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PROGRAM #17  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

18 200-117

TC

ATX01 01B1618

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies ..... taste ..... better!

SHARBUTT: (STRAIGHT DELIVERY) So mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff!

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better! For Luckies fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved the best-made of all five principal brands. Let me repeat that .... proved the best-made of all five principal brands! That's not an empty claim -- that's a fact -- verified by leading laboratory consultants. For example, Foster D. Snell, of New York City, who report ...

SHARBUTT: "In our opinion, the properties measure are all important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five major brands."

MARTIN: And don't forget -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell you different!

(CONTINUED)

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: So remember the facts! Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting  
tobacco in the cigarette that tastes better -- Lucky Strike!

MARTIN: When you buy cigarettes remember -- Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

a (REPRISE)

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE,  
PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET, AND  
"YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, IN THE ROSE BOWL GAME ON  
NEW YEAR'S DAY, ILLINOIS SCALPED THE STANFORD INDIANS...SO NOW  
WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO COULD USE ONE OF THOSE SCALPS...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you. . . thank you - thank you -. Hello again,  
this is Jack Benny talking...and Don...you can stop vibrating  
because that was the worst toupay joke I ever heard...Not only  
that, but it was in very bad taste.

DON: Bad taste?

JACK: Yes, I don't mind for myself, but it so happens that the  
Stanford coach, Chuck Taylor really wears a toupay.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack...I talked to Chuck Taylor right before  
the game, he's thirty-one years old, and he definitely has his  
own hair.

JACK: That was before the game...But when Illinois scored their  
first first touchdown, his hair started to go...by the end  
of the third period it was piling up on the ground...and all  
through that fourth quarter, it just laid there and turned  
gray....But, Don, that was really some game, wasn't it?

DON: It certainly was. And Jack, I heard you were sitting right on the fifty yard line. How'd you get such a good seat?

JACK: Well, Don, it wasn't easy. You see, even though I've lived in California for the past fifteen years, I was born in Waukegan...so in order to get tickets, I called Governor Stevenson of Illinois.

DON: *Oh* And he got you the tickets?

JACK: *Well, you see* No. He couldn't do anything for me personally, so he called Governor Warren of California.

DON: Well, it was nice of Governor Warren to give you the tickets.

JACK: Well...He couldn't do anything for me either, so he called Mr. McMillan the City Manager of Pasadena who got in touch with Nancy Thorne, the Queen of the Tournament of Roses.

DON: Oh, the Queen got you the tickets.

JACK: Tickets? *Well, not exactly*

DON: *Well, then -* Yes, how did you get in?

JACK: I was the third princess on her right....I not only saw the game, but tonight I've got a date with the Stanford center...  
*You know*  
The way he raved over my blue eyes, I didn't have the heart to tell him...Don, who were you rooting for at the game?

DON: Well, Jack, I didn't want to show any partiality so I got a seat on the Stanford side and a seat on the Illinois side.

JACK: Don, how could you possibly sit on both sides of the ---Oh, oh, of course....And Don, weren't you disappointed when you weren't picked as the winning float?

DON: I would have won but I was sabotaged.

TC

ATK01 01B1622

JACK: Oh yes <sup>yes</sup> Well, better luck next year.

PHIL: Hi ya, Donsy.

DON: ~~Hi~~ Hello, Phil.

JACK: Hello, Phil..Don and I were just discussing the Rose Bowl game. Were you there?

PHIL: No, not this year.

JACK: Well, you must've watched it on television.

PHIL: I started to, Jackson, but I turned it off.

DON: Phil, how could you turn it off? It was a wonderful game.

PHIL: I know, but I just couldn't take it.

JACK: What do you mean?

PHIL: Look Jackson, it's New Year's Day, I'm laying there with my eyes bloodshot, an ice bag on my head, the room spinning, and some character keeps yelling, "Look sharp, feel sharp, be sharp".

JACK: Phil --

PHIL: If I had anything sharp I'da cut my throat.

JACK: All right, Phil, you've celebrated, you had your fun...now it's time to work, ~~and~~ the least you could have done is to see that all your boys showed up.

PHIL: What are you talking about? The band's here.

JACK: Where's Remley, Sammy, and Bagby?...your hoodlum section is missing.

PHIL: Hoodlum section? Now hold it, Jackson, I don't think it's very nice the way you go on week after week insulting those three boys. They may not be college graduates, but they come from good families, they're sensitive, refined, and perfect gentlemen...and it's your fault that they're not here today.

TC



JACK: My fault?

PHIL: Yeah, if you paid me more money, I could have bailed 'em out.

JACK: Phil...they're in jail? What for?

PHIL: Crossing the street in the middle of the block.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Phil...They can give you a ticket, but they can't put you in jail for walking across the street.

PHIL: On their hands and knees?

JACK: Oh well, that's different...All right, Phil, I'll give you the money. <sup>Call on</sup> Call up and get the boys out.

PHIL: <sup>That</sup> Okay, hand me the phone.

*Jack:* (*Imagine crossing on their heads & knees.*)  
(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALING)

KEARNS: (FILTER) (STRAIGHT) Hello.

PHIL: Hello. Is this the Lincoln Heights Jail?

KEARNS: Well, Phil Harris,...how are you!

PHIL: *Oh* Fine, Captain. <sup>Just</sup> I called up about three of my boys...They're on the County again.

KEARNS: Which ones?

PHIL: The three with the tire marks on their backs.

KEARNS: Oh those. I already released them.

PHIL: But what about the bail?

TC

KEARNS: I charged it to your account.

PHIL: Good, good, <sup>god</sup> I thought it was overdrawn.

KEARNS: Oh by the way, Phil, <sup>they Phil</sup> would you send someone down to pick up their belongings?

PHIL: Their belongings?

KEARNS: <sup>yes</sup> Yes, when we arrested 'em, one of 'em was carrying a piano.

PHIL: I know, <sup>it</sup> I know <sup>it</sup> one bottle opener and they gotta nail it to the Steinway... <sup>Well, so long</sup> ~~Well, so long~~ Captain.

KEARNS: So long, Phil.

4

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

PHIL: <sup>hey</sup> It's all set, Jackson, they'll be back next week, and I just hope you'll treat 'em nicer.

JACK: Oh, I will, Phil, I will....Who knows, maybe they....Oh hello, Mary.:

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Well, you're here. Now where's Dennis?

DON: I don't know....he hasn't come in yet.

JACK: ~~Well~~ how can we go on with the show if the cast doesn't get here on time?

MARY: Oh Jack, don't be mad at Dennis. I happen to know something that you don't know.

JACK: Don't tell me....let me guess...It's about Dennis...I know... he's running for President.

MARY: Besides that.

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, this is something you won't believe.

JACK: All right. what is it?

EE

*Well*  
MARY: <sup>1</sup> All of a sudden Dennis got a big crush on me.  
JACK: <sup>Dennis has</sup> "A crush on you?"  
MARY: Yeah...Ever since last week when I danced with him at Charlie Foy's night club, he's been sending me notes and little gifts.  
JACK: <sup>Dennis has been sending you gifts?</sup> Gifts? What did he give you?  
MARY: Oh lots of things....(LAUGHINGLY) his Boy Scout knife....a bag of marbles...three ~~Coca-Cola~~ bottle caps ~~filled with~~ mud....a ball of tin foil...a fish hook and a dead frog.  
JACK: You mean Dennis gave you all those--Mary, what's that you're wearing on your leg?  
MARY: His bicycle clip, we're engaged.  
JACK: Well, isnt that cute. So Dennis thinks he's in love with you.  
MARY: Yes, and Jack, do me a favor, will you - when he comes in, don't kid him, because he's so serious about the....ssshh, here he comes now.  
DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.  
JACK: *OK* Hello, Dennis!  
DON: Hello, Dennis.  
DENNIS: Hello, Don.  
PHIL: Hiya, kid.  
DENNIS: Hello, Phil.  
MARY: Hello, Dennis....Dennis, I said hello.  
DENNIS: Mary, don't make it so obvious.  
MARY: Obvious? All I said was hello.  
DENNIS: I know, but look how you're trembling.  
JACK: Dennis, you're imagining things...she's not trembling.

EE

DENNIS: What are you trying to do, break us up?

JACK: No, I'm not trying to break you up.

DENNIS: Say Mary....come here a minute, will you....I want to look at you.

MARY: *Oh* All right, Dennis.

DENNIS: ...Gee...Gosh...

MARY: What is it, Dennis?

DENNIS: To think that ~~those soft white hands will soon be washing~~ *you'll soon be my wife and Babe will be my brother-in-law*

*Jack:* ~~my-socks.~~ *that nowhere in this page - It better that we had written - I know that -*

JACK: Now look, Dennis, ~~I~~ *please* I don't want to break up your romance, but for two weeks now I've been anxious to see "Death of A Salesman"....so do you mind if I ask your fiancee Miss Livingstone to go with me tonight?

DENNIS: (COCKY) You're wasting your time, kid.

JACK: Oh, I am, eh? What about it, Mary, would you like to see "Death of a Salesman"?

MARY: *Oh* I'm sorry, Jack, but I already saw it.

JACK: With whom?

MARY: Dennis.

JACK: *Hmm. Oh*

DENNIS: I'll go with you Mr. Benny.

JACK: (ANNOYED) But you saw it with Mary.

DENNIS: Who looked at the picture? (WHISTLES)

JACK: Dennis, do me a favor, will you? Go ahead and sing your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG "CHARMAINE")

(APPLAUSE)

EE

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>That was -</sup> That was "Charmaine" sung by Dennis Day, and very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Thanks.

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen --

DENNIS: Oh Mr. Benny, I want to congratulate you.

JACK: Congratulate me?

DENNIS: Yes. Radio and Television Daily took a poll and <sup>you were</sup> voted you Radio's Man of the Year.

JACK: Well, thank you, Dennis.

DENNIS: Don't thank me, I voted for somebody else.

JACK: All right...Now behave yourself...AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, <sup>(Music break)</sup> FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO PRESENT A SKETCH BASED ON ONE OF RADIO'S MOST POPULAR DRAMATIC SHOWS.....SUSPENSE.

(ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: Now in this sketch, I will play the part of - -

(SOUND: PHONE RING)

JACK: Oh darn it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY...THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I was just starting my sketch...What do you want?

ROCH: I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW. A FRIEND OF YOURS FROM WAUKEGAN JUST PHONED FROM THE UNION STATION.

JACK: A friend of mine?

ROCH: HIS NAME IS CLIFF GORDON.

GB

JACK: (EXCITED) Cliff Gordon! Rochester, he's my best friend.  
We grew up together.

ROCH: HE SAID YOU AND HE WERE BORN IN THE SAME HOSPITAL ON THE  
VERY SAME DAY.

JACK: That's right, Rochester. How did he sound?

ROCH: WELL...

JACK: Well what?

ROCH: EITHER YOU'RE OVER THIRTY-NINE OR WE HAD A VERY BAD  
CONNECTION.

JACK: Never mind. Anyway, that's Cliff for you...the minute he  
gets in, he calls me. I hope you told him he can stay in  
the guest room.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ~~ADJUTANT~~ <sup>Bill's</sup> ~~ROOM.~~

JACK: But, Rochester...we have the extra room. Why doesn't he  
stay with us?

ROCH: I GUESS IT <sup>was</sup> MY FAULT, BOSS.

JACK: What do you mean, your fault?

ROCH: AT FIRST I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS YOUR FRIEND AND I QUOTED HIM  
TOURIST RATES.

JACK: Oh yes...Mike DeSalle set them for us....Well, Rochester,  
when did Mr. Gordon say he was coming over to visit me?

ROCH: TONIGHT ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

JACK: Oh darn it, and I wanted to see Death of a Salesman...oh  
well, I can see it some other time...Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE...OH SAY, BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: THEY JUST BROUGHT YOUR MAXWELL <sup>back</sup> ~~BACK.~~

JACK: Good...but why did it take so long?

GB

ROCH: WELL IT TOOK FOUR DAYS TO TAKE <sup>off</sup> THE ROSES ~~OFF~~ AND TWO DAYS TO DRIVE IT BACK FROM PASADENA.

JACK: All that trouble and no prizes...Well, so long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now, ladies and gentlemen, as I started to say...for our feature attraction tonight we are going to present our version of one of radio's most popular shows...SUSPENSE. 9

(~~ORGAN~~: CHORD)

JACK: Set the scene, Don!

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TONIGHT WE WILL USHER IN THE 1952 SEASON BY PRESENTING A SKETCH FRAUGHT WITH DRAMA AND EXCITEMENT...AND WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN...SUSPENSE.

(~~ORGAN~~: CHORD)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS ARISTOTLE FINK...IT'S AN ORDINARY NAME AND I'M AN ORDINARY GUY.....UNTIL LAST WEEK I WAS A TELLER AT THE CALIFORNIA BANK IN GLENDALE, BUT NOW I AM A TELLER AT THE CALIFORNIA BANK IN BEVERLY HILLS...NO, I WASN'T PROMOTED...THE RAIN JUST CHANGED OUR LOCATION.....I LIVE IN A SMALL COTTAGE WITH MY WIFE, MARY, AND OUR TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN. THE REASON I HAVE TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN IS BECAUSE AT ONE TIME I HATED MY WIFE AND WANTED TO LOSE HER IN THE CROWD...BUT SINCE THEN WE WERE SERENELY HAPPY UNTIL THAT FATEFUL DAY THAT CHANGED MY HUMDRUM LIFE INTO A TALE WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN....SUSPENSE.

(ORGAN CHORD)

GB

JACK: THAT EVENTFUL MORNING STARTED LIKE ANY OTHER...I HAD JUST FINISHED MY BREAKFAST AND TURNED TO MY WIFE AND SAID:

JACK: (REG. MIKE) It was a wonderful breakfast, dear, but I must leave you now and go to work.

MARY: I'll be waiting for you, darling.

JACK: I can't wait to return. I'll be counting the hours.

MARY: I'll be counting the children.

JACK: Good good...that reminds me..you better wake Philip up, I don't want him to be late for school.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, here he is now...Good morning, Philip.

PHIL: Good morning, Mother. (THEN WITH GREAT LOVE AND REVERENCE) Good morning..Ded!

JACK: (FILTER) SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENED TO ME WHEN HE CALLED ME DAD...BUT I'D TAKE A LITTLE BICARBONATE AND FEEL BETTER....I HAD A FEW MINUTES BEFORE GOING TO WORK SO I DECIDED TO HAVE A ~~FATHER AND SON~~ <sup>Fatherly</sup> TALK WITH PHILIP.

JACK: (REG MIKE) Philip...have you given any thought to the future?

PHIL: Yes I have, Dad.

JACK: Good...what do you want to do when you grow up?

PHIL: I wanna lead an orchestra.

JACK: Oh...so you want to be a musician.

PHIL: No, I just want to lead an orchestra.

JACK: But Philip...leading an orchestra would be a waste of your talents...You are a great student...You are an educated fellow....You are a Phi Beta Kappa.

BR



PHIL: I are?

JACK: That's right, son, you am....and you're destined for greater things than --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Here's your school books and your lunch, Philip.

PHIL: Thank you, mother...did you prepare something nice for lunch?

MARY: Yes, two chicken sandwiches, an apple, a banana, and your thermos bottle is filled with milk.

PHIL: (DISGUSTED) MILK!

JACK: YES, MILK, THIS IS A SKETCH...Now hurry or you'll be late for school.

PHIL: Goodbye, Mother....Goodbye, Dad...and I do mean Dad.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

JACK: (FILTER) ALL OF MY CHILDREN LEFT FOR SCHOOL, AND IT WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY THAT I DECIDED TO WALK TO THE BANK. IN FACT, AS I WALKED ALONG WITH THE SUN SHINING IN MY FACE, MY HEART WAS FILLED WITH JOY ~~AND I~~ I STARTED TO SING..

(INTRO)

JACK: I WISH I WAS A SWINGING, CLINGING VINE.  
I WISH I WAS A SWINGING, CLINGING VINE.  
IF I WAS A SWINGING, CLINGING VINE  
I'D ONLY CLING TO THAT GAL OF MINE  
I WISH I WAS A SWINGING, CLINGING VINE.

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
TELL YOU WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE  
HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
HERE IS WHAT I DREAM I'D LIKE TO BE.

BR

JACK: I WISH I WAS A GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE  
 I WISH I WAS A GOOD OLD LUCKY ~~STRIKE~~  
 IF I WAS A GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE  
 I'D BE THE CIGARETTE YOU LIKE  
 I WISH I WAS A GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE.

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 TELL YOU WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE  
 HI HO FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 LUCKY STRIKE IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE.

JACK: I WISH I WAS AN L S M F T  
 I WISH I WAS AN L S M F T  
 IF I WAS AN L S M F T  
 I'D BE SO VERY PROUD OF ME  
 I WISH I WAS AN L S M F T.

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 TELL YOU WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE  
 HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 AN L S M F T I'D LIKE TO BE.

JACK: I WISH I HAD A MATCH SOMEWHERE ON ME  
 I WISH I HAD A MATCH SOMEWHERE ON ME  
 'CAUSE IF I WAS AN L S M F T  
 I'D TAKE THAT MATCH AND LIGHT UP ME  
 I WISH I HAD A <sup>better voice</sup> MATCH ~~SOMEWHERE~~ ON ME.

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 IF I WAS AN L S M F T  
 HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
 EVERYONE WOULD TAKE A PUFF ON ME.

BR

JACK: I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED MILLION FRIENDS  
I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED MILLION FRIENDS  
IF I HAD A HUNDRED MILLION FRIENDS  
I'D SHOW THEM I HAD NO LOOSE ENDS  
I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED MILLION FRIENDS

QUART: HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
TELL YOU WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE  
HI HO, FIDDLE DEE DEE  
AN L S M F T I'D LIKE TO BE...LIKE TO BE...LIKE TO BE...LIKE  
TO BE...LIKE TO BE.

(APPLAUSE)

BR

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(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) I ARRIVED AT THE BANK AND THIS DAY WAS LIKE ALL THE OTHERS WITH ONE EXCEPTION...A MAN CAME TO MY WINDOW...A MAN WHO WAS DESTINED TO CHANGE MY LIFE STORY FROM A PEACEFUL ONE TO A TALE WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN --

(~~ORGAN~~ CHORD)

JACK: I DIDN'T SAY IT YET...TO KEEP YOU IN...SUSPENSE.

(~~ORGAN~~ CHORD)

JACK: WATCH IT, FELLOW....THIS MAN CAME <sup>UP</sup> TO MY WINDOW AND THRUST A BILL AT ME...IT WAS A GENUINE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL...I I LOOKED AT HIM FOR A MOMENT...THEN LOOKED BACK AT HIS TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL WHEN HE SAID...

MEL: (MOOLEY) Duh, I'd like to change this.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) But...but this is a ten thousand dollar bill.

MEL: I know, it's duh smallest I ~~have~~ *got*.

JACK: Okay, I'll change it...would you like the change in thousand dollar bills, hundred, fifties, twenties, tens, or fives?

MEL: I want it in pennies.

JACK: You...you want ten thousand dollars in pennies? *shdy*

MEL: *I got five hundred piggy banks for Christmas*  
~~Yeah, like those parking meters.~~

JACK: (FILTER) I COMPLIED WITH HIS REQUEST...~~I GAVE HIM TEN~~  
*also sorry that I gave him that joke - I guess ten*  
THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF PENNIES WHICH HE PUT IN HIS POCKETS

...AND MY EYES FOLLOWED HIM AS HE WALKED OUT LEAVING HIS PANTS BEHIND....I THEN STARED AT THE BILL, AND REALIZED THAT I, ARISTOTLE PINK, HELD THIS TREASURE IN MY HAND...SUDDENLY A HARMLESS THOUGHT STRUCK ME...MY FAMILY HAD NEVER SEEN A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL...AND IT WOULDN'T HURT ANYONE IF I TOOK IT HOME AND SHOWED IT TO THEM...AS I ENTERED MY HOUSE, MY WIFE WAS STANDING IN THE HALL.

CE

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Hello, darling.

MARY: (EXCITED) <sup>Oh</sup> Quick, come in...shut the door.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: All right, darling...now I want to --

MARY: Don't talk/.help me close the windows.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF WINDOWS CLOSE)

JACK: They're closed now...Darling, I --

MARY: Wait. <sup>-wait</sup>help me open the air wick.

JACK: Air wick? What's the matter?

MARY: The Shrimp Boats Are Coming.

JACK: That's not important now...Darling...I have a surprise for you.

PHIL: For me too, Dad?

JACK: Yes, for you too, Philip.

MARY: For heavens sakes Philip...must you always go around with your pants dragging?

PHIL: I can't help it, Mother...I don't have a belt or anything to keep them up with.

JACK: Why Philip...to hear you talk a person would think I don't make enough money to keep you in suspenders.

(~~ORGAN~~ CHORD)

JACK: I SAID SUSPENDERS...STUPID ~~ORGANIST~~ <sup>hooligans - section</sup>.

MARY: What's the surprise, dear?

JACK: Something I want you all to see...Philip is here...call the rest of the children.

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MARY: Okay...(CALLS) SAM, PEGGY, HILDA, MILTON, GEORGE, ADA MARIE, ELLEN, JOHN, HILLIARD, JEANETTE, BONNIE JEAN, STEVEN, TERRY, HARRIET, ALBERT, JULIUS, CRENSHAW, PICO, AND SEPULVEDA.

JACK: (FILTER) ALL OF OUR CHILDREN GOT ALONG WELL, EXCEPT PICO AND SEPULVEDA...THEY KEPT CROSSING EACH OTHER...SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED AND THE CHILDREN RAN IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...RUNNING OF MILLIONS OF KIDS COMING IN ROOM)

JACK: WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN I NEVER DREAMED THAT I, ARISTOTLE FINK, WOULD EVER HAVE SO MANY CHILDREN.

MARY: The children are all here, darling. Now tell them about your surprise.

JACK: Okay...Now listen you little Finks...I want to show you this.. It's a ten thousand dollar bill! Here, take it....<sup>Phil</sup>Phil, why aren't you looking at the ten thousand dollar bill?

PHIL: That don't mean nothing to me...I've seen 'em before.

JACK: You have?

PHIL: Yeah, there's a little blonde in my class named Alice who's loaded with 'em.

JACK: Oh...All right, children, give me back the bill.... Children.. ...Children!

JACK: (FILTER) SOMEWHERE ON THE TOUR THROUGH THE HANDS OF MY CHILDREN, THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL DISAPPEARED...I LOOKED FOR THE MONEY ALL THAT NIGHT BUT COULDN'T FIND IT, AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN I WENT TO WORK, THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK SENT FOR ME...I WALKED INTO THE OFFICE OF THIS VERY RICH MAN...HE WAS SITTING AT HIS DESK PLAYING TIDDLY WINKS WITH SILVER TIDDLES. I LOOKED AT HIM, <sup>timidly</sup>TIMIDLY AND SAID:

CE

JACK: (REG. MIKE) You sent for me, sir?

DON: (CALMLY) Yes...do you know that ten thousand dollars is missing from your accounts?

JACK: Y - Yes sir.

DON: Did you take it?

JACK: Yes sir.

DON: Do you think that was nice?

JACK: No sir.

DON: Well, watch it next time.

JACK: But I didn't steal it, sir...I only took it home to show it to my wife and kids.

DON: I know you didn't mean to steal it, but it's out of my hands now...There's a police inspector outside.

(SOUND: CLICK OF A SWITCH)

DON: Miss Jones, send the inspector in.

JACK: (FILTER) SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED AND THE POLICEMAN WALKED IN CARRYING A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS...HE WALKED OVER TO US AND SAID:

DENNIS: Okay, put these on, Fatso!

DON: Not me, he's the guilty one.

DENNIS: Oh...Are you a Fink?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yes.

DENNIS: What's your name?

JACK: You just said it...A. Fink.

DENNIS: (A LA COLONNA) Well, what do you think, Fink, you're going to the clink.

JACK: OH NO I'M NOT...COME ONE STEP NEARER AND I'LL STAB YOU.

DON: LOOK OUT, <sup>Look out</sup> HE'S GOT A KNIFE.

CE

ATX01 0181638

DENNIS: Don't be a fool, put down that knife.

JACK: Oh yeah...take that.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT...)

DENNIS: (GROANS)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

DON: Get away from me. Don't come near me with that knife. I haven't done anything.

JACK: Oh yes you have and I'm going to stab you, too...Take that.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT...WILSON GROANS. BODY THUD)

JACK: (FILTER) I DIDN'T SHOOT THEM, FOLKS, I STABBED THEM...BUT THE SOUND MAN IS STILL SORE AT ME ON ACCOUNT OF THE LOUSY CHRISTMAS PRESENT I GAVE HIM..AND THAT IS MY STORY..NOW I AM IN MY CELL IN THE STATE PRISON AWAITING MY EXECUTION ~~TO~~ TOMORROW NIGHT. BUT IN THE CELL NEXT TO ME IS A TRAVELLING MAN NAMED FREDERICK WHO WAS CONVICTED OF KILLING HIS WIFE BY HITTING HER OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS SAMPLE CASE. IN A FEW HOURS, FREDERICK WALKS HIS LAST MILE TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR. ~~OFF~~'S SMALL CONSOLATION BUT BEFORE I GO, I'LL FINALLY GET TO SEE FREDERICK MARCH IN "DEATH OF A SALESMAN"....A PICTURE WELL CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU IN...SUSPENSE!

(~~ORGAN~~ CHORD AND PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

CE



JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, when a feller needs a friend, he needs a helping hand. And the hands of the BIG BROTHERS have helped thousands of growing boys to find the way to a useful life...Be a BIG BROTHER yourself. All you have to invest is your time and your interest...Write - BIG BROTHERS OF AMERICA - Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.  
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first --

CE

ATX01 0181640

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1952  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies .... taste ..... better!

SHARBUTT: Friends -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --  
fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute  
for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell you different!

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better! For Luckies fine, mild,  
good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved the  
best-made of all five principal brands. -- Let me repeat  
that -- proved the best-made of all five principal brands!  
That's not an empty claim -- that's a fact -- verified by  
leading laboratory consultants. For example, Froehling and  
Robertson of Richmond, Virginia, who report....

SHARBUTT: "It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of  
these five major brands!"

MARTIN: Friends, to get the facts that you as a smoker will want to  
know about cigarettes quality -- to learn the plain, simple  
truth about the important factors that affect the taste of a  
cigarette, send for your free copy of a new booklet "What  
Makes Lucky Strike Taste Better." Just drop a card to Lucky  
Strike, P.O. Box 99, New York 46, New York. That's Lucky  
Strike, P.O. Box 99, New York 46, New York.

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
(REPRISE)  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

~~(TAG)~~

~~21~~

JACK: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that concludes another program,  
and we'll be with you again next Sunday at the --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: What do you want now, Rochester?

ROCH: A FELLOW JUST CAME TO THE DOOR ASKING FOR BLUE EYES.

JACK: Blue Eyes?

ROCH: YEAH, HE HAS A CORSAGE AND HE'S WEARING A FOOTBALL HELMET.

JACK: Oh, that must be the Stanford Center... Tell him Blue  
Eyes moved, Rochester.

ROCH: OKAY...GOODEBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

~~(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)~~

*Jack*  
DON:

*Goodnight, folks.*  
This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade  
with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night presented by Lucky  
Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station...Stay  
tuned for the Amos 'N' Andy Show which follows immediately....  
The Jack Benny Show is heard by our armed forces overseas  
through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service....  
THIS IS THE C.B.S. RADIO NETWORK.

CE

ATX01 0181642

PROGRAM #18  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed Jan. 11, 1952)

AS [unclear]

JL

ATX01 0181643

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1952 (TAPED JANUARY 11, 1952)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed ... presented by  
LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Luckies ... taste.....better! (STRAIGHT DELIVERY) So mild,  
so smooth, so firm and fresh - with better taste in every  
puff.

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better. For Luckies' fine, mild,  
good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved the  
best-made of all five principal brands. Let me repeat that -  
proved the best-made of all five principal brands! That's  
not an empty claim - that's a fact verified by leading  
laboratory consultants. For example, Foster D. Snell of  
New York City, who reports ....

SHARBUTT: "In our opinion, the properties measured are all important  
factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude  
that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five major brands.

MARTIN: And don't forget - LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco - fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no  
substitute for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell  
you different!

SHARBUTT: So remember the facts! Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting  
tobacco in the cigarette that tastes better - Lucky Strike!  
When you buy cigarettes, remember -- Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181644

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS. IT IS MORNING AND JACK HAS JUST FINISHED HIS BREAKFAST.

(SOUND: CLINK OF SILVER AND DISHES)

ROCH: DID YOU HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT, BOSS?

JACK: Yes, plenty.

MEL: (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly...Rochester, this breakfast was wonderful. The coffee was delicious.

ROCH: THANK YOU.

JACK: The bacon was cooked just the way I like it.

ROCH: THANK YOU.

JACK: And the eggs were absolutely perfect.

MEL: THANK YOU. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Polly, did you lay those eggs?

MEL: (SQUAWK AND SINGS) THEY TRIED TO TELL ME I'M TOO YOUNG.

JACK: Oh, isn't that cute? Rochester, how long has Polly been laying eggs?

ROCH: EVER SINCE YOU PUT THAT LIGHT BULB IN HER CAGE AND KEPT POINTING AT IT.

JACK: Oh...Well, it certainly took her a long time to catch on to what I meant.

JL

ROCH: YEAH, BEFORE SHE LAID ANY EGGS, SHE LAID THREE LIGHT BULBS.

JACK: Oh stop....Now, Polly, you know that I--

ROCH: OH SAY, BOSS...YOU TOLD ME TO REMIND YOU TO CALL MRS. MONTGOMERY.

JACK: Oh yes.

ROCH: WHO'S THAT?

JACK: Oh That's Dinah Shore. She's married to George Montgomery... I sent a copy of my song over to her house. I'm gonna let her be the first one to record it. I'll call her now.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALING)

JACK: (OVER DIALING, SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon...then I'll come back to you...When you ask me to forgive you... I'll return...like the swallows at Serrano, return ~~to~~ --- HELLO, <sup>Oh</sup> I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MISS DINAH SHORE PLEASE.... JACK BENNY CALLING....Like the swallows at Serrano return to Capistrano, for you my heart ~~will~~ <sup>Hello,</sup> /---HELLO, DINAH, <sup>Oh</sup> THIS IS JACK BENNY. HOW IS GEORGE AND ---- OH, I'M SORRY I WOKE YOU UP, BUT I WAS ANXIOUS TO KNOW <sup>something - Dinah -</sup> / DID YOU RECEIVE THE COPY OF MY SONG?...GOOD. DON'T YOU THINK IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL TUNE YOU EVER.....OH...WELL, DON'T YOU THINK THAT THE LYRICS ARE NOVEL AND....UH HUH...BUT DINAH, YOU CAN'T JUDGE A SONG THE FIRST TIME YOU SING IT. YOU'VE GOT TO ANALYZE IT...TAKE IT APART...I DON'T MEAN THAT WAY, PASTE IT TOGETHER AGAIN...WELL LOOK, <sup>look --</sup> /DINAH, IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE THE SONG AND...DINAH...DINAH...OH, HELLO, GEORGE?...BUT GEORGE... GEORGE...LOOK, I DIDN'T WAKE YOU UP, SHE DID...NOW LOOK, <sup>George,</sup> GEORGE, YOU AND I HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS AND---ALL RIGHT, ACQUAINTANCES....

(MORE)

JL

JACK: BUT LOOK, GEORGE, ABOUT MY SONG...IF YOU'D JUST ASK DINAH  
(Cont.) TO.....ALL RIGHT, ~~ALL RIGHT~~, IF I WOKE YOU UP I'M SORRY.  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO....YOU'LL WHAT?.....WELL, IF THAT'S YOUR  
ATTITUDE, IT'S OKAY WITH ME...GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Well, we can cross him off the list.

ROCH: YOU MEAN HER.

JACK: No, him...he's <sup>going to stop</sup> ~~through~~ sending us his laundry...Oh well, I'm  
glad Miss Shore refused to sing my song. I'd rather have a  
man do it anyway.

ROCH: BOSS, WHY DON'T YOU CALL MARIO LANZA?

JACK: Mario Lanza?

ROCH: YEAH, YOU SENT HIM A COPY LAST NIGHT.

JACK: How did you know?

ROCH: WE GOT IT BACK THIS MORNING.

JACK: So soon? Well, maybe he liked the song and he's waiting for  
an answer...Rochester, get me his number, will you? It's in  
my personal phone book.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS)

JACK: There's the door -  
/I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon...then I'll come  
back to youuuuu... Boy, is Dinah making a mistake.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (GIGGLING) Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh hello, Mary. Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: What are you giggling about?

JL



MARY: I just had to stop by and show you a love letter that Dennis sent me.

JACK: Love letter? Mary, you mean Dennis still has that crush on you?

MARY: Yes, ever since New Year's Eve, and it's getting worse.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: Well, last night he took me for a ride, and as he <sup>Dennis</sup> turned into a dark street, I said to myself, "Oh-oh".

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: Suddenly the car stopped and Dennis looked at me and said, "Mary, we're out of gas". And Jack, he did exactly what I thought he would do.

JACK: What?

MARY: He went and got some.

JACK: Well, how do you like that. Let me see the letter he wrote you.

MARY: Here...I'll read it to you. <sup>you know it's really sweet -</sup> ~~It's so sweet~~ <sup>(READS WITH FEELING)</sup> "MY DARLING MARY..I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK I'M SILLY, BUT I KEEP YOUR PICTURE ON THE WALL OF MY BEDROOM... I DIDN'T WANT MY MOTHER TO KNOW WHO I'M IN LOVE WITH SO I TOOK A PENCIL AND DREW A MUSTACHE AND A DERBY HAT ON YOU...I THINK I FOOLED MY MOTHER BECAUSE NOW SHE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU, TOO.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned.

MARY: And look how he finishes it..."I LOVE YOU MADLY AND PASSIONATELY AND WILL NEVER FORGET NEW YEAR'S EVE AND THE KISS YOU GAVE ME WHEN I TOOK YOU HOME..THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE FOR YOUR NEXT SHIPMENT, I REMAIN YOURS TRULY, DENNIS DAY.

JL



(Sings) for no one else can  
MARY: (~~MIMICS JACK SINGING~~) BE MY LOVE DA\*DA\*DA\*DA\*DA\*DA\*DA\*DA\*DA\*DA\*  
end this yearning - Be My Love ♪--

JACK: All right, all right... You never ~~did~~ like --  
I merely asked you.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's someone at the door.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis, come on in.

DENNIS: Don't talk to me, you cad.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Trying to steal my girl, eh? I ought to thrash you to within  
an inch of your life.

JACK: Now/Dennis, ~~be sure~~ you've got a cold ---  
Isn't it a dilly? Now don't try to change the subject.

DENNIS: ~~Don't try to squirm out of it.~~ I've read about men like you.  
You take a poor innocent girl out of the May Company, <sup>you</sup> get  
her a job on the radio, and then you think you own her.

JACK: Dennis--

DENNIS: I know every move you make, you wolf.

JACK: <sup>look</sup> Look/Dennis--

DENNIS: I've been sitting up in that tree in front of your house  
watching you. through the window.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Boy, do you look ugly in the morning!

JL

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: I thought you'd never get into that girdle.

JACK: Oh, quiet! ... Now look, Dennis, Mary told me about the big crush you've got on her and you ought to forget about it.

MARY: Yes, Dennis, you're a nice boy, and I'd hate to hurt your feelings, but --

DENNIS: Don't worry, Mary...You couldn't marry me if you wanted to My mother disapproves.

MARY: Of me?

DENNIS: No, of me.

JACK: That I can understand. Now Dennis, listen to me....Next week on my <sup>program</sup> ~~show~~ I want you to sing the song I wrote, "When You Say I Beg Your<sup>#</sup> Par"-

(SOUND: FAST DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Hmm...That kids gonna make an old man of me...Come to think of it, he did.

MARY: Say Jack, I better be running along. <sup>I've got some shopping to do.</sup> ~~I want to go to Jerry's~~  
JACK: Shopping?

~~Rothenbergs and get a shirt for my father.~~

MARY: I want to go to Jerry Rothenbergs and get a shirt for my father.

JACK: Okay, Mary....Wait a minute, I'll go with you. I want to get a haircut.

MARY: All right, come on.

JACK: It's such a nice day, let's walk.

("HAPPY GO LUCKY" TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

~~MARY:\*\*\*\*Jack, let's take a cab, I'm tired.~~

~~JACK:\*\*\*\*No no, it's not far now.~~

~~("HAPPY GO LUCKY" TRANSITION MUSIC)~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)~~

CE

MARY: ~~Jack, let's take a bus, my foot hurts.~~

JACK: ~~Mary, we're almost there.~~

~~(HAPPY GO LUCKY! TRANSITION MUSIC)~~

~~(SOUND: 8 FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)~~

~~(ON CUE) HAPPY GO LUCKY! TRANSITION MUSIC)~~

~~(SOUND: 8 FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)~~

JACK: You see, Mary, there's Jerry Rothchild's in the middle of the  
block.

MARY: Where are you gonna get your hair cut?

JACK: At Jerry Rothchild's. They have a barber shop on the  
mezzanine. So while you're getting your father's shirt, I  
can get my haircut.

MARY: Well, that's very convenient and -- Say, Jack, isn't that  
Mr. Kitzel coming toward us?

JACK: /It sure is.  
Mr. Kitzel? Oh

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Hello, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I said hello, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE. And <sup>tp</sup>whom do I have the pleasure of addressing?

CE

JACK: Mr. Kitzel..don't you recognize me?....I'm Jack Benny.

ARTIE: Oh, I am so sorry...but I <sup>now come</sup> have just ~~come~~ from the  
optometrist's office. He put drops in my eyes, and I can't  
see so well.

MARY: Oh I hope they get better soon.

ARTIE: Thank you, Dennis.

JACK: No no, Mr. Kitzel, this is Miss Livingstone... What's wrong  
with your eyes, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: I happen to be color blind,/  
<sup>You know</sup> To me, yellow is brown.

MARY: Yellow is brown?

ARTIE: And that's not all...brown is green.

JACK: Brown is green?

ARTIE: Also, to me, green is yellow.

JACK: Yellow is brown, brown is green, and green is yellow?

ARTIE: Yes..and last night at dinner, did this cause trouble...I saw  
my brother-in-law eating what looked like a hot dog..So I was  
smart and <sup>I</sup>asked "How do you like the cucumber?" And he said,  
"What cucumber, I'm eating a banana."

MARY: Oh, Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My.  
<sup>Mr. Kitzel</sup>

JACK: Well,/<sup>we</sup>ve got to be running along... I have an appointment  
at the barber shop to get a hair cut.

ARTIE: Well, isn't that a coaccident,/  
<sup>You know</sup> For the same reason, my wife  
is right now <sup>by</sup>at the beauty parlor...Ohh, these women!

MARY: WellWhat do you mean?

TC

ARTIE: Well, last week on the cover of Life Magazine, she saw a girl with a Poodle hair-cut, so right away she has to get a Poodle hair-cut, too.

JACK: Really?

ARTIE: Yes...and personally, I'm happy...With her last hair-cut she looked like a St. Bernard.

JACK: (LAUGHS) Oh..Well, we've got to run along, Mr. Kitzel...  
Goodbye.

ARTIE: Goodbye, children.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here it is...Rothchild's. Men's Furnishings and Barber Shop...Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: If you want to get your father a shirt, the counter is right over there.

MARY: Oh, ~~yes~~ okay, yes.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: May I help you?

MARY: Yes. I'd like to buy a shirt.

JACK: What size does your father wear, Mary?

MARY: Just a minute, I've got papa's letter right here....He wants a fifteen and a half collar.

KEARNS: Sleeve length?

MARY: Fifty-eight.

KEARNS: Fifty-eight? Lady, you must be mistaken<sup>"by</sup>..the average sleeve length is thirty-four.

JACK: Certainly, Mary. Why does your father want such long sleeves?

MARY: Mama gave him a pair of gloves for Christmas and he doesn't want to get them dirty.

JACK: What a family you've got....Look, Mary, while you're deciding on the shirt, I'll go and get ---

SHELDON: H'ya, Bud.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Long time no see.

JACK: Oh..hello, hello.

MARY: Jack, wasn't that --

JACK: Yes, that's ~~the~~ race-track tout I always run into. Anyway, Mary, while you're deciding on the shirt for your father, I'm going to --

DON: Oh Hello, Jack. Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don.

JACK: Don, I didn't know you traded here at Rothchild's.

DON: Oh, sure. It's so convenient having a barber shop and men's <sup>all</sup> clothing store/in one place.

JACK: It certainly is. What are you buying, Don?

DON: Oh, nothing today, I just dropped in to exchange something.

KEARNS: May I help you, sir?

DON: "hyYes. A friend of mine gave me this overcoat for Christmas, and I'd like to exchange it.

KEARNS: Certainly, sir. What's the trouble?

DON: Well...I don't like the color.

KEARNS: Oh, I'm sorry, sir, but that coat only comes in blue.

TC

ATX01 0181655



DON: Oh, Gee.

KEARNS: However, if you wish, we'd be happy to refund you the two hundred and fifty dollars.

JACK: (Two hundred and fifty dollars\*)\* for a coat!)

KEARNS: Would you like me to give you the refund?

DON: Well..yes..as long as the color isn't exactly what I --

JACK: Wait a minute, Don, wait a minute. How can you do a thing like that? It's a Christmas present. Somebody gave that coat to you for Christmas. /<sup>I mean</sup>How can you take the refund?... What about the spirit of Christmas. You oughta be ashamed of yourself.

DON: Well I guess you're right, Jack. But, gee, I just don't like the color.

JACK: Well, Don, if you're gonna be stuck with the coat...I've got a birthday coming up next month. Give it to me for a birthday present.

DON: But, Jack, <sup>Jack - this</sup>the coat won't fit you!

JACK: So what, I'll bring it back here and get the refund. It's simple.

DON: But, Jack, what about that speech you gave me about the spirit of Christmas?

JACK: To me it's a birthday present, I can do what I want with it.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Mary, what are you laughing at?

MARY: When you started that speech, I knew you had an O. Henry finish.

TC

RTX01 01B1656

JACK: O. Henry, O. Henry.

KEARNS: Are you people through or do you go into a dance number?  
I'll

JACK: Never mind. Now, Mary, I'm gonna get my hair cut. /See you  
in a little while.

MARY: Okay, Jack, I'll be browsing around the store.

JACK: Okay. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon..then I'll come back  
to you.....Da da da da da da da da, I'll return....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Gee, look at all those beautiful suspenders and belts. I  
think I'll get myself a new belt. Oh, clerk --

KEARNS: (OFF) I'll be with you in a minute.

JACK: Okay. Boy, those <sup>belts</sup> really are ~~nice~~ looking ~~belts~~.

SHELDON: Hey, bud...bud.

JACK: Huh?..Oh, for heaven sakes.

SHELDON: Come 'ere a minute.

JACK: Look, fellow, I'm busy..now leave me alone, will you.

SHELDON: Okay..I just wanted to know what you were doin'.

JACK: (ANNOYED) <sup>Well</sup> If you must know, I'm buying something to hold  
my pants up.

SHELDON: Like what?

JACK: A belt.

SHELDON: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Get suspenders.

TC

JACK: But I want a belt.

SHELDON: Belt hasn't got a chance.

JACK: It hasn't?

SHELDON: It looks good while it's going around..but at the end..belt buckles.

JACK: Gee, I never thought of that.

SHELDON: Take my advice and put your money on suspenders.

JACK: Suspenders?..Are you sure?

SHELDON: Look at the performance. Suspenders always come up from behind and finish in front.

JACK: Gosh..I don't know what to do.

SHELDON: You can take my word for it, suspenders will never let you down.

JACK: Well, I don't care what you say....I'm gonna get a belt.

SHELDON: Okay, they're your pants. So long.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

TC

ATX01 0181658

JACK: Oh clerk ... clerk..

KEARNS: Yes?

JACK: I'd like to get this belt.

KEARNS: Yes sir. Would you like to look at suspenders?

JACK: Suspenders.

KEARNS: (STRAIGHT) Yes, they're awfully good in the stretch.

JACK: Now cut that out! Just wrap up the belt and I'll pick it up after I get my haircut.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, I'm in luck...all the barber chairs are empty. Maybe today I can get Mr. Drucker, the owner, to wait on me. Oh Hello, Mr. Drucker.

NELSON: WELL...how do you do, Mr. Benny.

JACK: I finally came in when you're not busy yourself. I'd like a haircut.

NELSON: Certainly. Sit down and I'll get you a barber.

JACK: Huh?

NELSON: I'll be right back.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Say Harry, Mr. Benny wants a haircut...Will you take him?

MEL: Not me. Let Morry do it.

MARTY: Not me.

NELSON: How about you, Charlie?

RUBIN: No thanks.

NELSON: Now wait a minute, boys, we've got to be fair about this. Who waited on him last time?

CE

ATX01 0181659

RUBIN: I did....and when I finished, he offers me a tip...but my hands are full so he says "I'll slip it in your pocket."

MEL: Well, at least you got something.

RUBIN: What do you mean, something? When I added up my money, I was a dime short.

MEL: If Benny wanted a shave, I'd do it.

NELSON: You would?

MEL: Sure, then when the police came, I could say it was an accident.

JACK: (OFF) HEY, MR. DRUCKER, HOW ABOUT MY HAIRCUT?

NELSON: Just a minute! Well, boys?....Any volunteers?

MEL: Well,....okay, I'll take him.

NELSON: You will?

MEL: Why not....I had Stanford, too.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: OKAY, MR. BENNY, MR. GELBERT WILL WAIT ON YOU.

JACK: Good, good.

MEL: What'll it be, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Just a hair cut.

MEL: Yes, sir.

JACK: Shall I take off my glasses?

MEL: You don't even have to take off your hat.

JACK: Don't be so smart, just give me a haircut.

MEL: Yes sir.

BILL: Say, Mr. Drucker, do we have to do it when there's only one customer?

NELSON: Yes, you do.

JACK: What's that, Mr. Drucker?

CE

NELSON: We put in a barber shop quartet...Billy Goetz, Artie Stebbins, Mervyn Le Roy, and Junior Lemley.

JACK: Oh, ~~good~~ ~~good~~ what a quartet - good - good.

NELSON: Sing, boys.  
q

QUARTET: THE OLD SONGS

THE OLD SONGS

THE GOOD OLD SONGS FOR ME.

I LOVE TO HEAR THOSE MINOR CHORDS

AND GOOD CLOSE HARMONY.

WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER

FAR FAR AWAY

THERE'S WHERE MY HEART IS TURNING EVER

THERE'S WHERE THE OLD FOLKS STAY.

DOWN YONDER SOMETHING BECKONS TO ME

DOWN YONDER THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO BE.

I WANT TO WATCH THAT FINE TOBACCO GROW.

THE KIND YOU ALWAYS FIND IN LUCKIES, YOU KNOW

~~ONE BRAND-JOE~~ B.B.D. & O.

~~AND~~ OTHER MEN WHO KNOW

~~SAY THAT~~ DOWN IN DIXIELAND

<sup>their</sup>

IT'S THE FAVORITE BRAND.

DOWN YONDER YOU WILL FIND THAT YOUR FRIENDS

LIKE LUCKIES CAUSE THEY HAVE NO LOOSE ENDS

ASK DADDY OR MAMMY

OR REMLEY OR SAMMY

AND LIGHT UP A LUCKY WITH ME.

SMOKE LUCKIES, SEE HOW HAPPY YOU 'LL BE

SMOKE LUCKIES, AND YOU ALL WILL AGREE

THERE REALLY IS NUTHIN'

LIKE PUFFIN' AND PUFFIN'

ON LUCKIES, SO LIGHT ONE WITH ME -

SAID THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA

TO THE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE,

LIGHT UP A LUCKY WITH ME,

THEY'RE BETTER TASTING

LIGHT UP A LUCKY WITH ME.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Say, that was very good., especially Junior Lemley.

(SOUND: SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

JACK: <sup>Harry-</sup>/~~Harry~~, not too much off the sides, will you.

MEL: I'll watch it.

NELSON: Well, is our little customer happy today?... how's the  
hair-cut coming?

JACK: Fine, fine, Mr. Drucker.

NELSON: Would you also like a shampoo today?

JACK: No, no, <sup>no,</sup>/~~just~~ a haircut.

NELSON: Massage?

JACK: No, ~~no~~ thank you.

~~NELSON:\*\*\*Shave?~~

~~JACK:\*\*\*No, no,\*\*\*just a haircut.~~

~~NELSON:\*\*\*Sport coat.~~

~~JACK:\*\*\*No, no,\*\*\*just a haircut.~~

~~NELSON:\*\*\*Suspenders?~~

JACK: ~~Why does every body want me to have suspenders?\*\*\*I know~~  
I tell you what I would like - I'd  
~~what....I think I would~~ like a manicure.

NELSON: Manicure?...Certainly...just a moment, I'll get one of  
the girls.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: (CONFIDENTIAL) Oh, Miss Daniels.

BEA: Yes?

NELSON: Mr. Benny would like a manicure. Will you take him?

BEA: Not me. Let Betty do it.

WB

ATXO1 0181663



JENNY: Not me.

NELSON: How about you, Goldie?

BLANCHE: No thanks.

NELSON: Now wait a minute, girls, we've got to be fair about this.  
Who took care of him last time?

BLANCHE: I did. For a seventy-five cent manicure I had to sit  
there and polish twenty nails.

NELSON: Twenty?

BLANCHE: When I got through with his hands, he took his shoes off.

BEA: I know what you mean. He did that to me once.

BLANCHE: Really?

BEA: I didn't mind cutting his nails but I had to play "This  
Little Piggy" at the same time....Then he gave me a tip  
and cried all the way home.

JACK: (OFF) MR. DRUCKER, HOW ABOUT MY MANICURE?

NELSON: JUST A MOMENT. Edith, you take him.

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: MR. BENNY, THE MANICURIST WILL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT.

JACK: Thank you. (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon, then  
I'll come back to you. When you ask me to ---

BEA: All right, Mr. Benny, I'm ready to give you a manicure.  
Just put your fingers in this bowl of water.

JACK: Certainly. Ouch! That water's hot.

BEA: I know, I'm trying to melt your cold cold heart.

JACK: Never mind, just give me a manicure. OH, MR. DRUCKER.

NELSON: Yes?

WB

JACK: I think I want my shoes shined, too.

NELSON: Certainly. I'll get a boy.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: (CONFIDENTIAL) Oh Ray, Mr. Benny wants a shoe shine...  
will you take him?

JESTER:

ROY: Not me.

NELSON: How about you, Danny?

ROY:

JESTER: No, thanks.

NELSON: Now wait a minute, boys, we've got to be fair about this.  
Who was the last one to shine Mr. Benny's shoes?

JESTER:

ROY: I don't remember the answer, but that question was on  
a quiz program.

NELSON: Well, somebody's got to shine Mr. Benny's shoes...You  
do it, Danny.

ROY:

JESTER: Not me, Mr. Drucker. I ain't got nothin' against shining  
Mr. Benny's shoes, but it's murder getting around those  
pearl buttons.

JACK: (OFF) MR. DRUCKER....WHAT ABOUT THAT SHINE.

NELSON: JUST A MINUTE.

MARY: (FADING IN) Jack.....Jack....

JACK: Here I am, Mary.

MARY: Did you get your haircut?

JACK: Yes, and I was gonna get a shine, too...but....I'll let it  
go. Oh, Mr. Drucker....

NELSON: Yes.

JACK: Mr. Drucker - wait till I turn the page here a minute - forget about the  
--- forget about the shine --- that's from the manicure -- it sticks  
WB to my fingers ----

JACK: Forget about the shine and charge the haircut to my  
account....Oh Harry, <sup>Harry Gelbert - you gave me such</sup> ~~you gave me~~ a good haircut...here's  
a tip for you.

MEL: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FADING FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: Say Harry, did I see right? 4

MEL: What?

NELSON: Did Mr. Benny give you a dollar tip?

MEL: Yup....spin that old man around in a chair three times  
and he don't know what he's doing.

NELSON: Well, what do you know.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

WB

ATX01 0181666

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, when a feller needs a friend...he needs a helping hand. And the hands of the BIG BROTHERS have helped thousands of growing boys to find the way to a useful life...Be a BIG BROTHER yourself..All you have to invest is your time and your interest....Write - BIG BROTHERS OF AMERICA - Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.  
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

a

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first --

WB

ATX01 0181667

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1952 (TAPED JANUARY 11, 1952)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies taste better and here's why.... you get better taste from fine tobacco and - LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco -- don't let anybody tell you different!

SHARBUTT: What's more, Luckies taste better because they're made better -- proved the best-made of all five principal brands. Let me repeat that -- proved the best-made of all five principal brands. That's not an empty claim - that's a fact - verified by leading laboratory consultants. For example, Froehling and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia report ...

MARTIN: "It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best made of these five major brands."

SHARBUTT: So, friends, when you buy cigarettes, remember the facts - Luckies are made better ... Luckies taste better...and to learn the plain, simple truth about the important factors that affect the taste of a cigarette, send for your free copy of a new booklet - "What Makes Lucky Strike Taste Better." Just drop a card to Lucky Strike, P.O. Box 99, New York, 46, New York. That's Lucky Strike, P.O.Box 99, New York, 46, New York.

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(REPRISE) Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)

WB

ATX01 01B1668

(TAG)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: You see, Mary, it wasn't so bad walking down to the barber shop and back. You know, once in awhile a little exercise is --

MARY: Oh Jack, look.. Here comes Mr. Kitzel.

JACK: Oh yes.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Hello, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?

JACK: Oh no, we're not going through that again...Goodnight, folks.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: We're a little late folks -- goodnight.

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to the Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station ... Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately....The Jack Benny Show is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.....

ANNCR: Transcribed -- this is the CBS Radio network.

WB

PROGRAM # 19  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

4

AS DIRECTOR

RTX01 01B1670

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
JANUARY 20, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste today

SHARBUTT: Friends, smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone! That's right -- in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference -- and you can taste the difference in a Lucky! Every puff brings you the smooth, completely enjoyable taste of truly fine tobacco. Yes, Luckies taste better and there are two important reasons why: First, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made better --- proved the best-made of all five principal brands. That's a fact, friends -- not a claim -- a fact established by tests measuring those important factors of workmanship that affect the taste of cigarettes -- tests made in the Research Laboratory of the American Tobacco Company, and verified by leading independent laboratory consultants such as Froehling and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia, and Foster D. Snell of New York.

(MORE)

BS

ATX01 0181671



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
JANUARY 20, 1952

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT:      So never forget, friends, -- how much you enjoy your  
(CONT'D)        cigarette depends on its taste -- and on taste alone. You  
                 can taste the difference in a Lucky -- so mild, so  
                 smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every  
                 puff. Yes, you'll Be Happy when you Go Lucky because --  
                 Luckies taste better!

ORCH:            (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS           Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
(REPRISE)  
(LONG CLOSE) Go Lucky Strike today!

ES

ATX01 0181672

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU ALL KNOW THE EXCITING STORY OF KURT CARLSON, CAPTAIN OF THE FLYING ENTERPRISE...BUT SINCE WE CAN'T BRING YOU THAT HERO...WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO SPENT TWO DAYS IN A LEAKY CANOE <sup>ON</sup> ~~AT~~ HOLLYWOOD AND VINE...JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you. Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking. And Don, you did exactly what I thought you'd do. ~~would do.~~ I knew you'd give me that kind of an introduction.

DON: ~~What'd you mean?~~ Well, what's wrong with it? I'll tell you what's wrong with it -

JACK: / Since we've had this terrific rain storm, every comedy show will be loaded with gags about the rain, the mud, the deep water...why can't we be different?

DON: But Jack, with all the rain we've been having, I thought the subject would be topical.

JACK: Well, we can talk about something else and still be topical... The weather has been cold, too.

DON: What are you talking about? It hasn't been cold.

JACK: It hasn't, eh? <sup>Don</sup> Jane Russell has been wearing a sweater just to keep warm...so don't tell me it hasn't been cold, brother.

DON: ~~Well,~~ all I know is the other day I got up at seven o'clock

JACK: What was that? What did you say? DON: I say, all I know is the other day I got in the morning and took a long walk in my shirt sleeves. up at 7 o'clock.

JACK: Well, Don, you can do that...you're blubberized...know what I mean.

DON: Jack, if you mean what I think you do...I've got news for you. My doctor said I'm not fat.

JACK: ~~Not Fat?~~ Your doctor said you're not fat?

DON: He said the reason I look this way is because I've got small bones.

JACK: Small bones, huh?

DON: Yes.

JACK: Don, a fish has small bones...and I've yet to see a halibut with five chins. So you can tell your doctor that...Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Well, it's about time you got to the studio. You weren't even here for rehearsal.

MARY: But Jack, I couldn't help it. I left the house in plenty of time. It wasn't my fault that the bank was held up.

JACK: Bank...held up?

MARY: Yes. I was driving down Hollywood Boulevard...I stopped for a traffic light at Highland when two men with handkerchiefs over their faces jumped in the car...stuck a gun in my ribs and said, "Get goin', sister."

JACK: No!

MARY: They made me drive out Sunset Boulevard...when I slowed down to make a turn, they threatened me with the butt of their guns.

SC

ATX01 01B1674

JACK: *Why* Those no good cowards.

MARY: My leg got tired, and when I released the pressure on the gas pedal, one of them twisted my arm and the other one slapped my face.

JACK: *Why* Those dirty yellow rats.

MARY: Suddenly they pulled on the brake, jumped out of the car, said, "Here's something for the gas" and threw me a twenty dollar bill. 4

JACK: Gee...what nice guys...I mean...

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: / <sup>Ah now -</sup> Mary, did you make that story up?

MARY: Yes, Jack, every time I'm late you bawl me out so I thought I'd make up an excuse.

JACK: Some excuse...That's the worst story I ever heard. How you ever expected anyone to believe such a farfetched fantastic story, I'll never...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

DON: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

DON: Hello? Yes, she's here. It's for you, Mary.

MARY: Oh Thanks. Hello? Yes...Yes, I would...Oh, no, you'll have to do better than that...That's more like it...Thank you.  
Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

SC

JACK: Who was that? Mary?

MARY: Warner Brothers, they just bought the story.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned...anyway, Mary, what was your real reason for being late?

MARY: Well, Jack, since my car froze two weeks ago, it hasn't been running right and I couldn't get it started.

DON: ~~Well~~, Mary, don't you know...to keep your car from freezing you have to fill your radiator with alcohol.

JACK: Alcohol?

PHIL: Coming, Mother.

JACK: Well, I'm glad there's something you can talk about. <sup>Phil</sup> I'm not paying you all that money just to lead that lousy band.

PHIL: I'll ignore that remark and discuss the subject at hand. Just a week ago ~~I~~ <sup>me and Remley were</sup> driving up to the snow country...and it was so cold, <sup>that</sup> I stopped at a gas station and bought ~~seven~~ <sup>six</sup> quarts of alcohol.

~~JACK: Phil, my car only holds six quarts.~~

~~PHIL: I can't want to freeze either, Dad.~~

JACK: ~~Phil~~ Six quarts?

PHIL: You should have seen Remley cry as the guy poured ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> into ~~the~~ the radiator.

JACK: ~~Well~~ <sup>Oh</sup>, he must have felt awful.

PHIL: For the next ten miles he had his mouth over the exhaust pipe.

JACK: ~~Over the~~ -- Why, Phil, he could get asphyxiated that way.

PHIL: Oh, he was, he was

JACK: Look, Phil...

PHIL: And now, having injected some levity into the program, I shall return to the podium and keep my big <sup>fat</sup> mouth shut.

JACK: ~~Well, thank you, thank you very much... And now, kids~~

DENNIS: <sup>topical -- and now, kids ---</sup>  
Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Dennis...it's about time you got here.

DENNIS: I'm sorry, but I left my house in plenty of time. It wasn't <sup>that</sup> my fault/the bank was held up.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: When I stopped for a traffic light, two men with handkerchief over their faces jumped in my car, stuck a gun in my ribs and said, "Get going!"

JACK: <sup>Oh</sup> (COY) Two...men...huh?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: ~~They~~ Stuck a gun in your ribs, huh?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: And I suppose you were very, very frightened.

DENNIS: Oh no, I recognized them.

JACK: You did?...Who were they?

DENNIS: Humphry Bogart and James Cagney, they were making a new picture for Warner Brothers.

JACK: Gee, those studios sure work fast.

DENNIS: Then suddenly they told me to stop the car, they jumped out, threw me a twenty dollar bill for the gas, and kissed me goodbye.

JACK: Kissed you goodbye?

DENNIS: In the original story a girl did the driving.

SC

JACK: I know, I know.

DENNIS: Then I drove away singing "In My Merry Oldsmobile".

JACK: You were singing?

DENNIS: Yeah, they decided to make it a musical.

JACK: Dennis, Dennis...come here a minute, will you?

DENNIS: Huh?

a

(SOUND: THUD OF PUNCH)

DENNIS: Ouch!

MARY: Jack, why did you punch Dennis in the nose?

JACK: I wanted the picture to be in color...Ladies and gentlemen  
I really didn't hit Dennis..What you heard was done by the  
soundman...Isn't that right, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah, he punched me in the nose.

JACK: ~~Good, good~~..Now Dennis, I want this program to be a musical,  
too, so let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG - - - "ANYTIME")

(APPLAUSE)

SC

ATX01 0181678

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: / <sup>That was</sup> That was very good, Dennis. And, Phil, I must admit that the music sounded good, too.

PHIL: Well Thanks / <sup>you</sup> Jackson. It's about time you paid my boys a compliment.

JACK: Phil, I compliment these boys anytime I feel ~~they~~ -- Wait a minute, Phil, I just noticed that Fletcher is back in the band again.

PHIL: <sup>Yeah -- yeah --</sup> ~~Yep~~...good old Fletch...Got back three days ago.

JACK: / <sup>Well, Phil--</sup> Wait a minute, ~~Phil~~, I thought Fletcher always played a slide trombone. How come he's playing a clarinet?

PHIL: We had to switch him to an instrument he could play with his hands closer together...we can't get the hand-cuffs off. <sup>what did - what did - what did Fletcher --</sup>

JACK: Hand cuffs!....Phil, what did Fletcher do this time?  
He -- he --

PHIL: He didn't do nothing.

JACK: <sup>why - why - then why -</sup> Then why did they take him back to prison?

PHIL: Because they changed wardens and he's the only one who knows where everything is.

JACK: Oh yeah?...Then why did they put hand-cuffs on him?

PHIL: Because they wanted everything to stay where it is!

JACK: Well, I'm glad I got that straightened out.

MARY: Say Phil, how many times has Fletcher been on probation?

PHIL: This is his third semester.

JACK: Oh Phil, say that word again, will you

PHIL: Semester.

JACK: ~~Again~~. Say it once more.

PHIL: Semester.

JW

ATX01 0181679



JACK: You know, folks, at rehearsal he kept pronouncing it seamstres

PHIL: A natural mistake for a chap who likes to keep the audience  
in stitches.

JACK: Now cut that out...Now look kids, let's cut out this silly  
talk and get on with the program because tonight I have a  
great surprise for you.

MARY: Surprise?

JACK: Yes. I got a special <sup>a</sup>guest to appear on our program today...  
and sing the song that I wrote.

~~MARY: Jack, who did you get?~~

~~DENNIS: Yeah, who, who, who, who, who?~~

~~JACK: Got you kind of worried, haven't I?~~

~~MARY: Jack, nobody's worried. We just don't think you had to get  
an outsider to sing your song.~~

~~JACK: Oh, you don't, eh? I asked you to do it, Mary, and you  
refused. I asked Dennis to do it and he refused. I even  
asked the quartet..everybody refused.~~

~~PHIL: Now, wait a minute, Jackson, my band offered to do it.~~

~~JACK: That I refused. But wait till you hear my guest ~~ster~~ do the  
song. (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll  
come back to you..What a song!~~

MARY: Oh yeah. Last week you asked Dinah Shore to sing it and she  
turned you down.

JACK: Well, I'm glad she did because this song is <sup>*much better*</sup> perfect for a  
male vocalist. Don't you think so, Dennis?

DENNIS: Call me madam.

JACK: Oh stop.

JW

ATX01 0181680

MARY: Oh Jack, when will you learn?...Last week you tried to get Mario Lanza to sing it and he wouldn't touch it.

JACK: I know and I'm glad because now I've really got the best.

DON: Well then, Jack, for heaven's sakes, who did you get?

JACK: I'll tell you who I got...None other than that inimitable stylist of popular songs...George Burns!...That's who I got.

MARY: George Burns? Of Burns and Allen?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: You mean...Sugar Throat?

JACK: That's exactly who I mean.

DON: Well, I think Jack made a very good choice. George Burns is an excellent singer.

DENNIS: ( A LA COLONNA ) What's the matter, you crazy or something?

JACK: He's not crazy!..<sup>you kids</sup> You kids are just jealous because I wrote a-----

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: <sup>Oh my</sup> That must be him now..Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MEL: (Mooley) I'm the attendant at the parking lot. I'd like to talk to Phil Harris.

PHIL: Yeah, what is it, Fellow?

MEL: I'm having trouble parking your car.

PHIL: Why? What's wrong?

MEL: <sup>well,</sup> Every time I step on the starter the motor sings "Sweet Adeline".

JW

PHIL: Just leave it where it is. I'll be out soon.

MEL: Okay..but what'll I do with the guy who has his arms around the exhaust pipe?

JACK: Leave him there, leave him there!

MEL: ~~Okay~~ Boy, is he asphyxiated.

JACK: Get out!  
(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Gee, I thought sure that would be George..I wonder if he's left his house yet, I better call/<sup>him</sup>and see. q  
(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..ONE DIAL..INNER BUZZER..FADE IN AND OUT TO SWITCHBOARD BUZZER.)

BEA: Oh, Mable...

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?  
(APPLAUSE)

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah,, I wonder what Shmo Vedis wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.  
(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny...Yes....Just a minute. I'll try and get him.  
(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants I should get him George Burns.

SARA: George Burns? I wonder why?

BEA: Maybe Jack wants him to be a guest on his ~~radio program~~ television show next Sunday.

SARA: Those two straight men?...If it wasn't for Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen, they'd be a couple of bums.

BEA: I don't know. On second thought, they could do an act together...Jack could play the violin while George listened to it.

SARA: So what kind of an act would that be?

BEA: Jack Fiddles While George Burns...(LAUGHS) HA HA I MADE A FUNNY, I MADE A FUNNY. Someday I may have my own switch board.

SARA: Say Gertrude, I want to ask you something. Have you been out with Jack Benny lately?

BEA: Yeah, but now he has a new idiosyncrasy...He won't dance at any place that has a rhumba band.

SARA: He won't?

BEA: No..and he won't even let anybody on his radio show do the rhumba since Lucky Strike got that new slogan.

SARA: What slogan?

BEA: No loose ends. I'm telling you, he's the most -- stubborn ---

(SOUND: BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ)

SARA: / Oh - oh -  
Benny's line is flashing again.

BEA: Yeah .. He's jealous because we're getting laughs.

(SOUND: CLICKING OF PHONE)

JACK: Gertrude...Gertrude..what about my call?

BEA: I tried Mr. Burns' house, but nobody answered.

JACK: Oh...well, forget it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Say kids, George must be on his way down..<sup>because</sup>nobody answers at the house. So, Don---

DON: Yes?

JACK: As long as he isn't here yet, you better have the quartet do the commercial. What have they got prepared?

DON: Well, Jack, there's an old song that's become popular again and the boys have a wonderful arrangement of it. You might even want to use it on your TV show next Sunday.

JACK: What is it, Don?

DON: "Ballin' the Jack".

JACK: Well, good good. Let's hear it, fellows.

QUART: FOLKS IN GEORGIA, BOUT TO GO INSANE  
SINCE THAT NEW DANCE DOWN IN GEORGIA CAME  
WE WILL SHOW ~~YOU~~ THIS LITTLE DANCE TO YOU  
WHEN WE DO YOU'LL SAY THAT IT'S A BEAR  
FIRST YOU PUT YOUR TWO KNEES CLOSE UP TIGHT  
THEN YOU SWAY 'EM TO THE LEFT  
THEN YOU SWAY 'EM TO THE RIGHT  
STEP AROUND THE FLOOR KIND OF NICE AND LIGHT  
THEN YOU TWIS' AROUND AND TWIS' AROUND  
WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.  
STRETCH YOUR LOVING ARMS STRAIGHT/<sup>OUT</sup>IN SPACE  
THEN YOU DO THE EAGLE ROCK WITH A STYLE AND GRACE  
SWING YOUR FOOT WAY ROUND JACK: Hey, fellows - what about  
THEN BRING IT BACK the commercial? commercial?  
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL BALLIN' THE JACK.  
FIRST YOU FIND AN EASY CHAIR YOU LIKE  
THEN YOU OPEN UP A PACK  
AND TAKE OUT A LUCKY STRIKE  
THEN YOU TAKE A PUFF  
AND YOU JUST RELAX  
YOU'LL BE HAPPY AND FORGET ABOUT YOUR INCOME TAX  
BLOW A COUPLE SMOKE RINGS OUT IN SPACE  
YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR LUCKY STRIKE  
WITH IT'S BETTER TASTE  
SMOKE AN LS, LS MFT  
FOR THAT'S WHAT'S KNOWN AS QUALITY.  
L, S, M, F, T.

(APPLAUSE)

ES

ATX01 0181685

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>That was very good -</sup> ~~That was~~ very good, boys...very good, /Gee, look what time it is...I can't understand why George Burns is so late getting here.

DON: ~~Well,~~ maybe he tried to call you at your house.

JACK: Say maybe he did, but I haven't been home for the past five days. I came straight from Palm Springs to the Studio.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: The phone, the phone.. that must be George now.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello. Is this Sugar Throat?

ROCH: IF YOU MEAN LUMP SUGAR, YES.

JACK: Oh, Rochester.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, what do you want?

ROCH: <sup>FRIDAY</sup> WELL/ YOU CALLED ME FROM PALM SPRINGS TO <sup>CHECK ON THE</sup> ~~SEE WHAT~~ DAMAGE THE RAINSTORM DID TO OUR HOUSE.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Rochester. At the start of the program, I told Don Wilson we're not gonna do any jokes about the rain storm.

ROCH: THIS AIN'T NO JOKE, BOSS.

JACK: What?

ROCH: OUR FRONT PORCH IS COVERED WITH A FOOT OF MUD.

JACK: Well, clean it off. Remember <sup>our house is</sup> ~~we're~~ in Beverly Hills.

ROCH: <sup>The house is</sup> ~~WE'RE~~ BUT THE PORCH AIN'T.

JACK: You mean our porch floated away? Where is it now?

ROCH: WITH THE FLYING ENTERPRISE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: I STAYED WITH IT TILL THE COAST GUARD TOLD ME TO JUMP.

JACK: Rochester, stop being silly... these are jokes.. the people in the audience are laughing.

ROCH: THEY MUST BE FROM FLORIDA.

JACK: Not all of them.. Anyway, I'll see you when I get home.  
Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE.. OH SAY, BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: WHILE YOU WERE GONE, PRESIDENT TRUMAN CALLED YOU.

JACK: President Truman called me? What did he want?

ROCH: FIVE <sup>BILLION</sup> ~~MILLION~~ DOLLARS.

JACK: Now Rochester, that isn't funny.

ROCH: NO, BUT IT'S TOPICAL.

JACK: Well, stop scaring me like that...and goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hmm.. Let me see .. Five billion dollars at six percent would be... whoops! ... Gee, this summer I'd be sitting pretty .. all that interest besides my unemployment <sup>checks</sup> ~~checks~~ .. Well, I'll <sup>Oh</sup> ~~think it over~~, ask Myrt

MARY: Jack, will you stop dreaming and get on with the show.

PHIL: Yeah Jackson, let's get going. I've gotta leave.

JACK: What's your hurry?

PHIL: Well, Alice had a new dress made and she asked me to stop and pick it up at the semester's.



JACK: That's seamstress ./. He can't get one thing right - He get's everything wrong. Anyway, we can't get on with the show ~~until~~ --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hey That must be George now.. Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Well, Jack, I'm here.

JACK: Hey kids, it's George Burns.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: George, I knew you wouldn't let a pal down.

GEORGE: Of course not, Jack. What are pals for?

JACK: You know, kids, George and I have been friends for twenty years.

GEORGE: Twenty-five.

JACK: That's right. We've been following each other's career since the days of vaudeville. We ~~wouldn't~~ <sup>don't</sup> make a move without consulting each other...Isn't that right, George?

GEORGE: That's right.

JACK: But you did have me worreid for awhile. What took you so long to get here?

GEORGE: What took me so long!....I've been chasing <sup>you</sup> All over town looking for you...When did you change networks?

JACK: When did I change networks!....THREE YEARS AGO.....George Burns, of all people you should --

MARY: Jack, don't get mad at him, remember, he's your pal.

GEORGE: ~~We're~~ buddies, buddies.

JACK: Now kids, George came here for one specific reason...and that is to sing my --

GEORGE: (SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON -- then I'll come back to you.

JACK: Not yet, George, not yet.  
If you ask me to forgive you, I'll return --

GEORGE: ~~Then I'll come back to you~~  
George wait a minute - hold it -

JACK: /George, hold it./ I had a special arrangement made for the orchestra  
-- wait a minute - George - I had a special arrangement made  
for the orchestra. So first I'll find out what key it's  
in ... Phil, what key is the -- Oh for heaven's sakes...  
Phil, tell your boys to put away the dice and get back to  
their seats.

PHIL: ~~The~~  
~~My~~ boys ain't shooting dice.

JACK: Then why are they huddled around in a circle?

PHIL: They're trying to get the handcuffs offa Fletch.

JACK: ~~Oh...oh~~..well, tell them to hurry.

MARY: Oh George, I should have asked you when you first came in...  
How is Gracie?

GEORGE: Fine, ~~fine~~ <sup>Mary was going to</sup> She ~~would have~~ come with me..but last week she  
<sup>and</sup> bought a little puppy.. ~~so~~ she went down to enter him in a  
dog show.

JACK: Oh, then he must be cute.

GEORGE: Not only cute..but Gracie thinks this puppy is the  
smartest dog in the world. She even thinks he can read.

JACK: Wait a minute..Gracie thinks this puppy can read?

GEORGE: /<sup>Yeah</sup> When she bought him the man said, "When you lock him up at  
night in the kitchen, don't forget to put a newspaper on  
the floor.

JACK & GEORGE: ~~(TOGETHER)~~ And she thinks he can read.

GEORGE: Leaves the light on all night..

JACK: Well look, George.. about my song --

GEORGE: (SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON --

JACK: Wait for the band!

DENNIS: Boy, what an eager beaver!

JACK: / <sup>Dennis</sup> Dennis, he's not an eager beaver. He's just anxious to  
sing my song because he thinks it's wonderful..Don't you,  
George?

GEORGE: Yes sir.. <sup>that</sup> ~~this~~ song will sell more copies than "My Tomato  
Ran Away, But I'll Catchup To Her."

JACK: Who wrote that?

GEORGE: Rogers and Heinz.

JACK: What?

GEORGE: It has fifty seven choruses.

JACK: That's my pal, always got a joke.

GEORGE: ~~He's~~ buddies, buddies.

JACK: Now come on, George..how about doing my song now?

GEORGE: Okay.

JACK: / <sup>Wait 'till you hear this, folks -</sup> Ready, Phil?...Take it.

(ORCHESTRA INTRO INTO SONG)

GEORGE: (SINGS)

WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,

THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU, JACK: Listen to that voice.

I'LL RETURN,

LIKE THE SWALLOWS <sup>IN</sup> AT SERRANO,

RETURN TO CARISTRANO,

FOR YOU MY HEART WILL ALWAYS, ALWAYS

ALWAYS  
/ALWAYS YEARN.

JACK: That's my buddy.

WHEN YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE SORRY

THEN I WILL UNDERSTAND.

NEATH THE HARVEST MOON WE'LL PLEDGE

OUR LOVE ANEW.

JACK: That's an F sharp,

(Oh shut up)

SO MY DARLING, THOUGH WE'VE PARTED, ~~folks~~

COME BACK TO WHENCE. ~~WE STARTED.~~

GANG: Whence!

JACK: Yes, whence!

~~WE STARTED -~~

GEORGE: / AND SWEETHEART, THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: George, that was wonderful..absoutely wonderful..and believe me

GEORGE: (SINGS) When you say I beg - JACK: Your're through with it -- and  
believe me, I'm grateful..And George, to be fair, since

you came on my show, I think your television sponsor ~~would~~ will  
if I gave his product a  
like it if I gave his product a / plug.

GEORGE: Well thanks, Jack, but I think we should be subtle about it.

JACK: Subtle? about the plug?

GEORGE: Yes, <sup>you'll see</sup> /I'll tell a joke about a Carnation <sup>and</sup> /when we get ~~the~~ a  
<sup>then</sup>  
laugh, you milk it, and /my sponsor will be contented.

JACK: Say, that's pretty good.

MARY: ~~Pretty good! I'll bet you eight to five you both get~~  
~~earned.~~

JACK: ~~Hm.~~

PHIL: ~~Hey Jackson, have you got an answer or shall I play?~~

JACK: Play, Phil.

(PLAYOFF AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to solicit your help for the victims of Muscular Dystrophy. The goal is seven hundred fifty thousand dollars. There are over two hundred thousand victims. Three-fourths of this number are males and two-thirds of these males are boys under eighteen. It is commonplace that when the cause of a disease is found the cure usually follows. So won't you please contribute as much as you can. Send your contributions to M.D.A. Twenty-one East Fortieth, New York sixteen, New York. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first --

BS

ATX01 0181693

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
JANUARY 20, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(SHORT CLOSE) Get better Taste today!

SHARBUTT: Friends, if you want to Be Happy with the taste of your cigarette -- Go Lucky -- because...Luckies Taste Better. Yes, smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and on taste alone! And you can taste the enjoyable difference in a Lucky ... so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh ... with better taste in every puff. There are two important reasons why Luckies taste better. First, every Lucky Strike contains fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. Yes, LS/MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco....and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made better --- proved the best made of all five principal brands. So, friends, remember, how much you enjoy your cigarette depends on its taste -- and on taste alone! You can taste the difference in a Lucky! And to learn about the important factors affecting the taste of a cigarette, send for your free copy of a new booklet, "What Makes Lucky Strike Taste Better." Just write to Lucky Strike, P.O. Box 99, New York 46, New York.

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
(REPRISE)  
1. (LONG Go Lucky Strike today!  
CLOSE)  
BS

ATX01 0181694

(TAG)

JACK: That concludes another program..and George, I want to thank you again for coming down and singing my song.

GEORGE: You're welcome, Jack..By the way, what are you doing tonight?

JACK: Tonight? Nothing, George..why?

GEORGE: I've got two tickets to a preview.

JACK: A preview? What's the name of the picture?

GEORGE: I don't know the title of it, but it's a musical about a bank robbery starring Bogart and Cagney.

JACK: Gee, they finished making it already?.....Well, I know the plot, but I'll go with you...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

*Jack, Goodnight everybody.  
(Applause & Music)*

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station...Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately... The Jack Benny Show is heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service. ....THIS IS THE C.B.S. RADIO NETWORK.

BS

ATX01 0181695



PROGRAM # 20  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM  
PST

a

(Transcribed Jan. 20, 1952)

AS PROMISED

SC

ATK01 01B1696

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

JANUARY 27 1952 (Taped Jan. 20)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste today

SHARBUTT: Friends, smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone! That's right -- in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference -- and you can taste the difference in a Lucky! Every puff brings you the smooth, completely enjoyable taste of truly fine tobacco. Yes, Luckies taste better and there are two important reasons why: First, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made better --- proved the best-made of all five principal brands. That's a fact, friends -- not a claim -- a fact established by tests measuring those important factors of workmanship that affect the taste of cigarettes -- tests made in the Research Laboratory of the American Tobacco Company, and verified by leading independent laboratory consultants such as Froehling and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia, and Foster D. Snell of New York.

(MORE)

ES

ATX01 0181697

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
JANUARY 20, 1952

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT:        So never forget, friends, -- how much you enjoy your  
(CONT'D)           cigarette depends on its taste -- and on taste alone. You  
                  can taste the difference in a Lucky -- so mild, so  
                  smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every  
                  puff. Yes, you'll Be Happy when you Go Lucky because --  
                  Luckies taste better!

ORCH:            (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS           Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
(REPRISE)  
(LONG CLOSE) Go Lucky Strike today!

BS

JACK:        1000 1000

ATX01 01B1698

PHIL: <sup>So</sup> ~~And~~ I said to Wilson, <sup>I said -</sup> "I'll bet you five bucks that Jackson will lend me the thousand dollars."

JACK: Did he take the bet?

PHIL: Yeah,

JACK: Gee, that's a shame, now you need a thousand and five dollars ...well, that's the way it goes.

PHIL: <sup>Hey,</sup> ~~But~~, Jackson...this is an emergency...I've ~~just~~ got to have a thousand dollars.

JACK: If you need a thousand dollars...why don't you save it out of your salary?

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: <sup>I said</sup> / Why don't you save it out of your salary?

PHIL: ...What did you say?

JACK: <sup>I said</sup> / Why don't you save it out of your - - - - - OH!

PHIL: See how ridiculous it sounded.

JACK: Never mind...What's such an emergency that you need all that money?

PHIL: ~~Well~~, next week Alice and I are celebrating our twelfth anniversary and I want her to have a diamond wedding ring.

JACK: Well, that ~~sounds~~...Wait a minute. Phil, you mean you've been married all these years and you've never given Alice a wedding ring?

PHIL: Sure I did...I gave her a ring when we were first married.

JACK: Oh...and this is a new one?

PHIL: Same one, I just wanna get it outta hock.

JACK: How in the world did you ever get Alice to let you pawn it?

SC

PHIL: Well she didn't know <sup>nothing</sup> ~~anything~~ about it. <sup>See</sup> One night she was cold-creaming her hands and I walked over to her, <sup>and I</sup> took her hands in mine, and <sup>I</sup> said, "Sweetheart, you look beautiful in that negligee."...and between "negli" and "gee" I had the ring in my pocket.

JACK: No.

PHIL: Yeah...anyway, when Alice missed it, I told her I was having it remodeled for her anniversary...so now I need that money to get it back.

JACK: Well...Okay, Phil...I'll write you a check for a thousand dollars. But remember...this is strictly business...You'll have to sign a note. ~~In the usual way~~

~~PHIL:\*\*\*\*But, Jackson, I can't, I just donated a pint to the Red Cross.~~

~~JACK:\*\*\*\*Well, never mind, you can sign your X in ink. I'll write the check.~~

(SOUND: PFN SCRATCHING ON PAPER)

JACK: (AS SOUND CONTINUES, HE TALKS MUMBLING) Pay to mumble mumble mumble Harris...Mumble mumble dollars...and no - - -

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, fellows, I just wanted to - -

JACK: Phil, here's the thousand dollars.

MARY: Oh excuse me, I'm in the wrong dressing room.

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: COME BACK HERE.....MARY....MARY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Mary, it's me. Doll face.

PHIL: Yeah He's not kidding - see Jackson is lending me his  
That's right, Liv...Jackson is letting me have a thousand  
dollars.

MARY: Gee, then I better hurry and get married.

JACK: Married?

MARY: Yeah, I wanna have children so I can tell 'em about this.  
You what to have children so you can tell them about this?

JACK: Oh stop, it's a loan.  
I didn't hear the children, at all.

PHIL: Yeah, I need it to buy Alice a present.

MARY: I wanna have children so I can tell 'em about this.

MARY: Oh yes, your wedding anniversary is on the twenty-ninth.

JACK: Yeah -- we might as well get the laugh -- and we've got it, too.

JACK: How did you know?

MARY: I was at the wedding. I'll never forget when the preacher  
pronounced Phil and Alice man and wife, his whole band stood  
up and cheered.

JACK: Cheered?

MARY: Uh-huh, they were happy. Phil was off sustaining and had a  
sponsor.

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Oh stop - it's a loan.  
Say, kids, I'm going across the street to the drug store  
and have a bite...wanta join me?

MARY: I'll go with you, Jack.

PHIL: I'll join you later...I want to go back in the studio and  
talk to the boys in the orchestra for a couple of minutes.

JACK: Since you brought that up, Phil, I'd like to make a request..  
Look, I don't want to sound stuffy...but I wish you'd ask  
Sammy to remove that silhouette of the girl in the bathing  
suit he has on his bass drum.

PHIL: That ain't no silhouette.

JACK: It ain't?

PHIL: No, there's a midget inside.

JACK: Well, get her out of there! Okay ---  
Come on, Mary...let's go.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...LIGHT  
STREET NOISES...UP AND FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: (Sings & hums his songs)  
MARY: Come on, Jack, the light's with us...we can cross the street, now.  
JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CROSSING STREET...TRAFFIC NOISES)

MARY: Jack, who's gonna be on your television show tonight?  
JACK: Well...I'm gonna have Barbara Stanwyck, Ray Noble, and Don  
Wilson.

MARY: This is Barbara's first time on T.V. , isn't it?

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: How in the world did you ever get her to go on with you?

JACK: Oh we made a deal, Mary. If she appears with me on  
television, I promised never to appear with her in a picture..  
It's called a non-aggression pact...Well, Mary, here's the  
drug store.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...TINKLY BELL AS DOOR  
OPENS...LIGHT NOISES UP)

MARY: Gee, it's crowded.

JACK: Yeah...all the tables are taken.

DENNIS: (OFF) HEY, MR. BENNY...MR. BENNY.

JACK: Oh, there's Dennis at the counter. Let's go sit with  
him!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

DENNIS: <sup>Say</sup> You don't mind sitting on a stool, do you, Mary?

SC

ATX01 0181702

MARY: Of course not...You know, Dennis, as we came in the door, I noticed there's a record of yours in the juke box. That one you made called "Never".

DENNIS: Yeah, I know.

MARY: I think I'll go over and play it.

DENNIS: Give me the nickel and I'll sing it for you.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Never mind, Dennis, I'll go over and play the record.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Dennis, do you mean to say that for a nickel you would stand up and sing right here in the drug store?

DENNIS: Why not? You used to ride around on a Good Humor truck playing the violin.

JACK: That was years ago...Now if you want to hear your record, be quiet.

(DENNIS'S SONG - - - "NEVER")

(APPLAUSE)

SC

ATX01 0181703



(SECOND ROUTINE)

MARY: Of course not.

JACK:; / ~~That was a good record, Dennis, it sounded great...~~

Oh, Excuse me, Mary.

(SOUND: SCUFFLE OF FEET)

MARY: Jack, what're you doing?

JACK: Well, I like to sit on the end stool, so nobody crowds me.

(SOUND: LITTLE SCUFFLING OF FEET)

JACK: There, that's better.

DENNIS: Gee, I don't know what to order...what are you going to have, Mr. Benny?

JACK: I don't know..it's kind of hard to decide and...~~Hmm~~ OH, just look at this glass....OH WAITER...WAITER.

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLEY) What do you want?

JACK: Look, <sup>there's</sup> there's lipst~~ick~~ on my glass.

MEL: Well, there's water in it, wash it off.

JACK: Oh fine...Dennis, have you made up your mind yet?

DENNIS: Yeah...Waiter, bring me a dish of ice cream with a strip of bacon on it.

JACK: Dennis...Ice cream with bacon?...That's ridiculous..Why don't you have it with chocolate syrup?

DENNIS: Say, that sounds much better...Waiter, bring me some bacon with chocolate syrup.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, you'll love that.

MARY: I'll have a chicken sandwich and some coffee.

MEL: Yes, ma'am...now what about you?

JACK: Oh, I don't know...what would you suggest?

MEL: Lamb chops?

JACK: Nnnooo.

MEL: Veal cutlets?

BB

JACK: No..that's too much,<sup>I'll --</sup>I'll be going home soon, and I just want something to hold me together.

MEL: How about some Scotch Tape?

JACK: Don't be so smart...I know what..do you have any hot chocolate?

MEL: No, but here's a Hershey Bar and a match.

JACK: Oh nuts.

MEL: They're in it, too.

JACK: Never mind,<sup>What is this? An abbott & Costello routine?</sup>just give me a piece of that chocolate cake right over there.

MEL: That's vanilla.

JACK: It's not vanilla, it's chocolate.

MEL: I'll dust it off and show you.

JACK: Don't bother,<sup>look - just</sup>just give me a piece of that huckleberry pie.

MEL: You want to make a bet?

JACK: Now look..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (OFF) Hey, Jackson..kids.

MARY: Hi, Phil.

PHIL: HeyYou got room for me there?

JACK: Sure...I'll move over one so you can sit between me and Mary.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Hmmm..I forgot I was sitting on the end stool<sup>Phil -</sup>/.Help me up off the floor, ~~Phil~~.

PHIL: That's a switch..me picking you up.

JACK: Yeah, yeah..switch.

DENNIS: Gee, I wish the waiter would hurry with our food, I don't want to be late for my lesson.

BB

MARY: Oh, are you still taking singing lessons, Dennis?

DENNIS: No, magic lessons. I always wanted to be a magician.

PHIL: Magic lessons? Have you learned any good ~~magic~~ <sup>lately</sup> tricks ~~yet~~,  
kid?

DENNIS: Uh huh...I do one where I place two rabbits in a silk hat,  
wave a wand over it and twelve rabbits come out.

JACK: That's an amazing trick...how do you do it?

DENNIS: I don't know, the rabbits won't tell me.

JACK: Oh.

But, you know, Mr. Benny -

DENNIS: ~~But~~ there's one trick I know how to do that's sensational...

I break three eggs into a hat, <sup>and</sup> then I say some magic words  
and you can reach into the hat and pull out a live chicken.

JACK: Aw that's simple, kid..I know how it's done...you use a  
trick hat with two compartments.

DENNIS: No, it's a real magic trick...here, give me your hat, <sup>and</sup> I'll  
show you.

JACK: Okay..here.

DENNIS: Oh Waiter!

MEL: ~~Yes~~ Yeah.

DENNIS: Would you hand me three of those raw eggs?

MEL: Sure...Here you are.

DENNIS: Thank you...Now hold your hat, Mr. Benny, and I'll show you  
the  
~~this~~ trick.

(SOUND: EGG BREAKS...LITTLE SPLASH OF IT FALLING INTO  
HAT...PAUSE...SECOND EGG BREAKS AND FALLS IN  
HAT.)

DENNIS: Now for the last one.

(SOUND: THIRD EGG BREAKS AND SPLASHES IN HAT)

BB

ATX01 0181706

DENNIS: ABRA...KADABRA...KADABRA...KAD0000....Now, Mr. Benny, reach into your hat and pull out the chicken.

JACK: Okay.

DENNIS: .....(LONG PAUSE).....Just a minute, I'll get you a towel!

JACK: Dennis, of all the stupid idiotic--

DENNIS: Maybe it was done with a trick hat.

JACK: Well, this is awful...Waiter, hand me a towel.

MEL: Wipe it on your shirt.

JACK: Well/That settles it..I'm not gonna eat here..I'm going home.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER...PAUSE...DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH..IT'S YOU, BOSS...YOU'RE HOME EARLY.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Yes, Rochester..I came right home after rehearsal...Were there any phone calls while I was gone?

ROCH: YEAH...LOTS OF 'EM...YOU'LL FIND THE LIST BY THE TELEPHONE.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Let's see...(READING NAMES) Claudette Colbert, Errol Flynn, Gary Cooper, Alan Young, Ann Sheridan, Danny Kaye, Joan Crawford, George Jessel, Ann Blythe, and Darryl Zanuck... Gosh, the phone must have been ringing all day long.

ROCH: YEAH..AND THEY WERE ALL MAD AT YOU.

JACK: I can't blame them for being mad...and Rochester, it was all your fault.

ROCH: MY FAULT...HOW CAN I DRY CLOTHES IN THIS WEATHER?

JACK: Look, Rochester--

BB

ROCH: EVEN WHEN IT'S SUNNY IT TAKES THREE DAYS FOR GARY COOPER'S UNDERWEAR TO DRY.

JACK: I know, I know...Look Rochester, I'm a little hungry. Will you fix me something to eat..Something light.

ROCH: A SANDWICH?

JACK: No...I'd like something hot...I'll tell you what, Rochester, make me an omlette.

ROCH: I CAN'T...WE'RE ALL OUT OF EGGS.

JACK: Well, just empty my hat.

ROCH: WHAT?

JACK: Do it, do it...And when you get it fixed, I'll be in the library.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you-~~set~~---I wonder what's on the radio.

(SOUND: CLICK OF SET ON...STATIC)

RUBIN: (FILTER) Ladies and gentlemen, the song you just heard was a brand new number called "Shrimp Boats Are Coming Down Benedict Canyon.

JACK: I wish they'd stop with those rain jokes already.

RUBIN: (FILTER) And the next number will be sung by the Sportsmen Quartet.

JACK: Gee, that's my quartet.

RUBIN: (FILTER) They entertain you with a beautiful love song which they are dedicating to a Lucky Strike cigarette.

JACK: ~~Or you, this~~ Gee, that ~~Or you, this~~ must be the number Don told me about. They sing this beautiful ballad to a Lucky Strike.

RUBIN: Ladies and gentlemen, the Sportsmen Quartet.



(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Gee, they sang that real well...I'll have to get them to do it on my show.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HERE'S YOUR FOOD, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester...wait a minute.. I asked for an omelette...this is a roast chicken...a whole chicken.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT I FOUND IN YOUR HAT.

JACK: I'll be darned...Dennis's trick did work...<sup>I'M not -</sup>Rochester, I'm not that hungry right now...Keep it warm and I'll eat it later.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder what else is on <sup>the</sup> eh! I think I'll read a book. Now let's see...I've read all these new ones.."There's No People Like Show People" by Maurice Zolotow..."The Caine Mutiny" by Herman Wouk...Oh, here's Senator Taft's new book..."I Was Doing All Right Till They Put Up Dwight"... "Show Biz, <sup>Oh</sup> from Vaude to Video" by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr/..Say...here's one of my old favorites... "Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde". Gosh, I haven't read that one in years. I think I'll read it again.

(SOUND: CHAIR MOVES)

JACK: Now let's see.

(MUSIC COMES IN BACKGROUND AND SUSTAINS THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JACK: (READING) CHAPTER ONE...TO THOSE OF US WHO KNEW DR. JECKYLL, HE WAS A SWEET, KINDLY HUMANITARIAN...BUT HE WAS A MAN WITH TWO PERSONALITIES...HE HAD DISCOVERED A POWDER, AND WHEN HE TOOK IT, IT TRANSFORMED HIM INTO MR. HYDE, A SAVAGELY VICIOUS MONSTER.

(MUSIC STINGER...THEN BACK TO B.G. AGAIN)

JACK: OUR STORY OPENS IN DR. JECKYLL'S OFFICE EARLY ONE MORNING...WITH HIS <sup>a</sup> TWO SECRETARIES SEATED AT THEIR DESKS.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

MARY: (SWEET) Hello..Dr. Jeckyll's office..This is his secretary speaking. He's not in Mrs. Jones...but I expect him any minute..What?...Yes, I'll give him the message.. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...PAUSE..PHONE RINGS...  
RECEIVER UP)

BLANCHE: (MAD) Hello..Mr. Hyde's office..This is his secretary speaking...<sup>Nah -</sup> ~~he~~ / he ain't in, and ~~as he was, heaven help you...Eh,~~ go break a leg.

(SOUND: HEAVY RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Who was that who wanted him?

BLANCHE: His mother?

MARY: Oh...Gee, I hope Dr. Jeckyll is himself today and not that horrible Mr. Hyde.

BLANCHE: Well, I hope he is Mr. Hyde.

MARY: Why?

BLANCHE: When he's Mr. Hyde, he thinks I'm beautiful.

MARY: Shh, here he comes now.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)



JACK: (COMES IN HUMMING "MANY A NEW DAY") MANY A NEW DAY DA DA  
DA DA, DEEDLE DEE DUM DUM DA DA DA. Ah, good morning,  
Miss Smith.

MARY: Good morning, Dr. Jeckyll.

JACK: Are there any messages for me?

MARY: Yes, the Widow Jones called...she was very sorry but she  
won't be able to pay you for taking out her appendix.

JACK: But I never intended sending her a bill...she's a poor  
widow with seven children to support!

MARY: By the way, Doctor..What was wrong with her appendix?

JACK: Nothing...as a matter of fact, her appendix was quite  
all right.

MARY: Then why did you take it out?

JACK: Well, she's so poor I felt I ought to do something for  
her.

MARY: Oh, how sweet...By the way...there's a patient in your  
office...He's very anxious to see you.

JACK: All right, I'll go right in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Ah...good morning, young man.

DENNIS: Good morning, Doctor.

JACK: And what seems to be your trouble?

DENNIS: I don't know what's wrong with me but I walk in my sleep.

JACK: Hmmm...How often does this occur?

DENNIS: Every night...every night I walk in my sleep.

JACK: Hmmm...Well, where do you ~~go~~ live?

DENNIS: ~~I don't know, my eyes are closed.~~ All over.

JACK: ~~\*\*\*\*\*What?~~ a

DENNIS: ~~\*\*\*\*\*The places I've been, the things I haven't seen...~~  
this

JACK: ~~\*\*\*\*\*Gee,~~ your case is quite serious...walking miles and miles every night...I don't know whether to prescribe pills or a Buick...I don't know which.  
I'd rather have pills - I've never swallowed a Buick.

DENNIS: ~~\*\*\*\*\*Better make it pills, I can't swallow a Buick.~~

JACK: Oh, well, then here take these.

DENNIS: Thank you...goodbye, Dr. Jeckyll.

JACK: That's Jeckyll.

DENNIS: Oh..Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Anyone else, Miss Smith?

MARY: No, Doctor.

JACK: Well ~~that~~, I'm leaving for the day and you can go, too.  
Goodbye, ~~Miss Smith.~~

MARY: Goodbye, Dr. Jeckyll.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Gee, he's a sweet man.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Good morning..Dr. Jackyll's office...He's not in, but I expect him in a few minutes...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: (HUMS) Many a new day, da da da da..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Ah, good afternoon, Miss Smith..any patients waiting for me?

MARY: Not now..but at eight<sup>o'clock</sup>/this morning that young man who was here yesterday dropped in.

JACK: Oh..was he walking in his sleep again?

MARY: I think so..he had a DO NOT DISTURB sign pinned to his pajamas.

JACK: Good..as long as he gets his rest..Miss Smith, I've had a very bad <sup>morning</sup> ~~day~~ and I'm frightfully tired..Will you give me a glass of water, please?

MARY: Yes, Doctor.

JACK: And..have you..seen my <sup>here</sup>..powders around/ anywhere?.....Oh, here they are.

(START "MR. HYDE" MUSIC)

JACK: Yes, my powders.

MARY: (DRAMATICALLY) <sup>But</sup> ~~Oh~~ Dr. Jeckyll, Dr. Jeckyll...please, don't take those powders!

JACK: It's in the interests of science, my child..don't worry.

BB

MARY: But Doctor, you know what they always do to you...please, don't.

JACK: Quiet, Miss Smith..quiet.

(SOUND: NOISE OF SPOON IN GLASS)

JACK: There.

MARY: Please..please don't take that stuff again.

(SOUND: JACK GURGLING AS HE DRINKS MEDICINE)

MARY: Oh Dr. Jeckyll..Dr. Jeckyll!

JACK: (THREE GASPS)

MARY: Oh Doctor...Doctor, why did you do that!

JACK: (CHANGING VOICE) It's all right, Miss Smith, it's all right.  
(STARTS TO GASP FOR BREATH, THEN FINISHES WITH LONG GOOFY LAUGH)

(MUSIC OUT)

MARY: OH, DR. JECKYLL!

JACK: MR. HYDE TO YOU..And get back to your desk before I break every bone in your body..Get back, you little worm..Now, where's my other secretary?

BLANCHE: HERE I AM, MAC.

JACK: Oh you are, eh? ~~Well~~, where you been?

BLANCHE: None of your business.

JACK: What?

BLANCHE: Don't get tough with me, I had one of them cocktails, too.

JACK: Oh.

BLANCHE: By the way, there's some guy waiting to see you..he's in the reception room.

JACK: Well Send him in.

FB

BLANCHE: (YELLS) HEY...YOU CAN COME IN NOW.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: (SWEET) Pardon me, are you Mr. Hyde?

JACK: Yeah.

DON: Well, my name is Collins..Weren't you in my neighborhood last night, Mr. Hyde?

JACK: So what?

DON: Were you the one who killed all my chickens, burned down my home and strangled my wife?

JACK: Yeah.

DON: Do you think that was nice?

JACK: No.

DON: Well, watch it next time.

JACK: ~~Watch it!~~...Next time I'll get you too, Fatso....Now scam!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Now listen, you two dames.

MARY: Yes, sir.

BLANCHE: What do you want?

JACK: I'm going out for a walk now..a...nice...long...walk...And before I come back, someone else may be dead...murdered.. ~~murdered~~ (LAUGH)...AND IT MAY BE A CURLY HEADED BANDLEADER IF HE DOESN'T PAY ME THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS....(DOES TERRIFIC GOOFY LAUGH)

MUSICAL CRESCENDO AND TRANSITION)

MARY: Oh I'm so worried about Dr. Jeckyll..he went out in the streets three nights ago as Mr. Hyde, and we haven't heard from him since.

BB

BLANCHE: You haven't but I have... (GOOFY LAUGH)

MARY: Shh, here he comes now.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (NICE) Good morning, girls.

MARY: Good morning... Thank heavens you're Dr. Jeckyll again.

JACK: Yeah... (SINGS) Many a new day da da da da. Deedle dee dum  
da da da ... Any patients?

MARY: Yes, there's one in your consulting room.

JACK: Well, I'll go in and see him.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh Good morning, sir.

ELLIOT: Good morning, Doctor. My name is Tex... Tex Houston.

JACK: Tex Houston?... Haven't we met before? Your name is so  
familiar.

ELLIOT: You're thinking of Houston, Tex.

JACK: Oh yes.. lovely fellow, I met him in Dallas... Now what can  
I do for you?

ELLIOT: Well, Doctor, I'm in a horrible predicament... You see, I'm  
a cowboy actor.. a star in Western pictures... but unfortunately  
I work very little.

JACK: Yes, yes, go on.

ELLIOT: The reason for that, Doctor, is my speaking voice.. my  
voice is much too beautiful for a cowboy.

JACK: Uh huh.

ELLIOT: In fact, I'm not at all convincing... When I draw my gun and  
say "Smile when you say that, Pardner".. they laugh like  
crazy.

BB

JACK: Well, <sup>that,</sup> that is unfortunate..

ELLIOT: You must help me..you must!... You see, when I go out a-shootin' and a-killin', no one's a-believin' it.

JACK: Well, as I say, Tex, I'd like to help you..but I'm afraid changing your voice is a little out of my...out of my---

(START "MR. HYDE" MUSIC)

JACK: Hey wait a minute...Maybe...I...can....help... you...You see this powder here?

ELLIPT: Yes.

JACK: Well, by mixing it with water, an unusual thing sometimes happens.

(SOUND: SPOON IN GLASS)

JACK: It may even help you..Now Tex, I want you to drink this...It may change your voice...your personality..maybe your whole career.

(MUSIC OUT)

ELLIOT: Oh, Doctor, I don't know how to thank you for what you're--

JACK: You can thank me later..drink.

(SOUND: GURGLING)

JACK: Drink..Drink it all.

ELLIOT: (MAKES CHOKING NOISE)

JACK: That's it/<sup>now -</sup>Now just a little more.

ELLIOT: (CHOKES TWICE)

JACK: Good...He's twitching...Now, Tex, how do you feel?...Tell me, how do you feel?

ELLIOT: (AS MOOLEY) DUUHHH, I DON'T FEEL NO DIFFERENT.

JACK: What? Don't you notice any change at all?

BB

ELLIOT: YEAH..NOW I DO...I FEEL STRONG AND TOUGH..AND YOU KNOW  
WHAT..I 'M GONNA KILL YOU.

JACK: NO NO, GET AWAY FROM ME..GET AWAY FROM ME... ~~LET GO MY~~  
~~THREAT~~ \*\*PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T, DON'T, DON'T...YOU CAN'T  
KILL ME, YOU CAN'T KILL ME.

ELLIOT: Why not?

JACK: Because in just three minutes I've gotta do a television  
show.

ELLIOT: ~~On the whole~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~whole~~

JACK: ~~\*\*\*\*Yes~~

All right -

ELLIOT: ~~Okay~~ I'll watch it first and kill you later... ~~50~~ long.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

JACK: Thank you.

ELLIOT: Good luck.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

BB



WILSON: Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to solicit your help for the victims of Muscular Dystrophy. The goal is seven hundred fifty thousand dollars. There are over two hundred thousand victims. Threefourths of this number are males and two-thirds of these males are boys under eighteen. It's commonplace that when the cause of a disease is found the cure usually follows.

q So won't you please contribute as much as you can. Send your contributions to M.D.A. twenty-one East Fortieth St., New York sixteen, New York. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first--

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
JANUARY 27 1952 (Taped Jan. 20)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(SHORT CLOSE) Get better Taste today!

SHARBUTT: Friends, if you want to Be Happy with the taste of your cigarette -- Go Lucky -- because...Luckies Taste Better. Yes, smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and on taste alone! And you can taste the enjoyable difference in a Lucky ... so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh ... with better taste in every puff. There are two important reasons why Luckies taste better. First, every Lucky Strike contains fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. Yes, LS/MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco...and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made better --- proved the best made of all five principal brands. So, friends, remember, how much you enjoy your cigarette depends on its taste -- and on taste alone! You can taste the difference in a Lucky! And to learn about the important factors affecting the taste of a cigarette, send for your free copy of a new booklet, "What Makes Lucky Strike Taste Better." Just write to Lucky Strike, P.O. Box 99, New York 46, New York.

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
(REPRISE)  
(LONG Go Lucky Strike today!  
CLOSE)  
BS

ATX01 0181721

(TAG)

JACK: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that concludes another radio program but in just thirty seconds from now I'll do my ~~third~~ television show over the entire CBS network...with Barbara Stanwick, Ray Noble, and Don Wilson... Now when I say "Go" everybody rush over and turn on your television sets... Ready... one... two...

1 (SOUND... RAPID CLICKS)

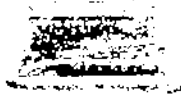
~~JACK: I'm not on yet... Now... GO... and I better hurry myself... Goodnight folks.~~

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to "Your Hit Parade" with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.. The Jack Benny Show is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

ANNCR: Transcribed, this is the C.B.S. Radio Network.

BB



RIK01 0181723

PROGRAM #21  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE q

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1952

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

---

AS LUCKY STRIKE  
AS JACK BENNY

ATX01 0181724

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone! Yes, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference -- and you can taste the difference in a Lucky Strike -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. Yes, Luckies taste better, and here's why...first, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco... fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better. In fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, that's a fact, established by tests measuring those important factors of workmanship that affect the taste of cigarettes -- tests made in the research laboratory of the American Tobacco Company and verified by leading independent laboratory consultants. So, remember, your smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone -- and you'll find Luckies taste better! -- Always so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh with better taste in every puff! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3-note intro)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181725

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

LOIS: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY", MRS. DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

LOIS: AND NOW...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I BRING YOU THE STAR OF THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM... JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you *Thank you* hello again, this is Jack Benny talking. And Mrs. Wilson, I must say, you read that introduction beautifully.

LOIS: Thank you.

JACK: Now if Don were introducing me, he would have tried to--

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, what's going on?..Why isn't Wilson here?

JACK: Because last Sunday on my television show he made one little mistake..just one little mistake..and he had a nervous breakdown.

PHIL: No!

JACK: Yes..At the close of *my television show* ~~the~~ program, Don was supposed to say "Be Happy, Go Lucky"..But somehow he got mixed up and said, "Be Lucky, Go Happy."..It was nothing.

PHIL: Well, you say it's nothing because you don't understand the complexities of emotional reactions.

JACK: ~~What?~~ *Complexities of emotional reactions?*

PHIL: I know what I'm talking about. I once made a mistake..and for months I couldn't look people in the eye. I was shunned ..a social outcast...my friends wouldn't talk to me.

JACK: Phil, for heaven sakes, what did you do?

PHIL: I put a cherry in a Martini.

JACK: ~~No!~~ A cherry in a Martini?...Well, Phil, I don't blame your friends for shunning you.

PHIL: I didn't mind that..but they tied me to a post and gave me twenty lashes with a swizzle stick.

JACK: Phil, go sit down and stop making up jokes. Now Mrs. Wilson, is Don really so upset about that mistake he made that he couldn't come to work?

LOIS: Oh, yes, Mr. Benny..Last Sunday when he came home right after the television show, I had to coax him to the dinner table. He just sipped at the consomme, ~~and~~ nibbled at the salad, but I knew something was wrong when he didn't eat the T-bone.

JACK: Don didn't eat the steak?

LOIS: No, the bone, he ate the steak.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mrs. Wilson. *you mean -* You mean to say when Don eats a steak, he eats the bones, too?



LOIS: That's why we had to get rid of our dog..such fights!

JACK: Oh, I can imagine. But, Mrs. Wilson, if Don is as broken up as you say he is, I better call and reassure him that his little mistake was nothing.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..SIX DIALS)

JACK: After all, anybody could have said "Be lucky, go happy" instead of "Be happy, go Lucky." *Not a serious thing.*

(SOUND: INNER PHONE BUZZ..CLICK)

KEARNS: Hello?..Don Wilson's residence.

JACK: Jack Benny calling..Is this the butler?

KEARNS: No, this is the doctor.

JACK: Doctor!..Oh, my goodness, how long have you been there?

KEARNS: Oh, I've been taking care of Mr. Wilson for the past week.

JACK: Past week!

KEARNS: He also has a nurse.

JACK: A nurse too?..Oh my goodness, he must be a nervous wreck.. well, tell me, Doctor, when do you think Mr. Wilson will be ready to go back to work?

KEARNS: Well..when is your next television show?

JACK: Five weeks from now..March 9th.

KEARNS: Oh, good, good,.by then I'm sure he will have calmed down enough to shave.

JACK: Shave?

KEARNS: Yes, in his present condition I wouldn't dare let him have anything sharp.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, this is ridiculous. Just because he made a little mistake and said "Be Lucky, go happy"..Doctor, let me talk to him.

LW

KEARNS: I'm afraid he won't talk to anybody. He jumped out of bed this morning and shut himself in the closet.

JACK: Well, you tell him it's Jack Benny calling.

KEARNS: Yes sir. Hold on.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...KNOCK ON DOOR)

KEARNS: Mr. Wilson --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

KEARNS: Mr. Wilson --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: (HALF SOBBING) It's "Be happy, go Lucky".. "Be happy, go Lucky." .. "Be Happy, go Lucky"..It isn't "Be Lucky, go happy"..It's "Be happy, go Lucky..Be happy, go Lucky"..It's so simple..how did I ever mix it up? I never mixed up that other one..Strawberry, raspberry, cherry, orange, lemon and lime...Why couldn't I have said, Be happy, go Lucky, be happy, go Lucky.

KEARNS: Mr. Wilson --

DON: Be happy, go Lucky.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, doctor..What did Mr. Wilson say?

KEARNS: Be happy, go Lucky.

JACK: Well, at least he's getting it right. Goodbye, doctor.

KEARNS: Goodbye..

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

LOIS: Did you talk to Don, Mr. Benny?

JACK: No, Mrs. Wilson, he shut himself up in the closet and the doctor can't get him out.

LOIS: Oh dear, I hope he isn't stuck again.

JACK: Again?

LOIS: Yes, the last time he made a mistake, he forced himself into a closet, and we had to break down the wall to get him out.

JACK: The last time he made a mistake?

LOIS: Yes, don't you remember, two years ago on one of your programs, he was supposed to say, "I saw it in Drew Pearson's column". But instead of saying Drew Pearson, he said Dreear Pooson.

JACK: Oh yes. Well, don't worry about it, Mrs. Wilson. I'm sure Don will be all right pretty soon...Now, kids, let's get on with the show, because...

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well...Dennis...it's about time you got here ~~and~~ I hope you have a good excuse for being late.

DENNIS: Oh, I have. While I was walking down the street, I passed a gas station..and there was a car standing there getting gas.

JACK: And you had to stop and watch the car getting gasoline.

DENNIS: Oh, it wasn't that. There was a dog in the back seat of the car that attracted my attention...a white French poodle.

JACK: *Oh well, that is*  
~~Say,~~ that's a rare species.

DENNIS: Yeah. The man told me the dog was worth over two thousand dollars.

JACK: Gee.

DENNIS: And while I was standing there...the attendant happened to accidentally spill some gasoline on the ground...and before the man could stop him, the dog jumped out of the car and lapped up all the gasoline.

JACK: Gosh.

DENNIS: Then he made a crazy dash down the street, and when he got about two blocks away, he suddenly stopped and flopped right over on his side.

JACK: ...Dead?

DENNIS: No, he ran out of gas.

JACK: .....Dennis....Dennis...

DENNIS: Hey Phil, look how red he's getting.

PHIL: Yeah.

DENNIS: You told me that story would burn him up.

JACK: Phil, did you give Dennis that story?

PHIL: Yeah, Jackson, loosen up, laugh a little, that's a funny story.

JACK: It's funny, it's funny. Dennis, how much did Phil charge you for that story?

DENNIS: Oh, he didn't charge me anything. It was an exchange.

JACK: *An* Exchange?

DENNIS: Yeah, he told me the story, and I told him all about the complexities of emotional reactions.

JACK: I wondered where he got it. *Ha.* Now I'm wondering where you got it.

DENNIS: The doctor wrote it on my birth certificate.

JACK: That I can believe. Now look, kid, it's time for your song, so let's have it.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it, ~~kid~~ *kid, a minute, kid.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

KEARNS: Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Mr. Wilson's doctor.

JACK: Yes? *yes*

KEARNS: We just X-rayed Mr. Wilson and found some broken bones.

JACK: Broken bones? Where?

KEARNS: In his stomach, tell Mrs. Wilson he finished his dinner.

JACK: Oh, I will, I will.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Sing, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE..)

(DENNIS'S SONG)-- "LITTLE WHITE CLOUD THAT CRIED"

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>That was</sup> That was "Little White Cloud That Cried" sung by Dennis Day..and accompanied by Phil Harris and his Gruen

Wristwatch orchestra. And now folks --

PHIL: / Well that's a new one - Jackson - why did you call me orchestra the Gruen Wristwatch orchestra?

JACK: Yes, Phil, if I've gotta listen to them I might as well get<sup>a</sup> something for it.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson. <sup>You've</sup> ~~You've~~ just cast aspersions on a musical group that only last week played at the formal opening of the Pismo Beach Grunion Festival.

JACK: Very funny, Phil. But I happen to know that last week those little fish called Grunion weren't running.

PHIL: That's why the committee hired my band.

JACK: What?

PHIL: They put my boys on a barge, towed 'em three miles out, they played "That's What I Like About The South", and the Grunion hit the beach like it was D-day.

JACK: Really drove the fish out of the water, huh?

PHIL: Well, I don't wanna brag..but it was the first time they had halibut dancing in the streets of Oxnard.

JACK: No no, Phil, that's not bragging..If you did it, you did it. However, tomorrow I'm taking a rhumba lesson at Arthur Murray's..and if my partner turns out to be <sup>a flounder</sup> ~~an albacore~~, I'm gonna punch you right in the nose...So Phil, the next time I say anything about your boys, just let it go.

DENNIS: Oh  
Say, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, Dennis.

DENNIS: How come Mary isn't here?

TC

JACK: Huh?..Oh..Mary's in Palm Springs. You see, next week I have to go to New York and Mary is going with me..so I thought I'd let her take a little vacation.

DENNIS: You never give me a vacation.

JACK: Well Dennis, when I give Mary a week off, we can fill in with more dialogue..but it's difficult to have a program without a song..so I can't do without a singer.

DENNIS: Excuses, excuses.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: You gave Kenny Baker a vacation.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: He's been gone twelve years.

JACK: Dennis..

DENNIS: When is he coming back, I'm getting tired.

JACK: Dennis, I didn't give Kenny Baker a vacation. He left because of another job that paid more money.

DENNIS: Gee, didn't that upset you?

JACK: No, I was his agent. Anyway, Dennis --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hum..that must be Don Wilson's doctor with another report.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

JENNY: I have a long distance call for Mr. Jack Benny from Palm Springs.

JACK: *al* This is Jack Benny.

JENNY: One moment, please.

(SOUND: INNER BUZZ..CLICK)

BLANCHE: The Palm Springs Biltmore Hotel.

JENNY: I have Miss Livingstone's party.

BLANCHE: I'm sorry, but Miss Livingstone went out to play golf about ten minutes ago.

JENNY: Mr. Benny, Miss Livingston's not in now.

JACK: Gee, and I was so anxious to talk to her.

BLANCHE: If you like, you can talk to me.

JACK: To you?

BLANCHE: Yes, I have a message for you.

JACK: Oh, what is it?

BLANCHE: Will you go over to Miss Livingstone's house and leave a note for the milkman?

JACK: Certainly, what shall I say?

BLANCHE: Just say "sorry I couldn't meet you last night."

JACK: Miss Livingstone wants me to leave that note for the milkman?

BLANCHE: No, I do, I get to town once in awhile, kid.

JACK: Okay, I'll do that for you.

BLANCHE: Now, when Miss Livingstone comes back I'll tell her --

(SCREAM)

JACK: Miss...Miss...what happened? *frightened you?*

BLANCHE: Two mackerel just came through the lobby and they were dancing.

JACK: Gee...Phil's orchestra really drove them inland.

BLANCHE: What did you say?

JACK: Nothing, nothing....goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now Phil, since Don didn't *prepare* prepare a commercial for the Sportsmen, you'll have to -

LOIS: Just a minute, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, Mrs. Wilson?

EE



LOIS: I have a commercial for the Sportsmen to do. In fact, we rehearsed it this morning, didn't we, boys?

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: *well.* Mrs. Wilson, I think it's wonderful that you --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~HOLD it a minute.~~ *Oh, excuse me.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

ROSH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, what did you call for?

ROCH: I WANT TO ASK YOU BOSS....HOW LONG WILL YOU BE IN NEW YORK?

JACK: ABOUT a week.

ROCH: DO YOU WANT ME TO RUN THE USUAL AD IN THE PAPER?

JACK: What ad?

ROCH: ABOUT RENTING YOUR HOUSE WHILE YOU'RE GONE.

JACK: No, Rochester, not for just one week.

ROCH: Boss, YOU SURE ARE A CHANGED MAN.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: YOU ONCE RENTED ~~THE~~ *your* HOUSE WHEN YOU WENT TO THE MOVIES.

JACK: It was a Jane Russell picture and I didn't know when I'd get back...Now, Rochester, hang up ~~now~~ and get back to your work.

ROCH: BOSS, I HAVE BEEN WORKING...I WASHED THE DISHES, POLISHED THE SILVER, VACUUMED THE RUGS, WAXED THE FLOORS, MOPPED THE KITCHEN, AND AFTER I FINISH LISTENING TO YOUR PROGRAM, I'M GONNA CLEAN THE WOOD WORK AND WASH THE WINDOWS.

JACK: Wait a minute, you're taking time out to listen to my program?

ROCH: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TIME OUT, THAT'S WORK, TOO.

JACK: Oh...well, Rochester, I'll be home right after the show...  
Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE. OH, SAY, BOSS...

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: MR. WOLFIE GILBERT WAS HERE TO SEE YOU.

JACK: Wolfie Gilbert...The song writer?

ROCH: YEAH...I TOLD HIM YOU WERE AT THE STUDIO...AND HE'S ON HIS  
WAY DOWN <sup>to</sup> TO SEE YOU RIGHT NOW.

JACK: Oh, that's wonderful. Rochester, did you tell him about the  
song I wrote?

ROCH: NO, BOSS.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: THAT AND HOW YOU LOOK IN THE MORNING ARE MY GUARDED SECRETS.

JACK: Oh...well, I'll tell him myself when he gets here...Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOODBYE!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hey, kids...Wolfie Gilbert, the song writer is coming over  
to see me...What a song writer..You know, he wrote "waitin'  
for the Robert E. Lee".."Down Yonder".."The Peanut Vender"...  
"Lilac Time"..and oh, a <sup>great</sup> bunch of ~~great~~ <sup>gee</sup> songs..I'll be glad  
to see him...Now, Mrs. Wilson, before he get's here, we  
better do the commercial. What's <sup>this</sup> ~~this~~ thing you've prepared  
with the boys?

LOIS: Well, Mr. Benny, since Don is so upset over the mistake he  
made on your television show, I thought it would be nice if  
the boys sang something to cheer him up a little.

JACK: Well good. Don will probably be listening to it. Take it,  
boys.

EE

QUART: Be lucky and go happy  
That is what Don Wilson said  
Now forty million people know  
Why he is sick in bed.  
But don't you worry, Don, old boy.  
You'll still collect your pay  
If in the future, you make sure  
That this is what you say  
Be Happy, Go Lucky  
Be Happy, Get better Taste  
Be Happy Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike Today.  
Get out of bed  
And take a walk  
The air will do you good.  
Don't try to Hide  
To save your pride  
Your fluff was understood -  
Why any one of us could make  
A similar mistake  
But don't feel bad  
Just watch it Dad  
Be right for Goodness sake.  
Be Happy Go Lucky  
Be Happy, Get Better Taste  
Be Happy Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike Today.

EE

ATX01 0181738

JACK: Be Happy and Go Lucky  
Is a slogan you know well  
So say it right  
On Sunday night  
Or I will get Vonzelle.

QUART: Be Happy Go Lucky  
Be Happy, Get Better Taste  
Be Happy, Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike Today.

(APPLAUSE)

EE

JACK: That was wonderful, Mrs. Wilson ... and if Don heard it, I'm sure it must have brightened up his little closet ... Now kids, as soon as we --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hey, Hey that must be Wolfie Gilbert now ... COME IN.

GILBERT: Hello, Jack!

JACK: Wolfie!

(APPLAUSE)

GILBERT: I stopped over at your house and Rochester sent me to the studio.

JACK: Yes, I know, I know ...

GILBERT: And Jack I wish you'd tell Mary I'm sorry that I only had a dime.

JACK: What are you talking about? Mary is in Palm Springs.

GILBERT: She is?

JACK: Yes.

GILBERT: Well who's the girl who checked my hat?

JACK: Oh, that's Barbara Stanwyk.

GILBERT: Barbara Stanwyk checking hats for you? Wasn't she on your television show last Sunday?

JACK: Yes, and she didn't read the fine print in her contract. Now Wolfie, I'd like you to meet my orchestra leader. Oh Phil ... this is Mr. Gilbert, the famous songwriter.

PHIL Glad to know you, Gilbert, where's Sullivan?

JACK: This isn't Gilbert and Sullivan. This is Wolfie Gilbert ... he had nothing to do with Sullivan. Now Dennis, come here and I'll -- Dennis, don't you want to shake hands with Mr. Gilbert?

DENNIS: (IRISH) Sure and not if he wouldn't have anything to do with a Sullivan. (Continues Irish dialect, briefly)

JACK: Den is, behave yourself ... Now Wolfie ... how he got mixed up with an Irish line, I'll never understand - a straight line, yes, but an Irish line, this I will never figure out - now Wolfie, was there something - was there something special - something special you wanted to see me about?

GILBERT: Yes, Jack - I really had a trip to make over here. I wanted to talk to you about the song you wrote. I heard that you've been having a little bad luck - - I mean about publishing - well, trouble with it.

JACK: Well yes ... and frankly, I can't understand it, Wolfie ... I wrote it three months ago and it still isn't on the Hit Parade. I haven't even been able to get it published.

GILBERT: Well Jack, believe me, it's nothing to worry about. You mustn't become discouraged. You know, it isn't . easy to get a song to be a hit.

JACK: But Wolfie, you didn't have any trouble. Look at "Robert E. Lee".. "Lilac Time".. "The Peanut Vendor"..and how about your latest hit, "Down Yonder"..Everybody's singing that.

GILBERT: <sup>Yes,</sup> I know, Jack, <sup>I'm grateful -</sup> and that's what I wanted to tell you. It's true, "Down Yonder" is a hit today. But when I wrote that song thirty years ago, it was a flop.

JACK: "Down Yonder" was a flop?

GILBERT: Yes Jack, and today it's a big hit.

JACK: I know, I know.

GILBERT: <sup>Well</sup> / So you see, Jack, thirty years from now your song may be a success, too.

JACK: <sup>I mean</sup> / But who can wait that long? I'm thirty-nine now..in thirty years I'll be forty-five...By the way, how old are you?

GILBERT: Sixty-five.

PHIL: And they call you Wolfie?

JACK: Quiet, Phil...By the way, <sup>why do -</sup> why do they call you Wolfie?

GILBERT: <sup>Well</sup> I didn't spend all my time waiting for the Robert E. Lee. <sup>waiting For The</sup>

JACK: ~~Very good, very good~~...you know, that/Robert E. Lee was a great song, too..Now Wolfie, as one composer to another..how do you <sup>Wolfie - how do you</sup> go about writing your songs?

GM

GILBERT: Jack it is really inspiration -  
~~With me it's~~ mostly inspiration. Take "Robert E. Lee". I happened to be in New Orleans one morning. I was sitting on the levee...looking out over the broad Mississippi...It was a beautiful day and I felt wonderful...As I watched this solitary riverboat loom out of the morning haze and majestically drift by...<sup>an idea - some words - a lyric</sup>~~an idea~~ came to my mind and I just had to put it down on paper. Now tell me, Jack, what inspired you to write your song?

JACK: Well, it's an amazing coincidence, <sup>Wolfie</sup> One day I came home after a broadcast. It was a dismal, rainy day, I had a headache, my stomach was upset, my feet hurt, and as I walked into the house, I tripped and broke my glasses and split my lip. Then I sat down and wrote "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You". And yet from the lyrics and music of my song, you'd never guess how much I was suffering, would you?

PHIL: ...Well,...who's got enough money in the bank to answer that?

JACK: Phil, be quiet...Well anyway, Wolfie, I do want to thank you for your advice and it made me feel a whole lot better.. But as long as you're here, how about you and I doing one of the numbers your wrote.."Robert E. Lee"...How about it, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Now <sup>Wolfie</sup> Wolfie/I'll get my violin and you start the verse and we'll each take <sup>a</sup> part of it./<sup>The Quartet, too.</sup>Wait till I get my violin..

(JACK GETS HIS VIOLIN) Okay, boys..let's have it.

(INTO AND THEY DO "ROBERT E. LEE"..WOLFIE GILBERT TAKES FIRST HALF OF VERSE..JACK TAKES LAST HALF OF VERSE...WOLFIE TAKES FIRST CHORUS..JACK TAKES SECOND CHORUS ON VIOLIN..THEY BOTH FINISH IT TOGETHER)

(APPLAUSE)



(AFTER SONG)

JACK: Well, <sup>*Thank you*</sup> "thank you, Wolfie...Thank you very much...You're an inspiration to young songwriters.

GILBERT: Thanks Jack. I hope I inspired you, too.

JACK: Oh, you did, you did..So long, Wolfie.

GILBERT: Goodbye, Jack.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

d

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, your armed forces are short of three hundred thousand pints of blood a month, a shortage that may cost us thousands of American lives. We know you are going to give blood. We ask that you give it now. Call your Red Cross today. This is an urgent request. Remember, a gift of blood is a gift from the heart. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

LOIS: Mr. Benny will be back in just a moment, but first....

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1952  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, whenever you want the smooth, mellow completely enjoyable taste of truly fine, tobacco -- reach for a Lucky! For the difference between "just smoking" and really enjoying your smoke, is the taste of a cigarette and Luckies taste better -- for two important reasons.... first, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better -- in fact they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, you'll Be Happy when you Go Lucky because Luckies taste better -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh - with better taste in every puff. So next time you buy cigarettes -- try a carton of Luckies ! You'll find Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (3 note intro)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

BB

ATX01 01B1746

(TAG)

JACK: Well folks, this ends another show. We'll be with you again next Sunday night at the very same --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

KEARNS: Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Don Wilson's doctor.

JACK: Oh yes, Doctor. Is Don feeling better?

KEARNS: Yes, I'm happy to report that he came out of the closet...

*Jack*  
*Kearns:* I took his pulse and it's normal, his heart beat is strong, his blood pressure is fine, I took his temperature and it's forty-six?

JACK: Forty-six! Isn't that a little low?

KEARNS: Not for a man who's hiding in the deep freeze.

JACK: Oh...~~oh~~...well, when he thaws out, tell him that I hope he'll be better soon....Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

LOIS: The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike - Product of the American Tobacco Company - America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. This is Mrs. Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

The Jack Benny Program has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately.

THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

PROGRAM #22  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1952      CBS      4:00-4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed Jan. 31, 1952)

**AS BROADCAST**

JL

ATX01 0181748

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1952 (Transcribed on January 31, 1952) -A-  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- transcribed -- presented by  
LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone! Yes, in a cigarette, it's the taste that makes the difference -- and you can taste the difference in a Lucky Strike -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. Yes, Luckies taste better, and here's why...first, IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better. In fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, that's a fact, established by tests measuring those important factors of workmanship that affect the taste of cigarettes -- tests made in the research laboratory of the American Tobacco Company and verified by leading independent laboratory consultants. So, remember, your smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone -- and you'll find Luckies taste better! -- Always so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh with better taste in every puff! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3-note intro)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

JL

ATX01 0181749

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

LOIS: You see, Don, you said it very well.

DON: Yes, dear. I can do it all right here at home, but if I had to do it on the program, I'd be a nervous wreck. I can't face Jack after <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ mistake I made on the television show. Imagins me saying "Be Lucky, Go Happy".

LOIS: Well, perhaps you'll feel better by the time Jack get's back from New York.

DON: Oh, is he going to New York?

LOIS: Yes, ~~you see~~, he's going to try to get his song published...

*As a matter of fact, I imagine that right now he and Rochester are packing to leave their last minute packing.*  
As a matter of fact, I imagine that right now he and Rochester are packing to leave their last minute packing.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF SUITCASES)

ROCH: THERE, BOSS, I GUESS THAT DOES IT.

JACK: Are you sure you packed everything?

ROCH: UH HUH...SAY, MR. BENNY...YOU DO SO MUCH TRAVELING, WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME NEW LUGGAGE?

JACK: Rochester, I wouldn't part with these bags for anything... They were with me through my entire career.

ROCH: THEY WERE?

JACK: Yep...now you take those two bags over there...I was just a youngster leaving home when my father went out and bought them for me.

ROCH: YOUR FATHER BOUGHT THEM FOR YOU? WHERE WERE YOU GOING?

JL

JACK: He didn't care as long as I went... You know, Rochester... if these bags could only talk. <sup>you mean</sup> the stories they could tell of my first days in show business.

ROCH: WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST ACT LIKE?

JACK: I was a concert violinist.

ROCH: NO!

JACK: Yes, I was. In fact, that's why I wrote my song... <sup>a</sup> ~~I don't care if it doesn't make a penny... I wrote it to satisfy the music that's in my soul...~~ (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you... When you ask me to forgive you, I'll return.

Ah, what a song... ~~The New York publishers will snap at it.~~

~~ROCH: I HOPE SO.~~

JACK: <sup>You know</sup> ~~They will... in fact,~~ as soon as I get off the train in New York I'm <sup>taking it</sup> going straight to a publisher... By the way, where did you pack my song, Rochester?

ROCH: IN THAT BIG BAG.

JACK: Good.

ROCH: YOU'LL FIND IT BETWEEN YOUR UNDERWEAR AND YOUR SANDWICHES.

JACK: Oh... Did you wrap the sandwiches in wax paper?

ROCH: NO, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY.

JACK: Gee... I hope nothing from the sandwiches gets on my song.

ROCH: PERSONALLY I HOPE NOTHING FROM THE SONG GETS ON THE SANDWICHES.

JACK: Never mind that.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JL

ATX01 0181751



JACK: I'll answer the door, Rochester. That's Miss Livingstone.  
She's going to New York with me!

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER AGAIN)

JACK: COMING....COMING.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Dollface.

PHIL: Why, Blue Eyes, I didn't think you cared!

JACK: ~~Phil~~<sup>Oh</sup>...I thought it was Mary...Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

PHIL: *My* Jackson, I'm glad I caught you before you left for New  
York...I wanted to thank you for lending me that thousand  
dollars two weeks ago...and I'm happy to say <sup>that</sup> I can pay it  
back to you right now.

JACK: *She thousand dollars?*  
You can?

PHIL: Yeah...here you are.

JACK: Thank you, Phil....Excuse me, just a minute...

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...PHONE RECEIVER UP....  
SIX OR SEVEN DIALS...PAUSE..THEN)

JACK: Hello?....Prudential?....This is Jack Benny, I'd like to  
cancel that Life Insurance Policy I took out on Phil Harris.  
*Thank you -*  
Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

PHIL: Jackson...Jackson.<sup>do</sup> you mean to say that after you loaned  
me that thousand dollars, you took out an insurance policy  
on my life?

JACK: Certainly, Phil.....that's just good business.

PHIL: But how come I didn't know about it?....Wasn't I supposed to  
sign the application?

JACK: *well,*  
I signed it for you.

PHIL: *well*, That's awful, Jackson...you mean you forged my X?

JACK: *well*, I can do that...it's in your contract.

PHIL: Oh...*oh*...what kind of a policy did you take out on me?

JACK: A thousand dollars...straight life.

PHIL: Well, didn't you know that by paying a little extra you coulda got double indemnity?

JACK: I knew it, but I didn't want to be tempted....I'm only human you know....

ROCH: EXCUSE ME, MR. BENNY.

PHIL: *oh*. Hi, Ches.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. HARRIS...MR. BENNY, WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I TAKE NEXT SUNDAY OFF.

JACK: Let's see....next Sunday?

ROCH: I HAVE A DATE!

JACK: *A date?*  
Oh...with Susie?

ROCH: NO, THIS IS A NEW GIRL AND I CAN ONLY SEE HER ON SUNDAYS.

JACK: Oh...does she work the rest of the week?

ROCH: NO, SHE HASN'T GOT A JOB.

JACK: Then why can you only see her on Sundays?

ROCH: HER BOY FRIEND IS ON THE AMCS AND ANDY SHOW.

JACK: Oh, oh.

ROCH: I GOT HIM THE JOB.

JACK: Oh....All right, Rochester...you can have Sunday off.

ROCH: THANKS BOSS.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS).

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

JL

MARY: Hello, Jack. Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Just call me Dollface.

JACK: Phil, it was a mistake.

MARY: Say, Jack, I came here by cab and the driver hasn't got change for a twenty...can you lend me a dollar?

JACK: Sure, Mary, here.

MARY: Thanks.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP...ONE DIAL)

MARY: Jack, I'll pay you at the station, you don't have to call Prudential.

JACK: I wasn't calling them. I just remembered I ought to call my agent and thank him for that big deal he closed for me.

MARY: Oh yes...you should...that deal would mean a lot to you.

PHIL: What is it, Liv...a new contract with C.B.S.?

MARY: No, with the Brown Derby, he's going to do all their table cloths and napkins.

JACK: Yeah...Oh well, I'll call him later.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Excuse me, fellows...I wanna pay the cab.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

PHIL: <sup>Look</sup> Well, Jackson, I think I'll be running along and *I gotta go...*

JACK: Wait a minute, Phil...wait a minute.

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: (CONFIDENTIAL) I'm glad Mary stepped out, I want to ask you something.

PHIL: What?

JL

ATX01 0181754

JACK: Well, while we're back East, Mary will spend all her time in Plainfield...and...well, I may want to go dancing with a girl some night <sup>in New York</sup>. Do you know any numbers?

PHIL: Jackson, you dog you.

JACK: Phil, Mary will be back soon...don't you know any girls in New York? <sup>I mean</sup> Can't you give me a few numbers?

PHIL: <sup>Look, Jackson - I can</sup> I'll do better than that...I'll give you my old address book....Here.

JACK: Whoops!

(SOUND: BOOK DROPPED TO THE FLOOR WITH A TERRIFIC THUD...BUT THIS BOOK MUST BE AT LEAST THE SIZE OF THE LARGEST DICTIONARY IN EXISTENCE WEIGHING AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE)

JACK: <sup>l</sup> Dropped it....Phil...Phil...that's your address book?

PHIL: Uh huh...it's got over twelve hundred pages in it.

JACK: ...Twelve hundred pages of nothing but girls' names?

PHIL: There <sup>is</sup> ~~are~~ also some comments by the author.

JACK: All right, Phil, thanks for the book...I'll have it crated and shipped to New York. I really appreciate it--<sup>you know</sup>

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

MARY: I took care of it, Jack, are you ready?

JACK: Just about.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, I think you're kinda silly going to New York just to have your song published.

JACK: I'm not silly, Phil...I just have a lot of faith in my song.

MARY: Jack's right, Phil...Most of our prominent composers today started with one big hit...Like Hoagy Carmichael.

JL

JACK: *Yeah* He got his start with Stardust.

MARY: And Cole Porter.

JACK: *That's right -*  
~~Yeah...~~ He wrote Night and Day.

MARY: And what about Joe Rines...

JACK: Yeah, what about--wait a minute, Mary..what did Joe Rines write?

MARY: (SINGS) <sup>1</sup>Ajax, the foaming cleanser.

JACK: ~~What?~~

~~PHIL: Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom--~~

JACK: Look, kids, if you two are trying to make fun of me, you're wasting your time. I'm going to New York and--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *Oh damn it -*  
~~Hummm.....~~ COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, it's Dennis.

DENNIS: (DOWN) Yeah.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: I came by to see if you like the song I'm going to do on next Sunday's program.

JACK: Well, I'm glad you did come by, Dennis. Not only do I want to hear your song...but I'd hate to go away without saying goodbye to *you*...

DENNIS: Look, let's get this over with.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I feel awful.

MARY: Why, what's the matter, Dennis?

JL

DENNIS: Well, I had never eaten oysters in my life and everybody keeps telling me how good they are, so this afternoon I ordered some for lunch....Ooooooh, my stomach.

PHIL: Well, kid, maybe you got stuck with some bad oysters...were they spoiled?

DENNIS: How should I know?

JACK: *well*. You should be able to tell when you take them out of the shell.

DENNIS: OH, OUT OF THE SHELL.

JACK: Dennis...Dennis...Blue-point-head...sing your song.

DENNIS: Okay, but if I rattle a bit on the high notes, blame the shells.

JACK: Never mind, just sing, *will you*.

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS'S SONG -- "BECAUSE")

(APPLAUSE)

JL

ATX01 0181757

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, <sup>Dennis</sup> that sounded wonderful. It'll be great on the program.

DENNIS: <sup>Yes</sup> Thanks.

JACK: Now, Mary, we better get going to the station. I'll call Rochester and tell him to get the car out.

DENNIS: <sup>Oh</sup> You don't have to, Mr. Benny, I'll drive you down in my car.

JACK: Oh good, <sup>u</sup> good.

PHIL: <sup>Look Jackson, I'm gonna</sup> Well, ~~I~~ it be running along. .... Say, <sup>look</sup> Jackson, if I want to contact you in New York, where will you be staying?

JACK: <sup>Oh, the</sup> Same place ~~as~~ I always do....the Acme Plaza Hotel.

MARY: Oh, Jack, not that dump again.

JACK: Mary, it's not a dump...and some very famous people stay there.

PHIL: He's right, Livvy...last time we were in New York, I visited Jackson at the Acme Plaza, and I noticed that Jose Iturbi was staying there, too.

MARY: Are you sure?

PHIL: Certainly I'm sure...he had the room right next to Jackson. <sup>and</sup> he had his name on a sign hanging on the outside of his door...Jose Iturbi.

JACK: That was Do Not Disturb.....Jose Iturbi.

PHIL: ~~I was~~ just trying to help you....so long, <sup>Livvy - have a</sup> Jackson...pleasant trip, <sup>Liv</sup> Liv. <sup>Jackson.</sup>

MARY: Thanks, Phil.

JACK: See you when we get back, Phil.....All right, Dennis, come on, we'll go in your car.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: STREET NOISES...SOUND OF MOTOR)

BB

ATX01 0181758

MARY: Say, Jack, when you're in New York, do you think you'll find time to come out to Plainfield and have dinner with my family?

JACK: Oh sure....I'd love to have----- Dennis...Dennis....if you're gonna make a turn, make it.

DENNIS: I'm not going to make a turn.

JACK: Then why do you keep sticking your hand out?

DENNIS: I wanna see if it's raining.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: If it is, I'll stop and put the top up.

MARY: ....Jack--

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary, *wait a minute-* I'm trying to figure that one out... *now, let*  
*see-* --If the top is down, why does he have to stick his hand out to see if it's raining?....Dennis--

DENNIS: Quiet, I'm trying to figure it out, too.

JACK: Thank goodness here's the railroad station.. Dennis, pull up to the main entrance.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: BRAKES....DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Watch your step, Mary. Well, thanks, Dennis, thanks very much.

DENNIS: You're welcome...have a nice trip.

JACK: We will. *Goodbye.*

*Mary:* *Goodbye, Dennis.*  
*Dennis:* *Goodbye.* (SOUND: CAR DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Hm...Why isn't there a porter around when you want one?

MARY: A porter!.... Jack, you always carry your own bags.

BB



JACK: I can't this time. Yesterday I hurt my shoulder.

ROY: Carry your bags, sir?

JACK: Yes...yes...but first would you mind signing these papers?

MARY: Jack, what's that all about?

JACK: I told you I hurt my shoulder. If he signs these papers, he can get his tip from the Blue Cross. *Just* Just sign right here, boy.

ROY: Mister...I don't know who you are...but I've been a porter at this station for a long time...and only once before did I run across a man who presented a similar situation.

MARY: Who was that?

ROY: I don't know who he was...but it was twenty years ago... and he got off a train that arrived from Waukegan.

JACK: Come on, Mary, *let's go*.

ROY: I'll never forget him. He had a violin and gypsy ear rings.

JACK: Mary, come on! *Let's go!*

ROY: After I carried his bag out to the taxi stand, I held out my hand.

MARY: Did you get anything?

ROY: Get anything! He charged me two bits for reading my palm.

JACK: Mary, let's go. We're not interested in this man's life.

ROY: Here's your baggage check, sir.

JACK: Thank you....Come on, Mary, let's go in the station.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS....STATION NOISES)

JACK: Gee....look at all those people, *here*.

MARY: Yeah..

BB

ATX01 01B1760

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE..FOR ANAHEIM...AZUSA...  
AND CUCAMONGA!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: <sup>many</sup> Let's go over to the information desk and see if our train  
is gonna leave on time.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION , PLEASE, ATTENTION...THE TRAIN FOR  
ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA WILL BE DELAYED INDEFINITELY..  
DEFINITELY IS TWO MILES THIS SIDE OF CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Now let's see <sup>let's see - there's the - there's the - nobody else has that kind of</sup> - Oh, ~~There is the information desk.~~ Pardon  
<sup>stuff happen at a station. There's the information desk</sup> me, Mister, but is the Super Chief leaving on time? <sup>oh pardon</sup>

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, <sup>what</sup> what gate does it leave from?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, <sup>what</sup> what track does it leave on?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: If you don't know anything, what are you doing behind that  
information desk?

RUBIN: I had to get behind something, I ripped my pants.

JACK: Come on, Mary, <sup>lets go</sup>.

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ATTENTION...WILL THE HOLDER OF  
BAGGAGE CHECK NUMBER 6, 8, 4, 7, DASH 3, 5, 9, 0, 4..  
PLEASE GO TO THE STATION MASTER'S OFFICE. YOU HAVE JUST  
WON A TURKEY.

JACK: Imagine, raffling off a turkey at a railroad station...But  
can a guy find out what time his train leaves, no.

BB

ATX01 01B1761

MARY: Jack, they just put the notice up on the bulletin board....  
we have twenty minutes.

JACK: Oh, good, good. That'll give me time to go to the  
newsstand.

MARY: <sup>Yes,</sup> ~~Yeah,~~ I want to get some magazines, too.

JACK: Gee, I hope the porter will be careful with my luggage.  
I brought along six hundred sandwiches. <sup>a</sup>

MARY: Six hundred sandwiches!

JACK: If this train gets snowbound, I'll make a fortune. <sup>Mary</sup> I think  
the newsstand is over here.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES)

BLANCHE: (EXCITEDLY) Say, Jeanette...Jeanette, look...there's Mary  
Livingstone...ain't she the lucky one?

JENNY: Yeah...imagine having Jack Benny on your arm.

BLANCHE: Oh, is that who that is?....I thought she won the turkey.

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ATTENTION. ~~ON TRACK EIGHT, THE~~ <sup>the Sunset Limited now</sup>  
~~SUNSET LIMITED IS ARRIVING... ON TRACK SIX, THE EL CAPITAN~~ <sup>arriving on track 8 - the El Capitan now arriving on track 6.</sup>

<sup>and you'll never guess what's happening on track 4.</sup>  
JACK: <sup>what?</sup> ~~IS ARRIVING ON TRACK FOUR THE SHRIMP BOATS IS A COMING.~~  
MEL: <sup>(sings) Shrimp boats to a coming, there's dancing tonight...</sup>  
JACK: Mary, what magazines do you----

MEL: (P.A.) ~~TAKE THE EXPRESS IF YOU WANNA~~ (SINGS) HURRY,  
HURRY, HURRY HOME...HURRY, HURRY, HURRY HOME..SHRIMP BOATS  
IS A COMING, THERE'S DANCING TONIGHT.

JACK: Mary, <sup>Mary, what?</sup> ~~what magazines do you want to~~

MARY: Oh Jack, look...Isn't that Don Wilson's wife over there?

JACK: Where?.. Oh yes...(CALLS) Oh, Mrs. Wilson.

LOIS: Oh, there you are. I've been looking for you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: <sup>well, didn't</sup> ~~Did~~ Don come down with you?

BB

LOIS: No, Mr. Benny. He's just too ashamed to face you after that mistake he made.

JACK: *On my television show?*  
But it was nothing.. Anybody could have said "Be Lucky, go happy" instead of "Be happy, go Lucky." All he did was twist a word around, *that's all.*

MEL: (P.A.) ALL ABOARD... TRAIN NOW LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND MONGA-CUCA.

JACK: You see? Anybody can make a mistake ~~like that~~... Oh look, Mrs. Wilson, The Sportsmen Quartet are here, too.

LOIS: Yes. Don wanted me to bring them down to give you a send-off.

JACK: Oh, they didn't have to do that.

LOIS: But they wanted to, Mr. Benny.. You're going back East where the weather is pretty chilly right now, and they want to give you some advice.

JACK: Oh....oh.

LOIS: Tell him, boys.

~~JACK:~~ THERE 'LL BE NO PUFF THAT'S ROUGH

QUART: OOOOO.

~~JACK:~~ SURE ENOUGH.

QUART: OOOOO.

~~JACK:~~ NO ROUGH PUFF.

QUART: OOOOO.

WHY NOT BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY.

LUCKIES HAVE A BETTER TASTE

THAT'S A FACT, YOU SEE

ROUND, FIRM, FULLY PACKED

LSMFT.

WE NEVER CALL 'BOUT THE WEATHER

WHEN WE GET TOGETHER

WE LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-16-

JACK: *Thank you very, very much, boys.*  
~~That was very good, boys, very good.~~ Thank you. *Thanks.*

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION PLEASE, ATTENTION...WILL THE HOLDER OF  
BAGGAGE CHECK NUMBER 6, 8, 4, 7, DASH, 3, 5, 9, 0, 4...  
PLEASE COME AND GET THIS TURKEY. *Please!*

BLANCHE: (TURKEY GOBBLE)

MEL: (P.A.) OH, SHUT UP!

MARY: Jack, I've got some magazines, so let's get on the train.

JACK: Okay.

ROY: Oh Mister...Mister.

JACK: Yes, Porter?

ROY: I can't find your space on the train...May I see your ticket?

JACK: Yes, here you are.

ROY: No wonder I couldn't find it. This is a coach ticket.

JACK: A coach ticket! Well, I don't know how that happened, but  
I better go change it and get a Pullman.

ROY: Yes sir, and here's fifteen cents.

JACK: Fifteen cents? What's that for?

ROY: Your bag fell open and I ate one of them.

JACK: Oh, thanks, thanks.

ROY: Man, what peanut butter!

JACK: Come on, Mary. I want to get my ticket changed to a Pullman..  
...Let me see...where's the ticket window?

~~MARY: Jack, look~~

~~ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.~~

~~JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzell!~~

(APPLAUSE)

~~ARTIE: Such a coincidence running into you here at the station...~~

~~Are you going to or coming from?-----~~

BR

ATX01 0181765

MARY: We're going.  
ARTIE: I'm coming.  
JACK: Oh...were you away on a business trip?  
ARTIE: No..To you I can tell the truth...To my wife I had to say I  
went on business...but I really went to a lodge convention...  
The Lions...in Chicago.  
JACK: Oh, are you a Lion?  
ARTIE: At the convention I'm a Lion...at home I'm a mouse.  
MARY: Mr. Kitzel...are you that henpecked?  
ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO ... My wife runs my house...she runs my business..  
she handles my money...she gives the orders.  
JACK: Oh...then your wife really wears the pants in your family.  
ARTIE: Yes, and I'd bet she'd stop already if she could see how  
she looks from the back.  
MARY: (LAUGHS) Mr. Kitzel, did you have a good time at the  
convention?  
ARTIE: Did we have fun!.....the last night we had a big banquet....  
and everybody was toasting everybody else with drinks...so  
many toasts.  
JACK: Toasts, eh? Did you get a little high?  
ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My....And did I commit a boner....three times  
I danced with the lodge president's wife.  
JACK: What's wrong with that?  
ARTIE: He was dancing with her, too.  
JACK: Oh.  
MARY: Jack, we better hurry.  
JACK: Oh, yes....Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.  
ARTIE: Goodbye, friends, have a pleasant trip.  
MARY: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE).

BR

ATX01 0181766

~~MARY: Jack, you better hurry and get your ticket changed.~~

ELLIOT

~~JACK: Yeah~~

(SOUND: STATION NOISES)

NELSON

JACK: Oh, here's a window that isn't busy...Oh, Mister ---

ELLIC

Mister ---

NELSON

NELSON: Yessssssssss.

ELLIC

JACK: Hm. Are you the ticket agent?

BEA:

NELSON: If I'm not, I made two thousand dollars today.<sup>3</sup> Now what can I do for you?

ELLIO :

JACK: Well, I'd like to exchange this ticket.

NELSON

NELSON: Oh, did you get it for Christmas?

JACK: No, I didn't get it for Christmas. It's just that this ticket is for the coach and I'd like to ride pullman. *now*

~~ELLIO~~

~~NELSON: Oh.~~

~~BEA:~~

~~JACK: Do you have a lower?~~

NELSON

~~NELSON: What did you say?~~

ELLIO

~~JACK: I said, do you have a lower?~~

~~NELSON: Hm...and my dentist told me no one would ever know.~~

JACK:

~~JACK: That's an old joke!~~

ELLIO

~~NELSON: You didn't throw me a new straight line!~~

JACK: Look, my train leaves in a few minutes... so will you please -

*Copy*  
~~BEA:~~

ELLIOT: DUHHH....pardon me, but would you mind if we went ahead of you?

JACK:

JACK: Huh?

NELSON

ELLIOT: We just got married and we're very anxious to get away...

JACK:

*Don't*  
~~Are~~nt we, honey?

~~NELSON~~

BEA: (SILLY LAUGH)

JACK:

JACK: Well, that's all right...*right* go ahead.

~~NELSON~~

NELSON: Where would you like to go?

BR

BR



(APPLAUSE AND PLATON)

NELSON: Indubitably.

JACK: What?

NELSON: Duplicity is two miles east of definitely.

JACK: You're insane.

NELSON: Same is two miles north of definitely.

JACK: NOW GOT THAT OUT! Just give/ my ticket.

NELSON: All right, all right ... Now, all we have to do is transfer your luggage. Do you have your baggage check?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: What is the number?

JACK: The number ... oh, here it is ... 6, 8, 4, 7 dash 3, 5, 9, 0, 4.

NELSON: ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ... you won the turkey!

JACK: What?

BLANCHER: (TURKEY CORNED)

NELSON: Oh, station master ... I FOUND THE WINNER ...

JACK: I FOUND THE WINNER!

JACK: OH NO YOU DON'T. I'M NOT TAKING THAT SILLY BIRD ---

NEL: (P.A.) (SINGS) SHRIMP BOATS IS A COMING, THERE'S DANCING TONIGHT ...

JACK: Oh, come on, Mary. Let's get on the train.

*Jack:*  
JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, your armed forces are short of three hundred thousand pints of blood a month, a shortage that may cost us thousands of American lives. We know you are going to give blood. We ask that you give it now. Call your Red Cross today. This is an urgent request. In the Los Angeles area the telephone number is Dunkirk 4-5261. Dunkirk 4-5261. Remember, a gift of blood is a gift from the heart. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first.....

BR

ATX01 0181769

-B-

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1952 (TAPED JANUARY 31, 1952)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCHESTRA: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, whenever you want the smooth, mellow completely enjoyable taste of truly fine, tobacco -- reach for a Lucky! For the difference between "just smoking" and really enjoying your smoke, is the taste of a cigarette and Luckies taste better -- for two important reasons..... first, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better -- in fact they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, you'll Be Happy when you Go Lucky because Luckies taste better -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh - with better taste in every puff. So next time you buy cigarettes -- try a carton of Luckies! You'll find Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (3 note intro )

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 01B1770

(TAG)

(SOUND: TRAIN NOISES)

JACK: Now, let's see ... 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600 --  
six hundred sandwiches ... that's what I started out with  
... how do you like that porter ... giving me fifteen cents  
just to get a laugh. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM is brought to you by Lucky Strike --  
Product of The American Tobacco Company -- America's leading  
manufacturer of cigarettes. This is Don Wilson reminding you  
to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday  
night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for  
time and station ...

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM has been selected as one of the programs  
to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities  
of the Armed Forces Radio Service ...

Stay tuned for the Amos 'N' Andy Show which follows immediately.

ANNCR:

Transcribed ... THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 0181771

PROGRAM #23  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1952      CBS      4:00-4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed Feb. 3, 1952)

4

AS BROADCAST

ATX01 0181772

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 3, 1952) <sup>-A-</sup>  
CIGARETTE COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- transcribed -- presented by  
LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and  
taste alone! Yes, in a cigarette, it's the taste that  
makes the difference -- and you can taste the  
difference in a Lucky Strike -- so mild, so smooth, so  
firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. Yes,  
Luckies taste better, and here's why...first, IS/MFT --  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, mild tobacco  
that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine  
tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second,  
Luckies are made to taste better. In fact, they're the  
best made of all five principal brands. Yes, that's a  
fact, established by tests measuring those important  
factors of workmanship that affect the taste of  
cigarettes -- tests made in the research laboratory of  
the American Tobacco Company and verified by leading  
independent laboratory consultants. So, remember, your  
smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone --  
and you'll find Luckies taste better! -- Always so mild,  
so smooth, so firm and fresh with better taste in every  
puff! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3-note intro)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181773

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND FADE DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....LAST NIGHT JACK BENNY RETURNED FROM  
HIS TRIP TO NEW YORK....AS WE LOOK IN ON HIM, HE IS GOING  
THROUGH HIS CLOTHES CLOSET AND PICKING OUT SOME SUITS TO  
SEND TO THE CLEANERS.

JACK: ...Let's see...I'll send this blue one...and maybe the  
gray one...I wore that a couple of times in New York...  
Yeah, it better be cleaned, it's got lipstick all over the  
lapel....Gee, those subways are crowded....~~I better empty  
the pockets to see if I forgot anything...Nothing in that  
one....Hello, what's this?....Oh, for heaven's sakes....  
when I left New York, I forgot to turn in the key to my  
room at the Acme Plaza....I don't know what they gave me  
a key for, the room didn't have a door....No wonder they  
call it New York's Friendliest Hotel....I'll mail the  
key back....Now where's Rochester....(CALLS) OH ROCHESTER  
....ROCHESTER....~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YOU CALL ME, BOSS?

JACK: Yes, send these suits to the cleaners, will you please?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Where have you been for the past hour?

ROCH: I'VE BEEN STRAIGHTENING UP MY ROOM.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: AND I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MY ROOM FOR A LONG TIME, BOSS....IT'S GETTING KIND OF SHABBY, AND I THINK IT'S TIME IT WAS FIXED UP A LITTLE.

JACK: Fixed up?

ROCH: YES, I WISH YOU'D COME TAKE A LOOK AT IT.

JACK: Okay, come on.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SUSTAIN THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JACK: I think you're making a mountain out of a molehill.

ROCH: NO I'M NOT...MY ROOM IS SO OLD FASHIONED.

JACK: Oh, stop exaggerating...Every time you want something done you make a big thing out of it.

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)~~

~~ROCH: HERE WE ARE, I'LL OPEN THE DOOR.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS....COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: THERE, BOSS....TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

JACK: Rochester....it's so dark? *in your room* I can't see a thing.

ROCH: WAIT A MINUTE, I'LL LIGHT THE GAS.

JACK: Yeah.

(SOUND: SCRATCHING OF MATCH, LIGHTING OF GAS)

ROCH: THERE, THAT'S BETTER.

JACK: Let's see now...It doesn't look--Rochester....you left your pajama pants on the floor.

ROCH: OH YEAH...I'LL HANG 'EM UP.

HB

ATX01 0181775



JACK: Those are just the pants...what did you do with the tops?  
ROCH: TOPS? YOU OUGHT TO KNOW I DON'T WEAR THEM.  
JACK: I ought to know--<sup>why?</sup>~~how?~~  
ROCH: DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE AD I ANSWERED WHEN I FIRST CAME TO  
WORK FOR YOU?  
JACK: No...what did the ad say?  
ROCH: WANTED...VALET WHO ONLY WEARS BOTTOMS OF PAJAMAS TO WORK  
FOR GENTLEMAN WHO ONLY WEARS TOPS.  
JACK: Oh yes...we've split about six pairs since then...Now let's  
see...~~Hum...Hummm...~~...Rochester, your room doesn't look so  
bad. What do you think you'd need?  
ROCH: WELL...I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO HAVE VENETIAN BLINDS.  
JACK: Why do you want Venetian blinds?  
ROCH: I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW I AIN'T GOT A WINDOW.  
~~JACK: I'm sorry, Rochester.~~  
~~ROCH: WHAT A HOUSE...THE BENDIX CAN HAVE A WINDOW BUT I CAN'T.~~  
JACK: Oh stop....if it will make you happy, I'll have them paint  
a window on your wall.  
ROCH: HAVE THEM PAINT IT CLOSED, I DON'T WANT TO CATCH COLD.  
JACK: I will, I will.  
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)  
ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)  
MARY: Hello, Rochester.  
ROCH: OH...COME ON IN, MISS LIVINGSTONE.  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)  
ROCH: WELCOME BACK FROM NEW YORK.

HB

ATX01 01B1776

MARY: Thank you...Say, you look kind of happy today.

ROCH: I AM...MR. BENNY IS GOING TO REDECORATE MY ROOM.

MARY: Oh, that's nice.

ROCH: SAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE...MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME SOMETHING.....  
EVERY ROOM IN THIS HOUSE HAS ELECTRICITY IN IT BUT THE  
SERVANTS ROOM...WHY DOES THAT ROOM HAVE GAS?

MARY: It was done for convenience.

ROCH: CONVENIENCE?

MARY: Yes...anybody that works for Mr. Benny eventually wants to  
kill himself.

JACK: (OFF) Who is it, Rochester?

MARY: It's me, Jack.

JACK: Oh hello, Mary...*are you doing over here?*  
~~what brings you over?~~

MARY: *well.* I just got a special delivery letter from mama with some  
exciting news.

JACK: A letter from your mother? *eh--* Well, what does the Hostess on *the*  
~~Plainfield's~~ Shrimp Boat have to say?

MARY: I'll read it to you....(CLEARS THROAT AND READS) MY DARLING  
DAUGHTER MARY...I KNOW YOU'LL BE SURPRISED GETTING THIS  
LETTER SO SOON AFTER HAVING BEEN HERE, BUT I HAVE NEWS....  
YOUR SISTER BABE IS COMING OUT TO VISIT YOU.

JACK: Babe...~~why~~ *say* that's wonderful news.

MARY: No it isn't....listen to the rest of the letter. MARY, THE  
REASON BABE IS COMING OUT TO CALIFORNIA IS TO GET AWAY FROM  
HERE AND ALL THE SAD MEMORIES. HER BOY FRIEND WILBUR IS  
GONE AND HE MET A VERY SAD END. HE WORKED FOR A BREWERY AND  
FELL INTO A VAT OF BEER. THEY SAVED HIM FROM DROWNING IN  
THE BEER, BUT HE DIED FROM PNEUMONIA WHICH HE CAUGHT FROM  
EVERYBODY TRYING TO BLOW THE FOAM OFF HIM.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame.

MARY: <sup>*this - this next*</sup> This next paragraph is about you....

JACK: <sup>*Me? About me?*</sup>

MARY: Yes....TELL JACK THAT AFTER HE SPENT THE NIGHT HERE, WE FOUND THAT HE HAD LEFT HIS TOUPAY AND HIS TOOTHBRUSH, SO WE'RE MAILING THEM ON TO HIM....THE ONE WITH THE HANDLE IS THE TOOTHBRUSH.

JACK: As if I wouldn't know....Mary, ask your mother if <sup>*she can*</sup>...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Hello, Jack....Mary.

JACK: Don...you're up....you're well.

MARY: Gee, it's good to see you again, Don.

DON: <sup>*well,*</sup> Thanks.

MARY: So you're finally over your nervous breakdown, eh, Don?

DON: Yes Mary....the third psychiatrist I went to cured me.

JACK: The third psychiatrist? What was wrong with the first two?

DON: Their couches broke.

JACK: ~~Oh, oh, oh.~~ What did you come by for, Don?

DON: Well, I called the Sportsmen Quartet and I was told that they were over here.

JACK: Yes, Don, and this time for our show, I had them prepare a song.

DON: You did?

JACK: Yes, Don....You see, when you made your mistake <sup>on my T.V. show</sup> and ~~said~~ <sup>you said</sup> "Be Lucky, go Happy" instead of "Be Happy, go Lucky", I wanted to make sure that you never made that mistake again....So I had the quartet prepare a number in which they give you excellent advice....OH BOYS....BOYS....

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

~~QUART: INDM.~~ 4

~~JACK: Come here a minute.~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

JACK: <sup>now</sup> Sit down, Don...Now listen to this carefully....Take it fellows.

QUART: Remember the way  
 The way you say  
 Be happy, go Lucky,  
 Remember be happy  
 Must come first  
 And then comes go Lucky  
 Remember with LSMFT  
 You must get this slogan right, you see  
 If not, you'll wake up at NBC  
~~you~~ <sup>do not</sup> forget to remember.  
 Remember you stood here at this mike  
 And did the commercial that you like.  
 If you want to stay with Lucky Strike  
 Then don't forget to remember.

JACK: Now boys, <sup>boys - now till then - - -</sup> tell him how we'll all feel if he makes a  
 mistake again.

QUART: We'll be missing you always  
 There'll be someone new always  
 Not for just LS  
 Not for just MF  
 Not for just FT  
 But always,

(APPLAUSE)

BJ

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Well, <sup>well-</sup> Don what did you think of that?

DON: Jack, that's excellent advice and I'm accepting it in the spirit in which it was given.

JACK: Good, good.

~~DON: From now, on, I'll always be... happy, go Lucky.~~

~~JACK: That's it... that's it... See how easy it is.~~

DON: Well, I better be running along now.. Come on, fellows.

JACK: So long, Don.

DON: So long, *Jack.*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

MARY: You know, Jack, it's good to see Don completely recovered.

JACK: It sure is.

ROCH: EXCUSE ME, MR. BENNY?

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: THE CLEANER JUST CAME AND PICKED UP YOUR GRAY SUITS...AND HE TOLD ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU.

JACK: (PUZZLED) Congratulate--?...Oh, I got that in the subway...

*You know ---*  
You know, Mary, I've been thinking about your mother's letter...it'll be nice company for you having your sister Babe stay with you.

MARY: Yes...and while she's here, Jack, I wish you'd be kind of nice to her. *You know* She's peeved at you for saying all those awful things about her on the radio.

JACK: *Oh* Well, I'll make it up to her... The first day that she comes I'll have her over for dinner. *I'll have Rochester* Well make something special.. What does she like?

BJ

MARY: She likes most everything...but she's especially fond of meat.

ROCH: WELL, I'LL BROIL SOME STEAKS, MISS LIVINGSTONE...HOW DOES YOUR SISTER LIKE HER MEAT COOKED?

MARY: I don't know, she's never had it that way.

JACK: Look Mary, you <sup>told</sup> ~~tell~~ me not to--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

~~MARY: I'll answer that, Jack.~~

JACK: ~~Thanks.~~ *Excuse me.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello.

PHIL: Hi, Livvy...what are you doin' at the Count of Monte Cristo's?

MARY: Nothing Special, Phil....I just dropped over.

PHIL: Say, I ain't hadda chance to see you or Jackson since you come back from New York. Did you see any big shows?

MARY: Well, I spent most of my time in Plainfield, but the night before we left, Jack took me to see Guys and Dolls.

PHIL: No...Jackson took you to the theater?

MARY: Yes.

PHIL: Passes, Dutch, or do you have an item for Ripley?

MARY: (LAUGHS) You want to talk to Jack?

PHIL: Yeah.

MARY: Oh, Jack, it's Phil.

JACK: ~~Thanks, Mary. Hello, Phil.~~ *Hello.*

PHIL: Hiya, Jackson...I called to see if I could miss tomorrow's *rehearsal*.

*Jack:* ~~rehearsal~~ *tomorrow's rehearsal?*  
*Phil:* ~~yeah~~ *yeah*...I'm going to have a tooth pulled...That upper molar that has the bridge attached to it.

JACK: *oh* That's too bad...when did the tooth start hurting you?

PHIL: ~~In~~ Nineteen thirty-five.

JACK: Nineteen thirty-five? That was seventeen years ago...  
why didn't you have it pulled out then?

PHIL: Because a fellow told me I could ease the pain by holding  
a mouthful of ~~whiskey~~, *bourbon*.

JACK: Oh...Did it work?

PHIL: Gloriously.

JACK: But Phil...how could you hold whiskey in your mouth for  
seventeen years? 4

PHIL: I didn't hold it, Jackson...I just let it flow under the  
bridge.

~~JACK: Hmm...Well for heavens sakes, why are you having your teeth  
pulled now?~~

~~PHIL: For revenge...It double crossed me and stopped hurting.~~

JACK: Well...okay...*Phil*...I guess you can miss rehearsal...Goodbye.

PHIL: So long, Dad.

JACK: Oh say, Phil.

PHIL: Yeah?

JACK: I want to ask a little favor of you...My sponsor may be in  
town to see the show Sunday, and I'd like everything to be  
as dignified as possible.

PHIL: What about it?

JACK: Well, please speak to Sammy your drummer, and ask him to  
take the silhouette of that bathing beauty *off* of his bass  
drum.

PHIL: That ain't no silhouette.

JACK: It ~~ain't~~? *isn't it?*

PHIL: No, there's a midget inside.

JACK: Well, get ~~her~~ *it* out of there!

BJ

ATK01 0181783



PHIL: All right, all right...So long, Buster.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: You know, Mary, that Phil <sup>is a</sup> character. *that Phil really*

MARY: You can say that again, Jack.

DENNIS: Yeah, say it again, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis, when did you come in?

DENNIS: While you were talking on the phone.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I came over to see if you'd let me use your piano to rehearse my song.

JACK: I guess so..but Dennis, you have a piano at home.

DENNIS: I know, but I can't get in my house...it's quarantined on account of smallpox.

MARY: Smallpox. That's awful...who's got it?

DENNIS: Me.

JACK: What?

MARY: <sup>well -</sup> Dennis, you look fine...what makes you think you have smallpox?

DENNIS: <sup>well -</sup> It must be me...my mother and father hung a quarantine sign in front of our house and they haven't got it.

JACK: Dennis, <sup>parrot - - -</sup>...I've got news for you...there's no smallpox in your house...your parents are just trying to get rid of you.

DENNIS: Oh..well, if they're trying to get rid of me, why don't they do it in the usual way?

MARY: What's the usual way?

DENNIS: They start a game of Blind Man's Buff, and while I'm It, they move.

JACK: Hmmm....Look Dennis, you can't blame your mother and father for wanting to get away from you occasionally...you drive people nuts with your silly talk. Why do you act this way?

DENNIS: Well...I have a good excuse...Once while my mother was bathing me, she dropped me on my head.

MARY: When you were a baby?

DENNIS: No, last week.

JACK: You hadda ask him, Mary...I was going to leave it alone....  
*you hadda ask him ---*  
Dennis, my piano is over there...rehearse your song and go already.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) "CRY"

(APPLAUSE)

BJ

ATX01 0181785

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, you sang that well...But then why shouldn't you?  
You have such a wonderful voice and it's such a beautiful  
song.

DENNIS: Whatever happened to that lousy song you wrote?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: You went all the way to New York to try to get it published.  
What an awful thing that is (SINGS MOCKINGLY) "When you say  
I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you".

MARY: Dennis, <sup>Dennis</sup> be quiet.

DENNIS: Huh?

MARY: When I came back from New York, I called you and everybody  
else and told them not to ask Jack about his song.

JACK: Mary, <sup>Mary</sup> N.y.o.f....you called....everybody.?

MARY: Yes Jack.....I know how sensitive you are about what happened  
in New York and I didn't want anyone to hurt your feelings

JACK: <sup>well -</sup> I appreciate your thoughtfulness, Mary...but you didn't have to  
do that. Just because I was unlucky in New York is no  
reflection on my song. <sup>I mean even if they didn't want to publish it.</sup> The public loves it.

DENNIS: I'm more popular than that song and I've got smallpox,

JACK: You have not...and Dennis, please...leave me alone. Go  
already.

DENNIS: But I can't get in my house.

JACK: Just get out of mine...<sup>now -</sup> Go, go, go!

MARY: Come on Dennis....let's leave Jack alone....I'll drive you  
home.

DENNIS: Okay, goodbye, Mr. Benny.

MARY: Goodbye, Jack...

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Smart alec kid....What does he know about songs....Mine has beautiful lyrics...(SINGS) Like the swallows at Serrano, return to Capistrano...(YAWNS) ....Gee, I'm still tired from that trip....I think I'll go to bed.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS...THEN FOOTSTEPS GOING  
a UPSTAIRS)

ROCH: (SLIGHTLY OFF) HOW COME YOU'RE GOING UPSTAIRS, MR. BENNY?

JACK: I'm a little tired....so I'm going to turn in early.

ROCH: WELL, I'LL COME UP AND MAKE THE BED FOR YOU.

*Jack: okay.*  
(SOUND: MORE FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS....  
THEN DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BY THE WAY BOSS, I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TELL YOU, BUT I'M SORRY YOUR SONG WAS TURNED DOWN IN NEW YORK.

JACK: Well, I guess,....wait a minute, Rochester....I haven't mentioned a word about it to you. How did you know my song was turned down?

ROCH: WHEN YOU <sup>got off the train.</sup> ~~CAME HOME FROM NEW YORK,~~ YOU WERE CRYING.

JACK: Well --

ROCH: I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SO UPSET SINCE THE BANK HOLIDAY IN NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE.

JACK: Never mind....(GRUNTS TWICE) Gee, these shoes are tough to get off.

ROCH: HERE'S YOU PAJAMA TOPS.

JACK: Thanks, I'll --WOW...Look at the color <sup>of them</sup> Bright Purple.

(SOUND: MAN GETTING INTO BED)

JACK: Gee, the bed feels good.

ROCH: ARE YOU GONNA READ AWHILE?

JACK: <sup>no, Rochester</sup> No...turn out the light, Please.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: CLICK)

ROCH: GOODNIGHT

JACK: Goodnight, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES....PAUSE....THEN SQUEAKING OF BED SPRINGS)

JACK: Oh, boy, I'm sure tired (YAWNS)....That trip to New York took a lot out of me....I'll feel better after a good night's sleep....(YAWNS)....I've still got <sup>a</sup>lots of faith in my song... (YAWN)....~~The fact that a publisher didn't like it, doesn't mean anything....~~Those three hundred and seventy-eight publishers I went to could be wrong....(YAWNS)

(SOUND: SQUEAKING OF BED SPRINGS)

JACK: That song will be a classic some day....(YAWNS) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you...(SNORES) When you ask me to forgive you, I'll return....(SNORE)..... Like the swallows (THREE SNORES)

DREAM MUSIC ENDING WITH CRASH AND VIBRAPHONE EFFECT)

(SOUND: LIGHT BABELLE OF NOISE)

KEARNS: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.....There is quite a bit of excitement here tonight as the entire musical world gathers for the opening performance of the New York Symphony orchestra here at Carnegie Hall.

JACK: Gee <sup>Gee - Gee a</sup>...Carnegie Hall.

DEARNS: Yes, this is a night that will long live in the memory of music lovers the world over for it will witness the premier performance of that classical composition, "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

JACK: That's my song. <sup>my song ---</sup> The New York Symphony is going to play my song.

KEARNS: However, before the conductor ascends the podium, we have a few minutes which I will use to describe the scene to you. This vast hall resembles a Who's Who of the music world. The seats are filled with such famous personages as Arturo Toscanini, Sir Thomas Beecham, and Andre Kostelanetz in the first row.....In the second row I see Alfred Wallenstein and Jascha Heifitz....Sitting on an aisle seat I see ~~Jose~~ <sup>Arthur</sup> ~~Rubinstein~~ <sup>Rubinstein</sup>....And sitting under an aisle seat is Phil Harris...I will try to interview him... <sup>ah yes - I have</sup> ~~I've~~ caught his attention...He is coming this way.....I'll see if I can get him to say a few words Oh, Maestro....Maestro Harris?

PHIL: What is it, Clyde?

KEARNS: Maestro .....I understand that you are an associate of the composer we're honoring tonight.

PHI:: <sup>Yeah</sup> ~~Yep~~, that's right...Everybody associated with him is here tonight...that is everybody except Dennis Day.

KEARNS: Oh....and tell me, Maestro....why isn't Mr. Day here?

PHIL: He couldn't come, his house is guaranteed.

<sup>sch</sup> KEARNS: That's quarantined. -- <sup>Stupid maestro</sup>

~~JACK: Stupid Maestro.~~

KEARNS: Maestro Harris is going back to his seat with a big smile for everyone.

JACK: ~~Why~~ shouldn't he smile, he's got the happiest teeth in town.

KEARNS: Ah ladies and gentlemen....we're quite fortunate...another of the composer's associates, Miss Mary Livingstone is here. I'll see if I can interview her...Oh Miss Livingstone... Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Yes?

KEARNS: Did you come all the way from California to hear this concert?

MARY: I didn't have to. You see I was already here. I was visiting my family in Plainfield, New Jersey.

KEARNS: Oh yes....your family has a farm there.

MARY: That's right.

KEARNS: Is it a large farm?

MARY: Oh, just average....Sixty chickens, twelve pigs and four and a half cows.

KEARNS: Four and a half cows?

MARY: My sister Babe loves meat.

KEARNS: Oh.

JACK: Gee I hope Babe ate the front half so they can still milk it.

KEARNS: And now, ascending the podium is the head of New York's largest musical publishing company, Mr. Martin Jones..Wait a minute....Mr. Jones is acting peculiar...He has taken a revolver from his pocket...he's ascending the podium...he is holding the pistol to his head...he is about to say something.

MEL: I'm killing myself because I turned down this wonderful song.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT..)

MEL: (GROAN)

(SOUND: BODY THUDS...HITTING EACH STAIR ON WAY DOWN)

KEARNS: Mr. Jones has descended the podium...And now the great moment has arrived.

(SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES UP... SLOWLY FADING OUT)

KEARNS: The lights dim and a hush falls over the audience as Sergei Dimitrikoff, the maestro who will conduct tonight, ascends the podium...He raps his baton.

(SOUND: BATON RAPS TWICE)

KEARNS: And the orchestra starts tuning up.

(FOR SEVERAL SECONDS WE HEAR INSTRUMENTS BEING TUNED ....THEN A COUPLE OF THEM START PLAYING COOCH DANCE MUSIC)

KEARNS: My, this is a strange thing...the silhouette on the bass drum is dancing.

JACK: Hummm...Sammy never got her out of there.

KEARNS: Now the maestro is turning to the audience ..he's about to speak.. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Sergei Dimitrikoff,

DENNIS: (A LA MAD RUSSIAN) HOW DO YOU DOO.....(CONTINUES IN RUSSIAN ACCENT) And now, ladies and gentlemen, is mine *extreme* pleasure to introduce the famous composer of that wonderful song, "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'm Coming Back To You"..... And here he is, Mr. <sup>*Jack*</sup> ~~Jack~~ Benny.

JACK: <sup>*Jack*</sup> ~~Jack~~ Benny..That's me <sup>*Jack Benny -- that's me*</sup> ascending the podium.

KEARNS: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Benny looks distinguished in those grey spats, striped pants, white tie and purple pajama top.

JACK: Gee, where did I get the striped pants?

KEARNS: Mr. Benny is going to honor this audience tonight by joining the orchestra as first violinist. ...The conductor is commanding the attention of the entire ensemble..all eyes are on him, including those of the silhouette...He raises his baton and now, ladies and gentlemen ..the orchestra plays "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

(BAND GOES INTO OPERATIC SELECTION OF JACK'S SONG...AT ONE POINT WE HEAR A VIOLIN STRAIN OF SONG PLAYED BY JACK)

(APPLAUSE)



JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, your armed forces are short of three hundred thousand pints of blood a month, a shortage that may cost us thousands of American lives. We ask that you give it now, Call your Red Cross today. This is an urgent request In the Los Angeles area the telephone number is Dunkirk 4-5261. Dunkirk 4-5261. Remember; a gift of blood is a gift from the heart. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first...

WR

ATX01 0181792

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 3, 1952)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUSA Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, whenever you want the smooth, mellow completely enjoyable taste of truly fine, tobacco -- reach for a Lucky! For the difference between "just smoking" and really enjoying your smoke, is the taste of a cigarette and Luckies taste better -- for two important reasons.... first, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better -- in fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, you'll Be Happy when you Go Lucky because Luckies taste better -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. So next time you buy cigarettes -- try a carton of Luckies! You'll find Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (3 note intro)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

BB

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

JACK: (SNORE)

ROCH: OH BOSS...

JACK: (SNORE)

ROCH: BOSS

JACK: (SNORES AND WAKES UP) Huh...oh, hello, Rochester.

ROCH: <sup>4</sup> BOSS, I HATED TO WAKE YOU UP, YOU HAD SUCH A ~~BIG~~ SMILE ON YOUR FACE, BUT IT'S TIME FOR DINNER.

JACK: Thanks Rochester...I just had the most wonderful dream.

ROCH: WELL BOSS, THERE'S <sup>an old</sup> SAYING THAT IF YOU PUT A WISHBONE UNDER YOUR PILLOW, YOUR DREAMS WILL COME TRUE.

JACK: A wish bone?

ROCH: YES, BOSS...BY THE WAY, WHAT WERE YOU DREAMING ABOUT?

JACK: I dreamt that the New York Symphony played my song.

ROCH: WELL, THERE'S NO USE KILLING A CHICKEN JUST FOR THAT.

JACK: I guess not.....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike -- Product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.....

The Jack Benny program has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service....

Stay tuned for the Amos 'N' Andy Show which follows immediately.

*Annex: Transcribed - this is the C. B. S.  
Radio Network.*

WR

ATX01 0181795

PROGRAM #24  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1952

C.B.S..

4:00-4:30 PM PST

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AS BROADCAST

ATX01 01B1796

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, smoking enjoyment depends on taste - and taste alone! Yes, in a cigarette, it's the taste that makes the difference - and you can taste the difference in a Lucky Strike -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. Yes, Luckies taste better, and here's why...first LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco....fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better. In fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, that's a fact, established by tests measuring those important factors of workmanship that affect the taste of cigarettes -- tests made in the research laboratory of the American Tobacco Company and verified by leading independent laboratory consultants. So, remember, your smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone -- and you'll find Luckies taste better! -- Always so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh with better taste in every puff! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3-NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181797

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS. AT THE MOMENT, ROCHESTER IS CLEANING HOUSE.

ROCH: UMM UMM..WHAT A DAY. SO FAR I DID THE WASHING AND IRONING, SCRUBBED THE FLOORS, AND CLEANED THE WOODWORK...DOGGONE, I SURE HATE FEBRUARY..MR. BENNY MAKES ME WORK THREE HOURS A DAY LONGER BECAUSE IT'S THE SHORTEST MONTH..WELL, I BETTER GET ON WITH IT.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MEL: Answer the door, answer the door. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

ROCH: ~~BE~~ QUIET, POLLY, I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, GOOD MORNING, MR. MAILMAN.

WRIGHT: Good morning, Rochester. There was too much mail to put in the box so I thought I'd bring it in. Here are the letters.

ROCH: THANK YOU.

WRIGHT: And here are Mr. Benny's magazines...Lonely Hearts.

ROCH: UH HUH.

WRIGHT: Woman's Home Companion.

ROCH: UH HUH.

WRIGHT: ~~Boy~~ Beautiful.

ROCH: UH HUH.

WRIGHT: And here's the Wall Street Journal.

ROCH: THAT'S FOR ME.

Y LW

WRIGHT: Oh yes, it is for you, Rochester. Do you own stock?

ROCH: UH HUH. I HAVE TWO SHARES OF MR. BENNY. HE'S INCORPORATED HIMSELF.

WRIGHT: Oh.

ROCH: I BOUGHT IT AT THIRTY NINE AND IT'S BEEN THERE TEN YEARS.

WRIGHT: I see..Well, I must be getting along.

ROCH: IS THAT ALL THE MAIL YOU HAVE FOR MR. BENNY?

WRIGHT: No, I'm still carrying that letter with postage due on it..But I guess there's no use going through that again.

ROCH: NO, I GUESS NOT. HOW LONG AGO WAS THAT LETTER MAILED?

WRIGHT: I don't know, it was handed down to me by my father...Goodbye..

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

ROCH: WELL, I'LL PUT THIS MAIL OVER BY THE--

JACK: Who was at the door, Rochester?

ROCH: OH, GOOD MORNING, BOSS. IT WAS THE MAIL MAN.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

ROCH: NOTHING FOR YOU, POLLY.

JACK: Hello, Polly.

MEL: HELLO, DADDY..(WHISTLES)

ROCH: SAY, MR. BENNY, I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU WHAT I TAUGHT POLLY A FEW DAYS AGO.

JACK: Something you taught polly?

MELL (SQUAWKS)



ROCH: WATCH THIS, MR. BENNY...NOW, POLLY..WHY WAS LAST FRIDAY,  
FEBRUARY 22ND A HOLIDAY?

MEL: (SQUAWKS) BECAUSE IT WAS WASHINGTON'S..(WHISTLES)

ROCH: COME ON, POLLY, IT WAS WASHINGTON'S WHAT?

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

JACK: <sup>Come on</sup> / Come on, Polly, it was Washington's <sup>d</sup> what?

MEL: WASHINGTON'S WHAT. (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: No, no, Polly..It was Washington's....It was Washington's....  
I'll give you a hint..(HUMS TO HAPPY BIRTHDAY) Da da da da,  
da da...Da da da da da da.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Motorola T.V...Motorola T.V. (WHISTLES)

JACK: Hmm...Never mind, Rochester..she lays an egg every day, what  
else do we want?....<sup>now - what's in the mail - Rochester</sup>  
~~Now let me see the mail, would you please?~~

~~ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.~~

~~JACK: Hmm..who's this from?~~

~~(SOUND: LETTER OPENS)~~

~~JACK: Oh, it's from my violin teacher, Professor LeBlanc...~~

~~"Monsieur Benny..AS you know tomorrow I must give you a  
violin lesson..I will be there unless I catch pneumonia...~~

~~Please excuse the bad writing as it is dark here in the deep  
freeze."...Hmm...Open the next envelope, Rochester.~~

~~ROCH: YES SIR.~~

~~(SOUND: LETTER OPENED)~~

ROCH: <sup>From</sup> HERE'S A LETTER FROM MAX FACTOR.

JACK: Max Factor? What does it say?

LW

ROCH: "DEAR MR. BENNY..THIS IS THE THIRD LETTER WE HAVE SENT YOU REMINDING YOU THAT YOUR ~~FEBRUARY~~ <sup>January</sup> PAYMENT IS PAST DUE..EITHER PAY IMMEDIATELY OR WE'LL SNATCH IT OFF YOUR HEAD."

JACK: Let them snatch it. We'll have warm weather pretty soon... Now let's see.. What's this?

(SOUND: LETTER OPENS)

JACK: *Oh* This is from the California Bank..It's another letter about that loan.

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, BOSS?

JACK: I'm gonna turn them down.....Now let's see... *Here's - this is funny.* ~~That's funny..~~ here's one from the barbershop on the corner.

(SOUND: LETTER OPENS)

JACK: *Dear* "Dear Mr. Benny..We are writing to all of our customers who got shaved last Saturday..Are you missing an ear?.....P.S.... If not called for in thirty days, we will put it with our collection." ....Is there anything else, Rochester?

ROCH: JUST THIS CIRCULAR. YOU WON'T BE INTERESTED IN IT.

JACK: Well, let me see it...Humm.."Now is the time to buy a new car. We're making very liberal allowances on trade-ins"... *Surf.* You know, Rochester, maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea if I traded in my Maxwell and <sup>maybe get</sup> ~~got~~ a new--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll answer it, Rochester. You can take the mail up to my room.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

LW

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Mary..come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Well.. what job have you got picked out for me .. cleaning

out your garage or <sup>mow -</sup> mowing the lawn?

JACK: *You can't mow the lawn, & know that - the new first line also just got this.*  
Mary, I don't know what you're talking about. You're only <sup>sup-</sup> supposed to ~~work~~ <sup>be</sup> on my show.

MARY: I know but I won't get paid for February <sup>unless I do some</sup> till-I make-up for ~~the~~ <sup>after work.</sup> two days-it's short.

JACK: Oh.. I stopped that last year when you fell off the roof into the tar bucket. *You know -* Say Mary, I just got this circular from an automobile company and I've been thinking maybe I ought to trade in my car and buy another one.

MARY: Well, it's about time. What're you gonna get, an Esses or a Stutz?

JACK: Oh, don't be funny. I'm going to get a ~~real~~ *real* ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh..hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

JACK: Come on in, kid.

DENNIS: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: How do you feel, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Fine.

DENNIS: How's everything going?

JACK: All right.

DENNIS: You know, I wasn't going to come over today but there's something I think you oughta know.

JACK: What's that?

DENNIS: I'm suing you for fifty thousand dollars.

JACK: ...What?

MARY: Dennis, what's this all about? Why are you suing Mr. Benny?

DENNIS: <sup>well -</sup> Because last week on his radio show where millions of people could hear, he called me stupid.

JACK: <sup>well</sup> Dennis, why are you suing me now? For years I've been calling you stupid.

DENNIS: Well, I want to be addressed with dignity..My name is Dennis S. Day.

JACK: What does the "S" stand for?

DENNIS: If I told you, I'd lose my case.

JACK: I thought so.

DENNIS: <sup>well</sup> Anyway, after I collect the fifty thousand dollars from you, I'm suing someone else who called me stupid.

JACK: Who's that?

DENNIS: My lawyer.

JACK: Now look, Dennis, I don't want to hear any more of this silly talk about suing people. Instead of that let me hear the song you're going to sing on ~~next~~ Sunday's program.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: What's the name of it?

DENNIS: "Sweet Sue."

JACK: Now cut that out....Just sing your song.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "I HEAR A RHAPSODY")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-8-

JACK: Dennis, <sup>Dennis-</sup> that was beautiful, and I like the song <sup>very, very</sup> you're gonna ~~do~~ <sup>do</sup>. Now why don't you just run along?

DENNIS: Oh I can't leave now. I've gotta go under your house and spray for termites.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: <sup>This is February and I'd like my full salary.</sup> I haven't done it since last February.

JACK: Alright, <sup>Dennis-</sup> but this time crawl out when you're through, don't wait for Ground Hog Day. Say, Mary --

DENNIS: Gee, that's my uncle's name.

JACK: What's your uncle's name?

DENNIS: Ground Hog Day.

JACK: Look Dennis, just get under the house and --

<sup>Dennis:</sup> <sup>yes</sup> (SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

~~JACK: Thank goodness, I'm tired talking to him.~~

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson, I'm calling from the country club. <sup>And</sup> I thought maybe you'd come out and play some golf.

JACK: Well...I don't think I can today, Phil. You see, I'm going out and buy a new car.

(SOUND: LOUD CLICK CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER)

PHIL: OPERATOR, OPERATOR, YOU GAVE ME THE WRONG NUMBER.

JACK: She did not, it's me. <sup>to me</sup> And I am going to buy a car.

PHIL: <sup>Oh</sup> Oh...What kind of a car are you gonna get, Jackson?

JACK: Well, I don't know...I was thinking of a Cadillac.

(SOUND: LOUD CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER)

PHIL: OPERATOR, OPERATOR, WHY CAN'T I GET THE RIGHT---

RTX01 01B1B04

JACK: YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT NUMBER... *Phil* I TOLD YOU IT'S ME...  
You asked me if I wanted to play golf and I told you I  
couldn't...Why don't you call Remley?

PHIL: I called Remley. He's here right now.

JACK: Oh, Frankie's with you, eh?

PHIL: Yeah, he's sitting over at the table drinking a glass of  
milk.

(SOUND: LOUD CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: OPERATOR! OPERATOR! SOMEBODY ELSE IS ON THE----

PHIL: NO, NO, JACKSON, IT'S ME. *It's me*

JACK: Oh... *well - well -* what's this about Frankie drinking milk?

PHIL: Doctor's orders. He was drinking too much Bourbon.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: And that caused a shortage of calcium in his system.

JACK: Uh huh.

PHIL: So the doctor made him drink milk.

JACK: So he could get more calcium?

PHIL: Yeah...that'll make his teeth stronger.

JACK: Why does he want to strengthen his teeth?

PHIL: So he can pull the corks out of bourbon bottles.

JACK: What?

PHIL: You can't gum them things, you know.

JACK: I know, I know. *Phil - goodbye* Anyway, I'm proud of Frankie drinking milk.

~~Let me talk to him, will you, Phil?~~

~~PHIL: Okay... Hey Frankie... FRANKIE... FRANKIE... He can't hear a  
thing since he got a shave last Saturday.~~

~~JACK: Phil... Phil, do you mean that-----~~

~~PHIL: Yeah, yeah... well, so long, we got eighteen holes to play.~~

~~JACK: Okay... Goodbye, Phil.~~

PHIL: *Not wait - Not*  
Or say, Jackson.

JACK: What?

PHIL: I know what month this is but do you mind if I paint  
your house in April?

JACK: Yes, that'll be allright. *So long.*  
*Phil: Then, I'll mow the lawn. Jack: Yes, I will. So long.*  
(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *that was ---*  
Mary, that was Phil, he wanted me to play golf.

MARY: I know, I know...Say Jack, if you're really serious about trading in your car, you better do it now.

JACK: Now? Well, Mary, maybe I ought to *just* ---

(SOUND: SEVERAL MUFFLED THUMPS)

JACK: DENNIS, QUIET DOWN THERE....Mary, do you really think I should trade my car in?

MARY: Yes, <sup>d</sup> and I know you...if you put it off, you'll never do it.

JACK: Well.....

MARY: Jack, if you do it now, I'll go with you. Come on, let's go.

JACK: Well.....All right....maybe I can get a good trade-in.

ROCHESTER, GET MY CAR OUT, WILL YOU PLEASE?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR ... HORN ... FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: Rochester, the traffic's pretty heavy....take it easy.

MARY: Jack, what kind of a car do you think you'll get?

JACK: *well* I'm not sure...all of the new models look so nice, and they have so many novel features....You know, Mary, maybe I oughta get a Nash. I like the way the seats make up into beds...

MARY: (LAUGHS)



JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You'll have the only car in the country that takes in boarders.

JACK: I wasn't thinking of that, Mary...I just thought that---

ROCH: SAY BOSS, HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN DRIVING?

JACK: <sup>About</sup> ~~Exactly~~ fourteen minutes.

ROCH: THEN I BETTER FIND A SERVICE STATION FAST.

MARY: A service station? What's wrong, Rochester?

ROCH: NOTHING YET...BUT EVERY TIME <sup>this</sup> ~~THE~~ CAR DRIVES FIFTEEN MINUTES, THE RADIATOR HEATS UP AND-----

(SOUND: POP...TERRIFIC WHOOSHING SPLASHING NOISE)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.

MARY: Rochester, did all that water come from the radiator?

ROCH: IT AIN'T FROM THE LITTLE WHITE CLOUD THAT CRIED.

JACK: Hmm...Rochester, what does the water guage say?

ROCH: HAVE FAITH IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER.

JACK: Now stop that and pull over.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JD

JACK: Well...I guess we'll just have to sit here a few minutes now until it cools off.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JANE: Say Emily...Emily...Isn't that Jack Benny over there?

GLORIA: Where?

JANE: Over there, in that Stanley Steamer!

GLORIA: Martha, that isn't a Stanley Steamer...It's a Maxwell  
that blew its top.

JANE: Then it is my dream man...Steady, girl, steady.

GLORIA: You really have a crush on him, haven't you?

JANE: Yes...did you see him on his last television show?

GLORIA: Uh huh.

JANE: When he choked Barbara Stanwyck, how I wish it had been me.

GLORIA: You know, Martha, he does his next television show two weeks from today.

JANE: In two weeks? Oh I'm ~~so~~ sorry you told me, I'll be a nervous wreck waiting.

GLORIA: I know, I know.

JANE: And Emily, I've got a confession to make..This month I sent Mr. Benny a Valentine poem.

GLORIA: Did he get it?

JANE: He must have, I put it in my laundry bundle.

GLORIA: In your laundry bundle? I'll bet he didn't even answer it.

JANE: He did too...he wrote:

Your lovely poem  
Made me shake and shiver,  
And starting March First  
We pick up and deliver!

DH

GLORIA: That was very sweet...Well, come on, Martha, or we'll be late for the wrestling matches.

JANE: Oh yes.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: .....Rochester, the car should be cool enough now...  
Let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR UP AND SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

MARY: Jack, this street we're coming to is Figueroa...That's Automobile Row.

JACK: Yeah...Turn right here, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP FOR FEW SECONDS...SQUEALING OF TIRES...MOTOR IN B.G.)

JACK: Gosh...Look at all the automobile dealers on this street...  
(READING) ...The Smiling Irishman...<sup>The</sup>Lucky Dutchman.....  
Mad Man Muntz....Psychiatric Sam...Wild Man Pritchard...Ah,  
here's the place we want...Just Plain Bill....Stop in front  
of this place, Rochester.

(SOUND: CAR COMES TO STOP..LOUSY CAR DOOR OPENS  
AND CLOSES)

JACK: Come on, Mary. *She's gonna look at the new cars first.*

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Gosh Jack, they certainly have some beautiful cars on display here.

JACK: Yes...

KEARNS: How do you do. May I help you?

JACK: Yes....I'm thinking of buying a new car.

KEARNS: Well, you've come to the right place. Were you thinking of any particular type?

JACK: Well....this car here looks awfully nice.

MARY: Yes, Jack...It's really a sporty looking number.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS) <sup>a</sup>

KEARNS: Get inside and see how roomy it is.

JACK: Okay....

(SOUND: SCUFFLING NOISES)

JACK: It sure is comfortable and...say...what are these buttons? *See?*

KEARNS: Oh, those are for the windows...I'll show you how they work.

(SOUND: HUMMING SOUND OF WINDOW GOING UP)

JACK: Gee!

KEARNS: Didn't you know the new cars had automatic window lifts?

MARY: He didn't even know they had windows.

JACK: Mary, please!...What other new features do they have?

KEARNS: I'm glad you asked that. <sup>now</sup> This is the only car on the market that comes equipped with the dynaflex superflowing, uni-jet turbovasculator which is synchromeshed with the multi-coil, hydro-tension, duo-vacuum dynamometer.

JACK: Gosh, what does that do for the car?

KEARNS: It empties the ash tray.

JACK: Well, that's quite a feature...Do you think I ought to get this car, Mary?

DH

ATX01 01B1B11

MARY: *Oh*, Certainly...I wouldn't think of having a car that's not equipped with the dynaflex super-flowing, uni-jet- turbo-vasculator which is synchromeshed with the multi-coil hydro-tension duo-vacuum dynamometer.

JACK: *She's got it right, but she missed the laser, you - you know, the more*  
Yes, the more I see of this car, the more I like it...But tell me, Mister...Mister..

KEARNS: Call me Plain Bill.

JACK: Well look, Plain Bill. *what's all these - - -* What're all these other buttons for?

KEARNS: *well -* They're for the heater..the lights..and the top.

JACK: Uh huh...but what's this red button for?

KEARNS: Oh..that red button is for emergencies.

JACK: Emergencies?

KEARNS: Yes...like if you stall the car on the railroad tracks and a train is coming at a hundred miles an hour, you press the red button.

JACK: And that gets the car off the tracks?

KEARNS: No, it puts a tag on your big toe.

JACK: *Hummm.*

MARY: *You know -* You know, Jack..this is one of the prettiest convertibles I've ever seen...Why don't you take it?

JACK: I think I will, Mary...Tell me, Plain Bill, *what's the - - -* what's the price of this car?

KEARNS: Four thousand two hundred dollars.

MARY: .....Say Mister.....do the windshield wipers on this car...squirt water when you press the button?

KEARNS: Yes.

MARY: Well, squirt some on him, he fainted.

BD

JACK: I didn't faint, Mary...It's just that four thousand two hundred dollars is a lot of money.

KEARNS: But don't forget we do make liberal allowances on trade-ins.

JACK: Well, my car is right outside. Suppose you come along with us and appraise it.

KEARNS: I'll be happy to. If you'll pardon me for just a moment, I'll go and get my appraisal book.

JACK: Certainly...You know, Mary, maybe you're right about my getting another car. After all, I've had my Maxwell since --

MARY: Jack...Jack...isn't that Don Wilson over there looking at a new car.

JACK: Yeah...Gee, Mary...Don didn't tell me (BEGINS TO FADE) he was thinking of buying a new car...I was with him yesterday and he didn't even mention --

RUBIN: Well Mister, how do you like it?

DON: <sup>Oh, say, that</sup> ~~is~~ the prettiest convertible I ever saw....How much is it?

RUBIN: Forty eight hundred dollars.

DON: Forty eight hundred dollars?

RUBIN: That includes the initials on the door.

DON: Well, that's fine...will you get the man who puts the initials on?

RUBIN: I'll do it myself right now. What initials would you like?

DON: L S M F T.

RUBIN: You have three middle names?

DON: No no, L S M F T means Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.  
RUBIN: Oh....I see.  
DON: And put a dash between LS and M F T.  
RUBIN: A dash..like this?  
DON: That's it....Now, could you make the dash so it looks like a  
Lucky Strike Cigarette?  
RUBIN: Sure...How's that?  
DON: Fine, fine..Only could you make that Lucky Strike round and  
firm and fully packed?  
RUBIN: Sure...Watch this.  
DON: Uh, uh, uh...careful...no loose ends.  
RUBIN: I'll be careful...<sup>Here, you are</sup>~~There~~ it's all finished..  
DON: Good...How much is that?  
RUBIN: I told you...the car is forty-eight hundred dollars.  
DON: I don't want the car, I just want the door.  
RUBIN: The door? Very well.

(SOUND: LOUD RIPPING OF DOOR OFF CAR)

RUBIN: There you are.  
DON: Just charge it to my account.  
RUBIN: Yes sir.  
MARY: <sup>Jack</sup> Jack, did you see that?  
JACK: Yes, Mary. You should see Don's garage. No cars, just doors.  
KEARNS: <sup>Done</sup> Sorry to have kept you waiting. Shall we go?  
JACK: Yes, Plain Bill.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STONE FLOOR...DOOR OPENS...

FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

KEARNS: <sup>well,</sup> ~~Now~~ which one of these cars is yours?  
JACK: This is it right here.

KEARNS: Oh, you're joking.

JACK: Well...I'll admit it doesn't look like much right now, but a little paint and polish, and she'll be as good as new.

ROCH: WHAT DID YOU GET, BOSS..A CONVERTIBLE OR A SEDAN?

JACK: *well*, Nothing yet..This gentleman is going to appraise ours..Now Plain Bill.. my car has a lot of advantages that the new cars haven't got.

ROCH: YEAH, IF YOU LIKE TEA, IT BOILS WATER EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES.

JACK: Oh stop...This man is a good judge of cars...Now, Plain Bill...get in and I'll show you how it runs...Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: TINNY DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: Start the car, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: STARTER...ENTIRE..MEL TAKES UP AND GOES THROUGH ENTIRE GAMUT OF COUGHS AND SNEEZES... MOTOR DIES.)

JACK: ~~Hmm~~...Gee, the motor seems to be laboring a little harder than usual.

MARY: Jack, it's February.

BB

RTX01 0181815



JACK: Oh yes, <sup>ya</sup> Try it again, Rochester.

(SOUND: STARTER..STARTER..MEL JOINS IN..THIS TIME  
IT CATCHES AND STARTS..CAR GOES AND SUSTAIN  
IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: <sup>ah</sup> There it goes.

ROCH: DO YOU WANT ME TO DRIVE AROUND THE BLOCK, BOSS?

KEARNS: Just a second..If I'm going to appraise this car, I'd better  
drive. <sup>a</sup>

ROCH: NO, I'LL DRIVE, YOU SHOVEL THE COAL.

JACK: Never mind..You better let him drive, <sup>Plain - No more - his</sup> ~~Bill~~..He's more used  
to it.

KEARNS: Well, <sup>it is</sup> it's irregular...but okay.

(SOUND: CAR GOES FOR FEW SECONDS)

JACK: See, I told you...It rides very smoothly, doesn't it?

KEARNS: <sup>oh, it's</sup> Not bad!

~~(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE)~~

~~JACK: What was that that passed us?~~

~~ROCH: DON WILSON AND HELS ONLY GOT A DOOR...~~

JACK: ~~Oh~~. Now, Plain Bill, How much of a trade-in do you think you  
can give me on my car?

KEARNS: Well...let me see..(HALF MUMBLING)...There's a little rubber <sup>left</sup>  
on the tires....the body needs a paint job...the upholstery  
isn't too bad...the motor runs...(UP)...Lock, would the deal  
include the car's radio?

JACK: Yes, yes, <sup>now</sup> How much will you allow me on the car including  
the radio?

KEARNS: Three dollars.

BD

JACK: What! <sup>Three</sup> I wouldn't think of trading in this car for three dollars...It's perfect mechanically...They don't make cars like this today...Everything built to last for years and give you <sup>the most</sup> excellent service and--

(SOUND: LOUD WHOOSHING AND SPLASHING OF ESCAPING STEAM)

MARY: Oh, Plain Bill?

KEARNS: Yes?

MARY: Lemon or cream?

JACK: Lemon in mine, Mary...Now Bill, all kidding aside, how much will you allow me on my car?

KEARNS: (MAD) I TOLD YOU, THREE DOLLARS AND THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU FOR THIS PIECE OF JUNK.

JACK: JUNK!! .... That settles it..Rochester, stop the car.

(SOUND: SQUEAL OF BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

JACK: Plain Bill, I'll thank you to get out!....

KEARNS: It <sup>will</sup> ~~be~~ be a pleasure...Goodbye.

(SOUND: TINNY GETTING OUT OF CAR)

JACK: Rochester, take me home.

BB

ATX01 01B1817

ROCH: YOU KNOW, BOSS, IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET A NEW CAR, WHY  
DON'T YOU HAVE THIS ONE FIXED UP..PUT SOME OF THOSE MODERN  
THINGS ON IT.

JACK: Like what?

ROCH: LIKE THE DYNAFLEX SUPERFLOWING UNI-JET TURBO-VASCULATOR WHICH  
IS SYNCHROMESHED WITH THE MULTI-COIL, HYDRO-TENSION DUO-VACUUM  
DYNAMOMETER.

JACK: No, then I'd just have to go out and buy an ash tray...Step  
on it, Rochester, I wanta get home.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

BD

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the chief hope of our enemies is to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice. A divided America is a weak America. Through our behavior we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first ...

BB

ATX01 01B1819

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1952  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, whenever you want the smooth, mellow completely enjoyable taste of truly fine tobacco -- reach for a Lucky! For the difference between "just smoking" and really enjoying your smoke, is the taste of a cigarette and Luckies taste better -- for two important reasons..first, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better -- in fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, you'll Be Happy when you Go Lucky because Luckies taste better -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. So next time you buy cigarettes -- try a carton of Luckies! You'll find Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181820

(TAG)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR UP...HORN..MOTOR FADES TO B.G.)

MARY: Jack, are you gonna stop off at any other car dealers?

JACK: No no, I've made up my mind. I'm going home..This one will have to do until--

(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack..Jack..what happened. Your hair is gone.

ROCH: IT'S MY FAULT, MISS LIVINGSTONE. I NEVER SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN BY MAX FACTOR'S.

JACK: All right, ~~all right~~, let them keep it. *Let them keep it.*

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: The Jack Benny program is brought to you by Lucky Strike-- product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

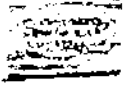
The Jack Benny program has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy show which follows immediately.

This is the C.B.S. Radio Network.

BD

ATX01 0181821



MX01 0181822

PROGRAM #25  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1952

C.B.S.

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA)

NO BROADCAST

ATX01 0181823



-A-

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, smoking enjoyment depends on taste - and taste alone! Yes, in a cigarette, it's the taste that makes the difference - and you can taste the difference in a Lucky Strike -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. Yes, Luckies taste better, and here's why...first LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco....fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better. In fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, that's a fact, established by tests measuring those important factors of workmanship that affect the taste of cigarettes -- tests made in the research laboratory of the American Tobacco Company and verified by leading independent laboratory consultants. So, remember, your smoking enjoyment depends on taste -- and taste alone -- and you'll find Luckies taste better! -- Always so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh with better taste in every puff! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3-NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

DH

ATX01 0181824

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA..THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM,  
STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS,  
ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..ONCE AGAIN WE'RE BROADCASTING FROM  
PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA..THIS BEING SUCH A ROMANTIC SPOT,  
<sup>I'd</sup>  
~~I WOULD~~ LIKE TO MAKE THE OPENING INTRODUCTION WITH A LITTLE  
POEM...

JACK: A poem?

DON: NESTLED IN THE HILLS  
FAR AWAY FROM CARE  
IS A PLACE WE GO  
TO BREATHE THE DESERT AIR.  
AND THERE OUT BY THE POOL,  
FAR FROM STRIFE AND TOIL,  
IS OUR BLUE-EYED STAR  
SELLING SUN TAN OIL .... AND HERE HE IS..JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: <sup>Thank you</sup> Thank you, thank you, thank you....Hello again, this is  
Jack Benny talking..and Don, since we're in a poetic mood,  
I've written a poem for you, too.

DON: You have?

JACK: Yes.....I did not like your jingle,  
And if one more joke you tell,  
It's Bon Voyage Don Wilson  
And Welcome Home VonZelle.....<sup>OK</sup> So let's not  
have any more of your poems, eh, Henry Wadsworth  
Fatfellow....Hmm?

DON: *Jack*, Wait a minute, Jack...If you get fresh with me, I'll follow you around all day and keep you in the shade.

JACK: Oh yes, <sup>if you</sup> I'm sorry...Well anyway, it's sure good to get back to Palm Springs, isn't it, Don?

DON: Yes Jack, I always have a wonderful time here.

JACK: I do too..particularly because a fellow can have such privacy here .. You know, Don, yesterday I passed a big crowd in front of the drug store and not one person turned around or even bothered to look at me.

DON: Really? Well Jack, why was there such a crowd gathered?

JACK: They were getting Eddie Cantor's autograph...Imagine.

DON: ~~Now wait a minute~~ <sup>But</sup>, Jack. If you say people here have so much privacy, why did they ask Eddie Cantor for his autograph?

JACK: They didn't ask him.

DON: ~~What?~~ *They didn't?*

JACK: *no*, Don, when a man stops you on the street, sings two choruses of "Ida", then stamps his name on your forehead, there's nothing you can do about it...<sup>what an eager</sup> What an eager beaver.

DON: Jack, you're just mad at Eddie because he beat you on the golf course yesterday.

JACK: Sure, but he wouldn't have beaten me if he had played fair.

DON: Fair?

JACK: Yes..imagine this, Don..When we both got on the last green, just as I was getting ready to putt, he put down a dime to mark his ball.

DON: What's wrong with that?

JACK: He divided my point of interest....Then when I missed the putt, I got so mad, I took a swing at the dime and sliced it right into my pocket....It was the first hole in one I ever made....Anyway, Don, I'm glad you mentioned golf because tonight our program is dedicated to the formal opening of the new Tamarisk Country Club here in Palm Springs...And it's really one of the most beautiful golf courses in the --

PHIL: (COMING IN) PARDON ME, BUT DOES THIS DULL TWO-SOME MIND IF A FUNNY MAN PLAYS THROUGH .... H'YA, FOLKS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, look who's here..Sir Thomas Beecham...Say Phil, Don and I were just talking about Tamarisk, the beautiful new golf course..And since you're such a good golfer, Phil, you'll love it.

PHIL: *Yes,* I know, Jackson..I played in the tournament out there yesterday..it's a great course.

JACK: Say I thought I saw you out there yesterday, Phil. You were playing with some of your musicians, weren't you?

PHIL: No.

JACK: But I saw Remley, Sammy and Fletcher going around the course with you.

PHIL: Yeah, but they weren't playing..Remley was carrying my bag.

JACK: Well, what was Sammy doing?

PHIL: He was carrying Remley.

JACK: Oh...well, what was Fletcher doing?

PHIL: He was carrying the stuff that made it necessary for Sammy to carry Remley.

JACK: Oh yes..Remley is your handicap.

PHIL: He ain't no water hazard.

JACK: I know, I know..

PHIL: Hey Jackson, how about you and me playing out at Tamarisk some day?

JACK: Okay, maybe we can make a match.

PHIL: *Yeah*, What do you usually go around in?

JACK: Well, my handicap is...*Wait* a minute..wait a minute..

(ASIDE) *Don - watch me* Hey Don, "watch me get him this time...(UP) Phil, say that again, will you?

PHIL: Say what again?

JACK: What do you usually go around in?

PHIL: Shorts or slacks depending on the weather. (LAUGHS IT UP)  
HA HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, SAMMY MAY BE CARRYING REMLEY, BUT YOU'RE CARRYING THIS PROGRAM,

JACK: Phil..Phil..if that joke is carrying the program, I'd rather it dragged a ~~little~~ *bit*...Anyway, Phil, I'll play golf with you any time you want to.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson..How much you wanta bet?

JACK: I don't wanta bet anything. All I want you to do is every time we get on the green, mark your ball with a dime.

PHIL: *What? A dime - why?*

JACK: I've got a slice that'll make me a fortune...Say Don, if you'd like to play at Tamarisk sometime, I'll get you a --

PHIL: Hey Jackson, I heard you and Don reciting poetry before.

JACK: So what?

PHIL: *Hey*, I've got one that's a pip.

JACK: *You have?* *A poem*

PHIL: Yeah, it's about the weather. <sup>that we had yesterday</sup> Listen to this --

I was getting some sun  
Then I went inside  
Cause the Little White Cloud

JACK: <sup>Don't that cute. That's very cute.</sup> Say Phil, that was pretty good. I expected something--

Oh, hello, Dennis-- <sup>you know</sup>

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny. Hello, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Dennis, I hope you're having as much fun in Palm Springs as we are.

DENNIS: I sure am, but boy, am I tired!

JACK: Tired? What have you been doing?

DENNIS: Well, last night I went to the movies and I had to stand for two hours.

JACK: That crowded, eh?

DENNIS: No, there was plenty of room.

JACK: Then why did you have to stand in the movies?

DENNIS: I went to a drive-in and <sup>I</sup> didn't have a car.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Dennis, <sup>how did you get into</sup> ~~they won't let you in a drive-in~~ without a car.

DENNIS: <sup>sh</sup> I was carrying an umbrella and they thought I was a convertible.

JACK: <sup>sh</sup> Now stop being silly..and what's that on your nose?

DENNIS: A windshield wiper.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: (SHAKES HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE, GOING) PSSSST, PSSSST, PSSSST, PSSSST.

JACK: Now cut that out ...windshield wiper.. I suppose that thing on your forehead is your license number.

DENNIS: No, Eddie Cantor's autograph.

JACK: Oh yes, yes .. Now Dennis, stop being silly and answer me..Are you having a good time?

DENNIS: I'll say. Friday night I went to the Chi Chi and saw Sally Rand...I never laughed so hard in all my life.

JACK: You know, Don, the weather here has been so beautiful *today* ~~this~~ --

PHIL: *Wait a minute - hold it, let's go back here a minute - look at the kid*  
Wait a minute, ~~Jackson~~..didn't you listen to what ~~the kid~~ just said?

JACK: *I* Listened to it, heard it, and ignored it.

PHIL: Well, I ~~can't~~ *quit a genre* ignore it...Dennis..you went to the Chi Chi and saw Sally Rand's act?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

PHIL: The Sally Rand?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

PHIL: And when you saw Sally Rand's act.....you..laughed?

DENNIS: Yeah, I was sitting up <sup>so</sup> close, ~~and~~ those fans tickled.

JACK: Don't look to me for sympathy, Phil. Years of experience *years of experience* have taught me that the only way to get along with Dennis is to have nothing more to do with him than is necessary... Like this for instance..Now Dennis..we're doing a program and you have to do a song.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: What song are you going to sing?

DENNIS: The Date Boats Are Coming.

JACK: You mean Shrimp Boats.

DENNIS: This is Palm Springs, Bud.

JACK: Never mind, when I ask you to sing your song, all I want you to do is go to the microphone and--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it, kid...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

FARRELL: Hello, everybody.

DON: Jack, look, it's Charlie Farrell, star of Seventh Heaven.

(APPLAUSE)

FARRELL: Well Jack, here I am and I'm all ready to --

JACK: Charlie, there must be some mistake..this week we're not doing Murder at the Racquet Club.

FARRELL: Oh, then I'll go take the body out of the pool. Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: I can't understand it..Every time we come to Palm Springs Charlie Farrell always wants us to do Murder At The---

DENNIS: If you'll shut up, I'll sing.

JACK: Oh yes...<sup>the</sup>Go ahead, ~~kid~~ and sing, ~~kid~~.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."MISTAKES")

(APPLAUSE)



(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *That was* That was "Mistakes" sung by Dennis Day and accompanied by Phil Harris and his Stumbling Tumbleweed Orchestra...And now, folks, I'd like to--

PHIL: Hold it, *explain, just a minute* Jackson, hold it.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: *I mean* Look..I don't mind so much when we're at home, but when we're out of town, *let's be making* don't ~~make~~ *the* ~~them~~ insulting remarks about ~~my~~ orchestra, *huh?*

JACK: Well Phil, I've got a right to make comments about your band. After all, who's the star of this show?

PHIL: When I see my pay check, I know it ain't me.

JACK: Oh. stop complaining.

PHIL: I'm not complaining, Jackson. It's just that I'd like to pay income tax like everybody else.

JACK: What?

PHIL: They don't even think I'm a citizen.

JACK: Phil, *Phil* the only reason people don't think you're a citizen is because with that bottle of Lord Calvert in your hand all the time you look like an Englishman. *even a little one of each, a little laugh?* S. don't argue with me about money, salary, or any--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, it's <sup>certainly</sup> nice seeing you..What are you doing here in Palm Springs?

ARTIE: Oh, I just came down for a little visit.

JACK: <sup>Oh,</sup> Good, good .. <sup>where</sup> Where are you living?

ARTIE: At the Hacienda Paseo De La Sol.

JACK: <sup>The</sup> Hacienda Paseo de la Sol?

ARTIE: Sol <sup>is</sup> my brother-in-law.

JACK: Oh..oh. <sup>his</sup> He's married to your sister?

ARTIE: Yes, her name is Hacienda.

JACK: Oh, what about Paseo?

ARTIE: He's a silent partner.

JACK: Oh, I see..Well tell me, Mr. Kitzel, is your <sup>your wife is</sup> wife here with you?

ARTIE: Yes, and ~~have we been~~ <sup>all we</sup> having fun..We go swimming..we play tennis..and this morning my wife rented a bicycle built for two.

JACK: Oh, and you both went for a ride.

ARTIE: No, just her.

JACK: Then why did she get a bicycle built for two?

ARTIE: Believe me, she can use it.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you mean your .. your wife is on the heavy side?

ARTIE: If it was only on the side, I wouldn't mind it.

JACK: Oh, well, what's the difference. As long as you're in love wither, Mr. Kitzel, that's all that matters.

ARTIE: That's what I keep telling myself...Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: So long, Mr. Kitzel...Thanks for dropping in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, it seems that everybody's in Palm Springs this week.

DON: You know, Jack, I'm glad I'm here, too, because I did some research on this community that I'm sure will please our sponsor very much.

JACK: Please the sponsor? Why?

DON: Well, what's the name of the company that makes Lucky Strike cigarettes?

JACK: The American Tobacco Company.

DON: That's right..Now, who were the earliest Americans in America?

JACK: Why, the Indians, of course.

DON: That's right..Now here around Palm Springs there are many Indians..So yesterday I went out in the desert till I met some members of the tribe that first settled Palm Springs... The Caweela Indians.

JACK: The Caweelas?

DON: Yes, and do you know what these Indians said to me?

JACK: No, Don..what?

DON: (GIVES INDIAN WAR WHOOP)

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes <sup>what else -</sup> What else did they say? <sup>Don ... ?</sup>

DON: (AS INDIAN) ME..LIKE-UM LUCKY STRIKE..ME..SEND-UM SMOKE SIGNALS..LS / MFT-UM..LS / MFT-UM.

JACK: T-um?

DON: YOU BETCHUM..LUCKY STRIKE HEAP ROUND..HEAP FIRM..HEAP FULLY PACKED..HEAP FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Now look, Don.

DON: NO CALL ME DON..ME HEAP BIG INDIAN CHIEF,

JACK: You big heap, that's all *and I got another word, here* ..Ugh.

(SOUND: INDIAN TOM TOMS)

JACK: What's that?

DON: SHHH..THEY SEND-UM SIGNALS FROM RESERVATION.

(SOUND: MORE TOM TOMS)

DON: IT SAY..ONLY FINE TOBACCO CAN GIVE-UM GOOD TASTE IN CIGARETTE, AND DON'T LET ANY DRUM TELL YOU DIFFERENT.

JACK: Don, that was very good.

(SOUND: HORSE GALLOPING AWAY)

JACK: What are those horses hooves?

DON: (INDIAN) Commercial finished, take-um plug back to reservation.

JACK: Oh, me Catch-um on, me Catch-um ... And Don, that was a very educational commercial..but you made one little mistake..It was the Tahquitz Indians who founded Palm Springs...not the Caweelas.

DON: *he* no, You're wrong, Jack..it was the Caweelas.

JACK: I'm not wrong, Don..I'll prove that I'm right...There are quite a few Indians in the audience so I'll ask one of them. *get ask* ..I'll ask that one in the front row..he must be a chief..he's wearing a head dress...Excuse me..but was it the Tahquitz Indians or the Caweelas who founded Palm Springs?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, what tribe do you belong to?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, where's your reservation?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: You don't know anything..you're a fine Indian.

RUBIN: I'm not an Indian.

JACK: Then how come you're wearing those feathers in your hair?

RUBIN: I went to the Chi Chi last night and sat too close.

JACK: Oh...Well, then Smarty..if you went there last night you must be an Indian because I know you had a reservation...  
(LAUGHS IT UP)...Hey, that was pretty funny, wasn't it, Dennis?

DENNIS: (A LA RUBIN) I don't know.

JACK: Look, Dennis, why don't you just --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

JENNY: I have a long distance call for Jack Benny.

JACK: This is Jack Benny.

JENNY: It's collect.....Hello...Hello....

JACK: I'm here, I'm here...A collect call, huh? ... Operator, find out who's calling.

JENNY: Just a moment...Mr. Benny will not accept the charges till he knows who's calling.

ROCH: TELL HIM IT'S LANA TURNER.

JACK: ROCHESTER!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I thought you'd be down here by now. Where are you calling from?

ROCH: <sup>From</sup> POMONA.

JACK: Pomona? What did you stop there for?

ROCH: I GOT A FLAT TIRE.

JACK: Oh, that's bad.

ROCH: NO, THAT'S GOOD, IT WAS LAYING IN THE ROAD AND IT'S BETTER THAN THE ONE WE HAD ON.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: IF I FIND THREE MORE I'LL BE THERE BY MORNING.

JACK: Well, you better be here by morning. I'm gonna play golf and I want you to caddy for me.

ROCH: OH BOSS, I HATE TO CADDY FOR YOU AT PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Oh stop complaining. <sup>Pomona is</sup> ~~It's~~ a very level course..there's nothing tough about it.

ROCH: NOTHIN' FOR YOU, BUT HOW ABOUT ME? .. I HAVE TO CARRY A GOLF BAG, TWELVE CLUBS, A BASKET OF SANDWICHES, A GALLON OF LEMONADE, A FIRST AID KIT, AND A PARASOL!

JACK: So what?

ROCH: YOU DON'T NEED A CADDY, YOU NEED A BURRO!

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

ROCH: I DON'T...REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME I WENT OUT LOADED DOWN LIKE THAT?

JACK: What happened?

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

JACK: Well, <sup>why</sup> did you go with him?

ROCH: 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.

ROCH: OKAY I'LL DO IT, BUT DO ME A FAVOR THIS TIME, WILL YOU?  
JACK: What is it?  
ROCH: IF WE LOSE A BALL, LET'S FORGET IT, THOSE BLOOD-HOUNDS ARE  
HARD TO HANDLE.  
JACK: Okay, okay...goodbye.  
ROCH: GOODBYE..OH, SAY, BOSS..  
JACK: Now what?  
ROCH: AREN'T YOU DOING ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOW NEXT SUNDAY,  
MARCH NINTH ON ~~THE~~ C.B.S. NETWORK AT FOUR-THIRTY P.M.  
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME?  
JACK: That's right, why?  
ROCH: YOU'RE PAYING FOR THIS PHONE CALL, LET'S PUT A COMMERCIAL  
IN IT.  
JACK: Oh yes..yes..Thank you, Rochester..Goodbye.  
ROCH: GOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen, in honor of the opening of  
Palm Springs newest golf course, Tamarisk, we are going  
to do a --  
DON: ~~Jack~~ Jack, before we go any further, I must tell you something  
and I know you're gonna be surprised.  
JACK: Surprised? What is it, Don?  
DON: There's a friend of yours who also belongs to Tamarisk and  
he'd like to come on and say a few words.  
JACK: A friend of mine? .... Is it ~~George~~ <sup>George</sup> Anderson, the President  
of Tamarisk?  
DON: No.

JACK: Is it Ben Hogan, the Pro at Tamarisk?

DON: No.

JACK: Well, who is it?

DON: Danny Kaye...COME ON IN, DANNY.

JACK: Danny Kaye!

(DANNY KAYE COMES OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, hello, Danny.

DANNY: Hello, ~~Jack.~~ *Jack Benny.*

JACK: But Danny, this is such a surprise, coming right out on my program..it's..it's..well, it's..it's..

DANNY: *Oh,* Stop stuttering, I'm not gonna charge you for it.

JACK: Oh..oh.

DANNY: Now Jack, the reason I'm here is *well* because every time you come to Palm Springs you always do an informal show, *isn't*

JACK: *That right?*  
That's right.

DANNY: Well, some of ~~us~~ *the* boys at the club cooked up an idea that I'm sure ~~you'll~~ *you're gonna like.*

JACK: What is it?

DANNY: Well, we decided to form a quartet and sing the song you wrote.

JACK: My song? .. "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

DANNY: Suddenly I'm sick.

JACK: What?

DANNY: Anyway, Jack, the other three fellows are right outside..  
*Can*  
~~Shall~~ I call them in?

JACK: Three fellows? Who are they?



DANNY: Frank Sinatra, George Burns, and Groucho Marx...COME ON  
OUT, -BOYS: *fellows.*

(SINATRA, BURNS & MARX COME OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well....George..Frankie..and Groucho..Hello, fellows.

GEORGE: Hello.

FRANKIE: Hello.

GROUCHO: Hello..There's brilliant dialogue.

JACK: ~~Never mind,~~ *well* Groucho..Welcome to the show *fellows* and if you say  
the magic word, you get a bottle of sun tan oil.

FRANKIE: ~~Hey~~ *hey* Jack, that reminds me, *Jack. that reminds me -* that bottle of sun tan oil  
you sold me was *too* greasy, *much* and Boy, was I embarrassed!

JACK: Why, what happened?

FRANKIE: Yesterday *when* I put some on *and* slipped right out of my suit.

JACK: No kidding?

GEORGE: Look fellows, I came here to sing, ~~now~~ <sup>so</sup> let's do it and get  
it over with. *Okay.*

GROUCHO: *George: When you say it --* *danny: Hold it, hold, not yet, not yet.*  
Okay *..* (VOCALIZING) I-I-I-I-I-I-I.

JACK: Groucho, that's Me me me me.

GROUCHO: I may sing lousy, but I'm grammatically correct. *d-d-d-d-d.*

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.

GROUCHO: I'm Groucho.

JACK: Now look, fellows--

DANNY: ~~Yeah,~~ *fellows,* boys, come on, let's sing Jack's song.

JACK: And fellows, I want to tell you how much I appreciate  
your coming over to do it. No one but real friends...  
real pals...would give up a Sunday afternoon just to come  
over here and do this wonderful song that I--

GEORGE: Jack--

JACK: What?

GEORGE: Shut up.

JACK: Oh.

DANNY: All right, fellows...let's take it.

FRANKIE: What key do we sing it in? *Danny?*

GROUCHO: It'll help if we all take different ones.

JACK: Look, boys--

DANNY: *All right* All right, fellows..let's go. *Can we have a nice introduction, fellows.*

(INTRO)  
*Danny!*

QUART: WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,  
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU,  
WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU  
I'LL RETURN.  
LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO  
RETURN TO CAPISTRANO  
FOR YOU MY HEART WILL ALWAYS, ALWAYS YEARN.  
WHEN YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE SORRY  
THEN I WILL UNDERSTAND  
NEATH THE HARVEST MOON WE'LL PLEDGE OUR LOVE ANEW  
SO MY DARLING, THOUGH WE'VE PARTED  
COME BACK TO WHENCE WE STARTED  
AND SWEETHEART, THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

(SECOND CHORUS HOT)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, the chief hope of our enemies is to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice. A divided America is a weak America. Through our behaviour we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first ...

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, whenever you want the smooth, mellow completely enjoyable taste of truly fine tobacco -- reach for a Lucky! For the difference between "just smoking" and really enjoying your smoke, is the taste of a cigarette and Luckies taste better -- for two important reasons .. first, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. There's no substitute for fine tobacco and don't let anybody tell you different. Second, Luckies are made to taste better -- in fact, they're the best made of all five principal brands. Yes, you'll Be Happy when you Go Lucky because Luckies taste better -- so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff. So next time you buy cigarettes -- try a carton of Luckies! You'll find Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Danny Kaye, George Burns, Frank Sinatra, ~~and~~ Groucho Marx <sup>and Benny Rubin</sup> for appearing on my program today..We'll be back with you next Sunday on radio at the same time and on television a half hour later when I hope you will all be watching.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Hello, is this Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Is this the Jack Benny that was born in Racine, Wisconsin?

JACK: No no, I was born in Waukegan, Illinois.

MEL: Well you have got a sister named Jeanette, haven't you?

JACK: No no, <sup>no,</sup> my sister's name is Florence.

MEL: Well, are you the Jack Benny that drives a light green DeSoto?

JACK: No no, <sup>no.</sup> I have a Maxwell.

MEL: But you play the piano, don't you?

JACK: No, <sup>no - too sorry - - -</sup> I play the violin.

MEL: Oh..Well, I'm sorry..goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: <sup>Jack,</sup> Jack, who was that?

JACK: A Phone Call From A Stranger....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON:

The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco Company.. America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes...This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night presented by Lucky Strike. ~~Consult your newspaper for time~~

~~and station.~~

~~The Jack Benny program has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.~~

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately.

THIS IS THE C.B.S. RADIO NETWORK.

PROGRAM #26  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1952

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed Feb. 24, 1952)

NO DUBS

DH

ATX01 0181846

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 24, 1952)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- transcribed -- presented by  
LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, seeing is believing -- you can see for yourself that Luckies are made to taste better! Simply remove the paper from a Lucky Strike by carefully tearing down the seam, from end to end - and lift out that cylinder of fresh, clean, fine tobacco. Now in exactly the same way remove the tobacco from any other cigarette. Compare it with the perfect cylinder of fine mild tobacco taken from the Lucky. See how round and firm and fully packed the Lucky is - with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And notice how free the Lucky is of annoying loose ends that spoil the taste. This is your proof -- Luckies are made to taste better! To taste fresh and clean and smooth. Remember - in a cigarette, it's the taste that makes the difference -- and Luckies taste better. So enjoy the fresh, clean taste of fine tobacco. Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (THREE NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)



(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GELTLEMEN...IN JUST THIRTY MINUTES FROM NOW JACK BENNY WILL DO HIS FOURTH TELEVISION SHOW OF THE SEASON ON THE C.B.S. NETWORK...BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE...HE IS JUST FINISHING DRESSING...

JACK: There...I'm almost through..get me my <sup>shirt</sup> cufflinks, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR...DO YOU WANT <sup>what</sup> THE SOLID GOLD CUFF LINKS YOU GOT FROM MR. RONALD COIMAN LAST CHRISTMAS?

JACK: Wait a minute, Rochester...<sup>Mr. Colman</sup> ~~he~~ only gave me one cuff link?

ROCH: HE DIDN'T GIVE IT TO YOU, HE SWUNG AT YOU AND IT FELL OUT OF HIS SHIRT.

JACK: Oh yes, if Benita hadn't grabbed him I'd have had them both...Rochester, get my other cuff links out of the bureau.

ROCH: YES SIR...WHAT DRAWER DO YOU KEEP THEM IN, BOSS?

JACK: You oughta know...you put them away most of the time.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT YOU KEEP PUTTING ALL KINDS OF JUNK IN YOUR DRESSER...WELL, LET'S TRY THIS TOP DRAWER.

(SOUND: DRAWER BEING OPENED. LIGHT NOISES)

ROCH: NOOO...THERE'S JUST SOCKS IN HERE....A COUPLE OF HANDKERCHIEFS...AND WHAT'S THIS?

DH

ATX01 01B1848

JACK: Let me see that...Oh for heavens sakes...I forgot to return it when I left New York...It's the key to my room at the Acme Plaza....I don't know why they gave me a key...my room didn't have a door on it..No wonder they call it New York's friendliest hotel...Now see if you can find those cufflinks.

ROCH: OKAY...I'LL TRY THIS DRAWER HERE.

(SOUND: DRAWER OPENS)

ROCH: NOPE...NOTHING BUT SHIRTS HERE.

(SOUND: DRAWER CLOSES...DRAWER OPENS)

ROCH: NOTHING IN THIS DRAWER BUT UNDERWEAR.

JACK: Maybe I threw those cufflinks in with my underwear.

ROCH: I'LL FLIP THE FLAP AND SEE...

JACK: Well, hurry up and find them. Miss Livingstone's waiting in the den for me. She's going to drive me to the studio for my T.V. show.

(SOUND: DRAWER CLOSES)

ROCH: THEY WEREN'T IN THERE...I'LL TRY <sup>the</sup> THIS BOTTOM DRAWER.

(SOUND: DRAWER OPENS...LIGHT NOISES)

ROCH: NO....I DON'T SEE THEM IN HERE...THERE'S JUST SOME MUFFLERS...  
...GLOVES...AND THIS GOLF BALL.

JACK: Careful..put that ball back...I wouldn't lose it for anything.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'VE BEEN SAVING THIS GOLF BALL FOR YEARS...WHY DON'T YOU USE IT?

JACK: Not that golf ball, Rochester...I'll treasure it always... that ball gave me one of the biggest thrills I ever got on a golf course.

DH

ROCH: THRILLS?

JACK: Yes Rochester, I'll never forget it.

ROCH: WHAT HAPPENED?

JACK: Some fellow hit me with it and I collected five thousand dollars....Now, Rochester...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS (OFF) )

JACK: OH MARY, WILL YOU ANSWER THE PHONE, PLEASE?

MARY: (OFF) YES, JACK.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS (ON) RECEIVER UP)

MARY: (ON) Hello...

PHIL: Well...I was expecting the Shrimp Boat and I got the Dream Boat.

MARY: Is that you, Phil?

PHIL: This ain't no Phone Call From a Stranger.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

PHIL: By the way, Livvy... Alice and me had a couple of people over to the house Friday night and we called you...but you were out.

MARY: I know..Jack took me to the movies.

PHIL: Jackson...took you to the movies.

MARY: Uh huh.

PHIL: Passes, Dutch, or do you have an item for Ripley?

MARY: No no, Phil, he really took me..Do you want to talk to Jack?

PHIL: Yeah, yeah.

MARY: *well,* Here he comes now.

JACK: (COMING IN) Who is it, Mary?

DH

RTX01 0181850

MARY: Remley's straight man.

JACK: Oh, I'll talk to him...Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hiya Jackson...how you feeling?

JACK: I'm all right, Phil..but I guess I'm a little nervous about my television show tonight.

PHIL: Well, why don't you do what I do to calm down?

JACK: What's that?

PHIL: I have two of my musicians go around with me and every time I feel a little nervous, one of them gives me a drink of bourbon.

JACK: Oh...well, what's the other guy for?

PHIL: He's there to make me nervous.

JACK: Oh stop...what did you call for?

PHIL: <sup>Well, look</sup> Well Jackson, I've been thinking of making some changes in my band.

JACK: <sup>Well,</sup> Good, good.

PHIL: How do you know it's good. <sup>--- good ---</sup> you don't even know what I want to do.

JACK: Phil..any change you make in your orchestra even if it's only their sox and shirts, <sup>will</sup> ~~it'll~~ be an improvement...You know something, Phil...your musicians could play five numbers and still stump the experts on What's My line...  
<sup>Now what is it</sup> Now what is it you want to do with your band?

DH

ATX01 0181851

PHIL: Well...for the past few years Bagby, my piano player, has been on the left side of my orchestra...and I've been thinking of moving him over to the right side.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: Because that's where the piano is.

JACK: ~~Oh~~<sup>hell,</sup>...try it, Phil.. It may not sound good, but it will look better...Anything else, Phil?

PHIL: No..so long, Jackson.

JACK: So long.

PHIL: Hey,<sup>wait</sup> wait a minute..Livvy tells me you loosened up and treated her to the movies last night.

JACK: Well, what's so strange about that?

PHIL: If that doesn't bring Eisenhower home, nothing will.

JACK: All right, all right, goodbye.

*Phil*  
*goodbye*  
(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: You know, Mary, I can't understand it. I took you to the movies and everybody's making a big thing out of it.

MARY: I can't understand it, either..We were walking down the street, you found a five dollar bill, and you certainly can do what you want with it.

JACK: Of course...Everybody has to --

ROCH: EXCUSE ME, MR. BENNY.

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: MR. WILSON IS AT THE BACK DOOR AND HE WANTS TO SEE YOU.

JACK: Don Wilson at the back door?...Excuse me a minute, Mary.

*what can he want at the back door?*  
(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS..MORE FOOTSTEPS

ANOTHER DOOR OPENS)

DH

ATX01 0181852

JACK: Don.

DON: Hello, Jack.

JACK: For heavens sakes, <sup>why</sup> why did you come to the back door?

DON: Jack, all the way over here I even walked through the alleys.  
I don't want people to see me.

JACK: But why?

DON: Because today we do another television show...and I just can't help feeling ashamed and upset about the mistake I made on your last one.

JACK: But Don....that was six weeks ago.

DON: I know...but how could I ever have said, "Be Lucky Go Happy".. instead of "Be Happy Go Lucky"?....It was so humiliating.

JACK: Look, Don--

DON: I felt so ashamed I went home and sobbed for hours.

JACK: I know, Don, but --

DON: I just couldn't stop the tears...What an embarrassing thing to happen to a man of my dignity.

JACK: Look, Don...Don...Little Fat Crowd That Cried...<sup>Stop</sup> ~~worrying about it.~~ <sup>I'll bet I got one of the biggest laughs tonight -- now stop</sup> I'm sure you won't make the mistake again.

DON: But I can't get over making that mistake in English...Every foreign transcription I made, I was perfect.

JACK: Foreign transcription? You made transcriptions in foreign languages?

DON: <sup>Why,</sup> Certainly, Jack...Luckies are sold all over the world, and I had to study every language there is.

JACK: Gee, I didn't know that. Let me hear you say "Be Happy Go Lucky" in Spanish.

DON: <sup>See Spanish - well - - -</sup> Ser alegre andar feliz.

HB

JACK: Gee...How about Italian?  
DON: Essere beato andare propizio.  
JACK: What do you know. <sup>Here</sup> Here's one that will stick you, Don...  
Let me hear you say it in Chinese.  
DON: Won toonga, Moo gai, Yee Cheng Sing Gee You Tongahaiiiii.  
JACK: That means Be Happy Go Lucky?  
DON: Yes. (SINGS TO "BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY")  
Won toonga, moo gai-ee  
Yee chen sing, mongoola cow  
Won tonnga, moo gai-ee  
Go egg foo yung today.  
JACK: Egg foo yung?  
DON: That means No Loose Ends  
JACK: <sup>well, you had some loose ends that time, leather.</sup>  
~~it does not~~...Anyway Don, believe me I'll be very happy if  
you just get the commercial right in English.  
DON: Well that's the hardest one but I'll try...So long, Jack.  
JACK: Okay...so long, Don.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES .. WALKING FOOTSTEPS..SUSTAIN  
IN BACKGROUND)

DH

ATX01 0181854

JACK: *I wonder ---*  
 I wonder how the song I wrote would sound in Chinese...  
 (SINGS) When you say I pong gee moo gai,  
 Then I'll Cheng yee tow mong.....

MARY: *Not bad... I'll have to talk to my arranger... Mae-lon Foo.*  
 What did Don want?

JACK: He's still worried about that mistake he--

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis....I didn't know you were here.

DENNIS: I just came over to wish you luck on your T.V. show.

JACK: Oh thanks, kid.

DENNIS: Are you going to have any guest stars?

JACK: Yes *Yes*...I'm going to have Burns and Allen.

DENNIS: *Oh,* that ought to be funny...he's my favorite comedian.

JACK: ....George Burns?

DENNIS: No, Fred Allen.

JACK: *...Hnnnnnn... Look... Dennis, I'm talking about Gracie Allen.*

~~DENNIS: Oh, her.~~ *Oh, Fred - Gracie Allen that's George Burns' wife.*

~~JACK: Yes~~

~~DENNIS: You know, Gracie Allen and I could have been related.~~

~~JACK: How?~~

~~DENNIS: My father said with his luck if he had a daughter it would  
 --probably be Gracie.~~

~~JACK: Well, your father figured it out pretty well.~~

DENNIS: *Hi,* Say, Mr. Benny, I just thought of something.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I wish you'd get married.

JACK: You do, why?

DENNIS: I'd like to hit you with an old shoe.

HB



JACK: Dennis, leave me alone, will you? *Leave me alone!*

MARY: *Jack,* Jack, don't upset yourself....why don't you ignore him?

DENNIS: Yeah, ignore me.

JACK: Dennis, let me ask you something. What's come over you lately?

DENNIS: What do you mean?

HB

ATX01 0181856

JACK: Well..for a couple of years, up till last June, you were acting pretty fresh..but since then, you've been very nice and polite...~~then~~ just lately you started in acting smart alecy...What happened?

DENNIS: I got two shows again.

JACK: I know, I ~~know~~<sup>but</sup>..and you've still got a job to do on my show, so let me hear the song you're going to sing, *will you*.

DENNIS: Okay, *sure -- okay*.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG--"CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, <sup>Dennis</sup> that song is still wonderful..And there's nothing I would like more than to hear you sing another one, but I'm afraid I'll have to say goodbye.

DENNIS: Why, are you leaving?

JACK: No, you are..Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

MARY: Jack, you didn't have to push him.

JACK: Mary, <sup>sometimes</sup> that kid drives me nuts.

MARY: But Jack, don't pay any attention to him.

JACK: <sup>Jack</sup> How can I help it..Last Monday I was awakened out of a sound sleep by the telephone. When I answered it, it was Dennis. He wanted to know what time it was. I said, "It's four o'clock in the morning"..He said, "Well, this is no time to call anybody," and hung up...<sup>and you tell me not to just say</sup> How do you like that?

MARY: Well, <sup>all the time he has</sup> forget about it. You always get yourself all worked up. <sup>uh;</sup>

JACK: <sup>How can I help it?</sup> I've got a T.V. show to do tonight and he has to come in and make me nervous.

MARY: Look, Jack, they're all gone now, so why don't you go to your room and take a nap...I'll wake you up when you have to go to the studio.

JACK: Okay, Mary...What will you do?

BB

MARY: Oh, I'll stay here in the library and read a book.

JACK: Okay, ~~Mary~~...but don't let me sleep too long.

MARY: *Oh*. I won't, I won't...Go ahead, *Jack*.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Gee, Jack is certainly on edge today...Maybe the nap will do him good...<sup>Let's see</sup> Now what book can I read...Jack has a lot of them...Let's see <sup>Oh</sup> Here's one.."How To Make Money Raising Soy Beans"...Here's another one.. "How To Make Money Selling Home Made Blintzes"..Here's another one.."How To Make Money Trapping Lizards"....Hum, what's this?.."How To Spend Money and Enjoy It"...I'll bet that little gem never saw the light of day...<sup>Oh</sup> Here's one I've never seen before.."My Career As A Hospital Nurse"...I think I'll read this.

(SOUND: SITTING IN CHAIR)

BB

ATX01 0181859

MARY: My Career As A Hospital Nurse.....Chapter One...

MARY: (FILTER) I AM ONE OF <sup>the</sup> ~~THAT~~ LEGION OF WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN CALLED ANGELS OF MERCY....I AM A NURSE...MY NAME IS ORA...ORA MYGIN.. I WORKED AT THE ADMITTANCE DESK OF THE CITY HOSPITAL...AND, LIKE ALL NURSES, I HAD A BOY FRIEND...A YOUNG INTERNE NAMED DOCTOR HARRIS...MY STORY BEGINS ABOUT A YEAR AGO...IT WAS A QUIET DAY IN THE HOSPITAL....

(SOUND: LIGHT GONGS..PAUSE...THEN HOSPITAL GONGS AGAIN)

BLANCHE: (ON LIGHT P.A.) DOCTOR JONES WANTED IN MATERNITY...DR. JONES WANTED IN MATERNITY....

PHIL: Hello, Ora.

MARY: (REG. MIKE) Hello, Dr. Harris.

PHIL: Would you do me a favor?...Please send my stethoscope out and have it fixed.

MARY: *well,* Certainly...what's wrong with it?

PHIL: I don't know...I keep hearing Guy Lombardo.

MARY: I'll take care of it for you, Doctor.

PHIL: Thank you...and by the way, Ora...would you mind if we postponed our date for the movies <sup>until</sup> ~~til~~ tomorrow?

MARY: Not at all...why?

PHIL: *well,* I'm terribly tired...I was up all night in the emergency ward treating a bunch of drunks.

MARY: Really?

PHIL: Yes...(VERY SWEETLY) Oh, why must people drink like that.

MARY: It is a shame.

(SOUND: LIGHT HOSPITAL GONGS)

JD

ATX01 0181860

BLANCHE: (ON LIGHT P.A.) DR. JONES WANTED IN MATERNITY...DR. JONES  
REPORT TO MATERNITY IMMEDIATELY..

MARY: By the way, Dr. Harris, how is your patient in Room 312?

PHIL: He died.

MARY: Oh...well, how about your patient in four nineteen?

PHIL: ~~He died.~~

MARY: And what about the case you had in Ward Five?

PHIL: He died...Well, you have to excuse me now, Ora..I'm late.

MARY: For what?

PHIL: I'm taking a course in embalming.

(SOUND: HOSPITAL BELLS)

BLANCHE: (P.A.) DR. JONES HURRY TO MATERNITY...DR. JONES, PLEASE  
HURRY...DR. JONES, PLEASE---

MEL: (CRIES LIKE BABY ON P.A.)

BLANCHE: (P.A.) DR. JONES...YOU'RE A SLOWPOKE.

MARY: (FILTER) DR. HARRIS LEFT, AND EVEN THOUGH HE HADN'T TOLD ME,  
I KNEW THE REAL REASON HE HADN'T TAKEN ME TO THE MOVIES....  
HE WAS SPENDING HIS EVENINGS DOING RESEARCH ~~ON CALCIUM~~ WITH A  
LEFT-HANDED GUITAR PLAYER....LATER THAT AFTERNOON, I WAS STILL  
AT THE ADMITTANCE DESK WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT WAS TO  
CHANGE THE COURSE OF MY WHOLE LIFE...HE WALKED IN.

JACK: Excuse me, nurse.

MARY: (REG. MIKE) Yes sir?

JACK: My family doctor sent me here for a consultation with your  
famous specialist, Dr. Heinrich Von Schmierkase.

MARY: Very well, sir ... I'll have to fill out this admittance  
card.....Your name?

JD

ATX01 0181861

JACK: My name is James.

MARY: What's your last name?

JACK: James...My name is James James.

MARY: Where were you born?

JACK: Fago-Pago.

MARY: Where do you live now?

JACK: Walla-Walla.

MARY: What disease do you have?

JACK: Beri-Beri.

MARY: And what is your occupation?

JACK: I'm an announcer on Double or Nothing.

MARY: I see...Now how tall are you?

JACK: Five foot eleven.

MARY: Your weight?

JACK: One hundred and fifty eight.

MARY: Color of eyes. <sup>is</sup> they're blue, aren't they?

JACK: Bluer than the thumb of an Eskimo Hitch-hiker.

MARY: Now have you been to any other specialists?

JACK: <sup>One million</sup> Hundreds of them, but they never helped me...I feel terrible.

MARY: <sup>What</sup> What are your symptoms?

JACK: I hear music and there's no one there....I smell blossoms and the trees are bare....and don't tell me I'm in love I'm sick as a dog.

MARY: Oh...Now just a moment while I fill this out.

(SOUND: LIGHT BELLS)

JD

ATX01 0181862

BLANCHE: (P.A.) DR. SMITH IS WANTED IN THE OPERATING ROOM...DR.  
MASON IS WANTED IN THE CONSULTATION ROOM...DR. ROSS IS  
WANTED IN THE KENNEL, FIDO KNOWS BEST, WOOF WOOF.

MARY: Very well, Mr. James...you may see Dr. Von Schmierkase now...  
right through that door.

JACK: Thank you.

MARY: And you can consider yourself fortunate. Dr. Von  
Schmierkase is the world's greatest specialist and  
diagnostician.

JACK: I know, I know...I'll go in and see him.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: Gee, what a big office...Oh, that must be Dr. Von  
Schmierkase over there in the corner...He must be getting  
ready to operate, he's putting on rubber gloves...Excuse  
me...I'm Mr. James and I have Beri-berl. Please tell me,  
please...please...what should I do?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Will you have to operate?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Will I live?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: You don't know anything. What kind of a doctor are you?

RUBIN: I ain't no doctor.

JACK: Then why are you wearing those rubber gloves?

RUBIN: I don't wanta leave fingerprints, I'm robbin' the joint.

JACK: Oh...Oh, well, I'm sorry...Where can I find Dr. Von  
Schmierkase?

BB

ATX01 0181863



RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Oh, never mind, I'll <sup>go</sup> find him myself.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Ah...Here's his office...Dr. Heinrich Von Schmierkase.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Excuse me, Dr. Von Schmierkase...I'm Mr. James.

DENNIS: Ach du lieber...Wi gehts? <sup>land more</sup> vass is lohse, vass is lohse?

JACK: Well, doctor, I---

DENNIS: Don't worry...first, please, the examination...Shtick out, please the tongue.

JACK: There.

DENNIS: Now close please the eyes.

JACK: There.

DENNIS: Good...now lift please the left foot off the floor and hold it up.

JACK: Okay.

DENNIS: Fine...Now lift the right foot off the floor, too.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Oooooo.

DENNIS: Ach, just as I thought, Dizzy spells.

JACK: But Doctor---

DENNIS: I'm afraid we will haff to operate.

JACK: Operate...what are you going to take out?

DENNIS: Don't worry, we'll think of something...We vill operate early tomorrow morning...at five A.M.

JACK: Why so early?

BB

DENNIS: Incision Before Dawn...(LAUGHS IT UP) Ha ha ha...Dr. Von Schmierkase...you may not be a shiropodist, but you sure get corny....Now don't vurry. *Mr. James*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: You rang for me, Doctor?

DENNIS: *Oh yes. yes* Yes, have Dr. Harris prepare this man for surgery...and I will want you to assist me in the operation.

MARY: Oh, thank you, Doctor. (FILTER) AS I PREPARED THE PATIENT FOR SURGERY, I NOTICED THAT HE HAD HIS WILL TATTOOED ON HIS CHEST....I WAS AMAZED WHEN I READ IT...HE LEFT EVERYTHING TO HIMSELF....WE WERE PRACTICALLY READY FOR THE OPERATION WHEN THE PATIENT BEGAN TO GET RESTLESS.

JACK: Nurse, *where* where's Dr. Von Schmierkase?

MARY: (REC. MIKE) He'll be here in a minute...Dr. Harris and I will get you ready for him.

PHIL: Nurse...hand me the anaesthetic.

MARY: Anaesthetic.

PHIL: Cotton.

MARY: Cotton.

PHIL: Sponge.

MARY: Sponge.

PHIL: Alcohol.

MARY: Alcohol.

PHIL: Chaser!

MARY: Chaser!

~~JACK: What?~~

JD

ATX01 01B1865

MARY: ~~What.~~

JACK: What's going on here?

MARY: Quiet, here comes Dr. Von Schmierkase.

DENNIS: (COMES IN SINGING HAPPILY) Hi ho, Hi ho, It's off to work  
I go. <sup>well, well, well, well,</sup> Well, how's the patient?

JACK: I'm nervous Doctor.

DENNIS: ~~Don't~~ Don't vurry...Now I'll start....First, nurse, hand me please  
the iodine....I'll have to paint his stomach.

JACK: What are you painting on my stomach?

DENNIS: A smile, this operation is being televised.

JACK: ~~Oh~~..Ha ha ha ha...That's very funny.

DENNIS: If you knew what a lousy doctor I was, you wouldn't be  
laughing....Now we will the operation commence...Nurse....  
hold the ether to his nose...

MARY: I'm sorry, we have no ether.

DENNIS: Well, tighten his necktie.

MARY: Yes sir.

JACK: (GRUNES)

DENNIS: That's enough, he's starting to look like Eddie Cantor...Now  
I will operate....Now all you internes watch carefully so  
you will learn something...and please...no applause till the  
nurse holds up the card....Now I take the scalpel and make  
the first incision...There. <sup>now</sup> Before I make the second  
incision, I would like to say a few words on behalf of my  
sponsor. My sponsor is the author and publisher of a book  
called "How To Avoid Paying Income Tax...The price of this  
book is two hundred dollars. For this money we not only  
include a copy of the book but we also send you fruit every  
visiting day...And now back to the operation....I will make  
the second incision...Therrrrre, <sup>well done</sup>

MARY: For heaven's sakes, Doctor...I've never seen such a tremendous incision.

DENNIS: Yes, and it's got me worried.

MARY: Why?

DENNIS: Where will we ever find a band aid that long? Oh well, I'll worry about that later.

(SOUND: LIGHT BELLS)

MEL: (P.A.) DR. SMITH, COME TO THE OFFICE AND BRING YOUR BAG... DR. MACDERMITT COME TO THE OFFICE AND BRING YOUR BAG....DR. WAGNER COME TO THE OFFICE AND BRING YOUR BAG.....TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA.

MARY: (FILTER) EVEN THOUGH ALL THE DOCTORS HAD GONE TO THE GRAPE FESTIVAL, THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS AND I SAT BY THE PATIENT TILL HE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS....WHEN HE DID, HE TURNED TO ME TENDERLY AND SAID---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

JACK: (MAD) For heaven's sakes, Mary, you let me sleep so long I'll be late for my television show.

HB

ATX01 0181867

MARY: Huh?....Oh, I'm sorry, Jack, I got <sup>so</sup> absorbed in this book.

JACK: What am I gonna do...here we are in Beverly Hills...and my  
T. V. program goes on in just two minutes.

MARY: *well,* Don't worry, Jack...Come on, we'll make it....Let's go.

(SOUND: LONG FAST SLIDE WHISTLE)

MARY: Well, here we are at C.B.S.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~...it's amazing what you can do with sound effects <sup>isn't it---</sup>. Come

on, Mary, *let's go.*

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the very best Easter gift of all is the support you give, through Easter seals, to children who need your help. These seals provide medical care, nursery centers and many other things that are needed. So give and give generously to the Easter Seal agency in your community. Or send your contribution to Crippled Children care of your local Post Office. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment.....

HB

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 24, 1952)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference and Luckies are made to taste better! You can prove this to yourself -- simply remove the paper from a Lucky Strike by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end, and lift out the cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. Now, in the same way remove the tobacco from any other cigarette. Compare it with the perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco taken from the Lucky. See how round and firm and fully packed the Lucky is, with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. See how free the Lucky is of excessive air spaces, hot spots that burn harsh and dry. There is your proof that Luckies are made to taste better, to taste fresh and clean and smooth. So to enjoy the fresh, clean taste of fine tobacco Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (THREE NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181870

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, in about one minute from now I will be doing my fourth Television Show of <sup>this</sup> ~~the~~ season. I'm happy to say that on tonight's TV program I'm having as my guests, George Burns and Gracie Allen. In the profession this is what we call a reciprocal agreement. You see, they come on my program this week and all next month I do their laundry.....I'll be seeing you....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: The Jack Benny program is brought to you by Lucky Strike-- product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

The Jack Benny program has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

*Transcribed* ---  
This is the C.B.S. Radio Network.

HB

ATX01 0181871



PROGRAM #27  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

EE

ATX01 01B1872

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike presents the Jack Benny Program, but first here's an important message from the National Tobacco Tax Research Council. Smokers, next time you buy cigarettes, remember that over eight hundred thousand tobacco-farm families thank you for contributing to their support. And remember also that you help support your government...Federal....State....and Local. When you buy a pack of cigarettes, the Federal Government gets eight cents...most local and state governments get three or four cents more. That's better than a fifty per cent tax on every cigarette you smoke. Yes...in buying cigarettes, over half your packs go for tax.  
(PAUSE) And now THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: Friends, seeing is believing and you, yourself, can see that Luckies are made better to taste better. Just take a Lucky Strike and any other cigarette and carefully remove the paper from both by tearing down the seam, from end to end. In tearing, be very careful not to disturb the tobacco inside the paper. Now, look for the difference. Look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco taken from the Lucky. See how round and firm and fully packed it is, with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. See how free the Lucky is of annoying loose ends that spoil the taste. This is your proof - Luckies are made better to taste better -- to taste fresh and clean and smooth. No doubt about it Luckies taste better. So to enjoy the fresh, clean taste of fine tobacco -- Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

GM

ATX01 0181874

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...SINCE JACK HAS BEEN IN TELEVISION, HE WANTS TO KEEP HIS WEIGHT DOWN. AT THE MOMENT HE IS AT HIS HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS IN A STEAM CABINET TRYING TO REDUCE.

JACK: Rochester, I can stand it a little hotter...turn up the steam, *will you.*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: HISSING OF STEAM)

JACK: That's enough...not too hot..Gee I'm glad I bought this steam cabinet...How long have I been in here?

ROCH: ABOUT TEN MINUTES...I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TAKING TOO MUCH.

JACK: Well, what do the instructions say?

ROCH: LET'S SEE...I'LL READ THEM...(READS)..."~~FOR~~ MEN UP TO TWENTY YEARS OLD, <sup>stay in cabinet not</sup> ~~TAKE~~ NO MORE THAN A HALF HOUR OF STEAM."

JACK: A half hour.

ROCH: MEN UP TO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, NO MORE THAN TWENTY MINUTES.

JACK: Twenty minutes.

ROCH: MEN UP TO THIRTY, NO MORE THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

JACK: Fifteen.

ROCH: MEN UP TO...UMM UMM UMM.

JACK: What are you Umm Umm-ing about?

ROCH: ACCORDING TO THIS CHART, I SHOULDA JUST DIPPED YOU IN LIKE A TEA BAG.

EE

RTX01 0181875

JACK: Oh stop...Gee, it's awfully hot in this cabinet...I think I'll get out.

ROCH: I BETTER NOT OPEN IT FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES.

JACK: Why, haven't I had enough?

ROCH: YES, BUT THE POTATOES AREN'T DONE YET.

JACK: Oh...darn it...

ROCH: DON'T BLAME ME, BOSS...IT WAS YOUR OWN IDEA...AS LONG AS WE HAD <sup>the</sup> ~~THIS~~ HEAT, YOU DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE IT.

JACK: Well..

ROCH: WHAT A TIME I HAD TALKING YOU OUT OF HOLDING THAT LEG OF LAMB ON YOUR LAP.

JACK: I was just trying to economize <sup>that's all...</sup>..Anyway, it's too hot... Open it up...I'm getting out.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CABINET BEING OPENED...SCUFFLING NOISES)

JACK: Whew...Gee, it's good to get out of here.

ROCH: OH, OH...I'M AFRAID THE HEAT WAS ON A LITTLE TOO HIGH.

JACK: Why, am I red?

ROCH: BOSS, IF YOU HAD A PITCHFORK IN YOUR HAND, YOU'D SCARE ME TO DEATH.

JACK: Well, I feel fine...~~Now I'll take my exercises...I'll start with my bending....~~

~~ONE, TWO THREE AND FOUR~~

~~BEND DOWN, TOUCH THE FLOOR.~~

~~LIFT MY ARMS UP IN THE AIR~~

~~ROCH: BEND DOWN, PICK UP YOUR HAIR.~~

JACK: ~~Oh, yes... (PUFFING) Gee...that's hard to... (PUFFS) Oh boy --~~

EE

ROCH: NOW FOR YOUR KNEE BENDS...READY?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: OKAY...GO...(FAST, BUT NOT TOO FAST) DOWN, UP, DOWN, UP,  
DOWN, UP, (SLOWER) DOWWWWN UPPP....DOWWWWWWN....UH UH UH  
UH UH UH UH UH UH UH UPP!..... CONGRATULATIONS, BOSS, YOU  
MADE IT.

JACK: Yeah...that's enough for today...I better get dressed.

ROCH: HOW MUCH WEIGHT DO YOU THINK YOU LOST TODAY?

JACK: I guess about a pound or two.

ROCH: WHY GUESS?....STEP ON YOUR SCALE AND SEE.

JACK: It's broken, somebody put a slug in it...I wonder who did it

ROCH: PROBABLY SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE OFF THE GREYHOUND BUS.

JACK: ~~Probably~~...Hand me my <sup>robe</sup> shirt, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Jack, the reason I called is that Wednesday I'm giving a  
little party at my house, and I want to know if you can come.

JACK: Well, certainly, Mary. <sup>Who</sup> Who else are you having?

MARY: Well, I'm going to ask the whole cast of our show, your  
producer, your writers, and also your---

JACK: My writers?

MARY: Yes, I thought you might like to have them there.

JACK: Why?

MARY: You want to be the life of the party, don't you?

JACK: Oh, yes yes...They are funny looking.

MARY: Well, I better hang up, I've got a lot of people to call...  
Goodbye, Jack.

JACK: So long, Mary, and thanks.  
(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Rochester, next Wednesday night Miss Livingstone is giving  
a party so I won't be ~~home-for~~....Rochester...ROCHESTER.....

ROCH: (COMING IN) HERE I AM, BOSS.

JACK: Where were you?

ROCH: I HEARD THE POSTMAN, SO I WENT TO GET THE MAIL.

JACK: Oh...what came?

ROCH: JUST SOME BILLS...CIRCULARS...AND YOUR COPY OF LOOK MAGAZINE.

JACK: Oh..let me see it...(EXCITED) ~~Mr.~~ Rochester, Rochester...  
there's a picture of you and me on the cover.

ROCH: ON THE COVER OF LOOK? LET ME SEE IT, BOSS....YEAHHHHH. . .  
HEE HEE HEE....

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCH: I' LL BET I'M THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO EVER HAD HIS  
PICTURE ON THE COVER OF A MAGAZINE AND COULDN'T AFFORD TO  
BUY IT.

JACK: Oh, you do all right.

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW....I JUST BOUGHT A TOOTHBRUSH ON THE <sup>install --- on</sup>INSTALLMENT  
PLAN.

JACK: <sup>Installment - what does that mean?</sup> Well, that's not my fault...if you saved your--  
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester, see who that is while I finish getting dressed..

ROCH: YES SIR.  
(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS...,DOOR OPENS)

EE

DENNIS: (IRISH) Shure and begorrah, tis a pleasure to greet such a fine broth of a lad on this day the likes of which I haven't seen in years, how do you do, *how do you do.*

JACK: (OFF MIKE) Who is it, Rochester?

ROCH: IT AIN'T MISTER KITZEL.

JACK: Well, who is it?

DENNIS: Shure and tis a son of the ould spd himself, Dennis Patrick

~~McNulty O'Day~~ *Alloysius Jeremiah Mc Duffly O'Day.*

JACK: Oh, come on in, Dennis...And look, kid, tomorrow's St. Patrick's Day...aren't you a little early with your brogue?

DENNIS: No, I'm practicing...I'll have to talk like this all day tomorrow.

JACK: You have to talk like that all day?

DENNIS: Yeah...if you don't, they rip off your shamrock, take a shilleghleigh and break all your Morton Downey records.

JACK: Oh...You know, Dennis...I've always thought that St. Patrick's Day comes at the wrong time of the year.

DENNIS: <sup>*Yeah.*</sup> What do you mean?

JACK: Well, how can March seventeenth be dedicated to the Wearing of the Green, when only two days before, the government takes it all away from you...Now Dennis, let's stop talking and just let me hear the song you're going to do on the program.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it, kid.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

EE

ATX01 0181879



JACK: Hello?

MARY: Hello, Jack, this is Mary again.

JACK: Oh, what is it, Mary?

MARY: Well, I called Dennis's house to invite him to my party and his mother told me he's at your house..Is he there?

JACK: Yes...Dennis, Mary wants you on the phone.

DENNIS: Eh, these dames, they ~~drive you nuts~~ <sup>won't let me alone</sup>

JACK: Never mind, just ~~won't let me alone~~ <sup>talk to her</sup>.

DENNIS: Yes, sir...(UP) Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Dennis...Look, I'm having a party on Wednesday night.. Would you like to come?

DENNIS: ~~Oh~~ Wednesday?

MARY: Yes.

DENNIS: Do you mind if I bring my neighbor, Hedy Lamarr?

MARY: Your neighbor..Hedy Lamarr?

DENNIS: Yes.

MARY: Dennis, I happen to know Hedy Lamarr lives in Benedict Canyon and you live in Westwood.

DENNIS: Oh yeah? Hedy Lamarr's house is right next to mine.

MARY: Since when?

DENNIS: ~~Since the rains came..~~

MARY: (LAUGHS) All right, Dennis, bring anyone who floats by.

DENNIS: ~~Yes~~ Thanks, Mary...Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, when I go to Mary's party I'm gonna bring--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

EE

DENNIS: Hello.

MARY: Dennis, I forgot to tell you something.

DENNIS: What?

MARY: Don't drive Jack nuts, just sing your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Dennis-

DENNIS: Quiet, I'm gonna sing.

JACK: Oh..oh. *well, go right ahead.*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "GLOCAMORRA")

(APPLAUSE)

EE

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Well, Dennis, you certainly picked an appropriate song for St. Patrick's Day...and I might add that as time goes on, your voice gets better and better.

DENNIS: *well, if it's*  
~~If I'm~~ so good how about a raise?

JACK: Hmm...You know Dennis, on second thought, instead of singing "Glocamorra" on the program, why don't you sing the song I wrote--(SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon... then I'll come back to you.

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAMS)  
JACK: *I couldn't remember the lyrics of my own song ---*  
(LAUGHS) My song may not sell any copies, but it sure gets rid of pest...Oh, Rochester....ROCHESTER.

ROCH: (COMING IN) YES, BOSS.

JACK: I'm awfully hungry...what does my diet say I can have for lunch?

ROCH: A PIECE OF RYE KRISP AND A HARD BOILED EGG.

JACK: That's all I'm supposed to eat for lunch?

ROCH: NO, YOU JUST FEEL IT FOR LUNCH, YOU EAT IT FOR DINNER.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes...That's the strictest diet I ever--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (CALLS) Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSIS)

JACK: Oh, hello Phil.

PHIL: (DOWN) Hello, Jackson.

JACK: What's the matter, Phil...you sound depressed.

PHIL: I am...I just came back from the doctor.

JACK: Doctor, what's wrong?

CL

PHIL: Well, a couple of weeks ago I became allergic to something and broke out in a rash on my back...it itches something awful.

JACK: That's a shame.

PHIL: So I went to the doctor and every day he's been testing me to find out what I'm allergic to...and today he found out.

JACK: Well, what are you allergic to?

PHIL: Alcohol.

JACK: No.

PHIL: Yep, the only way I can get rid of this itch is to stop drinking entirely.

JACK: Oh...Well, what are you going to do?

PHIL: Grow long fingernails, I'm in for a lot of scratching.

JACK: That's what I thought.

PHIL: Say, by the way, Jackson, I been meaning to tell you...I saw you on T.V. last week and you looked wonderful.

JACK: Well thanks, Phil...But I don't deserve all the credit... I had the best make-up man in the country.

PHIL: Really?

JACK: Yes...he's the same one who made up President Truman for his last television speech.

PHIL: <sup>That's what I</sup> Wait a minute...why would President Truman want to use make-up?

JACK: Phil, if you were asking for eight billion dollars, you'd wanna look good, too...believe me.

PHIL: Eh, Alice would give it to me, <sup>upside down</sup> ~~no-matter~~-how I looked...

JACK: Well, she can probably--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

CL

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

MARY: *Oh*, It's me again, Jack.

JACK: Oh, what is it now, Mary?

MARY: Well, I called Phil's house and nobody answered...<sup>*And*</sup> I was wondering if he's over there.

JACK: Yes, he is...just a second...Phil, it's for you. It's Mary.

PHIL: Oh....Hello, Livvy, you doll you.

MARY: Hello, Hambone....Look, Phil...I'm having a party on Wednesday and I'd like you and Alice to come.

PHIL: *Yeah*, Okay, Liv, we'll be there...and say...you want me to bring my orchestra boys along, too?

MARY: No, no, Phil...I haven't got room for thirty-six more people.

PHIL: What do you mean, thirty-six?....I only got eighteen fellows in my band.

MARY: Yeah, but what about their parole officers?

PHIL: *Yeah - I almost forgot about them later - look Mary, Mary...*  
~~Oh, I forgot...Well look, Mary...can't I at least bring~~

Remley?

MARY: No.

PHIL: Sammy, my drummer?

MARY: No.

PHIL: Now wait a minute...I've got to bring at least one of my boys.

MARY: Why?

PHIL: Somebody's gotta scratch my back.

CL

MARY: Phil, I don't know what you're talking about...but if your back itches, can't you scratch it yourself?

PHIL: No, I ll be using both hands to pour the stuff that makes it itch.

MARY: Phil...I ~~still~~ don't understand...anyway, will you come to my party?

PHIL: <sup>catch</sup> I'll be there, Liv...Thanks.

MARY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: <sup>mary</sup> Mary invited you to the party, too, eh, Phil?

PHIL: Yeah.

ROCH: YOUR LUNCH IS READY, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester.

PHIL: <sup>hey</sup> Jackson, I'm kinda hungry...I think I'll stay and have some lunch with you.

~~JACK: Oh...well, Phil, before we have lunch, come on over by the plane.~~

~~PHIL: Why?~~

JACK: <sup>Oh, you wanna eat here -</sup> ~~I wanna rehearse my song,~~ (SINGS) "When You Say I Beg Your--"

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: <sup>...right at work...and time...I got the song right that time,</sup> (LAUGHING) ~~He-ha, it works every time. What about my lunch, Rochester?~~

ROCH: <sup>...right next room, outside...what about my lunch, Rochester?</sup> SHALL I BRING IT IN HERE, OR WILL YOU FEEL IT IN THE DINING ROOM?

JACK: Look, Rochester, I'm not gonna stick to that silly diet. I want something to eat and I'm not gonna worry about--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

CL

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack...Come on in, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

JACK: *well*, Don, since you brought the Sportsmen with you, I suppose *you*  
*...want to hear...*  
you want me to hear the commercial they're gonna do.

DON: Yes, Jack...and you'll be proud of this one. We stayed up  
all night and really came up with something sensational.

JACK: Well, good, good....But Don, I had a number I wanted the  
boys to do a commercial on..You know that new song called  
"Cry."

DON: Cry? While they're singing Be Happy Go Lucky? I ought to  
slap your face.

JACK: Oh..well, Don, what's the song you have prepared?

DON: Well, since tomorrow is St. Patrick's Day we're going to  
do a medley of Irish songs.

JACK: *oh*. That's fine - who gave you the idea?

DON: Dennis.

JACK: Okay.. Let ~~me~~ hear it, boys.

CL

ATX01 01B18B6

QUART: OH THE DAYS OF THE KERRY DANCING  
 OH THE RING OF THE PIPER'S TUNE  
 OH FOR ONE OF THOSE GOOD OLD LUCKIES  
 WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO F.E. BOONE.  
 YOU CAN HAVE YOUR KERRY DANCING.  
 I'LL STAY HOME WITH A LUCKY STRIKE  
 MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO  
 THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR PAT AND MIKE

BILL: OH TO PUFF ON IT, JUST ONE PUFF ON IT,  
 FILLS ME HEART WITH JOY

QUART: SURE A LUCKY IS BETTER TASTING  
 THAT'S WHY LUCKIES WILL PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.  
 LIGHT A LUCKY FOR SMOKING PLEASURE  
 ROUND AND FIRM AND WITH NO LOOSE ENDS.

THEY SAY IRELAND IS HEAVEN  
<sup>but</sup> ~~BUT~~ WE ARE <sup>not</sup> A-DOUBTIN' IT.

EVEN THOUGH DENNIS IS ALWAYS A-SHOUTIN' IT.  
 GIVE US A LUCKY AND WE'LL TAKE KENTUCKY.  
 WHERE THEY GROW TOBACCO SO LIGHT AND <sup>so</sup> FINE

LSS LSS MFF FFF

LSS LSS MFF FFF

SURE AND BEGORRA

IT'S LSS MFF LSS MFF MFFT

LET'S ALL LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE.

~~COME BACK TO ERIN~~

~~JACK BENNY, JACK BENNY~~

~~COME BACK AGAIN AND BRING PHIL HARRIS, TOO.~~

~~WE'LL TRADE A SHAMROCK FOR ONE LITTLE HAMMOCK~~

~~COME BACK TO ERIN~~

~~WE LOVE YOU, WE DO,~~

(APPLAUSE)



(THIRD ROUTINE)

-14-

JACK: Don, that was very good and on the next show I'd like you and the Sportsmen to make a commercial out of the song I wrote ... (SINGS ) When you say I beg your --

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: How do you like that, they all got out at once ... Oh well ... Gosh, I'm hungry ... These diets are murder ... I'm gonna eat something ... OH ROCHESTER ... ROCHESTER, COME HERE A MINUTE WILL YOU?

ROCH: YES, BOSS

JACK: *ugh* Rochester, I'm really hungry .. What's in the refrigerator?

ROCH: DENNIS DAY.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN HE LEFT, HE OPENED THE WRONG DOOR

JACK: Oh ... well, leave him there for a while, I don't wanta hear his explanation of how it happened .. Anyway, Rochester, just make me a sandwich out of ---- out of ----

ROCH: BOSS, WHY ARE YOU STARING OUT THE WINDOW? *Jack: What?*

*Jack: What are you staring out the window?*  
JACK: Those two ~~men~~ ... those two men across the street ... They just stepped off the curb and they're coming this way.

(LIGHT SUSPENSE MUSIC ... SUSTAIN IN BACKGROUND)

(SOUND: DELIBERATE FOOTSTEPS ... FOOTSTEPS ...  
FOOTSTEPS ... FOOTSTEPS ... FOOTSTEPS ...  
FOOTSTEPS ... FOOTSTEPS ... UP FRONT PORCH  
STEPS ... STOP ... DOOR BUZZER ... DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

KEARNS: We're from the Income Tax Department.

WB

ATX01 0181888

JACK: Oh yes, you're the same men who were here last year ...  
come in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Your name is ... is Mr. Kearns, isn't it?

KEARNS: Yes, and this is my assistant...Mr. Wright.

JACK: Wright?

WRIGHT: How do you do.

JACK: Gentlemen, if you've come about my income tax, I've  
already sent it in.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, we're not here to discuss this year's taxes.  
We'd like to talk to you again about last year's.

JACK: Last year's? ..I thought that was settled. We went over  
it so many times ... and when I didn't hear from you again  
I ... I assumed that nothing was wrong .. that everything  
was right.

WRIGHT: How do you do.

JACK: Hm.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, we're still trying to help you *Jack: Help me?* ... and we feel  
that you must have made a mistake in your last year's  
return.

JACK: Mistake?

WRIGHT: Yes. We can't understand how a man who earned over three  
hundred thousand dollars could only spend seventeen  
dollars for entertainment.

JACK: *Well,* ~~But~~ that's all I spent. I can prove it to you. Rochester,  
get my books out of my desk drawer.

ROCH: YES SIR.

WB

ATX01 0181889

KEARNS: There's no need for ---

JACK: I'm gonna prove it to you once and for all.

WRIGHT: But, Mr. Benny --

ROCH: THIS DRAWER HERE ON THE LEFT?

JACK: No, the right.

WRIGHT: How do you do.

JACK: Now cut that out! ... for heaven's sakes.

KEARN: (CALMLY) Mr. Benny ... no one shouts at a tax collector.

JACK: Oh ... <sup>well</sup> I'm sorry.

WRIGHT: Mr. Benny, believe me, we're here to help you.

JACK: I know, I know.

KEARNS: Yes. We don't think you're taking full advantage of deductible items.

JACK: I'm not?

ROCH: HERE ARE YOUR BOOKS, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks.

KEARNS: Take your butler, for instance.

JACK: You mean Rochester?

KEARNS: Yes. Even though he's your butler.... If he assists you in any way pertaining to the production of your radio or television shows, or any of your other business activities, then,,that portion of his pay is deductible.

JACK: You mean --

WRIGHT: Yes. In other words, under those conditions you could split his salary.

ROCH: SPLIT MY SALARY?

WB

ATX01 0181890

KEARNS: Yes

ROCH: GENTLEMEN .. THEY'VE SPLIT INFINITIVES AND THEY'VE SPLIT THE ATOM, BUT I DEFY ANYBODY TO SPLIT MY SALARY.

JACK: Rochester! ... This is no time for --

KEARNS: Just a moment, Mr. Benny. Rochester, are you inferring that your salary is that small?

ROCH: WELL, IN SANTA ANITA COLLOQUIALISM, IT STARTS OFF PRETTY GOOD BUT SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS TO IT COMING AROUND THE FAR TURN.

KEARNS: What do you mean?

ROCH: WELL, EVERY PAY DAY MR. BENNY SITS ME DOWN AND EXPLAINS HOW HE HAS TO MAKE CERTAIN DEDUCTIONS OUT OF MY SALARY. SO MUCH FOR WITH-HOLDING ... SO MUCH FOR UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE .. AND SO MUCH FOR SOCIAL SECURITY. THEN HE FURTHER EXPLAINS THAT WHAT REMAINS IS KNOWN AS "TAKE HOME" PAY.

KEARNS: That's right, Take Home Pay.

ROCH: THEN HE POINTS OUT THAT I'M LIVING IN HIS HOME, SO HE TAKES IT.

KEARNS: Hmm.

WRIGHT: Mr. Benny, is that right?

JACK: How do you do! ..... I can play that game, too. *brother.*

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, I just looked in the book that Rochester brought you...and there's an item that interests me.

JACK: Which item is that?

KEARNS: This one here. Income from violin engagement... approximately three dollars.

WB

JACK: Yes, I filled in that entry myself.

KEARNS: But why is it approximately three dollars?

JACK: Well, I was playing my violin at the opening of a butcher shop ... and they gave me two pounds of meat.

WRIGHT: They gave you two pounds of meat for playing your violin?

ROCH: THEY DIDN'T GIVE IT TO HIM, SOMEBODY HIT 'IM WITH A ROUND STEAK!

JACK: Well, I brought it home, what's the difference?

KEARNS: That brings up a point, Mr. Benny. If you receive revenue playing your violin, then the money you spend on it's up keep and repair is deductible.

JACK: It is?

KEARNS: Yes. You see, Mr. Benny, we're trying to help you.

JACK: I know. I know.

WRIGHT: For instance, Mr. Benny, how many strings did you buy for your violin, rosin, pegs, bridges, repairing your bow, and so forth.

JACK: Well, I don't know...you see, I get everything through my violin teacher. He keeps track of all that.

KEARNS: Well, in that case ... in order to help you ... would you mind if we talked to your violin teacher?

JACK: No no, not at all. His name is Professor LeBlanc. His address is 62-12 Eymann Avenue. It's on the other side of town.

WRIGHT: We'll find it. Come on, Joe.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... STOP)

WB

KEARNS: Well, Bill, there it is ... 62-12 Eymann Avenue.

WRIGHT: Yeah...what a run-down looking rooming house. Let's go in.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS ... DOOR OPENS...  
FOOTSTEPS)

(FADE IN SOUND OF BEAUTIFUL VIOLIN PLAYING)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

KEARNS: Here's his room ... Professor LeBlanc ... violin teacher.

WRIGHT: Yeah.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

(VIOLIN STOPS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: Professor LeBlanc?

MEL: Oui.

WRIGHT: We're from the Income Tax Department.

MEL: Income tax! ... Income tax! ... (HYSTERICAL) Gentlemen...  
look at me ... see for yourself ... I am barefoot...  
my clothes are torn....

KEARNS: Professor --

MEL: I sleep on a hard spring, I ate the mattress ... Income  
tax!

KEARNS: Professor, Professor ... control yourself.

MEL: Huh?

WB

ATX01 0181893

KEARNS: We're here to talk to you about one of your pupils....Mr. Benny.

MEL: (HAPPY) Ah...about Monsieur Benny...come in, come in, perhaps I can help you send him to the bastille.

KEARNS: <sup>no,</sup> No no, Professor...we just want to find out how much money Mr. Benny spent on his violin.

MEL: Money?

KEARNS: Yes. Don't you have any books?

MEL: Ah, oui. I have written three books about Monsieur Benny but ze publishers would not believe ~~it~~ *them*.

KEARNS: No no, we mean records...financial records. We want to know what expenses Mr. Benny has incurred in the upkeep of his violin.

MEL: Oh....that I do not know...I just charge him so much for the lesson and that includes everything.

KEARNS: <sup>Oh,</sup> Well, perhaps we could break that down. How much do you charge him for the lesson?

MEL: Well, he is supposed to give me two dollars....but before every lesson Monsieur Benny sits me down and explains how he has to make certain deductions out of my salary....so much for with-holding....so much for unemployment insurance....and so much for Social Security....Then he further explains that what remains is known as Take Home --

KEARNS: Come on, Bill, we've heard this before.

WRIGHT: Yes...Thank you, Professor LeBlanc.

<sup>Mel: You are welcome, gentlemen</sup>  
KEARNS: Oh, by the way, Professor, we've never heard Mr. Benny play the violin. How does he sound?

BR

MEL: Sound? Well, gentlemen, let me explain. The strings on a violin are made of cat gut and the violin bow is made from horse hair.

WRIGHT  
& KEARNS: Un huh.

MEL: So if you want to know how Monsieur Benny's violin playing sounds...think of a cat being stepped on by a horse.

KEARNS: <sup>Yes -</sup> We understand. Goodbye, Professor LeBlanc.

MEL: Goodbye, gentlemen.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS...WALKING)

KEARNS: (ON CUE) Say, Bill --

WRIGHT: Yes, Joe.

KEARNS: Why are we going to all this trouble just to help Mr. Benny?

WRIGHT: I don't know...There's something about those big blue eyes that get's you.

KEARNS: Yeah...I guess so.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

BR

ATX01 0181895



JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, we want to make certain that all children have a fair chance to be strong and healthy. And we can do this by giving to Easter Seals. Your contribution provides treatment, training centers, special schools, summer camps and curative work shops. Let's give generously to Easter Seals. Please send your contributions in care of your local Post Office. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first .....

BR

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1952  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, seeing is believing - and you can see for yourself clearly and beyond any doubt that Luckies are made better to taste better. Carefully remove the paper from a Lucky Strike by tearing down the seam from end to end. In tearing, be very careful not to disturb the tobacco inside the paper. Then, gently lift out the cylinder of fresh, clean, fine tobacco. Now, in exactly the same way remove the tobacco from any other cigarette. Compare it with the perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco taken from the Lucky. See how round and firm and fully packed the Lucky is, with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. See how free the Lucky is, of excessive air spaces, hot spots that burn harsh and dry. There is your proof that Luckies are made better to taste better, to taste fresh and clean and smooth. Remember, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference - so to enjoy the fresh, clean taste of fine tobacco Be Happy -- Go Lucky --  
Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
(REPRISE) Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

GM

ATX01 0181897

(TAG)

~~JACK: Rochester, that was a very good lunch. I think I'll turn on  
the radio now and hear the news.~~

~~---(SOUND:-CLICK...STATIC)---~~

~~MEL: (FILTER) So much for the movie colony in Hollywood... and...  
now before closing, we bring you the local weather report.~~

~~(SOUND:- TONS OF WATER RUSHING)---~~

~~MEL: That is it... Goodnight, folks.~~

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike,  
product of the American Tobacco Company... America's leading  
manufacturer of cigarettes... ~~This is Don Wilson reminding you  
to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday  
night presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for  
time and station.~~

~~The Jack Benny program has been selected as one of the  
programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through  
the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.~~

~~Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately.~~

THIS IS THE C.B.S. RADIO NETWORK.

BR

ATX01 0181898

PROGRAM #28  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

AS DIRECTOR

BR

ATX01 0181899

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike presents the Jack Benny Program, but first here's an important message from the National Tobacco Tax Research Council. Everyone likes to talk about the high taxes he pays, but you cigarette smokers have a right to do some special fancy talking yourself. Because you cigarette smokers give nearly two billion dollars a year in cigarette taxes. Every time you buy cigarettes, you give your Federal Government eight cents a pack... and ... most of you give three or four cents more to City and State governments. That adds up to better than a fifty per cent tax on every cigarette you smoke. Yes ... in buying cigarettes ... over half your packs go for tax!  
(PAUSE) And now THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

DH

ATX01 0181900

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: Friends, seeing is believing -- and you can see for yourself clearly and beyond any doubt that Luckies are made better to taste better! Just take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and remove the paper by carefully tearing a narrow strip straight down the seam, from end to end. In tearing, be very careful not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Then, gently, lift out that cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. Now, in exactly the same way remove the tobacco from any other cigarette. Compare it with the perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco taken from the Lucky. See how round and firm and fully packed the Lucky is, with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. See how free the Lucky is of excessive air spaces, hot spots that burn harsh and dry. There is your proof that Luckies are made better to taste better. To taste fresh and clean and smooth. And remember, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference and Luckies taste better. So to enjoy the fresh, clean taste of fine tobacco Be Happy-- Go Lucky -- Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

5-DH

ATX01 0181901

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE)...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. AT THE MOMENT, OUR LITTLE STAR IS SHAVING.

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF RAZOR)

JACK: Umm..my beard feels kind of tough this morning. I wish this was

~~the end of the month so I could put in a new blade...oh well,~~

~~I'll just put on a little more shaving cream and...Umm...I wonder if I'd look good in a moustache...I don't know why not...~~

~~Errol Flynn has a moustache and he looks good. Robert Taylor~~

~~has one, too...So has Clark Gable...I think I'll take this~~

~~make-up pencil and see who I look like...Hum...Groucho!...But~~

~~I bet I would look good in sideburns.~~ Charles Boyer has sideburns. I can just see myself taking a beautiful girl in my arms and saying: ( A LA BOYER) <sup>Sideburns</sup> Ehhh, my darling...come with me to the cash drawer...I mean, Casbah. Eh..maybe I oughta just shave and forget it.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be Mary.

(SOUND: FIVE FOOTSTEPS AND STOP)

JACK: ...I don't know why I want sideburns anyway. That fellow on television who calls himself the Continental <sup>Sideburns</sup> doesn't have them. or a moustache either...and boy, is he romantic...That's the type I am...The Continental.

(SOUND: : DOOR BUZZER...FOUR FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)

BR

JACK: (A LA CONTINENTAL) Do not be afraid, darling, it is only a man's apartment.

PHIL: Jackson, open <sup>up</sup> your eyes. *Baby Alice.*

JACK: Oh, it's you, Phil...Who am I imitating?

PHIL: Do it again.

JACK: Do not be afraid, darling, it is only a man's apartment.

PHIL: Baron Leone.

JACK: All right, all right...Look, Phil, I'm in the midst of shaving so if you wanna talk to me, come in the bathroom.

PHIL: Okay...Where's Rochester?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) He went to the market...<sup>Just</sup> But Phil, what are you doing here so early, anyway?

PHIL: Alice threw me out of the house.

JACK: Again?

PHIL: It wasn't my fault this time, Jackson, you see --

JACK: Just a minute, Phil. <sup>Just a minute</sup> Now where's my razor..Oh, here it is.  
~~Now~~ Phil, why did Alice throw you out of the house?

PHIL: I don't know...they were having a parent-teachers meeting... you know, all the mothers and teachers were there...and they were deciding to make some sort of an outing for the kids in the third grade...they called it a nature study.

JACK: Oh yes, that's one of those hikes up in the hills.

PHIL: Well, they shoulda told me.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: When they said they wanted to study nature, I suggested the Burbank Theatre.

JACK: A burlesque show!...Well, I don't blame her for throwing you out of the house.

BR



PHIL: <sup>if Jack</sup> I don't know why I always have to --

JACK: Phil, I wish you wouldn't stand behind me while I'm shaving.

PHIL: Why?

JACK: Every time I see the reflection of your eyes in the mirror, I think I cut myself.

PHIL: Okay okay, I'll move, *Ill move.*

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER OFF)

JACK: Oh, there's somebody at the door.

PHIL: *Oh,* I'll get it, *Jackson.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~PHIL: (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you... (Even with my voice that song is lousy.)~~

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh. Hello, Phil.

PHIL: (A LA CONTINENTAL) Do not be afraid, darling, it <sup>is</sup> only a man's apartment.

MARY: What is that!

PHIL: I don't know, that's the way they answer the door around here. <sup>But,</sup> come on in, Livy. Jack'll be through in a minute, he's shaving.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

PHIL: Hey, <sup>look at you...</sup> that's a cute little dress you're wearing.

MARY: I'm glad you like it, Phil, I knitted it myself.

PHIL: Well, it sure fits you beautiful...The way it shows off your figure...I mean, it clings so snug around the hips, and... *and...* Wait a minute, you said you made that dress, how come there's a price tag on it?

MARY: I put that on myself...I wanted something for Jack to notice, too.

BR

PHIL: Oh. *oh.*

MARY: Phil, what are you doing over here so early?

PHIL: *well,* They were having a parent-teacher's meeting over at the house...

MARY: And Alice threw you out.

PHIL: How did you know?

MARY: I took a wild guess.

JACK: (FADING IN) Well, I'm all through with my shave ~~and~~...Oh, hello, Mary, where did you get that forty-five dollar dress?

MARY: You see, Phil? ....I told you.

JACK: Told him what?

MARY: Nothing, nothing.

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, that's a new suit you're wearing, ain't it?

JACK: Yep, and I got a bargain, too. You know, walk up one flight and save ten dollars.

PHIL: Where did you buy that one, on top of old Smokey?

JACK: Phil, for a fellow who was thrown out of the house this morning you're certainly --

(SOUND: PHONE RING...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Hello, is this Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Well, Mr. Benny, my wife and I are having a big argument and you can help us settle it.

JACK: Me?

MEL: *well,* We bought a copy of Look Magazine and your picture's on the cover.

JACK: That's right.

MEL: How old are you?

BR

JACK: Thirty-nine.

MEL: Thirty-nine?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Well... (ASIDE) You win, Mable, them wrinkles must be in the paper.

JACK: What?

MEL: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Who was it, Jack?

JACK: I don't know...since I had my picture on Look I've gotten a lot of phone calls.

PHIL: I know what you go through, Jackson. You're not the only one who's had his picture on the cover of a magazine.

MARY: Phil, I've never seen your picture on a cover.

JACK: Neither have I.

PHIL: Well, that's because you kids don't subscribe to the Monthly Manual of the Amalgamated Society of the City Planning and Construction Engineers.

MARY: Phil...Phil...your picture is on the cover of the Monthly Manual of the Amalgamated Society of City Planning and Construction Engineers?

PHIL: Sure...I've got a copy of it right here in my pocket...I'll show it to you...See?

JACK: That's a picture of the new Freeway.

PHIL: (PROUDLY) Yeah...but look who's layin' against the curb.

JACK: Well Phil, if that's you, this picture certainly has an appropriate caption: "Landmarks of Los Angeles."

PHIL: Yeah.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BR

JACK: How anybody can brag about --

ROCH: HERE I AM, BOSS, BACK FROM THE MARKET.

JACK: Good, good.

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE...MR. HARRIS.

PHIL: H'ya, Chester.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, BEFORE I PUT ALL THESE CANNED GOODS IN THE PANTRY,  
DO YOU WANT TO CHECK OFF THE LIST?

JACK: Yes, Rochester, I'll check 'em off as you put them on the table.

ROCH: OKAY...TWO LARGE CANS OF.

JACK: Two large cans of.

ROCH: TWO SMALL CANS OF.

JACK: Two small cans of.

ROCH: THREE MEDIUM CANS OF.

JACK: Three medium cans of.

ROCH: FOUR LARGE CANS OF.

JACK: Four large cans of.

MARY: Wait a minute...what kind of checking off is that? ....Two  
large cans of...three small cans of...cans of what?

ROCH: WE DON'T KNOW...WHEN THE LABELS ARE TORN OFF, YOU GET 'EM  
CHEAPER.

MARY: Oh, for heaven sakes...Imagine buying canned goods without  
labels on them.

ROCH: WHEN WE SIT DOWN TO DINNER, IT'S LIKE A MYSTERY PROGRAM.

MARY: (LAUGHING) A who done it?

ROCH: NO, A WHAT'S IN IT!

JACK: Rochester.

ROCH: ONE NIGHT WE HAD DRAINO FOR DESSERT.

BR

ATX01 0181907

MARY: Well, now I've heard everything. Imagine ~~anyone~~ buying  
canned goods without labels on them. Isn't that silly, Phil?

PHIL: I wouldn't know, I'm a bottle man myself.

JACK: Rochester, just put the things away.

ROCH: OKAY, BOSS, AND I BOUGHT YOU A NEW PAIR OF WOOLEN MITTENS LIKE  
YOU ASKED FOR.

PHIL: Woolen mittens?...What's that for, Jackson?

JACK: Well, as soon as I get a chance I'm going up to Big Bear to  
do some more skiing. You know, Mary went up with me a few  
weeks ago.

PHIL: Jackson, I didn't know you could ski.

JACK: Are you kidding!...I've been skiing for years...of course I  
haven't got perfect form. <sup>You know...</sup> In fact, the last time I came  
down the slide, took off, and sailed through the air, I did  
flap my arms a little too much.

MARY: A little too much...a duck hunter took a shot at you.

JACK: Duck hunter. duck hunter.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) You'd still be out there if <sup>the</sup> ~~two~~ retriever~~s~~ hadn't  
brought you back.

JACK: Oh, don't be so smart...if we go up in the snow again next  
week, I'll show you how good I --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well...Don...Dennis...Come on in.

DON: Go ahead, Dennis, you go first.

DENNIS: No no, Don, you go first.

DON: No, you go first, Dennis.

DENNIS: No no, Don, I'd rather you go first.

BR

JACK: Look, fellows --

DON: Dennis, please go first.

DENNIS: No Don, I insist that you go first.

JACK: Oh for heavens sakes, what's the matter with you guys? Why are you so polite to each other?

DENNIS: We both have two shows.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard...Now come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: (WOLF WHISTLE) Oh boy, does that outfit bring out the curves.. the way it clings around the hips!

MARY: Oh, you noticed it, eh, <sup>too</sup> Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah, Mr. Benny's wearing a new suit.

JACK: (SARCASTIC) Well, thank you very much...Now Dennis, before you get too silly, let me hear the song you're gonna do on the program.

DENNIS: Okay. <sup>at</sup> By the way, Mr. Benny, where did you get that suit, on top of old Smoky?

JACK: Now wait a minute, wait a minute...Phil Harris just said that.

DENNIS: That's funny, at rehearsal I had the joke, what happened?

JACK: I don't know how anything happens. Just sing your song.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG..."PLEASE, MR. SUN")

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0181909

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis, very good..Don't you think so, Don.

DON: <sup>Oh</sup> Yes, Jack, and now I've got something I want you to hear.. It's a very clever commercial.

JACK: In a minute, Don...Dennis, your song was so good that if you promise not to annoy me..I've got a nice surprise for you.

DENNIS: Surprise?

JACK: Yes, Next week Mary and I may go skiing up in Big Bear.. and if you're a good boy, we'll take you with us.

MARY: That's right, Dennis.

DENNIS: <sup>Yes</sup> Gee, up in the snow?

JACK: <sup>Jack</sup> Yes, have you ever been up to Big Bear, kid?

DENNIS: I haven't, but a few weeks ago my mother went up there on a hunting trip.

MARY: Did she get anything?

DENNIS: No, but she took a shot at a blue-eyed duck.

JACK: Oh, she did, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah..and she couldn't understand it..her retriever came back <sup>with</sup> wearing a toupay.

JACK: Hm. Dennis, that duck your mother thought she was shooting at was me. <sup>she</sup> Now Don, what's on your mind?

DON: Well, Jack, I have to leave, so I want you to hear a very clever commercial I've planned.

JACK: Okay, go ahead and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: <sup>Oh</sup> Pardon me, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

NT

JACK: Hello?...Who's calling?...Sam's Super Market?...~~Oh...Oh...~~ *No did?*

~~Thank you.~~ *Oh well, thanks, thanks very much.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YOU CALL ME, BOSS?

JACK: YES. THE CLERK AT THE MARKET CALLED AND SAID THAT WHEN YOU WERE THERE, YOU LEFT "ONE LARGE CAN OF" ON THE COUNTER.

ROCH: SHALL I GO GET IT?

JACK: WELL, CERTAINLY, IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING WE LIKE.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Now, Don, <sup>Don...</sup> what is this clever idea <sup>that</sup> you--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, SAY BOSS..

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO GET A PUPPY.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THE LAST CAN I OPENED WAS IDEAL DOG FOOD.

JACK: Dog food?

ROCH: THIS TIME I FOUND OUT BEFORE I PUT THE POACHED EGG ON IT.

JACK: *Well,* Good good.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Now Don, what's this idea of yours that you think is so clever?

DON: Well Jack, since everybody is talking about the Academy Awards last Thursday night, I made up a wonderful commercial about them.

NT



JACK: You did?

DON: Yes, and in it I have very cleverly worked in the names of the pictures and the stars who were up for Academy Awards.

JACK: Well Don, <sup>it's</sup> better be subtle.

DON: Oh, it is, Jack. <sup>it's</sup> Listen to this...IF YOU'RE FEELING BLUE AND WANT TO FIND YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN..SMOKE A LUCKY STRIK

JACK: Hmm.

DON: YOU MAY HAVE THIS YEN FOR A LUCKY STRIKE ON A TRAIN OR IN A BUS, OR EVEN ON A STREETCAR YOU MAY GET THIS DESIRE.

JACK: Don-- <sup>Don</sup>

DON: SO, WHETHER YOU'RE AN AFRICAN QUEEN OR AN AMERICAN IN PARIS, BE LIKE FREDERICK..MARCH TO THE NEAREST STORE AND BUY LUCKIES.

JACK: Look, Don-- <sup>Don</sup>

DON: YES, LUCKIES ARE SMOKED EVERYWHERE..IN ALL RESORTS... ESPECIALLY IN FLORIDA WHERE SHELLY WINTERS.

JACK: Where Shelly Winters?...Don, how clever can you get?

DON: I PERSONALLY HAVE TOLD ALL THE ACADEMY AWARD NOMINEES THAT I LOVE LUCKIES..I TOLD ARTHUR KENNEDY, I TOLD MONTGOMERY CLIFT, AND I EVEN TOLD MARLON THAT THEY'RE MY FAVORITE BRANDO.

JACK: Now Don, just a minute--

DON: SO NEXT TIME YOUR WIFE OR GIRL FRIEND OFFERS YOU A LUCKY STRIKE ~~CIGARETTE~~..SMOKE IT AND OSCAR FOR ANOTHER.

JACK: That did it! (MAD) Don, we're trying to sell Lucky Strikes and the next time you come in with such a corny idea, I'm gonna grab you by the seat of the pants--

NT

ATX01 0181912

MARY: Jack--

JACK: ...and throw you right out of the--

MARY: *Jack* - Jack, relax..control yourself.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Don was only trying to help.

JACK: I guess you're right, Mary..Don, I'm sorry I flew off the handle.

DON: What?

JACK: I said I'm sorry I flew off the handle.

DENNIS: Well, that's normal for a duck.

JACK: Now cut that out!..Dennis, this is your last warning..If you open your mouth again, I'm gonna hit you over the head with a large can of..

DENNIS: Large can of what?

MARY: If he knew, he wouldn't be so liberal with it.

JACK: Yeah. *Jack*...

DON: Jack, I want to apologize if I upset you, but I thought you'd like an Academy Award commercial because you were there Thursday night.

JACK: What's that got to do with it? I was there and I took Mary with me.

MARY: Yes, but it's the last time I go with you.

JACK: What?

DON: Why, Mary, what happened?

MARY: Well --

JACK: Mary!

NT

ATX01 0181913

MARY: Quiet, Jack, I'm gonna tell him..(STARTS FADE)..Well Don, last Thursday evening Jack picked me up at my house. We drove down to Hollywood, parked the car, and were walking to the Pantages Theater.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, Mary, I should have had Rochester drop us off at the theatre before he parked the car.

MARY: Oh, it's only a short walk, Jack..and besides, I want to talk to you.

JACK: What about?

MARY: Well, you've been taking me to the Academy Awards for many years now..and tonight when you go up to congratulate the winning actor, do me a favor.

JACK: What?

MARY: Just shake his hand..don't say, "Lucky for you, I didn't make a picture this year."

JACK: When did I ever say that?

MARY: You started with William S. Hart.

JACK: I did not.

MARY: Say Jack, I want to step into this drugstore and get a <sup>some cough medicine.</sup> couple of things. Have we got time?

JACK: Oh sure.

~~MARY: I want some cough drops...and there was some medicine...I wanted...but I forgot what it is.~~

~~JACK: Well, let's go in...you'll probably notice it when you...look around.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS .. TINKLY BELL ... DRUG STORE NOISES)

MARY: Let's see, where's the drug counter?

NT

JACK: Right over there ... Don't hurry, Mary, we have plenty of *time*

SHELDON: Hiya, Bud, long time no see.

JACK: Huh ... oh hello... Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, wasn't that the --

JACK: Yeah, <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ tout from Santa Anita... I always run into him.

~~MARY: Gee, I wish I could remember that other thing I wanted.~~

~~JACK: You'll think of it...~~

~~(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~JACK: (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come  
back to you,~~

~~MARY: Thanks for reminding me, I wanted Tums,~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~MARY: Jack, I'll be back in a minute.~~

JACK: Okay ... Say Mary, they have a fountain in <sup>here</sup> ~~the rear~~... I think I'll get a cup of coffee ... would you like some?

MARY: No, <sup>no</sup> you go ahead ...

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS SONG) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to --

SHELDON: Hey bud...bud...

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Come here a minute.

JACK: Who ... me?

SHELDON: Yeah ... Where are you going?

JACK: Over to the fountain.

SHELDON: What are you gonna get?

JACK: Coffee.

NT

SHELDON: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Get milk.

JACK: But I want coffee.

SHELDON: Coffee hasn't got a chance.

JACK: Why not?

SHELDON: Wet grounds.

JACK: Oh ... Well, I don't care, I'm gonna get coffee.

SHELDON: Don't be a sucker, take milk.

JACK: Why milk?

SHELDON: Look at the breeding.

JACK: The breeding?

SHELDON: Yeah ... Milk is out of Cow by Squeeze.

JACK: I don't care, I don't want milk.

SHELDON: Well, look Bud, if you don't let it get around, I got something ~~real hot~~ *really good*.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Ovaltine.

JACK: Why Ovaltine?

SHELDON: It's a sleeper.

JACK: Well, maybe I'll -- Hey ... wait a minute .. I know what I'm gonna get.

SHELDON: What?

JACK: (CONFIDENTIAL) Come here a minute.

NT

ATX01 0181916

SHELDON: Me?

JACK: Yeah ... I'm gonna get tea.

SHELDON: Why ... tea?

JACK: Because tea.. is in the bag.

SHELDON: Okay, it's your dough ... So long.

JACK: So long.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: What a guy ... Why must I always run into --

MARY: (COMING ON) Okay Jack, I'm ready if you are.

JACK: Fine Mary, let's go.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS .. LIGHT  
STREET NOISES ... FADE TO B.G.)

MARY: Did you enjoy your coffee?

JACK: I didn't have any.

MARY: Why not?

JACK: I didn't like the odds.

MARY: Jack, what are you talking about?

JACK: I don't know .. Come on, Mary, here's the theatre.

(SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES UP AND FADE TO B.G.)

NT

ATX01 0181917

MARY: Gee, the lobby's crowded!

JACK: Yeah ...everybody in pictures seems to be here... ~~Danny Kay~~  
*Boy, these Academy Awards are really something - look who's at*  
*Danny Kay*....Bette Davis...Marlon Brando...Irene Dunne...Joan  
*there's* Crawford...Arthur Kennedy...*and*

MEL: (HORSE WHINNEY)

JACK: Gene Autry....Gosh, everybody is --

MARY: Look Jack, there's a radio commentator doing a broadcast  
right in the middle of the lobby...Let's go over and listen

JACK: ~~Sure.~~ *Oh yes.*

NELSON... .....AND SO TONIGHT, EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD  
IS GATHERED HERE FOR THE ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS....LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN, I SHALL DO MY BEST TO BRING YOU SOME OF  
THESE CELEBRITIES....AH, HERE COME SOME FAMOUS ACTORS  
WALKING BY -- I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET THEM TO SAY A FEW WORDS  
..MR. JIMMY CAGNEY, WOULD YOU PLEASE SAY A FEW WORDS OVER  
THE AIR?

CAGNEY: I'm very happy to be here tonight, and I'm sure this is  
going to be another great occasion.

NELSON: Thank you, Mr. Cagney.

JACK: Gee, Mary, ~~remember~~ *remember* Cagney in Yankee Doodle Dandy?

MARY: Yeah.

NELSON: AND NOW, COMING UP TO THE MICROPHONE IS MR. LIONEL  
BARRYMORE.

BARRYMORE: This is really a great night for Hollywood and I know that  
the ones who win the awards will deserve them.

NELSON: THANK YOU, MR. BARRYMORE.

EE

JACK: Gee, he's a great actor.

NELSON: AND HERE WE HAVE MR. EDWARD G. ROBINSON. MR. ROBINSON,  
WOULD YOU SAY A FEW WORDS?

ROBINSON: Sure...I'm very happy to be here tonight, see...And I'm  
here to see that these actors get a fair shake, see...and  
don't forget it...Nnnyh.

NELSON: THANK YOU, MR. ROBINSON.

JACK: *Yeah.*  
Gee, he's tough, *isn't he?*

NELSON: AND NOW...MR. GARY COOPER.

COOPER: Yup!

JACK: Gee Mary, I had no idea that Gary Cooper was that tall.

MARY: Neither did I.

JACK: And he's so distinguished...Look how gray his hair is.

MARY: Jack, that's snow.

JACK: Oh....he really is tall, *isn't he?*

NELSON: AH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE INDEED FORTUNATE...COMING  
UP TO THE MICROPHONE IS ONE OF THE CANDIDATES FOR THE BEST  
ACTING HONORS...MR. HUMPHREY BOGART, NOMINATED FOR HIS  
SPLENDID PERFORMANCE IN AFRICAN QUEEN....TELL ME, MR. BOGAR.  
DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF YOUR NOT WINNING THE  
AWARD TONIGHT?

( SOUND: LOUD SLAP)

NELSON: Oooo....I only asked.

JACK: Well, how do you like that?...Say Mary, I wonder if he's  
going to interview me, too.

MARY: Quiet, Jack, Jimmy Stewart is walking up to the microphone.

JACK: Jimmy Stewart?

NELSON: MR. STEWART, WOULD YOU PLEASE SAY A FEW WORDS TO THE RADIO  
AUDIENCE? LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MR. *James* ~~JIMMY~~ STEWART.

EE



STEWART: Well....yes. I'm very happy to be here tonight.

NELSON: Mr. Stewart, before you go, I'd like to ask a few personal questions...Didn't you recently have twin girls?

STEWART: Well....yes, I did...That is, my wife did....And they're the cutest things....but so confusing.

NELSON: What do you mean confusing?

STEWART: Well....last week I bought them a little horse....and they take turns riding it....and it's kinda hard for me to tell which twin has the pony.

JACK: Oooh, what an awful joke.

MARY: Well, you better think of a better one, the announcer is motioning to you.

JACK: Oh yes....Come on, Mary...

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS....CROWD NOISES)

MARY: Jack, wait for me.

JACK: Take my hand, Mary..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: WELL!- JACK BENNY!

JACK: Yes...yes.

NELSON: How do you do, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Hello.

NELSON: It's a pleasure to have you with us.

JACK & MARY: Thanks.

NELSON: You've been coming to these Academy Awards for a long time, haven't you? *Mr. Benny?*

JACK: Yes, I certainly have.

NELSON: Tell me, Mr. Benny what are your future picture plans?

EE

JACK: Well....

MARY: He expects to see Quo Vadis tomorrow night.

JACK: Mary, please....this is an interview.

NELSON: Mr. Benny, the last picture you made was a western called "The Horn Blows at Midnight", wasn't it?

JACK: A western?

NELSON: Yes, I was at the preview and I remember hearing gun shots.

MARY: That was the Warner Brothers.

JACK: ~~Yes~~..Fortunately they missed each other.

NELSON: Now, Mr. Benny, would you care to make any predictions as to who will win the Oscars here tonight?

JACK: No...there are so many wonderful actors and actresses up for them...BUT....in the musical awards...if the song I wrote --

NELSON: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: What a song...(SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon --

NELSON: Mr. Benny, get away from the microphone.

JACK: Then I'll come back to you...When you ask me to forgive you, I'll ---

NELSON: MR. BENNY! MR. BENNY! MR. BENNY!

JACK: Return..Like the swallows at Serrano, return to Capistrano --

NELSON: GET AWAY FROM THIS MICROPHONE

JACK: STOP PUSHING...(SINGS) For you my heart will always always yearn.

NELSON: *Mr. Benny!* GET AWAY FROM THIS MICROPHONE OR I'LL PUNCH YOU RIGHT IN THE NOSE.

JACK: TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

(SOUND: SCUFFLING, CONTINUE)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE...CUT THAT OUT...NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

NELSON: I TOLD YOU TO GET AWAY FROM HERE.

JACK: I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU TOLD ME...

MARY: Jack, come on.

JACK: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

BLANCHE: OH, THERE HE IS GIRLS, THERE HE IS! MR. BRANDO, MR. BRANDO,  
MAY WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

JACK: I'M NOT MARLON BRANDO, THE ANNOUNCER JUST RIPPED MY SHIRT...  
COME ON, MARY, LET'S GO IN.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, we want to make certain that all children have a fair chance to be strong and healthy. And we can do this by giving to Easter Seals. Your contribution provides treatment-training centers, special schools, summer camps and curative work shops. Let's give generously to Easter Seals. Please send your contributions in care of your local Post Office. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first.....

EE

(TAG)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, Mary, it was certainly exciting, wasn't it?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Arthur Freed winning the Irving Thalberg Award...And Johnny Green for the music...George Stevens for directing Place In The Sun....

MARY: And Vivian Leigh for the best actress..

JACK: *Yeah,* And Kim Hunter and Karl Malden for the best supporting roles....and ---

MARY: Oh Jack, there's Humphrey Bogart. Go over and congratulate him for winning the Oscar for his performance in African Queen.

JACK: Oh yes...Wait here, Mary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, Bogey, congratulations and lucky for you I didn't make a picture this year.

(SOUND: LOUD SLAP)

JACK: Ouch!

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, who slapped you?

JACK: Lauren Bacall...If I want her, I can whistle, two of my teeth are missing....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

EE

ATX01 0181924

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 23, .952  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, seeing is believing and you, yourself, can see that Luckies are made better to taste better. From newly opened packs take a Lucky Strike and any other cigarette. Then carefully remove the paper from both by tearing a narrow strip straight down the seam, from end to end. Be very careful not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now look for the difference. Look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco taken from the Lucky. See how round and firm and fully packed it is, with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. See how free the Lucky is of annoying loose ends that spoil the taste. This is your proof -- Luckies are made better to taste better -- to taste fresh and clean and smooth. No doubt about it -- Luckies taste better! So to enjoy the fresh, clean taste of fine tobacco -- Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy-- Go Lucky

(REPRISE) Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

DH

ATX01 01B1925

DON: The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco Company....America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes....This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombard every Thursday night presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

~~The Jack Benny Program has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.~~

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately.

THIS IS THE C.B.S. RADIO NETWORK

EE

ATX01 0181926

PROGRAM # 29  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1952

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(NAVAL TRAINING CENTER)

(SAN DIEGO, CALIF)

AS ENGAGED

RTX01 0181927



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

- A -

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike presents the Jack Benny Program, but first here's an important message from the National Tobacco Tax Research Council.

Last fiscal year Uncle Sam did pretty well in balancing the national budget. After paying all expenses, he had a neat three-and-a-half billion dollars left over in the surplus kitty. You cigarette smokers helped to sweeten that kitty . . . by contributing over one-and-a-half billion dollars in Federal cigarette taxes. Yes, every time you buy a pack of cigarettes, you give the Federal Government eight cents . . . and most of you give three or four cents more to city and state governments. That adds up to better than a fifty per cent tax. Remember . . . in buying cigarettes . . . over half your packs go for tax.

(PAUSE) And now THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM . . . presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - - Go Lucky  
Be Happy - - Got Better Taste  
Be Happy - - Go Lucky  
Got better taste today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(CONT'D)

ATX01 0181928

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1952  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

- B -

SHARBUIT: Friends, TEAR AND COMPARE -- see for yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. From a newly opened pack take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing be sure not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do exactly the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. Some cigarettes are too loosely packed. Some even fall apart. But look at the Lucky! See how it stays together - a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. Now what does this mean to you as a smoker? It means exactly this: because your Lucky is round and firm and fully packed you avoid annoying loose ends that spoil the taste, - hot spots that burn harsh and dry. Because your Lucky has long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco, it burns evenly, smokes smooth and mild. Yes, TEAR AND COMPARE. Prove to yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. Then, make your next carton Lucky Strike.

ATX01 0181929

CRCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHCRUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

SHARBUTT: Friends, you can TEAR AND COMPARE -- and see with your own eyes how Luckies are made better to taste better. From a newly opened pack take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing, be sure not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do exactly the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. You'll see some cigarettes are so loosely packed they fall apart. Others have air spaces - hot spots that burn harsh and dry. But - you won't find that in a Lucky. Look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco so free of annoying loose ends that spoil the taste. Notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco - so firmly packed - to smoke smooth and even, giving you a milder, better tasting cigarette. Yes, friends, TEAR AND COMPARE - prove to yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. Then make your next carton Lucky Strike!

CRCH: (3 NOTE INTO)

CHCRUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(REPRISE) Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: BROADCASTING FROM THE NAVAL TRAINING CENTER IN SAN DIEGO, THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY ... WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THE NAVAL TRAINING CENTER IN SAN DIEGO, WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO WAS SO PROUD OF HIS CAREER IN THE NAVY HE HAD AN ANCHOR TATTOED ON THE SLEEVE OF HIS UNDERWEAR ... JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you ... Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking, and Don, you can joke about my career in the Navy if you want to, but I was a great seaman. In fact, I was the only sailor aboard who could be depended upon to batten down the hatches ... I remember one --

DON: Wait a minute, Jack.

JACK: Huh?

DON: You mean you battened down the hatches.

JACK: No, the hatches, things were so quiet our Admiral was raising rabbits ... He had hundreds of them.

DON: You mean the Admiral was that fond of rabbits?

JACK: Don, you won't believe this, but one night I was on watch ... an enemy ship fired a shot across our bow ... and the admiral stuck his head out of a port-hole and said, "Tssk, tsk ... what's up, Don?" So Don, I know the difference between Hatches and Hatches

because I put in two hitches ... Believe me,

DON: Jack, I meant to ask you something ... When you went into the service, how come you decided to join the Navy?

JACK: <sup>Oh, I see</sup> Family tradition, Don ... you see, my grandfather, Lieutenant Commander Hopalong Benny was in the Navy ... and - -

DON: Hopalong Benny?

JACK: Yes, he was the only man to ride a torpedo side-saddle ... Poor fellow ... he never should have dug his spurs into it ... He joined the Navy and the world saw him ... Anyway, Don - - -  
Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: (PUFFING) Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: (PUFFS AGAIN) Oh boy, am I winded!

JACK: Mary, what's the matter with you? ... Why are you so out of breath?

MARY: (STILL PUFFING) Well, I just came over here from the Navy Exchange.

JACK: The Navy Exchange? ... Why, that's just a short walk from here.

MARY: I know, but it's a fast run with a hundred and fifty sailors chasing you.

JACK: <sup>mean</sup> Don't be silly, <sup>mad!</sup> sailors don't chase after girls. (That's what it says right here ... sailors don't chase after girls.)

MARY: They don't, eh?

JACK: No.

MARY: Since when are large butterfly nets part of their equipment?

JACK: Look Mary, you've got nothing to worry about ... The boys here are a nice bunch of fellows.

MARY: *Oh*, I know, they are, Jack ... And did you notice how young they all are?

JACK: Yes, but then when I was in the Navy I was young

MARY: So was the Navy.

JACK: All right, all right ... Anyway, Mary, you should have been here a few minutes ago. I was telling Don about my career as a sailor during the First World War.

MARY: Some career.

JACK: What?

MARY: You joined the Navy, went to sleep, fell out of your hammock, bumped your head, and when you came to, the War was over.

JACK: Oh yeah? If all I did in the Navy was bump my head, why did they give me that ribbon?

MARY: That was a Band-aid and you know it.

JACK: Look, Mary, you know it and I know it, but did you have to tell everybody? ... Why can't you just once - -

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Mr. Benny ...

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I'm Chief Petty Officer Jones.

JACK: *Oh*, How do you do.

MEL: My job is to see that you're well taken care of during your visit here ... Now is there anything special you would like for dinner?

JACK: Well ... er ... er ... let me see ...

ATX01 0181933

MEL: Could you hurry it up, Mr. Benny, I've got to go around and ask all the sailors what they'd like to eat.

JACK: Oh, eh ... I see ... Well, what do the boys stationed here usually have?

MEL: Oh, some of them order Crepe Suzettes.

JACK: Uh huh.

MEL: *And* Others prefer Pilot Mignon Sauto with a wine sauce.

JACK: I see.

MEL: *And* Then there are those who are partial to Baked Pheasant Under Glass.

JACK: Gee ... is that the kind of food the enlisted men in the Navy got?

MEL: No, but as long as we're on the air, let's do a little recruiting.

JACK: Oh yes, yes.

MEL: Goodbye, now.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: *Know* You know, Mary, this fellow had the right idea.

MARY: Well, Jack, I had lunch at the mess hall today, and the food is excellent.

JACK: I know, I know.

DON: *Oh* Say, Jack, we're going back to Los Angeles tomorrow night, aren't we?

JACK: No, no, Don, I've changed my mind. We'll be here on the base till Wednesday.

DON: Why?

MARY: Because Tuesday is payday.

DON: Well, what's the sailor's payday got to do with Jack?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) He's got a juke box and a keg of draft beer in the back of his car.

JACK: Mary ...

MARY: He flips the license plate over and it says "Benny's Cartoon".

JACK: Well, you're a fine one to talk, you're getting ten cents a dance... So don't be so --- Oh hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny ... Hello, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis, you missed rehearsal today.

DENNIS: I'm sorry, but I just got to San Diego a few minutes ago.

JACK: Wait a minute ... you just got to San Diego a few minutes ago? But I thought you left Los Angeles last Thursday.

DENNIS: I did.

JACK: Well, what took you so long?

DENNIS: I ran into a lot of traffic in Salt Lake City.

JACK: Salt Lake City!

MARY: Dennis, why in the world would you go from Los Angeles to --

JACK: Mary ... Mary, take my advice, don't ask him ... just drop the subject.

MARY: But Jack, maybe he had very important business in Salt Lake City.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Or maybe a relative was sick, or something.

JACK: Yeah, I never thought of that. Dennis, when you were coming down to San Diego, why did you come by way of Salt Lake City?

DENNIS: I wanted to avoid the traffic lights in Laguna Beach.

JACK: Mary, you made me ask him, you made me ask him.

MARY: Dennis, you better sing your song.

JACK: I'll say you better.



(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: To avoid the traffic lights in Laguna Beach ... That's the  
sillicest thing I ever heard.

(DENNIS' SONG -- "I HEAR A RHAPSODY")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>She's nice -</sup> That was "I HEAR A RHAPSODY" sung by Dennis Day ... And Dennis,  
I want to tell you that regardless of the silly things you do,  
I must say you have one of the finest voices in radio.

DENNIS: Gee, I hope my mother heard that.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: She thinks you're lousey,

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Dennis, your mother certainly doesn't like Mr. Bonny, does she?

DENNIS: No...every time I mention his name, she calls him a louse.

JACK: Then why do you keep mentioning my name?

DENNIS: She tricks me into it.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Anyway, Mr. Bonny, I don't care what my mother says, I like you.

JACK: Well, thanks ... And now, follows - -

DENNIS: You've always been okay with me.

JACK: Thanks, kid, thanks ... And now, follows - -

DENNIS: You know, Mr. Bonny, sometimes I wish you were my father.

JACK: You do?

DENNIS: So does my father.

JACK: Look kid, I only tried to tell you you had a nice voice, I  
didn't want a whole routine out of you <sup>you know -</sup>. You can't say a  
thing to this - -

PRUDY: Hello, Jackson ... Hi ya, fellows.

(APPLAUSE)

*Phil:*  
~~JACK: Phil ... Phil, what happened to those big entrances you usually~~  
~~make ... You know ... like ... "ALL RIGHT FELLOWS," STAND UP AND~~  
~~CHEER ... THE SHOW'S GONNA START 'CAUSE HARRIS IS HERE ...~~

*This show will roll now*  
 YAHOOOOO." ... How come you didn't make an entrance like that?

*(Sighs)*  
~~PHIL: Listen, Jackson, I ain't doing that stuff any more. It's too~~  
~~heavy.~~

JACK: Well, I've been telling you that for years. What finally convinced you?

~~PHIL: Well, it just ain't paying off any more, that's all. The last~~  
~~time I made one of them entrances, I yelled, "OKAY, KIDS, BEAT~~  
~~YOUR SKIN ... GET READY TO LAUGH, 'CAUSE HARRIS COME IN ..."~~

~~"-ZZZZZZ!"~~  
~~ZZZZZZ?"~~  
 JACK: *Well, say Phil, you really put a caption on that entrance.*

PHIL: *Yeah.* *the last time ...*  
 and would you believe it, Jackson, when I made that entrance, *it's that*  
 the people just sat there and stared at me.

JACK: Phil, when did this happen? *When was that?*

PHIL: This morning when I got on the LaJolla bus.

JACK: Well, I'll be --- Imagine getting on a bus and going into your act.

PHIL: What's wrong with that? Last week you stood on the dock playing your fiddle when the ESSEX came in.

JACK: Well, it was my patriotic duty, and the boys all cheered me.

PHIL: Well, they should ... who else could play "Anchors Aweigh" and dive for pennies at the same time?

JACK: Oh Phil, stop exaggerating.

MARY: Ho's not exaggerating. I saw you swirling around in the water.

JACK: Then why didn't you speak to me?

MARY: With these bifocals, I thought you wore a halibit.

JACK: Halibit, halibit.

DREINIS: Watch your language.

JACK: Oh, be quiet <sup>Jack answer</sup> ... Phil, you'd be much better off if you didn't pay so much attention to me and devoted more time to the boys in your band.

PHIL: There you go with my band again.

JACK: Certainly ... We came down here to play the Naval Training Center ... at least your boys could look decent.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson, they can't afford to buy new clothes.

JACK: Well, at least swab 'em down, swab 'em down ... Look at Reilly sitting there with a - -

PHIL: Hold it, <sup>just said it's impossible</sup> hold-it, Jackson... don't say anything about Reilly, today of all days.

JACK: Why not?

PHIL: <sup>well,</sup> Yesterday, Frankie's favorite uncle died.

JACK: <sup>Oh,</sup> Oh, that's too bad ... Was it unexpected?

PHIL: No, the judge told him exactly when it was gonna happen.

JACK: Look Phil, I don't want to have any more nonsense ... We have a very important sketch to do tonight and I want to get started with it ... Don, will you announce our play?

DON: <sup>oh,</sup> Yes, Jack, but before I do, I've got a little surprise for you.

JACK: Surprise?

DON: <sup>yes, yes, yes</sup> Yes, last night I was in Mexico and I heard four fellows singing over there. They had wonderful voices and I took the liberty of bringing them over and inviting them to sing on the program.

JACK: Gee, a Mexican Quartet ... that ought to be a novelty. Are those

JACK: boys here?

DON: Yes, they call themselves the Sportsman Quartetto.

JACK: Oh, well good, good. Let's hear it. Come on boys.

(INTRO)

QUART: Far below the Mexican border  
Where the señoritas smoke beneath the moon, I theenk.  
There's a bold and dashing vaquero  
And every night you'll hear him croon, I theenk.  
In my Adobe Hacienda  
There's a touch of Mexico, I theenk.  
Cactus lovelier than orchids  
Blooming in the patio, I theenk.  
Soft desert stars and the strum of guitars  
Make every evening seem so sweet, I theenk  
In my Adobe Hacienda  
Life and love are more complete.  
Tippy-tin, more complete  
You theenk so, Si, I theenk.  
In my Adobe Hacienda  
Everybody's having fun, why not?  
Tearing paper from the Luckies  
Proving it's the better one, you bet.  
But now we know how they're made that is so  
They're round and firm and fully packed, that's right.  
Lucky Strike is better tasting  
You will like them that's a fact, you bet.  
Tiajuana is colorful city  
She is not very big or so pretty  
She is a place that you should really visit,  
We know that you will not want to miss it.

QUARTET:  
(CONTINUED)

From La Jolla to Gay Cañula Vista  
There's a Lucky in everyone's lista  
And they please every Misses and Wista  
My Uncle, My Aunt, and my Sista  
L S M , L S M, L S M F  
LSM FFFFFFF  
Take a puff on a Lucky you'll like it  
Be Happy and Go Lucky Strike (Shot)  
Strike (Shot, Shot)  
Lucky Strike (Shot)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>love</sup> Don, that commercial was wonderful ... really great.

DON: I'm glad you like it, Jack.

JACK: I certainly did.

DON: Then you're going to pay the boys?

JACK: Why certainly ... I theenk ... And now Ladies and Gentlemen,  
for all the boys stationed here at the San Diego Naval Training  
Center we're going to

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: <sup>There's the phone.</sup>  
Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh, hello, Rochester ... What did you call me for?

ROCH: WELL...I'M OVER HERE IN YOUR ROOM AT THE EL CORTEZ HOTEL AND  
I THINK YOU'RE IN TROUBLE WITH THE MANAGER.

JACK: Mr. Stillings? Why, what happened?

ROCH: HE GOT A LITTLE UPSET WHEN HE FOUND OUT YOU RENTED OUT YOUR OTHER  
TWIN BED.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: THEN HE GOT AGGRAVATED WHEN HE FOUND YOU WERE DOING LAUNDRY IN  
THE BATHTUB.

JACK: Gee.

ROCH: THEN HE GOT RED IN THE FACE WHEN HE FOUND OUT YOU WERE RUNNING  
HIGH-LI GAMES IN THE HALL.

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JACK: Gosh.

ROCH: AND WHEN HE FOUND OUT YOU OPENED A GEE-DUNK BAR IN THE KITCHEN,  
HE WENT TO PIECES.

JACK: Oh, <sup>that's</sup> that's awful ... How are things in my living room?

ROCH: NOT SO GOOD ... ONE OF YOUR BARBERS JUST QUIT.

JACK: Oh...Well, have one of my writers take over his chair.

ROCH: YES SIR ... GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCH: OH, SAY BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: DON'T HUNG UP YET.

JACK: ~~What?~~ <sup>What?</sup>

ROCH: I JUST LOOKED AT YOUR RADAR SCREEN.

JACK: What about it?

ROCH: GET YOUR FIDDLE READY, THERE'S ANOTHER SHIP COMING IN.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester. Goodbye.

ROCH: COOOOOBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: And now Ladies and Gentlemen, for all the boys stationed here  
at the San Diego Naval Training Center we're going to do a  
sketch ... set the scene, Don.

DON: Okay, Jack ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME ON  
ANY RADIO PROGRAM, WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT A BIOGRAPHY BASED  
ON JACK BETTY'S ACTUAL EXPERIENCES IN THE NAVY DURING WORLD  
WAR ONE ... MUSIC.

(BAND PLAYS FEW BARS OF ANCHORS AWEIGH ... ~~OR OVER THERE~~)



JACK: (FILTER) IN THE YEAR 1917 I ENLISTED IN THE NAVY. BEFORE I LEFT HOME I SPENT THE LAST FEW HOURS WITH MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND THEN I WENT NEXT DOOR TO SAY GOODBYE TO MY SWEETHEART ... THIS ONLY TOOK ME TEN SECONDS ... I WASN'T A SAILOR YET ... WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING CENTER I WAS EXAMINED BY ONE OF THE NAVY DOCTORS.

KEARNS: Your name?

JACK: (regular mike) Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Birthplace?

JACK: Waukegan, Illinois.

KEARNS: Age?

JACK: Sixteen.

KEARNS: Sixteen?

JACK: Yes sir ...

KEARNS: But you've got gray hair.

JACK: Oh darn, I put on the wrong one this morning ... I'll be blonde tomorrow.

KEARNS: Your height?

JACK: Five foot ten.

KEARNS: Your weight?

JACK: One forty-five.

KEARNS: Color of eyes *oh* they're blue aren't they?

JACK: Bluer than a sailor on his first night in Boot Camp. Now Doctor, you've got my records here, so tell me ... do I get in the Navy or don't I?

KEARNS: Well son, I'm sorry but I have to report some bad news.

JACK: For me?

KEARNS: No, for the Navy, you're in.

JACK: (FILTER) AND SO I WAS IN THE NAVY...I BECAME A PART OF UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING FORCES ... THE NEXT THING I DID WAS TO REPORT TO THE SUPPLY DEPOT TO GET MY UNIFORM ... WHEN IT CAME MY TURN, THE SAILOR IN CHARGE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID:

NELSON:

Wellllll, how did you come to join the Navy?

*Nelson:*

*I said "How did you come to join the Navy?"*

JACK:

(REGULAR MIKE) Well, I've always been the adventurous type ...

*I love to travel.*

I loved travel, romance, foreign countries. And then I saw

one of those signs saying, "Join The Navy and See The World."

NELSON:

Isn't that a coincidence ... that's the reason I joined the Navy eighteen years ago.

JACK:

And have you visited any distant lands?

NELSON:

Yes, twice I've been to TiaJuana.

JACK:

Lucky you.

NELSON:

Now here's your uniform.

JACK:

Just a second ... you don't know my measurements ... I take size thirty-four, please.

NELSON:

(SARCASTIC) Really?

JACK:

Yes ... I have a thirty-three waist ...

NELSON:

Uh huh.

JACK:

Twenty-nine pants leg ...

NELSON:

Uh huh.

JACK:

And thirty-two and a half sleeve length on the jacket.

NELSON:

I'm glad you told me ... Would you like your uniform in any particular color?

JACK:

Well ... yes ... would you happen to have something in blue?

NELSON:

OOOOH, DO I!

JACK: What?

NELSON: Now take this and keep moving.

JACK: Wait a minute ... where do I put on my uniform?

NELSON: Right here as you're walking along.

JACK: ~~As~~ I'm walking along ... but what about my old clothes?

NELSON: Just drop 'em ... we have chambermaids who come along and pick 'em up.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: COME ON, MEN ... CHANGE INTO YOUR UNIFORMS ... ALL OF YOU.

JACK: There ... I've almost got mine on.

NELSON: Good.

JACK: Would you mind buttoning me up?

NELSON: That goes in front.

JACK: I'm sorry.

JACK: (FILTER) THEY HAD GIVEN ME A UNIFORM ... AND TRANSFERRED ME TO THE SAN DIEGO NAVAL TRAINING CENTER ... AFTER PUTTING IN SIX LONG HARD WEEKS IN BOOT CAMP, I WAS GIVEN MY FIRST LEAVE ... I WAS TIRED AND RUN-DOWN AND WANTED A REST, SO I WENT TO SHERMANS ... I WENT THERE WITH MY FRIEND CURLY HARRIS.

(SOUND: POUNDING ON BAR)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Oh Bartender, bartender.

MEL: Yeah?

JACK: I'll have a lemonade.

MEL: A lemonade?

JACK: Yes

PHIL: I'll have a Tequila.

JACK: Say Curley, That's the Mexican drink, isn't it?

PHIL: Yeah.

(SOUND: POURING OF DRINK IN GLASS)

MEL: *well,* There's your tequilla.

PHIL: Thanks ... Well, here's looking at you. (MAKES DRINKING NOISES)

(SOUND: GRAVEL AND STONES POURED DOWN WASH-BOARD SLIDE)

PHIL: Ahhh... smooth all the way down.

JACK: (FILTER) AFTER TWO HOURS AT SHERMAN'S I STEPPED OVER CURLEY AND WENT BACK TO THE BASE ... ON MY WAY BACK I GOT LOST ... REALIZING I NEEDED HELP, I LOOKED AROUND UNTIL I FINALLY FOUND AN ENSIGN ... I WALKED OVER TO THE ENSIGN AND SAID:

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Excuse me, sir, but how far is it to the San Diego Naval Training Center?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Oh ... well, *am I am I* am I walking in the right direction?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well for heavens sakes, where is the Naval Training Center?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: You don't know anything, ... a fine sailor you are.

RUBIN: I'm not a sailor.

JACK: Then how come you're wearing that blue uniform?

RUBIN: What uniform? ... I lost my clothes in a crap game and I'm cold.

JACK: (FILTER) SINCE I COULDN'T FIND MY WAY BACK, I DECIDED TO STAY AWAY AND ENJOY MYSELF ... BUT A WEEK LATER I WAS BACK AT THE BASE AND BECAUSE OF THE THINGS I HAD DONE, I FOUND MYSELF UP BEFORE THE ADMIRAL, FACING A COURT MARTIAL ... THE ADMIRAL LOOKED AT ME STERNLY AND SAID ...

DON: (SWEETLY) Were you A.W.O.L. for a full week?

JACK: Yes, sir.

DON: And didn't you get into a fight with two shore patrolmen?

JACK: Yes, sir.

DON: And when they tried to take you to the brig, didn't you bang their heads together and knock them out?

JACK: Yes, sir.

DON: Do you think that was nice?

JACK: No, sir.

DON: Well, watch it next time.

JACK: (FILTER) THE ADMIRAL LET ME GO WITH NO MORE PUNISHMENT THAN A STERN LOOK ... THE NEXT DAY I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN A GIRL SAID TO ME - -

MARY: Oh, sailor - -

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Yes.

MARY: Did you drop this handkerchief?

JACK: (FILTER) IT WORKED ... I NOW HAD A GIRL FRIEND ... WE WENT TOGETHER STEADILY FOR SIX MONTHS ... THEN ONE NIGHT I SAID TO HER:

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Honey - -

MARY: Yes, Mac.

JACK: Pucker up, I'm gonna kiss you.

MARY: Okay.

(JACK KISSES MARY)

JACK: There ... have you ever been kissed like that before?

MARY: Yes, I have a mother.

JACK: (FILTER) MY ROMANCE WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL WAS SHORT-LIVED BECAUSE TWO DAYS LATER I COMPLETED MY TRAINING AND WENT ABOARD MY SHIP ... WHAT A THRILL AS WE PREPARED TO SAIL ... WE ALL STOOD AT ATTENTION AS WE CIGARETTED THE ADMIRAL ABOARD ... I KNOW WE SHOULD HAVE PIPED HIM ABOARD ... BUT THIS IS THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM. FINALLY WE SAILED.

(SOUND: BOAT WHISTLES AND LAPPING WATER)

JACK: WE WERE UNDER WAY FOR JUST FIVE MINUTES, WHEN SUDDENLY I BEGAN TO FEEL TERRIBLE ... I RUSHED TO THE DOCTOR AND SAID:

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Doctor, Doctor ... I feel terrible. I'm sick. My head is going around, I'm dizzy, my stomach is upset. I feel awful.

KEARNS: Well, congratulations.

JACK: Congratulations? Why?

KEARNS: You're the first sailor who ever got seasick on the Coronado Ferry.

JACK: (FILTER) THAT IS MY STORY ... HE GAVE ME TWO <sup>APC</sup> PILLS ... HE TOLD ME TO GO TO MY HAMMOCK. I WENT TO SLEEP, FELL OUT, BUMPED MY HEAD, AND WHEN I CAME TO, THE WAR WAS OVER ... THIS ENDED MY NAVAL CAREER.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

20

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, our stockpile of blood plasma has been gravely depleted by the demands of the Korean campaign, and it is imperative that action be taken to insure an adequate supply ready for immediate use . . . So, please go to the blood bank in your cities and contribute. It's needed badly. This is an urgent request. Remember folks, a gift of blood is a gift from the heart.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first - - -

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Captain Frank Monroe Jr.,  
Commanding Officer of the Naval Training Center here in San  
Diego, and Lieutenant Commander Alex McLean, Special Services  
Officer, for inviting us down here ... And it's certainly been  
a pleasure being down here with all of you *fellows - so long,*

*everybody*  
(SOUND: MARCHING FEET FADING IN)

JACK: Wait a minute ... who are all these fellows?

MEL: Those are the new recruits.

JACK: Recruits? So many?

MEL: Yeah, that Phoeasant Under Glass routine always gets them.

JACK: Oh, that's nice .. Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike,  
product of the American Tobacco Company ... America's  
leading manufacturer of cigarettes ... This is Don Wilson  
reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy  
Lombardo every Thursday night presented by Lucky Strike.  
Consult your newspaper for time and station.

The Jack Benny program has been selected as one of the  
programs to be heard by our armed forces overseas through  
the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately.

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