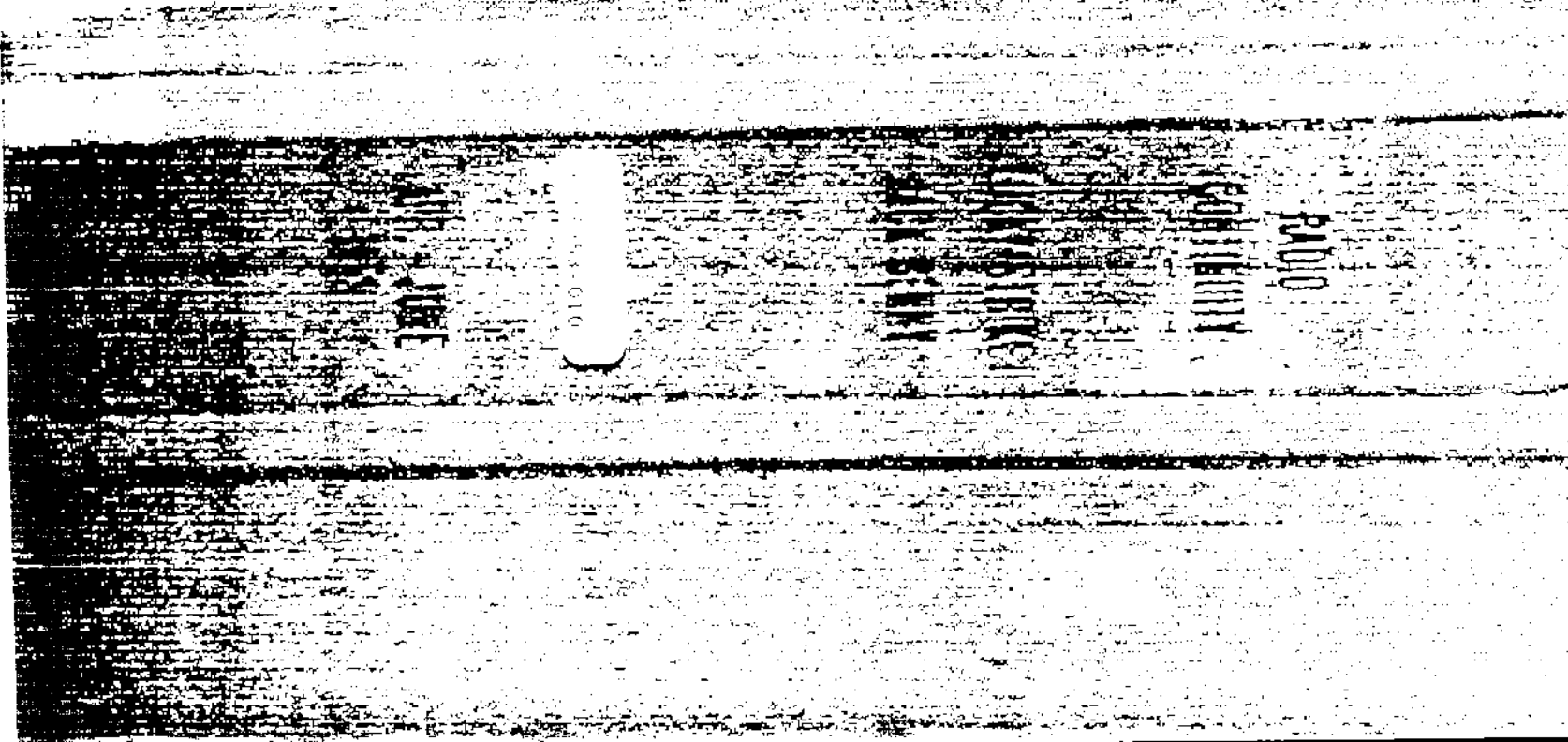


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PROGRAM #30
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED MARCH 31, 1953)

BB

ATX01 0183613

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 5, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MARCH 31, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY LUCKY STRIKE! You know, in a cigarette...nothing -- no nothing -- beats better taste. And...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting tobacco.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. I think you'll agree that smoking enjoyment depends on the taste of your cigarette. For nothing -- no, nothing beats better taste. And Luckies taste better...Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Here's why: Luckies better taste starts with fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. Remember, IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And equally important, Luckies are made better to taste better...made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely, smoke evenly, and give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother taste. So friends, get the one thing you want most in your cigarette...better taste! On your next trip to the cigarette counter, be happy -- go Lucky! Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike. You'll find...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

CHORUS: Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BB

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(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IT'S EASTER SUNDAY...AND IN CITIES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY PEOPLE ARE PARADING...RIGHT NOW IN BEVERLY HILLS JACK IS GETTING READY FOR HIS STROLL DOWN WILSHIRE BOULEVARD AS IS HIS CUSTOM EVERY EASTER...AT THE MOMENT HE'S TAKING A SHOWER, AND ROCHESTER IS LAYING OUT HIS CLOTHES.

ROCH: ~~WELL, I'VE GOT ALL HIS CLOTHES LAID OUT...SUIT, SHIRT, SOCK,~~
~~AND TIE...~~...MMM MMM, MR. BENNY'S BEEN IN THAT SHOWER A LONG TIME...BUT HE ALWAYS STAYS IN THERE PRETTY LONG.. HE'D GET THROUGH SOONER IF HE'D SING IN THE SHOWER LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE INSTEAD OF PLAYING HIS VIOLIN...BUT IT WAS PRETTY CLEVER THE WAY HE TIED THAT BRUSH ON THE END OF HIS VIOLIN BOW...I'LL BET HELFITZ CAN'T PLAY "LOVE IN BLOOM" AND SCRUB HIS BACK AT THE SAME TIME.

JACK: OH ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: I'm through with my shower..hand me my towel.

ROCH: YOUR TOWEL?

JACK: All right, the Statler's.. don't be so technical when I'm freezing.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE...AND HERE'S YOUR SHORTS.

BB

JACK: Thanks...Gee, that shower was invigorating. You know, Rochester..since I've been dieting, I feel like a new man... and I look so much trimmer, don't I?

ROCH: YOU LOOK ABOUT THE SAME TO ME, BOSS.

JACK: *Oh* Don't be silly. I bet I lost a lot of weight. I'll get on the scale and show you.

(SOUND: STANDING ON SCALE...PENNY DROPPING...GRINDING OF MACHINERY AND CARD COMES OUT)

JACK: *Let's see* Here's the card...Let me see what it says..."You would be a financial success if you weren't such a spendthrift."

ROCH: OH, SCALE, COME NOW!

JACK: And here's *here's* my weight...Hmm..one hundred and two pounds... Rochester, this scale is way off.

ROCH: I COULDA TOLD YOU THAT WHEN YOU READ YOUR FORTUNE.

JACK: Never mind...Let's check this scale..Rochester, you get on... see how much you weigh.

ROCH: OKAY...LET'S SEE IF I'VE GOT A PENNY...

(SOUND: JINGLE OF COINS)

ROCH: YEAH, HERE'S ONE.

(SOUND: STANDING ON SCALE...PENNY DROPPING... GRINDING OF MACHINERY AND CARD COMES OUT)

ROCH: WELL, MY WEIGHT IS CORRECT.

JACK: Good...what does the card say on the other side?

ROCH: LET'S SEE..."TELL THE PREVIOUS SPENDTHRIFT HE PUT IN A SLUG".

JACK: *Well* It's my scale I can do what I want...Now, Rochester, did you lay out my clothes?

ROCH: YES SIR...YOUR BLUE SUIT IS ON THE BED.

BB

JACK: My blue suit?...No, I wore that in the Easter Parade last year..I better wear something else.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Answer the door, Rochester, I'll pick out a suit.

ROCH: (FADING) ~~OKAY~~ *Yes, sir.*

JACK: Rochester always tries to make me look so conservative...This is the Easter Parade...I should wear something Springy.... Let's see...what could I---I know, I'll wear my white suit.. I'll bet it's as good as the year I put it away.

ROCH: BOSS, MISS LIVINGSTONE IS HERE.

JACK: Oh yes..she's walking in the Easter Parade with me...Tell her I'll be right out.

ROCH: OKAY..WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING ON THAT WHITE SUIT FOR?

JACK: I'm gonna wear it in the parade.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, I THINK THE BLUE ONE WOULD LOOK A LOT--

JACK: Rochester, I'm gonna wear the white suit and that settles it.

ROCH: OKAY OKAY.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Is he ready, Rochester?

ROCH: HE WILL BE IN A ^{few} MINUTE...SAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL DRESS YOU'VE GOT ON.

MARY: *What?* Thank you, Rochester.

ROCH: AND THAT BELT! ARE THOSE REAL DIAMONDS ON IT?

MARY: Uh huh.

ROCH: WELL, IT SURE IS BEAUTIFUL...I'VE NEVER SEEN A BELT LIKE THAT.

MARY: It isn't mine. It belongs to my sister Babe.

ROCH: OH.

BB

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MARY: Ring Magazine gave it to her when she retired undefeated.

ROCH: OH YES, SHE WAS A LIGHT-HEAVY, WASN'T SHE?

MARY: (LAUGHS) *Yeah. Yeah, Mr. Paul.*

JACK: (COMING IN) Hello, Mary...Happy Easter.

MARY: Happy -- JACK, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WEAR THAT WHITE SUIT.

JACK: Why not, what's wrong with it?

MARY: I haven't seen one like that since Admiral Byrd came back from the South Pole.

JACK: What are you talking about?

MARY: Well, if you're going to wear it, at least wipe that tomato

JACK: *tomato soup stain* ~~stain~~ off the lapel. *stain* ~~stain~~ everything. *Wipe that tomato soup stain*

MARY: *tomato soup stain* ~~stain~~ what? *Well I've heard everything. Wipe that tomato soup stain*

JACK: What for? From a distance it'll look like a red carnation...

Come on, Mary, let's go...See you later, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE, BOSS...GOODBYE, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Goodbye, Rochester.. By the way, *aren't you* ~~are you~~ going out *to walking* in the Easter Parade?

ROCH: YES, BUT FIRST I'VE GOTTA MAKE A CALL TO A GIRL I HAVE A BLIND DATE WITH. I'VE GOTTA TELL HER ABOUT A CHANGE IN PLANS.

JACK: Change in plans?

ROCH: YEAH, I TOLD HER TO BE ON THE CORNER OF SIXTH AND CENTRAL AND LOOK FOR A MAN WEARING A WHITE SUIT.

JACK: Oh, so that's why you -- well wear our blue one, it's your turn to be conservative....Come on Mary, let's go.

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC..."EASTER PARADE")

(SOUND: STREET NOISES...FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING ON CEMENT BEHIND FOLLOWING)

MARY: Gee, there are a lot of people out walking on Wilshire Boulevard.

BB

JACK: Yeah... you know...this is a wonderful time of the year...
There's something in the air...a spirit of awakening...of
romance...It makes me feel so young..(COY) and you know what
they say, Mary...in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to
love.

MARY: Give me your hand, Jack.

JACK: Gee, do you feel romantic, too?

MARY: No, we're coming to a curb and I don't want you to fall on
your face.

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Jack, look who's coming this way...Isn't that one of the
boys in your Beavers Club?

JACK: Oh yes, ^{it's} it's Joey Hudson.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

JACK: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Mr. Benny..Hey, dig that crazy carnation.

JACK: See...I told you, Mary.

~~STUFFY: Say, Mr. Benny..you should have been at our last meeting.~~

~~We formed a baseball team.~~

JACK: Really?

~~STUFFY: Yeah..and we're naming it after my father... We're gonna call
ourselves the Hudson Hurricanes.~~

JACK: The Hudson Hurricanes?

~~STUFFY: Don't you like it?~~

BB

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JACK: Yeah... you know...this is a wonderful time of the year...
There's something in the air...a spirit of awakening...of
romance...It makes me feel so young..(COY) and you know what
they say, Mary...in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to
love.

MARY: Give me your hand, Jack.

JACK: Gee, do you feel romantic, too?

MARY: No, we're coming to a curb and I don't want you to fall on
your face.

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Jack, look who's coming this way...Isn't that one of the
boys in your Beavers Club?

JACK: Oh yes ^{oh} it's Joey Hudson.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

JACK: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Mr. Benny..Hey, dig that crazy carnation.

JACK: See...I told you, Mary.

~~STUFFY: Say, Mr. Benny..you should have been at our last meeting.
We formed a baseball team.~~

JACK: Really?

~~STUFFY: Yeah..and we're naming it after my father... We're gonna call
ourselves the Hudson Hurricanes.~~

JACK: The Hudson Hurricanes?

~~STUFFY: Don't you like it?~~

BB

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JACK: Well, your father's a nice man...but, Joey...I've been the Club treasurer for years...I've worked hard for you...and I'm also a charter member. The least you could do is name your team the Benny Bombers..

STUFFY: Oh, that's all right with us, Mr. Benny. It's just that we decided to name the team after whoever gives us the eighty dollars for the uniforms.

JACK:Tell me, Joey, when is the first game of the Hudson Hurricanes?

MARY: Well...that's the quickest change in baseball since Boston became Milwauked.

JACK: Yeah, yeah...Now Joey, let me know when you play your first game. I wanta be there.

MARY: Are you going to play, Jack?

JACK: Well--

STUFFY: Oh, no, Mr. Benny can't play. It wouldn't be fair to have a professional on our team.

MARY: Professional?

JACK: Come on Mary, let's go.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack...what do you mean, professional. Joey?

JACK: Mary, let's go.

MARY: Just a second...Joey, what do you mean a professional?

STUFFY: Well, didn't Mr. Benny ever tell you how he was the star of the 1929 world Series?

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's get out of here.

MARY: No, Joey, what about it?

STUFFY: Well, it was the last of the ninth, the score was tied, the bases were loaded, two out, Babe Ruth came up to bat, and Mr. Benny was pitching.

JACK: Mary --

~~STUFFY: AND Mr. Benny only threw one pitch and struck out Babe Ruth.~~

~~MARY: Now just a minute.. How could he strike anybody out with one pitch?~~

~~STUFFY: Well, Mr. Benny threw his famous slow ball.. and it was so slow that Babe Ruth swung at it three times.~~

JACK: ~~Mary, if we're gonna walk in the Easter Parade, let's walk.~~
Goodbye, Joey.

STUFFY: So long, Mr. Benny.

MARY: Goodbye, Joey.

STUFFY: Goodbye, Champ.

MARY: It's my sister's belt.

JACK: Come on, Mary. *lets go.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~MARY: Jack, why do you tell those kids such fantastic stories?~~

~~JACK: Mary, when you're as weak as I am you have to make things up.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: ~~Say~~ ^{hey} Mary, look at that poster in front of the theatre.. It's Rita Hayworth in "Salome" doing the dance of the Seven Veils.... Boy, would I like to see that in three Dimension... Gee, she's beautiful.

MARY: Jack, your glasses are steaming up..let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Say Jack, look...that theatre across the street is showing a revival of "Easter Parade" with Judy Garland and Fred Astaire.

JACK: Oh yes.. remember how cute that picture started...Fred was walking along Fifth Avenue singing that song...and the people answered him?...How did that song go again?

(SHORT INTRODUCTION TO "HAPPY EASTER")

MARY: (SINGS) NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY...HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

JACK: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY...HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE
AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

QUART: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP)

JACK: Isn't it nice, Mary, they all answered us, just like they did
in the picture.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Say Mary...isn't that Bob Crosby and his wife?

MARY: Where?

JACK: Walking on the other side of the street.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: Hurry up, let's cross the street and join them.

MARY: But Jack, it's the Easter Parade, maybe they'd rather walk
alone.

JACK: *Oh* Don't be silly, Mary...Bob would be insulted if he thought
we saw him and didn't say hello.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES)

BOB: Say June...isn't that Mary Livingstone across the street
there?

JUNE: Why, yes...it does look like Mary...But I wonder who that
is with her.

BB

ATK01 0183623

BOB: *Well* I don't know. *but* from here he looks like Admiral Byrd...

Say Whoever he is, he's trying to attract our attention...He's waving his hand.

JUNE: Now he's waving his hat.

BOB: Now he's waving his hair, it's Jack...I'm amazed that he's this far down on Wilshire...He usually never gets past the California Bank.

JUNE: Gee Bob, I hope he doesn't join us.

BOB: Why?

JUNE: Well, I like Jack, but look at the way he's dressed.

BOB: Well *just* keep walking straight ahead. We'll pretend *that* we haven't *even* seen him.

JACK: (SLIGHT PAUSE...OFF MIKE) Oh, Bob...Bob.

BOB: Keep walking, honey, there are a lot of Bobs.

JACK: (CLOSER BUT STILL OFF) Oh, *Bob* Bob Crosby.

BOB: Keep walking...there's another Bob Crosby in Encino.

JACK: (STILL CLOSER) Oh, Bing's Brother.

BOB: He's got me.

JACK: Hello, kids.

BOB: Why, Jack Benny of all people, *gee* what a pleasant surprise.

JACK: Yeah.

JUNE: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, June...Say, that's a beautiful outfit you've got on... That mink stole is just exquisite.

JACK: It sure is...is it new, Bob?

BOB: Oh no...I got it for her last year when *he* ~~I~~ was with Campbell's Soup.

JACK: Campbell's Soup?

BB

BOB: You know...the outfit that made your carnation.

JACK: Oh, oh.

BOB: Well, we better be running along now.

JUNE: Yes, Bob.

JACK: But aren't you going to walk with us?

BOB: *Oh gee,* ~~Gosh,~~ we'd love to, Jack, but the kids are home, *all* alone and we've just gotta get back to them...See you later.

MARY: Happy Easter.

JACK: Happy Easter.

BOB & JUNE: Happy Easter.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

(SHORT INTRO)

BOB: WALKING WITH YOU SIDE BY SIDE...HAPPY EASTER.

JUNE: HAPPY EASTER.

BOB: FILLS MY CHEST WITH SO MUCH PRIDE...HAPPY EASTER.

JUNE: HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

BOB & JUNE: AND YOU GREET

ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

QUART: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...STREET NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: It was nice running into Bob and June.

MARY: ~~Yes,~~ *it was.*

JACK: Yeah...what perfect weather...Spring...the skies are clear...
the flowers are blooming..the sun is shining...Gee, that Rita
Hayworth is beautiful...Mary, we oughta see that picture and--
Well, look who's ~~here.~~ *coming over* my violin teacher.

MEL: Bon Jour, Monsieur Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

BB (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Well, Professor LeBlanc. What a surprise running into you.

MARY: Hello, Professor.

MEL: Bon jour, Mademoiselle.

MARY: Professor, you certainly look nice today...Is that a new Easter suit you're wearing?

MEL: Mademoiselle...I am a poor violin teacher...I cannot afford to buy new suits.

JACK: Well, what do you do with the money I pay you for my violin lessons?

MEL: I buy sleeping pills.

JACK: Oh, are they any good?

MEL: No, after a few days I wake up.

JACK: Oh...well, it was nice seeing you, Professor...and don't forget, you're giving me a violin lesson tomorrow.

MEL: I will not forget....I will tie a string around my finger.

JACK: *Oh* Good good.

MEL: Better I should tie a rope around my neck.

JACK: What?

MEL: Goodbye, Monsieur Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START AND CONTINUE)

JACK: ~~Say~~ Mary, I can't understand why he hates to give me violin lessons.

BB

ATX01 0183626

MARY: I can't understand it either. You play beautifully. I think you're as good a violinist as Fritz Kreisler or Isaac Stern.

JACK: Well I...^{Oh} Mary, that was sweet...What made you say that?

MARY: I don't know, wearing this belt has made me a little punch-drunk.

JACK: Look, Mary.

MARY: (MOOLEY) Duhh, a flock of 'em flew over dat time.

JACK: Oh stop...Now come^{on}, Mary, let's keep walking.

BB

ATX01 0183627

(SHORT INTRO)

JACK: DA DA DA DE DE DA DUM DUM .. HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: ^{you're} YOU LOOK SO CUTE IN THAT OLD WHITE SUIT, HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MY, OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

DON: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

JACK: Well, Don..Don Wilson!

DON: Hello, Jack .. Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don..Are you walking in the Parade, too?

DON: No, ^{Mr.} I'm on my way home. I was just on a quiz program.

JACK: ^{you were on} A quiz program?

DON: Yes, and I almost won the jack-pot..I answered every question correctly but the last one.

JACK: No kidding.

MARY: What did they ask you, Don?

DON: Well, the first question was, "What does L S M F T stand for?" And naturally I said L S M F T stands for Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.

JACK: ^{Well} Naturally.

DON: Then they asked me, "Why are Lucky Strike Cigarettes so popular?..And I told them it was because people get the one thing they want most in a cigarette .. better taste .. and Luckies taste better .. cleaner, fresher, smoother.

JACK: Well, that was certainly the correct answer.

MARY: Don, what was the question that you missed?

ES

ATK01 0183628

DON: Well, it was pretty tough .. they asked me who was the Secretary of State under President Rutheford B. Hayes.

MARY: What did you say?

DON: I said, "Nothing, no nothing beats better taste."

JACK: Don.. Wait a minute .. they asked you who was the Secretary of State under president Rutheford B. Hayes, and you said, "Nothing, no nothing beats better taste?....Why did you say that?

DON: I didn't know the answer so I took a wild guess.

JACK: Well Don, I'm surprised at you..a college man.. not knowing who the Secretary of State under Rutherford B. Hayes was.

DON: Well, Jack, do you know?

JACK: Certainly..It was William M. Evarts. Any schoolboy would know that.

MARY: Especially if he went to school with Rutherford B. Hayes.

JACK: Quiet, Champ. ... Well, so long, Don.. it was nice running into you.

~~DON: Jack, it was nice running into you, too.. especially this time.~~

JACK: What do you mean, this time?

DON: Well, Jack, I don't want you to think I'm sensitive, but this is the first time in months that I've seen you and you haven't made some comment about my being fat or over-weight.

JACK: Gee Don, if you feel that way, I'll stop joking about your size.

DON: Thank you.

MARY: Say Don, would you like to walk down Wilshire Boulevard with us?

ES

ATX01 0183529

~~DON: I'd love to, Mary, but I'm on the other side of the street.~~

~~JACK: Oh, yes... lift your stomach, Don, here comes a bus...~~

See you later .. Come on, Mary.

(SHORT INTRO)

JACK: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY .. HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: HAPPY EASTER.

JACK: DA DA DA DE DE DUM DUM DUM..RITA HAYWORTH.

MARY: HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE

AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

JACK

& MARY: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gosh, there are a lot of people out today. ^{after the war} it seems like--

MEL: Duh..Hello, Mr. Benny..Happy Easter.

JACK: Huh? Oh, happy Easter..Mister....Mister...

MEL: Don't you remember me.. I'm the clerk that waited on you in
the bakery shop.

JACK: ~~In the~~ In the bakery shop?

MEL: Yeah..don't you remember..You came in and I sold you a
chocolate cake..some doughnuts..some pastry and a half dozen
cimeron rolls.

JACK: Oh, yes..Say Mary, this is the fellow I told you about..He
can't pronounce Cinnamon.

MEL: I can, too..

JACK: All right, let's hear you say Cinnamon.

MEL: Cimeron.

JACK: You see, Mary.

ES

ATX01 0183630

MARY: Look, Mister, it's such a simple word..you just pronounce it like it's spelled..C I-N-N-A-M-O-N.

MEL: C-I-N-N-A-M-C-N?

MARY: Yes..Cimeron.

MEL: Oh, thanks, Lady, it's easy when you spell it first.

JACK: Yes, yes, it's easy. ^{Well} Come on, Mary.

(SHORT INTRO)

QUART: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY..HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY..HAPPY EASTER.

JACK: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

ARTIE: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU

JACK: Well..Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{Miss Kitzel -} It's nice running into you today.

ARTIE: Thank you, Mr. Benny..and how are you, Miss Livingstone?

MARY: I'm fine, thank you.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you certainly look nice in those striped pants, cut-away coat and top hat..It's just right for Easter.

ARTIE: Thank you, but I am also wearing it for sentimental reasons. This is the suit in what I got married.

JACK: ^{ref me -} You wore it when you got married? ^{yes} That must have been about twenty years ago.

ARTIE: Yes, it's funny how a little thing like that sticks with you.

JACK: Yes yes.

ES

ATX01 0183631

ARTIE: But Mr. Benny, I'll never forget ^{that} ~~the~~ ceremony. When they said, "If anyone has any objections to this marriage, speak now or forever hold your peace."

JACK: Yes?

ARTIE: A voice from the back hollered, "Don't marry her".

JACK: Oh my goodness, who was it?

ARTIE: Me, I'm a ventriloquist.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Unfortunately.

JACK: Oh...Well, Mr. Kitzel, it was a pleasure running into you on Easter..but we've got to be moving along.

ARTIE: I've gotta run along, too...I'm going to see a wonderful picture.

JACK: What is it?

ARTIE: Rita Hayworth in "Salomi".

JACK: Rita Hayworth in --

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, what's ^{happening} happened to your glasses?

JACK: Mary, where'd he go, where'd he go?

MARY: He's standing right here.

JACK: Oh ^{Oh, so you will goodbye - where are you? Well goodbye.} Well, goodbye, Mr. Kitzel..Happy Easter.

ARTIE: The same to you, Mr. Benny. And you, too, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Thank you, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, Mary..it's always nice running into Mr. Kitzel. He seems so cheerful and -- Hey look, Mary, there's a photographer taking pictures of couples on the street.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: I'm gonna have him take our picture.

ES

ATX01 0183632

MARY: Oh no, Jack..I'm not going to have a picture taken with you wearing that suit.

JACK: All right..I'll have one taken by myself....Oh, Mister...

NELSON: YESSSSSS.

JACK: ^{I'd like to} I'd like to have my picture taken.

NELSON: Well, good..just stand over there, Admiral.

JACK: I'm not Admiral Byrd...Now how would you like me to pose?

NELSON: Well, first I'd better line you up..~~Here, just place your nose on this string.~~

~~JACK: My nose on the string? What for?~~

~~NELSON: I used to take photo finishes at Santa Anita.~~

~~JACK: Hum.~~

NELSON: There, that does it..Now would you mind rolling your trousers up above the knee.

JACK: Why, do you want to see my legs in the picture?

NELSON: No, but the less I get of that suit the better.

JACK: Now wait a minute, I've had enough insults from you.

NELSON: Hold still...I've got you in focus...Now open your mouth and smile.

JACK: Like this?

NELSON: Wider.....Wider.....Wider.....

JACK: Why do you want my mouth open so wide?

NELSON: The less I get of that face the better, too.

JACK: Now cut that out...If you're a photographer, I'm a monkey's uncle.

NELSON: Have a peanut.

JACK: Come on, Mary, I'll get my picture taken some other time.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.)

ES

JACK: How a guy like that ever expects people to--

MEL: (DOES WOLF WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack, roll down your pants leg.

JACK: Oh oh..oh ~~OH~~..Well, come on, Mary, we'll walk as far as La Brea.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

(SHORT INTRO)

MARY: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY..HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: (WHISTLES "HAPPY EASTER")

MARY: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY..HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: (WHISTLE "HAPPY EASTER" AND CONTINUE TO WHISTLE RELEASE)

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

DENNIS: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

MARY: DENNIS!

JACK: Keep walking, Mary.

MARY: Jack, it's Easter..be nice to him.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ All right..Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis..Mary and I are walking down as far as La Brea.. would you like to join us?

DENNIS: Sure, I'm not stuck up.

~~JACK: (PLEADING) Mary....~~

~~MARY: I know, but be nice to him, anyway.~~

JACK: I'll try...Well, Dennis...are you having a nice Easter?

DENNIS: Yeah..my girl gave me a basket with two chocolate rabbits in it.

JACK: Two chocolate rabbits..well!

DENNIS: Pretty soon I'll have hundreds of 'em, won't I?

JACK: Mary, you talk to him. I'm still a little sick from that photographer.

ES

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY)—Okay... Say, Dennis, you're really dressed up today.. Is that a new suit?

DENNIS: Yeah. I won it on a quiz program.

JACK: On a quiz program?

DENNIS: Uh huh.. I answered all the questions correctly.

JACK: You... you knew the answers to all the questions?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: What did they ask you? *Dennis*

DENNIS: Well, first they asked me what my name was and I told them Dennis Day.

JACK: Gosh, you remembered!

DENNIS: Uh huh. *and* Then they asked me what holiday we celebrate on March 17th...and quick as a flash, I said "St. Patrick's Day".

JACK: Well, you're a whiz.

DENNIS: *and* Then they asked me who was the Secretary of State under President Rutheford B. Hayes.

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: And I told them William M. Evarts.

JACK: Dennis.. that's right.. that's wonderful.. How did you know?

DENNIS: I didn't know, I took a wild guess.

JACK: Dennis.. you took a wild guess.. and got it right? *worked?*

DENNIS: It worked when they asked me my name; *too* what did I have to lose?

MARY: Jack, we're coming to the La Brea Tar Pits..You grab his left arm and I'll grab--

JACK: Be nice to him, Mary.. *Be nice to him* — — — That's what you told me to do... Say, Dennis, instead of talking and annoying everybody.. why don't you sing something?

ES

ATX01 0183635

DENNIS: Gee, do you think it would be all right ^{out here} on the street?

JACK: Sure..everybody feels good today.. It's Easter..

DENNIS: Okay.

(DENNIS'S SONG..."EASTER PARADE")

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ES

ATX01 0183636

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-22-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first ... nothing
no, nothing -- beats better taste! And remember...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: Friends, the taste of your cigarette is all-important. For in
a cigarette, nothing -- no, nothing beats better taste! And
Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher and smoother. You
see, Luckies better taste really begins with fine tobacco.
Yes.. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, long strands
of light, mild, good-tasting tobacco with a wonderful aroma.
Then too, Luckies taste better because they're made better.
Made to give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother-tasting smoke.
So, friends, remember how important better taste is to your
enjoyment of a cigarette. Remember that Lucky Strike gives
you the better taste of fine tobacco, in a better made
cigarette. But most of all, remember to pick up a carton of
Luckies tomorrow. Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

SPORTS-

MEN: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Get Better Taste Today!

ES

ATX01 0183537

(TAG)

-23-

(SOUND: STREET NOISES...FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, for heaven's sake, we've been standing here for fifteen minutes.. Let's go on home.

JACK: Well--

MARY: Well, I'm going anyway because I've gotta get home.

JACK: Okay.. Goodbye, Mary Happy Easter.

MARY: Happy Easter, Jack. See you tomorrow.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: Hum.~~

(SOUND: 10 FOOTSTEPS)

JENNY: How many tickets, please?

JACK: Just one, down front ...

(SOUND: TICKET MACHINE GIVING TICKET)

JACK: Thanks, *you*.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, it's dark in here.. I'll find a seat... Excuse me.....
Excuse me.... Pardon me..... Pardon me..... Excuse me...
oops.. I'm sorry.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel! *Happy Easter, every body.*

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station.

Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky

Strike product of the American Tobacco Company... America's

ES leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

ATX01 0183638

PROGRAM #31
REVISED SCRIPT

AS
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 8, 1953)

BB

ATX01 0183639

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 12, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 8, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM....TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY
LUCKY STRIKE! You know...for real smoking enjoyment, nothing--
no, nothing beats better taste! And...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. Friends...no doubt about it...your
enjoyment of a cigarette depends on its taste. For nothing --
no, nothing -- beats better taste. And Luckies taste better--
cleaner-fresher-smoother. You see, Luckies' better taste
starts right off with the fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco
that goes into Luckies. And then, Luckies are made better, to
give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother-tasting smoke. Yes sir,
only fine tobacco in a better made cigarette can give you all
the deep-down smoking enjoyment you want. So why not switch
to Lucky Strike. Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! You'll find --

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BB

RTX01 0183640

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. IT'S SUCH A LOVELY MORNING THAT OUTSIDE ON THE FRONT LAWN WE HEAR THE SPLASHING OF BIRDS IN THE BIRD-BATH.

(SOUND: SPLASHES AND BIRDS CHIRPING)

DON: WHILE UPSTAIRS WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE SHOWER.

(SOUND: WATER COMING FROM A SHOWER)

ROCH: (SINGS) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL FEELING
THAT EVERYTHING'S GOING MY WAY.

(SOUND: SHOWER OFF)

JACK: Rochester, I'm through showering, you can stop singing now.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: SHOWER DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Say, Rochester, I don't know where you're buying soap lately, but that new bar I just used didn't lather at all.

ROCH: I DIDN'T KNOW YOU TOOK A NEW BAR OF SOAP. DID YOU GET IT OUT OF THE SERVICE CLOSET?

JACK: No, I found it in the kitchen.

ROCH: IN THE DRAWER?

JACK: No, in a dish near the drainboard.

ROCH: WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, BOSS.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: YOU HAVE JUST SHOWERED WITH A PEELED POTATO!

JACK: *A* Peeled -- ~~Hmm~~..Imagine showering with a peeled potato.

ROCH: YOU NOW HAVE THE SKIN THAT LAMB CHOPS LOVE TO TOUCH.

JACK: Never mind that..Here, take this towel and dry my back, will you? *please?*

ROCH: Yes sir.

(SOUND: PATTING WITH TOWEL)

JACK: Ahh, that feels good.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU SURE HAVE WELL-DEVELOPED SHOULDERS.

JACK: *Oh*, Thank you, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR...DID YOU EVER DO ANY FIGHTING?

JACK: *Oh* Yes, ^{yes} a long time ago...As a matter of fact, I won twenty-two fights. I was known as the Waukegan Wildcat.

ROCH: WAUKEGAN WILDCAT?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WHY DID YOU QUIT?

JACK: They made us put on gloves and I couldn't scratch any more.. So I got a manicure and retired.....Now Rochester, while I get dressed, how about fixing me some breakfast?

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...
FOOTSTEPS)

BB

ATX01 0183542

ROCH: (SINGS) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING,
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY,
I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL --

~~~UMM UMM...IMAGINE ANYONE SHOWERING WITH A PEELED POTATO...  
HEE HEE HEE... IF MR. BENNY'S WRITERS COULD CAPTURE HIS  
REAL CHARACTER, HIS PROGRAM WOULD BE HILARIOUS!~~

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND A WHISTLE)

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, POLLY.

MEL: (SINGS) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING,  
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY (SQUAWK)  
I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL FEELING,  
THAT SOMETHING IS COMING MY WAY..(SQUAWK..SQUAWK)  
(SOUND: PLOP)

ROCH: SHE HAD A FEELING ALL RIGHT, SHE LAID AN EGG!...GOOD GIRL,  
POLLY.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING. *Coming*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: (SINGS) OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING..DA DA DA DA DA DA..  
DA DA DA---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, GOOD MORNING, MISS LIVINGSTONE, COME RIGHT IN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: You must be in a good mood. I heard you singing as you were coming to the door.

ROCH: OH, I ALWAYS SING WHEN IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO MY PAY DAY.

MARY: Really...When is your payday?

ROCH: SEPTEMBER FIRST.

MARY: September First! But this is only April. Why do you sing so long before payday?

ROCH: THERE AIN'T MUCH TO SING ABOUT AFTER.

MARY: I know what you mean.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (OFF) Oh good morning, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack. You know, it's so early I thought you'd still be in bed.

JACK: ~~Who~~<sup>in bed?</sup> me? Are you kidding. I've already taken my shower. Rochester, how about breakfast?

ROCH: COMING UP.

JACK: Mary, would you care for something to eat?

MARY: No thanks, I'm not hungry.

JACK: You know, <sup>not very</sup> you look kinda cute this morning. You really do.. How about a kiss?

BB

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND:—KISS)

MARY: Hmm..that's funny.

JACK: What?

MARY: I just said I wasn't hungry, and now I've got a craving for potatoes.

ROCH: (SLIGHTLY OFF) WELL, WE'VE GOT THE CLEANEST ONES IN TOWN.

MARY: What?

JACK: Nothing, nothing..Rochester, just make my breakfast.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack..What is Rochester talking about?

JACK: All right, I'll tell you. This morning when I was taking a shower, I thought I picked up a cake of soap but it turned out to be a peeled potato. It could happen to anybody.

~~MARY: (SARCASTIC) Oh, sure sure, Jack. Everything you do could happen to anybody. Like the time you were walking down the street without your glasses..you stopped, put a penny in a parking meter and then complained because no gum came out.~~

JACK: Well, I --

MARY: And what about the time you darned your sock and found out you sewed up the opening.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: And that time you spoke at the Womens Club. You were the only man there..and still when you left, you put on the wrong hat.

JACK: Look --

MARY: And this morning you took a shower with a peeled potato.

JACK: I still say it could happen to anybody!

JO

MARY: That couldn't happen to Gracie Allen!

JACK: All right, all right...so I showered with a potato!..What do you want me to do?

MARY: Kiss me, I'm hungry.

JACK: Never mind. Rochester, is breakfast ready?

ROCH: I JUST PUT THE COFFEE ON. WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE?

JACK: Well...I'd like a little bacon..and..er..er..one fried e-g-g.

ROCH: YES SIR. A LITTLE BACON AND ONE FRIED E-G-G.

MARY: Jack, what's the idea of the spelling? Why don't you just say you want a little bacon and one fried--

JACK: Uh-uh-uh-...don't say it, Mary, don't say it. We always spell it. You know, Polly lays an e-g-g every day and she'd go crazy if she ever found out we're eating them.

MARY: Oh.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) E-g-g..E-g-g...(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Isn't that cute?

MEL: (SQUAWK) E-g-g...E-g-g...E-g...(FAST) E-g-g!...Egg!  
(SQUAWKS HYSTERICALLY)

JACK: Polly...Polly, calm down. Rochester, no eggs. Fix me some pancakes.

ROCH: (SLIGHTLY OFF) YES, SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Now, who can that be?

MARY: *Oh*, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: (HUMS THE MELODY OF "OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING")

DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA..DA DA DA DA DA DA DUM..DA DA DA--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: (MAD) Hello, Mary, is Mr. Benny in?

MARY: Yes, he's having breakfast.

DENNIS: Well, I'm sure glad he's here because I've got plenty to tell him.

MARY: Dennis, what's the matter?

DENNIS: Fourteen years this has been going on and I've had all I can take...I've stood enough, believe me.

MARY: Dennis..Dennis,<sup>what</sup> what is it?

DENNIS: I wouldn't mind if it was only once or twice, but every week, the same thing..week in and week out...After all, what does he take me for? I'm fed up, I tell you, fed up.

MARY: Well, Dennis, I don't know what's on your mind, but obviously you should talk to Mr. Benny.

DENNIS: I'll say I'm going to talk to him...I'm gonna tell him off.

MARY: Come on..he's in the breakfast room.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: (VERY NICE) Hello, Mr. Benny, Gee, you're looking well today.

JACK: Thanks, kid. What did you come over for?

DENNIS: Oh, I just happened to be in the neighborhood and I thought I'd drop in.

JACK: Well, <sup>well,</sup> I'm glad you did.

MARY: (WHISPERS) Dennis, what are you waiting for? Why don't you tell him off?

DENNIS: What are you trying to do, start something?

JACK: Yes, Mary, what's the matter with you?

MARY: What's the matter with me? <sup>Dennis' head</sup> You've been mistreating Dennis and taking advantage of him for fourteen years.

JACK: What?

MARY: And he's had enough of it..After all, what do you take him for?

JACK: Mary, what are you trying to do, make trouble or something?

DENNIS: That's telling her, Mr. Benny.

~~MARY:---What?---~~

~~DENNIS:---You-dames-are-all-alike.~~

MARY: Now wait a minute..Look, Dennis, I'm gonna straighten this out right now. Didn't you come to the docr and tell me that you were mad at Mr. Benny?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: And didn't you tell me that you were fed up with the way he was treating you?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: And didn't you say you were gonna tell him plenty?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: Then why is it when you walked up to Mr. Benny, you were so nice to him?

DENNIS: When I saw his long fingernails, I lost my nerve.

~~JACK: Dennis, whenever you have any complaints to make, mention them to me personally.~~

~~DENNIS: Well, I was going to, but how did I know you weren't gonna answer the door?~~

~~JACK: Well, for heaven's sakes, when you saw it was Mary, why did you say it to her?~~

~~DENNIS: When you've rehearsed something as long as I have, it's hard to change.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~DENNIS: My cue was a door opening.~~

~~JACK: Well, all right, Dennis, I'll give you another cue. I want <sup>stop being silly. Now Dennis</sup> hear the song you're going to do on the program, so <sup>go ahead</sup> Rochester, why are you putting butter on both sides of the bread?~~

~~ROCH: IT MAKES IT EASIER TO FLIP OUT OF THE TOASTER.~~

~~JACK: Oh..oh..Go ahead and sing, kid..~~

~~DENNIS: Yes sir.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- SUDDENLY)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis...it will be fine on the program...  
Say, Rochester, is my toast ready yet?

ROCH: NOT YET, BOSS, *it's in the toaster.*

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, what's this I hear about your going up to  
San Francisco for three weeks?

JACK: That's right, Dennis. Next Sunday, I do my television show.  
And my guest star is Fred Allen. Immediately after my T.V.  
show I fly to San Francisco and open at the Curran Theatre  
on April 20th and I'll be there for three weeks.

MARY: Jack, who are you gonna have on your <sup>stage</sup> show?

JACK: Well, Mary, I'm going to have the Will Mastin Trio  
featuring Sammy Davis, Junior...Giselle MacKenzie, and an  
all star cast including Frank Remley.

MARY: Frank Remley? What's he going to do?

JACK: Nothing, but the stage would look so empty without him  
lying there...It's going to be a great show and --

(SOUND: BOLLINNG...SLIDE WHISTLE)

JACK: Rochester, what was that?

ROCH: THE TOAST, IT FLEW OUT THE WINDOW.

JACK: Oh my goodness...~~and it was buttered on both sides.~~

(SOUND: ~~SCUFFLING OF CHAIR...RUNNING FOOTSTEPS~~)

MARY: ~~Jack!~~

JACK: ~~(OFF) Huh?~~

MARY: ~~Come back and sit down!~~

JACK: (OFF) ~~Mary, I'm not going after it to eat it...That piece  
of toast has a lot of butter on it, and it landed on the lawn,  
it'll attract ants. I'll be right back.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..TWO STEPS DOWN THE  
PORCH...STEPS ALONG CEMENT WALK..STOP)

BB

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JACK: Now let's see..it flew out through that window so it should be right on the lawn...I don't see it...Hmm..maybe it flew out into the street.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: That's funny, I don't see it around here either...Hmm, there's the Colman's garbage can and it hasn't got a lid on it...I wonder if the toast could have gone in there... Gee, I've gotta find it or we'll be loaded with ants.

(SOUND: MOVEMENT OF GARBAGE CAN ON PAVEMENT)

JACK: Hmm..there are several pieces of toast in here.

(SOUND: SHUFFLE OF CONTENTS OF GARBAGE CAN..

FEW FOOTSTEPS FADING IN...STOP...

SHUFFLE OF CONTENTS AGAIN)

BOB: Jack!

JACK: Huh?..Oh, hello, Bob...I was just looking for a piece of toast.

BOB: Jack, why didn't you tell me things were that rough. I'd work for nothing.

JACK: Bob, you don't understand.

BOB: Jack, you can be honest with me. Come on, I'll take you down to the market and buy you enough food to last for two months.

JACK: Bob, I'm trying to tell you that -- What'd you say?... Huh?

BOB: I said I'll take you down to the market and buy you enough food for two months.

MARY: (OFF) JACK, COME ON IN, YOUR BREAKFAST IS READY.

JACK: You eat it, Bob and I are going shopping.

BOB: Now wait a minute..you mean you have food in the house and yet you were going to let me buy some for you?

JACK: Bob, I was just going to teach you a lesson for being so silly. Now come on in the house, Bob.

~~BOB: Okay.~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~BOB: You know, Jack, you certainly have a beautiful home.~~

JACK: Thank you, Bob.

BOB: However, I do think the outside needs a coat of paint.

JACK: Oh, it's going to be painted this summer. And Bob, I hope you're careful when you do the window sills.

BOB: When I do the -- Well, at last I found out what that Japanese print says in my contract.

~~JACK: I thought you knew.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP PORCH...DOOR OPENS &  
CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: HELLO, MR. CROSBY.

BOB: Hello, Rochester..H'ya, Mary.

NN

BB

MARY: Hello, Bob.

DENNIS: H'ya, Bob.

BOB: <sup>H'ya</sup> Hello, Dennis.

JACK: Sit down, kids..Mary, pour everybody some coffee.

MARY: Okay.

DENNIS: Make mine black.

JACK: Black? Dennis, I thought you always took cream. Why do you want it black?

DENNIS: I'm in mourning, my uncle died.

JACK: <sup>Dennis</sup> What? Dennis, you're kidding.

DENNIS: No, I'm not. He committed suicide.

MARY: Suicide?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: Did he shoot himself?

DENNIS: No.

BOB: Did he hang himself?

DENNIS: No.

MARY: Did he take poison?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Well, for heavens sakes, how did he do it?

DENNIS: He bought a bottle of Stoppette and Poofed himself to death.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Joke's over, pass the cream.

JACK: Hmm...You know, Bob, <sup>Bob</sup> I think it's only fair that I warn you.

BOB: Warn me about what?

JACK: Before Phil Harris met Dennis, he didn't drink a drop...  
Everything happened after he --

(SOUND: BACK DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's someone at the back door. Rochester, give everybody  
coffee, I'll answer it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (MOOLEY) Duh, hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh..the man from the bakery shop.

MEL: Yeah..I got the stuff that you ordered...some doughnuts, some  
chocolate cake, some pastry, and a half dozen cimeron rolls.

JACK: Hmm..you still can't pronounce it, can you? Look, it isn't  
cimeron, it's cinnamon..Now let me ask you something. Maybe  
this will help you pronounce it. How are these rolls made?

MEL: Well, you take some flour..sugar..eggs..and..and..do you  
wanta know all the ingrediments?

JACK: No, <sup>lookit,</sup> ~~no,~~ it isn't ingrediments..it's ingredients...Yes, I  
want to know all of them.

MEL: Well, there's flour..sugar..eggs..shortening..and cinnamon.

JACK: That's it...that's it...that's it..Now, <sup>lookit -</sup> take your time...  
think...Okay..now let me hear you say it.

MEL: Ingredients.

JACK: I don't mean ingredients. I'm trying to get you to say  
cimeron... <sup>I mean -</sup> I mean, cinnamon.

MEL: Why don't you order something else, you drive me nuts.

JACK: All right, just give me my stuff..Thanks... <sup>and</sup> Goodbye.

MEL: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

BB

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MARY: Jack, who was that?

JACK: Oh, that silly guy from the bakery...the fellow who insists upon saying cimeron rolls...Well, here you are, kids, you can have some of these with your coffee..They're nice and fresh and --

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack..he's right.

JACK: What do you mean, he's right?

MARY: Look at the label on this paper box..."These are genuine Cimeron Rolls named after J. P. Cimeron, founder of the Cimeron Baking Company."

JACK: What?

MARY: "These Cimeron Rolls should not be confused with ordinary cinnamon rolls which are made from entirely different ingredients."

JACK: Hmm.

BOB: Well Jack, I guess that'll hold you.

JACK: Hold me, nothing...That silly guy had that label printed himself just because he can't say cinnamon...He must be crazy.

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, THERE'S ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT.

JACK: How?

ROCH: ASK HIM IF HE SHOWERS WITH A PEELED POTATO.

JACK: Now, <sup>lets cut</sup> let's cut out all of this nonsense...Do you kids want the rolls with your coffee or not.

MARY: I'll have some.

BOB: So will I.

JACK: Dennis, how about -- Dennis, <sup>Dennis,</sup> what are you stirring your coffee with?

BB

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DENNIS: My Paper Mate Pen.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: Don't worry, it's leak-proof.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Joke's over, pass me a spoon.

JACK: Will you stop being silly?

BOB: Well, I don't know how long Phil stood it, Jackson, but I'm slipping, get the ice.

JACK: You'll need more than ice before you get through with --

(SOUND: FRONT DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's the front door.

ROCH: YOU WANT ME TO GET IT, BOSS?

JACK: No no, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: All I did was shower with a peeled potato and the whole day is mixed up.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

KEARNS: How do you do. My name is Martindale. I represent a law firm that specializes in settling estates and tracing legal heirs.

JACK: Legal heirs?

KEARNS: Yes. Does Mr. Jack Benny live here?

JACK: I'm Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Well, then it's very possible that you're the man I'm looking for. May I come in?

JACK: Yes yes.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

BB

ATX01 0183656

JACK: Have a seat, Mr. Martindale.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, if you are the man we're looking for...<sup>can</sup> and aunt whom you have never seen has left you a legacy of five thousand dollars.

JACK: Five thousand dollars! (CALLS) HEY, KIDS...KIDS, COME <sup>on</sup> IN HERE!

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: What is it, Jack?

BOB: What's up?

*Dennis: yeah, what? what? what?*

JACK: <sup>you - you - you -</sup> You tell them, Mr. Martindale.

KEARNS: Certainly. We have reason to believe that Mr. Benny's Aunt Matilda, whom he has never met, left him five thousand dollars.

BOB: Hey, that's wonderful.

JACK: Yes, where's the money, where's the money, where's the money?

KEARNS: I've got ~~the money - My Aunt Matilda's - the money -~~ the check right here in my briefcase, <sup>oh,</sup> but first I'll have to verify a few facts.

JACK: *Oh,* Of course, of course. Go ahead, Mister, ask me anything you want..Good old Aunt Matilda.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, darn it...Excuse me. I have to answer the legacy, I mean the money, I mean the phone.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

DON: Hello, Jack, this is Don.

JACK: Goodbye, Don...I mean, call me <sup>call me -</sup> back later, I'm very busy right now.

DON: *Oh,* I can't call you later. The Sportsmen quartet is here and they're leaving town in a few minutes...we've got to settle something very important. <sup>Now -</sup> we've got the commercial two ways and I don't know which way is better.

JACK: But, Don --

RR

DON: You're the only one who can help us, and it'll only take a minute. Boys, <sup>boys,</sup> come over to the phone...let him hear it the first way.

JACK: Don --

DON: Now, <sup>listen</sup> Jack, listen closely...Take it, fellows.

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY,  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
GET BETTER TASTE TODAY.

DON: (SINGS) Poodle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo.

JACK: Look, Don --

DON: That's the first way. Now fellows, give it to him the second way.

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
GET BETTER TASTE TODAY.

*JACK: I haven't got time for this. I've got a man --*

DON: (SINGS) Poodle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo...<sup>Now</sup> Well, Jack, which way did you like better?

JACK: .....Which way did I like better? ... Don, I didn't hear any difference.

DON: You didn't!

JACK: No.

DON: Well, for heaven sakes, why don't you pay attention?

JACK: Look, Don --

DON: Fellows the first way again.

BR



*JACK: I have a man here -  
I haven't got time -*

QUART: BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
GET BETTER TASTE TODAY.

DON: (SINGS) Peedle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo....Now that was  
the first way.

JACK: I know, I know.

DON: Now, fellows, the second way. *JACK: Don, I don't -*

QUART: BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY  
GET BETTER TASTE TODAY.

DON: (SINGS) Poodle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo....Okay, Jack, which  
way do you like better?

JACK: Don, are you crazy?...Both ways were exactly alike.

DON: (MAD) What do you mean exactly alike?...I sit up all night  
working this thing out, and you say there isn't any  
difference.

JACK: Well, there isn't.

DON: There's a big difference. In the first one when the boys  
finished singing, I went Peedle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo...

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And in the second one I went Poodle-ee-poo-poo-poo-poo-poo.

JACK: Don...Don...You called me to decide between peedle-ee  
and poodle-ee?

DON: That's right, Jack, which way do you like it better?

JACK: Well --

DON: Fellows, the first way again.

BH

JACK: No no, Don, no. <sup>uh</sup> I've already reached a decision.

~~DON: Well, don't keep me in suspense, Jack. What is it?~~

~~JACK: Would you really like to know?~~

DON: Well, certainly. *Good - what is it?*

JACK: ~~All right, Don, I'll tell you~~ It is my considered opinion that nothing, no, nothing beats Harry Von Zell! Goodbye!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: I'm sorry about this interruption, Mr. Martindale.

KEARNS: That's quite all right, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Now, I'll answer any questions...and then you can give me the five thousand dollars my Aunt Matilda left to me.

MARY: Jack --

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Jack, come here a minute.

JACK: ....(ASIDE) What is it ~~now~~, Mary?

MARY: (ASIDE) Bob and I have been talking it over. If your Aunt Matilda never saw you, why should she leave <sup>all</sup> that money <sup>?</sup> to you?

JACK: Because she was my own flesh and blood....That's why.

MARY: (ASIDE) Jack, if she had any of your blood, she wouldn't leave anything to anybody.

JACK: (ASIDE) Oh, quiet. (UP) Okay, Mr. Martindale, I'll answer those questions. <sup>uh</sup>

KEARNS: Very well. Mr. Benny, were you born in Waukegan, Illinois?

JACK: Yes, yes. You see, Mary? It's me.

KEARNS: And at the age of six you started to practice a musical instrument.

JACK: That's right, that's right. *That's right, That's right.*

KEARNS: And that instrument was...

JACK: The violin, violin, violin, violin. I still play it.

KEARNS: *The violin, the violin, the fiddle - the violin.*  
Now, you graduated from Central Elementary school and went to Waukegan High School.

JACK: That's right, that's right, right right. *That's right*

KEARNS: *Violin in high school. That's right*  
At the age of seventeen you left Waukegan, became an actor and went into....

JACK: Vaudeville, I went into vaudeville, vaudeville, vaudeville.

KEARNS: *I played the violin in vaudeville. That's right, right, right.*  
Mr. Benny, I'm sure that further questioning is unnecessary.

I'm firmly convinced that you're the man we're looking for.

JACK: Where's the money, where's the money? *The money - where's the money?*

KEARNS: Oh, just a minute...here's one question I neglected to check...How old are you?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

KEARNS: Thirty-nine? That's strange..Every other answer seemed to fit, but the Jack Benny we're looking for was born in 1894. That would make him fifty-nine.

JACK: Hm..But, Mr. Martindale, it must be me..There was no other Jack Benny born in Waukegan who plays a violin.

KEARNS: I'm sorry, but the Jack Benny we're looking for, who gets this five thousand dollars was born in 1894 and is fifty-nine years old.

JACK: Hmm.....Well.....Fifty-nine?

KEARNS: Yes.

JACK: ... Well...

BOB: (SLOWLY) This is a tale, well calculated to keep you in Suspense.

JACK: Mr. Martindale, I'm sorry, but I'm not the Jack Benny you're looking for. I am only thirty-nine.

KEARNS: Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Benny...I was hoping my search was over. Good-day.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Martindale.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) DA DA DA DA DA, DA DA, DA DA, DA DA...

MARY: Jack...

JACK: (CONTINUES HUMMING) DA DA DA DA DA....

MARY: Jack...*Jack*

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: I can't believe what I just heard.

JACK: What do you mean, you can't believe it?

MARY: Jack...all you had to do was to say you were fifty-nine and you would've gotten the money.

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: But by insisting that you were thirty-nine, you lost  
five thousand dollars.

JACK: That's right.

MARY: I can't understand it. Why?

JACK: Mary, I may not be a spendthrift, but I know a *good bargain*  
~~deal~~ when I see one.

MARY: *What? Bargain?*

JACK: Where else can you buy twenty years for five thousand  
dollars?.....Come on, kids, let's have some coffee and  
Cimeron Rolls.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

WILSON: Ladies and Gentlemen: our forests are among our most vital resources. Last year, through carelessness, forest fires destroyed millions of acres of valuable timber. This shameful waste weakens America...protect our forests! Don't toss away lighted matches or cigarettes. Make sure every camp fire is completely out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires! Thank you...

(APPLAUSE)

~~WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first....~~

~~Nothing, no nothing beats better taste! And remember....~~

THE JACK HENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 12, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 8, 1953)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first...nothing--  
no, nothing -- beats better taste! And remember...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: Friends, it just stands to reason. The cigarette for you  
to smoke is the one that tastes better. Because when all  
is said and done, nothing -- no, nothing -- beats better  
taste. And Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher and  
smoother. Here's why -- Luckies' better taste really  
begins with fine tobacco. Most anyone can tell you -  
LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco... fine, light,  
naturally mild tobacco with a wonderful aroma and an even  
better taste. And Luckies also taste better because  
they're made better. They're made round and firm and  
fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes, made  
better to give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother-tasting  
smoke. So enjoy the better taste that only fine tobacco  
in a better-made cigarette can give. When you buy  
cigarettes, ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN  
QUARTET:

Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0183665

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, that concludes another program and we'll be with you next week at the same---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello...Yes, this is Jack Benny.... Yes, Fred Allen is going to be my guest on my television program next Sunday, April 19th... That's right...What? <sup>yes</sup> Yes, he'll get paid in cash right after the show...You're welcome.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Jack, who was that?

JACK: The manager of the hotel where Fred's staying... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny <sup>Program</sup> ~~Show~~ ~~tonight~~ was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station.

Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company....

America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

*Annecr: They tuned now for the American Lucky Show which follows immediately over most of these stations. This is the C. B. S. Radio Network.*



PROGRAM #32  
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM EST

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 9, 1953)

JM

ATX01 0183667

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 19, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 9, 1953)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (REVISED)

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY  
LUCKY STRIKE! (PAUSE) You know, friends...nothing --  
no, nothing -- beats better taste! And remember....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: Have you smoked a fresh cigarette lately? You have --if  
you've smoked a Lucky Strike. For Luckies are definitely  
fresher -- and it takes real freshness to bring you real  
deep-down smoking enjoyment. Light up a Lucky and prove  
that to yourself! You'll find that Luckies taste better  
-- not only fresher but cleaner and smoother, too. That's  
because they're made of fine, light, naturally mild  
tobacco....and because they're made better -- every Lucky  
is made round and firm and fully packed, to draw freely  
and smoke evenly...and every pack of Luckies is extra  
tightly sealed so that you get that fine tobacco flavor  
in all its freshness. So Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Get the  
better taste you want in a cigarette -- and get it fresh!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THIS RADIO PROGRAM JACK WILL DO ANOTHER OF HIS TELEVISION SHOWS OVER THE ENTIRE C.B.S. NETWORK....AND AFTER HIS T.V. SHOW JACK LEAVES FOR SAN FRANCISCO WHERE HE OPENS AT THE CURRAN THEATRE TOMORROW FOR A THREE WEEK ENGAGEMENT...AT THE MOMENT JACK IS AT HOME TAKING CARE OF LAST MINUTE DETAILS.

JACK: Rochester, I told you when you finished packing my bags, to bring them down here to the den.

ROCH: I'M SORRY, BOSS, BUT I WAS ON THE PHONE ALL MORNING MAKING ALL THOSE <sup>phone</sup> CALLS FOR YOU.

JACK: Oh, yes...did you call the television studio and tell them to hold the make-up man for me?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Did you call my writers and tell them I wanted a new joke for the opening spot?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: Did you call the railroad station and tell them I wanted an upper berth instead of a lower?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Did you call the drug store and tell them to send over those new vitamin pills?

BB

ROCH: ~~YES SIR.~~

JACK: <sup>oh yes,</sup> Did you call Miss Livingstone and tell her I want her to pick me up in an hour?

ROCH: NO SIR.

JACK: Why didn't you phone her?

ROCH: I RAN OUT OF DIMES.

JACK: ~~Ham~~...Rochester, haven't I told you that if you hit the coin box as you dial the last number, sometimes you get the dime back.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT I CAN'T REACH THE COIN BOX.

JACK: Can't reach it..why not?

ROCH: THE PHONE IS UPSIDE DOWN FROM YOU HITTING IT SO MUCH.

JACK: Look, Rochester--

ROCH: WE'VE GOT THE ONLY PHONE IN BEVERLY HILLS WITH 'A CAULIFLOUR EAR.

JACK: Never mind..anyway, I told Miss Livingstone yesterday that I wanted her to pick me up..she won't forget...Now are you sure you've got my bags all packed for San Francisco?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Good, and I want you to carry my violin carefully so nothing happens to it.

ROCH: YOU'RE NOT TAKING YOUR VIOLIN TO SAN FRANCISCO, ARE YOU?

JACK: <sup>well,</sup> Certainly I am..why shouldn't I?

ROCH: LOOK BOSS...FORTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO THEY HAD AN EARTHQUAKE, LET'S LEAVE 'EM ALONE.

JACK: ~~Never mind...I want to show the people who come to see me in San Francisco that I'm more than just a comedian...that I'm an accomplished musician, too.~~

BB

ROCH: WELL, IF YOU MUST PLAY AN INSTRUMENT, WHY DON'T YOU PLAY THE CELLO?

JACK: Why...do you think I'd play the cello better?

ROCH: NO, BUT AT LEAST YOU'D HAVE SOMETHING TO GET BEHIND.

JACK: Rochester, I can see ~~that~~ this is going to be one of your witty days, and I don't like ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hmmm...answer that, please, while I finish pecking.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...~~STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, TELEVISION, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, AND IF THIS IS THE STATE UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE, HE'S TOO BUSY TO GO FOR IT, JUST SEND IT.~~

BOB: Hello, Rochester, this is Bob Crosby...Is <sup>uh,</sup> Mr. Benny there?

ROCH: YES, MR. CROSBY, HE'S PACKING.

BOB: Oh, that's right...he leaves this evening for San Francisco.

ROCH: UH HUH .. AFTER HIS TELEVISION SHOW.

BOB: How soon after his television show?

ROCH: THAT DEPENDS ON THE AUDIENCE.

BOB: Well...then I better talk to him now.

ROCH: SURE...JUST HOLD THE PHONE...IT'S BOB CROSBY FOR YOU, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks ... Hello?

BOB: Hi, Jack, <sup>ye,</sup> I hate to disturb you...but I've got to ask a little favor.

JACK: Certainly what is it?

TC

BOB: Well...this is rather embarrassing...but...well,<sup>well,</sup> would you lend me five hundred dollars?

JACK: (LAUGHS LIKE A BIG JOKE..THEN STRAIGHT) What did you call for, Bob?

BOB: Jack, I'm not joking...I need five hundred dollars and I need it immediately.

JACK: Hmm...well....Look, I'll lend it to you...but let's be business-like about it.

BOB: <sup>well,</sup> Certainly...I'm willing to sign a note, and pay interest and everything.

JACK: Hmmm...five hundred dollars...what have you got to put up as collateral?

BOB: Well..my home is paid for..that's worth fifty thousand dollars.

JACK: What else?

BOB: I've got nothing else.

JACK: ~~Good~~..that's pretty tough...Look Bob, if you need money, why don't you get it from your brother Bing?

BOB: <sup>Oh,</sup> Jack, I just hate to borrow from Bing.

JACK: Well..why don't you try to get it from the California Bank?

BOB: <sup>well,</sup> I told you...<sup>just</sup> I hate to borrow from Bing.

JACK: Oh, oh, ~~oh~~...That's right...he does own that, <sup>doesn't he? Yeah.</sup>

BOB: And besides, Bing is even worse than you about the collateral <sup>that</sup> he makes you put up.

JACK: Really?

BOB: Yes...as a matter of fact, I borrowed some money from him fifteen years ago, and I haven't been able to pay it back, and he's still keeping my collateral.

BH

JACK: No kidding...what did you ~~give him~~ *from Bing -- what did you*

BOB: Well, I---wait a minute...this isn't a party line, is it? *give him for collateral?*

JACK: No.

BOB: *well,* No one can hear us, can they?

NACK: No, *no.*

BOB: And you promise you won't tell anyone about this?

JACK: I promise..now tell me, what did Bing make you put up as collateral?

BOB: Well...I guess I can trust you...(VERY CONFIDENTIAL)...Gary is really my son.

JACK: Oh stop...Well, Bob, let me think about it for awhile and *ill tell*  
*you what,* call me back later, *will you?*

BOB: Okay, Jack.

(SOUND: RECIEVER DOWN)

ROCH: WHAT DID MR. CROSBY WANT, BOSS?

JACK: Well, he wanted to borrow five hundred dollars from me.

ROCH: NO KIDDING, WHO'S GOING TO BE YOUR ORCHESTRA LEADER NEXT YEAR?

JACK: Don't be silly... I never fire anyone just for asking...of course, if it gets to be a habit----

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That's probably Mary, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: *Oh,* Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis, come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: How do you feel, Mr. Benny?

BH

JACK: Fine, *fine*.

DENNIS: Is the radio show all prepared for next Sunday?

JACK: Yes, *yeah*, it's all written.

DENNIS: Have I got a big part in it?

JACK: Yep.

DENNIS: That's too bad, I'm quitting today.

JACK: You're quitting?

DENNIS: Uh huh..I'm going East for a tryout with the Brooklyn Dodgers.

JACK: Oh, fine..Last year you were going to swim the channel, ~~and~~ now you're gonna try out with the Brooklyn Dodgers... In the first place, you don't know anything about baseball.

DENNIS: *W* Yes, I do...professional baseball runs in my family.

JACK: Oh...your father used to play?

DENNIS: No, my mother!

JACK: Your mother played baseball?

~~DENNIS: Yes, and she was very famous.~~

~~JACK: Why, what did she do?~~

~~DENNIS: She was the first baseball player ever to endorse Gillette.~~

~~JACK: Look, Dennis..I'm busy today...stop with that silly talk about your mother playing professional baseball.~~

~~DENNIS: *but and* ~~what, she did~~...she played for three years with the Bloomer Girls.~~

JACK: Oh, a girl's team. *well* That's different...What position did she cover?

DENNIS: My Mother was in the outfield.

JACK: Right field or left field.

BH



DENNIS: Center field, too, when she wasn't wearing a girdle.

JACK: (PLEADING) Dennis...Dennis...look..if I confess to you that I'm not thirty-nine...and admit that I'm really a tired old man, will you leave me alone?...That's not too much to ask, *is it, kid?*

DENNIS: *Yes,* Okay.

JACK: Now the first thing is to forget about trying out with the Brooklyn Dodgers ~~and~~ let me hear the song you're going to do on Sunday's show.

*Dennis:* ~~I'll sing the song, but I'm still going to be a professional baseball player.~~

JACK: Oh for heavens sake, kid..what makes you think you'd have a successful career in baseball?

DENNIS: If Dizzy Deen was a star, I ought to be a sensation.

JACK: Hmm...Dennis, for once you're making sense...Now let me hear your song.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG: ~~HERE IN MY HEART~~)

(APPLAUSE)

*"Song From Moulton Paige"*

BH

ATX01 0183675

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, that song is really beautiful. *You know,* Not only is it a great tune, but...well, Dennis...I've got to tell you something. You've been with me fourteen years now, and as each year passes, your voice becomes better and better. In fact, right now I'll go <sup>as</sup> far as to say that today you're the finest tenor in show business.

DENNIS: When are you going to San Francisco?

*(Applause)*

JACK: *Dennis: When are you going to L.F.? Jack: I know, I know -- For heavens* For heavens' sake, kid...what's wrong with you?...Here I pay you the greatest compliment you've ever gotten...and you change the subject.

DENNIS: *Well,* My mother told me to ignore compliments.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: She doesn't want me to be a big ham.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Like you.

JACK: Dennis! If there's one thing that makes me mad, *one thing* it's anyone calling me a ham. If anything, I'm too modest.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER.)

JACK: Excuse me.

*Jack: Certainly nothing hammy about me.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS "... DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: *Oh,* Hi, Mary.

MARY: Jack, your sign fell down, and I put it back up.

JACK: The "No Parking" sign?

MARY: No, the one that says "Home of Jack Benny, World's Greatest Comedian".

JC

JACK: Oh yes...I put it up after the Academy Awards...~~hmm...~~  
~~Bob Hope they give an award... No, they don't even invite...~~  
Come on in, Mary.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES....FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: *Oh*, Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Jack, don't you want me to drive you to the studio?...I  
thought you were in a hurry.

JACK: Oh, I've got time...besides, my agent is sending over a  
couple of acts for me to audition for my personal  
appearance in San Francisco.

MARY: *well*, I thought your stage show was all set.

JACK: It is, Mary...I've got that wonderful singer, Giselle  
McKensie, I've got the Will Mastin Trio featuring Sammy  
Davis, Junior, and a terrific sister act...But we still  
need a short novelty for the opening.

MARY: But Jack, I thought that act was all set...You told me you  
were going to hire "Bosco, the Famous Talking Dog."

JACK: I was, Mary, but I changed my mind after the audition.

MARY: Why, couldn't Bosco talk?

JACK: Oh, he talked all right, *he* had an amazing vocabulary ...  
But he couldn't read the script.

BR

ATX01 0183677

~~DENNIS: If he can't read, maybe he's too young.~~

JACK: ~~What do you mean, too young, he's a father!~~... Anyway, I'm glad I didn't take Bosco. What a fresh dog. I don't want anyone working for me who calls me "Baldy"... I wouldn't stand for --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (CALLS) Rochester....ROCHESTER ...Oh, I'll answer it myself.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: (SINGS) I hear music and there's no one there,  
Poor Petrillo's tearing out his hair.  
Da da da, da dum dum da dum dum  
Da da da da~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

ERIC: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ....Huh?

ERIC: I'm Sherwood.

JACK: Oh yes, <sup>ya</sup> Mr. Colman's butler....Come in, Sherwood.

ERIC: This is not a social call.

JACK: Oh...well, what is it?

~~ERIC: Mr. Colman sent me over to ask you to return the Ming vase you borrowed from him the night you gave the party for your sponsor.~~

~~JACK: Wait a minute...there must be some mistake...I didn't borrow his Ming vase.~~

~~ERIC: Yes, you did, it was on the piano when you borrowed that.~~

~~JACK: Oh, yes ...yes...I'll return it when I bring back the piano...~~

BR

ERIC: ~~That takes care of Mr. Colman's requests...~~ Now, Mrs.

Colman would like ten pounds of sugar, three dozen eggs, six quarts of milk, twenty pounds of flour and a pint of whipping cream.

JACK: Gosh, what in the world is she baking?

ERIC: Nothing, she's just trying to get even.

JACK: Hmm...Well, don't worry, I'll bring everything back.

ERIC: Good....and if possible, bring it tomorrow.

JACK: I'm sorry, I can't bring it tomorrow...I'm going to San Francisco tonight for a personal appearance.

ERIC: For how long?

JACK: Well, I open at the Curran Theatre tomorrow, and I'll be there till May tenth...I'll be gone for three weeks.

ERIC: Would you mind writing that on a piece of paper, rolling it up and tying it with a ribbon?

JACK: Why?

ERIC: This is Mr. Colman's birthday, I want to give it to him for a present.

JACK: Gosh, I didn't know it was Ronnie's birthday...I'll go back with you and congratulate him.

BR

ERIC: Oh, no, no, no, <sup>no</sup> please don't come back there with me.

JACK: Why not...Romnie will be glad to see me. Come on, let's go.

ERIC: No, no.. please .. er...anyway, Mr. Colman isn't home.. He *he, he* went to the movies with Mrs. Colman....They went to see... er...~~er~~... "Ivanhoe."

JACK: Oh yes. *yes* Ivanhoe...That's the story about a good knight.

ERIC: Goodnight!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmmmm.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I never did like that Sherwood, anyway... He thinks he's smart because he was invited to the Academy Awards...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

DENNIS: (OFF) MR. BENNY, THERE'S THE PHONE. SHALL I ANSWER IT?

JACK: NO, DENNIS, I'LL GET IT MYSELF...

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS, PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

MEL: (SLIGHT MOCLEY) Hello, Mr. Benny...I wish you'd reconsider. I'm still available.

JACK: No, I'm sorry, I can't use you.

MEL: Well...goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Bosco.

MEL: (BARKS TWICE)

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Who was that, Jack?

ES

ATX01 0183680

ANNOR: We interrupt this program ... We have interrupted this program to bring you a bulletin from CBS Radio News. The first group of sick and wounded Allied prisoners of war is now being turned over to the United Nations command in Korea. For a direct report we switch now to Panmunjon, John Rich reporting.

RICH: This is John Rich at Panmunjon. The first United Nations prisoners have just been delivered to us here. They are being processed right now. Actually, they are no longer prisoners, they are free men. And we have the name of the first man to arrive. The name is Carl Kirchenhauser of Washington Heights, New York. He appears to be in very good shape, and the first UN officer to speak to him says he seemed a little weak but in good shape and we'll have him on his feet pretty fast. I'll repeat that name of the first American to return ... Carl Kirchenhauser of Washington Heights, New York. Now back to the United States.

ANNOR: You have just heard a report on the commencement of the war prisoner exchange in Korea. This report has come to you from CBS radio news. at 10:30 Eastern time tonight over many of these stations CBS radio news will present a special program including the names and addresses of all American prisoners of war exchanged up to that time. But if further names come through earlier, we will interrupt our program to bring you those at any moment. We now resume our regularly scheduled program.

ROCH: WANT ME TO GET THAT, MR. BENNY?

JACK: No, I'll answer it...you get the coffee

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Gee. I'll bet the people will be surprised to see Fred Allen on my television show today...I hope nobody is eating dinner at the time.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING...COMING.

(SOUND: ~~COUPLE FOOTSTEPS~~...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hiya, Jack....Come on in, Herman.

JACK: ....Herman?

DON: Yes...remember you told me that you needed an opening act for your stage show in San Francisco?

JACK: Yes....?

DON: Well, I think Herman is your man...~~he has~~ a great novelty act...~~He~~ does a wonderful imitation of an electric organ.

JACK: Look Don --

DON: Go ahead, Herman, show him.

MEL: (DOES IMITATION OF ELECTRIC ORGAN) ("DON'T LET THE STARS GET IN YOUR EYES")

JACK: <sup>Herman,</sup> ~~that,~~ That was very good, Herman.

*Jack: Herman, Herman, look --- we could have used you earlier.*

MEL: (PICK A CHARACTER) Gee thanks,

JACK: But I'm afraid, <sup>Herman, I'm afraid</sup> it just won't fit into my show.

DON: Well Jack, if you can't use him on your personal appearance, maybe you can use him on one of your radio programs.

JACK: On my radio program?

DON: Yes, I have a special arrangement for him <sup>and</sup> ~~that~~ I'd like you to hear...It would be swell.

ES



JACK: Okay...let me hear it.

DON: Oh ~~damn~~ <sup>doggone</sup> it, I left ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> music out in ~~my~~ <sup>the</sup> car....I'll get it...

*Jack:* it will only take a couple of seconds.  
*ahay.* (SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Don Wilson <sup>sk --- Herman, Don Wilson</sup> seems to think quite a bit of you ~~Herman~~ <sup>sk?</sup>.

MEL: *Oh,* Yeah, we get along fine for neighbors.

JACK: Neighbors?

MEL: Yeah...I live in the next house to him. <sup>2</sup> Been living next door to him for years.

JACK: You have, eh?.....Tell me, Herman...how is it living next door to Don?

MEL: Shady!

JACK: I can imagine...Some days it ~~was~~

DON: *Oh,* Here's the music, Herman.

MEL: *Oh,* Gee thanks.

DON: *now,* Now Jack, <sup>Just</sup> listen to this number...it's a natural for your radio show...Hit it, Herman.

(MEL DOES COMMERCIAL)

BB

ATX01 0183683

MEL: Be Happy, Go Lucky  
 Be Happy, Go Lucky Strike  
 Be Happy, Go Lucky  
 Get better taste today  
 Poodle-ee poo poo poo poo  
 Poodle-ee poo poo poo poo  
 Luckies taste better  
 Cleaner, fresher smoother  
 Luckies taste better  
 Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
 For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco  
 Richer tasting fine tobacco  
 Luckies taste better  
 Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
 Lucky Strike, Lucky Strike.

*Jack: Son, I don't know whether they'll---*

*Jack: Son, I don't know whether they'll like that for a commercial.*

*Jack: Son, I don't know whether my sponsor will like that.*

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Look, Herman...I haven't got time to audition you now for my program...we'll talk about it when I get back from San Francisco. Bring him over then, *will you,* Don.

DON: Okay ... So long, Jack.

JACK: So long, ~~Don~~. Goodbye, Herman.

MEL: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

MARY: *Uh,* Who was at the door, Jack?

JACK: *Oh, that was* Don Wilson ... He had an act for me to audition.

MARY: Gosh, you certainly ~~are~~ going to a lot of trouble for this personal appearance in San Francisco.

JACK: Mary, it's not only San Francisco ... I've gotten offers from all over the country.

DENNIS: I had an offer to appear in Las Vegas for a lot of money.

JACK: Oh, you think they offered you a lot of money in Las Vegas, eh? *Rochester* ~~they~~, tell them about the offer I got from the Flamingo Hotel.

*Rochester:*  
MARY: Fifty cents a bundle, rough dry.

JACK: I didn't mean that ... I meant the ~~the~~...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes ... *There's the phone again.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BOB: Hello, Jack. This is Bob Crosby again;

JACK: Oh, yes, Bob.

JC

ATX01 0183685

BOB: *Boy,* Have you thought over lending me the five hundred dollars?

JACK: Well .. tell me, Bob, what do you need the money for?

BOB: The usual thing ... I've got to bail Remley out.

JACK: *You*... You have to bail Remley out?

ROCH: AGAIN?

JACK: Quiet, Rochester... ~~Bob, let me ask you something... Isn't this the fourth time this month for Remley?~~

~~BOB: Yeah... he's been in jail so much he's got a striped sun tan.~~

~~JACK: You're not kidding... What was he pulled in for this time?~~

BOB: *well,* He was crossing Sunset Boulevard when the cop arrested him.

JACK: What was the charge?

BOB: Jay crawling.

JACK: *Something new, isn't it? Jay crawling?*  
~~Oh, for heaven sakes... Couldn't Remley convince the cops he was sober?~~

BOB: *Oh,* He tried to... They gave him all kinds of sobriety tests... finally to prove he was sober, Frankie decided to walk a straight line and that's when they arrested him.

JACK: Why?

BOB: It was up the side of a building.

JACK: Hmmm... I really ought to let him stay in and teach him a good lesson... but I need him for my show in San Francisco... All right, Bob, I'll lend you the money. But I wish you'd please tell Remley and the rest of the musicians ~~that --~~

BOB: Jack, I have to cut it short, I'm phoning from a pay booth in Hollywood.

JACK: A pay booth?

(SOUND: TERRIFIC POUNDING FIVE TIMES ON PHONE  
COIN BOX)

JC

MARY: JACK, YOU CAN ONLY GET YOUR DIME BACK, NOT HIS

JACK: Oh yes <sup>if</sup>... So long, Bob.

BOB: So long.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DENNIS: Who was that, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Bob Crosby.

DENNIS: What did he want?

JACK: Well Dennis, this is a personal call and it doesn't concern you or any ~~other~~ member of my cast.

DENNIS: I'm not a member of your cast, I'm with the Brooklyn Dodgers.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: You hold me.

JACK: ~~Now~~ cut that out ... And Dennis I don't wanta hear any more about you joining ~~the~~ ----

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh for heaven sakes.....there's the door again.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

JACK: No, I better go...it's probably for me...Excuse me, kids.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.... DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

SARA: <sup>uh,</sup> Are you Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

SARA: <sup>oh,</sup> Your agent sent me over to audition for your show in San Francisco ... I'm a singer.

JC

ATX01 0183687

JACK: Oh...well come in, Miss ... Miss ...

SARA: *Oh,* Charmaine Francois.

JACK: Charmaine Francois, *check?* ... Oh, then you must have been born in *France?*

SARA: *No,* Pismo Beach.

JACK: Oh ... then your parents were French.

SARA: No, my mother's Spanish and my father's Norwegian.

JACK: Then how come they gave you a French name?

SARA: When I was born my head was shaped like the Eiffel Tower.

JACK: Oh ... Well, duck down a little and come in. We'll go into *Look it --- well, ummm - I'll tell you what we'll do ---* your study and I'll give you an audition.

SARA: Okay, but no funny business.

JACK: Look, Miss, that's where the piano is. Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here we are ... Now, what about your accompanist?

SARA: I always accompany myself.

JACK: *Oh, you do, huh? well* All right ... go ahead. *Let me hear the audition.*

(PIANO INTRO TO "KEEP IT A SECRET")

SARA: IF YOU SEE MY DARLING WITH SOMEBODY NEW,

KEEP IT A SECRET, WHATEVER YOU DO.

WHY SHOULD YOU TELL ME AND BREAK MY POOR HEART,

THEN FOOLISH PRIDE WOULD JUST DRIVE US APART.

IF YOU SEE MY DARLING IN SOME RENDEZVOUS,

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH SOME GIRL HE ONCE KNEW

PAY NO ATTENTION AND JUST LET IT BE,

ONLY KEEP IT A SECRET FROM ME.

*Jack: Miss Francois.*

JACK: Look, Miss  
*Look Miss*  
...Miss

Francois...

Eiffel Tower...

Miss Francois.

*Ava Gardner ...  
Jack, Miss Francois*

DH

JACK: I'm <sup>uh, I'm --- I'm</sup> sorry, Miss, that's not <sup>exactly</sup> what I had in mind for my opening act ... Anyway, I already have a girl singer ... Gisele McKenzie.

SARA: Gisele Mc Kenzie? What has she got that I haven't got?

JACK: A nice round head ... Now <sup>uh, Miss Francis, all come on,</sup> ~~come on~~, I'll see you to the door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Goodbye, Miss, it was nice meeting you.

SARA: Likewise, I'm sure.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS DOWN CEMENT STEPS)

MEL: (DOG CROWLS, SNARLS AND SNAPS)

SARA: (SCREAMS IN PAIN) <sup>hey, hey,</sup> Get away from me ... Get away from me!

JACK: (YELLS) Leave her alone, Bosco, I didn't give her the job.

MEL: <sup>uh,</sup> Oh, I'm sorry ... Pardon me, Miss .... (BARKS)

JACK: STUPID DOG.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in a few seconds to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program .. But first here's an important announcement ... A quarter million homes go up in smoke each year. Most of these fires could have been prevented. Keep highly inflammable materials out of the house. Check for faulty wiring ... empty all ash trays before retiring. Don't smoke in bed. Remember, only you can prevent fires. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 0183690



THE JACK HENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 19, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 9, 1953)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first ... nothing -  
no, nothing -- beats better taste! And remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: In spite of all you hear about cigarette smoking today, one  
basic truth remains ... it's the taste of a cigarette that  
counts! Nothing -- no, nothing -- beats better taste! And  
Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother, There  
are good reasons for it. Luckies are made better to taste  
better ... made round and firm and fully packed, to draw  
freely and smoke evenly. Naturally that will give you a  
better smoke. Then, too, better taste in a cigarette must  
begin with the tobacco. And - LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means  
fine tobacco...fine, light, mild tobacco with its own  
wonderful taste, and an aroma that's even better. So remember,  
friends ... only fine tobacco, in a better made cigarette,  
can give you Luckies' better taste. And only better taste  
can give you the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you want!  
So...Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Next time...ask for a carton of...  
Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today.

DH

ATX01 0183691

(TAG)

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, in exactly thirty seconds I'll be doing my television show. I hope that all of you people with television sets will tune me in.. And those of you who don't must have a neighbor who has one, so on your mark, get set, go.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT....(PAUSE)...(GLASS CRASH)

JACK: Gosh, one man went right through his window. Goodnight, folks, see you in thirty seconds.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company ... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

ES

ATX01 0183692

PROGRAM #33  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 15, 1953)

**AS BROADCAST**

EM

ATX01 0183693

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 26, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 15, 1953)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY LUCKY  
STRIKE! (PAUSE) You know, friends...for real smoking  
enjoyment, nothing -- no, nothing -- beats better taste! And...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

Richer-tasting fine tobacco.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

Lucky Strike...Lucky Strike.

WILSON: This is Don Wilson with an important question...is the  
cigarette you're smoking fresh...really fresh? If it's a  
Lucky, I know it is. For Luckies are definitely fresher. Prove  
that to yourself. Light up a Lucky and see what a difference  
that freshness makes to your smoking enjoyment! Notice how  
much more you get from the cigarette that tastes better in  
every way...not only fresher, but cleaner and smoother, too.  
Yes, Luckies do taste better because they're made of fine,  
light, naturally mild tobacco. They taste better because  
they're made better -- made round and firm and fully packed,  
to draw freely and smoke evenly. And then, of course, Luckies  
taste better because they come to you fresh. They're even  
extra tightly sealed, to keep that freshness in! So..Be  
Happy -- Go Lucky! For real smoking enjoyment, ask for Lucky  
Strike. Get the better taste you want in a cigarette..and get  
it fresh!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike.

(FIRST ROUTINE)  
(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...RIGHT NOW JACK BENNY IS IN SAN  
FRANCISCO, <sup>California,</sup> WHERE HE IS MAKING A PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE  
CURRAN THEATRE. SO LET'S GO BACKSTAGE WHERE WE FIND  
ROCHESTER IN JACK'S DRESSING ROOM.

ROCH: (SINGS)

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS,

THERE'S NO BUSINESS I KNOW,

EVERY TIME THEY SELL ANOTHER TICKET,

MR. BENNY'S BLUE EYES START TO GLOW,

BUT WHEN HE LOOKS AND SEES A SEAT THAT'S EMPTY,

THE LITTLE TEAR DROPS THEY START TO FLOW ---

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW-----

OH-OH..LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS..... MR. BENNY'LL BE OFF

STAGE <sup>in a</sup> ~~ANY~~ MINUTE. ~~I BETTER GET THINGS READY FOR HIM SO~~

~~HE CAN FRESHEN UP BETWEEN SHOWS. I'LL PUT EVERYTHING HE~~

NEEDS ON HIS DRESSING TABLE.

(SOUND: MOVEMENT OF JARS)

EM

ATX01 0183695

ROCH: YEP, THAT'LL DO IT. THERE'S THE COLD CREAM FOR HIS MAKE-UP....A WASHCLOTH FOR HIS FACE.....A BRUSH FOR HIS SUIT.....AND A COMB FOR HIS MORALE.....LET'S SEE...WHAT ELSE.....OH YES, HIS GLASSES, HE ALWAYS PUTS THEM ON WHEN HE COMES BACK TO THE DRESSING ROOM.....I WISH HE'D FORGET HIS PRIDE AND WEAR THEM ON <sup>the</sup>STAGE. YESTERDAY HE DID TWO SHOWS WITH HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE...THAT WASN'T SO BAD.. BUT WHEN HE TOOK HIS BOW, WHAT A TARGET! ....EVEN THE MANAGER RAN UP AND KICKED HIM...I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT MANY PEOPLE ON STAGE SINCE QUO VADIS.....OH WELL.....I GUESS I BETTER LAY OUT A CLEAN SHIRT FOR MR. <sup>Shin</sup>~~BENNY~~.

(SOUND: DRESSER DRAWER OPENS)

ROCH: YEAH..THIS WHITE ONE'LL BE ALL RIGHT....HMM, I KNOW MR. BENNY ISN'T A SPENDTHRIFT, BUT I DO WISH HE'D BUY REAL CUFF LINKS....IMAGINE PUTTING A TOOTHPICK THROUGH THE CUFF AND STICKING AN OLIVE ON EACH END....THIS EVEN AMAZED ME AND I'VE BEEN WITH HIM FOR <sup>15</sup>FIFTEEN YEARS.)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, HELLO, BOSS...HOW DID THE SHOW GO?

JACK: <sup>Oh</sup>Fine, ~~Rochester~~, fine.

ROCH: THAT'S GOOD. ~~AND~~I'M GLAD THERE WEREN'T ANY EMPTY SEATS.

JACK: How did you know?

ROCH: YOUR MASCARA ISN'T RUNNING.

JACK: Rochester, I don't cry when there's an empty seat.... After all, I didn't take this personal appearance engagement to make money.

ROCH: YOU DIDN'T?

JACK: No, You may not understand this, Rochester, but every so often <sup>a</sup> performer must satisfy his artistic temperament. I'm playing ~~these~~ <sup>and</sup> three weeks in San Francisco merely as a release <sup>for</sup> my talents. Do you understand what I mean?

ROCH: WELL...IS THIS THE SAME KIND OF A RELEASE THAT YOUR TALENTS GOT FROM ~~THE~~ WARNER BROTHERS?

JACK: No no, this is something different. By the way, Rochester, where are my slippers?

ROCH: RIGHT HERE, BOSS.

JACK: Well, don't just stand there pointing at them...take 'em off...Thank you...Now Rochester, please go out and get me a sandwich <sup>will you?</sup>, corned beef on rye...and don't forget the mustard and pickles.

ROCH: OKAY. AND I BETTER BRING BACK SOME OLIVES, TOO.

JACK: Olives? .. Why?

ROCH: THE PIMENTO BELL OUT OF YOUR CUFF LINKS.

JACK: ~~Oh... Now,~~ <sup>see what</sup> go get my sandwich.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Let's see, I've got quite awhile before I have to be back on stage. I think I'll freshen up my make-up. First I better take this old stuff off...Now let's see...where is that jar? Oh, here it is.

(SOUND: PATTING CREAM ON FACE..CONSIDERABLE PATTING)

JACK: <sup>There</sup> That ought to be enough.

(SOUND: A FEW STROKES OF WIPING)

EM

ATX01 0183697

JACK: (IMPRESSED) Hey..this stuff really takes the make-up off.  
And in that fancy jar no one would ever guess it's  
Crisco...~~Ha ha, there's more than one way of beating~~  
~~that cosmetic tax.~~ ...I wonder if I should shave before I  
---Hmmm...look at my eyes. They're bluer than the thumb  
of a cross-eyed carpenter,....I better put on some more  
make-up, *instead of talking to myself all evening.*

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (CUTE) Well...if it isn't....

MARY, MARY QUITE CONTRARY,  
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW.

MARY: WITH SILVER BELLS AND COCKLE SHELLS,  
AND BOY ARE YOU A SCHMO.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Got any more poetry you want to throw my way?

JACK: Never mind. But, Mary, did you catch my last performance?

MARY: I caught more than that.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: I was in the front row when you took your bow. Here, put  
it back on your head.

JACK: Oh. Well, I'm glad you caught it this time. Yesterday  
a lady brought it back and wanted me to autograph it.

MARY: Jack, you mean she kept your toupay?

JACK: She was a midget, she thought it was a mink stole.

MARY: You and your long side burns.

EM



JACK: ~~Never mind... Now tell me, seriously, you saw my stage show... what did you think of it? Especially where I finish my big violin number..and then with the help of an assistant, I swallow my bow.~~

MARY: Assistant! Well, that's a nice way of putting it.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: Someone ran up from the audience, and jammed it down your throat.

~~JACK: Well, it got applause, didn't it? ...Now look, Mary, I want to finish my make-up so excuse me, will you?~~

~~MARY: Jack, don't use too much eye shadow.~~

~~JACK: I won't.~~

(SOUND: MOVEMENT OF GLASS JARS)

MARY: ~~Oh~~, Wait a minute, Jack, your jar of cold cream...it doesn't have any label on it.

JACK: I know.

MARY: Gee...it looks good...smells good, too. Who recommended it, Percy Westmore or Max Factor?

JACK: ~~Prudence Penny.~~ *Betty Crocker*

MARY: ~~Prudence-Penny!~~ *Betty Crocker* But she tells you how to cook and fry and, -- wait a minute, let me smell that again...(SNIFF)  
...Hmm...(LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: I never thought that Buck Benny would turn out to be

*Cisco*  
The Grisco Kid.  
JACK: *which ever got it underlined.*

JACK: ~~All right, all right...~~ all I know is, it works, *anyway.*

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

EM

ATX01 0183699

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, Bob Crosby.

BOB: <sup>Hi,</sup> H'ya, Jack. Hello, Mary.

MARY: H'ya, Bob.

BOB: I didn't mean to keep you waiting, Mary, but I had a few errands to do.

MARY: Waiting?

JACK: Oh, I meant to tell you Mary. I want you and Bob to sing a song together on my radio show.

MARY: Oh, I don't want to do that. After all, I haven't got the voice of a great singer.

BOB: Well, I've got the name of one so let's take a stab at it.

~~JACK: (LAUGHINGLY) Oh yes..you mean...~~

~~BOB: Yep, my middle name is Gary.~~

~~JACK: Well, what do you know..And I thought you meant your brother.~~

~~BOB: Don't be silly, Everett can't sing a note.~~

~~JACK: I didn't mean Everett.~~

~~BOB: Oh, Larry.~~

~~JACK: Not Larry, I'm talking about Bing.~~

~~BOB: Who?~~

~~JACK: Bing, Bing, the Orange Juice King.~~

~~BOB: Oh..oh..As a matter of fact, I just got a letter from him this morning. You know, Bing is in Paris.~~

~~JACK: <sup>Oh yes,</sup> I know, I read about <sup>that</sup> it...Gee...Paris in the Spring.~~

Gosh, how I'd like to be there. Say, Bob, wasn't it in Paris last year when Bing was taking a nap in the park and a French policeman arrested him <sup>there?</sup>

EM

BOB: <sup>yes,</sup> but this time he's taken some precautions to make sure that it doesn't happen again.

JACK: What did he do?

BOB: He bought France.

JACK: Bought France?

BOB: You're surprised, huh?

JACK: ~~Yeah,~~ I didn't think Maurice Chevalier would sell...Well, so much for international news...You know, kids, I'm really getting a kick out of doing a stage show here in San Francisco. It's nice to get away from --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me, ~~side.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

~~JENNY: I have a long distance call for Miss Mary Livingstone.~~

JACK: Mary, it's for you.

MARY: Hello.

JENNY: Miss Livingstone, this call is for Mr. Jack Benny.

MARY: Well, why call me?

JENNY: Get the smelling salts, it's collect.

MARY: (ASIDE) Well, operator, just put the party on and I won't tell him...(UP) Jack, it's for you.

~~JACK: Oh, I thought it was for you... Hello.~~

JENNY: Here's your party--go ahead, Hollywood.

DON: Hello, Jack, this is Don Wilson.

JACK: Oh, what is it, Don?

DON: Jack, I have the most wonderful idea, and I just had to call you.

EM

JACK: What is it, Don?

DON: Well, you know how the entire movie industry is so excited about these new three dimensional pictures?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Well, I have an idea for a 3-D picture that's bound to be absolutely sensational.

JACK: What is it?

DON: Well, the opening scene takes place on a tobacco plantation in Goldsboro, North Carolina. <sup>Jack: Mr!</sup> And the scene is so realistic ~~that~~ the people in the audience will think they're sitting right in a field of that light, that fine, that naturally mild tobacco.

JACK: Continue, Don you fascinate me.

DON: Now this is going to be a musical...The Sportsmen Quartet comes out and sings a love song to a Lucky

JACK: Strike cigarette,....  
~~No kidding!~~  
Take it fellows.

EM

ATX01 0183702

QUART: YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME  
OH L S M F T  
YES, LUCKIES PATTERNED YOU  
AND WHEN THEY WERE DONE  
YOU WERE ALL THE GOOD THINGS  
ROLLED UP IN ONE  
YOU HAVE A <sup>fresh</sup> ~~BETTER~~ TASTE IT'S TRUE  
YOU'RE SMOOTHER AND YOU ARE CLEAN THROUGH AND THROUGH  
SO ROUND AND FIRM  
SO FULLY FULLY PACKED  
THEY MUST HAVE MADE YOU JUST FOR ME  
MY DARLING  
YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME  
NOT A PUFF IS ROUGH  
BETTER TASTING SURE ENOUGH  
I WAS MEANT FOR YOU  
AND ONLY YOU WILL DO  
YOU ARE THE BEST AND THAT IS TRUE  
EVERY LUCKY STRIKE IS FREE FROM LOOSE ENDS  
FULL OF SMOKING PLEASURE  
THEY PLEASE MY FRIENDS  
AND SO TO YOU MY LUCKY STRIKE  
I HAVE LEARNED TO TEAR  
NOW IT'S EASY TO COMPARE  
YOU'RE THE SMOKE I LIKE  
WHAT A CIGARETTE  
~~SMOOTH AS ALLEN'S CLARINET.~~ *fresher tasting you can get.*  
SO WE SAY  
~~TRY LUCKIES NOW TODAY~~ *lets action now today.*  
FOR LUCKY STRIKE WAS MEANT FOR YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0183703

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Don, that sounds wonderful, but remember with 3-D pictures you have to give everybody in the audience a pair of glasses.

DON: Not for this picture, we're going to give everybody an ash tray.

JACK: Oh good, good. Now Don, ~~hang up, I don't want you to~~ *will talk about it when I get back by J.F.*

~~DON: Ohay. Do long, Jack. JACK: Goodbye, Don.  
DON: My money? This call is collect.~~

JACK: What!

MARY: Here's the smelling salts.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Nevermind, and next time don't trick me. Now excuse me while I take this make-up off.

(SOUND: PATTING FACE)

JACK: If Don wants to call me up Long Distance that's --

BOB: Say...what smells so good?

(SOUND: PATTING)

BOB: Jack, let me smell that jar of cold cream.

(SOUND: PATTING STOPS)

BOB: (SNIFFS...SMACKS LIPS)

JACK: You didn't have to taste it!...Give me that jar.

BOB: Well, what do you know...Crisco.

JACK: All right, all right...it does a good job and I'm going to keep it.

BOB: Well, of course, Jack, you should. It's good insurance.

JACK: Insurance?

BOB: Yeah, if you should decide to impersonate Nelson Eddy and sing about that bread, you've got the shortenin' for it.

JACK: Yeah, ~~shortenin'~~, shortenin'.....

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HERE'S YOUR SANDWICH, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester...Say, this is a nice thick one.

ROCH: YEAH, WHEN I TOLD THE MAN IN THE DELICATESSEN IT WAS FOR YOU, HE PUT IN AN EXTRA PIECE OF MEAT.

JACK: Gee, he must have liked me...~~he~~ put in an extra piece of corned beef, eh?

ROCH: NO, HAM.

JACK: Hmm.

ROCH: NOT HMM, HAM.

JACK: I heard, I heard...

ROCH: WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE MUSTARD ON IT?

JACK: (CHEWING) No, <sup>it's</sup> this is fine the way it is.

MARY: Gee, that sandwich looks good.

BOB: It sure does.

JACK: (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) Oh, I'm sorry...I shouldn't be eating like this in front of you. <sup>well</sup> Oh, Rochester --

ROCH: YOU WANT ME TO RUN ACROSS THE STREET AND GET SOME MORE SANDWICHES?

JACK: No, see if there's an empty dressing room, I'll go <sup>and</sup> eat in there.

BOB: Don't put yourself out, Jack. Come on, Mary, I'll take you to dinner.

MARY: Okay, Bob, thanks.

BOB: You can come along, too, Jack.

JACK: No thanks. I better stay here and relax...So long, kids.  
MARY: ~~Bye Jack.~~  
MARY & BOB: So long.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Rochester, I'll have to get dressed pretty soon so lay out my clothes will you please?

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: ~~Say, Rochester,~~ I think that during my next show there'll be some critics out front, so I want you to sneak out in the audience and when I tell my jokes, laugh it up.

ROCH: AGAIN?

JACK: What do you mean, again?...Rochester, I don't ask you to --- sit out in the audience and laugh very often.

ROCH: ALL I KNOW IS THAT IN THE REVIEWS OF YOUR OPENING SHOW, I WAS REFERRED TO AS "OLD FAITHFUL".

JACK: What?

ROCH: EVERY FIFTEEN SECONDS I LET GO.

JACK: All right, all right...Milton Berle has his mother, I've got you...Anyway, Rochester, I'm a little tired so I think I'll take a little nap.

(SOUND: SQUEEK OF COT SPRINGS)

JACK: Gee, these theatre engagements are fun but they're tough. I don't see how a guy like Danny Kaye can stand it, day in, day out, week in, week out.

ROCH: WELL, LAST YEAR HE MADE A MILLION DOLLARS PLAYING THEATRES.

JACK: A million dollars?

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT IT SAID IN VARIETY.



~~JACK: Well, he can have it...When I finish my three weeks here,  
I'm gonna take a vacation...After all, health is more  
important than money...I'll take it easy...play golf...  
(LONG PAUSE)...I wonder if Danny's agent would handle me.~~

ROCH: BOSS, AREN'T YOU FORGETTING?

JACK: What?

ROCH: YOU ARE DANNY'S AGENT.

~~JACK: Oh yes. I've been so busy it slipped my mind.~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

FRED: Hello, Jack, hello, Rochester.

JACK: Well Fred...Fred Allen!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Fred, this is a surprise...When did you get in town?

FRED: Last night.

JACK: Last night? *Why - why -* Why didn't you call me at my hotel?

FRED: You mean you're staying at one that has phones?

JACK: ...Well, no...But there's a candy store in the lobby that  
~~FRED: Oh, I see.~~  
takes messages. Gosh, it's good to see you, Fred. Tell me,  
what are you doing here in San Francisco?

FRED: *Well* Jack, I'm here on business.

JACK: Business?

FRED: Yes...You see, Portland *needs mint -* wants a mint stole and I've heard  
there's a midget here who wants to sell one.

JACK: Oh. *You were nearly as bad as Mary there for a minute.*

~~FRED: I - see - I had some of the fuel in my mouth, that's all.~~

ROCH: SAY BOSS, AS LONG AS MR. ALLEN'S IN TOWN, WHY DON'T YOU  
PUT HIM ON YOUR STAGE SHOW?

FRED: <sup>well</sup> Thanks, Rochester, but I couldn't <sup>very well</sup> go out on a stage now...

I haven't got any material.

JACK: Well, don't you have any of your old vaudeville routines left?

FRED: <sup>well</sup> If I did, I'd ~~have~~ <sup>be</sup> my own show on television.

JACK: Gee, it would be great if you could join me on my stage show, Fred.

FRED: <sup>well</sup> I'd <sup>really</sup> love to, Jack, but I have to rush back to Hollywood.

I've been offered the lead in a new picture.

JACK: A new picture?

FRED: <sup>well</sup> Yes... I play the part of a test pilot in Los Angeles. <sup>it comes out</sup> The picture is called "Breaking the Smog Barrier." <sup>you don't</sup> <sup>discuss the</sup> <sup>whole thing</sup>

JACK: Gee, it's a shame you can't stay over, Fred, so we <sup>could</sup> appear together. It would be like old times. <sup>But - uh -</sup> <sup>for that's better than</sup> <sup>what we've got written</sup>

ROCH: SAY MR. BENNY, DID YOU AND MR. ALLEN ONCE DO AN ACT <sup>FRED: But, uh</sup> TOGETHER IN VAUDEVILLE? <sup>in this picture, Jack</sup>

JACK: We sure did, Rochester. We had a lot of fun in those days.

FRED: <sup>Oh yeah</sup> Yeah... <sup>Jack</sup> do you remember how we always celebrated with a big dinner at Lindy's every time we got a job?

JACK: <sup>Yeah</sup> Yeah, we'd always get the best..shrimp cocktail, turtle soup, chefs salad...

FRED: Filet Mignons..stuffed potatoes..strawberry short-cake..

JACK: <sup>And then</sup> And then I'd top it all off with a big glass of Ovaltine.

ROCH: OVALTINE?

FRED: <sup>well</sup> He wanted to be asleep when the check came.

JACK: Yeah...those were the good old days...I'll never forget the time we <sup>rehearsed</sup> rehearsed and polished our act for weeks, and we went to see Mickey Rockford, the biggest booking agent in New York...

(TRANSITION MUSIC - "THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS")

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Come on, Fred. I think Mr. Rockford's office is down the hall.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN AND NOISE OF OFFICE AND PEOPLE)

FRED: Hey, it's crowded in here, *Jack*.

JACK: I guess we'll have to talk to the secretary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Miss <sup>*uh*</sup> we'd like to see Mr. Rockford.

BEA: Do you have an appointment?

JACK: Appointment? We're Benny and Allen.

BEA: Benny and Allen?

JACK: Yeah. Don't you recognize us?

BEA: Why, is there a reward?

FRED: You don't <sup>*uh - you don't*</sup> understand, girlie...we do a vaudeville act.

BEA: Really? Which one throws the fish?

FRED: Say, <sup>*that is*</sup> ~~that's~~ clever. <sup>*miss,*</sup> you ought to be in show business yourself.

BEA: Me...in show business?

FRED: Yes, I know a <sup>*magician who saw a woman in half. You'd look better in two pieces.*</sup> ~~near-sighted knife thrower who just lost his~~ ~~assistant.~~

~~BEA: What?~~

JACK: Take it easy, Fred...Look, <sup>*and,*</sup> Miss, we don't <sup>*we don't*</sup> want to argue, we'd just like to see <sup>*our agent,*</sup> Mr. Rockford.

BEA: Well, first I'll need some information. <sup>*now - uh -*</sup> What's the name of your act <sup>*again?*</sup>

FRED: Allen and Benny.

BEA: I thought you said it was Benny and Allen.

FRED: <sup>*Well,*</sup> At two o'clock our billing changes.

BEA: Well...what kind of an act do you do?

JACK: Violin, Clarinet, and Snappy Patter.

BEA: And where have you played?

JACK: Oh, all over.

BEA: Well, where?

FRED: <sup>just</sup> ~~Just~~ tell her the important ones, ~~dates~~ *Jack*.

BEA: ~~Yes~~, go ahead.

JACK: Well...we did a week in Sow Belly, Wyoming...A week in Loose Tooth, Arizona...Three days in Stagnant Water, New Mexico...and we also played the Palace here in New York.

BEA: Sow Belly...Loose Tooth...Stagnant Water...and the Palace...Well, at least you worked your way up.

FRED: No, we played the Palace first.

BEA: ~~Oh~~..Well, Mr. Rockford ~~is~~ busy right now so just have a seat and I'll call you.

JACK: All right.

BEA: Oh, <sup>um-hm</sup> by the way, Mr. Allen...I don't mean to be personal, but are you an American citizen?

FRED: Yes, I got these slant eyes from pulling off a tight derby.

JACK: Come on, Fred. Let's sit down.

~~FRED:~~ *Okay* (SOUND: BUZZER..CLICK)

BEA: Yes...Yes...<sup>Oh</sup>Very well, Mr. Rockford...Oh, boys, Mr. Rockford will see you now.

JACK: Good good...Come on, Fred, let's go *in*.

~~FRED:~~ *Okay* (SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MEL: *Hell*, Come on in, fellows...come on in, close the door, sit down..

JACK: Thank you...Mr. Rockford, I'm Jack Benny and this is Fred Allen.

*Remember*

FRED: That's right, Mr. Rockford. *Remember* You booked our act into the Palace seven years ago.

MEL: Oh yes...what business are you in now?

FRED: *Yes* We're still in show business.

JACK: Yes, and we thought you could book us.

MEL: Please fellows.

FRED: Our new act is sensational...at least give us a chance, *Mr. Rockford*

JACK: *Yes*, All we need is one good break.

MEL: I gave you a break when I put you in Loew's Flatbush.

FRED: Some break...they opened with Finks Mules, then Major Doty's Dogs came out, then Manny's Monkeys, ~~and~~ then Powers Dancing Elephants.

MEL: So what?

FRED: *Well* By the time we came out, we looked like the last two passengers on Noah's Ark.

MEL: *Well* Look, boys, I'm very busy and --

JACK: Please, Mr. Rockford, just listen to our opening number... it'll only take a second.

MEL: All right, but before you --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MEL: *Oh*, Excuse me...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: Mr. Rockford, here's the ten per cent commission I owe you for booking my act last week.

MEL: *Oh*, Thank you. *- a cute song -*

JACK: *Oh*, Wait a minute, *sonny*, what's your name?

HARRY: Eddie Cantor.

JACK: Eddie Cantor?

HARRY: (GOES OFF SINGING LIKE CANTOR) Potatoes are cheaper,  
tomatoes are cheaper, now's the time to fall in looooooove.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Now, Mr. Rockford, how about listening to our <sup>new</sup> new act.

MEL: Oh, all right, if you insist.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, Ready with your clarinet, Fred?

FRED: Ready.

JACK: ~~One~~ One...two...

~~FRED~~ (JACK PLAYS FIRST STRAIN OF "TEA FOR TWO" ON <sup>clarinet</sup> VIOLIN...THEN STOPS)

JACK: ~~Oh~~ <sup>Oh</sup> Mr. Allen.

JACK: Oh, Mr. Allen.

FRED: What is it, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Have you heard that they're making women's bathing suits  
out of spun glass?

FRED: Women's bathing suits out of spun glass? Well, that's  
worth looking into.

JACK: (LAUGHS IT UP) Ha ha ha. <sup>Well</sup> take it, Mr. Allen.

~~FRED~~ <sup>FRED</sup> (FRED PLAYS SECOND STRAIN OF "TEA FOR TWO" ON HIS <sup>clarinet</sup> CLARINET)

FRED: ~~You~~ You know, Mr. Benny, <sup>I</sup> I love music. JACK: ~~Oh~~ <sup>Oh</sup>, pardon me!

JACK: So do I. Music once saved my uncle's life.

FRED: <sup>Well</sup> How did music save your uncle's life?

JACK: They played the Star Spangled Banner just as he was sitting  
in the electric chair.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ <sup>Allen</sup> Oh-ho-ho...take it, Mr. Benny.

~~FRED~~ (JACK PLAYS THIRD STRAIN OF "TEA FOR TWO" ON <sup>clarinet</sup> VIOLIN...THEN STOPS)

FRED: Oh, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, Mr. Allen.

FRED: I want you to meet my new girl...her name is Well Enough.

JACK: Why do you call your girl Well Enough?

FRED: Because I want the boys to leave Well Enough alone...

*How about the finale*  
~~Ha ha ha... Here we go, Mr. Benny.~~ JACK: *in unison.*

(THEY BOTH PLAY TOGETHER AND WIND UP WITH BIG FINISH)

JACK: *Well,* Well, Mr. Rockford, what do you think of it?

FRED: Wait'll he gets his head out of the drawer.

JACK: Maybe he's looking for a contract.

MEL: Fellows --

JACK: Yes, yes, yes...

FRED: Yes, yes, yes. *Mr. Rockford,*

MEL: To tell you the truth, fellows, I'm confused. *The,* The whole act leaves me cold. *It's* It's neither fish nor fowl.

FRED: *Well,* That's funny, the last agent we went to thought it was both.

JACK: Well, Mr. Rockford...you mean you can't book us anywhere?

MEL: *Well,* Actually, I don't have a thing open for a double. *Have* Have either of you considered doing a single?

JACK: What and break up the act!

FRED: Why we've been together for years, you can't split Benny and Allen.

JACK: *Yeah,* it's ridiculous. We're more than just a team, we're partners, friends, buddies...Why, we'd rather starve than let anything come between us.

MEL: *Well,* That's a shame because I've got an opening for a single in Scranton for fifteen dollars a week.

JACK: I'll take it.

~~FRED: But Jack, what about the team, the partners, the friends, the buddies?~~

JACK: Well, Fred, I gotta think of myself. After all, I'm not getting any younger.

*- I'll -*

FRED: Well, if that's the way you feel, *I'll* take it for fourteen dollars a week, *Mr. Rockford.*

JACK: Fred, you'd steal a job away from your partner, your buddy, your friend?

FRED: Some friend. What did you ever do for me?

JACK: Why, you puff-eyed ingrate. For years we've lived off my violin, my brains, my talent, my jokes...

FRED: And my money...And listen, you miser, as for your violin playing, *I have* ~~I've~~ heard cleaner notes from a toothless Russian sipping Borscht...You ~~are~~ *are* just lucky you've had me and my clarinet.

JACK: Clarinet. The only way you could make a living with that clarinet is if you put a nail on the end of it and went out in the park...Mr. Rockford, rather than let you hire this no-talented wage-cutter, I'll take the job for ten dollars a week.

(SNEAK IN PLAYOFF MUSIC AND BUILD TO FINISH)

FRED: Oh yeah, well, I'll take it for eight!

JACK: I'll take it for five!

FRED: *Well,* I'll take it for three!

JACK: WELL, I'LL TAKE IT FOR NOTHING!

FRED: SO WILL I!

MEL: WELL AT THAT PRICE I CAN AFFORD BOTH OF YOU.

FRED: JACKIE, DID YOU HEAR THAT...WE'RE WORKING!

JACK: FRED!  
FRED: *Jack!*  
(PLAYOFF UP FULL...APPLAUSE)



DON: Ladies and gentlemen, our forests are among our most vital resources. Last year, through carelessness, forest fires destroyed millions of acres of valuable timber. This shameful waste weakens America ..protect our forests! Don't toss away lighted matches or cigarettes. Make sure every camp fire is completely out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first --- nothing -- no, nothing beats better taste. And remember ..

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 26, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 15, 1953)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first ... nothing --  
no, nothing -- beats better taste. And remember ....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike.....Lucky Strike

WILSON: I suppose there's no way of telling just how many different  
reasons there are for smoking. But this is certain -- all  
those reasons add up to enjoyment. And for real smoking  
enjoyment -- nothing -- no, nothing -- beats better taste!  
And Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother.  
That's partly because Luckies are made better -- made round  
and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly.  
Yes, made better to taste better! And there's another  
important reason for Luckies' better taste. It's fine  
tobacco .... long strands of fine, light and mild tobacco,  
with a wonderful taste, and an aroma that's even better!  
For .. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So,  
friends, switch to the cigarette that gives you more real  
smoking enjoyment because it tastes better! Be Happy --  
Go Lucky! Next time -- every time -- ask for a carton of  
Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN

QUARIET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

DH

Get Better Taste Today (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0183716

(TAG)

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, that concludes another program and we'll be with you next week at the same time....And Fred, it was nice reminiscing.

FRED: Oh say, Jack, we forgot to tell them about <sup>the</sup> that time we played in Burning Stump, Arkansas. Remember that insulting audience?

JACK: Oh yes, I remember while we were doing our act, the audience threw pennies on the stage and you complained to the manager.

FRED: And when they stopped, you complained to the manager.

JACK: Yeah... Come on, Fred, let's go out and get a cup of coffee..

FRED: ~~Okay.~~

~~goodnight - folks. FRED: Okay, Jack:~~

JACK: See you later, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE....

(SINGS) THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS  
LIKE NO BUSINESS I KNOW  
THOSE TWO GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO HATE EACH OTHER  
FEUDING ALL THE TIME ON RADIO  
BUT THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING, BELIEVE ME, BROTHER  
IT'S MADE THEM FAMOUS  
AND LOADS OF DOUGH...  
DA DA DA DA -----

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

ATX01 0183717

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackeberry, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company ... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

ATX01 0183719

PROGRAM #34  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

**AS BROADCAST**  
(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 28, 1953)

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

ATX01 0183720

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 3, 1953  
(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 28, 1953)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY  
LUCKY STRIKE! (PAUSE) Friends...nothing - no, nothing--  
beats better taste! And remember...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco  
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. You know, as far as your smoking  
enjoyment is concerned, there's just one big difference  
between cigarettes. That difference is -- better taste!  
Nothing -- no, nothing beats better taste! And  
Luckies taste better .... cleaner, fresher, smoother.  
Luckies taste better because in the first place LS/MFT  
-- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco....fine, light,  
naturally mild tobacco. Then, Luckies are made better  
to taste better -- round and firm and fully packed to  
draw freely and smoke evenly. And here's another fact  
that's important to you as a smoker....every Lucky you  
smoke is really fresh because every pack is extra  
tightly sealed to keep in the natural freshness of  
fine tobacco. Yes, Luckies are fresher....just  
smoke 'em and see!

A

ATX01 0183721

WILSON: See what enjoyment you get from a cigarette that's made to taste better, and still has all its better taste when you smoke it...because it comes to you fresh! So, friends, for the kind of smoking you really want-- get the better taste of Lucky Strike...and get it fresh!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother....Lucky Strike Lucky Strike.



(FIRST ROUTINE)

- 1 -

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM,  
STARRING JACK BENNY.....WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER,  
DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSEY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE.....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.....AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, OUR  
LITTLE STAR IS CURRENTLY APPEARING HERE IN SAN  
FRANCISCO AT THE CURRAN THEATRE.

JACK: At popular prices.....Continue, Don.

DON: IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT JACK BENNY HAS MADE MORE PEOPLE  
LAUGH IN THIS TOWN THAN ANY OTHER COMEDIAN..

JACK: That's right.

DON: AND NOW I'D LIKE TO BRING YOU THE MAN WHO SAID IT,  
JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you, <sup>thank you</sup> Hello, again, this is  
Jack Benny, <sup>and Don</sup>, considering that we're doing this  
show away from our home town, I don't think that was  
much of an introduction.

~~DON: Jack, I don't know what's the matter with you lately,  
..you're always picking on my introductions.~~

~~JACK: Well for heavens sakes, Don..once..just once when you  
introduce me, can't you say something complimentary  
about me?~~

DON: Frankly, Jack, I don't care what I say about you.

JACK: What?

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DON: You heard me..why should I say nice things about a man who's going to fire me?

JACK: For heaven's sakes, I'm not going to fire you.

DON: Then why did you buy me a one-way ticket to San Francisco?

JACK: Because I couldn't get reservations back. ~~at the time I bought the tickets, there wasn't any space available.~~

~~DON: A likely story.~~

JACK: Look, if you don't believe me..then get your own transportation back to Los Angeles and change it to me.

DON: Okay...I'm going to make reservations for my return trip on the T.W.A. bus.

JACK: Bus?..Look, Don..the T.W.A. is an airplane, it flies.

DON: Not when I'm on it.

JACK: ~~Oh, oh.~~ that's right, Don..~~and~~ when you're on a plane, it's a bus..when you're on a train, it's a subway...You can change anything ~~from a~~---Oh, hello, Bob.

BOB: Hello, Jack..Hiya, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

BOB: I'm sorry I'm late, Jack, but I was writing a letter to my wife and I didn't notice what time it was.

JACK: *Oh,* That's all right, Bob.

BOB: Gosh, I sure miss the family...I was so lonely I felt like calling June and having her fly up here with <sup>all</sup> the kids.

JACK: Well, why didn't you?

BOB: *Oh,* I don't know..Two weeks in a hotel with my wife and five kids <sup>just</sup> That ~~could~~ run into quite a bit of money.

JACK: *But* Bob, you're with me...if you miss your wife and five children, I insist that you call them and have them come up here..I'll pay for it.

BOB: The trip?

JACK: No, the call...Anyway, if you're lonesome, *Bob* occupy your time..go around..see the sights.

BOB: *No, Ho,* That's what I've been doing for the past few days with the boys in the band.

JACK: *Oh,* Good *good* are the fellows getting a kick out of San Francisco?

BOB: *Yeah* ~~Yes,~~ but I think this town has Remley confused.

JACK: *Frankie* ~~Frankie's~~ confused?

BOB: Yeah..we were all walking along Market Street, and we came to the corner of Market and Powell, *you know* where they turn the cable cars around.

JACK: Oh *yeah* yes..I've seen those turn-tables.

BOB: Remley took one look at it and yelled, "Hey, dig that crazy record player."

JACK: No.

BOB: Yeah..he stayed there for five days..he wasn't gonna leave till they played "Doggie in the Window."

JACK: *Remley* ~~He~~ wouldn't leave? For heaven's ~~sakes,~~ what did you do?

BOB: *Oh,* We got the motorman to bark three times and Frankie was happy.

~~JACK: Well, I'd be darned..It takes so little to please a left-handed guitar player.~~

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BOB: And another thing that's amazed Remley in San Francisco is all the steep hills.

JACK: What do you mean?

BOB: It's the first time that Frankie's been sober and the city cockeyed.

JACK: You can say that again...Anyway, I'm glad that the musicians are having a good time here.

BOB: Oh, they are, Jack..and tomorrow morning you and the entire cast are all invited to the Bay Bridge.

JACK: Invited to the Bay Bridge? What for?

BOB: To watch Bagby jump off.

JACK: You mean Charlie Bagby our piano player?

BOB: Yeah.

JACK: Wait a minute, Bob..I know that Bagby has certain peculiarities...I can understand him wearing gloves when he plays the piano because he doesn't want to leave his fingerprints on anything...I can even understand him not ever wanting to sit in a chair because of the way his uncle died...But why should he want to jump off the Bay Bridge?

BOB: He did it yesterday and he liked it.

JACK: Liked it?

~~BOB: He thinks those whitecaps are Brew 102.~~

JACK: Well, that is one of the silliest--*things*--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GISELLE: Hello, Jack.

JACK: WELL, GISELLE MACKENZIE.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Hey,* Fellows, you know Giselle, don't you?

DON: *Oh,* Certainly, Jack. She's appearing with you at the Curran Theatre here in San Francisco.

JACK: At popular prices... ~~and~~ she's very good, too.

~~BOB: You know, Giselle and I are old friends. We were on the radio together for many years.~~

~~GISELLE: That's right.~~

~~DON: Giselle, I must tell you how much I enjoyed you on Jack's stage show. I was there last night.~~

~~GISELLE: Thanks, Don..I saw you in the theater.~~

~~DON: You saw me?..But I was all the way back in the last row.~~

~~GISELLE: Yes, in seats seven, eight, nine and ten.~~

~~JACK: Wait a minute..there's an aisle between seats eight and nine.~~

~~GISELLE: I know..he looked like the Golden Gate Bridge.~~

~~JACK: He certainly did.~~

GISELLE: Say, Jack..I just dropped in to see if you had that arrangement for the new number you want me to try on Saturday's matinee.

JACK: Oh my goodness, I forgot it. *I'll tell you what, Giselle* I'll call my hotel and have Rochester bring the arrangement over to you.

GISELLE: *Well,* I'll be at the theatre, tell him to call my dressing room before he comes.

JACK: You..you have a phone in your dressing room at the Curran Theatre?

GISELLE: Yes..I asked the manager for one and he put it in.

JACK: That's funny..I asked the manager to put a phone in my dressing room and he turned me down...*I mean,* *Well,* what've you got that I haven't got?

GISELLE: Nothing, but I'm supposed to walk that way.

JACK: All right, ~~all right~~, *Well,* Look, I'll go out in the hall and call Rochester..There's a phone booth out there.. I'll be right back.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES  
...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, that Giselle is a cute girl...So pretty, too.. I think she likes me...Last night after the show she came into my dressing room and ran her fingers through my hair...Boy, was she surprised when I walked in and caught her doing it.....I think I'll have one made out of milk..women love milk.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Hmm. There's someone in the phone booth..~~I'll make the call later.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: Gee, I like San Francisco..It's a wonderful city, and every day that I'm here I learn something new about it-- ..Yesterday I found out that the Mayor's name is Robinson..I always thought it was Dimaggio.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Did you make your call, Jack?

JACK: No, <sup>not</sup> there was someone in the booth, I'll call later.

GISELLE: Well then, I'd better run along.

JACK: *Oh,* Just a minute, Giselle..you don't think the audience here is going to let you get away without singing a song, do you?

GISELLE: But Jack, my contract with you calls for me to appear with you at the Curran Theatre..not to sing on your radio show.

JACK: *Ho,* You're mistaken, Giselle, <sup>you see</sup> the contract specifies that you're to sing on my radio program, too. It's the last clause.

GISELLE: Oh, so that's what ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> Chinese writing was.

JACK: Yes..my lawyer is One Long Loop Hole...Now go ahead and sing, honey.

(APPLAUSE)

(GISELLE'S SONG -- "PRETEND")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That ~~was~~ <sup>that</sup> wonderful, Giselle. ~~and~~ I really want to thank you for appearing on my program.

GISELLE: Ting loo won choy for chow heng moy toing.

JACK: Oh, you want your money, eh?

GISELLE: How do you like that, I just took a wild guess.

JACK: (LAUGHING) That's real cute, Giselle..(TO AUDIENCE) You know, folks, we had the toughest time getting that Chinese line past the censor, <sup>you know,</sup> ~~he thought it was dirty...I don't know, maybe it is...~~ Anyway--Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack..Hi, kids.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mary, how are you enjoying yourself <sup>here</sup> ~~in~~ San Francisco?  <sup>huh?</sup>

MARY: Oh, fine, Jack..but the funniest thing happened yesterday.

JACK: What was it?

MARY: I got on the cable car at the corner of Market and Powell and when I gave my fare to the motorman, he barked at me three times.

JACK: No.

MARY: If you don't believe me, ask Remley. He was lying right there on the sidewalk.

JACK: Mary, a man with his eyes closed is not a witness.

MARY: Oh, hello, Giselle.

GISELLE: Hello, Mary.



MARY: Giselle, have you been having a good time in San Francisco?

GISELLE: *By* A wonderful time, Mary..I've been everywhere..By the way, have you been up to the Top of the Mark yet?

MARY: Well, Jack promised to take me up, but he still hasn't.

JACK: No..I'm a little afraid to go up there. I got dizzy *you know* ~~it's~~ so high.

GISELLE: Jack, it isn't ~~so~~

MARY: He's talking about the prices.

JACK: Oh stop.

GISELLE: Say Jack, when are you going to get me that musical arrangement you want me to rehearse?

~~JACK: I'll call in a few minutes..And Giselle, I meant to tell you.. When we get back to Hollywood, I want to speak to you about appearing with me on one of my television shows.~~

~~GISELLE: Your television show?~~

~~JACK: Yes..I have the greatest idea for this particular show..At the very opening I come out playing the part of--~~

~~MARY: Say Giselle, how about you and I having lunch tomorrow?~~

~~GISELLE: Okay..and then we can go shopping.~~

~~JACK: Now Giselle, in this television show, I play the part of--~~

~~MARY: I've done a lot of shopping already..Have you seen the spring clothes they're showing here?~~

~~GISELLE: See them? I already bought two of the darlingest suits at Maison Mandessolle.~~

~~JACK: Now in this show--~~

MARY: I got a dream of an evening gown at Magnin's.

GISELLE: You did?

JACK: Now in this show--

MARY: It's chartreuse and the bodice is covered with sequins.

JACK: In this show I play the part of a chartreuse..and there's a sequin where I--I mean a scene where I--...Oh, for heavens sakes, girls..Why don't you let me talk.

GISELLE: Well, Jack, I hate to bring this up again, but if I'm going to learn that new arrangement, I better get it soon.

JACK: Oh yes..excuse me, kids, I'm going out and phone the hotel.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..MORE

FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS OVER FOOTSTEPS) ~~San Francisco..Open your Golden Gate~~ *When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you. When you ask me*  
~~da da da da dum dum, da da dum dum..~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh good..there's no one in the phone booth.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

~~JACK: Let's see if I have any change.~~

~~(SOUND: COINS JINGLING)~~

~~JACK: Oh..here's a dime.~~

(SOUND: DIME IN PHONE)

JACK: Now let's see..what's the number of the Fairmont Hotel...

Oh yes..Douglas two-eight-eight hundred..

(SOUND: DIALING SEVEN TIMES..BUZZING OF PHONE..RECEIVER CLICK)

IRIS: Fairmont Hotel, Nob Hill, overlooking the Bay in San Francisco.

JACK: Operator-- *I'd like to speak to* - - - -

IRIS: Every room suited to your taste..bachelor apartments, bridal suites, coffee shop and spacious lobby.

JACK: Operator-- *I'd like to talk* - - - -

IRIS: Elevator service, room service, tailor shop, jewelry shop, and radio in every room.

JACK: Operator-- *I'd like* - - - -

IRIS: Also writing paper, pen and ink and combination writing desk that folds up into a dresser.

JACK: Operator, will you please-- *get me the numbers* - - - -

IRIS: Daily rates, weekly rates, monthly rates, and traveler's checks cashed without question.

JACK: Now look-- *look, operator* - - - -

IRIS: ~~So if you're ever~~ In San Francisco, the only place to live is the Fairmont Hotel, Nob Hill overlooking the Bay.

JACK: OPERATOR..OPERATOR, I'M TRYING TO GET--

IRIS: I'm sorry, your three minutes are up, goodbye!

(SOUND: LOUD CLICK OF RECEIVER)

(IRIS WALKS AWAY)

JACK: This I don't understand at all... *She's the Fairmont operator.* ~~what a crazy operator.~~ And

That was my last dime..Well, I'll have to go back in the studio and borrow one.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Did you make the call, Jack?

JACK: No..I had trouble with the operator and I used my last dime.

MARY: Why don't you try using your first one?

JACK: Now cut that out..Has anybody got a dime?

DON: Here you are, Jack.

JACK: Thanks..I'll be right back.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

MARY: (LAUGHS)

~~CISELLE:~~ <sup>Bob:</sup> What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: You know, <sup>Bob</sup> ~~Ciselle~~, Jack always has trouble wherever he goes.

BOB: <sup>really</sup> I didn't know he had any trouble here in San Francisco, ~~Mary~~.

MARY: Oh, then you don't know what happened to him yesterday morning.

BOB: No.

MARY: Well, wait till you hear this...Jack was asleep in his suite at the hotel and Rochester was getting ready to wake him up.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

ROCH: Hmm..IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR REHEARSAL, I BETTER GO IN AND WAKE THE BOSS UP.

(APPLAUSE)

ROCH: BUT THEN HE'S BEEN DOIN' SO MANY SHOWS, HE NEEDS A LITTLE REST.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO..MR. BENNY'S ROOM..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND TELEVISION..BUT WILL WORK FOR ANYTHING THAT JINGLES, FOLDS, OR HAS A TRADE-IN VALUE...WHO'S CALLING?.....THE HOTEL MANAGER.....I KNOW THIS IS A CLASSY HOTEL.....I KNOW IT HAS A NICE CLIENTELE.....OKAY, I'LL TELL HIM.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: DOGGONE, MR. BENNY'S JUST GOTTA STOP HANGIN' HIS LAUNDRY OUT THE WINDOW...I DON'T MIND IN THE WINTER..BUT IN THE SPRING, THAT LONG UNDERWEAR LOOKS RIDICULOUS....OH-OH, LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS..I BETTER WAKE HIM UP.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (SNORES TWICE)

ROCH: MY MY..JUST LOOK AT HIM <sup>lying</sup> ~~LAIN~~ THERE..SO NICE AND PEACEFUL.  
(SNORES) Oh, Ava..Kiss me, Ava (SNORES) Come here, Lana, <sup>(Snores)</sup> let me put my arms around you..(SNORES)...Come here, Marilyn, kiss me. <sup>(Snores)</sup>

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE..WHAT A MAN..HE LIVES LIKE A LAMB AND DREAMS LIKE A WOLF!

JACK: (SNORES) ~~Don't go, Ava... Come here, Marilyn..No, it's not that I don't love you, Lana, but~~

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, WAKE UP..~~YOU'RE GETTIN' YOURSELF INVOLVED.~~

JACK: ~~(QUICK SNORE)~~..Huh?..What?..Oh..Oh, it's you, Rochester.

ROCH: YEAH..HOW DID YOU SLEEP?

JACK: Oh, not so good, that dog in the next room was whining all night. Imagine a dog being in the next room, <sup>uh?</sup>

ROCH: WELL, YOU BETTER GET DRESSED, BOSS..YOU'LL BE LATE FOR <sup>your</sup> REHEARSAL.

~~JACK: Oh yes, I have to rehearse a new bit for my show for the  
Curran Theatre, at popular prices.~~

~~ROCH: I MEAN YOUR RADIO PROGRAM.~~

JACK: Oh, ~~oh~~, I've been so busy I forgot.

ROCH: WELL, I BETTER CALL DOWNSTAIRS AND ORDER YOUR BREAKFAST.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: .....OPERATOR, GET ME ROOM SERVICE, PLEASE...., ROOM SERVICE,  
THIS IS MR. BENNY'S ROOM...SEND UP SOME GRAPEFRUIT JUICE..  
SMALL GLASS....POT OF COFFEE..SMALL POT....A BOWL OF CEREAL..  
SMALL BOWL..AND MAKE OUT THE CHECK WHILE YOU'RE IN THAT SMALL  
MOOD...AND YOU BETTER SEND <sup>up</sup> A COUPLE OF FRIED EGGS...THAT'S  
RIGHT.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: OKAY, MR. BENNY, I ORDERED YOUR BREAKFAST.

JACK: Good..Now, Rochester--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hm, who can that be..I'll answer the door..Give me my robe <sup>will  
you  
please</sup>  
~~Rochester.~~

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, BOSS.

*Jack: Thanks*  
(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well..Bob..Giselle..Come on in.

EOB: Jack, Giselle and I have a number that we wrote some special  
- well -  
lyrics for and we want you to hear it.

JACK: A special song, eh? <sup>Hi - - - -</sup> Giselle, does it have <sup>any - - - any - - -</sup> anything <sup>in it</sup> about  
LSMFT in it?

GISELLE: It certainly has.  
*Jack*: *Course me. I just woke up - that's why I'm so - - -*

JACK: *Then* I'll listen, <sup>to it</sup> Go ahead, kids.  
*well,*

(INTRO)

GEE, ~~BUT~~ IT'S GREAT AFTER BEING OUT LATE

WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME.

ARM IN ARM OVER MEADOW AND FARM

WALKIN MY BABY BACK HOME.

WE GO 'LONG HARMONIZING A SONG

OR I'M RECITING A POEM

OWLS GO BY AND THEY GIVE ME THE EYE

WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME.

WE STOP FOR AWHILE

~~SHE~~ <sup>you</sup> GIVES ME A SMILE

I SNUGGLE ~~HER~~ <sup>my</sup> HEAD TO ~~MY~~ <sup>your</sup> CHEST

WE START IN TO PET

AND THAT'S WHEN I GET

~~HER~~ <sup>my powder</sup> TALCUM ALL OVER ~~MY~~ <sup>your</sup> VEST.

<sup>But</sup> AFTER I KINDA STRAIGHTEN MY TIE

~~SHE HAS~~ <sup>you have</sup> TO BORROW MY COMB

ONE KISS THEN ~~WE~~ <sup>we</sup> CONTINUE AGAIN

WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME.

GEE, BUT IT'S GREAT AFTER BEING OUT LATE

PUFFING A LUCKY BACK HOME.

JUST CAN'T WAIT AFTER LEAVING MY DATE

PUFFIN' A LUCKY BACK HOME.

SITTING THERE IN MY FAVORITE CHAIR

SOON I'LL BE NODDING MY DOME



BUT IT'S FUN WHEN THE LONG DAY IS DONE  
PUFFIN' A LUCKY BACK HOME.

*Man,* IT SEEMS ONLY FAIR TO TEAR AND COMPARE  
EXAMINE THE SMOKE THAT YOU LIKE  
YOU'LL SEE WHY WE SAY  
GET LUCKIES TODAY  
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE  
TELL YOUR FRIENDS LUCKIES HAVE NO LOOSE ENDS  
STRIP DOWN A LUCKY AND SHOW 'EM  
THEN YOU'LL SEE JUST HOW HAPPY YOU'LL BE  
PUFFING A LUCKY BACK HOME  
~~PUFFING A LUCKY BACK HOME.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>that was</sup> That was <sup>really</sup> swell, kids.

BOB: <sup>Well</sup> I thought you'd like it, Jack.

JACK: Well, <sup>still</sup> I'll see you later, Bob, at the radio rehearsal, <sup>huh?</sup>

GISELLE: <sup>Well</sup> I'll see you tonight, Jack, at the Curran Theatre.

JACK: At popular prices...So long, Bob...Goodbye, Giselle.

GISELLE: ~~Goodbye.~~

BOB: So long.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Now Rochester, I want to wear my blue suit tonight at the theatre, so please press it, <sup>will you?</sup>

ROCH: BUT BOSS, YOU KNOW THEY HAVE VALET SERVICE IN THIS HOTEL, DON'T YOU?

JACK: Of course I know, but what do you think I've got you for?

ROCH: ME?

JACK: Yes, you.

ROCH: WELL..LISTED ALPHABETICALLY..ATTENDANT, ACTOR, AUTO MECHANIC, BARBER--

JACK: Look--

ROCH: BARTENDER, BUTLER, BODY GUARD, BELLHOP, BUS BOY--

JACK: Look, Rochester--

ROCH: COOK, CHAUFFEUR, COMPANION, CHAR WOMAN, CHAMBER MAID--

JACK: Rochester, that's enough.

ROCH: I GOT MORE BUREAUS THAN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT!

JACK: <sup>now</sup> ~~Now~~ Rochester, stop with that talk and start pressing my blue suit.

ROCH: OKAY...(DOORMAN, DISHWASHER, DUSTER---)

JACK: ~~Oh~~ Rochester, stop complaining, you ~~don't~~ <sup>you</sup> do so much.

ROCH: ALL I KNOW IS..ANY TIME SOMEBODY ASKS ME TO SHAKE <sup>them</sup> HANDS, I GOTTA PUT SOMETHING DOWN!

JACK: Now you know that's not true...Anyway, I've gotta ~~get~~---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Duhh, room service with your breakfast, sir.

JACK: Oh good. <sup>good</sup> put it <sup>put it</sup> right here on the table.  
(~~laughed~~) ~~Oh good~~ -- ~~put it right here on the table.~~  
(SOUND: RATTLE OF DISHES)

JACK: Gee, it looks good..and I'm really hungry.

MEL: There you are, sir..and here's the check.

JACK: Oh.. ~~Hand me my glasses, Rochester.~~

ROCH: ~~HERE YOU ARE.~~

JACK: ~~Thanks..I want to see if they have these prices right.~~

ROCH: ~~YOU WANT ME TO CALL YOUR ACCOUNTANT?~~

JACK: ~~I can handle this myself!..Now let's see..WHAT?..A DOLLAR~~

AND FORTY CENTS?...WHY, THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS

ROCH: WANT ME TO CALL YOUR LAWYER?

JACK: No, One Long Loop Hole is out of town....Waiter, how in the world could this be a dollar and forty cents...Let's see.. thirty-five cents for orange juice...Isn't that awfully high?

MEL: Well, you see, sir, we don't grow oranges here, they come from Florida.

JACK: So what, I don't have to pay for their vacations.

MEL: I'm just the waiter, sir, <sup>- 2 -</sup> I don't have anything to do with the prices.

JACK: And look at this..two eggs, sixty cents. ~~Why~~, <sup>D</sup> do you realize that's thirty cents an egg?

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: Thirty cents for one little egg..What's in an egg that could make it worth thirty cents?

MEL: Well, it's a whole day's work for a chicken.

JACK: That's a very old joke.

MEL: <sup>Well</sup> I thought it was funny when I heard it last night at the Curran Theatre.

JACK: At the Curran Theatre?

MEL: At popular prices.

JACK: I know, I know..Now let's see..twenty cents for a pot of coffee..Well, that's all right..~~and~~..Hey, what's that extra quarter for?

MEL: <sup>Well</sup> That's a twenty-five cent charge for serving meals in the rooms.

JACK: Oh..Well, open the door, I'll eat it out in the hall.

MEL: <sup>But</sup> That won't help, sir.

JACK: All right, all right..~~oh~~, <sup>D</sup> darn it..I didn't order anything to have with my coffee...Waiter, what would you suggest?

MEL: Well, we have doughnuts, Danish Pastry, French Toast, and Cimeron rolls.

JACK: Well, never mind..<sup>- I'll</sup> I'll drink my coffee without anything.

MEL: Okay, goodbye.

JACK: Wait a minute, <sup>wait a minute ---</sup> here's a tip for you.

MEL: Oh boy, this is wonderful, this is marvelous, thank you, thank you, so much...you're so very generous.

JACK: Wait a minute, I only gave you a nickel.

MEL: (SINGS) <sup>I know but ---</sup> WHEN YOU'RE NOT HAPPY, JUST PRETEND...DA DA DA DA  
DA--

JACK: Oh, get out of here!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: <sup>What a silly guy!</sup> Now, Rochester, let's--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: ~~Tom,~~ I wonder what he forgot..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, Mary..I thought you were the waiter..I didn't expect to see you till rehearsal.

MARY: Well, I came over because I wanted to see you alone.

JACK: Why..anything wrong?

MARY: Not exactly..but I was looking at the script for Sunday's program..and Jack, I wish you'd tell your writers to stop writing things about my sister Babe. She's sensitive.

JACK: But Mary--

MARY: Like the thing they've got in this script..I'm supposed to say that it takes Babe longer to make up her face because she has to powder her noses.

JACK: But Mary..It's just a joke.

MARY: If they want a joke, let them ~~make~~ <sup>write</sup> something ~~up~~.

JACK: All right, I'll speak to them. *Apologize to Balda, will you?*

MARY: And another thing..I noticed in going through the script..  
you plan to play your violin on the program.

JACK: That's right, I'm going to play my violin.

ROCH: AGAIN?

JACK: Yes, again.

MARY: Oh Jack, nobody wants to hear you play "Love in Bloom."

JACK: Mary, I've learned a new one. *It's called* "Pretend." *Now* Wait, I'll get  
my violin and *I'll* play it for you.

ROCH: HERE IT IS, BOSS.

*Jack:* *Now wait a minute* - - -

~~JACK: Thanks~~

(JACK PLINKS ON VIOLIN STRINGS)

~~This will be swell, Mary. Listen~~

(JACK PLAYS THREE LINES OF "PRETEND")

MEL: (STARTS WHINING AND HOWLING AS JACK CONTINUES TO PLAY)

*Jack:* *There's that dog again.*

(THEY BOTH GET LOUDER AND LOUDER)

*Jack:* *Oh, shut up!*

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

FIRE PREVENTION ALLOCATION  
MAY 3, 1953  
(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 28, 1953)

WILSON: Ladies and gentlemen, our forests are among our most vital resources. Last year through carelessness forest fires destroyed millions of acres of valuable timber. This shameful waste weakens America...protect our forests! Don't toss away lighted matches or cigarettes. Make sure every campfire is completely out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires!

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first....nothing--  
no, nothing -- beats better taste! And remember....

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 3, 1953  
(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 28, 1953)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

- B -

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: When it comes to real smoking enjoyment, nothing --

no, nothing -- beats better taste! And Luckies taste better --

cleaner, fresher, smoother, Here's why. Luckies are made

better to taste better. They're made round and firm and

fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. And Luckies

also taste better because they're made of fine, mild,

good-tasting tobacco. Better taste in a cigarette must

start with fine tobacco, and LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means

fine tobacco. Remember, friends -- only fine tobacco in a

better-made cigarette, can give you the better taste of

Lucky Strike. So for your own real deep-down smoking

enjoyment be happy -- go Lucky! Make your next carton...

better-tasting Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get better taste today!

ATX01 0183746



(TAG)

- 23 -

JACK: Ladies<sup>Ladies</sup> and gentlemen, that concludes another program and next Sunday we'll be doing another broadcast from San Francisco...I want to thank Giselle MacKenzie for appearing on my show tonight.

GISELLE: <sup>Well</sup> It was a pleasure, Jack...and don't forget to tell the people about your stage show.

JACK: Oh yes..ladies and gentlemen, we'll still be at the Curran Theatre for another week.

GISELLE: At popular prices.

JACK: Yes yes...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.  
Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.  
The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco Company... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

ATW01 0183747

PROGRAM # 35  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 27, 1953)

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

**AS BROADCAST**

ATX01 0183748

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 10, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 27, 1953)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

- A -

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY  
LUCKY STRIKE! (PAUSE) You know, friends...nothing--no,  
nothing--beats better taste! And remember ....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco  
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: Have you smoked a fresh cigarette lately? You have --  
WIL if you've smoked a Lucky Strike. For Luckies are  
definitely fresher -- and it takes real freshness to  
bring you deep-down smoking enjoyment. To prove that  
to yourself just light up a Lucky. You'll find that  
Luckies taste better--not only fresher but cleaner and  
smoother, too. That's because they're made of fine,  
light, naturally mild tobacco...and because they're  
made better -- every Lucky is made round and firm and  
fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly...and  
every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to bring  
you that fine tobacco flavor in all its freshness. So  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Get the better taste you want in  
a cigarette -- and get it fresh!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

ATX01 0183749

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM THE MARINE MEMORIAL THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSEY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..TONIGHT <sup>we're</sup> ~~WE ARE~~ BROADCASTING FROM THE HISTORIC CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO...SAN FRANCISCO.. KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE.: ITS LUXURIOUS BUILDINGS..ITS EXTENSIVE HARBOR..ITS GIGANTIC AND IMPRESSIVE BRIDGES..ITS--

JACK: By the time he gets to me, I won't mean a thing... Now I know how Berkeley feels... <sup>continue</sup> ~~go ahead~~, Don.

DON: IF THIS WERE TELEVISION, ~~WE WOULD~~ <sup>we'd</sup> SHOW YOU SEVERAL OF THESE AGELESS WONDERS..BUT SINCE THIS IS RADIO, WE CAN BRING YOU ONLY ONE AGELESS WONDER, AND HERE HE IS..JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: <sup>Thank you, I've only got two "thank you's" written here, but I say it 3 times.</sup> Thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack

Benny talking, and Don I'm not going to bawl you out for that introduction...Not that it wasn't clever, but every time someone jokes about my age, it starts a long controversy.

DON: Controversy?

JACK: Yes, I'm thirty-nine and nobody can prove differently.

DON: <sup>hell,</sup> I don't believe you're thirty-nine and I'm going to check with the doctor who delivered you.

JACK: *well, you can forget it, don,*  
~~You said~~ it, he died in nineteen hundred... And now,  
ladies and gentlemen--

DON: Just a minute, Jack..if you're thirty-nine, you would  
have been born in 1914.

JACK: Uh huh...And now, ladies and gentlemen--

DON: But that's fourteen years after your doctor died, how  
is that possible?

JACK: My parents used a weege board... *anyway* let's drop the  
subject. *You know* There are plenty of other things to talk  
about besides my age..This is my final day at the  
Curran Theatre and I want to thank all the people in  
San Francisco for making me feel so at home.

DON: Well, they are very friendly here.

JACK: It's more than that..Not only the people, but the city  
itself..It reminds me so much of my home town,  
Waukegan...Yes sir.

DON: Oh now wait a minute, Jack..I don't blame you for  
being proud of your home town, but let's not be  
ridiculous.

JACK: Ridiculous!..Are you kidding?..Don, mention one thing  
that San Francisco has that Waukegan hasn't got.

DON: Well..Waukegan doesn't have the bridges, the Golden Gate,  
Fisherman's Wharf, paved streets, electric lights,  
department stores, automobiles, bicycles, trees, and--

JACK: HA HA!..I KNEW IF I LET YOU GO, YOU'D HANG YOURSELF..  
~~WE'VE GOT BICYCLES!.... They may have high front wheels,~~  
~~but we've got 'em...Nevertheless, I do agree with you,~~  
~~Don, San Francisco is a beautiful city, and I hate to~~  
 leave.

DON: I don't blame you..When are you going back to Los Angeles?

JACK: *well,* I wanted to go back on the Lark tomorrow night..but I just couldn't get a reservation.

DON: ~~Yes~~ Jack, I think I can help you with that.

JACK: You can?

DON: *Yeah,* I don't like to brag, but I carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

JACK: Well, I wish ~~you'd~~-----Don, would you mind repeating that?

DON: I said..I carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

JACK: Don, you carry so much ~~weight that~~--No, I won't say it, I won't say it..I've been doing good business at the Curran Theatre, why spoil <sup>*you know ---*</sup> it...But I've been calling and calling about a reservation on the Lark tonight ~~and~~---Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *--- it*  
 Mary, I don't know what's come over me, but I've never seen you look so pretty before. <sup>*I don't know,*</sup> Your complexion's so clear..your cheeks so rosy...Have you got on your new make-up?

MARY: No, you've got on your new glasses.

JACK: Oh, yes yes..And Mary, I had these glasses made especially for San Francisco. Look at them.

MARY: *well, s...* I don't see anything different.

JACK: ..Look closer.

MARY: Well, I'll be darned, windshield wipers!

JACK: Yes sir..Not only that..press the little button on the bridge of my glasses.

~~MARY: What?~~

~~JACK: Go ahead, press the button.~~

~~MARY: Okay.~~

~~(SOUND. SMALL CLICK)~~

MARY: Holy smoke! Built-in fog lights!

JACK: Yes sir, there's nothing like---Mary..what're you sticking your finger in my car for?

MARY: I'm checking your oil.

JACK: Oh, stop being silly.

DON: Well, Mary, we'll soon be leaving San Francisco..Did you have a good time here?

MARY: *Oh, just wonderful,* ~~well,~~ Don, there's so much to do..so much to see.

JACK: Yeah..I got a kick out of everything here..even the little things like *like* the Cable Cars, *you know.*

MARY: (LAUGHS)

DON: What's so funny, Mary?

MARY: (LAUGHING) *well,* I'm laughing at Jack talking about Cable Cars..I saw him yesterday morning on Powell Street.

DON: What happened?

MARY: *well,* When he thought no one was looking, he walked out in the middle of the street, ~~got down on his knees,~~ stuck his finger in the slot, hooked it around the cable, and ~~let it pull him up~~ *hooked* the bill for nothing.

*Jack:* *the way you read that, I didn't think I was going to get up the bill at all. got hooked up the bill?*

*Confess, Mary...*  
JACK: ~~Oh~~...I just did that for a gag.

MARY: *Oh*, Some gag, you were carrying four passengers.

JACK: Only three counted..one had a transfer..So don't be so smart.

MARY: *Oh*, I'm only kidding, Jack...You know, I'll be *kinda* sorry to leave San Francisco..We've been here for quite a while..and yet there ~~are~~ *is* so many things *that* we'd all enjoy seeing again.... The Top of the Mark.

DON: Fisherman's Wharf.

JACK: The Mint.

MARY: Chinatown.

DON: The Golden Gate.

JACK: The Mint.

MARY: ...Wait a minute, Jack..are you sure there's a mint in San Francisco?

JACK: Certainly..there are six mints in the United States... They're in San Francisco, Denver, Philadelphia, New York, Seattle, and New Orleans.

MARY: *Oh*, Isn't there a mint in Washington, D.C.?

JACK: No no, Mary.. ~~there are~~ *they're* only mints in San Francisco, Denver, Philadelphia, New York, Seattle, and New Orleans...The one in Washington, D. C. is the Bureau of Engraving.

MARY: Oh, that's where they make the paper money.

JACK: YEAHHHHHHH!

MARY: You know, it's funny..but I've never been in a mint.

JACK: Well, they are kind of hard to get into, *you know*.

DON: Mary, if you want to visit the local mint, I can arrange it for you.

MARY: *Oh*, You can, Don?



DOH: Certainly, I carry a lot of weight in this town.

MARY: Well, <sup>Sam.</sup> that would be -- Don, would you mind repeating that?

*Jack:* I was afraid of that--

DOH: I carry a lot of weight in this town.

MARY: Don, you carry---No, I won't say it, *Jack: That's right.* I won't say it..

I've got a good summer job at the May Company, ~~and~~ I don't want to lose it.

JACK: You're right, Mary...Anyway, Don..do you think you can ~~get---~~

DENNIS: *Oh,* Hello, Mr. Benny..hello, everybody.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis, I want to welcome you back to the program..we missed you last week.

DENNIS: *well,* Thanks.

DOH: How come you weren't on the show last week, Dennis?

DENNIS: *Oh,* I was sick.

JACK *Oh,* Yes, <sup>you,</sup> I received your telegram..but you never did mention what was wrong with you.

DENNIS: Oh, I felt awful...I had to have the doctor, and everything..I had chills and fever and temperature and butterflies in my stomach.

JACK: No kidding. What did the doctor do?

DENNIS: He told me to stop eating butterflies.

JACK: ~~Hmm.~~ You take him, <sup>well, you,</sup> I tire easily, ~~these days.~~

MARY: Okay, Jack...Dennis, when did you arrive in San Francisco?

DENNIS: Yesterday morning, *mary.*

MARY: *well,* What have you been doing since then?

DENNIS: *Oh,* I've been spending most of my time in my hotel room.

DOH: Oh, have you got a nice place?

DENNIS: *Yeah,* I've got a room with hot and cold running.

JACK: .....Hot and cold running water?

DENNIS: I don't know, there isn't any bathroom.

~~JACK: No bathroom?~~

~~DENNIS: No.~~

~~JACK: No water?~~

~~DENNIS: No.~~

~~JACK: You have no bathroom at all?~~

~~DENNIS: No.~~

JACK: Dennis...I know I'm silly to ask you this...and the only possible good it can do the program is that Remley might laugh, fall off his stool and break his guitar....But I'm going to ask it anyway.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: First of all, though, I want to be sure of my facts....Your hotel room has no water and no bathroom.

DENNIS: That's right.

JACK: Well, what do you do when you need a bath?

DENNIS: Keep away from people.

JACK: Well...I asked a stupid question, and stupid answered it.

~~MARY: My turn, Jack?~~

~~JACK: Yes, you take him.~~

~~MARY: Okay...Dennis, you shouldn't stay in your hotel room all the time...You should go out and meet people.~~

~~DENNIS: Oh, I do...I love San Francisco...The people here are so friendly and trusting.~~

~~MARY: Trusting? What do you mean, Dennis?~~

DENNIS: Last night a fellow stopped me on the street and wanted to borrow five dollars, and when I gave it to him, he didn't even ask me my name.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Dennis..If he didn't get your name, how will he know who to return it to?

DENNIS: Well, he's stuck with the money, let him worry about it.

JACK: Dennis, come here a minute.

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: I wanna feel your head and see if it's ripe enough to pick.....Now Dennis, how about singing your song?

DENNIS: Yes sir..and because this is Mother's Day, I'm going to sing "Your Mother and Mine."

JACK: Good...Go ahead, kid.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG-- "YOUR MOTHER AND MINE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Dennis Day singing "Your Mother and Mine". ~~And~~  
Very good, Dennis, it was excellent. And now, ladies and gentlemen--

DENNIS: I thought several of my notes were flat.

JACK: No no, <sup>and</sup> Dennis, they were fine. And now, ladies ~~and~~  
~~gentlemen--~~

DENNIS: My enunciation was horrible.

JACK: No no, Dennis, it was perfect. And now, ladies ~~and~~  
~~gentlemen--~~

DENNIS: I thought my phrasing was lousy.

JACK: Dennis, why do you run yourself down like that?

DENNIS: When you're loaded with talent, you have to be modest.

JACK: ~~Hummm~~...Look, Dennis--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Duh, telegram for Jack Benny. *... Ah's a*

JACK: Thanks...Here, boy, here's a tip for you.

MEL: Oh boy, a nickel..now I can go to the Top of the Mark and have coffee and cimaron rolls.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Gee, they have those cimaron rolls ~~anywhere~~. *everywhere, don't they?*

(SOUND: OPENING OF TELEGRAM)

MARY: Who's the telegram from, Jack?

JACK: *Oh,* It's from the manager of the Curran Theatre. It says..

"DEAR JACK, YOU WERE RIGHT...TOTAL ATTENDANCE YESTERDAY WAS FOUR THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVEN, INSTEAD OF FOUR THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND SIX....HOW YOU CAN COUNT WITH THAT SPOTLIGHT IN YOUR EYES, I'LL NEVER KNOW"....~~of~~ *Course,* *Mary,* "I was

~~right.. I only made one mistake during the three weeks I've been appearing there, and that wasn't my fault.~~

~~DON: Why, what happened?~~

~~JACK: I counted an empty seat..then I found out later that Phil Harris had come in and slid under it....Anyway, I ~~Oh~~ hello, Bob.~~

BOB: Hi, Jack..Hello, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Bob, our visit to San Francisco is about over -- I suppose you'll be glad getting back home to your wife and children, *Jack?*

BOB: Yes Jack, but I'll kind of hate to leave..You know, it was right here in this city that I made my start in the entertainment business when I was just a kid.

MARY: *Oh,* I didn't know that, Bob.

BOB: Yes, Mary, my first job was singing with Anson Weeks Orchestra. I was <sup>just</sup> fifteen years old and I lasted one whole day. ~~Got out to sing my first number, and as soon as he heard my voice, Anson let me go.~~

~~JACK: I'll bet I know why..You sounded too much like your brother Bing.~~

~~BOB: No, I sounded too much like my sister Kay.~~

~~JACK: Oh~~

BOB: Then Anson told me if I could sound like Bing, he'd rehire me..So the next day I was back auditioning for him...I sang all of Bing's big hits<sup>like</sup>.. "Blue of the Night".. "Please"... "I surrender, Dear"... "White Christmas"... "When ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Swallows"...

JACK: Wait a minute,<sup>wait a minute,</sup> Bob..You couldn't have sung White Christmas, it wasn't written then.

BOB: *well,* I know, but I was desperate.

MARY: Did you get the job?

BOB: No, I had a tough break,<sup>Mary ---</sup> right in the middle of the audition, my voice changed.

DENNIS: Gee, that's a coincidence..when I was fifteen, my voice changed, too.

BOB: Really, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah, it got higher.

MARY: Quiet, Dennis...Bob, what did you do after you left Anson Weeks?

BOB: *well,* I formed my own orchestra..but I had <sup>pretty</sup> tough sledding~~.~~ I had no reputation..no money..I couldn't pay my musicians anything.. so I didn't exactly get the cream of the crop.

JACK: You must have had some pretty bad musicians.

BOB: Yes...not as bad as I've got now, but pretty bad.....Anyway, ~~we finally landed a job playing at Forbidden City.~~

~~Bob: Anyway, we finally landed a job playing at Forbidden City.~~

MARY: Forbidden City? Isn't that a Chinese night club?

BOB: ~~Yes~~ <sup>Yes Anson</sup>...we were billed as "Chang Woo Crosby's Royal Mongolians and The Sweetest Music This Side of ~~Low Tide-In The Bay~~ <sup>the Emancipate Red Plots</sup>".....

JACK: *well,* Bob, enough of these rominiscences..we've got a show to do..  
and that reminds me <sup>hey,</sup> why did Remley miss rehearsal yesterday?

BOB: *Oh, Remley & well,* Oh, Frankie went to visit his brother.

JACK: *well,* Couldn't he ~~have~~ <sup>be</sup> gone the day before?

BOB: No, yesterday was visiting day.

JACK: Oh, oh, OH. <sup>th ---</sup> Remley's brother <sup>is</sup> in San Quentin, eh?

BOB: No, Alcatraz.

DON: What did he do?

BOB: Nothing, he's just Remley's brother.

JACK: Oh.yes..they'll get you on that every time.

BOB: You know, Jack, I'd like to visit Alcatraz sometime.

JACK: Well, Bob, very few tourists get to see it.

DON: *well,* <sup>wait a minute</sup> Wait a minute, Bob. <sup>now</sup> if you'd like me to arrange a sight-seeing  
tour of Alcatraz for you, I can do it.

BOB: Really, Don?

DON: Certainly, I carry a lot of weight in this town.

JACK: Don, I don't want to hear any more about how much weight  
you carry in this town..If I hear that once more, I'll--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

GEORGE: I'm Mr. Jones of Southern Pacific Railway.

JACK: Oh yes <sup>you</sup>..did you finally get reservations for me on the Lark  
to Los Angeles for tomorrow night?

GEORGE: No sir..I'm sorry, but the best I can do is to get you reservations on Friday.

JACK: Gee, I can't see why the train should be so crowded tomorrow night..there are sixteen cars in that train, aren't there?

GEORGE: Yes sir..but only two of the cars are carrying passengers.

JACK: Only two? What are the other fourteen cars for?

GEORGE: They're taking back the money you made up here.

JACK: ~~Oh yes~~..That's why I want to be on the same train, I don't want to be lonesome<sup>you know</sup>..Aren't there any other trains leaving for <sup>Los Angeles</sup> ~~Los Angeles~~ tomorrow?

GEORGE: Yes sir..the Daylight.

JACK: What time does it leave?

GEORGE: Nine o'clock tomorrow night.

JACK: Well, I---wait a minute..~~wait a minute~~..if the train leaves at nine at night, why do you call it the Daylight?

GEORGE: I don't know..we're just a crazy mixed-up bunch of kids.

JACK: ~~How~~..See, I wish I could get <sup>---I wish it could get</sup> on tomorrow's Lark.

GEORGE: I'm sorry I couldn't arrange that for you, Mr. Benny...but I do have some good news for you..I've got all the reservations for your summer vacation trip exactly as you planned it.

MARY: His summer vacation? Where is he going?

GEORGE: San Francisco, Denver, Philadelphia, New York, Seattle, and New Orleans.

JACK: ~~Yes~~...And, Mr. Jones, have my trip end in Washington, D.C.... I want to see them print some, too....Goodbye, Mr. Jones.

GEORGE: Goodbye.

*Jack: Goodbye, Mr. Benny. He's one of my favorites. We finally gave him a part to end, you know, you can have a few benches that way, you know.*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)



JACK: And now, kids..

DON: *Oh, Oh* Just a second, Jack.

JACK: Yes, Don?

DON: Don't you think it's time for a commercial?

JACK: Well, I certainly do. *Well, -- what* What have you got?

DON: Well, the Sportsmen Quartet have been spending a lot of time in China Town and they've arranged a number ~~that~~ they feel would be very appropriate for San Francisco.

JACK: *Oh, they were in Chinatown, huh?*  
" Well, fine, Don..let's hear it.

DON: Okay..TAKE IT, FELLOWS

(INTRO)

QUART: CHINA TOWN, MY CHINA TOWN  
WHERE THE LIGHTS ARE LOW  
HEARTS THAT KNOW NO OTHER LAND  
DRIFTING TO AND FRO.  
DREAMY, DREAMY CHINA TOWN  
ALMOND EYES OF BROWN  
HEARTS SEEM LIGHT AND LIFE IS BRIGHT  
IN DREAMY ~~DREAMY~~ CHINA TOWN.  
IF CONFUCIOUS LIVES<sup>E</sup> TODAY  
HERE IS WHAT CONFUCIOUS SAY  
MAN WHO LIGHTS<sup>A</sup> LUCKY STRIKE  
IS SURE TO HAVE A SMOKE HE LIKE  
LUCKIES ARE SO NICE TO PUFF  
VELLY VELLY GOOD AND NEVER ROUGH.  
AFTER MY BOWL OF RICE  
TO PUFF ONE IS SO NICE  
TAKE OUR ADVICE  
BLEE HOPPY, GLO LUCKY  
BLEE HOPPY, GLO LUCKY STRIKE  
BLEE HOPPY GLOW LUCKY  
~~THAT'S WHAT CONFUCIOUS SAY  
DRAGON HERE AND DRAGON THERE  
CHINESE DRAGON EVERYWHERE  
BUT THE DRAGON WE ALL LIKE  
IS THAT DRAG ON LUCKY STRIKE.~~

QUART: CHINA TOWN MY CHINA TOWN  
WHERE THE LIGHTS ARE LOW,  
EVERYONE SMOKES LUCKY STRIKES  
SEE THOSE LUCKIES GLOW  
CLEANER FRESHER, SMOOTHER SMOKE  
NO LOOSE ENDS TO MAKE YOU FROWN  
SEE THEM TEAR AND THEN COMPARE  
IN DREAMY CHINA TOWN.

~~(APPLAUSE)~~ Dragon here and dragon there,  
Chinese dragons everywhere,  
But the one dragon we all like,  
Is that drag on a Lucky Strike.  
(Applause)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Yes, that was* That was wonderful, Don..As a matter of fact, if I were doing my television show from San Francisco next Sunday, I'd have had a Chinese scene in it, *just for that number, you know.*

DON: Jack, do you mean to tell me that next Sunday you're doing another television show?

JACK: That's right, Don. Time certainly flies. *doesn't it?* You know, sometimes I--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE..LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR GOODWIN KNIGHT OF CALIFORNIA.

KNIGHT: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Governor* This is a great pleasure having you visit us on our radio show, ~~Governor~~.

KNIGHT: Thank you, Jack..But I'm really here at the request of Governor Earl Warren.

JACK: Gosh..Governor Warren...What a coincidence. *You know* The last time I did a show in San Francisco..seven years ago..he was my guest star.

KNIGHT: I know, *but* that's why he sent me here..You haven't paid him yet.

JACK: Paid him?..Why, I was sure I sent him a check.

KNIGHT: *Oh*, Jack, I was only joking..Governor Warren got your check, and decided to keep it as a souvenir..He had it framed and keeps it in his office.

JACK: But how could he get my check back after he cashed it?

KNIGHT: Oh, he didn't cash it.

JACK: Good, good..By the way, Governor, I'd like you to catch my stage show at the Curran Theatre..and I close tonight, *you know.*

NIGHT: I've already seen the show, Jack..I was there last night.

ACK: Wait a minute..last night..were you sitting in the fourteenth row right on the aisle?

NIGHT: That's right.

ACK: And you came into the theatre about twenty minutes late.

NIGHT: Yes..that's right, how did you know?

ACK: That empty seat had me worried to death...You see, I'm working - *shh*  
*working* on percentage...And I need all I can make...After all, on  
April 15th I had to pay my state income taxes, and I *sent* a  
big check to Sacramento.

NIGHT: You did?

ACK: Yes..doesn't that make you happy?

NIGHT: Why should it, I'm not working on <sup>a</sup>percentage.

ACK: You're not? <sup>shh?</sup>well, you ought to get a different agent. ~~You're~~  
~~not getting--~~

B: *Oh Jack, just a minute, please.*  
~~Excuse me, Jack.~~

ACK: What is it, Bob?

B: *well, shh excuse me, but*  
I'd like to ask the governor something.

ACK: Well, go ahead.

B: It's confidential, Governor, do you <sup>do you</sup> mind <sup>in your</sup> if I whisper it to <sup>you?</sup>  
~~you?~~

NIGHT: No, not at all.

B: *well Governor, I was ---*  
(WHISPERS) *bzzz bzzzzz bzzz bzzz.*

NIGHT: I'm sorry, Bob..tell Remley I ~~can't~~ <sup>couldn't</sup> help his brother, that's  
a federal prison.

BOB: Oh...well then he'll just have to continue taking swimming lessons.

JACK: By the way, Governor..I'd like you to meet the rest of my cast...This is Mary.

MARY: Hello, Governor..it's awfully nice meeting you.

KNIGHT: I've been looking forward to meeting you, too, Mary.

JACK: And last but not least in my cast, ~~is~~ my announcer..Don Wilson.

DON: Hello, Governor.

KNIGHT: Hello, Don..nice seeing you again.

JACK: Again?

KNIGHT: Certainly..Don is very popular up here in San Francisco.. and <sup>he's</sup> very important, too.

DON: You see, Jack, ya see.

JACK: Governor..you're not kidding me about Don being important, are you?

KNIGHT: No, Jack..Don carries a lot of weight in this town.

JACK: He does?

KNIGHT: <sup>Yes</sup> Especially around the Bay Area.

~~JACK: Well, Governor, I guess you've met my entire cast.~~

KNIGHT: Not yet, Jack..you haven't introduced me to Dennis Day.

JACK: I know, and some day you'll thank me...Believe me.

~~KNIGHT: Well Jack, it was pleasant visiting with you, but I've got to get back to Sacramento and welcome Bob Hope.~~

~~JACK: Bob Hope..is he schedule to make an appearance in Sacramento?~~

~~KNIGHT: No, but the way he travels, you never can tell.~~

~~JACK: Oh, oh, OH... Well, it was nice seeing you, Governor.~~

KNIGHT: Jack..it's been a pleasure meeting you and your whole <sup>great</sup> gang...  
And if you're ever in Sacramento, call me up and I'll take you to lunch.

JACK: Lunch?

KNIGHT: Well, if you haven't got time to have lunch, we can just have some coffee and cimeron rolls.

JACK: Yes, yes, we will. Well, goodbye, Governor, and thanks for dropping in.

KNIGHT: Goodbye, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

*I wish I could get him on my show steady. You know.*  
JACK: <sup>ouch</sup> Gee, he's a sweet guy....and so accommodating...But, I guess we're going to have to get President Eisenhower on the program if we're going to help Remley's brother, <sup>eh</sup>....  
Anyway, it was nice of him to--

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

JACK: Hello

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, <sup>oh---</sup> I've been trying to reach you all day..where are you?

ROCH: I'M IN SAUSALITO.

JACK: Sausalito? What are you doing there?

ROCH: NOTHING.

JACK: Nothing?!

ROCH: THAT'S THE MAIN INDUSTRY HERE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: THEY'VE GOT SO MUCH OF IT, THEY EXPORT IT.

JACK: Oh, you mean things are kind of quiet over there?

ROCH: QUIET?...THEY JUST ARRESTED A SILK WORM FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Rochester..I didn't give you permission to go over there.

ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS..BUT I HAD A COUPLE OF SPARE HOURS, ON MY HANDS.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: AND I WAS...*I -- I was* WELL?, KIND OF LONESOME.

JACK: Yeah?

ROCH: AND THEN I REMEMBERED...I KNEW A GIRL OVER HERE IN SAUSALITO.

JACK: Yeah?

ROCH: AND IT'S SPRING NOW, BOSS..SPRIIIINNG!

JACK: All right, so what happened?

ROCH: ~~THE~~ MAIN INDUSTRY..NOTHIN'.

JACK: Oh..Well look, Rochester, were there any calls or messages for me at the hotel?

ROCH: WELL, JUST BEFORE I LEFT, THE MUSIC CRITIC *Critic from one of* ~~OF~~ THE SAN FRANCISCO *newspaper* ~~NEWSPAPER~~ CAME TO INTERVIEW YOU.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: SO I TOLD HIM EVERYTHING I KNEW ABOUT YOUR CAREER AS A COMEDIAN.



JACK: *well,* Good, good.

ROCH: THEN HE WANTED TO KNOW HOW YOU PERSONALLY ~~CLASSIFIED~~ <sup>*classified*</sup> YOURSELF  
AS A VIOLINIST.

JACK: How I ~~classified~~ <sup>*classified*</sup> myself?

ROCH: ~~Yeah~~. SO I TOLD HIM THAT YOU THOUGHT YOUR TONE WASN'T AS  
RESONANT AS IT SHOULD BE.

JACK: You told him that?

ROCH: YEAH, THEN I TOLD HIM YOU THOUGHT YOUR FINGERING WAS CLUMSY  
AND YOUR BOWING WAS AWKWARD.

JACK: Rochester, why did you tell him that?

ROCH: BOSS, EVEN WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT, YOU GOTTA BE MODEST.

JACK: I guess so...Well, goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

WILSON: Ladies and gentlemen, everybody fears fire in the home  
....yet most of them are caused by sheer carelessness  
.....check faulty heating equipment, ducts and flues,  
...keep matches away from children. Don't smoke in  
bed. Empty ash trays before retiring. Extra care is  
the best safeguard against fire. Remember, only you  
can prevent fires.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first:....  
nothing--no, nothing -- beats better taste! And  
remember .....

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 10, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 27, 1953)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

B

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco  
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: In spite of all you hear about cigarette smoking today,  
one basic truth remains..it's the taste of a cigarette  
that counts! Nothing -- no, nothing -- beats better  
taste! And Luckies taste better....cleaner, fresher,  
smoother. There are good reasons for it. Luckies are  
made better to taste better....made round and firm and  
fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly.  
Naturally that will give you a better smoke. Then,  
too, better taste in a cigarette must begin with the  
tobacco. And -- LS/LFT -- Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco...fine, light, mild tobacco with it's own  
wonderful taste and an aroma that's even better. So  
remember, friends...only fine tobacco, in a better-made  
cigarette, can give you Luckies' better taste. And  
only better taste can give you the real, deep-down  
smoking enjoyment you want! So...Be Happy -- Go  
Lucky! Next time....ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN  
QUARTET:

Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get Better Taste today (LONG CLOSE)

ATM01 0183773

(TAG)

- 22 -

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank all the people of San Francisco for being so nice to me..and I want to thank Lieutenant Governor Goodwin Knight for appearing on my show. Next week we'll not only be broadcasting from Hollywood, but will be doing another television show.....And to all mothers everywhere...a very happy Mother's Day...~~Goodnight, everybody.~~

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny Show was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco Company... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

Dennis: Oh Mr. Benny & I'm mad at you for not introducing me to Governor Knight.

Jack: Why?

Dennis: What a great team we'd make. Knight & I.

Jack: Goodnight, everybody.

Dennis: Good day.

ATX01 0183774

PROGRAM #36  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED MAY 13, 1953)

**AS BROADCAST**

CB

ATK01 0183775

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
THE JACK BENNY SHOW (RADIO)  
MAY 17, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 13, 1953)

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILSON: The Jack Benny program...transcribed and presented by Lucky Strike! (PAUSE) In a cigarette...nothing - no, nothing beats better taste! And remember....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. I'm sure all you smokers will agree that the one thing you want most from your cigarette is better taste. For after all -- nothing - no, nothing beats better taste. And Luckies taste better...cleaner, fresher, smoother. Now there are good reasons why. For one thing, Luckies are made of good-tasting tobacco..tobacco that is fine, light, naturally mild. Yes, LS/MFT --Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then -- Luckies are made better to taste better -- made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. In addition, every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to bring you Luckies' better taste in all its natural freshness. Just open up a pack and you'll find that every Lucky Strike is as fresh as the day it was made. That's right -- Luckies just naturally have a better taste when they're made -- and still have that better taste when you smoke them. Because they come to you fresh. So, for real, deep-down smoking enjoyment -- be happy -- go Lucky! Get a carton of better-tasting, fresher-tasting Lucky Strike!

BR

ATX01 0183776

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
THE JACK BENNY SHOW (RADIO)  
MAY 17, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 13, 1953)

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

BR

ATX01 0183777

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE ..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS RADIO SHOW, JACK BENNY WILL DO ANOTHER OF HIS MONTHLY TELEVISION PROGRAMS OVER THE C.B.S. NETWORK...BUT IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S GO BACK TO LAST MONDAY WHEN JACK RETURNED FROM A SUCCESSFUL ~~TRIP~~ ~~TRIP~~ PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE CURRAN THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO..AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK, HE IS AT HOME GOING OVER SOME MEMENTOS OF HIS THEATRE APPEARANCE.

JACK: .....Seven thousand, ninety-eight...seven thousand, ninety-nine...~~seven thousand, one hundred...~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)~~

JACK: ~~Seven thousand, one hundred and one...~~

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BOSS?

JACK: <sup>Oh - I -</sup> I'm just checking over the number of programs you sold during my engagement in San Francisco.

ROCH: I THOUGHT I SOLD QUITE A LOT OF THEM.

JACK: Oh, you did, Rochester..and those programs made wonderful souvenirs...They had my biography and pictures of my entire life in them.

ROCH: I KNOW...SAY BOSS,..IN THAT PICTURE ON THE SECOND PAGE..WAS THAT MAN STANDING BESIDE YOU YOUR FATHER?

JACK: No, <sup>see,</sup> he was my violin teacher and <sup>he</sup> had just finished giving me a lesson.



ROCH: BUT WHY WERE YOU WEARING THAT BIG FLOPPY HAT?

JACK: That's not a hat, it's my violin, the teacher just broke it  
over my head... He was very impulsive, *you know.*

MEL: *(Squawk)* Very impulsive; very impulsive. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hello, Polly, I'm glad you're home from the pet shop. *mel: (Squawk - whistle)*

ROCH: I GOTTA TELL YOU THE CUTEST THING, MR. BENNY...WHEN I PICKED  
HER UP AT THE PET SHOP, SHE DIDN'T WANT TO GO...SHE WAS IN  
LOVE WITH THE PARROT IN THE NEXT CAGE.

JACK: Oh, it was a male parrot, eh?

ROCH: DON'T ASK ME, ASK HER.

JACK: All right, I will ask her...Polly was---ehh, I better drop  
the subject, she's blushing. *✓*...Now Rochester, I hope you  
put away all the things I brought from San Francisco.

ROCH: I DID THAT THIS MORNING.

JACK: And did you do what I told you to <sup>do</sup> about laying out all my  
clothes and calling the cleaner to get them?

ROCH: I DID THAT, TOO.

JACK: Good..now go upstairs and make sure I didn't leave anything  
in my clothes. Go through the pockets.

ROCH: AGAIN?

JACK: Oh, you went through the pockets already?

ROCH: TWICE, ONCE WITH THE HANDS AND ONCE WITH THE MAGNET.

JACK: Well, never mind, do it again be~~cause~~--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: You take care of my clothes, I'll answer the door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

CB

DENNIS: Welcome home.

JACK: *well,* It's nice being home.

DENNIS: Good to see you again.

JACK: Thanks, *kid.*

DENNIS: I hurried over as soon as I heard you were ~~home~~ *back.*

JACK: You did?

DENNIS: Yeah..gosh, have I got something to tell ~~you~~ *ya.*

JACK: What, Dennis, what, what?

DENNIS: I'm quitting your show.

JACK: You're quitting the show?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis..what's wrong this time?..Don't you like the material you get on the program?

DENNIS: *Oh,* I think the lines they give me are very funny.

JACK: *loell,* Don't you like the short hours you have to work?

DENNIS: Oh, they're fine.

JACK: Well, don't you like the musical arrangements I get you for your songs?

DENNIS: I think they're wonderful

JACK: Then for heavens sakes, kid..what's the matter?

DENNIS: I don't like you.

JACK: After fourteen years you suddenly found out you don't ~~like~~ like me?

DENNIS: I didn't like you when I first met you.

~~JACK: Hmmm..look, Dennis, don't quit just on the spur of the moment..go home and talk it over with your father.~~

~~DENNIS: I can't..he's in the hospital.~~

~~JACK: Why..what happened to your father?~~

CB

DENNIS: While I was talking it over with my mother, he stuck up for you.

JACK: ~~You mean your mother--~~

DENNIS: ~~Yeah, for years she's been telling Papa, "One of these days, one of these days" ..and this time, Powwww, right in the kisser.~~

JACK: ~~Here.~~ <sup>Dennis</sup> Look, let's drop this silly talk..you can't quit.

DENNIS: Well, I'm ~~going to~~ <sup>quit</sup> quit.

JACK: Well, you can't...your contract still has forty-one years more to run.

DENNIS: Oh boy, that's what I like, security.

JACK: Yeah, yeah..security...Now let me hear the song you're going to do on Sunday's show.

DENNIS: Yes, sir..it's called "If I Loved You A Mountain." It's from my new 20th Century Fox Picture "The Girl Next Door" which is 3-D.

JACK: <sup>Oh, your picture, huh Dennis? Gee.</sup> ~~Sorry,~~ I didn't know it was 3-D.

DENNIS: Yeah, Dennis Day's Delightful.

JACK: Oh, quiet..Now <sup>look it</sup> let's have ~~you~~--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it a second, Dennis.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

BOB: Hi, Jack, this is Bob Crosby.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob...when did you get home from San Francisco?

BOB: Who's home...I'm still up here.

JACK: <sup>hell,</sup> How come...I thought you were supposed to get back here yesterday.

CB

BOB: *Oh,* Yeah, but San Francisco has fascinated the boys in the band so much, I can't get them to leave.

JACK: *Why,* What's so fascinating to ~~them~~ <sup>the boys in the band?</sup>

BOB: *Well,* Remley's absolutely amazed at all the steep hills in San Francisco.

JACK: What do you mean?

BOB: *Well,* It's the first time Frankie's been sober and the city cockeyed.

JACK: That I can believe. <sup>But</sup> When are you coming home?

BOB: Tomorrow..I tried to get the fellows to leave here tonight, but Bagby <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ giving a little party.

JACK: Charlie Bagby, our piano player?..What kind of ~~a~~ party is he giving?

BOB: Well, it's not exactly a party...he's invited the rest of the band to watch him jump off the Golden Gate Bridge.

JACK: *How,* Wait a minute, Bob..I know that Bagby has certain peculiarities....I can understand him wearing gloves when he plays the piano because he doesn't want to leave his fingerprints on anything.....I can even understand him not wanting to ever sit in a chair because of the way his uncle died...But why should he want to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge?

BOB: *Oh,* He did it yesterday and <sup>he</sup> liked it.

JACK: *He* Liked it?

BOB: *Yeah,* He thinks those whitecaps are Brew 102.

JACK: (~~LAUGHING~~) Look, Bob, this is all very funny, but a man doesn't phone long distance just to tell jokes <sup>isn't</sup>. What do you want?

CB

BOB: Well, Jack..to tell you the truth, I've run out of money and need some to get back to Los Angeles.

JACK: Bob, you don't need any money to get back here...all you have to do is get a road map, stand out on the highway, and motorists will pick you up.

BOB: ~~Now wait a minute,~~ Jack, a man in my position can't hitch-hike.

~~JACK: What is your position?~~

~~BOB: Well, I'm an orchestra leader, I work for you, and, er... Well, see you later, Jack, I'm going out to get a road map.~~

JACK: Wait a minute, Bob, wait a minute..On second thought maybe you shouldn't hitch-hike. I'll send you the money. Where are you staying?

BOB: Uncle Dan's Mission.

JACK: Oh..well, I'll wire it to you. So long, Bob.

BOB: ~~Good~~ Bye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Okay, Dennis, let me hear your song, *Sub?*

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS SONG - IF I LOVE YOU A MOUNTAIN')

(APPLAUSE)

CB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, <sup>Gee,</sup> that song ~~is~~ sound great <sup>You know,</sup> ~~at the show~~. I don't know what it is but your voice sounds better and better...  
<sup>You know,</sup> You're not only one of the best singers around <sup>(also blame)</sup> today, ~~but~~  
~~you also have a definite flair for comedy.~~

~~DENNIS: You're just saying that because you're stuck with me for forty-one years.~~

~~JACK: Look Dennis, I'm not stuck with you...I can drop you any time one of your options come up.~~

~~DENNIS: When do my options come up?~~

~~JACK: Every day at noon....Now go before I change my mind.~~

~~DENNIS: Goodbye.~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)~~

JACK: That kid gets sillier every day.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Every day, every day. (WHISTLES)

JACK: Quiet, Polly...Gee, I don't know what to do today...  
I think --

ROCH: (COMING IN) MR. BENNY, IT'S NEARLY LUNCH TIME...WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT?

JACK: No...I'm not hungry...Maybe later.

ROCH: OKAY...BY THE WAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. DAY?

JACK: He left.

ROCH: OH...THEN IF WE'RE ALONE, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANNA ASK YOU.

JACK: What is it?

ROCH: I WANT TO ASK YOU FOR A RAISE.

JACK: (A LA ROCH) AGAIN!...Look, Rochester, you can forget it...

~~I pay you a good salary, and I'm not going to give you a...  
raise.~~

ROCH: OKAY, OKAY...THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, I JUST GOTTA JOIN  
A UNION.

JACK: Never mind, Rochester, there's no need to --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Answer that, please.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: IMAGINE HIM TURNING ME DOWN AGAIN...WELL, AT LEAST I DID  
GET ONE RAISE SINCE I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR HIM...THAT REMINDS  
ME, I NEVER SENT THAT LETTER OF THANKS TO THE N.R.A.....  
I'LL DO IT TOMORROW.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MESS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Hello, Rochester...Is Mr. Benny home?

ROCH: YES, MA'AM...COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: How is Mr. Benny?

ROCH: NORMAL, VERY NORMAL!

JACK: (OFF) Who is it, Rochester?

MARY: It's me, Jack.

JACK: Oh, I'm in the den, Mary.

*(Sound: Buzzer) Jack: I'll answer the door.)*  
(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hi, Doll.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: I wasn't expecting you.

MARY: Well, I didn't intend dropping in...but I wanted to mail  
this letter and I'm out of stamps...do you have any left?

JACK: Sure, they're in the next room.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: There they are.

MARY: Thanks.

(SOUND: COIN IN MACHINE...STAMPS COMING OUT)

JACK: Throw the folder in the wastebasket. <sup>uh...uh</sup> Who's the letter to? <sup>uh...why are you surprised?</sup> ~~Who's the letter to?~~ <sup>Who's the letter to?</sup>

MARY: My mother...I'm answering one I received from her this morning. <sup>the letter to Jack?</sup>

JACK: <sup>Oh, you got</sup> A letter from your mother?

MARY: Yeah, would you like to hear it?

JACK: Certainly...what does "Get Lost Little Sheba" have to say?

MARY <sup>well,</sup> Here it is...I'll read it <sup>to you.</sup>

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...JUST A SHORT NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW THAT ALL IS GOING WELL HERE ON THE FARM...AND BEFORE I FORGET, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE LOVELY MOTHER'S DAY GIFT. ~~IT CERTAINLY WAS A BEAUTIFUL BATHROBE, AND IT'S DONE A LOT OF GOOD...PAPA HAS FINALLY DECIDED TO PUT IN A BATH.~~

~~JACK: Good, those old washtubs were murder.~~

MARY: ~~BY THE WAY, MARY, YOUR AUNT SOPHIE IS BREAKING HER ENGAGEMENT WITH HER <sup>best friend.</sup> FIANCE. SHE'S SICK AND TIRED OF WAITING...BY NOW SOPHIE THOUGHT FOR SURE HE'D BE OUT FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR.~~

~~JACK: I don't blame her...a hundred and seventy years is a long time to wait.~~

MARY: IT'S PROBABLY JUST AS WELL SHE BROKE IT OFF...NOW SHE WON'T HAVE TO GO AND SEE HIM ON VISITING DAY ANY MORE..(LAUGHINGLY) THAT CONSTANT KISSING THROUGH THE WIRE SCREEN MADE HER <sup>face</sup> ~~LIPS~~ LOOK LIKE WAFFLES.



JACK: Yeah..most women use pancake make-up..she just uses  
pancakes..

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS <sup>--- no other news</sup> EXCEPT THAT I HOPE YOU SAW YOUR UNCLE WILLIE  
ON TELEVISION LAST SUNDAY...HE APPEARED ON WHAT'S MY LINE  
AND WON FIFTY DOLLARS. <sup>Jack: Gee!</sup> NONE OF THE EXPERTS COULD GUESS  
THAT HE WAS A BUM.

JACK: <sup>well,</sup> Good for Uncle Willie...he could use the fifty dollars...  
Also the bottle of Stoppette!...<sup>Incidentally</sup> He could also use --

MARY: <sup>Jack,</sup> Jack, please...there's a P.S., and it's about you.

JACK: Well, read it, read it, <sup>kid.</sup>

MARY: Okay...MARY, <sup>Mary</sup> I READ IN VARIETY THAT JACK REALLY HAD A  
SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT UP AT SAN FRANCISCO AND MADE A LOT  
OF MONEY...I AM SO HAPPY FOR HIM BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT HE  
ALWAYS WANTED...

JACK: Your mother can kid me if she wants to, <sup>Mary</sup> but I had a swell  
time in San Francisco...

MARY: I know, Jack, we all did...Well, I better be running along <sup>now.</sup>

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary...I haven't anything to do this  
afternoon...maybe we'll take a walk or something. <sup>huh?</sup>

MARY: <sup>Oh,</sup> I'm sorry, ~~Jack,~~ but I can't...this is near the end of the  
season and I've got to go downtown and audition for a summer  
job.

JACK: Oh, really...what company, C.B.S. or N.B.C.?

MARY: M.A.Y.

JACK: Oh, oh, ~~oh~~...Well, lots of luck, Mary..I hope you get what  
you want...Goodbye.

MARY: ~~Good~~bye, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

ROCH: WOULD YOU LIKE SOME LUNCH NOW, MR. BENNY?

JACK: No, I'm still not hungry...Gee, I don't know what to do...

~~Rochester, did you ever have a day when you had so much  
time on your hands and not a thing to do?~~

~~ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW.~~

JACK: ~~hmmr~~..I don't know whether to go play golf or just sit  
around ~~on~~---

ROCH: *well* WHY DON'T YOU JUST RELAX AND READ A BOOK?

JACK: *well*, I've read all my books.

ROCH: WELL, YOU CAN GO TO THE LIBRARY AND BORROW SOME NEW ONES.

JACK: ~~hmm~~...that's a good idea...Rochester, you get the car and --  
No, it's only a short distance, ~~and it's~~ such a nice day,  
I'll walk...I'll see you later, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: GOODBYE, BOSS.

MEL: Goodbye, Boss. (WHISTLES)

JACK: Oh say...that reminds me, Rochester.

ROCH: YES, SIR?

JACK: This afternoon I want *I want* you to give Polly a bath.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) AGAIN! (WHISTLES)

JACK: Yes, again...I want you to be clean when I come home. *I'll* See  
you later.

(GOING TO THE LIBRARY TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: My, but it's nice and quiet in the library...peaceful, too...  
Oh, there's the librarian...I'll have to see her about  
getting a card.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

BEA: Yes sir...can I help you?

JACK: Yes, Miss...I'd like to join <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ library.

BEA: Oh...you'd like to take out a library card?

JACK: Yes, and the librarian, too. (SILLY LAUGH)

~~BEA: Congratulations, you win a free book, you're the one  
millionth man to pull that line.~~

~~JACK: Hmmm.~~

BEA: Now if you want to get a card, you'll have to give me some  
information....Your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

BEA: Your address?

JACK: 366 North Camden Drive.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

BEA: ...Thirty-nine?

JACK: *Yeah.*

BEA: You haven't worn well, have you?

JACK: *well,* I worry a lot.

~~BEA: How tall are you?~~

~~JACK: Five ten.~~

~~BEA: Color of hair?~~

~~JACK: Brown.~~

~~BEA: Color of eyes...Oh, they're blue, aren't they?~~

~~JACK: Bluer than the books that have been banned in Boston.~~

BEA: *well,* Here's your card, Mr. Benny..Now as you know, this is a  
public library and each book you borrow may be kept free  
for three weeks...However, for each day after that we  
fine you two cents.

JACK: Oh...and if I bring the book back before the three weeks are up, do you give me two cents a day?

BEA: Of course not.

JACK: What a racket!.....Now, <sup>where ---</sup> where would I find some of ~~the~~

~~latest -~~ *Oh. Jack, Jack, Oh. Jack,*  
DON: (COMING IN) ~~Jack,~~ I'm glad you're still here.

JACK: Huh? Oh Don...how'd you know where I was?

DON: *well,* I dropped over ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> your house and Rochester told me you ~~had~~ <sup>id</sup> gone to the library.

JACK: But Don...I just got here myself...how did you get here so fast?

DON: ~~Oh,~~ the Sportsmen Quartet and I rode over here in my M.G.

JACK: Wait a minute...the four Sportsmen and you in an M.G.?

DON: *Yes,* I was low man on the totum pole.

JACK: Oh...well, what was so important that you had to see me now?

DON: *Jack* Well, <sup>the</sup> the sportsmen have a new number they rehearsed and they'd like you to hear it.

BEA: *now,* Wait a minute, they can't sing here...this is a library...

JACK: Certainly not.

DON: *well,* this will only take a minute.

JACK: But Don, look at that sign...it says "Don't talk - Whisper".

DON: That's wonderful, Jack. The name of the song is "Whispering."

JACK: Oh, oh. (WHISPERS) Miss, the name of the song is "Whispering."

BEA: (WHISPERS) Oh, that's all right.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Okay, Don.

DON: (WHISPERS) Take it, fellows.

(LOUD INTRO)

QUART: (LOUD) WHISPERING

WHILE YOU CUDDLE NEAR ME.

WHISPERING

SO NO ONE CAN HEAR ME

BEA: Gentlemen..gentlemen..

EACH LITTLE WHISPER

not so loud..this is a

SEEMS TO CHEER ME

library.

I KNOW IT'S TRUE

JACK: Don, please..it's

THERE'S NO ONE, DEAR, BUT YOU

embarrassing.

YOU'RE WHISPERING

WHY YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME

BEA: Gentlemen, you'll have

WHISPERING

to stop that, this is

WHY YOU'LL NEVER GRIEVE ME

a library.

WHISPER

JACK: Don,<sup>Don,</sup> everybody is looking

AND SAY THAT YOU BELIEVE ME

at us.

WHISPERING

THAT I LOVE YOU.

JACK: Don, this is embarrassing

..tell the boys to

whisper.

DON: Okay..whisper it, fellows.

WHISPERING, AS WE SMOKE A LUCKY

*whisper it.*

WHISPERING THAT THEY'RE FROM KENTUCKY

NOTHING, NO NOTHING IS AS DUCKY.

WE SIT AND PUFF

AND NOT ONE PUFF IS ROUGH.

'CAUSE LUCKIES ARE MADE OF FINE TOBACCO

*Jack: sh-sh-sh-sh!*

MUCH BETTER TASTING, THAT'S A FACT, SO

LET'S STOP THIS WHISPERING AND START SHOUTING

LUCKIES ARE THE SMOKE FOR <sup>you</sup> ~~me~~.

*Jack: Fellow!*

(APPLAUSE)

RM

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-15-

JACK: Don..I admire your loyalty to Lucky Strikes, but don't you ever have the boys sing another song in a library.

DON: Okay, Jack..Well, I'll see you later..so long.

JACK: Goodbye..goodbye....I better apologize to the librarian. Miss, I'm awfully sorry about this disturbance.

BEA: *Oh,* That's all right..That's the most excitement we've had in this library since we put the Kinsey Report next to Forever Amber.

JACK: I can imagine...Well, I better go find a book to read.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, they must have thousands of books here...Let's ee...

Here's one.. "It Takes More Than Talent" by Mervin LeRoy..

*Yeah, something about me in it, too. (silly laugh) wonder if that's the same music he lay the*  
I read that..it's very good *no, no, no, no, no*

to Paradise" by James Michener...~~Oh yes, they're making a~~

~~picture out of that with Gary Cooper...They wanted real South Sea scenery so they went to Tahiti to make the picture~~

~~I understand Gary waded across...Let's see, what books~~

they have under "Adventure"... Say, this book sounds

exciting.."How I Discovered the Insane Pirate's Buried

Fortune" or "Dig That Crazy Treasure."...Hm, look at all

the books on this shelf..They're all devoted to space ships

and interplanetary travel...~~I~~ think I'll take this one, "I

Flew To Mars In A ~~Space~~ *Space* Ship."...That sounds interesting..

Maybe I'll sit down here and read it..

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIR)

JACK: I Flew To Mars In A ~~Space~~ *Space* Ship...Chapter One.

(A LITTLE OUT OF THIS WORLD MUSIC)

JO

ATX01 0183792

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS COMMANDER <sup>Buys</sup> ~~FLASH~~ COREY... I AM THE  
~~EARTH'S FOREMOST SPACE TRAVELER.. I HAVE VISITED MOST OF~~  
~~THE STRANGE MYSTERIOUS PLACES IN THE VAST UNIVERSE. THE~~  
~~MOON, SATURN, MERCURY, ANAHEIM, JUPITER, AND CUCAMONCA...~~  
 THIS IS THE MORNING OF MY GREATEST ADVENTURE.. TODAY I WILL  
 LEAVE IN MY NEW <sup>Space</sup> ~~ROCKET~~ SHIP FOR THE ONLY REMAINING  
 UNEXPLORED PLANET.. MARS... EVERYTHING <sup>is</sup> ~~WAS~~ IN READINESS FOR  
 THE PERILOUS FLIGHT... I WAITED FOR MY NAVIGATOR TO BOARD  
 SHIP, THE BEAUTIFUL CAPTAIN TONGA... FINALLY SHE BOARDED  
 AND SAID:

MARY: Hello, Commander.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Hello, Tonga.

JACK: (FILTER) AS WE READIED OURSELVES FOR THE FLIGHT, I COULDN'T  
 HELP STARING AT HER.. SHE LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL AND ALLURING  
 IN HER NEW LOW-CUT OXYGEN TANK... FINALLY I TURNED TO HER  
 AND SAID:

(REG. MIKE) Tonga, let's make our last minute checks before  
 we blast off into space.

MARY: All right, <sup>Buys</sup> ~~Flash~~... I'll call the items off.. you check them  
 on the chart.. ~~Gyroscopic Stabilizer.~~

~~JACK: Gyroscopic Stabilizer~~

MARY: Power Rockets.

JACK: Power Rockets.

MARY: Stratosphere Speed Indicator.

JACK: Stratosphere Speed Indicator.

MARY: Liquified Jet Fuel.

JACK: Liquified Jet Fuel.

MARY: Buggy whip.

JACK: Buggy---wait a minute..what are we doing with a buggy whip on a space rocket?

MARY: Somebody goofed!

~~JACK: Oh.~~

~~JACK: (FILTER) EVERYTHING WAS IN READINESS...WE WAVED LAST MINUTE GOODBYES AT THE CROWDS WHO HAD COME TO WITNESS OUR DEPARTURE..AND AS WE PREPARED TO LEAVE, THE BAND PLAYED.~~

~~(FEW STRAINS OF "A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")~~

~~JACK: THEY HAD EVIDENTLY REHEARSED FOR ANOTHER KIND OF TAKE OFF.. THEN TONGA THREW THE CONTROL SWITCH, AND WE WERE OFF...~~

(SOUND: TERRIFIC SWOOSHING OF AIR AND WHINE OF ROCKETS CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: THE TERRIFIC ACCELERATION MADE US LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS, AND WHEN WE CAME TO, WE WERE IN OUTER SPACE..AS TONGA NAVIGATED, I ASKED HER QUESTIONS.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What is the gravitational pull of the earth now?

MARY: Zero.

~~JACK: Good..what is our position?~~

~~MARY: A half million miles from earth...~~

JACK: And our speed?

MARY: I have her wide open..we're doing ninety-nine thousand miles per hour.

JACK: Hmm..we should be doing a hundred thousand...I wonder what's slowing <sup>us</sup> up.

MARY: You forgot to take the fox tail off the radiator cap.



JACK: Oh yes..it cuts our speed, but it's sporty.... Tonga,  
why ~~don't you~~ wait a minute, why are you slowing down  
the ship.

MARY: There's a man standing up ahead with his hand extended.

JACK: Oh yes..slow it way down, I'll open the hatch door and talk  
to him.

(SOUND: WHINING OF SHIP BECOMING SLOWER AND SLOWER..  
THEN SOUND OF HEAVY METALLIC HATCH DOOR  
OPENING.)

JACK: (CALLS) Hey, what are you doing out there?

BOB: (OFF) I'M HITCHHIKING TO LOS ANGELES.

JACK: Well, good luck..I'm going to Mars, but I'll be back in  
time for my television show.

(SOUND: CLANKING OF DOOR SHUT..ROCKET RESUMES SPEED)

JACK: ~~EVENTUALLY OUR TRIP NEARED ITS END..BEFORE WE REALIZED IT,~~  
MARS BEGAN TO LOOM UP IN OUR SPACE SCOPE..NOW THE CRUCIAL  
MOMENT ~~OF~~ <sup>for</sup> LANDING WAS AT HAND.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Get the ~~rocket~~ <sup>ship</sup> in landing position.

MARY: Landing position achieved.

JACK: Jettison the ballast.

MARY: Ballast jettisoned.

JACK: <sup>So far we haven't slowed up any of the words</sup>  
~~Stop~~ the ship.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC SQUEAL OF AUTO BRAKES AND TIRES)

JACK: ~~Hum~~...Old fashioned sound man!

JACK: (FILTER) TONGA AND I GOT OUT OF THE SHIP .. THE FIRST EARTHLINGS TO LAND ON MARS ... AS WE WALKED AROUND, WE WERE AMAZED AT THE WEIRD ATMOSPHERE ... ~~THE ENTIRE PLANET OF MARS WAS BATHED IN A BRIGHT RED GLOW ... THIS DIDN'T BOTHERED US, BUT IT WOULD HAVE DRIVEN SENATOR McCARTHY NUTS ... AS OUR EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE BRIGHT LIGHT,~~ WE SAW A STRANGE CREATURE APPROACHING US ... ~~THIS ANSWERED THE RIDDLE OF THE AGES ... THERE WAS LIFE ON MARS ... AS IT CAME CLOSER, I NERVOUSLY GRIPPED MY DISINTEGRATOR GUN ... THEN THIS CREATURE STOPPED, OPENED ITS MOUTH, AND SAID:~~

MEL: DUHHHHHHH, WELCOME TO MARS!

JACK: (REG. MIKE) We <sup>came</sup> ~~come~~ from earth ... I am Commander <sup>Benny</sup> ~~Blanch~~ Corey ... and this is Tonga.

MEL: Tonga?

MARY: Yes ... why are you staring at me like that ... haven't you ever seen a woman before?

MEL: Not for a long long time.

JACK: Wait a minute ... you mean there are no women on Mars?

MEL: No ... we used to have women, but we sent them away ... we got rid of all the women a thousand years ago.

JACK: (FILTER) YES, THE RIDDLE OF THE AGES WAS ANSWERED ... THERE WAS LIFE ON MARS BUT THEY WERE A CRAZY MIXED UP BUNCH OF KIDS ... I ASKED THIS CREATURE MORE QUESTIONS.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) As our <sup>space ship</sup> ~~rocket~~ flew over your planet, we didn't see any farms.

MEL: Duhhh, we have no farms.

JACK: ~~oh,~~ well where do you raise your animals and vegetables?

MEL: *Oh*, We don't have none.

JACK: Well, for heavens sakes, what do you eat?

MEL: Duh, we have plenty -- we eat irradiated air, powdered uranium, condensed hydrogen and cimaron rolls.

JACK: (FILTER) I COULD SEE I WOULD GET NOWHERE WITH HIM, SO I ASKED HIM TO TAKE ME TO HIS CHIEF ... ~~AND A FEW~~ MINUTES LATER WE FOUND OURSELVES STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON ON THE ENTIRE PLANET ... DIFFERENTIALLY I BOWED TO HIM AND SAID:

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Are you <sup>the</sup> leader of the Martians?

DENNIS: Today, yes.. but I'm quitting your show tomorrow.

JACK: (FILTER) I STARED AT THIS MARTIAN IN AMAZEMENT ..... ON EARTH WE HAD BEEN LED TO BELIEVE THAT ALL LIVING THINGS ON MARS HAD HUGE, TREMENDOUS HEADS ... THIS ONE HAD NO HEAD AT ALL ... HE INTERRUPTED MY OBSERVATION BY ASKING:

DENNIS: Where do you come from?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) We come from another planet, Earth.

DENNIS: What is earth like?

JACK: Well, it's much different from Mars... This is a dull dreary place ... no vegetation ... no animals .. no women ... it's terrible.

DENNIS: What is Earth like?

JACK: It's beautiful ... flowers, trees, rivers, lakes, and gorgeous women.

DENNIS: If Earth is so beautiful, why did you leave it to come to this terrible place?

~~JACK: The taxes are murder. Believe me.~~

DENNIS: You made a mistake coming here ... we tolerate no strangers.

MARY: But we are friends.

DENNIS: Guards ... get ready to kill these people.

~~MEL: Duhhh .. both of them?~~

~~DENNIS: Yes ... him you can kill ~~immediately~~, her I'll tell you about tomorrow.~~

~~JACK: Wait a minute, you can't kill me .. you can't kill me ...~~

~~YOU CAN'T, YOU CAN'T, YOU CAN'T!~~

BEA: Sir, you'll have to lower your voice, this is a public library.

JACK: Huh?

BEA: I said lower your voice, this is a library.

JACK: Oh, I'm <sup>so terribly</sup> sorry ... I was reading this book and was carried away ... for awhile I was in the twenty-fifth century.

BEA: Then I was mistaken, you certainly do wear well.

JACK: Thank you ... I'll take this book home with me ... I'll finish it after I do my television show ... Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll be back in just a moment to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program.....But first, a word to cigarette smokers....Nothing -- No Nothing -- beats better taste. And Remember.....

RM

ATX01 0183799

The American Tobacco Co.  
The Jack Benny Show (radio)  
May 17, 1953 (transcribed May 13, 1953)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike

WILSON: Friends, when it comes to really enjoying a cigarette, remember this...nothing -- no, nothing - beats better taste. And Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. Luckies taste better because they're actually made better. Made round and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. Then, too, Luckies taste better because they're made of fine tobacco. I guess the whole world knows LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco with a wonderful aroma and even better taste. So for the real deep-down smoking enjoyment of a better-tasting cigarette, smoke Lucky Strike -- the cigarette that has better taste when it's made -- and still has that better taste when you smoke it. Yes, next time you buy cigarettes, ask for a carton of better-tasting Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be happy -- go Lucky

QUARTET: Get better taste today (Long Close)

RM

(TAG)

JACK: *Ladies*, Ladies and gentlemen, my producer is signalling me that I'm a little early..He means I'm a little early for my ~~television~~ <sup>TV</sup> show which goes on immediately after this radio program...But I'm a little late on this program so I better say "goodbye" on radio and in a few seconds I'll say "Hello" on television....Boy, am I a crazy mixed up kid! Goodnight, everybody.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, George Balzer, Al Gordon, Hal Goldman and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company ... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

RM

ATXQ1 0183801

PROGRAM #37  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)

**AS BROADCAST**

EC

ATX01 0183802



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
MAY 24, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by  
Lucky Strike ... (PAUSE) Friends .. for real deep-down  
smoking enjoyment remember ... nothing - no, nothing - beats  
better taste ... and ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ...

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ..

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother...  
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.  
Richer-tasting fine tobacco ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ...

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother ..  
Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike...

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. In one respect, all cigarette smokers  
are alike. They all want a cigarette that tastes better.  
Naturally ... nothing - no, nothing beats better taste ..  
And Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother,  
These are the reasons. Luckies taste better because they're  
made of fine, light naturally mild tobacco, with its own  
refreshing aroma, its own wonderful taste. Yes, LS/MFT -  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, too, Luckies taste  
better because they're made better. They're round and  
firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. But  
that's not all. To make sure that you get Luckies' better  
taste in all its natural freshness, every pack is extra  
tightly sealed.

BH

(MORE)

ATX01 0183803

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
MAY 24, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

---

WILSON: When you open your Luckies, you'll find the cigarettes  
(CONT'D) inside are as fresh as the day they were made. So, friends  
switch to Lucky Strike.

The cigarette that tastes better ... cleaner, fresher,  
smoother. Yes, be happy - go Lucky ... next time and  
every time ask for a carton of fresher tasting, better-  
tasting Lucky Strike....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ...

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother...

Lucky Strike .. Lucky Strike ...

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

BH

ATX01 0183804

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY,  
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 WHERE, AS YOU KNOW, HE LIVES ALONE WITH  
HIS BUTLER, ROCHESTER. IT'S NINE THIRTY IN THE MORNING  
AND AS USUAL, ONE IS IN BED WHILE THE OTHER IS IN THE  
KITCHEN PREPARING BREAKFAST.

JACK: (PAUSE) Now let's see, where are the eggs?...Gee, it's  
so hard to find anything in this refrigerator. Maybe  
I oughta trade it in. I hear the newer models have a  
light in 'em. Oh, here's an egg on the bottom shelf.  
(HUMS) Pretend you're happy when you're blue..Should I  
have one egg or take two..... Eh, one egg's enough...I  
just said two so it would rhyme.

(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: I think I'll scramble it...Let's see, now..  
first I'll break it into this bowl.

(SOUND: FIVE CLICKS OF EGG ON SIDE OF BOWL)

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: FIVE CLICKS OF EGG ON SIDE OF BOWL)

JACK: Gosh, I'm weak in the morning...Maybe I better have my  
orange juice first...Yeah..I'll make some *orange juice.*

(SOUND: CUTTING ORANGE..SQUEEZING JUICE INTO GLASS)

EC

*(Name "Pretend")* *Yes,*

JACK: That orange juice sure looks good... Now to get the seeds out... ~~say,~~ there's one..two..three..four..five... I think I'll go outside and----Nah, it would take them years to grow...(SINGS) Pretend you're happy when you're blue...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF)

JACK: Now who can that be?

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES.. LONG FOOTSTEPS...PHONE RINGS AGAIN.. RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

RUBIN: Hello, this is Russer's Jewelry store in Beverly Hills.

JACK: Yes.

RUBIN: The diamond necklace with the emerald pendant you ordered is ready and we can deliver it today..Please have your check for twelve thousand dollars ready.

JACK: *Look* This is Jack Benny.. ~~perhaps~~ *must* you have the wrong number.

RUBIN: ~~perhaps!~~ *Must have!* I haven't been this wrong since I gave two to one on Wolcott.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hmm..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: What reason would I have to buy a diamond necklace?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

EC

JACK: It would look silly on me. Now to have my oran--  
Say, that's funny, the glass is empty..Somebody  
drank my orange juice..Hmm..there's nobody in the  
house but Rochester ~~and~~--That's it..Rochester..Wait'll  
I--

(SOUND: FEW FAST FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...FAST  
FOOTSTEPS...RUNNING UPSTAIRS...DOWN HALL  
DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester..Rochester, did you drink my orange juice?

ROCH: (SNORE)

JACK: Rochester! You're not fooling me..Get up!

ROCH: (LONG SNORE)

JACK: Rochester!

ROCH: (SNORES AND THEN MUMBLES) I KNOW I'M CUTE, HONEY,  
BUT CONTROL YOURSELF.

JACK: Hmm..maybe he is asleep..I'll tickle him and wake  
him up.

ROCH: (SNORES AND GIGGLES)

JACK: Rochester--

ROCH: (QUICK SNORE) <sup>oh,</sup> OH, IT'S YOU, BOSS, WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT.

JACK. Never mind that..did you sneak downstairs, drink my  
orange juice and get back in bed?

ROCH: ORANGE JUICE? I WAS SOUND ASLEEP.

JACK: Sound asleep?...Then how come you woke up so fast when  
I tickled you?

ROCH: YOU WERE USING THE HAND YOU HAD IN THE ICE BOX.

JACK: Now, Rochester, I made a glass of orange juice, I went  
in the next room to answer the phone, and when I came  
back, the orange juice was gone.

ROCH: MAYBE THE MICE DRANK IT.

JACK: Mice don't drink orange juice.

ROCH: IN CALIFORNIA?

JACK: All right, I know you drank it; but we'll talk about it later...Now get out of ~~that~~ bed. ~~I~~ want you to drive me down town to the doctor's office. ~~I~~ got to go for a physical.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? YOU FEEL BAD?

JACK: No no..it's just that my sponsor ~~is~~ taking out an insurance policy on me and I have to be examined.

ROCH: HOW MUCH IS THE POLICY FOR?

JACK: A million dollars..but if I'm killed accidentally, the sponsor collects two million dollars.

ROCH: TWO MILLION?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: BOSS..YOU BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP. I HEAR YOUR SPONSOR'S HOBBY IS RIFLE SHOOTING.

JACK: Oh..I'm not worried about that.. He does his target practice on a range way out at Sunset and Westwood..~~and~~ I don't even pass there on my way home.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT FOR TWO MILLION DOLLARS THEY CAN MAKE A BULLET THAT WAITS FOR YOU AT PICO AND SEPULVEDA.

JACK: What are you talking about? My sponsor <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ just trying to protect his investment, that's all. Now hurry downstairs.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL AND DOWN STAIRS)

CB

ATX01 0183808

JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) Imagine him denying that he drank that orange juice..(MAD) ~~I've~~ got a good notion to make him stay in bed all day..No, he'd like that..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~He's one person I wouldn't give that twelve thousand dollar necklace to.~~ <sup>Now - in - me,</sup> I better squeeze another orange.

(SOUND: CUTTING ORANGE..SQUEEZING IT) (*Humor Pretend?*)

JACK: Well, that does it.

MARY: (OFF) OH JACK..JACK, ARE YOU UP YET?

JACK: Huh? OH HELLO MARY, COME ON IN..I'M IN THE KITCHEN..WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE SO EARLY?

MARY: Early? I was here a few minutes ago. I came into the house, walked into the kitchen, nobody was there, so I drank a glass of orange juice and left.

JACK: Mary..you..you drank my--

MARY: All right, here's a dime.

JACK: (MEMICKING) Here's a dime, here's a dime...Don't be so sarcastic...I've made a terrible mistake. I accused Rochester of drinking my orange juice.

MARY: Well, that's you, Jack. Always jumping <sup>to</sup> conclusions.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: <sup>what</sup> What about that morning you got out of bed, and accused Rochester of taking your new suit..

JACK: Well..

OB

ATX01 0183809

MARY: Then you took off your nightgown and there it was.

JACK: *well*, That wasn't my fault. When I come home tired, he's supposed to undress me.

MARY: Well, anyway, I drank your orange juice and you oughta apologize to Rochester.

JACK: (BASHFUL) Oh Mary, I don't have to apologize, he knows I'm sorry.

MARY: He does not and you've gotta tell him.

JACK: *oh*, Mary, I can't.

MARY: You can too..now be a man.

ROCH: OH, HELLO MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Hello, Rochester...Mr. Benny has something to say to you.

JACK: .....Oh...

MARY: Jack, go ahead.

JACK: ...Well..

MARY: Jack...

JACK: Oh all right....Rochester..

MARY: Turn around and face him!

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Go on.

JACK: Well..Rochester..

ROCH: YES BOSS.

JACK:.....(FAST) I'm sorry I said you drank my orange juice.

(SOUND: 5 FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...LOUD DOOR SLAM)

MARY: JACK, COME BACK HERE!

JACK: (OFF) I WILL NOT!

MARY: *oh*, What a baby.

EC



ROCH: WELL, I BETTER GET THE CAR OUT. I GOTTA TAKE MR. BENNY TO THE DOCTOR.

MARY: The doctor..what for?

ROCH: THE SPONSOR TOOK OUT AN INSURANCE POLICY AND MR. BENNY HAS TO BE EXAMINED.

~~MARY: Oh..do you think he'll pass it, Rochester?~~

~~ROCH: PASS IT? OH SURE, MISS LIVINGSTONE..HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN HIS MUSCLES?~~

~~MARY: Yes, they were hanging on the line when I came in.~~

JACK: Rochester.

MARY: Oh, you're back.

JACK: Yes..Rochester, get the car now and we'll go. Now I've gotta hurry, Mary, so you--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn it, there's the phone..Just when I'm ready to leave.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DON: (HIGH VOICE) Hello Jack, guess who this is.

JACK: Huh? Who is this? I'm in a hurry.

DON: (HIGH VOICE) I'll give you a hint.

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Sugar is sweet

And I'm lumpy, too. (LAUGHS NATURALLY)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Don, I have to rush away. What did you call me for?

EC

DON: Well Jack, I've got the Sportsmen here and we've got a wonderful idea for a commercial.

JACK: But Don, I don't want to hear it over the phone. You can wait till rehearsal. Anyway, I don't like the songs they've been picking. Why don't they pick something classy once in a while?

DON: Classy...<sup>lately</sup> that's exactly what this one is.

JACK: Don, you've been saying for years that these commercials are classy and that quartet always winds up going crazy.

DON: Not this time, Jack. You'll love this one.

JACK: *Oh*, I will...<sup>eh?</sup> Well, let me hear it. Are the boys close to the phone?

QUART: HMMMM.

JACK: All right, Don, let me hear it.

DON: TAKE IT, BOYS

*Music:*

*Jack: Classy! Better be!*

CB

QUART: ISMET

THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

AND THEY ARE SMOOTH AS CAN BE

TRY ONE AND SEE

LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY

'CAUSE THERE IS NEVER A PUFF

THAT EVER IS ROUGH

PUFF ON A LUCKY

YOU SHOULD PUFF ON A LUCKY

TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF

'CAUSE WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL NEVER GET ENOUGH

OF A LUCKY, GET ENOUGH OF A LUCKY

SURE ENOUGH, SURE ENOUGH

YOU WILL LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE

MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO

SMOKE A LUCKY

ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED

SO SMOKE A LUCKY

LIGHT UP A LUCKY

YOU'LL BE RIGHT WITH A LUCKY

DON'T DELAY, START TODAY

'CAUSE WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL SAY YOU LIKE 'EM

YES LUCKY STRIKE IS MUCH THE BEST

TAKE A LUCKY FROM YOUR VEST

MAKE A TEST

YOU WILL SAY THEY ARE THE BEST BEST

*Jack: well, it's starting out  
classy.*

*Oh, that's beautiful,  
isn't it? That is  
beautiful.*

*I was afraid  
of that!*

*Jack: { son!  
son!  
oh, well!*

(MORE)

CB

QUART: FOR LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO  
 (CONT) LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
 SUCH LIGHT AND FINE AND MILD TOBACCO  
 LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
 LS, IS, MF, LS, LS, MF  
 LS, LS, LS, MFT  
 LS, ISMFT.

*Jack: now cut that out!*

JACK: Thanks, boys.

QUART: FT

JACK: Thanks, boys.

QUART: FT

JACK: *I said* Thanks, ~~boys~~.

QUART: FT, FT, FT, FT, FT

WE KNOW YOU'LL LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE

(SHOT) STRIKE (SHOT, SHOT) LUCKY STRIKE. *(Shot)*

(APPLAUSE)

CB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ...Don...Don...why is it ~~that~~ they always start out so nice and then go crazy?...We can't use that commercial, *that's* -- it's too noisy, Anyway, where did they get that gun?

DON: They found it on a bench at Pico and Sepulveda.

JACK: NO!

DON: What's that, Jack?

JACK: Nothing, nothing...I'll see you at rehearsal.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hmm.. I thought Rochester was only guessing...Well, I'm gonna have my orange juice and then go...Rochester, did you get the car started?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: How did you get it started so fast?

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN I KNOW YOU'RE GOIN' OUT THE NEXT MORNING, I LET IT RUN ALL NIGHT.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Jack, letting your car run all night..doesn't that burn up an awful lot of charcoal?

JACK: Not much...Well, come on, Rochester, let's --

MARY: Well, look who's here.

~~DENNIS: Who?~~

~~MARY: You.~~

DENNIS: ~~Oh yes,~~ Hello, everybody..I came in through the kitchen.

JACK: Oh, <sup>oh,</sup>hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, and thanks for the orange juice.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake...What do you think this is, a cafeteria?

BH

MARY &

DENNIS: Yes.

JACK: <sup>Look it kids,</sup> It's not just the orange juice, it's the principle.

I'm trying to conserve food.

DENNIS: My mother conserves food every night.

JACK: Well, she deserves a lot of credit..How does she do it?

DENNIS: When it's time for dinner, she locks me in a closet.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: But last night I got even with her. I ate the door knob.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Now every little thing turns my stomach.

JACK: Look kid..I haven't had my breakfast yet, leave me alone..What brings you over here, anyway?

DENNIS: Well, I <sup>got a brand</sup> ~~have~~ a new arrangement for my song and I <sup>wanted</sup> ~~thought~~ <sup>you to hear it.</sup> ~~thought~~ maybe

JACK: ~~I know~~ <sup>well</sup> but do I have to hear it now? <sup>I mean</sup> So early?

DENNIS: Oh, ~~that~~ isn't early, Mr. Benny...I'm up and dressed and out of the house at five o'clock every morning.

JACK: Five o'clock? What for?

DENNIS: The busses aren't crowded.

JACK: Dennis, where do you have to go at five o'clock in the morning?

DENNIS: No place, but I get a seat.

JACK: Here kid, have a door knob.

MARY: Jack, not in the head.

EC

JACK: Look Dennis, you sing your song for Mary and she'll  
tell me how it is. I've gotta have breakfast and  
rush away to the doctor's.

DENNIS: ~~Oh~~ I don't blame you. You look awful.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Sing, <sup>kid.</sup> ~~How's~~.

JACK: You said it...I'll see you kids later..Goodby.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "I BELIEVE")

(APPLAUSE)

EC

RTX01 0183817

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR) *(Horn honks)*

JACK: Rochester, we're awfully late. Can't you go a little faster?

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MOTOR FASTER)

JACK: You know, right after ~~I~~ <sup>my</sup> take my physical, we'll go down ~~to~~ <sup>the</sup>

(SOUND: LOUD GUN SHOT)

JACK: Rochester. Rochester. they got me!..they got me!

ROCH: GET BACK IN THE SEAT, BOSS, THAT WAS A TIRE.

JACK: ~~Oh~~..I should have known, we're only at Pico and Roxbury.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, you change the tire ~~and~~ I can walk to the doctor's office from here, *huh?*

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: SLOW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Let me see, his office should be around here..Oh, there it is...Doctors Fenchel and Gordon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT)

BEA: Yes sir?

JACK: How do you do..I'm <sup>also</sup> Jack Benny.

BEA: Oh yes, you have an appointment for a physical examination.

JACK: That's right.

BEA: Well, I'll have to fill out this card first...Name...  
Jack Benny..

JACK: That's right.

DH



BEA: Your address?

JACK: 366 No. Camden Drive.

BEA: Your complexion?

JACK: Ruddy.

BEA: Color of your eyes?

JACK: Lazy Lagoon Blue.

BEA: Your height?

JACK: Five foot ten.

BEA: Your weight?

JACK: A hundred and fifty-seven.

BEA: *ah* Now I'll just slip this band around your arm..there.

JACK: Hey, this is awfully tight .. what is it?

BEA: A lie detector, the next question is your age.

JACK: Now wait a minute, I don't need a lie detector to tell you my age, I'm thirty-nine.

(SOUND: FIRE ALARM BELL RINGS LOUDLY)

JACK: Look, ~~was~~, a lie detector can be wrong, too, *you know.*

BEA: Well, Mr. Benny, if you'll just sit over there and wait, the doctors will see you in a minute.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SCUFFLING OF CHAIR)

JACK: How do you like that..using a lie <sup>*lie detector*</sup> ~~detector~~ when she asked my age..None of the other nurses ever did that. They ask me my age, I tell them I'm thirty-nine and they put down whatever they think...I've got a good mind to *swallow* ~~swallow~~ *totally* ---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DH

BOB: (UP) <sup>well,</sup> SO LONG, DOCTOR, <sup>and</sup> THANKS A LOT.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: BOB!

BOB: <sup>Oh,</sup> Hello, Jack.

JACK: Bob, <sup>curious,</sup> what are you doing here?

~~BOB: Well Jack, I didn't want to worry anybody, but I've been feeling awfully weak lately.~~

~~JACK: Weak?~~

~~BOB: Yeah...After last Sunday's broadcast I could hardly carry Remley off the stage.~~

~~JACK: No kidding.~~

~~BOB: Twice I dropped Frankie on his head.~~

~~JACK: Good...Good...One good for each time...Well, what are they doing for you, Bob?~~

BOB: <sup>well,</sup> They took this X-ray of me <sup>and I</sup>...I just picked it up.

JACK: Oh..Say, what's the writing down in the corner of the X-ray?...the name of the doctor?

BOB: <sup>Oh,</sup> No, <sup>no, no,</sup> it says, "To Brother Bing, with Love," I'm giving it to him for his birthday.

JACK: Bob..why in the world would you give Bing an X-ray for a present?

BOB: <sup>well,</sup> He's got everything else.

JACK: Well, that's logical..may I take a look at it, Bob?

BOB: <sup>Oh,</sup> Sure, go ahead, <sup>fr...</sup>

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER AND CELLULOID)

BH

ATX01 0183820

JACK: Let me see...Bob, nothing shows in this X-ray..why is it so blurry?

BOB: *oh, well,* You have to use poloroid glasses, it's three dimensional.

JACK: A three dimensional X-ray?

BOB: *well,* The doctors like<sup>E</sup> it better than <sup>the</sup> House of Wax.

JACK: No kidding?

BOB: ~~say~~ Jack, what are you doing here?

JACK: Oh, it's nothing, I just came for an insurance examination.

*See,* The sponsor <sup>'s</sup> taking out a million dollar policy on me.

BOB: A million dollars.. Gosh, he must think a lot of you.

JACK: Oh, he does, Bob, he does. In fact, I have a sneaky suspicion he's going to send me a diamond necklace.

BOB: Well, that I don't understand at all.

JACK: I'll explain it to you later...So long, Bob.

BOB: So long...oh Jack, I'm curious about something.

JACK: What is it?

BOB: You say your sponsor is taking out a million dollar insurance policy on you?

JACK: Uh huh.

BOB: Well, who's going to pay the five dollars for the medical exam?..you or <sup>the</sup> ~~your~~ sponsor?

JACK: The Blue Cross, I found a loophole....So long, Bob.

BOB: So long.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR CLOSES)

BEA: Oh, Mr. Benny, the doctor will see you now.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DH

RTX01 0183821

JACK: Oh, Doctor...Doctor?

NELSON: Yesssssss?

JACK: ....Well, <sup>Doctor,</sup> here I am.

NELSON: Oh.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALING OF 5 NUMERALS ON PHONE)

NELSON: ....Hello, Bolton's Mortuary?....

JACK: What?

NELSON: I'm having lunch with Ralph Bolton.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: We're quite friendly...I throw him a lot of business.

JACK: I see.

NELSON: Hello, Ralph...One thirty at the Brown Derby? Fine....

Goodbye, Ralph.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

NELSON: I like going out with him, he drives such a big car ...

And now, Mr. Benny, I'll get my associate in here and we'll give you your examination....(UP) Oh Doctor Gordon.....

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLEY) Yes, Doctor Fenchel.

NELSON: Will you help me with this examination?..This is Mr. Benny.

JACK: <sup>Oh,</sup> Pleased to meet you, Dr. Gordon.

MEL: <sup>Oh</sup> Thank you...Now Mr. Benny, will you please strip?

JACK: You mean undress?

MEL: <sup>Yeah.</sup>

JACK: All right.

(BAND PLAYS "A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")

DH

ATX01 0183822

JACK: Doctor, <sup>Doctor,</sup> I don't need the music. *Jessie La Juan*

NELSON: I'm sorry, our last patient was ~~Lili St. Cyr~~.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Now get behind that screen and take off your clothes.

JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: When you're ready, Dr. Fenchel and I will be in the next room.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

NELSON: Oh Doctor, I've been concerned about that call you made this morning...any information yet?

MEL: ~~Yes,~~ I got a report from Dr. Stanley and...and..it's all over.

NELSON: What was the result?

MEL: She ran fifth and we lose four bucks.

~~NELSON: ...Gee, we took a beating on Stevenson, too.~~

MEL: ~~Yeah~~...I wonder what's taking Mr. Benny so long.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny, ~~have~~ you got all your clothes off?

JACK: ~~Yes,~~ *yes.*

MEL: Then come out from behind that screen.

JACK: Well gee, don't I get balloons or anything?

MEL: ~~Here,~~ Just slip on this gown.

JACK: Yes sir...There, I'm ready.

NELSON: Very well...Now, Mr. Benny, will you please step behind this fluroscope?

DH

JACK: Yes sir.

NELSON: Contact.

MEL: Contact.

(SOUND: CLICK...SLIGHT BUZZING OF FLUROSCOPE)

NELSON: Wellllll...there seems to be a round metallic object near your kidney.

JACK: *oh* That's a quarter I swallowed years ago.

NELSON: Shall we, Dr. Gordon?

MEL: Why not? *oh* Mr. Benny, will you please hiccup?

JACK: Hiccup?

MEL: *Yeah*.

JACK: (HICCUPS)

NELSON: (HAPPY) It's tails, I Gordon, you lose.

JACK: What is this, anyway?

MEL: Now hold still, Mr. Benny. We want to examine your stomach through the fluroscope.

JACK: Yes, sir.

MEL: Say, you certainly had a nice breakfast this morning.

JACK: Breakfast?

MEL: Yes...Orange juice, scrambled eggs, coffee, and cimmaron rolls.

JACK: Yes, I've grown quite fond of them since they get such laughs on my program.

NELSON: Well ~~doctor~~, the spleen seems to be okay...and the pancreas is in the right position.

MEL: Yes ~~yes~~...but look at the liver.

NELSON: The liver?

MEL: Yes, what's that on top of it?

NELSON: Well, I'll be darned...onions.

JACK: Sixty-nine cents at Rexall.

NELSON: Now, Mr. Benny, drink this glass of barium.

JACK: You mean all that white stuff?

NELSON: Yes...it's a harmless chemical and when you drink it, we can follow its course through the fluroscope.

JACK: Oh...all right...~~...Ges~~, it tastes awful.

MEL: Drink it all.

JACK: ~~...m...m...m~~...There.

MEL: Oh look, Dr. Fenchel, the barium has reached the esophageal entrance....there it goes over the cricoid cartilage... behind the tracheal bifurcation...through the arch of the aorta...Now it's passing the esophageal hiatus of the diaphragm.

JACK: If it passes Pico and Sepulveda, it's dead.

MEL: Now it's coming around the esophageal gastric junction....

JACK: What? ~~What?~~

NELSON: (EXCITED) IT'S PASSING THE KIDNEY ON THE OUTSIDE...HEADED INTO THE HOME STRETCH. IT'S BARIUM SULPHATE BY TWO LENGTHS.

MEL: COME ON, NATIVE DANCER! COME ON, NATIVE DANCER!

BH

ATX01 0183825

NELSON: IT'S BARIUM BY A NOSE! NATIVE DANCER IS SECOND, AND HERE  
*Jewels To You!*  
COMES DIAMOND NECKLACE, BUT IT SLIPS ON AN ONION AND FALLS.

JACK: DOCTORS, DOCTORS, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

MEL: Well, that's all.. The examination is over. You can go  
now.

JACK: *hell* Thank you.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Oh, Mr. Benny...

JACK: Yes..

NELSON: You better put your clothes on.

JACK: Oh yes, ~~yes~~... *I forgot. I'll put my clothes on.*

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: (SINGS) A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY..DA DA DE DUM DA  
DUM..DA DA DUM DUM DA DUM, DA DA DE DA DA DA, DA DE DA DE  
DA, DA DA DE DA...Well, I'm all dressed.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Goodbye, Doctors.

MEL &  
NELSON: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Goodbye, nurse.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

(SOUND: LIE DETECTOR BELL RINGS LOUDLY)

JACK: Gee, it wasn't even on my arm..(HUMS) DA DE DA DA..DA DA  
DA DA DE DUM..DA DA DUM DUM DA DUM...

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

BH



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
MAY 24, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first, a word to cigarette smokers ... nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste ... And remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ..

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother ..

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ..

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother ..  
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -  
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ..

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother ...  
Lucky Strike .. Lucky Strike ..

WILSON: No doubt about it, folks, your enjoyment of a cigarette really comes from its taste. So ... to get the complete smoking enjoyment you want, remember that -- nothing -- no, nothing-beats better taste .. And Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother. Here's why. First of all Luckies are made of long strands of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco, with a wonderful aroma, and an even better taste. In fact, LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Furthermore, Luckies are made better to taste better. They're round and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. Remember, friends -- only a cigarette that tastes better can give you real, deep-down smoking enjoyment.

CB

ATK01 0183827

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
MAY 24, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:           And Luckies have that better taste, because they're  
(cont'd)           made of fine, tobacco, and made better. So why  
                  not -- be happy - go Lucky...  
                  When you step up for cigarettes ... ask for a carton  
                  of Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN        Be happy - go Lucky  
QUARTET:           Get better taste today ...  
(LONG CLOSE)

CB

ATK01 0183828

(TAG)

MARY: Oh Jack, how did your physical come out?

JACK: Oh fine fine, <sup>mary</sup> but I have to go back tomorrow.

MARY: Why?

JACK: I forgot my underwear..Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show was written by Sam Perrin, Milt  
Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry and produced  
and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for  
Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station.  
Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike.  
product of the American Tobacco Company..America's leading  
manufacturer of cigarettes.

DH

ATX01 0183829

PROGRAM #38  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED MAY 28, 1953)

AS PRESENTED

BR

ATX01 0183830

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
MAY 31, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 28, 1953)

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny program...transcribed and presented by  
Lucky Strike! (PAUSE) Friends, in a cigarette...nothing -  
no, nothing -- beats better taste! And remember...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco  
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
Lucky Strike...Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. As you know, friends, your enjoyment  
of a cigarette depends on its taste. That's right,  
nothing -- no, nothing -- beats better taste. And  
Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. You  
see, Luckies' better taste really begins with the fine,  
light, naturally mild tobacco that goes into Lucky Strike.  
Yes, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then,  
too, Luckies taste better because they're made better.  
Made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and  
smoke evenly. To make sure that you get Luckies' better  
taste -- in all its natural freshness -- every pack is  
extra tightly sealed.

BR

(CONTINUED)

ATX01 0183831

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
MAY 31, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 28, 1953)

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

WILSON:  
(CONT'D)

Yes, Luckies are fresher ...just smoke 'em and see! See what enjoyment you get from a cigarette that is made better to taste better, and still has all its better taste when you smoke it...because it comes to you fresh. So friends, for all the deep-down smoking enjoyment you want from your cigarette, be happy -- go Lucky! Get the better taste of Lucky Strike...and get it fresh!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother  
Lucky Strike...Lucky Strike

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

BR

ATX01 0183832

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
MAY 31, 1953 (Transcribed May 28, 1953)

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first a word to  
cigarette smokers ... nothing - no, nothing - beats better  
taste! And remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike

WILSON: Yes, better taste is what you want from your cigarette. For  
as you know -- nothing no, nothing -- beats better taste!  
And Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother.  
Here's why .. Luckies are made better to taste better.  
They're made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely  
and smoke evenly. And Luckies are also made of long strands  
of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco, with a wonderful  
aroma and an even better taste. Yes, the whole world knows  
-- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. No doubt  
about it, it's better taste that brings you real, deep-down  
smoking enjoyment. And Luckies have that better taste,  
because they give you fine tobacco in a cigarette that's  
made better. So -- be happy -- go Lucky. Make your next  
carton ... better-tasting Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(LONG

CLOSE) Get better taste today.

ATX01 0183833

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE LUCKY STRIKE RADIO SHOW IS USUALLY REHEARSED ON SATURDAY MORNINGS, AND AFTER THE REHEARSAL, ~~IT IS~~ <sup>it's</sup> CUSTOMARY FOR THE CAST TO GATHER IN THE DRUG STORE ACROSS THE STREET FOR A LIGHT LUNCH. AS OUR SHOW OPENS, DENNIS AND I ARE JUST ENTERING THE DRUG STORE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...TINKLY BELL...LIGHT CROWD NOISES UP...FADE TO B.G.)

DENNIS: <sup>Oh,</sup> We're the first ones here, Don.

DON: Yes, Dennis....Jack and Bob Crosby had to stay to discuss the music.

DENNIS: I'm glad it's not too crowded here, we can get seats right away.

DON: Yeah...Where ~~would~~ you like to sit, Dennis...~~at the~~ <sup>at</sup> table or the counter?

DENNIS: The table...It's too dangerous sitting at the counter when you're eating with Mr. Benny.

DON: What do you mean, dangerous?

DENNIS: When the check comes and he runs for the door, he always knocks me off ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> stool...Let's sit <sup>over here</sup> at this table.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

BR



DENNIS: <sup>Should</sup> ~~Should~~ we order our lunch now or wait for the others?

DON: <sup>Oh,</sup> We may as well wait.

DENNIS: Okay... ~~It~~ <sup>do</sup> hope they come soon... I'm so hungry I could eat a horse.

DON: That's what I had for breakfast.

DENNIS: ~~See~~... Hey, here comes Bob Crosby..

DON: (CALLS) <sup>Oh</sup> BOB... BOB... HERE WE ARE.

BOB: (COMING IN) <sup>Oh</sup> Hi fellows, Jack'll be along ~~soon~~ <sup>in a minute.</sup>

DENNIS: I thought he was coming with you.

BOB: <sup>Oh,</sup> He was, but he had to go back to his dressing room, he forgot his hat.

DON: Oh, for heavens sakes... it's Spring... what does he need his hat for?

BOB: His hair was in it.

DON: <sup>Oh,</sup> Here he comes now... ~~Oh~~ <sup>JACK</sup> JACK, WE'RE OVER HERE.

JACK: Oh, hi, kids.. I didn't expect you to be at <sup>the</sup> table <sup>here</sup>... I thought you'd be sitting at the counter.

DENNIS: I'm still black and blue from <sup>the</sup> last time.

JACK: Hum.

DON: Sit down, Jack.

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

DON: I'll call the waitress.

JACK: <sup>No,</sup> Let me call her, Don... <sup>I</sup> think she has a crush on me... (UP AND OOMPHY) Oh, Miss, Miss...

IRIS: WHADDA YA WANT, MAC?

JACK: We'd like to order... How about some menus?

IRIS: We haven't got any.

BR

JACK: Well, how do we know what to order?

IRIS: It's tattooed on my arm.

JACK: *Oh, when you rolled up your sleeve, I thought you were gonna list it.*  
~~say it is at that...~~ I'll tell you what. I'll have a  
roast beef sandwich and coffee.

BOB: I'll have the same.

DENNIS: I'll have a roast beef sandwich, too.

IRIS: What do you want to drink?

DENNIS: An oyster malted milk.

JACK: An oyster malted milk?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: Dennis...that is absolutely ridiculous...ordering an  
oyster malted milk.

DENNIS: You're right, this month hasn't got an "R" in it.

JACK: Look <sup>Miss</sup>, get him anything...anything at all.

IRIS: Okay, I'll bring him what he had yesterday.

JACK: What did he have yesterday?

IRIS: Chicken soup.

JACK: Well, that sounds sensible.

IRIS: With a live chicken in it?

JACK: ~~All right, all right~~...bring him anything.

IRIS: Will that be all?

DON: *Oh,* Wait a minute...you haven't taken my order, Miss.

IRIS: Oh...what'll you have, Titanic?

DON: *I - really*  
Well, ~~all right~~...I'm not very hungry...just bring me what I  
usually have.

IRIS: I can't.

DON: Why not?

BR

IRIS: The fellow who helps me carry it in is off today.

DON: *Well,* Then just bring me a ham sandwich and a coke.

IRIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Say Jack, I meant to ask you something...when do we go  
off the air for the Summer?

JACK: *Oh, Bob -*  
We do our last radio show next Sunday.

BOB: Oh...Gee, then I ~~mustn't~~ *I hope I don't forget* forget

JACK: Forget what?

BOB: To wake Remley up and tell him to go home.

JACK: Yeah, don't forget...I don't want to pay ~~that~~ *the* janitor for  
dusting him all summer...By the way, Bob, what are ~~your~~ *the*  
boys *in the band* going to do during their vacations?

BOB: Well, Charlie Bagby is going back East to his brother's  
farm, *and* Fletcher is taking an auto trip around the country,  
and my drummer, Sammy, is going to Leavenworth for three  
months.

JACK: *Leu* Leavenworth prison?

BOB: Uh huh, *you'll* he's Willie Sutton's summer replacement.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned.

DON: Say Jack, why wasn't Mary at rehearsal today?

JACK: I don't know...she didn't call or anything. Toward the  
end of the season everybody does what they want to.

DENNIS: Gee, I hope the waitress hurries with the order...I want  
to go to the hospital and see my mother and father.

BOB: Your mother and father are in the hospital, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah, they have to have an operation.

BR

JACK: *Dennis,* They both need an operation at the same time?

DENNIS: Uh huh...the doctors have to get her fist out of his mouth.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Yeah, and it's all your fault.

JACK: My fault!

DENNIS: Last week I decided to quit your show and I was talking it over with my mother.

JACK: Well, how does your father fit into this?

DENNIS: He took your side.

JACK: Oh, and that was when your mother --

DENNIS: Yeah, for years she's been telling papa, "One of these days, one of these days," and this time -- Powww, right in the kisser.

JACK: ~~How~~....Dennis, I don't believe one word of it.

IRIS: (COMING IN) Here's <sup>your</sup> ~~the~~ grub.

(SOUND: TRAY WITH FOOD BEING PUT DOWN)

IRIS: Here's your three roast beef sandwich<sup>s</sup>.

(SOUND: THREE PLATES ON TABLE)

IRIS: And here's your chicken soup.

MEL: (CLUCKS LIKE CHICKEN)

DENNIS: Oh boy, just the way I like it.

JACK: I'm glad, I'm glad.

(SOUND: CHAIR SCRAPES BACK)

JACK: Where are you going, Bob?

BOB: *Oh,* There's a juke box over ~~there~~ <sup>here, Jack...</sup>...I thought we might have some music while we eat.

*JACK: Oh.* (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...THEN STOP)

BR

BOB: ~~Now~~ <sup>well</sup> let's see...what'll I play?...Hmm, that song's his..  
 That one is his, too...the next one...and the one after  
 that...and <sup>and</sup> the one after that, also...Well, it looks like  
 I'll just have to give my brother a nickel... <sup>hey</sup> look,  
 they've got one of Dennis Day's records, "Blue Gardenia"  
 ....(CALLS) Hey, ~~Dennis~~ <sup>Denny</sup>....

DENNIS: (OFF) What?

BOB: THEY'VE GOT ONE OF YOUR RECORDS ON THIS JUKE BOX.

DENNIS: WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, PLAY IT.

BOB: Okay, I will.

(SOUND: NICKEL IN SLOT...THEN...)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- BLUE GARDENIA)

(APPLAUSE)

BR

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, I've got to buy <sup>one of those records...</sup> ~~a copy of that record~~ .. your voice really sounds great on it <sup>I mean</sup> ... Don't get me wrong, kid, your singing is always wonderful, but it sounded even better on that record.

DENNIS: <sup>Oh</sup> That's because <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ day I made it I had an oyster malted milk.

JACK: Oh ~~that's~~ <sup>quiet</sup>.

BOB: Well, everybody's finished, I'll get the check.

DON: <sup>Oh</sup> No no, Bob ... I'll take the check.

BOB: Oh, Don, let me take it this time.

DON: Bob, I <sup>I really</sup> think I oughta pay the check today.

BOB: No Don, I feel I should.

DON: Well, I feel I should.

JACK: Why are you so quiet, Dennis, you cheap or something? ... Huh?

DENNIS: Gee, I was just going to ask you the same thing.

JACK: Well, you fellows <sup>you fellows</sup> settle the check, I'm going home.

DENNIS: <sup>Me, too</sup> (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.. TINKLY BELL AS DOOR OPENS ...TRAFFIC NOISES IN BACKGROUND ... FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: <sup>Oh</sup> Gee it's a nice day ... I think I'll walk home.

(SOUND: SMOOTH MOTOR OF CAR PASSING)

JACK: <sup>M-m</sup> There goes Jimmy Stewart in his Cadillac ...

(SOUND: CAR PASSING)

JACK: <sup>hey</sup> ~~and~~ there goes Mickey Rooney in his M.G. ... And there's Humphrey Bogart and his Jaguar.

MEL: (SNARL OR ROAR OF JAGUAR, ANIMAL VARIETY)

GM

JACK: He ought to keep ~~it~~ <sup>that thing</sup> on a leash. (HUMS "WHEN YOU SAY I  
BEG YOUR PARDON THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU") <sup>When you did me to for... Hey,</sup> ... Look  
at that theatre marquee ... ~~The~~ <sup>The</sup> new picture that  
just opened up ... "Fort Ti", starring George Montgomery.  
... I wonder how many people know that George  
Montgomery is married to Dinah Shore ... I found out when  
he slapped my face.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Hey, wait a minute, this "Fort Ti" is one of those new  
three dimensional pictures ... Gee, I haven't seen <sup>a</sup> Three  
D, <sup>more</sup> yet ... ~~the~~ the show isn't too long maybe I've got time.  
... Oh, there's the doorman standing in the theatre  
lobby. He ought to know how long the picture is ... I'll  
ask him...

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Excuse me, sir, how long is this show?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, are they showing a double feature today?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: ~~How~~ Well, tell me .. in order to see this three  
dimensional picture, do I have to wear polaroid glasses?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: You don't know anything, you're a fine doorman.

RUBIN: Who's a doorman, I'm in the picture.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ Well, I'll see it later in the week.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, that Three D fascinates me .. I think I'll ...

GM

ARTIE: HELLO, MR. BENNY.

JACK: WHY, ~~HE'S~~ MR. KITZEL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, I haven't seen you for a long time.

ARTIE: Likewise.

JACK: Let me look at <sup>you</sup> ... Gosh, you look wonderful.. where ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> did you get that deep tan?

ARTIE: <sup>Well</sup> This is from my new job ... I am a Lifeguard <sup>at</sup> Santa Monica Beach.

JACK: A lifeguard? <sup>ARTIE! Yeah.</sup> ... Say, that must be interesting work.

ARTIE: Yes ... especially watching the beautiful girls in their bathing suits.

JACK: Say, I understand the girls' <sup>bathing</sup> suits are skimpier than ever this year.

ARTIE: Definitely ... In fact, yesterday I saw a bikini bathing suit on one girl who.

JACK: Who -- what?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOOOOOOO.

JACK: <sup>You know</sup> Those girls in <sup>the</sup> Bikini bathing suits must have everybody staring at them.

ARTIE: You said it ... all the men on the beach look like Eddie Cantor.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ -- <sup>Oh</sup>, I see what you mean. ... Tell me, Mr. Kitzel, have you saved many people from drowning?

ARTIE: Dozens .. In fact, this is how I first met my wife.

JACK: <sup>Oh</sup>, You rescued her?

ARTIE: Unfortunately.

GM



JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) Joking, he says ... I finally figured out that she really wasn't drowning, this was just a trick so she could meet me and I <sup>could</sup> ~~would~~ marry her.

JACK: What makes you think she did a thing like that?

ARTIE: Who else goes swimming in a bridal gown?

JACK: No.

ARTIE: Yes, she kept yelling, Help, Lifeguard, Justice of the Peace.

JACK: <sup>Well</sup> Look, Mr. Kitzel .. I'm on my way home, would you like to walk along with me?

ARTIE: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny ... but I'm on my lunch hour <sup>and</sup> I've got to <sup>dash</sup> ~~get~~ back to the beach.

JACK: Oh, well, goodbye, Mr. Kitzel ... ~~it was nice running into you.~~

ARTIE: ~~As they are now saying at Hollywood Park -- Mutual!~~ <sup>Good-bye. JACK: Good-bye!</sup>

(APPLAUSE)

~~JACK: Well, I better go home.~~

(GOING HOME TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: KEY IN DOOR ... DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: (OFF) WHO'S THERE?

JACK: <sup>Hi</sup> It's me, Rochester. Were there any calls when I was gone?

ROCH: YEAH, THE PHONE WAS RINGING ALL DAY ... THERE WERE CALLS FROM DOROTHY, HARRIET, HILDA, PEGGY, ELLEN, BONNIE, JUDY, JEANETTE, CHARLOT, BEPTY AND MERVYN.

JACK: Mervyn?

ROCH: THAT ONE WAS FOR YOU.

GM

JACK: Oh yes .. It must have been my friend Mervyn LeRoy, <sup>you know,</sup> ... He just wrote a book called, "It Takes More Than Talent" ... And you know, Rochester, he's also a movie director... He's the one who directed "Quo Vadis".

ROCH: "QUO VADIS"?

JACK: Yeah.. You know, I asked him for the lead in that picture, but he turned me down.

ROCH: WHY?

JACK: Well, he told me that in Latin Quo Vadis means Whither Goest Thou ... and when I asked him for the part, he told me whither to goest ... But he's still my friend... By the way, Rochester, did the mail come?

ROCH: ~~YES,~~ BUT THERE WASN'T MUCH ... JUST A MAGAZINE.

JACK: Let's see ...

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, it's the new copy of Look, <sup>huh?</sup>

(SOUND: RIFFLING OF PAGES)

JACK: Hmm ... this article ought to be interesting ... "How President Eisenhower Can Play Golf in The Eighties", by Ben Hogan .. You know, Rochester, that Hogan is a great pro. I played with him once and he showed me how to take nine strokes off my game.

ROCH: ~~WHAT DID HE DO?~~ <sup>How?</sup>

JACK: He told me to cut out one hole ... A par three <sup>yet</sup> ... Well, I think I'll go in the den and read it.

ROCH: MR. BENNY, AREN'T YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO THE INDIANAPOLIS AUTO RACE ... IT'S ON THE RADIO NOW.

GM

JACK: Oh, <sup>gill</sup> I'm glad you reminded me ... I'll read this later ...  
Gee, I hope I can still hear the race ... it's usually  
so exciting.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS .. CLICK OF RADIO)

JACK: I wonder what station it's on ...

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEAL)

NELSON: (FILTER) WELLLL, CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. SMITH, YOU WIN  
THE JACKPOT AND FOR YOUR PRIZES YOU GET THREE DRESSES,  
COMPLETE WITH SHOES AND MATCHING HANDBAG, A CORSAGE OF  
ORCHIDS, A COMPLETE SET OF SILVERWARE, A SET OF COOKING  
UTENSILS, A BRIDGE TABLE AND CHAIRS --

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

JACK: That wasn't the station ...

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

MEL: (FILTER) (STRAIGHT) AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .. FOR  
OUR SPECIAL GUESTS TONIGHT WE HAVE THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET  
... AS YOU ALL KNOW, THIS FAMOUS QUARTET APPEARS EVERY  
WEEK ON THE JACK BENNY SHOW .. THAT'S WHY THEY'RE TAKING  
OUTSIDE WORK.

JACK: ~~From~~, I pay them good money.

MEL: AS THEIR SELECTION TONIGHT, THEY WILL SING, "SIDE BY  
SIDE."

JACK: Gee, I've got to listen to this.

GM

ATX01 0183845

QUART: OH WE AIN'T GOT A BARREL OF MONEY  
MAYBE WE'RE RAGGED AND FUNNY  
BUT WE'LL TRAVEL ALONG, SINGING A SONG  
SIDE BY SIDE  
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMING TOMORROW  
MAYBE IT'S TROUBLE AND SORROW  
BUT WE'LL TRAVEL THE ROAD  
SHARING OUR LOAD  
SIDE BY SIDE  
THROUGH ALL KINDS OF WEATHER  
WHAT IF THE SKY SHOULD FALL  
JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER  
IT DOESN'T MATTER AT ALL.  
WHEN THEY'VE ALL HAD THEIR TROUBLES AND PARTED  
WE'LL BE THE SAME AS WE STARTED  
JUST TRAVELING ALONG, SINGING A SONG  
SIDE BY SIDE  
AS YOU KNOW, WE BEEN WORKING FOR BENNY  
THAT'S WHY WE HAVEN'T A PENNY  
BUT WITH LUCKIES TO PUFF, WE'RE HAPPY ENOUGH  
SIDE BY SIDE  
LUCKIES ARE ALWAYS SO PLEASING  
FINER TOBACCO'S THE REASON  
GIVE US LUCKIES AND NATCH  
FOUR ON A MATCH  
SIDE BY SIDE

GM

(MORE)

ATK01 0183846

QUART:  
(CONT'D)

LUCKY STRIKE'S TASTE BETTER  
CLEANER, AND FRESHER, TOO.

LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO MUCH SMOOTHER  
YOUR FINEST SMOKE IT IS TRUE

~~START TODAY AND BE HAPPY GO LUCKY~~  
~~PUFF ON THE SMOKE FROM KENTUCKY~~

*Don't delay, now's the  
time to be startin'  
Light up a pack  
ad a carton -*

WE WANT A REPEAT, NOTHING CAN BEAT

LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

GM

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Yes* That was good, but that's not the station the races are on....I'll try this one *here*.

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

NELSON: (FILTER) A DOUBLE OVEN GAS RANGE, YOUR HOME PAINTED INSIDE AND OUT, A TWENTY-ONE INCH TELEVISION SET, ELECTRIC BLANKETS FOR EVERY BED IN YOUR HOUSE, A TWO WEEK VACATION IN HAWAII....

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

JACK: *Oh,* That's not it...Now let's see, where's that race...I'll try this station *here*.

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

SARA: (FILTER) (SINGS "PRETEND")  
PRETEND YOU'RE HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE BLUE

JACK: *Oh, no* IT ISN'T VERY HARD TO DO.  
AND YOU'LL FIND HAPPINESS WITHOUT AN END  
WHENEVER YOU PRETEND.

JACK: ~~That's not~~ *Not* that station either...Maybe I passed it back here *somewhere...*

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEAL)

HY: (FILTER) <sup>*and*</sup> THAT CONCLUDES TODAY'S EXCITING EPISODE...WILL FRANK MARRY ELIZABETH?...IS ELIZABETH STILL IN LOVE WITH HARRY?...WILL HARRY DIVORCE EVELYN?...WILL EVELYN REMARRY HER FIRST HUSBAND, STEVEN? DOES STEVEN KNOW HIS WIFE IS IN LOVE WITH FRANK WHO MAY MARRY ELIZABETH? TUNE IN TOMORROW TO HEAR ANOTHER CHAPTER OF..."THE CRAZY MIXED UP BUNCH OF KIDS."

JACK: *Why* Why can't I get the right station?

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake!

MEL: (MEXICAN) SENORIS AND SENORITAS, THREE EES STATION  
~~JACK: This is not the races!~~  
X-Y-L-O, YOUR MUSICAL MEXICAN SEATION...TODAY EET EES OUR  
PLEASURE TO PRESANT SOME MUSIC FROM OUR SEESTER COUNTRY  
THE UNITED STATES..AND HERE IS THE MOST POPULAR SONG EEN  
AMERICA TODAY...SEENG EET, PEDRO.

MARY: (MEXICAN...SEENG) Paper Mate Pen, She's a leak proof.  
Buy a Paper Mate Pen.

(SOUND: RADIO CLICK)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, why can't I get ~~to~~ the races...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester, answer the phone, will you, please *while I try to get the races*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...STAR OF STAGE, RADIO AND  
TELEVISION.

MARY: Rochester, you forgot about movies.

ROCH: THEY FORGOT ABOUT HIM!

MARY: What?

ROCH: THEY TOLD HIM WHITHER TO GOEST.

MARY: Well, that I don't understand at all.

ROCH: I'LL GET MR. BENNY FOR YOU, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Thank you.

ROCH: OH, MR. BENNY, IT'S FOR THOU.

JACK: Oh, stop....Hello.

MARY: Hello, Jack, this is Mary.

JACK: *Well, it's nice of you to call.*  
~~Yes~~...you know you missed rehearsal.

MARY: Yes, Jack, but I wasn't feeling well, so I went to the  
doctor.

JACK: Gee, I didn't know that...is there anything wrong?

MARY: Well, the doctor isn't too sure, but he says I may have to have my appendix out.

JACK: Gosh.

MARY: And Jack, the reason I'm calling is because an appendix operation is kind of expensive, and I thought you could help me.

JACK: Mary...Mary...you mean you want me to --

MARY: Why not, you took ~~out~~ your own *out*.

JACK: That was an emergency...You know Mary, I have a hunch you made this whole thing up just because you missed rehearsal.

MARY: Well...you're right, Jack...~~and~~ <sup>the</sup> reason I missed ~~is~~ is because my family's here from Plainfield, and I was showing them the town.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: And I thought you ~~would~~ help me out ~~with that~~... <sup>You know,</sup> They want to take a tour through a movie studio, and you might have a pull with one of them.

JACK: *Well,* Let's see...There's Twentieth Century Fox...M.G.M.... Paramount...Warner Brothers...

MARY: Keep thinking, Jack, there must be one you didn't make a picture for.

JACK: Look, Mary, I'm trying to help you. Now I'll see if I can do something about getting your folks into <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ studio...

Is your sister Babe going to be with them, too?

MARY: Oh, Babe isn't here...she stayed in Plainfield.

JACK: How come?



MARY: Well, Mom and Pop only had enough money for two bus tickets so Babe decided to hitchhike.

JACK: *Oh,* ~~and did she~~ she get any rides?

MARY: No...she went out on the highway and she tried everything.. she even pulled up her skirt and showed her legs.

JACK: What happened?

MARY: Two men tried to run <sup>her</sup> over ~~her~~

JACK: No.

MARY: ~~Yes~~...Anyway, Jack, I'm sorry I missed <sup>rehearsal</sup> rehearsal, it won't happen again.

JACK: Okay, ~~and~~ I'll try to fix it for your folks to go through a studio.

MARY: Thanks...~~Goodbye~~.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now where did Rochester -- Oh, I'll try <sup>to get the races</sup> ~~the radio~~ again.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC SQUEALS)

SARA: (FILTER) (SINGS)

REMEMBER ANYONE CAN DREAM *JACK! Oh!*  
AND NOTHING'S BAD AS IT MAY SEEM.

JACK: Oh no you don't.

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

NELSON: (FILTER) A TWELVE CARAT DIAMOND RING, AN ANKLE LENGTH CHINCILLA COAT, A PEARL NECKLACE, A BRAND NEW CONVERTIBLE, A SWIMMING POOL INSTALLED IN YOUR YARD...

JACK: Why can't I get the races

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

HY: (FILTER) AND HERE COME THE CARS DOWN THE STRETCH FOR THE FOURTEENTH LAP.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

JACK: That's it, that's it...I got it...

HY: THE THREE LEADERS ARE NOW COMING PAST THE GRAND STAND...

MEL: (MAKES RAPID SOUND OF THREE CARS PASSING)

JACK: Gee, they're going fast.

HY: NOW LET ME GIVE YOU THE SPEEDS THE LEADERS ARE AVERAGING.. THE AGAGIAN, 127 POINT 39 MILES PER HOUR...THE FERRARI DELUXE, 127 POINT 38..AND THE HUDSON SPECIAL...127 POINT 40...THIS IS EXCELLENT TIME FOR THE HUDSON WHEN YOU CONSIDER ITS DRIVER STEPPED DOWN TOO FAR AND IS DRAGGING HIS FEET.

JACK: Well, how do you like that.

HY: AND HERE COME THE NEXT FOUR CARS...

MEL: (DOES FOUR SPEEDING CARS)

JACK: Gosh, what a race.

SARA: (SINGS)

PRETEND YOU'RE HAPPY  
WHEN YOU'RE BLUE  
IT ISN'T VERY HARD TO DO  
AND YOU'LL FIND HAPPINESS  
WITHOUT AN END  
WHENEVER YOU PRETEND  
REMEMBER ANYONE CAN DREAM  
AND NOTHING'S BAD AS IT MAY SEEM  
THE LITTLE THINGS YOU HAVEN'T GOT  
COULD BE A LOT  
IF YOU'D PRETEND.

JACK: What is this?  
I must have  
two stations  
at once.

MEL: (KEEPS DOING  
CARS PASSING)

*JACK: This I can't figure out at all. What is this anyway? What kind of a station... There's something wrong with my radio!*

JACK: ~~Oh, what's going on here anyway?~~...I'm not going to  
listen to this...I'm going to a movie.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
MAY 31, 1953 (Transcribed May 28, 1953)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment but first a word to  
cigarette smokers ... nothing - no, nothing - beats better  
taste! And remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike

WILSON: Yes, better taste is what you want from your cigarette. For  
as you know -- nothing no, nothing -- beats better taste!

And Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother. Here

Here's why .. Luckies are made better to taste better.

They're made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely  
and smoke evenly. And Luckies are also made of long strands

of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco, with a wonderful

aroma and an even better taste. Yes, the whole world knows

-- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. No doubt

about it, it's better taste that brings you real, deep-down

smoking enjoyment. And Luckies have that better taste,

because they give you fine tobacco in a cigarette that's

made better. So -- be happy - go Lucky. Make you next

carton ... better-tasting Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN  
QUARTET:  
(Long  
Close)

Be happy -- Go Lucky

Get better taste today.

ATX01 0183854

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HOW'D YOU ENJOY THE PICTURE, BOSS?

JACK: Oh, it was fine. <sup>Rochester</sup> it was pretty long, though.

ROCH: I'LL HAVE YOUR DINNER READY SOON.

JACK: Okay .. I'll turn on the radio and listen to the news.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO..STATIC SQUEALS)

NELSON: (FILTER) THE YANKEE STADIUM, THE SUPERCHIEF, THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, AND A HOOVER VACUUM CLEANER COMPLETE WITH HERBERT HOOVER.

JACK: Gee, I pity the women who won that jackpot...What taxes ~~she~~ <sup>that woman will</sup> have to pay.

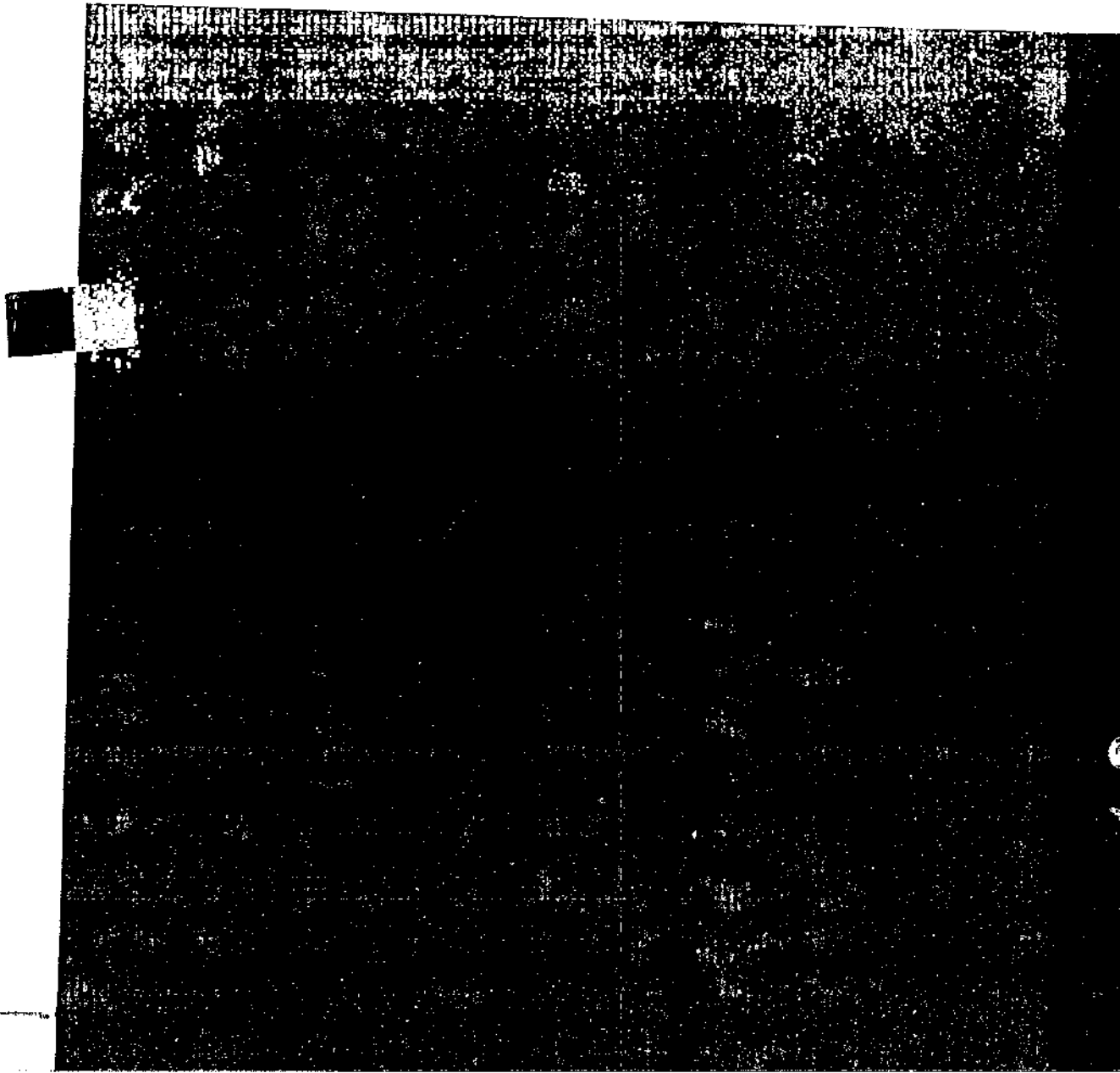
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike.. product of the American Tobacco Company..America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

ATK01 0183856



PROGRAM #39  
REVISED SCRIPT

*De Product*

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDST

(TRANSCRIBED MAY 27, 1953)

BB

ATX01 0183857

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
JUNE 7, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 27, 1953)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny Program...transcribed and presented by  
Lucky Strike! (PAUSE) You know, friends...nothing -  
no, nothing - beats better taste! And remember...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike...Lucky Strike.

WILSON: This is Don Wilson...Tell me, have you smoked a fresh  
cigarette lately? You have -- if you've smoked a Lucky  
Strike. For Luckies are definitely fresher - and it  
takes real freshness to bring you deep-down smoking  
enjoyment -- to prove that to yourself just light up a  
Lucky! You'll find that Luckies taste better -- not only  
fresher but cleaner and smoother, too. That's because  
they're made of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco...and  
because they're made better - every Lucky is made round  
and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke  
evenly...and every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed  
to bring you that fine tobacco flavor in all its freshness.  
So be happy -- go Lucky! Get the better taste you want  
in a cigarette -- and get it fresh!

BB

ATX01 0183858



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
JUNE 7, 1953 (Transcribed May 27, 1953)

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher, smoother  
Lucky Strike...Lucky Strike

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

BB

ATX01 0183859

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE LAST TIME THIS SEASON WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO FOR THE PAST THIRTY-NINE WEEKS HAS EITHER ENTERTAINED OR BORED YOU WITH HIS COMEDY.

JACK: Hmm.

DON: A MAN WHO MANY OF YOU WILL HATE TO SEE LEAVE THE AIR... AND AN EQUAL NUMBER WILL JUMP FOR JOY.

JACK: Don, look.

DON: SO HERE HE IS, FOLKS...A MAN THE WHOLE WORLD IS ANXIOUS TO HEAR...BUT ON THE OTHER HAND --

JACK: Never mind...JACK BENNY, APPLAUSE!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...hello, again, this is Jack Benny who thrills or nauseates you, as the case may be...talking...And just think, Don, this is the last time this season you'll be putting your blue-eyed boss on the pan.

DON: That's right, Jack, time certainly flies.

BB

ATK01 0183860

JACK: It sure does...what a season I've had...radio every week, television once a month...stage appearances...Gosh, Don, I'm so exhausted I can hardly stand up. If I didn't have starch in my underwear, I'd fall right over...What a season!

DON: Well, Jack, we younger members of the cast feel the strain, too.

JACK: Wait a minute, Don...what do you mean, you younger members of the cast?...I'm not much older than you are.

DON: What did you say, Jack?

JACK: I said I'm not much older than you are.

DON: Jack, you must be because I remember when I was just a child in Denver, my mother used to take me to the Orpheum theatre to see you.

JACK: Well, Don, that doesn't prove anything...when I started out in vaudeville, I was just a baby...I was a child prodigy.

DON: But you walked out on that stage wearing a tuxedo.

JACK: I DON'T CARE, THERE WERE DIAPERS UNDERNEATH...But we sure had a lot of fun this year...There was <sup>Jack, Don, remember</sup> that show we did in San Diego and <sup>then</sup> that week-end we spent in Tijuana.

DON: <sup>ok</sup> Speaking of Tijuana, Jack, didn't you borrow five dollars from me during our visit there?

JACK: And <sup>then</sup> there was <sup>that</sup> wonderful time we had in New York and Boston and --

DON: I said didn't you borrow five dollars from me during our visit to Tijuana?

BB

JACK: *And* Then the three weeks we just spent in San Francisco...  
Gosh, what a city.

DON: I said didn't you borrow five dollars from me in Tijuana?

JACK: Yes, and as soon as I get some Mexican money, I'll pay  
*I'll see you back...*  
you back.... Oh, hello Mary, am I glad to see you.

MARY: Hello *Jack* what are you yelling at Don for?

JACK: Well, in the first place, I didn't like the introduction  
he gave me...let me ask you something Mary, do I bore  
people?

MARY: Certainly, who said you didn't? *Don.*

JACK: Nobody said I didn't, he said I did.

MARY: Oh...say, Jack, I'll bet you're glad we're going off the  
air tonight...you really look worn out.

JACK: I am tired Mary, radio is a pretty tough grind.

MARY: It's tough for all of us.

JACK: But it's tougher on me...All the problems fall on my  
shoulders...Thank goodness, next week I can take it easy.

DON: By the way Mary, what are you planning to do this summer?

MARY: Well, my sister Babe is coming to visit me and we're going  
to spend a couple of weeks at Catalina.

JACK: Oh, that's nice...you'll both get a good tan.

MARY: I'll get a tan, Babe dives for abalone.

JACK: Oh yes...with her feet, she doesn't need swim-fins...  
Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello...Say, Mr. Benny, this being our last program--

JACK: How...how do you feel, kid?

DENNIS: Oh, I'm doing as well as can be expected.

BB

JACK: What do you mean?

DENNIS: Well, who expects anything of me?

JACK: Nobody, believe me...now what were you going to ask me, Dennis?

DENNIS: Well, this being our last program, I thought I'd ask you for the ten dollars you owe me.

JACK: What ten dollars?

~~DENNIS: The ten dollars you borrowed from me in Boston...do you want to pay it?~~

~~JACK: Well--~~

~~MARY: You'll have to wait till he gets some Massachusetts money.~~

~~JACK: He'll have to wait till I remember I borrowed it...Now, Dennis, when did I ask you for that ten dollars?~~

DENNIS: Don't you remember? You said if I loaned you ten dollars, you'd take me to the burlesque show.

JACK: Dennis, I never took you to a burlesque show.

DENNIS: I know...after I gave you the money, you told me I was too young to go. *see it.*

JACK: Oh, that's right. *well* I'll give you the ten after the show, kid. Now how about *your* singing your song?

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Oh, hold it a second, Dennis. When I got here, there was a message for me to call Rochester...I better do it before I forget...it may be important.

DENNIS: That's okay kid, go right ahead.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKING FADING TO BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Jay Mable...

BB

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah, I wonder what "Head of Wax" wants now.

BEA: Let him wait.

SARA: Yeah. *Say*, Gertrude, I saw you come in with a lot of packages. Were you shopping?

BEA: Yeah and my feet are killing me...but it's my own fault for buying such small shoes.

SARA: *Well* What size did you get?

BEA: Nine.

SARA: Oh, for heavens sakes.

BEA: What's the matter?

SARA: Getting your foot in a size nine shoe is like docking the Queen Mary in a Lily Cup.

BEA: Well, look who's talking...get a load of your shoes.

SARA: They're not so big.

BEA: They're not!...Last year when we went on our vacation, every hotel we stopped at pasted labels on 'em.

SARA: Well, it's a natural mistake, because my shoes are genuine cowhide.

BEA: Cowhide?

SARA: Yes.

BEA: From the way your toes stick out, it looks like milking time.

SARA: Gertrude, the next time you talk to me like that, I <sup>tell ya</sup> ~~will~~ *fine just gonna*

(SOUND: CLICKING OF RECEIVER)

JACK: OPERATOR...OPERATOR...

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BB

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, it's about time Gertrude, didn't you hear me buzzing?

BEA: Yeah, but I've only got two hands.

JACK *Wall* Congratulations...now if it isn't asking too much, will you ring my house?

BEA: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: You know, Mabel, I never saw a man like Mr. Benny...he has such a split personality...on the radio he's one type of person, and in real life he's an entirely different type of person.

SARA: Yeah, I don't like either one of 'em.

BEA: I know what you mean. That man is such a pest. Every time we're out together, all he wants to do is go up on Mulholland Drive and look down at the lights of the city.

SARA: Well, that's romantic.

BEA: Romantic, nothing. He owns stock in the electric company.... Oooh, how he hates Daylight Saving Time.

*Operator* (SOUND: CLICK, CLICK)

JACK: Operator, did you get my house?

BEA: Yes, but the line is busy...I'll call you *later* ~~when it's not busy~~.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *Denise* Dennis, I couldn't get Rochester...so you'd better sing your number.

DENNIS: Okay, but I'm warning you...it's the last time this season.

JACK: Sing, sing, already.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG - "ALL BY MYSELF")

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Dennis Day singing "All By Myself"...and very good too, Dennis.

DENNIS: Thank you, Mr. Benny, and before I go on my vacation, I'd like to take this opportunity to tell you how much I've enjoyed working with you the past thirty-nine weeks and I'll be looking forward to being with you again in the fall.

JACK: Well, Dennis...<sup>that's</sup> that's very sweet of you.

DENNIS: So long, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis, the show isn't over yet. What's your hurry?

DENNIS: I can't stand it here any longer.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: (CALLING) Dennis..Dennis..come -- oh, let him go..what a silly kid. *I might to call him back*

MARY: *h* Jack, <sup>*just forget it*</sup> ~~that's not a nice thing to say.~~ After all, it is our last show of the season.

JACK: I can't help it, Mary. Nobody on this show has any respect for me. Bob Crosby is the only one I can get a civil answer from..(CALLS) Oh, Bob...Bob, come over here. *will you*

BOB: You called me, sir? *you*

JACK: Yes, Bob.. (ASIDE) <sup>*see*</sup> See, Mary..sir, yet...Well, Bob, you've finished your first season, <sup>*but*</sup> you've worked for me for thirty-nine weeks now...how do you feel?

BOB: Hungry. *Lie*

~~JACK: Bob, that answer doesn't sound like you...I'll ask the question again...How do you feel?---~~

~~BOB: Hungry, sir.~~

JACK: ~~That's better...~~ <sup>*will*</sup> but wait a minute, Bob...are you trying to infer that <sup>*that*</sup> I don't pay you enough?



BOB: *Well* Jack, you might not believe this, but I had a better year  
in 1944. / 1943

JACK: Who were you with then?

BOB: *The Marines*  
Uncle Sam, ~~I was drafted.~~

JACK: Drafted? *The Marines?*

BOB: *Yeah* You're not the first one *that* I've said "sir" to.

MARY: That's tellin' him, Bob.

JACK: Be quiet, Mary.

MARY: Yes, sir.

JACK: Oh, stop...by the way, Bob, what are you gonna do this  
summer?

BOB: Well, I'm waiting for my brother Bing to end his season and-  
then he and I are going to Catalina for the summer.

JACK: Oh...*Say!* you'll both get good tans.

BOB: Bing will, I dive for abalone.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Well, if a big fish swims by, say hello, it may be my  
sister Babe.

JACK: Yes yes...for me, too.

DON: By the way, Jack, I meant to ask you. Who's gonna be our  
summer replacement?

JACK: Well, starting next Sunday at this same time and on the  
same stations, Lucky Strike will present Guy Lombardo.

DON: Who?

JACK: Guy (BOOM) Guy (BOOM, BOOM) Guy Lombardo...*(Baron)*  
Ladies and gentlemen, that was Sammy the drummer doing the boom-booms...  
we woke him up just for that.

MARY: Say, Jack --

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Dennis came back. Look, there he is standing over there in the corner all by himself.

JACK: I guess he feels sorry for the way he acted.

MARY: Why don't you go over and talk to him?

JACK: I will not...if he wants to talk, he'll come over to me.  
It's about time that kid --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BEA: I've reached your house, Mr. Benny, you may go ahead.

JACK: Thank you... (UP) Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, IS THAT YOU, BOSS?

JACK: *th* Yes, Rochester, I got the message to call you...what's up?

ROCH: I'VE GOT A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU, BOSS...I MEANT TO TELL YOU LAST NIGHT BUT YOU WERE ASLEEP WHEN I GOT HOME.

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I'M GONNA GET MARRIED.

JACK: Married!

ROCH: YEAH...YOU KNOW HOW LONG CUPID'S BEEN SHOOTIN' THOSE ARROWS AT ME?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WELL, LAST NIGHT HE HIT ME WITH A SECRET WEAPON!

JACK: So you're going to get married, eh, Rochester? ...Well, tell me all about it...how did it happen?

ROCH: WELL...THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST I WENT TO A PARTY AND THERE SHE WAS...I MET HER AT TEN-FORTY AND AT TEN-FORTY-FIVE WE WERE ENGAGED.

JACK: That's pretty fast, isn't it, Rochester? You only knew her five minutes.

ROCH: WELL, IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WHEN YOU MEET SOMEONE IF YOU DON'T WASTE TIME SHAKIN' HANDS.

JACK: Oh, I see. Well, Rochester, this must have been love at first sight...I never heard you talk this way before.

ROCH: OH YEAH, BOSS, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: Really?...Describe her to me, Rochester.

ROCH: WELL...BOSS, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE SUN AS IT SINKS MAJESTICALLY INTO THE WATERS OF THE TRANQUIL PACIFIC?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WELL, PUT A SWEATER ON IT AND THAT'S HER.

JACK: You know, Rochester, I feel a little sad about this... you've been with me all these years, and now you're going to get a wife and set up housekeeping for yourself.

ROCH: OH NO, MR. BENNY, DON'T LOOK AT IT THAT WAY.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: YOU AIN'T LOSIN' A BUTLER, YOU'RE GAININ' A COOK.

JACK: Well, right now I sure could use one...anyway, good luck, Rochester, and I hope you'll be very happy.

ROCH: THANKS, BOSS...GOOLBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: How do you like that...Rochester ~~is~~ gonna get married... Oh well...~~now, kids, I --~~

~~MARY: Jack, Dennis is still standing there...why don't you go over and talk to him.~~

~~JACK: Mary, I told you I'm not going to --~~

DON: Wait a minute, he's coming over here.

MARY: ~~Now be nice, Jack,~~

DENNIS: Pardon me, Mr. Benny, but ~~I thought it over and I was  
wrong to leave so fast.~~

~~JACK: Well...~~

DENNIS: ~~When I got out in the hall,~~ I realized that I won't be seeing you until next fall...that's three months, so I decided to come back.

JACK: And you want to apologize.

DENNIS: No, I want my ten dollars.

JACK: ~~Ham...~~Dennis, I told you, I'd give you the money. Now sit down and be quiet...what an ungrateful bunch...I'll be glad to start my vacation.

BOB: *Says* Where are you going to spend the summer, Jack?

JACK: I don't know, I'd like to go to ~~Europe...~~ *London* ~~take in the~~ *maybe* ~~Coronation...~~ and then go on to Paris...Rome...Venice.

MARY: Jack, you wouldn't go to Venice after what happened the last time we were there.

BOB: What happened, Jack?

MARY: ~~You mean he never told you, Bob?~~

BOB: ~~No, and I'd sure like to hear about it.~~

JACK: Mary, it's not such a big thing.

MARY: Well, I'm gonna tell it anyway...*well* we were touring Europe... we'd been in Paris and then from Paris we went to Rome...

*Jack says* and while in Rome we decided to go to Venice.

BOB: *I'll bet in Venice* Gosh, those canals, must be fascinating.

*oh they're wonderful* *and* -12-  
MARY: ~~They are,~~ Bob... Anyway, we arrived at night, ~~checked into~~  
the Grand Dinelli Hotel... and the next morning I met  
Jack in the lobby.

(SOUND: ACCORDION MUSIC AND VOICES)

MARY: Jack, did you get the tickets for the sight-seeing tour?

JACK: Yes, Mary, and the gondola will leave in a few minutes...

~~Gee, I'm sure looking forward to it.~~

MEL: (ITALIAN ACCENT) Signore Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I am the bell captain. The gondola for the sight-seeing  
tour she ~~is about~~ *will be* ready to leave.

~~JACK: Oh good... we'll be right out.~~

~~MEL: Grazie.~~

~~MARY: Oh, bell captain... Are we getting a nice gondola?~~

MEL: Very nice... there is one that leaves in an hour, but that  
one ~~she~~ is more expensive.

JACK: Why?

MEL: On that gondola the singer is Mario Lanza.

JACK: Oh, that's where he's working... (I must tell Dore)  
...Well, come on, Mary.

(ITALIAN TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: BABBLE OF CROWD... LAPPING OF WATER)

MARY: Gosh, Jack, what a thrill! *you know* This is the first time  
I've ever been in a gondola.

JACK: Yeah... I didn't know it held so many people... I'm sure  
glad we came on this sight-seeing tour.

MARY: Oh, Jack, the guide is getting up to point out the  
places of interest.

JACK: Yeah...come on, Mary. Let's get closer to him. ~~There~~  
~~are~~ <sup>So</sup> many interesting things in Venice, I don't wanna  
miss a word he says...Excuse me...excuse me...

MARY: Jack, you're close enough to him.

~~JACK: Just a little closer...excuse me...excuse me.~~

JAY: (LOUD AND FAST) DESIDERO MOLTO DESCRIVERTI E FAMOSI E  
SPORICI PALAZZI CHE CI CIRCONDANO, MA QUEST' UOMO HA UN  
PIEDE SUL MIO.

JACK: What'd he say...what'd he say?...Huh?...What'd he say?

~~JAY: IN VENTI ANNI CHE FACCIO IL GONDOLIERE NON HO MAI VISTO  
UN ANIMALE COME QUESTO, E ANCORA MI PESTA IL PIEDE.~~

JACK: What'd he say...what'd he say...huh?...huh?...what'd he  
say?...huh?...what'd he say...what'd he say?

JAY: SE LO BATTO SE ZLI' RAMPO ILNNASO UN CONCCIOUSO VIA, E  
ANCORA UN PESTA IL PIEDE.

JACK: What'd he say...what'd he say?

MARY: (DISGUSTED) Jack!

JACK: Just a minute, Mary. Say, Mister, <sup>huh?</sup>...do you understand  
Italian?

HY: Yes, I do.

JACK: Oh, good, good. What'd he say?

HY: He said you're standing on his foot.

JACK: Oh...oh, I'm <sup>Jan</sup> sorry...I'll step back.

MARY: JACK -- !!

(SOUND: LOUD SPLASH)

JACK: (OFF) (COUGHS) MARY... (COUGHS) ...MARY!

HY: Oh, Miss, shall I help you get him back into the boat?...

or did you push him?

*Please! Will you*  
MARY: Please help me.

(SOUND: SPLASHING OF WATER)

MARY: *Here!* Here, Jack, take my hand.

HY: Easy does it, now...there we are.

JACK: *Thanks,* Thanks, Mister. Oh boy, am I wet.

JAY: (LOUD) IO PENSO IO PENDIO LO MA LUI DIETRO IN CONDOLA.  
UOMO GOCCIOLA MIA GAMBA.

JACK: What'd he say...what'd he say...huh?...what'd he say?

HY: He said you're dripping on his leg.

JACK: If he thinks I'm gonna step back again, he's crazy.

HY: Say...wait a minute, aren't you Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes...Io sono poogrande artista key il mondo sono vista.

HY: *Oh,* Wait a minute...I thought you couldn't speak Italian.

MARY: *Ad* What did he say?

HY: He said he was one of the greatest comedians in the world.

MARY: That he can say in Chinese.

JACK: Too hong wong poo ling ~~chow~~.

MARY: Oh shut up!

JACK: Mary, please.

JAY: NOI AVVICINAMO IL PLAZA, CHE ES FAMOSO PERCHE SUC CANTANTE  
GONDOLIERES.

JACK: What'd he say...what'd he say?

HY: He said we are now approaching the plaza, which is famous  
throughout the world for its singing gondoliers.

JACK: Oh yes...look...

(ACCORDION MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: ...All those people sitting out on the pier...where else  
would you see anything like this?

QUART: STA SE RA NI NA MIO  
IO SON MON TA TO  
TE LO DI RO  
TE LO DI RO  
CO LA DOVE DISPET TIUM CORINGRATO  
PIU TAR NON PUO  
PIU TAR NON PUO  
CO LA COCENTEELL  
TO CO MA SE FUGGI  
SO ROUND AND FIRM  
SO FULLY PACKED  
E NON TI CORRCAPRESSO  
E NON TI STRUGGI  
THERE'S NO ROUGH PUFF  
NO PUFF THAT'S ROUGH  
LESTI, LESTI VIA MONTJAM SU LA  
SMOKE A LUCKY TRA LA LA LA LA  
FUNICULI FUNICULA, FUNICULI, FUNICULA  
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY  
TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
LESTI LESTI WE <sup>know</sup> KNOW YOU WILL AGREE  
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS LSMTT  
FUNICULI FUNICULA, FUNICULI, FUNICULA  
AH RIDI PAGLIACCIO  
*Do* BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
TEAR AND COMPARE AND YOU'LL <sup>discover</sup> DISCOVER TO  
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE  
TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
BRAVE! *Key!*  
(APPLAUSE)

CB

ATX01 0183874



(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Sky* ~~That was~~ *that was* wonderful, wasn't it, Mary?

MARY: *Certainly was* Yeah, Jack. And ~~you~~ *you* better sit down, our gondola ~~is~~ starting to move again.

(SOUND: LAPPING OF WATER)

JACK: Gosh I wouldn't have missed this trip for anything. It's so picturesque here in Venice.

MARY: Oh, Jack, look at those signs along the side of the canal.

JACK: Signs?

MARY: Yeah...I'll see if I can read them as we pass...

Prendera un Poonta

Da uno kay conosco,

talia tuo barba

ma non tuo naso....Burma Shave.

JACK: Mary, where does it say Burma Shave?

MARY: On that last sign...Burmada Radere...that's Burma Shave.

JACK: Burmada Radere means Burma Shave?...Holy smoke, I better learn what these Italian words mean.

MARY: Why?

JACK: I had that on my strawberries this morning. *And I liked it: I'll just like it, well*

MARY: *Just* Jack, sit down, you're rocking the gondola...and we're getting into heavy traffic.

JACK: Yeah...just look at all these gondolas going in every direction...it's a wonder they don't bump into each other.

MEL: (MANIACAL LAUGH)

JACK: What was that?

CB

HY: *oh,* It's that man sitting over there in that little boat. He used to work for the traffic department.

MEL: (OFF) (MANIACAL LAUGH)

JACK: Hmm. *Well* What's the matter with him?

HY: He went crazy trying to paint a white line down the middle of the canal.

JACK: Err. *Well*, that is a problem...why didn't he try water colors? HA HA HA HA HA...

MARY: JACK...LOOK OUT!

(SOUND: LOUD SPLASH)

JACK: (COUGHS) MARY... (COUGHS) ...MARY...

HY: Miss, are you sure you didn't push him?

MARY: Of course not...now help me get him in the boat.

HY: Okay.

MARY: *no, no* Or no, don't grab him by the hair...Here, Jack, here's my hand.

(SOUND: SPLASHING OF GETTING INTO BOAT)

JACK: (COUGHS) These boats are too narrow.

MARY: What do you mean too narrow? You even fell off the Lurline.

JACK: Only once...Gee, I'm cold...I think I -- I -- I -- I --

(SNEEZE)

JAY: Fratturare un coscia.

JACK: Thank you.

HY: He said "Break a leg."

JACK: Gee, it/sounds so nice in Italian.

CB

ATX01 0183876

*Look*  
MARY: Jack, why don't you just sit down and enjoy the ride like everybody else?

JACK: Okay...but gee, I'm so wet.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault.

~~JAY: Signorinas e Signorens no ora passi il famoso spazio far qualche spesa en Venice.~~

~~HY: The guide just said we're passing the shopping center of Venice.~~

~~JACK: Oh yes.~~

~~MARY: Look at those little stores...right out on the water... Gosh, this is the only place in the world like this.~~

~~JACK: Yeah...and Mary, look at that store on the end...it specializes in gondola accessories...Manny, Moe and Luigi. The place in Los Angeles must've stolen its name from this one.~~

JAY: ~~Or~~<sup>and</sup>, Signoinas e Signorens, noi passi il famoso Americano ruinione spazio en Venice.

HY: The guide just pointed out the famous American rendezvous in Venice called Harry's Bar.

JACK: Oh yes,<sup>yes</sup> I've heard of that...that's where all the Americans in Venice come for cocktails.

MARY: <sup>o-o-o-oh</sup> We must go there, Jack.

JACK: Yeah. <sup>Mary</sup> And say, Mary, did I tell you the wonderful joke I made up about Frankie Remley. I'm gonna do it on our first broadcast next season.

MARY: Look, Jack, you're on <sup>a</sup> vacation...forget jokes...

CB

JACK: No no <sup>no</sup> Mary, this ~~will~~ <sup>is</sup> be sensational. <sup>It's on the program. He</sup> Now get this... <sup>great</sup>  
 I'm gonna say that when we were in Venice, Frank Remley went into Harry's Bar and sat down at a table with one of the natives...Remley took a drink and then the native took a drink...Then Remley took another drink and the native took another drink...they kept drinking and drinking till the native couldn't see any more...HA HA HA HA HA.

MARY: What's so funny about that?

JACK: <sup>Mary</sup> Mary, don't you get it? Remley is the first guy in the world ever to drink a Venetian Blind...HA HA HA HA HAH...  
 Mary, don't you get it... Venetian --

(SOUND: LOUD SPLASH)

JACK: (COUGHS) MARY... (COUGHS) ...MARY! (*Caught*)

HY: Here, Miss, I'll help you.

MARY: Never mind, this time I pushed him.

~~HY: Good, good...paddle-on, Gondolien.~~

JAY: (SINGS) OL SOLE MIO...OL SOLE MIO *Lido*

JACK: MARY... (COUGHS) ...MARY... (COUGHS)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mary, you made up the whole thing...that's not what happened in Venice ~~at all~~.

MARY: Now, Jack, I didn't exaggerate at all. That's exactly what --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: *oh* Wait a minute...

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

CB

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS, I GOT SOME MORE NEWS FOR YOU.

JACK: What is it now, Rochester?

ROCH: THE WEDDING ~~IS~~ OFF, I AIN'T GONNA GET MARRIED.

JACK: Why, what happened?

ROCH: MY GIRL RAN OFF AND MARRIED ANOTHER FELLOW.

JACK: Oh, she didn't love you, eh?

ROCH: OH NO...SHE LOVES ME, BOSS, BUT SHE MARRIED FOR MONEY.

JACK: Oh, this other fellow's rich?

ROCH: NO, BUT HE'S GOT SOME.

JACK: Eh...oh... All right, Rochester, so we won't have a cook...  
Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

(PLAYOFF)

CB

RTX01 0183879

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first a word to cigarette smokers ... nothing -- no, nothing -- beats better taste! And remember...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike... Lucky Strike.

WILSON: In spite of all you hear about cigarette smoking today, one basic truth remains ... it's the taste of a cigarette that counts! Nothing -- no, nothing - beats better taste! And Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother. There are good reasons for it. Luckies are made better to taste better ... made round and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. Naturally that will give you a better smoke. Then, too, better taste in a cigarette must begin with the tobacco. And -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, mild tobacco with it's own wonderful aroma and a taste that's even better. So remember, friends ... only fine tobacco, in a better-made cigarette, can give you Luckies' better taste. And only better taste can give you the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you want! So ... be happy -- go Lucky! Next time...ask for a carton of ... Lucky Strike!

Sportsmen Be happy -- go Lucky  
Quartet:  
(Long Get better taste today  
Close:)

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, since this is the last show of the season, I want to take this opportunity on behalf of my entire cast and my sponsors, the American Tobacco Company, to thank you for listening and I hope you'll all be with us again when we resume broadcasting September Thirteenth...In the meantime, starting next week, tune in at this same time and you will hear, Guy (BOOM) Guy (BOOM, BOOM) Guy Lombardo.....Goodnight, everybody.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Ferrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Starting next Sunday at this same time and on this same station Lucky Strike will present Guy Lombardo Time. Tune in to hear Guy and the Royal Canadians play your favorite tunes each week, until Jack Benny returns in the fall.

And every Thursday over this same station, be sure to hear The American Way, with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company ... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.