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STRIKE  
BENNY

MAY  
24

02

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM, PWT  
STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,  
KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT:

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S.M.F.T.

BROADCAST:

DATE:

#27  
SUN. 4/1/45

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

NBC

REBROADCAST

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: You said it!  
(Excl. A)

SHARBUTT: Why, sure!

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette,  
and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At tobacco  
auctions they attend independent tobacco experts -  
auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - can see  
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer,  
the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike  
tobacco.

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that  
smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY  
STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE THIS IS EASTER  
LET'S GO OUT TO BEVERLY HILLS...TO THE HOME OF THAT  
OLD EASTER RABBIT...JACK BENNY!

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS FIRST FOUR STRAINS OF "EASTER PARADE")

(PHONE RINGS...CLICK OF RECEIVER)

ROCHESTER: HELLO...MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN,  
RADIO AND EGGS DYED OR LAID AS THE OCCASION DEMANDS.

MARY: Rochester, this is Miss Livingstone, and I'd like to  
speak to Mr. Benny, please.

ROCHESTER: OH, I'M SORRY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, I WOULDN'T WANT TO  
DISTURB THE ADMIRAL NOW.

MARY: Rochester, what are you talking about?

ROCHESTER: HAVEN'T YOU HEARD...MR BENNY'S BEEN MADE AN ADMIRAL!

MARY: Jack Benny an Admiral!

ROCHESTER: Are you surprised?

MARY: Surprised! Rochester, I knew we were winning, but this  
is ridiculous.

ROCHESTER: I know, Miss Livingstone, but I saw it in the paper...  
He got the commission from Governor Griswald of  
Nebraska.

MARY: Gee!

ROCHESTER: And Mr. Benny is now a full-fledged admiral in the  
Nebraska Navy.

MARY: In the Nebraska...Oh, I get it...He's an imaginary admiral in an imaginary navy.

ROCHESTER: Yeah, but he's takin' it seriously..HE MADE ME SEW GOLD STRIPES ON HIS BLUE SERGE SUIT.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sake...Rochester, how many stripes did he make you sew on?

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW, BUT YOU COULD CUT THE SLEEVES OFF AT THE ELBOW AND HE'D STILL BE A FULL ADMIRAL!

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well, Rochester, you remind Mr. Benny that he promised to take me to the Easter parade... and tell him not to be late.

ROCHESTER: I'll tell him....Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.  
(CLICK OF RECEIVER...FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS)

ROCHESTER: Doggone, ever since Nebraska made Mr. Benny an admiral, he's been upstairs workin' out fleet maneuvers...I better get him away from that bathtub before he messes up the whole room.  
(FOOTSTEPS STOP...DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: Oh, Mr. Benny...  
(RIPPLE OF WATER)

ROCHESTER: Say, boss --  
(RIPPLE OF WATER)

ROCHESTER: OH, ADMIRAL!

JACK: What?...Oh...Oh, it's you, Rochester...Glad to have you aboard...Batten down the hatch and sit down..What do you want?

ROCHESTER: YOUR BREAKFAST IS GETTIN' COLD DOWN ON THE LOWER DECK.

JACK: Well, I can't..I can't leave now, I'm about to engage the enemy..Now watch...The enemy fleet is over here....

(RIPPLE OF WATER)

ROCHESTER: Boss, don't splash water on that bath mat.

JACK: Quiet...Now I swing my carriers around like this....

(RIPPLE OF WATER)

JACK: And bring my destroyers over to this side and encircle 'em...There you are..Rochester...Now if you were the enemy and I had you surrounded like that...what would you do?

ROCHESTER: I'D PULL OUT THE PLUG AND GROUND EVERY SHIP YOU'VE GOT!

JACK: Don't be silly...Being an admiral in the Nebraska Navy is serious business.

ROCHESTER: Aye aye sir.

JACK: And anyway, I'm proud of my appointment...in fact, I'm sorry I didn't stay with it when I was in the service twenty-four years ago...Yes sir, military life is the life for me...And those promotions! Look where Patton went in the last twenty-four years.

ROCHESTER: LOOK WHERE HE WENT IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

JACK: You said it..Now Rochester, help me take my fleet out of the bathtub and then --

ROCHESTER: Oh say boss, I meant to tell you...Miss Livingstone called and said you promised to take her to the Easter parade.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...I better get ready.

(CLANK, CLANK OF METAL)

ROCHESTER: Boss, if you're goin' out, don't you think you oughta take off those medals?

JACK: Huh?

ROCHESTER: Or wear half of 'em on your right side, you're listing to port!

JACK: Oh yes...yes...Say, I just happened to think of something...I promised to take my girl, Gladys Zybisco, to the Easter Parade too...I'll pick her up on the way to Miss Livingstone's...

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Ahh, what beautiful weather for Easter...I hope Gladys and Mary are ready when I pick 'em up...Gladys Zybisco.. I've been going with her now for nine years....(HUMS EASTER PARADE)...Oh hello there, children.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

GIRL: Hello, mister.

BOY: Hello.

JACK: Well....I see you have your Easter baskets with you..and they're full of eggs.

GIRL: Yes..I've got two green ones, two red ones, and three blue ones!

JACK: Well!

BOY: And I've got three yellow ones, two green ones and one pink one.

JACK: Well now isn't that nice..You know who I am, don't you, children?...I'm Jack Benny.

GIRL: Yes, we know...You tell us every time you see us.

JACK: Oh yes, yes.

BOY: And you want to know something?...Last night our mother and father were talking about you.

JACK: Really?

BOY: Yes, they thought we were asleep.

JACK: Oh...Oh...Well so long, children.

KIDS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(LIGHT FOOTSTEPS)

BOY: Hey, sis --

GIRL: What?

BOY: He looks a lot older than thirty-six, doesn't he?



JACK: Did you say something, Sonny?

BOY: No no....Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(JACK'S FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: (HUMS EASTER PARADE) Gee...They're cute kids, but that little boy looks a lot older than seven....(HUMS)...Well hello, Don...where are you going?

DON: I'm on my way down to the express office, Jack, to pick up a set of encyclopedias.

JACK: A set of encyclopedias?

DON: Yes, I just got to tell you, Jack...I sent in two questions to a quiz program, and boy, did I stump those experts!

JACK: No kiddin', Don...what were the questions?

DON: Well the first one was..What does LSMFT stand for?... And Jack, what do you think they answered?

JACK: What?

DON: They said LSMFT stands for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

JACK: But Don, they answered correctly...How'd you get those encyclopedias?

DON: It was the second question..Why are Lucky Strike cigarettes so popular?

JACK: You mean that stumped 'em?

DON: No...They said Lucky Strikes were so popular because they're made from the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos.

JACK: Well, Don, they answered correctly again.

DON: Sure, everyone knows that Lucky Strike --

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute...If those experts answered your questions right, how did you get the set of encyclopedias?

DON: Oh I bought those when we were in Chicago.

JACK: Oh oh, I see...Well so long, Don.

DON: So long, Jack.

(FOOTSTEPS START AGAIN)

JACK: I like Don Wilson and his sly commercials...The way he tricks me into keeping my job.

(FOOTSTEPS KEEP TIME WITH JACK'S SINGING)

JACK: (HUMS, FAST, EASTER PARADE)...Whew...I better sing slower, I can't walk that fast.....(HUMS SLOW)..Oh darn it, I meant to call Larry Stevens before I left the house and find out what he was going to sing on the program this evening...When I talked to Phil he told me about the arrangement...I remember he said they were going to use a harp....

(HARP)

JACK: And four violins...I remember-he said that, too.

(VIOLINS COME IN)

JACK: Say, that's going to be kind of nice...with the harp in the background, and the violins playing the soft melody...Yep...Yup, it ought to be a beautiful number.

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Yup, I bet that'll be beautiful..that song..(HUMS EASTER PARADE)....

KEARNS: Oh Mr. Benny --

JACK: Huh?

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh...Oh it's you, Mr. Kearns..How's the newspaper business?

KEARNS: Oh fine, fine.

JACK: Funny, I always seem to run into you on the street.

KEARNS: Well I was just going over to your house to thank you for those stories you gave me.

JACK: Oh you mean how I found Mary Livingstone?

KEARNS: Um hum, and how you found Rochester.

JACK: Well I'm glad you liked them.

KEARNS: You know those first two articles were very successful.. and now my editor is interested in knowing how you found Phil Harris.

JACK: Phil Harris?

KEARNS: That's right.

JACK: Well, okay,.walk along with me, Mr. Kearns and I'll give you the whole story.

KEARNS: All right...

(FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You see, it was ten years ago that I first met Phil Harris...I remember the day well, because it was Mary's birthday, and I wanted to show her a nice time....so I got all dressed up and went over to her house and let her make dinner for me.... (MORE)

JACK:  
(CONT'D)

The meal was delicious...I remember we had thick sirloin steaks smothered in onions and stripped with bacon...

Yes sir, that was ten years ago!

(TRANSITION MUSIC - "WISHING")

(LITTLE RATTLE OF DISHES)

JACK: Gosh, Mary, this is a terrific meal.

MARY: Thank you, Jack.

JACK: Gee...The steak is so tender and so easy to cut..It just melts in your mouth.

MARY: Jack, put on your glasses, you're eating the butter.

JACK: Oh...Well anyway, Mary, it was sweet of you to invite me over to your apartment for dinner...And wait till you see the bottle of champagne I brought you for a birthday present..you know...You've heard of those famous imported champagnes, like Vintage Premier and Chateau Calais.

MARY: Yes.

JACK: Well this is a new brand..Savan-OOo,...You know Mary, I was just thinking...Here it is 1935, and it's been three years since I put you on my radio program.

MARY: It's been over three years.

JACK: Yup..Say Mary, what would you do if I gave you a little raise?

MARY: I'd quit my job at the May Company!

JACK: Don't worry, Mary...you just stick with me, and in another two or three years, you won't have to work at the May Company..except maybe Saturdays...the day'll come,

MARY: Let's not talk about that, Jack...The evening's young, and it's my birthday, so let's do something.

JACK: Well...uh...I was going to suggest something.

MARY: What?

JACK: Well..uh...first let's go over and sit on the sofa.

MARY: Uh-huh.

JACK: Then we'll smuggle up close to each other.

MARY: Uh-huh.

JACK: Then we'll turn the lights down low.

MARY: Uh-huh.

JACK: Then we'll tell ghost stories...How about it?

MARY: Well....Mama warned me about everything but this.

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, why don't we go out somewhere? Let's go to the Coconut Grove.

JACK: Well maybe..Hey, wait a minute, Mary, I've got an idea. There's a night club way downtown on North Figueroa Street, and there's a new band playing taere..Let's see.. what's the name of that band again? Oh yes..PHIL HARRIS AND HIS SYNCOPATED SERENADERS FROM THE SOLID SOUTH..

MARY: Phil Harris...I never heard of him.

JACK: Well he's just coming up, and I'd like to go hear him, Mary, because you know I need a new orchestra for my program.

MARY: All right, let's go.

JACK: Okay..Now let's see, where's that night club now? Oh yes..on Figueron about six miles east of the La Brea Tar Pits. Come on Mary.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Here it is, Mary..this is the place.

MARY: Holy smoke, what a night club..this is an awful joint.

JACK: Mary, you can't tell anything about it from the outside.

MARY: Yes, but look at the name of it. The Rewes Club.

JACK: So what?

MARY: Rewes spelled backwards is sewer.

JACK: All right, what's the difference.

MARY: And look Jack, you have to go down these stairs.

JACK: Yeah...Okay, let's go down. Watch your step, Mary.  
(HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS WALKING DOWN STAIRS...ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON...STOP ON CUE)

JACK: (PANTING) Let's rest..If I go down any **farther** I'll get the bends.

MARY: I think we hit bottom, Jack...here's the door.

JACK: Oh yes.  
(DOOR OPENS)  
(LOUSY BAND PLAYING LAST BIT OF CHORUS OF "MUSIC GOES ROUND"...CORNY END)  
(MEN APPLAUD SLOWLY...THEN SOUND: LIGHT CROWD NOISES AND TINKLE OF GLASSES)

JACK: Well...that guy Harris knows all the new tunes, doesn't he?

MARY: Yeah, but how can people dance on that bare ground?

JACK: They probably sprinkle water on it to make it slippery. and it helps keep the dust down too you know...let's find a table..

MARY: Maybe that man will get us one.

JACK: Oh yes..Pardon me, are you a waiter?

NELSON: Well what do you think I am with this napkin over my arm...a clothes line?

JACK: Oh I'm sorry, but you're dressed too nice to be working in a joint like this.

NELSON: Oh you mean these striped pants and this Prince Albert coat...Well you see, I wear these clothes on my other job.

JACK: Other job?

NELSON: Yes, I'm an undertaker's assistant.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: It was my idea to put the candles on the tables.

JACK: Hmm.

NELSON: And now would you like me to find you a table and lay you out -- I mean seat you.

JACK: Yes. Yes, please. Come on, Mary.

NELSON: Ah...Here you are.  
(SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

NELSON: What would you like to eat?

JACK: Nothing thanks, we just came in to hear the band.

NELSON: Well you might as well order something, there's a minimum charge of thirty-five cents.

JACK: Thirty-five cents? Well, I'll have a chicken sandwich and a combination salad.

MARY: I'll have a steak sandwich and French fried potatoes.

NELSON: Anything to drink?

JACK: No.

NELSON: You might as well, you got fifteen cents to go.

JACK: Oh...Well, bring us coffee...(IMAGINE, THAT WAITER AN UNDERTAKER'S ASSISTANT)

MARY: Jack, look....the show is about to start.

JACK: Good, I'm anxious to hear this guy Phil Harris.  
(LOUD DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH)

PHIL: (CORNY) HI YA FOLKS, AND A GOOD GOOD EVENING TO EACH AND EVERYONE OF YOUSE. WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE CLUB..THIS IS YOUR ORCHESTRA LEADER AND MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES... THE ONE AND ONLY PHIL HARRIS...ARE YA GLAD TO SEE ME?

(MEN APPLAUD SLOWLY)

PHIL: YES SIR...THANKS...THANK YOU...AND WELL...WE GOT A  
NICE CROWD HERE TONIGHT.

JACK: (Mary, he's got a nice personality)

MARY: (We'll see)

PHIL: AND SPEAKIN' OF CROWDS, FOLKS...A FUNNY THING HAPPENED  
TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE CLUB TONIGHT...A PANHANDLER  
STOPPED ME AND SAID, "PARDON ME, MISTER...CAN YOU LET  
ME HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND FIVE CENTS FOR A CUP OF  
COFFEE?...SO I SAYS TO HIM, I SAID, "LOOK, COFFEE ONLY  
COSTS A ...WHAT DO YA WANT THE THOUSAND BUCKS FOR?"  
...SO HE SAYS TO ME...this is gonna kill ya, folks...HE  
SAYS TO ME..."WELL I GOTTA PAY MY INCOME TAX DON'T I?"  
HA HA HA HA.....NO LADY, DON'T EXPLAIN IT TO HIM...IF  
HE DON'T GET IT, LET HIM SUFFER, LET HIM LAY THERE.  
DON'T WAKE HIM UP.

JACK: Ha ha ha ha...Hey Mary...Mary, do you get it?

MARY: I got it all over me.

JACK: Quiet...This guy's good...he's good.

PHIL: HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, FOLKS...THIS'LL EMBALM YA!

JACK: Ha ha ha...embalm ya.

NELSON: Did somebody call for me?

JACK: Quiet, quiet.



PHIL: GET THIS, FOLKS..A GUY WALKED UP TO ME TODAY AND SAID,  
"HEY HARRIS, WHERE'D YOU GET THE BLACK EYE?"..SO I TOLD  
HIM IT WAS A BIRTHMARK..AND HE SAID, "A BIRTHMARK, EH?"  
AND I SAID, "YEAH, I GOT IN THE WRONG BERTH!"..HA HA HA  
HA...YES FOLKS IT'S ALL NATURAL WITH ME..JUST NATURAL.  
YES SIR. JUST COMES NATURAL...NOW WE'RE ROLLING..ALL  
NEW STUFF..ALL NEW STUFF..

JACK: Ha ha ha ha..Say Mary, this guy is terrific. No kidding.  
...He'd be great on the radio..He's got something new,  
something different.

MARY: Oh you say that every time you see a man with hair,

JACK: Oh you just don't know class.

PHIL: AND NOW, FOLKS, FOR THE HIGH SPOT OF THE SHOW, I'M GONNA  
SING A SONG I WROTE MYSELF..EMTITLED "THAT 'S WHAT I LIKE  
ABOUT THE SOUTH"

JACK: I'll bet this'll be good, Mary.

(PHIL SINGS ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS OF "SOUTH" WITH LOUSY  
BAND)

JACK: I gotta hire this man..Look how he snaps his fingers.  
(MEN APPLAUD SLOWLY)

PHIL: THANK YOU..NEVER A DULL..WELL FOLKS, THAT CONCLUDES OUR  
FIRST FLOOR SHOW, BUT DON'T GO 'WAY..THERE'LL BE ANOTHER  
SENSATIONAL SHOW IN FIVE MINUTES.

JACK: Mary..Mary, I don't care what you say, that guy Harris  
would be great on my program..I'm going to get him over  
here..Hey waiter..waiter --

NEILSON: Yes?

JACK: Will you please bring the..Will you please bring the  
orchestra leader over to my table?

NELSON: I'm sorry, he doesn't come with the thirty-five cent dinner.

JACK: Never mind the wisecracks, bring him over here.

NELSON: All right, all right.

JACK: I don't know, Mary, this guy Harris has a great personality --

CIG. GIRL: (NASAL) CIGARETTES..CIGARETTES..ALSO KEWPIE DOLLS, GARDENIAS AND RAZOR BLADES.

JACK: Hmm..imagine, razor blades...Oh Miss, give me a package of cigarettes, please.

GIRL: Yes sir..what kind?

JACK: Gillette..I mean Lucky Strikes.

MARY: Jack, do you smoke Lucky Strikes?

JACK: Certainly, Mary, they're wonderful..And who can tell.. I may be working for them some day...Oh by the way, Miss, what's that you've got on your tray there, tied up in pink ribbon?

GIRL: That's a lock of Mr. Harris's hair, twenty cents.

JACK: Oh..Well I don't want it.

GIRL: You better take it. This is the last one left, and we don't shear him again till the first of the month.

JACK: No..No, thanks just the same.

GIRL: Here are your Luckies.

JACK: Thank you...Say Mary, she's kind of cute.

MARY: Oh you fall for --

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute, here comes Phil Harris... Now Mary, I want to make an impression on him, and I want you to help me sign him for my show..Tell him what a good boss I am..and how swell it is to work on the radio. And above all, what a wonderful guy I am personally.

MARY: Aw, but Jack, I --

JACK: Shh..here he comes.

PHIL: Hey, I understand one of you characters wants to see me.

JACK: Why yes, yes, sit down..This is Miss Livingstone.

PHIL: Hiya, sweets.

JACK: Hmm...And my name is Jack Benny.

PHIL: Look, Bud, I ain't got much time..What did you want to see me about?

JACK: Well, I wanted to talk to you about a job.

PHIL: A job?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: Well, look, fellah, I know things are tough, but I can't use ya. I don't want any new help, kid.

JACK: No, I don't mean that..You see I have a radio program, and I'd like you and your band to be on my show.

PHIL: Well..I don't know..You see I been here --

MARY: (FAST AND SING SONG) Oh but he's a wonderful man to work for, he's the nicest boss I ever had, he's just a ginger peachy boss, so pleasant, so generous, so kind, so --

JACK: Mary, you're overdoing it, AND STOP LECKING MY HAND...  
Now Mr. Harris --

PHIL: Just call me Curly.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: Till the first of the month.

JACK: Oh, oh yes, the cigarette girl told me...Now Mr. Harris radio is a different type of work..You read music, of course.

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: Music, notes, arrangements..What's that on your music racks?

PHIL: TERMITES, THE JOINT'S LOUSY WITH 'EM...HA HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, HOW CAN YOU BE SO YOUNG AND BRIGHT WHEN IT'S SO DARK DOWN HERE.

JACK: You see, Mary..this guy is terrific.

PHIL: Oh look..I'm only kiddin' ..I been studyin' music since I was a baby..Why when I was six years old my parents used to take me to the concerts at Carnegie Hall.

JACK: A six-year-old kid interested in Carnegie Hall?

PHIL: Well, they told me it was a burlesque show.

JACK: A burlesque show?

PHIL: Yeah..how I used to whistle when they took the cover off the bass fiddle!

JACK: Ha ha ha!..(WHISPERS) Say, Mary, this guy's got a terrific sense of humor..he'll probably be able to write my gags for me.

MARY: (WHISPERS) I'll settle if he can just write.

JACK: Now look Harris, I want you on my program..so if you'll meet me Sunday morning at N.B.C., we'll --

PHIL: Wait..Excuse me a minute..the second floor show's about to start, and I gotta introduce the singer.

JACK: Oh..I'll wait till you're through...You know Mary, I think this fellow's gonna be --

MARY: Hey, Jack, look who's gonna sing..the cigarette girl!

JACK: Ooh, yes ..say she's cute.

(DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH)

PHIL: AND NOW FOLKS, I WANT TO INTRODUCE TO YOU, OUR SINGER..  
THE SWEETEST LITTLE LADY THIS SIDE OF PISMO BEACH..MISS  
TRIXIE LA VERNE..WHO WILL SING "MELANCHOLY BABY".

JACK: Well!

(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION - "MELANCHOLY BABY")

GIRL: (SINGS FIRST HALF OF CHORUS BALLAD STYLE)

COME TO ME, MY MELANCHOLY BABY,

CUDDLE UP AND DON'T BE BLUE.

ALL YOUR FEARS ARE FOOLISH FANCIES MAYBE

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU

(ORCHESTRA GETS HOT)

GIRL: (HOT) EVERY CLOUD MUST HAVE A SILVER --

PHIL: CAN'T YOU HEAR ME CALLIN'

WHEN THE RAIN IT AM A-FALLIN'.

GIRL: WAIT UNTIL THE SUN SHINES --

PHIL: EVERY DAY THE SUN IS SHININ'

WHY SHOULD I BE HOME A-PININ'.

GIRL: SO SMILE MY HONEY DEAR

WHILE I DRIVE AWAY EACH TEAR

GIRL & PHIL: OR ELSE I WILL BE MELANCHOLY --

YES, I WILL BE MELANCHOLY --

OR ELSE I WILL BE MELANCHOLY TOO!

JACK: ENCORE..ENCORE..ENCORE! Gosh, Mary, I'm a sucker for  
sentimental songs...HEY HARRIS, HARRIS, COME HERE A  
MINUTE.

PHIL: (OFF) YEAH?

JACK: Say, that girl singer you've got isn't bad..That Trixie  
La Verne.

PHIL: Well look..that's just her stage name..Her real name is Gladys Zybisco.

JACK: Gladys Zybisco, eh?..Say, that's a pretty name too..you know..I kind of like that babe.

MARY: Oh come on, Jack, let's get out of here.

JACK: (COY) Why Mary, you're jealous.

MARY: Oh fine.

JACK: HEY HARRIS, DON'T FORGET..SUNDAY AT N.B.C.

PHIL: I'LL BE THERE..SO LONG, JACKSON.

JACK: Did you hear that, Mary. He called me Jackson.  
No one ever called me that before. Come on, let's go.

PHIL: (OFF) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS..HERE'S A BRAND NEW NUMBER I WROTE MYSELF.. "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH".  
(PHIL STARTS TO SING..AND FADES INTO APPLAUSE ON CUE)

JACK: And that, and that..Mr. Kearns, is how I met Phil Harris.

KEARNS: Well that really is a story.

JACK: And I must say, Mr. Kearns, that Phil has been very fortunate in being associated with a great star like myself..a man who has been on the radio for so many years, and who every year almost wins the Academy --

KEARNS: OH PARDON ME, MR. BENNY, HERE COMES MY BUS...

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

SHARBUTT: And in a cigarette - it's the tobacco that counts!  
Remember Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. This fine Lucky Strike tobacco gives you real, deep-down smoking enjoyment.

DELMAR: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for the makers of Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Of course!  
(Imp. Tag #23)

SHARBUTT: That's right!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

RADIO 12077, 340M - 6-44

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM, PWT  
STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,  
KFSD, KFI.

### CLIENT:

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

### BROADCAST:

#28

### DATE:

SUN. 4/8/45

### PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

### NETWORK:

NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK **AS BROADCAST**

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so  
fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Remember!  
(Excl. L)

RUYSDAEL: Year in!

SHARBUTT: Year out!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so  
fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)



RUYSDAEL: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, for Lucky Strike consistently selects the buys the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

SHARBUFT: So -- smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: BROADCASTING FOR THE PATIENTS AND MILITARY PERSONNEL  
AT THE TORNEY GENERAL HOSPITAL AT PALM SPRINGS..THE  
LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY  
LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, YOU FORTUNATE PEOPLE, WE BRING YOU THAT STAR  
OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND OPERATOR OF PEANUT VENDING  
MACHINES THROUGHOUT THE PALM SPRINGS AREA.

JACK: It's just a little side line, folks.

DON: SO WHILE WE'RE WORKING FOR PEANUTS, HE'S GOT PEANUTS  
WORKING FOR HIM...AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...Thank you...Hello again, this is  
Jack Benny talking...And Don, I didn't mind you  
disclosing that I'm the Peanut King of Palm Springs..  
but you forgot to mention that I have just acquired the  
franchise for Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga...You want  
to watch that.

DON: I will, Jack.

JACK: And another thing, Don...You didn't have to infer that  
I'm not paying you and my cast enough money for being  
on my radio show.

DON: Well we're not complaining about the radio show, Jack..  
It's that evening work you make us do.

JACK: Oh a few hours work in the evening never hurt anybody.

DON: I know, but we feel so silly coming to your house and sitting around with those little aprons on and shelling peanuts.

JACK: Well --

DON: And when it's time to go home, the way you reach in the cuffs of our pants.

JACK: Well Don, as long as you're beefing about it, I've got a little complaint to make too...And I'm docking you fifty cents for what you did last night.

DON: What did I do?

JACK: Remember that pile of peanuts you sat on?

DON: Yes.

JACK: Peanut butter!.....I'm not gonna clog up my machines with that stuff...Now Don, we're here to do a show for the boys at Torney Hospital, so...OH HELLO, MARY.

MARY: HELLO JACK, HI YA FELLAS.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say...Say Mary, that's a cute outfit you're wearing... Something new?

MARY: Yes, I just got it...It's a convertible sun suit.

JACK: Convertible!..You mean you can let the top all the way --

MARY: JACK!

JACK: Oh I'm sorry, Mary...Anyway, I think it's very --

MARY: Oh say Jack, I meant to tell you..On my way over here I passed one of your peanut machines, and I saw something I think you ought to know about.

JACK: What's that, Mary?

MARY: There's a kid in this neighborhood who's got a system for getting a lot of peanuts out of your machines for just one penny.

JACK: A lot of peanuts for a penny...How does he do it?

MARY: Well first he steadies the machine with his left hand..... then he puts in a penny with his left hand....

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: And then he turns the handle with his left hand.

JACK: Well what does he do with his right hand.

MARY: He picks up a rock and breaks the glass!

JACK: Well how do you like that...There's always somebody trying to put something over on you.

MARY: But Jack, he was just a kid.

JACK: I don't mean just him...Do you want to know something, Mary?...Yesterday I went around and emptied my machines, and when I was counting up the pennies I found a slug... Imagine anyone being so cheap as to put a slug in a peanut machine.

MARY: A slug! Let me see it.

JACK: I haven't got it, I weighed myself this morning.... And You'll never believe this, Mary...You know the little card that comes out with your weight and the picture of a movie star on the other side?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Well the card I got had my picture on it..Imagine, my picture coming out.

MARY: Well what did you expect for a slug, Clark Gable?

JACK: No, but --

PHIL: HI YA FELLAHS, CLAP THEM HANDS, STIR UP SOME AIR,  
IT'S HOT IN HERE!  
(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: THANK YOU...YES SIR...GET READY TO LAUGH UP HERE AT  
TORNEY, CAUSE HARRIS IS ON AND HE'S PLENTY CORNY!

JACK: Ha ha ha ha!

PHIL: Hey wait a minute, Jackson....Who pencilled that line  
in my script?...HARRIS IS ON AND HE'S PLENTY CORNY.

JACK: I did, Phil...I'll teach you to come to rehearsal so  
you'll know what you're reading.

PHIL: What do you mean reading?...I mesmerize my stuff!

JACK: Of fine...Why weren't you at rehearsal anyway?...What  
took you so long getting here?

PHIL: Well Jackson, whenever I come through this desert  
country, I visit my uncle...You see my Uncle's a hermit..  
and I spend a couple of hours with him to keep him from  
bein' lonesome.

JACK: Oh, a hermit, eh?....Where does he live?

PHIL: At the Chi Chi Club!

JACK: Phil, how can he be lonesome at the Chi Chi Club?

PHIL: He's a civilian!

JACK: Oh, oh...Well I can see where that would make a lot of  
difference...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.  
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MEL: Are you Mr. Benny, proprietor of the peanut machine in front of the El Pasco drugstore?

JACK: Yes...Yes...What can I do for you?

MEL: I want my penny back.

JACK: What?

MEL: I put a penny in your peanut machine and nothing came out.

JACK: Oh...Oh...

MEL: Do I get my penny back?

JACK: Why certainly, certainly.

MEL: Gee, and I thought I was gonna have trouble.

JACK: Trouble?...Ha ha ha...Why, not at all, not at all... Just fill out these forms...in triplicate...that's all.

PHIL: No trouble at all, Bub, no trouble at all.

JACK: Phil!...Now here are the forms, Mister...go over in the corner and fill 'em out.

MEL: But I only want my penny back.

JACK: I know, I know...Just fill out the form and everything will be all right.

MEL: Okay.

DON: Say Jack, why do you make him go through all that just to get a penny back?

JACK: I can't help it, Don...The peanut vending business is very legitimate, and I've got to conduct it in a legitimate manner.

MARY: Jack, do you grow all those peanuts yourself?

JACK: Of course not, Mary, I have 'em shipped in...Didn't you see all those sacks piled on the front porch?

MARY: You mean the ones that said "Nuts to Benny?"

JACK: Certainly.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: I thought it was fan mail.

JACK: Oh you did, eh?

MEL: Oh Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes?

MEL: I finished filling out the form...Now if you'll give me my penny I'll go.

JACK: Certainly, certainly, but first you've gotta get this form notarized.

MEL: What?

JACK: And finger-printed.

MEL: Notarized...finger-printed...Just to get a penny back.. (GOING MAD) Fill out forms...I didn't want any peanuts in the first place...it's all my wife's fault...I knew the machine was empty...(GETS HYSTERICAL)...but she goaded me on...I didn't wanna do it...and when I didn't get any peanuts, I wanted to forget about it...but no ...she said get your penny back...(LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY) GET YOUR PENNY BACK...WHAT A LAUGH...FORMS...QUESTIONS... FINGER-PRINTS...NOTARIZED...(LAUGHS, REACHING HYSTERICAL FITCH)

(ON CUE -- DOOR SIAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Play, Phil, play. Play, Phil.

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

JACK: You certainly meet a lot of peculiar people in the peanut business.

(AFTER BAND NUMBER - APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Every Time ) " played by Phil Harris. Short number, Phil..Played by Phil Harris and his Don Juan de la Caballero de la Del Toquitz orchestra ...which is a Spanish phrase meaning.. "Take the cotton out of your ears, fellahs, the music's over"..Say Phil, I meant to ask you...Where are you living here in Palm Springs?

PHIL: I'm out at the Deep Well Ranch.

JACK: Deep Well Ranch, eh? Are you living in a cabin or a room?

PHIL: No...in the well, it's crowded out there.

JACK: Hmm.

PHIL: Where are you livin', Jackson?

JACK: I've got a house here, Phil, it belongs to William Powell...and we came to a friendly agreement..You see he pays for the electricity and I pay for the water.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, Jack...You're living there for nothing, and still you make William Powell pay for the electricity while you only pay for the water?

JACK: Yeah, but now I wish it were the other way around.

MARY: Why?

JACK: I'm getting awfully thirsty..You know you can live without reading at night...Anyway --



DON: Say Jack, that's quite a coincidence, your living at Bill Powell's house...He's always been my favorite actor...He's so suave, so sophisticated, so debonair.

JACK: I agree with you, Don...I think William Powell is definitely in my class...In fact the other day as I was walking down the street some peopee pointed at me and said, "Look, he walks just like Powell."

MARY: They meant Eleanor Powell.

JACK: They did not.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson...Where do you come off comparing yourself to William Powell? Why Fred Allen is a better actor than you are.

JACK: Who?

PHIL: Fred Allen. I saw him in his latest picture, "It's In The Bag," and the guy's terrific. And boy, does he look good on the screen.

JACK: Phil, stop comparing me with Allen, with those bags under his eyes and those wrinkles on his face...I won't look that bad when I'm forty.

MARY: Do you want to answer that, Phil?

PHIL: No, you take it, Livy.

JACK: Quiet..And let me tell you something..I just finished a picture too.."The Horn Blows at Midnight"...Mary saw the preview...Go ahead, Mary, tell 'em how I looked.

MARY: I wouldn't even tell that to another girl.

JACK: Another girl..another girl.

PHIL: That's tellin' him, Livy.

JACK: What do you know about it..You didn't even see my picture.

PHIL: Well, I'm not talkin' about your picture..I merely said that Fred Allen is a better actor than you are..that's all.

JACK: He is not..And Phil, let's drop the subject or you're gonna get a punch in the nose.

PHIL: OH YEAH??..WHO'S GONNA DO IT?

JACK: DON WILSON...THAT'S WHO.

DON: But Jack, I don't want to fight with Phil.

JACK: OH, YOU'RE YELLOW, EH?...I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME...  
Imagine, a big guy like you.

PHIL: Now, wait a minute, Jackson, you're the one that's yellow.

JACK: OH YEAH?..JUST SAY THAT ONCE MORE.

PHIL: YOU'RE YELLOW!

JACK: THAT DOES IT..I'M GOING HOME!..RIGHT NOW.

MARY: But Jack, you can't just walk off the program.

JACK: OH I CAN'T, EH?..SOUND MAN, OPEN THAT DOOR!  
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: IF YOU GUYS ARE SO SMART, YOU CAN RUN THE PROGRAM WITHOUT ME...I'm sorry, fellahs, this all had to happen in front of you..but I'm going.  
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

ROCHESTER: Doggone, the boss must have been awful mad to walk out in the middle of the program like that.  
(APPLAUSE)

ROCHESTER: Gee..I hope he's not too mad when he gets here, because I was gonna ask him for the night off..Maybe if I fixed him a nice tall frosty Tom Collins with just the right amount of...No, I'd only drink that myself...Well..at least one of us would be in a good mood.

(LOUD DOOR SLAM)

ROCHESTER: IS THAT YOU, MR. BENNY?

JACK: (LITTLE OFF) Yes.

ROCHESTER: Was that you slamming the door like that?

JACK: Yes. Yes.

ROCHESTER: Are you mad?

JACK: Yes, yes, yes.

ROCHESTER: CAN I HAVE TONIGHT OFF?

JACK: Yes..I mean no...Rochester, what's the idea of trying to trick me?

ROCHESTER: I THOUGHT I'D..I THOUGHT I'D SLIP THAT IN WHILE YOU WERE ACCENTUATING THE POSITIVE!

JACK: Well you can forget that, because you can't have tonight off. I'm going in the bedroom and lie down.. and I want you to come in and rub my back.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir..What do you want me to rub it with?

JACK: I don't know..Have you got any olive oil?

ROCHESTER: No, but we've got peanut butter!

JACK: Oh yes..that clumsy Wilson...Never mind, Rochester,  
just give me a massage with your hands.

ROCHESTER: Okay...Lie down, boss.  
(CREAK OF BED SPRING)

JACK: Now go ahead.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...Say boss, did you ever do any boxing?

JACK: Me, box?...Well, yes, a little.

ROCHESTER: Then that explains it.

JACK: Explains what?

ROCHESTER: My, my, what big muscles in your back.

JACK: My muscles? Oh yes, of course...How big are they,  
Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Well --

JACK: Go on, go on, tell me.

ROCHESTER: HOW BIG WOULD THEY HAVE TO BE FOR ME TO GET TONIGHT  
OFF?

JACK: I should have known you were leading for something..  
Now you definitely can't have the night off.

ROCHESTER: THOSE MUSCLES ARE MOUNTAINOUS, BOSS, MOUNTAINOUS!

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: WHY, THEY'VE GOT SNOW ON 'EM SIX MONTHS OUT OF THE  
YEAR!

JACK: IT'S TOO LATE, YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE..AND YOU'VE RUBBED  
ME ENOUGH.

JACK: Now will you please get me a glass of ginger ale.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hmm...I think I'll turn on the radio and see how my gang is getting along without me...They think they're so smart.

(CLICK OF DIAL AND LITTLE STATIC)

DON: (FILTER) And now, ladies and gentlemen, continuing with our Lucky Strike Quiz Program.

JACK: (Quiz Program?...What are they doing with my show?)

DON: Our next contestant is a charming young lady, Mrs. Phyllis Harrison.

JACK: (Phyllis Harrison?)

DON: Now Mrs. Harrison, what is your occupation?

PHIL: (HIGH VOICE) I'm a housewife.

JACK: (That's Phil Harris, I know it.)

DON: Now tell me, Mrs. Harrison...have you ever been on the radio before?

PHIL: Just once...I burped on Breakfast at Sardis.

JACK: (Oh my goodness, what they're doing to my show.)

DON: Now here's your first question, Mrs. Harrison...How many people are there....IN THE....BIG THREE?

PHIL: Five!

JACK: (I knew it was Harris, I knew it!)

DON: Well as long as this is your first time on the air, I'm going to give you an easier question...What does LSMFT stand for?

PHIL: LSMFT stands for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...  
So round, so firm, so fully packed...So free and easy  
on the draw....And another thing I know....They're  
made from the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder  
tobaccos that grow in North Carolina, and that's what  
I like about the South.

JACK: (Oh brother, what that guy Harris won't do for a laugh).

DON: Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Harrison, and here's your  
prize....You get a carton of twenty-dollar bills and  
one Lucky Strike cigarette.

JACK: (How do you like that!)

DON: And now, ladies and gentlemen, Larry Stevens, the  
singing star of my program, will sing "This Heart of  
Mine."

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (The singing star of his program).

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

DON: (FILTER) That was Larry Stevens singing, "This Heart of Mine"...and very very good, Larry.

LARRY: (FILTER) Thank you..Oh by the way, Mr. Wilson --

DON: Yes, Larry?

LARRY: There's somebody missing on this program, but I can't figure out who it is.

JACK: (He'll know who it is when he doesn't get his check.. I'm going to turn this thing off and take a nap).

(CLICK OF DIAL)

JACK: I still can't get over the way my gang insisted that Allen was a better actor than I am..You'd think at least one of 'em would have agreed with me...Hmm. I know what I'll do...I'll ask Rochester when he comes back...He's always been loyal to me..he'll give me a -- good

ROCHESTER: Here's your ginger ale, boss.

JACK: Thanks...Rochester, if I ask you a question, will you tell me the truth?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: Do you think Fred Allen is a better actor than I am?

ROCHESTER: NO SIR...NOOOO SIR...NO SIRRR!

JACK: Well.

ROCHESTER: Why, you're even better than Gary Cooper, Ronald Colman, Spencer Tracy and Fred McMurray all put together.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, you're just trying to flatter me.

ROCHESTER: NO, I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GET THE NIGHT OFF!

JACK: Well you can't get it that way...Now go out in the kitchen and leave me alone, I want to take a nap.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

(DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hmm..He's just as bad as my cast..Oh well, I'm going to take a nap, and maybe I'll feel better when I wake up.

(CREAK OF BED SPRINGS)

JACK: (YAWNS) ..Oh boy, this bed feels good..Rochester thinks he can get away with everything just because I owe him money..(YAWNS)...Believe me, I'd let him go if he wasn't a partner in my peanut business...(STARTS TO MUMBLE).. He's not much of a butler anyway...I wish I had one like you see in the movies..a real gentleman's gentleman... a butler with class...(YAWNS)

(VIOLINS START DREAM MUSIC)

JACK: Yes sir..a butler, that's what I want..a suave gentleman's gentleman..(TWO SNORES) ..A butler..(ONE SNORE) ..Class...(THREE SNORES)

(DREAM MUSIC GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER, ENDS WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

(PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER CLICK)

POWELL: Hello...This is the residence of Jack Benny..outstanding star of the cinema, the drama, the wireless.. entertains at strawberry festivals and smokers, material homey or risque as the occasion demands.....I'm sorry, Mr. Benny is taking his bath right now..this is his gentleman's gentleman, William Powell.

(APPLAUSE)

POWELL: Who shall I say is calling?.....Hedy?...Hedy LaWho? .....Oh!...Well I'm frightfully sorry, Miss LaMarr, but Mr. Benny hasn't any more pin-up pictures of himself....

(MORE)



POWELL: He sent them all to the nurses at Torney General  
(CONTD) Hospital..Yes, they've just voted him "Mister Let's-  
Hope-We-Can-Find-A-Cure-For-It of 1945"...Very good,  
I'll tell him you called....Goodbye.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: (OFF MIKE) WILL-YUM...WILLIAM POWELL --

POWELL: (HENRY ALDRIDGE) COMING, MISTER!

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

POWELL: You called sir?

JACK: No, I called William...but you'll do..I'm finished with  
my bath...Lift me out of the tub.

POWELL: Yes sir.

(RIPPLING OF WATER)

JACK: Now dry my back.

POWELL: Yes sir.

JACK: ....Now comb my hair.

POWELL: Yes sir...There....Now shall I put it on you, sir?

JACK: Yes Yes, go ahead.

POWELL: There you are..and I must say you look very manly, sir.

JACK: William, that goes on my head, not my chest....Now  
help me on with my shoes...Just put them on my feet  
I'll tie the laces myself.

POWELL: Very good sir, if you feel like roughing it!

JACK: That I do, that I do.

(FOUR TRUMPET FANFARE)

JACK: The doorbell, William...answer it.

POWELL: Yes sir.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Good morning, William.

POWELL: Oh good morning, Miss Livingstone...Come right in.

MARY: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)



JACK: William, William, William, where are you?

POWELL: Right here, you're on my lap. sir.

JACK: Oh yes...William, you're so dependable..You've been with me sixty-eight years.

POWELL: Eighty-seven, sir.

JACK: Oh yes..I'm going to ask you a question, and I want you to tell me the truth.

POWELL: You can rely upon me, sir.

JACK: Tell me, William...what do you think of me as an actor?

POWELL: Well, sir, you've not quite as romantic as Cary Grant... and you haven't the boyish charm of Van Johnson..You lack the sophistication of Charles Boyer, and you just miss the dramatic ability of Spencer Tracy.

JACK: Yes, yes?

POWELL: Well to sum it all up, you stink, sir.

JACK: Thank you, William...I knew I could count on you.  
(BUGLE BLOWS REVEILLE)

POWELL: Dinner is served, sir.

JACK: Good, I'm hungry...What are we having for dinner, William?

POWELL: Peanuts on the half shell.

JACK: Good.

MARY: Oh, William, I've been meaning to ask you..How is it that a man of your breeding has chosen to be a butler?

POWELL: Well Madame, I wasn't always a butler..I used to be a millionaire...In fact until last month I had one million dollars, and now it's gone, all gone.

MARY: But how did all that money go so fast?

POWELL: I spent a week in PALM SPRINGS.



MARY: WATCH OUT, HE'S DANGEROUS.

DON: HE'S GOING MAD!

PHIL: MAD DOG, MAD DOG! MAD DOG!

JACK: STOP CALLING ME A DOG...I'M NOT A DOG...I'M JUST AS  
HUMAN AS YOU ARE... LISTEN TO ME WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF  
WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF.  
(MUSIC CRESCENDO WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

ROCHESTER: BOSS, BOSS, WAKE UP...BOSS, WAKE UP.

JACK: Woof! Woof! Huh?...What?...Oh, it's you, Rochester...  
I just had an awful dream.

ROCHESTER: I thought so, you must have dreamt you were a dog.

JACK: Me, dreaming I was a dog? Don't be silly.

ROCHESTER: Okay, okay, have it your own way...but come out from  
under the bed.

JACK: Oh yes, how did I get down there?  
(PLAYOFF MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies...I've talked about this before, but it needs repetition because the problem is tougher than ever, now that our hospitals are so crowded with wounded men.. Every women - trained or untrained, young or old...can help in one way or another in the hospitals...You should volunteer for as many hours as you can possibly give...Every minute will help...So go to your Red Cross chapter, and they'll tell you how you can best serve in your local hospitals...and believe me, ladies, your help is needed now..Thank you.

DON: Jack will be back in a minute, but first here are my good friends, F.E. Boone and Kenneth Delmar.

JACK: Well folks, this concludes our broadcast here at Torney General Hospital, and I want to thank all you fellows for inviting us up here...I also want to take just a moment to congratulate radio station W.O.W. in Omaha, Nebraska, on their twenty-second anniversary... And next Sunday night, we'll be broadcasting from the U. S. Naval Auxiliary Air station at Twenty-Nine Palms.

POWELL: Oh Jack...

JACK: Yes, Bill?

POWELL: I may not see you later on, so I'll take that check now that you owe me for appearing on your program.

JACK: What...what did you say, Bill?

POWELL: I say...I'll take that check you owe me for appearing on your program.

JACK: Appearing on my program!...What are you talking about... I dreamt that, brother,I dreamt that...Fine thing ... a man can't even dream without paying for it...  
Goodnight, folks.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.  
The quality of Lucky Strike cigarettes can be summed up  
in these five simple words - Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco. Mr. Frank Brown, independent tobacco  
warehouseman of Stoneville, North Carolina, said:

BROWN: I have seen Lucky Strike buy leaf that's light, ripe  
and mellow - the kind of tobacco that will give a  
smoker real enjoyment. That's why I've smoked Luskies  
for twenty-five years.

SHARBUTT: For twenty-five years! (PAUSE ---) Yes, Lucky Strike  
means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine  
tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky  
(CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs,  
of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).  
And this is Basil Ruysdael.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so  
(Imp, Tag #1) firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)



JACK BENNY

APRIL 15, 1945

NO BROADCAST FOR THE APRIL 15, 1945, SHOW. TIME WAS  
PREEMPTED BY THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY BECAUSE  
OF MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE LATE PRESIDENT, FRANKLIN  
DELANO ROOSEVELT, THIRTY-FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED  
STATES.

RADIO 1201 - 330M - 5-24

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM, PWT  
STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,  
KFSD, KFT.

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** #30  
**DATE:** SUN. 4/22/45  
NBC

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:**

APR 22 1945

I OPENING NE. YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: ( 2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Today!

(Excl. K)

SHARBUTT: Tomorrow!

RUYSDAEL: And always!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)

SHARBUTT: Many things may change with the years but here's one thing you can depend on always -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

DELMAR: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

DON: BROADCASTING FOR THE SERVICE PERSONNEL AT THE U. S. NAVAL  
AUXILIARY AIR STATION AT TWENTY-NINE PALMS...THE LUCKY  
STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY  
LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THIS SPOT ON THE  
DESERT THAT HAS TWENTY-NINE PALMS WE BRING...WE BRING  
YOU A MAN WITH A SPOT ON HIS HEAD THAT HAS TWENTY-NINE  
HAIRS...And here he is....JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes sir! Thank you, thank you....Hello again, this is  
Jack Benny talking..And Don, I don't mind you reaching  
a little for a laugh..but you don't have to go that far..  
Hum...twenty-nine hairs.

DON: I'm counting the two on your chest.

JACK: Oh, Oh, those...You know, Don, I'm kinda proud of those  
two hairs...I've even named them.

DON: Named them!

JACK: Yes...Abercrombie and Fitch...Abercrombie is the one on  
the left...but Fitch has been with me a little longer.

DON: Wait a minute, Jack..Fitch is a hair tonic.

JACK: I know, Don..In fact, if it wasn't for Fitch, I would  
have lost Abercrombie...And Don, this may sound silly,  
but they really help me get around..Why when I came up  
to the main gate this morning, the guard saluted and let  
me right through.

DON: The guard saluted you?

JACK: Yes...As I reached the gate, my shirt blew open, he saw the two hairs on my chest and thought I was an Ensign.. You don't have to laugh, fellahs...you know I used to be in the Navy..And believe me, Don, if I were still in the Navy, I'd want to be stationed right here at Twenty-Nine Palms...yes sir...I know there's nothing like the desert..it's so beautiful..so colorful..so romantic..every bit of it.

DON: Jack, how can you stand there with your pants full of cactus and say the desert is beautiful, colorful and romantic?

JACK: I'm merely repeating what it says on the bulletin board.

DON: Bulletin board!

JACK: Yes..it says..."From Lieutenant Commander Smith to the personnel at Twenty-Nine Palms...YOU WILL FIND THIS DESERT BEAUTIFUL, COLORFUL AND ROMANTIC...THAT'S AN ORDER!"..So you see, Don, this place is....OH HELLO, MARY!

MARY: HELLO JACK, HI YA FELLAHS.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Mary, here we are at Twenty-Nine Palms..It's certainly different from the other camps we've visited, isn't it?

MARY: It sure is, Jack, but that's because it's so isolated.

JACK: Oh I didn't think so, Mary..This place isn't so far out in the desert.

MARY: It isn't, huh?...Then how come when they give the boys a pass, they give 'em a canteen of water at the same time?

JACK: A canteen of water?

MARY: Yes...And if they sip it sparingly they can make it to the main highway.

JACK: Mary, Mary, stop, stop exaggerating.

MARY: Exaggerating! Jack, this afternoon when I was taking a walk in the desert, I happened to pass two sailors.

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: So one of 'em came over, looked at me, blinked his eyes, looked at me again, then turned to his friend and said...  
"Hey Steve, we must be winning, they've got these things back in production again."

JACK: Mary, those boys were just kidding you...I'll bet at least half of these fellows have seen girls before... Anyway, they were just trying to get acquainted...After all, you're the only girl here.

MARY: Well if I am, I'm not very popular..When we arrived I was wearing my prettiest dress, and yet all the fellahs flocked around Don Wilson.

DON: That's right, Jack...they hung around me for hours.

JACK: Well why wouldn't they, Don...it's the first time they've seen so much shade in one lump....Now that I've had my little joke, let's be honest about it....the weather isn't bad out here at all.

MARY: Jack, nobody's going to punch you in the nose...It's hot and it's dry, so you might as well admit it.

JACK: Now Mary, it isn't hot and....Here comes Larry Stevens, I'll prove it to you...Say Larry, do you think it's dry up here?

(TWO SHEETS OF SANDPAPER RUBBED TOGETHER HARD AND LOUD)

JACK: Larry, it isn't so dry up here, is it?  
(SANDPAPER, HARDER AND LOUDER)

JACK: LARRY, STOP LICKING YOUR LIPS AND ANSWER ME...HMM...

LARRY: I feel better now, Mr. Benny. Hello.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Larry, how do you like it here?...This is a nice spot,  
isn't it?

LARRY: Yes, but isn't it strange having a Naval Station so far  
from the ocean?

JACK: Well that's not unusual, Larry. When I was a sailor in  
the first World War, I was stationed at Great Lakes...  
and I went through my entire Naval career without seeing  
either the Pacific or the Atlantic.

LARRY: Yeah, but at least you saw Lake Michigan.

JACK: No, no, no, no, I didn't see that either.

MARY: But you must have seen it...The Great Lakes Naval station  
is right on the shores of Lake Michigan.

JACK: Mary, when I joined the Navy, I spent my first night  
in a hammock...when I got up, I was so bent over I  
didn't see anything but the guy in back of me for the  
next three years....I didn't mind being bent over, but  
every time I sat down I rocked myself to sleep..it was  
awful, you know.

DON: But Jack, how could you get so doubled up from sleeping?

JACK: Well, Don, it was my first experience with a hammock...  
How did I know you weren't supposed to hang both ends  
on the same hook!...They should give -- they should give  
directions with those things.

LARRY: Gee, Mr. Benny, it must have been terrible...walking around bent over like that for three years.

JACK: No no, Larry, it worked out very well...After leaving the Navy, I went into vaudeville as the only talking U-turn in the country...Anyway, kid, I knew that would hit Remky anyway kid -- now that you're here, I'm sure the boys would like to have a song...How about it?

LARRY: Okay.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it a minute...COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes...What is it, sailor?

MEL: Is it true that when you do your show at a camp, the boys always give you a souvenir?

JACK: Why yes, yes...Once I played at an Infantry camp and they gave me a rifle...Another time I was at an Air Base and they gave me a parachute...And just two weeks ago I played at a Boot camp --

MARY: And they gave him the boot!

JACK: Mary!...(She's just jealous because my sun suit is more daring than hers)..Anyway sailor, anyway it's true... When I play at a camp the boys usually get together and give me some sort of a souvenir to take home with me.

MEL: I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Benny, because the boys here voted to give you something too.

JACK: Well!



MEL: In fact there are so many things we'd like to give you, you can take your choice.

JACK: My choice?

MEL: Yes...YOU CAN HAVE THE DESERT, THE PALMS, THE WIND, THE SAND, THE RABBITS, THE SAGEBRUSH, THE CACTUS --

JACK: Wait a minute --

MEL: THE HEAT, THE DUST, THE GOPHERS, THE COYOTES, THE SNAKES --

JACK: Sailor -- wait a minute --

MEL: THE TENTS, THE DUNES, THE BEES, THE BREEZE --

JACK: LARRY, YOU BETTER SING!

MEL: THE BRUSH, THE THRUSH, THE MUSH, THE HUSH --

JACK: LARRY, SING!  
(APPLAUSE AND INTO INTRODUCTION OF SONG)

MEL: THE YUCCAS, THE LIZARDS, THE BUNIONS, THE BLISTERS --

JACK: Now wait a minute! LARRY, SING!  
(LARRY'S NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)  
(SECOND ROUTINE)

MEL: THE HEAT, MY FEET, THE ACHES, THE SNAKES, THE MUGS, THE BUGS, THE SLUGS --

JACK: Sailor -- SAILOR PLEASE!

MEL: THE MOON, THE STARS, THE TARS, THE BARS --

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT....SAILOR, WILL YOU PLEASE SIT DOWN?...  
...Thank you...That was Larry Stevens singing The Stars, the Tars, the Bars...I mean "You Belong to My Heart"...AND NOW, FELLAHS, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO --

PHIL: OKAY, SAILORS, YOU'RE ALL IN CLOVER...CAUSE HARRIS IS  
HERE AND I'M TAKIN' OVER...Yes sir! You can put those  
little pinkies together now...Applause me, kids,  
applause me.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: "Applause me"! Phil, do you always have to be late?  
What took you so long getting here?

PHIL: I'm sorry, but I couldn't get a lift, so I walked over  
from the ship's service store.

JACK: Oh...Well now that you're here, I wish you'd --

PHIL: Just a second, Jackson, hold it a minute, I want  
to get a little sand out of my shoe.

JACK: Okay.

(TONS OF SAND Poured ON SHEET OF PAPER OR TIN)

JACK: Gee, all that sand?

PHIL: Yeah.

(SHORT SQUIRREL TALK)

PHIL: Well I'll be darned, I had a gopher in there too. A  
small one.

JACK: A gopher!

PHIL: I'm afraid to take off the other shoe, I might find  
Gravel Gertie.

JACK: Phil....Phil, stop making up those silly --

PHIL: I'm only kiddin', Jackson, I'm just kiddin'...ya...I  
really love it here at Twenty-Eight Palms.

JACK: Phil, it's not Twenty-Eight Palms, it's Twenty-Nine Palms.

PHIL: It's twenty-eight.

JACK: Twenty-nine.

PHIL: Twenty-eight.

JACK: Twenty-nine.

PHIL: Twenty-eight.

JACK: Twenty-nine.

TACK: (CHANTS....IT'S TWENTY EIGHT....)

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS....You can take my word for it, Phil, it's Twenty-Nine Palms. How do they get in from New York like that. And now, fellas --

PHIL: Wait a minute, now hold on a minute, Jackson, I meant to tell you. Friday night I saw the opening of your new picture, "The Horn Blows at Midnight", at Warner Brothers theatre.

JACK: Oh yes, "The Horn Blows at Midnight"....How did you like me in it?

PHIL: I don't know, I blew at ten-thirty.

JACK: Don't tell me you've had the picture here already?.. What?

TACK: (CHANT....TEN-THIRTY.....)

JACK: (INTERRUPTING) NOW STOP IT!....And Phil, you don't have to take any cracks at my picture...because if I must say so myself, I give a dynamic performance.

MARY: You do, eh?

JACK: I certainly do...Did you read what the critics said about me?

MARY: Yes.

JACK: Oh...AND NOW, FELLAHS, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT...WE'RE GOING TO --

MARY: The critics said Jack Benny's performance was the --

JACK: I know what they said, you don't have to repeat it....

AND NOW, FELLAHS, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT --

DON: Jack, I saw your picture and I thought you were wonderful.

JACK: NOBODY'S ASKING...What?...what...What did you say, Don?

DON: I said I saw your picture and I thought you were wonderful...But I was a little disappointed in the credits.

JACK: Why, Don...I got star billing.

DON: I know, Jack, but I mean the other credits..You know where it says...Music By Waxman..Makeup by Westmore.. and Gown by Milo.

JACK: What's wrong with that?

DON: Well they should have added..Cigarettes by Lucky Strike.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Don...in the movies they can't credit every incidental thing.

DON: But Jack, Lucky Strikes aren't incidental...They're made from the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobacco..

JACK: Well Don, Don, I agree with you, but tell me..in which scenes did you think I did my best acting?

DON: Well to tell you the truth, Jack, I didn't see your picture.

NELSON: And now, ladies and gentlemen...for the feature spot on our program where we interview interesting personalities from all walks of life...I bring you the butler of a very famous man...Your name, please?

ROCHESTER: Rochester Van Jones.

MARY: Jack, did you hear that?

JACK: Yeah! So that's where he went.

NELSON: Rochester, I understand that you've been in Mr. Benny's employ for over ten years.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

NELSON: You must be very proud to be working for a man like Jack Benny.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir! Proud and tired!

JACK: Hmm.

NELSON: Well that's strange...I always thought Mr. Benny was an easy man to work for.

ROCHESTER: Easy! You remember what Mr. Churchill told England about blood, sweat, toil and tears?

NELSON: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL SO FAR I'VE DONE EVERYTHING BUT BLEED!

JACK: How do you like that.

NELSON: Well Rochester, I'd like to bring up an interesting question...Is Mr. Benny really as cheap in private life as he is on the radio?

ROCHESTER: No, no...He loosens up on the radio!

JACK: Hmmm.

JACK: What?

DON: When I noticed that they didn't give Lucky Strikes credit, I got up and walked out.

JACK: Well, Don, if you didn't see the picture, how did you know I was wonderful in it?

DON: You told me that two weeks ago.

JACK: Oh, oh yes..I remember how you twisted my arm and forced me to admit it...AND NOW, FELLAHS --

PHIL: Hey Jackson, I want to ask you something...If you're so good in that picture, how come the day it opened in Los Angeles, you were hiding in Palm Springs?

JACK: I wasn't hiding..You know very well I sub-leased William Powell's house. He's not using it for a month.

MARY: What are you payin' him for it, Jack?

JACK: Well, ordinarily he rents it for a hundred and fifty dollars a month..but since we're such good friends, he insisted that I take it for nothing..but I told him that was ridiculous, and I gave him ten dollars...You know, I just couldn't be a stinker...Now let's see..where were we..oh yes ..Mary! Oh yes...TONIGHT FELLAHS, WE'RE GOING TO PRESENT A DRAMATIC PLAY, ENTITLED --

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me, I'll get it.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh hello, Rochester....what do you want?

ROCHESTER: I thought I'd better call you, boss...Mr. William Powell was here and examined his house..and the things he said about you!

JACK: Why....why was he mad?

ROCHESTER: Mad! ... You know how he usually speaks in that nice, quiet, subdued voice?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL TODAY HE SOUNDED LIKE DONALD DUCK WITH HIS TAIL ON FIRE!

JACK: Well Rochester, how did he happend to get so angry?

ROCHESTER: Well it worked up slowly...When he learned you were renting out rooms, he got red in the face...Then when he found out you'd stated a cocktail lounge in the den, his face got purple!

JACK: Purple!

ROCHESTER: Yeah....AND BY THE TIME HE SAW THE SLOT MACHINES, YOU COULDN'T TELL HIM FROM ME!

JACK: Gee, he really must have been sore.

ROCHESTER: I'll say he was...EVEN HIS LAWYER COULDN'T CALM HIM DOWN.

JACK: His lawyer....Did his lawyer come out with him?

ROCHESTER: NO, THE LAWYER CAME OUT WITH THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

JACK: You mean you mean the chief of police was there?

ROCHESTER: Sheriff....chief of police....I wonder what he figures on doing.

ROCHESTER: I DON'T KNOW, BUT YOU COULDN'T BE WORSE RIGHT NOW IF YOU WERE HITLER IN SAN FRANCISCO!

JACK: Don't worry about it, I'll straighten the whole thing out when I get home....Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

JACK: Oh say, Rochester.....I want you to go to bed early tonight, because I'm going to play golf in the morning and I want you to caddy for me.

ROCHESTER: But boss, I'm all tired out from caddying for you yesterday.

JACK: Oh stop complaining.....A nine-hole course is nothing.

ROCHESTER: Nothin' for you, but how about me?.....A GOLF BAG, TWELVE CLUBS, A BASKET OF SANDWICHES, A GALLON OF LEMONADE, A FIRST AID KIT, AND A PARASOL!

JACK: So what.



ROCHESTER: YOU DON'T NEED A CADDY, YOU NEED AN OCTOPUS!

JACK: Oh Rochester, you don't carry so much.

ROCHESTER: I don't....Remember what happened last time I went out loaded down like that?

JACK: What happened?

ROCHESTER: AN OLD PROSPECTOR TIED A ROPE AROUND MY NECK AND LED ME OFF INTO THE MOUNTAINS!

JACK: Well why did you go with him?

ROCHESTER: I COULDN'T SEE WHERE I WAS TILL HE UNLOADED ME!

JACK: Un-loaded you...Stop making things up...Anyway, I'm going to play golf in the morning, and I want you to caddy.

ROCHESTER: Okay, boss, I'll caddy for you...But tomorrow let's be sporting about it.

JACK: What do you mean, sporting?

ROCHESTER: IF WE LOSE A BALL, LET'S CALL IT FATE AND FINISH THE GAME ANYWAY!

JACK: All right, Rochester, then we can leave the flashlight home....Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I wonder why he left that prospector lead him off into the mountains.  
(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Phil Harris and his orchestra playing their theme song, "Rum and Coca Cola"...AND NOW, FELLAHS -- AND NOW, FELLAHS, AS I STARTED TO ANNOUNCE...TONIGHT FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION, WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT A DRAMATIC PLAY WHICH TRACES THE HISTORY OF THAT JEWELL OF THE DESERT...TWENTY-NINE PALMS....Now in this sketch, Mary, you and I play a pair of pioneers...the first settlers of Twenty-Nine Palms...You're my wife, Mandy...I'm your husband, Randy...And Larry, you're going to be my son, Sandy.

LARRY: That's dandy.

JACK: Hmm...Now Phil, you're going to be one of my neighbors....And Dor ---

DOR: Yes, Jack?

JACK: You're going to be the Twenty-Nine Palms...so sit down and branch out a little...AND NOW FOR OUR PLAY... "THE HISTORY OF TWENTY-NINE PALMS...OR...I'LL BE WITH YOU IN CACTUS BLOSSOM TIME"...OUR SCENE OPENS IN A LITTLE SHACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT...THAT'S SO BEAUTIFUL...SO COLORFUL...SO ROMANTIC.

(DESERT MUSIC)

JACK: (HILL BILLY) Oh Mandy...Mandy ---

MARY: What is it, Randy?

JACK: Have you seen Sandy?

MARY: Last time I seen him was two days ago...A couple of rabbits were chasin' him.

JACK: Two days ago!...Why doesn't he come home?

MARY: I don't know...I guess they got him treed somewhere.

JACK: They did it again, eh?

MARY: Yup...Doggone, every time we let that kid of ours out of the house, the rabbits play with him.

JACK: Well it's your own fault, Maw...I told yuh we shoulda straightened those two front teeth of his.

MARY: I guess you're right, Paw...I knew we were gonna have trouble with that kid the day he was born.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: When the doctor held him up by his ears.

JACK: Oh yes....Here he comes now...Hop on in, son...Hy ya, Sandy.

LARRY: Hello Randy.

MARY: Are you hungry, Sandy?

LARRY: A little, Mandy.

JACK: Have come candy, Sandy.

LARRY: I don't like sandy candy.

JACK: I didn't say the candy was sandy candy, Sandy...Did I, Mandy?

MARY: No, Randy.

JACK: Well, that's enough of that..

MARY: And he can't have it tell after dinner..

JACK: What did you say?

MARY: I said he can't have it till after dinner..Sit down, son.

LARRY: What have we got to eat?

MARY: You can have your choice..Fried Yucca, mashed  
tumbleweed, or spaghetti and cactus balls.

JACK: That's for me, Maw....spaghetti and cactus balls...but  
leave off the spaghetti.

MARY: Okay.  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Who can that be?....Come in.  
(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, stranger.

PHIL: Well Howdy...Howdy do...I heard I had neighbors, so  
I thought I'd drop in.

JACK: Well what d'ya know...Say Maw, we got a neighbor.

MARY: Well howdy, neighbor...Which house do you live in?

PHIL: Oh that little white house down here about two hundred  
miles east.

MARY: Say, they're really buildin' this place up.

JACK: Don't worry, Maw...It's just a boom, it can't last.

PHIL: Say neighbor...you makin' much money raisin' these  
rabbits?

JACK: That's my son...And by the way...his name is Sandy,  
I'm Randy and my wife is Mandy.

PHIL: Sandy, Randy and Mandy! Well, what a coincidence!

JACK: Why, what's your name?

PHIL: Fitzgerald.

JACK: Hmm...that don't rhyme with anything around here...But  
you know, stranger, we been livin' here on this desert  
for nigh onto fifty years, and you're the first person  
that ever called on us...What brings you here?

PHIL: Well I'm kinda runnin' out of water, and I thought maybe you'd let me have some.

JACK: Runnin' short of what?

PHIL: Water.

JACK: What's that?

PHIL: Now wait a minute....Now hold on -- hold on -- You mean to say you ain't never heared of water?

JACK: Nope.

MARY: Say Paw, don't stand there arguin' on such a hot day.... Let's go take a dip in the swimmin' pool.

PHIL: A swimmin' pool...Say, if you folks ain't never heared of water, what you got in that pool?

MARY: Sand...silly.

PHIL: Sand in a swimmin' pool?

JACK: Yup, and there's a fifty-foot divin' board.

PHIL: Hold on a minute stranger, hold on stranger..you can't dive into a pool filled with sand.

JACK: Who can't...Go ahead, Sandy, climb up there and show him.

LARRY: Okay, Paw.

MARY: Now wait a minute, Paw, he's my son as well as yours..And I ain't gonna let him dive off that fifty-foot board into that pool of sand like that...SON, PUT YOUR BATHIN' CAP ON!

JACK: Doggone, there's nothin' like nother love.

LARRY: (OFF) HERE I AM UP ON THE DIVIN' BOARD, PAW.

JACK: OKAY, SON...LET 'ER GO!  
(BOMB WHISTLE EFFECT..LOUD COCONUT THUD)

JACK: Well anyway, Maw, we got his teeth fixed..It took a long time to trick him into it, too.

PHIL: Well, neighbors, I ain't stayin' around this deserted place any longer..I'm goin' to where there's civilization ....where there's life, people, bright lights and excitement.

JACK: Where's that?

PHIL: Yucca Valley.

JACK: Yucca Valley...Saw Maw, that sounds like the kind of a place we ought to visit...Yucca Valley...let's hitch up the wagon and go...(SINGS) CHICKS AND DUCKS AND GEESSE BETTER HURRY...WHEN I TAKE YOU OUT IN THE SURREY...WHEN I TAKE.....

MARY: Hey, Paw, paw, don't sing that song!

JACK: Why not?

MARY: It ain't been written yet!

JACK: Well, I wish they'd hurry -- I like it -- Well we're all hitched up...let's go.

PHIL: Okay, but wait a minute..Before we start on such a long trip, we ought a have some refreshments..You got any brandy?

JACK: Brandy?...I don't know...Hey Mandy, we got any brandy handy?

MARY: I don't know, Randy, I'll ask Sandy.

JACK: NEVER MIND, I AIN'T GOIN' THROUGH THAT 'GAIN...Now come on, let's get started for the big city, Yucca Valley.

MARY: Okay...I hope it's cooler there.

JACK: Oh Mandy, it ain't so hot here.

PHIL: It ain't, eh?...On the way over here I saw a tongue coin' down the road with a dog hangin' out.

JACK: Well never mind, let's get started...Everybody in the wagon...Giddyap...Giddyap.

PHIL: Wait a minute, hold it just a minute...Here comes somebody staggerin' toward us.

JACK: Where?

MARY: There...He's a stranger...looks like he's been lost in the desert for weeks.

JACK: Yeah, look at that wild look in his eyes...OH STRANGER.. STRANGER --

MEL: (VERY DRAMATIC) AT LAST..AT LAST I'M HERE..AT LAST, CIVILIZATION...PEOPLE, EXCITEMENT, LIFE..IT WAS A LONG TRIP BUT I MADE IT, I MADE IT!

JACK: Take it easy, stranger, where'd you come from?

MEL: YUCCA VALLEY!

JACK: Yucca Valley!...Well why did you leave there?

MEL: THE DESERT, THE PALMS,  
THE WIND, THE SAND,  
THE RABBITS,

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: Stranger...Stranger,  
hold on there...Wait a  
minute...Control  
yourself...TAKE IT EASY  
...NOW LOOK, SAILOR...  
SAILOR...I'M TRYING TO  
DO A SKETCH...SAILOR,  
WILL YOU PLEASE STOP IT  
...NOW CUT THAT CUT...  
SAILOR...

(MUSIC UP AND APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back just in a minute, but first here is my good friend, Basil Ruysdael.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Mr. Ed. L. Isaacs, independent tobacco warehouseman of Lebanon, Kentucky said:

ISAACS: I smoke Luckies for the same reason that so many other tobacco men smoke them - simply because I have seen Luckies buy fine tobacco, and I've smoked Luckies for thirteen years.

SHARBUTT: Quote "Because I have seen Luckies buy fine tobacco." Unquote. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MPT

LS - MPT

LS - MPT

SHARBUTT: There's fine smoking pleasure in fine tobacco. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(Imp. Tag

#3)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)



JACK: Well, folks, this concludes our broadcast from  
Twenty-Nine Palms, and we want to thank all you  
fellows here for inviting us up here...And we'll  
be with you next Sunday night at the same time.  
Goodnight, everybody.

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM, PWT  
STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,  
KFSD, KFI.

**CLIENT:**

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:**

**DATE:** #31  
SUN. 4/29/45

**PROGRAM:**

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:**

NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

AS THE INDUSTRY

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: ( 2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Sure thing!  
(Excl. C)

RUYSDAEL: That's right!

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)

BOGNE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Certainly, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine  
cigarette! And independent tobacco experts present  
at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike  
consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter,  
the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco!

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that  
smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LET'S GO OUT TO BEVERLY HILLS TO JACK BENNY'S  
HOUSE, WHERE WE FIND OUR STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND  
RADIO, RELAXING IN THE LIBRARY.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Gee, it's nice to have a few hours to yourself with  
nothing to do...I think I'll read a book...Let's see...  
there's some good ones on this shelf here...Here's one...  
"Gertrude Eichelberger, Girl Plumber"...Oh, I read that  
one...Gosh, it was touching...I'll never forget that  
part where Gertrude tenderly picked up a monkey wrench  
and bashed her husband's head in...But he had it coming  
to him...Imagine, heating his beer with her soldering  
iron...Maybe there's another book I...Oh, here are some...  
"The Rover Boys on a Marshmallow Hunt"...Nah, I'm too  
old for that..."Elsie Dinsmore's First Petticoat"...Hmm,  
pictures too...Nah, I'm too old for that..."Forever  
Amber"...Nah, I'm...Hmm, no pictures...this book's on  
the wrong shelf...I better put it over here...Wait a  
minute...there's a book missing...Oh yes, I remember...  
Ronald Colman took that one two weeks ago...Two weeks...  
Say, that little book is gonna pay for itself in no time.

(MORE)

JACK:  
(CONTD)

Oh, here's one I haven't read.. "I Never Left Home"...It must be by one of those new French authors...Bob Hopay... Well, I'm not in the mood now, so maybe I...Say, here's a book I never saw before...Let's see... "My Diary"...by Rochester Van Jones...Well what do you know, it's Rochester's diary...I think I'll take a look and see if... No, I better not...Oh, I'll just read a little bit... it can't hurt.

(LITTLE RUSTLE OF ONE PAGE)

JACK:

Dear Diary, I take my pen in hand to tell you the little secrets that dwell in my heart...(Now isn't that cute)... Let me see--

(TURNING OF PAGES)

JACK:

March 8th...Dear Diary...Last night I went to another meeting of the Central Avenue "Roll out the Barrel and Dice" Club...I told Mr. Benny I was going to a lecture on Meteorological Phenomena...(Hum, a lecture on Meteorological Phenomena..look how he spelled lecture... Let's see.)

(TURNING OF PAGES)

JACK:

April 2nd...Dear Diary...Two nights ago I dreamed that Lena Horne fell madly in love with me...Last night I dreamed she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. Right now I'm drinking Ovaltine as my dreams are getting better all the time...(Hum)

(TURNING OF FEW PAGES)

JACK: April 5th...Dear Diary..Mr. Benny is one of the kindest, most considerate, most generous bosses I ever had... (Well!)..and he never gets mad when I ask him for a raise...I know this because I've asked him thousands of times...(Well, I've always believed in free speech... I guess I've read enough of Rochester's..Wow!..Look at the list of girls' names and phone numbers he's got on the last page...Flossie Brown, Jefferson 2957...Ethel Johnson...

ROCHESTER: (WAY OFF MIKE) OH BOSS, BOSS...

JACK: Oh oh, here he comes...I better jump up on this table and put his diary on the top shelf.  
(FEET LANDING ON TABLE)

JACK: Now he'll never suspect that I --

ROCHESTER: Hello boss...What are you doin' up on the table?

JACK: Huh? Oh..oh..oh, there's a mosquito in the room.

ROCHESTER: A mosquito! Last time I caught you up on a table it was a mouse.

JACK: When did you ever see me hide from a mouse?

ROCHESTER: THE NIGHT YOU MADE ME SEND FOR FRANK BUCK!

JACK: Rochester..what did you come in here for anyway?

ROCHESTER: Your violin teacher called and said he'd be a few minutes late.

JACK: Oh, Professor Le Blanc...Yeah..he's going to give me a lesson today.

ROCHESTER: Oh..Well if that's the case, can I have the day off?

JACK: Why?

ROCHESTER: I WANT TO GO TO A LECTURE ON METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA!

JACK: Rochester, you've been there once.

ROCHESTER: WELL THIS TIME I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET EVEN!

JACK: I thought so. Well you can't go.

ROCHESTER: Okay. Then I better call my girl, Flossie Brown, and tell her I can't meet her after the lecture... Let's see..what's her phone number again...Uh--

JACK: Jefferson 2957.

ROCHESTER: BCSS...YOU SAW THAT IN MY DIARY!

JACK: No, I didn't, Rochester...I...I guessed it.

ROCHESTER: GUESSED IT!

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: YOU KNOW, BOSS, IT'S POSSIBLE TO GUESS JEFFERSON TWO. AND WITH A LITTLE EFFORT YOU CAN GUESS JEFFERSON TWO-NINE.

JACK: Rochester.

ROCHESTER: AND UNDER EXTREME COINCIDENTAL AND UNUSUAL CONDITIONS, YOU MAY EVEN GUESS JEFFERSON TWO-NINE-FIVE.

JACK: Rochester --

ROCHESTER: BUT WHEN YOU GUESS JEFFERSON TWO-NINE-FIVE-SEVEN, THAT'S ANOTHER METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA!

JACK: All right, all right, Rochester..I accidentally came across your diary..and by the way, thanks for saying all those nice things about me. You're absolutely right..I don't mind how many times you ask for a raise. You can ask me for a raise any time you want.

ROCHESTER: I know, boss, I know..BUT REPETITION AIN'T DOIN' FOR ME WHAT IT'S DOIN' FOR LSMFT.

JACK: Well don't worry, maybe some day you'll---  
(DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh that must be my music teacher...I'll get it.  
(FEW FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh it's you, Mary...come on in.  
(DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Say Jack, here's a copy of Look magazine...and it's got  
your picture on the cover.

JACK: Look magazine?...Let me see that...Oh gosh, look at me  
..in a full dress suit playing my violin...Say Mary,  
I'd like to keep this magazine...How much did it cost?

MARY: Nothing, this week they're giving 'em away.

JACK: They are not...There it is right on top...ten cents..  
and look, there's a story about me inside.  
(PAGES BEING TURNED)

JACK: See, it's about my career in show business.

MARY: Oh,yeah.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, look at this misprint...It says  
I played the Orpheum theatre here in 1867...Isn't that  
ridiculous?

MARY: Yeah, it was the Pantages.

JACK: Yeah...And look here's a picture taken when I was in  
the third grade...that's me in the corner.

MARY: I should have known, look at that dunce cap on you.

JACK: Mary, that's not a dunce cap, I had a very high forehead  
....dunce cap.

MARY: Well if that's your head, you must have got your hair  
cut with a pencil sharpener.



JACK: Pencil sharpener, pencil sharpener... Anyway, that's a very nice picture of me on the cover ... Oh Rochester....

ROCHESTER: Yes, boss.

JACK: Take this magazine out and pin it on the bulletin board in front of the house.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.... Shall I put it above or below the reviews on "The Horn Blows at Midnight"?

JACK: Put it right next to them... And while you're out there, throw those rocks back off the lawn... jealous bunch of actors there.

ROCHESTER: Oh Mr. Benny... I meant to tell you your music teacher, Professor Le Blanc, is waitin' for you in the den.

JACK: Professor Le Blanc? I didn't hear him come in.

MARY: Say Jack, is that the same violin teacher you had last year?

JACK: No no, Mary, he gave me three lessons and was drafted.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, HE GAVE YOU THREE LESSONS AND ENLISTED!

JACK: Never mind... Mary.. I've gotta go in the den and take my violin lesson. See you later.  
(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM") That's funny, he told me he was drafted. Never could understand that guy....  
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER . "SLEIGH RIDE IN JULY"....APPLAUSE)

DON: That was Larry Stevens singing "Sleigh Ride in July". And now back to Jack Benny's house where we find Jack taking violin lessons.  
(SECOND ROUTINE)  
(DOING VIOLIN EXERCISES... ENDS WITH SCRATCHY NOTE)

JACK:

MEL: No no, Mr. Benny, no!

JACK: Did I do something wrong, Professor?

MEL: No no, Mr. Benny, perhaps it is my fault...but...do you mind if I tell you something?

JACK: No no, of course not...After all, you're the teacher and you probably know more about the violin than I do.

MEL: Thank you...Now Mr. Benny, you are holding in your hand a very delicate instrument.

JACK: Uh huh.

MEL: (VERY DESCRIPTIVE) The music from the violin is like the singing of the angels...like the murmur of the breeze...like the rippling of the brook...(DREAMY) Now...play.

JACK: (LOUSY VIOLIN EXERCISES...STOPS SUDDENLY, ELATED) Gee, it does sound like that, doesn't it? Yeah....

MEL: Mr. Benny...perhaps...if you held the violin upside down.

JACK: But Professor, I can't play that way.

MEL: Let's try anything!

JACK: But Professor, I don't think I'm good enough to do tricks yet.

MEL: Very well...We will try it again..and this time I will help you...I will count off.

JACK: Okay.

MEL: Ready...One...two.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES...TWO STRAINS)

MEL: (JOINS IN, IN RHYTHM) Raise your little finger higher...

JACK: (CONTINUES EXERCISES...ONE STRAIN)

MEL: (RHYTHM) Keep your nose up off the G string.

JACK: (CONTINUES EXERCIZES...ONE STRAIN)  
MEL: (IN RHYTHM) A little softer while you're learning...  
Not so loud, my stomach's turning.  
JACK: (CONTINUES EXERCISES...TWO STRAINS)  
MEL: (IN RHYTHM) Hold your bow so strokes are littler...  
They should make you play for Hitler.  
JACK: (CONTINUES EXERCISE..HITS CLINKER AND STOPS)...Hmmm.  
MEL: Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny, the violin is an instrument  
that is supposed to soothe you...to calm you...  
TO MAKE YOU RELAX..(GETTING MAD) TO SETTLE YOUR  
NERVES...THE SINGING OF THE ANGELS....  
JACK: Professor...  
MEL: (MADDER) THE MURMURING OF THE BREEZE...THE RIPPLING  
OF THE BROOK.  
JACK: Professor! Professor!  
MEL: Forgive me..Mr. Benny, I lost my temper.  
JACK: Oh.  
MEL: I wish it was my hearing.  
JACK: What?  
MEL: Never mind, never mind...We will proceed with the  
next lesson...Intermezzo.  
JACK: Intermezzo..Ah, that's what I like...that classical  
stuff.  
MEL: Proceed, please.  
JACK: Thank you...(PLAYS INTERMEZZO THROUGH FAST PASSAGE)

MEL: No no, Mr. Benny...you must not go (FAST) bulla bulla  
bulla bulla bulla bulla bulla....You must go (SWEETLY)  
deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle.

JACK: Oh..Oh...I see what you mean...(PLAYS INTERMEZZO..ENDING  
WITH WORDS) deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle).....Is  
that what you want?

MEL: Mr. Benny, you must deedle on your feedle!

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Comprenez vous?

JACK: Si si, senor...(GOES BACK TO INTERMEZZO)

PHIL: (INTERRUPTING) HI YA, JACKSON. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' WITH  
THAT...OH NO NO NO NO...IT'S SPRING, JACKSON, THE LITTLE  
BIRDIES CAN'T TAKE IT!

JACK: Phil, stop butting in, I'm taking a violin lesson.

PHIL: Who's the character with the silly mustache?

JACK: Phil, please.

MEL: I am Professor Andre Le Blanc, Mr. Benny's music teacher.

PHIL: Hi Andy, what do you hear from Petrillo?

JACK: Professor, this is Phil Harris, my orchestra leader.

MEL: Ah, a fellow artiste....I greet you!  
(TWO LOUD KISSES)

JACK: That's funny, he didn't do that when I came in.

PHIL: Well, that's just a French greeting, Jackson...they do  
that all the time.

JACK: Oh..Well Phil, sit down while I finish my lesson, will  
you?

PHIL: Okay.

MEL: Now, Mr. Benny, continue with Intermezzo.

JACK: (STARTS TO PLAY INTERMEZZO)

MEL: Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny, you are playing much too loud...  
Can't you play a little softer?..Do you have a mute?

JACK: No, but I can put a glove on my left hand.

PHIL: Why don't you throw a wet towel over the strings?

JACK: Now Phil --

MEL: PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, MR. HARRIS...I AM TRYING TO  
TEACH MR. BENNY SOMETHING, AND YOU ARE DRIVING ME NUTS TO!

JACK: You said it..Now be quiet, Phil..will you..(STARTS  
INTERMEZZO AGAIN)

PHIL: Holy smoke, to think a cat had to die for this!

JACK: (CONTINUES PLAYING)

ROCHESTER: Oh boss, boss --

JACK: (STOPS PLAYING) Now what?

ROCHESTER: There was a telephone call for you.

JACK: For me?

ROCHESTER: Yeah, it was a complaint that you're playin too loud  
and it's very disturbing.

JACK: Who phoned? One of the neighbors?

ROCHESTER: NO, THE SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE!

JACK: Stop making things up...I'm sorry, Professor.

MEL: Well never mind...For today the lesson is over..through..  
finished...kapoot! I will see you next week.

JACK: Oh..Well okay, Professor, but tell me,...do you think  
you can make a great violinist out of me?

MEL: Well,..I think I can do something for you..but it will  
take time...How old are you?

JACK: Why?

MEL: How much time have we got left?

JACK: Now wait a minute, Professor...I know you're a great teacher, but if you don't like the way I play the violin, why did you take the job?

MEL: I am working for that Yankee dollah!

JACK: Oh.

ROCHESTER: WELL YOU AIN'T GONNA GET IT AROUND HERE!

JACK: Rochester, you keep out of this...Well, I'll see you next week, Professor...Goodbye.

MEL: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: Twenty-four years and all he knows is (SINGS da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da da....If I wasn't so hungry I wouldn't come back.

(LOUD DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Now Phil, please go in the other room with Mary, will you?...I want to practice a little more.

PHIL: Say Jackson, what's come over you all of a sudden... practisin' the violin and takin' lessons and everything.

JACK: Nothing, nothing...I just don't want to get rusty that's all.

PHIL: OH NO..YOU GOT SOMETHING UP YOUR SLEEVE..NOW WHAT IS IT?

JACK: I HAVE NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE...NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND LET ME PRACTICE OR I'LL PUT YOU OUT!

PHIL: YOU'LL PUT ME OUT?

JACK: YES!

PHIL: LET'S SEE YOU DO IT.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES--)

PHIL: OKAY, JACKSON, I'LL GO, I'LL GO QUIETLY!

JACK: (CONTINUES EXERCISES)  
(APPLAUSE AND SEQUE INTO BAND NUMBERS)  
(APPLAUSE)  
(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES...TWO STRAINS)...(THEN IN RHYTHM)...

DON: Hello, Jack...Hello.

JACK: Hello, Don..I'm practicing. One and two and three and four, I will practice this some more.  
(PLAYS ONE STRAIN)

DON: You are getting better, Jacko  
Lucky Strike means Fine Tobacco.

JACK: Don, let me practice...  
(PLAYS ONE STRAIN)

DON: One and two and three and four  
So free and easy on the drawer.

JACK: Don, Don...let me practice, will ya..Cut it out!  
(PLAYS ONE STRAIN)

DON: Lucky Strikes they are for me  
And so is L S M F T.

JACK: Don, Don...I'm practicing...Now Don...Why don't you...  
Oh my goodness, look what time it is...HEY KIDS, KIDS,  
I'VE GOT TO BE LEAVING, I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT.

MARY: (FADING IN) WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JACK?

JACK: Oh just out for a little while, I'll be back.

PHIL: I knew you had something up your sleeve!

JACK: I haven't got anything up my sleeve...Can't a man have an appointment?...Now I've got to run along, I'll see you later.

MARY: What are you taking your violin with you for?

JACK: I'm taking it by the music store to have it fixed..Now  
so long, fellas I'll see you later.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DON: Say Say..Phil, it's been quite a while...I wonder where  
he went.

PHIL: I don't know. I'm sure.

MARY: And he took his violin with him...Did you believe what  
he said about taking it by the music store to have it  
fixed?

PHIL: Nah...The way he plays that thing, how could he tell if  
it was busted?

MARY: Yeah, I guess you're right.

PHIL: Maybe he had an appointment with the dentist.

MARY: No, he could have sent those...Well I guess we'll just  
have to wait till he gets home.

DON: Yeah...Would you like to play some gin rummy, Mary?

MARY: No, I don't think so, I'm a little tired of gin.

PHIL: How'd you like to shoot a little craps kid?

MARY: Don't be silly, Phil..let's listen to the radio.

PHIL: Okay, I'll turn it on.

(CLICK OF DIAL...STATIC)



KEARNS: And now, ladies, once again I bring you the latest news on rationing..On August first a new shoe stamp becomes valid..This stamp should not be confused with stamps X, Y and G, which becomes valid August fifth, whereas the new shoe stamp becomes valid August first, which is two days after stamps M, L and O expire.. This leaves you stamps H, I and W which are blue and are not to be confused with red stamps which are Q, R and J...These stamps are to be used to buy -- but then your grocer doesn't have any..and they will no doubt expire before he gets some..However, your red stamps, which are called meat stamps, should be used to purchase butter in limited quantities..unless you prefer margarine..in which case you use stamps C, H and E, which become valid after A, D and Y become void, before F, T and H become valid..Now, ladies, if you have copied this information down and understand it... please send it to me, as I am all balled up!

MEL: ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO "ALL BALLED UP", IN CARE OF THE STATION TO WHICH YOU ARE LISTENING.

MARY: Get something else, Phil.

PHIL: Okay.

(MORE STATIC)

NELSON: Ladies and gentlemen..Are you a Los Angeles pedestrian?...Are you suffering from bumper fatigue? Does your head ring? And when you answer it, is it a wrong number? It is? Then you've got static in your attic....So why not try Sympathy Soothing Syrup.

(MORE)

NELSON:  
(CONTD)

And here's good news for people who can't sleep...Just mix two drops of Sympathy Soothing Syrup with one quart of gin...Drink down this pleasant mixture and when you go to bed, pull the cork up over you...But remember... use only Sympathy Soothing Syrup...Sympathy spelled backwards is Yitapamiss...Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

QUARTETTE:

YIT YIT YITAPAMISS

YIT YIT YITAPAMISS

YIT YIT YITAPAMISS

DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAAAAAAAY!

NELSON:

And now, ladies and gentlemen...A few weeks ago we got a letter from a man who was greatly helped by Sympathy Soothing Syrup...and we have asked that man to come here tonight and tell you his own story...What is your name, sir?

JACK:

Jack Benny.

MARY:

Phil, Phil, did you hear that?

PHIL:

Yeah...So that's where he went, huh?

NELSON:

Mr. Benny, what is your profession?

JACK:

I'm a violinist...and it just happens that I brought along my violin and I'd like to -- play --

NELSON:

Now Mr. Benny, how long ago did you start taking our product?

JACK:

About six months ago...and at that time I was very weak and run down...In fact I used to get tired out from brushing my teeth...But after using three bottles of your Sympathy Soothing Syrup, I can now brush my teeth without changing hands...And now I'd like to pay my --  
vio --

NELSON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SIX MONTHS AGO THIS MAN WAS AN EMACIATED, DRIED UP LITTLE WEAKLING.

JACK: Look --

NELSON: A SICKLY, SCRAWNY, NINCOMPOOP --

JACK: Look, I wasn't --

NELSON: A HOLLOW SHELL WITHOUT AMBITION OR COURAGE...A SPINELESS LITTLE JERK.

JACK: NOW WAIT A MINUTE!

NELSON: BUT I WISH YOU COULD SEE HIM NOW..STANDING HERE STRAIGHT AND TALL..THE BLOOM OF HEALTH IN HIS CHEEKS AND HIS BODY BULGING WITH MUSCLES.

JACK: Me?

NELSON: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS MAN WHO SIX MONTHS AGO WAS A SICKLY, SCRAWNY LITTLE --

JACK: THAT'S ENOUGH ALREADY..And will you please let me play my -- violin --

NELSON: Mr. Benny, we want to thank you for coming up here tonight, and hope you will continue to enjoy such excellent health.

JACK: Thank you, Mr. Sympathy..Now I have a little selection that I'd like --

NELSON: That concludes the interview...and now, ladies and gentlemen, a word on behalf of my --

JACK: (PLUCKS VIOLIN) Tonight folks, I'm going to play --

NELSON: Get away from that microphone!

JACK: It's a very short number.....(PLUCKS TWO STRINGS)

NELSON: WILL YOU PLEASE STOP? I HAVE A COMMERCIAL TO DO AND --

JACK: BUT YOU TOLD ME IF I CAME UP HERE I COULD PLAY!

NELSON: I DID NOT! NOW HERE, TAKE THIS BOTTLE OF SYMPATHY SOOTHING SYRUP AND GO!

JACK: YOU PROMISED ME THE LARGE SIZE.

NELSON: I PROMISED YOU NOTHING...Ladies and gentlemen, do you suffer from --

JACK: (STARTS TO PLAY INTERMEZZO)

NELSON: GET AWAY FROM THAT MICROPHONE.

JACK: (CONTINUES TO PLAY)

NELSON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...DO YOU SUFFER FROM DROOPY EYELIDS? DO YOU WHEEZE? DO YOU HAVE SNIPES IN YOUR PIPES? YOU DO? THEN WHY NOT TRY SOME SYMPATHY SOOTHING SYRUP...REMEMBER, SYMPATHY SPELLED BACKWARDS IS YITAPAMISS.

QUARIETTE: YIT YIT YITAPAMISS

YIT YIT YITAPAMISS

YIT YIT YITAPAMISS

DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAAAAAAY!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC.)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...The news of Germany's collapse is bound to break any day now, and we will have cause for deep gratitude to our fighting men over there. But for thousands of other fighters in the Pacific, V-E day will be simply another day on which to fight... perhaps on which to die. The news of their comrades' victory in Europe will naturally raise their spirits, but we here at home can show our thanks by continuing our home-front efforts for the victory yet to be won in the Pacific.

(MORE)

JACK:  
(CONT'D)

We can prove to them that we will celebrate Germany's  
surrender by re-dedicating ourselves to the support  
of all wartime activities and giving them all we have  
for an early defeat of Japan. Thank you.

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here is  
my good friend, L. A. "Speed" Riggs.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Quality of product is essential to continuing success -  
and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the  
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment  
smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike -  
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy  
on the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs of Goldsboro,  
North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E.  
Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).  
And this is Basil Ruysdael.

TICKER: ( 2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: There's real, deep-down smoking enjoyment in Lucky Strike  
(Imp. Tag #5) -- for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky  
Strike means fine tobacco.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(TAG)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Hey kids, I'm back.

MARY: Where were you, Jack?

PHIL: Yeah, Jackson, what was the big secret?

JACK: Well, if you must know, I made a guest appearance on a very high-class program.

PHIL & MARY: You did?

JACK: Yes...and kids, I want to tell you that I was absolutely a sensation...I played a violin solo, and they made me take four encores...Imagine, four encores.

MARY: Jack --

JACK: What?

MARY: We heard that program.

JACK: Oh...Wasn't it lousy?....Goodnight, folks.

11/11/11



# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM, PWT  
 STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,  
 REV. #32 KFSD,  
 BROADCAST SUN. 5/6/45 KFI.

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**DATE:** NBC

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:**

I OPENING NEW YORK

*As [unclear]*

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Check!  
 (Excl. J)

SHARBUTT: Double check!

RUYSDAEL: Right you are!

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)

DELMAR: For real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke  
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike. For Lucky Strike means  
fine tobacco.

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the  
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE WARM WEATHER WILL SOON BE  
HERE, SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE WHERE WE  
FIND JACK AND ROCHESTER CLEANING OUT THE SWIMMING POOL.

(TRANSITION "POOL CLEANING" MUSIC)

ROCHESTER: Well, all the water's out of the pool now, boss.

JACK: Yeah...Gosh, this pool sure can get dirty in a few  
months.

ROCHESTER: Maybe it would keep cleaner if it had a tile bottom.

JACK: Well, I --

ROCHESTER: Or even a cement bottom.

JACK: Well I --

ROCHESTER: IN FACT ANY KIND OF A BOTTOM WOULD BE BETTER THAN THIS  
MISSISSIPPI MUD.

JACK: Well I would cement it, but I'm growing rice in the  
shallow end...Now come on, let's start cleaning the  
pool. We'll begin down at the deep end.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

(FOOTSTEPS ON POOL)

JACK: Watch your step going down this sloping part because  
it's still wet and slippereeeeeeeeeEEEEEEE!

(SHORT SLIDE WHISTLE UP...BODY THUD)

JACK: (GROANS)

ROCHESTER: CONGRATULATIONS, BOSS...EIGHTEEN INCHES FURTHER THAN  
LAST YEAR!

JACK: Rochester, help me up.

ROCHESTER: Okay....(GRUNTS)

JACK: Now Rochester, pick up that stick and clean out the  
drain.

ROCHESTER: What stick?

JACK: That one up there on the edge of the pool.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, PUT ON YOUR GLASSES, THAT'S THE DIVING BOARD!

JACK: Oh...oh...OH!...Anyway, let's get on with the scrubbing.

ROCHESTER: Okay..I'll go to the house and get a bucketful of water.

JACK: You don't have to go to the house for water..Just turn  
that handle up there.

ROCHESTER: But boss, that's the one that fills the pool and --

JACK: Don't worry...You turn the handle, and I'll hold this  
bucket under the pipe.

ROCHESTER: But boss, that'll be too --

JACK: Tut tut tut...Now go ahead, and turn the handle..I've  
got the bucket.

ROCHESTER: Okay....Ready?

JACK: Yes.

(TONS OF WATER RUSHING OUT AND SPLASHING)

JACK: (THROUGH SOUND) TURN IT OFF...TURN IT OFF..TURN IT  
OFFFF...(ENDS WITH GARGLE)....(COUGHS AND SPLUTTERS)..  
ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER, I'M DROWNING...EVERYTHING'S GONE  
BLACK!

ROCHESTER: YOU AIN'T DROWNING, BOSS, YOU GOT THE BUCKET OVER YOUR  
HEAD.

JACK: Oh.

ROCHESTER: WITH THAT HANDLE UNDER YOUR CHIN YOU LOOK LIKE GENERAL PATTON.

JACK: Well don't stand there saluting me, take that bucket off my head.

ROCHESTER: Okay.  
(BUCKET DROPPED)

JACK: Hm...Now come on, let's try to get....

MEL: (FROG CROAKING, CONTINUES)

JACK: Oh look at that frog over there in the corner of the pool...isn't he cute?

ROCHESTER: Yeah...he's sure big too.

JACK: Say, Rochester, help me catch him...he'd make a nice pet...(CROAKING STOPS) I'd like to keep him.

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee...DOGGONE, ANYTHING THAT'S GREEN YOU LIKE TO SAVE!

JACK: Hurry, he's hopping away.  
(CROAKS)

JACK: Now, I've got him cornered.

MEL: (CROAKS)  
(LIGHT SLIDE WHISTLE UP)

JACK: Rochester, where did he go...where is he?

ROCHESTER: PUT THE BUCKET BACK ON YOUR HEAD, YOU'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED!

JACK: On my head!...Get him off...Get him off quick!

ROCHESTER: HOLD STILL, I'LL GET HIM.

JACK: ROCHESTER, PUT DOWN THAT BROOM!...For heaven's sake, you could hurt me with that.

MARY: HELLO JACK, WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

JACK: Rochester, the next time you --

ROCHESTER: BOSS, BOSS...MISS LIVINGSTONE'S HERE, TIP YOUR FROG!

JACK: Huh?...Oh hello, Mary.

MEL: (CROAKS)

JACK: Oh darn it, he got away...and I wanted to keep him.

MARY: Oh Jack you've already got a turtle, a lizard, a garter snake, two crickets and a caterpillar...What do you want all those things for?

JACK: Well Mary, it's no fun coming home at night to an empty house..you know.

MARY: (GIGGLES) That reminds me of the first time we met.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: When you leaned over and whispered in my ear..."Come on up to my apartment, babe, and I'll show you my insects."

JACK: Yeah...I was a sly one, wasn't I?

MARY: Some sly one...the way you chased me around the room with a butterfly net.

JACK: Oh that was years ago, I've got a lasso now..Say Mary, how do you like the way I'm fixing up my backyard?

MARY: Gee, it's swell, Jack.

JACK: And you know, Mary, as soon as the pool is filled, I want you to come over and swim every day.

MARY: I'd like to, Jack, but I'm putting all my money into War Bonds.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mary...I only charge for the upkeep.

MARY: Upkeep..You charge ten cents for the locker, fifteen cents for a bathing suit, and twenty-five cents for the use of the pool.

JACK: All right, all right, but I don't charge anything for the shower.

ROCHESTER: NO, BUT THE PRICE OF TOWELS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

JACK: Rochester!

MARY: Rochester's right...You charge for everything...Five cents for a sun chair, seven cents for a beach umbrella, ten cents for water wings.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: You've even got a meter on the diving board!

JACK: Now Mary --

MARY: Why last year you made more money out of your swimming pool than you did in radio.

JACK: Well it was a very hot summer...And another thing --

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You've got the only swimming pool that's listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

JACK: Stock exchange, stock exchange.

LARRY: Hello Mr. Benny, Hello Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Oh, Hello, Larry.

JACK: Hi ya kid..Say Larry, I've got good news for you...I'm fixing up my pool, and any time you feel like swimming come on over here.

LARRY: Gee thanks, Mr. Benny, but I can't swim.

JACK: Well, you can go wading.

MARY: Sure and up to your neck it's only fifteen cents.

JACK: Yeah...I lose money on Gary Cooper...Say Larry, I thought you'd be down at the studio rehearsing your song for the program?

LARRY: Oh I did that this morning...Would you like to hear it, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Sure sure, go ahead, kid...(I wonder how tall he is, anyway.)

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER "MORE AND MORE")

(APPLAUSE)



(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Larry...Now if you want to stick around, you can help me fix up the --

PHIL: Hi ya Jackson. Hello Livy.

MARY: Hello Phil.

JACK: Hi ya, Phil.

LARRY: Hello, Mr. Harris.

PHIL: Hi ya, kid, how's the red-headed Sinatra today?...Well.. cleanin' out the old pool...Gettin' ready for business again eh Jackson?

JACK: Yup..Say Phil, would you like your job back again this summer as life guard?

PHIL: No not after what happened last year.

MARY: What happened, Phil?

PHIL: Every time somebody yelled for help, before I could save 'em, I had to buy a ticket to get in the pool.

JACK: Well I'm sorry, Phil, but I can't afford to pay you a life guard's salary and let you swim for nothing...And anyway --

DIVING BOARD...CASH REGISTER...  
DIVING BOARD...CASH REGISTER...  
DIVING BOARD...CASH REGISTER...

JACK: ROCHESTER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ROCHESTER: I'M TESTING THE DIVING BOARD!

JACK: Good, good..Now will you go in the house and call the printer?...Tell him we want the tickets for Wednesday.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...Shall I tell him that this year we're gonna pay him, or is he gonna have to swim it out again?

JACK: Well..leave it up to him.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: By the way Phil, what did you come over here for?

PHIL: Well Jackson..I dropped by to ask you to do me a big favor.

JACK: A favor?

PHIL: Yeah..You know the night club I'm running.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..How's it going?

PHIL: Fine..And Jackson, tonight is Celebrity night.

JACK: Oh, celebrity night, eh?

PHIL: Yeah..and..well I don't wanta to impose on you...but... if you aren't doin' anything I thought..well I thought... maybe you could come over and --

JACK: Certainly, Phil, certainly..I'll be glad to..What shall I wear?

PHIL: An apron, we're short of help.

JACK: Look Phil, if you think I'm --

MARY: Say Phil, who are the celebrities Jack's gonna wait on?

JACK: Hmmm.

PHIL: Well I'm not sure who's gonna show up, but this afternoon I got on the phones and called Ronald Colman, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Van Johnson, Mark Twain, Bing Crosby, and --

JACK: Wait a minute, Phil, wait a minute..You called Mark Twain?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Phil, Mark Twain's been dead over thirty years.

PHIL: Well how do you like that...I must've had an old phone book.

JACK: Look Phil, how long have you been having these celebrity nights?

PHIL: Oh I started it last week Jackson..I had a swell turnout too, Charlie McCarthy was there.

MARY: You mean Charlie and Edgar Bergen?

PHIL: No no, Edgar was out of town, so Charlie came alone.

JACK: What?

PHIL: And you want to know something, Jackson..he ain't so much..he sat there all evening and never opened his mouth.

JACK: Phil, for heaven's sake...Charlie McCarthy's a dummy.

PHIL: Look Jackson, as long as they pay their check, I don't pry into their private affairs.

JACK: Well thanks, Phil, but I don't think I want to come over to your night club tonight.

PHIL: But Jackson, it's gonna be a big affair..we're gonna introduce a new drink..it's called the San Francisco Conference cocktail.

MARY: Oh fine.

JACK: How do you make it, Phil? Asked he going for a joke...

PHIL: Well, we put in a little liquor from each nation..some bourbon from America..tequila from Mexico..some vodka from Russia, Vermont from France...

JACK: Vermont from France?

PHIL: Make that Vermouth from France..Scotch...and

JACK: Vermont is from Maine..you know that...

PHIL: I had an old girl friend from Vermont once...

JACK: It's Maine and Vermont, you know..start it over again... what is it?

PHIL: Not from away back there I'm not gonna start it...

JACK: I don't remember having a drink like Vermont and Maine, do you remember, Mary?

PHIL: Is it all right if I go back as far as Vodka?

JACK: Yeah, start from Vodka..

PHIL: All right..Vodka from Russia..

JACK: Vodka from Vermont and Maine?

PHIL: No, that's Vermouth.

JACK: Oh, Vermouth from Vermont...

PHIL: No that's from France.

JACK: Oh, Vermont is in France...

PHIL: Vermouth from France....Scotch from Scotland...Hey, we better get on with this, it's getting late... and so on till we got a mixture of forty-six different liquors.

JACK: Well I'll be..What happens when you drink a thing like that?

PHIL: One sip and unconditional surrender!

JACK: Well that must be pretty powerful.

ROCHESTER: (OFF) OH BOSS, BOSS --

JACK: WHAT IS IT, ROCHESTER?

ROCHESTER: THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE TO SEE YOU, A MR. KEARNS.

JACK: OH, MR. KEARNS. THE NEWSPAPERMAN. I'LL BE RIGHT IN.

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Oh hello, Mr. Kearns, how are you?

KEARNS: Oh, I'm just fine, Mr. Benny..and I want to tell you that my editor was very pleased with that last story you gave me.

JACK: Oh, you mean the one about how I found Phil Harris?

KEARNS: Yes..it was as interesting as the stories on how you found Mary Livingstone and your butler, Rochester.

JACK: Oh..I found Mr. Harris in Vermont.

KEARNS: And now I want to do an article about...

JACK: Right between Maine and Vermont..around Waukeegan...

Pardon me..what did you say?

KEARNS: I said now I want to do an article about Don Wilson...

How did you come to select Don as your announcer?

JACK: Well I'll tell you..the very first time I heard Don speak, I was impressed with his voice and delivery.

KEARNS: Oh I see..you thought he'd be good doing commercials, eh?

JACK: Definitely. Have you ever noticed his sincerity when he says...

DON: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: And followed by saying...

DON: YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO. SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED. SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Of course, I don't do a very good imitation of Wilson, do I?

KEARNS: Not good, but acceptable.

JACK: Hmm..Anyway, I knew from the start that Don had a very good voice for radio.

KEARNS: And you've been proven right, Mr. Benny. You know I've heard lots of people comment about his voice..his pronunciation and his pear-shaped tones.

JACK: Yes, Don is the only announcer in radio with pear-shaped tones and a body to match...It works out swell.

KEARNS: Well, tell me, Mr. Benny, how did you discover Don Wilson?

JACK: Well, I found Don shortly after I started in radio. In fact I was on for my second sponsor..The International Corset Company. Did you hear my programs then?

KEARNS: No, but my mother's told me about them.

JACK: Ch...Well, the way it happened was this. One day I got a call from my sponsor, asking me to come down to his office..He said he wanted to talk to me..so I got into a taxi, picked up Mary and Phil..You see they were with me at the time..and the three of us drove over to my sponsor's office.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Say Jack, your sponsor really has a nice building here.

PHIL: And he certainly believes in advertising.

JACK: Yeah..look at that big neon sign.. "THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY..WE COVER THE GLOBE" ...Well, there's no use standing out here..let's...

PHIL: (WHISTLES)

JACK: PHIL, GET AWAY FROM THOSE WINDOWS...Come on.

(DOOR OPENS..FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here it is.

(DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Uh..I beg your pardon, Miss, but would you tell Mr. Willaby that Jack Benny is here to see him?

JANE: Oh, Mr. Willaby's expecting you, Mr. Benny. Go right through that door.

JACK: Thank you...Just follow me, kids.  
(EIGHT FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

PAULINE: Yes?

JACK: Uh..Mr. Willaby, please.

PAULINE: Oh, you're Mr. Benny..Mr. Willaby's expecting you, go right through that door.

JACK: Thank you. Thank you. Come on, kids.  
(EIGHT FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

SARA: Yes?

JACK: Hmm..I'm here to see Mr. Willaby.

SARA: Oh, you're Jack Benny.

JACK: Yes.

SARA: Mr. Willaby's expecting you, go right through that door.

JACK: Thank you. Come on, kids.  
(EIGHT FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Yes?

JACK: Miss, I'm Jack Benny, Mr. Willaby's expecting me.

BEA: Who's Mr. Willaby?

JACK: Look, Miss, isn't this the International Corset Company?

BEA: Yes.

JACK: Well, Mr. Willaby is the president.

BEA: Oh, you mean Snoodgy!

JACK: Snoodgy!

BEA: Yes..Go right through that door.

JACK: Oh for...Well all right, come on, kids.  
(FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Mr. Willaby?

NELSON: Yes, surprised?

JACK: Mr. Willaby, I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: Oh yes yes..Come right in.

JACK: I've got Mary and Phil with me.

NELSON: Oh, splendid, splendid.

MARY: Hello, Mr. Willaby.

PHIL: Hi ya, bub, what do you hear from the hips!

JACK: Phil! Now, Mr. Willaby, what is it you wanted to see me about?

NELSON: Well frankly, Jack, since you've been broadcasting for us, our company is losing money.

JACK: Losing money? But last week you said you had more orders than you can fill.

NELSON: I said we had more corsets than we can fill.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: We've been selling corsets for fifteen years..and this is the first time the company is feeling the pinch.

JACK: Oh, oh..Well, Mr. Willaby, if people don't buy your product..what has my radio program got to do with it?

NELSON: Look, Jack, we're paying you enough money. Why don't you stop reading the commercials and hire a good announcer?

JACK: Well Mr. Willaby, if you don't like the way I read the commercials, Phil Harris can do 'em.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson.



JACK: Here, Phil....(RUSTLE OF PAPER) .. Read this commercial  
I dreamed up last night... Now get this, Mr. Willaby...  
The show opens with a big fanfare..Then we go into  
our theme song...dedicated to the modern miss who wears  
an International corset. Then as the music of the  
theme song fades down, Phil steps up to the microphone  
and says....

PHIL: THIS PROGRAM IS SPONSORED BY THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET  
COMPANY...WE DON'T GUARANTEE TO TAKE IT OFF YA, BUT  
WE CAN PACK IT IN SO NOBODY'LL NOTICE IT!

JACK: And you'll just love the new slogan..."Gather unto  
you what is yours"...And then we also...

NELSON: Wait a minute, Jack, wait a minute...those are the  
commercials I'm talking about!

JACK: Now look, Mr. Willaby, you can't blame my program if  
you're losing money...There must be something wrong  
with the product.

NELSON: Something wrong with the International Corset? Are  
you crazy?

JACK: Mr. Willaby, I only said...

NELSON: I know what you said.

JACK: But...lookit...

NELSON: HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: Well, BEFORE USING OUR PRODUCT SHE COULDN'T EVEN  
GET IN THE HOUSE!

JACK: Okay, Mr. Willaby, you asked for it...I've received  
hundreds of complaints about your corsets.

NELSON: Complaints?

JACK: Yes...The steel you use in the stays is defective...  
When someone wearing your corset bends over...the stays  
have a tendency to snap loose with a piiiinnng.

NELSON: With a piiiinnng?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: I can't believe it...it's incredible..Why...it's...  
wait a minute...My secretary wears an International  
corset...I'll buzz for her.

(INTER OFFICE BUZZER)

NELSON: When she comes in, I'll ask her to bend down, and if  
the International Corset is what you say...

(DOOR OPENS)

BEA: What is it, Snoodgy?

JACK: Hmmm.

NELSON: Ethel, would you mind picking up that pin on the rug?

BEA: What?

JACK: Uh...Ethel...would you mind bending over as though  
you're picking something up?

BEA: Certainly.

(SNAP...PIIINNNG)

JACK: There...Did you hear that, Mr. Willaby?...Piiiiinnng?

NELSON: No...No...It can't be...I don't believe it...Would you  
mind bending over again, Ethel?

BEA: Certainly.

(SNAP...PIIINNNGGGGG)

JACK: There.

MARY: That's the first time I ever heard Ethel ping.

JACK: Mary.

WILLABY: All right, you win, Jack, you win...but I'll give you a proposition...I'll put better steel in my corsets if you get a good announcer to do the commercials.

JACK: Okay, Mr. Willaby, it's a deal...Come on, Mary...Come on, Phil. Let's go.

(DOOR CLOSES...FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Well, what are you going to do, Jack?

PHIL: Yeah...where are you gonna find an announcer?

JACK: I don't know where I'm going to find one....But I know what I want...I want someone with a voice that's different...a voice that has dignity...charm...and I won't stop looking until I find one...I'll find an announcer even if it takes me...ten years...

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

KEARNS: And that's how you found Don Wilson?

JACK: It wasn't that easy, Mr. Kearns...I tried voices, voices...all kinds of voices...deep ones, high ones, soft ones, loud ones.

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: All right, you're next...Read this...THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY PRESENTS JACK BENNY...Now, the show opens and you say....

MEL: (PORKY PIG) THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY PRESENTS  
JACK BENNY.

JACK: Never mind, never mind!  
(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC, UP AND DOWN)

JACK: All right, bud, you try it...The show opens and you say..

MEL: (AS UNCLE PETEY) THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY  
PRESENTS JACK BENNY.

JACK: Now cut that out, and you won't do..  
(TRANSITION MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

JACK: All right, fellah, you're next, read this...The  
show opens and you say...

MEL: (HICCUPPING) THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY  
PRESENTS JACK BENNY.

JACK: NO NO NO NO NO!  
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Gee whiz, Jack, you've auditioned over five hundred  
people.

PHIL: Yeah...where are you takin' us now?

JACK: I said I was going to find an announcer and I will..  
We're going right in here.

PHIL: Hey Livy, look what it says on the door...THE ACME  
ELOCUTION SCHOOL.

MARY: Oh yeah.. "WE CAN TRAIN YOUR VOCAL SO YOU WON'T SOUND  
LIKE A YOKEL."

JACK: Come on, let's go in.  
(DOOR OPENS)

WRITERS: (IN UNISON) A with a U is A-U, A-U  
(MEL D with a U is D-U, D-U  
DIRECTING) U-D, U-D, U-A, U-A.  
G with a U is G-U, G-U  
E with a U is E-U, E-U  
A-U, E-U, G-U, D-U.

MEL: Very good, students, very good.

JACK: (ASIDE) Hey, hey Mary, Mary, what do you think?

MARY: P with a U is P-U, P-U.

JACK: Quiet.

MEL: Please, please..what's all this disturbance over here?

JACK: Oh I'm sorry if we're intruding..but I'm Jack Benny,  
I'm looking for a radio announcer.

MEL: Well you've come to the right place. Now let's see. In  
this class I have little Harry Von Zell, Billy Goodwin,  
Jimmy Wallington, and that fat boy over there is Donald  
Wilson.

JACK: Donald Wilson..I like that name, and he looks like he  
might be just right for my program.

MEL: Certainly, Mr. Benny, I'll call him over..Oh Donald..  
Donald, this is Jack Benny.

JACK: How do you do.

DON: (IN RHYTHM) How with an H and an O and a U and an O and  
a D is how do do do.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Efe, ife, gimme a piece of pife..Efe, ife--

JACK: Phil, cut that out! Vermont! See..I knew Vermont ahead of time. This is ten years ago. Now, Mr. Wilson, I'm considering you as an announcer for my program, and if you take the job I hope everything turns out fine.

DON: I'm sure with an S and a U and an I with an S-U, S-U, I-U ill.

JACK: Huh?

MEL: He said I'm sure it will.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Now Donald, class is over, and you can speak naturally.

DON: Thank you. And Mr. Benny, I also want to thank you for this wonderful opportunity, because I understand there's a lot of money to be made in radio.

MARY: Not unless you own a swimming pool.

JACK: What?

MARY: P with an O and an O-O-L with an O-O-P and an O-P-A.

JACK: Mary, stop it...Now Mr. Wilson, before we sign the contract, I want to hear you read this simple line...  
THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY PRESENTS JACK BENNY.

DON: Yes sir.  
(MUSIC STARTS VERY SOFT)

DON: THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY PRESENTS THE GREATEST  
COMEDIAN IN THE WORLD...

JACK: Huh?

DON: THAT INIMITABLE, THAT INCOMPARABLE, THAT HANDSOME  
MASTER OF CEREMONIES...

JACK: Mary, this guy is gonna be great!

DON: THE GREATEST PERSONALITY IN SHOW BUSINESS TODAY, THAT SCINTILLATING STAR, THAT VIRTUOUS OF THE VIOLIN --

PHIL: YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO ANY FURTHER, BUB, YOU GOT THE JOB!

JACK: PLEASE, PHIL, PLEASE, I WANT TO HEAR HIM!

(MUSIC LOUD)

DON: THAT SPARKLING WIT OF THE AIRWAYS, THAT LOVABLE, LAUGHABLE, FAVORITE OF MILLIONS...JACK BENNY!

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: And that, Mr. Kearns, is how I found Don Wilson...And he did his first announcing job while I was still working for the International Corset Company.

KEARNS: Well, that's a very interesting story, Mr. Benny, and I've been making notes so I could...Oh darn it, I dropped my pencil.

JACK: Oh yes..yes..I'll pick it up for you.

(SNAP..PIIINNNNGGGG)

JACK: Hmm.

KEARNS: Why Mr. Benny, do you wear a --

JACK: Never mind! The interview is over...Goodbye.

KEARNS: Goodbye.

(DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

JACK:

I want to take just a minute to speak directly to the families of servicemen. Many of our boys entered the service right from school..or put on their uniforms when they were just getting started in business. What will happen to that foundation? Will it be affected by their long absence from civilian life? Not at all.. because our service man (or woman) is acquiring skills, training and experience which should eventually qualify him or her for a better peacetime job than before. At least half of all service jobs are directly related to civilian occupations..and all service jobs are related to civilian work in some way or other..... So, folks, the outlook is most encouraging to say the least. Yes, our veterans' assets are many, and Uncle Sam will certainly make use of them....Thank you.

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.



(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Take a tip from  
independent tobacco experts -- men like Mr. John L.  
Pinnix, independent tobacco warehouseman of Reidsville,  
North Carolina who said:

PINNIX: In every auction I've attended, Lucky Strike has bought  
the ripe, sweet, mellow tobacco. That's why I've been  
smoking Luckles for twenty-four years.

SHARBUTT: Quote: "Lucky Strike has bought the ripe, sweet, mellow  
tobacco." Unquote. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -  
Lucky Strike,

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky  
(CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs,  
of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).  
Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike,  
(Tap. Tag  
#5) so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy  
on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

TAG

JACK: This concludes another program, folks, and we'll be with you again next Sunday night at the same time.

DON: Oh Jack -

JACK: Yes, Don.

DON: It was nice of you to tell that story about how I first came on your program.

JACK: Thank you, Don.

DON: But I've been with you so many years now, don't you think I ought to get a little more mcrey?

JACK: What?

DON: Money.

MARY: M with an O with an N with an O with an N-O, N-O, N-O  
NO!

JACK: Thanks, Mary....Goodnight, folks.

**RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING**

**RADIO DIVISION**

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM, PWT  
 STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,  
 KFSD, KFI.

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** REV. #33

**DATE:** SUN. 5/13/45

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**NETWORK:** NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

**AS BROADCAST**

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so  
 fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

IS - MFT

IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: You bet!  
 (Excl. D)

DELMAR: And how!

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so  
 fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Independent tobacco experts present at the tobacco auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

DELMAR: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM ... STARRING JACK BENNY ...  
WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY  
STEVENS, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, LAST  
TUESDAY WAS V-E DAY...BUT AS PRESIDENT TRUMAN SAID...WE  
STILL HAVE A PROBLEM..AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank,you, thank you, Hello again, this is Jack Benny  
talking...and Don, the president didn't mean me...He  
meant Japan...Japan, that little body of land surrounded  
by Nimitz...But getting back to V-E-Day...this certainly  
has been an historic week, hasn't it, Don?

DON: Ah, it certainly has...And Jack, when you were  
over-seas, I'll bet you had no idea that the Germans  
would surrender when they did.

JACK: Would, would you mind repeating that, Don?

DON: I said...when you were over-seas I'll bet you had no  
idea the Germans would surrender when they did.

JACK: Don...are you kidding?

DON: What?

JACK: Look..now that it can be told...let me tell you  
something.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack...You're not going to tell me  
that you planned the invasion.

JACK: Oh...you know! ...And we tried to keep it a secret.

DON: Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack...you only went over-seas  
to entertain the boys.

JACK: Ha ha ha...You fell for that too, huh?...Ha ha!

DON: I didn't fall for anything...If you didn't go over-seas to entertain the boys, why did you go?

JACK: DON...WHEN CHURCHILL COMES OVER HERE AND HANDS YOU A NOTE FROM EISENHOWER, YOU CAN'T SAY NO! ... So let's not...Oh hello, Mary...

MARY: Hello, Jack, hello Don, hi ya everybody.

JACK: Say you're pretty happy tonight, you're pretty happy tonight, aren't you, Mary?

MARY: Well, why shouldn't I be... Even though we still have work to do...at least the fighting in Europe is over.

JACK: That's right.

DON: And Mary, you wanna know something? Jack's taking credit for the whole thing.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack, what do YOU know about military affairs?

JACK: Listen, sister, I was in the Navy during the last war... and if I must say so myself, I was a darn good sailor.

MARY: Some sailor...that was twenty-seven years ago and you still haven't got your eighty-five points.

JACK: Mary, don't be funny...I helped make naval history.

MARY: Oh sure, sure.

JACK: Sure.

MARY: The first day you joined, you got on a boat, tried to salute an officer, stuck your thumb in your eye, couldn't see where you were going, stepped off the side of the ship...

JACK: Mary!

MARY: Your suspenders caught on a nail, and if they hadn't stuck a paint brush in your hand you'd have been non-essential!

JACK: All right, all right...Anyway, Don was talking about what I did in this war.

DON: That's right, Mary, and Jack claims he went over-seas because Eisenhower sent for him.

MARY: Eisenhower sent for you?

JACK: Well---

DON: (LAUGHS) Not only that, Mary. Jack said Churchill came over here and handed him the note.

MARY: Churchill handed you a ... Jack Benny, if you weren't wearing glasses I'd punch you right in the nose... Oh put 'em back on and stop showing off.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, but...but it's little things like that that bring out the Errol Flynn in me...So..so watch it, kid.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault for making up things that aren't true...Churchill handing you a note.

JACK: I DIDN'T SAY HE ACTUALLY HANDED ME THE NOTE...HE CAME OVER TO MY HOUSE, I WASN'T HOME, SO HE WALKED AROUND TO THE BACK PORCH AND STUCK IT IN A MILK BOTTLE... So naturally, I just...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

BROWN: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes?

BROWN: You may not remember me after all these years, but I was in the Navy the same time you were.

JACK: At Great Lakes?

BROWN: Yes sir! The name is Flanagan.

JACK: Uh...Flanagan?

BROWN: Seaman third class.

JACK: Oh...Well look, Flanagan, why don't you sit down..and after the show we'll have a bite and talk over told times.

BROWN: YES SIR! ...HA HA HA! HEY BENNY, REMEMBER THE FIRST DAY YOU JOINED THE NAVY?...YOU GOT ON A SHIP, SALUTED AN OFFICER, STUCK YOUR THUMB IN YOUR EYE, AND ---

JACK: They know about that, they know about that.

BROWN: I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU HANGIN' THERE BY YOUR SUSPENDERS.. HA HA! THEY CALLED YOU BENNY THE HUMAN YO-YO.

JACK: Look, Flanagan.

BROWN: REMEMBER THE TIME YOU HAD A WATCH TATTOED ON YOUR WRIST SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO BUY ONE?

JACK: Never mind.

BROWN: THEN YOU TRIED TO GET YOUR MONEY BACK CAUSE IT WOULDN'T RUN!

JACK: Flanagan, never mind my tattoo..Now go sit down.

BROWN: Yes sir..those were the days!

JACK: Hmmm...Now where was I?

MARY: On the back porch with a milk bottle.

JACK: Oh yes...So I read the note from Eisenhower, packed as fast as I could, grabbed the first plane, and when I arrived over-seas, who do you think I met?

MARY: The milkman, he read the note first.

JACK: (MAD) Well, if you're not going to believe anything I say, there's no use letting you in on ---

LARRY: Hello, Mr. Benny, what are you mad about?



JACK: Oh nothing, Larry...It's just that I've been telling Mary and Don about my military accomplishments, and they don't believe me.

LARRY: Oh...Well, why don't you tell it to me, Mr. Benny...I'll believe you.

JACK: You will, kid?

LARRY: Sure, it's in my contract.

JACK: Oh, oh yes...Well come here, kid..(CLEARS THROAT) You see, Larry, when I was over-seas, I perfected a new system for dive bombing.

LARRY: You did?

JACK: Yes...and to demonstrate my system I took a bomber up five thousand feet, put her into a dive, and...

MARY: YOU flew a dive bomber?

JACK: Certainly.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You're the only man I know who blacks out on a merry-go-round.

JACK: That only happened once..I was reaching for the brass ring and the buckle broke on my safety belt...Anyway, Larry, I'll tell you more about it later...Let's have your song now.

LARRY: Okay.

BROWN: HEY BENNY...

JACK: Now what...

BROWN: REMEMBER THE TIME YOU STUCK YOUR HEAD OUT OF A PORT-HOLE AND YOU COULDN'T GET IT BACK IN?

JACK: Flanagan!

BROWN: HA HA!...FOR TWO WEEKS WE HAD TO STAND ON THE DOCK AND  
THROW FOOD AT YA!

JACK: Now cut that out...Larry, go ahead and sing..(Hmmm,  
throwing food at me...They could have at least opened  
the eggs you know.)

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Just a Prayer Away", "Just a Prayer Away",  
sung by Larry Stevens...very good, Larry, And now,  
kid, as I started to tell you...after I perfected the  
dive bomber, I came back to...

PHIL: Ry ya, Jackson, hello Livy...you clowns gettin' any  
laughs?

JACK: Oh hello Phil...what do you hear from Vermouth, Vermont?  
Huh?

PHIL: All right, all right, Jackson, so I made a mistake last  
week, that can happen to anybody.

JACK: I know, but it was written right in the script..French  
vermouth....and you called it French Vermont.

PHIL: All right, I'm sorry.

JACK: Don't you know the difference between vormouth **and** Vermont?

PHIL: No, I never drank any Vermont.

JACK: Well you must have been drinking scmething.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson, you ain't gonna hang that on  
me...I've been on the wagon for three months, and I  
haven't touched a drop.

JACK: Well, congratulations...For three months you haven't had a single...Say, Phil, this is the first time I ever noticed it...You've got blue eyes...Don, Mary, look!

MARY & DON: (SURPRISED) Yeah!

PHIL: Hey Livy, give me a mirror, I wanna see too.

JACK: Phil, you can take our word for it, you're very pretty.

MARY: Say Phil, how's your night club doing, now that the curfew's been lifted?

PHIL: Oh swell, Livy, swell.

JACK: And you know they lifted the ban on racing too.

PHIL: That won't make no difference to me Jackson. We never served many horses anyway.

JACK: Hmmm...Well it may not make any difference to you, but Crosby is very happy about it...He can race his horses again.

MARY: Yeah, and now that the curfew is lifted, they won't have to come in by midnight.

JACK: Yeah...Now kids, I don't want to change the subject... but you know next Sunday we're broadcasting from San Francisco...and we're leaving tonight...so I want you all to....

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello....Long distance?....Just a minute...Mary, it's for you...Plainfield, New Jersey.

MARY: Oh it must be Mama...HELLO...HELLO MAMA...I WAS GONNA CALL YOU RIGHT AFTER THE SHOW...HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY... IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE, TOO. WHERE'S PAPA?..... HE'S IN THE REFRIGERATOR READING A NEWSPAPER!

JACK: What?

MARY: OH, ALL THE OTHER LIGHTS ARE BURNED OUT.

JACK: What a family...how's your sister Babe?

MARY: I'll find out...SAY MAMA, HOW'S BABE?.....OH FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHEN?

JACK: What happened, Mary?

MARY: She got her nose caught in the vacuum cleaner.

JACK: I knew she could do it.

MARY: WHAT'S THAT, MAMA?.....YOU COULDN'T REMOVE THE VACUUM CLEANER SO YOU SENT FOR THE HEAD OF THE F.B.I.?..... BUT MAMA IT'S A DIFFERENT HOOVER THAT MAKES THOSE.

JACK: I wonder how she breathes with that vacuum cleaner on her nose.

MARY: MAMA, HOW CAN BABE BREATHE WITH HER NOSE STUCK IN THE VACUUM CLEANER?.....OH, YOU KEEP IT RUNNING?

JACK: Look Mary, we're doing a program.

MARY: MAMA, I'VE GOTTA HANG UP NOW, SO I'LL WRITE YOU A LONG... ..WHAT'S THAT, MAMA?

JACK: Mary, please.

MARY: COUSIN BOBBY GOT OUT OF THE ARMY UNDER THE NEW SYSTEM?

JACK: Well?

MARY: (LAUGHS) Mema!

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Mema said Bobby's been overseas so long he was discharged and had enough points left over to buy a ham.

JACK: Your mother's a card.

MARY: WELL, GOODEYE, MAMA, AND HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY.  
(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: You know, Mary, I like your mother...In fact today we should all pay tribute to the one person to whom we owe so much...As for myself...I can say...all that I am today I owe to my mother.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson...You ain't gonna blame any sweet little old lady on that!

JACK: Phil, just take your vermouth, and go back to Vermont.. Now kids, as I started to say before...

BROWN: HEY BENNY..WHEN ARE YOU GONNA GET TO THAT CLEVER STUFF?

JACK: What?

BROWN: YOU KNOW, THAT PART WHERE YOU GO (DOES CHANT)

JACK: (INTERRUPTS) wait a minute, wait a minute..I don't do that...You're talking about the commercials.

BROWN: YEAH...THAT'S THE STUFF I LIKE...WHERE THOSE GUYS RUSH OUT AND SAY...WHY SURE, YES SIR, YOU BET! LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO...SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE...

BROWN: AND THAT TRAINED CRICKET YOU GOT!

JACK: Cricket?

BROWN: YEAH...THE ONE THAT GOES TICK TICK...TICK TICK TICK... TICK TICK...TICK TICK TICK.

JACK: Gee, I always thought a man did that.

BROWN: WHEN ARE YOU GONNA GET TO THAT?

JACK: That comes later at the end of the show.

BROWN: WELL HURRY UP...GET THROUGH WITH YOUR STUFF, YOU'RE HOLDING THINGS UP.

JACK: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, FLANAGAN...SIT DOWN!

JACK: Now kids...as I started to tell you, we're all meeting tonight at the station a half hour before our train leaves...I've got to run home now, because I've got some last minute packing to do.

MARY: What time is it now, Jack?

JACK: I don't know, my tattoo isn't running...I mean my watch isn't running...Now Phil, you and the rest of the gang finish the program, and see that nobody misses the train.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson..

JACK: So long, kids...See you later.

(DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Rochester, I'm late, and I've gotta hurry..Come on, help me..will you?

ROCHESTER: I've already started packin' for you, boss.

JACK: Oh swell..how far have you gotten?

ROCHESTER: Well I packed your iron capsules..Scots Emulsion..cod liver oil..yeast tablets..aspirin..sleeping pills..benzdyrene..hair tonic, blood tonic, nerve tonic...

JACK: Now let's -- get these --

ROCHESTER: Eye drops, nose drops, ear drops, cough drops..

JACK: Now let's -- get these things...

ROCHESTER: Corn pads, bunion pads, heating pads, shoulder pads...

JACK: Now let's --

ROCHESTER: Vitamins A B C D and L S M F T!

JACK: Good.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, IF YOU REALLY NEED ALL THIS STUFF, YOU BETTER NOT GO!

JACK: I'm going anyway...Now pack my shirts while I go in the bathroom and get the rest of my toilet articles. Let's see..tooth paste..tooth brush..shaving cream..razor..razor..hmm, let me see...OH ROCHESTER..WHEN DID I PUT A NEW BLADE IN MY RAZOR?

ROCHESTER: A new blade?..Let me think, boss..let me think...OH YEAH, I REMEMBER..IT WAS D-DAY PLUS SIX!

JACK: Oh, then this blade is still good..BUT, I'll take along a new one, sometimes they break...Now let's see..shaving brush, face lotion, powder, gargle, throat spray, Sympathy Soothing Syrup...Hmmm..(SINGS LOW) Yit Yit Yitapamiss..Yit yit Yitapamiss..Yit Yit Yitapa..no getting away from it, that Cole Porter writes beautiful lyrics..Well, I guess I've got everything.. How are you doing, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: I'm about half done.

JACK: Good, and say, Rochester, I've been meaning to tell you.. ..I might be entertaining some important delegates from the conference, like well, like Anthony Eden..and I want you to be very dignified.

ROCHESTER: Dignified?

JACK: Yes, I want you to speak with a broad "A"..You know.. cahn't..dahnce..commahnd..and so on. Now repeat this sentence after me.."I cahn't dahnce this ahfternoon as I have paint on my pahnts!"

ROCHESTER: Oh boss, this is so SILLY!

JACK: There's nothing silly about it..now repeat it.

ROCHESTER: Okay..(VERY ENGLISH) "I cahn't dahnce this ahfternoon as I have paint on my pahnts!"

JACK: That's very good, Rochester, and remember it when I'm entertaining in San Francisco...Now let's get on with the packing..I'll take my socks and put them in the small bag, and put my handkerchiefs...(PHONE RINGS).. Answer the phone, Rochester.

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN,..RECEIVER CLICK)



ROCHESTER: (VERY ENGLISH) ARE YOU THERE?....THIS IS THE RESIDENCE OF JACK BENNY...STAR OF THE CINEMA, LEGITIMATE DRAMA AND WIRELESS...AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS, TWO FOR A SHILLING...MEN IN THE ARMY, MARINES, OR HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY, HALF PRICE...EH, COME AGAIN? ....OH, THIS IS MOST DISTRESSING, MOST DISTRESSING...RIGHT HO, I'LL TELL HIM...  
CHERRIO, PIP PIP.  
(RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Who was that, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: (VERY ENGLISH) YOUR TAILOR, SIR..HE SAID YOU CAHN'T DAHNCE THIS AHFTERNOON UNLESS YOU PAY IN ADVAHNCE FOR YOUR PAHNTS!

JACK: Now cut that out...You don't have to begin till we get to San Francisco..Now you finish packing, while I go into my vault and get some money.

(EIGHT FOOTSTEPS: HEAVY IRON HANDLE TURNS WITH CREAKING OF CHAINS. ON CUE: SIX MORE FOOTSTEPS. HEAVIER IRON HANDLE TURNS WITH CREAKING OF CHAINS. THEN SOUND OF EXTRA HEAVY CHAINS BEING LET DOWN. FOLLOWED BY A VERY HEAVY THUMP...THEN SEVERAL LIGHTER THUMPS AND QUIVERING SOUND)

JACK: Hmm, I think I need a new drawbridge...Well, I better cross over the moat to the safe.  
(ON CUE. FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Halt! Who goes there?

JACK: It's only me, Ed..I want to get into my safe.

KEARNS: Oh it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes...well, we're having very lovely weather now, Ed...  
It's spring again.

KEARNS: Spring?...That must be nice.

**JACK:** By the way, Ed, I've got some good news for you...the war in Europe is over...Germany surrendered on Tuesday.

**KEARNS:** Oh that's wonderful...Did they catch the Kaiser?

**JACK:** No, no, Ed, that was oh, I'll explain it to you some other time...Right now I'd like to open my safe.

**KEARNS:** Very good, sir..Shall I put on my blindfold?

**JACK:** Of course not, of course not...Ed, I trust you...Now

let's see..The combination is right to forty-five...

(LIGHT TURNING SOUND) Left to one sixty (LIGHT SOUND)

Back to fifteen (LIGHT SOUND) Then left to one ten

(LIGHT SOUND) There!

(HANDLE TURNS...STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, ETC....ENDING WITH B.O. WHISTLE)

**JACK:** Humm...the battery is weak...Now let's see...how much money will I need...I'll be in San Francisco for ten days ...There'll be hotel bills...meals...entertainment... tips...Fifteen dollars ought to be enough...maybe I should take twenty...Nah, if I take a lot, I'll just spend it...I'll take fifteen...but then again, maybe I'll need twenty...Oh well, I'll play safe and take seventeen fifty...There.

(SAFE DOOR CLOSES..TWO FOOTSTEPS)

**KEARNS:** Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

**JACK:** Goodbye, Ed...I'll see you in the fall.

**KEARNS:** I'll be here.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS AND HEAVY DOOR CLOSES...THEN FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS.)

**JACK:** Well come on, Rochester, we better hurry to the station.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(STATION NOISES...TRAIN BELLS...ETC.)

**JACK:** I hope my gang is here.

MEL: (OVER P.A.) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE..FOR ANAHEIM,  
AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA...TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE...  
FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Rochester, check my bags...I'm going over to the  
information booth and make sure about the time our train  
leaves.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.  
(COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Pardon me, are you the information clerk?

NELSON: WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM IN THIS CAGE, A BIRD OF  
PARADISE?

JACK: (hmm...I always have to run into him)...Look, I'm going  
to San Francisco.

NELSON: Well, well..Don't tell me the La Brea Tar Pits is sending  
a delegate to the Conference.

JACK: Don't be funny...All I want to know is when my train  
leaves for San Francisco...and if you won't tell me --

NELSON: Get your hands off my desk!

JACK: I just want to look it up in this --

NELSON: STOP CRUMPLING MY TIME TABLE!

JACK: Then will you please tell me what time my train leaves  
for San Francisco?

NELSON: WELL, WHICH TRAIN DO YOU WANT TO GO ON, THE LARK OR THE  
OWL?

JACK: What's the difference?

NELSON: THE LARK CAN SING, SILLY.

JACK: Look, I want to go on the --

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE...FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA,  
AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Oh, there's Mary and Phil...HERE I AM, KIDS.

MARY: (OFF) HURRY UP, JACK, OUR TRAIN'S ABOUT TO LEAVE.

PHIL: (OFF) COME ON, JACKSON.

JACK: OKAY, I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE..

FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA

TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE..

FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA.

(SINGS) RUM AND CUCA-MONGA

RUM AND CUCA-MONGA

BOTH ANAHEIM AND AZUSA

LOVE RUM AND CUCA-MONGA.

JACK: MARY, PHIL, STOP DANCING...OUR TRAIN'S LEAVING!

(PLAYOFF MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

BON: Jack will be back in just a minute with a very important message, but first here is my good friend, L. A. Speed Riggs.

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...it seems like more than a coincidence that Mother's Day should fall on the first Sunday after V-E Day...And today, glowing tributes have been paid to mothers everywhere...At this moment I wish it were possible to tune in on the hearts and thoughts of the mothers whose fighting sons are far away from home... From them we would learn the true meaning of V-E Day and Mother's Day. They probably wouldn't express their feelings in a lot of fancy words...perhaps they couldn't but then they don't have to..because we can see in their faces not only sorrow and anxiety but courage and faith. Mothers who have given the most and asked the least are doing the hardest job to be done in war...Staying at home...waiting. So today our thoughts and prayers are with all mothers as well as the hope that by next Mother's Day their Johnnies will have come marching home.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

DELMAR: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and that's quality where fine quality counts, right in the tobacco itself. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

SHARBUTT: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). And this is Basil Ruysdael speaking.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

DELMAR: Fine tobacco makes a fine cigarette. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(Imp. Tag #18)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

**RADIO DIVISION**

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM, PWT  
 STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,

**CLIENT:** AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
 LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

**BROADCAST:** 3RD REV. #34  
 SUN. 5/20/45

KFSD,  
 KFI.

**PROGRAM:** THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

**DATE:** NBC

**NETWORK:**

I OPENING NEW YORK

*AS*

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

KING: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

KING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: ( 2 & 3, 2 & 3)

KING: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LYON: Why, sure!  
 (Excl. H)

KING: Of course!

DELMAR: Yes, sir!

LYON: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
 so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)

DELMAR: There's real, deep-down smoking enjoyment in fine tobacco and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco; for the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

LYON: So for real, deep-down smoking enjoyment -- smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)  
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)



(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL...MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..ON THIS MOMENTOUS OCCASION WE ARE BROADCASTING FROM THE MAGNIFICENT CIVIC AUDITORIUM IN HISTORIC CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO..SAN FRANCISCO..KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR ITS LUXURIOUS BUILDINGS..ITS BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE..ITS EXPENSIVE HARBOR..ITS GIGANTIC AND IMPRESSIVE BRIDGES....

JACK: By the time he gets to me I won't mean a thing. Now I know how Berkeley feels.

DON: SO FROM THIS COLORFUL CITY..IN HONOR OF "I AM AN AMERICAN DAY"...WE BRING YOU THAT YANKEE DOODLE DANDY...JACK BENNY!  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes sir...Yeah...Thank you, thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...and Don, it certainly is thrilling to be here in San Francisco..a city that reminds me so much of Waukegan. Yes sir.

DON: Oh now wait a minute, Jack...I don't blame you for being proud of your home town, but let's not be ridiculous.

JACK: Ridiculous!..Are you kidding?...Don, mention one thing that San Francisco has that Waukegan hasn't got.

DON: Well..Waukegan doesn't have the bridges, the Golden Gate, Fisherman's Wharf, paved streets, electric lights, department stores..automobiles, bicycles, trees, and --

JACK: HA HA!...I KNEW IF I LET YOU GO, YOU'D HANG YOURSELF.... WE'VE GOT BICYCLES!...They may have high front wheels, but we've got 'em....Nevertheless, I do agree with you, Don...San Francisco is a beautiful city.

DON: Ah you bet it is, Jack...but a funny thing happened to me this morning when I was walking down Nob Hill.

JACK: Walking down Nob Hill?

DON: Yes...When I got half way down I stopped to rest, and a traffic cop came over and made me point my toes into the curb.

JACK: Will you can't blame him, Don...if you ever started rolling, you'd flatten everything south of Market street. You know...When you stroll down the street, you look like a walking plenary session..and you've got plenty of plenary brother, too...And Don, have you noticed how crowded it is here in San Francisco..With the Conference on, it's almost impossible to get a room..It was just fortunate that I made my reservations eight months ago.

DON: Oh well, then you're lucky, Jack..Where are you living, at the Top of the Mark?

JACK: No, at the bottom of the Lankershim...but it's really beautiful down there..you can look up and see the bay...Of course, after five days I had to give up my room, and I'm now living at the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley...You know that's near Oakland.

DON: But Jack, you come over to San Francisco so often..with that toll bridge, don't you find it rather expensive crossing the bay?

JACK: Not at all, Don...It just happens that I brought my bathing suit with me...you know.

DON: Well Jack, isn't that a little dangerous?

JACK: It wasn't until yesterday...The Coast Guard came out after me, they thought I was a German submarine giving myself up...I wouldn't have minded that so much, but they fired a shot across my bow...Fortunately, I was bowing at the time.

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON! ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, YOU'RE ALL IN CLOVER, CAUSE HARRIS IS HERE AND THE LULL IS OVER!  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: How do you like that..the lull is over. Phil, why do you always have to barge in with a noisy entrance! After all, this is "I Am an American Day!"

PHIL: Well that's just it, Jackson. I'm a real American, I'm part Indian.

JACK: Part Indian?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Cherokee?

PHIL: No, Cherry-coke. HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, YOU SENSATION FROM A RESERVATION..NO WONDER YOU'RE NUMBER ONE ON THE TOTEM POLE...(DOES INDIAN CALL)

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT!

PHIL: I want to play!

JACK: Harris...a fine Indian..cherry coke.

PHIL: Certainly..My father was Big Chief Nickel-Back-On-The-Bottle..

JACK: Phil, stop being so silly, will you.

DON: Say Phil, how are you enjoying San Francisco?

PHIL: Oh it's great, Donzy...This is really a pretty village.. especially at night, when you're lookin' down at the city from the top of a tall building..and all the colored lights are flashing on and off...Gosh, it's beautiful... looks just like a pinball machine.

JACK: Oh fine...comparing San Francisco to a pinball machine.

PHIL: Sure, Jackson, the whole town is tilted!

JACK: Tilted?

PHIL: Yeah...Frankie, my guitar player, says it's the first time he's ever been sober and the city cockeyed.

JACK: Well, I hope the change wasn't too much of a shock to him. By the way, Phil, where are you and Frankie living?

PHIL: Well we couldn't find a room, Jackson, so we've been spendin' all our time up at the Top of the Mark.

JACK: Oh, that must be beautiful.

PHIL: Yeah, what a view! On a clear day you can see the bar.

JACK: I know, I know.

PHIL: And say, Jackson, do you want to hear something cute?

JACK: What?

PHIL: Well last night Frankie had a couple of drinks...and you know those big turn-tables they have at the end of the cable car lines?

JACK: You mean those turn-tables they revolve the cable cars on?

PHIL: Yeah..Well Frankie kept watchin' 'em all one night..Then finally he walked over to the conductor and said.. "Listen chum, I've been here for seven hours..WHEN ARE YOU GONNA PUT ON ONE OF CROSEBY'S RECORDS?"

JACK: Well Phil, I can understand Frankie standing there for seven hours, but what were you doing there?

PHIL: I was waitin' for "That's What I Like About The South".

JACK: Well Phil, all I can say is...Well...here comes our little songbird...Hello, Larry.

LARRY: Hello, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Larry, I was looking for you all week to find out what you're going to sing today. Where are you living?

LARRY: Oh I'm at the Sir Francis Drake...I have a lovely room overlooking...

JACK: A room overlooking what?

LARRY: I don't know, it hasn't got a window.

JACK: Oh...Well, it's so crowded here they probably stuck you in a broom closet...Go ahead, kid, let's have your song. Come on, lets have it.

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Stars in Your Eyes" sung by Larry Stevens... I heard the record you made of that, too, Larry, very very good.

LARRY: Thank you and say Mr. Benny, while we're here in San Francisco, I'd sure like to meet some important people.

JACK: Well, that's possible kid, that's possible even though Eden and Molotov have left.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson, Molotov didn't leave..I saw him last week at the Seals Stadium..He was playin' left field for --

JACK: THAT'S NOVIKOFF. Molotov is the foreign commissar of Russia...Don't you ever read the papers?

PHIL: Sure, I know what's goin' on.

JACK: OH YOU DO, EH?...WELL THEN TELL ME, WHERE ARE EDEN AND MOLOTOV?

PHIL: THEY WERE ALLOWED TO GO HOME BECAUSE THEY EACH HAD EIGHTY-FIVE POINTS...AND GIVE ME MY EIGHT SILVER DOLLARS, DOCTOR.

JACK: Phil, some day I'd like to --

RITA: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Mary..Someday I'd like to..Wait a minute, you're not Mary.

RITA: No, I'm Rita Hayworth.

JACK: Oh, Rita Hayworth!  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Rita, this certainly is a surprise. What are you doing here?

RITA: Well Jack, I stopped in to visit Mary at her hotel, and she had a very bad cold.

JACK: Oh yes, and I'll bet I know how she caught that cold..She crossed the bay with me and didn't bring a towel..That's too bad..I know that Mary would have been thrilled to be here...she really would.

RITA: Anyway, Jack, Mary asked me to come over here and take her place.

JACK: Well that's awfully sweet of you, Rita, and naturally I don't expect you to do this for nothing. I suppose Mary told you that I'll pay you the same salary that I'm paying her.

RITA: Yes, but I came anyway.

JACK: Oh Rita, you little vixen you. But no kidding, I'm so glad you're here..because well I wanted to tell you that I've often..In fact, I..No, I better not say it.

RITA: What is it, Jack? You can tell me.

JACK: No..you'll only think I'm a silly kid.

RITA: No I won't...I promise..

JACK: Well..okay, I'll confess, Rita,that I, little Jack Benny, have often dreamed about you.

RITA: Why I think that's sweet..oh but Jack, when you dreamed about me, did you ever dream that I'd be on your program?

JACK: No, I always kept business out of it..Say Rita, while you're here in San Francisco, where are you staying..in Berkeley or Oakland?

RITA: Oh I have a very nice room right here at the Palace Hotel.

JACK: THE PALACE HOTEL...RIGHT HERE IN TOWN?

RITA: Yes.

JACK: Well..Imagine, getting a room right in the..Hm..what have you got that I haven't got?

RITA: Nothing, nothing, but I'm supposed to walk that way.

JACK: Got that one over with a bang, Rita.

DON: Oh Miss Hayworth, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your latest Columbia musical, "Tonight and Every Night". I thought you were wonderful in it.

RITA: Thank you, Don.

JACK: Oh yes, I saw it too..And by the way, Rita, I have a picture playing here in San Francisco this week. It's called "The Horn Blows at Midnight"..and it's doing terrific business.

RITA: Yes,.I know, Jack, but don't you think you're unfair trying to cash in on Bing Crosby's reputation?

JACK: Well, I --

RITA: Imagine, changing the title from "The Horn Blows at Midnight" to "Blowing My Way."

JACK: Well, I know what I'm doing, sister...I'm a business man.

RITA: Well, Jack, if you're such a business man, why did you gyp the cable car company out of their fare?

JACK: What do you mean, gyp?

RITA: I saw you on Powell street.

JACK: Huh?

RITA: When you thought no one was looking, you walked out in the middle of the street, got down on your knees, stuck your finger in the slot, hooked it around the cable and let it pull you up the hill for nothing.

JACK: Oh...I just did that for a gag...You know people expect me to be funny.

PHIL: Say, Jackson, after the show, I got a little spot we'll ..HEY, WHO'S THIS HAPPY LITTLE BUNDLE OF TECHNICOLOR?... (WHISTLE, THEN OOMPHY) WELL...L S M F T!

RITA: What?

JACK: Rita, LSMFT stands for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RITA: Oh.

PHIL: BUT IN YOUR CASE, HONEY, LSMFT MEANS YOU'RE A LOVELY, SPUNNING, MARVELOUS, FANCY TOMATO.

JACK: Tomato?

PHIL: ALLRIGHT, TOMATO .. INTRODUCE ME, JACKSON, LET'S GET GOING HERE.

JACK: Okay, okay...Rita, I'd like you to meet Whispering Phil Harris.

RITA: (OOMPHY) Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Oh brother, all this and a salary too...I'll bet if she ever walked into the conference, she'd be whistled at in forty-six different languages.

JACK: Phil!



PHIL: You know, Rita, the minute I seen you, I knew you were my type.

JACK: Slow down, Phil, she's married...she's married to Orson Welles.

PHIL: Who's he?

JACK: Rita, you tell him.

RITA: My husband is an actor...a writer...a director...a producer...a columnist...and a commentator.

PHIL: Well if he's that busy, what am I worried about?

JACK: PHIL! Don't mind him, Rita...he just came with the band.. the union says you gotta have one.

RITA: Oh he doesn't bother me, Jack...and I think I'd better be running along now. See you later.

JACK: Wait a minute, Rita, what's your rush? Where are you going?

RITA: I've gotta hurry over to the Bay Ridge, and there's such a crowd there I want to get a place close to the rail!

JACK: Close to the rail? Why?

RITA: Well I understand every afternoon some eccentric fellow swims across the bay.

JACK: Oh, oh, I see...Well it takes all kinds of people to make a world. Anyway, Rita, thanks very much for coming over, and I'm sure Mary appreciates it too...Goodbye.

RITA: So long, Jack.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ah, it was nice of her to come over and leave Orson  
all by himself..you like that one, Orson? And now,  
ladies and gentlemen...tonight as an added attraction  
we have another surprise for you. A very dear friend  
of mine who has entertained the boys over-seas in  
both theatres of war and is preparing to go again...  
the world's greatest harmonica player, Larry Adler!  
(APPLAUSE)  
(SEGUE INTO LARRY ADLER'S NUMBER)  
(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Rhapsody Americana played by Larry Adler..  
Larry, that was wonderful.

ADLER: Thank you, Jack...you pronounced it so well, too.  
Say, Jack, we certainly had a lot of fun on our trips  
over-seas, didn't we?

JACK: We sure did...And Larry, when you played your harmonica,  
the boys really went for it.

ADLER: I know, Jack, and when you played your violin, the boys  
really went.

JACK: Hmm...I'd answer that but I have another important  
introduction to make.

ADLER: Oh, who are you going to introduce now, Jack?

JACK: The Governor of California.

ADLER: You mean the governor is here?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: WHAT HAVE WE DONE NOW?

JACK: Nothing now, Phil, sit down...AND NOW...ONE OF THE  
HONORED GUESTS HERE AT THE "I AM AN AMERICAN DAY"  
FESTIVITIES IS THE GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA...AND HE HAS  
GRACIOUSLY CONSENTED TO APPEAR ON THIS PROGRAM...LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN, GOVERNOR EARL WARREN.

(APPLAUSE)

WARREN: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and thank you, Jack.

JACK: Gosh, Governor, I'm so excited...You know this is the  
first time I've ever had a governor on my program...I  
don't know how to act...I don't know what to do.

WARREN: Well for one thing, stand up, you don't have to curtsey.

JACK: Oh, oh, I didn't know.

WARREN: Well, Jack, I just want to tell you how happy we are to have you here in San Francisco at this time.

JACK: Thank you, Governor..I was also here a couple of weeks ago for the opening of the conference...And I certainly was thrilled when I met all those important people... foreign secretaries, heads of the various delegations, international diplomats. And you know, Governor, I learned one thing...the more important people are, the friendlier they are.

WARREN: Yes, I agree with you, Jack...and from what you say I imagine you found Mr. Molotov very interesting.

JACK: Well...unfortunately I didn't meet Mr. Molotov...You see the day I was supposed to meet Molotov, I had a luncheon appointment with Anthony Eden.

WARREN: Oh, then you met Anthony Eden.

JACK: Well...no...You see, just as I was leaving my hotel to have lunch with Mr. Eden, I got a telephone call from Stettinius.

WARREN: Official business?

JACK: No, wrong number...Of course that's not your fault, Governor, it happens in other states too.

WARREN: Well, Jack, aren't you taking the long way round just to tell you didn't meet anybody?

JACK: No, no, Governor, on the contrary, I did meet one very important person who really knows what it's all about.. In fact, I had lunch with him twice...His name is Mr. Dyess...Edward Dyess.

WARREN: Edward J. Dyess?

JACK: Yes...Do you happen to know him?

WARREN: Well, I should, he's my chauffeur.

JACK: Well, he's a lovely fellow...Anyway, Governor, it's been a great pleasure to be here in San Francisco...and my cast and I feel highly honored having been asked to appear on this "I Am An American Day" program.

WARREN: I'm very happy to be here too, Jack..because today, all over the country, in every city and every village our people are celebrating "I Am An American Day." The day when Americans can look back on their privileges and new Americans can look forward to theirs...the day on which old citizens join with the new and together pledge themselves to uphold the American way of life.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you very much, Governor Warren, for being with us on this occasion.

WARREN: You're very welcome...Jack. And by the way, you won't forget, will you?

JACK: Forget? Oh no no, I'll send you a whole carton of 'em. ...Goodbye, Governor.

WARREN: Goodbye, Jack.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh my goodness.

BOB: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: I meant to ask the Governor to come to the big reception I'm giving in my honor tonight...you know Mayor Lapham is going to be there too.

DON: Mayor Lepham?

JACK: Yes, he's the one who wears those Zoot neckties..you know..Oh well, I'll get in touch with the Governor later, and I'm sure he'll --  
(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone, I'll get it.  
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh hello, Rochester, what is it?

ROCHESTER: I wanted to let you know that everything is all set for the reception you're givin' tonight.

JACK: Well, that's fine. Did you call the -- all the foreign delegations and tell them they were invited?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: What did they say?

ROCHESTER: They all asked the same question, "HOW MUCH!"

JACK: Well I hope you explained it was absolutely free.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh. AND I ALSO EXPLAINED THAT YOU'D HAVE A PLATE BY THE DOOR IN CASE THEY WANTED TO SHOW THEIR APPRECIATION!

JACK: Rochester, that plate is there for calling cards.

ROCHESTER: IT NEVER WAS BEFORE!

JACK: Don't be silly. By the way, are any of the Russian delegates coming?

ROCHESTER: Oh yes, boss. In fact, I already got a case of important vodka...of imported vodka.

JACK: A case of vodka? Well, that's nice.

ROCHESTER: IT SURE WAS!

JACK: It sure was...Rochester, you mean you...

ROCHESTER: It wasn't my fault. A Russian fellah delivered it and when I told him I'd never tasted vodka, he opened a bottle.

JACK: Oh.

ROCHESTER: THEN HE TOASTED PRESIDENT TRUMAN, SO I TOASTED MARSHAL STALIN.

JACK: Well, just so you don't drink all the --

ROCHESTER: THEN HE TOASTED GENERAL EISENHOWER, SO I TOASTED MARSHAL ZHUKOV.

JACK: Well, I hope --

ROCHESTER: THEN HE TOASTED GENERAL PATTON, SO I TOASTED MARSHAL KONEV.

JACK: Well, I --

ROCHESTER: BOSS, DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY GENERALS THERE ARE IN THE RUSSISN ARMY?

JACK: No, how many?

ROCHESTER: ALMOST TWO QUARTS!

JACK: Well, I still don't think --

ROCHESTER: WHEN WE RAN OUT OF GENERALS WE STARTED TOASTING COLONELS

JACK: Colonels?

ROCHESTER: UH HUH..AND BY THE TIME WE GOT TO SECOND LIEUTENANTS, I WAS SPEAKING RUSSIAN AND HE TALKED WITH A DEFINITE SOUTHERN DRAWL!

JACK: Well I'll talk to you about that later. Will you be home when I get there?

ROCHESTER: DAI!

JACK: All right, all right..goodbye. It's gonna be -- boy.  
It's gonna be hard for me to learn how to talk Russian,  
believe me.

(PLAYOFF MUSIC TO FINISH)

DON: Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my  
good friend, F. E. Boone.



(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

KING: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

DELMAR: Independent tobacco experts know that it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Listen to what Mr. H. H. Scott, independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North Carolina, said:

SCOTT: A cigarette is only as good as the tobacco that is in it. The tobacco I've seen bought by Lucky Strike is rich and ripe - and at the same time light and mild. That's why I've smoked Luckies for twenty-five years.

LYON: Quote: "-the tobacco I've seen bought by Lucky Strike is rich and ripe ... - light and mild -" Unquote. (PAUSE)  
Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

DELMAR: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Kenneth Delmar speaking for the makers of Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

KING: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

DELMAR: Quality of product is essential to continuing success  
(Imp. Tag #21) and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen.. "I Am an American Day" has a special meaning here in San Francisco at the World Security Conference.. There are two delegates here whose names aren't on any official lists and who have made no speeches.. They are the symbols of the ideal of one international family.

One is a veteran of many battles for decency and democracy.. He died in action, not on a battlefield, but in a little house in Warm Springs, Georgia. However, the spirit of Franklin Roosevelt is here at this conference, finishing the job that was planned at Teheran and Yalta.

The other delegate is your brother, your neighbor, your son. He has a name, but a Nazi or a Jap stole his identification tag. He is the son, or the grandson, or the great grandson, or.. like Roosevelt.. the great-great grandson of an immigrant.

He is related in one way or another to Edison, the Scot.. to Tesla, the Yugoslav, who made extensive use of electrical power possible.. to Father Nieuland, the Belgian who discovered artificial rubber.. to Goldberger, the Hungarian Jew who discovered the cause and cure of pellagra.. and to that great Negro scientist, George Washington Carver.

He's here in San Francisco as an unofficial delegate from No Man's Land, representing the millions who have died in the armies of the United Nations.. He mustn't have died in vain, and we mustn't live in vain..

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-1000 PM, PWT  
STA: KPO, KOMO, KMJ, KHQ, KGW,  
KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT:

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST:

3RD REV. #35

DATE:

SUN. 5/27/45

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

**AS DEBATED**

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

KING: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHAMP - SOLD AMERICAN)

KING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

KING: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LYON: Why, sure!  
(Excl. A)

DELMAR: Yes, sir!

LYON: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(MORE)

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen - present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

LYON: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS,  
AND "YOURS TRULY", DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TODAY WE'RE COMING DOWN  
THE HOME STRETCH OF OUR RADIO SEASON...SO, BEFORE  
STARTING OUR FINAL SHOW...LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S  
HOUSE WHERE JACK IS TAKING ANOTHER VIOLIN LESSON FROM  
HIS FAMOUS FRENCH MUSIC TEACHER, PROFESSOR LE BLANC...  
BUT BEFORE WE GO LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION...CAN IT BE  
THE TREES THAT FILL THE BREEZE WITH RARE AND MAGIC  
PERFUME?....OH NO, IT ISN'T THE TREES...IT'S ....

JACK: (PLAYING EXERCISES ON VIOLIN...ABOUT FOUR BARS...HITS  
CLINKER...CONTINUES EXERCISES)

MEL: (DISGUSTED) No..no, Mr. Benny...no I keep telling you,  
not that way...Try it again.

JACK: Yes sir...(EXERCISES...ABOUT THREE BARS...THEN STARTS  
"LOVE IN BLOOM"...STOPS) Now let's see..(HUMS) Can it  
be the trees that fill the breeze with rare and magic  
perfume?

MEL: I don't know, but I smell something.

JACK: What?

MEL: Continue, please.

JACK: But professor, I've done so many exercises, I'd rather  
play something...like Souvenir.

MEL: Very well, very well...play it...anything!

JACK: Thank you..(PLAYS "SOUVENIR" .. ABOUT THREE BARS TO  
HIGH NOTE AND HOLD IT WITH AN UNCERTAIN QUIVER)



JACK: Now wait a minute...I'm paying you to teach me, not to insult me...If I'm not playing so well today, maybe it's because my fingernails are too long.

MEL: Long fingernails have nothing to do with it.

JACK: WELL, YOUR FINGERNAILS ARE SHORT.

MEL: THEY WERE LONG WHEN I CAME IN HERE.

JACK: Well, stop spitting 'em on the rug...for heaven's sake.

MEL: Maybe I can stand it a little longer...just ten more minutes and the lesson she is through, finished.

JACK: That's right.

MEL: Then you will give me the other half of that five-dollar bill.

JACK: Yes...yes, of course...Now if you don't mind, I'll go back to Souvenir.

MEL: I wouldn't care if you went back to Waukegan.

JACK: What?

MEL: It's no use...Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: But, professor...

MEL: I am going back to the Casbah...Goodbye.  
(DOOR SLAMS )  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hmm...what a temperamental fellow he is...OH ROCHESTER.. ROCHESTER...Hmm, he must have gone out, and I told him I wanted him to drive me to the studio...Oh well, I'll call Mary, she'll drive me over.  
(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER "CHOO CHOO POLKA")  
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(TRAFFIC NOISES..AUTO HORN..MOTOR..FADES DOWN)

JACK: Take it easy, Mary..not so fast.

MARY: Oh Jack, why is it every time I drive you're so jittery?

JACK: I can't help it, I'm as nervous as a cat.

MARY: Well stop arching your back and sit down.

JACK: Then don't drive so fast.

MARY: Well if you don't like the way I drive, why don't you take a taxicab?

JACK: You know very well why..The last time we rode in a cab we had that horrible accident.

MARY: Oh yes..the cab hit a bump and the meter jumped a dollar and a half.

JACK: I don't mean that time..Besides, my insurance covered it...And anyway, as long as I'm riding with you, take it easy.

(CAR DRIVES OFF)

MARY: And Jack, next time get Rochester to drive you to the studio.

JACK: Well, he was supposed to, but he left the house without letting me know..I wonder where he went..if he's up to those...Mary, look out!

MARY: Oh, there you go again.. Turn on the radio and relax.

JACK: Okay...I'll turn on the short wave, maybe I can get some police calls.

(CLICK OF DIAL..STATIC)



MEL: (ON FILTER) CALLING POLICE CARS SEVENTEEN, TWENTY-ONE AND FORTY-THREE...CALLING CARS SEVENTEEN, TWENTY-ONE AND FORTY-THREE...DRIVE YOUR CARS TO THE CORNER OF FOURTH AND VERMONT AND SEE MADMAN MUNTZ..(SWEET) HE'LL GIVE YOU THE CRAZIEST PRICES!

JACK: Hmm...I better try another station!  
(LITTLE STATIC)

BEA: (ON FILTER) Does Vivian know that her sister Edythe is trying to steal her husband? Will Gwendolyn be arrested for putting arsenic in William's creme de menthe? When will they realize that their innocent looking boarder, Mr. Winterbottam, is really a Japanese saboteur?..And the tramp who is sleeping in their cellar is none other than Robert Dalton of the F.B.I.? When will Mother realize that the sticky stuff which is ruining her Victory Garden is the start of an oil gusher which will make them all millionaires? Tune in again this time tomorrow for another chapter of The Johnsons, A Typical American Family!

JACK: Gosh Mary, you know that's my favorite serial program!

MARY: Oh, last week you said the same thing about The Adventures Of Mathilda Cronkheit, Girl Horse-doctor!

JACK: Well...I guess I'm the fickle type...I'll get another station!  
(STATIC)

NELSON: Ladies and gentlemen...Are you embarrassed by getting five o'clock shadow at three-thirty?...Hmmm?...Do you suffer from moist, oily skin?...Would you like to have your hide dried?...You would?...Then why not try Sympathy Soothing Syrup...Remember, folks, Sympathy spelled backwards is Yitapamis...Y-H-T-A-P-M-Y-S.

QUARTET: YIT YIT YITAPAMIS  
YIT YIT YITAPAMIS  
YIT YIT YITAPAMIS  
DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAYYYYYY!

NELSON: Remember, folks, accept no substitutes...Symmpathy Soothing Syrup is guaranteed not for years, not for life, not at all....And now, folks, we want to thank you for listening to the Yitapamis series during the past season...We're going off the air for a summer vacation, but we'll be back in the fall with the quartet --

QUARTET: DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAYYYYYY!

NELSON: And the rest of our tremendous cast...During our absence, we will be replaced by the Delleps Straw-cab Program...Delleps Straw-Cab is Spelled Backwards, Spelled Backwards...And don't forget, folks, when you purchase our product, you will be showing your appreciation to me, our sponsor and our quartet.

QUARTET: DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAYYYYYY!

JACK: Gosh, Mary, I'm going to miss them during the summer.

MARY: I'd like to miss 'em right now.

JACK: Quiet.

NELSON: And now, ladies and gentlemen...for the feature spot on our program where we interview interesting personalities from all walks of life...I bring you the butler of a very famous man...Your name, please?

ROCHESTER: Rochester Van Jones.

MARY: Jack, did you hear that?

JACK: Yeah! So that's where he went.

NELSON: Rochester, I understand that you've been in Mr. Benny's employ for over ten years.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

NELSON: You must be very proud to be working for a man like Jack Benny.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir! Proud and tired!

JACK: Hmm.

NELSON: Well that's strange...I always thought Mr. Benny was an easy man to work for.

ROCHESTER: Easy! You remember what Mr. Churchill told England about blood, sweat, toil and tears?

NELSON: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL SO FAR I'VE DONE EVERYTHING BUT BLEED!

JACK: How do you like that.

NELSON: Well Rochester, I'd like to bring up an interesting question...Is Mr. Benny really as cheap in private life as he is on the radio?

ROCHESTER: No, no...He loosens up on the radio!

JACK: Hmmm.

NELSON: I wonder what makes him like that.

ROCHESTER: Well Mr. Benny believes that money is the root of all evil...AND HE'S TRYIN' TO PURIFY THE HUMAN RACE.

NELSON: Well, that's silly...after all, he hasn't got all the money in the world.

ROCHESTER: NO, BUT HE'S GOT MOST OF IT, AND HE KNOWS WHERE THE REST OF IT IS.

JACK: Imagine, blabbing about my private affairs.

MARY: Quiet, Jack, this is what every girl should know.

JACK: Oh yeah?

NELSON: Now Rochester, there's one more question I'd like to ask you...There's been a lot of speculation about Mr. Benny's age...would you tell us how old he really is?

ROCHESTER: Thirty-six.

JACK: Hmm, it's about time he got to the truth.

NELSON: How do you know?

ROCHESTER: HE'S BEEN THIRTY-SIX EVER SINCE I'VE KNOWN HIM.

JACK: Hmm. Hmm.

ROCHESTER: AND THERE ARE VERY FEW PEOPLE STILL LIVING WHO CAN CONTRADICT HIM.

NELSON: Well I've seen Mr. Benny in person, and it's hard to believe he's only thirty-six.

ROCHESTER: YOU OUGHTA SEE HIM IN THE MORNING BEFORE I GET HIM ASSEMBLED.

NELSON: Assembled?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir...Hair, shoulders, muscles, girdle. HE GOES TOGETHER LIKE A JIG-SAW PUZZLE!

JACK: I'll certainly tell him a thing or two when he gets home.

NELSON: Well Rochester, we want to thank you for coming up here for a very interesting interview...And now, ladies and gentlemen, a very happy summer vacation to you from myself, my sponsor, and our quartet.

QUARTET: DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAYYYYYY!

JACK: Turn it off, turn it off, or get something else.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: LITTLE STATIC)

DON: THAT WAS PHIL HARRIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING, "PAPA LEARNED SO MUCH ABOUT HORSES, BECAUSE MAMA WAS SUCH A NAG".

JACK: Hey...Hey, that's Don Wilson.

DON: AND NOW, LARRY STEVENS WILL SING "ALL OF MY LIFE."

JACK: Mary, our program is on...we're late, let's hurry!

(SEGUE INTO LARRY STEVENS NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD ROUTINE

DON: That was very good, Larry, very good indeed.

LARRY: Thank you, Mr. Wilson.

DON: Oh, say Phil, Jack isn't here yet...what do you think we ought to do?

PHIL: Don't worry, Donzy, don't worry, I can handle this... Give me that microphone...HI YA FOLKS, THIS IS PHIL HARRIS TALKING..YOU KNOW THE DOWNBEAT GARY GRANT...Say Don, on my way to the studio this afternoon, I dropped in at a bar and W.C. Fields was there buying drinks for everybody.

DON: W.C. Fields was buying everybody drinks?

PHIL: Yeah..THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SCUSE! ...HA HA HA..  
OH HARRIS, THERE'S SO LITTLE OF YOU AND SO MUCH OF THE  
PUBLIC, YOU OUGHTA BE RATIONED! You girl! Yes sir...  
You know, Don, every day W.C. Fields drinks a whole quart

QUARTET: DRIVES YOUR BLUES AWAYYYYY!

PHIL: And now, folks -- I want to tell you --  
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Okay, kids, I'm here.

MARY: Sorry we're late, fellahs.

DON: Hello, Mary.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson.

JACK: Well, it was entirely my fault, fellahs..I was taking a  
violin lesson, and I completely lost track of the time.

DON: Well, how do you like that..This is the first time  
you've ever been late, Jack, and it has to happen on  
our last program.

PHIL: Our last program...WHAT HAVE WE DONE NOW?

JACK: Phil, we haven't done anything.

MARY: Maybe that's why it's our last program.

JACK: Stop being funny...We're only off we're only off for  
the summer, and we'll be back in the fall.

PHIL: Well, this is a fine time to tell us we're goin' off the  
air...I just hired a new trafingoist for my band.

JACK: A new what?

PHIL: Trafingoist..a guy who plays the trafingo.

JACK: Phil, Phil, there's no such instrument as a trafingo.

PHIL: I know, but the union says you gotta have one.

JACK: I still say there's no such a --

DON: Oh say, Jack, I meant to tell you...Larry Adler called up and said he was going to drop in to rehearse those numbers you're going to do with him on your over-seas tour.

JACK: Oh yes..I'm expecting Larry...And kids, when I come back in the fall, I want you to know that we're all gonna be together again...for the same sponsor, the same station, at the same time.

MARY: }  
PHIL: }  
DON: }  
LARRY: }

And the same salary.

JACK: YUP...And now, ladies and gentlemen...since this is the--

LARRY: Say Mr. Benny, who's going to take our place this summer?

JACK: Oh, our summer show?...It's going to be Wayne King and his incomparable music.

PHIL: Wayne King! If they wanted unconquerable music, why didn't they hire my orchestra?

JACK: Why didn't they hire your orchestra!..You tell 'im, Mary.

MARY: Why didn't they hire your orchestra!..You tell 'im, Don.

PHIL: If this ever gets back to me, I'm stuck.

JACK: You're stuck, and you've got an extra trafingo player to keep you company..a trafingoist! Imagine an instrument a trafingo. Who ever heard -- only Phil would know a trafingo..there's no other musician in the world that would know there's a trafingo..there's no such a thing..

MARY: Say Jack, I've got a surprise for you too.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: You know who else is coming back on the air in the fall?

JACK: Who?

MARY: Fred Allen.

JACK: Fred Allen!

MARY: Yes, he'll be on the same day you are and on the same network.

JACK: Well I'll be..So Allen finally got a job, eh? Who's he gonna be with?

MARY: Standard Brands.

JACK: I don't mean his jokes, I mean his sponsor..Boy will I fix him in the fall..And now, as I started to say, Ladies and gentlemen --

DON: Oh, Jack, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but since this is our last program, I took the liberty of inviting the mother of a very dear friend of mine to come up here to the studio.

JACK: Fine, Don..she can sit right over here.

DON: Thanks, Jack, but first I'd -- she'd like to meet you..this is Mrs. Riggs, this is Jack Benny.

JACK: How do you do, Mrs. Riggs.

DEIANO: How do you do, Mr. Benny.



JACK: Don tells me you're the mother of a very good friend of his.

DELANO: Yes...You see my son is in radio too.

JACK: Oh really? What does he do?

DELANO: He's a tobacco auctioneer.

JACK: Oh, a tobacco auctioneer...Then your son is L.A. Speed Riggs...You know he's on my program.

DELANO: Oh no no, Mr. Benny, you're on his program.

JACK: Huh?...Oh, oh yes yes...Well Mrs. Riggs, your son, your son has a very unusual occupation..a tobacco auctioneer.. How did he happen to get a job with Lucky Strike?

DELANO: Well who else would he go with...Speedy knew that Lucky Strikes were made from the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobacco.

JACK: Yes, but how did Speedy know that?

DELANO: Oh he's known that for years...In fact, while other boys were wasting their time playing baseball and football and going with girls..Speedy used to stand out in the tobacco field all day long holding up that big leaf.

JACK: Oh yes, I've seen those pictures in magazines..he's good looking too..Well Mrs. Riggs, the leaf, too..Mrs. Riggs.. now that we've talked Mrs. Riggs, now that we talked about your son Speedy...before you go wouldn't you like to say a few words to him? You know he's listening in New York.

DELANO: Oh may I?

JACK: Certainly...go right ahead.

DELANO: Oh, thank you..OH SPEEDY..(DOES TOBACCO AUCTIONEER'S CHANT)

TACK: (ON FILTER) (CHANT BACK)

DEIANO: Don't worry, I will...Goodbye, Speedy.

JACK: Thank you very much, Mrs. Riggs. Thank you, Mrs. Riggs very much.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Isn't she a sweet little lady? I'm glad you you know he really said something to her -- I'm glad you -- probably asked her how she felt...I'm glad you introduced her to me, Don.

DCN: I knew you'd like her.

JACK: yeah..I wonder what F.E. Boons's mother is like...And now, folks, since this is our last --  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.  
(DOOR OPENS)

ADLER: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Well, Larry Adler...Hello, Larry.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Larry, did you bring your harmonica with you so we can rehearse for our trip?

ADLER: Yes, Jack, I did and I also brought along a new musical instrument which I just invented.

JACK: A new musical instrument?

ADLER: Yes, it's made out of a comb, a piece of tissue paper and a burned-out electric bulb...sixty watts.

JACK: A comb, a piece of \* (see below for ad lib) tissue paper and a burned-but electric bulb? What do you call an instrument . like that?

\* Sixty watts was ad lib there..you know what I hate is that when they add extra words you run over length..why can't they leave scripts just the way they're written? If we'd thought that was funny, we would have written it in. A comb, a piece of

ADLER: A trafingo.

JACK: Oh, so that's a trafingo..Well look, Larry, how about rehearsing our stuff?..I'll grab my violin and we'll go to work.

ADLER: Okay. Something Spanish.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, why don't you let Larry play a number first...something he's going to do alone.

JACK: All right.

DON: )  
PHIL: } AD LIB...Come on, Larry. Yeah, let's have it.. Etc.  
LARRY:)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Okay, Larry, what's it going to be?

ADLER: I'm gonna play "Laura".

JACK: Swell!

(LARRY ADLER NUMBER)

((APPLAUSE))

(FOURTH ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Laura" played by Larry Adler, the world's greatest trafingoist...I mean harmonica player...Now Larry, let's rehearse the number we're going to do together...Mary, hand me my violin, will you?

MARY: Okay.

JACK: You can touch it with your bare hands, you don't have to put on a glove...Thanks...Come on, Larry, let's try our hot tune.

ADLER: Okay.

JACK: Wait a minute....

(BENNY AND ADLER DUET...JACK STARTS WITH TWO BARS OF EXERCISES AND INTO NUMBER)

(DURING THE NUMBER)

DON: ATTABOY, JACK, GET HOT.

MARY: OH, SEND ME, JACKIE, SEND ME...I CAN'T STAND IT HERE.

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT ON A TRAFINGO.

MARY: OH THAT'S WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL...CATCH ME, DON, I'm SWOONING.

PHIL: HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS, HERE YOU ARE, GET YOUR PROGRAMS, YOU CAN'T TELL ONE NOTE FROM A TRAFINGO WITHOUT A PROGRAM. PROGRAMS....LET'S HAVE A PROGRAM.

(PHIL AND MARY AD LIB TO FINISH OF NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen..We are now in the midst of the mighty Seventh War Loan Drive...Every tank, every plane, every gun we send against Japan now will shorten the war and save lives...The United States...that's us, all of us...the nation Lincoln called the last best hope of earth...has had to arm to the teeth to preserve the freedom we believe belongs to everyone. So buy and hold Seventh War Loan Securities. Remember, folks, last Sunday was "I am an American" Day...now here's your chance to prove that we are.

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here's my good friend, L. A. Speed Riggs.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

KING: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.  
The quality of your cigarette depends upon fine tobacco.  
And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

LYON: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - the finer, the  
lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. This  
fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking  
enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco  
- Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so  
free and easy on the draw.

DELMAR: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro,  
North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E.  
Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN).  
Kenneth Delmar speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

KING: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

LYON: Remember, the better the tobacco, the better the  
(Imp. Tag  
19) cigarette. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -  
Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so  
free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

TAG

JACK: Oh, Larry, Larry Adler...you wanted to say something, didn't you?

ADLER: Yes, Jack..thank you...Ladies and gentlemen, ninety-nine percent of my mail is from servicemen overseas and in hospitals here, asking for harmonicas now. Harmonicas simply aren't available any more. Will you please send me a harmonica, if you have one? It will go directly to a man in the service, together with your name, so he can thank you personally. Send your harmonica to me, Larry Adler, Beverly Hills, California, and thanks.

JACK: Well, folks, as you no doubt have gathered by now..this