

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Comprised of selections from various episodes

Say that we're sweethearts again - Virginia O'Brian August 18, 1942. Program #27 and Ep #127, May 27, 1944

Balancing the Checkbook - Burns and Allen - February 6, 1943. Program #51

Murder, He says, Murder – Betty Hutton June 2, 1942. Program #16.

Sounds From Home – Betty Hutton - June 5, 1943. Program #69

Der Fuehrer's Face – Spike Jones - September 29, 1942. Program #33

USS Garter Belt – Cass Daley and others - July 30, 1944. Program #131

That's what I like about the south – Phil Harris - June 26, 1943. Program #72.

Sorry, Wrong Number – Jack Benny - January 31, 1946. Program #209.

The Lobby Number – Danny Kaye - December 23, 1944 #156

God Bless America – Kate Smith - May 1, 1943. Program #64

Transcribed by Ben Dooley for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:

ANNOUNCER-

HOST

VIRGINIA O'BRIAN

GEORGE BURNS

GRACIE ALLEN

BETTY HUTTON

CABBIE #1

CABBIE #2

SPIKE JONES

CASS DALEY

BARBARA STANWICK

JUNE ALLISON

LINDA DARNELL

DICK HAYMES

ERROL FLYNN

PHIL HARRIS

JACK BENNY

POLLY

OPERATOR

INFORMATION

CONTEST CALLER

GEORGE

Mr. JONES

HILLSIDE OPERATOR

DANNY KAYE

KATE SMITH

MUSIC: COMMAND PERFORMANCE OPENING

ANNOUNCER: Command Performance USA, the greatest entertainers in America, have been requested by you, the fighting men of the United States Armed Forces throughout the world. Command Performance, presented to you this week, and every week, till it's over, over there.

MUSIC: "OVER THERE"

ANNOUNCER: Communicae from Command Performance, "Our forces on the American entertainment front are maintaining contact with Uncle Sam's Armed Forces on the fighting fronts. We're pushing back the curtains on another great Command Performance, in answer to your thousands of letters. There is much to report from this area tonight. The man to report it, a great actor and a great guy. Called back, to your big show by popular acclaim of the AEF, your Master of Ceremonies, Cary Grant.

MUSIC

APPLAUSE

CG: Thank you, thank you, Don Wilson. Hello, fellas. And greetings to our friends in the United Nations. Over here in the land of the "Star Spangled Banner" this is another banner night for your Star-spangled performers. So let's get on with answering those swell letters you write in to Command Performance. Letters from a certain company at APO869 that say, "Give us Virginia O'Brian." And letters from APO865 that say, "The top gal with out outfit is Virginia O'Brian."

So gang, look who's here. The girl who's parleyed a dead pan and a screw ball way a singing screw ball songs into a big picture career. One of your Command Performance favorites, Virginia O'Brian.

APPLAUSE

VO: Thanks Donna, and hello, fellas. And going around the world in ten seconds flat, is love and kisses for Johnny, Danny, Keith, and Curly at APO7, the Bushmasters at 959, and the Navy V-Mail Shack at Navy230. And here's our little thought for the week.

(Virginia O'Brian – say We're Sweethearts again)

SAY THAT WE'RE SWEETHEARTS AGAIN

Life used to be a gay thing
A filled with happiness, night and day thing
It was something to have and to hold
But it seems that your love grew cold

I never knew that our romance had ended
Until you poisoned my food
And I thought it was a lark
When you kicked me in the park
But now I think it was rude

I never knew that our romance had finished
Until that bottle hit my head
Though I tried to be aloof
When you pushed me off the roof
I feel our romance is dead

It wouldn't have been so bad if you'd told me
If you told me that someone had suddenly taken my place. Huh.
But no, you didn't even scold me
You just tried to disfigure my face

You'll never know how this heart of mine is breaking
It looks so hopeless, but then
Life used to be sweet and placid
If you just put down that acid
And say that we're sweethearts again

[Speaking]

Remember that night in Bridgeport when the moon shone down on the both of us
and the breeze sang a love song. And you looked at me and I looked at you and
you didn't know what to do so you broke my leg.

I thought there was sort of a strange look in your eyes, but then you smiles, and,
well, that made everything all right.

Then there was that time when we went canoeing, and you set fire to my dress.

You said you pushed me overboard to put out the flames. But I could never quite
understand why you held my head under water so long.

Course, I've never met this person who's taken my place

But I want you to know that I wish you all the luck in the world

And if there's anything I can do, anything at all,

You can reach me in room 304 at the General Hospital
Farewell, my sweet

[Singing]

You'll never know how this heart of mine is breaking
It looks so helpless, but then
Our love is great, no love can match it
Darling please put down that hatchet.
And say that we're sweethearts again

Burns and Allen – Balancing the Checkbook

ANNOUNCER: Next fellas, we answer mail to Command Performance from so many of you that we'll, well, we'll just say that one of your most beloved radio teams is here tonight, especially for the infantry, wherever you're fighting, and for you Marines and for you tough sailors of the Navy, Merchant Marine, and Coast Guard. By world wide acclaim of the AEF, George Burns and Gracie Allen.

APPLAUSE

MUSIC

KEN: As we look into the Burns household, tonight, we find the Burns' in their study. George is nestled comfortably by the fire, reading the evening paper, while Gracie sits at her desk, trying to balance her checkbook.

GRACIE: 6 into 12, carry the 3... Oh, George?

BURNS: Yes dear?

GRACIE: How many times does six go into nineteen?

BURNS: Three and carry one.

GRACIE: Thank you. 9, 4, 13, minus 8, plus 45... oh George?

BURNS: Yes dear?

GRACIE: Where do I carry it?

BURNS: Carry what

GRACIE: Whatever it is that you use to help six get into nineteen.

BURNS: Carry it back to old Virginia, let me read my paper.

GRACIE: Well dear, don't you want to know how my bank balance came out this month?

BURNS: Ok, you win. How did it come out this month?

GRACIE: Oh wonderful. The bank owes me \$175.

BURNS: The bank owes you \$175?

GRACIE: Yes. I added it up several times. At first they only owed me \$6, but I worked on it and worked on it...

BURNS: And now they owe you...

GEORGE & GRACIE: (together) ... \$175. Yes.

GRACIE: And it gets better all the time.

BURNS: Well, keep it up, sweetheart. You will break the bank.

GRACIE: Oh. Now I wouldn't want to do that. They're nice to me down there.
The cashier keeps sending me cute little notes.

BURNS: The cashier sends you notes?

GRACIE: Well, not exactly notes. But he puts his initials on all my checks.

BURNS: What are his initials.

GRACIE: N.S.F.

BURNS: N.S.F. means Not Sufficient Funds.

GRACIE: Oh, don't be ridiculous. Imagine a great big bank like that without any money.

BURNS: Look, let me see those checks. If there's anything wrong, it's not the bank's fault. The bank never makes mistakes.

GRACIE: they hired my uncle, didn't they?

BURNS: (Overlapping) My blunder, my blunder. Yes. Now, let's see. What's this check stub here?

GRACIE: Oh, tha'ts for the beautiful new hat I bought.

BURNS: Which hat? The one you bought with feathers?

GRACIE: Oh, don't be silly, George. You can't buy a hat with feathers. Gotta have money.

BURNS: (overlapping) Gotta have money. Yes. I forgot that. Gracie, you gotta be more careful with those checks. Remember, this is a joint account. You know what that is.

GRACIE: Oh, sure. A joint account is where the husband deposits the money, the wife writes the checks, and at the end of the month if everything balances and everything comes out even...

BURNS: What then?

GRACIE: I don't know. It's never happened to me.

BURNS: Look at this stub. A dollar for a bicycle pump, and we haven't got a bicycle. What's that for?

GRACIE: Oh, well that's an economy. That'll save us lots of money on breakfast food.

BURNS: A bicycle pump will save us money on breakfast food?

GRACIE: Yeah. From now on we'll puff our own rice.

BURNS: That will save us easily between nineteen and twenty cents a year.

GRACIE: Now, you see? I can explain every check stub.

BURNS: Well, all right. Here's one you might explain. One pullover, \$25. Look, I don't want to sound like a cheapskate, but isn't that a lot of money for a pullover?

GRACIE: Well, they said it was the regular price.

BURNS: Who said?

GRACIE: The man on the motorcycle.

BURNS: You got it from a man on a motorcycle.

GRACIE: Yeah, I went through a red light and he drove up and said, "Pull over." He was nice about it, why not pull over...

BURNS: (overlapping) Pull over, pull over. Never mind, never mind. Uh, what about this little item? A stub made out to the May Company that says "either twelve dollars or fifteen dollars"? That's confusing, you know?

GRACIE: Oh no, it's not confusing at all, George. They had a pair of shoes for \$12, and another pair for \$15. And I made the stub that way so that I could scratch out the price of the shoes I decided not to buy.

BURNS: But neither price is scratched out.

GRACIE: (sing-song) Walking saves tires, George.

BURNS: Eh, both pair.

GRACIE: Hm.

BURNS: I thought so. Yes. Uh... and what's this? "Nine dollars for suspenders for George for March 16"?

GRACIE: Oh. Well, that was a little present for you.

BURNS: Well, it's nice, dear. But what's so special about March 16th?

GRACIE: Oh. Well, you said last night that when you got through paying your income tax this year, you'd be caught with the...

BURNS: (interrupting) Never mind, never mind. Uh, what's this item? \$8.80

GRACIE: Oh. Well, that's for tickets to Georgie Jessel's Vaudeville Show. Remember?

BURNS: Oh, yes. It was well worth it, too. Never regret money spent on vaudeville. Goah, vaudeville. Remember the old days when we were back in vaudeville?

GRACIE: Oh, remember? I'll never forget them, George.

BURNS: Yes. Remember Altoona?

GRACIE: Yeah.

BURNS: Remember how nervous I was the day we opened our act?

GRACIE: No, no. But I remember how nervous you were the day we closed.

BURNS: Well, (chuckling) same thing.

GRACIE: Same day.

BURNS: Oh, sure, sure, sure, sure.

GRACIE: And remember we played on the bill with "Flaggenheimer and his Trained Seals"?

BURNS: Yes. Oh, yes. That was the week when one of the seals disappeared.

GRACIE: Yes. And that was the week when you got me a new fur coat. Why, George!!!

BURNS: Well, I, I, I couldn't help it, Gracie. You know how Otto, the seal, liked fish.

GRACIE: Well?

BURNS: Well, one day Otto trapped me in my dressing room, and I was eating a piece of Lindy's smoked salmon. And it was either me or Otto.

GRACIE: Oh. Oh, George. How could you do it? How could you? To think that all these years I've been walking around town wearing a fellow performer.

BURNS: Oh, well, well. Just so he was not a monologist.¹

GRACIE: Not only that, a hungry one, too.

BURNS: Yes, yes. A hungry one. Now look. I'm sorry, Gracie...

¹ **monologist** - an entertainer who performs alone

GRACIE: No excuses, George. It's too late. I'm leaving. I'm leaving this house until a wrong has been righted. Goodbye.

BURNS: Where are you going?

GRACIE: Over to The Brown Derby to get my coat a piece of salmon.

BURNS: Well, for heaven's sake.

MUSIC:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Thanks a lot, George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Betty Hutton – “Murder, He Says”

ANNOUNCER: Starting things off, I'd better warn you top dig your heels into the floor and hang on to your seats. Because here comes Paramount's "Blonde Bomshell", with a roof-raising ditty entitled, "He Says, Murder." Fellas, here's Betty Hutton.

APPLAUSE

BH: Thanks, Rita Hayworth, and hiya, fellas. Love to Clem and Vince at APO667, and lay off those coconuts. Hello to Yardbird Karin and Cowboy Jan over at Old Bliety, and Jimmy Hopkins at 860. What's cookin' there, boy? Howdy, Sergeant Burns and the mob at 959, and Mid Brighton, the Sad Sack of Africa. What the dickens is a "Sad Sack"? Hello, Gibbon and the Gang at APO945...(correcting) 845, and Akeely at APO34. Gee, thanks for a chunk of a Nazi troop carryin' glider. Brother, that's givin' 'em the old Keeley cure, for keeps. And now here's that tune, "Murder, He Says."

Finally found a fella
Almost completely divine
But his vocabulary
Is killing this romance of mine

We get into an intimate situation
And then begins this Romeo's conversation

He says, murder, he says
Every time we kiss
He says, murder, he says
At a time like this
He says, murder, he says
Is that the language of love?

He says, solid, he says
Takes me in his arms
And says, solid, he says
Meaning all my charms

He says, solid, he says
Is that the language of love?

He says, chick chick
You torture me
Zoom, are we livin?
I'm thinkin of leaving him flat

He says, dig dig the jumps
The old ticker is giving
Now, he can talk plainer than that

He says, murder, he says
Every time we kiss
He says, murder, he says
Keep it up like this
and that, murder, he says
In that impossible tone

Will bring on nobody's murder
But his own

He says, Jackson, he says
And my name's Marie
He says, Jackson, he says
Shoot the snoot to me
He says, Jackson, he says
Is that the language of love?

He says, woof woof, he says
When he likes my hat
He says, tsk tsk tsk
What the heck is that?
He says, woo hoo! he says
Is that the language of love?

He says hep hep with helium
Now babe, we're cookin
Another expression's too ill
He says, we're in to groovin'
The groove is good lookin
He sounds like his uppers don't fit!

He says, murder.
He says, murder.
And the way he says murder
In that impossible tone
I've told him over and over and over again

That will be nobody else's murder
But his own.

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Well, Betty. Betty, that was really, really solid. And many, many thanks.

Betty Hutton – Sounds From Home

BH: Well, fellas. One of your favorite requests is for the old familiar sounds of things back home. We've had darn near every kind of noise on Command Performance, from goats to foghorns. But there's a new batch of sound requests, so here we go again. At APO948, Sergeant Hershrigh says, "It's been over a year since I heard the delightful sound of 'suds' being opened." So especially for Sergeant Willy Anderson, please open a bottle of cold beer and pour it into a tall glass. Ok, sound man. Draw one.

SFX: BOTTLE OPENING. FIZZ. POUR INTO GLASS

BH: Somewhere on the high seas, radioman third class Allen Roger Davis says, "You had a baby cry on Command Performance. But my wife writes me that our baby girl, Merreby, who is three months old, never cries. She only 'coos'. So could I please hear a baby coo? And I'll make believe it's Merreby.

SFX: Baby cooing.

BH: There, there. That's a good girl. Now you be quiet and mama will give you a nice hotfoot. But I'll be nice and Private Tommy O'Flarity says, "I'd give a million bucks to be standing on 42nd and Broadway. A taxicab is waiting for the green light. And just as the yellow signal comes on, a second cab rolls up and bumps the first and they lock bumpers. Boy, I'd just like to hear those two cab drivers yelling at each other. Ok, Tom. They sound like this.

C1: Ah, what'a matter wich you, stupid?

C2: Ah, shaddup!

C1: Gowan, I'll run you off the Avenue!

C2: Ah, shaddup!

C1: Ah, gowan, or I'll punch'chu in da nose!

C2: Ah, shaddup. Gowan and hustle your bustle!

MUSIC

APPLAUSE

Spike Jones – Der Fuehrer's Face

ANNOUNCER: Well gang, Command Performance is heard everywhere around the world. So it's high time that we dedicate a number to... guess who. Of all things, Adolf Hitler. You know, the German radio says some very bad things about Command Performance, but we just don't care. We feel that Schicklgruber² deserves a number. And we know just the tune that'll please that jerk—that guy. So, here's America's band of the hour. Spike Jones and his City Slickers, and their sensational tune, "Der Fuehrer's Face."

DER FUEHRER'S FACE

When der fuehrer says "we is de master race"
 We "Heil! (raspberry), Heil! (raspberry)," right in der fueher's face
 Not to love der fuehrer is a great disgrace
 So we "Heil! (raspberry), Heil! (raspberry)," right in der fuehrer's face

When Herr Goebbels says "we own the world and space"
 We "Heil! (raspberry), Heil! (raspberry)," right in Herr Goebbels' face
 When Herr Goring says they'll never bomb dis place
 We "Heil! (raspberry), Heil! (raspberry)," right in Herr Goring's face

Are we not the supermen? Aryan pure supermen
 Ja we are the supermen. (super duper supermen)
 Is this Nutsy land so good
 Would you leave it if you could
 Ja this Nutsy land is good
 We would leave it if we could
 We bring the world new order
 Heil Hitler's world new order
 Everyone of foreign race
 Will love der fuehrer's face
 When we bring to the world dis order

When der fuehrer says "we is de master race"
 We "Heil! (raspberry), Heil! (raspberry)," right in der fueher's face

² **Alois Hitler** (born **Alois Schicklgruber**; 7 June 1837 – 3 January 1903) was the father of [Adolf Hitler](#).

Not to love der fuehrer is a great disgrace
So we “Heil! (raspberry), Heil! (raspberry),” right in der fuehrer's face

INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE

When der fuehrer says “we is de master race”
We “Heil! (raspberry), Heil! (raspberry),”right in der fueher's face
Not to love der fuehrer is a great disgrace
So we “Heil! (raspberry), Heil! (raspberry),” right in der fuehrer's face
(slows down like a dying tape cassette on the last line)

Cass Daley, Barbara Stanwick, Errol Flynn – “USS Garter Belt”

ANNOUNCER: Now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you another Command Performance first.

MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: Can you imagine a battleship manned entirely by women? Kind of frightens you, doesn't it? [chuckles] However, just to show you what it would be like, Command Performance takes you aboard a super dreadnaught run by an entirely feminine crew. Any resemblance to a WAV or lady Marine is strictly for laughs. So, with a yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of Channel number 5, we're off to the USS Garter Belt, where we find Captain Cass Daley addressing her crew.

MUSIC

CASS DALEY: Girls! Inspection this morning was lousy. In the first place we hang our laundry on the after deck. We don't fly our panties from the mizzenmast. What's more, someone forgot to put the doily under the second sixteen inch gun. And to top it all, this morning I found twelve bobby pins on the poop deck. And by the way, girls, you can stop lining up outside the "Powder Room" every morning. All we keep in there is ammunition. All right, dismissed. Yes, sir, dismissed. Just a minute, I want to speak to Chief Petting Officer, Stanwick.

BARBARA STANWICK: Yes, Captain?

CASS DALEY: How are you coming along with your assignment?

BARBARA STANWICK: I finished knitting it this morning, Captain.

CASS DALEY: Well, well, good. How did it turn out?

BARBARA STANWICK: Oh, I think you'll find it's the nicest slip cover our anchor ever had.

CASS DALEY: Well, I hope you're better at knitting than you are at painting. That camouflage job you did on our deck was awful.

BARBARA STANWICK: It was?

CASS DALEY: I'll say it was. Do you know the message the Admiral sent me? "Pardon me, Captain Daley, but your ship is showing." Now see that it doesn't happen again.

JUNE ALLISON: June Allison, Fire Woman, Third Class, reporting.

CASS DALEY: Allison, I've got very good news for you. You're being promoted to Fire Woman, Second Class.

JUNE ALLISON: Oh, thank you, Captain.

CASS DALEY: For the way you handled yourself yesterday when you backed into that boiler, we're putting another stripe on your arm.

JUNE ALLISON: It's not where I burned myself, Captain.

CASS DALEY: Well, all right. Well alright, sew the stripe on anyplace you like. Anyway, you're doing a great job in the boiler room, Allison.

JUNE ALLISON: Thank you, Captain. I think we have the best 45,000 ton ship in the fleet.

CASS DALEY: 45,000 tons? Gee, does our ship weigh that much?

JUNE ALLISON: Yes, sir.

CASS DALEY: That's awful. From now on, shovel in rye crisps instead of coals. Uh, by the way, Chief Stanwick?

BARBARA STANWICK: Yes, Captain?

CASS DALEY: Where was Mrs. Machinist-Mate Jackson at muster³ this morning?

BARBARA STANWICK: She was below, Captain.

CASS DALEY: What? There's no excuse for a member of the crew not being at her post. You understand? No excuse.

SFX: BABY CRYING

CASS DALEY: Well, in that case, she's excused. Ah, boy, I got nothing on this... this is trouble. Hey, you. Darnell⁴?

LINDA DARNELL: Yes, Captain?

CASS DALEY: Now don't play innocent. I see you putting mascara on your searchlight and winking at destroyers. Go on, go on. Get back to your post.

LINDA DARNELL: Yes, sir. Uh, Ma'am.

BARBARA STANWICK: You'll pardon me, Captain. Your lipstick is a little smeared.

³ **Muster** - To call troops together, as for inspection.

⁴ **Linda Darnell** – Star of “My Darling Clementine.”

CASS DALEY: I know, I know. I keep it that way. I like to reminisce, you know.
Oh, well, well, well. Where's my compact? I'll fix it. Oh, gee, men.

BARBARA STANWICK: They *are* wonderful. Aren't they?

LINDA DARNELL: [calling from off] Enemy submarine! Off the starboard bow!

CASS DALEY: Not now, Darnell, I'm putting on lipstick.

LINDA DARNELL: [calling from off] Another submarine, off the port bow!

CASS DALEY: Darnell, there's a time and place for everything! Honestly, that girl. She makes me so mad.

LINDA DARNELL: [calling] Three men! Spotted on a raft! Dead ahead!

CASS DALEY: Men? Battle stations, everyone! Battle stations! Stand by to pick 'em up!

JUNE ALLISON: Oh boy!

CASS DALEY: Allison! Cut that out! And Stanwick, you stop looking prettier than me.

BARBARA STANWICK: Well, what about you? Dabbing bilge water behind your ears.

LINDA DARNELL: [calling from off] It's not danger, Captain.

CASS DALEY: Good, good. Ok, Girls! WOMAN THE LIFEBOATS!

SFX: RATTLING OF BOATS

CASS DALEY: Well?

BARBARA STANWICK: We'll have 'em aboard in a few minutes.

JUNE ALLISON: Wow! Three of 'em.

BARBARA STANWICK: Get that tall one, he looks like Errol Flynn.

CASS DALEY: I fully intend to.

JUNE ALLISON: Barbara, that redheaded one looks like Sterling Holloway. Do you want him?

BARBARA STANWICK: Oh, I'll take a chance. Underneath that hair there may be a face.

LINDA DARNELL: [calling from off] The men are ready to come aboard the ship, Captain.

CASS DALEY: Ok, Allison! Pipe them aboard.

JUNE ALLISON: Very good, sir. [wolf whistle]

CASS DALEY: This girl could obviously use some Navy indoctrination.

ERROL FLYNN: Well. Hello, Captain. Gee, I don't know how to thank you for rescuing us.

CASS DALEY: [speechless] Say, boy...

LINDA DARNELL: Oh boy! Men!

CASS DALEY: Darnell? What are you doing here? You're the lookout.

LINDA DARNELL: Well, from now on, everybody looks out for themselves.

BARBARA STANWICK: Is this one taken, Captain?

DICK HAYMES: You keep away from me. I know you sailors. You probably got a man in every port.

STERLING HOLLOWAY: Yes, indeed. And don't you try to tempt us with your allotment checks either.

CASS DALEY: Now, now, take it easy. Don't rush them, girls. They've been on a raft, for weeks, without food, or water, or *women*.

DICK HAYMES: Yeah, I'm hungry.

STERLING HOLLOWAY: I'm thirsty.

ERROL FLYNN: Now I, on the other hand... I, uh... I hate to interrupt this, but everyone here seems to be on deck. Shouldn't someone be steering this ship?

LINDA DARNELL: Oh. Who needs steering? Haven't you ever heard of a women's intuition?

ERROL FLYNN: Yeah, that's what worries me. A fog has come up and you may be off your course, you know.

CASS DALEY: Oh, we never get off our course.

ERROL FLYNN: But Captain, in this fog?

LINDA DARNELL: Stop worryin. I said we never get off our course.

SFX: CRASH

STERLING HOLLOWAY: Oh. My goodness. Say, where are we?

CASS DALEY: Well, what do you know? Omaha, Nebraska!

MUSIC

APPLAUSE

Phil Harris – “That’s What I Like About the South.”

MC: Now right here, we’re telling PFC Don Garrett and the gang at 927 that we’re hep to old 927. And we’re calling Corporal Carr at 962, Sargent Judland in the service at 762, and Corporal Dick Murrin and five hundred juggle mothers... juggle mothers, that is... to write on one letterhead, first to conserve paper, second to complain of the iguanas chewing the shoe strings, and third to request a certain curly-headed band leader. I asked Jack Benny about this lad and he said, he’s strictly corn, but with ham being what it is, who’s going to knock corn? (calling, as in the Phillip Morris show) “Call for Phillip Harris”

APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

PHIL HARRIS: Thank you, thank you. Hiya, Jackson. Gimmie some skin. Glad to see you, MacArthur, glad to see you.

MC: Yeah, glad to see you, too, is says here. But you know, Phil, I haven’t seen you around lately.

PHIL HARRIS: Nah, I’ve been out on a tour with the band. You know, one night stands. I been brainstorming around the country.

ANNOUNCER: Well fellas, I can put a stop to this in a hurry. I’ll invite the guy to sing. Answering many thousands of requests, it’s Phil Harris singing, “That’s What I Like About the South.”

PHIL HARRIS: Pour on the coals.

MUSIC

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH

Won't you come with me to Alabamy
Let's go see my dear old Mammy
She's fryin' eggs and boiling hammy
That's what I like about the South

Now there you can make no mistakey
Where those nerves are never shaky
Ought to taste that layer cakey
That's what I like about the South

She's got baked ribs and candied yams
Those sugar-cured Virginia hams
Basement full of those berry jams
An' that's what I like about the South

Hot corn bread, with the black-eyed peas
You can go with it as you please
'Cause it's never out of season
That's what I like about the South

Aahhh, don't take one, have two
There's dark brown and chocolate too
Suits me, they must suit you
'Cause that's what I like about the South

Well it's a way, way down where the cane grows tall
Down where they say "Y'all"
Walk on in with that Southern drawl
'Cause that's what I like about the South

It's down where they have those pretty queens
They keep a-dreamin' those dreamy dreams
Well let's sip that absinthe in New Orleans
That's what I like about the South

Here come old Bob with all the news
Got the boxback coat and the button shoes
But he's all caught up with his eagle's dues
An' that's what I like about the South

Here come old Roy down the street
Ho, can't you hear those scufflin feet
He would rather sleep than eat
An' that's what I like about the South

I didn't come here to criticise
I'm not here to sympathise
But don't tell me those no-good lies
Cause a lyin' gal I do despise

You love me like I love you
Send me fifty P-D-Q
Roses are red and violets are pink
I won't get my fifty, I don't think

Now every time I pass your door
You act like you don't want me no more
Why don't you shake that head and sigh
And I'll go walkin' right on by

Gone On, on, on and on and on
Honey, when you tell me that you love me
Then how come you close your eyes

Did I tell you 'bout the place called Doo-wah-diddy
It ain't no town and it ain't no city
It's just awful small, but awful pretty
Well Doo-wah-diddy

I didn't come here to criticise
I'm not here to sympathise
But don't tell me those no-good lies
Cause a lyin' gal I do despise
She's got ham hocks and butter beans
Turnip greens and New Orleans
You and me and in-betweens
An' that's what I like about the South

APPLAUSE

Jack Benny – “Sorry, Wrong Number”

ANNOUNCER: Many of you men overseas have tuned your radio to hear the thrilling dramas on “Suspense”. One of the highlights in the series has been the unforgettable performance of Miss Agnes Moorhead in “Sorry, Wrong Number.” Here at home, the response of both critics and public have been so enthusiastic that Miss Moorhead was called upon to repeat the playlist several times. On each occasion, she gave a stirring vivid portrayal as a neurotic woman who hears a murder being plotted over crossed telephone wires and finally learns that the intended victim of the murder is herself. Miss Moorhead’s characterization is truly an incomparable study in terror. Tonight we hoped to bring you this great radio drama, “Sorry, Wrong Number.” Miss Agnes Moorhead, unfortunately, was unable to be with us. So we secured the services of another personality with the same dynamic appeal. None other than Jack Benny.

APPLAUSE

We now take you to Mr. Benny’s home in Beverly Hills. Where we find Jack sitting anxiously by the telephone waiting. Nerves shattered. Another victim of... Suspense.

MUSIC

SFX: PHONE DIALING and BUSY TONE

JACK BENNY: Busy, busy, busy. It can’t be busy all this time.

SFX: JIGGLING THE PHONE

JACK BENNY: Operator. Operator.

POLLY: [squawks and whistles]

JACK BENNY: Be quiet, Polly.

SFX: JIGGLES PHONE

JACK BENNY: Operator. Operator!

OPERATOR: I’m sorry, but that line is busy.

JACK BENNY: Listen, Operator. I’ve been trying to get that number for the last twenty minutes. It’s a big advertising agency. They have a switchboard.

OPERATOR: I’m sorry, the line is busy.

JACK BENNY: It can't be busy, I've been ringing that number since twenty-five after eleven. Do you know what time it is now?

OPERATOR: For the correct time, dial Ulrich-8900.

JACK BENNY: Operator, I know what time it is. It's a quarter to twelve.

POLLY: Quarter to twelve. [squawks and whistles]

JACK BENNY: Polly, quiet. Listen, Operator. I'm a subscriber. I pay my bills every month. And since I've been on this phone I've had nothing but trouble.

OPERATOR: Trouble? One moment please, I will connect you.

SFX: LINE CLICK

RD: Repair Department.

JACK BENNY: That's not my trouble. What do I have to do to get Hillside-7593?

RD: Call the Operator.

SFX: LINE CLICK

JACK BENNY: Oh, my goodness. Why can't I... Operator! Operator?

OPERATOR: Number, please?

JACK BENNY: Look, Operator. I want Hillside-7593.

OPERATOR: You may dial that number direct.

JACK BENNY: I did dial the number. I keep getting a busy signal. That's what I've been trying to tell you. Look, Operator. I'm Jack Benny. I have a radio program. The option comes up at 12:00 tonight. If I don't hear from my sponsor, Mr. Jones, in fifteen minutes, I'll be out of a job. He's the advertising manager. I'm trying to get a hold of him on the phone, and I can't get the number.

OPERATOR: I will connect you with Information.

JACK BENNY: Operator, don't you understand? I don't want Information. All I...

INFORMATION: This is information.

JACK BENNY: Look, I don't want it... I want Sevenside Hill593. I mean, HILLside-7593.

INFORMATION: You may dial that number direct.

JACK BENNY: I've tried it direct. Indirectly. Spelled backwards. Now what do I have to do to get Hillside-7593?

INFORMATION & JACK: (together) You may dial that number direct.

SFX: PHONE HANGS UP

MUSIC: STING, and continues under.

JACK BENNY: Oh, nuts. I don't know what to do. This is driving me mad. It keeps getting later, later.

POLLY: Quarter to twelve, quarter to twelve [squawks and whistles]

JACK BENNY: Polly, quiet. Besides, it's ten minutes to twelve, now. Your watch is slow. Well, I'll try and...

SFX: PHONE RINGS

JACK BENNY: Whoops. There it is. It's my sponsor. He's calling me. He's calling me.

SFX: PICKS UP PHONE

JACK BENNY: Hello? Hello?

CONTEST CALLER: Mr. Benny?

JACK BENNY: Yes. Yes, yes.

CONTEST CALLER: It's fifty words or less, isn't it?

JACK BENNY: The contest is over!

SFX: PHONE HANGS UP

JACK BENNY: A fine time to ask me about my contest. If my sponsor doesn't call me pretty soon, I'll go nuts. I still have eight minutes. I got to reach Mr. Jones by twelve O'Clock.

POLLY: [squawks and whistles]

JACK BENNY: Polly, quiet. Here's a cracker. Eat it slowly. It might be your last. Well, I'll try that number again.

MUSIC

SFX: PHONE DIALING

JACK BENNY: It can't be still busy. I know it can't. I'm sure there must be something wrong with the...

SFX: LINE RINGING

GEORGE: Hello?

JACK BENNY: Hello, hello?

GEORGE: Hello, hello? Hello, is that you, Mr. Jones?

JACK BENNY: Jones? That's my sponsor. Mr. Jones, this is me, Jack Benny.

MR. JONES: Hello, George?

JACK BENNY: They can't hear me. The wires must be crossed.

MR. JONES: Yes, George. I've thought the matter over thoroughly, and I've decided to let him go.

GEORGE: I see. Well, it's going to be quite a shock to him. He's been with us a long time.

MR. JONES: Well, George, he's had it coming. His work has fallen off so badly, it isn't funny anymore.

JACK BENNY: Yipe! They're talking about me. Mr. Jones! Operator!

GEORGE: Well, Mr. Jones. Don't you think you ought to warn him and give him another chance? It might be difficult to replace him.

JACK BENNY: That's right, tell him, George, tell him, nice boy, George, nice boy, tell him.

MR. JONES: No, George, I've made up my mind. I think we should look for a younger man.

JACK BENNY: Younger? Why I'm only 37. 37.

POLLY: Thirty-seven and thirty-seven. That's seventy-five {squawks and whistles]

JACK BENNY: That's 74, you dope. Can't you count?

GEORGE: So you don't think warning him would do any good, eh, Mr. Jones?

MR. JONES: No, no. He's had his chance.

JACK BENNY: Mr. Jones, please. George had a swell idea. Warn me. Give me another chance. I might be difficult to replace. Tom Breneman⁵ is so busy. And he has to get up so early in the morning.

GEORGE: All right, Mr. Jones. I'll let him...

⁵ **Tom Breneman** was a popular 1940s American radio personality. His program went through numerous title changes but was best known as *Breakfast in Hollywood*. These unscripted shows were spontaneous and involved much audience participation and many Hollywood stars making guest appearances.

SFX: PHONE LINE DISCONNECTS

JACK BENNY: I've been cut off. Operator, Operator!

SFX: JOGGLES THE PHONE

JACK BENNY: Operator!

OPERATOR: Number please.

JACK BENNY: Operator, I want Hillside-7593. Would you please get it for me?

OPERATOR: You may dial that number direct.

JACK BENNY: But I've been dialing all morning. My fingers are so swollen, they don't fit into the hole.

OPERATOR: One moment, please. I will try that number for you.

JACK BENNY: Thank you. Thank you. Only five minutes to go. If I can only talk to Mr. Jones. If I can just speak plead with him. Beg him, like I did last year. Maybe I could talk him into giving me another...

SFX: PHONE BUSY

OPERATOR: (interrupting) Sorry, that line is busy.

SFX: HANGS UP PHONE

JACK BENNY: Busy, busy, busy! What am I going to do? I got to think fast.

POLLY: Busy, busy, busy [whistles]

JACK BENNY: Polly, shut up! This is serious. You may have to go to work. It's four minutes to twelve. Wait a minute, I know. I'll call my agent. That's it, my agent. Why am I paying him 9%? I'll try and get him and...

SFX: PHONE RINGS

JACK BENNY: That might be Mr. Jones.

SFX: PICKS UP PHONE

JACK BENNY: Hello?

JOHNNY: Hello. Is that you, Edna?

JACK BENNY: Edna?

JOHNNY: This is Johnny McGuire. I just got back from the South Pacific. I haven't seen a woman in three years. You're the first one I called.

JACK BENNY: Look, you must have the wrong number.

JOHNNY: Oh, don't give me that, Edna. I recognized your voice right away.

JACK BENNY: Look, but I...

JOHNNY: Now what do you say, Edna? Let's you and me step out tonight and I'll buy you a nice big dinner.

JACK BENNY: Look, I'm telling you, you have the wrong... dinner? No, no. What am I thinking of? He'd only want to... I'm sorry, you have the wrong number! I wish I was Edna. At least then I'd know where... Oh, my goodness. Only three minutes to twelve. No time to call my agent now. I got to get Mr. Jones.

SFX: PICK UP PHONE AND DIAL

JACK BENNY: [starting to panic] Maybe he hasn't signed anybody else yet. I'll tell him I'll do anything he asks me. Anything. I'll let him cut my salary. This year I'll project it myself.

SFX: PHONE RINGING

JACK BENNY: The line's clear. It's not busy. I still have time.

SFX: LINE PICKS UP

HILLSIDE OPERATOR: This is Hillside-7593.

JACK BENNY: Get me Mr. Jones. Quick. This is Jack Benny.

HILLSIDE OPERATOR: Mr. Jones is busy on another line. Would you call back?

JACK BENNY: No. No, no. I'll hold on. Oh, hurry, Mr. Jones, hurry. You haven't got much time. I mean, I haven't got much time. Hello, hello?

POLLY: Hello, hello.

JACK BENNY: Is that you, Mr. Jones?

POLLY: [squawks and whistles]

JACK BENNY: Oh, it's you, Polly. Shut your big mouth.

MR. JONES: Hello? What's that?

JACK BENNY: Mr. Jones! I wasn't talking to you, Mr. Jones. It wasn't your big mouth, it was my parrot's. This is Jack Benny.

JACK BENNY: Oh, well, Jack. I'm glad you called. I wanted to tell you...

JACK BENNY: Mr. Jones. Please. Before you say anything, listen to me. You got to listen to me. I know I've been on the air a long time, but I'm

not through yet. Honest, I'm not. There's still a few good years left in me. And I want you to have 'em.

MR. JONES: But... but Jack...

JACK BENNY: [last chance panic] I know I made mistakes, Mr. Jones. Everybody makes mistakes. I mean, everybody but you, Mr. Jones. You always do the right thing. You're wise, smart, intelligent, kind. That's it, kind. You're so... you're too kind to cast me aside like an old shoe. Give me another chance. Please, please, Mr. Jones. Don't drop my option.

MR. JONES: Why, Jack. What are you crying about? We've no intention of letting you go.

JACK BENNY: Honest, Mr. Jones, if you'd only give me another... what? You... you mean you're going to... pick up my option?

MR. JONES: Why, certainly. I've been trying to call you all morning. Your phone's been busy.

JACK BENNY: My phone? Busy? Oh. [relieved] Oh!

MR. JONES: tell me, Jack. Whatever gave you the idea we wouldn't take up your option?

JACK BENNY: Well, Mr. Jones, I... I called you a few minutes ago and the... the wires got crossed. And I heard you talking to a man named George.

MR. JONES: George? Oh, yes. Yes, he's my office manager.

JACK BENNY: Well, I overheard you telling him to let somebody go. You wanted a younger man.

MR. JONES: Oh, I remember. Certainly. I discharged him this morning. It was the janitor.

JACK BENNY: The janitor?

MR. JONES: Yes.

JACK BENNY: Oh. Oh, the janitor. Well, the joke's certainly on me. [mock uncomfortable laughter] Well, Mr. Jones, if the man wasn't doing his work, what else could you do? It's not your fault the man is incapable. There's no place for sentiment in business, Mr. Jones. That's what I like about you, Mr. Jones.

MUSIC

JACK BENNY: (continues) You don't let your heart rule your head. That janitor got what was coming to him. I don't believe in a man whining and trying to hang onto a job when he's not wanted. I agree with you. If a man fails to deliver, let him go! Get rid of him, I say. Fire him!

MUSIC ENDS

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Agnes Moorhead. Uh, Jack Benny. And your cast of splendid performers.

Danny Kaye – “The Lobby Number”

BOB: Now fellas, we bring you one of the brightest young stars ever to flash across the entertainment world. Loads of charm, bursting with talent, a really thrilling personality, effervescent, magnetic, dynamic Danny Kaye.

APPLAUSE

DAN:

BOB: Well, how are ya tonight, Danny, pretty good?

DAN: Uh-huh.

BOB: Oh, I bet you have something really sensational for the Christmas Command Performance, huh?

DAN: Uh-huh.

BOB: Something that’ll really rock ‘em and lay ‘em in the aisles, huh?

DAN: Uh-huh.

BOB: What personality, what magnetism.

DAN: Uh-huh.

BOB: Is “Uh-huh” all you can say?

DAN: (quickly) Uh-uh!

BOB: Well, say something else, for goodness sake.

DAN: I Drasvchinosnich nyognyvich is lazyis Bob Hope is tropsichness yaya cordroori nyanya Brestnyel-gual-dor-schnelba. Torvialtesh.

BOB: What does that mean?

DAN: (pause) Uh-huh.

BOB: This is ridiculous. I thought you were supposed to be a comedian, Danny.

DAN: Oh, I am, Bob. But there’s no sense trying to top you. The “Great Bob Hope”. Why you’ve got loads of charm, bursting with talent, a really thrilling personality, effervescent, magnetic, dynamic Bob Hope.

BOB: Uh-huh.

DAN: And besides, Bob, my files only go back to 1937.

BOB: Yes, that is a disadvantage. My adlibs go clear back to prohibition.

DAN: Uh huh. That’s what I figured. So if you don’t mind, Bob, I’ll just sing.

BOB: All right, Danny. What’s it gonna be?

DAN: Well, I’ve had quite a few letters asking for “The Lobby Number” from the picture “Up in Arms”, and so, this, if you remember, is a scene that takes place in a movie theater. And of course it’s a musical picture and all musical pictures are all alike. So supposing you do get in to the theater and you do get a seat, and the woman in front does take her hat off and you do get a look at the screen, what do you see?

MUSIC: Fanfare	
	DAN: Manic Depressive pictures presents...
	ROAR! Roar.
Fanfare	“Hello, Fresno, Goodbye.”
	Produced by Hugh Manic and Directed by Depressive.
Spoken	Now you know the name of the picture and you’d like to see it.
Silly	But no.
Cascading music	Screenplay by Glotz, from a stage play by Motz, from a story by Blip, from a chapter by Rock, from a sentence by Dotes, from a comma by Stokes, from an idea by Grotes, based on a Joe Millers a-joke.
Spoken	Now you know the name of the picture and who wrote it, and you’d still like to see it.
Silly	But no.
Rapid speak, left to right	Art direction -- Finkelpuff
	Interiors -- Minerva Buff
	Photography -- Alonzo Tech
	Recorded Sound -- Osneedle Beck

	Upholstery by Zachary
	Knick-nackery by Tackery
	Terpsichore by Dickery
	And Dickery by Doc."
Spoken	Now finally, at last, comes the picture. And what do we see? The same old beautiful chorus girls.
	The opening scene is a ranch in Fresno, California.
	So what are they singing?
Upbeat	When it's cherry blossom time in Orange, New Jersey, we'll make a peach of a pear, I know we cantaloupe, so honey do be mine, and if...
Dramatically	Up from the gulch rises a hunk of man. Here is our hero, Cowboy Dan. A gallopin yodling buckaroo...
Change	His horse, of course, is a baritone, too.
Drawl	I've a-got this oooooold wagon wheels inside of me "Yea-hoo-hoo" I've got that Yea-hoo-hoo!
Spoken	The girls are delighted to hear this.
	(girls tittering)
Spoken	But where is our heroine?
	As the bell rings for lunch (BELL RINGS)
	We find our heroine in the corral, eating her heart out.
"William Tell Overture" Rapid speak	She is Mary Sue Ann, the tap dancing daughter of an American juggling act who left her on the doorstep of an old English castle where she was found by Sir Vesa Metabolism who said, "By Jove! A girl baby! I shall raise her as me own daughter." To which he did.

	But she wants to marry Cowboy Dan who she met on the strip and it was love at first sight and she wants to tap dance for Cowboy Dan who she met once at a tap dance but she knows Sir Vesa will never permit this never, never, never.
Sobbing	That’s why she’s eating her heart out.
	But through her tears she is singing a happy little song, because she is also a coloratura soprano.
	(Soprano singing)
Break	She is beside herself. Her favorite position.
Suspensful music.	She rushes to her father. “Oh father, you must let me marry Cowboy Dan. He owns the biggest ranch in Texas.”
Call out	Bar None.
Dramatic. Building.	Cowboy Dan cannot believe his ears. Bar None? Why that’s the password of the FBI. It can’t be. No, no. Yes, yes. No, no. Yes, yes. No, no. Yes, yes. No, no. Yes, yes. It can’t be!
Silly	But it was.
	He rushes to Mary Sue Ann.
	“Mary Sue Ann, you must help me. Can you tap out a message in code?”
Adventure music	This is her big chance. Now she can tap dance, which she does. But what has she done? She has betrayed her own father. But he isn’t her father. / He is Heinrich Weinsluppen Weingoedenfleim en heinden de flumen goldest de her de fleimen des heul, heil, haul, heul, golnik flume, flume, de herde, hurda, herrr... de doil—dule, frau... ferm...
	The dangerous German Spy.
Rhyming. Dramatic build music.	Stick up your hands, you dirty rat

	Weingoenfleim attenblat
	So at-at-at-at, the FBI
	finally catches the German spy
	Dan and Mary are about to blend
	You think this picture's about to end?
Silly	But no.
	Who ever heard of a musical picture without Carmelita Pepita, the Bolivian bombshell.
Soft and peaceful music	I wish you would come with me to my little village in Bolivia.
	So peaceful there are the purple mountains with the lovely mists and the shining stars.
	And the little people who live such simple and quiet.
	And every night all they want to do is....
	CONGA!
MUSIC Shift to conga.	CONGA!
	CONGA!
	CONGA!
	CONGA!

(exit)

APPLAUSE

Kate Smith – God Bless America

KS: And now, with Sam Krager at the piano, I'd like to wander through your many letters to Command Performance, and deliver a little package of songs to your APO number. Of course, there won't be enough time to sing each number all the way through, so, I'll just get you started and you can hum the rest of it during the week. How about that? Is that OK? Swell. For a couple of two-gun Texans, Barrett and Elkins, and the station hospital at 860, here's a bit of that good old "Lone Star" state.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

The stars at night - are big and bright

Deep in the heart of Texas.

The prairie sky - is wide and high

Deep in the heart of Texas.

[speaking] And somewhere on planet Earth, to wit, APO301, many of you want this tune.

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

I'll be with you in apple blossom time.

I'll be with you to change your name to mine.

One day in May, I'll come and say

"Happy the bride the sun shines on today!"

[speaking] And for 31 men, who write in from the signal section at 512. The nurses, and the patients in the first field hospital down under, the men on Mongoose Ridge, Magillicuddy and the "egg-layers" at 817, here's a tiny bit of one of your favorites that tells its own story.

OH, HOW I MISS YOU TONIGHT.

Oh, how I miss you tonight. I miss you while lights are low,

Oh, how I need you tonight, more than you'll ever know.

[speaking] And down there on Tonga, and Bari Tonga, over in Rhodesia, east to Madagascar and north to New Delhi, and northwest to Labrador, on Phoenix and Christmas, and Pelmira, Banning and Johnston, here's another song that you love.

UNTIL TOMORROW

Until tomorrow, goodnight, my love.

Until tomorrow, sleep tight, my love.

[speaking] And you Marines and WACs and WAVs, how about this one?

YOU AND I

Darling, you and I know the reason why a summer sky is blue,
And we know why birds in the trees sing melodies, too,

[speaking] Or perhaps, according to certain Command Performance letters, the infantry prefer this song.

WHEN DAY IS DONE

When day is done
and shadows fall
I dream of you!

When day is done
I think of all
the joys we knew!

That yearning, returning,
to hold you in my arms,
won't go love, I know love,
without you, night has lost it's charms!

[speaking] But almost all of you ask for this song. And truly, I'll never grow tired singing it. It's the song that a certain 10,000 Marines sang not long ago on the hillside of a South Pacific island while the tropic rains poured down. Come on. All you Americans, from the Arctic to the Equator, let's sing it together.

God Bless America

God Bless America,
Land that I love.
Stand beside her, and guide her
Thru the night with a light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the oceans, white with foam
God bless America, My home sweet home.

From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the oceans, white with foam

God bless America, My home sweet home.
God bless America, My home sweet home.

MUSIC: “Over There”

ANNOUNCER: This is Ken Carpenter setting the alarm clock for next week. And telling any newcomers that Command Performance is arranged through the cooperation of the Hollywood Victory Committee, and is produced for you men of the Armed Forces of the United Nations by the Special Service Division of the War Department of the United States of America.

MUSIC: “Over There” [continues]