

FIVE STAR THEATER
PRESENTS

*F*LYWHEEL,
AND *S*HYSTER,
*F*LYWHEEL

EPISODE NO. 10 JANUARY 30, 1933

CAST

Groucho Marx as Waldorf T. Flywheel

Chico Marx as Emmanuel Ravelli

Miss Dimple

Mrs. Willoughby

Gombatz, fighter

Jackson, promoter

Boy

Attendant

Announcer

Referee

Text

ANN: And now, the Esso Five Star Theatre, tonight presenting Groucho Marx and Chico Marx.

MUSIC (1): SIGNATURE THEME (UP AND UNDER, to X)

ANN: Under the patronage of the Standard Oil Companies and the Colonial Beacon Oil Company, the Five Start Theatre will present a brand-new radio attraction every week night. Tonight, the inimitable Marx Brothers, Groucho and Chico, starring in Flywheel, Shyster and Flywheel. [X]

Groucho Marx is here, ready for his role as Waldorf T. Flywheel -- black mustache, horn-rimmed spectacles and all. There's Chico, too, looking just the way he does in the pictures. Ready to portray Emmanuel Ravelli, Italian accent and all.

The orchestra is tuning up, the overture is about to begin...

MUSIC (2): OVERTURE

Insert before page 114 of Jan 30, 1933 script.

Adapted from the Generic Radio Workshop Script for the Feb 13, 1933 Episode by Dick Huitema for TWTD-Chgo N Radio Players, July, 2013.

(Phone rings.)

MISS DIMPLE: Law offices of Flywheel, Shyster, and Flywheel . . . Mr. Flywheel? Just a second; I'll call him. (Calling out.) Mr. Flywheel! There's a man on the phone. He says he found the book you lost.

GROUCHO: Give me the phone, I'll talk to him. Hello . . . Yes, this is Mr. Flywheel . . . So you found my book, eh? . . . Oh, you needn't bother about bringing it over. You can read it to me over the phone. Start at page 150. That's where I left off . . . Hello! Hello! Hmmm. (Sneers.) He hung up on me. After I go to the trouble of putting aside legal business just to talk to him!

MISS DIMPLE: Legal business? Why Mr. Flywheel, you were doing a crossword puzzle.

GROUCHO: Well, is doing a crossword puzzle *illegal*? Say, has that assistant of mine, Ravelli, been in this morning?

MISS DIMPLE: No, sir.

GROUCHO: He hasn't, eh? Well, when he gets here tell him to go down to the post office and have our inkwells filled. And while he's there, he can mail this letter.

MISS DIMPLE: But this letter has no stamp on it.

GROUCHO: Well, tell him to drop it in the box when nobody's looking.

MISS DIMPLE: But, Mr. Flywheel, a stamp only costs *three cents*.

GROUCHO: For *three cents* I'd deliver it *myself*.

MISS DIMPLE: Anyway, this letter is too heavy for one stamp. I think we'd better put two stamps on it.

GROUCHO: Nonsense. If we put two stamps on the letter, it'll be still heavier. On second thought, never mind the letter. It's just a little note to my friend, Sam Jones, asking for a loan of two dollars. But poor old Sam probably has his own troubles. I hardly think he can spare it. And even if he *had* it, I think he'd be a little reluctant to lend me the dough. He's kind of tight that way. Why, I don't think he'd let me have it if he thought I was going hungry. In fact, that guy wouldn't give me a nickel if I were *starving*. And he calls himself a friend . . . the cheap, four-flushing swine. I'll show *him* where to get off at. Take a letter to that snake and tell him I wouldn't *touch* his two dollars. And if he ever comes near this office again I'll break every bone in his body.

(CHICO heard whistling "Daffodils.")

MISS DIMPLE: Oh, here comes Mr. Ravelli.

(Door opens.)

CHICO: Hello, boss. Hello, Miss Dimp.

GROUCHO: Don't try to change the subject . . . Where have you been?

CHICO: I was in da barbershop, getting my hair cut.

GROUCHO: I see. Getting your hair cut during *office hours*.

CHICO: Well, my hair *grows* during office hours, don't it?

GROUCHO: When you're in the office, I want you to concentrate on your work. You can grow your hair at home.

(*Phone rings.*)

MISS DIMPLE: Flywheel, Shyster, and Flywheel . . . Yes, Mr. Ravelli is here . . . Who's calling? *Who?* . . . Mr. Ravelli, there's a man on the phone who wants to talk to you. He says his name is One-Round Gombatz.

CHICO: Oh, dat's my new prizefighter. *I* talk to him. Hello, One-Round . . . How you feel? At'sa fine . . . Yeah? . . . At'sa fine . . . Hmm . . . At'sa fine . . . Goodbye. (*To GROUCHO.*) Boss, I just gotta some bad news.

GROUCHO: Bad news? Well, at'sa fine!

CHICO (*sadly*): My new prizefighter, he don't feel so good today.

GROUCHO: You've got a *fighter*? Where'd you get him?

CHICO: It was easy. I was at da prizefights watchin him fight, and da other guy knock him right into my lap.

GROUCHO: Oh, so *that's* how you picked him up.

CHICO: I no pick him up. Tree ushers, dey picked him up.

MISS DIMPLE: Oh, that's too bad. Did they have to carry him home?

CHICO: Not One-Round Gombatz. Dey don't have to carry *him* home. Dey carry him to da *hospital*.

GROUCHO: Ravelli, I'd be better off if they carried *you* there instead.

CHICO: No, boss. We're gonna make plenty of money wit One-Round Gombatz. He's gonna sign a contract wit me as soon as he learns to write his name.

GROUCHO: That's a good one. Who's going to sign *your* name?

CHICO: Gombatz. He's learning dat, too. Yeah, pretty soon, boss, we gonna own a fighter.

GROUCHO: We're going to *own* him? That's fine. Run down to the pawnshop and see what we can get for him.

CHICO: I don't know what we can get for him, but he could *use* a set of false teeth.

(*Knock at the door.*)

MISS DIMPLE: Come in.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Excuse me . . . I am Mrs. Willoughby—

GROUCHO: You come busting in here just to tell us *that*?

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: You misunderstand. I came to your office to transact some business.

GROUCHO: You want to use *my* office for *your* business?

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: No, no, no, gentlemen. I'm here for legal advice . . . I've just been left a very large estate, with considerable money. I feel



"How much have you got to invest?" Groucho as private detective Wolf J. Flywheel tries not to drool as Margaret Dumont counts out some greenbacks in this scene from MGM's *The Big Store*.

that before making some of the investments I have in mind, I ought to consult a lawyer.

CHICO: Lady, you come joosta to da right place. How'd you like to buy a prizefighter?

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: A prizefighter?

GROUCHO: Yes, madam. He punches like a mule, and if you don't believe it, I can have him punch you around a little—

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: No, no. I want to make some conservative investments. Some people have been trying to interest me in a wholesale grocery which I can buy for ten thousand dollars.

GROUCHO: What would you want with ten thousand dollars' worth of groceries? Why, you can get a regular dinner for sixty-five cents.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: I'm talking about *investments!*

GROUCHO: Well, why didn't you say so? How much have you got to invest?

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Oh, roughly about . . . two hundred thousand dollars.

GROUCHO: Two hundred thousand dollars? Ravelli, lock the door and tie her to that chair. Now, madam, I've got just the thing for you—a prizefighter.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: I don't want a prizefighter!

CHICO: But lady, he's a fine, clean fighter. Why, yesterday I bring him a big piece of spoiled meat and before he eats it, he wipe it off good wit his sleeve.

GROUCHO: You brought *our* fighter *spoiled* meat? Why didn't you bring him *good* meat?

CHICO: Well, when I bring him *good* meat, he never leaves any for me.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: I'm *not interested* in your prizefighter.

GROUCHO: Madam, if it's the price that stands in the way, you don't have to worry. You can buy our fighter on the installment plan. Ten dollars down, and ten dollars when he gets up.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: I tell you, I *don't want your fighter.*

CHICO: Maybe she's right, boss. It's a no use buying Gombatz unless she buys da referee, too.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Gentlemen, I'm afraid you're giving me bad advice.

GROUCHO: *Giving* you bad advice? Madam, you're gonna *pay* for it.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: For the last time, gentlemen, I *don't want a prizefighter!*

GROUCHO: All right, then, how about a pugilist?

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Perhaps I'm not making myself clear. I distinctly said I don't want anything of that kind.

GROUCHO: Very well, let's forget about it. Mrs. Willoughby, how would you like to invest some money in a heavyweight boxer?

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: *No, no, no*, Mr. Flywheel! What I want is some high-grade, gilt-edge securities. Now, is *that* clear?

GROUCHO: Yes, *perfectly* clear. I'll get you some gilt-edge securities, but I warn you—it's going to be a prizefighter.

(*Music in strong.*)

MISS DIMPLE (*on phone*): Hello, is this Morningville 3355? . . . Mrs. Willoughby's residence? . . . Well, hold the wire. Oh, Mr. Ravelli! I got that number for you.

CHICO: At'sa fine. I talk to 'em . . . Howadoyou do. Is Mrs. Willoughby home? . . . She is? Well, as soon as she goes out, tell her I called. Goodbye . . . What? . . . She wantsa talk to me? . . . Awright . . . Hello, Mrs. Willoughby. How you feel? . . . Oh at'sa too bad . . . You're a little pale? Aw, you crazy, you ain't a little pale. You look more like a big tub. Ha, ha, ha! Some joke, huh? . . . What? . . . Oh, your fighter? Well, don't worry about One-Round Gombatz. We got him a great fight for tomorrow night. He's gonna fight Cyclone Wilson . . . Oh, sure, Gombatz, he's in great shape. They let him out of the hospital today . . . Huh? Oh, don't worry. After the fight we send him back to the hospital . . . You bet. Goodbye.

MISS DIMPLE: Oh, Mr. Ravelli, I meant to tell you. One-Round Gombatz is on his way over. Mr. Flywheel wants you to give him his instructions for tomorrow night's fight.

(Knock on door.)

MISS DIMPLE: Oh! Here comes Mr. Gombatz now.

GOMBATZ *(punch-drunk goof)*: Hello dere, Mr. Ravelli.

CHICO: Hello, palooka.

GOMBATZ *(slow-witted anger)*: Say, what'sa idea of sayin "Hello, palooka"?

CHICO: Whatta you tink? Just because you're a palooka I don't say *hello*?

GOMBATZ: Aw, cut de wisecrackin an' gimme my tings. Mr. Flywheel said you'd gimme a new fightin outfit—shoes, an' trunks, an' all dat stuff.

CHICO: Awright, dope, awright. Here's you tings.

GOMBATZ: Wait a minute. Dere's only *one shoe*.

CHICO: Well, dat'sa Flywheel's idea. He told me to have your shoes half-soled, so I sold one shoe to da janitor.

GOMBATZ: An' look at dem red socks. Dey're too loud.

CHICO: Well, if da socks is loud, your feet won't fall asleep. Ha, ha, ha! Some joke . . . Come on, now. Get to work.

GOMBATZ: Whatta you want me to do?

CHICO: I tink some road work she fix you up fine. You better run down to da beach.

GOMBATZ: Hey! Dat's too far. Dat's ten miles.

CHICO: What are you talking? Ten miles! Ain't I going dere with you?

GOMBATZ: Well?

CHICO: Well, den it's only five miles apiece.

GOMBATZ: Say-y-y! I never tought of dat!

(Door opens.)

CHICO: Shut up, palooka, here comes da big boss, Mr. Flywheel.

GOMBATZ: Hullo, Mr. Flywheel. I wanna tell you—

GROUCHO: Just a minute, Gombatz. I had a very tough day in court.

CHICO: What happened, boss?

GROUCHO: Oh, some pawnbroker accused my client of stealing an eight-day clock and—

CHICO: Did you win the case?

GROUCHO: Well, we compromised. The pawnbroker got the clock and my client got the eight days.

GOMBATZ: Listen, Mr. Flywheel, I'm worried about dat fight. I don't tink I'm in good shape.

GROUCHO: *You'll* be in good shape. We'll let you fight in a corset. However, I'll soon find out if you're in good condition. Ravelli, get me a pair of boxing gloves. I want to take a sock at Gombatz.

CHICO: I ain't got no gloves, boss. But here's a chair you can hit him wit.

GOMBATZ: Hey, wait a minute. What'm I gonna get for dis fight?

GROUCHO: Gombatz, I was figuring it out this morning. It seems to me that . . . for my share as manager, ah . . . five thousand dollars would be reasonable. Then of course, there are also other items. Training expenses, forty cents; movie tickets for me and my girl, a dollar and a half—but *she* paid for the tickets, so we'll make that just a dollar. Now let's see. That leaves you exactly two dollars and eighty cents.

CHICO: Hey, boss, what about me?

GROUCHO: He's right, Gombatz. I think Ravelli ought to get that two-eighty.

GOMBATZ: Say, I thought there was gonna be a *tousand*-dollar purse!

CHICO: Hey, palooka, for the money *you're* going to get, you won't *need* any purse.

GOMBATZ: You mean I ain't gonna get nuttin' outa dis fight?

GROUCHO: Now don't get excited. We *bought* something for you.

GOMBATZ: Yeah? What didja buy?

GROUCHO: We bought the referee.

(*Knock on door.*)

MISS DIMPLE (*whispering*): I think it's Mrs. Willoughby.

CHICO: I'm sick of talking to her. Miss Dimp, I'll go in de odder office. You tell her I ain't in.

MISS DIMPLE: But Mr. Ravelli, she won't believe me if I tell her you're not in.

CHICO: Awright. Den I stay here and tell her myself.

(*Door opens.*)

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Oh, gentlemen, I've been—

GROUCHO (*with exaggerated cordiality*): Well, if it isn't dear, *dear* Mrs.

Willoughby! You know, Willoughby, you're getting better looking every day.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY (*kittenish*): Oh, Mr. Flywheel. You exaggerate.

GROUCHO: Well, maybe I do. But you'll have to admit that your looks couldn't get any *worse*.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Please, let's not indulge in personalities . . . Mr. Flywheel, I've been thinking about this curious investment you persuaded me to make. I mean that prizefighter.

GOMBATZ: You mean me?

CHICO: Shut up your face, Gombatz. She don't know what she's talking about.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: It seems that all I do is lay out money for this pugilist. There's that hospital bill, money for trainers . . . and what about that five hundred dollars I gave you last week? I thought you were going to build a gymnasium.

GROUCHO: I thought I was going to build a gymnasium, too. But I didn't have a thing to wear to the fight, so I bought myself a couple of new suits instead.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: That settles it. I'm through with the whole mess. I'm through with you. I'm through with this fighter . . . I'm—

GROUCHO: Don't desert him, madam! One-Round Gombatz needs a woman's care. He's just a kid at heart. You ought to see him cutting out paper dolls.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Mr. Flywheel, I . . . (*suddenly amazed by what she sees.*) Oh! Mr. Ravelli! Did I see you put your *hand* in my overcoat pocket?

CHICO: I tink you did. But I bet you won't see me *next* time.

GROUCHO: Ravelli, didn't I tell you that if you stopped stealing I'd give you a dollar?

CHICO: I know, boss. But I wanted to save you da dollar.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Mr. Flywheel. I'm willing to forget what I spent on this fighter. *That* money I consider lost. But what about the other money—the five thousand you were going to invest more conservatively?

GROUCHO: Oh *that*? You have nothing to worry about, Mrs. Willoughby. I was lucky enough to get you in on a *very sound* investment with that five thousand dollars.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Well, I'm glad you've done at least *one* sensible thing. Now tell me, Mr. Flywheel, just what did you do with the money?

GROUCHO: Madam, I took that five thousand dollars and bet it on One-Round Gombatz.
(*Music in strong.*)

(*Open in fight auditorium, crowd yelling: "Knock him out!" "Oh, boy, what a sock!" etc.*)

JACKSON (*promoter*): Hey, Slim, it looks like this fight won't last long. Run down to the dressing rooms and tell the boys on the next bout—Gombatz and Wilson—to get ready.

BOY: Okay, Mr. Jackson.

(*Yelling from fight fans continues for about five seconds, fading; boy knocks on door.*)

GROUCHO (*from within*): Come in.

BOY (*door opens*): Gombatz-Wilson fight is next, Mr. Flywheel. You better get your man ready.

GROUCHO: Just a minute, son. You run down the hall and tell Cyclone Wilson to come in for a short rehearsal.

BOY: I don't know what you're talking about. But you'd better hurry up.

(*Door opens; distant cheering heard. Door shuts; cheering ends.*)

GROUCHO (*like a coach*): Just listen to that crowd cheering. They love you, Gombatz. They want you to win . . . But win or lose, they hope you get killed.

COMBATZ: Huh?

GROUCHO: Gombatz, in a little while you'll be out in front of that crowd, fighting . . . Your little mother will be at home at the radio—

COMBATZ: I ain't got no mother.

GROUCHO: Well, you've got a *radio*, haven't you? Just remember, Gombatz, we've done everything we could for you. We've paid the referee to give you the decision. We've paid the other fighter to let you win. Now, Gombatz, the rest is up to you. And don't forget, my boy—I've got great plans for you. If you win this fight, I'm going to let you fight my landlord.

COMBATZ: What do I want to fight your landlord for?

GROUCHO: You can fight him for the rent. (*Knock on door.*) Come in.

CHICO (*opens door*): Hullo, boss. Hullo, Gombatz.

GROUCHO: Oh, here you are, Ravelli. Late again. Didn't I tell you to get here early?

CHICO: Well, you see, boss, I left my house too late to come early.

GROUCHO: Well, why didn't you leave your house early?

CHICO: I couldn't. It was too late to leave early. Anyway, on da corner a

fellow lost a nickel, and a whole bunch of kids was standing around looking for it.

GROUCHO (*contemptuous*): And I suppose *you* were standing there *watching* them!

CHICO: No, I was standing on da nickel.

ATTENDANT (*opens door*): Gombatz-Wilson fight next. Three minutes to go!

GROUCHO: Three minutes? Ravelli, get busy. Run over to Cyclone Wilson's dressing room and ask him to wear red fighting trunks so Gombatz will know him when they meet in the ring.

CHICO: Wilson? Hey, he ain't here yet. He's home sleepin.

GROUCHO: What? We've only got three minutes to go and Wilson isn't even up!

CHICO: Sure he's up. Tree o'clock in da morning I saw da janitor carry him up.

GROUCHO (*excited*): Jumping Jupiter! Do you think he was *drugged*?

CHICO: Sure, he was drugged. Da janitor drugged him up tree flights of stairs.

GROUCHO: Quick! Gombatz, run out and find Jackson, the fellow who's promoting this fight.

(*Door opens.*)

GOMBATZ: Here comes Jackson.

JACKSON: Mr. Flywheel! I've got terrible news. Wilson has run out on us . . . We can't find him anyplace.

CHICO: Don't worry, Mr. Jackson. Gombatz is much better when he fights alone.

JACKSON: I tell you, we got to get someone to fight Gombatz.

GROUCHO: I'd go in there and fight him myself, but I've got my glasses on. Ravelli, it's up to you.

CHICO: Hey, boss, you got anodder pair of glasses? I don't wanna fight him either.

GROUCHO: Come on! You're going in to fight for Wilson.

CHICO: Awright, I'll go in and fight for Wilson if somebody else go in and fight for me.

GROUCHO (*commanding*): *Put on these gloves!*

CHICO: I don't need da gloves, boss. My hands ain't cold.

(*Door opens.*)

ATTENDANT: Mr. Jackson, the crowd's hollering for the fight.

GROUCHO: Okay, we're ready. Gombatz, don't forget—you go down for a count of four in the third round. Ravelli, you go down for the count of three in the fourth round. (*Confused*). No, you go down for the count of four . . . no, the count of three . . . Well, never mind. The referee has all the instructions. Open the door . . . Let's go.

(As they start for ring, cheering is heard.)

CHICO: Hey, boss, let's walk down de odder aisle . . . Here comes Mrs. Willoughby.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Oh, Mr. Flywheel . . . I've been looking for you. The seat you got me is right behind a post.

GROUCHO: Well, come back tomorrow and we'll have the post torn down.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Now, what about that money wagered on Gombatz . . . my five-thousand-dollar bet?

GROUCHO: Your bet? Madam, you've made your bet, now lie in it.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: But, Mr. Flywheel—

GROUCHO: Aw, stop crabbin' . . . run along. I've got to look after these two bums. Now, Ravelli, you're going into that ring and you may never come out again. Before you step through those ropes, is there anything you want to say?

CHICO (solemnly): Yes, boss, I'd like to ask a question. What building has tree hunnerd stories and no elevator?

GROUCHO: I give up, Ravelli. *What* building has three hundred stories and no elevator?

CHICO: A public library. Ha, ha, ha! Some joke.

GROUCHO: Come on! Get in that ring. And don't forget, you're supposed to take a beating. But while you're taking it, just remember . . . I'll be out there cheering.

(A couple of gongs.)

ANNOUNCER: Main bout . . . Ten rounds to a dee-cision . . . In this corner, One-Round Gombatz, the terror of the East Side. (Cheers.) And in *this* corner, Emmanuel Ravelli, the pride of the gas-house district. (Cheers.)

GROUCHO: Wait a minute! . . . Ravelli—is that a horseshoe I feel in your glove?

CHICO (laughs): Sure, I put it dere for good luck.

(Gong sounds.)

GROUCHO: All right, boys, go to it. If you need me, I'll be at the microphone.

(Cheers, and cries of "Geev it to heem," "Put out the lights, they want to be alone!")

GROUCHO (jumping to microphone): Well, folks, here's Flywheel, bringing you a round-by-round account of the big fight. Zowie! There they go! . . . Gombatz is leading, but Ravelli is close behind . . . chasing him around the ring. Ravelli's in a corner . . . He's fighting back savagely . . . thus proving the old adage that if you get a rat in a corner, he'll fight back. Boy, oh boy, oh boy, what a battle! . . . Folks, I'm going to put the mike in the ring so you can hear the grunting

of the gladiators, the pounding of leather against leather . . . *Listen to this.*

(*Silence.*)

CHICO (*whispering*): Hey, Gombatz, what's a matter wit you? . . . You hit me dat time.

GOMBATZ (*whispers*): Well, what about you? You got me all covered with blood.

CHICO (*whispers*): I know, but it's *my* blood. (*Calling out.*) Hey, Mr. Flywheel, I'm tired . . . stop the round.

GROUCHO (*calling back*): We can't, Ravelli. The timekeeper can't find his watch.

CHICO: Tell him to look in my back pocket.

GROUCHO (*taking mike back*): Hear that, folks? What a battle . . . *What a battle . . . Gombatz looks great . . . Gombatz is down . . . He looks even better when he's down . . . listen to the count.*

REFEREE: One . . . two . . . (*Count continues.*)

GROUCHO (*yelling*): Get up, Gombatz . . . Get up!

CHICO (*calling back*): Leave him lay dere, boss. He's got till ten to get up . . . and it's only half past nine now.

REFEREE: . . . six . . . seven . . .

GROUCHO: Get up, Gombatz! How am I going to explain to Mrs. Willoughby?

REFEREE: Nine . . . ten . . . OUT! The winner is Emmanuel Ravelli!
(*Audience cheers.*)

GROUCHO (*angrily*): Ravelli, Ravelli, come here!

CHICO: Well, I guess I did pretty good, huh, boss?

GROUCHO: I thought you were supposed to *throw* the fight.

CHICO: I *did* trow it . . . (*Suddenly realizing.*) Oh yeah, boss, I made a mistake. I trow it da wrong way. Say, here comes Mrs. Willoughby. I tink I better go back into da ring.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: Mr. Flywheel, this is terrible! You've tossed away my five thousand dollars with your preposterous bet.

GROUCHO: Now, just calm yourself, Mrs. Willoughby. I've got a very pleasant surprise for you. I didn't bet your five thousand dollars after all.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY (*delighted*): You didn't?

GROUCHO: No, I used the money to buy myself a little house in the country.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY: You bought a house with *my* money?

GROUCHO: Yes—you must come out and visit me some time. But if I catch you stepping on the grass, I'll have you arrested.

(*Music in strong.*)

AFTERPIECE

CHICO: Mr. Chairiman, Mrs. Chairiman, all da little chairimen, and *ladeez and chairimen!*

GROUCHO: Chico, are you talking English or Chairmen?

CHICO: Oh, boy, dat was some speech I joosta made, huh?

GROUCHO: You'll be all right, Chico. I think it's just a case of overwork. What you ought to do is take up golf for six months to get your mind off work, and then after six months you can take up work to get your mind off golf.

CHICO: I don't like golf. I can't drive a golf ball so good, but I can drive my boss *witout* an automobile.

GROUCHO: You drive your boss without an automobile?

CHICO: Sure. I drive him crazy. Ha, ha, ha! Some joke!

GROUCHO: No, no, Chico! You were supposed to say something about driving *with* an automobile. Then *I* could get in a few words about the product. *Now* do you remember?

CHICO: Don't tell me. I wanna guess.

GROUCHO: Not *guess*. *Guessoline*. And of course, Esso is better than any gasoline. And you know that Essolube is that famous hydrofined motor oil.

CHICO: *Now* can we say it?

GROUCHO: Say what?

CHICO: Good night to the peoples?

GROUCHO (*fatherly*): I think so.

BOTH (*singing*): Good night, ladies.

(*Signature music.*)