

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

DUFFY'S TAVERN - STARRING EDWARD F. GARDNER

GUEST STAR (NONE)

AGENCY - YOUNG AND RUBICAM

SPONSOR - BRISTOL MYERS

SCRIPT - #35

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1949

5:00 - 5:30 PM PST

9-9³⁰ pm

SOUND

PHONE
PHONE BELL
DOOR
BANG ON HEAD WITH BOOK

CAST:

ARCHIE.....	Edward F. Gardner
FINNEGAN.....	Charlie Cantor
EDDIE.....	Eddie Green
MISS DUFFY.....	Florence Halop
JOE MORAN.....	Ken Peters
KID.....	Tommy Bernard
AGATHA PITTS.....	Bee Benaderet

STAFF:

WRITERS:

VIN BOGERT, LARRY RHINE, PHIL SHARP, LOU GRANT, MORRIS FREEDMAN, BOB SCHILLER, BILL FREEMAN, AL JOHANSEN, EDWARD F. GARDNER
KEN PETERS
MATTY MALNECK
CHARLES NORMAN
JOHN MORRIS
BOB GRAPPERHAUS
(HOLLYWOOD - INNES HARRIS)
SYLVIA DOWLING

ANNOUNCER:
MUSICAL DIRECTOR:
ENGINEER:
NBC DIRECTOR:
SOUND:
COMMERCIAL SUPERVISOR:
COMMERCIAL WRITERS:

DUFFY'S TAVERN
6/1/49

OPENING

MUSIC: PIANO

SOUND: PHONE ON CUE

PETERS: Bristol-Myers, makers of Mum, the safer deodorant and
Vitalis, for well-groomed hair, bring you Duffy's Tavern
starring "Archie" himself - Ed Gardner!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: "IRISH EYES" - ORCH - THEN PIANO ALONE

SOUND: PHONE BELL

MUSIC: PIANO OUT

ARCHIE: Hello, Duffy's Tavern, where the elite meet to eat, Archie the manager speakin', Duffy ain't here...Oh, hello, Duffy...How's business? Well, leave me put it this way -- If business was a prizefighter, we'd be throwin' water in his face!!...What? Grogan's across the street is doin' great business? I dunno about that, Duffy...there's just as many people comin' out of his place as there is goin' in!...What?...Look, Duffy, there's a million jobs open...if you don't like the way I'm runnin' this place, why don't you fire me?...Huh? Duffy, after eight years do you have to be so hasty! Look, Virus, I have a T.L. for you -- Compared to you, Simon Legree is the Smiling Irishman! And as long as you're in this mood, how about a raise?...Hello...(CLICKS RECEIVER) (HANGS UP)That chiseler.. that crumb...that miser...that....that.....

EDDIE: Shtunk?

ARCHIE: Eddie, quit defendin' the guy! Works me like a dog seven days a week...on me feet fifteen hours a day... Where's that newspaper?

EDDIE: You're sittin' on it!

ARCHIE: Oh. I'm gonna look up them help wanted ads.

EDDIE: Yeah, let's see if we can find an ad sayin', "Wanted: Lazy Bartender".

ARCHIE: Just a minute..Bartending ain't the only thing I can do..
there's a hundred jobs for whom I'm qualified.

EDDIE: A hundred?

ARCHIE: Yeah.

EDDIE: Name one.

ARCHIE: Well...er...er....

EDDIE: Well?

ARCHIE: Okay, so there's only ninety-nine! Now let's look at
the paper. Hmmm....(READS) "Accountants...bakers....
barbers..."

EDDIE: Anything there for an experienced chicken plucker?

ARCHIE: Eddie, please!

EDDIE: Lemme see that paper....maybe I can find a job for you.
Hmmm...here's a job at the circus.

ARCHIE: The circus? Sounds good. What is it?

EDDIE: "Wanted: Ambitious young man to place head in lion's
mouth."

ARCHIE: Better read the next one.

EDDIE: "Wanted: Plastic surgeon to contact man who formerly
held job listed above!"

ARCHIE: Eddie, gimme the paper! I'll look up me own ads.

MISS D: Archie, what did you say to Paps on the telephone?

ARCHIE: Why?

MISS D: When I left home he was clutchin' the receiver, frothin'
at the mouth, his face was turnin' purple...

ARCHIE: But all I did was ask him for a raise.

MISS D: You might just as well have shot him
through the heart!

ARCHIE: On your father, Miss Duffy, that's a pretty small target.

Look, why does the guy hate me so?

MISS D: What makes you think that he hates you?

ARCHIE: I dunno...it's the funny way he looks at me every time
he says "Archie, I can't stand you."

MISS D: Granted. But don't forget - he hates you less than he
hates other people, and with Papa - that's the same as
liking you! After all, you know papa - his bark is really
worse than his bite.

ARCHIE: That's only because he ain't got no teeth!

EDDIE: Mr. Archie...got something here for you.

ARCHIE: In the help wanted ads?

EDDIE: No...In the personal column. (READS) "Lonely lady
would like to meet young escort."

ARCHIE: Sounds good.

EDDIE: (READS) "Must be tall...."

ARCHIE: Yes.

EDDIE: "Athletic".

ARCHIE: Yes.

EDDIE: "Good dancer."

ARCHIE: Yes.

EDDIE: "Speak Hungarian".

ARCHIE: Hmmm....Too bad it ain't French.

EDDIE: You speak French?

ARCHIE: No, but a Hungarian dame would never know the difference. Anything else in that personal column, Eddie?

EDDIE: Let's see here...(READS) "Man, three foot ~~six~~, wishes to contact woman of same size. ~~Midgets~~ need not apply."

ARCHIE: Mmmm...Pretty choosy, ain't they - them little Lilliputses? But you know somethin', Eddie...that personal column gives me an idea.

EDDIE: You mean you're goin' to advertise for a rich wife?

ARCHIE: Why not? It's the good old American system of free enterprise, the right of every man to hook himself a rich dame! Eddie, write down this ad.

EDDIE: Okay.

ARCHIE: (DICTATING) Independently wealthy tavern keeper seeks wife in similar straits...tall...handsome.... intellectual....

EDDIE: How do you spell intellectual?

ARCHIE: Who knows?...Let's see..."Debonair.... divine dancer..."

MISS D: Look who's a divine dancer!

ARCHIE: May I remind you that at Roseland I am still remembered as the only three-time winner of the pickle dish!

EDDIE: Mr. Archie, this idea of puttin' an ad in the personal column. It's crackpot.

ARCHIE: Mr. Green, it may amaze you to know that some of our greatest geniuses has been called crackpots....

FINN: Hello, Arch.

ARCHIE: Hiya, Finnegan.

FINN: What's new?

ARCHIE: I'm thinkin' of gettin' married.

FINN: That's nice. To a dame?

ARCHIE: Of course to a dame. You know sometimes bein' a bachelor is kind of lonely. Take you. Haven't you ever felt alone and deserted?

FINN: Only when I'm with people. But Arch, why do you have to get married? Look, why don't you play it smart and get divorced?

ARCHIE: Look, you can't put the cart before the hearse - you can't get a divorce until you're married!

FINN: Really? Gee, them married guys get all the breaks!

ARCHIE: Y'know...something..you're beginnin' to talk like a philosopher.

FINN: Well, a guy can't make sense all the time. What kind of a dame you think you'll marry, Arch?

ARCHIE: A dame with plenty of dough. Finnegan, I'm gonna marry for money.

FINN: Oh. Well, why not? If the Aly Khan can do it, why can't you?

ARCHIE: That's right.

EDDIE: Mr. Archie, this ad for the personal column.....
How do you want to sign it?

ARCHIE: Sign it, "Prince Charming, Majarejah of Pakastan."

EDDIE: Okay, Sahib. I'll send it in.

JOE: Hello, Arch, what's goin' on?

ARCHIE: Oh, hello, Joe. Ain't you heard - I'm getting married.

JOE: Congratulations. Who's the lucky girl?

EDDIE: Peaches Latour.

JOE: Who's she?

EDDIE: She's the dame that ain't marryin' him.

ARCHIE: Quiet Eddie! No, Joe, I'm marryin' a very wealthy dame.

JOE: What?

ARCHIE: Here...read me ad.

JOE: Arch, I'm surprised. What would a guy like you do if you married a wealthy woman?

ARCHIE: Nothing, Joe - absolutely nothing.

JOE: Well, you'll never get a woman this way. This ad---you forget to mention the one thing you've got that'll attract any woman.

ARCHIE: Joe, you don't mean.....?

JOE: I certainly do...(PAUSE)..brains.

ARCHIE: Funny, Joe...I could have sworn you was going to say Vitalis.

JOE: Well, that goes without saying - it takes brains to know that Vitalis is just about the best thing you can use to keep your hair well-groomed - healthy looking. That's because Vitalis protects your hair against the drying effects of the hot sun, and all those extra showers you take in summer. Why, no other hair preparation can give your scalp and hair better protection than Vitalis and the 60-second workout. For the Vitalis formula contains two of the same ingredients that many skin specialists prescribe for dry, flaky scalps...plus all the other extras that make your hair more handsome, more healthy looking. So try the Vitalis 60-second workout - let it prevent scalp and hair dryness - rout flaky dandruff and give you the best looking, healthiest looking head of hair you ever had. You'll look your best tomorrow, if you get a bottle of Vitalis today.

MUSIC:

EDDIE: Mr. Archie, look. You got an answer to your ad in the personal column.

ARCHIE: No kiddin', Eddie? Quick, open it up.

EDDIE: Okay. Let's see....It says...."Dear Prince Charming.... I am a widow...."

ARCHIE: Yes.

EDDIE: "My name is Agatha Pitts."

ARCHIE: Mmm....eighty-four years old.

EDDIE: How can you tell?

ARCHIE: Who do you know that has named his kid "Agatha" in the last eighty-four years? However, continue the letter.

EDDIE: "In addition to being independently wealthy I am.."

ARCHIE: Eddie, what was that word?

EDDIE: Independently?

ARCHIE: No.

EDDIE: Addition?

ARCHIE: No.

EDDIE: I am?

ARCHIE: Eddie, stop frustratin' me! Gimme the letter! Mmm.... "independently wealthy." One little ad and I meet Agatha, me soul mate!

FINN: Arch, I still think anybody that gets married is crazy.

MISS D: And I agree with you, Finnegan.

ARCHIE: You agree with him?

MISS D: Yes.

ARCHIE: Hmmm. Bitter tea from a girl with a general yen. And what's wrong with marriage?

MISS D: Nobody that gets married is happy, Archie.

ARCHIE: On the au contraire, there's plenty of couples that's happily married.

MISS D: Name me one!

ARCHIE: How about Mr. and Mrs. Kelly?

MISS D: Her mother came to live with them.

ARCHIE: Oh. Well, how about Willie and Mabel? There's a happy couple!

MISS D: You mean Mable Higgins?

ARCHIE: Yeah.

MISS D: The one with the blonde hair and the dimples?

ARCHIE: That's right.

MISS D: The one that ran off with the Good Humor man?

ARCHIE: The Good Humor man! Really?

FINN: Yeah. She fell for him just because he had a car.

MISS D: Y'see what I mean, Arch?

ARCHIE: Well, that's just two cases. What about Harry and Maggie? That Maggie! What a devoted wife!

MISS D: Archie..remember what happened last week?

ARCHIE: Okay, so she poisoned him! But did you happen to notice the way she cried at his funeral?

EDDIE: Mr. Archie, look!

ARCHIE: What?

EDDIE: Look at the lady gettin' out of that limousine pullin' up outside.

ARCHIE: Holy cat! A brand new Cadillac limousine!

EDDIE: Maybe it's your prospective bride.

ARCHIE: (WHISTLES) Get a load of them lines.

EDDIE: The lady?

ARCHIE: No, the limousine.

EDDIE: But look at the width of that body!

ARCHIE: The limousine?

EDDIE: No, the lady. But she sure looks like she's got money!

ARCHIE: Yeah.

WIDOW: (COMING ON) Good evening. I am Agatha Pitts. I am looking for Prince Charming.

ARCHIE: Agatha, lemme look at you. Mmm..Eddie can we turn the lights a little lower?

WIDOW: What?

ARCHIE: It's more romantic that way.

WIDOW: Oh.

ARCHIE: Permit me..My name is Archie, alias Prince Charming. Now, according to your letter, you are the Widow Pitts.

WIDOW: Yes, poor dear Herman is dead.

ARCHIE: Mmmm. You're sure he's dead?

WIDOW: Of course.

ARCHIE: You sure he ain't just hidin'?

WIDOW: I beg your pardon.

ARCHIE: I mean, I'm sorry he kicked off.

- WIDOW: Yes, It was quite sudden.
- ARCHIE: Well, may I extend me heartiest condolences on your beaverment. Now Agatha..Incidentally, you don't mind me callin' you by your maiden name?
- WIDOW: Well, why not, Archie..after all, you're a man, and I'm a woman.
- ARCHIE: (TO AUDIENCE) Well, that clears that up! Agatha, leave us put our cards on the table. I ain't only a man -- I'm a lonely man, and you're a lonely woman. Do you think we could learn to stand each other?
- WIDOW: Well, Archie, when I answered your ad in the paper, somehow I had the feeling that you were the one.
- ARCHIE: Yeah, huh?
- WIDOW: Yes. You see, I've always been a bit of a clairvoyant.
- ARCHIE: Well, I'm no angel, meself. But enough about our pasts. Look, Agatha, I don't mean to sweep you off your feet, but I think we have come to the point where further talk would be few-tile. In other words, I feel the time has come for me to pop the question.
- WIDOW: The question?
- ARCHIE: Yes..Agatha, how much dough have you got?
- WIDOW: (SHOCKED) Archie!
- ARCHIE: Ain't I the curious little devil? Now look, Ag, if this romance of ours is gonna get anywhere, I don't think we should conceal no secrets from each other.
- WIDOW: Well..since you put it that way..Herman left me a hundred thousand dollars.

ARCHIE: Well! This calls for a proposal! Agatha, will you honor me the privilege of becoming me blushing bride?

WIDOW: (GIGGLES) But Archie, this is so sudden!

ARCHIE: So what? I'm not going to get any younger..and you ain't goin' to get any richer.

WIDOW: Well..well really, I'll have to have time to think it over. I think I'll go for a ride around the park.

ARCHIE: Well okay, but would you mind takin' a taxi?

WIDOW: Why?

ARCHIE: In case the answer is yes, I wouldn't like to see the fenders dented on that limousine. You have to think it over, huh?

WIDOW: Yes, I'm afraid so.

ARCHIE: Well, farewell sweet princess..I shall be waiting.
Toodle-oo!

WIDOW: Toodle-oo!

ARCHIE: Eddie, why can't normal people have a hundred thousand bucks?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ARCHIE: Eddie..it's almost three hours and Agatha ain't back yet.

EDDIE: So what?

ARCHIE: Do you think she's bein' unfaithful to me?

EDDIE: Unfaithful?

ARCHIE: Yeah. Spendin' her dough?

MISS D: Archie, you know what I think of anybody that marries for money!

ARCHIE: Look, would it make you feel any better if I said I was marryin' for love?

MISS D: Of course.

ARCHIE: Oh....so the truth ain't good enough for you, huh? Hey, wait a minute.....here she comes now! Well, Agatha, quick! Tell me....what's the answer!

WIDOW: Archie, I've thought it over and the answer is -- "Yes".

ARCHIE: Well, what gala news! Then this means that we are engaged?

WIDOW: That's right.

ARCHIE: Splendid. Shall we seal it with a check -- I mean, with a kiss?

WIDOW: A kiss? Very well.

ARCHIE: Okay. Pucker up your lips.

WIDOW: Mm hmm.

ARCHIE: Wait...I just remembered...I -- er -- I can't kiss you before the ceremony -- it's -- er -- bad luck.

WIDOW: What about after the ceremony?

EDDIE: Then it's pot luck.

ARCHIE: Eddie, please!

WIDOW: Archie, where shall we go on our honeymoon?

ARCHIE: Our.... Well, frankly, I was sorta plannin' on goin' steg. However, you said you had a hundred thousand bucks?

WIDOW: Yes.

ARCHIE: Well, seein' that money is no expense, why don't we take a cruise around the world?

WIDOW: How romantic! Which way shall we go...east to west, or west to east?

ARCHIE: Why don't we compromise...you go east and I'll go west!

WIDOW: (LAUGHS) Oh, I love a man with a sense of humor. But to be serious, Archie...there is one important question I must ask you before we marry.

ARCHIE: What?

WIDOW: Do you like children?

ARCHIE: Agatha, what's on your mind?

WIDOW: Well, you see, Archie, we have a little son.

ARCHIE: Oh well, that's diff----- (TAKE) Would you mind to repeat that?!

WIDOW: We have a little boy.

ARCHIE: We do, huh? How old?

WIDOW: Fourteen.

FINN: Boy, Arch, you sure are a fast worker!

ARCHIE: Quiet, Finnegan! Er...Agatha, you mean?

WIDOW: Yes. Herman left me two things - a hundred thousand dollars and a son.

ARCHIE: (TO AUDIENCE) Why didn't he quit when I was ahead? Agatha, I think you should-a mentioned it sooner. You didn't tell me you came with accessories. How do you know, maybe I don't like kids.

WIDOW: Not like children! In that case we could never be married.

ARCHIE: Mmm...a hundred thousand Agatha....

WIDOW: Yes?

ARCHIE: Love little ones!

WIDOW: Oh, I'm glad you feel that way. That's one thing I always disliked about Herman...he hated children.

ARCHIE: The late bounder!

WIDOW: Archie, I have an idea. Why don't I bring the little darling down here?

ARCHIE: I'd love to meet the little cherub. As I say, with me, kids is jake.

WIDOW: Very well. I'll bring him down. See you later. Toodle-oo.

ARCHIE: Toodle-oo.

EDDIE: Daddy....

ARCHIE: What?

EDDIE: Will oo pwease tell me the faiwy stowy about the fweo wittle bears?

ARCHIE: Very funny, Eddie! I suppose you don't think I know how to handle kids. It happens that I have read a lot of books about child psychology. And the one way to handle them is to prove immediately that the father is the child's superior.

EDDIE: How you gonna do that - wrestle him?

FINN: Arch, can I meet your son?

ARCHIE: Well, Finnegan, I don't like to offend you, but I'd rather you stayed away from him.

FINN: Why?

ARCHIE: Well, I'd like the kid to grow up with an open mind about the human race.

FINN: Well, anything you say, Arch - any son of yours is a son of mine!

ARCHIE: Thank you. Boy! A hundred thousand bucks! I'll be set for life. I can see meself already - sittin' in a big mansion.....a roarin' fire goin'....wearin' me velvet smokin' pajamas and sippin' brandy in the soft firelight...

EDDIE: And Agatha Pitts sittin' there with her arms around you.

ARCHIE: Well, you can't have everything.

MUSIC: TAG

(INSERT COMMERCIAL II)

FINN: Hey, Arch!

ARCHIE: Yeah.

FINN: You remember you was talkin' about that child psychology?

ARCHIE: Yeah.

FINN: I just borried this book about it...maybe you could use it.

ARCHIE: Who'd you borry it from?

FINN: Mrs. Hogan.

ARCHIE: Mrs. Hogan?

FINN: Yeah. The dame with the nineteen kids.

ARCHIE: Oh. Well, it was nice of her to let you have it.

FINN: Well, she says she don't have much time to read anyhow.

ARCHIE: Oh. Let's see the book, Finnegan. Hmmn...."Chapter One. Science divides children into two parts..."

FINN: Into two parts?

ARCHIE: Yeah.

FINN: And we call ourselves civilized!

ARCHIE: Finnegan, please! I'm tryin' to read this book before me expectant son gets here. Not that I need a book.... kids love me anyhow.

WIDOW: (COMING ON) Well, Archie, I'm back!..

ARCHIE: Oh, hello, Agatha.

WIDOW: And this is our little boy, Egbert.

ARCHIE: (JOLLY) Well, well, well! So this is Egbert. Well, my little man, leave us shake hands. I am your new father.

KID: Hey, Mom...couldn't we dig up the old one?

ARCHIE: Hmmmm...trouble.

WIDOW: Egbert, a little respect, please! Remember, this gentleman is to be your father!

KID: How d'ya like that? At my age - the Son of Frankenstein!

ARCHIE: (LAUGHS) A cute little codger, ain't he?

WIDOW: I tried to explain to him about our marriage, Archie, but you know it's difficult for a child to grasp these things.

ARCHIE: Oh. Well leave me explain it to him. Son...

KID: Yeah?

ARCHIE: Y'see, your mother is a widow and I'm a lonely bachelor, and...well, like the birds and the bees say, fate has thrown us together into the bonds of true love. Do you understand?

KID: Yeah, you're gonna try to clip her for a hundred grand!

ARCHIE: Now look, you crumb...I mean, look, Egbert, Daddy is not at all interested in your mother's wealth.

KID: Then why are you marrying her?

ARCHIE: Well, I'm marryin' her because...er....well.....well... well...Egbert, do you have to be such a wiseguy?

KID: Y'know, maybe you wouldn't be such a bad father at that.

ARCHIE: Well, thank you.

KID: There's just one thing that bothers me though.

ARCHIE: What?

KID: Which came first - you or the cars?

ARCHIE: Look, kid, you can't talk to me like that! Take off them glasses.

EDDIE: Mr. Archie ...

ARCHIE: A punk kid like this!

EDDIE: Remember ... child psychology.

ARCHIE: What? ... Oh, yeah. Well, Egbert, I guess boys will be boys. Now, Agatha, about our honeymoon

WIDOW: Yes, I wanted to speak to you about that. What will we do with Egbert?

ARCHIE: Well, we could send him to military school.

WIDOW: But where?

ARCHIE: Oh, I dunno ... What's wrong with Russia?

KID: Now wait a minute, Giraffe Neck ..!

WIDOW: Egbert! Shame on you! Calling your father names! Now, I want you to apologize.

KID: Okay ... I'm sorry.

WIDOW: Now, kiss Daddy.

KID: Look, I just called him names, I didn't murder nobody!

ARCHIE: (UNDER HIS BREATH) Hmmm....out of the mouths of babes are gonna come teeth. Look, kid, why don't you go over in the corner there and eat some of the free lunch... your mother and I have things to talk over. Come, Agatha... let's be alone. I'd like to talk about our future - you know, where we'll livehow much we're in love with each other.

KID: Hey, Pop!

ARCHIE: (He's in again!) Yes, Son?

KID: When I grow up I wanta be just like you.

ARCHIE: (PLEASED) Well, the psychology is workin'! You want to grow up to be just like Daddy, huh?

KID: Yeah. So I can quit work and have a rich widow support m.

ARCHIE: Just a minute, Egbert ... Are you inferrin' that I am a piccolo?

KID: I'm inferrin' that you're a chiseler.

ARCHIE: Egbert, come here...

KID: (SUSPICIOUS) Why?

ARCHIE: Because Daddy wants to give you a great big hug....like this!

KID: Ow! Hey, Mom! Mom, he's strangling me!

ARCHIE: Ho ho ho! Daddy loves him so much he almost squeezed him to death.

KID: Wiseguy, huh? Take this, Daddy!

ARCHIE: Ow! Me finger!

WIDOW: Archie! What do you mean by shoving your finger between Egbert's teeth?

ARCHIE: Shovin' me finger...! What are you talkin' -- this Egghead just bit me!

WIDOW: Egghead! His name is Egbert!

ARCHIE: Just the same, if anybody's hungry, I wouldn't sprinkle salt on his head.

WIDOW: Archie, how dare you talk that way about a little child?!

ARCHIE: A child! That ain't no child....that's a souped-up midget! Look at me finger where he bit me! I'm gonna hit that crum on the head!

EDDIE: Mr. Archie, use your child psychology!

ARCHIE: I'll use psychology all right! Gimme that book! Here, Egbert! Try this on your thick skull!

SOUND: BANG ON HEAD WITH BOOK

KID: Ow!!

WIDOW: Archie, you beast! And you said you liked children! Our marriage is off! Good night!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ARCHIE: Mmmmm...Eddie...

EDDIE: Yeah?

ARCHIE: Get a pencil.

EDDIE: Another ad in the personal column?

ARCHIE: Yeah. Take this down. "Ex-father would like to meet widow with no children. Object: Childless marriage."

MUSIC: IN, UP UNTIL CUED OUT FOR HITCHHIKE

(APPLAUSE)

(INSERT HITCHHIKE & CLOSING)

HITCHHIKE

PETERS: Mister....we're sure of it! Try just one tube of Benex Brushless Shave cream and we're sure you'll use Benex for life!

MAN: Because so many thousands of men have found that Benex... B-E-N-E-X...gives them the best shaves they've ever had.

PETERS: Benex gives extra easy shaves...thanks to a special beard-softening formula.

MAN: Benex is extra-smooth, lighter ... so different it rinses off your razor instantly!

PETERS: Benex gives you extra comfort ... a special after-shaving action leaves your face feeling wonderful!

MAN: Just try Benex ... see for yourself! ... Benex Brushless Shave ... B-E-N-E-X ... at your nearest drug counter. Get Benex tomorrow.

MUSIC: _____

CLOSING

-25-

PETERS: (OVER MUSIC) It's time now to leave Duffy's Tavern for this evening, but let's meet here again at the same time next Wednesday. Duffy's Tavern is brought to you by Mum, the safer deodorant and Vitalis for well-groomed hair. Each Wednesday, Bristol-Myers bring you Duffy's Tavern (PAUSE) and Mr. District Attorney, which follows immediately over most of these stations.

MUSIC: UP AND APPLAUSE

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY