - ~~is the mark of Lucky Strike cigarettes~~ - has come to be a mark of merit at tobacco auctions everywhere. And F. E. Boone is typical of most independent tobacco experts in choosing Luckies for his own cigarettes. Sworn records show that among these independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen - Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Remember this fact when you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. (FADE IN CHANT ... TEN SECONDS) When you hear that chant, remember ... with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!



CLOSING

WILLARD: Don't forget ... this brand new program with  
Buddy Clark comes to you three days a week,  
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at this same  
time.

(ORGAN: "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN")

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on  
tonight's program is Mr. F.E. Boone of  
Lexington, Kentucky.

THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

COMMERCIAL #1 - Buddy Clark Show

Monday, April 18th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 32 - 37

2nd Sale ... 33 - 38

3rd Sale ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Independent experts who see what tobacco is "Sold to the American Tobacco Company" for Luckies, choose Luckies for their own smoking by a huge majority. This is true of famous auctioneers like Mr F E Boone whom you just heard. It is also true of independent buyers and warehousemen, not connected with any cigarette manufacturer. They see the kind of tobacco all cigarette manufacturers buy. So here's a fact that should mean a lot to you as a smoker ... Sworn records show that among these independent experts Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. With men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(Happy Days)  
And Buddy Clark as Jimmy Clayton in a brand new series presented by the makers of Friday Strike Cigarettes.  
(Your Eyes)

ATX01 0214305

Script #4 - April 18th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Last Friday night, Jimmy won a place as a singer in Spatafaculi's band. When Jimmy began to discuss his forthcoming operatic lessons under Emilio Cantabello, Spatafaculi suddenly dismissed the band saying that he had an idea.

It is a few minutes later. Jimmy and Spatafaculi are alone in their room ....

SPATAFACULI: Now we are alone ... at last ...

JIMMY: Yeah , but .... Why are you locking the door?

SPATAFACULI: Because Jimmy ... we do not wish to be disturbed. This is the cross road for your life and for mine, too. Listen, how much money have you got?

JIMMY: Well ... let's see ... Twenty-two dollars and some change.

SPATAFACULI: And that is all?

JIMMY: Well .. up until next week when I get my allowance. You see ... my aunts ....

SPATAFACULI: Your aunts are rich women, huh? They must be or they could not afford to pay for the singing lessons with Cantabello?

JIMMY: Well ... yes ... I guess they are ... but they don't give me very much. Just enough to get by on.

SPATAFACULI: That is exactly the point, my friend. How would you like to be rich?

JIMMY: Well ... I guess everybody would like to be rich.

ATX01 0214306

SPATAFACULI: (QUICKLY) Not too rich ... Listen ...has Cantabello  
ever seen you?

JIMMY: No ... no, he hasn't.

SPATAFACULI: Then he do not know you ... does not?

JIMMY: No.

SPATAFACULI: Wait a minute. I have it here ... (FADING SLIGHTLY)  
... in this top drawer....

(SOUND: DRAWER OPENS AND CLOSSES).

SPATAFACULI: (FADING ON) Here ... here it is ... There ... you see  
this bank book ... Look! Three hundred and fifty five  
dollars and forty-six cents <sup>the 46 is interest</sup> ... Here ... take it.

JIMMY: But what for?

SPATAFACULI: You don't like opera.

JIMMY: Well ... sure ... I like opera all right.

SPATAFACULI: But you just said ...

JIMMY: Well ... I said I liked popular music more.

SPATAFACULI: If you like popular music more then you don't like opera.  
Listen ... tell me ... do you want to study opera  
or do you don't?

JIMMY: But that's what my aunts sent me here for.

SPATAFACULI: That is not answering my question. Do you want to study  
opera or do you don't?

JIMMY: Well ... I wouldn't want to disappoint my aunts.

SPATAFACULI: Aunts! Aunts! Listen ... we are not going to dis-  
appoint your aunts. No Spatafaculi ever disappointed  
an aunt.

JIMMY: Yes ... but ... Mr Spatafaculi - they are not you

JIMMY: (CONTINUING) aunts ... They're my aunts.

SPATAFACULI: But does Cantabello know that?

JIMMY: Know what?

SPATAFACULI: Whose aunt is who ... I mean whose? Listen ... Jimmy ... please don't strain my temper ... This is important. Now suppose I go to Cantabello and I say my name is Jimmy Clayton ... I have come to take my lessons ... what he's going to say?

JIMMY: ~~I don't know.~~ *What?*

SPATAFACULI: He's going to say ... How do you do, Mr Clayton... Then he's going to teach me to sing ... and I'm going to give you these three hundred and fifty five dollars and forty six cents for the lessons.

JIMMY: Oh I see ... but ... but that wouldn't be honest.

SPATAFACULI: Honest! Honest! What has honest got to do with opera ... ~~I mean, ambition?~~

JIMMY: Well, I know ... but after all my aunts are sending me here to New York to ~~complete my musical education.~~ *study opera*

SPATAFACULI: Exactly but you can't make a sow's purse out of a silk ear!

JIMMY: Well ... I know what you mean but ... but I wouldn't ... well, my aunts are spending a lot more money than this for my lessons and besides ... why ... why it would be the same as stealing ... I wouldn't ... couldn't take your money, Mr Spatafaculi.

SPATAFACULI: But I will give you more money when I earn it for my orchestra.

JIMMY: Say listen ... you don't like that orchestra of yours ... or popular music ... do you?

SPATAFACULI: The Spatafaculi's have but one love ... For twenty-six generations the Spatafaculi's one love has been la bella opera!

JIMMY: Well now ... if I ... Oh, but you wouldn't want to do that.

SPATAFACULI: Wouldn't want to do which ... What ... when? Come on ... come on ... answer me.

JIMMY: ~~Well ... give me a chance~~ ... Well.... that is ... of course if I had a swell band like yours I ... wouldn't .... well ... I wouldn't have time to study with Cantabello. That is, I think I could get a lot further ... I mean ... I think I'd be happier.

SPATAFACULI: What do you mean?

JIMMY: Well ... of course ... I know it's a pretty big thing to ask ... But ..

SPATAFACULI: Wait a minute ... Jimmy. Don't move, please ... Now look me in the eye ... You mean you would trade me your singing lessons for my orchestra? Now ... take your time ... don't answer too quick.

JIMMY: Well ... do you mean you'd be willing to .. to trade?

SPATAFACULI: Willing? Jimmy .. There ~~are some things~~ you don't joke about and this is both of them ... You are not joking.

JIMMY: Of course not ... that is ... you're not, are you?

SPATAFACULI: Good! The orchestra is yours .. and here is the money.

JIMMY: Oh .. I wouldn't take the money.

SPATAFACULI: Why not?

JIMMY: Well ... you keep the money. When you orchestra's gone you'll need it to live on.

SPATAFACULI: I could live on air if I'm studying under Cantabello.

JIMMY: Well ... if you want to trade .. I'll trade you the lessons for your orchestra.

SPATAFACULI: Jimmy, my friend .. give me your hand!

LILLY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Stop! Mr Jimmy .. stop!

SPATAFACULI: Sangue de potato! Lilly! What are you doing under that bed?

LILLY: (FADING ON) I'm sorry, Mr Spatafaculi ... and I'm ready to take the consequences, sir .. but ..

SPATAFACULI: What are you doing under that bed?

LILLY: Well ... I came up to hear the rehearsal, sir ... and I didn't want to be in the way, sir ... so I hid under the bed, sir ... I hope you don't mind, sir.

SPATAFACULI: Don't mind! Huh! Wait till Mrs Dehoven hears about this.

JIMMY: Now ... wait a minute, Mr Spatafaculi ... I'm sure she didn't mean any harm.

SPATAFACULI: Didn't mean any harm, huh? When I am making the most important transaction of my career! Standing at the cross road of your life and mine ... she throws the monkey wrench into the machinery of our destiny!

LILLY: I'm sorry, Mr Spatafaculi, but .. after all .. I think you're takin' advantage of .. of Mr Clayton an' .. 'im

LILLY: (CONTINUING) bein' a stranger 'ere and us responsible  
for 'im 'n' all ... away from 'is 'ome an' all ...

SPATAFACULI: *Jim* Taking advantage, huh?

JIMMY: (LAUGHS ) Well ... maybe I'm taking advantage of him,  
Lilly ... but that's ... I mean .. it was his own pro-  
position.

LILLY: I know, sir ... but you don't understand, sir .. it's  
'im that's takin' advantage of you, sir ... 'Is orchestra  
ain't worth lessons under the great Emilio Cantabello,  
~~sir~~ ... that is, I mean to say, sir ... it ain't a fair  
trade, ~~sir~~ ... An' I'm sorry, Mr Spatafaculi, sir ...  
as much admiration as I 'as for you, sir ... I can't  
stand by and ... well ... sir...

SPATAFACULI: You are right, Lilly ... You are quite right. Jimmy,  
I let my ambition run away with me. I can't take ad-  
vantage of you like that.

LILLY: Oh, Mr Spatafaculi ... I knew you couldn't. *all right*

JIMMY: ~~Now~~, *W*ait a minute, Mr Spatafaculi. Now, Lilly ...  
please ... maybe there's such a thing as a person want-  
ing to be taken advantage of .. if that's what you think  
it is ... But listen ... Now suppose ... well ... sup-  
pose a man was out in a desert and .. and he was thirsty  
and he had a thousand dollars in his pocket. He'd be  
willing to pay a thousand dollars for a glass of water  
and it would be worth it!

SPATAFACULI: For one glass of water?

JIMMY: Well ... well, what I mean to say is ... well, those



- JIMMY: (CONTINUING) lessons ... I don't want to study opera. I don't think I'd be any good at it and .. I'd like to have my own orchestra ... and maybe I'd be good at that.
- SPATAFACULI: Jimmy, I have the answer. Listen ... I will go study your opera lessons for you. You run my orchestra for me. The money that I make while I am singing Figaro at the Metropolitan Opera <sup>with</sup> ~~and~~ my dressing room is full of flowers and there are so many telegrams on the walls that you cannot see the walls for telegrams ... and telegrams on the floor .. on the table ... flowers everywhere....
- LILLY: (AMESTRUCK) Oh, Mr Spatafaculi!
- SPATAFACULI: Then ... I will take my check book and write a check for all the money that it cost for me to take your opera lessons and we give it to your oh so sweet aunts with a big bonus besides and then everybody is happy. Everybody get what they want and nobody loses any money ... What do you think of those tomatoes?
- JIMMY: Well ... it's okay with me, Mr Spatafaculi.
- SPATAFACULI: And now .. Lilly .. you still think I am taking advantage of him?
- LILLY: Oh no, sir .. not if you're goin' to return the money after you're a success, sir.
- SPATAFACULI: Good. Then we do it. My hand ... and from this minute now ... you are the owner of Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi's novelty dance band.
- JIMMY: And you are the owner of Emilio Cantabello's opera lessons.

SPATAFACULI: Oh, Jimmy ... I am so happy! Oh, Lilly ... I am the  
happiest man in the world ... (KISSES HER)

LILLY: Oh! Oh ... Mr Spatafaculi, please!

SPATAFACULI: Oh, but Lilly ... I had to kiss somebody! I must go  
tell Betty ... I must tell everyone....(FADES SINGING  
LARGO IL FACTOTUM FROM "THE BARBER OF SEVILLE)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES ... CUTS SINGING SHARPLY.

LILLY: Oh, Mr Jimmy ... There goes your career..

JIMMY: There goes his career, Lilly ... and here comes  
mine. Let him have the Barber of Seville ... I'll  
take this.

(MUSIC: (PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT ... FOR "THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY"  
WHICH JIMMY SINGS ... FINISHES SONG WITH RUNNING  
ARPEGGIOS...)

JIMMY: Whoopee! Gangway, world ...here I come!

*Lilly!*

*I only hope ya aint making a mistake*

COMMERCIAL #2 - Buddy Clark Show

Monday, April 13th 1968

ANNOUNCER: And now, sir, will you step up to the microphone ... Your name?

MAN: Smoker.

ANNOUNCER: How do you spell that?

MAN: Smoker -- S-M-O-K-E-R - you know, one who smokes!

ANNOUNCER: Ah, yes, and what can we do for you, Mr Smoker?

MAN: That's the point. That's just what I want to know. Just what does your product - Lucky Strike - offer me as a cigarette smoker?

ANNOUNCER: Well, for one thing, there's the "Toasting" process.

MAN: And what does that do?

ANNOUNCER: It makes Luckies a light smoke. You see, the "Toasting" process removes certain throat irritants that are naturally present in all tobacco. These irritants are out of Luckies.

MAN: Well - that sounds good. But have you proof?

ANNOUNCER: Mr Smoker, I can offer you three kinds of proof of what the "Toasting" process does for you. First, laboratory tests. These reveal what quantities of throat irritants, found in all tobacco, are actually removed by "Toasting" . Second, there is the experience of others. Many of the greatest singers in the world have preferred Luckies for years - people whose voices are their fortunes - like Lauritz Melchior, Richard Crooks, Lotte Lehmann and many others. That's because, as, they themselves explain, Luckies are gentle even to their sensitive throats.

MAN: Then I should think Luckies would be gentle to any smoker's throat.

ANNOUNCER: Yes - and that's the third proof. Let your throat actually demonstrate to you the throat-protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted".

Next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Lucky Strike. (Pause)

(Happy Days)  
This new program comes to you every Monday, Wednesday & Friday at this same time and is presented for your enjoyment by the makers of Lucky Strike cigarettes. Tune in Wednesday for further adventures of Jimmy Clayton Clark

ATX01 0214314

LUCKY STRIKE

"ALIAS SPATAFACULI" - Wednesday, April 20th 1938

WILLARD: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

AUCTIONEER: (CHANT) 1st Sale ... 32 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 31 - 36  
3rd Sale ... 33 - 38

WILLARD: Naturally the independent tobacco experts, like the auctioneer you just heard, know who buys what tobacco ... with these experts - "with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!"

("HAPPY DAYS THEME UP ... AND OUT)

WILLARD: Have you ever listened to the mellow, full-throated tones of a Stradivariou violin? Only Nature herself has created a musical instrument of greater sensitivity and beauty. That instrument is the human throat ... and you may be sure that famous singers like Lauritz Melchior, Lotte Lehmann, and Richard Crooks, treat their throats with as much care as any Stradivariou violin. When it comes to smoking these artists simply can't risk throat-irritation. So it should be of interest to you as a smoker that Melchior, Lehmann, Crooks and many others choose Luckies. The reason: Luckies' exclusive process "It's Toasted" expels certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. These irritants are out of Luckies and so Luckies are a light smoke, easy on your throat. Next time you buy cigarettes, follow the example of the people whose voices are their fortunes ... Ask for a light smoke ... Lucky Strike!

(THEME . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER:       And now Buddy Clark as Jimmy Clayton in "Alias Spatafaculi",  
                  a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday  
                  at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THERE UP ... AND FADE FOR)

ANNOUNCER: Last Friday night, Jimmy Clayton won a place as a singer in Spatafaculi's band. When Jimmy began to discuss his forthcoming operatic lessons under Emilio Cantabello, Spatafaculi suddenly dismissed the band saying that he had an idea. The idea turned out to be one for a trade ... Spatafaculi to take Jimmy's singing lessons in exchange for the orchestra which was to become Jimmy's.

It is a few minutes later that same night ...

QUICK BOARD FADE IN ON JIMMY SINGING "HOW'D YA LIKE TO LOVE ME" .. PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT)

LILLY: Oh, Mr Jimmy .... you mustn't do that, sir.

JIMMY: Do what, Lilly?

LILLY: You mustn't look at me like that when you sing them love songs, sir.

JIMMY: Why not?

LILLY: Oh, sir ... because you sound so sincere, sir ... and ... I know you ain't, sir ... you couldn't possibly be, sir.

JIMMY: (WITH A SMILE) Of course, I'm sincere, Lilly ... I'm in love with everybody in the world.

LILLY: (WISTFULLY) Oh!

JIMMY: But if you don't want me to sing to you any more ... I won't.

LILLY: Oh no, sir! I mean ... please do sing some more, sir ... even if it hurts me, it makes me happy at the same time, sir ... It's like eatin' grapefruit without enough sugar on it, sir ... if you know what I mean, sir ...

SPATAFACULI: (CONTINUING) name is Jimmy Clayton.

JIMMY: Well ... well, sure.

SPATAFACULI: Then what becomes of Spatafaculi? If I become Jimmy Clayton?

JIMMY: Well ... you don't really ... I mean, it's just ...

SPATAFACULI: But there can't be two Jimmy Claytons and no Rocco Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: Well no ... I suppose not.

SPATAFACULI: There is only one way out ... You must become Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi. I must become Jimmy Clayton.

LILLY: Oh but Mr Spatafaculi ... that ain't legal!

SPATAFACULI: Why not? I'm not stealing his name. He's not stealing mine. We are giving each other each other's names.

JIMMY: Sure ... I mean, after all, what's a name?

LILLY: "A rose by any other name would smell as swell..."

SPATAFACULI: What?

LILLY: Shakespeare, sir.

SPATAFACULI: What are you talking about, Lilly? He's dead.

LILLY: I know, sir .. I was only quotin' 'im, sir.

SPATAFACULI: Well don't do it. Where was we ... were we?

JIMMY: Well ... we ... we've decided ... I mean ... that is ... you've decided that we'd have to change names.

SPATAFACULI: Exactly! Do you think you can do it?

JIMMY: I don't see why not. After all ... it's my name.

SPATAFACULI: That is not what I mean. Do you think you will be able to live up to the name of Spatafaculi?

JIMMY: Well ... I ...

LILLY: I don't imagine it will be 'arder, sir ... than you livin' up to the name of Mr Jimmy Clayton, sir ... After all, sir ... what will Mr Cantabello think when 'e 'ears you wiv that accent of yours?

SPATAFACULI: Accent? Are you accusing me for having an accent?

JIMMY: Well, Rocco ... you have a slight ... well, a little accent.

SPATAFACULI: Oh ... you mean my brogue.

JIMMY: Yes ... you might call it that.

SPATAFACULI: Poof! That is nothing. I will tell him I had an Italian mother.

JIMMY: Yes, but my mother wasn't Italian.

SPATAFACULI: But my mother was. So I am not telling any lie.

JIMMY: That's okay with me ... if you think you can get away with it.

SPATAFACULI: Don't worry about me ... What I'm worrying about is are you going to be able to get away with being Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi?

JIMMY: I don't have to get away with it ... I mean ... after all ... all I have to do is just run the band and sing.

SPATAFACULI: But suppose Cantabello finds out that you are Jimmy Clayton and not Rocco Spatafaculi then where are we? Wait .. don't tell me ... I'll tell you ... In the soup!

(SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS)

SPATAFACULI: Please answer that, Lilly.

LILLY: All right, sir ... (AT PHONE) 'Ello ... Oh, just a moment, sir ... I'll see, sir ... (TO SPATAFACULI) It's for you, Mr Spatafaculi.

SPATAFACULI: Thank you, Lilly. Oh ... wait a minute ... Jimmy ... now is



SPATAFACULI: (CONTINUING) good chance for you to practise ... Go on, Mr Spatafaculi ... go answer this 'phone.

JIMMY: But they won't talk with me .. they want you.

SPATAFACULI: What difference does it make. This is a good time for you to get practise being Spatafaculi ... Go on ... go on ... answer it!

JIMMY: Well ... all right ... but I don't see any point in it ... (AT PHONE) Hello? ... Why yes ... this is Mr Spatafaculi ... Well ... just a minute ... (TO SPATAFACULI) He says it's not.

SPATAFACULI: Oh he says it's not, huh? Ask him who is he?

JIMMY: (AT PHONE) Who is he? ... I mean, who are you? ... Come again? ... Well ... just a minute ... (TO SPATAFACULI) He says his name is Malfolio ... Tony Malfolio ...

SPATAFACULI: Oh! My tailor.

JIMMY: Well ... what'll I tell him.

SPATAFACULI: What to tell him? This is good chance to test you out. Tell him anything. Don't tell him nothing. Tell him everything.... but the truth ... Remember you are Spatafaculi ... and a Spatafaculi never hesitates.

JIMMY: (AT PHONE) Oh yes ... well, what do you want, Mr Malfolio ... But I tell you I am Spatafaculi ... ( TO SPATAFACULI) He says I don't sound like it ...

SPATAFACULI: Tell him you have been going to school.

JIMMY: (AT PHONE) You've been going to school ... I mean, I've been going to school ... what? ... Just a minute ... (TO SPATAFACULI) Say ... you'd better take this ... he's

JIMMY: (CONTINUING) talking Italian to me now ...

SPATAFACULI: Tell him to talk English .. this is the United States of America ... Tell him to be an American ... Bawl him out ... Go on!

JIMMY: (AT PHONE) What's the matter with you, Malfolio ... We're all Americans now ... Speak English ... Well, I don't care ... You'll have to speak English if you expect to get anywhere with me ..... Sure, I've been to school ..... Yes, I studied arithmetic ..... Oh, I see ..... well, I'll let you know about that tomorrow ..... Because I can't make up my mind tonight ... Well, because, because I've got things on my mind ... I mean, I'm busy ..... Good-bye ... (HANGS UP)

SPATAFACULI: Splendid, Jimmy! You were magnificent! What did he say?

JIMMY: The last thing he said was that I was "pazzo".

SPATAFACULI: Oh ... he did, huh? You call him right back and bawl him out.

JIMMY: But why?

SPATAFACULI: Because he has insulted me. "Pazzo" means crazy!

JIMMY: That's not very much of an insult ... I mean ... I don't mind.

SPATAFACULI: But I do ... Nobody can call Spatafaculi crazy!

JIMMY: But .. but he was calling me crazy, Rocco ... not you.

SPATAFACULI: Listen, Jimmy ... before we go any further ... there is one thing that must be understood. You are not to drag the name of Spatafaculi in the mud.

JIMMY: Well ... I ... I'm not dragging it in the mud. If you

JIMMY: (CONTINUING) ~~pay him the sixty five dollars you owe him~~  
why ... he'll be all right.

SPATAFACULI: Who owe him sixty five dollars?

JIMMY: You do.

SPATAFACULI: Now ... wait a minute, Jimmy. Did he say, Jimmy Clayton  
owe him the sixty five dollars?

JIMMY: No ... but ...

SPATAFACULI: Are you trying to be an Indian giver ... you trying to  
back down on our bargain?

JIMMY: No ... but....

SPATAFACULI: When you take the name of Spatafaculi ...you take his bills  
along with it.

JIMMY: Oh, now wait a minute ...

LILLY: Well, I should say so, Mr Spatafaculi ... That ain't fair.

SPATAFACULI: Who asked you to butt in, Lilly?

LILLY: I don't have to be asked not to butt in, sir ...whenever  
I see an injustice bein' done!

SPATAFACULI: All right ... So you want to call the whole thing off,  
Jimmy .. is that it?

JIMMY: No ...no, I don't want to call the whole thing off ...  
but I don't know how many debts you owe.

SPATAFACULI: Not very many.

JIMMY: But how about my debts? Are you going to be willing to  
~~assume all~~ of my debts?

SPATAFACULI: What?

LILLY: That's right, Mr Jimmy ... Give it to 'im. What's sauce for  
the goose is sauce for the gander.

SPATAFACULI: How many debts you got?

JIMMY: It'll take me quite a while to add them all up.

SPATAFACULI: Wait a minute, Jimmy ... Now listen ... I've been thinking this thing over ... We take each other's names ... Okay . . . We keep our own debts, huh?

JIMMY: All right ... that suits me.

SPATAFACULI: Sure ... we shake hands on it, Mr Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: Okay, Mr Clayton.

SPATAFACULI: And remember, Lilly ... you are witness.

LILLY: Yes, sir ... but Mr Jimmy ...

SPATAFACULI: What is it, Lilly?

LILLY: I mean ... Mr Spatafaculi ...

SPAT AFACULI: That's you, Jimmy ...

JIMMY: Huh ... er ... oh... yes, Lilly?

LILLY: Do I have to call you Mr Spatafaculi? I mean even . . . I mean ... all the time, sir?

SPATAFACULI: Certainly, Lilly ... It's a good idea for you to get in the habit of calling him Mr Spatafaculi ... And remember, I am Mr Jimmy Clayton.

LILLY: Yes sir ... I'll try, sir ... but ... you'll have to admit sir ... it is a bit confusing, sir.

SPATAFACULI: That's all right. You'll get used to it. And now, Jimmy, my boy ... come with me ... We will go tell the boys in the band about our new arrangement ... and tomorrow night you can have your first rehearsal with your own orchestra, Mr Rocco Fidelic Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: Okay, Mr Jimmy Clayton!

(THEME . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And so Jimmy Clayton alias Rocco Spatafaculi, embarks on his career - the singing conductor of his dance orchestra.

(THEME . . . .CUT)

ANNOUNCER: Down in the little town of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, some months ago, two visitors from the North dropped in to see one of those tobacco auctions they'd heard so much about. And later they met a number of the tobacco experts from the auction. Still later, talking it over together, each man found that the other had noticed the same thing - that the big majority of these experts they had met seemed to prefer one particular cigarette ... Lucky Strike. So, upon their return to the North, they mentioned their observation to an official of the Lucky Strike company. And they asked him if he knew what was the cigarette preference of the whole group of tobacco experts in the country. "To tell you the truth, gentlemen," the Lucky Strike official replied, "we've never really checked up. But we will. And thanks for the suggestion." Well, they did check up ... and here are the results of that survey as shown by sworn records ... Among independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - not connected with any cigarette manufacturer - Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. Over twice as many! Remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. (CHANT TEN SECONDS) When you hear that chant remember ... with independent experts - "with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies, two to one!"

ATX01 0214324

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . . . .)

ANNOUNCER:       Join us again Friday evening at this same time for another  
                  episode in the life of Buddy Clark in "Alias Spatafaculi".

                  The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program  
                  was Mr F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.

Mr. Biagiato

LUCKY STRIKE

MR.  
"ALIAS<sub>^</sub> SPATAFACULI" - Friday, April 22nd 1958

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

AUCTIONEER: (CHANT) 1st Sale ... 32 - 37

2nd Sale ... 35 - 38

3rd Sale ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: One famous auctioneer in tobaccoland is Joe Burnett of Buffalo Springs, Virginia ... Joe has been auctioneering tobacco for seven years. He sells to all the cigarette companies, and is not connected with any. Listen to what he says ...

VOICE: As an independent I can speak my mind. I don't think there's a better cigarette on the market than Lucky Strike. I know for a fact a millionaire couldn't smoke any better tobacco!

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Joe Burnett. Most independent tobacco experts make the same choice of Luckies. Sworn records show that among these independent experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Remember that fact when you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer ... with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1.

(THEME . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias<sup>MR.</sup><sub>^</sub> Spatafaculi", a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes ...

ATX01 0214326

ANNOUNCER: Last Wednesday when Jimmy Clayton won a place for himself as a singer in Rocco Spatafaculi's band, Rocco offered a suggestion which Jimmy accepted very readily. It was an offer to trade names so that Rocco could take singing lessons under Emilio Cantabello, the great maestro, as Jimmy Clayton, and Jimmy ... as Rocco to have complete leadership of the band.

It is later that same night and Jimmy and the members of his orchestra are rehearsing. Lilly, the cockney maid of all work constitutes an enraptured audience of one ...

(MUSIC ... FADE IN ON LAST FEW BARS OF INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS OF "WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK")

JIMMY: That's swell, boys ...

LILLY: (ENRAPTURED) Oh Mr Jimmy ... I mean, Mr Rocco ... Oh dear, no matter 'ow 'ard I concentrates, I can't 'elp thinkin' of you as (RISING INFLECTION) Mr Jimmy!

JIMMY: That's all right, Lilly ... Why, what's the matter?

LILLY: Oh nothink, sir ... I just wanted to express my admiration ... That last number ... it 'as dignity ... and verve, too ... Hit's full of verve.

JIMMY: Thank you, Lilly. I'm glad you liked it, but I think we can get it a little better than that ... Now boys, when you get to my vocal chorus alternate the tempo ... let's take the first four bars ad lib ... then the traps ... pick up tempo on the next eight ... All right, shall we try it? Let's take it from the introduction ... (BEATS AND COUNTS) One ... two ...



(MUSIC ... JIMMY SINGS ONE CHORUS OF "WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK" ... FINISH CLEAR  
... AD LIB APPROVALS FROM ORCHESTRA)

JIMMY: Okay ... that's swell, fellas.

LILLY: Oh, Mr Jimmy! I mean, Mr Rocco! That was much better... I  
mean, it was much more spectacular!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

SPATAFACULI: (FADING IN) Oh Jimmy, my friend ... Such understanding!  
Such brilliance! Such perfect accord ... I am delighted!  
Oh, my friend, permit me to express my gratitude.

JIMMY: Well ... thanks, Rocco! I'm glad you liked it. We've been  
working on it for nearly an hour.

SPATAFACULI: It? My friend, you do not understand. I've just seen him.  
I've only just left him! The maestro ... the great Cantabello  
Himself!

JIMMY: Oh . Cantabello. How'd you makeout?

SPATAFACULI: But I just told you. Such brilliance! Such understanding.  
Such perfect accord between us. He likes me.

JIMMY: Well ... that's fine.

SPATAFACULI: Do you know what he said to me?

JIMMY: Well, no. What?

SPATAFACULI: He put his hands on my shoulders ... both hands, and he looked  
me straight in the eye and he said: "Mr James Clayton ...  
open your mouth."

JIMMY: Yeah?

SPATAFACULI: So I opened it ... and then ... you know what he said?

JIMMY: No.

SPATAFACULI: He said: "You have a throat like the dome in the Cathedral of St Peter in Roma."

JIMMY: (INCREDULOUSLY) No! Gee ... that's too bad.

SPATAFACULI: Too bad! Why, that's wonderful!

JIMMY: Oh ... uh ... then, that's swell, Rocco.

SPATAFACULI: But I am being selfish. How are you getting along with the boys and the career in hotcha music?

JIMMY: Well ... I don't know. All right, I guess.

LILLY: I can tell you, Mr Spatafaculi. They're getting along simply marvelous and although hit ain't exactly hopera, hit 'as hit's definite place in the world of hentertainment. Mr Jimmy ... sing him that one about love ... you know, that you were rehearsin' earlier this evenin' ... the one about the sweethearts...

JIMMY: Oh, but Rocco isn't interested in ...

SPATAFACULI: (BREAKING IN) But yes, Jimmy ... I am!

JIMMY: All right, boys ... we'll do Number Nine again ... by special request of Miss Lilly Wilkins of London, England...

LILLY: Oh ... go on, Mr Jimmy!

JIMMY: Okay, boys ... from Letter A ... Here we go ... One ... Two...

(MUSIC ... ORCHESTRA ... JIMMY SINGS "YOU'RE A SWEETHEART" ....)

SPATAFACULI: Bravo! Bravissimo!

LILLY: Oh, ain't 'e splendid, Mr Spatafaculi? Ain't 'e splendid, though?

SPATAFACULI: You know, Jimmy ... I'm not sure I made such a good trade ... when I traded you that fine orchestra for those singing lessons.

▲ JIMMY: Well ... do you want to trade back?

SPATAFACULI: No, Jimmy ... I am satisfied ... but excuse me, Lilly ...  
this is confidential, please...

LILLY: (FADING) Oh, certainly, sir.

SPATAFACULI: Look ... you see these piece paper?

JIMMY: Yeah ...

SPATAFACULI: It mean tomorrow morning we got to go to court and become  
legitimize each other's name ...

JIMMY: You mean we've got to make it legal?

SPATAFACULI: Sure ... I been talking with a lawyer.....

(THEME . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: So we leave Jimmy Clayton and Rocco Spatafaculi deep in the  
legal entanglements involved in their name changing.

(THEME . . . . . . . . . . .OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Here are three people with three quite different viewpoints  
on smoking. Yet all three have reached the same conclusion...  
Listen ...

WOMAN: I'm a singer. My voice is my living. Naturally, I take the  
best possible care of my throat. Now, I like to smoke, too,  
but I cannot risk throat irritation. So I smoke Luckies -  
because practical experience has taught me that Luckies are the  
cigarette best-suited to my throat.

BOONE: I'm a tobacco auctioneer. I sell to all cigarette companies.  
At the big tobacco markets, I chant the bids and the sales  
like this (10 SECONDS OF CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) Well - I like  
the kind of tobacco that's "Sold American." That's why I  
smoke Luckies.

MAN: Well - I'm just an average smoker. But I don't like throat

MAN: (CONTINUING) irritation any more than a singer does. And I certainly like to know I'm smoking good tobacco. So I took a hint from the singers and the tobacco-men and tried Luckies. And say, they suit my taste and my throat to a "T".

ANNOUNCER: How about you? Surely it's worth your while to try Luckies, too? Remember, only Lucky Strike offers you the finest tobacco plus the throat protection of the "Toasting" process. So try Luckies for a week. Discover for yourself the advantages of a light smoke - a cigarette that is at the same time good-tasting and easy on your throat. Ask for Lucky Strike.

("HAPPY DAYS" . . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: Join us again Monday evening at this same time for another episode in the life of Buddy Clark in "<sup>Mr.</sup>Alias Spatafaculi."

The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was Mr F E Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

LUCKY STRIKE

"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI" - Monday, April 25, 1938.

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 32 - 37

2nd SALE ... 33 - 38

3rd SALE ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: At tobacco auctions for the past 11 years,  
Charlie Belvin of Durham, North Carolina has  
been buying tobacco for his own account. As  
an independent his opinion about cigarettes  
is interesting ...

VOICE: At auction after auction in Georgia and the  
Carolinas, I've seen Lucky Strike buy the best  
grades. That's why I've smoked Luckies myself  
ever since 1928.

ANNOUNCER: Sworn records show that among independent  
tobacco experts, like Charlie Belvin, Luckies  
have over twice as many exclusive smokers as  
have all other cigarettes combined. When you  
hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer,  
remember: with men who know tobacco best,  
it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark as Jimmy Clayton in "Alias  
Mr. Spatafaculi", a new series presented every  
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time

by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

ANNOUNCER: Last Friday Spatafaculi told Jimmy that he had been talking with his lawyer and it was necessary that they legalize their exchange of names. It is now three days later, in the evening, and Jimmy is in his room....

(SOUND . . . . KNOCK ON DOOR)

JIMMY: Come in....

(SOUND . . . . DOOR OPENS)

LILLY: I 'opes I ain't disturbin' you, Mr.....er...  
Jimmy...

JIMMY: Oh...oh no, Lilly.... that's all right.....  
What in the world have you got there?

LILLY: It's a nest, sir.

JIMMY: A nest? Looks more like a box.

LILLY: Well....it is a box, sir...but when I finishes  
puttin' the cotton wool in it and fixes it all  
up cozy-like. it's to be a nest for Lucia, sir.

JIMMY: Oh....the cat.

LILLY: Yes, sir.

JIMMY: Buy why a nest? Why can't she go on sleeping  
in the piano like she's always done?

LILLY: In the piano, sir when...she's about to become  
a mother, sir?

JIMMY: About to become a what!

LILLY: A mother, sir.....Most any day...now, sir.

JIMMY: Well....

LILLY: I 'opes you don't mind, sir.

JIMMY: Now listen, Lilly....I mean...three cats is enough in one room, don't you think...without ....without 'em multiplying like that?

LILLY: It's their nature, sir.....Cats likes large families, sir.

JIMMY: Yeah...but I'm not a cat.

LILLY: But we couldn't....couldn't put 'er out, sir ...not at a time like this, could we?

JIMMY: No, I suppose not....but we're not going to keep them.

LILLY: Oh no, sir....we'll find 'omes for them, sir ....never fret.....There.....I'll put it back under the piano 'ere, sir, where she'll be nice and cozy...and not be under foot.

SPATAFACULI: (FADING IN SINGING "LARGO IL FACTOTUM")  
Hello...what's this?

LILLY: A nest, sir.

SPATAFACULI: Nest?

LILLY: A cat's nest sir.

JIMMY: Lucia's going to have pups...I mean, kittens.

SPATAFACULI: Oh.....Splendid! Lucia! Kitty.....kitty..... where are you?

LILLY: She's down in the kitchen, sir, 'avin' a bit of broth.

SPATAFACULI: Oh...that's marvelous!

JIMMY: Yeah....I guess it is.....Say....isn't that my tie you're wearing?

SPATAFACULI: Sure....how you like it? How you think it goes with this new suit?

LILLY: Oh, Mr. Spatafaculi.....oh, it's beautiful, sir!

SPATAFACULI: Sure....I know that. But wait till you see the other two.

JIMMY: Did you buy three suits!

SPATAFACULI: Sure....I got a special bargain for buying three....all at one time.

JIMMY: Did you pay Mrs. Donovan this morning...for the board?

SPATAFACULI: How you like these lapels, huh? Some points on 'em, huh?

JIMMY: Did you give Mrs. Donovan the board money this morning...the money I gave you?

SPATAFACULI: New shoes, too. How you like those tomatoes -

JIMMY: So.....you didn't pay her.

SPATAFACULI: Oh that's all right. I pay her next week.

LILLY: Oh, Mr. Spatafaculi. Mrs. Donovan won't like that, sir...

JIMMY: And I don't like it very much either.

SPATAFACULI: Sangue de potato! I'm surrounded by misers! How I'm going to be a great success in the Metropolitan Opera Company if I don't have new clothes? You think Tito Schipa goes around looking like a tramp? You think Lawrence Tibbett goes around wearin' old clothes? No. Neither do Spatafaculi,



JIMMY: But I bet they'd pay their board bill before they buy clothes.

SPATAFACULI: Sure....why not. They got plenty of money to do it with.

GAIL: (FADING IN) Oh...here you are...

JIMMY: Hello, Gail.

GAIL: Hello, Jimmy.

SPATAFACULI: Oh Gail....wait a minute....Take one look. Look me over, kid...How you like it, huh?

GAIL: My word....a new suit! Pivot slowly.

SPATAFACULI: You mean turn around?

GAIL: Mm! Consider the lilies of the field...they toil not...neither do they spin.

SPATAFACULI: What do you mean not spin. I spind every cent we got. The board money too....to buy these clothes.

LILLY: Spend, Mr. Spatafaculi.....not spin.

GAIL: Skip it, Lilly.....And why is my little Jimmy looking so gloomy? Have you missed me today?

LILLY: He's gloomy because Mr. Spatafaculi spent the board money.

GAIL: Why don't you tell Mrs. Donovan she wants you, Lilly.

LILLY: Mrs. Donovan always lets me know when she wants me, thank you...without me telling her.

BETTY: (FADING IN) May I come in?

SPATAFACULI: Oh...hello Betty. Sure....Come in....Come in....Look at me. Admire me.

BETTY: Oh Rocco! That's a new suit, isn't it?

SPATAFACULI: How you like it, huh?

BETTY: Why it's....it's very striking...uh - very -  
.....What's this I hear about you and Jimmy  
changing names and having it legalized?

SPATAFACULI: That's right. Jimmy is now Rocco Fidelio  
Spatafaculi. How you like those tomatoes?

BETTY: Well....was it necessary to legalize it?

JIMMY: Rocco's lawyer seemed to think so. You know,  
so we could sign contracts and things like  
that.

GAIL: It's going to be rather difficult to think  
of you as Rocco Spatafaculi, Jimmy.

JIMMY: I don't care what you think of me....as long  
as you think of me.

LILLY: Well....I for one will always think of you as  
Mr. Jimmy....no matter 'ow often you changes  
your name.

BETTY: And I will, too, Jimmy.

SPATAFACULI: Hey....ain't nobody around here going to think  
about me, too?

MRS. DONOVAN: (OFF) I've been thinking about you, Mr.  
Spatafaculi.

SPATAFACULI: Oh...Mrs. Donovan.....er.....hello.

MRS. DONOVAN: (FADING ON) There was a small business matter  
that was supposed to have been taken care of  
this morning, Mr. Spatafaculi. I'm sure it  
must have slipped your mind.

SPATAFACULI: Oh. You mean....the board....huh?

MRS. DONOVAN: That's exactly what I mean.

SPATAFACULI: Oh sure. Well,..er....all right. Jimmy!  
Give Mrs. Donovan board money for this week...  
I take care of it next week.

JIMMY: I haven't got it. I gave you all I had this  
morning.

SPATAFACULI: You see, Mrs. Donovan....You have to wait for  
next week, I'm afraid.

MRS. DONOVAN: That being the case I'm afraid you'll have to  
wait till next week to eat.....and for a place  
to sleep. I'm a broad-minded woman with an  
indefinite amount of patience...but there is  
one rule that is never violated in my house  
and that is the paying of board in cash....in  
advance. It's a business principle that has  
never been violated and never will be....not  
as long as my name is Kathleen Donovan!

SPATAFACULI: Oh...so that's the way you feel about it.

MRS. DONOVAN: (TOPPING HIM) That's exactly the way I feel  
about it!

JIMMY: Did you say your name was Kathlecn, Mrs. Donovan?

MRS. DONOVAN: That I did.

JIMMY: Kathleen! You know.....I think that's one of  
the prettiest names in the world....

MRS. DONOVAN: Never mind the blarney, young man....it'll get  
you nowhere.

(MUSIC . . . . PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT AS JIMMY BREAKS INTO "I WILL

TAKE YOU HOME KATHLEEN".....SONG OVER

MRS. DONOVAN: Ah...lad.....that's a song that poor Tim wooed me with more than thirty years ago....God rest his soul!

JIMMY: He must have been a wonderful man, Mrs. Donovan.

MRS. DONOVAN: That he was, lad.

JIMMY: And if you could see your way clear to....that is until my allowance comes next week....why.... I'll...I'll...

MRS. DONOVAN: Well.....it's the first time I've ever broken the rule.....but see that you bring it to me personally and not trust it to Mr. Spatafaculi. He may be wantin' to buy a new hat!

SPATAFACULI: Oh, Mrs. Donovan...how you can say that to me, Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi!

MRS. DONOVAN: Oh...so it's "how can I say that to you" is it?

LILLY: (SOTTO VOCE) Sing something, Mr. Jimmy... quick!

JIMMY: All right, Lilly....

(MUSIC . . . . PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT TO "THERE'S A GOLD MINE IN THE SKY" . . . .BOARD FADE.

(THEME . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO".

ANNOUNCER: And so a tight situation was relieved by Jimmy Clayton's song to his landlady.

(THEME . . . . OUT.

ANNOUNCER: Wallace Beery, the genial movie star, is a big man and a powerful one. But even Mr. Beery ... and he admits it freely has a soft spot. He

asked recently... QUOTE ... "Can you imagine a 240 lb. fellow like me having a tender throat? Well, that's the truth. My throat takes a beating before the movie microphones." ... END QUOTE. Yet in spite of this constant strain due to his career...Wallace Beery has been smoking Luckies 10 years and finds them - in his own words - "easy on his throat". So surely it stands to reason Luckies will be easy on your throat, too. Now here's why....Luckies' exclusive process, "It's Toasted", removes certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. Then with these irritants out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural flavor of the tobacco. The result is that Luckies are a light smoke, easy on any smoker's throat. Try Luckies for a week. That will give your own throat a chance to prove to you the throat-protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted". So ask for a light smoke - Ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE).

Join us again next Wednesday evening at this same time for another episode in the hectic life of Buddy Clark in "ALIAS MISTER SPATAFACULI".

THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" -

ANNOUNCER:

The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's

program was ~~Mr. J. F. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.~~  
*Mr. Joseph Burnett of Buffalo Springs, Virginia.*

SONG CREDITS.....IF ANY.

LUCKY STRIKE

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI" - Wednesday, April 27th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 32 - 37

2nd Sale .. 33 - 38

3rd Sale ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: The most unique sound in American business is the chant of the tobacco auctioneer! And one of the most unique professions in America is that of the tobacco auctioneer. Experts in their work, these men are respected throughout Tobaccoland, for their ability, their honesty, and their absolute impartiality. So listen to what Dewey Huffine of Reidsville, North Carolina has to say about cigarettes ...

VOICE: I've been an auctioneer for 13 years and in every market I've ever sold in, I've seen Luckies buy the same high grade of tobacco. That's why I've smoked Luckies myself ever since 1917.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr Huffine ... Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts like Mr Huffine - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. With men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark as Jimmy Clayton in "Alias

ANNOUNCER: (CONT) Mr Spatafaculi", a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

Last Monday Jimmy averted disaster in the form of unpaid, past due rent by singing an Irish love song to his landlady, Mrs Donovan. It is two days later on a lazy spring afternoon and Betty Bruce is in her room practicing on the harp ...

(MUSIC . . . . ARPEGGIOS ... GLISSANDOS ... SCALES..)

(SOUND . . . . . KNOCK ON DOOR ... MUSIC STOPS)

BETTY: Come in.

(SOUND . . . . . DOOR OPENS)

BETTY: Oh, hello, Jimmy. Come on in.

JIMMY: Well ... I didn't want to disturb your practising.

BETTY: But you smelled that plate of fudge cooling on the window, didn't you?

JIMMY: Well .. er ... your transom's open and I guess maybe ... maybe I did.

BETTY: Well, sit down ... it isn't cooled yet ... but you'd better close the door first.

JIMMY: Yeah. it might be a good idea ... if all those musicians down the hall smell it why ...

BETTY: ... There won't be enough to go around ... Close the transom, too...

(SOUND . . . . . DOOR & TRANSOM BEING CLOSED)

BETTY: Take the big chair, Jimmy ... Oh, just put the music on the floor.

JIMMY: Well ... er ... go on with your practising ... I

JIMMY: (CONTINUING) like a harp.

BETTY: All right ...

(MUSIC . . . . . FEW PHRASES OF "GOOD NIGHT ANGEL")

JIMMY: Gee ... say! I didn't know you played popular music!

BETTY: I didn't use to.

JIMMY: But I thought you just did ... er .. concerts and things like that.

BETTY: That was before I heard you sing.

JIMMY: Aw ... you're kiddin'.

(MUSIC . . . . . FEW MORE PHRASES OF "GOOD NIGHT ANGEL" . . . .  
(VANPS OPENING)

BETTY: Come on, Jimmy ... let's see how it goes with the harp...

JIMMY: SINGS "GOOD NIGHT ANGEL" . . . SONG OVER)  
Say ... you get a lot of music out of that thing, don't you?

BETTY: Not nearly as much music as you get out of you.

JIMMY: Gee, Rocco wouldn't like it very much if he knew you were playing this kind of music.

BETTY: No, I suppose not ... Do you suppose Gail would like it if she knew you were in here singing "Good Night Angel" to me?

JIMMY: Aw .. she wouldn't care. I mean ... she'd know that it didn't mean anything.

BETTY: (SWEETLY) Would she?

JIMMY: Huh?

BETTY: You're very fond of Gail, aren't you, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Well .. er .. she's .. she's been awfully nice to



JIMMY: (CONTINUING) me .. I mean ... gone out of her way to be friendly ... and all.

BETTY: I wonder if the fudge is cooled yet ... No .. it's still hot ...

JIMMY: It takes a long time for fudge to cool off, don't it .. I mean, doesn't it?

BETTY: Yes, it does ... so while the fudge is cooling, let's play "suppose".

JIMMY: Suppose? I ... I don't think I know it.

BETTY: Not a song ... a game. Now you suppose that I'm Gail and let's see how you'd sing this song...

(MUSIC ... VAMP INTO "IT'S WONDERFUL" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER ... SUDDEN DISCORDANT MUTING OF HARP)

JIMMY: What's the matter? Didn't I sing it all right?

BETTY: Why yes ... Jimmy ... let me congratulate you on your imagination.

JIMMY: Say ... wait a minute ... I .. I don't get this.

BETTY: Weren't you imagining that you were singing that song to Gail?

JIMMY: Oh .. no. I'd forgotten about that. I was just .. just singing it ... But say ... I've got an idea, Betty ... How'd you like to ... Aw, but you wouldn't care to do that.

BETTY: Do what?

JIMMY: Oh I ... I forgot for a minute ... I was thinking how swell your harp would sound in my orchestra. But, of course, Rocco wouldn't let you do it ... even if you wanted to.

BETTY: Do I look like the kind of person who'd let anyone

BETTY: (CONTINUING) stop her from doing whatever she wanted to do?

JIMMY: Gee, Betty ... do you mean ...!

BETTY: Here's an old favorite of mine, Mimmy ...

(MUSIC ... OPENING BARS OF SWEET LEILANI)

JIMMY: Yeah but ... could you ... I mean ... would you?

BETTY: Are you sure you'd want me to?

JIMMY: Oh Betty ... gee...!

(MUSIC ... OPENING BARS AGAIN OF "SWEET LEILANI")

BETTY: Sing it, Jimmy ...

JIMMY: SINGS "SWEET LEILANI" ... JUST AS SONG IS ENDING..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS ABRUPTLY)

JIMMY: Oh ... hello Gail.

GAIL: Nice and cozy, isn't it?

BETTY: Yes ... it was.

GAIL: Apparently ... our classical harpist is becoming interested in popular music.

JIMMY: Yes Gail ... isn't it swell?

GAIL: Is it?

BETTY: Jimmy ... I think I'll accept your offer.

(THEME . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . .)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it sort of looks as though a triangle were shaping up.

(THEME . . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: When you listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer, have you ever noticed how rapidly the bids rise. Listen (FADE IN CHANT ONE SALE) Did you follow? The bids went from 33 to 34 to 35 to 36. Each one of those figures represented a bid

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUING) by some tobacco buyer. That's the reason buyers must be able to judge tobacco on sight. Now down in Middlebury, North Carolina, lives an independent tobacco buyer, Reuben Fleming who purchases a good 100,000 pounds of tobacco a year for his own account. And Mr Fleming has a regular "camera-eye" for tobacco. He can tell the quality of tobacco at a glance. So listen to what Mr Fleming says about the subject he knows best.

MAN: At 9 different warehouses in Henderson, North Carolina this season I've seen Luckies buy the finest tobacco. So, it's natural for me after seeing the most desirable types of tobacco go to Luckies to step up to a cigarette counter and say "Luckies, please." I've been smoking Luckies now for 14 years.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr Fleming ... May I point out that Mr Fleming is an independent tobacco man - not connected with any cigarette manufacturer. And his choice of Luckies is typical of the majority of other independent experts of Tobaccoland. Here is their preference as shown by sworn records: Among these independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Remember that fact next time you buy cigarettes ... with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one! (PAUSE)  
Join us again next Friday evening at this same

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUING) time for another episode in the  
life of Buddy Clark in "Alias Mister Spatafaculi."

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's  
program was Mr F E Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

LUCKY STRIKE

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI" - Script #9

Friday, April 29th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 34 - 39

2nd Sale ... 32 - 37

3rd Sale ... 33 - 38

ALL DONE? ~~OLD~~ SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Tobacco auctioneers sell to all cigarette companies. They're, in the truest sense, independent. So listen to what Roscoe Graham of Greensboro, North Carolina has to say about cigarettes ...

VOICE: I've been auctioneering on the tobacco market for 15 years and at auction after auction I've seen Lucky Strike buy the choice tobacco. Now that's a fact - I'll stake my reputation as an independent tobacco man upon it. I've smoked Luckies myself for 8 years now.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr Graham ... Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts like Mr Graham, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. With independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!

(THEME . . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ATX01 0214348

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark as Jimmy Clayton in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi", a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

Last Wednesday Jimmy, enticed by the smell of

(continued on next page)

ANNOUNCER: (CONT) freshly made fudge from Betty Bruce's room, paid her a visit. While there, he found that Betty had suddenly become interested in popular music and was playing a current tune on her harp. She did so well that he asked her to join his dance band. Betty says she'll think about it but when Gail Foster comes in, her challenging attitude prompts Betty to accept Jimmy's offer.

It is now that same night and Jimmy Clayton alias Rocco Spatafaculi ... is holding a rehearsal in his room ...

(MUSIC . . . . . FADE IN SOUND OF MUSICIANS TUNING UP)

JIMMY: All right, boys ... be careful with it now ...  
Don't knock the top off with that door.

GUS: (WITH EFFORT) Boy, oh boy ... I thought my sax was something to lug around ... but this harp o' yours is really a handful!

JIMMY: I'll say it is, Betty ... (WITH EFFORT) ... I don't see how you move it around.

BETTY: Oh there are always some strong, gallant young men who'll carry it for me.

GUS: Where do you want it?

JIMMY: (WITH EFFORT) We'll put it down in ... front ... here ... There ... that'll do it ...

FRANK: Hey ... what's the idea of the harp?

JIMMY: Miss Bruce is joining the band, boys.

(AD LIB EXCLAMATIONS OF SURPRISE)

FRANK: Yeah ... but wait a minute, Jimmy ... I mean ...

FRANK: (CONT) a harp ... How's a harp going to fit in  
with this combination?

JIMMY: Wait 'till you hear it.

BETTY: Don't worry, boys ... I've learned to swing this  
thing!

GUS: Gee ... what'll Mr Spatafaculi think about that?

BETTY: Mr Spatafaculi hasn't anything to do with it.

GUS: Yeah ... but I thought him and you ... I mean  
you and him ... was ... well ...

BETTY: Nevertheless ... I shall swing.

JIMMY: All right, fellers ... got your music arranged?

GUS: Yeah ... but where's the sax part on this Number  
eighty-six? This here's for a piccolo.

FRANK: What do you care? You won't know the difference.

GUS: Sez you!

FRANK: All right ... all right ... Here it is. Give me  
the piccolo part.

JIMMY: All set, Betty?

BETTY: I ... I think so.

JIMMY: All right ... Number eighty-six ... on the down-  
beat ... A-one ... a-two ...

(MUSIC ... "SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" ... JIMMY SINGS CHORUS & HALF ...  
FIRST HALF OF SECOND CHORUS HARP SOLO ... SONG OVER)

GUS: Say, Miss Betty! You've got a hunk o' something  
there!

FRANK: I'll say she has!

JIMMY: You see, boys ... all you have to do is leave it  
to the old maestro ... When I get through we're  
going to have a band that'll really go to town.



BETTY: Did you like it, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Couldn't be sweeter.

GUS: What ... the harp?

JIMMY: Both ... All right now ... let's try number eighty-seven.

GUS: That ought to be appropriate.

JIMMY: Why?

GUS: Aw ... skip it.

FRANK: I know where you can get a good saxophone player, Jimmy ... if you're interested.

JIMMY: Well ... I might be.

GUS: Aw ... wait a minute.

BETTY: He didn't mean anything, Jimmy.

JIMMY: All right, boys ... "On the Sentimental Side" ... and give it plenty of schmalz ... this has got to have a tear in it ... A-one-a, a-two-a ...

(MUSIC ... "ON THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE" ... JIMMY SINGS)

JIMMY: All right, Betty ... a little hearts and flowers.  
(SINGS CHORUSES ... SONG OVER)

JIMMY: What happened to you over there, Gus? That sax took a note that I never heard before on land or sea!

GUS: Aw ... that A flat jumped!

JIMMY: What do you mean ... jumped?

GUS: It was a fly ... and it jumped just as I started to play it ...

JIMMY: Somebody give him a fly-swatter ... and let's see what we can get out of this next one ... number ninety-two ... All right boys, come on.

JIMMY: (CONT) If we ever get a play date we can't stall around this way with number ... We've got to hit 'em ... A-una, a-dos-a ...

(MUSIC ... "YOU'RE AN EDUCATION" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER)

JIMMY: Boys ... I think we've got something there ... How do you like it, Betty?

BETTY: Oh, I think it's fun.

LILLY: (FADING IN, BREATHLESSLY) Oh, Mr Jimmy ... Oh, Mr Jimmy! Hide 'er ... quick!

JIMMY: Hide who? What's the matter, Lilly?

LILLY: It's 'im, sir ... 'E's comin' up the stairs now ...

BETTY: Oh dear ...

JIMMY: You mean Spatafaculi?

LILLY: Yes sir ... and 'e's heard it! 'E 'eard it the minute 'e walked in the door and 'e stops an' grabs me by the shoulder an' 'e says ... "Is that Betty playin' that 'arp up there with them musical goats?"

JIMMY: Well ... well ... go on..

LILLY: An' I says ... "No, sir" and hit weren't exactly no fib, sir, because I mean they weren't goats, sir. But 'e's got a wild look in 'is eye and 'is fists was clenched an' ... oh, he looked like a mad man, sir!

GUS: (SOTTO VOCE ... QUICKLY) Ix-nay ... ix-nay ... Ataspafulichay!

(THEME . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . .)

ANNOUNCER: What will Mr Spatafaculi have to say about the concert artist turning to swing?

(THEME . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: If Jimmy Clayton is to reach the top as a singer - one thing is certain! His voice and throat must pass the test of constant hard work. Like Jan Peerce, Charles Hackett, Gertrud Wettergren and hosts of other great singers, he will find that taking care of his throat is one of the most important lessons he must learn. These artists naturally do everything to avoid unnecessary throat irritation. So when it comes to smoking, you'll be interested to notice how many of them pick Luckies. Jan Peerce, singing star of the famous Radio City Music Hall gives a typical explanation - QUOTE - "I am constantly rehearsing new shows, new roles ... singing over the radio and singing in concerts. In fact, my voice hasn't had a real rest in years. Yet, even under this strain, Luckies have always shown themselves easy on my throat." END QUOTE Yes ... Luckies are a light smoke, easy on any smoker's throat. And the reason is the exclusive Lucky Strike process, "It's Toasted". This process removes certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. Then, with these irritants out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural flavor of the tobacco. That's why you, too, will find Luckies a light smoke, easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week and let your throat be the judge. (PAUSE)

Join us again next Monday evening at this same time for another episode in the life of Buddy Clark in "Alias Mister Spatafaculi."

(THEME . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's pro-

ANNOUNCER:

(CONT) gram was Mr ~~F E Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.~~

-7-

*Rosetta Burnett of Buffalo Springs, Va*

(SONG CREDITS ...IF ANY)

ATX01 0214355

JAN 1951

ATX01 0214356

LUCKY STRIKE

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI" - Script #10

Monday, May 2nd 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 38

2nd Sale ... 32 - 37

3rd Sale ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: What kind of tobacco is "Sold to the American Tobacco Company" for Luckies? ... Let us refer you to Alf Webster - independent warehouseman of Durham, North Carolina who sells tobacco to all cigarette companies ...

VOICE: Luckies buy the finest line of tobacco offered in my two warehouses. And for many years I've seen Lucky Strike buy this same high grade of tobacco. That's why I've smoked Luckies since 1917. And I think it's why other independent tobacco men choose Luckies, too.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts like Alf Webster, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. With men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME . . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ..CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark as Jimmy Clayton in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi", a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

ATX01 0214357

ANNOUNCER: Last Friday night Jimmy, having succeeded in getting Betty Bruce to join his band as a swing harpist, holds his second rehearsal with Betty as the addition... Just as they finish rehearsal, Lilly; the maid-of-all work rushed in to warn them that Spatafaculi has just arrived and he has heard Betty. She reports that he is coming up the stairs ... looking like a madman ... It is now five seconds later ...

SPATAFACULI: Ah-hanhhh! What kind of practical jokes is this ... Shut up! Don't tell me ... I know! Do you think I am so blind, I can't hear? The moment I open the door downstairs, what do I see ... Don't tell me! I heard it ... The one girl in the world that I trust ... When I turn my back she plays swing music ... on the classical harp...

JIMMY: Well, fellers ... I guess we'd better call of the rehearsal for tonight ... We'll get together tomorrow night ... I think you'd better go now ...

(SOUND . . . . . SCRAPING OF CHAIRS, ETC)

GUS: Well, gee ... Mr Spatafaculi ... after all ... a hot harp's a hot harp!

SPATAFACULI: Gus ... don't speak to me ... please. No longer are you in my band ... but I wish I owned the band again, for just long enough to fire you.

JIMMY: Okay, Gus ... close the door, will you?

GUS: (OFF) Okay.

(SOUND . . . . . DOOR CLOSES)

SPATAFACULI: And now, Jimmy ... you sheep in wolf's clothing! You Judas! You Brutus! You Benedict Arnold! ... You ...you back-bitter ... biter!

JIMMY: Now wait a minute, Rocco ... Take it easy.

SPATAFACULI: The Spatafaculi's never take it easy!

BETTY: That's quite apparent, Rocco.

SPATAFACULI: Never mind, Betty ... This does not concern you.

JIMMY: You're quite off the track, Rocco. It does concern Betty ... and it concerns me ... and as far as I can see ... it doesn't concern you!

SPATAFACULI: Doesn't concern me ... when the woman that I love ... plays in a dance band? When she drags her beautiful harp ... the instrument of the angels ... through the mud of ... Ah ... for once words fail me!

BETTY: Good!

SPATAFACULI: What! Not only are you insulting me ... breaking my heart ... but you are tainting me .. er ... taunting me!

LILLY: Oh no, she's not, Mr Spatafaculi. She's just givin' back as good as you send ... that's all.

SPATAFACULI: Oh ... so you are here, too. Lilly ... what is it that every time I stand at the cross-road of my life ... you are there?

LILLY: I don't know, sir ... unless it's fate, sir.

SPATAFACULI: Fate, bah! Very well! Betty ... go to your room. I want to speak with you.

BETTY: I'm sorry, Rocco ... I'm not in the mood ... and what's more ... I'm afraid I don't like your tone of voice.

SPATAFACULI: Tone of voice? Tone of voice! Who are you to talk to me about tone of voice? Sangue de potato! What can you do with women! I want to fight! I must kill! ... Not you Betty.



LILLY: (FRIGHTENED) Oh, Mr Spatafaculi ... please! Try to control yourself!

SPATAFACULI: The Spatafaculis never control themselves. Jimmy ... it is you who are responsible for this. You who have brought this tragedy into my life ... Now what are you going to do about it?

JIMMY: Well ... what do you want to do about it, Rocco?

SPATAFACULI: In Italy ... when a Spatafaculi is insulted ... he fights!

JIMMY: You mean you want to fight?

SPATAFACULI: Exactly!

JIMMY: Well ... all right ... If it'll make you feel any better. ... I guess you girls had better go.

BETTY: Oh now Jimmy ... wait. Rocco ... please. You're both acting like a couple of savages.

SPATAFACULI: I am a couple of savages.

BETTY: Well ... I'm not going to leave this room ... and you boys are not going to fight.

LILLY: That's right, Miss Betty. Peace at any price is what I says ... that is, practically any price.

SPATAFACULI: Why are you taking off your coat, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Well ... you said you wanted to fight.

SPATAFACULI: With fists?

JIMMY: Sure ... why not?

SPATAFACULI: The Spatafaculis never fight with fists!

JIMMY: Well ... what do you want to fight with?

SPATAFACULI: Swords ... or pistols ... either one.

JIMMY: Well ... sorry ... we're fresh out of swords and pistols. How about a couple of chairs?

SPATAFACULI: No swords! No pistols! What are we going to do?

BETTY: You're going to behave yourself and stop acting like a child ... and apologize to Jimmy and to me ... and to Lilly.

SPATAFACULI: Apologize! When it is me who has been injured. It is me who comes home and finds the girl he is practically engaged to playing in a dance band.

BETTY: Well ... if the "practically engaged" part is the thing that's upsetting you ... you can forget about it.

SPATAFACULI: What do you mean?

BETTY: I mean that we're not practically engaged and ... for that matter we never have been.

SPATAFACULI: But I thought ...

BETTY: Yes ... and I thought too that I was very fond of you, but ...

SPATAFACULI: But that was before Jimmy came along, huh?

JIMMY: Now wait a minute ...

SPATAFACULI: Never mind ... I have my two ears ... I can see what is going on. So ... that is the way the wind blows, huh? Very well ... Betty. You can consider our engagement is finished ... broken off ... through with.

BETTY: But, Rocco ... I've never been engaged to you.

SPATAFACULI: What difference does it make ... If you had been, it it would be over ... How you like those tomatoes?

BETTY: That suits me perfectly.

SPATAFACULI: And now ... please ...leave me. I must be alone with my grief.

JIMMY: All right ... Girls ... we'd better go!

SPATAFACULI: Wait a minute, Jimmy ... Please ... there are a few things I want to say to you.

BETTY: I'm not going to leave, Rocco, unless you promise that ...

SPATAFACULI: Very well ... very well ... I promise I won't hurt him.

JIMMY: You won't hurt me?

SPATAFACULI: All right, all right ... I promise that you won't hurt me. Anything ... but Lilly ... Betty ... please go ... go away.

BETTY: All right, Jimmy ... I'll see you later.

JIMMY: Right, Betty.

(SO UND . . . . . DOOR OPENS)

LILLY: Now, remember ... both of you promised not to fight.

SPATAFACULI: Yes, yes ... Lilly ...

(SOUND . . . . . DOOR CLOSES)

SPATAFACULI: (VERY FRIENDLY) Listen, Jimmy ... tell me ... How you teach her to play swing so quick?

JIMMY: I didn't teach her. I guess she picked it up by herself. I guess she's always had a feeling for it ... And I'm sorry, Rocco ... about everything ... I think I can patch it up for you though.

SPATAFACULI: Patch it up? Listen, Jimmy ... please ... don't ... don't patch it up.

JIMMY: Why ... but ... but I thought ...

SPATAFACULI: Ah, Jimmy ... you know what means this song ...

(MUSIC ... PLAYS ACCOMPANIMENT TO "DONNA E MOBILE" AS HE SINGS  
FIRST FEW BARS...)

SPATAFACULI: That means in Italian ... "woman is fickle" ...  
Listen:

(MUSIC ... PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT AS SPATAFACULI SINGS FIRST SIXTEEN  
BARS OF "DONNA E MOBILE" IN ENGLISH... STOPS ABRUPTLY)

SPATAFACULI: But ... it is fate ... and it is perfect!

JIMMY: What do you mean it's fate? I don't get you.

SPATAFACULI: Jimmy ... you know Emilio Cantabello ... my  
voice teacher?

JIMMY: Yeah?

SPATAFACULI: Ah ... he is not only the greatest voice teacher  
in the world ... but he is the greatest father...  
that is to say ... the most successful father.

JIMMY: Say ... are you sure you feel all right?

SPATAFACULI: Ah, Jimmy ... I never felt better in my life.  
I am the happiest man in the world. I am in  
love! For when I was leaving ... she smiled  
at me!

JIMMY: Who?

SPATAFACULI: Cantabello's daughter! I am just telling you!

JIMMY: Oh. So he has a daughter?

SPATAFACULI: Ah ... he has a daughter. Jimmy ... you should  
hear her sing "Vissi D'Arte" from Tosca and then  
when she takes the dagger and stabs him in the  
back ... Oh, it is beautiful! She's marvellous!  
Oh .. you should see her, Jimmy ... You must  
see her! Oh ... but maybe you must not. No ...  
I think you better not .. Anyway .. she's marvellous..  
bellissima!

JIMMY: What's her name?

SPATAFACULI: Santuzza ... after the opera "Cavaleria Rusticana"  
... what a name ... Santuzza. I call her Tuzzi  
for short.

JIMMY: But I thought you were in love with Betty.

SPATAFACULI: That was yesterday ... Today is today ... (SIGHS  
WEIGHTILY ... THEN)

(MUSIC ..... PLAYS "DONNA E MOBILE")

SPATAFACULI: Come on, Jimmy ... sing with me ...

JIMMY: Well ... it doesn't sound to me like women have  
a monopoly on this fickle business .

SPATAFACULI: What do you mean? Are you intimidating that  
I am fickle?

JIMMY: Oh no ... Nothing like that, Rocco.

SPATAFACULI: Well ... don't ... because Spatafaculis are never  
fickle. Listen, Jimmy ... tell me some good  
love song that maybe I could sing ... You know,  
if Tuzzi gets tired of opera and wants to relax  
a little bit ... tell me some good popular love  
song that would knock her in the eyes, huh?

JIMMY: But I thought ...

SPATAFACULI: Listen, Jimmy ... opera is opera ... but when it  
comes to women, love songs is love songs ... and  
variety is the vice ... the spice of life. Come  
on ... give me one that will make her melt.

JIMMY: Is she a blond or a brunette?

SPATAFACULI: Titian ... you know ... redhead.

JIMMY: Well ... move over ...

(MUSIC . . . . STRIKES SEVERAL CHORDS ON PIANO)

JIMMY: You might try this one on her,... It's on the  
Hit Parade ...

(MUSIC ..... AS JIMMY SINGS "I FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU EVERY DAY"  
... SONG OVER)

SPATAFACULI: Hm! You know, Jimmy ... that's not bad ... But  
I don't think I can get that ... what is it you  
do when you make it kinda go ... nyeh ... your  
voice, I mean.

JIMMY: Well ... that's just rhythm ... or swing. I  
don't know. I guess you'd call it swing.

SPATAFACULI: No ... I'm afraid I can't do it. I'm afraid  
I better stick to opera ... I tell you what I'm  
going to do. You will make a record ... You know  
in this place over on Broadway where for a dollar  
and a half you sing a song and make a record ...  
When you sing, I will speak the words before in  
Italian ... telling how nice she is ... how much  
I like her and all this ... Then you sing quick  
the song and then ... when the song is over, I  
tell her some more things in Italian about how  
beautiful her hair is. Oh, Jimmy ... it is so  
red ... it is like blood on the snow ... it is  
like sunset over Vesuvius ... It is ... oh, it  
is Sauce Marinero on spaghetti ... ivory and red...  
Oh, que bellissima ... Oh Jimmy, you must meet  
her ... you must see her ...!

JIMMY: Well ... bring her up some time, Rocco.

SPATAFACULI: Good. I'll do it. But no ... I will not! Can  
I trust you?

JIM Y:           What do you mean ... trust me?

SPATAFACULI:   Every woman in this house ... every female person  
                  in this house is in love with you ... and you  
                  have only been here a few days.

JIMMY:           Oh ... that's your imagination.

SPATAFACULI:   Ah ... imagination. Listen ... on my way upstairs  
                  a few minutes ago I pass Gail's room and the door  
                  is open and she was lying across the bed crying ...  
                  sobbing like her heart was breaking in millions  
                  of pieces. I ask her why and she said please tell  
                  Jimmy I want to see him ... I got to see him  
                  right away.

JIMMY:           But ... but what about?

SPATAFACULI:   She didn't say.

JIMMY:           Gee whiz! I'd better go see.

(THEME . . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . .)

ANNOUNCER:     Well ... what can be wrong with Gail? And why  
                  is it important that she see Jimmy right away?

(THEME . . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: For struggling young singers ... like our Jimmy Clayton ... the rewards of success may be high, indeed. Those who climb to the top of the musical ladder really do cash in. Take Richard Crooks for example. Four songs bring him \$4,000. So you can see that his voice is worth many, many times his weight in gold. And naturally Mr Crooks does everything to protect his precious voice. He is particularly careful when it comes to smoking. As he says himself. QUOTE "I've got to have a cigarette that doesn't bother my throat. I have smoked Luckies ever since 1920 and they never irritate my throat even after the most strenuous broadcast." END QUOTE. Yes, Luckies are a light smoke, easy even on the sensitive throats of singers. And here's why: Lucky Strike's exclusive process "It's Toasted" drives off certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. These irritants are out of Luckies, and that's why Luckies are easy on any smoker's throat. Next time you buy cigarettes, follow Richard Crook's example. Ask for the only cigarette that offers you the throat protection of the "Toasting" process ... Ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE) Join us again next Wednesday evening at this same time for another episode in the life of Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi."

(THEME . . . . . .. "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was Mr F E Boone of Lexington, Kentucky. (SONG CREDITS . . . . . IF ANY)



LUCKY STRIKE

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI" - Script #11

Wednesday, May 4th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 34 - 39

2nd Sale ... 32 - 37

3rd Sale ... 33 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Do you know why that chant has come to stand for Lucky Strike Cigarettes? ... Because with independent tobacco experts like the auctioneer - with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1 ... But something else will always make you think of Lucky Strike Cigarettes ... the two words "It's Toasted". And the reason is that fine tobacco is only half the story of a light smoke. The exclusive Lucky Strike "Toasting" process, expels certain harsh throat irritants, naturally present in all tobacco. These irritants are out of Luckies and the result is a light smoke, easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week and let your own throat and your own taste decide. Ask for Lucky Strike.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now ... Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ... a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME . . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ATX01 021436B

ANNOUNCER: Last Monday night Betty Bruce had joined Jimmy's band as a swing harpist. During the rehearsal Lilly comes up to warn them that Spatafaculi has heard Betty and is coming up the stairs looking like a madman. When he arrives it is apparent that he is very angry. Jimmy dismisses the band and he and Spatafaculi have a heated argument concerning Betty's addition to the band. Betty, however, takes matters into her own hands and succeeds in preventing a fight. When she leaves, Jimmy learns that Spatafaculi was just putting on an act, that he wasn't really as concerned about Betty as he appeared to be as he is now in love with Cantabello's daughter. Spatafaculi also tells Jimmy that Gail is in her room crying and as he came up the stairs she asked him to tell Jimmy to come to her.

Jimmy is quite concerned and he goes to her room ...

(SOUND . . . . . KNOCK ON DOOR)

GAIL: (OFF) Come in!

(SOUND . . . . . DOOR OPENS)

GAIL: Oh ... it's you.

JIMMY: Yes, Gail. Rocco said you wanted to see me so I ....

GAIL: I did, Jimmy. Sit down ... No ... leave the door open. It looks better, don't you think?

JIMMY: Why ... I ... I hadn't thought.

GAIL: No, I don't imagine Betty thought either when you were in her room singing for her this afternoon.

JIMMY: Oh that! Well, she closed the door on account of

JIMMY: (CONTINUING) the fudge. She was afraid the boys in the band would smell it and ...

GAIL: Of course.

JIMMY: But ... what's the matter? I mean ... Rocco said you were ... you were crying.

GAIL: Did he?

JIMMY: You were crying ... You look like you've been crying.

GAIL: I haven't been crying.

JIMMY: Oh. Well ... I thought you wanted to see me about something ... but I guess I ...

GAIL: You're going out with Betty tonight, aren't you?

JIMMY: Well ... not exactly out. We were going to a picture show. Want to come along? There's a Mickey Mouse.

GAIL: No, thank you. I have a headache.

JIMMY: Gosh ... can I get you something. I've got some aspirin in my room.

GAIL: It might help.

JIMMY: I'll get it right away.

GAIL: I'll come with you, if you don't mind. If I don't get out of this stuffy little room ... I'll ...

JIMMY: Why sure. Come along.

GAIL: Is Rocco there?

JIMMY: No, I don't think so. He was putting on his hat and coat when I left.

GAIL: No ... he's gone out, thank goodness!

JIMMY: Why ... don't you like Rocco?

GAIL: Mr Spatafaculi is all right I suppose ... taken in small doses. Oh ... look at that moon! Oh Jimmy ... do you have to go to the picture show tonight.

JIMMY: Well ... I ... I don't have to exactly but I ... well ... I told Betty I'd take her ... Here ... here's the aspirin.

GAIL: No. No thanks. I don't want any.. My head's better. It's not aspirin I need.

JIMMY: Well ... what is it?

GAIL: Oh I don't know, Jimmy. It's just that I ... Oh don't you know what it is to suddenly feel so all-alone ... so completely alone and lost in this great city?

JIMMY: I don't see how you can feel like that with all the friends you have.

GAIL: Friends! I have no friends, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Why yes you have. Why I ...

GAIL: No ... not even you.

JIMMY: What makes you say that?

GAIL: Shall I tell you?

JIMMY: If you want to.

GAIL: All right I will. But you'll probably think I'm a fool ... and I suppose I am. I broke a date with Travis tonight.

JIMMY: (INCREDULOUSLY) Travis Springs! You broke a date with a millionaire!

GAIL: Yes. Yes, Jimmy. There are more important things

GAIL: (CONTINUING) in life than money.

JIMMY: What?

GAIL: Don't you know?

JIMMY: Well ... happiness, I guess , is more important than money.

GAIL: And what is happiness?

JIMMY: I don't know unless it's doing what you want to do.

GAIL: And that's just what I am doing tonight and what I want to do ... and that's why I broke my date with Travis Springs.

JIMMY: Gee, Gail ... do you mean you'd rather be with me than with him?

GAIL: That's exactly what I do mean, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Gee!

GAIL: Is that all you have to say?

JIMMY: I mean ... gee whiz ... I mean ... gosh, Gail ... I don't know what to say!

GAIL: Don't try, Jimmy ...

(SOUND ..... STRIKE COUPLE NOTES ON PIANO)

GAIL: Sit down here and sing something.

JIMMY: Why sure ... what do you want me to sing?

GAIL: Oh anything, as long as it's tender and sweet ... and you mean it.

(MUSIC ..... PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT ... AS JIMMY SINGS "THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE" .... SONG OVER)

GAIL: You have lovely hair, Jimmy ... It's as soft as a girl's.

JIMMY: Yeah, I have an awful time keeping it combed.

GAIL: Never mind keeping it combed. I like it tousled.

GAIL: (CONTINUING) Sing some more ... please.

(MUSIC ..... PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT ... JIMMY SINGS "I'LL SING YOU  
A THOUSAND LOVE SONGS" ..... SONG OVER ...)

GAIL: Go on ... don't stop.

JIMMY: But ... gosh ... we'll miss the newsreel!

GAIL: Then do stop if you want to.

JIMMY: Well ... no ... I want to sing for you, but what  
will Betty think?

GAIL: I didn't worry about what Travis would think when I  
told him I couldn't see him tonight. Please ...  
just one more. You'll sing for me if you really  
feel the way you look ... when you look at me ...  
Jimmy....

(MUSIC ..... PIANO ... JIMMY SINGS "PLEASE BE KIND" ... SONG OVER)

LILLY: Ahem!

JIMMY: Oh. Hello, Lilly.

GAIL: What are you doing up here, Lilly? Why aren't you  
down in the kitchen ... where you belong?

LILLY: I'm up 'ere in the pursurance of me duties in this  
'ouse'old, Miss Foster, the same bein' to deliver  
a telephone message what just came for you.

GAIL: Is someone waiting on the 'phone?

LILLY: No, they're not. 'E gave me the message. A Mr  
Travis Springs telephone an' said 'e wouldn't have  
to go to Chicago hafter all an' to tell you 'e would  
call for you in twenty minutes and take you to the  
dance, hafter all.

GAIL: Get out of here!

LILLY: Well ... I like that!

JIMMY: That's all right, Lilly. I'm sure Miss Foster appreciates your bringing the message. Would you mind stepping over to Miss Betty's room and asking her if she's ready to go to the picture show?

LILLY: It'll be a pleasure, sir.

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME \$" ....)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks as though Gail Foster put her foot in it that time. Will she be clever enough to explain her way out of that situation? ~~Turn in at this same time Friday night for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi."~~

(THEME ..... OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Have you ever watched a bank teller riffle through a sheaf of banknotes? Every so often, his hand will flick a bill from the pile. Something in the texture, the appearance or the feel of that bill is questionable. Well, a tobacco expert, too, is trained to tell the quality of tobacco at a glance. For example, let us refer you to Mr Arthur C Noell, of Durham, North Carolina. Mr Noell, an independent buyer, has bought tobacco for his own account all through the Bright and Burley belts - Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. And here's what Mr Noell says:

VOICE: One thing is true of all tobacco buyers. We've got to be able to spot tobacco values at a glance. So, I know what I'm talking about when I say that at market after market I've seen Lucky Strike buy the

VOICE: (CONTINUING) best tobacco. I've smoked Luckies for 14 years now.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Arthur Noell. In his choice of Luckies, Mr Noell is typical of most other independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. Sworn records show that among these independent experts - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Remember that fact, when you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. (FADE IN CHANT) When you hear that chant and when you buy cigarettes, remember - with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

(PAUSE)

Join us again next ~~Wednesday~~ <sup>FRIDAY</sup> evening at this same time for another episode ~~in the life of Buddy Clark~~

*7* "Alias Mr Spatafaculi," *with Bucky Clark.*

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was

(SONG CREDITS . . . IF ANY)



LUCKY STRIKE

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI" - Script #12

Friday, May 6th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 38

2nd Sale ... 34 - 39

3rd Sale ... 32 - 37

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: All day long tobacco auctioneers chant the sales to the different cigarette companies ... "Sold American" ... "Sold to Z Company" ... "Sold to Company" ... and so on. So naturally they know the kind of tobacco all the cigarette companies buy. Here is what Bill Currin, ace auctioneer of Durham, North Carolina, has to say about it.

VOICE: I've been auctioneering tobacco 16 years and I've been smoking Luckies at least 15 years. So you can see it didn't take me long, after I began watching tobacco sales at auction, to decide on Luckies for my own cigarette.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Bill Currin. Independent experts like Mr Currin - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - see who buys what tobacco. And sworn records show that among these experts - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. With men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now ... Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi"...

ATX01 0214376

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUING) a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME . . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Last Wednesday, Gail attempted to make Jimmy break his date with Betty and would probably have succeeded had not Lilly spoiled things by delivering a message to Gail that the boy with whom she had had a date could make it after all. It is now the following night and Jimmy is rehearsing his orchestra.

JIMMY: All right, boys ... let's try that again. What's the matter, Gus?

GUS: It's hot in here, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Well open the window. It's not late.

VOICE: I'll get it.

(SOUND ..... WINDOW BEING OPENED)

JIMMY: Is that too cool for you, Betty?

BETTY: No, Jimmy. It feels good.

JIMMY: All right. All together now ... One ... two ...

(MUSIC ..... "HOWJA LIKE TO LOVE ME" ... JIMMY SINGS .. SONG OVER)

JIMMY: That's a lot better.

(SOUND ..... KNOCK ON DOOR)

LILLY: Excuse me for interruptin', Mr Jimmy ... but you've a gentleman caller.

JIMMY: Me?

LILLY: Yes, sir. That is ... 'e wants to see Mr Spatafaculi, sir.

JIMMY: Well ... but Mr Spatafaculi isn't here.

LILLY: Oh, but you are, sir ... I mean, it's you that 'e wants to see. 'E was passin' by and 'e 'eard the orchestra playin' and 'eard you singin' and so he stopped in and wanted to know 'ose orchestra it was.

JIMMY: Does he look like a policeman?

LILLY: Oh no, sir. 'E's most distinguished-lookin', sir. 'N' so I told 'im it was Mr Spatafaculi's Novelty Dance Band and 'e gave me 'is card, sir. Hit's hengraved, sir ... feel of it.

JIMMY: (READS) Colonel Lucius B Fortescue ... New York .. London ... Paris ... Berlin ... and Moscow. Mm! I wonder what he wants.

GUS: Probably a song-plugger.

JIMMY: A colonel? No ... a colonel wouldn't be a song-plugger.

GUS: You'd be surprised.

JIMMY: Did he say what he wanted?

LILLY: 'E said 'e would like to 'ave the honor of meetin' you, sir.

JIMMY: All right ... run him up. He can't do any more than arrest us for disturbin' the peace.

LILLY: Oh you ain't been disturbin' the peace, sir. I was out on the front steps listenin' to you and it was beautiful, sir ... comin' out the window there, sir. But ... I'll go fetch 'im at once, sir. (FADES)

JIMMY: What do you make of this card, Betty?

BETTY: I don't know. It's rather large, isn't it?

JIMMY: It's got to be to get all those cities on it.

GUS: Maybe it's a date.

JIMMY: I don't think so. People wouldn't be hiring orchestras just because they heard them when they were passing by.

BETTY: Well ... I don't know. It could ... it could happen.

LILLY: (CLEARS THROAT) Ahem! ... Step this way, sir.

COLONEL: Well ... well ... well. So this is Mr Spatafaculi. My boy ... permit me to congratulate you and at the same time offer my hand. The name is Fortescue ... Lucius B Fortescue. Don't tell me that that cascade of golden melody which but a moment ago I heard emanating from your window flooding the summer night with rhythmic revelations of abounding beauty was produced by this small and select group of eminently superior artistes!

JIMMY: Huh? Er ... I beg your pardon?

COLONEL: Come, come, my boy ... you're modest ... and your modesty is but a silver cloak which ill conceals the artistic achievements of which you are capable. May I sit down?

JIMMY: Why ... why, certainly.

COLONEL: My reason for impinging myself upon your hospitality is twofold; first, my boy ... I'm a romanticist and there is romance in your music. Don't deny it. Second, I have the good fortune to

COLONEL: (CONTINUING) be the sole owner and proprietor of La Chez Des Immortelles with which you are no doubt familiar.

JIMMY: Well ... to tell you the truth ... I'm a stranger here. I mean ... I haven't been in New York long.

GUS: Oh ... that's a clip joint over on Bleeker Street, Jimmy ... I mean, Rocco.

COLONEL: Sir!

JIMMY: A clip joint?

BETTY: He means ... a night club, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Oh.

GUS: I thought that La Chez des Immortelles belonged to Nick Prepostodopolous.

COLONEL: Your information is accurate up to a point ... but it is not current. I have but this day acquired title in full to La Chez Des Immortelles from Mr Prepostodopolous.

JIMMY: You mean you bought it?

COLONEL: Exactly, young man. Therefore, we come to the crux ... or shall I say ... reason ... for my presence here.

BETTY: You mean you ... you want to hire this orchestra?

COLONEL: Perhaps. Who knows? But if it sounds as good close up as it does far away ... perhaps we might come to an agreement.

JIMMY: Well ... would you ... would you like to hear something?

COLONEL: It will be a pleasure, young man ... a pleasure .. I hope.

JIMMY: All right, boys ... let's do Number fifty-two ...  
(MUSIC ..... FOR "LOVE WALKED IN" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER)

COLONEL: Splendid! Splendid! Bravo! Ah ... music ... that sudden alchemist that in a trice life's metal into gold transmutes! What else do you know?

JIMMY: Well ... we play about everything ... that is ... nearly everything.

COLONEL: One moment, my boy ... while I search the treasures of my memory for something rare and beautiful ... That's it ... "So Rare". Do you know that?

JIMMY: Oh sure. That's one of my favorites.

GUS: We ain't got the music.

JIMMY: You don't need the music ... We've played it enough ... Fake it ...

(MUSIC ..... FOR "SO RARE" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER)

COLONEL: Mr Spatafaculi ...

LILLY: (SOTTO VOCE) Psst! He's talkin' to you, Mr Jimmy.

JIMMY: Oh. Oh yes?

COLONEL: Allow me to congratulate you. You are now half owner of La Chez Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: I'm what?

COLONEL: I don't do things by half, my boy. La Chez Des Immortelles is dead - is dead, long live La Chez Spatafaculi! A new night club of the better class for discriminating people. How do you think that would look in sixteen point Bodoni Bold?

JIMMY: In what?

COLONEL: On the cover of the bill of fare ... I mean ... the carte du jour ...

JIMMY: But I ... Say ... what are you talking about?

COLONEL: My boy ... what is the heart of a night club? The essence? The soul? The alpha and omega? In other words ... what makes a night-club successful?

JIMMY: A lot of customers.

COLONEL: Correct, my boy ... but what brings them there?

LILLY: I'll tell you, Mr Jimmy ... Good music!

COLONEL: That's right, my boy ... she took the words right out of your mouth. You are satisfied. I'm satisfied. Good. Let us shake hands on it ... and that, sir, is as good as a contract ... Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock in my office at the La Chez Spatafaculi nee des Immortelles ... Au revoir, until tomorrow morning ... (FADES HUMMING "SO RARE")

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ...)

ANNOUNCER: Who is Colonel Lucius B Fortescue and is his offer to give Jimmy a partnership in his night club sincere? If so, what's the catch.

(THEME ..... OUT)

ANNOUNCER: You have undoubtedly heard about the many great singers and actors who smoke Luckies. Now perhaps you would like to know why? Why should singers and actors especially be so "sold" on Luckies? Well, take Robert Taylor for an example. He's often before the sound truck working on a picture twelve or fourteen hours a day and of course that's a real

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUING) strain on his throat. Now he smokes Luckies, as he explains himself, because they never bother his throat. And that's exactly why so many other famous singers and actors smoke them. So surely it stands to reason that Luckies will be easy on your throat, too. And here's the reason: The exclusive Lucky Strike process "It's Toasted" removes certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. This is proved beyond doubt by chemical tests which reveal what quantities of these irritants are removed. Then, with these irritants out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural mellowness of the tobacco. The result is a light smoke, so you can readily see why Luckies are easy on Robert Taylor's throat. And, you'll find the same thing true. Try Luckies for a week. Buy a package tonight and let a week of steady Lucky smoking prove to you the advantages of a light smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE) Join us again next Monday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)



LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI" - Script #13  
Monday, May 9th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 38

2nd Sale ... 34 - 39

3rd Sale ... 32 - 37

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Tobacco auctioneers are noted throughout Tobaccoland for their skill, their honesty, their absolute impartiality. So listen to what Mr Tom Smothers, A-1 auctioneer of Reidsville, North Carolina, has to say about cigarettes ...

VOICE: I've auctioneered at markets all through the Tobacco Belt ever since 1919 and I know Luckies are made of the best-grade tobacco, because I've seen Lucky Strike buy that best grade at auction after auction! I've smoked Luckies myself for 16 years now.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Tom Smothers. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts like Mr Smothers, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. With men who know tobacco best ... it's Luckies 2 to 1.

(THEME ..... "HAPPY DAYS")

ANNOUNCER: And now ... Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ...  
a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and  
Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky  
Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ..... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: While Jimmy was rehearsing his band last Friday, he  
was heard by a Colonel Lucius B Fortescue who  
happened to be passing by. He asked Lilly whose band  
it was and then requested the privilege of meeting  
Mr Spatafaculi. It develops that he is the owner of  
a night club and wishes to make Jimmy part-owner of  
it with him. He arranges an appointment for the  
following morning ...

It is ten o'clock the following morning and the  
Colonel is showing Jimmy around the night-club....

COLONEL: Well, my boy ... what do you think of it?

JIMMY: It's all right, I guess ... but what are all those  
holes in the wall there?

COLONEL: Holes? Holes? What holes?

JIMMY: Why all around there ... don't you see them in the  
plaster? They look like bullet holes.

COLONEL: Tut, tut, my boy, tut, tut ... how could they be  
bullet holes. Probably caused by the encroachment  
of termites or perhaps a wood-pecker got in. A little  
plaster and a little paint and it'll never be noticed.

JIMMY: Well ... what ... what became of the proprietor ...

I mean ... the man who owned it before ... Mr  
Prepostodopolous.

COLONEL: Well ... I'll tell you, my boy. Prepostodopolous scrambled. That is to say ... he went back to Greece ... made a master fortune ... a tidy fortune here in this little spot and then went back to Greece to live on the sunny hillside among the birds and the bees and the beauties of ancient Rome ... I mean, Athens ... and with a modicum of good fortune you and I can do likewise.

JIMMY: But I don't want to retire to Greece.

COLONEL: Of course not ... you're too young, far too young to think of retiring. But come, my boy ... let us to business. Now I've prepared here an agreement whereby you are to receive thirty three and a third percent of the total gross and net profits, accoutrements, equipment and liabilities thereof in a nightclub to be known as La Chez Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: What's this La Chez stuff? Couldn't we just call it Spatafaculi's?

COLONEL: Ah no, my boy ... it is clear to be perceived that you don't appreciate the psychology of the haute monde ... the upper classes, as it were. La Chez is French for the house of ... "the house of Spatafaculi." Ah ... I can see it now. Close your eyes, my boy, and see it with me ... in Neon lights ... twenty feet high ... five feet wide ... a golden goblet of ruby wine overflowing and the sparkling drops of the wine spilling out in electric letters the name: "Spatafaculi That oughta knock their eyes out. That is to say ...

COLONEL: (CONTINUING) attract considerable attention and all this is yours ... merely for supplying the orchestra ... and of course your own inimitable artistic singing ... A golden voice, my boy ... A rare heritage ... Ahem! Rare indeed ... You might not think it to look at me ... but at one time I graced the concert stages of Europe ... did command performances for the crowned heads of Europe. Ah ... never will I forget the sadness I felt at the loss of my rich, deep baritone voice. It was that summer in St Petersburg ... before the revolution, of course ... and the Tsar called me at my suite at the Imperial Hotel and said - "Lucius, my boy ... will you come down to my winter palace and sing for me?" Well ... to make a long story short ... the wolves were there ... the gray skulking wolves. How they surrounded us and, of course, the snow ... five feet deep, over the fence tops.

JIMMY: I thought you said this was the summer.

COLONEL: Ah yes, my boy ... it was the summer ... but an unusual summer even for Russia. Suddenly they were around us. They had us hemmed in. They were leaping at the horses. There was nothing to do. Someone must stand and face them so that the others might go free. I leaped out of the sleigh armed with nothing but a light malacca cane and I stood there in that snow battlin' them ... there in the snow for eight

COLONEL: (CONTINUING) hours before a regiment of armed  
cossacks came to my rescue and as a result of that  
fight I contracted a severe case of bronchitis and  
have never been able to sing since that day ... Now  
if you'll just sign right here.

JIMMY: But I don't understand. This thirty-three and a  
third percent. Who is the other partner?

COLONEL: Why ... Gaspard St Lucien Bouclaire.

JIMMY: Who's he?

COLONEL: Le maitre de cuisine.

JIMMY: The cook?

COLONEL: Ah yes ... my boy ... the finest French cuisine in  
the world ... It's his part of the agreement to  
supply all the food ... your part to supply the  
music and entertainment and my modest part to supply  
the brains and initiative. (CALLS) Gaspard ...  
Viens ici! (DROES VOICE) That means ... come here  
... Ah ... M'sieu Beauclaire ... Signor Rocco Fidelio  
Spatafaculi.

GASPARD: (EXAGGERATED SOUTHERN DRAWL) Howdy, Mr Spatafaculi.  
I'm pleased to meetcha.

JIMMY: I'm pleased to meet you. Are you from the South of  
France?

GASPARD: No, buddy ... I'm from the southern part of Louisiana...  
down below New Orleans.

COLONEL: A remnant of the lost tribe of Arcadia whose shrimp  
pilaff and chicken gumbo a la creole are known to  
gourmets from Capetown to Cairo and from fourteenth

COLONEL: (CONTINUING) street to the Bronx.

GASPARD: Aw now, Colonel ... I ain't quite that well-known.

COLONEL: You see, Mr Spatafaculi ... he's like you ... modest. Modesty is a golden crown upon M'sieu Beauclaire's ... er ... well ... head.

GASPARD: Did you ever meet anybody that had a better gift of gab than the colonel here?

JIMMY: No, I don't think I have ... that is ...

COLONEL: And now, Gaspard. (TO JIMMY) I am sure you won't mind, my boy ...) You see, Gaspard naturally owning the third interest in our little enterprise is curious to hear you sing before we complete the negotiations, not that he doubts my judgment in these matters but ... ah, it's but human to wonder.

JIMMY: Of course ... Certainly.

GASPARD: It wasn't that I was doubtin' anything but ... well ... the Colonel give you such a big build up ... about how you kin sing that I was just curious to hear you ... that is, if you don't mind.

JIMMY: Why sure.

COLONEL: Then step right over to the piano here, my boy ... There we are ... (SNEEZES) Ah ... a little dusty ... but you'll find it in tune, I'm sure ...

(MUSIC . . . . . STRIKE A FEW CHORDS ON PIANO)

JIMMY: Yes ... it's all right. What would you like to hear, Mr Beauclaire?

GASPARD: You don't need to call me Mr Beauclaire. My friends all call me Frenchy.

JIMMY: Well ... all right, Frenchy .. what would you like to hear?

GASPARD: Oh ... I'll leave that to you ... Anything that comes to your head ...

JIMMY: Well ... you being a Frenchman ... maybe you'd like "Paris in the Spring."

(MUSIC .... FOR "PARIS IN THE SPRING" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER)

GASPARD: Oh boy! You sure can sing all right. You know ... I'd like to go to France some time. They tell me my ancestors came from there,

JIMMY: Then you never have been to Paris?

GASPARD: Paris, Texas ... but I reckon that don't count.

COLONEL: Some day, my boys ... we'll make enough money so we can all go to Paris and retire ... Ah ... the Bois de Bologne ... Ah, April in Paris ... And now, my boy, could you sing something mood andante or shall we say, mood allegro.

JIMMY: Well ... I don't know just what mood this would fit in ... It's old but it's still good ...

(MUSIC ... FOR "I FEEL LIKE A FEATHER IN THE BREEZE" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER)

GASPARD: Well, Colonel ... I'm satisfied ... If the customers like your singing half as much as I do ... why we ought to be able to make a go of this place.

COLONEL: That's the way I feel about it, my boy ... So, what do you say, Mr Spatafaculi ... are you ready to come in with us?

JIMMY: Well ... why not?

(MUSIC ... FOR "I'M PUTTING ALL MY EGGS IN ONE BASKET" ... JIMMY  
SINGS ... SONG OVER)

COLONEL: Ah ... splendid, my boy, splendid! Here you are ...  
just sign here.

JIMMY: All right ... There you are.

COLONEL: And now I propose a toast ... "One for all ... and  
all for one." Les Trois Mousquetaires.

GASPARD: What?

COLONEL: The three musketeers ... And now, my boys ... I must  
leave you and make arrangements for the grand gala  
opening ... (FADES OFF)

JIMMY: Say ... do you know him very well?

GASPARD: Sure. Why?

JIMMY: What I meant to say is ... have you known him long?

GASPARD: Yeah ... I've known him nearly a week.

JIMMY: Oh.

GASPARD: What are you worried about? You got everything to  
win and nothing to lose.

JIMMY: Yeah ... I guess so ... that is, I mean ... I hope  
so ...

GASPARD: Well ... I ain't worryin' ... No matter how it turns  
out, it's a whole lot better than the W.P.A.

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO")

ANNOUNCER: Who and what is Colonel Lucius B Fortescue and what  
caused the holes in the wall that looked like bullet  
holes?

(THEME ..... OUT)



CLOSING COMMERCIAL  
BUDDY CLARK SHOW - Monday, May 9th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Have you seen the new Warner Brothers' picture, "Jezebel"? It gives evidence of being one of the biggest hits of the year - and Bette Davis, as "Jezebel" has scored probably her greatest success. Recently Miss Davis furnished Lucky Strike this interesting "behind the scenes" glimpse of filming the picture. Here is what Bette Davis said - in her own words - (PAUSE) In "Jezebel" I gave Luckies a severe test. You see, I sang, and for me that was a rare experience. It meant taking singing lessons and practising my song for hours and hours, day after day - aside from my usual work. Naturally my throat felt about five times as bad as it does after an exciting football game. But here again not once did Luckies bother my throat in the least. It's easy to see why Luckies are Hollywood's favorite cigarette. (PAUSE) That was Bette Davis' own explanation of why she smokes Luckies. And ~~we think~~ ~~that~~ her 7 years experience with Luckies is good proof of the throat-protection of the "Toasting" process. This process takes out certain throat-irritants naturally present in all tobacco - makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on any smoker's throat. Try Luckies for a week. Find out whether the same cigarette which is easy on Bette Davis' throat, won't be just as easy on your throat, too. Begin this personal test tonight. Ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE) Join us again next Wednesday evening at this same

ATX01 0214392

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUING)

time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi"  
with Buddy Clark.

(THEME . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's  
program was Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Ky

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

ATX01 0214393

LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI" - Script #14  
Wednesday, May 11th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 32 - 37

2nd Sale ... 34 - 39

3rd Sale ... 33 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: That chant is your reminder that with independent tobacco experts - with men who know tobacco best it's Luckies 2 to 1! But now listen to what another group of people have found out about Luckies - the people whose voices are their fortunes. I want to read you what Tito Schipa, famous lyric tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, said recently ... Here it is ... (PAUSE) Back in 1927 I was glad to go on record as a Lucky Strike smoker. For, being an opera singer, I know the importance of a light smoke. And I'm still convinced that Luckies are, by a real margin, the easiest cigarette on the throat. (PAUSE)... Thank you, Mr Schipa. It's worth every smoker's while to remember that only Lucky Strike offers you the throat-protection of the process "It's Toasted." Next time you buy cigarettes, consider your throat and ask for a light smoke ... Ask for Lucky Strike.

(THEME ..... "HAPPY DAYS" .....)

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ... presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME . . . . "YOUR EYESHAVE TOLD ME SO" ... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: While Jimmy was rehearsing his band the other day he was heard by a Colonel Lucius B Fortescue who happened to be passing. He meets Jimmy and tells him that he is the owner of a night club and offers Jimmy part ownership. Jimmy goes to the club to discuss arrangements with Colonel Fortescue on the following day and there meets another part owner of the club ... the cook, one Gaspard Beauclaire. After some discussion Jimmy decides to take a chance, and he signs the agreement. It is later that same day and Jimmy has just returned to his room ...

(SOUND . . . . . DOOR)

LILLY: Oh Mr Jimmy ... you fair gave me a start!

JIMMY: I'm sorry Lilly. What's the matter?

LILLY: It's 'apoened, sir ... They're 'ere, sir. That is to say ... 'e's been here, sir.

JIMMY: Who's been here?

LILLY: The stork, sir. It's Lucia! Look ... six of them!

BETTY: (OFF ... FADING IN) Six of what?

JIMMY: Oh Betty ... come on in ... Lucia's got six kittens ...

BETTY: Hm! The sextet from Lucia!

JIMMY: Hunh? What? Oh ... oh yeah ... let me hold one of 'em, Lilly.

LILLY: Oh no, sir ... You can't touch a new born infant ...

LILLY: (CONTINUING)  
that is ... a kitten, you can't. They haven't even got  
their eyes open yet.

BETTY: Listen ... from what I've heard ... there are other  
kittens who haven't their eyes open yet.

JIMMY: What do you mean?

BETTY: Not now ... I'll tell you later.

LILLY: Well, if it's me that's in the way .... you won't have to  
wait long because I'm takin' these little pretties  
down in the kitchen and I'm going to put them by the  
'ot water tank wiv their muvvr where they'll be nice  
and warm and safe from draughts.

JIMMY: Here ... let me help you.

LILLY: Oh no, it's all right, sir. The box ain't heavy ...  
Ain't they the sweet things, though?

JIMMY: They don't look very much like cats, do they?

LILLY: Certainly not ... No kittens look like cats ... not at  
first, they don't.

(SOUND ..... CAT NEWS)

LILLY: Oh so there you are. Fine muvver you are. Runnin' off  
and leavin' your babies to shiver up 'ere all by their  
lonelies ... Now you just come right along wiv me  
(FADING) and I'll keep them down in the kitchen where  
you won't have to desert them.

BETTY: Close the door, will you, Jimmy?

(SOUND ..... DOOR CLOSES)

JIMMY: WHat's the matter?

BETTY: What on earth is this I hear about you signing up some  
kind of a funny partnership arrangement with this

BETTY: (CONTINUING)  
man, Colonel Fortescue?

JIMMY: Who told you?

BETTY: Lilly told me.

JIMMY: Oh heck ... I was saving it for a surprise!

BETTY: Well, Jimmy ... I wish you wouldn't save surprises like that because ...

JIMMY: What's the matter? I think it's<sup>a</sup> wonderful opportunity for the boys in the band ... It means regular work ... Why, we might even make good!

BETTY: Jimmy ... suppose you don't. You're responsible for those boys' salaries and if the club doesn't make money and you find yourself at the end of the week with all those salaries to pay ... what are you going to do?

JIMMY: Well ... I don't know ... but it just has to make money. And even if it doesn't ... why, the boys won't be any worse off than they are now. They can't be any broker!

BETTY: No ... I suppose not ... but about this man ... this Colonel Fortescue ... What do you know about him?

JIMMY: Nothing but ... but he seems to be a pretty nice sort of a man.

BETTY: I'm not so sure of that ... He talks too much and too fast, to be ... Oh, I don't know, Jimmy ... but I don't trust him.

JIMMY: Haven't you got some reason?

BETTY: No. I suppose it's just what you men laughingly call "woman's intuition."

JIMMY: Well, Betty ... gosh ... I hope you're wrong ... I mean your intuition's wrong this time because ... well ...

JIMMY: (CONTINUING)

I've talked to the boys in the band about it and they're all so enthusiastic and they've built their hopes up so ... that ... gee ... if anything did go wrong why ... Gosh, Gus is already planning on buying himself a new suit out of his first week's pay.

BETTY: Well ... I don't know, Jimmy ... it just seems so ... well ... too casual and too haphazard to be true. There must be a catch in it somewhere.

JIMMY: I know, Betty ... but I don't know what the catch could be.

BETTY: I still don't think you should have signed that contract or whatever it was you signed without ... well, without seeing someone and getting some advice.

JIMMY: I suppose I should have. Well, ... the way I see it is ... if it doesn't work out we can quit ... No one can make us play if we don't want to.

BETTY: I know this much. That place hasn't got a very good reputation.

JIMMY: Well, maybe we can change it and build up the reputation.

BETTY: Well ... I hope so ... Wouldn't it be marvelous if it did go over.

JIMMY: I'll say it would.

BETTY: Have you set a date yet for the opening?

JIMMY: Yes ... we're going to open it on Friday ...

BETTY: But that's the thirteenth, Jimmy! Goodness, you're not going to open on Friday the thirteenth.

JIMMY: Well ... I brought that up to the Colonel but he said

JIMMY: (CONTINUING)  
Friday the thirteenth was lucky.

BETTY: Maybe the Colonel thinks so ... but there are a lot of people who don't.

JIMMY: Oh well ... I'm not superstitious.

BETTY: Neither am I but I don't see any sense in taking chances.

JIMMY: You know, Betty ... you're awfully pretty when you're worried.

BETTY: I'm not worried but ...

JIMMY: When you get that real serious look on your face your eyes get as big as saucers ... saucers full of pansies.

BETTY: Oh Jimmy ... can't they be deep pools or wells reflecting the summer sky ... not saucers full of pansies.

JIMMY: Well ... they don't have to be anything but just your eyes ... if you're looking for a simile for beauty.

BETTY: You'd better get on with your practicing.

JIMMY: Oh I don't feel like singing.

BETTY: If we're opening day after tomorrow night, you haven't any time to waste, young man. Come on now. Sing something new.

(MUSIC ... FOR "ON THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE" ... JIMMY SINGS A CHORUS ... INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS ...)

JIMMY: See what you think of this piano solo, Betty ...

(MUSIC ... INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS ... JIMMY SINGS THIRD CHORUS ... SONG OVER)

BETTY: That's fine, Jimmy ... and that piano solo is far from dusty, young man ... far from dusty. Have you got your list made out for the opening?

JIMMY: Yeah ... I've got a lot of stuff from the Hit Parade.



JIMMY: (CONTINUING)  
couple of new ones and a couple of old ones.

BETTY: Are you going to do Ti Pi Tin?

JIMMY: I can't sing that, Betty.

BETTY: Everybody else is singing it.

JIMMY: All that Spanish stuff.

BETTY: Come on ... just imagine that I'm Rosita ... Try it.

JIMMY: But I don't know it.

BETTY: Here ... here's the music ... Now's as good a time as any ... See ... three-quarter time ... Let's go.

JIMMY: Well, all right ... Remember you asked for it.

(MUSIC ... FOR "TI PI TIN" WHICH JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER)

BETTY: Why, that's splendid Jimmy! Really it was. Do you know any more Spanish songs?

JIMMY: Here's one that's not new but it'll always be popular.

(MUSIC ... "SIBONEY" ... JIMMY SINGS FIRST ... SINGS THIRD ...)

(BOARD FADE)

ANNOUNCER: If Jimmy's in as good voice for the opening on Friday the thirteenth as he is now, it should turn out to be lucky for all concerned.

(THEME ... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO")

(THEME ..... OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Around a billion pounds of tobacco were sold this past season on the American market. This tobacco varied in price, in quality, in type - in nearly every characteristic. That is why the standards by which tobacco is bought mean so much. Now to give you an idea of how Lucky Strike buys tobacco, let us refer you to Mr Connor W Aycock. Mr Aycock operates the big Banner Tobacco Warehouse in Durham, North Carolina. He sells tobacco to all the cigarette companies. But is not connected with any. So he's in a unique position to judge in this matter. Now here's what Mr Aycock says:

VOICE: My warehouse has a capacity of 300,000 pounds of tobacco. But even on the very best days, not more than 30 percent of that tobacco is good enough for Lucky Strike. That's less than one basket in three ... proof that Lucky Strike buys the best tobacco only. And that's why Luckies taste so good. I've smoked Luckies myself for ten years now.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr Aycock ... Mr Aycock's opinion as an independent tobacco expert means a lot. For he actually sees who buys what tobacco. And his preference for Luckies is typical of most independent tobacco experts - buyers, warehousemen and auctioneers. Sworn records show that among these independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Over twice as many! Remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer (FADE IN CHANT 10 SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUING)

When you hear that chant, remember - with men who know tobacco best ... It's Luckies two to one!

(PAUSE)

Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME ..... "HAPPY DAYS" ....)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ...  
presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this  
same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Well, Jimmy is about to make his first professional  
appearance with his band. He has signed an agreement  
with Colonel Lucius B Fortescue for a third interest  
in Chez Spatafaculi and tonight is the opening night.

Lilly, Spatafaculi and Gail are sitting at a  
ringside table ...

(BOARD FADE IN ON ... BACKGROUND NOISE OF CHATTER.. ETC) AND -

(MUSIC ... ORCHESTRA PLAYING "CRY BABY CRY" ..JIMMY SINGS CHORUS -  
ADD FOUR BAR INSTRUMENTAL TAG AFTER VOCAL)

SPATAFACULI: Hey ... look ...look here ... what it say on the menu  
... "He has conducted the most brilliant orchestras in  
Rome, Paris, Berlin and Moscow ... Oh, what a lie.

LILLY: It lends tone and elegance ... What if it is a slight  
exaggeration.

(SOUND ... RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE ... MUSIC STOPS)

GAIL: He doesn't look bad in a white tie, does he?

LILLY: Oh ... he looks beautiful!

(MUSIC ... ORCHESTRA "YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER" .. ONE CHORUS INSTRUMEN.)

SPATAFACULI: Yes ... but he wouldn't be able to get away with it  
without my name ...

LILLY: What's your name got to do with it?

SPATAFACULI: What's my name .....!

GAIL: Quiet!

LILLY: Oh don't Miss Betty look pretty?

GAIL: Does she?

SPATAFACULI: I think so. Would you like to dance, Gail?

GAIL: Not now, thank you.

LILLY: I wouldn't mind.

SPATAFACULI: Okay, Lilly ... Come on.

(MUSIC ..... UP .. "YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER" ... JIMMY SINGS ONE CHORUS)

(SOUND ..... RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE)

LILLY: Oh Mr Spatafaculi ... you're a marvellous dancer.

SPATAFACULI: (SOTTO VOCE) Hey ... please ... Lilly ... I'm Mr Clayton ... Jimmy ... he's Mr Spatafaculi.

LILLY: Oh that's right ... Mr Clayton ... I forgot.

(SOUND ..... RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE AS MUSIC STOPS)

LILLY: Oh here he comes now ... He's coming over to our table.

Oh dear!

JIMMY: (FADING IN) Hello, Gail ... Lilly .. How are you Rocco..

I mean, Jimmy?

SPATAFACULI: I'm fine, Jimmy ... I mean, Rocco.

JIMMY: How's it going?

LILLY: Oh, splendid Mr Spatafaculi ... I remembered that time ... Perfectly splendid!

GAIL: Not bad ... Won't you sit down?

JIMMY: I've only got a minute.

SPATAFACULI: Where is the Colonel?

JIMMY: I don't know .. He was here the first part of the evening but he's disappeared ... I can't find him anywhere.

GAIL: Did you look in the wine cellar?

JIMMY: No....but that's an idea.

LILLY: Maybe he's met with foul play.

JIMMY: Don't be silly. What makes you say that?

LILLY: After all ... it is Friday the thirteenth.

SPATAFACULI: That's true, Jimmy ... I think you make a very big mistake opening on Friday, the thirteenth.

JIMMY: Well ... the place is full ... If we can keep on having this kind of hard luck ... why I'll be satisfied.

LILLY: Oh, I'm sure it will.

SPATAFACULI: I'm not so sure.

JIMMY: Well ... you fight it out between you. I've got to go back to work ... I'll come back at the next intermission.

(FADES)

LILLY: So straight and tall and fair like a knight without armor.

GAIL: What?

LILLY: Nothin'. I'm sorry ... I was just thinkin' out loud.

SPATAFACULI: You know ... that's a funny thing about the Colonel.

GAIL: His disappearing?

SPATAFACULI: Sure ... It's not natural a man disappear on the night he's opening up his night club. He should be here to go around and shake hands ... say hello to people ... make everybody feel good.

GAIL: Well ... things seem to be going very well without him.

(MUSIC ..... "GOODNIGHT ANGEL" ... JIMMY ONE CHORUS & HARP ONE CHORUS)

SPATAFACULI: Would you like to dance this time with me, Gail?

GAIL: Yes thank you.

(MUSIC ..... FIRST SONG OVER)

(SOUND ..... RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC ..... "HEIGH HO".....)

GAIL: Thank you, Rocco ... you don't dance badly ...

LILLY: Mr Spatafaculi....

SPATAFACULI: Yes, Lilly?

LILLY: Don't look now ... but while you were dancing four men came in and sat at that table over there behind us ... the one that had the "Reserved" sign on it.

SPATAFACULI: Well, what about it?

LILLY: Well ... in spite of their goodclothes and the diamonds on their fingers they're the toughest-looking men I ever saw.

GAIL: Mm! They're not very pretty.

SPATAFACULI: Oh well ... what's the difference ... their money is as good as anybody else's.

LILLY: Yes ... but on opening night and it being Friday the thirteenth and all and the Colonel disappearin' like that ... it don't look so good to me.

SPATAFACULI: Sh! Lilly ... quite t! I think they are listening to you ...

(BOARD FADE OUT ON MUSIC .....

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" .....

ANNOUNCER: What has happened to Colonel Fortescue and who are the four sinister-looking men who have just come in.

(THEME ..... OUT)

SPATAFACULI: (CONTINUING) everybody's gone!

LILLY: Well ... if you're so anxious to go home, Mr Spatafaculi, why don't you go?

MARTIN: (WITH EXAGGERATED MENACE ... FADING IN) Which one of you guys is Spatafaculi?

SPATAFACULI: Huhh?

TAYLOR: Yeah ... which one of you is Spatafaculi?

SPATAFACULI: Why ... ah ... Jimmy is ... I mean ... he is.

MARTIN: Well ... listen, Spatafaculi ... and get this straight. We're getting tired of waiting around here for this guy Fortescue, so quit stalling. Where is he?

JIMMY: Well ... I just told you. I don't know.

TAYLOR: So you won't talk, huh?

LILLY: Of course, he'll talk. But you can't expect him to talk about something he doesn't know about.

MARTIN: Who asked you?

LILLY: No one. I don't have to be asked.

TAYLOR: Oh ... a wise dame, huh?

LILLY: Not especially, but in the present company I imagine I stand out rather well.

MARTIN: Aah ... lay off, Willie. You can't win no argument with no dame. Pull up a chair, you guys ... We'll join your party, if you don't mind, Mr Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: That's all right ... but I don't think there's any use in you fellows waiting around because I don't imagine the colonel will be back this late. It's way past closing time.

(SOUND: CHAIRS BEING PULLED UP TO TABLE)

MARTIN: Listen, Spatafaculi ... you got a piece of this



MARTIN: (CONTINUING) joint, ain't you?

JIMMY: Well, yes ... that is ... I furnish the orchestra and the entertainment.

MARTIN: What's your cut?

JIMMY: What?

MARTIN: Your cut ... your percentage?

SPATAFACULI: He's one-third owner, and in the absence of the other two partners he's in full charge and he's already told you this place is closed up so why don't you go on ... beat it ... go home.

MARTIN: Why don't you make us?

SPATAFACULI: Huh?

WILLIE: You heard him. Maybe you think you can make us go home.

SPATAFACULI: Why should I. This is not my night club.

MARTIN: Then keep your mouth shut.

SPATAFACULI: Okay ... I was just trying to fix things up, that's all.

MARTIN: Well ... if there's any fixing up to be done, we'll take care of that.

JIMMY: (A LITTLE FORCEFULLY) Just what kind of fixing up are you fellows talking about and what do you want?

MARTIN: Okay, buddy ... I'll tell you ... but first I want to ask you a coupla questions. I'm going to give you a break, see ... because you're only a young guy, see? How long have you known Colonel Fortescue?

JIMMY: Well ... I just met him last week.

MARTIN: Just last week, huh? Did you know Nick Prepostodopolous? The guy that used to run this joint?

JIMMY: No ... I never did meet him.

MARTIN: Well ... you're liable to meet him any minute now.

JIMMY: You mean he's coming here?

MARTIN: No I mean you might be going where he is, see?

LILLY: How could he? He's in Greece!

MARTIN: Oh yeah? Well ... the Greeks had another name for where he's at, sister.

JIMMY: Listen ... you'll have to quit talking in circles if you want me to understand. I don't know what you're talking about.

MARTIN: Okay ... In words of one syllable or less ... do you see them patched places all around the wall there?

JIMMY: Yes.

MARTIN: Do you know what caused them holes?

JIMMY: Why no. Colonel Fortescue said it was termites or woodpeckers ... or something.

TAYLOR: (LAUGHS) Woodpeckers!

MARTIN: Oh he did, huh? Well ... they look more like bullet holes to me.

JIMMY: That's what I thought they were but the Colonel said...

TAYLOR: Say listen, Buddy ... have you got any particular reason to believe that this Colonel Fortescue is an over truthful guy?

JIMMY: No ... but I haven't any reason to believe that he's not.

MARTIN: Aaah ... it's like I said in the first place. This kid's nothin' but a fall guy!

JIMMY: What do you mean by that?

MARTIN: A fall guy ... a monkey ... an ump-chay.

ANNOUNCER: For eight long years now, Conrad Thibault, popular radio baritone, has spoken the same two words at cigarette counters ... The words? ... "Luckies, please!" Now we think that fact is one of the finest tributes any cigarette could receive. For this reason ... Conrad Thibault as a singer must be extra careful of his throat. Well, and according to Mr Thibault himself, in those eight years Luckies never once affected even his sensitive throat. Isn't that a pretty good indication that Luckies will be kind to your throat, too? You see, Lucky Strike's exclusive process "It's Toasted" takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. Then with these irritants out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural flavor of the tobacco. The result is that Luckies are a light smoke, easy on your throat. Conrad Thibault's 8 years liking for Luckies is proof of this. But if you want the best proof of all, try Luckies for a week. Let your own throat demonstrate to you the throat protection of the process "It's Toasted." Ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE)

... Join us again next Monday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME ..... "HAPPY DAYS" ...)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SONG CREDITS IF ANY)

LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI" - Script #16  
Monday, May 16, 1938.

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 33 - 38  
2nd SALE ... 34 - 39  
3rd SALE ... 32 - 37

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Nobody but a tobacco auctioneer could chant that way ... So that chant is your vivid reminder that among independent tobacco experts ... auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen ... Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together! This is a fact, and sworn records show it - sworn records open to your inspection. Yes, with independent experts - with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE) But fine tobacco is only half the story of a light smoke. That's why Luckies' exclusive "Toasting" process means so much to you as a smoker. This process removes certain harsh throat-irritants naturally present in all tobacco. Then with these irritants out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural mellowness of the leaf. The result is that Luckies are a light smoke, easy on your throat. Next time you buy cigarettes, remember ... Only Lucky Strike offers you the finest tobacco plus the throat-protection of the "Toasting" process. So ask for a light smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike.

("HAPPY DAYS" THEME)

ATX01 0214412

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ... presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Last Friday night, Jimmy made his first professional appearance with his band. He had signed an agreement with Colonel Lucius B Fortescue for a third interest in Chez Spatafaculi. Toward the end of the evening four sinister-looking men enter and take a table not far from the one at which Lilly and Spatafaculi are sitting. Lilly is the first to notice them and she calls Spatafaculi's attention to them.

It is long past closing time, all of the men in the orchestra have gone, most of the lights have been turned off and Jimmy, Spatafaculi and Lilly are at a corner table discussing the four men who refuse to leave.

SPATAFACULI: (SOTTO VOCE) Hey, Jimmy ... what's the matter? Why you don't tell those four bozos to scram ... get out. We want to close up ... go home.

LILLY: You just heard him tell them, Mr Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: Yeah ... I don't know what to do. They say they're waiting to see Colonel Fortescue.

LILLY: Didn't you tell them 'e ain't 'ere?

JIMMY: I did but they said they'd wait.

SPATAFACULI; Tell them they can't wait, Jimmy. Tell them it's too late now. We've got to close up and go home. All the waiters are gone .. the cook's gone ...

LILLY: He means an easy-mark, Mr Jimmy.

JIMMY: Well, maybe I am ... but I'm not in the habit of letting people talk to me the way you've been talking.

MARTIN: Oh ... a tough guy, huh?

JIMMY: No, I'm not tough but I think I can take care of you ... Get up on your feet.

MARTIN: Oh no you don't!

LILLY: Look out, Mr Jimmy ... he's got a pistol!

JIMMY: Oh ... s o that's the way it is.

MARTIN: Yeah ... that's the way it is ... so sit down and take it easy ... you'll last longer.

SPATAFACULI: You better sit down, Jimmy.

LILLY: Please! Please, Mr Jimmy ... please sit down.

JIMMY: It doesn't look like there's anything else I can do.

MARTIN: That's right, buddy ... there ain't nothin' else you can do ... except fall down ... and you wouldn't want to do that, would you? There ... that's better. Now we can go on with our pleasant conversation.

JIMMY: All right ... go on with it ... but there's no use in keeping ~~this~~ girl here. You'd better go home, Lilly and get some rest. I'll put you in a taxi.

MARTIN: Yeah ... we can get along a lot better without no dames.

LILLY: Thank you kindly, Mr Jimmy ... but I'm staying here.

JIMMY: I'd rather you wouldn't, Lilly.

LILLY: Just the same I'm staying here, sir.

TAYLOR: I'll put her in a cab, chief.

LILLY: Well ... you just try it and you'll get your sassy

LILLY: (CONTINUING) face smacked ... that's what you'll get.

MARTIN: Aah ... let her alone.

JIMMY: Well ... what is it you want to talk about? I'm not going to sit here all night.

MARTIN: Oh yes you are, buddy ... if it's necessary. We're sitting right here until Colonel Fortescue shows up.

JIMMY: What makes you think he'll come back tonight?

MARTIN: You took in some dough tonight, didn't you?

JIMMY: Yes. Is that what you want? Is this a hold-up?

MARTIN: Oh no, buddy, nothing like that. We ain't as crude as that. You see ... the colonel owes us some money.

JIMMY: Well ... this is a fine way to collect it.

MARTIN: You ain't kiddin', are you? This is the only way to collect it from the colonel. So just sit back and take it easy.

TAYLOR: And while you're sitting back and taking it easy ... why don't you get up there at the piano and entertain us. What kind of a nightclub is this anyway?

JIMMY: If you want any entertainment you're going to have to entertain yourselves.

TAYLOR: Oh yeah?

JIMMY: Yeah ... and if one of you will put away your gun and step out on the dance floor with me I'll show you how I feel about it.

TAYLOR: I'd sure hate to be writing a life insurance policy on you.

MARTIN: Hold it, Will e, no rough stuff!

TAYLOR: Well ... when I want to be entertained, I want to b

TAYLOR: (CONTINUING) entertained. Get up there and sing!

JIMMY: Oh no.

LILLY: Please, Mr Jimmy ... do it for me ... I mean ...  
Please!

SPATAFACULI: Sure, Jimmy ... go on ... what's the difference?  
If we got to stay here and wait for Fortescue ...  
why not do it the easy way.

MARTIN: Your friend's talking sense ... Come on ... Give us  
something hot.

JIMMY: Not tonight.

EILLY: Please, Mr Jimmy ... You don't understand ... I'll  
explain later ... Please do.

JIMMY: All right, Lilly ... but I hope you've got a good  
explanation. (FADES SLIGHTLY)

LILLY: I have, sir ... honestly, I have.

JIMMY: (SLIGHTLY UP ... SARCASTICALLY) Any particular  
number you gentlemen would like to hear?

TAYLOR: Yeah ... Sing that "Cry Baby Cry". It's me girl's  
favorite. .

JIMMY: What's your girl's name?

TAYLOR: Who wants to know?

JIMMY: Well, I just wanted to dedicate the song to her.

TAYLOR: Oh that's different. Her name's Poil!

JIMMY: All right ... I'll dedicate this song to "Poil."

(MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT .. JIMMY SINGS "CRY BABY CRY")  
(SONG OVER)

TAYLOR: Gee ... the kid ain't bad, you know that? He ain't  
half bad! S y ... here's another one that Poil's  
nuts about ... You know it? "On The Sentimental S. le?"



MARTIN: Hey ... lay off ... what're you trying to do ... hog everything? Do you think you're the only one that's got a girl. Give us "You Couldn't Be Cuter." That's my girl's favorite ... You ought to hear her sing it ... to me, I mean.

JIMMY: And what is your girl's name?

MARTIN: Never mind ... never mind ... I'll do the dedicatin' ... you do the singin'.

(MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT TO "YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER" ...

(JIMMY SINGS ... BOARD FADE)

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ...)

ANNOUNCER: What do these men want with Colonel Fortescue and what will happen if he doesn't return?

(THEME: OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

Down in the tobacco country, a man who operates one of the big warehouses where tobacco is sold, rates as a pretty solid citizen. Take Alf Webster for example. He runs two warehouses - one in Durham North Carolina and one in Loris, South Carolina, and between the two he sells about 6,000,000 pounds of tobacco every year to all the cigarette companies. That all is important, because Mr. Webster naturally must be impartial, and can't show the slightest favoritism to any cigarette company. Now here's the way this tobacco veteran's mind runs on the subject of cigarettes:

VOICE:

Luckies really buy the finest line of tobacco that's offered in my two warehouses. And for many years, at markets in Georgia, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee I've seen Lucky Strike buy this same fine grade of tobacco. That's why I've smoked Luckies myself ever since 1917. And I think that's why so many other independent tobacco men choose Luckies too.

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you, Mr. Webster....Mr. Webster's opinion is right in line with that of most independent tobacco experts. They actually see who buys what tobacco. And they choose Luckies by a big majority. Now this is not a claim but a fact, backed by sworn records open for your inspection. These sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts - warehousemen, auctioneers, and

buyers - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. Remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer (FADE IN CHANT 10 SECONDS) When you hear that chant remember - with independent experts - with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1. (PAUSE) Join us again next Wednesday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME ..... "HAPPY DAYS" ...)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SONG CREDITS IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI"  
with  
BUDDY CLARK

#17 - Wednesday May 18, 1938

Cast:

Jimmy  
Spatafaculi  
Lilly  
Martin  
Taylor  
Col. Fortescue

MUSIC:  
Piano Accompaniment

SONG:  
"Please Be Kind" - Harms

John Tucker Battle  
400 Park Avenue  
New York City.

ATX01 0214420

LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI" - Script #17  
Wednesday, May 18, 1938

ANNOUNCER: listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 32 - 37  
2nd SALE ... 34 - 39  
3rd SALE ... 33 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

ANNOUNCER: All over Tobaccoland you hear that chant at auction time. And between sales you see the tobacco experts gather to talk and smoke together. Now what cigarette do these experts choose for their own smoking?

(PAUSE) For the answer let's refer you to Billie L. Branch - an independent tobacco man - who has been auctioneering for 21 years. Here's what Mr. Branch says:

VOICE: As a veteran of two thousand tobacco auctions, I've seen the tobacco all the companies buy, and I have smoked Luckies for 15 years. I am not surprised that you have sworn records showing that, among independent auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

ANNOUNCER: Mr. Branch is right. And you may inspect these sworn records any time you care to. For these records show that with independent tobacco experts - with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME ..... "HAPPY DAYS" .....,)

ATX01 0214421

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" ....  
presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at  
this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike  
Cigarettes.....

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" .... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: At the close of Jimmy's first night at Chez  
Spatafaculi, Lilly called attention to four rather  
sinister-looking men seated at a table near by.  
Jimmy learns that they are waiting for Colonel  
Fortescue who hasn't been around all evening.  
They refuse to leave until they see the Colonel.  
They ask Jimmy to sing while they are waiting,  
despite the fact that the orchestra has gone, most  
of the lights out and the place empty except for  
themselves and Spatafaculi and Lilly. When Jimmy  
refuses they become menacing. Urged by Lilly and  
Spatafaculi to grant their request, Jimmy sings.....

(MUSIC .....PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT TO "PLEASE BE KIND" ....

JIMMY SINGS .... SONG OVER....

JIMMY: And that's all there is. There isn't any more.  
Not tonight.

MARTIN: Gee....kid! You've got a voice, you know that?

LILLY: Of course he knows it. Why shouldn't he?

TAYLOR: (HORRSELY SENTIMENTAL) Listen, buddy.... you know  
when you was singin' that song I was sittin' here  
and thinkin' about me old mother. She ain't here  
no more. I was just thinkin' what a boot she'd  
have got out of hearin' you sing that song... and  
I wanna apologize for pulling that knife on you a

TAYLOR: minute ago. I wouldn't 'a' cut you. I was just....  
(cont'd) you know...throwin' my weight aroun'.

JIMMY: Oh... that's all right..... but It's getting late  
and we're going home. If you boys want to wait  
for Colonel Fortescue. you'll have to wait outside.

TAYLOR: Sez who!

MARTIN: Sez him. The kid's okay. We'll get a line on  
Fortescue tomorrow night. Anybody that can sing  
as good as this guy is a pal o' mine. see? So.  
we'll be shovin' off. Come on you mugs.

TAYLOR: (SOTTO VOCE) Hey ..... listen .....!

MARTIN: Somebody's comin' in the front door.

LILLY: That's probably Colonel Fortescue.

MARTIN: All right you guys .... come on ....behind them  
curtains!

JIMMY: Hey.... wait a minute.... What are you going to do?

MARTIN: Don't worry. We ain't going to rub him out. Just  
a little surprise party...that's all.

FORTESCUE: (FADING IN...SINGING) "Oh the flowers that bloom  
in the spring. tra-la have nothing to do with the  
case...For I'm totake under my wing. tra la....."  
Well well my boy....good of you to wait up for  
me....but entirely unnecessary.

JIMMY: Say....where've you been?

LILLY: Yes. Where have you been?

SPATAFACULI: Sure...what's the idea?

FORTESCUE: I don't believe I've had the pleasure.....if it is  
a pleasure....of meeting this gentleman.

JIMMY: Mr. Spatafa....er...I mean...Mr....er...Clayton.....  
Colonel Fortescue.

SPATAFACULI: How do you do?

FORTESCUE: As I please usually....How do you do?

MARTIN: (FADING IN) All right Colonel....get 'em up.

FORTESCUE: What! What! Oh. Good Evening Mr.Martin....ah...  
and Mr. Taylor....and the Oyster and the Clam.....  
Good Evening. gentlemen.

MARTIN: Yeah....all four of us....Sit down. Colonel.....  
and keep your hands on the table.

FORTESCUE: Why, certainly. my boys...why certainly....but may  
I suggest that you put away the artillery. We're  
in the presence of ladies...or...that is, I should  
say...a lady.

LILLY: Oh. don't mind me. gentlemen. I mean to say...  
that is... perhaps it would be nicer....more  
friendly like...if you would put away your pistols.

MARTIN: All right...Willie....frisk him!

COLONEL: Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

TAYLOR: Here's a forty-five that's so big it needs wheels!

MARTIN: Look under his arm. He generally carries another  
one under his arm.

WILLIE: Yep.....an automatic.

FORTESCUE: Well.....fancy that! I wonder how that got there?

MARTIN: See if there ain't a blackjack in his inside coat  
pocket.

TAYLOR: Yeah...there's two of 'em.

LILLY: Why. Colonel Fortescue.....and me thinkin' all the  
time you was a gentleman!

TAYLOR: That's all. chief.



MARTIN: Okay....Now I can get down to cases.

JIMMY: Say.....what's all this?

COLONEL: What is what, my boy?

JIMMY: Your carrying all those pistols and blackjacks  
and things.

FORTESCUE: I've been framed my boy...I've been framed.....  
Isn't it obvious?

JIMMY: It isn't very obvious. I saw them take them  
out of your pocket.

FORTESCUE: Ah...but the hand is quicker than the eye. my  
boy....the hand is quicker than the eye.

MARTIN: You put your hands on the table. you ol' goat!  
Now listen....once and for all....and this is  
the showdown. What about Whispering Hope?

FORTESCUE: Whispering Hope?

LILLY: Whispering Hope?

JIMMY: You mean ....the song?

MARTIN: He knows what I mean.....a dog...a gee-zee.....  
a horse!

FORTESCUE: Oh....Do you have reference to that picayune  
wager that I made with you on that horse?  
Whispering Hope...was that his name?

MARTIN: Yeah....that's his name. If you don't pay off  
your name's going to be mud.

FORTESCUE: Hm! Let me see.....how much I have on me.

MARTIN: Oh no you don't! Keep your hands on the table...  
Willie....take out his wallet.

TAYLOR: Here it is.....anything in it, chief?

FORTESCUE: Gentlemen....I protest! This high-handed....

MARTIN: Nothin' but a piece of paper....an agreement...  
(READS) "Partnership Agreement in the....La....  
Chez...Spatafaculi...." Say....ain't you got  
no dough?

FORTESCUE: If you mean funds....I am temporarily out of  
funds.

MARTIN: What about your take? Tonight's receipts?

FORTESCUE: Mr partner, Mr. Spatafaculi will have to inform  
you about that.....He has full charge of all  
financial arrangements.

MARTIN: What's his share of tonight's receipts.

JIMMY: I can't tell that until we pay the bills. It  
won't be very much. We just opened tonight.  
How much does he owe you?

MARTIN: Twelve grands....that's what he owes us!

JIMMY: Twelve thousand dollars!

MARTIN: That's right.

JIMMY: Gosh....that's a lot of money!

MARTIN: And you ain't kiddin'.....All right Colonel....  
talk ....and talk fast. What're you going to  
do about it?

FORTESCUE: Ah tempora! Ah mores! To think that the time  
would come when Lucius B. Fortescue would have  
to submit to the calumny of a mere bookmaker....

MARTIN: I don't know about that calomel stuff but  
you're going to submit to a lot more than that  
if you don't pony up that dough!

TAYLOR: Let me slug him, shief.

MARTIN: Aah....what good will it do? Say.....I got it!  
This kid can sing!

TAYLOR: What's that got to do with it?

MARTIN: Add it up....add it up! This old buzzard owes  
us twelve grand...and he owns a third interest  
in this joint....Come on Colonel.....sign on  
the dotted line.

FORTESCUE: I don't know what you're talking about my boy.

MARTIN: Don't "my boy" me. You're signing over your  
interest in this nightclub to me.....or else!

FORTESCUE: Or else what? Well....never mind...Have you a  
pen?

MARTIN: What do you think this is.....a stick of licorish  
candy?

FORTESCUE: Well....from the way it writes....it might well  
be.....it might well be. There you are....Now  
give me a receipt.

MARTIN: I'll give you a punch in the eye. You don't  
need no receipt....There are plenty o' witnesses.  
All right...now beat it....and you won't come  
back if you know what's good for you.

FORTESCUE: Well...gentlemen....I hope you're satisfied and  
... ..never let it be said that Lucius B. Fortescue  
doesn't meet his obligations....and I may add....

FORTESCUE: in a sporting manner.....Well, Jimmy. my boy....  
(Cont'd) goodbuy and good luck!...You'll need it.

JIMMY: Hey.....wait a minute. Haven't I got something  
to say about who I'm going to be in partnership?

FORTESCUE: (FADING) OF course my boy of course....Make any  
arrangement you see fit!...Good-bye...Good-bye!

LILLY: Well!...I like that.

JIMMY: Well...I'm not so sure I do.

LILLY: I don't mean I really like it, Mr. Jimmy.

SPATAFACULI: Well....I don't like it.

MARTIN: What have you got to say about it?

SPATAFACULI: I've got to say this much....that no gangster  
is going to be a partner with Spatafaculi and  
drag the name of Spatafaculi in the mud.

MARTIN: (IN MEASURED TONES) Is your name Spatafaculi?

SPATAFACULI: No. My name's Clayton....but I like Mr.  
Spatafaculi here...He's good friend from me and  
nobody's going to.....

TAYLOR: Aah....sit down!

JIMMY: I'll take care of this, Rocco. Now listen...I'm  
not going into any partnership with you.

MARTIN: Why not?

JIMMY: Because I'm a little bit particular about whom  
I'm in partnership with....that's why.

MARTIN: You're particular! Why, I only carry one gun.  
That old goat had two! And two blackjacks!

JIMMY: Yeah....but I didn't know he had 'em.

MARTIN: You would have found it out sooner or later.  
Why, that guy's a crook!

LILLY: What are you?

MARTIN: I'm an honest gambler...that's what I am, lady...  
in case you're interested. I'm a bookmaker.

LILLY: You mean you're in the publishing business?

MARTIN: I said I was a gambler.

LILLY: Gamblin' is illegal.

MARTIN: Okay. okay...who asked you anyway.

JIMMY: Wait a minute Lilly. Let me handle this.  
A'll right. Mr. Martin...or whatever your name is  
you've got Colonel Fortescue's interest in this  
place and as far as I'm concerned, you've got  
mine, too. You've got your nightclub. Keep it  
I don't want any part of it.

SPATAFACULI: But Jimmy....you been puttin' a lot of hard  
work in here....You've got to pay the orchestr  
and everything! You can't do this!

TAYLOR: Of course not, Jimmy. You wouldn't want to r  
out on a bunch of pals, would you?

JIMMY: Since when have we been pals?

TAYLOR: Why...since the Colonel signed over his inter  
We're partners now. You can't go back on a  
partnership. Don't you know nothin' about th  
law?

JIMMY: I'm not worrying about the legal part of thi  
thing. Come on Lilly....Rocco. We're goin

MARTIN: Now, wait a minute....wait a minute.

MARTIN: Why certainly....  
SPATAFACULI: Well...Jimmy...you might try for a couple days..  
why not?

JIMMY: Well..... Come around tomorrow night and we'll  
see how it works out....

SUB THEME

ANNOUNCER: It looks as though Jimm's on the verge of  
jumping from the frying pan into the fire.....  
or is he?

(THEME.....  
OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Let's look at the records! ....First, sworn  
records, open for your inspection. Now these  
sworn records show that among independent  
tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and ware-  
housemen--Lucky Strike has over twice as many  
exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes  
combined. Yes it is no mere claim but a fact  
that...with men who know tobacco best, it's  
Luckies 2 to 1. But now let's look at another  
fact about Luckies - another fact that is equally  
a matter of record. Here it is. For many years  
Lucky Strike has been the cigarette of some of  
the most famous stars of the stage, screen, radio  
and opera. These people appreciate the fine  
tobacco in Luckies of course. But there is  
another consideration even more important to  
them - their voices and throats which are, in  
a very real sense, their fortunes. They can't

risk throat-irritation from smoking. So that's another reason why they choose Luckies! For only Luckies offer smokers the throat-protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted". This process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. Then with these irritants out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural mellowness of the tobacco. The result is a light smoke that's easy on any smoker's throat. Try Luckies for a week and let your own throat be the judge. Next time you buy cigarettes remember: Ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE) Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME....."HAPPY DAYS".....)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was Mr. F. G. Jones of London, England.

(SONG CREDITS IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI"  
with  
BUDDY CLARK

#18 - Friday, May 20, 1938

CAST:

Jimmy  
Betty  
Willie  
Martin  
Lilly

(Two male voices(doubled))

SOUND:

Knock on door  
Door opens and closes

MUSIC:

Orchestra

SONGS:

Don't Be That Way  
How Ja Like To Love Me  
Lovelight in the Starlight  
The Girl Friend

John Tucker Battle  
400 Park Avenue  
New York City

ATX01 0214432



LUCKY STRIKE  
"Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" - Script #18  
Friday, May 20th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 33 - 38

2nd SALE ... 34 -39

3rd SALE ... 32 - 37

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: There's the "theme-song of Tobaccoland" again! And the chant of the tobacco auctioneer reminds us that with independent tobacco experts - with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1. (PAUSE) But here is another important fact about Luckies. For years they have been the cigarette of many of the greatest stars of opera, radio, stage and screen. Such diverse people as Robert Taylor, Gertrude Wettergren, Lanny Ross, and Gertrude Lawrence agree about Luckies. For - one and all - their voices are their fortunes, and - one and all - they find Luckies easy on their precious throats. Now here's why. Lucky Strike is the only cigarette that offers you the throat-protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted". This process removes certain harsh throat irritants, found in all tobacco - makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on your throat. Let your own throat and your own taste prove Luckies' exclusive advantages to you. Give Luckies a week's trial. Begin this personal test next time you buy cigarettes. Ask for Lucky Strike.

(THEME..... "HAPPY DAYS".....)

ATX01 0214433

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi"....  
presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at  
this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike  
Cigarettes....

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: On the opening night of Jimmy's new nightclub last  
week, four sinister-looking men who entered as  
guests, threaten Jimmy with bodily harm if he  
attempts to leave before Colonel Fortescue makes an  
appearance. As a consequence Jimmy was obliged to  
stay long after closing time. Lilly and Spatafaculi  
stay with him. They request Jimmy to sing for them.  
Jimmy refuses at first but yields finally when urged  
by Lilly and Rocco. Colonel Fortescue at last  
makes his appearance and Jimmy learns that he owes  
the men twelve thousand dollars. Since Fortescue  
is unable to pay even a small part of it...he has  
no money at all.....they make him sign over his  
share in the club to them. Jimmy then becomes a  
partner of Stubby Martin, Willie Taylor and two  
other of his herchmen, against his will. Martin,  
however promises to discard guns, rough stuff,  
rough language and become legitimate. Jimmy decides  
to give the new partnership a trial for a few days...  
It is early the following night a little before the  
club is opened for business. Jimmy is rehearsing  
the band.....

JIMMY: All right.....Try it again, boys.....from the

JIMMY: release....  
(Cont'd)

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA PLAYS HALF CHORUS OF "DON'T BE THAT WAY"..  
JIMMY: That's better.....Now, from the beginning.....  
MUSIC: ORCHESTRA .... "DON'T BE THAT WAY"....JIMMY SINGS.  
SONG OVER.....

LILLY: They're here. Mr. Jimmy! They're here!

JIMMY: Who?

LILLY: Mr. Martin and those three men.....They're waiting  
in the office, sir.

JIMMY: All right. Gus...Take number four forty-four...and  
see if you can get it a little smoother.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "HEIGH-HO"....FADIS AS MICROPHONE  
GOES WITH JIMMY.....

JIMMY: Have they been here long Lilly.

LILLY: No sir... They just got here....Well...how do you  
like it?

JIMMY: What?

LILLY: My costume, sir. My cigarette girl costume.

JIMMY: It's all right. It's pretty .....aren't you afraid  
you'll catch cold?

LILLY: Oh no sir.....Silk's very warm, sir.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES .....MUSIC OUT....

JIMMY: Well...I see you got here.

MARTIN: Yes Mr. Spatafaculi...I hope we ain't...haven't...  
inconvenienced you by arrivin' too late.

JIMMY: What?

TAYLOR: Aah...be yourself Stubby.

MARTIN: Lay off that Stubby stuff. From now on I'm Martin...  
Mr. Martin.

TAYLOR: Okay....and am I Mr. Taylor. too?

MARTIN: No. you're Willie.....You're just a doorman.

LILLY: He looks more like the admiral of the British Navy.

WILLIE: Not bad is it? How does it hit you, Spatafaculi?

JIMMY: The uniform's all right.

MARTIN: Listen. Willie.....can't you remember nothin'?

TAYLOR: Aw gee..... How doyou like my uniform, Mr.Spatafacul

MARTIN: That's better.

JIMMY: All right, Willie...

TAYLOR: Shall I go out and start helping them out of the cabs?

JIMMY It's a little early for that.

MARTIN: Sure....it's still daylight.

JIMMY: What about these two men here...I can't very well call them "Oyster" and "Clam" when I want 'em. What are their names?

MARTIN: This guy's Morgan and that guy's Sanders.

JIMMY: Well....can't they talk?

MARTIN: Sure..they can talk.....can't you, boys?

MORGAN: Sure.

SANDERS: Yeah.

JIMMY: All right. You'd better go out and see the captain and get your stations....By the way, have you ever waited on tables before?

MORGAN: Sure.

SANDERS: Yeah.

SOUND KNOCK ON DOOR.

JIMMY: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

BETTY: Oh. I'm sorry' Jimmy....I didn't know you were busy.

JIMMY: It's all right Betty....Come in. Miss Bruce..... this is Mr. Martin.

BETTY: How do you do.

MARTIN: Pleased to meetcha.

JIMMY: Mm-mm!

MARTIN: I'm sorry. How do you do, Miss Bruce. Don't worry, Jimmy....it may take me a couple of days...but I'll work into it.

JIMMY: And this is Willie....

BETTY: How do you do, Willie.

TAYLOR: Good evening madam.

MARTIN: (SOTTO VOCE) Where do you get that "madam" stuff?

TAYLOR: I mean ..."Miss".

MARTIN: And remember when you're in doubt always say "Miss". No madam minds being called a miss, but a miss don't like to be called a madam. Ain't I right, sister....I mean, Miss Bruce?

BETTY: Why yes...I think that's very sound...and Jimmy have you been watching the time?

JIMMY: Gee.....I didn't know it was that late.

BETTY: We've got two numbers that we've never done before. that we've got to rehearse.

JIMMY: Yes I know.....How did Heigh-Ho work out?

BETTY: Better I think.

JIMMY: All right, boys...I've got to rehearse a couple of numbers.

TAYLOR: Is it all right if we come and listen?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

MARTIN: No....you stay here. I want to teach you some more manners.

TAYLOR: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.

JIMMY: Well, Betty....what do you think of my new partners?

BETTY: (LAUGHS) Oh Jimmy...they're priceless! I expected to see four gorillas from the way Rooco described them.

JIMMY: Well...I'm not so sure but what they are gorillas in cheap clothing!

BETTY: Oh Jimmy .....,that's terrible!

JIMMY: Well.....it's better than some of the stuff you hear on the radio..... Okay, boys... let's see if we can't get these right the first time..... It's getting late... Number ninety-six..... Okay..... here's one for nothing...

MUSIC:.....ORCHESTRA "LOVELIGHT IN THE STARLIGHT".

JIMMY: Well...that wasn't so dusty.....theband part, anyway.

BETTY: (OFF) There wasn't anything wrong with your singing either.

LILLY: (OFF...FADING IN) (TRIES VARIOUS INFLECTIONS ON FOLLOWING) Cigars. cigarettes.....Cigarettes, cigars.... Cigars...cigarettes..... Cigarettes.. cigars.... Gardenias..... Gardenias.....

JIMMY: What in the world are you doing Lilly?

LILLY: Why...I'm rehearsing too, sir....Which do you like better? Cigars...cigarettes.....or.....Cigarettes, cigars?

JIMMY: Well....why don't you just vary them, Lilly...to sort of break the monotony.

LILLY: Oh Mr. Jimmy....that's a splendid idea.....

JIMMY: And will you go rehearse somewhere else Lilly.... so we can finish here.....Do you mind?

LILLY: Oh no, sir. I'll go out in the cloakroom and try it out on Willie. (FADES)

JIMMY: (LAUGHS) All right boys....Take eighty-six.... and see if we can't vary the monotony....All right hit it.

MUSIC.....ORCHESTRA .... "THE GIRL FRIEND".....JIMMY SINGS.....

MARTIN: (OFF) Oh yeah....well. we don't need no protection. see? We got all the protection we need right here.

LILLY: (EXCITEDLY) Oh Mr. Jimmy.....

JIMMY: What's the matter, Lilly?

LILLY: I don't know sir...but.....look!

SOUND: SCUFFLE

MARTIN: (OFF) All right, toots....you asked for it.

SOUND BLOW

JIMMY: (FADING OFF ...SLIGHTLY) Hey....hold everything! What's going on here?

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO".....)

ANNOUNCER: The reformation of Stubby Martin and his henchmen seemed a little too good to be true and it sounds as though they had already reverted to type.

(THEME.....OUT)  
(FADE IN CHANT - 10 SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: If that tobacco auctioneer's chant were the clang of the Liberty Bell. it couldn't stand any more truly for independence. For the tobacco auctioneers are free-lances. They deal with all cigarette manufacturers. and can't show favoritism to any. So their judgment about cigarettes means a lot. Now here is the judgment of a tobacco auctioneer who rates tops - Bill Currin of Durham, North Carolina.....

VOICE: I've been auctioneering tobacco 16 years, and I've been smoking Luckies at least 15 years. So you can see it didn't take me long, after I began watching tobacco sales at auction to decide on Luckies.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you Bill Currin ...Mr. Currin's opinion as an independent tobacco expert carries a lot of weight. And here's something even more impressive. (PAUSE) Most other independent experts like Mr. Currin agree with him in his choice of Luckies. Now this is ~~not a claim~~ <sup>fact</sup>. ~~It is a fact~~ - a fact <sup>substantiated</sup> by sworn records open for ~~your~~ <sup>personal</sup> inspection. Yes, sworn records show that among these independent experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes put together! Over twice as many! Remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer (CHANT - 10 SECONDS) When you hear



(AUCTIONEER  
CONT'D)

that chant remember ...with independent  
experts - with men who know tobacco best -  
it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE) Join us again  
next Monday evening at this same time for  
another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi"  
with Buddy Clark,

(THEME....."HAPPY DAYS".....)

ANNOUNCER:

The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's  
program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SONG CREDITS I F ANY)

"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI"  
with  
BUDDY CLARK

#19 - Monday May 23 1938

CAST:

Jimmy  
Martin  
Taylor

SOUND:

DOOR BUZZER

MUSIC:

PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

SONGS:

I Love To Whistle - Robbins  
Little Lady Make Believe - Olman Music

John Tucker Battle  
400 Park Avenue  
New York City.

ATX01 0214442

LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI" - Script #19  
Monday May 23, 1938.

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer.  
(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 32 - 37  
2nd SALE ... 33 - 38  
3rd SALE ... 34 - 39  
ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Naturally the independent tobacco experts, like the auctioneer you just heard, know who buys what tobacco. With these experts ... With men who know tobacco best ... It's Luckies 2 to 1! An interesting comment on this fact was made recently by Spencer Tracy, the famous movie actor. Mr. Tracy said ...(PAUSE) Experts like the auctioneers, who spend their whole lives in the tobacco business, certainly ought to be good judges of cigarettes. So I think it means a lot that they prefer Luckies 2 to 1 over other cigarettes. (PAUSE) Yes, and it means a lot, too, that Spencer Tracy smokes Luckies - has smoked them for about 8 years - and finds them always easy on his throat. For Spencer Tracy, as an actor, can't risk throat-irritation from smoking. Now here's why Luckies are easy on any smoker's throat. The exclusive process, "It's Toasted" takes out certain throat-irritants found in all tobacco. Then with these irritants out controlled moisture is added to enhance

ANNOUNCER:  
(Cont'd)

the natural mellowness of the leaf. The  
"Toasting" process is, in effect, a purifying  
process. It gets rid of quantities of un-  
desirable elements which might, otherwise,  
detract from your enjoyment of the tobacco.  
The result is a light smoke easy on your throat.  
Try Luckies for a week and let your own throat  
be the judge. Next time you buy cigarettes -  
ask for Lucky Strike.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS".....)

ANNOUNCER:           and now Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi"....  
                          a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and  
                          Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky  
                          Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO".....CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER:           On the very night on which Jimmy Clayton alias  
                          Mr. Spatafaculi opened his new night club he  
                          discovered that Colonel Fortescue, his partner,  
                          was not all he appeared to be for later that  
                          night he learned from a couple of sinister-looking  
                          guests Stub Martin and Willie Taylor, that  
                          Fortescue owed them twelve thousand dollars.  
                          Fortescue is thus obliged to turn over his share  
                          in the club to them in payment. Jimmy is of  
                          course against the idea for the gentlemen in  
                          question appear a little too tough for his taste.  
                          But Jimmy is persuaded to give them a chance and  
                          they appear the following night apparently very  
                          eager to reform. However, their reformation is  
                          short-lived because before the evening is over  
                          they start a fight with an unknown person at the  
                          door.....It is the following afternoon and Jimmy  
                          is at the club trying over some songs.....

MUSIC.....PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT TO "I LOVE TO WHISTLE".....JIMMY  
                          SINGS.....SONG OVER

MARTIN)  
TAYLOR)

APPLAUD

MARTIN: Gee....that was swell, Jimmy.

TAYLOR: Yeah...that was swell.

JIMMY: Oh...hello Martin. Glad you and Taylor got here early. There's something I want to talk to you about before the others get here.

MARTIN: That's why we come early.

TAYLOR: Sure...that's why we come early.

MARTIN: Yeah... you see....there's a lot of things you don't understand.

TAYLOR: Yeah.

JIMMY: Yes, I know. There are lots of things I don't understand...but there's one thing you've got to understand...both of you....and that is were not going to have any more rough stuff around here.

MARTIN: You mean that chiseler that come in here last night wanting to sell us protection?

TAYLOR: Yeah...that chiseler?

JIMMY: Well.....no matter who he was. There are other ways of doing things besides fighting.

MARTIN: Why...gee....Jimmy...you don't call that fightin'?

Why...we just threw him out.

TAYLOR: Sure....we just trun him out.

JIMMY: Yes....on the back of his neck.

MARTIN: Well...that was on account of he was resistin'.

TAYLOR: Sure....he didn't wanta go.

JIMMY: Yes...but don't you see...rough stuff like that... no matter who it is or what he wants...gives the place a bad name. People won't want to come here.

MARTIN: Well....people wouldn't wanna come here if it was fulla chiselers. would they?

JIMMY: Well...the next time one of these chiselers...as you call 'em...comes in....take him in the office.

MARTIN: An' let all the cusomers hear him hollerin'?

JIMMY: Thye won't hear him hollerin' because he won't be hollerin'.

TAYLOR: You mean...tap him with a blackjack foist?

JIMMY: No... I don't mean that. If anybody else comes around here for any reason whatsoever....send them to me and let me talk to them.

MARTIN: Now listen. Jimmy....you're too busy runnin' the orchestra and singin' to take care of them details.

TAYLOR: Sure...Jimmy ....leave us take care of the details.

JIMMY: Not unless you learn to take care of them my way.

MARTIN: But listen, Jimmy you don't understand. That guy was workin' for Spike McGiff.

TAYLOR: That was one of Spike McGiff's contact men!

MARTIN: Yeah....he was wartin' to sell us some protection for twenty-fi' bucks a week.

JIMMY: Protection from what?

MARTIN: From him.

TAYLOR: Sure....from him.

JIMMY: Well...what's the matter with the police?

MARTIN: I often wondered..

TAYLOR: Yeah....I often wondered.

JIMMY: Well....I don't think there's anything the matter with the police. All we've got to do is to call them up and tell them what's going on.

MARTIN: Yeah....that's what Nick Prepostodopolous thought.

TAYLOR: Sure...that's what he thought.

JIMMY: You mean they.....

MARTIN: Yeah.

TAYLOR: Yeah...(MAKES SOUND LIKE CUTTING THROAT)....just like that!

JIMMY: Nevertheless...the first time they try to start anything I'm calling the police.

MARTIN: Now wait a minute. Jimmy....You don't want to do that.

TAYLOR: Naw...you don't want to do that.

JIMMY: That's just exactly what I'm going to do.

MARTIN: But what about the dames?

TAYLOR: Yeah....the dames?

JIMMY: What dames? What do you mean?

MARTIN: The girls here? Miss Betty...that's playin' in the orchestra and the little limey dame...Lilly.

TAYLOR: Yeah...Lilly.

JIMMY: Now, listen,...they wouldn't bother the girls?

MARTIN: Oh no? Spike McGiff would kick his gran'mother's teeth out if he thought she had a gold fillin' in one o' them.

TAYLOR: Yeah...even a silver fillin'.

MARTIN: So you better let us handle the McGiff situation, Jimmy. You just take care of the music.

JIMMY: If I'm going to run this nightclub boys. I'm going to run it my way..and the next time any of McGiff's



JIMMY:  
(Cont'd) men come in here, you send them to me. I want to talk to them. Understand?

MARTIN: Sure, Jimmy...I understand but you'll just be wastin' your breath.

TAYLOR: Yeah...wastin' your breath.

JIMMY: Maybe so...but that's the way it is O'ay?

MARTIN: Okay Jimmy.

TAYLOR: Yeah... okay.

JIMMY: Now ...if you boys'll excuse me, I've got to go over a couple more numbers here before the orchestra comes.

MARTIN: Oh sure....that's all right, go ahead. But can't we listen?

TAYLOR: Sure...we like to listen.

JIMMY: Well .....if you want to.

MUSIC.....PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT TO "LITTLE LADY MAKE BELIEVE"  
r..... JIMMY SINGS .....SONG OVER....

MARTIN: Gee Jimmy...there ain't nothin' wrong with the way you do that.

TAYLOR: I'll say....the way you do that.

JIMMY: (LAUGHS) I only wish the rest of the audience was as easy to please as you two.

SOUND: BUZZER.....

MARTIN: Hey...Jimmy...there's somebody at the door.

SOUND: BUZZER

TAYLOR: Yeah...somebody at the door.

JIMMY: I wonder who it could be.

MARTIN: I don't know....but I got a good idea.

TAYLOR: Yeah....and I got a good idea too.

JIMMY: You think it's one of Spike McGiff's gang?

MARTIN: Yeah.....after the way we give Slinky the bum's  
rush last night, it's probably the whole gang.  
You better let us take care of this, Jimmy.

TAYLOR: Yeah...take care of this.

SOUND: BUZZER.....INSISTENTLY.....

JIMMY: No. You stay where you are boys.... I'll answer  
the door.

(THEME . . . . .  
ANNOUNCER: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO".....)  
Who is calling on Jimmy's club so early in  
the afternoon and if it is a member of Spike  
McGiff's gang. will Jimmy be able to reason  
with him?

(THEME . . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: "Speed" Riggs. the famous tobacco auctioneer,  
you heard at the beginning of this program.  
seems to know most of the top-notchers in the  
tobacco business. Only today Speed was talking  
about a friend of his down in Greensboro, North  
Carolina - Roscoe Graham. Speed pointed out  
there's a good reason why Roscoe Graham, who  
has sold in the neighborhood of 120,000,000  
pounds of tobacco, is a crackerjack tobacco  
auctioneer. He's the third generation of his  
family in the tobacco business. And he was  
learning tobacco at the age most boys are  
learning how to spin tops. Well- I'm glad to  
be able to hand on that first-hand information  
about Mr. Graham because it adds real authority  
to his judgment about cigarettes. Now here's  
what Mr. Graham says . . .

VOICE: I've been auctioneering on the tobacco market  
for 15 years in South Carolina, North Carolina,  
Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky. And at  
auction after auction I've seen Lucky Strike  
buy the choice tobacco. Now that's a fact . . .

VOICE:  
(Cont'd)

I'll stake my reputation as an independent tobacco man upon it.

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you; Roscoe Graham ... Mr. Graham has chosen Luckies for his own cigarette for the past eight years. And it's interesting that most other independent tobacco experts - not connected with any cigarette manufacturer - agree with Mr. Graham. Yes, among these independent tobacco experts ... auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen ... Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact. Sworn records prove it - sworn records which anyone may examine. So remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. (CHANT 10 SECONDS) .... When you hear that chant, think of fine tobacco. Remember, with men who know tobacco best ... it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE) Join us again next Wednesday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME..... "HAPPY DAYS"....)

ANNOUNCER:

The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was Mr. L.G. (Spence) Rigg of Feldsboro, N.C.

(SONG CREDITS IF ANY)

LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI" - Script #20  
Wednesday, May 25. 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 33 - 38

2nd SALE ... 34 - 39

3rd SALE ... 32 - 37

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: No matter what business you're in, you know it pays to play fair and square with all your customers. And you can be sure that down in Tobacco-land - independent tobacco experts, like the auctioneer you just heard - are careful to play fair and square with their customers, the cigarette companies. That's why any opinion they have about cigarettes is bound to be perfectly honest and impartial. So let us refer you to one of these independent experts Joe Burnett famous tobacco auctioneer of Buffalo Springs Virginia. Joe Burnett who of course, sells to all the cigarette companies, has this to say about Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

VOICE: I've smoked Luckies for 10 years now because I see what mighty good tobacco Lucky Strike buys. It's good, rich ripe tobacco - the kind that makes the best smoke. And I've seen Luckies buy that same kind of tobacco at every auction.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Joe Burnett. Mr. Burnett's opinion carries even more weight because it is typical of the majority of other independent tobacco experts.

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ANNOUNCER:  
(Cont'd)

Yes, among these independent experts - auctioneers,  
buyers, and warehousemen - Lucky Strike has over  
twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the  
other cigarettes combined. Now this is a fact ~~and~~  
~~not a claim.~~ <sup>established</sup> ~~It is substantiated~~ by sworn records  
<sup>which anyone may</sup> ~~that you can examine for yourself.~~ So, next time  
you buy cigarettes remember ... with independent  
experts - with men who know tobacco best, it's  
Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . . . )

ANNOUNCER: And now, BUDDY CLARK in "ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI" ... a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes ...

(THEME . . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Because of a debt which Colonel Fortescue owed to Stubby Martin and three of his henchmen, Jimmy finds that he has turned over his share of the club to them in payment. He is at first reluctant to continue as partner but when they try to convince him that they won't be as tough as they look, that they will reform, Jimmy agrees to give them a chance. On the first night of their trial, however, they pick a fight with someone who they explain was a member of Spike McGiff's gang soliciting a protection fee of twenty-five dollars a week. Notwithstanding Martin's warning that they are tough, Jimmy insists that the next time anyone calls he will see them personally at his office. During a rehearsal the following afternoon, at which Martin and Taylor are present, the buzzer is sounded by someone at the door. Martin and Taylor believe it is one of McGiff's gang, returning and offer to handle it, but Jimmy is determined to handle it himself.

JIMMY: No — stay where you are, boys ... I'll answer the door.

MARTIN: Gee ... wait a minute Jimmy ... them guys will have guns!

JIMMY: They won't be apt to use 'em if they see I haven't got one.

(SOUND: BUZZER ... MORE INSISTENTLY)

JIMMY: (CALLS ... AS HE FADES) Wait ... take it easy — I'm coming.

MARTIN: Gee ... the kid's taking a awful chance!

TAYLOR: Yeah ... a awful chance!

MARTIN: He's gonna open the door. Come on ... get down behind the table.

TAYLOR: I am! I am! I am!

(SOUND: OFF ... DOOR OPENS)

JIMMY: (OFF) Well?

SCHNOPPEL: (COMBINATION YIDDISH-GERMAN ACCENT) Am I talkin' to the proprietor?

JIMMY: Well ... that is ... what is it you want?

SCHNOPPEL (FADING IN) What I wanted was to speak with Mr. Spatafaculi ... and also to have a look around at my property ... Close the door, pliss.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JIMMY: (FADING IN) What do you mean ... your property?

SCHNOPPEL That's a good one. You asking me what I mean it's my property! It's in the court house a deed, recorded in my name without only two mortgages on it ... Aint that makes it my property?

JIMMY: You mean you're the landlord?

SCHNOPPEL: That's right ... and I come for the rent.

MARTIN: Aah ... it's the landlord.

TAYLOR: Yeah ... on'y the landlord.

SCHNOPPEL: (STARTLED) What! What kind monkey business is this? Hiding behind tables. Jumping out of places?

JIMMY: This is Mr. Martin ... Mr... er ...

SCHNOPPEL Schnoppel ... Jacob Schnoppel ... I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Martin ... I hope.

MARTIN: Yeah.

JIMMY: Mr. Martin is a part-owner of this club.



SCHNOPPEL           Where is Colonel Fortescue?

MARTIN:             I took over Colonel Fortescue's share of this place.

SCHNOPPEL           Ach! First ... it's Fortescue ... now it's Martin ... and  
then it's Spatafaculi.

JIMMY:              Yes.

SCHNOPPEL:          You don't look like it.

MARTIN:             What do you mean he don't look like it.

TAYLOR:             What do you mean ... look like it?

SCHNOPPEL:          And who is this?

TAYLOR:             Who wants to know?

MARTIN:             Aah ... he's the doorman.

SCHNOPPEL:          Pretty sassy for a doorman, aint it?

TAYLOR:             Oh yeah?

MARTIN:             Lay off, Willie ... lay off.

JIMMY:              Yes ... take it easy, Willie ... What's this all about ...  
the rent, Mr. Schnoppel?

SCHNOPPEL           It's about two hundred dollars ... that's what it's about.  
Cash on the line ... spot cash.

JIMMY:              But ...

MARTIN:             Didn't Fortescue pay the rent in advance?

SCHNOPPEL:          Fortescue ... in advance! Hah! Don' make me laugh! He  
paid it with a promise ... Right here ... He says ... (READS)  
"Two days after opening the club I promise to pay to Jacob  
Schnoppel one month's rent in advance ... Two Hundred Dollars ...!"  
See? Two days you have been open already ... so I'm here.

JIMMY:              Oh ... I see.

MARTIN:             Yeah ... but listen ... we thought Fortescue had already  
paid the rent.

SCHNOPPEL: You thought. He thought. But I know.

JIMMY: Well ... couldn't you give us a few more days? I mean ...  
a little more time?

SCHNOPPEL: You're not paying the rent? I'm going to give you time enough  
to get to the sheriff's office and swear out eviction papers ...  
On the sidewalk you go ... in five minutes ... Maybe quicker ...  
I hope.

MARTIN: Hey ... wait a minute.

TAYLOR: Yeah ... wait a minute.

SCHNOPPEL: Listen ... I got experiences owning this nightclub for every  
since prohibition ... and I don't wait on nobody no more.

JIMMY: Well ... did you say it's two hundred dollars?

SCHNOPPEL: Yeah ... it's still two hundred dollars.

JIMMY: Have you got any money, Martin?

MARTIN: Aw no, Jimmy ... I'm clean.

TAYLOR: I'm clean, too.

MARTIN: Ain't you got two hundred bucks, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Yes, we've got that much ... but it'll only leave us seventeen  
dollars to run the club on.

SCHNOPPEL: Seventeen dollars? You're lucky. Most people don't got that  
much after they pay the rent. Here ... here's the receipt  
all made out ... but first give me the money.

JIMMY: Well ... all right. Here you are. Better count it.

SCHNOPPEL: You're telling me!

MARTIN: All right. You got your dough ... now get on out ... beat  
it ... take a powder.

JIMMY: Hey, Martin ... take it easy. Remember what I said about the  
rough stuff.

MARTIN: Yeah ... but this aint no customer. This is a landlord.

TAYLOR: Yeah ... only a landlord.

JIMMY: Never mind. Just take it easy.

TAYLOR: Hey. What are you doing with that money ... waving it around like that?

SCHNOPPEL: I'm just fixing it to see if some of the bills is folded half ... twice ... so I count them twice. I'm wise to that trick, too.

MARTIN: Why you ...

JIMMY: (LAUGHS) That's all right, Mr. Schnoppel ... count it as much as you like.

SCHNOPPEL: One hundred ... eighty ... ninety ... two hundred.

JIMMY: Is it all there?

SCHNOPPEL: Yeah ... for this month anyway. Well ... good day, gentlemen ... and ... er ... (FADES) ... the rest of you.

MARTIN: (CALLING) Close the door after you when you go out.

TAYLOR: (CALLING) Yeah ... close it hard ... on your neck!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES ... OFF)

JIMMY: Well - anyway it wasn't one of Spike McEiff's gang.

MARTIN: We'd a been better off if it was. Two hundred fish!

TAYLOR: Yeah ... two hundred fish!

JIMMY: Oh well ... nothing you can do about it ... so I a suppose I might as well get on with my rehearsing ...

(MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT "I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER ...)

MARTIN: Gee ... I don't see how you can sing like that ... under the circumstances, I mean.

TAYLOR: Yeah ... after just shellin' out the two C's.

JIMMY: There's no use being gloomy about it. If we don't keep our spirits up and give 'em a good show we'll never get our money back.

MARTIN: (SUDDENLY) Sh! Listen!

TAYLOR: Yeah ... listen!

(SOUND: KEY IN LOCK)

MARTIN: Somebody's coming in the door.

TAYLOR: The McGiff's.

JIMMY: I don't think so ... whoever it is has a key.

MARTIN: A skeleton key, maybe.

TAYLOR: Yeah ... a skelington key ...

LILLY: (OFF) Cheerio!

JIMMY: (CALLS) Oh ... it's you, Lilly. (SINGS WITH RELIEF)

LILLY: (FADING IN) Yes ... 'Oo was you expectin' ... if I might ask ... the Prince o' Wales?

JIMMY: Well no ... not exactly.

LILLY: Why is everybody lookin' so down in the mouth?

MARTIN: We just paid the rent.

LILLY: Oh. But I thought Colonel Fortescue paid the rent.

JIMMY: Yes ... that's what we thought.

TAYLOR: Yes ... that's what we thought!

LILLY: Say ... what are you ... an echo or something?

TAYLOR: A which?

LILLY: Oh never mind ... Well, Mr. Jimmy ... I've got good news for you.

JIMMY: That's swell ... I could use some good news. What is it?

LILLY: I've crossed the Rubicon.

TAYLOR: (SOTTO VOCE) She's what?

MARTIN: (SOTTO VOCE) I don't know.

LILLY: I've burned my bridges be'ind me.

JIMMY: What are you talking about, Lilly?

LILLY: Well ... me and Mrs. Donovan had words.

JIMMY: You mean ... she fired you?

LILLY: Not at all. I've resigned my position with Mrs. Donovan.

JIMMY: Gee ... that's too bad. What did you do that for?

LILLY: Well ... I've still got me position 'ere at La Chez Spatafa-  
culi, ain't I? As a cigarette and cloak room girl?

JIMMY: Well ... yes ... but...

LILLY: Well I still have it, ain't I?

JIMMY: Sure but ... er ...

LILLY: But what?

JIMMY: Well ... it's just that ... I don't know how sure it is.

LILLY: You mean ... I ain't been givin' satisfaction?

JIMMY: Oh sure, Lilly ... it's not that ... It's just that ... I  
don't know how much longer the club's going to stay open ...  
You see, we're running pretty short of money.

LILLY: Oh that. Don't give it a thought, Mr. Jimmy. I've me  
savin's and you're welcome to those, if you need 'em.

MARTIN: Gee ... that's swell, Lilly.

MAYLOR: Yeah ... that's swell. How much have you got?

JIMMY: Now wait a minute ... We're not taking any of Lilly's savings.

LILLY: And I'd like to know why not. If you need it, the whole  
twenty-seven dollars or any part of it is at your disposal,  
Mr. Jimmy.

MARTIN: Twenty-seven bucks!

TAYLOR: (DISGUSTEDLY) Twenty-seven bucks.

JIMMY: That's all right, Lilly ... and we appreciate it. But I don't think we'll have to call on you for that.

LILLY: Well, remember ... it's always there for you any time you want it, Mr. Jimmy ... and oh, by the way ... 'ere. 'Ere's a song that came for you this mornin'. I recognized the publisher's name on the envelope and so I brought it along.

JIMMY: Oy yes ... this is that "You Couldn't Be Cuter." Let's see how it goes.

( "YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER" . . . . . CLARK )

LILLY: Oh ... that's lovely ... Mr. Jimmy.

MARTIN: Yeah ... okay.

TAYLOR: Yeah ... okay.

LILLY: 'Oob that in the kitchen?

JIMMY: It's Gaspard, I guess.

LILLY: Does he come so early?

JIMMY: He hasn't been coming early but ... say ... what's that?

LILLY: Oh, I forgot, Mr. Jimmy. It's a letter that was pushed under the door. I picked it up on my way in.

( SOUND: PAPER TEARING )

JIMMY: Say! Well ... what do you know about this?

MARTIN: What is it?

TAYLOR: Yeah ... what is it?

JIMMY: Well, boys ... I guess this'll teach us not to look on the dark side of things. It's a reservation for a party of forty people for tonight -- at two dollars a plate.

TAYLOR: Two dollars a plate - forty people ... that's ... let's see ...

MARTIN: Eighty bucks! Eighty dollars!

TAYLOR: Yeah ... eighty dollars.

LILLY: And they might spend something extra, too, Mr. Jimmy!

JIMMY: Yeah ... they probably will.

LILLY: Let me see, Mr. Jimmy ... a steak dinner! Oh ... that'll be easy.

JIMMY: Hey, Gaspard.

GASPARD: (OFF) Be with you in a minute, Mr. Jimmy.

JIMMY: Well, boys and girls ... what do you think of that? We've already got forty customers for tonight. Why, at this rate, we'll get that rent money back in a couple of days.

GASPARD: (FADING IN) Did you-all want to see me, Mr. Jimmy?

JIMMY: Yeah ... where are you going?

MARTIN: Yeah ... what's the idea of the suitcase?

TAYLOR: Yeah ... why the suitcase?

GASPARD: I was just goin' home.

TAYLOR: Home?

MARTIN: Where's home?

GASPARD: Lou'siana.

LILLY: You was goin' home to Louisiana and it's almost time for you to start preparin' dinner!

JIMMY: Yes ... what do you mean, Gaspard?

GASPARD: Well ... I'll tell you ... I reckon maybe it's just that I'm kind of homesick ... and I'm tired of the nightclub business ... and here's my share of it and you can take it. I reckon I'll just be goin' ... that's all.

JIMMY: But Gaspard ... what's the matter? I mean, what's wrong?

GASPARD: Well - nothin' much - except the coal oil on the potatoes ... and the vegetables ... and ashed in the butter and kerosene in the ice-box and all over the rest of the groceries ... and all the pepper and salt th'owed on the floor.

JIMMY: What are you talking about?

GASPARD: Well ... somebody come in the kitchen last night and just ruined everything we got.

JIMMY: But who ...

MARTIN: I got it! It's Spike McGiff!

TAYLOR: Yeah ... Spike McGiff!

GASPARD: I don't know who it was ... but they left a note pinned to the table with a butcher knife stuck on it and it said ... well ... here it is ...

JIMMY: (PEADS) "If you value your health ... get out and stay out!

GASPARD: And I do value my health so ... (FADES) ... I'm gettin' out and I'm goin' to stay out. I reckon you'll just have to get another cook ... Goo'bye!

LILLIE: And us with a banquet for forty people!  
(THEME . . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . )

ANNOUNCER: How is Jimmy going to prepare a banquet with a ruined kitchen and no cook and only seventeen dollars in the treasury?

(THEME . . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Young singers like Jimmy Clayton soon learn that Rome wasn't built in a day and singers don't win success overnight. On the contrary, as any famous singer can tell you the road upward for the ambitious singer is a long and hard one. The radio baritone, Conrad Thibault for example, studied singing for six long years at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia before he even began his climb to fame. And you can be sure



ANNOUNCER:  
(Cont'd)

that today, Conrad Thibault takes the best possible care of that educated voice of his. Mr. Thibault simply can't risk throat irritation from smoking. So it should mean a lot to every smoker that Mr. Thibault has smoked Luckies for the past 8 years. Like so many other famous stars of radio, opera, stage and motion pictures, Mr. Thibault early discovered that a light smoke is easy on even the most sensitive throats. Now here's why Luckies are a light smoke. The exclusive process "It's Toasted" takes out certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. Then with these irritants out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural mellowness of the tobacco. And that's the reason Luckies are easy on any smoker's throat. Let your throat prove this. Try Luckies for a week. Begin this personal test next time you buy cigarettes. Ask for a light smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE) Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS".....)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SONG CREDITS IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI"

with

BUDDY CLARK

#21 - Friday, May 27th 1938

CAST:

Jimmy  
Lilly  
Martin  
Spatafaculi  
Gus  
Frank (Frank Novak)

SOUND:

Door Opens and Closes.

MUSIC:

Orchestra.

SONGS:

"I LET A SONG GO OUT OF MY HEART - Mills  
"SOMETHING TELLS ME - Vitmark  
"LET'S FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE - Irving Berlin

John Tucker Battle  
400 Park Avenue  
New York City, N.Y.

LUCKY STRIKE  
"Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" - Script #21  
Friday, May 27th, 1938

ANNOUNCER:

Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 33 - 38

2nd SALE ... 32 - 37

3rd SALE ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER:

The chant of the tobacco auctioneer is your reminder  
that with independent tobacco experts - with men  
who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1. (PAUSE)

Now, many people are commenting on that fact...

But here's another fact that deserves your attention:

For years, famous stars of opera, radio, stage and  
screen - people like Gertrude Wettergren, Lanny  
Ross, Robert Taylor and ~~many~~<sup>many</sup> others - have been  
smoking Luckies. Why?...Well - not just because

of Luckies' fine tobacco but because they find  
Luckies a light smoke, easy on their throats.

Now here's the reason Luckies are easy on any  
smoker's throat ... The exclusive Lucky Strike

process "It's Toasted" takes out certain throat-  
irritants naturally present in all tobacco. Then,

with these irritants out controlled moisture is  
added to enhance the natural mellowness of the leaf.

The result is a light smoke - easy on your throat.

Let a week of steady Lucky smoking prove this to  
you. Next time you buy cigarettes, ask for a light  
smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike.

(THEM . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS".....)

ATX01 0214467

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" ... a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes ...

("THEME .... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ..... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: On the night following the opening of Jimmy's new nightclub, his two new partners - Stubby Martin and Willie Taylor - get into a fight with a member of Spike McGiff's gang who has called at the club in order to get Jimmy to pay a weekly protection fee. Jimmy warns Martin and Taylor that there are to be no fights, that he will handle all matters of that sort in the future. Later the following afternoon as Jimmy is rehearsing, someone calls at the door. They believe it is a second call from the gang but it turns out to be the landlord who has come to collect the rent. Jimmy pays the rent and that leaves exactly seventeen dollars in the treasury. They receive an order for a party of forty guests and are jubilant about it until Gaspard, their cook, leaves them, explaining that somebody has been in the kitchen the night before and has ruined all the food ...

LILLY: Lawks, Mr. Jimmy ... what are we going to do?

JIMMY: I don't know, Lilly.

MARTIN: We've got to get another cook.

JIMMY: Yes ... but where?

LILLY: There ain't no time for that ... We've got to do it ourselves ... I'll do the cooking.

MARTIN: Do you know how to cook?

LILLY: Do I know how to cook? You just ought to taste a bit of my  
bubble and whistle.

MARTIN: Your what?

JIMMY: Well, Lilly ... this is a banquet ... I mean ... they want  
steak and vegetables and dessert and things like that.

LILLY: Well ... we could get a cook book, couldn't we?

JIMMY: Well, I don't think we had better take a chance on that.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARTIN: Here comes the orchestra. Maybe some of them can cook.

GUS: Hi ... Jimmy ... Hello Lilly.

FRANK: Hello, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Hello, boys.

MARTIN: Hiya, boys.

BOYS: AD LIB "OKAYS"

JIMMY: Listen, fellas ... all of you ... sit down. I want to talk  
to you and I've got to talk fast.

GUS: What's the matter, Jimmy? We're on time, ain't we?

JIMMY: Yes ... that's not the point. Can any of you cook?

(DEAD SILENCE)

JIMMY: Well ... doesn't any of you know anything about cooking?

GUS: I can fry eggs. Why? What's the matter with Gaspard?

JIMMY: Gaspard's gone ... He's left.

LILLY: And what's more ... somebody's gone into the kitchen and  
poured kerosene oil all over the groceries and spoiled  
everything.

GUS: Well -- then how are we going to get any supper tonight?

LILLY: How are you going to get supper! You're worrying about your supper and we have a reservation here for forty banquet plates.

SPATAFACULI: Hello, hello, hello ... everybody ... hello!

JIMMY: Hello, Rocco.

SPATAFACULI: What's the matter. Everybody looks so sad. Who's dead?

LILLY: It's the cook.

ROCCO: He's dead? Who kill him?

LILLY: He's gone.

MARTIN: Yeah, he scrambled.

JIMMY: And we've got forty people comin' for dinner!

ROCCO: So what?

JIMMY: So how are we going to feed them?

ROCCO: Listen, Jimmy ... the Spatafaculi's ... I mean, the Claytons ... have been the best cooks in Italy for over two hundred generations ... and I'm inherit all from them. You want somebody to cook some banquet ... you got him. I do it.

JIMMY: You can!

ROCCO: You bet your last dollar I can.

JIMMY: Well - that's just about what I'm doing. Will you do it?

ROCCO: Sure ... why not?

LILLY: Bravo, Mr. Spata ... Mr. Clayton. Splendid, sir! And if Mr. Martin . . . will lend a hand out in the kitchen we'll get that kerosene oil cleaned up in no time ... (FADES)

ROCCO: Kerosene oil? What kerosene oil?

JIMMY: Well, somebody poured kerosene oil all over the stuff and ruined it.

ROCCO: Oh. Monkey business, huh? All right, we show them. Come

on, Lilly ... come on, boys ... (FADES)

GUS: Well ... is there anything we can do to help, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Not out in the kitchen. The way you boys can help most is by playing better than you have ever played before. This party tonight may mean the difference between success and failure. Come on -- let's whip right through these numbers and then maybe we'll have time to lend a hand out in the kitchen after. Let's try and smooth the wrinkles out of number a hundred and two ... and try and get it right the first time. Let's go.

(MUSIC . . . "I LET A SONG GO OUT OF MY HEART" (CLARK & ORCHESTRA). SONG OVER..

JIMMY: That's not bad.

LILLY: Ahem!

JIMMY: What is it, Lilly?

LILLY: Everything's ruined, sir. Absolutely everything and we've got to buy a complete stock of new groceries.

JIMMY: Well ... all right, Lilly. Here -- here's the seventeen dollars. That's all I've got. Think that will do?

LILLY: Well -- I ain't made out the list yet, sir, but I'll try. I don't think it'll be enough though.

JIMMY: It'll have to be enough.

LILLY: Maybe I could go to the bank and draw out my savings.

JIMMY: I don't want you to do that, Lilly, and besides the bank's closed now.

LILLY: Well ... I'll see what can be done, sir.

GUS: Gee -- You can't buy very much groceries with seventeen ~~bucks~~ ..

JIMMY: We'll have to do what we can. All right, boys -- now let's take a hundred and six.

(MUSIC . . . . . ORCHESTRA . . . "SOMETHING TELLS ME... JIMMY SINGS...  
SONG OVER.....

ROCCO: Jimmy!

JIMMY: Yes, Rocco ... What are you yelling for?

ROCCO: I'm yelling because I'm disgusted ... that's why,

JIMMY: What are you disgusted about?

ROCCO: How do you expect me to make a banquet for forty people when I have to start all over and buy everything -- eggs .. butter .. flour .. salt .. pepper .. sugar .. spaghetti .. cheese .. coffee .. milk .. tea .. lettuce .. tomatoes .. onions .. fruit .. everything. And besides that .. the meat .. for seventeen dollars. How am I going to do it?

JIMMY: Well - I don't know, Rocco. But seventeen dollars is all I have.

ROCCO: How about the band?

JIMMY: You boys got any money?

GUS: I've got thirty-five cents but I was saving it for a rainy day.

JIMMY: Oh -- they haven't got any money, Rocco.

GUS: I'm sorry, Jimmy - but you know we aint had no money in a long time.

JIMMY: Well ... you haven't got any money, have you Rocco?

ROCCO: Oh Jimmy, please ... you know I don't got any money.

JIMMY: Gosh -- and my allowance won't be here until next week and that wouldn't help much anyway. How much do you think we need?

ROCCO: We got to have at least fifty dollars more, Jimmy, before we can get stocked up just for tonight.

JIMMY: Well ... how about credit? Can't we get credit?

ROCCO: Credit! That's it! Jimmy, you got a good mind. I go right around the corner to Dinkenspiel and buy everything from him and I tell him we gonna buy everything from him and he gives us credit. Don't worry, Jimmy, go on with the music and I take care of the groceries.



JIMMY: Whew! Well - I guess that's that.

GUS: Good. I guess we eat, after all.

JIMMY: All right .. let's take sixty-two.

(MUSIC . . . ORCHESTRA.. "LET'S FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE".....  
JIMMY SINGS. . . . SONG OVER . . . .)

JIMMY: That's not half bad ... All right now ... Let's see ... We  
had better brush up on one twenty seven now ...

GUS: Oh-oh ... here comes Rocco again.

JIMMY: What's the matter, Rocco?

ROCCO: Jimmy ... I have just returned.

JIMMY: Yeah?

ROCCO: From Dinkenspiel's.

LILLY: And I was with him, Mr. Jimmy.

JIMMY: Well ... what's the matter?

ROCCO: Jimmy -- Dinkenspiel won't give us any credit.

LILLY: He flatly refused.

JIMMY: Well ... why?

ROCCO: He says he has had experience with this nightclub before.

LILLY: He says that the last six people who ran this club went bank-  
rupt and still owe him money, Mr. Jimmy.

JIMMY: The last six?

ROCCO: That's what he say.

JIMMY: Well ... did you try anywhere else?

ROCCO: Yes -- Lilly went in one place and I went in another.

LILLY: I asked every store in the neighborhood and they all refused  
credit to this club, sir.

ROCCO: They all refused me, too. Even when I told them I personally  
would guarantee it.

JIMMY: Gee whiz! We've got to get money somewhere and get it quick.

LILLY: And the saving bank's closed, Mr. Jimmy.

ROCCO: Listen, Lilly ... your twenty-seven dollars won't be a drop in the bucket. We got to have about fifty-five, sixty dollars right away and even that aint going to be half enough to get us through tonight.

GUS: Gee .. it looks like we'll just have to tell the people we can't take care of them.

JIMMY: If we do that, it means the club closes up. No .../we can't do that. There must be some way somehow. Now everybody start thinking and maybe we'll get an idea ...

(THESE . . . "YOUR NEWS HAVE TOLD ME SO". . . )

ANNOUNCER: Well ... with all credit in the neighborhood stopped, how is Jimmy going to raise enough money to furnish enough food to open the club this evening?

(THESE . . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Pelham Matter. Statesboro, Asheville. Washington. Greenville. Farmville. Knoxville. Carthage. Lebanon. Glasgow! (PAUSE) Sounds like a train announcer..... doesn't it? But it happens to be just a list of the tobacco markets in Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky.... where Ray Oglesby, famous tobacco auctioneer who is here in the studio today, has sold in the past few years. Now at every one of these markets Mr. Oglesby saw what tobacco was being bought for what cigarettes. And as he's an independent, dealing on equal terms with all cigarette companies, his opinion about cigarettes is bound to be both impartial and informal. Now have you a word to say Mr. Oglesby?

OGLESBY:

Yes sir. I've covered plenty of ground and I've sold plenty of tobacco. And I want to say this.... at every auction in every tobacco center I've been to. Lucky Strike has bought exactly the same fine grade of leaf,., which is one reason I've smoked Luckies myself ever since 1927.

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you, Ray Oglesby. Mr. Oglesby's opinion as an independent tobacco expert means a lot! And he is typical! Among other independent tobacco experts, buyers, warehousemen, and auctioneers . . . Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. Sworn records prove this fact---sworn records which anyone may examine. So remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. (CHANT)  
When you hear that chant... Think of fine tobacco and remember with independent experts with men who know tobacco best... It's Luckies 2 to 1!  
(PAUS) Join us again next Monday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER:

The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SONG CREDIT S I F ANY)

"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI"

with

BUDDY CLARK  
#22 - May 30 1938

CAST:

Jimmy  
Martin

Betty  
Fortescue  
Frank (double)

SCENES:

MUSIC:  
Piano accompaniment

SONG:  
"On the Sentimental Side"  
"How'd Ja Like To Love Me"

John Battle  
400 Park Avenue  
New York City. )

LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI" - Script #22  
Monday, May 30, 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 32 - 37

2nd SALE ... 33 - 38

3rd SALE ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: That chant spells ... E-X-P-E-R-T ... expert! Yes, and among independent tobacco experts like the auctioneer you just heard - with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1. (PAUSE) But even the finest tobacco needs to be purified to give you a light smoke. That is why Lucky Strike's exclusive purifying process "It's Toasted" means so much. Actual laboratory tests prove what quantities of harsh throat-irritants naturally present in all tobacco are removed by the "Toasting" process. And so Luckies are definitely without certain undesirable elements found in all tobacco. That is why you will find great singers like Lotte Lehmann - noted actors like Robert Taylor - smoking Luckies. For their own experience has taught them the advantages of a light smoke easy on the throat. Why not let your own throat prove this to you. Try Luckies for a week. Remember: Lucky Strike is the only cigarette that offers you the finest tobacco plus the throat protection of the "Toasting" process. So ask for Lucky Strike.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS". . . . .)

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ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi"....  
a new series presented every Monday, Wednesday  
and Friday at this same time by the makers of  
Lucky Strike Cigarettes.....

(THEME....."YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO".....CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Refusing to pay a protection fee to a gang of  
racketeers. Jimmy gets his first taste of hard  
luck in connection with his night club, La Chez  
Spatafaculi, for someone has broken into his  
Kitchen, ruined all the food and caused the  
departure of Gaspard, the cook, by threatening his  
life. With a banquet party for forty people  
scheduled. Jimmy and his friends are at their wits'  
end for money to buy supplies. Jimmy, Martin, his  
partner, and Betty Bruce are anxiously discussing  
possible sources of ready money. . . . .

MARTIN: Well..... if we can't raise no money to buy no  
grub we can't run no night club. An' if you ask  
me. I think that Colonel Fortescue left me 'n"  
Taylor holdin' the bag.

JIMMY: Where is Taylor, by the way?

MARTIN: Where is he? Out tryin' to raise some dough.

JIMMY: Well, you and Taylor haven't anyone to blame for  
it but yourselves. You insisted on taking over  
Colonel Fortescue's share for a twelve thousand  
dollar debt.

MARTIN: Yeah. twelve thousand....and I'd be willing to  
sell out now for twelve cents.

JIMMY: Well.....I'm sorry. It isn't my fault.

MARTIN: Oh... I ain't blamin' you, Jimmy, but the question is what are we gonna do?

BETTY: I don't know what you are going to do but Jimmy has a lot of rehearsing to do before we open tonight.

JIMMY: No use rehearsing. Betty ... if we can't open.

BETTY: I've an idea, Jimmy. Why not sent all the boys in the orchestra out to see how much they can raise

JIMMY: Oh....they can't raise anything.

BETTY: They might be able to. What do you say Frank?

FRANK: Well ..... we can try.

JIMMY: All right.....You go with them Rocco, and you guys see what you can do. Get back within an hour. will you?

FRANK: Okay Jimmy.....Come on boys. (FADES)

JIMMY: (CALLS) And remember. no contribution is too small to be appreciated..... even a dime'll buy a loaf of bread, you know.

MARTIN: What dime?

BETTY: And as far as that goes...what's wrong with you two going out and trying to raise some money? After all. you're still partners in this business.

JIMMY: Yes....that's not a bad idea.

MARTIN: Ah....say it ain't no use for us to try to raise no money in this town.

JIMMY: Hm...Well....I guess you know your own business.

BETTY: Come on, Jimmy.... how about trying "On The Sentimental Side" ...

JIMMY: I don't think I can put very much into it. Betty.

BETTY: Oh yes you can. Come on.....chin up! Sing it like you meant it.

JIMMY: (MUSIC.... PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT ... "ON THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE".. SONG OVER)

BETTY: See there .. ... I knew you could do it.

FORTESCUE: (FADING IN) Well. well my boys . . . It is easy to perceive that your vocal proclivities have not suffered a decline in the recent past.

JIMMY: Well.... hellow Colonel.

MARTIN: Fortescue!

FORTESCUE: Ah.... Mr. Martin... .. and how are you and Mr. Taylor enjoying the night club business?

MARTIN: Aw...I ought to bust you in the eye.

FORTESCUE: Gentlemen.... gentlemen.... can't you see that a lady is present? How do you do, Miss Bruce?

BETTY: How do you do, Colonel Fortescue?

FORTESCUE: Well...not badly... not badly.... for the gods of



FORTESCUE:  
)Cont'd) fortune smiled upon me today. The cornucopia of plenty showered down a rich reward of the fruits of my mind.

MARTIN: What are you talking about?

FORTESCUE: I picked the winnah in the fourth today at Belmont, my boys, with my usual foresightedness and superior knowledge of the relative speed of equine quadrupeds ..... horses to you.... I was enabled unfailingly to pick the winnah?

MARTIN: How much did you win?

FORTESCUE: Thirty-two dollars and seventeen cents. my boy.....  
thirty-two dollars and seventeen cents.

MARTIN: You got it with you?

FORTESCUE: Come, come, my boys....you've no right to ask such a personal question. My debt to you was completely paid.... eliminated.... wiped out..... and settled... when I transferred my title to Chez Spatafaculi to you.

MARTIN: Yeah... well, we ain't very happy about that trade.

FORTESCUE: Well.... I'm sorry, my boys...but a trade is a trade.

MARTIN: Maybe so... but there ain't no reason why we can't keep right on trading.

JIMMY: Now, hold on. Remember what I said about rough stuff.

MARTIN: There ain't gonna be no rough stuff. Listen, Fortescue here's the paper... I'm sellin' you back your interest in this La Chez Spatafaculi.

FORTESCUE: What! Why I wouldn't think of buying it back, my boys. In the first place. I haven't sufficient capital at present.

MARTIN: Oh yes, you have. You got thirty-two dollars and seventeen cents, ain't you?

FORTESCUE: But surely, my good fellow, you wouldn't think of accepting thirty-two dollars and seventeen cents for your share after paying twelve thousand dollars for it.

MARTIN: Oh no? That's what you think!

MARTIN: Come on.... pony up.... thirty-two bucks and seventeen cents.

FORTESCUE: But, gentlemen gentlemen...my conscience refuses to allow me to take advantage of you. My spirit of fair trade is revolted by the idea.

MARTIN: Well....you give us that thirty-two dollars and seventeen cents before we revlt more than your ideas.

FORTESCUE: Well....if you insist.... if you insist... but first..... just sign over your interest. Here's

FORTESCUE: a pen.  
(CONT'D)  
MA  
MARTIN: Okay..... There y'are. Oh no, you don't.....  
give me the dough first.

FORTESCUE: Surely, my boy, you don't mean to impugn my  
honesty! Here you are.... hear you are... Thirty....  
one...two dollars and seventeen cents. I suppose  
you realize that this leaves me without funds?

MARTIN: Yeah... you don't know the half of it.

MARTIN: Now you're right back where you started. Colonel...  
And Jimmy.... it's been nice to know you kid.

MARTIN: But I think we'd better go back to the track and  
take up where we left off. This nightclub business  
ain't all it's cracked up to be.

JIMMY: All right, ... I think I see your viewpoint.

MARTIN: Well....so long..... so long, Miss Bruce.

BETTY: Good-bye.

MARTIN: (OFF) Break the news to him about the night club  
situation gently, will ya, Jimmy? The old guy  
might have a weak heart or something.

MARTIN (FADE... LAUGHING...)

FORTESCUE: Well, Jimmy... my boy... it's good to see your  
radiant face light up at the sight of my return.

JIMMY: Is it lighting up?

FORTESCUE: Oh yes my boy ... aren't you glad to see me?

JIMMY: Not especially.

BETTY: How many blackjacks and pistols are you carrying now?

FORTESCUE: Ah. my dear dear. young landy. You do me an injustice. I'm as innocent of weapons as a new born babe. Even more so, for I have not even a safety pin upon my person.

JIMMY: And we haven't even a loaf of bread in the place and no money to buy any with.

FORTESCUE: Oh, let not that irk you, my boy, for I do not return empty-handed. Reposing in my left shoe and in my right sock is the tidy little sum of fifty dollars..... twentyfive dollars in the shoe &.... twenty-five dollars in the sock.

JIMMY: But you just told Martin.....

FORTESCUE: Oh.... merebusiness expediency. my boy business expediency.

BETTY: Some people might have another name for it... But, anyway.... give me the money..... now.

FORTESCUE: What are you going to do with it, my child?

BETTY: As soon as Bocco gets back. I'm going over and establish our credit with Dinkenspiel....that's what I'm going to do.

FORTESCUE: An excellent idea. my girl an excellent idea! Here..... beautiful steel engraving....

JIMMY: Hot dog! We'll be able to open after all. I'd better get along with these numbers . . . . .

(MUSIC..... PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT..... "HOW'D JA LIKE TO LOVE ME?)

(BRIGHT) JIMMY SINGS EXUBERANTLY... SONG OVER....

FORTESCUE: Splendid, my boy... Beautiful! Beatific... and sublime!

BETTY: Oh, Jimmy.... if you can just sing like that... why tonight's banquet will be a success!

JIMMY: Well.... I'll do the best I can... Who is that... that just came in?

BETTY: I don't know.

JIMMY: (CALLS) Is there something you wanted?

FORTESCUE: (SOTTO VOCE) Something tells me that that is trouble walking in ... and if my eyes do not deceive me further.... there is a badge that glitters just above his heart.

(THEME....."YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO".....)

ANNOUNCER: Who is this mysterious man with the badge and what is his business with La Chez Spatafaculi?

(THEME..... OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Have you ever had stage-fright? Dewy Huffine, famous tobacco auctioneer of Reidsville, North Carolina, tells this story about the first time he ever auctioneered tobacco.

VOICE: I swear that, in those few moments before my first auction started, you could have bought me for 2 cents. But my "stage -fright" lasted just about as long as the first two rows of tobacco I sold. After that I got along surprisingly well.

ANNOUNCER:

And Dewey Huffine has got along surprisingly well ever since. In the past 13 years he has sold a good round 100,000,000 pounds of tobacco. And as an independent..... one who sells to all cigarette companies but is not connected with any..... we think you'll be interested in his opinion about cigarettes. Here's what Mr. Huffine says:

VOICE:

All the time I've been selling tobacco, I've been buying Luckies. In fact, I've smoked Luckies ever since 1917. One reason is that Luckies buy such fine tobacco. At auction after auction in every market I've ever sold in I've seen Luckies buy that same high grade of tobacco.

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you, Dewey Huffine. In his preference for Luckies Mr. Huffine is typical of most independent tobacco experts -- buyers, warehousemen and auctioneers. Yes among these independent experts, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact revealed by sworn records-- sworn records which anyone may examine. Remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. (CHANT 10 SECONDS)

When you hear that chant remember fine tobacco, remember ... with independent experts. with men who know tobacco best. it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE)  
Join us again next Wednesday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi"

-11-

(ANNOUNCER:           with Buddy Clark.  
Cont'd)

(THEME. . . . . "HAPPY DAYS"... . .)

ANNOUNCER:           The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's  
                  program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SONG CREDITS IF ANY)

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"ALIAS MR. SPATACOLI"

with

BUDDY CLARK

CAST:

Jimmy  
O'Rourke (Irish Dialect)  
Fortescue  
Betty

SOUND:  
Telephone Rings

MUSIC:  
Piano accompaniment

SONGS:

John Tucker Battle  
400 Park Avenue  
New York City

LUCKY STRIKE

"Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" - Script #23

Wednesday, June 1, 1938

ANNOUNCER:

Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 32 - 37

2nd SALE ... 33 - 38

3rd SALE ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER:

Did you follow that? Lucky Strike bought three lots of tobacco that time... three in succession! No, at an actual tobacco auction, that would happen only very rarely. Why? Well, for a really impartial view of the way Lucky Strike buys tobacco, we refer you to an independent tobacco expert -- Connor W. Aycock. Mr. Aycock - who operates a warehouse down in Durham, North Carolina - says this ...

VOICE:

My warehouse has a capacity of 300,000 pounds of tobacco - about 2700 baskets. But even on the very best days not more than 30% of that tobacco would be of a grade good enough to please Lucky Strike buyers. That's less than one basket in every three -- proof that Luckies buy the best tobacco ... and the best only.

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you, Connor Aycock... Mr. Aycock, who deals with all cigarette companies, has chosen Luckies for his own smoking during the past ten years. In this, he is typical of most independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. Among these independent experts - not connected

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ANNOUNCER:  
(Cont'd)

with any cigarette manufacturer - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact - established by sworn records- sworn records which anyone may examine ... Remember, with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS". . . . .)

ANNOUNCER:

And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi"..... presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.....

(THEME . . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER:

In a tight spot because of damage done to his larder by a gangster to whom he refused to pay a protection fee, Jimmy, with forty guests at a banquet to be given that night, has sent the boys in the band out to see what they can do about collecting enough money for food. In the meantime, Colonel Fortescue makes an unexpected appearance and succeeds in re-buying his share for \$32.17 in Chez Spatafaculi from Martin and Taylor who return to their former trading at the racetrack. He has just turned over to Betty another fifty dollars to replenish the larder when a policeman enters the club.....

JIMMY:

Whe....er....were you looking for someone?

O'ROURKE:

Yeah.... lookin' for a man named Spatafaculi.

JIMMY:

Well...er...you mean....er...an American named Spatafaculi?... or an Italian....named Spatafaculi?

O'ROURKE: I ain't int'rested in his nationality. I'm looking for the owner of La Chez Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: Well .... that's me.... at least ... I'm one of of the owners.

O'ROURKE: So you're Spatafaculi?

JIMMY: Yes.

O'ROURKE: Okay, Spatafaculi .... here's a little piece of paper for you.

FORTESCUE: Don't accept it, myboy... don't accept it. Take my advice and refuse to accept it.

O'ROURKE: And who are you?

FORTESCUE: Fortescue, my good man... Lucius B. Fortescue. I'll thank you to adopt a more seemly attitude when speaking to me, for after after all, you must bear in mind that you police are actually nothing more than servants of the people.

O'ROURKE: Oh....so. I'm a servant. huh?

FORTESCUE: Well...that is.....categorically..... I mean..... euphemistically speaking.

O'ROURKE: Well, don't talk euphimistic when you're talking to me. Talk English, see? And if your name's Fortescue I got another paper for you... There y'are.

BETTY: What is it, Jimmy?

JIMMY: It's an attachment..... for the tables and chairs and the linen... by the Murohy Restaurant Suoply Company.

BETTY: But....I don't understand. They never even sent us a bill!

O'ROURKE: They didn't have to send you no bill. This stuff was owed for by the late proprietor of this place... Nick Prepostodopolous .... and it was left here pending disposition by the court order... Youse people are usin' it illegally.

JIMMY: Didn't you know about this, Colonel, before you bought this place?

FORTESCUE: Why no, my boy...this bursts upon me as a complete and total surprise.

JIMMY: Well, what is it you want us to do... appear in court?

O'ROURKE: No...this is an order restrainin' you from further use of this equipment until the plaintiff has an opportunity to remove it from said premises.

JIMMY: Well....maybe we could... could make some kind of a deal with him. Rent it from him or buy it or something?

O'ROURKE: Now... that might... be possible. How much rent would you be willing to pay for it?

JIMMY: Well.... I don't know.

O'ROURKE: Well... you seem like a nice boy and I wouldn't want to close you up. I'll tell you what I'll do. Murphy happens to be a friend of mine.... As a matter of fact....of course this is nothing to do with the department.., Murphy is me brother-in-law and he told me that if the owners of this night-club wanted to buy these tables and chairs and linen from him, he'd be glad to seal the same for three thousand dollars cash.

JIMMY: Three thousand dollars!

BETTY: Why.... we haven't that much. We've just started.

FORTESCUE: No...my good man. There doesn't happen to be quite three thousand dollars in the treasury at this moment.

O'ROURKE: Well, then.....if you'd like to rent it... the rental on it will be fifty dollars a month.

JIMMY: Fifty dollars!

BETTY: Fifty dollars!

FORTESCUE: Fifty dollars.

O'ROURKE: Have you got that much in the treasury?

FORTESCUE: Well, it so happens, my good man, that we...

BETTY: .... We have. And if that'll take care of the furniture for a month.... well... here it is. Can you give me a receipt?

O'ROURKE: Yes.. Murphy signed a receipt and gave it to me in case you decided to rent the stuff. Here y'are

JIMMY: But... but what about the food?

BETTY: The food won't do us any good if we haven't any tables to put it on.

JIMMY: Yeah....and the tables won't do us any good without any food to put on 'em, either.

FORTESCUE: Tut, tut, my boy .. that pessimistic attitude is ill-suited to one so young and exuberant.

JIMMY: I may be young but I haven't felt any exuberance since I started in this business.

FORTESCUE: Ah well. my boy...cross not your bridges until you come to them.

JIMMY: Yeah, but how about burnin' 'em behind you before you get to them.

FORTESCUE: What?

JIMMY: Aw... skip it!

BETTY: Don't worry Jimmy... maybe the boys in the band will come back with some money. I'm sure they will

O'ROURKE: Well... thank you... and good-luck... and good-bye,  
(FADES) until next month.

JIMMY: Gee.... if it isn't one thing, it's another.

FORTESCUE: The path of the night club, my boy, is not altogether unlike true love. It does not run smooth, as the poet said. But... like the path of love, it has it's compensations.

JIMMY: Speaking of compensations.... do you know that the cook's gone?

FORTESCUE: Do you mean to tell me that our noble Gaspard has abdicated his culinary throne!

JIMMY: I don't know about that... but he went back to Louisiana.

FORTESCUE: Ah well..... Sic transit gloria "cookus".

BETTY: Oh, Colonel! That's awful! Jimmy... please... maybe you'd better sing something to bury the... well.... conversation.

FORTESCUE: Yes, my boy... by all means. I am never so happy as when I relax and close my eyes and am wafted away upon a silver sea of melodic beauty... Make it something hot!

(MUSIC.....Piano ..."CRY BABY CRY.....JIMMY SINGS..... SONG OVER.

Correct Page #7  
"Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" - Script # 23  
Wednesday, June 1, 1938

FORTESCUE: Ah tempora! Ah music!

BETTY: Tempora, indeed --- we've got to prepare a banquet for forty people by tonight with no food on hand.

FORTESCUE: A banquet! Forty people! Oh yes. oh yes, yes..... But I wouldn't worry about that. Why not look on the bright side... Maybe they won't come.

JIMMY: You're a big help.....Maybe they won't come!

COLONEL: Yes.... and if they do... youth and music should be enough for the heart to feast upon... augmented now and then by steak and potatoes. of course.

BETTY: And it's the augmenting that's worrying me.

JIMMY: Say, will you listen to a little augmenting of my orchestra on this number?

(MUSIC. . . . . PIANO. . ."SHINE ON SHINE ON HARVEST MOON".....  
JIMMY SINGS..... SONG OVER.....

FORTESCUE: Ah, my boy... magnificent! Encore! Encore!

JIMMY: I'm sorry, Colonel...but I've got to save something for tonight.

BETTY: There's one more here that you planned to sing, Jimmy. One that you haven't been over.

JIMMY: Which is that? Oh yes...Well, Colonel... this is the last one you get before the club opens.



FORTESCUE: In that event my noy.....put all that you have  
into it.

(MUSIC..... PIANO'.... "LOVE WALKED IN"..... JIMMY SINGS..... SONG OVER

BETTY: That was nice. Jimmy..... and you sounded as if  
you meant it.

JIMMY: I did.

FORTESCUE: He did, indeed. my child, he did indeed...for his  
eyes were upon you and not upon the music whilst  
he sang.

JIMMY: Aw, lay off. will you, Colonel?

FORTESCUE: Be not scornful of young love, my lad...for life  
is short and time is fleeting. Gather ye rosebuds  
while ye may.....

SOUND: Telephonerings.....

FORTESCUE: .....,There's the phone.

BETTY: I'll get it. (OFF) Hello?..... Yes. Rocco.....  
Yes..... Is that all? Well, no. I guess you  
might as well come on back.... Yes.... Well, I  
don't know what we'll do..... Goodbye.(HANGS UP)

JIMMY: What's the matter?

BETTY: It was Rocco. He said they all met at the boarding  
house and that all they have been able to get is  
three and a half dollars in cash and Gus managed  
to buy twenty pounds of hamburger on credit and  
Lilly left her watch for security at a bakery  
and got twelve dozen buns.

JIMMY: But.....but we can't make a banquet out of  
hamburgers!

BETTY: No..... I'm afraid not.

JIMMY: Gee.... what are we going to do?

FORTESCUE: Be of good cheer, my children. All is not lost.  
I believe I have a solution for your problem.

(THEME....."YOUR EYES HAV TOLD ME SO".....)

ANNOUNCER: Has Colonel Fortescue really a solution or is this  
another of his wild schemes?

(THEME . . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Now here is a lady I believe you all know....  
Mrs. Smoker... Mrs. Average Smoker.

WOMAN: Yes... I am Mrs. Average Smoker... but I am also  
Mrs. Average Movie Fan. And that's why I want  
to ask you a question.

ANNOUNCER: Yes? .... About smoking? .... or movies?

WOMAN: Both! .... In nearly every picture I see, the  
stars do a lot of smoking. Now I've read how  
scenes are acted over and over again in Hollywood.  
So does that mean these stars are smoking constant  
during all the "retakes"?

ANNOUNCER: Yes. Mrs. Smoker. That's exactly what happens.  
And that's one reason why so many stars like  
Dolores De' Rio. Robert Taylor. Charles Boyer.  
and others are careful to choose a light smoke  
that's always easy on their throats...Lucky Strike

WOMAN: Why Luckies. rather than some other cigarette?

ANNOUNCER: Because only Luckies offer the throat protection  
of the process "It's Toasted". You see, Mrs.  
Smoker, this exclusive Lucky Strike "Toasting

ANNOUNCER:  
(Cont'd)

process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. Then, with these irritants out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural mellowness of the leaf. To put it in other words, the "Toasting" process is a purifying process. It gets rid of certain undesirable elements, and permits you to enjoy the full flavor of the tobacco without fear of throat-irritation. That's why Luckies are a light smoke, easy on any smoker's throat. Let your own throat be the judge. Try Luckies for a week.... Prove to yourself the throat-protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted". Next time you buy cigarettes.... ask for Lucky Strike.

(PAUSE) Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS"....)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SON CREDITS IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR. SPATA FACULI"  
with  
BUDDY CLARK

#24 - Friday, June 3rd, 1938

CAST:

Jimmy  
Fortescue  
Lilly

MUSIC:  
ORCHESTRA

SONGS:  
BE' ILDERED - Miller  
THREE LITTLE WORDS - Harms  
YOU LEAVE ME BREATHLESS - Famous

John Tucker Battle .  
400 Park Avenue  
New York City.

LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI"  
Friday, June 3rd, 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 34 - 39

2nd SALE ... 33 - 38

3rd SALE ... 32 - 37

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: That chant typifies the whole American tobacco industry. And the tobacco auctioneer himself typifies the men who conduct this huge industry at the auctions. And sworn records open to the public prove that <sup>with</sup> these independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1. (PAUSE) But fine tobacco should not be your only consideration in choosing a cigarette. You see, no tobacco is good to smoke in its natural state. That's why Luckies' exclusive "Toasting" process counts for so much. This process removes certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco ... makes Luckies a light smoke easy on your throat. Many famous stars of opera, radio, stage and screen... people whose voices are their fortunes... have smoked Luckies for years. And the reason - as Richard Crooks, Gertrude Lawrence, Lanny Ross and many others have explained - is that Luckies never irritate even their sensitive throats. So surely Luckies will be easy on your throat, too. Next time you buy cigarettes get the only cigarette that offers you the finest tobacco plus the throat

ANNOUNCER: protection of the process "It's Toasted". Ask for  
(Cont'd) Lucky Strike.

(THEME....."HAPPY DAYS".....)

ANNOUNCER: And now. Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi".....  
a series presented every Monday, Wednesday and  
Friday night at this same time by the makers of  
LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES.

(THEME....."YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"....CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: As a result of vandalism on the part of a gang to  
whom Jimmy refused to pay a protection fee. the  
larder in his night club. Chez Spatafaculi, was  
completely ruined. The boys of the orchestra were  
sent out to see what they could do about raising  
enough money to restock the club with enough food  
for a banquet of forty for that night otherwise  
the club would have to close. While they were gone,  
Colonel Fortescue returned and managed to re-buy  
his share in the club for \$32.17 from the highly  
discouraged Martin and Taylor. He gives Betty  
fifty dollars more to buy food but this money is  
claimed by the restaurant supply people for the  
rental of the club furniture. Things look blacker  
than ever for Jimmy and when Lilly telephones to tell  
them that the boys managed to collect only three  
and some odd dollars and some hamburgers and buns,  
he and Betty become even more discouraged but  
Colonel Fortescue tells them he has a solution to  
their problem. It is later that night and the club  
is opened.....

"YOU LEAVE ME BREATHLESS"  
(MUSIC..... FADE IN ORCHESTRA .7.. JIMMY SINGING.... SONG OVER....  
FORTESCUE: (APPLAUDS) SPLENDID.... BRAVO.... BRAVO!  
LILLY: (FADING IN) Cigars! Cigarettes! Cigarettes!  
Cigars! Gardenias!  
FORTESCUE: Oh...er...Lilly.  
LILLY: Yes Colonel?  
FORTESCUE: Sit down my child. There's no point in tiring  
yourself when there are no guests to buy your  
wares.  
LILLY: Oh, I don't mind, sir. It's good practice for  
me.  
FORTESCUE: Well...sit down... and join me in a Steak Chateau  
briand with pommes souffles.  
LILLY: You mean one of them hamburgers.  
FORTESCUE: Ah...a rose by any other name would be as sweet.  
LILLY: Shakespeare!  
JIMMY: (FADING IN) Well, Colonel. it begins to look  
as though you're right. (BRIGHTLY) It's after  
ten o'clock and that banquet party hasn't shown  
up yet.  
FORTESCUE: Ah.....ha e no fear. my boy....have no fear.  
It's just as I said. They won't be here.  
LILLY: Sit down Mr. Jimmy...and 'ave a steak chaueau-  
briand a la chez Spatafaculi and pommes souffles  
ala potato chips.  
JIMMY: Thanks. I just had two. And I've got to get  
back to the band in a minute.  
LILLY: What's the use of playing the band and wearin'  
out all the instruments when there ain't no guest

JIMMY: Well.....we've got to make a noise like a night club whether we've got any customers or not.

FORTESCUE: Sound policy. my boy, sound policy. Chin up.....eyes front.....

LILLY: An' stomach in.

FORTESCUE: And on with the dance. Let joy be unconfirmed.

JIMMY: All right....What'll you have. sir?

FORTESCUE: Ah. my boy...delve deep...deep into the rosy bower of reminiscence and dig up an old one..... a sweet one...one fraught with memories of younger years.

JIMMY: All right. (FADES) See how you like this one.

LILLY: Oh look at 'im, sir. How straight he walks. He misses the medieval grace of iron clothing.

FORTESCUE: He what?

LILLY: I was quotin' from a pome, sir.

FORTESCUE: Ah yes...yes...quite....quite so.

(MUSIC.....ORCHESTRA....."THREE LITTLE WORDS".... JIMMY SINGS.. SONG OVER.

FORTESCUE: Ah backward turn backward. oh time in your flight... Make me a child again just for tonight.

JIMMY: (FADING IN) Well.... did that one go back far enough for you?

LILLY: Oh that was beautiful, Mr. Jimmy....simply beautiful

FORTESCUE: And you see. my boy.....this wide expanse of empty tables...

JIMMY: Yes...they're still empty. I guess this is the only nightclub in history that hoped the guests wouldn't show up.



LILLY: But we hope they'll show up tomorrow night.

JIMMY: Yes....if we manage to get some food in for them to eat.

FORTESCUE: Ah trust in me. my boy.... trust in me. When I promise you that no guests will arrive tonight.... you should take me at my word for a Fortescue never makes a promise in vain.

JIMMY: Well.....I'm not so surprised that the banquet party didn't show up but we've always had other guests.

FORTESCUE: Well.....where there's a will, there's a way, my boy.... where there's a will, there's always a way.

JIMMY: Say listen.... you didn't.... You didn't call those people up and tell them not to come, did you?

FORTESCUE: No. my boy..... it was unnecessary.

JIMMY: What do you mean?

FORTESCUE: Well, my boy... I'll tell you.... It harkens back to that calamitous night when Mr. Martin bilked me out of my interest in this club.

JIMMY: I'm afraid I don't get it.

LILLY: Neither do I.

FORTESCUE: You see. my boy... A Fortescue is not easily bilked. or cheated.... or rooked....

JIMMY: Well, gee... you weren't cheated when you gave up your interest in this club for <sup>a</sup>twelve thousand debt!

FORTESCUE: The amount, my boy, had nothing to do with it. It was the principle of the thing. It was the manner with which they went at the thing that irked me... that rankled...that stung.... and a Fortescue is not

(FOTESCUE:  
(Cont'd) lightly rankled. my boy... as Mr. Martin knows to his sorrow.

JIMMY: Wait a minute. Do you mean... you wrote that letter....ordering a banquet for forty people!

FOTESCUE: Ah, my boy... you do me an injustice. Of course, I didn't write that letter... but I may have caused that letter to have been written.

LILLY: Oh, I see.....then there wasn't any banquet, after all.

FOTESCUE: Precisely. It was but a mere artifice to create a problematical situation whereby to shake the faith of your cowardly erstwhile partners.

JIMMY: I see.... No wonder you were so sure the banquet party wouldn't show up.

LILLY: Colonel... I don't know much about business ethics. but something tells me that...well.....

FOTESCUE: Ah, tut-tut... my child... all is fair in love and war.... and night clubs.... and to the victor belongs the spoils.

JIMMY: Say....what about that wrecked kitchen.... and all that stuff. Did you have anything to do with that?

FOTESCUE: Why my boy, do you imply that I would be guilty of an act of vandalism such as that?

JIMMY: I'm not implying.... I'm just asking you.

LILLY: Yes... did you?

FOTESCUE: Come, come come.... we mustn't take a picayune attitude. When Napoleon stormed the redoubts of Russia, he had to lay waste a wide swathe of fair countryside in order to do it. When Sherman

FORTESCUE: marches to the sea, it was necessary that he  
(Cont'd) resort to a certain amount of destruction in order  
to achieve his aim. And you can't make an omelet,  
my boy....without cracking eggs.

JIMMY: And we thought it was a gangster!

LILLY: An' I wouldn't say we were far wrong at that.

FORTESCUE: Come, come... Wasn't my fifty dollars ample  
recompense for the slight amount of damage done to  
the culinary department?

JIMMY: I suppose it was but.... gosh!

LILLY: Why don't you sing. Mr. Jimmy... and try and forget  
it.

JIMMY: Not a bad idea. Lilly....Anything you'd like this  
time.Colonel Fortescue?

FORTESCUE: Yes. my lad....How about .... "TIPI TIN".....

JIMMY: "TIPI-TIPI-TIN"? All right.. we'll sing "BEWILDRED"  
(FADES)

LILLY: And it serves you right, too, sir.

FORTESCUE: Tst! Ts! The spirit of revenge is unseemly.  
unseemly indeed.

(MUSIC.....ORCHESTRA..."BEWILDERED" ...JIMMY SINGS....SONG OVER.

JIMMY: (FADING ON) And there' another thing, Colonel...  
that I just thought of. What have you done to keep  
people from coming here tonight?

FORTESCUE: Why. my boy, I just explained to you that the banque  
was purely fictitious!

JIMMY: I'm not talking about the banquet, I'm talking  
about the rest of the customers...that used to  
come in here.

FORTESCUE: Well.....having no food in the larder to prepare for them tonight.... I thought it best that no one come in, Jimmy, my boy.

JIMMY: Yes.... but how did you do it?

FORTESCUE: Well, my boy....it is a well-known fact that the general populace...that is, the people at large.... have a deep and well-grounded fear of measles!

LILLY: Measles!

JIMMY: What are you talking about?

FORTESCUE: Well....it was but a simple matter to procure one of those large red placards that are used in cases of quarantine where measles are existent.

JIMMY: Do you mean to tell me that you....

FORTESCUE: I merely tacked one of those signs upon the door... and tomorrow we will remove it...that is, if we have any food in the larder.

JIMMY: Yes...but if people can't get into the club because of quarantine, we can't get out either.

LILLY: Quite so. And I don't relish sleeping on these hard tables tonight.

FORTESCUE: Have faith, my children. I have taken care of this problem, too, in my usual foresighted fashion. We shall rest in our comfortable beds as always, as always.

JIMMY: What do you mean Colonel?

FORTESCUE: My boy, I suppose you have observed that there is an unpretentious egress.....exit to you....connected with the rear of this establishment. There is no quaranti

FORTESCUE: sign back there.....hence, quietly and unobtrusively  
(Cont'd) we shall leave by the back door.

(THEME....."YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO".....)

ANNOUNCER: Well, the Colonel certainly has stuck his oar  
back into the doings at LaChez Spatafaculi. Will  
his schemes lead Jimmy and the rest into more  
trouble?

(THEME.....OUT)

OGLESBY: (CHANT 8 seconds)

ANNOUNCER: Did that chant sound different to you from the one  
at the beginning of this program? Well, the answer  
is that two different auctioneers did the chanting--  
two of the most famous in the country. They're  
both at my elbow now and I want to introduce them  
to you. First, Mr. F. A. BOONE OF Lexington,  
Kentucky.

BOONE: (CHANT 5 SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: Second, Mr. Hay Oglesby of Winterville, N. C.

OGLESBY: (CHANT 5 SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: Now these two tobacco auctioneers belong to one  
of the world's most select and difficult crafts.  
Together with other independent tobacco experts---  
the buyers, and the warehousemen --they constitute  
the highest court in Tobaccoland. For they know  
tobacco. They know who buys what tobacco. And  
being independent--not connected with any cigarette  
manufacturer--they are impartial as judges should  
be. Now what is the verdict of the highest court  
in Tobaccoland? (PAUSE) Among these independat

ANNOUNCER:  
(Cont'd)

experts, Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact---established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. Remember this fact next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer.....(~~BOON~~ - 3 SECONDS)

(OGLESBY) . - 3 SECONDS).... remember - with independent experts -- with men who know tobacco best -- it's Luckies 2 to 1 ! (PAUSE) Join us again next Monday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS".....)

ANNOUNCER:

The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program ~~were~~ *were Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Ky* of *Mr. Ray Oglesby of Winterville, N. C.*  
(SONG CREDITS IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR. CATAFACULI"  
with

BUDDY CLARK

#25 - MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1930

CAST:

Jimmy  
Betty  
Gail  
Mrs. Donovan  
Col. Fortescue

SOUND:

Knock on Door  
Door Opens

MUSIC:

PIANO

SONGS:

"Something Tells Me"..... Witmark  
"I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart" .... Mills  
"This Time It's Real" ....Larry Spier

John Tucker Battle  
400 Park Avenue  
New York City.

LUCKY STRIKE  
"ALIAS MR. SPATAFACULI" - Script #25  
Monday, June 6, 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

BURNETT: (CHANT) 1st SALE ... 32 - 37  
2nd SALE ... 33 - 38  
3rd SALE ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLDE TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Do you know why the Chant of the Tobacco Auctioneer has come to stand for Lucky Strike cigarettes?.... Because among independent tobacco experts like the auctioneer you just heard, Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records -- sworn records which anyone may examine... With men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1 ... (PAUSE) But here is something else which stands for Lucky Strike cigarettes... The exclusive Lucky Strike process "It's Toasted". This purifying process expels certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. Then, with these undesirable elements out, controlled moisture is added to enhance the natural mellowness of the leaf. The result is a light smoke, easy on any smoker's throat. Try Luckies for a week and see for yourself.

(THEME..... "HAPPY DAYS".....)

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr. Spatafaculie".... presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes...

(THEME..... "YOUR YES HAVE TOLD ME SO" .....CLARK & ORGAN)

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ANNOUNCER            Last Friday night, Colonel Fortescue decides to forestall embarrassment by posting a quarantine "MEASLES" sign on the door of La Chez Spatafaculi. Lack of food, money and a cook makes him think this is the best idea. The group waits until quite late and while the police guard the main entrance, Jimmy and the rest slip out of the back window..... It is now the following morning in Jimmy's room at Mrs. Donovan's Boarding House.....

(BOARD FADE IN.....)

(MUSIC. . . . PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT....JIMMY SINGS.."SOMETHING TELLS ME"  
..... SONG OVER.....)

SOUND:                KNOCK ON DOOR.

JIMMY:                Come in!

SOUND:                DOOR OPENS.

BETTY:                Well.... you're practicing early this morning, Jimmy.

JIMMY:                Oh hello, Betty. Come on in. I hope I didn't wake you.

BETTY:                No.. I've been up for hours. That was a nice number you just sang.

JIMMY:                Oh... I was just going over a couple that came in the morning mail.

BETTY: \*              Have you heard from Colonel Fortescue yet?

JIMMY:                No.

BETTY:                I don't imagine you will.

JIMMY:                Well....we'd better. He's got to get that quarantine sign off the club before we can open up tonight.

BETTY: Oh, Jimmy... do you think it's really worth while?

JIMMY: You mean.... the club?

BETTY: Yes. After all. there's no use chasing good money after bad and the way things look with that ridiculous Colonel Fortescue back in it... why.... oh, I don't know... it just looks like the whole thing's doomed to failure before you start... and I hate to see you work so hard and try so hard...

JIMMY: Why?

BETTY: Well... because I.... well, I just do.. that's all.

JIMMY: Well, Betty... I don't know. I still think the club has a chance and if it does go over... why, it means the difference between ... well.. going on relief and having a job... for the boys in the orchestra. As far as I'm concerned, that doesn't matter.

BETTY: It does to me.

GAIL: (FADING IN) Am I interrupting?

JIMMY: Oh... hello. Gail.

BETTY: Good morning, Gail.

GAIL: What's all this I hear about Chez Spatafaculi coming down with the measles?

JIMMY: Oh... one of Colonel Fortescue's bright ideas.

GAIL: Well, Jimmy... the path of true love never runs smooth, they say.

JIMMY: What's love got to do with that night club?

GAIL: I don't know. Perhaps Betty could tell you.

BETTY: Just what do you mean by that?

GAIL: Oh nothing at all, darling. Where's your sense of  
Humor?

GAIL: Oh... what's this Jimmy? "I Let A Song Go Out  
(Cont'd) of My Heart" ... a new song?

JIMMY: It's Duke Ellington's new tune.

GAIL: Sing it for me, will you? I never hear you sing  
any more.

BETTY: Yes... sing it for her, Jimmy.

JIMMY: I'll sing it for both of you.

MUSIC..... PIANO .. JIMMY SINGS " I LET A SONG GO OUT OF MY HEART".  
SONG OVER.

BETTY: That was nice, Jimmy.

GAIL: Nice? Why. it's terrific!

MRS. DONOVAN: (FADING IN) There's Colonel Fortescue to see you,  
Mr. Clay...that is to say... Spatafaculi. He says  
it's urgent.

JIMMY: Oh yes, Mrs. Donovan. Ask him to come up.

FORTESCUE: No need. my good woman. no need at all. I  
anticipated my reception and I took the liberty of  
following you upstairs.

MRS. DONOVAN: Took the liberty indeed!

JIMMY: (HASTILY) Mrs. Donovan... this is Colonel Fortescue  
one of the owners of the night club we're running...  
This is Mrs. Donovan who owns this house.....

FORTESCUE: Ah, Mrs. Donovan.. It is a pleasure indeed to  
make your acquaintance.. the acquaintance of one  
whose appearance betokens a lady of highest rank  
and undoubted worth.

MRS. DONOVAN: (TARTLY) How do you do.

BETTY: Well, Colonel... what about the quarantine sign?

JIMMY: Yes... what about it?

FORTESCUE: Ah, my boy... that is what I came here to see you about. Ah... I don't believe I have had the pleasure of meeting this young lady.

JIMMY: Oh, I'm sorry... Miss Foster... Colonel Fortescue.

GAIL: Charmed.

FORTESCUE: Likewise, my dear young lady, likewise.

MRS. DONOVAN: What's this about quarantine? Quarantine for what?

JIMMY: Why... measles.

MRS. DONOVAN: Measles? Who's got measles?

JIMMY: Well... er... no one has. You see.. the Colonel put the sign on the door just so no customers would come in.

GAIL: Sounds more like a competitor than a partner.

FORTESCUE: Permit me to explain, my dear young lady. It was a modus operandi which I felt was necessary inasmuch as the culinary department was hors de combat.

GAIL: Come again?

BETTY: What the Colonel was trying to say was that there was no food in the kitchen and he felt that we would be better off without guests last night.

JIMMY: And the police tried to keep us from leaving last night and they're sure not to let us get in tonight. that is unless that sign comes down.

BETTY: What about it, Colonel?

FORTESCUE: That is... as I started to say before.. just what I came to see you about. You see I went to the Board of Health and explained to them that it was a case of mistaken identity... that is, that no one

FORTESCUE:  
(Cont'd) had the measlos. They were inclined to take a rather stuffy view of the entire matter.

BETTY: I don't doubt it.

JIMMY: Well, what did they say?

FORTESCUE: They said many things, my boy, many things...but the sum and substance of them is that La Chez Spatafaculi must post a bond of one hundred dollars before the Health Department will remove said quarantine sign. Then, after the Health Department officials have examined all the members of the organization and fumigated the premises... and have deducted the necessary expenses for said fumigation and examination ..... they will remove the quarantine sign.

MRS. DONOVAN: Before you go any further, I want to know which one of you has got the measles... or is suspected of having the measles.

JIMMY: Mrs. Donovan... please.. none of us has the measles.

BETTY: And none of us has any symptoms of the measles.

MRS. DONOVAN: Well... what about this... this Colonel Fortescue is it? What's the matter with his nose?

FORTESCUE: Wha... humpf.... What's the matter with it?

MRS. DONOVAN: Well ... it looks overly red to me.

FORTESCUE: Ah ... that. That, my dear lady, that is an hereditary trait of the Fortescues, merely an hereditary trait. But back to the question in hand ... where are we to obtain one hundred dollars?

JIMMY: Don't look at me!

BETTY: You know very well we haven't got a hundred dollars ... and besides it's up to you to get it ...

BETTY: (CONTINUING) not us. It was your brilliant idea to put that sign on the club.

FORTESCUE: Ah. let us not indulge in recriminations, my dear young lady. What I did. I did for the best interests of all concerned. That it proved a legal boomerang was not my fault.

JIMMY: Well ... I haven't got a hundred dollars and I don't know where I can get it. I suppose the club had to close sooner or later and I guess it might as well be now.

GAIL: But you've just opened the club.

JIMMY: Yes ... this'll probably set an all-time record for a quick opening and closing of a night club.

GAIL: Do you mean to tell me that just for a measly little hundred dollars you're ...

FORTESCUE: My dear young lady ... do you have a hundred dollars?

GAIL: Of course I have a hundred dollars.

FORTESCUE: Ah-ha ... you see my boy -- never give up hope. Here's the answer right here.

JIMMY: Oh no it isn't. I'm not going to borrow her money to put into that night club.

FORTESCUE: Borrow! Borrow! Who said anything about borrowing? You forget. my boy, that there is still a third interest in the club available ... that which was relinquished by our late departed cook ... Gaspard.

JIMMY: Yes but ...

GAIL: (QUICKLY) You mean you'll sell me a third interest in that club for a hundred dollars?

FORTESCUE: Ah. my dear young lady, surely you jest. Not for a hundred dollars. How much have you?

GAIL: What I have hasn't anything to do with it. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay two hundred dollars for a third interest in the club.

FORTESCUE: Sold!

JIMMY: Hey, wait a minute ... haven't I got anything to say about this?

GAIL: What's the matter Jimmy? Isn't my money as good as anyone else's?

JIMMY: Why yes, Gail ... it isn't that ... but ...

GAIL: You mean you don't want me to be a part owner of the club?

JIMMY: Of course not, but ...

GAIL: Then it's settled ... it's a bargain.

JIMMY: But ... but, Gail ...

BETTY:( We can use the extra hundred dollars, Jimmy, for expenses.

GAIL: Certainly you can ... and now, as your new partner, I command you to sing ... Here. I'd like to hear this one.

("THIS TIME IT'S REAL" . . . . . JIMMY)

FORTESCUE: Splendid my boy -- splendid!

GAIL: Not half bad, Jimmy ... and, by the way ... I'd like to see you alone some time today and discuss some ideas that I have for the club.

(THEME....."YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO".....)

ANNOUNCER: What changes has Gail Foster in mind for the night club and how will her partnership affect Betty and Jimmy?

(THEME.....OUT)

SOUND: (CLANG OF BELL)

ANNOUNCER: Back in the old days, they used to open tobacco auctions by ringing a bell in the warehouse. We have that on the authority of Mr. F. E. Boone, the famous tobacco auctioneer. Now I'd like to ask Mr. Boone ... were the auctions very different back in those days?

BOONE: Yes according to what the old timers told me. You see, everything was much slower. Those old time auctioneers simply talked the bids like this. (BOONE TALKS - 33 DOLLARS BID ... 33 ... 33 ... WHO'LL GIVE 34 ... 34 DOLLARS BID - 34) Then, faster sales made them talk like this ... (SAME ONLY FASTER) Finally it got to this ... (BOONE CHANTS VERY FAST -- 8 SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: And do all auctioneers now chant the way you do Mr. Boone?

BOONE: Well, more or less. Of course, like everybody else, we're all different people and so our chants are different, too.

ANNOUNCER: Well - thank you Mr. Boone. But now I think smokers may be interested to hear about one point in which the overwhelming majority of tobacco auctioneers and other independent tobacco experts are exactly alike ... That's in their choice of Luckies. Yes, among these independent experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, not connected with any cigarette manufacturer - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes put together! This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. So think of fine tobacco next time you buy cigarettes. And remember ... with independent experts, with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!



ANNOUNCER: (PAUSE) Join us again next Wednesday evening at  
(Cont'd) this same time for another episode of "ALIAS MR.  
SPATAFACULI" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME....."HAPPY DAYS"....)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's  
program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

(SONG CREDITS IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI"

Script #26

Wednesday, June 8th 1938

CAST: Jimmy  
Betty  
Gail

SONGS: "Says My Heart" Famous  
"The Way You Look Tonight" Chappell  
"You Couldn't Be Cuter" Chappell

SOUND: Knock on door  
Door opens and closes

Music: piano accompaniment

BUDDY CLARK SHOW - Wednesday, June 8/38  
Commercial #1

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 38:  
2nd Sale ... 32 - 37  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: And now I'd like to ask Ray Oglesby, the famous tobacco auctioneer whose chant you just heard, whether he ever worked with Mr E. L. Moore, a warehouseman of Valdosta, Georgia?

OGLESBY: I sure have ... Lee Moore's a real old time tobacco man. He's been a familiar figure at auctions for almost 30 years. There's a man who knows tobacco.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Ray Oglesby. Now here's a judgment of Mr Moore's that will interest every smoker. Lee Moore says: (PAUSE) "I know the kind of tobacco Lucky Strike buys and I know it's good. In fact, I'm set on Luckies because they always buy the finest leaf. I've been smoking Luckies for the past 11 years." (PAUSE) Now, that's the honest opinion of an independent tobacco expert - one not connected with any cigarette manufacturer. And it is typical of most other independent experts. Among these experts - buyers, warehousemen, auctioneers - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. So next time you buy cigarettes, think of fine tobacco, and remember ...with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME ..... "HAPPY DAYS")

ANNOUNCER:      And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ...  
                  presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at  
                  this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike cigarettes.  
(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: To save Jimmy and Chez Spatafaculi from an embarrassing situation, Colonel Fortescue, knowing the larder to be empty, places a "Quarantine" sign on the door to prevent customers from coming in. This measure proves a little too drastic for as a result they are required to post a hundred dollar bond and submit to examination and fumigation before the sign can be removed. Gail Foster offers to lend the money but when Jimmy refuses to borrow, Colonel Fortescue tells him of the third interest, formerly Gaspard's, which is for sale. Gail Foster has bought an interest in La Chez Spatafaculi for two hundred dollars and thus becomes a third partner with Colonel Fortescue and Jimmy Clayton in the club. It is the afternoon of the same day, at Mrs Donovan's Boarding House ...

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JIMMY: Come in!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JIMMY: Hello Betty.

BETTY: If you're busy, I can ...

JIMMY: No, I'm not busy. I'm just checking over some arrangements. Come in and sit down.

BETTY: I can't stay but for a minute. It was just something I wanted to talk to you about.

JIMMY: Okay. What's on your mind.

BETTY: Well it's ... it's about Gail.

JIMMY: You mean about her buying a share in the night club?

BETTY: Well ... yes ... partly. You see, Jimmy, you may think that a harp is all right in a dance band but other people ... well ... other people might not.

JIMMY: What do you mean?

BETTY: Well ... what I mean is this, Jimmy. Gail can help a lot in the club. Besides the money she's putting into it she has a lot of friends who are influential and who give big parties and spend lots of money.

JIMMY: Even so ... I don't see what that's got to do with people who like a harp or not. I think it sounds swell myself. As a matter of fact, I think it really makes the band. You ... you weren't thinking of ... you don't want to leave, do you?

BETTY: No. No, I don't, Jimmy ... but I'd be perfectly willing to if ... well ... if it was necessary.

JIMMY: I'm sorry, Betty ... but I don't know what you're driving at. How can it be necessary? It's my band and if I want you in it, what do you care what other people think?

BETTY: You'd have to care if one of the other partners didn't think it was a good idea.

JIMMY: You mean ... Gail? Did she tell you she didn't want you in the band?

BETTY: Oh no, she hasn't said a word to me since ... well .. since this morning.

JIMMY: Then what's this ... this all about?

BETTY: Well, it's ... just this, Jimmy. I ... if she doesn't want me to be in the orchestra I want you to promise me not to make a scene about it.

JIMMY: I won't make a scene but I'll just tell her to attend to her own business because I'm running the band.

BETTY: But that's exactly what I don't want you to do ... because the way things are now that night club can be a success without me but it isn't likely to be without Gail.

JIMMY: What makes you think she won't want you in it anyway?

BETTY: I don't know that she won't ... but in case she doesn't, please ... please don't make an issue of it because, after all, I'm not ... it's not worth it.

JIMMY: Hey ... wait a minute, Betty. You're not just a little bit jealous of Gail, are you?

BETTY: (ANGRILY) Jealous! Hardly. I must be going, Jimmy ... but do remember what I said ... Good-bye.  
(FADES) Oh ... I beg your pardon.

GAIL: It's quite all right. You needn't rush off.

BETTY: I was just leaving, thank you. (FADES)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

GAIL: (FADING IN) Well ... what's the matter with our little harpist?

JIMMY: Oh nothing, Gail, she ... that is ... I guess ... Oh, I don't know.

GAIL: Don't tell me I've interrupted a lover's quarrel?

JIMMY: What? I should say not. No, I was just going over some arrangements.

GAIL: Musical arrangements?

JIMMY: Hunh? What? Oh ... sure.

GAIL: Well, get your nose out of that music and tell me how you like it.

JIMMY: What? The arrangements?

GAIL: No. My new dress, silly.

JIMMY: Well, it's ... it's pretty. Say ... it's kind of cut low to wear in the daytime, isn't it?

GAIL: I'm not going to wear it in the daytime. This is especially for tonight ... for my new night club. I just came in to show it to you and get the official approval.

JIMMY: Well ... I think it's pretty swell ... I mean .. it's okay.

GAIL: You're a funny boy ... especially when you try to talk. Maybe you'd better sing.

JIMMY: Well ... I've already rehearsed all my numbers for tonight.

GAIL: It's not a rehearsal that I want. It's a performance for an audience of one. Come on ... give. If you don't, I'll know you don't like my dress .

JIMMY: All right.

(MUSIC .... PIANO ... "SAYS MY HEART" ..... SONG OVER)

GAIL: Oh, that's marvellous ... splendid! Now how about "The Way You Look Tonight"?

JIMMY: Say ... aren't you even going to let me catch my breath?

GAIL: No ... I'm afraid you're going to find, young man, that your new partner is a very hard taskmaster ... Miss Gail Simon Legree in person.

JIMMY: It was pretty swell of you, Gail, to come to our rescue.



GAIL: Well ... if you appreciate it ... sing me a love song ... any old love song'll do ... as long as you make it sound as though you meant it.

(JIMMY: . . . . SINGS "THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT" ... SONG OVER)

GAIL: You did sound as though ... well, almost as though you meant that, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Almost? Gosh, I must be slipping.

GAIL: (SINGS) "You must be slipping and I must be falling." There ... there's a song idea with a nice new title. All you have to do is work it out, Jimmy.

JIMMY: I'm afraid I wouldn't be very good as a composer.

GAIL: Nonsense ... You could do anything you wanted to do. But seriously, Jimmy ... before I forget it, there are a couple of ideas that I'd like to talk over with you about the club.

JIMMY: Yeah? What are they?

GAIL: Well ... it's about the orchestra ... for one thing.

JIMMY: I think it's a pretty good orchestra.

GAIL: You don't have to take my head off.

JIMMY: All right. I mean ... what's the matter with the orchestra?

GAIL: Nothing's the matter with the orchestra. It's just that ... well ... don't you think you could get brighter arrangements on some of the numbers?

JIMMY: Oh ... that.

GAIL: What did you think I was talking about?

JIMMY: Oh nothing. Nothing at all. You mean ... you think there ought to be more swing in it?

GAIL: No. No, I don't think swing is the answer. Just a

GAIL: (CONTINUING)

little more sophisticated, if anything. I mean ... if you could make the orchestra play the way you sing ... well ... I think you'd really have something there ... For instance ... here ... take this number "You Couldn't Be Cuter" ... Now you sing it and play the accompaniment the way you would if you were playing with the orchestra ... same tempo and expression ... Try it.

JIMMY: I think I know what you mean.

(JIMMY . . . . . SINGS "YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER" ... SONG OVER)

GAIL: Oh, that's splendid, Jimmy. I could just kiss you when you sing like that.

JIMMY: Well, there's no one stopping you.

GAIL: Well ... that would hardly be fair to Betty, would it?

JIMMY: There's nothing between Betty and me. The way you talk a person'd think we were engaged or something.

GAIL: And there's another thing I meant to mention, Jimmy about the orchestra ... and that's about Betty.

JIMMY: Yes? What about Betty?

GAIL: Just this. I think you ought to re-arrange things so that she can be right down front and center where everyone can see her. She's a sweet little thing and her type will appeal particularly to the older men.

JIMMY: Gosh, Gail ... that's a good idea ... but, I didn't think you liked Betty.

GAIL: Why, you silly boy. Of course I like her. I think she's sweet.

-8-

(THEME . . . . "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . .)

ANNOUNCER:       What sort of a game is Gail playing and does Jimmy  
                  see through it?

(THEME . . . . . OUT)

ATX01 0214531

ANNOUNCER: One of the things to see in Richmond, Virginia is the big Lucky Strike plant. Now let's listen to one man telling his wife what he saw there ...

MAN: (FADING IN) And you know, I really saw that "Toasting" process of Luckies. As a matter of fact it was one of the first things I asked about.

WIFE: What did they tell you?

MAN: Darling, they showed me. I was taken right up on the roof of the plant. There they opened a window into a flue that led up from where the tobacco was going through the "Toasting" process. They explained: "Just take a whiff of that and, remember, these irritants are naturally present in all tobacco but they're out of Luckies."

WIFE: What did it smell like?

MAN: Well - I'll tell you ... I couldn't help thinking what those irritants might do to my throat if they weren't removed from the tobacco. (FADE) And I said to myself (FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Yes - Luckies' own exclusive purifying process "It's Toasted" removes certain harsh throat irritants that are naturally present in all tobacco. Then with these undesirable elements out, ~~containing~~ ~~the~~ ~~natural~~ ~~mellowness~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~leaf~~ ~~is~~ ~~enhanced~~ ~~is~~ ~~enhanced~~ the natural mellowness of the leaf. The result is a light smoke easy on the throat. Give Luckies a week's trial and let your throat be the judge. Ask for a light smoke. Ask for Lucky Strike, (PAUSE) Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUING)

Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME ..... "HAPPY DAYS")

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's  
program was \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_/

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI"

Friday, June 10th 1938

Script #27

CAST - Jimmy

Betty

Gail

SOUND: background night club sounds  
applause

MUSIC: orchestra

SONGS: Who - Harms  
Let Me Whisper I Love You - Chappell  
Why Did You Make Me Love You - Feist

ATX01 0214534

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 34 - 39  
2nd Sale ... 32 - 37  
3rd Sale ... 33 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Independent tobacco experts understand every word of that chant, and they know just what kind of tobacco is sold to the various cigarette companies. And among these independent experts - buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact proved by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. With men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1. (PAUSE) But here's another important fact about Luckies. The exclusive Lucky Strike "Toasting" process expels certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco. These undesirable elements are out of Luckies. ~~Then,~~ *after* this purifying process *also enriches* ~~has been completed, controlled moisture is added to enhance~~ the natural mellowness of the tobacco. The not result is a light smoke, easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week and let your throat be the judge. Next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS)

ANNOUNCER: And now ... Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ...  
presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this  
same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME ..... "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" .... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: In order to help Jimmy out of the difficulty which  
resulted from Colonel Fortescue's use of a Quarantine  
sign, Gail Foster buys a third share in Chez Spatafa-  
culi which enables them to post the required bond and  
to open the club the following night. It is later  
that night in the club ...

(BOARD FADE IN ORCHESTRA PLAYING "WHO" ... JIMMY SINGS ... HARP TAKES  
FEW PASSAGES SOLO ... JIMMY SINGS ANOTHER CHORUS ... SONG OVER)

(SOUND: APPLAUSE - PHYSICAL ... SUPPLEMENTED BY RECORD IF  
NECESSARY)

(SOUND: BACKGROUND CAFE NOISES)

JIMMY: A mighty pretty harp there, Betty.

BETTY: Thank you, kind sir.

JIMMY: The customers seem to be enjoying it.

BETTY: Yes ... and what a lot of them there are. Where did  
they come from?

JIMMY: Gail. She was on the 'phone all afternoon calling  
up everyone she knew.

BETTY: Quite a lot of white ties and decolletes out there.

JIMMY: Yes, Gail knows the best people.

BETTY: What did she say about the harp?

JIMMY: You want to know, Betty?

BETTY: Was it as bad as that?

JIMMY: Yes ... but not the way you think.

BETTY: What do you mean?



JIMMY: It's going to make you a little ashamed of yourself.

BETTY: Fire when you see the whites of my eyes and I'm rolling them now.

JIMMY: Well ... all she had to say about you, Betty, was that she thought you ought to be moved further down stage so that everyone could see you.

BETTY: She said that?

JIMMY: Word of honor.

BETTY: Did she say why people ought to see me?

JIMMY: Yes. Because you were so beautiful.

BETTY: Did she say beautiful?

JIMMY: Sure ... At least, that's what I think she said.

BETTY: Are you sure she didn't say "cute", or "sweet" or "pretty?"

JIMMY: Well ... sure ... But what's the difference?

BETTY: Plenty ... and it's time for the next number, isn't it?

JIMMY: Oh-oh ... it's past time.

(ORCHESTRA: "LET ME WHISPER I LOVE YOU" ... JIMMY SINGS ...OVER)

(SOUND: APPLAUSE)

JIMMY: All right, boys ... short intermission.

BETTY: Wait a minute, Jimmy. Gail's coming over here.

JIMMY: Gosh, I hope she doesn't want me to go over and meet those people at her table.

BETTY: That's part of your job.

JIMMY: Maybe so ... but what I want most is a smoke.

GAIL: Oh, the band sounds simple divine tonight, Jimmy ... and particularly the harp. How are you Betty?

BETTY: Oh ... surviving.

GAIL: You're doing more than surviving. You're making a hit. I was requested by none other than Mr James Walcott of the Walcotts to ask you to join the table for some champagne.

BETTY: Me?

GAIL: None other, Cinderella.

BETTY: Well ... if it's champagne ... come on.

GAIL: You run along ... they're expecting you. I'll be there in a moment. I want to talk to Jimmy.

BETTY: All right, (FADES)

GAIL: Well, Jimmy, what do you think of your new partner now?

JIMMY: I think you're .. you're wonderful. Every table's full.

GAIL: And they're not ordering cheese sandwiches either.

JIMMY: Say ... how's the new cook doing?

GAIL: Splendidly. Everything that's come to our table has been good. Who did you get, Jimmy?

JIMMY: I don't know who it is. Some cousin or something of Rocco's.

GAIL: Well ... whoever he is, he certainly knows how to make Ragout a la Bordelaise.

JIMMY: He does ? What's that?

GAIL: Beef stew to you, darling. Oh ... see there ... our little Betty is getting a toast. I told you she'd appeal to older men, Jimmy. Do you know who James Walcott is?

JIMMY: Some kind of a newspaper columnist, isn't he?

GAIL: Not that Walcott. This is the chain store Walcott ...

GAIL:  
(CONT'D) money to burn. House in Watch Hill ... villa in Palm Beach ... and a private yacht in between ... not to mention the New York apartment that looks like a small edition of the Grand Central Station.

JIMMY: Gee! Married?

GAIL: Often ... but not at present. I must go back to the table now, Jimmy. I'll tip Betty off. Excellent opportunity for any girl and she does seem to have caught his fancy.

JIMMY: Well ... listen Gail ... Better not now because I've got to play the next number right away.

GAIL: Don't be selfish.

JIMMY: I'm ... I'm sorry but we're running on schedule ...  
(CALLS) Oh Betty!

GAIL: Well of all the mean, selfish things to do. Why, the rest of the band hasn't come back yet.

JIMMY: Well ... they ... they're coming in now and by the time she gets over she'll ... There, now she sees me ... Oh, Betty ... You see, to run a band right, Gail ... you've got to really give them their music close together. —They don't like long waits ... It lets things down ... if you know what I mean.

GAIL: Yes ... I think I know what you mean. Well ... I'll go back to the table now and the next intermission why don't you come over and join us for a drink. I'm sure you'd like Mr Walcott.

JIMMY: Yes, I'm sure I will.

BETTY: (FADING IN) Yes, Jimmy?

JIMMY: We're about to play ... I'm sorry I had to call you away.

BETTY: It's all right. I've finished my wine.

GAIL: Both of you come by after the next intermission, will you?

JIMMY: Well I ... I've got to eat during the next intermission and ... and so has Betty.

GAIL: Well, you can eat at our table, can't you?

JIMMY: Well ... I was going to talk to the boys about the next routine.

GAIL: Nonsense. Now remember, Jimmy ... you have to take care of your share of the social amenities, too. We'll be expecting you ... both of you. (FADES) Now sing nicely.

JIMMY: (SAVAGE UNDERTONE) All right ... Number eighty-six ... and see if you can get together on it.

(ORCHESTRA: "WHY DID YOU MAKE ME LOVE YOU" .. JIMMY SINGS)

(SOUND: APPLAUSE)

BETTY: And that's not all, Jimmy. I do hope you'll be sensible about it.

JIMMY: Sensible about what?

BETTY: Well, Mr Walcott has invited us all up to the Trullero Roof tonight after we close.

JIMMY: That's very kind of him, I'm sure.

BETTY: Jimmy, you're not going to be foolish enough to refuse.

JIMMY: You think not?

BETTY: I hope not.

JIMMY: I'm sorry, Betty, but people have different ideas as what is foolish and what isn't. But if you want to go to the Trullero Roof, go ahead - and have a good <sup>TIME.</sup>

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ....)

ANNOUNCER: ~~From~~ ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, it appears that Gail is well able to take care of herself and perhaps of Jimmy and Betty at the same time.

(THEME: . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, you constitute a jury, yes an immense nationwide jury. And now, as jurors, may we ask you to hear certain evidence. This evidence has been duly sworn and verified. Clerk, please call the witness!

MAN: (STENTORIAN VOICE) Mr Ray Oglesby of Winterville, North Carolina ...

OGLESBY: (CHANT 10 SECONDS) As a tobacco auctioneer I've chanted that same chant for 8 years at tobacco markets in Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. And at every auction in every market I've ever sold at, I've seen Lucky Strike get the choicest tobacco. That's why I've smoked Luckies myself ever since 1927.

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you have heard from an actual eye-witness about the quality of the tobacco that is bought by Lucky Strike. And remember that this famous auctioneer is independent, dealing with all cigarette companies on an equal basis. In his choice of Luckies, Mr Oglesby is typical of most independent tobacco experts -auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, not connected with any/<sup>cigarette</sup>manufacturer. Among these independent experts Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. With men who know tobacco best it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE) Join us again next Monday evening

ANNOUNCER: at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr  
(CONT'D) Spatafaouli" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS")

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> Mr Ray Oglesby of Winterville, North  
Carolina, *Mr. E. Boone of Lexington, Ky. +*  
*Mr. J. Burnett of Buffalo Springs,*  
*Va.*

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI "

Monday, June 13th 1938

Script #28"

CAST - Jimmy

Lilly

Gail

MUSIC: piano

SONGS: "I Know Now" - Robbins

"Let's Face the Music & Dance" - Berlin

"You Leave Me Breathless" - Famous



ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st SALE ... 33 - 37

2nd SALE ... 34-- 38

3rd SALE ... 35 - 39

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Tobacco auctioneers chant like that for 6 and 7 hours a day. So they welcome a minute's rest now and then. "Time out for a Lucky" is a regular rule with most of them. Yes, among auctioneers and other independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records ... sworn records which anyone may examine. So you get the finest tobacco in Luckies plus the throat protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted". This exclusive purifying process removes certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco ... and also enriches the natural mellowness of the leaf. As a result, Luckies are a light smoke - easy on your throat. Find out for yourself how true this is. Try Luckies for a week ... and let your taste and your throat be the judge. And remember ... with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS")

ANNOUNCER: And now ... Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi"  
... presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday  
at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike  
Cigarettes.

(THEME: YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO \* CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Last Friday night, Gail Foster, now a third partner  
in Chez Spatafaculi, brought a large party of  
friends down with her, among whom was a Mr James  
Walcott, wealthy and unattached. Gail reported his  
interest in Betty and suggested that she join them  
later in a party at the Trullero Roof. The invi-  
tation includes Jimmy, but he refuses.

It is later that night and the club is closed.  
The musicians and waiters and guests have gone and  
Jimmy sits at the piano, singing ...

(MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT \* JIMMY SINGING "I KNOW NOW")

(SONG OVER)

LILLY: (FADING IN) I know just 'ow you feels, Mr Jimmy.

JIMMY: (STARTLED) Wha ...? Oh ... hello Lilly. I  
thought you had gone home.

LILLY: I was just starting to but when I heard you singin'  
I came back. I 'opes you don't mind.

JIMMY: No ... of course not ... but it's pretty late.

LILLY: It's not that I'm trying to butt in on your pri-  
vate affairs, Mr Jimmy, but why didn't you go with  
Miss Betty and Miss Gail and the rest of 'em when  
they left tonight?

JIMMY: Oh ...I don't know, Lilly. They were only going

JIMMYE  
(CONT'D) to another night club and ... well ... I guess I ...  
Oh, I just didn't feel like it.

LILLY: That Mr Walcott seemed like a charming gentleman,  
didn't he?

JIMMY: Yes ... I suppose so.

LILLY: They went up to the Trullero Roof, didn't they?

JIMMY: Yes ... I think that's where they said they were  
going.

LILLY: (SIGHS) The Trullero Roof. I've wanted to go  
there ever since I've been here in the states.  
'Ave you ever been there, Mr Jimmy?

JIMMY: No.

LILLY: They say it's frightfully expensive.

JIMMY: Yeah ... I guess it is.

LILLY: That Mr James Walcott must be a very wealthy man  
to afford to take that whole party up there and  
stand all the treats ... at least, I suppose he's  
going to stand them.

JIMMY: Yes ... I suppose he is.

LILLY: Even so, sir ... I don't see why you shouldn't have  
gone along ... to take care of Miss Betty.

JIMMY: I imagine she can look after herself.

LILLY: But it would have been more pleasant for her if you  
had gone along. It's not too late now, you know,  
sir. You could join them up there.

JIMMY: I'm not going to the Trullero Roof, Lilly, until  
I'm able to pay my share.

LILLY: I ... I see what you mean, sir, and I know how you

LILLY:  
(CONT'D)           feel but you mustn't think badly of Miss Betty for going because, after all, it's not often when one gets the chance to go up to a swank place like that.

JIMMY:           I'm not thinking badly of Miss Betty or anyone else, Lilly. Don't you think it's awfully late for you to be up.

LILLY:           I'm sorry, sir. I ain't meanin' to intrude on your private life, Mr Jimmy.

JIMMY:           You're not intruding ... Is that someone at the door?

LILLY:           Sounds like it ... Must be Colonel Fortescue coming back.

JIMMY:           (CALLS) Is that you, Colonel?

GAIL:           (OFF) Most decidedly not, my boy ... most decidedly not. (ON) Well, well ... am I interrupting a tete-a-tete?

LILLY:           Hardly that, Miss Foster.

JIMMY:           Gail ... what are you doing here. I thought you went with the others.

GAIL:           I did ... but I didn't stay with them ... Don't you think it's rather late for you to be up, Lilly?

LILLY:           No, I don't.

GAIL:           Well, I do. After all, if our little cigarette and flower girl is to remain fresh and pretty she must get her beauty sleep. Don't you think you'd better run along?

LILLY:           Well ... seein' as you're one of the partners and probably has the authority to order me around,

LILLY:  
(CONT'D) I suppose perhaps I'd better.

GAIL: Don't be silly, child.... no one's ordering you around but I do think you'd better get some sleep ... That's a dear.

LILLY: Goodnight, Mr Jimmy.

JIMMY: Goodnight, Lilly.

LILLY: And thank you, Miss Foster, for looking after me welfare so assiduously.

GAIL: So what? Oh yes ... of course ... That's quite all right, Lilly. Good night.

JIMMY: Why did you come back?

GAIL: Because I wanted to.

JIMMY: I know but what ... what happened to the party?

GAIL: The party is in full swing at the Trullero Roof and everyone was having a marvellous time except me.

JIMMY: What do you mean?

GAIL: I mean that I couldn't have a very good time up there when I knew you were down here all alone ... but as it turned out you were with Lilly ... which is worse than being alone.

JIMMY: I wouldn't say that. Lilly means all right.

GAIL: Of course she does and so does Betty and so does James Walcott ... and everyone, but that isn't what I came back to talk about, Jimmy.

JIMMY: What did you come back to talk about?

GAIL: You.

JIMMY: I'm afraid I'm not in the mood for much kidding tonight.

GAIL: Look at me, Jimmy. Do I look like I'm kidding? Don't you think I know how you felt? That you were too much of a man to go up there and sponge on Walcott? I know you wanted to go to the party ... and oh, believe me, Jimmy, I do admire you for not going ... So why don't we have a little party of our own and we won't have to worry about expense because it's in our own club and you can furnish the music ... much better music than they'll hear at the Trullero tonight or any other night.

JIMMY: You wouldn't kid me, would you, lady?

GAIL: Not unless I had half a chance. Go on ... sing this one ... it's an old favorite of mine ...

(MUSIC: PIANO ... JIMMY SINGS "LET'S FACE THE MUSIC & DANCE"

(SONG OVER)

GAIL: Oh Jimmy ... I'd give anything in the world if I could sing like that ... and you know ... you sing your best when you're unhappiest.

JIMMY: I'm not unhappy.

GAIL: Are you sure?

JIMMY: Certainly. Why should I be?

GAIL: Well, I don't know but ... I thought perhaps you and Betty might ...

JIMMY: Betty plays the harp in the band and she's a very good friend of mine but ... she has a perfect right to go where she wants and with whomever she wants. No, you're off base there, Gail ... I'm not unhappy about Betty or anyone else.

GAIL: Good ... and why should you be? You've got everything in the world. You're young and nice to look at and a voice that could break the heart of a cigar-store Indian.

JIMMY: Good! Then bring on the wooden Indians!

GAIL: Very well ... just imagine that I'm an Indian ... a nice, wooden Indian ... and see what you can do with my heart. It's located just about here.

(MUSIC: "YOU LEAVE ME BREATHLESS" - PIANO & JIMMY \*)

(SONG OVER)

JIMMY: Well, Miss Wooden Indian ... how is your heart?

GAIL: Oh, Jimmy ...

JIMMY: Gail ...

GAIL: Jimmy ... please ... please don't ... unless you're ... unless you're sure you mean it.

JIMMY: I'm sure ... very sure.

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO")

ANNOUNCER: Was Walcott's party at the Trullero Roof just a coincidence or is it part of a complex plan that Gail is working toward?

(THEME: . . . . . OUT)

COMMERCIAL #2

ANNOUNCER: Now here is a lady you all know - Mrs. Smoker - Mrs. Average Smoker. And she's about as experienced a cigarette buyer as there is in the world. <sup>Is that</sup> ~~Am I~~ right Mrs. Smoker?

WOMAN: Next to my husband - perhaps. that's true.

ANNOUNCER: Well -now - may we ask what points you take into consideration in buying cigarettes?

WOMAN: I think I judge cigarettes the same as I judge any other product.

ANNOUNCER: And how's that?

WOMAN: Well, I always want to know first if it's made of the best materials.

ANNOUNCER: <sup>It is easy to</sup> ~~I think I can~~ answer that question as regards Luckies, Mrs. Smoker, simply by referring you to the judgment of experts ... Among independent tobacco experts - auctioneer buyers and warehousemen not connected with any cigarette manufacturer - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined.

WOMAN: That does sound convincing. but have you proof?

ANNOUNCER: Yes, Mrs. Smoker. <sup>What you just heard</sup> ~~What I just told you~~ is a fact proved by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. So, Mrs. Smoker. consider this fact next time you buy cigarettes. And tell your husband, Mr. Smoker about it too. Whenever you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer (CHANT 10 SECONDS) when you hear that chant. think of the fact it stands for ... with independent experts - with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE)  
Join us again next Wednesday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr. Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clay

(THEME . . . . . "HAPPY DAYS")



COMMERCIAL #2. continuud

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program  
were Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Ky. and Mr. L. A.  
(Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro, N. C.  
(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

ATX01 0214553

LUCKY STRIKE - "Alias Mr Spatafaculi"  
Script #29  
Wednesday, June 15th 1938

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 35 - 38  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Bidding at tobacco auctions is a lot like bidding at Bridge. And Macon Moye, of Wilson, North Carolina, has been playing a kind of tobacco "bridge game" for the past 18 years. You see, Mr Moye, as a tobacco warehouseman, has to make the first bid on every lot of tobacco offered at his auctions. So you can be sure Mr Moye "knows his game" and is an excellent judge of tobacco values. Now listen to what he has to say about the tobacco he sells to all cigarette companies ...

VOICE: There are many fine companies making cigarettes today but when it comes to picking a cigarette, my preference is Luckies. For I have observed that Lucky Strike at all times buys the best tobaccos.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, and Macon Moye's choice of Luckies is typical. Among independent tobacco experts like Mr Moye - not connected with any cigarette manufacturer - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records that anyone may examine. With men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now ... Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ... presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes...

(THEME: YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: On the night that Gail Foster became a third partner in Chez Spatafaculi she brought with her a party of friends, one of whom, a Mr James Walcott, wealthy man-about-town became interested in Betty and suggested later that they all be his guests at the Trullero Roof. The invitation included Jimmy but he declined because he did not like the idea of Walcott's paying for him. Later that night at the club Gail returns and makes it apparent to Jimmy that she is in love with him. Jimmy seemingly returns her affection.

It is late the following morning and Jimmy is in his room going over some numbers ...

(MUSIC: "LOVELIGHT IN THE STARLIGHT" - PIANO & JIMMY)  
(SONG OVER)

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JIMMY: Come in!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BETTY: Good morning, James.

JIMMY: (OVER CASUALLY) Oh hello, Betty ...and the name is "Jimmy" not James.

BETTY: (ON) Oh dear ... how careless of me. It was James last night, wasn't it?

JIMMY: Yes, James Walcott.

BETTY: Hah! The child is jealous.

JIMMY: (LIGHTLY) Oh yes ... I'm practically green.

BETTY: (DRILY) So I see. Well ... aren't you going to ask me if I had a nice time last night?

JIMMY: Oh yes, of course. Did you have a nice time last night Miss ... Bruce?

BETTY: Divine, my dear, simply divine! (SERIOUSLY) But it would have been better if you'd come along. Why didn't you come, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Well ... to tell you the truth ... I didn't have the time to go down to the bank yesterday to clip my eight percent bonds and I was a little short of cash.

BETTY: But, silly ... it was Mr Walcott's party ... and he's got so much money he doesn't know what to do with it.

JIMMY: Nice work if you can get it.

BETTY: You're not in a very nice mood this morning, are you? Don't you feel well?

JIMMY: I never felt better.

BETTY: (DISBELIEVING) Hah! Well, don't let me disturb your practicing.

JIMMY: Don't worry, Betty, you're not disturbing me at all.

(MUSIC: PIANO ... JIMMY SINGS "I'LL FOLLOW MY SECRET HEART ...  
(SONG OVER)

BETTY: You're in good voice this morning, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Well ... I got a good night's sleep.

BETTY: Did you stay long at the club after we left?

JIMMY: Not very long.

BETTY: Gail got back before you left, didn't she?

JIMMY: Did Gail tell you she was coming back to the club?

BETTY: She didn't have to tell me.

JIMMY: No ... I hadn't left.

BETTY: I trust she was properly sympathetic..

JIMMY: I'm afraid I don't get you.

BETTY: Poor little Jimmy left all alone down there in that old dark club!

JIMMY: Well, poor little Jimmy wasn't all alone. Lilly was there.

BETTY: Gail must have liked that.

JIMMY: Betty, I don't get it. What's the matter with you?

BETTY: Nothing's the matter with me.

JIMMY: Oh yes ... you're not the same girl. You're different.

BETTY: Different? How?

JIMMY: Oh ... I don't know ... You .. you can't mention Gail's name without being catty. It used to be ... well ... things were just reversed. She used to be the one who was always pulling something sarcastic ... and now ...

BETTY: And now it's me ... is that it?

JIMMY: It's beginning to look that way.

BETTY: Well, I'm sorry if I offended you, Jimmy and I'll try in the future to be more respectful when I refer to Miss Foster.

JIMMY: I'm not accusing you of being disrespectful ... It's just that ... well ... your attitude's childish ... that's all.

BETTY: Then I'll try and be more mature ... Why don't you go on with your practicing?

JIMMY: Thank you ... that's a good suggestion.

(MUSIC: PIANO ... JIMMY SINGS "ON THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE")

BETTY: That's excellent ... Why don't you sing another one  
... You're rather good on love songs this morning.

JIMMY: That's a good idea.

(MUSIC: PIANO ... JIMMY SINGS "THE GLORY OF LOVE" .. SONG OVER)

JIMMY: Does that meet with your satisfaction?

BETTY: Yes, Jimmy ... it does ... but I think that Gail would  
appreciate it even more than I ... I shan't play in  
the orchestra tonight if you don't mind.

JIMMY: Well ... no ... of course not ... If you don't want  
to ... I don't mind.

BETTY: I don't want to ... Good-bye....

(THEME: YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO . . .)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks as though Betty has called Jimmy's  
bluff or was he bluffing?

(THEME . . . . . OUT)

ANNOUNCER: If ever anyone lived in a glass house ...that man is the motion picture star, Charles Boyer. Every move he makes ...every opinion he holds ...is written down for the thousands who want to know the real Charles Boyer. Now I have before me a document that records his smoking preference. It reveals that Mr Boyer has smoked Luckies for 7 years. And ...in spite of the strain acting places on his voice ... Charles Boyer always finds Luckies easy on his throat.

(PAUSE) Now that's significant, isn't it? It shows the importance of the throat protection offered by Luckies' exclusive process "It's Toasted". This purifying process removes certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco and also enriches the natural mellowness of the leaf. As a result, you get in Luckies a light smoke ... easy on any smoker's throat. Test this for yourself. Try Luckies for a week and let your own throat demonstrate to you the throat protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted." Begin this personal test next time you buy cigarettes. Ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE) Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME "HAPPY DAYS" . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr Ray Oglesby of Winterville, North Carolina and Mr L A (Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro, North Carolina.  
(SONG CREDITS . . . IF ANY)

"ALIAS MR SPATAFACULI"

Friday, June 17th 1938

Script #30

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 35 - 39  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Who buys the tobacco the auctioneer sells? Why - all the cigarette companies do. They buy from the same auctioneers - in the same warehouses. That's how auctioneers, warehousemen, and other independent tobacco experts actually know what tobacco goes into what cigarettes. And among these independent experts Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. Remember - with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

WOMAN: But does fine tobacco guarantee a fine smoke?

ANNOUNCER: The answer is that all tobacco needs purifying. This is the reason for Luckies' exclusive process "It's Toasted". This process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco and also enriches the natural mellowness of the leaf. The result is a light smoke ... a light smoke purified by the removal of certain undesirable elements and, hence, easy on your throat. So try Luckies for a week - let your own throat and your own taste decide.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)



ANNOUNCER: And now ... Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi"  
... presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at  
this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike  
Cigarettes ...

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: On the night that Gail Foster became a third partner  
in Chez Spatafacul she brought with her a party of  
friends, one of whom, a Mr James Walcott, wealthy  
man-about-town became interested in Betty. He sug-  
gested that when the club closed Betty and Jimmy join  
him in a party at the Trullero Roof. Jimmy declines  
because he is against the idea of Walcott's having to  
pay for him. Gail leaves the party later that night  
and returns to the club where she finds Jimmy alone.  
The following morning, at Mrs Donovan's, Jimmy and  
Betty have a slight quarrel which ends in Betty's  
refusing to play in the band that night.

It is later that night at the club. Betty is  
at a table with James Walcott ...

(FADE IN)

(ORCHESTRA: I LET A SONG GO OUT OF MY HEART - JIMMY SINGS)

(SOUND: APPLAUSE)

WALCOTT: Well ... you're quite right, Betty. The boy has  
very definite possibilities.

BETTY: I think so, Mr Walcott and .. especially for radica.

FORTESCUE: (FADING IN) Well, well, well ...good evening, Miss  
Betty. Why is it that your beautiful presence is  
not gracing the harp this evening?

BETTY: Hello, Colonel Fortesque, I'm taking a busman's

BETTY: holiday, tonight.  
(CONT'D)

FORTESCUE: I see, I see. I don't believe I've had the pleasure  
of meeting this gentleman.

BETTY: No, I don't believe you have.

FORTESCUE: My name is Fortescue, sir ... Lucius B Fortescue ...  
I take the liberty of introducing myself in the  
capacity of the genial host of La Chez Spatafaculi.

WALCOTT: How do you do?

FORTESCUE: Thank you ... I don't mind if I do. (CALLS) Waiter!  
Oh, boy ... boy! (TO WALCOTT) I don't believe I  
got the name?

WALCOTT: Walcott.

FORTESCUE: Not related to the newspaper man?

WALCOTT: No relation.

FORTESCUE: Er ... waiter.

WAITER: Yes, sir.

FORTESCUE: What will be your pleasure, Miss Betty?

BETTY: I don't care for anything, Colonel, thank you.

FORTESCUE: And you, sir?

WALCOTT: I'm all set, thank you.

FORTESCUE: Er ... bring me another ... a glass of my private  
stock.

WAITER: Yes, sir.

FORTESCUE: A large glass.

WAITER: Yes, sir.

(ORCHESTRA: "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE" - JIMMY SINGS)

(SOUND: APPLAUSE)

FORTESCUE: Ah ... the boy's in fine voice tonight ... in very  
fine voice. What do you think of our star, Mr Colwat?

WALCOTT: Walcott.

FORTESCUE: Oh yes ... yes .. to be sure. How do you like his voice?

WALCOTT: I think he has a very good voice. Does he do anything besides ballads?

FORTESCUE: Does he do anything else, my dear fellow? Why, the boy's repertory is practically inexhaustible. In fact, it is inexhaustible. Like Tennyson's brook, it can go on and on forever ... bubbling over hill and dale through leafy plain and ... How does it go?

WALCOTT: I think I know what you mean. I wonder if the young man could be persuaded to come over to our table, Betty.

BETTY: Well I ... Do you think it would be ... I mean ... don't you think it would be better if ...

FORTESCUE: Nonsense, my child, nonsense! Of course, he can be persuaded to come over. A gentleman of Mr Talwalk's standing and position in the world!

WALCOTT: Walcott.

FORTESCUE: Oh yes, yes ... to be sure. Why, the boy will be glad ... (CALLS) Garcon! Garcon! Hey ... Mike!

WAITER: Yes, sir.

FORTESCUE: Tell Mr Spatafaculi ... that is .. ask Mr Spatafaculi if he would be kind enough to join us at the table.

WAITER: Yes, sir.

BETTY: I ... I don't know ... but I doubt that he'll be able to get away right now. You see, this isn't an intermission ..that is .. not a long one .. and he usually

BETTY: checks up on the music now.  
(CONT'D)

FORTESCUE: Nonsense, my child, nonsense! He's merely standing there ... not checking up on any music at all.

WALCOTT: He's not committed for any other radio programs, is he, at present?

BETTY: Why no ... that is, I don't think so.

FORTESCUE: Radio? What's that? Are you ... do you happen to be interested in a radio program, Mr Walnut?

WALCOTT: Walcott ... cott.

FORTESCUE: Oh yes ... yes ... quite so ... Then you are interested in a radio program.

WALCOTT: Well, I didn't say that I was ... but I might possibly be.

FORTESCUE: Then you've come to the right place and fortune has placed you with the right person. Now ... as Jimmy's manager, let me tell you a few things about him.

BETTY: Please ... Colonel ...

FORTESCUE: Tut, tut, my child. You see, I'm in a position to give you an evaluation of his true worth whereas his native modesty would prevent him from acquainting you with all of his achievements and triumphs of the past, present and future.

WALCOTT: Well ... if you don't mind. I think I'd rather discuss the matter with the young man himself.

FORTESCUE: Certainly not, certainly not ... but what I'm doing is merely paving the way ... preparing the fertile soil of your imagination for what it is about to confront.

WAITER: (FADING IN) Colonel Fortescue?

F . FORTESCUE: Yes, garcon?

WAITER: Mr Jimmy sends his compliments and asks if you will please excuse him as he can't get away right now.

FORTESCUE: Can't get away? What do you mean? What do you mean?

WAITER: Well ... I don't know, sir ... that's what he said, sir.

FORTESCUE: Nonsense ... Nonsense!

BETTY: Please ... Colonel Fortescue.

FORTESCUE: Well ... no matter ... no matter. Now, as I was saying Mr ... er ...

WALCOTT: Walcott.

FORTESCUE: To be sure, to be sure ... Like all great men of finance ... like all tycoons of industry ... like all moguls of manufacturing, you must have one essential thing and that, I am sure, you have ...

WALCOTT: That's very flattering.

FORTESCUE: Not at all, sir ... not at all. What I have reference to is imagination and a sense of values. Now ... for the mediocre and insignificant sum of ... say ... five thousand dollars per program ...

BETTY: Colonel!

FORTESCUE: My child ... please ... don't interrupt.

BETTY: But I will interrupt ... and I'm sure that Mr Walcott is perfectly capable of making up his own mind and taking care of his own business. And I think you ought to let Jimmy take care of his end.

FORTESCUE: But my dear child ... my motivations are of the purest ray serene.

WALCOTT: I'm sure your motivations are of the best, Colonel Fortescue but I think Betty is right. I don't wish

WALCOTT:           to talk business when I'm relaxing ... and if you'll  
(CONT'D)           excuse us, I'm sure we have other things to talk  
                    about.

FORTESCUE:         Don't apologize, my dear fellow, don't apologize ...  
                    I understand. Ah ... for in the spring a young man's  
                    fancy ...

BETTY:             (EXASPERATEDLY) Colonel Fortescue!

FORTESCUE:         Yes, my child?

BETTY:             Oh ... nothing ... Good night.

FORTESCUE:         Good night, Betty, my child ... and good night to  
                    you, Mr Wooltuck.

WALCOTT:           Walcott.

FORTESCUE:         (FADING) Yes, yes ... to be sure ... to be sure.

(ORCHESTRA:        "DAYDREAMING" . . . JIMMY SINGS)

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BETTY:             I'm sorry about Colonel Fortescue ... but he really  
                    doesn't mean any harm.

WALCOTT:           Of course not. Rather an amusing old chap but ...  
                    Betty ... don't you think that perhaps we could  
                    discuss things better somewhere else ... that is ...  
                    with less chance of interruption?

BETTY:             Why ... I ... I don't know.

WALCOTT:           I'm sure we could, my dear ...(CALLS) Oh waiter!  
                    Check, please.

(THEME:            "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" )

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ANNOUNCER:         Is Walcott sincerely interested in Jimmy or is he  
                    using it as a method to interest Betty in himself ...  
                    and where does Betty fit into this picture?

(THEME:            OUT)

ANNOUNCER: In the heart of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky - in the city of Lexington - stands the largest tobacco warehouse in the world. It holds 2 million pounds of tobacco at a single sale ... Truly a monument to the whole tobacco industry, this great warehouse is operated by the famous tobacco man, Floyd Greene Clay. Now Mr Clay is recognized as one of the highest authorities in Tobacco-land and he is absolutely impartial, dealing with all cigarette companies but not connected with any. So every smoker can respect Mr Clay's opinion on cigarettes. And here it is ...

MAN: For 19 years now I've seen just what tobacco each cigarette company buys and I know for a fact that Luckies select the choicest grades of tobacco ... the best. That's the reason I've smoked Luckies, myself, ever since 1928.

ANNOUNCER: And there you have the honest impartial judgment of Floyd Greene Clay, operator of the world's largest tobacco warehouse. So, is it any wonder Luckies are the favorite with most other independent tobacco experts as well! Among these independent experts - warehousemen, auctioneers, and buyers - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. So, next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer (CHANT 10 SECONDS) When you hear that chant, remember with men who know tobacco best it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE) Join us again next Monday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneer heard on tonight's program

~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> Mr. L. (Speed) Riggs Goldsboro, N.C.  
Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Ky.

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

ATX01 0214568



The American Tobacco Company  
"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Monday, June 20th 1938  
Script #~~20~~ 31

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 38  
2nd Sale ... 34 - 39  
3rd Sale ... 32 - 37

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: That chant spells ... E-X-P-E-R-T ... expert! Yes, and among independent tobacco experts like the auctioneer you just heard - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. Remember ... with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

WOMAN: But does fine tobacco guarantee a fine smoke?

ANNOUNCER: The answer is that even the finest tobacco needs to be purified to give you a light smoke. That is why Lucky Strike's exclusive purifying process "It's Toasted" means so much. Actual laboratory tests prove what quantities of harsh throat-irritants naturally present in all tobacco are removed by the "Toasting" process. And so Luckies are definitely without certain undesirable elements found in all tobacco. Why not let your own throat prove this to you. Try Luckies for a week and see the difference.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" ...  
presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this  
same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes...

(THEME: YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO . . . : CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Last Friday, Jimmy had a slight quarrel with Betty  
because she had joined the party the night before given  
by James Walcott at the Trullero Roof. Betty resented  
Jimmy's attitude and told him that she would not ap-  
pear in the orchestra that night. She does go, however  
as a guest of Mr James Walcott, with whom, strangely  
enough, she discusses the possibility of Jimmy and his  
orchestra for a radio program to be sponsored possibly  
by Walcott. Colonel Fortescue proves somewhat of a  
handicap and they leave to discuss the subject else-  
where.

It is later that night. The club is closed and  
Jimmy is alone ... at the piano ...

(MUSIC: "I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER)

SPATAFACULI: (FADING IN .. SINGING FEW BARS OF "LARGO IL FACTOTUM")  
Jimmy ... my friend ... hello.

JIMMY: Oh, hello, Rocco. Gosh, it's nice to see you. I  
haven't seen you in a dog's age.

SPATAFACULI: Thank you, Jimmy ... thank you. I been busy ... very  
busy. That Cantabello ... he's a slave-driver. He  
makes me work like a horse. No ... not a horse be-  
cause a horse would not have so much work to do as I.

JIMMY: Oh, that's fine, Rocco. How's it coming?

ROCCO: Splendid, Jimmy, splendid. He thinks I am marvellous.  
But I know it. Only ... I am sad, Jimmy .. so sad

SPATAFACULI: that I want to destroy myself ... now ... this minute.  
(CONT'D)

JIMMY: Why, what's the matter, Rocco?

ROCCO: What is the matter? Hah ... what is always the matter.  
It is women, Jimmy ... women! They make of a man  
a ... a thing, Jimmy ... a piece of dirt ... which  
they crush with their little tiny heels like ... like  
the cheese for spaghetti. I hate them all ... all.

JIMMY: You mean ... you had a fight with your girl?

ROCCO: Fight? Never. A Spatafaculi never fights with  
girls.

JIMMY: Well ... what happened? Why, the last time I saw you,  
you were in love... very much in love with Cantabello's  
daughter.

ROCCO: Don't mention her name to me. I am finished ...  
washed down ... worn up. But never mind. I did not  
come here to talk. I came here to be sympathized at  
... Sing to me, Jimmy ... sing to me something sweet  
... not about women ... You know . . . that song I like  
... that Home on the Ranch.

JIMMY: Oh ... you mean ... "Home on the Range."

SPATAFACULI: Yes ... that one ... where there are only animals ...  
no women.

JIMMY: Okay.

(MUSIC: "HOME ON THE RANGE" ... JIMMY SINGS ... SONG OVER)

SPATAFACULI: Oh that is wonderful, Jimmy ... magnificent. Already,  
I feel better.

JIMMY: But tell me, Rocco. What happened? Have you and ...  
what's her name .....

SPATAFACULI: Santuzza!

JIMMY: Well ... have you and she ... split up?

SPATAFACULI: Split up! We have exploded ... erupted ... like Vesuvius. She has ruined ... destroyed everything. Santuzza ... Ah! She is just like that one in the opera ... just an actress ... false ... double timing.

JIMMY: You mean ... two-timing, Rocco?

SPATAFACULI: Ah ... two-timing, three-timing. What's the difference. But before she four-time me ... I am through with her ... forever ... until tomorrow night.

JIMMY: But what did she do?

SPATAFACULI: What did she do? Listen, Jimmy ... I tell you a story that will break your heart ... that will make you cry tears like rain ... that will make you see that you should have nothing never to do with women! Tonight after my lesson, I wait ... like always ... to see "Tootsie". Then she comes. Ah ... she look beautiful, Jimmy ... beautiful ... like the Mona Lisa. So ... I am so proud ... I want to show her to everybody ... the whole world. So what do I do? I take her to my favorite restaurant ... where they make the most beautiful ravioli in the whole world. You know the place.

JIMMY: Oh ... you mean that little Italian place ... that grocery store with the tables in the back?

SPATAFACULI: Yes ... the most wonderful place in the city. We have a little wine. We feel happy ... very happy ... So we turn on the radio and we dance. Pretty soon some more people come in ... and then we have a party Everybody is feeling good. And then ... then happens

SPATAFACULI: the most terrible thing that could happen to a man  
(CONT'D) like me ... who loves with his whole heart ... with  
all his life. My "Tootsie" is feeling good, too ...  
too good. And you know what she do? Ah ... sangue  
de la potato! That this should happen to me ... me  
... Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi.

JIMMY: What happened, Rocco?

SPATAFACULI: What happened! Ah ... mama mia ... it kills me to  
think of it ... She dance with another man!

JIMMY: But Rocco .... that's ... that's not so terrible.

SPATAFACULI: Mama mia ... not so terrible! The woman I love with  
all the fire in my soul ... the woman to whom Rocco  
Fidelio Spatafaculi has given his heart ... and maybe  
some day give his name .. the great name of Spata-  
faculi ... it is not so terrible that she dance with  
another man?

JIMMY: But Rocco ... just because she danced with him doesn't  
mean ... well ... it doesn't mean that she loves him.

SPATAFACULI: That has nothing to do with it. It is enough that  
she even look at another man.

JIMMY: Well ... what did you do?

SPATAFACULI: What did I do? I go over to the man and I slap him  
in the face ... and then everything happen at once.  
"Tootsie" takes me by the hand and pulls me away ...  
because she is afraid I will kill him ... and when  
we are outside she tells me I am intoxicate! That I  
do not know what I am doing. Me ... Rocco Spatafacu-  
li ... who has drunk more wine than six people put  
together ... without even feeling it. Me ... she

SPATAFACULI: calls intoxicate. She does not see that it is because I love her that I do that. Ah, Jimmy ... my heart ... my heart was broken in little pieces ... all over the place ... I will never be the same ... never ...

JIMMY: Well ... aren't you going to see her again?

SPATAFACULI: Of course, I am going to see her again. But it will be different...

JIMMY: How do you mean?

SPATAFACULI: I will not be so nice ... so soft ... so considering. I will be hard ... like a stone. That is what women need, Jimmy ... hardness ... not softness. When you are too soft, they kill you ... When you are hard, they love you...

JIMMY: (THOUGHTFULLY) Hm! Maybe you're right.

SPATAFACULI: Of course, I am right. I am always right. Now ... sing some more to me, Jimmy ... I want to forget ...

JIMMY: Okay ...

(MUSIC: "SAYS MY HEART" . . . . . JIMMY)

JIMMY: Yes, Rocco ... maybe you're right ... Maybe they should be treated ... well ... kind of mean ... the way they treat us ...

SPATAFACULI: What ... what is this? Is my Jimmy too having trouble with women?

JIMMY: No ... well ... yes, I am, Rocco ...

SPATAFACULI: But tell me, Jimmy ... with whom ... where is she ... I will kill her for you.

JIMMY: No, Rocco ... I'd rather not talk about it ... You're right... Let's forget about them.

(MUSIC: "YOU CAN'T PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES" .. JIMMY)

(FADE INTO)

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: Jimmy seems to be taking his quarrel with Betty pretty hard. Will his attitude be the same when he finds out what she has been doing for him?

(THEME: FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: 300 years ago in Jamestown, Virginia, tobacco was used as money. And in a different sense, today, tobacco is still the money of Tobaccoland. Take for example Ches Turner of Shelbyville, Kentucky. Tobacco has fed and clothed and housed Mr Turner for 35 long years now. As a warehouseman he handles about 4 million pounds of tobacco a year, selling, of course to all the cigarette companies. So he's in a unique position to judge tobacco, and here is what Ches Turner has to say about cigarettes:

VOICE: I started to smoke Luckies because I see them get the best tobacco and I always want the best I can get. I've been smoking Luckies for ten years now and most other independent tobacco men I know smoke Luckies, too.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, among independent tobacco experts like Mr Turner - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records ... sworn records which anyone may examine, So next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer, let that chant remind you of the fine tobacco in Luckies. Remember: with men who know tobacco best ... it's Luckies 2 to 1.  
(PAUSE) Join us again next Wednesday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr George E Love of Danville, Virginia



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Mr  
and/F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

The American Tobacco Company  
"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Wednesday, June 22/38  
Script #3132

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 35 - 39  
2nd Sale ... 33 - 37  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: In the heart of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky -  
in the city of Lexington - stands the largest tobacco  
warehouse in the world. It holds 2 million pounds of  
tobacco at a single sale ... Truly a monument to the  
whole tobacco industry, this great warehouse is op-  
erated by the famous tobacco man, Floyd Greene Clay.  
Now Mr Clay - one of the highest authorities in  
Tobaccoland - is absolutely impartial, dealing with  
all cigarette companies but not connected with any.  
So every smoker can respect Mr Clay's opinion on  
cigarettes. And here it is ...

MAN: For 19 years now I've seen just what tobacco each  
cigarette company buys and I know for a fact that  
Luckies select the choicest grades of tobacco ...  
the best. That's the reason I've smoked Luckies,  
myself, ever since 1920.

ANNOUNCER: And Luckies are the favorite with most other inde-  
pendent tobacco experts as well! Among these  
independent experts - warehousemen, auctioneers and  
buyers - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclu-  
sive smokers as have all the other cigarettes com-  
bined. This is a fact established by sworn records -  
sworn records which anyone may examine. Remember ..  
with men who know tobacco best it's Luckies 2 to 1!  
(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . . .)

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ANNOUNCER           And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME:           YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER:           After her quarrel with Jimmy, Betty told him that she would not play in the orchestra that night. She does appear at the club, however, as the guest of Mr James Walcott with whom, unknown to Jimmy, she discusses him as a possibility for a radio program to be sponsored by Walcott.

                  It is the following day and Jimmy is in his room at Mrs Donovan's, rehearsing some songs ...

(MUSIC:           PIANO .. "LOVELIGHT IN THE STARLIGHT" - JIMMY SINGS)

(SOUND:           KNOCK ON DOOR)

JIMMY:               Come in!

(SOUND:           DOOR OPENS)

BETTY:               May I come in for a minute, Jimmy?

JIMMY:               Oh ... hello, Betty. Yes ... but I haven't got much more than that...I've got a lot of new numbers to run over.

BETTY:               Oh. Then maybe I'd ... I'd better come back when ... when you're not so busy.

JIMMY:               Oh no ... it's ... it's all right now. Come in.

BETTY:               Thank you.

JIMMY:               Sit down. I'll be with you in a minute ... I just want to run over this one song.

BETTY:               Certainly ... go ahead.

(MUSIC:           PIANO ... "AFTER YOU'VE GONE" ... JIMMY SINGS)

BETTY:               Oh Jimmy ... that was grand. You know ... really ..

BETTY:  
(CONT'D) ... I think you're getting better every day.

JIMMY: Thanks, Betty ... it's awfully nice of you to say so.

BETTY: But I mean it, Jimmy. Honestly, I think you're just as good as ... well ... any of the fellows who sing over the radio.

JIMMY: Gosh, Betty ... you'll be giving me a swelled head ... if you don't watch out.

BETTY: Mm! It isn't I ...who'll be giving you that.

JIMMY: What do you mean?

BETTY: Never mind ... That isn't what I came to talk to you about.

JIMMY: I see. Well ... what did you want to talk to me about, Betty?

BETTY: It's about ... about the orchestra ... and.

JIMMY: Oh ... I guess you mean you're ... you're not going to be with us any more, is that it?

BETTY: Why, Jimmy ...what...whatever gave you that idea?

JIMMY: Well ... several things ... but ...let's skip 'e What about the orchestra?

BETTY: Oh Jimmy ... this isn't like you at all.

JIMMY: What isn't like me. I don't see anything wrong with me.

BETTY: Well, I do. You've ...you've changed, Jimmy ... you're ...well...you're cold and...and indifferent.

JIMMY: Am I?

BETTY: Oh Jimmy ...please...please let's be...well...grown-ups.

JIMMY: I'm sorry, Betty ...but...I don't get you.

BETTY: Oh Jimmy, you know that Mr Walcott...Oh well ...

BETTY:  
(CONT'D) never mind. This is what I've come to talk to you about.

JIMMY: Yes?

BETTY: James Walcott is interested in sponsoring a radio program with ...

JIMMY: Listen, Betty ...I'm not interested in anything James Walcott is interested in.

BETTY: Why, Jimmy Clayton! I believe ... I believe you're jealous!

JIMMY: Jealous! Don't be silly, Betty. Why should I be jealous. It's just that ...well...that James Walcott and I are worlds apart. He's got lots of money and I haven't. We couldn't possibly be interested in the same things.

BETTY: Jimmy ...if you go on like this, I won't tell you what I came in to tell you. In fact...I won't... I won't ever see you again. It's all too silly.

JIMMY: Really, Betty...I don't see what you're getting all worked up about. It's not silly. It's the truth, isn't it...and I think I'm being...well...pretty reasonable about it.

BETTY: You're not being reasonable at all. In fact, you're not even reasoning. ...you're not thinking, Jimmy. You're behaving like a ...like a brat!

JIMMY: Well, I'm sorry, if you think so, Betty.

BETTY: Jimmy Clayton...will you just stop talking for a minute and listen to me?

JIMMY: Okay...shoot!

BETTY: Old silly! Well...as I was saying when I was so

BETTY: rudely interrupted ....James Walcott...of the  
Walcott Chain Stores ...is interested in a radio  
program and I've succeeded in interesting him in  
you and the orchestra. Now...is that clear?

JIMMY: Mm! Yes...quite clear.

BETTY: That sounds faintly like sarcasm to me. Just what  
do you mean by "quite clear?"

JIMMY: Well...if you want to know...it's quite clear to me  
that Mr James Walcott ...of the Walcott Chain  
Stores...has found a new interest and is interested  
in giving that interest anything her little heart  
is interested in.

BETTY: Jimmy Clayton! If I didn't have ...so...somuch  
more sense...than you have...why...I'd...I'd leave  
this room this minute.

JIMMY: Am I wrong?

BETTY: Of course, you're wrong...dead wrong, Mr Smarty.  
And the only reason I'm staying is that I want to  
keep you from...from biting off your nose to spite  
your face...

JIMMY: (LAUGHS) You mean "cutting" off my nose, Betty?

BETTY: Oh...don't quibble!

JIMMY: All right. So what?

BETTY: So this...We're to give an audition tonight for Mr  
Walcott and someone from his advertising agency...  
and all I've got to say is...we'd better be good...  
and I mean you, Jimmy Clayton alias Mr Spatafaculi!

JIMMY: Tonight?

BETTY: Yes...tonight. He's coming down to the club with

BETTY: this advertising man to get his opinion before he decides.

JIMMY: I see. Well...Betty...it was awfully sweet of you to go to all that trouble..for me...but...well... I think you'd better call them off.

BETTY: What do you mean?

JIMMY: I mean that I don't think I ...we'd ...be interested.

BETTY: Jimmy...are you crazy? This is your big chance to start up the ladder...to make a name for yourself...

JIMMY: Yes...I suppose it is...but...well...I refuse to use Mr Walcott as a means to do it. I don't need any help from him. If I'm as good as...well...you say I am...I'll get up the ladder alone.

BETTY: Oh Jimmy....please...won't you try to be sensible?

JIMMY: I am being sensible,Betty.

BETTY: I'll tell you what you're being...You're being sensitive...that's what you're being...hyper-sensitive and all because...well...because you can't see anything but...but notes before your eyes!

JIMMY: What do you mean by that?

BETTY: Oh Jimmy...don't you see...that I...I... Oh I'll explain some other time. Will you or won't you go through with this audition tonight?

JIMMY: Well...

BETTY: Jimmy...if we're good...as I know we can be...why, we've got it all over the band at the Trullero Roof...It'll be easy...and the best break we've had since we've started. Please...please say yes, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Well...on one condition.

BETTY: What?

JIMMY: That you explain now what you meant by me not being able to see anything but "notes" before my eyes.. What should I have seen,Betty?

BETTY: Oh Jimmy...I...I can't tell you now. I'll...I'll tell you tonight.

JIMMY: Is that a promise?

BETTY: Yes...it's...it's a promise....but...don't let's talk any more now. Sing something...something nice.

JIMMY: (SOFTLY) All right...darling.

(MUSIC: PIANO ... "DAYDREAMING" . . . JIMMY SINGS)  
(FADE INTO)

(THEME: YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO...)

ANNOUNCER: What will Betty tell Jimmy tonight...after the audition...and if they succeed in selling Mr Walcott, where will he fit into the picture?

(THEME: OUT)



ANNOUNCER: Now here is a young man who is typical of thousands and thousands of young men and women who have just been graduated from colleges and universities all over the country. Because you are typical, sir, will you tell us what you look for in buying cigarettes?

MAN: (DIFFIDENTLY) Well - that's kind of a hard question to answer. I think - well - I really think taste is all I look for in a cigarette.

ANNOUNCER: No one could give a better answer? But - can you say what makes a cigarette taste good to you?

MAN: Well - good tobacco, I suppose.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, that's half the story.

MAN: What's the other half?

ANNOUNCER: You see - even the finest tobacco is not pleasing to smoke in its natural state. That's why Lucky Strike's exclusive "Toasting" process counts for so much. This purifying process expels certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. These undesirable elements are out of Luckies and so you can really enjoy Luckies' fine tobaccos to the full - without fear of throat-irritation. Next time you buy cigarettes, ask for a light smoke - ask for Lucky Strike. (PAUSE) Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" ...)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr F.E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky and Mr E.B. Hicks of Kinston, North Carolina.

The American Tobacco Company

"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Friday, June 24th 1938

Script #~~32~~ 33

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 35 - 39  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Tobacco auctioneers chant like that for 6 and 7 hours a day. So they welcome a minute's rest now and then. "Time out for a Lucky" is a regular rule with most of them. Yes, among auctioneers and other independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records ... sworn records which anyone may examine. So you Get the finest tobacco in Luckies plus the throat protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted." This purifying process removes certain harsh throat irritants naturally present in all tobacco ... and it also enriches the natural mellowness of the leaf. As a result, Luckies are a light smoke - easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week ... and let your taste and your throat be the judge.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes ...

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Jimmy and Betty had a slight quarrel on the day following her evening with James Walcott at the Trullero Roof. Betty tells Jimmy that she will not appear that night in the orchestra. She does come, however, as a guest of Mr Walcott with whom, unknown to Jimmy, she discusses him as a possibility for a radio program Walcott is interested in. An audition is set for the following day and when Betty tells Jimmy, he refuses at first but something Betty says ... which she promises to explain later ... gives Jimmy a new hope regarding her feelings for him, and he agrees.

It is that evening, at the club ...

(ORCHESTRA: "HONEY ON THE MOON" \* JIMMY SINGS)

(SOUND: APPLAUSE)

JIMMY: How'd you think we're doing, Betty?

BETTY: Oh, wonderful, Jimmy ... simply wonderful. I don't think we've ever played better and ...I'm...I'm so nervous I can hardly move my fingers.

JIMMY: Gosh, Betty ...so am I. Did I sound it?

BETTY: Not a bit, Jimmy ....You were grand.

JIMMY: All right, boys ...let's give them Number Ninety Five and give it all you've got ...One....two.....

(ORCHESTRA: "SWETT SUE" . . . JIMMY SINGS ONE CHORUS)

(SOUND: APPLAUSE .....SUSTAINED OVER THE FOLLOWING)

JIMMY: *Gosh, Betty ...listen to'em. What'll we do? They*

JIMMY: want an encore.  
(CONT'D)

BETTY: Marvellous, Jimmy ...that's just what we need. Let's give them one.

JIMMY: All right, boys ...let's give them another chorus...

(ORCHESTRA: REPEATS "SWEET SUE" - JIMMY SINGS SECOND CHORUS)

(SOUND: (APPLAUSE))

JIMMY: All right, fellows ...that was great. Let's take a short intermission.

GAIL: (FADING IN) Why, Jimmy....you're simply outdoing yourself tonight. You were marvellous?

JIMMY: Oh ...thanks,Gail. There's a reason tonight, you know.

GAIL: Is there? Hello, Betty.

BETTY: Hello Gail.

JIMMY: Yes ....Mr Walcott and a man from his advertising agency are out there listening to us for a radio program.

GAIL: Oh? Isn't that grand, Jimmy. Some of Betty's good work, eh? Apparently, Betty, you've got Mr James Walcott where you want him.

BETTY: Apparently. But ...of course...you're really to thank for it, you know.....if we do win.

GAIL: Oh really? How?

BETTY: Well.....it was you who introduced me.

WAITER:  
(DOUBLED) (FADING IN) Pardon me, Mr Jimmy ...but those two gentlemen over there at that side table would like you to join them.

JIMMY: Oh...well....tell them I'll...I'll be there in a minute...right after this next number.

WAITER: Yes, sir.  
GAIL: Well....wish you luck, Jimmy. See you later. (FADES)  
JIMMY: Thank you, Gail.....Gosh, Betty...what'll I say ...  
I mean...what if they ask me a lot of questions  
about price....and things.  
BETTY: Oh...well...tell them.....tell them you'll have to  
think it over, Jimmy. Tell them to give you until  
tomorrow...or something.  
JIMMY: But...but then, Betty...what'll ...what should I  
ask?  
BETTY: Oh...we'll find out...tomorrow...from somebody who  
knows. Meantime...let's finish this number so you  
don't keep them waiting too long.  
JIMMY: Okay...Alright fellows...one fifty....let's go...  
(ORCHESTRA: "I HADN'T ANYONE TILL YOU" ...JIMMY SINGS)  
JIMMY: Well, Betty ...here I go...Gosh...I wish...I wish  
you could ...could kiss me.....for luck.  
BETTY: I ...I wish I could, too, Jimmy....Instead, I'll  
just keep my fingers crossed.....hard!  
JIMMY: Okay...be seein' ya. (MIKE GOES WITH JIMMY)  
BETTY: (FADING...HOARSE STAGE WHISPER) Good luck, Jimmy!  
JIMMY: Mr Walcott?  
WALCOTT: (FADE IN) Oh...yes...Mr Spatafaculi...Nice of you  
to come over. This is Mr Stilton...our advertising  
manager...  
JIMMY: Oh...glad to meet you, Mr Stilton.  
STILTON: How do you do.  
WALCOTT: Sit down, won't you?  
JIMMY: Thank you.  
WALCOTT: What'll you have?

JIMMY: Oh...nothing, thanks.....I've got to go back in a couple of minutes.

WALCOTT: Well ... Spatafaculi ... Say, would you mind too much if we called you Jimmy. That other name's .. well.....it's a bit unwieldy for my tongue.

JIMMY: (LAUGHS) Not at all. I like Jimmy better myself.

WALCOTT: Good...that'll make it easier. We called you over here to ...well...to talk business, Jimmy. You see...my company is thinking of putting on a radio show ... a musical show ... and we've been looking around for a good band.

JIMMY: Yes?

WALCOTT: Have you ever done any radio broadcasting?

JIMMY: Well ... er....no...that is, not yet.

STILTON: Any of the other fellows ever been on the air?

JIMMY: No...they haven't. You see...they started with me ...that is...this club is...well...our first public appearance.

STILTON: Hm! I see. Get a pretty good crowd here.

JIMMY: Yes, we do.

STILTON: Well....if the sort of music you played tonight is the kind you usually give the folks, I'm not surprised. Music's not bad...not bad, at all.

JIMMY: Thank you, Mr Stilton...I'm glad you like it.

WALCOTT: Well...Stilton...what do you think of Jimmy's band for our program?

STILTON: Frankly, chief...I've been thinking about it ... but...well...I'd like to ~~think~~ think about it a little more. That outfit from the ....whatchumaycallit.. the one we heard the other night.....

WALCOTT: Oh....you mean the Trullero Roof orchestra?

STILTON: Yeah...that's the one. Well...they're not so bad, either...and, well...they've got a name, too... you know.

WALCOTT: Yes...that's true, Stilton. Of course...I'm just the client, but I ...don't mind saying that.... frankly...I like Jimmy's music as well...if not better. The boys seem to have a little more pep than the Trullero outfit.

STILTON: Yes.. yes...they do, chief...a point I was just going to bring up. Well... Spatafaculi.. what do you think of the idea? How would you feel about going on the air?

JIMMY: Gosh...well...gosh, Mr Stilton...I think it's... well...it would be swell!

STILTON: Well...I tell you what, chief...why don't we do this...why don't we hear that other outfit again... just for comparison this time...and then let your better judgment decide the issue.

WALCOTT: But I have heard them, Stilton, innumerable times ...They play too slow.

STILTON: Yes...but you'd be listening to them differently now, chief....comparatively, so to speak..... objectively.

WALCOTT: Yes...yes...I guess you're right. Well, Jimmy ...suppose we leave it at that, then...eh?

JIMMY: Well....of course, Mr Walcott, it's up to you... but...but I'm sure we could do a good job for you. I mean...we could give you the kind of music you

JIMMY:  
(CONT'D) want. Why...why, I haven't even tested the boys yet....They've got much more to give....I know it ...and I could have some special arrangements made ...you know, to sort of give you an idea of what they can do.

STILTON: Yes.

WALCOTT: Well...Jimmy...let's put it this way. We'll listen to the other boys again and let you know...say... tomorrow night...here. How's that?

JIMMY: That....that's okay with me, Mr Walcott.

WALCOTT: That all right with you, Stilton?

STILTON: Yep...Tomorrow night...and in the meantime you might be thinking about your price, Spatafaculi...

JIMMY: Yes, sir.

WALCOTT: It's a date, Jimmy...and, remember...the budget isn't too big, you know.

JIMMY: Thank you, gentlemen...and now, if you'll excuse me...I've got to get back...

WALCOTT: Okay, Jimmy....thanks for coming over...(CALLS)... Oh...Jimmy.

JIMMY: (FADING IN) Yes, Mr Walcott?

WALCOTT: Would you mind asking Betty to join us...after she has finished this number..if that's all right with you?

JIMMY: Oh...Oh yes...of course...I'll tell her...(FADES)

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"...)

ANNOUNCER: Will Jimmy win his chance at this audition...and will Betty have anything to do with Walcott's decision?

(THEME: OUT)



ANNOUNCER: Harrodsburg, Bowling Green, Greenville, Robersonville, Tarboro, Durham! (PAUSE) Sounds like a train announcer...doesn't it? But it happens to be just a few tobacco markets...where E.E. Forbes, famous tobacco auctioneer has sold in the past 12 years. Now at every one of these markets Mr Forbes saw what tobacco was being bought for what cigarettes And as he's an independent, dealing on equal terms with all cigarette companies, his opinion about cigarettes is bound to be both impartial and informative. Now here is Mr Forbes' opinion!

MAN: During my sales, I have always noticed that the Lucky Strike buyers purchased the best tobacco for their cigarettes. If I were having special cigarettes made for me personally, I would use exactly the same types of tobacco that Luckies use as they are absolutely the best grade of tobacco on the market.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, that's why Mr Forbes is a Lucky Strike smoker. And he is typical. Among other independent tobacco experts ... buyers, warehousemen, and auctioneers ... Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. Sworn records prove this fact - sworn records which anyone may examine. So next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer, think of fine tobacco and remember! With men who know tobacco best...it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE) Join us again next Monday evening at this same time for

ANNOUNCER: another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with  
(CONT'D) Buddy Clark.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS")

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr E. B. Hicks of Kinston, North  
Carolina and Mr L. A. (Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro,  
North Carolina.

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

The American Tobacco Company

"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Monday, June 27th 1938

Script #34

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 35 - 39  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Tobacco auctioneers know tobacco and they know who buys what tobacco. And among independent tobacco experts, like the auctioneers - Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. Remember ... with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1!

WO MAN: But does fine tobacco guarantee a fine smoke?

ANNOUNCER: The answer is that even the finest tobacco is not good to smoke in its natural state. That's why Lucky Strike's exclusive process "It's Toasted" is so important to you as a smoker. This "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. With these impurities out, the flavor of the tobacco is naturally more mellow. The result is a light smoke easy on any smoker's throat. Try Luckies for a week and let your own throat be the judge. Ask for Lucky Strike.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now, Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Betty has succeeded in interesting James Walcott, wealthy son of the owner of Walcott's Chain Stores, in getting his advertising agency to listen to Jimmy and the orchestra as a possibility for a radio program. She has succeeded also in dispelling Jimmy's doubts about her relationship with James Walcott. The decision, however, about whether Jimmy gets the job is still to be decided as he learned last Friday night at the club when Walcott and Mr Stilton, his advertising man were down. And, too, once again, Jimmy is still in the dark about Betty and Walcott for when Jimmy leaves him to return to the orchestra, Walcott asks him to send Betty to join them.

It is two days later and Jimmy is in his room at Mrs Donovan's Boarding House ...

(FADE IN)

(MUSIC: "CRY BABY CRY" - JIMMY SINGS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BETTY: (FADING IN QUICKLY ... EXCITEDLY...INTERRUPTING JIMMY) Jimmy.....Jimmy! They just called!

JIMMY: What? Who just called?

BETTY: I'm sorry ....I didn't mean to interrupt but... Jimmy...they've accepted...

JIMMY: You mean ....Mr Walcott?

BETTY: Oh yes...isn't it marvellous?

JIMMY: Yes...I guess so.

BETTY: And at your own figure, darling...

JIMMY: You mean...the price I asked for the orchestra...  
and everything.

BETTY: Yes....everything!

JIMMY: Gee whiz! Say....just wait till the boys in the  
band hear about this. How...how long for?

BETTY: For twenty-six weeks...with an option of renewal  
for another fifty two.

JIMMY: Hot diggety dog!

(MUSIC: "I'M SHOOTING HIGH" . . . JIMMY SINGS)

BETTY: Come on, Jimmy....sing it again.

JIMMY: I don't know. Maybe we'd better not start celebrat-  
ing until they've signed the contract.

BETTY: But it's just as good as signed. James ...er Mr  
Walcott just told me that' he's decided. You don't  
doubt my word, do you?

JIMMY: Of course, not, Betty...but...it's funny that he  
didn't call me.

BETTY: What difference does it make, silly.

JIMMY: None except.....

BETTY: Now....what's the matter?

JIMMY: Oh.....nothing.

BETTY: Well.....Talk about your prima donnas, Jimmy...  
you set an all-time record for moodiness.

JIMMY: I'm not moody.....and I'm not a prima donna.

BETTY: Then whatever is the matter?

JIMMY: Well....if you must know I....well, to tell you the truth, Betty, I don't like the whole thing...or any part of it.

BETTY: Why, Jimmy...Why?

JIMMY: "Why, Jimmy...why?" .....Because I don't understand it...that's why...Why should Walcott be doing all this for me....I didn't go out and contact him...and then...when he decides to use my band why...who does he call up....you. You're responsible for this whole thing!

BETTY: Well, I'm not...but if I were, would it be a crime?

JIMMY: That depends on what you call a crime.

BETTY: (COLDLY) I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, Jimmy.

JIMMY: All right then, I'll put it in words of one syllable.. Why is Walcott doing all this for you.

BETTY: But he's not doing this for me. He's doing it for you.

JIMMY: Oh yes...well...I've hardly been civil to the man.

BETTY: That's perfectly true...you have hardly been civil to him ...and in spite of it...he still likes you.

JIMMY: You mean...in spite of it...he still likes you.

BETTY: Oh Jimmy...Do you remember the other night when I told you that you couldn't see anything in front of you but notes?

JIMMY: Yeah...I remember...and you said you were going to explain. What did you mean by that?

BETTY: I don't think this is the time or place for an explanation.

JIMMY: Aw rats!

BETTY: What do you mean "aw rats?"

JIMMY: You know.....those animals...that cats chase...  
that like cheese...get caught in traps...r-a-t-s  
...rats.

BETTY: Jimmy Clayton...don't you dare shout at me.

JIMMY: I'm sorry.

BETTY: Well...you'd better be.

JIMMY: That being the case...I'm not sorry.

BETTY: Oh you're not?

JIMMY: No...I'm not!

BETTY: Well...very well, young man...I'm going to tell you  
just one thing...Mr James Walcott is engaged to  
be married.

JIMMY: What!

BETTY: I said Mr James Walcott is engaged to be married.

JIMMY: Oh...so that's the answer.

BETTY: Answer to what?

JIMMY: Answer to everything.

BETTY: You're very badly mistaken...or maybe you're not.

JIMMY: When are you going to be married?

BETTY: I haven't the slightest idea.

JIMMY: Oh...one of those kind of engagements, huh?

BETTY: (FURIOUSLY) Are you implying that I....

JIMMY: I'm not implying anything.

BETTY: So....you don't like the idea of Mr Walcott's being  
engaged.

JIMMY: I don't care anything about Walcott's being engaged.  
He can be engaged as much as he likes. It doesn't  
make any difference to me.

BETTY: Oh? Well....suppose I told you that he was engaged to someone that you care for very much.

JIMMY: Oh? If you did, I would tell you that there was a strong possibility that you were flattering yourself, young lady.

BETTY: Very well, Jimmy Clayton...We shall see what we shall see.

JIMMY: Where are you going?

BETTY: It's none of your business.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JIMMY: Hah!

(MUSIC: "BY MYSELF" - JIMMY SINGS WITH VEHEMENCE)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BETTY: (OFF) Oh...so that's the way you feel about it.

JIMMY: Yes...that's the way I feel about it.

BETTY: (FADING IN) (ANGRILY) Listen to me, Jimmy Clayton...you're the most stupid...silly...big-headed...pig-headed...stupid...thing.

JIMMY: (LIGHTLY) Now, wait a minute, Betty...you can call me all those others.. but you can't call me a "Thing."

BETTY: Oh...I can't, can't I? You thing of a thing of a... thing!

JIMMY: (SMILING) Gosh...you look pretty, Betty...with your eyes flashing like that.

BETTY: You can't....soaf sopt...you can't s...s...s...

JIMMY: Soft soap?

BETTY: No. Pull the wool over my eyes.

JIMMY: Listen, Betty....wait a minute...please...don't go.



JIMMY:  
(CONT'D) Did you mean what you said that Walcott was going to marry someone I cared for a great deal?

BETTY: How do I know whom you care for and whom you don't?

JIMMY: You know.

BETTY: Well...I don't...but to the best of my knowledge... it's someone whom you cared for a great deal ... or at least that's what I thought....and now... you'd better get on with your practicing.

JIMMY: Hey, Betty....Betty...wait a minute!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO")

ANNOUNCER: I'm afraid Jimmy won't get much pleasure out of his radio contract if it's Betty who's going to marry James Walcott.

(THEME: OUT)

(SOUND: CLANG OF BELL) -8-

ANNOUNCER: Back in the old days, they used to open tobacco auctions by ringing a bell in the warehouse. We have that on the authority of Mr F E Boone, the famous tobacco auctioneer. Now I'd like to ask Mr Boone ... were the auctions very different back in those days?

BOONE: Yes, according to what the old timers told me. You see, everything was much slower. Those old time auctioneers simply talked the bids like this. (BOONE TALKS - 33 DOLLARS BID ... 33 ... 33 ... WHO'LL GIVE 34 ... 34 DOLLARS BID - 34) Then, faster sales made them talk like this ... (SAME ONLY FASTER) Finally, it got to this ... (BOONE CHANTS VERY FAST -- 8 SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: And do all auctioneers now chant the way you do, Mr Boone?

BOONE: Well, more or less. Of course, like everybody else, we're all different people and so our chants are different, too.

ANNOUNCER: Well, thank you Mr Boone. But now I think smokers may be interested to hear about one point in which the overwhelming majority of tobacco auctioneers and other independent tobacco experts are exactly alike ... That's in their choice of Luckies. Yes, among these independent experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, not connected with any cigarette manufacturer - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes put together! This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. So think of fine tobacco next time you buy cigarettes. And remember - with independent

ANNOUNCER: experts, with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies  
(CONT'D) 2 to 3; (PAUSE) Join us again next Wednesday evening  
at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr  
Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS". . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr George E Love of Danville, Virginia  
and Mr F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.

(SONG CREDITS . . . IF ANY)

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Wednesday, June 29th 1938

Script #35

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 34 - 39  
2nd Sale ... 32 - 37  
3rd Sale ... 33 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Tobacco auctioneers sell to all cigarette companies..  
They're, in the truest sense, independent. So listen  
to what Elvin Bradley Hicks - the veteran tobacco  
auctioneer you just heard - has to say about cigarettes  
HICKS  
MAN: I sell in North Carolina, Kentucky, and Georgia and in  
my 21 years in the business I've noticed that Luckies  
have always bought a fine line of tobacco - tobacco  
of good color and good texture. That's one reason why  
I've smoked Luckies myself for the last 14 years.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr Hicks ..... Among independent tobacco  
experts - buyers, warehousemen and auctioneers, like  
Mr Hicks -- Lucky Strike has over twice as many  
exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes com-  
bined. This is a fact proved by sworn records -  
sworn records which anyone may examine. So next time  
you buy cigarettes, think of fine tobacco and -  
Remember -- With men who know tobacco best, it's  
Luckies two to one!

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Last Monday when Betty told Jimmy of Walcott's acceptance of Jimmy and his orchestra for their radio program, Jimmy resented the fact that he had called Betty instead of him and once again they quarrel. Betty then tells him that Walcott is engaged to be married to someone Jimmy cares for. Jimmy misunderstands.....and Betty, after several attempts to reason with him, leaves him in a temper.

It is a few minutes later ... and Jimmy is sitting at the piano singing plaintively ...

(MUSIC: "LOVER COME BACK TO ME" . . . JIMMY SINGS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

LILLY: (FADING IN) Oh, Mr Jimmy ... that was lovely. I ain't heard that song in years and years ... (PAUSE) What's the matter? Ain't you feelin' well, Mr Jimmy?

JIMMY: Oh ... hello ... Lilly ... yes I'm feeling all right. I'm just rehearsing ... What are you doing here?

LILLY: What am I doing here? Ain't you heard the news? I've come over to help.

JIMMY: What news?

LILLY: About the wedding?

JIMMY: Oh....that. Yes.....yes...I heard there was going to be a wedding.

LILLY: And it's to be right away, too.....Very soon....and I'm helpin' wiv the trousseau.....Oh, Mr Jimmy, you

LILLY:  
(CONT'D)           should see the things ... why, the room's fair filled  
to over-flowin' already what wiv silks and satins  
and laces. Oh dear! An' I'm to be a bridesmaid,  
too.

JIMMY:           That's fine, Lilly .....Congratulations!

LILLY:           Well, I'm not so sure about that, sir. You know the  
ol' sayin': "Often a bridesmaid ..... never a bride."

JIMMY:           Oh, I don't know about that Lilly. You'll get married  
when the right man comes along.

LILLY:           Oh no, I won't, Mr Jimmy ... He's already come along  
and he don't even know I'm on the earth.

JIMMY:           Why ... don't be silly, Lilly .....He's probably just  
too bashful to let you know.

LILLY:           Oh, sir, it ain't that. 'Is affections is already  
took ... 'is 'eart is already give.

JIMMY:           Don't worry ... there'll always be another one along  
... Men are just like street cars, Lilly. There's  
another one coming along every few minutes.

LILLY:           Yes, sir ... I know, sir. There's more fish in the  
ocean than 'as ever been caught out of it and so on  
....and so on....I tries to console myself with  
parables like that but ....well....I ain't gettin'  
any younger.

JIMMY:           If you looked any younger .... the law wouldn't let  
you get married ....Now stop worrying.

LILLY:           I suppose I shouldn't look on the dark side of things  
but I do have a worryin' nature.

(MUSIC:           "LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING" . . . JIMMY SINGS)

LILLY:           Oh thank you, Mr Jimmy .....I feels better already...

LILLY:  
(CONT'D) sort of uplifted...you might say. But tell me.....  
'ave you been invited to be best man?

JIMMY: I have not.

LILLY: Oh well, I wouldn't feel badly, sir.....It's probably  
just an oversight. They just 'aven't got around to  
it yet.

JIMMY: They'd better not get around to it.

LILLY: Why, Mr Jimmy.....what an attitude to take.

JIMMY: Never mind about my attitude.

LILLY: Well.....if you won't be the best man, you could at  
least be an usher.

JIMMY: I won't be an usher.....I won't be an anything connect-  
ed with that wedding....

LILLY: Why, Mr Jimmy ... why I thought...

JIMMY: Thought what?

LILLY: Why I didn't know you cared for her.

JIMMY: What makes you think I do care for her.

LILLY: Well....the way you're actin'. I mean...the attitude  
you're takin' towards the nooptuals. Well....strike  
me pink...an' all the time me thinkin' it was Miss  
Betty you was taken with!

JIMMY: Betty?

LILLY: Yes, sir.

JIMMY: Well....suppose it was...not that I'm admitting that  
it was....but suppose it was...do you think I ought  
to be happy because she's marrying another man?

LILLY: But Mr Jimmy....you're a bit confused, ain't you?

JIMMY: It's not me that's confused, Lilly. It's you.  
*Betty's getting married to this Walcott guy...that is,*

JIMMY: (CONT'D) isn't she?  
LILLY: Not from the latest information I've had, she isn't.  
It's Miss Gail that's gettin' married to Mr Walcott.  
JIMMY: What!  
LILLY: You mean you didn't know?  
JIMMY: Are you sure?  
LILLY: Of course, I'm sure. I been 'elpin' Miss Gail all  
morning and I've just finished talkin' with Miss  
Betty.  
JIMMY: Did Miss Betty tell you to come in here?  
LILLY: Why no, sir.....but come to think of it now...maybe  
she did....that is, not exactly ...but I think she  
did suggest...or rather put it...the idea...in my mind.  
JIMMY: (CALLS) Betty! Oh....Betty!  
BETTY: (OFF) Don't shout!  
JIMMY: (CALLS) I will shout....Come here!  
BETTY: (OFF) I won't!  
JIMMY: Then I'll shout.....I'll yell!  
BETTY: Jimmy please....what will Mrs Donovan think?  
JIMMY: I don't care what Mrs Donovan thinks...I don't care  
what anybody thinks...what the whole world thinks.  
Now tell me...is it Gail or you who's marrying Walcott?  
BETTY: Why...it's Gail...I thought you knew.  
JIMMY: You did not think I knew.  
BETTY: Well, you certainly didn't think I was marrying him,  
did you?  
JIMMY: Betty Bruce...you're...the most beautiful person in  
the world.  
BETTY: Are you sure, Jimmy?



JIMMY: Am I sure? Oh darling! Why didn't you ...  
BETTY: Why didn't I what?  
JIMMY: Why didn't you let a fellow know?  
BETTY: Do you remember when I said that you couldn't see anything in front of your eyes but notes?  
JIMMY: Gee .....is that what you meant?  
LILLY: Do you mean to say, Mr Jimmy...that...that you haven't known all along that Miss Bruce 'as been in love with you?  
BETTY: Please ....Lilly....  
LILLY: Well....I've often 'eard that men didn't recognize the signs of true romance...but I've never ever seen such a 'orrible example.  
JIMMY: Well...I guess you're right, Lilly...but listen... don't you think maybe you ought to go on and help Gail with her....her trousseau...or whatever it is. I mean...I've got a lot.....a lot of practicing to make up.....I mean to...  
LILLY: You mean...to begin, 'don't you...(GIGGLES) Well.. far be it from me to interfere with the course of love's young dream. Toodle-oo!  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)  
JIMMY: Oh Betty!  
BETTY: Oh Jimmy!  
JIMMY: Gee...I don't know what to ...what to say ...I ...well...  
(MUSIC: "ONE ALONE" ... JIMMY SINGS)  
BETTY: Sing it again, Jimmy...Please sing it again.  
(MUSIC: "ONE ALONE" ...JIMMY SINGS SECOND CHORUS)

JIMMY: There....now do you know how I feel?  
BETTY: I...think I do.  
JIMMY: You know you do.  
BETTY: Oh goodness, Jimmy...I forgot.  
JIMMY: Forgot what?  
BETTY; The rehearsal.  
JIMMY: Well....I've been rehearsing all morning.  
BETTY: I mean the rehearsal for the broadcast.  
JIMMY: But I thought the broadcast wasn't until next week.  
BETTY: It isn't...but the client and the advertising agency  
will want to hear an audition tomorrow afternoon.  
JIMMY: But it's impossible, Betty...that's not enough time.  
BETTY: Nothing's impossible in radio, Jimmy. Come on...  
get your hat and we'll go out and round up the band.  
JIMMY: All right, Little Miss Head Man...but first...  
BETTY: Oh Jimmy....(AS HE KISSES HER,  
(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . .)  
ANNOUNCER: Isn't love wonderful.....and will Jimmy and Betty  
be able to round up the band in time for the  
audition tomorrow night?  
(THEME: OUT)

WOMAN: Luckies, please.

ANNOUNCER: Ever since 1924 Gertrude Lawrence, star of this season's Broadway hit, "Susan and God", has spoken those same two words at cigarette counters...

WOMAN: Luckies, please!

ANNOUNCER: Now Gertrude Lawrence's own friends and associates told Lucky Strike about this fact. So Lucky Strike went to Miss Lawrence and asked her to tell her reasons for preferring Luckies. Well, according to Miss Lawrence herself, the reason is that in all these 14 years of acting, Luckies never once affected even her sensitive throat. Isn't that a pretty good indication that Luckies will be kind to your throat, too? You see, Lucky Strike has an exclusive process known as "It's Toasted." This famous process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco and enriches the natural mellowness of the leaf. The result is that Luckies are a light smoke, minus certain undesirable elements and, therefore, easy on your throat. Gertrude Lawrence's 14 years' liking for Luckies is proof of this. But if you want the best proof of all, try Luckies for a week. Let your own throat demonstrate to you the throat protection of the process "It's Toasted." Next time you buy cigarett4s, just say....

WOMAN: Luckies, please!

ANNOUNCER: Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr George E Love of Danville, Virginia and Mr Elvin Bradley Hicks of Kinston, North Carolina.

(SONG CREDITS . . . IF ANY)

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Friday, July 1st 1938

Script #36

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

*Hicks:* (CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 35 - 39  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: That chant stands for this fact ... Among independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined.

WOMAN: Over twice as many?

ANNOUNCER: Yes, and this fact is established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. With men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies 2 to 1; ... But there's yet another point to consider in buying cigarettes.

WOMAN: What's that?

ANNOUNCER: All tobacco contains certain irritants. That's the advantage of the Lucky Strike process "It's Toasted." This exclusive process expels certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco, and enriches the natural mellowness of the leaf. The result is a light smoke easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week and see for yourself.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes...

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: When James Walcott telephoned Betty to tell her that they had decided to hire Jimmy for his new radio program, Jimmy resents his calling Betty instead of him, and then when Betty tells him that James Walcott is engaged to be married, Jimmy, misunderstanding, again quarrels with her. However, when he learns through Lilly, that Gail is the one engaged to Walcott, he calls Betty and they make up. Since the program audition is scheduled for the following afternoon, he and Betty rush out to see if they can round up the boys and the orchestra.

It is the following morning in the night club and Jimmy and his band are rehearsing for their broadcast .....

JIMMY: Now listen, boys .... remember....when we do this this afternoon....we've got to do it exactly as they ...well, as if we were on the air...and there can't be any mistakes on the air. Once you do it ...it's done.

GUS: Jimmy.....

JIMMY: Yes, Gus?

GUS: Listen...don't you think maybe you better not...let me play that sax solo....all by myself?

JIMMY: Why...what's the matter, Gus? Don't you think you can do it?

GUS: Well, I ...I think we can do it all right...when we rehearse here...but when we...we get on the air and... I think of all the millions and millions of people... sittin' in front of the radio loudspeaker listenin' to me....Suppose I flat a note...and then they'll all say...at the same time...just think...ten million people will say...at the same time..."Listen to that sour note." Oh...I get to...shakin'...just...just by thinkin' about it.

JIMMY: Oh...don't worry, Gus...You won't blow a sour note.

BETTY: Of course you won't, Gus...Now just stop thinking about it.

GUS: That's a whole lot easier to say than do, Miss Betty.

JIMMY: Now cut out that kind of talk. You're going to get us all nervous if you keep that up. Come on, fellas.. let's take a hundred and twenty-nine...and see if we can play it straight through without any mistakes... Okay.....on the downbeat now...

(MUSIC: "IF IT RAINS - WHO CARES" . . . . . JIMMY & ORCH)

JIMMY: Well...that's not bad. If we can just do it that well this afternoon...why...they ought to be satisfied.

BETTY: Satisfied? I think they ought to be tickled to death.

GUS: Yes...but Jimmy...playin' here with nobody listenin' is different from what it's going to be when we're up there in front of one of them microphones.

JIMMY: Well....a microphone won't hurt you.

BETTY: Of course not...it's just...just a little object... just a little round thing...made out of...oh, metal..



BETTY: (CONT'D) and wires...and electricity...

GUS: Yeah...and an electric chair is made out of the same thing.

JIMMY: Well...never mind...Just remember this afternoon that millions of people won't be listening. This afternoon it's just Mr Walcott and some of the people from the advertising agency.

BETTY: Of course...but Jimmy don't forget to run over that number that I've got the harp solo passage in.

JIMMY: Why, I think you're smooth enough in that, Betty... but if you want to...we'll try it again...All right, fellows...Number a hundred and thirty-six....Got it? All right, now...here's one for nothing...

(MUSIC: "I MARRIED AN ANGEL" . . . JIMMY - BRIEF HARP - ORCH)

JIMMY: That's fine.

ROCCO: (FADING IN QUICKLY) Hey, Jimmy! Jimmy!

JIMMY: What's the matter, Rocco?

ROCCO: Oh, Jimmy .....it has happened!

BETTY: What has happened?

ROCCO: The worst capostrophe ... the worst capoostrophe... the worst catoost.....Ah! something terrible has happened.

GUS: Did you get married?

ROCCO: Gus...please don't be...You mean Tootsie is married? Who did she marry? Where is he?

GUS: No...I didn't mean...I mean...I thought.

ROCCO: Oh....so you are trying to confuse me, huh?

JIMMY: No... Rocco...no one's trying to confuse you and no one's getting married. But what was it you were

JIMMY: (CONT'D) saying. I mean...about the worst  
capos...I mean...what's wrong?

ROCCO: Jimmy...I'm telling you...it's the worst catistro...

JIMMY: Are you going to start that all over again?

ROCCO: Yes...I mean ...no...but first sit down,

JIMMY: Why?

ROCCO: So you don't fall down when I tell you,

JIMMY: Well...maybe you'd better sit down, Rocco. I think  
I can take anything you can tell me standing up,

ROCCO: Oh, you think so, huh? You're feeling brave now...  
but wait until I'm telling you.

BETTY: Will you tell him and get this over with?

ROCCO: All right...They are here! Hah! What do you think  
of that?

JIMMY: I don't think anything of it. Who's here?

ROCCO: But wait till I tell you ...then you'll think plenty  
from it.

JIMMY: All right...I'm waiting.

ROCCO: My aunts are here!

JIMMY: Well...what's that got to do with me?

ROCCO: At Mrs Donovan's boarding house they are here...

JIMMY: Now listen, Rocco...wait a minute. I'm willing to  
share my room with you and all your cats...but your  
two aunts...well...

ROCCO: They are not my aunts.....that is....not really.

JIMMY: You mean....!

ROCCO: Ah-ha! Now, Mr Brave Man is getting the idea.

JIMMY: You mean...my Aunt Eloise and Aunt Amaryllis?

BETTY: Oh Jimmy.....

ROCCO: Yes... "Oh, Jimmy" ... and with umbrellas... with suitcases and what is more, with a look in the eye ... both of them.

JIMMY: What do you mean... a look in the eye?

ROCCO: They are looking suspicion... that's what. And I think they got an idea that something is wrong. Because, Jimmy, I'll tell you... Mrs Donovan came up to the room... she say someone's here to see Mr Jimmy Clayton. All right... I think maybe it is somebody from the Metropolitan Opera Company wanting to retain my services to sing in Pagliacci or some opera so I say send them up and the door opens and Mrs Donovan says: "Here is Mr Clayton" and both these ladies say "Oh no... that is not Mr Clayton" ... so I jump up and say "I am Mr Clayton... and they say "Oh yes?" and I say "Yes... and I can prove it" and they say "Well... where are you from?" and I say "From Mapledale" and they say, "Oh, yes? Who you know in Mapledale?" and I say "My two aunts, Eloise and Amaryllis."

JIMMY: Gee... and what did they say?

ROCCO: They didn't say nothing. They just hit me with umbrellas...

JIMMY: Both of them?

ROCCO: Yes... both of them.

JIMMY: Gee whiz! Well... then what happened?

ROCCO: Then... I ran away.

BETTY: (LAUGHS) Oh Rocco...

ROCCO: Oh... you think it ~~is~~ funny... being hit on the head with two ladies by two umbrellas? How could I, a

ROCCO: (CONT'D) gentleman, fight back?

JIMMY: Are they still there?

ROCCO: How do I know? I suppose so. The last I heard of them, they were telling to me what did you done with our nephews?

JIMMY: Gee whiz! Well...you didn't tell them where the club was or anything, did you?

ROCCO: I'm already telling you I didn't told them nothing. They think I have kadnipped you...ah...kidnopped... well...anyway they think something is wrong.

BETTY: (LIGH TLY) That's strange.

JIMMY: Gosh....do you suppose Mrs Donovan told them?

ROCCO: I don't suppose nothing from Mrs Donovan or any other woman. From now on, I'm going up into the highest mountain I can find in all the world and I am going to find the deepest, darkest cave in this mountain and I am going to live in that cave the rest of my life and if I see one woman ... even a little bitty one ....I'm going to push her off that mountain.

BETTY: You....you're going to be a hermit,

ROCCO: Yes...from now on.

JIMMY: Well....gosh....I don't know what I'm going to tell them!

BETTY: Look, Jimmy...we've still got one more number to do before the audition this afternoon. Don't you think you'd better finish the rehearsal first and then... well, then I'll go over with you and try to help you.

JIMMY: Yes...I guess we'd better. What...what number is it, Gus?

GUS: It's one forty two, ain't it?

JIMMY: Yeah.....all right...Gee...Aunt Amaryllis and Aunt  
Eloise...I mean....One...two....

(MUSIC: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW". . . JIMMY SINGS)

JIMMY: All right boys, that's fine. Remember, we've got to  
be uptown at the studio at three o'clock this after-  
noon. We'd better get there about fifteen minutes  
earlier...Don't anybody be late.

GUS: Don't worry about us, Jimmy...but are you sure your  
aunts are going to let you get there on time?

JIMMY: I don't know...

BETTY: Of course they will....Come on, Jimmy...I'm sure we  
can explain things.

JIMMY: Oh yeah? You don't know Aunt Amaryllis and Aunt  
Eloise.

BETTY: Come on, Rocco.

ROCCO: Who...me?

BETTY: Yes.....you.

ROCCO: But, Betty...

BETTY: Come on...you're in this as much as he is.

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO")

ANNOUNCER: This is a fine time for Jimmy's two aunts to arrive  
just on the eve of his broadcast. What will happen  
when they find that he has traded his operatic  
career for a swing band?

(THEME: OUT)

ANNOUNCER: It takes an expert to understand this. Listen...

(SOUND: HIGH PITCHED RADIO SIGNAL)

ANNOUNCER: Yes, only a trained wireless operator can easily follow a message in Morse Code. But now here's something in "Tobacco Code" ...

RIGGS: (CHANT - 8 SECONDS - SOLD AMERICAN)

ANNOUNCER: Could you follow? ... To tobacco experts the chant of the tobacco auctioneer is a perfectly clear and business like record of bids as they are made at auctions. Now, I'm going to ask the auctioneer, Mr Riggs, to chant a little more slowly for us and see if you can't get some of the actual bids as he cries them out ....

RIGGS: (SLOWLY CHANT 8 SECONDS - SOLD AMERICAN)

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr Riggs. Now here's another interesting fact about the tobacco auctions down South...If you were to visit one, you would be impressed by the number of men smoking Luckies. Yes, among independent tobacco experts down South - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. not connected with any cigarette manufacturer - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes put together! This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. So think of fine tobacco next time you buy cigarettes. And remember...with independent experts, with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1! (PAUSE)  
Join us again next Monday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with

ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D) Buddy Clark.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr L A (Speed) Riggs of Goldsborough, North Carolina and Mr E B Hicks of Kinston, North Carolina.

(SONG CREDITS ...IF ANY)

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Monday, July 4th 1938

Script #37

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 33 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 32 - 36  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER: Mr E E Forbes of Durham, North Carolina who has been attending tobacco auctions for 22 years both as independent buyer and auctioneer - smokes about two packs of Lucky Strikes a day. And here in Mr Forbes' own words are two reasons why he is "sold" on Lucky Strikes.

VOICE: During my sales I have always noticed that the Lucky Strike buyers purchase the best tobacco. And Luckies never affect my throat.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, Luckies are a light smoke easy on the throat and the reason is twofold. In the first place, only the finest tobaccos are used in Luckies. Among independent tobacco experts like Mr Forbes - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined. This is a fact proved by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. In the second place Lucky Strike's exclusive process "It's Toasted" takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. "Toasting", by taking out these impurities, also enriches the natural flavor of the leaf. So try Luckies for a week and remember - with men who know

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ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D)

tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS" . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi"  
presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at  
this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike  
Cigarettes ...

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ... CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Last Friday, while Jimmy was at the club rehearsing  
for the audition to be held that afternoon for the  
new radio program, Rocco arrives with the distress-  
ing news that Jimmy's aunts have arrived and that  
Mrs Donovan had told them that he, Rocco, was Jimmy  
Clayton. Rocco reported that he ran away just as  
they started to hit him with their umbrellas. Jimmy  
is worried but Betty assures him that she will help  
him explain things satisfactorily.

It is now a few minutes later up in Jimmy's  
room at the boarding house and we find Jimmy, Betty  
and Rocco trying to explain things to Aunt Eloise  
and Aunt Amaryllis...

(FADE IN)

JIMMY: .....So you see, Aunt Amaryllis and Aunt Eloise,  
it's ... well....just as simple as that.

AMARYLLIS: Simple?

ELOISE: What do you mean by simple, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Well....I mean...it's.....well, it's not complicated,

AMARYLLIS: It's not complicated that you traded your birth-  
right for a mess of pottage .... or...should I  
say....spaghetti?

ROCCO: Now, wait a minute, ladies....please...I'm not a  
mess of spaghetti.

AMARYLLIS: Quiet, young man!

ELOISE: Don't interrupt!

ROCCO: Hokay!

JIMMY: Well...I've been over all that twice ...I...What I'm trying to tell you is that I didn't mean to do anything ....well.....dishonorable. I....I didn't think it was....

AMARYLLIS: You didn't think it was dishonorable, James, to hoodwink us into spending our good money for a musical education for this....ah....this...

ROCCO: (QUIETLY) Spatafaculi.

AMARYLLIS: Spatafa.....Who? Whatever he is.

ROCCO: Spatafaculi ....culi....culi!

AMARYLLIS: Quiet!

ELOISE: Don't interrupt!

ROCCO: Hokay.

BETTY: If you ladies will allow me, I think maybe I can explain things to you. You see....Jimmy is a little bit excited.

AMARYLLIS: Well, I hope someone can explain things to us.

BETTY: You see....I play the harp in Jimmy's band.

AMARYLLIS: Harp?

ELOISE: In a band?

BETTY: Well....yes....but the point is this. You see... your nephew came here to New York to study voice under Signor Cantabello....

AMARYLLIS: Precisely.

ELOISE: That's what we intended that he should do.

BETTY: Well...he felt that...well...after he got here he

BETTY: found that he....well...he liked popular music more than he did operatic music.

AMARYLLIS: Popular music is not music!

ELOISE: Definitely not. It's Twaddle!

ROCCO: You are right! That's what I say ... all the time.

AMARYLLIS: Quiet!

ELOISE: Don't interrupt!

ROCCO: Hokay.

BETTY: So ....well.....the whole thing is really very simple. Rocco...that is, Mr Spatafaculi...loves opera and he had to direct a dance band for a living and he didn't like that but Jimmy liked his dance band and didn't want to study opera so they just traded places.

AMARYLLIS: That is understandable...but why did they trade names?

ROCCO: Oh...so~~as~~ to... so as to make it legitimatize.

JIMMY: Oh, we just did that temporarily so that we could sign contracts and things of that kind. We didn't intend to change names ...well.....forever.

ROCCO: I should say not. Do you think I would give away my name forever?

BETTY: Please...Rocco...Well, Rocco is planning to repay you for the lessons after he gets started in his career.

JIMMY: And besides I'm going to repay you out of the money I make.

AMARYLLIS: Money you make!

ELOISE: Pah! You never earned a cent in your life, James.

BETTY: Oh, but that isn't true and he's already signed a contract that's going to make him a great deal of money.

ELOISE: Contract?

AMARYLLIS: Let us see it!

JIMMY: Well...it isn't here. It's still at the advertising agency but....I have already signed it and they have, too.

ELOISE: They must be fools!

AMARYLLIS: Contract for what?

BETTY: Why....for the radio.

JIMMY: Aunt Eloise and Aunt Amaryllis don't know about radio. You see they have never owned one.

ROCCO: What! You don't own a radio? I thought you was rich!

JIMMY: It isn't that Rocco. They just don't like popular music.

AMARYLLIS: As a matter of fact, young man, we do own a radio. We got it after you left.

ELOISE: Yes and a very nice one...with sixteen pipes.

AMARYLLIS: Tubes.

ELOISE: Well...tubes then...and not only that...but it has a short wave department and we can hear the police calls.

JIMMY: You mean you really broke down and...and bought a radio?

AMARYLLIS: We didn't break down, James. We merely purchased a radio.

ELOISE: Yes...they have lovely symphonies on Sundays.

JIMMY: Oh then...you never listen to any of the other things.

AMARYLLIS: Indeed we do.

ELOISE: But not because we like it. It's merely to find out what the public is listening to.

BETTY: Then if you ladies have been listening to the radio you know something about singing.

ELOISE: We have always known something about singing, young lady.

AMARYLLIS: Particularly the opera.

BETTY: Well....I've heard Jimmy sing opera and...I've heard him sing other things...and so, if you don't mind, I think we can show you how things are this way better than by trying to explain them. Jimmy .....sit down at the piano there...

JIMMY: Oh gee....Betty...

BETTY: Jimmy...sit down and sing the Toreador song from Carmen.

AMARYLLIS: We have heard him sing it, thank you.

ELOISE: You mean, dear sister, we have heard him practicing it.

JIMMY: You see, Betty...it's no use.

BETTY: Oh yes...but it is. In other words, ladies, you admit he doesn't sing opera to your liking.

AMARYLLIS: Precisely not.

ELOISE: That's why we sent him here to New York to study.

BETTY: Well...as you know...he didn't study opera...but he has perfected something else and...well...I wish you would listen to it.

AMARYLLIS: I don't see how it can possibly alter our opinion  
but ~~if~~ it will please you...

ELOISE: Yes...you have our permission...

BETTY: (SOTTO VOCE) Go on, Jimmy...Give!

(MUSIC: "THIS TIME IT'S REAL" -- JIMMY SINGS)

ROCCO: Ah! Splendid, Jimmy! That was magnificent! Ah..  
that was lovely. Don't you think so, Ladies?

AMARYLLIS: I thought you were the gentleman who was interested  
in opera.

ROCCO: Well...I am...but...after all, there are many  
different kinds of music that can sound good...  
besides opera.

ELOISE: You do appear to have...shall we say...a knack for  
that type of music, James...Do you know...ah...any  
more?

JIMMY: Why...er...thanks, Aunt Eloise. Yes...here's one  
that you may like....

(MUSIC: "PENNIES FROM HEAVEN" . . . JIMMY SINGS)

AMARYLLIS: Hm! He has something of Carl Crosley about him,  
Eloise.

ELOISE: Oh no, sister. Nothing at all of Crosley. He has  
a distinctly and decidedly individual style.

AMARYLLIS: Did I say it was not individual? I merely said  
that it reminded me of Mr Crosley.

ELOISE: I don't mean to contradict you, sister, but what  
you said could have been interpreted as intimating  
that he was copying Mr Crosley.

AMARYLLIS: Well...if I gave you that impression, dear sister,  
I'm sorry because I didn't intend that at all. I

AMARYLLIS: merely meant that Mr Crosley has something of the  
(CONT'D) same warmth.....sweetness of tone...delicacy of  
rhythm. But James definitely has more...ummph!

ELOISE: No. It's not exactly emmph ...it's more...well..  
raazamatazz!

BETTY: (SOTTO VOCE) Jimmy...did you hear that?

JIMMY: Yeah...pinch me and see if I'm dreaming.

AMARYLLIS: Young man...you are not dreaming.

ELOISE: Certainly not. Did you think that because we were  
slightly advanced in years that we were old...ah...

AMARYLLIS: .....Fogies?

JIMMY: Of course not.

ELOISE: Then pick something lively and let's see what you've  
really got.

AMARYLLIS: Yes....swing it, James!

JIMMY: Okay.

(MUSIC: "HONEY ON THE MOON TONIGHT" . . . . JIMMY SINGS)  
(FADE INTO)

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO")

ANNOUNCER: Well...what is this? It looks like Jimmy is going  
to get out of his scrape much easier than he ex-  
pected ..... or is he?

(THEME: OUT)



(CHANT 8 SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER:

If that tobacco auctioneer's chant were the clang of the Liberty Bell, it couldn't stand any more truly for independence. For the tobacco auctioneers are free-lances. They deal with all cigarette manufacturers, and can't show favoritism to any. So their judgment about cigarettes means a lot. Now here is the judgment of a tobacco auctioneer who rates tops - Colonel Hart Shewmaker of Lebanon, Kentucky....

VOICE:

In the 23 years I have been an auctioneer, I have sold well over 150 million pounds of tobacco. Naturally, I am acquainted with the different types of tobacco that each company buys. And I have seen Lucky Strike buy the finest tobacco grown in Kentucky, the Carolinas, and Georgia.

ANNOUNCER:

May I add that Colonel Shewmaker smokes Luckies himself - like most independent tobacco experts. Yes, among these independent experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen - Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes put together! This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. Next time you buy cigarettes, remember ...with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one. (PAUSE) Join us again Next Wednesday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME:

"HAPPY DAYS" . . . .)

-11-

ANNOUNCER:

The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr F E Boone of Lexington, Kentucky and Mr L A (Speed) Riggs of Goldsborough, North Carolina.

(SONG CREDITS ...IF ANY)

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Wednesday, July 6th 1938

Script #38

ANNOUNCER:

Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer:

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 34 - 37  
2nd Sale ... 33 - 36  
3rd Sale ... 35 - 38

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY!

ANNOUNCER:

If you want to learn to chant like that there actually is a school for tobacco auctioneers down in Greenville, North Carolina. It is run by the famous auctioneer, Otis Grey Rucker, who is still "tops" in the business after 29 years. Now here is something Mr Rucker said recently to a group of people down in his home town.

VOICE:

I know that the finest tobacco at the auctions goes to Lucky Strike and I would stake my reputation as an independent tobacco man on this statement. I have been smoking Luckies myself ever since 1917 and I notice that most all my friends in the tobacco business smoke Luckies also .....

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, Otis Grey Rucker is typical. Among independent tobacco experts - not connected with any cigarette manufacturer - Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined ... This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records which anyone may examine. Next time you buy cigarettes remember: with men who know tobacco best - it's Luckies two to one!

(THEME:

"HAPPY DAYS" . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" presented every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at this same time by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ...CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Just when Jimmy is getting ready for his radio audition, Rocco rushes in with the report that his aunts have arrived. Jimmy is fearful of what will happen when he meets them to explain the exchange of names but with Betty's help, and a couple of songs by himself, he manages to win them over.

It is a little later in the afternoon...after Jimmy's meeting with his aunts at Mrs Donovan's... Betty and Rocco are still with him and he is at the piano singing another song at his aunts' request...

(MUSIC: "I HADN'T ANYONE TILL YOU" ..... JIMMY SINGS)

AMARYLLIS: James...why didn't you sing songs like that at home in Mapledale?

JIMMY: Well....gee...Aunt Amaryllis...I would have but I didn't think you liked them?

ELOISE: The boy's right, Amaryllis....We were blinded by Caruso.

AMARYLLIS: And Chaliapin.

ROCCO: And how about Tito Ruffo?

AMARYLLIS: Yes...we were blinded by Ruffo, too.

ELOISE: Ah ... if Oglethorpe had only been able to sing like our James ... Things might have been different.

AMARYLLIS: Yes...I was just thinking the same thing about Wilberforce.

ROCCO: Who is this Oglethorp and Wilberforce? I never hear of them.

BETTY: Rocco!

ROCCO: I'm sorry, Miss Betty!....I didn't mean to say the wrong thing.

AMARYLLIS: That's quite all right, Mr Spatafaculi. Oglethorpe is the young man who used to call on my sister... a long time ago.

ELOISE: And Wilberforce was a young man who used to call on my sister a long time ago.

ROCCO: And you didn't get married, huh?

AMARYLLIS: No...we didn't.

ELOISE: We gave them the mitten.

ROCCO: They couldn't sing opera too, huh?

AMARYLLIS: They only sang hymns.

ELOISE: And off-key.

BETTY: Well....never mind...you have a nephew who can sing on key...and sing very well.

AMARYLLIS: James...do you know any old songs?

JAMES: Why sure...I think some of the old ones are the most beautiful.

AMARYLLIS: Do you know "Beautiful Lady?"

JIMMY: Why yes...it's one of my favorites.

(MUSIC: "BEAUTIFUL LADY" ..... JIMMY SINGS)

BETTY: Oh...that was lovely, Jimmy.

AMARYLLIS: It was indeed.

ELOISE: James...we owe you an apology.

AMARYLLIS: We certainly do.

JIMMY: You mean...it's all right...that you've forgiven me for...for not studying opera?

ELOISE: Forgiven you, dear boy.

AMARYLLIS: And we want you to forgive us for trying to make you do something you didn't want to do.

JIMMY: Oh gee...Aunt Amryllis and Aunt Eloise...why..why you two have been .....gee, the only thing...I.. Why...I...oh gosh! I don't know what to - well...

(MUSIC: "GEE BUT YOU'RE SWELL" ... JIMMY SINGS)

AMARYLLIS: Gee...but you're swell too, Jimmy.

ELOISE: I'll say he is.

BETTY: Well...if you think so...you ought to hear him with his band.

AMARYLLIS: We intend to.

ELOISE: Yes...how soon can we hear it.

JIMMY: Well....you can hear it at the nightclub tonight.

BETTY: And then you can hear him on the air next week.

AMARYLLIS: You've really got a contract for the radio?

JIMMY: Yes.

ELOISE: I can't believe it.

AMARYLLIS: Must wait until the Ladies' Sewing Circle in Mapledale hears about this!

ELOISE: They'll die, my dear...they'll absolutely die on the vine.

AMARYLLIS: Die...why...why...it'll slay 'em!

ROCCO: You said it, kid...he will slay 'em, all right. Jimmy...I always knew from the first time you came into my room to share it with me that you were going to be successful...and now that everything is turned out all right why...we go down to the court house and get it fixed up to give you back your name of Jimmy Clayton and I take back my name of

ROCCO: Rocco Spatafaculi.  
(CONT'D)

JIMMY: All right, Rocco.....I guess there's no need for my alias any more.

AMARYLLIS: I should say not. Do you think we're going to have them announce you on the radio under some other name.

ELOISE: Why certainly not.

ROCCO: Of course not.....that's what I'm trying to say.. We only did it in the first place...like we explained to you.....so Cantabello would accept me as his pupil.....so, if you'll excuse me...I think I go now.

JIMMY: Where are you going, Rocco?

ROCCO: I go to tell Cantabello the truth.

JIMMY: If you do that why he....

ROCCO: What difference does it make? Don't worry, Jimmy ...about me....Some day...some time...I'll complete my lesson ...and some day I'll be singing in the Metropolitan Opera and there will be telegrams on the table...telegrams on the wall...telegrams on the floor...telegrams everywhere...telegrams. Don't worry...I'll get telegrams. (FADES)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

AMARYLLIS: He seems like a nice boy, Jimmy.

ELOISE: Yes, he does.

AMARYLLIS: Has he a good voice?

JIMMY: Yes...he has...he has an excellent voice.

AMARYLLIS: Well...we started out to give the world another opera singer.

ELOISE: Is there any reason why we should change our mind?

AMARYLLIS: Definitely not....James...hand me that 'phone.

JIMMY: Why yes...Aunt Amaryllis...but what...

AMARYLLIS: What is Cantabello's number?

JIMMY: Gee...I don't know...I ought to...I've heard Rocco call it often enough...

BETTY: It's Stuyvesant eight seven three two four...

AMARYLLIS: How do you work this thing?

BETTY: Here...I'll get it for you.

JIMMY: Aunt Amaryllis...what are you...?

(SOUND: DIALS PHONE)

AMARYLLIS: I'm going to talk with Signor Cantabello about that young imposter who is on his way over there.

JIMMY: But ...oh.gee...Aunt Amaryllis...Rocco didn't mean any harm...and he really intended to pay you back.. and I'm going to pay you back too.

BETTY: Here he is...Miss Clayton...

AMARYLLIS: (AT PHONE) Hello? Signor Cantabello, please..Oh? Well...this is Amaryllis Clayton..Yes.....Yes... Well, I just wanted to tell you that my nephew who's been taking lessons from you is not my nephew.. He is an imposter whose real name is Spatafaculi... Yes...well, he's on his way over there to see you now and.....No.....I don't want you to inform the police.....I want you to continue with his lessons .... and continue singing.....Yes, I'll confirm it in writing...Oh...and by the way, what do you think of his voice? ..... Mm! You do? .....I see... Well, opera can use another good baritone... Goodbye...(HANGS UP)



JIMMY: Gee,...Aunt Amaryllis,...You're....oh, gee...  
you're a peach!

ELOISE: I'd have done the same thing if she hadn't beaten  
me to the 'phone.

JIMMY: Of course you would,...I mean you're both peaches.

BETTY: And I think you're both just too darling for...  
for words! I'm going to...Oh, I could just hug  
both of you,...

AMARYLLIS: Here....here...young lady...

ELOISE: Come, come!

BETTY: I'm sorry but I...I just couldn't help it.

JIMMY: You two had better get used to having her hug you.

AMARYLLIS: Oh?

ELOISE: So?

JIMMY: Yes...it's liable to happen every time we come to  
see you.

AMARYLLIS: Jimmy Clayton, do you mean to tell me that this  
lovely, beautiful child is...

ELOISE: That this intelligent, sweet young person is...

JIMMY: Well....I don't know but...but I hope she is.

AMARYLLIS: Splendid!

ELOISE: Magnificent!

AMARYLLIS: Tonight I want you to call up all your friends and  
have them come to a party at your nightclub. Eloise  
and I are entertaining.

JIMMY: I'll do it...on one condition.

AMARYLLIS: Condition?

ELOISE: What do you mean...condition?

JIMMY: Well it's.....it's really up to Betty.

R

BETTY: Why, Jimmy...of course..I'll come to the party.

JIMMY: It's not that...it's if you'll let me announce something at the party.

BETTY: I'll give you my answer tonight...at the party...

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"....)

ANNOUNCER: Well, Jimmy's aunts turned out to be the kind of aunts we'd all like to have...and Friday night we'll let you find out whether Betty's answer will be the kind that Jimmy would like to have.

(THEME: OUT)

ANNOUNCER: One of the things to see in Richmond, Virginia is the big Lucky Strike plant. Now let's listen to one man telling his wife what he saw there...

MAN: (FADING IN) And you know, I really saw that "Toasting" process of Luckies. As a matter of fact it was one of the first things I asked about.

WIFE: What did they tell you?

MAN: Darling, they showed me. I was taken right up on the roof of the plant. There they opened a window into a flue that led up from where the tobacco was going through the "Toasting" process. They explained: "Just take a whiff of that and, remember, these irritants are naturally present in all tobacco but they're out of Luckies."

WIFE: What did it smell like?

MAN: Well - I'll tell you...I couldn't help thinking what those irritants might do to my throat if they weren't removed from the tobacco.. (FADE) And I said to myself (FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Yes - Luckies' own exclusive process "It's Toasted" takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco. The result is a light smoke easy on the throat. That's why many of the most famous stars of opera, radio, stage and screen - people like Lanny Ross, Lotte Lehmann, and Charles Boyer - have been smoking Luckies for years. And you will find Luckies easy on your throat, too. Give Luckies a week's trial and let your throat be the judge. Ask for a light smoke. Ask for Lucky

ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D) Strike. (PAUSE) Join us again next Friday evening at this same time for another episode of "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" with Buddy Clark.

(THEME: "HAPPY DAYS")

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr L A (Speed) Riggs of Goldsborough, North Carolina and Mr J+E Cuthrell of Kinston, North Carolina.

(SONG CREDITS ... IF ANY)

FINAL

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"Alias Mr Spatafaculi" - Friday, July 8th 1938

Script #39

ANNOUNCER: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer:

(CHANT) 1st Sale ... 35 - 38  
2nd Sale ... 36 - 39  
3rd Sale ... 34 - 37

ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY.

ANNOUNCER: Here are two yardsticks that can guide you to better cigarette value. First; the preference of independent tobacco experts like the auctioneer you just heard. Among these independent experts, Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. This is a fact established by sworn records - sworn records that anyone may examine. With men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

MAN: Yardstick Number Two is the cigarette preference of the many stars of opera, radio, stage and screen who have smoked Luckies for years. These people whose voices are their fortunes cannot risk throat irritation from smoking. So since they find Luckies easy on their throats, doesn't it stand to reason Luckies will be easy on your throat, too?

ANNOUNCER: You see, Lucky Strike has an exclusive process known as "It's Toasted". This process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. These undesirable elements are out of Luckies and so Luckies are a light smoke ... kind to even the most sensitive throats. But test this for yourself. Try Luckies for a week and let your own taste and throat be the judge. Ask for  
("HAPPY DAYS" . . . . .) Lucky Strike.

ATX01 0214645

ANNOUNCER: And now Buddy Clark in "Alias Mr Spatafaculi" presented for your enjoyment by the makers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" . . . CLARK & ORGAN)

ANNOUNCER: Jimmy had a good deal of explaining to do to his aunts Amaryllis and Eloise who arrived unexpectedly from Mapledale, but with Rocco's and Betty's help ... plus a couple of songs by himself ... he succeeded in winning them over to the point where they not only accept Jimmy as the leader of a dance band and a singer of popular songs, but they also agreed to help Rocco continue with his lessons from Signor Cantabello. To celebrate Jimmy's contract for the radio ... and, possibly, a very interesting announcement concerning himself and Betty ... the aunts decide to give a party for Jimmy and all his friends.

It is later that night at the club, after the guests have gone and Aunt Amaryllis and Aunt Eloise are at the head of a table attended by all of Jimmy's friends ...

FORTESCUE: Well ... boys and girls ... the last stranger has departed from the portals of Chez Spatafaculi ... and now we are alone with our own select little group ... Let joy be unconfined and everything's on the house.

AMARYLLIS: Here, here ... we're giving this party.

ELOISE: Of course we are ... and everything is on the house of Amaryllis and Eloise Clayton tonight.

WALCOTT: Bravo ... (SINGS "FOR THEY ARE JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS" WHICH THE BAND PICKS UP AND EVERYBODY JOINS IN THE

(CHORUS ..... SOUND OF NOISEMAKERS ... HORNS ...  
RATTLES ... APPLAUSE AND LAUGHTER)

FORTESCUE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we'll have a few words from our charming hostesses of the evening ... the Misses Amaryllis and Eloise Clayton.

(SOUND: AD LIBS ... "HEAR, HEAR" ..... "SPEECH" ... APPLAUSE)

AMARYLLIS: Well ... we didn't come here to make a speech. We came here to have a party ... but I would like to take this opportunity to thank each and everyone of you for the kindness and friendship ... for the consideration and help you have extended to my nephew.

ELOISE: And I second the motion.

(SOUND: APPLAUSE)

MRS DONOVAN: Well ... I'd like to say something to you about your nephew ... and it's just this: That he's extended more kindness and more helping hands to any of us here than have ever been extended to him ... for it's him that's the one to think of others and never of himself ... and if only one out of a hundred of me boarders were of his stripe and kind ... I'd be delighted to run a boardin' house from now until eternity.

(SOUND: AD LIBS ... "HEAR, HEAR" ..... APPLAUSE)

ROCCO: You said it, Mrs Donovan.

LILLY: And I'd like to say somethin' about his kindness to dumb animals. You've no idea, Miss Clayton and Miss Clayton ... how kind and thoughtful he was to the poor little motherless kittens that lived up in 'is room ... 'im and Mr Rocco's ... an' ... while that might not





~~SUS: Oh sure ... Jimmy ... Okay ...~~

(MUSIC: "PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNETT"...JIMMY & ORCH)

BETTY: (SOTTO VOCE) Oh Jimmy ... that was fine.

(SOUND: BACKGROUND OF CONVERSATION, NOISE ETC FOR FOLLOWING)

JIMMY: (SOTTO VOCE) Haven't you forgotten something?

BETTY: What?

JIMMY: Don't you remember you promised to give me your answer tonight?

BETTY: Do you think I could forget?

JIMMY: Well ... Betty ... will you ...

BETTY: I think I'll take a chance.

JIMMY: You mean you ... will?

BETTY: Yes, darling ...

JIMMY: Whoopee!

BETTY: Sh! Wait ... wait ... don't tell them yet ... Rocco is standing up ... he's about to say something.

ROCCO: Ladies and gentlemen ... please ...

(SOUND: NOISE SUBSIDES)

ROCCO: This is one of the most happy occasions from all my life ... Today I thought the world had come to an end ... but thanks to the kindness, the generosity ... the big-heartedness...the opera-lovingness...of these two grand ladies ... Misses Eloise Clayton and Amaryllis Clayton ... some day ... thanks to them...I.... Rocco Fidelio Spatafaculi...who you see standing here before you today...tonight...I mean .....close enough for you to reach out and touch with your very hands... thanks to these ladies, some day I will be standing in my dressing room of the Metropolitan Opera House with telegrams on the table ... telegrams on the wall..

ROCCO:  
(CONT'D)           ... telegrams everywhere ... telegrams ... I cannot  
                  ....say.....any more.....My heart is too full!  
                  Too full .... too full!

JIMMY:           That's all right, Rocco ... we understand.

ELOISE:          Thank you, Mr Spatafaculi...my sister and I are both  
                  grateful for your attitude and please feel that you  
                  are doing us a favor by allowing us to contribute in  
                  a small way to the music of the world ... in which  
                  we are deeply interested....Now...how about something  
                  in the romance department, Jimmy?

JIMMY:           Okay ... hit it, boys!

(MUSIC:          "DAYDREAMING" .... JIMMY & ORCHESTRA)

(SOUND:          APPLAUSE)

JIMMY:           (SOTTO VOCE) Can I tell 'em now, Betty?

BETTY:           If ... if you want to, Jimmy.

JIMMY:           And now ... ladies and gentlemen ... I have an announce-  
                  ment to make .... Well.....er...er .....that is ...

BETTY:           Go on, Jimmy ...

JIMMY:           Er...well...I started to say ...what I'm going to say  
                  is....I mean...what I'm going to say is ...well...  
                  Betty has consented to be my husband...I mean, I've  
                  consented to be Betty's wife...I mean, Betty and I  
                  are going to be married! Whew!

(SOUND:          APPLAUSE ..... "HEAR, HEAR"!)

GAIL:           Jimmy .....

JIMMY:           Yes, Gail?

GAIL:           Please...let me be the first to congratulate and to  
                  apologize for allowing me to use you as an innocent  
                  victim in making this dumbbell here...come to his  
                  senses.

CROWD: (THEY ALL LAUGH)

WALCOTT: Quite right, young man ... and I appreciate it, too.

CROWD: (THEY ALL LAUGH)

AMARYLLIS: And now ... if you don't mind...my sister and I have both had a very hard day and ... I'm sure you young people have, too ... so don't you think we had better  
.....

ELOISE: Call it a day?

AMARYLLIS: Exactly.

JIMMY: (SINGS "GOOD NIGHT LADIES" ... BAND PICKS IT UP ... )  
(THEN THEY ALL JOIN IN .....BOARD FADE)

ANNOUNCER: And so, for the time being, we leave Jimmy Clayton and his friends happily embarked on their individual highways to happiness!

(THEME: "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO" ...)

ANNOUNCER: And now here's a lady with a question.

WOMAN: I'd like to know what proof there is for that statement about the "men who know tobacco best."

ANNOUNCER: You mean - "with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1" ... Madam, to back that up, Lucky Strike can offer you the best proof in the world ... sworn records, duly witnessed and verified, which anyone may examine. They reveal that among independent tobacco experts - buyers, warehousemen and auctioneers - Lucky Strike has over twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined! ... Over twice as many! Now that is a most significant fact. For these independent experts are in a unique position to judge cigarettes. They earn their living in buying, selling and handling tobacco. Not connected with any cigarette manufacturer but dealing with them all, they actually see with impartial eyes what tobacco is bought for what cigarettes. They see -- and they choose Luckies 2 to 1. So, next time you hear the chant of the tobacco auctioneer (CHANT 8 SECONDS) Remember - sworn records show that ... with men who know tobacco best...it's Luckies 2 to 1!

("HAPPY DAYS" . . . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr L A (Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro, North Carolina and Mr F E Boone of Lexington, Kentucky.

(SONG CREDITS ...IF ANY)