

The Life of Riley

Gambling Lesson

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

CAST:

Riley-
Announcer-
Junior-
Peg-
Gilly-
Willy-
Fight Announcer-
Digby O'Dell (the friendly undertaker)-
Marilyn-
Woman-

SFX: Slot Machine Coins Phone Door Buzzer Radio warming up Crowd Fight bell Radio switch walking

ANNOUNCER: Teel, for a beautiful smile, The Life of Riley, for laughs.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Teel. T-E-E-L, the amazing liquid dentifrice. That's it

(over Riley Music) T-E-E-L

(Theme music)

ANNOUNCER: Teel, the amazing liquid dentifrice brings you the Life of Riley, with William Bendix as Riley. Remember, friends, for a beautiful smile it's Teel, and just for laughs it's R-I-L-E-Y Riley in the Life of Riley.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: For Chester A. Riley, life is a bowl of cherries, but, uh, every once in a while he chokes on one of the pits. For instance, the other day, Riley learned that his thirteen year old son, Junior, has been gambling on the slot machine in the back room of Mike's Cigar Store. Right now Riley is entering the cigar store in an effort to catch Junior in the act.

(SFX: Slot machine)

JUNIOR: Oh, boy, I win again. Gee, two nickels.

RILEY: Ah, ha! So here you are.

JUNIOR: Pop!

RILEY: SO. I caught you red handed. Gambling away my hard earned money. I'm shocked, Junior.

JUNIOR: Relax, pop. I'm ahead fifteen cents.

RILEY: Yeah, Sure. That's the way it starts. Believe me, son, there's no security in a gambler's life. One day you'll have a million dollars and everything is great, and the next day you lose it and I'll have to go back to work. What a disgrace. If you want extra money, just ask *me* for it.

JUNIOR: Yesterday I asked you ten times.

RILEY: That's another reason you'll never be a success. You ain't persistent enough. What're you so desperate for money for all of a sudden?

JUNIOR: Well, it's my girl, Marilyn's birthday and I haven't got any dough to buy her a present.

RILEY: And that's no excuse. When I was courtin' your mother and I had to buy her a present, I don't play no slot machines. I didn't play cards. I didn't shoot dice. She just did without a present.

JUNIOR: But I just got to get Marilyn a present

RILEY: Well, this ain't the way to get it. I'm gonna prove to you that gambling' don't pay. You know that money we're saving to buy a bike? For three months I've been scrimping and scrounging, denying myself every luxury to get you a bike.

JUNIOR: Yeah, but...

RILEY: Well, I'm going to gamble the whole two dollars and ten cents. I'm playing the slot machine with it.

JUNIOR: Aw, gee pop. Not the bike money. Couldn't we use your money?

RILEY: No. To teach you a lesson, I'm using *your* dough.

JUNIOR: Aw, not all of it. Just play a few nickels.

RILEY: I'm shootin the works. This machine is crooked and when you lose all your bike money, maybe you'll learn that you're up against an unbeatable game. OK, now watch, here goes your first nickel.

(SFX: SLOT)

Well, you can kiss the first nickel goodbye. This'll teach you a lesson!

(SFX: COINS DROP)

JUNIOR: YOU HIT THE JACKPOT! THIE FIRST NICKLE! THE JACKPOT! WE WIN THIRTY DOLLARS!

RILEY: I told you that machine was crooked.

(MUSIC)

PEG: Well, you're a fine teacher, Riley. You start out to prove that gambling doesn't pay and you end up winning thirty dollars..

RILEY: But dumpling, can I help it if I'm unlucky enough to hit the jackpot? But don't worry, next time that kid's gonna learn his lesson. I just bet all of his thirty dollars on a horse.

PEG: Chester Riley.

RILEY: Don't you get it, Peg? This horse, Honeysuckle, can't win. It's a twenty-five to one shot

PEG: Well, what does that mean?

RILEY: Well, that means that if Honeysuckle wins, Junior gets twenty-five dollars for every dollar he bet.

PEG: Well that's fine way of curing Junior of betting. You find him bargains.

RILEY: Dumpling. Dumpling, Honeysuckle is no bargain. This horse is a sure thing... to lose. Look, look what the racing form says. "Honeysuckle. Last time out , stayed out all night."

PEG: Well, he might win this time.

RILEY: Impossible. You see this paper, here, the morning workouts? "Honeysuckle. Can't be timed with a stopwatch, you need a calendar.

PEG: I still don't think this is a way to cure Junior.

(SFX: PHONE)

PEG: Hello? Oh, yes, just a minute. It's for you dear, a man called Benny.

RILEY: Benny? Oh, oh yeah. That's the bookmaker. Yeah, gimme that. Hello. Hello Benny? Yeah. I know I'm throwing away thirty bucks on Honeysuckle. But I know what I'm doing. Yeah. Yeah, OK, I'll hold on. (to Peg) Peg, they're at the post, Benny's gonna describe me the race. He's got a wire right from the track. (to phone) Yeah, yeah, Benny, I'm still here.

(SFX: Door opens)

JUNIOR: Oh, Hello, Pop. Say, listen, can't I have my thirty dollars? I got enough now for a bike and a swell present for Marilyn.

RILEY: I'm sorry, Junior. I just bet your thirty dollars on a horse named Honeysuckle. You wanted gambling? You're getting it.

JUNIOR: Oh, but Poop.

RILEY: Quiet. Yeah, yeah, yeah, Benny, I'm here. (to family) Oh, quiet now. Shhh. They're off. Joni-girl is out ahead, bowtie second and sunrise third.

JUNIOR: Where's honeysuckle?

PEG: Yes, where's Honeysuckle?

RILEY: They're at the quarter/ Sunrise first by one length, bowtie second by a neck, but Joni-girl is coming up fast.

JUNIOR: Yeah, but where's Honeysuckle?

PEG: Yes, where's Honeysuckle?

RILEY: Benny, where's Honeysuckle? Ha. Honeysuckle's still at the post. (laughs) Wonderful!

JUNIOR: Aw, come on, Honeysuckle.

RILEY: Now they're at the half. Sunrise in front by a nose, Joni-girl is second, bowtie is third. And Honeysuckle is fourth.

JUNIOR: Oh boy, we can still win! We're fourth!

RILEY: Don't get excited, there's only four horses in the race. At the third quarter, Joni-girl is movin out in front and bowtie and sunrise are a half length behind, running neck and neck. And Honeysuckle is...

PEG: Yes, yes, Honeysuckle?

RILEY: Honeysuckle just stopped to nibble grass.

JUNIOR: Aw, there goes my thirty bucks.

RILEY: Into the stretch, Joni-girl in front, bowtie second, sunrise third, and Honeysuckle... Honeysuckle is now nibbling dandelions. (laughs) Hearty appetite, Honeysuckle! You see, Junior. Today your father learns you a valuable lesson. Gamblin' don't pay! Well, so long, Benny, thanks for... duuuuuh, WHAT! NO! NO!!! Honeysuckle's streaking down the stretch.

PEG: (gasp)

(Peg and Junior gives sounds of tense excitement)

RILEY: He's ten lengths behind. Nine, eight, seven, five, three, he just passed sunrise

PEG & JUNIOR: (!)

RILEY: He's passing bowtie.

PEG & JUNIOR: (!)

RILEY: Now he's running neck and neck with Joni-girl/

PEG: Oh, Junior

RILEY: (sobbing) AND THE WINNER IS HONEYSUCKLE!!!

JUNIOR: Oh, boy. I win, I win!

PEG: Oh, seven hundred and fifty dollars! Oh, my heavens.

RILEY: Benny. Benny! What happened there! How did he win? What? Bees. Bees?

PEG: Riley. What's this about bees?

RILEY: While Honeysuckle was busy nibbling grass a swarm of bees stung him and he shot forward down that stretch like greased lightning. (sobbing) Oh, those dumb bees. Why didn't they sting him in the head?

(MUSIC)

RILEY: \$740, \$745, \$750. Boy, what a head of lettuce. Here, you want to feel it a minute, Junior?

JUNIOR: Pop, you know what you ought to do with that money.

PEG: Of course he does, Junior. He's gonna put it in the bank.

RILEY: Bank? Huh, dumpling, you don't think I'm gonna let those banks gamble with my dough? Ha, ha. I'm gonna play safe with this roll. I'm bettin the whole kaboodle that Punchy Peterson knocks out K.O. Clark in the fight tomorrow night!

PEG: Oh, Riley, you're not gonna gamble again!

JUNIOR: Gee, Pop, you've been yelling all along that gambling don't pay.

RILEY: Yes, and it don't pay. Never forget that Junior. Except for lucky people like me.

PEG: You?

RILEY: Sure. I been thinking it over and the same thought keeps rattlin around my head. "Why did I win that jackpot? Why did I win with Honeysuckle?" Because every once in a while a born winner comes along. Like me.

PEG: Oh, that's ridiculous.

RILEY: Ahhhh, I got the golden touch. Just like that character in the fairy tale. Everything he touched turned to gold. You know, "Goldilocks."

PEG: Riley, I'm warning you. No good will come of this betting.

RILEY: Peg, I know what I'm doing. Was I ever wrong?

PEG: Every single time!

RILEY: True. But remember, it's only human to make mistakes. And for most of my life, I guess I was human, too. But now I've changed. Look, dumpling. You think I'm doing this for me? I don't care about money. I want to make life easier for you. Why should you have to stand over a washtub and wash out my shirts? From now on I wear a shirt once! For five days! Then I throw it away.

PEG: Nonsense, Riley. I'm not complaining about my lot.

RILEY: And I'm thinking of junior, too. I was always worried I couldn't afford to send him to college, but now I'll be able to send him to two colleges. Like William and Mary.

JUNIOR: Yeah, but Pop, I'll settle for a bike.

PEG: Please, Riley, listen to him.

RILEY: Ah, no, no. It's no use. My head's made up. Peg, you might as well face it! You married a goose who's gonna lay a golden egg!

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Teel has brought you the first act of The Life of Riley, and We'll be back with Riley in just a moment. Meanwhile, this is Ken Carpenter. Have you been promising yourself to try Teel, the only leading dentifrice that cleans teeth without abrasives? Protects teeth from ground-in gum line cavities? Today, without risking a penny, you can try Teel. Just get the special bargain package, the large fifty cent Teel, and the ten cent size, a sixty cent value, both for thirty-nine cents. Use the small bottle. See how gently Teel's patented ingredient cleans your teeth, avoids harsh abrasive action that gradually grinds in cavities at the gum line. If, after using the ten cent bottle, you aren't completely delighted with Teel, Return the large sized bottle, unopened, to your dealer. He'll refund the full purchase price. The test will have cost you nothing. But remember this offer is for a limited time only, so act now. Ask for the special Teel offer, T-E-E-L, Teel, the tangy, refreshing liquid dentifrice.

And now back to "The Life of Riley," with William Bendix as Riley.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: When Riley found his son, Junior, playing a slot machine, he set about to prove to the boy that "Gambling doesn't pay." But after hitting a jackpot and then winning seven hundred and fifty dollars by betting on a bad horse, Riley became convinced that he has a magic gift for picking winners. Right now, Riley is generously offering to make his fellow lodge members fabulously rich.

RILEY: But I'm telling you Brother Lodge Brothers, I can't lose. I got the gift.

GILLY: Maybe you have, Brother Riley, but why gamble the entire treasury of the BPLA?

RILEY: Because if there's one organization I'd like to make rich, it's the Brooklyn Patriots of Los Angeles. Besides, fellas, I keep telling ya, the way I bet it's no gamble, it's a sure thing.

WILLY: Yeah, but gambling. I don't know. My old mother brought me up never to gamble.

RILEY: Ah, go on, Willy, I seen you gambling yesterday.

WILLY: That was not gambling, I was using my own deck of cards.

RILEY: Well, my system is just as safe. Look at this roll I ran up. From one nickel. Seven hundred and fifty smackers.

GILLY: Yeah. OK, Brother Riley, maybe we'll go along with 'ch'a. Eh, what's this sure thing you got lined up?

RILEY: I'm bettin' this whole roll that Punchy Peterson knocks out KO Clark in the big fight.

GILLY: You... WHAT!

WILLY: Riley, you're nuts!

GILLY: Why, Clark ain't never lost a fight yet.

RILEY: Yeah, I know.

WILLY: But Punchy Peterson ain't won a bout in the last five years

RILEY: Yeah, yeah, I know.

GILLY: That Punchy kisses the floor so often, every time the canvass sees him, it puckers.

RILEY: Yeah, I know that, too.

GILLY: Well then for Pete's sake, how can you be so sure he's gonna win?

RILEY: (mysteriously) I got the gift.

GILLY: He's got the gift.

RILEY: I can't explain it, but sometimes it even frightens me.

GILLY: I don't know.

RILEY: I had the same hunch with Honeysuckle, I knew he couldn't lose.

WILLY: Yeah, but...

RILEY: Look at this roll of greenbacks. Look at George Washington's face, there. Why, if he could talk, he'd say, "I gambled at Valley Forge, you gamble on Punch Peterson." There it is, straight from the father of our country!

GILLY: Hey, you know, maybe we ought to listen to George. It ain't nice to ignore your father.

WILLY: Well... I don't know. You sure, Riley?

RILEY: I personally guarantee we'll win.

GILLY: You guarantee it? That's good enough for me.

RILEY: And you'll never regret it, boys. Oh, and bet some of your own dough, too. And tell the whole neighborhood about it! Get everybody in on it! We're gonna win just as sure as I got red blood in my veins.

GILLY: We better win, Riley. If we don't, we're gonna *see* some of that red blood.

(MUSIC)

PEG: Riley, I won't let you go through with this crazy bet. There's still time to back out. Please, Riley?

RILEY: Now, now, now, now, Peg, don't you worry your little head about finance. After this fight, all you'll have to worry about is weather you want your nylon stockings with mink tops of mink stockings with nylon tops.

PEG: Oh, it's bad enough losing our money, but your club's money, and your friends. Please don't go through with it.

RILEY: Even if I wanted to back out, I couldn't. I already send Junior with the dough down to Benny's place to place a bet. The whole roll. Eleven Hundred dollars on Punchy! Seven hundred and fifty dollars of my dough, the rest from the club treasury and all the neighbors.

PEG: Eleven hundred dollars.

RILEY: Yep.

PEG: Oh, Riley, if you lose, your friends will never forgive you.

(SFX: BUZZER)

RILEY: Oh, that's the gang, now. I asked 'em to come over to hear Punchy knock out KO Clark on the radio.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

GILLY: Hey, Riley.

FELLAS: Hey Riley.

RILEY: Hiya, fellas, come on, come on right in, make yourself at home. Come on inside.

GILLY: Did ya... did ya place the bet, Riley?

RILEY: Oh, yeah. Yeah, Yeah, it's all set.

GILLY: Eh, Riley, I hope you don't mind. I brung the Widow Brannigan along. The poor old lady's very anxious. She's bettin' this months pension money.

PEG: (Gasps)

RILEY: Aw, the more the merrier. Sit here, Mrs. Brannigan, in the rocker. That's it.

PEG: Oh, Riley.

RILEY: Hm?

PEG: You let that Mrs. Brannigan bet her *pension money*? She's eighty years old. A poor widow.

RILEY: Don't worry, with the dough she'll win on this fight, she won't be a widow much longer.

WILLY: Hey, it's time, Riley. I'm tuning the radio on.

RILEY: OK. Well, sit down, fellas, relax.

(SFX: RADIO WARMING UP)

RILEY: Oh, come on, Gillis. Sit down.

GILLIS: I can't, I'm too nervous. I bet last month's rent.

RILEY: Peg! PEG, get some cokes so we can celebrate after the fight, huh?

WILLY: Sh, sh, quiet, I got it.

RILEY: Yeah.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: Good evening, folks, good evening. Here we are at the ringside and there's a terrific crowd out here tonight. The arena is jammed to the rafters

(SFX: CROWD SOUNDS)

RILEY: You hear that? Punchy Peterson just entered the ring.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: That was KO Clark who just entered the ring. And here comes his opponent, Punchy Peterson

(SFX: CROWD BOOS)

GIILLIS: Hey, Riley. Riley, they're booing.

RILEY: Ah, well wait till it's over. They'll boo out of the other side of their mouth.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: Now both gather in the center of the ring, getting their instructions. We'll start any second now. They're back in their corners, now Yes, we're almost ready...

(SFX: BELL)

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: There goes the bell! Clark comes cautiously out of his corner and— Oh! Punchy runs out of his corner like a wild man and landed a terrific right to Clark's head.

RILEY: What did I tell ya? Come on, Punchy!

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: Clark is backing away, now, but Punchy is crowding him, and there goes another right to Clark's head, and a left and a right and another right. Folks we're seeing a miracle, tonight. We're seeing a new Punchy Peterson! A relentless killer. DOOOOOHH! Punchy just connected with a left hook to Clark's eye. I think he's closed it... Yes he did! And now Punchy's jabbing away at Clark's other eye.

RILEY: Come on, Punchy!

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: Clark is groggy and holding on. This is murder, folks. Sheer murder.

RILEY: I told you, fellas, I got a gift.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: Now, Punchy's got Clark backed into a corner and he's hitting him with everything he's got. There's a left, and a right, and a right and another right. Punchy's cutting Clark to ribbons. Clark's other eye is closed, now his knees are buckling, he's stumbling around the ring, groggy and dazed. If the referee doesn't stop this slaughter, a knockout will be her any second, now.

RILEY: Aw, it's all over now. Let's go and collect our dough, huh?

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: DOOOOH! There it is! A terrific uppercut to the jaw. And Punch Peterson is down!

(SFX: CROWD CHEERING)

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: The referee is counting over Punchy. Seven... eight... nine... and the winner... KO Clark by a knockout!

(SFX: RADIO TURNED OFF)

RILEY: (After an uncomfortable pause). He... uh... anybody care for a coke? Well, (laughs uncomfortably) better luck next time, huh Gillis?

GIILLIS: KO Clark, the winner. It's a cats-apostrophe. Come on, men, let's get out of here, for good.

WILLY: Wait, Gillis. Look. The Widow Brannigan.

GILLIS: Yeah. Let's pick her up. I'll take one arm, you take the other.

RILEY: Let me help, too.

GILLIS: Don't you touch her. Come, Mrs. Brannigan. *We'll* carry you to the poorhouse.

(SFX: Walking away)

RILEY: No. No! Wait! Mistakes can happen. Listen to me fellas. Ike, Willy, Gillis, Danny, Mrs. Brannigan, I'll...

(SFX: DOOR SLAM)

RILEY: Sore losers. Well. Peg? Wh... why don't you say something? GO on, say it. I deserve it.

PEG: (calm) I'm not gonna say anything. I think you've learned your lesson.

RILEY: Yeah. Yea, I learned it. I broke the club and my friends, that poor Widow Brannigan. There ought to be a law against me.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: WALKING)

RILEY: Oh, I wish I was dead. I wish I was dead!

DIGBY: I heard you the first time, Riley.

RILEY: Who was that?

DIGBY: It is I, Digby O'Dell. The friendly undertaker.

RILEY: Oh. Hello, Digger.

DIGBY: Greetings, Riley. You're looking fine. Very *natural*.

RILEY: How are you, Digger?

DIGBY: Oh, I'm terribly upset. One of my customers gave me a check, and it bounced.

RILEY: Well, why don't you slap a summons on him?

DIGBY: Not this customer. He's lying low.

RILEY: Well, I... I got my own troubles, Digger. Yesterday there was a big boxing match and—oh, did you go?

DIGBY: Oh, no, no. After a hard day's work, *boxing* would bore me. I prefer wrestling. Ah, wrestling. The moaning and groaning of two monsters mangling one another. The frantic beating of fists on the canvas as an ear is delicately chewed. The delightful sight of a flying body shooting through the ropes and landing on a hot dog salesman. I adore mustard. (starts to break up) It's so gay.

RILEY: Yeah, sure. Wrestling's OK, and so's boxing, too. But... I made the mistake of *gambling*. And I lost.

DIGBY: Naturally. The odds are always against you. Even in the game of life. We have a poem in my circle that bears this out, and I quote, "We lay you even money when your life has just begun. But in the end, my dear old friend, we lay you six to one."

RILEY: Digger. Digger, what am I gonna do? ON account of me all my friends lost money.

DIGBY: Oh, then you must make good their losses to the last penny. Get an extra job. Come and work for me.

RILEY: for you?

DIGBY: Oh, I'll be glad to make an opening for you. You'll start at the bottom, and before you know it, you'll be up to your next in your work.

RILEY: Nah, no, thanks, Digger. I'll pay the money back some other way. But thanks anyway.

DIGBY: Very well. But if you change your mind, my offer is still open. I can always use a live man down at my place. Well, cheerio. I'd better be... *shoveling off*.

(MUSIC)

RILEY: You'll see, Peg. You'll see. I'm gonna pay back every cent that everybody lost.

PEG: Oh, I'm glad. I knew you'd do the right thing.

RILEY: I figure I won't be finished paying off until I'm ninety-seven years old. But it'll be worth it. From then on, I'll be able to enjoy life.

PEG: Well, we'll manage, dear. We can cut down on food and clothes.

RILEY: Ohhh. Oh, that's terrible. My poor family starvin' on account of I'm such a dope. Peg, I wouldn't blame you if you took the kids and left forever. I'd even go with you.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

JUNIOR: Hello, Pop.

RILEY: Oh, Hello, Junior, my...poor barefoot boy.

JUNIOR: Pop, there's someone wants to see you.. My girl.

RILEY: Marilyn? Well, tell her to go away, I don't want to see her now.

MARILYN: I'm afraid you *have to*, Mr. Riley.

RILEY: Now listen, Marilyn...

MARILYN: How dare you encourage *my* Junior to gamble?

RILEY: Now wait, Marilyn, I'm his father. and...

MARILYN: Well, I'm his *fiancé*.

RILEY: Fiancé?

MARILYN: Yes! We're getting married... in ten years. And I will not have a gambler for *my* husband.

PEG: Oh, now Marilyn, it's not that bad.

MARILYN: Mrs. Riley, I don't see how you can live with this man.

RILEY: Now, just a minute, Marilyn. I don't have to listen to that kind of talk from you. See? I'm putting my fingers in my ears.

MARILYN: You just have to reform, Mr. Riley. If you don't, Junior will grow up to be the same kind of man that *you* are.

RILEY: Oh, no. Not that, anything but that! Don't worry, Marilyn, losing all my friends and my money and all my friend's money taught me a lesson.

JUNIOR: But Pop, you didn't lose. Marilyn met me on the way to Benny's and she wouldn't let me place the bet.

RILEY: Junior. (getting mad) You disobeyed my orders? You let yourself get henpecked by a chick that ain't even a hen yet?! Why it's a disgrace! Why, I ought.... I... I... (calmer) I didn't lose? You didn't bet? I can give the money back and my friends won't hate me?

JUNIOR: Sure, Pop. Here's the eleven hundred dollars.

RILEY: What a revoltin' development *this* is!

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: The Riley's will be back in half a minute. Now, at your dealers, special offer on Teel, the liquid dentifrice. For the large fifty cent size, you get a ten cent bottle—a sixty cent value, both for thirty-nine cents. If you aren't delighted with Teel, return the large bottle unopened and get your money back.

(MUSIC)

JUNIOR: Well, Pop, I guess you were right about gambling

RILEY: Yeah, son, gambling don't pay. You see, all I was trying to do was teach you a lesson. And I'm certainly glad I learned it.

JUNIOR: Yeah. And thanks for giving me the money to get Marilyn a present.

RILEY: Oh, well, that's OK, Junior. The only thing is, Marilyn is only twelve years old and she shouldn't talk to me like I was a baby. It's gotta stop! I want her to treat me like her mental equal.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Proctor and Gamble, the makers of Teel, the amazing liquid dentifrice, invites you to be our guest next week to hear "The Life of Riley", with William Bendix as Riley. William Bendix appears by arrangement with Hal Roach and may soon be seen in Paramount's "The Blue Dahlia." "The Life of Riley" if produced for Teel by Irving Brecker, and is directed by Don Bernard. Music by Lou Coslow. Tonight's cast included Paula Winslow, Scotty Beckett, John Brown, and Todd and Jerry Housner. This is Ken Carpenter, on behalf of Teel, inviting you to listen again next week at the same time, and if your community observed daylight savings time. If you're not on daylight savings time, tune in one hour earlier. (MUSIC begins) And remember, for laughs it's R-I-L-E-Y, Riley, and for lovely smiles, it's T-E-E-L, Teel. Teel, the amazing liquid dentifrice, protects teeth beautifully.

(MUSIC)

COMMERICAL

(CHORD)

ANNOUNCER: It's a washing miracle... for silks (CHORD), nylons (CHORD), woolens (CHORD), dishes.

WOMAN: What are you talking about?

ANNOUNCER: Dreft.

(CHORD FINISH)

ANNOUNCER: I'll spell it. D-R-E-F-T, Dreft. Yes, Ladies, and Dreft spells faster, brighter, safer cleaning than any suds before in history.

WOMAN: That's true. Take lingerie, for example. Why Dreft keeps my daily under things fresher and brighter than even expensive soap flakes.

ANNOUNCER: Right. You seem, Dreft is different from soap. Dreft's rich suds rinse clean and clear. They simply can't leave any sticky deposits the way soaps do. No wonder Dreft keeps lingerie's, stockings, new woolens prettier and brighter far longer than any soap could ever do. With Dreft, there's no soap fading.

WOMAN: Yes, and for washing dishes, Dreft is just unbelievable. Why Dreft makes my dishes shine even without wiping. Every woman knows how dishes washed with soap dry with a greasy film, unless you polish them. Well my Dreft washed dishes drain dry bright and sparkly. Even glasses sparkle, without touching a towel to them.

ANNOUNCER: Yea, ladies, decide now to open up this bright new world of beauty for your nice things, for your fine washables, for your dishes. So get Dreft, in the bright green package. Dreft, Proctor and Gamble's amazing suds discovery that gives you faster, brighter, safer cleaning than any suds before in history. That's D-R-E-F-T. (CHORDS FOLLOW LETTERS DOWN). Dreft.

(CHORD FINISH)

ANNOUNCER: Next time you shop, get Dreft.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Listen again, next week when Teel, for a beautiful smile, brings you "The Life of Riley" for laughs.

(MUSIC ENDS)

ANNOUNCER: This is NBC.