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PROGRAM #17
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED DECEMBER 23, 1953)

DW

ATX01 0184574

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #17

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

JANUARY 3, 1954

SUNDAY

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...Transcribed and presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

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, there's no doubt about it. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother. Now, freshness is particularly important, for if a cigarette isn't truly fresh, it can't possibly give you the enjoyment it should. That's why every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed -- to bring you Luckies' better taste in all its natural freshness. Yes, Luckies do taste better because -- first 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.

(MORE)

DW

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WILSON: (CONTINUED) So, friends, smoke the cigarette that has better taste when it's made, and then brings you all that better taste in a fresh cigarette. Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike and find out for yourself that Luckies really do taste better.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

DW

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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 CROSBY, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIDAY WAS NEW YEARS DAY, AND NINETEEN FIFTY-FOUR WAS USHERED IN BY THE NATION'S GRIDIRON CLASSIC, THE ROSE BOWL GAME BETWEEN U.C.L.A. AND MICHIGAN STATE BEFORE A RECORD CROWD OF NEARLY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE...THIS GAME ALWAYS PRODUCES STATISTICS THAT ARE MULLED OVER BY SPORTS LOVERS FOR WEEKS TO COME ...HOW MANY YARDS EACH TEAM GAINED BY RUNNING...HOW MANY YARDS GAINED BY PASSING...HOW MANY PASSES COMPLETED...HOW MANY INTERCEPTED...YES, EVEN THE STAR OF OUR SHOW HAS BEEN STUNNED BY THE AMAZING FIGURES COMPILED BY THIS FOOTBALL CLASSIC.

JACK: A hundred thousand people at five dollars apiece...Gosh ..what a game.

DON: *Oh* It must have been, Jack...It seems ~~that~~ the Rose Bowl Game get more and more exciting every year.

JACK: You're not kidding, *Don*...I can remember when it was only eighty thousand people at three dollars apiece...Anyway, Don, did you notice that play where Paul Cameron got the ball ~~and~~---

DON: I didn't see the game, Jack.

JACK: You didn't--Wait a minute, Don...I thought I saw you in Pasadena that morning.

DW

DON: ^{believe me,} ~~Well~~ You did, but I went right home... ~~and~~ I'm never going there again.

JACK: Oh, cheer up, Don...maybe next year you'll win the prize as the best float...And take those roses out of your hair, you look silly...besides, I thought ~~that~~... -

BOB: Hi, Jack! ^{Hello!}...Don.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob.

DON: ^{Hi} ~~Hello~~, Bob...Jack and I were ^{just} talking about the big game New Year's Day.

JACK: You saw it, didn't you, Bob?

BOB: Oh sure...I haven't missed a game in the Rose Bowl since Bing bought it.

JACK: ^{Bing} Bing...bought the Rose Bowl?

BOB: Well, not exactly, he bought Pasadena and they threw that in.

JACK: Oh...well, Bob, ^{Bob, are} as much as I like your brother, we're supposed to be doing a radio program, ~~so let's not talk any more about Little Boy Leaded~~...Now get your band ready ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~Oh no...no~~

BOB: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: Look at Rice, your bass fiddle player.

BOB: What about him? He's the best bass player in the country.

JACK: I know, but look at his bass fiddle...It has six silver handles on it...look.

BOB: Well, that's Rice for you...if anything happens to him, he doesn't want us to go to any expense.

JACK: Well, it's a nice thought, but tell Rice to put down that shovel, use a bow, and blow out the candles on the music stand...what a character.

DW

DON: ~~Say~~, Jack, what kind of a program are we going to do today?

JACK: Well, Don, since this is our first show of the New Year, I thought maybe we ought to do a sketch based ~~on the~~--Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hi Jack...Hi fellows...Hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Mary, ~~I'm~~ glad you're feeling better.

JACK: Yes Mary, it's certainly good to have you back on the show, *huh?*

MARY: Well Jack, I hated to miss last Sunday's program, but I had that thing that's been going around...Virus X.

JACK: Yes, I know. That's why I sent over my doctor.

MARY: Some doctor.

JACK: Why, what's wrong?

MARY: I've got news for you, he's a horse doctor.

JACK: He is not a horse doctor.

MARY: He isn't, eh? When he got to my house, he threw a blanket over me and walked me around the room to cool me off.

JACK: No.

MARY: When he started to braid my hair, I, threw him out.

JACK: Oh well then that explains it, ^{*you know!*}..One day I called him up and told him my ankles hurt and he sent ^{*me*} over four bandages...Well anyway, Mary, didn't my doctor give you any advice at all?

MARY: Yes. (LAUGHINGLY) He told me I had Virus X and I shouldn't run tomorrow.

JACK: Mary, I'm trying to be serious. What did he really tell you?

DW

MARY: Well, he said it wasn't dangerous, gave me a prescription and charged me ten dollars.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: And he told me that three hundred thousand people had Virus X.

JACK: (Three hundred thousand people at ten dollars a---Gee, that's even better than football.)

MARY: Jack, ^{back} what are you mumbling about?

JACK: Nothing, nothing. ^{Mean!} Now come on...this is our New Year's Show so let's get on with it.

BOB: ^{hey} By the way, have any of you kids made ^{your} New Year's resolutions?

DON: I have.

JACK: Oh, you have, Don?

DON: ~~Yes~~ I made a resolution to cut my food in half.

JACK: Well, I'm glad to hear that...it isn't good manners to take a whole turkey and stuff it in your mouth. ^{I've seen you do it, you know}

DON: ^{to} No no, Jack, I'm serious about losing weight. I've given up bread, butter and potatoes.

JACK: Don, if you ever stop eating potatoes, Idaho will secede from the Union...And speaking of resolutions, I hope that Dennis Day resolves not to annoy me anymore with those---

BOB: ^{hey} By the way, Jack, where is Dennis?

JACK: Oh, he won't be here for the show. He gets sillier every day...He sent me a note saying that he was in the hospital...Stupid kid, expecting me to believe what he told me.

DON: ^{know,} Wait ^{just} a minute, Jack, there's a lot of sickness going around...Dennis could be in the hospital.

DW

JACK: Having a baby?

MARY: Say, Jack, ^{Jack, why?} do you mind if I don't stay for the whole program?...I'd like to leave early.

JACK: Why, what do you have to do?

MARY: Nothing, I just can't stand thirty minutes of this.

JACK: I don't blame you...Say, Bob, as long as Dennis isn't here, would you consider ~~doing~~ ^{singing "Many Times"} ~~it~~ ^{it} ---

BOB: (SINGS) Many times, many times
I have wanted ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~to~~ ^{to} kiss.

JACK: Wait for the orchestra!...

BOB: ~~Oh~~ I'm sorry.

JACK: Take it fellows...What an eager beaver.

(APPLAUSE)

(BOB'S SONG - "MANY TIMES")

(APPLAUSE)

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JACK: *That* That was Bob Crosby singing "Many Times"...and very good,
Bob, very good.

BOB: And now for an encore I will sing---

JACK: ~~That's all we ever have on a show. One song~~
Bob, we only need one song. Now look, kids, we've got a
very important...

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Now who can that be?...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hey, it's Mel Blanc.

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLEY) I hope I'm not interrupting nothing, Mr.
Benny.

JACK: No, no...what did you want, Mel?

MEL: I wanted to tell you that I'm available again.

MARY: Available again?

MEL: Yeah...I was sick with that Virus, but Mr. Benny was kind
enough to send over his doctor.

MARY: Oh, Jack's doctor, eh...What did he do for you?

MEL: *Oh*, He gave me a shot and now I feel fine...

(WHINNIES LIKE HORSE)

JACK: *Will you* Mel, I'm glad you're better again, and I'll keep you in mind
if anything turns up...

MEL: Thanks.

JACK: *Blanc* Oh, just a minute, Mel...Folks, give Mel a great big hand.

(JACK CUES IN APPLAUSE AGAIN)

MEL: *See! You — you can go now*
Oh, Mr. Benny...I don't like to mention it, but this year you
forgot to give me a Christmas present.

JACK: You just got it...So long, Mel.

MEL: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES FADE OFF, DOOR CLOSSES)

MARY: You know, Jack, I like Mel...he's always good for a laugh.
 Jack: *Yeah.*
 DON: *sure* Yeah...he was the life of the party at my house New Year's Eve.

BOB: *Mill* Don, we certainly had a *great* ~~good~~ time.

JACK: You can say that again, Bob.

DON: *Mary awfully.* And Mary, I'm ~~sure~~ glad you were well enough to attend my party, too.

MARY: *Oh* So am I, Don...I had a wonderful time...But I haven't had a chance to tell you what happened after Jack and I left your house.

JACK: *Oh* Mary...

DON: *Come on,* What happened, Mary, ~~to~~ tell me.

MARY: Well, *you*

JACK: *now* Mary, it's all over, ~~forget~~ about it.

MARY: I will not.

JACK: *Oh, Mary, don't tell them. Now will you?*

MARY: *Don - I will* Don...it was about two in the morning, and Jack was taking me home.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...MAN'S AND WOMAN'S)

MARY: *Oh* Gosh, it was a wonderful party, *sure was a great New Year's Eve party*

JACK: Yeah, *Mary*...and isn't it a lovely night out?

MARY: ~~It~~ *sure* is.

JACK: What a beautiful sky...you know, the stars look so close... and they seem to be different colors...red...pink...blue ...yellow.

MARY: ~~Jack~~, *That's* confetti on your glasses.

DW

JACK: Oh yes...Anyway, Mary, it was certainly a wonderful New Year's Eve party...We sure had a lot of---

HERB: (DRUNK) Pardon me, folks, pardon me...

JACK: Huh?

HERB: What do you think I oughta get my wife for Christmas?

MARY: Christmas? Mister, Christmas was a whole week ago...this is New Year's.

HERB: You mean it's already 1949?

JACK: ~~Yeah~~ It's 1954.

HERB: Oh my goodness, I better get home. (HICCUP)

JACK: Oh well, everybody celebrates in his own way. ^{I guess...} Well, here's your house, ^{in his own house,} Mary.

MARY: YEAH...

JACK: ...Mary...

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: Well, since this is the New Year, how about giving me a little kiss?

MARY: Oh, Jack, let's not go through that again...You always get so emotional.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: You do, too...The last time I kissed you, you ran home, threw yourself across the bed, and cried for an hour.

JACK: Well, I always do ~~that~~ when I drink too much.

MARY: You had one glass of eggnog.

JACK: Well, somebody spiked the nutmeg...Anyway. ^{Mary.}

MARY: Well, goodnight, Jack, and Happy New Year.

JACK: Goodnight, Mary, and • -----Hey, wait a minute, Mary. How would you like to go to the Rose Bowl Game?

DW

MARY: Sey, that would be wonderful, but have you got tickets?

JACK: ^{No but} There's plenty of time, ^{look it} the game doesn't start till tomorrow afternoon.

MARY: Tomorrow? It's already two o'clock in the morning.

JACK: ^{Will} Don't worry about it. I'll get the tickets. Come on, let's go in your house...I wanta use your phone.

MARY: That's an old excuse, but I'll take a chance.

JACK: Oh, don't be silly.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Let's see...who can I...well, I'll be darned, there's the blanket...you weren't kidding about my doctor, were you?... Now let's see...who can I get tickets from...

MARY: Jack, you shouldn't call anyone...^{it's} it's two o'clock in the morning.

JACK: Yeah, but it's New Year's...^{now} who can I call for tickets.

MARY: Well, let ^{me} see...do you know Red Sanders, the coach of U.C.L.A.?

JACK: Not very well...but wait a minute, I'm pretty friendly with Jess Hill ^{you know} -- the coach of U.S.C....I'll call him!

MARY: The U.S.C. coach ^{oh} -- he may have -- Wait a minute, Jack, you can't call Jess Hill at this hour...he may be asleep.

JACK: What do you mean asleep?...He hasn't slept since the Notre Dame game....But maybe he isn't in a good mood...Wait a minute, I know who'll let me have ^{the} ~~the~~ extra tickets if he has any!

MARY: Who?

JACK: Ronald Colman.

MARY: Jack, you wouldn't call Mr. Colman at this hour.

DW

JACK: Why not, this is New Year's Eve...Hand me the phone. (HUMS
LOVE IN BLOOM)

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALING...RINGING OF PHONE...
RECEIVER UP)

ERIC: The Ronald Colman residence...Sherwood the butler speaking.

JACK: Sherwood, this is Mr. Benny, may I speak to Mr. Colman?

ERIC: Mr. Colman is asleep, sir.

JACK: Asleep already? Didn't he celebrate New Year's Eve?

ERIC: Oh yes, we had a rip roaring time here till almost nine
o'clock.

JACK: Nine o'clock? How could you celebrate the new year that early?

ERIC: We're on London time, you know.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...Well, Sherwood, the reason I called is to find
out if Mr. Colman has any extra tickets to the Rose Bowl?

ERIC: Oh I'm sure he hasn't any.

JACK: Oh...well, in that case, Sherwood, I'm sorry I woke you up,
but I do want to take this opportunity to wish you a happy new
year and that 1954 will be a year that you and yours will
enjoy not only health and happiness, but---

ERIC: I say, old chap, would you mind saying goodbye...there's a
draft going up my night-shirt.

JACK: Oh, oh...I'm sorry...Goodbye, Sherwood.

ERIC: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: ^{How} Have any luck, Jack?

JACK: No, the Colman's didn't have any extra tickets...but they have
cross ventilation.

MARY: What?

DW

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JACK: Nothing, nothing.

MARY: Jack, it's ^{it's} ~~way~~ after two-thirty, I'm going to bed.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary, I just thought of something...For the Rose Bowl game, they always put about six thousand tickets on public sale. All we have to do is go down and buy them at the box office.

MARY: But Jack, there'll be a million people there.

JACK: All right, so look how early we'll be...Now I'll call Rochester and have him pick us up in my car and take us out to Pasadena.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DW

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(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR STRAINING UP HILL,..SUSTAIN)

MARY: Do you think ~~your~~ ^{the} car will make this hill, Jack?

JACK: Sure. Rochester, give it a little more gas.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MOTOR LOUDER...MEL JOINS IN AS MOTOR STRAINS HARDER...THEN LEVELS OFF AND GOES SMOOTHLY...SUSTAIN LIGHTLY IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: We made it, Mery, you can hop in now.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Try to make some time ~~now~~, Rochester.

Roch: Yes sir.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP A LITTLE MORE, AND FASTER...THEN FADE TO B.G.)

MARY: Say Rochester, where were you when Mr. Benny called you ~~before~~?

ROCH: I WAS AT A PARTY ON CENTRAL AVENUE.

MARY: Was the party over?

ROCH: OH NO, IN FACT, IT WAS GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER.

JACK: Who gave it?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW...THE PEOPLE ~~WAS~~ STARTED IT DIED SIX YEARS AGO.

JACK: Rochester, you mean the party's been going on for six years?

ROCH: LONGER THAN THAT. SOME OF THE PEOPLE THERE ARE STILL DRINKING NEAR BEER.

JACK: Well, Rochester, ^{Rochester} for heavens sakes, don't they know that Prohibition was repealed?

~~ROCH: THERE'S ONE OLD MAN THERE WHO DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT WAS STARTED.~~

~~JACK: Oh, Rochester, why do you exaggerate like that? It sounds so silly.~~

~~ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS, BUT DRIVING TO PASADENA AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WHO'S GONNA HEAR US?~~

~~JACK: I guess you're right...Now Rochester, I know a short cut to Pasadena, turn to the left on the next corner.~~

DW

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, if you turn left, you'll be going in the wrong direction...you should turn right.

JACK: No, I think left...What do you think, Rochester?

ROCH: STRAIGHT AHEAD.

JACK: ~~Heck~~...Look, there's a policeman on the corner...Stop the car and I'll ask him.

(SOUND: SQUEALING OF BRAKES AS CAR STOPS)

JACK: Pardon me, do we turn left here to get to the Rose Bowl?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well...will this street take us to Pasadena?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, does it lead into the Freeway?

RUBIN: I DON'T KNOW.

JACK: ~~See~~, you don't know anything..a fine policeman you are.

RUBIN: I'm not a policeman.

JACK: Then why are you wearing that blue uniform?

RUBIN: I'm a Western Union Boy, but I look lousy in brown.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake...drive on, Rochester.

~~ROCH: YES SIR.~~

(SOUND: MOTOR UP...FADE TO B.G.)

MARY: Jack, we must be getting near the Bowl....Look at all the parking lots.

JACK: Yeah...What does that sign over there say?

MARY: "Park here for the Rose Bowl, two dollars."

JACK: What? Two dollars...Why of all the profiteering rackets...two dollars...That's outrageous...that's the most---

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, THAT'S OUR OWN HOUSE.

DW

JACK: ~~Oh yes...Gee, fifteen cars already...and it's only four in the morning...Now I know how to go, Rochester...straight down this street, then turn left till we hit the Freeway...Now let's hurry so we get there in time to get tickets.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: HUBBUB OF VOICES...FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: Gee, what a crowd.

MARY: Yeah...Here it is almost noon and we've ~~been~~ standing in this ticket line for five hours...*Cand: Yeah.* Oh look, here comes the Rose Bowl

Jack: Oh yeah.
Band marching into the stadium.

(COMMERCIAL)

(APPLAUSE)

DW

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SPORTSMEN:

Be happy, go Lucky,
Be happy, get better taste,
Be happy, go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today.

Be happy, go Lucky,
And smoke more in '54,
Be happy, go Lucky,
Go Lucky Strike today.

(MUSIC)

Be happy, go Lucky,
Be happy, get better taste,
Be happy, go Lucky,
Go Lucky Strike today.

Be happy, go Lucky,
And smoke more in '54,
Be happy, go Lucky,
Go Lucky Strike today.

JACK: You know, Mary, there's something exciting about ~~hearing~~ a band at a football game.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Gee, I wish this ticket line would move...I wanta make sure to ~~get~~---HEY, YOU BACK THERE, STOP SHOVING...I wonder how long it'll be before we ~~get to the~~---I SAID STOP SHOVING...I can't understand it, Mary...people go to football games and it brings out the worst in ~~them because they~~---LOOK, I WARNED YOU TWICE...~~AND~~ IF YOU SHOVE ME ONCE MORE, I'LL DRAG YOU OUT OF LINE ~~AND~~---

JENNY: I can't help it, Mister, people are pushing me.

JACK: I don't care if ~~they are~~ ---

MARY: ^{Jack} Jack, control yourself.

JACK: ~~Wait~~... All right...Lucky for her she's wearing glasses.....
Say, ^{Mary} I'm getting kind of hungry.

MARY: Me, too... I think there's a man selling hot dogs over there.

JACK: Where? Oh yes...HEY MISTER...YOU WITH THE HOT DOGS.

ARTIE: How many is your desire?

JACK: WHY, IT'S MR. KITZEL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{Well} Happy New Year, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Likewise...and seasons greeting to you, too, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: ^{Mary} Same to you, Mr. Kitzel...And you know, this is a coincidence...the first time we met you was at the Rose Bowl, ^{and} You were selling hot dogs then, too....~~and~~ that was eight years ago.

ARTIE: These are the same hot dogs, I had some left over.

JACK: Well, if these hot dog are eight years old, I don't think I want any.

DW

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, to you I'll give the fresh ones, ^{and} They'll be ^{only} six cents apiece.

JACK: Wait a minute..hot dogs for only six cents apiece? Where do you get your meat?

ARTIE: From a doctor in Beverly Hills.

MARY: (ASIDE) Jack, that must be your horse doctor.

ARTIE: Do you want the pickle in the middle and the mustard on top, or the mustard in the middle and Arcero on top?

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, stop making jokes...And here's your money.

ARTIE: Denk you, Mr. Benny, and a ^{very} happy new year.

JACK: Same to you... *Same to you.*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Say see this hot dog tastes good.*
~~Go, Mery, he's a cute dog.~~

MARY: ~~Ugh.~~ Darn it, this line doesn't seem to move up at all.

JACK: Boy, I sure hope we can get tickets...I'm so anxious to see the game.

EDDIE: Pssst, hey chum...chum...

JACK: Huh?

EDDIE: You say you wanna get tickets, you say you wanna see the game, tell you what I'm gonna do.

JACK: What?

EDDIE: I gotts pair of tickets smack on the ~~city~~ ^{city} yard line, and you can have them for only fifty bucks.

JACK: (COUGHS AND CHOKES FOR SEVERAL SECONDS)

MARY: *He hit him* Hit him on the back, Mister, *award.* he's choking on that ~~hot dog.~~

JACK: You're darn right I'm choking...Look, Mister, you've got a nerve...charging fifty dollars for a pair of football tickets.

DW

I heard about a comedian who gives

EDDIE: That ain't nothin'... ~~There's a crook way out in Beverly Hills~~
applause for Max presents.
~~charging two ducks to park cans.~~

JACK: That's beside the point... ~~You come here and...~~ HEY, YOU BACK
THERE... I WARNED YOU THREE TIMES TO STOP SHOWING... IF YOU
DON'T, I'LL---

MEL: (VERY TOUGH) YOU'LL WHAT?

JACK: Gee, somebody must have taken her place.

MEL: I TOOK HER PLACE, I'M HER HUSBAND.

JACK: Well, congratulations, she's a lovely girl... Now where's that
wise guy that was trying to sell me those---

MARY: He's gone...

JACK: Oh yes... You know, Mary, ~~it's a shame... Dennis wanted to see~~
~~this game today, but he's got a bad cold, too, and he had to~~
~~stay in bed.~~

MARY: Gee, more people have been-- Jack, Jack, move up, you're next
at the ticket window!

JACK: Oh, yes yes.

RYAN: All right, Mister, how many tickets do you want?

JACK: How much are they?

RYAN: Five dollars and fifty cents.

JACK: ...Well.

MARY: Here's my money, Jack.

JACK: *730 730* No no, Mary, I'll pay for these.

MARY: I'll buy my own, I've still got money left from the May
Company.

JACK: Okay.

MARY: One ticket, Mister, *please*

DW

RYAN: Here you are.

JACK: Give me one ticket right next to hers.

RYAN: Here you are...and boy are you two lucky...Those were the last tickets.

(SOUND: WINDOW DOWN...CROWD NOISES UP)

MEL: (DISGUSTED) How do you like that, the last ticket.

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's get out of here...Boy are ^{we} lucky...I had my heart set all year on seeing this game and ^{now} I'm going to see it...Come on, Mary, ^{we're} over at Tunnel sixteen.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: ~~That~~ kinda chilly, I wanta get a cup of coffee first...You want one, Mary?

MARY: No, I don't want to get mixed up in that crowd. I'll go ahead and hold our seats.

JACK: Okay...SEE YOU IN A FEW MINUTES, MARY...DON'T LET THEM START THE GAME WITHOUT ME.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

JACK: ~~Now~~ Let's see, where can I get the coffee...Oh, there's the stand over there...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)...Oh boy, I was up all night, I stood in line for five hours, but it was worth it to get this ticket...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

HY: (STRAIGHT) Hey Mister...Mister.

JACK: Huh?

HY: How many tickets you got to the game?

JACK: One.

HY: What did you pay for it?

JACK: Five-fifty.

HY: I'll give you six dollars for it.

DW

JACK: What? Are you crazy? I've been looking forward to this game all year...I've been up all night calling people, begging people for tickets. I drove all the way down here from Beverly Hills in that traffic...I waited in line all night to get this ticket.

HY: I'll give you eight dollars.

JACK: It's guys like you that always ~~say to~~ ^{How}...How much?

HY: Eight¹ bucks.

JACK:Mister, do me a favor, will you?.

HY: What?

JACK: There'll be a girl sitting next to you, tell her you picked my pocket. *will you?*

HY: Okay...here's your money.

JACK: Thanks...so long, Mister.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Gee, I hate to miss that game...but then again, with this money I can---Wait a minute...what kind of a five-dollar bill did he give me? Look at the picture on it... Liberace...On the other side is his brother, George...~~HEY~~, HEY MISTER...~~COME BACK~~...COME BACK...^{here...}COME BACK HERE...COME BACK HERE. *with my ticket!*

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DW

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Hi, friends. This is Dorothy Collins. Y'know, I'll bet (E.T.) that if someone asked you why you smoked ... what it was, exactly, you liked about a cigarette ... I'll bet the important word in your answer would be "taste". Because, gee, isn't good "taste" what everybody wants in a cigarette? Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better! And there are two good reasons why that's true. In the first place, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better to taste better. Made round and firm and fully-packed to draw freely and to smoke evenly. And that, friends, is the whole story. That's exactly why Luckies taste better. Because Luckies are made with fine tobacco ... and because they're made better. Why don't you try a carton soon. Be Happy -- Go Lucky. How 'bout it?

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!

TK

(TAG)

-20-

MARY: Well, anyway, Don, now you know ~~why~~ I'll never go to another football game with Jack.

DON: ~~Well~~, I don't blame you, Mary.

JACK: That smart guy ... buying my ticket with that phoney five dollar bill ... ~~like~~ like to see him again, ~~and~~. I'd tell him plenty.

MARY: Well, drop in^{at} ~~the~~ ^{at} ~~Ciros~~ ^{Ciros} tonight and you can.

JACK: ^{How} How do you know he's going to be there?

MARY: I've got a date with him.

JACK: How do you like that ... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

TK

ATX01 0184598

PROGRAM #18
REVISED SCRIPT

"No Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, JANUARY 7, 1954)

ATX01 0184599

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 10, 1954 (TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 7, 1954)
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: The Jack Benny program...transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

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, this is Don Wilson to tell you that Luckies ...
win ... again! That's right, Luckies win again in a
national smoking survey among college students. In 1952
a survey was made in leading colleges throughout the
country which showed that smokers in those colleges
preferred Luckies to any other cigarette. In 1953 another
nation-wide survey was made-- a representative survey of
all students in regular colleges from coast to coast.
Based on thousands of actual student interviews -- this
survey shows that Luckies lead again-- lead over all other
brands, regular or king-size-- and by a wide margin. The
number one reason-- Luckies' better taste. Yes, Luckies
do taste better. First, because they're made of light,
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco.

(MORE)

ATXO1 0184600

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 10, 1954 (TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 7, 1954)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D.)

-B-

WILSON: LS/MFT--Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then,
(CONT'D.) Luckies are made better-- made round and firm and fully
packed to draw freely ... smoke evenly. Actually made
to taste better. After all, smoking enjoyment is all a
matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies
taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So be happy --
go Lucky. Get better taste -- with a carton of Luckies!

SPORTSMEN Be happy -- go Lucky
QUARTET: Get better taste today
(Long
Close)

ATX01 0184601

(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, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN PRESENTING THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO BRING YOU A MAN WHO---

JACK: ^{Just a minute} Just a minute, Don...hold it a minute.

DON: What?

JACK: Don, today, instead of you introducing me, I'm going to introduce you.

DON: Me?

JACK: Yes, Don...Ladies and gentlemen, today not only marks the anniversary of Don Wilson's thirtieth year in radio...but it also commemorates his twentieth year with me. So, Don, take a bow.

(APPLAUSE...AND BAND PLAYS "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW")

DON: Oh, Jack, this is so touching.

JACK: (SLOWLY) Don...this day is yours. Today we will all pay homage to you. When I say "we," I mean the entire cast. Your slightest wish will be our command. Whatever you... Don...Don...you're crying.

DON: (SNIFFLING) ^{But - gee} I can't help it, Jack.

JACK: ^{du} The way those tears are running between your chins, it looks like you're irrigating something...Now Don, please stop sniffing.

DON: ^{Jack} ^{Will} I'm all right now. I just couldn't help getting emotional when I realized that you've been with me for twenty years.

ATX01 0184602

JACK: ^{with} No no, Don, you've been with me, me.

DON: To think that I came on this show when it was down...and because of---

JACK: Down!

DON: And because of my personality and showmanship, I raised it to the pinnacle of success.

JACK: Don--*Wait a minute.* --

DON: It wasn't easy and there were many setbacks. But every time the show was down, I brought it up again.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Don...my show was never down...So don't make things up.

DON: Well, ^{now} let's not argue, Jack. ^{really, let's don't argue} ~~And~~ I do want to thank you for making this not only a memorable, but a profitable occasion. ^{because - well - and bonded}

BOB: Profitable? What did Jack do for you, Don?

JACK: Go ahead, Donsy, tell ~~him~~ ^{Bob Crosby. Tell him}

DON: Well, Bob...not only did I get five hundred dollars cash, but I also got a brand new DeSota convertible for my wife, a trip to New York for the two of us on the Super Chief and a whole week at the Waldrof Astoria...And Jack, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

BOB: ^{Oh} Gosh...Jack gave you all ^{of} that?

DON: No, but it was his letter that got me on Strike It Rich.

JACK: You're darned right.

BOB: Well, Jack...I guess it won't seem like much now...but ^{well} since today is Don's twentieth Anniversary with you...the boys in the band got something for him. ^{and} Here it is, Don.

DON: *oh* Gee, thanks, Bob.

JACK: What is it, Don, what is it?

DON: *Well, now Jack* Wait till I unwrap it.

JACK: *Okay? Boys in the orchestra, huh? Don: Yeah. Jack: Oh, gee.*
(SOUND: PACKAGE UNWRAPPING)

DON: Ohhh. Jack, look at this...a diamond-studded cigarette lighter.

BOB: *Boy,* I'm glad ^{that} you like it, Don. My musicians went through a lot of trouble to get it *for you.*

JACK: Well, Bob, that's a beautiful lighter your boys got for Don... But you'd think it would be wrapped a little better. Who did it?

BOB: The owner of the store.

JACK: The owner of the store! I could have wrapped it better than that.

BOB: Not with your hands up over your head.

JACK: ~~Bob~~...Bob, you mean the boys held up a jewelry store?

BOB: *Well,* It was an accident, ^{Jack, you see,} When they walked into the store, Remley had his guitar under his coat, ^{Jack: Uh huh.} the man thought it was a machine gun ~~he~~ threw up his hands and said, "Take anything ^{that} you want."

JACK: ~~Well,~~ That's still dishonest. Frankie should have opened his coat and showed the jeweler that it wasn't a gun.

BOB: *Oh,* Frankie did better than that. He took out the guitar, started to play and the guy said: "Look, you got what you want, stop torturing me!"

JACK: Well, that I can understand. ^{Bob, it was very nice of} Anyway, I ~~Oh, hello, Mary.~~ ^{your boys to bring Don that present.}

Bob: *Well he deserves it, Jack. after all, he took this program when it ~~ran~~ down & he started - - -*

Jack: *It wasn't down!*

MARY: Hello, Jack...I'm sorry I'm late, but I was baking this cake.
It's for Don Wilson's anniversary.

JACK: Oh

DON: That's very sweet of you, Mary. I appreciate it.

JACK: Say, there's some writing on the cake, too. Read it, Mary.

MARY: Okay...Ahem...To Don Wilson.

This cake is topped with chocolate cream

The middle is filled with jelly.

But, if you eat it all at once,

You'll get a pain in your stomach.

JACK: Mary, that's corny...and anyway "Stomach" doesn't rhyme
with "jelly."

MARY: Go argue with the censor.

JACK: Oh, yes, yes.

MARY: And, Don, I do want to congratulate you on this occasion.
You must be very proud.

DON: Oh, I am, Mary. It gives me great satisfaction to think
that twenty years ago I took this program when it was down
and by my---

JACK: IT WASN'T DOWN!....My program was always popular, and I can
prove it...Mary, what was my Hooper rating when I first went
in radio?

MARY: X, V, EYE.

JACK: X, V, I?

MARY: They were using Roman Numerals then.

Now look,

JACK: (~~MOCKING~~) ~~Roman Numerals, Roman Numerals~~...This show isn't five minutes old and already I'm aggravated.

DENNIS: That makes two of us.

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis...^{hello,} what's the matter with you?

DENNIS: I got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning.

JACK: So what?

DENNIS: I fell out the window.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: It's three stories...Boy, am I lucky I wasn't hurt.

JACK: (SARCASTIC) Oh, you landed on your head, ^{huh...} was that it, ^{was the} it, Dennis?

DENNIS: No, on the mailman's head.

JACK: Oh fine.

DENNIS: I guess he'll have to find himself a new job.

JACK: A new job, why?

DENNIS: ^{uh} Now he's too short to reach the mail boxes.

JACK: I don't know, Dennis...everybody else just goes along... why do these stupid things keep happening to you?

DENNIS: ^{uh} I guess it's because I got such a bad start in life. You know, I was an incubator baby.

JACK: An incubator baby? How much did you weigh?

DENNIS: Eleven pounds.

JACK: ~~Eleven pounds?~~ Dennis...if you were that big, why did they keep you in an incubator?

DENNIS: They were afraid to let my mother get her hands on me.

JACK: Well, what did your father have to say?

DENNIS: Nothing, he was hiding in there with me.

JACK: *Dennis*
Dennis, this is all very interesting...but why don't you
just sing now, and save the rest of your biography for
"This Is Your Life"?

DENNIS: I'd rather you got me on "Strike It Rich."

JACK: All right, *I'll do it some time,*
~~all right,~~ just sing. /

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(APPLAUSE) a

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "THAT'S AMORE")

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: That was Dennis Day singing "That's Amorey" with the Sportsmen Quartet...And fellows, if you don't mind, I'm dedicating that song to Don...You see, this is a special occasion today. It's Don Wilson's twentieth anniversary with me. And in honor of this, for our feature attraction tonight, we're going to do a special sketch based on the life

~~of~~
-

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: *Oh, please me,*
I'll get it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I'm in the middle of my show...what do you want?

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY WHO CAME BY HERE LAST WEEK?

JACK: Little old lady?

ROCH: YOU KNOW...THE ONE *that* ~~was~~ SOLD YOU THAT FIFTY CENT RAFFLE TICKET ON A COCKER SPANIEL.

JACK: Oh yes, now I remember.

ROCH: WELL, SHE'S BACK AGAIN.

JACK: Hmmm...What does she want this time?

ROCH: A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, SHE FELL DOWN YOUR STEPS.

JACK: Fell ~~down my~~---Rochester, she's suing me for a hundred thousand dollars?

ROCH: CHEER UP, BOSS, I GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, TOO.

JACK: What good news?

RU

ROCH: YOU WON THE DOG.

JACK: Rochester, who cares about the dog? I'm being sued for a hundred thousand dollars. Tell me, was the woman badly hurt?

ROCH: SHE CLAIMS SHE SPRAINED HER ANKLE.

JACK: Sprained her ankle? ^{Will, Roach - - -} Rochester, that's no grounds for a suit like that.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT I TOLD THE FOUR MEN WITH HER.

JACK: Four men? Are they lawyers?

ROCH: I THINK SO, THEIR NAMES ARE HABEAS, CORPUS, DELECTI, AND GEISLER.

JACK: Geisler! She just sprained her ankle, I didn't blacken her eye... And listen, Rochester, you tell them this is outrageous... nobody can collect a hundred thousand dollars for a sprained ankle.

ROCH: I DID, BUT THEY SAID THEY LOOKED THROUGH THE COURT RECORDS AND FOUND A PRECEDENT FOR IT.

JACK: What precedent?

ROCH: THE CASE OF JACK BENNY VERSUS THE STREETCAR COMPANY.

JACK: That was different... I didn't fall, the motorman threw me off... Now look, Rochester, don't admit anything and get in touch with my insurance man, I'm covered for things like this.

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: I'll see you later... goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE....OH, SAY, BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: WE JUST GOT A COPY OF PARADE MAGAZINE AND YOUR PICTURE IS ON THE COVER.

RU

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JACK: Parade Magazine? Oh yes, ^{yes} and my picture is in color, isn't it?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: How do my eyes look?

ROCH: GREEN.

JACK: Green?

ROCH: THERE'S A SPINACH AD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PAGE.

JACK: A spinach ad?

ROCH: WHEN YOU HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHT YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE PEEKING THROUGH A HEDGE.

JACK: All right, all right. I'll see it when I get home. Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Now where was I?...Oh yes, as I started to say...tonight for our feature attraction, we're going to do the story of Don Wilson's life.

DON: (MODEST) Oh, please, Jack. ^{this - really} this is embarrassing.

BOB: ~~Now~~ Don't ^{you,} be so modest, Don.

MARY: ~~Bob's right,~~ Den...you deserve it.

DENNIS: ^{Yeah} I'll say. After all, you took the show when it was down and ^{-you put it right}

JACK: It wasn't down!...And anyway, Dennis...that was twenty years ago and you were only eight at the time...so how would you know?

DENNIS: I had a radio in my incubator.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, incubator...Now come on...let's get on with it...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IN HONOR OF DON WILSON'S TWENTIETH YEAR ON MY PROGRAM...WE'RE GOING TO PRESENT A PLAY BASED ON HIS LIFE.... "THE DON WILSON STORY"...OR "LIFE CAN BE PLENTIFUL"CURTAIN....MUSIC....

(MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) OUR STORY OPENS IN DENVER, COLORADO, MANY YEARS AGO. THE STORK HAS JUST DELIVERED A PRECIOUS BUNDLE TO THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. DONALD C. WILSON, SENIOR...THE MOTHER HAPPILY WHISPERS TO THE FATHER.

LOIS: Darling, it's a boy.

JACK: (FILTER) AND THE PROUD FATHER SAID---

BOB: Yes, aren't we lucky...the stork brought us a boy.

JACK: (FILTER) AND THE STORK SAID---

MEL: (STORK VOICE) Oh, my aching back!

JACK: (FILTER) AS THE PROUD PARENTS LEANED OVER THE CRIB LOOKING AT THEIR NEWBORN SON, THE BABY SAID---

MEL: (CRIES VERY VERY SOFTLY)

JACK: THREE DAYS LATER HE SAID---

MEL: (CRIES LOUD...I want a roast beef sandwich...(CRIES)

JACK: (FILTER) HE WAS DEVELOPING SLOWLY...DURING THAT FIRST WEEK THREE NURSES QUIT BECAUSE THEY JUST COULDN'T STAND GIVING HIM HIS BOTTLE. IT WAS EXASPERATING...THE GRAVY WOULD ~~SLIP~~^{slip} THROUGH, BUT THE MASHED POTATOES WERE MURDER...BUT DONALD WAS A GOOD BOY...ALTHOUGH HIS PARENTS DID HAVE TROUBLE GETTING HIM TO SLEEP.

BOB: Now come on, Baby...come on. ^{it's} it's time for beddy bye.

MEL: (CRIES)

BOB: Now Baby, stop that.

MEL: (CRIES MORE)

BOB: Baby, stop.

MEL: (CRIES)

BOB: BABY, PUT ME DOWN!

RU

MEL: (STOPS CRYING)

LOIS: You better let me have him, dear.

BOB: Okay.

LOIS: Now Donald, close your little eyes and Mommy will sing you to sleep.

MEL: (GURGLES HAPPILY)

LOIS: (SINGS) Rockabye, baby, in the tree top.

When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.

If the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,

Down will come Donald, Denver and all...

ah Look dear, he's asleep.

JACK: (FILTER) WHEN DON WAS SIX YEARS OLD, THEY SENT HIM TO SCHOOL...THE TEACHER LOOKED UP AT HIM AND SAID---

JENNY: And now I'd like you children to recite the alphabet... Donald Wilson, you go first.

DON: (IN CHILD'S VOICE) A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, S, M, F, T.

JENNY: That's correct, Donald.

JACK: (FILTER) THE TEACHER USED TO WORK FOR THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, BUT LUCKIES PAID MORE. ~~2~~ YEARS PASSED QUICKLY

AND DON ENTERED COLLEGE...AND SINCE HIS BURNING AMBITION WAS TO BECOME A RADIO ANNOUNCER, HE MAJORED IN ELOCUTION.

DON: How...now...brown...cow...How...now...brown...cow.

JACK: (FILTER) ~~AND DON ALWAYS PAID STRICT ATTENTION TO WHAT HIS PROFESSORS TOLD HIM.~~ *the cow - and Don - and*

RU

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QUART: OH, DONNY BOY, YOU SOON WILL LEAVE THESE HALLOWED HALLS
 TO FACE THE WORLD AND ALL THE FUTURE BRINGS *future brings*
 BE NOT AFRAID BUT GO WHERE EVER DUTY CALLS
 WITH YOUR DEGREE OF IS MFT, OF MFT

MARTY: But remember, *Donny boy!* ~~Don~~, when you become an announcer and step
 up to the ~~the~~ microphone you've got to --

QUART: ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE
 ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE

and LATCH ON TO THE AFFIRMATIVE

DON'T MESS WITH MISTER INBETWEEN

YOU'VE GOT TO ENUNCIATE WITH CLARITY

rich words with familiarity,
and ADD ~~TO~~ YOUR POPULARITY

DON'T MESS WITH MISTER INBETWEEN

TO ILLUSTRATE OUR LAST REMARK

JONAH IN THE WHALE, NOAH IN THE ARK

WHAT DID THEY SAY, JUST WHEN EVERYTHING LOOKED SO DARK?

I SURE WOULD LIKE A LUCKY

YEAH, MAN; IT'S LUCKY STRIKE FOR ME

LIGHT UP, WE KNOW THAT YOU'LL AGREE

PUFF ON AN IS MFT

DON'T MESS WITH MISTER INBETWEEN

OH NO, DON'T MESS WITH MISTER INBETWEEN.

QUART: HOW..NOW..BROWN..COW
 HOW..NOW..BROWN..COW
 BETTER TASTE..YOU'LL AGREE
 IS MFT
 BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) DON WAS A BRILLIANT STUDENT AND HE GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE MAGNA CUM LARDY.....BUT THE NIGHT THAT HE WAS PACKING TO LEAVE THE CAMPUS, HE GOT AN EMERGENCY CALL. HIS FATHER HAD MET WITH AN ACCIDENT. DON DROPPED EVERYTHING AND RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL.

SANDRA: You may go in and see him now, Mr. Wilson.

DON: Thank you, nurse.

SANDRA: Oh..and don't stay too long. It was quite an accident...and ..well, your father's quite old now.

DON: *Yes,* I keep forgetting..I haven't seen him for years.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS IN CORRIDOR AND DOOR OPENS)

DON: (SOFTLY) Dad...Dad..

DENNIS: (AS OLD MAN) Howdy, Blubber.

DON: Dad..this accident...When did it happen?

DENNIS: This morning.

DON: Was it a car?

DENNIS: Nope.

DON: Was it a truck?

DENNIS: Nope.

DON: Was it a train?

DENNIS: Nope.

DON: Then how did it happen?

DENNIS: I fell on a mailman.

DON: Gosh, Dad..I *just* can't get over it.

DENNIS: What's that, son?

CB

DON: Well..I know it's been a long time since I've seen you...but I hardly recognized you. How come you look so different?

DENNIS: Because Bob Crosby can't play the part of an old man.

JACK: (FILTER) DON HAD MADE UP HIS MIND TO BE A RADIO ANNOUNCER. ~~IT WASN'T EASY FINDING A JOB, BUT HE NEVER STOPPED TRYING. HE WAS DRIVEN ON BY AMBITION, PERSISTENCE, TENACITY, AND GETSHER...THEY WERE HIS AGENTS...~~ ALTHOUGH DON DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME, OUR PATHS WERE ABOUT TO CROSS. I WAS DOING A SHOW THEN FOR THE ^{Universal} INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY, AND ONE DAY MY SPONSOR CALLED, SO I ~~PICKED UP MARY~~ AND WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS OFFICE.

Jack: See, my (SOUND: A FEW FOOTSTEPS)

~~MARY: Say, Jack, your sponsor really has a nice building here.~~

~~JACK: (REGULAR MERE)~~ ^{Remember my} ~~And he~~ certainly believes in advertising... look at that big Neon sign.. "THE ^{Universal} INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY"..And look at their slogan--"Gather unto you what is yours". *I better go in*

~~MARY: Well, there's no use standing out here, let's --~~

~~JACK: NOPE~~

~~MARY: JACK, GET AWAY FROM THOSE WINDOWS... Come on.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FEW FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: Here it is.~~

I (SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Uh, I beg your pardon, sir, but would you tell Mr. Willeby that Jack Benny is here to see him?

CB

MEL: Oh, Mr. Willaby's expecting you, Mr. Benny..Go right through that door.

JACK: Thank you..~~Just follow me, Benny.~~

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

LOIS: Yes?

JACK: Mr. Willaby, please.

LOIS: Oh, you're Mr. Benny..Mr. Willaby's expecting you. Go right through that door.

JACK: Thank you..~~Come on, Mary.~~

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JENNY: Yes?

JACK: Hmm..I'm here to see Mr. Willaby.

JENNY: Oh, you're Jack Benny.

JACK: Yes.

JENNY: Mr. Willaby's expecting you, go right through that door.

JACK: Thank you..~~Come on, Mary.~~

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

SANDRA: Yes?

JACK: Miss, I'm Jack Benny..Mr. Willaby^{is} expecting me.

SANDRA: Who's Mr. Willaby?

JACK: Look, Miss, isn't this the ^{Universal}~~International~~ Corset Company?

SANDRA: Yes.

JACK: Well, Mr. Willaby is the president.

SANDRA: Oh, you mean Poopsie!

JACK: Poopsie!

CB

ATX01 0184616

SANDRA: Yes...Go right through that door.

JACK: Oh, for-- Well, all right...~~Come on, Mary.~~

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Mr. Willaby?

NELSON: Yes, surprised?

JACK: Hm..Mr. Willaby, I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: *Yes* I know, I know...come right in.

~~JACK: I brought Miss Livingstone with me.~~

~~MARY: Hello, Mr. Willaby.~~

~~NELSON: Hm...Hm...~~

~~MARY: All right, so I'm not wearing an International Corset.~~

Thank you...
JACK: ~~Mary!~~..Now Mr. Willaby, what is it you wanted to see me about?

NELSON: Well, I hate to bother an artist of your stature with trifles, but a strange thing has happened since you've been broadcasting for us.

JACK: What's that?

NELSON: We've been losing money.

~~JACK: Losing money? But last week you said you had more orders than you can fill.~~

~~NELSON: I said we had more corsets than we can fill.~~

~~JACK: Oh.~~

NELSON: We've been selling corsets for fifteen years...and this is the first time the company is feeling the pinch.

~~JACK: Feeling the pinch...Ha ha ha...get it, Mary...feeling the pinch...Mr. Willaby, that's a very funny joke.~~

DH

NELSON: (HAPPY) You really think so?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: You're a worse comedian than I thought.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mr. Willaby, are you trying to insult me?

NELSON: OOOOOOOHH, AM I.

JACK: Hmm.

~~JACK:~~ ^{Jack:} Mr. Willaby, just what is your complaint about ~~Jack's~~ ^{my} program?

NELSON: I can't stand the way ~~he~~ ^{you} reads our commercials. I want ~~him~~ ^{you} to hire an announcer.

JACK: (FILTER) SO I STARTED AUDITIONING ANNOUNCERS...I TRIED VOICES, VOICES...ALL KINDS OF VOICES...DEEP ONES..HIGH ONES...SOFT ONES...LOUD ONES...

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) All right, Bud, you're next...Read this...
"THE ~~INTERNATIONAL~~ ^{Universal} CORSET COMPANY PRESENTS JACK BENNY....
Now, the show opens and you say ---

~~MEL:~~ (TWENTY FIVE) THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY PRESENTS JACK BENNY.

JACK: Never mind, never mind!

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

JACK: All right, sir, you try it...the show opens and you say --

~~MEL:~~ (BUGS BUNNY) THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY PRESENTS JACK BENNY.

JACK: That's not what I want!

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC, UP AND DOWN)

4 DH

~~JACK: All right, fellow, you're next, read this. The show opens and you say --~~

MEL: (PORKY PIG) THE INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY PRESENTS JACK BENNY.

JACK: NO NO NO NO NO!

MEL: (PORKY) T-t-t-t-that's all folks.

JACK: (FILTER) I AUDITIONED OVER FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE, BUT I WASN'T GETTING ANYPLACE... ~~THEY ALL SOUNDED LIKE MRS BENNY...~~ I WAS ^q ~~DESPERATE. I HAD TO GET AN ANNOUNCER...~~ IT WAS THEN THAT ~~THEY~~ ^{decided to} ~~SUGGEST I TRY~~ ^{my} ~~OUR~~ LUCK AT THE FAMOUS ACME ELOCUTION SCHOOL.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)
MARY: Here we are, Jack.
JACK: Come on, let's go in.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)
QUART: (IN UNISON)

A with a U is A-U, A-U
D with a U is D-U, D-U
U-D, U-D, U-A, U-A
G with a U is G-U, G-U
E with a U is E-U, E-U
A-U, E-U, G U, D-U.

HY: (NICE VOICE) Very good, ~~students, very good.~~

~~JACK: (ASIDE) Hey, Mary, what do you think of that Mr. Benny?~~

MARY: P with a U is P-U, P-U.

~~JACK: Oh, quiet.~~

DH

What?

HY: ~~Please, please, what's all this disturbance over here?~~

you see, I'm a big comedian and I couldn't resist the opportunity but I really am
JACK: Oh, I'm sorry if ~~we're intruding, but I'm Jack Benny, and~~
~~the~~ looking for a radio announcer.

HY: Well, you've come to the right place...Now let's see...In this class I have little Harry Von Zell, Billy Goodwin, Jimmy Wallington, and that fat one over there is Donald Wilson.

JACK: Donald Wilson. *See* I like that name, and he looks like he might be just right for my program.

HY: *Well* Certainly, Mr. Benny, I'll call him over....Oh Donald... Donald, this is Jack Benny.

JACK: How do you do.

DON: (IN RHYTHM) How with an H and an O and a U and an O and a D is a How do you do.

JACK: ~~Now~~. Now, Mr. Wilson, I'm considering you as an announcer for my program, and if you take the job, I hope everything turns out fine.

~~DON: I'm sure with an S and a U and an P with an S-U, S-U, I-U, I-I.~~

~~JACK: Huh?~~

~~HY: He said I'm sure it will.~~

~~JACK: Oh.~~

~~HY: Donald, class is over, and you can speak naturally.~~

DON: Thank you.

JACK: Er...Now about your salary, Mr. Wilson.

DON: Oh, I'm so anxious to get into radio, I'll work for my three meals a day.

DH

JACK: Well, I wasn't planning to go that high...Look, Mr. Wilson, money isn't everything .. and you said yourself that you were anxious to get into radio.

DON: I know, but ^{if} I'm not going to make a half way decent salary, why should I go on a show that's down?

JACK: IT'S NOT DOWN...How did that get in the script?

DON: It's in there because it happens to be true.

JACK: It is not.

DON: IT IS TOO.

JACK: IT IS NOT.

^{Don:}
~~MARY:~~ ^{Jack} JACK, YOU'RE RUINING THE WHOLE SCENE.

JACK: I DON'T CARE...MY SHOW WAS NEVER DOWN.

HY: IT WAS, TOO.

JACK: YOU STAY OUT OF THIS..

NELSON: DON'T PICK ON HIM, GREEN EYES.

JACK: WHAT?

SANDRA: THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, POOPSIE.

JACK: THAT DOES IT!

^{Don}
~~MARY:~~ ^{my. The story of my} JACK, LET'S GET BACK TO ~~THE~~ STORY, ~~OF DON NELSON'S~~ LIFE.

JACK: I DON'T CARE ABOUT ~~DON'S~~ LIFE. I'M SICK OF IT...I'M GOING HOME. GOODBYE.

MARY: JACK --

JACK: G WITH AN O WITH AN O WITH A D WITH A B - B - EYE. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

^{Don't this end in me. To Be...}
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DH

BIG BROTHERS

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, when a feller needs a friend..he needs a helping hand. And the hands of the BIG BROTHERS have helped thousands of growing boys to find the way to a useful life...Since the first BIG BROTHER movement was formed in 1904, to the many thousands of men who daily volunteer to help, I say congratulations for a job well done. If you are interested in being a BIG BROTHER to some needy boy...Write - BIG BROTHERS OF AMERICA - Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
JANUARY 10, 1954 (TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 7, 1954)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute...but first a word
from America's foremost authority on etiquette.
Miss Amy Vanderbilt.

AMY
VANDERBILT:
(Trans.) Some of my friends tell me that in my new book on
etiquette, I was a little hard on smoking. Actually I
was hard on smokers. At least, some smokers. I dislike
thoughtless smokers. You know, the man next to you at
the dinner table who holds his cigarette so that ^{the} smoke
drifts into your eyes. I like considerate smokers. For
instance, I like to know that my husband is considerate
enough to carry my brand of cigarette...Lucky Strike.
In smoking, as in etiquette, it is, after all, all a
matter of taste. I want a cigarette that tastes better
to me than any other. That's Lucky Strike.

WILSON:
(live) Friends, Amy Vanderbilt is right. Smoking enjoyment is
all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is,
Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. There
are two good reasons...first, they're made of fine
tobacco. The whole world knows -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco. Then -- Luckies are actually made
better to taste better...made round and firm and fully
packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. It all adds up
to real deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So take a
tip from me and be happy -- go Lucky -- next time ask for
a carton of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother
Lucky Strike, Lucky Strike

ATX01 0184623

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS.

MEL: (BARKS)

JACK: What's that?

ROCH: THAT'S THE COCKER SPANIEL YOU WON IN THE RAFFLE.

JACK: Oh, isn't he cute?

ROCH: YOU BETTER LIKE HIM A LOT, BOSS, HE MAY WIND UP COSTING YOU A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

JACK: Wait a minute, the woman that fell down was only suing me for a hundred thousand. What's the fifty thousand for?

ROCH: YOU'RE BEING SUED AGAIN, THE DOG JUST BIT SOMEBODY.

JACK: Oh, no!...Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

PROGRAM #19
REVISED SCRIPT

For Broadcast

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 13, 1954)

ATX01 0184625

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 17, 1954 (Transcribed Jan. 13, 1954)
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

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. How do you feel about it?
Isn't smoking enjoyment the main thing you want from
your cigarette? Well, just remember this. Smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Now, freshness is especially important -- and
you'll be glad to know that every pack of Lucky Strike
is extra tightly sealed to bring you Luckies' better
taste in all its natural freshness. Light up a Lucky
and see for yourself how much fresher, how much better
it does taste. Luckies just have to taste better. In
the first place they're made with fine tobacco ... fine,
naturally, mild, good-tasting tobacco. Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco. Secondly, Luckies are made better
-- made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely
and smoke evenly. All this means better taste.

(MORE)

MG

ATX01 0184626

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 17, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

WILSON: Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And
(CONT'D) the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. So be
happy -- go Lucky. Get better taste and get it fresh
with Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

MG

ATX01 0184627

(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, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER OF HIS TELEVISION PROGRAMS...WITH HIS GUEST STAR, LIBERACE...BUT MEANWHILE, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO LAST WEDNESDAY. AFTER REHEARSAL BOB, ^{Crosby} DENNIS, AND JACK DROPPED IN AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE FOR A BITE TO EAT.

(SOUND: LIGHT RESTAURANT NOISES)

JACK: Hey, fellows, our regular table over there is empty.

BOB: Yeah...come on, Dennis.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here we are.

DENNIS: I'll pull your chair out for you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis, you only pull a chair out for ladies to sit down.

DENNIS: Not when you're gonna pull it out as far as I am.

JACK: Never mind...sit down.

(SOUND: CHAIRS MOVED)

BOB: Jack, I meant to ask you. Why were you late for rehearsal this morning?

JACK: Oh, I was up in Mr. Ackerman's office..He's the head of C.B.S. Television on the West Coast.

BOB: I know.

JACK: And William Paley, the boss of the whole network is in town and they had a big meeting to go over the television set-up for next year.

ATX01 0184628

IRIS: Gee, that sounds important.

BOB: Did they have much to say?

JACK: I don't know...they kept their door closed...Anyway, I'm glad I wasn't in there because Mr. Paley was pretty mad.

BOB: What about?

JACK: His wife has been spending too much money on clothes.... You know, fellows, Mary used to win the award for being the best dressed woman until she came to work for me. Well, I'll get the waitress and we'll order...Oh Miss...Miss..

IRIS: What do you want, Mac?

JACK: Hmmm. We'd like to place our order.

IRIS: Okay...Here's the menu.

JACK: Thanks...Now let's see...I don't know what I want...Hmmm... I think I'll have the hash.

IRIS: The hash?

JACK: That's right.

IRIS: Okay...ONE ORDER OF LEFT-OVERS FOR A GAMBLER.

JACK: Never mind, waitress...cancel the order.

IRIS: THROW IT BACK IN THE PAIL.

JACK: Gee, ~~now~~ I don't know what to have...~~Waitress, what would you recommend on this menu?~~

~~IRIS: A black border.~~

~~JACK: Look, Miss --~~

IRIS: Hurry up, Mac, I ain't got all day.

JACK: *Now,* Don't rush me...~~and~~ what kind of a looking table is this, anyway? There's a half-lit cigarette in the ash tray.. there are fingerprints all over the plate..and there's lipstick on my water glass.

IRIS: What are you..a customer or Boston Blackie?

JACK: Now look. I don't want any of your sarcasm..just bring me a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee.

IRIS: Okay.

BOB: *Say,* I'll have the same and a glass of orange juice...And make sure ^{what} it's Minute Maid.

IRIS: Why does it have to be Minute Maid orange juice?

BOB: *Well,* I'm helping out a relative who's not doing too well.

~~JACK: Wait a minute, Bob, you have a relative who isn't doing too well?~~

~~BOB: Yeah, he's only been on television once.~~

JACK: Well, what do you know..All right, Dennis, what are you gonna have?

DENNIS: Let's see...I'll have the chopped liver, the mahtzah ball soup and the gefulte fish.

IRIS: Okay...ONE PAT O'BRIEN SPECIAL.

JACK: Dennis, what're you gonna have to drink?

DENNIS: *Oh,* I'll have a chocolate malted milk with five eggs in it.

JACK: Five? Dennis, how come you want so many eggs? ~~to eat?~~

DENNIS: I know a hen that's not doing too well.

JACK: Now cut that out...Miss, just get our orders.

IRIS: Okay.

(SOUND: RETREATING FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: *Say,* Jack, are you going up to Pebble Beach and play ^{my brother} in Bing's Pro-Amateur golf tournament?

JACK: *Oh,* I may, ^{Bob,} if my game keeps improving. I've been doing pretty well lately.

BOB: You here?

JACK: Yes. I played yesterday..I didn't have much time so I only played six holes...but when I quit, I was only one over par.

BOB: Say, that's good..six holes and only one over par.

JACK: Yes..par is 72, I had 73...I was a little off on my putting.

DENNIS: I think golf is a silly game.

JACK: Oh, you do, Dennis...Well, let me ask you something...If it's such a silly game, why are people like Ben Hogan, Sammy Sneed, Lloyd Mangrum, and Fred Wampler playing it?

DENNIS: Because they can't sing.

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ well, I'll show you how ridiculous that is, Dennis.. Bing Crosby is a good golfer and he's one of the greatest singers in the country.

DENNIS: Then how come he has to sell orange juice?

JACK: Oh, be quiet..I don't know why I get into these conversations with you before I eat.

IRIS: Here's your grub, fellows.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF DISHES AND SILVERWARE)

JACK: Thanks.

IRIS: And the boss sent this over with the compliments of the house.

(SOUND: POP LIKE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE OPENING)

JACK: Gee, a new bottle of ketchup...Isn't that nice!

IRIS: Do you want anything else?

JACK: No, that'll be all, Miss.

IRIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

CB

JACK: *Oh* She's a charming girl..I wonder how she'd look in an ermine bathing suit.

BOB: Hey fellows, *Why don't we* let's have some music while we eat..There's a juke box *right* over there.

JACK: *Oh* Swell..Anybody got change for a quarter?

BOB: *Well* I have.

JACK: Good, go put a nickel in.

BOB: Wait a minute, how about you putting a nickel in for a change?

JACK: ..Well..

DENNIS: Go ahead, Mr. Benny, put a nickel in.

JACK: But everyone in the store'll hear the record, won't they?

BOB: *Well* So what?

JACK: *Well* ~~It~~ *that* doesn't seem fair..why should I put in a nickel and a whole bunch of total strangers can listen to it?

BOB: What's the difference, Jack..Go ahead, be a sport.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Let's see..~~Say~~, *gee* here's the Bell Sisters latest record..there are two of them --But wait a minute...here's one by the Ink Spots..~~there's three of them..But here's one by the Mill Brothers..There are four of them..Boy, look at this...~~ the Fred Waring choir..now there's a buy.

DENNIS: (OFF) Say, Mr. Benny, one of my records is on it.

BOB: Yeah, *Jack* play that.

JACK: A solo?.....Well, okay...here goes.

(SOUND: NICKEL DROPPING IN SLOT)

(DENNIS'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

CB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-6-

JACK: *That's a - That's a record*
Say, that's a swell ~~song~~, Dennis, you'll have to do it
on the show sometime.

DENNIS: Yeah.

BOB: Well, let's get out of here, *huh?*

JACK: Okay...who gets the check this time?

BOB &
DENNIS: IT'S YOUR TURN

JACK: Oh, yes...Miss...Miss...I'll take the check.

IRIS: Here ya are.

JACK:Hhmmmmmmmm.

IRIS: WELL, PICK IT UP, IT AIN'T RADIO-ACTIVE.

JACK: *Pick it*
Don't be funny...Here...you can keep the change.

~~IRIS: Oh, boy, a quarter, now I can give Mrs. Paley competition.~~

~~JACK: Yeah, yeah.~~

~~BOB: Well, Jack, I'm gonna run along home ... I'll see you
later.~~

~~JACK: Okay.~~

HEARN: (OFF) (STRAIGHT) Telephone call for Jack Benny ...
Telephone call for Jack Benny.

JACK: *H,* Excuse me, fellows.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

HEARN: It's in that second booth.

JACK: *H,* Thank you.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS ... BOOTH DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hello.

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

(APPLAUSE)

MG

ATX01 0184633

JACK: Rochester, how did you know I was here at the drug store?

ROCH: I CALLED C.B.S., THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE OUT TO LUNCH AND I HAD A HUNCH IT WASN'T ROMANOFF'S.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ ... Well, what did you call me for, Rochester?

ROCH: I THOUGHT I ^WBETTER..YOU HAD A PHONE CALL FROM MISTER LIBERACE.

JACK: Oh yes ... he's going to be a guest on my television program. ... What did Liberace want?

ROCH: WELL...HE SAID HE KNEW IT WAS HIGHLY IRREGULAR...AND HE DOESN'T WANT ALL HIS SALARY IN ADVANCE--BUT WOULD YOU BE ABLE TO GIVE HIM A HUNDRED DOLLARS OF IT IMMEDIATELY.

JACK: A hundred dollars? --- I guess so, if it's urgent...what does he need the money for?

ROCH: TOOTHPASTE.

JACK: Okay, I'll give it to him ... And Rochester, when he plays the piano on my T.V. show, I'm going to play my violin... so you better get it ready.

ROCH: I DID, BOSS...I TOOK IT OUT OF THE CASE, AND ONE OF THE STRINGS IS BROKEN.

JACK: Well, I'll tell you what...Call the music store, have them send you a new string, and then send the bill to Lloyds of London.

ROCH: ...LLOYDS OF LONDON? ... DO THEY INSURE YOUR VIOLIN?

JACK: Yes, why?

ROCH: ANYTHING THAT MOANS LIKE THAT SHOULD HAVE BLUE CROSS.

JACK: Never mind...An way, I just thought of something. I have to pass the music store so I'll pick up the string myself.

MG

ATX01 0184634

*And that ain't all that's wrong with your violin.*⁸⁻

ROCH: ~~OKAY. .AND BY THE WAY BOSS, I'VE GOT SOME MORE BAD NEWS,~~

JACK: ~~What now?~~
What else

ROCH: ~~YOUR VIOLIN IS FULL OF TERMITES.~~
It

JACK: Termites in my violin...That's awful.. how can I get rid of them?

ROCH: PLAY IT--PLAY IT!

JACK: Never mind, I'll think of something...Goodbye,

ROCH: GOODBYE...OH SAY BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: THERE WERE A COUPLE OF OTHER MESSAGES...YOUR DENTIST AND YOUR BARBER CALLED.

JACK: What did they say?

ROCH: THEY'RE BOTH READY, YOU CAN PICK 'EM UP.

JACK: Okay, ~~okay~~. I'll see you when I get home..Goobye.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOD BYE

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN. FOUR LOUD THUMPS ON A FULL TELEPHONE COIN BOX)

JACK: Oh, I forget, he called me ... Well, I better go get that violin string.

(SOUND: BOOTH DOOR OPENS. FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Remley* Sorry it took so long, fellows, *Will* I'm going on to Beverly Hills. Anybody want a lift?

BOB: *Oh not me Jack, I think I might.* I've ~~got to~~ go back to the studio and run over a couple of numbers with the orchestra.

~~JACK: Oh, say Bob, I meant to ask you. I didn't see Remley with the band today. Where was he?~~

MG

ATX01 0184635

BOB: Well, he asked if he could have the day off. He wanted to go to the art museum.

JACK: Remley...Frank Remley...our Mr. Frank Remley...want to the art museum?

BOB: Yeah, he figured the cops would never look for him there.

JACK: Oh...Oh...Well, I'll see you later, Bob. So long.

BOB: So long.

DENNIS: Say, I want to go to Beverly Hills, too. Can I ride with you?

JACK: Sure, Dennis. Let's go. My car's across the street.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: JACK'S MAXWELL MOTOR RUNNING...FEW TOOTS OF LOUSY HORN)

JACK: It's a little cool out today...isn't it, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah...Say, Mr. Benny, can't we go a little bit faster?

JACK: What do you mean, faster...we're in Beverly Hills already and we've made every light.

DENNIS: That one on LaBrea changed three times before we got through it.

JACK: Well, that's a wide street...we made good time.

DENNIS: If you don't mind, I'll get off here.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS AND DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: See you later, I gotta get home.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis. If you wanted to go home, why did you come all the way out here to Beverly Hills? You live in the opposite direction.

DENNIS: I know, but this way I get a longer ride on the bus.

MG

ATX01 0184636

JACK: But Dennis, ~~if you~~ --

DENNIS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

~~JACK: Hmm.~~

(SOUND: CAR STARTS AWAY AND LOUSY HORN BEEPS)

JACK: *o* I can't understand Dennis...That kid drives me nuts...Maybe I ought to hire a singer who's a little more sensible...~~but~~ then if he had more sense, he'd want more money. That would drive me nuts, too...Eh, I'm better off the way I am...Well, there's the music store...Oh ^{oh-oh} here's a parking ~~space~~ ^{place}

(SOUND: LONG LONG LONG SCREECH OF BRAKES)

JACK: Gee, I'm lucky, here's one, too. ^{hell} I wonder if I can get ~~that space~~ in there...I'll have to back in.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP...SCRATCHING OF FENDERS AND SMALL CRASH)

JACK: What ~~the~~ ^{hell} Why don't you watch where you're going? It's reckless drivers like you who are a menace to the --

NELSON: Don't holler at me, it was your fault.

JACK: My fault!

NELSON: ^{Well} It must have been, I was parked.

JACK: What?

NELSON: You're the one who got chummy...I ought to have you arrested.

JACK: Oh, ^{well} now don't make a federal case out of this.

NELSON: Look at the way you scratched my car.

JACK: What are you complaining about? You put a dent in my fender.

NELSON: How can you tell?

DH

JACK: Oh, a smart aleck, eh? Well, for your information, I've never had an accident and I've been driving this car for twenty-five years.

You
NELSON: Bought it second-hand, eh?

JACK: What?

NELSON: The dealer's name is still on it ... "Honest Geronimo."

JACK: Well, I'm not gonna stay here and argue with you. I've got things to do.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, oh... *I forgot to* I've gotta put some money in the parking meter....

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hm, the ~~parking~~ meter says expired.... Let's see, I get *I got twelve* twelve minutes for a penny... ~~Now~~ It will take me about three minutes to walk to the store... and three minutes back.. That's six minutes... Five minutes to get waited on.. That's eleven ~~minutes~~... The store may be crowded so I better allow for another five minutes... That'll be sixteen minutes... ~~Ha...~~ Well, there's no use rushing, I'll put in two pennies.

(SOUND: CHANGE RATTLING)

~~JACK: Hmm...I've only got one penny and a nickel. Gee, if I put in the penny, I'll hardly have enough time and I'll really have to rush... But then if I put in the nickel, I'll have plenty of time but I'll be wasting about forty minutes... Oh, well, here goes.~~

~~(SOUND: COIN IN METER...FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)~~

(ON CUE -- TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DH

JACK: Well, I got my violin string...I'm sure glad it was the "A" string that broke..I'm always so embarrassed when I have to go into a store and ask for a G-string..

(HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM")

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...STOP)

JACK: Hm..Look at ~~the~~ headline on ~~that~~ newspaper. "ENTIRE EAST COVERED BY HEAVY BLIZZARD"....Gee, I feel sorry for the people back in New York. They have ten inches of snow. Here in Los Angeles all we had was some rain, sleet, hail, thunder, lightning, and an earthquake...All in fifteen minutes, too.

(Sings "Record") (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (~~HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM"~~)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS TWICE.. STOP)

Kel
JACK: ~~See~~, look what's playing here at the Warner's Theatre... "The Eddie Cantor Story"...I hear it's a swell picture...

~~the life of Eddie Cantor...I wonder how old Eddie is... He must be around sixty because he was thirty-nine two years ahead of me...Yeah, I guess about sixty..Oh, there's a picture of Eddie...Look at those eyes...He always looks like he just came out of a burlesque show...The picture must be doing good business. It opened Christmas day and it's still playing here...Sometime this week I'm gonna~~

come down here ~~and~~ ---

DON: (OFF) ~~See~~ *Kel*, JACK...JACK.

JACK: Huh? Oh, Don. *Don*..what're you doing here?

DON: *Well* The Sportsmen and I just came out of the theatre...We saw "The Eddie Cantor Story".

JACK: Oh ...hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMM.

JACK: *Amu* How did you like the picture, Don?

DON: ~~It was~~ *wonderful* Really wonderful, Jack. In fact, I liked it so much that on the way out of the theatre, I stopped and congratulated Cantor.

JACK: Eddie Cantor? Is he in there watching the picture now?

DON: He's been there since Christmas.

JACK: Well, what do you know.

DON: *I must tell you* Jack, I'm certainly glad I went in to see the picture, because it gave me an idea for a musical number the Quartet can do on the program.

JACK: Which one, Don?

DON: Sing it, fellows.

JACK: *Wait a minute* Wait a minute, Don...How can they sing ~~it~~ *out* here in front of the theatre without any musical accompaniment?

DON: *Will now* Don't worry about that, Jack. *and worry* That number comes ~~on~~ in the picture in exactly four seconds.

JACK: What?

DON: One..two...

JACK: Don-- *Jack: But then, out on the street.*

DON: Three. *1* four...There it goes.

Jack: But Don, out on the street! I don't want to be singing out on the street!

QUART: IF YOU KNEW SUSIE LIKE I KNOW SUSIE
OH, OH, OH WHAT A GIRL
THERE'S NONE SO CLASSY
AS THIS FAIR LASSIE
OH, OH, ^{Oh my goodness} ~~HOW MOSES~~, WHAT A CHASSIS
WE WENT RIDING, SHE DIDN'T BALK
BACK FROM YONKERS
I'M THE ONE THAT HAD TO WALK
IF YOU KNEW SUSIE LIKE I KNOW SUSIE
OH, OH, OH WHAT A GIRL.
IF YOU KNEW LUCKIES LIKE WE KNOW LUCKIES
OH, OH, OH, WHAT A SMOKE
LIKE OUR FRIEND EDDIE
YOU'LL SMOKE 'EM STEADY
OH, OH, PASS THOSE LUCKIES WE ARE READY
THEY TASTE BETTER, REALLY THEY DO
FRESH AND SMOOTHER
LUCKIES ARE THE SMOKE FOR YOU
THEY EVEN PLEASE SUSIE
AND SHE'S REAL CHOOSY
OH, OH WHAT A SMOKE.
THEY'RE MADE MUCH BETTER, TEAR AND COMPARE
SO MUCH CLEANER,
NOTHING BEATS 'EM ANYWHERE
JUST PUFF THAT LUCKY
ENJOY YOUR LUCKY
OH OH ~~OH~~ WHAT A SMOKE.

*Jack: He's embarrassing!
It's awful.*

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~I'm~~ glad I got away from Don and the quartet...~~It was~~
~~embarrassing~~..Imagine them singing out on the street like
that...I didn't mind them doing Eddie Cantor's song, but Don
looked so silly hopping around and clapping his hands...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here's my car...I might as well---Hey, what's that
on ~~the~~---Oh, for heavens sakes, a parking ticket...This is
ridiculous...I haven't been gone over twelve minutes...The
meter says expired, but there ^{sure} must be something wrong with
it...Well, they're not gonna get away with it...I'm going
to call the Beverly Hills Police Department and find out
about this...I'll go in this drug store.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: There's the phone booth.

(SOUND: BOOTH DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I wonder what the number is...I'll call information.

(SOUND: ONE COIN IN PHONE...DIALING 113...BUZZ...CLICK)

JENNY: Information.

JACK: Say, Miss, I want the number of the Police Department.

JENNY: The Los Angeles Police Department is Michigan 5211.

JACK: No no, Miss, I want the Beverly Hills Police Department.

JENNY: I'm sorry, that's an unlisted number.

JACK: Hmm...Well, thank you, anyway.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...COIN RETURNS)

JACK: Well, if I can't get them on the phone, I'll go over there.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

RU

JACK: Well, here it is...The Beverly Hills Police Station...What a swanky place...Gee, marble staircase...stained glass windows...^{the} and look what it says on ~~that~~ door..."Booking Department...Fingerprints by Appointment Only"...~~"Through These Portals, Pass the Richest Crooks in the World"~~...Well, here's the Traffic Bureau.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND OFFICE NOISES IN B. G.)

JACK: Miss, I'd like to--

SHIRLEY: Sit down, please.

JACK: Thank you. Miss, I'd like to--

SHIRLEY: You want to complain about a traffic ticket.

JACK: How did you know?

SHIRLEY: That tear in your eye ~~gave you away.~~

JACK: What?

SHIRLEY: ~~I always get the emotional ones.~~...Now before we go any farther, let me get your record out. What's your name?

JACK: Jack Benny. *oh*

SHIRLEY: Benny...Benny...here it is....Jack Benny...Say, we haven't gotten anything out of you for a long time....Hm, the last entry was twenty five years ago.

JACK: Twenty five years ago?

SHIRLEY: Yes, you were charged with Assault and Battery ^{by} ~~an~~ Honest Geronimo.

JACK: All right, all right.

SHIRLEY: Now let's see...I'll bring this card up to date.

JACK: ~~All right.~~ *Yeah*

SHIRLEY:at that time you lived at 366 N. Camden Drive.

RU

ATX01 0184643

JACK: It's still the same address.

SHIRLEY: I see...And your occupation was listed as comedian.

JACK: *hm-m* It's still the same.

SHIRLEY: Uh huh...and your weight was 160 pounds.

JACK: It's still ^{still} the same.

SHIRLEY: And your age was--

JACK: Still the same.

SHIRLEY: Hm..now let's see...color of eyes...oh yes, they're still blue...aren't they?

JACK: Well, frankly, I've never noticed...Now look, Miss----

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

SHIRLEY: One moment, please.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

SHIRLEY: Hello....Yes, Chief. That man was in and he paid his fine. *Yes*
Yes...That's right...fifty dollars...and he said it would never happen again...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: A fifty dollar fine? What was it for?

SHIRLEY:driving through Beverly Hills with the top down.

JACK: *Well* What's so terrible about going through Beverly Hills with the top down?

SHIRLEY: He was driving a garbage truck.

JACK: ~~Oh...eh~~...Now, Miss, about this ticket of mine...the only reason I'm complaining is that if decent, law-abiding citizens like myself are taken advantage of by the Beverly Hills police, it's gonna give our community a black eye. Now I happen to know that the meter where I was parked was definitely fast and I don't think it's fair to--

RU

ATX01 0184644

SHIRLEY *Now* Look, Mister, I can't settle this. If you want to see the judge, that's up to you.

JACK: Well, I do.

SHIRLEY *Will* Then you'll have to wait in ~~that~~ ^{the} next room with everybody else.

JACK: All right.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...LOUD MUMBLE OF VOICES)

JACK: Gee, what a bunch of characters...I better sit down and-- Hey, there's Remley...OH, FRANKIE..FRANKIE ^{Now = m} --- ~~oh~~, what's the matter with me...that's only his picture on the wall.. ~~If there was a reward, I'd tell them he's in the Art Museum.~~..Well, I might as well sit down...Er, pardon me, sir, would you mind if I sit next to you?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Not at all. In fact, I'd appreciate it.

JACK: Appreciate it? Why?

MEL: I'm a pickpocket.

JACK: A pickpocket!

MEL: *Oh* You got nuttin to worry about..You're the pin-it-to-your- underwear type if I ever saw one.

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: Tell me, chum, what did they nab you for?

JACK: Over parking.

MEL: Oh. Well, you'll like Judge Bailey. I was up before him last month for sentencing.

JACK: What did you get?

MEL: Thirty days, his watch, his gavel, and a pocket edition of the Kinsey Report.

RU

ATX01 0184645

JACK: You mean you spent thirty days in the Beverly Hills jail?

MEL: Oh, yeah...they had me in solitary.

JACK: ~~That~~ That must have been pretty ^{rough} rough.

MEL: You said it..nuthin' but bread and champagne.

JACK: Champagne?

MEL: Domestic.

JACK: Oh, that's awful.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

SHIRLEY: (OFF) Mr. Jack Benny..Mr. Jack Benny.

JACK: Yes, Miss.

SHIRLEY: You're next. Right this way to Judge Bailey's chambers.

JACK: Okay.

MEL: Good luck.

JACK: Thanks.

MEL: He keeps his wallet in the left ~~part~~ *parts* - - -

JACK: I don't care!

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Your Honor, I ordinarily don't make trouble, but *It like to*

NELSON: WELLLLLLL, IT'S YOU AGAIN! *protest* - - -

JACK: You..you're the judge?

NELSON: Who do you think I am in this black robe, Mandrake the Magician?

JACK: What?

NELSON: When you said, "Don't make a Federal case out of it", you were talking to the man who could.

JACK: But your honor, ~~It~~

RU

ATX01 0184646

NELSON: QUIET. I'm ready to pass sentence.

(SOUND: RAP OF GAVEL)

NELSON: That'll be fifty-two dollars.

JACK: Fifty-two dollars? Wait a minute, it's only two dollars for a parking ticket. What's the extra fifty dollars?

NELSON: You had your top down.

JACK: What's that got to do with it?

NELSON: You mean that thing isn't a garbage truck?

JACK: Garbage truck! Now wait a minute, your honor --

(MUSIC: STARTS)

JACK: I'M A CITIZEN OF BEVERLY HILLS..I'VE LIVED HERE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS..I'M A TAXPAYER..AND I KNOW MY RIGHTS.. I'M NOT GONNA PAY ANY FIFTY-TWO DOLLARS AND IF YOU TRY TO FINE ME THAT MUCH, I'M GONNA TAKE IT UP WITH --

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF UP FULL)

PACIFIC COAST

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at seven p.m. over the CBS network with my guest star, Liberace, but first, a word from the sweetheart of Lucky Strike....

NATIONAL

JACK: I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after ^{the} ~~this~~ program on the CBS network with my guest star, Liberace, but first, a word from the sweetheart of Lucky Strike...

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
JANUARY 17, 1954 (Transcribed Jan. 13, 1954)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-A-

COLLINS: (E.T.) This is Dorothy Collins. Hi everybody. Y'know, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And friends, the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better! One important reason for this is IS/MFT. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better. They're made round, and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly: Golly, that's the whole thing in a nut shell. Truly fine tobacco - in a better-made cigarette. That's the whole Lucky Strike story. That's why you can be sure ... sure every time you open a pack of Luckies ... that you'll enjoy a better-tasting smoke. For smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better - they're cleaner, fresher, smoother! Pick up a pack or two next time you buy cigarettes. Be happy -- go Lucky. You'll agree -- Luckies taste better!

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

MG

ATX01 0184648

(TAG)

as I mentioned before
JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I am going to have Liberace on my television show. And we're gonna try to get him to play the piano...And he's gonna try to get me to play the violin...This is going to be one of the most trying programs you've ever watched...But watch it, anyway.
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

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

The Jack Benny Program has been brought to you by Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco Company, America's Leading Manufacturers of Cigarettes.

PROGRAM #20
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED JAN. 14, 1954)

N
DH

ATX01 0184650

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
JANUARY 24, 1954 (Transcribed Jan. 14, 1954)

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

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. Let's take a good close look
at the subject of why you smoke cigarettes. Think it over
a minute and you'll agree that the main reason and probably
the only reason you smoke is simply that you enjoy it --
you like the taste of a cigarette. Sure -- smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is Luckies taste better. Luckies taste better --
cleaner, fresher, smoother for two very important reasons.
One is, LS/MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. The
tobacco in Luckies is fine, naturally mild, good-tasting.
Another reason for this better taste is that Luckies are
actually made better -- made round and firm and fully
packed to draw freely and smoke evenly.

(MORE)

DH

ATX01 0184651

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 24, 1954 (Trans. Jan. 14, 1954)
OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D.

WILSON:
(CONT'D) Fine tobacco in a better made cigarette gives you better
taste every single time. So if you go along with me that
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste, then be happy -
-- go Lucky ... because the fact of the matter is Luckies
taste better. Get a carton of Lucky Strike and see for
yourself.

SPORTSMEN Be happy -- go Lucky
QUARTET:
Long Close) Get better taste today.

DH

(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....MANY TIMES IN THE PAST I'VE OPENED THIS PROGRAM BY TAKING YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS...BUT TONIGHT, JUST FOR A CHANGE, LET'S ALL GO OUT TO MR. AND MRS. BOB CROSEY'S HOUSE, ON THE EDGE OF BEVERLY HILLS...

BOB: (SINGS FEW BARS) Many times...many times, I have wanted your kiss...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Many times, many times ---

SHIRLEY: Oh, Bob, Bob --

BOB: Yes, June?

SHIRLEY: You've been in the den here for an hour...what are you doing?

BOB: ^{oh just} Rehearsing some songs dear...I'm thinking of making another personal appearance.

SHIRLEY: Personal appearance...where?

BOB: Las Vegas.

SHIRLEY: Oh Bob, I wish you wouldn't...You remember what happened last time we were up there...you gambled every night and lost quite heavily.

DH

ATX01 0184653

BOB: I know.

SHIRLEY: Well, don't do it again, I miss the baby. ... But really, Bob, I'm serious. I wish you wouldn't play another personal appearance.

BOB: *Will* Why not, dear?

SHIRLEY: Well, you're so busy...you're on Mr. Benny's show every week...you play benefits...you make records, and you have your own T.V. show five days a week...You're never home any more.

BOB: *Oh* June, you're exaggerating.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: Oh, Mother....Mother?

SHIRLEY: Yes, dear?

HARRY: Can I go to the park and play ball?

SHIRLEY: Certainly.

HARRY: Okay, I'll be back in time for dinner....Say, Mom?

SHIRLEY: Yes, dear?

HARRY: Who's this guy, the plumber?

SHIRLEY:He's your father.

BOB: *Will* Certainly, I'm your father, don't you recognize me, Chris?

HARRY: I'm Steve.

BOB: Oh.

SHIRLEY: You run along, Steve...and be home in time for dinner.

HARRY: I will, goodbye, Mother...goodbye..Dad?

BOB: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DH

BOB: Gosh, he's grown ^{you know, honey}...I could have sworn he was Chris. .By the way, June, where is Chris?

SHIRLEY: Oh, he's playing with the trains your brother Bing gave him for Christmas.

BOB: Oh...Well, tell him I want to see him when he gets home from the Union Station.

SHIRLEY: I will.

BOB: You know, I can't understand Bing....Me he gives a necktie... my kid he gives the Superchief... ^{Best} ~~But~~ you know, June, I've ^{though... I think I'm} been thinking about what you said. ^{But} I'm going to forget about personal appearances, and spend more time at home.

SHIRLEY: Oh, I wish you would.

BOB: I will, and not only that....I think ^{-why don't} we'll have a dinner party here at home like we used to.

SHIRLEY: Oh, that would be wonderful....How about next Saturday night?

BOB ^{that's} Fine....^{All} we'll ^{all} invite ~~some~~ of the boys in my band and their wives....And you know what, June...I think we ought to invite Jack Benny, too.

SHIRLEY: You do?

BOB: ^{Why} Certainly.

SHIRLEY: But ^{Bob,} he's such an important man, and he's so busy ^{you}...you can't call and invite him to dinner on such short notice.

BOB: Well, I'm going to try, anyway.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP...DIALLING SIX NUMBERS....BUZZING SOUND)

DH

SHIRLEY: Bob, I think you're making a big mistake.

(SOUND: BUZZ OF PHONE)

BOB: *Now* Don't ^{for}worry, June -- I've got an idea...

(SOUND: BUZZ)

BOB: *Jack* We'll change the date of our dinner to fit Jack's convenience..

(SOUND: BUZZ...CLICK OF PHONE)

JACK: Hello.

BOB: Hello, Jack, this is Bob Crosby.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob.

BOB: Say, Jack...June and I would like to invite you to our house for dinner...^{not - will -}when would it be possible for you to come?

JACK: Oh, seven o'clock, seven-fifteen, seven-thirty...In fact, *2-* I can be over right now.

BOB: Well...we weren't thinking of tonight...we were thinking of some night this week...which would be the most convenient?

JACK: Oh, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday --

BOB: *Oh* You skipped Thursday.

JACK: *th-3* I baby sit that night.

BOB: Oh.

JACK: I used to do it for you, but you lost your kid in Las Vegas.

BOB: I know, I know *but*. Jack, how about coming over for dinner Saturday night?

DH

ATX01 0184656

-5- *you know,*

JACK: *oh, oh* Fine, Bob, *fine... say,* ...and after dinner we can have some fun. *you know,* ..play gin...or Scrabble.

BOB: *oh,* No thanks, *you* Jack....I'll never play Scrabble with you again after last Sunday's game...you're too tricky for me...I don't know how *you* you do it.

JACK: Do what?

BOB: Well, there are only two Y's in the game and yet you made the word "Money" eleven times.

JACK: Well, all right, we'll play something else....So long, see you Saturday.

BOB: So long, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye, Bob.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, it was nice of Bob to invite me over to his house for dinner....He's always doing things like that...having people over for dinner...taking them out to night clubs.. having parties...he's so generous...he ought to see a psychiatrist....Well, when Rochester comes home from shopping, I better tell him I won't be home for dinner Saturday night....Gee, he's been at that market a long time, ~~but then he had a long list.~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING...COMING.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DH

ATX01 0184657

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Come on in.

DENNIS: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I wasn't expecting you today, *Dennis...* anything wrong?

DENNIS: No, I just wanted to ask you a favor...could you lend me ten dollars?

JACK: Ten dollars? Yes, *2-* I guess so....what do you want it for?

DENNIS: I want to get myself tattooed.

JACK: Tattooed? Why?

DENNIS: Well, I was in the Navy during the war and yet nobody will believe I was a sailor.

JACK: Oh....Well, what are you going to have tattooed on you?

DENNIS: My uniform.

JACK: Well, that's *about* the silliest --- Look, kid, if you want something tattooed on you to show that you were in the Navy, why don't you have a life preserver --- or an anchor...or wait a minute, how about the Battleship Missouri.

DENNIS: No, my mother has that.

JACK: Your mother has *a* ~~the~~ battleship ~~Missouri~~ tattooed on her?

DENNIS: When she wears a corset, it looks like it's sinking.

JACK: *Hey, say...* ~~Wait~~...Wait a minute, kid, I've got a good idea...why don't you do what I did when I was in the Navy...have the American flag put on your arm.

DH

ATX01 0184658

DENNIS: Gee, I didn't know you had the American flag on you.

JACK: ~~Yes~~ I had it done the first day I joined the Navy...
Wait, I'll roll up my sleeve and show it to you....See?

DENNIS: Gee, only thirteen stars.

JACK: Yes, Dennis, only thirteen stars...but not for the reason
you think....I made the man stop because he was hurting me.

DENNIS: Then why did he put them in a circle?

JACK: Dennis, I don't want to get into any more discussions
with you....Now I'll make you a proposition.

DENNIS: What?

JACK: If I lend you the ten dollars, will you let me hear the
song you're going to do on next Sunday's program and leave
immediately?

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Okay....here's the ten dollars. *What song are you going to sing?*
My brand new RCA Victor Recording of "My Brother, Peter the Ukelele"

DENNIS: ~~Thanks...and after I sing, Mrs. Benny, I'm going to~~

JACK: *Okay, Let's hear it.*
~~Sh-sh, don't talk... just sing.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- POUR THE WINE)

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 0184659

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *Hey,* Dennis, *because that's a wonderful song you recorded, Dennis.* ~~that song~~ should sound swell on the program... *Oh thanks!*

now go get yourself tattooed.

DENNIS: Okay. ~~say,~~ Mr. Benny, *you know* you know what I think I'll do?...
I'll have them tattoo a --

JACK: Dennis, ~~look,~~ you promised me if I lent you the ten dollars, you wouldn't say anything. You'd just go.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Okay then, go.

DENNIS: All right...Goodbye.

JACK: ~~Goodbye.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JACK: *You know* That Dennis gets ~~worse~~ *sillier sillier* and ~~worse~~ every day...I don't know how I've stood him all these years...But it's my own fault..I should have known when I first saw him there was something wrong with him...What other man wears a size three hat. *I don't know,* Sometimes I think --

ROCH: (OFF) MR. BENNY, I'M BACK FROM THE MARKET.

JACK: Good.

ROCH: I'M IN THE KITCHEN PUTTING THE THINGS AWAY.

JACK: I'll come in and help you.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *Hey,* What took you so long, Rochester?

ROCH: WELL, I HAD A LOT OF THINGS TO DO...YOU KNOW, I TOOK ALL ~~OF OUR~~ HAMBURGER OUT OF THE FREEZER AND SOLD IT AND BOUGHT THIRTY-SIX QUARTS OF MILK.

JACK: Why did you do that?

ROCH: BEEF WENT UP, MILK WENT DOWN. I'M PLAYING THE MARKET.

JACK: ~~What?~~

ROCH: REMEMBER IN 1929 WHEN WE GOT STUCK WITH ALL THAT CHILI
CON CARNE I BOUGHT ON MARGIN?

JACK: Yeah, we ate that stuff till we were both speaking
Spanish...Here, I'll help you put the groceries away.

ROCH: SI, SENOR.

JACK: Say, Rochester...what's this?

ROCH: A HEAD OF LETTUCE.

JACK: How can this be lettuce, it's pure white.

ROCH: THE FAD IS OVER, THEY'RE TAKING CHLOROPHYLL OUT OF
EVERYTHING.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: BUT I GOT YOU SOME ANTI-ENZYME CARROTS.

JACK: Good, I like to be up with the times...Now these go
into the vegetable bin.

(SOUND: DRAWER OPENS..STUFF BEING PUT IN...
DRAWER CLOSSES)

JACK: There, that does it.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, MR. BENNY.. I GOT A JAR OF THAT NEW INSTANT
COFFEE...I THOUGHT WE OUGHT TO TRY IT OUT.

JACK: Instant coffee?

ROCH: YEAH, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ADD HOT WATER.

JACK: Why did you get that?

ROCH: BOSS, THINK OF THE TIME IT'LL SAVE US WHEN THE GREYHOUND
BUS STOPS HERE.

JACK: Yeah, I guess so.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, MR. BENNY, ARE YOU GOING OUT TONIGHT?

JACK: No, I think I'll stay home and practice my violin....

ROCH: *Your violin? Oh, boss, come now.*

-10-

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, THEY'VE GOT A WONDERFUL MOVIE PLAYING AT...
AT...AT...

JACK: At where?

ROCH: ANYWHERE, JUST GO.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Rochester, what's wrong with the way
I play my violin?

ROCH: WHAT WAS THAT?

JACK: I said, what's wrong with the way I play my violin?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU KEEP THROWING ME QUESTIONS LIKE THAT AND YOU
WON'T NEED ANY WRITERS.

JACK: All right, all right...I'll wait till you get out of the
house..Meanwhile I'm going in the den and read for awhile.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JACK: Gee, I haven't read a book in a long time...Let's see
what's here...~~"The High and The Mighty" by Ernest Cann...~~
~~"Look Who's Abroad Now" by Earl Wilson..I read them both,~~
~~they're good books..Let's see what else..~~"Vaudeville" by
Joe Laurie, Jr..~~"The Sea Around Us".."Battle Cry"...~~
~~"Luckies Taste Better" by Arthur Godfrey.. Here's a copy~~
of "The Theory of Relativity" by Albert Einstein...Oh, I
read that...I remember it has four hundred and ninety-six
pages...Those numbers were the only thing I understood.
~~See,~~ Here's ^{a book} ~~one~~ I haven't read.."One Hundred Famous Poems"
..Gee, I haven't read poetry in a long time..I think I'll
read this.

(SOUND: BOOK TAKEN FROM SHELF..COUPLE

FOOTSTEPS...MAN SITTING IN CHAIR)

ATX01 0184662

JACK: ~~Now~~....Let's see....Gee, they have some wonderful poems
in this book..."~~The~~ Charge of the Light Brigade"....
"Hiawatha"... "The Wreck of the Hesperus"... "Gunga Din"...
"There Was An Old Lady From --" woops, somebody
pencilled that in...Oh, here's one of my favorite poems,
~~and~~ I haven't read it in years..."The Shooting of Dan
McGrew"...I think I'll read that..."The Shooting of Dan
McGrew" by Robert W. Service.

(MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) (WESTERN)
A BUNCH OF THE BOYS WERE WHOOPING IT UP
IN THE MALAMUTE SALOON
THE KID THAT HANDLES THE MUSIC BOX
WAS HITTING A JAG TIME TUNE.

(TINNY PIANO PLAYS SALOON SONG FOR FEW BARS AND FADES OUT)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) (WESTERN) Hey Bartender...Bartender....
(SOUND: SLAPPING ON BAR)

JACK: BARTENDER!

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Ah want a drink of whiskey.

MEL: Okay...how much whiskey do you want?

JACK: About three fingers.

MEL: Here you are.

(SOUND: POURING)

JACK: Ahh, gimme another drink.

MEL: How much this time?

JACK: ~~h,~~ About four fingers.

MEL: Okay.

(SOUND: LITTLE LONGER POURING)

MEL: There you are..four fingers of whiskey.

JACK: Aahhhh.

MEL: You know, Mister, you're the first man I ever saw drink out of a glove.

JACK: I always do. I'm the only man in Alaska that's got a hangnail with a hangover...Doggone...I've been trapped in this saloon for eight days by that darned blizzard.... How much longer do you think it will last?

MEL: I don't know.

JACK: Well, I'm gonna take a look outside and see how the weather is.

(SOUND: EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR THE DAMNEDEST STORM WITH WINDS HOWLING LIKE CRAZY...ON CUE, THE DOOR CLOSES AND SOUND OUT...EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BACK)

MEL: How is it outside?

JACK: Cloudy...Look, Bartender, being stuck in a place like this for eight days can drive a guy nuts...I ~~too~~ got to have a little excitement..~~SEE~~ Tell you what..I'll bet you five dollars I can shoot those three glasses off the top shelf in three shots.

MEL: Five dollars says you can't.

JACK: It's a bet...Stand back, everybody.

(SOUND: SHOT...GLASS CRASH)

JACK: There's one.

(SOUND: SHOT..GLASS CRASH)

JACK: There's two.

(SOUND: SHOT)

MEL: (PAUSE) You lost.

JACK: No, I didn't.

MEL: I've got twenty dollars more that says you did.

JACK: It's a bet.

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: That slow bullet has made me a fortune...Anybody else want to bet?

(BAGBY STARTS SAME SONG ON LOUSY PIANO)

JACK: Hey, you at the piano.

(BAGBY STOPS)

JACK: Don't you know any other ^{music?} ~~songs?~~

MEL: Nah, he's iggerant...But those ~~four~~ ^{four} fur trappers in the corner...~~they can sing some songs.~~

MEL: Those four

(Jack at the same time): You must have had five fingers yourself.

MEL: I say, those four fur trappers in the corner, they can sing some songs.

JACK: Well, let's hear some.

MEL: I don't think you'll understand them...They're French Canadians and speak very little English.

JACK: What's their names?

MEL: Pierre, Alphonse, Gaston and Remley.

JACK: Frankie Remley? What's he doing up here?

MEL: He came up here to hunt.

JACK: What's he hunting?

MEL: Them dogs with the brandy around their necks.

JACK: What?

MEL: They don't always find you, you know.

JACK: Well, let's hear them sing a song.

MEL: Okay...take it fellows.

(INTRO)

QUART: ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA
ALOUETTE JET'Y PLUMERAI
ALOUETTE LIGHT A CIGARETTA
LUCKY STRIKE
JE SAIS TRES BON JO'LE
JET'Y PLUMERAI LA TET
LIGHT A LUCKY ALOUETTE
JET'Y PLUMERAI LA TET
LIGHT A LUCKY ALOUETTE
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE CIGARETTE CIGARETTE AH
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTA
MADE OF FINE TOBACCO OOH LA LA
ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA
WROTE A LETTER TO HER DEAR PAPA
HERE IS WHAT ZE LETTER SAY
"SEND MORE LUCKIES RIGHT AWAY"
SONAMAGUN THE ESKIMO
ZAY SMOKE LUCKIES TOO, YOU KNOW
ESKIMO, ESKIMO, SMOKE YOU KNOW, SMOKE YOU KNOW
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE CIGARETTE CIGARETTE
ZAY ALL LIGHT, ZEY ALL LIGHT
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE - AH --
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTE
SHE IS JUST AS HAPPY AS CAN BE
WITH HER LUCKIES, MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
LSMF, LSMFT
LIVING MID ZE ICE AND SNOW
WE'RE ^{so} VERY GLAD TO KNOW

(MORE)

ATX01 0184666

QUART:
(CONT'D)

SHE'S AS HAPPY AS CAN BE
WITH AN LSMPT, MPT, MPT,
WE AGREE, WE AGREE
ESKIMO, ESKIMO, SMOKE YOU KNOW, SMOKE YOU KNOW,
ALOUETTE ALOUETTA
CIGARETTE, CIGARETTE,
THEY ALL LIKE, THEY ALL LIKE
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE, AH
ALOUETTA, PUFF HER CIGARETTE
THROUGH ZE LONG AND LONESOME ARTIC NIGHTS
IN THE NORTH SO MANY
LIGHT UP LUCKIES
THAT'S WHAT MAKE ZE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

MEL: *Well,* How did you like the song?

JACK: That was c'est si good.

MEL: Hey, look, Mister..the blizzard is letting up.

JACK: Yesh..Well, I think I'll get going...Where's my
pardner..^{Hey}WILSON..WILSON.

DON: (COMING IN) Here I am.

JACK: Come on, we're going up North to find gold..gold, do
you hear me, gold.

DON: (VERY DRAMATIC) Just a minute, Pardner. Don't risk
your life out there in ~~these~~^{these} icy wastes looking for gold...
what is gold? Can you eat it? Can you drink it?
Gold is only money, and money will only bring you
unhappiness, misery and sorrow.

JACK: (LOOKS AT AUDIENCE) Would you mind repeating that?

DON: Money will only bring you unhappiness, misery, and
sorrow.

JACK: This boy is not only fat but he's stupid...Now come
on, let's get the dogs ready and the sled ... we're
going.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...WIND AND STORM NOISES
UP AND DOWN)

RM

ATX01 0184668

JACK: (FILTER) WERE YOU EVER OUT IN THE GREAT ALONE,
WHEN THE MOON WAS AWFUL CLEAR
AND THE ICY MOUNTAINS HEMMED YOU IN
WITH A SILENCE YOU COULD HEAR.
WITH ONLY THE HOWL OF A TIMBER WOLF,
AND YOU CAMPED THERE IN THE COLD,
A HALF DEAD THING IN A STARK DEAD WORLD,
CLEAN MAD FOR THE MUCK CALLED GOLD.

(SOUND: WIND AND STORM SOUNDS FOLLOWED BY DOG SLED
NOISES...SLED GOING...DOG BARKING...WHIP CRACKING...
SOUNDS OUT, BUT SUSTAIN SLIGHTLY IN BACKGROUND THE
WIND AND SLED NOISES)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) We're going mighty slow, ^{Wilson} and it's ^{all} your
fault, ~~Wilson~~. I took you on as a pardner because I was
a greenhorn...you told me you knew everything about the
Yukon...You told me you knew how to handle these dog
teams and sleds.

DON: Of course I do ... what makes you think I don't?

JACK: Well...I have a feeling the dogs should be pulling the
sled and we should be riding...I'm sure of it.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRACK OF WHIP)

JACK: And that cocker spaniel with the whip is murder...~~if he~~ ^{That dog.}
yells "Mush" at me once more, there's gonna be trouble.

DON: Gee, I can't stand this ~~any~~ ^{no} more...Three weeks we been
travelling through these frozen wastes...I wish I ~~was~~---

JACK: Hey ~~look~~, ^{here comes} there's a man....an Eskimo.

DON: ^{He} Yesh, I'll go and talk to him.

JACK: ~~It~~ won't do any good, these Eskimos don't talk any
English.

DON: I know, but I talk Eskimo...I'll say hello to him...
Hey Comperi.

JACK: That's Eskimo?

DON: Look, he's coming toward us...and he's carrying food.

JACK: Yesh...maybe he'll give us some, Blubber....I mean maybe
he'll give us some blubber...^{Hey!} ~~See~~, he wants to talk to us.

BOB: Ooooooggie oogie was was Maggshoo Maggshee.

JACK: What did he say, what did he say?

DON: He says ~~that~~ his name is Mighty Hunter and he's Chief
of an Eskimo tribe.

JACK: Oh...Ask him if he'll be our guide and lead us to the
gold.

DON: Moogle Mowgli Unga Takarra Igloo. Mersboo Oogie Glub

JACK: Neggi Kooch Teega?
Three of my writers must come from Besano Beach.

BOB: Nuggi nuggi tehken.

DON: He says he can't be our guide, he ^{got} ~~has~~ something else
to do.

JACK: Ask him what.

DON: Oogie toole naggerra?

BOB: Takke loogi moogie pepoose nunga was was.

~~JACK:~~ *What'd he say?*
DON: He's gotta go ^{and} to Las Vegas ~~to~~ pick up his kid.

JACK: Oh....well, let's go on by ourselves...Goodbye, Eskimo.

BOB: Goodbye, and don't forget dinner Saturday night.

JACK: I won't ... Come on, let's go...

(SOUND: SNAP OF WHIP)

MEL: ^{3 times} (BARKS ~~THREE~~) MUSH.

JACK: I'm pulling it, I'm pulling it...

(SOUND: WIND, DOGS, SLED GOING)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE, WILSON..LOOK..LOOK AT THE SIDE OF THAT MOUNTAIN...WE'VE FOUND IT .. A VEIN OF PURE GOLD..DO YOU HEAR ME, WILSON..LOOK AT IT..PURE GOLD..OH BOY, AM I UNHAPPY, MISERABLE AND SORRY!..... Come on, Wilson, let's dig that gold and go back to the saloon.

(SOUND: WIND AND STORM UP AND DOWN)

JACK: (FILTER) BACK OF THE BAR, IN A SOLO GAME
SAT DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW
AND WATCHING HIS LUCK WAS HIS LIGHT-O-LOVE
THE LADY THAT'S KNOWN AS LOU.
WHEN OUT OF THE NIGHT WHICH WAS FIFTY BELOW
AND INTO THE DIN AND GLARE
THERE STUMBLED A MINER FRESH FROM THE CREEKS
DOG DIRTY AND LOADED FOR BEAR.

(SOUND: SLAPPING OF BAR TWICE)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Okay, Bartender...I've struck it rich...Set up drinks for everybody.

VEOLA: Does that include me, Handsome?

JACK: ~~My, certainly~~ ^{Sure} it does, Lou. I came right back here after finding the gold just to see you.

VEOLA: Well, the minute I heard you ^{was} ~~were~~ coming, I hurried home and got into this new dress.

JACK: You ~~really~~ must have been in a hurry. ~~because~~ ^{because} you didn't get all the way into it ... But Lou, I ~~got~~ got presents for you now that I'm rich...I ~~got~~ got diamonds and ermine furs, a '54 convertible, a platinum mine, jewels, and a yacht for you.

MG

RTX01 0184671

VEOLA: Oh, darling.

JACK: Just call me Santa Baby. *Come here, honey...*

VEOLA: Oh, you're so wonderful. Kiss me.

~~JACK: Okay.~~

(VEOLA AND JACK GO INTO A NICE LONG KISSING CLINCH)

JACK: ... Well, after that kiss I won't need my dogs or my sled any more.

VEOLA: Why not?

JACK: There ain't no more snow between here and the North Pole... Gimme another kiss, Lou.

VEOLA: Sure, I'll ^{*honey*} wait a minute, be careful... here comes Dangerous Dan McGrew.

(MUSICAL STINGER)

DENNIS: Lou, come here a minute.

VEOLA: Yes, Dan.

DENNIS: Didn't I see you kissing this stranger a minute ago?

JACK: Yes, you did ^{*hey he sounds dangerous...*} what about it?

DENNIS: Do you know what I do to guys I catch kissing my gal?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I cut off their heads and hang them up by their hair.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I'll have to think of something different for you.

JACK: Oh, I ain't scared.. Now listen to me, Dan McGrew, Lou is my gal and I'm taking her with me.

DENNIS: Oh no you're not ... draw your gun.

VEOLA: (FRIGHTENED) Don't ^{*don't*} fight, boys... please.

JACK: Get out of the way, Lou... I'm ready, Dan.

MG

ATX01 0184672

JACK: (FILTER) THEN I REACHED FOR MY ROD AND THE LIGHTS WENT
OUT AND TWO GUNS BLAZED IN THE DARK.

(SOUND: TWO SHOTS)

JACK: (FILTER) THEN A WOMAN SCREAMED AND THE LIGHTS WENT UP
AND TWO MEN LAY STIFF AND STARK.

MEL: ~~Good~~bye, Stiff.

DENNIS: (STRAIGHT VOICE) So long, Stark.

JACK: (FILTER) PITCHED ON HIS HEAD AND PUMPED FULL OF LEAD
WAS DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW
WHILE THE MAN FROM THE CREEKS LAY CLUTCHED
IN THE ARMS OF THE LADY THAT'S KNOWN AS LOU.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

MG

RTX01 0184673

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
JANUARY 24, 1954 (Transcribed Jan. 14, 1954)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, a word
(Live) from one of the world's funniest men of letters, America's
comic poet Laureate ... Ogden Nash.

NASH: Somebody once went through my poems and made a list of the
(Trans.) things I dislike. ^{It's a pretty long list, too.} ~~Let's see~~ they said, parsley,
~~cocktail gadgets, practical jokers. Makes me sound like~~
~~a pretty mean cuss.~~ ^{However,} In the list of things, I like, ^{they said} ~~it~~
~~just says here,~~ "He likes good eating". ^{I like good eating} Of course, I like
good anything ... good fun, ~~good eating~~, good smoking.
Naturally, I smoke Luckies. I wouldn't be here if I
didn't. If you should ask me why I smoke 'em, all I could
answer would be ... it's because of their taste. Somehow,
they just taste better. To put it poetically ...
I hope I'm not a crank, but I've got one foible,
I don't enjoy anything unless it's enjoyable.
~~I don't happen to go for psychoanalysis,~~
~~But I've made my own Lucky Strike o-analysis~~
I'm pernickety about what I like,
And for thirty years I've smoked Lucky Strike.

(MORE)

Y DH

ATX01 0184674

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 24, 1954 (Trans. Jan. 14, 1954)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL CONT'D.

WILSON: We agree with Ogden Nash about smoking enjoyment. It's all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. For two good reasons ... first LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better to draw freely and smoke evenly ... that, too, means better taste for you. So be happy -- go Lucky. Pick up a carton and prove to yourself that Luckies taste better.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

Y
DH

ATX01 0184675

(TAG)

-22-

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: ARE YOU FINISHED READING, BOSS?

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: WANT ME TO FIX YOU SOME LUNCH?

JACK: Yes...I think I'll have a ham sandwich and a glass of milk.

ROCH: SORRY, BOSS, WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY MILK.

JACK: What are you talking about, you just bought thirty-six quarts this morning.

ROCH: I CONVERTED THAT TO 60 CANS OF HOT CHICKEN SOUP.

JACK: Hot chicken soup?

ROCH: THERE WAS A FIRE SALE AT THE DELICATESSEN.

JACK: Oh..well, I'll have a ham sandwich and a coke...

Was a little late, so Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny Program was written by Sam Ferrin, Milt Josepsberg, George Bulzer, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

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

MG

ATX01 0184676

PROGRAM #21
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 28, 1954)

EC

ATX01 0184677

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #21

7:00-7:30 PM EST

JANUARY 31, 1954

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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, you know, I have a bit
of news that I think will be of interest to just about
everyone who smokes. In 1952 a survey was made of
smokers in leading colleges. It showed that those smokers
preferred Luckies to any other cigarette. Well, last year
another survey was made. It was nation-wide, supervised
by college professors, and representative of all
students in regular colleges from coast to coast.
Based on thirty-one thousand actual student interviews,
this survey shows that Luckies lead again! Lead over all
other brands -- regular or king size.

(MORE)

BA

ATX01 0184678

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 31, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

WILSON: And by a wide margin. The Number One reason for smoking
(CONT'D) Luckies was again -- Luckies' better taste. Now,
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is --- Luckies taste better. Taste better
because Luckies are made of fine tobacco. And, they're
actually made better to taste better. So for a
better-tasting cigarette, next time ask for a carton of
Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BA

ATX01 0184679

(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...LAST NIGHT WAS A BIG NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD..THE OCCASION WAS A SPECIAL SHOWING OF SAM GOLDWYN'S ACADEMY AWARD WINNING CLASSIC, "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES" WHICH IS CURRENTLY BEING RE-ISSUED... NATURALLY ALL THE IMPORTANT STARS IN HOLLYWOOD RECEIVED INVITATIONS TO ATTEND THIS GALA AFFAIR..AND WHILE ALL THIS WAS GOING ON, WHERE WAS OUR LITTLE STAR?

JACK: Rochester, hand me my pajamas, I'm going to bed.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, BOSS.

JACK: No, no, my woolen ones..the nights are awfully cold.

ROCH: I KNOW IT'S COLD..BUT YOU'VE ALREADY GOT THREE COMFORTERS, TWO QUILTS, AN AFGHAN, AND FOUR ELECTRIC BLANKETS WITH A DIRECT LINE TO BOULDER DAM.

JACK: Never mind, just turn out the light and I'll go to sleep.

ROCH: DON'T YOU WANT ME TO READ TO YOU LIKE I ALWAYS DO?

JACK: Well, yes...Pick up one of those trade papers..either the Variety or the Reporter or the Wall Street Journal.

ROCH: OKAY, I'LL READ VARIETY.

Jack: *Cray* (SOUND: NEWSPAPER OPENING)

ROCH: NOW LET'S SEE..SAY BOSS, ~~████~~. LOOK WHAT IT SAYS.

JACK: What?

EC

ROCH: TONIGHT AT THE ACADEMY THEATRE THERE WILL BE A SPECIAL SHOWING OF SAM GOLDWYN'S "BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES."

JACK: I know, I know. *It's a re-issue. I know.*

ROCH: IT SAYS ALL THE BIG STARS IN HOLLYWOOD HAVE BEEN INVITED TO ATTEND.

JACK: *Yes* I know.

ROCH: DIDN'T THEY MAIL YOU AN INVITATION?

JACK: ...Well...frankly, I don't know whether they did or not... I didn't even bother looking.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW.

JACK: What?

ROCH: THIS MORNING WHEN THE MAILMAN CAME BY, YOU GRABBED HIS BAG AND WENT THROUGH IT LIKE AN OCTOPUS WITH A MIXMASTER IN EACH HAND.

JACK: I was looking for a reply from Dorothy Dix......Anyway, who wants to go to those special Hollywood showings...You always see the same people..Lauren Bacall will be there with Humphrey Bogart...June Allyson will be there with Dick Powell...Zsa Zsa Gabor will be there with Jerry Geisler...Eh, I'm glad I'm not going...But gee, I've known Sam Goldwyn so long, I can't understand why he didn't invite me.

ROCH: YEAH, HE CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU..YOU NEVER MADE A PICTURE FOR HIM.

JACK: Yeah.

~~ROCH: MAYBE HE SIGNED A NON-AGRESSION PACT WITH THE WARNER BROTHERS.~~

~~JACK: Well, I don't care what he did..A fine way to treat me.~~

EC

ATX01 0184681

ROCH: ~~BOSS, DON'T AGGRAVATE YOURSELF.~~

JACK: ~~I'm not aggrivated, Rochester.~~ ..But let me tell you something..If I got a phone call right now inviting me, I wouldn't even --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it, I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

4

JACK: (VERY SWEET) Hellooooo.

MEL: Is this Sam's Meat Market?

JACK: No, it isn't.

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)

ROCH: WHO WAS IT, BOSS?

JACK: Some guy wanted Sam's Meat Market.

ROCH: SAM'S MEAT MARKET?..THAT'S THE NEW PLACE DOWN ON THE CORNER. THEY'RE HAVING A BIG OPENING TONIGHT.

JACK: They are?

ROCH: DIDN'T YOU GET AN INVITATION TO THAT EITHER?

JACK: I wouldn't go if I did..~~You always see the same things.~~

ROCH: ~~YEAH, LIVER WILL BE THERE WITH DAGON, SIRLOIN WILL BE THERE WITH---~~



JACK: Now out there out! ...Rochester, I'm going to bed, so turn out the light ~~and~~ --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: ~~YOU'LL GET IT, BOSS, YOU'LL GET IT.~~

JACK: I ~~got~~ got it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

MARY: Hello, Jack, this is Mary.

EC

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: I'm glad I caught you. I thought maybe you had already left to see the special showing of "Best Years of Our Lives."

JACK: No Mary, I was supposed to go, but...I don't know..when you've been a star as long as I have, you don't get excited about those things.

MARY: Gee, and I thought we could go together.

JACK: No Mary, I'm ready for bed.

MARY: *Oh* That's too bad...I have two tickets.

JACK: (FAST) What what what what...~~what... what did you say, Mary?~~ what what did you say, Mary?

MARY: I said I've g-g-g-got two t-t-t-tickets to the picture.

JACK: Mary, just because you got invited you don't have to be so nervous about it...Look, I was ready for bed, but I wouldn't let you down..so while I get dressed, you jump in a cab and pick me up in ten minutes.

MARY: Okay Jack..I may be a few minutes late. I wanta stop off at the florists and get a corsage.

JACK: Oh good good, while you're there, get one for yourself, too... I mean, come over as soon as you can...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *By* ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER, I'M GOING TO THE OPENING.

ROCH: I KNEW SAM WOULDN'T LET YOU DOWN.

JACK: Not the meat market..Stop jabbering and help me dress.

BOB: Hello, Jack..the door was open so I came right in.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob.

BOB: ~~What's going on?~~ *you going somewhere?*

EC

Yeah
JACK: Oh, I promised Mary I'd take her to a special showing of
The Best Years Of Our Lives.

BOB: No kiddin', Jack, you mean you got an invitation?

JACK: I certainly did, that's why I'm putting on this tuxedo.
You may not know it, Bob, but for the past twenty years
I've been rubbing elbows with the most important people
in show business.

BOB: From the looks of those sleeves, you must've been rubbing
'em pretty hard.

JACK: All right, all right... Now pardon me while I get
dressed.

Will
BOB: I'll help you, Jack. While you're putting on your shirt,
I'll button your shoes.

JACK: Thanks, ~~...~~ *thanks...* OH, ROCHESTER, HAND ME MY WING COLLAR, WILL
YOU, PLEASE?

ROCH: YES SIR...OH-OH.

JACK: What's the matter?

ROCH: YOU WEAR A SIZE FIFTEEN AND A HALF COLLAR AND THIS IS ONLY
A SIZE FOURTEEN.

JACK: Oh, that's all right..We can make it work, put it on.

ROCH: OKAY..HERE'S THE COLLAR BUTTON..NOW HOLD STILL..BOY, THIS
COLLAR IS REALLY STIFF..JUST A MINUTE NOW..(GRUNTS)..THERE..
I GOT IT..HOW'S THAT, BOSS?

JACK: (STRAINED) I guess it's all right, but it's so tight I can
hardly --

(SOUND: BOINNNING)

JACK: Oh darn it..it slipped off the collar button..Try it again,
Rochester.

EC

ROCH: (GRUNTS) ...BOSS, THIS COLLAR'S ~~SO~~ TIGHT FOR YOU.

JACK: *Me* Pull it harder.

ROCH: I'M GETTING IT..I'M GETTING ~~IT~~..HOLD STILL...THERE.

JACK: (STRAINED) Gosh, this collar's so tight I can hardly breathe..Bob, how do I look?

BOB: Like Herbert Hoover with a sunburn.

JACK: Don't be so funny...^qNow all I have to do is snap on this bow tie and I'll be on my --

(SOUND: BOINNNNG)

JACK: Darn it..there it goes again..Rochester, where's my bow tie?

ROCH: IT WENT OUT THE WINDOW AND HEADED FOR CAPISTRANO.

JACK: Well, get me another one.

BOB: Say Jack, do you mind if I turn on the radio while you're getting dressed?

JACK: No, go ahead, Bob..

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO)

JACK: Let's see..I think I better get a fresh handkerchief...

(BAND VERY SOFTLY PLAYS SONG BOB IS GOING TO SING..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: ~~That's~~ that's a pretty catchy tune.

BOB: Yeah..funny coincidence, ^{but} I just did this song on my T.V. show this afternoon.

JACK: Gee, it's a shame I missed it--I ~~didn't~~ liked to have heard it.

BOB: ~~Well~~, I ~~will~~ sing it for you right now.

Hee... Heart of My Heart
(BOB CROSBY'S SONG - "HEART OF MY HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

EC

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

~~Very say that~~
JACK: That was a nice song, Bob. *I think better*

Will you
BOB: Thanks, Jack... ~~Will~~, I' ~~be~~ be running along.

JACK: *Will* So long.

BOB: Oh, by the way... *Jack....* if you're not going anyplace else after the show, why don't you take Mary down to the Cinegrill where Frankie Remley's band is.

JACK: No, no..I think I'll be too tired.

BOB: *Yes* Well, I ~~am~~ *ill be* going over there tonight, and we might have a lot of laughs...I'll bet *that* Mary would enjoy it.

JACK: Probably, Bob...but she ought to get to bed early, too.... After all we have a rehearsal tomorrow and a hard day ahead of us... *and* We all ought to get a good night's sleep.

BOB: Well, okay... *well only* but the reason I mentioned it is because the manager of the Roosevelt Hotel called me and *he* said that since Frank Remley works on your program, he'd like to have us all as his guests.

JACK: Oh...Well, make sure you get us a ringside table, *I'll* See you later.

~~BOB: Okay, and Happy 1955.
JACK: Happy 1955? Why did you say that?
BOB: With everything free you may be there till next New Years.
JACK: Oh, stop, I wouldn't--~~

(SOUND: AUTO HORN (OFF))

JACK: ~~Yes~~ that must be Mary.

(SOUND: AUTO HORN TWICE)

JACK: (CALLS) COMING, MARY COMING. See you later, Bob.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: NICE CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Say Mary, don't look now but ever since we've been riding in this cab there's been a moving van following us.

MARY: I know.

JACK: What?

MARY: So many times I've gone to the theatre and found out I left the tickets on the piano..so this time I'm taking the piano with me.

JACK: Say you know, Mary, that's a good --

MARY: Oh quiet, you fall for everything. I've got the tickets right here and the invitations, too.

JACK: Let's see it..Hmmm.."SAM GOLDWYN CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO ATTEND A SPECIAL SHOWING OF "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

STARRING FREDRICK MARCH, MYRNA LOY, DANA ANDREWS AND THERESA WRIGHT". ^{any other} ~~any other~~ must be the theater..look at all the lights and ~~any~~ ---

(SOUND: BRAKES AND CAR STOPS)

HY: Here you are, folks, the Academy Theatre.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: How much is that, Driver?

HY: A dollar sixty.

(SOUND: BOINING)

JACK: Oh darn it.

MARY: Jack, what happened?

JACK: ~~no~~, ^{Nothing} Nothing nothing..Here you are, Driver..keep the change.

HY: Thanks.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES AWAY)

MARY: Jack, fix your collar.

JACK: I'm trying to..but darn it, I've lost my bow tie.

MARY: No you haven't...they've got the search light on it, it'll be down in a minute.

JACK: Oh yes..here it comes..There! I got it..Now wait till I fix my collar..(GRUNTS TWICE) There...Come on, Mary, let's go in. Gosh, look..all of us big stars are here... Come on..hurry.

MEL: Hold your own invitations, please..You spectators stand back..Let them in..How do you do, Mr. Gable...Good evening, Mr. Taylor.. How do you do, Miss Colbert...How do you do, Mr. Stewart...How do you do, Miss Livingstone...
I TOLD YOU SPECTATORS TO STAND BACK AND LET ~~ME~~ --

JACK: I'M WITH HER!

MEL: Oh, well then go right in, Mister.

JACK: Hmm..Mister... ~~he~~ doesn't even know I'm Jack Benny.

MARY: Well, don't tell him and he'll have something to look forward to.

JACK: What?

MARY: Come on, Jack, hurry..the lights are starting to dim.

JACK: Okay..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey Mary..here are two..right in this row..a little more than half way in, ^{two seats there...} Follow me...Pardon me...pardon me... pardon me.

MARY: Pardon me...pardon me..

JACK: Pardon me..pardon me..pardon me...pardon me...

MARY: Pardon me.

JACK: Pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..pardon me...Oh, darn it, there's only one seat..We'll have to go back..Pardon me.. pardon me..

MARY: Pardon me..pardon me..

JACK: Pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..

MARY: Pardon me..pardon me.

JACK: Pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..pardon me..

MARY: JACK, COME BACK, YOU WENT OUT THE EXIT.

JACK: Oh yes..Here we are, Mary..Here are two seats on the aisle

....

MARY: Good, and we're just in time, the picture's ^{just} about to begin.

(BAND PLAYS PANFARE OF PICTURE STARTING..INTO MUSICAL TRANSITION..)

(SOUND: BABELLE OF VOICES)

MARY: Gee, that was a wonderful picture.

JACK: Yeah ^{but} what a crowd,..Hurry Mary, or we'll never get out of the lobby.

MARY: All right ^{god}..I really enjoyed the picture, Jack..and what a wonderful cast.

JACK: I agree with you...only I couldn't exactly accept Frederick March's conception of the husband..I personally would have done it differently.

MARY: Oh fine..March is an Academy Award winner, and you didn't like his conception of the role...I suppose you could have played it better than he did.

JACK: No, no, Mary..I don't think my fans would have liked me in March's part....But then, on the other hand, do you think the public would have liked March in The Horn Blows at Midnight?

MARY: They wouldn't have liked that picture if Eisenhower was in it.

JACK: Only the Democrats...And anyway, Mary, we're not discussing politics..I just said that as far as I'm concerned --

MARY: Jack, look, there's Sam Goldwyn coming towards us!.

JACK: Where?..Oh yes.

EA

MARY: Hello, Mr. Goldwyn.

GOLDWYN: Hello, Mary.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Gee, it's nice seeing you.

GOLDWYN: Thanks, Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello.

MARY: You know, Mr. Goldwyn, I was ^{absolutely} thrilled with the picture...
I thought it was just wonderful.

GOLDWYN: Well, thanks, Mary..What did you think about it, Jack?

JACK: ^{It} I thought it was fine..excellent..But I was just telling
Mary that the part that Frederick March played was almost
a natural for me.

MARY: Jack.

GOLDWYN: It's funny you should mention it, Jack..You know, when I
was first casting the picture, I thought about you for that
role.

JACK: You did?

GOLDWYN: Yes, but then I realized ~~that~~ the part called for
someone older than 39.

JACK: ^{well, for} ~~Miss~~ For heavens sakes, why didn't you call me, you know what
a liar I am...After all, the picture was made seven years
ago, I was older then..I mean younger..~~that~~..I'm all mixed
up.

GOLDWYN: Well Jack, I'll keep you in mind for ^{my} ~~my~~ future pictures.

JAC: ^{You know,} ~~Miss~~ Thank you, Mr. Goldwyn..and remember, I'm quite versatile..
I'm not just a comedian..You see, I'm a dramatic actor, too..
Listen to this...Hamlet's Soliloquy...

BA

MEL: There you are..four fingers of whiskey.

JACK: Aahhhh.

MEL: You know, Mister, you're the first man I ever saw drink out of a glove.

JACK: I always do. I'm the only man in Alaska that's got a hangnail with a hangover...Doggone...I've been trapped in this saloon for eight days by that darned blizzard.... How much longer do you think it will last?

MEL: I don't know.

JACK: Well, I'm gonna take a look outside and see how the weather is.

(SOUND: EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR THE DANNEDEST STORM WITH WINDS HOWLING LIKE CRAZY...ON CUE, THE DOOR CLOSES AND SOUND OUT...EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BACK)

MEL: How is it outside?

JACK: Cloudy...Look, Bartender, being stuck in a place like this for eight days can drive a guy nuts...I've got to have a little excitement..~~Just~~ Tell you what..I'll bet you five dollars I can shoot those three glasses off the top shelf in three shots.

MEL: Five dollars says you can't.

JACK: It's a bet...Stand back, everybody.

(SOUND: SHOT..GLASS CRASH)

JACK: There's one.

(SOUND: SHOT..GLASS CRASH)

JACK: Certainly, and I'll tell you what, Mr. Goldwyn, you and Mary can be my guests.

GOLDWYN: Your guests?

JACK: Yes, I'll pay for everything.

GOLDWYN: Mary, we better go..this ~~will~~^{will} be the Best Year of Our Lives.

JACK: Yeah!..Come on, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: NIGHT CLUB NOISES..BABBLE OF VOICES..
SOME DISHES AND SILVERWARE.)

MARY: Jack, ask the waiter to get us a table.

JACK: I don't have to...Bob Crosby said he'd get me a--Oh, there he is, right over by the orchestra..Follow me, Mary, Mr. Goldwyn.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Hi, Jack..Mary.

MARY: Hello, Bob.

JACK: Hello, Bob..I'd like you to meet my friend Sam Goldwyn... Mr. Goldwyn, this is Bob Crosby.

BOB: Pleased to ~~meet~~^{know} you, Mr. Goldwyn.

GOLDWYN: Crosby?...Crosby?...~~That~~..That name is ~~so~~ familiar... Oh yes.. you have a newpew named Gary, haven't you?

JACK: Yes, yes..come on..let's get seated.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

(BAND FANFARE)

JACK: There's two.

(SOUND: SHOT)

MEL: (PAUSE) You lost.

JACK: No, I didn't.

MEL: I've got twenty dollars more that says you did.

JACK: It's a bet.

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: That slow bullet has made me a fortune...Anybody else want to bet?

(BAGBY STARTS SAME SONG ON LOUSY PIANO)

JACK: Hey, you at the piano.

(BAGBY STOPS)

JACK: Don't you know any other ~~songs?~~ ^{music?}

MEL: Nah, he's iggerant...But those ~~four~~ ^{four fur} fur trappers in the

MEL: Those four - (Jack) (at the same time): you must have had five fingers yourself. corner...they can sing some songs.

MEL: I say, those four fur trappers in the corner, they can sing some songs.
JACK: Well, let's hear some.

MEL: I don't think you'll understand them...They're French Canadians and speak very little English.

JACK: What's their names?

MEL: Pierre, Alphonse, Gaston and Remley.

JACK: Frankie Remley? What's he doing up here?

MEL: He came up here to hunt.

JACK: What's he hunting?

MEL: Them dogs with the brandy around their necks.

JACK: What?

MEL: They don't always find you, you know.

JACK: Well, let's hear them sing a song.

MEL: Okay...take it fellows.

(INTRO)

QUART:

ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA
ALOUETTE JET'Y PLUMERAIS
ALOUETTE LIGHT A CIGARETTA
LUCKY STRIKE
JE SAIS TRES BON JO'LE
JET'Y PLUMERAIS LA TET
LIGHT A LUCKY ALOUETTE
JET'Y PLUMERAIS LA TET
LIGHT A LUCKY ALOUETTE
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE CIGARETTE CIGARETTE AH
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTA
MADE OF FINE TOBACCO OOH LA LA
ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA
WROTE A LETTER TO HER DEAR PAPA
HERE IS WHAT ZE LETTER SAY
"SEND MORE LUCKIES RIGHT AWAY"
SONAMAGUN THE ESKIMO
ZAY SMOKE LUCKIES TOO, YOU KNOW
ESKIMO, ESKIMO, SMOKE YOU KNOW, SMOKE YOU KNOW
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE CIGARETTE CIGARETTE
ZAY ALL LIGHT, ZEY ALL LIGHT
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE - AH --
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTE
SHE IS JUST AS HAPPY AS CAN BE
WITH HER LUCKIES, MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
LSMF, LSMFT
LIVING MID ZE ICE AND SNOW
WE'RE ^{so} VERY GLAD TO KNOW

(MORE)

ATX01 0184695

HY: GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...ON BEHALF OF FRANK REMLEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA I WANT TO WELCOME YOU HERE TO THE CINEGRILL IN THE HOTEL ROOSEVELT..TONIGHT WE ARE HONORED BY HAVING SEVERAL CELEBRITIES IN THE AUDIENCE, AND I'M SURE WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION WE CAN GET THEM TO STAND UP AND TAKE A BOW...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET.

MARY: Jack, stop bowing and sit down.

JACK: Oh..You can sit down, too, Bob.

BOB: Okay..you better sit down, too, Mr. Goldwyn.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, let's all sit down.

HY: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M SURE THAT IF WE GAVE THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET A GREAT BIG HAND, THEY WOULD DO ONE OF THEIR SPECIAL NUMBERS FOR US.

QUART: HI TIME, HI TIME
 HI, HI, HI, HI, HI HELLO
 IT'S HIGH TIME FOR US, TO GET ACQUAINTED
 IT'S ~~SHOW~~ ^{high} TIME
 AND WE'RE HERE TO ENTERTAIN
 SO HI TIME, ~~THE~~ ^{help} TIME
 LET'S GO YOU KNOW IT'S SHOW TIME
 THEY WARNED ME WHEN YOU KISSED ME
 YOUR LOVE WOULD RICCOCHET
 YOUR LIPS WOULD FIND ANOTHER
 AND YOUR HEART WOULD GO ASTRAY
 I THOUGHT THAT I COULD HOLD YOU
 WITH ALL MY MANLY CHARMS
 BUT THEN ONE DAY YOU RICCOCHETED
~~TO~~ TO SOMEONE ELSE'S ARMS
 AND BABY, I DON'T WANT A RICCOCHET ROMANCE
 I DON'T WANT A RICCOCHET LOVE
 IF YOU'RE CARELESS WITH YOUR KISSES
 FIND ANOTHER TURTLE DOVE
 I CAN'T LIVE ON RICCOCHET ROMANCE
 NO, NO NOT ME
 IF YOU'RE GONNA RICCOCHET, BABY
 I'M GONNA SET YOU FREE

BILL: Hey, Marty, ^{Marty: Yeah, Bill.} isn't that Mr. Benny who just came in?
 MARTY: ^{see you're} ~~That's~~ right, we better get into a commercial, right ^{away}.
 BILL: But we don't have ~~any~~ commercial lyrics for this song.
 MARTY: ^{away Bill} That's ~~right~~, we'll ad lib them. ^{Now later.}
 BILL: ~~That's~~ ^{Yeah.}

CB

T QUART: I KNEW THE DAY I SMOKED YOU
 THAT YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME.
 THERE 'D NEVER BE ANOTHER
 LIKE AN LS MFT
 I PROMISED I'D BE FAITHFUL
 AND FROM YOU NEVER STRAY
 SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
 YOU ARE MADE THE FRESHER WAY.
 BUY LUCKY

~~YOU ARE MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
 SO MUCH CLEANER SMOOTHER, TOO.
 YOU ARE MADE FOR SMOKING PLEASURE
 DO I LOVE YOU, NEED I DO
 I AM NOT A PICCOCHET SMOKER
 NO, NO NOT ME.
 YOU ARE SO MUCH BETTER TASTING
 LS MFT~~

I 'LL BE HAPPY PUFFIN' A LUCKY
 I CAN COUNT ON LUCKIES, I KNOW
 ALWAYS WITH ME WHEN I TRAVEL
 FULLY PACKED AND READY TO GLOW
 ALWAYS CLEANER, FRESHER, ^{and} SMOOTHER
 THE BEST SMOKE YET.
 LET'S BE HAPPY, HAPPY GO LUCKY
 WHAT A CIGARETTE
 LET'S BE HAPPY, HAPPY GO LUCKY
 LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

CB

(THIRD ROUTINE)

BOB: *By the way* Sportsmen ^{*Certainly*} ~~are~~ have some ^{*wonderful*} ~~very~~ arrangements.

MARY: ~~are~~.. Gee, the place is kind of crowded tonight...
Remley really packs them in. *doesn't he?*

JACK: ~~You're darn right.~~ You see, Bob, like I told you when you came to work for me, being on my program is a big asset..Look at Remley, when he came with me, he was just another guitar player, but we kept mentioning his name on the program, and now he has his own orchestra and everything. He's really getting up in the world.

BOB: Yeah...Now if he'd just get up off the floor.

JACK: Oh, is that him down there?

MARY: Yes..when he led that last number, his baton looked like the windshield wiper on an M.G.

JACK: Well, let's get some food...I'll call the waiter...and remember, kids, you're my guests tonight, so order any anything you want...OH WAITER..WAITER.

NELSON:YESSSSSSSSSS.

JACK: We'd like to order some food...may I have a menu, please?

NELSON: Here you are.

JACK: Thank you...Now let's see..Hey wait a minute...the prices are all scratched off my menu--who did that?

NELSON: I did, I hate suicides.

JACK: Never mind.

MARY: *Will* I know what I want..I'll have a Caesar salad, Lobster a la Newburgh and broccoli.

NELSON: Yes, Madam.

BOB: *And* I'll have a minute steak, ^{*some*} rare...French fried potatoes, and coffee.

GT

NELSON: Yes, sir.

MARY: What are you going to have, Mr. Goldwyn?

GOLDWYN: I'll just have a glass of milk.

MARY: Are you sure you don't want anything to eat?

GOLDWYN: No, I'm not very hungry, I just had a collar-button.

JACK: ~~Waiter~~ ^{Mr. Goldwyn} he'll just have a glass of milk.

NELSON: ~~Waiter~~ I'm sorry sir, but I can't serve milk at this table.

GOLDWYN: Why not?

NELSON: It's too close to the orchestra, it will make them sick...
...Well, I'll go get these orders.

JACK: Wait a minute, you haven't taken my order yet.

NELSON: Oh yes, what'll you have, Stranger In Paradise?

JACK: ~~Waiter~~...I'll have the potage du jour, et salada avec
Roquefort, et le boeuf bordelaise et pomme de terre.

NELSON: Well get him.

JACK: Never mind, just bring what I ordered...and we'd also like
some champagne with our dinner.

NELSON: What kind?

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

NELSON: Well, when it comes to champagne, I always say..Mumms the
word.

JACK: Waiter, that's a pretty corny joke.

CB

ATX01 0184700

JACK: I didn't know you were here, Don.

DON: Yeah, I came with the Sportsmen..Fellows, I hope you won't mind if I ask Mary for this dance?

JACK: No, no..of course not.

MARY: I'd be delighted, Don.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIR)

MARY: Excuse me, fellows.

(MUSIC UP A LITTLE THEN FADE TO B.G.)

DON: You know, Mary, it's funny...I've known you all these years and yet this is the first time we've ever danced together.

MARY: That's right..And Don, I'm very pleasantly surprised.. For such a big man you dance wonderfully..You're so light on your feet.

DON: Part of me is still sitting down.

MARY: Don, stop belittling yourself..You are a good dancer.

(MUSIC COMES UP FOR A FEW SECONDS..THEN FADES AGAIN)

DON: Say Mary, is Jack trying to get Mr. Goldwyn to star him in a picture?

MARY: Yes, but I don't think Jack is going to get him to do it.

DON: Why not?

MARY: The only thing Mr. Goldwyn is drinking is milk..He's pretty cagey.

DON: Yeah..

(MUSIC UP A FEW SECONDS TO FINISH..THEN SPRINKLING OF APPLAUSE)

DON: How about another dance, Mary?

MARY: I'd love to, Don..but I see they've already brought the food to our table..I better go back.

GT

DON: Okay. See you later.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Sit down, Mary, your food's getting cold.

MARY: Where's Bob?

JACK: Oh, he had to eat and run..he's cutting some more records early in the morning...Come on, Mary...let's eat.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LIGHT NIGHT CLUB NOISES..SILVERWARE..ETC)

JACK: (SIGHS) That ^{food} was really delicious.

MARY: Yes, I enjoyed mine, too.

JACK: Anything else..dessert..Some champagne, Mr. Goldwyn?

GOLDWYN: No thanks, Jack.

NELSON: Will there be anything else?

JACK: No, thanks.

NELSON: Well, here's your check.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Waiter, come here a minute.

NELSON: What?

JACK: (WHISPERS) We're not supposed to get any check..we're guests of the management, *you see*.

NELSON: I'm sorry, I don't know anything about that..the check is thirty-five dollars and sixty cents.

JACK: (WHISPERING, BUT LOUDER) Look, I'm telling you..we were invited here by the management.

NELSON: I'm sorry, but I've heard that one before.

JACK: Look, do you think I'd tell you that if it weren't true.. I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE KING FAROUK.

JACK: WHAT?

GT

NELSON: I'VE GOT A CHECK HERE FOR THIRTY-FIVE SIXTY AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY IT.

JACK: I'M NOT GOING TO PAY IT.

MARY: JACK, FOR HEAVENS SAKE, YOU'RE CREATING A SCENE..WHY DON'T YOU PAY THE CHECK?

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, MARY. NOW WAITER, GET ME THE MANAGER.

NELSON: THE MANAGER HAS GONE HOME.

JACK: WELL, GET ME SOMEONE, I'M NOT GOING TO PAY THIS CHECK.

GOLDWYN: JACK, PLEASE..THIS IS EMBARRASSING.

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, TOO..YOU INVITE ME TO YOUR PREVIEW AND THEN YOU COME IN HERE AND STUFF YOURSELF AT MY EXPENSE. ^{Don't} I'M WISE TO YOU.

GOLDWYN: All I had was a glass of milk.

JACK: I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU HAD...LET FREDRICK MARCH PAY FOR IT.. AND LET ME TELL YOU ANOTHER THING--

(SOUND: BOINNING)

JACK: OH, DARN, ^FTHERE IT GOES AGAIN.

GOLDWYN: (COUGHS AND ALMOST CHOKES)

MARY: MR. GOLDWYN, MR. GOLDWYN...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

GOLDWYN: I JUST HAD DESSERT.

JACK: ~~SEE~~, AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THE CHECK, TOO...COME ON, MARY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

GT

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word to cigarette smokers.

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: You know, friends, there are three words that pretty well sum up why so many millions of smokers prefer Lucky Strike. And those three words are, "Luckies taste better". "Taste" that's the key to real smoking enjoyment. After all, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Luckies come by their better taste in two ways. First, from fine tobacco -- and that's right where you'd expect better taste to start. LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better to taste better.

(MORE)

BA

ATX01 0184705

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 31, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-D-

WILSON:
(CONT'D) You can see for yourself that they're round, firm,
fully-packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. You'll get
more enjoyment from smoking if you remember: smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is Luckies taste better. 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)

BA

ATX01 0184706

TAG

Thank you very much Mr. Goldwyn for being on my program. Goodnight, everybody.

JACK: Well, home at last.

(SOUND: KEY IN DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I hate those big arguments in public places. And I'm glad Mr. Goldwyn paid the check. He should have..After all, I went to his picture.

ROCH: (OFF) WHO'S THAT?

JACK: It's me, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, BOSS, THE MANAGER OF THE HOLLYWOOD ROCSEVELT JUST CALLED.

JACK: Oh he did?

ROCH: YES SIR. HE WANTED TO APOLOGIZE. HE SAID THAT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HIS GUESTS TONIGHT BUT THE WAITER MADE A MISTAKE AND GAVE YOU A BILL.

JACK: I know, I know.

ROCH: HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU HE'S MAILING YOU A CHECK FOR SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND SIXTY CENTS.

JACK: Oh.. Well then, Rochester, call Mr. Sam Goldwyn the first thing in the morning --

ROCH: YES SIR, WHAT SHALL I TELL HIM?

JACK: Tell him I've left town ... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

MG

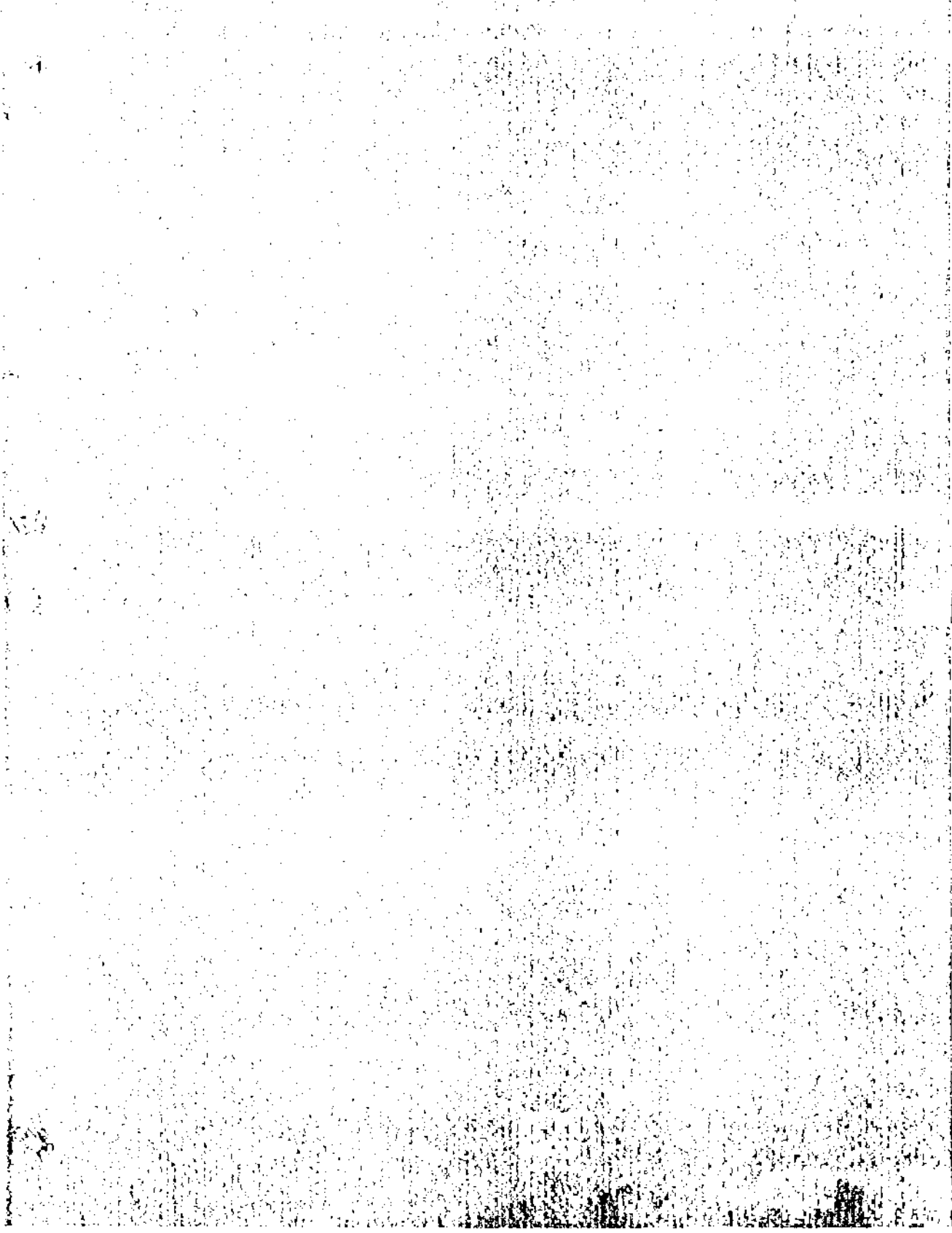
ATX01 0184707

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

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

MG

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RTX01 0184710

BH

(TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 3, 1954)

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

PROGRAM #22
REVISED SCRIPT
1/15 Broadcast

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #22

7:00-7:30 PM EST

FEBRUARY 7, 1954

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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, have you smoked a fresh
cigarette lately? You have, if you've smoked a Lucky ...
because The American Tobacco Company, the makers of Lucky
Strike know how vitally important freshness is to the
taste of a cigarette. That's why every day in the
manufacturing plants where Luckies are made hundreds
of packs of Luckies are carefully tested for the tightness
of their cellophane seal ... so you'll get Luckies'
better taste in all its natural freshness. Yes, smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste.

(MORE)

BA

ATX01 0184711

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 7, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

WILSON: And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better.
(CONT'D) Cleaner, fresher, smoother. There are two things that account for this better taste. First -- fine tobacco -- fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into Lucky Strike. Then, Luckies are made better -- made round, firm, fully-packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. So for a better tasting, fresher tasting cigarette, light up a Lucky. You'll agree smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste and the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better.
Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- with a carton of Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET
(LONG CLOSE) Get better taste today!

BA

RTX01 01B4712

(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, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOW...BUT MEANWHILE, THERE'S A BROADCAST TO DO SO LET'S MOVE THE CLOCK BACK TEN MINUTES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS BEFORE A RADIO PROGRAM GOES ON THE AIR..WE NOW TAKE YOU TO JACK BENNY'S DRESSING ROOM WHERE OUR LITTLE STAR IS RELAXING.

JACK: (SNORES TWICE)

ROCH: MMMM MMM, I SURE HATE TO WAKE THE BOSS UP, BUT THE PROGRAM GOES ON IN TEN MINUTES.

JACK: (SNORES AGAIN)

ROCH: ~~JUST LOOK AT HIM. HE'S A REAL PERFORMER...NOT IN THE SLIGHTEST WORRIED ABOUT HIS PROGRAM...~~ JUST LYIN' THERE, SLEEPIN' LIKE A BABY.

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCH: YEP, JUST LIKE A BABY...MAYBE I OUGHT TO TAKE HIS THUMB OUT OF HIS MOUTH AGAIN.

JACK: (SNORES...THEN MUMBLES...THEN TALKS DREAMILY) Now Ava, please...^{now} wait a minute, Lana..(SNORES) Stop it, Marilyn ..(GIGGLES) ^(snores) Marilyn, please, you're tickling my ear... Marilyn, stop kissing me.

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, WAKE UP...YOU WENT TO SLEEP TO RELAX.

BH

~~JACK: Huh? What? Oh, it's you, Rochester.~~

~~ROCH: YEAH, AND DON'T LOOK SO DISAPPOINTED.~~

~~JACK: (YAWNING) Aww....I was having such a nice sleep..why did you have to wake me, Rochester?~~

~~ROCH: I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO MISS YOUR PROGRAM.~~

~~JACK: Big thing..miss the program..Look, Rochester, I've been in radio for 23 years now...each year I do about 40 shows ...that makes roughly one thousand broadcast I've done... What would be so terrible if I did miss one? So I wouldn't get paid for one show...After all, money isn't everything...~~

~~ROCH: BOSS, WAKE UP.~~

~~JACK: I am awake...Now please give me my tie... Oh darn it, now I'm sorry I took that nap...Whenever I sleep, I toss and turn and get all ruffled up...How does my hair look?~~

~~ROCH: FINE, BOSS, FINE...YOU WANNA PUT IT ON NOW?~~

~~JACK: Yes...Hold the mirror for me, please.~~

~~ROCH: YES, SIR...SAY, MR. BENNY....AFTER I DRIVE YOU HOME TODAY, CAN I HAVE THE REST OF THE NIGHT OFF?~~

~~JACK: I guess so..would you like to borrow my car?~~

~~ROCH: YEAH.~~

~~JACK: Oh..you got a date?~~

~~ROCH: YEAH.~~

~~JACK: With Susie?~~

~~ROCH: YEAHHHHH!~~

~~JACK: Say, you've been going steady with Susie for a long time now, haven't you?~~

BH

ROCH: UH HUH...THREE YEARS.

JACK: Has the question of marriage ever entered your mind?

ROCH: YES, BUT MY BANK BALANCE SHOVED IT RIGHT OUT AGAIN.

JACK: Rochester, don't look at me like that..it's not my fault if you haven't much money in the bank...You've only got yourself to blame if you're a spendthrift..What have you got against saving, anyway?

ROCH: I'VE SEEN SO MUCH SAVING, I'M SICK OF IT.

JACK: Well, that's your own---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Jack, I'd like to use your mirror to put on my make-up.. the one in my room is cracked.

JACK: *Why* Certainly, Mary, go ahead an--wait a minute.. *Hey* Mary, that dress you're wearing...It's beautiful.

MARY: Well, thanks.

JACK: I've never seen you wear anything so glamorous...Mary, how can you afford an expensive dress like that.

MARY: Well...I didn't buy it new.

JACK: You didn't?

MARY: No, there's a store in town that sells dresses that movie stars have worn in pictures.

JACK: I know.

MARY: This is the dress that Jane Russell wore in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

JACK: *hh* Jane Russell, eh?...Well, it fits you perfectly.

BH

MARY: I had to take it in a little.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Anyway, I think I got a real bargain...It only cost me a hundred dollars!

JACK: A hundred dollars! That's outrageous..I wouldn't pay that kind of money for a second-hand dress.

MARY: You wouldn't pay a hundred dollars if Jane Russell was still in it.

JACK: Look, Mary, if you know so much, how ~~come~~----

DON: (OFF) OH JACK..JACK.

JACK: I'M IN MY DRESSING ROOM, DON.

JACK: I don't - I don't know whether she is a show or a rehearsal. Maybe and better, Mary - you are just writing it now.

DON: (COMING IN) You and Mary better get on stage...We've

DON: You & Mary better get on the stage. Well!

only got a few minutes left before air time.

MARY: I'm ready, Don..Come on, Jack, let's get going.

JACK: Wait a minute..Here, Rochester, I want you to spray a little perfume on me.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: FOUR LOUD ATOMIZER SPRAYS)

JACK: A little more, Rochester.

(SOUND: FOUR MORE SPRAYS)

JACK: (SNIFFING) Ahhhh.

(SOUND: TWO MORE SPRAYS)

ROCH: IS THAT ENOUGH, BOSS?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: NOW STAND BACK WHILE I SWEEP OUT THE DEAD FLIES.

BH

JACK: All right, all right...Now let's go..Rochester, I'll be back in about thirty-five minutes....While I'm gone, I want you to press the suit I wore down here, and the tie, shine my other shoes, darn my socks, and think up a few jokes for next week's program.

ROCH: BUT, MR. BENNY....I'M YOUR VALET...YOU'VE GOT WRITERS TO THINK UP JOKES.

JACK: *Now* Don't be selfish...They help you ^q mow the lawn, *don't they?*

ROCH: YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT...AND SINCE WE LOST YOUR LAWN MOWER, THAT WRITER WITH THE BUCK TEETH AND REVOLVING HEAD IS A DEFINITE ASSET.

JACK: Yeah, I wish I had more like *with* ~~him~~...Come on, kids, let's go.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS IN CORRIDOR)

JACK: Don, are we all set to go?

DON: Yes, Jack, everything is fine..but..*ah-h-h....* ~~but~~..

JACK: But what?

DON: Well, Jack, I've been going through the script and there's one line in it that I'd like to change.

JACK: What is it?

DON: *well* ~~Oh~~, here it ~~is~~ ^{is} on page twelve..Don't you think it would be better to say, "DON WILSON READS COMMERCIAL" instead of "BLUBBER DOES PLUG."

JACK: Oh, Don, it doesn't make any difference, it's just a stage direction...Nobody sees it but you....Now come on, let's go on in the studio.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BH

ATX01 0184717

JACK: All right, everybody...we go on the Air in about three minutes...Say, Bob, ^{Bob} I ^{that} think you---

BOB: Wait a minute, ^{wait a minute} Jack, I've got to get the boys in the band ^{Jack: Oh} ready... (UP) ^{that} ALL RIGHT FELLOWS, LET'S GET READY FOR THE SHOW...PUT AWAY THE CARDS, TAKE THE MONEY OFF THE BASS DRUM AND STAND IT BACK UP.

JACK: Hummm.

BOB: NOW STAND THE ^{Bob: Uh-huh.} DRUMMER UP, TOO.

JACK: Oh, was that ^{Sammy} gee, when he's laying on the floor, his head looks like a honey dew melon ripening on the vine...Now Bob...

BOB: Just a second, Jack, the boys aren't ready yet. BAGBY, PUT THAT AWAY.

BAGBY: What?

BOB: I SAID PUT THAT AWAY.

BAGBY: I CAN'T FIND THE CORK.

BOB: WELL, STICK A MUTE IN IT OR SOMETHING.

BAGBY: I AIN'T GOT NO MUTE. I'M A PIANO PLAYER.

JACK: WHO SAYS SO?

BAGBY: PETRILLO SAYS SO.

JACK: ~~Hummm~~...Well, look, my loaded Liberace... You're holding up the show.

BOB: ^{Bob: Say} Jack, we've still got a few minutes before air time... ^{don't you} ~~show~~ ^{what do} I have the orchestra play something to entertain the studio audience.

BH

JACK: Yeah, that would be all right.

DON: *Oh* Wait a minute. Jack, the Sportsmen quartet have a great ^{album} number they rehearsed with the band ~~and~~ how about ^{it} doing

Sack: that for the audience.

JACK: *h. fire* ^{Before the show? *Don: yeah*} ~~Oh~~, Don...go ahead.

DON: HIT IT, FELLOWS.

BH

ATX01 0184719

QUART: IN NAPOLI WHERE LOVE IS KING
WHEN BOY MEETS GIRL, HERE'S WHAT THEY SING.
WHEN THE MOON HITS YOUR EYE LIKE A BIG PIZZAPIE
THAT'S AMORE.
WHEN THE WORLD SEEMS TO SHINE
LIKE YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH WINE
THAT'S AMORE.
BELLS WILL RING TING-A-LING-A-LING, TING-A-LING-A-LING
AND YOU'LL SING VEEVA BELLA
HEARTS WILL PLAY TIPPI TIPPI TAY, TIPPI TIPPI TAY
LIKE A GAY TARANTELLA, LUCKY FELLA
WHEN THE STARS MAKE YOU DROOL
JUST LIKE PASTAFAZOOL, THAT'S AMORE
WHEN YOU DANCE DOWN THE STREET WITH A CROWD AT YOUR FEET
YOU'RE IN LOVE, YOU'RE IN LOVE.
WHEN YOU WALK IN A DREAM
BUT YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT DREAMING, SIGNORA
SCUZA ME, BUT YOU SEE, BACK IN OLD NAPOLI, THAT'S AMORE
WHEN THE SMOKE YOU PREFER IS SO MUCH TASTIER
THAT'S A LUCKY
WHEN YOU PUFF AND YOU PUFF AND NOT ONE PUFF IS ROUGH
THAT'S A LUCKY, *only Lucky.*
SING WITH ME CIRIBIRI BEE LSMFT
GIVE ME LUCKIES, MABELLA
TRA LA LA, TRA LA LA LA LA, EASY ON THE DRAW
I AM ONE LUCKY FELLA, LUCKY FELLA

(MORE)

DH

RTX01 0184720

QUART:
(CONT'D)

WHEN THE SMOKE IN YOUR HAND
IS YOUR FAVORITE BRAND, IT'S A LUCKY
WHEN THE TASTE IS JUST RIGHT
AND ⁱⁿ EACH PUFF A DELIGHT, YOU WILL SAY
WHEN I OPEN THAT PACK FULL OF FINE LIGHT TOBACK, SIGNORA
WHEN -A YOU TEAR AND -A COMPARE
YOU'LL BE GLAD TO DECLARE
IT'S A LUCKY STRIKE, A LUCKY STRIKE,
THAT'S A LUCKY.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-10-

JACK: Don, that number was really swell ~~and~~ *Don was it almost* . . .

DON: *Shh. Shh.* Jack, Shh..

JACK: Huh?

DON: We go on the air in just a few seconds. *Jack: Oh, oh, yes, yes, Don, quiet,* Quiet, everybody..
five....four...three...two...one...

(ORCHESTRA DOES OPENING THEME AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...I BRING YOU A MAN WHO EVEN
THOUGH HE CLAIMS ~~HE'S~~ *to be* THIRTY-NINE, *always* GOES TO BED AT NINE-THIRTY
~~TWO-NIGHT~~...AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Thank you* Thank you, thank you, hello again, this is Jack Benny
and Don, the only reason I go to bed at 9:30 is because I stopped drinking
talking. *and Don, much as I'd like to discuss that coffee, or brand*
introduction with you, I can't, because tonight we are going
to present a very important sketch.

DON: *Oh,* What kind of a sketch, Jack?

JACK: Well Don, the most popular books today are mysteries about
private eyes, and there are so many radio and T.V. shows
about them, that tonight we are going to do a show based on
the life of a private detective.

MARY: Gee, that sounds kind of exciting.

JACK: *Oh,* It is, Mary...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN OUR RADIO HISTORY, WE PRESENT A DRAMATIC PLAYET BASED
ON THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE EYE..AN EPISODE IN THE EXCITING
ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF THAT ROUGH, TOUGH DETECTIVE, BULLETS
BENNY.

(SOUND: FOUR PISTOL SHOTS.)

CB

ATX01 0184722

SHIRLEY: (BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

MARY: Don, help me pick Jack up.

JACK: Hmmm...Now in this sketch, I will play the part of
Bullets Benny, a fearless crime-busting detective.

MARY: Oh, fine.

JACK: What do you mean, oh fine?

MARY: Jack..Why do you always want to play those tough parts
when you're such a coward...You're even afraid of the
dark.

JACK: Oh stop..I'm not a coward, and I'm not afraid of the
dark.

MARY: Go on..you've got a bodyguard with you all night long.

JACK: So what..lots of people have body guards at night.

MARY: Well, the least you could do is get twin beds.

JACK: Look, Mary --

MARY: You fired the last guy because he had cold feet.

JACK: Mary, save that funny stuff for the sketch..Now let's
get on with the --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Who can that be?...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny...Remember me..I'm Herman Nebuch.

JACK: Herman Nebuch?

MEL: Yeah, I was over at your house this summer and sold you
that life insurance policy.

JACK: Oh, yes, yes..but why come and see me now, I've been
paying the premiums.

CB

ATX01 0184723

MEL: *Yeah,* I know, but the company has put a new clause in its policy..for another fifteen cents a month, you can get extra protection now.

JACK: *What* -What extra protection?

MEL: *Oh,* We pay you double if the planet Mars crashes into the earth.

~~JACK: For heavens sakes, Herman..that's the silliest insurance clause I ever heard...If the planet Mars crashed into the earth, everybody would be killed and the money wouldn't do any good.~~

MEL: Yeah, but at least you wouldn't feel like a sucker.

JACK: ~~Gee, I never thought of it that way.~~ Okay, Herman, if it'll make you any happier, I'll take the extra protection...Here's your fifteen cents.

MEL: Thank you..And here, Mr. Benny..this goes with the Planet Mars Policy.

JACK: What's that?

MEL: A telescope, if you see it coming, get out of the way.

JACK: I will, I will..Now Herman, please sit down and let us do our show, *will you?*

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: *Now* As I was saying, in this sketch, I will play the part of Bullets Benny...And Mary?

MARY: Yes, Jack?

JACK: You are going to play the part of a very wealthy society woman - Mrs. H. Bekin Van Storage..You live in a big *you live in a big mansion.* mansion, have four mink coats, six cars, two yachts and eighty million dollars.

CB

ATX01 0184724

MARY: Gosh, ~~Jack~~, how did I get all that?

JACK: Last Hallowe'en you went down to Texas and played Trick or Treat...Now Bob, you're going to play the part of a bartender.

BOB: A bartender?

JACK: Yeah. Do you think you can do it?

BOB: *Will* Jack, since I took over this orchestra I haven't been serving marshmallows.

JACK: ~~Oh yes~~ *I know... and* yes, well, Bob, with those boys you'll always have trouble..only last week ~~he~~ told you ~~that~~ you ought to fire Sammy the Drummer.

BOB: *But Jack* I can't fire him. Why, if it weren't for Sammy, we wouldn't have any orchestra at all.

JACK: Why, is Sammy that good a musician?

BOB: No, his brother is a bail bondsman.

JACK: ~~Oh~~.. *And* the band gives him a lot of business?

BOB: A lot? Sammy's brother makes more ^{money} than mine.

No!! Sammy's brother makes more money than your brother? Bob: Yeah. Jack: Ever? Huh?

JACK: ~~I believe you. I believe you...~~ *Will* Now let's get on with ^{the} casting the play because --

BAGBY: (DOES TWO TONED COMPHY WHISTLE)

JACK: BAGBY, GET AWAY FROM THE WINDOW AND GIVE HERMAN BACK THAT TELESCOPE...What a piano player..Now, Don---

DON: Yes, Jack?

JACK: You are going to play the focal point of the sketch, the most important part.

DON: Oh boy, that's swell.

CB

JACK: You see, the sketch starts off with you being held up on the street and you are robbed of nine hundred thousand dollars.

DON: Gosh..Nine hundred thousand dollars..am I a millionaire?

JACK: No, ^{you'll have to diet a little for this.} a Brink's truck, Now we're even for that introduction about me going to bed at nine-thirty ~~every night~~..Now, there's one more part in the sketch, and you're going to play it, Dennis...(AFTER PAUSE)...Dennis?...Where's Dennis?

BOB: I don't know.

DON: He wasn't at rehearsal either.

JACK: Maybe something's happened to him..I better call his home. Don, hand me the phone, *will you?*

DON: Jack, I called his house before we went on the air, and his line is out of order.

JACK: How do you like that.

BOB: ^{Look, why don't} ~~well~~, we'll start the sketch without him.

JACK: Sure, but right now it's time for his song..what are we going to do for a song?

MEL: I can sing, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh? Look, Herman, not now, I'm having enough--

MEL: (SINGS) We're poor little lambs who have gone astray,
Baa, baa, baaa..

JACK: Herman, *Herman, look* - - -

MEL: Baaa, baaa, baaaaa, baaaaaa.

JACK: *Herman, Herman, we don't want a song* - - -

MEL: Baaaaaaa, baaaaaaa, baaaaaa, baaaaa, baaaaaaa --
baaa, baaa, baaa, baaa.

CB

JACK: *Herman!*

MEL: *Baaa, baaa, baaa,*

JACK: HERMAN, STOP!

MEL: *In'*—I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but I just love those lyrics!

JACK: Hmmm.

DON: Say Jack, why don't you let Bob do a song?

JACK: Yeah, that's right. How about it, Bob?

BOB: *why, certainly,* ~~Sure~~ I'll sing, Jack..and *It - It like to* ~~I want to~~ dedicate this song to you.

JACK: *Dedicate it to me?* What is it?

BOB: "OH MY PAPA".

JACK: Well, go ahead, son...meanwhile I'm going to walk over to Dennis Day's house and see what happened to that crazy kid.

(BOB & ORCH DO NUMBER) -- "OH, MY PAPA")

(APPLAUSE)

CB

(SOUND: STREET NOISES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Dennis makes me so mad. Now I have to go all the way over to his house just to find out why he's missing the program. He does the silliest things I've ever seen...

~~Like last summer we were standing by my swimming pool and suddenly he yelled, "Last one in is a rotten egg"...~~
~~And I jumped in before I realized I still had my clothes on...~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: But gee, I don't mind walking today.. The weather is so wonderful. Imagine..here it is February and the weather is so nice and warm. ~~I~~ So happy I live in Los Angeles. It was warm yesterday, too.. And the day before that was really hot.. ~~of~~ Course, nobody knows what the temperature was..The smog was so thick you couldn't see the thermometer..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, I better hurry over to Dennis's house... ~~and~~
~~when~~ when I see him, I'm gonna tell ^{what he'd} ~~him~~ plenty about missing ~~me~~ --

HARRY: Hey, Mister, Mister.

JACK: Huh?

HARRY: Ain't you Jack Benny?

JACK: That's right, Sonny..I am.

HARRY: Well, imagine me meeting a celebrity....a real live celebrity in person....Can I have your autograph?

JACK: ^{why} Certainly.

BA

HARRY: Gosh, imagine..a celebrity...I wish I was a celebrity.

JACK: Really. ^{well} Tell me, sonny..if you could be a celebrity,
which one would you like .to be?

HARRY: Joe DiMaggio.

JACK: Oh, you ^{you} like baseball, eh?

HARRY: Boy are you a square!

JACK: Oh, oh, I see...Well, give me your autograph book, ^{and} I'll
sign it....Thanks...What's your name?

HARRY: Harry...just sign it, "To Harry."

JACK: Okay..(SLOWLY AS THOUGH WRITING)...To Harry..with very
best wishes..Jack Benny.....There you are.

HARRY: Gee, thanks, Mr. Benny....You know, I think you're
wonderful on radio and television.

JACK: Well, thanks.

HARRY: I think you're so good, I wonder how come you've never
made any moving pictures.

JACK: But ~~it~~ -----er...wait a minute, how old are you, Harry?

HARRY: Ten ^{or} years old.

JACK: Oh, ^{oh} Well, goodbye, Harry.

HARRY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FOR COUPLE OF SECONDS)

JACK:Gee, isn't that wonderful...a whole new generation
growing up that'll never know...Well, I better hurry
over to Dennis's house and see what's wrong.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well, here's Dennis's house.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS...DOOR BUZZER)

BA

JACK:

Can't wait till I see him and Ray, will I...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: Oh, hello, Mr. Benny...come on in.

JACK: *Oh,* Thank you, Mr. Day.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Is your son home?

KEARNS: No, he's out with his mother.

JACK: Well, that's why I'm here...doesn't Dennis realize he's missing the broadcast today?

KEARNS: Yes, his mother insisted that he miss it..But I want you to know that I didn't agree with her at all.

JACK: But Mr. Day..don't you and your wife discuss these things?

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, you don't discuss things with Dennis's mother.. you express an opinion and duck.

JACK: But why should she insist on Dennis missing today's program?

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, you'll have to talk a little louder.

JACK: Huh?

KEARNS: I've got a cauliflower ear, today I didn't duck fast enough.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry to hear it..But I understand your problem. I've talked to Mrs. Day several times and I know how easily she gets mad.

KEARNS: No,no, Mr. Benny..she gets madder, she's always mad.

JACK: Oh,..Well, Mr. Day..I know this is none of my business... but don't you think things might be better if you asserted yourself with Mrs. Day?

BA

KEARNS: Asserted myself?

JACK: Yes...have you ever tried to show her who's boss?

KEARNS: Oh, I've tried that several times.

JACK: What happened?

KEARNS: The Blue Cross cancelled my policy.

JACK: Oh...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, look, Mr. Day, if I were you --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

VERNA: Well, I thought I'd find you here.

JACK: Mrs. Day, where's Dennis?

VERNA: I left him at our lawyer's office.

JACK: *Well* Do you realize he's missing the ~~program today and~~ --

(TRANSITION) Your lawyer?

VERNA: Yes, we were discussing that ridiculous contract you've got Dennis signed to.

JACK: Oh...who is Dennis's lawyer?

VERNA: The firm of Finnegan, Reilly, Murphy, and O'Shaunnessy.

JACK: Finnegan, Reilly, Murphy, and O'Shaunnessy?

VERNA: Yes, a little bit of Ireland is going to fall out of the sky and hit you right on the head.

JACK: Hmm. Well, Look, Mrs. Day, the contract I have Dennis tied to is the usual one between the artist and his employer.

VERNA: Usual! You've got my boy signed up for ninety-nine years

JACK: So what?

VERNA: So what..how do you know he'll live that long?

JACK: How do you know I'll live that long?

BA

VERNA: You already have!

what are you complaining Mrs. Day,
JACK: Now wait a minute, I've tried to be fair to Dennis.

VERNA: Fair -- everybody knows you've taken advantage of him..
ask anybody..ask Mr. Day here.

KEARNS: Well, I think--

VERNA: You keep out of this.

~~KEARNS: Yes, dear.~~

VERNA: And that salary you're paying Dennis--

JACK: But, Mrs. Day --

VERNA: What a salary to give a featured singer -- forty dollars
a week. Why, I manage two boxers who make more than that.

JACK: Well, fighters make a lot of money.

VERNA: These are dogs.

JACK: Well, that I don't understand at all... Look, Mrs. Day..
that contract I have with Dennis is legal.. and my lawyers
will make it stand up in court.. So Dennis better be
back on my show next Sunday or there'll be trouble.

VERNA: (MAD) Oh no he won't..My boy won't sing on your
program next Sunday or any other --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

BA

ATX01 0184732

VERNA: (TOUGH) Hello.....(TRANSITION TO SWEET)..Oh. hello,
dear...
Dennis. Yes, the old goat is here...Tell him what?
.....But why?.....Oh, all right, I'll tell him...
Goodbye, son.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

VERNA: Mr. Benny, my son ^{is} ~~says~~ he'll be back on your program as
usual next week.

JACK: That's better..goodbye.

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

KEARNS: But darling, I don't understand--

VERNA: The lawyers went over Dennis's contract, and when they
finally read the small print in the last clause Mr.
Benny put in, they were convinced that Dennis can
never quit.

KEARNS: Why not?

VERNA: Mr. Benny adopted him.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny adopted him..You mean he's not ours anymore?

VERNA: No.

KEARNS: Kiss me.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

BA

ATX01 0184733

NATIONAL

Ladies, gentlemen
JACK: 1

I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program on the CBS network with my guest stars, Mary Livingstone and Joan Benny, but first, here's the voice of ^a Pulitzer-prize-winning cartoonist, Rube Goldberg!

PACIFIC COAST

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at seven P.M. over the CBS network with my guest stars, Mary Livingstone and Joan Benny, but first, here's the voice of Pulitzer-prize-winning cartoonist, Rube Goldberg!

DH

ATX01 0184734

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 7, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL.

-C-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first,
(LIVE)
(24 Sec.) here's the voice of Pulitzer-prize-winning cartoonist,
Rube Goldberg!

RUBE
GOLDBERG
(SOUND
TRACK)
Hi folks. I've learned that what some people think is
funny, others don't think is so hot.
It's all a matter of taste. And taste applies to a lot
of things including cigarettes. To me, Luckies taste
better, and taste is what I'm looking for and I always
find it when I smoke a Lucky. Now when I buy my Luckies,
if you'd pardon this terrible pun, I buy 'em by the cartoon.

WILSON:
(LIVE)
Thanks, Rube Goldberg. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter
of taste. And the fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste
better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Luckies come by
their better taste for two reasons. First, they're made
of fine tobacco. The whole world knows -- LS/MFT -- Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco. Then -- Luckies are actually
made better to taste better ... Made round and firm and
fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. So, for a
better tasting cigarette, Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- buy a
carton.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BA

ATX01 0184735

(TAG)

-23-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, as I mentioned before, tonight I am doing another television show and my guest stars will be Mary Livingstone, who as you know is really my wife..and Joan Benny, who is really our daughter...Gee, if I had had a bigger family, I wouldn't have had to hire any actors at all...^{would I?} Goodnight folks.

(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.

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

MG

ATX01 0184736

PROGRAM #23
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

a

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 10, 1954)

RTX01 0184737

FEBRUARY 14, 1954

7:00-7:30 PM EST
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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...After all is said and
done, the reason you or anybody else smokes a
cigarette can be summed up in one word: enjoyment.
And certainly the enjoyment you get depends entirely
on the taste of a cigarette. Put it this way.
Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. Well,
the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Here's why Luckies
taste better. First, they're made of fine tobacco.

(MORE)

BA

ATX01 0184738

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 14, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

WILSON: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, naturally
(CONT'D) mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies are
actually made better -- made round, firm, fully-packed
-- to always draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes, fine
tobacco in a better made cigarette gives you better
taste, every single time. After all, smoking enjoyment
is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter
is Luckies taste better. You'll know that's true the
minute you light up a Lucky. So next time you're
shopping for cigarettes get the carton with the red
bullseye -- Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BA

ATX01 0184739

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..TODAY, FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH IS
VALENTINES DAY... IT'S ALSO THE BIRTHDAY OF THE STAR
our own little Valentines -
OF OUR SHOW..SO HERE HE IS. JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is
Jack Benny talking..And Don, that was very nice of you
to remember my birthday...How did you ever think of it?

DON: Well Jack, a strange thing happened last night...I ate
at that Chinese restaurant ~~you~~ you recommended.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And I broke open one of those rice fortune cakes.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: ~~And~~ ^a little paper said, "Tis Better to
give than to receive and Sunday is Jack Benny's
Birthday."

Um-hm-well,
JACK: ~~What~~...What did you bring me for a present, Don?

DON: Well, it was too late to go shopping, so I brought you a
pocket full of fried rice.

JACK: ~~Too~~ ^{Too} late to go shopping..I told you to have
lunch there..not dinner...Anyway, Don, I'll take the
rice, there's a friend of mine getting married
Wednesday.

DON: Jack, you can't throw this rice, it's fried.

BA

- Anyway, Don⁻²⁻

JACK: So's my friend, it's Remley...Anyway, thanks very much.

DON: Well...Anyway, Jack, getting back to your birthday..
tell me, how does it feel being a year older?

JACK: Don..I don't know..it seems strange to advance another
year, but then on the other hand, there's something
exciting about reaching forty....Yes sir *you know.*

DON: ~~Well~~, Jack, you may be forty, but I must say you look
much younger. ^Q

JACK: *Well*, Don, ^{it's} it's nice of you to say that...but let's face it..
my age is beginning to show...a little wrinkle here,
a gray hair there....EHH...time marches on...Now let's
get on with the program.

DON: *Oh*, Wait a minute, Jack...before we get into the show...~~Don~~ ^{same}
got a little surprise, for you.

JACK: A surprise, Don?

DON: Yeah ~~the~~ the whole audience is gonna join in..ALL RIGHT,
EVERYBODY. ~~the~~

AUDIENCE: (SING) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JACK BENNY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Well*, Thank you, ^{ladies & gentlemen,} ..thanks ~~the~~, everybody..thanks very much.

DON: Wasn't that nice, Jack?

JACK: Yes, very nice, Don...but...er...but...er.

DON: But what?

JACK: Well, I was watching one fellow sitting in the front
row and he didn't sing at all...As a matter of fact,
he had a frown on his face...and I'm just curious to
know why...OH MISTER...MISTER...

BA

MEL: (WAY OFF) ME?

JACK: YES...WOULD YOU MIND COMING UP HERE ON THE STAGE FOR A MINUTE?

MEL: (WAY OFF) OKAY.

(SOUND: FOUR LOUD FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS)

JACK: Now look, Mister..Mister --

MEL: Fink..F, I, N, Q, U, E..Fink.

JACK: Oh..oh...Well, Mr. Fink, I'm just curious to know...You were the only one who didn't sing "Happy Birthday" to me..Why was that?

MEL: Do you sing to me on my birthday?

JACK: No..no..but then how can I?..I don't even know when your birthday is.

MEL: It's December ^{the} 24th...and all you hear people singing is (SINGS) JINGLES BELLS..JINGLE BELLS..JINGLE ALL THE ~~...~~ Not one word about Fink.

JACK: Well, that's too bad...Now look, Mister Fink.

MEL: F, I, N, Q, U, E.

JACK: *I* I know, I know.

MEL: That's French.

JACK: Yes, yes.

MEL: In Paris it's Finkay.

JACK: *Will you certainly are:* ^{to} I don't care what it is..all I want know is if you've got this chip on your shoulder..why did you come in here in the first place?

MEL: Who wanted to come in?...I was standing in line for the Amos 'n' Andy Show and some guy come over and ^{he} told me they ~~was~~ giving away refrigerators in here.

BA

JACK: Giving away refrigerators?
MEL: In radio a program's either gotta give you entertainment
or a refrigerator, now where's my ice-box?
JACK: You're not getting an icebox so go sit down.
MEL: Okay okay...(GOES OFF MUMBLING) Twelve programs this
week, ~~but~~ I still ain't got a stick of furniture.
JACK: Keep quiet, please. ^{Mr. Fink... Now} Don, regardless of what just
happened, I ~~am~~ 4

~~MARY: Hello, Don.
DON: Hello, Mary.
MARY: Hello, Jack, Happy Birthday.
JACK: Well, thank you, Mary...It was awfully sweet of you to
remember it.
MARY: Well, Jack, I must confess that I forgot all about your
birthday, but a strange thing happened. Remember at
rehearsal yesterday when you said I looked like I was
gaining weight?
JACK: Yes.
MARY: Well...after rehearsal as I went through the lobby of
C.B.S., I stepped on the scale to weigh myself.
JACK: Uh huh.
MARY: And a card came out saying, "You weigh a hundred and
twelve pounds, you are kind to dogs, and tomorrow is
Jack Benny's Birthday."
JACK: No!
MARY: I couldn't believe it either...So I put in another penny
and a card came out that said, "Don't stand here all day,
you've got shopping to do."~~

MG

JACK: Oh...Well, did you do it?

MARY: Yes, it'll be delivered to your home.

JACK: Good, good...You know, Mary, it's funny how a person feels on an occasion like this...Gosh, you become forty and all of a sudden you feel so mature and philosophical.

MARY: I know, I read your article in Colliers Magazine.

JACK: Oh, yes...I wrote that myself..I called it "How it Feels To Approach Forty."

DON: Say, I saw that issue, Jack..That's the one where they have your picture on the cover holding a big birthday cake.

JACK: That's right, Don..and since it came out, I've had so many people calling me to discuss that article.

DON: Well, I wanted to ask you something, too.

JACK: How it feels to approach forty?

DON: No, where can I get my hands on a cake like that?

JACK: Just what I expected from a man approaching fifty--around the waist.

MARY: Seriously, Jack, there is something I wanted to ask you.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Well, many years ago you were in vaudeville, weren't you?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: And many times you were on the same bill with Eddie Cantor.

JACK: Yes yes, I was.

MARY: And at that time you and Cantor were the same age, weren't you?

JACK: Uh huh.

MG

ATX01 0184744

MARY: Well, Jack...today Eddie Cantor admits that he's over fifty..How come you're only forty?

JACK: Oh, I don't know..just lucky, I guess...Anyway, Mary... now that I'm approaching middle age, I'll have to slow down the mad social whirl and cut down my night life a little.

MARY: Some night life..You have a hamburger at a drive-in... squeeze the waitress's hand..give her a nickel tip...and then run home and dream you're Howard Hughes.

JACK: (MOCKING) Howard Hughes, Howard Hughes...Some joke... Mary, if you're so smart, let me ask you a question...If I was born in 1914, how old would I be today?

MEL: (OFF) DON'T ANSWER HIM, SISTER, HE AIN'T GIVING AWAY NOTHIN'.

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS.

MARY: Who's that?

JACK: Some guy named Fink.

MEL: (OFF) F, I, N, Q, U, E.

JACK: I KNOW, I KNOW...Don't pay any attention to him, Mary... There's one in every audience.

MARY: By the way, Jack, my mother wanted to send you a birthday card, but she didn't know your address, so she sent it to me.

JACK: Your mother? ... Have you got the card with you?

MG

ATX01 0184745

MARY: Yes, I'll read it to you.

"CONGRATULATIONS...

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE FORTY, JACK,

I'VE BEEN THERE TWICE AND

I'M COMIN' BACK.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Say, that's kinda cute.

MARY: Mama has a wonderful sense of humor.

JACK: Yeah...remember the time she painted an extra toe on your uncle's foot and he thought he had seven? ... She does some of the... Oh, hello Dennis..You're just in time for your song.

DENNIS: I'da been here sooner but on the way down I had to stop off at our family doctor's office and punch him in the nose.

JACK: You punched your doctor in the nose?

DENNIS: He had it coming, my mother told me what he did.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: When I was born, for no reason at all, he slapped me.

JACK: Dennis...

DENNIS: And my back was turned, too.

JACK: Dennis..never mind that, ^{silly talk}..let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay, Mr. Benny..but first..congratulations on your birthday.

JACK: (SWEETLY) Oh..well, it's awfully sweet of you to remember it, kid.

DENNIS: I never would've thought of it if you hadn't given me that ticket to the burlesque show last night.

JACK: Never mind, Dennis.

MG

DON: What did the burlesque show have to do with it?

DENNIS: Well, a girl came out to do a dance..her bubble broke, and a sign fell out saying, "Sunday is Jack Benny's Birthday."

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: You must be popular..what applause you got.

JACK: All right, all right.

DENNIS: They whistled and everything.

JACK: Dennis..

DENNIS: What a fuss over a man's birthday.

JACK: ~~Now~~ Dennis, you found out it was my birthday, that's all that matters. Now come on, let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay...(MUMBLES) Gee, when I'm forty, I hope I don't look like him.

JACK: What did you say?

DENNIS: Sing, Dennis. *F!*

Jack: You said it!
 (SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)
 JACK: Hold it a minute, Dennis...COME IN.
 (SOUND: DOOR OPENS)
 RUBIN: Mr. Benny?
 JACK: Yes.
 RUBIN: Mr. Benny, I'm the head usher here at C.B.S and I came here to tell you that you have twelve thousand birthday cards in the lobby.
 JACK: No!
 RUBIN: Yeah, they're not selling, would you please take 'em home?
 (SOUND: DOOR SLAM)
 JACK: Hm..Go ahead and sing, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "SECRET LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

MG

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-9-

JACK: That was "Secret Love" sung by Dennis Day ...
very good, Dennis ... that was wonderful.

DENNIS: Congratulations on your birthday.

JACK: Dennis, you congratulated me already, forget it.

DENNIS: I tried, but I can't get that bubble dancer out of my mind.

JACK: Force yourself ...

DENNIS: You know, Mr. Benny, it must be nice to have your birthday come on Valentine's Day.

JACK: Yes, kid, but there's only one thing against it... So many famous people were born in the month of February... Longfellow ... Lincoln ... Washington ... It makes it hard for me to be outstanding.

DENNIS: I can imagine.

JACK: Course, I don't want you to think for a minute that I'm comparing myself to a man like Washington.

DENNIS: Why not? wore a wig, too.

JACK: Very clever, very clever ... Did you make up that joke yourself, Dennis?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: And you like that type of joke?

DENNIS: Yeah... I thought it was very funny.

JACK: *Oh, you did? You thought it was funny, huh? Well, excuse me a minute.*
(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP ...

DIALING)

JACK: Hello, Kenny Baker? ... Come home, all is forgiven.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

CL

ATX01 0184748

JACK: You better watch it, Dennis... Another gag like that and you'll only have one show ... and another thing --

BOB: Say, Jack ..

JACK: Yes, Bob.

BOB: *Well, look* I didn't want to interrupt anything, but I've got a little present for you from the boys in the band.

JACK: *Oh*, Well, this is really too much ... to think that the boys in your ~~band~~ *orchestra* would remember my birthday ... I mean with all their other worries and responsibilities.

BOB: Well, Remley was the one.

JACK: *Oh*, Remley, eh?

BOB: ~~Remley~~ *Uh-huh* funny thing happened ... Last night Frankie was in a bar and he happened to look up and he saw a little sign that said, "Tomorrow is Jack Benny's birthday."

DON: Bob ... that was written on the ceiling?

BOB: No, under the table.

JACK: I put it there on purpose. I knew he'd see it.

BOB: Anyway, Jack, all the boys chipped in, ^{and} they appointed Begby the piano player to go out and buy you a plaque, and they asked me to present it to you ... So Jack, on behalf of the boys in the ~~band~~ *orchestra*, here you are.

JACK: Well, that's very nice of them ... Gee, it's a fancy ~~plaque~~ *plaque*, too. Let me read the inscription ... "To Herman Heffelfinger ... Champion Bowler ... Anthracite Miners Tournament." ... Bob, what's the ~~matter~~ *matter* with Begby? *I mean* - Why would he get me a plaque like ~~that~~ *that*?

WA

BOB: *Well* You don't have much choice when you deal with a second-story man.

JACK: Wait ~~████████~~ ... You mean Charlie buys stolen merchandise?

BOB: *Well*, Sometimes he buys, sometimes he sells.

JACK: ~~████████~~ A.. I ~~████████~~ can't understand Bagby. There are so many decent, honest businessmen around ... why does Charlie have to buy from a burglar?

BOB: He gives Green Stamps.

JACK: ~~████████~~ ... Well Bob, I'm not accepting a hot plaque.

BOB: But Jack, if you give it back, the boys'll be insulted!

JACK: Well, I'm not keeping it .

DON: Bob, I don't like to butt in, but Jack's right about that gift. What's the matter with the boys in the band? Why would they get him a thing like that?

BOB: Well, Don, I'm sure the boys wanted to do better ... but they don't have too much money lately. You know, they've been helping out ~~Sammy~~.

JACK: ~~Sammy~~ the drummer?

BOB: Yeah, he's really down and out. Why, he's so broke he can't even afford a drum to practice on at home.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame ... I better talk to him.

BOB: Well, not now, Jack. He brought his 13-year-old son down here today .. That's him over there in the wings.

JACK: ~~Sammy's~~ son? Which one?

BOB: That kid on the right ... the bald-headed one.

JACK: Oh yes, there is a resemblance ... they both have that same reflection ... But Bob, you say the kid's only thirteen years old...How can he be completely bald already?

WA

~~BOB: I said you, Bagby can't... come down to... on.~~

~~JACK: Oh... on... I guess I better buy him a~~

DENNIS: Happy birthday, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: That bubble dencer is driving me nuts.

JACK: Dennis, go sit down ... Now let's get on with the program.

DON: *Oh*, Say Jack, before you go any further, I think it's time for a song by the quartet.

JACK: Oh yes, that's right ... are the Sportsmen here?

DON: Yes ... COME ON IN, FELLOWS ... Now Jack, the ~~the~~ boys want to dedicate this number to you on the happy occasion of your birthday because this song ~~has~~ been associated with you for years.

JACK: Well, that's very nice, Don.

DON: And ^{Jack} there's a part in it where you play the violin... right at the opening.

JACK: Oh, Don, do I have to?

DON: No.

JACK: Well, I'm going to, it's my birthday... Now wait till I get the music stand up here... Say, Bob, can I get a violin from one of the boys in the band?

BOB: *Well* I don't know about a violin, but Bagby will make you a good deal on a hot Cadillac.

JACK: I don't want that, I want a violin.

WA

BOB: Well, the boys can get you a genuine Stradivarius next Thursday.

JACK: Thursday?

BOB: Yeah. Heifetz is playing here Wednesday.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well, I'll just take what they've got. Lerry, let me have your violin, will you?...Thanks...Hm... What a gang in the orchestra....When they say that Remley is playing a steel guitar, you can take that word either way, ^{where's that violin?} ..All right, Don, I'm ready.. ^{you want me to} take the opening, huh?

WA

ATX01 0184752

JACK: (PLAYS VIOLIN)

QUART: Oh no, it isn't the breeze
It's you know who.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: Oh no, it's not Isaac Stern
It's you know who.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: By now you know it's ^{not Mr. Linky} ~~Isaac Stern~~
It's you know who.

Can it be the trees
That fill the breeze
With fragrance that we all like?
Oh no, it isn't the breeze
It's Lucky Strike

When we stop to ~~tear~~ ^{ask} and then compare
Do we find they' ~~are~~ ^{can} like
Oh no, there's none ~~are~~ ^{can} compare

With Lucky Strike.
Way down in Kentucky
They planted a seed
It grew to a Lucky
Just to give you all that smoking pleasure
LSMFT, we all agree
Is smooth and so pleasant like
Oh yes, the one smoke for me
Is Lucky Strike.

(APPLAUSE)
WA

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-15-

JACK: *That was really swell*
That was ~~it~~ boys ... Thanks very much ...
You know, Don, ~~it~~ was ^{so} nice of the quartet ~~---~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

RYAN: Telegram for Jack Benny...

JACK: *Oh,* Here I am, boy, *Here... here, boy, boy,* here's a tip for you.

RYAN: (EXCITED) Oh, boy, a dollar! A whole dollar! Thanks,^q
Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I wonder who could be sending me a telegram right in
the middle of my --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

RYAN: Excuse me, Mr. Benny.

JACK: What do you want now, ~~it~~

RYAN: I forgot my bicycle.

JACK: You didn't forget it, I bought it... Now, goodbye

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: I hate when a guy makes a deal and then tries to get
out of it ...

(SOUND: ENVELOPE OPEN)

JACK: *the* Gee, the telegram's from my sister Florence.

DON: *Oh,* What does she say?

CL

ATX01 0184754

JACK: She says ... "DEAR JACK...I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR PROGRAM AND I THOUGHT I SHOULD SEND YOU THIS WIRE IMMEDIATELY ... YOU'RE NOT FORTY YEARS OLD TODAY ... YOU'RE ACTUALLY -- Oh no ... no, this can't be ... this is awful.

BOB: *Well*, Jack, how old does your sister say you are today?

JACK: Thirty-nine ... Oh my goodness ... this is embarrassing ... But my sister Florence ought to know ... I guess instead of being born in 1914, it was 1915.

DENNIS: But, Mr. Benny ... how could you be born in 1915? .. You told me that in 1918 you were in the Navy.

JACK: WELL, OF COURSE I WAS IN THE NAVY, DO YOU THINK I'M A SLACKER?

DENNIS: WELL, HOW OLD WERE YOU THEN?

JACK: THREE ... THAT'S HOW OLD I --

DON: THREE!. HOW COULD YOU --

JACK: DON, DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, THEY MEASURED ME FOR A UNIFORM AND CUT OFF MY CURLS AT THE SAME TIME.

DON: BUT JACK, IF YOU WERE ONLY THREE YEARS OLD, HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLE GET IN THE NAVY?

JACK: I OWNED A BATTLESHIP AND SHUT UP! ... Anyway, this thing has got me puzzled ... I'm going to call Rochester and have him look at my birth certificate.

(SOUND: FOUR STEPS)

JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) My sister Florence says I'm thirty-nine ... and I think I'm forty ... I ~~going~~ ^{gotta} to find out.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKING..FADE TO BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD)

CT:

BEA: Say, Mable?

SHIRLEY: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SHIRLEY: Yeah, I wonder what Colliers Cover Girl wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny. I'll call your house immediately. d

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants I should get him Rochester.

SHIRLEY: Well, be nice to him ... you know today's his birthday.

BEA: It is? How did you find out?

SHIRLEY: Dial ULRICK 8-900.

BEA: *Yeah*, But *how did you* ---

SHIRLEY: Dial, dial.

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING UL 8-900...
BUZZ AND CLICK)

JENNY: (FILTER) The time is four...twenty-one and ten seconds.

(SOUND: TIME TONE BEEP)

JENNY: (FILTER) And today is Jack Benny's birthday ... The time is four -- twenty-one and twenty seconds.

(SOUND: TIME TONE BEEP)

JENNY: (FILTER) His shirt size is fifteen and a half ... The time is --

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

BEA: How do you like that ... Imagine Benny having his birthday announced on the telephone. How does he get away with it?

CL

SHIRLEY: He used to be a personal friend of Alexander Graham Bell.

BEA: Gee, with all the advertising, he must be getting a lot of gifts.

SHIRLEY: I can imagine. What did you send him?

BEA: A beautiful calfskin glove.

SHIRLEY: One glove? Why in the world would you give him only one glove?

BEA: That's all he needs ... He never takes his right hand out of his pocket.

SHIRLEY: Very true.. Say, Gertrude, can you give me a lift home tonight?

BEA: I guess so, what's wrong?

SHIRLEY: I've got another flat tire.

BEA: Gee, you've been having more trouble with that motorcycle.

SHIRLEY: Yeah.

(SOUND: CLICKING OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Operator

(SOUND: CLICKING)

JACK: Operator..Gertrude...get me my home.

BEA: I'm trying, I'm trying...You know, Rome wasn't built in a day.

JACK: Well, you ought to know, you helped build it.

BEA: Well, thank you Julius Caesar.

JACK: Never mind...Now please ring my home.

BEA: Okay, okay, I'm ringing it.

CL

JACK: Hm...smart sleek Gertrude... She takes you out for dinner once ~~she~~ she thinks she owns you ... Oh well.

(SOUND: CLICK)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, RADIO, TELEVISION AND SILENT PICTURES.

JACK: Rochester ... it's me.

ROCH: OH OH OH OH ... HELLO, BOSS. 4

JACK: What took you so long to answer the phone?

ROCH: WELL, TODAY'S YOUR BIRTHDAY AND I WAS OUT IN THE KITCHEN FINISHING YOUR CAKE.

JACK: *Oh, you baked*
A cake? *for me?*

ROCH: YEAH *and* YOU OUGHTA SEE IT, BOSS...ACROSS THE TOP IN WHIPPED CREAM, I WROTE "HAPPY BIRTHDAY".

JACK: *Oh,* that's nice, Rochester.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, HOW MANY "P'S" IN HAPPY?

JACK: Two.

ROCH: OH-OH.

JACK: *Oh,* So you'll have to add one.

ROCH: I'VE GOTTA TAKE ONE OFF, I'VE GOT THREE.

JACK: *Will look it,*
You can do that later ... Now Rochester, here's why I called you... I don't know what to do...I thought today was my fortieth birthday...but I just got a wire from my sister and she says I'm thirty-nine.

ROCH: WELL, DON'T ARGUE WITH HER, BOSS, GRAB IT.

JACK: Roch ~~me~~, I've got to be honest with myself...Now I want you to look at my birth certificate and tell me the date on it.

CL

ATX01 0184758

ROCH: YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE?
JACK: Yes, do you know where it is?
ROCH: IT'S RIGHT HERE ON THE DESK.
JACK: What's my birth certificate doing on the desk?
ROCH: YOU GOT IT OUT THE OTHER DAY WHEN YOU APPLIED FOR YOUR
OLD AGE PENSION.
JACK: Oh, I just did that for a gag.
ROCH: WELL, THEY MUST BE LAUGHING, YOUR FIRST CHECK CAME
TODAY.
JACK: Rochester, stop making things up...Now look at my birth
certificate.
ROCH: I'M LOOKING AT IT.
JACK: Now in the space where it says "Date of Birth" ...
what's there?
ROCH: A HOLE.
JACK: A hole in the paper?
ROCH: YEAH, WE ERASED IT ONCE TOO OFTEN.
JACK: Oh ... Well then there's nothing I can do ... and I'll
have to take my sister's word for it.
ROCH: I GUESS SO, BOSS...YOUR SISTER MUST BE RIGHT.
JACK: ^{I guess} Yep, I'm thirty-nine ^{Well,} Goodbye, Rochester.
ROCH: GOODBYE... OH SAY, BOSS ... HEE HEE HEE HEE.
JACK: What?
ROCH: AREN'T WE DEVILS?
JACK: You and Me?
ROCH: NO, ME AND YOUR SISTER.
JACK: Yeah, yeah ... Goodbye, Rochester.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL
FEBRUARY 14, 1954

-C-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word to cigarette smokers.

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: You know, you can count on American College students to know a good thing when they see it. A survey made in 1952 of smokers in leading colleges showed that Luckies were the favorites in those colleges. Well, last year another survey was made. It was nation-wide, supervised by college professors, and representative of all students in regular colleges from coast to coast. Based on thirty-one thousand actual student interviews, the survey shows that Luckies lead again! Lead over all other brands, regular or kingsize and by a wide margin. Luckies' better taste was the reason given most often. When you come right down to it smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste -- and the fact of the matter is ... Luckies taste better.

(MORE)

CL

ATX01 0184760

7
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)
FEBRUARY 14, 1954

WILSON: Taste better because they're made of fine tobacco.
(CONT'D) Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then, Luckies
are made better... So make that next carton Lucky
Strike, the cigarette that tastes better.

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky ^a

(LONG CLOSE) Get better taste today!

CL

ATX01 01B4761

ALLOCATION
FEBRUARY 14, 1954
(Transcribed Feb. 10, 1954)

-21-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm not the only one who's celebrating a birthday.. Last week, more than three million, three hundred thousand Scouts and Leaders of the Boy Scouts of America had a candle-lighting job on their hands. It was the beginning of Boy Scout Week, and these Scouts added the 44th candle to their birthday cake ... candles that through the years have lighted boyhood's path to manhood, brightening the way with fun and fellowship, guiding boys to a future of good citizenship. And ladies and gentlemen today's Scouts are tomorrow's citizens.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

CL

ATX01 0184762

(TAG)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Come on, Don, the car's right around the corner. I'll drive you home.

DON: Okay.

JACK: You know, Don, that was a pretty good program we just did, but I think -- a

MEL: HEY, BENNY ... BENNY ...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh? Oh, it's you, Mr. Fink.

MEL: Yeah ^{hey} don't you know some program I can go on and win a refrigerator?

JACK: No, I don't ... Come on, Don.

MEL: Well, I'm gonna get a refrigerator even if I have to buy one.

JACK: Well, I don't care -- Buy one? ... Get in the car, Mister ^{Fink} ... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CL

ATX01 0184763

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

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

CL

ATX01 0184764

PROGRAM #24
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1954 CBS ^a 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 4, 1954)

BA

ATX01 0184765

OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #24

FEBRUARY 21, 1954

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

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, How do you feel about it?
Isn't smoking enjoyment the main thing you want from your
cigarette? Well, just remember this. Smoking enjoyment
is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is
Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother. Now
freshness is especially important -- and you'll be glad to
know that every pack of Lucky Strike is extra tightly
sealed to bring you Luckies' better taste in all its
natural freshness. Light up a Lucky and see for yourself
how much fresher, how much better it does taste. Luckies
just have to taste better. In the first place they're made
with fine tobacco ... fine, naturally mild, good tasting
tobacco.

(MORE)

-4
DH

ATX01 0184766

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

FEBRUARY 21, 1954

WILSON: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Secondly, Luckies are
(CONT'D) made better -- made round and firm and fully packed to
draw freely and smoke evenly. All this means better
taste. Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste.
And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. So
Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Get better taste and get it fresh
with Lucky Strike. 4

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET:

(LONG
CLOSE)

Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Get better taste today!

DH

ATX01 0184767

(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,
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TONIGHT JACK BENNY AND HIS
ENTIRE CAST LEAVE FOR NEW YORK WHERE THEY WILL DO
ONE TELEVISION AND TWO RADIO SHOWS..AS WE LOOK IN ON
JACK'S ^{home} ~~home~~ IN BEVERLY HILLS, ROCHESTER IS TAKING
CARE OF THE PACKING FOR THE TRIP.

ROCH: ...NOW LET'S SEE IF EVERYTHING'S PACKED...SLIPPERS...
SMOKING JACKET..SILK ROBE...ONE FULL DRESS SUIT..
DINNER JACKET...TWO TUXEDOS...SILK SCARF...GLOVES....
WHITE TIE...AND SPATS...WELL I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT ALL...
NOW I BETTER PACK MR. BENNY'S THINGS.....I'M
GLAD I CONVINCED HIM TO GO OUT AND BUY SOME LUGGAGE
FOR THIS TRIP...THE BOSS REALLY GOT A BARGAIN ⁱⁿ THIS
AIRPLANE LUGGAGE BUYING IT SECOND HAND....THERE'S NO
DOUBT BUT IT'S GENUINE AIRPLANE LUGGAGE....IT USED TO
BELONG TO ORVILLE WRIGHT...WELL, LET'S SEE,--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (COMING IN) Rochester, how are you getting along
with my packing?

ROCH: FINE, BOSS...I'M ALMOST DONE.

JACK: Did you pack all my toilet articles?

ROCH: UH HUH...AND I MADE SURE I PUT IN YOUR HAIR OIL....
DANDRUFF REMOVER..MILITARY BRUSHES AND COMB.

JACK: Good.

BA

ATX01 0184768

ROCH: THEY'RE NOT NECESSARY BUT THEY'RE GREAT FOR YOUR MORALE!

JACK: Yes, yes.. Well, I'm going ^{with the door} to look for some books to take on the train.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

ROCH: ...WELL, LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE WILL MR. BENNY WANT TO TAKE ALONG WITH HIM TO NEW YORK...IT'LL BE PRETTY COLD THERE, I BETTER PACK SOME OF HIS LONG UNDERWEAR.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...BUREAU DRAWER OPENS)

ROCH: HERE THEY ARE...HE ^{sure} GOT A LOT OF LONG UNDERWEAR...HEE HEE HEE...I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT TIME HE PUT ^{a pair} ON BACKWARDS....HE LOOKED LIKE A SAILOR...SAY, WHAT'S THIS.. THIS PAIR HAS THE LEGS CUT OFF JUST BELOW THE KNEES... OH YES, NOW I REMEMBER...MR. BENNY DID THAT IN PALM SPRINGS.. HE WANTED PEOPLE TO THINK THEY WERE PEDAL PUSHERS... WELL, I BETTER ~~all~~ ---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (COMING IN) Here, Rochester, put these books in my bag.

ROCH: YES SIR.. ~~WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS, DIDN'T YOU READ THIS BOOK~~

~~WHEN IT FIRST CAME OUT..EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY?
JACK: Uh huh....I distinctly remember, it had four hundred and ninety-two pages...those numbers were the only things I understood..Hmm. Einstein's Theory of Relativity...Eh,...I won't read it agsin..I'll wait till they make a picture out of it...I understand they're going to make it in the square root of 3-D7..Now,~~

Rochester, don't forget to take along my violin.

ROCH: YOU TAKING THAT ^{thing} TO NEW YORK WITH YOU?

BA

JACK: Yes, and there's always a possibility it might get lost or damaged...so see that my insurance policy with Lloyds of London is paid up.

ROCH: YOU GOT YOUR VIOLIN INSURED ~~■~~ LLOYDS OF LONDON?

JACK: Yes, why?

ROCH: I THOUGHT ANYTHING THAT MOANS LIKE THAT WOULD HAVE THE BLUE CROSS.

JACK: Rochester, never mind being a musical critic, I'm going to take my violin ~~■~~---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: SHALL I ANSWER THE DOOR?

JACK: No, you finish ~~■~~ packing, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Gee, I can hardly wait to get on that train.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING...COMING...

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *Oh*, Oh, hello, Don.

DON: (A LITTLE ANGRY) Hello, Jack.

JACK: Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Don, I didn't think I'd see you till we got to the station.

DON: Jack, what I have to talk to you about can't wait.

JACK: Why, what's the matter?

DON: ~~■~~ about the accommodations you got me on the Super Chief.

BA

JACK: *Well* What's wrong with them?

DON: Me...in an upper berth?

JACK: Don, everybody on the show has an upper berth.

DON: Well, I don't like it.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Don...the last time we went to New York, how did you go?

DON: You shipped me by freight.

JACK: Oh yes...I forgot...I made a good deal with the railroad.

DON: ~~Yeah~~ that was the most humiliating trip I ever took.

JACK: Humiliating? Why?

DON: When the train stopped at Chicago, they opened the door and some guy stamped "Swift & Company" on me.

JACK: All right, Grade-A...if it'll make you happy, I'll get you a compartment.

DON: *Well*, That's better.

ROCH: (OFF) BOSS, I'VE GOT EVERYTHING ALL PACKED AND READY.

JACK: Good, good....

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...COUPLE FOOTSEPS...

RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BOB: Hello, Jack, this is Bob Crosby.

JACK: *oh hell, Bob* What is it, ~~what~~

BOB: Well, June and the kids are all going to the station to see me off, so I'll have a car full...^{*well,*} And I wondered if you'd mind giving Frank Remley a lift to the station.

JACK: *Oh*, Of course, I'll be glad to ^{*Remley, huh?*} Where shall I pick him up?

BA

BOB: Under the arms like we always do.

JACK: Oh, yes, yes. ^{Well - I'll} See you at the station. Goodbye, ^{Bob.}

BOB: So long.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

BOB: Well, ~~June~~ that takes care of Remley. Jack's gonna take him to the station.

SHIRLEY: Oh..is Frankie going on the same train with you?

Oh yeah, we all - all have upper berths except Barty. The phone flyer
BOB: ~~Yes~~, he has a compartment ~~in the next car.~~

SHIRLEY: A compartment -- why should ~~Frankie~~ ^{Bob's} have such nice accommodations when everyone else has an upper berth?

BOB: ^{Well} June, you need extra room when you're handcuffed to a deputy sheriff.

SHIRLEY: For a ~~player~~ ^{friend} player he can get into more trouble.

BOB: Yeah, ^{say} Did you pack my shirts and ^{my} ties?

SHIRLEY: Yes, everything's ready...

BOB: Say, I better take along some extra money.

SHIRLEY: Money? Don't you get an expense account while you travel with the show?

BOB: Well, yes...Jack, gives us each five dollars a day.

SHIRLEY: Five dollars a day! That'll hardly pay for your hotel room. What about food?

BOB: ^{Well} Jack has ~~all~~ ^{that} figured out...One day I eat and one day I sleep...Now I better get my heavy coat, ^{you know} it's cold back East, ^{honey}

SHIRLEY: ^{Well} I put it by your luggage. ^{oh.} By the way, ^{Bob,} didn't I hear some talk that President Eisenhower is going to appear on Jack's radio show next week?

BA

BOB: That's right...Jack is dedicating an entire program to the Red Cross.

SHIRLEY *Oh* Gee, it's nice of ~~him~~ ^{Jack} to do that.

BOB: It's no more than fair...look at all the blood ^{that} they've given him... ^{well} ~~any~~, I mustn't forget to take ^{my} ~~some~~ music to New York.

SHIRLEY: What music is that?

BOB: ^{Well} ~~it's~~ it's a new number ^{that} I've been rehearsing. I think I'll ~~play~~ ^{try} over it once ~~more~~.

(APPLAUSE)

(BOB CROSBY'S SONG) ("WRAP YOUR TROUBLES IN DREAMS")

(APPLAUSE)

BA

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Well, I guess we've got almost everything packed, eh,
Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR ... HOW MANY SANDWICHES DO YOU WANT ME TO MAKE UP
FOR THE TRAIN.

JACK: None.

ROCH: NONE?

JACK: No, this trip I'm going to eat all my meals in the diner.

ROCH: WELL, I BETTER TAKE MY CAMERA, ALL THE PAPERS WILL WANT
PICTURES OF THIS.

JACK: Lock, don't be so funny.. Now you put my luggage in the
car and make sure all the doors and windows are shut.
Oh..I've got to go down to my vault and get some money
for the trip..Don, will you pick up Frankie Remley.

DON: Sure, Jack.. See you on the train.

JACK: *I'm going down to the vault. I'll be*
I'll be right back, Rochester.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..DESCENDING FOOTSTEPS.
..GETTING HOLLOW...STOP)

JACK: Now to cross the bridge over the moat...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN BRIDGE..
SPLASHING NOISES..FOOTSTEPS STOP...MORE
SPLASHES)

BH

ATX01 0184774

JACK: Gosh, look at that Alligator...so strong and powerful....
~~he's~~ he's been very valuable to me, ^{too...} Three wallets, ^{and} a belt
and he's still as healthy as ever...I hope he forgets by
next Christmas...~~getting~~ ^ggetting wise to me when I come in
here with a piece of meat in one hand and a can of ether
in the other.... ^{Damn} ~~Damn~~, boy, see you later.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RATTLING OF CHAINS...IRON HANDLE
TURNS, IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN...FEW MORE
FOOTSTEPS..HEAVIER CHAINS...IRON HANDLE
TURNS, IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN...TWO MORE
FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Halt, who goes there, friend or foe?

JACK: Friend.

KEARNS: What's the password

JACK: (SINGS) Luckies taste better
Cleaner, fresher, smoother.
Lucky Strike, Lucky Strike

KEARNS: Oh, it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, Ed...Nice seeing you again.

KEARNS: Thank you....How are things on the outside? ~~Is it~~ ^{is it} still
summer?

JACK: No no, Ed...it's February.

KEARNS: Oh yes...that follows September.

JACK: No, ^{Ed} Ed...February follows January.

KEARNS: January?

JACK: Yes.

KEARNS: That's a new one on me.

BH

JACK: Well, anyway, it's February... How have you been, Ed?

KEARNS: Oh, fine... Say, Mr. Benny... I hate to complain but it's awfully cold down here.

JACK: Oh. I'm awfully sorry, Ed. The next time I come down I'll bring a stove.

KEARNS: Well, if it's all the same to you I'd rather have clothes.

JACK: Oh, well, I'll send some down... Now I got to open the safe and get some money.

KEARNS: Shall I lie down so you can give me the ether again?

JACK: No no, Ed... you can watch this time.. Now let me see... The combination is.. Right to Forty-five... (LIGHT TURNING SOUND) ..Left to Sixty.. (LIGHT TURNING SOUND)... Back to Fifteen.. (LIGHT TURNING SOUND) .. Then Left to One-Ten... (LIGHT TURNING SOUND)... There.

(SOUND: HANDLE TURNS.. DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR USUAL VAULT ALARM WITH STEAM WHISTLES, BELLS, GONGS, HORNS, ETC... ENDING WITH B.O. WHISTLE)

JACK: There we are... now let's see how much money I need... There, this ought to be enough... Gosh.. look at that big pile of money way in the back of the safe.... Boy, if the South had won, I'd be a millionaire... Well, I better close the safe.

(SOUND: SAFE DOOR CLOSES)

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, you sure took ^{out} a lot of money this time.

JACK: Yes, Ed.. besides going on a trip, ^{you see,} on March fifteenth I have to send my income tax to the government.

BH

KEARNS: All the way to Mexico City, eh?

JACK: ^{no, no} No no, Ed. California is a State now..well, so long, Ed.

KEARNS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny. (~~SNORES~~)

JACK: ~~Gersonbeids, Ed. and I won't forget the station...
Crickets.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC TO STATION)

(SOUND: JACK'S CAR COMING TO STOP...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{Yes} Here's the station, Rochester..you park the car and take care of the baggage...I'll go on in.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: And don't be late...the Superchief leaves in about fifteen minutes.

ROCH: I'VE GOT TO GO TO THAT DRUGSTORE AND GET MYSELF A FEW THINGS.

JACK: What do you have to get?

ROCH: SOME TOOTHPASTE, VITAMIN PILLS, AND SHAMPOO.

JACK: Wait a minute, Rochester..Isn't that a Rexall Drug Store?

ROCH: ~~YES~~ WHY?

JACK: Well, they're having a one cent sale, here's three cents get me the same...^{now} I'll see you in the station.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN NOW LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUC....AMONGA.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

BH Ah say Rochester, here's another .15¢. Get me a copy of the Saturday Evening Post with the Bob Hope autobiography in it. You know, the one that's called "This Is On Me". I want to read it on the train.

BOB: Hi, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob...Well, we'll be on our way pretty soon.

BOB: Yep.

JACK: ~~I'll see you on the -- Bob, why are you flipping that coin.~~

BOB: ~~I'm trying to decide what to do on my first night in New York, eat or sleep.~~

JACK: ~~Excuse me,~~ I ~~to~~ got to go over to the window...I forgot to buy a ticket for my producer, *you know.*

(SOUND: STATION NOISES...TRAINS CHUGGING INTO STATION)

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN NOW ARRIVING ON TRACK FOUR FROM SAN FRANCISCO..TRAIN NOW ARRIVING ON TRACK SIX FROM SAN DIEGO...ENGINE NOW ARRIVING ON TRACK THREE FROM LAS VEGAS...BOY, DID THAT CONDUCTOR HAVE BAD LUCK.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

DON: *Oh,* Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Don...*hey* Where are the Sportsmen?

DON: ~~They're~~ *Right* over there.. They'll be with us in a minute. They're saying goodbye to a couple friends of theirs who just got married.

JACK: ~~Where?~~ *For Sportsmen are?*

DON: Right over there.

JACK: Oh, yes.

BH

ATX01 018477B

QUART: CH CH FOO, CH CH FOO *ch ch foo, ch, ch foo,*
 CHOO CHOO TRAIN, CHUG CHUGGIN' AT THE STATION.
 CHOO CHOO TRAIN, CONDUCTOR PULL THE CORD
 CHOO CHOO TRAIN YOU KNOW OUR DESTINATION
 CH CH FOO, ^{*ch ch foo*} ALL ABOARD.

CHOO CHOO TRAIN, CHUG CHUGGIN' OUT BY JIMMINY.
 ENGINEER TOOT TOOT YOUR TOOT A TOOT
 SMOKEY SMOKE, PUFF PUFFIN' UP THE CHIMNEY

CH CH FOO, WE'RE ENROUTE ^{*ch ch foo*}
~~Porter fix the room and porter bring us ice~~
~~NOW WE CAN RELAX SO CALL THE PORTER~~
~~Porter get a broom; sweep out the shoes and rice~~
~~WE'LL NEED SEVERAL PACKS OF LUCKIES TO DRYIN~~
~~Porter thanks alot, you've been so very nice~~
~~AND AS LIKE AS NOT LEAVE THEM A LITTLE COIN~~

PORTER TELL YOU WHAT

HERE'S A QUARTER, SHOO SHOO PORTER
 CHOO CHOO TRAIN ^{*please pardon me for hiding*} ~~IS COMING TO KENTUCKY~~

~~CHOO CHOO TRAIN~~ IN CASE YOU DIDN'T GUESS
~~CHOO CHOO TRAIN WILL LOAD UP WITH LUCKIES~~ ^{*It's heaven to be riding*}

CH CH FOO CH CH FOO THE ^{*long moon*} ~~EXPRESS~~ EXPRESS.

CHOO CHOO TRAIN IS ^{*returning*} ~~COMING~~ FROM KENTUCKY

CHOO CHOO TRAIN ~~W~~ THAT'S WHERE IT'S ^{*coming*} FROM

CHOO CHOO TRAIN ^{*all*} ~~IS~~ LOADED UP WITH LUCKIES

CH CH FOO, CH CH FOO WATCH IT COME

CHOO CHOO TRAIN PLEASE HURRY TIME'S A WASTIN'

CLEAR THE TRACK FOR SOMETHING WE ALL LIKE

CARTONS OF ^{*the*} ~~THE~~ SMOKE THAT'S BETTER TASTIN'

CH CH FOO, ^{*ch ch foo*} LUCKY STRIKE.

(MORE)

BR

QUART: THERE ARE NO LOOSE ENDS IN LUCKIES TO ANNOY
(CONT'D) THEY WILL PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS
EACH COLLEGE GIRL AND BOY
FRESH AND SMOOTHER, TOO
IT'S LUCKIES YOU'LL ENJOY
CLEANER THROUGH AND THROUGH
FIRST YOU TEAR 'EM, THEN COMPARE 'EM a
CHOO CHOO TRAIN, IT'S PULLING IN THE STATION
CHOO CHOO TRAIN UNLOADING HAPPINESS
CHOO CHOO TRAIN HAS REACHED ITS DESTINATION
CH CH FOO, CH CH FOO CH CH FOO, *ch ch foo, ch ch oo - - -*
RIDE THE HAPPY GO LUCKY STRIKE EXPRESS.

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0184780

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *say Don* ~~Don~~, I'll see you on the train .. I ~~got~~ got to go over to the ticket window.

DON: Okay, Jack.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE...ATTENTION...THE TRAIN STANDING ON TRACK NINE WILL NOT LEAVE THE STATION,..THE ENGINEER REFUSES TO TRAVEL FOR A LOUSEY FIVE DOLLARS A DAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now let's see...oh, that's the ticket window over there.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

HEARN: H'ya, Rube.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh? ... Oh, it's my friend from Calabasas..What are you doing here in Los Angeles?

HEARN: Rubbin' my eyes, same as everybody else.

JACK: Oh, that's --

HEARN: For a city that don't grow nuthin', you sure got a lotta smudgin' goin' on. *huh*

JACK: Yes yes..Where are you going?

HEARN: No place..I just arrived from Calabasas.

JACK: Oh...How are things out there?

HEARN: Pretty good...Been making speeches all month.

JACK: Speeches?

HEARN: Yup. I ran for mayor. The election was yesterday.

JACK: Mayor of Calabasas? How did you make out?

DH

ATX01 0184781

HEARN: I don't know.. we're still waitin' for the rural vote to come in.

JACK: Oh, of course, the rural vote. Well, tell me, did you put on a good campaign?

HEARN: Oh yes. *yes* I went around to each farmer individually and asked him what his biggest problem was.

JACK: I see. And what is the farmer's biggest problem?

HEARN: Traveling salesmen.

JACK: Oh.. Well, Secretary Benson will certainly be glad to hear that.

HEARN: Well, I better get goin'... Have to round up my wife.

JACK: Oh, your wife's with you?

HEARN: Yep, she's on a shoppin' spree. Every time she comes to the city, she goes hog wild.

JACK: No kidding.

HEARN: Last year she bought a hundred and twenty hogs..Hee hee hee. .. Heard Spade Cooley pull that one... You oughta catch that boy. Now there's a comedian.

JACK: Yeah...yeah.

HEARN: Well, so long, Rube.

JACK: So long. *So long.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~I don't get it... he likes Spade Cooley, and he calls me Rube.~~ .. Well, I better go get that ticket.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

DH

ATK01 0184782

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ALL NEWSPAPER MEN AND REPORTERS
.... ATTENTION...NOW ARRIVING FROM FLORIDA, BARBARA HUTTON
AND PORFIRO RUBIROSA...THEY ARE ARRIVING ON TRAINS MARKED
HIS AND HERS.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: ~~that~~.this must be the window...^{at least,} That man ~~is~~ there, ^{I guess, is} ~~there~~ the
ticket agent...Oh, Mister...Mister...

NELSON: YESSSSSS.

JACK: ^{Why?} Are you the ticket agent?

NELSON: No, I'm a groundhog, I came out, saw my shadow and ran
back in here.

JACK: ^{Well,} ~~Well,~~ I'd like to buy a ticket to New York.

NELSON: ^{Well,} I can only sell you a ticket to San Francisco...I just sold
the man ahead of you a ticket to New York.

JACK: ^{Well,} What's that got to do with it .. you can sell me a ticket
to New York, can't you?

NELSON: I can, but I won't.

JACK: Why not?

NELSON: I like to keep my stacks even.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing ~~is~~ --

HY: Excuse me, sir.

JACK: Huh?

HY: I'm in a terrible hurry...would you mind if I go ahead of
you?

JACK: Well...no, I, ^{and} guess not.

HY: Thank you

NELSON: Yes sir...what can I do for you, sir?

DH

HY: I'd like to buy a ticket to Constantinople.

NELSON: Oh, I'm awfully sorry, but you can't buy a ticket to Constantinople.

HY: Why not?

NELSON: Well, you see....

(IN RHYTHM) Istanbul was Constantinople

Now it's Istanbul, not Constantinople.

JACK: Look --

HY: But I've got to meet my girl in Constantinople.

NELSON: Every gal in Constantinople

Lives in Istanbul not Constantinople.

Jack: So if you've a date in Constantinople,
Look -- --
She'll be waiting in Istanbul.

JACK: Look, Mister --

HY: *Well,* That's confusing.

NELSON: *Well,* I don't know why...

Even old New York was once New Amsterdam.

JACK: *Well,* Why did they change it?

HY: I can't say.

NELSON: People just liked it better that way.

HY: But I wanna go back to Constantinople.

NELSON: But you can't go back to Constantinople

Now it's Istanbul not Constantinople

JACK: Gee..why did Constantinople get the works?

NELSON: (MAD) That's nobody's business but the Turks.

JACK: Oh.

DH

NELSON: Here's your ticket to Istanbul.

HY: *oh*, Thank you and Goodbyyyyyyyyyeiiiiieeyyyee. (TURKISH CHANT)

JACK: I don't know why I always have to get into these kind of spots.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN NOW ARRIVING ON TRACK NINE WITH SEVENTY-FIVE CARLOADS OF FLORIDA ORANGES.

(SOUND: FIVE OR SIX GUN SHOTS)

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN NOW DEPARTING ON TRACK NINE WITH SEVENTY-FIVE CARLOADS OF FLORIDA ORANGES.

JACK: Now look, Clerk, you better sell me a ticket to New York or I'll report you.

NELSON: Oh, all right...Is the ticket for you?

JACK: No, it's for my producer.

NELSON: Very well, do you want this ticket on the El Capitan or the Superchief?

JACK: Well, let's see...I'm on the Superchief...and the fare on that is a hundred and forty-three dollars.

NELSON: That's right, and if he goes on the El Capitan it'll be a hundred and seventy-five dollars.

JACK: Now just a minute...I happen to know that the Superchief is more expensive than the El Capitan.

NELSON: Not when you're on it.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP)

DH

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE...THE SUPERCHIEF IS NOW
DEPARTING.

Ray Jacks (SOUND: TRAIN LEAVING WITH BELLS, ETC.)
DON: JACK, HURRY...HURRY..

JACK: COMING, DON, COMING.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...JUMPING ON MOVING TRAIN...
SOUND OF TRAIN GOING SUSTAIN IN B.G. TO FINISH)

JACK: Whew...I just made it.

RUBIN: (PUFFING) *Yeah* You sure did.

JACK: You know, Mister...it's nice being on the Super Chief,
isn't it?

RUBIN: Yeah, but I hate to think what's gonna happen in a few
minutes.

JACK: Why?

RUBIN: I'm handcuffed to a *plans* ~~player~~ player who got on the El Capitan.

JACK: Well, how do you like that.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DH

ATX01 01847B6

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, let's
(LIVE) meet America's prettiest professional golfer. Here she
is --- Miss Alice Bauer.

ALICE BAUER: You know something, I like to play golf. I've played
(TRANS.) golf for so many years. I've played amateur golf at first
and now I'm playing professional golf. And I do like
professional golf much better it, I don't know, has more
competition in it and you really have to play a much
better game of golf. I guess that's all a matter of
taste though, and after a hard day out on the golf course
and really hard competition, I like to come in and sit
down and relax and light up a Lucky. I guess that's a
matter of taste too, but to me Luckies taste better.

WILSON: Thanks, Alice Bauer. Friends, smoking enjoyment is all
(LIVE) a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is --
Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. First,
because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And second,
because Luckies are made to taste better. So, Be Happy --
Go Lucky. Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste Better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother.
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

DH

ATX01 0184787

(TAG)

-20-

(SOUND: TRAIN GOING)

JACK: Well, Rochester, we're on our way to New York.

ROCH: YEAH...YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY BUSY SCHEDULE WHEN WE GET THERE,
HAVEN'T YOU?

JACK: That's right. I'm not only doing two radio shows but I'm
also doing ^{my} ~~a~~ television program. ~~and~~ ^{next week with Helen Hughes...} Then I also have to
play a big benefit.

ROCH: A BENEFIT? WHO FOR, BOSS?

JACK: My cast, some of them would like to eat and sleep....
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

BR

ATX01 0184788

PROGRAM #25

1 As Broadcast

(REVISED SCRIPT)

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1954 CBS 7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

(TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 20, 1954)

(NEW YORK CITY)

JAN

ATX01 0184789

- A -

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #25"

7:00 to 7:30 PM EST FEBRUARY 28, 1954 SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM... Transcribed and
presented by Lucky Strike!

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. Let's take a good
close look at the subject of why you smoke
cigarettes. Think it over a minute and you'll
agree that the main reason and probably the only
reason you smoke is simply that you enjoy it --
you like the taste of a cigarette. Sure - smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the
fact of the matter is Luckies taste better.

-more-

ras

ATX01 0184790

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 28, 1954

OPENING COMM'L (CTD)

WILSON(CTD) Luckies taste better -- Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother for two very important reasons. One is, LS/MFT... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. The tobacco in Luckies is fine, naturally mild, good-tasting. Another reason for this better taste is that Luckies are actually made better -- made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. Fine tobacco in a better made cigarette gives you better taste every single time. So if you go along with me that smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste, then Be Happy -- Go Lucky ... because the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Get a carton of Lucky Strike and see for yourself.

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET:

Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(LONG
CLOSE)

Get Better Taste Today!

ras

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE... MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS BROADCAST IS COMING TO
YOU FROM NEW YORK CITY WHERE TONIGHT JACK BENNY
WILL ALSO DO HIS TELEVISION SHOW...WITH HIS SPECIAL
GUEST, MISS HELEN HAYES. ^{But} RIGHT NOW WE ARE DOING
A RADIO SHOW FROM THE LINCOLN SQUARE THEATER...
WE CAN'T BRING YOU LINCOLN, BUT HERE'S A REAL
SQUARE...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this
is Jack Benny talking...And Don, that was such a
wonderful introduction you gave me. It's a shame
it's your last one.

DON: What do you mean, my last one?

JACK: Well, Don, this show is transcribed... and the program
and you will be released at the same time...and now,
~~ladies and gentlemen~~ ---

ras

DON: ~~Now wait a minute, Jack, do you mean you're going to fire me?~~

JACK: ~~Oh no, Don, I'm not firing you. I'm just stopping your salary, you can do as you please.~~

DON: But, Jack --

JACK: Look, Don, I'm only kidding. It's just that I wanted a more dignified introduction because the program tonight is dedicated to the opening of the 1954 Red Cross Campaign...and a little later in the show President Eisenhower will speak to us from Washington.

DON: *Oh*, Say, Jack, did you read that last week President Eisenhower played golf at the club you belong to in Palm Springs -- Tamarisk?

JACK: Yes, Don...and what a thrill I got when I read that... Just imagine...the President of the United States driving off from the same tee that I drove off... Putting on the same green that I putted on...Tipping the same caddy that called me a cheapskate... what a thrill.

DON: You know, Jack, when the President plays golf, he's accompanied by twenty secret service men.

JACK: Twenty secret service men? Gosh, I'll bet he never loses a ball...You know, F.B.I. means "Find Ball Instantly".

-more-

ATX01 0184793

JACK:
(CTD) ... But anyway, Don, it's exciting being here in
New York again, isn't it?

DON: *Oh,* It certainly is, Jack...and have you noticed all
the changes since we were here last?

JACK: You bet I have, Don. They've painted the sub-
treasury building... Brinks has four new trucks...
and there's a brand new carpet in the Chase National
Bank.

~~DON: And the city also has a new mayor.~~

~~JACK: Really?~~

~~DON: Yes, Jack. Robert Wagner is the new mayor.~~

~~JACK: Robert Wagner? Well, isn't that amazing....Just
a few short years ago he came to New York to
be on Strike It Rich. Well, Don, we've got a show
to do so let's get on with it.~~

~~DON: Jack, before we get started, there's a something I
wanted to ask you.~~

~~JACK: What is it?~~

~~DON: Well, I was just wondering if you'd give me an
advance on my next week's expense money.~~

~~JACK: An advance? Don, you mean you've already spent
your allowance for this week?~~

ras

DON: That's right.

JACK: Well, Brother, you must really be living.

DON: Oh no, I've been very careful and I can prove it. I've got all my expenses itemized right here on this list.

JACK: Let me see that... Four breakfasts at a dollar each... Four dollars... four lunches at two dollars each... eight dollars... Four dinners at four dollars each... sixteen dollars... total for twelve meals, twenty-eight dollars... Don, this is ridiculous.

DON: What's wrong with spending twenty-eight dollars for twelve meals?

JACK: ~~Nothing, but you had 'em all in one day... And what's this item here... Fifteen dollars.~~

DON: That's for my hotel room.

JACK: Well, I can't allow it.

DON: What?

JACK: Look, Don, I'm not paying you for a hotel room when you've been living in a restaurant... You oughta go on that program called "What's My Waist Line"? ... Anyway, Don, I'll ~~talk to you about this later... but right now, let's...~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ras

ATX01 0184795

JACK: Excuse me, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, where are you?

ROCH: I'M BACK STAGE AT THE TELEVISION STUDIO.

JACK: Oh. How's everything going?

ROCH: FINE, FINE... I'VE BEEN WATCHING MISS HAYES ^{rehearse} ON THE SET.

JACK: Oh ^{my!} Helen Hayes. I'm sure lucky to get her as a guest star....She's some actress, isn't she, Rochester?

ROCH: YEAH...AND BOSS, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER THIS AFTERNOON. IN ONE MINUTE, SHE WENT FROM A MOOD OF CAREFREE, LIGHT-HEARTED GAITY TO THE PENT-UP EMOTIONS OF ANGER, FRUSTRATION, AND DESPAIR.

JACK: Gee! What scene was that?

ras

RTX01 0184796

he

ROCH: NO SCENE, SHE WAS READING ~~FOR~~ CONTRACT.

~~JACK: WHAT?~~

~~ROCH: WHEN SHE GOT TO CLAUSE SEVEN, SHE BROKE OUT IN NERVES.~~

JACK: Hmm. Well, Rochester, she's probably nervous.
Everybody gets excited before a live television show.

ROCH: ON THE CONTRARY, BOSS. EVERYONE'S VERY CALM HERE. YOUR
PRODUCER IS TAKING A NAP, THE DIRECTOR IS READING A
MAGAZINE, ^{and} THE WRITERS ARE PLAYING CARDS..IN FACT,
WE'VE HAD ONLY ONE ATTACK OF NERVES ALL AFTERNOON.

JACK: Really? Who had it?

ROCH: YOUR MAKE-UP MAN.

JACK: My make-up man? But, Rochester, this make-up man in
New York has never worked on me before..he's never even
seen me.. Did you describe me to him? Did you tell him
that I'm only thirty-nine years old?

ROCH: UH HUH...I EVEN WENT FURTHER THAN THAT. I TOLD HIM
YOU HAD SKIN LIKE A PEACH.

JACK: *Well* Good, good..what did he say?

ROCH: HE ASKED ME IF I'D EVER SEEN THE SKIN ON A THIRTY-NINE
YEAR OLD PEACH.

~~JACK: Well, I don't need him, Rochester, I can make myself up.~~

~~ROCH: YES, SIR.~~

~~JACK: I'll see you at the show..And Rochester, remember to
laugh hard at all my jokes because I've got lots of
friends in New York.~~

jn

ROCH: YOU'LL HEAR ME, BOSS...I'LL BE SITTING IN ROW "H", SEAT TWENTY-EIGHT.

JACK: Row H, seat -- Rochester, you can't sit there. That's right in front of the camera..You'll be in the picture.

ROCH: ~~I KNOW, I GOT FRIENDS IN NEW YORK, TOO.~~

JACK: ^{of that are you laughing at?} All right, all right. I'll talk to you later..

Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODEBYE..OH SAY, BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: I WAS JUST WONDERING IF I COULD HAVE TOMORROW OFF.

JACK: Tomorrow? But, Rochester, just last week you had three days off.

ROCH: OH, BOSS, YOU'RE NOT GONNA COUNT THEM, ARE YOU?

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: WE WERE ON THE TRAIN.

JACK: Well, you had nothing to do.

ROCH: NOTHING! EVERY TIME WE CAME TO A STOP, YOU THREW A WHITE COAT ON MY BACK, SHOVED A WHISK BROOM IN MY HAND AND WE SPLIT THE TIPS.

JACK: All right, you can have tomorrow off...I'll see you later. Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOOOBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JN

ATX01 0184798

Don: Was that Rochester?

Jack: What did you say?

Don: I say - was that Rochester?
Jack: If it wasn't, I've been talking to a girl with a rose throat
Don - one in a while I slip one in your throat. I'm a ad-libbing fool
you know except I've got it written

DON: Was that Rochester?
Don - Rochester's in pencil & I didn't tell anybody.

JACK: ~~Was~~ ~~that~~ over at the television studio watching rehearsal.

DON: ~~Was~~ Jack, how did you manage to get a ^{such} wonderful actress like Helen Hayes to appear on your television show?

JACK: Well, Don, I heard that she was very anxious to appear on an outstanding comedy program, so I went up to her apartment and asked her to be on my show and she accepted immediately.

DON: Well, that's amazing.

JACK: ~~Was~~, I will admit, ^{course} I used a little trick.

DON: What did you do?

JACK: I had my leg in a cast, she thought I was Jackie Gleason... You know, Don, sometimes you have to be very clever about how you ---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: See who that is, will you, Don?

DON: Sure, Jack.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS... DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (MOOLEY) Can we speak to Mr. Benny?

DON: Say Jack, it's a fellow and four girls. They want to talk to you.

ras

JACK: To me?

MEL: Yeah... Mr. Benny, my name is Rogers N. Hammerstein.

JACK: Rogers and Hammerstein?

MEL: No, Rogers N. Hammerstein, the "N" stands for Nathan.

JACK: Oh... When you told me who you were, I was amazed. You know, you have a very famous name.

MEL: *Yeah,* I know... Nathan sells hot dogs in Coney Island.

JACK: Oh, well look, Mr. Hammerstein --

MEL: Just call me Nate.

JACK: Well, what can I do for you, Nate?

MEL: Well, myself and these four girls here are members of the Jack Benny Fan Club. I'm the President.

JACK: Well, *how* long have you people been my fans?

MEL: Mr. Benny, we realized you ~~was~~ *was* our kind of guy when we first saw you at the Palace Theater.

JACK: Gosh, when was that?

MEL: Yesterday evening when you ~~was~~ *was* arguing with the cashier about changing the prices.

JACK: Oh, were you there?

MEL: All the time till the cops broke it up.

ras

JACK: Well, look ... it ^{'s} ~~was~~ very nice of you to
come over, but right now I'm doing a radio
show.

MEL: *yeah*, That's why we came over... the girls want
to welcome you to New York. a

JACK: Welcome me?

MEL: Yeah... take it, girls.

r&e

ATX01 01B4B01

QUART:

HELLO, HELLO, HELLO, HELLO, HELLO, *hello, hello there*

HELLO, BEAUTIFUL

HOW'D YOU GET SO BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE LOVELY BIG BLUE EYES.

WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM, WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM.

YOU'RE OUR LOVER BOY

WHAT A HANDSOME COVER BOY.

HOW DO YOU STAY YOUNG, PLEASE PUT US WISE.

WHEN YOU SMILE AT US WE GET ECSTATIC

BUT YOUR FIDDLE SHOULD STAY IN THE ATTIC

OH, HELLO, BEAUTIFUL

YOU ARE OH, SO CUTIFUL

You YOU ARE THE ONE WE IDOLIZE, LIZE, LIZE.

HELLO, LUCKY STRIKE

HOW ABOUT A LUCKY STRIKE

LIGHT A LUCKY, PUFF ON IT AWHILE, PUFF PUFF.

puff. puff. puff. puff
L S M F T, TAKE A TIP FROM MISTER "B".

LIGHT A LUCKY, SMOKE IT WITH A SMILE.

WITH A SMILE, WITH A SMILE, WITH A SMILE.

LUCKY STRIKE ~~MADE~~ ^{is} MADE OF FINE TOBACCO, ~~MADE~~

BETTER TASTING, YES SIR, IT'S A FACT...SO...

GO BUY 'EM RIGHT AWAY

AS YOU PUFF 'EM, YOU WILL SAY

THIS IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME

YOU'LL ~~BE~~ ^{see} BE HAPPY GO LUCKY STRIKE

LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE, BOING.

(APPLAUSE)

ras

RTX01 0184802

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *See* That was very good, girls, ^{very good,...} and I really appreciate ~~your~~
~~bringing them over here,~~ Mr. Hammerstein.

NEL: Just call me Nate.

JACK: Well, Nate...I do want you to know I appreciate ~~it~~ ^{that} ~~you~~ ^{your bringing}
~~the girls over to sing to me, what was that B-O-I-N-G at the end.~~

~~Nel: Well one of their gittles broke.~~
~~Jack: Oh Oh I'm sorry.~~
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Excuse me...COME IN.

Hi (SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JESSEL: ~~Hi~~, Jack.

JACK: Well, Georgie Jessel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Georgie, what are you doing here?
I'm looking for a hangar with some threads. No. I'll tell you by I'm here

JESSEL: ~~Hi~~, Jack, I'm ashamed of myself. You were good enough ^{to get one in an}
to M.C. the testimonial dinner the Friars gave me the ^{once in a while}
other night...and I didn't even get a chance to talk to
you.

JACK: That's all right, ^{Georgie} you were busy.

JESSEL: Well, I didn't feel right about it, so I thought I'd
come over and say, "Hello."

JACK: Well, thanks, Georgie, that's nice of you.

JESSEL: And as long as I'm here..(BEGINNING TO ORATE) I'D ~~LIKE~~
LIKE TO MAKE THIS AN OCCASION FOR WELCOMING YOU TO
~~OUR~~ ^{this and} GREAT, THRIVING METROPOLIS.

JACK: Georgie, no speeches.

~~JESSEL: Of course not, Jack..AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, RARELY
IN MY EXPERIENCE HAS IT BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW A MAN
WHO POSSESSES IN SUCH ABUNDANCE THOSE THREE QUALITIES
OF FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.~~

tb

JACK: Georgie, put down that manuscript.

JESSEL: *I* Just a ^{got} ~~few~~ fast notes... *Jack: O L* YES, MY GOOD PEOPLE..FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY, WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD ALL BE STRIVING WITHOUT POINT OR PURPOSE.

JACK: Georgie, I'm doing a program.

JESSEL: AND ~~we~~, ON BEHALF OF THE EIGHT MILLION RESIDENTS OF THIS COMMUNITY, I WELCOME YOU, JACK BENNY, TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

JACK: Is that all?

JESSEL: No, I'd like a glass of water.

JACK: I've never seen such a guy..When other people meet, they shake hands, he delivers an address.

JESSEL: I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: That's all right. ~~we~~ *by* the way, Georgie, this is my announcer, Don Wilson.

JESSEL: ~~Yes~~ *of course...* Yes..You know, Don, I've seen you at ^{so} many of the *in which* dinners ~~where~~ I've been the toastmaster.

DON: *Oh,* You have?

JESSEL: Yes, and if you'd look up from your plate once in a while, you'd see me. *two*

~~JACK: He wouldn't look up if you were Marilyn Monroe..But tell me, Georgie, how do you like living in New York again?~~

JESSEL: Wonderful. It's a great city.

jn.

JACK: Yeah, and Georgie, have you noticed all the changes this past year?

JESSEL: Changes?...Well, let's see..The Rockettes have two new chorus girls..the can-can dancer at the Copa is now a brunette...and there's a brand new carpet in Roseland.

JACK: Georgie, I'm ashamed of you. You're always noticing the same things. I'll bet you didn't even know there's a new mayor here.

JESSEL: No kidding..what's her name?

jn

ATX01 0184805

JACK: ~~Oh fine.~~

DON: Say, George, I hear Jack made a very good M.C. at ~~that~~ ^{the} dinner the Friars gave you.

JESSEL: Don, Jack was just wonderful. ~~He~~ He said so ~~many~~, many nice things about me.

DON: He did?

JESSEL: Yes, ^{he did} His speech was so beautiful, ~~and~~ he paid me such flowing compliments ~~that~~ I sat there thinking, "Either ~~the~~ ^{he} lying or I'm dead."

JACK: ~~No~~ Georgie, I could have paid you a lot more compliments. ^{... many more ...} In fact, I had so much material left over that I'd planned to do a sketch tonight based on your life.

JESSEL: Oh, no. This is your show..and the Friars have already honored me, so let's do a sketch ^{that} I've written ^{about} ~~my~~ your life.

JACK: But I'd rather do your life.

JESSEL: ~~Look, Jack,~~ ^{No, No!} this is a half-hour program, ^{and} the way I've lived, you'd never get ~~it~~ ^{mine} in ^{believe my best.}

JACK: Well, if that's the way you feel...go ahead, let's hear it. ^{Now this is the story of my life.}

JESSEL ^{Your life!} Okay...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..."THE JACK BENNY STORY"...
OR "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU BECAUSE HE OWNS IT"....
CURTAIN, ^{and} ..MUSIC...

(BAND GIVES FANFARE)

tb

JESSEL: OUR STORY ^{begins} ~~starts~~ WITH THE BIRTH OF JACK BENNY, IN THE YEAR 1894 -- THIRTY-NINE YEARS AGO...IT HAPPENED IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS...THE PROUD PARENTS GAZED WITH DELIGHT ON THE BLUE-EYED BABY, AND IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT JACK BENNY'S VOICE WAS HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

MEL: (CRIES LIKE BABY)

LOIS: Look at him, Papa, he's so cute.

BECK: Yes...we'll call him Jackie.

LOIS: Doctor, I want to ask you something... Oh, I know all parents think their children are unusual...but honestly, Doctor, isn't our Jackie different from most babies you've delivered?

OMSTEAD: I can't tell, ^I I'm also a Veterinarian.

LOIS: Look at little Jackie, Papa...he's got your mouth.

BECK: And he's got your nose.

LOIS: And he's got your eyes.

BECK: And he's got your ears.

LOIS: But look at his hair.

OMSTEAD: That's mine, it slipped off.

MEL: (CRIES)

LOIS: There there, Jackie, quiet now.

OMSTEAD: Now, Mr. Benny, about my fee.

BECK: *Oh,* Don't worry, Doctor, just mail your bill, and my son Jackie will send you a check.

mw

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OMSTEAD: *Will* Thank you very *well now* -- wait a minute..your son here..Jackie..
his he's only a few minutes old.. How can he send me a check?

BECK: *Will* I don't know how he did it, but he already saved eight hundred dollars.

MEL: (COOS HAPPILY)

JESSEL: AND SO THE LITTLE BABY BEGAN TO GROW AND MAKE RAPID PROGRESS...AT THE AGE OF SIX MONTHS HE ASTOUNDED MEDICAL SCIENCE BECAUSE HE HAD THIRTY-TWO TEETH...ALL UPPERS... BUT JACK ~~WAS~~ WAS A HAPPY LITTLE CHILD..AND ALL DAY LONG HE USED TO SIT IN HIS CRIB PLAYING WITH HIS TOYS.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

MEL: (GURGLTS HAPPILY)

JESSEL: *and* AS HE GREW OLDER, HIS PARENTS GAVE HIM EVERYTHING HE WANTED. BUT JACK ~~WAS~~ WASN'T AN ONLY CHILD..HE HAD A YOUNGER SISTER NAMED FLORENCE...TODAY HE HAS AN OLDER SISTER NAMED FLORENCE. *But* THE YEARS PASSED AND FINALLY JACKIE ENTERED SCHOOL...AND AS A STUDENT HE WAS EXCEPTIONALLY BRIGHT. *and* PARTICULAR ~~IN~~ IN ARITHMETIC.

JENNY: And now for the next question, I will call on Jackie Benny.

JOEY: Yes, teacher.

JENNY: Now Jackie, if you loaned ten dollars to Albert and five dollars to Irving and fifteen dollars to Tommy...and they all paid you back at once, how much money would you have?

JOEY: Thirty-one dollars..

mw

JENNY: I'm sorry, Jackie...but the correct answer is ^{only} thirty dollars.

JOEY: What about the interest?

JENNY: Oh yes, I forgot.. And that reminds me, Jackie...I'll pay you the money I owe you Friday.

JOEY: Good, good.. Then I'll give you back your wrist watch!

JESSEL: IT WAS EASY TO SEE THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT JACKIE THAT WAS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER BOYS...IN HIS CLASS THERE WAS ONE LITTLE BOY WHO LIVED NEAR THE STOCKYARDS..THERE WAS ANOTHER WHOSE HOME WAS ABOVE A LIVERY STABLE..AND STILL ANOTHER WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR TO A GLUE FACTORY..YET JACKIE WAS THE ONLY KID IN ^{his} ~~THE~~ CLASS CALLED "STINKY".. SOMEHOW HE SEEMED TO KNOW ^{that} HE WAS DESTINED FOR A MUSICAL CAREER...AND FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS HE TOOK VIOLIN LESSONS REGULARLY.

JACK: (PLAYS VIOLIN EXERCISES..HITS CLINKER)

MEL: No no no..how many times must I tell you..smoothly... smoothly...

JOEY: I'm sorry,

MEL: Play it again..only this time hold the bow with one hand, you're not Ty Cobb.

JOEY: I'll try.

MEL: Not today..ze lesson, she is over.

JOEY: Oh... Well, goodbye, Professor.

MEL: Wait...you did not pay me.

mw

JOEY: Huh?

MEL: Monsieur Benny, I want my money.

JESSEL: BUT JACK WAS PERSISTENT ABOUT HIS VIOLIN PLAYING AND HE
TOOK LESSONS...YEAR --

MEL: Monsieur Benny, my money.

JESSEL: AFTER YEAR...

MEL: Monsieur Benny, my money.

JESSEL: AFTER YEAR.

MEL: (CRYING) Please, Monsieur Benny, my money.

JESSEL: FINALLY CAME THE DAY OF HIS GRADUATION FROM ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL...IT WAS A PROUD MOMENT FOR JACK AND HIS PARENTS..
for THAT WAS THE DAY THAT HE PUT ON HIS FIRST PAIR OF LONG
PANTS..THEY LOOKED KIND OF BULKY OVER HIS DIAPERS...AS
HE WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE THE HOUSE, HIS PARENTS LOOKED
AT HIM PROUDLY AND ^{they} SAID;

LOIS: Jackie, we're proud of you.

JOEY: Thanks, Mother, ~~we~~ I'm so excited.

BECK: Look at him, Mama, doesn't he look handsome?

LOIS: He should look handsome..he's got your mouth.

BECK: And he's got your nose.

LOIS: And he's got your eyes.

OMSTEAD: And he's still got my hair.

LOIS: You'll get it, you'll get it, let him graduate first..
And we want to get there early, he's gonna play a violin
solo.

mw

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JACK: (PLAYS END OF "LOVE IN BLOOM")

JOEY: Friends, relatives, teachers, and fellow graduates. Your kind reception to my musical offering has filled my little heart with joy. But I don't deserve all this applause alone..Some of the glory must be shared by my music teacher...that wonderful man..that brilliant genius..that great --

MEL: (SCREAMING) NEVER MIND THE COMPLIMENTS, I WANT MY MONEY!

JESSEL: JACK BENNY'S SCHOOLING AND VIOLIN STUDY ~~was~~^{was} INTERRUPTED BY WORLD WAR ONE WHEN HE ENTERED THE ARMED FORCES...HE WAS REALLY TOO YOUNG TO GO, BUT HIS FATHER WAS ON ~~the~~^{the} DRAFT BOARD...~~so~~ SO, EARLY IN 1917, WE FIND JACK NO LONGER A BOY, BUT A MAN, READY TO ENTER THE NAVY.

JACK: Goodbye, Papa.

BECK: Go already.

JESSEL: WITH THE WAR OVER, JACK'S PARENTS KNEW HE'D SOON BE HOME AND ~~made~~^{they} PREPARATIONS.. THEY MOVED... SO JACK DECIDED ON VAUDEVILLE AS A CAREER...IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME THAT MANY CHANGES TOOK PLACE IN THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD...NEW INNOVATIONS HAD COME ALONG..RADIO..TALKING PICTURES... AND IN ONE PICTURE CALLED "LUCKY BOY". A HANDSOME YOUNG LEADING MAN NAMED GEORGIE JESSEL SCORED AN IMMEDIATE SMASH HIT ~~as~~^{as} HE SANG:

(SINGS) ONE BRIGHT AND GUIDING LIGHT
THAT TAUGHT ME WRONG FROM RIGHT
I FOUND IN MY MOTHER'S EYES.

TB

JACK:

(SOTTO) Georgie!

George! Look it! This is my ---

JESSEL:

(SINGS) THOSE BABY TALES SHE TOLD
THAT ROAD ~~WAS~~ ^{all} PAVED WITH GOLD

JACK:

GEORGIE! ~~ME!~~ ^{Look it!} ~~It's~~ MY LIFE STORY!

JESSEL:

Oh, yes, sorry...WITH THE ADVENT OF RADIO, MANY ~~WAS~~
STARS WERE MADE OVERNIGHT.....AND ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST
WAS THE MAN WHO ALWAYS OPENED HIS SHOW WITH ---

JACK:

Hello again.

JESSEL:

FROM ~~THIS~~ HE BECAME A STAR! ... WHEN JACK REALIZED
THAT HE WAS A BIG HIT ON RADIO, HE DECIDED TO GET HIS
OWN PROGRAM...^{and}FIRST HE LOOKED FOR AN ANNOUNCER. HE
DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR BECAUSE DON WILSON WAS
EVERYWHERE.

JACK:

So you want to be a radio announcer, eh?

DON:

Yes, sir.

JACK:

Have you had any experience?

DON:

A little.

JACK:

Well, before I hire you, I'd like to audition you.

DON:

Yes, sir...listen to this..LS, MFT..LS, MFT..LUCKY
STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK:

Very good.

DON:

TO GET BETTER TASTE IN A CIGARETTE, YOU MUST BEGIN
WITH FINE TOBACCO. THAT'S RIGHT, THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR FINE TOBACCO...AND DON'T LET ANYBODY TELL YOU
DIFFERENT.

tb

JACK: *JK* I won't, I won't! And take your knee out of my stomach.

DON: SO...LS/MFT...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JESSEL: SO DON WILSON WAS HIRED...EVEN THOUGH AT THAT TIME JACK WAS ON FOR JELLO...GRADUALLY JACK ASSEMBLED HIS CAST. HE TOOK MARY OUT OF THE STOCKING COUNTER AT THE MAY COMPANY...HE RECLAIMED PHIL HARRIS FROM A BOWERY MISSION...BUT HE HAD A HARD TIME GETTING DENNIS DAY... THE ORGAN GRINDER DIDN'T WANT TO PART WITH HIM...NOT CONTENT WITH HIS SUCCESS IN RADIO, JACK DECIDED TO GO INTO MOTION PICTURES...AND ONE NIGHT HE HAPPENED TO BE AT A GAY PARTY ~~where~~ ^{where} EVERY BIG PRODUCER IN HOLLYWOOD WAS PRESENT. FEELING THAT THIS WAS HIS OPPORTUNITY, JACK APPROACHED MR. WARNER, ^{The} HEAD OF THE WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO.

tb

JACK: Mr. Warner, I realize it's not considered proper to mix business with pleasure, but there's no reason why I can't be ^a big ^{success in the} ~~big~~ movies ~~and I feel~~, and I feel that if you and I put our heads together, we can come up with a role that ^{would} ~~will~~ not only suit my particular talents but will also--

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Never mind, just park my car.

JACK: Yes sir.

JESSEL: SO JACK PARKED MR. WARNER'S CADILLAC..BUT HE PERSISTED, AND FINALLY MADE A NUMBER OF PICTURES FOR WARNER BROTHERS, CLIMAXED BY "THE HORN BLOWS ~~AT~~ MIDNIGHT"... IT WAS EXACTLY ONE MONTH AFTER THIS PICTURE WAS RELEASED THAT JACK MET MR. WARNER AT ANOTHER PARTY.

JACK: But Mr. Warner, there's no sense being mad at me..When you're a producer, you've got to take chances and I feel that if you and I --

MEL: Never mind, just park my Chevrolet.

JESSEL: BUT ALTHOUGH HE RUINED OTHERS...JACK CONTINUED TO DO WELL..AND ^{HE} HE DECIDED TO MOVE INTO A NEW HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS WITH HIS FAITHFUL VALET, ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BOSS, THIS HOUSE IS SURE BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: Yes, it is, Rochester...but you know, I've been thinking.

ROCH: ABOUT WHAT?

mw

JACK: Well...a house isn't really a home without a woman.

ROCH: WANT ME TO GET MARRIED?

JACK: Never mind.

JESSEL: AND SO JACK MOVED INTO THE HOME ~~HE~~ WHICH HE STILL RESIDES...^{LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..}THIS BRINGS US UP TO THE PRESENT. AND ~~ALTHOUGH~~ JACK BENNY HAS WON THE RESPECT OF HIS COLLEAGUES, THE ACCLAIM OF THE PUBLIC, AND EVERY AWARD THAT HE COULD POSSIBLY ACHIEVE...HE IS STILL THE SAME MAN ^{that} HE WAS WHEN HE STARTED OUT...AND KNOWING JACK AS I DO, I KNOW THAT HIS ^{well as} GREATEST THRILL CAME ONE DAY THREE YEARS AGO IN A SIMPLE LITTLE PRESENTATION THAT THE PUBLIC DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT.

BECK: And so, Mr. Benny, from our Government in Washington, it's my pleasure to give you this.

JACK: Gee...a thirty-seven dollar ~~tax~~ refund. *Goal!*

JESSEL: AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ON THIS HAPPY NOTE WE END OUR STORY... Well, that's it, Jack.

JACK: Georgie, I think you did a wonderful job in presenting my life story and I want to thank you.

JESSEL: Well, Jack, you deserve it.

JACK: Thanks, Georgie, and tonight maybe the two of us ~~---~~

JESSEL: (ORATING) ~~AND YOU DESERVE~~ YOU DESERVE
 IT IS BECAUSE YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD AN
 ABUNDANCE OF THOSE THREE GREAT
 QUALITIES, FAITH, HOPE, AND
 CHARITY. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
 IF I COULD ~~BUT~~ HAVE YOUR
 ATTENTION FOR THE NEXT THIRTY
 MINUTES, I'M SURE I CAN PUT MY
 SIMPLE POINT ACROSS. WE MUST
 GET DOWN TO FUNDAMENTALS. FOR
 IN THE EBB AND FLOW OF MAN'S
 EXISTENCE, IT IS THE BASIC
 THINGS THAT ~~THE~~ THE SUBSTANCE
~~OF WHICH NOTHING ELSE - THE REST~~
~~IS~~ IS TINSEL AND WINDOW
 DRESSING.

JACK: Georgie, don't

*get started again
 Georgie, don't
 start again, please.
 Look Georgie, I don't
 want speeches. The half
 hour's nearly over
 now.*

*Georgie, please -
 Georgie don't basail every
 thing. You did my
 life! But Georgie -
 look it Georgie. This
 was my life, you're
 speaking the whole
 thing*

(MUSIC SNEAKS IN AND BUILDS TO PLAYOFF)

JESSEL: ~~THE HOURS MAY SEEM~~ THE HOURS MAY SEEM
~~SHORT~~ *short* ~~AS LIFE~~ *over life - let me*
~~BUT THE TIME TO SPEAK...~~ *talk! Let me talk!*
~~IF I MAY BE~~ *IF I MAY BE*
~~THE GREAT ONE OF EGYPTIAN PHARAOH~~
~~...~~

OH, FOR HEAVEN
SAKES.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP FULL... THEN FADE)

JACK: And now, ladies and gentlemen, as I mentioned before...
 tonight's program is dedicated to the 1954 Red Cross
 Campaign..We now take you to Washington where the next
 voice you hear will be that of Mr. E. Roland Harrimen,
 Chairman of the American Red Cross, who in turn will
 present the President.

tb

HARRISON: Members and friends of the Red Cross...Tomorrow begins the month in which good neighbors all over the land will pledge themselves to serve their neighbors by joining the American Red Cross...Volunteer workers will visit your homes and offices to tell you what is being done to help the people who day after day turn to your Red Cross in time of emergency and distress -- who turn to you because you, as members of the Red Cross, are active partners in all its friendly deeds. We hope there will soon be thirty million of you on the Red Cross membership roll, so that when the Red Cross serves, you all will be there.....This year our financial goal is eighty-five million dollars. It is the active members behind the eighty-five million dollars -- the volunteers --- who make Red Cross funds go so far and do so much...It is now my privilege and honor to present our most distinguished volunteer---- an active member who each year is one of the first to renew his membership in the American Red Cross... Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States,

tb

Thank you Mr. Harrison
EISENHOWER: My fellow Americans and Red Cross Members: Americans

believe in the Red Cross....I personally believe in it, first, because I know from my own experience the great good it accomplishes in war and peace; second, because I believe in the fundamental principle of Red Cross-- the principle of people helping people...Through the Red Cross, Americans have helped the men and women ~~of~~ our armed forces. In generation after generation, American servicemen have turned to the Red Cross with their personal problems, their family emergencies, and the Red Cross has responded. It has responded quickly and generously....Through the Red Cross the people of this Nation have constantly relieved the pain and suffering of fellow citizens trapped by natural disasters. The homeless and the hungry have been sheltered and fed. Victims of disaster, lacking the means to rebuild and refurnish their homes, have found in the Red Cross the assistance they needed.....And because the American people have donated their blood as well as their money, the Red Cross during the last decade has given life itself to the wounded and the sick. The blood donated by the American people has saved not only the wounded on the battlefields of World War II and Korea, but the sick and injured in more than three thousand hospitals here at home.The Red Cross has provided, and with your help will continue to provide, vast quantities of blood products --- products such as gamma globulin, which helps our children avoid the horrible paralysis caused by polio. (MORE)

tb

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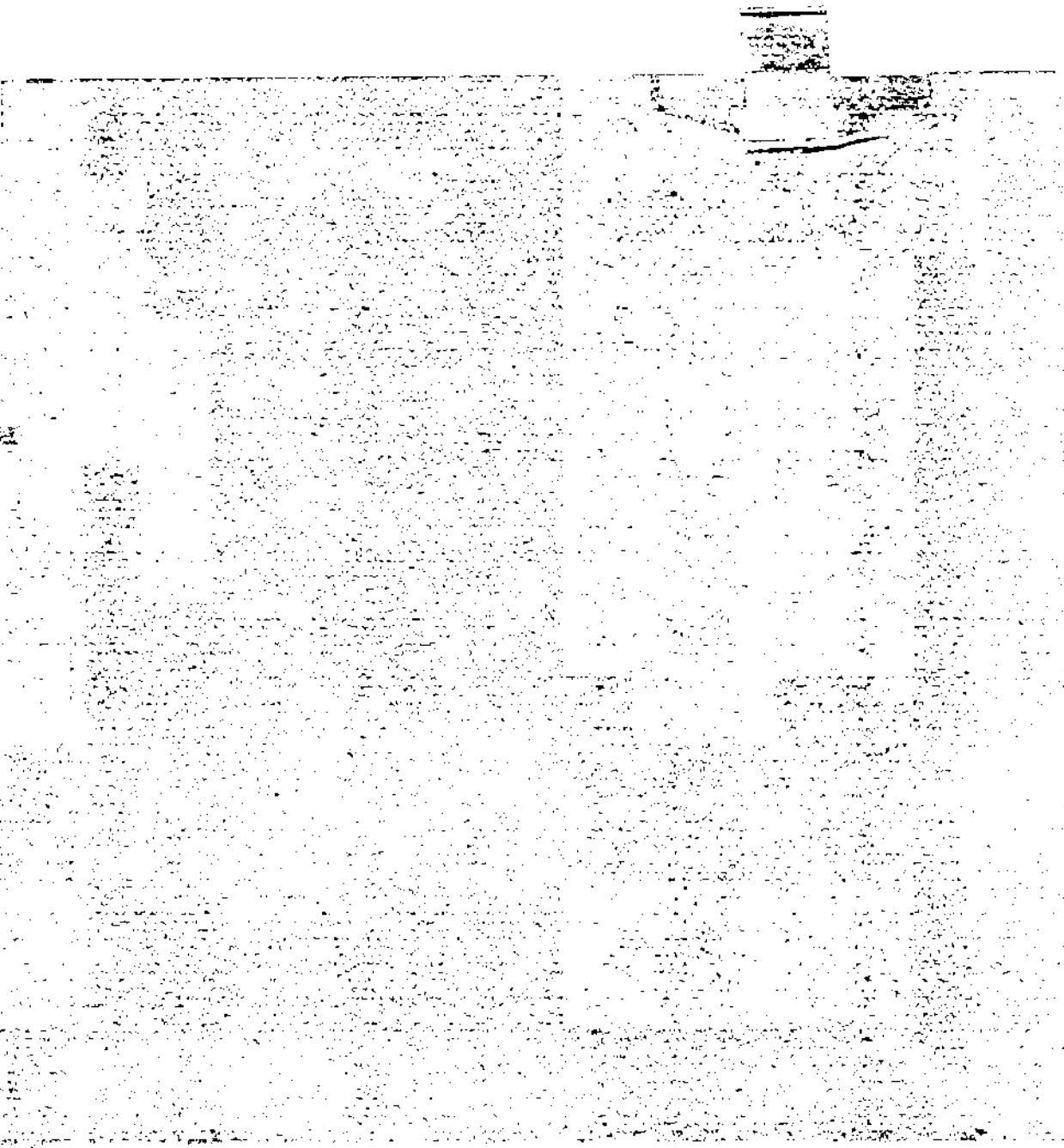
EISENHOWER:
(CTD)

So much for the material contributions of the Red Cross. But beyond all this --- the Red Cross abundantly provides faith in the innate goodness of people, in their ability to work together for the Nation's good. It exemplifies the enormous power which kindness and generosity can exert to move men closer to the day when the rule of force will be banished from the world, and when the Golden Rule will guide the actions of mankind...Through your Red Cross you give special meaning to this faith in humanity. I am confident that this year, as in the past, the American people will join the Red Cross in its magnificent efforts to comfort our fellow men.

Jack:
(APPLAUSE)

Thank you, Mr. President. And Ladies and gentlemen, please join the Red Cross, our membership is urgently needed. Goodnight folks.

tb



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PROGRAM #26

(REVISED SCRIPT)

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"In Broadcast"

SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 1954

CBS

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

(TRANSCRIBED FEBRUARY 25, 1954)

(NEW YORK CITY)

ta

ATX01 0184821

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #26

MARCH 7, 1954

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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, there are three
words that pretty well sum up why millions of
smokers prefer Lucky Strike. Those three words are,
"Luckies taste better." "Taste that's the
key to complete smoking enjoyment. For, smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of
the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Here's why. First, LS/MFT, Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco, naturally mild, good-tasting
tobacco. (MORE)

ATX01 0184822

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 7, 1954

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

Second, Luckies are made better to taste better.

You can see for yourself they're round, firm,
and fully-packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly.

You'll get more enjoyment from smoking if you
remember, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of

taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies

taste better. So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Get better
taste. Next time ask for Lucky Strike.

COLLINS:

Luckies taste better!

CHORUS:

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

ta

ATX01 0184823

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM NEW YORK CITY, 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) a

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THIS IS JACK BENNY'S SECOND WEEK IN NEW YORK, AND RIGHT NOW WE'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO JACK'S ROOM AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL... UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S NOT STAYING THERE, SO WE TAKE YOU TO HIS ROOM AT THE ACME PLAZA... ~~IT IS MORNING, AND ROCHESTER IS BUSY PRESSING THE SUIT THAT JACK WORE LAST NIGHT.~~

ROCH: (SINGS) EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE,

ALL AROUND THE TOWN...

(Applause)

~~LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN~~

Dog gone, Livingstone Mr. Benny comes to New York, he swings, taps at this broken

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

~~ROCH: (SINGS) BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER --down hotel.~~

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, GOOD MORNING, MR. BENNY

(APPLAUSE)

ROCH: DID YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP?

JACK: Yeah. By the way, what kind of weather are we having today...is it raining?

ras

ROCH: I DON'T THINK SO.

JACK: Oh, is it sunny out?

ROCH: I'M NOT SURE.

JACK: Maybe it's cloudy and drizzly?

ROCH: COULD BE.

JACK: On the other hand, it might be clear and cold.

ROCH: BOSS, IF YOU'D ONLY GET A ROOM WITH A WINDOW, WE
COULD STOP PLAYING TWENTY QUESTIONS.

JACK: ^{Never mind}
~~No, thank you, Rochester..~~

ROCH: SAY, LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS, I BETTER GET ~~ME~~ YOUR
BREAKFAST IN A HURRY... YOU'VE GOT THAT TEN O'CLOCK
APPOINTMENT WITH YOUR DENTIST.

JACK: No, no, Rochester...I went to the dentist yesterday
and I'm all finished.

ROCH: GOOD...WELL, I'LL ORDER YOUR BREAKFAST.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP...

BUZZ...CLICK)

JENNY: Room service.

ROCH: HELLO, THIS IS ROCHESTER...I'D LIKE TO ORDER SOME
BREAKFAST FOR MR. BENNY.

JENNY: What'll he have this morning, farina, oatmeal, mush,
or cream of wheat?

ROCH: ...HAM AND EGGS, HE CAN CHEW AGAIN.

ras

JENNY: Oh, that's good... it will be nice to have him smile at me for a change...Now, what else please?

ROCH: BUTTERED TOAST AND COFFEE.

JENNY: Coffee?

ROCH: YES.

JENNY: The management of the Aome Plaza Hotel, requests that we make this announcement to our guests...due to the recent increases in the cost of wholesale coffee, we are forced to raise our prices.

ROCH: YOU'VE RAISED YOUR PRICE IN COFFEE?

JENNY: Yes, it's five cents a cup now.

ROCH: WELL, SEND IT ALONG.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: YOUR BREAKFAST WILL BE ALONG SOON, BOSS.

JACK: *Oh,* Thank you...

ROCH: BY THE WAY, BOSS, CAN I HAVE TONIGHT OFF?

SOME FRIENDS OF MINE ARE GIVING ME A FAREWELL PARTY.

JACK: No, Roch~~...~~. I have a lot of things for you to do.

ROCH: CAN I HAVE TOMORROW NIGHT OFF?

JACK. No.

ROCH: WELL, HOW ABOUT TUESDAY NIGHT?

JACK: ~~Yes,~~ Yes, Tuesday night sounds all right. Where are you going Tuesday?

ras

ATX01 0184826

ROGH: THE SAME PARTY. IT'LL STILL BE ROLLING.

JACK: I should have known. Well, Rochester ---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: ~~Oh, that must be from service...~~ I'll get it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DON: *Oh,* Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Don. *Don, how are you?*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Don,* Turn yourself sideways and come in... I didn't expect you.

DON: ~~that~~, I ^{just} thought I'd drop by, I have a little surprise for you.

JACK: Surprise?

DON: Yes, I was out with your sponsor last night, and he told me how happy he is with your radio and T.V. programs.

JACK: Oh, that's nice.

DON: And to show his appreciation he's buying tickets for all of us to see a Broadway show tomorrow night.

JACK: Which one?

DON: LSMFT and Sympathy.

ras

ATX01 0184827

JACK: Oh yes...I hated to tell him that Deborah Kerr wasn't Dorothy Collins.

DON: Not only that, Jack, but your sponsor is having a party Saturday night and he wants you to come.

JACK: I'll certainly be there.

DON: Oh, and he said to be sure to bring your violin.

JACK: Oh, darn it....I hate to get up and entertain when I'm a guest.

DON: He didn't say anything about your being a guest.

JACK: Good, good...that means I'll get paid...^{But} Tell me, Don, how are you enjoying ---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh, that's probably my breakfast.

DON: Jack, it could be the singing group from the Hit Parade.

JACK: Oh, yes...you told me they wanted to audition for me...^{while we're here in New York}
Well COME ON IN, FELLOWS.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *Don,* Are they going to sing a song from the Hit Parade.

DON: Jack, they're going to do a Lucky Strike Extra -- something from the All Time Hit Parade. -Go ahead, fellows.

ta

QUARTET: You better wake up, wake up, you sleepy head
 Get up, get up, get out of bed
 Cheer up, son it's time/^{that} you were rising
 When the Red Red Robin comes Bob Bob Bobbin along
 along
 There'll be no more sobbin
 When he starts throbbin^a his old sweet song
 Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head
 Get up, get up, get out of bed
 Cheer up, cheer up, the sun is red
 Live, love, laugh and be happy
 What if I've been blue
 Now I'm walkin' through fields of flowers
 Rain may glisten
 But still I listen for hours and hours
 I'm just a kid again
 Doin' what I did again, singing a song
 When the Red Red Robin
 Comes Bob Bob Bobbin along
 And now how about a commercial
~~You mean~~
 We've gotta have a commercial
 We didn't have one at rehearsal
 Makes no difference we've gotta have it now
 Well, let me think, now let's see
 There is no no nothing

(MORE)

ta

ATX01 01B4B29

QUARTET:

Like puff puff puffin' a Lucky Strike
That's good
 It's the best smoke yet
 It's the cigarette you are sure to like
 Light up, light up, and you'll agree
 LS, LS dash MFT
 Cleaner, fresher, and much smoother too
 So be Happy Go Lucky
 If you'll tear 'em
 And then if you'll compare 'em ~~them~~ you'll say
 They're really, really, really, really better
 You'll be startin' in right
 Go buy a carton tonight, they're okay
 Let's light a Lucky Strike
 Luckies have the taste you like
 Let's light one now
 'Cause you know there's nothin'
 Quite like puffin'
 Let's light a Lucky right now.

(APPLAUSE)

ta

JACK: ^{2nd} ~~1st~~ That was swell, fellows. It really sounded great...and

Don...(WHISPERS) Come here a minute.

DON: (WHISPERS) Yes, Jack?

JACK: (WHISPER) How much will they want for appearing on the program?

DON: (WHISPER) Their fee is a thousand dollars.

JACK: (SCREAMS) WHAT? (WHISPERS IMMEDIATELY) I mean what...A thousand dollars?

DON: (WHISPER) Yes, Jack.

JACK: (WHISPER) Well, you can tell them that they're not exactly what we had in mind.

DON: (WHISPER) But, Jack --

JACK: (WHISPER) Tell 'em, tell 'em.

DON: (WHISPER) Okay...(UP) I'm sorry, fellows, but you're not exactly what Mr. Benny had in mind...Thanks for coming over.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

DON: For heavens sakes, Jack, I don't know why you sent them away...What are you going to do for a commercial on your show?

ROCH: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, MR. WILSON.

JACK: Of course not...Rochester, turn off the tape recorder... Now give the tape to my producer for the program we're going to --

fad

DON: Jack Benny, that is without a doubt the cheapest thing
I've ever seen you do.

ROCH: WELL, STICK AROUND TILL HE TIPS THE WAITER FOR HIS
BREAKFAST.

JACK: Never mind...

DON: Say Jack, would you like to go to a show with me
tonight?

JACK: No, not tonight, Don...I've got a date.

DON: With whom?

JACK: Gisell MacKenzie..She ^{you know} sings on The Lucky Strike Hit
Parade, and she's a lovely --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Here's your breakfast.

JACK: Thanks.

MEL: There's the pepper and salt, and here's a whisk
broom.

JACK: A whisk broom. What's that for?

MEL: Coming down the hall I dropped your ham and eggs.

JACK: *Look!* Look, I told you, you can forget the jokes.
This trip I brought my own writers.

MEL: Okay, okay.

jn

ATX01 01B4832

JACK: Give me the check, and I'll sign it....Here, boy,
and I wrote down the tip.

MEL: Hm...Say, Mr. Benny, wouldn't you like to erase the
tip and give me the same amount in cash?

JACK: Why?

MEL: Then nobody but the two of us will ever know.

JACK: Okay, here.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF COINS CLINKING)

MEL: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Say, Don, ^{you} care to have a little coffee with me?

DON : *Oh* No thanks, Jack, I've already eaten.

JACK: Good, good..Well, I better eat before it gets cold...
I've got a radio rehearsal this afternoon... and
tonight I ~~am~~ got to pick up Giselle MacKenzie.

(TRANSITION MUSIC SHOWING PASSAGE OF SEVERAL HOURS OF EASTERN STANDARD
TIME)

(SOUND: STREET AND TRAFFIC NOISES...FOOTSTEPS ...FADE
TO BACKGROUND)

11-12-13-14

JACK: Gee, ~~it~~^{is} has been a nice day. I like to walk along Broadway and look at all the signs...look at all the new pictures that have opened up... "Beat the Devil" with Humphrey Bogart... "It Should Happen To You" with Judy Holiday... "Riot In Cell Block Eleven"... Oh yes, that's based on the life of Frank Remley... Gee, I thought the Hit Parade Studio was right around here somewhere, but I don't see it. I better ask somebody where it is... Excuse me, Mister.

FRANK
FONTAINE:

Huh, you talkin' to me?

JACK:

Yes, I -- ~~wait a minute~~^{hey} I know you... You're John L. C. Sivoney.

(APPLAUSE)

JAN

ATX01 0184834

JACK: *Yeah*, It's nice running into you again, Mr. Sivoney, *huh?*

FRANK: Wait a minute...who are you?

JACK: Don't you recognize me?... Here, I'll step under the light.. Now take a good look at me.

FRANK: Holy smoke, it's Jack Bennnyyyyyyyyyyyyy.

JACK: That's right...Mr. Sivoney, the last time I saw you was in Hollywood...what are you doing here in New York?

FRANK: Well, I'll tell you how it happened in a way...I was back in Hollywood...I was just hangin' around the house..just hangin' around the house...I wasn't doin' anything...I was just hangin' around ^{the house...}...I didn't feel like doin' anything...just hanging around ^{the house...}... I said to my wife... "Hey you." ^{she said} She said, "who?"...I said, "You." She said, "Me?"...I said, "YAH!"...She said, "What?"...I said, "Answer the phone"...She said, "No"...I said, "Answer the phone."...She said, "No."...I said, "Answer the phone."...She said "No"...I said, "Answer the phone." she said, "No."

JACK: Gee, why ^{why} didn't she want to answer the phone?

FRANK: It hadn't rung yet. (LAUGHS)

JACK: Oh... Well, if the ^{well, if the} phone hadn't rung, why did you want her to answer it?

FRANK: Well, she was just hangin' around, she wasn't doin' anything.

JACK: Oh, I see.

mw

~~FRANK: And when anybody beside me ain't doing nothing, it makes me so nervous.~~

~~JACK: I can imagine.~~

FRANK: Well, then the phone rings, and it's a quiz program, and I answered all the questions correctly.

JACK: *You answered the questions correctly...* well, ~~what did they ask you?~~..what did they ask you?

FRANK: Well, first they asked me my name.

JACK: Naturally.

FRANK: They didn't stick me, I had it right, ^{here} on my driver's license.

JACK: ~~what else - what else~~? Oh..what else, did they ask you on this quiz program?

FRANK: Well, they told me that they had asked the same jack pot question of a lot of contestants..They asked me "How many legs does a horse have?" and I said, "three," and I won.

JACK: Wait a minute, John...that's not the right answer.

FRANK: I know, but I was the closest.

JACK: ~~Hehehehe.~~

FRANK: ^{then} They they announced on the radio that the winner of the two week vacation in Honolulu was John L. C. Sivoney and I said, "Holy Smoke, that's meeeeeee." (LAUGHS)

on

JACK: John...John...did you say you won two weeks in Honolulu?

FRANK: YAH.

JACK: Then what are you doing here instead?

FRANK: Well, I asked them if I could come here because I want to ~~go~~ tryout with the New York Giants.

JACK: ^{Well,} ~~Yeah~~ John...you can't play baseball.

FRANK: With the Giants, that's an advantage...(LAUGHS)

JACK: I see what you mean... Well, John, it was nice running into you, but I've got to go now... I'm a little late for an appointment...by the way...do you know where the Hit Parade Studio is?

FRANK: ^{Yeah,} ~~Yeah~~...it's ^{just} ~~right~~ around the corner.

JACK: Well, thanks, ~~yeah~~ I better hurry... Goodbye.

FRANK: So long, *Mr. Benny*.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: STREET NOISES UP AND FOOTSTEPS...THEN
FADE TO BACKGROUND)

cm

JACK: Gee, what a character...someone told him that peroxide would keep his hair blonde so he drank three bottles... Oh, here's the theatre.. ~~There's~~ ^There's the stage door.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS..CLOSES
SOUND OUT)

JACK: Now let's see, where --

KRAMER: Hey you, where do you think you're going?

JACK: Huh?... Oh, I didn't notice you, Doorman... I'm going in to see Miss Giselle MacKenzie.

~~KRAMER: I'm sorry, no autographs till after the show.~~

~~JACK: But --~~

~~KRAMER: Out, out, OUT.~~

~~JACK: Now wait a minute, Doorman...you can't do this to me... Don't you know who I am?~~

~~KRAMER: Say, you do look familiar... Sure, now I recognize you.~~

~~JACK: That's better.~~

~~KRAMER: You're the guy who has the room next to me at the Acme Plaza.~~

~~JACK: Look, Mister --~~

~~KRAMER: If I get a raise one of these days, I'm gonna move outta that dump.~~

cm

ATX01 0184B38

JACK: ~~...your information, the name Henry, and Miss~~

~~MacDonald...~~

KRAMER: Oh, yeah...she left word for you to go right in.

JACK: Thank you.

KRAMER: You'll find her on the stage over there...and please
be quiet, she's about to rehearse her number.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Okay, okay.

(GISELLE'S SONG -- "YOUNG AT HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

mw

ATX01 0184839

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (OFF --YELLS) ^{Giselle just} Giselle, that was wonderful.

GISELLE: ^{Oh,} Huh? Oh, it's you, Jack.

JACK: Yes, I came in just as you started your number.

GISELLE: Well, I'm all finished now, and we can go.

JACK: Good ^{good...}.. Is there any particular place you'd like to eat?

GISELLE: Well...how about the ~~Star Club?~~ ^{Colony Club?}

JACK: ~~Star Club?~~ Well...

GISELLE: Twenty One?

JACK: Oh, I don't know.

GISELLE: How about El Morocco?

JACK: Well --

GISELLE: Say, I know just the place...It's a little French restaurant on 83rd Street...You'll love it...It's called "Le ~~Restaurant~~ ^{Cuisine cot pare} Mais Le Prix Est Bien."

JACK: What does that mean?

GISELLE: The Food Is Lousy But The Price is Right.

JACK: ~~Sound~~ Sounds so nice in French.. ~~well, I'll go.~~
~~Let's go.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS... TRAPLES NOISES UP AND FIDE
TO D.C.)

G

JACK: You know, Giselle, I figured you'd suggest a French Restaurant...your name is ^{sorta} French, isn't it?

GISELLE: *Well,* Just my first name...MacKenzie is Scotch.

JACK: Ah, the Scotch...they're a great people.

GISELLE: Do you really think so, Jack?

JACK: Yes...both Phil Harris and I love them, but for different reasons...~~We~~ ^{we} turn this corner here, ~~and~~

GISELLE: *Oh,* Jack are we going to walk all the way?

JACK: Well..

GISELLE: (SEXY) Oh, come on, Jackie Boy..Wouldn't it be fun with just the ^{two} two of us in a cab?..Hmm?..Hmm?

JACK: (YELLS) TAXI! TAXI!

(SOUND: TAXI SCREECHING TO STOP)

BECK: You wanna cab, Mister?

JACK: Yes..Get in, Giselle.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...SCUFFLING NOISES...DOOR CLOSES)

BECK: Where you wanna go, folks?

GISELLE: Up Broadway to 83rd Street.

BECK: Okay.

(SOUND: RATCHET SOUND OF METER BEING PUSHED DOWN TO START)

G

JACK: Gee, as soon as he pushed the meter down, it registered twenty-five cents ^{then that noise that let} what ~~was~~ happened to fifteen and five?...Oh well...

(SOUND: MOTOR DRIVING AWAY..AND METER CLICKING LIGHTLY...SUSTAIN THROUGHOUT)

JACK: Giselle...?

GISELLE: Yes?

JACK: Do you mind if I put my arm around you?

GISELLE: ...Well, no, Jack.

JACK: ...There we are....Now as I was saying..Since I saw you last, I thought about you quite often, and not as a singer or entertainer, but as a beautiful (METER CLUNKS) thirty cents girl who I could be very fond of...As a matter of fact, during my many years in show business I've always thought of meeting a girl as sweet and intelligent as you. ^{You know,} Yours is the type of beauty that I've always admired..a gorgeous figure, dark flashing eyes, gleaming black (METER CLUNKS) thirty-five cents hair. And you know, Giselle, I'm not usually serious, but a date like this tonight could lead to another, and then maybe we could get engaged, and after a while, we'd even ^{get} be married..and ~~in~~ time.. well..you know how it is..we could even raise a family and (have) maybe one or two or even three (CLUNK) forty cents kids...(MORE)

G

JACK:
(CTD)

Or maybe just, like in the song, a boy for you and a girl for (CLUNK) forty-five cents. WOOPS, THAT WAS A QUICKIE. *want it?*

GISELLE:

Well, this is a Ricchochet Romance if I ever saw one.

JACK:

Mel.
~~██████~~

Oh, Giselle, stop kiuding. I'm serious about this and--

Hey, buddy, you back there..ain't you Jack Benny?

G

JACK: Yes, yes, I am...You see, Giselle, I --
Mel:
~~BECK:~~ I thought I recognized you when you got in.

JACK: Thank you..You see, Giselle, I'm really fonder of you than any --

Mel:
~~BECK:~~ Say, Mr. Benny, I got a brother lives in Los Angeles..Name's Crowley..Joe Crowley...ever run into him there?

JACK: Crowley? No, I don't think so...Anyway, Giselle, every man must settle down sometime, and when a man feels that romance has come into his life, ~~---~~

BECK: Funny, Joe's the kinda guy you'd pick out anyplace.

JACK: Well, I'm sorry, Driver, but I didn't see him..As I was saying, Giselle, when a man feels that romance has come into his life --

Mel:
~~BECK:~~ Cracks his knuckles a lot, funny you never heard him.

JACK: LOOK, DRIVER, THERE ARE NEARLY TWO MILLION PEOPLE ~~IN~~ IN LOS ANGELES. ~~---~~ I ASSURE YOU I DON'T KNOW EVERYBODY. BUT JOE WEARS GLASSES.

JACK: Well, I'm sorry, I didn't see him.Now let's see, where was I?

GISELLE: Romance had come into your life and Joe was wearing glasses.

JACK: Oh yes...Now Giselle, as I was saying, there comes a time when every man (CLUNK OF METER)---HOLY SMOKE ~~---~~ LOOK AT THAT METER..~~---~~ SIXTY CENTS NOW...DRIVER STOP THE CAB.

pf

Mel:

~~But~~: But we ain't at 83rd Street yet.

JACK: I don't care, stop the cab, your meter's too fast.

Mel:

~~But~~: Look, Mister, you can't get in my cab and say

I'm a crook.

JACK:

I DON'T ~~care~~, YOU ~~can't~~ THINK ~~that~~ ^{- you think that I'm - I'm} SOME TOURIST, YOU

CAN TAKE ME FOR A JOY RIDE AND PLAY ME FOR A

(CLUNK OF METER) sixty-five cents SUCKER...WELL,

YOU CAN'T ^{do that} STOP THE CAB.

(SOUND: BRAKES..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Here's your money, ^{now} come on, let's go, Giselle.

GISELLE: But Jack..what about dinner?

JACK: Don't worry..he stopped right in front of your apartment...~~come on~~, you must have something in the refrigerator.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

pf

CBS CITATION - AMERICAN LEGION

(AFTER PLAY OFF MUSIC & APPLAUSE DOWN)

DON: Oh, Jack, the CBS Radio and Television Networks, as well as your show, have been singularly honored by the American Legion, and here tonight is Dr. Frank Stanton, President of CBS.

JACK: Hello, Dr. Stanton, it's a pleasure to have you here.

STANTON: Thank you, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: And also, Jack, I ~~like~~ like you to meet Mr. James O'Neil, Publisher of the American Legion's National Magazine.

O'NEIL: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Well* It's ^{— good to} good to see you, Mr. O'Neil.

O'NEIL: It's certainly nice to be here with Dr. Stanton and you, Jack... They say that when you put two Legionnaires together it doesn't take long to get a convention going, so ~~Legionnaire~~ Legionnaire Jack Benny of Post 264, Lake Forest, Illinois, we've got our own little convention underway with Dr. Frank Stanton as our guest of honor.

JACK: That we have.

pf

O'NEIL: Well, Dr. Stanton and Jack, as we ~~are~~ ^{are along} ~~in~~ ^{this} /new year ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~time~~. The American Legion reviews the accomplishments of 1953 in the fields of Radio and Television and is privileged to present the CBS ~~Radio and Television~~ ^{the American Legion} Networks with ~~the~~ ~~award~~ award. Dr. Stanton, as President of CBS, The American Legion commends you and your Radio and Television Divisions for maintaining a high level of clean entertainment ~~in their~~ ~~programs~~. We feel that the Jack Benny Show, sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes typifies that quality. We also wish to cite the CBS ~~Radio and Television~~ Networks for their ~~consistent~~ ~~high~~ ~~quality~~ ~~of~~ ~~public~~ ~~service~~ unexcelled ^{public} informational services, ~~to the American~~ ~~public~~. For these reasons I am very proud to have the privilege of presenting you with ~~the~~ ^{the} Citation, Dr. Stanton.

DR. STANTON: Thank you, Mr. O'Neil, and you too, Jack. Speaking for the CBS ^{CBS} Radio and Television Networks both of which, as you know, carry the Jack Benny program, let me say that we are deeply honored by the American Legion's recognition of our efforts. It has been our continuing objective over the years to bring ~~to~~ the American people the best entertainment and the most responsible news and public discussion within our power. (MORE)

DR. STANTON: This latest testimonial by the American Legion can
(CONT'D)
only serve to give us renewed incentive in our
steady pursuit of this goal.

Thank you very much.

(APPLAUSE)

Thank you,
JACK: Thank you, Dr. Stanton and Mr. O'Neil. And ladies
and gentlemen, I'll be back in just a moment, but
first a word to cigarette smokers.

pf

ATX01 01B4B4B

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 7, 1954

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

~~WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first
a word to cigarette smokers.~~

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!

ANNCR: You know friends, for a cigarette to really taste good, it has to be fresh. And to be fresh, the tobacco inside must have just the right amount of moisture. Not too much -- or the cigarette will burn too slowly -- and not too little or it will taste dry. That's why the makers of Lucky Strike constantly check moisture content during every step of manufacture -- to make sure that Luckies' fine tobacco comes to you with all its good taste. (MORE)

pf

CLOSING COMM'L (CONT'D)

-D-

ANNCR: For smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste.
(CONT'D) And the fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste better.
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother. First because --
LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
And second, because Luckies are made better --
made under hundreds of quality controls like
the tests for proper moisture content -- to make
sure that Luckies always do taste better. So,
friends, for better taste every time --
Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- make your cigarette --
Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN:

QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(LONG

CLOSE) Get Better Taste Today!

pf

ATX01 0184850

(TAG)

JACK: *Ladies & gentlemen* I want to thank Frank Fontaine for bringing us his character of John L. C. Sivoney. *One more...*
Giselle, I want to tell you how happy I am that you could appear on my radio show tonight.

GISELLE: *Well,* Jack, it was a pleasure..Tell me, are you going right back to Hollywood?

JACK: Oh no...I have a couple more things to do here in New York, and then on March ~~15th~~^{16th} I'm going to Washington, D.C., to say goodbye to an old friend.

GISELLE: Who?

JACK: My money...Goodnight, Giselle...~~Go straight, folks.~~

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

jn

PROGRAM #27
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 14, 1954

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, MARCH 11, 1954)

ATX01 0184852

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

-A-

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
JACK BENNY PROGRAM #27
MARCH 14, 1954

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

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. Of all the reasons a person
has for smoking, one stands at the very head of the list.
That reason is ... enjoyment. Why certainly! You smoke
for enjoyment. And what gives you enjoyment? Why it's
the taste of the cigarette. Yes smoking enjoyment is all
a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is --
Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother.
Luckies taste better for two reasons that have really made
cigarette history. First, they're made of fine tobacco.
LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine,
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Then, Luckies are
made better made round and firm and fully packed, to
draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes indeed ... made with
fine tobacco. Made better.

(MORE)

VR

ATX01 0184853

(OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONT'D)

-B-

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
JACK PENNY PROGRAM #27
MARCH 14, 1954

WILSON:
(CONT'D) Those are your reasons for always asking for Luckies.
Those are the things that make Luckies taste better.
So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Next time you're shopping ask
for a carton of Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

(LONG
CLOSE) Get Better Taste Today!

VR

ATX01 0184854

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

-C-

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
JACK BENNY PROGRAM #27
MARCH 14, 1954

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, do you
(LIVE) remember the winner of last year's \$25,000 Tam O'Shanter
golf tournament, Lou Worsham? Here he is to get a word
in wedge-wise!

LEW
WORSHAM: Hello folks. The club that I have in my hand is a Double
(SOUND
TRACK) Service Wedge. You'll remember that I've made one of the
most lucrative shots that I have ever made with this club.
During the Tam O'Shanter Tournament, I used this club at
the last hole. From a hundred and fifteen or twenty yards
away, and made one of the Lucky shots of my whole life.
Other golfers might have chosen an eight or a nine iron to
play this shot. To me, the wedge has been one of my
favorites. On that day, that was a lucky choice. And
when it comes to cigarettes, my choice ... Luckies ...
they taste better.

WILSON: Lew Worsham is right. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter
(LIVE) of taste. And the fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste
better. Because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and
Luckies are made better. So ... Be Happy - Go Lucky!
Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother.
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

VR

ATX01 0184855

(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, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..JACK BENNY AND HIS CAST ARE RETURNING FROM THEIR TRIP TO NEW YORK...AT THE MOMENT THEY ARE IN MARY'S COMPARTMENT ABOARD THE SUPER-CHIEF PLAYING TWENTY QUESTIONS.

(SOUND: TRAIN SOUNDS UP AND FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: Now let's see, Mary, we've used up sixteen questions and we've found that you're thinking of something that's animal.. he's very famous in show business, and is over six feet tall.

MARY: That's right.

DON: *Oh,* I know...Jimmy Stewart.

MARY: No.

DENNIS: ~~Gregory Peck?~~

MARY: ~~No.~~

JACK: Gary Cooper?

MARY: Yup!

JACK: Well, we guessed that one...now let's see...It's your turn, Dennis.

DENNIS: Okay...I got a good one.

DON: Is it animal, mineral, or vegetable?

DENNIS: It's animal.....I think.

MARY: You think?

DENNIS: ~~Yes~~ is a bird considred an animal?

PJL

ATX01 0184856

JACK: Certainly...(WHISPERS) Hey, Mary^{Mary...}..this silly kid just gave himself away...Watch this..(UP) Tell me, Dennis, is it a bird?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: (WHISPERS) You see, Mary, you see?

MARY: Yeah...Dennis, is this bird extinct?

DENNIS: No.

DON: ^{Well} Is this bird found in America?

DENNIS: Yes.

~~JACK: Is it a whip-poor-will?~~

~~DENNIS: No.~~

MARY: A sparrow?

DENNIS: No.

DON: Robin?

DENNIS: No.

~~JACK: A thrush?~~

~~DENNIS: No.~~

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis...is this a very large bird?

DENNIS: ~~Yes.~~ ^{Uh huh.}

JACK: An eagle?

DENNIS: No.

DON: A buzzard?

DENNIS: No.

~~MARY: A hawk?~~

~~DENNIS: No.~~

DON: Look, Dennis, does this ~~bird~~ --

CL

wait a minute, Don,

JACK: Wait a minute, Don, hold it, hold it...I think I've got it..
Dennis...does this bird go to Capistrano quite frequently?

DENNIS: (SURPRISED) Yes, yes.

JACK: (TRIUMPHANT) It's a swallow.

DENNIS: No.

JACK: No?

DENNIS: No...Does everybody give up?

MARY: I do.

DON: I give up.

JACK: Me too...what is it?

DENNIS: Walter Pidgeon..

JACK:Walter....Walter Pidgeon...Dennis, how can you say
he's a bird?

DENNIS: I read in the paper where he just flew to New York.

JACK: All right, Dennis, ^{*you*}...you thought he was a bird because his
name is pidgeon and he just flew to New York...but how can
you say that he frequently goes to Capistrano?

DENNIS: His mother lives there.

JACK: Dennis, that's the silliest thing I ever heard.

MARY: Jack, it's your turn now.

JACK: I know, and I've got a good one...You'll never guess this
one...Go ahead, all you smart guys, start guessing.

DON: Okay, Jack...is it animal, mineral, or vegetable?

JACK: Animal.

MARY: Is it alive?

JACK: Yes *h*

DENNIS: A human being?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Has it got a mustache?

JACK: *Yeah*

MARY: Bald?

JACK: *Bald?* *Yeah*

DENNIS: I got it... *No* ~~that~~ couldn't be.

JACK: Wait, Dennis, ..who were you thinking of?

DENNIS: My girl, but you don't know her.

JACK: Oh fine... Now *come on* come on, kids, put on your thinking caps.

DON: Let's see...he's a man with a moustache..is he in show business?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: Does he make pictures?

JACK: *Yeah*

DON: ~~One~~ *One* of his pictures currently showing?

JACK: ~~Uh~~ *Uh huh*

MARY: I know ...he's Herman Quigley the assistant cameraman on *the* Humphrey Bogart's new picture "Beat The Devil".

JACK: (AMAZED) Gee, that's right -- but how in the world did you ever guess Herman Quigley?

MARY: It was obvious.

JACK: *What do you mean* Obvious?

MARY: *Yeah* just before you went to New York, you ran into him at the Brown Derby, he had forgotten his wallet, you loaned him a dollar and a half, and he's been on your mind ever since.

JACK: Yeah...Gee, I hope he pays me back the money...Look, his watch doesn't even keep good time.

JL

MARY: ~~Oh for heavens sakes, Jack...do you mean to say you kept
the man's wrist watch for a dollar and a half?~~

JACK: ~~Hey, business is business...~~ It's your turn, Don.

DON: *Oh*, You better skip me for a few minutes...I want to go back to
my compartment and see if the porter took all the dishes
out.

JACK: Don..Why is it whenever we're on a train, you never eat in
the diner, you always have your meals served in your
compartment.

DON: My wife makes me do that.

JACK: Why?

DON: She doesn't want people to see what a pig I am.

JACK: Oh...Well, hurry back, Don, so we can continue with the
game.

DON: Okay...

(SOUND: COMPARTMENT DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: (WHISPERING) Hey kids, I'm glad Don's gone...I've got a
trick I want to play on him.

DENNIS: *Yeah, yeah* What is it? *What is it?*

JACK: Well, you know Don...he's always thinking about Lucky Strike
...so when we play the game again, and it's his turn, he's
sure to pick Luckies ... and we'll make believe we can't
guess it.

MARY: What makes you so sure he'll pick Lucky Strikes?

JACK: Because he never thinks of anything else...In fact, when he
went on his honeymoon, he registered at the hotel as Don
Wilson and Cigarette...So remember...when he comes back,
we'll trick him.

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny...do you think that's much fun?

JACK: You mean tricking Don?

DENNIS: No, going on a honeymoon with a cigarette.

JACK: *Oh*, Oh, keep quiet.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *Boy* That's him...now don't forget, kids...(UP) COME IN.

(SOUND: COMPARTMENT DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Oh, it's Bob Crosby.

BOB: Yiya, Jack, *hello*...Dennis...Hello, Mary.

~~GAST:~~ Hello, Bob.

JACK: Say, Bob...where've you been keeping yourself?

BOB: Oh, I've been in the *in the* lounge with Bagby, Fletcher and some of the other boys in the band...We're playing a game called Two Questions.

JACK: No no, Bob...you mean twenty questions.

BOB: No, two questions...Ginger Ale or Straight.

JACK: *Not that* ~~that~~, I should have known...I haven't seen Bagby since he fell off at Kansas City.

BOB: Coming or going?

JACK: Oh, he fell off going, too?

~~BOB: Well, not exactly...He happened to slither into the refrigerator car when they were unloading mackerel.~~

~~JACK: Oh.~~

MARY: Well, at least Bagby got back on. Remley missed the train entirely in Chicago.

BOB: Well, you can blame that on Jack's program.

JACK: *Blame it on* My program?

CL

BOB: Yeah, they keep singing "Be Happy, Go Lucky", and Remley overdoes it.

JACK: Well look, Bob, whether he over-does it or not, as soon as we arrive in Los Angeles, we're going right to the studio for rehearsal, and if he isn't there, I'm going to dock him two weeks salary.

BOB: *Oh,* You can't scare Rem with that kind of stuff, *you know,* he comes from a very wealthy family.

JACK: *Remley?* I didn't know that.

BOB: *My father,* his father made a fortune growing sweet potatoes.

JACK: Sweet potatoes?

BOB: He's got the biggest yam plantation in Texas.

DENNIS: Oooh, what he said!

JACK: He said Yam!

DENNIS: Oh.

BOB: *I've been* ~~say~~ Jack, I've been meaning to ask you... Why have you got that black band on your arm?

JACK: *Well* Tomorrow is March Fifteenth, *you know.*

BOB: Oh yes... By the way, Jack, do you make out your own income tax return every year?

JACK: No no, my business manager makes it out and brings it up to the hospital and I sign it... Incidentally, Bob, it's none of my business, but I've often wondered...how much income tax does Bing pay the government?

BOB: Well, Jack, I don't know, and as a matter of fact, the government doesn't even know.

JACK: What do you mean, the government doesn't know?

CL

BOB: ~~When Bing sends his money in, they don't count it, they just weigh it.~~

JACK: ~~Well, what do you know.~~

BOB: Well, I better get back and check on the fellows, ^{hell} I'll see you all later, ^{so long.}

~~BOB:~~ ^{Jack:} ^{right.} So long, Bob.

(SOUND: COMPARTMENT DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Now Dennis, while we're waiting for Don, how about letting us hear the song you're gonna do on next Sunday's show.

DENNIS: All right...But I'd like to dedicate the song to my girl.

JACK: Your girl? Okay, ~~Dennis:~~...what's the name of the song.

DENNIS: "How Are You Fixed For Blades".

JACK: Now cut that out...and just do your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

CL

ATX01 0184863

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK *Fly that* That was *very* very good, Dennis; ~~and~~ I know it ~~is going to sound~~ *it'll be fine*
~~beautiful when you sing it~~ on the show Sunday.

DENNIS: Don't be so sure.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: I'm having my tonsils out Saturday night.

JACK: Saturday night? Dennis, are your tonsils infected?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Well, has your throat been sore?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Have you been catching colds?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Then why are you having your tonsils out?

DENNIS: A doctor friend of mine is coming over and I don't know how to entertain him.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Last time he took out my appendix.

JACK: Dennis...

DENNIS: If he keeps coming over, there won't be anything left.

JACK: Dennis, there's no sense continuing this silly conversation with you so why don't you just --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (WHISPERS) ~~Oh~~ oh, kids, that must be Don, *Wilson... remember* the trick we're going to play on him.

DENNIS: *What* What is it again?

JACK: *Will* When it's his turn, *you know he's sure to give us Lucky Strikes so nobody guess it.* nobody guess that it's Lucky Strikes..

COME IN.

(SOUND: COMPARTMENT DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

DON: Hi, kids, ~~are~~ you still playing Twenty Questions?

JACK: Yes, Don..and you're just in time...it's your turn.

DON: *Oh* Good..I've already got something in ^{my}mind. ^{so} Start guessing.

JACK: Okay...is it a living thing?

DON: No.

MARY: Is it a manufactured article?

DON: Yes.

DENNIS: Does its mother live in Capistrano?

JACK: Dennis, don't waste questions.

DON: That's not a wasted question..it's also found in Capistrano.

JACK: Oh, really...Well, tell me, Don. (WHISPERS) Get this, Mary

...(UP) Don, is this thing you're thinking of nearly three inches long, about a half ^{an} inch thick and white in color?

DON: (EXCITED) Yes, yes.

MARY: Is it round and firm and fully packed?

DON: Yes, yes. *oh* it's amazing the way you people are guessing it.

~~DENNIS:~~ *Is it free and easy on the draw?*

DON: Yes, yes,..now come on, ^{now come on} come on, you're getting warm, you're getting warm.

DENNIS: An electric blanket.

DON: No.

JACK: Gee, *oh* I thought it was an electric blanket, too,..Didn't you Mary?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Well, look, Don..is this thing you're ^{Thinking} ~~thinking~~ about associated with the letters , L.S.M.F.T.?

DON: Yes yes yes yes, that's it, yes.

JACK: Now let's see ---

BG

MARY: Gee, this is too hard, I give up.

DENNIS: I do, too.

JACK: Me, too.

DON: Oh, for heaven's sakes, kids, how can you possibly give up when you're so close?..When you ^{why} guessed ~~it~~ it was almost three inches long, ~~and~~ white in color, I was sure you knew what it was.

JACK: Well, we don't, Don..Do we, Mary? .. Come on, tell us what it is. ✓

DON: (MAD) Oh, all right..it's a piece of chalk.

JACK:A...A... piece of chalk....Don Wilson, you were thinking of a Lucky Strike and you know it.

DON: No, I wasn't, Jack.

JACK: Now wait a minute, ~~Don~~..I'll admit that chalk is white and can be three inches long..I'll also admit that it's round and firm and fully packed..But how in the name of Dorothy Collins are the letters L.S.M.F.T. associated with a piece of chalk?

DON: But they are, Jack..L S M F.T. STAND FOR LEIBOWITZ, SANDERS, MacINTYRE, FINLEY AND TEITLEBAUM, THE BIGGEST CHALK MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD!

JACK:HMMMMMMMM.

DON: (LAUGHING) You're not mad, are you, Jack?

JACK: No no, Don, ^{He's not mad - I'm} In fact, I've got to give you credit..You've got a lot of brains..but then it takes a lot to fill that big fat head of yours....Chalk makers...

MARY: Oh, Come on, let's get on with the game..Whose turn is it now?

BB

JACK: Nobody's ..I'm not playing any more..I'm going to the club car and read for awhile...See you later.

(SOUND: COMPARTMENT DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..LIGHT
TRAIN NOISIES)

ACK: Hm..The largest chalk manufacturers in the world..Don just made that up

(SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE)

JACK: Leibowitz, Sanders, MacIntyre, Finley, and Teitlebaum... That's almost as far-fetched as Baton, Barton, Durstine and Little Old Osborne...(SINGS) *I will* Be happy, go Lucky.. be happy *go lucky*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, LOUD TRAIN NOISIES UP ..DOOR
CLOSES)

JACK: Lucky strike today....Hey, we'll be in Albuquerque soon.

Gee, That'll be a hundred and twenty-six dollars worth of my ticket used up...(SINGS) *Be happy, go Lucky,* I didn't think the club car was so *whoops* *Oh,* pardon me, lady.

LORIA: Why certainly...Say, *aren't* you Jack Benny, aren't you?

ACK: *yes* ~~Yes~~, yes...~~Yes~~..I am, *I am*

LORIA: Mr. Benny..would you mind autographing this magazine for my granddaughter?

JACK: Your granddaughter? *28* I ~~be~~ be glad to...There you are...Are you going to Los Angeles?

LORIA: Yes, I'm going to visit my son in Beverly Hills...Perhaps you know him..he's a competitor of yours.

JACK: Oh, is he a comedian?

LORIA: No, he owns a laundry.

JACK: Oh.

3G

GLORIA: He's an awfully good boy..He's having me come all the way out from Chicago just to celebrate my birthday...That's tomorrow.

JACK: Oh, how nice. *Happy Birthday... how old --* How old will you be?

GLORIA: Thirty-nine.

JACK: Oh, you're teasing me, *eh?*

GLORIA: Yes, I am...I'm really seventy-two.

JACK: *Well* Then why ^{*- why*} do you tell people you're thirty-nine?

GLORIA: It gets laughs.

JACK: *Oh*, Oh, I see.

GLORIA: Well, goodbye, ^{*and*} thanks for the autograph.

JACK: You're welcome..Goodbye,

GLORIA: That's my fountain pen.

JACK: *Oh*, Oh, I'm sorry ^{*I'm terribly sorry*} Here you are.. ^{*I'm sorry*} Gee, for an old lady, she's got eyes like a hawk...(SINGS) Be happy, Go Lucky. *be happy.....*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..TRAIN NOISES UP LOUD..DOOR CLOSSES..SOUND TO B.G.)

JACK: Lucky Strike today.

ROCH: YEAH, CALIFORNIA IS SURE A NICE PLACE TO LIVE, SAM.

JACK: Oh-oh, there's Rochester..He's in there talking to the porter..I'm going to stay here and listen to this.

ROY: How long have you been working for Mr. Benny, Rochester?

ROCH: TWELVE YEARS, SIX MONTHS, AND FOURTEEN WEEKS.

ROY: *Well* How come you know the time so exactly?

ROCH: MY FRIEND, WHEN YOU'RE IN MR. BENNY'S EMPLOY, YOU DON'T GET MONEY, YOU GET SERVICE STRIPES.

BG

ROY: Well, Rochester..if he ain't paying you much, why don't you leave him?

ROCH: OH, I'D NEVER LEAVE MR. BENNY..HE ~~MAY~~ HAVE HIS FAULTS..BUT DEEP DOWN INSIDE HE'S THE KINDEST MAN I KNOW.

ROY: Really?

ROCH: YEAH..I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME I HAD PNEUMONIA .. I WAS SO SICK..FOR A FULL WEEK I HAD ²HUNDRED AND FIVE FEVER...AND ALL THAT TIME MR. BENNY STAYED RIGHT WITH ME..FED ME, AND NURSED ME.

ROY: No kidding?

ROCH: AND THEN AT TWO O'CLOCK ONE MORNING, I PASSED THE CRISIS, MY FEVER BROKE, AND MY TEMPERATURE WENT DOWN TO NORMAL. MR. BENNY LOOKED AT ME, SMILED, AND SAID, "ROCHESTER, YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT."...THEN HE YANKED ME OUT OF BED AND SHOVED A BROOM IN MY HAND.

JACK: ~~(What's he complaining about, the house wasn't swept in a week.)~~

ROY: You know, Rochester,..this isn't the first time Mr. Benny's been on one of my cars..I've made the trip with him cross country several times...Man, it's murder.

ROCH: I KNOW.

ROY: Oh, I don't mind the fact that he don't tip much, but whenever he's aboard, the train is always fifteen or twenty minutes late. ^{Now} A couple of years ago he insisted that the train make an unscheduled stop at Newton, Kansas..Then once he made us stop for half an hour at Gallop, New Mexico..Once he set the Super Chief back a whole hour when he got off at Trinidad, Colorado...And this trip I heard him tell the conductor to make another unscheduled stop.

BG

ATX01 0184869

ROCH: AT FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

ROY: Yeah, yeah..Has he got relatives in all those places?

ROCH: NO, BANK ACCOUNTS.

JACK: (I wish he wouldn't discuss my private affairs.)

ROY: Rochester, I can't understand why Mr. Benny keeps saving his money like that...He's not married..he's got no family.. No children..Who is he gonna leave it to? u

ROCH: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S GONNA LEAVE IT?

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCH: HUH? ^{Oh, oh, oh. - Yes} OH, HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: Rochester, I heard what you were saying, and if you don't behave yourself, you're not gonna get that new gold stripe this year....Now I'll be up in the club car in case you want to see me.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLES..LIGHT TRAIN NOISES)

JACK: Gee, I had a good time in New York.. ~~Looked~~ Looked up all my old friends..ate in those wonderful restaurants.. ~~my~~ my sponsor was so nice to me. ~~me~~, I spent over twenty minutes in his office.. ~~me~~ he let me sit down this time..He's a nice guy.. (SINGS) Be happy..go Lucky..Be happy --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS.,LOUD TRAIN NOISES..DOOR CLOSES.,NOISES DOWN)

JACK: Lucky Strike today...Oh, look at that cute little boy...
(UP) Hello, little boy.

HARRY: Hello, Mister.

JACK: What's your name?

HARRY: My name is---Say! Aren't you Jack Benny?

JACK: Why yes ..yes, I am.

HARRY: I recognized you from your television show.

JACK: Really?

HARRY: Uh huh...I saw that one with Liberace and it was great when
you played your violin...Thanks very much.

JACK: Thanks?^{I mean}...You're thanking me for playing the violin?

HARRY: Yeah, the next day my ^{mother} ~~mother~~ let me stop taking lessons.

JACK: Hmm...Well, goodbye, little boy.

HARRY: Goodbye, Mr. Benny..and thanks again.

JACK: You're welcome, you're welcome.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...TRAIN NOISES UP...)

DOOR CLOSES...NOISES OUT)

JACK: Gee, the club car is crowded...Oh, there's a vacant seat
next to that man over there...Excuse me, Mister, do you mind
if I sit here?

HAL: ^{No, No,} NO NO NO, NOT AT ALL....GLAD TO HAVE COMPANY.

JACK: ^{Will} Thank you. (Well, here's a late newspaper...I think I'll--)

HAL: Sure is exciting out on the road..I'm travelling for
Watson's Woolen Underwear.

JACK: Watson's...Woolen...Underwear?

TB

HAL: Sure, you must have heard of us..we advertise on the radio...
(SINGS TO TUNE OF PEPSICOLA JINGLE)

Watsons Woolens fit you snug,
Keep you warm as a bug in a rug,
One flap button instead of two,
Watsons Woolens are the buy for you,
Tickle, tickle, tickle, tickle, tickle,
tickle, tickle.

JACK: Oh yes^{d-}..I know that program...it features Spade Cooley
and his Itchy Seven...How's business?

HAL: Not so good..was even bad in Chicago last week...Chicago's
always been a great underwear town...Windy City, you know.
(LAUGHS)

JACK: I know, I know.

HAL: Yep, I was in Chicago just two days ago..walked into a
buyer of the Bon Ton Department store, spread my entire
line aaaaall over his office, and he wouldn't even look
at it.

JACK: Too bad.

HAL: The buyer said to me, it was too old fashioned..That's the
trouble with the world...too much progress. I used to
carry a line of underwear and all they were interested in
was whether they had small flaps or large flaps..but today,
they want to know whether they've got sixteen or twenty-inch
screen.

JACK: Times have changed.

HAL: Yep, from flannels to channels.

TB

JACK: I know what you mean.

HAL: Oh, are you in underwear, too?

JACK: Not today, it's ^{a little} warm...Have you been in the underwear business very long, Mister----Mister---

HAL: March.

JACK: Mr. March, have you been in the underwear business very long?

HAL: *No,* No, just a few months. I used to travel for the firm of Leibowitz, Sanders, MacIntyre, Finley and Teitlebaum.

JACK: Oh yes, the chalk manufacturers.

HAL: Hey, you've been around.

JACK: Oh, I've travelled ^{quite} a bit..Well, so long, Mr. March.

HAL: So long...enjoyed talking to you..and don't forget...

(SINGS) Watson's woolens fit you snug.

Keep you warm as a bug in a rug.

Jack: I want forget
One flap button instead of two,

Watsons Woolens are the buy for you.

Tickle, tickle, tickle, tickle, tickle,
tickle, tickle.

JACK: Gee, what an eager beaver.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...TRAIN NOISES UP..

DOOR CLOSES...NOISES OUT)

JACK: Well, I think I'll go to bed. We arrive in Los Angeles so early.

ROCH: YEAH..NO DOUBT ABOUT IT..YOU SURE HAVE AN INTERESTING JOB, SAM.

JACK: (Hmm, Rochester's still talking to that porter.)

ROY: *Jack* You're right, Rochester, I've been across the continent over a hundred times.

TB

ROCH: GOSH, YOU MUST KNOW EVERY INCH OF IT.

ROY: Yeah, and America's an amazing country..It has Harlem on the East Coast; Central Avenue on the West Coast.and all that waste in between.

ROCH: AIN'T IT THE TRUTH...WELL, SAM...DON'T FORGET OUR DATE..THE FIRST SATURDAY NIGHT ~~THAT~~ YOU'RE IN LOS ANGELES, WE'LL GO OUT WITH THOSE TWO GIRL FRIENDS OF YOURS.

ROY: Okay.

ROCH: FIRST WE'LL HAVE DINNER...AND THEN WE'LL TAKE THEM TO THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL.

ROY: But Rochester, this time of the year there's nothing going on at the Hollywood Bowl.

ROCH: WE'LL CHANGE THAT.

JACK: Oh, Rochester----

ROCH: HUH? *Oh* YES, BOSS.

JACK: I'm going to bed..Make sure that my luggage is all ready when I get off ~~in Los Angeles~~ tomorrow.

ROCH: I WILL...GOODNIGHT, BOSS.

JACK: Goodnight.

ROY: Oh, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes..

ROY: Are you gonna get off at Los Angeles or Pasadena?

JACK: Pasadena, I always get a bigger reception there. Goodnight.

ROY: Goodnight.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

TB

(HIGHWAY SAFETY ALLOCATION)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, here's a reminder from the National Highway Safety Council. When driving, remember that courtesy is contagious. The careful driver always considers the careless driver. The Golden Rule applies ~~to~~ ^{to} driving, too. Drive as you would have the other fellow drive. And please remember, when you're in your car, be a wise driver -- not a wise guy.

Thank you.

APPLAUSE

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, do you remember the winner of last year's \$25,000 Tam O'Shanter golf tournament, Lou Worsham? Here he is to get a word in wedge-wise!

(TAG)

-21-

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..KEY IN LOCK..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, Rochester, here we are ~~after four weeks~~ home again.

ROCH: YEAH, BOSS. FOUR WEEKS IS A LONG TIME.

JACK: Believe me, ^I got sick and tired eating at those restaurants. ~~It's~~ ^{It's} good ~~to be~~ ^{being} home ~~again~~. I'm a little hungry. How about a nice home-cooked meal?

ROCH: OKAY, BOSS, I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW.

JACK: Good, what are you going to fix me?

ROCH: WELL, I'LL FIX YOU SOME VEAL CUTLETS WITH SOUR CREAM...A SIDE DISH OF ASPARGAUS WITH SOUR CREAM..A NICE BAKED POTATO WITH CHIVES AND SOUR CREAM..AND FOR DESSERT, STRAWBERRIES AND SOUR CREAM.

JACK: ~~Wait a minute~~ ^{But}, Rochester, why does everything have to have sour cream?

ROCH: WHEN WE LEFT, I FORGOT TO STOP THE MILK.

JACK: ~~Oh, well~~. Well, go ahead and fix it...
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0184876

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

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

✓ MG

ATX01 0184877

PROGRAM #28
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, MARCH 18, 1954)

DH

ATX01 0184878

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 21, 1954
(TRANSCRIBED: MARCH 18, 1954)

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... Transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

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. You know, recently a
cigarette ad appeared in a well-known national magazine.
Perhaps you saw it. Near the top of it were the words:
"I don't have to smoke Luckies." Those were the words of
the man whose picture was in the ad -- Mr. Robert
Montgomery whose TV show is sponsored by Lucky Strike.
In the ad, Mr. Montgomery said that there was nothing in
his contract that said he had to smoke Luckies. He smoked
them - and had for years - because he liked the way they
taste. That makes sense. Smoking enjoyment is all a
matter of taste. And as Mr. Montgomery - and many millions
of other smokers will tell you - Luckies taste better.

(MORE)

DH

ATX01 0184879

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 21, 1954
(TRANSCRIBED: MARCH 18, 1954)

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D) Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Taste better because they're made with fine, naturally mild tobacco. And they're made round and firm and fully packed. Made to taste better. Just remember that the next time you buy cigarettes, and ask for a pack of Lucky Strike. You'll find Luckies give you real smoking enjoyment because they do taste better.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

DH

ATX01 0184880

(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 AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOW WITH HIS GUEST STARS BING CROSBY AND GEORGE BURNS...BUT MEANWHILE, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. I KNOW HE'S HOME ~~BECAUSE HE'S HOME~~
~~BECAUSE HE'S HOME~~ ^{So} IF YOU'LL ^{just} FOLLOW ME, WE'LL GO IN AND PAY JACK A VISIT.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ELVIA: (ANGRILY)..And you needn't ask me to leave because you're going to sit there and listen to what I've got to say!

DON: OH-OH, WE BETTER NOT GO IN...THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF A COMMOTION GOING ON.

ELVIA: I haven't told you half what's on my mind...and believe me, I'm talking for everybody in this neighborhood. When you first moved in, we thought you were a nice, gentle, kindly old man...but before we knew it, you had the mortgages on all our houses. Oh, I don't blame you for not saying anything...all you can do is sit there with your mouth open. And why? ... because even you know that that last trick you pulled was the cheapest, most abominable thing anybody ever did. Imagine, putting a woman with seven children out on the sidewalk because she missed one payment!

JACK: Rochester, turn off ~~the~~ ^{the} radio.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

DH

ATX01 0184881

RUBIN: (FILTER) You have just heard another episode of that thrilling story, "The Mean Old Man" ... In tomorrow's episode, you will hear the true ~~story~~ *story*---

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: Thanks, Rochester.

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU LISTEN TO THAT PROGRAM, BOSS, IT ALWAYS UPSETS YOU.

JACK: Well, I don't know where they get those fantastic ideas *for radio programs.*
Nobody can be that cheap.

ROCH:WELL...

JACK: And that corny title. "The Mean Old Man". It's ridiculous.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, TELEVISION, AND THE ONLY LAUNDRY SERVICE THAT -- HUH?....
OH OH OH.. HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE...I ALMOST WASTED A COMMERCIAL ON YOU...YEAH, I'LL PUT HIM ON. IT'S MISS LIVINGSTONE, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks. Hello, Mary, how do you feel? What? A hundred?
Mary, that's awful...that ~~is~~...Oh, your temperature, I thought you meant the doctor bill. Anyway, I'm glad you're feeling better...And Mary -- What? Oh, you're welcome, ~~that's~~...I'm glad you enjoyed it....I'll call you tomorrow...
Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: WHAT DID SHE THANK YOU FOR, BOSS?

DH

JACK: Well, everybody has been sending her flowers and fruit and candy. ^{and} so I thought I'd be a little different.

ROCH: WHAT DID YOU SEND HER?

JACK: A bowl of chili...It's good in this nippy weather ...
Anyway, it looks like Miss Livingstone will be back on the program next week.

ROCH: THAT'S GOOD .. IF YOU DON'T NEED ME NOW, I'LL GO IN THE LIBRARY AND FINISH WORKING ON YOUR SCRAP BOOK.

JACK: Oh, fine fine ... You know, one of my biggest thrills is when I show my scrap book to people.

ROCH: I KNOW, THAT'S WHY I PUT THE PICTURE OF YOU SHAKING HANDS WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER RIGHT ON THE FRONT COVER.

JACK: Good, good. What's on the back cover?

ROCH: AN AD, YOU SOLD THE SPACE TO MANASHEVITZES WINE.

JACK: Oh yes...Well, Rochester, paste that picture of me playing the violin on the inside cover.

ROCH: I CAN'T, WE'VE GOT THAT RESERVED FOR SERUTAN.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCH: YOU'VE GOT THE ONLY SCRAP BOOK THAT'S HANDLED BY BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE, AND OSBORN.

JACK: Yeah...Well, you go in the library and paste all the reviews in my scrap book.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, hello, Mr. Brown.
Joe:
(MEEKLY) Hello, Mr. Benny.....I'm sorry I'm three days late with the rent on our house...but here it is.

JACK: Thank you.
Joe: *oh* By the way, Mr. Benny, our hot water heater is leaking... do you think maybe you could have it fixed?

JACK: Well...plumbing costs are awfully high now. *a*
Joe: I guess they are...but it's been months since you promised to paint the living room.

JACK: Well ---
Joe: I fixed the hole in the roof myself.

JACK: Good....good.
Joe: Well, I guess I'll be running along. Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, by the way, Mr. Brown, how's your wife? What's she doing now?

Joe: Oh, haven't you heard?...She writes that radio program.... The Mean Old Man.

JACK: *yep.* Oh, I listen to it every day. Your wife has quite an imagination.

Joe: Yeah, yeah, imagination.

JACK: Huh?
Joe: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.....FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: WHO WAS IT, BOSS?

JACK: Mr. Brown from Long Beach.

ROCH: OH....YOU KNOW, HE'S BEEN COMPLAINING A LONG TIME ABOUT A HOLE IN THE ROOF.

WA

JACK: It's fixed, it's fixed.

ROCH: ~~It~~, BOSS, I DON'T REMEMBER YOU SENDING ANYONE DOWN TO FIX IT,

JACK: If I say it's fixed, it's fixed, If you don't believe me, Listen to tomorrow's episode and you'll find out...By the way, Rochester, has my television script arrived from C.B.S.?

ROCH: NO, NOT YET *Boss*

JACK: Hmmm. My director, Ralph Levy, will be here soon to go over it with me....I wonder what's holding it up.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, that must be it now...,Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS *D* Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, it's you, Dennis. Come on in.

DENNIS: *W* Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: How do you feel, kid?

DENNIS: Fine, thanks.

JACK: How are your folks?

DENNIS: They're fine, too.

JACK: That's good.

DENNIS: Especially my father,...After six months they finally took the cast off his foot.

JACK: In a cast for six months? Dennis, what was wrong with your father's foot?

DENNIS: Nothing, he stepped in ^{to} a bucket of cement.

WA

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ ^{Look, Dennis,} For heaven's sake... Look, kid, I can understand your father stepping in a bucket of cement... ~~and~~ I can almost understand him standing there and letting the cement dry... but ~~why~~... why would he keep it on his foot for six months?

DENNIS: My mother made him.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: When he stayed out late at night, he couldn't tip-toe into the house.

JACK: That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of... Imagine your mother making him keep his foot in a bucket for six months.

DENNIS: Two weeks ago it came in handy.

JACK: How?

DENNIS: ^{Well} They were invited to a masquerade and papa went as a potted palm.

JACK: Look, kid - do me a favor, will you?

DENNIS: What?

JACK: As long as you've got your mouth open, sing, don't talk.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) "HEY BROTHER, POUR THE WINE"

(APPLAUSE)

WA

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

JACK: *Dennis* Dennis, that was very *very* good.

DENNIS: Thank you.

JACK: You know, I can't understand you, kid...You come in here and talk...*and* when you talk you sound so ridiculous...Then you sing...and when you sing...you're a completely different person...What are you - a Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde?

DENNIS: Uh huh, and each one has his own show.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: The doctor is on another network.

JACK: Oh yes.

DENNIS: Well, so long, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, kid.

DENNIS: Oh say, Mr. Benny...

JACK: What now?

DENNIS: Can I have your permission to do a guest spot tomorrow on a dramatic program?

JACK: Dramatic program?...What's the name of it?

DENNIS: The Mean Old Man.

JACK: Hmm.

DENNIS: They've got a wonderful part for me where I fix a hole in the roof.

JACK: *Will*, Do it, do it, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER --

~~ROCH: (OFF) YES, YES.~~

JACK: Are you sure my television script hasn't arrived?

ROCH: NOT YET.

MG

ATX01 0184887

JACK: Well, I'm gonna call C.B.S. and see what's holding it up.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALS..INNER BUZZ...FADE
TO BUZZ OF SWITCHBOARD...PLUG IN)

BEA: C.B.S., The stars address...What?...All right, all right,
you don't have to shout. The line is busy now...hold on..

SHIRLEY: Who is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Jack Benny. He wants I should get him the mimeograph ₁
department.

SHIRLEY: So why were you so fresh with him?

BEA: Why was I so fresh ^{with} ~~to~~ him! The other night he called
and asked me if he could pick me up and take me dancing
at the Mocambo, ^{and} Then he got mad because when he called
for me I was wearing my overalls.

SHIRLEY: Well, I don't blame him for being mad. Why would you
wear overalls to the Mocambo?

BEA: Who gets to the Mocambo, I always wind up fixing his car.

SHIRLEY: Well, you're better off than I am.

BEA: Why?

SHIRLEY: I'm not mechanical minded, I have to get out and push.

BEA: ~~He~~, Have you been out with Jack lately?

SHIRLEY: Yeah, two weeks ago... He took me to a night club, we
sat at a corner table, the lights were low, and he got
so romantic.

BEA: What did he do?

SHIRLEY: He had the waiter fill my slipper with champagne.

BEA: Gosh, three quarts....Did he drink it?

SHIRLEY: Yesh, he stuck a strew through the open toe.

BEA: Gee, you must have ^{had} the happiest feet in town.

SHIRLEY: Yeah, but you know what I've been thinking...maybe we shouldn't be so fussy about men.

BEA: I guess you're right. After all, we're not getting any younger.

SHIRLEY: Speak for yourself, John, I'm only twenty-three.

BEA: Twenty three! Then how did you get that medal for sticking to your switchboard during the San Francisco Fire?

SHIRLEY: It wasn't me...I never...I mean...Oh, why should I lie... you were there.

(SOUND: JIGGLING HOOK...CLICK)

BEA: Yes? ... I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, the line is still busy... Your television script? ^{Yeah}...I'll tell them...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That mimeograph department drives me nuts. That script should have been here ^{hour}...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, maybe that's it...COME IN?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: (DOWN) Hello, Jack.

JACK: Don, what's the matter?

DON: (DOWN) Oh, nothing...nothing.

MG

ATX01 0184889

JACK: Now, Don, don't try to kid me...there's something bothering you...What is it?

DON: Oh, it's the Sportsmen Quartet...they're mad at me.

JACK: The four of them?

DON: Yes, they're outside and they won't come in because I'm here.

JACK: Well, that's ridiculous,
(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: COME ON IN, FELLOWS.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hello, boys.

QUART: HMMMMMM.

DON: Hello, boys...(PAUSE) ... ~~see~~ see, they won't talk to me.

JACK: Yeah.

DON: And ~~that's~~ such a wonderful idea for next week's commercial, haven't you, boys?

JACK: Have you?

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: Well, this is the silliest thing I've ever heard...Don, why are they mad at you?

DON: (UP) They found out that you pay me more money than you pay them.

JACK: Well, that's a fine thing to be mad about.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack, I think they've got a point there.

~~JACK: But Don, you should get more money than the quartet. You've been with me twenty years.~~

~~DON: But Jack, sentiment shouldn't enter into it. After all, there are four of them.~~

MG

ATX01 0184890

JACK: But Don, every year you've been picked as radio's
outstanding announcer.

DON: I know, Jack, but let's be fair about it. They work
hard, too, and I believe that they should get the same
salary I get.

JACK: Well, Don, if you feel that strongly about it, there
should be an adjustment...How much am I paying the
quartet now?

DON: A hundred dollars a week.

JACK: Oh...Well, Don, if it will make you feel better,
starting next week, I'll cut you down to the same..
okay?

DON: (VERY HAPPY) Thanks, Jack, that solves the whole
thing...now there won't be any more trouble.

JACK: ...It's amazing that I didn't think of that myself...
Well, Don, now that it's all settled, what's this song
the boys have?

DON: Well, Jack this is the first time they've seen you since
you got back from New York, and they've rehearsed a
special greeting for you.

JACK: A ~~special~~ greeting for me?

DON: Yes. Sing it to him, fellows.

MG

ATX01 0184891

QUART: HELLO, HELLO
ALL DAY LONG WE JUMP AND RUN ABOUT
SURELY YOU HAVE HEARD US SHOUTING OUT
HELLO, BLUE EYES
NOW WE'LL ALL BE EATING ONCE AGAIN
EVERY WEEK WE'LL EARN A DOLLAR TEN
HELLO, BLUE EYES
DID YOUR COON SKIN COAT KEEP YOU WARM
DID YOUR NEW EAR MUFFS HELP IN THAT STORM
NOW YOU'RE HOME, WE'RE FEELING FINE AGAIN
PLEASE DON'T ROAM, BE 39 AGAIN
HELLO, BLUE EYES, HELLO
WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING THAT YOU ASK
WE PLOWED UP YOUR LAWN AS YOU'VE SEEN
WE RAKED AND WE HOED
THEN WE PLANTED IN ROWS
THE COFFEE YOU SENT, EVERY BEAN
WE WORKED FROM MORN TILL NIGHT
AND THEN A LUCKY WE WOULD LIGHT
WHAT A THRILL TO HEAR THE NEIGHBORS SHOUT
WHEN WE'D PULL THAT PACK OF LUCKIES OUT
OH BOY, LUCKIES
ROUND AND FIRM AND OH SO FULLY PACKED
LUCKIES ALWAYS PLEASE AND THAT'S A FACT
HELLO, LUCKIES
CLEANER, FRESHER, MUCH SMOOTHER, TOO
AND LUCKIES TASTE MUCH BETTER IT'S TRUE
PEOPLE GO FOR LSMFT
PEOPLE KNOW THAT THEY ARE SURE TO BE HAPPY
WITH LUCKIES
THAT'S WHY WE'RE SAYING
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0184892

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *That was wonderful* That was ~~wonderful~~; fellows!..Say, Don, now I'd like to hear the number they're going to do on ~~the~~ ^{next} Sunday ~~after this bus. Then I can get it all over with.~~

DON: Jack, the sportsmen can't wait ^{any longer} now. They're appearing at the Statler Hotel here in Los Angeles and they have to get over there ^{and} ~~to~~ rehearse some new numbers.

JACK: Oh ..well, I'm going to drop in this week and see you fellows... And by the way, I hope you're not mad at Don anymore.

DON: I'm sure they're not, Jack, and thanks again for making that adjustment.

JACK: You're welcome, Don...and I'm sure you won't have any more trouble...Goodbye.

DON: (HAPPY) So long, Jack.

Jack *So long Don*
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS) I don't want no ricochet romance, I don't want no ricochet love.. Da da da da da

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK:Well, I saved a little money by cutting Don's salary...but I lost a little, too. After all, I'm his agent...Oh well... ~~let's~~ let's see...OH, ROCHESTER,

~~ROCHESTER~~ YES, BOSS.

JACK: ~~Rochester, when you're through with the scrap book,~~ I'd like you to take the car and pick up my suit at the cleaners.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, WE HAVEN'T HAD THE MAXWELL ALL WEEK.

JACK: We haven't?

ROCH: NO, DON'T YOU REMEMBER...YOU TOLD ME THAT ANYTIME THE MOVIE STUDIOS WANTED TO RENT IT, I SHOULD LET THEM HAVE IT.

JACK: Oh, so you rented it.. What picture is it going to be in?

ROCH: BEN HUR.

JACK: What?

ROCH: IT COMES IN SECOND IN A CHARIOT RACE.

JACK: Second, eh?....Gosh, I hope they don't whip it too hard... Well, you have to take ~~the~~ ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester, someone's at the door.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

JACK: Okay...(SOTTO) Gee, that Ben Hur is a great story.... I remember the first time they made the pictureThey begged me to be in it.... Eh, who wanted to be Francis X. Bushman's father...He had so few lines....ROCHESTER, WHO'S THERE?

ROCH: IT'S YOUR T.V. DIRECTOR, MR. RALPH LEVY.

JACK: Oh, come in, Ralph...come ⁱⁿ/in.

HY: How are you, Jack?

JACK: Fine...fine...here, have a seat, Ralph. ^{say,} There seems to be a delay in mimeo with the T. V. Script, but they should be delivering it any minute now.

HY: Jack ...

JACK: And as soon as it gets here, we can ^{put in} what few minor little changes you might have in no time at all.

HY: *Yeah*, Jack...

JACK: Because, Ralph, this is one script that I have complete confidence in...I worked on it from the start...It's got just the feel, the flavor that I want ~~out~~ --

HY: Jack, the script isn't being mimeographed.

JACK: What?

HY: That's right, Jack...I read it this morning and I just couldn't let it go through.

JACK: What do you mean, you couldn't let it go through.

HY: (ANGRY) Well, Jack, in my opinion, this script is nothing. ^{So} To start with, the situation is weak... and it goes no place. There's no action, no movement.. it's a completely static thing..And what humor there is, is old hat and corny..In fact, I can't remember when I've read anything that's so obviously amateurish.

JACK:Well!.....

HY: And that's not only my opinion, it's also the opinion of my assistant, Dick Fisher, of my entire technical staff, of the head of B.B.D. and O...and of the Chief of C.B.S. network television.

JACK: Oh yeah, well I showed it to my butcher at Safeway this morning and he was nuts about it.

HY: Your butcher. ^{What} What does he know about comedy?

JACK: Plenty...he directed "The Horn Blows At Midnight"...So if you're going to drag in experts, I got some on my side, too.

ROCH: THAT'S RIGHT, BOSS. TELL HIM ABOUT MR. CAROL P. CRAIG.

JACK: Yeah, he liked the script and he happens to be a writer who gets ten thousand dollars a page.

HY: *Well*, That's funny, I never heard of him. What did he ever write to get ten thousand dollars a page?

JACK: He won the "I Can't Stand Jack Benny" Contest...Now Ralph, I still say this is a funny script and for the life of me I don't understand your objections.

HY: Well, if you're so positive, maybe I was wrong. Look, I've got the script right here in my briefcase..let's have another glance at it.

JACK: Good.

(SOUND: BRIEFCASE ZIPPED OPEN..RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

HY: Let's see now...(MUMBLES AS IF READING..STARTS TO CHUCKLE..MUMBLES A LITTLE MORE...LAUGHS APPRECIATIVELY)Say, this is pretty funny stuff.

JACK: I told you, Ralph, this is a funny script.

HY: (MUMBLES SOME MORE..AND LAUGHS AGAIN)...That's a wonderful line.

JACK: Certainly....Believe me, Ralph, when it comes to judging comedy, I'm seldom wrong.

HY: *Yeah well* I guess maybe -- wait a minute -- this isn't your script. *I know.*

JACK: Huh?

HY: This is the one for the radio show I direct.

JACK: Radio ~~show~~? What radio show?

HY: The Mean Old Man.

JACK: ~~Hmmmmmmmm~~.

HY: I must remember to tell that writer to fix the hole in her roof...lately all her scripts are coming in soaked...but that's no problem of yours, Jack.

JACK: No....no.

HY: *Now* Let's see now...where did I put...Oh yes, here's the T. V. script.

JACK: Good. Now, Ralph, I'm sure --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester, would you get that, please?

~~ROCH: YES, SIR.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...YES...YES...^dI SEE...ALL RIGHT...
GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Who was that, Rochester?

ROCH: YOUR BUTCHER.

JACK: Oh, the one that likes my script?

ROCH: HE'S THOUGHT IT OVER AND CHANGED HIS MIND.

JACK: ~~He's~~ .I don't know why I even go to him...There must be dozens of butchers around town who've directed me in pictures...Now Ralph, you've been reading the script ...what's bothering you?

HY: Well, in these first five pages, Jack, the only thing that's even remotely funny is the bit with the orchestra

and we can't do that.
With the orchestra boys?
JACK: Why not?

HY: *Well*, Jack, you know very well we're not allowed to put the camera on your orchestra. There are forty million people watching.

JACK: But Ralph, it's all right to show the boys on television. I got a clearance from the Musicians Union.

HY: I don't care, you're on at night and some of those forty million people will be eating.

JACK: All right, so we'll take out that bit. One routine doesn't make a script bad.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hmm.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...OH YES, MR. LEROY...WHAT'S THAT? ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL HIM. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

JACK: Rochester, was that Mervyn Leroy? *the director?*

ROCH: YEAH...HE CALLED TO SAY HE DOESN'T LIKE YOUR TELEVISION SCRIPT.

JACK: Doesn't like it? But I never even sent him a copy.

ROCH: WELL, HE SAID HE GOT IT BY ACCIDENT.

JACK: Accident?

ROCH: YEAH...THIS MORNING HE WAS AT ^{*the*} SAFEWAY, ^{*and*} BOUGHT A POUND OF HALIBUT AND YOUR SCRIPT WAS WRAPPED AROUND IT.

JACK: Hmm...that nice, fresh script around a smelly halibut.

ROCH: MR. LEROY PUT IT THE OPPOSITE WAY.

JACK: I don't care how he put it..I still think it's a good script.

HY: *Will now - now* Don't misunderstand me, Jack...There are some good things in it. But unfortunately, the whole idea is wrong. ~~the~~ ^{then} whole script is based on your being cheap.

JACK: But Ralph, with the character I portray, people expect me to do cheap things.

HY: I know, ~~and~~, and that's fine for radio...but in television the audience sees you standing there.. You have to be a little true to life or nobody will believe it.

JACK: Well....

HY: *Now* Look...here you have a show starting with two strangers knocking on the door of your big Beverly Hills mansion to ask directions..and you invite them in for lunch and then charge them for ~~it~~ ^{that}...which is practically making a restaurant out of your home..Then you show them around the grounds and when the man accidentally falls in the pool, you charge him a quarter for swimming..And to top it off, when he starts to sneeze..you insist on giving him Penicillen at five dollars a shot!...Now really, Jack, nobody could be that cheap.

JACK: Ralph, you're absolutely right. How could we expect anyone to actually look at me and believe that I could do things like that.

HY: *Will* That's my point, Jack...and until we can fix this script so you aren't cheap, and more like you really are..we haven't got anything.

JACK: Okay, Ralph...I'll call my writers immediately...we'll throw out everything and get a whole new idea.

HY: Good...now for a plot, I was thinking maybe we could do a --

(SOUND: BEEP BEEP OF BUS HORN)

ROCH: BOSS! BOSS! THE GREYHOUND BUS IS HERE.

JACK: Oh my goodness, they're five minutes early. Rochester, dust off the sandwich display and turn up the flame under the soup.

ROCH: OKAY.

HY: Well, -- As I was saying, Jack, if we could --

JACK: OH, ROCH ~~ROCH~~, DON'T FORGET TO PUSH THE RICE PUDDING.

ROCH: I'LL PUSH IT, I'LL PUSH IT.

JACK: Now Ralph, you were saying...

HY: Yes, Jack, I feel that if we could --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..BABBLE OF CROWD)

JACK: HERE THEY COME, ROCHESTER..Don't crowd, folks, there's plenty for everyone.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

ROCH: STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS...SOUP, SANDWICHES AND FEATURING UNCLE JACK'S RICE PUDDING.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

RUBIN: Hey, Agnes, why don't you come over here and eat with me?

BEA: I can't...the chain on my spoon won't reach that far... And what kind of a clip joint is this, you gotta pay extra to get mustard on your hot dog.

RUBIN: That's nothing..the last time I was ⁱⁿ here, I accidentally fell in the pool and they charged me for swimming.

JACK: Don't crowd, folks,

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

JACK: Thank you...here's your change.

HY: *Now*, Jack, Jack, I don't *honestly*-----

JACK: Excuse me, Ralph, you're standing in front of the pennants...HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS, SOUVENIRS OF BEVERLY HILLS, PENNANTS, PICTURE POST CARDS.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

HY: Jack, if you listen to me for a minute, I could *tell you what I was thinking*

(SOUND: BIG SPLASH)

JACK: ROCHESTER, THERE GOES ONE IN THE POOL..YOU FISH HIM OUT ~~AND~~ I'LL GET THE PENICILLEN.

HY: HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS, GET YOUR HOT DOGS AND COLD DRINKS.. GET YOUR HOT DOGS AND COLD DRINKS.

JACK: RALPH, WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?

HY: I FIGURE IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT, JOIN IT... HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS, GET YOUR ~~HOT DOGS AND~~ COLD DRINKS. *Get your hot dogs.*

JACK: YES SIR..AND DON'T FORGET UNCLE JACK'S RICE PUDDING.

(PLAYOFF UP FULL AND APPLAUSE) *Step right up folks.*

NATIONAL

JACK: *Ladies & gentlemen!*
I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program on the CBS network with my guest stars, Bing Crosby, and George Burns, but first, a word to cigarette smokers....

PACIFIC COAST

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at seven p.m. over the CBS network with my guest stars, Bing Crosby, and George Burns, but first, a word to cigarette smokers.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 21, 1954
TRANSCRIBED: MARCH 18, 1954

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word to
cigarette smokers.

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, as a smoker, you know how vitally important
freshness is to your enjoyment of a cigarette. Well, the
makers of Luckies know that too. That's why every pack
of Luckies is extra tightly sealed -- to keep in the
better taste that has made Luckies famous. Yes, any
Lucky smoker will tell you that Luckies taste better -
not only fresher, but cleaner and smoother, too. That's
because fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco goes
into every Lucky. As you know, Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco. And Luckies are definitely made better -- made
round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke
evenly.

(MORE)

MG

ATX01 0184903

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 21, 1954
TRANSCRIBED: MARCH 18, 1954

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: Yes, fine tobacco in a better made cigarette just naturally
(CONT'D) adds up to better taste for you. So, next time you buy
cigarettes, try a carton of Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET: Get Better Taste Today!
(LONG
CLOSE)

d

MG

ATX01 0184904

(TAG)

-23-

DON: Say, Jack, ^{Jack,} is it true that on your television show tonight you're having both Bing Crosby and George Burns as guest stars?

JACK: Yes..and I hope George is in a better mood than he has been the last few days. He's had a little trouble with the Income Tax Department.

DON: Why?

JACK: They wouldn't let him take Gracie off as a dependent....
Goodnight, folks.

(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.

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 0184905

ATX01 0184906

(TRANSCRIBED, MARCH 21, 1954)

SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1954 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM EST

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

PROGRAM #29
REVISED SCRIPT
"The Broadcast"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #29
MARCH 28, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM,....Transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
Richer-testing fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, You know, after all is said
and done, the reason anybody smokes is for enjoyment --
the enjoyment that comes from the taste of a cigarette.
Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the
fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
fresher, smoother. First, because they're made of fine
tobacco. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Second,
Luckies are made better - made round, firm, fully-packed -
to draw freely and smoke evenly. Fine tobacco in a
better-made cigarette gives you better taste, every
single time. Next time ask for Lucky Strike, because
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is Luckies taste better. You'll know
that's true the minute you light up a Lucky.

COLLINGS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

LW

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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 CROSBY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SPRING HAS COME TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA...BIRDS ARE TWITTERING IN THE TREE TOPS AND BUDS ARE BURSTING ON THE BRANCHES...SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, WE'^d ~~WANT~~ LIKE TO SHOW YOU HOW A TYPICAL GENTLEMAN FARMER IS HERALDING THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING...THE TIME:...EARLY AFTER-NOON ...THE SCENE: JACK BENNY'S BACK YARD...THE FARMER: JACK BENNY.

(BAND PLAYS "MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG")

(SOUND: BIRD WHISTLES)

JACK: (HUMS A LITTLE OF "SPRING SONG") Gee, ^{this} section I planted last year came up nice...Look at those nice straight rows... two hundred stalks of corn...a hundred and fifty cabbages... three hundred strawberry vines...Hmmm...one measley coffee plant...But who knew...Let's see now..I better get these string beans in...

(SOUND: TROWEL IN DIRT)

JACK: I'll set them right next to the tomatoes here...Well, there's one...Gee, I ~~got~~ got a hundred more to go...OH ROCHESTER, I WANT YOU TO COME HERE AND GIVE ME A HAND.

ROCH: (A LITTLE OFF) BUT BOSS --

JACK: ROCHESTER, YOU'VE BEEN IN THAT SWIMMING POOL LONG ENOUGH, NOW COME ON.

MG

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, I'M NOT THROUGH PLANTING THE RICE.

JACK: NEVER MIND THAT...I NEED YOU HERE.

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: (SOTTO) ~~So~~ ^{So} worried about the rice...~~Sorry~~ sorry I gave him those chopsticks for Christmas.

ROCH: HERE I AM, ~~BOSS~~.

JACK: Well, you can start with this row here.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: Now first you put the plant in...then sprinkle it over with a layer of Vigoro...cover that with some dirt...then a three-inch layer of bone meal...then some more dirt...~~then~~ then you put on ^{another} big thick layer of Vigoro...and be very careful, Rochester, because you know what we're planting here, don't you?

ROCH: NO, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA BE LILAC BUSHES.

JACK: They're string beans and let's get started.

ROCH: BOSS, ARE YOU PLANTING BEANS AGAIN?

JACK: Yes, why?

ROCH: I THOUGHT YOU'D GIVE UP ON BEANS AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR..THEY WERE SO SMALL THE BUGS WERE PICKETING THEM.

JACK: Stop trying to be funny, Rochester...I'm going to plant beans and this year they'll be the biggest ones in Beverly Hills...Now let's get going.

(SOUND: MORE TROWEL DIGGING UP THE DIRT)

JACK: There...that one's in deep enough.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE...YOU SURE LOOK FUNNY IN THOSE OVERALLS AND THAT OLD STRAW HAT.

MG

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JACK: I do look like a farmer in this outfit, don't I?

ROCH: WITH THOSE LONG WHITE GLOVES ON, YOU LOOK LIKE HILDEGARDE.

JACK: Well, I've got soft lovely hands and I'm gonna keep 'em that way.

(SOUND: START LAWN MOWER IN THE DISTANCE..GETS A LITTLE LOUDER)

JACK: Hmm...I think I've got some of these plants upside down.

(SOUND: MOTOR A LITTLE SOFTER)

JACK: No, I guess they're all right. ^{Dennis} DENNIS, DON'T MOW SO CLOSE TO THE TOMATOES!

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER STOPS)

JACK: Watch it!

DENNIS: I'm almost through, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, keep at it...And Dennis, when you're through mowing the lawn, I want you to water it.

DENNIS: Okay, I'll turn on the sprinkling system.

JACK: I haven't got a sprinkling system.

DENNIS: You have now.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I thought the hose was a snake and shot it full of holes.

JACK: Dennis, that was a brand new hose and I'm going to deduct the price of it from your salary.

DENNIS: I was afraid that would happen.

JACK: You were?

DENNIS: Yeah, boy am I glad I saved the last bullet for myself.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: Well, here goes.

MG

JACK: Dennis, put down that gun!

DENNIS: ~~Tell Mother I won't be home for dinner.~~

JACK: ~~Dennis, stop...don't shoot yourself.~~ I'll pay for the hose.

DENNIS: I knew you were yellow.

JACK: Never mind...you just get back to work, I'll hold onto the gun.

DENNIS: Okay.

ROCH: BOSS, I FINISHED THE ROW OF STRING BEANS.

JACK: Good...now we'll plant some celery.

DENNIS: You ought to plant Pistachios...they're terrific.

JACK: But Dennis, Pistachios are nuts!

DENNIS: Well, who isn't.

JACK: ~~Now~~...Dennis, look at that mountain over there...That's it... now hold your head still.

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, PUT DOWN THAT GUN.

JACK: I only wanted to scare him. I couldn't hit a pointed head like his in a million years. Now go ahead, Dennis, finish your work.

DENNIS: Okay. *See you later. Ding ding. Ding ding. Ding ding.*

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER..FADES IN DISTANCE)

JACK: *# always plays conductor when he mows the lawn. What a 'fud'!*
Now let's see...Hey, Rochester, look at these mushrooms here...I don't remember planting any mushrooms.

ROCH: THOSE ARE TOADSTOOLS, BOSS, THEY'RE POISON.

JACK: No, no, Rochester, go ahead and taste one...I think they're mushrooms.

ROCH: YOU THINK?

JACK: Yes.

MG

ROCH: WELL, UNTIL YOU'RE POSITIVE, MY ATTITUDE IS NEGATIVE.

JACK: Oh, what a baby!..afraid to eat a little plant.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: You know, Rochester, there's an old saying...A coward dies a thousand deaths...a hero dies but once...Did you ever hear that saying before?

ROCH: ~~Yes~~ AND I WANT TO BE ABLE TO HEAR IT AGAIN.

JACK: All right, don't eat it...Who cares!

MARY: Oh hello, Rochester, ^{Oh} the garden looks lovely.

ROCH: THANKS, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: I see you got the scarecrow up already.

JACK: THIS IS ME AND YOU KNOW IT...^{Mary} Did you buy that package of cucumber seeds like I asked you to?

MARY: ~~Yes~~ here ^{they} are...They were ten cents.

JACK: Thanks...Gee, just think, Mary...I'm going to take these little seeds, plant 'em in the ground, and before you know it, vines will spring up, with oodles and oodles of cucumbers on 'em...Isn't Nature wonderful?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: And Mary, half of those cucumbers are going to be yours!

MARY: The heck with nature, give me my dime!

JACK: Give me my dime, give me my dime...You'll be sorry when the crop comes in. I feel it's going to be a big season.

MARY: Oh, you're some farmer...You and your crazy experiments!

JACK: They're not so crazy.

MARY: Remember last year?...You sprinkled cheese all over the ground and tried to raise Au Gratin potatoes.

MG

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JACK: Sure I sprinkled cheese...I had an idea!

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: Every other gardener around here had trouble with potato bugs...but you had nice!

JACK: All right..but I still say it doesn't hurt to experiment.

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER APPROACHING..GETS GRADUALLY LOUDER)

JACK: And California is just the place to do it.

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER HAS STOPPED BY NOW.)

JACK: You know, Mary --

DENNIS: I only have a little more to go, Mr. Benny

JACK: Okay. You know, Mary, I wouldn't laugh if I were you. I might turn out to be another Luther Burbank.

DENNIS: Who?

JACK: Burbank..Luther Burbank.

DENNIS: Oh yeah, they named Glendale after him.

JACK: THEY NAMED BURBANK AFTER HIM...NOT GLENDALE.

DENNIS: Oh...I guess I didn't analyze it.

JACK: You certainly didn't.

DENNIS: Well...see you later...Ding-ding!

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER STARTS UP..RECEDES IN THE DISTANCE)

JACK: He always plays conductor when he mows the lawn...What a kid!

...Now let's see...Oh Mary, I was just having a little argument with Rochester, ^{here:} Look, are those things there mushrooms or toadstools?

MARY: Those are toadstools.

JACK: They are?...Well, I'm certainly glad you told me..I almost ate one.

MG

ROCH: YOU ALMOST ATE ONE?

JACK: Well...I mean I would have eaten one after you did.

ROCH: WITH ME LAYIN' THERE?

JACK: All right, forget it...

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER APPROACHES AND STOPS)

JACK: I better dig these up and throw 'em away.

DENNIS: I'm all through, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Good.

~~DENNIS: Shall I take Mr. Colman's lawn mower back to him?~~

~~JACK: Never mind, I think he bought another one...Just put it back in my garage next to his wheelbarrow...Oh, and Dennis, before you leave, I'd like to hear your song for Sunday's show so why don't you go in the house and run through it.~~

~~DENNIS: Okay~~

~~JACK: Now mary, hand me that trowel and I'll get some of these cucumber seeds in.~~

~~(DENNIS'S SONG) "YOUNG AT HEART"~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

No song

DG

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Say...that song was all right, wasn't it, Mary?

MARY: Yeah, it should be swell on the show Sunday.

JACK: That was ~~very~~ good, Dennis.

DENNIS: ~~Thanks.~~ And Mr. Benny, as soon as your lawn needs cutting again, you'll be sure to let me know, ^{now,} won't you?

JACK: I certainly will, and I appreciate your interest.

DENNIS: Well, I like to keep the grounds looking nice and in tip top shape.

JACK: (PLEASED) ~~Really, Dennis?~~ *End, good.*

DENNIS: This is a beautiful place and some day I ~~may~~ ^{might buy} it.

JACK: Really, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah -- I'll throw you out so fast it'll make your head ~~spin~~ ^{spin}.

JACK: Dennis, go home already.

DENNIS: Okay, goodbye. *already...*

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye ^{already}..Mary...

MARY: ~~What?~~ *Yes*

JACK: Do you think Kenny Baker is too old to push a lawnmower?

MARY: Oh, Jack, every time Dennis gets you a little aggravated, you *always* ---

BOB: (A LITTLE OFF) HELLO, JACK.

JACK: Hey, Mary, it's Bob Crosby... ~~How are you,~~ ^{*Yeah,*} Bob?

BOB: Fine, Jack...Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Bob...out for a little walk today?

BOB: Well, not exactly...I told the boys in the band to pick me up here in our orchestra bus.

DG

JACK: Oh, are you leaving town again?

BOB: Yeah. we've got a one night stand ~~at the Camp~~ in Chicago.

JACK: A one night stand? ^{That the boys are,} ~~Yes~~ going all the way to Chicago for that?

BOB: Well, the boys just couldn't turn this down, Jack.

JACK: Gee, it must be quite an important occasion.

BOB: I'll say, ^{it is...} Petrillo's dog is going to be a year old.

JACK: Oh yes....Jascha Heifitz left this morning...Oh Bob, I don't mean to be rude, but I want to get all these rows planted by six o'clock.

BOB: ^{Well,} Why six o'clock?

MARY: As soon as it's dark his help has to run for the border.

JACK: Mary, stop making things up...I do all the work myself.

MEL: Si, Senor.

JACK: You keep quiet and ~~go~~ put on a dry shirt...say, Bob, as long as --

(SOUND: BEEP BEEP OF BUS HORN)

BOB: ^{Oh,} That must be the boys, Jack. I better get going.

JACK: I'll walk around to the front with you, Bob.

MARY: I've got to be running along, too...

BOB: ~~Okay.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Say Bob, it must be nice for the orchestra to have their own bus to travel around in.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

DG

Yeah, say
JACK: That's a nice bus, *too...* but Bob, why is all that smoke coming out of the exhaust?

BOB: Well, kerosene always smokes that way.

JACK: Kerosene? Why don't you use gasoline?

BOB: *Oh,* We tried that, *you see,* but when the boys smell anything over eighty octane, they run for the olives.

JACK: You mean they'd actually drink gasoline?

BOB: *Oh,* Bagby even drinks the kerosene.

JACK: No!

BOB: *Yeah,* At night the boys stick a wick in his head and use him to read by.

JACK: Hmm..Well, Bob, I..Whew..Gee, those fumes coming from the bus are awful.
BOB: Shall I tell the boys to ~~turn off~~ the motor?
JACK: No, ~~just have them close their windows...~~ Brother!

BOB: Well, I've got to be going, anyway.

JACK: Okay, Bob...I'll ~~see~~ *be seeing* you.

BOB: So long.

JACK: Have a nice trip.

MARY: ~~Bye,~~ Bye, Bob.

BOB: ~~Bye,~~ Bye, Mary.

(SOUND: BUS DOOR CLOSE AND MOTOR PULLS AWAY)

JACK: What a crazy gang. *Look at them in the bus lines*

MARY: Yeah, *and* Look at that license plate...BREW 102.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Well, Jack, I better be getting home.

DG

JACK: All right, I'll have Rochester get the car out.

MARY: *Oh,* No, Jack, it's such a nice day...I'd rather walk...I'll see you tomorrow.

JACK: Okay...Goodbye, Mary.

Mary: Bye! (SOUND: A FEW WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS FADING OFF)

JACK: Well, I suppose I better get back to work..Eh, I've had enough for one day.

(SOUND: OLD TRUCK APPROACHES)

JACK: I think I'll go in the house and clean up.

(SOUND: TRUCK COMES ALONGSIDE AND BELL RINGS SLOWLY)

MEL: FRESH VEGETABLES..TOMATOES..LETTUCE..STRING BEANS..HEY, MISTER. WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY SOME NICE FRESH VEG---oh, it's you.

JACK: What?

~~MEL: The comedian with the blue eyes and the green thumb.~~

~~JACK: Now look --~~

MEL: You ain't foolin' nobody with these petunias and tulips out here in front. I know what's goin' on in that back yard.

JACK: All right, so I raise a few things to eat.

MEL: Look, Mister, I haven't made a sale all day..why don't you give me a break and buy something?

JACK: Well..all right..I'll take a dozen oranges.

MEL: A dozen oranges.

JACK: Two ^{dozen} ~~pounds~~ of pears.

MEL: Two ^{dozen} ~~pounds~~ of pears.

JACK: And a half ^a dozen apples.

MEL: And a half ^a I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT, EVERYTHING WITH SEEDS.

DG

JACK: But --

MEL: IT AIN'T ENOUGH! YOU'RE GROWIN' VEGETABLES, NOW YOU GOTTA START WITH THE FRUITS.

JACK: But I only --

MEL: IF YOU WANT ME OUTTA BUSINESS, GET AN INJUNCTION. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: TRUCK PULLING AWAY FAST..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hmm..Some business man.. ~~he's~~ he's so worried about competition, why doesn't he buy me out....The Wong Foo Laundry did...Oh well, I guess I'll go in and clean up.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'll just slip into this clean shirt here ~~and~~ --

DON: *Oh,* Hello, Jack.

JACK: Don! Where did you come from?

DON: Oh, I came in the back way. I thought you'd be working in the garden.

JACK: Well, I was, Don, but I've had enough for one day.

DON: Gee, and I talked the Sportsmen into coming over to help you.

JACK: The Sportsmen? Where are they?

DON: They're out there working now..I'll call 'em in.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Hey* Wait a minute, Don..They don't seem to mind working in my yard..They're even singing.

DON: They are?

JACK: Yeah, I'll open the window ~~and~~ we can listen..

(SOUND: WINDOW RAISED)

MUSIC: "FROM THE VINE CAME THE GRAPE"

(APPLAUSE)

DG

QUART: FROM THE VINE CAME THE GRAPE
FROM THE GRAPE CAME THE WINE
FROM THE WINE CAME A DREAM TO A LOVER.
HE WAS BACK WITH MARIE
ON THE ISLE OF CAPRI
WITH A MILLION STARS SHINING ABOVE HER
ONCE AGAIN HE ROMANCED
AS THEY KISSED AND THEY DANCED
AND HE EVEN HEARD WEDDING BELLS CHIME
FROM THE VINE CAME THE GRAPE
FROM THE GRAPE CAME THE WINE
AND FOR TONY A WONDERFUL TIME.
FROM THE SEED CAME THE PLANT,
FROM THE PLANT CAME THE LEAF
FROM THE LEAF CAME THAT FINE LIGHT TOBACCO.
THAT'S WHAT MAKES LUCKY STRIKE
And better
~~THE~~ THAT ~~THE~~ TASTE YOU LIKE
TWENTY PERFECT SMOKES IN EVERY PACKO.
LIGHT A LUCKY START PUFFING
AND YOU'LL SAY THERE IS NOTHING
WITH BETTER TASTE
IT'S LUCKIES ² ~~YOU~~ WILL LIKE.
FROM THE PLANT CAME THE LEAF
FROM THE LEAF CAME TOBACK
FROM TOBACCO FINE AND LIGHT COMES LUCKY STRIKE
~~THE~~ LUCKIES THE SMOKE YOU WILL LIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

BA

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *you know how they have a commercial for everything*
Gee, those boys, are clever., and they're such good workers, *too*

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

JACK: Okay,

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO,
TELEVISION, AND IF THE FARMER'S MARKET HASN'T GOT IT, WE
HAVE.....¹WHAT'S THAT? YES, HE'S RIGHT HERE...IT'S FOR YOU,
MR. WILSON...IT'S YOUR WIFE.

DON: Oh..thank you, Rochester...Hello, dear...Well, how many
guests are we having for dinner tonight?...Oh, *well.* Then I suggest
we have hors d'oeuvres..soup. *a* nice Caesar salad..and for
~~the~~ meats I'd say a couple *of* chickens..an eight pound roast..
and a chafing dish full of meatballs...*Yes,* I think that
ought to do it...You're welcome, dear..Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *Don,* Who's your wife having for dinner tonight?

DON: Just me, the rest cancelled out

JACK: ~~Mr,~~ I should have known, *Don.*

DON: By the way, Jack, perhaps you'd like to come over for dinner.

JACK: *Oh,* Some other time, Don, *you know I've been working so much that, you know* I want to lie down for a while..I'm
kind of tired from all the gardening I've done.

DON: *Oh,* Jack, don't tell me you planted vegetables again this year?

JACK: Certainly..why shouldn't I?

DON: I thought you'd give up after those awful beans you grew last
year.

JACK: Look, Don --

JF

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DON: Those beans were so lousy even your garbage disposal threw them back ~~at~~ *at you.*

JACK: Oh, stop.

DON: ~~Well~~, so long, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Gee, I really am tired..(YAWNS) ~~Am~~ ^{I'm} sleepy, too, ^{worked hard today} ^{I think}....I'll lie down on the sofa here.

(SOUND: SOFA SPRINGS)

JACK: Ahhh, that feels good...(YAWNS)...What's everybody picking on my beans for...So last year they weren't so big...(YAWNS) This year they'll be great...That new chemical fertilizer is guaranteed to make anything grow...Say, I wonder if --- Nah, it'll probably burn my head....(YAWNS)...I can't wait till those beans come up...I'll show everybody...^{I'll show}(MUMBLES...THEN SNORES ONCE)

(VIBRAPHONE OR DREAM EFFECT)

JACK: (MUMBLES) I'll show ^{everybody}...big beans...(SNORES)...real big beans...(SNORES) (THEN SNORES AGAIN AND AGAIN)

(MUSIC RISES..AND IS OUT WITH CRESCENDO)

(SOUND: ROOSTER CROWS)

(BAND PLAYS STRAIN OF "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING"...VIBRAPHONE CONTINUES)

JF

JACK: That's funny...just a second ago I was inside. What am I doing out here in the garden? ... Say, look what happened to my beans...The beanstalk goes way up to the sky...through the clouds...I can't even see the top of it...Well, I'm going to climb to the top...I'm going to be like Jack and the Beanstalk...~~I better take these gloves off. I still look like Hildegarde...Well, here I go.~~

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF MAN CLIMBING) ^u

(A LITTLE CLIMBING MUSIC)

JACK: (PANTING) ^{when} Whew...I better rest...I must have climbed five hundred feet, and I'm nowhere near the top...Gee, look how small everything looks down there...Say, the rest of my garden is growing, too...Look at that tremendous honeydew melon..Oh, no..it's Sammy the Drummer's head...~~Say, that little bud next to him must be his son. That's right, his sports name is Dad.~~ Well, I better start climbing again.

(SOUND: CLIMBING NOISES)

(A LITTLE CLIMBING MUSIC)

JACK: Wow, I'm nearly a mile high...Gee, from way up here you can see everything in Beverly Hills....Look, there's the California Bank....And say, there's Esther Williams out in her back yard taking a sun bath...Gosh, what a predicament.. I don't know which to look at...If I lean out real far, I can see the entire city of Los Angeles...Gee, it looks --

(SOUND: SNAPPING OF WOOD)

JACK: Gee, the branch broke...I'm falling...I'll be killed...

(SOUND: VERY LIGHT PLOP)

JF

JACK: ...Gosh, I'm not even hurt a bit...Wow, am I lucky...I landed on the smog.....I never knew the Los Angeles Smog was thick enough to support you...but then, it's been supporting comedians for years...Well, I better start climbing back up.

(SOUND: CLIMBING NOISES)

(CLIMBING MUSIC)

JACK: Well, here I am at the top...Look at this place...it's fantastic...Look at the trees...there's money growing on them.....Gee, I'm a Stranger in Paradise.....Hey, what's the matter..the sky is getting dark.

(SOUND: THUNDER)

JACK: Gee, what's that...

DENNIS: ~~(SOUND: NIKE)~~ FEE FI FO FUM

I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A COMEDIAN

BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD

...GEE, HIS HAIR LIFTS RIGHT OFF HIS HEAD.

JACK: ~~PUT THAT BACK!~~.....Say, are you the giant?

DENNIS: No, I'm the assistant giant...and you better go see the Giant, he owns, this place.

JACK: Oh..well, can you take me to him?

DENNIS: I haven't got time, I've got to mow these clouds. See you later..Ding ding. *Ding ding. Ding ding*

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER PUTT PUTTING AWAY)

JACK: Hmm..well, I better go see the giant, but I don't know where he lives.

VEOLA: (COMPHY) Hello, Jackie Boy.

JACK: Oh, hello, how are you?

JF

VEOLA: Fine...Are you going to give me a great big kiss *like you always do*

JACK: Sure...Here.

(JACK ACTUALLY KISSES VEOLA AS LONG AS HE WANTS TO...WE CAN CUT IT OUT OF THE TAPE.)

VEOLA: *Oh*, that was wonderful. *ah* kiss me again.

~~(JACK KISSES HER AGAIN)~~

JACK: (ON FILTER) SHE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, FOLKS, I ALWAYS DREAM ABOUT HER.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) ...Well, I better go see the giant...Gee, I wish I knew where he lives...I'll ask that rabbit...Excuse me, Mr. Rabbit.

MEL: Ehh, tsk tsk, what's up, Doc?

JACK: I'm looking for the giant's house...do you know where he lives?

MEL: Yeah...it's the second castle around the corner, *Doc.*

JACK: Thank you..and for being so nice, I'm going to send you a big bunch of carrots.

MEL: *Oh*, No thanks, chum...I'm on a diet...I was getting so fat, I couldn't move.

JACK: No kidding?

MEL: Yeah...I wasn't happy because I was too hippy to hoppy.

JACK: Oh...

MEL: Say, why do you keep staring at me like that?

JACK: Oh, I didn't mean to be rude, Mr. Rabbit...but you remind me an awful lot of a friend of mine...Frank Remley.

MEL: Oh, is he a rabbit?

JACK: No, but he's got pink eyes, *toof.....* Well, I ~~was~~ got to go to the giant's house. *But his nose stays still & his head twitches*

JF

MEL: So long, Benny.

JACK: So long, Bunny...I'm off to see the giant.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well, ~~that's~~ ^{here's} the giant's house...I'm going to knock on the door.

(SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JACK: Gee, look at the giant's laundry hanging out there on the line...Gosh, he has the biggest underwear I ever saw....The "v" in BVD looks like a Cadillac.....Oh - oh, I hear someone coming to open the door.

Mary
~~VEOLA~~: Come in. *(Door squeaking open)*

JACK: *id like to* Wait a minute...~~you're the girl I kissed...~~ *Mary---* What are you doing here?

Mary
~~VEOLA~~: I'm the giant's wife.
JACK: *Just because I heard that girl? Miss the giant wife?* Gee and I kiss you...~~is he a very big giant?~~

Mary
~~VEOLA~~: *and he's a big giant too.* Oh yes...he's seventy feet tall.

JACK: Gee...Well, I've got to see him, anyway...~~is he home?~~
VEOLA: Yes, but I wouldn't try to see him today..he's in a terrible mood..He's very upset.
JACK: Why, what happened?
VEOLA: Somebody stole his elevator shoes.
JACK: Well, even if he is in a bad mood, I've got to see him.
VEOLA: All right, I'll call him...(CALLS) THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU, POOPSY.
JACK: Hmm, Poopsy.

Mary
~~VEOLA~~: Shh, here he comes now.

(SOUND: SEVEN TREMENDOUSLY HEAVY THUDDING FOOTSTEPS ABOUT TWO SECONDS APART)

JF

JACK: Say, are you the giant?

NELSON: Yes, I'm a big one, aren't I?

JACK: Look, I want to discuss some business with you.

NELSON: Well, you'll have to discuss it with my manager.

JACK: Oh..well, who's your manager?.....(PAUSE) ... Hmmm, he won't answer me...Miss, besides being his wife, are you his manager, too?

VEOLA: No.

JACK: Then tell me...who is the Giant's Manager?

NELSON: Leo Durocher, I knew you'd ask.

JACK: Hmmm.

NELSON: Now don't bother me. I have to feed my chicken that lays the golden eggs.

JACK: You have a ... chicken that lays golden eggs?

NELSON: Sure...it's that one at your feet...Watch..Go ahead, Chickie.. lay a golden egg.

MEL: (CLUCKS SEVERAL TIMES LIKE A CHICKEN LAYING EGG)

(SOUND: SOUND OF CLUNK OF TEMPO BLOCK)

JACK: Gosh...imagine that..a chicken that lays golden eggs...What do you call it?

NELSON: Barbara Hutton.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: Now you said you wanted to see me about business...What is it?

JACK: Well, your castle and everything else is on top of a beanstalk, isn't it?

NELSON: That's right.

JACK: Well, the beanstalk is growing in my garden, so everything here belongs to me.

NELSON: No, it doesn't.

JF

JACK: Yes, it does...and first I'm going to take this wonderful chicken.

~~VEOLA: You leave me alone.~~

JACK: ~~I meant~~ the one that lays the golden egg...Here, chick, ~~chick, chick~~ chick...There, ^{there} I've got you, ~~come on.~~

MEL: (FRIGHTENED CLUCKING)

NELSON: THAT CHICKEN'S MINE, PUT IT DOWN.

JACK: NO SIR, I'M TAKING IT BACK TO MY HOUSE WITH ME.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: WELL, I'M COMING AFTER YOU...

(SOUND: THUDDING GIANT RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (KEEPS THROWING IN FRIGHTENED SQUAKS)

JACK: ~~See,~~ ^{He}'s gaining on me...Oh, I ran off the edge of the beanstalk.

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE GOING DOWN SLOWLY...SUSTAIN THROUGH JACK'S NEXT SPEECH)

JACK: I'm falling, I'm falling...Flap your wings, chicken, and give me some help...This is awful...I'm falling.

ROCH: BOSS

JACK: I'll be killed, I'll be killed.

ROCH: BOSS, WAKE UP...WAKE UP

JACK: ^{Oh, he} Huh? Oh, it's you, Rochester...Gosh, what a dream I was having...Rochester...I dreamed ^{to} I had ^a chicken that laid golden eggs.

ROCH: WELL, STOP SQUEEZING THAT PILLOW, ALL YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF IT IS FEATHERS.

JACK: ~~Oh, well,~~ Rochester, fix me something to eat...that climbing gave me an appetite.

(PLAYOFF & APPLAUSE)

JF

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the very best Easter gift of all is the support you give, through Easter seals, to children who need your help. These seals provide medical care, nursery centers and many other things that are needed. So give and give generously to the Easter Seal agency in your community. Or send your contribution to Crippled Children care of your local Post Office.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JF

ATX01 0184929

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Hi, friends. This is Dorothy Collins. Y'know, I'll bet that (E.T.) if someone asked you why you smoked ... what it was, exactly, you liked about a cigarette ... I'll bet the important word in your answer would be "taste". Because, gee, isn't good "taste" what everybody wants in a cigarette? Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. And there are two good reasons why that's true. In the first place, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better to taste better. Made round, and firm and fully-packed to draw freely and to smoke evenly. And that, friends, is the whole story. That's exactly why Luckies taste better. Because Luckies are made with fine tobacco ... and because they're made better. Why don't you try a carton soon. Be Happy -- Go Lucky. How 'bout it?

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!

JF

ATX01 0184930

JACK: Goodnight, ^{everybody,} ~~folks~~, we're a little late.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

JF

ATX01 0184931